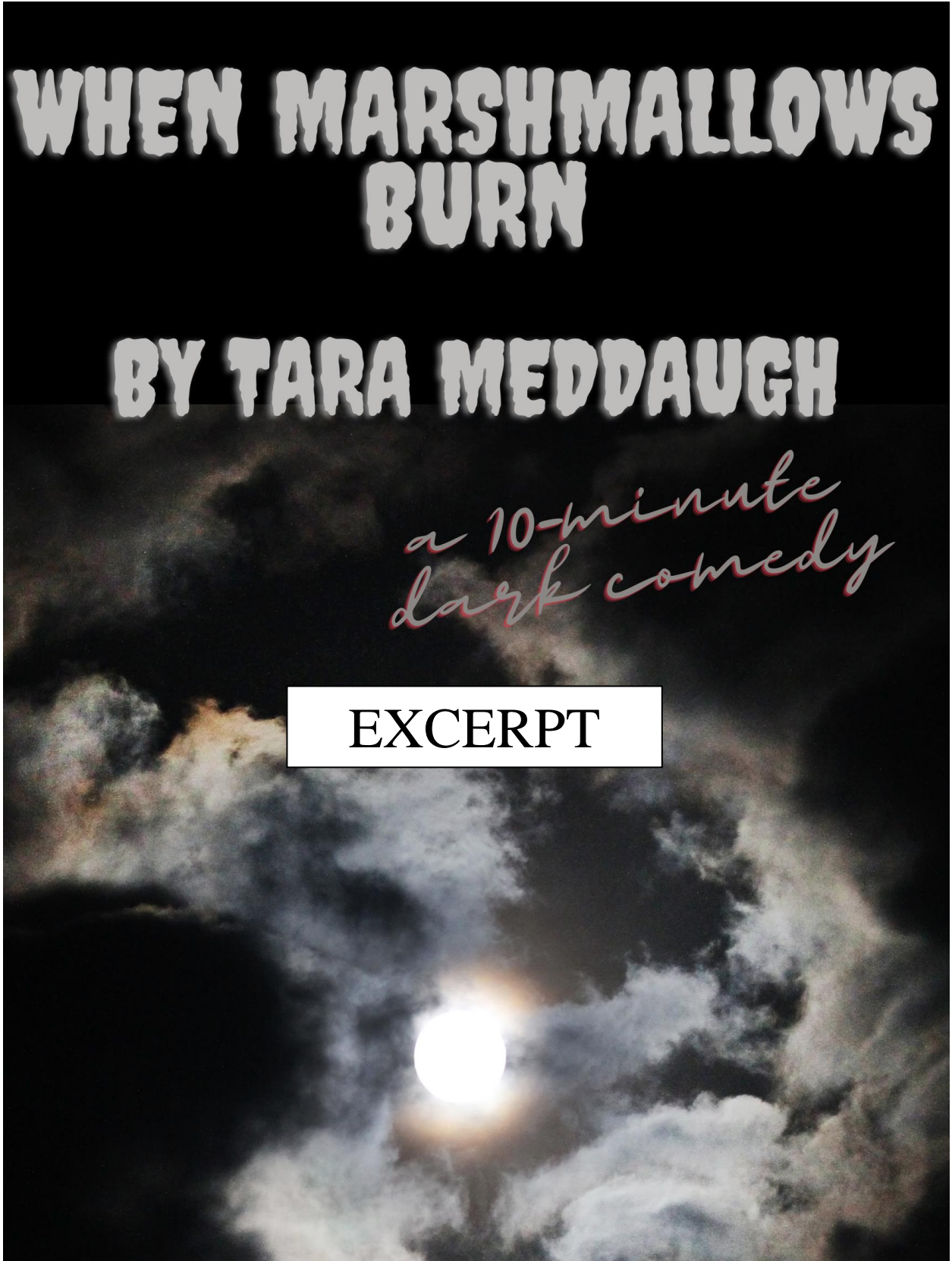


WHEN MARSHMALLOWS BURN

BY TARA MEDDAUGH

*a 10-minute
dark comedy*

EXCERPT



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When Marshmallows Burn
Excerpt

By Tara Meddaugh

Character Breakdown
(1 female, 1 male)

MELISSA	A woman in her 30s-40s. Mother to Sammy.
SAMMY	A boy around 10. Melissa's son. He may be played by an actor into his 20s.

Setting

The backyard of Melissa's and Sammy's house, along the edge of a woods. Night time. Full moon.

Time Period

Present.

AT RISE: MELISSA, 30s-40s, and her son, SAMMY, around 10 years old, sit around a crackling fire pit. They're roasting marshmallows. It's night time. Dark, chilly. A cloudy sky, but full moon.

MELISSA

That's a perfect roasted marshmallow.

SAMMY

It's ruined, Mom.

MELISSA

Let me see.

SAMMY

It's burnt.

MELISSA

I like it that way.

SAMMY

Do you want it then?

MELISSA

If you're sure you don't...

SAMMY

Can I have another one instead?

MELISSA

(hands him a marshmallow)

The last one!

