

The One With The Monsters

By Pete Malicki

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The One With The Monsters

Cast

Wolfman – a human with a wolf’s head

Wolfman2 – a clone of Wolfman; almost identical, albeit rather shabby-looking

X-Calibre69 – a computer nerd; pimply, skinny, mousey hair and reading glasses

Laetitia – a vampireess; blood covers her mouth and t-shirt

Gary – an invisible mute. This role does not require an actor

Set

A lounge room with a couch and television/entertainment system. A desk is set up in the background with a desktop computer on it. X-Calibre69 sits at this desk throughout the play. The desk has a solid back, so X-Calibre69’s lower half can’t be seen.

Play

Wolfman enters the lounge room. He strides into the middle of the room then stops as though he’s walked into something. Lashes out at the air.

WOLFMAN: Fuck it, Gary. Watch where you stand you spaz.

X-Calibre69 is typing away at his computer, slouched, with a phone-headset on and a bottle of Mountain Dew at his side.

X-CALIBRE69: He was probably trying to hug you.

WOLFMAN: Yeah? And what kind of a spaz does that?

X-CALIBRE69: The friendly kind. You’ve probably made him bleed, Wolfman. Your skull is really hard.

WOLFMAN: Serves him right (*to the air*). Why don’t you go have a cry, you little spaz?

Wolfman sits down on the couch, rubbing his muzzle and turning on the TV. After a while, X-Calibre69, who types and clicks his mouse non-stop, speaks again.

X-CALIBRE69: I know you like her.

WOLFMAN: Who, Gary? Gary’s not a her, and I don’t him. I mean, he’s an invisible mute. What’s there to like about that?

X-CALIBRE69: I meant Laetitia. She’s back from vacation today and I know you’re excited.

WOLFMAN: Really? Is she? I didn’t realise.

X-CALIBRE69: Yes you did. You emailed your mum about her this morning. “I’m so excited. Teesh is coming back today and I have a huge surprise for her. Oh mummy, she makes me hard and wet and I want to fondle her squishy little...”

WOLFMAN: Shut your mouth you nerdy creep! How dare you read my private emails. Who gave you permission?

X-CALIBRE69: You did when you didn’t install a decent firewall and were lame enough to use Hotmail.

WOLFMAN: You're a monster.

X-CALIBRE69: That's nothing. If you'd made an online purchase you'd've lost your *identity*, not just your privacy.

WOLFMAN: You can steal someone's identity? Does this mean you can create a second identity for my clone?

X-CALIBRE69: (*sipping his Mountain Dew*) I hacked into ASIO this morning and put a death warrant on the customer service manager at Telstra who called me a "twerp". Why would I waste my talents on a werewolf's non-existent clone?

WOLFMAN: You're a little punk, X-Calibre69. You know that? I hate you and I would love to kick your spazzy little mouth in.

X-CALIBRE69: Hate me all you like, Wolfman. Come within one metre and the apartment will be in my name.

WOLFMAN: (*screaming*) Then you can pay off my mortgage, bitch!

X-CALIBRE69: I could transfer money from the fake account I made last month and pay it off in one three-second transaction.

WOLFMAN: Yeah, you're great. Hey! Gary! You about? (*Reaches around at face level until he feels something*) There you are. Can you... oh, you're bleeding.

Wolfman wipes his hand on his shirt and whispers close to the invisible Gary. He sits back down and waits. Moments later, X-Calibre69 thrashes around and swats at the air.

X-CALIBRE69: Get the hell off me! Ungh, I'm gonna kill you Wolfman. Keep that pervert away from me.

WOLFMAN: Only if you promise to be nice. No more reading my emails.

X-CALIBRE69: I'll read what I want.

WOLFMAN: Gary, put your finger in his anus.

X-CALIBRE69: Okay, no, stop, okay! Fine, I won't read your emails. Out loud.

WOLFMAN: You know, I could snap you in half with one hand. I can also get Gary to bugger you while you sleep, so have some more respect.

X-CALIBRE69: Whatever.

Wolfman leans back, X-Calibre69 types again and sips his Mountain Dew. The door flies open and in marches Laetitia, face and shirt covered in blood.

LAETITIA: Wolfman! How are you sweetie?

Wolfman jumps up and embraces Laetitia, getting blood on his clothes.

WOLFMAN: Teeshy! So good to see you. How was your holiday?

LAETITIA: Splendid. Did you miss me?

WOLFMAN: Of course.

LAETITIA: X-Calibre69. How is my favourite technophile?

X-CALIBRE69: Good thanks Laetitia. You're looking rather gory.

LAETITIA: Why thank you. I met this fantastic guy and we ended up going back to his place for a nightcap. Got messy (*Laetitia back-pedals all of a sudden then spreads her arms wide*). Gary! Good to see you mate. Show me some love.

Laetitia squeezes the air, then frowns and puts her hands up to where Gary's face is.

LAETITIA: You're bleeding Gary. Do you mind if I...?

Laetitia's hands move side to side as Gary shakes his invisible head. She twists her body to the side and sucks the blood from Gary's nosebleed.

LAETITIA: Mmm, that's good. Oh yeah.

