

# HORROR HIGH

By Sean Abley

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## **CHARACTERS**

### **BOYS**

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN – Mad scientist in the making. Current status: nerd.

THE MONSTER – Victor’s creation. New kid at school.

BIG FOOT – aka “Footsie” to his girlfriend. Captain of the football team, but desperate to break out.

LARRY WOLFE, THE WEREWOLF – Football player, man’s best friend, excitable tail chaser. Jock. Secretly dating Nosferata.

GILLMAN, THE SEA CREATURE – Lives in the Black Lagoon. On the swim team.

JIM-HO-TEP, THE MUMMY – Always worried about his grades and college apps. The politician. Nice to everyone because he needs their vote.

### **GIRLS**

BLAIR, THE WITCH – Teen witch. Victor’s girlfriend. Also a bit of a goth nerd.

JAQUELINE HEIDI – Captain of the cheerleading squad. Jaqueline is the good girl. Heidi is the not-so-good girl.

CAROL ANN, THE GHOST – Sweet, cheerleader, worried about her weight.

NOSFERATA, THE VAMPIRE – Vegetarian vampire. Secretly dating Larry, The Werewolf.

GEORGIA, THE ZOMBIE – Cheerleader. Super popular. Destined to be prom queen. Dating Big Foot. Enjoys eating brains.

CLAUDIA, THE INVISIBLE GIRL – Girl jock. Soccer player.

HOLLY GOBLIN, THE TROLL – Overachiever. Runs every club and extracurricular activity. Fueled by caffeine and adrenaline. A spaz.

FROG (NEELA) - Victor's step sister. Frog with a wood nymph's brain. Played by a puppet, or voiced offstage by one of the other actors.

## **TEACHERS**

MISS MEDUSA – Head of snakes. Can turn you to stone with a glance, but wears sunglasses to avoid accidentally turning students to statues. Computer teacher. A bit nebbishy, despite the head of snakes and stone-turning glare.

COACH MINOTAUR – Head of a bull, body of a gym coach. “Lose” is not in his vocabulary.

PRINCIPAL REAPER – The Grim Reaper. Stern but fair. Won't hesitate to use the “Boney Finger of Death” on misbehaving students.

## **THE SET**

SETTING: Horror High. A unit set, probably a combo of gothic castle and middle American high school, with the various locations suggested thru lighting and select pieces of furniture.

FOR THE CAR SCENE – This can be done very simply with plywood car “fronts” with handles on the back that are “driven” into place by the actors holding onto them. The other actors in the car can follow with the “seats,” aka folding chairs. This could actually be a good bit – just play up the fact that the cars are a cheap effect for laughs.

THE OTHER EFFECT IN THE SHOW – The soccer ball floating onstage as if held by Claudia, the invisible girl, can be accomplished with a soccer ball, some fishing line, duct tape, and a good, sturdy pole. You might want to paint over the duct tape so it matches the ball. Again, playing this bit for laughs is perfectly acceptable.

## **THE COSTUMES AND MAKEUP**

For a production on a budget, simple greasepaint makeup, or Halloween store mask pieces, i.e. horns, noses, pointed ears, should work perfectly. Bandages wrapped around a ski mask would work well for Jim-Ho-Tep, bull ears on a baseball cap for Coach Minotaur, pointed ears for Holly, witch hat for Blair, rubber snakes woven into a wig cap or hat for Miss Medusa, etc. Except for Principal Reaper, who should be in a black cowl and robe, all the characters can wear contemporary clothes that match their personalities thematically – all black for Blair, etc.

That being said, if your production can afford full on, classic monster costumes, those would look great as well.

## **SCENE TRANSITIONS**

The pace of the play can really drag if scene transitions aren't done quickly. Use light shifts and avoid full blackouts whenever possible. Having the actors matter-of-factly moving set pieces on and off for each scene is a stylistic choice I find works really well with shows like HORROR HIGH.

## **DIALOGUE NOTE**

Everyone does indeed refer to The Monster as “The Monster.” Because it’s funny.

## PROPS

Backpacks or book bags for most of the characters

Scythe

Cheerleader pom-poms (optional)

To-go coffee cups

Camera

Victor Frankenstein's index cards

Soccer ball

Wand

Perfume bottle

"Horror High Herald" newspaper

Doggy biscuits (edible by people)

Jim-Ho-Tep's election flyers

Frog puppet

Frog container

Rubber mallet

Scalpel

Forceps (or tongs)

Two small, fake brains

Zip-loc sandwich bags

Carrot w/glasses

Basket or bag of jock straps and/or athletic support cups

Warranty for The Monster's parts

Carol Ann's sunny art projects (2)

Football

Doggy ball

Crutches

Fake arm

Folders and envelopes

Drink hat (the kind you see at sport events, that holds two drinks, with straws coming down to your mouth)

Pen

Small writing pad

Wrapped gift with half cute, half horrible teddy bear inside

Fake leg cast

Gingerbread men (edible)

Prom crowns and/or sashes

## **HORROR HIGH**

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*(LIGHTS UP)*

### **AUDITORIUM**

**MISS MEDUSA enters. Her hair is a nest of snakes, and SHE wears sunglasses. Besides that, SHE looks like any high school teacher.**

MISS MEDUSA: *(To audience)* Hello everyone, for those of you new to Horror High, my name is Miss Medusa.

*(STUDENTS in the crowd “Hissss...” SHE glares at them until THEY stop.)*

*(To audience)* I’m the computer teacher as well as the director of orientation for new students. On behalf of all the staff here at Horror High, I want to welcome you all to the first day of the *(insert year)* school year. Whether you’re a newly undead freshmen just entering our hallowed halls, or a senior who rose from the grave to feast upon the living four wonderful years ago on his or her way to graduation, I’m sure you’ll all have a great year here at school.

*(SOMEONE catcalls “Boo!” from the audience, OTHERS “Hissss...”)*

*(To audience)* Watch it, buster! Keep it up and I’ll take off these sunglasses and turn you all to stone. And don’t think I won’t!  
*(Regains composure)* Now, before we send you on your way to first period, I’d like to introduce you to your principal, Principal Reaper.

*(PRINCIPAL REAPER enters. HE is a shrouded figure carrying a scythe. The STUDENTS once again catcall. MISS MEDUSA grabs at her sunglasses, threatening to turn them all to stone.)*

*(To audience)* You don’t want to test me on this!

PRINCIPAL REAPER: *(To audience)* Quiet! Silence! Remember, just because you're the undead doesn't mean you can't be disciplined. Miss Medusa, please put your glasses down. We have enough statuary in the commons. Hello, students of Horror High. I trust that you will all make the most of your time here. Follow the rules, play fair, study hard, or face *(Raises his skeletal finger threateningly. Menacing and evil:)* The Boney Finger of Death! *(Normal)* Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go clear the football field of weeds.

*(PRINCIPAL REAPER exits.)*

MISS MEDUSA: *(To audience)* Alright, next I want to introduce Horror High's athletics director, Coach Minotaur.

*(COACH MINOTAUR enters. HE has the head of a bull and the body of a gym coach. A ring thru his nose, and bull ears sticking out from a coach's baseball cap. The STUDENTS begin chanting with deep dog "woofs".)*

COACH MINOTAUR: *(To audience)* This is the Horror High Hounds year! Remember, it isn't if you win or lose, it's how you play the game ... unless you lose!

*(The CROWD chants "Woof! Woof! Woof!")*

Football tryouts are today, so if you want the opportunity to learn sportsmanship, participate in the long and honorable history of Horror High athletics, and step on the necks of your opponents until they scream for mercy, meet me on the field after home room. Let's take State!

*(COACH MINOTAUR exits. The CROWD chants "Woof! Woof! Woof!")*

MISS MEDUSA: What would sports be without school spirits? Next is Jacqueline Heidi to tell you a little about our cheerleading squad.

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI enters with a peppy cheerleader trot. When speaking as Jacqueline SHE's light and peppy. When speaking as Heidi SHE's dark and menacing.)*

JACQUELINE: OMG! I'm so excited for our senior year! I can't wait to meet all the new students - *(HEIDI)* and drive my fist thru your pathetic faces! *(JACQUELINE)* As always, the cheerleading squad is looking for a few athletic ladies – *(HEIDI)* – to shove our school spirit down the throats of *(name of cross town rivalry school)*! *(JACQUELINE)* So make sure to sign up for tryouts – *(HEIDI)* – or I'll rip off your head with my bare hands! *(JACQUELINE)* Yay!

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI exits with peppy cheerleader trot.)*

MISS MEDUSA: *(To audience)* Okay, and lastly, we have Horror High's activities chairwoman, Holly Goblin, to tell you about some of the exciting clubs and extracurricular activities Horror High has to offer.

*(HOLLY GOBLIN enters. SHE is a whirlwind of activity, carrying a bag overflowing with books, supplies, etc. SHE carries a cup of coffee.)*

HOLLY: *(To audience)* Hi! Hi! Hi! Hang on! *(SHE chugs the coffee, then tosses the cup off into the wings.)* I know, right? THAT'S MY SEVENTH CUP TODAY! I'M INDESTRUCTABLE! AAAAHHHH!!

*(SHE screams, then abruptly falls to the ground in a heap. MISS MEDUSA helps her up.)*

HOLLY: Sorry, the caffeine gave out.

