

# GHOSTLY DOINGS ON THE MENU

By Thomas Hischak

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# GHOSTLY DOINGS ON THE MENU

*A Full Length Drama*

**By Thomas Hischak**

**SYNOPSIS:** Today Mrs. Reeves owns and operates the New England colonial tavern called Ye Olde Dancing Duck Inn which has been in operation since 1757. She and everyone who has worked there are familiar with the quiet and unassuming ghost of Lucy Dalton who was a waitress at the tavern in the Eighteenth Century. Lucy causes no trouble for anyone, although on occasion she waits on a customer then disappears without bringing their food. One autumn day Haley Caldwell, new to the area, comes to the Dancing Duck looking for a waitress job. Everyone at the tavern is struck by how much Haley looks just like Lucy, particularly when she is dressed in colonial clothes which all the waitresses wear. Once Haley is hired and begins working at the Dancing Duck, strange things start to happen. The ghost of Ezra Dalton comes looking for Lucy and encounters Haley, convinced she is his wife. It turns out Haley's ancestors are from the area and Haley might be a descendant of Lucy. The more she tries to find out about Lucy, the more questions arise. Did Ezra murder Lucy? Did Lucy try to kill Ezra? And why are they both haunting the Dancing Duck? Lucy is determined to uncover all *Ghostly Doings On The Menu*.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(14-26 female, 5-8 male; doubling possible)*

MRS. REEVES (f) .....	Owner and hostess of the inn, middle age. (195 lines)
*LUCY (f).....	A quiet and demure woman in her twenties. (9 lines)
*HALEY (f) .....	A friendly and outspoken woman in her early twenties. (174 lines)
DANA (f) .....	A sour high school senior girl, waitress. (94 lines)
CHANDRA (f).....	A boy-crazy high school girl, waitress. (122 lines)

ROSS (m).....	A smart college student, Chandra's brother. (96 lines)
AMY (f) .....	Pseudo-sophisticated college girl, waitress. (176 lines)
HECTOR (m).....	A sleazy man in his twenties, dishwasher. (71 lines)
MAVIS (f).....	A sarcastic, fun-loving girl in her twenties, waitress. (54 lines)
HAROLD (m) .....	A regular customer, most any age. (58 lines)
EZRA (m) .....	A rough, elderly farmer. (19 lines)

### **PATRONS AT THE INN:**

GLYNNIS (f).....	A loud woman. (24 lines)
MARSHA (f) .....	Glynnis' Friend. (10 lines)
CARL (m).....	A grumpy man, husband to Arleen. (10 lines)
ARLEEN (f).....	Carl's wife. (8 lines)
CLARENCE (m).....	The husband to Bernice. The father to Cissie. (15 lines)
BERNICE (f) .....	The wife of Clarence. The mother to Cissie. (25 lines)
CISSIE (f) .....	Clarence and Bernice's daughter. (15 lines)
BONNIE (f) .....	Teenage girls. (9 lines)
DEB (f) .....	Teenage girls. (11 lines)
ROSEMARY (f) .....	A fussy lady. (21 lines)
CLARK (m) .....	Businessman. (12 lines)
HUGH (m) .....	Businessman. (8 lines)
MILLICENT (f).....	Elderly lady. (18 lines)
IDA (f) .....	Elderly lady. (19 lines)
KATIE (f).....	College student. (14 lines)
MARIE (f).....	College student. (9 lines)
ELLIE (f) .....	College student. (9 lines)
LORRAINE (f) .....	A refined Lady. (39 lines)

MILLIE (f).....	Lorranine's shy friend. (13 lines)
CELIA (f).....	Friends with Lottie, Ursula, and Zoe. (6 lines)
LOTTIE (f).....	Friend with Celia, Ursula, and Zoe. (5 lines)
URSULA (f).....	Friends with Celia, Lottie, and Zoe. (6 lines)
ZOE (f).....	Friends with Celia, Lottie, and Ursula. (5 lines)

\* –Denotes that the role can be played by the same actress.

*(ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE)*

### CASTING NOTE

*Doubling plan for 14 Women and 5 Men:*

**Actress 1:** Mrs. Reeves; **Actress 2:** Lucy, Haley; **Actress 3:** Chandra;  
**Actress 4:** Dana, Katie; **Actress 5:** Mavis, Arleen; **Actress 6:** Amy; **Actress**  
**7:** Glynnis, Bonnie; **Actress 8:** Marsha, Deb; **Actress 9:** Bernice, Celia;  
**Actress 10:** Cissie, Lottie, Ellie; **Actress 11:** Millicent, Ursula; **Actress 12:**  
 Ida, Zoe; **Actress 13:** Lorraine, Marie; **Actress 14:** Millie, Rosemary;  
**Actor 1:** Ross; **Actor 2:** Harold; **Actor 3:** Hector; **Actor 4:** Carl, Hugh,  
 Ezra; **Actor 5:** Clarence, Clark.

**COSTUMES****ACT ONE, SCENE 1**

MRS. REEVES – colonial dress, bonnet, shawl  
CHANDRA – jeans, sweatshirt; change into colonial dress, cap  
AMY – colonial dress, cap  
DANA – colonial dress, cap  
LUCY – colonial dress, cap  
MAVIS – stylish pants, sweater, matching jacket, boots, sun glasses  
HALEY – contemporary skirt, blouse, fall jacket  
GLYNNIS – pants, sweater, fall coat, hat  
MARSHA – pants suit, fall coat  
BERNICE – dress, fall coat, hat  
CISSIE – jeans, sweatshirt  
MILLICENT – dress, fall coat, hat  
IDA – dress, heavy coat, warm hat  
LORRAINE – very expensive dress, fall coat, hat  
MILLIE – simple dress, fall coat, hat  
ARLEEN – pants, blouse, fall jacket  
HECTOR – jeans, T-shirt, long dirty apron, baseball cap  
ROSS – pants, T-shirt, jacket  
HAROLD – casual suit, tie  
CLARENCE – pants, dress shirt, dress jacket  
CARL – pants, colorful shirt, jacket

**ACT ONE, SCENE 2**

MRS. REEVES - Same  
CHANDRA - same colonial dress, cap; change to jeans, sweater, jacket  
AMY - same  
DANA – jeans, sweater; change to same colonial dress, cap  
MAVIS – jeans, sweater; change to colonial dress, cap  
HALEY – colonial dress, cap  
BONNIE – jeans, sweater, school jacket  
DEB – jeans, blouse, jacket  
HECTOR – same jeans, long dirty apron, baseball cap; different T-shirt  
ROSS – pants, sweater, jacket  
HAROLD – pants, dress shirt, tie  
EZRA – colonial breeches, shirt, vest

**ACT TWO, SCENE 1**

MRS. REEVES – same

AMY – same

DANA – same colonial dress, cap

MAVIS – colonial dress, cap

HALEY – colonial dress, cap; change to semi-formal dress, coat

ROSEMARY – dress, fall coat, hat

CELIA – dress, fall coat

LOTTIE – dress, fall jacket

URSULA – pants suite, jacket

ZOE – pants, sweater, jacket

HECTOR – same jeans, long dirty apron, baseball cap; different T-shirt

ROSS – dress pants, jacket, tie

HAROLD – pants, dress shirt, dress jacket

CLARK – suit, tie

HUGH – suit, tie

**ACT TWO. SCENE 2**

MRS. REEVES – same

CHANDRA – same colonial dress, cap; change to jeans, blouse, jacket

AMY – same

HALEY – same colonial dress, cap

LUCY – same colonial dress, cap

KATIE – jeans, sweater, jacket

MARIE – skirt, blouse, jacket

ELLIE – jeans, sweater

HECTOR – same jeans, long dirty apron, baseball cap; different T-shirt

ROSS – pants, sweater, jacket

HAROLD – pants, dress shirt, rain coat

EZRA – same

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## SETTING

The Dancing Duck Inn. New England. Fall. Today. The Dancing Duck is a colonial inn that is now a quaint little restaurant in a small New England town. It still has the rough-carved wooden beams holding up the walls and ceiling, the wood plank floors, and reproductions of colonial chairs and tables. Only the electric light bulbs in colonial lamps are modern. There is a swinging door leading to the kitchen and a heavy door that opens onto the street. On one wall is a small archway with a modern sign over it that says "Restrooms." A steep and narrow staircase leads to the second floor. There is a rope tied across the bottom of it with a sign "Private." Through the period windows it is perhaps possible to see the street outside with its modern buildings and parked cars. There are four or five tables, each with either two or four chairs. Near the entrance is a small desk with silverware in trays and a pile of menus. The inn is decorated with period artifacts on the walls as well as a wooden sign that reads "Ye Old Dancing Duck Inn. Est. 1757."

