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Cast of Characters

EUPHORIA, female, bloodthirsty vampire

FIRST TO GO, male or female, the first to get killed

RANDOM LUNATIC, female, something of an authorial representative

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD, female, companion to our young hero wizard

HARRY, male, aka IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD, one of our heroes

ROB, male, aka SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD

STELLA, female, aka SULKY BORING CHICK, hopelessly in love with a vampire

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY, male, a heroic werewolf in love with Stella

EDWARD COHEN, aka TORTURED SEXY VAMPIRE, male, hopelessly in love with Stella

OFFSTAGE VOICE, male or female

LATKES COHEN, sister of Tortured Sexy Vampire, a visionary

PROFESSOR BAKE, male or female, follower of The Fine Diner

THE FINE DINER, female, the ultimate evil wizard

FIRST FINE DINER, male or female, follower of The Fine Diner

SECOND AND THIRD FINE DINERS, male or female, followers of The Fine Diner

DUFUS MCFLY, male, follower of The Fine Diner

WACKO MCFLY, son of Dufus McFly (but it's also possible to make the character female and change any necessary pronouns)

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, female, not a student at Pigskins

ALICE 1 AND OTHER ALICES, flexible number

DELIVERY PERSON, either gender

THE DORMOUSE, female, half-brother—yes, you read that right—to Headmaster Harvey Lapin

LOXY COHEN, sister of Tortured Sexy Vampire, dating Corney Cohen

CORNEY COHEN, tough guy vampire brother of Edward Cohen (a puppet)

STRAMBO COHEN, vampire brother of Edward Cohen (a puppet)

HOT SHIRTLESS PACK LEADER and PACK MEMBERS (dolls)

STORK, either gender, delivery person for Stella's baby

VAMPIRES IN TRAINING, flexible number and gender, which may be either baby dolls or actors costumed as babies

Production Notes

Loxy, Corney, and Strambo Cohen are only seen after they've been turned into puppets. Similarly, Hot Shirtless Pack Leader and the Pack are only seen as dolls. If necessary, it's possible to cut Strambo Cohen and give his lines to Corney, but since they're both puppets, this probably won't be a major issue. It is expected that most productions will use multiple casting. With some creativity, it's possible to stage the play with an ensemble of roughly 10 actors (4 males, 6 females). Of course, it's just as easy to use a cast of 30 or more, as in addition to the roles specified, there are many opportunities for additional Fine Diners, Alices, Vampires in Training, etc.

HARRY'S HOTTER AT TWILIGHT

by Jonathan Dorf

Scene 1

(Lights up. A sign says, "Welcome to Spork, Washington." Somewhere outside in a lonely looking place. EUPHORIA, bloodthirsty female vampire, backs the FIRST TO GO, either gender, into a corner. The FIRST TO GO screams.)

EUPHORIA. *(Advancing:)* There's no one to hear you scream.

FIRST TO GO. Wait!

EUPHORIA. I'm a vampire. I need to feed.

FIRST TO GO. But I only get like a minute of stage time.

(EUPHORIA grabs the FIRST TO GO by the throat, cutting him off. Enter the RANDOM LUNATIC, female.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. This is a one-act. It's important that we establish her as a threat right away.

EUPHORIA. *(To RANDOM LUNATIC:)* Who are you?

RANDOM LUNATIC. *(Exiting, in a maniacal sing-song:)* I killed Serious White, I killed Serious White...

(The RANDOM LUNATIC exits. EUPHORIA leans in to bite FIRST TO GO, but a combination of tapping and frantic hand gestures makes her pause.)

EUPHORIA. What?

FIRST TO GO. I don't even have a name.

EUPHORIA. Sure you do—you're First to Go.

(EUPHORIA attacks, biting FIRST TO GO's neck and feeding until FIRST TO GO collapses—EUPHORIA drags him off. Enter UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD, SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD, and IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. EUPHORIA returns to hide out of their sight.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. *(Reading the sign:)* Welcome to Spork.

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. People are disappearing every day.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. I wouldn't be surprised if someone disappeared from this very spot.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. All the signs point to You Know (*Always done by everyone in a falsetto akin to "yoo hoo":*) Who-oo.

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Wands out.

(They pull out their wands.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. What is it?

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Does your wedgie hurt?

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Blood.

(He points at the blood left by Euphoria.)

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. But first, some back story.

(The SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD turns his back to the audience.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. No, silly, back story is all the things that happened before we got here.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. *(Beat as he turns around.)* This is awkward.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Yes, conveying the back story is often awkward.

(IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD clears his throat purposefully.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Are you about to tell us that when you were a baby, a powerful evil wizard led a bunch more evil wizards called the Fine Diners, and they tried to enslave the world in their kitchens, making sauces that simmered for days, baking a never-ending parade of unpronounceable pastries...

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. *(Cringing:)* Sfogliatelle. Kaiserschmarrn. Charlotte russe.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Or are you going to skip all that and tell us that You Know Who-oo killed your parents, but your mother's love for you was so strong that it left you with a permanent wedgie?

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Her *grip*. Her *grip* was so strong.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. *(To audience:)* I always wondered 'bout that wedgie. Like when he puts on a fresh pair of undies, does it magically crawl up?

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. *(Beat.)* This blood is fresh. Or it was before all the back story.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. This is the work of You Know Who-oo and the Fine Diners.

EUPHORIA. Excuse me?

