Scene 1: Enslaved by the Bell

Curtains up on a CLASSROOM filled with DESKS or at least CHAIRS. The teacher, MISS DEMENTAR, faces the audience in front of a menagerie of ADOLESCENT MONSTERS misbehaving and generally causing a ruckus. THE TOAD, LITTLEFOOT, GEORGE KRUPP and HAGATHA ANTHROPE are already seated.

Enter BELA. She sits down.

Enter LISSA RIBLE and CARL RUSTWORTHY, chatting.

LISSA: - and that’s when he said, ‘These aren’t lentils, they’re hornets!’

CARL: Yeah, my dad did that once, except it was capellini and headlice. [They laugh]

GEORGE KRUPP and HAGATHA ANTHROPE are playing with a CHATTERBOX.

GEORGE: Okay, now pick a number.

HAGATHA: Five.

GEORGE: One-two-three-four-five! It says “You will eat a handsome stranger.”

HAGATHA: Yess. I knew it!

LITTLEFOOT: Hey, what does it say about me?

HAGATHA: [Nastily] It says, ‘If your brain were as big as your feet, you’d know to step off, Bigtoe!’
MISS DEMEANOR: All right, all right! Settle down now, class. You! [Points to audience member] Get your feet off the seats. [Turns around] Mister Rustworthy don't you dare throw that paper aeroplane! [Eventually she manages to quieten everyone down] Now. Let's get a look at you [Peering into the audience] My my, you are a monstrous bunch aren't you? I swear they get uglier by the year - someone must be doing something right. Now, welcome to Year 13 home room. Before I call the roll, let's discuss the class rules, shall we? Toad? [She claps her hands]

THE TOAD waddles to the front of the stage. They are probably wearing a prefect badge or whatever because they are a SLIMEBALL.

TOAD: A-hem:
Rule one - No running
Rule two - No shouting
Rule three - No stabbing
Rule four - No spitting
Rule five - No gnashing of the teeth...

MISS DEMEANOR: Yes, yes. Toad, let's skip to the important ones.

At this point, BELA and her friend IGOR are creeping up to play a trick on their teacher. A thumb tack, whoopee cushion or kick-me sign, etc.

TOAD: Rule 612 - No mobile phones. Anyone caught using a mobile phone will have their thumbs confiscated, to be collected from the head office at the end of the day. Rule 613 - No unlicensed scaring. If you should see somebody creeping up behind anybody else to surprise, trick or fool them, you need to call out -

EVERYONE: THEY'RE BEHIND YOU!

MISS DEMEANOR spins around. IGOR scampers back to their desk, but BELA is caught in the act, and tries to come up with an excuse.

BELA: Sorry, miss. I thought I saw a spider on the ground and I was just going to pick it up.

MISS DEMEANOR: Now, is that really what happened?

Hopefully the audience has the right response here, otherwise she can turn around again and ask the rest of the class.

MISS DEMEANOR: Bela, child of Dracula! Misbehaving already and it's only the first day. Now young lady, you're really going to have to shape up if you want to pass this year. That's a detention after school and if I hear any more from you it'll be the rest of the week.

BELA: But miiiissss, what if there's another spider?

MISS DEMEANOR: Multiple spiders? Now child, THAT would be a statistical anomaly.

BELA sits down.

IGOR: [To BELA] Miss Demeanor? More like Miss DeMEANor.

BELA chuckles, while LITTLEFOOT, who is sitting on the other side of IGOR, overhears and laughs WAY TOO HARD.

BELA: [To LITTLEFOOT] Hey, shut up, nerd. It wasn't even that funny.

MISS DEMEANOR: Bela! What was it I just said? I hope you don't have any after-school plans this week, because I'm putting you in detention until Friday.
BELA: [Audible sigh]

MISS DEMEANOR: Right then! Let’s call the roll.

She calls the roll. This is best ad-libbed, and also depends on cast size. The student’s call ‘present’, or some variant as necessary.

MISS DEMEANOR:
Anema Toad? (Present)
Carl Rustworthy? (Present)
Deeanne Snutz? Dee? [To audience] Has anyone seen Dee Snutz?

CARL: I think she went to the bathroom. She was looking a bit green.

MISS DEMEANOR: Carl, go up to the medical office and ask them to take a look at Dee Snutz.

EXIT CARL RUSTWORTHY.

MISS DEMEANOR:
Hagatha Anthrope? (Present)
Igor Eyegore? (Present)
George Krupp? (Present)
Little Bigfoot? (Present)
Margery Taupe? [No answer]
Margery Taupe?? [Still no answer]

HAGATHA: Miss Demeanor, Marge has been dead for TEN YEARS!

MISS DEMEANOR: Well you’d think in that time she’d have learned to be punctual. [She writes something on her clipboard]. I think I need to have a word with the late Margery’s family. Now where was I?

Lissa Ribble? (Present) Bela, Child of Dracula? Hmph, I think we’ve already heard quite enough from you today, Bela. And finally, Seebak

Fornote? Does anyone know Seebak Fornote? Anybody? Hmm. [She turns the page over] Oh! It seems we have a new student today. She should be waiting outside.

MISS DEMEANOR opens a door. Enter SCREAM.

MISS DEMEANOR: Now then, miss, what’s your name?

SCREAM: [Opens her mouth and lets out an ungodly shriek]

MISS DEMEANOR: Ummm, yes, well. “Scream” here has come from very, very far away. Now if you’d just take a seat there next to young Master Bigfoot.

SCREAM takes a seat.

LITTLEFOOT: Hi there! Here to meet ya! I mean, nice to good ya! Hmm ...

Enter ROBERT ZAMBI, zombie hall monitor, holding a clipboard.

MISS DEMEANOR: Oh, hello Robert.

ROB ZAMBI: Special announcement, special announcement! First day of the year, and I hope everyone’s yearning for a learning! Chemistry classes have been cancelled until further notice, as the science department has been dissolved. The Pagan Knitting Circle has been integrated with the Advanced Moth Club, and a call is being made for BRAAAAINS to join the Chess Club, which is lacking members. Today’s canteen special is “last-year’s leftovers”. Finally, a committee meeting will be held after school to decide the theme for this year’s prom. All attendees are welcome.
The school bell rings. Everybody starts packing up.

MISS Demeanor: Thank you Robert. Everybody have a lovely first day, and work hard. [She grabs BELA as she tries to leave.] And YOU! Don't forget to stay after school.


Outside the classroom where the prom committee meeting is about to take place. Enter GREG THE JANITOR, sweeping and singing.

GREG: Shimmy to the left/Scare up your life!
Shimmy to the right/Scare up your life!
Shimmy to the front, argh! Argh!
Aaaarrrgghhh......[etc etc]

EXIT GREG, ENTER BELA and SCREAM, from opposite directions.

SCREAM: What was that?

BELA: I think it was the Scare Girls. You know? Sporty Scare, Baby Scare, Spicy Scare, Scarey Scare ...

SCREAM: [Laughs] You're in my homeroom class, aren't you?

BELA: That's me.

SCREAM: With Miss Demeanor? She seems pretty strict, right.

BELA: Yeah, more like Miss DeMEANor.

The joke fails to land. Awkward.

BELA: So, uh ... what was your name again? “Scream”?

SCREAM: Oh, that's not my name, I was screaming because I realised I was dead. I guess I AM pretty new here. My name is Schartzmugel.
BELA: I, uh, think I prefer Scream, to be honest.

SCREAM: Hmm, me too. Anyway I’m just on my way to the Prom Committee meeting. I’ve already joined the swimming team and the library monitors and the Ouija Club. I really want to fit in here. Are you going to the meeting too?

BELA: Eww, no. I’ve got detention. I’m a bit of a loveable scoundrel, you know. Let’s see how long they can keep me, hahaha.

SCREAM: Oh that’s a shame. I hear the mayor is coming to our meeting, too. I’m sorry you’ll miss it.


BELA skateboards into the sunset, throwing an empty juicebox onto the ground.

Enter DRACULA, the HORSELESS HEADMASTER, WITCHBERRY and WOLFMAN, also MS BIGFOOT, JEDEDIAH, students HERMAN BUNYIP, HAGATHA ANTHROPE, LISSA RIBBLE and spidery GEORGE KRUPP, plus field reporter EMMA DUSA.

DRACULA: [To JEDEDIAH] And you see that’s why they cancelled Firefly!

WITCHBERRY: Ah – ACHOO! [To WOLFMAN] Stop shedding!

WOLFMAN: YOU stop smelling!

They settle down for the meeting.

HORSELESS HEADMASTER: Well then, let’s get started shall we? Introductions first. For those of you who don’t know me, I’m the Horsemaster - I mean, the Head-horsester, uh, Headmaster. To my right here is the Canteen Manager and Caterer, Mr Jedediah Phragmm, and to my left is head of the P+C Committee, Ms Bigfoot -

BIGFOOT: [interrupting] Also head of the Nighttime Division of the Neighborhood Watch.

HORSEMASTER: Yes. We also have Officers Witchberry and Wolfman, who will be making a statement about event safety.

BIGFOOT: - I’m ALSO the Head Safety Officer for school events.

HORSEMASTER: Yes, thank you Ms Bigfoot. And we also have local reporter Miss Emma Dusa, who is writing an article on the event.

BIGFOOT: AND I’m Safe Driving instructor, Guidance Counselor AND leader of the “Children Over Drownings: Drain Lake Environments” or “CODDLE” community movement.

HORSEMASTER: THANK YOU, MS BIGFOOT. We also have a special guest, the Night-Time Mayor of MonstroCity, Mayor Dracula.

DRACULA: Fangs for the introduction, Headmaster! [Nobody laughs] FANGS for the introduction! FANGS … for the … aww bats, forget about it.

HORSEMASTER: Indeed, Mayor. Now I’d like to turn it over to the head of the student social committee, Miss Hagatha Anthrope!

HAGATHA: Thank you, Horsemaster. Now, the first thing we need to decide for the dance is a theme.
BUNYIP: [His hand shoots up] YES! Hello! Excuse me! I have a very important idea to present to all of you!!!

