

# Fly on the Wall: Odd Scenes from Seemingly Normal People

A THESIS

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**Fly on the Wall:  
Odd Scenes from Seemingly Normal People**

A THESIS  
SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY  
In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree of

**Master of Arts, Creative Writing**

By  
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**Oklahoma City, OK**  
**December 1<sup>st</sup>, 2017**

Abstract: Relationships interest me. Watching individuals react to each other and communicate is fascinating and usually humorous to some extent. *Fly on the Wall: Odd Scenes from Seemingly Normal People* showcases those little scenes, those reactionary moments of confusion, frustration, fear, love, and annoyance. This is the heart of comedy.

”Dad’s in the Closet” focuses on the dynamics between a mother and her three adult children. The emergency situation of a burglary brings together the differing personalities and chaos ensues. Officer Peachland is us, a spectator of the wacky way this family interacts with each other. His reactions reflect ours. We can relate to him.

I think “Forty Percent” is a glimpse into every couples’ mundane conversations that turn dramatic quite quickly. Paul is being honest, though tactless, and the play gains momentum as Alicia processes the numbers her husband casually tosses her way.

“Saving Cats” is, by far, my silliest play and I had a great time diving into the lives of a married super-hero couple. It was fun writing a gender twist on the stereotypical “cat lady,” and making him a lovable hero to the cats of the world.

“Dad’s in the Closet” and “Saving Cats” have both been produced in short play festivals. I was fortunate enough to attend these performances and can’t explain the feeling of seeing characters I wrote come to life on stage. I delighted in the director’s vision of both the plays. A few characters developed differently than what I had imagined, but that just made the experience more enriching. I truly witnessed the collaboration of playwright, director, and actors and the combination is beautiful. I hope to see more of my plays on stage and this collection be utilized to bring a good laugh to audiences in the years to come.

**Fly on the Wall:**

**Odd Scenes from Seemingly Normal People**

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# **Dad's in the Closet**

## **Based on a True Story**

As I sat at the kitchen table of my dear friend, Libby, she told me that her mother's house had been burglarized. She was heading out to California the next day to help put the house back together and to look for her father's ashes, which were missing. This story was told in the most comical way (as all our tales are told, sitting across from each other) and I couldn't get it out of my head. This is the first play I wrote in college and the first that was produced. Sadly, the charming little theatre in Colorado that allowed me to become a playwright is not open anymore. I will always remember the night my characters came alive and made the audience laugh.

Original Production at:  
Black Box Theatre  
Manitou Springs, Colorado  
June 2015

# Dad's in the Closet

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

OFFICER PEACHLAND - Older police officer, holds report notepad, very patient and calm.

JEAN – The mother, late 50's, wears house robe and slippers, she is dramatic and a bit crazy.

JIM – Oldest son, early 30's, business attire, embarrassed to be here.

MARILYN – Middle daughter, late 20's, wears old jeans and flannel shirt, worried about her mother.

EVIE – Youngest daughter, college age, wears hoodie and pajama pants, confused.

### Setting:

Jean sits at her kitchen table with her head in her hands, sobbing. Her three children, Jim, Marilyn, and Evie surround her. Officer Peachland stands to the side and takes notes. The kitchen is in disarray, a few broken dishes litter the floor.

JEAN

*(sobbing)* I can't believe this happened! Someone was in this house, going through my things!

EVIE

Did they get the jewelry box under your bed?

JEAN

Yes.

EVIE

Ah, Mom! I was supposed to get those rings!

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

Well, I was! Damn thieves!

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Was there anything else taken ma'am?

JEAN

You wrote down the two TV's, two DVD players and my VCR?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes, ma'am.

JEAN

My jewelry box?



OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes, ma'am.

JEAN

Did I mention the Happiest Pig figurines?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes ma'am, and remember, we found them smashed on your dresser.

JEAN

Oh yes, I forgot about that.

EVIE

Oh, thank God!

MARILYN

Evie, that's not nice!

EVIE

What? Those pigs were creepy!

MARILYN

Oh poor Mom! Who would do such a thing?!

EVIE

Who wouldn't?

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

Are you really defending those pigs, Mar? Really?

MARILYN

This isn't about the pigs. Can't you see Mom is upset?

EVIE

I do see that Marilyn. I'm not blind!

JEAN

They even smashed the blind Happiest Pig....

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Um, ma'am?

EVIE

*(talking over OFFICER PEACHLAND)* You had a figurine of a blind pig? Holy crap.

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

Really Marilyn?

JEAN

Yes, and he was the most special because, even though he was blind, he was still happy.

OFFICER PEACHLAND

...Ma'am?

JIM

Mom, is there anything else that was taken?

JEAN

Did I mention the jewelry box under my bed?

EVIE

Mom! We were just talking about it two seconds ago!

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

What?!

JEAN

Oh yes, I do recall something about that.

MARILYN

Quit being so hard on Mom!

EVIE

I'm not! Quit yelling at me!

JEAN

Marilyn, be nice to your sister.

MARILYN

What?!

EVIE

Ha!

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Ok, ma'am, is that everything that is missing?

JEAN

I think they took my ham salad out of the icebox.

OFFICER PEACHLAND

*(pause)* Ham salad, ma'am?

JEAN

Yes, there was a big tub of it right on the top shelf. Brand new!

EVIE

*(pause, nervous)* Um.

JIM

Mom, you're reporting stolen ham salad?

EVIE

Mom?

JEAN

Yes! That tub was \$7.99!

EVIE

Mom.

JIM

I can get you more ham salad, Mom. We're wasting Officer Peachland's time.

JEAN

*(huffy)* Is it illegal to report stolen food Officer?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Well, no ma'am, it's not. I'm including it in your report.

EVIE

*(guilty)* Officer Peachland, is it against the law to say something is stolen when it's like, really not?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Uh, yes ma'am it is.

EVIE

*(pause)* Then I have to say I threw the ham salad away.

MARILYN

Evie!

JEAN

Evelyn Thomas!

EVIE

What?! It's gross! I can't stand it! It looks like the pink slime they make McDonalds hamburgers with.

MARILYN

But it was Mom's food!

JEAN

That tub was \$7.99 young lady! You can't go around wasting money like that!

EVIE

Alright! I'm sorry! Geez!

MARILYN

And anyways, you eat at McDonalds, so why should pink slime disgust you?

EVIE

Because it's McDonalds, Mar. It's freakin delicious. Geez!

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Folks, I think I got all I need. If you don't have any more questions, I'll be saying good night.

JIM

Thank you, sir. We appreciate you coming.

JEAN

Did you write down my toilet paper stand?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes ma'am.

MARILYN

The silver one?

JEAN

Yes.

MARILYN

Who steals toilet paper stands from poor defenseless women! Who?

EVIE

Uh, thieves do, Mar.

MARILYN

Shut up, Evie!

JEAN

*(pause, nervous)* Officer? *(pause)* There's one more thing that's missing.

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes?

JEAN

Well...

JIM

What is it, Mom?

JEAN

*(pause, looks at her kids)* Kids, I can't find your father.

JIM

What?

MARILYN

What?

EVIE

Whoa...

JEAN

*(brink of tears)* He was in my closet until last Christmas, and then I moved him to make room for presents and I can't remember where I put him.

JIM

*(surprised)* Dad is still here?! I thought you took him to the redwoods! That's what he wanted!

EVIE

But what if some animal peed on him? That would be horrible!

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

Well? Wouldn't it be?

