

THAT'S MISTER VAMPIRE TO YOU

By Michael Soetaert

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THAT'S MISTER VAMPIRE TO YOU

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SYNOPSIS: How hard could it be to bring the science teacher back to life? After all, the instructions are probably on the internet. Scoop out the old brain, plop in the new one. Zap him with a few million volts... what could go wrong... I mean, what are the chances that he could come back as a vampire?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 males, 2 females, 1 extra, gender flexible)

(In order of appearance)

MR. MILLER (m).....10 lines

ZACH (m).....172 lines

MALLORY (f).....163 lines

ROD SERLING (m).....1 line

LUNCH LADY (f).....26 lines

EXTRA: JANITOR.....*Non Speaking Role*

DURATION: 30 minutes

PRODUCTION NOTES

SET: A high school science room, after school. In the least there should be a teacher's desk and chair UC. As well, there needs to be a few of those bulky tables and chairs that are ubiquitous to science rooms set up in front of the teacher's desk. They need to be big enough and solid enough to lie on. What you're after is the idea that the rest of the classroom extends beyond the fourth wall.

The door to the classroom, which needs to be practical, is UR, and there should be a light switch on the wall next to it, but it need not be practical. There should be a plug-in somewhere on the wall behind the teacher's desk. It definitely should NOT be practical. UL there needs to be a closet. As well, there needs to be a clock behind the teacher's desk. It need not be practical. On shelves around the room should be several pathetic papier-mâché volcanoes. As well, there needs to be a mouse cage of some sort with a "white mouse" in it. Don't use a real one; the mouse won't like it. And there needs to be a trashcan, as well as several textbooks.

And all the rest is Frou-Frou – you know, things like a black board, poster of the periodic table, microscopes, and so forth. If you can get a skeleton, that would be great.

COSTUMES

MR. MILLER: He's wearing a cheap, dark suit at open, with reading glasses on a chain, which he will wear on and off throughout. He will also need a black, full-length vampire cape, complete with the high collar, and a set of vampire fangs, which can be hidden in the closet. As well, he will need some werewolf "fur" that he can quickly attach, and some make up he can quickly apply to make him look like a zombie, both of which should be strategically hidden on stage.

ZACH: He's dressed like a typical high school male who is somewhat fashion conscious – slacks and a matching shirt, belt, and sneakers, as well as a light jacket with inside pockets for various props.

MALLORY: She should be dressed like a typical high school female who attends a school with a modest dress code. A dress might be nice, but go with what you have.

JANITOR: Go for the stereotype of coveralls. As well, thick glasses and large headphones with a cord that goes inside of the coveralls.

THAT'S MISTER VAMPIRE TO YOU

ROD SERLING: Yep, it's the guy from *Twilight Zone*. You want your actor to look and act as much like Mr. Serling as possible. Just watch a few old *Zones*. He should be wearing a dark, '50s era suit with a white shirt. Give him an unlit cigarette if you can get away with it.

LUNCH LADY: Go for the stereotype. Long dress over which she is wearing a stained (blood?) smock, hairnet, saggy stockings, and so forth.

SPECIAL EFFECTS

BLOWING UP THE VOLCANO – The easiest way to do this would probably be to tightly inflate a large balloon and then cover it with thin paper which you can paint to look like a volcano. Remember, it's supposed to look really lame. As well, put some flour – but not too much, you're going for the look of smoke – inside of the volcano (you might even put the flour inside the balloon). Then just pop the balloon with a straight pin. If you don't get a loud enough pop from the balloon, then you can add sound effects. The volcano may not blow to pieces, but it should definitely look deflated.

ARCING OF ELECTRICITY – The safest way to do this would be to hide a strobe light on stage or as part of the lighting and coordinate just one strobe only with the sound effects of electricity arcing.

SMOKING WHILE BEING ZAPPED – There are probably several ways to do this. Dry ice might work, but you would need to be careful with it. Using a smoke machine back stage with the smoke "piped in" through tubes disguised as power cords would be effective, too. Or you could just skip the entire thing.

