

**TIL' DEATH DO YOU PART...AND THEN SOME!**

A short play  
By Jake Lewis

**CHARACTERS**

MADDY – recently deceased, 30s

DEBRA – afterlife counselor, 40+

BAXTER – Maddy's husband, 30s

BUNNY – Baxter's girlfriend, 20s

Setting: Maddy and Baxter's living room

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

*Lights rise on:*

*A modest, middle class living room.*

*At center are DEBRA and MADDY.*

DEBRA: Now, Baxter will be arriving back any minute now from your funeral--

MADDY: I still don't understand why I couldn't be there to see it. I mean, it is kind of a big deal.

DEBRA: Cemeteries are off-limits to the dead.

MADDY: That seems counter-intuitive.

DEBRA: It does, doesn't it? But cemeteries are the ONE place the spirits are not able to go, oddly enough. Yet people think they're haunted!

MADDY: But won't Baxter be scared when he sees me? It's not every day you come home to your dead wife standing in your living room.

DEBRA: That's why we recommend doing some ghostly things first, like a lead-up to the big reveal.

MADDY: Ghostly things? Like what?

DEBRA: Move a water glass, say, or...oh! A popular one is knocking on walls! That way, when you show up, it's a relief you're not some mean ghoul.

MADDY: What if seeing me makes things harder for him? Perhaps I should just go wherever dead souls go...

DEBRA: Actually, I wanted to speak to you about that--

TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME

*A car is heard pulling into the driveway.*

MADDY: That must be him!

DEBRA: Remember, he can only see or hear you when you're ready for him to.

*A moment later, the keys are heard in the door, followed by it opening and BAXTER walking in, wearing a suit.*

*He looks very downtrodden, and closes the door behind him but it doesn't close completely. He loosens his tie and removes his coat as he makes his way to the couch.*

*He takes out his cell phone and begins flipping through it, as if through his camera roll. He starts to sniff and tear up.*

*MADDY looks over his shoulder.*

MADDY: Aww, he's looking at pictures of us! *(She leans over to look at him.)* And he looks so sad!

*BAXTER jerks away, and touches his face, as though he felt her breath on him.*

DEBRA: Breath on his face, great first move! Now, maybe try moving something slightly.

*BAXTER continues to look through his phone, but now he's looking less sad, and more...piqued.*

MADDY: *(her smile fading)* Who's that?

*BAXTER starts to unbuckle his pants.*

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

MADDY: Why is your arm around her?

*BAXTER reaches into his pants.*

MADDY: Why is the blonde bitch naked, Baxter?!?

*MADDY grabs the phone out of his hand and throws it across the room. BAXTER jumps up suddenly in fright.*

DEBRA: That wasn't exactly what I meant by "move something slightly"...

BAXTER: What the hell?!?

*BAXTER runs over to the phone.*

MADDY: Don't. Even. Think about it.

*BAXTER stiffens.*

BAXTER: *(Without turning around.)* M-M-Maddy?

MADDY: Well, it ain't your little phone friend!

*BAXTER turns around and sees her. He is in shock.*

BAXTER: What...what is going on?

MADDY: You tell me.

BAXTER: I mean, you're dead. *(Beat.)* Aren't you?

MADDY: You better hope I am! *(To DEBRA.)* I can't kill him, can I?

DEBRA: Unfortunately, no. The dead can't touch the living.

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

BAXTER: Who's she?

MADDY: Who, Debra? My afterlife advisor. Don't worry about her. Focus on me. Now, explain to me very quickly why you were looking at nude pictures of some woman on the day of your wife's funeral!

BAXTER: I'm sad! I needed something to distract me from all this grief!

MADDY: Yeah, you seem really broken up about it.

BAXTER: I am! I promise. I cried the whole funeral!

MADDY: Well, I'm glad I meant so much to you. *(To DEBRA.)* I'm ready to move on.

DEBRA: What's that?

MADDY: I'm done here. Take me to Heaven, or wherever I'm supposed to go next.

DEBRA: Oh, there is nowhere else to go.

BAXTER: What does she mean?

MADDY: You don't mean I'm stuck here, do you?

DEBRA: I prefer to call it "eternally bound to your spouse."

MADDY: You gotta' be kidding me.

DEBRA: Most people are thrilled to learn that they need not be parted from their loved one.

MADDY: What about that whole "til death do you part" thing in our wedding?

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

DEBRA: Ah yes, that...

MADDY: I'm dead, right? So let's get this parting started!

DEBRA: People always misunderstand that bit. "Til' death do you part" doesn't mean you're parted at death, it means until you both die. Only then are you parted.

MADDY: Let me get this straight. I'm stuck in this house until he dies, at which point we will go to Heaven and never have to see each other again?

DEBRA: Bingo.

MADDY: Again, like the cemetery thing, that seems a bit backward.

DEBRA: Look at it this way. Would you rather put up with him for the next (*consults clipboard*) 32 years, or eternity?

MADDY: You're right. I'll take the 32 years over eternity.

BAXTER: Did you say I only have 32 years left to live.

DEBRA: Yes, I'm sorry. I shouldn't be telling you this, but I feel these are extenuating circumstances.

BAXTER: That's...that's....awesome! I'm going to be like...umm...88 when I die.

MADDY: 64 actually.

BAXTER: Oh. Well. That's still pretty good. But her hanging around here...it's not going to work for me.

MADDY: It's not going to work for *you*?

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

BAXTER: Right.

MADDY: For *you*, the living, breathing one? Is that what you said?

BAXTER: Because...well...I just need time to mourn...alone!

MADDY: She's coming over, isn't she?

