

A Trick or Treat  
Or Love & Hell on Hallowe'en:  
An Excellent Conceited Horror  
Wherein the Damned Dare Dream

A Play

By

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NOTES

Spook house kitsch played for real.

Cast: TBD

SCENE

Mystic Valley Cemetery, the High School gym, Hell.

TIME

Halloween - twilight, night; the following sunrise.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

\*

Prologue*The Living:*

Homer Witman           Seventeen, handsome.

Helen Monroe           Sixteen, beautiful.

Celeste Priestly       Sixteen, ripe.

Clitus McLeod         Seventeen, athletic.

*The Dead & Damned:*

Ferrex                   A clever demon.

Porrex                   His side kick.

Lord Death               Thanatos, the God of Death.

*Others:*

Angels, Demons &    As required.

Others

ACT 1Scene 1: Prologue

SETTING: A bare stage.

AT RISE: PROLOGUE enters.

## PROLOGUE

Of course, it's obvious you're an audience that's  
 Sophisticated, discerning, capable  
 Of taking complicated themes to task,  
 Of grasping nuance, savoring subtlety,  
 Suspending disbelief, believing in  
 The power of art t'reveal our common heart,  
 Enlighten the benighted mind, expose,  
 Through artifice, our universal truths.  
 Sadly, the story you're about to see  
 Is ignorant of any kind of truth,  
 Takes artifice to a spectacular new low,  
 Embraces dullards, dulls sharp minds, disdains  
 Your disbelief; it's subtle in the way  
 A boil on someone's nose is overlooked;  
 And its anemic theme is overwhelmed  
 By a fanatical determination  
 To entertain at any cost. In brief,  
 We're staging here what should have been a film:  
 Our writer wrote a screenplay, not a play.  
 Lucky for you, tales Hollywood won't touch,  
 The theatre embraces lovingly.  
 It is our most sincere desire and hope  
 That you'll be so o'erwhelmed by spectacle  
 You'll fail to note our total lack of wit;  
 That wanting wit, you'll pay our deficit  
 From the tremendous surplus of your own;  
 And that conspiring in this hallowed space  
 Will, two hours hence, enable us to reach  
 A mutual, theatrical, climax.  
 As you can see, we've spared every expense.  
 But lacking means means making much of naught.  
 But then, nothing's the essence of our art,  
 And shaping it, the mastery of our craft:  
 Our jobs are critically dependent on  
 The nothings from which something can be made.  
 And being seasoned, accomplished raconteurs,  
 As you'll soon see, we borrow, beg and steal  
 Our plot lines, characters and properties  
 With a finesse surpassing excellence.  
 And now, your expectations soundly set,  
 I'll conjure up our tale of terror and lust  
 As plays are like to do, and screenplays must,  
 With this terse incantation we begin:

(MORE)

PROLOGUE (cont'd)  
Suspend your disbelief as we...FADE IN!

(BLACKOUT. Nothing happens)

PROLOGUE (cont'd)  
FADE IN!

(Lights)

SCENE 1: EXT. EDEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

SETTING: A bare stage.

AT RISE: HELEN and HOMER join Prologue.

PROLOGUE

Exterior.

PROLOGUE/HOMER

Eden Cemetery.

PROLOGUE/HOMER/HELEN

Night.

(As key cemetery features are described, they are realized by lighting, audio, properties or actors. "Mystic, TX, Halloween Night" is SUPERIMPOSED on the action)

PROLOGUE

Eden Cemetery, ancient and small, walled off by tall, overgrown laurels, is crammed with monuments and sarcophagi.

HOMER

Homer, seventeen, handsome, and -

HELEN

Helen, sixteen, beautiful -

HOMER/HELEN

Negotiate the cemetery by moonlight.

(Nothing happens)

HOMER

By moonlight.

(Nothing)

PROLOGUE/HOMER/HELEN

Moonlight!

(A crude moon appears. Homer strikes a match, lights a candle, hands it to Helen. He lights a second candle for himself. They explore the cemetery)

HOMER

Three ornate marble monuments feature -

(Prologue becomes the 3rd ANGEL)

## PROLOGUE

Three fearsome life-sized angels wielding swords.

HELEN

(Reading the epitaph on the Angel's pedestal)  
 To pass through, mortal, naked born  
 The Ivory Gate, or Gate of Horn  
 Choose Well, And All Your Dreams Believe  
 Choose Ill, And All Your Dreams Deceive  
 For Life is Never What it Seems  
 And Death Is Not the End of Dreams

HOMER

That's kind of creepy.

HELEN

Yeah, it is.

HOMER

Here's one.

