

"The Creature In The Closet" Page Sample #1

(**Play Cut # 1** on the Soundtrack CD; the **Skit Open**. It has the TV sounds and the doorbell on the same track.)

(Ronald is watching TV when the doorbell rings. He gets up tiredly and answers it. At the door are two men in uniform wearing dark sunglasses.)

Ron: Yes?

Officer Stryker: Ronald Evans?

Ron: That's me.

Officer Stryker: *(Flipping out a badge.)* I'm Officer Stryker, this is my partner, Officer Barks.

Officer Barks: *(Also briefly flips out a badge.)* How do you do.

Officer Stryker: We're from the Department of Creature Control, Grudge Division.

Ron: How can I help you, officers?

Officer Stryker: We're here to investigate a report that you are harboring a grudge.

Ron: Me? No, that's ridiculous.

Officer Barks: Mind if we come in and take a look?

Ron: I'm not feeling too well, today. But if you want to come in, feel free. I have nothing to hide.

Officer Stryker: Thank you. *(They enter the room, both removing their sunglasses and looking around. The TV noise is loud.)* Do you mind turning that down a little?

Ron: Sure. *(He does so.)*

Officer Barks: You know, grudges are dangerous creatures, Mr. Evans. Even small ones. Secretly harboring one can be harmful to you and everyone around you.

Ron: I understand, I'd never do that. Besides, I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in doing things like that.

Officer Stryker: Grudges will try to take up with anyone, Mr. Evans. If you let them stay, even a little while, they're hard to get rid of.

Officer Barks: Hmm, everything looks fine in here.

Officer Stryker: *(Walking to a door and motioning.)* What's in this room?

Ron: *(Nervously.)* Uh... it's just a storage room, nothing really. Not much more than a closet. *(Starts to walk in opposite direction.)* Let me show you the kitchen...

Officer Barks: *(Sniffing and wrinkling his nose.)* What's that awful smell?

Ron: *(Apologetically.)* Sorry, my stomach's been giving me trouble lately.

Officer Barks: *(Sniffing the air, he moves toward the closet door.)* No, it seems to be coming from this room. What are you storing in there?

Ron: *(Lightly, trying not to arouse suspicion.)* You know, this and that, mostly junk. Nothing you'd be interested in.

Officer Stryker: Let us be the judge of that. *(Tries the door.)* It's locked.

Ron: Right, I hardly ever go in there.

Officer Barks: Would you unlock it for us, please?

Ron: Well, if you insist. *(Takes keys out of pocket.)* Let me see... *(Searches key ring, stalling for time.)* I know it must be here somewhere...

Officer Stryker: *(Observing him as he fumbles with the keys.)* You know, Mr. Evans, grudges seem to make good pets, especially the small ones, but they can never be domesticated.

Officer Barks: And the older a grudge gets, the bigger and uglier it grows. You can't keep it hidden forever. Sooner or later it will escape and maul someone.

Ron: I'll keep that in mind, in case I ever see one. *(Getting nervous now.)* I-I can't seem to find the key for this door. But I'm telling you, there's nothing in there that could possibly be dangerous!

Officer Stryker: Mr. Evans...

Ron: Call me Ron, please. Can I get you gentlemen something to drink?

Officer Stryker: No thanks. Ron...

Ron: A snack, then. Maybe some crackers and cheese?

Officer Barks: *(Interested.)* What kind of cheese?

Officer Stryker: *(Shooting a look at his partner, he emphasizes his words.)* No, really. We just ate.

Ron: How about some home-made candy, then? I have some great coconut and caramel fudge!

Officer Barks: Oooh, my favorite! Do you use fresh coconut?

Ron: Absolutely! Let me get some you some...

Officer Stryker: *(Intensely, to both.)* NO! *(A little more quietly.)* Thanks. Ron, I have to say that you seem a little uncomfortable.

Officer Barks: Nervous, even. Are you hiding something?

Ron: No! I mean, not at all. Who told you that I was harboring a grudge? Bill Elliot, next door? I bet it was him.

Officer Stryker: It's not important. What is important is that you understand the consequences of such a thing.

Ron: I knew it! That little weasel Elliot has had it out for me ever since I accidentally ran over his cat with my garden tiller. How was I to know it was using my flower bed for a litter box?

Officer Barks: Ron, all we want to do is help. Getting rid of a grudge is much harder than getting it, and we can assist you, if you only cooperate with us.

Ron: *(Still ranting.)* And then to get back at me, he puts on his sprinkler system right after I had painted the house, and ruined the new coat of paint on one whole side! That cost me a day's work and \$150 worth of new paint. Oh, sure, he said it was an accident, but I know better. He was just jealous because my flowers suddenly started growing so well.

Officer Stryker: *(To Barks.)* Uh, Phil, why don't you take Ron and check out some of the other rooms. I'll keep working on this door.

Ron: *(Suddenly blocking the door with his body.)* No! You can't go in there! *(Realizing he is giving himself away, he tries to recover.)* I... uh, just had it fumigated! Roaches. Big ones.

Officer Barks: *(As an aside, to his partner.)* I'm glad we passed on the fudge, now.