

# BOOGEYBOY

By

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**Boogeyboy** Male, 13 years old  
**Satan** Male, middle-aged (note: soft, apathetic)  
**America** Female, middle aged (note: unapologetic, harsh)  
**Mediator** Male, any age (note: aloof, but wise)  
**Judge** Female, any age (note: authoritative)

*A judicial hearing room. A custody mediation is about to begin.*

**Boogeyboy** and **Mediator** sit across from **Satan** and **America**.

**Judge** enters.

**CAM:** All rise! The Judge will now hear the recommendation of the mediator in case #492, Satan v. America.

**Judge:** Thank you bailiff. Does either party wish to make a statement before the mediator gives his recommendation?

**Satan:** I do.

**America:** As do I.

**Boogeyboy:** Me too, your honor.

**Judge:** *{sympathetically}* You must be Boogeyboy. I've heard so much about you.

**Boogeyboy:** Yes, your honor.

**Judge:** Well, let's hear from your parents first, and then you can tell us what you are thinking.

**Boogeyboy:** Thank you, your honor.

**Judge:** Let's begin. Satan, you may now make your official statement.

**Satan:** Thank you, your honor. *[beat]* These past few years have been very difficult...*[starts weeping]*

**America:** Oh Jesus here we go.

**Boogeyboy:** Dad, are you okay?

**America:** It's amazing that the fires of Hell are still burning with how much this sad-sack cries.

**Satan:** *[to America]* Dr. Feinbergstein says that showcasing your emotions is a sign of strength.

**America:** *[laughs]* Winning is a sign of strength. Which is why I'm going to walk out of here with our boy, and you're gonna go home and get your salad tossed by your minions.

**Satan:** Did you hear that your honor?! This woman should not be given custody of a child.

**Boogeyboy:** I'm 13!

**Judge:** *[slams gavel]* Order in my court!

*Everyone calms down.*

**Judge:** I will not have this malarkey in my courtroom.

**America:** Sorry, your honor.

**Satan:** Sorry, your honor.

**Judge:** Satan, please finish your statement.

**Satan:** *[gathers himself]* Your honor, I love my son very much. He needs a positive male role model and a good education.

**America:** *[sarcastically]* Both of which are readily available in the ninth circle of Hell...

**Satan:** It's better than Washington!

**America:** What do you know? You haven't been there since Bush was in office.

**Boogeyboy:** Daddy, you've been to Washington?

**America:** Oh honey, he didn't tell you? You were conceived there.

**Boogeyboy:** Eeeewwww! Stop! I don't want to hear about that.

**America:** You're 13 now. It's time you learn these things.

**Satan:** Jesus woman, what's the matter with you?

**America:** He's practically a man, look at him.

**Boogeyboy:** *[stands] [proudly]* Boogeyman!

**Satan:** He's just a boy!

**Judge:** *[slams gavel]* Order in my court!

*Everyone calms down. Silence.*

**America:** *[to Judge]* I'd like to give my statement now.

**Judge:** I'm not sure Satan is quite finished.  
*[to Satan]* So you think the boy should live with his father and that Hell can provide a better education than America can, is that correct?

**Satan:** Yes, your honor.

**Judge:** Is there anything else?

**Satan:** Not right now, but I would like to reserve the right to respond to whatever is about to come out of her mouth. *[looks at America]*

**America:** *[sexually]* Mmmm you miss my mouth, don't ya?

**Boogeyboy:** Eeeeewww! Stop!

**Satan:** *[to Boogeyboy]* She just means kissing son, just kissing.

**Boogeyboy:** I know what she means...oral sex!

**Satan:** *[stunned]* What? Where did you learn about that?

**Boogeyboy:** Mom bought me an iPad.

**Satan:** *[to Judge]* You see, your honor? This woman is teaching my boy about SEX!

**America:** Oh would you grow up! He's 13!

**Boogeyboy:** Yeah! I know all about sex!

**Judge:** *[slams gavel]* Order in my court damnit!

*Everyone calms down again.*

**Judge:** It's clear I need to take more control of this hearing. Now, you each have one chance to tell me why you don't think the boy should live with the other parent. Then we'll hear from Boogeyboy. Satan, go ahead, and be brief.

**Satan:** Well, your honor, he just gets so distracted when he's at his mother's, and he doesn't complete his chores.

**Judge:** *[confused]* Um...okay. America?

**America:** I...uh...I was going to say the same thing actually. Whenever he goes to his father's, he doesn't finish his chores.

*Boogeyboy puts his head down in shame. Satan and America look at him with sympathy.*

**Judge:** Boogeyboy...why don't you finish your chores?

**Boogeyboy:** *[snaps back, angry]* Their chores are bullshit!

*Everyone gasps at Boogeyboy's curse word.*

**Boogeyboy:** They both just use me! Well I'm tired of scaring children in their beds and collecting taxes. I've been reading the Founding Fathers, and they didn't even believe in taxes!

**America:** *[stands]* Young man!

**Satan:** *[stands]* Yeah you tell her, son!

**America:** Shut your fucking mouth, demon!

**Satan:** You can't shut me up, this isn't Guantanamo!

**Judge:** *[slams gavel]* Order in my court! Sit down!

*Everyone calms down again.*

**Judge:** *[takes a deep breath]* Okay, from now on you will not speak unless spoken to by me. Got it?

**America:** Yes, your honor.

**Satan:** Yes, your honor.

**Judge:** Good. We will now proceed with the recommendation of the mediator. *[nods to the mediator]*

**Mediator:** Thank you, your honor. *[stands]* I've been meeting with the family for several months now... *[nodding, pauses and stares off into the audience]*

**Judge:** *[looking around into the audience, then at the mediator]* And?

**Mediator:** Yeah.

**Judge:** *[confused]* Wh...? What is your recommendation?

**Mediator:** I recommend...the boy should decide. *[sits]*

**Boogeyboy:** Yes!

**Satan/America:** WHAT!?!?

**Judge:** Very well. Who do you want to live with, Boogeyboy?

**Boogeyboy:** Are you kidding? I don't wanna live with either of these psychos.

*America is furious. Satan starts to cry.*

**Judge:** Well, son, you have to pick one.

**Boogeyboy:** Ugh, fine. I pick Washington. *[looks at Satan]* But not because of her, Dad. *[stands and looks into the audience]* I've decided I want to be a politician!

*Satan and America look up from their respective emotional outbursts. They start selfishly calculating how they could use their son as a politician.*

**Judge:** Well, the boy has made his decision. He will live with America in Washington, D.C., and pursue a career in politics. Is this agreeable to both parents?

**America:** That's fine with me, your honor.

**Satan:** Uh...yeah...that works for me.

**Judge:** And does the mediator agree that this is in the best interest of the boy?

*The Mediator stands and looks emptily into the audience, sad and serious.*

**Mediator:**

**THE END**