DAY-O (THE BANANA BOAT SONG)

(Everyone gasps. DELIA looks scared.) **LYDIA:** (giggling) What's wrong,

Delia? Are you alright? **DELIA:** I'm... SO sorry.

I don't know what just happened...

I meant to say—





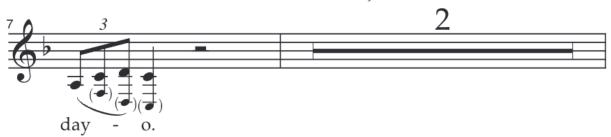
day, me say day, me say day, me say

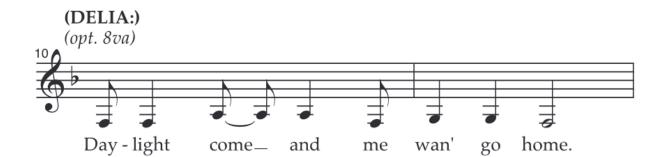
(DELIA slaps her hands over her mouth, shocked.)

CHARLES: (hushed) Delia, do you need to

lie down?

DELIA: No! No! I just need to—

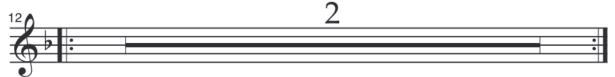




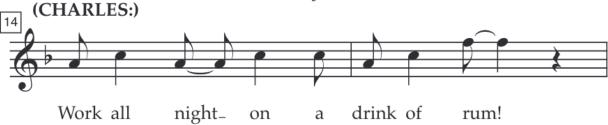
(DELIA:) What's happening to me!?

(CHARLES stands, apologizing.)

CHARLES: Maxie. On behalf of Delia and myself, I'd just like to say...









Day-light come_ and me wan'_ go home!

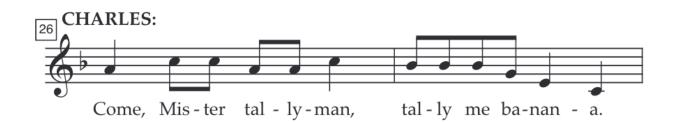




(DELIA begins a merengue. Now the OTHERS join in – not in control of their own bodies.)







(CHARLES shimmies involuntarily towards DELIA. Grabbing a salad bowl, he turns it into a makeshift djembe, beating out a rhythm.)



Day-light come_ and me wan'_ go home!

MAXIE:



Come, Mis - ter tal - ly - man,

tal-ly me ba-nan - a.

(Everyone grabs salad tongs, flatware, chafing dishes, and furnishings, creating a loony percussion ensemble.)

LAWYERS:

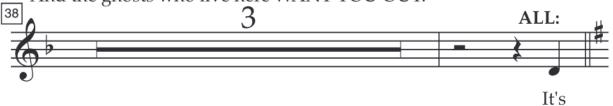


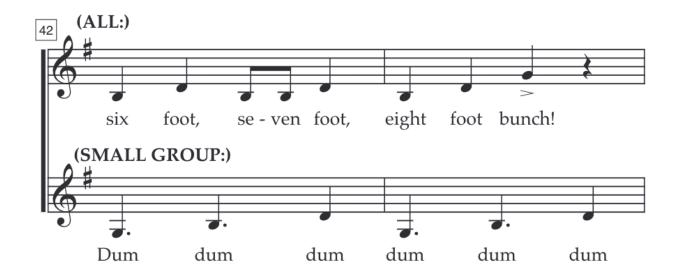
(LYDIA jumps up on the table as the MAITLANDS appear on the landing—unseen by everyone but LYDIA. They parallel the guests' dancing.)

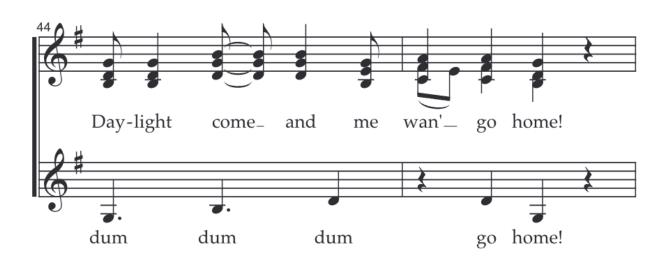
CHARLES: Lydia! Call nine-one-one! Wait— why aren't YOU dancing?

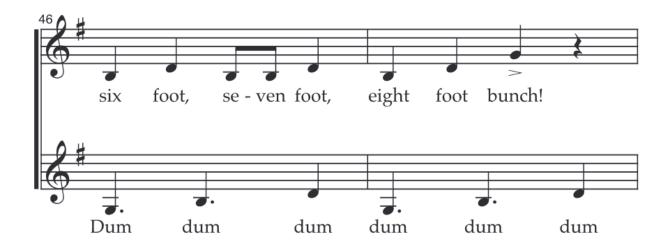


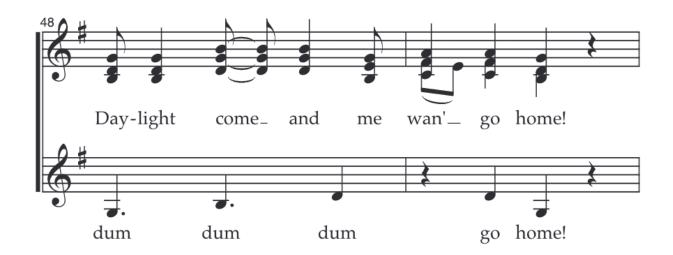
LYDIA: It's like I told you, Dad. This house is HAUNTED. And the ghosts who live here WANT YOU OUT.



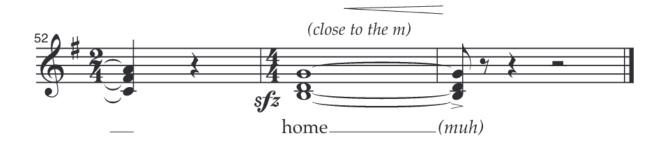












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