

ATTACK OF THE KILLER B'S

A killer one-act comedy

by

Sean Abley

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DEDICATION

To everyone at the Factory Theater, 1992-1997, where I lived, learned to write, and had the most artistically fulfilling five years of my life.

And to Joey Meyer, the original "Kevin," my roommate, my co-conspirator, and my best friend. I still miss you every time I write a play.

Attack of the Killer B's was first performed at the Factory Theater, Chicago, IL on February 26th, 1993 in repertory with *Reefer Madness*. The production was directed by Sean Abley and Amy Seeley and stage managed by Jenn Seal and Bo Blackburn. Fight choreography by Kirk Pynchon. Makeup by Jill Rothamer. The cast was as follows:

Glen / Glenda.....	Sean Abley
Barbara.....	Amy Seeley
Zombie #1, Pot Party Guest, Prison Guard, Miles, Brian.....	Scott Parkinson
Ben, Harry #2, Cop, Chuck.....	Jim Blanchette
Harry, Ralph, Burnt Maniac.....	Jesse Dienstag
Tom, Bill, Prison Guard, Kevin.....	Joey Meyer
Judy, Blanche, Bartowski.....	Marssie Mencotti
Helen, Mae, Dutch, Marianne.....	Renee Hense née Williams
Karen, Allison, Diane.....	Jenny Laffey née Kirkland
Zombie #2, Jack, Go-go dancer, Norman, Michael.....	Kirk Pynchon
Vivian, Benni, Mrs. Voorhees.....	Lori Lee
Louise, Marion, Theodora, Michele.....	Kristen Swanson
Barbara's Mom, Understudy.....	Jill Rothamer
Townsperson w/line, Understudy.....	Bruce Green
Shape, Understudy.....	Michael Beyer
Ensemble, Understudy.....	Brad Fridell

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO: Jeff Rogers for his original direction of the *Reefer Madness* section, Mike Meredith for mucho audio assistance, Marssie Mencotti for all the word processing, Jim Hense for his video help. The *Reefer Madness* company, George Romero, Alfred Hitchcock, Wes Craven, Louis Gasnier, Don Siegel and all other B- movie directors.

CHARACTERS

GLEN / GLENDA – Mid twenties, dressed from the late 60's
BARBARA – Glen/Glenda's sister, mid twenties, dressed late 60's
BEN – Thirtyish, 1960's
HARRY – late thirties, grouchy, 1960's
HELEN – late thirties, Harry's skittish wife, 1960's
TOM – a nice boy, 1960's
JUDY – Tom's girl, 1960's
KAREN – Harry and Helen's daughter, teens, 1960's
JACK – 1930's drug dealer
MAE – same, seen better days, 1930's
BLANCHE – woman of loose morals, 1930's
BILL – innocent teen, 1930's
RALPH – drug crazed dope addict, 1930's
HARRY #2 – no good, cheatin' dope fiend, 1930's
VIVIAN – Harry #2's girlfriend, 1930's
ALLISON – Harry #2's wife, 1950's
COP – a cop, 1930's
BARTOWSKI – female prison warden, inappropriately sexy, 1970's
DUTCH – masculine female inmate, 1970's
BENNI – female inmate, Dutch's "friend", 1970's
LOUISE – nice girl inmate, 1970's
BURNT MANIAC – possibly with fingerknives and felt hat
FEMALE GUARDS – two female prison guards
BARBARA'S MOM – perfect mother, 1950's
NORMAN – mid thirties, odd, hotel manager, 1960's
MARION – mid thirties, cool blonde with a secret, 1960's
MILES – any age, conspiracy theorist, 1960's
THEODORA – any age, emotionless, 1960's
TOWNSPERSON – someone who needs a line, 1960's
KEVIN – hero, contemporary
BRIAN – any character from a slasher film, 1980's
MICHAEL – ditto
CHUCK – ditto
MICHELE – ditto
DIANE – ditto
MARIANNE – ditto
SHAPE – hulking killer, possibly in a hockey mask
MRS. VOORHEES – doting mother, 1980's
VARIOUS ZOMBIES AND TOWNSPEOPLE

SUGGESTED DOUBLING

The original cast list is a good guide for doubling, but obviously this could be changed around, or the larger roles could be distributed more evenly, which would make some of the quick changes much easier. (Particularly tough – “Michael” to “Norman” in the final scene.)

