Sample Pages from
Bad Taste in Boys

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE UNDead KInd

The Support Group from Hell
Beggar’s Night
Bad Taste in Boys

THREE GHOULISH COMEDIES BY
Jeffrey Harr
ED: (holds up his hand like he did when he first entered) Brains.

MR. HARRIS & MRS. HARRIS & CINDY: (as ED exits) Bye, Ed. (they assume their seats, again)

MR. HARRIS: Wow. That was something, huh?

MRS. HARRIS: Sure was.

Suddenly, a cat in distress can be heard outside. The family stops, listens, shows concern for a second, then turns their attention back to one another.

CINDY: Say, Dad. You weren’t really going to kill Stewart, were you?

MR. HARRIS: Of course not. When your mother and I went out for the drinks, we set the whole thing up.

CINDY: You went over to his house?

MRS. HARRIS: No, dear. I texted him.

CINDY: (a little disturbed) You texted Stewart.

MRS. HARRIS: Of course I did. We didn’t have time to go all the way over there.

CINDY: Ew. I will say this—the violin was a stroke of genius. How’d you know he had one?

Both MR. and MRS. HARRIS look at CINDY as if to say, “Really?”

CINDY: Oh. Duh. Good call. Of course he has a violin.

MR. HARRIS: Good thing, too. I have to keep hating him so Rachel will keep liking him.

CINDY: You can start by not inviting him over all the time and losing his phone number. (pauses) Mom. Although, on the other hand, it won’t be long until Rachel does something untoward toward Stewart and then, well, he’ll be the kind of guy you’ll have to offer beers and threaten with a pencil.

MR. and MRS. HARRIS consider this. Look at each other.

MR. HARRIS & MRS. HARRIS: Hmm...

CINDY: Ya know, for twenty bucks and a ride to Starbucks, I’ll be happy to spy on them for you.
MR. HARRIS & MRS. HARRIS: (look at each other) Hmm…

MR. and MRS. HARRIS get up and deliver their next lines simultaneously.

MR. HARRIS: I’ll get the car.

MRS. HARRIS: I’ll get my purse.

Lights out.

–THE END–
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