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. We must tell the Order of the Kleenex what we've seen.

(The RANDOM LUNATIC pokes her head out from offstage.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. You can't say that. It's trademarked.

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Uh...who are you?

RANDOM LUNATIC. *(In a sing-song as she vanishes:)* I killed Curious Blue, I killed Curious Blue...

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Order of the Facial Tissue doesn't have much of a ring.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. White Hanky?

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. That means surrender.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Silver Hanky. Silver is noble.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Yes, but what order? There's no order.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Obviously, we have to start one.

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Hurry—there's no time to lose!

(They exit running. EUPHORIA now has the stage to herself.)

EUPHORIA. You are so dead, you little stick-wavers. My boyfriend is such a good tracker, we'll find you and when we get there we're gonna walk all dangerous sexy, with the lighting just right, like it's twilight, 'cause everyone looks hotter at twilight... *(She demonstrates. She sees something in the distance.)* He's coming, running at super speed the way a super hot vampire does...in seconds... *(blissfully:)* seconds...

(There's the SOUND of something huge hurtling through the air. CRASH. All goes black. Lights up to reveal STELLA FORSTAR, sulking and carrying a suitcase. On the edge of the stage, a house. Feet stick out from under it. Beat. EUPHORIA inspects the feet.)

EUPHORIA. This is your house?

STELLA. Uh huh.

EUPHORIA. Your house just crushed my boyfriend.

STELLA. OK...

EUPHORIA. Your house just cut his freakin' head off!

STELLA. You think I even want to be here?

EUPHORIA. I can take care of that.

(EUPHORIA advances on her, but as she does, from opposite sides of the stage enter HOT SHIRTLESS GUY, heroic werewolf and not shirtless, and EDWARD COHEN, tortured sexy vampire.)

EUPHORIA. I'm leaving, but this is only the start of my bloody quest for revenge against *(Points at EDWARD, HOT SHIRTLESS GUY, and STELLA:)* you, you, you, those stick wavers, and so many other people that I'm going to need to raise a vampire army. What a great idea—I'm leaving to raise a vampire army, and then I'll be back.

(EUPHORIA exits.)

STELLA. What's her problem?

EDWARD. Go away.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Don't worry—I'll protect you.

EDWARD. Wait—stop. I meant I'm Edward Cohen.

STELLA. *(Coming back to EDWARD:)* Stella Forstar.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Stella Forster, he's going to do this all play long.

STELLA. It's Stella Forstar.

EDWARD. *(To STELLA:)* I'm attracted to you, but I find that attraction repulsive, and the more I try to repel my attraction, the more attractive my repulsion becomes.

STELLA. *(To EDWARD:)* Could I die in your place?

EDWARD. *(Ignoring her, to HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:)* Beat it.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Beat it yourself.

EDWARD. *(To STELLA:)* I'm mysterious because I've lived here for 40 years and everyone still thinks I'm in high school.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I'm mysterious because I'm the Hot Shirtless Guy.

(Beat. The others consider his shirt.)

EDWARD. I'm more mysterious because all of my brothers and sisters are dating each other.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I love you.

EDWARD. Our love is everything. I should go now and never see you again.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. We can make a life together.

EDWARD. We can have eternal life together. But don't ever do that. I'd hate myself.

STELLA. I want it.

EDWARD. You mustn't.

STELLA. Yes.

EDWARD. No.

STELLA. Yes.

EDWARD. No.

STELLA. Maybe?

EDWARD. Yes.

STELLA. (*To neither in particular:*) I think I love you.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY and EDWARD. Who?

STELLA. You. And you. Or you. I don't know. My house just crash-landed five minutes ago. I think I have a concussion... Which is why I should make the most important decision of my life right now and cling to it obsessively for the rest of the play.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. (*La grande geste:*) Join my pack of Hot Shirtless Guys.

EDWARD. Join my family. No don't. Go away.

STELLA. (*Beat. To both:*) When I feel better, could I sacrifice myself for you?

(She starts to faint. Both EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY are there to catch her as she goes limp. They hold her up.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I've got her.

EDWARD. I've got her. (*Beat.*) What's that weird baby oil smell?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. What's that weird...dead body smell?

EDWARD. I may be dead, but I'm immaculately groomed, my hair is perfect, and I love her more than you ever could.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I love her more than I ever could more.

EDWARD. What?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. What?

(STELLA starts to revive.)

STELLA. Where am I?

(They ignore her. EDWARD shoves HOT SHIRTLESS GUY with his free hand.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Oh no you didn't.

EDWARD. Oh yes I did.

(The HOT SHIRTLESS GUY shoves back with his free hand. A one-armed shoving match breaks out. They forget STELLA completely, dropping her and knocking her unconscious again as they get in each others' faces. Beat. They edge toward the exits.)

EDWARD. This isn't over.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Count on it.

(The HOT SHIRTLESS GUY gestures that he's watching EDWARD. EDWARD returns the gesture, as they both exit, leaving STELLA alone on stage. Beat. She revives, slowly picking herself up and wandering offstage as...)

Scene 2

(The three young wizards enter.)

IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD. Thank you, Professor.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. There's no one there, Important Post-Pubescent Guy Wizard. I need something shorter to call you when I ask things like "who are you talking to?"

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Larry?

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. But he's always in a hurry.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Larry can't be in a hurry?
(Beat.) We'll put them together: Harry. See? I'm not so dumb.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Harry, there's no one there.

