

GRAVEYARD HALLOWEEN PARTY

READ ONLY

Cast of Characters:

- VERONICA: Woman, technically in her fifties, but appears as a teenager. A fun-loving, edgy vampire.
- PENNY: Woman, technically in her nineties, but appears as a teenager. A reserved, intellectual ghost.
- FRANKIE: Woman or nonbinary character, sixteen. Headstrong. A keen observer. All stitched up like Frankenstein's monster.
- LUNA: Woman, sixteen. Open-minded and loving. A werewolf, though not until later.
- HUNTER: Man, age flexible (20s and up), a vampire hunter.
- NORMAN: Man or nonbinary character, in his teens or 20s, an enthusiast for all things supernatural.
- LUPE: Man, eighteen. Luna's older brother.

Setting:

A graveyard on the edges of some generic suburbs.

Time:

Just past sunset, Halloween, modern day.

SYNOPSIS: In their favorite graveyard, a vampire and a ghost prepare for Halloween, the one night a year where they feel safe to walk among us regular humans. When a scary, stitched-together monster girl suddenly appears, the paranormal friends find out she may know how to find their only human friend that went missing the previous year - and befriend them in ways they didn't even know they needed.

[Dim, spooky lights up on a cemetery. Howling winds roll through. Soon, we hear a bit of muffled music.]

VERONICA enters the stage, pale skin, but the rest of her in dark gothic colors, adorned with spiky accessories. She hums, dances, or sings along badly to something like My Chemical Romance or The Ramones in her headphones (though for the start, her mouth should remain closed or her face obscured).

In her own world, she doesn't see that PENNY has appeared from behind a tombstone, spying on her, sneaking up behind her by jumping between the tombstones. Penny's wearing clothes from decades prior, but all the clothes, along with her hair and skin, are just a couple shades paler than what they should be; she's washed out and faded from head to toe.

Finally, Veronica hits a dramatic ending pose, and Penny rests atop a tombstone right in front of her, leaning in close. Veronica opens her eyes out of her reverie and sees Penny. She jumps.]

VERONICA:

Jeez, Penny! If my heart was still beating, it would have stopped... nice work!

[They high five, then quickly hug.]

PENNY:

I knew you'd be proud.

VERONICA:

Next we have to get you into scaring people *outside* of the graveyard.

PENNY:

Oh no, I couldn't. You have fun, though!

VERONICA:

Come on, Pen! You say that every Halloween.

PENNY:

I just didn't plan on it... and I need more than one day to prepare a good scare.

[Veronica unpacks her backpack excitedly. Girly prep activities - nail polish, face masks, hair stuff, magazines pinned to certain looks, etc. There's a new book for Penny, which she grabs excitedly.]

VERONICA:

You and your prep... wow, *one day*. Halloween is tomorrow! Can you believe it?

PENNY:

Yes. I've been waiting and waiting and waiting. Every year, just waiting and waiting-

VERONICA:

And let me guess? Waiting?

PENNY:

How'd you know?

VERONICA:

Funny, I feel like this year flew by. 2024 was the fastest a year has felt for me since 2017. Of course, after 1999 they started to run together.

PENNY:

Mine started to run together by 1986.

VERONICA:

But when did they start to feel so *slow*?

PENNY:

They've always felt slow to me.

VERONICA:

Maybe you should get out of the graveyard more. My nightlife can be very exciting!

PENNY:

I don't know if I want your kind of exciting.

VERONICA:

Suit yourself. So what look are we going for this year? For myself, I was thinking of trying to combine goth and farmgirl. I know it sounds crazy, but hear me out - braids with black lace

in them! And I have the cutest black overalls back in the abandoned condo I've been crashing in.

PENNY:

I want something classic, but old Hollywood. A lot of the color red, maybe? Greta Garbo.

VERONICA:

No clue who that is, but red, I have plenty of that.

[Veronica produces red lipstick or nail polish and an old-fashioned red wig.]

PENNY:

I know you do. Thank you for always keeping us stocked, year after year.

VERONICA:

Look, Halloween only comes once a year. We only get one day where we can be creepy. You can fade into the night sky, and I can bare my teeth -

PENNY:

And everyone thinks we're just part of the fun. Wait, did you... Veronica, did you steal this stuff?!

VERONICA:

Well, yeah. It's not like a vampiric teenager can go get a full-time job. Unless it's cleaning offices at night. How boring!

