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MONSTER IN THE CLOSET
By ANGELA D. STEWART

DEDICATION
This play is dedicated to “Turkey” and “Trouble.”
My inspiration. Thanks, guys.
With special thanks for their help and encouragement to:
Steven & Debra Fendrich, Deborah Smith, Glenna Walkden,
Tammy Walkden, Margaret Reid, Matthew Defalco,
Mrs. A. Anderson, and all the Dundas County Players.

This play was first presented as “Tom’s Closet Monster”
at Dairyfest in Winchester, Ontario, Canada
by the Dundas County Players on August 11, 2001.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
THE FAMILY
EMILY .................................................athletic young girl; loves telling
stories
TOM ..................................................her big brother; loves teasing his
little sister
MOM .................................................middle-aged; has a thing for
neatness

EMILY’S FRIENDS
STEPHANIE .....................................fond of anything police-related
BRAIN ...............................................very studious; a talking
encyclopedia
MEGAN ............................................bookish; loves reading mythical
fantasy
TARA ................................................rough-and-tumble tomboy; fond
of baseball
KELLY ..............................................sarcasmic; a true skeptic
MARY ...........................................very absorbed in her appearance
TOM’S FRIENDS

CHRIS .............................................. superstitious
SHELBY ........................................... quiet; has a crush on Emily
NATHAN ........................................... Stephanie’s brother; fond of basketball

DREAM WORLD INHABITANTS

MURRAY .......................................... impish male closet monster with fangs, claws, horns and a very long tail; loves video games
WANDA ............................................ female closet monster; motherly
TOADY ............................................. little monster; harried secretary to the Dream King
DREAM KING ................................... statuesque, rather self-absorbed fellow
SANDMAN ........................................ ethereal character with a long white beard and flowing robes
ROBIN .............................................. rookie Dreamweaver; a glowing little sprite
JAMIE ............................................... experienced Dreamweaver; also a glowing little sprite

SETTING

TIME: The present.
PLACE: Emily’s home; Dream King’s throne room.
This play uses area staging to suggest three different locations. UP CENTER is Emily’s bedroom. There is a closet door STAGE LEFT and a door to the hall STAGE RIGHT with a light switch next to it. A single bed is set UP CENTER with the foot of the bed extending out toward the AUDIENCE with a bedside table and lamp to the RIGHT. There is a toy box to the LEFT of the bed and a cluttered school desk with a chair to the RIGHT. The bed should be high enough that the two monsters can crawl underneath without disturbing the occupant. The toy box should have a flat, sturdy top so it can be used as a seat. The room is decorated with posters in a mixture of mythical creatures and sports heroes. The room is cluttered with toys and discarded clothes. DOWN LEFT represents the Dream King’s throne room, the hub of the Dream World. There is a large throne, preferably on a raised platform,
so that the king sits head and shoulders above his petitioners. It should be decorated with sleepy images.

DOWN RIGHT represents the living room in Emily’s home. There is a television set at RIGHT with a video game hooked up to it. There is also a comfortable chair and footstool placed in front of the television. See set design at the back of this play book.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

Scene One: One late summer evening past bedtime.
Scene Two: The next morning.
Scene Three: Later that day.

ACT TWO

Scene One: Still later the same day.
Scene Two: Saturday night.
MONSTER IN THE CLOSET

ACT ONE

Scene One

AT RISE: Emily's living room on a late summer night. LIGHTS COME UP DOWN RIGHT. Emily, seated in the chair, and Stephanie, seated on the footstool, are playing the video game. They are both dressed in pajamas, ready for bed. Emily's pajamas reflect her love of sports. Stephanie is fond of anything to do with police. Her belongings reflect this.

STEPHANIE: (Excited.) One more ogre, busted!

EMILY: All we need now is the red gem, and we've finished the level.

STEPHANIE: Roger that!

MOM: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT.) Time for bed, you two.