HARRY. Professor Harvey Lapin has watched over me—over all of us—since I got my wedgie.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Why didn't you just say it was Harvey Lapin, six-foot-tall invisible white rabbit headmaster of Pigskins?

(HARRY *pulls out a carrot.*)

HARRY. He left us this.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. A carrot?

HARRY. (*Shakes head.*) Magical weapon.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Looks like a carrot.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. What does it do?

HARRY. Dunno. "Remember what the Dormouse said." That's what he told me. I said I had no idea what that means. He said "Go ask Alice" and left.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. (*Beat.*) OK. So to make sure everyone is clear, we are now going to exit energetically to search for Alice, who holds the key to finding the Dormouse and unlocking the power of the mysterious carrot weapon before You Know Who-oo returns at full force.

(HARRY *starts to exit, UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD behind him.*)

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Stop.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. What?

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. The light.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. It's called twilight.

(SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD *sidles up to HARRY.*)

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. You're hotter in this light.

HARRY. I thought you had a secret crush on a certain Uptight Know It All Girl Wizard!

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. I do.

HARRY. I've seen you peeking in the changing room.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. It's scientific.

HARRY. You need a name, so that I can say, "Name, I don't like you in that way."

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Bob?

HARRY. Safe, but dull.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. I'll just tie my shoes.

HARRY. Ron? No. For some reason, that name seems dangerous.

SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD. Rob?

HARRY. I like it. It's Ron, but with the safety of Bob. *(Beat.)* Rob, I don't like you in that way.

ROB. It's the wedgie. OK? I don't understand it, and it bothers me that I can't figure it out. I can't sleep at night.

HARRY. Why didn't you say something?

ROB. Uh, Harry, can I see your wedgie? Awkward.

HARRY. When we're done fighting evil, I don't mind.

ROB. You'd do that for me?

HARRY. You're my best mate. *(Beat.)* Hug it out?

(They get into position for a manly hug. Awkward.)

(Beat. The UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD gestures toward the carrot, which HARRY has allowed to dangle in his hand. He lifts it, brandishing it like a sword.)

HARRY. There's no time to lose!

(They exit.)

Scene 3

(The camp of the FINE DINERS, of almost any number and gender breakdown. Dressed mostly in chef coats, they polish plates and silverware, fuss with pots and pans, etc. PROFESSOR BAKE, Pigskins professor, stares over the shoulder of DUFUS MCFLY, who is holding a pan with food, while other FINE DINERS gather around them.)

PROFESSOR BAKE. Plate it, Dufus.

FIRST FINE DINER. Our master could return at any second.

DUFUS MCFLY. I've been making this same dish for the last 15 years.

FIRST FINE DINER. And let's say you skip a day. You say to yourself, I can sneak in one day of slack. That won't be the day. But what if it *is* the day? The day you cut that corner, and you go frozen instead of fresh—

SECOND FINE DINER. Store bought instead of scratch made.

THIRD FINE DINER. Microwaved instead of oven roasted.

FIRST FINE DINER. —could be your last.

DUFUS MCFLY. Professor, did he give any specifics about his return?

PROFESSOR BAKE. Specifics...?

DUFUS MCFLY. A time, a place?

PROFESSOR BAKE. The Dark Lord does not give out times and places. *(Beat. Picking up a pot:)* The rest of you, get to polishing. When the master comes back, you do not want to be...criticized.

(PROFESSOR BAKE gasps and nearly jumps out of her shoes at the sight of a now uncovered cookbook with a bookmark sticking out.)

DUFUS MCFLY. What?

PROFESSOR BAKE. Nothing. *(Beat.)* McFly, that sauce is separating.

(DUFUS MCFLY goes back to cooking, the others to polishing. PROFESSOR BAKE pulls the FIRST FINE DINER aside, but can't seem to get any words out.)

FIRST FINE DINER. What?

PROFESSOR BAKE. The lost ritual.

FIRST FINE DINER. What about it?

PROFESSOR BAKE. It's...it's...

FIRST FINE DINER. Who uses a ritual as a bookmark?

(PROFESSOR BAKE struggles to find the words.)

FIRST FINE DINER. Surely it wasn't—

PROFESSOR BAKE. Stuffed in the *Joy of Cooking* for 15 years?

FIRST FINE DINER. *(Reading:)* Page 666: Molten Devil's Food Cake. Everyone knows I don't bake. Do you bake, Professor Bake?

PROFESSOR BAKE. Running back and forth between here and Pigskins, pretending to be on everyone's side, naturally I can't be expected to keep track of every little piece of paper.

FIRST FINE DINER. *(Beat.)* Does anyone else know?

PROFESSOR BAKE. We'll need a scapegoat.

(They give a long and obvious look at DUFUS MCFLY. Beat.)

FIRST FINE DINER. Needs of the many.

PROFESSOR BAKE. *(To all in the camp:)* Your attention, please. The ritual has been recovered. *(Beat.)* Service is at hand.

Scene 4

(STELLA wanders across the stage talking to people we don't see.)

STELLA. Hi—are you busy? If you've got a sec, could I die for you? (To someone else:) I'd like to die in your place. Like really, really like it. (To someone else:) Is it cool if I sacrifice myself for you? (Beat.) Doesn't anyone need somebody to die in their place? (Beat.) People in Spork are so weird.

