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Dramatic Publishing

THE DRACULA KIDDS

OR, THE HOUSE ON BLOOD PUDDING LANE



COMEDY / THRILLER BY TIM KELLY

THE DRACULA KIDDS

OR, THE HOUSE ON BLOOD PUDDING LANE

Author Tim Kelly, famous for his ability to create exciting, suspense-filled plots, has included some spooky stage effects that will thrill your audiences (the production notes at the end of the script make the effects easy). The show piles one hilarious scene on top of another with a batty finale that will have your audience howling for more.

Comedy/Thriller. By Tim Kelly. *Cast: 7m., 12w., extras.* In this wild mystery-farce in two acts, laughter and wild chills follow students from bankrupt Kidd Academy to their spring vacation in the gloomy old mansion on Blood Pudding Lane ... a house that is haunted by a werewolf's curse. The wealthy recluse plans to give her estate to Kidd Academy if she's favorably impressed by the young people. Maureen, the academy's prize student, has written a book debunking the legend of Dracula. Unfortunately for her—and everyone else—Dracula appears and demands a retraction. Maureen sticks by her garlic, so it's up to the furious vampire to prove that he really does exist. And when Dracula is furious—watch out! This is a simple-to-produce and rehearse comedy-thriller with fun roles—everything from amateur detectives to Dracula's wife and a mad ghost buster—the kind of roles that allow actors to display their talents and develop their skills. *One int. set: spooky mansion. Costumes: modern clothes. Approximate running time: 100 to 120 minutes. Code: DE8.*

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The Dracula Kidds

**THE
DRACULA
KIDDS**

or, The House on Blood Pudding Lane

A Mystery Farce in Two Acts

by

TIM KELLY

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311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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TIM KELLY

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(THE DRACULA KIDDS,
OR THE HOUSE ON BLOOD PUDDING LANE)

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Laughter and wild chills follow students from bankrupt Kidd Academy to their Spring Vacation in the gloomy old mansion on Blood Pudding Lane . . . a house that is haunted by a werewolf's curse.

Wealthy recluse Mrs. Supul (that's "lupus" spelled backward) plans to give her estate to Kidd—but only if she's favorably impressed by the young people. The Academy's prize pupil is Maureen Haywood. She has written a book, from the teenager's point of view, that debunks the legend of Dracula.

Unhappily for her—and everyone else in the house—Dracula appears to demand an apology and a retraction from the young author. Maureen sticks to her garlic, insisting that it's up to the furious vampire to prove his existence. When Dracula is furious, **WATCH OUT!**

This is a simple-to-produce and rehearse comedy-thriller with fun roles—everything from amateur detectives to Dracula's wife and a mad ghostbuster—the kind of roles that allow actors to display their talents and develop their skills.

Author Tim Kelly, famous for his ability to create exciting, suspense-filled plots, has included some spooky stage effects that will thrill your audiences (the Production Notes at the end of the script make the effects easy). The show piles one hilarious scene on top of another with a batty finale that will have your audience howling for more.

THE DRACULA KIDDS

Cast of Characters
(In order of appearance)

Approximately 12 females and 7 males, plus extras if desired
(for suggestions on flexible casting, consult Production Notes
at the back of this playbook)

JENNY, the housemaid, about 16

ZOG, a weird gardener

NIGHTSHADE, the housekeeper

MRS. DAGMAR SUPUL, a wealthy recluse

DR. GERTRUDE HALL, president of Kidd Academy

MISS GASPAR, her young secretary

GEORGE

LAURA

WINSTON

SALLY

MAUREEN

} the "Kidds"—students at Kidd Academy

NURSE CLAVELL, who reads mysteries

DRACULA, risen from the grave

BO, Mrs. Supul's nephew

COUNTESS DRACULA, bride of the vampire

HECTOR STEWART, aggressive publicist

JOHNNIE MAXWELL, a police cadet

NORMA TRUEBLOOD, television reporter

MORGANA CRYSTAL, ghostbuster

Additional students plus one or two vampire brides may be added

SYNOPSIS

The action of the play takes place in spooky Supul Mansion,
the only house on Blood Pudding Lane

