

FANGS FOR THE MEMORY

By Eddie Cope & Jim Bain

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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

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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.

FANGS FOR THE MEMORY – Page 4

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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