

BY THE FULL OF THE MOON

A Ten Minute Comedic Duet

by Michael Soetaert

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BY THE FULL OF THE MOON*A Ten Minute Comedic Duet***by Michael Soetaert**

SYNOPSIS: Allen is a well-liked, successful furniture salesman, except for once a month at the height of the full moon, when he changes back into what he once was... the assistant manager at the Health Food Emporium. For that one day, it falls upon his wife to make sure he doesn't do anything he might regret.

TIME: The last few minutes before the sun sets, marking the end of the height of the full moon.

SETTING: The basement of Allen and Cindy's house.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 1 male)*

ALLEN (m).....a 40ish something furniture salesman, except during the height of the full moon, when he reverts back to being the assistant manager at the Health Food Emporium. *(77 lines)*

CINDY (f).....Allen's wife. Also around 40. She's tasked with making sure he doesn't get loose during the height of the full moon. *(78 lines)*

COSTUMES: Casual attire for both.

LIGHTING: The stage should be dimly lit at open, and then when Cindy enters go to full light.

PROPS: If the play is fully staged, then Cindy will need a key and a folded note, and Allen will need ropes, and that's it.

SET: Very minimalist. We're in the basement of Allen and Cindy's house. There is a door Up Right, but other than that, there doesn't need to be anything else except the chair Allen is tied to. Heck, you could even fake the door.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES: This play is designed for contests, where there are no props, no lighting, and no costuming. All you have is one chair. It will require some miming, such as locking the basement door, turning on the lights, and reading the note. The biggest challenge will be not having the ropes that Allen is supposedly tied up with. Even so, it shouldn't be that hard.

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AT START: ALLEN, who is obviously passed out, is tied to a chair in his dimly lit basement. He stirs a bit, slowly looks around, and then comes to the realization that he's tied up. As he continues to wake up, he will begin struggling against his ropes, which will continue over the next few lines.

ALLEN: (*Fully awake now.*) Hey! What's going on? Why am I tied to this chair? Cindy? Cindy!

CINDY cautiously enters through the door UR and turns on the basement light.

CINDY: (*Upset, but not overly so.*) Oh, dear!

ALLEN: Cindy! Oh, Cindy. Thank goodness you're here.

CINDY: (*Not making a move to help him.*) This is just awful!

ALLEN: I don't know what's going on. I just woke up and... and somebody's tied me to a chair in the basement. Quick! Help me get untied!

CINDY: Oh, Allen, this is horrible!

ALLEN: Why... why aren't you helping me?

CINDY: Oh, this is really bad. You weren't supposed to wake up early. I expected you to be out until well past sundown. You usually are, you know.

ALLEN: What?!

CINDY: (*Now completely calm.*) Well, you see, after sundown it won't really matter anymore.

ALLEN: What are you talking about?

CINDY: Oh, don't worry about it. It's no use getting upset over nothing.

ALLEN: Nothing! I'm tied to a chair in my basement!

CINDY: Well, I'd say that's pretty obvious. I hope I didn't get the ropes too tight.

ALLEN: It was you? You tied me up?

CINDY: Nobody else was going to do it. You certainly weren't.

ALLEN: Why?

CINDY: Well... I tied you up because chains really don't work. I mean, you'd think they would, but they really don't. You just can't get them tight enough, and then you need a padlock and... and all that nonsense. When it gets down to it, ropes are just as strong, and they're a lot easier to use. I was really hoping it wouldn't matter. I was hoping that you would sleep through the whole thing... like you usually do. I'll have to make a note to give you more sleeping powder next time.

ALLEN: Sleeping powder?! What? You drugged me?

CINDY: Oh, I hope you didn't mind, but it was the only way. I'm pretty sure you wouldn't've let me tie you down otherwise. I was wanting to drug you in the basement. It's so much easier that way. But I couldn't get you to come down here, and I was running out of time, so I just slipped a little sleeping powder in your tea, and in no time at all, you were out like a light. It was a bit hard, though, to drag you down the stairs. I'm afraid I might've bumped your head a few times. I tried not to. I hope you didn't mind.

ALLEN: Don't mind! You... you drugged me and then tied me up!

CINDY: Yes. And dragged you down the stairs. I thought about just leaving you upstairs, but it would've been really hard to explain if somebody just happened to drop by, and there you are, sitting in the front room tied to a chair. *(Beat.)* I tried to get you to go to the basement before I drugged you. I really did. But, like I said, I couldn't come up with a good excuse, and I was running out of time, so I made do the best that I could. I do so hope you don't mind.

ALLEN: Are you out of your mind?! Of course I mind! I mind a lot! Now untie me! Now!

CINDY: Oh. I'm sorry. But I can't do that. It's not sundown yet.

ALLEN: What?

CINDY: Well, you see, in just a few more minutes, after sundown, the full moon will have passed, and then it won't matter. Then I can untie you.

ALLEN: What? What are you talking about?

CINDY: You see, it's the full moon, and I knew you were going to change, like you always do. So, to keep you from doing things that... well... that would be regrettable, I tied you to this chair. And that's just a whole lot easier, you see, if I knock you out with sleeping powder first. But don't worry. It's only until the full moon passes. It won't be very much longer.

ALLEN: Full moon? What? Are you telling me that I'm a... I'm a werewolf?

CINDY: (*Laughing.*) A werewolf? Oh, heavens, no! How silly! A werewolf! No, dear. You're a furniture salesman.

ALLEN: What?

CINDY: A furniture salesman. You sell furniture. It's what furniture salesmen do.

ALLEN: I'm a furniture salesman?