PENNY:

Knowing it's stolen takes some of the fun out of it.

VERONICA:

I guess you don't want to get dressed up for your one night out on the town...

PENNY:

No, I do. Sorry. I just wish you didn't have to steal.

[Penny begins braiding Veronica's hair.]

VERONICA:

Me too, but hey, if you got into shoplifting, you'd be great at it. How are they gonna catch a girl that can walk through walls?

PENNY:

How do you do it? You just turn into a bat?

VERONICA:

No way, how could I carry anything? I hate doing that anyway. I hate how the other bats fly around me; no sense of personal space. I've been getting better at hypnotism.

PENNY:

I doubt that. The last time you tried, last Halloween, you tried to hypnotize that Kindergartener into giving you his lightsaber and he ended up throwing it at you.

VERONICA:

Then it didn't NOT work! Here, let me try on you. Look me in the eye. Penny. You will. Go into town and shoplift cow's blood from the local butcher for me. Or at least. Go into town and shoplift. Something. Anything? Do anything other than read books in a mausoleum all day?

[Penny just sort of looks over her shoulder.]

VERONICA:

I guess it doesn't work on ghosts.

PENNY:

No, look!

[Another girl stumbles onto the set, soon to be known as FRANKIE. She's wearing a regular, modern outfit for a teenager, but covered head to toe in dirt, as if she dug herself out of a grave. Messy stitching wraps around her forehead.]

The other girls scream as she stumbles toward them, arms outstretched. She groans vaguely, and when they hear the noise, Penny and Veronica scream louder, trying to hide behind tombstones, but are also bizarrely fascinated as Frankie gets closer.]

FRANKIE:

Wwww...

PENNY:

What is she saying?!

VERONICA:

I don't know! I don't speak Scary Groaning Thing!

FRANKIE:

Would...

PENNY:

Wood?

VERONICA:

No, babe, these are stones!

[She makes another move toward Veronica, who screams again. Penny throws something pathetic to distract her, and when Frankie turns to her, Penny screams again.]

FRANKIE:

Wwwoooullld...

PENNY:

I can get you some wood! Just stop being scary!

VERONICA:

You'll have to go "buy" some with me at Home Depot!

PENNY:

Veronica now is not the time to entertain petty theft as a group hobby!!

FRANKIE:

Would... you... stop screaming for like one minute?!

[She drops to sit down and hold her head.]

PENNY:

Wait, we're already dead. Why are we scared?

FRANKIE:

You're giving me a headache. What happened to my clothes?

VERONICA:

You don't know? I think I'd remember if I ended up like that.

PENNY:

What's your name?

FRANKIE:

I... don't know. What's going on? Where am I?

VERONICA:

Obviously, a graveyard. No offense.

PENNY:

Ron, I don't think she's kidding. She seems confused.

FRANKIE:

That would make sense, since I AM CONFUSED!

VERONICA:

Wow. Rude.

PENNY:

Stop, let's figure this out. [*Sitting next to Frankie.*] Do you have any recollection of what you saw before us?

FRANKIE:

No... and if I think too hard about it, my head hurts more.

PENNY:

Can you visualize anyone else you know?

FRANKIE:

No. And for some reason that feels like a good thing? I can't explain it. Wait, there's one person... ugh, I can't see her face clearly, though.

[If possible, LUNA appears in shadows as she's described, and each girl spots her at a different time, seeing her a bit differently.]

VERONICA:

What's she look like?

FRANKIE:

I'm picturing her. She's dressed kind of like me, but not dirty. And she doesn't have this scar. She has... cool long nails... with nail art, the kind you wonder how she doesn't ruin them all the time. And long, thick hair. Wavy. I wish mine was like that.

VERONICA:

Kinda reminds me of...

FRANKIE:

I have this vision of us walking around. Shopping. She keeps stopping, she wants to pet every dog we see.

PENNY:

Luna?

FRANKIE:

I pretend I'm annoyed with it. But really, I'm not. And that's all I remember. Wait, did you say my name was Luna?

PENNY:

No, your memory reminds us of another friend we had. She would visit us on Halloween for years, ever since she was eleven. She would go with us out into town.

VERONICA:

She never judged us for who we were. Then last year, she just didn't make it.

PENNY:

We never saw her again. We don't know why.