EMILY: Ah, but, Mom! Can't we finish the game?

MOM: You've had plenty of time to finish that game.

EMILY: Just five more minutes?

MOM: No. It's late. Turn off that machine and go on up to bed.

EMILY: (Reluctant.) Okay.

MOM: I'll be up to check on you in a bit. (EXITS RIGHT. Emily slowly gets up and turns off the television.)

EMILY: Never fails.

STEPHANIE: Ten-four. Grownups always spoil our fun. (She and Emily reluctantly EXIT DOWN RIGHT. LIGHTS FADE DOWN RIGHT and BLUE LIGHTS COME UP CENTER. Emily and Stephanie RE-ENTER RIGHT and cross to CENTER. Emily flips the light switch by door and lights come up suddenly. They leave the door to the hall open.)

EMILY: All we needed was five more minutes. (Throws herself down on her bed in disgust.)

STEPHANIE: Worse than being in the army. (Kneels beside bed and starts to unroll her sleeping bag and spread it out. If possible, the bag is decorated with police insignia.)

EMILY: Now we'll have to start all over again.

STEPHANIE: (Disgruntled.) We're back to basic training.

EMILY: I've been working on that level for ages.

STEPHANIE: How long have you had that game, anyway?
EMILY: (Rolls off bed, wanders over to toy box and picks up a baseball glove. Puts it on and works it in her hands as she wanders around the room.) Grandma gave it to me yesterday.

STEPHANIE: Early birthday present?

EMILY: Yeah. She’s not going to be here Saturday. She’s going on some bus trip with a whole bunch of old folks.

STEPHANIE: (Finishes with her sleeping bag, gets to her feet and wanders over to the toy box. She opens the lid and proceeds to go through the toys, pulling one out, fiddling with it and putting it back.) How old is your grandma?

EMILY: I don’t know. Pretty old. She’s way older than Mom.

STEPHANIE: Wow! That’s old.

TOM: (ENTERS RIGHT. He is EMILY’S older brother. He is fond of rock bands and his clothes reflect this. He is also fond of torturing his little sister. He lounges against the wall, just inside the bedroom door.) Hey, you two. Don’t let the monsters get you.

EMILY: Oh, go away, Tom. There’s no such thing as monsters.

TOM: If you say so, little sister. (Grins maliciously and saunters OUT RIGHT.)

EMILY: (Closes door, moves to the desk and drops into the chair.) Brothers are such a pain.

STEPHANIE: You’re lucky you’ve only got one. How’d you like to be stuck with two of them? And a sister besides?

EMILY: No, thanks.

STEPHANIE: (Gets up and moves to the bed.) Well, sisters can be a royal pain, too. Dawn plays tricks on me all the time. Like hiding under my bed at night and making noises to scare me.

EMILY: Tom still tries that, only he hides in my closet.

STEPHANIE: I used to be afraid of those noises. I thought it was a real monster, or something.

EMILY: Me, too. Until my babysitter told me a story.

STEPHANIE: Story? What story?

EMILY: About this closet monster. He was afraid of kids.

STEPHANIE: A monster afraid of kids?

EMILY: Yep. I believed it, too.

MOM’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) You two in bed yet? (Both GIRLS make a mad scramble to get into their beds.)
EMILY: Yeah, Mom.

MOM: (ENTERS RIGHT. Glances around EMILY'S room with a disappointed sigh as she moves to the side of the bed.) This room is a mess.

EMILY: But I like it this way.

MOM: That's because you're not the one who cleans it.

EMILY: You don't have to clean my room, Mom. I can do that.

MOM: Like last time? You just tossed everything into your closet.

EMILY: Well, it wasn't on the floor anymore.

MOM: And it wasn't put away properly, was it?

EMILY: I guess not.

MOM: Now... (Bends to give EMILY a kiss.) you two settle down and go to sleep.

EMILY: Okay, Mom.