MISS MEDUSA: Holly, dear, pull yourself together and tell the student body about our clubs and activities.

HOLLY: *(To audience, once again suddenly hyper energetic, like a TV infomercial pitch person.)* Whether you're a freshman or a senior, like me, there are tons of super sweet activities to join here at Horror High. We have cheerleading, football, our school newspaper, the Horror High Herald, the "Have a Nightmare" group that provides scary dreams for underprivileged kids who can't afford their own, grave digging, the "Make Your Own Casket" workshop, Buckets of Blood Drive, Texas Chainsaw Care and Maintenance, Crime Scene Photography Club, the yearbook staff and tons more! *(SHE whips out a camera and takes a flash picture of the audience)*. OMG, I'm totally going to have to put the red eye into, like, three hundred pairs of eyes! If you need any

more information about any of these extra curricular activities just come see me because I'M THE PRESIDENT AND CAPTAIN OF EVERY CLUB AND SPORT AT HORROR HIGH!!  
AAAAAAHHHHH!!!

*(SHE screams, then abruptly drops to the floor again. MISS MEDUSA motions for COACH MINOTAUR to come out and help. HE enters and drags HOLLY offstage by her foot.)*

MISS MEDUSA: Coach Minotaur, a hand please. And finally, we have an exchange student joining us this year. Victor Frankenstein, please introduce him to the student bodies.

*(VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN enters. HE is a typical science geek – bad hair, bad glasses, bad clothes. The STUDENTS catcall him.)*

VICTOR: *(reading off index cards)* Hello, fellow Horror High School students. Although I didn't see any of you during the summer Biology Independent Study Program, I'm sure you all are as fascinated by the human body as I am.

STUDENT: *(Off)* Body this, loser!

VICTOR: I heard that, Larry Wolfe! You can kiss my full moon!

STUDENTS: *(Off)* Ooooooh!

VICTOR: As I was saying *(Back to cards, quickly reiterates what HE's already said.)* Although I didn't see any of you during the summer Biology Independent Study Program, I'm sure you all are as fascinated by the human body as I am. So I made one. Please welcome – Frankenstein's Monster!

*(THE MONSTER enters, clomping in his big boots. HE holds his throat with one hand, reaches out to the audience with the other. HE growls angrily.)*

MONSTER: GRRRRRRRAAAARRRRRRR!!! AAARRRRRGGGGHHH!!!  
*(Clears his throat, now speaks completely normally.)* Sorry. Totally had a frog in my throat. So, uh, hey. I'm The Monster. And, uh, I'm happy to be reanimated here at Horror High.

VICTOR: Looking forward to seeing you all in the Advanced Placement classes this year. Oh, wait, that's right. You're morons.

STUDENT: *(Off)* Eat it, Frankenstein!

VICTOR: You wish!

MISS MEDUSA: Okay, okay ...

VICTOR: You could have Georgia eat my brains, and I'd still be higher class ranked than all of you!

MISS MEDUSA: Mr. Frankenstein that is enough! Return to your seats. Okay, you have a few moments before homeroom, so find your lockers and get to class.

*(MISS MEDUSA exits. ALL the STUDENTS enter – VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, THE MONSTER, BIG FOOT, LARRY, GILLMAN, JIM-HO-TEP, JAQUELINE HEIDI, BLAIR, CAROL ANN, NOSFERATA, GEORGIA, CLAUDIA, HOLLY GOBLIN. THEY high five and say hello according to their social groups. VICTOR brings THE MONSTER over to BLAIR and JIM-HO-TEP.)*

VICTOR: This is my girlfriend, Blair Witch, and this is our friend Jim-Ho-Tep.

BLAIR: Hey there, The Monster. It's nice to finally meet you! Victor wouldn't even let me see his new project until today. Welcome to Horror High.

MONSTER: Thanks! It's great to be reanimated here.

JIM-HO-TEP: Good job on this, Victor. How'd you swing all the parts?

VICTOR: Let's just say the Romanian Summer Olympic Team could have used a better train conductor.

JIM-HO-TEP: I think some of us are going to terrorize the villagers tonight. You in?

MONSTER: Love to.

VICTOR: He can't.

BLAIR: Come on, Victor. It will be a great way to meet everybody and throw some villagers into the swamp.

VICTOR: Sorry. Still a few bolts to tighten. Next time. Can you fit both of us on your broom after school?

BLAIR: Sure.

VICTOR: Perfect. Come on, The Monster. I want to show you my laboratory (*"luh-BORE-uh-tor-ee"*).

MONSTER: (*Regular pronunciation*) Laboratory?

VICTOR: No, the laboratory.

*(VICTOR and THE MONSTER exit.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: I gotta get to class. I don't want to be late for Advanced Tomb Curses.

*(JIM-HO-TEP heads out. HE passes CLAUDIA, with her soccer ball, who moves over to BLAIR.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Hey, Claudia, didn't see you there. Later!

CLAUDIA: Later, Jim-Ho-Tep. Hey there, Ms. Blair Witch! How was your summer?

BLAIR: Hey Claudia! Overcast, cold, dreary.

CLAUDIA: Man, I'm so jealous!

BLAIR: I know, right? Are you psyched for the soccer team this year?

CLAUDIA: I'm sure it will be cool as always. I mean, when you can turn invisible on the field you're kind of hard to block. But it doesn't start until spring, and I need something to keep me in shape until then.

BLAIR: I could cast a spell on you. *(Raises her wand)* Like, every time you eat junk food it turns into muscle.

CLAUDIA: Nice. But no. I need actual physical activity. Man, those football players have a sweet deal. They get to start their season on day one.

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI, CAROL ANN, GEORGIA and NOSFERATA saunter over to BLAIR and CLAUDIA.)*

JACQUELINE HEIDI / CAROL ANN / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA:  
*(Unison)* Hi, Blair. Hi, Claudia.

BLAIR: Okay, look. We're seniors. We go thru this every year. So let's cut to the chase and get it over with now so we can enjoy our year. *(Imitating the OTHER GIRLS dissing her.)* Oh, my God, she's wearing all black again! Did you hear she's riding last year's broom? She's dating Victor Frankenstein! Why doesn't he reanimate her wardrobe? If she's so magic, why doesn't she cast a spell on her face?

*(The OTHER GIRLS stare, stunned.)*

CAROL ANN: *(Genuinely stunned)* Wow, she's psychic.

BLAIR: Have a nice year, ladies. See you at prom when you make fun of my dress.

*(BLAIR and CLAUDIA exit.)*

CAROL ANN: And she can predict the future!

GEORGIA: Whatev.

NOSFERATA: So, surprise. I finally got my driver's license this summer, so my parents said I could borrow the hearse sometimes!

JACQUELINE HEIDI / GEORGIA / CAROL ANN: No way!

NOSFERATA: Yes way! And they said if I keep my grades up, I'll get my own hearse for graduation!

CAROL ANN: That's awesome!

JACQUELINE HEIDI: We're totally going out tonight and you're totally driving us! I have to scoot. Gotta check the sign up sheet for tryouts – (HEIDI) – and pull wings off flies! (JACQUELINE) Later taters!

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI exits. BIG FOOT, LARRY, and GILLMAN approach the THREE GIRLS. BIG FOOT is all over GEORGIA.)*

GILLMAN: *(Looking off after JACQUELINE HEIDI.)* Man, she is slammin'. Think she'd swim upstream with me?

CAROL ANN: As if. Everybody knows the Black Lagoon is the wrong side of the swamp.

GEORGIA: Now Footsie, don't grope your girlfriend in front of everyone.

BIG FOOT: But I can't help it! You're hotter than She-Ape and Bride of the Fly all rolled into one.

GEORGIA: I know, but you're crushing all the bones in my feet. I can't be the walking dead if my feet are broken, right?

BIG FOOT: Oh, sorry.

CAROL ANN: I gotta go. If I don't help Jacqueline Heidi organize the cheerleader tryouts, she'll kill me.

NOSFERATA: Carol Ann, you're a ghost. She can't kill you.

CAROL ANN: Wow, you're right. I love that about me! But we still better go and help.

GEORGIA: Walk me to the gym, Footsie.

BIG FOOT: Come on, guys. We can say "Hi" to the coach before class.

*(GEORGIA, BIG FOOT, CAROL ANN and GILLMAN exit. LARRY and NOSFERATA catch each others' eye as THEY pass.)*

LARRY: Hey, is that a new hat? It looks pointier than last year.

NOSFERATA: Yeah, got it at Mold Navy.

LARRY: Cool.

NOSFERATA: That's a cool collar.

LARRY: Oh, yeah. My parents let me ditch the choke collar if I promised to stop chasing cars.

NOSFERATA: Cool.

*(The BELL RINGS.)*

NOSFERATA / LARRY: *(Simultaneous)* Gotta go!

*(THEY head off in opposite directions. Before THEY exit, THEY stop.)*

NOSFERATA / LARRY: *(Simultaneous, to themselves)* My parents would kill me if I dated –

NOSFERATA: A werewolf!

LARRY: A vampire! *(HE howls.)* Aaaaaaooooooooo!!!