FRANKIE:

So who are you?

VERONICA:

We know who we are. Isn't a little more urgent to figure out who you are?

PENNY:

We can just give her a nickname for now.

VERONICA:

How about Frankie? Like Frankenstein's monster?

FRANKIE:

Monster? Ouch.

VERONICA:

Sorry, but the scar is too fitting.

PENNY:

That's a great book, Frankie. If it's any consolation.

FRANKIE:

Can't say I remember reading it.

VERONICA:

Me neither. Penny reads a lot of books.

PENNY:

And Veronica does a lot of stealing. And... what else these days?

VERONICA:

Movies. Plays. Dancing in a dark club. Anything where I don't have to show off these bad boys. [*Gesturing to her teeth.*]

FRANKIE:

So one of you steals, the other reads, and that's how you pass time in the graveyard?

VERONICA:

Except every Halloween!

PENNY:

It's wonderful! We get to go into town and be regular girls for once. Everyone sees Veronica's teeth and thinks they're just great prosthetics.

VERONICA:

And usually Penny is completely invisible, just pages in a book turning in the wind, but something about the Halloween spirit makes people believe in ghosts. And that's all you need to really see her.

PENNY:

It seems you believe in ghosts, Frankie - you saw me right away.

FRANKIE:

I don't know what I believe, but I'm having a memory of that friend again. At a sleepover one night, she swore she believed in ghosts and vampires and all sorts of creatures. She said she had seen them herself. I didn't believe her then.

VERONICA:

Why not?

FRANKIE:

I wanted to be a scientist and research cells in a laboratory. I loved the equipment and seeing things up close, like these small worlds within us. The undead just didn't make sense to me, thinking of basic biology. It doesn't make sense... Luna.

LUNA:

Not everything makes sense.

[Then Luna disappears again.]

VERONICA:

It is Luna you're talking about!

PENNY:

Wait, tell us everything you remember?

FRANKIE:

Everything I remember? That's pretty much it. I don't even know what my favorite color is.

VERONICA:

Sometimes your memories are triggered. I guess we have to— [*She sneezes.*] Sorry. I was trying to say we have to figure out more things to make you remember— remember—

[She sneezes again, and again, now devolving into a big phlegm attack, coughing and hacking along with it.]

PENNY:

Oh no! It's happening again! Frankie, do you smell anything strong in the air?

FRANKIE:

Well, just garlic, but I figured someone was walking by with a pizza or something?

PENNY:

That's what's making her sneeze! We have to hide!

[Penny drags Veronica into hiding behind a tombstone. They both gesture wildly for Frankie to follow, but she's too confused. A VAMPIRE HUNTER appears suddenly, trying to sneak up on Frankie, brandishing a comically large and cobbled together device for shooting stakes. He is decorated with huge cloves of garlic in a way that really impedes his movement. He probably has on something like a leather jacket, a fake tough-guy look.]

HUNTER:

I GOT YOU NOW YOU UNDEAD— YOU... are NOT my undead meal ticket?

FRANKIE:

That is the weirdest thing I can remember anyone calling me. But to be fair, I can only remember the last fifteen minutes or so.

HUNTER:

Where's that teenage vampire that hangs out here?

[Unseen by him, Veronica and Penny gesture wildly to Frankie: Don't say anything!]

FRANKIE:
Which... teenage vampire?

HUNTER:
There's more than one? Awesome! That's gonna pay rent for months, I bet!

FRANKIE:
You're hunting vampires for money?

HUNTER:
Sure am! I'm Vlad Hecksing, the best vampire hunter around. Definitely the strongest. Probably the best-looking.

[She can't help herself:]

VERONICA:
Because you're the ONLY vampire hunter around!

HUNTER:
What? Who said that?!

FRANKIE:
Um, I did?

HUNTER:
What gives you the right? Did you hunt any vampires lately? You save the town from vicious bloodsucking monsters? You turn in their dusty corpses for money? No, actually, did you? I'd like to how much one goes for down at the police station.

FRANKIE:
So you've never actually caught one.

HUNTER:
No, but I'm close. Legend has it that one spends some nights in the graveyard here, and whenever I bring my garlic garlands, I hear the undeniable effects of their power.

FRANKIE:
I think some people just don't like the taste.

