

MONSTERS!

A Midlife Musical Meltdown

by Gail Phaneuf and Ernie Lijoi

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A Midlife Musical Meltdown

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SYNOPSIS: *Monsters! A Midlife Musical Meltdown* captures the humor, angst and insight experienced at life's milestones. Manhattan stock broker Samantha is paid a 40th birthday visit by her domineering mother. Samantha fretfully reveals her plans to quit her Wall Street job and embark on a soul-searching adventure. Her mother's reaction stirs up a toxic blend of old insecurities embodied by "monsters", familiar to us all. In an effort to derail her new ambitions, the monsters drag Samantha into a riotous showdown of wills and determination. A mysterious package and sexy birthday singer skyrocket the antics into a full blown, hilarious mid-life crisis.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 females, 1 male)

SAMANTHA "SAM" (f).....	40 year old woman. A stock broker and wannabe archeologist, with a fear of flying - among other phobias. (Vocal Range: Mezzo with a belt) <i>(430 lines)</i>
MOTHER (f).....	youthful mid-60's – Samantha's mother. A suburban mother with a sharp wit and a competitive, controlling quality, who lives vicariously through her only daughter. (Vocal Range: Mezzo Soprano) <i>(95 lines)</i>
APATHY (f)	An amiable couch-potato Monster. She is mischievous, childlike, and loves to procrastinate and play. (Vocal Range: Bright Soprano to a G) <i>(172 lines)</i>

- FEAR (f) A paranoid, fear-monger Monster who is afraid of her own shadow. (Vocal Range: Mezzo with a belt) *(161 lines)*
- BODY (m) A fabulously confident, and hysterically insecure Body Monster. (Vocal Range: Baritone to a G) *(127 lines)*
- BIRTHDAY GIRL (f)..... early 20's – a birthday telegram singer who is extremely fit, funny and attractive. (Vocal Range: Strong belt Mezzo) *(128 lines)*

DURATION: 95 minutes with a 10 Minute intermission

SETTING

We are in Sam's 5th floor one bedroom Manhattan walk-up apartment. The front door is adorned with various locks and deadbolts – an intercom is visible. The Bedroom is offstage. A large wardrobe armoire is in the living area, and an unused stationary bike is next to it draped with clothes. The kitchen counter is cluttered with several NY Times newspapers, travel brochures and coffee cups. Doors with security bars lead to a small brick terrace. There is also a bookshelf containing Inca-style artifacts and stacks of archeology books. In the center there is a sofa and a coffee table with an open box of low-fat muffins on top next to a bottle of tequila. There is a large gift-wrapped painting hanging on the wall. There is an unfinished NY Times crossword puzzle on the chair covering a travel brochure for Machu Picchu.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The life-size portrait of “Mother” is already gift-wrapped and hanging on the wall of the set at the opening of the show. The painting needs to function three ways: 1) As a painting 2) Needs to open so the Mother can be seen standing in the opening 3) The opening needs to be large enough for the Mother to step through and be able to join the scene and then return. There are many fun and creative ways to achieve this. Have fun with it!

PROPS

- Painting of MOTHER – Begins show wrapped with a bow
- Archeology Books
- Household Knick Knacks
- Coffee maker with coffee brewed
- Coffee Cups
- Low-Fat Muffins
- Empty Carton of Half & Half
- TV stage prop
- New York Times paper and crossword puzzle
- “You’re 40” Balloon
- Bathrobe with Detachable Belt
- Letter of Resignation
- Cell Phone
- Flashlight
- TV remote
- Chips
- Travel Brochures to Peru
- Syringe
- World Map with Pins
- Cordless Phone
- Snow Globe that lights up
- Turban
- Hyperventilation Bag (for Sam)
- Fire Extinguisher
- Mosquito Hat
- Fire Helmet
- Shopping Cart (for Fear)
- Large Bags (for Fear)
- Power Suit on Hanger
- 2 dresses on hangers
- Pilates ball
- Gas Mask/Oxygen mask
- Tweezers

- Magazine with Prominent Face (with plastic surgery, i.e. Michael Jackson)
- Crazy Outfit for SAM
- Stationary Bike/Exercise equipment
- Rubber Gloves
- White Sheet
- Pillow
- Detective Hat
- Magnifying Glass
- Fake Limb
- Butcher Knife
- Large Box (wrapped with removable cover)
- Medium Box (wrapped with removable cover)
- Black Dress on Hanger
- Glasses (for Fear)
- Caution Tape
- Oxygen Mask (like an oxygen mask in the plane)
- Scary Mask
- Stethoscope
- Blanket for couch
- Art Print for Wall
- Wooden Spoon
- Hiking Gear (fishing vest and boots)
- Hard Hat
- Purse
- Mug
- Microwave
- Tea Bag
- Mother's Scarf

MUSICAL NUMBERS**ACT ONE**

- SONG 1:** **OVERTURE**
(INSTRUMENTAL)
- SONG 2:** **EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS**
(ENTIRE CAST)
- SONG 3:** **HALF OF A LIFE**
(SAM)
- SONG 4:** **MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – APATHY**
(INSTRUMENTAL)
- SONG 5:** **OLD FRIENDS**
(APATHY, SAM)
- SONG 6:** **WHAT'S THE POINT?**
(APATHY, SAM)
- SONG 7:** **MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – FEAR**
(INSTRUMENTAL)
- SONG 8:** **BE AFRAID**
(FEAR, SAM, APATHY)
- SONG 9:** **YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW**
(FEAR, SAM, APATHY)
- SONG 10:** **MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – BODY**
(INSTRUMENTAL)
- SONG 11:** **ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE**
(BODY)
- SONG 12:** **DRESS UP**
(BODY, FEAR, APATHY)
- SONG 13:** **DON'T OPEN THE BOX**
(FEAR, BODY, APATHY, MOTHER, SAM)

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

- SONG 14:** **ENTR'ACTE**
(*INSTRUMENTAL*)
- SONG 15:** **MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – BIRTHDAY GIRL**
(*INSTURMENTAL*)
- SONG 16:** **HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY**
(*BIRTHDAY GIRL*)
- SONG 17:** **THE NEXT PART**
(*ENTIRE CAST*)
- SONG 18:** **FIGHT SCENE**
(*APATHY, FEAR, BODY, SAM, BIRTHDAY GIRL*)
- SONG 19:** **EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS – REPRISE**
(*SAM, FEAR, BODY, APATHY*)
- SONG 20:** **PHOBIAS**
(*ENTIRE CAST*)
- SONG 21:** **THAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO**
(*SAM*)
- SONG 22:** **YOU NEED US!**
(*BODY, FEAR, APATHY, SAM, BIRTHDAY GIRL*)
- SONG 23:** **FINALE**
(*ENTIRE CAST*)
- SONG 24:** **BOWS**
(*INSTRUMENTAL*)

PERFORMANCE BAND

Live band includes the following instruments: Piano/Keyboard 1, Keyboard 2, Electric Bass, and Drum Set.

ACT ONE

SONG #1: OVERTURE

(INSTRUMENTAL)

AT RISE: SAM is sleeping restlessly on the sofa. Today is her 40th Birthday. She is having a fitful "nightmare"... The music begins and a dreamlike vision of "Mother" appears and begins to sing to Samantha.

MUSIC: Overture leads right into this moment.

SONG #2: EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

(ENTIRE CAST)

MOTHER:

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE CHILD
SO AFRAID OF THE DARK THAT YOU CRIED
WHEN I HELD YOU AND TOLD YOU "MONSTER'S DON'T EXIST"
THAT WAS JUST TO SHUT YOU UP
I LIED

MOTHER exits and the APATHY, BODY and FEAR appear in the "dream" and sing.

FEAR:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS
EVERYONE YOU SEE
EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS
THEY'VE GOT ME

BODY:

AND ME

APATHY:

AND ME

BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

APATHY and FEAR:

EVERYBODY

BODY:

EVERYONE IT'S TRUE

APATHY and FEAR:

IT'S TRUE, IT'S TRUE

BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS
EVEN YOU

APATHY:

AND YOU,

FEAR:

AND YOU,

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

AND YOU AND
YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT

BODY:

I WAS HIDING IN YOUR CLOSET

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT

APATHY:

I WAS UNDERNEATH YOUR BED

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT

FEAR:

I WAS SCRATCHIN' AT THE WINDOW

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

THE TRUTH IS
WE'RE ALL IN YOUR HEAD

BOO!

APATHY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

FEAR, and BODY:

EV'RYBODY'S GOT 'EM

APATHY:

EVERYBODY HERE
 TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR MONSTERS:
 APATHY

BODY:

BODY

FEAR:

AND FEAR

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

WE'RE MONSTERS!

Lights up, SAM dreaming, they circle and address her directly.

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS
 SINGING IN THEIR EAR
 WHEN YOU THREATEN YOUR MONSTERS
 THEY APPEAR, APPEAR, APPEAR

AND WE'RE HERE, WE'RE HERE, WE'RE HERE

FEAR:

YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT
 I WAS SCRATCHIN' AT THE WINDOW

FEAR and APATHY:

MONSTERS

BODY:

YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT
 I WAS HIDING IN YOUR CLOSET

FEAR and BODY:

MONSTERS

APATHY:

YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT
 I WAS UNDERNEATH THE BED

APATHY, FEAR and BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT
 ALL OF YOU HAVE GOT
 TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR

They move to their exits on monsters theme.

ENTIRE CAST: *(Birthday Girl sings from off stage.)*

MONSTERS!

APATHY, FEAR, BODY, and MOTHER: Good morning Samantha!

The APATHY, FEAR, and BODY disappear. They have been hovering over SAMANTHA who is asleep on the sofa. MOTHER enters from SAMANTHA'S bedroom in a flourish with a black "You're 40" balloon and hands it to SAMANTHA. MOTHER talks incessantly.

MOTHER: Rise and shine Samantha! It's official – you're over the hill and I'm late – the alarm never went off!

SAM: No?

MOTHER: I have about 10 minutes and then I'm meeting Joyce in front of the theatre. Happy birthday Sammy! I can't believe I have a daughter who's forty. Not that your father could drag himself here to celebrate. *(Noticing SAM'S distraught state.)* What's the matter?

MOTHER begins to straighten up the place – SAM had been snacking at night.

SAM: I had a crazy dream.

MOTHER: Hal I'm not surprised after the 67 margaritas you drank last night. I read in Prevention magazine, that tequila can act as a hallucinogen.

SAM: It seemed so real. There were monsters—

MOTHER: Your ability to handle hard liquor deteriorates as you age.

MOTHER gestures to the gift-wrapped painting and sings a short and fun rendition of Happy Birthday to SAM as she brings her toward the gift-wrapped painting.

MOTHER: Go ahead. Open it.

SAM goes to the painting and removes the wrapping paper. It is a large painted portrait of MOTHER.

MOTHER: Do you like it?

SAM: (*Stunned.*) Yeah—it's really... great.

MOTHER: It was your father's idea. He loves this artist.

SAM: (*At a loss.*) It's...so... real – and – great. Really.

MOTHER: Are you feeling alright? You're getting too old for the bar scene.

SAM: Come on – you had a great time – flirting with our prepubescent waiter.

MOTHER: I think you have that backwards. The young ones always look my way.

MOTHER reads the ingredients on the box of low-fat muffins.