**PROPS**

- 5 - 8 colonial style tables
- 10 - 26 colonial style chairs
- colonial table decorations
- table/desk near entrance
- “private” sign on rope across staircase
- wooden sign on wall: “Ye Old Dancing Duck Inn. Est. 1757”
- 20 Menus
- 4 Trays
- Plates
- Soup and Salad Bowls
- Knives
- Forks
- Spoons
- Napkins
- Coffee Pot
- Glasses and Mugs
- Straws
- Tea and Coffee Cups
- Tray for Silverware
- Food (Liquid): Cola, Uncola, Iced Tea, Hot Tea, Grog
- Food (Solid): Pot Roast, Hamburgers, Reuben Sandwich, Sirloin Tips, Apple Crisp, Peach Cobbler, Soup, French Fries, Shepherd’s Pie, Roast Beef, Rice, Salad
- Money (Bills and Change)
- Waitress’s Order Booklets
- Pencils or Pens
- Bowl of Creamer Packets
- Brandy Bottle
- Cell Phone
- Newspaper
- Mop
- Mop Bucket
- Umbrella
- 4 Candles
- Lighter

**ACT 1, SCENE ONE**

**AT RISE:** *It is late morning and the Inn is not yet open for lunch. Several chairs are on top of the tables where they were put when the floor was mopped. Three of the waitresses are on stage when the curtain rises. CHANDRA is a giggly, boy-crazy high school girl. She wears jeans and a sweatshirt and has a modern hairstyle. DANA is also in high school, has green hair, and wears a colonial dress. AMY is a college student who considers herself above the high schoolers. She wears modern eye glasses with her colonial dress as well as a colonial cap that covers most of her hair. The three waitresses replace the chairs on the floor and set the tables with silverware as they talk.*

**CHANDRA:** How can you say Mickey Thompson is a creep? He's got those eyes! And that smile!

**DANA:** Creep.

**CHANDRA:** And he's a National Merit Scholar!

**DANA:** Definitely a creep.

**AMY:** Dana thinks anyone with half a brain is a loser.

**CHANDRA:** I think smart guys are sexy. Look at Max Winner!

**DANA:** Creep.

**CHANDRA:** Max? He could have been Student Council President if he didn't have that lisp.

**AMY:** Your Student Council President has a lisp? Interesting.

**CHANDRA:** Could have been! Everybody likes him. He would have been better than Millie Marconi with her stuck-up nose and that squint.

**AMY:** Lisp. Squint. Sounds like a terrific high school.

**DANA:** You should talk. I wouldn't be caught dead at prissy Mary Wilkins College.

**CHANDRA:** Don't you have to have like really high grades to go there?

**DANA:** No you don't. Just a lot of money and the stomach to hang around creeps.

**AMY:** I don't have money. I'm on scholarship. And the only creeps I hang around with are here at work.

**CHANDRA:** Dana, did she just insult us or what?

**DANA:** I don't know. I never listen to snot-nosed Mary Wilkins girls.

**AMY:** We need more forks. *(Exits into the kitchen.)*

**CHANDRA:** Is she stuck up or what? Just because she goes to college – !

**DANA:** Anybody can go to college these days. Most of them are there because they're too stupid to do anything else.

**CHANDRA:** Ross is not stupid!

**DANA:** Your brother is different. He actually has brains.

**CHANDRA:** Of course he does. He goes to MIT, for goodness sake. You got to be a genius or something just to understand their website!

*AMY re-enters with a handful of forks and starts putting them on the tables.*

**DANA:** Hey, Amy, how come you work here if you're so smart?

**AMY:** I am a student of history. I like working in an historic atmosphere.

**DANA:** Sure. You really got to know history to serve colonial hamburgers.

**CHANDRA:** Don't call them that in front of Mrs. Reeves. The correct name is Beef Loaf.

**DANA:** Hamburgers.

**AMY:** At least Mrs. Reeves understands history. *(To DANA.)* I'll bet you don't even know who won the Revolutionary War.

**DANA:** The Democrats, wasn't it?

**AMY:** Very funny.

*AMY Places the last fork on a table. The girls are finished setting up and just sit around.*

**CHANDRA:** I hate it when customers ask me questions about history. Just because I work here doesn't mean I know all about that colonial crap.

**DANA:** A lady asked me the other day if Paul Revere passed this inn on his famous ride. I said, "Sure, Lady, and on his way back to Boston he stopped here for a Diet Pepsi!"

**AMY:** Good thing Mrs. Reeves didn't hear you. You and your green hair would be out of here in a flash.

**DANA:** I ain't afraid of her. Besides, she needs all the help she can get in this place. The leaves will start turning soon and there will be more tourists than you can shake a stick at.

**CHANDRA:** Oh, all those people driving out here just to look at leaves! It's crazy!

**AMY:** New England is famous for its fall foliage. Everyone knows that.

**CHANDRA:** It's just a bunch of stupid leaves!

**DANA:** The worst is weekends! Tourists crawling all over the place like ants.

**CHANDRA:** At least this place is too small to get the buses. When I worked at Ponderosa they got all the buses and it was nothing all day but old people fighting over the buffet bar!

**AMY:** The economy of this town depends on fall visitors.

**DANA:** Like I really care about the economy of this one-horse town.

**CHANDRA:** I hope Mrs. Reeves hires another waitress or two. I hate working every weekend.

**DANA:** When I graduate in the spring I'm going to quit this place and get a real job. With real money.

**AMY:** Really? I didn't know the circus freak show paid so well.

**DANA:** Creep!

*DANA starts toward AMY but the sound of MRS. REEVES coming down the steps stops her. REEVES is a middle-aged woman with a practical manner but not too severe. She wears a colonial dress with a period shawl and bonnet. When she gets to the bottom of the steps, she takes down the "Private" sign, passes through, then replaces it.*

**REEVES:** All this chatter down here you would think there was nothing left to do before we open for lunch. Look alive, ladies!

**AMY:** The tables are all set, Mrs. Reeves. I checked each one.

**REEVES:** Thank you, Amy. What about the rest rooms? All clean?

**AMY:** Dana was just on her way to do that.

**DANA:** What – ?

**REEVES:** Then go to it, Dana. And check the paper towels.

**DANA:** All right . . . *(Gives AMY a dirty look then exits through the arch.)*

**REEVES:** Chandra, where's your dress? It's nearly time to open!

**CHANDRA:** I forgot it, Mrs. Reeves. I mean, I thought it was here. But I forgot I took it home for my Mom to wash and it's still there.

