

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with
Original Works Publishing.”
www.originalworksonline.com**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

GORE HOUNDS
First Printing, 2007
Second Printing, 2010
Printed in U.S.A.

More Great Plays From OWP

Artificial

by Sean Kenealy

2 Males

Synopsis: When Dan enters an empty cafe just after midnight on New Years, wielding a guitar case and razor sharp tongue, he sparks the ire of cafe manager Charles, who wants nothing more than to close up, albeit a bit early. What transpires between the two are conversations and stories ranging from the trivial to the tragic, almost bringing the men to blows, and definitely blurring the lines between the truth and the artificial.

Does The Body Good

by Patrick Link

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: A seductive housewife entices a young milkman his first day on the job. A depressed middle school teacher struggles to extract himself from a sexual affair with the precocious 8th grade girl who idolizes him. In *Does The Body Good* these two seemingly unrelated liaisons divide the stage into a distorted mirror image of the other, build on each other's intensity, and finally collide into a perfect storm of unfulfilled yearnings.

Spitting Daisies

by Kerri Kochanski

1 Male, 1 Female

Synopsis: When Frank, a psychology student, approaches a depressed Girl on a subway car at 2 A.M. and offers to give her therapy, the Girl insists he is a "sicko" stalker. As the train pulls closer to the station, Frank knows he must succeed in connecting with the Girl in order to prevent her from committing suicide. As she continually rejects his attempts at connection, he is forced to reveal the most important night of his life, the night she, unbeknownst to her, saved his life.

GORE HOUNDS

BY MATT PELFREY

CHARACTERS:

TURK - A young man in his 20's. Casually dressed, maybe shorts and sandals, T-shirt.

ALEX - Young man in his 20's. Dressed in slacks and dress shirt, as if he just got off work as, say, a bank teller. Should look the most "together".

HUD - A young man, late teens/early 20's. The wild, crazy one of the group. His attire should reflect that, but nothing too extreme.

WOMAN - Dressed for a day of hiking.

LOCATION: The basement/party room at Turk's house. Stage right are stairs leading up. Stage left is a door leading into a small bathroom. Room is plastered with posters, beer cans, pizza boxes, a big TV, couch, coffee table buried in magazines, a skull ashtray, junk food, etc.

TIME: Late night.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE ABOUT "THE GIRL IN THE TV"

Past productions have solved this problem in numerous ways. I encourage anyone producing *Gore Hounds* to find something ingeniously effective. As long as the illusion is created, that's what counts. However, in the past, the best solution has been to find a big, classic television – hollow out the inside, make it as comfy as possible, and let the actress playing the girl hide inside before the audience enters. Lights can still be set up to make it appear as if the TV is working, but when the crucial time comes, she can explode out and scare the crap out of the audience – and impress the critics with your theatrical magic!

SCENE ONE

CREEPY MUSIC plays in the darkness.

Blood curdling SCREAMS. A woman in terror. DEMENTED

LAUGHTER. Sounds of a chainsaw BUZZING.

The TV starts to flicker. We see ALEX and TURK staring intently at the TV in the midst of some kind of video game. Their grinning, beer swilling faces eerily illuminated by the screen. Turk has a joystick in his hand.

They talk excitedly, completely caught up in the video game.

ALEX: Get her!

TURK: I'm trying!

ALEX: Look at that ass...

TURK: I'm--

(Works the joystick violently)

Oh man--!

ALEX: Dude, fuck her, you win the game!

TURK: I'm trying goddammit!!

ALEX: She's getting away!

TURK: Hell no!

ALEX: Look at her jiggle!

TURK: Yeah!

ALEX: Hotter than Lara Croft!

TURK: *(Again, harshly working the joystick)* Watch this...I'm gonna rip her shirt off...watch!

A SHRIEK from the TV.

ALEX: Yes!

TURK: Fifty points!

ALEX: You're gonna break my score!

TURK: Got that right, punk!

ALEX: Watch out!

TURK: What?

ALEX: Here comes her boyfriend!

TURK: I see him...
(*Working the joystick*)
Eat chainsaw fratboy!!!

ALEX: Ha! Yes!

TURK: Got him!

ALEX: Cut his head clean off! Five hundred points!

TURK: Check that geyser of blood! Totally realistic!!

ALEX: Is this entertainment or what?

TURK: God bless the CD-ROM...

ALEX: Amen...

TURK: Okay, now the chick is crying...I got her right where I want her...

