

# Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

*Dramatic Publishing*

# **BOO! Thirteen Scenes From Halloween**

by  
**PAT COOK**



**Dramatic Publishing**  
Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING  
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

*COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES.* This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXCIV by  
PAT COOK

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(BOO! THIRTEEN SCENES FROM HALLOWEEN)

*Cover design by Susan Carle*

ISBN 0-87129-436-2

# **BOO! Thirteen Scenes From Halloween**

For a Flexible Cast  
(As few as 5 for 38 parts)

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

### ACT ONE

Knock Knock .....	7
Curse Of The Ugly Dolls .....	11
I Hate Halloween .....	16
Out For Blood .....	19
A Little Blackmail .....	20
The Perfect Mask .....	24
Two Heads Are Better Than One .....	26
A Very Dirty Trick .....	29
A Very Sweet Treat .....	33
This'll Scare You To Death .....	35
Grave Situation .....	40
Better Late Than Never .....	44

### ACT TWO

Her Last Possession .....	49
---------------------------	----

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

BOO! is a group of sketches with a decidedly sinister tone. They deal with both the misunderstood of the daylight and the fearsome of the night. Each calls for skeletal (what else) sets and a minimum of costume changes, sometimes no more than a change of mask. An emcee may be added to introduce each story. He or she may even be something of a "character," along the lines of Boris Karloff or Rod Serling or Elvira.

This Halloween review can be produced utilizing two areas of a stage, alternating main stage with the apron or stage left with stage right, indicating beginning and ends of the vignettes with light cues. The final story In Act Two, "Her Last Possession," requires more of a legitimate set, which is drawn out at the beginning of the act. The rest of these stories vary in length, some short plays, some only blackouts, and each with a decided twist at the end.

## ACT ONE

## Knock Knock

Characters: LYDIA, CHARLEY

*(The setting includes two doors—one, located L, leads to the kitchen and the other, R, leads to the outside. Two chairs are situated DL, with a table between them. CHARLEY is reading a newspaper in one chair and his wife, LYDIA, sits quietly in the other. She looks at CHARLEY and almost giggles. Finally, she can contain herself no longer.)*

LYDIA. Knock knock.

CHARLEY. Lydia, I'm reading the paper.

LYDIA. Knock knock.

CHARLEY *(disgustedly)*. Who's there?

LYDIA. Vampire.

CHARLEY. Vampire who?

LYDIA. What, you're just going to open the door for a vampire? *(CHARLEY jumps up and throws his newspaper on the floor.)*

CHARLEY. You did it again! You do this to me every time. I'm sick of it!

LYDIA. Sick of what?

CHARLEY. Your stupid knock knock jokes!

LYDIA. You used to *like* my jokes.

CHARLEY. That's back when. WAAAAY back when.

LYDIA. When when?

CHARLEY. What?

LYDIA. When when?

CHARLEY. That sounds like knock knock!

LYDIA. Back when did you like my jokes?

CHARLEY ( *pacing* ). Back when you had a sense of humor. Back when you had some variety in your conversation. Back when you had a little wit about you. Not just the same old thing over and over. You used to tell wonderful stories. You used puns, you came up with riddles. Every once in awhile you'd give me a sob story or a shaggy dog story. A little head humor every now and then. Even limericks! Remember those?

LYDIA. I'm sorry.

CHARLEY ( *grabs his newspaper* ). Yeah, sure. ( *He resumes his chair and begins reading again.* )

LYDIA. I didn't know it bothered you so much.

CHARLEY. Mmmmbmbmgmmm.

LYDIA. Okay. Okay, you want a limerick. Here's a limerick. ( *CHARLEY lowers his paper and looks at her.* )

A lady of wellborn stock  
Caused her husband to go into shock  
At the clinic they say  
Found the husband that way  
'Cause his wife always said "Knock knock"!

CHARLEY ( *throws down the newspaper and jumps up* ).  
AHHHHH! ( *LYDIA covers her mouth with her hand to keep him from seeing her laugh.* ) Oh. I get it. That's your plan, is it? That's what all this is about, isn't it?

LYDIA. What?

CHARLEY. The clinic, the nuthouse. That's your little plan, isn't it? Drive old Charley's brain into bubble gum and you're rid of me. That's it, isn't it?

LYDIA. Hon, some wives don't talk to their husbands at all.

CHARLEY ( *laughing maniacally* ). Who? Find out if they teach a course.



