

BALCONY

The three ladies overlook the theater from above now, standing with the cleaning lady who unwinds the cord to a vacuum cleaner.

ANN

That's the only switch?

She points up to the glass window to the projector booth at the top of the balcony.

CLEANING LADY

Yes, ma'am. Only place there is to shut them lights off.

Ann glances from the organ down below to that booth.

JENNY

Does someone stay here at night?

The cleaning lady gives her a funny look.

ANN

We heard the organ play while we were... trying to sleep.

The woman grins.

CLEANING LADY

Ghost is what that was.

PATSY

A ghost?

Ann rolls her eyes: not interested in the supernatural.

CLEANING LADY

Sometimes I hear it playin' all the way up here, when there ain't a soul but mine in the building.

Jenny gets the chills.

CLEANING LADY

Ghost prolly pushed Mr. Richards off this here balcony too.

Ann huffs, skeptical. Jenny and Patsy are more intrigued.

ANN

He had an enemy or two... the flesh and blood kind.

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CLEANING LADY

Ain't no one got nothing bad to say
about Mr. Richards. He's a
church-going, man. In fact, that's
where he'd be if not for that
ghost.

Ann is frustrated again with the hocus pocus.

JENNY

Speaking of church... maybe that's
where we ought to be.

Patsy feels the weight of their predicaments.

PATSY

Jenny's right.

To Ann:

PATSY

We've got some praying to do.

The cleaning lady can't help but hold the work.

CLEANING LADY

What's the trouble?

Patsy hesitates.

PATSY

We got one husband in the hospital
and another in jail.

CLEANING LADY

Lordy. I been there before.

All three do a double take on the woman.

CLEANING LADY

Y'all best come with me.