SAM: I'm telling dad.

MOTHER: What the hell is in these muffins? (*Reading.*) Splenda?

SAM: Yeah – zero calories—

MOTHER: That causes liver inflammation in mice.

SAM begins to eat chips instead. FEAR Laughs. MOTHER does not hear. SAM is shocked by the sound.

MOTHER: (*Throws the muffins in the trash.*) Samantha, what is wrong with you? (*Goes to pour them coffee.*) Everyone gets a little depressed when they turn forty.

SAM: That's not it.

MOTHER: Is it your weight? Or your hair? What?

MOTHER picks up last week's NY Times Crossword puzzle and glances at it.

SOUND CUE 1: Tapping On Security Bars

SAM: Did you hear that?

MOTHER: I think you need a little fresh air to bring you back to earth.

SAM pours herself some coffee.

SAM: This is what I need. Coffee.

MOTHER: It tastes like paint thinner.

SAM: It's Starbucks.

MOTHER opens the back doors and checks the security bars.

MOTHER: Sam, you should lock those bars.

SAM: I'm on the 5th floor – who's gonna climb up and get me?
Spiderman?

MOTHER: You think demented murderers can't climb?

MOTHER tosses SAM the NY Times crossword puzzle.

MOTHER: By the way, twenty-five down is "benevolent." I did that one
in two hours last week.

SAM: (*Filling in the word.*) I was... almost finished.

MOTHER picks up a travel brochure from the counter.

MOTHER: (*Amused.*) Uh-huh. What's this? 3 weeks in Peru?

SAM: I'm... thinking about a trip.

MOTHER: You're planning to use your *entire vacation* to go to Peru?
What about spending some time with your father and me?

SAM: Mom, what would you say if I told you that I wanted to... leave
my job?

MOTHER: (*Incredulous.*) I'd ask you why?

SAM: Because... well... I'm... giving notice... on Monday.

MOTHER: What?!

SAM: I'm leaving the firm. My letter of resignation is written.

SAM gets the letter from her purse.

MOTHER: I hope this is a joke Samantha!

SAM: I need a change mom.

The LIGHTS flicker. SAM heads for the handy flashlight.

SAM: Ugh - these blackouts are completely ridiculous.

MOTHER: I can't believe this. I thought you were up for a big promotion?

SAM: I am. My boss is going to fall to his knees and beg me to stay.

MOTHER: Of course you should stay! Oh for crying out loud. What am I supposed to tell Joyce? That you're walking away from the most prestigious firm on Wall Street?

SAM: Tell her I ran. I'm not happy.

APATHY giggles, this is very loud to SAM.

MOTHER: And this... this will make you cheery? You're thinking of running off to – (*Picking up a travel brochure and reading.*) Machu Picchu for... for what!?

SAM: I booked the tickets – and they're non-refundable. (*Beat.*)

MOTHER: Running away to Peru? For Pete's sake Sam – when is the last time you flew anyway? (*Beat.*)

SAM: Can we please not talk about that—

MOTHER: You freaked out the entire plane with your panic attack-

FEAR laughs.

MOTHER: Samantha – you won't be able to *get off* the plane and *drive* home this time. Do you realize that Peru is a jungle full of snakes - and Guerillas with Uzis?

SAM: We're not going to bust up a drug cartel. It's safe.

MOTHER: You'd better hope so. You'll end up hanging dead from a tree. And let's hope you personally locate the Inca treasure so you can make your mortgage payments.

SAM: I'll manage. I have savings.

MOTHER: That will evaporate into thin air without an income. (*Beat.*) You don't even have a plan do you? (*Beat.*) —because if you do, I'd love to hear it.

SAM: ...it's a chance to work with archeologists who are doing *very* interesting work. Mom, I'll never find out what I'm meant to do unless—

MOTHER: What? You already *have* a career. You chose that over a family. Now you want to climb a mountain? Why?

SAM: Because... it's there! I don't know. I'm tired of armchair adventure. (*SAM picks up a book on Archeology.*) I'm—

MOTHER: A forty-year-old runaway. A forty-year-old archeologist?! When did you dream this up?

SAM: I'm serious.

MOTHER: Samantha – look at yourself. You remember what happened when I turned forty? (*Amused.*) For heaven's sake, you remind me of me. (*Beat.*) I wanted to sail to Paris and speak French! I wanted to sit in cafes and read Proust. Only I never went. It was a completely selfish idea. Your brains turn to mush when you hit forty. You just have to persevere and the crazy ideas will subside.

SAM: Maybe you should have gone.

MOTHER: Don't be ridiculous. I could no sooner learn French than I could learn Greek.

SAM: It's time for me to cultivate a new career. Hey, forty's the "new twenty" right?

MOTHER: Uh-huh. Those little crows' feet don't look like they belong to a twenty year old. Samantha, in my day a woman wasn't even allowed to step one foot—

SAM: (*Heard this all before. Simultaneously with MOTHER.*) "On the floor of the Exchange"

MOTHER: (*Simultaneously with SAM.*) —on the floor of the Exchange—

SAM: —I know, I know.

MOTHER: You're acting like you have all the time in the world – half of your life is over! The EASY half. When I was your age, I had a daughter in college.

SAM: I know.

MOTHER: Off you went – to major in psychology of all things.

SAM: To unlock the mysteries of my troubled youth.

MOTHER: Wait until you have children. (*"God willing".*) Some people have real troubles you know. Thank God you switched to business!

SAM: Finance – and you threatened me.

MOTHER: It was all paid for. Some of your friends are still paying off their student loans! I bet they're not traipsing around a jungle – it's irresponsible.

APATHY'S hand comes up from behind the couch and takes a chip from the bag. There is a chip crunching sound. SAM is startled and confused. APATHY laughs and we hear chips crunching.

SAM: What the?-

MOTHER: Dog-gone it Sam!

SAM: *(Slightly mocking.)* Dog-gone it?

MOTHER: Do you realize what we sacrificed for your happiness? You're throwing your career in the toilet!

MOTHER goes to the closet to get her scarf. An arm extends from the closet and waves the scarf. MOTHER does not see the arm and takes the scarf– but SAM is frightened.

SAM: Oh my God!

MOTHER: Samantha – what *is* the matter with you?

SAM: Nothing...

SAM opens the closet door and looks inside. Nobody is there.

MOTHER: Oh! I wish you'd be sensible. There's no time to make any more mistakes.

MOTHER moves to find the want ads in the New York Times.

SAM: Mistakes?

MOTHER: Good jobs are hard to come by Samantha – especially as you age. Do you want to go back to packing muffins at Turner's Bakery? Because that's where you're headed young lady.

SAM: So now I'm young again?

MOTHER: Go ahead - make jokes. Being over forty is a curse for women. The men won't be lining up anymore either. *(To herself.)* By the way, did you ever introduce yourself to your handsome neighbor? *(Beat.)* Well?

SAM: We occasionally bump into each other on the stairs.

MOTHER: Uh-huh.

SOUND CUE 2: Mother's Cell Phone Ring

It sounds like the "Lone Ranger".

MOTHER: That's your father. *(To the unanswered phone she shuts it off.)* I am NOT here. *(To SAM.)* You can break this news yourself.

SOUND CUE 3: STOP Mother's Cell Phone Ring

Visual cue with MOTHER.

SAM: Aren't you going to answer it?

MOTHER: No. He's a nag. Because he has nothing to do. That's what happens when you retire **too early**. Samantha, don't be a quitter ...

SAM: *(Firmly.)* I made a decision.

The LIGHTS flicker. SAM gets the flashlight ready for a blackout.

MOTHER: Tell them you just need a little break. *(Beat.)* How about if you and I take a nice trip to Naples next month? My treat!

SAM: I don't want to go to Florida. I thought you were driving down with dad.

MOTHER: You'd rather contract malaria.

SAM: Yes.

MOTHER: You're worse than your father. I'm very worried about you. You need to tear that letter up or you'll wind up a useless lay-about watching the weather channel. Or worse – you'll be out on the street! Sam, you **NEED** a job!

MOTHER holds up the employment section of the NY Times and shakes it at SAM. MOTHER'S cell beeps with a message she looks at it and notices the time.

SOUND CUE 4: Mother's Cell Phone Message Beep

SAM: Now you're really late. Have fun at the show. Say hi to Joyce.

MOTHER: Well, maybe a little hiking will do wonders for you. I've been jogging 2 miles a day. You should start running. It'll help you get your figure back.

She taps SAM'S thigh and bum.

SAM: Mother!

MOTHER: I have to go. We'll discuss this later. Happy mid-life-crisis Samantha!

SAM: Thanks!

MOTHER leaves with a flourish. SAM locks the door.

SAM: (*Mocking mother.*) "We'll discuss this later!", "I do wish you'd be sensible.", "You're worse than your father..."

The lights shift and the portrait of the MOTHER flickers and we hear her voice .

MOTHER: (*From Offstage.*) Half your life is *OVER*.

SAM: She's right.

SONG #3: HALF OF A LIFE

(SAM)

SAM:

HALF OF MY LIFE!
I'VE LIVED HALF OF MY LIFE!
AND FOR HALF OF MY LIFE!
I'VE LIVED HALF OF A LIFE!

I'VE BEEN HALF FOCUSED
HALF DEPRESSED
HALF CRAZY
HALF INVOLVED
HALF AFRAID
HALF IN SHAPE
HALF LAZY
HALF RESOLVED
HALF COMMITTED
HALF DELUDED
AND NOW HERE'S A HALF--A--LAUGH

I HAVE HALF A CUP OF COFFEE
AND I'M OUT OF HALF AND HALF!

(SPOKEN.) Ok Sam.

—STOP BEING SO PESSIMISTIC.
HALF OF WHAT SHE SAYS IS TOTAL BULL.
TRY TO LOOK AT LIFE LIKE IT'S THIS CUP OF COFFEE
IT'S NOT HALF EMPTY – IT'S HALF FULL
-IT'S HALF FULL.

AND I'VE GOT
HALF OF A LIFE AHEAD OF ME.
HALF OF A LIFE TO GO.
PLENTY OF TIME TO DO
WHAT I WANT TO DO.
WHAT DO I WANT TO DO?
I DON'T KNOW!

BUT I'VE GOT HALF OF A LIFE TO DO IT IN.
HALF OF A LIFE IN VIEW.
PLENTY OF TIME TO BE
WHO I WANT TO BE
WHO DO I WANT TO BE?
NOT A CLUE!

I'VE BEEN HALF INSPIRED
HALF DEVOTED
HALF SECLUDED
HALF RESPONSIVE.
HALF OF THE TIME I ONLY GO HALF WAY.

I'VE BEEN HALF CONNECTED
HALF DISTRACTED
HALF INDIFFERENT
HALF EXHAUSTED.
HALF IN CONTROL OF MY LIFE
BUT STARTING TODAY – STARTING TODAY—

I'VE GOT HALF OF A LIFE AHEAD OF ME.
IT'S TIME THAT I TAKE CONTROL.
AND I WILL DO WHAT I WANT TO DO.
AND I'LL BE WHO I WANT TO BE.

AND THE SECOND HALF OF MY LIFE
WILL BE MORE THAN HALF OF A LIFE.
YES THE SECOND HALF OF MY LIFE
WILL BE WHOLE!