LYDIA. All this fuss over such a little thing.

CHARLEY. Yeah?

LYDIA. Yes.

CHARLEY. Bacteria's a little thing and a lot of people die from it!

LYDIA. Charley, you need to relax.

CHARLEY (*grabs his newspaper*). Don't tell me to relax. I'm fine. You don't need to worry about old Charley 'cause he's on to you. (*He sits.*) And I'm perfectly relaxed. (*He flexes the newspaper and tears it in half.*) I was through with that, anyway.

LYDIA. Oh, Charley, you...you don't love me anymore! (*She begins sobbing and takes a handkerchief from her apron, weeping into it.*)

CHARLEY. No! Wait. (*He softens a bit.*) Look, I didn't mean anything by it.

LYDIA. I mean, don't you think I had a reason to tell you my knock knock jokes? They build up to a punch line. Something unexpected.

CHARLEY. Yeah, I know, I...(*He moves toward her.*)

LYDIA. They're for a reason, I'm not just trying to drive you nuts! They're building up to the unexpected punch, but NO! You can't wait, you have to...to...scream at me and...and...(*Crying uncontrollably, she rushes out the kitchen door.*)

CHARLEY. Lydia! Lydia? I'm sorry. Hon? Look, I won't scream anymore. I promise.

LYDIA (*offstage*). Yes, you will! You don't love me anymore!

CHARLEY. Yes, I do. I must to put up with this. Hon? Look. (*He sits in his chair again.*) I'm sitting down and I'm not upset anymore. Lydia? Please come out. I just had a bad day today. I tell you what. I'll just sit here and we'll pre-

tend nothing has happened and you...*(He winces.)*...you can tell your little joke all over again. Okay?

*(LYDIA enters, her face still covered with her handkerchief.)*

LYDIA. You promise?

CHARLEY. Go ahead. *(He smiles broadly.)* See? I'm not expecting anything. Go ahead. Knock knock.

LYDIA. Knock knock.

CHARLEY. Who's there? *(LYDIA moves up behind him.)*

LYDIA. Vampire.

CHARLEY. Vampire who? *(LYDIA takes down the handkerchief to reveal she now has two very prominent canine teeth.)*

LYDIA. What, you're just going to open the door for a vampire! AAAHHH! *(She leans over quickly and bites CHARLEY on the neck while he screams.)*

BLACKOUT

## Curse Of The Ugly Dolls

Characters: MARSHA, MAXINE, BETTY

*(Lights come up to find three girls, dressed in their robes, sitting on the floor. BETTY and MAXINE are each holding a pillow and staring wide-eyed at MARSHA as she finishes a story.)*

MARSHA. ...so then the wife took down her handkerchief and she had these two long teeth sticking out of her mouth and she says, "What, you're just going to open the door for a vampire?" And she jumps on him and...! *(At the word "jumps" the other two girls squeal and hide their face in their pillow.)*

MAXINE. Oh, that's just so stupid.

MARSHA. Was not.

MAXINE. Was too.

MARSHA. You jumped!

BETTY. Yeah, you jumped. You're the one that's stupid.

MAXINE. Nah ah.

BETTY. Uh huh.

MAXINE. You jumped, too, so you're stupid, too.

BETTY. Nah ah. You pinched me.

MARSHA. Why'd you pinch her?

BETTY. 'Cause she's stupid.

MAXINE. I didn't pinch you.

BETTY. Liiiee!

MARSHA. Why'd you pinch her?

MAXINE. I didn't pinch her! I swear.

BETTY. Did!

MAXINE. Didn't!

MARSHA. Okay, okay, I believe you.

BETTY. How come?

MARSHA. 'Cause I pinched you.

BETTY. Heeeey!

MAXINE. Told ya. Hey! *(To MARSHA.)* How come you didn't pinch me too?

BETTY. 'Cause I'm her best friend.

MAXINE. Nah ah!

BETTY. Uh huh!

MARSHA. Let's get some candy. *(The girls each pull up a Halloween trick or treat bag and start going through it. BETTY also pulls out her witch's hat and puts it on.)*

BETTY. We got some great stuff!

MARSHA. I love Halloween.

MAXINE. I got more'n you did.

BETTY. Nah ah!

MAXINE. Did.