"POOF" OF SMOKE – A flash pot would work well here. You could rig it up on the desk behind something to hide it, such as books, then set off a puff of smoke on cue. It's not too technical, but you should check with a local theatre shop to see if it needs to be done by a pro. It needs to be a big enough diversion that nobody will see the actor hiding under the table put a large pumpkin on top of the table.

SOUND EFFECTS

Electricity arcing

A prolonged electrical “zap”

“Twilight Zone” theme

A class bell ringing

PROPERTIES

MR. MILLER: Papers to grade and a red pen to grade them with, watch, clipboard with a grading rubric attached, two rulers (On the desk.), tape dispenser (On the desk.), stapler (On the desk.)

ZACH: Large, lame papier-mâché volcano with electrical cord attached (But needs to be detachable.), stocking cap, dark glasses, watch.

MALLORY: Large purse, large plastic container with a dark powder in it, thread, perfume.

JANITOR: Large rolling trashcan.

LUNCH LADY: Large kitchen knife, the larger the better (Need not be real.)

GENERAL: Circular saw (Need not be practical.), sewing machine (Need not be practical.), large metal bowl, ice-cream scooper, a large roll of paper towel, large pumpkin (Need not be real, but needs to be convincing.)

AT CURTAIN: MR. MILLER is sitting behind his desk unhappily grading papers.

MR. MILLER: (As he slashes a paper with a red pen.) Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! Idiots! How do they expect me to teach these morons anything when they can't even stay inside the margins?!

ZACH and MALLORY enter awkwardly, carrying between them a large, somewhat lame, papier-mâché volcano. There is a power cord trailing behind them.

ZACH: (As they set the volcano on a table.) Oh, Mr. Miller. I'm glad you're still here.

MR. MILLER: (Looking at his watch; droll.) Barely.

ZACH: And thank you for letting me turn my science project in after school.

MR. MILLER: Trust me, Zachary. It's only because of school policy. And why is she here?

ZACH: Mallory's my best friend.

MR. MILLER: I suppose misery does love company.

MALLORY: (Perky.) I'm here to help.

MR. MILLER: I'm sure that will make all the difference in the world. Well let's get this over with. (He takes out a clipboard and circles around to where the volcano is.) How is this idiotic thing supposed to work?

ZACH: Well, you see... it's a volcano...

MR. MILLER: (Sarcastically.) Really?

ZACH: (Trying to keep up his enthusiasm; using his hands to illustrate what he's saying.) It shows how magma rises to the surface and...

MR. MILLER: I know how volcanoes work. I just want to see how yours works. Then I can give it a failing grade, like all the other insipid volcanoes, and then I can go home. Did it ever occur to any of you... students... to make anything other than a volcano for your science project?

ZACH: (Holding up the cord.) But mine's different from all the others. Mine has lights.

MR. MILLER: (Sarcastic.) How innovative.

ZACH: *(Missing the sarcasm; pointing inside, which MR. MILLER won't follow.)* See? I used one of my father's old lava lamps to make it authentic.

MR. MILLER: Oh, groovy.

ZACH: *(Still trying to maintain his enthusiasm.)* See! First, we put in the baking powder...

MALLORY takes a large plastic container full of dark powder out of her purse and hands it to ZACH, which he pours into the top of the volcano.

ZACH: and then we plug it in....

As MR. MILLER is leaning over the volcano, MALLORY will plug it in, but not for real. The volcano will absolutely explode, and MR. MILLER will end up flat on the floor. At first, neither ZACH nor MALLORY will notice MR. MILLER is no longer with the living.

ZACH: *(Turning on MALLORY.)* What did you do?!

MALLORY: I didn't do anything! I just plugged it in! Besides, weren't you supposed to be using baking soda?

ZACH: Yeah, but my mother won't let me have sodas during the week. So I figured baking powder would do. They both had "baking" in the name.

MALLORY: I don't think that was baking powder.

ZACH: *(Sheepish.)* Actually... it wasn't. It was gunpowder.

MALLORY: What?!

ZACH: I figured it would be pretty much the same. Gun powder, baking powder... what's the difference?

MALLORY: Other than an explosion? *(Noticing MR. MILLER lying on the floor.)* Oh my goodness! We've knocked Mr. Miller out.

