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# **A Lonely Boy's Guide to Survival (and Werewolves)**

**(Large-Cast Version)**

By

**ERNIE NOLAN**



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(A LONELY BOY'S GUIDE TO SURVIVAL [AND WEREWOLVES] [LARGE-CAST VERSION])

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*A Lonely Boy's Guide to Survival (and Werewolves) (Large-Cast Version)* was commissioned by The Coterie Theatre.

Cast:

Vivian McCready ..... Audrey Ahlenius  
Skipper McReady..... Michael Cartwright  
Mary Margaret, Laretta, The Krampus ..... Olivia Collet  
Sally Ann Johnson..... Destane Jackson  
Jesse Van ..... Abby Loucks  
Nelly Darwin, Becky McCready..... Madison Reynolds  
Betty Sue, Helen ..... Caroline Tieman  
Old Man Culliford, The Werewolf..... Andy Whiteman  
Mother's Companion ..... Jessica Biernacki Jensen  
Mr. Survival Guide, Abraham Van..... Jason Porrata

Crew:

Producing Artistic Director ..... Jeff Church  
Executive Director ..... Joette Pelster  
Director ..... Jessica Biernacki Jensen  
Technical Director..... Tim Ahlenius  
Scenic Artist ..... Paige Ahlenius  
Light Designer ..... Tim Ahlenius  
House Manager/Box Office ..... Amanda Kibler  
Board Operators ..... Jason Porrata, Jessica Biernacki Jensen

# **A Lonely Boy's Guide to Survival (and Werewolves)** **(Large-Cast Version)**

## **CHARACTERS**

SKIPPER McCREADY: an upstanding American 10-year-old boy  
VIVIAN McCREADY: his perfectionist housewife mother  
OLD MAN CULLIFORD: an exasperated elderly neighbor  
\*JONATHAN VAN: a strange and peculiar 12-year-old boy  
SALLY ANN JOHNSON: an intelligent and precocious 10-year-old girl  
MONICA JO: another 10-year-old girl  
MARY MARGARET: another 10-year-old girl  
BETTY SUE: another 10-year-old girl  
BECKY McCREADY: Skipper's older sister  
LAURETTA: her classmate  
HELEN: also her classmate  
MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE  
MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE  
NELLY DARWIN  
ABRAHAM VAN: a vision of a monster hunter  
THE KRAMPUS: an evil hideous monster  
WEREWOLF  
PATRONS: at the library

\*The role of Jonathan was originally intended for a male actor. If need be, a female actor could play the role and the name changed to Jesse.

LOCATION: The McCready family backyard, the front door of the Van family home and the library.

TIME: 1954.

## A Lonely Boy's Guide to Survival (and Werewolves) (Large-Cast Version)

*(It is 1954. Rolling Meadows, USA. The backyard of the McCready family home. SKIPPER McCREADY, an upstanding, American 10-year-old boy, bursts into the backyard. He carries a copy of The Official Badger Scout Guide to Survival.)*

SKIPPER (*calling*). Lucky! Lucky, I'm home. I got something to show ya.

*(SKIPPER pauses for a second expecting LUCKY to enter.)*

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). Come on out and quit playin'. As soon as I got this at the scout meeting, I knew I just had to show it to you. *(He holds up the guidebook.)* The Official Badger Scout Guide to Survival. Jeepers.

*(SKIPPER opens the book. As he reads, MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE is revealed.)*

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE & SKIPPER. Congratulations! This is a big moment ...

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. You are now officially one of the Badger Scouts of America.

SKIPPER. Jimminy Christmas!

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. You've joined because you are growing up in a complicated world ...

SKIPPER. Tell me about it. Have you ever tried to learn fractions?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. You've joined because you want to meet boys who will be your friends for the rest of your life ...

SKIPPER. That's a long time.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. You've joined because you seek to find out what it takes to survive in the wilderness of today—living your life according to The Five Pillars of Badger Scouting: obedience, courtesy, intelligence, craft and trust.

SKIPPER. Gosh. Those don't sound easy.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. They're not. But like the mighty badger, who keeps on digging no matter the circumstances, you must dedicate yourself to The Five Pillars of Badger Scouting and never give them up.