**REEVES:** You can't serve dressed like that!

**CHANDRA:** I know. I texted my brother and he's bringing it over on his way to Cambridge.

**REEVES:** Well, I hope he gets here in time. Honestly, Chandra, this is not the first time this has happened!

**CHANDRA:** Sorry, Mrs. Reeves.

**AMY:** I asked Felix in the kitchen what the soup was today and he just grumbled at me.

**REEVES:** I'll find out. Oh, there is nothing worse than a temperamental cook! Unless it's a drunk one. *(Starts toward the kitchen.)* Look alive, ladies!

**CHANDRA:** I hope we don't run out of the Dutch apple crisp again. People love it and they get so nasty when we run out.

**REEVES:** There's no excuse for it! We've got crates and crates of apples this time of year! *(Exiting into the kitchen.)* Felix! What's the soup – ?

**CHANDRA:** What can be taking Ross?

**DANA:** *(Enters through the archway.)* I'll get even with you, Miss Priss College Girl!

**AMY:** I was just trying to get you in Mrs. Reeves' good graces. *(a knocking at the front door)*

**DANA:** *(Shouts.)* We don't open until eleven thirty, you creeps! Can't you read the sign!

**AMY:** Hush!

**CHANDRA:** It's probably Ross!

*She rushes to the door and unlocks it. MAVIS enters boldly. She wears contemporary clothes and sun glasses.*

**MAVIS:** Greetings slaves!

**AMY:** *(Surprised.)* Mavis!

**CHANDRA:** You're supposed to be on vacation! *(Locks door again.)*

**MAVIS:** I am! I just stopped by to pick up my pay check before I blew this town! Nice outfit, Chandra. An Abigail Adams original?

**CHANDRA:** I left my dress at home. Ross is bringing it. I forgot where you said you were going on your vacation.

**DANA:** Drug rehab center, wasn't it?

**MAVIS:** Very funny, Frog Hair. Danny and me is going to Miami Beach.  
As in Florida. As in warm weather and no autumn leaves!

**CHANDRA:** That's right! I remember now.

**AMY:** How long will you be gone, Mavis?

**MAVIS:** Forever! If only . . .

**DANA:** You're back on the schedule in ten days. By that time this place  
will be swarming with leaves and tourists with cameras.

**MAVIS:** Don't remind me.

**CHANDRA:** Is Danny paying for the trip?

**MAVIS:** Are you kidding? With his money we'd be going to Gloucester  
for the Cod Festival. I been saving up and I said to him, Danny, I  
said, it's Miami Beach or we are history!

**AMY:** A real romantic. That's what you are, Mavis.

**MAVIS:** So he said yes. It's off season so I got the hotel cheap.

**DANA:** I'll bet it faces a swamp.

**MAVIS:** Don't you wish, Kermit.

**REEVES:** *(Comes out of the kitchen.)* It's Yankee Cheddar. And I have  
Hector cutting up extra apples. *(Sees MAVIS.)* Mavis, what are you  
doing here? You're not on the schedule to work.

**MAVIS:** Bulls eye, Mrs. R. I stopped by to get my pay check.

**REEVES:** Oh. Well, come out back and I'll find it.

**MAVIS:** Thanks.

**REEVES:** *(While exiting.)* You hear that girls? The soup is Yankee  
Cheddar. *(Exits.)*

**MAVIS:** *(Mimicking REEVES.)* Look alive, ladies! *(Exits to the kitchen.)*

**CHANDRA:** I wish I was going to Miami Beach.

**DANA:** Not with Danny, you don't. The guy is –

**AMY:** Let me guess. A creep?

**DANA:** You are getting on my nerves, you Mary Wilkins inmate!

**CHANDRA:** Danny ain't so bad. I like his hair a lot.

**DANA:** You and every crow in the State of Massachusetts.

**AMY:** Dana, has anyone ever told you that you are a very negative  
person?

**DANA:** Has anyone ever told you to drop dead! You should have taken  
their advice. *(Knocking again at the front door.)* Not till eleven thirty!

**CHANDRA:** This better be Ross!

*She rushes to the front door, unlocks it, and ROSS enters carrying a long colonial dress on a hangar. He is a good-looking college student dressed casually.*

**ROSS:** Looks like you forgot something.

**CHANDRA:** Finally! (*Takes the dress.*) Oh, Thank you, Ross! You saved my life.

**ROSS:** And not for the first time. Hello, Amy. And Dana. All dressed up and ready to serve colonial food at recession-age prices!

**AMY:** Actually, if you look at the conversion of colonial money to modern equivalents –

**DANA:** Oh, shut up! (*Goes to ROSS and touches him.*) When are we going to go out together, Ross?

**ROSS:** Well . . .

**DANA:** I usually don't go out with MIT eggheads but in your case I'll make an exception.

**AMY:** Oh, please!

**ROSS:** When a person dyes their hair, does any of the color seep into the brain?

**DANA:** Creep!

**CHANDRA:** What's wrong with green hair?

*DANA moves away from ROSS as MRS. REEVES re-enters with MAVIS who holds her pay check.*

**REEVES:** So we'll see you again, Mavis, on the fourteenth.

**MAVIS:** Mrs. R, please don't remind me!

**REEVES:** Chaundra! Get dressed! It's almost eleven thirty. Look alive, ladies!

**CHANDRA:** Sure! (*Rushes through the archway to the rest rooms to change.*)

**REEVES:** Thank you, Ross. (*Exits to kitchen.*)

**ROSS:** No problem.

**MAVIS:** Hey, Ross . . .

**ROSS:** Mavis . . .

**MAVIS:** I have a great idea. (*Goes to him.*) How about I ditch Danny and you and me fly off to Miami Beach this afternoon?

**ROSS:** I have a physiology test this afternoon.

**MAVIS:** Oh, I hate it when guys use that old line. Oh, well. Bye, all! I gotta buy sun tan lotion.

**DANA:** Better buy Danny some water wings while you're at it. He's a regular rock in the water.

**MAVIS:** (*Suspiciously.*) How do you know that?

**DANA:** Wouldn't you like to know.

*Awkward pause.*

**ROSS:** Well. I have to be on my way too. Goodbye, everyone.

*ROSS and MAVIS head for the door; REEVES enters from kitchen with stack of menus which she puts on the desk.*

**REEVES:** Almost time!

**AMY:** Good luck on your physiology test.

**ROSS:** Thanks, Amy.

**REEVES:** Let me unlock that door for you. (unlocks and opens door; ROSS exits first. MAVIS looks out)

**MAVIS:** Look at that maple tree. It's starting to change color already. I got to get out of here quick! (exits)

**REEVES:** Yes. Such a lovely time of year. (closes door and locks it) Five minutes, girls!

*REEVES heads for the kitchen and runs into HECTOR who is entering. He is a sleazy, greasy man in his late twenties with a mustache and a habit of winking at any and all girls. He wears casual clothes and a long white apron which is far from clean.*

**HECTOR:** Mrs. Reeves –

**REEVES:** Hector, what are you doing out here? We're just about ready to open!

**HECTOR:** How many of those apples do you want me to peel?

**REEVES:** All of them! (exits into the kitchen)

**HECTOR:** All of them! But – (sees DANA and AMY; smiles and puts on the charm) Hello there, my lovelies. (he checks to be sure REEVES is gone) Now tell me: which of you two gorgeous creatures is going to be the lucky lady to go out with me tonight after we close?

**DANA:** That kind of luck I can do without.

**AMY:** Please, Hector. Not again . . .

**HECTOR:** Hey, man, I don't want you two fighting over me. There must be a civilized way to handle this.

**DANA:** Amy, he's all yours!

**AMY:** No!

**HECTOR:** Of course I can make everybody happy and take you both with me tonight. Just consider the possibilities, my darlings!