SETS, PROPS AND LIGHTING

We accomplished what we needed for the original Chicago production, and the subsequent Los Angeles production, with two chairs, two benches and five entrances on a unit set (we also made entrances from the house) and a ton of easy to find, or make, props. Our "Theater for \$5" aesthetic allowed us to create and buy props that looked as cheap as they cost. Lighting was used to suggest scene/location changes, along with chair and bench placement.

Scene changes should be made by the actors moving the chairs, benches, etc., as naturally as possible as the lights change and actors move from one location to another. There should be NO blackouts in the production except for the very end. This keeps the pace quick – the original production clocked in at fifty minutes without an intermission.

SOUND

The original production used tons of sound cues, including a musical “score” during the chase scenes and transitions. This helped us create a “film” onstage.

COSTUMES

If you want to follow a strict film color scheme, I would suggest:

Scene One – 1960’s, Black and white (so the blood shows up better!)

Scene Two – Ditto

Scene Three – 1930’s, Black and white except Allison in 1950’s, full color.

Scene Four – 1970’s, full color

Scene Five – Same, except Barbara’s Mom in 1950’s, and the Burnt Maniac in 1980’s.

Scene Six – 1970’s, full color

Scene Seven – carry over from Scene Six

Scene Eight – 1960’s, Black and white

Scene Nine – 1960’s, Black and white

Scene Ten – 1980’s, full color

However, that’s A LOT of black and white. In the original production the only black and white scene was Scene Three.

ONE MORE THING

Keep the last scene of the teens in the cabin loose. Our cast had a great time improvising during this scene, which fleshed it out in a fun way.

ATTACK OF THE KILLER B'S

SCENE ONE

(GRAVEYARD. LATE 1960'S. BARBARA and GLEN enter, bickering.)

GLEN. They're coming to get you, Barbara!

BARBARA. Shut up, Glen!

GLEN. *(Mocking:)* Shut up, Glen. What's the matter? Scared?

BARBARA. Stop it! You are so ignorant!

GLEN. I'm ignorant? Who's scared of the cemetery?

BARBARA. I am not scared of the cemetery.

GLEN. *(Mocking:)* I am not scared of the cemetery. Then why are your hands shaking? They're coming to get you, Barbara!

BARBARA. Would you please shut up?! Have some respect, for goodness sake.

GLEN. For what? That old bitch? No way.

BARBARA. Glen! She's our mother!

GLEN. And she's dead, Barbara. What little respect I had for her while she was alive, which wasn't much, I buried out here with her when she croaked. And if you were smart you'd do the same thing.

BARBARA. Fine.

GLEN. I can't believe you still let her control you this way. Wherever she is, she's too busy shoveling hot coals to know you're out here in the friggin' rain paying your "respects." *(She waves him off, kneels by the tombstone and crosses herself. Glen pulls out a cigarette and lights up.)*

BARBARA. At least move down wind. *(He gives her a look, then moves. In the distance ZOMBIE #1 appears, shuffling toward them.)*

GLEN. Look, Barbara, here they come now. They're coming to get you, Barbara! Mother sent someone for you!

BARBARA. *(Fierce whisper:)* Shush! Leave the poor man alone. He'll hear you!

GLEN. *(Whisper:)* So sorry. *(Shouts:)* Hey! Over here! She's over here, gimp!

BARBARA. That's it! I'm leaving. You bastard! (*BARBARA heads straight for ZOMBIE #1.*) I'm so sorry. Please don't listen to him. He doesn't – (*ZOMBIE #1 attacks her, trying to take bites out of her flesh. They fight until GLEN steps in and yanks him off. GLEN and ZOMBIE #1 grapple, with the zombie repeatedly getting back up after he shouldn't. Finally ZOMBIE #1 pulls the tombstone out of the ground and bashed GLEN over the head with it, killing him. ZOMBIE #1 leans over and takes a huge bite out of GLEN, then drags his body away. ZOMBIE #2 appears and chases BARBARA, accomplished by both of them running/shuffling in place. ZOMBIE #2 shuffles closer, then further back, it's neck and neck until BARBARA finally breaks away and races to...*)

SCENE TWO

(*FARMHOUSE. BARBARA dashes in and locks the door behind her.*)

BARBARA. Poor Glen! (*She cries.*)

(*OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. BEN enters, fighting off a group of ZOMBIES. He fights his way to the door, but it is locked.*)

BEN. Hello?! Anybody in there?! Open up in there! Open this damn door (*BARBARA finally unlocks the door. BEN bursts in and slams it shut behind him.*)

BEN. We gotta barricade this door! And these windows! They aren't very strong, but enough of them could break through just a regular door. You got any nails in this place? And wood. You got any wood? You got a hammer? Do you have any lumber? DO YOU HAVE A HAMMER?!

