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Les Monkeys sont Morte

a Superb play

by

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December 13, 2004

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I like monkeys.

(Enter room with 3 big sacks. Sing carols. Turn on light.)

Hmm... warmth. The Super finally, after all of my complaining, fixed the heat in here. Monkeys – we'll be warm tonight.

(Dump sacks on couch. Turn to audience.)

I bested even myself with these. (hold up one sack). All my girlfriend, Mary-Jo Jane wanted for Christmas was a hamster. It's sounds weird, doesn't it? I thought so too, a grown woman wanting a hamster for Christmas. Girls are suppose to want clothes, perfume, even money – not a hamster. So I plainly asked her why. "Why do you want a hamster for Christmas?" Her reply, (laugh) "A hamster can provide me with all the pleasure I could ever need." What's that about? (laugh).

Well, I figure Mary-Jo Jane knows what Mary-Jo Jane wants so today I went to the pet store. Why today? – you're asking? Why wait until Christmas Eve to buy my girlfriend's most cherished request? Well, I'll tell you why. I didn't want the responsibility of taking care of the hamster leading up to today. That's why.

Anyway at the pet store I had a change of heart about the hamster. My heart changed after hearing the price. \$5 for the shavings, \$6 for a water dispenser, \$8 for an exercise wheel, \$10 for food, \$12 for a protective bubble-like ball, \$20 for a cage. That's well over \$50 and that doesn't even include the stupid hamster.

Fifty dollars is an awful lot for a hamster so I told the clerk "\$50 is an awful lot for a hamster".

Nice fellow that clerk was. He took me aside to his counter. "Let me guess. Girlfriend want a hamster for Christmas and you think a \$50 hamster is a waste of money." 'How did you know?' I replied. "Because I can tell you are a reasonable man and no reasonable man pays \$50 for a hamster".

Wow, this clerk fellow was a very smart man (tap head 3 times) – I could tell.

"I have the answer to your prays, son." He lifts one these here sacks onto his counter and opens it. "Dwarf monkeys. Twice the fun of a hamster for a smidgen of the cost. A nickel a monkey to be precise."

I looked into the bag to see a sack full of sleeping dwarf monkeys. They are so cute (look into sack). And if I think they are cute, Mary-Jo Jane will no doubt find them adorable.

(Put sack down).

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You might think a nickel is a bit odd for a monkey but not me (point to chest). First the clerk had hundreds so he was desperate to sell. Two, they aren't full size monkeys. If a full size monkey costs \$10 and these monkeys are a pixel of the size, then a nickel seems reasonable. It makes perfect sense, when you think about it.

Let me show you one the monkeys. Besides, I want to bask in the glory of such a great present. (Reach into sack). They are so cute and well behaved. Not a peep they made all the way from the pet shop.

(Look into sack).

Ahhh... they are all still sleeping. Well, it's time for one of them to wake.

(take monkey out of bag – fits into palm)

(pets monkey) yes, you are so well behaved. So quiet. So much better than an overpriced hamster. Louis, you are a genius. Dwarf monkey, you are awfully cold. I didn't realise it was so cold outside. Better put you back in the warm sack.

(removes another monkey)

Ahh... hold on, you are cold too little guy. Wait a second.

(dumps sack on couch)

They are all asleep. Now, come on. They can't ALL be sleeping.

(picks up random monkeys)

Sleeping, sleeping, and this one too – all sleeping.

(shakes random monkeys)

Wake up. Wake up! WAKE UP!

This can't be. They can't all be cold and sleeping... No, it can't be. (pause) They can't all be dead. No, it must be a deep sleep.

**Stove Monkey**

(look around room)

I know how to wake them up.

(walks to stove, place monkey on burner, turn up heat)

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As soon as the monkey's senses feel the heat it will wake up. That's why we have senses to save up from basic danger. I learned that in Mrs. Bishop's grade 11 biology class.

(crosses arms and boostly watches)

Come on little monkey. Be a good little monkey and wake up for Uncle Louis.

(nothing happens)

Maybe it's not hot enough. MAX should get this monkey going.

(monkey catches fire)

Ah! The monkey is burning. The monkey is burning. Oven mitts, oven mitts, where are my oven mitts? No wait; turn off the burner first. There, oven mitts, oven mitts where are you? Nuts to this.

