

# HARRY'S HOTTER AT TWILIGHT

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A full-length comedy by  
Jonathan Dorf

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

EUPHORIA, female, bloodthirsty vampire.

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

RANDOM LUNATIC, female, something of an authorial representative.

UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL 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.

ROAST CANARY, female but pretending to be male daughter of powerful vampire Don Canary.

MARY CANARY, female, one-eyed but more feminine daughter of Don Canary.

DONNA CANARY, female, wife to Don Canary.

DON CANARY, male, leader of the Canary Vampire family.

FIRST HENCHMAN, male or female, Canary henchman.

SECOND HENCHMAN, male or female, Canary henchman.

VAMPIRE IN TRAINING, male or female, human recently turned vamp.

JACK, teenage boy trying to put the moves on his date.

MARILYN, teenage girl, not looking to go too far on her date.

SARA, female, friend of teenage girl.

MARCIE, female, friend of teenage girls.

TEEN GIRLS, friends of Sara, Marcie and the teenage girl, played by ensemble members.

LATKES COHEN, sister of tortured sexy vampire, a visionary.

LOXY COHEN, sister of tortured sexy vampire, dating Corney Cohen.

CORNEY COHEN, tough guy vampire brother of Edward Cohen.

STROMBO COHEN, vampire brother of Edward Cohen.

VILLAGERS, male or female, played by ensemble members.

THE FINE DINER, female, the ultimate evil wizard.

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

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

SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH FINE DINERS, male or female, followers of The Fine Diner, played by ensemble members.

DUFUS MCFLY, male, follower of The Fine Diner.

WACKO MCFLY, male, son of Dufus McFly.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, female, not a student at Pigskins.

ALICES ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE, female, played by members of the ensemble.

NARRATOR, either gender.

DELIVERY GUY, either gender.

THE DORMOUSE, female, half-brother – yes, you read that right – to headmaster Harvey Lapin.

RADIO ANNOUNCER, either gender.

STORE P.A., either gender.

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

It is expected that most productions will use multiple casting. With some creativity, it's possible to stage the play with roughly 12 actors (5 males, 7 females). Of course, it's just as easy to use 50 or more, as in addition to the named speaking roles above, there are many opportunities for additional fine diners, Alices, villagers, etc. It is possible to cut Strambo Cohen and give his lines to Corney. Similarly, it is possible to cut the Fourth Fine Diner and give the lines to Dufus McFly.

#### PRODUCTION NOTES

The references to *Vogue* and *Esquire* may be updated as appropriate.

For productions outside of the US, the line in scene 1 that refers to American actors can be changed to Canadian, Australian, etc. British productions may change the response to the line to "Of course we're still British. Queen and country. Hip hip!"

In the Alhambra HS production, they used a minimal set which flew in and out. Alternatives include area staging or putting set pieces on rollers/wheels. Feel free to be creative and minimalist with your set. For example, Alhambra turned the poppy field into a single box. The more ridiculous, the better.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

*Harry's Hotter at Twilight* was first produced by Alhambra High School (Alhambra, CA) in May 2011.

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**ACT I**

**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 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:** This isn't fair. I get like a minute of stage time.

**EUPHORIA:** This is a one-act. It's important that they establish me as a threat right away.

**FIRST TO GO:** But you're not even the main—

*(Euphoria grabs the First to Go by the throat, cutting him off. Enter the RANDOM LUNATIC, female.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Actually, we're going full-length. Way too much material to squeeze into 30 minutes.

**EUPHORIA:** Who are you?

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

*(The Random Lunatic exits.)*

*(Euphoria closes in for the bite/kill.)*

**FIRST TO GO:** Wait!

**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 – and Euphoria drags him off. Enter a trio of teen wizards: 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:** I don't think we're in England anymore.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Gloomy like England.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** *(Reading the sign:)* Welcome to Spork.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Are we still British?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** American actors can't do British accents. It would be a disaster. *(Beat.)* A spork is a dining utensil. Very suspicious.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** People are disappearing everyday.

