

Imaginary Species  
By Jerico Bleu

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## Characters

Tim, Male, Open Ethnicity, Late-20s  
Penny, Female, Open Ethnicity, Late-20s  
Wilma, Female, Open Ethnicity, Mid-60s  
Tabitha, Female, Open Ethnicity, Mid-40s  
Timmy, Male, Open Ethnicity, 18+ to play 7  
Helen, Female, Open Ethnicity, Mid-40s  
Craig/Dark Figure, Male, Open Ethnicity, Mid-30s

**Reunion: It's Time**

*A start living room with minimal furnishings. Tim, and Penny are all gathered around a small table drinking beer. They are a rough looking bunch. We catch them mid conversation.*

**PENNY**

It's the best. Just a fact

**TIM**

Bullshit

**PENNY**

Get on IMDB right now and see for yourself

**TIM**

You know I don't give a damn about critics

**PENNY**

Tell me why

**TIM**

Because it's the obvious answer

**PENNY**

How is Rocky Horror not the best cult film ever? Everyone thinks so

**TIM**

Most people don't even know what a cult classic is. Of course they'll say Rocky Horror it's the only one they've ever heard of.

**PENNY** *Sarcastically*

Ok geniuses if not Rocky Horror, then what? Show Girls?

**TIM**

Never been one for fishnets

**PENNY**

Critters? The Thing? Goonies?

**TIM**

Think more out of this world

**PENNY**

Night of the Living Dead?

**TIM**

Nope

**PENNY**

Gremlins?

**TIM**

Not even close

**PENNY**

I give up

**TIM**

Killer Klowns From Outer Space

**PENNY**

What the hell is that!

**TIM**

You call yourself a cult film connoisseur and you've never seen Killer Klowns From Outer Space! It's brilliant. These clowns invade a small town with a circus tent looking spaceship. It's the perfect blend of horror and camp

*An oven timer goes off and Tim goes into the other room. He comes back with a casserole dish of pasta.*

**PENNY**

It sounds ridiculous

**TIM**

It's got shadow puppets, man eating plants, and a get away ice cream truck. What more can you ask for!

**PENNY** *noticing*

I love your famous chorizo lasagna

**TIM**

Only the best for the best

*They each grab a fork and dig into the casserole.*

**PENNY** *mid bite*

Oh fuck that's good. THIS is what I've missed. Fuck YOU

**TIM**

I couldn't ask you to travel all this way and not feed you.

**PENNY**

Not that I mind traveling cross country to see you but what are you doing here? You've lived in some off beat areas before but this literally in the middle of nowhere

**TIM**

This is actually the town I'm from

**PENNY**

Deeeeeeep South

**TIM**

It used to be smaller than this if you can believe it

**PENNY**

Jesus. I knew you came from nothing but this is NOTHING. Wait a minute. Your hometown. Does she still live here?

**TIM**

Never moved

**PENNY**

How long have you been here?

**TIM**

Few weeks. Needed to check things out and ground myself before I made a decision.

**PENNY**

Have you spoken to her?

**TIM**

That's where it gets complicated.

**PENNY**

What do you mean?

**TIM**

There's plenty of time to talk about that.

*He raises a Mason Jar full of beer*

**TIM CONT**

So glad to have you here

**PENNY** *raising her glass*

Glad to see you

*They click glasses*

## **The Bed is Mean**

*A large southern kitchen with open windows, black and white tile flooring, coffee pot, and an old refrigerator. A closet door is to the right of the sink. Wilma enters. She is a heavy set unkempt woman in her 60s. She wears night clothes and house slippers. She enters the kitchen and starts making a pot of coffee when she hears a sound coming from the closet. It catches her off guard. She looks around until she connects the dots.*

### **WILMA**

Ok, come on out. (a moment) Timmy it's too late, and you should be in bed.

*TIMMY appears from the closet. He is 7 and easily frightened.*

### **TIMMY**

I don't want to go back in there

### **WILMA**

Sweetie you have to sleep. The human body needs to sleep so it can work properly.

### **TIMMY**

But you're not asleep

### **WILMA**

I don't require as much sleep as a youngun. When you get to be my age you won't either but while you're still this small you need all the sleep you can get.

### **TIMMY**

Can I sleep with you in your room?

### **WILMA**

A young boy shouldn't be sleeping with his granny

### **TIMMY**

Just for tonight

### **WILMA**

There's nothing wrong with your bed

### **TIMMY**

I don't like it

**WILMA**

Sweetie you picked that bed. Remember I took you to get it for your birthday. I said pick any bed you want, and that's the bed you chose. You don't like to play racecar anymore?

**TIMMY**

I do, but I can't play with this bed any more. It's scary

**WILMA**

Honey, it's just a bunch of cotton and feathers.

**TIMMY**

I'm not scared of the RACECAR BED

**WILMA**

Then what is it that you ARE afraid of?

**TIMMY**

I hear things

**WILMA**

What kind of things?

**TIMMY**

Coming from underneath

**WILMA**

Like the boogeyman?

**TIMMY**

The boogeyman isn't real

**WILMA**

Of course he isn't, so what is it that you think you hear?

**TIMMY**

I can't tell you



**WILMA**

You can tell your granny anything

**TIMMY**

Uh-hu we'll get in trouble

**Reunion part 2**

*Tim has just described his idea and everyone is perplexed*

**TIM**

I know it's a little out there

**PENNY**

Yah, like Mars

**TIM**

It will all make sense once it plays out

**PENNY**

It's not that we don't have faith in you...I'm just confused. Are you looking for fame? Like, are you hoping to get the media's attention, and start a following

**TIM**

Nothing like that.

**Penny**

Then why can't we just wear our blacks like we've done before

**TIM**

Because it's my turn and I want to break her down in the most creative way possible

**PENNY**

But why clowns? I understand wanting to mentally crack her. I'm with you on that, but the clown idea seems a little dated. Think how much it's been done. Pennywise, The Dark Knight, Poltergeist, every other season of American Horror Story features a creepy clown in some form. Gacy. Fucking Gacy. You can't top Gacy man

**TIM**

I'm not looking to create an art installation for the masses.

**PENNY**

What if other members of this town see us.....dressed as clowns

**TIM**

I know I'm throwing a lot at you, but trust me. I've thought this through, and it's the way I want to do it.

**PENNY**

How long are you thinking "mentally breaking her down" is gonna take?

**TIM**

A few weeks maybe a month

**PENNY**

A month! Mine took 20 minutes

**TIM**

I know it's a lot of time

**PENNY**

Look honey, I considered you to be closer to me than most of my family. I had to take out another credit card just to get here, and I would do it again in a heartbeat, but I'm hourly, and I've got kids to feed

**TIM**

Ok, maybe a month is over kill, but I'm gonna need a weekend a half at least

**PENNY**

At most!

**TIM**

Fine

**PENNY**

What's the first step?

**Vidalia Garden**

*WILMA walks downstage to a gardening patch. She has a gardening kit and a sack of dirt over her shoulder. She wears a pink floral apron and gloves that are heavily stained. With a hoof she sits down in the dirt. In the garden a few plants have started sprouting but nothings flourished*

**WILMA OS**

You need some help sweetheart?

**TIMMY**

No, I got it

*TIMMY comes down stage dragging a second sack of dirt. He struggles, but is determined*

**WILMA**

That sack is nearly as big as you are

**TIMMY**

I'm strong Granny

**WILMA**

I know you are, pumpkin. Do you have the gloves I gave you?

*TIMMY produces a set of gloves that match hers.*

**WILMA CON'T**

That's my little man. Now, crouch down here like me.

**TIMMY**

We gonna make flowers?

**WILMA**

Not today

**TIMMY**

Apples?

**WILMA**

Apples come from trees sweetheart

**TIMMY**

Oh, I forgot. Strawberries?

**WILMA**

Even better

**TIMMY**

What?

**WILMA**

Today I'm gonna teach you how to plant onions

**TIMMY**

Ew, onions are nasty

**WILMA**

Onions are a sweet treat from God. Ain't nothing better than an onion. Ok, what's the first step in gardening?

**TIMMY**

We make sure we have our gloves

*WILMA looks at her hands*

**WILMA**

Check.

*She looks at TIMMY'S hands*

**WILMA CONT**

Check. Next?

**TIMMY**

We grab our gardening tool box.

*He looks at the box by WILMA then they make eye contact.*

**BOTH**

Check

**WILMA**

Excellent.

*She reaches into her tool box and pulls out an onion bulb.*

**WILMA CON'T**

What do we call this?

**TIMMY**

Uhhmm. A bob

**WILMA**

Close

**TIMMY**

A bib?

**WILMA**

Final answer?

**TIMMY**

A.....

