

Characters

- Ernest (M/F)** - A Vampire dressed as a Vampire Hunter.
- Bryana (M/F)** - A Vampire Hunter dressed as a Vampire.
- Jane (M/F)** - A party goer. She carries a small handbag.

Scene 1 – a costume party

(There should be some music and the sounds of people at a party. At center stage are three chairs. At rise, the stage is bare. After a moment, Ernest enters and sits down looking tired. After another moment, Bryana enters with a bag and sits near Ernest.)

Ernest: Quite the party, huh?

Bryana: (sets down the bag) I'll say. I love all the costumes, though.

Ernest: Yeah. There are certainly some very creative people here.

Bryana: (looks at Ernest) If you don't mind me asking what are you supposed to be?

Ernest: Oh, it's not obvious? I'm a Vampire Hunter.

Bryana: A Vampire Hunter. Should I be worried? I mean, you *can* tell that I'm dressed as a vampire.

Ernest: Oh, yes. You have an excellent costume but I wouldn't worry if I were you. You're not a real vampire.

Bryana: How can you be so sure? I mean, I could be here looking for my next victim, looking for some fresh and delicious red blood.

(At the sound of the word "blood" Ernest tries to hide himself as he licks his lips)

Ernest: Blood? Oh, that's, uh, disgusting. Besides, you are too nice to be a real vampire. They are vicious and cruel and terrible at conversations.

Bryana: I didn't know that.

Ernest: And they hate beer. Blah! Not likely to find one at a party like this.

Bryana: How do you know so much about vampires?

Ernest: Oh, uh, I watch a lot of movies. I have a bit of an insomnia problem.

(SFX. There is the sound of phone music.)

Bryana: Hang on. Just a minute. I just got a text. I want to make sure one of my friends isn't throwing up somewhere.

Ernest: Of course! We wouldn't want that!

(Bryana pulls out her cellphone, says a few words, and then puts it away again.)

Bryana: One of my friends is just having a cramp in her neck. She'll be all right.

Ernest: **(with unusual interest)** Her neck?

Bryana: Yeah. Right about here.

(Bryana exposes part of her neck. Ernest leans in cautiously to get a good look.)

Ernest: Oooh! Maybe I could help.

Bryana: **(quickly covers her neck)** Are you a doctor?

Ernest: A kind of chiropractor. I do a lot of work on necks.

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(Bryana pulls her phone out again and hits a switch.)

Bryana: I think I'm going to just turn this off for a while. They're very distracting wouldn't you agree?

Ernest: What do you mean?

Bryana: Cell phones. They're very distracting yet we can't seem to give them up.

Ernest: Don't have one.

Bryana: You don't have a cellphone? How do you stay in touch with people?

Ernest: Oh, I flit about from place to place. I like to stay in close contact with my, uh, friends

Bryana: You visit all your friends often?

Ernest: It's almost an obsession with me.

(Jane enters and sits down in a chair next to Ernest. As Jane talks, Ernest stares at her neck and slowly starts to lean in.)

Jane: Phew! What a party. I don't think I know half these people and I thought I knew everyone. And now they all have costumes which, of course, makes it even more difficult to tell who's who. Have you seen these costumes? I mean some of them are really great. You can tell people really put some work into them. And are they scary! Did you see the zombies hanging around the punch bowl? They're really creepy. Makes you want to skip the punch and head right to the liquor cabinet. You know what I mean? **(notices Ernest leaning toward her)** What are you doing?

Ernest: **(looks directly into Jane's eyes)** Oh, my dear. You are fascinating!

Jane: **(slowly caught under Ernest's spell)** I am?

Ernest: Oh yes! You have a keen insight on the world.

Jane: I do?

(Bryana begins to take notice.)

Ernest: Oh yes. And you have a most exquisite neck!

Jane: I do?

Ernest: Let me just give it a little friendly kiss.

Jane: A little? Friendly kiss? Well, I, uh.

Ernest: Yes, just a little friendly...

(Just before Ernest goes in for a bite, Bryana pulls Jane up out of her seat.)

Bryana: **(to Jane)** Hey! You know what would be really great right now? Another drink. That's what we all need. Another drink. How about it? You think you could go get us some more drinks while I have a nice little chat with our friend here? **(shakes Jane to break the spell)** What do you say, huh? Drinks? Now?

Jane: **(turns attention to Bryana)** What?

Bryana: Drinks! Be a friend and get us another round of drinks.

Jane: **(dazed)** Drinks? Sure? Uh, what do you...

Bryana: Anything wet.

(Bryana pushes Jane offstage then turns to Ernest.)

Bryana: You're no Vampire Hunter!

Ernest: And you're no Vampire.

Bryana: It seems we both chose our alter egos for costumes.

Ernest: It seems so. So what now? Are you going to pull out one of those nasty wooden fence posts you people carry around with you and run me through the heart with it?

Bryana: That's old school. Nowadays we just fire a blast of ultraviolet light and then take you to one of our black site dentists to neuter you.

Ernest: I think I'd rather have the stake.

Bryana: We're trying to be more humane.

Ernest: Then why not just let me go?

Bryana: You know I can't do that.

Ernest: So you are going to just capture me nicely?

Bryana: That's the idea.

Ernest: Well, that's very thoughtful of you. **(looks deeply into Bryana's eyes)** You know, I can tell that you are such a kind person. I would love to know more about you, to get to know you better, to get closer to you... **(leans in toward her neck)**

(Bryana pushes Ernest away, picks up her bag, pulls out a donut, and flashes it at Ernest.)

