

Delight in a Fright Night



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A collection of five hilarious bone-chilling plays

Norman Maine Publishing

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Delight in a Fright Night

COMEDY COLLECTION. This collection of easy-to-stage short plays is perfect for Halloween and for audiences of all ages. In “To Bite or Not to Bite,” two old-school vampires from Transylvania realize they can’t compete with younger, hipper vampires when it comes to luring hapless victims. In “Franken Date,” a science geek creates her perfect prom date. In “The Phantom of the Gymnasium,” a ghost earns a spot on the cheerleading squad. In “Night of the Living Lunch Ladies,” a student suspects the lunch ladies may be zombies. And in “My Cat Ate My Homework,” a teenage witch has to deal with a cat that won’t stop eating her chemistry homework.

Performance Time: Approximately 45 minutes.

To Bite Or Not To Bite

(2 M, 1 F, 2 flexible)

MIDNIGHT: Young, chic vampire; fashionably dressed; female.

FANG: Young, chic vampire; fashionably dressed; male.

VLADIMIRA/VLADIMIR: Ancient vampire; has an over-the-top Transylvanian accent; traditionally dressed in Victorian garb with a vampire cloak; flexible.

DRACUL: Ancient vampire; has an over-the-top Transylvanian accent; traditionally dressed in Victorian garb with a vampire cloak; male.

VICTIM: Absent-minded, innocent jogger and health enthusiast; wears a jogging suit; flexible.

NOTE: Although Vladimir and Dracul are much older vampires, they are immortal so they still act young and spritely, but their age and maturity should come across in their haughty demeanors.

Franken Date

(2 M, 1 F)

VICTORIA FRANKENSTIEN: Geeky, introverted science nerd; wears a prom dress; female.

MARTY SHELLEY: Victoria's geeky best friend who has a crush on her; wears a tuxedo; male.

CREATURE: A Ken doll who has been brought to life; handsome and wears a tuxedo; male.

The Phantom of the Gymnasium

(8 F)

ERIKA: Frightening ghost; a science nerd who was a victim of a science fair project gone wrong; her hair is huge and she wears safety goggles and a lab coat; female.

TIFFANY: Bossy cheer captain; female.

BRITTNEY: Always speaks in unison with her twin, Whitney; female.

WHITNEY: Brittney's twin; female.

SANDY: Always agrees with Tiffany; female.

MANDY: Anxious hypochondriac; female.

CANDY: Always hungry; female.

BRANDY: Concerned with her nails; female.

Night of the Living Lunch Ladies

(1 F, 2 flexible)

MADISON: Intrepid high school newspaper editor; flexible.

JESSIE: Artist friend; flexible.

VERLENE: Elderly lunch lady; female.

My Cat Ate My Homework

(1 F, 1 flexible)

MIRANDA: Teenage witch; female.

MAB: Moody, haughty cat; wears a cat costume; flexible.

Setting

To Bite or Not to Bite: A spooky graveyard with gravestones.

Franken Date: Victoria's bedroom, before prom.

The Phantom of the Gymnasium: High school gymnasium, early morning cheerleading rehearsal.

Night of the Living Lunch Ladies: Lunchroom, before lunchtime. There are a couple of tables with chairs.

My Cat Ate My Homework: Miranda's bedroom, before school. There is a small bed.

Props

To Bite or Not to Bite: Cell phone.

Franken Date: Electrical cords, box.

Night of the Living Lunch Ladies: Tray of green Jell-O.

My Cat Ate My Homework: Backpack, chemistry homework.

Special Effects

To Bite or Not to Bite: Sound of wind blowing, wolf howling, ghostly moans, chains clanking, lightning, thunder, demonic laugh, flashlight beam.

Franken Date: Thunder, lightning, a strange noise.

The Phantom of the Gymnasium: Ghostly moaning, sinister laugh.

**“I was thinking
more along the lines of...
'To bite or not to bite,
That is the question.'”**

—Fang

To Bite or Not to Bite

(AT RISE: A spooky graveyard, nighttime. There are a few gravestones. The wind blows eerily. A wolf howls. Then ghostly moans, chains clanking, etc. are heard. Lightning flashes. Thunder. A demonic laugh is heard. The wind blows eerily. Midnight and Fang enter SR. They lean against a gravestone.)

FANG: And now we wait, Midnight. Now we wait...

