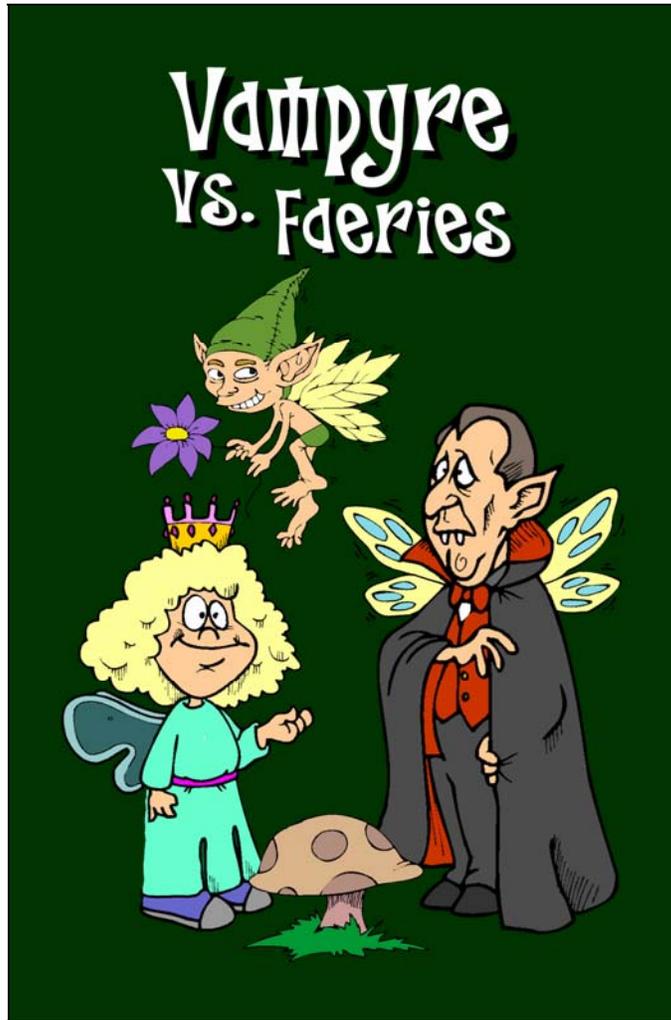


# Vampyre Vs. Fderies



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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

**P.O. Box 1401**

**Rapid City, SD 57709**

*For Nicole and Harley Burgess*

## Vampyre vs. Faeries

**FARCE.** The vampire council punishes Vampyre by exiling him to the heart of the Dark Forest, where he must live with the most horrific creatures known to vampires...faeries! In the Dark Forest, Vampyre meets a trio of annoying faeries including a nauseatingly sweet faerie who keeps trying to cheer him up with a hug. The famished Vampyre attempts to feed on one of the faeries, but discovers faerie blood tastes like glitter. To make matters worse, the faeries try to trick Queen Mab into thinking Vampyre is a faerie from the Faerie King's summer court named Blindmelonflower by making him wear a faerie costume complete with fake faerie wings and glitter. In this case, all that glitters is not a faerie! This hysterical play offers numerous situations to showcase physical comedy.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 75 minutes.

## Characters

(2 M, 2 F, 8 flexible)

**VAMPYRE:** Arrogant vampire exiled to live with faeries for appearing on the TV show “Vampires Actually Exist”; has vampire teeth and wears a vampire costume; flexible.

**SILVERTOE:** Nauseatingly sweet faerie who loves to give hugs; flexible.

**STINGWING:** Grumpy faerie; flexible.

**SLYMANE:** Faerie who likes to boss Silvertoe and Stingwing around; female.

**PUCK:** Conniving faerie who serves as steward to Queen Mab; flexible.

**QUEEN MAB:** Faerie Queen of the Winter Court who demands that all the faeries shun Vampyre; female.

**LORD OBERON:** Faerie King of the Summer Court; male.

**VAMPIRE LORD MOSSFERATU:** Oldest vampire and head of the Eldritch Council; wears a robe and a mask; male.

**COUNCIL MEMBER 1-4:** Old vampires who are members of the Eldritch Council; wear robes and hoods or masks; flexible.

**Note:** For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

## Setting

The heart of the Dark Forest.

## Sets

The sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows.

**Antechamber of the Eldritch Council.** A dimly lit chamber.  
There is a large wooden vampire throne on a raised platform  
CS.

**Heart of the Dark Forest.** There are a couple of trees.  
Lighting effects can be used to cast shadows and give the  
feel of an old forest.

