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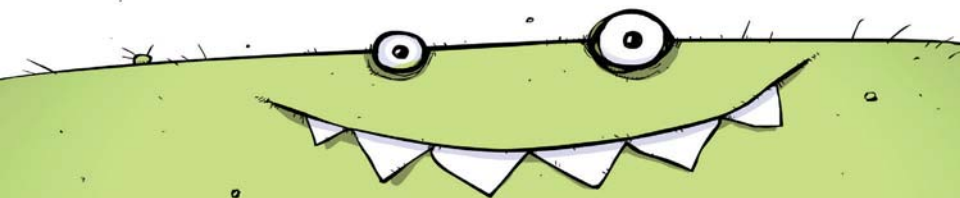
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*Dramatic Publishing*

# The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas



Comedy  
by  
Jonathan Graham

# Be careful what you wish for!

## The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas

**Comedy. By Jonathan Graham. Cast: 2m., 2w., 1 either gender.** Left alone at the dinner table to finish the remains of his meal (a single, enormous pea), 8-year-old Evan wishes he had a real live monster to eat his peas and play with him. When a real live monster actually arrives, life is turned upside down for Evan and his family in this hilarious and heartfelt comedy. The monster, named Pea, immediately befriends Evan and his little sister, Sue. Pea helps clean, spies on the parents, acts out stories about princesses and space aliens and even takes Evan and Sue to visit Monster World—but the children have to keep talking the monster out of eating their parents! When Pea hides under the table during breakfast—and steals pancakes from people's plates—the distracted, technology-addicted parents finally discover the monster under the table. The family has to decide whether to send the monster back to Monster World or accept it as a member of their family. *Unit set. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: BL4.*

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*Dramatic Publishing*

311 Washington St.  
Woodstock, IL 60098  
ph: 800-448-7469

[www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com)

# **The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas**

A play for the whole family by  
**JONATHAN GRAHAM**



**Dramatic Publishing Company**  
Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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For Ben and Lizzy

*The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas* was developed and presented as a reading at Write Now, a national theatre for young audiences symposium sponsored by Childsplay Theatre and Indiana Repertory Theatre, in March, 2013. The core artistic team for the project was:

Director .....Julia Flood  
Dramaturg .....Judy Matetzschk-Campbell  
Dramaturgical Intern ..... Katie’B Jarvis

The cast was:

Mommy .....Christiann Cosler Thijum  
Daddy .....David Dickenson  
Sue ..... Michelle Cuneen  
Evan ..... Tyler Eglen  
Pea ..... Katie McFadzen

The play was first produced by Pollyanna Theatre Company (Austin, Texas) October 2013. Artistic Director Judy Matetzschk-Campbell directed the following cast:

Mommy ..... Bethany Harbaugh  
Daddy ..... Robert Burkhalter  
Sue ..... Gricelda Silva  
Evan ..... David Higgins  
Pea ..... Aaron Alexander

Other artists contributing to the production included:

Company Stage Manager ..... Andrew Perry  
Lighting Designer .....Don W. Day  
Set Designer .....Jeff Cunningham  
Costume Designer ..... Rikki Davis  
Sound Designer ..... Breton Christopherson  
Prop Designers ..... Chelsea Hockaday, Michelle Keffer



# **The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas**

## **CHARACTERS**

**EVAN:** a boy of 8, Sue's big brother.

**SUE:** a girl of 4, Evan's little sister.

**PEA:** a big, green-headed monster, can be a man or woman, young at heart.

**MOMMY:** Evan and Sue's mother, not particularly old. Also plays MOMMY PEA.

**DADDY:** Evan and Sue's father, about the same age as Mommy. Also plays DADDY PEA.

## **SETTING**

A house not far from here, the present.

# The Boy Who Loved Monsters and the Girl Who Loved Peas

*(Lights up. A dining room table. EVAN, MOMMY, DADDY and SUE are finishing dinner.)*

DADDY. Ahhhh. Those peas were delicious.

MOMMY. Thank you, dear.