BARBARA. (*Bursts into tears.*) I DON'T KNOW!

BEN. You don't know? This is your house, ain't it? (*She shakes her head 'No.'*) This ain't your house. Great. I'm sorry. Sorry. It's just that we gotta get it together and barricade the doors and windows or those...things... are gonna get in here. And then we're finished. Okay? (*She nods.*) Okay. You look through these drawers and stuff for nails and a hammer. I'm gonna go upstairs and pull the doors off the hinges. (*BEN turns to exit. BARBARA*

grabs him.)

BARBARA. No!

BEN. It's okay. There aren't many of them out there yet. If anyone of them things comes near the house, you just holler. Okay? *(She nods.)* Okay. *(BEN exits. BARBARA looks around the house. Suddenly, HARRY steps out from the basement. He approaches her unseen until she turns around. She screams and fights him off as he tries to calm her.)*

HARRY. No! Wait! It's okay! Shut up for a minute, will ya?! *(BEN rushes in, grabs Harry and starts beating him.)* Wait a minute, you idiot! I'm not one of those things! *(He struggles free.)* It's okay!

BEN. Sorry. Thought you were one of those...things.

HARRY. Well, I'm not one of those...things! I'm Harry Cooper. I got my wife and little girl with me, and a couple of kids we picked up along the way. My daughter, she's hurt pretty bad. Got bit by one of those...things.

BEN. Wait a minute. You said 'picked up' a couple of kids. You got a car?! Let's go! *(He races to the door, which he cautiously opens and looks for the car.)*

HARRY. Yeah, I got a car. What do you think, I'm an idiot? It's out of gas, genius.

BEN. Completely? The next town is only five miles away. We could make that on fumes!

HARRY. And what if we don't? My girl's hurt. She can't run. We'd never make it.

BEN. Then we'd leave you and her here and come back with help.

HARRY. Right! Like you'd come back after you got outta this trap. No way. We're staying down in the basement and the car stays put. Besides, a group of those...things... rolled it over off the road. It would take ten men to flip it back over.

BEN. *(He has moved away from the door, leaving it unlocked.)* In the basement? You've been here the entire time?

HARRY. Yeah, what about it?

BEN. You mean you didn't hear us screaming up here? We could've used some help up here, Cooper!

HARRY. How did we know what was going on up here? House coulda been full of those...things. *(ZOMBIE #3 bursts in the unlocked door. HARRY cowers, using BARBARA as a shield, as BEN fights off the zombie and pushes*

it out the door. Once the zombie is out the door, HARRY runs up with the pretense of helping.)

HELEN. *(Off.)* Harry? What's going on up there?

HARRY. Nothing, Helen. We'll be right down. Come on. Let's talk about this downstairs.

BEN. Uh uh. That place is a death trap. No way out. At least up here we got options. We'll use the basement as a last resort.

HARRY. You're outta your mind, mister! All these doors and windows? There's no way you could board all them up. I'm going downstairs.

BEN. Wait a minute! How do we know you'll let us in when we need it?

HARRY. *(Holds up the basement door keys.)* Once this door shuts, it ain't opening until the National Guard gets here.

BEN. Give me those keys, Cooper! *(They fight. TOM and JUDY enter from the basement. They break up the fight.)*

TOM. Mr. Cooper, stop it! Stop it!

HARRY. This guy wants to kill us all!

JUDY. It's not that way, Mr. Cooper. We were listening downstairs. If we all work together we can board up the place and still have the basement if we need it.

TOM. So you see, Mr. Cooper, your plan is actually the best one. So we'll save it for last.

