

VAMP IRE

By Bradley Hayward

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CHARACTERS

(2 males, 3 females)

KAITLYN.....High strung, anxious, always fears the worst, 17

TINA..... Her best friend, goes with the flow, always having a sugar rush, 17

DEBRA.....Her mom, very judgmental, takes mental notes when people talk, 40's

MIKE.....Her dad, has a quick temper, means business when he speaks, 40's

EDDIE.....Her boyfriend, very attractive, ultra cool, a vampire, 17

SETTING

Kaitlyn's living room. There is a sofa and a recliner, along with other end tables and such. There are two doors; one leading to the outside and the other to the kitchen. There is also a set of stairs (or archway) that leads to the bedrooms and a den.

SOUND / LIGHT EFFECTS

Doorbell

Thunder and Lightning

Flickering Lights

PROPS

Bowl of Jelly Beans

Cloth

Flashlight

Two Baguettes

COSTUMES

KAITLYN: Brand name polo shirt and jeans

TINA: Colorful dress that matches her personality

DEBRA: Comfortable after work clothes

MIKE: A trench coat over a Red Cross uniform

EDDIE: Black from head to toe

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AT RISE: KAITLYN is a nervous wreck and paces back and forth behind the sofa. TINA sits cross legged on the floor, eating from a bowl of jelly beans.

KAITLYN: This is going to be a disaster!

TINA: Relax, Kaitlyn. I don't know why you're so worked up anyway.

KAITLYN: How can you say that? This is the biggest day of my life!

TINA: Everyone loves Eddie. And so will your parents. Now take a chill pill and sit down.

KAITLYN: They never approve of my boyfriends. Not David. He chewed with his mouth open. Not Darcy. He dragged mud into the living room. And certainly not Paul.

TINA: What was wrong with Paul?

KAITLYN: Absolutely nothing. After dinner, he even washed the dishes.

TINA: And they still didn't like him?

KAITLYN: Okay, I admit it was a little weird when he got out the vacuum cleaner. But he was just trying to be nice.

TINA: He vacuumed your house?

KAITLYN: With every attachment.

TINA: Wow.

KAITLYN: So, you see, it's very important that Eddie make a good first impression. Somewhere between good table manners and breaking out the Hoover.

TINA: Do you always put this much pressure on your boyfriends?

KAITLYN: I just want them to love him as much as I do.

TINA: You love Eddie. I love Eddie. So what makes you think they won't love Eddie?

KAITLYN: For starters, he's a vampire.

TINA: I grant you, that is a tad unusual. But they'll get over it.

KAITLYN: No they won't.

TINA: Besides, he's super hot.

KAITLYN: Oh, sure. "Mom and dad, I'd like you to meet Eddie. He's a pale skinned, pointy toothed, blood sucking vampire. But isn't he gorgeous?"

TINA: Well, he is! His arms alone are enough to make me drop.

KAITLYN: I hardly think the parental unit is gonna care about his pipes.

TINA: Don't be so sure. Hot people pretty much rule the world these days.

KAITLYN: They do not.

TINA: Sure they do. Flex a muscle or flash some cleavage and you can get whatever you want.

KAITLYN: Now you're being ridiculous.

TINA: How do you think I passed chemistry?

KAITLYN: Tina!

TINA: Mark my words. Soon all the president will need is a degree from Bally's Total Fitness and a tank top.

KAITLYN: I never should have started going out with him. What was I thinking?!

TINA: So he's a vampire. Big whoop.

KAITLYN: He's a vampire and all you can say is "big whoop?"

TINA: I know you're nervous, but don't be. I'm here with you this time. If he goes for the dishes, I'll stop him. If he goes for the vacuum, I'll stop him. If he goes for their throats, I'll stop him.

KAITLYN: Thanks, Tina. I knew I could count on you.

TINA: *(holds out the bowl of jelly beans)* Jelly bean?

KAITLYN: No, thanks.

TINA: Are you sure? Nothing calms the nerves like a jelly bean.

KAITLYN: Really?

TINA: You bet. Whenever I get anxious, I eat a bag of these and all my worries go away.

KAITLYN: Get real.

TINA: I am! I went to the dentist yesterday and didn't worry for a second.

KAITLYN: Didn't he lecture you about what sugar does to your teeth?

TINA: Nope. He said, "Keep it up, Tina. It's kids like you that pay for my boat."