Bryana: Your powers are useless on me, demon.

Ernest: **(cowers in fear then notices the donut)** What is that?

Bryana: It's a circle. A symbol that represents the essence of all religions. We're trying to be more inclusive.

Ernest: It's a donut!

Bryana: Well, I didn't have breakfast. **(takes a bite)**

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Ernest: Well, you're going to have to do better than that to take down a prince of the darkness. **(approaches Bryana again)**

(Jane enters carrying some drinks)

Jane: Here's your drinks. Got you some punch. Thank goodness those disgusting zombies moved on to the dance floor.

Ernest: **(grabs Jane)** Aha!

Jane: Hey! You made me spill the drinks!

Ernest: I have all I need to drink right here.

Bryana: Don't do it, Vlad, or whatever your name is.

Ernest: Actually, it's Ernest.

Bryana: Ernest? You're kidding, right?

Jane: **(struggling)** Hey! Get your hands off of me!

(Jane reaches into her bag, pulls out some pepper spray, and sprays it at Ernest who cries out and releases Jane.)

Ernest: Ahhh! What was that?

Jane: Pepper spray, you creep!

Ernest: But I am immune to such things!

Bryana: Face it, Ernest! Your blood sucking days are over.

Ernest Never! I have been here for thousands of years and I will be around for a thousand more.

(Ernest begins frantically flapping his arms as if he could fly away.)

Jane: Is he a real vampire?

Bryana: He thinks he is. **(notices Ernest)** What are you doing?

Ernest: I am trying to fly away but my bat powers are not working. I think that pooper spray has curtailed my strength.

Jane: It's pepper spray.

Ernest: Whatever! I just need a little updraft here and I'll be off.

(Ernest runs offstage still flapping his arms. There is a SFX. crashing sound offstage. Ernest walks back onstage looking disheveled. He sits in the middle chair.)

Ernest: I'm getting too old for this. You know, you get to a certain age where you know there's more millenia behind you than ahead of you.

Bryana: Well, this is a first: a depressed Vampire.

Jane: Oh, you poor demented monster. Tell us all about your delusions!

Ernest: You don't think I'm real, do you?

Jane: Well, of course not. There's no such thing as... are there?

Bryana: Take a picture of him. That will settle the issue for certain.

Jane: Are you kidding?

Bryana: You have your phone with you?

Jane: Yeah.

Bryana: Go on. Take a picture.

Jane: Well, alright.

(Jane takes her cell phone out of her bag and snaps a picture of Ernest then looks at the result.)

Jane: **(looking at her phone)** What? There's something wrong! He's not in the picture. Everything else is but he's not. Maybe there's something wrong with the camera.

Bryana: There's nothing wrong with your camera.

Ernest: It's like mirrors. My image cannot be captured since I have no soul.

Bryana: So you *are* the real thing!

Jane: Well, that explains a lot. So, now what? A big old piece of wood jammed clean through his heart? Shoot him repeatedly with a silver bullet? Tie him down until the sun rises and his body burns and smolders?

Bryana: **(looks at Jane with disgust)** We don't do that anymore.

Jane: What *do* you do?

Ernest: The same thing they do to cats, apparently.

Bryana: **(sits next to Ernest)** Oh, come on. It's not like that. We put you up in a special rehabilitation center for... your kind. They have some that are right off the ocean. You spend your days walking the beach, doing therapy, water aerobics, pickleball, you get a transfusion, some detox, maybe even some botox. Before you know it you'll be a new, uh, man.

Ernest: Maybe you're right. I've been doing this since before your great grandparents thought you could get pregnant from heavy petting. It gets old. I'm getting old. My doctor says I am getting too much iron. My back is sore from all that flying and I can't see as well as I used to. I keep running into telephone poles and billboards. I've never seen a sunrise. Do you know how uncomfortable it can be to sleep in a coffin every night? Makes you claustrophobic. **(sighs)** Maybe it would be good to spend some time at the sea and get a new life.

Jane: But don't you want to live forever?

Ernest: Oh, my dear. Immortality is not all it is cracked up to be. You spend all your time watching everyone else die. Just because I live forever doesn't mean I don't age. Every hundred years comes with yet another ache or pain. My arthritis is creeping through my body like frozen water pipes in the Winter. Besides, I'm

bored beyond belief. I've seen every museum, every exhibit, every masterpiece. I've read every great book, seen every movie, watched every play ever written. Every new thing that comes out just seems like a repackaged version of all the old things. I've been to every natural wonder and human made wonder. I've seen and heard and smelled and tasted it all. There's nothing left to thrill me.

Jane: Being a Vampire really sucks, huh?

Ernest: **(stares at Jane)** Never heard that one before! **(sighs)** Sometimes I actually envy you humans. You get a chance to experience all the wonders of the world and of each other. You get to share different and fascinating ideas with each other. You can participate in this constantly evolving and beautiful world filled with so many fascinating beings. All I do is sleep and chase necks all night. At my age it is getting harder and harder to catch them. It's exhausting. Maybe it's time for a change.

Bryana: So? What do you say? Are you going to come back with me and take a little tour of Club Dead? I promise they serve garlic-free meals.

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Ernest: OK, sure. What harm can there be in looking just as long as we can get there before dawn?

Bryana: Don't worry. They're open 24 hours.

Ernest: Well, then. Let's go.

(Bryana helps Ernest walk offstage.)

Jane: **(looking offstage)** Hey! Wait for me. Does that place do anything for werewolves?

(Jane exits while howling like a wolf.)

Curtain