

Shalloween

By Bryan Starchman

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DEDICATION

*This play is dedicated to my parents,
Don and Francie.
Thanks for all the moral support...and money.*

STORY OF THE PLAY

This is the story of two unpopular high school students who find themselves with nothing to do on Halloween. As a prank, the most popular guy and girl in school call up the "geeks" and invite them to a costume party. Since they have been invited at the last minute, our unlikely heroes must improvise their costumes. They decide to disguise themselves by cross-dressing so they can find out what the popular kids *really* think about them. The already awkward heroine dresses up as a thug from the Bronx and the geeky boy puts on a secondhand prom dress and a blonde wig to disguise himself as a new German foreign-exchange student. In their clever costumes, the geeks quickly learn the true reason why they were invited to the party. But before they can head out the door, they find themselves in a strange predicament! This fast-paced farce is full of one-liners that will leave your audience in stitches.

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CAST

(4 m, 4 w, extras)

SAM HUNT (Samantha): Geekiest boy in school.

ALEXANDRA WATERS (Alex): Geekiest girl in school.

BIFF BUXLEY: Quarterback.

JULIE JOHNSON: Head cheerleader.

KITTY: Cheerleader.

VICKY: Cheerleader.

HOOCH: Jock.

KYLE: Jock.

Additional party guests (optional)

PROP LIST

Couch

Asthma inhaler

(2) cell phones

Blanket

Plastic knife

Box of Cheerios cereal

Bottle of Mountain Dew

Halloween decorations

Punch bowl

Sheets for togas

For "Alex" costume: leather jacket, fake mustache, fedora.

For "Sam" costume: gold dress, bra stuffed with two
grapefruits, blonde wig, very high heels.

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Phone ringing

Cell phone ringing

Loud crash

School bell

Scene 1

(AT RISE: ALEXANDRA WATERS and SAM HUNT are addressing their fellow classmates during a lunchtime assembly. They talk directly to the audience but also slip back to the previous Friday night, Halloween, when they were sitting in Alexandra's basement watching movies.)

ALEXANDRA: Welcome, students of Jefferson High School. I want to thank Mr. Laughton for letting us use the auditorium for this lunchtime meeting. I'm Alexandra Waters, and this is my friend, Sam Hunt. *(Pause.)* I know most of you are a little upset by what happened the other night but —

SAM: I can explain everything. Really, I can.

ALEXANDRA: Everything?

SAM: Well ... most everything. *(Off ALEXANDRA'S look.)* All right, the shoes were a bit much, but I've never worn high heels before, and I figured I might as well wear the best. But that's not the point. I want you all to understand why we did it.

ALEXANDRA: Yeah. I mean we're not freaks or anything like that.

SAM: Right ... we were jus ... um ... pressed for time. And one thing led to another and —

ALEXANDRA: I didn't know people would fall for it. I mean, come on! Did you guys really believe that I looked like a man?

SAM: Well, you do have a little bit of a mustache. *(SHE glares at HIM. Back to audience.)* But before you decide to ostracize us for the remainder of our high school careers, I beg that you let us explain.

ALEXANDRA: It was last Friday night. October 31st. Halloween.

(THEY sit on a couch.)

SAM: And we were watching some videos. You know, real good and bloody horror flicks.

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SAM: *(Continued.)* Like "Attack of the Mutant Hedgehogs" and "Tear Out My Heart" and "Bury the Hatchet ... in my Skull!"

ALEXANDRA: We would have been doing something more productive. More social than watching these lame movies but ...

SAM: Lame? Lame? I take offense to that. "Attack of the Mutant Hedgehogs" has some of the finest cinematography to come out of the underground cult film scene in years.

ALEXANDRA: You're a geek.

SAM: *(Pause.)* I know.

ALEXANDRA: Yes. We would have been doing something more productive, but none of you like us very much. I don't exactly know when the turning point was. Some time in junior high everyone started joining these little cliques and those who didn't fit, ended up as loners. We tried to fit in somewhere, anywhere, but this one here ... he was always doing this stupid trick.

