

MURDER AT THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A one act play

By Tracy Wells

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CHARACTERS

6-40+

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| FREDDIE | Victim and manager of the haunted house |
| IGOR | Assistant manager of the haunted house |
| DETECTIVE | Not really a detective; also Eric/Erica |
| TWINS (2) | Really like fruit punch |
| TEENS (2+) | Haunted house customers |
| ZOMBIES (2+) | Out of brains. |
| WITCHES (2+) | Out of the ordinary |
| SKELETON (2+) | Outside themselves |
| GRIM REAPER | Out of time |
| VAMPIRES (2+) | Out for blood |
| WEREWOLVES (2+) | Out of the woods |
| GHOSTS (2+) | Out of body |
| ALIENS (2+) | Out of this world |
| MAD SCIENTIST | Out of their mind |
| MONSTER | Out of control |
| POLICE OFFICER | A real one |

ON CASTING

This play has an entirely flexible cast, both in number and gender. Pronouns have been assigned as placeholders in the script, but feel free to change as needed. Additionally, in each scene general lines for Teens and various Monsters are provided, but it's up to you how many of each you would like to have. For ease of reading, there are two in each scene but you may distribute lines as you see fit.

RUNTIME

Approximately 45-50 minutes, though you may shorten the show by cutting scenes.

TIME

Modern day.

SETTING

A haunted house. You can choose to have a single set, which could be the first room/lobby/ticketing area of a haunted house. Or you could have each scene take place in the individual rooms as indicated by the characters, as if the Detective is making their way through the haunted house. Alternately, you could set up your own haunted house attraction and have your customers make their way through each room, using multiple actors to play Detective, one for each room.

SET

The set should be spooky and decorated like a haunted house. If depicting each room, get creative with the themes and have fun!

COSTUMES

Detective can wear dress pants, dress shirts and blazers, or can wear a trench coat and hat, or whatever you think detectives wear. They should look like they are in costume and should wear a hat, glasses and possibly facial hair or other disguises to their appearance. Haunted house employees should be dressed as their character indicates. Igor should wear a dark cloak. Teens can be dressed in any current fashion.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

1. Butchered
2. Spill Your Guts
3. Toil and Trouble
4. One Foot in the Grave
5. In Cold Blood
6. Crying Wolf
7. A Ghost of a Chance
8. Close Encounters of the Dead Kind
9. It's Alive!
10. Death Trap

SCENE ONE:
Butchered

AT RISE: A dark and stormy night in a haunted house attraction—perhaps the first room in the house or the lobby or ticketing area. The room is spooky and dark, with flickering lights and decorations. FREDDIE enters, stumbling backward and looking at someone off stage. She is dressed in a butcher's costume that has green goo on the apron. She holds link sausages in one hand and a bone in the other. She has a gash on her head, a bite mark on her neck, one hairy leg, and an electrode on her other leg. As she enters she talks to an unseen person offstage.

FREDDIE

No! Please! It doesn't have to be like this!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes. FREDDIE suddenly falls, dramatically, dying. It is over the top, lengthy, and hilarious. As she dies, she says the following lines.)

Oh, the pain! It's so...painful. I'm...dying. You see that, right? You've killed me. In the very haunted house that I manage. Here I go. I'm going now. This is the end, I tell you...the end! Finally. I see the light! It will all be over in just a moment. I promise. This is it!

(seems dead, but pops up once more)

But before I go, I should probably let someone know who killed me. Yes, that's a good idea. So if anyone is out there listening, the person who killed me is—

(FREDDIE falls down dead. A moment later IGOR enters, hunched over and looking at a couple of tickets in his hand, followed by some TEENS.)

IGOR

Uh, Boss. I've got a couple of kids here who say they found a two-for-one coupon online. Can we honor that?

(bumps into FREDDIE'S body)

Oh, hey Boss. What are you doing down there?

TEEN 1

Um...she doesn't look so good.

TEEN 2

I think she's dead.

IGOR

She's not dead. This is a haunted house, no one's actually dead here. You do know that, right?

(gestures around)

This is all make believe. There aren't really vampires or ghosts or aliens.

TEEN 1

My dad says there's aliens.

TEEN 2

Your dad also believes in bigfoot.

TEEN 1

Bigfoot is real! My dad sent me photos!
(shows TEEN 2 her phone)

TEEN 2

That's just a photo of your hairy next door neighbor.

TEEN 1

(scrutinizing the photo)

Oh, yeah, I guess it is. He really needs to wax his back if he's going to mow the lawn without a shirt on.

IGOR

Freddie, come on. I need you to tell me if I can use this coupon or not.

TEEN 2

She's not moving.

TEEN 1

Give her a little kick.

IGOR

She's my boss. If I kick her she'll fire me!

TEEN 2

Not if she's dead she won't.

IGOR

Good point.

(IGOR kicks FREDDIE. Nothing happens.)

TEEN 1

I guess you're not fired.

IGOR

That means....

ALL (except FREDDIE)

She's dead!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes. ALL jump, frightened.)

TEEN 2

Ew! You just kicked a dead body.

IGOR

You told me to!

TEEN 2

It's not my fault you're susceptible to peer pressure.

IGOR

What are we going to do?

TEEN 1

I guess we need to call the police.

IGOR

Alright. Police!

TEEN 1

Um, I meant on the *phone*.

IGOR

Oh, right.

DETECTIVE

Did someone call the police?

IGOR

I did!

(to TEEN 2, smugly)

Guess I didn't need the phone after all.

DETECTIVE

What seems to be the problem?

(trips over FREDDIE'S body and keeps walking)

TEEN 2

(points to FREDDIE)

That.

DETECTIVE

What?

(turns and crosses back, tripping over the body again)

TEEN 1

The body.

DETECTIVE

What body?

(DETECTIVE turns and trips over it again)

IGOR

The dead body you keep running into!

DETECTIVE

You know, you shouldn't keep your dead bodies in the middle of the room. They're a tripping hazard. Someone might get hurt.

IGOR

Someone *is* hurt! My boss, Freddie—she's been murdered!

DETECTIVE

Oh, yes, I can see that. So who did it?

IGOR

I don't know. We just came in and found her like this. That's why we called you!

DETECTIVE

Right. That makes sense. I guess I'll have to open an investigation.

(takes out a notebook and opens it slowly and stares at IGOR)

IGOR

Great. When?

DETECTIVE

Just now. Didn't you see me?

(closes notebook and slowly opens it again)

I *opened* the investigation.

IGOR

What you opened was a notebook. But whatever.

DETECTIVE

It appears our victim is a butcher.

IGOR

She's only dressed like a butcher. Eric (or Erica) called in today. He usually plays the butcher.

DETECTIVE

What do you mean, plays the butcher?

IGOR

This is a haunted house.