(Fang and Midnight wait. Spooky sound of the wind blowing through the trees.)

MIDNIGHT: Fang, are you sure we shouldn't wait at the 24-hour Billy Bob's Burger Barn?

FANG: *(Thinly veiled disgust.)* Billy Bob's Burger Barn!

MIDNIGHT: Hey! I'm just saying there are a lot more necks right now ordering Billy Bob's Bedtime Bacon Blaster Burger than, oh, say, a cemetery in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night.

FANG: Billy Bob's Burger Barn is so lame, Midnight. Just wait, okay?

MIDNIGHT: But, Fang, I'm hungry. *(Midnight and Fang wait. Spooky sound of the wind blowing through the trees, etc.)* I'm really hungry. I could so use a Billy Bob's Bedtime Bacon Blaster Burger right about now.

FANG: *(Annoyed.)* Quiet, Midnight!

MIDNIGHT: What? It's not like anyone will hear us! We are, after all... *(Loudly.)* ...in the middle of nowhere!

(Lightning flashes. A rumble of thunder.)

FANG: Midnight, stop it! You are being so lame right now! Yelling in the cemetery?! *(Stage whisper.)* Vampires don't eat burgers, Midnight. They drink blood, remember?

MIDNIGHT: Yeah, but you love burgers...

FANG: I do not.

MIDNIGHT: You do, too. Meat very rare...

FANG: Do not.

MIDNIGHT: Do, too!

FANG: Do not!

MIDNIGHT: Do, too! With a little tomato...

FANG: (*Dreamily.*) And lots of ketchup. (*Catches himself.*) I mean, do not!

MIDNIGHT: (*Realizes.*) Wait a minute... (*Laughs.*) How could I be so stupid?! Why are we at a cemetery in the middle of nowhere on a Friday night? Why are you suddenly sooooo worried about someone overhearing that you like to eat burgers? You are here trying to impress Vladimira and Dracul, aren't you, Fang? Aren't you?

FANG: Why would I want to run into them? Just because they are the suavest, deadliest, blood-thirstiest, and coolest vampires in existence, it does not mean I want to— (*Slight pause.*) Besides, why would I want to watch you swoon over Dracul?

MIDNIGHT: I do not swoon!

FANG: You are worse than some...some human victim!

MIDNIGHT: If you weren't already one of the undead, I would kill you. And I do not swoon.

FANG: (*Mimicking Midnight.*) "Hey, Dracul, so, like, I was wondering...if you wanted to drink a pint or two, and, like, maybe you could tell me about that time you were in London and everyone thought your victims were, like, some human murderer guy's—what's his name?—Jack the Stripper? Is that right? Whatever. Oh, I see. So you would rather turn to dust with the first rays of dawn than spend five minutes alone with me. So that means maybe some other time, huh, Dracul? Catch you later!"

MIDNIGHT: Fang, don't make me punch you so hard in the face that your name "Fang" will seem really ironic.

(Offstage, Vladimira and Dracul laugh evilly. Lightning, thunder.)

FANG: It's them! Look cool...look cool...

(Fang and Midnight run around, attempting to position themselves so they look "cool" among the gravestones. Vladimira and Dracul enter. They have heavy Transylvanian accents.)

VLADIMIRA: Well, well, what stands yonder, Dracul? Two humans perhaps? Maybe werewolves? *(Laughs as though this is really funny. Dracul is nervous and looking at Midnight sheepishly. To Fang and Midnight.)* Shouldn't you two babies be over there in the newer part of the cemetery? You know, the part where they haven't started digging the graves yet. These gravestones are a little mature for you!

(Vladimira laughs. Dracul looks uncomfortable. Fang is trying to ignore Vladimira.)

MIDNIGHT: *(Trying to act cool.)* Hey, Dracul.

VLADIMIRA: Well, aren't you going to say "hi" to the human, Dracul?

DRACUL: *(Stuttering, nervously.)* Hi, Mid-d-d-d...Midnight.

VLADIMIRA: And?

DRACUL: *(Confused.)* And? *(Realizes. To Midnight.)* Well, I hope you are...you look...I mean...I...er— *(Slight pause.)* Vladimira, can't we just go and leave these losers?