LISSA: [Sarcastically] Of course you do! You've always got such great ideas!

BUNYIP: Just listen [He does a majestic hand gesture] Enchantment Under the Sea! Wait, no! Mystery Under the Lake! Uh, Sorcery Beneath the Pool!

GEORGE: More like 'Boring Under the Passe', am I right?

EVERYONE laughs loudly, as if this is the greatest joke anyone has ever told.

LISSA: Bunyip, that's a great idea… if you want everyone to get crabs!

More laughter.

BIGFOOT: [Standing] Yeah! Plus, it would be in violation of twenty-eight town by-laws, three school safety recommendations and would require an environmental permit! [She looks around, expectantly]

EVERYONE berates BIGFOOT for not being funny, or for taking it too far, or ruining the joke.

WITCHBERRY: Wow, take it easy, he's just a kid with an idea. No need to attack his character.

WOLFMAN: It's people like you who make my job unpleasant.

BIGFOOT sits back down, muttering about being treated badly.

HAGATHA: All right, let's keep this calm okay? Any other suggestions?

LISSA: [Romantically and sincerely] What about a heart theme? We can hang hearts all around the gymnasium and the band won't even need a drummer with all the beating from the hearts?

WOLFMAN: What about a treat theme? You know, a couple of bones on the tables, some ears to chew on, Smackos hanging from the ceiling! [He gets distracted and starts salivating]

GEORGE: A spiders theme? It's statistically impossible to eat too many spiders. [He eats a spider]

HAGATHA: Perhaps something more universally accessible?

BIGFOOT: What about a lovely graveyard theme? You could call it … ‘The Monster Jam’ or the ‘Beastly Mash’? How about the ‘Creature Bop’?

LISSA: Excuse me. We're not twelve. Graveyards are for babies. Teenagers like us hang out in PARKS.

JEDEDIAH: And for Pete's sake, woman, what am I supposed to cook for that? Cryptcakes? Cremated Caramel? Have some taste!

ENTER LITTLEFOOT, wearing a Ginger Spice costume.

LITTLEFOOT: Muuuum, can we go home? I don't like playing with the janitor!

ENTER GREG.

BIGFOOT: Shhhh! Honey, mummy’s in a very important meeting right now. You wouldn’t want the school ball to be UNSAFE, would you?

LITTLEFOOT: No mum.

BIGFOOT: That’s a good monster. Now go back and give Greg a cuddle.

LITTLEFOOT hugs GREG. It is uncomfortable.

HORSEMASTER: Well, on the topic of safety, these two officers are here to make some requests for the safe undertaking of this year’s event.

WITCHBERRY: Much obliged, Horsehorseter. My name is Officer Itch Witchberry and this is Officer Harvey Wolfman, and we want to help make sure this event is both accommodating and memorable.

WOLFMAN: Now, as you might remember, during last year’s prom, the police were called to respond to a horrific bucket-of-blood incident.

WITCHBERRY: A similar incident occurred at prom the year before last, much to the displeasure of the police.

WOLFMAN: Plus the year before that -

WITCHBERRY: -and the year before that.

WOLFMAN: Basically you kids have been pranking each other for the last 600 years and we’re tired of dealing with it.

EMMA DUSA: Actually, I was hoping I could speak to you about that. I’m the crime reporter for MCLN –

HORSEMASTER: Crime? I thought you were here to sell overpriced dresses to insecure teenagers!

WITCHBERRY: This year, the police have formulated a plan ensuring that police intervention will not be necessary at this year’s prom.

EMMA DUSA is furiously jotting down notes.

BIGFOOT: Ah, you’re finally instating the stop and frisk measurements I’ve been requesting?

WITCHBERRY: Not quite. To avoid the necessity of police presence at this year’s prom, we’re mandating that the event be held on Friday the 14th-

WOLFMAN: - the day when all crime is legal!

BIGFOOT: But, but!

HORSEMASTER: Now, now Ms Bigfoot. The nice police officers have made their decision and I’m really not fond of your tone. Miss Anthrope?

HAGATHA: Thank you Horseheadster. So, the theme?

SCREAM: Well, why don’t you embrace your bad traditions? How about a blood theme?

EMMA DUSA: Ah, like “Bad Blood”. Clever.

BUNYIP: Ummm excuse me? Who are you?

GEORGE: She doesn't even go here.
HAGATHA: No, wait, it’s that new girl - the one with the weird name. I like your style, new girl.

JEDEDIAH: And so many options to cook! Blood pudding, Bloody Mary - virgin, of course - blood soup, blood surprise - which is really just blood with more blood on top-

LISSA: “Bad Blood”? Ooh, we could ask that singer, Impaler Swift to perform!

HAGATHA: I think it’s time to vote. All in favour of the theme “Bad Blood” raise your hand and say ‘aye’. [Everyone except BUNYIP raises their hands] And all against? [BUNYIP raises his hand]. Well, that settles it.

BUNYIP: Wait!! You need to vote on mine too!

HAGATHA: All in favour of “Misery Under the Pond”? [Only BUNYIP raises his hand] Bad Blood it is!

BUNYIP: You’ll regret this! You’ll all regret this when the dance is DRY and BORING!

He dramatically stomps on the JUICEBOX with his giant FEET, then storms out. EXIT BUNYIP.

HAGATHA: Next item: ticket prices!

This conversation fades into the background as BELA sneaks on stage and sidles up to SCREAM.

BELA: Oh man, this meeting looks so lame.

SCREAM: Bela! Aren’t you meant to be in detention?

BELA: I sneaked out. Loveable scoundrel, remember? Ain’t no detention that can keep me, long as I don’t have to cross running water (and I have the correct visa).

SCREAM: Impressive. We were just discussing ideas for the prom.

BELA: Hahaha, nerds. Wait until you see my old ‘bucket-of-blood’ trick. It’s a classic. My dad’s got access to so much blood.

SCREAM: Say, that’s not your dad over there is it?

BELA: Oh sweet Caroline! [She ducks behind SCREAM] Don’t let him see me.

SCREAM: You know I’m forty percent transparent, right?

WITCHBERRY sneezes again, knocking/scaring BELA from her hiding spot. DRACULA spots BELA.

DRACULA: Bela! Unlike you to show such interest in social events. I think you ought to come with me.

DRACULA drags BELA by the ear. EXIT BELA and DRACULA.

BIGFOOT: [Handing out pamphlets] Now, I’d like you all to look over my twelve-point dance safety action plan …

Lights fade out to groans.
Scene 3: Blood is Thicker than War Crimes

DRACULA’S living room. BELA is sitting playing a video game and getting really into it, leaning off to both sides as if actually dodging projectiles and constantly making fun of who she’s playing against. BELA is sitting on the floor, her back against a sofa. IGOR is carrying a feather duster, picking up HOUSEHOLD ITEMS to clean under them.

BELA: Boom! Headshot. Take that, learn how to duck. Oh, you’re trying to sneak up on me there buddy? You picked the wrong player to shank, today. I have been playing this game since it was released because unlike you I do not need to sleep. Ohhhhh! Take that! I am the beast master. Suck my blood, breather. Ha ha, victory sip. [Takes a large swig out of a Mountain Dew bottle labelled ‘Blood’]

ENTER DRACULA.

IGOR: Hello, master.

DRACULA: Igor, shouldn’t you be studying for your Igor Exams?

IGOR: Sorry, master. I clean when I’m nervous.

EXIT IGOR. DRACULA sits down on the sofa, trying a few poses trying to look hip and with it before just sitting up straight.

DRACULA: Hello Bela, what are the happenings? Playing video games again, I see. Good, good. How are the noobs? Are you sexting and memeing them?

BELA: You don’t know what any of those words mean, Dad.

DRACULA: [Sternly] Bela, we need to talk. This is your 666th repeat of your final school year. Look at your grades from last year! You failed scarecology, you failed gothic lit, you failed monstro-economics. You even failed study period. Look, you got an A+ for phlebotomy - but the blood you were trying to identify was O-! I think it’s high time we had a father-daughter discussion... Maybe I could get you measured for a nice cape, get some blood-resistant shirts. We could curse some mirrors together, really make a night of it. What do you say?

BELA: [Ignoring him] Mmhm, that’s great Dad.

DRACULA: Now, Bela, I know you think undeath is just one big party but you can’t keep putting this off. You are a vampire and it’s about time you started to accept that. You can’t wear t-shirts forever. So come with me and we’ll buy you a cape.

BELA: Urgh, Dad. No! Nobody wears capes anymore. They’re stupid and get dirty and yours always blows into your face.

DRACULA: Oh come now. You know we don’t wear capes because they’re functional. We wear them because it’s tradition! Take off the cape, and I’m not a vampire. I’m just an immortal, undead being who drinks blood and can’t come out in the daytime, or cross running water.

BELA: So, a vampire.

DRACULA: No! Urgh, will you turn that off? I am trying to have a conversation with you. [He unplugs the game/turns off the television]

BELA: Dad! I was in the middle of a mission! All my scores are gone!

DRACULA: You need to listen to your father.

BELA: [ Throws controller] Urgh, I hate you. Uncle Chocula never gets
mad at me for playing video games during the day.

DRACULA: [Suddenly angry] My brother is a sell-out and a shame on the family you will not mention him under my roof.

BELA: Chocula, CHOCULA, CHOCULA!

DRACULA: Now, you have been fiddling about with your human games for far too long. I have been lenient so far but you simply must start acting like a proper vampire, instead of this… Artful Swiper you try to emulate…

BELA: Loveable Scoundrel, Dad, that’s my thing at the school. And as for being a proper Vampire, I drink blood and burn in the sun, what more do you want?

DRACULA: Much more. There are certain things a vampire can and can’t do. Like, uh… Oh, give me ideas. Maybe they’ll believe an outside source. [Get help from the audience, who should suggest things like ‘cape, fangs, sleep in a coffin’. If they suggest something that DRACULA doesn’t like he can tell them they don’t know much about vampires and should listen in on the lesson as well]

BELA: Dad, are you seriously taking advice from people in sandals?