ALEX: I love sobbing women...tears are erotic. That's just a fact.

TURK: She's backing away...

ALEX: I'm getting a total chubby...

TURK: I'm gonna toy with her...

ALEX: I mean it man, I'm sporting wood...rip her pants off, man!
That's two hundred points!

TURK: I'm trying...

ALEX: I can't take this!!

Alex LEAPS at the TV, pretends to fuck it.

TURK: Hey! C'mon!

ALEX: I'm totally engorged!

Turk reaches up, pulls Alex away from the TV, then immediately works the joystick again...

ALEX: Oh shit!! The cop!!

TURK: Dammit!

Turk works the joystick, clearly in a tough situation, then...

TURK & ALEX: AWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!

Turk throws the joystick down in disgust.

TURK: HE SHOT ME!!

(To Alex) You idiot! You ruined my chance at high score

ALEX: Sorry, bro! Lost control...

(Beat)

Great game though...

TURK: Tell me 'bout it...

(Takes out the disk)

"Pantie Fiend". The latest from Guillotine Games Interactive.

ALEX: You snaked this from your little brother?

TURK: Yep. Got it for Christmas. Can you believe it?

ALEX: That's totally demented. Fifth graders should not be exposed to sophisticated adult entertainment of this nature.

TURK: The Baby Boomers don't know how to raise children. I think that's apparent.

Alex goes to a stack of videos.

ALEX: Let's watch some gore.

TURK: All those suck. No tits. Very little ass. The effects are lame. It's heartbreaking, man. I'm thinking of going to Video Apocalypse, demanding my money back.

ALEX: Shit, you walk in there, ask the Dwarf for a refund, he'll piss on you. Now, I'm not speaking metaphorically here....he would literally stand on the counter, whip it out, and piss on your forehead.

TURK: Maybe you're right. The Dwarf is a macho dude.

ALEX: He doesn't need our love or acceptance.

Turk crosses to the ice chest, grabs a beer.

TURK: Want another Cobra?

ALEX: Nah.

Hud ENTERS from the stairs, back pack slung over his shoulder.

HUD: You fags done strokin' each other? Is it safe for a straight he-man to come down here without fear?

TURK: Bend over that table, sissy-boy, I'll show you a he-man.

ALEX: About goddamn time you showed.

HUD: Where is everyone?

TURK: This is it.

HUD: Where's Robert?

ALEX: Being pussy whipped is the popular theory.

HUD: How about Baxter and The Zim?

ALEX: AWOL.

HUD: Well it's gonna be their loss. I got two items that are gonna make this an epic evening.

TURK: Spill your guts.

HUD: In the tradition of saving best for last, the first thing I unleash on your puny minds is...

(Pulls a baggy of pills from his back pack.)

...the latest rage in party favors...monkey tranquilizers!

ALEX: You little tapeworm!

HUD: What...?

ALEX: Those aren't monkey tranquilizers!

HUD: You know Vivian? The chick who works at the Fremont? Her old man is a vet. I snaked 'em from her.

TURK: What would a vet around here be doing with that crap?

HUD: Remember when that guy let all those illegal monkeys go in Montana De Oro? A few years back? These are left-over from that. Isn't it great?

TURK: And you want us to take 'em?

HUD: That's the general concept.

ALEX: They're for monkeys!

HUD: Monkeys, humans, what's the big difference? You shave a monkey, put him in a uniform, he could work at Taco Bell for christ-sake! We're very fuckin' similar.

(Offering the baggy)

They give good buzz. Try 'em.

ALEX: Pass.

TURK: I just wanna drink my grog, watch some blood and gore.

HUD: Well, in that case, dick-wads, let's deal with the next order of business...

ALEX: If it can't top monkey tranqs, don't bother.

HUD: I've got, in this backpack, the Holy Grail of Gore. Something better than "Motel Hell" or "Re-Animator."

ALEX: Not a chance.

TURK: Yeah, man, we've seen every splatter movie ever made...

ALEX: Nothing of quality has snuck by us...

HUD: *(Reaching into his pack)* Ladies and scumbags, I give you...a snuff film.

Pause.

TURK: Ha. Ha.

ALEX: *(Shaking his head)* You are such a shit-weasil...

HUD: Serious.

ALEX: All that build up for a joke? Uncool. Next time I fuck you in the ass, you don't get a reach-around.

HUD: This is on the up and up.

ALEX: Lemme see that.

HUD: *(Hands Alex the video)* It's the real deal.

