**PLEASE BE AWARE THAT**

**THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT**

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

**FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER**

1. **DO** take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.

2. **DO** enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.

3. **DO** understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.

4. **DO NOT** attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.

5. **DO NOT** rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. It is a crime and it is wrong!
SCARY, SCARY NIGHT—THE MUSICAL!

A Spooky, Romantic Halloween Comedy

Book, Music and Lyrics by

E. Michael Lunsford

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED

Performance Rights Available Exclusively through Heartland Plays, Inc. at heartlandplays.com playsnow@heartlandplays.com customer service: 406-431-7680

Copyright © 2014 by E. Michael Lunsford
Scary, Scary Night—The Musical!
Book, Music & Lyrics by E. Michael Lunsford

CHARACTERS


PRUDENCE: Age 20-30; Derek’s girlfriend. A practical young woman who just wants a decent Halloween costume.

JEREMY HYDE: Age 40-50; Derek’s father and the cheery co-director of the Wellsley Funeral Home.

FORMALDA HYDE: Age 40-50; Derek’s mother and Jeremy’s wife. Formalda is Jewish and from New York. She is the co-director of the Wellsley Funeral Home.

NUSSBAUM: Age 20-30. The evil manager of the House of Mask & Magic who has a dead body he needs to unload.

BRIDE-TO-BE: Age 20-30. The dead victim of Nussbaum’s evil doing.

ALBERT: Age 20-30; Nussbaum’s eager assistant, ordered to apply as make-up artist at the town’s spookiest funeral home.

SARAH HIGGENBOTTOM: Age 40-50; the disgruntled and sarcastic widow of a philandering husband. Sarah has a southern accent.

CLYDE HIGGENBOTTOM: Age 50-60; Mrs. Higgenbottom’s dead husband who died during some “hanky-panky” with his secretary.

2-4 TRICK-OR-TREATERS/SINGERS: Children preferred. Note: but if needed, Trick-or-treaters could be performed by voices offstage or by any actors not currently on stage.

DANCERS: For “Dance of the Corpses; 5 ZOMBIES in backless outfits, Plus CLYDE HIGGENBOTTOM on metal slab. Note: ZOMBIES could be danced by core actors such as DEREK, JEREMY, FORMALDA, NUSSBAUM, PRUDENCE, SARAH and BRIDE-TO-BE, disguised in zombie costumes.

3 FUNERAL ATTENDEES/SINGERS: For the “Funeral Song”. Note: Could be performed by actors not already on stage, such as DEREK, PRUDENCE, BRIDE-TO-BE, NUSSBAUM and even CLYDE HIGGENBOTTOM, if he’s not visible in the coffin.

ETC

Scary, Scary Night—The Musical! could be performed with 9 actors, 6 of which also sing and dance. In fact, if needed, the entire musical can even be performed with only 7 actors, if lifeless dummies, existing actors or unsuspecting by-standers are substituted for the BRIDE-TO-BE and CLYDE HIGGENBOTTOM—or even done with only 6 actors if PRUDENCE also plays the part of SARAH HIGGENBOTTOM!
SCENES

ACT I:  Scene 1: Inside the House of Mask and Magic, a spooky-looking costume store
       Scene 2: Inside the Funeral Home's reception room, complete with display coffins
       Scene 3: Inside the corpse preparation room, with metal slabs for body preparations

ACT II: Scene 1: The Chapel
       Scene 2: The reception room with the display coffins

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Note: Vocal/Piano Score Included; Follows End of Script
Performance CD or Digital Tracks Available with Separate Music Package

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACT I</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>Track No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>T-01</td>
<td>Sad Scary Circus Clowns (duet)</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>T-02</td>
<td>If You Want Spooky</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>T-03</td>
<td>Beautiful Lady (duet)</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>T-04</td>
<td>If I Fall in Love</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>T-05</td>
<td>The Milk of Human Kindness (duet)</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>T-06</td>
<td>If I Ever Catch a Break (duet)</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>T-07</td>
<td>A Nicer Place</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>T-08</td>
<td>A Small French Cafe (duet)</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>T-09</td>
<td>Our Favorite Ghosts (duet)</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>T-10</td>
<td>Trick or Treat</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>T-11</td>
<td>Chase Your Dream</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>T-10</td>
<td>Trick or Treat (2nd time)</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>T-12</td>
<td>Dance of the Corpses</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>T-10</td>
<td>Trick or Treat (3rd time)</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACT II</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>T-13</td>
<td>Funeral Hymn</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>T-10</td>
<td>Trick or Treat (4th time)</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>T-14</td>
<td>The Home of My Boyhood Days</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>T-15</td>
<td>You Have Such a Wonderful Face</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>T-16</td>
<td>A Whole Lot of Crazy</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>T-17</td>
<td>Only Once an Hour or So</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>T-18</td>
<td>You Think You’re So Clever</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>T-19</td>
<td>You Really Should Keep Count</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>T-20</td>
<td>Sad Scary Circus Clowns (reprise)</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>T-06</td>
<td>If I Ever Catch a Break</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>T-21</td>
<td>Finale – Celebration</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Scary, Scary Night—The Musical!
Book, Music & Lyrics by E. Michael Lunsford

ACT I
Scene 1

SETTING:  Halloween afternoon, the scene opens in the interior of the HOUSE OF MASK & MAGIC, a dark and spooky-looking costume store.

AT RISE:  The store’s front door opens, ringing the store bell. A young woman, PRUDENCE, walks in backwards, pulling on her boyfriend, DEREK.

PRUDENCE
Come on, Derek, we’re here now, so you might as well come in. I don’t know what you’re so afraid of.

DEREK
I’m not afraid, I’m just not crazy about Halloween.

(DEREK is resisting PRUDENCE, but allows himself to be pulled into the store.)

PRUDENCE
But why? It’s just a time when kids like to go trick-or-treating. I think it’s cute.

DEREK
You wouldn’t say that if you’d been raised in a spooky funeral home by crazy parents, the way I was. They had dead bodies all over the place. It was like Halloween every night!

PRUDENCE
This isn’t a funeral home, and you knew we were going to need costumes. I really wish we hadn’t waited till the last minute.

DEREK
It’s not the last minute…

PRUDENCE
Are you kidding? This is Halloween. Nobody waits till Halloween to get a costume.

DEREK
Well, technically, it isn’t Halloween yet. Halloween means “Hollowed Evening”. But it’s only afternoon. So it’s sort of “Hallownoon”. See?

(DEREK smiles encouragingly. PRUDENCE just stares wordlessly at him. DEREK masks the awkward moment by trying to take command. HE steps up to the store register and slaps his hand down on the counter.)
DEREK, Continued

OK. We just need a little help here. Hello? Is anybody here?

(DEREK doesn’t notice as the store manager, a tall brooding man named NUSSBAUM, walks up behind him. DEREK is startled by NUSSBAUM’s deep and sinister voice.)

NUSSBAUM

Good afternoon.

DEREK

(Wheels around and almost falls down in fright) Aaah!

NUSSBAUM

Did you find what you wanted?

PRUDENCE

(Stepping in) Actually, no, we’re going to a masquerade party, and we both need costumes.

NUSSBAUM

Most of the costumes are already gone.

PRUDENCE

(Turning to DEREK) See?

DEREK

OK, OK, can we see what you have?

(NUSSBAUM takes a costume from a nearby rack and hands it to PRUDENCE. He remains strangely in profile, never fully turning towards DEREK or PRUDENCE.)

NUSSBAUM

You might want to try this on. The dressing room is just behind here.

DEREK

What is it?

PRUDENCE

I’ll surprise us both. Just give me a second…

(PRUDENCE exits to the dressing room. DEREK looks carefully at NUSSBAUM who seems to prefer standing in the darker part of the store.)

DEREK

You know, you look familiar. Have we met somewhere?
NUSSBAUM
(Suspicious) What are you getting at?

DEREK
I don’t know, it’s just … you look… I can’t quite put my finger on it…

NUSSBAUM
Are you a cop?

DEREK
A cop? Me? No, I just…

NUSSBAUM
(Visibly relieved) Oh, I remember. You must be that kid from the funeral home.

DEREK
I did grow up in a funeral home, but—how did you know that?

NUSSBAUM
Think back. We were kids. Your family was moving in as they were pulling me out – for the fifth time.

DEREK
Oh… Oh! You’re that kid who didn’t want to leave. They called you—Nussbaum. (Looks NUSSBAUM up and down) You’ve grown.

NUSSBAUM
Yes, I’ve grown. (Looks DEREK up and down) You, not so much.

(PRUDENCE comes out dressed as a circus clown, with a clown mask, big clown feet and a clown outfit that’s too big, clearly made for a taller person. SHE walks up behind DEREK and taps him on the shoulder. HE turns around and is absolutely terrified, scared out of his wits.)

DEREK
Aaah!

PRUDENCE
Aaah!

DEREK AND PRUDENCE
Aaah!

PRUDENCE
(Pulling her clown mask off and hitting DEREK on the arm) What’s wrong with you?
DEREK
What’s wrong with me! What’s wrong with you? Why would you dress up like that?

PRUDENCE
What are you talking about? It’s just a clown costume.

Yeah…

PRUDENCE
A clown costume? Hello? What, are you afraid of clowns?

DEREK
Well, sure!

NUSSBAUM
(Gloating) Awkward…

PRUDENCE
Aw, is it because of all those horrible zombie clowns who attacked you in your youth?

DEREK
No. But clowns, they’re just bloodthirsty, and ax murderers, and chainsaw serial killers—

PRUDENCE
Yeah, in the horror movies…I’m surprised you would even watch those.

DEREK
Well, anyway, I don’t like it, so take that outfit off!

Excuse me?

PRUDENCE
I said, take it off!

DEREK
I will not! And I’ve had about enough of you! First you procrastinate like crazy, then you make me practically drag you here, then you yell in my face, and now you’re ordering me around! Who do you think you are?

WAIT, what?

PRUDENCE
I’ve been so nice, and you’ve been terrible! I’m not talking to you!
DEREK
Look, I’m sorry, really. I can’t stand it when you’re mad. There are lots of things I can take—lots of things— (Motions at the clown costume) —but when I see that unhappy face—

(MUSIC IN: SAD SCARY CIRCUS CLOWNS: Song Track 01.)

“SAD SCARY CIRCUS CLOWNS”

DEREK, Singing

SAD, SCARY CIRCUS CLOWNS
ALWAYS SCARE ME AND GET ME DOWN
BUT THEY’RE NOT HALF AS SCARY
AS THE FROWN YOU GIVE ME WHEN YOU’RE
MAD AT SOME SILLY THING
THAT I DID, BUT I DIDN’T MEAN
TO GET YOU SO UPSET, YOU SEEM TO BE UNHAPPY

PLEASE FORGIVE ME, AND GIVE ME THAT SMILE I ONCE KNEW,
THAT SMILE THAT CAN STRUM MY GUITAR
DON’T REJECT ME, ACCEPT ME, IF NOT FOR WHAT I AM,
ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I CAN BE—IF YOU TRULY LOVE ME

SAD, SCARY CIRCUS CLOWNS
AREN’T THE SCARIEST THINGS IN TOWN
‘CAUSE THEY’RE NOT HALF AS SCARY
AS THE FROWN YOU GIVE ME—WHEN YOU’RE DOWN

PRUDENCE

YOU MAKE ME SO MAD, THAT I’D GLADLY JUST CLAD YOU
IN CHAINS, IN A CAGE, IN A ZOO!
YOU MAKE ME SO ANGRY, THEY MIGHT COME AND HANG ME
FOR ALL THAT I’M PLANNING TO DO – TO YOU!
I DON’T WANT TO SWEAR, BUT SOMETIMES I DECLARE,
YOU REALLY GET UNDER MY SKIN
I DON’T WANT TO CUSS, OR TO MAKE A BIG FUSS,
SO MAYBE I’LL JUST DO YOU IN—

DEREK

YOU DON’T REALLY MEAN THAT!
PRUDENCE

DON’T BE SO DUBIOUS, I’M MOUNT VISUVIUS,
AND I’M ABOUT TO EXPLODE
DON’T BE SO CARELESS, YOU MIGHT END UP HAIRLESS,
AND SERVED ON A PLATE – A LA MODE!
I’M NO SHRINKING VIOLET, I’M NO WILTING ROSE,
BUT I THINK I’VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH
I MIGHT JUST GET VIOLENT AND CUT OFF YOUR NOSE,
IN SPITE OF THIS FACE THAT I LOVE

DEREK

SO YOU TRULY LOVE ME!

(MUSIC plays a few bars as DEREK gives PRUDENCE a lost puppy dog look)

DEREK, Continued

PLEASE FORGIVE ME, AND GIVE ME THAT SMILE I ONCE KNEW,
THAT SMILE THAT CAN STRUM MY GUITAR
DON’T REJECT ME, ACCEPT ME, IF NOT FOR WHAT I AM,
ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I CAN BE—IF YOU TRULY LOVE ME

SAD, SCARY CIRCUS CLOWNS
AREN’T THE SCARIEST THINGS IN TOWN
‘CAUSE THEY’RE NOT HALF AS SCARY
AS THE FROWN YOU GIVE ME—WHEN YOU’RE DOWN!

PRUDENCE

(Feeling better, and in a more forgiving mood) Okay, I’m not mad any more—well, a little mad. But I’ll change this costume if it means so much to you.

DEREK

(Hugely relieved) Thank you! (Turns to NUSSBAUM) Do you have anything else she can try?

NUSSBAUM

Well, I do have one idea… (Turns his head to the back of the shop and shouts) Albert!

Albert?

NUSSBAUM

My assistant.
ALBERT
(Shouting from the back storeroom) Yes, Boss?

NUSSBAUM
Do we still have that dress out back? You haven’t burned it yet?

ALBERT
(Again, shouting from the back storeroom) Not yet!

DEREK
Burned it?

NUSSBAUM
Yes, it was last year’s model. But it’s still in good shape. It’s only been worn once, at a ceremony.

(NUSSBAUM exits for a second and returns with a wedding dress and veil. The dress looks ragged and dirty, as if it’s been in a fight, with a big red stain on the front. HE holds it up proudly, but again, remains in profile.)

NUSSBAUM, Continued
Well, what do you think?

PRUDENCE
(Doubtfully) I don’t know…

(MUSIC IN: IF YOU WANT SPOOKY: Song Track 02.)

“IF YOU WANT SPOOKY”

NUSSBAUM, Singing

IF YOU WANT SPOOKY, I’VE GOT SPOOKY TO SELL

ALBERT
(From back storeroom)

IT’S FRIGHTENING!

