

Abrahams: Oh, spirits from the other side. Please come forth. We want very much to meet you. Please talk to us. These people want to open their home to you. Come to us! Come to us!

Loud, high-pitched shrieking is heard as the banshee enters from the passageway and glides around the room. She stops near the table and shrieks again.

Abrahams: *(whispering)* You may open your eyes now, the first ghost is here...What say you, ghost?

Banshee: **EEEEEEEE!** The wars took each of my three husbands. The evil lords took my crops and food. My children died of starvation and the famine, and now I haunt the lands at night to show my sorrow and contempt! I rant and rave, and **SCREEECH!** I am a great, ethereal heaver of sighs. Believe me, I am a very scary appariton... Wilt thou choose me, mortal?

She screams again. The D'Odds startle.

Abrahams: You may speak to her.

Silas: Uh...madam...I am very sorry for your loss, but that shrieking. It is enough to make cook's souffle fall. I am afraid we cannot choose you.

Banshee shrieks angrily and glides back into the passageway.

Abrahams: Is there another ghost who would like to speak to us?

A cavalier soldier marches in from the passageway, holding his head proudly. He is dressed in armor, or uniform with a sword. There are bloodstains over his heart.

Cavalier: I am a cavalier who fought with Charles I. I was killed in a bloody battle when a sword pierced my body! See these blood stains over my heart? I can also emit hollow groans. **GROAN, GRO-O-O-AN!** I am much cheaper than a security system. I am a favorite of old conservative families. Why, I am the original manor house apparition!...I can work alone or with damsels in distress.

Matilda: Well, you seem a good possibility; don't you think so, Silas?

Silas: Yes, I do! Would you mind waiting, sir, while we audition the other ghosts?

He bows slightly to them, then turns and marches back to the passageway.

Matilda: Oh, I really liked him!

Abrahams: Ahh, but you will want to see them all before choosing...Ghost, Oh Ghost. Come out now and visit us.

An old lady enters slowly on a cane.

Hag: I am the old hag, whose words abuse all who near me. I am old and arthritic and moan in pain at all hours of the day and night. **OH-O-O-O—O!** I hold out my wizened talons and curse people for being alive and young. HaHaHa! I love to join your guests at your dinner parties and tell them the scariest tales, then I drop my eye in their soup!! I will move things around if I don't like your decor...but, I don't do windows.

Silas: I am very sorry, but we can't have a ghost who curses the help and our guests. An eye in the soup! Ghastly!

Mathilda: But thank you for coming; it was very nice to meet you!

Hag: Hmmph!

She returns to the passageway and a young boy and girl dressed in rags enter the room. She carries a tattered doll or teddy bear.

Boy: We are the ghostly children.

Girl: We died of Bubonic plague. We like to run...

Boy: ...around the house, making lots of stomping noises and screaming.

Girl: We snatch letters and jewelry, and put...

Boy: ...them in hiding places to frustrate you when you can't find them.

Girl: I like to sneak up behind people...

Boy: ...and touch them or kick them...

Girl: and scream boo!

Boy: We leave muddy footprints, and handprints on your walls....

Girl: ...and spill a bowl of soup over your guest's head!

Silas: Matilda, they are pre-18th century. They will be older than Jorrock's ghost.