The lights flicker and go to Black.

SAM: *(In darkness.)* What the!? Helloooo?! Jesus – not again! I really need to move.

SAM grabs a flashlight and shines it to reveal MOTHER'S portrait, then she shines it on APATHY.

SONG #4: MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – APATHY
(INSTRUMENTAL)

SAM: *(Startled, screams.)* Ahhhhhhh!

APATHY: *(Startled, screams.)* Ahhhhhhhh!

The lights come back on – SAM holds the flashlight like a sword.

SAM: *(Startled, screams)* Ahhhhhhhh!

APATHY: *(Startled, screams.)* Ahhhhhhhh!

SAM: *(Startled screams.)* Ahhhhhhhh!

APATHY: *(Startled screams.)* Ahhhhhhhh!

SAM: *(Out of breath.)* Ahhhh! Who the hell are you!?

APATHY: *(Matter of fact.)* A monster.

SAM: A monster?!

APATHY: *(With glee.)* A monster.

SAM: A monster?!

APATHY: *(Matter of fact.)* Um...Yeah.

SAM: *(Crazed.)* What do you want? Wait! You were in my dream!

APATHY: That wasn't a dream. I'm assigned to you.

APATHY grabs the television remote and tries to turn on the TV.

SAM: *(Confused.)* A monster? Assigned to me?

APATHY: *(Frustrated – still clicking.)* Yup. This isn't working.

SAM: I disconnected it! *(Pause.)* You don't look scary – like a monster.

APATHY: Oh, I know. Some of us like to be referred to as *demons*, but I like the term "monster". It's much more intimidating.

APATHY goes for the chips on the table behind the couch.

SAM: You're not very... scary.

APATHY: (*Eating chips.*) I know, I used to try harder, but I kind of gave up. These are stale.

SAM: You gave up trying to be scary?

APATHY: It's a *LOT* of work you know. I'd rather take a nap, but I'm assigned to you. I don't sleep unless you do.

SAM: Whoa, whoa – you don't sleep with me. Do you?

APATHY: (*Smiling.*) I'm assigned.

APATHY tries the TV remote again.

SAM: I should not drink tequila! And just who—may I ask—assigned you?

APATHY: (*Upbeat.*) You did. Chip?

APATHY offers SAM a chip.

SAM: I most certainly did not!

APATHY: Oh, yes you did. You just weren't aware of it.

SAM: (*Trying to reason.*) OK, OK, OK. Let me get this straight. You say you've always been "assigned" to me?

APATHY: Well... since Gilligan's Island was on.

SAM: Gilligan's Island? [*Or insert updated television reference.*]

APATHY: MaryAnn was our favorite. (*APATHY sings a little of the TV Theme song.*)

SAM: (*Registering the memory.*) Our? (*Beat.*) Wait... why can I see you now?

APATHY: Oh, when us monsters are feeling a little... "threatened," we're allowed to show ourselves to you – in order to really scare you.

SAM: Well, you're not... very scary. Can anyone else see you?

APATHY: Nope. Just you. I don't seem scary, but I'm really... bad. You know?

SAM: Bad?

APATHY: Yeah, I cause all sorts of problems in people's lives. That's why I'm a monster. Some of the others seem a lot scarier, but I'm pretty... *bad*.

SONG #5: OLD FRIENDS

(*APATHY, SAMANTHA*)

APATHY:

YOU KNOW ALL THOSE THINGS
 THAT YOU SAY THAT YOU'LL DO BUT YOU DON'T? GUESS WHO!
 YOU KNOW THAT BIG LIST
 THAT YOU PLAN TO GET THROUGH BUT YOU WON'T?
 THAT'S ME TOO!

I'VE BORED TO DEATH ALL OF YOUR BOYFRIENDS
 BROUGHT AN END TO ALL YOUR CAREERS.
 I GUESS YOU COULD SAY WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS AND YEARS
 AND YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS AND...

SAM: (*SPOKEN.*) Ok I get the point!

APATHY:

I KNOW ALL YOUR AMBITIONS.
 WE'VE DISCUSSED THEM AT LENGTH.
 I TELL YOU DON'T BOTHER IT'S HARD
 IT CAN NEVER BE DONE
 IT'S EXHAUSTING YOU DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH.
 IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO CONVINCING YOU
 MOST OF THE TIME WE COMPLETELY AGREE.
 WE'RE OLD FRIENDS YOU AND ME.

SAM: You and I

APATHY: What?

SAM: You said "You and me." The grammatically correct way to say it is "you and I".

Beat.

APATHY:

IT'S NO WONDER YOU'RE SINGLE.
 BUT I'M PARTLY TO BLAME.
 I TELL YOU HE'S STUPID, STAY IN,
 IT'S TOO LATE, LOVE IS WORK,
 ALL RELATIONSHIPS END UP THE SAME.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO PERSUADE YOU
 DEEP DOWN INSIDE WE BOTH KNOW IT'S ALL TRUE.
 WE'RE OLD FRIENDS ME AND YOU.

SAM: "you and I"**APATHY:** (*Spoken.*) Whatever!**APATHY:** (*Singing.*)

PROCRASTINATION APATHY LAZINESS
 I'M ALWAYS HERE IN YOUR HEAD.
 WHISPERING "WHY PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW,
 WHAT YOU CAN PUT OFF TILL YOU'RE DEAD!"

YOU HAVE SUCH ASPIRATIONS.
 GOD, THEY'RE ALL SUCH A BORE.
 I ASK YOU WHY STRUGGLE, WHY PUSH,
 WHAT'S THE POINT, WHAT'S THE USE,
 IS IT WORTH IT, AND WHAT IS IT FOR?
 IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO DIVERT YOU,
 WHEN YOU GIVE IN IT'S SO CUTE HOW YOU SIGH.

Both sigh.

WE'RE OLD FRIENDS YOU AND ME

SAM:
YOU AND I**APATHY:**
WHATEVER!*SAM hits her head and drinks some coffee and closes her eyes tightly.***SAM:** Go away! (*Opens her eyes.*) Can I have you un-assigned?**APATHY:** It's a *very* difficult process. You have to do... well... lots of specific things. I can get you the paperwork if you want it.**SAM:** Ok.

APATHY: It's about... three... thousand pages long. I can get it for you.

SAM: I'm not reading that much paperwork –

APATHY: I won't read it either. Very dull. We're missing "Wheel of Fortune".

SAM: So you appear when you're feeling threatened?

APATHY: (*Knowing she's said too much.*) *That's right.*

SAM: What made you feel threatened?

APATHY: I can't tell you.

SAM: (*Fed up.*) Why not?!

APATHY: It's against the rules. We all have to follow these really strict rules to be monsters. It's the "demonic code".

SAM: I can't deal with this.

APATHY: Do you want me to get the 3,000 page thingy?

SAM: No! There must be a way around all these picky details.

APATHY: That's against the code! Tsk tsk tsk.

SAM: Oh come on, stop being such a wuss.

APATHY: Hey – that's what they all call me!

SAM: Who?

APATHY: Your other monsters.

SAM: (*Dumbfounded.*) My other monsters?!- How many are there?!

APATHY: (*Knowing she has said too much.*) I really can't say.

SAM: Why aren't they hanging around today?

APATHY: They must not feel "threatened" today.

SAM: Well, maybe I'll "threaten" one! How about that?

APATHY: I don't care. (*Tries the TV remote.*) Why'd you disconnect this?

APATHY tries the TV remote again.

SAM: (*Impatient.*) Because reality TV has addled my brain!

APATHY: No – we like it.

SAM: Look, it's my birthday! I don't need any more grief today!

APATHY: —have a chip.

APATHY offers SAM a chip.

SAM: Stop feeding me chips! I have something to do, and you need to... step aside!

APATHY: What are you going to do?

SAM: It's none of your business. (*Looks around like: "where's that damn paper?"*)

SAM grabs the newspaper.

APATHY: Ugh – not another crossword puzzle.

SAM: I'm looking at some... possible... new career opportunities.

APATHY: Thought you were going to be an archeologist?

SAM: (*Surprised.*) Who told you that?!

APATHY: Do you really think your back can handle all that digging?
People will think you've really lost it.

SAM: I'll never know unless I try it.

APATHY: We didn't even like making sand castles.

SAM: Searching for the Inca treasure is a little different than building a sand castle.

APATHY: But we hate to get dirty. Besides, I doubt they advertise for archeologists in the paper. It's hard to change... at your age.

SAM: Just WHAT do you mean by that?! I am merely *middle-aged*, I can do anything I want.

APATHY: Except be a dancer.

SAM: I don't want to be a dancer.

APATHY: Well you took those lessons – but we hated to practice.
Remember Miss Cookie Cowlick—(*Pause.*)

SAM: (*Disbelief.*) Kollek!

APATHY: Whatever – Miss Cookie told us we had sick feet?

SAM: Sickle – not sick! Oddly curved. (*Examining her foot.*) You sound like my mother.

APATHY: Well... you're probably right. There are a number of other things you could pursue. What do you like to do?

SAM: I like to... do a *LOT* of things. I like to ski – I like to see movies and drink fine wine. And... I like to... have sex, but I certainly don't get to have it much these days!

APATHY: (*Upbeat.*) Hey, hey, hey – how about a prostitute?!

SAM: (*Blowing up.*) Are you insane?! I don't want to have sex with strangers!

APATHY: What about that guy Phil from Milwaukee? The one with the Harley?

SAM: That doesn't count!

APATHY: When you have sex the first time with someone, aren't they really a stranger?

SAM: Prostitution is illegal! Why am I talking to you? YOU'RE A MONSTER! You don't have any scruples! You don't care if I end up in jail!

APATHY: It's not illegal everywhere. It's easy money – you just lie there and spread your—

SAM: (*Exploding.*) I am NOT changing careers to become a prostitute! YOU are not helping.

APATHY: I'm not supposed to help.

SAM: Then you're doing a damn good job!

APATHY: You seem awfully confused.

SAM: (*Exasperated.*) I know. Maybe I should see a counselor.

APATHY: Yes, I think a good therapist could help you.

SAM: (*Reading the paper.*) I meant a JOB counselor! Look (*Shows the newspaper.*) I could teach English in Guam.

APATHY: *Why?* Doesn't that require a special certificate or something? It sounds like a lot of work for not much pay.

APATHY moves some pins around on the world map.

SAM: I might really like it.

APATHY: I guess you'll never know until you go and try. You'll have to call and see what the requirements are. They'll put you on hold – or they'll have one of those answering systems that you get trapped in— (*Ad lib "press one for English, para Espanol – numero dos..."*)

SAM: (*Impatient.*) You're right. I'm not qualified. They probably pay ten dollars an hour. What's the point...?

SONG #6: WHAT'S THE POINT?

(SAMANTHA, APATHY)

APATHY: (*Spoken.*) Exactly...

APATHY: (*Singing.*)

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 WHY STRUGGLE? WHY PUSH?
 WHAT'S THE USE?
 JUST SIT ON YOUR TUSH!
 WHY CLAMOR FOR FAME?
 WE ALL END UP THE SAME.
 AT DEATH'S DOOR LOOKING BACK MOANING "WHY???"

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 YOU'LL EVENTUALLY DIE.

SAM: That's not true! I could still...

APATHY: Of course you COULD. But that's the point!