(takes wooden spoon and hockey shoots monkey carcass into sink. Turns on tap.

### Zap Monkey

Hmmm... that would be officially dead. Ahh... it was probably dead to begin with. Now let me think, how can I wake up 99 dwarf monkeys? This is a very unstupendous predicament I have here. I got it. (snap fingers) I'll zap its heart like they do in ER or Third Watch. Now, where can I get a spark? Ah my radio.

(walk to table behind couch with another monkey. Turn back to audience to work on monkey)

Whoa! What am I doing? This is crazy! I can't do this. I need my safety goggles!

(puts goggles on)

Now how do they do this in ER? Right, Clear! (zaps monkey)

(checks monkey chest)

No heartbeat. Again. Clear!

(zaps and checks monkey chest)

No heartbeat. Again. Clear!

(zaps and checks monkey chest)

Come on, live you stupid monkey. (put head down in disgust) you useless monkey. (hook shot monkey into sink).

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I need 100 CCs of living monkeys. Pronto.

### Realisation of 100 dead monkeys

(walk over to sofa – pick up random monkeys. Put their chests up to his ear – no heartbeats)

I have 100 dead dwarf monkeys in my apartment on Christmas Eve. Very unfantastic, very unfantastic indeed. What am I to do with 100 dead monkeys? I guess I could keep them here overnight and figure it out later.

(bang on wall)

“Louis, what’s that smell in there? It smells like something died in there.”

Oh, don’t worry Mrs. Swampgrass. It’s nothing.

“Louis, I know it’s not nothing. Don’t make me call the Super.”

No, no, Mrs. Swampgrass, you are right. It is not nothing. I’ll fix it right now.

“You better.”

(mock ‘you better’. Look around apartment)

### Toilet Monkey

How to get rid of 100 dead dwarf monkeys? Hmm... how to get rid of – I got it. The toilet. I’ll simply flush each one down. Let the sewer worry about them.

(pick up a monkey, walk to washroom and flush)

Bye bye monkey, round and round you go, where you’ll stop only the sewer will know (bang). Or you might just stop in my toilet, clogged at the bottom. Where’s my plunger. Here we go. Get, down the sewer you stupid monkey. Get down there. Why won’t you get down there? Come on dwarf monkey. Surely you are dwarf enough to be flushed down a toilet. Fiddle Sticks!

Well I better get you out of there. Come on. 1-2-3 yank. 1-2-3- yank. No, it can’t be. I have a dead dwarf monkey stuck in my toilet!

(come back to sofa)

This isn’t going well.

### Freezer Monkey

I ideally I would dump the sacks in the garbage but there is a chance people will know it was me. If I wait until tomorrow when the dumpster is full of wrapping paper and such, the dead monkeys will get lost in shuffle. But I can’t wait until tomorrow. The heat won’t allow

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it. I don't want to open the window because if the Super found out I had the window open after he fixed the heat for me - I could be evicted. No, I need another way to keep these dead monkeys cool.

(look into kitchen. Look at audience with devious grin)

The freezer! Of course. I'll just freeze them.

(tries to jam one sack into freezer)

Why - won't - you - fit. Better empty some of the freezer out. This ice cream pail should do the trick (put ice cream on counter), frozen peas, meat - well I was going make this for supper next week anyway, pizza - that will be my meal tonight. Hmm... nothing like pizza for Christmas Eve dinner. There were go - an empty freezer. Now let's see if this sack will fit. Almost, one more push should do it. Much better. (slams freezer door) That should do it. Only two sacks to go. I can suck it up until tomorrow.

Opens Window

(Reading a magazine)

Oh, this horrible. I can't take the smell. Who knew dead monkeys have such an odour? I have to get rid of this stench.

I don't want to do this but I have no choice. I have to open the windows. (open windows). Brrr... that's cold. Better get some warm clothes on.

(sings carol as puts on clothes in bedroom)

(comes back with turtleneck, sweater and pants, toque, scarf and mittens - nothing matching)

Much better.

(sits down to read magazine, cuddled under blanket)

Pee in Juice Carton

No, this can't be. Not now, not on top of the burnt monkey, the zapped monkey, the toilet monkey, the frozen monkeys (stand up) I have to go pee! I knew opening the window would do this to me. I have such a sensitive bladder.

