Twisted Tales of Terror

by Jeanine Harvey

A Baker's Plays Acting Edition

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TWISTED TALES OF TERROR
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TWISTED TALES OF TERROR was original Produced in November 2006 at the Orchard View High School in Muskegon, Michigan.

IGOR . . . . . Jason Halterman
CLAUDIA . . . . . Alyssa Neer
DR. VAN HELSING . . . . . Garrett Gibson
LUCY . . . . . Caressa Brown
MINA . . . . . Elisabeth Flores
DRACULA . . . . . Justin Briggs
IRINA . . . . . Brandi Mancha
DASHA . . . . . Erica Good
KATERINA . . . . . Jacy Jonseck
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN . . . . . Tyler Swain
PETEY . . . . . Alex Farwig
POPPY . . . . . Adrienne Dempsey
NINA . . . . . Kristina Beerman
NANETTE . . . . . Jasmine Witherell
JAQUES . . . . . Jen Lee
MRS. LETOUR . . . . . Stephanie Root
LEO . . . . . Nate Brandow
LISETTE . . . . . April Saville
DR. JEKYLL . . . . . Ben Cook
MR. HYDE . . . . . Zach Hodge
MARY REILLY . . . . . Kristen Twonsel
ASINA . . . . . Kara Jonseck
KASUN . . . . . Daniel Torrez
PEACHES . . . . . Shauna Wright
PLUM . . . . . Taylor Chester
RAISIN . . . . . Nichole Vanderstelt
JUDGE MILLER . . . . . Jon Schaub
ALICE . . . . . Kenyatta Haromon
DANCERS . . . . . Faith Troyer, Shawna Miller,
Felecia Billings, Jordan Smith, and Aeriel Thorp

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAUDIA - Young and beautiful in a gothic way, she is a Guardian of Dark Tales. She tells horror stories, but occasionally messes them up. She is feisty, and is desperately in love with her husband, Igor.

IGOR - A strange looking hunchback, Igor is amazed that Claudia loves him. He is totally devoted to her, and his dedication occasionally gets him in trouble with other characters.

DRACULA - The handsome monster of legend, Dracula is good looking and knows it. He believes every woman wants him, and they usually do. He even tries to get Claudia, much to Igor's dismay.

DASHA - One of the beautiful vampire Brides of Dracula, she is completely in love with Dracula. She follows him wherever he leads and will fight for him.

IRINA - Another Bride of Dracula, the lovely Irina is devoted to her "husband" and defends him no matter what.

KATERINA - The final Bride of Dracula is a striking beauty, and she loves Dracula and is willing to defend their vampiric love.

VAN HELSING - An aging but intense vampire hunter, Van Helsing is intent on destroying Dracula and his Brides. He has one soft spot, his daughter Lucy.

LUCY - Van Helsing's daughter, she is young and a bit ditzy.

MINA - Lucy's friend, she accompanies Lucy to Transylvania where she falls under the spell of the alluring Dracula.

JONATHAN RENFIELD - Van Helsing's assistant, he believes he is quite a fighter. However, he quickly falls under Dracula's spell and must do his bidding, although he manages to eat quite a few spiders along the way.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN - A brilliant scientist, he is obsessed with creating new life, and his "monsters," Petey and Poppy, are like precious children to him.

PETEY - Frankenstein's "monster," he is large and green, but he is a gentle giant. He is lonely and longs for a companion.

POPPY - Victor's latest "monster," she is fated to be the Bride of Frankenstein. However, the very strong Poppy only has eyes for Igor.

NINA - A poor young orphan, she tries to keep her brother and sister, Jacques and Nanette, alive in a strange forest. After they are attacked by a werewolf, the situation gets worse.

NANETTE - Nina's younger sister, she is a scared orphan. Being turned into a werewolf does little to ease her fears.

JACQUES - The younger brother of Nina and Nanette, he is always hungry, especially for delicious pork chops. Unfortunately, werewolves like pork chops too and he and his sisters are attacked.

MRS. LETOUR - The evil neighbor of the three orphans, she tricks them into going into a wood full of werewolves carrying fragrant pork chops.

LEO - The father of the orphans, he and his wife were attacked and became werewolves. Afraid to return to their children, they have been hiding in the woods.

LISETTE - Leo's wife, she is now a werewolf, but she misses her children. However, she is afraid to go back to them.

DR. JEKYLL - A brilliant chemist, he is terribly shy. He is desperately in love with his maid, Mary Reilly. She loves to dance and does not notice his feelings. Unable to talk to her on his own, he brews up a potion that will make him confident and handsome, and a slick dancer.

MR. HYDE - He is what Dr. Jekyll becomes after he takes his potion. He is handsome, very confident, and slightly homicidal.

MARY REILLY - Dr. Jekyll's maid, she dreams of becoming a dancer. She wants to win the local dance contest, and suddenly a strange new man named Mr. Hyde asks her to dance.

DANCERS - These are all townspeople who have entered the dance contest. Unfortunately, Mr. Hyde attacks them all.

ASINA - A beautiful Egyptian princess, she is in love with the poor peasant Kasun. When their love is discovered, they are turned into mummies. She is doomed to wander the world until she finds Kasun again.

KASUN - A poor Eyptian, he falls in love with the Princess Asina. Their forbidden love leads to them being turned into mummies, cursed to roam the earth trying to find each other.

GUARDS - Egyptian guards, they separate Kasun and Asina.

PEACHES - A kind hearted witch, she and her sisters set all of the problems to rights.

PLUM - A kind hearted witch, she and her sisters set all of the problems to rights.

RAISIN - A kind hearted witch, she and her sisters set all of the problems to rights.

