

## DEMONOLOGY 101

Kate  
Nick  
Sarah

**Scene 1:** Kate and Nick's kitchen. Sarah, their ten-year-old daughter, is sorting through cookbooks at the table, while her parents bustle about.

SARAH: The Ocean Grove Community Church Cookbook.

KATE: (chopping vegetables into a salad) Are you setting the table, or reading cookbooks?

SARAH: Both. The Methodist Church Ladies Cookbook, 1973. Forks go on the left, right?

NICK: (At the stove, stirring something). Didn't your grandmother teach you the rhyme, Sar?

KATE: Oh, please, not the rhyme again.

SARAH: The Joy of Cooking... What rhyme, Dad? The Fannie Farmer Cookbook. Wow, this one's really stained. She must have used it a lot.

NICK: (quoting) The spoon and knife are man and wife. The fork stands alone.

KATE: Actually, the fork stands on the napkin. And there's a flaw in that rhyme. It tells you the pairings, but not which side...

NICK: The fork goes on the left, Sar.

SARAH: Thanks Dad. (she pauses to arrange silverware) Demonology 101. Mom? Dad? Why does Grandma keep a demonology manual in with the cookbooks?

KATE: (as if it's perfectly reasonable to have such a thing) Probably because most spells require cooking.

SARAH: (reading) When conjuring a demon, it is important to remember that the quality of your tools and ingredients is directly proportional to the caliber of demon who will come across.

KATE: Well, that explains the recent expense for all-new copper pots.

NICK: Please, Mom was never going to summon demons. She limited her magic to simple spells. Kitchen witch stuff.

KATE: If you say so... (raising her voice) Sarah, get the books off the table; dinner's ready.

**Scene 2:** Sarah is sitting on her bed with a cauldron in front of her. She talks to herself as she adds ingredients.

SARAH: Badger's foot first... I'm so glad it's a plant and not actually part of an animal. Anise... why does everything use licorice-y things. It's gross. Alcohol... Dad won't miss a couple shots of tequila... and then light it up.

She strikes a match and the cauldron flames brightly, then flickers out. Nothing else happens.

SARAH: Hello? Demon? Are you here?

Nothing responds.

SARAH: I didn't really think it would work.

KATE: (offstage) Sarah, it's after nine. Time for bed.

SARAH: I'm turning out the light right now, Mom.

She stashes the cauldron and all the ingredients under her bed, crawls under the sheets, and goes to sleep. After a few minutes, there is a blue light from under her bed.

GLYLLY: Hello? Hello? (he crawls out from under the bed. He is a demon.) Someone called me?

Sarah sits up in bed and screams.

Glylly screams back.

Sarah throws a stuffed animal at Glylly. It bounces off him, and lands on the floor. He rubs his arm, crying.

GLYLLY: Ouch! That hurt! Why are you throwing things at me?

SARAH: You're a monster. You're supposed to throw stuff at monsters.

GLYLLY: I'm not a monster. You're a monster! You Called me here and then threw a... what is this thing?

SARAH: It's a stuffed bear.

GLYLLY: You *stuff* bears? And throw them at people? Yeah. You're definitely the monster.

SARAH: I'm *not!* I'm just a girl. You're the one who came out from... wait... where did you come from?

GLYLLY: Under your bed, obviously. That's where the portal is. Awfully small though... I barely fit.

SARAH: Portal? You... you came from the cauldron?

GLYLLY: Black metal container? Yeah. You know you're supposed to make a protective circle and put the vessel in it, right?

SARAH: Um....

GLYLLY: It's how you make sure whatever you Call doesn't get out and hurt you.

SARAH: Are you? Going to hurt me?

GLYLLY: Well, you hurt me first!

SARAH: I didn't mean to. I was scared. (beat) Are you really a demon?

GLYLLY: I am. My name's Fnarglyl, but my friends call me Glylly. (beat) Are you really a pink skin – I mean – a human?

SARAH: I'm Sarah. I'm ten.

GLYLLY: Years?

SARAH: Yeah. You?

GLYLLY: Nine thousand, seven hundred, forty-three and a half.

SARAH: And in human years?

GLYLLY: A little younger than you. So... am I your first?

SARAH: I really didn't think it would work. My grandmother died and she had all these weird cookbooks – one of them was all about mushrooms –

GLYLLY: I love mushrooms!

SARAH: Whatever. Anyway, there was this one called *Demonology 101*, and it had a summoning spell... so I tried it.

GLYLLY: And you got me. Well. It's nice to meet you and all, but I'm not supposed to visit the human realm without an adult, so you better send me back.

SARAH: Send you back?

GLYLLY: Yes.

SARAH: Houston, we have a problem.

GLYLLY: Who's Houston?

SARAH: It's an expression. It means, we're in trouble. See... I don't... I didn't think it would really work. I don't know how to send you back.

GLYLLY: Oops.

SARAH: Yeah.

GLYLLY: Well, move over, at least.

SARAH: Why?

GLYLLY: It's late. I'm supposed to be in bed. I'm guessing you are too, since you were mostly sleeping when I got here. So, move over.

SARAH: You won't eat me in my sleep?

GLYLLY: 'Course not. We don't eat humans. (beat) You won't throw any more stuffed bears at me?

SARAH: I really didn't mean to hurt you. (she scoots over and Fnargyl climbs into bed with her) I was hoping whatever demon I called would be my friend.

GLYLLY: Yeah? Well, I always wanted to meet a human. Go to sleep Sarah.

