

# APPARITIONS

A One Act Play

by

Keith Passmore

Copyright © February 2020 Keith Passmore and Off the Wall Play Publishers

Caution: This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

# Apparitions

## Synopsis

*After driving to the local Kentish village, having a late lunch with a friend and arranging to meet her boyfriend to whom she intends to become engaged, Sophie is utterly devastated when she finds him kissing and cuddling another young woman. She drives off in order to calm herself and to consider her future with her intended.*

*However, things turn out for the worst when she thinks she has run down a young woman on Heathcote Hill and causes her vehicle to swerve into a clearing and to become damaged. She manages to report the 'accident' to a strange policeman shortly afterwards, but were the young woman and the policeman figments of her vivid imagination or did they really exist or.....? The plot begins to unfold.....*

## Characters

*,(in order of appearance)*

Marion Sadler, in her mid forties.

Ray Sadler, aged eighteen years

Sophie Sadler, in her early twenties

Detective Inspector Innes, in his mid fifties

Detective Constable Morgan, in her early thirties

Voice of Police Officer

*Time: Late evening in late Summer during the early 1990's*

*The lounge in Marion Sadler's house in South East England.*

*Marion Sadler a middle class woman in her mid forties, sits in a high backed armchair DL reading a novel. She is dressed in a plain skirt, floral blouse and soft low heeled shoes. She has well kept shoulder length hair and wears soft wakeup.*

*Beside her, R, is an occasional table, upon which is a telephone, and a table lamp.*

*The light from the lamp is one of two sources of illumination for the stage.*

*There is also a box of chocolates on the table. Occasionally, she dips into the box and ceremoniously pops a chocolate into her mouth and chews ecstatically.*

*The other lighting source is a bright standard lamp R of a settee and a coffee table in front of it. Ray Sadler, Marion's eighteen year old fair haired son, enters from UR. He is dressed in a*

*sweatshirt, jeans and trainers. He is chewing on a sticky bun. He crosses to settee and sits.*

*MARION gives him a cursory glance and flicks over a page in her book and resumes reading.*

RAY: Chocolates? Again?

MARION: *(without looking at him)* My weekly treat.

*Ray finishes the bun and lies back in the settee.*

MARION: *(Again without looking at him)* Where've you been?

RAY: Out.

MARION: Out of town? Outer Hebrides? Outwood?

*Ray sits up*

RAY: I met my old school friend, Mike. He's got me an interview with his boss on Friday about a job.

MARION: What are you going to do with your life? You should be at University.

RAY: I need to earn some money first. I can always re-apply for a place at University later.

MARION: You need to earn some money?

RAY: Alright, I want to.

MARION: Yes and when it comes to re-applying, you'll miss out.

RAY: Let me find out for myself. Mike thinks I'm just the right man for the job.

*He sits up and briefly flexes his hands*

MARION: Doing what?

RAY: Landscaping.

MARION: I thought you wanted to get into architecture.

RAY: If I get the job, I'll be drawing up plans, doing physical work and earning good money.

MARION: Hardly Capability Brown, is it?

RAY: (*irritably*) Let's end it there, shall we Mum?

*Marion sighs loudly and continues reading*

RAY: What's that place you mentioned, what was it, Outwood?

MARION: Oh, it's a village in Surrey. Your father and I used to go walking in the area most Summer weekends before you and Sophie were born. We often visited the local pub. (*she places her book on the table*) It was at a time when our love for each other was ripe. Sadly, it later became quite bruised, especially when I found out he also entertained his lady friends there.

RAY: I know the rest, Mum.

MARION: Of course you do. Have you visited him recently?

RAY: No. He seems to have lost interest.

MARION: It doesn't surprise me.

RAY: Where's Sophie?

MARION: Out, with Martin.

RAY: She's wasting her time with him.

*Marion looks at him, surprised.*

MARION: They're getting engaged.

RAY: Then she's a fool. He's a rue!

MARION: I'm surprised you know that word.

RAY: I was being delicate.

*Marion laughs briefly*

RAY: I reckon he's delved into most of the village girls knickers.

MARION: (*a little shocked*) Really!

RAY: It's true, and I don't think he'll change. Not for Sophie, not for anybody.

MARION: He reminds me of a man I knew.

*Marion closes the box of chocolates and stands.*

MARION: I'll get you some food.

*She brushes her skirt with a hand and crosses UL to exit and turns to Ray.*

MARION: Well my dear, at least you were never totally affected by your father's departure.

*She exits*

RAY: *(to nobody)* Wasn't I?

