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**Product Code A0821-SP**

# Enid and Bella

A Short Comedy for Two Women and a Ghost

by

# Harold Kimmel

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**Enid and Bella**  
by Harold Kimmel

**CHARACTERS**  
**2W/1M**

ENID: *Female Detective*

BELLA: *Another Female Detective*

GHOST: *The Standard Male Ghost*

**SETTING**

*New York: A Reception room; chalk outlines where there had been a body.  
Three other bodies still on the floor.*

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**Enid and Bella**  
by Harold Kimmel

**SETTING:** *New York: A reception room; chalk outline for site of a body. There are three bodies on the floor. A door in the back wall leads to an adjoining room.*

**AT RISE:** *BELLA is entering a detail in her notebook. ENID enters from the adjoining room.*

ENID

*(Entering from adjoining room)* I heard there were four stiff.

BELLA

*(Looking up)* There were.

ENID

*(Irritably)* The Massacre Unit don't waste no time on three!

BELLA

I know that, Enid

ENID

There's a difference between three and four.

BELLA

*(Pretending to calculate)* Yeah, the answer is one.

ENID

*(Sarcastically)* That's a big difference!

BELLA

Yeah.

ENID

Someone's playin' games.

BELLA

*(Pointing at chalk outline)* That one stiff got himself carried off somewheres.

ENID

Howzzat?

BELLA

He was a big-shot before he became a stiff.

ENID

*(Annoyed)* I smell cover- up.

BELLA

A lot about the case stinks. There's a survivor now but he's ravin'.

ENID

Name of?

BELLA

Horatio.

ENID

Ya got his statement?

BELLA

*(Consulting notebook)* Yeah. A carve-up with blades.

ENID

*(Sneering)* Some neighborhood.

BELLA

Ya can say that again. Says that one stiff, *(Pointing)* Laertes, and this missing one, name of Hamlet have this fencing.

ENID

You mean this is a property dispute, for Chrissake!

BELLA

Naw, that other kind of fencing. *(Demonstrates swordplay)*

ENID

Like in the movie with the musketeers?

BELLA

Yeah them. It's a happy hour but gets otherwise. And the forensics are sniffin' at the hardware right now.

ENID

*(Wearily)* Nobody likes nobody no more.

BELLA

All the gang at the precinct like ya, Enid. Ya got their respect.

ENID

It must be my Smith-and-Wesson. I sure ain't got no dick.

BELLA

That would be unusual.

ENID

*(Pointing)* With these stiffs. What's with them?

BELLA

You see the old man wants to rub out his stepson, this Hamlet with a high octane cocktail during this fencing. Normally, ya can expect dirty play in competitive sport.

ENID

I get it. And there's a hundred bucks on the outcome.

BELLA

Not really. It's just this stepfather just wants the kid zeroed. But then his old lady, who still loves a good party, downs the celebratory drink.

ENID

So it's bye- bye Momma instead. I'm so glad I came. Is there more gore?

BELLA

Yeah, playtime ain't over. During a breather this Laertes lets this Hamlet kid feel his hardware. It's dipped in gruesome gravy, fresh from some pancake snake. Yeah the cobra.

ENID

I never did like the species.

BELLA

Yeah. Gimme our rattler anyway. (Pondering) Now where was I? Yeah, our guy ain't too slow. He returns the compliment with the same aforementioned implement. Swappin' cutlery, not nice.

ENID

Gun- control encourages knife- play. Shame!

BELLA

Tell me about it!

ENID

Get on with your chronicle of events, Bella. It's grippin'

BELLA

Now this Laertes bids farewell, as the sayin' goes, but first he fingers the old man.

ENID

Don't tell me it gets worse.

BELLA

It gets worse. Our college-boy then jabs the old man with the same unwashed bit of gear. He recites a few lines and hits the marble floor himself.

ENID

*(Thoughtfully)* Wait a minute. The gravy shoulda rubbed off first in Hamlet then this other low- life. It don't make no sense the Laertes guy poppin' off first.

BELLA

Search me, Enid. I told ya the witness was ravin'.

ENID

*(Pause)* Some family.

BELLA

*(Consulting note-book)* Yeah. Earlier there were two hitmen who themselves got terminated and there's even talk of a ghost.

ENID

*(Amused)* A ghost? Get outta here!

BELLA

That's the God- awful truth. That's what he says he is.

ENID

*(Putting head through doorway and shouting)* You got a ghost out there? Bring him in! We got a séance waitin'. *(To BELLA)* Any DNA?

BELLA

Sure. There's an enseamed bed somewhere.

ENID

Ya don't say! When was there time for somethin' like that!

BELLA

It's best first thing in the morning.

ENID

*(Digging BELLA in the ribs and grinning)* Yeah, yeah. Just don't come in late.

BELLA

*(Grinning)* A coupla months earlier, this old man, he's been humpin' his sister-in-law, see.

ENID

I don't like what I see.

BELLA

In the orchard now, the two humpers, they pour this unholy sauce into the husband's ear. He's grabbin' forty winks, see. The thing about this brew it's inaudible. *(Pause)*

ENID

There's a chemist somewhere what knows his litmus.

BELLA

Just remembered somethin'. There was a loopy female wanderin' around the premises in her nightclothes.

ENID

Name of?

BELLA

Name of Ophelia—this Hamlet kid's girlfriend. Now her poppa, jerkin' off behind a curtain, is spyin' on the action, as is his habit, when the kid skewers the creep.

ENID

In the middle of his rhythm. How sad.

BELLA

Probably twitched a few more times. Anyway in this place where this willow grows aslant a brook, this Ophelia jumps into the drink. Ya see our Hamlet won't screw her. Not when she's alive anyway.

ENID

*(Pretending to be shocked)* When then? Don't tell me!

BELLA

That's right, her brother, this Laertes and then Hamlet both give her this foreplay in her box. The grave-digger finishes the programme *(Thrusting her pelvis)* with some moves of his own.

ENID

*(Sympathetically)* Well, the job don't pay too much and it's lonely.

BELLA

Maybe so, but the perv's crackin' jokes all the time.

ENID

*(Sadly)* We all gotta have a sense of humor. Massacres ain't what they used to be. There's no style no more! No magic! What else we got? Let's have the ghost.

BELLA

*(Shouting through doorway)* Let's have what you got there. This ghost.

*(GHOST is sent staggering into the room).*

ENID

OK, Ghost. Is that your real name?

GHOST

King, Father, Royal Dane.

ENID

Cut the crap! Where were ya when all this happened?

GHOST

I walk the night and for the day confin'd to fast in fires.

ENID

*(Annoyed)* Speak English for Pete's sake! Bella, get the Spook somethin' to eat. He don't look too permanent.

BELLA

Where ya headed, Your Spectral Majesty?

GHOST

But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood.

BELLA

Gimme a break!

*(BELLA shoves a banknote into GHOST'S hand and escorts him to the door.)*

That's ten bucks. Get thee to McDonalds pronto.

GHOST

Gee thanks, sister!

ENID

Yeah, it's for your proteins. There's a crack somewhere about spirits and ghosts but I can't remember it.

GHOST

Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me.

*(GHOST exits. ENID removes a handflask from a pocket and takes a swig. She hands it to BELLA who does the same and hands it back.)*

ENID

*(Wearily)* It's gettin' to me, Bella!

BELLA

*(Smacking her lips)* Me too. It musta been fifty percent proof.

**This is Not the End of the Play**  
**Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes**