

NOT THE NIGHT OF THE GIANT MONSTER IGUANA

By Bradley Walton

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A Comedic Duet

By Bradley Walton

SYNOPSIS: Last week, Nick watched the movie version of Tennessee Williams' *Night of the Iguana*. Based on the title, Nick was expecting a horror movie about a giant monster iguana. He was very, very disappointed. Now he's come to a psychic medium so that he can complain directly to the spirit of Tennessee Williams. Not only does Nick want an apology, but he's also determined to convince Williams to write a sequel called *Night of the Iguana II: Wrath of the Iguana*.

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: A psychic medium's office in Wyoming.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

NICK (m)..... A young man who loves horror movies, especially ones with giant monsters. (93 lines)

PSYCHIC (f)..... A stereotype-defying medium who can communicate with the dead and is able to summon the spirit of Tennessee Williams for Nick. (95 lines)

SET: A simply-suggested office with basic, utilitarian furnishings including a chair and a desk or table. Bare stage if performed for forensics competition.

PROPERTIES: None

COSTUMES

NICK – casual, contemporary clothing.

PSYCHIC – something professional and normal-looking.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

The psychic in this script is the real deal and should be played accordingly. She can do everything she claims, and Nick really is talking to Tennessee Williams through her.

For reference on Williams' voice and accent, try doing an online search for "Tennessee Williams interview" to find videos of him speaking.

When Williams says, "That's a really interesting idea" and expresses enthusiasm about Nick's suggestion, he's not being sarcastic—he really means it.

Regarding Tennessee Williams' knowledge of the movies mentioned in this script: *Night of the Lepus* is a real film, believe it or not. I have no idea if Williams ever saw it or even heard of it, but based on his writing, it doesn't strike me as the kind of thing that would have appealed to him, so I'm speculating "no" on both counts. Likewise, I doubt he would have seen *Night of the Living Dead*, but I do think he might have been at least passingly familiar with it. *Night of the Creeps* came out after he died, so he definitely never saw that one.

AT START: *A small, utilitarian office with very basic furnishings. The PSYCHIC is seated at a table or desk. NICK enters.*

PSYCHIC: Good morning.

NICK: Hi. The sign out front says, "Psychic"?

PSYCHIC: Is that a question or a statement?

NICK: What I mean is, are you the psychic?

PSYCHIC: I am.

NICK: Then why didn't you know if that was a question or a statement?

PSYCHIC: Because nobody was paying me, and I don't work for free.

Even for myself.

NICK: I respect that.

PSYCHIC: Thank you. What can I do for you?

NICK: Are you really a psychic?

PSYCHIC: Last time I checked. Why?

NICK: You... *(Looking around the office.)* ...this all looks very...
utilitarian.

PSYCHIC: Is that okay?

NICK: I was expecting something more...

PSYCHIC: Exotic?

NICK: Yeah.

PSYCHIC: Why?

NICK: Um...

PSYCHIC: You were thinking in terms of a stereotype?

NICK: No!

PSYCHIC: Be honest.

NICK: I am being honest.

PSYCHIC: You want me to dig around in your brain to find out the truth?

NICK: I thought you didn't work for free.

PSYCHIC: I can charge your credit card.

NICK: You don't have the number.

PSYCHIC: I'm psychic. And if you make me use my powers to get it,
I'll hit you with a service fee on top of whatever else I'm charging
you.

Beat.

NICK: Yes, I was thinking in terms of a stereotype.

PSYCHIC: Thank you.

NICK: But wouldn't a more... stereotypical ambience help sell the experience?

PSYCHIC: I think of this business like a discount warehouse store... very stripped down and basic. It helps me keep my costs low so I can pass the savings along to my customers.

NICK: Can you communicate with the dead?

PSYCHIC: Absolutely. Mediumship is one of the many services I offer.

NICK: How much does it cost?

PSYCHIC: Depends. How long has the person been dead?

NICK: Since 1983?

PSYCHIC: Is that a question or a statement?

NICK: A statement. I think.

PSYCHIC: More than ten years, then. Is it a family member?

NICK: No.

PSYCHIC: What's your connection to this person?

NICK: I watched a movie he wrote.

PSYCHIC: Okay, that's a new one. Who is it?

NICK: Tennessee Williams.

PSYCHIC: The playwright?

NICK: Yeah. Is there an upcharge for talking to famous dead people?

PSYCHIC: Yes, there is.

NICK: How much?

PSYCHIC: Depends on how in-demand they are.

NICK: How in-demand is Tennessee Williams?

PSYCHIC: No idea. I've never set up a call with him before.

