



Sample Pages from Slash, Slash!!!

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HORROR MOVIE 102: FAILING JUST GOT DEADLIER

A Collection of Five Hauntingly Bizarre Tales

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Steven Stack



Cast of Characters

The Ascot Ribbon (1M, 1F)

Travis: 16, and has an affinity for his looks, Bean, his mother, and his ascot ribbon.

Bea: Also 16, a somewhat normal teen except for her name (and the story behind it) and her odd affection for Travis.

Slash, Slash!!! (4F, 2M)

Nate: 17, the traditional heartthrob with nothing else to offer; dating Brooke and is Erika's brother, though he has his doubts about this.

Brooke: 18, the jock who's good at everything she does. Is dating Nate because he's quite attractive. Not one for feelings.

Marvin: 16, the studious, kind of dorky one, a fan of horror movies. Recently started dating Sasha.

Sasha: Brooke's best friend, dating Marvin, also a fan of horror movies, and clearly would be the "last girl" in horror movies because she is the least threatening and most likable.

Erika: The friend who's the least likable and most expendable of the group. Also, Nate's sister.

Pippa Vanderway: A serial killer, reminiscent of 80's Slasher films. Well, except for the fact that she's British, wears paint-splattered overalls, has pigtails, and is terrible at it.

The Cow's Head (5F, One Talking Cow's Head)

Sage: 14, Very headstrong and in denial due to her older brother's death and her parents' inability to love the one they still have. The leader of the group.

Kendra: 13, lives her life in fairy tales because her real life is clearly no fairy tale.

Landry: 14, the logical one of the friend group who tries to be the bridge between Sage and Kendra. Is also protective of Sage because she doesn't seem to want to protect herself.

Kevin: The Cow's Head, the star of a Ukrainian urban legend, oddly similar to Cinderella.

Cassie: Was the younger sister of Karen, but now is merely a vessel for a virus that is keeping her alive.

Karen: Was the older sister of Cassie, but now is merely a vessel for a virus that is keeping her alive.

The Date (2F, 2M)

Chris: 15, best friends with Ray and Felicia, who are dating. Speaking of dating, Chris has never been on a date. Until tonight.

Felicia: 16, dating Ray. Likes to research the odd happenings in St. Claire. Very loyal and direct.

Ray: 16, dating Felicia. Sees Chris as a little brother even though he's only a few months older. Seems to have it all together.

Jinny: Probably 15. A girl who is inhumanely attractive and mysterious. Started school at St. Claire three weeks ago and is very attracted to Chris, for reasons unknown.

Tofuman (2F, 2M)

Dane: 17, dating Tara, died last year and is now a Zoman, half-zombie/half-human. Tends to place lots of things in his "denial box."

Bloo-day Ma-ray: The urban legend Bloody Mary, only here she rips out hearts and sings about her love of ripping out hearts.

Tara: 17, died last year with Dane, her boyfriend, when she gave Hook Hand back her hook. Is really embracing this Zoman thing, including the eating human part.

Phillip: 18, went on a date with Tara, rather dumb, loves playing the ukulele and being found edible.

Dedicated to...

Jon Hawkins, who is one of my best friends and who once hit me in the face with a racquetball because he's terribly inaccurate on the racquetball court. Or maybe he's quite accurate. One can never be sure about such things.

Slash, Slash!!!

Setting: A campsite at an old summer camp that has been closed for years after “accidents.”

At Rise: NATE and BROOKE are sitting close together snuggling while SASHA sits off to one side intently watching MARVIN, who is on the phone.

MARVIN: It fell off, just like that? (silence) Wow. Yeah, I understand. (silence) Oh, hey, Travis. (silence) Cool. I'm glad that your hair still looks nice. (silence) Yeah. Makes sense. All right, Bean, I'll see you at school Monday. That's true, Travis. You probably won't be at school Monday. (Hangs up the phone. Everyone is staring at him.) Travis's head fell off.

BROOKE: What happened?

MARVIN: Bean took off Travis's ascot ribbon which was, apparently, keeping his head attached.

SASHA: And here we go again.

BROOKE: No. Don't do this Sasha.

SASHA: Brooke –

BROOKE: Travis's head falling off isn't a big deal.

MARVIN: Isn't it, though?

NATE: No. Heads fall off randomly all the time, Marvin.

MARVIN: Do they, Nate?

NATE: I don't know. I just like agreeing with Brooke.

BROOKE: That's a good policy. Travis's head falling off is a big deal. I just don't want anyone to ruin tonight because of their overreactive imaginations and (to MARVIN and SASHA) and when I say anyone, I mean you two.

SASHA: We're not going to ruin tonight. But... Travis's head falling off is an urban legend come true and that only happens here in St. Claire.

MARVIN: Not to mention that we, by coming here tonight, have clearly thrown ourselves into a horror movie so we need to be careful.

BROOKE: Horror movies aren't real.

SASHA: Neither is a ribbon holding on someone's head. Think about it. We decide to go camping on Halloween night at an abandoned campground where something terrible happened.