**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.



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*(He points at the blood left by Euphoria.)*

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

*(The Silly Sorta Sexy 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:** I knew that. *(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:** Sorry. I'm secretly attracted to this Silly Sorta Sexy Guy Wizard, so sometimes my mouth gets so nervous that it just won't stop, which makes people think I have the hots for a certain Important Post-Pubescent Guy Wizard because they're practically joined at the hip, but that's a Princess Leia-Luke Skywalker thing. *(Beat.)* Carry on.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** Sorry. All the nervous talking made me lose my train of thought.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Were 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 outrageously complex dishes, sauces that simmered for days on end, baking a neverending parade of unpronounceable pastries...

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

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Or were 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's 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. When I was a first-year wizard, I was always getting hung by my shorts, but once you get let down, you just give a yank, maybe a shake or a good pull and you're good as new. (*Beat.*) Sometimes I give a little look-see in the change room or when it's near lights out, 'cause we're roommates—not 'cause I'm checkin' it out—not that there's anything wrong if my wand did swing that way, but I have a secret crush on a certain Uptight Know It All Girl Wizard. I just want to know how the wedgie works. Like when he puts on a fresh pair of undies, does it magically crawl up?

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** Did you just say you've been—

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** No.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** Good. That would be weird.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Yeah. I only told the audience about that.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** (*Beat.*) This blood is fresh. Or it was before you both delivered long monologues.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** And look at the artistic arrangement.

**EUPHORIA:** (*Aside— as are all her remarks in this scene:*) I guess I'm just an artiste.

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

**EUPHORIA:** Excuse me?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Do you have to say it that way?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** What way?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** You Know Who-oo. It's annoying.

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** We don't have time for this. We must tell the Order what we've seen.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Well, first we saw blood. Next, I said it looks like—

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:** No. Tell the Order of the Kleenex.

*(The Random Lunatic pokes her head out from offstage.)*

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

*(The Random Lunatic disappears.)*

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

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Order of the 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, there's nowhere in the world you can hide. 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... *(Demonstrating:)* And we'll walk with weird camera angles so you can hardly see us moving, 'cause not moving while you're moving is one of the five hottest things you can do—along with not talking while you're talking, not listing the five hottest things you can do while you're listing them, not talking about Fight Club, and saying a lot of rules seriously as if they mean anything at all.

*(She sees something in the distance.)*

**EUPHORIA:** He's coming. I can see him because of my amazing vision, which isn't quite as amazing as his, but it's still amazing. My yummy killing machine, running at superspeed the way a super hot vampire does...in seconds... Just saying seconds is making me tingly...seconds...

*(There's the SOUND of something really large hurtling through the air.)*

**EUPHORIA:** What the—

*(A CRASHING SOUND. All goes black. Lights up to reveal STELLA FORSTAR, sulky and generally boring, carrying a suitcase. On the edge of the stage, a house. Feet stick out from underneath it. Beat. Euphoria inspects the feet.)*

**EUPHORIA:** This is your house?

**STELLA:** Uh huh.

**EUPHORIA:** Your house just crushed my boyfriend.

**STELLA:** Sorry.

**EUPHORIA:** You're sorry.

**STELLA:** Yeah.

**EUPHORIA:** You're sorry?!

**STELLA:** What do you want me to say? It's not my fault I had to move here.

**EUPHORIA:** Your house just cut his freakin' head off!

**STELLA:** OK...

**EUPHORIA:** His head! You cut my boyfriend's head off! (*Beat.*) Do you understand that moving means moving yourself—you don't move the house, you idiot!

**STELLA:** You think I even want to be here?

**EUPHORIA:** I can take care of that.

*(Euphoria advances on her, but at almost the same time, 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 Euphoria, 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.

