

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER

A One-Act Vampire Comedy

By Michael Bigelow Dixon and Jon Jory

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DRACULA'S DAUGHTER*A One-Act Vampire Comedy***By Michael Bigelow Dixon and Jon Jory**

SYNOPSIS: Love bites in this hilarious vampire comedy! Carmy, Dracula's daughter, falls for a mortal... who's a hemophiliac! Add meddling vampire aunts and a yearbook photographer. A fang-tastic play of love!

DURATION: 30 minutes

TIME: The present.

PLACE: A community college campus, and a home.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(7 females, 2-3 males, 0-4+ extras)*

PETER (m)..... Community college student, 19.
(6 lines)

JAKE (m)..... Student, 20. (114 lines)

CARMY (f)..... A vampire, 19. (146 lines)

LESLIE (f)..... Student, 18. (53 lines)

JOAN (f)..... Student, 19. (6 lines)

DESIREÉ (f)..... Student, 19. (7 lines)

DRUSILLA (f)..... Carmy's vampire "aunt". (33 lines)

HECATE (f)..... Carmy's vampire "aunt". (36 lines)

CIRCE (f)..... Carmy's vampire "aunt". (30 lines)

SHARP (m)..... Student, 20. (12 lines)

HALLOWEEN PARTIERS (m/f)..... 4 or more. (Non-Speaking.)

SET: Furniture and rolling doors.

COSTUMES: Contemporary plus a Halloween Ball

AT START: *A bare stage. On one side, a young woman, CARMY, sits cross-legged on the stage floor. She is drinking a coke and a pink helium balloon is tied to her other wrist. Two young men, PETER and JAKE, enter from the other side, having attended a football game.*

PETER: This is getting kind of ridiculous.

JAKE: How many is that?

PETER: Twenty-seven.

JAKE: We've lost twenty-seven football games in a row?

PETER: It's a community college record. Aren't you proud?

JAKE: It's embarrassing.

PETER: You're lucky you just moved here.

JAKE: How come you go?

PETER: Like a traffic accident, it's hard to stop looking. Wanna grab a burger?

JAKE: *(Shaking his head.)* I have a molecular biology test Monday that's important to me.

PETER: Ah, if I only had a brain. See you later.

Just as PETER is gone, the helium balloon gets away from CARMY and floats up out of sight.

CARMY: On no!

JAKE: Oops. Think of it as setting it free.

CARMY: That's nice.

JAKE: I'm Jake Cromarty.

CARMY: I'm Carmy.

JAKE: Mind if I join you?

CARMY: Ummm, no.

JAKE: I'm head of the lost balloon committee here at the Wayside Community College, and it's my job to talk you down.

CARMY: *(Amused.)* Really?

JAKE: Don't want you to harm yourself.

CARMY: I think I can handle it. I heard you say you have a Molecular Biology class?

JAKE: Yeah.

CARMY: Professor Rockdale? He of the porkpie hat?

JAKE: You've had that class?

CARMY: I'm in that class.

JAKE: No.

CARMY: Yes.

JAKE: No!

CARMY: Yes! I know I'm not worth noticing.

JAKE: Oh, please.

CARMY: Always dressed in black, wearing glasses and looking grim.

JAKE: That's exactly my type.

CARMY: Oh really?

JAKE: Yeah. The nineteenth century vampire look. Gets me unbearably hot.

CARMY: Funny you didn't notice me.

JAKE: I sit in the front row.

CARMY: I sit in the back row. (*A pause.*) You're the one with all the answers. It's really irritating. People sigh because you go on and on.

JAKE: I like biology, I really like it.

CARMY: I don't mind smart. The classes get on my nerves though because I already know everything.

JAKE: That's a tough ride.

CARMY: It is.

JAKE: How'd you accomplish that?

CARMY: I was born in 1897.

JAKE: You look pretty good for your age.

CARMY: Don't try to hustle me.

JAKE: I think I am though.

CARMY: I'm in a world of trouble.

JAKE: I know of like trouble.

CARMY: You know that Halloween Ball thing they're doing next week?

JAKE: At Robinson Hall, right.

CARMY: Want to be my scary date?

JAKE: Wow.

CARMY: Wow what?

JAKE: You just asked me out.

CARMY: I get bored waiting.

JAKE: Wow.

CARMY: But if you go, you can't say "wow" anymore.

JAKE: I would very much like to accompany you to the Halloween Ball thingy, and I will go “wowless”.

CARMY: Deal. Wanna walk by the river?

JAKE: You’re Carmy, right?

CARMY: Yes.

JAKE: Do you have a last name?

CARMY: Maybe.

