

R.I.P. MEETS MR. & MRS. DEATH

BY

CAST

Rachel Isabella Polito, woman, 20-40 age range, dressed in large t-shirt, pajama bottoms, socks/slippers/barefoot.

Mr. Desmond Death, male, dressed in black, carries a scythe and a pocket date book in his pants pocket.

Mrs. Destiny Death, female, dressed in black and wears a black feather boa.

These two roles should be similar in age.

SETTING

Rachel's apartment. Large chair, phone, blanket, end table, plant with spritzer, pill bottle, water cup, television remote.

Opening – Rachel is on the phone, seated, with a blanket.

Rachel

(yawning) I know mom, I've tried *everything*...exercise, warm milk, melatonin, even old reruns of Facts of Life. I fall asleep, but I just can't seem to *stay* asleep. (listening) Yep, it's that same weird dream I've had for the last three nights. (listening) That's the one. Some guy is in my apartment and... (listening) No, it's not scary because before anything happens, I wake up! Honestly, it's disturbing, both the lack of sleep and this mysterious dream! So tonight, I am taking something the doctor gave me to help me sleep. (Rachel takes her pill, listening) Of course, Mom, just one. Don't worry. I know you're worrying because you only use my full name when you are worried. Rachel Isabella Polito, it's a lovely name, but ugh those initials, RIP. (laughs) I'll talk to you tomorrow. (listening) Say good night to Dad for me. Love you too, good night. (Rachel changes the channel, settles in the chair, and starts channel surfing.) Let's see, no news, nope, not another NCIS, maybe there's some old boring movie...black and white, hmmm, this looks like it could work. (Watches for a few beats and nods off.)

The door opens and Mr. Death enters the room with the scythe in hand. He approaches the chair, and the door flies open and Mrs. Death enters. Startled, Mr. Death steps back and drops the scythe. Rachel awakens confused, drowsy, and drugged.

Mrs. Death

(Accusing manner) Desmond, so **this** is where you've been the last three nights. I should have known. (Shaking her head)

Mr. Death

Now Destiny, you know, in my business, I am on call around the clock. Sometimes it takes more than one visit to complete the job. After all, this is strictly business, and, as they say, business has been very good, lately.

Rachel

What's happening!?! Oh my gosh, am I hallucinating? I *am* hallucinating! (Jumps out of chair, looking back and forth between Mr. & Mrs. and TV. Grabs the remote and changes channels continuing to look back and forth.)

Mrs. Death

We talked about this, just the other day and you promised to slow down. (hisses) YOU promised! (Fidgets with boa, pulls off a feather, and drops it.)

Mr. Death

No, I think you are misremembering, what I said was I would think about it, dearest.

Mrs. Death

If I hear you say that one more time, ugh. Think about it, THINK ABOUT IT! I swear that's your go to phrase. But, my darling, this time you most definitely promised. And a promise is a promise.

Rachel

This is only a dream, just a dream, a nightmarish, vivid, lucid, terrifying dream! (Sets the remote down and approaches Mr. Death)

Mrs. Death

Don't you touch him! (Moves between the two, Rachel stumbles back into the chair.) Stay away from us, you, you...hussy!

(Mr. Death does a double take on Mrs.)

Rachel

Hussy...HUSSY!!! (Rachel stands up tall) Wait a minute lady, firstly, I don't know who you two are or how you got into my place, and secondly, who are you calling...oh my god, I am talking to a figment of my imagination.

Mr. Death

Darling, we are guests, after all, please mind your language. Rachel, calm down and let us finish mincing this out and before you know it, it will *all* be over.

Rachel

Whoa, this is too much, how do you know my name?

Mr. Death

I know everyone's name; the union makes sure of that. It's part of our contract ever since the Middle Ages and that whole Black Plague affair. It makes everything more personal, plus, I keep a date book. It's ever so handy.

Rachel

Listen you, you, crazy dream, I want you out of here. (Claps her hands) Out, get OUT!

Mrs. Death

You and me both, sister. That's exactly what I am trying to do if anyone would listen to me. Desmond, this isn't the first time we've been asked to leave. However, this time I would like you to do as Rachel and I ask. Now, grab your tools of the trade and let's go. (Grabs his hand and makes for the door, but Mr. Death won't budge)

Rachel

Okay, I am not playing, if you two aren't gone by the time, I count three, I'll...

Mrs. Death

You'll what!?!

Rachel

(Boldly) I'll... (looks around and grabs the mister) I'll squirt you!

(Both Deaths laugh)

Mrs. Death

Desmond, darling, I believe she's seen the Wizard of Oz one too many times. (Addresses Rachel) Are you thinking we're going to melt like the witch? That is so absurd, no wonder you think you're dreaming. Okay, you're on, little lady!