SKIPPER. I won't give them up. Badger promise.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. As you set your Badger compass, turn to someone for guidance. Reach out to that one soul who helps mold your character and keeps you quick on your feet.

SKIPPER. Then I'll get Lucky

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Luck has nothing to do with it, son.

SKIPPER. Not luck. Lucky, my best friend in the whole world.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Is he also a scout?

SKIPPER. No, Mr. Survival Guide, he's a dog. You gotta meet him. He must still be asleep in his dog house, that Mr. Lazy. Luuuuckckckckeyyyyyy?!

VIVIAN (*from offstage*). Skipper!

(SKIPPER starts in the direction of the dog house. VIVIAN McCREADY, SKIPPER's perfectionist, housewife mother; quickly enters, holding a covered corningwear dish, and stops SKIPPER before he can look inside.)

VIVIAN (*cont'd*). Goodness, Skipper. You're louder than last night's storm.

SKIPPER. I was just calling for Lucky, Mom. I want to show him my Official Badger Scout Guide to Survival.

VIVIAN. Skipper, there isn't time for that.

SKIPPER. But ...

VIVIAN. I need you to run an errand for me. There's still a lot to do before the members of the Rolling Meadows Ladies' Book Circle arrive. Everything has to be perfect or I'll never be able to show my face at meetings again. Here. (*Hands the dish to SKIPPER.*) Take this over straight away to ...

SKIPPER. What is it?

VIVIAN. Zesty lemon meringue surprise.

SKIPPER. It doesn't smell like lemon.

VIVIAN. There isn't any lemon in it at all.

SKIPPER. Then what's the flavor?

VIVIAN. Orange. (*Beat.*) Surprise!

SKIPPER. Then why isn't it a zesty orange meringue?

VIVIAN. Because then it wouldn't be a surprise. I made three. One to impress the ladies at the meeting, a second for Mr. Culliford who helped me this morning, and this one for our new neighbors at 1897 Harker Way. I met Mrs. Van at the store yesterday and ...

SKIPPER. Mrs. Van? Awww, jeezy creezy!

VIVIAN. Language, Skipper.

SKIPPER. Mom, I can't take this over there. Mrs. Van is Jonathan Van's mother. That kid's a real creeper, downright wacko. Sally Ann Johnson says he's a certifiable lunatic.

VIVIAN. How on earth did she learn those words?

SKIPPER. Working at the library.

VIVIAN. Skipper, there simply isn't time for this.

SKIPPER. Can't Becky take it over?

VIVIAN. You know very well that your sister is extremely busy with decorating the gym for tonight's dance. Now run along.

SKIPPER. Then can I show Lucky my survival guide?

VIVIAN (*quickly*). No. As soon as you're finished, go next door to Mr Culliford's. He needs to speak to you about something important.

SKIPPER. Jeez Louise. What'd I do to Old Man Culliford now?

VIVIAN. Skipper, calling our neighbor "old man" is bad Badger Scout behavior. It doesn't show respect. According to *Mother's Little Companion* magazine ...

(*Enter MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE.*)

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Manners reflect what's inside you.

SKIPPER. I thought it was just bones and guts inside us.

*(SKIPPER chuckles at his joke.)*

VIVIAN. Skipper, this isn't funny.

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Manners are no laughing matter. They are the serious business of maintaining a sensitive awareness of others. If you remain aware, then you have good manners and it doesn't matter in the least what fork you use at dinner.

VIVIAN. Mr. Culliford is a kind and helpful gentleman who always looks in on us when your father's away. You wouldn't want me to mention your disrespectful attitude to your father when he returns from his business trip would you?

SKIPPER. No.

VIVIAN. Good. *(A telephone rings inside the house.)* Oh dear, I'm sure that's the president of the book circle calling to make sure that I have enough deviled eggs for the meeting. Martha Makusky ran out last month which made the discussion of *The Great Gatsby* not so great.

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Hosting tragedies can be avoided with planning, perseverance and an exceptional punch.