**AMY:** Listen, Hector. It's not that I think I am above dating a dish washer –

**HECTOR:** Prep chef, man!

**DANA:** He peels apples.

**HECTOR:** That's right!

**AMY:** Prep chef then. It's not that. But I don't think we have much in common. If you know what I mean.

**HECTOR:** I know only that you are ravishing and that I could make you verrrry happy!

**DANA:** He's definitely the brainy type, Amy. (CHANDRA re-enters from the rest rooms wearing her colonial dress and carrying her cap)

**HECTOR:** Ah! Another wondrous beauty approaches! How is it that only the most delectable ladies work at the Dancing Duck Inn?

**DANA:** Yeah. I was wondering that myself.

**CHANDRA:** Keep away from me, Hector. I may be boy crazy but I've got my limits.

**HECTOR:** I know you are perhaps a little young for a such a dude as me –

**CHANDRA:** Far too young. But I'll tell you something, Hector.

**HECTOR:** What is that?

**CHANDRA:** I was just talking to a girl in the ladies room who works here, a girl older than me, you see, and I found out that she is just mad about you, Hector.

**HECTOR:** Yeah?

**CHANDRA:** She confessed everything to me. She is out of her mind over you!

**HECTOR:** Yeah? Yeah?

**CHANDRA:** See for yourself. (*Calls toward the rest rooms.*) Lucy! Your dreamboat's out here waiting for you!

*The three women laugh uproariously but HECTOR frowns.*

**HECTOR:** That is not funny. *(Exits quickly into the kitchen and the three women continue laughing.)*

**AMY:** Well, she is older than you, Chandra!

**CHANDRA:** And she is out of her mind!

**DANA:** And she does work here!

**AMY:** When it comes to Hector, Dana has just the right word.

**DANA, AMY, and CHANDRA:** Creep!

*REEVES enters from kitchen.*

**REEVES:** Look alive, ladies! Eleven-thirty! Dana, put your cap on and keep it on. *(Goes over to the front door and unlocks it.)*

**DANA:** This cap gives me a headache. *(Puts it on.)*

**REEVES:** Well, your green hair gives me a headache. Try to cover it all with the cap. What will people think? Green hair in colonial days!

**DANA:** Tell them I'm a witch.

**AMY:** They used to burn witches in the 17th century.

**CHANDRA:** I know all about it! We took a field trip to Salem in Junior High.

**DANA:** Now all the witches go to college. *(Glares at AMY.)* They just pronounce the word differently.

**REEVES:** Hush! A customer. *(Picks up a handful of menus.)* Dana, I still see green!

*DANA stuffs more of her hair under the cap. GLYNNIS, a loud woman in her forties, enters from the street talking on her cell phone.*

**GLYNNIS:** I'm here already. Where are you?

**REEVES:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. May I help you?

**GLYNNIS:** Two please. *(Into phone.)* Well hurry. I'm starving!

**REEVES:** Right this way please. *(Takes GLYNNIS to a table set for two.)* Chandra will be your server. *(Puts two menus on the table, signals to CHANDRA, then returns to the door.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Just where I told you! It's called the Dancing Duck. It's right on the village green. You can't miss it!

**CHANDRA:** Good day. My name is Chandra and I'll be your server.

**GLYNNIS:** *(Into phone.)* I don't care what your GPS says. The place exists! It's right here on the green! *(To CHANDRA.)* Get me a diet, honey.

**CHANDRA:** Diet Pepsi all right?

**GLYNNIS:** Anything diet with caffeine! *(Into phone.)* No! The place is not new. It's been here since . . . *(Reads sign.)* since 1757!

**CHANDRA:** Right away. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Marsha, I'm starving! Stop looking at that stupid GPS and just drive to the center of town. You can't miss it! *(Ends call.)* Honestly! *(Picks up menu and reads.)*

*The front door opens and BERNICE and CLARENCE, a middle-aged mother and father, enter with their teenage daughter, CISSIE. She has blue hair and a neck tattoo.*

**REEVES:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. Three of you for lunch?

**BERNICE:** Oh, Cissie, isn't this quaint? I just love it!

**CLARENCE:** Very nice. *(To REEVES.)* Yes, three of us.

**REEVES:** Right this way. *(Takes them to a table.)*

**BERNICE:** I read in the Triple A book that it was quaint but this is so . . . quaint!

**CLARENCE:** It sure is. *(The three sit.)*

**REEVES:** Dana will be your server. *(Hands them menus then returns to the front door.)*

**BERNICE:** Now wasn't this worth a little drive off the highway?

**CLARENCE:** Very nice indeed.

**CISSIE:** There was an Applebee's back a few blocks. Why couldn't we go there?

**BERNICE:** Because you can find those chain restaurants most anywhere. This place is unique!

**CLARENCE:** It sure is!

*DANA goes to the table; CHANDRA brings the drink to the GLYNNIS.*

**DANA:** Hi. I'm Dana. What can I get you to drink?

**BERNICE:** Let me see . . . *(Looking at the menu.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Thanks, honey.

**CLARENCE:** A root beer for me.

**CISSIE:** Sprite. No ice.

**BERNICE:** Now what do you have that might be appropriate? I mean, colonial?

**CISSIE:** Oh, Mother . . . !

**DANA:** There's hot grog.

**BERNICE:** Oh, that sounds delicious! And so colonial!

**CLARENCE:** There might be alcohol in that, Mother.

**DANA:** Naw. We don't have a liquor license.

**BERNICE:** Then I'll take that!

**DANA:** Sure thing. (*To DAUGHTER.*) Like your hair.

**CISSIE:** Thanks . . . (*DANA exits to kitchen.*)

**GLYNNIS:** (*On phone again.*) Marsha? Where are you now? (*Pause.*)  
Just keep on Route 5 and you can't miss it. (*Front door opens and MILLICENT and IDA, two elderly ladies, enter.*)

**REEVES:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. Lunch for two?

**MILLICENT:** That's right.

**REEVES:** Right this way.

**IDA:** Not too close to the door. There might be a draft.

**REEVES:** Over here then. (*Takes them to a table.*)

**IDA:** Don't you feel a draft?

**MILLICENT:** You always feel a draft. When we went to Tampa all you could do was complain about drafts.

**REEVES:** Right here, ladies. (*They sit and she hands them menus.*)  
Amy will be your server. (*Returns to front door.*)

**IDA:** It was unseasonable weather in Tampa. There were definite drafts!

**MILLICENT:** Honestly, Ida! (*AMY goes to their table.*)

**AMY:** Good day, ladies. My name is Amy and I'll be your server for luncheon. May I start you out with something to drink?

**IDA:** Something hot for me. I'm chilly.

**MILLICENT:** Is the ice tea sweetened?

**AMY:** No, ma'am.

**MILLICENT:** I'll have that then.

**IDA:** Do you have hot tea?

**AMY:** Yes, ma'am.

**IDA:** I'll have hot tea. Make sure it is very hot. And no lemon. It gives me gas.

**AMY:** Yes, ma'am. (*Exits to kitchen.*)

**MILLICENT:** For goodness sake, Ida!

**IDA:** Well, it does!

**GLYNNIS:** (*Still on phone.*) Do you see the big old bank building on your right? (*Beat.*) Marsha, look for the bank building! (*Beat.*) It's an old bank with columns and – (*Beat.*) That's right. Now look left. (*Beat.*) No, left! (*Beat.*) It's called the Dancing Duck. You can't miss it! (*Pause.*) No, turn left! (*To self.*) She missed it!

*LORRAINE, a very refined lady, enters with her shy friend, MILLIE.*

**REEVES:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. Two for lunch?

**LORRAINE:** We don't have reservations, I fear. We are on our way to Boston to visit my daughter and her family and we decided to take Route 5 instead of that awful highway and we saw your charming little inn here and I said to Millie, "Millie, doesn't that look like a charming place to stop and have luncheon?" and so we did. But we don't have reservations, I'm afraid.

