

OLD WORLD SCARY

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

| | |
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| DRACULA | Also known as Vlad the Impaler. He's not just a count, not just an impaler. Not even just a vampire. He's <i>the</i> vampire. |
| WEREWOLF | Originally named Hubert van der Hoff, but that has nothing to do with the script. Now he's only known as the Werewolf... unless you want to get eaten. |
| RICKY | A high school nerd who is just soooo excited to have the actual Count Dracula as his Big Brother. |
| MIRIAM TICKLER | Ricky's very Jewish mother. |

SETTING

Late at night in a clearing on the edge of a city park.

SCENE

(Dracula is sitting on a park bench. He has just finished loading up a new vape flavor, takes a puff. Clearly disappointed, he looks down at the label.)

DRACULA

Night mint plasma?! Tastes more like minty shoe leather.

(Werewolf enters and approaches.)

WEREWOLF

Heydee hey aaaaooooooooowwww! If it isn't my favorite count!

DRACULA

Good evening.

(The Werewolf goes to take a seat during the next line, and almost makes it until he's interrupted.)

WEREWOLF

Always with the trademark greeting, huh? Couldn't you just once say something el—

DRACULA

Hey!

(Werewolf jumps back.)

You know zee rules. If you want to sit...

WEREWOLF

You never just relax, do you... Fine. *(Reciting a boring pledge...)* I, the Werewolf, do solemnly pledge that I am cruel and heartless and dedicated to causing pain and suffering wherever I shall go.

(He goes to sit again during the next line, but...)

So I hear you've got yourself a new protégé that's—

DRACULA

Hey! Don't try to distract me.

WEREWOLF

Oh, come on, Drac. You know I'm, like, old-world scary. I've earned a seat on this bench a hundred times over.

(Dracula just stares at him. Then with a big sigh...)

Fine. *(Back to reciting...)* I do swear that each and every moment I am pledged to the horrors of the night. My last act of nastiness was... *(Now not reciting...)* Uhh, I hunted down and killed a jogger in Northview Park.

DRACULA

In cold blood?

WEREWOLF

Oh, shut up and move over.

(Dracula slides over a bit to make room, and the Werewolf takes a seat.)

You still smoking that crap? They say it'll kill you.

DRACULA

What? Again?

(They have a laugh. This is not the first, or even the tenth, time they have had that little exchange about vaping.)

So you bagged another jogger? How was it?

(Werewolf looks around to make sure they're alone, then...)

WEREWOLF

Drac, can I tell you, just between you and me... it's just not the same anymore.

DRACULA

Another Generation Z dinner, eh?

WEREWOLF

Y, Z... It's just... Okay, so I'm out in the park, right, and I catch the scent of this jogger. I can tell right off that it's a young woman, so I start following her.

DRACULA

Naturally.

WEREWOLF

Naturally. I run ahead to that dark spot near the north end of the lake that smells like—

DRACULA

Yes, honeysuckle. I know. Get to the good part.

WEREWOLF

So she comes bounding around the path. Spandex jogging suit, hair in a ponytail, the whole nine. And I jump out... Rrraaaarrrrrgg!!!

DRACULA

And she's not scared.

WEREWOLF

Oh, worse. So much worse. She turns on me, and starts yelling at me for not wearing a mask.

DRACULA

No...

WEREWOLF

Oh, yeah. "This is a public park," she says. "You have to wear a mask" yadda yadda.

DRACULA

Disgraceful.

WEREWOLF

Oh, no. That's nothing. Get this. *She's* not even wearing a mask. And I try to bring this up, but she gives me some line about how you don't need to wear one if you're running, and then I say that *I* was running, and she says that it's not the same because she's running for *exercise* while I'm out running as part of my job. (*Pause.*) Which is true, in a way.

DRACULA

But still...

WEREWOLF

Right. So I figure that I'm not going to win that argument, so I start to growl at her. Loud. And *then* she says, "why are you hunting me?" So I say, "because I'm hungry." And then *she* says that she feels like I'm singling her out, and that I'm making her feel marginalized, whatever that means. So *I* say, "what does that mean?" And she says that *I* have a *social obligation* to already know what that means, and that I'm trying to take away her personal power.