JIM

You have kept Dad in your closet for three years?

MARILYN

Jim! Be nice to Mom, you don't visit much. You don't know what's going on.

JIM

And I am saner for it.



EVIE

Jim, that's so mean.

JIM

Truth hurts, sis.

JEAN

I just want him to be somewhere nice.

JIM

So you kept him in your closet? That's your idea of somewhere nice?

MARILYN

Jim!

JEAN

Son, what if we took him to the redwoods and it was windy and he blew somewhere where he didn't want to be? Like LA?

JIM

Mom that makes no sense.

MARILYN

Jim!

JIM

It doesn't Marilyn and you know it!

JEAN

Don't yell at your sister, Jim.

OFFICER PEACHLAND

*(tired)* Ma'am?

JIM

Mom, let's let the Officer go and we'll talk about this later.

JEAN

But if your father was stolen, then we should file a report.

EVIE

Yeah, like a missing person report! There needs to be an Amber Alert!

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Well, um, Ma'am, I...

MARILYN

Amber Alerts are for missing children, you idiot!

JEAN

Marilyn!

EVIE

Well, what about missing people?

JIM

No PERSON is missing Evie!

EVIE

Dad's missing, Jim!

JIM

No. Dad's ashes are missing. That's a totally different thing.

JEAN

Well, I felt I should mention it.

JIM

I can't believe you lost Dad, Mom.

MARILYN

Jim!

JEAN

I didn't lose your father! I'm just not sure where he is!

JIM

Wow.

MARILYN

Where would you have moved him to, Mom? Are there any places you can think of?

JEAN

Well, I think I had him in the linen closet for a while, then the pantry...

JIM

The pantry?... wow.

JEAN

Yes, by the yams. *(pause, reminiscent)* He loved my yams.

EVIE

Ew.

JIM

Wow...

JEAN

But Officer Peachland and I looked in those places, and he was nowhere to be found. We searched everywhere didn't we?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Uh, yes ma'am, we did, but I was unaware that we were looking for your late BEN.

JIM

So you think that he was stolen then...

JEAN

Yes! Oh to think of your father riding around with thieves! I can't bear the thought! No one can know about this!

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Well, if there's anything else I can do for you...

EVIE

So you wrote down our dad is missing, right?

OFFICER PEACHLAND

Yes, ma'am.

EVIE

What did you write down? Shouldn't we give you a picture? Don't you need his height and weight?

JIM

Oh for Christ's sake, Evie!

MARILYN

Evie!

EVIE

What?!

JIM

Officer, thank you for your time. I know it's late.

OFFICER PEACHLAND

You folks have a good night.

JEAN

Good night Officer.

MARILYN

Thank you for coming.

*(OFFICER PEACHLAND leaves, JIM shuts the door and leans back on it)*

JIM

Wow.

MARILYN

What's your problem, Jim?

JIM

Nothing Marilyn. Nothing about tonight was completely ridiculous.

MARILYN

Did you just call us ridiculous?!

JIM

Nope, not at all. (*picks up a piece of broken glass*) Let's get everything cleaned up. I have to get back home tonight.

MARILYN

Oh nice, Jim. Let's all rush around for you.

JIM

Would you rather stand here talking about pig figurines, pink slime and stolen ashes?

JEAN

Jim, that's enough!

EVIE

(*arms crossed*) ...Uh, I am still bothered by the fact that Officer Peachland has no idea what Dad looks like...

JIM

Oh my god, are you serious, Evie?

EVIE

What!?

JEAN

Evie dear, your father was cremated and his ashes are in a black box with a little plaque on it.

EVIE

....what?

MARILYN

What on earth did you think we were talking about?

EVIE

I don't know!

JIM

*(frustrated)* Let's just start cleaning.

MARILYN

*(starts cleaning)* I agree.

EVIE

*(slowly realizing what is happening)* Wait. So Dad's ashes were in a little black box shaped like a cube in the pantry?

JEAN

Yes, Evie dear.

EVIE

*(pause, hesitant)* Then we need to call the Helping Hands food drive tomorrow...

JIM

Oh my god.

EVIE

*(defensive)* They came by yesterday! I was being charitable!

MARILYN

Evie!

JEAN

*(horrified)* Oh my god! To think of your father in a food pantry! With all those vagabonds! No one can find out this happened!

EVIE

He's definitely in the wrong side of town now, Mom.

MARILYN and JIM

Evie!



## **Forty Percent**

This is quite close to a conversation my husband, Carlos, and I had one evening. I'm sure many can relate. Here's to honesty.

# Forty Percent

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALICIA – A chatty lady dressed in trendy clothes. Her heels can be tossed by the couch and she could have socks on, to better portray an evening after work. She is a worrier.

PAUL – Jovial and not easily annoyed; he loves his wife. He is dressed in a button-down shirt and slacks. His shirt can be untucked and maybe a tie is thrown somewhere.

### Setting:

PAUL and ALICIA sit on a nice couch in the living room. He drinks a beer and relaxes, while she sips wine and flips through a magazine.

ALICIA

And then, I saw this idea where you fill a flute with orange sorbet, and then...

PAUL

*(interrupting)* What? Why are you filling flutes with ice cream?

ALICIA

Because, *(pause)* and it is sorbet not ice cream, Paul. You then pour champagne over it and...

PAUL

*(interrupting again)* Why do we want to pour champagne in a flute? That sounds gross and the flute would be ruined.

ALICIA

No, it wouldn't be. *(pause)* Please don't tell me you're serious. I meant glass flutes, not musical instruments. *(annoyed pause)* It's just a cute twist on the common mimosa, *(pause)* you asshole.

PAUL

Yeah, glass flutes. I know what you meant. Just joking with ya, peach blossom.

ALICIA

So?...

PAUL

So what, puddin' pop?

ALICIA

So what do you think?

PAUL

*(pause)* About what?

ALICIA

About the ideas. For the party.

PAUL

I think they're great, babelicious.

ALICIA

Which one?

PAUL

All of them.

ALICIA

But I must have just told you about 15 ideas for drinks for the party. We have to choose two special drinks to serve along with the beer and wine.

PAUL

Well shit.

ALICIA

What?

PAUL

*(pause)* I wasn't really actively listening. I thought you were just telling me stuff you found on Pinterest.

ALICIA

Nice Paul, freakin nice! I'm glad I've wasted the last half hour of my voice and my life.

PAUL

Not wasted, darlin'. I love to come home and sit and have a beer and listen to you talk.  
It's relaxing.

ALICIA

How can that be true if you're not hearing what I am saying?

PAUL

Because I have a lot on my mind, sugar buns, (*pause*) and when I come home it takes me  
a while to wind down and focus.

ALICIA

So how much of what I say everyday goes unnoticed?

PAUL

Well...hmmmm.

ALICIA

(*crossing arms*) Be honest, Paul.

PAUL

(*pause*) Alright... well, if I were to be completely truthful, (*pause*) about forty percent.

ALICIA

Forty percent? Are you fucking kidding me? Forty percent? Really? You only listen to  
forty percent of what I say?

PAUL

No, Ally, no. Forty percent goes unnoticed. That was your question. I listen to sixty  
percent of what you say. See sweetie? That is way better.

ALICIA

That doesn't sound better at all, Paul. Sixty percent? *(pause)* Wow. It just sounds so depressing. You're supposed to hang on my every word. My voice is supposed to be your favorite sound. And you only take in sixty percent...

PAUL

You said be honest.

ALICIA

I know.