**WILMA**

Club. Here's how you plant a bulb. Take your two fingers. And shove them down in the dirt. Now make a little circular motion until you have a hole. Now just plop your blurb on in the hole and finish it off with some dirt. Easy. Now you try.

*TIMMY does so.*

**WILMA CON'T**

Perfect! You'll be a professional gardener in no time.

**TIMMY**

I love gardening with you Granny

**WILMA**

I love gardening with you sweetheart. Think you can manage the rest of these bulbs?

*TIMMY nods, then she hands him the tool box. WILMA ponders her next statement.*

**WILMA CONT**

Sweetheart you know you can talk to Granny about anything right?

**TIMMY**

Uh-hu

**WILMA**

Then tell me why you haven't been sleeping.

*TIMMY doesn't respond.*

**WILMA CON'T**

You gotta start talking.

**TIMMY quietly**

You promise you won't tell anyone? Cuz if you tell it'll get mad

**WILMA**

What will get mad?

**TIMMY**

The thing under the bed

**WILMA**

There ain't nothing under your bed. I thought you said you didn't believe in the boogy man

**TIMMY**

This ain't no man Granny. It comes out at night and wakes me up. It's real. I've seen it

**WILMA**

What does it look like?

**TIMMY**

It's big, smelly, and never lets me sleep. Always wants to play games.

**WILMA**

What kind of games? Like Candyland?

**TIMMY**

No. Games that hurt. but it says if I don't play It says it will eat me. I don't want to be eaten granny

*He becomes overwhelmed and goes to her for a hug. They embrace. Then we hear the doorbell ring.*

**WILMA**

I won't let anything happen to you. Granny's promise.

*The doorbell is heard again...*

**WILMA CON'T**, *calling to the door, then to Timmy*

Coming. You are so brave. Granny's gotta answer the door, but when I come back you and I can cook lunch together. How does that sound?

*He nods. She gets up and walks up stage. She is met by Dr. Helen Malone.*

**HELEN**

There you are Wilma. Got a little worried when you didn't answer the door so I let myself in. I hope that's ok. Since we've transitioned into house calls the hospital requires a key for emergencies.

**WILMA**

Oh, Dr. Malone

**HELEN**

Call me Helen

**WILMA**

Right, Helen. Sorry, I'm pretty old school. It will take me a while to get used to that. Forgive me, but what was the purpose of the visit today?

**HELEN**

Just our weekly check up

**WILMA**



Heavens to Betsy that's right. You'll forgive my cloudiness. My grandson and I were gardening and...

*WILMA turns to indicate to TIMMY, but he isn't there.*

**WILMA CON'T**

Where did that boy run off to?

**HELEN**

Well how about we get started. Take a seat here and I'll take your blood pressure

*WILMA walks to the patio table and sits. HELEN takes out a stethoscope and blood pressure band from her bag.*

**HELEN**

Describe your day for me

**WILMA**

What do you mean?

**HELEN**

Anything out of the ordinary?

**WILMA**

Dr. Mal-....HELEN. You got kids?

**HELEN**

I do

**WILMA**

Every day feels out of the ordinary with kids

**HELEN** *Checks WILMA'S blood pressure*

Ok, your blood pressure is a bit high. Last we spoke you were gonna cut down on the caffeine.

**WILMA**

I manage to drink a pot a day. Just a little joke

**HELEN**

No caffeine after 3pm. You can't get a healthy amount of sleep if your consuming caffeine late in the day

**WILMA**

I know I know, but I've had a lot on my plate lately. It's Timmy. He's refusing to sleep in his room. So, most nights I've had to find him, and talk him down.

*HELEN pulls out a pad of paper and begins to take down notes.*

**HELEN**

How often do you have these conversations?

**WILMA**

Maybe three or four times a week, but I fear it's getting worse

**HELEN**

And where is Tabitha during these conversations?

**WILMA**

Where indeed. I know she's of my own blood, but sometimes that girl cares more about partying than being a mother

**HELEN**

You need to bring these conversation sup with your daughter

**WILMA**

Easier said than done. I confronted her about Timmy's sleeping problem the other night but she refused to acknowledge it

**HELEN**

Just so I'm clear Tabitha has never been present during these nightly conversations with your grandson?

**WILMA**

No. Please don't judge her.

**HELEN**

Alright Wilma. Looks like we are done for today. I've taken a few notes down, and I'll check in with you later this week. If these late nights continue I will have to increase our visits. Just need to make sure we keep you healthy while we manage your stress.

**WILMA**

I understand. Do me a favorite, don't mention what I said about Tabitha. She's a good mother, she just gets her priorities confused.

## Clown Sighting

*WILMA and TIMMY are watching a movie. A loud crash outside.*

### WILMA

That's probably your Mama

*A loud bang at the door.*

### WILMA CONT

Sounds like she's had a few too many. Ok sweetie you can sleep in my room, but if your mama asks it was my idea ok

*Timmy shakes his head, and runs off stage. Another loud bang.*

### WILMA CONT calling to the door

I'm coming. Give me a second

*She unlocks the door and in falls a very intoxicated TABITHA. Holding on to her is an equally intoxicated CRAIG.*

### TABITHA

Took you long enough

### WILMA

It's after midnight

### TABITHA

Oh mama please

### WILMA to CRAIG then to TABITHA

Now hold on there buster brown. Tabitha Jean don't stroll into my kitchen at this hour with liquor on your breath and a strange man on your arm.

### TABITHA

Mama, don't be rude. This here is Craig. Craig is an entrepreneur

### WILMA

Well Craig the entrepreneur I'm sure you're lovely but it's much too late for company

**TABITHA**

Don't listen to her Craig this is my house too. Mama fix yourself a cup of coffee and relax.

*TABITHA and CRAIG barrel past WILMA and sit at the kitchen table.*

**Wilma**

I didn't realize Alice's stayed open this late

**CRAIG**

Ew Alice's

**TABITHA**

Mama no one goes to Alice's anymore. Craig and I met at the Par-T Pub.

**CRAIG**

Dollar draft Wednesdays

**TABITHA**

Mama Craig here is hilarious. Oh oh tell Mama that joke you told me

**WILMA**

I ain't in the mood for no joke

**TABITHA**

It's super funny

**CRAIG**

The one about the gay guy or the black guy?

**TABITHA**

The gay one

**CRAIG**

How many gay guys does it take to screw in a light bulb?

**TABITHA to Wilma**

Say "how many?" Mama

**WILMA**

I do not want to play

**TABITHA**

Do the joke mama

**WILMA** *submitting*

How many?

**CRAIG**

Just 1 but it takes the entire emergency room to remove it

*TABITHA and CRAIG laugh uncontrollably.*

**WILMA**

Tabitha you need to say goodnight to your friend

**TABITHA**

His name is Craig Mama

**CRAIG**

Yah, his name is Craig Mama

**TABITHA**

See how funny he is. oh Mama you are never gonna believe what we saw tonight.

**CRAIG** *remembering*

oh right!

**TABITHA**

We saw these, like, clowns

**WILMA**

Clowns?

**CRAIG**

Fucking crazy right! We were driving down I-40 on the way to the BP

**TABITHA**

It's pitch black out

**CRAIG**

Completely dark. No street lights or nothing

**TABITHA**

For miles

**CRAIG**

Must have been some electrical issue or something.

**TABITHA**

We get to the BP, and start pumping some gas

**CRAIG**

Then I see something coming out of the field

**TABITHA**

That big corn field that make into a maze on Halloween

**WILMA**

I know the one

**CRAIG**

It's this clown. Bright red nose. Big shoes. Like, a legit fucking clown coming out of the corn field.

**TABITHA**

Didn't have a bag or nothing

**CRAIG**

Nothing at all. Just the gettup

**TABITHA**

Isn't that scary.

**CRAIG**

He just walked into the mart. Bought some cigarettes then walked back into the field

**TABITHA**

Back into the pitch black field. What do you suppose he was doing there?

**CRAIG**

Clown stuff

**TABITHA**

Fuck you I'm serious. There's a guy dressed as a clown hanging out in the corn maze smoking cigarettes. That's so spooky

**WILMA**

It's time for your friend to leave

**TABITHA**

Don't you think that's fuck up Mama? A random guy creeping around the field at night

**WILMA**

Tabitha Jean. Say. Goodnight

**TABITHA** *she submits*

Fine, fine. Goodnight Craig.

**CRAIG** *to TABITHA then tips an invisible hat to WILMA*

I'll call you tomorrow. A pleasure Madam. Ya'll sleep tight now, and be on the lookout for crazed clowns

**WILMA**

Good night to you

*She closes the door behind him*

**TABITHA** *fixing herself a cup of coffee*

Good lord Mama

**WILMA**

You know I don't like you bringing strangers into my home

**TABITHA**

Craig isn't a stranger Mama haven't you been listening

**WILMA**

This is my house Tabitha



**TABITHA**

Well it's my house too Mama. I moved here to help you out. I'm doing you a favor, so stop hanging your "this is my house" crap over me

**WILMA**

It's too late for this. I don't want to fight with you right now. I've got something I need to ask you.

