

THE ARMOIRE FROM HELL

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Janice Fronczak

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THE ARMOIRE FROM HELL

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SYNOPSIS: Two estranged brothers get entangled in a weird command from their mother to burn an armoire that she thinks is possessed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 MEN)

BROTHER #1 (m) 16-19 years old. Uses slang, laid back, freaks out easy. Troublemaker. Not real smart.

BROTHER #2 (m) 16-19 years old. Obeys mother. Intelligent. Does not want any trouble. Feels insecure.

SETTING

Down a hill from their house. Around dusk. Present day.

SPECIAL NOTE

The armoire is to be invisible to the audience, using down center stage towards the audience as the location of the armoire. Using high physical energy when Brother #1 tries to free Brother #2 will keep the play in a comic mode. Props can be mimed.

AT RISE:

BROTHER 2 is about to burn an evil armoire that he just rolled down the hill from their house.

BROTHER #1: Wait, wait, we can't just kill it!

BROTHER #2: It's evil.

BROTHER #1: It's an armoire!

BROTHER #2: The spirit inside it needs to be damned to hell for all eternity.

BROTHER #1: Why, why, dear God, what has it done?

BROTHER #2: What has it done? *(Pause.)* It makes me feel uncomfortable.

BROTHER #1: How...uncomfortable?

BROTHER #2: I don't know...very? The kind of uncomfortable where you need to hold a séance...with candles...at twilight...and damn something to hell.

BROTHER #1: Yeah...is this because Mom said she thought all the recent bad juju in our family was caused by some unknown entity—? I ask you, as a representative for this poor unsuspecting piece of furniture—is it really right to judge an innocent armoire?

BROTHER #2: Innocent, hah! The constant anxiety, the horrendous hacking, the insipid illnesses?

BROTHER #1: We're just a sickly family. And you're using a lot of adjectives. That confuses me.

BROTHER #2: You were born confused. But I see things clearly. And I smell trouble. Here, in this musty rank piece of sh—

BROTHER #1 moves cautiously closer to the armoire.

BROTHER #1: Ssshhh!! Perhaps it can hear us? I don't know, now you've got me sounding like the rest of this weird cult. Look, it has served this family, served YOU well. It's held your clothes, your shorts, your suits.

BROTHER #2: Which I have to BURN NOW because they are evil!!

BROTHER #1: So, man...like...we're just going to murder it? What proof do you or Mom have that there is...some kind of ghost-thingy in it?

BROTHER #2: Thingy?? You seriously need to work on your vocabulary. Look, it's not that I want to hurt anyone or anything—I'm a pacifist! BUT I promised Mom that I would do it.

BROTHER #1: Are you my brother or my sister? Well, sis, I bet you'd burn down the house if she thought the son of Satan was in there.

BROTHER #2: Actually, I did look into it.

BROTHER #1: Okay, okay...I'm not tripping here, I'm just wondering, what soul, exactly, is supposed to be in this, this poor thing here, condemned to die without a trial of its peers?

BROTHER #2: A trial? A trial??? What kind of trial was there when Grandpa abused our poor grandmother and has now decided to stick around and— *(Turns into evil spirit with evil voice.)* Little boys...do NOT attempt to do anything bad to me or this beautiful antique piece of furniture or you will suffer the consequences!!!!

BROTHER #1 freaks out.

BROTHER #1: AAhhhhhhh!!!!, Are you in there? I'm sorry, I believe, I believe, come back, come back!

BROTHER #2: *(Evil voice—mimicking.)* Come back, come back! Who's a mama's boy now, you little excuse for a human being?! You turd, you whiner. Listen to my every word. You will do exactly as I tell you.

BROTHER #1: Sure, whatever, man. It's cool. It's all good. I've always liked you, I mean, wood, antiques, *(Under his breath.)* scary possessed things...

BROTHER #2: *(Normal voice.)* That's congenial. I like you, too. You've always been my favorite brother. Now, let's do it.

BROTHER #1: Hello? Is that you? You're back, you're you?

BROTHER #2: What has gotten into you? Help me start to take it apart. It will be easier to burn. Do you have a *(Evil voice.)* bucket of water and a sage stick so that you can dowse me and then bless me? Huh? Huh? You insipid insolent insect? *(Evil laugh.)*

BROTHER #1 freaks out again.

BROTHER #1: (*Running around.*) Aaahh, aaah! You ARE EVIL! I believe! Is this because I used to hide under your bed and jump out right as you were falling asleep?

BROTHER #2: (*As evil one.*) What? What?? That was you?

This confuses BROTHER #1 even more—is it his brother or the spirit?

BROTHER #1: You were always the favorite one. So I scared you.

BROTHER #2: That's sick, man. (*Evil voice.*) My name is Arnie, you will back away from me. Go and get me the broom of the wicked witch!

BROTHER #1: What?? What, Arnie?? Are you stuck in *The Wizard of Oz* also?

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) Silence!! I will tell you when you can talk.

BROTHER #1: Look, I'm sorry for doing those uh...*things* to you when we were growing up.

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) Explain. Explaaaiinnn!

BROTHER #1: Okay. First, Arnie, calm the "H" down. You are not in hell yet. Okay. I kind of told the other guys down the street that you were adopted.

BROTHER #2: (*Normal voice.*) I ammm!!

BROTHER #1: What?

BROTHER #2: I am adopted. Mom told me last year. You're adopted, too.

BROTHER #1: "H" if I am!

BROTHER #2: Yes, you are. We come from two different families.

BROTHER #1: You're messing with me. Just shut up.