HUNTER:
First of all, nonsense, it adds dimension to every dish. Second, we'll see who's laughing when I set off my new invention - a garlic grenade!

[He takes out a rather threatening looking hard metal case. Frankie backs up, Penny and Veronica watch with horror, and he opens up

the case just to reveal a jar of pre-chopped garlic.]

FRANKIE:

Maybe you should try a new career, dude. Like cooking?

HUNTER:

This may look like a regular jar of garlic, but it's my special invention - I stuffed three jars worth into ONE jar, and then let it expire for two years!

FRANKIE:

Please don't open that, not because I'm a vampire, just because it'll suck!

[He opens it. Frankie cringes at the smell. Veronica tries to hold in her sneezing fit. Penny tries and fails to help her. Finally Veronica lets out a tremendous, echoing sneeze, falling into Hunter's vision.]

HUNTER:

I KNEW IT! I knew there was a vampire here! I'll turn her in, and be rich, no idea by how much though!

PENNY:

Stop! She's just a teenager... sort of!

[He aims his stake-shooting device at her.]

HUNTER:

I'll turn you in faster than you can say, "Look mom, I'm not crazy after all!"

[Frankie steps in front of the device.]

PENNY:

Frankie, no! Let's just run!

HUNTER:

Move, girl! I've only got so many stakes! Inflation prices have really hit the price of silver hard!

VERONICA:

Silver's always going to be expensive, stupid!

HUNTER:

Last warning!

[She reaches up and just snaps or bends the device away from them.]

HUNTER:

MY CROSSBOW! That cost thirty-two hours to make!

FRANKIE:

I'll give YOU a last warning: get out of here and never come back. Veronica may be an undead person, but she's still a person, not your meal ticket. Find a real job.

HUNTER:

You have no idea what you're up against, girlie, and you have no idea how many résumés I've already sent out! HOLY WATER!

[He had taken out a bottle and throws it at her. All it does is get Frankie wet.]

HUNTER:

Oh yeah, I guess that wouldn't do anything if you're not a vampire.

[In another show of superhuman strength, she gives him a great big shove and he goes flying off stage.]

HUNTER *[offstage]*:

MY LEG!

FRANKIE:

GET A JOB!

HUNTER *[offstage]*:

SEE YOU ON LINKEDIN, PUNK!

[He's gone. Penny and Veronica go running up to Frankie.]

PENNY:

Um, revelation? You're super strong?!

VERONICA:

I wonder what other powers you have!

FRANKIE:

That didn't even feel like a superpower. It just felt natural.

VERONICA:

You're naturally a Hulk?

PENNY:
Veronica.

VERONICA:
Sorry. It was cool of you to save us from that vampire hunter!

FRANKIE:
What do you guys usually do when he comes around?

PENNY:
Hide. It's hard to haunt someone who already believes in vampires. Once I sent a deep chilling breeze his way, and it just made him come back the same time every day for a week to find the source of the "vampiric windstorm."

VERONICA:
Which isn't a thing! He's a moron, but the garlic gave me such bad allergic reactions, I was scared to see what the holy water would do. I'd probably get hives.

FRANKIE:
That just looked like a regular unopened bottle of Poland Spring.

PENNY:
Someone should tell him that just because a bottle was near a church doesn't make it holy.

VERONICA:
Logic doesn't work on some men.

PENNY:
Frankie, did any of that make you remember anything about yourself and where you came from? Or Luna?

VERONICA:
We're really worried about her. It's nighttime on another Halloween and there's no sign of her.

FRANKIE:
Let me think.

VERONICA:
We might as well finish getting ready while you think.

[The girls finish primping -- accessorizing their outfits, checking their hair, final touches of makeup - while Frankie sits and tries to remember as Luna reappears. Like

her memories, Luna just can't seem to settle, dancing around the stage.]

FRANKIE:

What did we do together... we got snacks, but nothing with garlic, we usually got ice cream together.

PENNY:

Try to remember the ice cream. Where did you get it? What flavor was it?

FRANKIE:

Was it sundaes? Milkshakes? Chocolate or vanilla... where did we get it from? Where did we go, Luna?

VERONICA:

Any guys you wanted to toss around?

FRANKIE [*quickly*]:

No! Not for me, at least.

[Luna throws her a look and stops moving. Veronica and Penny exchange a look of their own - "That was weird."]

PENNY:

Were you looking for jobs?

