

"HOMEAWAY"

CAST

Sarah - 20's, brunette
Paul - 20's
Gay - 70's
Mark - 70's
Malcolm - 20's, African-American
Nikki - 20's, blonde bimbo look

(Eight chairs are on the stage, set up as though in a living room.)

(Gay and Mark are sitting on one far side of the stage. Gay is drinking tea. Mark is reading the paper. Paul and Sarah enter through a door on the other side of the stage. They leave the door open. They can't see Gay and Mark.)

SARAH

Wow, this place is amazing! I was a little scared about using HomeAway again, but you really nailed it this time.

PAUL (Looking at his phone.)

It's even nicer than the pictures on the site. Mahogany paneled walls, stained glass windows. And look at that organ! The site said it's enchanting, and it used to be a general's home.

SARAH

Okay, this makes up for that anniversary yurt you rented for us in Staten Island.

GAY (Looking over at them.)

Oh crap, here we go again.

(Mark quickly flips pages in his newspaper. Sound effects of paper crinkling loudly.)

SARAH (Looking around - even in Gay and Mark's direction - but seeing nothing.)

What was that?

PAUL

Probably just the wind?

MARK

OWWWWWWWWWWWW.

MARK (Con't. Quietly.)

Stupid paper cut.

SARAH (Trying to tell herself everything's okay after she heard the moaning.)

Um, yeah, the wind. Okay, I need a drink.

(Gay is staring a hole through them.)

MARK (To Gay.)

Oh, leave them alone. Maybe these live ones will be okay.

(Paul and Sarah take a long swig and put their bottles down on a table.)

GAY

AAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!!

SARAH

What was that?

GAY (Quietly, sort of to herself.)

Would it kill you to use a coaster?

(Gay picks up the 2 bottles, puts coasters under them, then puts them back down.)

PAUL (Having seen the bottles float in the air by themselves.)

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

SARAH

What is going on here?! Let me see that HomeAway site again.
(Grabs Paul's phone.)

SARAH (Con't.)

You idiot! It doesn't say this place was an enchanting general's home. It says it's a haunted Funeral Home!

(Loud, crazy laughter.)

MARK (Quietly, as he reads the paper again.)

That Beetle Bailey!

(Paul and Sarah run for the open door.)

(Not looking at Paul and Sarah, Gay goes over and slams the door shut. Sound effects of a door slamming.)

GAY (Quietly and sarcastically.)
Thanks for letting in more mosquitos.

(Paul and Sarah frantically try to open the door, but it's stuck.)

(Mark presses a TV remote. Sound effects of the WWE's Undertaker's music - gongs, creepy music, thunder. Mark gets excited.)

(Paul and Sarah hear it, run to the middle of the room, and huddle in fear.)

(Undertaker's music abruptly ends.)

MARK (Suddenly disappointed.)
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(Paul and Sarah hug tighter.)

MARK (Con't. Keeps pressing remote. To Gay.)
Did you record over my WrestleMania?

GAY
Grow up, you big baby! Now get your dead ass over there and fix the broken door.

MARK (Gets up and mutters loudly.)
Blah, blah DEAD. Blah, blah BROKEN. Blah, blah UNDERTAKER.

(Paul and Sarah hear and start crying.)

(Mark starts flipping through a huge ring of keys on his belt hook. Sound effects of what sounds like chains rattling.)

(Paul and Sarah pass out.)

MARK (Fixes the door and leaves it open.)
There, you happy now, love of my life?!

(Malcolm, wearing a "Black Lives Matter" t-shirt, enters through the open door and leaves it open.)

MALCOLM

Wake up, guys. It's time to party.

(Paul and Sarah come to, but are groggy.)

MARK (Yelling as he starts swatting at a mosquito with the paper.)

There you are! Now it's time to meet your maker!

MALCOLM (Hears Mark and pivots quickly towards the door.)

Oh no, now it's time for me to leave!

SARAH

Don't go!

MALCOLM (Inching to the door.)

Look, I've seen enough horror movies to know how this goes. Either the black guy dies first, or the slut with the fake blonde hair and fake blonde tits does. And since I don't see Nikki around here, I'm out!

(Malcolm runs out. Mark then swats at a mosquito and swats the door shut.)

SARAH

Oh God, it smells like death in here.

GAY (To Mark, as she fans her hand in front of her nose.)

Seriously?!

MARK

Sorry, I guess I shouldn't have had three Double-Decker Tacos.

GAY

THREE?!

(Gay madly punches down on the organ and eerie organ music plays.)

(Nikki - wearing a mini-skirt, showing lots of cleavage, and chewing gum - opens the door, comes in, and shuts it behind her.)

PAUL

Nikki! That door was stuck. How did you get it to open?

