CHARACTERS

SALLY  40-50; Professionally dressed

BILLY JOE  30-40; Hillbilly with bright red hair, glasses, plaid shirt and suspenders

PAUL  40-50; Cook/Actor wearing white uniform and tall chef’s hat

ZELDA  30-50; Large, full-figured; wears bright floral-print muu muu

DRACULA  30-40; Dark suit, cape, hat, Played by the same dark glasses and fangs actor as BILLY JOE

SCENE

TIME: The present

SETTING: Sally’s casting office in Hollywood
FANGS FOR THE MEMORY
by
Eddie Cope and Jim Bain

AT RISE: Sally, a bright woman, is reading at her desk in a small office. Phone rings.

SALLY: (into phone) Sally’s casting. . . no, can’t help you, dear. We specialize in casting horror films. You’re welcome. (hangs up)

(Knocking on door.)

SALLY: Come in

(BILLY JOE enters. HE speaks with a hillbilly accent and wears a red-haired toupee and glasses.)

BILLY JOE: Hello?
SALLY: Yes?
BILLY JOE: (nervous) Uh. . . I’m Billy Joe Martin.
SALLY: So?
BILLY JOE: Uh, I’m pleased to meet you.
SALLY: What can I do you for?
BILLY JOE: Ah seen yer ad in the paper. . . Ah jis got in from Oklahoma.
SALLY: I can believe that.
BILLY JOE: And I want to apply.
SALLY: Sorry, kid. I need horror-picture actors.
BILLY JOE: Well, I used to go to the haunted house back home. . . and—
SALLY: (snapping) You’re not what I’m looking for.
BILLY JOE: But I drive a monster truck.
SALLY: Forget it.
BILLY JOE: You ain’t prejudice a-gin small town folk, are ya?
SALLY: Of course not.
BILLY JOE: Good. Now I want you to meet the real me.

(BILLY JOE takes off red-haired toupee and glasses; then starts to remove shirt.)

SALLY: (surprised) Whoa. . . what are you doing?
BILLY JOE: Just want to prove I’m an actor who can play any part.
SALLY: Well, keep your shirt on. . .
BILLY JOE: (meekly) –Sorry.
SALLY: --Save the strip tease, Billy Joe. . . if that’s your real name.
BILLY JOE: Real name’s Howard Walker.
SALLY: Figures.
BILLY JOE: I’m in Actors Equity, Screen Actors Guild, Dramatists Guild and many other wonderful organizations.
SALLY: Impressive. . . but you’re not right for the part.
BILLY JOE: *(pleading)* Look, lady. I’m desperate.
SALLY: Have you ever given a really scary performance?
BILLY JOE: Oh yeah. I scared my mother-in-law half to death.
SALLY: How’d you do that?
BILLY JOE: I asked her daughter to marry me.
SALLY: Okay, I’ve heard enough.
BILLY JOE: *(begging)* Please, I’ll do anything to get a part.
SALLY: Fine. *(SALLY holds up a plastic comb.)* Here’s a comb. Go part your hair.
BILLY JOE: I get the message. I’m leaving. *(exits)*
SALLY: Not soon enough.

*(SALLY busies HERSELF at her desk, shuffling papers. PAUL enters.)*

PAUL: Good morning.
SALLY: Yes?
PAUL: Here for the gig.
SALLY: You from Oklahoma?
PAUL: No.
SALLY: Okay, enter.
PAUL: Enter? Should I cross stage center?
SALLY: You can genuflect for all I care.
PAUL: You won’t regret this.
SALLY: I’ve heard that before. What’s your best part?
PAUL: Actually. . . I perform using my entire body.
SALLY: Oh, a comedian?
PAUL: No, I’m serious. I’m Paul Fondren . . . a graduate of the Madam Pushkin Academy of Action and Culinary Arts.
SALLY: Not impressed.
PAUL: I’m also a member of the Food-Service Theatre Association of America.
SALLY: You’re losing points here. Can you act?
PAUL: Like a raving lunatic.
SALLY: Have you had any gigs doing horror?
PAUL: Sure, worked all the best dinner theaters in America.
SALLY: Which shows?
PAUL: “Dracula Throws A Virgin Into The Volcano.” I played –
SALLY: --Don’t tell me. The virgin?
PAUL: No, the volcano. See I wore this fire proof suit, and –

(SALLY covers ears with her hands.)

SALLY: Don’t wanna hear anymore.
PAUL: I also emoted in “The Wolfman Goes Ape.”
SALLY: How ‘bout emoting across the street?
PAUL: (sadly) You mean I don’t get cast?
SALLY: Sorry. My clients are looking for an actor who is more of
(thinking) an actor.

(PAUL drops to his knees)

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