PAUL

When you think about it. It's pretty great. *(pause)* Think of all the BENs that don't even listen to their wives. Or the BENs that say they are listening but really aren't. At least I'm honest with you, chipmunk face.

ALICIA

I know... It's just hard to hear you say it, you know? *(pause)* It's like you're saying "Hey Babe, for every ten words you say, I'm only listening to six of them, and I think that's great."

PAUL

Well, when you say it like that it sounds horrible. And if you only say ten words, I'll probably listen to them all, because that would be just like a sentence or two. It's when you use more sentences that I tend to tune out.

ALICIA

Wow. *(pause, sarcastic)* Ok.

PAUL

See? Two words, wow and ok. I got them both, candy kiss.

ALICIA

Ha, ha Paul. Do you really expect me to be okay with this conversation?

PAUL

Well, yes and no. Yes, because this is a truly realistic conversation. I love you more than anything my dear, and we have been married for ten years. I have gotten by so far on charm and a quick wit, but I feel it is time to come clean.

ALICIA

So the last ten years have been a lie? Forty percent of the last decade was ignored?

*(pause)* That's four years!! You have ignored me for four years of our marriage!

PAUL

Buttercup, don't say such things! Why can't you see that I am just being honest? *(pauses, takes ALICIA's hands)* Do not take this new-found information and let it hurt your tender feelings, for I would rather walk the earth with my testicles on fire, than to have you sad!

ALICIA

*(not amused)* Don't try to make light of this with your testicle jokes, Paul! It's not funny!

PAUL

My morning sunshine, it is not funny. What can I do to make this conversation take a happy turn and wind up perchance, *(pause, mischievous)* in bed?

ALICIA

In bed? Oh really? *(pause, spunky venom)* I wonder if I get sixty percent there too.

PAUL

*(turning on her, ruffled)* Now Alicia, my sweet. *(stands, superman stance)* I don't think I have to argue that you get one hundred percent of me during sex.

ALICIA

Oh really?

PAUL

Of course, *(pause)* there's no talking, therefore nothing for me to tune out.

ALICIA

Oh my god, Paul! Are you listening to yourself? How can you be so, so...

PAUL

So.... Honest?

ALICIA

Yes. Sometimes, a guy is supposed to lie to his wife to make her feel better.

PAUL

*(pause)* So you want me to lie to you.

ALICIA

Yes. *(pause)* No. *(pause)* Yes, but I'm not supposed to know it.

PAUL

Am I correct in hearing that you are telling me to lie to you?

ALICIA

Yes. But only about stuff that will make me feel better.

PAUL

...ok.



ALICIA

Ok. *(smiles at PAUL)*

PAUL

*(pause)* So... whose idea was this?

ALICIA

What idea?

PAUL

The *(makes quote gestures)* "BENs Should Lie to their Wives" idea.

ALICIA

It was no one's idea. *(pause)* It's just general marriage guidelines.

PAUL

Ah, I see. And where did you learn of this guideline?

ALICIA

From Brenda.

PAUL

Brenda? Three times divorced Brenda who hasn't had a marriage last more than a year  
Brenda?

ALICIA

Yes. She should know because she has been married a lot.

PAUL

But she has also been divorced a lot.

ALICIA

Yeah, sometimes you learn from your mistakes.

PAUL

Yeah, and sometimes you don't, powder puff.

ALICIA

What does that mean?

PAUL

It means that I don't think advice from Brenda should be applied to us, love muffin.

*(pause)* We got a good thing here you and I.

ALICIA

But you ignore me forty percent of the time, Paul. *(pause)* How can I not seek advice?

PAUL

My sweet angel cakes, You need not seek counsel from lesser women such as the divorcing diva Brenda. There is nothing wrong with our relationship. *(pause)* I'll prove it to you. How about that?

ALICIA

We're not having sex, Paul. I'm super annoyed at you.

PAUL

Honey bunch, I am not trying to seduce you. I am here to prove a point. The offer of sex will come later and I assure you, it will not be from me, kitten toes.

ALICIA

Whatever, Paul. How are you going to prove that we are ok?

PAUL

By revealing to you that we both have busy lives, and while we are madly in love with each other, there are times when other matters must occupy our minds.

ALICIA

Yes, but I don't ignore you.

PAUL

Well then, answer me this, my sweet, who have I been working with for the last two weeks that I can't stop talking about?

ALICIA

What?

PAUL

They sent some people over from home office and one of the guys and I have really hit it off. What is his name?

ALICIA

Who?

PAUL

Come on, babe. He's the guy with the Lamborghini.

ALICIA

What? I have no idea what you're talking about.

PAUL

Exactly! *(pause)* Wait, what? You really have no idea?

ALICIA

No, I don't! You're just making things up. *(pause)* Lamborghini?

PAUL

Yes! He has a black Lamborghini! Wow. Really? *(pause)* You don't listen to me, sweetie. *(pause, puts his hand over his heart)* That kinda hurts.

ALICIA

Ah, ha! The tables have turned! *(pause, sarcastic)* Oh, Paul, that may have been part of the forty percent I didn't pay attention to. *(pause)* But I'm madly in love with you, and I catch most of what you say, so that's great, right?

*(ALICIA kisses PAUL on the forehead and sashays out triumphantly, calls out from offstage)*

That's fine, right Paul?

*(PAUL sits and pouts for a beat, then follows ALICIA offstage)*

PAUL

Fine! But we are not having sex tonight! *(pause)* I mean it!

## **Leaf Blower Guy**

We used to live in an apartment complex and Carlos arrived from work as I was watering plants on the front porch. The maintenance crew was tidying up the parking lot and the man with a leaf blower was clearing the sidewalks. I could see Carlos in the car, smiling at me, waiting for the guy to pass before he got out. This short moment was the birth of this play.

# Leaf Blower Guy

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARSHA – Early 30's, trendy clothes with a hint of sexy, looks like she works in a bank.

PATRICK – Mid-thirties, suit and tie. Looks like an accountant. A self-righteous know-it-all.

LEAF BLOWER GUY - A guy with a leaf blower, work clothes, a bandana, tinted goggles, gloves and a wide brim straw hat. We cannot discern the race of this man.

Setting:

MARSHA and PATRICK sit in the car and are just about to get out. There is a bike under the front of the car. LEAF BLOWER GUY comes in slowly from side stage. There are leaves everywhere; in front and behind the car.

MARSHA

So, what do we eat then, boy chickens or girl chickens?

PATRICK

We eat boy chickens, I believe.

MARSHA

We eat roosters? That doesn't seem right. When you see chicken farms on TV they all look like girl chickens.

PATRICK

I think they're neutered.

MARSHA

So they take time to neuter chickens before they kill them? That seems like a lot of work. Wouldn't they use girl chickens so they can lay eggs while they get fat? It would make sense.

PATRICK

They're called hens, you know.

MARSHA

Whatever, Patrick.

*(MARSHA starts to get out of car, PATRICK throws his arm in front of her)*

PATRICK

Wait.

MARSHA

Why?

PATRICK

Let the guy go by.

MARSHA

What guy?

PATRICK

The leaf blower guy.

MARSHA

Why? If he goes by, there is going to be a lot of dirt and crap in the air. Just go now.

PATRICK

Oh my god, Marsha! You are so selfish! He's working!

*(LEAF BLOWER GUY stops and stares at car)*

MARSHA

I think he's waiting for us to get out.

PATRICK

Of course he is! Because he is used to all the snobs in this neighborhood who feel their time is worth more than his.