SAM: What's the point?

APATHY: Exactly.

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 WHY CLING TO OLD HOPES?
 HAVE A SEAT!
 CATCH UP ON YOUR SOAPS!
 WATCH "AS THE WORLD TURNS"
 IT WILL SOOTHE YOUR CONCERNS
 WHEN THE RICH AND THE BEAUTIFUL CRY
 "WHAT'S THE POINT?!"
 AND KEEL OVER AND DIE.

SAM: But I have plenty of years left to—

APATHY:

YES, I KNOW THERE'S STILL TIME.
 YES I KNOW YOU'RE STILL YOUNG.
 YOU'RE CLIMBING THAT LADDER OF LIFE WITH SUCH FLAIR
 BUT IT'S SUCH A SHORT CLIMB
 TO THAT VERY LAST RUNG.
 HAPPY BIRTHDAY
 YOU'RE FORTY
 YOU'RE MORE THAN HALFWAY THERE

SING IT WITH ME SAM!

APATHY:

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 WHY BOTHER? WHY STRIVE?
 WHAT'S THE POINT?

SAM:

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 WHAT'S THE POINT?

APATHY:

YOU'RE BARELY ALIVE.
 YOU'RE FORTY YEARS OLD
 IT'S TOO LATE TO BE BOLD
 FROM NOW ON WHAT'S YOUR STANDARD REPLY?

SAM:

WHAT'S THE POINT?

APATHY:

NO! MORE PASSION MORE GLEE!

SAM:

WHAT'S THE POINT?!

APATHY:

GOOD, NOW ONCE MORE WITH ME

SAM and APATHY:

WHAT'S THE POINT?
 WE'LL EVENTUALLY DIE!
 WHAT'S THE POINT
 WE'LL EVENTUALLY DIE!
 WE'LL ALL DIE!

SAM: This isn't going to work.

APATHY pretends to read the paper.

APATHY: Gemini – your complex and contradictory nature will be in full bloom today. Try to focus on the virtue of versatility, and not on the vices of two-facedness and flightiness.

SAM: It does not say that.

APATHY: Sticking to a decision will be particularly hard for you today.

SAM: (*Trying to get the paper.*) It doesn't say that!

APATHY: (*Keeping it from her.*) You could use a little psychic guidance.

SAM: Never.

APATHY: Why not? They're on every street corner in New York.

SAM: I'm afraid of them.

APATHY: There's nothing to be afraid of; most of them are quacks!

SAM: I've always wanted to have my palm read, but they give me the creeps. (*Beat.*) Maybe I should do it - just for kicks! What the hell, I'm 40—

SOUND CUE 5: "Thunder"

SONG #7: MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – FEAR
(INSTRUMENTAL)

FEAR enters laden with a cart and large, full, bags.

SONG #8: BE AFRAID
(FEAR, APATHY, SAMANTHA)

APATHY: Oh no, sheeee's baaack.

APATHY points to FEAR coming in the French doors.

FEAR:
SHHHHHH!

SAM: Who? (*SAM turns and sees FEAR – she screams.*) AHFFF!

FEAR:
SHHHHHH!

SAM: Who are you??

FEAR:
BRING IT DOWN A NOTCH!

SAM: Why?

FEAR:
THEY'RE WATCHING!

SAM: Who?

FEAR:
THEY'RE LISTENING!

SAM:

WHO?

FEAR:

THE PEOPLE WHO LISTEN AND WATCH.

FEAR picks up Peru brochure.

YOU CAN'T PURSUE THIS NONSENSE ANY LONGER.
 YOU CAN'T JUST FACE DOWN ANY FEAR THAT THRILLS YOU.
 YES THEY SAY WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU MAKES YOU STRONGER.
 BUT DON'T FORGET
 WHAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU STRONGER KILLS YOU!

THE WORLD IS VICIOUS
 FULL OF DANGERS
 BE SUSPICIOUS
 OF STRANGERS.

THUGS WILL MUG YOU.
 THE FEDS ARE TRAILING YOU.
 DATES WILL DRUG YOU.
 YOUR LIVER'S FAILING YOU.

BE CAREFUL
 BE LEERY
 FOR EV'RY MAN YOU LIKE.
 OH THERE'S TEN MORE COMPLETELY PSYCHO.

LOCK THE WINDOW
 BOLT THE DOOR.
 THE WORLD HAS CHANGED
 IT'S NOT SAFE ANYMORE.

DRAW THE CURTAIN
 PULL THE SHADE
 BE AFRAID BE AFRAID BE AFRAID.

THE WORLD IS BRUTAL.
 MEN, DISDAINFUL.
 LIFE IS FUTILE
 AND PAINFUL.

HIT THE JACKPOT
OR THEY'LL FORECLOSE ON YOU
THEN SOME CRACKPOT
WILL RUB HIS TOES ON YOU.

BE CAUTIOUS
BE WARY
IN EV'RY VEGGIE MEDLY.
THERE'S ONE MUSHROOM THAT IS DEADLY.

LOCK THE WINDOWS
BOLT THE DOOR.
THE WORLD HAS CHANGED
IT'S NOT SAFE ANYMORE.

DRAW THE CURTAIN
PULL THE SHADE
BE AFRAID BE AFRAID BE AFRAID.

SO YOU PLAN TO FLY?

SAM: Yes!

FEAR:
HAVE YOU READ THE NEWS?

SAM: No!

FEAR:
WE'RE AT RED ALERT!
(*Spoken.*) Do you want to die?

SAM: No!

FEAR:
WELL YOU SHOULD READ THE NEWS
NOW AND THEN
IT WOULDN'T HURT!

TAKE A LOOK!
ON PAGE TWO!
A PLANE CRASH IN THE JUNGLE.
THEY ALL DIED!
'CEPT A FEW WHO LATER DIED,
SOMETHING FUNGAL.

ANYWAY, THE MORAL TO THIS STORY
IS YOUR TRIP IS CERTAIN DEATH.
IT WILL BE HORRIBLE AND GORY.
WAIT I HAVE TO CATCH MY BREATH.

AH GO LOCK THE WINDOW

SAMANTHA and APATHY:

LOCK THE WINDOW

FEAR:

BOLT THE DOOR

SAMANTHA and APATHY:

BOLT THE DOOR

FEAR:

THE WORLD

FEAR, SAMANTHA, and APATHY:

IT'S CHANGED
WE'RE NOT SAFE ANYMORE.

FEAR:

DRAW THE CURTAIN
PULL THE SHADE

SAMANTHA, and APATHY:

DRAW THE CURTAIN AND SHADE
PULL THE SHADE.

FEAR:

SO YOU SAY YOU WANT TO FACE YOUR FEAR.
WELL COME ON FACE ME NOW CUZ I'M RIGHT HERE.
BUT JUST IN CASE I HAVEN'T MADE IT CLEAR.
BE AFRAID!

APATHY and FEAR:

WE'RE AFRAID!

FEAR: Oh Samantha – I'm home! (*Suddenly paranoid.*) Now what's this about us trekking to Peru to be ravaged by Pit Vipers? (*FEAR puts on a mosquito net hat.*)

APATHY: I don't trek! (*To SAM.*) She's bucking to be monster of the year!

FEAR: I've already won that title five times. (*To APATHY.*) Wuss-bag! Because I'm not LAZY! We KNOW you don't trek.

SAM: It's a safe... expedition.

APATHY: She wants to dig in the dirt.

FEAR: Beware of scorpions! Do you have a poison extraction kit? I have one somewhere.

FEAR looks in her bag.

SAM: Poison extraction?

FEAR: You need to practice with a partner – sucking the venom out of the bite wound. I'm not doing it.

APATHY: Me neither.

FEAR: Do you want to lose a limb?! You can't be too careful!

SAM: Oh I'm aware of that.

FEAR: (*Smug.*) Thanks to me.

SAM: Thanks to my mother.

FEAR: (*Smiling.*) Exactly.

APATHY: (*Hurt.*) Hey – I thought *I* reminded you of your mother.

The painting of MOTHER flickers and we hear voice over.

MOTHER: (*As painting.*) "You'll be a *lay-about* watching the weather channel."

APATHY laughs.

FEAR: Are you equipped with plenty of oxygen?

SAM: For what?

FEAR: When you go high into the mountains where the air is thin – you may start to hallucinate!

APATHY: (*Helpful.*) See things.

SAM: I'm already seeing things!

APATHY: (*Confused.*) Oh my God you are?

FEAR: Don't worry – the water will probably do you in before the snakes. When are you consulting the psychic Samantha?

SAM: I'm... not sure.

FEAR: Some of them have real powers you know. Some can see your future – no matter how bleak it may be.

APATHY: Oh, here we go.

FEAR: Are you prepared to know what your fate is?

SAM: (*Afraid.*) I probably won't see a psychic. They're almost all quacks.

FEAR: Let's call one.

FEAR picks up the phone and shows it to SAM.

APATHY: You can't just call them up! You have to know someone who can put you in touch with them, it takes a lot of research.

FEAR: No one asked you!

FEAR fishes in her bag again and pulls out a snow globe.

SAM: It's a bad idea.

FEAR: It's a terrific idea. As a matter of fact – some of my best friends are psychics! (*FEAR peers into the snow globe.*)

FEAR pulls a turban out of her bag and puts it on. She picks up the snow globe and peers into it intensely.

SONG #9: YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

(*FEAR, SAMANTHA, APATHY*)

FEAR:

DARKNESS, DANGER, DREAM OR DREAD
TELL US NOW WHAT LIES AHEAD!

FEAR: Can you see what I see?

SAM: (*Timidly.*) No.

FEAR: Oh My!

SAM and APATHY: What?!

FEAR:

YOU LAND A NEW JOB

SAM : Great!

APATHY: (*Simultaneously with SAM.*) Ugg!

FEAR:

YOU BUY A NEW CAR.

SAM: A Convertible?

FEAR:

YOU TAKE IN A PUPPY.

APATHY: That's a lotta work!

FEAR:

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN LUCK!

SAM: It's about time.

FEAR:

THEN EEK!!

SAM and APATHY: What?

FEAR:

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

SAM:

TELL ME!

FEAR:

REALLY YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

SAM:

THE JOB?

FEAR:

LAID OFF

SAM:

THE CAR?

FEAR:

REPOSSESSED

SAM:

THE PUPPY?

FEAR:

GET'S HIT BY A TRUCK!

SAM: Not my puppy! I loved him

APATHY: You only had him for 12 seconds.

SAM: I'll never get a puppy again.

FEAR: Look who else you love!

SAM: Who? Where?!

FEAR:

YOU GO ON A DATE

SAM: Finally.

FEAR:

YOU SEE HIM AGAIN

APATHY: That's a first!

FEAR:

HE TELLS YOU HE LOVES YOU

SAM: At Last!

FEAR:

THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE!
THEN OH!

SAM:

WHAT?

FEAR:

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

SAM:

TELL ME!

FEAR:

REALLY YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

SAM:

MY DATE?

FEAR:

A CATCH

SAM:

A CATCH!

FEAR:

THERE'S A CATCH!

SAM:

A CATCH?

FEAR:

YOU CATCH HIM WITH HIS WIFE.

SAM: Ugh! Men!

APATHY: You said it!

FEAR: Wait! The next one looks like...

SAM: Like what?!