ACT I

Scene 1: 10 o'clock in the evening

Scene 2: Moments later

ACT II

Scene 1: Still later

Scene 2: Midnight

THE DRACULA KIDDS

[The action of the play takes place in the main sitting room of a huge gloomy mansion belonging to the wealthy and elderly recluse, Mrs. Dagmar Supul. A door Down Right is the entrance to the cellar; at Stage Right are French doors leading out onto the grounds. Between cellar entrance and the French doors is a chair. An arch or opening Up Center leads into a hallway; Right from the hallway leads to the front door, Left to the upstairs. At Stage Left is an entry leading into various unseen areas of the House: dining room, kitchen, etc. An opening Down Left goes into a library. Between the library exit and the Stage Left entry is a desk with a telephone and a chair. A sofa stands at Right Center. Behind the sofa is a table (and steps or a low platform). At Stage Left is a chair with a small table to one side. Trim props may include rugs, paintings, draperies, fireplace, lamps, other tables, etc., as desired. There is a servant's bellcord.]

The sitting room looks as if it were locked in a timewarp—everything is old, faded, creepy. (Additional suggestions are included in the Production Notes at the back of this playbook.)

ACT I

Scene 1

[Prior to curtain we hear a GRANDFATHER CLOCK striking the hour of ten. AT RISE the room is revealed in dim light, everything shadowy and forbidding. The French doors stand ajar. SOUND of howling wind, eerie and mysterious. From Offstage Left we hear:]

JENNY. What a night! What a night! *[JENNY enters. She is about 16 and wears a maid's uniform. She carries a vase. She is headed for the table behind the sofa but is startled by the RINGING of the telephone]* What's that? The telephone. *[She crosses to telephone, puts vase on desk, answers]* The Supul residence . . . Uh-huh, that's right. The students from Kidd Academy will be staying here. We're expecting them any minute . . . The address? I don't think there is an address. I'm new here. *[Thinks]* It's the only house on Blood Pudding Lane . . . You're welcome. *[Starts to hang up, thinks of something]* Who shall I say called? . . . Hello? Hmmm. Must have hung up. *[More howling WIND]* If it isn't one thing it's another. Brrrrr. Cold in here. *[She notices the open*

French doors] No wonder! Who left those doors open? [*JENNY strides to the French doors. Just as she begins to close them, the face of ZOG, the weirdo gardener, appears. Startled, JENNY screams*]

ZOG. What are you screaming about?

JENNY. What else—you! [*Petrified*] I didn't know you were standing out there.

ZOG. [*Nastily*] Now you know.

JENNY. I wish you'd stop creeping about the place, Mr. Zog. I never know when you're going to leap out. It's scary.

ZOG. [*Delighted*] Hee, hee, hee.

JENNY. It may be funny to you, but it's not to me.

ZOG. Ah, stop complaining. There's going to be a storm. I like a storm. Thunder, lightning.

JENNY. I hope the roof doesn't leak. My room's in the attic. [*ZOG moves into the room. He doesn't actually walk; he more-or-less "lopes." Poor JENNY. No wonder she screamed. ZOG is a wild-looking thing with scrambled hair, beard. His clothing is dirty and his voice sounds like a growl machine. In contrast with his appearance are the flowers which he holds in one hand*]

ZOG. Where do you want them?

JENNY. Want what?

ZOG. These! You said you wanted flowers.

JENNY. That was hours ago. [*She closes the French doors*]

ZOG. I take my time. [*Lopes to the vase on the desk*] You want them in this vase?

JENNY. I'll take care of the flowers. [*He puts the flowers beside the vase*] This room is too dark.

ZOG. I like the dark.

JENNY. You would! I thought gardeners liked everything bright and warm. Sunny.

ZOG. I'm not your average gardener. [*Grins wolfishly at audience*]

JENNY. No, you're not. [*Easing into it*] Uh—how long have you worked for Mrs. Supul?