KAITLYN: I'll remember that.

TINA: Just don't eat the black ones.

KAITLYN: They don't calm your nerves?

TINA: No, they're gross.

KAITLYN: I think I'll pass.

TINA: Are you sure? They're better than Prozac.

KAITLYN: Thanks, but this conversation has taken my mind off things. I'm feeling much more relaxed. Thanks, Tina.

TINA: That's what I'm here for.

(The doorbell rings. KAITLYN panics all over again and shrieks.)

KAITLYN: Oh my gosh! That's him! That's him! Don't answer it!

TINA: What do you mean, don't answer it? You invited him.

KAITLYN: Maybe if I don't answer it, he'll go away!

TINA: Wouldn't that defeat the purpose of inviting him?

KAITLYN: I can't go through with it. I'm not in the mood for another rejection. Not today!

TINA: Get a grip.

(The doorbell rings again.)

KAITLYN: Quick! Hide!

TINA: Hide? What are you talking about?

(The doorbell rings again. DEBRA enters from the kitchen.)

DEBRA: Is somebody going to get that?

TINA: Get what?

KAITLYN: Hi, Mrs. Bruce.

DEBRA: Hi, Tina.

KAITLYN: *(tries to push her out)* Bye, mom.

DEBRA: There's someone at the door.

KAITLYN: No there isn't.

DEBRA: I heard the doorbell.

KAITLYN: No you didn't.

(The doorbell rings again.)

DEBRA: There it is again.

KAITLYN: I didn't hear anything. Did you hear anything, Tina?

TINA: Well, actually –

KAITLYN: See! We're in agreement! She didn't hear a doorbell. I didn't hear a doorbell. I think you better lie down, mom. You're hearing doorbells again.

DEBRA: What has gotten into you?

KAITLYN: I could ask you the same question.

(The doorbell rings again.)

DEBRA: Fine. I'll get it.

KAITLYN: *(blocks the door)* Get what? Man, you must be sicker than I thought. You should see a doctor.

DEBRA: I am a doctor.

KAITLYN: Get a second opinion.

(The doorbell rings and then keeps doing so relentlessly.)

DEBRA: I'm fine. Now let me answer it.

KAITLYN: Answer what, I say?

DEBRA: Tina, what's wrong with her?

KAITLYN: I tried to give her a jelly bean, but she wouldn't take it.

DEBRA: Come on, Kaitlyn. Let's see what kind of winner you brought home this time.

KAITLYN: Not if you're going to have that kind of attitude.

DEBRA: I can have whatever attitude I want. This is my house. And I hope you told this one to stay away from the vacuum.

KAITLYN: Yes, mom.

DEBRA: If I have dust bunnies under the bed, that's my business.

KAITLYN: Yes, mom.

DEBRA: Then open the door!

KAITLYN: Yes, mom.

(SHE takes a deep breath and then opens the door. MIKE stands there, wearing a trench coat and carrying a briefcase. HE's had better days.)

MIKE: It's about time! What took you so long?

KAITLYN: *(relieved)* Dad! Look, Tina. It's just dad!

TINA: Hi, Mr. Bruce.

MIKE: "Just dad?" What's that supposed to mean?

DEBRA: Why were you ringing the doorbell?

MIKE: *(slams down his suitcase and kicks off his shoes)* I forgot my key. Which you can add to the long list of reasons why today was the worst day I've ever had! First I dropped my breakfast burrito on my lap when I was driving. Then I got a ticket when a cop saw me swerving into the next lane. I told her it was because I had piping hot scrambled eggs on my crotch, but she didn't care. Then I got to work and my stupid secretary had double booked every single appointment. So I had to work twice as hard, all because he's an idiot. And now I have to stand at my own front door, repeatedly ringing the doorbell as though I were a very desperate Mormon. I swear, the next person who ticks me off is really going to get it!

(The doorbell rings. KAITLYN screams really loud.)

TINA: *(holds out her bowl again)* Jelly bean?

MIKE: Whoever that is, tell them to go away. I'm in no mood!

DEBRA: Aren't you forgetting, dear? Kaitlyn invited her new boyfriend over for dinner.

MIKE: That's tonight? Ugh.

KAITLYN: But I can send him away. No problemo. Just say the word and he'll be gone!

DEBRA: Nonsense. I've already started making dinner. I hope he likes garlic bread.

