

THE NOVICE



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P.O. Box 1401
Rapid City, SD 57709

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THE NOVICE PILOT was first performed on May 21, 2018 at Manti High School, Manti, UT: Denali Baker, director.

CAPTAIN RODGERS: Carson Lawrence

MARK: Zach Brown

I AM BARON VON DRAKE-ULA! was first performed on May 21, 2018 at Manti High School, Manti, UT: Marcus Bahlmann, director.

BARON VON DRAKE-ULA: Dallin Brereton

DUKE: Kaden Anderson

TOUR GUIDE 1: Kirah Pratt

TOURISTS: Cari Carmody, Justin Bawden, Marcus Bahlmann

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FARCE. In this hysterical collection of two short plays, mankind's fate lies in the hands of mere novices. In "The Novice Pilot," a new copilot who has a fear of flying is forced to take over the plane after the pilot has a heart attack and the plane goes into a nosedive. In "I am Baron Von Drake-ula!" a washed-up vampire actor is looking to retire his role as "the greatest unknown vampire in the world" and meets his perfect replacement—a huge Baron Von Drake-ula fan and classic monster nerd. Nonstop laughs. Easy to stage.

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

THE NOVICE PILOT
(2 flexible)

CAPTAIN RODGERS: Old-school, veteran airplane pilot on his last flight; goes by the books and is not easily amused; flexible.

MARK/MARSHA: Quirky novice pilot on his first flight; afraid of heights and flying; likes to joke around; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

I AM BARON VON DRAKE-ULA!
(2 M, 2 F, 12 flexible, opt. extras)
(With doubling: 2 M, 1 F, 6 flexible)

BARON VON DRAKE-ULA: Washed-up, has-been vampire actor looking to retire; plays the role of the greatest unknown vampire in the world, Baron Von Drake-ula; speaks with a stereotypical vampire accent; wears a vampire costume complete with cape and plastic vampire teeth; male.

DUKE: Huge Baron Von Drake-ula fan and classic monster nerd; male.

TOUR GUIDE 1, 2: Tour guide at a cheesy, touristy castle; female.

TOURIST 1-12: Castle tourists; flexible.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Tourists.

NOTE: If Tour Guides and Tourists are doubled, only minor costume changes are required. For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

SETS

The cockpit of an airplane. This can be as simple as two chairs onstage. Most of the setting is pantomimed.

Baron Von Drake-ula's room in a touristy castle. A vampire coffin is SL, either behind a curtain or unlit. There is a chair. Other furnishings may be added, if desired.

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PROPS

THE NOVICE PILOT: Clipboard, coffee cup, keys, tall stack of index cards, multiple seat belts/buckles, 2 headsets, personal bag for Captain, blanket, airplane pin.

I AM BARON VON DRAKE-ULA: Castle map, wristwatch for Jen, cell phones for Tourists, sketchpad, pencil, sketch of Baron, assorted books about the Baron, vampire manual.

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SPECIAL EFFECTS

THE NOVICE PILOT: Random sounds for buttons, sound of plane engine starting up, beeping sound, lightning, sound of plane going into a nosedive, assorted alarms.

I AM BARON VON DRAKE-ULA: Scary/spooky sound effects.

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**"I SENSE
SOMETHING
IS WRONG..."**

-CAPTAIN

THE NOVICE PILOT

(AT RISE: Cockpit of a commercial airplane. There are two chairs. Captain Rodgers enters with a clipboard. He takes a moment to reflect.)

CAPTAIN: (To himself.) Can't believe it's my last flight. And what a way to end a distinguished career...training a novice! (Unseen by the Captain, Mark enters holding a coffee cup.) Let's give him one heck of a ride... (Indicating plane.) ...eh, Gertrude?

MARK: Ooooooh! Who's Gertrude? She's sounds gorgeous!

CAPTAIN: Gertrude is the plane.

MARK: Oh. Well, she's a beauty, I'll say that much, Captain.

CAPTAIN: She sure is. Been part of my life for nearly four decades. (Looks at the clipboard.) You must be Mark. (Sits.)

MARK: That I am. I brought you some coffee. (Attempts to hand Captain Rodgers the coffee cup.)

