



**Sample Pages from  
Beggar's Night**

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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*



# Beggar's Night

## Cast

3W+2M+2 Either

<b>SAMANTHA</b>	Teen girl
<b>CLAIRE</b>	Teen girl
<b>JAMES</b>	Teen boy
<b>TRICK OR TREATER 1</b>	Teen boy or girl
<b>TRICK OR TREATER 2</b>	Teen boy or girl
<b>NECO</b> (pronounced <i>Neck-oh</i> )	Tween girl
<b>AKELDAMA</b>	Teen boy

*Lights up on a living room with a couch, chair, an end table, and a coffee table.*

*SAMANTHA and CLAIRE sit on the couch as if they're watching television. They're sharing popcorn from a large bowl. On the coffee table sits a few drinks and a bowl of candy for trick or treaters, filled exclusively with Reese's peanut butter cups.*

**SAMANTHA:** How bad does it suck that we're here passing out candy to the stupid ten kids who'll show up tonight when we could be at that party?

**CLAIRE:** Kinda sucks, but you didn't really wanna go anyway. Bobby Summers is a jerk and all they're gonna do is get drunk and make fun of kids like us. Then the cops'll show up and no one will get in trouble because god forbid one of the football players can't play this Friday.

**SAMANTHA:** Wow, Claire. I didn't know you cared so much.

**CLAIRE:** I'm just sayin' that those guys are jerks and don't deserve us at their stupid party.

**SAMANTHA:** Right. Plus the fact that we weren't invited.

**CLAIRE:** Actually, we were *disinvited*. Bobby was telling Britney about it and when I said, "Oh, cool. I've got the best costume ever," Bobby rolled his eyes, turned to look at me and said, "Sorry,

Karen. But it's a private party, okay? Have fun trick or treating— with all the other little kids.”

SAMANTHA: (*leans forward*) He called you Karen?

CLAIRE: Yup. Idiot doesn't even know my name.

SAMANTHA: That's just sad. What a jerk.

CLAIRE: I know, right. Screw those guys.

SAMANTHA: (*raises her glass toward CLAIRE for a toast*) Screw those guys.

*They touch glasses in solidarity, drink, then lean back and sigh.*

SAMANTHA: Still, I think it'd be cool to—

CLAIRE: I know, Sam. I know. Let's just sit back, watch a scary movie, and do our best to handle the five trick or treaters you're gonna get tonight.

SAMANTHA: Five? You're dreaming. Last year, we got two. TWO. My mom buys twenty bags of candy, gives the two kids we get, like, twenty pieces of it, then eats the rest. THEN, she says, “Oh, my. Why do I always buy so much candy?” Gee, I dunno, Mom. Maybe 'cause you want to eat it? 'Cause it's candy and not, like, broccoli?

CLAIRE: (*smiles*) No wonder they went out tonight. You're downright hostile.

SAMANTHA: They call it date night. It's disgusting. I'm glad they're out doing... whatever it is they do... somewhere I don't have to see it. I encouraged them to go.

CLAIRE: So you could spend some time with your best friend, right?

SAMANTHA: Well, sure. But mostly because watching them snuggle on the couch makes me wanna puke up the fifty Reese's cups I've had since they left.

CLAIRE: I hear ya. Hey, maybe that should be your Halloween display: Push the couch up against the big window so the kids coming up the walk can see your dad giving your mom a back rub. Happy Halloween, kids! Scared?

SAMANTHA: (*laughs*) Not a bad idea. But then again, there's a difference between giving kids a good scare and scarring them for life.

CLAIRE: True dat.

SAMANTHA: (*grabs the remote from the end table and starts hitting buttons, pointing it toward an imaginary television in front of them*) So, what'll it be?

CLAIRE: Ooh, stop. That's the second-to-last *Twilight* movie. The one where Bella has the baby.

SAMANTHA: Seriously? You like that crap?

CLAIRE: Yeah, yeah. It's so bad it's good. Besides, you know how many times Taylor Lautner takes his shirt off in this movie?

SAMANTHA: Please. Like I'm supposed to be impressed by—

CLAIRE: (*goes into an immediate frenzy, pointing at the "screen"*) Ooh! Ooh! There it is! Look at those abs, Sam! Tell me those aren't the hottest abs you've ever seen!