(KAITLYN shrieks.)

TINA: What she means is, she would like to reschedule.

MIKE: You know what? This just might be the perfect time for us to get acquainted. Then I can really see what he's made of. So go ahead and open the door, Kaitlyn. Let me at him.

DEBRA: Now, dear. You've had a rough day. It's not fair to ambush the poor boy. So why don't you go upstairs and cool off for a while?

KAITLYN: Thank you, mom.

DEBRA: Then you can take him! *(SHE laughs like an evil villain.)*

KAITLYN: Kill me now.

(The doorbell rings again.)

MIKE: Go on.

KAITLYN: If you're going to make me let him in, can we at least have some privacy first?

DEBRA: As you wish.

MIKE: Fine. But no funny business, you got it? I'm not turning my den into a nursery.

KAITLYN: Dad!

DEBRA: Come on, honey. Let's give the two lovebirds some privacy. I'll be in the kitchen getting dinner ready.

MIKE: I'll be upstairs getting my shotgun ready.

(They BOTH laugh like villains and exit in opposite directions.)

TINA: Are you okay?

KAITLYN: Give me some of those jelly beans.

(TINA holds out the bowl and KAITLYN shoves a ton of them in her mouth.)

TINA: That's my girl!

KAITLYN: *(her mouth full)* You can open it now.

TINA: What?

KAITLYN: Open the door.

TINA: I'm on it!

(SHE goes to the door as KAITLYN runs her fingers through her hair and then flings it over one shoulder.)

Are you ready?

KAITLYN: Ready.

(TINA opens the door. Standing there is EDDIE. He's very attractive, dressed all in black, with deep sunken cheeks and an ultra cool attitude. His head is almost always cocked to the side, except when he's flipping a

stray strand of his styled hair from one side of his forehead to the other, which HE does often.)

EDDIE: Kaitlyn. Yo. Sup?

KAITLYN: *(provocatively)* Hi Eddie.

EDDIE: Come here.

KAITLYN: For what?

EDDIE: These lips have your name on them.

KAITLYN: Not here, silly. My parents are home.

TINA: Kaitlyn. Yo. Are you out of your ever loving mind?

EDDIE: *(struts confidently into the room and over to TINA)* Tina. Yo. Sup?

(TINA just giggles, her hormones raging.)

How 'bout a kiss?

(TINA giggles some more. EDDIE kisses her cheek. SHE giggles even harder than before.)

And how 'bout the other one?

(SHE giggles even harder. HE kisses her other cheek. SHE swoons so hard that SHE falls into his arms, limp as dead fish.)

Look at that. I've got you in my arms.

(SHE stops giggling and looks directly into his eyes. Then her eyes roll into the back of her head and SHE faints dead away.)

KAITLYN: Oh great. Some help she's gonna be.

EDDIE: Chicks are always passing out in my arms. I wonder why.

KAITLYN: Yeah, I wonder. Here, let me help you with that. *(SHE picks up TINA's legs.)*

EDDIE: What are you doing?

KAITLYN: We can't just drop her on the floor.

EDDIE: Where do you want her?

KAITLYN: On the chair.

(THEY start moving her toward the chair.)

On second thought, that's dad's chair. The sofa.

EDDIE: If you say so.

(THEY head toward the sofa. Then KAITLYN has a change of heart.)

KAITLYN: On third thought, maybe the chair is better. Dad might want to stretch out.

(THEY head back to the chair.)

No, the sofa.

EDDIE: If you don't decide, I'll drop her right here. She's had one too many jelly beans, if you ask me.

KAITLYN: The sofa it is. But just be ready to move her if dad spazzes.

(THEY drop TINA on the sofa with a thud. Her arms flop to her sides.)

EDDIE: She's really out of it.

KAITLYN: In more ways than one. Now I have something very important I want to talk to you about. Sit down.

(EDDIE starts to sit in the chair.)

Not there!

EDDIE: Where am I supposed to sit?

KAITLYN: I have no idea!

EDDIE: You're acting strange. *(HE flips his hair.)* Stop it.

KAITLYN: Just listen. Dad is on the war path and mom is acting... well... evil. So I was thinking tonight may not be the best time to tell them you're a vampire.

EDDIE: Are you ashamed of me?

KAITLYN: No. It's just—

EDDIE: Because there are plenty of chicks who would... *(HE flips his hair.)* ...do almost anything to have me, you know... *(HE flips his hair.)* ...come over.