(MUSIC STOPS because everyone is surprised at ALBERT’S contribution from the back storeroom, and THEY all look at the storeroom door opening, half expecting to see someone—but ALBERT doesn’t appear. The MUSIC RESUMES.)
NUSSBAUM

IF YOU WANT GORY, I’VE GOT GORY AS WELL
IT’S JUST THE THING TO BRING TO HALLOWEEN
IF YOU WANT SCARY, THEN PREPARE FOR A FAINTING SPELL!

ALBERT
(From back storeroom)

WE’LL MAKE YOU MONSTROUS AS HELL!

NUSSBAUM

KILLING, THRILLING, IT’S A BONE-CHILLING SIGHT

ALBERT
(From back storeroom)

INCREDIBLE, UNFORGETTABLE

NUSSBAUM

SPASTIC, DRASTIC, IT’S A FANTASTIC FRIGHT

ALBERT
(From back storeroom)

AND YOU’LL NEVER RECOVER!

NUSSBAUM

IF YOU WANT TO IMPRESS
WELL, ONE LONG LOOK AT THIS DRESS WILL BLIND YOU
WANT TO BE A SUCCESS?

ALBERT
(From back storeroom)

THE DRESSING ROOM IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

(MUSIC CONTINUES as PRUDENCE and NUSSBAUM converse.)

NUSSBAUM

So, can I wrap this up for you?
PRUDENCE

It has a stain on it. Is that blood?

NUSSBAUM

No. I call this my “Bride of Dracula” dress. That’s just–uh–stage blood.

Don’t you have anything else?

NUSSBAUM

How about Barney, the purple dinosaur? I have three of those left.

PRUDENCE

No…

NUSSBAUM

(Holding up a mask of past presidents in each hand) President Bush? Barack Obama?

PRUDENCE

No way!

NUSSBAUM

Well, then… (Holding the dress up again)

NUSSBAUM, Continued; Singing

KILLING, THRILLING, IT’S A BONE-CHILLING SIGHT

ALBERT

(From back storeroom)

INCREDIBLE, UNFORGETTABLE

NUSSBAUM

SPASTIC, DRASTIC, IT’S A FANTASTIC FRIGHT

ALBERT

(From back storeroom)

AND YOU’LL NEVER RECOVER!

NUSSBAUM

IT’S AN OUTRAGEOUS OUTFIT, WOULDN’T YOU SAY?
ALBERT  
*(From back storeroom)*

IT’S AWESOME

INUSSBAUM

*A CREEPY COSTUME FOR THE CREEPIEST DAY*
*IT’S JUST THE THING TO BRING TO HALLOWEEN*
*YOU’LL LOOK SO GHOULISH THAT YOU’LL SCARE EVERYONE AWAY!*

INUSSBAUM and ALBERT *(From back storeroom)*

O-LAY!

PRUDENCE  
*(Sighs and shrugs)* Okay, “Bride of Dracula” it is. I’ll go try it on…

*(PRUDENCE takes the dress and heads back to the dressing room. DEREK starts looking through other costumes on the rack and speaking to NUSSBAUM as HE fumbles through the meager pickings.)*

DEREK  
So you’re that Nussbaum kid who wouldn’t leave the funeral home…

INUSSBAUM  
It wasn’t a funeral home then, it was *my* home. The bank took it when they found my parents—or pieces of them.

DEREK  
*(Stops fumbling)* Pieces of them? That’s horrible! What happened?

INUSSBAUM  

DEREK
Wow, I’m sorry to hear that. How did it happen?

INUSSBAUM  
*(Glares at DEREK)* I told you. An accident.

DEREK  
Well, at least you weren’t hurt…

*(NUSSBAUM has been in right profile up till now. HE steps into the light and turns for the first time to show his left profile.)*
NUSSBAUM

Maybe you didn’t see my *face*.

(As NUSSBAUM says “face,” we hear ominous movie music playing: DUHN-DUHN-DUUUUUHHHNN. HE and DEREK look up and around, as if to try to understand where the music came from.)

DEREK

(*Confused because NUSSBAUM’s left profile looks just the same as his right*) But—I don’t get it. Your face looks fine. I don’t see the problem.

NUSSBAUM

(*Sarcastically*) No, people never do. That’s what they *pretend*. But they don’t fool me! I know they find my disfiguration too horrible to take! I know! I know!

(*Angry, NUSSBAUM exits through the back storeroom door, slamming it in the process. PRUDENCE enters from the dressing room. SHE is wearing the wedding dress. In spite of the shabbiness of the dress, SHE looks radiantly beautiful.*)

PRUDENCE

Well? What do you think?

DEREK

(*Clearly impressed*) Wow! You look fantastic! You’re beautiful!

PRUDENCE

(*Sarcastically*) Sure, now you think I’m beautiful, when I’m dressed as a *monster*!

DEREK

No, really, you’re—I don’t know—*stunning*.

(*Actually a bit flattered now, PRUDENCE turns to pose in a full-length mirror to the right of the counter.*)

PRUDENCE

You really think so?

DEREK

Definitely! It’s eerie, but you’re really unbelievably attractive, gorgeous, lovely, exquisite—beautiful!
(MUSIC IN: BEAUTIFUL LADY: Song Track 03.)

“BEAUTIFUL LADY”

DEREK, Singing

BEAUTIFUL LADY, I’VE DREAMT ABOUT YOU
BEAUTIFUL LADY, YOU’RE MORE THAN I KNEW
I THINK THAT IF MAYBE
YOU WEREN’T MY LADY
I STILL WOULD GET CRAZY
JUST THINKING OF YOU

BEAUTIFUL LADY, I THINK ABOUT YOU
BEAUTIFUL LADY, YOU’RE JUST MY CUP OF TEA FOR TWO
BEAUTIFUL LADY, I’M DRINKING TO YOU
BEAUTIFUL LADY, I THINK I’LL HAVE ANOTHER

BEAUTIFUL LADY, YOU’RE THE CREAM OF THE CROP,
YOU’RE THE TOP OF THE HEAP—AND WHAT’S MORE
WHAT’S A MOVIE WITHOUT ANY POPCORN
WHAT ARE LEGS WITHOUT FEET—CAUSE THAT’S ME WITHOUT MY

BEAUTIFUL LADY, I’M NUTS ABOUT YOU
BEAUTIFUL LADY, I’M GETTIN’ KINDA SQUIRRELLY
BEAUTIFUL LADY, I WISH THAT YOU KNEW
YOU KNOCK ME OUT OF MY TREE

IT’S NOT ONLY WHAT YOU DO TO ME WHEN WE’RE ALONE
I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPARTEE—IN CROWDED RESTAURANTS
I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPARTEE—WHILE EATING OYSTERS
I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPARE—REPARTEE
BEAUTIFUL LADY!

PRUDENCE
You could be in a musical, you know.

DEREK
I know, right?

(DEREK takes her hand and sings again, but this time PRUDENCE joins in.)

DEREK, Continued; Singing

BEAUTIFUL LADY
PRUDENCE

I THINK ABOUT YOU

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY

PRUDENCE

YOU’RE JUST MY CUP OF TEA FOR TWO

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY

PRUDENCE

I’M DRINKING TO YOU

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY

PRUDENCE

I THINK I’LL HAVE ANOTHER

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY, YOU’RE THE CREAM OF THE CROP

PRUDENCE

YOU’RE THE TOP OF THE HEAP

DEREK

—AND WHAT’S MORE
WHAT’S A MOVIE WITHOUT ANY POPCORN

PRUDENCE

WHAT ARE LEGS WITHOUT FEET
DEREK

—CAUSE THAT’S ME WITHOUT MY
BEAUTIFUL LADY

PRUDENCE

YOU’RE NUTS ABOUT ME

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY

PRUDENCE

YOU’RE GETTIN’ KINDA SQUIRRELLY

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY, I WISH YOU COULD SEE

PRUDENCE

I KNOCK YOU OUT OF YOUR TREE

DEREK

IT’S NOT ONLY WHAT YOU DO TO ME WHEN WE’RE ALONE

PRUDENCE and DEREK

I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPARTEE

DEREK

—IN CROWDED RESTAURANTS

PRUDENCE and DEREK

I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPARTEE

DEREK

—WHILE EATING OYSTERS
PRUDENCE and DEREK

I ALSO LIKE YOUR REPAR—REPARTEE

DEREK

BEAUTIFUL LADY!

PRUDENCE
(Coyly) Do I really knock you out of your tree?

DEREK
More than you know. There’s just one way you’ll ever get me back up in that tree.

How’s that?

PRUDENCE

DEREK
Marry me.

PRUDENCE

Excuse me?

DEREK
Marry me, Prudence. I just can’t help myself, I love you. I’m mad about you. I’m addicted to you! In fact, I’ve got a great idea. Let’s get married tonight!

PRUDENCE
(Backing up) On Halloween? Not bloody likely.

DEREK
But just think, it’d be so easy to remember our anniversary!

PRUDENCE
(Sarcastically) Now, why do I find that romantic?

DEREK
Does that mean it’s a ‘Yes’?

PRUDENCE
In your dreams! (Steps closer and puts her hand on his face) Darling, you’re really wonderful, and funny, and adorable, and clever, and—

DEREK
And you love me? You’re crazy about me? You get breathless when I walk into the room?
PRUDENCE
Now, wait a minute. If I ever do fall madly in love, I won’t be one of those fawning women who faints at the sight of her man and sits by the phone all night hoping he’ll call. I’ll handle it with grace. Quiet dignity. Self esteem. And for me, being in love for me will be amazing, phenomenal, earth-shattering!

DEREK
You promise?

PRUDENCE
I promise!

(MUSIC IN: IF I FALL IN LOVE: Song Track 04.)

“IF I FALL IN LOVE”

PRUDENCE, Singing

*IF I FALL IN LOVE
YOU’LL NEVER HEAR ME SIGH
AND IF I FALL IN LOVE
I WON’T CURL UP AND DIE

*IF I FALL IN LOVE, I GUARANTEE
IT’LL GO RIGHT DOWN IN HISTORY
AS THE QUINTESSENTIAL MYSTERY
THE LOVE THAT’S ALWAYS MEANT TO BE
THE SYMBOL OF ETERNITY, THAT’S

*IF I FALL IN LOVE
YOU WON’T HEAR ME COMPLAIN
AND THEN, IF I FALL IN LOVE
I WON’T MISPLACE MY BRAIN

*IF I FALL IN LOVE, IT WON’T BE PLANNED
IF YOU’VE BEEN IN LOVE, YOU’LL UNDERSTAND
THERE’S NO OTHER LOVE THAT’S HALF AS GRAND
AS LOVE THAT TAKES YOU BY THE HAND
AND WALKS YOU THROUGH A WONDERLAND, AND

*IF I FALL IN LOVE
I’LL NEVER LOSE MY MIND
AND IF I FALL IN LOVE
MY LOVE WON’T MAKE ME BLIND
PRUDENCE, Continued; Singing

IF I FALL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE NEW
THERE’S A CHANCE HE’LL BE A LOT LIKE YOU
SLIGHTLY HANDSOME, WITH AN ATTITUDE,
WHO REALLY THRILLS ME THROUGH AND THROUGH
AND ONE THING’S SURE—IT WON’T BE YOU, THAT’S

IF I FALL IN LOVE
I WON’T FALL IN LOVE

(Long pause)

I JUST FELL IN LOVE—WITH—YOU

DEREK
So you do love me!

(DEREK takes her in his arms and THEY kiss.)

PRUDENCE
(Amazed) I guess I do.

DEREK
And you’ll marry me? It’s a ‘Yes’?

PRUDENCE
(Pulling away from him) Um... No.

DEREK
(Astonished) Wait, what?

PRUDENCE
Nope, sorry. Marriage is a huge step, you know. And there are things a girl has to think about.

DEREK
Things like...?

PRUDENCE
Well, if you must know, I'm a little worried about your phobias.

DEREK
Phobias? I don't have any—oh, you mean the clown thing. But everybody's afraid of clowns. Well, almost everybody.
PRUDENCE

*I'm* not afraid of clowns. Or costume stores, or Halloween, or coffins, graves—

DEREK

OK, I get your point.

PRUDENCE

—or corpses, or funeral homes, or—

DEREK

OK! OK! I get it!

PRUDENCE

Can't we just keep things just as they are? I do love you, you know.

DEREK

Well, that's something, anyway. But I'm still going to keep asking!

PRUDENCE

So your feelings aren't hurt? You're okay to go to the masquerade party?

DEREK

(*Cozying up to her*) Lead on, McDuff!

PRUDENCE

And if we have time, maybe we could stop by to see your parents on the way. I know they'd enjoy seeing our costumes.

DEREK

(*Pulling away*) Stop by to see my crazy parents at the funeral home *tonight*? On Halloween? No way!

PRUDENCE

See, that's what I'm talking about. Where's that strong courageous figure of man I know you can be? Come on, it'll be great. Besides, I think you have the greatest parents ever, really kooky and fun.

DEREK

I have the *strangest* parents ever! They're not just kooky, they're certifiably weird! I've seriously considered getting them committed!

PRUDENCE

What are you talking about? They're sweet, they're generous, they're kind, they're the salt of the earth!
(MUSIC IN: THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS: Song Track 05.)

“THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS”

PRUDENCE, Singing

THEY’RE...
FAMOUS FOR THEIR NICENESS, NOT A SINGLE SELFISH BONE
THEY’RE THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS,
THE SWEETEST SOULS I’VE KNOWN
THEY’RE ALWAYS HELPING PEOPLE, EVERY MORNING, NIGHT AND NOON
THE NICEST PARENTS LIVING,

DEREK

AND CRAZY AS A LOON!

THEY’RE ALWAYS...
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO’S HEAVENWARD BOUND
JUST LOOKING FOR LOVED ONES TO PUT IN THE GROUND
THEY’RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE, THEY TRY TO ASSIST
TO SEE THE JOYS OF DYING—THEY’D OTHERWISE HAVE MISSED!

PRUDENCE

BUT THEY ARE
ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT, JUST TO LEND A HELPING HAND
THEY’RE ALWAYS FINDING DIFFERENT WAYS
TO DO WHAT GOOD THEY CAN
I’D EVEN SAY THEY OVERPAY THEIR FEDERAL INCOME TAX
THEY’LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING THEY HAVE

DEREK

THE SHIRTS RIGHT OFF THEIR BACKS!

DEREK and PRUDENCE

THEY’RE ALWAYS...
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO’S HEAVENWARD BOUND
JUST LOOKING FOR LOVED ONES TO PUT IN THE GROUND
THEY’RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE THEY TRY TO ASSIST
DEREK

TO SEE THE JOYS OF DYING—THEY’D OTHERWISE HAVE MISSED!

PRUDENCE

BUT ONE THING I’VE NOTICED, I’M SURE YOU’LL AGREE... THEY’RE JUST THE OPPOSITE OF— THE ADDAMS FAMILY!

Are you really set on this?

PRUDENCE

It’ll be great! I always enjoy seeing how they’ve decorated for Halloween, and you know they adore me!

