

LITTLE PLAY OF HORRORS

One-Act Comedy Play

by
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AT RISE: Theme to Alfred Hitchcock Presents plays (or any other scary music). ALFRED HITCHCOCK enters.

ALFRED: Good evening. What are you doing here? You are about to enter a world of murder, mystery and mayhem. Tonight on a very special "Alfred Hitchcock Presents", three children who've watched one too many scary movies, find themselves trapped in a horror film unlike any they've ever seen. Watch the terror ensue as they try to escape the horrors lurking in the shadows, and find their way back to sanity. I wish I could stay and watch with you, but I am working on my newest installment of "The Man who Ate too much Pudding". If you will excuse me, I shall be going now. Don't be afraid. The show is about to begin.

(Theme plays again as ALFRED exits. Lights rise on SYDMOUR, TAUDREY, and CAROL ANNE sitting on the floor watching scary movies.)

SYDMOUR: Wow!! That was awesome!! "Poltergeist" is the best horror movie ever!!

CAROL ANNE: **(eyes closed)** Is it over yet?

TAUDREY: It's okay Carol Anne, you can open your eyes now.

SYDMOUR: Yeah, it's over scaredy cat.

TAUDREY: Leave her alone Sydmour.

SYDMOUR: I don't know why you get so freaked out. It's just a movie.

CAROL ANNE: A movie with angry trees, flying furniture, and angry dolls-

SYDMOUR: They're all special effects! Some nerdy technical geeks spent months working on them.

CAROL ANNE: It looks real to me.

SYDMOUR: 'Cause you're a dork.

CAROL ANNE: Hey, I'm not the one named Sydmour.

TAUDREY: You're the dork. All you ever do is watch these dumb movies-

SYDMOUR: They're not dumb Taudrey! They're classic!

TAUDREY: Classically stupid.

SYDMOUR: Hey!

TAUDREY: We've been forced to sit through them all night- "Halloween," "The Omen," "Texas Chainsaw Massacre"-

SYDMOUR: You said you were up for it!

TAUDREY: You're a horror film addict.

CAROL ANNE: You'd better watch out, or one day you'll find yourself living one of them.

SYDMOUR: How cool would that be?!! I'd kill to do that!

CAROL ANNE: Why'd he have to use the word kill?

TAUDREY: You don't know what you're saying, Sydmour.

SYDMOUR: Yeah I do, I bet every kid in America would love to star in their very own horror flick!

CAROL ANNE: Not me.

TAUDREY: Or me.

SYDMOUR: 'Cause you're both chickens!

TAUDREY: I'd rather be a chicken than a jive turkey.

CAROL ANNE: Jive turkey?

TAUDREY: It's an old school 70's term meaning-

SYDMOUR: Cool cat-

CAROL ANNE: Really?

TAUDREY: It actually refers to a turkey slow roasted in artificial jive flavoring-

SYDMOUR: Huh?

TAUDREY: Or more commonly, an idiot who thinks he's cool, but really isn't.

CAROL ANNE: **(laughing)** Good one, Taudrey.

SYDMOUR: Whatever. I do know what I'm talking about, and I wish-

CAROL ANNE: Be careful what you wish for, Sydmour-

SYDMOUR: I wish we could all live our very own scary movie!!!

(Blackout. We hear TAUDREY and SYDMOUR in the dark, sounds of static.)

TAUDREY: Oh my god, what did you do?

SYDMOUR: I don't know, be quiet.

(The static sounds get louder.)

TAUDREY: What's that noise?

SYDMOUR: It sounds like....TV static.

TAUDREY: Where's Carol Anne?

SYDMOUR: She was here a minute ago.

TAUDREY: Carol Anne?

SYDMOUR: Carol Anne!

CAROL ANNE: They're here.

TAUDREY: What's here?

SYDMOUR: What's she talking about?

(A bright light rises and shines on CAROL ANNE as if coming from a television screen in front of her. Scary music plays.)

TAUDREY: Carol Anne, what are you doing?!!

SYDMOUR: What's the matter with her?

TAUDREY: Are you happy now you dumb freak?

SYDMOUR: I want my mommy.

CAROL ANNE: They're here.

TAUDREY: Carol Anne, stop!

SYDMOUR: Yeah stop!!

TAUDREY: You're scaring us!!