KAITLYN: It's not you. Believe me. It's them.

EDDIE: Vampires have feelings too, you know.

KAITLYN: I know that. It's just that I really like you and want to give them time to know you before they find out. My parents are big on first impressions. As far as they're concerned, it's the only impression.

EDDIE: You really like me? *(HE flips his hair.)* Sweet.

KAITLYN: So you'll do this for me? Just this once?

EDDIE: Done.

KAITLYN: You won't regret it.

EDDIE: Cool.

KAITLYN: Now I should probably get Tina a cold cloth for her forehead or something. Will you wait right here for me?

EDDIE: I'll count the seconds.

KAITLYN: You know, I don't know what I'm so worried about. You're the sweetest guy I've ever known. What could possibly go wrong?

(SHE exits. EDDIE looks around to make sure he's all alone. Then HE sits next to TINA. HE picks up one of her arms and drops it. SHE is out cold. HE gives the room another once over, then leans in. HE moves her hair away from her face. Then HE bares his fangs and goes to bite her neck. Just as HE is about to bite, there is a loud crack of thunder and flash of lightning. The lights in the house flicker. HE is startled and jumps away quickly. DEBRA enters quickly.)

DEBRA: What the heck was that?! *(SHE notices EDDIE.)* Oh, hello there. You must be Eddie. Am I right?

EDDIE: Yo. Sup?

DEBRA: Sup?

EDDIE: Sup.

DEBRA: Oh, sup! We're having steak and potatoes.

EDDIE: Sweet.

DEBRA: I'm Kaitlyn's mom.

EDDIE: I figured.

(DEBRA gives him the once over. HE's not at all what SHE was expecting. SHE seems to be taking mental notes about him throughout.)

DEBRA: Hmm. Kaitlyn never mentioned how... tall you were.

EDDIE: Yep.

DEBRA: Hmm. Was that thunder I heard?

EDDIE: It certainly wasn't the lightning you heard.

DEBRA: Hmm. And the lights flickered, yes?

EDDIE: They did.

DEBRA: Hmm. I could swear it was bright and sunny just a few minutes ago.

EDDIE: Thunder storms seem to follow me wherever I go. It's very...

(HE flips his hair.) ...strange.

DEBRA: Hmm. That is strange.

EDDIE: Very.

DEBRA: Hmm. Where's Kaitlyn?

EDDIE: Gone.

DEBRA: Hmm. And Tina?

EDDIE: *(indicates TINA)* Right here.

DEBRA: Oh my goodness! What happened to her?

EDDIE: She fainted. Dead away.

DEBRA / EDDIE: Hmm.

DEBRA: I better make sure she's okay. *(SHE sits next to TINA and takes her pulse.)*

EDDIE: She's fine. I took care of it.

DEBRA: You did?

EDDIE: Well... almost.

DEBRA: This isn't the first time she's passed out over here. It's a good thing I'm a doctor.

EDDIE: (*suddenly very interested*) You're a doctor?

DEBRA: Kaitlyn didn't tell you?

EDDIE: No, she didn't. What kind of doctor?

DEBRA: I'm a hematologist. That's a –

DEBRA / EDDIE: Blood doctor.

DEBRA: How do you know that?

EDDIE: How could I not?

DEBRA: Hmm. Interesting.

EDDIE: What the bloodiest, goriest, most awful thing you've ever seen?

DEBRA: You're interested in all that?

EDDIE: Have you ever seen a severed finger? Or a severed arm? Or a severed head?

DEBRA: Once a guy came in whose hand had almost been cut off.

EDDIE: Was there lots of blood?

DEBRA: It was gushing.

EDDIE: (*licks his chops*) Go on.

DEBRA: When I took off the gauze, his wrist was dangling by nothing more than a couple of tendons.

EDDIE: Did he need a transfusion?

DEBRA: Sure did. That's why I was there.

EDDIE: Where did you get the blood from?

DEBRA: The blood bank.

EDDIE: No, I mean *who* did it come from?

DEBRA: I don't know.

EDDIE: Shoot.

DEBRA: Hmm. This infatuation with blood you have is...

EDDIE: Yes?

DEBRA: Interesting.

DEBRA / EDDIE: Hmm.

(*There is another loud crack of thunder and flash of lightning. KAITLYN runs in with a cold cloth.*)

KAITLYN: Here's a cloth for Tina.

