

PUMPKIN STUFFERS

A HALLOWEEN COMEDY IN THIRTEEN SCENES

By **Geff Moyer**

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SYNOPSIS: All the fun of a marathon trick-or-treating session is packed into this Halloween comedy in thirteen short scenes. Looking for witches, zombies, Dracula, Frankenstein, werewolves and ghosts? You'll find them here, along with other hilarious and spooky characters!

In *The Potion*, watch as four witches attempt to brew a potion that will allow them to fly without brooms - without much luck. *A Frank Surprise* gives us a hilarious take on the TV show "This is Your Life" - with Frankenstein as the subject. In *The Fortuneteller*, the Wolf Man confides his transformation issues in a gypsy fortuneteller, while Dracula tries to sneak out for a night with the guys in *The Family Spat*. Dr. Frankenstein has difficulty telling his servants, Igor, Egor and Agor apart in *A Servant Problem*, and Anne Ricepaddy interviews famous Wolf Man, Lon Chaney, in *Interview with a Werewolf*.

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PROPERTIES

THE POTION:

- A cauldron
- 4 chairs
- 4 ladles

A FRANK SURPRISE:

- Fancy necklace
- As many chairs as you think you'll need

THE IMAGE:

- A paddleball
- iPod and earphones

THE FORTUNETELLER:

- Table
- 2 chairs
- Crystal ball

A SERVANT PROBLEM:

- Chair
- Table
- large glass jar

INTERVIEW WITH A WEREWOLF:

- 2 chairs

DO NOT COPY

THE POTION

In the darkness, we hear the cackling laughter of witches. Lights come up on four WITCHES seated around a smoking and glowing cauldron. Three of the WITCHES are anxiously watching their brew, while the fourth is fast asleep.

ARGABRITE: *(Chanting.)* Slugs and bugs and dung beetle tongues!

ABIGAIL: *(Chanting.)* Mixed by the light of the midnight moon!

ANGEL: *(Chanting.)* By four mistresses of dark and gloom!

ABIGAIL: Three!

ARGABRITE: What!?

ABIGAIL: Three! She's asleep.

ARGABRITE: Well, wake up her up! We need all four ingredients.

ANGEL: Don't worry! I've got hers. She gave it to me before she dozed off.

ARGABRITE: She gave you the wing of a tsetse fly?

ANGEL: She had to wade into a swarm of them to get the wing. That's why she keeps falling asleep. *(THEY cackle with laughter.)* Want to see something funny? Watch this! AGNES!!

AGNES: *(Sits up quickly.)* "I'LL GET YOU, MY PRETTY, AND YOUR LITTLE DOG, TOO!" *(SHE falls back asleep. The witches cackle with glee.)*

ANGEL: Ever since the tsetse fly bit her, when you say her name, she wakes up yelling lines from *The Wizard of Oz*.

ABIGAIL: Ooh! Can I try it?

ANGEL: Go ahead!

ABIGAIL: HEY, AGNES!!

AGNES: *(Sitting up suddenly.)* "WHO KILLED MY SISTER? WHO KILLED THE WITCH OF THE EAST?" *(SHE goes back to sleep. The others cackle with glee.)*

ARGABRITE: But you do have the wing, right?

ANGEL: I told you I did! Relax!

ARGABRITE: RELAX!? RELAX!? This is the potion of a lifetime and you're telling me to relax!?

ABIGAIL: I have mine, Argabrite, see? Right here! The tongue of toad.

ARGABRITE: Very good, Abigail! And I have the poop of a bat! (A moment as they look at ANGEL.) Well?

ANGEL: I told you I have her wing.

ARGABRITE: And what were YOU to bring, Angel?

ANGEL: The ear of a snake.

ARGABRITE: And do you have it, sister dear?

ANGEL: Have I ever not provided my share of a potion, sister dear?

ARGABRITE: Then it's time. Soon, girls, we'll be flying without brooms. Can you imagine it? Soaring around the night sky without having to straddle an uncomfortable wooden stick.

ABIGAIL: And no more nasty splinters! Let's do it!

ARGABRITE: (Slowing stirring mixture.) Alright...first...the wing of a tsetse fly. (ANGEL drops it in the cauldron as ARGABRITE STIRS, then they all cackle.) Next...the tongue of a toad. (ABIGAIL drops it in the cauldron and they cackle.) Next...the poop of a bat. (SHE drops it in cauldron and they cackle.) Last...the ear of a snake. (ANGEL drops it in cauldron and they cackle.) Now...the chant! Slugs and bugs and...

