

## **VAMPIRE MONOLOGUES by Gary Ow**

---

### **ACT I: Scene 1**

*A classy bar in the city. BOB is cleaning glasses.*

*On the PROJECTED BACKGROUND reads: Newspaper headlines: Sudden Fainting Spells across City Rise. Blood Bank Warns of Impending Shortage.*

BOB: Nightfall. It's getting dark. (Flick and twiddle fingers.) Spooky.  
Oooh. Already, ruthless bloodsucking demonic miscreants are crawling  
out of their hellholes to prey on the weak, to hunt for blood and-

VOICE OFF STAGE (THE BOSS): Shut up, Bob!

BOB: I'm cleaning the glasses, like you said, Boss!

VOICE OFF STAGE: I also said no monologues while you work! You're scaring  
off the customers!

BOB: (to audience) Whatever! I wanna be in stand-up comedy, but  
instead I'm stuck here five nights a week. (Sigh) It pays the  
bills.

(A WELL DRESSED MAN, VICTOR, walks up to BOB at bar.)

VICTOR: Good evening.

BOB: Good evening.

VICTOR: A Bloody Mary please.

BOB: A Bloody Mary please, said the man looming with the dark  
beady eyes.

BOSS: Get the man his drink!

**(At this point, Mary pops up her head, sits upright. She recognizes Victor, but does not say anything. She observes. Victor & Bob don't see Mary yet.)**

BOB: Here you go, sir.

VICTOR: Thank you. You don't perchance have an ID do you?

BOB: Bob looked at the dark looming man and asked, "Why would  
you want my ID?"

VICTOR: To check your blood type. Say, are you always in the habit

of narrating everything you do?  
BOB: No.

VICTOR: Would you mind showing me your ID?

BOB: Show me your ID, said the dark looming man.

VICTOR: The force has power over weak minds. Come out from behind the bar.

BOB: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Ha! Ha!

VICTOR: Stop that.

BOB: (laughs hysterically) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Ha! Ha!

VICTOR: You are odd. And resistant to my Will.

BOB: And you are?

VICTOR: Very Important.

BOB: I don't doubt it, but what do I call you?

VICTOR: Victor.

BOB: Hello Victor. I'm-

VICTOR: No wait! Allow me. Bob. Your name is Bob.

BOB: That is amazing, that is. How'd you do that? Was I wearing my name tag?  
  
(looks down)  
  
No, I-

VICTOR: Never had a name tag.

BOB: There it is again! How'd you do that?

VICTOR: I know everything.

BOB: So you say. What's the top speed of a cheetah?

VICTOR: African or Asiatic?

BOB: African.

VICTOR: One hundred and twenty kilometers per hour.

BOB: I guess you do know everything.

VICTOR: What do you want, Bob?

BOB: Que?

VICTOR: It's a simple question. What do you want?

BOB: From what?

VICTOR: Life. What do you want from life?

BOB: Oh! Get into standup comedy. Tell a few jokes, get a few laughs I s'pose. Sign some autographs.

VICTOR: Are you any good?

BOB: WELL... 'Course I am.

VICTOR: Go on, do it.

BOB: Do what?

VICTOR: Tell me a joke.

BOB: All right... A man walks into a bar and a hooker approaches him.

VICTOR: Sounds interesting.

BOB: The hooker says, "Hey buddy, how'd you like the best handjob in the world?" "I don't believe you," says the man. The hooker says, "See that Ferrari outside? Paid for with every handjob I ever gave."

hooker does "You're on!" says the man. They go in the back-room, the the handjob and the man blacks out.

VICTOR: I'm sure it gets better.

BOB: The next night, the man walks into the bar and the same hooker approaches him. "Hey buddy, how'd you like the best blowjob in the world?" "I don't believe you," says the man. "OK, check out the penthouse apartment across the street, top floor. Paid for with every blowjob I ever gave." "You're on!" says the man. They go in the backroom, the hooker has a mouth like a hoover and the man blacks out.

VICTOR: Good build up.

BOB: The next night, the man staggers into the bar, approaches the hooker and asks for the fully inclusive service.

VICTOR: As he does.

BOB: "Let's take a drive," says the hooker. They jump into the Ferrari and they drive to the top of a hill, where there's a park overlooking the city. The hooker sighs and looks at the man. "You see this town? Man, if I had a pussy I'd own this town."

VICTOR: (mock laughter & pretends it's funny.)

BOB: Best joke in the world.

VICTOR: (composing himself) Certainly is. Say, how'd you like to make it all happen for you? Make the audience love you. Your name in lights? Press conferences? Sold out shows, the works?

BOB: I'd love it!