(Enter HOT SHIRTLESS GUY.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. You complete me.

STELLA. You complete me too.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Then come away with me.

STELLA. Look what I made. (She holds up a blank white board.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. We can live together forever and have hot shirtless babies.

STELLA. It's my emotion board.

(She writes "happy" on the board.)

STELLA. But what if Edward Cohen completes me too? What if he completes me more?

(She writes "confused" on the board.)

STELLA. Is it possible to be completed by two people? (Beat.) All of these emotions are getting complicated.

(She flips the board over [or pulls out another one]. This side has a big happy face on one end and a big sad face on the other, with a needle that she can move to one side or the other. She puts the needle in the middle.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I'm not complicated. I'm hot and shirtless and you know we're meant for each other.

(Enter the RANDOM LUNATIC.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. Stop!

STELLA. We're in the middle of a cliché moment.

RANDOM LUNATIC. You can't be the Hot Shirtless Guy if you never take your shirt off.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. But I'm a serious actor.

RANDOM LUNATIC. There are girls in those seats—and possibly up to ten percent of the boys—who are only here to see you without a shirt.

STELLA. Don't ignore me.

(STELLA writes "angry" repeatedly on her emotion board.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I could act shirtless.

RANDOM LUNATIC. Off with the shirt, or out of the show!

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Grr...

RANDOM LUNATIC. Don't even.

(The lights flicker very intentionally. Beat. HOT SHIRTLESS GUY takes his shirt off. Beat. The RANDOM LUNATIC starts to skip off.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. I killed Spurious Gray. I killed Spurious Gray.

(She exits.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I feel so vulnerable. Does this mean I'm acting?

(Enter EDWARD.)

EDWARD. You're still the same no talent hack you were at the start of the play. *(To STELLA:)* I can't live without you.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. You're already dead.

STELLA. OMG. Are you a zombie? Are you gonna get all stinky and moany and parts of you will start to fall off?

EDWARD. No. I'm a vampire.

(STELLA sets her meter to "happy.")

STELLA. I love vampires. They're so adorable and Goth-looking. Spin me.

(Long silence. Confusion.)

STELLA. Isn't that where you make me a vampire too?

EDWARD. Turn you.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. You don't need to change for me. I love you just the way you are.

STELLA. Don't make me choose.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Vampire.

EDWARD. Serious actor.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Laugh it up, Fangorn.

EDWARD. Making bad *Lord of the Rings* jokes nobody gets looks ugly on you, werewolf. Oops.

STELLA. Werewolf? *(To HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:)* You're a werewolf? Werewolves are so cuddly. I always wanted a baby werewolf. *(Beat.)* What if I became a vampire and a werewolf? Like a little bit country, a little bit rock 'n roll.

EDWARD. You're no match for me without your pack of Hot Shirtless Guys. Not that I think you're hot.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. *(To EDWARD:)* We'll see about that.

(EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY fight: they circle, feint at each other and make noises. MUSICAL UNDERSCORING begins.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Grrr...

EDWARD. Aargh...

STELLA. Stop! You're hurting me.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. She looks fine to me.

EDWARD. She looks really beautiful.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. She means you're hurting her inside.

STELLA. What's that sound? Are you a voiceover?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. A voiceover is very, very powerful. I'm only a voice, just offstage.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Grr...

EDWARD. Aargh...

STELLA. Offstage Voice, I find you very comforting.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Thank you. I try to be mellifluous.

STELLA. I don't know what that means, but could I stay with you for a while?

(Enter PROFESSOR BAKE and the FIRST FINE DINER, hooded to protect their identities, along with DUFUS and WACKO MCFLY [and possibly other FINE DINERS], wheeling on a large fake cake made out of paper or cardboard or whatever's clever.)

PROFESSOR BAKE. McFly, if this fails, the Dark Lord will blame you.

(Enter EUPHORIA.)

DUFUS MCFLY. But—

EUPHORIA. I'm going to kill a lot of people. Me and my army of vampires in training.

FIRST FINE DINER. You and little Wacko.

EUPHORIA. You'll see.

(Enter HARRY, ROB, and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD with their wands drawn.)

HARRY. Stop right there!

(The FINE DINERS draw their wands. EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY look like they're ready to battle everyone to protect STELLA, who isn't paying attention to them. It's turning into a stand-off.)

STELLA. Why are people so mean?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. There, there...

(STELLA follows the sound of the OFFSTAGE VOICE toward the exit. As she does, THE FINE DINER [aka the Dark Lord] explodes from the cake, very much in the tradition of a bachelor party surprise.)

THE FINE DINER. Mama's home. *(She pulls a really large serving spoon from her apron. Sounds of magic as the lights dim.)*

Scene 5

(HARRY, ROB, and the UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD, streaked with bits of cake, run on breathlessly. HARRY has a pair of boxers over his head.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. We're OK. We've escaped.

HARRY. My wedgie feels like it's up to my face.

(ROB pulls the boxers from HARRY's head.)

ROB. Not sure how those got there.

HARRY. *(Beat. Sees a hat on the ground.)* Is that the headmaster's hat?

ROB. Dunno. Never seen it on account of him being invisible. *(Beat.)* I'm hungry. We haven't eaten all play.

HARRY. He's right. I'm starving.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Well, we're wizards, and there hasn't been much magic so far.

ROB. Food spell?