SAMANTHA: (*stares, changes her tune*) Huh. Guess you're right. Nice abs.

CLAIRE: (*grabs the bowl of popcorn, starts eating*) Of course I'm right. I know my abs, Sam. Question me on a lot of things, but not on my abs.

SAMANTHA: And suddenly it dawns on me why we're not being invited to more parties.

CLAIRE: Nice, Sam. Very nice. Keep it up and you'll be handing out candy alone tonight.

SAMANTHA: No, I won't. I invited James to come over. He just couldn't make it 'til a little later.

CLAIRE: (*visibly upset*) James?! Oh, god, Sam. Why?

SAMANTHA: What's your problem with James? I thought you liked him.

CLAIRE: It's not that I don't like James; it's just that James is more socially awkward than we are.

SAMANTHA: C'mon, Claire. Give the guy a break. He's just shy. Besides, he overheard me talking about handing out candy tonight and, unlike *some* people, when he begged to be included, I wasn't about to tell him that it was a private party.

CLAIRE: Fair enough. So when's the official start time for trick or treating?

SAMANTHA: (*checks her phone for the time*) Actually, it started a half hour ago. Told you we wouldn't get anybody.

*Suddenly, the doorbell rings.*

CLAIRE: Sounds like you just got somebody.

SAMANTHA: Huh. Can't believe it.

*SAMANTHA gets up, grabs the bowl of candy, and walks stage left as if answering the door. CLAIRE stays put, eating popcorn and watching TV.*

*Somewhere near the edge of the stage, SAMANTHA is met by TRICK OR TREATERS 1 and 2, teens wearing jeans, a T-shirt, and crappy masks. They carry plastic grocery bags for their candy.*

TRICK OR TREATERS 1 & 2: (*in unison, with no enthusiasm whatsoever*)  
Trick or treat.

*SAMANTHA just stands there, staring at them; she can't believe kids her age are trick or treating.*

SAMANTHA: Seriously, guys? What are you, like, sixteen?

TRICK OR TREATERS 1: It's Beggar's Night, dude. And we're beggars.

TRICK OR TREATERS 2: Yeah.

*They push their bags a little farther forward.*

SAMANTHA: It's *what* night?

TRICK OR TREATERS 1: Beggar's Night.

TRICK OR TREATERS 2: Dude.

SAMANTHA: Don't you mean, *Halloween*?

TRICK OR TREATERS 1: The term, *Beggar's Night*, is regional.

TRICK OR TREATERS 2: Yeah. Our region.

SAMANTHA: And what region would that be? I've never heard anyone refer to Halloween as *Beggar's Night*. Like, in my life.

TRICK OR TREATERS 1: What part, may we ask, is tripping you up?  
*Beggar's*, as in, we're begging for candy?

TRICK OR TREATERS 2: Or *Night*, as in, it's not daytime right now?

SAMANTHA: (*a little taken aback by their rudeness*) Look, guys, there's no need to—

TRICK OR TREATER 1: If you prefer, we could call it Samhain—

TRICK OR TREATER 2: or All Saints' Eve—

TRICK OR TREATER 1: or—

SAMANTHA: (*annoyed, now*) Guys! Forget it. It doesn't matter. Beggar's Night. Fine. (*sarcastically*) It's regional. (*looks them over pretty good*) Say, aren't you two a little old to be trick or treating?

TRICK OR TREATER 1: One is never too old to beg for candy...

TRICK OR TREATER 2: on Beggar's Night.

SAMANTHA: Not to mention, *kids*, that you appear to have no costumes except for a mask.

TRICK OR TREATER 1: Right.

TRICK OR TREATER 2: We're *masked* beggars.

SAMANTHA: (*frustrated as hell*) Ya know what? Who cares. Here. (*chucks one piece of candy into each of their bags*) Happy Halloween. Beggar's Night. Whatever you're calling it this year.

*She turns to walk away.*

TRICK OR TREATER 1 & 2: (*in unison*) Ahem!

*SAMANTHA turns back around.*

SAMANTHA: (*annoyed*) Yes?

TRICK OR TREATER 1: One piece? Seriously? I don't know if you've noticed, but there ain't no other trick or treaters on this street, dude.

TRICK OR TREATER 2: Nope.