TURK: How many of those monkey pills you pop 'fore coming over?

HUD: None! Well, a few...but that has nothing to do with it!

TURK: This's a snuff film...a real one?

HUD: Is there another kind?

ALEX: Turk, let me lead the interrogation...

(Alex gets in Hud's face)

...This tape has someone dying? Like that "Faces of Death" news-outtake bullshit?

HUD: No no no! This is real! Absofuckinglutly real! Murder on tape. Not outtakes. Murder.

ALEX: Hate to burst your bubble, but I already know it's a fake.

HUD: You haven't even seen it!

ALEX: Read an article. Newsweek or some rag like that. Had this reporter do extensive investigation into it. The FBI been trying to check it out forever. They've never confiscated an authentic snuff film. Like ever. The reporter couldn't find one either. They always turn out to be fake.

HUD: You're on 'ludes, bro. If the FBI think they don't exist, it's time to get a new law enforcement bureau. And either way, we can end this discussion right now. On that tape, in full grisly detail, an actual human being getting murdered...etcetera.

TURK: What's the etcetera part?

HUD: I don't want to ruin the movie for you.

ALEX: Let's do it! Even a fake snuff film's got some novelty. Blood, gore, whole lot's more!

HUD: It's not fake.

ALEX: We'll see.

HUD: It's even got a title... "Pig Squeal."

ALEX: Sounds twisted.

HUD: You will not believe what you are about to see.

ALEX: Slap that bitch in.

Hud takes the video, puts it in the VCR.

TURK: Where you get this thing?

HUD: Got a connection. Older dude. Sixties. You'd never guess he was a gore hound. He coked me out on this...said this kind of thing usually costs an arm and a leg...

TURK: Do we really want to watch this?

ALEX: I'll pretend you didn't say that.

TURK: I'm serious.

HUD: I smell pussy.

TURK: Fuck you, Hud.

ALEX: What's the big deal?

Beat.

TURK: Nothing. Forget it.

ALEX: Won't be hard.

HUD: Let's do it.

Everyone takes a seat on the couch.

HUD: Okay kids, I give you..."Pig Squeal."

Hud points the remote control. Alex turns off the lights. The TV flickers, illuminating their faces by its glow and turning the cellar into a swamp of dancing shadows.

The tape starts. There is no music. The audio is muddy, garbled, and hard to follow, which only adds to its creepiness..there's some LAUGHTER, then SHOUTS, then we HEAR a WOMAN SCREAM. It should be in total contrast to the opening of scene one. The screams are more primal, more alive, less the cliché of what a scream should be than the real thing; guttural, choked with sobs, soaked in desperation.

DEEP MALE VOICES start chanting "Pig, pig, pig, pig, pig..." One final SCREAM is cut short and ends with a gurgle. The snuff film should be as disturbing as possible and go on for an uncomfortable amount of time.

Hud gets up, turns the lights on.

TURK: There is no way...

ALEX: That was wild!

HUD: (*Big grin*) Did I deliver or did I deliver!?

ALEX: Grab me a beer!

TURK: ...disgusting...

Hud goes to the ice chest. Looks inside.

HUD: King Cobra or Papst Blue Ribbon?

ALEX: King Cobra.

TURK: ...those screams...

HUD: (*re: Turk*) Check out laughing boy.

ALEX: Turk, baby, you look green!

TURK: What d'you expect?

ALEX: Don't get emotional over a goddamn video tape.

TURK: Was more than a video tape.

ALEX: Yeah, right...

TURK: That was not acting!

HUD: That's what's so intense about it!

ALEX: Hud, you're full of shit.

TURK: If that was an act then she'd be way, way, way too talented to be in that cheap looking thing.

HUD: Exactly!

ALEX: There was no difference between that and a slasher film.

HUD: This was better!

TURK: Man, shut up!

HUD: What's the big deal?

TURK: We just saw two women attacked...one raped and murdered...

ALEX: (*Laughing*) You both are suckers!

TURK: There were no edits! The whole thing was one continuous shot!

ALEX: Not a fuckin' chance...

HUD: When that hand reached into the frame and twisted the skin on her neck, that was specifically to show it wasn't latex or some...you know...trick...

ALEX: Bullshit...

TURK: Why would anyone pay for this?

ALEX: If your friend spent more than the cost of the cassette he got ripped off. I tell ya, this is America. You can fake anything.

TURK: Not this--

ALEX: They put Forest Gump in the same frame as what's his name...