MARVIN: That's bad enough, but we also have the perfectly stereotypical make-up of a traditional camp horror movie. (*BROOKE and NATE look confused while SASHA realizes it's true*) We have Nate, the pretty one who offers nothing else and simply exists to be stared at.

NATE: Shouldn't that be enough?

BROOKE: It is for me, bud.

MARVIN: Brooke, the alpha, who says whatever comes to her mind, doesn't believe that anything bad will happen, and is completely okay with being obsessed with certain things that we don't often talk about aloud.

BROOKE: Playing board games? (*the others look uncomfortable, and NATE blushes*) Whatever. I'm perfectly comfortable talking about my needs.

SASHA: We know, Brooke.

NATE: Who do you and Marvin represent?

SASHA: The completely average but likable couple that recently started dating. The ones the audience can get behind because they are the least threatening and annoying of the group. Plus, we would be the last two to die.

MARVIN: Only Sasha wouldn't die because she is clearly the stereotypical "last girl" in horror movies.

SASHA: That Marvin would die saving.

MARVIN: It is my dream role.

BROOKE: Gross.

NATE: Which one of us is going to die first? It's me, isn't it? Because I'm pretty.

MARVIN: No. You would definitely die early but normally, if it's not some random stranger, the person to die first is the most expendable. The most forgettable or least likable of the group.

ALL: (*minus NATE*) Erika.

NATE: Who's Erika?

BROOKE: (*turns to NATE*) Your sister, Nate.

NATE: Oh, right. Where is she, by the way?

SASHA: She went to the woods to use the bathroom, but she's been gone for a long time.

MARVIN: The first kill always goes off into the woods alone. To use the bathroom. Because they're upset. Or to get high.

Silence. SASHA stands up.

SASHA: We should go find her.

MARVIN moves to SASHA.

BROOKE: Why? Wait, are you seriously –

SASHA: Better safe than –

NATE: Dead.

NATE stands up. BROOKE turns to NATE.

BROOKE: Not you too.

NATE: (*shrugs*) What choice do I have? I mean, she is my sister. Apparently.

An uncomfortable silence. BROOKE sighs.

BROOKE: Fine but, just to be clear, this is a total overreaction. Nothing bad is –

A scream is heard offstage. Followed by loud sobbing. They all look at each other.

Was that Erika?

SASHA: (*gets up*) I think so.

NATE: What do we do?

BROOKE: (*sighs loudly*) Go check on her.

They start to exit and BROOKE grabs NATE's backpack.

NATE: Why are you grabbing my backpack? Wait, it's because it's full of rocks, isn't it?

BROOKE: Yes, that would be it. (*ERIKA enters, a little winded perhaps*) We might need a weapon.

ERIKA: A weapon for what?

They turn to ERIKA.

BROOKE: For nothing, I guess. (*turns to MARVIN and SASHA*) See? Told you.

ERIKA: What's wrong?

SASHA: We heard you screaming and sobbing.

ERIKA: That wasn't me. It was the person trying to kill me with a bedazzled machete.

MARVIN: Wait, what?

ERIKA: Yep.

NATE: Oh my god, we are in a horror movie. A bedazzled one.

ERIKA: If it is, it's the worst one ever written. The girl who came at me had glasses, pigtails, freckles, and paint splattered overalls. (*they all groan*) Also, she would not stop talking. In a terrible British accent, mind you.

MARVIN: That sounds like a killer from a horror movie spoof.

NATE: (*turns to MARVIN*) Do people die in horror movie spoofs?

MARVIN: Yeah. The deaths are just more laughable. Sometimes.

SASHA: What happened?

ERIKA: Well, after droning on and on for what felt like forever, she announced that she was going to "Slash, slash" me and then proceeded to run at me. She almost instantly tripped over a root or something and fell to the ground. She screamed and started weeping. I laughed at her because it was funny, and she looked at me and, through her sobs, told me I was rude and then got up, grabbed her machete, and ran off still sobbing loudly. Then I came back here.

NATE: (*grabs BROOKE*) Are we going to die, Brooke? I don't want to die. I'm way too pretty.

BROOKE: No, Nate, we are not. The woman Erika saw was clearly a lonely kook who gets off on scaring teenagers. She's probably home now, having her two hundred cats lick her wounds.

ERIKA: (*laughs*) Yeah, I could see her doing that.

SASHA: But the machete.

BROOKE: It was bedazzled! Who bedazzles anything anymore?

NATE starts to raise his hand but a look from BROOKE shuts him down.

SASHA: Still, maybe we should call the cops.

MARVIN: No point. In horror movies, as you know Sasha, they always arrive too late and then usually –

BROOKE: Still not a horror movie. And let's say we do call the cops. What would we tell them? That we broke into an abandoned campground that no one is supposed to be on and that there's a woman with pigtails and a bedazzled machete running around? They would just think we were stoned. And I can't afford to have something else on my record.

MARVIN: When you say it like that –

ERIKA: So, what are we going to do?

PIPPA, the serial killer, enters, happily.

PIPPA: I, Pippa Vanderway, will tell you what you are going to do. Die! Because of me. *(slashes with her machete)* Slash, slash.

