

Love Bites

(The light comes up on a park bench. ZACK and WANDA enter. WANDA is a fun-loving young woman. ZACK is a vampire looking for love.)

ZACK: That was a nice stroll.

WANDA: It was a regular “walk in the park.”

ZACK: *(He gestures to the bench. He waits for her to sit, then sits beside her.)* So, you don’t mind hanging out here?

WANDA: Not at all. It’s a nice night.

ZACK: I appreciate it. My last date ended poorly.

WANDA: I’m sorry to hear that. *(A beat.)* Maybe, it was your bat breath.

ZACK: I beg your pardon?

WANDA: Your *bat* breath. Get it?

ZACK: I’m not sure I do.

WANDA: *Bat* breath. Kind of like *bad* breath, only with a “bat” cause you’re a vampire.

ZACK: I see.

WANDA: Can I make a confession? I only agreed to this date in hopes you could help me with my act.

ZACK: You’re an actor?

WANDA: A comedian. I bet *you’d* like to be an actor, though. Find yourself a part you could *sink your teeth into*. *(To herself.)* Oh, that was a good one! *(Takes out a notebook and pen and begins writing.)*

ZACK: What’s that?

WANDA: My “joke-book notebook.” I’m writing a routine about vampires. I don’t want to be offensive, but I want it to have bite. *(Laughs at her word choice.)* Bite! There’s *another* one. I wasn’t even trying!

ZACK: I suppose I could try to help a little. (*Points left.*) You want to walk over to the ice cream shop?

WANDA: Did you say “ice cream” or “I scream?” Wait. Let me guess your favorite flavor. *Neck-tarine?*

ZACK: I’m not certain they have...

WANDA: It was a joke. (*Touches her neck.*) You know, *Neck-tarine*. Wait! I have a better one! *Vein-illa*. (*She writes in her notebook.*) Oh, that’s rich. Rich! Rich vein-illa. (*Laughs to herself.*)

ZACK: Maybe we’ll just skip the ice cream.

WANDA: (*Barely looking up from her book.*) It gives me brain freeze, anyway. Of course, it probably gives you *frostbite*.

ZACK: (*Crosses right. He needs some space.*) We could just go to the coffee shop.

WANDA: Coffee? (*Searches for a joke, then moves to him quickly.*) I bet you only drink de-coffin-ated. Or do you prefer a Count Chocu-latte?

ZACK: (*Sighs.*) Are you going to make jokes all night?

WANDA: You don’t like jokes?

ZACK: I love jokes. (*Honestly, but not unkindly.*) I’m just not finding yours particularly funny.

WANDA: You should meet me here tomorrow afternoon. My jokes would kill you then. (*Trying to explain.*) You know, because of...

ZACK: (*Finishing her thought.*) ...the sunlight. Yeah, I get it. Look, I’ll be honest. I don’t think this date is going to work out.

WANDA: (*With mock seriousness.*) So I can’t be your *ghoul*-friend?

ZACK: I don’t think so.

WANDA: Not even if I *bat* my eyes?

ZACK: No.

WANDA: (*Throws her hands up playfully and heads to the bench.*) Just my luck! I go out with a vampire, and he thinks I’m the pain in the neck. (*She laughs at her line and writes it down.*)

ZACK: It was nice meeting you, Wanda. I hope the routine turns out better than the date.

WANDA: It can't be worse!

ZACK: *(To himself as he exits.)* That's debatable.

WANDA: *(Calling after him as she writes.)* Fangs for the memories! I'll invite you to the show. I'm gonna slay them in the aisles. Hey. Did you hear that? I'm a *vampire slayer!*

The End

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