CAPTAIN: Coffee is not allowed in the cockpit, too many... (Waves his hand to refuse the coffee and accidentally hits the cup out of Mark's hand. "Coffee" spills all over the Captain.) ...accidents.

MARK: Oh, no! Captain, I am so, so sorry. I didn't mean —

CAPTAIN: (Trying to stay calm.) It's okay, Mark. Just an accident. Be sure to follow all protocols from now on.

MARK: Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN: No coffee or liquids of any kind near the instruments.

MARK: Of course, sir.

CAPTAIN: On a side note, if you are going to offer someone coffee, make sure it is not boiling hot. It is rather painful on the skin.

MARK: Duly noted, sir.

CAPTAIN: Shall we get started, then? The passengers are expecting an on-time takeoff.

MARK: I am more than ready.

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CAPTAIN: All right. Now, you remember from training –
MARK: On second thought, would it be too much to ask to use the restroom?
CAPTAIN: Well...
MARK: Never mind. I'm good.
CAPTAIN: Are you sure?
MARK: Yep. Good to go. Let's go. I'm good. I can hold it. Just nerves, really.
CAPTAIN: Calm down. We'll be okay. I've been doing this a long time, longer than you've been alive.
MARK: That's reassuring.
CAPTAIN: Nothing will happen...never has to me, anyway. So I won't let it happen to you.
MARK: Sounds great.
CAPTAIN: *(Checks clipboard.)* Now, let's start off with the pre-flight checks.
MARK: Got it. *(Looks around the cockpit but does nothing.)*
CAPTAIN: *(Clears throat.)* Eh-hem. First is to –
MARK: I know, I know. Turn on the engines and check fuel levels and all gauges.
CAPTAIN: Correct.

(Mark sits and looks around the cockpit. He checks around his seat and everywhere on the dash.)

MARK: Hmm...
CAPTAIN: Is something wrong?
MARK: Uh...no...I don't think so. *(Checks his pockets and his bag. Looks around more frantically.)*
CAPTAIN: I sense something is wrong.
MARK: This is so embarrassing, but it seems like I've lost the keys.
CAPTAIN: Keys?
MARK: Yes, keys to the plane.
CAPTAIN: I'm sorry. I'm not sure I follow.
MARK: I need keys to start the plane. I can't find them.

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(Captain reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of keys.)

CAPTAIN: Oh, you mean these?

MARK: There they are!

CAPTAIN: Mark.

MARK: Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN: These are my *car* keys. This plane does not use a key to start.

MARK: Oh...ooooohh! Got it! We'll put that into the mental bank. *(Motions putting the information into his brain.)* Click. Caching. Good to go.

CAPTAIN: If you remember your training... *(Demonstrates.)* ...you push these buttons to get the engines going.

MARK: Of course. *(Suddenly.)* Don't push the red button! No, not the red button!

CAPTAIN: What?

MARK: *(Laughs.)* Just playing around. You know in all the movies? Don't push the red button!

CAPTAIN: I see. Protocols, Mark. We don't joke around in the cockpit.

MARK: Right. I'm on a roll already with not following protocol.

CAPTAIN: *(Under his breath.)* At least you are good at something. *(To Mark.)* Start the engines, please. *(Note: Captain makes notes on his clipboard throughout the play. Mark pushes almost every button he sees. Random sound effects are heard.)* Mark! These four buttons! *(Points.)*

MARK: Right. *(Starts plane. Sound of plane engine starting up.)* That was a rush!

CAPTAIN: Gets me every time, too. Now, let's taxi to the runway.

MARK: Right. *(Grabs the yoke like a racecar and presses down on the "gas" pedal. The plane swings hard to the right. Mark and Captain are thrown.)* Whoa! I must have hit the gas a little too hard.

CAPTAIN: Gas?

MARK: I admit, Captain, I pressed on the gas pedal way too hard. I apologize.

CAPTAIN: Gas pedal? Are you serious?

MARK: Yes. My wife always tells me I have a lead foot.

CAPTAIN: Mark.

MARK: Yes.

CAPTAIN: That was not the gas pedal. You use your feet to steer the plane.