HARRY. *(Beat.)* F-O-O-D.

(Enter DELIVERY PERSON, carrying takeout and possibly wearing a Magical Mystery Catering jacket. The DELIVERY PERSON hands them takeout, which they dive into.)

DELIVERY PERSON. Sign here.

ROB. This is good.

HARRY. Amazingly good.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Magical even.

DELIVERY PERSON. *(Exiting:)* Rabbit.

HARRY. What?

DELIVERY PERSON. Rabbit Surprise. Fresh as fresh can be.

(HARRY and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD spit out their food as the DELIVERY PERSON exits.)

ROB. It's so tender.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. I think I'm going to be sick.

ROB. *(Beat.)* What?

HARRY. We ate my father figure.

ROB. I get it: somebody killed Headmaster Lapin and stewed him, and now we're eating him, which is why his hat is on the ground. *(Beat.)* Oh.

(ROB spits out his food.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Let's focus instead on how we're all alone without any friends to help us. *(Beat.)* We need to do something touching but emotionally manipulative after we finish vomiting.

(They all start puking as the lights dim.)

Scene 6

(EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY, both splattered in cake, enter running and nearly collide.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Grrr...

EDWARD. Aargh... *(Beat.)* You've got a gob of cake right here.

(He wipes off HOT SHIRTLESS GUY's nose with his finger.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. This doesn't change anything.

EDWARD. Where's Stella?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Where's Stella yourself?

EDWARD. *(Beat as EDWARD tries to puzzle that out.)* If she's gone, I'd have no reason to continue my stand-offish but melodramatic existence.

(The HOT SHIRTLESS GUY pulls out a phone and dials. RINGING onstage. EDWARD answers his phone.)

EDWARD. Hello?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Stella is dead.

(EDWARD bursts into hysterical tears, falls to his knees, pounds the ground, etc.)

EDWARD. No!

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. *(Beat.)* Wait—she really could be dead.

(He falls to his knees alongside EDWARD, pounding his chest and howling.)

EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Stella!

(They howl and cry as the lights fade.)

Scene 7

(THE FINE DINER and her minions.)

PROFESSOR BAKE. All is ready, my lord.

THE FINE DINER. It's time for the tasting, McFly!

(MCFLY walks toward THE FINE DINER with his dish, but he's shaking and twitching so much he jams the plate in his face. He's now wearing much of it.)

DUFUS MCFLY. A thousand apologies, your grace. I cannot contain my excitement at your return.

(MCFLY scrapes food off his face and catches it on the plate.)

THE FINE DINER. This looks like a baby vomited, ate the vomit and then threw up.

(MCFLY trembles so badly he looks like he's going to fall apart.)

DUFUS MCFLY. Mercy, your grace.

THE FINE DINER. Fifteen years trapped watching the same single episode of Julia Child—who showed me mercy?

(THE FINE DINER *raises her spoon.*)

DUFUS MCFLY. Noooo!

WACKO MCFLY. Daddy!

(WACKO MCFLY *tries to rush to his father's aid but trips and falls at THE FINE DINER's feet.*)

THE FINE DINER. Could this be little Wacko? (*Beat.*) Daddy's pride and joy, all grown up. (*Beat.*) Would you like to save Daddy, Wacko?

(WACKO *trembles and nods. This would be a hilarious time for him to dump water on his pants as if he's wet himself. Lights up on NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, female, a student.*)

THE FINE DINER. Torture Neville Chamberlain, and your father will live.

WACKO MCFLY. Who?

THE FINE DINER. You had Magical History together at Pigskins.

WACKO MCFLY. We did?

THE FINE DINER. Do it, Wacko. For your father.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. Don't do it, Wacko. Think of all those good times we didn't have in Magical History because I've never seen you before and never took that class and don't even go to Pigskins.

(WACKO *moves toward NEVILLE—looks like he's going for torture:*)

WACKO MCFLY. Tickle monster! (*And tickles her. Beat as the FINE DINERS look on, not quite sure what to make of this.*)

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. (*Laughing:*) Noooo! Ohhhh please make it stop! Oh no! (*Etc.*)

THE FINE DINER. This is embarrassing.

(*Beat as she raises her spoon.*)

THE FINE DINER. Coquille St. Jacques.

(*As the first food term leaves THE FINE DINER's mouth, WACKO, DUFUS, and NEVILLE all writhe in pain, getting worse with each spell.*)

THE FINE DINER. Mousse de saumon. (*Beat.*) Ragout d'escargots.

(*Beat as they writhe in pain.*)

THE FINE DINER. No one cooks up a curse like the French.

(*THE FINE DINER raises her fork and spoon.*)

THE FINE DINER. Foie gras!

(Sound and lighting effects might be fun here, as THE FINE DINER's curse hits NEVILLE and DUFUS head on. It seems to hit WACKO too, or at least he acts as if it does. All collapse on the ground.)

FIRST FINE DINER. We'll just...uh...tidy this up.

THE FINE DINER. Leave them. We have work to do.

(The FINE DINERS sweep off, leaving the three bodies. Beat. WACKO stirs, then slowly gets to his knees. He sees DUFUS' body.)

WACKO MCFLY. Daddy?

(Sniffing, WACKO waves a teaspoon at his father as he says the following "spells.")

WACKO MCFLY. Peanut better and jelly. Apple pie.

(He sees that his spells are futile and collapses into sobs.)