HARRY. *(Mulls this over, then:)* Helen! Get up here! *(We hear HELEN's footsteps offstage as she comes upstairs – stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp – for a LOT of stairs. HELEN enters from the basement.)*

HELEN. Yes, Harry?

HARRY. We're gonna help secure the premises up here.

HELEN. Who are these people?

BEN. My name is Ben and this is –

BARBARA. Glen!

TOM. Glen?

BARBARA. He's still out there! One of those...things...attacked us and got Glen! We've got to go get him! *(BARBARA bolts for the door. Everyone panics as BEN pulls her away.)*

BEN. We can't go out there now! We'll get help for Glen later.

HARRY. Yeah, right.

BEN. Shut up, Cooper! After we get out of here, we'll go get Glen. Okay?

BARBARA. (*Strong:*) Okay.

BEN. (*Stunned, impressed:*) Okay.

JUDY. Why don't we break up into teams?

BEN. Good idea.

HARRY. Helen, I want you to go back downstairs and watch after Karen.

HELEN. But Harry –

HARRY. Just do it! Somebody has to watch her and make sure she's alright. I'll be there if anything happens.

HELEN. Alright, Harry. (*She exits.*)

TOM. Let's get to work! (*Everyone goes about securing the house.*)

(*SHIFT FOCUS TO - BASEMENT. HELEN enters.*)

HELEN. Karen? Darling? (*KAREN appears behind her. Dead. Carrying a trowel.*) Karen, there you are...Karen...Karen...? (*KAREN attacks HELEN, killing her with the trowel, then taking a bite out of her flesh.*)

(*SHIFT FOCUS TO – UPSTAIRS.*)

HARRY. What was that? I heard a scream! (*The ZOMBIES burst in, including KAREN and the now-zombified HELEN from the basement, and GLEN. They take over the house, killing and dragging away Harry, Ben, Tom and Judy, leaving GLEN and BARBARA at a stand off.*)

BARBARA. Glen? Glen, speak to me! (*GLEN attacks BARBARA, trying to take a bite out of her. After a struggle, BARBARA winds up and slaps him hard across the face.*)

GLEN. (*Shocked:*) Ow!

BARBARA. Just because you are one of the dead risen from the grave to feast upon the living doesn't mean you have to be so ornery!

GLEN. Sorry! Ow...

BARBARA. Now let's get out of here before it's too late.

GLEN. To where?

BARBARA. Someone said something about a town less than five miles from here.

GLEN. That would be Springwood, right next to Camp Crystal Lake!

BARBARA. Let's run! We've got to get help! (*They exit. SHIFT FOCUS TO*

–)

SCENE THREE

(MAE'S HOUSE, LATE 1930'S. A big reefer party is about to take place. JACK enters.)

JACK. Hey, everybody! Come on in! *(Everyone bursts in loudly from all directions, in a party mood. JACK and MAE are the hosts. BLANCHE with BILL in tow, RALPH, VIVIAN and HARRY #2, among others, are the guests. Everyone is dressed in shades of black and white.)*

BLANCHE. Come, Bill. Don't just stand there. Oh, Mae, this is Bill. *(Knowing nod:)* He's "okay".

MAE. If he's "okay" with you, he's "okay" with me. *(She offers BILL a firm handshake.)*

BILL. Nice to meet you.

MAE. Likewise. *(BILL and BLANCHE circulate. MAE approaches JACK.)* Who's the new kid?

JACK. That's Bill. He's "okay." Blanche has got herself quite a yen for him.

MAE. Not bad. Didn't think Blanche had that much taste. You got the supplies?

JACK. *(Hands her a package of joints.)* Right here. Twenty reefer cigarettes. One for every joe and jane in the place.

MAE. Perfect! Your name might be Jack, but you're ace-high straight. *(To the crowd.)* Here we go! *(She begins to hand out reefer.)*

RALPH. Oh, Mae, don't forget about me!

MAE. Ralph, I could never forget about you. *(Everyone except BILL laughs a bit too loud and hard. BILL is puzzled.)*

BLANCHE. *(Offering Bill a reefer.)* Here, Bill. If you want a good smoke, try one of these.

BILL. Um, no thank you.