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

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

**EDWARD:** Don't listen to him – I'll protect you.

**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:** (*Beat – ignoring her, to Hot Shirtless Guy:*) So 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, as the others consider his shirt.)*

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

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Still going with hot and shirtless.

**STELLA:** So...your brothers and sisters are dating?

**EDWARD:** Do you like that?

**STELLA:** Sometimes, when I was little, I'd wish I was a boy so I could be just like Oedipus.

**ALL:** (*Even those offstage:*) Ewww...

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**STELLA:** I don't actually say that, but wouldn't it have been totally weird and uncomfortable if I did, and then all of the parents in the audience would have to have these awkward conversations with their kids after the show? (*Beat.*) Oh—I guess I did say that. Let's pretend I didn't.

**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:** Do what?

**EDWARD:** You mustn't!

**STELLA:** I want it.

**EDWARD:** No.

**STELLA:** Yes.

**EDWARD:** No.

**STELLA:** Yes.

**EDWARD:** No.

**STELLA:** Maybe?

**EDWARD:** Yes.

**STELLA:** Yes?

**EDWARD:** No—maybe.

**STELLA:** OK.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** No. He can never keep you warm. He's—

*(The Hot Shirtless Guy makes fang gestures – almost like in charades – but comes off looking like a rabbit.)*

**STELLA:** A bunny...?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** No, a –

*(The Hot Shirtless Guy tries again.)*

**STELLA:** A dancer?

**ALL:** What?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** It doesn't matter. Let me go back to saying cliché lines like I can keep you warm.

**EDWARD:** Because you're –

*(This time, Edward tries to make his own gestures, but comes off similarly looking like a bunny.)*

**STELLA:** A bunny...?

**ALL:** No!

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** No. Because I'm hot. And shirtless.

*(Beat as everyone takes another moment to figure out how Hot Shirtless Guy is shirtless.)*

**STELLA:** *(Singing to the famous song to neither of them in particular:)* Wild thing, you make my –

*(Enter the Random Lunatic.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Stop.

**STELLA:** What?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** You can't sing that. It's copyrighted.

**STELLA:** Don't sing that. Don't go with him. Don't land your house here. Why can't everybody stop telling me what to do?!

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** *(Prancing madly offstage as she speaks in a sing-song:)* I killed Curious Blue, I killed Curious Blue...



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**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Who was that?

**EDWARD :** No idea.

**STELLA:** (*Yelling after the Random Lunatic:*) Fine. Are you happy now? (*Spoken, intentionally unintelligible:*) Wild thing, (*Understandable now, but not clearly to either one:*) 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. (*Beat.*) 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:** What?

**EDWARD:** No stay.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** What?

**EDWARD:** What?

**STELLA:** I think I need to lie down. (*Beat – to Hot Shirtless Guy:*) 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 and my hair is perfect.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Yeah, if today's opposite day.

**EDWARD:** I'm not holding her with you.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I'm not holding her with you either.

**EDWARD:** So don't.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Don't make me drop her.

**EDWARD:** I'll drop her first.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Not if I drop her firster.

**EDWARD:** Firster?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Whatever. When she finds out what you are...

**EDWARD:** 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.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Me and my pack of hot shirtless guys will tear you limb from limb.

**EDWARD:** My family will rain down apocalypse.

*(Edward shoves Hot Shirtless Guy with his free hand.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Oh no you didn't.

**EDWARD:** Oh yes I did.

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*(The Hot Shirtless Guy shoves back with his free arm. A one-armed shoving match breaks out. They forget about her completely, dropping her on the ground 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 makes a "two fingers to eyes" gesture that says he'll be 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:**  
Professor? Professor...?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** *(To Uptight Know It All Girl:)* Who's he talking to? *(To Important Post-Pubescent Guy Wizard:)* Who are you talking to?

**IMPORTANT POST-PUBESCENT GUY WIZARD:**  
Professor, sir, something's happened.

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

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** I like 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?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** *(Beat.)* I know – we'll put them together.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Harry. See? I'm not so dumb.