VIVIAN. Now march on over to 1897 Harker Way and then straight next door to *Mr.* Culliford's.

*(She kisses his forehead.)*

SKIPPER. Aww for the love of Mike!

*(VIVIAN exits into the house. MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION follows. When she is about to enter the house, she turns back to SKIPPER and shares.)*

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Manners are our personality. So what do yours say about you?

*(She continues into the house.)*

SKIPPER *(looks at his guide book)*. Mr. Survival Guide, do I really have to do this?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Yes, of course. You see the first Pillar of Badger Scouting is obedience. When your mother and father request you to do something, you must do it immediately and cheerfully.

SKIPPER. Really? Even if ...

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Even if you happen to be in the middle of a game or an exciting television program.

SKIPPER. Well, this would certainly be easier if I could take Lucky with me.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Go ahead. It's easier to take on a project with help from someone else. For friendship is like a mirror. With it you are never alone.

SKIPPER. Thanks Mr. Survival Guide, you're the best.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Well ... I am pretty amazing

*(MR SURVIVAL GUIDE exits. SKIPPER runs over to Lucky's dog house and looks inside.)*

SKIPPER. Lucky. It's time to go on an errand. *(Pause. He sees there's no response.)* What are you doing boy? I hope you're not chewing on one of Dad's shoes again ...

*(SKIPPER partially climbs into the doghouse.)*

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). He's not in his house.

(*SKIPPER backs up and takes out a dog collar from inside the house.*)

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). And this is his collar. What's he doing without it? He was wearing it last night when I came to say good night.

(*MR SURVIVAL GUIDE reappears.*)

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. You don't think he was frightened off by the storm, do you?

SKIPPER. Lucky's no scaredy cat. Unless ...

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Unless?

SKIPPER. The last time Lucky barked at Old Man Culliford's leg, he threatened to ship him off to Siberia.

You don't think that's why he wants to talk to me, do you?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. I don't know. You gotta deliver that dessert so you can find out.

SKIPPER. I'm on it, Mr. Survival Guide!

(*SKIPPER bolts from his back yard holding on to his mother's dessert. After a distance, he almost runs right into SALLY ANN JOHNSON, BETTY SUE, MARY MARGARET and MONICA JO, who are face down deep into a book.*)

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). Sally Ann?

SALLY ANN. Skip!? What's the deal?

BETTY SUE. You on *the lam*?

MARY MARGARET. Did we *catch you with a biscuit*?

MONICA JO. Swipe some *do-re-mi* from your mom's purse?

SKIPPER. Huh?

(*The girls giggle at SKIPPER's confusion.*)

MARY MARAGARET. Don't get our lingo?

MONICA JO. We don't mean to *bury* you.

SALLY ANN. It's detective talk ...

BETTY SUE. From *Nelly Darwin, Girl Detective, and the Mystery of the Runaway Robbery*.

MONICA JO. It finally arrived at the library this week.

SALLY ANN. Since I'm founder of the Nelly Darwin, Girl Detective, Fan Club, I'm the first in Rolling Meadows to check it out.

SKIPPER. Does it teach you how to find a missing dog?

SALLY ANN. Don't tell me Lucky's been *lifted*.

SKIPPER. All I know is that he's missing and that Old Man Culliford wants to talk to me about "something."

MARY MARAGARET. A real life mystery!

MONICA JO. A complete nail biter!

SALLY ANN. Let me have a crack at it, Skip. I'll solve it for sure.

SKIPPER. Detective Johnson, it's all yours.

SALLY ANN. My very first case.

BETTY SUE. Wowie zowie!

MARY MARAGARET. This is just like Nelly Darwin in *The Mysterious Mystery* ...

MONICA JO. No, more like *Mystery for Breakfast*.

SKIPPER. I haven't read any of those books.

SALLY ANN. Well, they all start with Nelly in her blue convertible with her friends ...

BETTY SUE. And there's always a terrible storm ...

*(A huge clap of thunder, a bolt of lightening and the sound of rain. Enter NELLY DARWIN with a steering wheel. The girls are now magically in NELLY's car.)*

NELLY DARWIN. Hold on girls, we won't be in this nasty weather for long. Looks like there's an old inn up ahead. Maybe we can wait out the storm there.

