

MONSTER GIRL

By
Dan Taube

MONSTER GIRL

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MONSTER GIRL

“Alone”

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view-

MONSTER GIRL

Monster Girl

Running Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

PLACE

Various places – Minnesota, NYC: 1975-1989

CASTING

Except for Monster Girl and Anna, the other characters in the play may double as The Ghoulish Shapes. You may also cast extra actors for The Ghoulish Shapes. Entirely up to you.

STAGING

Simplicity is best. Keep set pieces to a minimum. The action should be continuous from scene to scene, with very few, if any scene changes.

MONSTER GIRL

CAST

(6) 4 female, 2 male

MONSTER GIRL

ANNA

MOM

DR. ACK

DAD

JAY

GHOULISH SHAPES

Time: 1975-1989

Place: Various places in Minnesota and NYC

MONSTER GIRL

MONSTER GIRL was first performed at Chicago Dramatists as part of Curious Theatre Branch's Rhino Festival June 2nd- June 23rd. It was directed by Taylor Pasche and stage managed by Megs Flannery.

MONSTER GIRL.....	Haylee Pasche
ANNA.....	Dani Pike
MOM/DR. ACK/GHOULISH SHAPE.....	Elyssa Trevino
JAY/FATHER/GHOULISH SHAPE.....	Asa Wallace

MONSTER GIRL

“FAMILY CAN BE MONSTERS TOO!”

Spotlight on MONSTER GIRL, our narrator and main character. When she speaks to the audience, she is 16 years old. In the other scenes she ages from nine years old to twenty-one. She is sickly thin, with long shaggy hair and haunted eyes.

MONSTER GIRL. I used to be scared of everything. (*We see three GHOULISH SHAPES emerge from the shadows.*) There are monsters everywhere. I started seeing monsters when I was a little kid. About five or six years old. Everyone accused me of making things up. Like the time I said there was a ghost in my room. But I knew they were real. The truth is: I was scared of everything. Everything looked like a monster to me. Teachers, relatives, other kids. Bullies. There were so many bullies. They were everywhere. (*The Ghoulish Shapes disappear.*) One time I got so scared. Scared of monsters. Scared of everyone. Scared of death. I cried. I couldn't stop crying for days. Mom finally got sick of comforting me (*Spotlight on MOM in the corner of the stage.*)

MOM. Shut up shut up shut up! If you don't stop that crying, I'll kill you myself! (*Spotlight off Mom and back on Monster Girl.*)

MONSTER GIRL. At that moment I was pretty afraid of her. So, I stopped. I retreated to my imaginary world with my imaginary friends. There was: Dracula. Frankenstein's Monster. The Invisible Man. Godzilla. Creature from the Black Lagoon. T.Rex. Bigfoot. King Kong. And many more. I filled my room with them. Posters and model kits and books and magazines. All devoted to monsters. These imaginary monsters. I needed to make friends with them. So, I could be less afraid. The more monsters I surrounded myself with the stronger I felt. The safer I felt. My parents just thought I was weird. But these creatures, these monsters, these pieces of my imagination they were my home. My older brother made fun of me.

MONSTER GIRL

Called me monster girl. Called me ugly and stupid. Told me I looked like a monster. (*Lights up on JAY.*)

JAY. Little creep. Little dyke. Weirdo. Psycho. Nobody likes you. Mom and Dad didn't want to have you, you know. Besides, you're adopted. We have a plan. To get rid of you. I'm going to kill you. Some night. In your sleep. You'll just never wake up. You'll never see it coming. (*Lights down on Jay.*)

MONSTER GIRL. Family can be monsters too. My brother was bad. But my cousin was ten times worse. He raped me. I was nine. I didn't know what was happening. Before I knew it, he was trying to enter me. I cried the whole time. He raped me in that basement where I had seen his dad beat the shit out of him. Used to kick him until he fell down and then he'd kick him some more until he couldn't move a muscle. I don't want you to feel sorry for him. You shouldn't. He was a creep. Him and my brother. In different ways. My whole family was. I don't remember trust or love or caring. Just violence and hate and fear. That is what family meant to me. But these characters, these pretend monsters. They were my friends when I had none. I used to ask myself what would Dracula do? What would Frankenstein's monster do? I really got myself in trouble once. I was about 13. I had this bully who was relentless. He'd pull my hair, kick me, punch me in the stomach, the throat. One day I'd had enough. I took on the role of Dracula. Something just...came over me. I grabbed him by the throat and sunk my teeth into his neck. I actually broke skin. No blood though. Not really. But...there were consequences. My parents were beside themselves. There was talk of a lawsuit from this boy's family. I think that was the first time the concept of suicide became clear to me. I could end it. I couldn't be hurt any more. I wouldn't hurt anyone else. But I was so afraid of death I couldn't go through with it. They didn't go through with the suit. His parents talked to my parents. All of the attacks on me came to light. We were both expelled. I was sent to a "special" school. Don't know what happened to him. Don't really care. Though if I saw him today, I'd probably spit in his face. And the whole thing would start all over again. Of course, this is when therapy began. (*DR. ACK enters, female psychiatrist, 50 years old. Detached. Clinical. They both sit.*)

MONSTER GIRL

DR. ACK. Your mom tells me you're having problems at school.