MARSHA

What?

PATRICK

But not while I am driving this car! When I'm in the driver seat this gentleman won't have to wait for anyone. Not on my shift!



MARSHA

Oh my god, Patrick. He is waiting for us. Let's just go.

PATRICK

No, Marsha, no. He is just in shock from such a kind gesture. He will soon get over it and continue his leaf blowing.

MARSHA

He's just staring at us.

PATRICK

He is thanking us with his eyes. I can feel it. (*pause, to LEAF BLOWER GUY*) Go on fine sir! (*makes exaggerated "after you" gestures*) Continue your day, let us not bother you in your noble duties!

MARSHA

What's up with the Camelot talk? Are you the knight who defends leaf blowers?

PATRICK

Only you would be offended by higher language.

MARSHA

Oh my god, Patrick. Shut up.

(*LEAF BLOWER GUY slowly starts toward car, blowing leaves directly at car*)

PATRICK

There he goes! Now WE will wait!

MARSHA

Hooray...

*(LEAF BLOWER GUY walks around leisurely blowing leaves right at the car, PATRICK and MARSHA wince at the noise)*

MARSHA

Is he doing that on purpose? It doesn't seem like he's blowing them away.

PATRICK

Oh yes indeed, because you're such an expert on the art of leaf blowing.

MARSHA

It's common sense, asshole. It doesn't take a genius to figure it out.

PATRICK

I can't believe you Marsha.

MARSHA

What? *(pause)* Is it because he's Mexican?

PATRICK

MARSHA:!

MARSHA

Well? Is this one of your white guilt things?

PATRICK

You are so racist.

MARSHA

He could be Asian.

PATRICK

Marsha!

MARSHA

Or black.

PATRICK

Oh my God, Marsha!

MARSHA

Or, he could be white.

PATRICK

Well now you're just being ridiculous.

MARSHA

Ha! Who's being racist now?

PATRICK

You are my dear, you have an icy black racist heart.

MARSHA

Why does it have to be black, Patrick? You think the color black is evil?

PATRICK

Only you would put those two together, you backward-thinking she-devil.

MARSHA

You're an imbecile.

PATRICK

At least I'm not a racist imbecile.

MARSHA

Oh god. Just shut up.

MARSHA

*(pause)* Why is he still here?

PATRICK

Because he takes pride in his job.

MARSHA

What's he doing to the back of the car?

*(LEAF BLOWER GUY is stuffing leaves into their tailpipe with one hand, while blowing leaves around the car with the other)*

PATRICK

There was probably a rogue leaf stuck in the bumper and he is kindly dislodging it.

MARSHA

Maybe we could ask him to dislodge the stick in your ass.

PATRICK

How very bitchy of you to think of something so crude!

MARSHA

So you admit there's a stick up your ass?

PATRICK

Good grief woman! You are silly and racist and I want to get out of this car!

MARSHA

Well, get out.

PATRICK

The guy is still leaf blowing the car.

MARSHA

Yeah, don't you think that is weird.

PATRICK

Well...

MARSHA

He's kind of scaring me.

PATRICK

Good grief, you are ridiculous.

MARSHA

No, I'm not. This last five minutes has been ridiculous! I'm getting out.

*(MARSHA goes to open the door and the LEAF BLOWER GUY, who is now at the front of the car blows the door shut)*

MARSHA

Oh my god! Did you see that?

PATRICK

Yes. *(pause)* That was very odd.

MARSHA

What do we do?

PATRICK

That is an unusually strong leaf blower.

MARSHA

Oh my god, I know! If I hadn't pulled my leg up it would have been severed!

PATRICK

Indeed, it would have. *(pause, rubs his chin)* It seems we have offended this gentleman in some fashion and he has trapped us.

MARSHA

What do we do?

PATRICK

I don't know. I have no experience against a man armed with such a powerful leaf blower.

MARSHA

You have experience fighting men with other weapons? Or lesser leaf blowers?

*(pause, PATRICK closes his eyes and puts his fists on his chest)*

PATRICK

Quiet Marsha, I'm summoning my inner cave man.

MARSHA

Ah, Jesus.

PATRICK

He would do too.

MARSHA

Maybe he accidentally blew the door closed, I'll try again.

*(The LEAF BLOWER GUY is behind the car this time. When MARSHA steps out of the car he turns the leaf blower on her pinning her to the door. MARSHA screams and pulls herself back into the car. Her hair is blown straight up and she is shaking.)*

MARSHA

Oh my god! Did you see that? We can't get out! He is crazy!

PATRICK

Are you ok?

MARSHA

What do you think?! I was assaulted and maybe even molested by a leaf blower! We have to call the police!

PATRICK

He would be gone by the time they got here and we would look like fools. I can't risk that.

MARSHA

What do we do? It's getting so hot in here. We won't make it much longer!

PATRICK

What do you have by means of provisions?

MARSHA

Provisions? You think I carry a survival bag around all the time?

PATRICK

We spend enough money on all your purses, I would hope that you have something useful in there.

MARSHA

Nice one Patrick! Too bad we haven't spent any money on a gym membership for you so you wouldn't be such a wimp! What are you going to do!

PATRICK

I'm not going to do anything until we have a plan. I'm not a barbarian!

MARSHA

Ha. Not even close.

PATRICK

*(pause)* Why did you say you were molested? I was right there, the guy was about 7 feet away from you.

MARSHA

Well, it was a very strong wind, had I been facing it, it would have...wow.

PATRICK

Am I hearing this correctly? My wife is getting turned on by a leaf blower? You are sick.

MARSHA

No Patrick. I am creative. Something you know absolutely nothing about.

PATRICK

Oh nice, Marsha. I'll be creative. Next time we have sex I'll bring a blow dryer to bed.



MARSHA

What? That wouldn't even... ugh, just shut up. You're useless.

PATRICK

*(pause, PATRICK turns to MARSHA)* Is that how you see me?

MARSHA

I don't know! *(pause)* Yes. I wish you would be more forceful. Take control.

PATRICK

In sex?

MARSHA

Yes. No. Yes. *(pause)* In any situation. Be a man! Not just talk like one!

PATRICK

Like this?

*(PATRICK grabs MARSHA and shoves her against the passenger door, kissing her. This goes on a bit and they break apart, breathing heavily.)*

MARSHA

Wow.

PATRICK

Wow. *(pause)* You wanna get out of here?

MARSHA

We can't. He won't let us.

*(They both look to the back of the car at the LEAF BLOWER GUY who is standing right behind their car, waving at them with the leaf blower. PATRICK puts his head on the steering wheel and sees the keys, still in the ignition.)*

PATRICK

Marsha! Look!

MARSHA

Oh my god the keys! We could have left all along!

PATRICK

Let's get outta here darling! There's a room at the Renaissance with our name on it!

MARSHA

Oh Patrick!

*(PATRICK starts the car and backs up a bit)*

MARSHA

Patrick! Look. *(MARSHA points to the leaf blower's bike crumpled by the sidewalk where they were just parked)*

PATRICK

We parked on his bike!

MARSHA

That's why he was harassing us!

PATRICK

*(grabs MARSHA)* I'M going to harass the crap out of YOU.

MARSHA

*(happily surprised)* Oh Patrick!

PATRICK

Let's get out of here! *(They drive away with LEAF BLOWER GUY now blowing leaves off his bike, head down, shaking his head)*

## **Saving Cats**

When we venture out on road trips, I like to tell Carlos ideas for stories and we hash them out. The names came first in this particular script. Chuck and Melissa. Who were they? What did they do? The thought of a superhero for cats was too tempting for me to ignore. A superhero marriage was even better. Long live Catman and Mrs. Awesome.