ZACH: *(Nudging MR. MILLER gently with his toe.)* I think he's a bit more than just knocked out.

MALLORY: *(Also nudging him with her toe.)* Wow! You've killed Mr. Miller.

ZACH: Me? You plugged it in!

MALLORY: You're the idiot that doesn't know the difference between gunpowder and baking powder.

ZACH: I thought it was baking soda.

MALLORY: Like that makes you any smarter!

ZACH: *(Checking his pulse.)* Besides, he's just a little bit dead.

MALLORY: Just a little bit? *(Lifting MR. MILLER's head up and letting it bang back down.)* He's stone cold dead!

ZACH: He's not that cold yet!

MALLORY: You know what I mean!

ZACH: Wow. I wonder how much detention we'll get for this.

MALLORY: I bet it'll go on our permanent records.

ZACH: They may not let us graduate!

MALLORY: They may not let us go to the prom!

ZACH: *(Starting to panic.)* What are we going to do?

MALLORY: OK. OK. We can't panic.

ZACH: I think panicking is a pretty good idea.

MALLORY slaps ZACH hard across the face.

ZACH: *(Surprised; in pain, too; while rubbing his face.)* Ow! Why did you do that?

MALLORY: Because you're supposed to slap people when they're panicking.

ZACH: *(Panicking.)* I wasn't panicking yet!

MALLORY slaps him again.

ZACH: Stop it!

MALLORY: Sorry.

ZACH: What are we going to do?

MALLORY: We could run away.

ZACH: You don't watch many cop shows, do you?

MALLORY: Hey, I have an idea! Maybe we could set him back up in his chair and nobody will know the difference. *(She grabs MR. MILLER by the shoulders and starts to lift him, but quickly realizes He's too heavy.)* Here, you grab that side and I'll grab this side.

The two of them drag him back behind his desk and manage to shove him in his chair, but his head tilts back unnaturally.

MALLORY: That's not right!

ZACH: Wait! I have an idea.

ZACH takes a ruler off the desk and puts it down MR. MILLER's back, then he takes some tape and tapes his head to the ruler, then he takes out a stocking cap and puts it on his head to hide the tape. MR. MILLER's mouth is still open with his tongue hanging out, and his eyes are still staring off into space.

ZACH: There!

MALLORY lets out a short shriek.

ZACH: What's the matter?

MALLORY: *(Trying not to look while pointing.)* His face! He looks dead.

ZACH: He *is* dead. *(Sudden inspiration.)* Wait! I have an idea! *(He takes out a pair of dark glasses and puts it on his face.)*

MALLORY: What about his mouth?

ZACH tries to shape MR. MILLER's mouth into anything other than being open with his tongue hanging out, but it won't work. He then picks up a stapler and starts to staple MR. MILLER's mouth shut.

MALLORY: You can't do that!

ZACH: Why? It's not like he's going to feel anything.

ZACH forms MR. MILLER's mouth into a stupid smile, staples it several times – which nobody will be able to tell if you don't, so it would probably be best not to really do it – and then stands back to admire his “work.”

ZACH: There!

After a beat, MR. MILLER slumps back forward and bangs his head on the desk.

MALLORY: Oh! That won't work.

ZACH: What if we got some duct tape and taped him to the chair?

MALLORY: What? You think nobody's going to notice that he's taped to his chair?

ZACH: Nobody would in 3rd hour.

MALLORY: Well, the janitor will!

Just then the JANITOR enters the room pushing a large, rolling trashcan, oblivious to just about everything, bobbing his head to unheard music on his headphones. He will empty the trashcan in the room into the one he's pushing and then leave without noticing a thing.

ZACH: Or not.

MALLORY: What about when he starts to smell?

ZACH: (*Taking a sniff.*) You know, he never smelt that good to begin with. And we're close enough to the cafeteria where nobody will know the difference.

MALLORY: Face it, Zach. It won't work. Somebody's going to notice eventually. Probably before prom, and definitely before graduation.

ZACH: Then what are we going to do?

MALLORY: What if... what if we brought him back to life?

ZACH: What?