JAKE: You don’t have a last name or you’re not telling?

CARMY: I save that for the seventeenth time we hang out.

JAKE: A woman of mystery.

CARMY: Little do you know.

They exit together. Immediately three young women, LESLIE, JOAN, and DESIRÉE enter from the other side.

LESLIE: Well, that is just incredibly irritating.

JOAN: I can’t believe you actually made us hide behind trees.

LESLIE: Did you see that? She just snatched him up like an owl making off with a bunny.

DESIRÉE: And this is of interest why?

LESLIE: Because he’s mine.

JOAN: Oh really, I hadn’t noticed.

LESLIE: He just doesn’t know it yet.

DESIRÉE: And how did he become yours?

LESLIE: You know those steps in front of the student union?

DESIRÉE: The steps, right.

LESLIE: I saw them and I fell down the steps on purpose.

JOAN: That’s a lot of steps.

LESLIE: I only did the last two, and he rushed over and picked me up and sat on a bench with me till I felt better.

DESIRÉE: How long was that?

LESLIE: Forty-seven minutes. And I gave him my number so he could check in and see if I was all right.

JOAN: Well done.

DESIRÉE: To the point.

LESLIE: He was going to ask me to the Halloween Ball.

JOAN: How did you know that?

LESLIE: Because I willed it. Nobody has ever not called me. I don't forgive that.

DESIREÉ: Always a first time.

LESLIE: Not with me. But little miss horror-movie lets go of her balloon and he's all over her.

JOAN: So what happens now?

LESLIE: I am going to make him see the error of his ways and I am going to kick her down the road like an empty can. The clock starts now.

LESLIE heads off the same way JAKE and CARMY did.

DESIREÉ: Well, that'll be a nice horror story for Halloween.

DESIREÉ and JOAN exit the way they came on. The lights brighten. CARMY enters from the side she exited. She has a backpack on. She is followed by LESLIE about six steps behind her.

LESLIE: Excuse me. Excuse me, Miss! Hey!

CARMY turns.

CARMY: Were you "Heying" me?

LESLIE: I'm sorry, I didn't know your name.

CARMY: Carmy.

LESLIE: Carmy? That's so cute. I'm Leslie.

CARMY: What's up?

LESLIE: You're new, right?

CARMY: Couple weeks now. What can I do you for?

LESLIE: I know it's kind of rude to chase people around, but I work on the yearbook. Are you like a junior or a senior?

CARMY: Senior.

LESLIE: Oh, that's so hard, just to hit a new school for senior year.

CARMY: We've moved a lot, so I'm halfway used to it.

LESLIE: Do you have a couple minutes?

CARMY: Class in ten.

LESLIE: Won't take that long. Thanks for doing this. I'm the one who takes the heat if we leave anybody out.

CARMY: Big job.

LESLIE: Little did I know, right? Can I grab the basics? (*Takes out a notebook.*) Full name?

CARMY: Carmy Alucard.

LESLIE: Carmy short for anything?

CARMY: Carmella.

LESLIE: And you came from where?

CARMY: Everywhere. Ummm. Romania, Hungary, Paris, Chicago, St. Louis, now here.

LESLIE: (*Impressed.*) Really?

CARMY: That's just the last eighteen months.

LESLIE: Your mom or dad must travel for work, right?

CARMY: Exactly. My dad actually.

LESLIE: What's your dad do?

CARMY: He's a uh, well, kind of a scientist.

LESLIE: What area?

CARMY: Bloodwork.

LESLIE: Crazy.

CARMY: Pretty much right on.

LESLIE: (*Jotting stuff down.*) What do you like doing?

CARMY: Me? Gosh, ummm. Weight-training, I guess. Mind-reading.

LESLIE: (*Writing.*) Fantastic. Couple more?

CARMY: This is kind of embarrassing.

LESLIE: Help me out, I have to put something.

CARMY: Flying.

LESLIE: You're a pilot?

CARMY: Don't have a license yet.

LESLIE: How old are you?

CARMY: Old.

LESLIE: I know, right?

CARMY: I kind of have to go.

LESLIE: This is great. Let's hang sometime.

CARMY: (*As she goes.*) I don't hang.

LESLIE: (*Looking after her.*) Weirdo-in-chief. (*Calling.*) Wait!

CARMY stops.

CARMY: Sorry, what?

LESLIE: I forgot, I have to get a picture.

CARMY: I'm a big nothing in pictures.

LESLIE: (*Moving toward her using her phone.*) You look great. Just a couple.

CARMY: (*Exiting again.*) I'm really late!

CARMY'S gone.