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

**HARRY:** Are you two blind? Headmaster Harvey Lapin has watched over me – over all of us – since I got my wedgie.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Mate, you're talking to air.

**HARRY:** A six-foot-tall white rabbit is a little hard to miss.

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**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** *(Beat.)* Oh yes—my apologies, Professor.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** What?!

**HARRY:** *(Pointing:)* He's over there.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Of course he is.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** *(Sotto:)* Have you gone bonkers?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Would you and the headmaster excuse us for a moment?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** What are you doing?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** He's cracking under the strain of being the chosen one.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Cracking.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I've read that the worst thing you can do under the circumstances is confront the person. *(To Harry and "the headmaster":)* Carry on, you two.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** If I ever start seeing a six-foot tall white rabbit, you have my permission to confront me.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** What if he's really there? What if the Headmaster's using an invisibility charm, so that only Harry can see him?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** But our headmaster isn't a six-foot tall white rabbit, visible or invisible.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** How do you know?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** If he was a six-foot tall—I know he's not a—

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Have you ever seen the headmaster?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Sure. Lots of times.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** When?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** I can't recall exactly- But I have. I think. I must have seen – all these years...

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** (*Beat.*) What if he's right?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** We've been at Pigskins for a really, really long time.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I'm embarrassed.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** All those first day of school ceremonies...

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Graduations...

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Special dinners...

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Sporting events...

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD :** Special dinners...

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** You said that already.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Lunches then. Tea with the headmaster. (*Beat.*) All those long speeches. Who gave all the speeches?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Doesn't say much for our powers of observation.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** What do we do now?

*(The Uptight Know It All Girl Wizard walks over to Harry.)*

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Harry, Headmaster Lapin, sorry about that.

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**HARRY:** Who are you talking to?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** You and the headmaster.

**HARRY:** But he left.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Yeah — anybody can see that.

*(Harry pulls out a carrot.)*

**HARRY:** And 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.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Sometimes a carrot is just a carrot.

**HARRY:** The headmaster always talks in riddles.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Maybe if we eat it —

*(The Silly Sorta Sexy Guy Wizard reaches for the carrot, but Harry pulls it out of the way.)*

**HARRY:** "Remember what the Dormouse said." That's what he told me. But what does it mean?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Maybe we need to find a dormouse.

**HARRY:** *The Dormouse.*

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** How do we know which one is *the* Dormouse?

**HARRY:** Alice.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Who's Alice?

**HARRY:** No idea. But the headmaster said "Go ask Alice" right before he left and put the magical weapon—

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** The carrot—

**HARRY:** In my hand.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** This is after the Dormouse?

**HARRY:** Yes.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** OK. So to make sure everyone is clear on the plot, 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.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Don't forget to say the bodies are piling up.

*(A bunch of ensemble members enter and fall down dead in a pile.)*

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Right. The bodies are piling up, and it's only a matter of time before You Know Who-oo returns at full force.

**HARRY:** I'm ready to exit energetically now.

*(The Uptight 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. Enter Euphoria.)*



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**EUPHORIA:** I'm back, and I'm going to need an action sequence underscored with inspirational music while I create my army.

*(Long pause.)*

**EUPHORIA:** Cue the music.

*(Long pause.)*

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** You have to take the first step without the music.

**EUPHORIA:** I already took the first step. Opening scene.

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** That doesn't count.

**EUPHORIA:** Of course it counts.

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** That was before you asked for music.

**EUPHORIA:** That's not fair.

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** I don't make the rules.

**EUPHORIA:** *(Beat.)* Are you going to send out my first Vampire in Training, or do I have to file an application?

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** Actually, you have to create two V.I.T.s before you qualify for an action sequence underscored with inspirational music.

**EUPHORIA:** You just said one.

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** I said first step. I was being metaphorical.