WACKO MCFLY. Just because this is a comedy doesn't mean it can't have poignant moments. *(Beat.)* Apple pie, Daddy. Apple pie.

(He goes back to crying and cradling DUFUS' head as the lights dim.)

Scene 8

(Elsewhere on stage, STELLA is alone.)

STELLA. Offstage Voice, I'm so confused.

(She sets the needle on her board to sad, then happy, then sad.)

STELLA. All I want to do is die in someone's place. What's their problem?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Sometimes it's about how you ask them.

STELLA. What do you mean?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Well, if you just walk up to someone and say, "I want to sacrifice myself for you" or "kill me instead of him," it's a little off-putting.

STELLA. I just don't know what to do. I'm in eternal love with a vampire, but I also love a werewolf, and they're both fighting over me. Except when the vampire tells me to go away and that he never wants to see me again, but that's only for a few seconds before he changes his mind.

(She turns her meter to sadder.)

OFFSTAGE VOICE. It's OK. They'll stop fighting soon so they can unite against a common foe.

STELLA. But which one should I love more?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. It doesn't matter. There's a massive army of orcs coming to wipe you all out.

STELLA. What's an orc?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. That's not important. They're from a different book that was adapted into a successful movie franchise.

STELLA. That's not fair.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Life isn't fair.

STELLA. You're so wise, Offstage Voice.

(Enter LATKES COHEN, Edward's vampire sister.)

LATKES. I'm so glad I found you.

STELLA. Latkes! *(Beat.)* Wait—how do I know you? We haven't had any scenes together.

LATKES. That's not important. Euphoria is on the way with her army of vampires in training. We need to meet Edward at—

STELLA. Offstage Voice, what should I do?

LATKES. We should go.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Only you can choose your path, but to you, Stella Forstar, I give my most precious gift: a voiceover.

STELLA. My very own voiceover.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. May it be a light for you in dark places, when all other lights go out.

STELLA. Thank you, Offstage Voice. I'll never forget you. Is there any hope?

LATKES. There is if we hurry.

STELLA. No—I mean hope that the orcs won't wipe us all out.

LATKES. Orcs?

OFFSTAGE VOICE. There's always hope. Especially when inspirational music is playing in the background and attractive people are on stage.

(MUSICAL UNDERSCORING begins. STELLA sees a flower on the ground and picks it up.)

STELLA. What a pretty poppy. *(Beat. Looking suddenly sleepy.)* Could you make the underscoring louder? I'm feeling...

(She passes out.)

Scene 9

(HARRY, ROB, and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD are surrounded by a bunch of ALICES, who talk amongst themselves.)

ROB. Alice.

ALL ALICES. Yes?

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Do you know the Dormouse?

(No reaction.)

ROB. Have you *seen* the Dormouse?

(No reaction.)

HARRY. Have you heard the word dormouse before?

ALICE 1. I recognize that carrot.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. You do?

ALICE 1. It's the Carrot of Marchère.

(HARRY and ROB look to UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. I feel like I should know this.

ALICE 1. In 1429 a peasant girl named Alice discovers a carrot growing in a cabbage patch. The carrot begins speaking. At first, she ignores it, but that night the carrot appears in her window and tells her she is to lead the army of the King of France. After Alice finishes wetting herself, she leads the French army to a stunning victory at the Battle of Marchère. On the way home, she falls off her horse and is waylaid by a party of orcs looking for a ring. They sell her to the English, who burn her at the stake. The carrot disappears for more than 500 years, but when it senses that it is needed again, it finds its way onto a truck loaded with cabbages, knowing that any invisible rabbit wizard will easily pick it out and give it to the appropriate hero to wield and save the world.

HARRY. (*Beat.*) So what exactly does it do?

ALICE 1. No idea.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Wait—I'm having a logical leap.

ROB. That's good. (*To HARRY:*) That's good, right?

(Enter the RANDOM LUNATIC, who skips across the stage without stopping.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. *(In her usual sing-song:)* I killed Luxurious Beige, I killed Luxurious Beige...

(She exits.)

ROB. Who is that woman?

(All turn back to UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Marchère is almost exactly the same as March Hare and a hare is a rabbit and lapin is French for rabbit and our invisible headmaster was a six-foot-tall rabbit—

ROB. Until we ate him.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. —and so somehow they're all connected and that's because the March Hare is our headmaster's long lost brother!

HARRY. That still doesn't tell us how to use it.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Yes, but when we find the headmaster's brother, he'll know.

ROB. Hope he's not invisible too.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. I'm having another logical leap. Remember what the Dormouse said. The Dormouse's purpose must be to tell us how to find the March Hare.

ROB. Great—find somebody we can't find to find another somebody we can't find.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. *(Beat.)* I've run out of logical leaps.

ALICE 1. *(Going into a trance:)* I'm going into a trance. *(Humming and vibrating intermittently during this speech:)* These are my trance sounds...these are how you know I'm in a trance and can speak lots of exposition really quickly... The Carrot of Marchère is one of five mystical weapons, forged by the Dwarves and given to the Elven lords of old in another book entirely, but then again, I'm from another book entirely... The Potato of Madatter, the Loaf of Katepulla, the Cheddar of Dacheshier, and the Grape of Jabba de Wock, when combined with the Carrot, form the degustation, a magical weapon of supreme power that can vanquish any foe.

HARRY. Where do we find them?