X-CALIBRE69: Yeah, that's not gross. I may have access to the FBI and CIA's private databases but it's times like these I wish I had Buffy's phone number.

WOLFMAN: Shut your mouth, spaz. She has to do that to survive.

X-CALIBRE69: It's a disgusting lifestyle choice.

Laetitia wipes her mouth and walks around behind X-Calibre69, who panics and jams his mouse a lot.

LAETITIA: X-Calibre, it's not a choice. I was bitten by a fucking bat and I just... oh my, what are you looking at?

X-CALIBRE69: Nothing. It's nothing.

LAETITIA: (*turns her head to the side*) You know, blood comes out of... It kinda makes me hungry...

WOLFMAN: You disgusting, nerdy pervert. Teesh, you know I would never look at anything like that.

X-CALIBRE69: Yes you would! You look at animal porn!

WOLFMAN: No I don't!

X-CALIBRE69: Laetitia, this is Wolfman's browsing history.

WOLFMAN: I'm half-fucking-wolf! Let's just move on, okay? Laetitia, I have a surprise for you. You know how you're always saying how nice I am and how you wish you could clone me so I could stay and look after the apartment *and* take you shopping?

LAETITIA: I probably said that once I guess.

X-CALIBRE69: They were horses. Wolves don't mate with horses.

WOLFMAN: Well, what do you think of... this! (*nothing happens*) Damn it. Clone!

There is a long pause where everyone exchanges expectant glances. Then, from another room comes Wolfman2, who enters the stage and wanders about scratching his crotch.

WOLFMAN: Everyone, meet... my clone!

WOLFMAN2: CLONE.

X-CALIBRE69: Oh dear.

LAETITIA: Don't tell me you actually cloned...

WOLFMAN2: CLONE.

LAETITIA: ...yourself, Wolf.

WOLFMAN: Yup. Well, I think Gary might have left some DNA in the cloner 'cause he can't stop fiddling with himself.

WOLFMAN2: FIDDLE.

WOLFMAN: He smells like, five times worse than me, and my head smells like a dog. Wolfman Two, come and meet my beautiful friend Laetitia.

WOLFMAN2: (*approaching Laetitia*) BABE. BABE!

LAETITIA: (*shying away*) You know what? I don't think I'll hug your clone. Wolfman Two, stay over there. No, stay! Or I'll bite.

WOLFMAN: You... you don't like him?

LAETITIA: Oh, Wolfy, you really shouldn't have...

X-CALIBRE69: Bite him! He'll turn into a werewolf-vampire hybrid! Bite him, bite him! I want to see this.

WOLFMAN: Shut up, spaz.

WOLFMAN2: SPAZ.

WOLFMAN: Teesh, I'm sorry. I thought you would like him. I just wanted to impress you.

LAETITIA: That wasn't necessary, mate. We'll have to feed him, and where's he going to sleep?

WOLFMAN: I thought maybe he can take my old room and I'll move in with you.

Laetitia puts her hand on her forehead, uncomfortable. Wolfman steps forwards.

WOLFMAN: The truth is, Laetitia, that I like you. Ever since I first met you I have enjoyed spending time in your company. You are smart, funny, pretty, and you...

X-CALIBRE69: "And you are always polite and friendly with me. I like the way you let perverts take you home then you drink their blood. That's so feministic of you, and as a lycanthrope, I respect minority groups." Laetitia, he's been practising this speech for months. He was going to email it to you but evidently thought it would be better to say face-to-face.

LAETITIA: Wolfman. Oh, Wolfman. That's very sweet and cute of you, but I don't feel the same way.

WOLFMAN: But I cloned myself for you!

WOLFMAN2: CLONE.

LAETITIA: Yeah. Awkward. Well, I suppose I could give you some hair and you could make a couple of 'me's if that helps. I s'pose they'd be good to have around if I ever need the organs.

WOLFMAN: God damn it. Now I have to get rid of this guy. (*wheels around*) Screw you X-Calibre69 you little nerdball. Thanks for spoiling my speech. You know what? I got Gary to beat off in your Mountain Dew!

X-Calibre69 freezes. He starts gagging and runs offstage.

WOLFMAN: Come on, Wolfman Two. Off to the mincer.

WOLFMAN2: WOLFMAN ANGER?

WOLFMAN: Yeah, I'm fucking anger. Go back to the bedroom while I oil the goddamned wood chipper.

WOLFMAN2: NO! NO KILL CLONE. WOLFMAN MEANIE POO!

Wolfman2 starts screaming and running around wildly; Wolfman chases him, swearing all the way. Wolfman grabs his clone and drags him offstage, angry. Laetitia sits down and sighs.

LAETITIA: I need a drink. (*starts, pats the air beside her*) Gary. Oh, hi buddy. Sorry you had to see all that. I always seem to attract the wrong kind of...

Laetitia pauses, sniffs the air in front of her, then grabs an invisible wrist. She licks it.

LAETITIA: You cut yourself? For me? That is very sweet of you.

Laetitia licks at Gary's wrist, then falls back in the couch. There is a pause, then she starts passionately kissing Gary. She falls right back into a supine position, hands all over her invisible flatmate, and starts to undress as the lights go down.