MALLORY: You know: Re-animate dead tissue. Bring him back from the other side. (*With theatrics.*) "It is alive!"

ZACH: We can't do that...

MALLORY: I admit, it does present some technical challenges, but we could probably get the instructions off the internet.

ZACH: It's not because of the technical challenges. We can't do it because... well, because it's just wrong.

MALLORY: More wrong than killing him to begin with?

ZACH: But it was an accident.

MALLORY: Do you think that would matter to Mr. Miller? Do you think it will matter to the college entrance board? Do you think it'll matter to the prom committee? Besides, how can it be wrong?

ZACH: He's dead! If we bring him back to life... then... then it's like we're playing god. I know I don't attend Sunday School regularly, but I'm pretty sure Pastor Wilkinson would agree with me on this one.

MALLORY: It's not like we robbed a grave or anything. It's more like... it's like we broke a vase and we're gluing it back together.

ZACH: I'm pretty sure people will notice the cracks.

MALLORY: What? Mr. Miller was cracked to begin with.

ZACH: And I'm pretty certain he's still going to be angry about being killed to begin with.

MALLORY: Which would make him angrier? If we leave him dead forever or for just a little while?

ZACH: Well... you do have a point.

MALLORY: And even if he's mad, he'll still have to give you an A on your science project. You have to admit: Re-animated dead tissue is a lot more impressive than a baking soda volcano.

ZACH: True...

MALLORY: And unless you get an A, there's no way that the University of Milan is ever going to accept your application.

ZACH: And then I'll have to go to a State school...

MALLORY: Or maybe even a Junior College...

ZACH: Here! Help me get him up on the table!

They both struggle to drag him around and lay him out on the table. When MR. MILLER is finally laid out on the table.

ZACH: There! *(After a beat.)* Now what?

MALLORY: We're going to need a new brain.

ZACH: What's wrong with the old one?

MALLORY: You're serious? This is Mr. Miller we're talking about. Besides, they always get a new brain.

ZACH: Don't you think Mr. Miller will notice that he has a different brain? I would!

MALLORY: Really?

ZACH: *(A bit uncertain.)* Well... I think I would.

MALLORY: Yeah, but even so, you're not Mr. Miller. Besides, all we need is for everybody *else* to think that he's Mr. Miller, at least until after graduation... or prom.

ZACH: I think it will be pretty obvious either way.

MALLORY: Hey! We don't have much choice here. We need to stay positive.

ZACH: Positive?! We've just killed Mr. Miller! What could be positive about that?

MALLORY: We can chew gum in class now.

ZACH: But they won't let you chew gum in detention.

MALLORY: Listen! We've just got to work the problem. The first thing we need to do is get a brain. Then we've got to stick it in his head, and then we've got to zap him with a few million volts. We'll worry about his personality after we take care of all that.

ZACH: (*Trying to calm down.*) OK. OK. But... but where are we going to get a brain?

MALLORY: Check the cafeteria.

ZACH: What?

MALLORY: You know, the cafeteria. The big room at the end of the hall where everybody always throws stuff. And while you do that, I'm going to run down to the shop and pick up a circular saw.

ZACH: What?!

MALLORY: How else do you think we're going to get his old brain out? And I'll also stop by the home ec room on the way back and pick up something to sew with.

She starts to leave, but ZACH doesn't move.

MALLORY: What are you waiting for? We're racing against the clock here! The more we dawdle, the deader he gets.

They both exit. Pull the curtain, but almost immediately open it again. There is now a sewing machine on the table next to MR. MILLER, who is no longer wearing either the stocking cap or the dark glasses; however, there should be a distinct "line" around his forehead where the top of his head has been sewn back on. MR. MILLER has the separate ends of an electrical cord taped to each of his shoes. There is a circular saw on another table behind them, as well as an empty bowl from the cafeteria with an ice-cream scoop in it.

MALLORY: (*Biting off the thread.*) There! That should hold.

ZACH: Are you sure that was a brain?

MALLORY: As sure as I am of anything from the cafeteria.

ZACH: Well let's hope it works.

MALLORY: *(She leans over MR. MILLER with her head on his chest for a beat, then she looks up toward the sky; quite dramatic.)*
Since the dawn of time, Man's greatest fear was his own mortality.
But tonight...