**TABITHA**

What now Mama?

**WILMA**

It's about Timmy. Why won't he sleep in his own bed

**TABITHA**

I told you the other night I don't want to talk about this?

**WILMA**

He says he's afraid to sleep in his bed

**TABITHA**

Why are you bringing this up right now?

**WILMA**

He says the bed is "mean" to him. Why would he think that?

**TABITHA**

I've had too much to drink

**WILMA**

Obviously

**TABITHA**

Just go to bed Mama. We can talk about this in the morning.

**WILMA**

I wanna talk about it now. The poor boy sounds traumatized

**TABITHA**

I've got a headache

**WILMA**

Maybe if you stayed home occasionally you'd feel better.

**TABITHA**

I'm not defending my choices. We all cope with life's difficulties in our own ways.

*A moment*

**TABITHA CONT**

Just go to bed Mama. We can talk in the morning.

*She exits*

**Outline**

*TIM paces the room waiting. Then, PENNY stumbles through the door.*

**TIM**

Is it done?

**PENNY**

Well not exactly

**TIM**

Did you put the circus toys in their truck or not?

**PENNY**

I needed cigarettes.

**TIM**

Goddamn it. We are not supposed to be seen yet

**PENNY**

It's a BP in the middle of nowhere. There were only a few/ people in

**TIM**

It doesn't matter. I laid out the timeline of this plan for a reason. First Tabitha starts to notice random circus toys floating about, FOLLOWED by sightings of clowns.

**PENNY**

Creepy is creepy. It doesn't matter what order it comes in

**TIM**

If we casually walk into a gas station dressed as clowns we just look like a bunch of idiots who can't figure out what holiday it is.

**PENNY** *referring to her clown costume*

Again, not your best idea

**TIM**

I want to plant a seed of mystery that blooms into a paranoia. Clowns are an easy vessel to instill fear. I am not interested in just being creepy. I want to unearth! Another

reason we dress as clowns is because you can't be identified with your face caked in this much makeup. When everything is said and done the only information the police will have on us is that we were dressed as clowns.

**PENNY**

What about the old woman? She didn't do anything

**TIM**

Maybe not physically, but she was there and said nothing.

**PENNY**

I didn't agree to that

*The booming sound has returned. It increases as Tim speaks making it hard for him to concentrate.*

**TIM**

I'll give you all an answer on the old woman before the next outing. I helped you in your time of need. Now, I need you to do the same for me. Without question.

*TIM is jolted. He tries to locate the sound.*

**PENNY**

Honey, you're right. I'm just frustrated because I miss my kids and I'm taking that out on you. What's the matter with you?

*Tim goes into a familiar ritual. He tries to ground himself by counting and focusing on his breath. The sound continues and grows.*

**TIM**

1 2 3 4 5.....12345.....123... / 12...1.

**PENNY**

What are you doing?

*The booming sound returns, proving the previous moment only to be a manipulative tease. Tim goes back to counting but becomes so overwhelmed by the noise his counting turns to screams.*

**TIM**

12345....12345....ahhhhhh.....aaahhh

*The sound reaches a climax*

**PENNY** goes to *TIM* and holds him

I'm here, I'm here. You're safe. Listening to me. Listen to the sound of my voice. You are safe. Follow my voice. You are safe.

*The sound dissolves and is gone. Tim fully notices PENNY*

## The Fight

*The kitchen. Timmy has a bruise on his face from a fight. Wilma gathering peroxide. Tabitha on the phone with school*

**TABITHA** *Into phone*

A fight! A serious fight. (Listening) I'm looking at him right now. He's got blood dripping from his nose and a gash in his face. (Listening) I don't know what happened. I wasn't there. All I know is I came home to find my son has been beaten up by someone at your school and you're telling me none of the staff noticed? (Listening) He shouldn't have to come and tell you. You should be able to see that with your own goddamn eyes. (Listening) until you all can assure my son's safety while he's under your roof I'll speak to you however I damn well please.

**WILMA** *To TIMMY*

This is gonna sting sweetie

*She dabs the cuts on his legs with peroxide. He wensed.*

**TABITHA**

I'll be walking him to school myself tomorrow, and when we arrive I will be speaking to the principal. In the meantime, do you think you can find out who the parents are of the kid who hit my son, and let them know what a shitty job they're doing.

*She hangs up the phone, and immediately grabs a beer.*

**WILMA**

What are they gonna do?

**TABITHA**

Not a goddamn thing. They told me it's Timmy's responsibility to report bad behavior. How's he supposed to report bad behavior when his face is being shoved in the dirt. Those dick holes are gonna get a face full of me tomorrow.

*She chugs the beer*

**WILMA** *Indicating the beer*

Is that necessary?

**TABITHA**

Don't start with me mother

**WILMA to TIMMY**

Who did this to you honey?

*He is silent*

**TABITHA**

Gotta speak up buddy

**WILMA to TABITHA then to TIMMY**

Calm down! You can tell us. We aren't gonna let anyone else hurt you but we gotta know who did this.

**TIMMY**

This kid in my class

**WILMA**

What's this kid's name?

**TIMMY**

Levi

**TABITHA**

What kind of dumbass name is Levi?

**TIMMY**

Him and his friends Justin and Henry like to make fun of me. They call me girly

**TABITHA**

Why do they call you that?

**TIMMY**

I don't know. I guess it's cause I brought in an onion

**TABITHA**

You brought an onion to school?

**TIMMY**

Uh-hu

**WILMA**

One of our onions?

**TIMMY**

Yah. For show and tell. Teacher said to bring in something you are proud of so I brought in one of the onions we grew and told the class all about our garden.

**TABITHA**

You've been teaching him how to garden?

**WILMA**

Yes

**TABITHA**

Why? Little boys shouldn't be growing onions in their grandmother's garden

**WILMA**

Ain't nothing wrong with knowing how to grow your own food

**TABITHA**

It is when it gets you beaten up. Timmy, get up.

*He does so*

**TABITHA CONT**

Now put your legs hip distance apart. I'm gonna teach you to fight

**WILMA**

That ain't gonna solve anything

**TABITHA to WILMA then to TIMMY**

If he's gonna survive he's gotta learn to toughen up, or the world is gonna kick the shit out of him. Try to block my hits

*She starts out by throwing a series of small punches to the sides of his arms.*

**TABITHA CONT**

Now whatever happens you never break eye contact.



*He is unable to keep up or effectively block her jabs.*

**TABITHA CONT**

You need to focus. Watch where my hands go.

*She picks up speed, and he is still unable to block*

**TIMMY**

I don't want to do this anymore

**WILMA**

Tabitha that's enough

**TABITHA**

He's gotta learn

*She picks up speed and eventually hits him in the face. Sounds of pain from TIMMY*

**TABITHA CONT**

Just shake it off

**TIMMY**

It hurts

**TABITHA**

Don't break eye contact. You gotta learn or they'll do it again

**WILMA**

Stop

**TIMMY**

You're hurting me

**TABITHA**

Fight back. I will not stop until you fight back

**TIMMY**

I'm trying

**WILMA** *Stepping in between them*

I said that's enough

*By accident TABITHA hits WILMA in the face. TABITHA goes to apologize and WILMA slaps her in the face. After a moment WILMA regrets her actions and reaches out to TABITHA but she pulls away*

**WILMA**

You don't put your hands on a child. That's not how I raised you.

**TABITHA** *scoffs*

You were never exactly mother of the year yourself, so don't go passing judgment on me

**WILMA**

Ain't no use in bringing up ancient history

**TABITHA**

Miss high and mighty. So judgment but can never turn that perceptive eye on herself

**WILMA**

You're getting yourself worked up. Go cool off!

**TABITHA**

Wish you were this protective when I was his age. Maybe if I liked planting onions you'd have protected me

**WILMA**

God has forgiven me.

**TABITHA**

God ain't the one you should be seeking forgiveness. He's never felt Daddy's belt across their backside

**WILMA**

He's gone, Tabitha. God DID see to that. That horrible man is out of our lives. Now leave it in the past where it belongs, and be a better mother to your son

*A beat*

**TABITHA**

Since you're the superior parent how about you go down to the school tomorrow. Don't be surprised when "sharing your feelings" doesn't work

*She grabs her things and heads out, slamming the door behind her. WILMA turns to a shaken TIMMY*

**WILMA** *she embraces TIMMY*

Come here sweetheart. You know your mama loves you right? She wanted to teach you how to defend yourself because she cares so much about you. She just got carried away. You understand?