FEAR:

A DOCTOR!

SAM:

A DOCTOR!

FEAR:

NAMED WARREN—

I THINK HE'S FOREIGN.

YES! HE'S FROM SIDNEY!

SAM:

WOW A DOCTOR! WITH AN ACCENT!

FEAR:

YOU'RE SLEEPING.

SAM:

WITH A DOCTOR

FEAR:

HE'S LEANING OVER YOU

SAM:

KISSING ME GOODNIGHT?

FEAR:

REMOVING YOUR KIDNEY!

SAM: What?!!

FEAR: Don't worry – you have two. (*Checks the snow globe.*) Oops, no you don't!

SAM: I can't hear any more of this.

SAM begins to hyperventilate into a bag.

APATHY: We need a vacation.

FEAR:

A TROPICAL BEACH

APATHY:

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT

FEAR:

AN AFTERNOON SWIM

APATHY:

BETTER YOU THAN ME

FEAR:

YOU SWIM WITH A DOLPHIN

SAM:

I LOVE DOLPHINS

FEAR:

THE PICTURE IS DARK
THEN... EEK!

SAM:

WHAT?!

FEAR:

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

SAM:

TELL ME!

FEAR and APATHY:

REALLY YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW

SAM:

THE BEACH?

FEAR:

IT'S NICE

SAM:

THE SWIM?

FEAR:

REALLY NICE

SAM:

THE DOLPHIN?

FEAR:

IT'S REALLY A SHARK!

SAM: Does it eat me?!

FEAR: No – not all of you.

SAM: Not ALL of ME?!

FEAR: Just a nibble really... Wait!

SAM and APATHY: What?!

FEAR: This is big!

FEAR:

YOU WIN THE LOTTERY
MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
ALL OF YOUR WILDEST DREAMS COME TRUE!
YOU'RE WEALTHY

SAM: Really?!

FEAR:

YOU'RE HAPPY

SAM: I am?

FEAR:

WAIT!

SAM: What?

FEAR:

OOPS – THAT ISN'T YOU

SAM: You're a monster!

FEAR: Demon!

SAM: I'm—

FEAR: Afraid?

SAM: Yes!

FEAR: But we can't stop now – we're nearing the end!

SAM: The end?

APATHY: Oh Boy...

FEAR:

THE END OF YOUR LIFE
YOU'RE SLIPPING AWAY
THERE'S LIGHT IN THE TUNNEL

APATHY: At least there's a light.

FEAR:

BUT WHERE DOES IT GO?

SAM:

JUST STOP!

FEAR:

WHY?

SAM:

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

APATHY:

TELL HER!

SAM:

REALLY I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

FEAR:

YOU'RE SCARED?

SAM:

TO DEATH!

FEAR:

OF WHAT?

SAM:

OF MY DEATH

FEAR:

I CAN SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW
 WHEN, WHERE AND HOW
 YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF SIX FEET BELOW.
 BUT OH

SAM:

NO I

FEAR and APATHY:

YOU

FEAR, SAM, and APATHY:

DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

SAM: Please – go away!**FEAR and APATHY:** We're ASSIGNED!*SAM panics for a minute.***SAM:** Are you sure no one else can see you?**FEAR:** Just you.**SAM:** (To *FEAR*.) You are much scarier, I do feel like I've seen you before.**FEAR:** Babysitting at the Robinson's? When you heard those footsteps on the roof...**SAM:** That was you?!**FEAR:** Hell no – I was under the bed.**SAM:** You don't sleep with me too-?**FEAR:** (Laughs louder.) Ah ha ha ha!**APATHY:** She never plays fair.**FEAR:** Sometimes I tap at your window (*FEAR looks at the coffee maker*.) Oh my GOD!*FEAR grabs a fire extinguisher and sprays the coffee maker.***FEAR:** You left that on – are you trying to burn the BUILDING DOWN?!**SAM:** It has an automatic shut off!**APATHY:** That's convenient!

FEAR: Until the day it MALFUNCTIONS! We'll end up homeless. I refuse to go back to those mean streets!

FEAR puts on a fire helmet. MOTHER'S portrait speaks.

MOTHER: *(As painting.)* You'll end up hanging dead from a tree.

SAM: This is insane – I'm still. *(SAM slaps her face to wake up.)* You're NOT here and you're not here! Get a grip, Sam. It's my birthday and... I'm going out with Nancie – I have to look good.

SAM goes to the closet and takes out a few outfits.

APATHY: Pajamas are fine.

SAM: I should have gone shopping! I hate my clothes. These horrid power suits. I'm throwing them all away!

SAM tosses a suit and holds a dress up to herself in the mirror.

SAM: OK – that makes me look like a cow! I need to start working out. I MEAN it! I have that damn gym membership and I swear I'm going to use it!

SONG #10: MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – BODY
(INSTRUMENTAL)

The closet door opens revealing BODY.

APATHY: Uh Oh.

SAM: What?

FEAR: Well, well, if it isn't the princess herself.

SAM turns and sees BODY.

BODY: Did someone say... cow? *(Looking her up and down.)* I haven't come out of a closet like that since 1984!

SAM: Another monster?!

BODY: Well, well, well ... look at you!

SONG #11: IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE*(BODY)***BODY:**

GOOD GOD!
 GOOD LORD!
 I THINK GRAVITY SHOULD WIN AN AWARD.
 YOU'RE DROOPING
 YOU'RE WILTING
 YOU'RE SAGGING IN THE REAR
 AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE.

GOOD LORD!
 GOOD GRIEF
 YOUR POOR FACE, IT'S VERY GRAPHIC RELIEF
 ALL WRINKLES
 ALL CREASES
 ALL LINES FROM EAR TO EAR
 AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE.

THERE'S ALWAYS SURGERY.
 LIFT THE FACE, ENHANCE THE CHIN,
 REDUCE THE NOSE, A LITTLE LIPO ITS PURE BLISS

YES SURGERY!
 AND YOU CAN LOOK LIKE THIS!

BODY holds up a TIME magazine with a picture of Michael Jackson on the cover. [Insert any pop culture Icon with bad reconstructive face] SAM, APATHY, and FEAR all scream.

POOR DEAR
 POOR SOUL
 YOU'RE SAD LIFE IS SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL.
 YOU'RE GRASPING, YOU'RE GROPING
 YOU MIGHT GET UP OFF YOUR REAR.
 YOU MIGHT OVERCOME YOUR FEAR

BUT TIME MARCHES ON MY DEAR
 AND IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE!

BODY: *(Spoken.)* You're a Mess!

SAM: *(Broken.)* How many of you are there?

BODY, FEAR, and APATHY: *(Broad.)* We can't say.

SAM: (*Rushing to get dressed.*) People – will think I'm nuts. I'll be sent to the loony bin!

APATHY: (*To BODY.*) We could have handled this.

BODY: Oh I'm sure you could. Ha!

FEAR: The princess never misses a party!

SAM pulls another dress out of the closet.

BODY: You're not planning to wear that are you?

SAM: This is my best dress.

BODY: Girl, you need to go shopping more than once a decade.

SAM: I got this last spring-

BODY: I remember. I cringed then – I'm still cringing.

SAM: I was planning to lose some weight and get in shape before I bought a whole new wardrobe.

BODY: (*Smarmy.*) That's nice.

APATHY: The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

BODY: (*Fixing his hair madly.*) Pipe down wuss!

APATHY: (*To BODY.*) Stop it.

FEAR: (*To BODY.*) Have you gained weight?

BODY looks at himself and then hisses violently at FEAR. He quickly gets back to SAM'S wardrobe.

BODY: I see you've started purchasing rather grimy looking outer-wear.

APATHY: For the expedition.

FEAR: Have you had your shots yet? I have my syringes!

FEAR pulls out a large syringe.

APATHY: Ouch.

BODY: Will they leave an unsightly mark?

FEAR: Let's find out!

SAM: Stay away from me!

FEAR: You need to be immunized!

BODY: What a big baby, just like when you were seven after your tetanus shot.

FEAR: When you stepped on that rusty nail and it went right through your foot.

BODY: You cried all the way home in the station wagon. Waaaaa.

APATHY: Well it did hurt.

SAM: A LOT!

FEAR: Not as much as having the life strangled out of you by an Anaconda.

BODY: I'm against you going out in public dressed in a... fishing vest? Will there be any eligible bachelors?

APATHY: Probably just a bunch of unhappy broads...

BODY: You'll never impress Mr. *beefy* biceps in apartment 5E if you wear this drab expedition gear. You'll be completely washed out.

SAM: He's away this week.

FEAR: How do you know?

APATHY: You should marry him – have a kid, kick back.

BODY: If only he'd look your way – even once!

SAM: Of course Nancie will look amazing.

BODY: He *always* looks at Nancie.

SAM: I should have shopped days ago.

APATHY: I know just how you feel.

BODY: (*Checking for dust.*) You're having someone over to this disaster area? My, my, my...

SAM: And I have a houseful of... monsters!

FEAR: Hey, hey, hey – demons. What have you told her?

APATHY: I prefer the term monster—

BODY: Well, we are demons – the *wuss*-monster can be whatever she wants.

FEAR: (*To APATHY.*) You are a pitiful demon.

APATHY: I'm pretty... *bad* – you know.

BODY: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, I'm shaking all over!

BODY takes a Pilates ball out of the closet.

BODY: When is the last time you saw this?

BODY tosses the Pilates ball at SAM.

SAM: (*Covering her head with a pillow.*) This is insane!

SOUND CUE 6: Door Knock

The monsters gasp and look at each other.

SAM: *(Startled.)* Ah!

SAM goes to the door.

SAM: Who is it?

There is no answer. SAM looks through the peephole.

SAM: Who is it?

FEAR creeps up behind SAM.

FEAR: *(In SAM'S ear.)* I wonder? You're not expecting anyone... YOU ARE NOT GOING TO OPEN THAT DOOR!!

BODY: Maybe it's HIM!

SAM: No one answered me.

FEAR: Don't open it!

BODY: The man you've been waiting for.

FEAR: Have you lost your mind?!

SAM: *(Ear to the door.)* Usually I can hear them panting.

BODY: *(Excited.)* Panting?!

SAM: From the stairs!

APATHY: Ugh – Five flights!

SAM: There's no one out there.

FEAR: I think you're wrong.

SAM looks out the peephole.

SAM: I don't see anyone.

BODY: Well, wait till he gets a load of you!

FEAR: They may be crouched down – waiting. Are you going to have us all killed?

SAM: YES!

APATHY: It's probably a prank.

SAM: (*Quickly.*) Ah Ha! That's right. No one just knocks on my door, they buzz first.

FEAR: It's too quiet.

SAM tries to look out the peephole again.

SAM: I'm not expecting Nancie until – (*Calling through the door.*) Hello... is anyone out there?

FEAR: If it's an axe murderer, I'm sure he'll answer right away.

SAM: Stop it! This is what I hate about living alone.

FEAR: Do you have a gun?

BODY is ransacking the closet.

BODY: She has enough khaki in here to start her own army!

SAM: No, I don't have a gun. They're dangerous!

FEAR: I know. How about a butcher knife?

FEAR looks through the kitchen drawers for knives.

APATHY: (*Picking through the fridge.*) Have a beer.

SAM puts on her bathrobe without the belt.