DRACULA

You should have just eaten her.

WEREWOLF

I'm getting to that. So I say that it's nothing personal, and then she accuses me of having... now get this... an unconscious bias that inhibits her ability to succeed.

DRACULA

That's...

WEREWOLF

So I say, "no I don't". And she says "yes you do". And I say "no I don't", and she says "yes you do". And this goes on like ten times. Then I say, "prove it." And she says, "Think back on the last ten people you ate. How many were young, beautiful women?" Now I'm not a fool, so I say, "I don't have to answer that."

DRACULA

(Realizing this was a bad move on the Werewolf's part...)

Oh no.

WEREWOLF

Oh yeah. So she says I'm scared because I know I'm wrong, and so I quote the Night Terrors Handbook...

DRACULA AND WEREWOLF

To be beautiful is to be hunted.

WEREWOLF

Right. And then she calls me an oppressor, and says that she isn't going to back down. She goes on about how her parents taught her that she needs to learn to live without fear of the cis male werewolf, and that until I start hunting in a truly unbiased way, I need to go off and think about what really motivates me.

DRACULA

And then you ate her?

WEREWOLF

Then I ate her. I'm telling Drac, I can't deal with any more idiots like this.

(Dracula has looked over at a call from offstage.)

RICKY (OFF)

Hey Mister Vlad! I'm back!

DRACULA

You may not have a choice.

RICKY (OFF)

I got the food!

WEREWOLF

Is that your new protégé?

DRACULA

He's *not* my protégé.

WEREWOLF

Oh?

DRACULA

He's my...

(Ricky enters carrying a paper bag from Panera, although the name is not visible to the audience.)

RICKY

Hi, Big Bro!

WEREWOLF

Big Bro?

DRACULA

The mummy dared me. Said I didn't have zee courage to take on a real challenge like—

(Ricky has tried to sit on the bench between them while saying...)

Hi! I'm Ricky!

RICKY

DRACULA
Ah ah ah!!

WEREWOLF
Grrrrrrrrrr!!!!

(Ricky jumps back in alarm.)

DRACULA
Nobody sits on zee bench until they earn it.

WEREWOLF
Did you earn it?

RICKY
How—

WEREWOLF
By doing something really cruel and heartless. Did you do something cruel and heartless?

RICKY
No. N-No, I... I just went to get some...

DRACULA
I sent him to zee morgue to get some blood. Did you get it?

RICKY
I tried, but it was closed, and my mom wouldn't let me try to break in.

DRACULA
You vent vith your mother?

RICKY
Of course. I can't drive yet.

DRACULA
You had her drive you to the morgue?

RICKY
I didn't *tell* her it was the morgue. She thinks it was Taco Bell.

WEREWOLF
Close enough.

(Dracula just shakes his head.)

RICKY

She's parking the car. Anyway, I knew how important it was that I get you some food, so I had her drive me around until I found... anyway, here.

(Ricky hands over the bag. Dracula opens it slowly, looks inside.)

WEREWOLF

Smells good.

(Dracula reaches in and pulls out a bagel. He looks at Ricky, the disgust and disappointment very apparent on his face.)

DRACULA

What...

RICKY

It's a bagel!!

DRACULA

I know what it is...

RICKY

There's cream cheese in the bag too!

DRACULA

I can't eat this.

RICKY

It's good! It's from Panera!

DRACULA

I don't care if it's from Jerusalem...

WEREWOLF

Say, if you're not gonna...

(With great disdain, Dracula passes the bagel to the Werewolf.)

Great. Thanks.

DRACULA

Ricky...

WEREWOLF

Can I have the, you know? I love that stuff.

(Dracula gives the Werewolf a disgusted, disappointed look, but hands the bag over.)

DRACULA

Alright. Ve vill chalk this up as a learning experience.

(Ricky tries to sit again while saying...)

RICKY

Great, so can I—

DRACULA AND WEREWOLF

NO!!

(Ricky jumps back.)

DRACULA

Not until you do something really cruel and heartless.

MERIAM (OFF)

Ricky?

RICKY

Over here, mom!

DRACULA

Do you really think it was a good idea to bring your mother here?