*TIMMY shakes his head in agreement*

**WILMA CONT**

Now, you take a nap then we can cook dinner together

**TIMMY**

Ok Granny

*TIMMY to living room and begins to curl up on the floor*

**WILMA**

Sweetheart, you can't sleep in the living room forever.

**TIMMY**

Yes I can

**WILMA**

You gotta face your fears. When you grow up life is gonna present you with loads of scary moments. You confront them and that's how you grow.

**TIMMY**

That'll make him mad

**WILMA**

You gotta stand up to it by standing your ground. You tell it that this is your house and your room. Just say "this is my room and you ain't welcome here." You try

**TIMMY**

“This is my room and you ain’t welcome here”

**WILMA**

Louder. You gotta scare it with volume. “This is my room and you ain’t welcome here”

**TIMMY**

“This is my room and you ain’t welcome here”

**WILMA**

That’s it! Again

**TIMMY** *having fun*

“This is my room and you ain’t welcome here. This is my room and you ain’t welcome here”

**WILMA AND TIMMY**

“This is my room and you ain’t welcome here”

**Outline Pt 2****TIM**

I just want to be able to breath

**PENNY**

Close your eyes

**TIM**

Why?

**PENNY**

Just do it. It'll help you relax. Now, imagine you are driving on a dark road at dusk. Sunlight is just beginning to peek through the trees alongside the road. You're drinking in a 1960s convertible with the hood down. The wind is beating your hair as you drive. Then suddenly you see a diner. An old establishment with a faded sign and neon lights in the windows.

**TIM**

Is this one of those games you learned in arts school?

**PENNY**

Yes, now stop talking and concentrate. You walk into the diner and it smells of maple syrup and pancake batter. You sit on a squeaky stool at the bar. An older woman who smells of cigarette ash pours you a cup of coffee. It's burnt but you sip it with a smile. You order the special. A large stack of pancakes with two eggs over easy, sausage links, and a side of hash browns. Your plate arrives instantly. The pancakes are covered in a beautiful coat of powdered sugar. You cut into the eggs, letting the vibrant yellow run through the contents of the plate. You consume the sausage hash mixture, and signal the waitress for a coffee refill. As the piping hot liquid tenses your mouth you grab the heated syrup bottle and pour a heap of golden nectar on your pancakes. You devour them with ease. The syrup makes a delightful glaze on your teeth, and you take pleasure in sucking off the remnants. You pay the bill, and walk out of the diner happy and full.

*A beat*

**TIM**

I feel oddly better.

**PENNY**

Always works for me

(a shift)

**PENNY CONT**

The night of my mother's passing. After we left her house I needed to be alone so I just started driving. Not towards anything just to process. I ended up at this shitty diner, and ate the worst breakfast imaginable. It was the first meal I had in a world where my mother no longer exercised. No longer did I feel the weight of her presence towering over me. For the first time I was able to eat my breakfast without fear she would make her way back into my life. In that shitty diner I was finally able to be at peace, and I know the same will happen for you.

**TIM**

I don't deserve you

**PENNY**

Let's get you to bed. Get some rest, and we can go over the next steps in the morning.

*She exits. He curls up on the floor, and waits for the sound to return. The lights dim around him until he is left in a tiny pool of light.*

## **This is My Bed and You're Not Welcome Here**

*TIMMY walks into the dark bedroom with a flashlight. He examines the room as if he's looking for a bomb. The lights fade up just enough to see his race car bed. He walks towards the bed but doesn't get in. He is terrified and short of breath.*

### **TIMMY**

Hello?

I.

I know you're there

*Lights have fully faded on Tim. After a moment TIMMY gets the courage to move towards the bed. He takes a few steps, then decides to step on top of the mattress. Suddenly we hear a booming echo. It grows in volume and surrounds TIMMY.*

### **TIMMY**

This

This...this

This is my room , and

And you're not welcome here

This is my room and you're not welcome here

THIS IS MY ROOM AND YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE

*The sound out powers him. He is left screaming. Then, sprouting from under the bed an arm covered in black grabs onto TIMMY'S leg and pulls him to his knees. He struggles to prigh the arm off. He tries to escape the arm's clasp when a second arm springs from the mattress. He jumps from the bed to the floor. The second arm grabs ahold of him. He fights and screams "This is my room and you're not welcome here" until a body covered in black appears from under the bed. The body pulls him down, restraining him to the floor. The arms muzzle him until we can no longer make out words just screams. The booming echo is all encompassing. Suddenly TIMMY breaks free from the DARK FIGURE'S clutches.*

### **DF**

Where yah going Timmy?

### **TIMMY Terrified**

...You..you can

**DF**

Talk? See? Understand? I can do a lot of things

**TIMMY**

But...My granny said you aren't real

**DF**

Do I look real?

**TIMMY**

Un-hu

**DF**

Did my claws feel real?

**TIMMY**

They hurt

**DF**

They hurt?

**TIMMY**

Really bad

**DF**

Well, how can something hurt you if it isn't real?

**TIMMY**

I don't know

**DF**

Are you gonna let your Granny tell what's real and what isn't?

**TIMMY**

My Granny loves me

**DF**

Are you sure?



**TIMMY**

She does

**DF**

But she lied to you. She told you I wasn't real. How do you know she isn't lying when she says she loves you?

**TIMMY**

Why are you here? This is my room

**DF**

Oh, it's my bed now. See, you've been bad and bad little boys don't get to have race car beds

**TIMMY**

What did I do?

**DF**

What did you do? How's anyone supposed to trust you if you keep lying?

**TIMMY**

I'm not lying. It's wrong to lie

**DF**

It's very wrong to lie. Lies hurt people.

**TIMMY**

I don't want to hurt anyone. What did I do?

**DF**

You don't remember how you hurt your mommy?

**TIMMY**

I would never hurt my mommy

**DF**

Another lie

**TIMMY**

Honest

**DF**

What about mommy's friend she really liked? Why doesn't mommy's friend come around anymore? Did mommy stop liking him?

**TIMMY**

No

**DF**

Was mommy sad when she lost her friend

**TIMMY**

Yes

**DF**

Mommies need special friends to be happy, but you took mommy's special friend away. Why would you do something so mean?

**TIMMY**

But i didn't

**DF**

Another lie!

**TIMMY**

He was mean

**DF**

You're just being silly. He was never mean to you

**TIMMY**

He hurt me.

**DF**

Why would he do that?

**TIMMY**

He wanted to be alone with mommy.

**DF**

But you wouldn't let them be alone would you?

**TIMMY**

I had a nightmare, and wanted mommy, but he said I was getting in the way.

**DF**

And did you go back to your room?

**TIMMY**

No

**DF**

You didn't? Why didn't you do what you were told?

**TIMMY**

Cuz I was scared! He told me if I didn't go back to my room he would take mommy away from me, and that I would be alone

**DF**

Take mommy away? Like how?

**TIMMY**

Make sure i can't see her anymore

**DF**

Like, kill her?

**TIMMY**

Kill her?

**DF**

Yah, you know what kill means?

**TIMMY**

No

**DF**

It means to take someone's life. They wouldn't be around anymore. When someone gets killed they are gone forever

**TIMMY**

Gone forever?

**DF**

Uh-hu. You made him so mad he was willing to kill your mommy

**TIMMY**

I was just trying to talk to her, but he got mad and hit me

**DF**

No he didn't

**TIMMY**

Yes he did. Right in the face. I started to scream so he hit me again, and threw me into my room. He said if I didn't hide then my bed would eat me

**DF**

Why didn't you listen? Your mommy lost a very good friend because you were too scared to be by yourself

**TIMMY**

I tried to apologize to her but she was really upset. She's been upset for a long while

**DF**

This is all your fault

**TIMMY**

I know. What can I do to make mommy happy again?

**DF**

There's nothing you can do. You should have just stayed out of the way like you were supposed to

**TIMMY**

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be in the way. If I'm good, can I have my bed back?

**DF**

This bed is mine now, and if you try and take it from me I will eat you alive!

\*note the restraint is not sexual in any way. It is an act of power and force. Not meant to give the implications of a sexual act.