DEREK

Hey, here’s an idea. How about if we go see your parents instead?

PRUDENCE

Oh no, they hate you.

DEREK

Wait, what? They hate me?

PRUDENCE

(Ignoring him, figuring things out) No, if we’re going to visit somebody tonight, it should be your family.

They hate me?

PRUDENCE

Pay attention, Sweetheart, you’re repeating yourself. (Looks at her watch) If we leave now, we’ll have plenty of time.

They hate me?

NUSSBAUM

(Returning from the back stockroom) Sorry, I got bored and drifted off. Did you want costumes or not?
DEREK
Oh, right! I almost forgot! We still need a costume for me! Do you have something appropriate that goes with the wedding dress?

NUSSBAUM
Oh, you mean like a bridesmaid dress. *(Looks him up and down)* Nope, sorry.

*(Frustrated)* No, I don’t mean a bridesmaid dress! I mean something like a Count Dracula costume.

NUSSBAUM
Nope. Sorry. All out… *(Shouts towards the back stockroom)* Albert!

ALBERT
*(Shouting from the back storeroom)* Yes boss?

NUSSBAUM
Where’s that zombie nurse’s outfit?

ALBERT
It’s back here!

DEREK
Thanks anyway, but I honestly don’t want to go as a zombie nurse. White stockings with white shoes really creep me out.

PRUDENCE
You know, I’m thinking you must have watched a lot of horror movies as a kid!

NUSSBAUM
It’s not for the shoes and stockings. One second.

*(NUSSBAUM goes to the back storeroom and immediately returns with the outfit. HE pulls a nurse’s cape out of the outfit. It’s short, only waist length, but at least it’s black with a red satin lining.)*

NUSSBAUM, *Continued*
Here. I can let you have the nurse’s cape and some Dracula teeth. If you slick back your hair, put on a black suit, and talk with a Transylvanian accent, you’ll make a passable Dracula.

*(DEREK puts on the cape, grabs a piece with his left hand, swings his left arm in front of him, and speaks in a Transylvanian accent.)*
DEREK
Good idea. I think it will work. I’ll take it. (*Turns to PRUDENCE and speaks again in a Transylvanian accent*) I never drink—wine.

(*DEREK starts to kiss her neck, but SHE pushes him away, laughing.*)

PRUDENCE
(*Playfully*) Stop it!

(*DEREK smiles, proud of himself, and walks to the register, taking out his wallet to pay. NUSSBAUM moves behind the register to handle the purchase. PRUDENCE does a last swirl in front of the mirror, then turns to NUSSBAUM.*)

PRUDENCE, *Continued*
I think I’ll just wear this dress home.

DEREK
(*Talking over his shoulder as HE pays*) Good idea.

(*DERED finishes paying and gathers up his costume and other clothes. HE turns to PRUDENCE.*)

DEREK, *Continued*
Okay, we’re all set. We’ll just go to my place, grab a bite to eat, and get me all duded up as Dracula. We can be at my parents’ by eight. (*In a Transylvanian accent, speaking to NUSSBAUM*) Sorry to rush, but we have to fly!

(*DEREK puts his caped arm around PRUDENCE and together THEY head for the door.*)

NUSSBAUM
Don’t forget your fangs.

(*NUSSBAUM walks over and hands the fangs to DEREK, and then walks the PAIR to the door. THEY exit to the double sound of the store bell as the door is opened and closed. NUSSBAUM returns to the counter, opens up a laptop computer and mumbles to himself as HE types.*)

NUSSBAUM, *Continued*
Wellsley Funeral Home... Wellsley Funeral Home... Yes!

(*NUSSBAUM presses “enter” and studies the screen. HE clicks on a link and looks at the screen again. ALBERT enters from the back store room, wearing a black rubber apron and long black rubber gloves.*)
ALBERT
Boss, was that really a good idea, letting them have that dress? What if that guy suspects something?

NUSSBAUM
(Looks at the door) That idiot? Don’t make me laugh. Since the first time I saw him, I knew he was a moron. I really hate that guy!

ALBERT
Why do you say that? I peeked from the back room, and he seems nice enough. And his girlfriend is pretty!

NUSSBAUM
He’s got something I want.

ALBERT
Oh, right! Say no more, say no more, nudge-nudge, wink-wink. (Nudges and winks)

NUSSBAUM
Not that! What are you, Monty Python?

ALBERT
Oh, sorry. (Pauses, thinking) But Boss, about the dress— it's evidence, you know. With the DNA from that blood, the police could put you away for life. Or worse!

NUSSBAUM
No, it’s perfect. Instead of burning the dress and leaving charred evidence behind, we just recycled it. The cops will never connect a Halloween dress stuck in some closet somewhere with our body out back.

ALBERT
Why did you have to kill her—and on your wedding day? She was crazy about you! I don't know why you get so mad and out of control...

NUSSBAUM
Of course you do. Don’t you remember? She laughed at my— (Presents his left profile) Face!

(We hear ominous movie music playing: DUHN-DUHN-DUUUUUUHHHHNN. NUSSBAUM and ALBERT look up and around, again, as if to try to understand where the music came from.)

ALBERT
But Boss, I keep trying to tell you, there's nothing wrong with your...

(NUSSBAUM shoots HIM an angry glance.)
ALBERT, Continued
Uh... what I mean is... Did you have to go that far? It's so creepy to have another dead body in the back room, I can't take it! I think I'm going to upchuck.

NUSSBAUM
How did I know she was going to die? It's just my bad luck! I didn't mean to kill her. Why me? I swear, everything happens to me!

ALBERT
Yeah, I see what you mean... You're unlucky enough to have a body you need to get rid of...

NUSSBAUM
I'm serious! I'm the unluckiest person I know. You'd think that just once, things could go right for me, but nooooo. I just can't catch a break! And if I ever did...

(MUSIC IN: IF I EVER CATCH A BREAK: Song Track 06.)

"IF I EVER CATCH A BREAK"

NUSSBAUM, Singing

IF I EVER CATCH A BREAK, THEN IT'S LIKELY A MISTAKE
IF I EVER GET SOME LUCK, IT'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH
IF I EVER WIN A PRIZE, IT'LL BE A BIG SURPRISE
AND THEN TURN OUT TO BE LIES, THAT SOMEBODY MADE UP

IF I'M EVER FIRST IN LINE, THAT'S THE LINE THAT THEY'LL SHUT DOWN
IF MY TRAIN IS RIGHT ON TIME, IT'LL BE A DIFFERENT TOWN
IF I EVER MAKE SOME CASH, I'LL FORGET THE PLACE I STASHED IT
AND THEN MISPLACE THE LAST OF MY MAPS WHERE IT'S FOUND

FORTUNE NEVER SMILES AT ME, NEVER LAUGHS AT WHAT I SAID
NEVER SAYS WHAT A GOOD BOY, AND PATS ME ON MY HEAD
SO I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO, I'LL JUST MAKE UP MY OWN RULES
AND I'LL GRAB WHAT I CAME FOR
CAUSE I'M NOBODY'S FOOL, NOBODY'S FOOL

ALBERT

BUT YOU MIGHT JUST CATCH A BREAK, AND IT WON'T BE A MISTAKE
YOU MIGHT EVEN GET SOME LUCK, AND IT JUST MIGHT BE ENOUGH
YOU MIGHT EVEN WIN A PRIZE, WON'T THAT BE A NICE SURPRISE
THAT WON'T TURN OUT TO BE LIES, THAT SOMEBODY MADE UP
ALBERT, Continued; Singing

YOU MIGHT BE THE FIRST IN LINE, IN A LINE THEY DON'T SHUT DOWN
IF YOUR TRAIN IS RIGHT ON TIME, IT MIGHT BE IN THE RIGHT TOWN
YOU MIGHT BE THE ONE WHO WINS, THIS MIGHT BE YOUR LUCKY DAY
THEY MIGHT JUST FORGIVE YOUR SINS, THROW YOUR RAP SHEET AWAY

PEOPLE MIGHT JUST SMILE AT YOU, MIGHT JUST LAUGH AT ALL YOU
DID
MIGHT JUST SAY, WHAT A GOOD BOY,
AND PAT YOU ON YOUR POINTED LITTLE—
PAT YOU ON YOUR POINTED LITTLE—
PAT YOU ON YOUR POINTED LITTLE
HEAD!

NUSSBAUM
I think you've been out in the sunshine too much! Enough of this nonsense, we have more
important things to worry about.

ALBERT
Yeah, like what do we do about the body?

NUSSBAUM
Yeah, that’s a problem… But I think I’ve found a destination for ours.

ALBERT
Really, where?

NUSSBAUM
The Wellsley Funeral Home.

ALBERT
Where’s that?

NUSSBAUM
It’s only a few blocks from here. In fact, my Aunt Sarah is over there right now,
arranging for a funeral for my dear departed Uncle Clyde.

ALBERT
Your uncle? You didn’t… You don’t mean…

NUSSBAUM
No, I didn’t kill him. That cretin managed to kill himself, sort of. Under some slightly
suspicious circumstances. Don’t ask.
ALBERT
Okay, but—what does that have to do with getting rid of your bride?

NUSSBAUM
(Closes the laptop lid) What do they have at funeral homes?

Flowers?

NUSSBAUM
No...

Coffins?

NUSSBAUM
No...

Mourners?

NUSSBAUM
No, ignoramus. Bodies. Lots and lots of bodies. It’s perfect.

ALBERT
But wouldn’t they notice if an extra one turned up?

NUSSBAUM
Not if somebody worked there who could fix the paperwork. And the Wellsley Funeral Home is hiring.

ALBERT
How do you know that?

NUSSBAUM
It's googleable.

ALBERT
It's what?

NUSSBAUM
It's googleable.

ALBERT
Oh. And they’re hiring—what are they hiring?
NUSSBAUM

A makeup artist.

ALBERT

But boss, you’re not a makeup artist.

NUSSBAUM

Not me, lame-brain. You.

ALBERT

But I’m not a makeup artist either!

NUSSBAUM

You are now. Take off that apron, get rid of those gloves… (Helps him to do just that) —and get going. (Ushers ALBERT to the store’s front door, opens it—we hear the store bell) Just fake it. (As HE shoves ALBERT through door) Tell them you have dreams of being a makeup artist to the stars, and this is your first step.

(NUSSBAUM slams the door as we hear the store bell again and LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

END SCENE
ACT I

Scene 2

SETTING: The Reception Area of the Wellsley Funeral home. Like the outside, the interior presents as an old, spooky, Victorian-looking home that once saw better days. The Reception Area has a front door, a large desk in the middle of the room with chair opposite, a tufted red velvet couch, stairs going up to a second floor, built-in bookcases against the back wall and three sample coffins with flowers next to them, set up for display.

AT RISE: One of the two funeral co-directors, MR. JEREMY HYDE, a well-meaning and perpetually cheerful but somewhat clueless sort of man, is sitting behind the large desk, reading. HE hears a sound and peeks over the top of a big folder HE is holding in front of himself on the desk. (By chance, it hides what HE is wearing.) MRS. SARAH HIGGENBOTTOM, a woman from the deep South dressed in black mourning clothes, walks in. SHE crosses to the desk, offers her hand, and speaks to JEREMY in a southern accent—something like Carol Burnett's “Eunice” role on Mama's Family).

SARAH
Hello, I'm Sarah Higgenbottom, I believe you have my husband here. Are you the funeral director?

(JEREMY rises and extends his hand to shake. We see for the first time that HE is wearing a gorilla costume from the neck down.)

JEREMY
Co-director, actually. Jeremy Hyde is the name. My wife, Formalda, is the other co-director. We take care of your dear departed loved ones as a team.

SARAH
Pleased to meet you…

(SARAH shakes his hand, but seems confused, looking Jeremy’s gorilla costume up and down.)

JEREMY
Oh, sorry. It's just that it's Halloween, and I forgot that I had one more client to see before we lock up for the day.

(JEREMY moves behind the desk, beckoning her to be seated in the chair in front of the desk. SHE sits and HE follows suit.)
JEREMY, Continued

Now, let's get down to business, Mrs. Higgenbottom. Your family has sent over all the paperwork, and we have Mr. Higgenbottom of course, he's in the Restful Sleep Room, as we call it.

SARAH

The Restful Sleep Room?

JEREMY

Well, it's really the prep room, cold as a polar bear’s nose, I can tell you, with bodies all laid out naked on slabs. (Shudders) We thought it would be good to give the room a nice name.

SARAH

That doesn't sound nice at all.

JEREMY

Oh, but it is! (Pauses, as if to collect himself) I'm sorry, I'm giving you the wrong impression entirely. This is really a wonderful place, with our own chapel, and the Restful Sleep Room, and this nice Reception Area... it's just the perfect place to come if you've kicked the bucket—uh—I mean—if you're recently passed. For example, when we do the makeup, my gosh, I'd say we take ten years off your face, at least! (Pauses awkwardly) —that is—what I mean is—we take such good care of our corpses here—um—I mean—our dear departed—uh—

(MUSIC IN: A NICER PLACE: Song Track 07.)

JEREMY, Continued

Well, let me put it this way.

“A NICER PLACE”

JEREMY, Singing

IF YOU DIE LONELY, OR MISUNDERSTOOD,
WITH TROUBLES WRITTEN ON YOUR FACE,
WE’LL MAKE YOU UP, SO YOU LOOK REALLY GOOD,
LIKE SOMEONE FROM A BETTER PLACE

LIFE’S PROBLEMS CAN WEAR YOU AND WHITTE YOU DOWN
AND MAKE YOU FEEL SO ALL ALONE,
IF YOU DIE, WE GIVE YOU A HOSPITAL GOWN,
TO MAKE YOU FEEL YOU’RE RIGHT AT HOME

AND LATER YOU’LL BE SO PEACEFUL, AS IF IN A DREAM,
DEPARTED FROM THE HUMAN RACE
JEREMY, Continued; Singing

YOU’LL LOOK ANGELIC, SO TRULY SERENE
‘CAUSE NOW YOU’VE GOT A BETTER FACE

LIFE’S PROBLEMS CAN WEAR YOU AND WHITTLE YOU DOWN
AND MAKE YOU FEEL SO ALL ALONE,
IF YOU DIE, WE GIVE YOU A HOSPITAL GOWN,
TO MAKE YOU FEEL YOU’RE RIGHT AT HOME

SO IF
YOU THINK A SMALL RESTING PLACE OF YOUR OWN
IS BETTER THAN A FRANTIC PACE
YOU JUST CHECK INTO OUR FUNERAL HOME
WE’LL PUT YOU IN A NICER—

SARAH

IT’S SUCH A MUCH NICER—

JEREMY and SARAH

PUT YOU IN A NICER PLACE!

JEREMY

(Looking down at his paperwork) Now, I just need a suit of clothes from you and a photograph. I don't suppose you have a picture of him sleeping? Or just unconscious would be fine. Maybe you took a picture of him passed out drunk, or—maybe after being hit over the head?

