

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-*

*file. Only Andrew sees the shadow.)*

LILLIAN. Andrew!

DEIRDRE. Don't say that! *(Felicia is again overtaken by a convulsion, as the astral contact is broken. She makes a wild hacking noise, as if coughing up a furball. She rocks, and leaves the table, her body spasming.)* Felicia! *(Andrew rises and runs to the lights. He flips on the switch.)*

FELICIA. What? Is he ... hold on. Yeah? What happened? Did I get her? Ma?

DEIRDRE. You talked to her, and she tried to contact Barrymore, but something happened! There was lightning!

LILLIAN. It was marvelous!

FELICIA. Did you see anything? A sign? A woman with rhinestone glasses?

DEIRDRE. I don't think so ...

ANDREW. *(Firmly.)* No. We didn't see anything. No Barrymore.

LILLIAN. As far as we know.

FELICIA. I'm sorry, you know ... Ma's really the only one I get. It's emotional, there's gotta be a real need. Andy, I'm sorry.

ANDREW. No, please, you were fine. And I'm glad about your Mom and I can't believe I even considered playing Hamlet. This is all ... not possible.

LILLIAN. Rally — do me a favor. Do not be like all the others. Everywhere I look, I am disappointed. You must have faith. Barrymore would insist.

DEIRDRE. He could still appear.

FELICIA. Sometimes you gotta bribe 'em — the spirits. You need something they really liked, when they were alive. Especially the first contact.

DEIRDRE. Really? What did your mother like? What did you use?

FELICIA. It was tough, I tried everything. Jewelry, sponge cake, finally I just said Ma, it's after ten, the rates are down. Bingo! Should we try again?

DEIRDRE. Of course!

ANDREW. No. Absolutely not. No more.)