*(THEY catch each others' eye, then exit.)*

## **SCENE 2 - ONE MONTH LATER**

***We hear the MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS during the light change.***

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Over loudspeaker)* This is Holly Goblin and these are your morning announcements for September 24<sup>th</sup>. Student council elections will be in two weeks, so make sure to get those campaign posters ready. Auditions for the school play will be on Tuesday. This year we're doing the comedy "Death of a Salesman." And finally, Principal Reaper would like to remind the student body that any serial killer caught using their hockey mask to actually play hockey will face suspension.

*(JIM-HO-TEP takes stage and addresses the audience.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Hello students of Horror High! For those of you that don't know me, I'm Jim-Ho-Tep, and I'd like to be your Senior Class President.

ALL: *(Groans and catcalls).*

JIM-HO-TEP: I know, I'm excited, too! Well, hope to see you all at the polls!

*(The ENTIRE STUDENT BODY enters and socializes in their various groups. JIM-HO-TEP moves over to BLAIR, VICTOR and THE MONSTER.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Hello, Blair, Victor, The Monster.

BLAIR: Let me guess. You're running for Senior Class President.

JIM-HO-TEP: Wow, you are magic! Blair, I need to talk to you for a minute.

VICTOR: Go ahead. We gotta go get a jump on Mortuary Arts. We're reanimating dissected frogs. Don't forget Science Club at lunch!

*(VICTOR and THE MONSTER exit.)*

BLAIR: What do you want, Jim-Ho-Tep? I have to get to biology and turn some princes into frogs.

JIM-HO-TEP: I need your help. If I don't get elected Senior Class President, there's no way I'm gonna get into Scare University.

BLAIR: Dude, you have a four-point average. You were a pharaoh before you got all wrapped up like some dusty birthday present. What are you talking about? You'll totally get into Scare U.

JIM-HO-TEP: Holding student government office puts you on the fast track for college admissions. If I don't get elected to Senior Class President, my parents are gonna come unwrapped. When they found out I got an A- in Draining A Victim's Lifeforce last year, they made me stop cursing tomb raiders for a month. I need a sure thing.

BLAIR: And I'm supposed to help you how?

JIM-HO-TEP: I need a spell, or portion, or whatever to make everybody vote for me.

BLAIR: Dude, first of all, that wouldn't be fair. Second of all, I can't just throw some spell over the entire student body. This stuff works one-on-one for the most part.

JIM-HO-TEP: Blair, I'm desperate! I need something that will make me say exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment so people would be crazy not to vote for me. And you owe me for not busting you when you didn't cook Hansel and Gretel into gingerbread during Home Ec. You totally used your magic to transport them back to their parents!

BLAIR: Okay, okay! Keep it down. I'll see what I have in my bag. *(SHE fishes around in her giant bag and pulls out a perfume spritzer.)* Here.

JIM-HO-TEP: What's that?

BLAIR: It's, uh, a spell. Potion. Potion spell.

JIM-HO-TEP: What does it do?

BLAIR: It, um, it makes you more appealing to those around you. It says so right on the bottle.

JIM-HO-TEP: (*Reading*) "One spray after bath or shower and you'll feel fresh all day." Fresh?

BLAIR: Fresh, new, appealing, electable. It helps you be the best "you" you can be, so everyone will see you're super cool and how can they not vote for you?

(*BLAIR spritzes JIM-HO-TEP with the perfume.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: Uh, it smells like (*name of popular, or awful, perfume*).

BLAIR: Potions don't smell like potions any more. That's played. Unless you want to smell like bat farts. If that's the case I can totally hook you up. (*SHE reaches into her bag.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: No, no, no! This is good. I can feel it working! Is it working? I feel like I can do anything! I'm gonna win that election! Why am I talking to you? I have work to do!

(*JIM-HO-TEP races out. BLAIR spritzes herself with the perfume.*)

BLAIR: Good luck with that.

(*A soccer ball floats in and hovers near BLAIR.*)

BLAIR: Hi, Claudia.

CLAUDIA: (*Invisible/off*) How'd you know I was there?

BLAIR: You're carrying your ball, genius.

CLAUDIA: Oh. Right. Let me go throw it back on the field. Be right back.

(*The ball goes off. HOLLY GOBLIN enters with copies of the "Horror High Herald." SHE passes them out excitedly, then exits. CLAUDIA re-enters just in time to get a copy.*)

HOLLY GOBLIN: Horror High Herald! Cold off the press! Journalism to die for! (*SHE exits.*)

CLAUDIA: Hey, check it out! They printed my letter!

BLAIR: What letter?

CLAUDIA: The one I wrote to Drew Morgue, the "anonymous" advice columnist they have this year. Read.

BLAIR: *(Reads)* “Dear Drew Morgue, I have a problem. I’m a girl on the soccer team, and I want to be a girl on the football team. But I’m afraid the coach won’t let me play. What should I do? Signed, Wish I Was in the Dead End Zone.”

CLAUDIA: *(Reads)* “Dear Wish, Football is a tough sport, and no one should be on the field if they can’t play the game. But if you’re a good player and are willing to take the hits, then it shouldn’t matter if you’re a boy, girl, animal, mineral or vegetable. Let the coach know you won’t take “No” for an answer, put on the shoulder pads and dive in. I’ll be cheering from the sidelines! Signed, Drew Morgue.”

BLAIR: I wonder who this “Drew” is, anyway?

CLAUDIA: I don’t know, but her advice is awesome. I’m gonna ask the coach if I can play. Let’s go find him!

BLAIR: Uh, okay ...

*(CLAUDIA drags BLAIR off. FOCUS ON - JACQUELINE HEIDI, CAROL ANN, NOSFERATA and GEORGIA. THEY all wear their new cheerleading uniforms.)*

JACQUELINE HEIDI: These new uniforms are – *(HEIDI)* – killer!  
*(JACQUELINE)* Okay, so remember tonight Nosferata is picking us up in her sweet hearse so we can hang out at Hangman’s Hollow!

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI exits with a peppy cheerleader trot.)*

CAROL ANN: I didn’t want to say anything, but I hate these new cheerleader uniforms. They make me look ... you know ...

NOSFERATA: If you say “fat”, I will personally call a priest and have you exorcized from the school.

CAROL ANN: Well ...

GEORGIA: You’re a ghost. You weigh nothing. You could be wearing the mascot’s costume and you’d still weigh less than the skinniest person, demon or monster on the planet.

CAROL ANN: Really? Maybe I should be the mascot then ...

NOSFERATA: I think it’s disgusting how girls are made to feel unattractive if they don’t look like Skeleton Girl.

CAROL ANN: I know her. She’s really sweet.

NOSFERATA: That’s not the point. You can’t change your genetics. It shouldn’t matter that my butt looks big when I turn into a bat.

GEORGIA: I'm starving. Let's go see if the cafeteria has the good brains today. I hate the ones they get from *(name of cross town rivalry school)*. And you can grab a can of Red Blood for later.

NOSFERATA: You know I don't drink that stuff. I'm a vegetarian. No animal products.

CAROL ANN: You could get Diet Red Blood! It's totally fake and has no calories.

NOSFERATA: *(So not.)* Yum.

*(BIG FOOT and LARRY enter. BIG FOOT crosses over to GEORGIA and kisses her.)*

BIG FOOT: Hey, what's up everybody?

CAROL ANN: The sky!

BIG FOOT: *(Pause)* I get that!

CAROL ANN: Get what?

GEORGIA: Sweet, but dumb. But it's a good thing you don't have any brains, because then I'd eat them.

BIG FOOT: I'm not dumb! I'm differently smart. I'm actually thinking of joining the Science Club this year. Or maybe the school paper.

ALL: *(A beat, then laugh heartily.)*

GEORGIA: Why? To donate your body to science? Besides, you have the football team. You won't have time.

BIG FOOT: Well, I was thinking of not being on the team this year ...

GEORGIA: Okay, no more talking now. Quiet time. The girls and I are gonna hit the caf for some snacks, then back to class. See ya later.

LARRY: Ditch the caf and come hang out with us.

NOSFERATA: Uh, no.

LARRY: Why not?

NOSFERATA: Because we have more important things to do, like stare at the wall and breathe air.

LARRY: Why punish the wall? *(High fives his friends.)* Why punish the wall! Faced!

NOSFERATA: *(To her friends.)* Seriously?

CAROL ANN: He's cute!

NOSFERATA: For a loser mus grande.

BIG FOOT: *(To LARRY)* She's kinda hot, dude. Why face her so hard?

LARRY: Are you kidding? *(Indicates teeth.)* Making out with her would be like sucking on a box of thumbtacks. I don't need my lips pierced.

BIG FOOT: Speaking of pierced, what are those marks on your neck?

LARRY: Oh, uh ... I, uh ... just got my rabies shots.

BIG FOOT: In your neck?

LARRY: Sure. It's how they do it now. At the vet. It's new.

*(LIGHT CHANGE. GEORGIA, CAROL ANN and BIG FOOT freeze. NOSFERATA and LARRY immediately race to each other and embrace.)*

LARRY: That was totally hot how you dissed me like that!

NOSFERATA: You pretending you hate me makes me like you even more!

LARRY: I don't think I can pretend any more. I think they know we made out last night. We need to tell our friends! *(Getting doggy hyper excited)* Come on, let's tell them! Let's tell! Come on come on come on! Tell tell tell tell! I wanna tell! I wanna tell!