SAM: I'm not going to stalk around my own house carrying a butcher knife! I'm getting the door—

SONG #12: DRESS UP

(*BODY, APATHY, FEAR*)

FEAR: Don't

BODY: —Put this little number on, just in case—

BODY holds out a black dress he has picked.

SOUND CUE 7: Door Knock

SAM: —In case what?

APATHY: I like pajamas...

BODY: In case the caller is... HIM! People JUDGE sweetie.

BODY begins to dress SAM in the black dress. During the song, APATHY and FEAR help SAM into an outrageous looking outfit.

BODY: (*Spoken.*) Wait! —Dress Up!

BODY: (*Singing.*)

COME ON I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A SPIN,
OPEN THAT CLOSET AND STEP IN.
THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO BEGIN,
YOU'LL LOOK SENSATIONAL.

APATHY and FEAR:

SENSATIONAL

BODY:

LET'S TRY TO FIND YOU SOMETHING CHIC
SOMETHING TO FLATTER YOUR PHYSIQUE,
MY GOD THE CHOICES HERE ARE BLEAK
NOT INSPIRATIONAL.

APATHY and FEAR:

NOT INSPIRATIONAL

BODY:

AT THE DOOR
AWAITS PRINCE CHARMING
WITH THAT GLASS SHOE
A PERFECT FIT.
BUT WHAT'S IN STORE
IS SO ALARMING
ONE LOOK AT YOU
HE'LL SMASH THAT SHOE
AND THEN HE'LL SPLIT.

IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO IMPRESS,
WE'VE GOT TO MUDDLE THROUGH THIS MESS,
AND TRY TO FIND A STUNNING DRESS,
THAT'S TRANSFORMATIONAL.

APATHY and FEAR:

TRANSFORMATIONAL

Runway section. The Monsters dress and distract Sam as they dance and try not to let her answer the door. A door knock may be inserted here as well.

BODY:

WITH THIS NEW LOOK THAT WE'VE ACHIEVED,
YOU SHOULD BE HAPPILY RELIEVED,
YOUR FASHION SENSE WILL BE PERCEIVED,
MUCH LESS OFFENSIVELY.

APATHY and FEAR:

OFFENSIVELY.

BODY:

ALTHOUGH YOU'RE ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE,
WE'VE GOT TO CRAWL OUT OF THIS CAVE
AND HOPE THE MEN WILL MISS BEHAVE
FAR MORE EXTENSIVELY.

APATHY and FEAR:

EXTENSIVELY.

BODY:

AT THE DOOR
AWAITS A STRANGER,
WHO IS THIS UNEXPECTED GUEST?
A FUTURE LOVE?
A PRESENT DANGER?
YOU COULD BE THRILLED!

SAM:

I COULD BE KILLED!

BODY:

JUST LOOK YOUR BEST

BODY:

COME ON IT'S TIME TO RE-ENGAGE,
WE NEED TO BUST OUT OF THIS CAGE
AND TRY TO PASS FOR HALF YOUR AGE
AS WE SPORT THE LATEST RAGE,

APATHY and FEAR:

OOOOOOOH
OOOOOOOH
OOOOOOOH
OOOOOOOH

BODY, APATHY, and FEAR:

DRESS UP!

During the song, the Monsters have dressed SAM in a crazy outfit.

SOUND CUE 8: Door Knock

FEAR holds out a butcher knife for SAM.

FEAR: Who would have knocked like that? Un-announced?

SAM grabs the knife.

SAM: Stand back! I'm opening the door.

PANIC—the MONSTERS hide—FEAR hides under a sheet. SAM opens the door while holding up the butcher knife. She opens it to reveal a large gift-wrapped box sitting on the floor. APATHY, FEAR, and BODY react with horror at the sight of the box. SAM starts to laugh. SAM brings the large box inside the apartment and locks the door.

SAM: Well, it's not Prince Charming or an axe murderer. It's a present... for my birthday.

FEAR: *(Quickly – emerging from the sheet.)* Who's it from?

SAM: It doesn't say. It must be a... surprise.

SAM goes to open the box.

FEAR: Wait! You don't know who it's from!

APATHY: Neither do you!

SAM: Well, it's obviously a present. And it is my birthday. Stop making me crazy!

BODY: I hope it's not food. Why do people send chocolates and candy for your birthday? Don't they know you're trying to lose a few pounds?

SAM: It's a nice gesture.

BODY: It's always coming from someone skinnier than you.

FEAR: Ha!

BODY glares at FEAR.

APATHY: The card's lost.

FEAR: Take precautions. It might... be booby-trapped!

SAM: No one would send me a booby-trapped package-

FEAR: Oh no? What about a client? Isn't there a single crazy among them who could devise a way to send *this*?

FEAR puts on a detective hat and gets a magnifying glass out.

SAM: There is one really weird guy named Russ... But – that's ridiculous.

BODY: He thinks you're ugly—(*BODY starts to change his hair style.*) He makes comments about you to the other guys. He doesn't think a woman should be handling his account. He said you dressed like an old maid and that you had "cankles".

APATHY: Cankles?

FEAR: (*To BODY.*) You *have* gained weight!

BODY hisses and glares at FEAR again and jumps on the stationary exercise bike.

SAM: He's the ugly one! Mister *new* millionaire. Ugh – I can't stand him.

FEAR: (*Stalking around the box.*) Maybe he's a... bio-terrorist!?

SAM jumps away from the box. FEAR runs and puts on a gas mask.

APATHY: It's probably a fruitcake—or chocolates.

BODY: From some skinny bitch!

FEAR: (*Suddenly afraid of the box.*) Throw it out the window!

SAM begins to dial the phone.

SAM: I'm not throwing away my birthday present.

FEAR: (*Right behind her.*) There's no postmark. No... nothing!

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY lean in close to SAM and listen while she talks.

SAM: Come on – where are you? Nancie – *(Into phone.)* ..Hey – it's me. Did you send me a... box? I mean a present? It was just delivered and I-umm, but... umm... give me a call – umm – when you're close. Thanks. *(SAM hangs up the phone.)* Did you hear that? I sounded like a nut-job! She's gonna think I'm a lunatic.

APATHY: *(Eating chips.)* Wait 'til she finds out you're bucking to be an archeologist. Calm down. Have a chip.

SAM: I can't calm down. I don't know what's going on and I don't know what's in that box!

FEAR: A snake!

BODY: Indigenous to Peru!

SAM points the knife menacingly at the box.

SAM: Jesus, it had better **not** be a snake!

APATHY: It might be... a lava lamp.

BODY: Maybe you *should* throw it out the window.

SAM: I can't throw a big box out of my window. We're 5 stories up!

BODY:

FEAR:

Perfect!

Then you'll be arrested!

APATHY: You'll kill people and on the 6 O'clock News they'll say you did it – because you're 40.

FEAR: Dispose of it!

SAM: Where? I can't just dump it somewhere.

FEAR: Bury it – you're fond of digging holes.

SAM: Then if it blows up – it could be forensically traced back to me!

APATHY: Like on CSI... remember the episode when— *[they boiled that guy's head...and...adlib]*

BODY clears his throat to get APATHY back on track. Each Monster tries to top the other.

APATHY: People don't notice anything—

BODY: —Not so fast. They all notice how you look. And your shoes!—

FEAR: —People are afraid of other people. You never know they're hiding body parts in their 'fridge – until you're invited for dinner. *(FEAR has pulled a fake limb out of the refrigerator and wields it as a sword.)*

SOUND CUE 9: Phone Rings

FEAR: Wait! Let the voicemail pick up.

SAM: (*Resolute.*) I'm getting it.

APATHY: (*Spoken simultaneously with FEAR and BODY.*) Phones are annoying – crazy ring tones... (*Makes cell phone sounds. Imitates the MOTHER'S cell phone ring tone.*)

FEAR: (*Spoken simultaneously with APATHY and BODY.*) They'll know you're here—

BODY: (*Spoken simultaneously with FEAR and APATHY.*) Don't!

FEAR: They might pay a visit. If they know the death gift wasn't successful.

SAM looks at caller ID.

SAM:
Unavailable – shit!

APATHY:
Telemarketer!

SAM: It's Nancie calling back to see if I've gone completely insane!

SOUND CUE 10: STOP Phone Ring

VISUAL Cue

SAM: They hung up.

FEAR, APATHY and BODY: (*With gusto in unison.*) GOOD!

SAM: I wanted to talk to someone! Anyone but a monster!

SAM opens the cabinet under the sink.

BODY and FEAR: DEMON!

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY argue. Ad-lib – "Monster is much more intimidating", "Well look what you've done!" commotion etc...

SAM: (*Hollering over the commotion.*) Whatever! I am not going to indulge you three any longer.

SAM has taken rubber gloves out from under the kitchen sink, and puts them on. APATHY, FEAR, and BODY all squeal.

SAM: I've had enough of this nonsense!

FEAR: Why are you wearing those rubber gloves?!

BODY: To hide those unsightly nails!

SAM: Because you have made me so crazy!

SAM goes to open the box.

SONG #13: DON'T OPEN THE BOX!

(FEAR, BODY, APATHY, MOTHER, SAM)

FEAR:

DON'T!

BODY:

STOP!

APATHY:

WAIT!

SAM:

WHY?

FEAR:

IT MIGHT BE FATAL

BODY:

IT'S A TRAP

FEAR:

IT MIGHT BE WIRED

APATHY:

IT'S A TRICK.

FEAR:

ONE TOUCH AND

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY:

ZAP!

The painting opens to reveal MOTHER.

FEAR:

YOUR LIFE IS ON THE LINE

BODY:

HONEY THAT MEANS SO IS MINE!

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY:

DON'T OPEN THE BOX!

FEAR:

IT'S SOMETHING DEADLY.

MOTHER:

IT'S A SNAKE.

FEAR:

IT COULD BE POISON.

BODY:

IT'S A TREADMILL!

APATHY:

IT'S A CAKE!

FEAR:

IT'S DEATH THAT WAITS WITHIN.

BODY:

YOU'LL DIE UGLIER THAN SIN!

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY:

DON'T OPEN THE BOX!

MOTHER comes out of the painting.

APATHY, FEAR, AND BODY: Samantha, be sensible!

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY:

IF YOU OPEN UP THE BOX
YOUR LIFE WILL SURELY END.

APATHY and BODY:

IF YOU DON'T,

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY:

YOU'LL SURVIVE!

SO IT'S SIMPLY JUST A QUESTION
OF WHICH YOU'D RATHER BE DEAD
OR ALIVE... ALIVE... ALIVE

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

SAMANTHA.

MOTHER:

DON'T BOTHER LISTENING TO ME.

APATHY and FEAR:

NO DON'T BOTHER LISTENING

BODY:

NO.

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

SAMANTHA.

MOTHER:

YOU'LL END UP HANGING FROM A TREE,

APATHY, FEAR, AND BODY:

DEAD, DEAD, DEAD, DEAD.

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

SAMANTHA.

MOTHER:

SAMANTHA THIS DECISION ISN'T MINE

APATHY, FEAR, AND BODY:

MINE. IT'S YOURS

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

GO CLIMB THAT MOUNTAIN.

MOTHER:

YOU WANT TO KILL YOURSELF WELL

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

FINE WELL FINE THAT'S FINE!