*(Long pause.)*

**EUPHORIA:** Can't do the first two if you won't send out the first one. *(Beat.)* Don't make me come back there.

*(Pause. The First to Go enters.)*

**EUPHORIA:** Finally.

**FIRST TO GO:** They said they needed somebody out here stat. *(Sees the audience:)* Wow. This is like a total actor's nightmare.

**EUPHORIA:** Don't worry. You can just ad lib.

*(She attacks, biting the First to Go's neck. First to Go thrashes around.)*

**FIRST TO GO:** Ahhh! Ahhhh! Nooooo! *(Sotto:)* How's that?

**EUPHORIA:** Great.

**FIRST TO GO:** It doesn't come off as false?

**EUPHORIA:** I totally believe you.

**FIRST TO GO:** Nooooo! I'm turning into a vampire — aaaaah!

**EUPHORIA:** Are you?

**FIRST TO GO:** Not yet.

**EUPHORIA:** Let me know.

*(She goes back to biting. The First to Go crumples to the ground. Beat. The First to Go sits up and makes exaggerated vampire noises.)*

**FIRST TO GO:** Kidding. Not yet.

*(The First to Go falls over again. Beat. The First to Go hops up.)*

**FIRST TO GO:** OK. I'm a vampire now.

**EUPHORIA:** My first V.I.T. One more and I get my action sequence.

*(They exit.)*

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**SCENE 3**

*(A stereotypical dark Italian restaurant. The CANARY family: DONNA CANARY, the matriarch of the family; ROAST CANARY, the eldest daughter but pretending to be a son, and MARY CANARY, the younger, much more "girly" daughter – except for her eye patch. Random HENCHMEN ring the room.)*

**ROAST CANARY:** Don't say nothing.

**MARY CANARY:** I'm not saying nothing.

**ROAST CANARY:** I mean about the thing.

**MARY CANARY:** I never say nothing – anything – about the thing. *(Beat.)* He's going to find out sooner or later.

**ROAST CANARY:** He ain't noticed for this long.

**DONNA CANARY:** Mamma mia.

*(Enter wheelchair-bound DON CANARY, the family patriarch, pushed on by the FIRST HENCHMAN.)*

**DON CANARY:** *(In a raspy voice:)* My son.

**ROAST CANARY:** Papa.

*(Mary coughs.)*

**DON CANARY :** You have returned to the bosom of the family.

**MARY CANARY:** Uh...back in the bosom here too.

**DONNA CANARY:** Don't talk about your bosoms. It's unseemly.

**MARY CANARY:** But –

**DON CANARY:** Listen to your mother. *(Beat.)* What news?

*(The First Henchman wheels Don Canary to a table on which there is a plate with a single meatball, and tries to tuck a napkin under his chin. Don Canary slaps at him helplessly.)*

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**DON CANARY:** I can do it.

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** Don Canary, you don't want another acci—

*(Don Canary waves his hand, and instantly the First Henchman has trouble breathing; his throat is being constricted a la Darth Vader.)*

**DON CANARY:** What news?

**ROAST CANARY:** We are keeping an eye on the situation.

**DON CANARY:** There's a situation? There's a situation?!

**DONNA CANARY:** Of course there's no situation. Eat your meatball, Papa. *(To Roast Canary:)* Shame on you, boy, getting Papa all worked up.

*(The First Henchman continues to make universal choking signs.)*

**DON CANARY:** Every time, it's always the same thing. Wheel me out, tell me to talk in this raspy voice, and I never get to finish my meatball.

**MARY CANARY:** Papa, your blood pressure.

*(Don Canary waves his hand. The First Henchman stops choking.)*

**DON CANARY:** Do not underestimate the Force.

**DONNA CANARY:** Who said anything about the Force? Eat your meatball—before it gets cold.

*(Don Canary slowly goes for his fork. He's back to being infirm.)*

**DON CANARY:** So you got one eye on the situation?

**ROAST CANARY:** Yes, Papa.

**MARY CANARY:** Me too, Papa.

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**DON CANARY:** Leave it to your brother. You don't got an eye to spare.