## **Glitter Bomb**

*Tabitha is in the driveway getting ready for WILMA'S appointment. It is early and mostly dark. She searches through her bag for her keys. A pop of light flashes on stage to reveal PENNY behind her. Then immediately to dark again. She feels a presence and looks around but there is nothing but darkness. She picks up speed and grabs her keys from the bag. A pop of light shows PENNY. She lights a firecracker and throws it to the front of the stage. TABITHA sees the object, walks towards it, then it explodes with a loud pop! She is startled and drops her keys. The keys fly under the car. TABITHA takes a quick look around then gets on her knees and reaches for the keys. A pop of light shows PENNY on the other side of the car looking at her. She grabs the keys, looks up, notices her and screams. PENNY vanishes. After a moment she gets up and slowly walks to the other side of the car. There is nothing there. She doubts herself. Runs to the drivers side of the car, unlocks the door and gets in locking the door behind her. She takes a moment to breathe. She starts to unravel. She gets herself together, puts the keys in the ignition, and adjusts her mirror. A pop of light and she can see PENNY standing behind the car. She panics. She attempts to start the car but it won't turn. Finally it starts. She looks behind her and they are gone. She is in disbelief. She can't decide what to do. She bounced between staying in the car and going to look around. She has to know. She is convinced It was real. She unlocks the car regretfully, opens the door, and slowly walks to the back of the car. There is nothing. She is unnerved. TABITHA returns to the car, contemplates, then a glitter bomb goes off and covers everything in a sparkly red coat. She mentally collapses. She fights to get out of the car but struggles due to the glitter in her eyes. She comes downstage. A light shines on her as she thrashes in pain. She is the image of Carrie at the prom covered in a sparkling scarlet blanket.*

*Blackout*

## Play Time

*In the living room Timmy is playing with an action figure and a stuffed animal. He pretends that the action figure is a scientist, and the stuffed animal is an alien from a distant planet. The alien is negotiating a peace treaty with the scientist. Wilma walks in and watches him play. She is joyfully amused at first but becomes concerned when his imagining turns violent*

### TIMMY

(as Alien) We've looked at your demands, and decided we cannot trust you. We cannot live in peace (As Scientist) What can we do to please you? (As Alien) There is nothing that can be done. You have failed us. (Scientist) But there must be peace between humans and aliens. (Aliens) We cannot trust you, so we cannot be friends. (scientist) Tell me what we do to make you not trust us. (Alien) You have lied to our leader, so you must be punished. (Scientist) Lied about what? (Alien) You ruined her good time. She was happy until you messed everything up. Mommy was happy until you lied and made her friend go away. (Scientist) No I didn't, I promise. I love Mommy. (Alien) No you DON'T. If you loved Mommy you wouldn't be so needy. If you loved her you wouldn't mess everything up! (He starts to violently slam the action figure into the floor. Breaking the toy into pieces.) Mommy hates you! Mommy hates you! Mommy hates you! Mommy hates you!

*Disturbed Wilma rushes over to comfort him. She wraps him in an embrace, and whispers comforting phrases such as. "Everything will be ok" "It's ok I'm here now." Timmy becomes violent and tries to break from her hug. She is confused by his actions. Timmy then bites Wilma on the arms, and escapes her embrace. She winces in pain. This is the first time he has ever shown this kind of aggressive behavior. She is confused as to how to handle it.*

### WILMA

That hurt Timmy! You do not bite.

### TIMMY

Leave me alone

### WILMA

What has gotten into you? Why did you break your toy?

### TIMMY

He did something wrong?

**WILMA**

It's a toy honey

**TIMMY**

Go away!

*There is a shift in the universe. The world has a dark haze over it. The Dark Figure has made its way into the room. As the argument grows the DF grows until it is a giant presence behind Wilma. This moment can be presented as a giant puppet, projection, or shadows. It must tower menacingly over the characters.*

**WILMA** *Calmly*

Sweetheart, you don't talk to me like that. I'm just trying to understand what's going on

**TIMMY**

I don't care

**WILMA**

Ok, until you calm down you're gonna stay in your room.

**TIMMY**

No

**WILMA**

You don't have a choice. Go to YOUR room.

**TIMMY**

You can't tell me what to do. I hate you!

*Timmy turns around seeing the gigantic figure behind Wilma. He is paralyzed with fear. Wilma's next lines are spoken with a voice modulation over them so they sound demonic. We are not in the real world anymore, but a trauma ridden universe the DF has created in Timmy's mind.*

**WILMA**

Don't you ever talk to me like that again. I'm your Grandmother.

**TIMMY**



I'm sorry. I didn't mean it

**WILMA**

If it weren't for me you would be out on the street

**TIMMY**

I know. I know

**WILMA**

Children are to be seen and not heard! You are nothing without me

**TIMMY**

This isn't real. He is making you say these mean things.

*The DF grabs Wilma and cuts open her throat. Blood pours out of her body. This can be with blood packets or lights. Timmy watches in horror.*

**WILMA**

Look what you've done to your Granny.

*Timmy turns his back on the bloody Wilma and hides his face in his arms.*

**TIMMY to himself**

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry

*A second shift, and the figure is gone. The surroundings are as they were before except Wilma is still covered in blood. She goes to Timmy to comfort him. She touches his face leaving a bloody handprint mark.*

**WILMA**

Sweetheart, it's ok. You are gonna be ok.

*Timmy takes in his surroundings. Petrified by the blood and the previous events*

### **Set up/Is This Where You Go?**

*The kitchen mid-day. A dim light glows over the stage. A spotlight appears at the window. We see a hand struggling to open the window. In a comical routine we see the hand grab various items to pick the lock. Finally after a frustrating amount of tries the hand is able to unlock the window. PENNY is revealed. She climbs through the window comically falling on the floor. She grabs a big suitcase from the window. She opens the case without revealing the contents of the case to the audience. PENNY then takes out a series of porcelain clowns and places them strategically throughout the living room and kitchen. She then takes out a handgun. Checks that the safety is on. She ponders where the best place to hide it is. She decides to store it under the kitchen sink. She takes black duck tapes from her bag and tapes the gun to the backend of the cupboard behind a trash can. We hear the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. She panics and hides in the kitchen closet. WILMA and TABITHA enter the kitchen mid argument. WILMA has taken TABITHA'S beer.*

#### **TABITHA**

Give it back old woman

#### **WILMA** *judgmental*

Drinking behind the wheel

#### **TABITHA**

I drive better with a few beers in me

#### **WILMA**

You were swerving so bad I'm surprised we didn't get pulled over. This is going down the drain

#### **TABITHA**

Don't you dare

*WILMA pours the beer down the drain defiantly. TABITHA watches in horror*

#### **TABITHA CONT**

My fucking beer

#### **WILMA**

Tell me what you all talked about in there!

**TABITHA**

Just more care options for you

**WILMA**

I don't need round the clock care

**TABITHA**

The doctor seems to think you do

**WILMA**

Are you still sore about the other night? I know I was out of line, but you went too far

**TABITHA**

I don't feel like doing this right now. I've got a date I gotta get ready for

**WILMA**

You can't be hitting on the boy like that

**TABITHA**

Mama, just sit down. You've had a full day already

**WILMA**

Do not dismiss me.

**TABITHA**

Say you need to say

**WILMA**

Such a pistol. I'm trying to apologies and help you

**TABITHA**

Apologize for what?

**WILMA**

For hitting you!

*Beat*

**WILMA CONT**

I know your heart is in the right place, but you can't be putting your hands on your child. Fear and respect are not the same thing. Teaching the boy how to stand up for himself is one thing, but coaxing him into violence is another. You keep it up and you'll lose that boy

*A moment of silence. TABITHA goes to the fridge and pulls out a new beer. Cracks it open and gulps it down*

**TABITHA**

Is this where you go?

**WILMA**

I don't go anywhere. I'm here all day

**TABITHA**

You go mama. You go everywhere in that mind. If you're not here complaining to me you're out there in your precious vidalia garden in some regret ridden daze.

*TABITHA crushes the can and throws it to WILMA'S feet. TABITHA grabs another beer*

**WILMA**

You wanna slow down on the booze Tabitha. The entire waiting room could smell it on you

**TABITHA**

You know they said you're more gone than here at this point. They think it's in my best interest to hire a full time nurse so you don't walk into traffic or some shit. A necessary expense they called it. But I'll be damned if I'm going to put more of my time into your care when you spend your days reliving my mistakes. I fucked up as a mother. I have to live knowing that fact everyday so I don't need your judgmental reminders on top of that.

**WILMA**

I'm just protecting the boy

**TABITHA**

From me?

**WILMA** *a climax*

Yes, now put down the booze!

*TABITHA pours the beer onto the floor. Outraged WILMA grabs a hand towel from the drawer, gets on her knees and cleans up the beer*

**TABITHA**

Your memory has slipped more than you imagine

**WILMA**

I've never laid a hand on Timmy.

**TABITHA**

No, but you sure as hell never said anything when others did.

**WILMA**

What in God's name are you talking about?

**TABITHA**

That's right, you don't remember. The greatest convenience of old age is that you can selectively decide who you were for your life.

*Beat*

**TABITHA CONT**

I'm done with the cross examination for the day mama. I've got a date coming so let me know when he's here.

