

Deep in the woods, late at night.

The UNIVERSAL MONSTERS are gathered around the campfire: FRANKENSTEIN, MUMMY, WOLFMAN, CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, INVISIBLE MAN, and DRACULA. Dracula is off to the side, roasting a red marshmallow on a metal stick - he's afraid of fire, so he's long-distance roasting, which is really not roasting at all. His son, DRAC JUNIOR, is standing next to him. Dracula is in his traditional costume. Drac Junior looks more contemporary. Maybe even a little hipster.

DRAC JUNIOR

Father, how will you roast your marshmallow if you refuse to go near the fire? Let me do it for you.

DRACULA

For the hundredth time, I do not need your help. I am fine.

DRAC JUNIOR

But Father--

DRACULA

'But Father, But Father'...all night you've been nagging me -- about absolutely nothing. This is supposed to be fun, and I am not having any fun at all, thanks to you!

DRAC JUNIOR

Well, if you did things the right way--

DRACULA

And might I point out, no one else brought their child on this trip.

DRAC JUNIOR

I'm not a child. And you're not getting any younger. You need looking after.

DRACULA

I strike fear into the heart of  
mere mortals. I drink human blood  
for dinner. I control people with  
my thoughts. I do not need LOOKING  
AFTER! Quite frankly, I've had  
enough of your overbearing--

(A woman screams in the distance. DRACULA jumps, spooked.)

DRACULA

Aaaaah!

(He looks around frantically, wielding the marshmallow like  
a sword.)

DRACULA

Did you hear that?

(The Monsters shrug and look at each other questioningly.)

DRAC JUNIOR

I didn't hear anything. There's  
nothing there.

DRACULA

I am very cold. Why is it suddenly  
so cold?

(Yelling to the  
cosmos.)

Please! Please! Leave me alone!

(He claws at himself.)

DRAC JUNIOR

(To Monsters.)

Excuse us a moment?

(The Monsters exit.)

DRAC JUNIOR

I'm here because you've been acting  
so strange lately...I didn't want  
you to make your friends  
uncomfortable with your 'visions.'

DRACULA

I can take care of myself.

DRAC JUNIOR  
I'm worried about you.

DRACULA  
I told you; I can take care of my--

(A woman screams in the distance. Only Dracula hears it.)

DRACULA  
Aaaah!

DRAC JUNIOR  
What? What?

DRACULA  
(Covering his ears.)  
Lalalalalalala....I can't hear you,  
I can't hear you...

DRAC JUNIOR  
Have you gone mad?

DRACULA  
No! Yes! I don't know...

DRAC JUNIOR  
I'm here, father. I will help you  
through this -- episode. Tell me.  
Tell me what you see. Tell me  
everything.

DRACULA  
Well, the first time I had one of  
my -- visions, I was sleeping  
peacefully in my bed, when  
suddenly--

(A woman's blood-curdling scream is heard in the distance. Drac Junior hears it and looks around. From here on, Drac Junior falls into a trance and something physical happens between them that amounts to Dracula controlling Drac Junior's moves in a very stylistic way.)

DRACULA  
It was the most horrifying sound I  
had ever heard. Startled from my  
slumber, I reached up to open my  
casket lid...I thought I had  
reached up. I had not. My arms had

not moved a single inch. I tried to move my legs. Nothing. My brain no longer had command of my limbs. I tried to scream, but no sound came. A thousand bonfires erupted in my throat. My eyes stung with tears...

(A woman's scream.)

DRACULA

She was angry. She was so very angry! I felt myself shoot up into the air so quickly that the breath was taken out of my chest. I was weightless. I felt myself floating in the air for a long time. I wanted to scream, threaten, beg for mercy, curse...but my voice continued to betray me. And then--

(A loud thump.)

DRACULA

I was rolling down a hill. It felt like forever, but I expected that I would land at the bottom eventually, and perhaps have a chance to save myself. I rolled, and rolled, and rolled, until finally...BOOM! My beautiful casket exploded around me, and there I was, lying at the edge of a clearing at the bottom of a hill, in the middle of the woods. The edge of a clearing very much like this one. But how did I get there, and who pushed me down the hill? I tried to scream again...

(Drac Junior musters a pathetic yelp.)

DRACULA

I began to find my limbs. I was alive again! I stood up to my full height and I stretched out my arms as far as they could reach, until suddenly I felt a razor plunge into my right hand. I grabbed my hand,

but it was too late. My beautiful hand was mangled and burned, like the trunk of a centuries-old tree. What I thought was a razor, was in fact a tiny ray of sun from in the clearing. You see, in my haste to find my limbs, I had not noticed that it was daytime! That if I were to step any closer to that clearing...Well, I had to get back into the woods! I ran in circles, I darted around under trees to find safety under the canopy. And then, I saw her. She was standing in the clearing. I don't know how. I don't know why. But there she was. In that white dress.

DRAC JUNIOR

I can see her!

DRACULA

She looked at me. Looked through me. In that moment, I became so hungry. She reached out her hand. I began to walk toward her. Maybe she was not angry after all. Closer and closer to the clearing I walked. My skin began to burn as if I were in the ninth circle of hell, but I could not stop walking! Once again, I had no command of my limbs.

DRAC JUNIOR

Minaaaaa!

DRACULA

By the time I reached her, my skin had burned from my bones. She looked at me with those eyes...those eyes...I knew that I had less than a moment left. The sun was ravaging me, but I could not lose sight of her eyes. Then she raised her other hand and I ran to spend my last moment in her arms...

DRAC JUNIOR

Agggghhhh!

DRACULA

In a flash, I was back in the woods. It was very dark. Just as it is tonight. I chose a direction and began to walk. I walked for many, many miles. Days went by. No light. Just dark. I could not sleep. Every tree looked exactly the same, no matter which way I went. Days and days and days went by with no light and no sound...until--

(A woman's scream.)

DRAC JUNIOR

Noooooo! Noooooo!

(DRAC JUNIOR claws at himself wildly. He tries to run in several different directions but meets an invisible resistance at each corner. Dracula is telepathically controlling his body. He repeatedly bites and claws himself in the arms. His body jerks and contorts. He gouges out his eyes. He falls to the ground. DRACULA kneels down next to his son.)

DRACULA

(Coldly.) I told you I can take care of myself. Now give me some space.

DRAC JUNIOR

My eyes! Aaaaah!

DRACULA

Next time, obey your father.  
Goodnight, son. Go home.

(DRAC JUNIOR stumbles off blindly, screaming in pain. The Monsters return.)

DRACULA

Now then, who's up for a game of charades?

**END OF PLAY**