SAM: *(Rises, moves forward.)* I have a talent. Some might call it a gift. You give me a liquid, any liquid at all, and I can drink it through my nose. Milk, water, o.j. You name it, I can snort it.

ALEXANDRA: *(Also moves DS.)* But just because you can, doesn't always mean you should.

SAM: What if someone had told Mozart he shouldn't compose, or Monet that he shouldn't paint?

ALEXANDRA: They created masterpieces. You snort things up your nose! You have problems.

SAM: Fine. Okay. I admit it. We probably didn't "fit in" in junior high because of my amazing talent, but you didn't help.

ALEXANDRA: Me!?

SAM: Do I dare mention ... your "collection"?

ALEXANDRA: You wouldn't.

SAM: Alexandra here had a very strange "collection" growing up.

ALEXANDRA: Sam. Sam I swear. I will kill you.

SAM: Can anybody guess what she collected?

ALEXANDRA: Sam. Look at me. I'm not joking.

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SAM: Was it stamps? *(Pause.)* Oh no. It wasn't stamps.

ALEXANDRA: Samuel Theodore Hunt. Stop it!

SAM: Could it be dolls? *(Pause.)* No, it wasn't dolls.

ALEXANDRA: Itty-bitty pieces. They'll never even find you!

SAM: Alexandra had a collection of...used Band-Aids.

(SAM starts laughing and slapping his knee. ALEXANDRA very slowly walks over to him and stares him down. Sam continues to laugh until suddenly she grabs him by the throat and starts dramatically choking him. They struggle down to their knees and then both look back at the audience. Slowly Alexandra removes her hands from Sam's throat.)

ALEXANDRA: *(Aside to SAM.)* We called this assembly to try to explain our behavior the other night. We won't ever be able to put this behind us if we keep acting like geeks. So let's just knock it off!

SAM: *(Composing HIMSELF.)* As we were saying ... we were watching scary movies and then the phone started ringing.

(THEY sit back down on the sofa. Phone RINGS. They jump each time it rings, as if they are in shock.)

ALEXANDRA: Now you have to understand, this wasn't a normal occurrence at my house. I have my own private line, for my computer, but no one has ever called me except for my best friend Sam.

(Phone RINGS again.)

SAM: We thought maybe it was a wrong number. Maybe it was a telemarketer. There was only one way to find out.

(Phone RINGS once more. ALEXANDRA picks it up.)

ALEXANDRA: Hello?

(BIFF BUXLEY, a buff football player, ENTERS the stage on his cell phone. He is detached and illuminated by the SPOTLIGHT.)

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BIFF: Hey there. I don't know you, but you definitely know me. This is Biff. Biff Buxley. Football team captain, six years running. *(BIFF pauses.)*

ALEXANDRA: *(Hyperventilating.)* Biff Buxley. Biff Buxley. I know, I know. Take a minute. Breathe it in. *(SHE walks downstage to where BIFF is standing and takes a deep breath of him.)* Do I need to say more? This is the boy ... the man ... every girl at Jefferson High dreams about.

SAM: Sure he's 19 years old and only a sophomore.

ALEXANDRA: But he is a god. The picture of perfection.

(SHE sits back down on the couch, phone in hand.)

BIFF: I've got the master list of phone numbers from the high school attendance office, just calling up every senior girl in school. I'm having a Halloween bash. It's gonna be the best party of the 19th century.

SAM: Idiot.

BIFF: Now, I know I'm a bit cocky -- I'm not really a self-defecating man -- but I promise you this: you show up, and you'll have a righteous time. So, what do you say?

(ALEXANDRA remains stunned.)

BIFF: Hello?

SAM: Say something.

ALEXANDRA: Um ... um ...

(THEY freeze and SAM talks to the audience.)

SAM: This was the moment Alexandra had been waiting for all her life. Biff Buxley, her dream man, had called her at home, and his attention was completely focused on her. A chance like this doesn't come along every day. Oh no. She should have said something profound, something romantic, something hot. But her mind went blank.

BIFF: Hello?

ALEXANDRA: You smell like a sexy, sexy lumberjack.

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