DEBRA: Hello, dear.

KAITLYN: Oh. I see the two of you have met.

DEBRA: We sure did.

KAITLYN: (*puts the cloth on TINA's forehead*) How's Tina?

DEBRA: Oh, she's fine. More importantly, how come you never told me Eddie was so... tall?

KAITLYN: Is that all you found out about him? That he's tall?

EDDIE: That's all.

DEBRA: Why? Is there more I should know?

KAITLYN: No! Just curious.

EDDIE: How come you never told me your mom was a doctor?

KAITLYN: I dunno.

EDDIE: A *blood* doctor?

KAITLYN: It never came up.

DEBRA: Her father works for the Red Cross.

EDDIE: (*salivating*) Really?

DEBRA: I give blood. He takes it.

DEBRA / EDDIE: Hmm.

(The lights flicker again.)

DEBRA: There they go again. I should probably get the flashlight.

KAITLYN: Yes, do that! Get the flashlight!

DEBRA: But it's in the garage. And I do hate going out into storms like this.

EDDIE: I'll get it for you, Mrs. Bruce.

KAITLYN / DEBRA: You will?

EDDIE: I love going out into storms like this.

DEBRA: It's in the toolbox. Next to the band saw. Don't cut your hand off.

(They BOTH chuckle.)

Thank you, Eddie.

EDDIE: Yo. (*HE flips his hair.*) My pleasure.

(HE goes out the front door. KAITLYN's jaw almost hits the floor.)

KAITLYN: That was... weird.

DEBRA: Hmm.

KAITLYN: Is something wrong?

DEBRA: Wrong? No.

KAITLYN: What, then? You're acting strange. You hate him, don't you?

DEBRA: Hate? No.

KAITLYN: What did you guys talk about?

DEBRA: Well...

KAITLYN: You hate him. You can tell me.

DEBRA: Hmm.

KAITLYN: What, mom, what?!

DEBRA: *(takes a deep breath, then smiles)* He's really hot.

KAITLYN: What?!

DEBRA: Stupid hot, really.

KAITLYN: You're kidding.

DEBRA: You asked. I answered. And you have to agree with me.

KAITLYN: Nobody's denying it.

DEBRA: Least of all me. The hair, the eyes, the smolder. He's got it all.

KAITLYN: You're freaking me out.

DEBRA: On a scale of one to ten, I'd say –

KAITLYN: Please don't!

DEBRA: Ten for sure.

KAITLYN: *(buries her head in her hands)* She did.

DEBRA: Eleven if his pants were tighter.

KAITLYN: Stop!

DEBRA: I'm just saying.

KAITLYN: Well, stop saying.

DEBRA: How 'bout a high five?

KAITLYN: Mother!

DEBRA: *(raises her hand)* Put 'er there. You scored a good one.

KAITLYN: Put your hand down!

DEBRA: Very well.

KAITLYN: Thank you.

DEBRA: But just imagine what your kids would look like.

KAITLYN: Mom! We've barely been dating a month and already you're talking grand kids?

DEBRA: Between his chiseled jaw line and your supple ear lobes –

KAITLYN: Please.

DEBRA: You could get married and produce a whole litter of hotties.

KAITLYN: Mom!

DEBRA: Just think about it, okay?

KAITLYN: No!

DEBRA: I know I will.

(There's another crack of thunder and flash of lightning. EDDIE returns with the flashlight.)

EDDIE: Here you are, Mrs. Bruce. Just in case.

(HE hands the flashlight to DEBRA. SHE giggles a little.)

KAITLYN: Mother!

DEBRA: How do you like your steak done, Eddie?

EDDIE: Rare.

DEBRA: How rare?

EDDIE: As bloody as possible.

DEBRA: I can arrange that. *(SHE giggles again and exits.)*

KAITLYN: What on earth did you say to her? She's acting worse than Tina.

EDDIE: I have a way with chicks. You know that.

KAITLYN: But she's not a chick. She's a mom!

EDDIE: *(flips his hair)* I also have a way with moms.

(The lights flicker and then go out. It is pitch black.)

KAITLYN: And with weather.

EDDIE: Don't worry, baby. I've got you.

MIKE: Hello, son.

KAITLYN: Dad?! Is that you?

MIKE: There better not be any hanky-panky going on.

