

MONSTERS ARE RELATIVE

by Carl L. Williams

Copyright © 2020 by Carl L. Williams, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-64479-126-4

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

MONSTERS ARE RELATIVE

A Dark Comedic/Dramatic Trio

by Carl L. Williams

SYNOPSIS: A man confronts an early childhood fear, embodied by a scary-looking sock puppet that his older sister enjoyed frightening him with when he was little.

TIME: Present, evening.

SETTING: Ted and Jill's living room.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females, 1 male)

TED (m).....A man with a long-forgotten childhood fear. *(52 lines)*
 JILL (f).....His wife, who doesn't understand what scares him. *(35 lines)*
 PAULA (f).....His malicious big sister, who still likes to torment him. *(34 lines)*

SET: Bare stage or simple set.

PRODUCTION NOTE

The sock puppet can have any kind of face (*animal, human*), but preferably one that either looks scary or could be seen as looking scary to a little child.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Action can be added as Paula pursues Ted around the room, tormenting him with the sock puppet.

PROPS

- ☐ newspaper
- ☐ sack
- ☐ sock puppet
- ☐ can of Coke
- ☐ flashlight

SOUND EFFECTS

- ☐ doorbell

DO NOT COPY

AT START: *TED sits reading a newspaper in the living room. His wife JILL enters.*

JILL: Paula just called.

TED: *(Surprised, irritated.)* Paula?

JILL: Said she's on her way over. She's bringing you something.

TED: *(Discards the newspaper.)* That doesn't make sense.

JILL: Which part? That she's on her way over or that she's bringing you something?

TED: Both. I can't think of anything I'd want from Paula.

JILL: I wish you two would get along better.

TED: We get along just fine as long as we don't see each other.

JILL: Your own sister?

TED: I'd get along better with anybody else's sister. She always had it in for me.

JILL: What does she have against you? What did you do to her?

TED: Best as I can figure, the worst thing I did was get born. I don't believe she ever liked the idea of having a little brother. Still doesn't.

JILL: Brothers and sisters squabble, but they get over it.

TED: It was more than squabbling. She was mean to me, always tormenting me, pinching me, and telling stories about me. And always denying it to our parents, of course.

JILL: *(Dismissive.)* How old were you? Five?

TED: Five, ten, fifteen. I was never so happy as the day she went away to college. Unfortunately, she came back.

JILL: You exaggerate.

TED: Do I exaggerate about other things?

JILL: Well... no.

TED: And it wasn't just the things she did, but how she did them. Devilish, is what she is.

JILL: I've never found her that way at all.

TED: Oh, she can be sweet when she wants to be... when she's putting on a front.

JILL: If it's a front, she's pretty good at it.

TED: I wonder what she's bringing me. Not a gift. We don't even exchange gifts at Christmas.

JILL: Whatever it is, she said it was something special. She sounded excited. Happy.

TED: That's not good. No, that's a dangerous sign. Really. It is.

JILL: You're just being—

SFX: doorbell rings.

TED: I wish she had given us more warning.

JILL: (*Going to the door.*) You'd think she was Typhoid Mary.

TED: Typhoid Mary would be a relief.

JILL opens the door and PAULA enters, carrying a small sack.

JILL: Hi, Paula. Come on in.

PAULA: (*Happy, falsely affectionate.*) Thank you, Jill! And there's my baby brother!

TED: Here I am, all right. Right here. How are you, Paula?

PAULA: Never better! Because you know what I've been doing? Can you guess? No, of course you can't guess. I've been helping Mom clean out the attic.

TED: The attic. I was going to help her with that.

JILL: I remember you saying something about that. Four or five months ago, wasn't it?

TED: Not that long.

JILL: Maybe three.

TED: I was getting around to it.

PAULA: It's okay. I like getting in there and looking through all the old stuff. Things from years ago. Old photographs, old report cards and yearbooks... old toys.

TED: Mom could fill a Dumpster with that trash.

PAULA: Oh, no. Some of it we'd want to keep.

JILL: Of course you would, with so many memories attached.

PAULA: See? Jill knows what I'm talking about.

TED: I wish I did.

PAULA: The point is, I was going through all those boxes and I found something that was really special to you.

TED: Yeah?