JUDGE MILLER - A corrupt man, he and his wife have stolen all of the town's money to buy things for themselves. They seek to blame the three witches for the problem.

ALICE MILLER - The Judge's greedy wife, she and her husband have stolen from the town, and the people are angry. She convinces her husband to blame the witches for their troubles.

TOWNSPEOPLE - These people have had their money stolen by Judge Miller and Alice, and they are quite upset.

ACT ONE

(The curtain opens on a nearly bare stage. There are posts and several boxes, but everything is black. Ragged black fabric hangs from the ceiling. Music begins and a cloaked figure appears stage left. This is **CLAUDIA***, but we cannot see her just yet.)*

CLAUDIA. *(in a creepy voice)* Greetings strangers. Welcome to my humble home.

(She begins walking around the stage, and her very long cape swirls gracefully in tune with the music.)

Have you ever been afraid of the monsters under the bed? Of the venomous creatures going bump in the night?

(The music swells and she raises her cape high. At the right music cue, she throws her cape down, and reveals that she is dressed quite saucily. Her hair is long and black and all of her clothes are black.)

Well I'm here to tell you about them. But all of those horror stories you grew up with? They all happened a little differently than you think.

*(***IGOR** *appears stage right. He is very odd looking and walks in a peculiar ape-like shuffle. He wears long, baggy clothing.)*

IGOR. Very differently indeed.

CLAUDIA. Igor, my darling! You are here! *(She embraces him.)*

IGOR. My princess always had a gift for stating the obvious. I would never miss one of your stories, dearest.

CLAUDIA. *(To the audience as she fondly begins caressing* **IGOR***'s misshapen brow.)* This particular creature is Igor. Perhaps you've heard of him.

IGOR. *(laughing bizarrely)* They've all heard the story my dark beauty.

CLAUDIA. Yes, but they haven't heard it from me, have they?

IGOR. You are the Guardian of All Dark Tales. And you tell such good stories, Claudia.

CLAUDIA. *(winces at the sound of her name and looks at the audience)* What? Yes my name is Claudia. And I am a Guardian of All Dark Tales. That means I get to know what really happened, and I get to tell people about it, if they're lucky. Claudia just isn't much of a Dark Guardian name though. I should have been named Diana or Cruella or…or –

IGOR. Elvira!

CLAUDIA. Never! That hack stole my look years ago.

IGOR. I think Claudia is a beautiful name.

CLAUDIA. *(sitting next to him on the bench)* You always say the nicest things, Igor. *(to the audience)* Did I tell you? Igor is my husband.

IGOR. *(grinning)* Yes I am.

CLAUDIA. I love him.

IGOR. *(grinning even more broadly)* Yes she does.

CLAUDIA. And we are very happy together.

IGOR. *(nearly laughing in glee)* Boy, are we!

CLAUDIA. I know he's not what you might expect of my husband.

IGOR. *(looking sad)* Oh.

CLAUDIA. *(turning him to face her)* But he is the lumpy love of my life.

IGOR. I am? *(She nods and gives him an Eskimo kiss.)* I am!

CLAUDIA. I met Igor through the whole storytelling scene.

IGOR. Do we have to tell the story of Frankenstein? That story requires so much heavy lifting what with the bringing bodies in and out. That Frankenstein monster is no lightweight, let me tell you. I wasn't born walking like this!

CLAUDIA. *(putting her arm around* **IGOR***)* Very well, my darling. I shall being with a classic tale.

IGOR. Ooh, I love a classic!

CLAUDIA. This tale is one of the best known horror stories.

IGOR. Popularity is so cool!

CLAUDIA. Ladies and gentlemen, I present the story of…

IGOR. Ooh!

CLAUDIA. Dracula!

IGOR. *(sagging)* Oh no, not that story. I hate that guy.

CLAUDIA. *(smiling indulgently at* **IGOR***)* I know he isn't your favorite, but people have a right to know.

IGOR. *(angry)* Know what? That he has the hots for you? *(He gives her a longing once over glance.)* How could he not?

CLAUDIA. *(smiling)* True.

IGOR. *(stepping out of a daze)* But you are *my* wife. I don't like stories about slick dudes who want to steal you away.

CLAUDIA. *(turning to him)* Igor, darling, he tries to steal my affection each time I tell his tale.

IGOR. Tell me about it. He wants your affections and any other part of you he can get.

CLAUDIA. *(putting her hand on his lumpy cheek)* But has he ever succeeded?

IGOR. *(slowly)* No.

CLAUDIA. And he shall not this time. *(She embraces him.)* You are my husband.

IGOR. *(nearly drugged with happiness at her nearness)* It's a miracle.

CLAUDIA. And do you know why I love you?

IGOR. *(still happy)* I really don't.

CLAUDIA. You are sweet. *(She kisses his cheek.)*

IGOR. Sweet!

CLAUDIA. And tender. *(She kisses his other cheek.)*

IGOR. Oooh, tender.

CLAUDIA. *(emotion building)* And delightfully strange!

IGOR. *(excited)* Strange! Yes!

CLAUDIA. You are my prince, my dark warrior!

IGOR. *(overcome)* Beloved!

(He sweeps **CLAUDIA** *into his arms and they begin snuggling. This goes on for a slightly uncomfortable time. Eventually,* **DR. VAN HELSING** *enters from stage right. He is an old gentleman with a white goatee. He wears a suit with many pockets in which are stuffed crosses, holy water, etc. He watches* **IGOR** *and* **CLAUDIA** *embrace.)*

VAN HELSING. *(clearing throat)* Hem-hem.