NOSFERATA: *(Overlap)* Are you kidding? No! Stop it! Settle down! No telling! No telling! Bad boyfriend! Sit!

*(LARRY immediately sits. NOSFERATA pulls out a doggy biscuit and hands it to him. HE scarfs it down.)*

The werewolves and the vampires have been fighting for centuries! Our parents would ground us for our entire afterlife! Besides, isn't it romantic to be like Romeo and Juliet? Star-crossed lovers who can never tell anyone?

LARRY: Romeo and Juliet died ...

NOSFERATA: *(How romantic.)* I know!

*(THEY lean in to kiss, but break away. THEY go back to their respective friends as the LIGHTS CHANGE back to normal.)*

LARRY: Bored! Let's go!

NOSFERATA: Have fun continuing to be lame.

LARRY: If I'm lame, then you're super lame, and your secret identity is Lois Lame. Burn! *(High fives his friends.)* Lois Lame! I said Lois Lame! Because she's lame!

GEORGIA: Later, Footsie.

BIG FOOT: I'll pick you up after school.

*(The GIRLS exit.)*

CLAUDIA: *(Off)* Heads!

*(A soccer ball flies in. LARRY catches it. CLAUDIA enters.)*

Nice catch!

LARRY: Nice kick. You coulda broke my face.

CLAUDIA: Shake it off, dude. It ain't that pretty. So, you guys practicing yet?

BIG FOOT: We start today after school.

CLAUDIA: I'm so jealous! I gotta get out on that field. Lemme come out and just throw some passes. Or some quick place kicks!

LARRY: Are you kidding? You'd get crushed out there!

CLAUDIA: Not if you can't see me! How are ya gonna tackle me if you can't see me?

BIG FOOT: She's got a point.

LARRY: What?!

BIG FOOT: She can kick. She can run. And she can turn invisible. Sounds like the perfect combo.

LARRY: Okay, girls on the football field is a slippery slope. Next they'll want to be in the locker room when we're showering –

CLAUDIA: Who says I haven't been already? *(Under her breath)* Invisible ...

LARRY: *(A beat)* No! *(Covers himself)* NO!

CLAUDIA: See ya in the locker room. But you won't see me ...

*(CLAUDIA saunters off. JIM-HO-TEP enters with flyers.)*

LARRY: *(Again covering himself)* No!

JIM-HO-TEP: Hey guys, I'm running for Senior Class President and I need your vote.

*(JIM-HO-TEP hands flyers to the GUYS.)*

LARRY: Senior Class President of Losertown, more like it.

BIG FOOT: *(Sniffs at JIM-HO-TEP)* Wait, do I smell after bath body spray?

LARRY: Get lost, Jim-Ho-Tep. I don't vote.

JIM-HO-TEP: Don't vote? Why not?

LARRY: Because I don't get anything out of it. The only reason all of you run for office is so you can put "Senior Class President" on your college apps.

JIM-HO-TEP: Well, what if I told you that if you elected me, I would make sure you got something out of it.

BIG FOOT: Like what?

JIM-HO-TEP: Like ... *(Suddenly inspired, as if under a spell. To BIG FOOT)* ... a guaranteed extra pair of size seventeen football cleats so you don't have to supply your own for the season. *(To LARRY)* Every Friday is "Small Rodent Pizza Day" in the caf.

LARRY: Whoa, you can do that?

JIM-HO-TEP: A vote for Jim-Ho-Tep is a vote for giant shoes and delicious hamster pizza.

LARRY / BIG FOOT: Sweet!

*(LARRY and BIG FOOT exit. GILLMAN enters, crossing in a hurry. JIM-HO-TEP hands them flyers.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Hey, don't forget to vote for me for Senior Class President!

GILLMAN: Dude, I don't have time for this. I have to get to swim practice. *(Sniffs at JIM-HO-TEP)* Wait, something smells like my little sister's room.

JIM-HO-TEP: How about this. How about if you vote for me ... *(Suddenly inspired again. To LUCKY)* ... I will pressure the school board into making every Thursday "Under the Sea Day" in the caf.

GILLMAN: Wow, really?

JIM-HO-TEP: A vote for Jim-Ho-Tep is a vote for delicious barnacle chili.

GILLMAN: Sweet!

JIM-HO-TEP: Man, Blair's potion really works!

*(JIM-HO-TEP exits. JACQUELINE HEIDI enters.)*

GILLMAN: Hey Jacqueline! Looking good in that uniform.

JACQUELINE: Thanks! *(HEIDI)* Now get lost before I stab you in the eye! *(SHE exits.)*

GILLMAN: *(A beat)* She wants me!

*(GILLMAN exits.)*

**SCENE 3 - SCIENCE CLUB ROOM**

***VICTOR and BLAIR lead Science Club. THEY speak to the audience as if THEY are the members of the club. HOLLY is an enthusiastic attendant.***

VICTOR: Okay, everyone take your seats. Blair, please call the roll.

BLAIR: We go thru this every time. We don't need to call –

VICTOR: As President of Science Club, I ask you to call the roll.

BLAIR: Fine. Victor Frankenstein.

VICTOR: Here.

BLAIR: Blair. Here. Everybody else. *(Gestures to the audience to all say "Here".)*

HOLLY: Here!

VICTOR: I'd like to welcome a new member of the Science Club,  
The Monster.

*(THE MONSTER enters. HE waves unenthusiastically. BIG FOOT enters. HE tries to pretend it was a mistake, but it obviously isn't.)*

BIG FOOT: Am I late? I mean, oh, oops! Sorry about that! Thought this was the locker room. What is this?

BLAIR: Science Club.

VICTOR: Feel free to –

BIG FOOT: *(Immediately sits down, excited.)* I'll stay!

VICTOR: Okay ... So, anyway, today we're going to show you how to transfer a brain from one body to another. Easy. I need a volunteer.

*(BIG FOOT's hand immediately shoots up. VICTOR scans the audience for someone as BIG FOOT frantically waves, trying to get his attention.)*

VICTOR: Anyone? Anyone? Someone out there? Who should I pick ... Big Foot?

BIG FOOT: Yes! *(HE jumps up and joins VICTOR at the table.)*

VICTOR: Okay, take the frog out of the container.

*(BIG FOOT takes a frog out of a container.)*

FROG: Ribbit!

VICTOR: And now we put him under. (*VICTOR hits the frog with a mallet.*) Good. Out cold. Now take this scalpel and cut off the top of the frog's skull.

*(BIG FOOT takes a scalpel and cuts off the top of the frog's skull.)*

Now using these forceps, carefully remove the brain from the frog and place it in this sealable sandwich bag.

*(BIG FOOT removes the brain from the frog and places it in the bag.)*

Good. Now take this alternate brain out of its sealable sandwich bag and place it in the skull of the frog. Then replace the skull.

*(BIG FOOT takes the new brain and puts it in the frog, then replaces the skull cap.)*

And voila!

FROG: Victor! I'm telling mom!

HOLLY GOBLIN: A talking frog!

FROG: Mom said to stop transplanting my brain into other creatures!

You're so punished!

VICTOR: Oh, shut up!

BIG FOOT: Your sister has a really small brain!

VICTOR: Stepsister. My mom remarried a wood nymph, so my stepsister's brain is the perfect size for transplanting into tiny, dumb creatures.

FROG: You're dead!

BLAIR: Why go to all that trouble? I can just do a body-switching spell and you don't even have to touch a brain with your hands.

VICTOR: This is Science Club, not Magic Club. Okay, Neela, back into the container.

FROG: Sleep with one eye open, jerk! Mom and Dad are going to lose their minds when they find out!

*(VICTOR puts the frog back into its container. Her voice becomes muffled. HE gathers up his equipment and specimens and puts them into his backpack.)*

INTERCOM VOICE: (*Over intercom*) Miss Blair Witch, please report to the principal's office immediately.

BLAIR: Principal's office? For what?

HOLLY GOBLIN: Somebody's in trouble! Somebody's in trouble!

BLAIR: Oh, shut it!

*(BLAIR exits. HOLLY GOBLIN follows, taking pictures of her.)*

HOLLY GOBLIN: This is totally going in the school paper!

BLAIR: Shut up!

VICTOR: I guess that's it for the day. Make sure to bring your safety goggles and oven mitts to the next meeting, because we're going to be splitting atoms next week. *(HE exits.)*

MONSTER: So that's supposed to be fun? Trading brains? Been there, been that.

BIG FOOT: Dude, it's awesome! You can just use science to ... do stuff! I'd be here all the time but Coach Minotaur would pitch a fit if he lost his star running back.

MONSTER: Whatever. I can't just sit around watching stuff boil or whatever. I got six different people in me, and they all want to get out and do something. Hit stuff, or run and smash people. Smash! Smash, good!

BIG FOOT: Wait, I have an idea. Have you met Coach Minotaur yet?

MONSTER: Are you kidding? Victor barely lets me out of his sight.

BIG FOOT: Come with me!

#### **SCENE FOUR - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.**

***PRINCIPAL REAPER is waiting. There is a carrot sitting on his desk. BLAIR enters with HOLLY GOBLIN, taking pictures with a camera, close behind.***

HOLLY GOBLIN: Somebody's in trouble! Somebody's in trouble!  
Care to comment? I'm writing a series on teenage criminals for the Horror High Herald! Pose for a picture!