TRICK OR TREATER 1: Yours is, like, the only house within a block with its light on.

TRICK OR TREATER 2: Yup.

*SAMANTHA stares at them like she may kill them both. Pause.*

TRICK OR TREATER 1: And... um... it's—

TRICK OR TREATER 2: Beggar's Night.

*On the heels of the last line, SAMANTHA throws a few more pieces of candy into each bag.*

SAMANTHA: There. Now, get outta here before I make it so this is your last Halloween. Like, ever.

TRICK OR TREATERS 1: That's harsh, dude.

TRICK OR TREATERS 2: Way harsh.

*TRICK OR TREATERS 1 & 2 turn and walk away.*

SAMANTHA: (*calls out to them*) You're welcome!

*She turns, starts walking back to the couch, and sets the bowl of candy down on the table.*

CLAIRE: What took so long? They ask for directions to your neighbor's house?

SAMANTHA: No. They were, like, sixteen. And they had the nerve to ask for more than one piece of candy!

CLAIRE: Well, you know what they say: It's Beggar's Night.

*SAMANTHA stares at CLAIRE.*

SAMANTHA: (*sarcastically*) Really. Haven't heard that one. How's the movie going?

CLAIRE: Bella and Edward just—

*The doorbell rings.*

CLAIRE: Wow. I thought you said no one ever comes to your neighborhood.

SAMANTHA: (*grabs the candy bowl, gets up*) They usually don't. (*walks toward the door*) Maybe these kids won't be old enough to drive.

*She opens the door to see TRICK OR TREATERS 1 & 2, who've traded masks.*

TRICK OR TREATERS 1 & 2: (*in unison, with no enthusiasm whatsoever*)  
Trick or treat.

SAMANTHA: Real funny, guys. You're hilarious. I think I'll call the police and tell them two teenage losers in masks are terrorizing small children.

*SAMANTHA starts to slam the door.*



TRICK OR TREATER 1 & 2: (*as SAMANTHA's slamming the door*) But it's Beggar's Night!

SAMANTHA: (*turns, walks back to the couch*) I swear to god, if those guys ring that doorbell one more time, there's gonna be a murder tonight.

CLAIRE: Same guys?

SAMANTHA: (*sets the candy bowl down, sits, takes a drink*) Same guys.

CLAIRE: That's pretty lame. But, to be fair, Sam, your house is the only one on the block—

SAMANTHA: (*glares at CLAIRE*) Not cool, Claire.

*The doorbell rings.*

*SAMANTHA sits there for a second, about to go ballistic.*

SAMANTHA: (*jumps up from the couch, heads offstage*) That's it.

CLAIRE: Where are you going? You've got costumed children out there, hungry for candy.

*The doorbell rings again.*

*In no time, SAMANTHA returns, storming past the couch, a butcher knife in hand.*

CLAIRE: (*suddenly concerned*) Whoa! Sam? What are you doing?

SAMANTHA: (*headed for the door*) They want Halloween? (*raises the knife*) I got their Halloween.

*SAMANTHA throws open the door, the knife poised in the air like she's ready to bring it down on somebody's face. JAMES is standing there, completely horrified. He shrieks loud enough to wake the dead.*

*The second she notices it's JAMES, she flips out.*

SAMANTHA: OH MY GOD! James, I'm so sorry!

*She goes to put her hand on him, knife still in her other hand, and he backs up.*

JAMES: Knife! Knife! Knife!

*SAMANTHA suddenly remembers she's holding a knife in the air, turns, and runs to the table to put the knife*

down. *CLAIRE turns to watch all of this—it's certainly more entertaining than the movie.*

SAMANTHA: Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

*She rushes back to the door where JAMES hasn't moved an inch, his eyes as wide as Frisbees.*

SAMANTHA: It's okay, James. I swear. I'm not going mental or anything. Come on in.

*JAMES is paralyzed.*

SAMANTHA: *(waves her hands in front of his face)* Oh no. Not good.

CLAIRE! I think I killed James! Little help!

*CLAIRE gets up and goes over to them, a few kernels of popcorn still in her hand that she nonchalantly eats on her way over.*

CLAIRE: *(pulls up, assesses the situation)* Oh, yeah. He's dead. Way to go, Sam.