SALLY ANN. Jeez, it was sure swell of your dad to give you this car for your birthday, Nelly.

NELLY DARWIN. My well known lawyer father, Conrad Darwin, gave it to me to help him with some of his more puzzling cases.

MARY MARAGARET. Must be fun to help him with his work.

NELLY DARWIN. It's also tough. Dad relies on my intuition to help *bag* the bad guys and put 'em away in *the big house*.

*(Another clap of thunder and flash of lightening. The sound of lightening hitting a tree and the tree falling.)*

BETTY SUE. Look out, Nelly!

MONICA JO. There's a tree in the middle of the road.

*(NELLY goes to hit the brakes, but there's trouble.)*

NELLY DARWIN. And the brakes aren't working.

SALLY ANN. That suspicious looking old lady at the diner must have tampered with them.

MONICA JO. What are we going to do?

MARY MARAGARET. We'll never get out of this mess.

BETTY SUE. This looks hopeless.

NELLY DARWIN. Come on, girls. The only thing we have to fear is ...

*(SKIPPER interrupts the fantasy sequence.)*

SKIPPER. Hmmmmm. Sally Ann, shouldn't you be starting my case?

SALLY ANN. You're right, Skip. Let's *fan this sucker*. Take notes partners.

*(MONICA JO, BETTY SUE and MARY MARGARET begin to write down SALLY ANN's conversation with SKIPPER.)*

SALLY ANN *(cont'd)*. So when was the last time you saw the *sweet pea*?

SKIPPER. Last night before I went to bed.

SALLY ANN. Interesting. Any suspects?

SKIPPER. Maybe. Old Man Culliford's always got some kind of problem with him.

SALLY ANN. Any clues on the scene?

SKIPPER. Like?

MARY MARGARET. Animal hairs?

MONICA JO. Claw marks?

SALLY ANN. Werewolf tracks ?

*(MONICA JO, BETTY SUE and MARY MARGARET gasp at the mention of the werewolf.)*

SKIPPER. Werewolf!?

*(SKIPPER laughs at what he thinks is SALLY ANN's crazy suggestion.)*

SALLY ANN. Just something I read in a magazine. I'll find the *skunk* that did this *rip job*.

SKIPPER. Are you sure?

SALLY ANN. I can do this. Nelly Darwin saves orphans, old people and circus animals all the time.

SKIPPER. But she's just a character in a book.

*(SKIPPER's comments stop the girls cold in their tracks.)*

BETTY SUE. Little do you know *The Nelly Darwin Mysteries* are endorsed by the FBI.

SALLY ANN. Now we gotta cut the *squawk*, head down to the library, and get the *skinny* on pet crimes in the greater Rolling Meadows area.

SKIPPER. Sorry, Sally Ann. I can't. I have to deliver this 1897 Harker Way and then ...

MARY MARGARET. 1897?

MONICA JO. Harker Way?

BETTY SUE. That's the lunatic's house?!

SKIPPER. I have to deliver this welcome dessert to his family.

MONICA JO. You just don't welcome insanity like that to the neighborhood.

SKIPPER. My mother does I guess.

SALLY ANN. I gotta feeling that Jonathan kid's got some sort of racket going on.

MARY MARGARET. It's creepy the way he's always staring at people.

MONICA JO. And he's smelly too.

SALLY ANN. Yesterday he tried to *erase* Bertha Jenkins, tied her to a tree on the playground.

SKIPPER. Why'd he do that?

*(The girls look at each other as if they know something and are wondering who will be the first to share it.)*

SALLY ANN. Mary Margaret, Betty Sue, Monica Jo, why don't you leave me here with Skip. I'll give him the *skinny* and we'll *tail* you to the library.

*(MONICA JO and MARY MARGARET quickly exit.)*

SALLY ANN *(cont'd)*. You see Skip, I've been working on my intuition just like Nelly Darwin.

SKIPPER. Intuition?

