

ACT TWO
Scene 3

HERMIT MONSTER

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The next morning. The remote cottage of an aging blind HERMIT in the mountainous hills somewhere above Transylvania Heights. The HERMIT, with a cane in hand, stands outside the cottage gazing blindly up toward the sky as MUSIC begins under, "Someone."

HERMIT

Oh, Lord, please take pity! I'm blind and oh so lonely!

(sings)

SOMEONE,
I NEED SOMEONE,
SEND ME SOMEONE,
WHO WILL CARE.

SOMEONE,
I NEED SOMEONE,
A FRIEND TO END DESPAIR.

SOMEONE TO COMFORT MY SOUL,
SOMEONE
TO MAKE MY LIFE WHOLE.
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

SOMEONE,
I'M PRAYING FOR SOMEONE,
I'M SAYING THERE'S SOMEONE
OUT THERE FOR ME!

EACH NIGHT I'M YEARNING,
TOSSING AND TURNING,
DREAMING MY DREAM COMES TRUE!

SOMEONE,
PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE,
I'M SO BLUE.

Oh, lordy, I'm prayin' to ya. Look down on your poor blind hermit. It's been so long since I felt the touch of someone's hand, so long since I heard the sound of someone's voice. Every night, all I hear is the wind in the trees, and if I'm lucky, an owl or maybe... a cricket. Oh, lord, let's face it, we're talkin' LONELY here.

Start

this

3.

(HERMIT)

CAN YOU HEAR ME?
SOMEONE,
I'M PRAYING FOR SOMEONE,
I'M SAYING THERE'S SOMEONE
OUT THERE FOR ME.

EACH NIGHT I'M YEARNING,
TOSSING AND TURNING,
DREAMING MY DREAM COMES TRUE!

SOMEONE,
PLEASE SEND ME SOMEONE,
DEAR GOD, SEND ME SOMEONE.

(the MONSTER suddenly crashes through the wall)

THANK YOU!

(to the MONSTER, who constantly makes a variety of moaning and groaning sounds throughout this scene with the HERMIT)

Hello, stranger. My name is Harold, what's your name?

(the MONSTER grunts)

I'm sorry, I didn't get that.

(the MONSTER grunts again)

Oh, forgive me, I didn't realize that you were a mute.

(running his hands over the MONSTER)

An incredibly large mute. But come, come in out of the cold. I've lived here for so many years, that even though blind I know this cottage like the back of my hand.

(HE touches the back of his hand.)

What is that, a mole or a wart? Never mind.

(HE gestures to the MONSTER to follow him)

You must be hungry. Come to the table.

(indicating a rustic kitchen table at which there is a single chair. The MONSTER crosses, but first hits his head on a rack of pans)

Watch out for the frying pan.

(HE pulls out the chair)

Here, friend, make yourself comfortable... sit here...

(the MONSTER sits just as the HERMIT pulls the chair out from under him and places it on the other side of the table; HE speaks as the MONSTER crashes butt-first the floor and gives out another loud groan of pain)

p. 3

(HERMIT)

...or maybe here.

(going to a steaming iron pot of soup sitting on a stove in the kitchen)

How does a nice hot bowl of chicken-noodle soup sound to you?

(the MONSTER, getting up from the floor and cautiously sitting at the table, groans again)

Was that hold the noodles?

(the MONSTER makes another sound)

You got it.

(HE places a soup bowl on the table by the MONSTER and then carries the pot of soup over to the table and prepares to ladle the soup into the bowl)

Here we go. Nice hot boiling soup. Hold out your bowl.

(The MONSTER picks up his bowl and holds it out toward the ladle-full of soup being served to him by the HERMIT; the HERMIT, however, ladles the soup directly into the MONSTER's lap. The MONSTER gives out an agonized cry of excruciating pain)

Oh, I love a scream of delight! More?

(the MONSTER groans)

Here you go!

(although the MONSTER desperately tries to hold his bowl under the ladle in order not to have another helping of boiling soup poured in his crotch, HE doesn't succeed and is once again scalded with soup; HE gives out yet another scream of pain)

You really like it! And now, I know, let's celebrate!

(as HE opens a bottle of wine)

I've been saving a special bottle of wine for just such a joyous occasion. It's a Gewurtz Tramine Schwartzen Keller Spatlese 1905. Hold out your glass!

(the MONSTER picks up a wine tankard, holds it out, and as the HERMIT pours)

Oh no, don't drink yet!

(as HE pours his own wine into a tankard)

First we have to toast to our wonderful new friendship! To us!

(HE bangs his tankard against the MONSTER's instantly shattering it and leaving the MONSTER holding only the handle; the HERMIT drinks his wine)

Ah, isn't that delicious?

(the MONSTER groans)

I knew you'd like it. Hard to beat that oh-five. And now, I know, an after-dinner surprise.

(holding up two cigars)

Cigars! There you go!

END.

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