ZOG. That's my business.

JENNY. There's no reason to be rude.

ZOG. Then don't ask questions that don't concern you. [*Suddenly ZOG bites at his hand—like a dog digging at a flea. JENNY stares in morbid fascination. Next, ZOG laps his hand as if it were a paw. JENNY, horrified at this strange behavior, makes terrified whimpering noises*]

NIGHTSHADE'S VOICE. *[From hallway, Left]* Jenny !?

ZOG. Who's that?

JENNY. Mrs. Nightshade.

ZOG. I don't want to see her. I don't like her. She doesn't like me. *[Lopes Down Right]* I'll be in the cellar. I've got some digging to do. *[ZOG exits into cellar. JENNY turns on a lamp as MRS. NIGHTSHADE, the icy housekeeper, steps into view Up Center, from Left]*

NIGHTSHADE. I heard voices. I even thought I heard a scream. *[NIGHTSHADE wears a long dark dress. Her hair is pulled back in a tight bun. Around her waist is a leather belt from which dangles a set of large keys. JENNY doesn't feel any more comfortable with the housekeeper than she did with Zog]*

JENNY. I screamed. It was the gardener. He startled me.

NIGHTSHADE. Don't be afraid of Zog. He's eccentric but he means no harm.

JENNY. I'm not so sure. I mean—do you know what he's doing right this minute?

NIGHTSHADE. No.

JENNY. *[Points Down Right]* He's down in the cellar. Digging.

NIGHTSHADE. Every man needs a hobby. *[JENNY throws up her hands in resignation, crosses to desk, arranges flowers in vase]* You've taken care of upstairs?

JENNY. All the rooms are ready.

NIGHTSHADE. Fresh towels, fresh linen?

JENNY. Yes, ma'am.

NIGHTSHADE. An afghan on the foot of each bed?

JENNY. I remembered.

NIGHTSHADE. Excellent. *[She steps to the French doors, looks out onto the grounds]*

JENNY. There must be fifty rooms in this old mansion.

NIGHTSHADE. Fifty-six to be precise.

JENNY. Imagine!

NIGHTSHADE. I don't have to imagine. I know everything there is to know about this house. Including its dark secret. *[JENNY doesn't like the sound of that]*

JENNY. Secret? Dark secret? What dark secret?

MRS. SUPUL'S VOICE. *[From Offstage Left]* Nightshade!

NIGHTSHADE. Yes, Mrs. Supul?

MRS. SUPUL'S VOICE. Where are you?

NIGHTSHADE. I'm here. In the sitting room.

MRS. SUPUL'S VOICE. Never around when I want you. [*MRS. SUPUL, in a wheelchair, propels herself into view. She is an elderly tyrant, sharp-tongued, with flashing eyes to match her flashing jewels. There is a handsome blanket over her legs, as well as a cane*]

NIGHTSHADE. Let me help you, Mrs. Supul.

MRS. SUPUL. That's what I pay you for. [*NIGHTSHADE steps behind the wheelchair and pushes her employer to the right side of the sofa. Dialog through this business*] I want you to tell the cook my tea was too weak and my salad dressing too strong. Can't abide strong salad dressing. Makes me burp.

NIGHTSHADE. I'll attend to it.

MRS. SUPUL. [*Indicating Jenny*] What's she doing?

NIGHTSHADE. Arranging a bouquet.

MRS. SUPUL. I can see that for myself. [*To Jenny*] I don't recall asking for flowers.

JENNY. I thought, with guests in the house, some flowers would be nice.

MRS. SUPUL. Put down those flowers and fetch my indigestion tablets. They're on the marble table in the hallway.

JENNY. Yes, ma'am. [*JENNY puts the vase of flowers on table behind the sofa, then exits Up Center, Left*]

NIGHTSHADE. Zog frightened Jenny.

MRS. SUPUL. Jenny who?

NIGHTSHADE. The new maid.

MRS. SUPUL. So that's her name. What happened to the old maid?

NIGHTSHADE. The usual thing. Zog again. He's a menace.