VICTOR: Well, I have the means, nay, the ability to make it happen for you.

BOB: You would do that for me?

VICTOR: After a fashion.

BOB: What does that mean?

VICTOR: It means, "In a way".

BOB: You can do all of that for me, in a way. What's in it for you?

VICTOR: Gives me something to do.

BOB: Gosh, sounds attractive.

VICTOR: We will talk more tomorrow. I'm late for a blood donation.

BOB: Oh right, the city's running short, what with all the cases of sudden faintings.

VICTOR: Terrible shame.

(Victor exits)

BOB: I'll say. Blood donation. Probably why he didn't touch his drink.

(MARY, who had been listening all the while, walks over to Bob.)

MARY: (confident) Vodka straight up with a twist.

BOB: (kidding and charming) Of irony? Miss Tall, Dark & Beautiful?

MARY: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Lemon. Twist of Lemon.

BOB: (serving drink) Here you go, vodka straight up with a twist of lemon,  
Bob served the tall, dark girl.

MARY: (smirk) You forgot beautiful, Mister. Ha! Ha! Ha!

BOB: (doing his best) She insisted, reminding Bob of just how good looking she was.

MARY: That man you were just talking to, what did he want?

BOB: You know him?

MARY: Sort of. What did he say to you?

BOB: I think he's a kinda talent scout.

MARY: (insistent) Is that what he said?

BOB: No.

MARY: No?

BOB: He didn't say he was a talent scout.

MARY: So how do you know he's a talent scout?

BOB: He said he could get me what I wanted. Do you know him?

MARY: (evasive maneuver) Maybe. It's complicated. Well, oh, you know what? He looks like someone I know, yes, um, that's it.

BOB: (smirk) You both speak the same way.

MARY: Isn't that interesting. If I'm not mistaken, he's been around since the Renaissance.

BOB: (disbelief, half kidding) C'mon! What is that? Like six hundred years ago?

MARY: (evasive maneuver) Huh? Oh! No, no, I mean, uh, um, the Renaissance Faire last week. You know, it was up at the park. Anyway, that man is more than he appears. I can only advise caution. And don't believe everything he says. Be careful...what you wish for.

BOB: Uh, sure, I'll take that on board.

MARY: You seem like a nice guy BOB, just, don't trust everyone you meet.

BOB: What about you?

MARY: Except for me.

BOB: Right.

Mary: Yes. Anyway, I'm late for a blood donation, see you again soon  
Bob!

BOB: Hey wait! What's your name?!

MARY: Mary.

(MARY Exits)

BOB: What the. Two blood donors in the same bar. What are the  
chances? Oh wait! Wait! I got it! Two blood donors walk into a bar.  
The bartender says-

VOICE OFF STAGE (BOSS): He says, "Shut up, Bob!" You're not that funny!

BOB: Not even a bit?

BOSS: Don't quit your night job!

BOB sighs.

**ACT I: Scene 2**

***The next night. Same classy bar in the city. BOB is wiping the table.***

***PROJECTED BACKGROUND: Newspaper headlines:  
Blood Bank at Critically Low Levels.***

(Victor walks in.)

VICTOR: Ah, Bob! Just the man I wanted to see.

BOB: Hello Victor Very Important. The usual then?

VICTOR: No, no, it's about your comedy gig.

BOB: A gig? You got me a gig?

VICTOR: Well, it's a sort of audition.

BOB: Oh?

VICTOR: Actually, we'll need a bit of privacy.

BOB: This way. (He indicates to the other end of the bar)

VICTOR: After a fashion, I can teach you how to make people do what you tell them, get them to like you, for instance. They will like you so much they will keep coming to your Stand-up comedy act. Do you want this power? Are you prepared to say yes?

BOB: So... it's come down to this.

VICTOR: Yes!

BOB: You're a religious nutter.

VICTOR: What?!

BOB: You're a religious nutter trying to sell me your pamphlets and your pie-in-the-sky god, aren't you?

VICTOR: Heaven forbid!

BOB: You just said "Heaven". I heard you!

VICTOR: It was an expression.

BOB: So you're not a religious nutter.

VICTOR: No! My proposal is one written in blood.

BOB: Jesus H. Christ! You are a religious nutter!

VICTOR: (hypnotic) LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY: I am not a religious nutter.

BOB: (hypnotized) You are not a religious nutter.

VICTOR: Correct.

BOB: How did you? Wait, you just did a Jedi Mind Trick.

VICTOR: Did I?

BOB: Yes!

VICTOR: And what am I?

BOB: Very Important.

VICTOR: Good, you are exactly what I need.

BOB: Need?