BLANCHE. Oh. I thought you were a good sport. Of course, if you're afraid... *(Party and music instantly stop. All eyes turn to BILL. Slowly, he takes the joint. Party and music resume.)* That's better! I know you'll like it. I know you will! Now, just take a puff... *(BLANCHE lights a match. Party and music instantly stop. All eyes turn to BILL. BILL takes a puff and gets the*

giggles. Then RALPH laughs. Then BILL. The laughter builds until everyone is laughing hysterically. Laugh, laugh, laugh. BARBARA and GLEN burst in. Party and music instantly stop. All eyes turn to BARBARA and GLEN.)

BARBARA. Hello. Could you help us please? We're in a lot of trouble.

MAE. Jack, I don't think they're from around here.

JACK. Quiet you! *(The party resumes. JACK moves over to BARBARA and GLEN.)* Sure, kids. Come on in. Make yourselves comfortable. Now, how deep are ya in?

GLEN. Pretty deep. We were attacked by ghouls from beyond the grave not five miles from here. We need to call somebody! The police...or the morgue... or the newspapers!

JACK. You're in deep alright. But we'll get you all the "help" *(Pats his pocket full of reefer)* you need. *(Knowing laugh from the crowd.)*

BARBARA. Thanks.

JACK. Why don't you two relax while we figure out what to do. *(JACK moves away. RALPH sidles up to BARBARA.)*

RALPH. *(Indicating Glen:)* So, are you pinned to that joe?

BARBARA. His name is Glen. And no, he's my brother.

RALPH. *(Making his move.)* Good! I mean...a good guy. He seems like a stand up kinda guy.

BARBARA. He is.

RALPH. Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm just making conversation. *(Offering her a reefer:)* How about a smoke?

BARBARA. Why yes, I'd love one. How thoughtful. *(She takes the joint. RALPH lights it for her. By this time GLEN has been given a joint as well, although neither of them realize what they're smoking. They take a puff. The laughing begins again. As it reaches its hysterical peak, ALLISON bursts in, hysterical. She is in full color, dressed in 1950's clothes.)*

ALLISON. Harry! Harry, where are you?!

BARBARA. *(Stoned:)* Harry was killed. He was eaten by my brother and the rest of the undead.

ALL. *(Big laughter.)* Ah ha ha ha ha!

ALLISON. What are you talking about?!

HARRY #2. I'm right here, darling. Now, what's the matter?

ALLISON. What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm almost killed, and then I find you here with her! *(Points to Vivian.)*

ALL. (*Laugh.*) Ha ha ha!

HARRY #2. Vivian is just a friend. We've discussed this. Now, darling, what's this about you almost getting killed?

ALLISON. I was driving down the highway when I see this bright light up ahead. As I get closer I see it's a large, glowing orb, or ship, or something. Something not of this earth! It blocked the path of the car, and when I got out, that's when I saw it. It was horrible!

HARRY #2. What? Saw what, darling?

ALLISON. The man! The giant man! He touched me! He reached out and scratched me! Look! (*Shows the scratch on her arm.*)

ALL. (*Laugh.*) Ha ha ha!

ALLISON. He's out there, Harry! Please! You've got to do something! (*Cries hysterically.*)

JACK. We can get you help, doll. All the "help" (*Pats the reefer in his pocket*) you need!

ALL. (*Laugh.*) Ha ha ha!

HARRY #2. I don't think she needs your kind of help, Jack. I think she needs to lie down.

MAE. Let's take her into my room. (*HARRY #2 and MAE take ALLISON off, then reenter.*)

BARBARA. Glen, what is this place? They don't seem to be helping anybody.

GLEN. I know. And I feel awfully queer all of a sudden. What's in these cigarettes?

BARBARA. I don't know, but I think it's time we made a graceful exit and got some help. (*BARBARA and GLEN start to leave, but VIVIAN and HARRY #2 are arguing in their path toward the door.*)

VIVIAN. Well, I think you should put her away. In the loony bin!

HARRY #2. Quiet down! Can't you see she's distraught? And it didn't help to see you here, all hopped up on reefer!

VIVIAN. Reefer, schmeefer! Sounds like ol' Harry-boy fell back in love with his wife!

ALL. Oooooohhh...

HARRY #2. (*Grabs Vivian by the shoulders.*) Not now! Stop it! You know the score. Once the will is settled... (*SOUND: Destruction from outside. The room shakes. Everyone is jostled back and forth.*)

ALL. What's going on? What was that? Etc...