(DETECTIVE doesn't seem to understand)

You know...a haunted attraction filled with themed rooms meant to scare customers?

DETECTIVE

People pay you to scare them? Why would anyone do that?

TEEN 2

Because it's awesome

DETECTIVE

So Eric called in which meant your friend had to play the butcher.

IGOR

Well, I don't know if I would call Freddie a friend, exactly. She's my boss. But she's cool. I mean, there was this was one time...I don't know...I think there might've been a moment—

DETECTIVE

Unrequited love? That's a motive, you know.

IGOR

No, nothing like that. Just a friendly moment, that's all.

DETECTIVE

If you say so.

(writes in his notebook)

So you found your manager lying here, dead, holding a bone in one hand and in the other...

(lifts up sausages)

Link sausages?

IGOR

It's for the bit. You know...the whole butcher thing...entrails...you get it.

DETECTIVE

Sure. But if she's a butcher, then why is her apron covered in green goo instead of blood?

IGOR

I don't know. Maybe Eric took his bloody apron home last night so she had to use a clean one?

DETECTIVE

It doesn't look very clean to me. Hello...green goo!

(looks around and makes notes)

She also has a bite mark on her neck, a gash on her head, and... one extremely hairy leg?

TEEN 2

That's weird.

DETECTIVE

That's very weird.

TEEN 1

Maybe she forgot to shave. It happens. To some people. Not to me.

DETECTIVE

Additionally she appears to have an electrode on her other leg, goosebumps on her arm and...a terrible odor emanating from her mouth.

IGOR

That would be the triple garlic bologna sandwich she had for lunch.

DETECTIVE

Hmmm. Maybe...maybe not.

IGOR

You know, all of that can be easily explained. There's lots of unusual stuff here. And unusual people, most of whom are employees. This is a haunted house after all. Now, is there anything else you need or can I move this dead body out of the walkway?

DETECTIVE

You know what I need?

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TWINS appear out of nowhere, behind DETECTIVE.)

TWINS

(in creepy voice)

Fruit punch.

DETECTIVE

(jumps and screams)

Ahhh! Who are these two? A couple of those unusual employees you mentioned?

IGOR

Oh, they don't work here. They just show up every now and again. They really like fruit punch.

(to TWINS)

Try the concession stand out front.

(TWINS exit.)

DETECTIVE

Right. Then I guess I need to talk to the other employees.

IGOR

They should all be in costume working in their haunted rooms. Well, all except Eric, anyway.

DETECTIVE

Because he called in.

IGOR

Right.

DETECTIVE

I'm going to need you to get Eric on the phone for me. I'm sure I'll have some questions for him. As for the others, I guess it's time for a tour of the haunted house.

IGOR

Oh, I don't give tours. I just sell tickets.

DETECTIVE

But I need to interview everyone who works here...see what they know.

IGOR

Be my guest. *The first room is right through that door. Enter...
(spookily)

If you dare!

(*Alternate line if not changing rooms: "I'll send everyone in so you can interview them...if you dare!")

DETECTIVE

Are you threatening me?

IGOR

No, sorry. Occupational hazard. *You can go right in.

(*Alternate line if not changing rooms: "They'll be right in!")

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as DETECTIVE exits, tripping over the body, perhaps following TEENS, unless different TEENS are in each room. If using a single set, IGOR exits, with or without TEENS, leaving DETECTIVE. Lights fade to black.)

SCENE TWO: Spill Your Guts

AT RISE:

A toxic wasteland themed room, or the first room as before. ZOMBIES are crawling and moving oddly. TEENS watch, delighted.

ZOMBIES

Braaaiiiinnsss!

TEEN 1

Ahhh! They're coming right for us!

TEEN 2

They're going to eat our brains!

ZOMBIES

Braaaiiiinnnsss!

(DETECTIVE enters and trips. ZOMBIES stop and look at him.)

ZOMBIE 1

Dude, seriously?

ZOMBIE 2

We had a whole thing going here.

DETECTIVE

My apologies. I can be a little clumsy sometimes.

ZOMBIE 1

I was about to eat her brains.

(points at TEEN)

ZOMBIE 2

And I was going to eat hers.

(points at other TEEN)

TEEN 1

Aw man, that would've been so cool!

DETECTIVE

Please proceed. I believe you were shouting—

(imitating)

Braaaiiiinnnsss!

ZOMBIE 1

Nope. Sorry. Can't do it now. You ruined it.

ZOMBIE 2

It was going to be super scary too. Am I right?

TEEN 2

Oh, yeah. Definitely.

TEEN 1

Super scary.

DETECTIVE

Well if you're not going to continue your hunt for brains, or...whatever this is, then perhaps we can get on with my investigation.

ZOMBIE 1

Your investigation into what?

DETECTIVE

Into the murder of Freddie!

ZOMBIE 2

Freddie's dead?

TEEN 2

You didn't know? There was a whole bunch of screaming and a pretty loud thud when she hit the floor.

TEEN 1

I can't believe you didn't hear that!

ZOMBIE 1

We were sort of busy.

DETECTIVE

Eating brains. So you said. Unless, of course...

(dramatically, as thunder crashed and lightning flashes)

You weren't!

ZOMBIE 2

We definitely weren't.

ZOMBIE 1

We use this sort of Jell-o, Kool-Aid concoction that looks like brains. It's pretty realistic.

ZOMBIE 2

And it tastes awesome. Want some?

DETECTIVE

No thanks. So if you weren't eating brains, then how do you explain the large gash I found on Freddie's head? Come on, spill your guts!

ZOMBIE 2

We're zombies. Our guts were spilled a long time ago.

ZOMBIE 1

And besides, you do know we're not actually zombies, right?

ZOMBIE 2

Didn't you say she hit the floor pretty hard when she was killed?

TEEN 2

Yeah, it was crazy loud!

ZOMBIE 1

Then couldn't that account for her injuries?

DETECTIVE

Hmmm. Yes, I suppose it could.

ZOMBIE 2

And I'm guessing all of her brains were still in her head? Nothing spilling out?

DETECTIVE

Not that I could see.

ZOMBIE 2

Then I'm pretty sure it wasn't zombies who killed her.

ZOMBIE 1

Not that we're real zombies or anything.

ZOMBIE 2

We like our brains made of Jell-o.

ZOMBIES

Braaaiiiinnnsss!

DETECTIVE

I see. And do you have an alibi?

ZOMBIE 1

Yeah. We were working.

DETECTIVE

At the scene of the crime!

ZOMBIE 2

Sure, but this is a pretty big haunted house.

ZOMBIE 1

And there's a lot of people working here.

TEEN 1

And a lot of customers walking through it.

ZOMBIE 2

Besides, I think we zombies can vouch for one another, can't we?