ANGEL: Wait! What about Agnes?

AGNES: (Awakens suddenly.) "And now my beauties, something with poison in it, I think. Ah, yes...Poppies!" (Goes back to sleep.)

ARGABRITE: You'll have to say it.

ABIGAIL: Will that work? Don't all four of us have to do it?

ARGABRITE: Angel, put Agnes' tsetse fly wing in...

AGNES: (Sitting up.) "Auntie Em, Auntie Em! Come back! I'll give you Auntie Em, my pretty!" (Cackles and goes back to sleep.)

ARGABRITE: Angel, put Ag...her tsetse fly wing in the pot, so she can say the chant line. Okay...slugs and bugs and dung beetle tongues!

ARGABRITE: (Chanting.) Mixed by the light of the midnight moon!

ANGEL: (Chanting.) By four mistresses of dark and gloom! (A pause.)

ARGABRITE: Go on, Angel!

ANGEL: To rid of us forever of the splintery broom! (They cackle and stir. Some type of effect from the cauldron could work here. A pause.)

ABIGAIL: Now what? Can we fly now?

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ARGABRITE: We have to drink it.

ANGEL: What!?

ABIGAIL: Drink it!?

ANGEL: You never said anything about drinking it!

ABIGAIL: If it tastes as bad as it smells...

ARGABRITE: You two want to fly without a broom or not? Huh!? Do you!?

ANGEL: But that stuff's nasty!

ABIGAIL: Even Agnes wouldn't drink that!

AGNES: *(Sitting up.)* "Just try to stay out of my way! Just try!" *(SHE cackles and goes back to sleep.)*

ARGABRITE: Stop saying her name! This is not the time to back out. We'll be the only witches who can fly without a broom. We'll make history. We'll change stories. We'll be legends.

ABIGAIL: But you put bat poop in there.

ANGEL: What if the tsetse wing puts us all to sleep, like Agnes?

AGNES: *(Sitting up.)* "You'll believe in more than that when I'm through with you, my pretty!" *(Cackles and goes back to sleep.)*

ARGABRITE: Stop saying her name!

ANGEL: Well, what if it does!?

ARGABRITE: DO YOU WANT TO SHED THE BROOM OR NOT?
(A pause.)

ANGEL: Just one drink?

ARGABRITE: That's what the potion says.

ABIGAIL: Little or big drink?

ARGABRITE: It doesn't say.

ABIGAIL: Well, what if we take a little drink and it makes us sick but doesn't work and that means we still have take a big drink to make it work but that would just make us sicker and then we're too sick to fly anyway?

ARGABRITE: *(SHE scoops her ladle into the cauldron.)* I am going to drink this and I am going to fly without a broom, with or without you cowards! So...do we do it together...or do I soar alone? *(A moment, then the other two scoop their ladles into the brew.)*

ANGEL: What about Ag...her?

ARGABRITE: What about her?

ANGEL: We could test it on her. Pour a little in her mouth and see what happens.

ABIGAIL: Yeah! She's sleeping, so she won't taste it anyway.

ARGABRITE: Not a bad idea! Alright, tilt her head back. *(ABIGAIL tilts AGNES' head back and ARGABRITE pours a little liquid from her ladle into AGNES' mouth, whom sputters a little and swallows. THEY wait.)*

ANGEL: What's supposed to happen?

ARGABRITE: How should I know?

ANGEL: It's your potion!

ABIGAIL: Will she just float up into the air?

ANGEL: It didn't even wake her.

ABIGAIL: What now? Agnes isn't flying.

AGNES: *(Sits up.)* "Ring around the rosie, a pocket full of spears."
(SHE cackles and goes back to sleep.)

ARGABRITE: It's gotta be because she's sleeping. We're awake! We have to drink it ourselves.

ANGEL: What if it makes us sick? Or turns us into...into supermodels or something hideous like that?

ARGABRITE: Has Agnes changed? No, she's still...

AGNES: *(Sits up.)* "Well, my little pretty, I can cause accidents, too!"
(Goes back to sleep.)

ARGABRITE: ...sleeping. If we hold our noses it'll go down easier.

ABIGAIL: *(Studying AGNES.)* She does look okay. She's still green.

ANGEL: Still has all her warts.