MOM: Pleasant dreams. Need anything else, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: Negative. No thanks, Mrs. C.

MOM: (Moves to EXIT RIGHT.) Ready? I'm going to turn out the lights.

EMILY: Ready. 'Night, Mom.

STEPHANIE: 'Night, Mrs. C.

MOM: See you in the morning. (Flips the wall switch as she EXITS RIGHT. LIGHTS GO DOWN suddenly and BLUE LIGHTS COME UP.)

STEPHANIE: A monster afraid of kids. Sounds pretty hokey to me.

EMILY: Yeah, well, I was just a kid then. 'Night. (The GIRLS settle in for the night. SILENCE for a beat, and then STRANGE NOISES start coming from the closet, LEFT.)

STEPHANIE: (Whispers.) Did you hear something?

EMILY: (Whispers.) Yeah. I bet it's just Tom trying to scare us.

STEPHANIE: (Nods, reassured.) Affirmative.

EMILY: Just ignore him. (MORE NOISES come from the closet. Both GIRLS sit up.)

STEPHANIE: (Nervous.) You sure it's just Tom making that racket?

EMILY: Sure I'm sure. He tries this all the time. Go to sleep. (The GIRLS lay back down. MORE NOISES come from the closet, and the door creaks as it opens.)
STEPHANIE: Doesn’t he ever give up?
EMILY: Not him.
STEPHANIE: (Sits up.) I’m going to tell him to knock it off.
EMILY: If you say anything, he’ll keep at it all night.
STEPHANIE: All night?
EMILY: Just pretend you don’t hear anything.
STEPHANIE: Roger-wilco, if you say so. (Lays down again, and both GIRLS pretend to be asleep. The door opens fully, and MURRAY peaks out around the edge of the door. He is green [or whatever color you choose] with horns on his head and a long tail. MURRAY is an impish but rather shy fellow. MURRAY ENTERS LEFT and tiptoes across the room. He pauses a moment to check on the GIRLS then EXITS RIGHT. EMILY and STEPHANIE suddenly sit up.)
EMILY: (Stammers.) D-did you s-see that?!
STEPHANIE: What was that thing?
EMILY: I don’t know, but I don’t think it was Tom.
STEPHANIE: Wasn’t Dawn either. Could be a burglar.
EMILY: Comin’ out of the closet? I don’t think so. You don’t suppose… could it be… a… a real closet monster?
STEPHANIE: (Hops up and moves RIGHT.) Come on. Let’s follow it. See what he does.
EMILY: (Clutches the covers to her chin.) You’ve got to be kidding!
STEPHANIE: That’s what they do on those cop shows. Keep the suspect under surveillance.
EMILY: There’s no way I’m going to follow that thing. (Nervous pause.) Think it might come back?
STEPHANIE: Don’t know. Maybe.
EMILY: I sure hope not.
STEPHANIE: (Paces LEFT, toward the closet.) But if he was the one making all that noise… and it happened before…
EMILY: What are you getting at?
STEPHANIE: The criminal always returns to the scene of the crime.
EMILY: (Hops out of bed.) You mean he’ll be back? What should we do? (Glances nervously from LEFT to RIGHT and back again, as if expecting the monster to reappear at any moment.)
STEPHANIE: (Paces RIGHT again.) Well, the FBI would go after him. Catch him, too. The FBI always gets their man.

EMILY: Stephanie, we are not the FBI. And that was not a man.

STEPHANIE: I know, but we have to start somewhere.

EMILY: I don’t care. I just want that green thing gone, out of here.

STEPHANIE: (Stops suddenly in the middle of her pacing, her face alight with inspiration.) Hey, Brain would know what to do!

EMILY: (Enthused.) Yeah! Brain’s the smartest kid in the whole school.

STEPHANIE: First thing tomorrow morning, we’ll go ask her.