*TABITHA walks away. Wilma remains in the kitchen. She processes, and puts her face in her hands. Quietly PENNY opens the closet door. She sees WILMA unmoving and decides to move towards the door. As WILMA prays PENNY moves closer to WILMA and crouches down beside her. A dim light forms around them*

**WILMA looking forward**

Dear lord, I've made a mess of things. She must be hurting. Ever since Tabitha was a child I could always tell when someone got under her skin. Silence. An entire storm in silence. I've gotta protect Timmy. That's my main concern. She drinks throughout the day, and has random men coming in and out every night. How's a child supposed to develop properly in that kind of environment? Our relationship has had its ups and downs and I fear it is broken beyond repair. The blame is equally mine. I'm not saying she's a bad parent, but I must be there to fill in the areas where she lacks. Call it micromanaging, or hovering. She can hate me if she wants but I'm gonna see that this

boy is looked out for properly when she CAN'T be there. I hope one day she'll see it's for the best.

*Blackout*

**Pep Talk**

*A dark stage with a pool of light on each of the clowns. They put the finishing touches on their clown garb. This should be a drawn out moment of creepiness. They go into a mantra to get themselves pumped up. TIM, and PENNY are fully invested in the mantra.*

**TIM**

What's the scariest thing you can imagine?

**PENNY**

A terrible thing that hasn't yet happened

**PENNY**

The doctor says your perfectly fine, but something awful weighs on your mind

**TIM**

A nightmare that you cannot shake

**PENNY**

The deepest sleep, you cannot wake

**TIM**

In a haunted house surrounded by woods

**PENNY**

Something outside is up to no good

**TIM**

A boom is heard

**PENNY**

A gigantic sound

**TIM**

As if it's working its way from the ground

**PENNY**

A scream has formed, and crawls your throat, but who's to hear, you are remote

**TIM**

The booming noise is now outside

**PENNY**

Peering in, you cannot hide

**TIM**

It watches you choke down your scream

**PENNY**

It waits for you to flee the scene

**TIM**

It longs for you to come undone

**PENNY**

To watch your demise, fantastical fun

**TIM**

The noise is now behind your door

**PENNY**

A forceful knock you can't ignore. The lock unbolts, the door doth turn

**TIM**

What lurks behind you'll quickly learn. What lies there is a horrible sight. The scariest thing

**PENNY AND TIM**

A clown at midnight

**TIM**

The scariest thing

**PENNY AND TIM**

A clown at midnight

**TIM**

THE SCARIEST THING



**PENNY AND TIM**

## A CLOWN AT MIDNIGHT

**TIM**

Tonight is the night! We cannot afford any slip ups. What do you say if we arouse suspicion?

**PENNY**

We are the clowns for a private event on the block

**TIM**

What company are you with?

**PENNY**

J&G Events out of Oakridge

**TIM**

What's the event located?

**PENNY**

Alcoa community center

**TIM**

It's a block away and hidden by brush. Even locals get lost looking for it. These are prideful people ingrained in their culture. They know nothing else. The second they detect we are outsiders they will turn on us.

**PENNY**

But you're from here.

**TIM**

That's not enough. What if we get split up? I have to know that you two will be alright on your own. We're the only family we've got.

**PENNY**

Are you feeling ok? Did you lose a lot of sleep last night?

**TIM**

No more than usual

**PENNY**

You've thought of everything.

**TIM**

I know I know. It's just been so long since I've seen her

**PENNY**

She's still the same person. When you see her you'll know you're doing the right thing

*Time Freezes. He turns to speak and notices that everything around him has frozen. He examines his surroundings, and starts to panic. This is the first time this has happened to him. DF appears in the distance*

**TIM to PENNY**

What is this? Can you hear me? Say something. Can you feel me. Move!

**DF**

There's no use in straining yourself. Time has stopped. My signature touch?

**TIM**

Wake her. Unfreeze. Unlock.

**DF**

She's not the one who's gone.

**TIM**

Where have you brought me?

**DF**

You are still in the same shit hole apartment. Just more within your own self. Our time here has been near breaths. I needed a moment with you to myself

**TIM**

I don't have time for your tricks. I've got somewhere to be

**DF**

Yes I know.

**TIM**

It has nothing to do with you

**DF**

Wrong! It has everything to do with me. What do you think you're doing here?

**TIM**

I'm trying to scare her

**DF**

I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE HER IM NOT FUCKING BLIND. What do you hope will happen if you succeed?

**TIM**

I don't want to talk to you

**DF**

I'm all you got.

**TIM**

It will make me better

**DF**

Say it. Say what you've been too chicken shit to admit

**TIM**

I don't know what your talking about

**DF**

Don't try to fool me! Say it.

**TIM**

I can't breathe with you here.

**DF**

And

**TIM**

You weigh me down

**DF**

More

**TIM**

You suffocate me. You prevent me from progressing in my life.

**DF**

Keep it coming

**TIM**

You fill me with doubt. I wake up each day and I can feel you plotting underneath my skin. How am I supposed to fit within society when I'm surrounded by your static. I want you gone. Erased. I want to be able to properly evaluate my life and emotions, but I can't do that with you looming over me all the time. I'm constantly fighting through the weeds just to be able to breathe. I want you dead!

**DF**

There it is! Honesty tastes so sweet doesn't it! Let me make something clear to you. I am not a symptom, nor a side effect. There's no vaccine or cure that will subside me. I am infinite.

**TIM**

You're a weakness

**DF**

You can kill whomever you want to but I'll still be here

**TIM**

You aren't real! Accept it and we can move on

**DF**

Don't you mean when you accept it? I'm only what you've made me to be

**TIM**

Go away

**DF**

Make me

*The world unfreezes*

**PENNY**

Are you ready?

## Who's Been in my Purse

*TABITHA enters the kitchen. She is rattled. She slams her purse down on the kitchen table. She keeps looking out the window as if something is following her. She decides to make coffee. She takes the coffee pot and fills it up with water. She grabs grounds and filters from the cabinet. She then pours an obscene amount of grounds into the machine and begins to brew. After a moment she goes to her purse for a cigarette. She grabs her purse and starts to shift through the contents. She is perplexed to find loose pieces of candy at the bottom of the purse. One by one she picks them from the purse and throws them onto the counter. She increases in speed and anxiety as she finds more and more pieces eventually dumping the purse on the table and shifting through candy for her cigarettes. She lights up the cigarette then goes to the phone on the wall. Wilma enters from the garden.*

### **TABITHA**

Get inside Mother I'm calling the police

### **WILMA** *Noticing the mess*

Hell's bells Tabitha what are you doing in here!

### **TABITHA**

I didn't do this

### **WILMA** *notice the cigarettes*

Put that out

### **TABITHA**

Leave me alone

### **WILMA**

The smell will cling to my curtains.

*Wilma takes the cigarette from her, and hangs up the phone. She runs the lit cigarette under the sink.*

### **TABITHA** *Indicating to candy*

Would you forget about cigarettes and look at this. I found all of these at the bottom of my purse. I have my purse with me at all times. When it isn't by my side it's locked in a

secure cubby at work. Somehow during my shift today someone was able to get into my locker and fill my purse with candy

**WILMA**

You have an admirer

**TABITHA**

This isn't someone trying to flirt, mother. Creepy shit like this has been happening to me all week.

**WILMA**

Playing a little prank

**TABITHA**

I'm not making this up

**WILMA**

Cause I found the dolls

**TABITHA**

What dolls?

**WILMA** *sarcastically*

Don't "what dolls" me. The little clown dolls you planted in my garden to scare me.

WILMA produces one of the dolls and sets it on the kitchen table

**WILMA** *CONT*

You're terrible at hiding. These things are all over the damn yard.

*Tabitha locks the door, and goes to the phone*

**WILMA** *CONT*

Hang up the phone. The joke has gone far enough

**TABITHA**

This isn't a joke. Someone's been following me, and now they've been in our home.

*Wilma rushes over and hangs up the phone*

**WILMA**

Now wait a minute. if you have the police come out here and show them a bunch of clown dolls they're gonna laugh us out of this town. Now think, has anything else out of the ordinary happened to you lately?

**TABITHA**

The glitter in the car.

**WILMA**

And?

**TABITHA**

I've been seeing the same person

**WILMA**

Outside of work?

**TABITHA**

Everywhere.

**WILMA**

Are they doing anything suspicious?

**TABITHA**

They are always dressed as the same clown

**WILMA**

That's it?

**TABITHA**

Isn't that enough!

**WILMA**

Maybe they are there for a birthday party or a special event

**TABITHA**

It's always the same clown

**WILMA**

I'll admit the candy and the dolls are odd, but it's just a coincidence



**TABITHA**

This is not in my mind

**WILMA**

You aren't hurt. No one has threatened you. There's nothing to worry about.

**TABITHA**

You think I'm making this up!

**WILMA**

I think you are letting your imagination get the best of you.