ZOMBIE 1

Well...

DETECTIVE

What? Is there something you want to tell me, zombie?

ZOMBIE 1

He did take sort of a long break a little while ago.

ZOMBIE 2

Dude! Not in front of the—

(ZOMBIE 2 indicates TEENS.)

TEEN 2

I don't think the zombie wants us to know where he was.

(TEENS smile and look at one another, then turn to ZOMBIE 2.)

TEENS

Tell us! Tell us!

ZOMBIE 2

No way! It's too embarrassing.

TEENS

Tell us! Tell us!

DETECTIVE

If you don't tell us where you were, I'm going to have to bring you down to the station for questioning.

TEENS

Tell us! Tell us!

ZOMBIE 2

Fine! I had this really big burrito for lunch, over at that new place around the corner.

TEEN 1

The one from the big story in the newspaper?

TEEN 2

The one that didn't pass it's health inspection?

ZOMBIE 2

That's the one.

TEEN 1

Ew. Yeah. Maybe don't tell us then.

ZOMBIE 2

Let's just say I was...indisposed.

DETECTIVE

Got it. Well, if it the zombies didn't kill Freddie, then who did?

ZOMBIE 1

Maybe it was the witches.

ZOMBIE 2

Yeah, they're really gossip-y. Freddie didn't like that.

ZOMBIE 1

She thought it created a toxic work environment. Said if they didn't cut it out, she'd fire them.

DETECTIVE

I see.

ZOMBIE 1

Sorry we couldn't help much. *The next room is right through that door if you want to talk to someone else.

(*Alternate line if not changing rooms: "I'll send someone in so you can interview them.")

DETECTIVE

Great, thanks. You may resume your...zombie-ing.
(trips over something)

ZOMBIE 2

Dude! Seriously!

ZOMBIE 1

Where are your brains?

ZOMBIES

Braaaiiiinnssss!

(ZOMBIES chase DETECTIVE and TEENS laugh. Lights fade to black.)

SCENE THREE:
Curses!

AT RISE: A witch's lair themed room, or the first room as before. WITCHES are center, one stirring a bubbling cauldron and the other holding a cup. TEENS watch, delighted.

WITCH 1

Double, double toil and trouble. Fire burn and caldron bubble.

WITCH 2

Cool it with a baboon's blood. Then the charm is firm and good.

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes. WITCHES cackle and ladle potion into cups during the next few lines.)

TEEN 1

Ew! Gross.

TEEN 2

Baboon's blood?

WITCH 1

Now who among you wants to sample our witches brew?

TEEN 1

I think I'm allergic to baboon's blood.

WITCH 2

(to TEEN 2, holding out a cup)

How about you, dearie?

TEEN 2

I don't know...

(DETECTIVE enters, trips and crashes into WITCH 2, who drops the cup into the cauldron. Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

WITCH 2

Curses!

WITCH 1

You flew our brew!

WITCH 2

And our victim—

WITCH 1

You mean visitor.

WITCH 2

Yes, of course. Our visitor was just about to sample our poison—

WITCH 1

You mean potion.

WITCH 1

Right...our potion. It would've turned her into a monkey—

WITCH 2

You mean it would've given her a lot of money.

WITCH 1

That's what I meant...money.

WITCH 2

But now you've ruined it!

DETECTIVE

My apologies. I can be a little clumsy sometimes.

TEEN 2

That's okay. I didn't really want to get turned into a monkey anyway. Or did I?

TEEN 1

No. No you did not.

DETECTIVE

It's just as well because I have an investigation to conduct.

WITCH 1

(suddenly interested and not in character)

Ooh! Investigation into what?

WITCH 2

Yeah, give us all the dirt! We've been locked in our lair all day and haven't heard anything.

DETECTIVE

Well, for starters, your boss, Freddie, is dead.

WITCH 1

No way!

DETECTIVE

Yes, way. And that's not all. She was....murdered!

WITCH 1

Murdered! Whoa. Okay, that is some juicy gossip.

WITCH 2

So juicy!

(WITCHES high five.)

WITCH 1

I wonder if they know over in the lab.

WITCH 2

Speaking of the lab, did you hear the mad scientist and one of the ghosts have been talking?

WITCH 1

Like, *talking* talking? Or just talking?

WITCH 2

Talking talking.

DETECTIVE

Well I'm not here to talk or *talk* talk about mad scientists or ghosts. I have an investigation to conduct. Now tell me, how well did you know the victim?

WITCH 1

Oh, Freddie? We go way back!

WITCH 2

Yeah we've been working here for what...two weeks now?

DETECTIVE

And did she have any enemies that you knew of?

WITCH 1

Enemies? No.

(leans in with a devious grin)

Although I did hear she was beefing with one of the skeletons.

DETECTIVE

So what you're saying is...she had a *bone* to pick?

(smirks and wiggles his eyebrows)

WITCH 1

No. That's not what I'm saying, 'cause that would be lame.

WITCH 2

So lame.

(WITCHES high five.)

DETECTIVE

And neither of you had anything to do with her murder?

WITCH 1

How could we? We already told you...we've been stuck in our lair all day!

DETECTIVE

What about this potion of yours. Can you tell me what's in it?

WITCH 2

Oh, you know...a pinch of this, a twist of that.

TEEN 1

Apparently it's cooled with baboon's blood.

DETECTIVE

Is that true?

WITCH 1

No that's not true!

DETECTIVE

Then tell me once and for all...what is in this potion?

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TWINS appear out of nowhere, from behind cauldron.)

TWINS

(in creepy voice)

Fruit punch.

DETECTIVE

(jumps and screams)

Ahhhh! Not you two again!

WITCH 2

How many times have we told you, this isn't fruit punch? Try the concession stand out front.

(TWINS exit.)

DETECTIVE

If it's not fruit punch, then what is it?

WITCH 2

Just leftovers from the employee fridge—moldy bananas, some mustard, a little grape jelly.

WITCH 1

A couple of olives, some chopped onions, and a few eggs.

DETECTIVE

I guess I need to give it a little taste, then.

(takes the spoon, dips it into the cauldron and drinks)

TEEN 1

Ew! Gross!

DETECTIVE

Now tell me, what do you think of my breath?

TEEN 2

Dude! It smells like something died in you.

DETECTIVE

Which is exactly how Freddie's breath smelled when I examined her body!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

WITCH 2

Maybe because she was dead.

WITCH 1

And there's no way she drank this potion. She's the one who gave us all the rotten leftovers.

DETECTIVE

Well, if you witches didn't kill Freddie, then who did?

WITCH 2

I don't know. You'll have to talk to someone else. *The next room is right through that door.

(*Alternate line if not changing rooms: "I'll send someone in so you can interview them.")

DETECTIVE

But not *talk talk*...just talk, right?