*(BLAIR shoves HOLLY GOBLIN out.)*

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Off)* You can't stop me! Freedom of the press!

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Have a seat, Miss Witch. *(Gesturing to carrot.)* Miss Witch, what is this?

BLAIR: Uh, a carrot.

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Is it a carrot, Miss Witch? Really?

BLAIR: Um, yes?

PRINCIPAL REAPER: That's interesting, because I have it on good authority that you transformed Miss Medusa into a carrot as a joke during computer class.

BLAIR: Oh, well, there must be some mix up. It wasn't me. That carrot can't be Miss Medusa.

PRINCIPAL REAPER: *(Holds up carrot.)* Then why is this carrot wearing sunglasses?

BLAIR: Um ... it just went to the eye doctor?

PRINCIPAL REAPER: If this carrot isn't Miss Medusa, then I guess you won't mind if I eat it?

BLAIR: Oh ...

*(PRINCIPAL REAPER moves the carrot closer and closer to his mouth.)*

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Here I go. Eating the carrot. Going to take a big bite. Good thing this isn't Miss Medusa because if it was and I bit off the bottom half of the carrot –

BLAIR: Stop! Don't take a bite!

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Miss Witch, turn the Miss Medusa carrot back to a demon at once!

*(PRINCIPAL REAPER sets the carrot on the floor behind the desk.)*

I don't want her standing on my desk after your spell. Go ahead.

BLAIR: *(Waves her wand.)* High in fiber, vitamin C. Turn this healthy snack back to thee!

*(MISS MEDUSA pops up from behind the desk.)*

MISS MEDUSA: Very funny, young lady.

BLAIR: It was an accident!

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Miss Witch, turning your teacher into a healthy snack is unacceptable in our school. Horror High cannot have a member of the student body using her magic for good.

Carrots are very high in fiber and vitamin C, and very low in evil.

MISS MEDUSA: Then I think a day in detention to think about how good you've been would be just perfect.

BLAIR: Detention?! But it was a mistake! And I have Broom-riders' Ed after school! If I don't get my broom learner's permit, I'll have to catch rides with my parents, at which point you can bury my social life because it will be dead. Not undead. Plain old dead.

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Miss Witch, I'm going to take your word for it this one time. But the next time there better be horrible consequences to your magic, or you'll have your wand privileges on campus revoked! Dismissed!

*(BLAIR exits.)*

**SCENE FIVE - LOCKER ROOM**

***BIG FOOT and THE MONSTER enter. COACH MINOTAUR is at his desk.***

BIG FOOT: Hey, Coach!

COACH MINOTAUR: Mr. Foot, I'm looking forward to you leading us to State this year. Now go get to class. I have to sort out these jock straps.

BIG FOOT: Coach, have you met The Monster yet? He's interested in the team this year.

COACH MINOTAUR: I haven't had the pleasure. You're an imposing young man. We could use someone like you on our line.

MONSTER: Nice to meet you.

*(VICTOR enters.)*

VICTOR: What's going on here?

COACH MINOTAUR: Just having a chat with your science project. Nice workmanship, Frankenstein.

VICTOR: Whatever.

COACH MINOTAUR: *(Indicating THE MONSTER.)* So is all this work under an extended warranty? I could use a good lineman like you kid, but I can't guarantee all the parts won't get, uh, slightly damaged.

VICTOR: Don't even think about it!

MONSTER: *(Pulls out piece of paper and hands it to COACH MINOTAUR.)* All the parts come with certificates of authenticity and a twelve-month replacement plan.

VICTOR: What are you doing?!

COACH MINOTAUR: *(Reads paper.)* Huh, sprinter's legs? Gymnast's hands? Archer's eyes? Wrestler's body? Evil genius brain? Kid, you're a whole team!

MONSTER: I'd love to play if you'll have me.

VICTOR: No way! I'm not going to put my finest work into a meat grinder! He's already in Science Club. He doesn't have time!

MONSTER: Victor, I'm sure I can find time. I really want to do this. It'll be fun.

VICTOR: But ...

*(Sound Effect: Class bell rings.)*

COACH MINOTAUR: Get to class, Frankenstein. You can have your boy back after I introduce him to the team.

*(VICTOR storms out.)*

COACH MINOTAUR: Okay, kid. Head out to the field to meet your teammates. I'll be out in a second.

*(THE MONSTER and BIG FOOT exit. CLAUDIA enters, unseen by COACH MINOTAUR.)*

CLAUDIA: Hey Coach!

COACH MINOTAUR: What are you doing in here?! *(Grabbing the basket of jock straps.)* Hide the jock straps! Hide the protective cups!

CLAUDIA: Coach, I've seen a jock strap before.

COACH MINOTAUR: You have?

CLAUDIA: I've been in here tons of times.

COACH MINOTAUR: What? How?

CLAUDIA: Invisible ...

COACH MINOTAUR: No! *(Hides basket of jock straps behind his back.)* NO!

CLAUDIA: Coach, look. Girl's soccer doesn't start until later in the season, but I need something to keep me in shape until then.

COACH MINOTAUR: Then join the gymnastics team and stop looking at these athletic supporters!

CLAUDIA: The gymnastics team? Am I allowed to kick the other team in the face with my cleats on the gymnastics team? That would be a super huge "no".

COACH MINOTAUR: Get to the point, kid.

CLAUDIA: I've checked, and there's nothing in the rules that prohibits a girl from being on the football team. So I'm here to join up!

COACH MINOTAUR: *(A beat. Then uproarious laughter.)* AH HA HA HA HA HA!! Are you pulling my ring kid? *(Indicates his nose ring.)*  
Don't pull my ring. A girl on the football team? What next? A boy on the cheerleading squad?

CLAUDIA: Why not? Tons of cheerleading squads have guys on them.

COACH MINOTAUR: Kid, you don't need the football team. You need an open mic at the Comedy Coffin, because you gotta be joking. Now get outta here and don't come back, invisible or not!

*(COACH MINOTAUR exits. CLAUDIA follows him out.)*

CLAUDIA: But you have to let me! It's in the rules!

### SCENE SIX - CAMPUS

**CAROL ANN, NOSFERATA, GEORGIA and BIG FOOT enter.**  
**CAROL ANN carries an art project.**

CAROL ANN: I can't believe I got a C- on my art project! I put a lot of work into this!

GEORGIA: Let's see it.

*(CAROL ANN unrolls her art piece. It is a painting/drawing of a big smiley face sun shining over a field of brightly colored flowers.*

*NOTE: Any similar, sunny, upbeat piece of art could work here.)*

GEORGIA / NOSFERATA: *(Grossed out.)* Ugh! That's awful! It's so sunny and bright! Etc.

CAROL ANN: What? This is my artistic expression! Art shouldn't always be safe and nice. Sometimes you have to create the ugly side of life, too.

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI trots across the stage. Without stopping SHE says-)*

JACQUELINE: *(About painting)* Love that! *(HEIDI)* Hate that!

GEORGIA: You got a C- for that? I'd give you an F for "fugly".

CAROL ANN: Whatev. You wouldn't know art if you were eating its brains.

BIG FOOT: I think it's kinda cool, Carol Ann.

CAROL ANN / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA: (*Unison*) You do?

BIG FOOT: Yeah! It really shows the angst and inner turmoil of the typical teenage ghost, while simultaneously embodying the hope for a dark, dreary, endless future.

GEORGIA: (*A beat.*) Who are you?

BIG FOOT: I ... am late for a team meeting. See you later!

(*BIG FOOT exits. JIM-HO-TEP enters with flyers. HE hands them to the GIRLS.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: Hi Georgia, Carol Ann, Nosferata.

CAROL ANN: (*Sniffs at JIM-HO-TEP.*) What smells like the girls locker room?

JIM-HO-TEP: You might have heard that I'm running for Senior Class President. Have a flyer. I made them myself. No help and no financial assistance over ten dollars total from any special interest groups.

GEORGIA: You might have heard we cared about this never.

JIM-HO-TEP: Really? Well, how about this. If you vote for me ... (*Suddenly inspired.*) I'll ask the school board for a gallery for student art ...

CAROL ANN: Really?

JIM-HO-TEP: And I'll pressure the cafeteria to serve vegetarian options ...

NOSFERATA: Wow!

JIM-HO-TEP: And add a self-serve brains bar.

GEORGIA: No way!

JIM-HO-TEP: A vote for Jim-Ho-Tep is a vote for artistic expression, "I Can't Believe It's Not Human Blood" on tap, and an All You Can Eat brain buffet!

GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN: Sweet!

(*BLAIR enters.*)

BLAIR: What are you so happy about? Did the principal declare it "Cheerleaders are Cheerlosers Day?"

GEORGIA: Hilarious. Go cast a spell on your face.

BLAIR: Talk to the wand.

NOSFERATA: We gotta get to class.

(*GEORGIA, NOSFERATA and CAROL ANN exit.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: Okay, that spell you cast on me? It's totally working. I'm saying the exact right thing to all the right people. I'm gonna destroy the other candidates!

BLAIR: Spell?

JIM-HO-TEP: The one you cast on me. The potion? That smells sort of flowery?