*CLAIRE turns around, walks back, and sits down on the couch.*

SAMANTHA: Thanks, Claire. Big help.

CLAIRE: I'm not the one who opened the door with a butcher knife in my hand.

SAMANTHA: *(as she goes around behind JAMES, puts her arms under his armpits, tilts him back, and drags him inside)* It's Halloween, Claire. You've got to expect a certain amount of knives in your face.

CLAIRE: What are you doing, now?

*SAMANTHA drags him over to the couch where she places him next to CLAIRE, who makes no effort to move.*

SAMANTHA: I'm not leaving him outside!

CLAIRE: *(looks more closely at JAMES's face)* Doesn't look good, Sam. I think he needs mouth-to-mouth.

SAMANTHA: NO ONE's doing mouth-to-mouth. On ANYONE. He just needs... a few minutes. *(bites her lip nervously)* To, um... collect himself.

CLAIRE: Whatever you say, doc.

SAMANTHA: But just to be safe, I'm gonna check the first-aid kit in the kitchen. Maybe there are some smelling salts or something.

*SAMANTHA exits.*

*As soon as she's offstage, the doorbell rings.*

*CLAIRE looks toward where SAMANTHA left, as if she's perfectly happy to wait until SAMANTHA comes back to get the door.*

*The doorbell rings again.*

*CLAIRE looks a little more impatient. A bit annoyed.*

*The doorbell rings again.*

CLAIRE: (*gets up, grabs the candy bowl, heads for the door in a huff*) Don't worry about it, Sam. I got this one.

*The doorbell rings again before CLAIRE gets there.*

CLAIRE: All right, all right. I'm almost there. Geez.

*CLAIRE opens the door and, standing before her is NECO, in plain clothes with no trick or treat bag, and what appears to be blood smeared around her mouth and chin. In one hand, she's holding one of the masks worn by TRICK OR TREATER 1 OR 2.*

*They just stare at one another for a few seconds.*

CLAIRE: Uh... hey, kid. Um... trick or treat?

NECO: May I use your restroom facilities?

CLAIRE: Uh... sure. Why not?

NECO: You have to invite me in or I cannot enter the premises.

CLAIRE: (*confused*) Yeah. Right. Um... please. Come in.

*CLAIRE gestures for NECO to enter.*

*NECO strolls in like she owns the place, stops by the couch for a second to take a good look at JAMES, then turns back toward CLAIRE, who is still standing by the door, wondering what this kid's deal is.*

NECO: (*turns toward CLAIRE*) So, the restroom facilities?

CLAIRE: (*comes out of her stupor*) Oh, um, right. It's just through there. (*indicates a direction other than where SAMANTHA left the stage earlier*) Second door on the right. Can't miss it.

*CLAIRE closes the door as NECO exits.*

*As soon as NECO exits, SAMANTHA returns, empty-handed.*

SAMANTHA: No luck on the smelling salts.

*SAMANTHA goes over to JAMES. She grabs one of his hands and lifts up his arm. Lets it fall. Nothing.*

SAMANTHA: I just don't understand. What are we supposed to do with him?

CLAIRE: (*moves over to the couch, sits*) Oh, he'll be fine. If he's not conscious by the time Bella has the baby, I'll call 911.

SAMANTHA: You're not making me feel better, Claire.

CLAIRE: Fine. Why don't you move him into one of the bedrooms. Put him on a bed. Let him sleep it off. He'll come to eventually.

SAMANTHA: He'll certainly be more comfortable.

*SAMANTHA grabs JAMES's arms again. Stops.*

SAMANTHA: If you feel like helping, ya know, don't let me stop you.

CLAIRE: Thanks. I'm good. (*as SAMANTHA starts dragging JAMES off in a direction different than where NECO went*) I'll stay here in case you get any trick or treaters.

SAMANTHA: (*almost offstage, now*) We're not getting any trick or treaters, Claire.

CLAIRE: Not true. Had one a few minutes ago.

*A few moments later, SAMANTHA re-enters.*

SAMANTHA: Wait a sec. Did you just say you had one a few minutes ago?

CLAIRE: Yeah. I totally took care of it.

SAMANTHA: It wasn't those older kids again was it? The two I wanted to stab in the face?

CLAIRE: Nah. It was a littler one.

SAMANTHA: Oh. Cool. I hope you gave the kid a lot of candy.