FRANKIE:

I don't think so. Or we must not have talked about it.

VERONICA:

There has to be something else you were talking about.

FRANKIE:

I do remember now... throwing things. Throwing stones. At a lake. We were kids, trying to do skipping stones, but we weren't good at it. Someone else was, someone with us... a guy? A boy?

*[Penny and Veronica exchange another look:
"A boy! Well!"]*

VERONICA:

Was he cute?

FRANKIE:

No! I can sort of see him in my head. He looks a little bit like Luna. He would skip stones, but we would just toss them straight into the water. Just let them go "plop" and see how far we could throw big rocks, making believe we were superheroes with

superhuman strength. Two Wonder Women! It sounds silly saying it, but... I remember she said something to me once after we were done. I said we were strong, and she said:

LUNA:

We're stronger together.

FRANKIE:

And for some reason I want to cry.

*[Everyone stops moving for a moment. Then
when Luna exits:]*

FRANKIE:

I don't want to be here anymore.

PENNY:

Wait, what? You can't leave!

FRANKIE:

Well, I don't want to stay.

VERONICA:

Frankie, where are you even going to go?

FRANKIE:

My name's not even Frankie! Probably!

VERONICA:

Exactly. You're gonna wander the streets on Halloween night, by yourself, not knowing who you are or where you're going or WHY?

FRANKIE:

I don't need to know. I can figure out somewhere to go.

VERONICA:

That's so dumb!

FRANKIE:

I'd rather be dumb than mean!

PENNY:

Stop, both of you! Frankie, please stay.

FRANKIE:

Why?

PENNY:

You still need a makeover.

VERONICA:

We have a brand new eyeshadow palette. I did forget to steal brushes, though.

FRANKIE:

Okay. Fine. Just because I love to rock a smoky eye. But then I'm leaving!

PENNY:

Thank you. Here, I'll start--

[Penny approaches her with eye makeup. She reaches toward Frankie with the eyeliner. Then she suddenly freezes, makeup in hand.]

FRANKIE:

What?

VERONICA:

Penny?

FRANKIE:

I don't think I flinched. A ghost with eyeliner isn't the weirdest thing I've seen tonight.

VERONICA:

It's not you, she's going into freeze mode. That's when she feels threatened, she stays so still she can't cause any motion, any wind, any ruffles. She disappears from view.

FRANKIE:

What would a ghost possibly have to be threatened by?

VERONICA:

Not what, but "who." She must sense him coming...

FRANKIE:

Who, now?

VERONICA:

Don't worry, you'll smell him soon enough.

FRANKIE:

Don't tell me it's more guys with garlic.

VERONICA:

No, it's just... let's just say some people spend so much time investigating the paranormal they forget to shower.

NORMAN *[offstage]*:
I'm close, my love!

[NORMAN appears on stage, eyes glued to the ground, being led around by what looks like a heavily doctored and decorated metal detector. Instead of beeps, it sounds like a robotic version of ghost howling. He wears goggles that match an endless amount of other devices attached to himself - they're all clumsily huge, glow with electric activity, and are stamped with his logo: N.P., L.L.C.]

NORMAN:
I'll find you soon. The ghostly girlfriend of my dreams. Then we'll be together forever and I can delete my useless OkCupid account where no one understands me anyway!

VERONICA *[rolling her eyes]*:
Welcome back, Norman. It's been so long. I thought maybe you had finally gotten some real friends and left us alone.

NORMAN:
Leave you alone? Never! None of the so-called friends in my groups understand me anyway - not in the Ghost Expedition Group, not in Mothman Fan Meetings, not even a single guest on my U.F.O. podcast!

VERONICA:
Not in your Dungeons and Dragons group either, I take it?

NORMAN:
Those fools wouldn't know a pretty poltergeist if she came up and slapped them in the face. Actually, that sounds fun...

VERONICA:
In your dreams, Norman.

NORMAN:
Oh, I can get into dreams - I have an app for that! I developed it myself.

VERONICA:
I really care, obviously.

[Veronica settles on a small rectangular tombstone to work on her nail polish.]

Norman's ghost detector howls like crazy when it hits Frankie. He finally looks up at her, invasively zooming in to her face with his goggles.]

NORMAN:

Who's this? A newcomer?

[He holds up what looks like a smartphone outfitted with a satellite dish to her face.]