This play was produced in the spring of 2016 in Willoughby, Ohio. We drove up from Oklahoma City and were welcomed with a snowstorm. Perhaps I should have given Mrs. Awesome some power over the weather.

Original Production

Fine Arts Association

Willoughby, Ohio

April 2016

# Saving Cats

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHUCK – aka Catman. He is a man of dainty build who was sent to this planet to save the cats of the world.

MELISSA – aka Mrs. Awesome. Her name says it all. She is a super-hero who came to this planet to save people and kick-ass.

### Setting:

Chuck and Melissa in bed after a long day of saving people and cats. Their pajamas mimic their superhero costumes, with Melissa's sexy silk sleep set being black with a bronze A on the chest, and Chucks mint green footie pj's have a furry gray C on the chest. You can hear cats in the background.

CHUCK

Oh my Sphinx, what a long day.

MELISSA

I'm with you there. It was definitely a Monday.

CHUCK

I saved 318 cats today. Incredible, but oh, so tiring!

MELISSA

Wow, 318 cats. That's impressive dear.

CHUCK

I know! How was your day, darling?

MELISSA

Oh, you know, the normal hustle bustle. A few bridges almost collapsed and there was a tricky landslide in Samoa. Nothing big. (*she pats Chuck on the head and wiggles his chin*)

CHUCK

That sounds very big, Mel! How many people did you save today?

MELISSA

Oh, I don't know. Didn't keep track, Hon.

CHUCK

Mel, I know you keep track of every single person you save. It's your OCD! You don't have to keep it from me, even if it's a bit more than I saved.

MELISSA

*(sarcastically)* Thank you for reminding me of my OCD's, Chuck. It's really nice of you.

CHUCK

I didn't say it to be mean! I said it because I know you know how many people you saved and, for some reason, you have chosen not to tell me, which is different from our normal evening conversation.

MELISSA

It's not important how many people I save! Why do we have to discuss this every night? I don't think it's healthy!

*(scratching sounds at the bedroom door, and meowing)*

CHUCK

Aw. Senator Whiskers wants in.

MELISSA

No cats in the bedroom, Chuck. You know the rule.

CHUCK

*(pouting)* I know. But he loves snuggling with me so much.

MELISSA

And I really wish you would quit, *(pause)* bringing your work home, dear. Twenty-seven cats is a lot to clean up after. Even with super speed.

CHUCK

I know, but there are so many cats without homes! It is so hard to save them from a mean dog or a tall tree only to let them go back into the wild and dangerous world.

MELISSA

It's a tough situation, but perhaps you could raise some funds to start another shelter or something. It would be great publicity for you, and that wouldn't hurt at all. It's time the world noticed Catman, and the good he has done for cats. I hate that I get all the glitz and glamour and you don't.

CHUCK

So you save more people than I do! It's alright! I am secure in my super hero-ness. I'm proud of my powerful wife! Wonder Woman wishes she had your style and strength!

MELISSA

Aw, Sweetheart! Thank you! And I am proud of my feline saving sweet and gentle BEN.

CHUCK

Ummm, could we switch gentle to sexy?

MELISSA

Of course! My BEN, the sweet and sexy, feline saving super hero, Catman! They should put that on a t-shirt.

CHUCK

Yeah! (*pause*) I wish they would! There needs to be cooler Catman shirts. The pink ones with the furry gray cat do not look serious at all.

MELISSA

I have noticed that. But they are so cute and cuddly though! Eleven-year old girls everywhere love them! Worldwide! Especially in Japan!



CHUCK

*(dejected)* Yeah, that's what I mean. *(pause)* Your fan shirts are awesome. All black with your bronze A emblazoned on the front. They look straight out of an action movie!

MELISSA

*(pause, uneasy)* Actually, *(pause)* that is something I wanted to talk to you about, Sweetie. *(pause)* Marvel Comics has approached me about a Mrs. Awesome movie. Can you believe it?

CHUCK

What? Holy Sphinx, babe that is great! Wow. A Mrs. Awesome movie. My wife will be recognized for her heroic deeds around the world. *(growing jealous)* That is just awesome.

MELISSA

Oh, Honey. I haven't mentioned this because I knew you would be upset. *(long pause)* But, the trailers will be released tomorrow, and I wanted you to hear it from me.

CHUCK

What? The trailers! How long have you known about this? Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would have been ok with it!

MELISSA

I know, honey, but at the time you were hoping Animal Planet would respond to your Catman show ideas, and I didn't want to burst your bubble.

CHUCK

I can't believe you didn't tell me.

MELISSA

*(ruffled)* Well, I didn't, because I knew I would get this response, no matter when I told you.

CHUCK

That is not true! I would have been happy for you! Of course they would make a movie about you! You save thousands of people a day! You're a true hero of humans!

MELISSA

You're a hero too, Chuck! You came to this planet to save cats, and you do that every single day! You save those cats!

CHUCK

Yeah, but no one wants to make a movie about cats! I don't know why, but they don't! (*sobbing*) I'm Catman, a super-hero, just like you! My mission is to save cats. And I do that. Really well. I just wish I would get the love that you do!

MELISSA

I know, honey. I know. Some jobs just get more publicity and fame than others. I don't know why these humans feel the way they do. The internet has more cat videos than porn, and yet I get an action movie made of me, and you get a line of Catman cat litter boxes, with super odor control. (*pause*) It's not fair, (*pause*) but humans run the show here.

CHUCK

What is that supposed to mean?

MELISSA

What? That humans run the show? They do! I mean, it's not fair that I get more attention than you, but it's logical. I save world leaders. That's a pretty big deal.

CHUCK

I've saved a Senator!

MELISSA

Senator Whiskers does not count, Chuck!

CHUCK

*(dead serious)* He's a Senator to me, Melissa. He's a Senator to me.

MELISSA

*(staring warily at her BEN)* Ok. I don't know what to say to that.

CHUCK

Of course, you wouldn't. You never respected my work.

MELISSA

*(angry)* Are you kidding me, Chuck? Who arranged the Kittles in Skittles banquet that honored you for saving all those cats in the rescue shelter when the candy factory exploded and buried it in an avalanche of Skittles? I did! And who wore cat pajamas at your Cat's Pajamas Christmas Party, raising funds for cats without pajamas, when you didn't even wear them because you felt you looked stupid. *(pause)* Well, I did! I looked stupid!

CHUCK

Oh, you want to bring up the cat pajamas? Antonio sure thought you looked alright. He couldn't keep his eyes off you! He touched your tail!

MELISSA

Oh my stars, are we bringing my ex into this fight? That's a low blow. You know we are still friends. He came to support you at your party. He wants to be your friend, Chuck.

CHUCK

Oh sure, he wants to be my friend. What a load of cat poop! I think he thinks he still has a chance with you, because you never changed your name when you married me. Besides the fact that he is Mr. Awesome, and is a celebrated super-hero right along with you. He even has a comic book about him!

MELISSA

Chuck! We have been through this a thousand times! Antonio and I came to this planet as Mr. and Mrs. Awesome! That's how people know me! I couldn't become Mrs. Catman! I don't save cats! It would be confusing!

CHUCK

Yeah, but you will always be Mr. and Mrs. Awesome. That's hard for me to deal with!

MELISSA

Well, you might as well know that his character will be in the movie too, as well as yours.