SARAH

Excuse me?

JEREMY

Or—I know! You know how sometimes people close their eyes when you take their picture with a flash? Maybe you have a picture like that.

SARAH

Why do you—

JEREMY

Well, you see, it’s the makeup. When you're trying to get the face just right, it helps to have a photo. But when the eyes of the photo are just staring at you like that, it can really make you feel nervous, queasy even, and you actually want to throw up— then it's so hard to do your job, you see?
SARAH
I suppose so... I'll see what I can find... Anyway, I did bring over a suit and shoes. Sorry, it's a bit wrinkled...

(JEREMY takes the suit and hold it up. It's VERY wrinkled, as if on purpose.)

JEREMY
Okay! That should do the job... (Places the clothes off to one side) Now, have you thought about the wording you wanted in his obituary? We can take care of that for you.

SARAH
(Taking a paper from her purse and handing it to JEREMY) Yes, I have it right here.

JEREMY
Let's see... “Mr. Clyde Higgenbottom was found dead in the back of his '97 Cadillac, apparently after suffering a heart attack while entertaining his shameless floozy of a secretary in the back parking lot of the local Piggly Wiggly...” (Turns the page) Hmmmm. (Turns the page again) I see… (Looking up) Gee, that's... um... really graphic, very easy to visualize. You're a good writer, Mrs. Higgenbottom. Now, at $10 a word, that comes to... let's see... (Counting words with a pencil, then looking up again) $1,130 dollars.

SARAH
That much?

JEREMY
Yes, is that a problem?

SARAH
Well, let me make a few changes...

(JEREMY takes the paper, scribbles furiously, pauses, scribbles some more, pauses again, scribbles one last time, and gives it back to JEREMY.)

JEREMY
OK, now we have, “Clyde Higgenbottom... (Reads, turns the page, reads, turns the page, reads, then looks up at her.) …died.” Clyde Higgenbottom died? That's it? Gee, Mrs. Higgenbottom, that's awfully short. In fact, I think there's a 7-word minimum for obituaries.

SARAH
Oh. In that case—

(SARAH takes the paper from him, scribbles again, and hands it back.)
JEREMY
(Reading) “Clyde Higgenbottom died. '97 Cadillac for sale.” (Looks up; brightening; problem solved) That's much better!

SARAH
I also wanted to give you this envelope, to be buried with his body.

JEREMY
What's in it?

SARAH
Well, he kept telling me he worked so hard for his money, he wanted his half to be buried with him. It was in his will.

JEREMY
(Looking at the envelope) Gee, I don't think that's such a good idea, to be burying cash with the body....

SARAH
Oh, that's okay, I just wrote him a check.

JEREMY
Oh. Then that's all right.

(JEREMY checks off a couple of items on his to-do list and looks up.)

JEREMY, Continued
Well then, the only other thing we need to do is pick the music. Was there a particularly favorite piece of music you wanted to be played at the funeral?

SARAH
Well, he was really fond of classical music – so I thought maybe some heavy metal or rap...

JEREMY
Hmm. I don't think the heavy metal music would work. Maybe the rap though… You know, I’ve been working on a new funeral hymn, and this might be the perfect debut. Let me get back to you on that. Now let's see, the funeral services are set for tomorrow morning...

SARAH
No, tonight!

JEREMY
Tonight?
SARAH
Yes, the funeral services have to be tonight! It's stipulated in his will. If he doesn't get his funeral services exactly two days after his death, I'm cut right out of everything! Not only that, he said he'd come back and haunt me for the rest of my life. The dirty dog!

JEREMY
Oh. That's awfully short notice, but... Well, I suppose we could put something together tonight... *(Thinks for a minute, pacing back and forth)* All right, we'll do it. Shall we say at nine o'clock? We'll have to charge overtime, though.

SARAH
*(Rising to shake his hand)* That's not a problem. Thank you so much, Mr. Hyde. You've been very kind.

JEREMY
Not at all. Here at the Wellsley Funeral Home we try our best to make the departure of your loved ones as painful—uh—as painless as possible. We'll see you here at nine tonight then.

SARAH
Yes... Goodbye...

*(SARAH exits through the front door as FORMALDA HYDE enters from a back room. FORMALDA is a bit dotty and speaks with a strong New York accent. SHE is wearing the outfit of a French apache dancer: black skirt with a slit, tight striped blouse, red scarf around her neck, and black beret tilted to one side.)*

FORMALDA
Jeremy, I'm all set! I'm sexual, I'm sensual, and I'm ready to dance! *(Looks at JEREMY's gorilla suit with surprise)* Why are you dressed like that? I thought you were going to match my costume.

JEREMY
You mean you wanted me to be a French Apache Dancer?

*(HE pronounces it in the American way, UH-PA-CHE.)*

FORMALDA
It's pronounced AH-PAHSH. And yes, I thought you were going to wear a beret, red scarf, striped shirt, maybe a mustache...

JEREMY
That's not scary at all, why would I want to do that?

FORMALDA
For the romance of it! Halloween can be romantic too, you know!
JEREMY

Romantic? What are you talking about?

FORMALDA

I'm talking about when we first met, Dummy. Remember Par-ee? The Sacre-Coeur at twilight? Doesn’t it ring a bell? We're not that old!

JEREMY

Of course I remember, you sweet thing. It was endearing, romantic, thoroughly enchanting! I don't think anyone ever had a more memorable visit to the City By The Bay!

(MUSIC IN: A SMALL FRENCH CAFÉ:  Song Track 08.)

“A SMALL FRENCH CAFÉ”

JEREMY, Singing

REMEMBER THAT DAY
IN A SMALL FRENCH CAFE

FORMALDA

WHEN YOU ORDERED OUR FOOD TO GO!

JEREMY

I GAVE YOU MY HEART
ON THE STEPS OF MONMARTRE

FORMALDA

WHEN YOU FED ME MY FIRST ESCARGOT!
IT WAS LATER I LEARNED THEY WERE SNAILS

JEREMY

THAT YOU MANAGED TO LIVE THROUGH,

FORMALDA

I CHOSE TO FORGIVE YOU—
JEREMY

AND—
DONT YOU RECALL
AT THAT SMALL FLOWER STALL
WHEN I BOUGHT YOU A TALL BOUQUET

FORMALDA

THOUGH EVERYONE KNOWS
THOSE WEEDS THAT YOU CHOSE
MAKE ME ITCHY AND SNEEZY ALL DAY

JEREMY

I'LL NEVER REGRET THE DAY THAT WE MET

FORMALDA

THAT EVERYONE TELLS ME I SHOULD FORGET

JEREMY

I STILL CAN RECALL ME, DASHING AND TALL

FORMALDA

AND HANDSOME AS ANYTHING

JEREMY

WHEN I SAID THAT YOU WERE MY DOLL

FORMALDA

I SAID, “THAT'S NOT SEXIST AT ALL”

(Music plays through again, this time without words, as the music plays, JEREMY bows to FORMALDA and speaks.)

JEREMY

Bonjour, Mademoiselle. Je suis enchantée de faire votre connaissance.

FORMALDA

(Giving him a curtsy and speaking in really bad French) En-chanty!
JEREMY

Puis-je danser avec toi?

FORMALDA

Da-core! Da-core! Meer-cee bow-coo, mon-sewer!

(JEREMY and FORMALDA waltz around the room until the last 27 bars, when FORMALDA sings.)

FORMALDA, Continued; Singing

*I’LL NEVER REGRET THE DAY THAT WE MET*

JEREMY

*THAT EVERYONE TELLS ME I SHOULD FORGET*

FORMALDA

*I STILL CAN RECALL YOU, DASHING AND TALL*

JEREMY

*AND HANDSOME AS ANYTHING*  
*WHEN I SAID I’D GIVE YOU A CALL*

FORMALDA

*BUT YOU NEVER BOTHERED TO CALL—AT ALL!*

(FORMALDA hits JEREMY on the arm.)

JEREMY

OW!

(JEREMY winces and rubs his arms, but then reaches out his arms to invite a hug and THEY embrace. (As they release, FORMALDA remembers something.)

FORMALDA

By the way, who was that leaving as I came in?

JEREMY

Oh, that was just a grieving widow, Mrs. Higgenbottom. I took care of everything.
FORMALDA
Now, why did you do that? You know you have all the tact of—a gorilla. We agreed that I would handle all the 
*bereaved* and you would handle all the *deceased*.

JEREMY
Yeah, but—

FORMALDA
*I* take care of the *inconsolable*, and *you* take care of the un-*revivable*.

JEREMY
Sure, but—

FORMALDA
*I* calm the old *biddies*, and *you* embalm the old *bodies*!

JEREMY
I know, but—

FORMALDA
*I* manage the *miserable*, and you—

JEREMY
I *got* it!

FORMALDA
(*Patronizingly, putting her hand on his shoulder*) Darling, it’s simple division of labor. *I* do what *I’m* good at, and *you* — do everything else.

JEREMY
Yes, yes! But honestly, I think I did a good job with that lady. I walked her through all the details of the funeral, and she was very happy! Well, maybe a little angry... (*Looks in the direction of the door where MRS. HIGGENBOTTOM exited*) But that's one of the Seven Steps of Grief, I think. Number three, isn't it?

FORMALDA
Yes, number three, Anger & Bargaining, it comes right after Pain & Guilt.

JEREMY
And besides, I'd really like to get out of the back room. If I have to prep one more body by myself, I think I'll go crazy!

FORMALDA
But weren’t you were going to hire some help? How's your search for a makeup artist going?
JEREMY
Not great. You’d be surprised how few people want to work with dead bodies for a living. I just can’t understand it. Our medical benefits are great—and we throw in free funeral services in case the medical doesn’t work out—

FORMALDA
Don’t worry, Dear, someone will come to interview for the job soon.

(JEREMY turns to see ALBERT coming tentatively into the room.)

ALBERT
Hello, excuse me?

FORMALDA
Oh, hello. May I help you?

ALBERT
Sorry, the door was open and I didn’t know if it was okay to just come in. I’m here about the makeup artist job.

FORMALDA
Oh, yes! Please come in!

JEREMY
Yes, yes! Come right in! I’m Jeremy Hyde... (Shakes hands with ALBERT) ...and this is my wife and funeral co-director, Mrs. Hyde. (ALBERT shakes hands with FORMALDA.) But you can just call us Jeremy and Formalda. Have a seat. Your name again was—?
(Sits down behind the desk)

ALBERT
Alb—uh—Al-oy-sius. Aloysius Smith. But you can just call me Al. I’m pleased to meet you. (Takes his seat in front of the desk) I’m really glad you could see me on such short notice, what with this being Halloween and all.

JEREMY
Think nothing of it. We weren’t busy just now, only talking about bodies and corpses and—well, you know, Halloween things. We just love Halloween, don’t we Pumpkin?

FORMALDA
Oh yes, we love Halloween! We look forward to it every year!

ALBERT
This is a great house for it—uh, Jeremy, Formalda. I love all those spooky decorations you put up outside. The gravestones with R.I.P on them, the jack-o-lanterns, the spiders, the cobwebs, that witch on a broom plastered all over that tree in the front...
JEREMY
Yep, the neighbors keep complaining, but we just keep adding more decorations every year! And that’s not all. (Conspiratorially) We have real ghosts, you know.

ALBERT
Real ghosts?

FORMALDA
Oh, yes, real live ghosts! (Pausing to consider) I mean, real dead ghosts...

JEREMY
Let me tell it, Dear.

FORMALDA
No, I want to tell it. You told it last time.

But I tell it better.

FORMALDA
Excuse me?

JEREMY
(Standing, moving closer to FORMALDA; ALBERT remains seated) Oh no, I mean, you tell it better. Definitely you. You should tell it.

FORMALDA
(Grumpily) No, that’s okay, you tell it.

JEREMY
No, I insist, Darling, you should tell it.

FORMALDA
No Darling, you tell it. I’ll just listen.

JEREMY
(Doubtful, but willing to take a chance) OK... but don’t interrupt!

(MUSIC IN: OUR FAVORITE GHOSTS: Song Track 09.)

“OUR FAVORITE GHOSTS”

JEREMY, Singing

HERE’S A GHOSTLY STORY
FORMALDA
(Interrupting, even stepping in front of JEREMY)

JUST STOP HIM IF YOU’VE HEARD

JEREMY

IT’S JUST A LITTLE GORY

FORMALDA
(Interrupting again)

IT’S PATENTLY ABSURD

JEREMY

ABOUT A PAIR OF CORPSES

FORMALDA

WHO MIGHT COME TO VISIT YOU

JEREMY

BUT ONE THING WE CAN PROMISE IS

JEREMY + FORMALDA
(In harmony)

IT’S ABSolutely TRUE!

JEREMY

THEY HAVE FANGS DOWN TO HERE
AND A DEVILISH LEER

FORMALDA

AND THEIR EYES ARE ALL BLOODSHOT AND RED

JEREMY

WITH THEIR FLYAWAY HAIR
AND A MENACING STARE
ITALIAN TERROR

IT'S JUST HARD TO BELIEVE THEY'RE SO DEAD

JEREMY

THEY'RE ALL COVERED WITH DUST
AND THEIR STENCH—

ITALIAN TERROR

WELL IT'S JUST
WHAT YOU'D GUESS THAT CADAVERS EXUDE

JEREMY

LIKE SOME MUSTY OLD SOCKS
OR A RUSTY LUNCH BOX

ITALIAN TERROR

FULL OF NOODLES AND OODLES
OF HALF-EATEN FOOD

JEREMY

THEY MAKE BLOOD-CURLING SOUNDS
AS THEY GO THROUGH THEIR ROUNDS

ITALIAN TERROR

AWFUL NOISES WE'VE FOUND REALLY CRUDE

JEREMY

WITH THEIR TERRIBLE MOANS
AND UNBEARABLE GROANS

ITALIAN TERROR

IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK THEY'RE JUST RUDE

JEREMY

WHEN THEY GLIDE THROUGH A ROOM
THEY CAN FILL IT WITH GLOOM
FORMALDA

WET AND CLAMMY, AND COLD AS THE MOON

JEREMY

WHEN THEY FLOAT DOWN THE STAIRS
THEY CAN LOOK LIKE—

FORMALDA

THE SCARIEST
CORPSE FROM A TOMB
YOU COULD EVER EXHUME

JEREMY

WHAT’S MORE—

JEREMY + FORMALDA
(In harmony)

THEY WILL MESS WITH YOUR BRAIN
LIKE SOME HAUNTING REFRAIN
THAT YOU’LL NEVER EXPLAIN
TO FAMILY, FRIENDS AND SUCH

THEY HAVE HORRIBLE BREATH
THAT MIGHT GAG YOU TO DEATH
WE HAVE MORE THAN A HUNCH
THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN LOSE YOUR LUNCH

JEREMY

BUT FOR ALL OF THEIR SINS
THEY’RE STILL GOOD FOR SOME GRINS

FORMALDA

TWICE AS FUN AS A HORROR MOVIE

JEREMY

WHEN THEY COME DO A HAUNTING
IT’S NOT REALLY DAUNTING
FORMALDA

IT’S THRILLING AS THRILLING CAN BE

JEREMY

WE INVITE ALL OUR FRIENDS
TO COME OVER—

FORMALDA

TO SPEND
QUIET EVENINGS JUST WAITING TO SEE

JEREMY

IF THEY’LL FINALLY ARRIVE

FORMALDA

LOOKING DEAD—BUT ALIVE

JEREMY

IT’S A WRECK OF A SPECTACLE

FORMALDA

SPOOKY AS HECK

JEREMY + FORMALDA
(In harmony)

BUT THEY’LL
DRIVE YOU SLIGHTLY INSANE
THEY MIGHT MAKE YOUR BLOOD DRAIN
WHEN THEY REACH OUT TO CLAIM YOU
WITH THEIR GNARLY HANDS

ONE DARK HALLOWEEN NIGHT
THEY MIGHT GIVE YOU A FRIGHT
THERE’S A GHOST OF A CHANCE
YOU’LL EVEN HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR PANTS
JEREMY

BUT YOU’LL
THINK THAT WE’RE FIBBING

FORMALDA

OR MAYBE AD-LIBBING

JEREMY

I’M SORRY, WE JUST CAN’T AGREE

JEREMY + FORMALDA
(In harmony)

’CAUSE FOR ALL THAT WE BOAST
THEY’RE OUR FAVORITE GHOSTS

FORMALDA

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

JEREMY

MUCH BETTER THAN WHAT’S ON TV!