PIPPA loses her grip and drops her machete. Silence as she stares at them. She slowly, without looking, reaches down and attempts to pick up the machete, missing several times. Finally, she gets it and stands up, trying to look threatening.

NATE: Wow, you were right, Erika. Her machete is bedazzled. Love it.

PIPPA: Thank you! I took a bedazzling class in 2nd grade and, spoiler alert, someone got an A. *(silence)* It wasn't me. It was Alice. *(Looks off. With disdain.)* Alice! *(Silence. She turns back. Silence.)* What? *(Silence. She remembers.)* Right. Sorry, I'm entirely new at this. You can call me a newborn serial killer.

SASHA: Do you really want us to?

PIPPA: *(considers)* I do not. You can call me Pippa. But not for long because, despite my questionable attempt at killing *(points to ERIKA)* that rude one earlier, you'll all be dead. By me and my bedazzled machete.

Silence. No one moves. Then BROOKE sighs.

BROOKE: This is dumb. Let's go for a walk, Nate.

SASHA: (*turns to BROOKE*) You're just going to leave us here... with her?

MARVIN: You can't. You're the toughest one –

BROOKE: I know but look at her. You guys will be fine.

BROOKE and NATE start to exit but PIPPA steps in the way.

PIPPA: You can't leave. I'm about to slash, slash you.

BROOKE: Are you? Go ahead.

PIPPA considers her next move and decides that her next move will not be killing BROOKE.

PIPPA: You know what? I'll pass. (*trying to be threatening*) For now.

BROOKE mockingly laughs at her and then takes NATE's hand. They exit. Silence. PIPPA turns to ERIKA, MARVIN, and SASHA.

Well, this night is not off to the start that I hoped for but I suppose I should put on my brave face and slash, slash the three of you. To death!

ERIKA: I'm feeling pretty secure in the knowledge that I'm not going to die.

PIPPA: (*takes a moment*) You are... (*Realizes that she has no comeback and that ERIKA is probably right. Her crushingly poor self-esteem wins.*) completely right! I knew I would be terrible at this!

PIPPA crosses away, sits down and starts sobbing. MARVIN, SASHA, and ERIKA look on awkwardly. SASHA then decides to go over to her.

SASHA: Hey, there... you. You're doing all right.

PIPPA: (*looks up*) Am I?

SASHA: (*shakes her head*) No.

PIPPA: Of course not. I hoped I would be good at this. This, killing of teens in a traditional horror movie style. Alas, I am not.

MARVIN: (*crosses over to her*) Is this, killing of teens thing in...

PIPPA: A traditional horror movie style.

MARVIN: Right. Is it, like some kind of career choice?

PIPPA: Not by me. It was chosen for me by my mother and her... *(looks off)* deathbed wish.

ERIKA, SASHA, MARVIN: What?

PIPPA: It was the last thing she said that morning after giving me this letter *(takes out a letter)* that I still haven't read because I've yet to fulfill her... deathbed wish.

SASHA: What was it?

PIPPA looks at them, stands up, and then starts to walk off a bit.

ERIKA: Wait, I feel like a long monologue is coming up.

MARVIN: One is definitely coming up. She crossed away from us.

SASHA: Now she's looking off with a slightly upturned head. Standard long monologue pose.

PIPPA: *(turns back to them)* It is a monologue, but I wouldn't call it long. I would call it expansive storytelling.

ERIKA: *(turns to exit)* I'm out.

PIPPA: Why on earth –

ERIKA: Because I hate monologues. They're boring. Therefore I, along with my utterly unlikeable character, am going deep into the woods alone again for a highly superficial reason. *(takes a moment)* Which sounded exactly like something someone would say who was going to die first in a horror movie. *(to PIPPA)* The good thing for me, though, is that we have you.

PIPPA: Thank you.

ERIKA takes a moment, shakes her head in disgust and exits. PIPPA turns to MARVIN and SASHA.

I now realize that that was sarcasm. *(MARVIN and SASHA nod)*
She's very hurtful.

SASHA: You were going to tell us –

PIPPA: My origin story? My "why?" *(laughs a bit and then gets sad)* Be prepared, it's quite the tragic story of a mother's death and a child's failure, up to this point, to fulfill her... "Deathbed Wish." *(looks back at them)* That is the title of the monologue. "Deathbed Wish." *(Looks back again, looking for praise. MARVIN and SASHA eventually give a thumbs up. PIPPA smiles.)* It was a dark and stormy

night many years ago that was neither dark nor stormy, nor night, nor many years ago. It was this morning, which was beautiful and cloudless. I entered my mother's room, as I did every morning, to inquire about what she wanted for breakfast. It was just my mother and me because my father had left long ago to pursue his dream of being away from us. Not only that, but Mother was also currently dying. Of what? We did not know because Mother did not believe in doctors. Nor most things. Including me. The only thing she believed in... was breakfast. Anywho, I walked up to my mother's bedside, looking away because she was quite unpleasant to look at, and in my sweetest voice, I said, "Mother, what would you like for breakfast?" She didn't answer at first, but then she grabbed me by my shoulders, pulled me to her, handed me a letter, and whispered into my ear what turned out to be her final words. She said this... *(Makes sounds where the only words that you can understand are "you," "serial," and something that sounds like a mix of "killer." Also the words "horror movie" and "corn flakes.")* After that moment, I rushed out to buy a machete, bedazzled it, and then came to these scary woods to, for the first time ever, not fail Mother. *(she turns back to them)* Now, do you understand why I had to become a horror movie style serial killer?