ALLISON. (*Off.*) HARRY!! I WANT MY HARRY!

BARBARA. Oh, my goodness! Where is that coming from?

ALLISON. (*Off.*) HARRY! WHERE IS HARRY?!

MAE. I think it's coming from outside!

(SPLIT FOCUS between MAE'S HOUSE and OUTSIDE, where ALLISON has entered. She is now fifty feet tall, as evidenced by the dollhouse-sized replica of Mae's House she towers above. The crowd inside the house all look "out" the windows of the fourth wall to see ALLISON. Their movements are times to be in sync with ALLISON's destruction.)

ALLISON. HARRY!

VIVIAN. She must be fifty feet tall!

ALLISON. WHERE ARE YOU, HARRY? I'VE COME FOR YOU!
(ALLISON shakes the house to an fro. The party guests are tossed back and forth.)

HARRY #2. You gotta hide me! Somebody hide me! She'll kill me!

JACK. Beat it, kid! You wanna get the rest of us killed, too?! *(ALLISON shakes the house again. The party guests are tossed about. VIVIAN races out the front door. ALLISON reaches down and picks up "Vivian" [aka a doll dressed just like the actress playing "Vivian"] and menaces her.)*

HARRY #2. Vivian! Allison, no! Put her down! *(ALLISON tosses "Vivian" behind her. She shakes the house again. As the guests are jostled, HARRY #2 is tossed toward the open front door. ALLISON reaches down into the house. HARRY #2 is "grabbed" by something outside the door and is yanked out. ALLISON lifts her hand, which is now holding "Harry #2." She menaces him for a moment, then bites his head off.)*

ALL. (*Scream in terror and disgust.*) Nooo! *(ALLISON exits with the newly decapitated "Harry #2." SOUND: Sirens.)*

MAE. She's getting away! *(A COP rushes in. All the party-goers except BARBARA slyly put away their joints.)*

COP. We couldn't stop her before she...you know...but the National Guard should be able to bring her down.

BARBARA. Oh, officer, thank goodness you're here! It's been too awful! First, my brother, Glen, was turned into a walking zombie by the undead

risen from the grave, and now that huge woman has murdered that poor man and his concubine, and no one will do anything to help us! Please! We just want to go home!

COP. Is that a joint in your hand? Undead my behind! You've been attacked by the evil marijuana, weed with roots in Hell! Excuse my language. The only place you're going is the big house! Come on! (*COP puts handcuffs on BARBARA and drags her out. The party goes wild – GLEN begs the COP not to take her, and the party guests chime in, pro and con, about her arrest. Finally the COP and BARBARA exit.*)

JACK. Alright, everybody, scram! Beat it, see! (*ALL exit quickly except JACK and GLEN.*)

GLEN. Wait, you have to help me! You got Barbara into this mess in the first place!

JACK. Beat it, kid. I got things to do.

GLEN. Wait! At least tell me where they're taking her.

JACK. To the state correctional facility where she belongs.

GLEN. Where is that? I don't even know where we are!

JACK. Jeez, kid. Ain't you from around here?

GLEN. No.

JACK. Go out this door, turn left, go down the road, turn left again, walk three miles then go south two blocks. Now amscray, kid! (*He exits.*)

GLEN. But wait! Come back! Great! Now what am I going to do? (*A beat.*) Waitaminute! It's so crazy, it just might work! (*GLEN exits. SHIFT FOCUS TO --*)

SCENE FOUR

(*WOMEN'S PRISON, 1970's. BARBARA is herded in with DUTCH, BENNI and LOUISE by the COP. WARDEN BARTOWSKI looks them over.*)

COP. Come on, move it! Get in there!

BARBARA / DUTCH / BENNI / LOUISE. Quit shovin'! I'm movin'! etc...

COP. All your's, Bartowski. Got some fresh meat, and (*re: Dutch and Benni:*) some old fish.

DUTCH. You son of a bitch! (*DUTCH lunges at the COP, who throws her*

to the ground.)

COP. Better watch it, Dutch, or you're gonna buy yourself some time in solitary. Oh, I forgot. You'd probably like some time in "the hole." Ah ha ha ha ha ha! (*DUTCH lunges at the COP again, but BENNI and LOUISE hold her back. COP exits, laughing.*)

BENNI. Don't, Dutch! It's what they want!