KAITLYN: Dad!

(The lights come back up. MIKE is standing so close to EDDIE that there is no room between them. HE breathes down his neck.)

MIKE: That's a good boy.

EDDIE: Yo.

KAITLYN: Don't sneak up on people like that!

EDDIE: I don't mind.

MIKE: So... some storm we're having, isn't it?

EDDIE: Yep.

MIKE: Just sort of came out of the blue, didn't it?

EDDIE: Yep.

MIKE: One could say it's almost like you brought it with you.

EDDIE: You just did.

MIKE: Interesting.

EDDIE: The wife says you work at the Red Cross.

MIKE: Every day. Why? Are you interested?

EDDIE: Very.

MIKE: Then why don't you come with me into my den? I can show you my needles.

KAITLYN: Dad, he doesn't want to see your need –

EDDIE: I'd love to!

MIKE: *(puts his arm around EDDIE)* Come on then, son. They're very sharp and very pointy.

KAITLYN: Don't do it! It's a trap!

MIKE: We'll be right back.

EDDIE: Wicked.

(The TWO of them exit. KAITLYN cannot believe what SHE's hearing. SHE sits next to TINA and shakes her.)

KAITLYN: Tina! Wake up! The weirdest things are happening! (*SHE shakes TINA harder.*) I need you! (*SHE slaps TINA.*) Wake up!

(*TINA opens her eyes. SHE looks around, confused.*)

TINA: Whoa. What happened?

KAITLYN: You passed out.

TINA: What's going on?

KAITLYN: Mom and Dad have lost it! Completely!

TINA: Where's Eddie?

KAITLYN: That's what I'm trying to tell you!

TINA: Did they kill him?

KAITLYN: Tina!

TINA: I passed out and they killed him. Sorry, Kaitlyn. My bad.

KAITLYN: They didn't kill him. At least not yet.

TINA: What do you mean?

KAITLYN: Mom met Eddie and she went absolutely bananas. Now he's upstairs with dad doing who-knows-what. What should I do?

TINA: What is there to do? It sounds like everything is turning out perfectly.

KAITLYN: A little too perfect, if you ask me.

TINA: Nobody asked you.

KAITLYN: This has to be a trap. I know it is! Like, at this very minute, mom is poisoning his steak. And dad is sucking him into a vacuum cleaner!

TINA: Seriously, Kaitlyn. Have another jelly bean.

KAITLYN: Enough with the jelly beans already!

TINA: Come to think of it, why was I passed out?

KAITLYN: You turned into Jell-o when Eddie kissed you.

TINA: Eddie kissed me?

KAITLYN: He sure did.

(*TINA giggles and passes out all over again.*)

You are totally useless! (*There is another clap of thunder and flash of lightning. The lights go out again.*) Is this a joke? For real? Am I being pranked for some stupid reality show on CBS?

(*The lights come back up. MIKE is sitting directly next to KAITLYN.*)

MIKE: Hello, dear.

KAITLYN: (*screams and jumps up*) Dad! I told you not to sneak up on people!

MIKE: This is my house. I can sneak up on anybody I like.

KAITLYN: Where's Eddie?

MIKE: He's taking pictures of my syringes.

KAITLYN: What?

MIKE: He's an interesting fellow, that one.

KAITLYN: Believe me, I know.

MIKE: *(dead serious)* Sit, Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN: Whatever you have to say, I can hear it from this side of the room.

MIKE: *(as if commanding a dog)* Sit!

KAITLYN: Yes, dad. *(SHE slowly crosses and sits next to him, fearing the worst.)*

MIKE: Good girl.

KAITLYN: Okay, tell me. What do you think of him? I can take it.

MIKE: You're my daughter and I love you very much. And because I love you so much, I want you to have the very best life possible. So don't cringe when I tell you this. But I would sooner die than see you throw away your future on some scum bag that doesn't know how to treat a lady.

KAITLYN: *(buries her head in her hands)* Here it comes.

MIKE: So I had a long chat with that boyfriend of yours. I sat him down. I asked him just what his intentions were with you. I read him the riot act. I put him through the ringer, I did.

KAITLYN: Yeah. And?

MIKE: And I have only one question for you, young lady.

KAITLYN: What's that?

MIKE: *(immediately lightens up)* Why didn't you invite him over here sooner?!

KAITLYN: *(shocked)* What?

MIKE: That boy is quite a catch.

