PLEASE BE AWARE THAT
THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER

1. DO take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.

2. DO enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.

3. DO understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.

4. DO NOT attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.

5. DO NOT rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. It is a crime and it is wrong!
Enid and Bella

A Short Comedy for Two Women and a Ghost

by

Harold Kimmel

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED

Performance Rights Available Exclusively through
Heartland Plays, Inc. at heartlandplays.com
playsnow@heartlandplays.com
customer service: 406-431-7680

Copyright © 2015 Harold Kimmel
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.
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 stiffs.

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 anyday. (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