*(***IGOR** *and* **CLAUDIA** *don't pause for a second.)*

VAN HELSING. *(louder)* Hem-hem.

(no response)

VAN HELSING. Would you two just knock it off!

*(***IGOR** *and* **CLAUDIA** *break apart, startled.)*

IGOR. Dr. Van Helsing! What are you doing here?

VAN HELSING. *(disgusted)* Someone told me you were going to tell the story of Dracula. It seems perfectly apparent to me that you have other ideas.

(He moves to leave.)

CLAUDIA. *(moving in front of him)* Dr. Van Helsing, forgive us.

IGOR. *(slumping his way over)* Yes, we got carried away.

VAN HELSING. Really! Such a display! And from a Guardian of Dark Tales.

CLAUDIA. Come now, Dr., you cannot be that offended.

VAN HELSING. Can't I? This is a tale of murder, of monsters most foul. There is no time for ribaldry.

IGOR. If you don't think Dracula is into a little ribaldry himself, you haven't heard the story before. I mean, he has three brides.

VAN HELSING. Those women are not married to him.

CLAUDIA. Well, there never was a ceremony, but they are definitely committed to him. They have always been known as the Brides of Dracula.

(The three **BRIDES–IRINA**, **KATERINA**, *and* **DASHA**–*appear. They are all vampires and wear old-fashioned dresses that make the most of their beauty. They have long hair and fangs which they like to flash as they speak. They tend to stick together, and when one moves, so do the others.)*

KATERINA. Who has called for the Brides of Dracula?

DASHA. We three answer to that title.

IRINA. We spend eternity by the side of our beloved.

*(***VAN HELSING** *whips out a cross and holds it out. The* **BRIDES** *recoil, hissing.)*

VAN HELSING. Back, she-demons!

DASHA. Van Helsing!

KATERINA. No!

IRINA. You shall not win if you attack!

VAN HELSING. *(pulling out a stake)* Really? Let's see.

(The **BRIDES** *scream and scurry back.)*

IGOR. *(stepping in)* Hold it! Hold it! My wife is trying to tell a story and you all are messing it up.

CLAUDIA. *(looking upset)* Thank you, Igor.

KATERINA. He means to kill us!

IGOR. No he doesn't.

VAN HELSING. Yes, I do!

IGOR. Would you shut up, old man?

DASHA. We can make him silent!

IGOR. Look, crazy ladies, Dracula's babes, whatever –

IRINA. He said the name of our love!

DASHA & KATERINA. Dracula!

DASHA. He is handsome and virile.

KATERINA & IRINA. Yes!

KATERINA. He is strong and manly.

IRINA & DASHA. Yes!

IRINA. He is funny.

(The others are prepared to agree and then pause and look at each other funnily.)

IRINA. *(Cont.)* What? He makes me laugh all the time. He can tell a knock-knock joke that will make you fall over laughing.

DASHA & KATERINA. Um, sure.

VAN HELSING. See they are all held under his dark spell. Death shall be their only release! *(He moves to strike, but* **CLAUDIA** *intercepts him.)*

CLAUDIA. Dr. Van Helsing, I appreciate you wanting to kill vampires. It is, after all, your specialty. But could I start the story off properly?

IGOR. That is the only way it will make sense.

VAN HELSING. Well, um…I suppose.

IGOR. *(slowly approaching the* **BRIDES***)* Ladies, we will need you in a minute. But until then, could you go and, I don't know, check your lipstick?

IRINA. We have no reflections, lumpy man!

DASHA. How cruel!

KATERINA. But they need to tell the story. Come my fellow brides, let us go sit down. I will tell you Dracula's latest knock-knock joke. It goes like this: Knock knock.

(The **BRIDES** *exit left.)*

CLAUDIA. Finally. *(to* **IGOR***)* Thank you, darling. *(to* **VAN HELSING***)* Very well, we shall begin. *(facing the audience)* Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard the story, and some of it is actually true. A vampire did exist in Transylvania, and he had to drink the blood of the living every night in order to survive.

VAN HELSING. A demon!

IGOR. *(rolling his eyes)* This guy is too much.

CLAUDIA. *(walking slowly back to the platform)* A vampire would burn up in the sunlight, and had to sleep in a coffin. A vampire can be killed by exposure to sunlight, or by being pierced through the heart by a wooden stake.

VAN HELSING. I have one!

*(***IGOR** *shakes his head.)*

CLAUDIA. A vampire knows no light, only darkness and death.

VAN HELSING. I will show him death! *(He makes a stabbing motion.)* Aah!

IGOR. *(walking to* **CLAUDIA***)* Calm down, Captain pokey stick. We're getting to you.

CLAUDIA. Our story begins will Dr. Van Helsing. *(She motions to the* **DR.***)*

VAN HELSING. *(to audience)* Hello.

CLAUDIA. Dr. Van Helsing had made it his life's work to study vampire myths. People said he had destroyed several such creatures.

VAN HELSING. *(making stabbing motions with his stake)* Aah!

IGOR. I'm starting to like this guy.

CLAUDIA. Van Helsing was an intense man –

IGOR. Ya think?

CLAUDIA. *(smiling at* **IGOR***)* But he had one soft spot. His daughter, Lucy.

VAN HELSING. *(clapping his hands together and pressing them to his heart)* My little spring blossom!

IGOR. Oh, this'll be good. *(calling offstage)* Hey Lucy!

*(***LUCY** *slowly wanders in. She is dressed in frills and appears very spoiled.* **LUCY** *is not exactly bright.)*

LUCY. *(looking around)* What's going on? *(She sees the audience.)* Hello strange people!

VAN HELSING. Lucy!

LUCY. Papa!