NORMAN:

Hmmm, your signs of after-life are reading, but they're not turning up any matches in my database. Are you from a different country? Some kind of European spirit, maybe? New undead, do you know where Penny the poltergeist is?

VERONICA:

If she did, she wouldn't tell you. Penny doesn't want to see you. She never did.

FRANKIE:

Hi, Norman, was it? I'm Frankie.

NORMAN:

Frankie? So you have a name. You've been claimed already by one of the ghost hunting groups... who was it? That dastardly Dexter? He's always stealing my thunder!

FRANKIE:

That must be really annoying.

VERONICA:

Norman knows all about being really annoying. He doesn't get that if a ghost wanted to see him, she'd appear. It's as simple as that.

FRANKIE:

It sounds like you're not getting along with your friends, Norman. I get that.

NORMAN:

What would you get about that? Do you know what it's like to start a Slenderman Spotting Support System all on your own, put in your own money for the meeting catering, be the president and treasurer and secretary and mascot all on your own, and then get

voted out just because Dexter Darby is a manipulative control freak?

VERONICA [*to herself*]:

Slenderman Support System mascot? Would that just be Slenderman?

NORMAN:

And he's not even a creative dungeon master! I've made campaigns far more elaborate than his, with unmatched back story!

VERONICA:

Frankie, just ignore him. That's what we do. I ignore him, Penny freezes, and eventually he disappears. Sure, he comes back like a canker sore, if canker sores could have bad posture. But then eventually he leaves. Or you could just toss him out—

FRANKIE:

Veronica, stop. Norman, did you design all these devices on your own?

[When he bends down to get things out of his backpack, Frankie actually sits to listen and look at the devices. At first, Veronica is horrified, but then a morbid curiosity prompts her to forget her nails and come take a look as well. Even Penny unfreezes after a while to look from where she stands.]

NORMAN:

Well, yes! I have a whole business, Norman Paranormobjects — that's what I call objects you use to explore the paranormal, I have a patent! I designed the logo myself. This one here, it identifies what kind of undead creature you are by how long you've been dead. You've only been dead for a day or so.

FRANKIE:

That's interesting.

NORMAN:

This one may look like an ordinary flashlight but it's actually made of moonrock, and stones left out for entire lunar cycles, powered by solar powered batteries, meant to mimic a moon perfectly. Any cryptid craving the nighttime during the day can use this for a quick fix! And my ghost radar device takes signals I've developed from touring this very graveyard to find when there's a spirit of some kind that hasn't transitioned yet.

It always tells me Penny's here. I met her once and she was really nice - we talked about our favorite books, hers is *Jane Eyre*, mine is *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. That was kind of our first date. But I haven't been able to find her since then. Hey, do you want to try on my aura goggles?

FRANKIE:

Maybe in a minute. Norman, I know you think ghosts are really cool, and you want to have some sort of relationship with them that none of your friends have. I totally get that. But I'm getting the hint that Penny just wants to be friends.

NORMAN:

Oh. Okay. I didn't see that. I'm not very good at hints. I'm very good at board games, though!

FRANKIE:

If she would consider being your friend... [*She looks over. Penny nods.*] Then that would be really good for you, I think. She's a good person.

[*Without the use of any device, he looks over to where Penny is and sees her.*]

NORMAN:

I'd like that very much.

PENNY:

Me, too. Can we wait until another night, and then talk about it?

NORMAN:

Oh yes. I'm free on Tuesdays now. Remember my Slenderman Support group kicked me out.

PENNY:

I don't know what that is, but maybe we can start our own group. Spirits and Sympathizers Support Group?

NORMAN:

I'd love that. [*checks his watch*] Bye for now, Penny. It's getting late and I've got a special Halloween episode of my podcast to record!

[*He exits.*]

VERONICA:

How did you do that? He's so obnoxious to Penny, I've been

dreaming of tossing him on top of that six-foot-tall obelisk grave for months.

FRANKIE:

I just set a boundary.

PENNY:

I guess I forgot how to do that.

FRANKIE:

It's probably hard having a boundary when it's hard for people to see you... except on Halloween.

VERONICA:

How could we forget? It's Halloween! Penny, we have to go!

FRANKIE:

Go do what?

VERONICA:

I don't know! Party! Trick or treat! Scare some old people! Go to a haunted house for some laughs! Just stand on the hill over Main Street and judge everyone's costumes, I don't know, something!