(smirks and raises his eyebrows)

WITCH 1

Lame.

WITCH 2

So lame.

(WITCHES high five then stir potions as DETECTIVE exits, perhaps following TEENS as lights fade to black.)

SCENE FOUR:
One Foot In the Grave

AT RISE: A graveyard themed room, or the first room as before. SKELETONS are doing a dance to some fun, spooky music as the GRIM REAPER and TEENS watch and hold out their phones, recording.

GRIM REAPER

C'mon, let's see a little more of that skeleton attitude!

(SKELETONS dance with increased energy.)

TEEN 1

Can you guys move closer to the camera?

(SKELETONS move closer to TEEN 1.)

SKELETON 1

How's this?

TEEN 2

Good. Now turn to face me.

(SKELETONS turn to face TEEN 2 while dancing as DETECTIVE enters.)

Great!

DETECTIVE

Ooh! Are you guys making a video for the Tick Tack*? I'm in!

(*Feel free to change the mispronounced social media to anything that is popular—just make sure it is mispronounced.)

(DETECTIVE rushes over to SKELETONS and tries to add into the dance, but knocks into SKELETONS, trips, etc. until the music stops and everyone is looking at DETECTIVE, annoyed.)

Is that it?

GRIM REAPER

Oh, that is *definitely* not it.

SKELETON 1

You messed up our video!

SKELETON 2

Do you know how long we've been working on that?

DETECTIVE

I don't know...ten minutes?

SKELETON 1

Try twenty, bro!

SKELETON 2

That's practically a lifetime.

SKELETON 1

And now we have to start all over.

DETECTIVE

Okay, just give me a few minutes to practice and then I'll be ready.

(as he messes up the moves)

I think there was a hop here and then a little twirl after that—

TEEN 1

No. Just....no.

TEEN 2

This is not the content I'm here for.

DETECTIVE

Oh, yeah. I guess you're here for the haunted house. Sorry we had to shut it down.

SKELETON 2

You shut down the haunted house?

DETECTIVE

Yes, of course. Isn't that why you're over here dancing instead of scaring the customers?

SKELETON 2

No way! We're just really bad at our jobs.

SKELETON 1

Plus we went viral last week so we've got to give our followers something new and crazy today.

DETECTIVE

Well I've got something crazy for you right now—your boss is dead.

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

SKELETON 1

What? Really?

(GRIM REAPER runs over to DETECTIVE holding his phone.)

GRIM REAPER

Say that again, but like, super dark and chilling.

DETECTIVE
(talking to phone camera but not dark or chilling)

Your boss is dead.

GRIM REAPER

No! More like—

(turns the camera on himself, super dark and chilling)

Your boss is dead. Try it like that.

(GRIM REAPER turns the camera back to DETECTIVE.)

DETECTIVE

I could. But instead I think I'd rather ask you guys which one of you killed her!

(thunder crashes and lightning flashes; then DETECTIVE smiles)

How was that for dark and chilling?

SKELETON 2

That was awesome, bro!

TEEN 1

Super dark.

TEEN 2

That's going viral for sure!

DETECTIVE

Cool, but yeah, in all seriousness, which one of you did it?

SKELETON 1

None of us!

GRIM REAPER

Why are you assuming we did it?

DETECTIVE

Because Freddie was found holding a bone in her hand. And any good detective can put two and two together. Where there's a bone you're sure to find a skeleton.

TEEN 1

Or a dog.

TEEN 2

Or a butcher.

DETECTIVE

Good point. Freddie *was* dressed as a butcher.

SKELETON 2

Why was Freddie dressed as a butcher? That's Eric's job.

DETECTIVE

Eric called in.

GRIM REAPER

(turns to DETECTIVE, with his camera out)

So what happened to Freddie? And feel free to be as descriptive as you want.

SKELETON 1

The Skele-heads love that.

DETECTIVE

Skele-heads?

SKELETON 2

Our followers.

(turns to SKELETONS and GRIM REAPER)

Ooh, maybe we could turn this into some sort of true crime podcast!

GRIM REAPER

Yeah! We could call it Grim Tales.

TEEN 2

Too fairy tale-ish.

SKELETON 1

Okay, how about, The Bone Yard?

TEEN 1

Again, I hear that and I think dogs.

DETECTIVE

We're getting off track. I need to know if you guys have alibis for the time of the murder.

GRIM REAPER

We've been making videos for the past five hours. See? All of our posts are time stamped.

(shows DETECTIVE his phone)

DETECTIVE

Okay, I guess I can rule you guys out as suspects, then. Is there anything else you know that could help me crack this case?

SKELETON 2

Well I did hear one of the vampires was gunning for Freddie's job.

DETECTIVE

Is that right? Which one?

SKELETON 2

I don't know. The dark, broody one?

TEEN 2

Aren't all vampires dark and broody?

SKELETON 1

Pretty much.

DETECTIVE

Okay, I'll be sure to look into that. Anything else before I go question some more suspects?

GRIM REAPER

No, but do you mind helping us out really quick before you go?

DETECTIVE

Sure! You want me to show you some more of my sick dance moves?

(does a corny dance, bumping into SKELETONS and tripping)

GRIM REAPER

Uh, no. I was going to ask if we could borrow that bone for our next video!

SKELETON 2

Yeah, the Skele-heads would love that.

DETECTIVE

Sorry guys, but this bone is evidence. You're going to have to find something else to help you go viral. You sure you don't want me to dance?

ALL (except DETECTIVE)

No!

DETECTIVE

Suit yourself.

(DETECTIVE exits, perhaps following TEENS as GRIM REAPER holds out his phones to record the SKELETONS.)

GRIM REAPER

Alright, let's take it from the top.

(Music starts as SKELETONS start dancing. Lights fade to black.)

SCENE FIVE:
In Cold Blood

AT RISE: A vampire castle themed room, or the first room as before. VAMPIRES are draped around the room, perhaps on chairs or thrones, brooding. One of them has red near their mouth. TEENS are nearby, swooning. Perhaps the lighting is dim or reddish.

VAMPIRE 1

The night is our only friend and faithful companion.

VAMPIRE 2

Indeed, brother. The shadows are where we belong...where we can truly relish in our angst.

VAMPIRE 1

What a cold, lonely world we vampires live in. If only we could find someone who truly understands us.

TEEN 1

We do! We understand you!

TEEN 2

We can be brooding and angsty!

VAMPIRE 2

If only that were true, young ones. But your blood runs warm, and therefore, I fear we could never be together.

TEEN 1

No! Don't say that!

TEEN 2

Turn us into vampires and then we can be together forever.

TEENS

Team vampire!

VAMPIRE 1

Trust me, child. You do not want this existence. Our lives are filled with darkness. You belong in the light.