DRACULA: Hey now, don’t insult them. We all make mistakes. You sometimes still put on sparkles

BELA: No I don’t! That was a phase, Dad! Why do you keep bringing that up it happened a hundred years ago.

DRACULA: Then why do I still find glitter in my socks?

BELA: Because it’s glitter! You can’t get rid of glitter!

DRACULA: There was also the time you insisted you didn’t need blood and could just absorb humans’ life energy.

BELA: You’re one to talk! Didn’t you once kill an entire country and mount their bodies on spikes?

DRACULA: Now, we all have phases, I know I know. It was fashionable at the time. There were a few decades where I painted my skin green because that was the cool thing to do. That only stopped when I developed an allergic reaction and broke out in hives. Your mother had to sit me in the bath and cover me in ointment…

BELA: Groooss. No wonder she left you.

DRACULA: She didn’t leave me. She is taking time apart from me to find other lovers.

BELA: [Hides her head in her hands] Please stop talking.

DRACULA: Don’t you start with me. When you’ve been with the same one person for two thousand years, you start to experiment with your relationship. Make things open-casket. Invite your sellout brother into your boudoir. Bring out your bagpipes again like you did on that misty morning you first met, and serenade her on your balcony, both of you perfectly nude in the light of the full moon …

BELA: Dad, please. [She looks very pained and tries to cover her ears]

DRACULA: You know. We may as well talk about the birds and the bees, as well. [Wraps an arm around BELA, pulling them both upright] When you are a vampire you are very sexy, as you can see. [Fronts
So you will attract many lovers during your years. But it is not only appearance that matters. You must be a kind and generous lover. You must have romance. You must use protection. Now, your mother’s favourite positions were-

ENTER IGOR, clutching a very small television?

IGOR: Master! Master, there has been a murder.

BELA: Oh, thank god.

DRACULA: What’s that Igor? A murder?

IGOR: Yes, master. Murder most foul.

DRACULA: QUICK! Turn on the television!

Exit DRACULA and IGOR. BELA plugs in her game again, shuddering.

Scene 4: Tap Mana to Cast News

News room set up, table with some paper on it stage left, maybe a news channel logo on the front of the table. EMMA DUSA on stage right in the dark, cameras, lights, etc. EMMA DUSA should be wearing SUNGLASSES and have frazzled SNAKE HAIR.

EMMA DUSA: Crime reporter Emma Dusa here coming to you live from outside the Monstro City Town Hall, where we’ve just received report of a brutal stabbing attack on an unsuspecting citizen. Witnesses report seeing a figure fleeing the crime scene, their face concealed by a mask constructed from a carton of breakfast product. Although the motive for the crime is unclear, the nature of the attack was seemingly unprovoked and deadly. With me now is Stacy Gougoulis.

ENTER STACY, a zombie. She is the victim of the crime and has a large kitchen knife sticking out of her skull. She speaks cheerfully in mumble, with dramatic miming and the occasional real word thrown in.

STACY: [Enthusiastic mumble talk]

EMMA DUSA: Now Stacy, describe the attack as you witnessed it from your perspective.

STACY: [Mimes walking down the street, being cornered and intimidated, begging, being stabbed in the head, screaming in terror, then shrugging when they remember they’re a zombie]

EMMA DUSA: Terrifying indeed. Now tell us how that made you feel.

STACY: [Sadface]
EMMA DUSA: Simply chilling. Is there anything else you want to share with our viewers?

STACY: [To camera] Mumble-groan-mumble HI MOM! [She waves]

EMMA DUSA: [Turns back to camera] You can see how distraught the victim is. All that remains now is to turn the case over to the police, who are yet to arrive on the scene.

Enter WITCHBERRY and WOLFMAN, out of breath.

WITCHBERRY: Here we are!

WOLFMAN: [To Emma] Don’t worry, sir, we have everything under control.

EMMA DUSA: What are the police doing to keep this matter under control?

WOLFMAN: Well legally, I’m afraid there’s not a lot we can do, because of that Latin stuff.

WITCHBERRY: Yeah, haveus corpus. You see, if we don’t haveus a corpse, we don’t haveus a crime.

STACY: [Indignant moan]

WITCHBERRY: No, really, you look great.

STACY: [Outrage]

WOLFMAN: There’s no need to play the victim card.

EMMA DUSA: [Interjecting] Officers, is there any other evidence that might lead to a conviction?

WOLFMAN: Hmmmmm. [Looks around, hoping for inspiration]

WITCHBERRY: Well, uh …

WOLFMAN: Maybe there are fingerprints on the knife?

WITCHBERRY: And … Well, there are a lot of big footprints everywhere.

WOLFMAN: Big feet!? Clearly, this is the work of Aliens, but I urge everyone at home to stay calm.

ENTER BIGFOOT, raving.

BIGFOOT: Right, it’s time for the law enforcers of this town to fill their boots.

EMMA DUSA: Ma’am, is there something you’d like the denizens of Monstro City to hear?

BIGFOOT: Indeed there is! For too long, justice around here has had no heel. For years I’ve been outlining steps to increase safety, and now mayhem is clearly afoot. It’s time to tighten our laces and fortify our souls against danger. I warned you, I WARNED YOU ALL, and now danger is going to sock you in the face. Terror is going to stomp all over Monstro City, and when it does you’ll come crawling at my feet to stop it…

EMMA DUSA: Thank you, Big--
BIGFOOT: [Cheerfully] AND there’s a CODDLE meeting in the town hall at 6.00 to discuss draining the Shelley memorial fountain.

EXIT BIGFOOT.

WITCHBERRY: Talk about a wet blanket.

EMMA DUSA: [Turns to camera] Citizens can sleep lightly knowing that their only two police officers are on the case.

WITCHBERRY: Thanks, Emma. I can honestly say Monstro City’s best are on the job.

WOLFMAN: And so is Witchberry here!

WITCHBERRY: Oh, bite your tail off, Harvey!

WOLFMAN: [Fake laugh] We have fun.

EMMA DUSA: Well, food for thought. This is crime reporter Emma Dusa. Back to you Tut Anchorman. [She moves offstage]

TUT: Thanks for breaking the tough stories, Emma. Isn’t she a marvel, Frankie?

FRANKENSTEIN’S MONSTER: She sure is, Tut.

TUT: Now, let’s take a look at last night’s game, with the Sports Siren.

A PRODUCER leads a giant BIRD MONSTER in front of the camera. It shrieks uncontrollably and tries to eat him.

FRANK: Ahahaha – Well that’s my tipping screwed.

TUT: Now Frank, I believe you had one final story.

FRANK: Indeed I do, Tut, and it’s on a topic close to my heart.

TUT: [Newsreader joke] Lungs? [Winks to audience]

FRANK: Not quite, Tut. People of Monstro City, please indulge me for a moment as I announce my engagement to my lovely fiancée!

TUT: Congratulations Frankie. Who’s the lucky lady?

FRANK: Oh, she’s not ready yet.

TUT: Not ready?

FRANK: That’s right, Tut. I’ve commissioned a leading local made scientist to make my wife completely from scratch.

TUT: Isn’t that a little outside the law, Frankie?

FRANK: It certainly is, Tut. That’s why I’m announcing the wedding date as Friday the 14th. The day when all crime is legal!

TUT: [Laughs] And that’s all she wrote. I’m Tut Anchorman –

FRANK: - and I’m Frankenstein’s Monster –

TUT: - and this is Monstro City Local News.

Cheesy news theme music plays. TUT mouths random words, smiles, points at random people for the duration, maybe straightens paper.

PRODUCER: And we’re off the air!
Bell rings. TUT sighs and steps out from behind the anchor desk, revealing that he is only wearing boxers with that suit jacket. He sighs and does other stress relief motions. He leans against the desk.

TUT: Congratulations again, Frank.

FRANK: [Nervously] I'm NOT nervous. Who said that??

TUT: I can’t believe you’re already getting married. What are you, like twenty-three?

FRANK: Thirty, but I have the face of a much younger man. [He literally does] And what about you, Tut? Someone special in your life, or are you too much of a mummy's boy?

ENTER MUMMY A and MUMMY B.

MUMMY B: Frankie, darling! Congratulations.

MUMMY A: We came as soon as we saw the announcement.

TUT: Ugh, Mum, mum, how many times have I told you, you can’t just turn up at work like this.

MUMMY B: Oh, tish! Then who would bring you your chapstick? Your skin can get so dry!

MUMMY A: And who would bring you your sandwiches when you forget to pack lunch? This one has a pickle in it. [She waves a sandwich in his face]

MUMMY B: Now son, why are you still single. Look how happy this bolt man is now that he’s engaged.

MUMMY A: A god like you should have people all over you.

TUT: Look mums, I’d really love to talk but I have a really urgent …

FRANK: Meeting?

TUT: Yeah. I have to go or they might fire me.

MUMMY A: Fire you? Psh. Take some initiative Tut! Stand up for yourself! Don’t let other people walk all over you, as if you were some kind of small child that they keep infantilizing!

TUT: Well since you put it like that…

MUMMY B: That’s right Tut, you can’t just let people cut you off or talk over you, you have to be assertive!

MUMMY A: But open to criticism.

MUMMY B: But Loud!

MUMMY A: But not overbearing.

MUMMY B: Act like the living God that you are!

MUMMY A: But don’t get too wrapped up in yourself.

TUT: That’s it, I’ve had enough! Mummy I’m moving out!

FRANK: Yeah man, stake your independence!

MUMMY A: Moving out? But son, the housing market is so fragile.
MUMMY B: Your cousin Ramses tried to buy some property, and now he’s stuck in a pyramid scheme!

TUT: It’s too late, I’ve made up my mind. I’m tired of being wrapped in cotton wool, and then having my brain pulled out through my nose and my organs stored in clay jars. You two can’t keep coddling me like that.

MUMMY B: But Tut –

TUT: No buts. If you don’t like it, you can just leave.

The MUMMIES leave, dejectedly.