MARVIN & SASHA: No.

PIPPA: Because of my mother's last words!

SASHA: Which were?

PIPPA: What I told you!

MARVIN: We didn't understand what you said. You were very gurgley.

PIPPA: That's because she was very gurgley before she died.

SASHA: Couldn't she have just been asking you for cereal? I think I heard the word cereal.

MARVIN: And I heard the word corn flakes. Plus, it was breakfast time.

PIPPA: Well, she did love cereal... especially... corn flakes but... no! She clearly wanted me to become a horror movie style serial killer!

SASHA: Why would any mother want that for her child?

PIPPA: I don't know. She was an odd woman. And it doesn't matter. I chose to believe that she wanted me to become a horror movie style serial killer which I'm also currently failing at because I have no idea how to be what Mother wanted me to be. I can see why my father left, and my mother never believed in me. Can

either of you say that it is impossible to recall a moment you gave someone a reason to believe in you? (MARVIN and SASHA look away *uncomfortably*.) I didn't think so. I can though. (silence) I hoped that this time could be... but no matter. I should have known that I couldn't pull off something as glorious as fulfilling a deathbed wish. I am simply... the worst. (*starts to exit*)

MARVIN: Wait, you still can!

SASHA & PIPPA: What now?

MARVIN: The night's still young, and we are all still here.

SASHA: Do you understand the words coming out of your mouth?

MARVIN: I do, but we have to help her. It was her mother's deathbed wish. Can you imagine feeling like you're a failure? All the time?

SASHA: No, but –

MARVIN: Plus, with all our horror movie knowledge, the two of us know what it takes to be a good horror movie serial killer. We could train her!

SASHA: But we would all die!

MARVIN: Not all of us. You wouldn't.

SASHA: But the rest of you would.

MARVIN: I know, but it's for the greater good.

SASHA: Is it?

MARVIN: I think. Besides, who knows how it will turn out in the end. We might be terrible teachers.

PIPPA: And I am quite a terrible student, I assure you.

MARVIN: Are you in?

SASHA looks at MARVIN and then at PIPPA. And then back to MARVIN.

SASHA: I suppose. Even though it seems like it plays directly into the horror movie clichés of teenagers making awful decisions but... why not?

MARVIN: Awesome. (*turns to PIPPA*) Pippa, are you ready?

PIPPA: For what?

MARVIN: For us to train you how to be a horror movie style serial killer so that you can fulfill what was most likely your mother's deathbed wish.

PIPPA: Smashing! Where do we start?

MARVIN: I'll tell you where we start. With a serial killer training montage!

SASHA: Is that a thing?

MARVIN: It is now!

80's style music starts, and the training montage starts. MARVIN and SASHA show PIPPA how to be a "horror movie-style serial killer" during the upbeat montage. Here are some things they teach her: The menacing stare for a rather long and tedious time (PIPPA does rather poorly at this), the slow walk that always gets them places faster than people running (PIPPA also does poorly at this because she either skips, hops, or something else ridiculous), the powerful slashing with no flair (PIPPA also does poorly at this because she does the slashing like a dancer), appearing in random places like a game of whack a mole. (PIPPA thinks she does good at this but her happily popping out is kind of the opposite of what they are after), the using of various things to kill people, etc. Keep adding more. At one point, she wants something to drink but is denied because killers don't drink or eat. After the montage ends, PIPPA is lying flat on the ground exhausted, and SASHA and MARVIN seem disappointed.

PIPPA: That was exhausting and terribly boring. Except for the whack a mole game.

SASHA: It wasn't a "whack a mole" game.

PIPPA: Well, it should have been. Why would anyone want to be a horror movie serial killer? It seems horribly mundane. Moving slowly everywhere, never talking, no skipping, and somehow no eating or drinking. On top of that, I also imagine that there is a lot of blood and death, both of which I am not a fan of.

SASHA: Yeah, there's a lot of both.

PIPPA: Appalling.

MARVIN: It doesn't matter because people become these types of killers because they lived a life full of rejection, and usually something tragic happens, like the death of a parent or someone else close to them.

PIPPA: I do qualify there, I suppose. Plus, there is my mother's deathbed wish as an added incentive.

SASHA: Yep. Thus, they, you, lose all hope, suffer a break from reality, and –

PIPPA: Seek out a therapist?

SASHA: No. Become a horror movie serial killer of teenagers. Fate.

PIPPA: Humph. Very well. I suppose I shall follow the path fate and my mother have set out for me. Quite begrudgingly, I might add. But first, a nap.

PIPPA lays down, and MARVIN and SASHA run over to her.

