

Script #146, Dead Like Me, Yvonne, 3 pages

ROLE: Female, early 20's to early 30's

(The ghost of Joe Mulligan, WWII vet, stares down at his dead body. Yvonne, late 20's, a former USO girl (1940), stands by his side.

JOE'S SOUL

(Dumbfounded)

What...are you an angel?

YVONNE

Nah. I'm just the one who plucks your soul and passes you on.

(He still looks dumbfounded)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I'm a grim reaper. And just so you know, there's gonna be a lot of this:

(She moves her hand through him, disrupting his entire being as if it were a CLOUD OF SMOKE. After a moment, the smoke coalesces and he becomes whole again.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

And it's gonna get real tired real fast...

(Beat)

Um...and the living can't see you so that'll be weird. You may think it's all sexy and voyeuristic but it's not. You have to watch people eat and drink and kiss and do all the things that you can't do on account of you not having a body. And there's no one really to talk to. Except for us. And we're not all that friendly with you guys.

JOE'S SOUL

Why not?

YVONNE

Because you're dead. It's very complex psychologically and I haven't quite figured it out myself but the gist of it is...the dead are simply not meant to linger...

(Forces herself to say it)

...and the ones that do are kinda creepy

(Beat)

There. I said it.

(Joe reacts, trying to wrap his mind around it. He looks over at the silent ventilator...then sees it's unplugged.)

JOE'S SOUL

(Hurt)

You unplugged me?

YVONNE

I needed to talk to you...and you were kinda out of it.

JOE'S SOUL

But I wanted to see my wife one last time.

YVONNE

Pretty sure she's already dead. Can't be solid about that.

(Then)

So here's the thing I'm hoping you can help me with: Sixty years ago I'm board the Utah. To collect your soul. Looked all over for ya, you weren't there. Then came the Kamikazes, the explosions. Ship goes down. Me with it. Where the hell were you?

JOE'S SOUL

Some guy at the bar at the Waikiki Hilton warned me not to be there.

YVONNE

Some guy? Could ya be a bit more descriptive, Joe?

JOE'S SOUL

That was sixty years ago.

YVONNE

I remember it like it was yesterday. But maybe that's 'cause I was trapped down there 'til yesterday.

JOE'S SOUL

How'd you...I'd go crazy.

YVONNE

(Shrugs)

It's almost the same as being above water. You get by. try and keep yourself distracted. I went through my religious period.

JOE'S SOUL

(Wow)

Sixty years.

YVONNE

So you can see why I might be a little preoccupied with the fella
who kept you from getting on and me from getting off, and
well you know the story.

(Joe strains to reach into the past.)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Birthmark? A scar? Hair color? Something, Joe.

(Joe shakes his head,)

JOE'S SOUL

Sorry I can't help you.

(She pats him on the shoulder.)

YVONNE

Sorry I killed you.