EMILY: I’m for that. Wish it were morning right now. (Crawls across the bed, flips on the lamp and reaches for her diary.) I’ve got to write this down.


EMILY: (To herself, writes furiously.) Huge. Has to be seven—no, eight feet tall. Green… fangs dripping gore… razor sharp claws… tail as long as… (Pauses in her writing.) Hmm, something long.

STEPHANIE: Your facts don’t sound accurate to me.

EMILY: (To herself, inspired.) Ah-ha! I know! (Writes.) As long and twisted… as the Mississippi River. That oughta do it.

STEPHANIE: You sure can write a fast story.

EMILY: Hmm. (Absently.) Mom says I’ll be a writer some day. (Thinks aloud.) D’you think… could there be more monsters around?

STEPHANIE: (Suddenly frightened.) Don’t suppose… there could one be hidin’ under the bed, too? (Cautiously checks under the bed. EMILY edges back, watching nervously, clutching the diary to her chest, ready to bolt if anything strange happens. While their backs are turned, the SANDMAN ENTERS LEFT. He is an ethereal character with a long white beard, dressed in flowing, glittering robes and carrying a pouch of sleeping sand in his hand. He glides into the room and moves to the end of EMILY’S bed. The GIRLS are not aware of his presence. STEPHANIE straightens, displaying relief.)

EMILY: Anything?

STEPHANIE: (Sits on the edge of the bed.) Negative.

EMILY: (Sighs with relief, closes the diary and puts it back on the table.) You really had me going there for a minute. Think that thing will be back?

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STEPHANIE: Wouldn’t doubt it. He came out of there, he’ll probably want back in.

SANDMAN: (Spreads sleeping dust over the two GIRLS as he recites his ancient slumber rhyme.)
   The sun has set, the day is done.
   Dusk has fallen, night has begun.
   Time to spread my slumber sand
   And send you off into Dreamland.

EMILY: I’m not going to sleep a wink tonight.

STEPHANIE: Tell you what. Let’s stay awake and watch for him to come back. Like a stake-out.

EMILY: Sounds good to me.

STEPHANIE: If one of us falls… (Yawns.) asleep, the other can wake her up. Deal?

EMILY: (Yawns.) Deal. (She and STEPHANIE shake hands to seal the deal.)

SANDMAN: (Continues rhyme.)
   Your eyes grow heavy and begin to fall.
   Sleep beckons, time to heed the call.
   Lay back, relax and give in.
   Off to Dreamland, let your journey begin.

EMILY: Do you think… (Yawns.) that if closet monsters are real, other imaginary things might be… (Yawns.) real, too?

STEPHANIE: Maybe. Like what? (Lowers herself to sit on the sleeping bag.)

EMILY: (Slowly lies back on her bed. Dreamily.) Oh, I don’t know.
   (Yawns.) Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Grinch.

STEPHANIE: Nah, the Grinch isn’t real. (Yawns.) That’s just a movie.

EMILY: I guess. (Yawns.)

STEPHANIE: (Curls up in her sleeping bag and adjusts her pillow.)
   But I don’t know about… (Yawns.) Santa Claus. He’s been around for so long. He has to be… (Yawns.) real. (LIGHTS FADE CENTER and COME UP DOWN RIGHT. MURRAY cautiously ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. He turns on the TV, making sure the volume is very low, starts the video game and sits down on the footstool to play. LIGHTS FADE DOWN RIGHT and COME UP CENTER, where the GIRLS have fallen asleep.)

JAMIE: (ENTERS LEFT, followed by ROBIN. They are two little sprites—glittering, glowing creatures of the night. ROBIN is a
rookie, not quite sure of herself. JAMIE, a more experienced Dreamweaver, has taken ROBIN under her wing.) Hey, Sandy. How’s it going?

SANDMAN: All right.

ROBIN: We heard you were asking the Dream King for some help.

SANDMAN: Well, you know how it is these days. So many people, so little time.