## PROLOGUE

As Homer speaks a marble angel moves-

HOMER  
 Lorem Ipsum Dolor  
 Sit / Ultrise Es  
 Ultrasus Vel /  
 Consectator Lit  
 Amit / Pretium Id  
 Es Mortis Kel

PROLOGUE/HELEN  
 It turns...  
 Its head...  
 To Homer...  
 The sculpted  
 face...  
 Of pity, fear...

HELEN

Oh, I can translate that.

HOMER

You can?

HELEN

Well, sure:

(Turning away from the epitaph, toward the audience)  
 In every cemetery in the world  
 On every stone, regardless of the words,  
 The sentiment's the same: It ends like this.  
 No matter who you are, or how you live,  
 Kind, apathetic, cruel, wise, ignorant,  
 The day, hour, minute, moment comes when you,  
 (Mid stride, words on your lips, things on your mind,  
 Your dreams deferred, commitments unfulfilled,  
 Not ever having been to Rome), will end.  
 Your body's buried, burned or left to rot.  
 One lifetime - one. And all philosophy's  
 Just time spent arguing how time's best spent.  
 I don't know how I want to spend my life,

(MORE)

HELEN (cont'd)

I do know that I want to spend tonight  
Experiencing the thrills of teenage lust,  
The reckless conflagration of flesh that's fueled  
By hormones, innocence and leisure time.

HOMER

You read my mind.

HELEN

Yeah, it's an easy read.

(As they kiss, Homer's hands roam under  
Helen's blouse, over her breasts,  
stomach, back. He fiddles with her bra)

HELEN (cont'd)

It hooks in front.

HOMER

Ah-hah! So, that's the trick.

HELEN

You have to do the trick, to get the treats.

(Homer unbuttons her blouse)

HELEN (cont'd)

His hands tremble. He fumbles with the hook.

HOMER

She guides him, helps him figure out the trick.  
Exposed, she cups her breasts with Homer's hands.

HOMER/HELEN

They kiss.

(Kiss)

HOMER/HELEN (cont'd)

Angle on: The pitch black path.

(CLITUS and CELESTE, in costume as  
zombies, burst screaming from the path)

CLITUS/CELESTE

Aaagh!

HOMER/HELEN

Aaagh!

(Helen covers up, hits the ground. Homer  
backs up, fists up. Clitus and Celeste  
bust out laughing)

CLITUS  
Clitus, seventeen, athletic, and -

CELESTE  
Celeste, sixteen, ripe -

CLITUS/CELESTE  
Fall to their knees laughing.

HOMER  
Goddamn you. Jesus.

HELEN  
Bastards! God!

CLITUS  
Your face!

CELESTE  
Oh, man! My God, your face was -

CLITUS  
You should see -  
I'm sorry, but -

HOMER  
I'm gonna kick your ass.

CELESTE  
We had to.

HELEN  
You were watching!

HOMER  
You're a dick.

CLITUS  
Oh, come on.

HOMER  
You come on.

CLITUS  
I'm sorry, but -

CELESTE  
You have to do the tricks to get the treats...

HELEN  
I'm gonna get you back so hard.

HOMER  
You wait.

CLITUS  
Man, it was funny, and you know it was.

HOMER  
Not now it's not.

HELEN  
Not funny, Clitus.

CELESTE  
Please.

HELEN  
Okay, it's funny, but I'm pissed.

HOMER  
We're pissed.

CLITUS  
Sure. Yeah, yeah, let it go. Okay? Come on,  
Let's go hang out outside the gym. Come on,  
We'll heckle losers, it'll be a blast.

CELESTE  
Hey, you guys know where we can score some pot?

HELEN  
I've got a little weed.

CELESTE  
You're brilliant.

HELEN  
Not!

HOMER  
Someday, when least expected, you are dead.

CLITUS  
I betcha you'll be thanking me instead.

HOMER/CLITUS/CELESTE/HELEN  
(Turning to go)  
They turn to go.

(FERREX and PORREX block the exit)

FERREX/PORREX  
TWO DEMONS block the gate.

FERREX  
Ferrex...

PORREX  
and Porrex...

FERREX/PORREX  
Demons fresh from Hell.

HOMER  
The group screams -

HOMER/CLITUS/CELESTE/HELEN  
AHHHHH!

HOMER  
But then recovers, laughs.

(They laugh)

CLITUS  
Now THAT's a costume.

CELESTE  
Wow! You guys look great.

(In SLOW MOTION)

FERREX  
Wielding an ancient looking blade, Ferrex  
Cuts Clitus open and yanks out his guts.

CLITUS  
Clitus is baffled, doesn't understand.  
He reaches for Celeste, then falls.