FEAR:

WAIT! I HEAR IT TICKING!

APATHY:

TICKING?

SAM:

TICKING?

FEAR:

JUST STAY CALM!

APATHY:

I'M CALM!

SAM:

I'M CALM!

FEAR:

WHEN BOXES TICK

WELL THEN, MOST OFTEN IT'S A BOMB!

BODY:

A BOMB!

APATHY:

A BOMB!

SAM:

A BOMB!?

MOTHER:

BE CAUTIOUS

BODY:

USE YOUR WITS

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

OR YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO BITS!

STEER CLEAR OF THE

DON'T GO NEAR THE

DON'T OPEN THE...

SAM: *(Spoken underneath "DON'T OPEN THE...".)* That's it! I'm opening the...

BODY explodes the balloon behind SAM'S head. We hear an EXTRA LOUD BANG as SAM goes for the box. SAM faints. MOTHER is back inside the painting.

SOUND CUE 11: Large Explosion

SAM has fainted.

MOTHER, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

BOX!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

INTERMISSION

DO NOT COPY

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

SONG #14: ENTR'ACT

(INSTRUMENTAL)

The painting of MOTHER can be seen. APATHY, FEAR, and BODY laugh and high-five each other.

BODY: Good Job!

APATHY: It's still here!

FEAR: We can see that!

BODY: We have her right where we want her.

FEAR: You mean I have her where I want her!

BODY: I mean *I* have her where I want her. Don't try to take all the credit...

APATHY: We rock! (*Singing and dancing to something like "I'm bad" by Michael Jackson.*)

SOUND CUE 12: LOUD Buzzer

SAM: (*SAM wakes from her faint and screams.*) Ahhhh!

FEAR: (*Screams.*) Ahhhh!

SOUND CUE 13: Buzzer

FEAR: (*Denial.*) I wasn't scared.

BODY: Sure, sure.

SAM creeps up to the intercom. SAM pushes the button on the intercom to speak to the caller.

SAM: (*Weakly.*) Hello, who's there?

No answer.

SAM: Hello. Who is it PLEASE?

APATHY: They left.

FEAR: Don't be so sure! Now they know you're home.

SAM: They do?

FEAR: First they called, now they're downstairs buzzing. "They're coming to take you away Ha Ha!"

FEAR glances out the window. SAM runs for the phone.

SAM: I'm trapped! Call 911! HELP!

FEAR: How will you explain the B-O-M-B?!

FEAR puts on a hard hat.

APATHY: *(Whispers.)* Fruitcake.

SAM: *(Shaking her head.)* This is madness.

BODY goes in close to SAM to look at her face.

BODY: *(With gusto.)* Oh my God!

SAM screams, APATHY and FEAR jump.

SAM: What?!

BODY: You have a **long, black hair** growing out of your cheek. It's disgusting!

SAM: Is that it?! Where!?

BODY: Is that it? I think that's enough!

SAM: Enough to give me heart failure. I think a little hair on my cheek is the **LEAST** of my worries.

BODY takes out tweezers and pulls the hair from SAM'S cheek.

BODY: First one hair, then two; before you know it, you're a cavewoman!

APATHY and BODY do a cavewoman dance grunting and grinding.

FEAR: I hear it ticking! Stand back!

SAM: Oh, God. What time is it!?

APATHY: We're missing "Judge Judy".

FEAR: Get rid of it! If you wrap it up in something, people won't know what you're disposing of.

BODY: It's already wrapped! – badly I might add.

SAM: I should pack and go to a hotel.

APATHY: Let's go to the movies!

FEAR: They're waiting outside. That's just what they want you to do.

SAM: I could go in disguise.

BODY: As what? A cow?

SAM: Not funny.

APATHY: (*Laughing.*) Maybe you need some meds. Relax!

SAM: I can't relax with that... **thing** sitting there. I need help.

SONG #15: MONSTER ARRIVAL THEME – BIRTHDAY GIRL
(INSTRUMENTAL)

SOUND CUE 14: Door Knock

SAM jumps and screams.

FEAR: This is it!

SAM weakly asks who is at the door.

SAM: (*Almost inaudible.*) Who is it?

APATHY: I don't think they can hear you.

SAM yells out in a panic.

SAM: (*Loud.*) WHO IS IT?!

FEAR: Where's the butcher knife?!

FEAR finds the knife and a wooden spoon, she takes both.

BODY: Hide in the closet – with all the other ugly things.

A voice from the other side of the door answers.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Off Stage.*) Hello. I have something for Sam.

SAM: Who are you?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Off Stage.*) I have a delivery for Sam.

SAM: Who let you in!?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Off Stage.*) There was a man leaving as I came in.
Is Sam available?

SAM: Just a minute. It sounds like a kid.

APATHY: We find children tiresome.

SAM looks out of the peephole.

SAM: It's a cute kid.

BODY: (*Insecure.*) What do you mean by *cute*?

BODY starts to change his hairstyle.

SAM: I'm answering the door. (*Calling.*) Just a minute.

FEAR: Are you sure you want to do this?!

SAM: Yes!

FEAR: Get the knife!

FEAR holds out the butcher knife, SAM grabs what she thinks is the knife—but FEAR swaps it for a wooden spoon.

SAM: All right! I'm opening the door.

As SAM unlocks the door, The BIRTHDAY GIRL barges in and starts to sing and dance. It is extremely loud. She begins to do a birthday striptease in front of SAM. The BIRTHDAY GIRL is so into her song and dance that she doesn't even notice the next action.

SONG #16: HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY

(BIRTHDAY GIRL)

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY.

I'M YOUR BIRTHDAY WISH COME TRUE.

NOW YOUR DAY WILL START IMPROVIN'

CUZ I'M GONNA START REMOVIN'

MY CLOTHES FOR YOU!

FEAR: It's a trick!

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY.
IT'S THAT SPECIAL TIME OF YEAR
WHEN THESE CRAZY THINGS CAN HAPPEN
NOW YOUR PRESENT NEEDS UNWRAPPIN'
AND IT'S RIGHT HERE.

FEAR has SAM lock the door.

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

I CAN BUMP IT, I CAN GRIND IT, I CAN SHIMMY AND SHAKE
THEN I'LL CUT YOU OFF A PIECE OF THIS BIRTHDAY CAKE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY.
I'M YOUR BIRTHDAY TELEGRAM.
SOMEONE WANTS YOU TO BE CHIPPER
SO THEY SENT A BIRTHDAY STRIPPER
AND HERE I AM!

TO SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO SAM!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Where's Sam?

SAM holding the wooden spoon threateningly over her head, points it at the BIRTHDAY GIRL.

SAM: *(Yelling.)* I'M SAM!

The confused BIRTHDAY GIRL stops her dance, and is a bit confused to see SAM with a wooden spoon.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Whoa – what's going on?!

SAM: *(Threatening with the wooden spoon.)* I know who you are!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: *(Confused.)* Hey, take it easy! I was supposed to come here and dance for Sam – for his birthday.

SAM: Well, I'm Sam! Now what do you have to say for yourself!?

SAM notices the wooden spoon – and looks at FEAR. FEAR giggles.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Amused.*) Oh, you're kidding – they did it AGAIN?!

SAM: Did what?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: The booking manager just figured that Sam was a *guy*. She's so stupid – one time she sent me to dance for a bachelor-ette party – duuhhhhh!

FEAR, APATHY, and BODY giggle.

SAM: (*Impatient – to FEAR, APATHY, and BODY.*) That's enough!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Hey, I'd be offended too. I'm sorry, I don't blame you if you don't tip me.

SAM: (*Intense.*) Tip you! Who sent you?!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I can't say. They wanted to remain anonymous! It's a *surprise*.

BODY: I'll say.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Don't you love surprises?!

FEAR: What did I tell you? She knows something...

BODY: Oh to be twenty again!

SAM: Not another word!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Confused.*) I didn't say anything.

SAM: I didn't mean you. I mean... I need to see some ID or something.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Why? I'm just a dancer trying to make a buck. Look, I'm sorry for the mix-up – I'll have them refund the money to your anonymous friend.

The BIRTHDAY GIRL starts to put her clothes back on.

FEAR: Weirdo Russ!

APATHY: Probably her mother.

SAM: Stop confusing me.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Look, are you ok? You seem really upset. I'll call the main office and tell them what happened.

The BIRTHDAY GIRL starts for the phone.

FEAR: Don't let her touch your lifeline!!!

SAM: (*Urgent.*) No!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Then I'll be going.

BIRTHDAY GIRL heads for the locked door.

FEAR: Stop her!

SAM: (*Desperate.*) Wait!

BODY: Tie her up with your bathrobe belt!

SAM: What?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I said I need to get going.

BIRTHDAY GIRL starts to collect her things.

APATHY:

Let her go – she's no one.

FEAR:

Her accomplice is on the other side—

FEAR: —ready to barge in like she did!

SAM: Wait!

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

What?

FEAR:

Lure her back.

SAM puts the spoon down.

SAM: (*Calmly.*) I'm... sorry. I am a little bit of a wreck today. There have been some... break-ins lately. (*SAM looks at the monsters.*) I'd like you to stay for a few minutes and have a... cup of... tea.

BODY, APATHY, and FEAR: (*Incredulous.*) Tea?

SAM: (*Crazed.*) Yes TEA!!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I heard you! I'm not supposed to stay after I perform.

SAM: (*Calm.*) We won't tell anyone. Please. I need some... company.

BODY: Get the bathrobe belt.

SAM: I will.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: You will what?

SAM: Make... tea. It's my... birthday.

SAM goes to boil tea water in the microwave.

FEAR: Try not to burn the house down.

FEAR picks up the fire extinguisher.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Moving toward box.*) Well... ok, I guess. Why haven't you opened this present yet?

SAM: (*Panic.*) Oh, um, it's from... a friend and she's ... coming over... soon!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Aren't you curious? I couldn't wait—

SAM: Yes, it has been hard to wait...

FEAR: It's gonna blow – tick, tick, tick...

SAM: (*To FEAR.*) It is not!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: It's not... hard to wait?

SAM: What?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Hard to—?

FEAR: She has beady eyes.

FEAR puts on glasses for a better look.

SAM: I think they're nice.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: What's nice?

SAM: Um... birthdays – I mean, except for this one.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: How old are you?

SAM: Forty.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Wow! I mean, you don't look *that* old.

BODY: Ha!

SAM: (*To BODY.*) Thanks a lot.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I didn't mean that in a bad way.

SAM: It's ok, it's not you. (*Microwave dings.*) What do you take in your tea?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Do you have Splenda?

FEAR: (*Urgent – loud.*) Liver inflammation in MICE!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I can't ingest any processed sugar – I'm training for the marathon.

BODY: I think you should kill her.

SAM: Well, it must be a... demanding profession.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Oh, this isn't my profession – I quit my deadly desk job – and this seemed fun.

APATHY and FEAR: Fun?

SAM: Fun?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Yeah. Plus I need the money. My parents don't have any to send me.

SAM: That's the old – “you have to make it on your own” line. Boy do I know that one.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Yeah – they said New York was a crazy place to live.

SAM: So did mine.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: They were right. If you don't have money – it sucks.

SAM gets the bathrobe belt.

SAM: So... how long do you plan to do this for a living?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Not sure.

