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Big Dog Publishing

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The Witch's Night Out

COMEDY. After disastrous dates with a zombie and a werewolf, a lonely witch finds a flashy, debonair gentleman on a dating app and agrees to meet him at a spooky café at dusk. While nervously awaiting Vlad's arrival, the witch sprays herself with Corpse Flower perfume and powders the impressive wart on her nose. When the dashing Vlad arrives, she is instantly attracted to his pronounced fangs and the way he flourishes his black cape. As they engage in small talk, the witch is pleasantly surprised to learn Vlad owns a castle, enjoys flying, and likes a woman who will stick her neck out. Despite Vlad's unusual laugh, extreme thirst, and tendency to drool at the table, the witch believes she's finally found a good catch! A frighteningly funny "romantic" comedy! Easy to stage.

Performance Time: Approximately 15-20 minutes.

Characters

(1 M, 1 F)

PAPILLOMA: Lonely witch looking for love; has a large wart on her nose and wears a tall black witch's hat; female.

VLAD: Thirsty vampire from Transylvania who is looking for someone alive; has vampire teeth and wears a bowtie and an impressive black cape; male.

Setting

Empty, eerie-looking café, dusk.

Set

Café. Eerie-looking café with floor-to-ceiling cobwebs. There is a small café table and two chairs CS. Other tables may be scattered about. The tables have menus and napkins on them. There is an open café window through which Vlad is seen.

Props

Broom
Rubber witch hands
Makeup compact with mirror
Tall black witch's hat
Perfume bottle labeled "Corpse Flower"
Cell phone
Menus for café tables
Napkins

Special Effects

Cell phone ringing or buzzing
Loud scream
A small bat with a bowtie that "flies"
Cobwebs

"You're either
a man with animal desires,
or you're a man who uses a cape
as a security blanket.
--Papilloma

"What does a man with a castle
have to do these days
to impress a lady?"
--Vlad

The Witch's Night Out

(AT RISE: Eerie-looking, empty café, dusk. Papilloma, a witch, enters looking wind-blown. She is carrying a broom.)

PAPILLOMA: *(To herself.)* Whew! That wind at my back sure sped things along! I made great timing. *(Admiring the cobwebs.)* Mmm-mmmm. The floor-to-ceiling cobwebs here are stunning. I should get the name of their interior decorator. *(Looks around.)* Well, I don't see anyone, but I'm early. Guess I'll get a table. Better make it front and center so I'm easy to find. *(Takes a seat at a table CS.)* Oooh! I ought to fix my hair while I'm waiting. *(Pulls out a makeup compact and tucks a few strands of hair back under her witch's hat. Powders the wart on her nose.)* There! *(Looking in compact mirror, admiring herself.)* Mmm-mmmm. I am to die for…definitely. *(Pulls out a tiny bottle.)* A little spritz of Corpse Flower perfume. *(Spritzes herself.)* That should do the trick. *(Cell phone rings/buzzes. Into phone.)* Vile? I forgot to tell you, I can't meet with the coven tonight. I've got a date…Yes, I know I must seem like a serial dater…No, I'm not being picky. I've just got standards…What's that?…Next week?…No, I can't host the coven. I know my turn is long overdue, but I don't have enough room for 13…Yeah, yeah, I know. When I marry a noble and move into a castle, that's when! *(Cackles. Sees Vlad's figure through the glass window of the cafe.)* Oooh! I gotta go, Vile. I think that's him now. I'll call you later. Bye! *(Hangs up. Vlad enters.)* Oh, he looks so mysterious! It makes my warts tingle! *(To Vlad, waving.)* Yoo-hoo! Over here!

(Vlad approaches and throws open his cape dramatically.)

VLAD: Papilloma, I presume?
PAPILLOMA: *(Coyly.)* How did you guess?

VLAD: We agreed to meet at dusk, and you're the only one here.
PAPILLOMA: You're a real sharp one, eh?
VLAD: *(Smiles, introducing.)* I'm Vlad.
PAPILLOMA: Oh, Vlad! Your online profile doesn't do you justice. Ooooh! Your fangs are even more pronounced than in your photo. And I just love your cape.

(Papilloma reaches out to touch his cape, but Vlad jerks it away.)

VLAD: *(Sternly.)* The cape is off-limits.
PAPILLOMA: *(Taken aback.)* My, my! Sensitive, aren't we?
VLAD: *(Flourishes his cape dramatically.)* It is my cape.
PAPILLOMA: I can see that.
VLAD: It is… *(Flourishes his cape dramatically.)* …a part of me…like the wings of a bat.
PAPILLOMA: So, what you're saying is that you're either a man with animal desires, or you're a man who uses a cape as a security blanket. Which is it?
VLAD: *(Vampire laugh.)* Ha-ha-ha-ha! *(Flourishes his cape dramatically.)*
PAPILLOMA: Well, you're just a barrel of laughs, aren't you? Why don't you have a seat so we can get to know each other better? *(Vlad sits down at the table. Long awkward pause.)* So…are you going to say something?
VLAD: Papilloma?
PAPILLOMA: Yes…?
VLAD: Your name…it is so…organic.
PAPILLOMA: Yes, It really *grows* on people. *(Nervous cackle.)* And you, Vlad? You speak with an accent. Where are you from?
VLAD: I am from Romania.
PAPILLOMA: How exotic!
VLAD: I enjoy spending my time *hanging* around there.
PAPILLOMA: You must be really racking up the frequent flyer miles. I didn't realize the Spellbound dating app

attracted folks from abroad. How long have you been using it?

VLAD: Whenever I seek to quench my thirst.