FRANKIE:

I'd rather just stay here.

[Luna appears again.]

PENNY:

But Frankie, this is the one time of year we get to be regular girls like everyone else. It's the one day of the year that's different than all the others. That means a lot to me - my days have been like all the others since I died in 1939.

LUNA:

If you like reading so much of the year when you're not out on Halloween, why do you like being around people on that day?

PENNY:

I'm around people other times of the year too. Whenever I go to the library to see what new books they have-

LUNA:

So that's why it's so chilly in there all the time!

PENNY:

Whenever people are here visiting their loved ones and they ask for a sign that they're okay, I can do something, like let

flower petals drift through the breeze, or just stand near them and brush their hand. They're always so happy feeling like their loved one is there. But no one ever came to visit me in the graveyard. I like Halloween. I like to feel seen for once.

LUNA:

I see you every day of the year.

PENNY:

That's why I like spending time with you...

FRANKIE:

With who?

PENNY:

Luna... it's like she's here with us. I miss her.

VERONICA:

I do too. I remember she always made me feel... welcome. She never said I was crazy or annoying or stupid like everyone else did.

[Luna and Veronica sit to do some sort of fun activity with their hands, like a card game, fortune teller, etc.]

LUNA:

How could anyone say that? You're the most fun person I know!

VERONICA:

When you've been around since the seventies, you just know where to look for trouble at some point.

LUNA:

I don't think it's that you know how to cause trouble. I just think you're innately a fun person.

VERONICA:

I'm barely a person anymore.

LUNA:

Don't say that. You have more personality than plenty of regular people walking around.

VERONICA:

I agree, but it doesn't do much for me when I can only meet other fun people at night. Or when I'm trying to drink their blood. That doesn't make for good small talk.

LUNA:

Sometimes, even situations that are normally scary can be fun with the right person.

VERONICA:

You're right.

FRANKIE:

She was right.

PENNY:

Did you remember something else?

FRANKIE:

I remember Luna.

I remember school.

I remember what happened to me.

I remember everything.

[When Luna appears to Frankie, they're at school together.]

LUNA:

Hey bestie, what are you up to this weekend?

FRANKIE:

You're gonna freak out! Guess where I'm going after school?

LUNA:

The gelato place again?

FRANKIE:

No, but we totally need to go back this weekend. We only have two flavors left to try!

LUNA:

I'm so excited we saved Nutella AND bubble gum for last!

FRANKIE:

Me too, but I'm even more excited for tonight— I'm going to Dr. Stein's house.

LUNA:

To Dr. Stein's... house? Our A.P. Chemistry teacher?

FRANKIE:

Yeah! He said he has an entire lab in his basement where he keeps his most expensive equipment - microscopes galore, centrifuges, who knows what else!

LUNA:

But you're going to his house by yourself?

FRANKIE:

Just to look at science equipment. I bet he can do some really cool things. Remember when we were going to dissect frogs, and they all were shipped to the classroom dead, in formaldehyde and stuff?

LUNA:

Ew, how could I forget?

FRANKIE:

Well, I don't know what experiments he was doing with the senior class, but I went to see him during lunch after our class and there were tanks and tanks of LIVE frogs too. I don't know what that means, but something about it felt so cool - he was doing science on *living* things too!

LUNA:

I don't think you should go to his house.

FRANKIE:

Tonight? We can get gelato tomorrow.

LUNA:

No. I mean... you shouldn't go at all.

FRANKIE:

Luna, nothing's going to happen. He's just a teacher. Right?

LUNA:

It just doesn't feel right.

FRANKIE:

Do you want to come with me?

[*She looks skyward.*]

LUNA:

I can't go out tomorrow. I have to stay home.

FRANKIE:

Why?

LUNA:

I can't tell you. My parents said I have to. I'm sorry.

FRANKIE:

That's so weird.

LUNA:

Maybe just because it's getting cold out? It's safest.

FRANKIE:

I don't do things aren't safe. I'm smart.

LUNA:

I know. But why would a teacher want a student to come over?

FRANKIE:

You're making me feel like I'm doing something stupid.

LUNA:

It just gives me a bad feeling.

FRANKIE:

Look, I want to talk to Dr. Stein as much as I can. No one else has talked to me about science and dissections and anatomy like I'm an adult.