ALICE 1. The number you have reached has been disconnected or is no longer in service.

ROB. Is it time for us to exit running again?

ALICE 1. If you feel you have reached this recording in error, please check the number and dial again.

HARRY. Yes, and with faces of great determination. To the Dormouse!

(They exit purposefully as the lights fade.)

Scene 10

(STELLA, passed out as before. LATKES kneels over her.)

LATKES. Stella, wake up! *(Beat.)* What's that awful baby oil smell?

(Enter HOT SHIRTLESS GUY.)

LATKES. What are you doing here?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. I haven't had any stage time lately. *(Sees STELLA.)* Stella! *(Beat.)* Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss—

LATKES. Easy there, Romeo. She's just asleep.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Shoot. Been practicing that all day. *(Beat.)* Wait—she's alive?!

LATKES. Yes. Are you wearing baby oil?

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. No.

LATKES. You are.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. It's lotion, and I love her. *(He throws away the poppy and STELLA starts to revive.)* Stella, I love you.

STELLA. Where am I?

(Enter EDWARD.)

EDWARD. I can't live without you.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. You make me want to be a better wolf.

EDWARD. I can't live without you more.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. You're my moon goddess.

EDWARD. I can't live without you most!

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. (*Singing, possibly badly:*) You are so beautiful ...to me...

STELLA. Don't make me choose. Eenie meenie miny moe...rock paper scissors...duck duck goose...those poppies have me a little woozy... Does anyone have a shoe I could borrow? I think I'm going to barf.

(The lights dim on them and come up on...)

Scene 11

(HARRY, ROB, and the UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD stand in front of a tiny door.)

ROB. I hope this is the right house.

(The DORMOUSE, played by an actress, comes out from behind the door.)

DORMOUSE. These aren't the droids you're looking for.

HARRY. These aren't the droids we're— What?

DORMOUSE. Kidding.

ROB. I don't get it.

DORMOUSE. Never mind. You've come because of Harvey, I reckon.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Harvey?

DORMOUSE. Harvey Lapin, headmaster of Pigskins.

HARRY. Did you know him?

DORMOUSE. I'm his brother.

(There's a long silence as HARRY and friends try to compute this.)

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Then you're the March Hare?

DORMOUSE. And the Dormouse. Same mother. Different fathers.

(The DORMOUSE produces a tea tray.)

DORMOUSE. Tea?

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. We're in kind of a hurry. Fine Diner wants to kill us all and take over the world, yadda yadda yadda.

DORMOUSE. Yoda yoda yoda? (*Beat.*) Never mind.

HARRY. Can you help us?

(The DORMOUSE swaps her tea tray for a hunk of cheese.)

DORMOUSE. Cheese?

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Is it cheddar?

DORMOUSE. This one's all business, I see.

(HARRY produces the Carrot of Marchère.)

DORMOUSE. Bless my whiskers.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Do you know where the other weapons are?

DORMOUSE. Nobody's seen the degustation in a millennium. *(The DORMOUSE produces a plate.)* But you'll need this when you find it.

HARRY. So the other weapons could be anywhere. *(Beat.)* We'll never find them all in time.

DORMOUSE. The Carrot knows.

HARRY. The Carrot...?

DORMOUSE. Spin the Carrot, and it'll point toward the other weapons.

ROB. Spin the Carrot.

HARRY. *(Struck by a sudden pain:)* Owwww...my wedgie!

ROB. Harry?

DORMOUSE. Take the plate and go!

(Enter a trio of FINE DINERS, led by PROFESSOR BAKE.)

HARRY. But we can't—

(The DORMOUSE steps forward to block the FINE DINERS' path.)

DORMOUSE. Find the Degustation. Stop the Dark Lord. Win one for the Gipper!

ROB. What?

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Who?

PROFESSOR BAKE. Out of the way, rat.

DORMOUSE. Rat?!

HARRY. We can't just leave him.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Her.

HARRY. Professor Bake?

PROFESSOR BAKE. Yes. I killed your headmaster and now I'm going to kill his brother who looks like his sister.

DORMOUSE. *(To HARRY and friends:)* Go!

(As the FINE DINERS approach, their spoons raised in the DORMOUSE's direction, HARRY and friends exit. The DORMOUSE raises a tea cup toward the FINE DINERS.)

DORMOUSE. *(Charging them:)* Remember the Alamo! *(Just as they're about to engage, the DORMOUSE stops short.)* Wait—one moment.

(This throws the FINE DINERS into confusion.)

DORMOUSE. *(Charging again:)* For King and Country!

(This time it's on—or not. The DORMOUSE stops short again, again confounding the FINE DINERS.)

DORMOUSE. Sorry. My fault. *(Beat. Charging again:)* For Frodo!

FINE DINERS. Who?

(And the DORMOUSE is on them. Blackout, as the lights come up immediately elsewhere on the stage.)

Scene 12

(EDWARD, STELLA, LATKES, and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY as before.)

STELLA. *(To HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:)* Please don't do this.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Oh, we're doing this.

LATKES. The baby oil stench is overpowering.

(HOT SHIRTLESS GUY tries to get around EDWARD to get to STELLA while he talks.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. So there's this girl—beautiful, kind, willing to sacrifice herself for anyone: family, friends, small rodents—heart of gold. But here's the part I don't get. She's totally into this guy who's like “I love you, no I hate you, stay with me, go away, I want to be with you, you can't be with me”—it's like she's a puppet. Then there's this other guy who's all about keeping his promises to her and being her shoulder to cry on and *empowering* her, but she wants to be the puppet.