**REEVES:** That is no problem. Come this way please. (*Takes them to another table.*)

**GLYNNIS:** (*Still on phone.*) That's it! Now park anywhere and get in here. I'm famished! (*Hangs up phone.*)

*CHANDRA goes to table with BERNICE, etc. with drinks.*

**REEVES:** Chandra will be your server. Enjoy your lunch.

**LORRAINE:** Oh, I am sure we will. Won't we, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**BERNICE:** (*Reading from menu.*) I think I'll start with the Yankee Cheddar soup. Doesn't that sound quaint, Father?

**CLARENCE:** It certainly does.

**BERNICE:** Then I'll try the Beef Loaf. That sounds unusual. (*To CISSIE.*) What about you, Cissie?

**CISSIE:** I'll have a hamburger.

**BERNICE:** I don't think they have hamburgers, dear. It's not that kind of place.

**CISSIE:** (*Points to menu.*) What's this Beef Loaf?

**DANA:** Hamburger.

**BERNICE:** Oh.

**CISSIE:** That's what I want. Medium.

**BERNICE:** I like mine a little on the lean side, please.

**CLARENCE:** I'll try that Yankee Cheddar as well. And the Yankee pot roast.

**DANA:** Got it. *(Exits to the kitchen.)*

**BERNICE:** Does that girl have green hair?

**CISSIE:** So what? I've got blue hair.

**BERNICE:** But you're not a colonial!

*MARSHA enters and is greeted by REEVES.*

**REEVES:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. Table for one?

**GLYNNIS:** Marsha! Over here!

**MARSHA:** *(To REEVES.)* I'm with her. *(Goes to GLYNNIS' table.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Did you park close?

**MARSHA:** The GPS said there was a parking lot right near here but I couldn't find it. *(Sits.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Honestly, Marsha! You and that GPS!

*AMY enters with drinks and goes to table with two LADIES as CHANDRA goes to GLYNNIS' table.*

**AMY:** Here is your iced tea and your hot tea.

**CHANDRA:** *(To MARSHA.)* Can I get you something to drink?

**GLYNNIS:** Decide quick what you want to eat, Marsha. I'm starving!  
*(To CHANDRA.)* I'll have the roast beef sandwich.

**CHANDRA:** You want that with Yankee fries or Boston baked beans?

**GLYNNIS:** Fries. Marsha?

**MARSHA:** Oh . . . *(Rushed.)* I'll have the same.

**CHANDRA:** And to drink?

**MARSHA:** Coffee. Three creams.

**CHANDRA:** Okay. *(Exits to the kitchen.)*

**IDA:** *(To AMY.)* How rare is the roast beef? I don't like it too rare.

**AMY:** I can have the cook slice the well done part of the roast.

**IDA:** Please do.

**MILLICENT:** What is the Beef Loaf?

**AMY:** It's chopped beef served on a roll with lettuce and tomato and pickle.

**IDA:** Sounds like a hamburger.

**MILLICENT:** Don't talk nonsense! (To AMY.) I'll have that. And the Yankee fries.

**AMY:** Very good choice. (Goes to REEVES.) Will you ask Felix if I can get this roast beef order well done? You know how he grumbles when we ask for special requests.

**REEVES:** I'll tell him.

*REEVES and AMY exit to the kitchen. The only people onstage are the patrons who are talking among themselves. LUCY DALTON enters from the archway. She is dressed in colonial dress and cap but is more authentic looking with her period shoes and hair which is reddish. She wanders around the room with a melancholy expression on her face. When she is close to LORRAINE's table she gives them a weak smile and curtseys.*

**LUCY:** Welcome . . .

**LORRAINE:** Ah, there you are! Such a charming costume! I think we will start with a cocktail. Don't you agree, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** I'd like a Pink Lady and Millie here would like her usual, a very dry martini. Isn't that correct. Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** Then I'd like to have the Yankee pot roast. It sounds very good. Millie, would you like to have the Yankee pot roast as well? It sounds very good.

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** That settles it. Two servings of the Yankee pot roast. And if you can bring us some bread sticks while we are waiting, I would much appreciate it.

**LUCY:** (Shyly.) Yes, Ma'am . . .

*LUCY does a quick curtsey then exits under the archway again. REEVES re-enters from the kitchen and goes back to her station by the front door. CHANDRA enters with the coffee and goes to MARSHA.*

**CHANDRA:** Here is your coffee. (*Places it down with two creamer packets.*)

**MARSHA:** Thank you.

**GLYNNIS:** You said three creams, didn't you, Marsha? (*To CHANDRA.*) She said three creams!

**CHANDRA:** Oh, I'm sorry. I'll get you more – (*Exits to kitchen.*)

**IDA:** I don't understand why you picked this week to come up here. There is hardly a tree that has changed color yet.

**MILLICENT:** That article in *Better Homes and Gardens* said the first weeks of September.

**IDA:** Well, *Better Homes and Gardens* should have told the leaves!

**MILLICENT:** How was I to know that they were changing late this year?

**IDA:** Isn't there a phone number or a hotline or something that tells you about these things?

**MILLICENT:** I should have phoned Miriam and asked her to go on her computer and see if they have a leaves site.

**IDA:** That certainly would have saved us a lot of bother!

*CHANDRA enters with a bowl full of creamers and takes it to MARSHA.*

**CHANDRA:** Here you go.

**GLYNNIS:** Well, she's never going to need that many!

**MARSHA:** Thanks you. (*CHANDRA goes to LORRAINE's table.*)

**CHANDRA:** Hi. I'm Chandra and I'll be your server. Would you – ?

**LORRAINE:** Thank you, dear. But our order has already been taken care of.

**CHANDRA:** (*Puzzled.*) It has?

**LORRAINE:** Yes. But thank you all the same.

*CHANDRA is confused, returns to the kitchen.*

**CLARENCE:** Of course we can see Longfellow's house, Mother. But I think we ought not dilly-dally. We don't want to get stuck in the Boston rush hour traffic.

**CISSIE:** What's a longfellow house?

**BERNICE:** Henry Wadsworth Longfellow! Surely you learned about him in school!

**CISSIE:** I flunked history. Don't you remember? I forget all those presidents.

**BERNICE:** Longfellow was not a president, Cissie! He was a famous poet!

**CISSIE:** Good for him.

**GLYNNIS:** So I told him I wasn't his indentured servant! If I want to take a long weekend off then I will do just that! I've worked for him for six years and the least he can do for me is give me the odd Friday off once in a while!

**MARSHA:** What did he say to that?

**GLYNNIS:** Just mumbled something or other. You can't make out what he is saying half the time. And him a speech therapist!

**LORRAINE:** I wonder what is taking our cocktails. I have developed quite a thirst driving these back roads. Aren't you thirsty, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** Maybe I shouldn't have ordered a Pink Lady. They are a wee bit complicated.

*DANA enters with a tray and brings the food to BERNICE's table.*

**BERNICE:** Look at this, Clarence! Doesn't that look quaint?

**CLARENCE:** Sure does.

**DANA:** Who had the lean roast beef?

**BERNICE:** That's me, I believe.

*DANA hands her one plate and puts the other in front of the CISSIE.*

**CLARENCE:** My, that soup looks good!

**DANA:** Be careful. It's hot. *(Puts soup down.)* Anything else?

**BERNICE:** I believe we are quite set for the moment. Thank you.

**DANA:** Sure.

*Exits to the kitchen as AMY enters with a tray and goes to the two MILLICENT and IDA.*

**AMY:** Roast beef well done. *(Places plate before IDA.)* And the Beef Loaf.

**MILLICENT:** Thank you.

**LORRAINE:** Millie, is that our waitress over there? (*Refers to AMY.*)

No. That's not her. Oh, where did that girl go to?