*Lights down*

*Sound of car labouring up a hill . The sudden glare of lights from upstage, flooding the centre of the stage. The glare from the lights dim and replaced by a bright Spot, eerily shining on a young woman's ghostly white face. Her mouth is open wide in a state of terror, as if screaming, but there is no sound.*

*Spot off. The stage is in darkness.*

*The sound of screeching brakes, and SOPHIE screaming.*

*Lights Up*

*The same evening - about thirty minutes later.*

*The same Lounge scene.*

*Marion enters L followed by Ray who carries a plate bearing a large sandwich.*

RAY: I was expecting something cooked.

*He crosses to settee, sits and tucks in.*

MARION: Well my dear, what d'you expect when you don't tell me when you're coming home?

*Ray grunts and places the half eaten sandwich on the coffee table*

*Marion is about to start reading her novel when Sophie enters UR. The spot on the settee area widens to include her. She is in a state of agitation. She is a short haired blonde in her early twenties and wears tight fitting jeans under a baggy sweater which reaches her knees, and trainers. Her mascara has run and it is obvious she has been crying..*

*Marion stands.*

MARION: You're home early darling. What's wrong? Did you see Martin?

*Sophie sobs and turns away from Marion and Ray, who look at each other.*

SOPHIE: Oh yes, I saw him and I've finished with him.

*She fights to control her sobbing.*

*Marion quickly approaches her. She takes her in her arms and kisses her brow.*

*Sophie gently pushes Marion away.*

RAY: I warned you about him didn't I?

SOPHIE: *(struggling to be firm)* Why don't you be quiet?

MARION: Please, Ray. *(to Sophie)* I think you could do with a drink. What shall I get you?

SOPHIE: Nothing thanks Mum.

RAY: You look washed out.

*He bites into his sandwich and leans back into the settee.*

MARION: Come on darling, what happened?

*Sophie slowly crosses slowly DL and gently blows her nose in her handkerchief.*

SOPHIE: I had a late casual lunch in the village cafe with my friend, Lucy. I was meeting Martin at four thirty. After lunch I did some window shopping. Suddenly, I saw him getting out of a car near the village green followed by the driver, a young woman. He looked around as if he didn't want to be seen and kissed her quite passionately. I was dumbstruck.

RAY: Typical. Did he see you?

SOPHIE: *(irritably)* Let me finish!

RAY: *(off handedly)* I'll leave you to it. I'm off for a pint with Mike at the Red Lion. Sophie, if I see Martin...

SOPHIE: *(quickly interrupting)* Stay away from him!

*Ray shrugs and picks up the plate bearing the remains of the sandwich and stands.*

SOPHIE: I mean it. Don't you dare approach him.

RAY: *(defensively)* Okay, Okay.

MARION: And please don't take your car.

RAY: Don't worry, I'm walking.

*He crosses UR to exit, chewing on the remains of his sandwich.*

MARION: Don't be too late.

*Ray puts up a hand in farewell and exits*

MARION: Oh Sophie, I do hope he settles down and does something remarkable.

SOPHIE: Don't worry, if he does anything, it'll be remarkable alright.

MARION: Are you sure you wouldn't like a drink dear?

*Sophie moves slowly DR stroking her face nervously and turns to Marion, who sits in her armchair*

SOPHIE: No thanks, I might have one later. I followed Martin and the girl for a short while. They were kissing and cuddling, and then they entered Scraggs Alley. That was enough for me. I returned to my car and sat bawling my eyes out. I then saw them getting into her car and leaving.

*Sophie dabs her eyes with her handkerchief*

MARION: You poor girl.

SOPHIE: I was in two minds whether to follow them, but I didn't. It seemed only moments earlier I was telling Lucy how happy I was and that Martin was a great guy.

MARION: Are you sure you want it to end? I know he may have been in the wrong, but...

SOPHIE: *(interrupting)* May have been?

MARION: Alright, as you said, he was in the wrong, but ...

SOPHIE: *(interrupting)* Yes Mum he is, absolutely. It was the way Lucy acted that convinced me, you know, to make a decision. She seemed to want to change the subject when I talked about him and when I said goodbye, she hugged me, sort of protectively. She told me to be careful.

MARION: You don't think Lucy....

SOPHIE: *(interrupting)* I know what you're going to say. No, I'm sure Lucy was not one of his victims, if that's the right word. She obviously knows what he's like, more than I did at the time.

*She runs a hand through her hair,*

SOPHIE: How naive of me. Anyway, the worst is to come. I was terrified, but it now seems like a bad dream. A nightmare. I decided to go for a drive. Anywhere. But I didn't go far. Just locally, stopping from time to time to think about what I'd say to him when we next met; if we next met. I cried and cried. Strangely enough, I drove along roads I hadn't seen before and then I went up a steep hill. When I got to the top....

*She turns away . She puts her hands to her face and sobs briefly*

*Marion approaches her.*

*Sophie controls herself and sniffs loudly*

SOPHIE: I'm okay.