*(MOMMY and DADDY start to clear the table. SUE is sort of helping but mostly dancing around the table. EVAN is despondent, staring at his plate.)*

EVAN. May I be excused?

MOMMY. Not until you finish your peas.

EVAN. But I hate peas!

DADDY *(crouches down and puts his head on the table close to EVAN)*. But these are good ones, Evan. Really good! Yum-ahm-ahm-ahm-ahm.

*(DADDY and MOMMY take dishes to the kitchen.)*

SUE *(singing to EVAN, to a tune reminiscent of the theme of Barney and other children's TV themes)*. I love peas.

Peas love me.

We're a happy family.

With a great big pea,

And a spoon for you and me—

EVAN. Would you shut up?

MOMMY *(returning, fiddling with her phone)*. Evan, be nice to your sister.

DADDY (*returning with an iPad, not paying much attention*).

And finish your dinner.

EVAN. I'm full.

MOMMY (*looking up from her phone for a second*). C'mon, sweetie, it's just one pea.

*(Through the following, MOMMY and DADDY are focused on their screens.)*

DADDY. Just eat it.

SUE. I ate my peas.

MOMMY. Honey—

DADDY. You can do it.

SUE. I ate 47 peas.

EVAN. You can't even count to 47.

SUE. Yes, I can.

EVAN. I heard you counting your dolls before. You said, "17-18-19-100!"

SUE (*giving him a pouty face*). Nnnnnnnn!

DADDY. Can you both please just—

EVAN. I'm just saying what she said. "17-18-19"—

MOMMY. Evan!

DADDY. Just eat your pea, and then you can have a cookie.

EVAN. I don't want a cookie.

*(Beat.)*

DADDY. Well, I do.

*(DADDY starts to leave. SUE grabs his hand.)*

SUE. Can I have a cookie, Daddy? I ate all my peas.

MOMMY. Just one. *(Hands her a cup.)* And finish your milk.

*(SUE gives a pouty look, and she and DADDY exit.)*

EVAN. Can I have something else?

MOMMY. You can have your pea.

EVAN. I mean after—

MOMMY. Eat your pea, and then we'll see.

EVAN. What if I eat half?

MOMMY. I think you can eat the whole thing.

EVAN. But it's huge.

MOMMY. Don't exaggerate, Evan.

*(DADDY and SUE return with cookies.)*

EVAN. It's bigger than my head.

DADDY. Are you afraid of a little pea?

EVAN. I'm not afraid.

MOMMY. Pretend you're Godzilla.

DADDY. That's right! *(Pretending to be a monster.)* Rawwwr! I love peas!

MOMMY *(pretending to be a monster)*. Brawaaaah! We are a family of great, big, pea-eating monsters!

SUE *(pretending to be something else entirely)*. And I am a giant pea! Too big for any silly monster to eat.

EVAN. I don't want to play monsters now. And besides, who ever heard of a monster eating peas?

MOMMY. OK, I give up, Evan. Pick it up and pop it in. And get a move on, or we won't have time for stories before bed.

*(MOMMY, DADDY and SUE exit. EVAN grimaces at the pea, and then he speaks as if he hopes he'll be overheard. EVAN picks up his fork and half-heartedly pokes the pea.)*

EVAN. If I was Godzilla, I sure wouldn't eat any peas. Pine trees, maybe. Or pianos. Or the pyramids in Egypt, but not any stupid peas. *(He squishes the pea softly with one finger.)* I wish I had a monster that would eat all my peas, then I wouldn't have to. I wish a monster would come and eat this house.

*(SUE returns, eating a cookie.)*

SUE. Look, Evan, I got a cookie.

EVAN. I wish there was a monster here right now who would eat my little sister!

*(DADDY comes on.)*

DADDY. Come on, Sue. Don't bother your brother. He's finishing his dinner.

SUE. Evan said a monster was going to eat me!

DADDY. Well, then you better get in bed where it's safe. There are no monsters in your bedroom. Remember we checked last night. Ten minutes until bedtime, Evan.

