

## “The Creature In The Closet Page Sample #2

Officer Stryker: Tell us how it started, Ron.

Ron: (*Wringing his hands.*) It came right after I got upset with Bill about ruining my paint job. I was sitting on the porch, thinking about him, when here comes this little grudge, hopping up on the step. It looked so cute, and harmless.

Officer Barks: They all do at that age.

Ron: I picked it up, and it rubbed against me, purring like a kitten. It was so comforting to listen to, and when I talked to it about my problems, it seemed to listen to me. In fact, as I talked about Bill, it seemed to enjoy it, and would roll around and jump on my lap in joy. It crawled inside my coat and curled up like it was at home. I carried it around with me, and I never wanted to let it go.

Officer Stryker: It didn't stay cute for long, did it?

Ron: No. As it grew, it lost its fur and grew scales. Its teeth got sharper and its claws would grip me so tight it hurt. As it got bigger, it would demand my attention and make me feed it. Then, I couldn't let go of it. Rather, it wouldn't let go of me.

Officer Barks: Ron, we've found that these type of things behave according to a pattern. Did you find it starting to take over your life?

Ron: Exactly! No matter where I went or what I did, the grudge was always there, clinging to me and making me think about it. It interfered with my relationships with my friends and family. Finally I locked it in the storage room and tried to forget about it. It's been there for almost a year now. (*Ashamed.*) I was afraid to face it and I was afraid to ask for help.

Officer Stryker: We understand. But, Ron, ignoring it won't make it go away. Grudges like this one fester, and get more poisonous, and smelly. Eventually they break out and cause a lot of pain and heartache.

Ron: Lately I've begun to feel sick all the time. It's affecting me physically. (*Pleadingly.*) Officers, what do I do? I need help. I want to get rid of it but I don't know how!

Officer Stryker: Confessing it is the first step to getting rid of it. You've done the right thing by coming clean. But that's *only* the first step.

Officer Barks: That's right, Ron. There's something you have to do. Talk to your friend Bill and confess it to him, and ask his forgiveness. Then the grudge will die.

Ron: (*Indignantly.*) Ask *him* to forgive *me*? But he's the one that wronged me!

Officer Stryker: Nevertheless, *you* have the grudge. It only stays as long as you hide and protect it.

Ron: (*Sighing heavily.*) Well, if you're sure that will help get rid of it.

Officer Barks: Trust us. We're professionals.

Ron: (*(Slapping his knees, then standing.)*) All right, I'll call him up.

(*Stryker and Barks nod at each other and smile slightly, both standing. Barks goes to the door.*)

Stryker: No need, he's waiting right outside.

**(Begin Cut #3, Reconciliation Music. Play softly.)**

(*Barks opens the door and motions. Bill enters hesitantly, standing just inside the door.*)

Bill: (*With some trepidation, he lifts a hand.*) Hey, Ron. Hope you don't mind that I came over with

them.

Ron: Bill! Not at all, I'm glad you did.

Bill: *(Perking up slightly.)* Really? You're not still mad at me?

*(Barks takes Bill by the arm and leads him over to where Ron is standing.)*

Ron: Bill, I have something to confess to you. Ever since our little... conflict, I've been harboring a grudge against you.

Bill: I thought so. I've been worried about it. That's why I called these guys.

Ron: Really? I didn't think you'd noticed. Well, I'm glad you called them. I never would have listened to you. *(Steps toward him.)* I'm sorry for it, and I ask your forgiveness.

Bill: *(With a sheepish smile.)* All forgiven, buddy. I never wanted us to have a falling out. I'm sorry for my part in it.

*(Bill sticks out his hand, which Ron takes and shakes with warmth.)*

Ron: *(With a smile.)* Thanks, Bill. I forgive you too.

*(Stryker and Barks look at each other and smile in empathy at the scene and Barks even wipes some moisture from an eye.)*

Ron: Hey, you want to get together with the wives and have a cookout this afternoon?

Bill: *(Happily.)* That'd be great! It's been too long since we had one.

Ron: Great! Why don't you get the little woman and come back, and we'll get the coals going.

Bill: *(Turning to go, with excitement.)* Give me about 10 minutes to get some stuff together and we'll be right over!

Ron: *(Seeing him to the door, he claps him on the back as he leaves.)* See you later, buddy. *(Closing the door, he turns back around with a smile, and looks at the officers.)* Hey, I feel great! Like a load has lifted off of my shoulders. Thanks for your help!

Officer Stryker: Glad we could be of assistance. Now, let's see about that nasty old grudge.

*(They go to the door and unlock it, opening it. They all react to a bad smell.)*

Officer Barks: Whew! What a stench! Something must have died in here.

*(Officer Stryker goes into the room.)*

Officer Stryker: *(Calling back from the room.)* I've found it! Your grudge has kicked the bucket, Ron!

Ron: *(With relief.)* Thank God! I've never been so happy to see something go.

*(Stryker comes out of the room with a plastic garbage bag, sagging with something inside of it.)*

Stryker: A heavy little monster. But, it won't bother you again. We'll take it and dispose of the carcass for you.

*(Officer Barks peeks into the bag and flinches in disgust.)*

Officer Barks: Ugh! That's one nasty, stinky little critter. Good riddance!

Ron: Thanks again, officers. I didn't realize how bad things had gotten with it being hidden here.

Officer Stryker: Well, sometimes, Ron, our own problems are often the hardest to recognize. It takes help from others to see them. And, to deal with them.