MARVIN: There's no time for a nap.

PIPPA: There's always time for a nap, my friend.

SASHA: Not this time because it's time for you to go slash, slash, slashing!

PIPPA: Do you think I'm ready?

MARVIN: As ready as you'll ever be! But first, let me give you this.
(Crosses to his bag, reaches into his backpack, and takes out a mask. He crosses back over and sees SASHA staring at him.) I was going to scare everyone.

SASHA nods, and MARVIN hands it to PIPPA.

PIPPA: What is this for? *(happily gasps)* Are we going to a costume party? If so, I thank you for the gift, but I have a mask at home that I made from papier-mâché, glitter, and –

SASHA: We're not going to a costume party.

PIPPA: *(quite disappointed)* Of course not.

SASHA: All good serial killers wear a creepy mask. Right now, you look like someone who paints lovely nature scenes.

PIPPA: That's what I want to look like! *(they stare at her)* That's not what I want to look like! *(puts on the mask)* Oh my god! How

does one breathe in this thing? *(lifts mask)* This is not very pleasant.

MARVIN: You'll get used to it. Trust me.

PIPPA: Very well. Who do I kill first? You two? I mean, you are –

SASHA: No! Horror movie serial killers have an order to which they do their killing that makes complete thematic sense.

PIPPA: I don't know what that means.

MARVIN: Let your inner killer speak to you. *(silence)*

PIPPA: I don't know what that means, either.

SASHA: It's okay. We'll help you.

PIPPA: Oh, you will? *(MARVIN and SASHA nod)* Very sporting of you. Who is it?

MARVIN: It's someone who's not here, is by herself, has been gone a little too long and –

PIPPA: The plain-looking girl who has quite a negative attitude who I attempted to kill earlier?

SASHA: Her name is Erika.

PIPPA: Delightful. But how should I find her? She could be anywhere in the woods.

MARVIN: Killers like you don't have to know where the person they're looking to kill is to know where the person they're looking to kill is. They'll know when they need to know. And you will too. By a feeling.

PIPPA: *(eyes grow wide)* Wow. Serial killers are magical. Like unicorns. To the woods! *(starts skipping away)*

SASHA: Stop! *(PIPPA turns)* Slow walk, remember?

PIPPA: *(sadly)* Of course. *(she turns and begins walking around sadly)*

MARVIN: And the mask.

PIPPA stops, growing even more annoyed. She puts the mask down, sighs loudly, and then heads off slowly into the woods. Silence. SASHA turns to MARVIN.

SASHA: You realize that we just sent a serial killer after one of our friends. After showing her how to be a good one.

MARVIN: No, Sasha, we gave her hope. Hope that she won't be a disappointment for the first time in her life. But she's not killing anyone. Erika will probably scare her away by crushing whatever little self-esteem she has left. Trust me, the only way Pippa is going to kill anyone is by accident.

They laugh a little awkwardly.

SASHA: Okay. It was fun teaching with you.

MARVIN: It was. (*awkward silence*) And I want you to know that, you wanting to be my girlfriend is like the best thing that's ever happened to me. I mean, I've liked you for as long as I can remember, but I never dreamed you would like me too.

SASHA: Well, I do.

They smile at each other and seem about to take it to the next level but are interrupted when BROOKE and NATE enter, holding hands.

BROOKE: What up, losers? (MARVIN and SASHA turn to them awkwardly) Oh, wait. Did we just interrupt something awkward?

SASHA: No.

BROOKE: Yeah, we did. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll get more alone time. Where did Erika and that loon go?

SASHA: Erika went for a walk and –

MARVIN: We trained Pippa in the ways of horror movie serial killers and then sent her off after Erika.

NATE: Why would you do that?

SASHA: Because she has a sad backstory.

MARVIN: And she's still not going to be able to kill anyone. I think she somehow got worse with our help.

BROOKE: Sounds about right. Nate and I are going into the tent to play board games. (MARVIN and SASHA groan) Whatever, you're just jealous.

BROOKE and NATE exit. Silence as we now start to hear laughing from the tent.

MARVIN: What do you want to do?

SASHA: Not stay here and listen to that. Who plays board games with other people just outside? Want to go sit by the lake and talk?

MARVIN: Yeah. That sounds nice. But I must warn you, now that we are, you know, dating, I'll probably be way more awkward.

SASHA: It's okay. I like awkward.

They smile as SASHA takes MARVIN's hand and they exit as the lights fade. When they come up, we see ERIKA barely visible.

ERIKA: Well, where the hell are our tents? (*silence as ERIKA looks around*) Okay. Which way, which way? I should've Hansel and Gretel-ed this crap. (*considers what to do*) You know what? I'm just going to sit down and pray I have a signal. (*She sits down and takes out her phone. She looks at it and sighs.*) Yet another prayer unanswered. (*She hears a sound that is clearly someone trying to make a bird sound. ERIKA jumps up.*) Who there? Brooke, is that you?

PIPPA: No, it's a bird. Clearly.

ERIKA: Oh, no. Is that you. Flippa or whatever your name is?

PIPPA steps out.