MRS. SUPUL. Forget about Zog.

NIGHTSHADE. That won't be easy. On top of everything else, Zog is picking up bad habits. [*ZOG jumps in from Down Right*]

ZOG. I forgot my shovel.

NIGHTSHADE. Auuugh! [*ZOG lopes to French doors, opens them, exits*] There. You see what I mean. Always jumping in and out. The neighbors' dogs don't like him.

MRS. SUPUL. You're talking rubbish.

NIGHTSHADE. The neighbors don't like him, either.

MRS. SUPUL. What do I care what neighbors think? I'm rich. When you're rich, neighbors don't matter.

NIGHTSHADE. You don't mean that.

MRS. SUPUL. Do, too. [*JENNY appears Up Center*]

JENNY. Here are the tablets, Mrs. Supul.

NIGHTSHADE. I'll take them. [*Crosses to Jenny. DOORBELL*]

MRS. SUPUL. Somebody answer that doorbell.

NIGHTSHADE. The doorbell, Jenny. [*JENNY exits Right in hallway after handing pillbox to Nightshade*]

MRS. SUPUL. Seems our guests have finally arrived. Well, well, are you going to make me wait all night for an indigestion tablet? [*NIGHTSHADE steps to Mrs. Supul, hands her the box*]

NIGHTSHADE. You mustn't excite yourself, Mrs. Supul. Blood pressure. Remember what the doctor said.

MRS. SUPUL. The doctor's a quack. If I took his advice, I'd have been dead long ago. The nurse is a quack, too. They're all quacks. [*She gobbles down several tablets as if they were candy mints*] Mmmm, mmmm, good.

NIGHTSHADE. I'll get you some water.

MRS. SUPUL. Don't need water.

JENNY'S VOICE. [*From hallway*] Mrs. Supul's in the sitting room. She's expecting you.

NIGHTSHADE. I hope you know what you're doing.

MRS. SUPUL. You tend to your affairs. I'll tend to mine. [*JENNY appears in hallway, gestures to Mrs. Supul as DR. GERTRUDE HALL comes into view and steps to Mrs. Supul, one hand out for shaking*]

GERTRUDE. Mrs. Supul, how good to see you.

MRS. SUPUL. Is it? [*GERTRUDE's young secretary, MISS GASPAPAR, appears in hallway, enters room, stands back watching Gertrude and Mrs. Supul. JENNY exits Right in hallway. MRS. SUPUL doesn't shake Gertrude's hand. GERTRUDE, embarrassed, blows on her fingernails*] Dr. Hall, you know my housekeeper, I believe.

GERTRUDE. How are you, Mrs. Nightshirt?

NIGHTSHADE. That's "Nightshade," Dr. Hall. Nightshade.

GERTRUDE. Forgive me. Nightshade, of course. [*Gestures to Miss Gaspar*] This is my secretary, Miss Gaspar.

MISS GASPAPAR. [*Steps forward*] How do you do, Mrs. Supul?

MRS. SUPUL. Never mind all this courtesy and politeness. [*To Gertrude*] Where are the students?

MISS GASPAPAR. They're getting the luggage. [*VOICES of STUDENTS approaching sitting room from hallway, off Right, are heard:*]

STUDENTS. Look at this place.* What a tomb! * What an address—

Blood Pudding Lane! * How long do we have to stay? * Too long!
[Coming into view Up Center are GEORGE, LAURA, WINSTON, SALLY, all teenagers. Each carries a piece of luggage. They stand in the hallway. (Additional students may be used.) MRS. SUPUL turns to Gertrude]

MRS. SUPUL. What are they waiting for? I'm not a vampire. I won't bite them.

NIGHTSHADE. If you leave your luggage in the hallway, it'll be attended to. *[STUDENTS drop the luggage with a thud]*

GERTRUDE. Come in, boys and girls.