HUD: That Kennedy fuck...

ALEX: Yeah, him...

TURK: That cost sixty million to make. This piece of shit was sub-basement level...

ALEX: I can't believe this...

TURK: Look, when Hollywood makes a splatter movie...and there's a murder, or, you know, like a rape scene or something...they always make the shit leading up to it as kinda...sexy...you know...the woman writhes and they show her tits jiggling and stuff...there was nothing hot about this. Nothing.

ALEX: You've seen America's Funniest Home videos, right?

HUD: A stupid, stupid, show.

ALEX: Agreed. But this is no different. Some dipshit gets his girlfriend and--

HUD: They burnt her with cigarettes!

ALEX: Couples make porno's all the time!

TURK: The things they did to her you can't fake! It's--

HUD: Who the fuck cares? I mean, like, ultimately. I think it's real. Alex thinks it's fake. Alex is wrong, but he's a lovable idiot--

ALEX: Fuck you...

HUD: ...my point is...what difference does it make? Real, not real. We see this shit all the time...

TURK: Like hell we do!

HUD: "Blood Sucking Freaks", "Splatter High", "The Hills Have Eyes", "The Wizard of Gore"...

TURK: Hey, fly-fuck, those are movies!

HUD: So?

TURK: Reality versus an actress pretending? Slight fucking difference!

HUD: But that's just it! You didn't see a woman being killed. You saw pixels on a television screen. Is the chick real or not? Who cares?

TURK: Are you that stupid?

HUD: (*Getting annoyed*) Chew my loins, dick!

TURK: It makes a big difference!

ALEX: Entertainment is entertainment. Let's see that puppy again!

TURK: No way!

HUD: I'll rewind it!

Hud grabs the remote control...points it at the VCR. Clicks a button.

TURK: Once was too much.

ALEX: Turk, you're a good friend. But I have to be honest, you're acting like a wet hole.

TURK: That shit was no joke.

ALEX: Well grow some balls, honey. Who are you all the sudden? Phil Donahue? Fuckin' Maure Povich? Who fucking cares? Have a beer and watch. We're in a fucking snuff culture. Join the fun. Besides, look at it this way, we can watch it again to look for edits. I wanna find proof this thing is a hoax.

HUD: I told ya man, there are no edits to find.

ALEX: We'll see...

TURK: We're not watching that again.

ALEX: "Yes", we are.

TURK: "No", we're not.

ALEX: Look, I know what you're doing. You feel guilty because you want to see it again just as much as I do. You're putting up this holier than thou bullshit to absolve yourself...so you'll feel better. Face the facts, dude, you're a sick fuck just like us. So relax. You're among friends.

Hud goes to the light switch, turns it OFF.

The room is illuminated by the flickering light of the TV.

Alex sits down, hits play on the remote control. We HEAR the video again.

ALEX: When they start to burn her, I'm gonna hit slow-mo. I think I saw a jump-cut there...

*Turk stands there, looks disgusted.
The SCREAMING from the TV intensifies.*

ALEX: Do you think those are her real tits?

HUD: Hard to say. Fake tits don't flatten out as much when a chick is on her back. I'd have to guess those are authentic.

Turk looks more and more agitated. He acts like he's about to say something but doesn't. He knows it's useless.

ALEX: I'll admit, that is real looking blood, one hell of a recipe...

HUD: Check out that look in her eyes....that's pure fear...that's pure "I'm about to die" fear...

*Turk can't take it anymore. He grabs a can of beer and throws it at the TV screen. We hear glass SHATTER.
The room is instantly thrown into DARKNESS.*

HUD'S VOICE: *(Overlap)* What the fuck man!

ALEX'S VOICE: *(Overlap)* Turk!!

A WOMAN'S SCREAM pierces the room. It's immediate. Real. Alive.

TURK'S VOICE: The hell was that?

ALEX'S VOICE: Lights!!

*LIGHTS CLICK ON. Hud stands by the switch.
A WOMAN, in jeans, blood spattered, is scrambling out of the smoking TV set.*

ALEX: *(Overlap)* Whoooooaaaaa--

HUD: *(Overlap)* Holy shit--

TURK: *(Overlap)* Whatthehell--

The Woman, utterly panicked and terrified, runs past the guys, knocking Hud aside. Everyone scrambles away, crawls over furniture, falls over each other, etc. She backs away as they rise to their feet.

ALEX: Alright...who slipped something into my beer?