CHUCK

What? Who is playing me?

MELISSA

*(pause)* Macaulay Culkin.

CHUCK

*(pause)* Macaulay Culkin? Are you kidding me? Who is playing Antonio?

MELISSA

Chris Hemsworth.

CHUCK

Chris Hemsworth?! The guy who played Thor? And I get the Home Alone kid?

MELISSA

I didn't do the casting, Chuck. *(pause)* Jessica Alba will be playing me, if you were interested.

CHUCK

Wow. The Invisible Woman and Thor. What a *(makes air quotes)* “super” couple. This is hard for me to deal with.

MELISSA

Well, you know what’s hard for me to deal with?! Twenty-seven cats! *(pause)* And a BEN that is threatened by my accomplishments!

CHUCK

How dare you! It’s only twenty-seven cats! And they made me the *Home Alone* kid! *(slaps both hands on cheeks and yells)* Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

MELISSA

Oh my asteroids! I can’t take this! I’m going to leave and save the world until the preview of *Mrs. Awesome and the Pewter Hedgehog* airs on FOX. *(angrily gets out of bed and stands, hands on her hips)*

CHUCK

Fine! And by the way, that is a stupid name for a movie!

MELISSA

Fine! *(pause)* And by the way, Senator Whiskers is a girl and she is pregnant! With 5 kittens!

CHUCK

No, he’s not! He’s a man! How would you know?

MELISSA

*(rips off pajamas to reveal her black leotard with a large bronze A across the chest and a golden cape)* X-ray vision, you asshole. *(pause)* And by the way, I saved 2,791 people today. *(takes off, out the door, the sound of cats being thrown aside is heard)*

## **Mike and Annie Go to Dinner**

This is all of us, either with our friends, family, or significant other. We have all been Mike and Annie.

# **Mike and Annie Go to Dinner**

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MIKE – a man in his mid-thirties, nicely dressed in a button down shirt and slacks. He is in the driver's side.

ANNIE – a woman in her mid-thirties; she wears a trendy shirt and jeans, and heels.

Setting:

MIKE and ANNIE get in the car.

ANNIE

Where do you wanna go for dinner?

MIKE

I don't care. You pick.

ANNIE

Let's go to that taco place in the city.

MIKE

*(cringes)* Anything but Mexican. I had Taco Bell for lunch and it did not agree with me.

ANNIE

Well then, you pick tonight, since your stomach is hurting.

MIKE

No, go ahead, pick a restaurant.

ANNIE

How about Spaghetti Warehouse?

MIKE

Eh. *(pause)* Ok.

ANNIE

What?

MIKE

What?



ANNIE

You paused. We could go somewhere else.

MIKE

No, no. Spaghetti Warehouse is fine. (*pauses, then sighs*)

ANNIE

All right, let's just go to Delta Café. That's a better choice.

MIKE

No, we're going to Spaghetti Warehouse. That's what you wanted.

ANNIE

Well, now I want Delta Café. So, we're going there.

MIKE

Nope, we're going to Spaghetti Warehouse. I'm already en route.

ANNIE

We can turn around. I don't want to go to Spaghetti Warehouse. I want to go to Delta.

MIKE

But you just said you wanted Italian!

ANNIE

Yes, I did! But you sighed, and that is (*makes quotations signs with her hands*) 'Mike language' for 'I don't want to go there.'

MIKE

I did not!

ANNIE

Yes, you did! We're not going to Spaghetti Warehouse!

MIKE

Yes, we are!

ANNIE

No, we're not. I don't want to spend the evening watching you not enjoy dinner.

MIKE

I don't want to spend the evening watching YOU not enjoy dinner!

ANNIE

(pause) Well, then. This night is fucked.

MIKE

Oh yes, Ann. The WHOLE night is fucked because of this disagreement.

ANNIE

Do you see us getting along anytime soon?

MIKE

Not if you keep this attitude.

ANNIE

Oh, shut up with your attitude talk. I'm not a child.

MIKE

Ok, dear.

ANNIE

I'm just trying to find a place BOTH of us will be happy with! You are not helping at all!

MIKE

I am too! I said I didn't want Mexican food!

ANNIE

But you didn't fully support the Spaghetti Warehouse choice!

MIKE

I didn't say anything, woman!

ANNIE

Exactly!

MIKE

You are impossible!

ANNIE

And you're stubborn like your father!

MIKE

What?! Wha? Why bring my Dad into this?

ANNIE

Because I'm pissed now and I'll say whatever I want. And we're not going to Spaghetti Warehouse.

MIKE

Yes we are, Annie!

ANNIE

TURN AROUND!

MIKE

No!

ANNIE

*(pouting)* Well then, just so you know. I'm not going in.

MIKE

Fine. I'll go in and eat a plate of tomato-based heartburn all by myself!

ANNIE

HA! The truth comes out! You don't want to go to Spaghetti Warehouse!

MIKE

I said it's fine!

ANNIE

The word fine does not work in this marriage!

MIKE

Neither does common sense! I said my stomach hurt. So you choose the most acidic food in the world for dinner! What sense does that make?

ANNIE

Why didn't you just tell me that Italian food sounded bad?

MIKE

Because I would rather have heartburn than be in this crazy fight with you. I had already vetoed the taco place, so I didn't say anything about Spaghetti Warehouse lest I start World War III right here in the car!

ANNIE

But you sighed.

MIKE

I know I sighed. Dammit! (*pause*) I'm sorry I was not able to contain my bodily reaction to mounds of tomato sauce and meatballs.

ANNIE

You could have ordered a salad or something.

MIKE

When the hell have I ever ordered a salad?! Are you insane?

ANNIE

Maybe if you ordered a salad every once in a while, you wouldn't have a vagina for a stomach! Everything you eat makes you sick!

MIKE

Well, maybe if you used that nice, new kitchen we just spent a fortune on. We wouldn't be fighting about where to go for dinner!

ANNIE

How dare you! Chauvinist pig!

MIKE

Spoiled brat! (*pause*) We're here.

ANNIE

I said I'm not going in. I mean it.

MIKE

Oh my god, are you serious?

ANNIE

*(crosses arms and settles deeper into seat)* Yup.

MIKE

*(long pause)* Ok. Well, I really don't want to go in alone, so where do you want to go?

ANNIE

I said Delta Café. They have old people food for your vagina stomach.

MIKE

Nice, Annie. I'm sure that's the only reason, *(pause)* and not that they serve cornbread and rolls right off the bat for my carb-addict wife.

ANNIE

They don't do it just for me!

MIKE

I didn't say they did!

ANNIE

Yes, you did. You just said, the serve bread right off the bat for my carb-addict wife!

MIKE

They do! For you and for every other senior citizen that goes in there!

ANNIE

You're calling ME a senior citizen? I'm not the one who can't handle spicy foods! You made it sound like they bring bread just for me.

MIKE

Well, you heard me wrong.

ANNIE

Fine.

MIKE

Fine.

ANNIE

I'm not a carb-addict.

MIKE

And I don't have a vagina stomach.

ANNIE

Fine.

MIKE

Fine.

ANNIE

*(pause)* Where are we going?

MIKE

Oh my god, really?

ANNIE

What?!

MIKE

We're going to the damn Delta Café! We just went through this!

ANNIE

This is the wrong way.

MIKE

No, it's not.

ANNIE

Yes, it is. Delta is north and we're going south.

MIKE

Well, my brilliant Magellan. We have to go south to get out of this side of town and then we'll go north. That's how roads work.