VAN HELSING. How is my big girl?

LUCY. *(giggling)* I am well, Papa. What do you have for me?

VAN HELSING. *(acting ignorant)* Me? I have nothing.

LUCY. Papa.

VAN HELSING. Not a thing.

LUCY. *(in a little girl tone)* Papa poky bear?

VAN HELSING. I could never resist my Lucy-kins. *(pulling licorice out of his pocket)* Here is a treat for my precious girl.

LUCY. *(smiling)* Thank you, Papa.

IGOR. You have got to be kidding me. This guy was all, "Kill, kill! Die vampires, die" just a few minutes ago.

CLAUDIA. You will understand why in a few minutes.

VAN HELSING. Lucy? Pumpkin?

LUCY. *(eating her licorice)* Yes, Papa?

VAN HELSING. How would you like to go with me on a trip?

LUCY. Ooh, where, Papa?

VAN HELSING. We will go to a place called Transylvania. There are many castles there.

LUCY. I like castles. But can I bring a friend?

VAN HELSING. *(considering)* Well, why not?

LUCY. *(excited)* I'll bring Mina!

VAN HELSING. Mina? Okay. She will be able to keep you company while I am working. I will need to bring my assistant as well. He is a fierce warrior, and he me help me protect you and your friend. His name is Jonathan Renfield.

LUCY. Okay, Papa. I'll get Mina, you get Jonathan. *(yelling)* MIIIINNAA!

VAN HELSING. JOOONAATHAAN!

(Everyone rubs their ears. **MINA** *enters right. She is as serious as* **LUCY** *is silly. She walks over to* **VAN HELSING**.*)*

MINA. Thank you for inviting me on this journey, Dr. Van Helsing. I have always wanted to go to Transylvania. I'm not really sure why. Something draws me there…

CLAUDIA. Little did she know, but the vampire used to love a woman who looked just like her.

IGOR. So he wants her look-a-like? That's kind of creepy.

CLAUDIA. Well, vampires are creepy by nature.

IGOR. Point made. Oh and here's Jonathan.

*(***JONATHAN** *leaps on stage, armed with a crossbow. He does a tuck and somersaults across the stage. He then darts right and left, scanning the audience for danger.)*

JONATHAN. I have scanned the area for monsters, just

as you taught me Dr. Van Helsing. I am armed with stakes, arrows, and holy water. Any vampire who comes near me will live to regret it! *(He makes a butch pose with his crossbow.)*

LUCY. Mina, that's Jonathan. He's kinda weird.

MINA. He is a fierce warrior.

(This attracts **JONATHAN***'s attention.)*

JONATHAN. Greetings fair maiden. It is my sincere pleasure to be able to accompany you on this journey. Never fear. I shall lay down my very life to protect you!

MINA. You are gallant and strong!

JONATHAN. I know. *(He offers her his arm. She takes it.)*

VAN HELSING. It is time to go now. Lucy, stay close to me.

(The characters walk across the stage as **CLAUDIA** *speaks.)*

CLAUDIA. So Van Helsing, Lucy, and Mina traveled over land and sea until they arrived in Transylvania.

LUCY. It sure is gloomy here.

JONATHAN. Fear not. I am prepared for anything.

VAN HELSING. As am I.

IGOR. These two are something else.

CLAUDIA. *(laughing)* Yes, but they are sweet. In an intense way.

MINA. *(puts her hands to her head as she sways on her feet)* I feel like I know this place. Even though I am attracted to Jonathan, something seems to be waiting for me here. Something…or someone.

IGOR. Here we go.

JONATHAN. *(to* **VAN HELSING***)* The creature must be calling to her. We need to track him down and vanquish him.

VAN HELSING. *(nods)* You girls stay here and have some fun. Jonathan and I have some monsters to kill. I mean, er, we have work to do.

MINA. Monsters?

LUCY. Bye Papa! *(to* **MINA***)* Let's go look for cute Transylvanian men!

MINA. But he told us to stay here. Surely wandering the streets will lead us to trouble.

LUCY. Nah.

MINA. *(touching her temple)* I feel strange. I need to find the reason for this strangeness. Alright. Let us go wander the streets until an answer presents itself.

LUCY. Whatever.

(They exit.)

CLAUDIA. Now the next part of the story gets a little tricky. You see, ol' Dracula kind of has a thing for me.

IGOR. Kind of? He has wanted you for years!

CLAUDIA. I know.

IGOR. He doesn't care that you have a husband. Or that he has three brides!

CLAUDIA. Sweetie, it's just because I turn him down. Vampires are all about the thrill of the chase. Really.

IGOR. Well I don't want to see him chase anything of yours! I can't stand him!

CLAUDIA. Oh, Igor, you're jealous.

IGOR. Duh! Some suave vampire tries to steal my wife, I get a little steamed!

CLAUDIA. *(stroking his face)* You are so cute when you are jealous. And when you're not! I tell you what. Why don't you tell this next part? He won't see me, and then he won't try to seduce me. Will that make you happy?

IGOR. I'd be happy if I could introduce him to sun tanning. *(looks at her)* But this is better than the alternative.

CLAUDIA. *(stepping back a bit)* I'll be right here if you need me.

IGOR. Very well. *(to the audience)* Transylvania was the home of Count Dracula.

(The **BRIDES** *run on stage.)*

BRIDES. Dracula!

IGOR. Honestly, this guy is so overrated.

BRIDES. *(calling out)* Dracula! Husband! Beloved!

IGOR. We might as well get it done. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Count Dracula.