RICKY

Oh, it'll be fine. She's kinda nearsighted, and I hid her glasses so— Oh, hey, is that cruel enough that I can—

DRACULA AND WEREWOLF

No!

(Miriam enters and approaches the bench.)

RICKY

Mom, this is my Big Brother.

MIRIAM

Oh, you must be Glad.

RICKY

(Embarrassed...)

Vlad, mom. Vlad.

MIRIAM

It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Inhaler. Such a strange name. Is it Mexican?

(Dracula just looks at Ricky, who whispers...)

RICKY

When I said *impaler*, she thought I said *inhaler*, and then I thought maybe it would kind of upset her, you know, so I just... Say, that's kind of cruel, right? Could I—

(Dracula puts a hand over Ricky's mouth to silence him, and shakes his head no. He then turns to face Miriam.)

DRACULA

No. It is Transylvanian.

RICKY

(Backing away from Dracula to speak...)

That means 'across the forest'. *(Turning to explain this to Werewolf.)* I'm really into etymology. And trains. And when I first hear that my Big Bro was from Transylvania, I thought he said something about trains, and I—

(The Werewolf puts a hand over Ricky's mouth.)

WEREWOLF

You should do something very painful to the mummy.

RICKY

(Muffled...)

Mmhu-mmee?

DRACULA

Not your mummy. *(Turning to Miriam...)* It is very nice to meet you. And thank you for driving little Ricky around tonight.

MIRIAM

Oh, it's my pleasure. I'm so glad that he's found a nice mensch to spend time— You are Jewish, right?

(Ricky nods aggressively.)

DRACULA

Of course.

(Ricky silently motions for him to continue.)

Mazel tov.

MIRIAM

You know, it is so nice to see little Ricky excited about something again. He's such a delightful boy, and look at that handsome face. He's got such a little punim!

RICKY

Mom!

MIRIAM

He's going to win all the girls' hearts, isn't he? If only he'd learn how to listen to his mother.

RICKY

MOM!!

MIRIAM

What? Would it kill you to listen a little now and then? *(Turning to the Werewolf.)* I swear, the way he behaves sometimes will drive me to an early grave.

WEREWOLF

Almost did tonight.

(Dracula coughs loudly to change the subject, which it does, but...)

MIRIAM

Oh, that's a terrible cough, Mr. Inhaler. Now isn't that a smidge of irony there, hmm? Here. You know what would help that is a nice hard candy.

(She starts rummaging through her purse.)

DRACULA

I'm fine.

MIRIAM

Nonsense! What's the point of carrying them around all the time if you don't use it when you need it. Oh, here. Here's one. Oh, wait. Even better. Here's a bag of cough drops. Here. Take that. I put them in my purse when Ricky's uncle Irving had lumbago. Irving's my late husband's brother, and he... no, really take the whole bag. I never use them. Irving used to say that the cough drops helped, but I never understood that. Do you?

DRACULA

These expired twelve years ago.

MIRIAM

But then Irving was a gynecologist, so I figured that if anyone—

RICKY

MOM!!!

(Miriam jumps back in surprise, a little shocked.)

MIRIAM

OY!! Oh!! You should make soup from my bones and pour it on the cat shouting like that. Why do I even wake up alive? I need to sit down and—

(Dracula and the Werewolf immediately move in front of Miriam to block her path to the bench.)

What? Oh, of course. Where are my manners? I'm Miriam. Miriam Tickler. But you can call me—

WEREWOLF

Tickler?

MIRIAM

It's an old name from the eastern part of Poland. Near Bialystok and Jaskra. It was originally Ticklemier, but when my great, great—

WEREWOLF

Tickler.

MIRIAM

That's right. But you can call me—

DRACULA

Your last name is Tickler?

MIRIAM

Yes, an—

WEREWOLF

And you named your son Richard?

(The Werewolf and Dracula share a look with each other.)

MIRIAM

That's right. After his uncle Dicky.

(They part to let Miriam pass to the bench.)

DRACULA

Please, sit.

(She moves to sit, and the lights fade to black as she says...)

MIRIAM

You are such nice young men. *(To the Werewolf...)* Say, I don't suppose you're a doctor? I have niece who would be perfect for you. You'd really like her. She doesn't shave either.

(Lights out.)