BODY: As long as she can!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Let's face it – no one is hiring inexperienced psychology majors—

SAM: Psychology—?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: This job's easy and it pays really well – under the table.

APATHY: A girl after my own heart.

SAM brings the BIRTHDAY GIRL her tea.

SAM: But it's no... career.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: *(Taking the tea.)* Yeah. I think I might want a career – as like, a shrink. What do you do?

FEAR puts on a scary mask and sneaks up to the BIRTHDAY GIRL to scare her.

FEAR: BOO!

SAM: I'm a stock broker...

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY laugh maniacally.

SAM: ...I'm planning to leave my job and...

APATHY: Be an archeologist!

BODY: With a bad back!

FEAR: Who's afraid to fly! Waaaa!

SAM: ...Everyone thinks I'm crazy...

FEAR: Maybe you ARE!

SAM: ...but hell, I'm going on an expedition to...

BIRTHDAY GIRL: The stock market? That's cool. Except – I guess – it's stressful when, like, it's bad huh?

SAM: It's not quite as bad if you're playing with the big boys... maybe you and I are both ready for a change.

BODY: About 20 pounds!

SAM: That's enough!

SAM accidentally whirls around and spills a little of her tea on the BIRTHDAY GIRL.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Of what?

SAM: (*Frazzled.*) Oh God—

SAM tries to dry the spilled tea from the BIRTHDAY GIRL.

SAM: I'm really sorry... I only meant that... well – you can't be a... birthday stripper for the rest of your life – and—

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

No, just until I get too old.
I mean... um – sorry.

SAM:

Besides – it's dangerous... to—

BODY: (*In BG's ear.*)

Sweetie—
you have NO competition here!

SAM:

go into stranger's homes and—

SAM: listen to me.... [*Lecturing you.*] I sound like my mother... I'm... I'm sorry—

BIRTHDAY GIRL: It's ok – my mother would say the same thing...

SAM: (*Looking at the portrait.*) I think I'm starting to look like her too.
Oh God.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: She still looks pretty great – um... how old is the painting?

SAM: Oh – it’s brand spankin’ new! So... you wanna be a shrink huh?
That’s ambitious...

SONG #17: THE NEXT PART

(ENTIRE CAST)

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I think I could really help people. But I’d have to get my PhD first. Right now, I want to have some fun. I’m not totally sure what’s next.

SAM: Join the club—

SAM:

YOU’VE GOT TIME
ON YOUR SIDE
FULL OF PROMISE AND WONDER.

YOU’VE GOT SPACE
TO ENJOY
WHEN YOU’RE IN YOUR PRIME.
IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I THINK YOU SHOULD DO NOW.
YOU’D JUST LAUGH IT OFF AND SAY
“HELL – I HAVE LOTS OF TIME.”

BUT THE NEXT PART, IS THE HARD PART.
‘CUZ IT’S FILLED WITH ALL THESE DOG-GONE QUESTIONS.
THE NEXT PART IS THE HARD PART.

EV’RYONE WILL MAKE SUGGESTIONS FOR
THE NEXT PART LIKE IT’S THEIR PART
TO TAKE PART IN YOUR UNDETERMINED CLIMB.

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

WHY THE FEAR
WHERE’S THE HOPE?
ISN’T LIFE SUPPOSED TO GRAB YOU?

TAKE A LEAP.
TAKE A CHANCE.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

MOTHER walks out of the painting and sings to SAM.

BIRTHDAY GIRL and MOTHER:

IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I THINK YOU SHOULD DO NOW.
WOULD YOU LAUGH IT OFF OR TRY TO OPEN UP THE DOOR?
YOU THINK THE NEXT PART

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

IS THE HARD PART
BUT I DON'T WANT ANY COMPROMISES

MOTHER:

IS THE HARD PART

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

THE NEXT PART
IS THE FUN PART
PRESENTS IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

BIRTHDAY GIRL and MOTHER:

FOR THE NEXT PART

BIRTHDAY GIRL:

IS THE ONE PART
I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE THE FORTUNE

BIRTHDAY GIRL and MOTHER:

TO EXPLORE

SAM and MOTHER:

OUR LIVES RACE IN ONE DIRECTION
AND WE PAUSE FOR SOME REFLECTION
SO WE DECIDE TO CHANGE OUR WAY.
THEN WE PLAN AN EXPEDITION
WITH SOME LOFTY NEW AMBITION
AND WE KISS THE PAST GOODBYE,

SAM, MOTHER, and BIRTHDAY GIRL:

AND TRY...
TO SEIZE THE DAY!

APATHY, FEAR, AND BODY:

TO SEIZE THE DAY!

SAM, MOTHER, BIRTHDAY GIRL:

AND THEN THE NEXT PART
 IS THE HARD PART
 'CUZ IT'S FILLED WITH SUCH
 DOG-GONE FRUSTRATION
 THE NEXT PART
 IS THE HARD PART
 WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE
 REACHED YOUR DESTINATION
 COMES THE NEXT PART
 LIKE A NEW START
 WITHOUT WARNING
 A NEW—

MOSTERS:

NEXT PART
 HARD PART

 OOH.
 NEXT PART
 HARD PART
 OOH.
 OOH.
 NEXT PART
 NEW START
 OOH.

SAM, MOTHER, BIRTHDAY GIRL, APATHY, FEAR, AND BODY:

CHAPTER WILL UNFOLD.

MOTHER disappears and SAM notices that she's gone.

SAM: (To herself – shaking her head- lost.) Huh...

BIRTHDAY GIRL: What?

SAM: Nothing...

BIRTHDAY GIRL: You ok Sam?

FEAR: (To BIRTHDAY GIRL.) Does she LOOK ok?!

BODY: She's OLD!

SAM: (To BODY.) I'm not that old.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: I know.

SAM: I'm sorry – would you like more... [tea]?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Um... no – I should... really go.

SAM: (Still desperate.) I appreciate the company – and I won't tell anyone.

FEAR: You won't get a chance to!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Thanks for the... tea.

FEAR: How many other strangers are you going to let waltz in?!

BODY: You can overpower her!

FEAR: She's going to open the door!

BODY: You outweigh her by a LOT!

FEAR runs some CAUTION tape across the door.

SAM: (To BODY.) I've had enough of your comments!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: What? I'm leaving.

FEAR: Now's your chance!

SAM suddenly grabs a bathrobe belt and runs to block the BIRTHDAY GIRL from leaving.

SAM: *(Menacingly.)* Not so fast!!

SONG #18: FIGHT SCENE

(INSTUMENTAL, APATHY, FEAR, BODY)

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Hey, what are you doing?

BODY: There's gonna be a Fight! Fight! Fight!

APATHY: Oh boy.

SAM: I can't let you leave. I'm sorry.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Why? Sam – you're kidding right?

FEAR puts on a hard hat.

FEAR: Oh no – we're not kidding!

SAM: Be quiet – please.

BODY: You can take her.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Are you OK?

FEAR: Remember, she's lying.

SAM: STOP confusing me!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Hey, hey, Sam, wait. I don't know what's going on here –!

SAM: Neither do I! But I can't let you leave – Oh my god – I almost let them convince me to tie you up! I need help.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: *(Carefully.)* Them? OK, um – I can help... Are you having, like, a breakdown or something?

FEAR: Stay focused. Ask her about the you-know-what.

SAM: *(Accusingly.)* What do you know about this!?

SAM points to the box.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Just that... it's a present from one of your...
friends?

SAM: AHA! That's what I told you!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Well – why would I think it's something else? It's your birthday!

FEAR: Then why am I wearing a hard hat!?

SAM: Who do you work for? You look innocent, but I can tell – (*Overlapping.*) – that you are pretty damn smart.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Listen, Sam. Why don't you just open it and see?

BODY, FEAR, and APATHY: (*Sung.*)

DON'T OPEN THE BOX!

SAM: (*Terrified.*) I'm not opening it. No way!

APATHY: You'll feel silly when it's a fruitcake.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Do you want me to open it for you?

FEAR: (*Screaming.*) A suicide mission! Hit the deck!

SAM: Absolutely not. I should have you take it with you.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Calm.*) Sam, you're going to have to let me leave. Really. This is like, a crime you know.

FEAR: So is blowing us up!

SAM: (*Big.*) I want them to go away!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Who?

SAM: The monsters!

BODY and FEAR: DEMONS!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: The monsters?

SAM: They're here, all around us!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Concerned.*) OK, did you take any drugs today Sam? I mean – medication or—

SAM: No!

FEAR: She's trying to get on your good side.

SAM: You see, they're telling me that you're trying to get me on your good side that you know who sent – and that you know what's in this box -!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Well... they're wrong.

APATHY: She's just a kid.

FEAR: She's a STRANGER! She's lying.

SAM: (*To BIRTHDAY GIRL.*) How do I know **you** aren't lying?

BIRTHDAY GIRL: How do you know *they* aren't lying?! Make them go away.

SAM: I've been trying all afternoon.

APATHY: (To SAM.) I offered you the 3000 page *thingy*, but—

FEAR: You told her about that?

APATHY: I knew she wouldn't read it!

BODY: But you blabbed anyway!

APATHY: Besides, we're old friends—

BODY: It's against the code—

FEAR: (To APATHY.) Pathetic!

BODY: —to tell about that thingy.

SAM: I want the THINGY!

SAM throws down the bathrobe belt.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (Totally baffled.) What thingy?

SAM: To get rid of these monsters! The 3000 page thingy!

BODY: Big mouth.

APATHY: I didn't think it would matter.

BODY: You don't think *anything* matters.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: 3000 page thingy? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!?

SONG #19: EVERYBODY HAS MONSTERS – REPRISE

(SAM, APATHY, FEAR, BODY)

SAM, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

EVERYONE YOU SEE

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Sam – you see – you see?! Monsters?

SAM, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

THEY'VE GOT ME, AND ME, AND ME

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS

EVERYONE IT'S TRUE

SAM: It's true! it's true!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Whatever you say.

SAM, APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

EVERYBODY'S GOT MONSTERS
EVEN YOU AND YOU

SAM: They're assigned to us and they show up if they're threatened!

FEAR: You told her that? I'm reporting you!

BODY: I oughta body slam you!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: (*Biding her time.*) Uh-huh. So they show up if—?

SAM: That's right and they showed up today.

BIRTHDAY GIRL: What's different about today?

SAM: I don't know. I'm going to quit my job and fly to Peru - my mother was here...

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Think Sam!

APATHY, FEAR, and BODY:

THE TRUTH IS WE'RE ALL IN YOUR HEAD.
EVERYBODY'S GOT.
ALL OF YOU HAVE GOT
TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR—

BIRTHDAY GIRL: THINK!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: THINK!

SAM thinks during vamp. Stop music suddenly.

SAM: (*Huge.*) It's my birthday!

Music comes back in. SAM thinks during vamp On the big downbeat BIRTHDAY GIRL grabs SAM and ties her up with the bathrobe belt.

SAM: Wait – what are you doing!?

BODY: Fight! Fight! Fight!

FEAR: You should have listened to me!

BODY: You can take her!

SAM: Stop it!

BODY: Use your weight!

APATHY: This is getting out of hand.

SAM: Please!

BIRTHDAY GIRL: Look – Sam, you need help. I'm doing this for your own good.

SAM: (*Desperate.*) HELP!

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