

Trick or Treat, Seriously

by
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Cast of Characters

BOB	Husband to Shirley. He never listens. They are new to the neighborhood.
SHIRLEY	Wife to Bob.
TRICK-OR-TREATERS	Unseen. Do not appear on stage – voices off stage only. Could be done by back stage crew.

Synopsis

New to the neighborhood, Bob and Shirley find out that bad things can happen when you run out of Halloween candy.

Place

Living Room of Suburban Neighborhood

Time

Halloween, 8:00 pm

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting: Living room of Bob and Shirley. Small table next to the front door. The audience can NOT see front porch when the door is open. Lounge chair, sofa, coffee table.

At Rise: Bob is sitting in a lounge chair reading newspaper. He has a nearly empty (light weight plastic) bowl of Halloween candy in his lap, between his belly and the newspaper. Shirley is OS in kitchen.

SHIRLEY (shouting)

(OS) OK, I'm all done with the dinner dishes! How are we doing on candy? (pause) Bob?
(pause) BOB!!!

BOB

(from behind newspaper) What? Oh...Ummm...(shouting) Running low!

(SHIRLEY enters with a small bag of Halloween candy. Stands with candy in one hand and other hand on hip facing BOB.)

SHIRLEY (Cont.)

So, is this it? (pause) Bob, is this it?

BOB

(Pulls his newspaper down and looks at candy bag.)

Yes. That's a bag of candy.

(Pulls his newspaper up to continue reading.)

SHIRLEY

Very funny, Bob.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) I guess...if you find Halloween candy amusing.

SHIRLEY

Seriously Bob, is this the last of it?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, I think so.

SHIRLEY

Well, I don't know what we're going to do. It's only eight o'clock. This won't last long.

(During dialogue, walks to table next to door and then around the room)

SHIRLEY (Cont.)

and then back to the table next to door, looking for the candy bowl.)
I don't know why you only got three bags. I told you to get six or seven but you never listen!
Knowing how many kids are in this new neighborhood, you would think- (stops in mid-sentence). Where's the bowl?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Hmmm?

(SHIRLEY walks to BOB, grabs the newspaper, and spies to bowl.)

BOB (Cont.)

Whaaaaa?

(SHIRLEY grabs the bowl.)

SHIRLEY

You were supposed to be handing out the candy while I was cleaning up, not eating all of it!
(Looks in bowl.)
You ate everything except the tootsie rolls.

BOB

They stick to my teeth.

SHIRLEY

Unbelievable.

(BOB motions for SHIRLEY to hand the newspaper back to him.
SHIRLEY hands newspaper to BOB who pulls the newspaper up and reads. During the following dialogue, SHIRLEY pours candy into bowl and puts bowl on table by door.)

SHIRLEY

I got up early and made you a big breakfast. I did the laundry. I cleaned the bathrooms. I vacuumed the entire house and I cleaned out the fridge. (pause) What did you do today Bob?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) I worked.

SHIRLEY

It's Saturday, Bob.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) I'm resting up after a long week of work.

SHIRLEY

You're an accountant, Bob. You sit all day long and look at numbers.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

SHIRLEY

I put you in charge of buying candy and you only get three small bags. I put you in charge of passing out candy and you eat one small bag.

(Doorbell rings. SHIRLEY grabs the bowl and opens the door.)

TRICK-OR-TREATERS (unseen)

(OS) Trick or Treat!

SHIRLEY

Oh...don't you look adorable! (to Bob) Oh Bob...you should see this...it's Big Foot! (to trick-or-treaters) What? (pause) Oh...(to Bob) Bob...it's not Big Foot. It's a...(pause) a Wookiee. (pause) From Star Wars, Bob. (to trick-or-treaters) Here you go. And what are you, little guy? A frog? (pause) What? (pause) Oh...Yoda. (to Bob) It's a Yoda, Bob. (pause) (to trick-or-treaters, annoyed) Yes...I have seen Star Wars. Here...have a tootsie roll. (sweet) Oh...and what are you? A princess? So pretty. Here you go. Here, have a few extra because you are too too cute! Happy Halloween!

(Closes door, puts bowl down on table near door, goes to couch, and sits.)

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Candy's not going to last long if you're giving out fistfuls for cuteness.

SHIRLEY

Well...she was a princess. (pause) Oh, my feet are killing me!

(Puts feet up on coffee table, picks up magazine and starts reading.)

BOB

And by the way, you never saw Star Wars. (over newspaper) You don't like all that sci-fi stuff.

(Doorbell rings.)

SHIRLEY

Your turn.

BOB

(from behind newspaper again) I'm reading.

SHIRLEY

And what am I doing? (pause) Bob! (pause) Oh, for heaven's sake!

(Puts magazine down goes to door, grabs the bowl, and opens the door.)

TRICK-OR-TREATERS (unseen)

(OS) Trick or Treat!