**REEVES:** (*Coming over to LORRAINE.*) Is something the matter?

**LORRAINE:** I don't believe so. At least, I hope not. It's just that we gave our order some time ago and haven't seen hide nor hare of our waitress.

**REEVES:** Amy! (*AMY comes over.*) Is this your table?

**AMY:** No, Mrs. Reeves. I believe it's Chandra's.

*CHANDRA and DANA enter from kitchen.*

**REEVES:** Chandra! Come over here please.

*CHANDRA and DANA go to her.*

This is your table, isn't it?

**CHANDRA:** Yes, Mrs. Reeves, but –

**LORRAINE:** Oh, but this is not the girl. Nothing like her.

**REEVES:** Dana . . . ?

**DANA:** Not me.

**REEVES:** But I don't understand . . .

**LORRAINE:** She was a very sweet girl with pretty reddish hair. We ordered our cocktails and then –

**REEVES:** Cocktails?

**DANA:** We don't have a liquor license!

**REEVES:** Reddish hair, you say?

**CHANDRA:** Oh oh . . .

**DANA:** I knew it!

**AMY:** It's Lucy!

**REEVES:** Oh dear . . .

**LORRAINE:** I don't recall if she said her name but she seemed very sweet. Wasn't she, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** I hope nothing has happened to her!

**DANA:** Too late for that!

**AMY:** Hush!

**REEVES:** I'm afraid I have to apologize, Ma'am. For Lucy, I mean.

**LORRAINE:** Has she done something . . . terrible?

**CHANDRA:** Lucy's dead!

**LORRAINE:** Good gracious!

**REEVES:** She died a long time ago.

**DANA:** Try two hundred and fifty years ago!

**LORRAINE:** But we just saw her a few minutes ago! Didn't we, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**REEVES:** What you saw was the ghost of Lucy Dalton.

**LORRAINE:** Ridiculous! She was right here, plain as day. And she talked to us. She said thank you or something of the like and she made the prettiest little curtsey.

**CHANDRA:** That sounds like Lucy all right.

**AMY:** Perhaps I can explain.

**REEVES:** Please do, Amy.

**AMY:** Back in the 1760s Lucy Dalton was a waitress here at the Dancing Duck. She died under mysterious circumstances –

**CHANDRA:** They burned her as a witch!

**AMY:** There is absolutely no proof of that. But the fact is, she died and her ghost still appears here on occasion.

**REEVES:** She has taken orders before. It's very embarrassing.

**LORRAINE:** I find all this a bit preposterous. Here it is broad daylight. Everyone knows that ghosts –

**DANA:** Lucy usually appears during the day.

**AMY:** We think it's because she only worked days. She was married and probably went home each evening.

**LORRAINE:** But she stood right there as clear as can be and then went over there. (*Points to archway.*) Now what kind of ghost is that? Why would she go to the rest rooms?

**CHANDRA:** The same reason we all go in there?

**REEVES:** I can explain. In the old days there were no rest rooms inside the inn –

**DANA:** Out houses!

**REEVES:** That part of the building was for storage. Lucy sometimes is seen in there looking for something where there used to be shelves.

**CHANDRA:** She walks right through the wall between the men's and the ladies!

**LORRAINE:** I think I really need that cocktail now. This is quite upsetting!

**REEVES:** I have a little brandy upstairs in my apartment. I can't sell it to you but I can give you a glass free.

**AMY:** *(To MARSHA.)* One for you too, Ma'am?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**REEVES:** I won't be a minute!

*Goes up the stairs and exits as HECTOR comes out of the kitchen.*

**HECTOR:** Felix says you better pick up two roast beefs with fries or else he'll give it to the cat!

**CHANDRA:** Oh! That's mine! *(Exits to the kitchen.)*

**AMY:** Don't let Mrs. Reeves catch you out here, Hector!

**HECTOR:** Just thought you ought to know, man. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

**MILLICENT:** I wonder what all the commotion is over at that table.

**IDA:** I hope something hasn't gone wrong in the kitchen. The last thing I need is food poisoning!

**BERNICE:** What's the matter, Cissie? Don't you like your Beef Loaf? Mine is delicious!

**CISSIE:** Mother, it's a hamburger! And it's okay.

*REEVES comes down the steps with a brandy bottle and goes over to LORRAINE.*

**REEVES:** I found it! I'm afraid it's been in the back of my pantry ever so long! *(Blows off dust.)* Dana, get us two glasses.

**DANA:** Okay . . .

*DANA exits to kitchen as CHANDRA enters with tray and goes to GLYNNIS's table.*

**CHANDRA:** Two roast beef with Yankee fries! *(Puts down plates.)*

**GLYNNIS:** About time. What's going on over there?

**CHANDRA:** What? Oh, nothing. The lady just had a little . . . indigestion.

**MARSHA:** Indigestion? She looks like she's seen a ghost!

**CHANDRA:** *(Nervous laugh.)* Nothing like that . . .

CHANDRA goes to REEVES as DANA re-enters with two glasses and joins her.

**REEVES:** Just a little sip of this, Ma'am, and you'll feel better. (*Pours some into two glasses.*)

**LORRAINE:** I'm sure I don't understand all this fuss over nothing! I am quite all right! (*Downs the brandy.*)

**AMY:** I know the first time I saw Lucy I was just as upset.

**LORRAINE:** Nonsense! I am perfectly fine. And I think the whole idea of a ghost taking our order is ridiculous. Totally ridiculous! May I have some more of that stuff?

**REEVES:** Of course. (*Pours more brandy.*) Now get back to work, girls. As the lady says, it's very unlikely it was Lucy or anything at all!

**DANA:** Sure . . .

**CHANDRA:** But – !

**AMY:** Yes, Mrs. Reeves.

*The three waitresses go to their respective tables to check on their customers. LORRAINE finishes the second brandy while MILLIE still sips her first.*

**REEVES:** I am sorry for this . . . misunderstanding. Let me take your order myself and I'll –

**LORRAINE:** Oh, I don't seem to have much of an appetite now. What do you say we be on our way, Millie?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**REEVES:** I am so sorry.

**LORRAINE:** But before we go I had best use the ladies room. (*Stands up unsteadily.*) My, but that brandy goes to one's head! I'll be right back –

**REEVES:** But . . . Are you sure you need to?

**LORRAINE:** I think I know if I need to use the ladies or not.

**REEVES:** Of course you do but –

**LORRAINE:** And I am not afraid of any ghost walking through the walls! The very idea!

**REEVES:** Of course.

**LORRAINE:** Millie, do you want to wait for me here?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** Very well. (*Exits through archway.*)

**REEVES:** (*To MILLIE.*) Again, I am so sorry about all this. Those girls are just full of idle talk.

*HAROLD, a businessman in a suit enters carrying a newspaper and she sees him.*

If you will excuse me. I have a customer.

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**REEVES:** (*Going up to the him, the brandy bottle still in her hand.*)

Hello, Harold. Are you by yourself today?

**HAROLD:** Just me, Margaret. What's the soup today?

**REEVES:** Yankee Cheddar. (*They go to an empty table.*) And I'm out of corned beef so no Revere Reubens, I'm afraid.

**HAROLD:** I'll have the soup. And the Cobb Salad. And coffee.

**REEVES:** I'll see to it.

**HAROLD:** You finally got a liquor license?

**REEVES:** Why no – ! (*Looks at the bottle.*) This is just . . . (*Puts bottle behind her back.*) Well, we had a little . . .