KAITLYN: Really?

MIKE: Quite a catch! He and I have so many things in common. Did you know that his blood type is A-B negative?

KAITLYN: No, I didn't know.

MIKE: A-B negative is one of the rarest blood types there is. And anybody that's A-B negative is good in my books. I always meant to tell you that.

KAITLYN: You mean you really like him?

MIKE: Why, if I were a woman, I'd want to date him myself.

KAITLYN: Dad!

MIKE: And you want to know what else?

KAITLYN: What?

MIKE: He's gorgeous.

KAITLYN: Ew!

MIKE: Don't act like you didn't know. As a matter of fact, he reminds me of myself when I was younger.

KAITLYN: Stop it.

MIKE: I've never told you this before, but I used to be quite a stud.

KAITLYN: Dad!

MIKE: Really, I mean it.

KAITLYN: Stop talking!

MIKE: Girls used to break their necks checking me out. When I was on the football team, the bleachers were filled to capacity with girls who wanted a piece of this.

KAITLYN: I'm going to barf.

MIKE: You know, I think they made me quarterback just so that they'd have something to look at when I bent over.

KAITLYN: Enough already! What has gotten into you? First mom and now you. You hate all my boyfriends, so why do you like this one so much?

MIKE: Why aren't you happier about this? I thought you liked him.

KAITLYN: I do. But not as much as you two, apparently.

MIKE: I can't quite put my finger on it, but there's something about him I trust.

KAITLYN: Don't forget you said that.

MIKE: Why not?

KAITLYN: There's something I have to tell you.

MIKE: What?

(All of a sudden, there is another extremely loud crack of thunder and bright flash of lightning. The lights go out again.)

KAITLYN: Not again.

MIKE: Where's the flashlight?

KAITLYN: Mom has it.

MIKE: Go get it. I'll get Eddie.

KAITLYN: How? It's pitch black.

MIKE: Helen Keller did it. Now go.

KAITLYN: Fine.

(They BOTH make their way out of the living room in the darkness. There is a crash.)

Ow! Dad, it's really dark in here... Dad?... Dad?... Nevermind, I found the door.

(SHE opens the door and closes it. There is a pause. Then there is murmuring from the sofa.)

TINA: Hello? Is anybody there? Why are the lights off? Am I dead? Hellooooooo? (*Suddenly, SHE screams.*) Who is that?! Get away from me! Whoever you are, stop it! I swear, I'll bash your head in! Oh no! Not my neck! Anything but my neck! Don't bite me! Nooooooooooooo!

(*Silence. The door opens and closes again, quickly.*)

KAITLYN: Tina?! Are you okay? I heard you screaming! (*SHE turns a flashlight on and shines it all over the living room.*) Tina? Where are you? (*The beam of light lands on the sofa. There is a dark figure hovering over TINA.*) Eddie! You didn't?! Why, Eddie, why?!

EDDIE: Why what?

KAITLYN: Eddie? (*SHE moves the beam of light around the room again. It lands on EDDIE's face, nowhere near the sofa.*)

EDDIE: Yo.

KAITLYN: If it's not you, then... Dad?! (*SHE shines the light back to the sofa.*) I told you not to sneak up on people. Why, Dad, why?!

MIKE: Why what?

KAITLYN: Dad? (*SHE moves the light again. It lands on MIKE's face in another part of the room.*)

MIKE: Hello, dear.

KAITLYN: Then who's biting Tina?!

(*The lights come back on. DEBRA is on top of TINA, who is passed out again. DEBRA wipes blood from her lips.*)

KAITLYN: Mom?!

DEBRA: Oh, crap.

KAITLYN: Mom?!

DEBRA: I never meant for you to find out this way.

KAITLYN: Find out what?

DEBRA: Brace yourself, honey.

KAITLYN: For what?

DEBRA: I'm a vampire.

KAITLYN: What?!

EDDIE: I knew it.

DEBRA: Now, sweetheart. Don't be alarmed.

KAITLYN: (*hyper-ventilates, big time*) Don't "sweetheart" me! What have you done to Tina?

DEBRA: She'll wake up in no time. Just forget what you saw. It's nothing.

KAITLYN: Nothing?! There are bite marks in her neck! You killed her! (*SHE runs over to MIKE and clutches onto him for dear life.*) Dad, we have to get out of here! Mom is a vampire!