NICK: Then probably on the cheaper end?

PSYCHIC: This is Wyoming. How many people in Wyoming do you think want to talk to Tennessee Williams? From New York, his spiritual phone could be ringing off the hook for all I know.

NICK: What if the line is busy?

PSYCHIC: We leave a message on his spiritual voice mail.

NICK: Really?

PSYCHIC: You believe spiritual voice mail is a thing? Seriously?

NICK: I've never done this before!

PSYCHIC: Obviously. If we can't get him the first time, we keep trying.

NICK: How much is this going to run me?

PSYCHIC: You pay a single \$150 connection fee for someone who's been dead between ten and a hundred years. The celebrity upcharge is calculated based on how many attempts it takes to get through, starting at \$10 and increasing twenty percent for each try after that. Once you're connected, it's an additional \$50 a minute.

NICK: \$50 a minute?!? Is that negotiable?

PSYCHIC: Can you talk to the dead?

NICK: No.

PSYCHIC: Then there's nothing to negotiate. It's a matter of asking yourself how badly you want to talk to Tennessee Williams.

NICK: Pretty badly.

PSYCHIC: What's your name?

NICK: Nick.

PSYCHIC: Okay then, Nick. Let's get started. *(Stands, steps out from behind the desk, and closes her eyes.)*

NICK: Do we need to light some candles, or—

PSYCHIC: *(Yelling loudly.)* Hey! Tennessee Williams! You out there? I'm looking for Tennessee Williams! The playwright! *(Pointing to and then approaching an unseen spirit.)* Hey you! Dead person over there! You know Tennessee Williams? *(Beat.)* Do you know anyone who does? *(Beat.)* Great! Could you ask them to send him over here? Thank you! *(Opens eyes. To NICK:)* We are establishing a connection.

NICK: This isn't how I thought this was going to go.

PSYCHIC: I get that a lot. *(Closes eyes and turns away from NICK.)* Mr. Williams? Tennessee Williams? It is such an honor to meet you, sir. Pardon me for interrupting whatever you may have been doing in the afterlife, but my friend Nick would like to talk with you. I can act as a go-between. *(Beat.)* Well, I could... hang on, let me ask. *(Opens eyes. To NICK:)* Do you want me to let him occupy my body so you can talk directly?

NICK: Does it cost extra?

PSYCHIC: You bet it does.

NICK: How much?

PSYCHIC: I reached him on the first try, so think of the money you've already saved.

NICK: All right. Sure. Do it.

PSYCHIC: *(Closes eyes and turns away from NICK.)* Okay, go for it.

The PSYCHIC'S posture changes. She opens her eyes, inhales deeply, looks around, then speaks as TENNESSEE WILLIAMS in a soft southern accent, drawing out vowel sounds.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Where am I?

NICK: Um... Wyoming?

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS. Crossing to NICK.) Do I know you?

NICK: No.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Why am I here?

NICK: Are you really Tennessee Williams?

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Yes.

NICK: How do I know for sure? How do I know that you're not just her—the psychic—pretending?

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Ask me something that only a person deeply familiar with me and my work would know.

NICK: I don't know anything about you or your work.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) If you're here, surely you must know something.

NICK: Not really.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Then why are we having this conversation?

NICK: Because last week I watched the movie *Night of the Iguana*, and the title was sooo misleading!

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) What?

NICK: You watch *Night of the Living Dead*, and it's about a night where the living dead attack. You watch *Night of the Lepus*, and it's about a night where giant killer bunny rabbits attack.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) Rabbits?

NICK: Yes—rabbits. "Lepus" means rabbit. I learned that watching the movie.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) I know what it means. It's the part about giant killer ones attacking that's a little baffling to me.

NICK: Well, they do.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) I'll take your word for it.

NICK: You watch *Night of the Creeps*, it's about—

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) A night where creeps attack?

NICK: Yes! Exactly!

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) How are we defining “creeps”?

NICK: Sort of like zombies. My point is, when you’ve got the words “Night of the” in a title, it implies that whatever comes after those words is going to attack!

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) According to whom?

NICK: That’s just the way it is. And it’s been bugging me—really bugging me—why would you call it “Night of the Iguana” if the iguana doesn’t grow to a hundred feet tall and attack anybody?

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) The living dead in *Night of the Living Dead* weren’t giants.

NICK: They didn’t have to be. Because they were zombies. Same with the creeps in *Night of the Creeps*. It’s already in their nature to be scary and attack. But something like a bunny rabbit or an iguana—it’s gotta be huge to be scary and threatening.

PSYCHIC: (As WILLIAMS.) And you’ve been obsessing over this for a week?

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