FANG: Vladimira can't hear you, Dracul. That ancient corpse has too many cobwebs in her ears.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**"I don't trust nerds
from other schools.
You don't know
the intellectual rigorousness
of their classes."**

—Marty

Franken Date

(AT RISE: Victoria's bedroom, a dark and stormy night. Before prom. Pitch black. Thunder and lightning outside. Victoria is wearing a prom dress and running around her room putting electrical cords into a box. Marty is dressed in a tuxedo.)

MARTY: Hey, Victoria.

VICTORIA: Go away! I'm busy!

MARTY: You know what tonight is?

VICTORIA: Saturday?

MARTY: Well, not exactly...

VICTORIA: And prom night!

MARTY: Yeah, about that...so I was thinking...

VICTORIA: Why are you wearing a tuxedo?

MARTY: Well I-I-I...

VICTORIA: Well, you what? Look, Marty, please, I'm busy!

MARTY: Victoria...I, well, I-I...thought we were studying physics tonight.

VICTORIA: You don't have any books.

MARTY: I must have forgotten them.

VICTORIA: It's not like you to not have any books. Why are you in a tuxedo?

MARTY: I need to do laundry. You look nice...

VICTORIA: I'm busy.

MARTY: You study physics while you brush your teeth or eat lunch. The only time you aren't studying physics is in the shower. You are never too busy to study physics.

VICTORIA: What do we need to study for?

MARTY: You can never study for physics too much.

VICTORIA: We don't have any tests coming up.

MARTY: We might have pop quiz.

VICTORIA: I have a 110 percent in physics.

MARTY: But we always study physics on Saturday nights.

VICTORIA: We could do something fun for a change...

MARTY: Like do calculus?

VICTORIA: I don't know...like go to prom...

MARTY: Sure!

VICTORIA: What?

MARTY: Nothing!

VICTORIA: Who would ask us to prom? No one's GPA is nearly high enough to be attractive to us. You are the president of the debate club, editor of the school newspaper, president of chess club, salutatorian. I'm the valedictorian, four-time school science fair winner, Robotics Club president. Why, nobody is cool enough for us.

MARTY: (*Hinting.*) Except maybe...

VICTORIA: Who?

MARTY: (*Hinting.*) You know...

VICTORIA: No, I don't.

MARTY: (*Disappointed.*) Never mind.

VICTORIA: I can think of no one intellectually titillating enough for me, pedantically pleasing, anally retentively organized, genuinely geeky enough for me. That's why I'm not going with someone from our school.

MARTY: I don't trust nerds from other schools. You don't know the intellectual rigorousness of their classes.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“It will be cool.
We’ll be the only squad
with a dead team member.”**

—Tiffany

The Phantom of the Gymnasium

(AT RISE: A high school gymnasium, early morning cheerleading rehearsal. Girls are in a cheer formation.)

TIFFANY: Go, team! Give me a "G"!

SQUAD: "G"!

TIFFANY: Give me an "O"!

SQUAD: "O"!

TIFFANY: What does that spell?

SQUAD: Go!

MANDY: (*Confused.*) Go? Why? What did I do? Is this about my hair? I know it's not as bouncy as yours, Tiffany. I mean, I've been adding extra conditioner. (*Pleading.*) Don't make me go! Please don't make me go!

TIFFANY: That's part of the cheer, Mandy. The "go." No one wants you to leave the squad.

MANDY: Oh, yeah. That makes sense. Except for, I mean, like, why would we want our audience to go? Don't we want them to stay and watch the basketball game?

TIFFANY: It's, "Go, team."

MANDY: Why would we want the team to go? Don't we want them to play basketball?

TIFFANY: We want them to win.

MANDY: Then why don't we say "win" instead of "Go, team!" Isn't that a little confusing?

TIFFANY: Yes. It is. Cheerleading is a complex science.

WHITNEY/BRITNEY: You are so smart, Tiffany.

TIFFANY: Thanks, Whitney. Thanks, Britney. Now, let's practice that dance move again. It needs to be perfect.

SANDY: Like your hair. You have the most bouncy hair ever, Tiffany...unlike Mandy's.

WHITNEY/BRITNEY: Your hair is so bouncy, Tiffany!

TIFFANY: Thanks, ladies! Now, after we rehearse, we can go on break.

MANDY: Like, "Go, break," as in our break should win over other breaks? Or we should go have a break? I am so confused now, Tiffany. I'm so glad you are team captain.

CANDY: *(To herself.)* I wish I was team captain...

WHITNEY/BRITNEY: You are so cute, Tiffany!

