



Proudly Presents

GROUP SCARE-APY

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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Characters:

Doctor, a psychiatrist

Count Dracula, a vampire

Cindy, a skeleton

Darla, Dracula's wife

Gary, a ghost

Harry, a werewolf

Martha, a mummy

Doctor: So, I see that we're all here.

Dracula: Yes, I think we're all accounted for, Doctor.

Doctor: Yes. Yes, I think we are. So, why don't we start things off by admitting what brought us here today—depression. This is a group therapy session for depressed—(*Looking around the room, he notices how odd the entire group looks*)—people. So, let's go around the room, introduce ourselves to one another, and tell the group why we're depressed. Young lady, would you mind starting us off?

Cindy: Hello, my name is Cindy. And I've been depressed ever since the last day of last month.

Doctor: So—your depression has begun recently—here in just the last few weeks? (*Making notations in his black book*) Interesting...

Dracula: My name is Dracula. I find the necessity of coming here today somewhat embarrassing. I am, after all, from royalty.

Doctor: (*Impressed*) Really?

Dracula: Yes. That is why most people call me Count.

Doctor: Would you like all of us to call you...Count?

Dracula: Excuse my French, but it sucks having to make so many choices at one time. Forget the formalities. You may call me whatever you like.

Darla: I am Dracula's wife, Darla. I've spent—well, way too many centuries hanging around with this man to not know why he's depressed. He's been depressed ever since October 31st. It happens every year, and it takes forever to get over. I thought if I could get him down here for some help, he might soon become his old "pain-in-the-neck" self.

Doctor: Welcome, Darla. It will be nice to have a supportive spouse in the group.

Gary: My name is Gary.

Doctor: Gary, forgive me for squinting, but I can barely see you sitting there.

Gary: Yeah, I get that a lot. What can I do? I'm a ghost. Hey, it's like what Popeye says, "I am what I am."

Doctor: I believe that's also the title of a song from the popular 1980's Broadway musical, *La Cage Aux Folles*, but I digress. So, Gary, when did you first notice signs of depression?

Gary: Let me see. Um, I think it was the last full moon.

Doctor: (*Looking at his calendar*) Well, according to this calendar—that would be...Halloween night.

Gary: Yeah, that sounds about right.

Doctor: And you are?

Harry: (*He simply howls his response*)

Doctor: I'm sorry. I—I don't speak 'Dog.' Let me just refer to my notes here. Ah, I see by your form that your name is Harry. (*Looking the Werewolf up and down*) Your mother must have had an incredible intuition, because you certainly are—your name.

Harry: (*Howling again*)

Doctor: (*Not really understanding, but agreeing nonetheless*) I couldn't agree more. (*Noticing a trend here*) And our last member this morning would be...?

Martha: I'm Martha, mummy of two—Mathew and Madison.

Doctor: Well, I must commend you—coming down here after such an obviously traumatic accident.

Martha: (*Smiling, not quite understanding what the doctor means*) No. No accident. I'm just a mummy trying to pick myself back up after my favorite holiday has come and gone.

Doctor: But all the bandages—I just assumed you had been in a terrible accident. I apologize.

Martha: No need for apologies. And I apologize for looking like I do. As a mummy—I was in a hurry this morning. The kids were all wound up. They were unraveling me something terrible this morning.

Doctor: You aren't by chance, Egyptian, are you? I can't help but