LESLIE: Well, she's right, she is nothing. That is not even vaguely in Jake's ballpark. Plus, he's mine. (*Swipes through the pictures on her phone.*) What? Wait a minute. What the.... (*Still fiddling with her phone.*) Okay, this is down-home weird. She's not ... (*Looks toward where CARMY exited and then back at her phone.*) Got the building, got the tree, got the sculpture, where's she? She's not in any of the shots. How can she not be there? What? How is it possible there are no pictures of her?

Lights fade. LESLIE exits. A sofa is rolled on center. A coffee table is placed in front of it. Maybe an armchair. We see three middle-aged women, DRUSILLA, HECATE, and CIRCE, all in slightly sexy black outfits, all wearing red lipstick. DRUSILLA knits something red. HECATE is eating caramelized popcorn by throwing kernels in the air and trying to catch them in her mouth. CIRCE is reading the novel, "Frankenstein".

DRUSILLA: Hecate, darling sweetie honeysuckle baby, you're getting popcorn all over the floor!

HECATE: Tough Tootsie Rolls.

CIRCE: You know I've never read the novel *Frankenstein* before and it's unbelievably boring. How did he ever become famous?

DRUSILLA: Dr. Frankenstein was boring but the monster was a doll. He knew dozens of knock-knock jokes.

HECATE: Where's Carmy, what's she doing?

CIRCE: She's dressing up for her Halloween Ball thingy.

DRUSILLA: So she's not going trick-or-treating with us?

CIRCE: No, but I worry about her, she's going with a mortal.

DRUSILLA: Mortals are such terrible kissers.

HECATE: And then if you get serious, you have to kill them... I just don't think she should get into it.

CIRCE: (*Calling.*) Carmella, darling sweetie cutie-pie, come down and show us your Halloween outfit, we're bored to tears.

CARMY: (*Offstage.*) Coming.

HECATE: I'm absolutely parched!

DRUSILLA: There's plasma in the fridge.

HECATE: It's so rainy. I'd kill for plain-old everyday blood.

CIRCE: Well, you can't have blood anymore, Hecate, because then we get run out of town by suburbanites with torches. When Dracula was alive, he'd scare them off, but we're not scary enough.

HECATE: Speak for yourself. I'm hella scary.

DRUSILLA: Having to pose as Carmy's aunts is so ho-hum! We're the Brides of Dracula, for heaven's sake. We've been in thirteen movies and we're always the best part. This "auntie" routine is just so dreary.

CARMY enters in her Halloween prom dress, which is a black vampire dress, tights and a cape, and she wears dark red lipstick.

DRUSILLA: Carmy! You look absolutely dreamy. Dracula would have been so proud of you!

HECATE: I mean does she own it or what?

CIRCE: We have been marginalized and dismissed and driven into hiding and here you are saying in capital letters, "Yes, I'm a vampire, what are you going to do about it?!"

The BRIDES OF DRACULA all applaud and whoop.

CARMY: Wow. Thanks, Aunties.

HECATE: Your dad would be thrilled!

DRUSILLA: (*Dabbing at her eyes.*) We miss him so much.

CARMY: And I know you do.

DRUSILLA: I hate that horrible Van Helsing.

HECATE: The idea of that wooden stake just gives me the shivers.

CIRCE: The only iota of hope in all this is that we have bitten eighteen Van Helsing's since then but it doesn't bring back our darling Dracky!

DRUSILLA: It's hardly worth being immortal.

HECATE: Here, use my hanky.

CIRCE: Well, we certainly didn't mean to get into all this when you're about to have lovely evening of divine dancing with some extremely lucky mortal.

HECATE: Who is exactly whom?

CARMY: I met him when I lost my helium balloon.

CIRCE: That's so charming...

DRUSILLA: And romantic...

HECATE: And sexy. What does he look like?

CARMY: Slim, dark, intelligent, funny.

HECATE: Makes my fangs ache.

DRUSILLA: I gather you haven't bitten him yet?

CARMY shakes her head.

HECATE: Frankly dear, I'd do that as soon as possible.

CIRCE: You'd have so much more in common. Flying...

DRUSILLA: Eating the occasional werewolf.

HECATE: Plus mortals hate sleeping in coffins.

CIRCE: I do long for the old days.

DRUSILLA: Actually, I think it's more difficult now.

HECATE: Medieval times were the best fun. They hadn't the slightest idea what a vampire was.

CIRCE: Now they've all seen a dozen vampire movies.

DRUSILLA: I just love, "Let the Right One In."

HECATE: I mean, you wouldn't fall in love with a cow just to get a glass of milk? Mortals have the blood, we need the blood, end of story.