(Crazy flashing lights, CRASHING SOUNDS or other effects. HARRY, ROB, and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD appear. Instantly, they have their wands out, and EDWARD,

LATKES, and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY all cluster around STELLA to protect her.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Grrr...

EDWARD. Aargh...

HARRY. Do you speak English?

(Enter the RANDOM LUNATIC, carrying a small suitcase.)

RANDOM LUNATIC. Team Harry, meet Team Edward.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Hey, I'm not—

RANDOM LUNATIC. Work together, maybe you got a shot at surviving the next five minutes. *(Starting to exit.)* But even if you do, nobody's going to survive the five after that—time to blow this popsicle stand.

*(She pulls out a sign that says "I killed S**ius B**ck" and skips offstage, humming her sing-song.)*

ROB. That woman is stark raving mad.

EDWARD. So do we listen to her?

HARRY. Captains' meeting.

(EDWARD and HARRY step aside, leaving the others to stand around awkwardly.)

HARRY. *(Holding out his hand:)* Harry.

EDWARD. Edward.

HARRY. We need to find the degustation, or a powerful wizard will destroy us all.

LATKES. *(To UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:)* I like your shoes.

EDWARD. We're expecting an evil vampire and her army of vampires in training any minute.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. Thank you.

(Enter EUPHORIA.)

EUPHORIA. Send out the sulky boring girl, and I'll be merciful and kill you all quickly.

HARRY. *(To EUPHORIA:)* Could you give us a moment, please?

EUPHORIA. What?! *(To an unseen group:)* Vampires in training, attack!

(If your production has a budget for it, baby dolls could literally be thrown on stage, and the good guys—all but HARRY and

EDWARD—*pick them up and fight them. If not, use your imagination, using projections, sound and/or whatever else works.*)

HARRY. Can you hold them off while we find the degustation?

EDWARD. That sounds disgusting.

HARRY. It's our only chance against the Dark Lord.

(Enter the COHENS and the HOT SHIRTLESS GUY PACK, but they've been turned into puppets and Ken [or similar] dolls, respectively.)

EDWARD. Go.

CORNEY COHEN. We've got your back, Edward!

HOT SHIRTLESS PACK LEADER. The pack is here.

HARRY. Rob, Uptight Know It All Girl Wizard!

(ROB and the UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD go to HARRY.)

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Uh...you're a puppet.

HOT SHIRTLESS PACK LEADER. I'm a doll.

STRAMBO COHEN. We're puppets.

HARRY. We have to find the degustation.

LOXY COHEN. We ran into some insane, super powerful wizard up the road.

CORNEY COHEN. She turned us all into puppets.

HOT SHIRTLESS PACK LEADER. And dolls.

LOXY COHEN. She's headed this way with a wizard army.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD. We'll never make it in time.

HARRY. We could if we had an underscored action sequence.

(MUSICAL UNDERSCORING starts.)

(The battle rages in slow motion with MUSICAL UNDERSCORING, as HARRY, ROB, and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD travel around the stage, perhaps even venturing into the house, collecting the various parts of the degustation. A VAMPIRE IN TRAINING grabs onto STELLA's foot, but EDWARD and HOT SHIRTLESS GUY rescue her—getting into a mild tussle over rescue rights. STELLA mostly takes cover. At a certain point, HARRY, ROB, and UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD should exit.)

(At last, the COHENS and the HOT SHIRTLESS GUY pack defeat EUPHORIA and her army. But their victory dance is interrupted by the entrance of THE FINE DINER and her minions. The MUSICAL UNDERSCORING ends abruptly.)

STRAMBO COHEN. The wizard!

HOT SHIRTLESS PACK LEADER. Attack!

THE FINE DINER. *(Waving her fork:)* Soufflé.

(The Hot Shirtless Guy dolls are swept aside. The HOT SHIRTLESS GUY too is sent sprawling.)

EDWARD. I'm interrupting this battle to have a heartfelt acting moment. *(Beat.)* Hurry, Harry. Hurry.

HOT SHIRTLESS GUY. Why does he get an acting moment and not me?

THE FINE DINER. *(To her minions:)* Kill them all.

STELLA. The Eagles! The Eagles are coming!

THE FINE DINER. That's a stork, you nitwit.

(Enter the STORK, who approaches STELLA.)

STORK. Sign here.

(STELLA signs, and the STORK hands her a package and exits.)

STELLA. I'm pregnant. *(She unwraps the package.)* Edward, we have a beautiful baby girl.

THE COHENS. Mazel tov!

(A few bars of "HAVA NAGILA" play.)

THE FINE DINER. Congratulations. Kill them all.

(The battle begins, with FINE DINERS hurling curses with their forks and spoons, and vampires trying to dodge them and get close enough to do some damage. STELLA appears to stub her toe.)

STELLA. Is that a splinter? Ow! I'm dying, Edward. Turn me.

EDWARD. No, I can't.

STELLA. You must.

EDWARD. Marry me first.

STELLA. OK. *(To HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:)* Hold this.

(STELLA tosses the baby to HOT SHIRTLESS GUY, who catches it. EDWARD bites her.)

**THIS PLAY IS
NOT OVER!**

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