*(***DRACULA** *appears and the* **BRIDES** *kneel at his feet. He is dressed in old fashioned clothing and his hair is slicked back. He is very pale and very confident. He smirks at the audience and swishes his cape.)*

DRACULA. You called for Count Dracula, and he has appeared. *(He raises his cape.)* Fear me! *(He lowers his cape.)* Desire me!

IGOR. They didn't call you. I did.

DRACULA. Why is a strange, lumpy man like you calling me? I would not want to drink your blood. You have an off-putting appearance.

IGOR. *(sarcastically)* Ooh, bummer about the blood. But I am trying to tell your story.

DRACULA. I do like people to know my story. Then I am both handsome and famous.

IGOR. *(pausing)* Good for you. *(gives a thumbs up)* Anyway. Dracula lives in his castle with his brides.

DRACULA. Come to me my brides!

DASHA. We live to serve you Prince!

IRINA. I am yours!

KATERINA. I shall be by your side throughout eternity. I adore you!

DRACULA. *(to the audience)* I do have a good life, even though I am technically dead. I mean, chicks dig me.

DASHA. You are so charismatic. I long to be with you!

DRACULA. *(to audience)* See?

IGOR. *(thoroughly unimpressed)* Yep, Dracula had his groupies.

IRINA. I am not his groupie, small man. I am his wife.

IGOR. Keep telling yourself that. Anyway, Dracula had some special powers that he had learned from the gypsies long ago.

DRACULA. I can make others bend to my will! Anyone is mine to command!

KATERINA. Command me my love!

IGOR. I'm not thrilled about it, but he can exert a certain amount of mind control.

DRACULA. *(to* **IGOR***)* You. Unattractive man. *(He waves his hands and looks intensely at* **IGOR***.)* Look into my eyes. You will now bark like a dog.

IGOR. *(disgusted)* Uh oh, I'm in trouble now. Dracula wants me to be a dog. Woof. *(He walks behind* **DRACULA** *and smacks his head.)*

DRACULA. Ow!

DASHA. You shall not strike my husband.

IGOR. Relax. Mr. Mind Control here should know that his tricks only work on characters in a story. Not storytellers.

DRACULA. Oh yes. Perhaps that is why I could never get the particularly attractive storyteller to be with me. I know she wanted me.

*(***CLAUDIA** *is angry and attempts to get up.* **IGOR** *sees this and shoves her back down. No one else notices anything.)*

IGOR. Forget the storyteller. There are some people you will like to meet. If you would just wait over here.

(He guides **DRACULA** *and the* **BRIDES** *to stage left.)*

*(***VAN HELSING** *and* **JONATHAN** *enter stage right. They are armed and on the prowl for monsters.)*

JONATHAN. I am ready to slay the vampires! *(He aims his crossbow.)* I just need to find them.

VAN HELSING. Be alert Jonathan! Foul things lurk in this part of the world. They will be right behind you and you will never know it.

*(***DRACULA** *and the* **BRIDES** *make fun of them behind their backs.)*

JONATHAN. They shall not catch me unawares. I am a hunter, and I hunt the undead.

VAN HELSING. It might be best if we split up. I will check that church over there, and you should look at that castle.

JONATHAN. The big spooky one that says Dracula on the mailbox?

VAN HELSING. That's the one.

JONATHAN. I will go, although I doubt I will find much. Good hunting to you.

*(***VAN HELSING** *exits left and the* **BRIDES** *follow him.)*

*(***DRACULA** *begins to sneak up on* **JONATHAN**.*)*

IGOR. Dracula had the whole mind control thing going for him, much to Jonathan's bad luck.

*(***JONATHAN** *spots* **DRACULA** *and turns on him, crossbow ready.)*

JONATHAN. Ah ha! Creature of the night! You have at last met your doom! Know that Jonathan Renfield sent you to your maker! It is time to die –

DRACULA. *(waving a hand)* Quiet!

JONATHAN. Okey dokey.

DRACULA. Drop the crossbow. *(He does.)* You are now my servant.

JONATHAN. Yes master.

DRACULA. You will do what I tell you to.

JONATHAN. Of course.

DRACULA. Tell me why you are here.

JONATHAN. Dr. Van Helsing and I are here to kill you.

DRACULA. Who else is with you?

JONATHAN. His daughter and her friend. They are both beautiful and wealthy young ladies.

DRACULA. *(thinks for a moment)* You shall bring them both to me now.

JONATHAN. You got it, big guy.

DRACULA. Go now, Renfield.

JONATHAN. He knows my name! He is so cool. But suddenly I have a craving…*(He looks at the floor.)* Spiders are all over this place. *(He jolts alert and then lunges to the floor, grabbing a spider. He eats it.)* Oh, so delicious. Oh no! I just ate a spider! What is happening to me?

(He grabs another.) I cannot help myself! *(He eats it.)* So good! The hairy legs have a really nice flavor.

DRACULA. I am waiting, Renfield.

JONATHAN. *(leaping up)* I will get the ladies.

DRACULA. *(to* **IGOR***)* He is now my servant. I shall make the women mine as well, and then I shall deal with Van Helsing.

IGOR. Glad you are with the program.

DRACULA. You tell my story, and yet I still think of the other storyteller with her silken hair and dark eyes. I know I will make her mine for all eternity as well.

IGOR. *(angry)* She quit. Forget her. All about her. She's gone. You'll just have to make do with all of your other women. Difficult, I know.

*(***CLAUDIA** *laughs in the background.* **IGOR** *motions for her to hide.* **JONATHAN** *quickly returns with* **LUCY** *and* **MINA***.)*

JONATHAN. This way, ladies. This way.

LUCY. What's the rush?

MINA. I feel so strange.