MRS. SUPUL. Line up over there. I want to get a good look at you.
[With her cane, she indicates Stage Left]

GERTRUDE. You heard Mrs. Supul. *[Feeling uncomfortable, STUDENTS move Stage Left, stand in a line]*

MRS. SUPUL. I want to see what modern students look like. *[Looks]*
 Hmmmmm. *[Pause]* Hmmmmm. *[Pause]* Hmmmmm.

STUDENTS. Hmmmmm.

WINSTON. I feel like a puppy in a pet store window.

OTHERS. Sssshhhh.

MRS. SUPUL. I must say they don't look much different than the students of my day. They look younger, that's all. The boys look more stupid.

BOYS. *[Offended]* Hey!

GERTRUDE. Ha, ha. Doesn't Mrs. Supul have a delightful sense of humor? *[Trying to lighten the mood]* Ha, ha.

BOYS. *[Without much enthusiasm]* Ha, ha.

GERTRUDE. I won't beat around the bush. I was never one to beat around the bush.

GEORGE. *[To Winston]* What bush?

OTHERS. Sssshhhh. *[JENNY appears in hallway and takes a piece of luggage, exits Left. She will later reappear and take more luggage until it's all removed from the hallway]*

MRS. SUPUL. I happen to know that your school, The Kidd Academy, is bankrupt. You'll have to sell just to cover your back bills. In fact, without my help this will be the Academy's last year of existence.

GERTRUDE. Uh, er, uh—you certainly know how to call a spade a spade.

MRS. SUPUL. Don't interrupt.

GERTRUDE. Forgive me.

MRS. SUPUL. These are the only students who are staying at the Academy during the spring vacation?

MISS GASPAR. We have one more student staying over.

GERTRUDE. A brilliant student.

MISS GASPAR. Maureen Haywood.

GERTRUDE. She's on her way back from New York City.

MRS. SUPUL. Enough chatter. Pay attention, all of you. If I like what I see about modern students, I am prepared to donate this mansion for the new Kidd Academy.

GEORGE. Is that good or bad?

OTHERS. Sssshhhh.

MRS. SUPUL. With the house comes a sizeable fortune. I am also prepared to donate the acreage that surrounds this house. I don't have to remind you that it's prime real estate. Worth a king's ransom. So, there you have it—house, fortune, land.

GERTRUDE. Oh, oh. I'm overwhelmed. I'm feeling weak.

MISS GASPAR. Me, too.

GERTRUDE. May we sit down, Mrs. Supul?

MRS. SUPUL. Why not? This is a sitting room. [*GERTRUDE and MISS GASPAR sit on the sofa, overcome by the prospect Mrs. Supul has offered. MRS. SUPUL points with her cane to one student after another*] First names only. You start.

GEORGE. George.

WINSTON. Winston.

LAURA. Laura.

SALLY. Sally. [*If additional students are used, give them standard, ordinary names*]

MRS. SUPUL. Don't think much of those names. Show them to their rooms, Nightshade. [*To students*] No pillow fights. [*ZOG enters from grounds, shovel in his grip*]

ZOG. I found my shovel! [*STUDENTS react on seeing this strange-looking person. Low-volume ad-libs of "Gross," "Oooh," etc. ZOG moves toward cellar, turns, snaps his teeth at students. STUDENTS jump back, exclaiming. ZOG darts out Down Right*]

WINSTON. Who was that?

GEORGE. What was that?

NIGHTSHADE. That was Mr. Zog. The gardener.

SALLY. Gardener?

LAURA. Looked more like the guard dog.

GEORGE. The creature from the planet Yuk.

GERTRUDE & MISS GASPAR. Sssshhhh.

NIGHTSHADE. Walk this way, please. [*Stiff and formal, she crosses Up Center. Each STUDENT in his/her own style does an imitation of her walk, following her into the hallway and off Left. Dialog through this exodus:*]

GERTRUDE. When you invited us to stay for the spring vacation, I had no idea what you were planning to offer.

MRS. SUPUL. Maybe not, but you were hoping for some good news. Don't pretend otherwise.

GERTRUDE. A donation, perhaps. Something to keep us afloat.

MISS GASPAS. [*Looks about*] We can see this house from the campus. I've always been curious about it.

