

THE BOBBSEY TWINS GO TO HELL

A Play in about Ten Minutes

Sandra de Helen

© Sandra de Helen
941 NW Naito Pkwy
Apt 404
Portland, OR 97209
USA
503 734 7964
info@SandradeHelen.com
www.SandradeHelen.com

For the heck of it.

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Inquiries regarding performance and publications rights should be addressed to the author at:

Sandra de Helen
941 NW Naito Pkwy
Apt 404
Portland, OR 97209
USA
503 734 7964
info@SandradeHelen.com
www.SandradeHelen.com

The author welcomes correspondence regarding this and her other work.

Thanks to my own personal reference librarian; and my family and friends for all the hell they've given me over the years.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

| | |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| FLOSSIE | Middle-aged woman. |
| FREDDIE | Middle-aged man. Flossie's twin. |
| NAN | Sixteen year old girl. Older sister of Flossie and Freddie. |
| BERT | Sixteen year old boy. Nan's twin. |
| DEVIL | Person of indeterminate race, age and gender. |

SETTING:

Freddie's bachelor apartment; then Hell.

TIME:

Present

SCENE ONE

SETTING: Interior of Freddie's bachelor apartment.

AT RISE: FREDDIE is sleeping. LIGHTS UP HALF

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

FREDDIE
(Picks up phone) Hmmm?

FLOSSIE
(On phone) Fred? Freddie, wake up, it's me.

FREDDIE
Flossie, for God's sake, do you know what time it is?

FLOSSIE
Yes.

FREDDIE
Well?

FLOSSIE
Well what?

FREDDIE
What time is it?

FLOSSIE
I didn't call you up in the middle of the night to give you the time of day, Freddie.

FREDDIE
What the hell is it then?

FLOSSIE
That's it!

FREDDIE
What?

FLOSSIE
Hell! Freddie, listen to me. We're going to hell!

FREDDIE

Look, Sis, I know we're not perfect, but I think that's a bit strong ...

FLOSSIE

Shut up Fred. Get dressed. I'm coming right over.

FREDDIE

Did you join a cult again? Because if you did, I'm not ...

FLOSSIE

Get dressed. Wear something cool. We're going to hell. (Hangs up the phone.)

FREDDIE

Flossie, I mean it ... Oh Christ, she's already on her way. (He slips on pants and sandals, has tee-shirt half on, covering his head and face, when FLOSSIE ENTERS, FLIPS ON LIGHTS) Hey! How'd you get here so fast?

FLOSSIE

I live next door, remember?

FREDDIE

But ...

FLOSSIE

And I was already dressed, now come on!

SCENE TWO

SETTING: Hell. Disgustingly disorganized, grungy, badly lit.
NAN and BERT are perched on piles of dirty clothes or boxes of trash, etc.

BERT

This place is disgusting!

NAN

Shut the fuck up!

BERT

Watch your language!

NAN

Why? I watched it my entire life and for what? I end up in hell!

BERT

I know it. So unfair! What did we ever do?

NAN

Well, you were driving too fast on a wet road. That's how we ended up here.

BERT

No. That's how we got killed. But why we're not in heaven is a total mystery.

NAN

Oh a total mystery. Why don't you call that snotty bitch Nancy Drew and get her to solve it for you?

BERT

Nan!

NAN

Or those hot Hardy boys – I could use some sex over here. Don't look so shocked, I died a virgin, you know. And since I'm already in hell, I might as well get some action.

BERT

Say! Do you think Nancy Drew might go for me?

NAN

In your dreams, Bert Bobbsey. She seems a lot more interested in her sidekicks, Bess and George, than she does in boys.

BERT

Maybe all three of them would go for me?

NAN

You? You are too square. Besides, I don't think they're actually down here. I heard they're still solving mysteries.

BERT

Shoot.

NAN

Back to my problem. Have you seen any cute boys that might give me a tumble?

BERT

(Resigned) Well, there's always River Phoenix or Jim Morrison.

NAN

No! Those boys were dope fiends! I have my standards.

BERT

How about James Dean? He claims he was pretty hot.

NAN

Yeah, hot for other boys.

BERT

Oh. It is rough here, trying to meet decent people. Do you ever wish we hadn't died so young?

NAN

Do you ever wish anything but?

BERT

Sometimes I wish Freddie and Flossie were here.

NAN

It was keen to have them worship us the way they did.

BERT

They were so cute, always following us around.

NAN

I hated that.

BERT

You're right! What a nuisance. I guess we're better off without them.

NAN

I wonder what ever happened to Dinah and Sam?

BERT

They were great! They would do anything for us.

NAN

They were our servants.

BERT

Oh right.

NAN

They probably went to that other place.

BERT

Oh right. There's probably a colored entrance.

NAN

You fool. That's not true – look around you. Hell is completely integrated.

BERT

Oh yeah. So where are they?

NAN

In heaven, I suppose. Unless they lived to be 100.

BERT

Hmmm. What about our parents then?

NAN

Don't start sniveling and whining, or we'll never get out of here.

BERT

We can get out???

NAN

I'm not certain, but I have noticed a few select people disappearing from time to time.

BERT

You mean if we're really good we might get out?

NAN

Hey, look at those two, they look like they just got off the trolley.

FLOSSIE AND FREDDIE ENTER

FLOSSIE

Nan! Bert!

NAN

Mama! Daddy!

FREDDIE

Nan, stop fooling around. It's me, Freddie.

BERT

Freddie? Gosh man, you're so old!