*Marion stops and looks across at her.*

SOPHIE: I stopped at the top of the hill and pulled over to the side. I felt so far from home, but of course I wasn't. I carried on slowly down the other side. When my car picked up speed, a woman suddenly appeared in front of me. She stood there. it all happened so quickly. Her face was ghostly white and her mouth was open in a scream, but I couldn't hear her! She seemed to just disappear! *(Sophie puts a hand to her head and sobs, which she soon controls)*



*Marion turns away places a hand to her brow.*

MARION: *(quietly)* Oh my God.

*Marion returns slowly to her armchair, is about to sit, but turns to Sophie, shaking her head slowly.*

SOPHIE: I tried to avoid her. I swerved to the left and off the road into a clearing and hit what I thought was a stump of a tree or something. I didn't know what to do at first. But I then got out of the car and into the road expecting to find the body of the woman. *(fearfully)* Mum, there was no sign of her! Nowhere! I was sure I hit her! It was oh, so horrible!

MARION: *(slowly, with some concern)* I can imagine. And you had no idea of where you were?

SOPHIE: Not at that stage, no! At the bottom of the hill there was a police car parked on the other side of the road. I stopped and crossed to it. A young policeman was sitting in the driver's seat. I explained what happened, but he didn't seem concerned. I offered him my driving licence, but strangely he wasn't interested. He said very precisely, we would be in touch should there be any problems. I returned to my car in a daze. When I looked across the road the police car had gone. Vanished! I hadn't heard it leave. It was bizarre!

MARION: *(deliberately)* Sophie, did you find out the name of the hill?

SOPHIE: Yes, there was a road sign at the bottom; Heathcote Hill.

MARION: Of course.

Sophie: *(with some alarm)* What do you mean, of course?

*Marion returns to the armchair with her hand to her mouth. Sophie watches her.*

SOPHIE: Well?

MARION: Come, sit down. Please.

SOPHIE: What?

MARION: Please.

*Sophie crosses to the settee and sits.*

MARION: Twenty years ago, yes, you would've been about two years old at the time.

SOPHIE: *(impatiently)* Mum, come on.

MARION: A young woman was killed there; hit by a car.

*Sophie briefly sits forward and places a hand to her head.*

SOPHIE: *(laughing incredulously)* Wait a minute, are you saying I saw the ghost of this woman?

MARION: Well, perhaps. A number of motorists have; they all had similar experiences.

SOPHIE: That's incredible! *(shuddering)* No, it's ridiculous.

MARION: One would say so, but there were many incidents.

SOPHIE: Ooh, I've suddenly gone all goosey. It's unreal.*(she stands)* What a day! I should still be sobbing my heart out, but I can't. I've dried up.

MARION: I'm surprised you didn't know about it. Heathcote Hill's only about five miles from here and has been the centre of gossip from time to time.

SOPHIE: *(firmly)* No, I had no idea.

MARION: Have a look on the internet. You'll find it all recorded. If not, the locals will tell you

*Sophie sighs heavily. She sits*

MARION: Why don't you ring Martin, arrange to see him and have it all out in the open?

SOPHIE: *(firmly)* No!

MARION: What about his parents; do they know about your intentions - the engagement?

SOPHIE: I shouldn't think so, well, not yet; as you know they now live in Spain.

MARION: Yes, but it's not at the end of the world; just a phone call away and a quick trip.

SOPHIE: What can they do?

MARION: Advise him; sort him out.

SOPHIE: Mum, you're being silly. He's a grown man.

MARION: He's not behaving like one, is he?

*Sophie shakes her head and sighs loudly*

SOPHIE: I think I'll have that drink now, Mum.

MARION: *(smiling weakly)* Yes, why not.

SOPHIE: A gin and tonic please.

MARION: Gin will make you weepy. Have a brandy and dry.

*Sophie smiles weakly and nods.*

SOPHIE: Okay. Please.

*Marion crosses UL*

SOPHIE: Mum, what about the policeman?

*Marion turns to her*

MARION: What about him darling?

SOPHIE: Was he a...?

MARION: *(interrupting)* An apparition? No, but from what you say it seems so strange.

SOPHIE: You do believe me don't you?

MARION: Yes, of course.

SOPHIE: I just feel so tired and dejected.

*Marion goes to exit, stops and turns to Sophie.*

MARION: Oh Sophie...I've just remembered the young woman's accident was a hit and run. The driver and the car were never found. Rumour has it that a local bobby did it while on patrol, but it never came to anything. He was later killed in a car chase.

SOPHIE: Oh Mum, It gets worse! D'you know I thought the police car looked sort of different, old, and as I said, the officer was strange. *(she stands and rubs her arms)* What should I do?