VICTOR: Now on to business. I offer you ultimate power. You'll never grow old, never die. Mortals will be yours to command, at will.

(BOB waits with anticipation.)

VICTOR: (With dramatic effect) I offer to turn you into a vampire.

(thunder)

BOB: Can't do that, I like meat & cheese.

VICTOR: What?

BOB: I'm not giving up meat & cheese to live on vegetables.

VICTOR: A vampire, you idiot! Not a vegan!

BOB: A what?

VICTOR: (Sigh.) An immortal that lives on blood.

BOB: Oh. That's all right then.

VICTOR: You know what being a vampire entails? Fire & sunlight will kill you very quickly.

BOB: I work nights.

VICTOR: You can only subsist on blood.

BOB: I work in a bar. Liquid diets all 'round.

VICTOR: You'll have to sever ties with all your family. They'll never see  
you again in the light of day.

BOB: My Mom lives on the East side; she only comes 'round for  
Christmas and New Year's. At night.

VICTOR: Hmm...

BOB: Hmm?

VICTOR: Hmm!

BOB: Hmm? ...Do vampires really exist?

VICTOR: Yes.

BOB: Can you prove it?

VICTOR: Yes.... I'm standing right here.

BOB: That you are. But that doesn't prove you're a vampire.

VICTOR: Very well. See that pen in your top shirt pocket?

BOB: Yes.

VICTOR: Now it's in my right hand. **(REVEALS PEN IN HIS HAND.)**

BOB: WOW! How did you do that?!

VICTOR: The same way you would. I reached over and picked it up.

BOB: But I didn't see you do it!

VICTOR: Super-natural speed. Something you can do if you were a  
vampire. Have I got your attention now?

BOB: By golly! The power to influence minds. The power to move at  
lightning speeds. And you live forever! I'm in!

VICTOR: You will live forever, provided you don't get burnt by fire, run out  
of blood or lose your head.

BOB: Please. How likely is that? Let's do this!

VICTOR: That was almost too easy. Very well then. Sit down and tilt your  
head back. Expose your neck.

BOB: Wait! I was warned not to trust anyone! What if you have cruel

intentions?

VICTOR: What 'intentions'. I want to help a young starving comedian out.

BOB: But Mary said-

VICTOR: Mary? You met MARY?

BOB: Yes.

VICTOR: What did she say?

BOB: She warned me not to trust anyone.

VICTOR: Hmm, you are right to be careful BOB. What with all the strange occurrences of late happening around town. But, I assure you, I am not just ANYONE. We've covered this. I am Very Important. Now if you don't want all the powers of persuasion and wish to continue paying taxes, we can end this at once. (Victor moves towards the door).

(BOB thinks for a moment and exposes his neck.)

BOB: Will this hurt?

(VICTOR lunges for neck.)

BOB: Arrrrrrraaaaaaaaaah!

VICTOR: Now to revive him as a full vampire, I just have to return a drop of my powerful vampiric blood back into his mouth and wait a while.

### **ACT I: Scene 3**

#### **A few hours later in Victor's Lightproof Apartment.**

BOB: Oooh. My head feels heavy...

(BOB stands up, looks at shelves.)

BOB: Why do you have so many books by Anne Rice, Bram Stoker and

DEAR GOD! Stephanie Meyer?!?!

VICTOR: Morons. All of them. But I try to keep up with the literature.

BOB: Uhh, Victor, I don't know how to quite say this...

VICTOR: Yes?

BOB: It seems I've gone and grown two really long teeth all of a sudden.

VICTOR: It's a reflex action, you're hungry. They retract when not in use.

BOB: I'm hungry?

VICTOR: (menacing smile) Me too! Let's go hunting!

**ACT I: Scene 3**

***Bob & Victor are doing a drop-in hunt for blood. They are standing outside a door.***

***PROJECTED: Outside some old auntie's apartment.***

VICTOR: (knocks on door.) Hello. Is anyone home?

AUNTY: Who is it?

VICTOR: We are very important.

AUNTY: night! Go away! You're both ruthless bloodsucking creatures of the  
Begone spawn of the devil!

BOB: (to VICTOR) How can she tell?

VICTOR: Quiet, Bob. Madam, I assure you we are not spawn of the devil.

BOB: Hee! Hee! Hee!

VICTOR: Quiet, Bob.

AUNTY: But you are spawn of the devil! I can see your de rigeur Armani  
suits with perfectly crisp ties. And you're both wearing top hats and  
you both have canes!

VICTOR: And you somehow surmise we are spawn of the devil?

AUNTY: Yes! Go away!

VICTOR: Madam, please open the door, we aren't spawn of the devil.

AUNTY: Why have you come then?