## Synopsis of Scenes

**Scene 1:** Antechamber of the Eldritch Council.

**Scene 2:** Heart of the Dark Forest.

**Scene 3:** Heart of the Dark Forest.

**Scene 4:** Heart of the Dark Forest.

## Props

Scroll  
Fairy costume, for Vampyre  
Wooden stake

## Sound Effects

A trill or chimes is heard every time faerie magic is employed  
(e.g. snapping into visibility, becoming held or unheld,  
wishing Mab her powers back, etc.)  
Sound of horns

“Do you have glitter  
in your bloodstream?  
My Gosh, that’s awful!  
Blecccch!”

—Vampyre

## Scene 1

*(AT RISE: Antechamber of the Eldritch Council. Dimly lit chamber. Vampyre is standing CS. At UCS is a masked Vampire Lord seated on a raised dais throne and flanked on both sides by hooded and masked Council Members.)*

VAMPIRE LORD: *(To Vampyre.)* Do you know why you have been summoned here tonight?

VAMPYRE: Well, if I had to guess, it would be due to my incredible good looks and devilish charm. Other than that, I admit I'm at a loss.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2: Show some respect. Do you know who we are?

VAMPYRE: A death metal band?

COUNCIL MEMBER 3: This insolence will not be tolerated!

*(Vampire Lord waves his hand at Council Member 3, who falls silent.)*

VAMPIRE LORD: *(Looks at Vampyre.)* We are the Eldritch Council.

VAMPYRE: *Loved* your last album. I'm a huge fan.

*(Council Members stir angrily, but Vampire Lord silences them with a hiss.)*

VAMPIRE LORD: You have been brought before this council because you stand accused of committing crimes against vampire-kind.

VAMPYRE: The only thing I've been accused of...is being awesome. And to that charge, I unabashedly plead guilty.

VAMPIRE LORD: *(Shouts.)* Silence!

VAMPYRE: Is golden.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: *(To Vampyre.)* Impertinent youngling!  
*(To Vampire Lord.)* Your Grace, can we not skip the

proceedings and render immediate punishment to the fledgling?

VAMPIRE LORD: No, Azareal. We must honor the ancient traditions even—and dare I say *especially*—if the accused himself does not.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: (*Resigned.*) Yes, Your Grace. (*Vampyre sticks out his tongue at Council Member 4.*) Perhaps, just a little bit of punishment?

VAMPIRE LORD: No!

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: Yes, Your Grace.

VAMPIRE LORD: (*To Vampyre.*) State your name to the council.

VAMPYRE: I... (*With an overly dramatic flourish.*) ...am Vampyre!

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: That's not very imaginative.

VAMPYRE: No, it's "Vampyre"...with a "y." Vam-pyre. It's rather old-school. I can't believe you old ones don't appreciate that.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: Pun...ish...ment!

VAMPIRE LORD: Quiet, Azareal. (*To Council Member 1.*) State the charges to the accused.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: (*To Vampyre.*) Vampire, you stand accused—

VAMPYRE: "Vampyre"...with a "y." You can at least get my name right.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: (*Ruffled.*) Vam-pyre, you stand accused of the high crime of exposing our kind to the mortal world.

VAMPYRE: It's not like it's a big secret that we exist.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: Yes, yes, it is.

VAMPYRE: I figured what...with [Marilyn Manson] and [Lady Gaga]...would anybody really notice? [*Or insert other suitable celebrities.*]

COUNCIL MEMBER 3: Exposing our existence threatens our entire species.

VAMPYRE: I never said that vampires actually exist.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2: You had a special on prime time:  
"Vampires Actually Exist."

VAMPYRE: Publicity is overrated.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: You fed.

VAMPYRE: I was hungry.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: On the entire chorus line.

VAMPYRE: They were completely out of step.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: During a live, nationally televised  
broadcast.

VAMPYRE: The ratings sucked! Barely anybody in the  
market share watched it. Look, if it helps any, I took a  
massive hit on the merchandising.

COUNCIL MEMBER 3: Were you not investigated?

VAMPYRE: Yes, I was questioned thoroughly by a police  
homicide investigator.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: And what happened?

VAMPYRE: I didn't like his accusatory tone...so I ate him.

*(Council Members respond angrily.)*

VAMPIRE LORD: *(Shouts.)* Enough!

VAMPYRE: Wow, salty much?

VAMPIRE LORD: The evidence before this council is  
incontrovertible. There is no need for a further hearing on  
the matter.

VAMPYRE: What does that mean?

VAMPIRE LORD: Punishment shall be rendered.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: Yessss! *(Vampire Lord gives Council  
Member 4 a look.)* Sorry, Your Grace.

VAMPYRE: *(Fearful.)* What kind of punishment? Look, guys,  
I'm a sucker for the spotlight. I'll admit it! I'm sorry! Let  
me do some community service at the local Red Cross or  
something.