MARK: You do? I mean, yes, of course, you do. *(Begins to taxi and steer the airplane.)* Whoever said that flying an airplane is just like driving a car was way off!

CAPTAIN: I don't think anyone has ever said that.

MARK: Sure they have! Why, just this very morning, I said to myself in the mirror, "Self, today is going to be a great day. First, because you look and smell so dapper." Want a whiff? It's [Brut]! *[If female, change to perfume.]*

CAPTAIN: No, thanks. I'm an [Old Spice] man myself.

MARK: Oh. Then I said, "You're flying solo for the first time today. Just remember, it's like driving a car!"

CAPTAIN: Unfortunately, Mark, you were egregiously wrong. Looks like we're clear for takeoff. Now remember your training.

MARK: Yes, Captain. Oh, I almost forgot. I've got it all right here on these index cards. *(From his bag, Mark pulls out a tall stack of index cards.)* Here we go. *(Reads.)* "How to take off." *(Pushes the throttle and the plane picks up speed. They are bumping around in their chairs. All of Mark's index cards fly off his lap.)* Oh, no! *(He lets go of the yoke and picks up his feet. The plane swerves from one side to the next. Mark is frantic. Captain coolly takes over and gets the airplane in the air. Mark returns to his seat.)* Okay. Now I need to pull back on the stick.

[END OF FREEVIEW]

**"I AM THE GREATEST
UNKNOWN VAMPIRE
IN THE WORLD!"**

-BARON VON DRAKE-ULA

I AM BARON VON DRAKE-ULA!

(AT RISE: Ornate room in a cheesy touristy castle. A vampire coffin is SL, either behind a curtain or unlit. There is a chair, opt. Other furnishings may be added, if desired. Tour Guide 1 enters.)

TOUR GUIDE 1: *(To Tourists.)* Ladies and gentlemen, follow close. Come on in. *(Tourists 1-6 enter.)* Please go to the center of the room. *(Tourists 1-6 cluster in the middle.)* Okay! First off, does anyone know which room of the castle we are in?

TOURIST 1: *(Holding a map of the castle.)* According to the map, this must be the Baron's quarters.

TOUR GUIDE 1: That is correct. This is the moment you've all been waiting for.

TOURIST 2: Yes, yes! Where is he?

TOUR GUIDE 1: *(Looks at her watch.)* Just a few more seconds...and...

(Suddenly, the lights dim, scary sound effects are heard, lighting effects, etc. The lid of the coffin slowly opens, and Baron Von Drake-ula appears. Note: This should be played as a very cheesy sideshow.)

TOURIST 3: Oh my!

(Tourists let out sounds of surprise as the Baron steps out of his coffin.)

TOUR GUIDE 1: *(Dramatically.)* Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you...Baron Von Drake-ula!

TOURIST 4: *(To Tourist 5.)* Drake-ula? I thought this was Dracula's castle.

TOURIST 5: Shhhh...

(Lightning, thunder. Note: For the following, Baron moves about the room as he speaks.)

BARON: *(To Tourists, with a stereotypical vampire accent.)* Ah, humans! Welcome to my lair. I am the infamous Baron Von Drake-ula, the longest living and last vampire in the world. When I was a young boy, I was abandoned by my parents. They thought they had a mutant son because of my long, sharp teeth and insatiable appetite for biting other kids on the neck. They left me in a dark forest. I was scared for a moment; I was angry. But then, suddenly, I was flying—flying so fast and zooming across the night sky. I looked to my left and to my right. I had wings! I was a bat! The exhilaration I felt! The freedom! I flew until my little bat wings could flap no more. Luckily, I found a peaceful resting spot in a deserted castle...this castle! I made my home here. The legends spread of a frightening vampire. Brave and not-so-brave people would come to the castle to look upon me, just as you have tonight. *(Some Tourists look are intrigued while others look scared. Dramatically.)* I am Baron...Von...Drake-ula! *(Pause. Lightning, thunder.)* Any questions?

TOUR GUIDE 1: *(To Tourists.)* Ladies and gentlemen, we have time for just a few questions before the next group arrives.