(CAROL ANNE stares at the light, entranced, reaching out to touch the screen.)

TAUDREY: No!!

SYDMOUR: Don't do it!!

TAUDREY & SYDMOUR: DON'T LOOK INTO THE LIGHT, CAROL ANNE!!

(Blackout. Lights rise on TAUDREY who is now standing up, dazed.)

TAUDREY: Okay...What just happened? ...Sydmour? ...Carol Anne? ...This isn't funny! ...Where are you guys?

(Two girls, PIPER and PAIGE, run on stage giggling and holding hands. They approach TAUDREY.)

PIPER: Hi Taudrey.

TAUDREY: Who are you guys?

PAIGE: Paige and Piper.

PIPER: We're your best friends.

TAUDREY: What?

PAIGE: You know, your token female sidekicks.

TAUDREY: ***(confused)*** Oh...okay. Have either of you seen my friends? Sydmour has brown hair and Carol Anne-

PIPER: Sorry, haven't seen 'em.

PAIGE: How do you feel about Urban Legends, Taudrey?

TAUDREY: Ummm, I think they're often lurid stories or anecdotes that are based on hearsay and widely circulated as true.

PIPER: You don't get out much, do ya, Taudrey?

TAUDREY: Not really, no.

PIPER: Well, have you ever tried to recreate an Urban Legend?

TAUDREY: No...why would I want to do that?

PIPER: The thrills and chills-

TAUDREY: Not so much into those.

PAIGE: Just relax. It'll be fun.

TAUDREY: What will be fun?

PIPER: Haven't you heard the story before?

TAUDREY: What story?

PAIGE: Well, the Urban Legend is...You go into the bathroom in front of the mirror and turn all the lights off. You begin, in a whisper, to chant "Bloody Mary...Bloody Mary... Bloody Mary"...and your voice should get louder and louder. While you chant you spin around and look in the mirror every time you pass. After the 13th time..."She" should appear in the mirror covered in blood!

TAUDREY: Oh my goodness.

PIPER: My brother's best friend's godmother's cousin did it at a sleepover with her friends and hasn't said a word since!

PAIGE: Way cool.

TAUDREY: I don't know, guys.

PAIGE: C'mon, it's a young girl's rite of passage.

TAUDREY: What if we make her mad? And she wants to scratch our faces off or something?

PIPER: **(Striking a karate pose)** I watch Buffy reruns every night. I'll protect you.

PAIGE: Are you guys ready to do this?

PIPER: My knees are shaking.

TAUDREY: Mine, too.

PAIGE: Mine three.

PIPER: Ok, let's breathe in...and out. Deep breaths...

PAIGE: On the count of three? Piper?

PIPER: One-

TAUDREY: Two-

PAIGE: Three!

(They spin around chanting "Bloody Mary" thirteen times. A ghoulish waiter enters with a tray of Bloody Marys.)

WAITER: Here are your drinks, ladies...Umm, can I see some ID? **(The girls run off screaming.)** Too much Tabasco?

(WAITER shrugs his shoulders and exits while CAROL ANNE enters on the opposite side of the stage with a bag of microwave popcorn.)

CAROL ANNE: Sydmour?...Taudrey?...Come out, guys!...I've seen the light and I'm scared!...What's going on here?...And where'd I get popcorn? **(eats a kernel; a cell phone rings)** ...And a cell phone? **(feels around, finds the phone in her pocket, takes it out and answers it)** Hello.

(A person in a Scream mask and costume enters from the opposite side of the stage holding a cell phone to their ear.)

SCREAM MAN: Hello.

(Silence.)

CAROL ANNE: Yes.

SCREAM MAN: Who is this?

CAROL ANNE: Who are you trying to reach?

SCREAM MAN: What number is this?

CAROL ANNE: What number are you trying to reach?

SCREAM MAN: I don't know.

CAROL ANNE: I think you have the wrong number.

SCREAM MAN: Do I?

CAROL ANNE: It happens. Take it easy.

(SHE hangs up the phone and eats another kernel of popcorn. SCREAM MAN dials and the phone rings again. CAROL ANNE answers it.)

CAROL ANNE: Hello.

SCREAM MAN: I'm sorry. I guess I dialed the wrong number.

CAROL ANNE: So why did you dial it again?

SCREAM MAN: To apologize.