FORMALDA

COMMERCIAL FREE!

(ALBERT stands and crosses to FORMALDA and JEREMY, clearly impressed.)

ALBERT
That was wonderful! You must be so proud. But why are they here in a funeral home? Were they murdered or something? Or— I know! They were brought here to be buried, but then they weren't really dead, and they got buried alive!

FORMALDA
Oh no, it was nothing like that.

JEREMY
(Speaking with a lower voice, conspiratorially) It was over 20 years ago. Right at midnight, on Halloween in fact. At the time, this was a private residence owned by a wealthy couple with a rather strange little boy. It seems the boy was always getting into mischief.
But unfortunately, his parents made the mistake of buying him a chemistry set.

We're guessing he must have added a few extra chemicals, 'cause he managed to blow up both his parents with one gigantic ka-boom!

And they’ve been haunting this mansion ever since, waiting for their naughty son to return!

That sounds pretty creepy…

(Proudly) Yep, it makes Halloween even more special, somehow. That’s why we keep adding more Halloween decorations. In fact, this year we even added a special doorbell to greet the trick-or-treaters—

(SFX: DOORBELL/LOUD SCREAM.)

(Almost jumping out of his skin) What in the world!

(Beaming; delighted) There’s our special doorbell now!

Your doorbell is a terrified scream?

Wonderful, isn’t it? I think that means our first trick-or-treaters are here, come for their treats. Pumpkin, where did you put that basket of candy?

(Grabs the basket from a side table near the front door) Here it is!

(FORMALDA hands the basket to JEREMY.)

Come on, we'll put on a brave face for the horrible little monsters at the door!

(From the side table, JEREMY grabs a gorilla mask for himself and another monster mask that he hands to ALBERT as HE directs him to the front door. THEY put on their masks and JEREMY opens the door to a group of TRICK-OR-TREATERS who begin to sing.)
(MUSIC IN: TRICK OR TREAT: Song Track 10.)

“TRICK OR TREAT”

TRICK-OR-TREATERS, Singing

TRICK OR TREAT, SMELL MY FEET
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT
I DON’T WANT SOME LUNCHEON MEAT
MAKE IT CHOCOLATE-Y AND SWEET

TRICK OR TREAT, TRY TO BEAT
SWEETS I GOT FROM DOWN THE STREET
I AM FEELING INCOMPLETE
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT

(JEREMY hands out candy to the GROUP, while complimenting THEM.)

JEREMY
Very scary! Nice costume! Good song!

(JEREMY closes the front door, puts the basket of candy on a side table, and turns to ALBERT. THEY both still have on their masks.)

JEREMY, Continued
Shall we continue?

ALBERT
What?

JEREMY
I said, shall we continue?

ALBERT
What?

JEREMY
(Taking off his mask) Sorry, is this better?

ALBERT
Yes, that’s better.

JEREMY
What?
I said, “Yes, that’s better.”

What?

(Taking off his mask) I said—

Oh, I know what you said, I was just kidding you. Ha ha! So, back to business.

(JEREMY and ALBERT return to their previous seated positions at desk and chair.)

Now, tell me, how much experience have you had as a makeup artist?

I’ll be honest, Mr. Hyde—uh—Jeremy. not much. But I’m a really quick learner, I pick up things real fast, and I’ll work really hard.

But why would you want a job like this? Some people would have a problem working in a funeral home.

Well, it’s a sort of a first step. You see, um... I have a dream. I have a dream that someday I’ll become a Makeup Artist to the Stars.

(ALBERT looks and gestures up, as if addressing the stars in the sky.)

Well, that’s wonderful. Everybody should have a dream. Look at us. My wife and I had a dream to be funeral directors since we first met at a romantic mortician’s convention in Paris. People laughed. People scoffed at the very idea. People slammed doors in our faces! They told us we were crazy!

Told us we were crazy!

And now look at us.

Now look at us.
JEREMY
We’re not crazy, no siree, not a bit. (Leans over to shake his finger at ALBERT) And
don’t you let anybody get in the way of your dream, young man. You just chase that
dream no matter what!

(MUSIC IN: CHASE YOUR DREAM: Song Track 11.)

“CHASE YOUR DREAM”

JEREMY, Singing
(Stands up with a theatrical flourish)

CHASE YOUR DREAM, GO ON AND CHASE YOUR DREAM
DON’T LET THIS SLOWLY SPINNING WORLD GET IN YOUR WAY
SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THE WORLD CAN BE SO MEAN
INSTEAD OF LOLLIPOPS AND POPSICLES
IT GIVES YOU LOTS OF OBSTACLES

SO CHASE YOUR DREAM, REACH FOR THAT GOLDEN RING
AND JUST IGNORE THE THINGS THAT PEOPLE LIKE TO SAY

IF THEY CHALLENGE YOUR AMBITION,
TELL THEM YOU ARE ON A MISSION
AND YOU’LL NEVER LET YOUR VISION GET AWAY

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN’T BE,
IF YOU BELIEVE IT, YOU CAN BE IT
SO GO OUT AND CHASE YOUR PASSION EVERY DAY
AND YOUR DREAMS WILL ALL COME TRUE – OR SO THEY SAY

CHASE YOUR DREAM, GO ON AND CHASE YOUR DREAM
REACH FOR THAT GOAL, WITH ALL YOUR SOUL, WITHOUT DELAY
AND IF YOUR GOAL – SEEMS UNATTAINABLE
DON’T LET YOUR SPIRIT BE DEFEATED, OR YOUR ENERGY DEPLETED

YOU JUST – CHASE YOUR DREAM, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING
FORGET THE BLUES ABOUT THOSE DUES YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO PAY

IF THEY CHALLENGE YOUR EXISTENCE,
THEN JUST ANSWER WITH PERSISTENCE
AND A TEASPOON OF INSISTENCE, EVERY DAY

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN’T DO,
IF YOU PURSUE IT, YOU CAN DO IT
SO GO OUT AND CHASE YOUR NAGGING DOUBTS AWAY
AND YOUR DREAMS WILL ALL COME TRUE – OR SO THEY SAY
(ALBERT, who was seated during the song, stands up and moves close to JEREMY so they can sing the last line together.)

JEREMY and ALBERT
(In harmony)

AND YOUR DREAMS WILL ALL COME TRUE – IN EVERY WAY!

ALBERT
That was wonderful! I see what you mean!

JEREMY
(Putting his arm around ALBERT) Al, I admire your passion. Even without experience, it’ll take you far! You’re hired!

(THEY shake hands.)

FORMALDA
Isn’t that nice. Now we’re one big happy family.

JEREMY
When can you start?

ALBERT
Right away. Right now, if you like.

JEREMY
Now that’s what I call ambition! Certainly, you can start right now. No time like the present, I always say!

FORMALDA
No time like the present! I could just scream with delight!

(SFX: DOORBELL/SCREAMS clearly startling ALBERT, while JEREMY and FORMALDA seem unaffected.)

JEREMY
More trick-or-treaters! Come on, Al, let’s do the honors!

(JEREMY and ALBERT put on their masks and JEREMY opens the front door to the next group of singing TRICK OR TREATERS.)
“TRICK OR TREAT”

TRICK-OR-TREATERS, Singing

TRICK OR TREAT, SMELL MY FEET
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT
I DON'T WANT SOME LUNCHEON MEAT
MAKE IT CHOCOLATE-Y AND SWEET

TRICK OR TREAT, TRY TO BEAT
SWEETS I GOT FROM DOWN THE STREET
I AM FEELING INCOMPLETE
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT

JEREMY
(Hands out candy to the group, once again complimenting THEM as HE does so) Very scary! Nice costume! Good song! Hello, what’s this?

(DEREK and PRUDENCE appear, having walked up behind the TRICK OR TREATERS. PRUDENCE has frizzed her hair and added fangs and a bit of fake blood as if it were dripping from her fangs. DEREK is dressed with a dark suit and cape as Dracula, also with fangs and fake blood below his mouth, and with slicked-back hair.)

DEREK
Hello, Dad!

(DEREK gives JEREMY a hug. JEREMY is still wearing his mask. HE pulls the mask off of JEREMY’s face as TRICK OR TREATERS exit.)

DEREK, Continued
That is you, isn’t it Dad?

JEREMY
It’s me, alive and kicking! (Looking DEREK up and down) But you seem to be undead! Were you attacked by vampires on the way over? (Turns to PRUDENCE) And here’s Prudence! (Shouting over his shoulder to FORMALDA) Pumpkin, Derek and Prudence are here!

FORMALDA
Well, isn’t that nice? Come in, come in!

PRUDENCE
(Waves to both, a bit shy) Hello Mr. Hyde, Mrs. Hyde. Excuse my costume, I’m the Bride of Dracula tonight.
JEREMY
And a beautiful bride you are—but we told you before, it’s Jeremy and Formalda, not Mr. and Mrs. Hyde.

DEREK
Actually, I have a better idea. How about if she calls you Mom and Dad?

FORMALDA
Of course, she could—oh– you mean...

(Turning to DEREK) You asked her?

JEREMY
And she actually said “Yes”?

DEREK
(Resignedly) Well, no... Actually, she turned me down. (With resolve) But I’m not giving up!

JEREMY
That’s my boy! Perseverance! Chase that dream!

FORMALDA
Way to go, Prudence, you go girl!

DEREK
Mom! What are you saying?

FORMALDA
(Puts her arm around PRUDENCE) I’m just saying don’t settle for second best! Right, dear?

DEREK
Wait, what?

JEREMY
Oh, we’re being very rude. We’re completely ignoring Mr. Smith. (Turning to ALBERT) Al, get over here. Al is our new makeup artist, just hired. Al, meet my son, Derek, and his beloved Prudence.

ALBERT
Glad to meet you. Oh—sorry... (Takes off his mask) Happy Halloween!

DEREK
Don’t get me started! (Looking closely at ALBERT) You sound familiar. Have we met?
ALBERT
No, no. Sure of it.

DEREK
Well, probably not. (Looking around) Are you sure you want to work in this creepy place? (Leans toward ALBERT, conspiratorially) Have they told you about the ghosts that haunt this place? Legend has it that two parents who died in this house are looking for their little boy who killed them.

FORMALDA
(Oblivious to her own delight in telling the tale) Now, Derek, don't you go boring our new employee with outlandish ghost stories!

DEREK
(Slightly dejected) Sorry, Mom. (Turning to ALBERT) You'll love it here. You couldn't find better bosses than my dad and mom. There's nobody in the world who knows more about bodies, and they really love their work!

JEREMY
(Missing the irony) Don't you listen to him, Al, he's just being a proud son.

DEREK
Well, we should be off. We have a costume party to go to.

FORMALDA
Will you come back after?

DEREK
Sure, if it's not too late.

PRUDENCE
Yes, we'd love to.

(PRUDENCE and DEREK go to the front door and open it.)

DEREK
(Grabs his cape and half covers his face with it; speaks in a Transylvanian accent.) I have to take my beauty to meet the other boos and ghouls!

PRUDENCE
Bye!

(THEY exit.)

FORMALDA
(Turning to JEREMY) I like her! She has a good head on her shoulders.
JEREMY

Well, sure, but, poor Derek...

FORMALDA

*(Changing the subject)* Weren't you going to show Al around?

JEREMY

*(Brightening, turning to ALBERT)* What do you think, Al? If you’d like to get started, I can show you a thing or two.

ALBERT

Sure, I'm really interested.

JEREMY

OK.

*(HE starts to walk bent over, with a limp, and as if he had a withered arm. HE speaks in a voice like Boris Karloff as he gestures for ALBERT to follow him.)*

JEREMY, *Continued*

Come right this way, to our Restful Sleep Room.

*(ALBERT looks at him, curious, and they both exit to the Prep Room.)*

END SCENE
ACT I
Scene 3

SETTING: Inside the Restful Sleep Room. This is the prep room for bodies, with coffins, stainless steel cabinet/bookcases with all sorts of colored bottles, and several stainless steel slabs covered with sheets. On one of the slabs rests the very dead body of MR. CLYDE HIGGENBOTTOM, wearing a hospital gown.

AT RISE: JEREMY and ALBERT walk into the room with JEREMY carrying the suit of clothes and shoes given to him by Mrs. Higgenbottom. THEY walk to opposite sides of the body and look down.

JEREMY
This is Mr. Higgenbottom. He died of a heart attack after certain over-strenuous activities, if you know what I mean – nudge-nudge, wink-wink. (Nudges and winks)

ALBERT
Gee, he looks really dead.

JEREMY
Yep, dead, dead, dead. Just like that “Dead Parrot” skit from Monty Python. He's deceased. He's bought the farm. He is no more. He has ceased to be. He's expired and gone to meet his maker.

ALBERT
He's a stiff! He's history! Bereft of life, he rests in peace!

JEREMY
He's pushing up the daisies! Dead as a doornail! He is without metabolic processes! He's pulse-less!

ALBERT
He's kicked the bucket, he's shuffled off his mortal coil, he's run down the curtain, he's joined the flippin' choir invisible!

JEREMY and ALBERT
(Together, both indicating the body with a flourish of the hand) This— is an ex-person!