PIPPA: It's Pippa and yes.

ERIKA: Why were you making a bird noise?

PIPPA: I wanted to add some ambiance.

ERIKA: I suppose you're here to attempt to make me your first kill?

PIPPA: Yes. And this time I will be successful. Your friends trained me and gave me this mask. (*puts mask back on*) Trying to breathe with it on is quite labor-intensive. Now I must get into character and then "slash, slash" time. (*Starts doing stretches and such. Some Tai Chi. ERIKA watches for a bit and then gets bored.*)

ERIKA: You know what? (*PIPPA looks at her*) I think instead of you killing me, I'm going to kill you first.

PIPPA: (*scared*) What?

ERIKA: Yeah. I'm going to pick up this rock here and crush your –

PIPPA: Don't say my pancreas! It's my favorite –

ERIKA: I was going to say your skull.

PIPPA: Oh. That's far worse. But there's no need for that. I'll be on my way and –

ERIKA: Not this time!

ERIKA charges PIPPA, who screams, collapses, and throws the machete into the air, and right into ERIKA, who screams and falls.

You stabbed me!

PIPPA: Not on purpose! You ran at me and scared me!

ERIKA: But why did you collapse and throw your machete at me?

PIPPA: Because I always collapse and throw away whatever's in my hands when I'm scared. It's a rare genetic disorder.

ERIKA: So stupid. Of course, this is the way I die.

PIPPA: Wait, you're dying?

ERIKA: I have a machete going through me so... yes.

PIPPA: Is it my fault?

ERIKA: No, it's my fault. I could've just let you go, but no. *(silence)*
Though, since I am dying and it's just the two of us, you could tell everyone that I'm your first kill.

PIPPA: Thank you, but that would be untruthful and would dishonor my mother's deathbed wish. I'll keep trying.

ERIKA: Okay. Now go so I can die in peace with a terrified look on my face.

PIPPA: Of course. *(turns to exit)*

ERIKA: Aren't you forgetting something? *(PIPPA looks back confused)*
Your bedazzled machete.

PIPPA: Right. Could you take it out of yourself and then wipe it off?
I imagine it's very bloody, and I'm quite squeamish around the blood.

ERIKA: *(stares at her)* Fine. *(slowly takes it out)*

PIPPA: Wow. That is disgusting. What you're doing.

*ERIKA almost gets the machete out but then dies.
With a terrified look on her face. Silence.*

Are you going to... *(silence)* I see. You're dead. All right. I suppose I can pull it the rest – *(stops herself)* No, I absolutely cannot. *(walks over to it and instantly starts to gag)* So much blood. *(lamenting to the heavens)* Why would my mother want this for me? *(tries again but still can't)* I cannot do it. But I need a weapon of –

She looks around and sees a stick. Her moods brighten. She skips over to the stick, picks it up, and starts slashing with it. Then hitting.

This stick will be an excellent weapon of... hitting! *(about to skip off, but remembers)* Slow walk. But it's so dull. *(gets an idea)* Perhaps the slow walk and the no talking were nothing more than a suggestion. Yes, that's what it was. Therefore, I say pass to those suggestions.

She skips offstage, talking happily. As the lights come back up, we are back on the main campsite where we see the tent. BROOKE gets out. We quickly see NATE peek his head out.

NATE: Where are you going, Brooke?

BROOKE: I heard people scream. Come on. We've got to check it out.

NATE: Thank you, but I would rather not.

BROOKE: What? One of them was clearly Erika.

NATE: Right but I'm actually starting to have my doubts that she's my sister.

BROOKE: She is.

NATE: Tomato, tomato. *(He says them exactly the same way. BROOKE shakes her head.)*

BROOKE: Thank god you're pretty. Just stay here and put up Life and get Sorry ready.

NATE: Wonderful! I'm going to zip up the tent so no one can come in until you or Marvin or Sasha come back.

BROOKE: Great.

BROOKE exits, and NATE zips up the tent.

NATE: All safe and secure. Now to put up Life and get Sorry ready.

Starts humming to himself as PIPPA, skipping, enters. After hearing the noise, she starts walking slowly and pulls the mask down. She slowly raises her stick and starts hitting the tent very hard. NATE starts screaming. PIPPA tries to poke the tent, but it doesn't work.

NATE: Don't kill me! *(He starts to struggle as PIPPA continues, to no avail, trying to get into the tent.)* If you don't stop, I'll throw stuff at you. Angrily!

PIPPA: Go ahead with your... throwing. Nothing too sharp though. *(Continues hitting the tent. NATE unzips the tent slightly and throws a red Sorry piece at her.)* Did you throw a red Sorry piece at me? How vulgar you are!

NATE: *(from inside the tent)* Yes, I did! Now I'll hit you with a blue one!

PIPPA: No, you won't, mister!

Just as NATE throws the piece at PIPPA, PIPPA closes the tent's door. What we don't see is that this causes the piece to bounce back and right into NATE's mouth.

Take that, bucko!

NATE: *(from inside the tent)* It went into my mouth! It's now stuck in my throat! I can't breathe!