JONATHAN. Lucy, you wait here. Mina, come with me for a second. I want to show you the spiders in this place.

*(***MINA** *follows* **JONATHAN** *in a daze. They move to the far side of the stage. Occasionally,* **JONATHAN** *eats another spider.)*

LUCY. He's a little odd, but Daddy likes him. *(shrugs)* I wanted to meet some Transylvanian men.

DRACULA. *(behind her)* Your wish is granted, little one.

LUCY. *(jumping)* Hey!

DRACULA. Look into my eyes.

LUCY. *(hypnotized)* Alright.

DRACULA. You are now mine.

LUCY. Uh huh.

DRACULA. I need a drink.

(He flashes his fangs and pulls **LUCY** *into an embrace. He bites her neck.* **LUCY** *is facing the audience. Her faces reflects horror, and then happiness.)*

LUCY. Ouch! Ouch! Oh. Oh! *(She faints.)*

DRACULA. *(Laying her on the floor.)* Now I feel strengthened. Let Van Helsing come with his stakes. He shall not touch me.

JONATHAN. *(looks over)* My master is done eating. I need to take you to meet him now.

MINA. Do it.

JONATHAN. *(helping her up)* Mina, this is my master, Count Dracula.

*(***DRACULA** *turns dramatically but then is shocked to see* **MINA**. *He recognizes her.)*

DRACULA. You look just like my first love. How can you look like her? She died so long ago, long before I became a vampire.

MINA. Your face has haunted my dreams.

DRACULA. Well yes, I tend to do that. But, but, I love you. I have longed for you!

MINA. And I for you!

DRACULA. I shall make you my bride. Well, another bride anyway.

MINA. As long as we are together, nothing else matters!

(They embrace. Just as he is about to bite her, **VAN HELSING** *enters, chased by the* **BRIDES**.*)*

VAN HELSING. Jonathan! Help me!

JONATHAN. Um, master?

*(***DRACULA** *pays no attention, focusing entirely on* **MINA**. **VAN HELSING** *runs to center stage holding a cross.)*

VAN HELSING. Jonathan! The crossbow!

JONATHAN. Sorry. I have to do the bidding of my master now. It looks like his brides want to toy with you.

DASHA. I want to keep him as a pet.

IRINA. He is so old and feeble.

KATERINA. I know. It's so cute.

*(***LUCY** *moans on the ground.* **VAN HELSING** *immediately goes to her.)*

VAN HELSING. Lucy? Pumpkin? What has he done to you?

LUCY. Papa, I met a good looking man. But he had strange teeth. *(She swoons.)*

VAN HELSING. Lucy!

IGOR. Lucy was just weak from loss of blood.

JONATHAN. She'll be fine. The master drank from her, but she won't be a vampire.

VAN HELSING. I will kill you for this!

IGOR. Here's the Van Helsing we know and love.

DRACULA. Silence. All of you. I am about to make another bride.

(The **BRIDES** *all look at each other.)*

IRINA. Um, Dracula?

DASHA. Beloved?

KATERINA. Don't you already have enough Brides? I mean, there are three of us.

IGOR. Exactly.

DRACULA. She looks exactly like my first love. We must be together.

MINA. I love you, Dracula!

IGOR. How does this guy do it?

DRACULA. None of my other brides will mean any less to me. You are all treasures in my heart.

IGOR. Oh please.

DASHA. *(smiling)* Fine.

KATERINA. One more can't hurt.

IRINA. If it makes my love happy.

JONATHAN. We can be one big family. *(eats a spider)*

IGOR. Okay then.

*(***CLAUDIA** *pops up.)*

CLAUDIA. Wait, I can't stand this! This is all wrong!

IGOR. Claudia, no!

*(***DRACULA** *is just about to bite* **MINA** *and pauses.)*

DRACULA. Ah, there is my hot storyteller! *(He drops* **MINA** *to the ground.)* Hello, foxy lady. Look into my eyes…

CLAUDIA. Dracula, that won't work on me. It never has.

DRACULA. I am stunningly handsome and I have a sexy accent. You cannot resist.

IGOR. *(to* **VAN HELSING***)* Gimme a stake.

CLAUDIA. Oh, I can resist just fine.

DRACULA. *(advancing on her)* I shall make you my bride!

IRINA. Another one?

DASHA. That'll make five!

KATERINA. This is getting a bit excessive.

JONATHAN. Well, if the master wants it…Hey a cockroach! *(eats it)*

DRACULA. You shall be mine!

IGOR. Seriously, Van Helsing. *(He holds out his hand for a stake.)*

VAN HELSING. We shall kill him together!

LUCY. Get him, Dad!

(Everyone starts making noise and poising for a fight. **CLAUDIA** *moves to center stage.)*

CLAUDIA. Alright everyone! Freeze! *(They do. She faces the audience.)* Storytellers can do that. Nifty, huh?

IGOR. *(frozen)* Claudia…

CLAUDIA. *(She releases* **IGOR***.)* Honey, you have to relax. I am not interested in Dracula. And you are messing up my story.

IGOR. *(contrite)* I didn't mean to, but he makes me so mad.

CLAUDIA. Maybe we should let this one go for a while. Van Helsing is supposed to take out Dracula, but I think we'll just have him go back to his hotel.

IGOR. Don't forget his daughter.

CLAUDIA. Right. With Lucy. Go on now.

*(***VAN HELSING** *and* **LUCY** *exit.)*

CLAUDIA. Dracula and his three brides –

MINA. Four brides!

CLAUDIA. Right, four brides, went back to the castle and stayed a while.