ZACH: Just shut up and plug it in.

MALLORY: Sorry. *(MALLORY moves over and picks up the cord.)*
I'd stand back if I were you.

ZACH takes a step back.

MALLORY: One... Two... Three...!

She "plugs" in the cord, which causes an electrical arc, and then everything goes dark. Seriously: Don't plug the cord in a real outlet. There will then be the sound of stumbling around in the dark, with a few "ow's" and "oh's."

MALLORY: *(While still in the dark.)* He's alive! He's walking around.

ZACH: That's me!

MALLORY: Oh. Sorry.

After a beat, the lights will come back on. MALLORY will be standing by the light switch. MR. MILLER will not be there, but they won't notice at first.

ZACH: How did you do that?

MALLORY: Do what?

ZACH: Turn on the lights, that's what.

MALLORY: Well, you see, there's this switch here...

ZACH: But you blew out the breaker.

MALLORY: I don't know. I turned on the switch and the lights came on.

ZACH: *(Suddenly noticing.)* Hey! Where's Mr. Miller?

MALLORY: Maybe we blew him to bits.

ZACH: Then where are the bits?

MALLORY: Are you kidding? I can't explain *any* of this.

ZACH: Maybe he's still in the room.

The two start searching the room, looking under the desks and stacks of paper, in the trashcan, and so forth – generally in places he couldn't possibly be. MALLORY will eventually open the closet and MR. MILLER will be in there wearing a vampire cape. He will show his fangs, hiss, and then hide his face behind his cape. MALLORY will quickly close the door.

MALLORY: *(A bit shaky.)* I found him.

ZACH will open the closet and MR. MILLER will show his fangs, make a vampire sound, whatever that might be, and raise both hands as if he's about to grab ZACH, who will quickly close the closet door with MR. MILLER still inside.

ZACH: It worked!

MALLORY: What do you mean it worked? He's a vampire!

ZACH: Just a little bit.

MALLORY: What do you mean, "Just a little bit"?

ZACH: He's not a bat.

MALLORY: Yet. How did that happen? What kind of brain did you use?

ZACH: I just grabbed what they had in the lunchroom.

MALLORY: And what was that?

ZACH: I don't know. It just said "Mystery Meat."

MALLORY: Mystery Meat? I wonder what it really was.

ZACH: Like I should know?

MALLORY: Maybe it was bat brains.

ZACH: Maybe it was vampire bat brains.

MALLORY: Maybe it was vampire brains.

ZACH: Vampire brains? Why would they have vampire brains in the school cafeteria?

MALLORY: How should I know? You're the one who eats there every day.

ZACH: Yeah, but I use a lot of catsup.

MALLORY: Wow! We must've put the brain of a vampire into Mr. Miller.

ZACH: (*Picking up the ice-cream scooper for emphasis.*) Well... technically, you did. I mostly watched. So what do we do now?

MALLORY: Maybe's he's changed back.

ZACH opens the closet and MR. MILLER lunges toward him again. ZACH quickly closes the door.

ZACH: Nope.

MALLORY: What can we do? How do you kill a vampire?

ZACH: You drive a stake through its heart.

MALLORY: I can only drive with an adult. I just have my permit. Besides, I won't touch steaks. I'm a vegetarian.

MR. MILLER suddenly pushes the closet door open, hisses at them, causing them both to scream.

ZACH: You may be a vegetarian, but I don't think he is.

MR. MILLER will chase them around the room during the next several lines while they play "keep away," more or less, with each of them distracting MR. MILLER whenever he turns on one or the other.

MALLORY: How do you know?

ZACH: What?

MALLORY: That he's a vegetarian. How do you know he's not?

ZACH: What? A vegetarian vampire?

MALLORY: Well... he could be.

ZACH: We're arguing over whether or not he's a vegetarian while he's trying to eat us?

MALLORY: Oh, don't get me wrong. I'd love to be doing something else... like getting away!

ZACH: (*Inspired.*) I have an idea. Quick! Give me some Holy Water.

MALLORY: Holy Water? I don't have any Holy Water!