SAMMY

It looks squashed. Like a baby under a firetruck.

MELISSA

That's an awful comparison, Sammy!

SAMMY

(shrugs)

Oh, well.

(he tries to roast it again)

MELISSA

Don't put it directly into the flame this time. Hold it back a little bit.

SAMMY

Then it'll take forever.

MELISSA

But it won't burn that way.

SAMMY

But then I might burn.

MELISSA

Why would you burn if you hold the marshmallow back a little bit?

SAMMY

I might catch on fire and have my insides go soft.

MELISSA

Your insides are already soft.

SAMMY

My bones are hard.

MELISSA

Okay, Sammy, this is probably the last time we'll get to do this before it gets too cold, so let's not spend our time talking about burning bones. It's a little...it's weird.

SAMMY

You brought it up.

MELISSA

I don't think I did. Look at the moon!

SAMMY

I can't see it.

MELISSA

Look over there. It's mostly behind the cloud, but can't you see how bright it is anyway?

SAMMY

(turns to moon)

Ow!

MELISSA

What happened?

SAMMY

Ow!

MELISSA

Did you get—did something bite you?

SAMMY

Oooowww!

MELISSA

Where are you hurt? Sammy! Sammy!
(holds him)

SAMMY

It's going away. It's just—my eyes. My face.

MELISSA

What happened?

SAMMY

Just felt like—I don't know. Like ice bullets in my eyes.

MELISSA

What's on your arms?

SAMMY

I don't know.

MELISSA

You put something on your arms.

SAMMY

No, I didn't. But can I have my jacket? I'm cold.

(MELISSA grabs his jacket and puts it on him.)

MELISSA

You definitely—Sammy, you have—on your arms—it's like—

Fur?

SAMMY

Well...I wouldn't call it—

MELISSA

No, it's fur, Mom. Is my marshmallow done?

SAMMY

Um—oh...you dropped it in the fire, Sammy. Why is there—

MELISSA

That fire is so scary! Where does it come from?

SAMMY

It's, uh...friction and...I don't know the science. I'm sorry.
(pulls the marshmallow stick out of the fire pit)
Your marshmallow burned again, Sammy.

SAMMY

Aw, man! And I'm used to eating things raw.

MELISSA

How do your eyes feel? Are you feeling better?

SAMMY

They still hurt. But I'm used to it. Can I eat that squirrel over there?

MELISSA

Sammy.

SAMMY

You don't have to cook it. I promise I'll like it raw. I'll just chomp chomp chomp! Ow!

MELISSA

You're hurting again?

SAMMY

I bit my lip.

MELISSA

Oh, dear.

SAMMY

I'm bleeding a lot, Mom.

MELISSA

Let me—

(sees his face up close, with new fangs in his mouth. She screams)

Oh!

(backs up, terrified)

Sammy!

SAMMY

There's a hole in my lip, right? I can feel it.

MELISSA

Your teeth...!

SAMMY

(touches his teeth)

Mom, why do I have fangs now? Am I gonna keep biting my lip?

MELISSA

We should—um, I think we should go inside.

END OF EXCERPT

For the complete play, visit:

<https://www.tameddaugh.com/when-marshmallows-burn-a-tenminute-play>

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Tara is a graduate of Carnegie Mellon University's MFA program in Dramatic Writing. Her work has been presented by Fusion Theatre, The Directors Company, Le Petit Theatre de Terrebonne, Theatre One, Westchester Collaborative Theater, One Armed Man, Oracle Theatre, Inc, the Bobik Theatre Ensemble, The Acme Theatre Company, The Harlequin Players, *Woman Seeking...*, and numerous schools, universities and colleges including Gardner-Webb, Prince Williams, and Colgate. Her work has also showcased at the Artists of Tomorrow Festival in NYC, The Bangkok Community Theatre Fringe Festival, the Pittsburgh New Works Series and the Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Alaska. Students, teachers and actors world-wide have utilized her plays and monologues for competitions, Directing, Acting and Dramatic Literature courses and workshops in schools, colleges and theatres. Serial monologues she wrote were performed for two years by the internationally recognized receptionist-robot, Valerie. She has taught Playwriting and Screenwriting at Carnegie Mellon, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, and for The Westport Country Playhouse, and she has led Creative Dramatics Workshops for children in underserved areas throughout New York and New Jersey. Additionally, she toured in a Children's Theatre Troupe, which she wrote for, co-directed, and performed in. Tara's work has been published by YouthPLAYS, Oxford Press South Africa, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA), The Hunger Journal, Meriweather Publishing and Applause Theatre & Cinema. She is a two-time recipient of the Shubert Fellowship in Dramatic Writing, the Sloan Screenwriting Fellowship, the New Works for Young Women [Actors] Award, The Write Stuff Award, and is a member of the Dramatist's Guild. Tara has written children's books, short stories, a novel, and writes and records music in the chick-core rap band, [Girl Crusade](#). She lives in Westchester County, NY, with her husband and two creative kids.

For more information about Tara Meddaugh or her work,
visit her website at www.tameddaugh.com.