PORREX  
Porrex attacks Celeste. He grabs her hair,  
Pulls back her head, then chomps down on her throat.

(Porrex rips a huge chunk of flesh from  
Celeste's neck)

CELESTE  
She screams, but there's no sound. And then she drops.

(Celeste falls near Clitus)

HOMER  
Homer grabs Helen's hand -

HELEN  
They try to run.

FERREX/PORREX  
The demons move too fast.

PORREX  
Porrex pounces  
On Homer, slams his head against a stone

FERREX

As Ferrex grabs the girl and hits her hard.

(Helen's drops, out for the count)

FERREX (cont'd)

Oh, Porrex, what a lovely girl!

PORREX

She is

'N straight to hell she goes.

FERREX

Aye, 'tis her fate,

But this, my rank and wicked friend, 's a sin:  
Us slaughterin' a hapless innocent,  
A precious mortal in her prime 'o life,  
A flawless thing, got narry a mark nor stain,  
The smell o' Heaven ling'ring on her still-

PORREX

Grrr, shut yer trap, ya dead 'n wicked beast!  
Our Master bid us ferry her ta hell,  
Not give her suck 'n wipe her might wee arse.

FERREX

'N what's his word on eatin' piggies, yar?

PORREX

Touch her and I shall rip from ya your arm,  
And with it I shall bludgeon out your brains.

FERREX

Our Master bid us ship her off ta Hell,  
'N His Beneficent Malevolence  
Grants to us our foul deed's particulars.  
Her soul be hell-bound, toes or no, I'm right?

PORREX

You tooth a single toe on her wee foot  
'N as I'm dead 'n damned 'n quick ta rage,  
I swear, Ferrex, I'll rip ya limb from limb.

FERREX

(Placing Helen on a monument, now an altar)  
A precious creature. Warm 'n oh, so fresh!  
Oh, perfect creature, I could eat ya whole.  
To work then. Tell me how we go about  
Delivering this innocent to Hell.

PORREX

(Knife in hand, butcher-like)  
First thing we do is rip her wee heart out  
Then place it, beating still, upon a stone;  
(MORE)

PORREX (cont'd)

We cut her stem to stern, tear out her guts,  
And lay 'em as a wreath around her heart.

FERREX

So, tell me, Porrex, how it can be right  
To render her 'n not ta eat her toes?

PORREX

Our Prince o' Death set down his gruesome rite;  
'Tis he we mean to summon, he who here  
Must desecrate her flesh and reconcile  
Her innocence to Hell's eternal flames.  
'N you so much as nip her might wee toe,  
We both must answer to the Lord o' Death!

(Helen rouses. Ferrex delivers another  
vicious blow. She struggles weakly and  
moans throughout the following)

FERREX

I tell ya, t'is a mighty fine surprise,  
To live believin' all is done in death,  
Then die to find yerself among the damned.  
When I's newly to eternity  
'N grievin' m'life n' all me mortal sins,  
Lamentin' who I'd been n' what I'd done,  
That ever I's born to die 'n know  
What I'd come to know was true: that Hell  
Is not fer burnin' in eternal flames,  
But sufferin' eternal, burnin' truth,  
Oh! Straight away me demons come to me  
'N put a spell to me to keep me bound.  
'N in me eyes do put a thousand pins;  
Each nail's took 'n slowly peeled awry;  
To each n' every tooth a file was took  
For grinding ta the root. N', oh, what fuss!  
I'm blabberin' baby-like 'n prayin' ta God,  
I'm wailin', whimp'rin', cryin' fer me ma,  
'At 'ere, Porrex, s'when things went straight ta shite:  
They boiled me in oil 'til I's crisp,  
Removed me skin n' trimmed it in ta bits  
Which they did force me eat. 'Twas then they took  
A ragged, rusty pike 'n spilled me gut  
To use its length as rope. One end they thread  
Among the branches of a barren tree;  
By t'other end they fashion me a noose  
T'adorn me neck just thus. T'was I  
They made to hoist me up. I did hang me.  
A thousand years I dangled tormented  
By maggots, vultures, 'n the damned o' Hell.  
They made a fine n' ghastly feast o' me.  
All this was done to me yet here I am:

(MORE)

FERREX (cont'd)  
Not sufferin' torment, but a tormentor.

(Another vicious blow to Helen)

FERREX (cont'd)  
If our Dark Lord 'o Death inflicts a pain  
I've not already taken to me soul,  
This pupil will his master's lesson learn  
That I might better serve his dark intent.  
No risk to me n' look, here's tender toes  
Unblemished, pink and ripe, and mine to eat.

(Ferrex starts for a toe. Porrex rips  
Ferrex's left arm off and beats him with  
it.)