CAROL ANNE: You're forgiven. Bye now.

SCREAM MAN: Wait, wait, don't hang up.

CAROL ANNE: What?

SCREAM MAN: I want to talk to you for a second.

(CAROL ANNE hangs up. The phone rings again.)

CAROL ANNE: Hello.

SCREAM MAN: Why don't you want to talk to me?

CAROL ANNE: Sydmour, is that you?

SCREAM MAN: No.

CAROL ANNE: Who is this?

SCREAM MAN: You tell me your name, I'll tell you mine.

CAROL ANNE: I don't think so.

SCREAM MAN: What's your favorite scary movie?

CAROL ANNE: I'm not allowed to see scary movies. Especially if they're rated R.

SCREAM MAN: Oh yeah. They scare me, too, sometimes.

CAROL ANNE: Yeah.

SCREAM MAN: Well, I gotta go. The teletubbies are on.

CAROL ANNE: Okay. Bye.

(SCREAM MAN exits. CAROL ANNE hangs up and studies the phone. SHE presses some buttons and a funny ringtone plays.)

CAROL ANNE: *(smiling)* Cool.

(CAROL ANNE exits while SYDMOUR wanders onto the other side of the stage chanting to himself, waving a magic wand. HE speaks with a British dialect.)

SYDMOUR: Carol Anne!...Taudrey!...Wingardium leviosa!...Avada Kedavra!...Sonus! **(Beat)** Oh my goodness. Listen to my voice. I'm British. I sound so smart. How cool is this? Cheerio...Tea and crumpets...Elementary my dear Watson...Well I'll be gobsmacked!

(HERMIONE and RON enter. They speak in British dialects as well.)

SYDMOUR: Hey! It's Hermione Stranger and Ron Teasley!

HERMIONE: Harry Spotter!

SYDMOUR: **(To audience)** What did she just call me?

HERMIONE: Harry Spotter. It is your name...isn't it?

SYDMOUR: **(smiling)** Jolly right good friend. Harry Spotter is me...is I...I am-

HERMIONE: What do you think you're doing?

SYDMOUR: **(waving his wand)** Living out every young boy's fantasy?

RON: No, really. Be serious, old chap.

SYDMOUR: Well...I was trying to figure out a spell to find some old friends.

(RON and HERMIONE look at one another.)

HERMIONE: We're your only friends, Harry.

SYDMOUR: Right, yes, of course. But there's still something wrong here, and I have a feeling "you know who" is behind this. **(rubbing forehead)** My scar is really hurting.

RON: Maybe it's Slytherin House, and that cad, Draco Dullfoy!

HERMIONE: Enough! You are going to get us all in trouble! Maybe even expelled!

RON: Take it easy, Hermione, Harry's only trying to help.

HERMIONE: But we're not, under ANY circumstances, supposed to practice magic outside of Hogwarts!

RON: She's right Harry. It is summer vacation.

SYDMOUR: Summer vacation?

HERMIONE: Yes. We're not filming now, we're on summer hiatus.

SYDMOUR: I see, but I've received news that there are missing Muggle children out there, and we all know Muggles are absolutely, positively helpless!

HERMIONE: Hey! Watch it! My mum and dad are Muggle-born!

SYDMOUR: I'm sorry. But just think, Hermione, if we solve this mystery and find them, we could end up earning fifty points for Gryffindor! And win the House Cup!

(RON and HERMIONE look at each other.)

HERMIONE: We already told you...we're on summer vacation.

SYDMOUR: Oh yes...righty-O.

HERMIONE: For someone who is supposed to be the greatest wizard of our time, you sure are daft sometimes.

SYDMOUR: I wish I had my Nimbus 2000! I'd fly us all out of here!

HERMIONE: And Hagrid would fly you right back to Hogwarts...for detention!

RON: C'mon Harry, try to relax old chum. How's about a chocolate covered frog?

SYDMOUR: No thanks.

RON: A Bertie Bott's quesadilla flavored bean?

SYDMOUR: Thanks Ron, but I'm much more in the mood for a nice spot of tea.

(All three smile and sigh.)

SYDMOUR/RON/HERMIONE: Ahhhhhhh. Tea.

HERMIONE: Excellent idea, Harry. Let me see if I can find a kettle to put on.

SYDMOUR: Very good then...c'mon, Ron.