SALLY ANN. Yep and I got a hunch that all of that *kid's cups ain't in the cupboard!*

*(She makes a gesture that infers that JONATHAN is crazy.)*

SKIPPER. But it's just a hunch, right? You don't know for sure.

SALLY ANN. Oh I'm sure of it all right. I haven't had a hunch that's wrong yet.

*(SKIPPER, torn with conflicted feelings, quickly looks at his guidebook. MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE appears.)*

SKIPPER. Mr. Survival Guide, do I really have to go visit that nut case?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Absolutely. A good scout is always practicing courtesy, the second of The Five Pillars of Badger Scouting. He looks for opportunities to be polite and do good deeds no matter the circumstances. These acts of kindness can be big things like saving a human life or fighting a forest fire, but they can also be as small as ...

SKIPPER. Delivering a dessert to a freaky new neighbor.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Exactly. Now hop to it!

SKIPPER. Sorry, Sally Ann, I can't go with you now. I have to take this to the Vans.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Now that's a Badger Scout.

SALLY ANN. Well then, here *(Reaches in to a satchel she is wearing and pulls out a rabbit foot key chain.)* you're gonna need my lucky rabbit's foot. *(She rubs it and gives it to him.)* I'll be waiting to rendezvous at the library.

SKIPPER. I'll come as soon as I can.

SALLY ANN. Good. By then, we're bound to have discovered more clues to *The Case of the Missing Mutt*.

*(SALLY ANN exits. SKIPPER travels to the front door of 1897 Harker Way ... The Vans' home.)*

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. All right, scout, no more slouching. *(Shouts like a drill sergeant.)* Left-right-left-right. Forward march.

SKIPPER. Yes, sir.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Stand tall.

SKIPPER. Yes, sir.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Shoulders back.

SKIPPER. Yes, sir.

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Ring the doorbell.

SKIPPER. Yes, sir. And?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Smile warmly and confidently. You're a Badger Scout after all.

*(MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE exits. SKIPPER rings the doorbell. He waits a few moments. No one answers.)*

SKIPPER. Hello? Anyone home?

*(He rings the bell a second time. He stands tall and smiles again. No one answers.)*

SKIPPER *(cont'd)*. Mrs. Van? Mr. Van? *(He gulps.)* Jonathan? *(Pause.)*

*(In reaction to JONATHAN's name, SKIPPER takes out the rabbit's foot and rubs it. He rings the doorbell for a third time. No one answers.)*

SKIPPER *(cont'd)*. OK ... I tried. I'll leave this right here then.

*(SKIPPER heaves a sigh of relief, leaves the dessert next to the door and begins to walk away when the door slowly creaks open and a voice is heard.)*

JONATHAN (*from inside the house*). Don't I know you?

(*JONATHAN, an awkward, bookish boy of 12 steps out.*)

JONATHAN (*cont'd*). From school, Skippy something ... isn't it?

SKIPPER. Uh huh.

JONATHAN. What's this?

SKIPPER. A zesty lemon meringue surprise.

JONATHAN. Doesn't smell like lemon.

SKIPPER. That's 'cause it isn't.

(*JONATHAN takes a pause to figure things out.*)

JONATHAN. I don't get it.

SKIPPER. Well, you take a bite thinking it's lemon, but it's really orange. (*Beat.*) Surprise!

JONATHAN. Who would ever make such a lame dessert?

SKIPPER. My mom, you lunatic.

JONATHAN. Big word you got there, Skippy, know what it means?

SKIPPER. It means that you're ... (*He struggles to find the right word.*) weird!

JONATHAN. I'm weird? What's that you're holding?

SKIPPER. A rabbit's foot.

JONATHAN. That's weird.

SKIPPER. No, it isn't. It's to give me good luck.

JONATHAN. Lucky you. Unlucky rabbit.

(*Pause. SKIPPER thinks for a moment, looks at the rabbit's foot and then tucks it in to a pocket.*)

SKIPPER. Hardy har-har. Listen, tell your mom that my mom will give her a call.

JONATHAN. She's not home. She's working at the hospital.

SKIPPER. Well, let your dad know ...