**HAROLD:** Someone got bit by a snake? (*Laughs and she joins him lamely.*)

**REEVES:** Something like that! You like your coffee black, don't you, Harold?

**HAROLD:** If I can't have brandy, I'll have black coffee. (*Chuckles.*)

**REEVES:** Sure . . .

*HAROLD reads his paper and REEVES exits nervously into the kitchen. The only waitress in the room is AMY who is talking to the two LADIES. The front door opens and HALEY comes into the inn. She is in her early twenties, wears contemporary clothes, and has long reddish hair. She looks a lot like LUCY. In fact, she can be played by the same actress as the one playing LUCY. She looks around for someone to help her. AMY notices her and goes up to HALEY.*

**AMY:** Welcome to the – (*Stops and stares; a long pause.*) May I help you . . . ? One for lunch . . . ?

**HALEY:** Actually, no. I'm looking for a Mrs. Reeves.

**AMY:** (*Still somewhat stunned by what she sees.*) You . . . you are?

**HALEY:** I was told to ask for Mrs. Reeves. Is she here today?

*CHANDRA and DANA enter from the kitchen. CHANDRA has an empty tray. When she and DANA see HALEY, they stop dead and CHANDRA drops the tray. Everyone stares at her.*

**DANA:** What the – ?

**CHANDRA:** Lucy? What are you wearing?

**HALEY:** Are you Mrs. Reeves?

**CHANDRA:** No.

**HALEY:** Good.

**AMY:** You must excuse us. It's just that you look an awful lot like . . .

**DANA:** Like . . .

**CHANDRA:** Like Lucy.

**HALEY:** Oh?

**AMY:** Just this . . . girl we all know.

**HALEY:** Well, sorry I'm not Lucy. I'm Haley Caldwell. And if it's possible I would like to see Mrs. Reeves.

**DANA:** I'll get her. *(Starts toward the kitchen but REEVES enters with HAROLD's cup of coffee on a saucer.)*

**REEVES:** I don't know why you're all standing around with your mouths open – ! *(Sees HALEY, stops short, her hand shakes and some of the coffee spills.)*

**DANA:** It's not who you think.

**REEVES:** But . . . but . . .

**CHANDRA:** Take a closer look –

**REEVES:** It's Lucy!

**AMY:** That what we all thought at first.

**HALEY:** I'm sorry I'm not her. She seems to be very popular around here.

**REEVES:** You're not Lucy?

**HALEY:** I'm Haley Caldwell. Are you Mrs. Reeves?

**REEVES:** I . . . I . . .

**DANA:** She is.

**HALEY:** My aunt suggested I talk to you. I'm looking for a job.

**REEVES:** Your . . . Aunt?

*LORRAINE comes through the archway and goes to her table without seeing HALEY.*

**LORRAINE:** I'm ready to go, Millie. Are you?

**MILLIE:** Yes . . .

**LORRAINE:** Good. Oh, I see you haven't finished your drink. (*Goes for the glass.*) Just let me –

**MILLIE:** No! (*Grabs drink.*)

**LORRAINE:** Very well, then. I – (*Turns and sees HALEY.*) You! You're the girl who took our order! Well, I don't believe we want those cocktails now.

**REEVES:** She took your order?

**LORRAINE:** Yes.

**HALEY:** No!

**LORRAINE:** She certainly did. (*Realizes something.*) That's means you're dead!

**HALEY:** What?

**LORRAINE:** (*Alarmed.*) Millie! It's her! The . . the . . .

**HALEY:** The what?

**LORRAINE:** She changed out of her costume but it's still her! Let me out of here!

*LORRAINE rushes out of the inn as MILLIE downs the rest of the bandy then follows her out.*

**DANA:** I don't think she'll ever come back here.

**HALEY:** Did I do something – ?

**AMY:** Not a thing . . . Haley. It's just that you look –

**HALEY:** Like Lucy. I know. So what is so wrong with this Lucy?

**CHANDRA:** Nothing really wrong, exactly . . .

**DANA:** For a dead person.

**HALEY:** That's what that woman said! If this Lucy is dead why does everybody think I'm her?

**REEVES:** Because Lucy is . . . Well, she's a ghost.

**CHANDRA:** We see her all the time!

**DANA:** She kinda haunts the place.

**AMY:** But she's not harmful or anything like that.

**HALEY:** I'm glad to hear that.

**REEVES:** But you look so much like her!

**AMY:** The likeness is remarkable.

**REEVES:** What did you say your name was again, dear?

**HALEY:** Haley Caldwell.

**REEVES:** Are you sure it's not Dalton?

**HALEY:** My aunt's name is Dalton. Miranda Dalton. She's the one who sent me here.

**REEVES:** So you are a Dalton! I mean . . . you are related?

**HALEY:** Yes. But I don't see –

**DANA:** Lucy's name is . . . was Dalton.

**CHANDRA:** Lucy Dalton! It says so on her tombstone!

**AMY:** There are so many Daltons in this area that –

**DANA:** Don't you see? She might be the great great great great – !

**CHANDRA:** Niece of Lucy Dalton!

**GLYNNIS:** Miss! Can we please have our check?

**CHANDRA:** Oh! Sorry . . . *(Goes to table pulling out her check booklet.)*

**REEVES:** Girls, to your customers! I don't know what has come over us all!

**DANA:** It sure is funny seeing Lucy in modern clothes.

**CHANDRA:** And with pierced ears. Hey, Haley, do you have any tattoos?

**REEVES:** You heard me, girls! Back to work!

*AMY goes to IDA's table, DANA to BERNICE's table.*

Oh, look! This coffee is half spilt! Chandra, get a fresh cup and bring it to Harold.

**CHANDRA:** Yes, Mrs. Reeves. *(To HALEY.)* I have two tattoos. One is hidden –

**REEVES:** Now, Chandra! *(CHANDRA exits to kitchen.)* You must excuse us. We're usually not so disorganized as this. *(To HAROLD.)* A fresh cup coming up, Harold.

**HAROLD:** Okay, Margaret . . . *(Goes back to his newspaper and REEVES takes HALEY aside; GLYNNIS and MARSHA get up from the table.)*

**GLYNNIS:** Just leave it, Marsha. The tip is there as well.

**MARSHA:** Is that enough?

**GLYNNIS:** Of course it is. What is this place? The Ritz-Carlton? Come on!

*GLYNNIS and MARSHA exit.*

**REEVES:** I know your aunt passing well. We're both on the board of the Historical Society.

**HALEY:** I moved in with her and Uncle George last month so that I could qualify for state residency. I'm going to the community college.

**REEVES:** You go to MCC? My son went there. Where are you from, dear?

**HALEY:** Pittsburgh.

**REEVES:** How nice. I hope you will like it here.

**HALEY:** I'd like it better if I had a job. Aunt Miranda thought you might need some extra help.

**REEVES:** Well . . . the leaves will be turning soon. Have you any waitress experience?

**HALEY:** I worked at Friendly's for two years when I was in high school.

**REEVES:** It will be getting busy here soon. I'm sure I can use you. But it will have to be mostly weekends.

**HALEY:** That's fine with me.

**REEVES:** All right then. Let's go back to my office and I'll find an application and a W-2 form. And we can go through the closet and find you something nice to wear.