LUNA:

We're not adults.

FRANKIE:

You wouldn't get it.

[Luna exits.]

FRANKIE:

We never did get gelato again. Turns out the live frogs from Mr. Stein's class were the formaldehyde ones we dissected. He had figured out how to put them back together and bring them back to life.

VERONICA:

Not gonna lie, it wouldn't be the weirdest thing to happen in this town.

FRANKIE:

She was right. I shouldn't have gone. Turned out he had practiced reviving all sorts of dead animals and needed something bigger. Something like... a loyal student.

PENNY:

Frankie, I'm so sorry. I thought the way I died was terrible. I'd rather go hungry all over again than have to be part of some experiment.

FRANKIE:

I should have listened to Luna. I can't believe the last thing I remember saying to her is just that she wouldn't get it.

VERONICA:

But that was what I miss about Luna the most. She doesn't get what we're going through, but she tries, and she likes us even when she just doesn't understand.

FRANKIE:

I don't know how I can fix this.

PENNY:

Maybe we can't fix it. Maybe we should just accept that there's only so much we can do from here... the graveyard. Alone.

VERONICA:

Or not alone. Now what?

[She points to a boy who appears next. There is nothing notable about him except his flashlight and that he looks kind of like Luna.]

LUPE:

Vida?

VERONICA:

Who?

FRANKIE:

Me?

LUPE:

It's you! You're okay! Everyone's been wondering what happened.

FRANKIE:

Everyone? Not just Luna and my parents?

LUPE:

My sister is missing too. We all thought she ran off to follow you. You're best friends, after all.

FRANKIE:

So we're still best friends.

VERONICA:

So Luna is still alive!

PENNY:

She's out there somewhere.

LUPE:

Of course she's out there. She came home from school on Friday and wouldn't come to dinner. She told me she was worried about Vida. I thought maybe she was lying, maybe she was just scared of her first transformation coming up that weekend, and wanted an excuse to be with you.

FRANKIE:

What kind of transformation?

[As he describes what happens to their family, Luna is in the background acting out her transformation into a werewolf. At the end, covered in fur, she cowers from view.]

LUPE:

People in our family are... different. Once we turn sixteen, every full moon, we change. It's been in our family for generations so we know what to do. Lock all the doors from the outside, stock up on meat from the grocery store, and stay inside until the moon passes and we can be normal again. We're pack animals, we stick together, but Luna was outgoing and fun. She wanted to be with her friends over the weekend and it killed her to keep it a secret from everyone.

FRANKIE:

She should have told me. I would have kept her secret.

LUPE:

You might not feel that way if you saw us during the full moon.

VERONICA:

She's seen scarier at this point.

LUPE:

Yeah... what happened to you anyway? What's with that scar?

FRANKIE:

You don't want to know.

LUPE:

I do. No more secrets.

FRANKIE:

It's a long story.

LUPE:

Can you tell me while we look for Luna together? She hasn't been the same since she learned it was time for her transformations. I'm worried about her.

FRANKIE:

Yeah, of course! I know all the places she would go. Let's start with the gelato place on...

[They started to leave, but she looks back at Penny and Veronica.]

FRANKIE:

Aren't you guys coming?

VERONICA:

What's the point? I can only help the search at night.

PENNY:

And how am I going to help find someone if most people never even see me at all?

LUPE:

And I have to go into hiding once a month for a whole night. Everyone has something holding them back, but it doesn't mean you're not able to help.

FRANKIE:

We can work with you and find solutions together.

[Penny and Veronica look at each other.]

PENNY:

Veronica, I'm scared. I've never worked on a team. Well, not since grade school in the thirties.

VERONICA:

Me, too. But usually no one invites me with them anywhere. Maybe we should just try it.

PENNY:

If it works... maybe we can leave the graveyard together more often.

VERONICA:

And we could get to see Luna again!

[Lupe leads the group off stage. At the last minute, Veronica doubles back for the makeup.]

VERONICA:

It was expensive!

PENNY:

You didn't pay for it!

*[Penny starts to lead her off again, but
Veronica grabs her.]*

VERONICA:

I feel different?

PENNY:

Do you feel alright?

VERONICA:

I feel more than alright. I think I feel...

PENNY:

Alive?

*[Excitedly, they run off together after the
others. The sun is rising.]*

End of play.]