JONATHAN. Not here either.

SKIPPER. You're home all alone ?

JONATHAN. Happens all the time, Skippy.

SKIPPER. Skipper. My name is Skipper. Skippy is peanut butter. I am not peanut butter. (*A quiet pause.*)

Look, my mom's just trying to do something nice. Hope you like the dessert. See you at school Monday.  
(*Starts to leave.*)

JONATHAN. Hey wait , I didn't mean to be a jerk. We've lived here two weeks and no one's come to visit.

SKIPPER (*sarcastically*). I wonder why?

JONATHAN. I didn't know who was at the door. I thought you might be a zombie.

(*JONATHAN begins to moan like a zombie and chase SKIPPER around the yard.*)

SKIPPER. Is that why you tied up Bertha Jenkins at school? Because you thought she was a zombie.

JONATHAN. She's not a zombie. She's a witch.

SKIPPER. Bertha's not a witch. She's a Presbyterian.

JONATHAN. And the only way to teach witches a lesson is to throw water on them and (*Said like the*

*Wicked Witch of the West.)* melt them.

SKIPPER. You've seen one too many monster movies.

JONATHAN. I don't need to see movies to know about monsters. My life is full of them.

SKIPPER. Instead of this monster malarkey you should fill your time with something worth while, like the Badger Scouts.

JONATHAN. The Badger Scouts are pinheads.

SKIPPER. No they're not.

JONATHAN. They're fake heroes. Now if you want to see a real hero, you should see my dad, Abraham Van.

*(As JONATHAN starts to share one of his father's adventures, the spirit of his father, ABRAHAM VAN appears looking like Indiana Jones. His fedora hides his face. He he carries himself with the swagger and charisma of a hero. As JONATHAN shares ABRAHAM's adventures, the action envelopes the space sweeping both up into the adventure.)*

JONATHAN *(cont'd)*. He deals with danger every day. He's a member of the W.W.O.M.H.

SKIPPER. Is that like the Kiwanis Club?

JONATHAN. No. It's the World Wide Order of Monster Hunters. My dad's famous around the globe for slaying The Krampus.

SKIPPER. What the heck is that?

JONATHAN. It *was* a demon that ate children for Christmas dinner.

SKIPPER. Why did it do that?

JONATHAN. Because The Krampus was pure evil.

*(THE KRAMPUS, a hideous demon with a goat head, appears. ABRAHAM and THE KRAMPUS begin to circle each other and then battle. At the end, ABRAHAM defeats THE KRAMPUS, and it exits.)*

SKIPPER. So that's it? Your dad just goes around defeating the cramps at Christmas?

JONATHAN *(correcting)*. The Krampus.

SKIPPER. But that's only Christmas, what does he do the rest of the year? What about vampires? He slay any of those?

JONATHAN. Vampires are easy to handle. As a monster hunter in training even I know how to polish off vampires. That's why I always keep garlic in my pocket.

SKIPPER. You keep garlic on you all day?

JONATHAN. Of course. That way the smell is on you extra strong when you go to bed at night so the vamps stay away and drain someone else.

SKIPPER. No wonder you stink.

JONATHAN. Hey, like my dad always says, "Better to stink, than be a drink." I'm gonna be just like him some day. That's why he left me this ... *(He takes out his monster journal stuffed with papers.)* My monster journal to observe things and add to his notes on monsters. Your dad ever given you anything like this?

SKIPPER. No. Just the normal kinda stuff like a chemistry set when he missed the awards ceremony at the science fair, and an ant farm when he couldn't make it to my piano recital.

JONATHAN. But hasn't he ever given you anything special?

SKIPPER. Special? Well, he gave me my dog, on my first birthday. Lucky's been through everything with me like the first day of school ... the chicken pox ... when I learned to ride a bike ...

JONATHAN. But would your dog stop a mummy from ripping off your face?

SKIPPER. Lucky? Of course.

JONATHAN. Well, my dad's written down a lot of pointers for me in this monster journal.

SKIPPER. When's he gonna return?

JONATHAN. Any day now I hope.