ARGABRITE: Her nose hasn't shrunk. Teeth are still black.

ANGEL: Are you sure the ingredients were right?

ARGABRITE: I never mess up my potions. Maybe she needs to...I don't know...leap into the air.

ABIGAIL: Kinda hard since she's sleeping.

ARGABRITE: What if we launch her?

ANGEL: Launch her!?

ARGABRITE: You know, toss her into the air to get her going.

ABIGAIL: How are we supposed to do that?

ANGEL: We'd need a catapult. She's not exactly a bag of feathers.

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ARGABRITE: The three of us could lift her. Abigail and I will take her arms, you take her legs and...we'll toss. If she flies, we drink. What'd you say, sisters? *(A moment.)*

ABIGAIL: What'd you think, Angel? I'm willing if you are.

ANGEL: *(Giving in.)* Okay. *(The ladies rise and surround AGNES.)*

ARGABRITE: Take her legs, Angel. *(THEY grab AGNES and lift her out of the chair.)* At the count of three, we throw her as far as we can into the air, okay?

ANGEL: Good grief, what'd she have for dinner!?

ARGABRITE: One...two...THREE! *(THEY toss AGNES and SHE immediately plummets to the ground, still asleep.)*

ABIGAIL: Well, that didn't work.

ANGEL: You're absolutely sure you got the ingredients right, Argabrite?

ARGABRITE: I told you! I do NOT make mistakes in my potions! We need to get higher.

ABIGAIL: What!?

ARGABRITE: Put the chairs together, make a platform! *(SHE begins placing the chairs together.)*

ANGEL: Oh, come on...

ARGABRITE: We lift her onto the chairs, which we're standing on, and toss her off.

ABIGAIL: What if we hurt her? She wouldn't be very pleased.

ANGEL: Yeah! The last time I made her mad, she turned me into an aardvark. Ants taste terrible.

ABIGAIL: I do not want to experience the wrath of Agnes.

AGNES: *(Still on the floor, but sitting up suddenly.)* "Who ever thought a little girl like you could destroy my wickedness?" *(Cackles and goes back to sleep.)*

ARGABRITE: *(SHE is trying to lift AGNES.)* Come on, sisters, help me. *(THEY grunt and groan but eventually have themselves and AGNES up and are all standing on the chairs.)* Ready?

ABIGAIL: Wait a minute!

ARGABRITE: What?

ABIGAIL: What if she does fly?

ARGABRITE: Isn't that why we're doing this?

ABIGAIL: But she's asleep. She'd be flying and asleep. What if she flies into a water tower or something?

ARGABRITE: She could use the bath. One...two...THREE! (*THEY release AGNES again, and again SHE plummets to the floor with a thud and just lies there.*) We need to be higher.

ANGEL: This is ridiculous...

ABIGAIL: We can't keep...

ARGABRITE: The cliff!

ANGEL: What!?

ABIGAIL: No!

ARGABRITE: We carry her to the cliff and throw her off. It's plenty high.

ANGEL: Have you lost your mind, Argabrite?

ABIGAIL: We can't throw Agnes off a cliff!

AGNES: (*Suddenly raising HER head.*) "The last to go will see the first three go before her, and her little dog, too." (*Cackles and goes to sleep.*)

ARGABRITE: That is getting very irritating!

ANGEL: It still doesn't mean we can throw her off a cliff.

ARGABRITE: But it's gotta be the height! We have to get her to the cliff!

ANGEL: No! It's not going to work!

ARGABRITE: IT WILL WORK!

ANGEL: IT WON'T WORK!

ARGABRITE: THIS POTION WILL WORK, I TELL YA! WE JUST...

ANGEL: NO, IT WON'T!

ARGABRITE: I HAVE NEVER HAD A POTION FAIL ME YET!

ANGEL: SNAKES DO NOT HAVE EARS! (*A silence.*)

ARGABRITE: What?

ANGEL: Snakes do not have ears...so I couldn't put a snake's ear in the potion. That's why it won't work!

ARGABRITE: What'd you put in it?

ANGEL: A little ball of lint from my pocket.

ARGABRITE: A little ball of lint!?

ANGEL: Yes.

ARGABRITE: A little ball of lint!!?? You sabotaged my potion with a little ball of lint?