(JEREMY and ALBERT laugh.)

JEREMY
Al, you have a great sense of humor! I'm glad you decided to join us.

ALBERT
Thanks, Jeremy. It's good to be here.
JEREMY
Now, to business. The first thing we need to do is get some clothes on this stiff. Now where did I put the scissors?

ALBERT
Scissors?

(JEREMY puts the clothes and shoes down on a slab and finds a pair of scissors in a cabinet.)

JEREMY
Ah, here we are. Now what you have to do is take this suit of clothes... (Grabs and holds up the wrinkled suit) ...and cut it straight down the back, shirt and all.

ALBERT
Cut a perfectly good suit of clothes down the back? But why?

JEREMY
Oh, we always do that. It's to make the suit easier to put on. Rigor mortis, you know. People viewing the body don't know—it's not like they're going to turn the body over in the coffin or anything. What a shock they'd get, right? (Nudges ALBERT) And Mr. Higgenbottom for sure won't know.

ALBERT
(Taking the suit and scissors) Okay...

JEREMY
After you've cut the suit, just dress Mr. Higgenbottom, and you'll be all set to do your first makeup job. While you're doing that, I have to get ready for a last-minute funeral ceremony. By the way, you'll be able to join us for that, won't you? It's at nine o'clock. We're trying out a new Funeral Hymn I wrote, and it would be great if you could join in.

ALBERT
Sure, I'd be happy to.

JEREMY
Super. (Heads for the door, opens it, and offers one last thought) ...And while you're dressing Mr. Higgenbottom, if you get queasy, just sit down and put your head between your legs.

(JEREMY exits. ALBERT, now alone, begins cutting up the suit of clothes, talking to himself.)
ALBERT
Oh, man, what have I gotten myself into. (Looking down at MR. HIGGENBOTTOM) You're lucky, you've left all your worldly cares behind you. Just a peaceful, sleeping old guy... (Looks more closely at MR. HIGGENBOTTOM's face) ...with a strangely happy smile on your face! (Shudders) Brrrr! (Returns to cutting the suit) And this! Making a big cut right down the back of his clothes! Who would have thought? This is the worst! When I think of all the bodies that have come through this funeral home, all with backless suits!

(Finished with the cutting, ALBERT starts gingerly putting the clothes on MR. HIGGENBOTTOM. HE talks to the corpse as HE dresses him.)

ALBERT, Continued
You'll look really spiffy, Mr. Corpse, all dressed up—with no place to go. First the pants... (Struggles as he puts the pants on the corpse) Now give me your arm...

(MR. HIGGENBOTTOM moves his arm in a reflexive jerk.)

ALBERT, Continued
No the other arm. (Suddenly jumps back, horrified that the body has moved) Yow! What the—

(ALBERT moves closer, peering down at the body. HE leans down close to the body and yells in his ear.)

ALBERT, Continued
HELLO!

(Satisfied that the body is really dead, HE continues putting on the backless clothes, tucking the cut part beneath the body.)

ALBERT, Continued
Let me just get this tie over your head... (Slips the tie over the head) And now your belt... (Slips the belt under the waist and buckles it in front) There, that should do it. I do feel like I’m going to throw up, though...

(ALBERT moves to a chair off to one side and continues ruminating.)

ALBERT, Continued
I can just imagine bodies, crawling up out of the ground, shuffling to the back door, fumbling with the door knob, filing in one-by-one, and doing a weird, macabre dance, right here in the Restful Sleep Room! Oh, man, I really do feel queasy!

(ALBERT puts his head between his legs as creepy MUSIC begins.)
(MUSIC IN: DANCE OF THE CORPSES: Song Track 12.)

**“DANCE OF THE CORPSES”**

(We hear the back door to the room creaking open, and a group of DEAD PEOPLE—obviously having just crawled out of their graves—come into the living room and start a ghoulish dance. The corpse of MR. HIGGENBOTTOM gets up off the slab and joins in. During the dance, we become hilariously aware that all the DEAD PEOPLE are in backless suits. ALBERT keeps his head between his legs, not moving during the dance. HE is obviously imagining all this.)

(As the dance winds down, all the DEAD PEOPLE exit through the back door, closing it. Then, during the last few tumbling notes of the music, MR. HIGGENBOTTOM—having forgotten where HE belonged—bursts back through the door, runs to the slab, and throws himself back onto his previous resting place—but with his head pointed the wrong way. This wakes ALBERT from his trance, who then stumbles over to MR. HIGGENBOTTOM and looks down.)

**ALBERT**

Wow, I must have dozed off. I could have sworn I heard some strange music...

(ALBERT goes to the body and stares down, then notices with surprise that the head is at the wrong end of the table. Just at this point, SFX: DOORBELL/SCREAMS which startles ALBERT again, and we hear HALLOWEENERS outside the front door singing the TRICK OR TREAT song.)

**ALBERT, Continued**

What the hay?

(MUSIC IN: TRICK OR TREAT: Song Track 10.)

**“TRICK OR TREAT”**

TRICK-OR-TREATERS, Singing

*TRICK OR TREAT, SMELL MY FEET*  
*GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT*  
*I DON’T WANT SOME LUNCHEON MEAT*  
*MAKE IT CHOCOLATE-Y AND SWEET*

*TRICK OR TREAT, TRY TO BEAT*  
*SWEETS I GOT FROM DOWN THE STREET*  
*I AM FEELING INCOMPLETE*  
*GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT*

(LIGHTS FADE OUT: END ACT I.)
ACT II

Scene 1

SETTING:  It's 9 pm inside the chapel of the Wellsley Funeral Home. A large organ is on one side of the room, and above the organ is a large stained glass window. On the other side of the room, a door leading into a roof off where a buffet table offers after-funeral refreshments. In the middle of the room we see the backs of chairs set up in rows, facing a raised platform area placed against the back of the stage where a large coffin lies open. Stands of flowers are positioned to the left and right of the coffin. To one side is a podium.

AT RISE:  FORMALDA is playing a funeral tune on the large organ. Several FUNERAL ATTENDEES are seated in the rows of chairs, with their backs to us. In the coffin is the very dead MR. HIGGENBOTTOM in his wrinkled suit, lying in state. JEREMY is standing behind the podium.

JEREMY
And in conclusion, we pray that Mr. Higgenbottom might slumber in eternal peace, listening to the harps of angels, God rest his soul. (Sighs) And now, we'd like to hear from his lovely wife. (Leans over the podium to address MRS. SARAH HIGGENBOTTOM) Mrs. Higgenbottom, could you please come to the podium to say a few last words?

(SARAH, wearing a black dress, black hat and veil, rises from her seat in the first row of chairs and moves to the podium as JEREMY steps to one side. SHE lifts her veil onto her hat and addresses the GROUP.)

SARAH
Well, where should I start to talk about this amazing man? Maybe I should start at the moment he died, in the back parking lot of the local Piggly-Wiggly. He must have been surprised, that's all I can say. How could he know that he'd get his just deserts so quickly? I mean, sometimes it takes years of philandering before a lying dog of a husband gets the big kick in the butt for doing what he shouldn't be doing. But not my Higgy. He got his come-uppins just a week after hiring that mangy she-cat of a secretary, right in the middle of committing shameless infidelity in the back seat—

JEREMY
(Interrupting) OK, OK, that's all right, Mrs. Higgenbottom, very nice eulogy, I'm sure Mr. Higgenbottom is deeply touched— (Looks down at the body) wherever he is— (Brightens) But now, it's time for our Funeral Hymn. I wrote a special hymn just for today's ceremony, so I'll just hand out copies, and maybe you can all join along.
(JEREMY hands a paper to MRS. HIGGENBOTTOM with the words to the Funeral Hymn he wrote. Then HE steps off the platform to hand a paper to each of the rest of the FUNERAL ATTENDEES. HE returns to the platform as FORMALDA starts playing the hymn introduction on the organ. MUSIC IN: FUNERAL HYMN: Song Track 13. The FUNERAL ATTENDEES sing from the paper.)

“FUNERAL HYMN”

FUNERAL GUESTS, ET. AL., Singing

NOW WE LAY YOU DOWN TO SLEEP  
WE PRAY THE LORD YOUR SOUL TO KEEP  
SINCE YOU DIED BEFORE YOU WOKE  
WE PRAY THE LORD YOUR SOUL HE TOOK

SLEEPY, SLEEPY, CLOSE YOUR EYES  
GONE THAT LOOK OF SWEET SURPRISE  
SLEEPY, SLEEPY, PLEASANT DREAMS  
HAPPY, HAPPY HALLOWEEN

NOW NO ONE WILL BOTHER YOU  
YOU’LL GET A BOX WITHOUT A VIEW  
YOU WILL HAVE A COZY HOME  
WITH NO TV, NO TELEPHONE

SLEEPY, SLEEPY, CLOSE YOUR EYES  
GONE THAT LOOK OF SWEET SURPRISE  
SLEEPY, SLEEPY, RESTFUL SOUL  
NOW WE’LL PUT YOU IN A HOLE!

FORMALDA  
(Standing up from the organ and addressing the GROUP) That was a lovely service. And now if you’d like to pay your final respects before refreshments.

(JEREMY steps down from the platform as ALBERT rises from his seat in the first row. JEREMY puts his arm around ALBERT as they walk downstage.)

JEREMY

Al, you did a great job dressing Mr. Higgenbottom. And your first makeup job wasn’t bad either. Maybe just a little less lipstick and rouge next time, we don’t want our clients looking like old wrinkled street walkers, you know!

ALBERT

Thanks, Jeremy, I’ll try to do better next time. I actually started to get into it— Well, at least I did after Mr. Higgenbottom stopped jerking around—
(ALBERT is interrupted by the sound of the doorbell, SFX: DOORBELL/SCREAMS, which startles most of the GUESTS in the room.)

JEREMY
Ah, that must be more trick-or-treaters. If you wouldn't mind, Al, could you take care of it? The basket of candy is right by the door. I'll stay here with our guests.

ALBERT
Sure thing, Jeremy.

(ALBERT heads towards the Reception Area.)

JEREMY
(Calling after ALBERT) — And no snacking on the candy, that's for the kids!

(JEREMY turns back to the GUESTS as ALBERT exits.)

JEREMY
(Addressing the GUESTS) And if you will all join us in the next room, my lovely wife has prepared an inviting table of delicious Halloween treats for your enjoyment.

FORMALDA
How delightful for us to be able to combine our two favorite events; funerals and Halloween.

JEREMY
Right you are, Pumpkin.

FORMALDA
If you will follow me, through this door.

(JEREMY, FORMALDA and the funeral GUESTS exit as LIGHTS FADE OUT ON CHAPEL.)

END SCENE
ACT II
Scene 2

SETTING: Back in the Reception Area.

AT RISE: ALBERT heads for the front door, grabs the basket of candy, and happily opens the door to the sound of trick-or-treaters singing.

(MUSIC IN: TRICK OR TREAT: Song Track 10.)

“TRICK OR TREAT”

TRICK-OR-TREATERS, Singing

TRICK OR TREAT, SMELL MY FEET
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT
I DON’T WANT SOME LUNCHEON MEAT
MAKE IT CHOCOLATE-Y AND SWEET

TRICK OR TREAT—

(While the TRICK-OR-TREATERS are singing, NUSSBAUM, dressed as a clown, complete with big shoes and white make-up with red nose, suddenly steps past THEM and walks into the room, reaching for the entire basket of candy.)

NUSSBAUM

Here, give me that!

(NUSSBAUM grabs the candy basket from ALBERT, throws it out the door, and slams the door in the faces of the TRICK-OR-TREATERS—which immediately stops their singing. We hear a loud sound as a disgruntled TRICK-OR-TREATER gives the door an angry kick. NUSSBAUM turns to ALBERT, who is completely surprised by all this.)

ALBERT

(Backing up) What the heck— (Recovering; sees it’s only his boss, NUSSBAUM) Oh, Boss, you really gave me a scare! Why are you dressed like that?

NUSSBAUM

It’s the only costume we had left, remember? Unless you want me to walk around as a cape-less zombie nurse!

ALBERT

But why wear a costume at all?
NUSSBAUM
To blend in, of course. What better excuse to be wandering around at night with a body slung over my shoulder?

ALBERT
You mean you were walking around outside carrying the body?

NUSSBAUM
Sure, nobody suspected a thing, with this outfit. They were even giving me candy for her to eat. As if! (Laughs) Oh, by the way, here's my haul. Hope you're hungry.

(NUSSBAUM hands ALBERT a big Halloween bag filled with candy.)

ALBERT
You mean—you actually stopped to do some trick-or-treating?

NUSSBAUM
I was trying to blend in, Dummy. Pay attention!

ALBERT
But where's the body?

NUSSBAUM
Oh yeah, the body. Hang on, I'll bring her in.

(NUSSBAUM opens the door again, steps out, hoists the girl's BODY, wrapped in a sheet, up onto his shoulder, steps back in again, and dumps the BODY on the reception desk. We can see her legs dangling off the end of the desk. Then, one hand on hip, the other hand scratching the back of his head, HE looks around.)

NUSSBAUM, Continued
Now, where do we put her? Are there sliding body drawers or something around here?

ALBERT
Sure, Boss, but I haven't had a chance to do anything about paperwork yet. And besides... I'm really not sure this is going to work. Somehow, I don't think the owners are likely to just conveniently forget how many bodies they're really supposed to have—

NUSSBAUM
(Ignoring him, completely distracted by a flood of memories of his early life in this house) My home! I can't believe I've come back home at last!

ALBERT
Your home?
Well, it *used* to be my home.

You used to live *here*?

*(Walking around, looking at everything with nostalgia.)* Yep, I was born in this house, and spent many happy years of my childhood here.

I didn't know that. *(Thinking)* Then when you sent me over here to get a job you knew—

*(Interrupting)* My home. Amazing, the memories this brings back! Over there is where I clamped a kid’s head in a vise. I told him he was too broad-minded! *(Laughs)* And over here is where I used to play with my whips and knives… *(Moves around the room as he speaks)* And here's where I started a campfire, playing Cowboys and Indians! Ah, the sweet nostalgia!

*(MUSIC IN: THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS: Song Track 14.)*

**“THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS”**

*I’m back home once again, just look at this smile on my face. Away from all the trouble we’re in at the home of my boyhood days.*

*I used to have whole barrels of fun, my parents I’d always amaze, eliminating friends one by one in the home of my boyhood days.*

*And now I am the prodigal son, come back from unscrupulous ways. I can’t say I’ll forget what I’ve done since the home of my boyhood days.*

*I used to enjoy the fun of a toy, my chemistry set was the bomb, I only regret one tiny misstep when I blew up my daddy and mom (accidentally!)*

*Continued; Singing*
AND NOW I AM BACK HOME ONCE AGAIN
JUST LOOK AT THIS SMILE ON MY FACE
AWAY FROM ALL THE TROUBLE WE’RE IN
AT THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS

ALBERT
So you blew up your parents? Wait a minute, I heard about that story earlier today from Jeremy and Formalda.