LOUISE. Listen to Benni! You're not doing yourself any favors.

DUTCH. I'll get that stupid fuck! If it's the last thing I do.

BARTOWSKI. How touching. How sisterly of you to pull her back. Because we wouldn't want that lovely skin of yours to get all bruised up, now would we? Lookie, lookie. I've got all my favorites back. (*She moves down the row, using her police baton inappropriately on each inmate.*) Louise, truly a surprise. Of anyone, I thought you were headed for the "straight" and narrow. Benni, what is it this time? Arson? Armed robbery?

BENNI. (*Haughtily:*) Manslaughter.

BARTOWSKI. My, my! Moving up to the big leagues. Didn't think ya had it in ya. And Dutch. Apparently we had a little misunderstanding. You see, you had at least five more years left when you walked out of here last week. So sorry. But now we can get to know each other real well...

DUTCH. Cram it, Barf-owski! Ah, ha ha ha ha! (*BARTOWSKI slams DUTCH in the gut, and a big prison catfight ensues. As BARTOWSKI and DUTCH scream at each other, the other women cheer them on. Finally BARTOWSKI pins DUTCH to the ground.*)

BARTOWSKI. I think you'd better apologize, Dutch, before I lose my temper!

DUTCH. (*Choking:*) Kiss...my...ass...

BARTOWSKI. Oh, I'll kiss much more than your ass before I'm through!

BARBARA. Stop it! You're hurting her! (*Everyone looks at BARBARA in disbelief.*)

BARTOWSKI. (*Incredulous:*) What?!

BARBARA. You're choking her! You're hurting her!

BARTOWSKI. Oh, I don't think so, dearie. See, Dutch and I got an understanding between us. I don't dish out more than she can take. Ain't that right, Dutch?

DUTCH. Yeah, sure... (*BARTOWSKI releases DUTCH. She moves over to BARBARA.*)

BARBARA. Oh, okay.

BARTOWSKI. What's your name, precious?

BARBARA. Barbara.

BARTOWSKI. Barbara. And why are you here, honey? (*Puts her arm around Barbara and walks her away from the other girls.*)

BARBARA. There's been a terrible mistake.

BARTOWSKI. No!

BARBARA. Yes! And I feel just awful about it.

BARTOWSKI. I'm sure you do. Let's see if we can get it straightened out, shall we?

BARBARA. Yes, please. The mistake was – (*BARTOWSKI yanks BARBARA's head backwards by her hair.*)

BARTOWSKI. The only mistake you made was thinking I gave a crap! Cuz I don't, see? All I care about is keeping you low life scuz buckets behind bars until your bush turns gray! (*BARTOWSKI throws BARBARA to the ground.*) Now get your shit together! It's shower time!

BARBARA. In front of everyone else?

BARTOWSKI. Whatsamatter? Ain't you reached puberty yet? (*BARTOWSKI, DUTCH and BENNI laugh uproariously. Two GUARDS [played by men with breasts, cop skirts, but no makeup or wigs] enter with a shower curtain. They hold each end, covering the girls from the neck down from the audience. The women disrobe and shower behind the curtain. As the scene plays out, BARTOWSKI strolls back and forth, watching.*)

BARBARA. She gives me the creeps, watching us like that.

LOUISE. Get used to it.

BARBARA. I'm Barbara.

LOUISE. (*Holds out her hand to shake.*) I'm Louise. Nice to meet you.

BARBARA. Uh, I'd rather not. I feel weird touching another girl while I'm naked.

LOUISE. Suit yourself.

BARBARA. What did she mean by she and Dutch have an "understanding?"

LOUISE. Believe it or not, Dutch really is Barfowski's favorite. They know each other, "biblically" if you know what I mean.

BARBARA. That's horrible! I mean, I could never...well, never...you know.

LOUISE. Don't knock it til you try it.

BARBARA. Louise! You haven't!

LOUISE. Well, no. But sometimes I think it might be easier just to give in and enjoy it. It's not like we're getting it from anywhere else.

BARBARA. Louise! Look what prison has done to you! You're a smart, pretty girl. And you've turned into a bitter, dirty-mouthed, sexual deviant! I hate prison!