BETTY. Nah ah. Lookee. *(Opens her bag and shows MAXINE.)*

MAXINE. Oooh, you're right. I didn't get a Butterfinger! *(Reaches quickly into BETTY's bag and takes the candy bar.)*

BETTY. You give me that back.

MAXINE. Now we're even.

BETTY. You give me that back!

MAXINE. What're you going to do to me if I don't?

BETTY. I'm going to pinch you!

MOTHER *(offstage voice)*. If you three don't settle down in there, the party's over and I'm going to take everybody home!

BETTY, MAXINE and MARSHA. Yeeesss maaa'aaam.

MARSHA. Let's tell some more ghost stories.

BETTY. Nah ah.

MAXINE. Uh huh.

BETTY. I get scared.

MAXINE. It's Halloween, you crouton! You're supposed to get scared.

BETTY. Yeah, but I'm not supposed to get pinched.

MAXINE. Tell Marsha, not me.

MARSHA. Okay, no more pinching. Now. Who's next?

BETTY. Not me. I don't know any scary stories.

MAXINE. You *are* a scary story.

BETTY. Nah ah!

MAXINE. Ooooh, did you hear about that girl last year, during Halloween she ate so much candy that her stomach exploded!

MARSHA and BETTY. Ohhhhh!

MARSHA. That's gross!

BETTY. That's a lie.

MAXINE. Nah ah.

BETTY. Uh huh. I never heard anything about that. That woulda been on the news and in the papers and on TV.

MAXINE. It's the truth. Happened to some congressman's daughter and they didn't put it in the papers 'cause he was running for office again.

BETTY. That's so stupid.

MARSHA. Oh, did you hear about that witch they caught?

MAXINE. Witch?

MARSHA. Uh huh.

BETTY. What witch?

MARSHA. Right here. Right here in town.

BETTY. A real witch?

MARSHA. Yeah, only she wasn't dressed like a witch. That's the scary part. She looked just like a mother.

BETTY. Nah ah.

MARSHA. She did.

MAXINE. How'd they catch her?

MARSHA. By the kind of candy she was passing out during  
trick or treat.

MAXINE. Trick or treat?

BETTY. What candy?

MARSHA (*all-knowing*). Hexed candy!

MAXINE. Hexed candy?

MARSHA. Candy that was hexed. See, the way I get it, she  
put a spell on all the candy and then she gave it away to  
kids.

MAXINE. Yeah? What happened?

MARSHA. Well, the kids that ate it started...you know...  
changing.

MAXINE. Changing?

BETTY. Like...like for bed?

MARSHA. No. Like *into* things. The kids that ate the candy  
all started changing...slowly...into dolls.

MAXINE. Dolls?

MARSHA. Real ugly dolls that nobody wanted.

BETTY. Oh, I hate ugly dolls.

MARSHA. Everybody does. Anyway, how it happened is first  
the kids ate the candy. Then, one by one, they started  
changing. First, their hair started getting real curly. Then  
they started getting these little bumps on their arms...

MAXINE. Bumps on their arms?

MARSHA. I said they were ugly.

BETTY. But they...you said they caught the witch...didn't  
you?

MARSHA. Well, that's the thing, see. They caught her but  
had to let her go.

MAXINE. Let her go!

BETTY. How come?

MARSHA. 'Cause there's no law against ugly dolls.

BETTY. Nah ah!

MARSHA. There isn't.

MAXINE (*suddenly points*). Betty!

BETTY. What?

MAXINE. Your hair!

BETTY. What?! What about my hair?!

MAXINE. There's a curl!

BETTY. Where?

MAXINE (*getting panicky*). Right there, right there!

BETTY (*getting equally panicky*). Pull it out, pull it out!

MAXINE (*reaches over to BETTY*). Starting right there!

Look!

BETTY. Pull it out, quick! Pull...Maxine! Your arms!

MAXINE (*pulls back*). What?

BETTY. There're bumps all over them!

MAXINE. Nah ah!

BETTY. Bumps all over them. Marsha, looka here. She's...  
she's getting ugly!

MAXINE. Am not!

BETTY. Are so! Are so!

MAXINE. I...I wanna go home! (*She jumps up.*)

BETTY (*also jumping up*). Me too.

BETTY and MAXINE (*calling*). Mrs. Jackson! (*They exit quickly, leaving their trick or treat bags. MARSHA reaches over and picks up both the bags.*)

MARSHA. Works every time. (*She casually starts eating candy from one of the bags as the lights...*)

BLACKOUT