TUT: Hey, Frank, thanks for being all stoic through that. You’re like a rock. You are sooo ready to get married. Hey, can I move in with you?

FRANK: Atta girl. I haven’t seen reporting like that since they collared the Preacher from the Black Lagoon!

EMMA DUSA: Well, you do the crime, I get the airtime.

TUT: I love the way you’ve arranged your snakes.

EMMA DUSA: [Coolly] Wow, “snakes”. That’s a slur, honey. Try washing your mouth with formaldehyde so your words stay dead in your throat.

EXIT EMMA DUSA, offended but cool.

FRANK: Yeesh, Tut. "Snakes"? I thought you were better than that.

TUT: I don’t know what came over me. I’m so stupid.

FRANK: Hey, don’t beat yourself up, bro. You gotta put yourself out there. Somebody out there wants somebody exactly like you.

TUT: Yeah, I’ve got plenty of good qualities. Like how my skin never ages. Plus I can read hieroglyphics. I’ll show everyone just what a Hand Reed Lion Viper I am.

FRANK: That’s the spirit. [They start to leave] You know what’s really fun? Speed dating.
Scene 5: I Scream, You Scream, and There’s Blood on my Suit

The Town Square, where the all-important Town Meeting is being held. DRACULA is front and centre, importantly swishing his cape about, occasionally tripping on it; WOLFMAN and WITCHBERRY are off to the side, observing the scene. OTHER MONSTERS are milling about.

BIGFOOT: Hello, citizens of Monstro City. I speak to you as both a leader and a friend. Like me, you are tired of the way this town has treated you. Like me, you want your children to be safe to walk the streets. Like me, you want to stick bubble wrap on every corner, and install proximity beepers in every wall. But more than that, like me, you are tired of the incompetency of our local police force.

WITCHBERRY: Did she just say she thinks we’re incompetent?

WOLFMAN: No, I think she said the “Pole-ease” force. You know, the people grease all the flagpoles so the flags flap properly.

WITCHBERRY: Oh, right. Those guys are dreadful. The flagpoles here are always so grippy.

WOLFMAN: Actually, all this talk of flagpoles makes me really need to pee. Watch the crowd for me.

EXIT WOLFMAN, clutching his trousers.

BIGFOOT: It is time for us to stand up for ourselves, to unite in the name of safety and rule conformity, and to- [She notices LITTLEFOOT] Littlefoot! Honey, shouldn’t you be wearing your fluoro safety vest? Go home and put it on.

LITTLEFOOT: But Muuuuum...

JEDEDIAH: Go on, kid. You heard the lady. You wouldn’t want people to be unable to see you. Or touch you. Kiss you … smell you…
[He starts crying, probably]

EXIT LITTLEFOOT, exasperated.

BIGFOOT: A-hem. It is time for us to be the heroes we DESERVE, but in a totally egalitarian and public-property respecting fashion, It’s time to stop treating every day like Friday the 14th. Get tough on crime!

CROWD: [Cheers]

BIGFOOT: Now go out there, and fight passively but aggressively for PEACE!

CROWD: [Resumes chanting and sign waving]

BIGFOOT EXITS, triumphantly. ENTER BELA, IGOR and SCREAM.

BELA: So what are we doing here again? I thought you'd invited me out to do my homework for me.

IGOR: I thought we were getting icecream.

BELA: Wait, this isn’t related to your stupid nerd prom, is it?

SCREAM: No, this is different. Ms Bigfoot handed me a pamphlet and I just thought I’d check it out. I enjoy being involved.

BELA: So why are we here?

SCREAM: I didn’t know where City Hall was.
BELA: Ugh, duh. Where even are your parents?

SCREAM: Well they live in Alice Springs and I’m dead, which I guess makes me an orphan.

BELA: That’s heavy. [Turns abruptly to IGOR] Hey, speaking of prom, do you reckon Lissa will dance with me?

IGOR: Dude, she’s a siren!

BELA: I know! [Goes for a high five]

IGOR: She’ll probably kill you later and add your bones to that weird graveyard her family lives on. I think it’s called the elephant graveyard?

BELA: That’s funny, why would they call it that?

IGOR: Dunno, maybe they really like elephants. Or, really hate elephants, I guess. Anyway, she’s dangerous, man.

BELA: But she wouldn’t dare kill me, I’m the Mayor’s kid! Unless she doesn’t like that, in which case I’m not really. Oh look, here she comes.

LISSA: Hi Bela. Hi, Igor. [She is obviously more attracted to IGOR. As is everyone all the time]

BELA: Hi Lissa!

IGOR: Hey Lis.

LISSA: My mother is having a party over at our place tomorrow night, care to come? There’ll be singing and dancing and stories. And food.

BELA: We’d love to—

IGOR nudges her violently in the chest.

BELA: But we can’t, we have to, uh... be somewhere else.

IGOR: Wait, we do?

DRACULA: Hello, hello! Is this on? Attention, everyone! I think you all know why we’ve gathered here today! I know you’re all upset with the way this town is being run, but really I’m just the night-time Mayor. Take it up with the day Mayor, they’re the one in charge of crime and punishment.

CROWD: [Boos]

JEDEDIAH: We put you in office, and we can kick you out.

DRACULA: Let’s not be hasty. To do my part, I am installing, uh, vending machines outside city hall. Yes, vending machines that dispense pepper spray and tasers. Won’t you all feel safer knowing that every citizen has access to incredibly painful crowd-control devices?

The crowd is getting riled up.

LISSA: Tasers? Electricity just makes some monsters stronger...

JEDEDIAH: The night Mayor is out of touch. Stop the night Mayor!

The crowd begins a “STOP THE NIGHT MAYOR” chant.

DRACULA: Now, wait a minute...
The chanting continues. As the chanting is reaching a crescendo, the CEREAL KILLER sneaks onstage brandishing a knife. Dramatically, they attempt to stab JEDEDIAH. But JED is a ghost, so the knife 'misses'. The stabbing attempt continues for a humorous amount of time, before JED trips over and the CEREAL KILLER runs off.

LISSA: Jedediah has been STABBED!

ENTER WOLFMAN, out of breath.

WOLFMAN: Hey, I just saw a guy in a cereal mask running off.

WITCHBERRY: So why didn't you chase him!?

WOLFMAN: Oh, right. Sorry I guess I was distracted. I mean, I was tailing him, right, and then suddenly I was chasing my tail.

ENTER EMMA DUSA, BIGFOOT, and LITTLEFOOT. LITTLEFOOT has his SAFETY VEST on now, the nerd.

EMMA DUSA: Emma Dusa here, bringing you news of poor Jedediah’s tragic murder—

JEDEDIAH: No I’m alright. I just tripped on my laces.

DRACULA: And we are very sad to hear of his death—

JEDEDIAH: I'm not dead! [Realizing what he’s just said] I mean, I AM dead. I mean... this is all very confusing.

DRACULA: So, we must all be wary of walking around alone at all times. There’s a killer on the loose and we must not take any chances!

BIGFOOT: Safety first, citizens! Don’t go into any dark alleyways where the potential murderer might sneak up on you and throttle you, or stomp on you with their gigantic feet, and —

She pauses to find everyone staring at her.

BIGFOOT: I mean, just be CAREFUL, okay?

WOLFMAN: [aside to WITCHBERRY] Did you hear that? Did you? Did you hear her say that, she literally just said that the murderer might stomp on you —

WITCHBERRY: [exasperated] Oi, bone breath. Yeah. I did. I was standing right here. Right here.

DRACULA: Yes. Well. Thank you for that, Bigfoot, much appreciated.

EMMA DUSA: Ms Foot. A few questions for you—

BIGFOOT: It wasn’t me, I swear!

WOLFMAN: That’s exactly what someone who wasn’t a killer would say—

WITCHBERRY steps on WOLFMAN’S foot.

WOLFMAN: OW!

WITCHBERRY (sarcastically): Oh, sorry.

EMMA DUSA: We were just wondering if you’d noticed anyone or anything unusual since the murder, or when the murder happened.
WOLFMAN: Yeah, tell us.

WITCHBERRY: Will you behave?

WOLFMAN: I am behaving!

WITCHBERRY: Well, try harder.

BIGFOOT: I don't know anything, I swear! Absolutely nothing. I don't know who the next target is!

EMMA DUSA: Well, we wouldn't expect you to, if you know absolutely nothing, but I seem to remember that you were on the scene when Stacy Gougoulish was murdered. And now here with the late Jedediah, may he rest in peace.

JEDEDIAH: Oh, for the love of Edgar Allan Poe's slanderous biography... I'm right here!—

EMMA DUSA: Jed, we're trying to investigate here—

JEDEDIAH: Well you're not going to get anywhere asking this lumbering blob. You know what they say about people with big feet.

WOLFMAN: What?

JEDEDIAH: They can't find shoes that fit. Or fill in anyone's shoes, for that matter. Because their feet are too big.

EMMA DUSA: Thank you, Jedediah. Great to hear from you.

WOLFMAN: [Aside to WITCHBERRY] Does the foot monster look nervous to you?

WITCHBERRY: Yeah, look, her hair has gone all white.

*It was already white. They both glare at BIGFOOT with squinty eyes, full of suspicion.*

DRACULA: All right, all right, will everyone settle down please?

BIGFOOT: No! I think we should take more care and increase the security measures! [Menacingly, to the nearest monster] We wouldn't want anything to happen to you, would we?

WITCHBERRY: You know, I'm starting to disagree with your 'aliens' theory.
Scene 6: Carrie On My Wayward Son (of Ra)

Speed dating! Hooray! There are a couple of tables set up around the stage at which people sit and talk to each other. Someone at one of the back tables is wearing a big cloak to hide the fact that their head is a balloon, with a wig or hat and maybe glasses or something. Enter TUT, BELA, IGOR and SCREAM.

TUT: Uh, so, so what exactly are we doing here again?

SCREAM: Speed-dating! It’s the speed and convenience of connecting with a person, without actually digging through the emotional spheres that we all project to keep ourselves from getting hurt!

TUT: …What?

SCREAM: What?