(look around)

Where am I going to pee? I can't use the toilet. I highly doubt the plumber would want to unplug a monkey drenched in my urine in my toilet. No, I do not think so. Ahh... the kitchen sink. I'll hop on the counter and pee into the sink.

(sing carols as removing charred monkey, jump onto counter-back to audience) PAUSE

What am I doing? I can't do this. I can't pee into my kitchen sink. Maybe because it's Christmas Eve. What am I going to do? I can't pee off the fire escape. If anyone saw me I'd be evicted in a moment. However if I'm evicted then I won't have to worry about the dead monkeys. No, that won't work, the Super will make me take them with me.

I need someplace to pee! Someplace where I can store it and dump the pee later.

(look at food)

Holly Jolly Christmas Santa! - I got it. The apple juice jug. How much is left? Half? (hold up carton). Well I'm sure this will cause more problems in the long term, me creating a viscous circle of pee that I could not possibly overcome but my bladder can't wait. Cheers.

(chug juice)

Hmmm.... Scrumptious. I never knew warm apple juice tasted so well.

(pees)

Hmm... oh, yes. That feels great, that hits the spot. So much relief. Oh yes. (misses carton - pees on floor) Oh no, better get a papertowel or Kleenex.

"What's going on in there Louis?"

Nothing Mrs. Swampgrass

"You're making an awful lot of noise for nothing. Is your girlfriend over there?"

No, Mrs. Swampgrass.

"Your boyfriend then? Are you cheating on Wendy, Louis?"

No, Mrs. Swampgrass. I'm home alone. And her name is Mary-Jo Jane.

"I figured you were alone. Keep it down. I can't here White Christmas on the Tele."

She watches that awful Christmas movie every year. I bet she knows all the words by now. She doesn't need to hear it. I know it's Christmas Eve and all, but just between you and me, I really don't like her.

"What's that Louis?"

Nothing Mrs. Swampgrass.

### Super Visits

(banging at door)

"Louis, I feel a draft in the hallway by your door. Your windows better not be open.

(banging) Louis!"

Oh no, it's the Super. I have to hide the sacks.

"LOUIS!"

Quickly. (put one sack in closet and one on bed)

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(open door a peep)

Well hello, I mean, Merry Christmas.

"Why are your windows open? You pestered me for months to turn up the heat, and now I find you with your windows open. You better have a good explanation."

Oh, well, I had a small accident. Needed to air out the place. Too many Christmas brownies in one day. You know how it is with sweets. Once you have one you can't stop. I didn't know this but ODing on brownies can cause diarrhoea. Did you know that?

"No, I did not (peaks head into apartment). Well it does smell."

Yes and Mrs. Swampgrass told me so.

"Oh I bet she did."

"Why is all of your food on the counter? What's wrong with the fridge?"

Oh, oh, oh - it hit again. Sorry Mr. Super, I have to run the toilet. Diarrhoea again, you know.

"Yes, well, if you have to go - you have to go, I guess."

Thank you. I knew you would understand. (runs to bathroom)

"Louis, make sure you shut those windows as soon as the smell clears up in here."

Yes Mr. Super. Oh my. Why did I eat so many brownies?

"What a nut." (Super leaves)

(run from bathroom with grin) Phew, that was close.

**Mary-Jo Jane, the Girlfriend**

(buzz)

(walk over to buzzer)

Yes?

"I t's me Louis."

Oh, you're early Mary-Jo Jane.

"Yes, I know, buzz me up Louis, please."

(buzzes her up)

(runs around tidying up)

She's early. She isn't suppose to be here until 7. I haven't even made the Christmas pizza yet. Jumping flying reindeer! I don't even have a present for her. Stupid dwarf monkeys. What am I going to do? I need to get out of the house to run down to a store.

What will be my excuse? Something for supper? No, I have all of this unfrozen food to begin with - I don't need to buy more. I got it - the tree. I need to buy a real tree.

(runs to tree)

Just need to take off the decorations. (rips them off tree and throws them on table). Now to get rid of the tree... the closet.

(opens closet and comically jams tree inside) (slams door 2-3 times to make it fit)

(Mary Jo-Jane enters apartment with Louis' back against the closet.)

"Merry Christmas Louis."

Merry Christmas Mary-Jo Jane.

(from behind her back she pulls out a typical gift wrapped present, complete with bow)

"Where's your tree so that I can put your present under it."

Oh I was just going out to buy one.

