

Boogie Man
By Dana Hall

Characters

Whitney Bradway: Woman

Matt Ryan: Man

Synopsis: A first date to remember.

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At Rise: Whitney is sitting in Matt's car at the end of a first date.

WHITNEY: As a kid, I taught myself not to believe in things like the boogie man/

MATT: I thought all kids had that right of passage. How'd you get around that?

WHITNEY: If I felt like something was lurking in the dark I'd turn on all the lights and check the closet. Proving to myself it was just my imagination. That's what scares people their own wild imaginations/

MATT: Uh-huh- is that what had you clinging on my arm during the movie.

WHITNEY: (*Flirty*) Yes, purely my *imagination*.

MATT: Well, I'd like to thank you and your imagination for a lovely first date.

WHITNEY: It's been so long since I went to the movies- It's crazy isn't it/

MATT: The cost of these damn tickets- yes it's insane/

WHITNEY: No, that people go to these movies *wanting* to be afraid.

MATT: It's exciting, it gives you a thrill. You feel that rush of adrenaline around you.

WHITNEY: Sounds like escapism. (*Playful*) What are you trying to escape Mr. Ryan?

MATT: Whoa, hey now don't make this about me! That kind of information is only revealed on a second date -that and college drinking stories/

WHITNEY: And I thought this stupid slasher flick was the only torture I'd endure tonight.

MATT: (*Mildly Offended*) The Psycho Stalker is a cult classic and he's not a slasher he torments his victims methodically by making them feel like they're going insane. He knows everything about them and uses that to build trust before he kills. It's brilliant really.

WHITNEY: Come on! We're supposed to believe these women never see it coming?!

MATT: People are surprisingly trusting or maybe they just think they're smarter than everyone else. Until they realize they've been outsmarted and it's too late.

WHITNEY checks her watch.

WHITNEY: Damn. Speaking of late, we should get going- I have to be up early and I barely slept last night.

MATT: Why? What happened?

WHITNEY: It's silly- nothing. (*Pause*) I woke up and I felt like someone was watching me. I know it sounds crazy/

MATT: It's understandable you live alone. Did you check it out to make sure?

WHITNEY: I turned on all the lights. No one was there.

MATT: Did you check the closets?

WHITNEY: Yeah-nothing. I laid back down and woke up with this feeling of someone on top of me. This dark figure was perched on top of me.

MATT: Did you actually see a person?

WHITNEY: I couldn't make anything out. I woke up and it was on top of me. I couldn't move. I was frozen. It was so dark. I could just see the alarm- 2:32 am. Next thing I know I turn my head and it's 5:43 am and it was gone.

MATT: Did he say anything?

WHITNEY: No. No one was there- just my imagination. It must've been one of those lucid dreams or something. It was crazy- felt so real.

MATT: That sounds terrifying!

WHITNEY: It was! I read that it can happen though it's like you're awake in a dream.

MATT: Next time you should keep your phone on the stand next to the bed not all the way across the room. Never know when you might need it -and fix the window latch.

WHITNEY: I've been meaning to-- *(Realizes)* - Wait- H-how-/(do you)

MATT: Shh/ *(He puts his finger up to quiet her)*

WHITNEY: How do you know those things-- the stand, and... and window latch--

MATT: It took you long enough.

WHITNEY: No! No, it wasn't- it couldn't have been- it was you-YOU?! *(Frantically banging on car door)* Let me out. Help! Let me out!

MATT: Maybe you should start believing in the boogie man.

-End Play-