

THE BOYS AT IHOP

By Carl L. Williams

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CHARACTERS

DRACULA	Charming, ageless
WOLFMAN	Grumpy, age--too furry to tell
MARY	Young waitress, pretty and dim

SETTING: A table at IHOP, after midnight.

AT RISE: DRACULA and the WOLFMAN, in full costume, sit looking at menus.

DRACULA: *(speaking always with Bela Lugosi accent)* See anything you like?

WOLFMAN: Nothing I could sink my teeth into. *(throws down the menu)* What a lousy night this has been.

DRACULA: No luck, huh?

WOLFMAN: Do you have any idea how fast people can run these days? If they're wearing Nikes or Reeboks, I don't even bother.

DRACULA: Aren't people frozen with fear when they see you?

WOLFMAN: Are you kidding? It seems like all the people out this late at night have got tattoos and spiked collars and pieces of metal piercing their skin. It's disgusting.

DRACULA: I know what you mean. I went for someone's throat the other night and nearly chipped a tooth.

(MARY, a feather-brained young waitress, enters.)

MARY: *(friendly)* Welcome to IHOP! Well, now, look at you! Been to a costume party?

WOLFMAN: What do you mean by that?

DRACULA: The charming young lady is referring to our attire.

MARY: *(to WOLFMAN)* Let me guess. I bet you're a Wookiee.

WOLFMAN: A what? What'd she call me?

DRACULA: I believe it's a creature from Star Wars. *(gets a blank look)* It was a science fiction movie.

WOLFMAN: Bah! Foolishness.

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MARY: Wookies are big and furry and cute and lovable.

WOLFMAN: (*appalled*) Cute!? Lovable!?

MARY: For somebody who's been to a party, you seem pretty grumpy.

DRACULA: He's in a rather bad mood tonight. On the way over, he got mooned.

WOLFMAN: Very funny.

MARY: My boyfriend took me to a costume party once. He went as the Lone Ranger, dressed up in the whole outfit ... mask and gun and silver bullets ...

WOLFMAN: (*cringes in fear*) Silver bullets!

MARY: I went as Tonto. Next time I want him to go as Batman, so I can be Robin.

DRACULA: (*disgusted*) Batman ... a comic book character. If you want to know who the *real* bat-man is ...

WOLFMAN: Don't get him started.

DRACULA: Perhaps we should go ahead and order.

WOLFMAN: I'm not hungry.

MARY: Aren't you feeling well? Maybe you're catching something!

DRACULA: On the contrary, my dear. He hasn't caught a thing.

(*WOLFMAN growls.*)

MARY: I don't get it.

WOLFMAN: (*melancholy, mysterious, with a far-off look*) There are some things better left unknown ... things I wish I had never learned.

MARY: (*follows his gaze*) Gee. (*quickly brightens*) Why don't we start you off with something to drink?

DRACULA: An excellent idea, Miss ...?

MARY: My name's Mary.

WOLFMAN: Just some water for me.

MARY: And what would you like?

DRACULA: (*insinuating*) I would like a bloody Mary.

MARY: We don't serve those here.

DRACULA: Too bad. Oh, well. Bring me some tomato juice, and I will use my imagination.

MARY: I'll be right back with your drinks. (*exits*)

WOLFMAN: Stupid little girl.

DRACULA: I find her quite appealing. The vitality of youth. I could almost see it coursing through her veins.

WOLFMAN: Forget it. You don't think she'd ever go out with you, do you?

DRACULA: Some women are attracted to older men.

WOLFMAN: Four hundred years older?

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DRACULA: We shall see. (*nostalgic*) I remember the girls of Transylvania. Ahhh! So lovely. We used to go into the woods and neck. (*pause*) That was a little joke. Neck. You should laugh.

WOLFMAN: How can I laugh when I'm doomed?

DRACULA: Everyone is doomed! That's no reason not to have a good time!

WOLFMAN: Don't you ever feel guilty?

DRACULA: Guilty for what?

WOLFMAN: For what we do to our victims.

DRACULA: Victims! We give them a taste of immortality. So put away that hangdog look.

WOLFMAN: But the way they scream ...

DRACULA: The only screams I hear are screams of pleasure.

WOLFMAN: You have no shame.

DRACULA: The secret to my eternal good nature.

WOLFMAN: How can you look at yourself in the mirror?

DRACULA: I can't! Which makes it very difficult to comb my hair.

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