"Sorry I'm early. I got off work ahead of time. I guess my boss wasn't as evil as I had thought. Brrr... Super still hasn't fixed your heat?"

Oh, no. NO he hasn't. Not even for Christmas would he fix it. Now, Mary-Jo Jane, I was just going to buy a tree.

"I'll come with you."

No, no, you've had a long day at work. Sit down, rest yourself, watch some holiday tv. I know the movie White Christmas is on right now. I'll go get the tree then we'll decorate it together. Okay?

"Sounds good."

Good. (puts blanket over her, puts his boots on).

I'll be back real soon.

(leaves apartment)

(the following voiceover happens while Mary Jo-Jane wanders around apartment)

Gotta get to the store before it closes. Run Louis Run. (thump) get up Louis, and watch for ice on the sidewalk.

(Mary-Jo Jane, shivers walks to washroom)

Good the store is still open. Let me make it through this crowd of men. Why are they all men? They can't be all like me? Search, must find present. There, it is, the perfect

present. Mary-Jo Jane will love that broach. Hey what are you doing? I was going to buy that broach. What do you mean you saw it first? I don't think so. Give it here. Fair is fair. What do you mean fair is fair for fairies? Now listen here, I had the broach first, so I'm going to buy it. Oh yeah? What are you going to do?

(Mary-Jo Jane backs out of washroom, hits wall) "Holy Christmas Santa Claus!"

Holy Christmas Santa Claus! That really hurt. You punched my face! Stop trampling me people. Man who just got socked is on the ground here! I need to get out of here..

"I got to get out of here."

(stage lights darken)

... and I need that broach. But how? I got it.

"Who just grabbed my bum?"

I saw it Mister. It was him - the guy with the broach.

"You, broach man, you think you can just grabbed people's bums and no one will know because it's a crowd?"

(thump, thump, male voices yelling)

Hey, I got socked again. My nose is so red you could call me Rudolph. Why am I back on the ground? There, it is - the broach on the ground beside that unconscious loser. Got it - now to the cash register!

(stage lights back on - Mary Jo Jane and Mrs. Swampgrass sitting on couch with apple juice glasses)

(Louis walks in)

Mrs. Swampgrass! What are you doing here?

"I invited her. I went to use your toilet."

You did?

"Yes and you need to get that looked after. Diarrhoea over the holidays can be so bad."

Yes, yes it can be. (sigh of relief)

"So I went over to Mrs. Swampgrass' place to use her washroom."

Why didn't I think of that?

"What's that?"

Nothing, Merry Christmas Mrs. Swampgrass.

"Go to Hell Louis."

Oh and you're watching White Christmas. That's just great.

"Yep watching White Christmas with some apple juice."

Ah... no, no. Mrs. Swampgrass can have the apple juice but not you Mary Jo Jane. Not you.

(takes glasses from them)

"Louis, what are you doing? It was good apple juice."

Trust me, it was not.

"Sure it was, just because it's Mrs. Swampgrass' special home-made formula does not make it bad."

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This is Mrs. Swampgrass' special home-made formula?

"Yes."

Oh, I apologise. (gives glasses back). I thought it was mine. Mine, umm... expired.

"Stop acting so weird and say, where's the tree? Why's your nose so red? Have you been drinking?"

No!

(examines Louis)

Hey, are you getting a black eye?"

Oh, the tree, they were all sold out. I had to fight for the last one but (points to eye) obviously I lost. Big man too. Bigger than the tree.

"I would hope so. I've seen the pathetic cheap trees you buy. Anyone, besides yourself, is bigger than the tree."

Shut up Mrs. Swampgrass.

"Let me get some ice for that eye."

Thank you Mary-Jo Jane. (she walks towards freezer - Louis runs to freezer - back to freezer). No, it's okay.

"What?"

I don't have any ice in the freezer.

"Mrs. Swampgrass, do you have any ice at your place?"

"Yes, dear I do, in the freezer like a normal person. Help yourself."

(Mary-Jo Jane leaves)

I need to wrap this broach.

"What's that?"

Nothing, Mrs. Swampgrass.

(Louis leaves to bedroom to wrap)

VOICES OUTSIDE

"Now Mr. Super, it's freezing in my boyfriend's apartment. I know it's Christmas Eve and all but don't you think you could fix the heat for us? What's that, you already fixed it yesterday. That's not what Louis told me today. Well, I don't know why he would lie to me, I highly doubt he did. He told you what? Well, yes he does have diarrhoea. I can vouch for the thing lodged in his toilet. Come with me and we'll straighten this out right now."