TIFFANY: I am, aren't I? *(To Squad.)* Follow me!

WHITNEY/BRITNEY: You are such a good dancer! *(They hear a ghostly moaning.)* What's that?

MANDY: I heard it, too.

TIFFANY: I didn't. Follow me.

(Ghostly moaning is heard followed by a sinister laugh.)

MANDY: There it is again.

TIFFANY: You are imagining things.

(More ghostly moaning.)

WHITNEY/BRITNEY: We heard it, too!

CANDY: I wish I could hear it!

(They hear the ghostly moan.)

TIFFANY: That sounds like—

(Lights flicker dramatically. Erika, a frightening ghost, enters. Her hair is huge, and she is wearing safety goggles and a lab coat.)

ERIKA: *(To Squad.)* Beware! Beware! *(Moans dramatically.)*

TIFFANY: *(Angrily.)* Erika! No, you beware! This is the third time this week that you have disturbed cheer practice!

ERIKA: Excuse me for having died at the exact same time that you chose to have cheer practice every day! How inconsiderate of me!

TIFFANY: You are still upset about dying? I mean, that was forever ago, right?

SANDY: Totally.

WHITNEY/BRITTNEY: *(To Erika.)* Get over it, girl.

ERIKA: I'm sorry. It's hard to get over—I don't know—dying.

TIFFANY: Yeah, but we need to practice! The state tournament is on Friday.

ERIKA: Well, then you will have to find somewhere else to practice. I'm haunting here.

TIFFANY: Can't you haunt somewhere else?

SANDY: You are so smart, Tiffany.

CANDY: I wish I was as smart as you, Tiffany.

ERIKA: *(To Tiffany.)* I'm afraid I am doomed to haunt the gymnasium for all eternity. I distinctly remember the day of the science fair. *(Slight pause.)* I was so excited...so nervous...

TIFFANY/DIEDRE: *(Mimicking Erika.)* "Little did I know it would be my last."

TIFFANY: *(Mimicking Erika.)* "My experiment's results were electric and certainly shocked me...into the grave." *(Annoyed.)* Look, Erika, you've already told us this story a million times already!

SANDY: That is so true, Tiffany.

WHITNEY/BRITTNEY: Word!

ERIKA: *(Sarcastic.)* I'm sorry I'm still not over being electrocuted at a science fair and being forced to spend all eternity haunting this gymnasium!

TIFFANY: Well...get over it! We need to practice!

ERIKA: Maybe we could divide the gym in half. I'll haunt this side... *(Points to one side.)* ... and you practice on this side. *(Points to the other side.)*

TIFFANY: We could try that, I guess. *(Erika crosses to her side. To Squad.)* All right, ladies, follow me. *(Tiffany leads Squad to their designated side. Tiffany tries to lead a cheer. Erika moans dramatically, distracting the Squad. Frustrated.)* This isn't working.

ERIKA: I'll say. You are distracting me!

TIFFANY: Can't you haunt during lunch or something...when no one is in the gym?

ERIKA: *(Thinking it over.)* Well...

SANDY: That is the best idea ever, Tiffany. You are so smart.

CANDY: *(To herself.)* I wish I was smart.

ERIKA: *(To Tiffany.)* That just wouldn't be proper. I'm a traditionalist.

TIFFANY: Well, we need to do something!

ERIKA: Let me do my haunting. Please...

MANDY: Don't you have something else to do, Erika?

ERIKA: I'm a ghost. I haunt things. It's my thing. This is what I do.

MANDY: Isn't it boring?

ERIKA: Not really. I moan. I wander for a little bit. I moan some more. I wander some more.

MANDY: That sounds super boring.

WHITNEY/BRITTNEY: Word!

ERIKA: Being a ghost has its perks.

SANDY: How? Your hair looks so dead and lusterless!

ERIKA: Well, I get to walk through walls...

MANDY: You could just use a door, right?

ERIKA: Technically, I guess. You're right. Being a ghost is lame. My life is so boring.

MANDY: You need a hobby.

ERIKA: Like what? I've been working on my different foreboding moans. See, this one is my agitated, angry moan. *(Demonstrates moan.)* This is my eerie, spine-tingling, distant-sounding moan. *(Demonstrates moan.)* This is my desperate, wild-with-despair moan. *(Demonstrates moan.)*

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**“Have you noticed
anything weird
about the lunch ladies?”**

—Madison

Night of the Living Lunch Ladies

(AT RISE: Lunchroom, before lunchtime. Madison enters. She does several stealthy ninja moves around the room, hiding behind chairs. She hears a noise and dives underneath a table. Jessie enters.)