TOURIST 6: Excuse me, Mr. Drake-ula...?

BARON: Yes.

TOURIST 6: Can you turn into a bat for us right now?

BARON: So many people ask me that, but, unfortunately, no.

TOURIST 6: No?

BARON: That only happens in the movies.

TOURIST 6: Excuse me?

BARON: I mean...I am getting too old to move...like that anymore.

TOUR GUIDE 1: *(Clears throat.)* Eh-hemm... *(Gestures to Baron to change his story.)*

BARON: *(To Tourists.)* I can only turn into a bat if provoked by deep sadness and anger.

TOURIST 6: (*To Tourist 5.*) Sorry, [Son]. I tried. [*Or insert father, brother, sister, etc.*]

TOURIST 5: Ah shucks!

TOUR GUIDE 1: (*To Tourists.*) Next question, please.

TOURIST 1: Baron, is it true that you can be killed by having a wooden stake stabbed through your heart?

BARON: Of course.

TOURIST 1: So, it is true?

BARON: Of course. I mean, who *wouldn't* that kill! Getting stabbed in the heart by anything would be deadly!

TOURIST 1: It would? It doesn't have to be a *wooden* stake?

BARON: Wooden, metal, plastic...doesn't make much difference. Stab me with a spoon in the heart, it would still kill.

TOURIST 1: Interesting...

TOUR GUIDE 1: I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. It looks like we have time for just one more question and then we can take a group photo.

TOURIST 2: Um, Mr. Baron, what about holy water?

BARON: What about it?

TOURIST 2: Can you tell us about its effects on you?

BARON: Well...sure...it's quite...refreshing and quenching.

TOURIST 2: (*Surprised.*) Really?

BARON: Yes. Don't you think so?

TOURIST 2: It doesn't burn you?

BARON: Why would it?

TOURIST 2: Because it's *holy* water. Holy water is supposed to burn you.

BARON: Yeah, no, it doesn't burn me. I drink it like you drink coffee.

TOURIST 2: I guess I learned it wrong in history class, then.

BARON: Looks so.

TOUR GUIDE 1: (*To Tourists.*) All right. Everyone, gather around. We'll get one picture with the Baron. Come on. Gather round. (*Tourist 3 puts his arm around the Baron. To Tourist 3.*) Oh, sir, please don't touch the Baron. (*Tourist 3*

*removes his arm from the Baron's shoulders.) Thank you.
(Tourists gather around the Baron.) Everyone say, "Blood"!*

TOURISTS: *(Shout.)* Blood!

BARON: *(To Tour Guide 1, annoyed.)* "Blood"? Really, Jen?

TOUR GUIDE 1: What? No good?

BARON: Ugh! Never mind.

TOUR GUIDE 1: Great! Let's keep going on our tour, everyone. You're going to absolutely love the next room...the lair of Dr. Frankenstein's monster!

(Jen and Tourists start to exit. On the way out, some Tourists shake the Baron's hand, thanking him. Other Tourists sneak pictures of the Baron with their phones. They exit.)

BARON: *(To himself.)* Oh, yeah! The monster is real exciting! All he does is moan and groan and walk around like he's got no knees. A real class act! Ugh! I'm getting too old for this! *(Slumps down on a chair or sits on the side of the coffin.)* I think I'm ready to be done with all this.

(Baron starts taking off his cloak, shoes, etc. Duke enters.)

DUKE: *(Calls.)* Hello? Anyone? *(Sees the Baron sitting on the chair or coffin. Note: The Baron is somewhat in the shadows so he is not clearly seen.)* Oh, hey! I got separated from my tour group. Do you have any idea where they went?

BARON: They're in the next room.

DUKE: Oh, man! Is that Frankenstein's room?!

BARON: Yes. Behold the magnificent, moronic monster!

DUKE: *(Looks at his castle map.)* Then this must be Baron Von Drake-ula's lair. Darn it! I missed him, too!

BARON: Ah, I'm sure you didn't miss much. Just an old, decrepit, washed-up, has-been vampire.

DUKE: Are you kidding me? A washed-up has-been? No way! Baron Von Drake-ula is my inspiration!

[END OF FREEVIEW]