ROBIN: Yeah, we know how that is, don’t we, Jamie?

JAMIE: Yep. Don’t even have time for a cookie break anymore.

SANDMAN: Well, I’m off to my next stop. See you later. (EXITS LEFT.)

ROBIN: That Sandy’s a nice fellow.

JAMIE: Yeah, nice. Well, better get to work. You take the first one, Robin. Go on. And remember what I told you.

ROBIN: (Moves to stand over EMILY, glancing anxiously back at JAMIE for reassurance.) Okay, like this? (Clearing her throat, waving her hands in the air.) I am your Dreamweaver. You are dreaming of the presents you will get for your birthday, the fun you will have at your party and… (Surprised pause.) and a closet monster?

JAMIE: Closet monster? Oh, come off it, Robin. Why would she be dreaming about a closet monster?

ROBIN: I can’t help it. That’s what she’s dreaming about.

JAMIE: Yeah, right. Next you’ll be telling me the Dream King’s a real human in disguise.

ROBIN: But, Jamie…

JAMIE: (Motions for ROBIN to be quiet as she moves to stand over STEPHANIE.) Just watch. I’ll show you how it’s supposed to be done. (Loudly clears her throat, waving her hands.) I am your Dreamweaver. You are dreaming of police cars, sirens and… (Surprised pause.) and a closet monster?

ROBIN: See, Jamie. I told you.

JAMIE: I don’t believe this.

ROBIN: How could they both be dreaming about closet monsters, Jamie?

JAMIE: They must have seen one. But I can’t think how. (Groans.) The Dream King isn’t going to like this.

ROBIN: Something’s fishy, that’s for sure.

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JAMIE: They aren’t supposed to know that closet monsters really exist.

ROBIN: Who’s this kid’s monster anyway, Jamie?

JAMIE: It’s got to be Murray. He’s probably goofing off again, playing with the girl’s toys instead of doing his job.

ROBIN: Yeah, that Murray. Always goofing off.

JAMIE: You’ve got that right. We better get back to the palace and report this to the Dream King.

ROBIN: He’s not going to be happy.

JAMIE: No surprise there. (She and ROBIN quickly EXIT LEFT through closet. BLUE LIGHTS FADE CENTER. LIGHTS COME UP DOWN LEFT. WANDA lounges against empty throne. She looks much like MURRAY except for the pretty bow on her head. She’s been trying for years to teach her friend, MURRAY, the ins and outs of being a closet monster but without much success. She is waiting around in Dream World for her next assignment. ROBIN and JAMIE ENTER DOWN LEFT.) Hey, Wanda. Where’s his majesty?

ROBIN: Yeah, where’s the king?

WANDA: Hi, guys. His highness is off on some kind of inspection tour, I think. Why? What’s the big emergency?

JAMIE: We have to see him right away. Murray’s done it this time.

ROBIN: I’ll say.

WANDA: Murray? Done what?

ROBIN: He let those two children see him, didn’t he, Jamie?

WANDA: What two children?

JAMIE: Emily and her friend.

WANDA: You’re kidding! Emily actually saw him?

JAMIE: (Nods sadly.) We saw it in her dreams.

ROBIN: Plain as day.

WANDA: (Slumps and shakes her head.) Oh, no. Won’t he ever learn?

ROBIN: We have to report this to the Dream King right away.

JAMIE: (Pats WANDA on the shoulder.) I’m sorry, Wanda. I know you’ve kind of been taking Murray under your wing.

WANDA: (Straightens with resolve.) I’ll go talk to him.

JAMIE: Good luck. We’re going to find his majesty.

ROBIN: Yeah, good luck. (She and JAMIE EXIT DOWN LEFT.)
WANDA: That Murray. I've told him time and again. I'll bet he's playing video games again. He just can't leave those things alone. (EXITS DOWN LEFT. LIGHTS FADE DOWN LEFT and BLUE LIGHTS COME UP DOWN RIGHT. MURRAY is seated on the footstool, playing the video game. WANDA RE-ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. MURRAY is so engrossed in the game, he doesn't notice her at first.)