PAULA opens the sack, turns her back and quickly pulls out a sock puppet, puts her hand in it, then turns around and thrusts its face toward TED, who leaps back in horror.

TED: NO! Get him away from me!

JILL: What on earth's the matter?

PAULA advances on TED, who retreats.

PAULA: Yes, what's the matter, Ted? Don't you remember him? It's Stevie.

TED: Put that thing away!

JILL: It's just a little puppet.

PAULA: Ted's childhood playmate.

TED: He was not! I hated that puppet. Have you ever seen such an evil looking face?

JILL: Let me see. Oh, I think he's cute!

PAULA: He's precious! Ted used to snuggle up with him.

TED: I did not! You'd put him in bed with me while I was sleeping, and I'd wake up staring into that—that—monster!

JILL: Monster? This little thing? Let me have him. *(Takes the puppet from PAULA.)* Oh, he's so soft and cuddly. Perfect for a little child.

PAULA: Completely harmless. And how Ted could've forgotten all the time they spent together, I just don't know.

TED: Okay, fine, you've had your little joke. You can go now, and take Frankenstein's baby with you.

JILL: Ted! Of course she's not leaving, when she just got here. Would you like some coffee, Paula?

PAULA: Just a Coke, if you've got one.

JILL: I'll get it for you. *(Hands the puppet back to PAULA, turns to TED.)* And you. Even if you were afraid of sock puppets as a child, surely you've grown out of that by now. After all, we're adults.

PAULA: At least two of us are.

PAULA and JILL laugh as JILL exits.

TED: You knew how I felt about... *(Motions wordlessly toward the puppet.)*

PAULA: Stevie?

TED: Why'd you bring him here?

PAULA: I wanted to see if he still had the same effect on you. It was better than I hoped!

TED: (*Glares at the puppet.*) That ghastly mouth. Like he's about to bite you and suck your blood.

PAULA: Your blood, Teddy.

TED: Don't call me Teddy.

PAULA: Momma's little teddy bear. She never wanted to put you down. I can see her carrying you all around the house, even while she did her chores.

TED: They call it sibling rivalry, don't they? Jealousy. Talk about childish.

PAULA: I wasn't jealous. I just didn't like having you around. The same way you didn't like Stevie.

TED: Sorry Mom didn't put me away in a box in the attic?

PAULA: Sorry I didn't think of it myself. But enough about old times. We're in the here and now. All grown up, as Jill was saying. All of us but Stevie, of course. Look at him. He never ages, as if... as if he were immortal! Think of that, Ted. (*Moves toward TED, brandishing the puppet.*) Immortal Stevie, and he's followed you here. To be with you again.

TED: Stop it.

PAULA: See how happy he is to see you? He's smiling.

TED: With those coal-black, dead little eyes. As dark as Hades.

PAULA: Aww. You'll hurt his feelings. You'll make him mad.

PAULA makes a sudden move forward with a lunge of her arm. TED moves just as quickly away.

TED: You already pulled that trick. Now let it go.

PAULA: Let Stevie go, you mean? It's all I can do to hold him back. He's trying to get away. To get at you. (*Begins slipping the puppet off her hand.*) I can't hold on to him! Look out!

PAULA tosses the puppet to TED, who catches it in both hands and stares into its face with terror, frozen in place. Then slowly HE begins to relax, becoming calm and managing a smile while PAULA watches, frowning in disappointment.

TED: He's just... just a sock puppet. And soft. Huh.

JILL enters unseen with a can of Coke as PAULA grabs the puppet from TED'S hands.

PAULA: No, no, Ted. Not just a sock puppet. It's Stevie. Remember how you'd see his ghoulish face glowing in the dark and staring at you.

TED: Because you held a flashlight under his face.

PAULA: Oh, you mean... like this? *(Pulls a flashlight from her pocket and trains it on the puppet's face from below.)* He's coming for you, Ted. Stevie's coming for you.

TED: Not anymore, Paula. It's just a puppet and a flashlight.

JILL: Wow. It's not the puppet who's the monster. It's you, Paula.

PAULA: What? No... Jill, you don't understand. We were just playing around, like we used to do. Kids like scary stuff. Everybody knows that.

TED: She used to chase me around with it.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
MONSTERS ARE RELATIVE by CARL L. WILLIAMS. For
performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:***

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com