SKIPPER (*jokingly*). Good. Maybe he can help find Sally Ann's werewolf. (*He chuckles.*)

JONATHAN (*seriously*). You mean she's seen ... *it*?

SKIPPER (*stops laughing and sputters*). A werewolf? ... in Rolling Meadows? You're full of beans.

JONATHAN. Take the beans back and eat them yourself. I have proof. Stay here.

*(JONATHAN runs into his house. SKIPPER stands perplexed and talks to the guide.)*

SKIPPER. Mr. Survival Guide ...

*(He opens the guide. MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE appears.)*

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). Am I not being courteous if I stop listening to his baloney?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Well, scout, it's important to listen to others, even if you think they're a couple of Cokes short of a six pack.

SKIPPER. There's no way his stories can possibly be true. Is there?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. As I see it, you have two options. One is to stay here and listen to the arguments presented.

SKIPPER. And the other?

MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE. Continue your search for ...

SKIPPER. Lucky! I don't know why I've been wasting my time here.

*(SKIPPER races to his backyard. MR. SURVIVAL GUIDE disappears.)*

SKIPPER (*cont'd*). Lucky?? Are ya back boy? (*He looks in the doghouse.*) Lucky!(*Calling.*) Luuuccck-kky!

*(BECKY enters with LAURETTA and HELEN.)*

BECKY. Skipper, please. The president of mother's book circle just started her lecture. What will the ladies think?

HELEN. Yes, what will the ladies think?

LAURETTA. It won't make a very good first impression, Skipper.

HELEN. It won't make a very good first impression.

SKIPPER. What are ya doin' back home, Becky? I thought you had to decorate the gym for the dance.

BECKY. I wasn't just decorating.

HELEN. Oh no. She wasn't just decorating.

LAURETTA. Your sister is chair of the Senior Social committee. She's responsible for making the event oh-so top drawer.

HELEN. Oh-so top drawer.

BECKY. Loretta and Helen and I were always planning on coming home to change. You didn't think we would wear our gowns to work in did you?

HELEN. Did you?

SKIPPER. I don't know, Becky, that's girl stuff. Listen, you haven't seen Lucky since you've come home, have you?

BECKY. Why would we care where that old dog is?

LAURETTA. We have very important things to do.

HELEN. Very important things.

LAURETTA. We have to do our faces and pick out our jewelry and ...

SKIPPER. Lucky's missing. I can't find him anywhere.

BECKY. He's not missing.

SKIPPER. You saw him?

BECKY. Sure did. He was out here early this morning.

SKIPPER. Then where is he?

BECKY. How should I know, Skipper?

LAURETTA. We've been busy. Planning a Senior Social is a lot of hard work.

HELEN. A lot of hard work.

SKIPPER. For what? It's just a crummy old high-school dance.

BECKY. Senior Social.

SKIPPER. Dance.

BECKY. Senior Social.

SKIPPER. Dance.

BECKY. Senior Social.

SKIPPER. Call it what ever you want, but it's still in the smelly ol' high-school gym.

BECKY. It is NOT a gym. It is an elegant ballroom decked out for an evening of enchantment.

HELEN (*loudly*). An ... evening ... of ... enchantment!!

(*Enter VIVIAN.*)

VIVIAN. Girls. What in heavens name is going on here? I sent you outside to speak with Skipper and ...

BECKY. But Mother ...

HELEN. But Mother ...

VIVIAN. Helen, how many times have I told you not to repeat people? According to *Mother's Little Companion* magazine ...

(*Enter MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE.*)

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Ideal conversation is an exchange of thought.  
Not a repetition.

VIVIAN. Really now girls, you better start preparing for the dance. Get back inside, quietly pass the meeting and get upstairs.

BECKY, LAURETTA & HELEN. But ...

VIVIAN. Ladies, I read in *Mother's Little Companion* magazine that the four attributes of a great lady are:

MRS. MOTHER'S LITTLE COMPANION MAGAZINE. Sincerity, simplicity, sympathy and speed!

VIVIAN (*strongly*). So start getting ready.

(*The girls sheepishly exit to inside the house.*)