MRS. SUPUL. You can satisfy your curiosity while you're here. As you may know, I don't invite many people to this house. Except for a small staff, I enjoy being a recluse. I wish to emphasize my final decision on whether or not to help you will depend entirely on the students.

MISS GASPAS. The Kidds.

MRS. SUPUL. How's that?

GERTRUDE. All the students at Kidd Academy are called Kidds.

MRS. SUPUL. How uninteresting. [*MAUREEN appears in the hallway, from Right. She carries a suitcase and wears a raincoat, kerchief, shoulder bag. She is pretty, intelligent, confident*]

MAUREEN. It was raining when I left New York.

GERTRUDE. Maureen! Why didn't you call? I would have sent someone with the car.

MAUREEN. No need. I took a taxi. The front door was standing open, so I figured it was all right to come in. [*She puts down suitcase, removes her kerchief*]

GERTRUDE. This is Maureen Haywood. [*Boasting*] If you want to know about modern students, use Maureen for your research. [*GERTRUDE stands, guides MAUREEN to Mrs. Supul*]

MRS. SUPUL. What's so special about her?

MISS GASPAS. She has a fabulous I. Q.

MRS. SUPUL. I'm more impressed by a fabulous B. A.

GERTRUDE. B. A.? You mean Bachelor of Arts?

MRS. SUPUL. No. Bank Account.

GERTRUDE. Maureen, this is our hostess. Mrs. Dagmar Supul.

MAUREEN. How do you do, Mrs. Supul?

MRS. SUPUL. I do all right for a slightly mad old woman. Been in New York, have you?

MAUREEN. I had to see my publisher.

MRS. SUPUL. Publisher? You're an author?

GERTRUDE. Barely sixteen and already in print.

MRS. SUPUL. A book of poetry, I imagine. Something sappy. Hearts and flowers.

MISS GASPAS. No, Mrs. Supul. Not poetry.

MRS. SUPUL. Cookbook? How to bake Girl Scout cookies?

MAUREEN. I may have a high I. Q., but not for cooking.

MRS. SUPUL. [*Impatient*] If it's not poetry and it's not a book about cooking, what is it?

GERTRUDE. How odd that you should have mentioned vampires.

MRS. SUPUL. Vampires? Who's talking about vampires?

MISS GASPAS. Don't you recall? Earlier. When you wanted our students to step into the room. You said—

MRS. SUPUL. There's no need to remind me. I know what I said. "I'm not a vampire. I won't bite you." That's what I said. [*Suddenly, from the grounds, comes the loud howling WAIL of a canine*]

MISS GASPAS. Listen!

GERTRUDE. What is it!

MAUREEN. Sounds like a mad dog! Or a wolf!

MISS GASPAS. Wolf?!

GERTRUDE. There are no wolves in this part of the country.

MRS. SUPUL. [*Matter-of-factly*] I didn't hear anything.

MISS GASPAS. Well, uh, anyway—Maureen's book is about vampires.

MRS. SUPUL. Are you serious?

MAUREEN. I completely debunk the Dracula theory. From a teenage viewpoint.

MRS. SUPUL. What is that supposed to mean?

MAUREEN. It's my thesis that there is no such thing as a real vampire. The book is selling like lottery tickets. [*Again, the loud, howling WAIL of a canine from the outside grounds. All stiffen, listen. When the howling stops, MAUREEN continues as if there had been no interruption, albeit a shade nervously*]

MRS. SUPUL. A book about vampires. Teenage viewpoint. Ridiculous.

MAUREEN. Young people are interested in vampires.

MRS. SUPUL. [*Incredulous*] They are?

MAUREEN. That's why I think it's important to set the record straight. Dracula is a myth. Dracula is a phony. Dracula is a fairy tale.

MRS. SUPUL. And what do you call this exercise in “debunking”?

MAUREEN. I call my book—DRACULA BITES THE DUST.

MISS GASPAR. [*Applauds*] Isn't that wonderful?

GERTRUDE. Maureen has an inquiring mind.