(DETECTIVE enters during the last line, tripping and crashing into things in the darkness.)

DETECTIVE

Yes, light! Please! It's way too dark in here. Someone could get hurt.

(DETECTIVE turns on a lamp or light switch or lights come up.
VAMPIRES' skin is glittery.)

VAMPIRE 2

C'mon, man! You're messing with the vibes.

VAMPIRE 1

This is a vampire den. Turn down the lights.

DETECTIVE

Sorry, no can do. I have an investigation to conduct.

(realizes)

Oh wait! Vampires can't be in bright light, can they?

TEEN 1

That's sunlight.

TEEN 2

And they aren't those kind of vampires.

DETECTIVE

What kind of vampires are they?

TEEN 1

The coolest kind!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TEENS swoon.)

DETECTIVE

Why are you guys covered in glitter?

VAMPIRE 2

It's a whole thing. A new lore.

DETECTIVE

You know that glitter is never going to come out of your clothes, right? And did you bathe in cologne before coming to work today? Woo-ee that's strong!

VAMPIRE 1

It's what people want these days, okay? They're sick and tired of vampires wearing long capes with plastic looking fangs and blood dripping from their mouths.

VAMPIRE 2

Yeah. They want their vampires young and hot and sparkling.

TEEN 2

Yep!

TEEN 1

All day, every day!

VAMPIRE 1

That's all we're trying to do here, even if our boss doesn't understand it.

DETECTIVE

Oh, so Freddie isn't into your...interpretation?

VAMPIRE 2

No. She wants the whole classic Dracula thing.

(VAMPIRE 1 crosses to TEEN 1 with an exaggerated accent.)

VAMPIRE 1

I vant to suck your blood!

TEEN 2

Ooh, yes please! Go right ahead!

VAMPIRE 2

But we're not going to do that.

TEEN 1

Aw, man!

VAMPIRE 2

I mean, we're not going to continue an outdated stereotype, no matter what Freddie says.

DETECTIVE

Well, I doubt she's going to have much to say about it anymore.

VAMPIRE 1

Really? Did she read the articles I sent her? Does she finally understand what the vampire community needs in today's complex world?

DETECTIVE

No. She's not going to have much to say because she's—

(thunder crashes and lightning flashes)

Dead! Murdered in cold blood.

VAMPIRE 2

No, not Freddie!

DETECTIVE

I thought this news would make you happy.

VAMPIRE 1

Our boss is dead! Why would that make us happy?

DETECTIVE

Because she didn't share your vision.

VAMPIRE 2

That doesn't mean we want her dead.

DETECTIVE

Then how do you explain the bite marks on her neck?

VAMPIRE 1

I don't know. Maybe it was the werewolves. Those filthy mutts aren't to be trusted.

TEENS

Team vampire!

(DETECTIVE crosses to VAMPIRE with red by their mouth.)

DETECTIVE

And what about the blood dripping from the side of your mouth?

VAMPIRE

Oh, that? That's—

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TWINS appear out of nowhere, from behind DETECTIVE.)

TWINS

(in creepy voice)

Fruit punch.

DETECTIVE

(jumps and screams)

Ahhhh! Seriously?

VAMPIRE

Yeah, the fruit punch here is really good. Hey guys—head on over to the concession and get me some more, will you?

(TWINS nod and exit.)

DETECTIVE

I'm really starting to hate those creepy twins.

VAMPIRE 2

They're not creepy. They're just misunderstood.

VAMPIRE 1

Just like us vampires.

TEEN 2

We understand you!

TEENS

Team vampire!

DETECTIVE

And I suppose you have an alibi for your whereabouts this evening?

VAMPIRE 2

Of course we do. We've been here all night.

DETECTIVE

Doing what?

VAMPIRE 1

What all vampires do best...

VAMPIRES

Relishing in our angst.

VAMPIRE 2

Hopefully you'll find out who did it soon, though.

DETECTIVE

Thanks. Me too. I guess I'll be on my way, then. Enjoy your angst.

(starts to exit, tripping and crashing into things on his way out)

VAMPIRE 2

Hey Detective, can you turn down the lights on your way out?

DETECTIVE

Sure thing.

(DETECTIVE turns down the lamp or a switch, or the lights start to dim, then DETECTIVE exits, perhaps with TEENS.)

VAMPIRE 1

And the shadows return.

VAMPIRE 2

What a cold, lonely world we vampires live in.

(Lights fade to black.)

SCENE SIX:
Crying Wolf

AT RISE: A werewolf forest themed room, or the first room as before. One WEREWOLF is perched on a rock or chair, while others are nearby watching. TEENS are also nearby. Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.

WEREWOLF 1
(howling)

Ahhh-oooooooohhh!

WEREWOLF 2

The moon is calling.

TEEN 1

It could be me that's calling—if you give me your phone number.

TEEN 2

Werewolves are so cool!

TEENS

Team werewolf!

WEREWOLF 1

It sounds like some new wolves want to join our pack.

WEREWOLF 2

I don't think they're tough enough to wolf out.

TEEN 1

Oh, we are!

WEREWOLF 1

You can't be afraid of anything.

WEREWOLF 2

You have to keep your emotions in check at all times.

TEEN 2

We can do that.

WEREWOLF 1

Then c'mon, pack, it's time to wolf out!

(WEREWOLVES get down on all fours and howl to the moon.
Maybe the TEENS join in as DETECTIVE enters.)

WEREWOLVES
(howling)

Ahhh-ooooooooohhh!

DETECTIVE

Oh, cool! We're howling!

(DETECTIVE runs over to the group, tripping and knocking them over, gets down on all fours and howls. ALL others stand.)

Ahhh-ooooooooohhh!

(ALL look at DETECTIVE like he's crazy.)

WEREWOLF 2

Who is this guy?

WEREWOLF 1

He's not one of us.

WEREWOLF 2

We don't take too kindly to outsiders.

DETECTIVE

Oh, I'm not an outsider. I'm a detective. I'm here to investigate Freddie's murder.

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

WEREWOLF 1

Freddie's dead?

WEREWOLF 2

(dramatically sobbing)

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!

WEREWOLF 1

Here we go again.

WEREWOLF 2

I can't believe this! I talked to Freddie just a few hours ago at the start of my shift.

DETECTIVE

What did you talk about?

WEREWOLF 2

How should I know? There's no way I'd remember such things at a time like this!

WEREWOLF 1

They were arguing.

DETECTIVE

Arguing about what?

WEREWOLF 2

Oh, it was nothing. A minor annoyance. And it doesn't matter now...now that Freddie is—
(wailing)

Gooooooooooooonnnnnneeeee!

TEEN 1

So much for keeping your emotions in check.

WEREWOLF 2

They were arguing about working conditions.