(Rachel starts to squirt, and chases the Deaths around the chair, but gets dizzy after two rounds and plops down in the chair.)

Mr. Death

I can't remember the last time I've had such an entertaining encounter. Rachel, you certainly know how to turn a serious mission in to a sporting affair. This escapade is going to make a great story. I can't wait to tell everyone back at the office. (chuckling)

Mrs. Death

All right, Sport, you've had your fun, time to leave. Honestly, I am not amused by either one of you! (Points to Rachel) You, go back to sleep. (Rachel obeys) (Points to Mr. Death) and you, ever since this damn pandemic, you've become nothing but a workaholic. You're never home, jet setting to the four corners of the globe. And *I know* it's business, but quite frankly, I am sick of it! I am at the end of my rope. Please, Desmond, let's go home. We'll have a little staycation, just the two of us. We can have a lovely red wine and I'll make you a lavish meal fit for a royal executioner while you relax in the jacuzzi. We'll put on some Frank Sinatra, just like the old days.

Meanwhile, Rachel is mumbling about dreams, she picks up the plant mister gives it a look and squirts herself.

Rachel

(Slapping herself in the face) Wake up, wake up, Rachel Isabella Polito, WAKE UP!!! Why, oh why did I take that stupid pill! This is worse than not sleeping.

Mr. Death

Now dear, you know I love my job. Recently, I feel like I am just hitting my stride. I'm on the top of my game, batting a thousand. If I am awarded employee of the month, I will get a better parking spot. It's been a long time since my numbers have been up this high. You know, Destiny, I am just taking advantage of this opportunity, *carpe diem* and all that jazz.

Mrs. Death

Don't you *carpe diem* me! (Starts to sniffle and cry) Oh Desmond, I don't ask for much. I miss you and want you home. Who else loves me enough to make my cold feet colder? You are the only one for me. My heart goes beeeeeeeep (the sound a heart monitor makes when a heart stops) every time you walk into a room.

Mr. Death

You know I can't stand it when you cry, Destiny. It melts my still heart. Desi, I have a job to do. I need to make my quota, (hesitatingly) and if I don't make my...well, *heaven* knows what could happen.

Rachel

(Pleadingly, hands in prayer) Please, please, PLEASE make this stop. I'll be good, I promise. I'll eat more vegetables and quit drinking Diet Pepsi for breakfast. I swear, I'll drive the speed limit and use my turn signals. Anything, just make it stop. (Shivering, she pulls the blanket over her head.)

Mrs. Death

Darling, for me, please make it later rather than sooner. I will be eternally grateful. Just this once, can't we make a little time for ourselves. (flirty) Don't forget if you keep your promise, *I promised* a mouthwatering feast. And I am most certain that I can whip up a deliciously seductive dessert, if you would just come home with me, now!

Mr. Death

(Embraces and kisses Mrs. Death) Oh Desi, you little vixen. You know I am a pushover for your temptations. You always know how to cast a spell over me, body, and soul. You always were a femme fatal.

Mrs. Death

Desmond, you big silly, that's femme fatale, mon cheri.

Mr. Death

My cara mia, you know whenever you speak French it drives me wild with desire! That's it, I'm throwing in the towel, you win, mi amor! Let's go home. I'm ready to sip some vino and hear a little "My Way" from ol' blue eyes. (Picks up his scythe, blade to the floor.)

Mrs. Death

Aha, my charms worked once again. I guess this girl's still got it! (cuddling/flirting) Desmond, I'm thinking of a cheese and fruit starter with those blood oranges you so relish, followed by a lovely liver with some fava beans, and a nice chianti!

Mr. Death makes that slurping sound, like Anthony Hopkins in Silence of the Lambs.

Mrs. Death

(Light bulb moment) Oh and the perfect dessert, you'll never guess! (Giggling) Death by Chocolate!!

They kiss and his scythe goes blade up.

Mrs. Death

Oh, Desmond, it looks like we are going to have a most enjoyable staycation,

Mr. Death

(Turns to the audience) You know what they say, happy wife, happy...

Mrs. Death

(Playfully puts her pointer finger to his lips.) Shhhhhhhh (they kiss and happily exit.)

Rachel peeks out of the blanket and just then, lets out a little "eek" and collapses under the blanket.

Black out, lights come up, it's the next morning.

Rachel

(Waking up, talking on the phone as she stretches and wanders around her apartment.) Mom, I swear, I will never take those pills again! That pill gave me the craziest, silliest dream...(spies feather, bends over and examines it) *not really a dream*, more like a nightmare! (Shutters, listening) Okay, it's going to take a while, but I will tell you as best as I can remember. So, right after I fell asleep...

THE END