TUT: [Trying to get back on track] So I just sit at a table and talk to someone? I guess I can do that.

BELA: Yeah you gotta be pretty quick though - it’s not called speed-dating for nothing. I’ll have the bucket ready in five minutes!

TUT: Huh?

BELA shoves TUT into a chair and offers a thumbs-up. A bell dings. A girl with pink hair sits down immediately and launches into a speech.

BRITNEY: Hiiiii! I’m Britney, but you can just call me Britney! I like sunshine and rainbows and puppies and clouds and desecrating the corpses of my enemies and ponies and ferris wheels! What’s your name?

TUT: Uh, Tut. Tut Anch… [Bell dings]

BRITNEY: Great! Well it was lovely to meet you, here’s my card, call me!

BRITNEY disappears as quickly as she arrived.

TUT: …Again, what?

Bell dings again, BROHAMMED ALI sits down. He has a dumbbell in each hand, constantly showing off his arms as he PUMPS HELLA IRON BROOOOO.


He winks at the audience, TUT stares. Bell dings. EDGAR ALLEN BRO blows a kiss, squats his way out of the room.

TUT: Okay, this is terrible. There’s no way I’m going to meet anyone here.

DRACULA comes on stage, wearing his very best cravat/cape. Or whatever, point is, he’s dressed up for the occasion.

DRACULA: Ah, hello there Tut! You’re trying out the speed dating thing too?


DRACULA: Me too! I quite liked that Brittany girl, seemed like we had a real connection. But anyway, what are your feelings on bagpipes?
TUT is spared from awkward questions about wind instruments by the bell ringing. TUT buries his head in his hands.

TUT: Well, tonight seems like a pretty solid write-off, barring someone amazing walking through the door this exact second.

Lighting change. Everything freezes. Choirs sing as a beautiful girl in a white dress walks down centre stage. TUT's jaw drops. CARRIE smiles at TUT, glides to his table, sits elegantly. Lights up, unfreeze.

CARRIE: Hello.

She smiles a radiant smile full of sunshine.

TUT: Uhhhhhh. [To the audience] She's amazing!

TUT is interested but nervous as hell. He glances at BELA, who is chatting with BRITNEY. BELA gives TUT a thumbs up. TUT turns back to CARRIE, and BELA and IGOR sneak to the back of the stage.

TUT: H… Hi! My name is Tut. Tut Anchorman, FBI. I mean, uh, CBS. Uh. MLN...

CARRIE: How lovely. I've seen your show, you're an excellent reporter.

TUT: Thanks, you too! I mean, thank you very much! So, um, tell me a bit about yourself?

CARRIE: Well, my name is Carrie, I'm a Virgo with a full Jupiter on the cusp, and I can explode things with my mind! Watch this!

CARRIE focuses, and BALLOONFACE's head explodes. His limp body slumps onto the table.

TUT: Wow.

CARRIE giggles coquettishly.

TUT: Honestly, that was pretty incredible. So uh, what are your life plans?

CARRIE: Well, my immediate short-term goal is to become prom queen, and after that... [her expression grows dark] I was thinking of extracting brutal revenge on every arrogant fool who has ever had the temerity to wrong me.

TUT is thoroughly smitten.

BELA: Alright Scream, when I give the signal, we dump the bucket all over her, and we call it a day.

SCREAM: Sorry, how is dumping a bucket of blood all over this woman going to help Tut?

IGOR: I actually have to agree with Scream on this one, Bela, I just can't see how this would help. If it was a bucket of mucous, maybe...

BELA: Because, it'll be hilarious, and I've gathered only the very best blood for our purposes. Now quiet, he's about to tell her that she's one of the most interesting girls he's ever met.

TUT: I have to say, you're one of the most interesting girls I've ever met.
[They stare into each other’s eyes.]

CARRIE: Tell me about it, Tit.

TUT: Tut.

CARRIE: Tut. Do you… do you believe in love at first sight?

TUT: I’m starting to.

As they lean in for a kiss, BELA dumps a BUCKET OF BLOOD over CARRIE, who looks horrified. TUT looks angry. CARRIE begins to scream, the lights flickering, an ominous rumbling rising, everything shaking. BELA and IGOR are like “oh shit, we fucked up”. CARRIE continues screaming, people start running around, running off-stage, taking the set with them. Suddenly, lights off. Confusion. Lights up, CARRIE is lying front of stage. She ded. TUT is distraught. He looks around to see the CEREAL KILLER! The CEREAL KILLER turns and runs. CHASE SCENE YEAH.

BELA: The Cereal Killer! Get him!

BELA, IGOR and TUT start chasing the CEREAL KILLER across the stage.

TUT: We can’t let him get away! He murdered the only chance I’ll ever have of finding true love! Where the hell is Wolfman?!?

BELA: He said he smelled something suspicious, so him and Witchberry took off to get my dad! They’re gonna catch the Cereal Killer together!

TUT: Ugh, typical! We can’t rely on Wolfman to fix this, he hasn’t turned up a single lead so far. We’ve got the guy on the run! Let’s force him down this alley and cut him off!

They turn down an alley, running upstage as the CEREAL KILLER runs offstage right. They turn and run back downstage as the CEREAL KILLER runs on from stage left. The CEREAL KILLER then turns and runs back left, running into DRACULA.

DRACULA: Give it up, we’ve got you now! There’s nowhere to run!

The CEREAL KILLER backs offstage, followed by DRACULA. Scuffling sounds, then an ominous silence. DRACULA appears at the edge of the stage, holding a stake in his chest. He stumbles offstage with a magician-vanishing, vampire-dusting sound.

BELA: Dad! [She falls to her knees] Nooooooooooo!
[Affronted] It’s gonna take DAYS for him to resurrect from this.

WOLFMAN runs onstage, loudly sniffing.

WOLFMAN: [Shouting] Come on out, killer! I know you’re here somewhere. I can smell your b-loo-ohhhh dear [He takes in the scene]

TUT: Where the hell have you been?! He murdered my one true love and then we chased him down into this alley and then the mayor showed up and backed the killer into a corner and then somehow the Mayor ends up staked and dead and WHAT KIND OF COP ARE YOU IF YOU CAN’T EVEN BE HERE WHEN THERE’S MURDERINGS?!

WOLFMAN: Woah, calm down, buddy. I’ve been following up a lead. After Jedediah got metaphorically whacked, I immediately started to look for crop circles.
WITCHBERRY: And then we actually looked at some of the hairs left at the scene of the crime. And Clifford here managed to catch the scent and run off in the squad car. Without me. Again.

BELA: You realise that the murder has *already happened*. What’s the point of being able to smell the killer if you can’t catch him?

SCREAM: *Gingerly holds up a small booklet* Uh, I don’t know if this would help at all, but maybe it’s better than nothing?

*WITCHBERRY snatches it from SCREAM’s hands, and grins.*

WITCHBERRY: A clue! At last. It looks like some kinda safety booklet?

WOLFMAN: But there’s only one person in town who reads safety booklets!

WITCHBERRY: If you say aliens…

WOLFMAN: Bigfoot!

*Everyone nods in agreement, kinda surprised that WOLFMAN was able to figure that one out.*

WOLFMAN: Yes, all the evidence points to her. She stinks, no one will stand up for her, and I don’t like her. All excellent reasons.

WITCHBERRY: Well then, partner…

WOLFMAN: All of which explains why Bigfoot can’t possibly be the killer! It’s too obvious! Especially in only Scene 6! It must be someone else, like Bunyip, or Rob Zambie, or some other minor character with minimal impact on the main plot.

WITCHBERRY: So close. Oh so close. *[Turns to the others] The rest of us should go home, lock your doors, and stay away from any strangers. We’ll find this fugitive of injustice, and then…*

WOLFMAN: Take away her treats!

*The rest of the gang begins to sneak away at this point.*

WITCHBERRY: I keep telling you dude, those don’t have much of a kick for anyone else, you’re going to have to raise the stakes some other way.

WOLFMAN: Alright, fair enough, we need to bring out the big guns. We swat her nose with a rolled up newspaper!

*He continues suggesting dog-related punishments as the lights dim for INTERMISSION.*
Scene 7: Haunted Houseparty AKA Bonster Bash AKA Please don’t sue me, Bobby “Boris” Pickett

TUT ANCHORMAN’s new bachelor pad. SEDUCTIVE SMOOTH JAZZ plays softly, the lighting is dimmed, and TUT addresses the audience as if they are a camera.

TUT: Hello, this is Tut Anchorman of Monstrocity News. I’m 4,000 years old and looking for love. I enjoy long walks on the beach and tanning, I’m a qualified first-aider and a virrr...go. As you can see, I’m a proud new homeowner. It’s a lovely bachelor pad, but I’m looking for something more. Select ‘yes’ if you think you’re the special lady for me. No, wait-

The SMOOTH JAZZ stops with a RECORD SCRATCH noise.

TUT: No. No. That should be special lady or fellow, right? I mean, I’m not picky on that front. Maybe it should be “the one.” No one’s ever thought of that before, how romantic. “The One.”

The SMOOTH JAZZ resumes.

TUT: Select ‘yes’ if you think you’re “The One” for me, and for more infor-

DOCTOR De’HYDE loudly enters the room, turning the lights on as he enters. Maybe he knocks some stuff over too.

DOCTOR De'HYDE: Hey Tut, I was working in my lab late last night, when my eyes beheld an eerie sight. You see, my monster from its slab began to rise, and suddenly: to my surprise-

TUT: De'Hyde! I’m trying to record my online dating profile. You’re ruining everything!

DOCTOR De’HYDE: Sorry man, you know the rules, put a bandage over the doorknob if you want privacy. Anyway, it’s turning into a real monster-mash up in the lab, and I need to clear my head, y’know. I’ve been doing some crazy mad scientist stuff: cutting up cadavers, mashing them, injecting things, discovering a formula that unlocks my dark side and murdering innocents. Y’know, the usual.

TUT: The usual? You told me you were a med student!

DOCTOR De’HYDE: Uh, yeah, at Notre Dame, they’re all about making crazy hunchbacks and stuff.