WEREWOLF 1

I was just suggesting that the werewolves should only work on nights when there is a full moon.

DETECTIVE

And how many nights each month is there a full moon?

TEEN 2

One.

TEEN 1

C'mon, dude. Everyone knows that.

DETECTIVE

So you wanted Freddie to let you work only one day a month?

WEREWOLF 2

It's when werewolves do their best work! I only wanted to be the best werewolf I could be. I thought it was a reasonable request.

(darkening)

But Freddie didn't see it that way.

WEREWOLF 1

She got mad.

WEREWOLF 2

Really mad! And now I'll live the rest of my life knowing our last conversation was in anger!
(wailing, maybe throwing himself down, dramatically)

Waaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!

DETECTIVE

(to TEENS)

Are werewolves always like this?

TEEN 2

No. And I am so not into it.

TEEN 1

If he keeps this up, I might have to join Team Vampire.

WEREWOLF 2

Not Team Vampirrrreeeeeeeee!

DETECTIVE

So what I'm hearing is you and Freddie were not getting along, which makes you a suspect.

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

WEREWOLF 2

I didn't do it, I swear! If anyone did it, it was him!

(points at WEREWOLF 1)

WEREWOLF 1

You can't be serious! Why would I kill Freddie?

WEREWOLF 2

I don't know. I just know I didn't do it.

WEREWOLF 1

Well I didn't do it!

WEREWOLF 2

Neither did I!

DETECTIVE

It seems like both of you are...*crying wolf*. Get it?

(smirks at TEEN 2 and raises his eyebrows)

TEEN 2

Unfortunately, yes.

DETECTIVE

So do you guys have an alibi?

WEREWOLF 2

Yeah, I've been here working the whole time.

WEREWOLF 1

And so have I. We werewolves pretty much stick together.

DETECTIVES

So none of you are...*lone wolves*? Get it?

(smirks at TEEN 1 and raises his eyebrows)

TEEN 1

You mean your terrible wolf pun? Yes, we all got it.

DETECTIVE

So if the werewolves didn't kill Freddie, then who did? So far everyone's alibis check out.

WEREWOLF 1

Sounds like the killer's ghosting you.

DETECTIVE

Ghosted? Hmm...that's a thought.

TEEN 2

I'm about to ghost these werewolves.

TEEN 1

Maybe we should go see what the vampires are up to.

WEREWOLF 2

(upset, gets down on all fours, as if howling again)

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

DETECTIVE

Oh are we howling again? Cool!

(gets down on all fours, ready to howl, but sees no one else is.)

No? Okay, I'll just be on my way then.

(DETECTIVE exits, perhaps with TEENS.)

WEREWOLF 1

Are you okay?

WEREWOLF 2

It's just such a cruel, cruel world!

WEREWOLF 1

(pats WEREWOLF 2 on the back)

That it is, brother. That it is. Let's howl it out.

WEREWOLVES

(on all fours, howling)

Ahhh-oooooooohhh!

(Lights fade to black.)

SCENE SEVEN:
A Ghost of a Chance

AT RISE: A haunted room, or the first room as before. GHOSTS are moving eerily about, dressed in white. TEENS are also nearby, watching in delight.

GHOST 1
(in a creepy voice)

Who dares enter this room?

TEEN 1

Me. I do.

GHOST 2

Beware! This room is hauuuunnnteeeend!

TEEN 2

No kidding. This is a haunted house.

TEEN 1

It's kind of expected.

GHOST 1

Turn back, I tell you! Turn baaaacccckkk!

TEEN 2

Is that supposed to be scary? This is (insert year) dude. You've gotta do better than that.

GHOST 2

Okay.

(thinks, then resumes spookiness)

If you don't leave now then I'm going to have to....rip off my head!

TEEN 1

Now that's what I'm talking about!

TEEN 2

Do it! Rip off your head!

GHOST 2

Um...how about I make my arm disappear instead?

(pulls their arm inside their sleeve)

See? Isn't that cool?

GHOST 1

Whoa! Her arm disappeared! How spooooooky!

TEEN 1

Seriously?

TEEN 2

She pulled her arm into her sleeve. I can do that right now.
(pulls his arm into his sleeve)

GHOST 1

The ghostly magic in this room has caused your arm to disappear as well!

(DETECTIVE enters.)

GHOST 2

Turn back, I tell you!

GHOSTS

Turn baaaacccckkk!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as DETECTIVE rushes over to TEEN 2, tripping and crashing into things, concerned.)

DETECTIVE

All you alright? Your arm's gone!

TEEN 2

(pulls his arm out of his sleeve.)

It's right here!

DETECTIVE

Wow! Cool! How did you do that?

TEEN 2

Is this guy for real?

TEEN 1

His arm is fine. We were just goofing around with these ghosts.

TEEN 2

Yeah, ghosts are sort of boring.

GHOST 1

You know we didn't choose to be ghosts.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, kids. It's just what happens when you die.
(to GHOSTS, solemnly)

Rest in peace.

GHOST 2

What? No. I mean, we told Freddie we wanted to be creepy clowns.

GHOST 1

But she said too many people had phobias of clowns and that we had to be ghosts instead.

GHOST 2

Ghosts *are* boring! We can't compete with vampires and zombies and witches.

GHOST 1

This is the best we can do.

GHOST 2

If only Freddie had listened to us.

(darkly)

I told her she'd be sorry that she didn't let us be creepy clowns!

DETECTIVE

Is that why you killed her?

(thunder crashes and lightning flashes)

GHOST 1

Killed her? What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE

That's right. Freddie is dead. And her arms were covered in goosebumps, which everyone knows could only be caused by ghosts!

TEEN 1

Or air conditioning.

(rubs his arms.)

TEEN 2

Yeah, it's really chilly in here.

GHOST 2

Goosebumps or not, we didn't kill Freddie. We don't hate being ghosts enough to hurt anyone.

GHOST 1

In fact, we don't hate ghosts at all. There are a lot of great movies about ghosts out there.

GHOST 2

Beetlejuice.

TEEN 1

Ooh, I love that movie.

GHOST 1

Ghostbusters.

TEEN 2

Yeah, that's a good one. There are a ton of ghosts in that movie.

GHOST 2

Oh! And there's that movie about the guy who goes to a creepy hotel to cure his writer's block.

GHOST 1

Hmmm. I don't think I know that one.

DETECTIVE

Please don't say it.

GHOST 2

You know—the one where that kid is riding the tricycle and he keeps seeing those twins everywhere.

DETECTIVE

They're here, aren't they? Just come out already! I know you're around here somewhere.

GHOST 1

Twins? I don't remember any twins.

GHOST 2

Sure you do. They're the ones who always say—

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TWINS appear out of nowhere, from behind DETECTIVE.)

TWINS

(in creepy voice)

Fruit punch.