**TABITHA**

My car was vandalized with glitter. You saw it with your own eyes.

**WILMA**

Go for a walk and clear your head

**TABITHA**

Somebody could be stalking me and you want me to go for a walk.

**WILMA**

Nothing is going to happen to you. You're being paranoid! In fact, go down to the market and pick up something for dinner. Helen should be stopping by soon and I need to clean up your mess

**TABITHA**

Why is Helen coming over so late?

**WILMA**

She said she needed to talk to me about something important

**TABITHA**

Like what?

**WILMA**

Hell, I don't know. Now quit your yappin and get going.

*TABITHA picks up her purse, and leaves*

## **You Should Run Now**

*Down Stage TABITHA has a bag of groceries. She takes a moment to check her surroundings then digs in the bag and produces a bottle of gin. She downs a big gulp of gin and lets out a sigh of relief. In the distance TIM appears. He watches her and makes a series of disapproving cartoon faces. Upon her next gulp of gin he pulls a mini horn from his jack and honks at her loudly. She is startled, and drops the bottle to the floor.*

**TABITHA** *Grabbing the bottle from the pavement*

Jesus Christ. Thanks a lot Bozo, you just cost me half a bottle of Tanqueray.

**TIM**

Drinking in public is a big no no

**TABITHA**

What are you gonna do? Tell your Wal Mart manager?

**TIM**

Looks like you could use some cheering up

**TABITHA**

I'm really not in the mood for this

*TIM reaches into his pocket and produces a balloon. He blows up the balloon and starts to create a shape*

**TABITHA**

A balloon animal, how original

*TIM presents her with a giraffe shaped balloon.*

**TABITHA**

Keep your balloon.

*She takes a sip of the remaining gin*

**TIM**

You shouldn't be drinking things that have been on the floor. It's not sanitary

**TABITHA**

Well it's my body so it's my rules pal

**TIM**

They say it's bad luck to not take a balloon from a clown

*She walks over to him and pops the balloon. Then starts to walk away*

**TIM**

You really shouldn't have done that. It was very rude

**TABITHA**

Ok buddy I've had just about enough. Don't think I didn't notice you and your other clown friends popping up all over town. I'm warning you now. Stay the fuck away from me

*She begins to leave*

**TIM**

Leaving so soon Tabitha? We just started having fun

**TABITHA**

Who the fuck are you and how do you know my name

**TIM**

Oh we know a lot about you Tabitha. You see, we are more than just your run of the mill entertainment clown. We are a special group of clowns that answers the call of the neglected and abused. We help them

**TABITHA**

Help them how?

**TIM**

A wonderful question! We help find their abusers, and get them to take responsibility for their actions. A little birdie told us your guilty of some awful crimes

**TABITHA**

You don't know a fucking thing about me

**TIM**

Oh we know everything. We've been keeping a close eye on you. To drive you mad. We find it to be a much easier way to break you down than using excessive force, and it's a lot more fun. Plus, we know all about the things you did to your son.

**TABITHA**

I ain't got kids

**TIM**

Thou shall not lie

**TABITHA**

Prove I'm lying. You're the mastermind that's been watching me. I think you want me to be a mommy. I think it turns you on Bozo. You're blushing under that make up

*TABITHA goes to TIM and starts to touch him seductively.*

**TIM**

No

*TABITHA runs her hands up TIM's inner thigh*

**TABITHA**

Yes you are. Your a little perv clown who likes to fuck lonely mommies. Well get it out of your head Bozo cause you aint getting in between these legs any time soon.

**TIM**

We're gonna kill you Tabitha

**Attack of the Killer Klowns**

*The kitchen at night. DR.. HELEN is doing her routine while they watch a news report*

**TV**

Although no violence has followed the recent clown sightings we ask that viewers keep a vigilant eye and report any suspicious behavior.

*WILMA turns the tv off*

**WILMA**

Suspicious behavior? Isn't being dressed as a clown in broad daylight not suspicious enough?

**HELEN**

I saw one the other day

**WILMA**

You're kidding

**HELEN**

I'm not

**WILMA**

Where?

**HELEN**

By that roundabout in front of Midland's book store

**WILMA**

Why didn't you tell the police?

**HELEN**

I didn't think that much of it. A clown by itself in the middle of an intersection is certainly off but he didn't look like he was up to anything

**WILMA**

So it was definitely a man?

**HELEN**

I'm assume so

**WILMA**

See, you don't know. That's what has always put me off about clowns. You can't fully know who's under all the paint.

**HELEN**

I didn't know you had a fear of clowns

**WILMA**

Oh, I'm not afraid of them. I just find them unnatural.

**HELEN** *Amused*

They're not an abomination

**WILMA**

Aren't they? Thinking about it. Clowns were created to amuse kids at carnivals back in the day. Now that carnivals are no longer a main source of entertainment, clowns have taken on this creepy identity. They look like some creature posing as a human. Some kind of imaginary species that belongs in an older time that's made its way to the present.

*HELEN finishes checking blood pressure*

**HELEN**

Blood pressure is a bit high today.

**WILMA**

Hardest thing about being a parent is having to watch your children make their own decisions. Sorry, I don't mean to burden you with my troubles

**HELEN**

I've got a few kids of my own. You can't keep this bottled up inside; it's not good for your health. That's coming from a mother and doctor

**WILMA**

I try not to judge the way she lives her life, but her choices are affecting the people around her. Can this be off the record? Just mother to mother?

**HELEN**

Of course

**WILMA** *Hesitating*

She got into a fight the other day...with Timmy. Like a fist to face fight. She said she was trying to teach him to fight cause some boys were picking on him at school. I can handle her coming through the door at all hours of the night. I can handle her drinking and irresponsible nature, but I can't stay quiet when she picks a fight with a seven year old. I had to step in

**HELEN**

And she hit you

**WILMA** *Taken back*

Yah

**HELEN**

And you hit her back

**WILMA** *Stunned*

Yes, how did you know....did she already speak with you?

**HELEN** *A professional shift*

Wilma we need to have a serious conversation. Tabitha and I have been talking about next steps for you

**WILMA**

She mentioned something about round the clock care. Which is just purposurious. I can take care of myself

**HELEN**

We fear that's not in your best interest anymore. Wilma you have dementia. Not uncommon for your age, but your symptoms have been increasing at an alarming rate

**WILMA**

Now this has gone too far. I'm a little forgetful I'll admit that, but I know where I'm at. I know what day it is

**HELEN**

I know it's hard to hear but having you in a facility that is equipped to meet your needs is the best option

**WILMA**

Facility? No one said a thing about taking me out of my home. I'm not going anywhere. I've got to be here to look after Timmy. Did Tabitha put you up to this?

**HELEN**

Tabitha is just looking out for you Wilma. We all are.

**WILMA**

He can't sleep in his own bed did she tell you that? Thinks some monster will eat him if he falls asleep. That's the issue we all should be concerned about.

**HELEN**

Wilma I don't think you understand

**WILMA**

No honey you don't understand. I invite you into my home and you try to convince me I'm losing my mind. I've presented you with a real issue. I stood right here the other day and took a hit to the face that was meant for a child

**HELEN**

That's what concerns us. Dementia has affected your timeline. Your now at a point where you are unable to process the events of your life chronologically

**WILMA**

So what are you telling me that fight I have a vivid memory of didn't happen?

**HELEN**

It did. Twenty years ago. We've had this conversation before. That's how I was able to recall the events of the memory without you telling me.

**WILMA**

If that were true then Timmy would be nearly thirty. So why has there been a little boy running around my house? I suppose he is a part of my "out of order" timeline too

**HELEN**

Yes



**WILMA**

That can't be. I held him in my arms just last night. He was screaming because he thought the monster in his bed was gonna eat him, but I told him....

**HELEN**

You told him to confront the monster?

**WILMA**

Stop doing that

**HELEN**

Another event of the past Wilma

**WILMA**

Then where is he? Why is it I see Tabitha but not Timmy? Where's Timmy?

**HELEN**

I don't know

**WILMA**

What do you mean?

**HELEN**

I've never seen Timmy since I started treating you.

**WILMA**

Well, doesn't Tabitha say anything about him?

**HELEN**

I've tried to get her to open up on his whereabouts but she refuses to speak on the subject

**WILMA**

His whereabouts? Is he missing?

*Suddenly a loud bang is heard at the door. They are both startled*

**TABITHA**

It's Tabitha, let me in. Son of a bitch let me in

*WILMA opens the door*

**WILMA**

Where's your key?

**TABITHA**

LOCK ALL THE DOORS

**HELEN**

What's the problem?

**TABITHA**

There is a... thing out there. Look out the window and see if it's still there

*HELEN does so*

**HELEN**

I don't see anything.

**WILMA**

Have you been drinking?

**TABITHA**

This is not the time for a lecture

**HELEN**

What is it you think you saw?