MONSTER GIRL. Yes.

DR. ACK. What kind of problems?

MONSTER GIRL. I get angry.

DR. ACK. Everyone gets –

MONSTER GIRL. I get really angry.

DR. ACK. What do you get angry about?

MONSTER GIRL. Forget it. You'd never understand.

DR. ACK. Try me. I was a kid once.

MONSTER GIRL. My brother. The other kids. Especially the guys. They won't stop. Pushing me. Tripping me. Calling me names. And it makes me angry. I never fight back, but I imagine myself killing them. I'm afraid I'll grow up to be a killer.

DR. ACK. You won't grow up to be a killer.

MONSTER GIRL. How do you know? I get so angry I feel like I'm gonna...

DR. ACK. Burst? We all feel like that sometimes. Now let me show you some inkblots and you can tell me what you see. (*Lights out on Dr. Ack.*)

MONSTER GIRL. Dr. Ack really wasn't much help. Child psychiatrist. She didn't seem to realize, though, that kids' emotions can be as complex as adults. Maybe she did and she was just a lazy doctor, I don't know. But I had real rage that needed to be dealt with. My dad told me I should count to ten whenever I felt that ... rage. I don't know what else to call it. At fourteen years of age, I had already seen much more than I should have. And, of course, the bad dreams had started. I used to wake up in the middle of the night either screaming my lungs out or wanting to scream and not being able to. Feeling powerless. Then there were my parents' epic colossal fights. They lasted for hours. This frightened me too. I used to hide my head underneath my pillow. (*Lights up on Mom and DAD.*)

MOM. Don't you tell me-

DAD. Judi!

MOM. I know what you're-

DAD. Judi, stop! You're being hysterical.

MONSTER GIRL

MOM. I AM NOT. STOP CALLING ME THAT. I AM NOT HYSTERICAL! *(Mom and Dad begin to struggle with each other physically. Dad restrains Mom.)*

DAD. What are you doing? Will you settle down? Come on, the kids will hear.

MOM. What do you care?

DAD. I care. Let's just settle down and talk about this.

MOM. I won't settle down! I won't!! Stop telling me what to do!!!

MONSTER GIRL. Me and my mother had that in common.

MOM. You're always telling me what to do, how to talk, how to sound, what to do, what to be. And I'm SICK of it! I'm leaving! *(Mom storms off. Slamming the door behind her. Lights down on Dad.)*

MONSTER GIRL. And that was how my parent's marriage ended. What was already terrible was about to get much worse. I mean, secretly, I wanted it all to be over. I wanted her gone. I was so afraid. All the time. Between her and my brother, I was certain my days were numbered. I thought that me and my Dad were going to be like roommates. My brother was gone. Moved out. It WAS just me and my dad. But every night he disappeared, and he brought women home very late at night. There was a parade of women marching in and out of our house. I didn't think about it much. I just knew that I was lonely. I was always alone. I needed my Dad. But he was busy pleasing himself. I really started to sink into another depression. I didn't care about anything. I started burning my skin. Just to feel something other than sad. I tried to talk to my dad about it, but he always turned it around on me. *(Lights up on Dad.)*

DAD. You want me to be happy though, don't you?

MONSTER GIRL. Yes, but...

DAD. You don't mind, right?

MONSTER GIRL. Dad-

DAD. That's a good girl. We'll talk tomorrow. *(Lights down on Dad.)*

MONSTER GIRL. We never did. *(Pause.)* That's when I fell in love. No, not with a boy or girl. Alcohol. *(Monster Girl takes out a bottle of whiskey. Pours herself a large glass. She drinks.)* Everyone's left me. My mom and dad. My brother. No family. Well, good. They sucked anyway. But I've

MONSTER GIRL

got whiskey. This is love. This is all the love I'll ever need. (*Monster Girl hugs the bottle tight. A girl, ANNA, approaches her.*)

ANNA. Am I interrupting something?

MONSTER GIRL. No! Hello. Do I know you? (*Anna sticks her hand out.*)

ANNA. Anna. (Pause) And you are?

MONSTER GIRL. MG. Nice to meet you, Anna.

ANNA. Nice to meet you, "MG". Feel like sharing?

MONSTER GIRL. Sure. Pull up some floor. (*Anna does. She stares at Monster Girl for a moment. Grabs the bottle and takes a big swig.*) Nice. What do you do for an encore?

ANNA. I don't do encores. (*Anna takes another swig.*)

MONSTER GIRL. So, are we the big drinkers in this party?

ANNA. Looks that way.

MONSTER GIRL. I love drinking, you know. Everyone's given up on me. My family. My whole fucking family. But I still have this.

ANNA. You're a weird kid.

MONSTER GIRL. Thanks. You too.

ANNA. Bwa ha ha ha ha!

MONSTER GIRL. *You're* a weird kid.

ANNA. Wanna be weird together?

MONSTER GIRL. Let's.

ANNA. Yeah. Let's. (*Anna kisses Monster Girl as the lights fade.*)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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