NUSSBAUM
(Suspicious) From who? You heard what?

ALBERT
From the funeral directors. I heard that there was an explosion, and the parents were killed. But there’s more! They told me the dead parents were still here, in this house, haunting it. Apparently they're waiting for their son—for you—to return.

NUSSBAUM
I always knew they loved me. Well, they don’t have to wait any longer. I’m here. (Shouting up the stairs in a sing-song voice, as if to his parents) I’m ho-o-m-e!

ALBERT
(In a hoarse whisper) Not so loud! (In a quiet voice) How did it happen?

NUSSBAUM
Well, you mix a fractional distillate of petroleum fuel oil with a whole lot of porous prilled ammonium nitrate, and then you—

ALBERT
No, no, I mean, how did you manage to blow up your parents with the explosion?

NUSSBAUM
I told you. Accidentally! Try to keep up, will you?

ALBERT
Oh. (Thinking a moment) Say, does this have anything to do with you always talking about your disfigured face?

NUSSBAUM
You mean—this?

(As he says “this,” he presents his left profile and we hear ominous movie music playing: DUHN-DUHN-DUUUUUHHhhhNN. NUSSBAUM and ALBERT once again look up and around, wondering where the music came from.)

ALBERT
But Boss, I keep trying to tell you, there's nothing wrong with your face!

NUSSBAUM

So you say!

ALBERT

Ask anybody! You have a wonderful face, a magnificent face, a superb face! It takes my breath away!

(MUSIC IN: YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE: Song Track 15.)

“YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE”

ALBERT, Singing

WHEN PEOPLE STOP AND STARE,
IT’S NOT FOR THE REASON YOU MIGHT IMAGINE
IT’S ‘CAUSE THEY CAN’T BELIEVE
YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE!

WHEN PEOPLE DROP THEIR JAWS,
IT’S NOT JUST OF SYMPTOM OF THEIR AMAZEMENT
THEIR EYES GO WIDE BECAUSE
YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE

SUCH A JAWLINE—DASHING CHIN, SO MASCULINE,
SUCH A STRONG PROFILE,
SUCH A BROWLINE—IT MIGHT BE NOBILITY,
SUCH HIGH CHEEKBONES,
STRONG AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

WHEN CHILDREN FREEZE AND TREMBLE
THERE’S NO DENYING THEIR FASCINATION
THEY’RE PARALYZED BECAUSE
YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE!

WHEN LADIES GAZE AND ACT LIKE
THEY’RE IN A STATE OF INFATUATION
THEY MUST ADORE YOU
‘CAUSE—
YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FACE!

NUSSBAUM

That's all very well, but I know you're just trying to talk me out of what I know to be true. Nice try, though.

ALBERT
(Thinking for moment; snaps his fingers) Hey Boss, I’ve got a great idea. Since I’m learning all about how to apply makeup to make people look great, maybe I could use my new skills on you. I could just borrow the makeup kit, and—

NUSSBAUM
Yeah, right! In your dreams, Doofus!

(Suddenly, there’s a bang on the door and we hear the muffled voices of DEREK and PRUDENCE outside the door.)

PRUDENCE
(From the other side of the door) Darling, why don’t you just ring the doorbell?

DEREK
Because I don’t want to set off that darned scream that my crazy parents set up!

(DEREK bangs on the door again.)

NUSSBAUM
(Looking around desperately, talking in a loud, hoarse whisper) Quick! Turn off the lights! Where can I hide this body?

ALBERT
Uh... (Also looks around desperately, points to the closest of the display coffins, and speaks in a loud whisper) In here!

(ALBERT turns off the lights, then runs over to the coffin and opens the lid for NUSSBAUM, who rushes over to the desk, hoists the BODY onto his shoulder, moves to the coffin, and starts putting the BODY inside. We hear the muffled voices of PRUDENCE and DEREK again.)

PRUDENCE
Don’t you have a key? I thought you kept a key to this place.

DEREK
Yeah, I’ve got one here somewhere, hang on a second... Could you hold that jack-o-lantern up close to the keyhole for me?

ALBERT
(Whispering) Hurry, Boss!

NUSSBAUM
(Whispering) Hang on, I’ve almost got her in... There!

(THEY close the lid.)

NUSSBAUM, Continued
Quick, we’ll hide behind the coffin!
(NUSSBAUM and ALBERT quickly duck behind the coffin.)

DEREK
(Still talking from outside the front door) I can't believe you had us change costumes. I hate this costume. I feel really silly!

PRUDENCE
Well, what else could we do? After thinking about it, I certainly wasn't going to wear that Bride of Dracula wedding dress with a big blood stain – portraying women as victims! This is the twenty-first century, after all. We're more evolved than that.

DEREK
Yeah, but – really? I mean, really? Look at me!

PRUDENCE
I can't see you that well in the dark. As soon as you get the door open, I'll take a better look.

DEREK
OK, wait, I got it.

(DEREK and PRUDENCE come in the front door.)

PRUDENCE
I'll get the lights.

(PRUDENCE turns on the light switch. Now we can see that DEREK is dressed in the wedding dress as Bride of Dracula, but with his own shoes and black socks. PRUDENCE is wearing Derek's Dracula costume, clearly too big for her. PRUDENCE gives DEREK an appraising up-and-down look.)

PRUDENCE, Continued
Oh, now, see, I think you look just adorable!

DEREK
(Looking down at his wedding dress) Yeah, right! Just the compliment I needed! Now I feel like a victim!

PRUDENCE
Aren't you going to say something nice about my costume?

DEREK
Oh, yes, very nice, you look exactly like Dracula!

PRUDENCE
Thank you, Darling! (Looking around) Gee, I wonder why the lights were off? Do you think your parents already went to bed?
DEREK
On Halloween? Not a chance. I'm sure they're around here someplace.

PRUDENCE
You know, at night, this place is especially creepy-looking—especially with those coffins over there. I'm beginning see how it might have been rough growing up here.

DEREK
Yeah, you try inviting friends over for a slumber party when you live in a funeral home!

PRUDENCE
(With mock consoling) Oh, poor baby, did you get rejected? (Walks over to the closest coffin) Say, there isn't a body in here, is there?

DEREK
No, silly. These are just for display, so customers can choose which kind of coffin they want. The last thing you'd want in a sales display is an actual body, that would be totally nuts. See, when you open the lid—(Demonstrates by opening the lid, but gestures without looking inside)—you want to show off the nice, clean, elegant silk lining, not the—

(DEREK stops short as HE sees the BODY. HE slams the lid shut, a shocked look on his face. Then HE turns, opens it slowly, and addresses the BODY inside.)

DEREK, Continued
Uh... excuse me Miss, you're not supposed to sleep in here... (Reaches in and pokes HER.) Miss? Excuse me?

(DEREK closes the lid again and leans against the coffin, a shocked look on his face.)

PRUDENCE
Who are you talking to? Is there somebody in that coffin? (DEREK silently nods his head.) Is it somebody playing a Halloween joke? (DEREK silently shakes his head.) Is it somebody really dead? (DEREK nods his head again.) Well, who is it? Let me see!

(PRUDENCE opens the lid and peers in, then slowly closes the lid and leans against the coffin next to DEREK.)

PRUDENCE, Continued
Golly!

DEREK
(Talking out loud to himself.) It's my crazy parents, it must be. They've finally snapped. Gone completely around the bend. You don't just misplace a body, not in a display coffin!
PRUDENCE
Derek, what are you talking about?

(DEREK pulls PRUDENCE off to one side, far away from the body.)

DEREK
Look, I didn't want to say anything before. In fact, I wasn't really sure until just now. I've always known my parents were a little—well, let's say “eccentric”. I mean, how crazy is it to have a lifelong dream to be funeral directors? Do you know that my mom used to play funeral director as a kid? She'd bury Barbie, Ken, GI Joe, any old doll or action figure she could get her hands on! And as for my dad, there was even a rumor about a missing family dog—

(As THEY talk, NUSSBAUM and ALBERT quietly slip out from behind the coffin and busily start pulling the body out, looking nervously over at DEREK and PRUDENCE to make sure they're not caught in the act.)

PRUDENCE
So they're a little kooky. That's part of what makes them so adorable.

DEREK
No, it's worse than that. Deep down, I think I always knew that they were more than just kooky. Deep down, I always suspected they were probably mutually, clinically insane!

PRUDENCE
Oh, that's crazy talk!

DEREK
Ah ha! (Points his finger at her) See, you think I'm crazy too! And I probably am!

(DEREK walks away further away then turns to PRUDENCE and speaks in a resigned voice.)

DEREK, Continued
And that's why I can't marry you.

PRUDENCE
Excuse me?

(NUSSBAUM and ALBERT have the body out of the coffin now, and are frantically looking for someplace else to hide it. They finally settle on a separate display coffin some 10 feet away.)

DEREK
Look, you wouldn't want to be responsible for me when I finally turn into a dribbling idiot who can't even dress himself. And you sure as heck wouldn't want to give birth to a whole family of little coo-coo heads, would you?

PRUDENCE
What are you saying?

DEREK

Listen, I hate to say this, but...

(MUSIC IN: A WHOLE LOT OF CRAZY: Song Track 16.)

“A WHOLE LOT OF CRAZY”

DEREK, Singing

THERE’S A LITTLE BIT OF STRANGE IN THE BEST OF US
AND SOMETIMES YOU FEEL A LITTLE BIT NUTS
BUT, DARLING, WHEN COMPARED TO THE POPULACE
THERE’S A WHOLE LOTTA CRAZY IN US!

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN YOU MIGHT LOSE CONTROL A BIT
YOU MIGHT EVEN DOUBT YOUR OWN SANITY
BUT, GOING THROUGH THE THIN AND THE THICK OF IT,
THERE’S A WHOLE LOTTA CRAZY IN ME!

WE’RE INSANE, WE’RE NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD
WE’RE MISSING JUST A MARBLE OR TWO
I’M TO BLAME, I’M AFRAID THAT I LED YOU
DOWN A PATH OF DAISIES
RIGHT INTO A PACK OF CRAZIES

AND YOU’D
NEVER GUESS MY STRANGE-LOOKING FAMILY
COULD SO TRULY BE THAT FAR ‘ROUND THE BEND,
THOUGH, IF YOU NEED A DOSE OF INSANITY
YOU COULD NEVER DO BETTER THAN THEM!

(Music plays while DEREK does a little dance, and then HE continues singing.)

DEREK, Continued; Singing

WE’RE INSANE, WE’RE NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD
WE’RE MISSING JUST A MARBLE OR TWO
I’M TO BLAME, I’M AFRAID THAT I LED YOU
DOWN A PATH OF DAISIES
RIGHT INTO A PACK OF CRAZIES

SO IF
YOU ARE STILL EXPECTING TO MARRY ME
THAT’S THE VERY THING YOU DON’T WANT TO DO 'CAUSE – WHEN THEY COME TO END ME, AND BURY ME YOU’LL BE, OH SO GLAD YOU KNEW THAT OUR SWEET ROMANCE WAS THROUGH YOU AVOIDED ALL THAT CRAZY IN YOU!

PRUDENCE
So you really don't want to marry me?

DEREK
Nope. I'm sorry my Sweet, but it just wouldn't be fair to you.

PRUDENCE
(Warming up to him) Honey, that's very noble, but you can't really mean it. Do you? I mean, don't you love me? Don't you — (Has a sudden realization) Wait a minute, I remember this! We saw this on late-night TV. This is straight out of that old Cary Grant movie, what's it called? (Thinks a second; snaps her fingers) Arsenic and Old Lace! (Stepping away from him and folding her arms) Oh, you're good! But I'm onto you. I see it all now. You lifted this whole scam from the movie! (Walks back and forth in front of the coffin) Sure, first you freak me out by finding a mysterious body — on Halloween no less — and then you reject me with some phony-baloney excuse about crazy relatives, and then I'm supposed to fall into your arms and insist that we should get married. Very clever! Nice try, handsome!

(NUSSBAUM and ALBERT have successfully stowed the body in the other coffin, and quickly hide again.)

DEREK
Wait, what? What do you mean? Arsenic and Old Lace? How can you think such a thing?

PRUDENCE
Oh sure, what a setup. You almost had me there for a minute. (Thinking it all through) I bet you even planned this stunt with your parents. And I almost fell for it! Unexpected bodies in coffins, on Halloween, I mean, really!

DEREK
But there is an unexpected body in the coffin! And it's real, come look! I mean, think about it, if this were Arsenic and Old Lace... (Opens the coffin again, and without looking inside, gestures dramatically) ...when I open the coffin again, the body would be gone!

(PRUDENCE looks inside and sees that there's no body there. SHE gives DEREK a “Yeah, right!” kind of look and folds her arms again.)

PRUDENCE
Nice trick, Houdini, I'm really impressed. So tell me, how did you do it?
DEREK
Do what? (Looks into the coffin and stares back at PRUDENCE, sputtering...) But—but—

PRUDENCE
(Moving over to the other coffin) So now if I go to this coffin, I'll probably find the dead body
has mysteriously—

(PRUDENCE opens the coffin, looks in, and turns back to DEREK.)

PRUDENCE
Golly!

DEREK
I didn't do that, I swear it! You have to believe me, I don't know what's going on, I really don't!

PRUDENCE
(Starting to believe him) Are you telling me you really had nothing to do with this?

DEREK
Nothing, honest! Maybe it was those ghosts who haunt this place...

PRUDENCE
Right, spirits who can teleport a real live – I mean, a real dead body. I don't think so.
(Pondering...) Well, we have to do something! Where would your parents be right now?

DEREK
Oh, I don't know, maybe upstairs, or in the Restful Sleep Room, or the chapel, or in the cemetery
next door.

PRUDENCE
I'll check the chapel. It's this way, right? You check the cemetery. (Exits)

DEREK
(Calling out) Really? The Cemetery? On Halloween? (To himself) No way! (Walks to the sofa
and sits down) She doesn't believe me when I tell her that my parents are crazy, she doesn't believe
we really have ghosts who haunt this place—essentially she doesn't believe in me!

(DEREK stands and walks toward the second coffin, but then remembers the body and walks in
the opposite direction.)

DEREK, Continued
She says she loves me, but she thinks I'm a coward. I ask her to marry me, but she says no, just
because of a few paranoias—only I'm not paranoid, because this is real! (Pauses)
At least I think it's real...
(DEREK gathers the courage, walks back to the second coffin and looks in, then closes the lid again.)

DEREK, Continued
It's real! (Angry now, looks towards the chapel) You don't believe me? Who needs you anyway? It's not like I'm pining away for you or anything! (Stomps back to the desk) You think I'm just gaa-gaa about you? I am not! You think I lose sleep over you? I do not! In fact, if it ever comes to that, I can get along without you just fine!