PORREX  
You will not eat this girl's wee toes, you hear?  
You will recite the spell the Lord o' Death  
Put down for us to summon him. Do it,  
Or to my word I'll bludgeon our yer brain!

(Porrex hands Ferrex his arm and then  
throws the book at him.)

FERREX  
I take it, Porrex, you are not a friend.

PORREX  
I am a fiend, and to my nature true.

Porrex opens Helen's blouse, prepares the  
blade. Ferrex reads.

FERREX  
Lorem Ipsum Dolor Sit  
Ultrise Es Ultrasus Vel  
Consectator Lit Amit  
Pretium Id Es Mortis Kel

(During the following, the actors mark the  
fight choreography)

PORREX  
PORREX raises the knife, as --

PROLOGUE  
THREE ANGELS appear -

(The THREE LIFE SIZED ANGELS come to life)

PROLOGUE/ANGEL#2/ANGEL#3  
Deliver her to us.

FERREX/PORREX

FERREX AND PORREX turn to --

PROLOGUE/ANGEL#2/ANGEL#3

THE ANGELS raising their flaming swords.

FERREX/PORREX

FERREX AND PORREX turn back to Helen.

PORREX

Porrex fumbles his blade as --

FERREX

Ferrex reads faster.

(Super fast)

Alnullnathraxoothvalspeythood -

PROLOGUE/ANGEL #2/ANGEL #3

THE ANGELS, with speed and fury, descend on the demons.

PORREX

PORREX raises his blade to strike the girl.

PROLOGUE

ANGEL NUMBER ONE severs Porrex's knife arm.

FERREX

FERREX throws the book aside and lunges for the girl as --

LORD DEATH

Thanatos, the Lord of Death, on horseback, enters just in time to catch the book.

PROLOGUE

ANGEL NUMBER ONE strikes at Porrex.

PORREX

PORREX defends the blow with his good arm holding his severed arm which is still holding the knife.

FERREX

FERREX grabs Helen's foot, brings it to his mouth.

PROLOGUE

ANGEL NUMBER ONE reaches for Helen as --

FERREX

FERREX bites off the little toe of her right foot.

(The actors again execute the above fight at speed, senza voce, with FX, then continue)

LORD DEATH

Extraordinary. I love a spectacle.

(The Angels surround the Prince of Death.)

PROLOGUE

Lord Death, we cannot let this curse proceed.

LORD DEATH

You Seraphim are truly beautiful.  
 A wonder to behold. Each time I do,  
 My love and admiration for you grow.  
 I swear you'll make a Cherub of me yet.  
 The pageant set in motion here tonight  
 Must run its plot unto the bitter end  
 And neither Heaven nor Hell will stay its course.  
 Divine and awesome creatures, you'd do well  
 Retiring to the Comfort of Your Lord.

PROLOGUE

We had to hope.

LORD DEATH

Of course you did.

PROLOGUE

You are  
 A gentleman. I'm glad we meet again.

(The Angels return to the pedestals. In a  
 flash of light they turn to stone)

FERREX

Say what you will, but Seraphim are keen.

PORREX

Foh! Not as keen as you are dull.

FERREX

Piss off.

LORD DEATH

Give it to me.

FERREX

(Handing over the toe)  
 Give - oh! Her toe! My Lord.

LORD DEATH

Deliver her to Hell and straight away.

PORREX

M'Lord.

FERREX

As you command, M'Lord.

LORD DEATH

Well done.

(The demons retrieve their arms. Ferrex and Porrex drag or carry Helen off. During the following, at Death's command, the dead crawl from their graves. Clitus and Helen rise up. Homer wakes up, freaks out, runs off)

LORD DEATH (cont'd)

As Darkness Falls Across This Land,  
All-Hallow-Even Close At Hand,  
Lord Death Commands You: Dead Rise Up,

(Tombs and sarcophagi open, the dead rise up, head for the audience)

LORD DEATH (cont'd)

On Flesh and Blood, My Minions, Sup.  
And Whosoever Shall Be Found  
To Have a Heart and Soul Unbound,  
Must Stand And Face The Grace That Fell,  
On God's Behalf, To Rule All Hell,  
And Trump Him, Witty Phrase for Phrase,  
Or Lose And Cause the End of Days,  
When Gristly Ghouls From Every Tomb  
Will Roam this Ream and Seal its Doom.  
Fight, if you must, to Stay Alive  
Your Life Will Be Your Killer:  
For No Mere Mortal Can Survive  
The Evil Of The Thriller.

(The Evil Dead fall off of the edge of the stage, make their way into the audience. Just as their about to snack on their first victim, BLACKOUT)

SCENE 2: MYSTIC HIGH