SHIRLEY

(to trick-or-treaters) Oh, my! What a big group! Here you go. Oh...aren't you cute. Here you go. And some for you. And you. Oh! Is that you little Tommy Bergstrom? What a cute Yoda costume! (to Bob) Bob...another Yoda! (to trick-or-treaters) What? Oh...a frog. Of course, my mistake. (annoyed) Yes...I have seen Star Wars as a matter of fact! Here's some candy. Well, I'm sorry you don't like tootsie rolls you ungrateful little-Oh, (fake laugh) hello Mrs. Bergstrom. I didn't see you there. You made the frog costume yourself? Well, it's just...adorable. Adorable! What talent! Cutest costume I've seen tonight. Ok. Bye bye now. Happy Halloween!

(Closes door.)

Talent my foot. Bob, you should have seen the horrible frog costume that busybody Mrs. Bergstrom made.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

SHIRLEY

(Puts candy bowl down on table by front door)

Bob, we're nearly out of candy.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

SHIRLEY

It's just after eight. Perhaps you should run to the store and get some more before we run out.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

SHIRLEY

(pause) Well? (pause) BOB!!!

BOB

(speaking over newspaper) What?

SHIRLEY

Are you going?

BOB

Going where?

SHIRLEY

You never listen to me! Are you going to go get some more candy or not? We're almost out.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) I'm reading.

SHIRLEY

Oh, for heaven's sake, Bob! You and your precious newspaper. (pause) Never mind. I'll call Ruth next door and see if she can spare any.

(Picks up phone, dials number, and paces during dialogue.)

Ruth? Hello. It's Shirley from next door here. (pause) Oh yes, you were so right! We've had quite a few. Actually, that's why I'm calling. We're nearly out of candy and-

(Peeks out window to see if more kids are coming.)

(pause) Yes, I know you told me it was critical but- (pause) Well, Bob only got three small bags and- (pause). He got how many bags? (to BOB) Ralph got ten bags, Bob. Ten!

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

SHIRLEY (pacing)

Yes Ruth, I realize it's still early. (pause) Well, that's why I was calling, to see if you could spare a bag or two? (pause) Oh. (pause) Yes, I understand. Well...I guess we'll just turn our light off. (pause) What do you mean that won't work? (pause) Well that seems silly. Certainly, if we turn off- (pause) I know we haven't lived here as long as you and Ralph but- (pause). What? Your door bell is ringing? Well can't Ralph get it? Oh...he's reading? Yes, I completely understand. OK. Talk to you later.

(Hangs up phone and sits on the couch.)

That was a strange conversation.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Hmmmm?

SHIRLEY

Ruth said that turning off our light will not work.

BOB

(from over newspaper) Of course it will work.

SHIRLEY

Maybe turning off your porch light on Halloween is frowned upon in this neighborhood?

BOB

It will work.

(Puts newspaper down, walks to door, and flips porch light switch off.)

There. Let them frown.

(Sits down, picks up newspaper, and reads.)

SHIRLEY

You're right. Of course that will work. After all, we have already given out nearly three bags.

(Picks up magazine and begins to read.)

(Long pause and then doorbell rings.)

SHIRLEY

Bob?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Hmmmm?

SHIRLEY

The doorbell.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear?

SHIRLEY

I thought you turned it off.

BOB

(from over newspaper) Shirley, hun. You can't turn off a doorbell.

(Pulls up newspaper and begins to read.)

SHIRLEY

I know, but the porch light, I thought you-

(Doorbell rings.)

SHIRLEY

Oh, never mind! If you want something done right-

(Gets up and heads to door, picks up candy bowl and opens door.)

TRICK-OR-TREATERS (unseen)

(OS) Trick or Treat!

SHIRLEY

(to herself) Oh, will you look at that. The porch light is on! (to Bob) Bob, the porch light is still on. (to trick-or-treaters) Well, hello children. Aren't you all just adorable. Here you go. And one for you. No, I'm sorry we only have tootsie rolls left. (annoyed) Well then take two then. (sweet) And aren't you a cute little hobo. And two little ghosts. Here you go. Oh, now you don't see Monk costumes too often. (to Bob) Bob, you should see this little Monk! He's got a glow-up stick. He's simply- (pause) (to trick-or-treaters) A what? Oh... (to Bob) Never mind, Bob. He's a Jedi. (pause) And it's not a stick it's a...(to trick-or-treaters) A what? (pause) (to Bob) A light saber, Bob. (to trick-or-treaters) From what? Yes...ok. Star Wars. I get it. Here you go. (pause) Yes, yes...may the force be with you too. Bye now! (pause) Bob, I think I need to see Star Wars. But more importantly, we're completely out of candy.

(Switches porch light switch on and off with no result.)

What? Still on? Bob. This is strange. I can't seem to switch the porch light off. It won't go off.

BOB

(Puts newspaper down on coffee table, gets up, walks to door, stands next to SHIRLEY and switches off porch light switch off.)

Hmmm...I guess the switch is out or something.