BARTOWSKI. Lock down in half an hour! Towel off and get back to your cells! (*BARTOWSKI and the GUARDS exit. The women get dressed and go to their cells – DUTCH and BENNI in one, LOUISE and BARBARA in another. They go to bed.*)

BARBARA. I'm so tired. I haven't slept since seven o'clock this morning.

BENNI. Quiet down in there!

LOUISE. Don't get on Dutch or Benni's bad side. Any enemy of theirs doesn't last long in here.

BARBARA. You mean they get out?

LOUISE. Yeah, in a box.

DUTCH. Hey! Cut the fucking slumber party, girlies! We're trying to sleep over here!

BARBARA. Sorry!

DUTCH / BENNI. (*Mocking:*) Sorry! Ah, ha ha ha ha!

BARBARA. I'm just going to close my eyes and think of Glen coming to get me out of this hell. Please hurry, Glen! I don't think I can last much longer in here. (*She sleeps.*)

SCENE FIVE

(BARBARA'S MOM enters. She is the picture of the perfect 1950's TV housewife.)

MOM. Barbara! Barbara, honey! Time to get up!

BARBARA. (*Sleepily:*) I don't want to go to school...

MOM. Oh, you don't have to go to school. I've made your favorite for breakfast! Blueberry pancakes!

BARBARA. Blueberry pancakes...(*Suddenly awake:*) Mom! Oh, my goodness! Mom! You're alive!

MOM. Of course I'm alive, darling! What a silly thing to say!

BARBARA. Mom, you've got to help me! I'm in prison! It's horrible and

they're mean and it's all a big mistake!

MOM. Oh, the only mistake you made (*Suddenly vicious:*) was being born, you worthless bitch!

BARBARA. Mom!

MOM. What a waste of time you turned out to be, you stupid whore! I can't believe I dragged my ass all the way down here just to listen to you whine. Your father couldn't come because the sight of your ass makes him vomit! And don't bother calling home, because it burned down! Gotta run. I'm gonna go home and drink myself into a nice, alcoholic blackout. Oh, and another thing? You're adopted!! Ah ha ha ha ha! (*MOM exits. BARBARA covers her eyes and cries.*)

BARBARA. I'm not adopted! I'm not, I'm not, I'm not – (*Jerks upright.*) What...? Oh, thank goodness. It was all a dream.

GLEN. (*Off.*) Barbara!

BARBARA. Glen!

GLEN. (*Off.*) Barbara!

BARBARA. Glen, where are you?

GLEN. (*Enters.*) I'm right here, Barbara!

BARBARA. What are you doing here?

GLEN. I came to get you out of here!

BARBARA. How?

GLEN. (*Holds up a large skeleton key.*) I have the key! (*A scarred hand reaches in from offstage, grabs GLEN around the head and yanks him off. The air is filled with screams. Burnt hands, perhaps with finger knives, shoot in from all entrances, clawing at the walls. BARBARA screams and screams. A BURNT MANIAC, perhaps in a striped sweater, felt hat and finger knives, enters.*)

MANIAC. Annoying horror movie franchise catchphrase! Ah, ha ha ha ha!

BARBARA. (*Screams:*) Nooooooooooooo! (*The BURNT MANIAC disappears. BARBARA pulls on her cell bars. To her surprise they pull apart. She leaps out of her cell and tries to run, but her feet stick to the floor.*)

BARBARA. Stupid feet! Move!

MANIAC. (*Enters.*) Another catchphrase!!

BARBARA. I don't understand! What does that mean?! (*The BURNT MANIAC disappears. BENNI wakes up and walks out of her cell to BARBARA, not realizing she is also in the dream world.*)

BENNI. What's going on in here?

BARBARA. Benni! I don't know! It's horrible! Come on, we've got to get out of here!

BENNI. Yeah, right, outta the big house.

BARBARA. It's not the big house! You've got to listen to me –

MANIAC. (*Enters.*) Yet another catchphrase!

BENNI. Back off, motherfucker!

MANIAC. Let's start with something smaller, like a hand off! (*The BURNT MANIAC swipes at BENNI's hand, cutting it off. Blood flies everywhere. He and BENNI fight. BARBARA tries to help, but is thrown to the side. Finally, he kills BENNI and shoves her body back into her cell. He turns to BARBARA, backing her into her cell. Just as he's about to kill her, BARTOWSKI enters.*)

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