Enter BUBBLES THE UNICORN - a bright, wholesome, completely out of place creature, in a city populated by moral and literal monsters.

BUBBLES: Mister Anchorman, since moving in your conduct has been an inappropriate imposition on the residents of our neighbourhood.

TUT: I’m imposing? You just burst into my house unannounced!

BUBBLES: Nay! As the solitary Resident Advisor, it is my duty to frequently call upon my neighbours to build close, neighbourly relations between neighbours in the neighbourhood. Neigh.

DR. De'HYDE: This isn’t that kind of neighbourhood. We clank chains, and bay hounds, and spook any hapless innocent unfortunate enough to get lost here after dark. Go back to horseville, nay-sayer.

BUBBLES: Mister De'Hyde-
DR. De'HYDE: *Doctor* De'Hyde.

BUBBLES: *Mister* De'Hyde, I don’t know what kind of slobs vs snobs comedy you think you're living in, but it is simply not appropriate to shine unholy lights and blast the Crypt-Kicker Five’s latest album from your lab at 3 AM. This is a school district. If you don't change your behaviour, I will be forced to present a *petition* to the mayor’s office.

TUT: *[Groaning]* Between you and De'Hyde, everyone in this neighbourhood is just *weird*. At least the Coalition headquarters are across the road, so we have *some* monsters in the area. Now, please leave. It’s almost time for *Neighbours*.

*BELA, IGOR and SCREAM enter.*

IGOR: Mistress Bela! I know you’re bored but we can’t just barge into his house, what if he’s still mad about the speed-dating thing?

BELA: If he asks, I'll just say my heart brought us here. That usually works.

SCREAM: Is that really going to be your excuse for humiliating his one true love? We were supposed to be helping him!

BELA: And we will! I just kind of think that the literal murder of my Father is slightly more important! Anyway, Tut will be cool, how bad could things really be going for him?

They walk in to see just how badly things are going for *TUT*, what with a pushy *BUBBLES* and a concerning *De'HYDE*.

TUT: Oh that’s quite alright, everyone just come on in. Good to see how much privacy I get in my own home. Really makes a *huge* change from living with Mummies Dearest.

BUBBLES: Ooooh! Mister Anchorman who are these delightful children? So adorable, yes you are, yes you are.

TUT: You’re still here, I see. *[sigh]* That's Bela and Igor, she’s a vampire and he’s an - Igor. Real original name. Apparently they're my eternal tormentors, and today they brought a friend. *[He gestures at SCREAM]*. Hellspawns, this is Dr De'Hyde, and a home intruder.

DR. De'HYDE: Pleased to meet you both, random question, feel free to not answer, but do you kids have any kidneys you’re not using?

TUT: Wait a second, it just occurred to me - if you’re a med student, why have I been calling you *Doctor* De'Hyde?

DOCTOR De'HYDE: *[Smug smile, cracks knuckles]* Graduated PhD from the school of life, my friend. And the school of death, and the streets. See? *[He holds up a very fake-looking PHD certificate]*. So, you know, I can prescribe you kids anything you want and the cops can’t touch me-

WOLFMAN barges through the door in full ‘aggressive rottweiler’ mode, and knocks De'HYDE over.

WOLFMAN: Alright, nobody move! Hands up, don’t make me wolf out on you!

EVERYONE raises their HANDS. If we have the PROP BUDGET, maybe one of the UNDEAD CHARACTER’S HANDS falls OFF.

WOLFMAN gut-punches TUT, who trips over/onto De’HYDE.

WOLFMAN: I’m asking the questions here, Mummy’s boy! I was out back, doing some real hard-boiled detective work, investigating your trash real good-like, and you know what I found? Cereal! Boxes and boxes of the stuff. I’m talkin’ Count Chocula, Frankenberry, Booberry, the whole nine yards!

WITCHBERRY enters, without ceremony.

WITCHBERRY: He’s actually got a point. No, no, don’t get up, I’m just the only competent police officer in this town.

BUBBLES: I will not be bossed around by this awful dog man. I’m a member of the PTA, I have rights!

TUT: Bubbles! Please do not antagonise the angry werewolf cap in my home!

WOLFMAN: Hey, you shut your rotting mouth. ‘Werewolf’ is a slur. My name is Harvey Wolfman and I am a Wolf Man. ‘Werewolf’... Do you kiss your mother with that tongue? Now you! [He rounds on De’HYDE
Why’d you dust Drac? Start barkin’, before I get rrrrruff!

DOCTOR De’HYDE: Hey! I’m innocent, man. I’m just a harmless mad scientist trying to make the world a crazier place. I don’t know anything about murders, I just like drinking my concoctions, watching Steven Universe, and eating sugary cereal.

WOLFMAN: I don’t buy it, bud. And I doubt I’ll buy your alibi. Where were you on speed-dating night? Engaging with other people? Pursuing private interests? Murdering people outside my jurisdiction?

DOCTOR De’HYDE: Hey, I never killed anyone! Here look, a photo of me at the time in question attending the “Innocent Bystander’s Convention” in Horseville, holding that day’s newspaper, and wearing my “I never murder monsters” T-shirt.

WOLFMAN’s shoulders slump. Another pointless lead.

WITCHBERRY: You haven’t killed anyone?

DOCTOR De’HYDE: Well, no one important.

WOLFMAN: That’s disappointin’ to hear... Yeah, real disappointin’-like. I guess it’s just like Ma used to say. I’m just a dumb dog after all.

WITCHBERRY: Yes, yes you are.

WOLFMAN: You know I could use some support from my abrasive partner at this moment of critical emotional need.

WITCHBERRY: And I could have used a partner who didn’t trigger my allergy to Dogs. But no one gets what they want today. Because that’s life.

TUT: Now, Detective, I’m sure it’s not that bad. I remember covering the story of you catching the Horseless Headmaster before he could claim his dark prize... from race fixing. And look at him now - a disrespected pillar of the community!
BELA: Yeah! And when you found out the Preacher from the Black Lagoon was stealing from the collection plate.

WOLFMAN: [brightening] Yeah! Yeah, maybe I ain’t a worthless mutt. Maybe this dog can still have his day!

IGOR: But sir, I heard that all the evidence indicated that Bigfoot was the Cereal Killer.

WOLFMAN: [Putting an arm round Igor, who looks uncomfortable] That’s just it, kid. If you were a tough, street-smart detective like me, you’d know that the killer is always the person you least suspect. No matter how dammin’ the evidence is. I’m gonna make this collar and prove myself to the commish, d’you hear me?!

WITCHBERRY: We don’t have a ‘Commish’, or a Commissioner.

BBUBBLES: Well, you could always pin it on some unsuspecting minority and act as judge, jury and executioner thereby reinforcing a patriarchal system which values the financial interests of straight white male mortals over the very lives of anyone unfortunate enough to be in their way. [Pause] I’m very politically active. BUBBLES FOR MAYOR.

BUBBLES EXITS.

BELA: Mister Wolfman, we’d like to help you find the real Cereal Killer. It’s not fair for Bigfoot to be punished, even if all evidence says she’s obviously the culprit.

WOLFMAN: Aw, shucks. You plucky local teens are gonna help me solve this mystery? You would do that fur me?

BELA: I’m almost 700 ye-
Scene 8: My God I'm a Monster (And Not the Good Kind)

SCREAM, BELA and IGOR stand around a CRIME SCENE, having left TUT’S house. BELA is holding a CEREAL KILLER COSTUME.

SCREAM: Listen, I’m really grateful that you two have included me in your group, but I’m beginning to note a certain self-destructive loop here.

BELA: Whatever you just said sounds fantastic, but right now we need to fix things up with Tut. So I was actually thinking about what you said earlier…

SCREAM: [Genuinely pleased] Really? About the Constellations being the last remnants of the Lost City of Ryloth?

BELA: No, I… What? I meant about how to best get Tut to grow up and strike out on his own! An obligatory romance that comes out of nowhere and begins with deception!

IGOR: …Uh, not to contradict you, but I think I have to agree with Scream. This isn’t an ideal situation.

BELA: Ah, you two don’t know what you’re talking about, it’ll be great. Romances always end well! Just look at Frankenstein’s Monster and Ethyl, you can’t tell me that they aren’t doing well.

FRANKENSTEIN’S MONSTER bursts on stage, dressed in a suit and in a dishevelled state.

FRANK: I can’t go through with this marriage! Everything is going wrong!

BELA: Anyway, it’s not even as if we’ll get in trouble for this. It’s Friday the 14th, all crime is legal! And this is our last chance before the School Dance.

IGOR: Mistress, perhaps you’d best tell us what your plan is. It doesn’t involve a bucket of blood again, does it?

BELA: Of course not! That wouldn’t do a thing in this case! This time I called Emma Dusa and told her that Tut was hot on the heels of the Cereal Killer, who had returned to gloat over the specific places where he murdered people, and that she should get over here as soon as possible. It’s also why I’m putting on this Cereal Killer costume.

SCREAM: Oh my various gods.

IGOR: Boss, this is a seriously…

BELA: Igor, I’m gonna need you to be the lower half of the body, I’ll be the midsection, and Scream will provide the voice.

SCREAM: Why am I supplying the voice?!

BELA: ‘Cause me and Igor aren’t union members, duh. The Am-Dram Society said they’d suck out our bone marrow if we ever muscled in on their territory again. But I’m like, 90% sure-

IGOR: Enough. I quit.

BELA: Hey now, that’s… what?
Lights up on TUT, who is looking at his phone and is on edge.

TUT: Where is everyone? This isn't the Angry Mob that that mysterious young woman described. It's almost like she lied to me in order to set up a contrived romance scene. Yeah, that's probably overly-specific enough to be it.

EMMA DUSA bursts on the scene with WITCHBERRY, each out of breath, though for different reasons.

EMMA: Okay, I'm here! The world can keep spinning! Where's the Cereal Killer? I need an in depth interview with him, stat!

WITCHBERRY: What, about the killer's motives, how they accomplished their dastardly plans, and what it means for the rest of Monstrocity?