ZACH: Why not? You've got everything else in that purse.

MALLORY ducks under a table and barely escapes MR. MILLER.

ZACH: Good move!

MALLORY: What are we going to do?

ZACH: That depends. What do you have in that purse?

MALLORY: *(After a quick check.)* I've got some perfume.

ZACH: Then try that!

MALLORY will toss the perfume on MR. MILLER, who will stop, sniff the air, and then start sniffing himself.

ZACH: *(Quietly.)* Look! It's working!

MR. MILLER will then suddenly turn toward MALLORY and try to grab her with an even more furious growl.

MALLORY: *(While quickly ducking out of the way.)* Or not.

ZACH: At least he smells better.

MR. MILLER will then turn toward ZACH, hiss, and start to go after him.

MALLORY: *(Crossing to the mouse cage; while she's opening it.)* I know. We'll throw Cameron's mouse on him.

ZACH: What? His stupid werewolf project?

MALLORY: Yeah, why not? Maybe Mr. Miller's afraid of white mice.

ZACH: I think you're thinking about elephants.

MALLORY: That's just a myth.

ZACH: And so are vampires!

MALLORY: Besides, it's supposed to be a werewolf. Or a weremouse. Or... whatever. *(She picks up the mouse by the tail.)*

ZACH: How could it be a werewolf? It's a white mouse!

MALLORY: I don't know. Ask Cameron!

ZACH: I hate that kid. He's such a suck up.

MALLORY: I bet he got an A, too. I mean, how hard would it be to turn a mouse into a werewolf?

By this time MR. MILLER has ZACH trapped in the corner.

ZACH: Whatever you're going to do, might I suggest that you do it now!

MALLORY throws the mouse on MR. MILLER, who will shriek and jump around, very un-vampire-like, as if he's trying to shake the mouse off of him. Seriously, do NOT use a real mouse.

MALLORY: It bit him!

MR. MILLER will fall to the floor while ZACH and MALLORY slowly inch closer to see if it's safe. When MR. MILLER arises – which should be as quickly as possible – he will have lost his cape and fangs and now have hair on his hands and face – double-sided tape works well. He will then jump up on a table, where he will crouch like a dog, scratch a bit, and then throw his head back as he gives off the most blood curdling howl you can pull off, which will quickly be followed by a couple squeaks.

ZACH: It worked!

MR. MILLER, acting very wolf-like will then notice ZACH and MALLORY and let out a nasty growl as he bares his teeth.

MALLORY: Oh darn.

MR. MILLER will start stalking the both of them, growling all the while. ZACH will grab a chair to hold him off with while MALLORY hides behind ZACH.

ZACH: Back! Back!

MALLORY: Do something!

ZACH: More than I already am? Back! I'm open for ideas.

MALLORY: How do you stop a werewolf?

ZACH: With a silver bullet.

MALLORY: Do you have one?

ZACH: Back! Are you kidding? You can't bring bullets to school. If you did that, you'd really get in trouble.

MALLORY: More than killing Mr. Miller?

ZACH: Well he's not dead now. Back!

MALLORY: That's not my fault.

ZACH: You were the one that wanted to bring him back to life!

MALLORY: You were the one who killed him!

ZACH: Can we argue about this later? Back! We have to find some way to stop a werewolf.

MALLORY: Maybe he's not a werewolf.

MR. MILLER lets out another howl.

ZACH: Oh, I'm pretty sure he's a werewolf. Back!

MALLORY: Maybe he's a giant chupacabra.

ZACH: What? Chupacabras don't act like that!

MALLORY: Like you'd know how a chupacabra acts!

ZACH: Besides, chupacabras are just stupid.

MR. MILLER will very briefly stop being a werewolf and nod in agreement, then he will immediately return to trying to get them.

MALLORY: *(Suddenly inspired; pointing to the wires on the floor.)*
Look!

ZACH: Sorry. Back! Bit occupied here.

MALLORY: The wires that were on his feet. If you could hold him off, maybe I could get to the wires and we could zap him.

ZACH: Do you seriously think that will work? Back!

MALLORY: I didn't think any of this would work.

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