RON: I'll be there in a second, Harry.

(HERMIONE and SYDMOUR exit. RON addresses the audience.)

RON: Hey mums and dads! Don't forget to take your children to see our new film "Harry Splotter and the Peril of Sequels" starring myself and Sir Anthony Hopkins, with a special appearance by the Queen Mum to be released Winter of 2010! Thank you! Cheerio!

(RON exits as TAUDREY enters on the opposite side of the stage. SHE wears a knit cap, winter jacket, and carries a video camera. SHE talks into the camera while pointing it at her face.)

TAUDREY: I just want to apologize to Carol Anne's mom and Sydmour's mom, and my mom and I'm sorry to everyone. I was very naive. **(looks away from camera scared)** It was my fault I egged Sydmour on. It was my fault I let him borrow our special edition Blair Witch Project DVD. I thought it would be fun. I was very naive and very stupid and I shouldn't have put other people in danger for something that was all about me and my selfish motives. I'm so sorry for everything that has happened because in spite of what Sydmour says now, it is my fault. Because it was my project and I insisted on everything. I insisted we watch "Poltergeist"...I popped the popcorn...I insisted Sydmour was a jive turkey. Everything had to be my way and this is where we've ended up. And it's all because of me we're here now...hungry and cold and hunted. I love you Mom and Dad. I am so sorry. It was never my intention to hurt anyone and I hope that's clear. **(begins to hyperventilate as mucus streams from her nostrils)** I am so scared. What was that? I'm scared to close my eyes and I'm scared to open them. Every night we just wait for them to come.

(SHE breaks down and sobs. MIKE enters with a box of Kleenex.)

MIKE: Hey Taudrey, you got some stuff coming out of your nose.

TAUDREY: **(taking Kleenex)** Ooooh, thanks.

(They both start to exit.)

MIKE: After we get outta here, you wanna go camping?

TAUDREY: Don't push your luck.

(They exit. Three girls- BROWNIE, CUPCAKE, and CANDIE come onstage and start jumping rope while they sing.)

BROWNIE: One two --Freddy's coming for you!

CUPCAKE: Three four --Better lock your door!

CANDIE: Five six --Get your crucifix!

BROWNIE: Seven eight --Gonna stay up late!

ALL: Nine ten --Never sleep again!

(CAROL ANNE enters holding a wooden cross. SHE is very upset.)

CAROL ANNE: What are you guys doing? I have enough to worry about without you summoning villains!

BROWNIE: We're sorry. We just can't sleep with everything that's going on, and jumping rope calms us.

CAROL ANNE: But do you have to sing that song?

CUPCAKE: It's the only one we know...You know guys, I don't think I'll ever get a decent night's sleep again!

CANDIE: My doctor says this experience might give me Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome.

BROWNIE: You know, this used to be a really nice neighborhood. I mean, despite the poltergeists, mass murders and stuff.

(Enter FREDDY FRUEGER in green and red striped sweater, mask, hat, etc.)

CAROL ANNE: Oh my goodness! It's Freddy Frueger!

(The theme music from Halloween (or other scary music) plays. FREDDY shakes his head, looks up and calls out.)

FREDDY: Wrong theme music!

VOICE: ***(offstage)*** Sorry Mr. Frueger!

(Theme music to A Nightmare on Elm Street (or other scary music) plays.)

FREDDY: I hate it when that happens.

(FREDDY turns to the girls. They all scream as FREDDY slowly advances on them.)

CAROL ANNE: PLEASE DON'T HURT US!

BROWNIE: WE'RE JUST LITTLE GIRLS!

CUPCAKE: DON'T YOU USUALLY TORTMENT TEENAGERS?!

CAROL ANNE: YEAH, WE'RE BARELY PRE-TEEN!

CANDIE: PLEASE, I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN TO PROM YET!!

FREDDY: ***(stops and looks around)*** Wait a minute...Is this Elm Street?

CAROL ANNE: No! It's Palm.

FREDDY: ***(taking out map)*** Oh gosh golly. I'm awfully sorry girls. I must have taken a wrong turn off Maple or something. It's so hard reading the street names these days. I think I might need lasik surgery. I apologize from the bottom of my heart, ladies.

BROWNIE: That's okay Freddy.