ANNIE

This is ridiculous.

MIKE

I agree.

ANNIE

What do you mean, you agree? You don't even know what I was talking about! I could have been talking about your driving.



MIKE

I hope you were talking about this fight, because that would be the first coherent thing you have said so far.

ANNIE

Fuck you, Mike.

MIKE

Ah, yes. When all else fails, just say fuck you. That solves everything.

ANNIE

Just... fuck you, Mike.

MIKE

Later.

ANNIE

Yeah right! Not happening! *(pause)* Let's just go home. I don't want to be fighting in a restaurant.

MIKE

We are not going home because now, I am so hungry, I could eat a horse.

ANNIE

I want to go home.

MIKE

We're going to Delta, then we'll go home.

ANNIE

I'm not going in.

MIKE

I don't care anymore.

ANNIE

Why do we do this?

MIKE

Because we're stupid. (*pause*) And we are now at the second dinner destination. Would you please come in with me and eat rolls and cornbread.

ANNIE

I'm not hungry.

MIKE

(*resting head on steering wheel*) For the love of god, Annie, please get out of the car and let's try to salvage what's left of this evening.

ANNIE

Why would you want to spend the evening with a spoiled brat?

MIKE

The same reason you want to spend the evening with a guy with a vagina stomach. Come on, my sweet, if I don't eat something soon, I'm literally going to die.

ANNIE

Hmmmm.

MIKE

Annie!

ANNIE

Oh alright. You're an asshole though. Just so you know.

MIKE

Yeah, whatever, I love you too, babe.

## **Trick or Treat**

Much has changed since us 80's kids went trick or treating. This is just a glimpse of how different the world has become. Teal pumpkins.

# Trick or Treat

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LIZA – Spunky lady dressed in a cute witch costume.

JOE – Laid-back, flannel and jeans type of guy.

TRICK OR TREATER #1 – Spoiled girl dressed as witch.

MOM #1 – Helicopter Mom.

TRICK OR TREATER #2 – Polite boy dressed as Spiderman.

MOM #2 – Angry.

TRICK OR TREATER #3 – Very shy little princess.

MOM #3 – Tough but nice.

TRICK OR TREATER #4 – Greedy, costumed.

TRICK OR TREATER #5 – Greedy, costumed.

TRICK OR TREATER #6 – Greedy, costumed.

ALEXA – Amazon Alexa device. Voice part.

### Setting:

Living room with couch and front door. An Amazon ALEXA is on a table. Halloween décor is all over. LIZA is filling a big bowl of candy. JOE is eating candy.

LIZA

OMG! It's Halloween! I love it! My favorite day and we finally get to have trick or treaters! *(pause)* Alexa, play Liza's Super Spooky Halloween Playlist.

ALEXA

Playing Liza's Super Spooky Halloween Playlist. *(creepy soundtrack starts, wolves howling, chains clinking)*

JOE

I don't know why you're so hung up on this holiday, babe. We've already gone to that awkward costume party at Maria's. We could just turn off the porch lights and, you know... Netflix and chill? *(He sidles up to LIZA and kisses her all over)*

LIZA

OMG, JOE! *(laughing)* Later! This is the best part! Little kids, all dressed up, going from house to house. It's like, my best childhood memory ever!

JOE

We can make some new memories, baby. *(still enticing LIZA)*

LIZA

Stop! *(playfully pushes him away)* I have everything perfect. The front yard is decorated with spooky skeletons and tombstones. Jack-o-lanterns are lit. I got the good candy. Full bars, baby! Our house will be a hit!

JOE

Look! I'm a vampire! *(dramatically swoops her into his arms and tries to playfully bite her neck)* Come with me to the dark side little lady. Muah ha ha!

LIZA

Quit it, Joe! Your messing up my hat! *(she rearranges her witches hat)*

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LIZA

They're here! First trick or treaters at the new house!

JOE

Oh geez. (*plops down on couch*)

*LIZA opens the door.*

TRICK OR TREATER #1 (*accompanied by MOM #1*)

Trick or treat!

LIZA

Oh my! Look at you! What a scary witch you are!

TRICK OR TREATER #1

*(starts to cry)*

MOM #1

How could you call my kid scary? That is not an uplifting and supportive term!

LIZA

But it's Halloween. I thought scary is what everyone wants to be.

MOM #1

Do you have children?

LIZA

No.

MOM #1

Well, then you wouldn't understand trying to bring your child up in a safe and positive environment.

LIZA

But it's Halloween and she's a witch! (*to TRICK OR TREATER #1*) It's a wonderful costume.

TRICK OR TREATER #1

Screw you, lady! (*kicks LIZA in the shin*)

LIZA

Ow! Hey! That's not very nice!

MOM #1

Oh! Now my daughter can't stick up for herself when she is being attacked?

LIZA

I wasn't attacking her!

TRICK OR TREATER #1

Just give me the candy, lady!

LIZA

No! You kick someone and now you want candy? That's not the way the world works!

MOM #1

Are you saying that you lured my child to your doorstep on false pretenses? Are you some sort of weird predator?

LIZA

What?! Your child just kicked me!

MOM #1

Because you attacked her!



LIZA

No, I... *(pause)* Ok, here, just take the candy and move along. This was a horrible misunderstanding.

MOM #1

That's right. See sweetie? If you stand up for yourself, you get what you want.

TRICK OR TREATER #1

Mr. Goodbar? Thanks for nothing, you old hag! *(runs away)*

LIZA

What? Ugh! *(sarcastically)* Happy Halloween! *(under her breath)* Entitled little brat!

JOE

*(sarcastic)* Oh, this trick or treating is so fun!

LIZA

That was not a normal trick or treat! Did you see what she did to me? What the hell?

JOE

We can still turn the lights off and finish this candy ourselves. There are other ways to celebrate Halloween.

LIZA

We can't judge all the little kids by that little monster. The night is young!

JOE

Well, I'm making us drinks then. I think we're going to need them. *(exits stage)*

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LIZA

Here we go! (*LIZA opens the door*)

TRICK OR TREATER #2 (*accompanied by MOM #2*)

Trick or treat!

LIZA

Well hello! Spiderman! Have you been keeping the streets safe this Halloween?

TRICK OR TREATER #2

Yes ma'am!

LIZA

Well, you get two candy bars for being so brave! (*takes two candy bars out of her pumpkin bowl*)

MOM #2

Those have nuts.

LIZA

(*confused*) What?

*JOE reenters and watches the scene.*

MOM #2

That candy has nuts. Steven can't eat nuts.

LIZA

Oh. (*looks at the candy*) Well, they're Mr. Goodbars. The nuts are chopped up small.

MOM #2

My son has a peanut allergy! No matter how small those nuts are, they could kill him!

*JOE laughs.*

LIZA

Oh! I'm so sorry! (*rummages through candy*) I have Snickers, Baby Ruth, oh! Reeses?

MOM #2

Oh yes! Reeses PEANUT BUTTER CUPS! Hmmm, geez. I wonder what peanut butter is made of?

LIZA

I am so sorry. All the candy has peanuts in it. I didn't think.

MOM #2

No! You certainly did not think! Come on, Steven. We should have known when there wasn't a teal pumpkin on the porch. Thanks for excluding my boy! Happy Halloween!

LIZA

I am so sorry. (*pause*) What teal pumpkin? (*Stands at door for a moment, closes door, turns to JOE*) I feel so bad.

JOE

That was hilarious. (*mimics MOM #2*) I don't care how small those nuts are! Ha!