(MUSIC IN: ITS ONLY ONCE AN HOUR OR SO: Song Track 17. DEREK pauses and strolls, and then starts singing)

“IT’S ONLY ONCE AN HOUR OR SO”

DEREK, Singing

IT’S ONLY ONCE AN HOUR OR SO
I EVER THINK OF YOU
I REALLY DON’T HAVE TIME
AND I’VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO

IT’S ONLY WHEN I SLEEP AT NIGHT
I EVER DREAM OF YOU
UNLESS YOU COUNT THE TIMES I DREAM
OF THINGS WE USED TO DO

AND WORDS WE USED TO WHISPER
OF LOVE THAT WE ONCE KNEW
IT’S ONLY ONCE AN HOUR OR SO
I EVER THINK OF YOU.

DEREK, Continued; Singing

PLEASE ME, TEASE ME, THRILL ME WITH YOUR TOUCH
THOSE THINGS WON’T IMPRESS ME VERY MUCH
KISS ME, MISS ME, I DON’T REALLY CARE.
I WON’T NOTICE, IF YOU’RE EVEN THERE.

IT’S ONLY WHEN I WALK OUTSIDE
I’M WATCHING JUST IN CASE,
WITH ALL THE PEOPLE WALKING BY
I JUST MIGHT SEE YOUR FACE

IT’S ONLY WHEN I HEAR A SONG
OF LOVE AND TRUE ROMANCE,
I FIND MYSELF REMEMBERING
THE WAY WE USED TO DANCE

AND THE HAPPY WAY YOU SMILED AT ME
THE DAY WE FIRST HELD HANDS
IT’S ONLY WHEN I HEAR A SONG
OF LOVE AND TRUE ROMANCE.

PLEASE ME, TEASE ME, THRILL ME WITH YOUR TOUCH
THOSE THINGS WON’T IMPRESS ME VERY MUCH
KISS ME, MISS ME, I DON’T REALLY CARE,
I WON’T NOTICE, IF YOU’RE EVEN THERE.

DEREK
OK, back to business. I need to find out what’s going on around here. (Calling up to the top of the stairs.) Mom, Dad, are you upstairs? (Not hearing a response, HE starts pacing back and forth, talking to himself) Prudence will probably find them in the chapel. (Walks toward the second coffin) This is so unbelievable. (Opens the coffin lid again and peers in, shouting) Who are you?!

(DEREK closes the lid and walks away from the coffin, mumbling to himself.)

DEREK, Continued
Now if I were crazy, what strange, demented reason could I have for putting a body in the display coffin? And how did the body change coffins?

(As he walks, NUSSBAUM pops up from behind the coffin. ALBERT pops up too, but NUSSBAUM puts his hand on his head and pushes him down. ALBERT pops up again, and again NUSSBAUM pushes him down. Then NUSSBAUM starts creeping behind DEREK. DEREK hears flapping of his big clown shoes and stops walking. NUSSBAUM stops walking too. DEREK starts walking again, and NUSSBAUM follows him, shoes still flapping. DEREK stops. NUSSBAUM, anticipating that he’ll turn around, steps to one side. DEREK wheels around suddenly, but doesn’t see anybody. HE starts walking again and NUSSBAUM follows again, this time intent on grabbing him. Just as he lifts his arms to do so, DEREK wheels around again, sees the circus clown of his nightmares, and completely freaks out.)

DEREK
Aaaaah!

(DEREK faints. NUSSBAUM stands there looking down at DEREK. ALBERT Rushes over to NUSSBAUM and joins him in looking down at DEREK.)

ALBERT
Is it a heart attack? Is he dead?

NUSSBAUM
(Checking out DEREK) No, unfortunately he’s still breathing. Must have fainted. It’s the clown costume. Freaked him out good. He’s out cold.

(THEY both stand there for a moment, staring down at the unconscious DEREK.)

ALBERT

That gown looks familiar.

NUSSBAUM

Suits him perfectly. Ugly shoes, though.

(NUSSBAUM collects himself and turns to ALBERT.)

NUSSBAUM, Continued

OK, enough of this, we need to act quickly. We can tie him up while he’s passed out. Give me that rope from the coffin display.

ALBERT

Got it.

(ALBERT goes over to the coffin display, removes the rope from its stands, and returns it to NUSSBAUM, who has started lifting DEREK. Together, NUSSBAUM and ALBERT hoist DEREK into the chair in front of the desk.)

NUSSBAUM

I’ve been waiting for this moment all my life. Now at last I get my revenge.

ALBERT

Revenge? What do you mean, “revenge”?

NUSSBAUM

When I was a little boy, and had that minor accident that killed my parents, they took everything from me. My house, my yard, my whips, my knives, my chemistry set! And then this creep’s parents come along and buy my house from the bank and have the audacity to turn it into—a funeral home. That was the last straw! I vowed then and there that I would get my revenge someday—and now that day has come. You said my parents have been haunting this place, waiting for me to return? Well, here I am, back home to make everything right again! (Leaning down to talk to the unconscious DEREK) You thought you’d take my place in this home. Now the roles are reversed, my friend. Now I take your place!

(NUSSBAUM pulls a large handkerchief from his pocket and THEY start gagging and tying DEREK up just as HE starts to regain consciousness.)

DEREK

(From behind his gag, struggling to get free) MMMFFFF!
NUSSBAUM
No good struggling, my home-squatting friend, I've done this before and I've gotten pretty good at it!

(MUSIC IN: YOU THINK YOU’RE SO CLEVER: Song Track 18. Music intro starts up with a Tango rhythm and NUSSBAUM and ALBERT dance around DEREK, busily tying him up as NUSSBAUM sings.)

“YOU THINK YOU’RE SO CLEVER”

NUSSBAUM, Singing

YOU THINK YOU’RE SO CLEVER, I’VE WAITED FOREVER
TO RID YOU OF THAT ONE THOUGHT
YOU’RE SCHEDULED, AT LAST, TO WIPE OUT MY PAST
BECAUSE YOU’VE SUDDENLY JUST BEEN CAUGHT

AND NOW YOU’LL BE BURIED, BEFORE YOU ARE MARRIED
SO SORRY TO SAY IT’S TRUE
INSTEAD OF YOUR NUPTIALS, YOU’LL BE TIED UP SO
WE CAN FINALLY DISPOSE OF YOU

I’D LIKE TO SUPPRESS THIS SMILE ON MY FACE
AT SEEING YOU TIED UP TIGHT

ALBERT

(AT THAT’S RIGHT!)

NUSSBAUM

I HAVE TO CONFESS THIS MODEST SUCCESS
WILL GO TO MY HEAD – SOME TIME TONIGHT!

ALBERT

(ARE YOU COMFY? CAN I GET YOU A CUSHION?)

NUSSBAUM

NOW WHAT FORM OF TORTURE TO USE TO CUT SHORT YOUR LIFE, IS THE MYSTERY

ALBERT

(HA-HA-HA)
NUSSBAUM

THOUGH KNIVES MAKE A MESS, YOUR LOOK OF DISTRESS
COULD BE A SUPER DELIGHT FOR ME
I MIGHT CHOOSE TO HANG YOU, OR MAYBE I’LL STRANGLE YOU
THAT COULD BE “MAGNIQUE”

ALBERT

(HOW SWEET!)

NUSSBAUM

OR I COULD EMPLOY SOME FAST-ACTING POISON
IN A HALLOWEEN CHOCOATE TREAT

ALBERT

(OOO, YUMMY!)

NUSSBAUM

I’D LIKE TO SUPPRESS THIS SMILE ON MY FACE
AT SEEING YOU TIED UP TIGHT

ALBERT

(WHAT A SIGHT!)

NUSSBAUM

I HAVE TO CON
FESS THIS MODEST SUCCESS
WILL GO TO MY HEAD – BUT THAT’S ALL RIGHT!

ALBERT

(AH-AH-AH, NO WIGGLING!)

NUSSBAUM

SO NOW YOU’LL BE LEAVIN’, WE’LL BE EVEN-STEVEN
THE PERFECT REVENGE FOR ME

ALBERT
YOU GET TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THAT I'VE SUFFERED
THOUGH YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE
AND WHILE YOU MAY WORRY, I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY
I DON'T REALLY FEEL REGRET

THOUGH YOU'LL BE IN PIECES, MY JOY INCREASES
JUST FROM SEEING YOU SO UPSET

I'D LIKE TO SUPPRESS THIS SMILE ON MY FACE
AT SEEING YOU TIED UP TIGHT
I HAVE TO CONFESS THIS MODEST SUCCESS
WILL GO TO MY HEAD – TONIGHT!

Uh—Boss, you didn't really mean he'll be in pieces, did you? You're just trying to put a scare into him, right? (Grabs NUSSBAUM by the arm) Boss—you're not really thinking what I think you're thinking, are you?

If you think I'm thinking what I think you think I'm thinking, then—yes, I'm thinking that.

But boss, another body? You've killed—what, eleven people already, not counting your bride-to-be in the coffin? When does it stop?

Twelve.
At twelve o’clock?

**NUSSBAUM**

No, idiot, twelve *people*. I killed twelve people before I got to our lovely companion here. With her, it comes to thirteen.

**ALBERT**

Um… I think you might have over-counted… I’m pretty sure it’s not that many…

**NUSSBAUM**

What are you talking about?

**ALBERT**

It's just that if you count her, it's only twelve. Think back…

*MUSIC IN: YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP COUNT: Song Track 19.*

**“YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP COUNT”**

**ALBERT, Singing**

REMEMBER THAT COOK WHO GAVE YOU A LOOK
THAT COULD HAVE BEEN MORE DISCRETE
THEY FOUND HIM HUNG BY BOTH HIS THUMBS
BEHIND THE FROZEN MEAT

**ALBERT, Continued; Singing**

REMEMBER THE GIRL WHO STARTED TO HURL
AND MADE THAT UNPLEASANT SOUND
SHE MESSED YOUR SHOE, THEN LAUGHED AT YOU
AND NOW SHE’S UNDERGROUND

*(THAT’S TWO!)*

REMEMBER, REMEMBER—YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP COUNT
REMEMBER, REMEMBER—AND COME TO THE RIGHT AMOUNT!

REMEMBER THE FOUR WHO OPENED THE DOOR
AND STARTED TO POINT AND STARE
THEIR FINGERS ALL WENT MISSING, BUT
THEIR BODIES WERE STILL THERE
AND THEN THERE’S THE COP WHO FORCED YOU TO STOP
AND READ YOU THE THIRD DEGREE
HIS WIDOW GOT SOME FLOWERS FROM US
BUT NOT MUCH SYMPATHY

(THAT’S SEVEN!)

REMEMBER, REMEMBER—YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP COUNT
REMEMBER, REMEMBER—AND COME TO THE RIGHT AMOUNT!

REMEMBER THE GUY WHO SPIT IN YOUR EYE
AS SOON AS HE SAW YOUR FACE
IT’S SUCH A SHAME, BUT HE BECAME
ANOTHER UNSOLVED CASE

AND THEN THERE’S THE PAIR, WITH LOVE IN THE AIR
WHO BLEW YOU A PLAYFUL KISS
THEY’LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER NOW
IN SWEET ETERNAL BLISS

(THAT’S TEN!)

REMEMBER, REMEMBER—YOU REALLY SHOULD KEEP COUNT
REMEMBER, REMEMBER—AND COME TO THE RIGHT AMOUNT!

REMEMBER THE BLOKE WHO SAID YOU’RE A JOKE
BUT YOU HAD A LAUGH INSTEAD
I DON’T THINK HE’LL BE CHUCKLING NOW
SINCE WE MISPLACED HIS HEAD
ALBERT, Continued, Singing

AND AT LAST THERE’S THE BRIDE WHO STOOD BY YOUR SIDE
SHE WANTED YOU FOR HER OWN
YOU’RE SUCH A FRIEND YOU’LL PUT HER IN
A BOX IN A FUNERAL HOME

(SEE BOSS, THAT’S TWELVE!)

NUSSBAUM
All right then, it’s twelve. But when I’m done with our funeral home friend here, he’ll make number thirteen. Thirteen! I like it, it’s poetic justice. Works for me!

DEREK
(Shaking his head) MMMFFFF!

ALBERT
But, Boss, you don't have to kill him. Let's just leave him here, all tied up. That's revenge enough!

DEREK

(Nodding his head) MMMFFFF!

NUSSBAUM

*Nothing* is revenge enough. *(Leans over DEREK)* Now, we have to decide. Do we hang him, poison him, or maybe just cut him up into little pieces? Hmmm. I don’t have any poison… And cutting him up would be too messy, and besides, I think these floors have been refinished… *(Looks appraisingly at the floor)* Not a bad job, actually! Kind of a cherry stain, don't you think? *(Getting back to the point)* …so I guess it’s strangulation. With my bare hands!

*(NUSSBAUM reaches with strangling hands towards DEREK, who pulls away.)*

ALBERT

*(Grabbing his arm)* But boss, he’s a nice guy! You can’t kill him, you can’t!

DEREK

*(Jerking his head in ALBERT's direction as if to say, “Listen to him!”)* MMMFFFF!

NUSSBAUM

*(Turning to ALBERT, his hands still in the strangling position)* You don't want to make me mad, do you? You wouldn't like me when I'm mad!

**This is Not the End of the Play**

**Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes**

**PIANO/VOCAL SCORE FOLLOWS**
SCARY, SCARY NIGHT—THE MUSICAL!

PIANO/VOCAL SCORE

Book, Music and Lyrics by
E. Michael Lunsford

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED

Performance Rights Available Exclusively through
Heartland Plays, Inc. at heartlandplays.com
playsnow@heartlandplays.com
customer service: 406-431-7680

Copyright © 20014 by E. Michael Lunsford
01-Sad Scary Circus Clowns

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
02-If You Want Spooky

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
03-Beautiful Lady

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
04-If I Fall in Love

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
05-The Milk of Human Kindness

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
06-If I Ever Catch a Break

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
07-A Nicer Place

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
o8-A Small French Cafe

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
09-Our Favorite Ghosts

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
10-Trick or Treat

E. Michael Lunsford

\[ \text{\textcopyright 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.} \]
11-Chase Your Dream

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Micael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved
12-Dance of the Corpses

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
13-Funeral Hymn

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
14-The Home of My Boyhood Days

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
15-You Have Such a Wonderful Face

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
16-A Whole Lot of Crazy

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
17-Only Once an Hour or So

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
18-You Think You're So Clever

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
19-You Really Should Keep Count

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
20-Sad Scary Circus Clowns_Reprise

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.
21-Finale: Celebration

E. Michael Lunsford

Copyright © 2014 E. Michael Lunsford. All Rights Reserved.