BROTHER #2: It's true. Sorry.

BROTHER #1: But there are pictures in my baby book with her in the hospital. Doesn't make any sense. You're full of it.

BROTHER #2: Look closer at those pictures. That's all I'm saying.

BROTHER #1: Man... (*BROTHER #1 starts to stomp off, then stops and returns.*) Wait. Whoa. Just stop. How—when did she tell you all this? And why would she keep that from me?

BROTHER #2: Because she loves me more, I guess.

BROTHER #1: I should damn you to hell.

BROTHER #2: Look, she just blurted it out one day.

BROTHER #1: You know Mom never blurts anything out. You're lying. You're such a liar! Go ahead and burn that stupid thing.

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) You are not the loved one. I am.

BROTHER #1: What, Arnie? Who is the loved one?

BROTHER #2: (*Normal voice.*) I have a confession to make.

BROTHER #1: It's confession day! I'm listening.

BROTHER #2: I think she's in there.

BROTHER #1: Who?

BROTHER #2: Mom. Her spirit.

BROTHER #1: But she's back at the house.

BROTHER #2: And she's in there with...it—I feel it. Don't ask me to explain. I also discovered some really formal-looking adoption papers hidden in the back of the armoire.

BROTHER #1: And you are saying that our mom—who is back at the house **and** is a floating spirit—is part of some sinister plot or something?

BROTHER #2: She has lied to us our entire life.

BROTHER #1: I feel sick.

BROTHER #2: Our “dad” didn't run away. Mom was never married! She got foster care money to take care of us. I saw the papers. Grandpa was mean to Grandma because he had bought her. She was a mail order bride, and he didn't like her.

BROTHER #1: Who are we—as a people?

BROTHER #2: What are we, a clan? Look, the woman who calls herself our mother is a great pretender, doling out lies and fake love every day. So if she tells us to burn this thing, it's a way of burning away the facade, all the untruths, everything.

BROTHER #1: But where does that leave us, bro?

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) You both know what you need to do. Sorry, I was listening.

BROTHER #1: What, Arnie, what?

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) Take me back to the house, put me in the center of the living room and keep my doors open. You both stay outside. She will be drawn to me and then—

BROTHER #1: And then—you'll do...what, Arnie, what?

BROTHER #2: (*Normal voice.*) Don't listen to him. He's crazy, insane, depraved. He's taking over me, help me— (*Evil voice.*) DOOOO iiiittt!! Do it now. Roll me back to the house now!

BROTHER #1: I can't do that alone. I need my brother's help, and you're inside him, so how's that going to work? Let him go, you, you bully!

BROTHER #2: (*Normal voice.*) Help me! Help me! He's got ahold of me. Say what you need to!

BROTHER #1: (*Desperate to help.*) What! Say what?

BROTHER #2 is starting to wither and die.

BROTHER #2: You're my only family. You're...my—can't breathe!! Help!! You're...my—

BROTHER #1: —Stop it! Stop it! (*Beats on BROTHER #2.*) Okay, I'll say it, I'll say it!

BROTHER #2: (*Evil voice.*) Shut up. I'll burn him up and then you! Get back, get back, I say!

BROTHER #1: It doesn't matter where we come from, from two different mothers, whoever they are—

BROTHER #2: (*Weak.*) No roots, no family, nothing, not real.

BROTHER #1: (*Pleads.*) I don't know what to say, what to do. You are the omega and the alpha. (*Chanting.*) Ooohhmmm!! Oohhmm... Not working. Uh, (*Dances hip hop.*) Bowwowwowyipyyoyipyyay, bowwowwowyippyo D O double g snoop dog, snoop dog... (*Wildly gesturing.*) You are begotten of the sun and the moon. (*Tired now.*) Oh, brother.

BROTHER #2: (*Mother's voice.*) Sons, I've changed my mind. Leave that thing there, and come back to the house. NOW!

BROTHER #1: Mom? Where did the other, the voice, Arnie—go? What are you doing inside him? Get out of him! There's too many people in there!

BROTHER #2: (*Himself again.*) I can't take much more of this. Spin me around in circles three times and release me from this hell!

BROTHER #1: Okay. Okay. Three times? Why three—

BROTHER #2: Just do it!

***The Armoire from Hell** by Janice Fronczak*
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BROTHER #1 spins BROTHER #2 around three times, freeing his body from both spirits. BROTHER #2 falls onto the ground. BROTHER #1 holds him.

BROTHER #1: You—are you—you?

BROTHER #2: Yeah. I think I am.

BROTHER #1: That was so weird.

BROTHER #2: Yeah.

BROTHER #1: It's like the veil was—

BROTHER #2: SSHSSH!! Don't say another word. I think that's what invited them in.

BROTHER #1: Talking about—

BROTHER #2: Burning them—

BROTHER #1: Ssshh!! You're right. We'll just leave the nice piece of furniture and walk back up the hill...

BROTHER #2: Yeah. That's what we'll do. We'll forget all about this.

BROTHER #2 slowly takes out his lighter, BROTHER #1 nods in agreement. BROTHER #2 throws his light onto the armoire and they react as if it burst into flames, covering their faces and leaning away from it.

BROTHER #1/BROTHER#2: MY GOD! TAKE COVER! RUN!

They both run in a large circle to indicate running far away from the fire, then stop panting.

BROTHER #2: You saved me. They're gone.

BROTHER #1: Unbelievable. Let's get out of here.

BROTHER #2: But not back home.

BROTHER #1: No, of course not. Besides, the end table—

BROTHER #2: —is acting suspicious.

THE END