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ANGEL: If the potion calls for a snake's ear, then it's wrong, because snakes don't have ears, Argabrite! Do you hear me...with YOUR ears!? Snakes don't have ears! So I couldn't have sabotaged it. The potion is WRONG! R-O-N-G! WRONG!

ARGABRITE: (*Pulling her potion book from under her chair.*) We'll just see about that! (*SHE flips her book open to potion page.*) Now! Right here! See? "The wing of a tsetse fly, the tongue of a toad, the poop of a bat, and the..." Oh no!

ANGEL: (*Reading.*) "The REAR of a snake." Not the EAR of a snake. The REAR! You weren't wearing your spectacles, were you?

ARGABRITE: No, I wasn't! Because I had just drank a potion that was supposed to fix my eyesight.

ABIGAIL: Guess it didn't work, either.

ANGEL: Maybe you misread it, too.

ARGABRITE: That's probably why I grew this ear on the back of my head. (*The other two look at the back of ARGABRITE'S head.*)

ANGEL: It's not an ugly ear. Well-formed.

ABIGAIL: Can you hear things behind you?

ARGABRITE: We need the rear of a snake!

ANGEL: You mean we're going to go through with this?

ABIGAIL: You know, I have enough trouble thinking about drinking bat poop, and now you want to throw in the rear of a snake?

ARGABRITE: But we can get rid of the broom!

ANGEL: Argabrite, what's a witch without a broom?

ARGABRITE: Huh?

ABIGAIL: Angel's right, Argabrite! When you think about it, witches and brooms go together. They always have. (*Rubbing HER posterior.*) Splinters and all.

ARGABRITE: (*A moment.*) I suppose you're right. But I don't want tonight to be a total waste.

ANGEL: We could always go scare some trick or treaters.

ABIGAIL: Yeah, that's always fun.

ARGABRITE: I could go for some candy. My sweet tooth's been acting up. Of course, it's the only tooth I have. (*THEY cackle and start to walk off.*)

ANGEL: Wait!

ABIGAIL: What!?

ARGABRITE: What's wrong?

ANGEL: *(Pointing to AGNES.)* One for the road?

ABIGAIL: Oh why not!

ALL THREE: HEY, AGNES!!

AGNES: *(Raises her head.)* "I'M MELTING, I'M MELTING." *(SHE goes back to sleep and the three girls cackle and exit.)*

BLACKOUT.

GHOSTS, PART ONE

GHOST #1 is standing CS as GHOST #2 enters.

GHOST #2: What's the matter with you?

GHOST #1: Huh?

GHOST #2: Did somebody scare you or something?

GHOST #1: No.

GHOST #2: Have you been sick?

GHOST #1: No! Why?

GHOST #2: You're as white as a sheet.

BLACKOUT.

A FRANK SURPRISE

Lights come up on FRANKENSTEIN seated in a chair DC. US of "FRANK" are four more folding chairs placed in a line. FRANK sits, nervously glancing left and right. Finally, the EMCEE enters.

EMCEE: Hello, Mr. Stein.

FRANK: *(Starting to rise.)* Wh...who are you?

EMCEE: Please remain seated. You're probably wondering why you were brought here.

FRANK: Are they going to put me in chains again? I haven't done anything. Lately.

EMCEE: No, Mr. Stein.

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FRANK: That little girl picking flowers? That wasn't me. I think it was Dracula.

EMCEE: We know, Mr. Stein. I assure you, we...

FRANK: And those villagers? The ones who were pulled limb from limb!? I think that was the Wolfman.

EMCEE: Please relax, Mr. Stein, we're only...

FRANK: It isn't fire, is it? I don't like fire.

EMCEE: No, Mr. Stein. You are here for just one reason.

FRANK: What's that?

EMCEE: Frank N. Stein, THIS IS YOUR LIFE.

SFX: Music and applause.

FRANK: Whaat!?

EMCEE: Yes, indeed, Mr. Frank N. Stein, you are on the popular TV show, THIS IS YOUR LIFE.

FRANK: You're kidding me, right?

EMCEE: Look straight out there and you'll see the camera.

FRANK: I can't believe it. This is so exciting.

EMCEE: And we have some guests that I think will surprise you. Are you ready to start?

FRANK: I'm ready.

EMCEE: First guest, please.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: *(Slovic accent.)* Ven you vere little, you loved to run. You'd get zose little legs pumping and run all over zee house.

FRANK: Is that...? It couldn't be! My...my...