CLAIRE: Nope. She didn't want any candy. It's pretty weird, actually. She just wanted to use the bathroom.

SAMANTHA: She wanted to use the bathroom.

CLAIRE: Yup. That was it. No bag. No costume. Just wanted the bathroom. Oh, but she called it the *restroom facilities*.

SAMANTHA: Huh. That is pretty weird. Don't feel bad that you told her to buzz off; I'm sure she had an older brother or sister or something to get her home before she peed herself.

CLAIRE: I didn't tell her to buzz off. I let her in. *(smiles like an idiot)* Invited her in, in fact.

SAMANTHA: You did what?

CLAIRE: I let her in. She's in the bathroom right now. As a matter of fact, you may want to check on her; she's been in there a while.

SAMANTHA: What the hell, Claire?! Does my house look like a public bathroom?

*As SAMANTHA starts the last line, NECO enters, stopping a few feet behind SAMANTHA, who doesn't hear her come in; she no longer has blood on her face but is still holding the mask in her hand. At the same time, CLAIRE tries to indicate to SAMANTHA that the kid is right behind her.*

SAMANTHA: Are you out of your mind? What if the kid's sick or something? Or— *(just now figures out what CLAIRE's been trying to tell her, but not in enough time to stop what she's saying)* some kind of psycho... *(turns, slowly)* path?

*SAMANTHA immediately goes into friendly, I-didn't-mean-what-I-just-said mode while NECO looks at her with daggers for eyes.*

SAMANTHA: Hey, there, sweetie. How cute are you?

NECO: I'm not cute and my name's not sweetie. It's Neco.

SAMANTHA: Oh. Neco. That's... interesting.

NECO: It's not interesting. It's Latin. It means *kill*.

SAMANTHA: *(not taking her eyes off the kid)* Did ya get that, Claire? The name's Neco. Which means *kill* in Latin.

CLAIRE: Oh, yeah. I got that. Not interesting. Nope. *(comes over by SAMANTHA, whispers loudly to her)* But pretty creepy.

SAMANTHA: *(still smiling at the kid who, as of yet, hasn't changed expression an iota, whispers loudly back to CLAIRE)* You let her in, dummy. *(to NECO)* Cool name. Well, now that you've used the potty and all, I think it's time we—

NECO: Potty? Do you have any idea how old I am? You people need to learn to respect your elders.

*SAMANTHA and CLAIRE look at one another for a second in utter cluelessness.*

SAMANTHA: So, you're older than you look, then? That's good. I'd hate to think you're out trick or treating by yourself if you're—

NECO: I'm hundreds of years old, *girl*. I'm simply trapped in this body because I was this age when I was turned.

*NECO moves past them and seats herself in the chair next to the couch. She places the mask on her lap, face down.*

NECO: I've eaten too much and I need to rest. What are we viewing on this television screen?

*CLAIRE returns to her usual spot on the couch, and SAMANTHA walks over to NECO.*

SAMANTHA: Wait a second. I'm still working on *turned*. Like, into what?

NECO: A vampire, you simpleton.

SAMANTHA: A vampire?

NECO: Do I stutter? A vampire. Bloodsucker. Child of the night. Most nights I just sit around and wonder how in the world I am to be eternally surrounded by you people. Let's face it: There are only so many of you I can drink at a time.

*SAMANTHA makes eye contact with CLAIRE and mouths, WHAT THE HELL?*

*CLAIRE's response is the universal sign for crazy: moving her index finger in a circular motion on the side of her head.*

SAMANTHA: Just how much candy have you eaten tonight, Neco?

NECO: (*indignant*) None, you ridiculous adolescent. I told you; I thirst only for blood.

SAMANTHA: Sure. Of course you do. So what's up with the mask, then?

CLAIRE: Yeah, and the fake blood that was on your face when you came in here?

SAMANTHA: Fake blood? She had fake blood on her face when she got here? Who puts fake blood on their face and covers it with a mask?

NECO: Fake blood? It was no such thing. I needed to clean my face after dinner, hence my asking to use your facilities.

CLAIRE: Right. What'd you have for dinner? Barbecue ribs? 'Cause your face was a mess, kiddo.

NECO: I suppose I could have barbecued his ribs, but his blood was more than sufficient.