*(DADDY and SUE exit. EVAN gets up and calls after them.)*

EVAN. I wish I had a monster who was my friend. And it would eat my family, and then we could go on an adventure instead of going to bed.

*(An enormous PEA now begins to emerge from EVAN's plate.)*

EVAN *(cont'd)*. How do they expect me to eat that?

*(EVAN pokes it with his fork. PEA rolls slightly to one side. EVAN is perplexed. He pokes the other side. It rolls back. Tentatively, EVAN licks the PEA and makes a terrible face. EVAN starts to take a bite of the PEA then stops. He tries lifting the PEA with his fork but no luck. Gathering himself, he plunges his fork into the PEA.)*

PEA. Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

*(The table spins away from EVAN. It comes to a halt at C. Now we see that PEA has a face that expresses agony. EVAN is horrified.)*

PEA *(cont'd)*. What are you trying to do to me?

*(Now we see that PEA is not a pea at all, but the head of some creature.)*

EVAN. I am so, so sorry.

PEA. You're sorry? I've got four stainless steel daggers piercing my skull!

EVAN. I thought you were a pea.

PEA. You must need glasses.

EVAN. You're green, you're round, and you were on my dinner plate.

PEA. Oh, right.

EVAN. If you hold still, maybe I can get that fork out.

PEA. That would be great.

*(PEA stands beside EVAN, but EVAN can't reach.*

*He climbs on a chair; grabs PEA around the neck with one arm and the fork with the other. EVAN can't pull the fork out and winds up hanging off of PEA, legs kicking and dangling. EVAN climbs down.)*

EVAN. Sorry.

PEA. Maybe I should get lower.

*(PEA gets on its hands and knees. EVAN tries bracing one foot against PEA's shoulder.)*

PEA (*cont'd*). Ow-eee, ow-eee, ow-eee!

EVAN. Shhh, it's OK.

*(EVAN climbs on PEA's back, grabs the fork with both hands and finally, triumphantly, pulls out the fork.)*

EVAN. Yes!

PEA. Mmm. (*Rubbing its head.*) Much better now. Hey, where's your sister?

EVAN. Getting ready for bed. Are you ... a monster?

PEA. What else would I be?

EVAN. That's so awesome!

PEA. Yeah. You know what else is awesome? Tablecloths! (*It puts EVAN's plate on a chair and whips the tablecloth off the table with a great monster roar.*) Raaaawr!

*(PEA uses the tablecloth as a cape. A headscarf. A toga. EVAN is a little fascinated and a little horrified. Now, PEA uses the tablecloth as a bullfighter's cape, and EVAN becomes the bull. This is fun.)*

MOMMY (*from offstage*). Evaaaaaaaaaan?

EVAN. That's my mommy.

PEA. Is that bad?

MOMMY (*still offstage*). Is everything all right in there?

EVAN. Quick, get under the table.

PEA. Oh, OK.

*(PEA hides under the table, except that its head sticks out a little. EVAN tries, with frantic but limited success, to replace the cloth on the table. EVAN stands holding his empty plate out in front of him. MOMMY enters, but she only has eyes for her phone.)*

MOMMY. All done, kiddo?

EVAN. Yeah, see my plate?

MOMMY (*gives the plate a glance, then back to her phone*).

That's awesome, Evan. Peas aren't so bad, right?

*(EVAN tries to nudge PEA's head back under the table with his foot.)*

PEA. Hey!

MOMMY. Hay's for horses, buster. Take your plate to the sink and get washed up for bed.

*(PEA is still sticking out from under the table, so EVAN gives another nudge. PEA, misreading EVAN's signal, comes out from under the table and sits in MOMMY's chair. Fortunately, MOMMY is watching a really funny video on YouTube.)*

MOMMY (*cont'd*). Get your PJs on in five minutes, and I'll show you this video.

EVAN. Oh, OK.

*(EVAN frantically gestures for PEA to get back under the table. PEA does just as MOMMY starts to sit down in her chair.)*

MOMMY. This cat is *hilarious!* (*Beat.*) What's wrong?

