

SCENE I: SHOCK

Lights up.

It's a blisteringly cold night. A blizzard sweeps snow through the park. Somewhere off in the distance, there's a party. Fireworks ring in a happy new year. But this secluded courtyard is not a place for celebration tonight. It has a more ominous purpose.

Enter Monty, stumbling, draped in kitschy, dollar-store New Year's accessories. They're dressed for cheap drinks and dancing, not for the storm. They're drunk, or high, or possibly both.

They barely make it to the center of the courtyard before collapsing facedown in the snow. Without the presence of mind to struggle, they succumb to their fate.

Enter Obitus, summoned from the veil. It emerges from a rift in the fabric between worlds, here with a purpose to fulfill.

Fade out.

SCENE II: DENIAL

Almost three years later. The park is much more inviting in the summer, full of life and endless possibility. The sounds of parkgoers enjoying their day drift through.

Lights up on Warren, sitting alone in the courtyard. He is the worn shell of a person, cycling through the same five outfits for years on end.

He carries with him the weight of what happened here. In his hand is an old bottle of beer, newly opened. Its twin has been set down next to him, also open but untouched. He clinks the two together.

WARREN Cheers. Happy birthday to us.

Warren takes a long drink.

Enter Monty from behind, or remnants of them, trapped for the eternity of afterlife in their tacky party wear. Their presence here is unnatural. The world repels it.

They pass in front of Warren, who does not react. They sit down next to him, looking at the untouched beer. Monty reaches out to grab it but can't seem to touch it. They sit back, frustrated.

MONTY Missed me? *(beat, no response)* You're a day early. Then again, you've always been the dumb twin. *(beat, still nothing)* You're just gonna sit there? The least you could do is entertain me. *(beat, persistent nothingness)* A squirrel got pissed on by a dog last month, that's about the most interesting thing I've seen all year. *(beat, complete silence)* Say something! I don't care what, just / give me—

WARREN It still doesn't feel real. It's been almost three years. I still expect to see you around every corner. Keep expecting you to take a jab at me. It never comes. How am I still this... lost?

WARREN I don't even know what I'm talking to right now, but it feels like you. I still feel you here. A phantom pain. You'd think I'd be used to it by now, moved on. Like Oliver. Bastard.

Slowly, Monty reaches out to Warren, hesitates, then places a hand on his arm. The moment they touch, he shivers, and Monty immediately takes their hand away. He takes another swig.

WARREN That's rancid. Don't know what I expected, it's expired.

MONTY Expired? Where'd / you—

WARREN I thought getting it from one of the burrows would be, I don't know, meaningful?

MONTY You dumbass. When did we even stash that? Couldn't have been legal.

WARREN I should've just bought some.

MONTY *(beat)* It was a nice thought.

They sit in silence, both enjoying a reprieve from loneliness. After a moment, Obitus silently emerges. It watches.

WARREN Mom planned something for tomorrow. For you.

MONTY Finally, some excitement around here.

Monty tries again to grab the beer bottle. They still fail.

WARREN She's calling it a... celebration of life. I'm kind of looking forward to it.

MONTY That's a first. You've been allergic to parties since puberty.

WARREN It's nothing crazy. More people than I'd like, but not too many.

MONTY Careful, you might break out in hives.

A buzzing. Warren reaches into a pocket to pull out his phone.

Monty looks over his shoulder.

MONTY Is your password still one two three four? *(beat)* Four three two one.
Changing it up, I see.

He reads a text, then rushes to stand.

WARREN What am I even doing? Wasting time, / talking to

MONTY What?

WARREN the air. I should be helping Mom prep.

MONTY No. Wait!

Warren pours the last of his beer out on the ground.

MONTY Don't go! I'm not ready for you to go!

He moves to exit, but pauses, like he can't help himself.

WARREN I'll see you tomorrow, Monty. I love you.

Warren exits, leaving the untouched bottle where it is.

Monty moves to follow, but can't. They try to pick up the bottle to throw it after him, can't. Desperate but useless.

MONTY Bullshit! This is such bullshit! 'Celebration of life', there's nothing to celebrate! I did nothing! I was nothing! I am nothing! Why am I even here?

OBITUS By your own choice.

Monty startles, whipping around to notice Obitus. Beat.

MONTY You're back.

OBITUS I am.

MONTY How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not going anywhere with you.

OBITUS I have been patient with you. You cannot remain forever.

MONTY Watch me, you Beetlejuice fuck.

Monty and Obitus stare each other down. Eventually, Obitus turns to leave.

OBITUS Perhaps in the coming years, then.

MONTY ...Wait!

Obitus pauses, its back to Monty.

MONTY It's boring out here. On my own.

OBITUS Tomorrow will be less so. Is there not a celebration in your honour?

MONTY They don't see me. Or hear me. I just... I want to feel real, for a little while.
Please?

Beat. Obitus considers.

OBITUS I suppose I can grant you company, at the very least. But I depart after the day's end tomorrow, with or without you.

MONTY Thank you.

Fade out.