

This scene is from a Stage Partners play, free to read in full at **yourstagepartners.com**.

The Red House Monster by Rachel Bublitz

2F

Drama

(At home with their mother out, the Gold sisters have been bickering.)

HANNAH: Are you not curious in the slightest?

CORA: Not in the least!

HANNAH: Do not lie to me. Our house has a direct view of the Red House, your room, in fact, has the most direct view of any of the rooms in the village. Do not tell me that it has not drawn your attention.

CORA: I pretend it is not there.

HANNAH: It sits larger than Town Hall!

CORA: I look the other way.

HANNAH: Well, I do not. I burn to know of the treasures and monstrosities hidden within those red walls.

CORA: I will not sing that song.

HANNAH: Fine. I will then. It will not be as pretty with my voice, but it will suffice.

CORA: Hannah wait! What if—

HANNAH: If you are too scared, then run to Mother!

(CORA moves to exit, carrying her doll.)

HANNAH: Leave the doll I gave you, please.

CORA: But she's mine now!

HANNAH: I would not have my old doll with such a frightened, feeble babe, such as yourself!

CORA: You would not dare to take her from me!

HANNAH: There is nothing that I would not dare.

(CORA and HANNAH stare at one another in silence.)

CORA: (Sits, clinging to the doll:) Fine. Sing it then, go on.

(HANNAH clears her throat.)

HANNAH: (Singing:) No vermin large or small

Live within the Red House walls. Stalking, slinking, day and night The monster gives me quite a fright!

Geryon—is her name—

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CORA: АННННННННННННННННННННННННННН!

HANNAH: What has come over you?

CORA: Did you not see it?

HANNAH: See what? CORA: GERYON!

HANNAH: I saw nothing.

CORA: She was there! Right there! I saw her!

HANNAH: Did you?

CORA: I swear that I did.

HANNAH: Oh, to actually see her. What was her look? Was she great? And terrible? Did her

body have the extra limbs we were told of?

CORA: I... She was gone so fast—

HANNAH: Was her skin blood red, sister? And what of her wings?

CORA: ...Well... Yes, she did have wings. Great terrible wings, and, and, and cold black eyes!

HANNAH: You looked into her eyes?

CORA: Yes, but only for a moment! It was not on purpose, I—I had nowhere else to look!

HANNAH: Well you are in trouble then.

CORA: But those stories have to be false! She has been locked away for ages, for years and years! Since before we were born! Since before Mother was born, she could not still—

HANNAH: Stalk and haunt, waiting for the ideal moment to attack a new victim?

CORA: She cannot still live!

HANNAH: And yet you saw her.

CORA: ...I did...

HANNAH: Perhaps she is now a spirit, free to travel through walls whenever she pleases.

CORA: That is not possible.

HANNAH: Very well then, explain to me what you saw, dearest Sister.

CORA: ...l...l cannot.

HANNAH: Best of luck to you then, we all know what happens to those that see her eyes.

CORA: Do you have no concern that you have sentenced your own sister to death?

HANNAH: You do not believe in Geryon, Cora, you have made that quite clear.

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CORA: I did not believe before, yes. But now...

HANNAH: Now that your life is on the line—

CORA: Perhaps you were right, is that what you need to hear?

HANNAH: And of Billy Lewis?

CORA: ...I must admit, now that I have seen Geryon... Well... I do not think he would have the courage to breach her walls.

HANNAH: Thank you Sister! I am glad you have finally given over to reason on this matter.

CORA: And what of me? Is it true that she... Does she in fact—

HANNAH: Eat her prey? Sadly yes... She comes upon them in the silence of night... While they sleep... They say her first victims were her very own children.

CORA: ...Then I really am done for.

HANNAH: Not if I have anything to say about it.

CORA: But what can you do?

HANNAH: I will get to her before she can get to you.

CORA: But Hannah—

HANNAH: Did Father ever tell you what sent him into the Red House, Cora dear?

CORA: No, never.

HANNAH: In his day, the youth found it their duty to discourage the monster's appetite. They would raid the property, shouting, cursing—they were keeping her at bay. The taking of the doorknob, a doorknob so deep in its den, it was a message for the monster: We will get to you, no matter where you hide. A message that they would not tolerate her treachery any longer. That is why the tokens have such value, they tell the monster simply: you are not as safe as you think. And if she feels so bold as to leave her nest and hunt again, then the time has come at long last to stop her for good.

CORA: How can you hope... What can you do?

HANNAH: I will take something that no one has ever dared to take before. A token that our Father regretted not taking when he had the chance... I will take the monster's heart.

CORA: No! Hannah! You cannot hope to—

HANNAH: For you, my dearest Sister. I will do it to save your life.

[Picking up the pistol from the mantle.]

HANNAH: I will go tonight—before the monster has a chance to come for you... Do not speak of this to Mother, do you promise?

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(CORA nods.)

HANNAH: Then it is settled. These hours are Geryon's last.

End of Scene.

THE RED HOUSE MONSTER by Rachel Bublitz

Length: 35-45 minutes

Cast Size: 4-5 actors (suggested casting: 4F, 1M)

Genre: Comedy

Synopsis: The story of Hannah Gold, a young lady living on an island off the coast of Massachusetts in the late 1800s, and the night that changed her life. Filled with small town lore, haunted houses, spirits, monsters, pistols, pie, and mysteries, it is a play that will keep you guessing just what is in the Red House, and who, in fact, you should be afraid of. Inspired by the myth of Geryon and Hercules, and Shirley Jackson's We Have Always Lived in the Castle.

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