(The **BRIDES** *and* **MINA** *all exit.* **DRACULA** *tries to resist.)*

DRACULA. *(to* **CLAUDIA***)* But you must be mine as well.

IGOR. *(brandishing the stake)* That's it!

CLAUDIA. *(holding* **IGOR** *back)* Hey, I'll join you there in a minute. Just go on up and wait for me, okay?

DRACULA. Okay, my obsidian goddess. I will wait for you at my castle. Don't be long.

*(***DRACULA** *and his women exit.* **JONATHAN** *crouches on the floor.)*

JONATHAN. What about me?

CLAUDIA. *(surprised)* Oh. Uh…Go with them. Now.

JONATHAN. Sure thing. *(He exits.)*

CLAUDIA. Well, that was embarrassing. Nothing in the story went as it was supposed to.

IGOR. I'm glad his story is messed up. He is so sure of himself. He's all, "I'm Dracula. Women love me." Makes me sick.

CLAUDIA. *(putting her hand on his arm)* Igor, I adore you.

IGOR. Don't touch me. You still have Dracula cooties.

CLAUDIA. My poor Igor. My poor jealous husband.

IGOR. Just start the next story. By the time we are done, the cooties will have worn off. But let me pick it, okay?

CLAUDIA. Anything for you.

IGOR. Ladies and gentlemen, our next story is "The Bride of Frankenstein!"

CLAUDIA. No!

IGOR. Ha! Now let's see you get jealous.

CLAUDIA. You know I don't like this story.

IGOR. No, you don't like what happens!

CLAUDIA. Fine. I will show you that I am a professional. *(She flips her hair.)* Long ago, there lived a brilliant scientist named Victor Frankenstein.

*(***VICTOR** *enters. He is clad in a lab coat and wears glasses. He is making notes on a clipboard.)*

VICTOR. The secret to life is so complex…

CLAUDIA. You see, Dr. Frankenstein was obsessed with cheating death. He wanted to live forever. So he began to experiment. He hired his trusty lab assistant, Igor.

IGOR. I really did have a role in this story.

VICTOR. Igor, I need you to go get me some more bodies.

IGOR. Now I recall why I don't like this story. I get abused from beginning to end. Wish I'd have thought of that.

CLAUDIA. Serves you right.

VICTOR. And bring my machine in here. I am ready for the next phase of my plan, but I need my machine. You know? The one made entirely of iron?

IGOR. I love that iron. I told you this story involved heavy lifting. *(sighs)* Very well. *(He shuffles off.)*

CLAUDIA. Dr. Frankenstein had already used parts from various deceased people to stitch together one creature. *(looks at Dr. Frankenstein)* Um, Victor, did anyone tell you that is kinda gross?

VICTOR. *(looking up from his clipboard)* I hold the secret to life in my hands! Death has no hold on me!

CLAUDIA. *(to audience)* Horror stories are just full of the crazies. You get used to it after a while.

VICTOR. From death I have created life! I used dead body parts to create a new man. He lives! He breathes!

CLAUDIA. Yes, he does. But he isn't exactly a handsome fella.

VICTOR. Who cares about appearances? My creature is a miracle!

CLAUDIA. If you say so. Victor Frankenstein did make a creature, and most storytellers simply call him Frankenstein's monster or Frankenstein for short. A lot of storytellers aren't very creative.

VICTOR. Then they are fools. His name is not Frankenstein. That is my name. His name is Petey.

CLAUDIA. The only thing worse than being stitched out of dead people is being stitched out of dead people and named Petey.

VICTOR. Hold your tongue! I named him after my father, Peter Frankenstein.

CLAUDIA. Well lucky Petey. Hey Victor, let's bring Petey out to meet the folks.

VICTOR. *(smiling)* He loves visitors. Petey! Petey! Come here boy!

*(***PETEY** *slowly lumbers out. He is large and green and moves awkwardly because his limbs aren't meant to fit together. He smiles.)*

PETEY. Hi. Victor. *(He moves to embrace* **VICTOR**. **VICTOR** *struggles under the force of the hug.)*

VICTOR. That's a good boy, Petey. But my, you are remarkably strong! *(struggling to breathe)* Petey, let go!

PETEY. Sorry, Victor. I mean no harm. I am just lonely.

VICTOR. Yes, I know. I am about to solve all of that for you.

*(***PETEY** *spots* **CLAUDIA** *and smiles. He walks over to her.)*

PETEY. Who is this? *(He points at her.)* She is pretty.

VICTOR. Well, I suppose, if you are into that type.

*(***CLAUDIA** *glares at him.)*

This is a woman, Petey. A female.

PETEY. Female. I like female.

*(***CLAUDIA** *casually tries to get out of the way.)*

VICTOR. Splendid. I am about to make you a wife!

PETEY. Wife?

VICTOR. Yes, a female of your own. She will be like you.

PETEY. Like me?

VICTOR. Yes, she will look different, and the electricity that I zap her with will give her your rather remarkable strength.

PETEY. I am strong.

VICTOR. Yes, my boy, and I have the bruises to show for it.

PETEY. I don't mean to hurt you. I am sorry, Victor. I am bad.

CLAUDIA. I'm kind of scared of him, but I feel a little sorry for him.

VICTOR. You are not bad, Petey. You are just different. That is why you need a female like you. She should be ready. I have already hooked her up to the machine. Igor! Where is that lad? I say he moves slowly.

*(***IGOR** *enters pushing a huge machine which already holds the* **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. *She is covered by a sheet. He is struggling with its massive weight. He groans and pushes.* **CLAUDIA** *hides her amusement.)*

IGOR. I am right here. If I move slowly, it is only because the crushing weight is breaking my bones. But don't try to help out. I wouldn't want you to break a sweat.