EVAN. Nothing.

*(EVAN takes his plate and dashes for the kitchen. MOMMY is still looking at her phone. EVAN comes back with a broom and dustpan.)*

MOMMY. Go on upstairs now.

EVAN. I think I better sweep the floor under the table.



MOMMY. That's OK. Daddy can do that later.

EVAN. But there's a pea under there. I think Sue dropped it, but I'll clean it up. You're always saying I should be a leader, right?

MOMMY. Oh. I guess I am. Thank you, Evan. That's very mature of you.

*(MOMMY exits, chuckling at her phone. PEA pops out from under the table.)*

PEA. Sorry about that.

EVAN. It's all right. But now we've got to get you out of here.

PEA. I want to stay.

EVAN. You do?

PEA. Yeah. I'll even help you clean up.

DADDY *(from offstage)*. No, just one cookie, honey. Get your jammies on, Suzy-Q.

EVAN. That's my daddy. You better hide again, but this time keep your head under the table, OK?

*(PEA hides under the table. This time its shoes are exposed. EVAN runs off and returns with a broom and dustpan.)*

DADDY. Did I hear that somebody *volunteered* to clean up the dining room?

EVAN. Yeah.

DADDY. That's great, Evan. Thank you. But you better get a move on, because it's almost time for bed.

EVAN. I will.

DADDY. In your pajamas in five minutes, or there will be no monsters in this house tomorrow.

EVAN. You can't get rid of *all* the monsters.

DADDY. Actually, I can.

EVAN. I bet there's one monster you can't do anything about.

DADDY. What if I turned into the Hulk, and my shirt split open, and I was green? (*Seeing the shoes.*) And would you *please* stop playing with my shoes?

EVAN. I'll put them away!

DADDY. And don't forget all those toys on the stairs. Or no monsters—

EVAN. OK!

DADDY. For a week.

EVAN. A week!?

DADDY. I know—a week without monsters is hard to imagine. Rawwwwr!

*(DADDY exits, pretending to be a monster. PEA comes out.)*

PEA. Sorry about the shoes.

EVAN. That's OK. He thought they were his shoes!

PEA. Yeah, that was pretty good.

EVAN. But you better go now.

PEA. What are you talking about?

EVAN. I have to clean up now.

PEA. I'll help you.

EVAN. But Daddy said no playing with monsters.

PEA. Cleaning's not playing.

EVAN. It is if I get distracted.

PEA. I'll help you concentrate. First, let's clean off the table. (*Lifts the table over its head and shakes it.*) Brrrrrrraaaaaahhhhh!

EVAN. Whoa! Put that down.

*(PEA puts down the table and picks up two chairs.)*

PEA. Now the chairs. *(Shaking them overhead.)* Rrrraaaaah-hhh! *(Hands a chair to EVAN.)* You should try it. It's fun.

EVAN. OK. *(Lifts a chair, not nearly as high as PEA but shakes it with enthusiasm.)* Rrrraaah!

PEA. We'll work on it. Now it's time for sweep hockey.

EVAN. What's sweep hockey?

*(PEA begins sweeping the floor while sliding along as if skating. EVAN watches, holding the dustpan.)*

PEA. The broom's my stick and the dirt's the puck.

EVAN. What do I do with the dustpan?

PEA. You're the goalie!

*(PEA sweeps as if playing hockey. EVAN defends with the dustpan, catching some dirt.)*

EVAN. You can't score in my house!

PEA. Nice save.

*(They play some more sweep hockey.)*

PEA *(cont'd)*. Now for the sponge. *(It takes the sponge and bucket and starts to clean the table.)*

EVAN. Cleaning is a lot more fun with you around. I wish you were here all the time.

PEA. I will be.

EVAN. What do you mean?

PEA. You said you wished you had a monster for a friend.

EVAN. I did?

PEA. Yeah. When you were supposed to be eating your dinner. You said you wished you had a monster who would eat your family and that you could go on an adventure rather than go to bed.