**WILMA**

Well since I'm gonna be shipped off to a nursing home soon

*TABITHA shoot HELEN a look*

**HELEN**

She has the right to know

**WILMA**

I'm not leaving this house

*Helen is looking out the window, and sees something in the distance. She screams*

**TABITHA**

Did you see it?

**HELEN**

Yes

**WILMA**

What is it?

**HELEN**

A clown

**WILMA**

And I'm the one seeing things

**TABITHA**

It's true. It followed me here

**HELEN**

Call the police

**TABITHA**

And tell them what? I think a clown is stalking me.

**HELEN**

For how long?

**TABITHA**

It's been popping up everywhere for over a week.

**HELEN** *At window*

There's another. You got two clowns on the lawn

**TABITHA**

Calling the police

*TABITHA reaches for the kitchen phone when there is a bang at the kitchen window. They are all startled. She walks slowly to the window. Then another loud bang.*

**TABITHA**  
GO AWAY!

*A moment of silence. TABITHA walks to the window and looks out.*

**HELEN**  
What do you see?

**TABITHA**  
Nothing but blackness. You?

**HELEN**  
Nothing.

**WILMA**  
Look

*She points to one of the clown dolls stitches left previously. The clowns light up and start to blink. They all gather around the blinking figure in horrific amazement. Suddenly the lights are cut and we are left in blackness. The various clown dolls begin to light up and blink in a rhythmic light display. The room starts to strobe as TIM and Penny appear. They grab WILMA, TABITHA, and HELEN and attempt to tie them up in the strobing madness. PENNY grabs the gunss she hid previously. Blackout*

**What Are You Gonna Do?**

*A dark pool of light shines over TABITHA and WILMA. They are tied up and back to back. TABITHA is trying to reach for a shard of glass on the floor*

*A moment of silence*

**WILMA**

What are you doing?

**TABITHA**

Trying to save our lives

**WILMA**

Am I losing my mind?

**TABITHA**

They could be back at any minute

**WILMA**

I have to know

**TABITHA**

Yes

**WILMA**

How long

**TABITHA**

A few years. The signs started off so subtly I barely noticed. It wasn't until you started talking to imaginary people I thought to consult a doctor

**WILMA**

You should have told me yourself instead of having some doctor feed it to me like some child

**TABITHA**

Helen thought she could present the information in a way you'd understand.

**WILMA**

My whole life I've always been the one with all the answers. I'm the person people come to when they need something to get done. Now, you all are describing me as a person I don't recognize. It's as if I've come out of this daze and an accident has happened. There's all this time that's unaccounted for. Where are the missing pieces of my life?

**TABITHA**

It's a part of getting old

**WILMA**

Would everyone stop saying that? A complete absence of one's history is not a casual occurrence. It's a terrifying feeling. I can't tell if the events of my morning occurred today or decades ago. Information that feels so fresh to me is being labeled a delusion. Where is Timmy?

**TABITHA**

I don't know

**WILMA**

I can remember holding him yesterday. Where is he?

**TABITHA**

I don't know

**WILMA**

Why not

**TABITHA**

Because he left years ago. We just got up one morning and he was gone.

**WILMA**

Did someone take him?

**TABITHA**

No I believe it was his own choice

**WILMA**

Why would a boy so young leave home?

**TABITHA**

He was sixteen. He was adult enough to make his own decisions. Our relationship wasn't the best. I'm sure you remember that part. He became so overbearing. The older he got the more violent he became

**WILMA**

I don't believe you. He's the sweetest boy I've ever known

**TABITHA**

Well your sweet boy likes to hurt people. I suppose it is all my fault. It's always the Mother's fault isn't it? I've spent enough time blaming myself for his less than perfect development. I'm not spending another minute worrying about it. I'm also not gonna sit here and wait for a group of clowns to come and kill us.

*TABITHA trying rocking her chair to the side*

**WILMA**

What are you doing?

**TABITHA**

Trying to roll myself over

**WILMA**

So you can get a face full of glass?

**TABITHA**

I know what I'm doing

*She gains momentum and eventually falls to the floor on her side. She reaches a shard of glass and tries to cut through the rope. A gunshot is heard*

**WILMA**

Put that away I hear them coming.

*TIM and PENNY enter*

**TIM to PENNY**

What the fuck are you doing?

**PENNY**

Eliminating witnesses

**TIM**

She was innocent. You didn't have to kill her

**PENNY**

She would have spoke to the police

**TIM**

We are wearing clown makeup. She couldn't identify us

**PENNY**

And what if she did? Who's gonna watch my kids if they drag my ass to prison?

**TIM**

This is not how this was supposed to go

**PENNY** *indicating TABITHA*

Mommie Dearest fell over

*She picks her up and slams her aggressively against the wall*

**PENNY** *CONT*

A bump in the road was bound to happen

**TIM**

A bump is breaking a window not killing an innocent human being. You were here earlier this week

**PENNY**

Don't put this at my doorstep.

**TIM**

You've been watching the house for a few weeks. Did you not notice a doctor stopping by at any point?

**PENNY**

No I didn't

*TABITHA tares threw her rope. She grabs PENNY and holds the shard of glass to her neck*



**TABITHA**

Alright mother fuckers this ends now

**PENNY**

Oh shit

**TABITHA**

Who the fuck are you all and why are you in our home?

**TIM**

Just hold on

**PENNY**

Shoot her

**TIM**

What?

**PENNY**

This is what we came here for. Take the shot!

**WILMA**

Don't shoot her!

**TABITHA**

If you don't get that gun out of my face I will rip her throat open I swear to god

**PENNY**

What are you waiting for? Shoot her

**TIM**

What the fuck!

**PENNY**

We made a pack. I knew the risks.

**TABITHA**

Put the gun down!

**PENNY**

Just shoot her

TABITHA presses the shard deeper into PENNY'S neck

**PENNY CONT**

Fuck! Tell her or shoot her

**TABITHA**

Tell me what?

**TIM**

I can't do it

**PENNY**

Tell her who you are!

**PENNY**

Just shoot her  
Shoot Her.  
Shoot her.  
Shoot her.  
Shoot her  
Shoot her  
Shoot her  
Shoot her  
Shoot her  
Shoot her  
Shoot her

**WILMA**

Don't shoot her. Just put  
the gun down please. Don't  
shoot, please don't shoot

**TABITHA**

If you don't get that gun out  
of my face I will kill her.  
Who the fuck are you?

*As the crowd roars, the Dark Figure's voice can be heard booming over everyone else*

**DF**

What are you gonna do buddy boy? Is this what you wanted? Is this the master plan?  
You are a failure! What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do? What are you  
gonna do? What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do?

*As the DF loops his voice gets more and more demonic and distorted until we are left in  
a chaotic mess of screaming. Tim then breaks the loop by shooting TABITHA in the  
shoulder.. Blood splatters*

**TABITHA**

FUCK!

*Tabitha cuts Penny's throat, and throws her to the floor. TIM runs to PENNY as she begins to bleed out*

**TIM**

No!

*TABITHA comes up behind him and presses the shard to the back of neck*

**TABITHA**

Drop the gun

**TIM to PENNY**

I'm so sorry

**TABITHA**

DROP THE GUN!

**TIM to PENNY**

I'm gonna finish

**TABITHA**

Last warning. Drop. The. Gun!

*TIM drops the gun, and puts his hands up*

**TABITHA CONT**

Now, take that shit off your face so we can see who you really are.

*TIM takes a rag from his pocket and starts to clean the clown makeup off his face. He removes the majority of his costume until he is just wearing a shirt and pants*

**TABITHA**

Timmy?

**WILMA**

What?

*TABITHA takes this in. Walks to him, and slaps him in the face.*

**WILMA**

Tabitha!

**TABITHA** to WILMA then to TIM

He's trying to kill us. Isn't that right? Look your grandmother in the eye and tell her why you're here. What's the matter? Can't do it now that your little friends are dead? Is this what you've become? Pick up the gun

**WILMA**

What are you doing?

**TABITHA**

Shut up mother. He wants to act like a man. Let's see how much of a man he is. Pick up the gun.

*He does*

**TABITHA CONT**

Shoot me. IF that's what you want then do it! Kill me!

*TIM points the gun at her. He is frozen. He can't*

**TABITHA**

You can't do it! You're no man. You're the scared little boy you've always been. Pathetic.

*TIM shoots her. Blood splatters on Wilma's face. TIM walks over to WILMA, gun pointed at her. TIM weakens, lowers the gun, and unties her. WILMA hugs him. They collapse in their embrace. TIM begins to sob into her. They remain in their embrace. After a moment. The DARK FIGURE makes his way into their light. He stands above them, and places a hand on Tim's shoulder. Black out*

*End of Play*