DETECTIVE

(jumps and screams)

Ahhh! You've got to be kidding me!

GHOST 2

No, it wasn't fruit punch. Sorry, guys. But if you want some, you might want to check out the concession stand out front.

(TWINS exit.)

DETECTIVE

Well I can see this is yet another dead end. I've been investigating all night and I'm still no closer to figuring out who in the world killed Freddie!

GHOST 1

Maybe it wasn't someone from this world.

GHOST 2

Maybe it was someone from out there!

(points upward, offstage)

DETECTIVE

Like, from outer space?!

GHOST 2

No, dude. Like in another room. Aliens aren't real.

TEEN 1

My dad says aliens are real.

TEEN 2

You dad also says ghosts are real.

DETECTIVE

(pointing at GHOSTS)

Um, hello?

GHOST 2

It's fine.

DETECTIVE

I guess I'll leave you to it then. Sorry I couldn't stay longer. You ghosts seem pretty cool. Maybe I'll stop by later when I'm done with my investigation.

GHOST 2

Uh, yeah. You don't need to do that.

GHOST 1

(in spooky voice)

Don't turn back, I tell you! Don't turn baaaacccckkk!

(DETECTIVE exits, perhaps a little afraid.)

GHOST 2

Nice one.

GHOST 2

Maybe it's not so bad being a ghost after all!

(GHOSTS move around spookily as lights fade to black.)

SCENE EIGHT:
Close Encounters of the Dead Kind

AT RISE: A space themed room, or the first room as before. ALIEN 1 is walking slowly toward TEENS.

ALIEN 1

Greetings, Earthlings.

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

TEEN 1

Whoa, check it out! Aliens!

ALIEN 1

We come in peace.

TEEN 2

That alien doesn't look too peaceful to me.

TEEN 1

I wonder what it wants with us?

ALIEN 1

Want to...learn.

TEEN 1

Learn? As in study us?

TEEN 2

I think it's going to take us back to its ship!

TEEN 1

It's gonna beam us up!

TEEN 2

Yes! Finally. I've always wanted to be abducted by aliens!

ALIEN 1

Abducted?

TEEN 1

Seriously, abducted? Who wants to get abducted?

TEEN 1

Who wouldn't? Seeing the inside of a spaceship, making new friends? Sounds cool to me!

ALIEN 1

Cool?

(ALIEN 2 and any other ALIENS enter, eating hotdogs.)

ALIEN 2

Dude! You should see what they have in the breakroom.

ALIEN 1

Breakroom?

ALIEN 2

Yes! Someone brought in a whole bunch of tasty grub. Total score!
(raises drumstick)

ALIEN 1

Total score!

TEEN 2

Ahem.

ALIEN 2

(holds out drumstick)

Oh, sorry. Do you want some?

TEEN 1

No. We don't want food.

ALIEN 2

Why not? I always want food.

TEEN 2

We want aliens!

ALIEN 2

You're gonna be disappointed then, 'cause aliens aren't real.

ALIEN 1

Not real?

TEEN 1

We don't need real aliens. We just need you to do your job.

ALIEN 2

My job?

(looks down at costume)

Oh right.

(DETECTIVE enters, just as ALIEN 2 throws his hotdog.)

ALIEN 2 (Cont.)

Take me to your leader.

(ALIEN 2 walks toward TEENS as thunder crashes and lightning flashes. DETECTIVE slips on the hotdog, crashing into something. ALIEN 2 looks at him, unimpressed)

If that's your leader then Earth is in big trouble.

DETECTIVES

My apologies. I can be a little clumsy sometimes.

(looks up and sees ALIENS)

Whoa, get a load of these guys!

TEEN 2

They're aliens.

ALIEN 2

Oh, right.

(in ALIEN voice)

We come from the planet Zarg.

DETECTIVE

Well, whatever planet you're from, I need to ask you a couple of questions.

ALIEN 2

Fine. Shoot.

DETECTIVE

Oh, I'm not going to shoot you. I don't even have a gun.

(holds up his hands, in an alien voice)

I come in peace.

(smirks and winks)

Get it?

TEEN 1

That alien already said that.

DETECTIVE

Oh, darn. Well I guess I'll just come out and ask then...

(dramatically)

Which one of you killed Freddie?

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

ALIEN 2

Who's Freddie?

DETECTIVE

Your boss!

ALIEN 1

Boss?

DETECTIVE

Yes. Your leader....of this haunted house. What did you think we were here for?

ALIEN 2

The food!

(pulls food out of his costume and starts eating it)

But to answer your question, we didn't kill Freddie.

DETECTIVE

Then how do you explain the green goo on her apron.

ALIEN 1

Apron?

DETECTIVE

Freddie was dressed like a butcher. Eric called in.

ALIEN 2

Oh, the butcher! That explains it then.

(takes a big bite)

DETECTIVE

Explains what?

ALIEN 2

Why that butcher got so mad at me when I tried to eat her sausages! She told me to get to work then I said to her, "I don't work for you, so you can shove those sausages in your—"

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

DETECTIVE

Don't! There are kids here!

ALIEN 2

What? I was going to say buns...as in hot dog buns. Smother them in ketchup and mustard and some of that really good green relish I brought home from my trip to Chicago.

(licks his lips)

Mmmm. Delicious.

TEEN 2

Relish! I bet that's what the green goo was.

ALIEN 1

Goo.

(holds up hand, there is green goo on it)

ALIEN 2

Oh, it definitely was. That butcher was super mad at me, so I threw some relish on her then ran back to my spaceship, grabbing a hot dog for the road, of course.

DETECTIVE

So you did get into a fight with Freddie?

ALIEN 2

A food fight, anyway. But that doesn't mean I killed her.

DETECTIVE

I guess not. When you were with her did you see anyone suspicious?

ALIEN 2

Come to think of it, I did see a giant monster hanging around. But I was also super hungry, so I could've been seeing things. I get like that when I'm hungry. That's why I always pack a snack.
(takes more food out of his costume and eats it)

DETECTIVE

Thanks. It sounds like I have another stop to make in my investigation.

(starts to exit)

ALIEN 2

If it's the breakroom, can you bring me another one of those hotdogs?

DETECTIVE

Sure thing.

(Exits, possibly following TEENS, tripping and crashing into things as he does. ALIEN 2 turns to ALIEN 1.)

ALIEN 2

So are you going to take that mask off and have something to eat?

ALIEN 1

Mask?

ALIEN 2

Here. Let me help.

(ALIEN 2 tries to take ALIEN 1's mask off but can't. He screams.)

Ahhh! It's real! Aliens are real!

(ALIEN 1 shrugs as ALIEN 2 runs offstage screaming as lights fade to black.)

SCENE NINE:
It's Alive!