VAMPIRE LORD: *(To Council Members.)* Deliver the  
punishment to the condemned.

*(During the following, Council Member 1 ominously moves toward Vampyre.)*

VAMPYRE: *(Afraid.)* *Condemned?* What do you mean condemned? What are you going to do? Come on...it was one of the lowest-rated shows of all time! I think ["A Justin Bieber Christmas"] did better. Mine was totally panned by the critics. You can't seriously be thinking of killing me over a second-rate dance squad and a two-bit detective...and his partner...and his partner's back up—well, half the precinct really. Oh, and then there were those pushy guys from the FCC...or was it the CIA? Maybe it was the Department of Agriculture. What is that agency? E-I-E-I— *(Throws up his hands.)* Oh, I don't know! *As Council Member 1 draws near.* What are you doing? Please, no sunlight! I blister easily! I have a delicate complexion! Look at this pale skin! I'm practically transparent! I need SPF 5,000 or a wool sweater. Get away from me! No! Nooooooooooooo! *(Drops to his knees and assumes a fetal position as he tries to ward away Council Member 1. Council Member 1 holds out a scroll. Vampire blinks and looks at Council Member 1.)* What's this? *[Or insert another TV title.]*

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: The will of the council.

VAMPYRE: *(Cheerful.)* Oh, so like what kind of goodies do I inherit when you guys finally kick the bucket?

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: Not that kind of will.

VAMPIRE LORD: *(To Vampyre.)* It is your punishment!

VAMPYRE: Oh. Right, right. *(Unfurls the scroll, treating it like a bomb that might go off. Reads, gasps.)* 'Ziled?! I've been 'ziled?! No! No! I'm too young to be "ziled! *(Overly dramatic.)* You can't do this to me! I'm too popular, too good-looking to be 'ziled! Please, no! Don't do this! *(Pulls on the robe of Council Member 1.)* I'll do better! I swear! I'll only make cameo appearances... *(Council Member 1 glares.)* ...in B-movies.

VAMPIRE LORD: This is your fate. Accept it with a dignity that has heretofore been lacking.

VAMPYRE: (*Straightens up.*) All right, all right. I'll accept your verdict if you will answer me one question.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: What?

VAMPYRE: What does "'ziled" mean?

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: Not 'ziled, you fool. "Exiled." You do know what "exiled" means?

VAMPYRE: (*Dismissively.*) Pssssh...yes...of course. Don't be silly.

VAMPIRE LORD: Then you are sentenced to—

VAMPYRE: Actually, now that I think about it...no...not really.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2: "Expatriated"?

VAMPYRE: Nope.

COUNCIL MEMBER 3: "Banished"?

VAMPYRE: Drawing a blank.

COUNCIL MEMBER 4: "Sent away"!

VAMPYRE: So you're not going to toss me out in the sun?

VAMPIRE LORD: The only crime that renders a death sentence is the killing of our own kind.

VAMPYRE: Isn't that circular logic?

COUNCIL MEMBER 1: What do you mean?

VAMPYRE: If you kill a vampire for killing a vampire...aren't vampires still killing vampires? I mean, technically, by your own laws, wouldn't you have to be punished by death, too? Then the vampires who kill you would have to be killed and so forth and so on. Where does it all end? Why must we kill vampires to show that killing vampires is wrong?

VAMPIRE LORD: Because...it...well...you see... (*Gets flustered.*) Exiled!

VAMPYRE: (*Overly dramatic.*) You can't do this me! I'm too clever! I'm in my prime! I'm—

VAMPIRE LORD: (*Shouts.*) Silence! (*Vampyre sulks.*) Vampire—



## Scene 2

(AT RISE: *The heart of the Dark Forest. Silvertoe and Stingwing are milling about.*)

SILVERTOE: (*Nauseatingly cheerful, sings.*)

“Over hill, over dale,  
Through brush, through briar.  
Over park, over pale—”

STINGWING: Overdone, Silvertoe. That line is so tired.

SILVERTOE: (*Exceedingly cheerful.*) Don’t be such a Grumpy Gus, Stingwing. A mortal wrote about *us*! How is that *not* exciting?!

STINGWING: It went a little flat around the 867,539th time I heard it.

SILVERTOE: Shakespeare’s my favorite! I thought you loved those lines.

STINGWING: I *did*...400 years ago.

SILVERTOE: Grumpy Gus.

STINGWING: What does the Queen have you doing today?

SILVERTOE: (*Sighs.*) Dewdrop duty...again. You?

STINGWING: (*Sighs.*) Animal herding...again.

SILVERTOE: I wish I could do that.