BLAIR: Oh, yeah, that. Right, forgot about that. Well, I'm glad it's working. Good luck with that.

JIM-HO-TEP: Thanks!

*(JIM-HO-TEP exits. VICTOR enters.)*

VICTOR: I can't believe this! That Big Foot moron convinced that Coach Minotaur moron to let my creation play on the football team.

*(THE MONSTER, now wearing a football jersey, BIG FOOT and LARRY run across the stage, passing a football back and forth. CLAUDIA hops around between them.)*

LARRY: Go out for one!

MONSTER: I'm open!

CLAUDIA: I'm open, too! Hit me! I got it!

*(THE MONSTER catches the ball. THE MONSTER, BIG FOOT and LARRY cheer and continue passing the ball as THEY exit. CLAUDIA bounces out after them.)*

BLAIR: Hate to say it, but he looks really happy.

VICTOR: Who cares! This isn't about "happy"! It's about science, and progress, and being smarter than those wastes of flesh on the football field. He's mine, and they can't have him!

BLAIR: Victor, calm down! I gotta say, you worry me sometimes. I mean, I don't like those cheerleader drones, but you're so angry about everyone here at school. You're gonna pop a blood vessel!

VICTOR: I have reason to be angry!

BLAIR: I'm sure you do. But come on, let it go once in awhile.

VICTOR: I gotta go.

*(VICTOR stomps off.)*

BLAIR: But, wait ... Ugh. Everybody told me not to date a mad scientist, but did I listen? “But he’s cute! He can reanimate dead bodies!” Ugh.

*(BLAIR exits. THE MONSTER, BIG FOOT and LARRY enter passing the football back and forth. CLAUDIA again bounces between them, trying to catch a pass. COACH MINOTAUR enters from the opposite side.)*

COACH MINOTAUR: Looks good, men. I see you after school for our first practice.

MONSTER / CLAUDIA: You bet, Coach!

COACH MINOTAUR: *(To THE MONSTER)* I’ll see you later. *(To CLAUDIA)* I’ll see you never. *(HE exits.)*

LARRY: We’re outtie.

BIG FOOT: Hey, guys, I’ll catch up with you later. I gotta talk to the Coach a second.

*(LARRY, THE MONSTER and CLAUDIA exit, BIG FOOT exits toward the locker room.)*

## **SCENE SEVEN – LOCKERROOM**

***COACH enters followed by BIG FOOT.***

BIG FOOT: So, Coach Minotaur, about the team. Here’s the thing, it’s my senior year, and I really need to focus on what I’m going to be doing in college next year. So I don’t think I have time for the football team this year.

COACH MINOTAUR: Don’t have time for the team? Do you have time to breathe, Mr. Foot? To eat? To tromp around in the forest scaring tourists? Yes? Well then you have time for the team! If we take State this year, Horror High will have five consecutive State Championships. More than any other high school in the state. Which means we need you on that team.

BIG FOOT: I know, Coach Minotaur, but I really have other stuff I want to be doing.

COACH MINOTAUR: As in?

BIG FOOT: As in, the Science Club is interesting, so I was checking that out. And I was thinking about joining the school paper this year. I’m planning on getting a journalism degree ...

COACH MINOTAUR: (*Indicating ring in his nose*) Are you pulling my ring? Don't pull my ring. The school newspaper? You know who reads that newspaper? Huh? Come on, guess.

BIG FOOT: Uh ...

COACH MINOTAUR: No one! The only good thing about that paper is when it prints "Horror High Hound Dogs Win Fifth State Championship". Well, that and the coupon for half off a medium frogurt at Edgar Allen Poe-gurt. Now, that's good yogurt.

BIG FOOT: But Coach ...

COACH MINOTAUR: But nothing! You're on that team! And I expect to see you at practice after school today!

(*COACH MINOTAUR exits.*)

BIG FOOT: I gotta find a way off that team!

(*BIG FOOT exits.*)

### SCENE EIGHT – HANGMAN'S HOLLOW.

***Night. Three cars are parked facing the audience – NOSFERATA's hearse with her, CAROL ANN, GEORGIA and JACQUELINE HEIDI, BIG FOOT's car with him and LARRY passing a football back and forth, and GILLMAN in his car. THEY all hang in and around the cars. In NOSFERATA's car, CAROL ANN reads the "Horror High Herald."***

NOSFERATA: What are you guys doing for Thanksgiving?

GEORGIA: The usual. We go to a farm house just outside of town and eat the occupants. And then we have dessert at the mall. You?

NOSFERATA: Well, my parents are always trying to get me to drink blood. "It's what our forefathers drank from the Indians ..." But I usually just have the synthetic stuff from the cloning lab. What about you, Jacqueline?

JACQUELINE: Well, we have the traditional turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, and for dessert we – (*HEIDI*) – burn down an orphanage.

NOSFERATA: Fun! Carol Ann, what's so interesting in the school paper?

CAROL ANN: They totally published my letter in the Horror High Herald! Listen. *(Reads)* “Dear Drew Morgue, I feel like no one understands my true, artistic self. When I want to express my true feelings artistically, they’re met with laughter and C-minuses. I feel like I should just give up and create art that you can buy at any Fear-Mart. Help! Signed, Ghost Painter.”

GEORGIA: *(Takes the paper and reads)* “Dear Ghost, Most great artists were misunderstood during their lifetime, only to be revered once they were dead. I would definitely advise following your heart and creating art that means something to you, rather than something you could find on the walls of a Motel 666. Lucky for you, you don’t have to wait for the afterlife to get famous because you’re already a ghost. Now go create the next ‘Sunday in the Park with Gore.’ Sincerely, Drew Morgue.”

CAROL ANN: Wow, she’s so smart! Who is she?

NOSFERATA: Nobody knows. Except Holly Goblin.

*(HOLLY GOBLIN pops her head in.)*

HOLLY GOBLIN: And I’m not telling! *(Pops out.)*

GEORGIA: Oh, I think I see a lost villager thru the trees! Let’s get him!

*(GEORGIA, CAROL ANN, NOSFERATA and JACQUELINE HEIDI jump out of the car and head towards the woods. GILLMAN scoots over and gets JACQUELINE HEIDI’s attention as the others exit. During their conversation VICTOR, BLAIR, CLAUDIA and THE MONSTER enter in their car. CLAUDIA and THE MONSTER join BIG FOOT and LARRY. BLAIR and VICTOR hang out.)*

BIG FOOT: Where ya going?

GEORGIA: *(Off)* Feasting upon the living! Be right back!

GILLMAN: *(To JACQUELINE HEIDI)* Hey there! How’s it going?

JACQUELINE HEIDI: Good! *(HEIDI)* Bad! *(JACQUELINE)* You know, the same.

GILLMAN: Cool. So ... you know, I’ve had a thing for you since freshman year.

JACQUELINE: You have? Do I even know you?

GILLMAN: Gillman. Remember? We used to live next to each other until my family moved upstream to the Black Lagoon.

JACQUELINE: That was you? *(HEIDI)* You were such a pathetic guppy back then!

GILLMAN: But now?

JACQUELINE: Well, you look like you've filled out a little bit since then. I guess all that time on the swim team – (*HEIDI*) – made you less of a complete octo-wuss!

GILLMAN: Thanks. I think. So, considering my filled-outness and less octo-wussness, would you be up for, I don't know, hanging out and terrorizing some tourists at the beach sometime?

JACQUELINE: With you? Together? At the same time? I guess. Sure. But I have to be honest. Not many guys have what it takes to date me. (*HEIDI*) So give it your best shot, squid for brains!

*(JACQUELINE HEIDI exits. LARRY crosses over to GILLMAN.)*

GILLMAN: Dude, I'm so in!

LARRY: How can you tell?

GILLMAN: Because she didn't try to stab me!

LARRY: Wow, she's totally into you!

GILLMAN: Sweet!

*(NOSFERATA enters.)*

NOSFERATA: Hey everybody! We thought we saw a lost villager in the woods, but it's even better than that!

LARRY: Two teenagers making out?

NOSFERATA: Better!

BLAIR: Some chick trying to guess Rumpelstilskin's name?

NOSFERATA: Better!

ALL: What is it? Tell us! Etc.

NOSFERATA: Cub scouts!

*(EVERYONE cheers and races off, leaving NOSFERATA and LARRY behind. THEY run to each other.)*

LARRY: I'd rather be with you than eat a whole troupe of cub scouts!

NOSFERATA: Ditto!

LARRY: I gotta tell the guys! I can't keep this secret much longer! I gotta tell! Gotta gotta gotta! Tell tell tell tell tell! You gotta let me tell! I wanna tell!

NOSFERATA: (*Overlap*) No! No telling! Stop it! Sit! Sit! Bad boyfriend!

*(NOSFERATA pulls a ball out of her pocket and tosses it off stage.)*  
Fetch!

*(LARRY races out after the ball and brings it back to her in his mouth. HE drops it at her feet.)*

Good boyfriend! Now, we can't tell. It would get out and then our parents would find out. They'd drive a stake thru my heart and shoot you with a silver bullet! We'll keep our secret until graduation. We'll be eighteen and we can do whatever we want! We'll be free!

*(GEORGIA pokes her head in.)*

GEORGIA: Hey! After we're finished with the cub scouts, we're having Brownies for dessert! *(Pops back out.)*

LARRY: Whoo hoo!