JESSIE: *(Calls.)* Madison? Madison? Come out! I saw you go into the cafeteria. I know you are in here!

MADISON: *(Stage whisper.)* Over here, Jessie!

JESSIE: I'm not crawling under a table.

MADISON: Look, Jessie, don't blow my cover. I'm on to something big here! A big story! This will be on the front page of the school paper for sure.

JESSIE: You are the school newspaper's editor. You always decide what is on the front page of the paper.

MADISON: You are drawing attention to us, Jessie! Don't look at me.

JESSIE: It's hard not to. You are being ridiculous.

MADISON: Look away. Look casual.

JESSIE: No one is here but the school lunch ladies.

MADISON: Exactly!

JESSIE: So you don't want the school lunch ladies to see you? That's your big story? "Extra! Extra! Read all about it! This just in! Today, we will be serving mashed potatoes, gravy, rolls, and chicken nuggets. Is it really chicken? What are in those tasty, juicy, savory nuggets you are consuming? Read to find out more!" That sounds about as riveting as the issue where the front page story was "Missing Gym Sock Causes Emotional Distress for Freshman Football Player! Sock Thief Please Return!"

MADISON: It was a slow month. Look, shouldn't you be in the art room or something?

JESSIE: Your commitment to the public service of our peers with the collection and dissemination of relevant news and information is much more amusing than making a clay coil

pot. My masterpiece can wait until I, too, am informed of this thrilling scoop. Besides, today is the big state science assessment. We should all be cramming.

MADISON: I'm telling you, Jessie, I'm onto something big here!

JESSIE: Like that time you thought the cheerleading squad had been replaced by alien intruders from Venus intent on taking over the world...starting with our school?

MADISON: That was an innocent mistake. They were bright-red, sunburned, from rehearsing outside too much. How was I to know they weren't really malevolent, intergalactic clones from outer space fixed on global domination?

JESSIE: Or when you thought that Mr. Scwitsky was a werewolf?

MADISON: Even you have to admit that goatee he was growing was weird.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**"I cannot have
my talking cat at school
having a pet/teacher conference
with my chemistry teacher."**

—Miranda

My Cat Ate My Homework

(AT RISE: Miranda's bedroom, before school. Miranda is frantically searching everywhere. Mab is lying on the bed languidly.)

MAB: *(Annoyed.)* Could you try being a little more quiet? I'm attempting to take a nap here.

MIRANDA: *(Frantic.)* The bus leaves in ten minutes! I can't find my chemistry homework!

MAB: Take your broom.

MIRANDA: I can't. Mom says I can't ride my broom until my grades are up. You could help me look, Mab.

MAB: I'm busy.

MIRANDA: Doing what?

MAB: Stretching to get the greatest possible surface area of sunlight on my tummy.

MIRANDA: *(Sarcastic.)* What a difficult life you lead.

MAB: Torturous. When you're finished, I will magnanimously grant you the right to rub underneath my chin.

MIRANDA: How generous of you, Mab.

MAB: You know me...selfless to the last.

(Miranda rifles through her backpack searching for her homework.)

MIRANDA: *(Frustrated.)* I know I had my chemistry homework in my backpack! Now it's gone!

MAB: Can't you use a summoning spell to find your chemistry homework?

MIRANDA: I already tried that! It didn't work. The only thing that appeared was— *(Realizes.)* Wait a minute. You appeared when I summoned my homework.

MAB: I benevolently decided to see you before you left for school—another act of altruism on my part, besides allowing

you to feed me and change my litter this morning. My appearance was entirely coincidence.

MIRANDA: (*Shouts.*) Mab! Did you eat my homework...again!

MAB: (*Sheepishly.*) No...

MIRANDA: Don't make me use a truth potion on you!

MAB: Yes...maybe...I'm a cat. I don't remember what I do. Now, if you'll excuse me, I am very much engaged at present.

MIRANDA: Oh, really?

MAB: Unless you would like to wash behind my ears. It's always such a nuisance to reach.

MIRANDA: (*Angry.*) That does it, Mab! This is the third time you have eaten my homework!

MAB: Fourth, actually.

[END OF FREEVIEW]