FREDDY: No, no. I feel awful. I'd like to bake you girls a nice pastry to make it up to you. I make a mean peach cobbler!

CUPCAKE: Wow, that's nice of you.

FREDDY: My pleasure. I'd better get going. I'm late for my next appointment. You wouldn't happen to know where Elm Street is would you?

CANDIE: Umm...Make a right on Douglas.

FREDDY: Thank you ever so much. So sorry for the inconvenience. Ladies, it was a pleasure. ***(kisses CAROL ANNE's hand and exits)***

ALL: ***(melting)*** Awwwwwww.

CANDIE: You know, for a homicidal maniac, he was so polite and well mannered!

CUPCAKE: It's the professionalism that I respect.

BROWNIE: Why don't gentlemen wear hats anymore?

CAROL ANNE: C'mon guys, lets make sure he doesn't get lost.

CANDIE: Yeah, there are a lot of crazies out there.

(The GIRLS run offstage calling after FREDDY. SYDMOUR enters talking to himself, his British accent is gone.)

SYDMOUR: Buckingham Palace...Fish n' chips...Scotland Yard...Fancy knickers you've got there...Aww man, I totally lost it.

(JASON enters with a backpack and walks up to SYDMOUR.)

JASON: Hey man.

SYDMOUR: Hey, what's up?

JASON: You wouldn't happen to know what day it is today, do you?

SYDMOUR: Sure I do. Gimme a sec- ***(takes out a day planner from his back pocket, flips through the pages)*** Let's see...it's uh...Friday...uh...the thirteenth.

JASON: Cool, thanks.

(JASON reaches in to his backpack and takes out a hockey mask. HE puts it on and takes out a huge fake machete. HE starts to advance on SYDMOUR.)

SYDMOUR: Whoa- Hey- Look at that, I was looking at last year's calendar. Silly me...look here, it's the uh... fourteenth... totally... absolutely, the fourteenth.

JASON: ***(stopping)*** Really?

SYDMOUR: ***(showing him date book)*** Yeah, yeah. Look, right here.

JASON: Awesome. I could use a day off...work on my tan.

(FREDDY FRUEGER enters.)

FREDDY: Not so fast, Jason.

(JASON turns around. Scary music plays. FREDDY calls out with no feeling whatsoever.)

FREDDY: Wrong theme music.

VOICE: ***(offstage)*** Gotcha Mr. Frueger...Sorry 'bout that.

(Theme to A Nightmare on Elm Street (other scary music) plays. JASON and FREDDY begin to circle one another.)

JASON: Well if it isn't my arch nemesis...Freddy Frueger.

FREDDY: Hello Jason Voortees.

JASON: I think we have some unfinished business to attend to.

FREDDY: I think you're right.

JASON: I see your skin condition hasn't improved.

FREDDY: You're looking kinda chunky these days, weren't you on Jenny Craig?

JASON: Still wearing that sweater- are you going for scary or Where's Waldo?

FREDDY: Have you ever even seen a hockey game goalie face?

JASON: Your blades are looking a little rusty...still cutting old lady hair?

FREDDY: That's Edward Scissorhands you moron.

JASON: Oh yeah, he's the better looking one.

(FREDDY steps up to JASON, SYDMOUR gets in between them.)

FREDDY: Why I'm gonna-

SYDMOUR: Whoa. ***(to audience)*** Talk about a celebrity deathmatch. C'mon guys, let's play fair. No mudslinging below the belt.

FREDDY: Like Jason wears a belt...we're lucky if he's wearing underwear.

JASON: Okay, can we just talk about your fedora?

SYDMOUR: Alright, let's keep it clean. You guys know the rules. No head butting, biting, slashing, puncturing, or stabbing. Got it? Good, now shake hands and go to your corners.

(FREDDY and JASON shake. They walk to their respective corners where they put their mouthpieces in, warm up, and shadowbox. SYDMOUR takes out a microphone and addresses the audience as the theme from Rocky (or something upbeat) plays.)

SYDMOUR: Ladies and gentlemen, you've seen them battle it out in "Freddy vs. Jason," but the fight is far from over. Tonight you, and pay-per-view audiences, will witness the gruesome twosome reunited. That's right, a rematch of the two greatest horror icons ever to appear on the silver screen. In the right corner in the red and green striped sweater we have the Dream Stalker himself- Freddy Frueger!

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