TUT: Uh, no.

EMMA: Studio mandate insists that we only ask 'human interest' questions. Favourite torture devices, diet plans, empty speculation, that sort of thing.

WITCHBERRY: Hard-hitting stuff. Anyway, we should spread out to find the Killer. Makes sense that he'd return to the scene of the crime.

Suddenly there is a rather pathetic roar, and BELA stumbles over in a terrible CEREAL KILLER costume. BELA almost immediately trips over the damn thing, and is just as quickly revealed to be NOT THE CEREAL KILLER.

WITCHBERRY: ...Okay kid, I'll bite. What are you doing?

SCREAM: [Calling out from a safe distance] Ignoring her friends!

BELA: Excuse you, I was trying to solve most of Tut's problems in one fell swoop!

EMMA: Um, how?

BELA: What?

EMMA: How exactly would dressing up like a murderer help Tut out in any way?

BELA: Well, because then I could threaten you both, inspiring Tut to save your life, proving his attractiveness, getting you two together, and solving all his problems! He'd be like [she mimes tipping a hat, imitates TUT's voice] "M'Dusa", and you'd be like-

TUT: Ah, Bela, I honestly think that Emma would have an easier time dealing with the Cereal Killer than me. I tend to get 'tied up', you know? [He gestures at his bandages.] Plus there's the whole turning to stone thing. Not that there's anything wrong with that. I mean, plenty of guys-

EMMA: Plus, why would we want to be a couple? No offense, Tut...

TUT: None taken.

EMMA: But he's just not my type.

WITCHBERRY: Bela, I was in the middle of dusting the safety pamphlet for fingerprints when Emma called me. You've literally set back the search for your father's killer by several hours.
IGOR: [Joining them, SCREAM by his side] And just so we’re clear, I still quit. [They begin to leave]

BELA: Wait, Igor, where is this coming from? After all the times we repeated school together? You the hideous lackey, me the loveable scoundrel?

IGOR: We didn’t repeat school together, you held me back! You might be a good friend deep down, but you’re also inconsiderate and unreliable. You hurt a lot of people, including me.

BELA: What are you talking about! Just because I pushed away all of my close friends and family, constantly ruined the prom year after year, showed nothing but disdain for my peers and oh my god I really am terrible. Everyone, I’m so sorry.

This next part is a little tricky: at some point the CEREAL KILLER sneaks in, knocks WITCHBERRY out, and drags her off stage, none of which is observed by anyone else in the room. The main point is, BELA is inadvertently occupying all their attention.

TUT: Well, at least you’ve taken one step in the right direction.

SCREAM: And that was easily the least-awful thing I’ve ever heard you say.

BELA: Thanks, everyone. At least now I know that it’s time to retire that whole ‘loveable scoundrel’ schtick. I guess you could say that schtick didn’t stick. [Laughs, alone]

IGOR: Aaand now we can help out Officers Witchberry and Wolfman in tracking down the killer!

SCREAM: Oh yeah! Where is Witchberry?

Everyone on stage notices the empty WITCHBERRY-shaped hole where WITCHBERRY used to be. Only a note remains.


TUT: Dammit, where’s Wolfman when you need him?

EMMA: [Skeptical] DO we need him?

SCREAM: Maybe if we split up?

IGOR: [Sarcastically] Well there’s no way that could go wrong.

BELA: [Sincerely] Well if you think so Igor, let’s go!

Everyone splits up, with IGOR and TUT left behind.

IGOR: Well, babysteps forward I guess.
Scene 9: Double Booked

The CEREAL KILLER’S lair. WITCHBERRY is tied to a chair; a TRAY beside her holds TORTURE IMPLEMENTS. The CEREAL KILLER has his back to the audience. He is holding something MURDERERY like a KNIFE and a BLOODSTAINED RAG.

WITCHBERRY: Uggghh… Well either I passed out from disbelief at Wolfman’s stupidity, or somebody’s knocked me out. Which I’m also blaming on Wolfman.

CEREAL KILLER: Oh, I’ve already taken care of that slobbering mutt. Now you’re the only loose end left for me to tie up in a knot, before double knotting again. And the knot is tying my shoes together. And by shoes, I mean murder.

WITCHBERRY: You! You’re the one that’s been murdering the townsfolk! And cleared the store shelves of all the novelty cereal boxes!

CEREAL KILLER: Yes, it was I! And also Greg helped.

GREG suddenly appears alongside the CEREAL KILLER, pointing a video camera at WITCHBERRY.

WITCHBERRY: Greg? How could you! Everyone trusted you! You betrayed us for this sugar-frosted madman?

GREG: Yeah, for 30 bucks an hour.

WITCHBERRY: After all that we’ve… [She processes his remark] Wow, 30? An hour? Is that with gas?

GREG: Yeah. And I’m hoping to organise daycare soon.

WITCHBERRY: Meyer’s Teeth, that’s better than what I get paid! I only keep even with Lassie the Wonder Dog because he keeps burying all his money in different spots around town.

GREG: Mm, it’s pretty sweet.

Feeling that the attention has shifted somewhat from the immediate concern, the CEREAL KILLER rudely interrupts.

CEREAL KILLER: Yes, okay, if we could turn our attention to me, the murderer who disposed of your idiot partner.

WITCHBERRY: Like you ‘disposed’ of everyone else? Scary. I’m quaking in my boots.

CEREAL KILLER: Hey! I’ll have you know that the Ghost begged for mercy before I started throwing things at him!

WITCHBERRY: Besides, Wolfman can just wait till the next full moon before coming back to li… or wait, he can… Wait, how do Werewolves come back to life? [Possibly appeals to the audience for an answer]

CEREAL KILLER: They don’t.

WITCHBERRY: … Oh. Shit.

CEREAL KILLER: And now, the time has come for me to outline my motives and ideology in excruciating detail… [There is no reaction from WITCHBERRY] Through Powerpoint!
WITCHBERRY lets loose a bloodcurdling scream. Lights down, then up on IGOR and TUT, searching for the CEREAL KILLER.

IGOR: Y'know, it'd be just our luck for the killer to jump us now.

TUT: Well of course now he will, now that you've jinxed it by saying it out loud! You're as bad as De'Hyde!

IGOR: Hey, is he really a Doctor?

TUT: [Shrugging] Horus knows. But he was the only available housemate, and I've been… struggling a little with this living independently stuff. There's like, dishes, and bills and… personal responsibility. I don't think any of those are really me. You know?

IGOR: To be honest, I'm just kind of amazed your Mummies haven't tried to pressure you out of it.

The MUMMIES appear, scaring the BEJEEBUS out of TUT and IGOR.

TUT: Mummy?

MUMMY A: Ah hello son! We were just walking…

MUMMY B: Here in these haunted, desolate woods…

MUMMY A: Right, just for fun, you know…

MUMMY B: Which is a normal, healthy thing that people do…

MUMMY A: Anyway, we haven't seen you in what feels like ages! We thought we might have you over for dinner…

MUMMY B: For the rest of your life.

MUMMY A: Shh! We were supposed to build up to that after we spiked his drink!

TUT: Mummies, please, I'm living on my own now, I'm being independent! Surely you don't want me living with you for the rest of your lives?

MUMMY A: [Pinching his cheek] Tuttie... you're living in a filthy apartment with a unicorn as a Resident Advisor, and a Notre Dame student for a roommate! How could that be preferable to living with your Mummies?

MUMMY B: [Fiddling with his collar] Can't you assert your independence back at home, with us making all your life choices?

[FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER stumbles in, looking decidedly worse for the wear. His suit is ruffled, and he's breathing heavily.]

FRANK: Okay, I think, I've thrown them off, now I just- [Spotting TUT and COMPANY] AaahHHH! Okay, how long have you all been here?

IGOR: Uh, a few minutes. Is there something wrong with us being here?

FRANK: No, it's just… Nothing. I'm definitely not running away from Ethyl. I'm definitely not terrified at the prospect of marriage, and I am DEFINITELY not in denial about not being, not, terrified... [He trails off]

TUT: I... see. Franky, what are you so afraid of?
FRANK: It’s just… I dunno, life. I mean, marriage is a huge step for me. And look at you, Tut! You’re getting to do all the stuff I didn’t do. Live on your own, go on dates, not get burnt alive at the North Pole...

TUT: Really? Because over the last couple of days, I’ve failed at dating, I got stuck with an insane housemate who is probably getting us evicted, and now I’m out here searching for a murderous psychopath. Frankly, I’d say you were the one who had it made.

FRANK: Yeah, well... I guess neither of us have things totally worked out.

TUT: Yeah... and maybe that’s okay. Look, you wanna help us find this guy? Nothing like a manhunt in some cold and isolated woods to raise the spirits!

FRANK: Yeah, that might actually help. We could start with this place. [Points to an imaginary door]. A cabin in the woods!

They go to open the door, lights down. Lights up on the CEREAL KILLER and WITCHBERRY. His Powerpoint is still going.

CEREAL KILLER: And that’s why Jurassic World was better than Jurassic Park!

WITCHBERRY: Enough! Dammit, enough! I’d honestly prefer to be listening to Wolfman! You haven’t explained anything about your motives or your plans! I think I actually know even less now!

CEREAL KILLER: Oh you’ll see, it’ll all come together soon. It’s going to be so fantastic. You haven’t even heard about how Season Five of Game of Thrones was the best one yet!

TUT’S GROUP bursts into the room, all visibly surprised to see WITCHBERRY trapped. The CEREAL KILLER immediately makes a run for it, and FRANKENSTEIN’S MONSTER pursues him. The others preoccupy themselves with freeing WITCHBERRY.

WITCHBERRY: Thank the Flying Spaghetti Monster, I don’t think I could have stood any more of that. Now we need to follow him.

FRANK crawls back on stage, legs out of view.

FRANK: Hey everyone, he got away. I’d help out, but, he sort of cut my legs off. Sorry.

MUMMY A: You all go ahead, we’ll stay to look after Frank.