MURRAY: (To the game.) Come on. Get up there. Just got to get that blue gem.

WANDA: You sure have done it now, Murray.

MURRAY: (Startled, hops to his feet.) Wanda! Oh, hi. What are you doing here?

WANDA: Looking for you.

MURRAY: Great. (Sheepishly offers the controller.) Want to take a turn?

WANDA: No! Of course not. You know it's against the rules.

MURRAY: Well, yeah, but...

WANDA: This is no time to be playing games.

MURRAY: But, I... it isn't?

WANDA: I've told you and told you. Well, you're in serious trouble this time, Murray.

MURRAY: Trouble? How? Why?

WANDA: (Wags her finger at him.) You didn't wait until the girls were asleep, and they saw you sneaking through the room.

MURRAY: They saw me?!

WANDA: How do you think I got here? The girls know we're real. The door is wide open now, all because you had to play that... that... stupid video game.

MURRAY: They know...?

WANDA: I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when the Dream King hears about this.

MURRAY: The Dream King! Oh, no! (Quickly wraps up the controller, sets it aside and turns off the TV set.)

WANDA: Oh, yes. And he isn't going to like the fact that you've been goofing off again.

MURRAY: But, you aren't going to tell him, are you, Wanda?

WANDA: I don't have to tell him anything. You know the king's Dreamweavers miss nothing.
MURRAY: Dreamweavers?
WANDA: Yeah, Robin and Jamie. They were here, weaving dreams for Emily and her friend tonight.
MURRAY: (Groans.) Oh, no.
WANDA: And of course, what did the girls dream about but you, creeping through the bedroom.
MURRAY: Creeping?
WANDA: You didn't even wait 'til Sandy came in to spread his slumber sand.
MURRAY: (Surprised.) But I thought he...
WANDA: Lucky for you, I met the two of them before they could report to the Dream King. They were quick to fill me in on all the details, too.
MURRAY: (Groans.) Oh, no.
WANDA: Why'd you do it, Murray? You know the rules as well as I do.
MURRAY: Yeah, I know. (Mechanically.) No closet monster should ever allow himself to be seen. (Sigh.)
WANDA: Of course not. We're supposed to be figments of a child's imagination.
MURRAY: Yeah. (Disheartened.) I know.
WANDA: So, why did you rush out of the closet before you were sure the girls were asleep?
MURRAY: (Paces across the room.) I don't know. Guess I just didn't think. It's hard work being a closet monster, you know.
WANDA: Yeah, I know.
MURRAY: Especially now that Emily is almost convinced there's no such thing as monsters. I'm hardly ever allowed to enter her closet anymore.
WANDA: (Sympathetic.) Every closet monster goes through that phase, Murray. All kids have to grow up and stop believing in us. When they do, we just move on to our next job.
MURRAY: I know. But I don't want to move on. I like it here.
WANDA: That's natural. I didn't like having to leave when Tom stopped believing, either.
MURRAY: I've finally gotten used to Emily. She doesn't scare me like she used to.
WANDA: Then why didn’t you just wait until the girls were asleep? It was only a matter of minutes.

MURRAY: (Reluctantly confesses, motioning to the TV.) I couldn’t wait to play Emily’s new video game. (Brightens.) I got all the way to the third level last night. Before sunrise, too.

WANDA: Video games! Murray, won’t you ever learn?

MURRAY: (Sadly.) I’m sorry, Wanda. It’s just... (Sigh.) I’ve never been very good at being a closet monster.

WANDA: I understand, Murray. Let’s just hope the Dream King is as understanding as I am. He is our boss, you know.

MURRAY: Yeah, (Sigh.) I know.

WANDA: He expects us to do our jobs, not run off and play with the kids’ toys.