EMCEE: Yes, Frank, it's the mother of your legs. Hildegard Heimlick.

(SFX: Music and applause as HILDEGARD enters and runs to FRANK. SHE wears classic lederhosen and long pigtails. They embrace and sit. SHE constantly pats and stares at his legs.) We flew her here from Munstreburg, Austria.

FRANK: MUTER!!!!

HILDEGARD: *(Speaking directly to HIS legs.)* Ach, mein klina leibzing! Dis is so exciting. I never zought I'd see you two again.

EMCEE: Mrs. Heimlick, do you have any fun stories to tell us about Frank's legs?

HILDEGARD: *(Cheerfully.)* Ach! Ja! He had zee biggest, cheesiest smelling feet in za family. He would take off his hiking boots and clear a room. After one Christmas dinner, when zee family was there, he took off his boots and his grandmutter passed out. Took an hour to revive her.

FRANK: *(Embarrassed.)* Oh, Muter!

HILDEGARD: His poppa was always forgetting zee door key, but no problem. We just have Frank kick it down with zose strong legs of his. *(Patting HIS legs.)* Mein little dumplings!

FRANK: And then Poppa would have to buy a new one.

HILDEGARD: I swear vee went zrough a dozen doors a year. *(THEY laugh. Still only looking at and speaking only to his legs, laughing and patting them.)* It's zee truth.

EMCEE: Frank, are you happy to see the mother of your legs?

FRANK: Oh, yeah! Very! It's been so long.

EMCEE: Well, we have another surprise for you. Someone else you haven't seen in many, many years.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: *(Italian accent.)* You were a very strong alittle boy. Ata three, he was a helping me rearrange the furniture.

FRANK: Is that...oh my...

EMCEE: Yes, Frank, it's the mother of your arms, Mrs. Elsa Barzini, all the way from Naples, Italy. *(SFX: Music and Applause. ELSA enters. SHE and FRANK embrace. SHE dresses as a common Italian woman of the nineteenth centur, and never takes her eyes off his arms, and speaks to only them.)*

ELSA: *(Sobbing.)* I never thoughta I'd hold my little bambinos again. It's a dream a come true.

FRANK: Momma!

EMCEE: Isn't that sweet.

ELSA: Oh, Frankie, I can'ta breathe.

FRANK: Oh, sorry, momma. *(Releases her.)*

ELSA: *(Still only looking at and speaking to his arms, and smiling.)* You never did a know your own strength. Remember that time you were a moving the piano and sat it down ona your Poppa's toe?

FRANK: I felt bad about that.

ELSA: Oh, I know you did. But it was a accident. And it **was** a funny. And a that silly dance a youra Poppa do.

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FRANK: I remember it. *(HE hops around holding one foot in the air, laughing.)* Like this.

ELSA: And he kept howling. "OOWWWOHHH." You and me, we a laughed 'til we cried. He still has a limp. *(Out to camera, smiling.)* But let me tell a you folks something, the smell a under those a arms coulda kill an elephant.

FRANK: *(Embarrassed.)* Momma!!

ELSA: *(Smiling.)* Oh, donna be so embarrassed, sweetie, everyone has a the B.O., it's just that yours can melt brass. I'll never forget that time we went to Naples Zoo and all the female monkeys leaped over that wall and a were chasing you around chattering and yipping.

HILDEGARD: Zank goodness he had my strong legs to help him get away.

ELSA: And a my strong arms to fight off all those a love-starved monkeys. *(THEY laugh.)*

EMCEE: Let's hear it for two fine mothers. *(SFX: Applause and cheers.)* But we're not through, Frank. We still have some surprises left in store. Are you ready for them?

FRANK: *(Excited.)* I can't wait.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: *(Southern accent.)* You had the most precious pot belly with the cutest little outie just made for poking.

FRANK: WHAT!??

EMCEE: That's right, Frank! All the way from Atlanta, Georgia, It's Amybelle Calhoun, your torso mother. *(SFX: Music and applause as AMYBELLE enters and embraces FRANK. Like the other mothers, SHE only looks at and addresses only the part of his body SHE is responsible for. SHE wears a classic southern belle outfit, complete with parasol and fan.)*

AMYBELLE: FRANKIE, FRANKIE, FRANKIE! I've missed you so much, mah sugar lamb.

FRANK: I've missed you, too, Mother.

AMYBELLE: I've been waiting for years to ask you something.

BY GEFf MOYER

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