*(LARRY and NOSFERATA race out after GEORGIA.)*

### **SCENE NINE – CAMPUS**

***We hear the MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS over the intercom.***

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Over intercom)* This is Holly Goblin and these are your morning announcements for December 16<sup>th</sup>. Tonight is the final football game before the state championship. Come cheer on our own Horror High Hounds against the Sci-Fi Falcons! And finally, with the scariest of all holidays upon us, Christmas, Principal Reaper has asked that I read the following. *(Reads)* "Any student caught exchanging gifts, singing carols, distributing candy canes, or any other destructive behavior on campus will face detention and possible suspension. Let's remember the true spirit of Christmas – chopping down trees, scalding our mouths with hot chocolate, and stuffing fat old men down chimneys."

*(BIG FOOT and GEORGIA enter.)*

GEORGIA: I'm so glad you reconsidered about the football team.

Now you can play, and I can cheer you on from the sidelines, and totally be proud of you and your bone crushing skills, and it will be awesome! *(SHE smiles and drifts off, thinking about how awesome it will be.)*

BIG FOOT: I guess. I just think sometimes, wouldn't it be awesome if I were writing about it from the sidelines? Like, a great sports writer or something? Or like a color commentator on the radio or TV, and you could be proud of me for what I really want to be doing?

GEORGIA: *(A beat. Back to reality)* I'm sorry, what? I was thinking about brains. Delicious brains. Mmmmm, brains ...

BIG FOOT: Any brain but mine, right?

GEORGIA: What do you mean?

BIG FOOT: Nothing. Hey, do you want me to go get you a soda?

GEORGIA: Yeah, a Spinal Fluid Fizz!

*(BIG FOOT jogs off.)*

*(Calls off to him)* Footsie, I was thinking. When we're inevitably chosen prom king and queen, we should get your tux and my dress from the Leatherface Formal Ware Boutique. Human flesh fashions really bring out the blues and purples in my coloring.

*(SFX: CRASH.)*

BIG FOOT: *(Off)* Ow! Help! Help!

GEORGIA: Footsie!

*(GEORGIA runs off after BIG FOOT. MISS MEDUSA and COACH MINOTAUR enter.)*

MISS MEDUSA: What was that?

COACH MINOTAUR: Sounded like Big Foot!

*(GEORGIA enters, helping BIG FOOT who has a twisted ankle.)*

BIG FOOT: I was getting a soda out of the machine, and it got stuck.

So I rocked the machine and it fell on me! My ankle's in pretty bad shape.

*(LARRY, THE MONSTER, HOLLY GOBLIN and CLAUDIA all rush in. HOLLY GOBLIN takes pictures with her camera.)*

HOLLY GOBIN: Let me through! I'm with the press!

LARRY: Dude!

COACH MINOTAUR: You have a twisted ankle and we have a game tonight! What am I supposed to do without you on the line?

MONSTER: Coach, I'm in! I'll take his place!

CLAUDIA: Me, too!

COACH MINOTAUR: *(To THE MONSTER)* Kid you just started! *(To CLAUDIA)* Kid, you ain't even gonna start. I can't put a rookie on the line! This is the final game before the state championships. If we lose, we're out!

BIG FOOT: You don't have a choice, Coach! You gotta play someone!

COACH MINOTAUR: Fine! *(To THE MONSTER)* You're in. Just you. *(To BIG FOOT)* But if this doesn't work out, I'm gonna twist more than your ankle!

*(ALL exit.)*

**SCENE TEN - FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES**  
**and ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH.**

***JACQUELINE HEIDI, NOSFERATA, CAROL ANN and GEORGIA enter. They do a peppy cheerleader trot with claps and get into position to do a cheer as HOLLY GOBLIN calls the game over the loudspeakers from the announcer's booth.)***

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Over loudspeakers)* With only three minutes left in the game, the Horror High Hounds trail the Sci-Fi Falcons, eight to thirteen.

JACQUELINE / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN:  
*(Chanting)* Horror High Hounds! Horror High Hounds! Horror High Hounds!

*(COACH MINOTAUR, BIG FOOT [with cast and crutches], and VICTOR enter. The CHARACTERS look out from the bench, toward the audience, to the game in progress. COACH MINOTAUR screams at the team from the sidelines. BIG FOOT cheers them on. VICTOR stands by, nervously watching the game.)*

JACQUELINE: On four. One, two – *(HEIDI)* – three, four!

JAQUELINE / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN: (*Cheer*) Hit 'em in the gut, hit 'em in the head! You can't beat us cuz we're dead! Your poor team we will plunder, cuz our homeroom's six feet under! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds!

COACH MINOTAUR: Get in there, The Monster! Make those hits count!

BIG FOOT: Come on, The Monster!

OPPOSING PLAYER: (*Off*) Horror High sucks!

VICTOR: They're very rude!

COACH MINOTAUR: Rude? Kid, have you been to a football game?

VICTOR: In the Science Club competitions, we make fun of the opposing team by creating new noxious gasses and naming them after our competitors.

COACH MINOTAUR: Yeah, I'm sure they run home crying after that.

VICTOR: They do!

COACH MINOTAUR: (*To the field.*) That's it, The Monster! Get in there and grind them to a paste!

VICTOR: (*Winces at the action on the field.*) Wait! Stop! They're hitting him!

COACH MINOTAUR: They're hitting him? They're supposed to hit him! He's playing football! This isn't a spelling bee! (*To field*) Time out! Come back in!

JAQUELINE: Ready – (*HEIDI!*) – okay!

JAQUELINE / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN: (*Cheer*) You can run, but you can't hide! We'll eat your brains cuz you're offsides! We're zombies! Hey! Hey! We're zombies! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds!

VICTOR: Coach, I only agreed to let The Monster hit free throws and shoot home runs –

COACH MINOTAUR: Score touchdowns.

VICTOR: Whatever. I only agreed because you said he wouldn't get hurt.

(*THE MONSTER and LARRY enter from the field.*)

COACH MINOTAUR: Okay, we're doing pretty good here ...FOR A TEAM FULL OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOODS! Larry, you couldn't catch a football if it was covered in super glue and handed to you by a four year-old.

LARRY: Wouldn't that stick to his hands before he gave it to me?

COACH MINOTAUR: Are you trying to give me a heart attack?! (*To THE MONSTER*) You, get in front of him, block him, do whatever it takes to let your wide receiver actually receive. Now get back out there!

LARRY / THE MONSTER: Yes, sir!

*(LARRY and THE MONSTER exit to the field.)*

JAQUELINE: (*Cheer*) Horror Hounds just can't be beat! (*HEIDI cheer*) So get those butts up off your seats!

JAQUELINE / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN: (*Cheer*) You must be the vampires here, because you suck! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds!

COACH MINOTAUR / BIG FOOT: (*Watching the action.*) Get in there! Yes! Yes! Run! Get in front of him!

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeah—(*See a bad hit.*) Oooh!

VICTOR: Oh, no!

COACH MINOTAUR: Time out!

*(THE MONSTER runs in from the field. HE is carrying one of his arms in his other hand.)*

COACH MINOTAUR: Good hit, The Monster!

VICTOR: Are you kidding me?! His arm got torn off!

MONSTER: It's just a scratch. Coach, put me back in!

COACH MINOTAUR: Kid, you gotta work your magic and fix him for the second half.

VICTOR: It's not magic, it's science. It takes more than thirty seconds!

JAQUELINE: (*Cheer*) Two, four, six, eight - (*HEIDI*) – Who do you appreciate?!

JAQUELINE / GEORGIA / NOSFERATA / CAROL ANN: (*Cheer*) Lost his arm, it's okay! He's a lefty anyway! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds! Horror Hounds!

COACH MINOTAUR: Could you four be quiet for two seconds while I figure this out?!

*(CLAUDIA, now dressed in football uniform, pads and helmet, races in.)*

CLAUDIA: Coach! I got ya covered! You're down a player! Ya gotta put me in!

COACH MINOTAUR: Are you crazy?!

BIG FOOT: You can't finish the game without the proper number of players on the field. You gotta put her in, or lose!

COACH MINOTAUR: You, too? (*Stews for a moment.*) Alright, kid.

You said the magic word – “lose.” I have no choice. We can't afford to lose this game. You're in, kid. Get on that field! Get out there and make me proud to have a girl on this team.

CLAUDIA: (*Runs out onto the field.*) I won't let you down, Coach!

COACH MINOTAUR: But you still have to change in the girl's locker room!

(*HOLLY GOBLIN calls the game from the booth as the team and cheerleaders watch the action.*)

HOLLY GOBLIN: (*Over loudspeaker*) The Horror High Hounds have called for a substitution. Off the field is Number 13, The Monster. On the field is Number 7, Claudia!

(*JIM-HO-TEP enters booth.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: So, do you have it?

HOLLY GOBLIN: Right here. I'm not sure I feel right about doing this so early.

(*HOLLY GOBLIN pulls out a newspaper with the headline “JIM-HO-TEP DEFEATS EVERYONE”, a la the famous “Dewey Defeats Truman” headline.*)

JIM-HO-TEP: Don't worry. I have this election locked up.