MIKE: Then you're not going to like this.

KAITLYN: Like what?

MIKE: So am I.

KAITLYN: What?!

EDDIE: I knew that, too.

(Now KAITLYN really loses it. MIKE and DEBRA move closer to comfort her, but SHE jumps away.)

DEBRA: Now, honey. Just relax.

MIKE: You have nothing to be afraid of.

KAITLYN: Get away from me! Both of you!

EDDIE: Come on, Kaitlyn. It's not so bad.

KAITLYN: You too! Get away from me! All of you!

(SHE runs into the kitchen, screaming wildly.)

MIKE: I'd say she's overreacting, wouldn't you?

DEBRA: That girl needs to take a pill.

EDDIE: No kidding. *(HE flips his hair.)* Like, chill.

(KAITLYN returns with two huge baguettes. SHE holds them in the shape of a cross.)

KAITLYN: Stand back! I've got garlic bread and I know how to use it!

MIKE: *(bursts into laughter)* Do you see that, dear?

DEBRA: *(laughs even harder)* I see!

MIKE: We don't use real garlic, silly.

DEBRA: The powdered stuff does nothing to us!

(THEY keep laughing uproariously as KAITLYN kneels down beside TINA.)

KAITLYN: Don't worry, Tina. I'll save you!

DEBRA: You don't need to save her, honey.

MIKE: That's right. She'll bounce right back.

KAITLYN: How? You sucked her blood!

DEBRA: Just a little. No worries.

KAITLYN: What do you mean, no worries?!

DEBRA: I was just checking her glucose level.

KAITLYN: Huh?

DEBRA: That girl has got to take better care of her blood sugar.

MIKE: How high was it, dear?

DEBRA: *(licks, then smacks her lips)* Hmm. Twenty percent, I'd say.
Give or take a percent.

MIKE: Good heavens!

DEBRA: It's a good thing I checked. One more jelly bean and she'd be saying bye-bye to her kidneys.

KAITLYN: You mean you weren't trying to kill her?

DEBRA: Of course not.

KAITLYN: Then you're not a vampire?

MIKE: Oh, she's a vampire all right.

DEBRA: We've just put our persuasion to good use.

KAITLYN: You're joking, right?

DEBRA: Not at all. You'd be surprised how many vampires are in the the American Medical Association.

MIKE: Who else could handle all that blood?

KAITLYN: Why didn't you tell me sooner?

DEBRA: We didn't want you to grow up feeling entitled.

KAITLYN: Being a vampire's daughter would somehow entitle me to something?

MIKE: Hey. That's our heritage you're talking about, missy. And we're proud of who we are. Isn't that right, Eddie?

EDDIE: *(flips his hair)* Yo.

DEBRA: And now you've brought home a vampire of your very own!

MIKE: We can be one big, happy colony!

KAITLYN: Does this mean I'm a vampire, too?

(MIKE and DEBRA hang their heads.)

DEBRA: No. You were born with...

KAITLYN: With what?

DEBRA: *(cries)* It's so hard to say.

MIKE: Defects.

KAITLYN: I'm defective?

MIKE: You're teeth, for instance.

DEBRA: Not pointy at all.

MIKE: And your ears.

DEBRA: Stop! It's too painful!

KAITLYN: You don't have pointy teeth and ears.

MIKE: Plastic surgery.

DEBRA: To avoid detection at the hospital.

MIKE: But don't worry. We love you just the same.

DEBRA: That's right. And so does Eddie. Right, Eddie?

EDDIE: *(flips his hair)* It's all good.

DEBRA: So go ahead and marry him, darling! Your kids will have a fifty percent chance of turning out normal.

MIKE: And fifty percent they'll be human.

DEBRA: Don't even think it!

KAITLYN: Well, now I don't know...

DEBRA: Don't know what?

KAITLYN: If I'm even interested in him anymore. No offense, Eddie.

EDDIE: Meh.

KAITLYN: But half the reason I liked him was because I knew you wouldn't.

DEBRA: Come on, Kaitlyn. Think this through.

MIKE: That's right. We'll leave the two of you alone. We'll turn out the lights. I'll get the den ready for your baby!

KAITLYN: Sorry, dad. There's not going to be any baby.

DEBRA: Go on, Eddie. Do something sexy.

(EDDIE flips his hair and poses. HE even sucks in his cheeks a little bit extra.)

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