WOMAN: STAY THE FUCK AWAY!!

HUD: Dudes, my hallucination is having a shit fit.

ALEX: *(Stepping towards her)* Are you real or what?

WOMAN: GET AWAY FROM ME!

The Woman picks up a can of beer and throws it at Alex, then dashes into the bathroom.

HUD: We're gonna have major headaches tomorrow...

TURK: Everyone just saw a dame crawl out from the idiot box?

HUD: Fuckin' looked that way...

Turk takes a step towards the bathroom.

TURK: I hear crying...

ALEX: No way. No fucking way. A chick did not just crawl out from the TV...

Alex opens the bathroom door. He is immediately clobbered in the face with a stick. He stumbles back, the Woman reaches out and pulls the door shut.

WOMAN: *(From behind the door)* LEAVEMEALONEGET-AWAYI'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!!!!!!

ALEX: What's happening here?
(Dabs his nose with his shirt, he's bleeding)
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

TURK: *(To door)* Excuse me...?

No answer.

TURK: *(To door)* Are you okay...? Hey!

Still no answer.

TURK: I'm calling the pigs.

ALEX: Fuck that!

TURK: The woman is in trouble, we gotta--

HUD: I'm gonna be in trouble if the fucking cops show and I got her blood smeared on my shirt!

ALEX: Everybody hold your fucking water! Let's figure out what's what before we do something we can't take back!

HUD: She crawled outta the idiot box--

TURK: Which is impossible.

HUD: I know what I saw! I don't give a shit if it's impossible!

TURK: She could've been hiding down here. Maybe she got attacked in the neighborhood...crawled down here while we were at the Circle K...she was hiding behind the TV...jumped out...

HUD: We all saw it! She crawled out of the TV! Not behind! Out of it!

TURK: ...shit...maybe we are just trippin...a flashback or something...

ALEX: The bitch whacked me in the face...I wasn't hallucinating that.

HUD: Look, it's like Spock said in "Wrath of Kahn", when you eliminate all the other possibilities, whatever's left, no matter how improbable, is the answer.

ALEX: That was the third Star Trek movie.

HUD: Whatever man! Fuck Star Trek!

TURK: We gotta call someone! We haven't done anything wrong!

ALEX: Like that matters! Fuckin' three white boys found with a bloody, hysterical woman in their bathroom during an evening of booze, slasher movies and a goddamn snuff film...what conclusion do you think they're gonna come up with?

HUD: Alex is right, she's fucking freaked out of her gourd.

ALEX: Who knows what she'll say to the Police!

HUD: I can see the tabloids now..."Psycho Slackers"...

ALEX: Man, I ain't going to jail...

HUD: Fuck that...I don't wanna be someone's bitch!

ALEX: Not one night, not a minute...no way...

TURK: Let's talk to her. Maybe she's just scared but rational. We'll ask her what happened.

ALEX: I have one other minor little thing I'd like to know...Is it just me...or did she look a hell of a lot like the lady in the snuff flick. The one who got away...

TURK: That ran off into the woods?

ALEX: Uh-huh...

HUD: Same hair. Same shirt...

TURK: People can't crawl out of videos! Screw Spock...when something seems impossible, it's 'cause it is!

HUD: It happened in "Poltergeist" and "Purple Rose of Cairo."

TURK: Those were movies you stupid morons--why the fuck am I even arguing this?

Turk goes to the bathroom door. Hud crosses with him.

TURK (cont'd): *(To the door)* Lady...listen up...we're here to help you...what happened? Did someone hurt you? You want us to call the police?

No response. Turk opens the door a crack. Hud looks in. Something CRASHES against the other side of the door. Turk slams it shut.

HUD: It's the same chick!

TURK: It is not!

HUD: Somehow she got out of the video.

TURK: Not fucking possible!

Alex crosses to the bathroom door. Stands there.

HUD: What are you doing?

ALEX: Thinking...

HUD: What I want to know is, if she came out of the TV, is she even real?

TURK: The blood on your shirt's real!

ALEX: People just don't appear...thin air...that we know...

HUD: Absolutely.

ALEX: Do we all agree this chick is from the snuff film?

TURK: No.

HUD: Hell yeah. It's her...you know it is, Turk...

ALEX: So if she's not real...or some kinda hallucination...then what does it matter what we do with her?

TURK: Rewind that.

ALEX: We're dealing with something that doesn't fit. That's not rational...She's a lady who somehow escaped from the snuff film and into this basement.