HOLLY GOBLIN: Okay, get out! I have to call the rest of the game. (*Over loudspeaker*) This is a close game between the Horror High Hounds and the Sci-Fi Falcons. Players in position ... and the snap ... pass to Larry ... he catches it ... and fumbles! Claudia scoops up the ball ... heads down the field ... Sci-Fi Falcons getting closer ... this is gonna be a tough tackle ... Wait! Claudia has ... become invisible! The Sci-Fi Falcons are scrambling, unable to find the ball. Where is Claudia? In the end zone!! Claudia has reappeared in the end zone, scoring a touchdown for the Hounds! The Horror High Hounds win, fourteen-thirteen!

*(The FINAL HORN sounds. LARRY and CLAUDIA run in. COACH MINOTAUR, THE MONSTER, LARRY, BIG FOOT, and CLAUDIA celebrate on the sidelines. JACQUELINE HEIDI, GEORGIA, NOSFERATA and CAROL ANN cheer around them, GILLMAN, BLAIR, JIM-HO-TEP and MISS MEDUSA enter and join them in celebrating. We hear the band playing a victory song.)*

BLAIR: *(High fives CLAUDIA)* You did it, girl!

*(The assembled crowd moves offstage to celebrate. VICTOR enters and pulls BLAIR aside.)*

VICTOR: What are you doing?

BLAIR: Didn't you see? We won!

VICTOR: Since when do you care about football?

BLAIR: Well, I don't go to every game, but this is exciting. We're going to State!

MONSTER: Man, that was killer!

BLAIR: Congrats!

VICTOR: He's done! No more football.

MONSTER: What do you mean, "no more football"?

VICTOR: You're out. I didn't create you just to see you torn apart on the football court.

BLAIR: Field.

MONSTER: Who says you can make that decision?

VICTOR: I do! I made you! You're my property. And I'm not fixing that arm if you're just going to get it ripped off again.

MONSTER: You may have built me, but you gave me a brain, and I'm going to use it. If you don't fix me, I'll find someone who will.

*(THE MONSTER exits.)*

VICTOR: Good luck! If you think you can find someone around here with even half a brain, you're dreaming.

BLAIR: Victor, what's wrong with you? You should be proud that you created something that is helping the school. But instead you're just raging against everybody and acting like a six year old.

VICTOR: I'm not doing this to help the school! What has this school ever done to help me? Every year it's the same thing. They make fun of us, they make fun of Science Club, they don't respect our intelligence. I made The Monster for me! I made him so I could have at least one person around here who would understand that

I'm an evil genius, that I deserve respect, and give it to me! And now he's the hero of the school and nobody cares that he wouldn't even be here if I hadn't spent my entire allowance buying all the parts.

BLAIR: First of all, there is someone who respects you. Me. And second of all, you don't demand respect, you earn it. You don't label yourself an evil genius. They do. You just go on doing your evil deeds because you are evil, not because you want people to notice how evil you are. If you want the respect of these guys, you have to stop throwing temper tantrums and talking down to everyone. Figure out how to talk to them on their level without acting like you're dumbing yourself down.

VICTOR: Maybe. Whatever.

BLAIR: Come on. Let's go celebrate with everybody. If it will make you feel better, I'll cast a spell on the crowd so they all cut one every time they hear the word "the".

VICTOR: Fine.

*(VICTOR and BLAIR exit.)*

### SCENE ELEVEN - AUDITORIUM

***MISS MEDUSA, carrying a large manilla folder, enters to address the student body.***

MISS MEDUSA: Hello everyone! Wasn't that exciting last night! The Horror Hounds are one game closer to the state championships!

STUDENTS: *(Off)* Ssssssssss .....

MISS MEDUSA: Keep it up, smart guy. Pigeons will be pooping on you in the commons before you know it. Now, this is very exciting! I have the results of the Student Council elections! *(Opens folder.)* Holly Goblin, running unopposed, has been elected to Senior Class Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and Historian!

*(HOLLY GOBLIN, holding an iced coffee, races up to the podium.)*

HOLLY GOBLIN: OMG! *(SHE chugs the coffee, then tosses the cup aside.)* This is going to be the best year ever. I'm so wired! I need more coffee! My eyes! The caffeine has given me X-ray vision!! I CAN SEE THRU MY EYELIDS!! AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

*(HOLLY GOBLIN drops to the ground, spent. COACH MINOTAUR enters and drags her offstage by the foot.)*

*(As SHE's dragged off)* I need another quintuple shot chocolate caramel latte! STAT!

MISS MEDUSA: Okay, and for the office of Senior Class President, the winner is ... JIM-HO-TEP!

*(A cheer goes up through the crowd. JIM-HO-TEP enters.)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Wow! What a surprise! I had no idea I was this popular! Okay, that's a lie. I totally know! Now, before I begin what will go down in history as Jim-Ho-Tep's Kick Butt Reign of Awesome, I need to thank my campaign manager, Blair. Come on up and take a bow!

*(BLAIR pokes her head out from the side.)*

BLAIR: Don't mention it.

JIM-HO-TEP: Blair was instrumental in forming my platform ...

BLAIR: I said don't mention it. As in shut up. Seriously. Stop talking.  
*(Exits)*

JIM-HO-TEP: Uh ... she's so modest! Anyway, I promise to make this year for Horror High the best year ever!

*(HOLLY GOBLIN rushes in wearing a hat that has two holders for coffee cups, and tubes running from the cups down to her mouth, much like the beer hats you see at sporting events. SHE carries a list.)*

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Points to hat.)* Now I never have to run out! *(Pulls out list.)* Mr. Senior Class President, I've taken it upon myself to type up the list of promises you made to the student body during your campaign so we can get right to work.

JIM-HO-TEP: Uh, promises?

HOLLY GOBLIN: *(Reads)* "For the caf, Small Rodent Day every Friday, all you can eat brains buffet ..."

JIM-HO-TEP: Oh, um, that. Well ...

HOLLY GOBLIN: Tell me what to do, boss! We can get started on this stuff right away!

GEORGIA: *(Pops in. Excited)* Brains! OMG, brains!

CAROL ANN: (*Pops in holding a painting of a fluffy kitten.*) I have my newest piece ready to hang in the student art gallery!

HOLLY GOBLIN: Eeeiww! Gross!

(*PRINCIPAL REAPER enters.*)

PRINCIPAL REAPER: Let me see that. (*Takes the list. Reads.*) “A gallery for student art ...” Mr. Jim-Ho-Tep, how do you expect to make good on these promises.

JIM-HO-TEP: Uh, well ...

PRINCIPAL REAPER: I want to see you in my tomb immediately, Mr. Jim-Ho-Tep.

(*PRINCIPAL REAPER exits. HOLLY GOBLIN whips out a pen and pad.*)

HOLLY GOBLIN: (*Writing*) “Scandal Rocks the Presidency!” Jim-Ho-Tep, you were elected to office based on lies, deceit, and a perversion of the democratic process – true or false?

JIM-HO-TEP: Shut up!

(*JIM-HO-TEP exits with HOLLY GOBLIN right behind him. MISS MEDUSA steps up to the podium.*)

MISS MEDUSA: Okay everyone. Back to class. I’m sure Principal Reaper will sort this all out by the end of the day. Back to class.

(*CAMPUS.*)

(*JACQUELINE HEIDI enters with pad and pen. SHE marks thru new cheers as SHE writes them down.*)

JACQUELINE: Time for some new cheers. It’s alright, it’s okay – (*HEIDI*) – we’ll chop your head off anyway! (*JACQUELINE*) Ooh, good one! Let’s see ... We got spirit! Yes we do! (*HEIDI*) We got machetes! How ‘bout you? (*JACQUELINE*) Yay! Perfect!

(*GILLMAN enters with a gift in a box.*)

GILLMAN: How about ... Kick ‘em in the right knee! Kick ‘em in the left knee! Kick ‘em in the we need (*imitates HEIDI*) a more efficient way to crush their skulls with wooden mallets!

JACQUELINE: That’s great! Can we use that?

GILLMAN: Sure. Can you use this? (*Hands her the gift.*)

JACQUELINE: For me? That's super sweet! I love the wrapping paper! Fluffy bunnies – (*HEIDI*) – being eaten by wolves! (*JACQUELINE*) Perfect!

GILLMAN: Open it up.

(*JACQUELINE opens the package. Inside is a stuffed animal – half pink, cute teddy bear and half black, gnashing teeth, goth teddy bear.*)

JACQUELINE: OM- (*HEIDI*) G! (*JACQUELINE*) It's perfect! You put a lot of thought into this! (*HEIDI*) I could totally break your kneecaps for this!

GILLMAN: Really? Because I think you're awesome. And I'd love to go out with you sometime. On a date. But "date" with a small "d", not a capital "d" date. Not yet.

JACQUELINE: Yeah, I'd like that. A small "d" date. Not moving too fast. (*HEIDI*) And if you try anything, I'll crush you!

GILLMAN: No worries. We'll take it slow. This weekend?

JACQUELINE: I'd- (*HEIDI*) –love- (*JACQUELINE*) -to!

GILLMAN: Stellar! I'll pick you up Friday night! (*to himself*) I'm so in!

(*GILLMAN exits.*)

JACQUELINE: He's so – (*HEIDI*) – wretched! (*JACQUELINE*) Yay!

(*JACQUELINE exits.*)

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