CINDY: Oh, yes. And you're very good at it, too. If someone comes in to buy just a sofa, they almost always leave with a full living room set, including the Fabric Guard, and the Platinum Protection Plan. And they almost always go with the twelve months' interest free credit. But they almost always end up paying the interest.

ALLEN: I just don't understand.

CINDY: Well, you see, it's because they almost always miss a payment, and when they do, then they have to pay back all that interest.

ALLEN: No! I don't understand any of this.

CINDY: I'm sorry. I'll try harder. I mean, if you really want me to. But, really, in a few more minutes it won't matter.

ALLEN: This is crazy! I'm *not* a furniture salesman. I know I'm not. I don't even like going into furniture stores. I work at the Health Food Emporium. I'm an assistant manager. I'm in charge of the supplements and the non-dairy organic creamers, even though they should be in the dairy department. But they're not. And I'm *not* a furniture salesman! I'm not! Now let me loose!

CINDY: I'm sorry, Allen, but I just can't. (*Beat.*) I know this all seems... well... a little bit crazy.

ALLEN: A little bit?!

CINDY: Yes, but it's true. You are a furniture salesman. Except on the one day a month, during the height of the full moon, when you turn back into your old self. The person you used to be.

ALLEN: How... How is that possible? How did this happen?

CINDY: Well, I'm really not sure. You needed a job, so you applied at the furniture store. And they gave you a job. When you came home on the first day, you had changed. You were a furniture salesman. You had a tie and a name badge and everything.

ALLEN: But I didn't need a job. I was working at the Health Food Emporium.

CINDY: Oh, I know. But it wasn't much of a job, now, was it? We talked it over and decided that it would be best if you at least tried to find a better job.

ALLEN: But I liked my job!

CINDY: I know. But it didn't pay very much. And there really was no advancement. Even if they made you a full manager at the Health Food Emporium, it wouldn't've paid that much more. You said so yourself. But now that you're a furniture salesman, we can afford all sorts of things, like our brand new minivan.

ALLEN: (*Disbelief, and a bit of disgust.*) A minivan?

CINDY: It's blue. You picked it out yourself.

ALLEN: Why?

CINDY: Well, I think because you liked it.

ALLEN: I did? (*Beat; with the disdain of somebody who obviously doesn't like blue.*) And it's blue?

CINDY: Baby blue.

ALLEN shutters with disgust.

CINDY: When you left to buy a new car, I really thought you were going to come back with a shiny new red convertible sports car.

ALLEN: (*Dreamily.*) I've always wanted a convertible sports car.

CINDY: I know.

ALLEN: Why would I want a minivan? We don't have any children... do we?

CINDY: Oh, no. We don't even have a dog.

ALLEN: Then why a minivan?

CINDY: I asked you the very same thing. And you said it was for the cupholders.

ALLEN: The cupholders?

CINDY: You know, those things in a car that hold your cups? Cupholders. You said that your big cups just won't fit in those little cupholders they put in smaller cars, much less in a convertible sports car's. And I suppose you're right. (*Beat.*) I can't see why you couldn't just get a smaller cup, but you really like your big cups. So, you got a minivan.

ALLEN: I have big cups?

CINDY: Oh, yes. Lots of them. Really big.

ALLEN: Why?

CINDY: It's probably because you like them, too. But I really don't know. I think it might be because they're so popular. But that doesn't make much sense to me, either.

ALLEN: But... but that's just stupid.

CINDY: Well, there you have it.

ALLEN: So, I took a new job just so we could afford a minivan... instead of a sports car?

CINDY: Oh, no. You also bought a lot of suits.

ALLEN: (*Once again, with distain.*) Suits?

CINDY: Nice suits, with ties and sportscoats and the little hanky in the breast pocket, and matching trousers and socks... and shoes.

ALLEN: But I hate suits!

CINDY: Well, you've certainly got a lot of them. The closet in the guest room is full of them. And shoes. You do have a lot of shoes. You told me... (*Changing her voice.*) "You've got to look the part if you want to be the part." (*Changing back.*) Dress for success, you know.

ALLEN: But I hate suits.

CINDY: Not when you're a furniture salesman. And you do look really nice in them.

ALLEN: And that's it? I was turned into a furniture salesman just so we can afford a... minivan and a bunch of suits?

CINDY: Oh, no. Heavens, no. Now we can afford to go on vacations.

ALLEN: We went on vacations before.

CINDY: Oh, I know. And I know how much you enjoyed going to the lake. I did, too. But now we can afford to go on cruises. It's kind of like going to the lake... only a lot bigger.

ALLEN: I don't remember going on any cruises.

CINDY: Of course not. You never remember anything about being a furniture salesman during the full moon. But that's OK. You don't remember anything about the full moon when you turn back into a salesman. Here in just a few minutes, you'll recall all the fun we had on our last cruise, and you'll be looking forward to our next one.

ALLEN: But I hate cruises.

CINDY: Not when you're a salesman. And that's a good thing. Because I do so enjoy a good cruise. We have so much fun on the boat that we never get off. If the buffet is good, it doesn't matter where we are. You said so yourself.

ALLEN: I don't like buffets! I never have. They're disgusting!

CINDY: Not if you use a new plate every time you go back. Really, though, it's because the buffet is on a boat. That makes all the difference. You said that, too.

ALLEN: This is all so crazy. I don't believe any of it. *(Beat.)* Please, Cindy. Untie me. I promise not to be angry. We can go back upstairs and... and... laugh about it all. *(Laughing, poorly.)* Ha! Ha! Ha! See? I'm laughing already.

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