**HALEY:** Great!

**REEVES:** Amy!

**AMY:** Yes, Mrs. Reeves?

**REEVES:** Watch the front door for me for a few minutes. I've got to go back and take care of . . . ?

**HALEY:** Haley.

**REEVES:** To take care of Haley. *(Goes to kitchen door.)*

**AMY:** All right. Congratulations, Haley.

**HALEY:** Thanks.

**REEVES:** *(Exiting.)* Chandra! Where's Harold's coffee? *(REEVES and HALEY exit.)*

**DANA:** Would anyone like dessert? We've got Dutch apple crisp.

**BERNICE:** Oh, that does sound delightful – !

**CLARENCE:** Look at the time, Mother. If you want to see the Longfellow house . . .

**BERNICE:** Oh. *(To DANA.)* Maybe not, dear.

**CLARENCE:** Check, please.

*DANA pulls out check booklet and hands CLARENCE the check; CHANDRA enters from kitchen and brings coffee to HAROLD.*

**AMY:** Would you like dessert, ladies?

**MILLICENT:** What have you got?

**AMY:** The specialty of the house is Dutch apple crisp.

**MILLICENT:** Oh!

**IDA:** More apples! Everything this time of year is apples apples apples!  
*(To AMY.)* What else have you got?

**AMY:** There's a brownie sundae and Boston cream pie.

**MILLICENT:** I want the apple crisp.

**IDA:** Nothing for me. But more hot tea.

**AMY:** Right away.

**CLARENCE:** *(Gives money to DANA.)* There you go. No change.

**DANA:** Thank you, sir.

**CLARENCE:** Come along, Mother. Cissie.

**CISSIE:** How far is this poet's house?

**BERNICE:** Cambridge. Oh, you are going to love it!

**CISSIE:** Sure.

*CISSIE exits with BERNICE and CLARENCE.*

**AMY:** *(Goes over to DANA.)* I need an apple crisp and another hot tea.

**DANA:** Get it yourself.

**AMY:** I can't. I'm watching the door for Mrs. Reeves.

**DANA:** Well, nobody's coming in so go –

*Front door opens and CARL, as grumpy man, enters with his wife, ARLEEN.*

**AMY:** *(To DANA.)* An apple crisp and a hot tea. Now! *(Goes to greet CARL and ARLEEN.)*

**DANA:** *(To CHANDRA.)* Who died and made her queen?

*DANA exits to kitchen then CHANDRA follows.*

**AMY:** Welcome to the Dancing Duck. Two for lunch?

**CARL:** Sure.

**AMY:** Right this way. *(Heads to empty table with menus.)*

**CARL:** Come on, Arleen! We haven't got all day.

**AMY:** Someone will be out to help you in a moment. *(Passes out menus.)* Enjoy your lunch. *(Goes back to door and looks out to see if anyone is coming.)*

**CARL:** We should have done fast food. This is going to take forever!  
And I'm starving!

**ARLEEN:** If you'd had breakfast like I told you, you wouldn't be starving. But no, you wanted to get on the road early. Well, I'm not going to eat fast food just because you're so impatient.

*AMY, after looking to see that no one is coming, exits to the kitchen.*

Besides, look how lovely this place is! The decor is charming.

**CARL:** It looks like it's slow service. Look . . . not a waitress in sight!

*LUCY enters from the archway and wanders about the room.*

**MILLICENT:** I didn't know you disliked apples.

**IDA:** I don't. But this time of year I get so sick of them.

**CARL:** *(Sees LUCY.)* Waitress! Yes, you! Can you take our order?

**LUCY:** Yes, sir . . . *(Goes to the table.)*

**ARLEEN:** I don't know what I want yet!

**CARL:** Well, decide! *(To LUCY.)* I want a Reuben sandwich and a beer. Whatever you have on draft. Arleen?

**ARLEEN:** Oh . . . . the same I guess. But a whiskey sour instead of beer.

**LUCY:** Yes, Ma'am . . .

**CARL:** And see if they can step on it. We're starving!

**ARLEEN:** He's starving. *(Glares at him.)*

**CARL:** *(To LUCY.)* Don't just stand there. Hop to it!

**LUCY:** Yes, sir . . . *(She curtseys and exits through the archway.)*

**ARLEEN:** Carl, sometimes you can be so rude!

**CARL:** Settle down. We'll get better service now. You'll see. Boy, am I starving!

**ARLEEN:** He's starving!

*BLACKOUT.*

## ACT ONE, SCENE 2

*AT RISE:* It is ten days later, in the late afternoon before the dinner rush. The only patrons are HAROLD, who sits at a different table eating an early supper, and BONNIE and DEB, two teenagers who sit at another table with drinks. REEVES is at her station at the door.

**BONNIE:** Of course she can afford those boots. I hear her father is loaded!

**DEB:** How can he be? He works in a body shop.

**BONNIE:** He also owns the body shop! There's lots of money in smashed-up cars.

**DEB:** Do those boots really cost three hundred dollars?

**BONNIE:** More maybe. I'd kill for a pair. Brown ones. Light brown. Almost tan colored.

**DEB:** I like white. But you can never keep them white once winter comes.

**REEVES:** *(Going over to HAROLD.)* How's the shepherd's pie, Harold?

**HAROLD:** Fine, Margaret.

**REEVES:** Not too spicy?

**HAROLD:** Not at all.

**REEVES:** Good. Sometimes Felix gets carried away with the pepper.

**HAROLD:** You look tired, Margaret.

**REEVES:** Oh, it's nothing.

**HAROLD:** And you look worried. Business not so good?

**REEVES:** It's these leaves. They are so late in changing this year. Usually by now they're in full color and this place is packed.

**HAROLD:** They have to change eventually.

**REEVES:** In the meantime I've got a stack of bills out back that that would choke a horse. Somehow when Herman was still alive he managed to keep the cash flowing. I'm not so good at it.

**HAROLD:** I think you run the place just fine.

**REEVES:** Let's hope so. You need a refresher on your coffee?

**HAROLD:** Sure.

*CHANDRA enters from the kitchen with a tray. She goes over to BONNIE and IDA and puts two glasses down.*

**CHANDRA:** Two refills. And don't drink them so fast this time. These are your third refills and Mrs. Reeves is getting suspicious.

**DEB:** We wouldn't come in this place if we weren't waiting for you. When do you get off?

**CHANDRA:** Soon. Ross is coming at five. He'll drop us off at Diane's.

**BONNIE:** Hey Chandra, did you see those boots Gwen Brimley wore to school yesterday?

**CHANDRA:** The black ones? Yes!

**DEB:** How much do you think a pair of boots like that cost?

**CHANDRA:** Lots. That's all I know.

**REEVES:** Chandra, get Harold some more coffee.

**CHANDRA:** Then can I go? It's getting close to five.

**REEVES:** Wait until Dana and Mavis come in for the dinner shift.

**CHANDRA:** Mavis is back?

**REEVES:** She better be. She's on the schedule for 5 o'clock. Those friends of your have been here an hour and all they ordered was Cokes.

**CHANDRA:** There're waiting for me.

**REEVES:** Next time have them wait somewhere else. Get that coffee.

**CHANDRA:** Okay. But Ross ought to be here any minute to pick me up.

**REEVES:** Coffee!

*CHANDRA exits to kitchen as HALEY enters from the kitchen. She wears a colonial dress and cap but it is not the same color as that worn by LUCY.*

**HALEY:** Do you want me to stay through the dinner hour, Mrs. Reeves? In case we get busy?

**REEVES:** Oh . . . Maybe you should. If you don't mind.

**HALEY:** I don't mind.

**REEVES:** Thank you, Haley. I can always rely on you. How long have you been with us?

**HALEY:** A week last Thursday.

**REEVES:** That's all? My goodness. You seem like one of the family already.

**HALEY:** Thanks.

**REEVES:** Could you keep an eye on the door? I've got to run upstairs for a minute.

**HALEY:** Sure.

**REEVES:** I've got such a splitting headache. I better take something before it gets busy. (*Goes up steps.*)

**HALEY:** I can handle any customers that come in. Why don't you lie down for a little while?

**REEVES:** Oh, I don't know. Maybe just for a few minutes. When Chandra comes back out here, tell her you're staying and she can leave.

**HALEY:** Okay.

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