*Doorbell rings.*

MADDY: I'm good. Call it a sixth sense.

*The door opens and BUNNY walks in.*

BUNNY: *(Running to BAXTER and hugging/kissing him.)* Hey sweetie! How ya' holding up?

MADDY: *(to DEBRA)* That's her! The slut from the photos!

BUNNY: I hope you don't mind me dropping--

MADDY: Dead? No, go right ahead. I'll wait.

BUNNY: Oh! Hi! I didn't see you at first! You're so pale, it's like you blend in to the wallpaper. *(To BAXTER.)* Who is she?

BAXTER: This? Oh, she's...umm...my, uhh...

MADDY: Wife. I'm his wife. Well, I *was* his wife. Then I went and got hit by a chicken truck and just so happened to die!

BUNNY: A chicken truck?

MADDY: You know, one of those trucks that transports chickens!

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

BUNNY: Those poor things! Not knowing they're on their way to getting killed.

MADDY: Does anyone else see the irony here?

BUNNY: Oh, I'm not into that.

MADDY: Huh?

BUNNY: Ironing. I usually only wear an outfit once anyway, so...

MADDY: You picked a real winner here, Bax.

BUNNY: Wait a second! I know you! *(Realizes.)* You're Baxter's wife! I thought you were dead!

MADDY: And we're back on track. *(To her.)* It's probably one of the few times you are correct about something. Congratulations!

BUNNY: I'm confused.

MADDY: That's why he likes you, I bet.

BAXTER: Bunny...

MADDY: Whoa. Hold the phone. Did you call her Bunny? I hope that's only a cutesy name you call her and not her real name.

*BAXTER's and BUNNY's faces show that it is, in fact, her real name.*

MADDY: Wow. Just. Wow. You were about to hookup on the day of your wife's funeral with someone named Bunny. I hope your last isn't Rabbit.

BUNNY: No, it's not, as if it's any of your business! *(Beat.)* It's Hopper.



**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

*MADDY bursts out laughing to the point where it sounds like she's hyperventilating.*

MADDY: I'm dying! I'm dying! Oh, wait. Been there, done that.

DEBRA: If I may intercede--

BAXTER & MADDY: Yes, please!

DEBRA: I must admit, I have never seen this type of...situation before. And I've been an afterlife counselor for over 1,000 years.

MADDY: Congrats, Bax, you have set the all-time record for shit spouses. Lucky me!

BAXTER: You said you're a counselor, so counsel! What happens now?

DEBRA: Well, as I said before, you two are bound together eternally.

MADDY: Which means what, exactly?

DEBRA: It means, you will stay here with him as long as he lives--

MADDY: Hopefully that's not much longer.

DEBRA: Unless!

BAXTER: Unless what?

MADDY: Yeah, get to the point, Debby!

DEBRA: Unless he falls in love again with someone else and is able to fill the hole in his heart created by your absence.

BUNNY: That's easy!

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

MADDY: We know you are, but let the grown-ups figure this out.

BUNNY: Bax, you texted me this morning to tell me how much you love me.

BAXTER: I did?

BUNNY: Yeah! Look! *(Takes out phone and shows it to him.)*

MADDY: *(Grabbing the phone and reading it.)* "I love you so much, I can't imagine what would happen to me if I lost you too."

BAXTER: I know this makes me look bad...

MADDY: Does it? I don't see it. You seem like a really good guy. *(To DEBRA.)* Well, there you have it! He loves her! So let's get this afterlife divorce signed, sealed, and delivered.

DEBRA: Ummm...

MADDY: I don't like the sound of that.

DEBRA: He doesn't actually love her.

BAXTER: I don't?

BUNNY: He doesn't?

MADDY: I'm shocked.

BAXTER: Of course I love her! Why would I lie about that?

MADDY: I can think of at least one reason.

BUNNY: What else is a lie, then, Bax?

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

BAXTER: Nothing! I promise! I am just in a very emotional state!

BUNNY: Do you really own a 200 foot yacht?

MADDY: Oh boy.

BUNNY: Or that you're the great, great, great grandson of Elvis Presley?

MADDY: How would that even make sense?

BUNNY: What about when you said you were the inventor of the allen wrench and you named it after your father?

MADDY: Whose name is Dave.

BAXTER: Shnookyface, I can explain...

MADDY: Did he just call her Shnookyface?

BUNNY: I'm sorry, Baxter, but I just can't! Lying about owning a boat or being the descendant of the King of Pop—

MADDY: That's Michael Jackson, not Elvis Presley.

BUNNY: Even cheating on your dead wife is forgiveable. But lying about something you said you invented? I'm sorry, that's too much!

MADDY: That's where you draw the line? Huh.

BUNNY: I need to go. *(Starts to leave.)*

BAXTER: Fine! I'll delete your pictures from my phone.

**TIL DEATH...AND THEN SOME**

BUNNY: What? No! I want you to keep them and everytime you look at them remember what you could have had if you'd been a little more truthful about your tool! *(Exits.)*

MADDY: *(To DEBRA.)* He was never very honest with me about his tool either.

DEBRA: Well, I think I'll be on my way. I have a 3pm across town...

MADDY: Thanks for everything, I guess.

DEBRA: Good luck and God bless! *(Exits.)*

MADDY: Some blessing.

BAXTER: So...

MADDY: Yep. So.

BAXTER: Mind if I watch TV?

MADDY: Not like I had a say in while I was living.

BAXTER: Cool. Thanks.

MADDY: Let the prison sentence begin...

*BAXTER sits on the couch and turns on the TV, then begins flipping through his phone again. MADDY sits in a chair, head on her fist, and rolls her eyes.*

*Lights fade to black.*

The End

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