

# MONSTER PARK

By Craig Sodaro

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## **STORY OF THE PLAY**

Professor Boris Conklin has realized his dream - he can now revitalize DNA samples from anyone in history, returning that person to life. He and his love-starved assistant Riley realize the wonderful potential of this startling discovery. Unfortunately, those who invested in Conklin's work want him to revitalize world-class monsters like Frankenstein, Dracula, the Mummy, and a host of others to serve as star attractions at their new amusement park - Monster Park.

Marlene Conklin, the Professor's down-and-out niece, wants none of this. She has her eyes set on the Conklin mansion which she wants for a bed and breakfast. The only way she can get the house, however, is to have her uncle hauled off to Happy Acres. She's gone so far as to invite a psychiatrist to complete the commitment papers. Her timing, however, is just a bit off. She happens to choose the very weekend a test family, the Harrises, are due at Monster Park to get a sneak preview of life with monsters. The monsters themselves are very chummy because they're controlled by a special computer chip implanted in their "brains."

However, Conklin slips up on his final creation - the Wicked Witch of the West who rejects the chip. She begins a mad search for the ruby slippers. When the professor is spirited away to Happy Acres, it seems the Witch will destroy everyone's plans unless her power can be stopped.

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(9 M, 12 F, 2 FLEX)*

**PROFESSOR BORIS CONKLIN:** About 50, the classic mad scientist.

**RILEY:** Twenties, his love-starved assistant.

**MRS. WINDGREW:** Sixties, their housekeeper.

**FRANKENSTEIN:** The green-faced monster.

**FOWLBAIN:** Thirties, a greedy lawyer.

**JASMINE JARNELL:** Twenties, a greedy ad executive.

**MARLENE CONKLIN:** Twenties, the professor's scheming niece.

**PAMELA QUINN:** Twenties, her secretary.

**MISS REED:** Fifties, the local librarian.

**FRANKENSTEIN'S BRIDE:** With a classic hairdo.

**DRACULA:** Who needs no introduction.

**WOLFMAN:** Hairy creature.

**MUMMY:** Either male or female.

**BRIDE OF DRACULA:** Pale, wears black dress.

**CINDERELLA'S STEPMOTHER:** Older and mean.

**HARRY HARRIS:** Father of the "Average American Family."

**HENRIETTA HARRIS:** His wife.

**HENRY HARRIS:** 12-year-old son.

**HEIDI HARRIS:** 16-year-old daughter.

**WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST:** Wants those ruby slippers.

**DR. SYDNEY GLASS:** Thirties, a lady psychiatrist.

**\*GUARD:** Either male or female, from Happy Acres.

**PHANTOM:** A cameo appearance.

*\*(Male guard can double as Phantom.)*

### **SETTING**

*(See drawing and additional notes at end of book.)*

The great hall of Conklin House, a once beautiful mansion located on the rugged seacoast of Northern California. Entrance USR is main entrance to the house. This can be either a door or an arch masked as a hallway. DS wing entrances SL and SR. DSL leads to dining room, kitchen, and basement. DSR leads to bedrooms. A large window UPS is covered with ragged, cobwebbed curtains. A fireplace USL burns sluggishly. Above it is a portrait of Chester Conklin who built the house. An old couch sits before the window with plenty of room between it and the UPS wall. Several chairs stand by either side of the fireplace. A large wooden closet stands UPS of the fireplace. This is actually a doored entrance/exit, though it does not have to be normal height. DS of the fireplace is a small writing desk with phone and chair. Against the SR wall is a bureau with two doors that open out. It's just about the length of a body - a dead body. This also is an entrance and exit, if necessary. A suit of armor standing guard USR would be a very nice addition.

### **SYNOPSIS**

#### **ACT I**

Scene 1 - One evening at Conklin House.

Scene 2 - The following night.

#### **ACT II**

Scene 1 - A short time later, at midnight.

Scene 2 - Just before dawn.

**(See end of playbook for costumes, props, and sound effects.)**

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: BORIS races on from SL, stops SC, then races off SL returning in a moment with a beaker. He races to SC, stops, snaps his fingers, then races off SL and returns in a moment dragging RILEY, who is reading a folded newspaper. Riley holds a pencil in his hand.)*

BORIS: *(Entering.)* We must hurry, Riley! Time is running out!

RILEY: *(Reading.)* "Voluptuous beauty interested in fooling around seeks dashing handsome male who likes to work out, climb Mt. Everest at least once a year, and drink cappuccino." Does that sound like me, Dr. Conklin?

BORIS: *(Rushed.)* Which one? The beauty or the beast?

RILEY: The beast! *(BORIS begins to laugh heartily.)*

BORIS: You? Him? Hahahahah!

RILEY: I guess you're right. I don't like cappuccino.

BORIS: Come! Come! We must get to the laboratory! We are entering the final phase of our DNA revitalization!

RILEY: This really IS exciting, Professor!

BORIS: The greatest moment in human history! Bringing some of our most illustrious figures of world history back to life through reviving their DNA!

RILEY: Actually, I was talking about all these women seeking men!

BORIS: You bozo! The only people who find companionship THAT way are socially inept, with low self-esteem and a lack of peer understanding.

RILEY: Gosh, you know how to make a guy feel good.

BORIS: If we succeed with our project, you will have women lining up to make your acquaintance, Riley!

RILEY: Oh, sure.

BORIS: You'll be on the cover of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Seventeen*!

RILEY: Yeah!

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BORIS: And you'll be rich beyond your wildest dreams! People will pay millions ... BILLIONS! ... to have us reconstruct their ancestors' DNA! Just think ... when the President wants to get George Washington's advice on something, we can just reconstruct George through a bit of his DNA. And voila! He can tell the President what to do!

RILEY: But, Professor ... wouldn't George be just a bit ... ragged around the edges?

BORIS: Of course! We just reconstruct his DNA through my patented Pick-a-Bod process. I have computerized the genetic make-up of a million different human characteristics. They're all in the computer. We just pull up the menu and select height, weight, hair color, and so on. Oh, why am I telling YOU all this? We've been working together on the project for two years! C'mon! Let's get to it.

RILEY: What's the rush?

BORIS: Our investors are anxious to put our research to work!

RILEY: We've got investors?

BORIS: Who do you think has been paying your salary all these months?

RILEY: What salary?

BORIS: We'll talk, Riley! But we must hurry. (*BORIS grabs RILEY by the collar.*)

RILEY: Here's one. "Tired of rushing through life? Stop and smell the flowers with lovely but lonely lady!"

(*BORIS drags RILEY off SL. MRS. WINDGREW enters USR wearing her cape.*)

MRS. WINDGREW: Professor! Professor, are you home? (*SHE removes her cape and hangs it on suit of armor. She is wearing an apron over her dark matronly dress.*) Never around! Always stuck in that laboratory! Crazy old fool! He's up to no good, I'll guess! And feel this place! Chilly as a bucket of ice. I'd better toss a few logs in the wood box!

## **End of Freeview**

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