PIPPA: I don't see how that's possible. It's not that big.

NATE unzips the tent and leans out, clearly struggling to breathe.

NATE: It's not just that! I need my... my inhaler!

PIPPA: Well, grab your inhaler then.

NATE: It's outside in the blue bag. Can you get it for me?

PIPPA: I don't see why I should get it for you. But fine. *(NATE lays back down inside the tent)* Then I'm going to hit you with my stick multiple times! *(walks over to his bag and throws out some rather odd things)*

NATE: Hurry!

PIPPA: Stop rushing me! *(finally finds it, opens it, and is shocked by what she sees)* Why are there rocks in here? It must weigh a ton.

NATE: Oh, it does. I carry around rocks to always be working my core.

PIPPA: Oh. All right. But where's your – here it is. Mixed in with the rocks. I'm no doctor, but I think you could pick a better place to–

NATE suddenly appears out of the tent screaming.

NATE: Just hurry!

PIPPA, frightened by NATE jumping out of the tent, collapses and throws the inhaler directly into NATE's mouth. NATE collapses back into the tent.

NATE: Oh, my god! You threw it directly into my mouth! Now I can't breathe at all!

PIPPA: It's not like I meant to do that! I have a rare genetic disorder!

NATE: Just help me.

PIPPA: I'm not going to reach my hand down your throat. I don't know you that way.

NATE: Do the Heimlich on me then!

PIPPA: I don't know what that is.

NATE: I'll explain it! I received a top score in my Heimlich training last summer. Actually, I didn't. It was Carl! *(looking off)* Carl!

PIPPA: I empathize, my friend.

NATE: Hurry! I'm too pretty to die!

PIPPA: *(takes a moment to notice NATE's beauty)* You are quite attractive, but the bluish tint of your skin is somewhat off-putting. *(realizes)* That's the lack of air. Right. I'll save you. *(starts crossing over to him)*

NATE: Thank y – *(falls dead halfway into and halfway out of the tent)*

PIPPA: The word you are looking for is you. "Yoouuu." Oh. *(Silence. PIPPA exits the tent.)* Yet another accidental death. I'm running out of teens to kill non-accidentally. Still, to be fair, I am beginning to lose interest in this entire horror movie serial killer thing. If it wasn't for my mother's – *(turns and sees BROOKE standing there)* Hello. *(notices that BROOKE is carrying the machete)* I see you found my bedazzled machete.

BROOKE: You killed Erika, didn't you?

PIPPA: Not really. She ran at me and frightened me considerably. During my collapse, I threw my machete, and it went... inside of her.

BROOKE: On purpose?

PIPPA: No, I have terrible aim.

BROOKE: (*notices the tent open and NATE's foot*) Nate? Is he –

PIPPA: Dead? Yes.

BROOKE: You killed him too?

PIPPA: I was involved yes, but only because he threw Sorry pieces at me when I was hitting the tent with my stick.

BROOKE: He was too pretty to die.

PIPPA: Apparently not.

*BROOKE grabs PIPPA and knees her in the stomach.
PIPPA cries out and falls to the ground.*

Ow. That hurt! (*BROOKE kicks her*) And that one did, too.
(*BROOKE then backs away and raises the machete*) What? You're going to... machete me?

BROOKE: You deserve it.

PIPPA: No, I don't! I mean, I did come here to kill you all, and two of you are dead but –

*Stops talking when she realizes that way isn't working.
She comes up with another brilliant idea. She grabs
NATE's body and brings him out.*

Wait! Your dashing boyfriend is still alive! (*tries to talk like NATE*)
Look at my lovely alive face, darling girlfriend! I'm alive, and I want you to put that machete down so that we can... kiss.

BROOKE: You sound nothing like him! Now put him down and face me like a woman who's about to die.

*PIPPA puts him down and moves out of the way a bit.
BROOKE takes a moment to look at NATE. PIPPA
grabs her stick and hits BROOKE with it. BROOKE
turns slowly.*

Did you just hit me... with a stick?

PIPPA: No.

*PIPPA backs away as BROOKE slowly moves towards
her. She notices NATE's backpack, gets an idea, and
slowly picks it up.*

BROOKE: That's Nate's backpack. What are you? A thief too?

PIPPA: How dare you!

BROOKE: No. How dare... you!

BROOKE rushes PIPPA, who screams out, collapses, and throws the bag awkwardly. The bag hits BROOKE in the head, she cries out, falls, and dies instantly. Silence. PIPPA looks over at her.

Sorry. I was only going to use the bag as protection from the machete. *(slowly stands up and looks around)* This night... is simply the worst night in a life full of worsts. Seriously.

MARVIN and SASHA enter and look at the carnage. They stop and stare at her. She finally sees them.

Oh, hello there. *(MARVIN and SASHA continue to stare)* Yes, they're all dead.

SASHA: This is all our fault, Marvin. We should never have –

PIPPA: Let me assure you, it is not your fault. Nor mine.

MARVIN: What?