SAMANTHA: (*getting more concerned by the second, the weirder this gets*) Whose... blood?

NECO: The man-child who formerly wore this.

*NECO holds up the mask. SAMANTHA recognizes it immediately.*

SAMANTHA: Oh... my... god.

NECO: I was hungry. He was annoying. The mask is, as masks go, not completely disinteresting. He no longer needs it.

SAMANTHA: (*reconsidering the insanity of all of this*) No. There's no way, right?

NECO: He tasted of Reese's peanut butter cups and stupidity.

*SAMANTHA looks at the candy bowl full of Reese's peanut butter cups as CLAIRE walks over, grabs one, and holds it up.*

CLAIRE: Well, look at that, Sam. Reese's peanut butter cups.

SAMANTHA: (*reflectively*) And stupidity. Those were the guys. (*loosens up, somewhat*) It's funny, Neco, that you actually killed one of them. Just a little bit earlier, tonight, I attempted to stab one of them in the face.

NECO: Understandable. (*breaks character for the first time, less reserved*)  
 Beggar's Night, my ass.

SAMANTHA: (*brightens up suddenly*) I know, right?! So annoying. (*nods at NECO like, You're all right, kid*) So, Neco. Have you ever seen *Twilight*? You're welcome to hang as long, of course, as you don't get hungry again.

*SAMANTHA starts laughing and CLAIRE joins in, until NECO looks at them with a scowl that makes their laughter turn uncomfortable on its way to dying a slow, painful death.*

NECO: I wouldn't eat either of you. After taking me in without question it would be inconsiderate of me although, for future reference, now that we're friends, you should never invite a vampire into your home. We may not enter without invitation.

SAMANTHA: That's interesting, isn't it, Claire? (*looks at CLAIRE harshly*)  
 They can't... enter... without an... invitation.

CLAIRE: Lighten up, Samantha. Neco's cool. Right, Neco?

NECO: Cool to the touch? Yes. Of course. I have no blood-flow like you do.

SAMANTHA: Riiiiight.

CLAIRE: So, about *Twilight*. You're probably Team Edward, right?

*NECO reaches over to the candy bowl, grabs a Reese's cup and holds it up.*

NECO: May I? I've sort of got the taste.

SAMANTHA: (*somewhat repulsed*) Uh... of course. Help yourself.

NECO: Team Edward? No. He's a brooding poser. But that Taylor Lautner. Have you seen his abs?

CLAIRE: That's what *I'm* sayin'!

NECO: They are to die for. That is, if I could die.

CLAIRE: Good one, Neco.

*CLAIRE gets up, goes over to NECO, and raises her hand for a high-five.*

CLAIRE: C'mon, girlfriend. Hit me up top.



*NECO looks genuinely confused but, taking the cue from CLAIRE, extends her arm. CLAIRE smacks it.*

NECO: Are we... bonding?

CLAIRE: We're bonding, all right. I dig you, girl.

NECO: You can dig me, as long as you don't dig me up.

*NECO starts laughing in snorts that sound painful. CLAIRE and SAMANTHA don't get it.*

NECO: *(her laughter tapering off)* Oh, a little vampire humor there. Get it? Dig me up? As in from the regenerative soil of my homeland that I require in order to survive the daylight hours?

SAMANTHA & CLAIRE: *(as if both suddenly understand, but are just being polite)* Oh, right. Of course. Your... soil. Yeah. Good one.

SAMANTHA: Well, Neco, as much fun as this has been—

*SAMANTHA's interrupted by JAMES, who stumbles onstage.*

JAMES: What the hell, Sam? You ask me to come over then stick a knife in my face?

*NECO's head snaps back toward JAMES.*

NECO: Intruder. Allow me.

*NECO jumps up, gracefully moves behind JAMES, and grabs him by the shoulders, prepared to bite him on the neck. The second her hands touch him, he shrieks, like before, and goes comatose again.*

CLAIRE: Nooooo!

SAMANTHA: Neco! That's James! He's not an intruder!

*NECO stops.*

NECO: No problem.

*NECO backs away and returns to the chair.*

SAMANTHA: *(moves over to JAMES)* Great. He comes out of it for, like, two seconds, and he's back to coma-ville.

*Just like before, SAMANTHA starts dragging him offstage.*



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