AT RISE: A laboratory themed room, or the first room as before. MAD SCIENTIST is holding a jar filled with red liquid and watching MONSTER walk slowly toward TEENS with his arms stretched out.

SCIENTIST
(excitedly, very much in character)

That's it! The monster's brain is now in place!

MONSTER

Arrrrgh!

SCIENTIST

It's alive! It's *alive!*

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

TEEN 1
(bored)

Cool.

TEEN 2

Yeah, it's fine.

SCIENTIST
(taken aback)

Fine?

(getting back into character)

My evil plan has finally come true! My genius is in full display. I have brought my monster to life!

MONSTER

Arrrrgh!

TEEN 1

Huh. I guess so.

TEEN 2

He's alive. Yay.

(to TEEN 1)

You ready to go?

SCIENTIST

Go? Don't go!

(scrambling, trying to be scary)

SCIENTIST (Cont.)

I may need to harvest your body parts to bring my monster to life!

MONSTER

Arrrrgh!

TEEN 1

Isn't he already alive?

SCIENTIST

Yes, but...I could make another monster come alive! Yes! And use your body parts to do it!

(grabs a saw or some other tool and crosses to TEENS)

Come here so I can harvest your limbs!

TEEN 2

Naw, I'm good.

TEEN 1

Let's go.

(TEENS turn to leave.)

SCIENTIST

No! You can't leave. Monster, get them!

MONSTER

Arrrrgh!

(MONSTER makes his way toward TEENS as thunder crashes and lightning flashes. DETECTIVE enters.)

TEEN 2

(monotone)

Oh, no. It's a monster.

TEEN 1

(monotone)

Whatever will we do?

DETECTIVE

I'll save you!

(DETECTIVE rushes at monster, tripping and crashing into things. It's a chaotic mess, ending with DETECTIVE and MONSTER in a tangle on the ground.)

TEEN 2

Well that wasn't necessary.

TEEN 1

Yeah, it's just a haunted house.

SCIENTIST

Just a haunted house? How dare you! This is my laboratory.

(MONSTER and DETECTIVE stand.)

TEEN 2

Give it up, man. We aren't scared.

DETECTIVE

Well you should be!

SCIENTIST

Yes, thank you. See? This is someone who appreciates a monster.

DETECTIVE

Oh, I appreciate a monster alright, just not this one.

(indicates MONSTER)

MONSTER

(feelings are hurt)

Arrgh.

DETECTIVE

That's right. The monster I'm looking for is the one who—

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

Killed your boss, Freddie!

SCIENTIST

Freddie is dead?

(quickly getting back into character)

I mean, who is this Freddie you speak of and can I harvest her body parts?

TEEN 1

Wow, that's cold.

TEEN 2

That's your boss you're talking about.

DETECTIVE

She's right. Your lack of concern over your boss leads me to believe you could be the killer!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

SCIENTIST

I didn't do it!

DETECTIVE

That might be true. But perhaps you sent your monster to do your bidding!

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes.)

MONSTER

(confused)

Argh?

TEEN 1

Cue the pitchforks.

SCIENTIST

I swear, neither of us would ever hurt Freddie.

DETECTIVE

Then how do you explain an electrode attached to one of Freddie's legs?

(crosses to MONSTER)

An electrode that looks suspiciously similar to the ones found on your monster?

SCIENTIST

They're just stickers, see?

(pulls an electrode off MONSTER)

MONSTER

Ow!

SCIENTIST

My monster gets bored sometimes and starts to wander. He must've wandered off into the haunted house and dropped his electrode stickers. Freddie's always doing walk throughs, so maybe it got stuck on her leg.

DETECTIVE

Likely story.

(crosses to SCIENTIST, dramatically)

Then tell me doctor, what is in that jar of yours?

(nervously, looking around)

And I know it's filled with red liquid, so if those twins are around here, ready to say you-know-what, I swear!

SCIENTIST

Twins? No. It's just an empty jar that used to hold the brain I put into my monster.

DETECTIVE

I see. So the liquid inside isn't—

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as TWINS appear out of nowhere, from behind DETECTIVE.)

TWINS

(in creepy voice)

Fruit punch.

DETECTIVE

(jumps and screams)

Ahhh! Enough! Please, for the love of all things haunted, go to the concession stand out front and get yourselves some fruit punch!

(TWINS exit.)

TEEN 2

(chuckles)

Now that was scary!

DETECTIVE

The twins?

TEEN 2

No. Your overreaction. They were just thirsty!

DETECTIVE

And I'm thirsty too...for answers, that is.

SCIENTIST

Try the concession stand.

DETECTIVE

No, not the concession stand. It's time to regroup at the scene of the crime!

(DETECTIVE exits clumsily, perhaps following teens. SCIENTIST turns to MONSTER.)

SCIENTIST

How about you, Monster? Are you thirsty?

MONSTER

(shrugs)

Sure? Why not.

(Takes the jar and drinks out of it as lights fade to black,)

SCENE TEN:
Death Trap

AT RISE: The first room as before. FREDDIE'S body is on the floor, center. DETECTIVE is standing over the body, observing.

DETECTIVE

If only you could tell someone who killed you, then your murderer could be brought to justice. But your killer has covered their tracks well, and the clues don't seem to lead anywhere.

(thinks)

Unless—

(Thunder crashes and lightning flashes as IGOR enters, hunched over, followed by TEENS. Perhaps other EMPLOYEES, maybe one from each scene, enter with them.)

IGOR

Uh, Boss. I've got a couple of kids here who want to know when the haunted house is going to be open for business again.

DETECTIVE

I'm not your boss, Igor.

IGOR

Well, who is, then, now that Freddie's...

TEEN 1

Dead.

IGOR

Right.

DETECTIVE

If Freddie was the manager, then who is the assistant manager?

IGOR

I suppose that would be me.

DETECTIVE

So your boss dies and suddenly you get her job?

IGOR

I guess so. I don't know.

DETECTIVE

That's a motive, you know.

IGOR

I didn't kill my boss, if that's what you're thinking.

DETECTIVE

If you didn't, then tell me...who did?

TEEN 2

Isn't that your job?

IGOR

Yeah, I just sell tickets.

TEEN 1

A detective is the one who's supposed to find the clues and interview the suspects.

TEEN 2

Did you interview everyone who works at the haunted house?

DETECTIVE

I did! And I'm not any closer to finding the killer.

IGOR

You haven't talked to Eric yet.

DETECTIVE

That's right, Eric—the butcher who called in today. You were going to get him on the phone for me. Did you give him a call?

IGOR

I did.

TEEN 1

And?

IGOR

When I called his number his sister answered and told me he wasn't at home.

TEEN 2

Where was he?

End of Excerpt.

To read the rest of this play, email tracywellsplaywright@gmail.com