PAPILLOMA: Well, we'll be sure to have cocktails, then. *(Cackles.)* Anyway, you must know about Spellbound's creepy reputation. My last date was such an animal! You should have seen the way he ate. What was his name again? *(Can't remember.)* Well, whatever it was, it ought to have been "Hairy." He reminded me of a shag carpet. But, whatever. It was only when he started howling at the moon that I decided I couldn't go on another date with that fur ball. He was too wild for me. Anyway, I digress. Tell me, what is it about my profile that attracted you?

VLAD: Your throat.

PAPILLOMA: *(Flattered.)* Ah! Thank you! But I always considered my hands to be my pride and joy. *(Holding up her witch hands, wiggling her fingers)* They're very gnarly. And my face, of course, is one to behold. I had my picture done professionally, you know. I made sure that the wart on my nose was highlighted. *(Proudly points to the large wart on her nose.)* Pretty eye-catching, wouldn't you say? It usually grabs people's attention.

VLAD: *(Vampire laugh.)* Ha-ha-ha-ha!

PAPILLOMA: I've got to tell you, Vlad, everything seems to make you laugh. And when you do, it makes your fangs sparkle…just like Fur Ball. He had quite the set of pointy canine teeth too, come to think of it. *(Slight pause.)* So, what are you looking for in a date?

VLAD: Someone alive.

PAPILLOMA: Well, that's always a good start.

VLAD: And you?

PAPILLOMA: I'm looking for someone who will give me their undivided attention…someone who will make me gush.

VLAD: *(Leans forward.)* I can do that…

PAPILLOMA: *(Leans forward, coyly.)* This sounds promising…

(Vlad inhales deeply, makes a face, and leans back in his chair.)

VLAD: That smell! *(Smelling some more.)* It's like rotten meat.
PAPILLOMA: *(Flattered.)* Isn't it just putrid? I always aim to make a lasting impression.
VLAD: *(Retches.)* Ack! I prefer fresh blood!
PAPILLOMA: Oh, well, I haven't had a chance to look at the menu yet. These cafés usually have a wide selection, so I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. I thought we'd talk more, though, before we ordered. Where was I? *(Thinks.)* Oh, that's right. I was going to tell you I'd love to find someone with special talents. Do you have any?
VLAD: Yes. I do.
PAPILLOMA: Such as?
VLAD: I am capable of radical transformations.
PAPILLOMA: Well, so am I!
VLAD: I can fly if I want to.
PAPILLOMA: That makes two of us!
VLAD: *(Surprised, deflated.)* Oh? Really? You don't think I'm special, then. *(Looks sullen.)*
PAPILLOMA: Well…what else can you do?
VLAD: Else?
PAPILLOMA: You know, like, can you turn a prince into a frog?
VLAD: No.
PAPILLOMA: Can you make a girl fall asleep for 100 years?
VLAD: No.
PAPILLOMA: Can you make a life-size cottage out of gingerbread with a gumdrop chimney and candy corn shingles?
VLAD: No.
PAPILLOMA: *(Disappointed.)* Oh.
VLAD: Is that a problem?
PAPILLOMA: Hmm…I guess I was just hoping for a little more. My standards are pretty high.

VLAD: *(Heavy sigh.)* Always the same. What does a man with a castle have to do these days to impress a lady?
PAPILLOMA: Wait! What?! *(Leans in.)* You have a castle?!
VLAD: *(Offhandedly.)* Yes. In Transylvania.
PAPILLOMA: Now you're talking!
VLAD: *(Uninterested.)* I am too ravenous at the moment to talk.
PAPILLOMA: But I want to hear more about your castle.
VLAD: I could really use someone to drink.
PAPILLOMA: We need to find a waiter to take our beverage order.
VLAD: *(Sinister tone.)* I mean, I'm looking at you.
PAPILLOMA: Well, I haven't seen a waiter yet. *(Sees that Vlad is salivating.)* Oh, Vlad! You might want to use that napkin right there. *(Points to a napkin).* You're beginning to salivate.

(Vlad dabs his mouth with his napkin.)

VLAD: I can't help it. You make my mouth water.
PAPILLOMA: *(Batting a hand, coyly.)* I know. I am so irresistible.
VLAD: Yes. You are. I can picture the blood pulsing through your wizened limbs…

(Vlad takes Papilloma's hand and leans over to bite her arm. Papilloma quickly pulls her arm away.)

PAPILLOMA: Vlad! *(Coyly.)* You are such a bad boy!
VLAD: *(Irritated.)* I am simply famished.
PAPILLOMA: *(Flutters her eyelashes.)* Go on…
VLAD: I can think of nothing more.

(Awkward silence.)

PAPILLOMA: Oh, well, then what do you fancy? *(Picks up a menu.)*

VLAD: *(Sinister tone.)* You.
PAPILLOMA: *(Waving the menu, coyly.)* Oh, Vlad! You're such a tease! I meant, what do you think we should eat?
VLAD: *(Vampire laugh.)* Ha-ha-ha-ha!
PAPILLOMA: Now, there you go again laughing. I guess I just keep missing the joke. Anyway, this appetizer of snips and snails and puppy dog tails sounds scrumptious! Did anything catch your eye?
VLAD: Your veins. They are so prominent.
PAPILLOMA: *(Coyly.)* Oh, Vlad! You are such a fiend!

(Papilloma puts her hand on the table. Vlad reaches over and holds her hand in his.)

VLAD: Your hands…they feel so rough.
PAPILLOMA: *(Proudly.)* Those are my calluses. I get them from gripping my broom. Isn't the texture marvelous? It really gives me an edge.

[END OF FREEVIEW]