MRS. SUPUL. Either that or she has brain fever. Vampires? Bah.
[*NURSE CLAVELL enters from library, Down Left. She wears a white uniform*]

NURSE. There you are, Mrs. Supul. Time for your medicine.

MRS. SUPUL. I don't want it.

NURSE. That's not the point. None of us wants our medicine, but we have to take it all the same. [*NURSE crosses behind sofa to the wheelchair, pushes Mrs. Supul to the library*]

MRS. SUPUL. In that case, you take it.

NURSE. Don't be difficult, Mrs. Supul. Remember—I'm the doctor.

MRS. SUPUL. No, you're not. You're the nurse. Not a very good one, either. Last night she put the thermometer in my ear.

NURSE. Feeling feisty tonight, are we?

MRS. SUPUL. [*To Gertrude*] I always have my night medicine in the library. That way Nurse Clavell can read to me. I like a soothing bedtime story.

MAUREEN. Who is your favorite author?

MRS. SUPUL. Stephen King.

NURSE. I found a book on the footstool.

MRS. SUPUL. What's the title?

NURSE. “Vampires I Have Known and Loved.”

MRS. SUPUL. Vampires again! Bah. [*NURSE shoves wheelchair into the library. NURSE addresses others in a hushed, frightened tone*]

NURSE. If you know what's good for you, you'll get out of this house and never come back.

MISS GASPAR. Why do you say that? [*Again, that awful HOWLING from the grounds. All look toward the French doors*]

NURSE. How's that for starters?

MRS. SUPUL'S VOICE. [*From library*] Nurse Clavell!

NURSE. Coming. [*To others*] I've warned you. [*NURSE creeps into the library*]

MAUREEN. Strange lady.

MISS GASPAR. Living in this house would make anyone strange.

GERTRUDE. A new coat of paint will do wonders for the place. [*To Maureen*] If all goes well, this will be the new home of Kidd Acad-

emy. [*JENNY appears in hallway and takes Maureen's suitcase, exits Left*]

MAUREEN. Kidd Academy? Here? In this mausoleum? [*ZOG hurries from the cellar. He has a sack over his shoulder. He growls. The OTHERS exclaim, startled. ZOG holds out the sack*]

ZOG. Soil. Soil for my garden. [*He lopes to the French doors, exits, closing doors behind him*]

GERTRUDE. That was the gardener.

MISS GASPAS. Mr. Zog.

MAUREEN. He's stranger than the nurse. [*NIGHTSHADE moves into hallway from Left*]

NIGHTSHADE. Your rooms are ready, ladies.

GERTRUDE. I would like to freshen up. [*GERTRUDE, MISS GASPAS, and MAUREEN begin to cross Up Center. NIGHTSHADE stops Maureen*]

NIGHTSHADE. Your room will take a bit longer. There's a mouse in it.

MAUREEN. A mouse?

NIGHTSHADE. Not to worry. I'm quite good when it comes to catching mice. [*In answer to MAUREEN's quizzical look, she holds up a mousetrap. THUNDER. LIGHTS flicker*]

GERTRUDE. The storm's getting nearer.

MISS GASPAS. I don't like storms. [*GERTRUDE and MISS GASPAS exit*]

NIGHTSHADE. We have an excellent library if you care to browse.

MAUREEN. I don't want to disturb Mrs. Supul. I'll be fine in here.

NIGHTSHADE. Whatever you think best. [*NIGHTSHADE exits into hallway and Left. BO enters from Stage Left. He's a pleasant young man, not bad looking. He holds a bag of candy*]

BO. Hi.

MAUREEN. Hello.

BO. You must be one of the Kidds.

MAUREEN. That's right. Maureen Haywood's my name.

BO. "Maureen Haywood." Haywood. Name's familiar. [*Steps in, snaps his fingers*] I got it. You're the pride of Kidd Academy. You wrote that book about zombies.

MAUREEN. Close. But not close enough. Vampires.

BO. Don't believe in such things myself.

MAUREEN. That makes two of us.