STINGWING: It’s a pain...especially the owls.

SILVERTOE: Oh, I *love* the owls.

STINGWING: Really? Why?

SILVERTOE: They’re a *hoot*! (*Pauses with a “get it” expression.*)

STINGWING: (*Threatening gesture.*) One of these days, Silvertoe—

(*Slymane enters USR.*)

SLYMANE: Hey, guys, wither wander?

SILVERTOE: (*Nauseatingly cheerful. Sings.*) “Over hill, over dale—”

STINGWING: (*Covers Silvertoe's mouth. To Slymane.*) You just had to get him started, didn't you?

SLYMANE: (*Winces.*) Ohhh, right. Sorry.

(*Silvertoe bites Stingwing's hand.*)

STINGWING: Ow!

SILVERTOE: (*To Slymane.*) What news, sweet friend?

STINGWING: (*To Slymane.*) Yeah, what's the lowdown on the Queen's court? Please tell me that Puck did something to get bopped. I can't stand that faerie.

SLYMANE: (*Leans in, conspiratorially.*) The Queen is not in the best of moods.

STINGWING: (*Mocking.*) You don't say. This is news? Bah. I'd be surprised to learn that the Queen *has* good moods.

SILVERTOE: I *love* the Queen.

STINGWING: You would. (*To Slymane.*) What hast caused Her Highness's pantaloons to knoteth this time?

SLYMANE: Well, you didn't hear it from me, *but* I heard it from Greencloud, who heard it from Sourvine, who heard it from Tenderflight, who heard it from Puck...that the Vampire houses are sending us one of their own.

STINGWING: A vampire?

SILVERTOE: What's a vampire?

STINGWING: (*To Slymane.*) If you heard it from Puck, it's probably a lie.

SLYMANE: (*Raises three fingers.*) Swear to the moon.

SILVERTOE: What's a vampire?

STINGWING: (*To Slymane.*) Why would the Queen agree to take in one of *their* kind?

SLYMANE: (*Shrugs.*) Don't know. She's not happy about it, though. Not...happy.

STINGWING: Yeah, I think you might have mentioned that.

SILVERTOE: What's a vampire?

SLYMANE: A creature so dark and malevolent that it must feed on the blood of mortals to sustain itself.

SILVERTOE: So...not cuddly then? (*Stingwing and Slymane shake their heads. Hopefully.*) I bet it's a little cuddly...on the inside. Maybe it just needs a hug.

STINGWING: The last thing you want to do, Silvertoe, is hug one of them.

SILVERTOE: I'm definitely going to hug it when it gets here.

SLYMANE: Silvertoe, we literally just said –

STINGWING: (*Holds up his hand.*) Don't bother, Slymane. It's a lost cause. (*Looks around.*) Well, when is our "guest" arriving? (*Queen Mab and Puck enter USL and stand behind Stingwing, who is still complaining despite the fact that Slymane and Silvertoe are trying to gesture to him to stop.*) I mean, with all of the animal herding Her Hot-Air-Ness keeps assigning me, I'll be surprised if I can even get around to herding the field mice without me having to scoop them up and bop them on their heads. I know she doesn't like that, but if Mab doesn't like the job I do, she can just –

QUEEN MAB: If Queen Mab doesn't like the job that you do, I can –

STINGWING: (*Mortified, meekly.*) Tell me to do it better? (*Winces.*)

QUEEN MAB: Stingwing, I don't want to see you scooping up those field mice and bopping them on the head.

(*Queen Mab "bops" Stingwing on the head.*)

PUCK: (*Pointing at Stingwing, taunting.*) Ha! You got bopped!

SILVERTOE: Is it true, Your Majesty?

QUEEN MAB: Is what true?

SILVERTOE: That a vampire from the mortal world is coming here.

QUEEN MAB: (*Eyeing Puck suspiciously.*) And how would you have heard that little tidbit of information? It was a secret that only myself and my steward were privy to.

(*Queen Mab glares menacingly at Puck.*)

PUCK: What, my beautiful Queen? I am ever your loyal servant. I have told no one.

SILVERTOE: Except Tenderflight.

QUEEN MAB: *(Angrily.)* Tenderflight?!

SILVERTOE: Who told it to Sourvine, who told it to Greencloud, who told it to Slymane.

SLYMANE: *(Hissing.)* Shut up!

QUEEN MAB: "Loyal" servant my backside!

*(Queen Mab "bops" Puck on the head.)*

STINGWING: *(Pointing at Puck, laughs.)* You got bopped!

QUEEN MAB: Silence! Well, since the entire kingdom now knows...yes, we are expecting a former member of the vampire houses in our forest.

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**