PIPPA: I don't wish to relive my failures yet again, so let's just say I did not "slash, slash" anyone or anything except whatever was left of my self-esteem. As hard as it might be to believe, all of your friends died accidentally. *(silence)*

MARVIN & SASHA: Okay.

PIPPA: Both of you believe me? Just like that?

MARVIN: Yeah, I mean, why would you lie?

PIPPA: To get away with multiple murders?

SASHA: I don't think so. Remember, your mother's deathbed wish?

PIPPA: Right. Well, after the events of tonight, I realized that I could never intentionally kill anyone. Not because I wouldn't want to but simply because I would have failed at it. I mean, these three deaths are more of a slap in the face than anything. *(silence)* I have failed my mother one final time. I suppose now is the time for me to read her letter to me. I'm sure it will be a metaphorical bedazzled machete to the chest. *(takes out the note, and then looks at them)* Actually, could one of you read it to me? I'm not sure I can –

Production Notes

Sets

The Ascot Ribbon needs merely a bench. You could add delightful trees and shrubbery if so inclined.

The Cow's Head takes place in an old cabin and only needs a chair or a couch. You can make the set as elaborately “creepy cabin” as you wish. Even though a “bloodstain” is mentioned, there is no need to stain your stage with blood.

Slash, Slash takes place at abandoned campground, but the only real set piece needed is a tent. For Erika's death scene, you can have it simply take place downstage using downstage lighting, leaving the main set (featuring the tent) onstage in the dark.

The Date occurs in a backyard with a table and four chairs at night.

Tofuman takes place in a living room of a shack. There needs to be some chairs and a table for Dane to work his magic with his tofu.

Lights

Basic lighting is needed for all scenes. To create a more suspenseful atmosphere, dim lighting is recommended for almost all scenes, and a blue light would be excellent for *The Cow's Head*. There are moments that blackouts are required, and those are mentioned in the script.

Sound

The Ascot Ribbon

- Perhaps a soft meadow sound
- The sound of a head falling off

The Cow's Head

- Loud knocking at the door
- Outdoor noise

The Date

- Cellphone notifications

Tofuman

- 80's style music

Props Needed

Ascot Ribbon

- Ascot Ribbon (Travis)

Cow's Head

- Bags (Sage, Landry, Kendra)
- Cow's Head (Kevin) Note: We used a cow's head mask stuffed to make it look full. You could also make one.
- Kit Kat bars (Landry)
- Flashlights (Sage, Landry, Kendra)

Slash, Slash

- Bedazzled Machete (Pippa)
- Backpacks (Marvin, Sasha, Erika, Nate, Brooke)
- Note (Pippa)
- Stick (Pippa)
- Sorry Pieces (Nate)
- Inhaler (Nate)

The Date

- Snack food, juice boxes (Chris)
- Bowl of cinnamon applesauce (Chris)
- Cell Phones (Chris, Ray, Felicia)

Tofuman

- Tofu in the shape of human parts (Dane)
- Ukulele (Phillip)
- Phillip's Heart (Bloo-day Ma-ray) Note: If you wished you could place the heart in a paper bag.

Costume

All characters can dress in what you imagine for them, except for Pippa Vanderway in *Slash, Slash*, who has "glasses, pigtails, freckles, and paint splattered overalls."

Also, Travis's ascot in *Ascot Ribbon* should be quite the colorful one.

Random Vital Notes

The Falling Off of Travis's Head in The Ascot Ribbon

We did this by blacking out the lights when Bean removed the ascot ribbon and having Travis fall behind the bench so that only his head could be seen. We covered the bench with a black sheet to aid in the illusion. When the

lights returned, bam, no body. Like magic.

The Slash, Slash Training Montage

This is based on what was quite prevalent in almost every 80's movie I saw. Think cleaning montage, or car wash montage, building montage, etc. And each montage is full of hijinks, no talking, smiles, goofiness, and, most importantly, an upbeat 80's song. In our case, the montage is training someone to be a horror movie serial killer. Even though it's already listed in the script, I've included what needs to be trained... right here:

- The menacing stare for a rather long and tedious time (Pippa does rather poorly at this).
- The slow walk that always gets them places faster than people running (Pippa also does poorly at this because she either skips, hops, or something else ridiculous).
- The powerful slashing with no flair (Pippa also does poorly at this because she does the slashing like a dancer).
- Appearing in random places like a game of whack-a-mole (Pippa thinks she does good at this but her happily popping out is kind of the opposite of what they are after).
- The using of various things to kill people.
- At one point, she wants something to drink but is denied because killers don't drink or eat
- Whatever else you can think of! Have fun!

Kevin (The Cow's Head) Voice

This one we did by using a microphone. You could also just have the person hidden onstage to provide the voice. Though the microphone added another element of weirdness.

Cassie and Karen in The Cow's Head

They should simply be in the background covered in sheets. They could also almost be offstage if that's easier.

The marking on Jinny in The Date

Have fun with this one. Not that you couldn't have fun with everything else. It needs to be big enough to be seen by the audience. Placement depends on your taste.

The Ripping Out of Phillip's Heart in Tofuman

This one clearly takes place offstage, and no heart must be ripped out.



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