(Mary-Jo Jane returns with Super)

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"Mrs. Swampgrass."

"Mr. Super."

"Louis I brought you some ice for your black eye."

"How did Louis get a black eye?"

"He was fighting for the last tree down at the store. He lost."

"I was just there, there are tones of trees down there."

(Louis enters)

Thank you Mary-Jo... Mr. Super. What are you doing here?

"Louis, Mr. Super, tells me there were plenty of trees at the store. I thought there were none?"

Oh, well those trees didn't meet my satisfaction so I went to another store.

"Which one?"

Were you at the one on Victoria Street?

"No."

Oh, well that's where I was. I didn't feel like buying an inferior tree.

"Christmas isn't Christmas without a tree. I wish you had bought a tree for us."

I'll go right now. Let me grabbed my coat.

"Your girlfriend tells me I did not fix the heat for you."

Oh, Mary-Jo Jane, did I not say it broke AGAIN?"

"Not you certainly did not."

I'm sorry about that. I've been a bit flustered today.

"That's okay, but you have been acting strange."

Oh, it's just the holidays I guess.

"Say, while you're here, Mr. Super, could you take a look at the toilet." I don't want to spend Christmas bugging Mrs. Swampgrass with using her toilet... and besides Louis has diarrhoea."

Oh, that passed this afternoon dear.

"I'll take a peek for you Mary-Jo Jane."

(Super enter bathroom)

No, it's Christmas Eve, let the man be with his family. He shouldn't be sifting through my poop.

"Hey this isn't diarrhoea!"

"What?"

Oh no.

"This is a dead monkey."

(Super brings out dead monkey)

"Did you try to flush a dead monkey down the toilet?"

Well it is a dwarf, I mean, NO

"Louis, what is going on here?"

Umm. Maybe Santa left it for me and...

"Louis!"

I, I was visited by 3 ghosts last night, oh Mary-Jo Jane, it was so..."

"Louis!"

Would you believe I was visiting by my guardian angel?

(closet opens and Christmas tree crashes to floor)

Okay, I'll level with you. It's an alien monkey from the planet... Ape-olia. It attacked me. Self Defence... really.

"LOUIS L. LEWIS, I want the truth.

(Louis sighs)

Okay, well the Super did fix the heat yesterday and it is still working.

"I don't care about that. Why did you put a dead monkey in your toilet?"

I can't tell you, it will ruin Christmas.

"I think you have ruined Christmas for the girl already with a dead monkey in your toilet."

Y-e-s, well, you see, I didn't buy you a hamster for Christmas dear, it was so expensive.

"You cheapskate, I bought my wife an expensive present."

"So what did you buy me?"

100-dwarf-monkeys.

"What would I do with 100 dwarf monkeys?"

Twice the fun of a hamster for a smidgen of the cost.

"You went to the that pet store around the corner, didn't you? He's such a crook."

Well when I got back here, they were all dead. I tried to flush them down the toilet but that didn't work and the smell was unbearable so I opened the windows. Then I had to get rid of the monkeys so I emptied my freezer and stuffed a sack...

(Super opens freezer and looks into sack)

"Yep, we've got frozen dead dwarf monkeys in here."

Then I had to go to the washroom but the toilet was plugged so I peed in my apple juice carton and...

"That's why you freaked when you saw me drinking apple juice?"

Yes.

"So what did you get me for Christmas, 100 dead monkeys?"

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No, something better.

"How could you possibly top 100 dead monkeys?"

Shut up, Mrs. Swampgrass.

"Did you get me a hamster?"

No, I got you this instead of buying a tree.

(hands her wrapped broach)

(opens present)

"Louis, this is amazing. I t's just like my grandmother's"

Yes I know. That's why I got into a fight at the store for it.

"Gimme a break." (Mrs. Swampgrass)

"You got a black eye for me?"

Yep, and a red nose.

"Oh Louis. This is the best present ever." (hugs Louis)

Merry Christmas Mary-Jo Jane

"What are you going to do with all the dead dwarf monkeys?" (Super)

I don't know, had them out as Christmas presents, I guess.

THE END

(Numerous curtain calls)