MUMMY B: Yes. [Turning to TUT, emotional] We’re sorry, son. You really have become your own mummy. We’re so proud of our rightful Lord of Kemet, Ruler of the Two Lands, High Priest of Every Temple.

MUMMY A: Powerful of Strength, Sacred of Appearance. Mighty-

TUT: [Cutting in, knowing this will take a while] Thanks, mums. But I don’t even know where we’d start looking for the killer...

GREG: If you’re looking for the boss, check out the Prom. I heard something about sending a message… or something like that.

IGOR: But Scream is there! And Bela!

WITCHBERRY gets up from her confinements and adjusts her HAT. Or something else suitably badass. I’m thinking SUNGLASSES.

WITCHBERRY: Then let’s go crash a Prom.
Scene 10: Who, What, When, Where, and Why Dunnit?

Lights up on the PROM in full swing, SCHOOL STUDENTS and various TOWNSPEOPLE milling about. BELA and SCREAM come forward, still on the lookout for the CEREAL KILLER.

BELA: Well dammit, I just can’t see them. Who would have thought that picking one monstrous killer out of a town of monstrous killers would be so difficult?

SCREAM: We can’t give up now, not every townsperson here is immortal. If only there was some kind of large group of people invested in our story who could point out where the killer is?

She means THE AUDIENCE. The CEREAL KILLER enters and there should be AUDIENCE INTERACTION. Finally, BELA and SCREAM spot the CEREAL KILLER and react accordingly.

BELA: It’s him!

SCREAM: Everyone! Get away from the murderous maniac!

Everyone stands still, unsure of who she’s referring to.

SCREAM: The murderous maniac with a cereal box on his head!

The crowd collectively makes an ‘ahhh’ sound, meaning ‘so that’s who she meant’, before running away from the CEREAL KILLER.

CEREAL KILLER: Look at this setup. Completely unsafe! Of course if you’d all just listened to me when you had the chance, none of this would be happening!

BELA: Hey, Cereal Killer! I’d tell you how much you suck, but I’ll be the only one sucking around… Ugh, that sounded so much better in my head...

During the confusion, the CEREAL KILLER stumbles offstage. Simultaneously, IGOR, TUT and EMMA DUSA enter on the other side.

IGOR: Is everyone okay?

BELA: We’re fine, but the killer got away!

The CEREAL KILLER ‘enters’ the stage as if thrown on.

BELA: …Or not?

WITCHBERRY enters, supporting barely-conscious WOLFMAN.

WITCHBERRY: You’ll have to forgive me for gatecrashing on ‘All Crime is Legal Day’. Guess who I found along the way.

WOLFMAN: [Incoherent mumbling, interrupted by any coherent words the actor fancies.]

WITCHBERRY: Heh. Looks like our Cereal Mascot wasn’t even good enough to finish the job properly. It’s flesh wounds at worst, but Harvey will live.

She lays him down on the ground with relative ease, then walks towards the CEREAL KILLER, who has stood up, groggily.

WITCHBERRY: Give it up punk, you’re done. Unless you have some kind of ingenious plan involving those large feet, it’s curtains for you.
The CEREAL KILLER tries to run away, but finds themselves face to face with EMMA DUSA and TUT. EMMA DUSA removes her sunglasses, and turns CEREAL KILLER to stone, represented through some kind of sound effect or the actor freezing.

WITCHBERRY: Nicely done, Emma. But I’ll re-animate him for interrogation. Bela, tie up this criminal, then we can get to solving this mystery once and for all.

BELA brings some ROPE and ties up the CEREAL KILLER. WITCHBERRY does some kind of spell to un-petrify him.

TUT: Alright, let’s see who the mysterious killer is!

The CEREAL KILLER’s mask is removed to reveal… wait for it… BIGFOOT!

ALL: [Gasp] Bigfoot!

EMMA DUSA: Of course! It’s the character who all of the evidence pointed towards, and who had motive for committing the murders!

SCREAM: But didn’t Wolfman say it was so obviously Bigfoot that she must be innocent?

WITCHBERRY: Yeah, that was the final clue I needed. Good rule of thumb is to do the exact opposite of whatever Wolfman says. It’s how most of the crimes in this town get solved.

BELA: Oh… well, that’s all for the best. Have you got anything to say for yourself, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT: [Groggily] Hurrm… Shrimp and chips without the salt or shells please waiter.

LITTLEFOOT comes running up, indignant and ready for payback.

LITTLEFOOT: Mum! You kept saying that I wasn’t allowed to murder anyone cause it was dangerous, why do you get to?

IGOR: Well, I guess that’s a pretty exciting end to the prom.

HORSEMASTER: Not yet Mr Eyegore, there’s still the matter of the Prom King and Queen! Both of these individuals are late entries, but have grown so much in the time we’ve known them, and done so much to help catch the killer, that their inhumanity is undeniable!

Everyone is interested in spite of themselves, muttering excitedly to one another. BELA draws herself up and smooths her hair.

HORSEMASTER: And the Prom Queen is… Scream Schartzmugel!

SCREAM is ecstatic, and everyone else is reasonably happy for her as well. BELA is shocked.

HORSEMASTER: And Prom King is… Igor Eyegore!

IGOR is as stunned as BELA, who now recovers and slaps her friend on the back. IGOR goes up to claim his crown.

HORSEMASTER: And without further ado, let’s have a Monster Mash!
Scene 11: The Final Nightmare

It’s a week later, and we’re at the FRANKENSTEIN’S MONSTERS’ wedding. All the CEREAL KILLER'S VICTIMS are back in shape, and happy to be there. LOCH NESS MINISTER is ministering. DRACULA and BELA are outside, due to the whole burning-before-religious-symbols thing. BELA is wearing a cape.

LOCH NESS MINISTER: And do you, Ethyl, take this abomination unto man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

ETHYL: There’s no one else I’d rather defy decency with!

LOCH NESS MINISTER: Then I pronounce you both husband and wife. You may cry defiance at the world that doesn’t understand you.

Applause, then the lights come up on DRACULA and BELA.

DRACULA: Good job on finding the Killer, my child. It made me proud to hear you keeping the town safe for a change.

BELA: Yeah. And it’s kind of a relief to finally graduate from high school. Who knew it was so easy to pass? All I had to do was write my name on the exam papers.

DRACULA: Yeah, they might have lowered the threshold a bit in your case. Still, a win is a win, and my daughter is a true vampire now. [They hug.]

The congregation emerges from the church, everyone looking pretty happy with themselves. TUT comes forward to meet BELA and DRACULA. BELA squirms out of DRACULA’S embrace.

TUT: Bela, Mr Mayor. Enjoying your father-slash-child bonding time?

DRACULA: [Smiling at BELA] Yes Tut, yes we are. How was the wedding?

TUT: Good, good… Well, the bride and groom were struck by lightning, so it seems like someone up there disapproves, but whatever, they were fine. And Franky wasn’t scared at all this time. Turns out he just had cold feet. Good thing Bigfoot chopped them off! The new ones are much better.

DRACULA: And what about your independence subplot? Were you evicted? Did you find love, in the end?

TUT: No, sir. Actually, what I found was that you need to find yourself, before you-

WITCHBERRY walks up to them, interrupting TUT, nodding at each character in turn.

WITCHBERRY: Hello hello, Tut, Mayor, felon.

DRACULA: [Immediately disregarding TUT] Ms Witchberry. Thank you again for unmasking the killer. Where is your estimable partner?

WITCHBERRY: He said he was going to go check on Bigfoot. Kinda weird, he usually loves the spotlight. And laser pointers.

DRACULA: Where is Bigfoot then?

TUT: In Farkham Asylum. Hopefully with the right combination of electric shock therapy and crippling loneliness, she’ll miraculously get better and re-join society in no time at all!
WITCHBERRY: But we’re allowing her to keep her old positions on the town council. We’ll just send someone down there every couple of weeks to collect a soundbite.

BELA: Just as well really, she would have left some pretty… big shoes to fill.

A void of silence, then laughter, leading to a sitcom-style ‘everybody laughs’ ending. Lights dim as apparently the play ends. But instead, the lights come up to reveal Bigfoot in her cell, upset and confused.

BIGFOOT: Hellloooo! Anybody! Why am I down here?! And why is there a cereal box in my cell?

WOLFMAN: No point in crying out Bigfoot, no one else is here.

BIGFOOT: Officer Wolfman! Boy am I glad to see you, the conditions in here are disgraceful! I asked them for a foot warmer, among other necessities, but they just ignored me! And I gave them so many useful safety tips as well!

WOLFMAN: Really? You’d think the overworked, low-paid staff would be grateful.

BIGFOOT: Exactly! And, I don’t know why, but they keep saying that I killed people! I didn’t kill anybody! Please Wolfman, you’ve gotta believe me...

WOLFMAN: Really? You’d think the overworked, low-paid staff would be grateful.

BIGFOOT: Oh, I believe you. I know you didn’t kill those people.

WOLFMAN: Because I did.

BIGFOOT: … Uh, could you just clarify that?

WOLFMAN: Certainly. I hired professional re-enactors for precisely that purpose!

GREG comes on stage, with props/costumes. He proceeds to non-verbally act out what WOLFMAN is saying.

WOLFMAN: It was simple at first. I had to pick my targets carefully, establish a pattern for the ‘Cereal Killer’. I started with that mumbling zombie, and the ghost no one would listen to. Since I was the officer in charge, it was easy to arrange everything so that you were the obvious culprit. And thanks to my famed idiocy, I could go missing without arousing suspicion, leaving my partner Witchberry to pick up the pieces, and piece those pieces together. A few more murders, clues at the scene of each crime, and my own staged attack sealed the deal. Finally, all that needed to happen was drugging you and squeezing you into my costume.

BIGFOOT: But… why? What do you get out of this?

WOLFMAN: What do I get? I get a pay rise, the respect of the town, and a single PTA meeting without you suggesting flea collars as a hygiene measure. As for my motives…

WOLFMAN pulls out a remote, presses a random button, and the Powerpoint display from Scene 9 returns.

BIGFOOT lets loose a terrifying scream, and the play ends.