SARAH: (already drifting) Okay... Night, Glylly.

**Scene 3:** Sarah's bedroom. Morning. Glylly and Sarah are searching for the spell to send him home.

GLYLLY: This one requires a dead cat.

SARAH: We are not killing Tigger.

GLYLLY: You name your ingredients?

SARAH: Tigger isn't an ingredient he's a pet. Want to meet him?

GLYLLY: No. No please? Cats are scary.

SARAH: Tigger wouldn't hurt a fly. Well, no, that's not true. But he wouldn't hurt a person.

GLYLLY: I'm a demon.

SARAH: You're still a person. You're a demon-type person.

GLYLLY: Are we friends?

SARAH: *Can* we be friends?

GLYLLY: I don't know. When we summon humans it's usually because we have a cat infestation we need help with.

SARAH: What is your problem with cats?

GLYLLY: They scratch. And they bite. And they make us sneeze.

SARAH: Wait... you're all *allergic* to cats?

GLYLLY: Aren't you?

SARAH: I'm not, no. But some humans are. But if they want to be around cats anyway they take a pill. An... anti... something...

GLYLLY: A pill... to cure an allergy... that's very advanced magic.

SARAH: It's not *magic* it's *science*.

GLYLLY: Aren't they the same?

SARAH: No... but maybe they should be.

Kate pops her head in, and seems to not notice that Glylly is a demon.

KATE: You ready for lunch, Sar – oh – who's your friend?

SARAH: This is Glylly.

KATE: (hearing the name differently) Well, welcome to our home, Gilbert. You want some lunch? We have tacos.

GLYLLY: Um... hi.

SARAH: We'll be out in a minute, Mom.

Kate leaves the room.

SARAH: She couldn't tell you were a demon. Weird.

GLYLLY: No... not really. Um... adults only see what they expect to see. If I Called you without warning my Gran – I live with her – she'd think you were a demon.

SARAH: Hmm. What if... What if we Called your Gran and had her come get you?

GLYLLY: Okay, but...

SARAH: Yes?

GLYLLY: Can we have lunch first? I'm really hungry. And I've never had a taco.

Scene 4: Sarah's bedroom, night. Sarah and Glylly are sitting on the floor but they've made a circle of string around them.

GLYLLY: What's next?

SARAH: Light the match and toss it in the cauldron and say, "And so I call you unto me."

GLYLLY: (tossing the match into the cauldron) And so I call you unto me.

As before the cauldron flames brightly, then goes dark.

GLYLLY: Did it work?

SARAH: I don't know... it took you a while to come.

GRAN: (distant) Fnarglyl? Fnarglyl, are you here?

GLYLLY: That's my gran! (to the voice) Gran, I'm here. I'm with my friend Sarah... but she didn't know how to send me home.

A large claw extends from under Sarah's bed.

GRAN: Pull me through, child. It's stuffy under here.

GLYLLY: (reaching under the bed) Here, Gran, take my hand.

Glylly pulls and Gran emerges from under the bed. Like Glylly, he's a demon but bigger, wearing a pink dress and bright pink lipstick.

GRAN: You have given me the fright of my life. Disappearing in the middle of the night. No note. No call. What got into you?

GLYLLY: Sarah Called me.

GRAN: Sarah?

SARAH: Me. Hi, Mrs... Um... Glylly's Gran.

GRAN: Do your parents know you're summoning demons?

SARAH: No. They think Glylly is just a new friend.

GRAN: Well, thank heavens for that. Adult humans can be difficult to manage.

SARAH: They're not bad parents, really. But...

GRAN: But knowing demons are real would upset their world-view? It's alright. I know the type. However, you cannot go Calling people without knowing how to send them home.

GLYLLY: You sound like you've been through this before.

GRAN: Well, I have. (She sits on the bed) When I was your age, I Called a human. Her name was Rose, and she and I became good friends. She was at your hatching, Fnarglyl, and I went to her wedding.

SARAH: (softly) Rose was my grandmother's name.

GRAN: (amazed) You're *that* Sarah?

SARAH: I'm not sure what you mean?

GRAN: Your grandmother – my friend Rose – she said you had her gift, that you'd follow in her footsteps.

SARAH: She died a few months ago. I found her book the other night.

GRAN: Died? Oh, child, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

SARAH: I didn't know she had a demon friend. (she smiles at Glylly) But I guess I have her gift, because Glylly came when I called. And we're friends, now.

GRAN: Hmm. So you are. Well, I really should meet your parents, but not tonight. It's very late and Glylly needs his sleep.

SARAH: Can he visit again?

GRAN: Of course. We will call you in a few days and set something up.

SARAH: Awesome.

GRAN: Say goodbye, Fnarglyl.

GLYLY: Bye, Sarah. Thanks for the tacos.

SARAH: Bye... some back soon.

Glyly and Gran exit under the bed.

**Scene 4:** The kitchen, a few days later.

KATE: I haven't seen your friend Gilbert around lately. Did you two have a fight?

NICK: Gilbert? Who's Gilbert?

KATE: He was here for tacos last week.

NICK: Oh, him. Nice boy. (teasing) Should I be worried that you like boys?

SARAH: Glylly isn't a boy. He's Glylly.

NICK: Oh, that makes it alright then.

KATE: But you didn't have a fight.

SARAH: No. He's just been busy with his Gran. Would it be alright if they came for dinner on Saturday? She wants to meet you.

KATE: I don't see why not. What should I cook?

SARAH: Well, it's kind of gross... but she really likes mushrooms.

END.