MURRAY: But, it gets so boring sitting in that closet all night.

WANDA: (Sympathetic.) Yeah, I know, Murray. Don’t forget, I was Tom’s closet monster long before you and Emily came along.

MURRAY: Yeah, I remember.

WANDA: Come on. Let’s go back to the Dream World. And no more video games. (WANDA and MURRAY EXIT DOWN RIGHT. BLUE LIGHT FADES TO BLACK.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: Emily’s bedroom the next morning. MOM ENTERS RIGHT, carrying an empty laundry basket. She lays down the basket, moves to the bed and begins straightening the sheets.

TOM’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE.) Mom! Have you seen my sandals?

MOM: Did you look in the closet by the front door?

TOM: (ENTERS RIGHT, barefoot and half-heartedly looking for his lost sandals.) Yeah, I looked everywhere.

MOM: (Glances back at him as she bends to pick up some dirty clothes.) Then I have no idea. If you cleaned your room once in a while, you might actually be able to find something without having to ask me.

TOM: Yeah, Mom.

MOM: You’ll just have to wear your running shoes. (Turns back to toss the clothes into her basket. TOM wanders over to the bed and picks up the diary. Leaning against the wall, he begins thumbing through...)

End of script preview.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ON STAGE, ACT ONE

DOWN RIGHT: Comfortable chair, footstool, television, video game, box and controllers.

CENTER: Single bed high enough that two monsters can crawl underneath to hide (UP CENTER); bedside table, lamp, toy box sturdy enough to sit on (UP LEFT); school desk with chair (UP RIGHT); a chair (UP LEFT); clothes and toys scattered about the floor; sleeping bag and pillow (CENTER); diary and pen (ON BEDSIDE TABLE); baseball glove, toys (IN TOY BOX).

DOWN LEFT: Throne set on a platform.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: Pouch of sleeping dust/glitter (SANDMAN).

SCENE TWO: Laundry basket (MOM); briefcase with stethoscope, magnifying glass, notebook and pencil, soft/make-up brush, flashlight (BRAIN); basketball (NATHAN); clipboard and quill (TOADY).

SCENE THREE: Baseball, glove (TARA); novel with bookmark (MEGAN); backpack with several containers, creams, tubes, hairbrush, etc. (MARY); briefcase with calculator, notebook and pencil (BRAIN).

ON STAGE, ACT TWO

CENTER: Same as ACT ONE, but with six sleeping bags, five backpacks, light blanket.

DOWN RIGHT: Scene One: TV listings.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO

SCENE ONE: Feather duster (MOM).

SCENE TWO: Briefcase (BRAIN); backpack with several containers, creams, cotton balls, a presliced cucumber, hand-held mirror (MARY); box radio (BRAIN); flashlight (MEGAN); duct tape (TARA); flashlight (KELLY); rope (BRAIN); two flashlights (STEPHANIE); clipboard and quill (TOADY); pouch of sleeping dust/glitter (SANDMAN); magic wand (TOADY).

SOUND EFFECTS

Video game music and sounds.

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LIGHTING
The script calls for blue lighting to differentiate between day and night.

COSTUMES
Contemporary summer attire. The GIRLS wear summer pajamas at night in Emily's room. Be creative with the monster costumes, adjusting the script to reflect how you imagine the monsters to look. In the original production, MURRAY wore a green, dragon-like costume with claws, horns and a very long tail. WANDA also wore a green, dragon-like costume with claws, horns and a tail. She also wore a bow on her head. The SANDMAN has a long, white beard and flowing robes. JAMIE and ROBIN could wear glow stick necklaces and bracelets over black leotards or bodysuits. BRAIN could wear glasses and frumpy, out-of-date clothing. The DREAM KING is dressed regally with a long, flowing cape and a glimmering crown. His assistant, TOADY, is dressed similarly but with a shorter cape and a jester hat.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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