**MARY CANARY:** But I can —

**DON CANARY:** Shame about your other eye. Isn't it a shame about your sister's eye?

**ROAST CANARY:** Cryin' shame.

**DON CANARY:** I'll buy you a dog. You want a dog? I'll bet you'd forget all about that eye if you had a dog.

**ROAST CANARY:** Maybe, if it was the right kind of dog, the dog would look for the eye and see it. Then it'd be a seeing eye dog — get it? A seeing eye dog. (*Beat.*) What?

**DON CANARY:** I'm going to eat my meatball now.

**DONNA CANARY:** Eat your meatball.

**DON CANARY:** I just said I'm going to. Don't hound me.

**DONNA CANARY:** No one is hounding you.

*(There is the SOUND of HOWLING.)*

**MARY CANARY:** There's another situation.

**DON CANARY:** Another sit —

**ROAST CANARY:** (*To Mary:*) Look what you done now.

**DONNA CANARY:** It's not important.

**DON CANARY:** It's a situation. How can it not be important? (*Beat.*) What was the first situation?

**DONNA CANARY:** It'll keep for one meatball.

**DON CANARY:** I was about to eat my meatball.

**DONNA CANARY:** Let Papa eat his meatball.

**DON CANARY:** But now I can't.

**DONNA CANARY:** Yes, you can. The situation'll keep.

**DON CANARY:** I wouldn't enjoy it.

**MARY CANARY:** Papa, it's OK. Eat your meatball.

**DON CANARY:** Nah. It's ruined now.

**DONNA CANARY:** Why can't you be more like your brother?

**MARY CANARY:** But she's – he's –

**DONNA CANARY:** (*Picking up the meatball and making train noises:*) Choo choo. Into the tunnel... Choo choo...

**DON CANARY:** (*Fending her off:*) Tell me the situation.

**DONNA CANARY:** (*Making airplane noises:*) Coming in for a landing.

**DON CANARY:** I am not a child. Tell me the situation!

**ROAST CANARY:** Euphoria is raising an army of vampire fetuses.

**ALL:** Ewww...

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** I can't believe he said the F word.

**ROAST CANARY:** What?

**DONNA CANARY:** Roast, don't be common.

**MARY CANARY:** He means vampires in training.

**ROAST CANARY:** But they mean the same thing.

**SECOND HENCHMAN:** (*Sotto:*) She's trying too hard.

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** (*Sotto:*) You mean he.

**SECOND HENCHMAN:** (*Sotto:*) I mean what I mean.

**DON CANARY:** Boys will be boys, Mama. (*To Roast:*) But we are more enlightened now.

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**DONNA CANARY:** I loved the Enlightenment—Papa would take us to salons and art galleries and beheadings and—

**DON CANARY:** A man could eat a meatball during the Enlightenment.

**DONNA CANARY:** To say fetuses now only exposes your ignorance.

**DON CANARY:** Boys will be boys.

**MARY CANARY:** Speaking of exposure...

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** Look at that segue.

**SECOND HENCHMAN:** She's the smart one.

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** Even if she's only got one eye.

**SECOND HENCHMAN:** (*A little too loud:*) Kinda sexy if you ask me.

*(Everyone looks at the Second Henchman. Beat.)*

**MARY CANARY:** What shall we do about Euphoria? Her vampires in training are running amok. People are beginning to notice.