(Returns to couch, sits down, picks up newspaper, and reads.)

SHIRLEY

Well...can't you fix it? (pause) Bob!

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes dear. I'll call the electrician tomorrow.

SHIRLEY

Can't we take the light bulb out or something?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) I'm reading. Besides, we left the ladder at our old place so...

SHIRLEY

Fine. I'll call Ruth.

(Picks up phone and dials, pacing.)

(To Bob) Perhaps Ralph will loan you his ladder. (pause) (to Ruth) Ruth? Hi. It's Shirley from next door again. Yes, we've run completely out of candy. It's been non-stop Star Wars characters. (pause) You do? (to Bob) Ruth and Ralph love the Star Wars movies. (into phone) Oh yes, Bob and I love them too. Listen, we're completely out of candy and we tried to turn off the porch light but the switch is...out or something like that. (pause) Yes, just like you said. I guess we didn't notice that when we did our move-in inspection. Anyhow, Bob's going to call an electrician in the morning. (pause) (to Bob) Ruth says that Ralph says that the electrician's rates are double on Sunday.

BOB

(Pulls down newspaper and speaks over it.)

Monday then...

SHIRLEY (pacing)

Listen, Ruth, does Ralph have a ladder Bob can borrow? We need to unscrew the front porch light bulb. (pause) What do you mean that won't work either? (pause) Why ever not? (pause) How strange. Well then, are you sure you can't part with one of your ten bags of candy. (pause) Dangerous to run out? What do you mean...dangerous?

(Peeks out curtain looking to see if children are coming.)

(pause) No, I don't know what happened to the couple that lived here before us. (pause) (gasp) They what? (pause) How? (pause)? Why? (pause) They ran out of candy? (pause) Oh my God. Yes, Ruth. I understand. Goodbye Ruth.

(In shock, hangs up phone.)

Bob?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear?

SHIRLEY

Apparently, they take Halloween a bit more serious here than in our old neighborhood. The couple that lived here before us died.

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Hmm...

SHIRLEY

Murdered. Murdered on Halloween. (pause) They...They ran out of candy, Bob!

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Yes, Dear.

(Doorbell Rings.)

SHIRLEY

Oh boy. (pause) Bob...

(Doorbell Rings.)

SHIRLEY

Bob. What are we going to do?

BOB

(from behind newspaper) Hmmmm?

(Doorbell Rings.)

SHIRLEY (panic)

Bob! The doorbell is ringing!!!

BOB

(over the newspaper) I can hear that Shirley. That's what doorbells are supposed to do.

(Pulls up newspaper and reads.)

(Doorbell Rings.)

SHIRLEY (terror)

We're out of candy. The doorbell is ringing and we're OUT OF CANDY!!!

BOB

(above newspaper) Don't get hysterical, Shirley.

(Puts newspaper down gets up, walks to door, picks up the empty bowl.)

I'll just show them that the bowl is empty-

SHIRLEY

No, Bob! No!

BOB

I'm sure they'll understand.

SHIRLEY

No, Bob, don't. Didn't you hear what happened to the last couple-

BOB

After all, they're just trick-or-treaters.

(Confidently opens door.)

TRICK-OR-TREATERS (unseen)

(OS) Trick or Treat!

(BOB confidently steps out the door with bowl.)

SHIRLEY

No Bob! Don't go out-

BOB

(OS) Hello kids! I hate to tell you but we're all out of candy.

(Silence for a few moments as SHIRLEY holds her breath and listens.
After a long pause, the empty candy bowl comes flying in the door.)

SHIRLEY (loud whisper)

(long pause) Bob?

BOB (screaming in agony)

(OS) Ahhhhhh!!!!

SHIRLEY

(Runs to the open door.)

Bob? Oh no! Bob! Is he...dead? Oh, Bob...If only you had listened to me! (to trick-or-treaters, afraid) No! Not the light saber! Stay back! Please! Wait! I'm sure I have something in the kitchen. Just...just stay right there.

(Runs out kitchen exit, immediately returns with a box of Ding Dongs,
runs to front door, and gives the box to the trick-or-treaters.)

Here! Take it. (long pause) Well...what are you waiting for? You've got your sweets! You've got your pound of flesh. Now go! (pause as though trick-or-treaters are demanding commentary on their costumes) Oh...OK. Sorry. (forced, afraid) Ummm...(fast, no emotion) Aren't you a cute witch. Oh, look at that, a bumble bee. What a cute robot costume. (pause and then continues with regular emotion) What? (pause) R2D2? Star Wars, right? (pause) Figures. (pause) Oh...wait...before you go...

(Runs to coffee table, picks up newspaper, and runs to still open door.)

Could you...ummm....you know...cover him up...with his newspaper?

(Hands newspaper to unseen Trick-or-Treaters.)

He would have wanted it that way. (pause) Thanks. (cheerful) OK...Happy Halloween!

LIGHTS DOWN

END