LIZA

It's not funny, Joe! I feel so bad! That was such a nice kid! And she said something about a teal pumpkin.

JOE

I have no idea, Babe. Next time you'll know. No worries.

LIZA

I should have thought about kids with allergies. I should have bought little toys or rubber spiders or something. What if another kid with allergies comes? I have nothing! (*starts looking around room for things to give to kids*) Picture frame, keys, candles, phone. I have nothing to give to a kid with allergies! (*picks up phone and starts typing*)

Teal pumpkin. (*pause*) What? Teal pumpkins are actually a thing! It's called the Teal Pumpkin Project. You put a teal pumpkin on your porch to let kids with allergies know you have non-food options as treats. How did I not know about this? There weren't teal pumpkins around when I was a kid!

JOE

Stop saying teal pumpkin! It's weird! Come on, don't worry. What are the odds another kid like that will come?

LIZA

Do you have any cash?

JOE

For what?

LIZA

To give to kids with allergies!

JOE

Oh my god! Chill out! You are worrying too much!

LIZA

So, do you?

JOE

Do I what?

LIZA

Have any cash?

JOE

Ugh, let's see. (*takes out wallet*) I have four twenties.

LIZA

*(takes money out of JOE's hands)* Ok, that should work. *(puts money in pumpkin bowl)*

JOE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What are you doing? We can't give kids money!

LIZA

It's the only thing they would not be allergic to!

JOE

*(pauses)* Well, that seems convenient. And anyway, I don't think you can just give kids money.

LIZA

What?

JOE

Right? It's like wrong, or something. You're only supposed to give them money when they are selling, like, cookies and wrapping paper.

LIZA

How the hell did you come to that conclusion?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LIZA

*(LIZA points at JOE)* We'll return to this.

TRICK OR TREATER #3 *(accompanied by MOM #3)*

Hello.

LIZA

Hello! Aren't you a pretty princess! (*TRICK OR TREATER #3 just stares at LIZA, pause*)  
Are you having a fun Halloween? (*TRICK OR TREATER #3 just stares and says nothing, pause*) Well, here is some candy for your cute pink pail.

MOM #3

No.

LIZA

No? (*pause*) Oh my god. Is she allergic to peanuts?

MOM #3

No. I'm trying to get her to talk to adults. She's very shy. (*pause*) Maria, say trick or treat to the nice lady. (*TRICK OR TREATER #3 continues to stare at LIZA.*)

LIZA

Come on now, you can do it. Say, Trick or Treat! (*this scares TRICK OR TREATER #3 and she backs up near MOM #3*)

MOM #3

No candy until you say it.

LIZA

Oh, it's ok. I used to be shy too.

JOE

Ha! That's hard to believe!

LIZA

(*points at JOE*) I'm not finished with you, JOE. You'd better watch it! (*JOE comically cowers in fear*)

TRICK OR TREATER #3

She's a real witch, Mom! (*tugs on MOM #3*) Can we go now? I don't want candy!

LIZA

No, no, no, no, honey. I'm not a real witch. It's just a costume. Don't be afraid. I just want you (*points at TRICK OR TREATER #3*) to have a good Halloween!

*TRICK OR TREATER #3 screams when LIZA points at her and runs away.*

MOM #3

(*watches her kid run away and turns to LIZA*) Thanks lady. (*slowly follows her kid*)

LIZA

(*takes two bars out of her bowl and hands them to MOM #3*) I'm really sorry.

MOM #3

Don't worry about it lady, it's a tough holiday.

LIZA

No kidding. (*pause, calls after MOM #3*) I am really sorry! (*shuts door*) I think I'm losing my Halloween spirit.

JOE

Yes! Turn off the porch light and let's relax the rest of the night!

LIZA

Ugh. That sounds so boring! "Let's relax the rest of the night." We're turning into my parents.

JOE

Um, not by what I have planned for you.

LIZA

Oh, really? What do you have planned?

JOE

*(pause)* Well, I don't know. *(pause)* I was going to get us more drinks, eat the candy and watch TV, then hopefully have sex and go to bed.

LIZA

I don't know why, but the way you said that sounds so boring.

JOE

I know. Saying it out loud makes it totally lame.

LIZA

I have not given up yet. Maybe a few more trick or treaters and I'll shut down the candy train.

JOE

I guess. *(pause)* I'm still topping off our drinks. *(Leaves room, takes LIZA's phone.)*

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LIZA

Here we go! *(opens door)*

TRICK OR TREATER #4, #5, #6

Trick or Treat!



LIZA

Whoa! There are so many of you! Here, take your pick of candy. *(the kids dive in the bowl and take everything.)* Whoa, hey, wait! One each! One each! *(the kids run away laughing)* I said one each! You thieving brats! *(steps out and yells at neighborhood)* What is wrong with you? What happened to Halloween? Ugh! *(comes back inside and slams the door and turns off the porch light)* I am done with Halloween! *(JOE reenters with a bloody towel over his hand)*

JOE

*(faintly)* Liza, help. *(collapses on floor)*

LIZA

Oh my god!

JOE

I was cutting the limes when the knife slipped. *(a couple of fingers fall out of the towel)*

LIZA

Oh my god! Joe! We have to call 911! Where's my phone! *(frantically looks around for phone)*

JOE

*(weakly from floor)* Babe, help. *(reaches out to LIZA)* Help.

LIZA

*(kneels beside JOE)* Stay with me Baby. We'll get you help. *(pause)* Oh god, there's so much blood! Where's my phone? Alexa! Call an ambulance.

ALEXA

Calling ambulance.

JOE

No! Alexa! Cancel that ambulance!

ALEXA

Canned apricots added to your shopping list.

JOE

No!

LIZA

Joe! What are you doing? You need an ambulance!

JOE

No, I don't! Tell Alexa to stop the ambulance!

LIZA

*(talking over JOE)* But your fingers are on the floor!

ALEXA

Playing "Let the Bodies Hit the Floor by Drowning Pool." ("Let the Bodies hit the Floor" starts blaring from ALEXA)

JOE

It was a prank! For Halloween! Alexa, shut up! *(ALEXA keeps playing song)*

LIZA

OH MY GOD, JOE!

JOE

Cancel the ambulance!

LIZA

Alexa, cancel the ambulance. *(music stops)*

ALEXA

Canned apricots added to your shopping list. *(music starts again)*

JOE

Oh, my god.

LIZA

Alexa, cancel the call to the ambulance.

JOE

*(pause)* Oh great. Now she is ignoring us.

LIZA

Joe, you are the WORST! You scared the hell outta me! And an ambulance is coming!

JOE

I didn't know you would call an ambulance through Alexa. I took your phone so you wouldn't call 911.

ALEXA

Calling 911.

LIZA

Oh my god, Alexa stop! Cancel the call to 911 and the ambulance!

ALEXA

Call to 911 cancelled. *(music stops)*

JOE

Oh, finally!

LIZA

I can't believe you did that.

JOE

I can't believe you called an ambulance on *(pause, whispers)* Alexa. Let's just stick to using her for timers and the weather.

ALEXA

The weather is currently 65 degrees.

ALEXA & JOE

Alexa STOP!

JOE

Damn. This whole thing escalated quickly.

LIZA

No kidding. And those kids just robbed my candy bowl. They took everything!

JOE

Wait, they took everything in the bowl? My cash! Damn kids! *(he runs out the front door)* What is wrong with everyone?! *(an ambulance siren wails in the distance)*