FLOSSIE

Gosh, you two haven't changed a bit!

NAN

Well, my goodness, you certainly have.

FLOSSIE

Come on, don't be such a twit. We're 54 years old. You wouldn't look so hot either if you weren't still 16.

BERT

So, what killed you two? Tragic accident?

NAN

Freddie, tell me you weren't driving too fast on a wet road!

FLOSSIE

We're not dead, we ... We came to get you out.

NAN

(To Bert) See?

BERT

Back to Lakeport?

FLOSSIE

Well, out of hell.

FREDDIE

Flossie says you can be redeemed.

NAN

Some kind of religious ceremony? Because I don't remember much about church.

BERT

Me neither.

FLOSSIE

Shut up and listen.

NAN

Watch it kid, I'm still your big sister, and I can whip your butt.

FLOSSIE

Sorry.

BERT

Go on, Flossie. Come here, Freddie, sit on my knee like you used to. (FRED sits on Bert's knee.)

FLOSSIE

I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you two were terrible role models for me and Fred, and that's why you went to Hell.

NAN and BERT

What? (NAN jumps up and slaps FLOSSIE; BERT dumps FRED in the floor.)

NAN

I was never anything but the best big sister a girl could have!

BERT

And Freddie, I taught you everything you know!

FLOSSIE

You were both racist, classist, ageist snobs and you still are!

BERT

What do you mean? We never got in trouble, we never hung around with bad kids like that Danny Rugg.

FREDDIE

But you treated African-Americans like crap. Had Dinah and Sam picking up after you, washing your clothes, hauling you around town ...

NAN

They were our servants!

FLOSSIE

They were people!

ENTER DEVIL

DEVIL

What's going on here? As if I didn't know.

BERT

Nothing, sir.

NAN

Sir? I thought she was a woman.

FREDDIE

Woman? He's a guy, and my age if he's a day!

DEVIL

(Indicating Flossie and Freddie) You two! Get out of my underworld! You don't belong here!

FLOSSIE

Oh, we're getting out. But we're taking them with us.

DEVIL

You think you've redeemed them? What? By informing them that they were never politically correct?

FLOSSIE

Yes, by informing them. They're good people; they can change.

NAN

Flossie, it's no use. We don't even know what you're talking about. Go on, leave us to rot in hell.

BERT

No, wait! We don't deserve to rot in hell. Quick, Fred, tell me everything I need to know!

FREDDIE

I can't man, I'm not even sure that I'm politically correct myself more than half the time.

FLOSSIE

It's your heart, that's all ... if you have a good heart, why you will learn to do the right things. It takes time, but you'll have time, if you'll just come with us!

DEVIL

Come with you? Back to a place they've never known? Where they'll go around saying all the wrong things, all the damned time? Nan, Bert, my sweets, it's not worth it. You'll have a lot more fun right here, believe me!

NAN

I haven't had any fun yet!

BERT

Me neither. Besides, this place is a dump.

DEVIL

Is that all you need? A little fixing up and some fun? How about a New York apartment facing Central Park?

BERT

You can make this look like New York?

DEVIL

Mmmm hmmm. And how about a girl or two for you, luscious Bert?

NAN

Hey! What about me?

DEVIL

Poor Nan, you horny girl you, what's the matter? Can't find your type here? I'll be happy to go pluck one for you -- you name him, I'll get him. Brad Pitt perhaps?

NAN/BERT

Brad who?

FLOSSIE

Hey, wait a minute, you can't go around taking living people!

DEVIL

Oh, I don't know. You're kind of cute. I like your spunk. Maybe I'll take you. (Points finger at Flossie. FLOSSIE grabs her chest.)

FREDDIE

Hey! Leave my sister alone!

NAN

So, this Brad Pitt, would he like me?

BERT/FREDDIE/FLOSSIE

Nan!

DEVIL

If I want him to, he'll like you very much indeed. You'll have the hottest sex you can imagine.

NAN

Ooooh. And a nice place too?

DEVIL

I can provide those things, and I can provide them forever! Can you say that Mizzz Flossie?

NAN

Mizzz? What's that?

DEVIL

Equal rights for women, my dear.

NAN

I like the sound of that!

FLOSSIE

We don't exactly have equal rights, Nan, but we have come a long way.

DEVIL

A long way? In how many years?

FLOSSIE

That doesn't matter! Nan, you don't want to stay in hell, do you?

NAN

I'm not sure. I need to think.

BERT

Wait a minute, if girls have "come a long way", what about men? What's going on out there?

FREDDIE

It's not so bad.

BERT

Not so bad?

FREDDIE

Okay, it's not what it used to be. White men don't totally rule the world anymore, but there's an up side!

BERT

What is an up side?

FREDDIE

The good stuff! Like, women work outside the home, now, have their own money.

BERT

Outside the home? You mean, women are the gardeners now?

FLOSSIE

Bert, just come on! We'll fill you in later.

DEVIL

You might as well give up. Nan and Bert will be much happier here. They can't leave unless their hearts are fully committed to going. And you've only got 10 seconds left.

FLOSSIE

Ten seconds! I didn't know we had a time limit!

DEVIL

You do if I say so ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ...

FLOSSIE GRABS THE HANDS OF
BOTH NAN AND BERT, STARTS TO
EXIT

FREDDIE

(Pushing them all) Don't look back! Nobody look back!

THEY EXIT

DEVIL

They'll be back. No one can be politically correct their entire lives.

LIGHTS FADE

THE END

