

*(Mansion patio. Lightning and THUNDER. The door opens on its own. The ghost of SINCLAIR enters, not immediately seeing the ghost of MORGANA reclining on a sofa.)*

SINCLAIR

*(Undoing his top shirt button.)* Ah! It's good to be dead! Alone at last.

*Morgana lets out a long theatrical moan.*

SINCLAIR

Morgana? Are you here? No-no-no-no. Please tell me you're *not* here.

MORGANA

Darling, you're so confusing. You want me to – what – appear just to disappear?

SINCLAIR

The curse continues beyond the grave, I see. How thoroughly disappointing!

MORGANA

If it would make you happy to see me go, then I solemnly promise, I'm *never* leaving, ever, for eternity, cross my withered heart.

SINCLAIR

I can't be here with you. This will never work. Scat! Shoo! Even suicide is no relief.

MORGANA

I killed myself to get away from you.

SINCLAIR

Let's be honest, you killed yourself because it was the closest thing to killing *me*. Hell, it was very nearly "two for one" that day.

MORGANA

And what's your excuse, darling? I was gone. You had the place to yourself. And you didn't even know how to enjoy it. Scared of a little housework? Why follow me? Why kill yourself when you were finally free?

SINCLAIR

*(Blustering.)* Because it became infinitely more challenging to deny our broken marriage when one of the parties had self-destructed. I had a choice: move out of the house, which reminded me of you, gorgeous but impossible to manage, or *(catching his breath)* kill myself. Seeing as the home belonged to my family, selling was not an option.

MORGANA

*(Touched.)* You mean I showed you the way out? Was I your inspiration?

SINCLAIR

*(Sad.)* You? My beautiful bad penny, you never could do anything right. You couldn't even die right. Three messy suicide attempts later –

MORGANA

Those? Those weren't even practice. Haven't you heard of a cry for help?

SINCLAIR

Is that what all those confetti-colored pills were, a cry for help? Hard to hear someone when her mouth is so full with the contents of the medicine cabinet you can't see her tonsils.

MORGANA

Too subtle?

SINCLAIR

Not to hurt your feelings, darling, but I had golf shirts louder than you.

MORGANA

And here I thought I was sending a message. "Marriage a shambles. Stop. Pain everywhere. Stop. Send for witch doctor. Go." What about you? You're a well-read man for goodness sakes. Couldn't you find a "do yourself" book and follow the instructions? I mean, how hard can it be?

SINCLAIR

Sweetie, you must forgive me, unlike *you*, it was my first time. I was a little nervous to be honest, following in my father's footsteps, *(acting it out)* shaky hands, sweaty finger on the trigger, but here I am, and in one shot no less.

MORGANA

Only because you kept backing away from the gun, like you were putting in a contact lens, and fell down a flight of stairs. We see everything from "beyond the veil." And that's exactly how the maid found you, in your robe no less, with three days' stubble, reeking of cheap alcohol, like a Skid Row wino.

SINCLAIR

Nice of you to notice.

MORGANA

How could I look away? It was deeply embarrassing.

SINCLAIR

(*Hurt.*) Yes, that was the result I was hoping for. Here I thought you'd abandoned me without looking back.

MORGANA

(*Sincere.*) I was weary from fighting. Low on options. Weren't you tired, dear?

SINCLAIR

Exhausted, to put it mildly. You chose an extreme means to avoid a nasty divorce. It doesn't balance out: success at work and a wreck at home. My suits were pressed, weight managed, shoes shining like new dimes. I had a folder in my desk with big ideas – talking points – for the future of the company. I was on top of my game. Then the phone rings. My wife has finally achieved her life's ambition: mortally wounding *me*. I was called out of a managers' meeting when the yard man found you floating face-down in the pool.

MORGANA

At least *I* wasn't reeking.

SINCLAIR

At least *I* wasn't found wearing undergarments. (*Morgana gives him a look.*) You know very well what I mean.

MORGANA

For the record, they were expensive undergarments, new and clean, never worn before that fateful day.

SINCLAIR

How conscientious of you, as if you had the whole sordid thing meticulously planned out. So much for the more pleasant fiction of an "accidental overdose."

MORGANA

A modicum of decorum, that's all I ever asked.

SINCLAIR

I'm so sorry: all those years I thought you wanted a modicum of devotion. My mistake.

MORGANA

Oh sweetness, did I hear it right? "Sorry, Morgana, it was my mistake."

SINCLAIR

I'd argue the point but, what I couldn't give you in life, I'll magnanimously grant you in death.

MORGANA

Satisfaction?

SINCLAIR

And still it thrills me to receive a cold come-uppance at your steely hands. You always were more of a man than most of my partners at the firm.

MORGANA

I can be warm and gentle, but you always wanted it rough, eh tiger? I can give you rough.

SINCLAIR

Dear, Morgana, before you work yourself into a toxic lather, keep in mind our golden years are behind us for good. The spirit may be willing, but the fleshly instincts are, sadly, unavailable.

MORGANA

*(Sighing.)* I would have given you your wildest dreams, for death knows neither decorum nor dignity. But, if we can't have that, then I give you the optimistic promise of a critical lie. More than your other ex-wives gave you.

SINCLAIR

What *are* you going on about?

MORGANA

In my wedding vow, unlike my predecessors, when I said, "Until death do us part," I clearly didn't mean it. Look at me: I gave you Life, tortured as it may have been, Death and Beyond.

SINCLAIR

So what's the good news then?

MORGANA

*(Indicating the empty room.)* I swear, by the sacred virginity of my mother's sister, never to embarrass you before family or co-workers again.

SINCLAIR

Oh, go to hell.

MORGANA

The joke's on you, Sinclair. While I'm not sure, you and me alone together for eternity: I think we're already there.