VICTOR. I detest sweating myself. That is why I hired you. So chop chop. Earn those wages and push that machine over here.

IGOR. I am so glad that I get to quit this job in a few minutes. Being Claudia's house husband is so much easier.

CLAUDIA. Just a few more minutes, love.

IGOR. *(straining under the pressure of pushing)* I think I am getting a hernia! Aaahh! *(He pauses and pants.)* Nope. No need for alarm. It's just my back cracking. No trouble here.

CLAUDIA. She's here. *(She grabs* **IGOR***'s hand. She wipes his sweaty brow.)* You can stop pushing. Time for a breather dear.

IGOR. *(panting)* Breather. Good. Breathing. Good.

PETEY. *(pointing at* **IGOR***)* He is funny. Is he like me?

VICTOR. No, I am afraid nature made him like that.

CLAUDIA. I find him beautiful.

VICTOR. Well, cheerio for the girl in black. *(He turns to* **PETEY**.*)* Now let's get busy making you a wife.

PETEY. Wife!

CLAUDIA. Victor Frankenstein had stitched together a woman, and now he needed to shock her with massive amounts of electricity in order to bring her parts to life.

VICTOR. Igor, prepare the wires. Some of them are a bit rusty so do watch yourself.

IGOR. A nice sharp electric shock should perk me right up. Sure boss, I'll get those wires. *(to* **CLAUDIA***)* You know where the insurance papers are, right?

CLAUDIA. Of course, Igor, but it will take more than a little zing to take my man down.

IGOR. Let's hope. *(He moves to the wires and hooks them up behind the machine.)* Everything is ready, Dr. Frankestein. Throw the switch on three. One. Two.

*(***VICTOR** *is so eager he throws the switch early. Light explodes and a loud boom echoes through the stage.)*

IGOR. Aaahh! I was holding the wire you tool! *(He emerges behind the machine.)* That was incredibly painful!

PETEY. Funny pain.

VICTOR. You seem fine old chap. Quit nattering on about a little shock. You look fit enough to me. *(He claps him on the back.)*

IGOR. Not the back. I singed my back.

CLAUDIA. *(helping* **IGOR** *stand)* Just then, the Bride of Frankenstein began to move!

(The body begins to twitch under the sheet.)

VICTOR. She's alive! She's alive!

CLAUDIA. Yes, I just said that. Go help her.

VICTOR. My creation is alive! *(He moves to uncover the body.)*

IGOR. *(to* **CLAUDIA***)* You see why I quit. He is just so intense. And the safety hazards!

(The **BRIDE** *is revealed. She is pale, scarred, and her hair is enormous. She stares with wide eyes.)*

BRIDE. Uhhh?

VICTOR. Hello young lady. I am your father. Well sort of. You are called Poppy, after a sweet and soothing flower.

CLAUDIA. Petey and Poppy?

IGOR. They never had a chance.

PETEY. Poppy? Female? Poppy female. Female for Petey.

POPPY. Uhh???

VICTOR. Igor, release her from her bonds. Some electricity may still linger in the metal.

IGOR. Oh please allow me then.

(He grudgingly steps up to the machine. He quickly touches it, looking for electric shocks.)

It looks like the voltage has gone down. I am going to let you out, um, Poppy.

*(***POPPY** *smiles at him.)*

POPPY. Haaa!

IGOR. *(taking her hand and helping her down)* There you go. Easy does it. Your legs are still just sewn on, so don't try any stretches for at least twenty-four hours.

POPPY. Haa!

(She moves to grab **IGOR**. *He ducks just in time.)*

CLAUDIA. Igor, you knew this would happen.

*(***POPPY** *swipes at him again.)*

You will shortly understand why I don't care for this story.

VICTOR. Relax. Poppy, you need to meet your husband.

(He motions to **PETEY**.*)*

Poppy, this is Petey.

*(***POPPY** *stares at* **PETEY**.*)*

POPPY. Uhh-uhhh!

VICTOR. Poppy! You will like Petey.

POPPY. Uhh-uhh! Like him! *(She motions to* **IGOR**.*)* He mine!

IGOR. Oh sweet starry skies.

*(***POPPY** *begins to chase* **IGOR** *around the room.* **IGOR** *proves to be very quick and rather athletic as he evades her.* **VICTOR** *gets in the way and* **POPPY** *knocks him down. After quite a chase, she grabs* **IGOR** *about the waist and lifts him clean off of his feet. She jostles him about.)*

POPPY. Aaaahhh! Haaa!!!

IGOR. My ribs! My beautiful ribs!

CLAUDIA. She is really strong, but I have to get her off my man.

VICTOR. Don't be daft. You cannot possibly take her in a physical fight.

PETEY. Fighting bad.

CLAUDIA. I have a few tricks up my sleeve.

(She marches offstage and retrieves a cat.)

Few people knew that Frankenstein's creatures adored cats. Whenever they saw one, they had to pet it. For hours.

(She looks pointedly at **PETEY** *and* **POPPY**.*)*

And hours.

VICTOR. What? What are you talking about? My creatures don't care about cats!

IGOR. Help me!

CLAUDIA. They do now. This is my story and the characters will do whatever I tell them to do. You, Dr. Victor Frankenstein, will march down to your kitchen and do the dishes.

VICTOR. But –

CLAUDIA. It's my story. You must do as the storyteller says.

VICTOR. *(Helpless to resist, he does as she orders.)* I will wash the dishes. *(Exit.)*

CLAUDIA. *(turning to* **PETEY** *and* **POPPY***)* Now you two love cats.

PETEY. Kitty!

POPPY. Uhh?