CIRCE: Oh for goodness sake, let the girl flirt a little. *(To CARMY.)* Just remember, it's not forever and we are.

CARMY: Well, Aunties, I am going to live in the moment.

HECATE: Well, whatever happens don't let him see your fangs.

DRUSILLA: And you always have options. If he's really dreamy, you can bite him and keep him.

CARMY: You're a sweetheart. I won't be late. Wish me luck. *(CARMY exits.)*

HECATE: Reminds me of when I was a girl.

CIRCE: You mean in the fourteen hundreds?

HECATE: (*Wagging her finger.*) You are so going to get it.

DRUSILLA: Double, double, toil and trouble

Fire burn and caldron bubble

CIRCE and DRUSILLA: (*CIRCE joins in with DRUSILLA.*)

Fillet of a fennel snake

In the caldron boil and bake

HECATE, CIRCE, and DRUSILLA: (*HECATE joins the other two.*)

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog.

They ALL rise and begin to Rock and Roll.

ALL:

Adder's fork and blind worms sting,

Lizard's leg and howler's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble!

They ALL break up laughing. Lights down. Stage is cleared. Dance music. The stage is filled with the HALLOWEEN PARTIERS dancing. ALL are in costume. CARMY in her outfit, JAKE dressed as Dracula. We see a dog, a cat, two pirates, and a Frankenstein Monster dancing with Red Riding Hood. Song ends. The couples exit in different directions, leaving JAKE and CARMY center.

JAKE: Weird that you came as a vampire and I came as Dracula.

CARMY: That is weird. Big time weird.

JAKE: I got really interested in the vampire thing. Apparently it all started in Hungary where they believed that when liquid blood was seen around a corpse's mouth, it was because that person had gorged himself...

CARMY: (*Interjecting.*) Or herself.

JAKE: Right. (*Continuing*) ...on a human and that it leaked out again when they returned to their grave.

CARMY: Jake, that's so romantic.

JAKE: Oops. I'm just fascinated by that stuff.

CARMY: I bet you say that to all the girls.

JAKE: Okay, okay, I'm just interested. It's just cool.

CARMY: And that's why you're dressed as Dracula?

JAKE: I just like the cape. What's your excuse?

CARMY: This isn't a costume. I'm just really a vampire.

JAKE: (*Going along with her.*) Oh really? I kind of had a feeling.

CARMY: Dracula was my father.

JAKE: Right, right. He died in 1476. So you're like somewhere around five hundred years old.

CARMY: Somewhere around there.

JAKE: Don't worry, I have a thing for older women.

CARMY: That's a huge relief. Actually, I'm just kidding. Dracula really died in 1886, so I'm actually only around a hundred and fifty.

JAKE: Whew! That's a relief. I like older women, but maybe not five hundred years old. I'll go grab us some punch.

CARMY: And cookies, I'm a cookie monster.

JAKE: Be right back.

JAKE exits. LESLIE enters dressed as a 1920s flapper.

LESLIE: Hi.

CARMY: Hi.

LESLIE: I don't know if you remember me?

CARMY: You were getting info for the yearbook.

LESLIE: You do remember. It'll be out soon.

CARMY: Great.

LESLIE: You came with Jake, right?

CARMY: Uh-huh.

LESLIE: Is he cute or what?

CARMY: (*Beginning to sense something wrong here.*) I like him.

LESLIE: I should maybe warn you that he has a short attention span.

CARMY: Really?

LESLIE: He never lets it last more than three or four weeks. Forewarned is forearmed, right?

CARMY: And this wouldn't be because you maybe have a thing for him, right?

LESLIE: No. Where'd you hear that?

CARMY: I read minds. (*Starts to leave.*)

LESLIE: Hey Carmy! (*CARMY stops and turns.*) You know what's weird?

CARMY: No, what's weird?

LESLIE: I took some pictures of you and you didn't show up in the photographs.

CARMY makes a right to left gesture with her left hand palm out. LESLIE is frozen in place. CARMY looks all around, making sure no one is nearby, then she sinks her fangs quickly into LESLIE'S neck. Then she speaks directing to her.

CARMY: You'll forget being bitten. I'd wear turtlenecks if I were you.

CARMY makes another wiping gesture. LESLIE wakes. CARMY speaks warmly to her.

CARMY: Hey, thanks for the advice, I'll really, really keep that in mind.

LESLIE: What advice?

CARMY: *(Pointing offstage.)* Someone was calling for you over by the punch bowl.

LESLIE: Thanks. *(Exits.)*

CARMY: *(To herself.)* Well, there are some benefits in being a vampire.

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