

NOTES

Group Scare-apy is a humorous play about the dynamics of group therapy; however, make no mistake—this is not your typical group therapy session. Due to the nature of the characters found within this script, the performer may choose to portray each iconic character as stereotypical or as realistic as desired. Perhaps the trickiest of all of the characters found within this selection is that of the psychiatrist. Is this psychiatrist over-the-top and sometimes a bit aggressive, or is this psychiatrist very reserved and almost hesitant to comment before addressing each of these oddball clients? This script is full of puns. Play them. React to them. Puns are one of the most universal and sophisticated forms of word-play. Because there are a myriad of characters found within this script, be sure each character is vocally and physically unique. This play may be performed by an energetic male or female and should be entered in Humorous Interpretation. Above all else, have fun while performing this play and the result will be spook-tacular!

Characters:

Doctor, a psychiatrist
Count Dracula, a vampire
Cindy, a skeleton
Darla, Dracula's wife
Gary, a ghost
Harry, a werewolf
Martha, a mummy

Doctor: So, I see that we're all here.

Dracula: Yes, I think we're all accounted for, Doctor.

Doctor: Yes. Yes, I think we are. So, why don't we start things off by admitting what brought us here today—depression. This is a group therapy session for depressed—(*Looking around the room, he notices how odd the entire group looks*)—people. So, let's go around the room, introduce ourselves to one another, and tell the group why we're depressed. Young lady, would you mind starting us off?

Cindy: Hello, my name is Cindy. And I've been depressed ever since the last day of last month.

Doctor: So—your depression has begun recently—here in just the last few weeks? (*Making notations in his black book*) Interesting...

Dracula: My name is Dracula. I find the necessity of coming here today somewhat embarrassing. I am, after all, from royalty.

Doctor: (*Impressed*) Really?

Dracula: Yes. That is why most people call me Count.

Doctor: Would you like all of us to call you...Count?

Dracula: Excuse my French, but it sucks having to make so many choices at one time. Forget the formalities. You may call me whatever you like.

Darla: I am Dracula's wife, Darla. I've spent—well, way too many centuries hanging around with this man to not know why he's depressed. He's been depressed ever since October 31st. It happens every year, and it takes forever to get over. I thought if I could get him down here for some help, he might soon become his old "pain-in-the-neck" self.

Doctor: Welcome, Darla. It will be nice to have a supportive spouse in the group.

Gary: My name is Gary.

Doctor: Gary, forgive me for squinting, but I can barely see you sitting there.

Gary: Yeah, I get that a lot. What can I do? I'm a ghost. Hey, it's like what Popeye says, "I am what I am."

Doctor: I believe that's also the title of a song from the popular 1980's Broadway musical, *La Cage Aux Folles*, but I digress. So, Gary, when did you first notice signs of depression?

Gary: Let me see. Um, I think it was the last full moon.

Doctor: (*Looking at his calendar*) Well, according to this calendar—that would be...Halloween night.

Gary: Yeah, that sounds about right.

Doctor: And you are?

Harry: (*He simply howls his response*)

Doctor: I'm sorry. I—I don't speak 'Dog.' Let me just refer to my notes here. Ah, I see by your form that your name is Harry. (*Looking the Werewolf up and down*) Your mother must have had an incredible intuition, because you certainly are—your name.

Harry: (*Howling again*)

Doctor: (*Not really understanding, but agreeing nonetheless*) I couldn't agree more. (*Noticing a trend here*) And our last member this morning would be...?

Martha: I'm Martha, mummy of two—Mathew and Madison.

Doctor: Well, I must commend you—coming down here after such an obviously traumatic accident.

Martha: (*Smiling, not quite understanding what the doctor means*) No. No accident. I'm just a mummy trying to pick myself back up after my favorite holiday has come and gone.

Doctor: But all the bandages—I just assumed you had been in a terrible accident. I apologize.

Martha: No need for apologies. And I apologize for looking like I do. As a mummy—I was in a hurry this morning. The kids were all wound up. They were unraveling me something terrible this morning.

Doctor: You aren't by chance, Egyptian, are you? I can't help but ask—what with all the “mummy” talk.

Martha: Me? Goodness no. I'm just a mummy—

Doctor: You mean, “mother—”

Martha: That too—trying to raise my two little mummies all by myself.

Doctor: (*Finally understanding the dynamics of the group*) Right. So, all of you have become recently depressed after the night of October 31st. Am I correct in my assessment? Cindy, would you mind starting us off again? What is so special about—Halloween?

Cindy: What's so special about Halloween? Isn't it obvious? Halloween is the one day of every year when I feel like a rock star! Every other day of the year I become just another social outcast. I hate high skull.

Doctor: Don't you mean, “school?”

Cindy: No, I go to high *skull*—it's private. And I hate the fact that everyone calls me names...

Doctor: What kind of names?

Cindy: Numskull...Bonehead... And it's not just the name calling. The one class I was looking forward to this year got cancelled.

Doctor: Why did they cancel it?

Cindy: Because the teacher, Mrs. Cyclops, only had one pupil.

Doctor: Ah, I see. (*Noticing her thinness*) Well, I think we'd all agree that Cindy here has problems that go far beyond the passing of a national holiday.

Cindy: Problems? What problems?

Doctor: Well...(*Hesitant to accuse her of being anorexic*) your eating disorder for starters.

Cindy: Eating disorder? Are you serious?

Doctor: Well, look at you. You're nothing but skin and bones. Actually, you're less than that. (*Looking her up and down*) I don't even see skin.

Cindy: (*As in “Duh—look at me”*) Hello—I'm a skeleton.

Doctor: So, besides your admitting that you are...a skeleton, you're telling me you eat like all other normal...young...skeletons?

Cindy: Yes. And we prefer to be called skeleteens.

Doctor: What's your favorite food?

Cindy: Spare ribs.

Doctor: What's your favorite beverage?

Cindy: Milk—for obvious reasons.

Doctor: You are aware that milk has lots of protein...and fat?

Cindy: Of course, I'm aware, but try as I may, liquid goes right through me.

Doctor: So you wouldn't mind drinking a glass of milk in front of the group to prove that you're not suffering from a debilitating eating disorder like...anorexia?

Cindy: I'm so thirsty I'll drink ten glasses of milk. But who's going to