*(Lights up on a VAMPIRE IN TRAINING attacking First to Go as JACK, a teenage boy, tries to kiss MARILYN, a teenage girl.)*

**JACK:** Baby, you look so good.

**MARILYN:** Is that an evil vampire biting that person on the ground?

**JACK:** Vampires don't exist. (*Back to trying to kiss her:*) I am so into you.

**FIRST TO GO:** Help! I'm being attacked by an evil vampire!

**JACK:** Are you into me too?

**MARILYN:** I think we should do something.

**FIRST TO GO:** Help! I'm not kidding!

**JACK:** *(Trying to kiss her:)* But I love you.

**MARILYN:** Jack, stop! That's totally a vampire.

**JACK:** No it's not.

**FIRST TO GO:** Yes it is!

**MARILYN:** I'm just not ready – OK?

**JACK:** But I said I love you.

*(Marilyn pulls out a cell phone and dials a friend. Lights up on EMILY, another teen girl.)*

**MARILYN:** Emily? Jack is like totally trying to molest me.

**EMILY:** Oh my God. When?

**MARILYN:** Right now.

**EMILY:** He's such a pervert.

**MARILYN:** I know. *(To Jack:)* Emily says you're a pervert. *(To Emily:)* And there's like this vampire trying to eat this person on the sidewalk, and Jack isn't doing a thing to help.

**EMILY:** OMG. Hold on.

*(Lights up on SARA, another teen girl on the phone.)*

**SARA:** Hello, it's me. Leave a message. Beep.

**EMILY:** Sara, it's like a total sleeze alert. Jack is totally trying to rape Marilyn. And there's this vampire eating a person right next to them, and he's doesn't even care.

**FIRST TO GO:** This is getting old.

*(First to Go dies – again. Lights up on more TEEN GIRLS. No speaker should say two lines in a row.)*

**TEEN GIRL CHORUS:** They were like totally screaming. And Jack's like "Die, pig, die."



Jack called Marilyn a pig?  
No, he called the person on the ground-  
Why was Marilyn on the ground?  
Jack threw Marilyn to the ground?  
No, it was a vampire.  
A vampire was attacking Marilyn?  
Jack's a vampire?  
OMG. Jack was perving on a vampire.

*(Lights down on the Teens, and back up on the Canary family.)*

**DON CANARY:** Why have we not stopped this?

**ROAST CANARY:** The Cullens.

*(Mary Canary gestures frantically to Roast Canary to be quiet.)*

**FIRST HENCHMAN:** *(Coughs over the word:)* Lawsuit.

**MARY CANARY:** He means the —

**ROAST CANARY:** Mullens.

*(Mary Canary shakes her head.)*

**ROAST CANARY:** Bullens?

**MARY CANARY:** It's a parody... *(Beat.)* The Cohens.

**ROAST CANARY:** Right. The Cohens.

**DON CANARY:** Those Jewish deli-owning vegetarians...

**MARY CANARY:** Don't be anti-Semitic, Papa.

**DON CANARY:** Who's being anti-Semitic? I just said they're Jewish deli-owning vegetarians. *(Beat.)* How do you own a deli and not eat meat? That's like a slap in the face of mother nature. That's like a slap in the face of mothers everywhere. I need to slap someone.

*(Don Canary uses his Force-like powers to slap the First Henchman without touching him, sending him sprawling.)*

**DON CANARY:** But oh what a matzah ball soup—like little fluffy meatballs...

**MARY CANARY:** If Euphoria's army attacks the Cohens, it'll be war. People will talk...

*(Lights up on Edward, with his brothers, CORNEY and STRAMBO, and his sisters, LATKES and LOXY.)*

**LATKES:** Why don't you just ask Dad to adopt another girl?

**EDWARD:** But I want *this* one.

**LOXY COHEN:** Corney, is that a salami in your pants, or are you just happy to see me?

**EDWARD:** Without her, I could spiral into a deep depression.

*(Corney pulls a salami out of his pants.)*

**CORNEY COHEN:** I couldn't help it. Every day, nothing but tofu and seitan.

**EDWARD:** I might have to go the Canaries and...expose myself.

**LOXY COHEN:** Corney Cohen, I can't believe you're hiding the salami.

**LATKES:** No, Edward.

**EDWARD:** Yes. I might go to the Canaries and sing.

*(Enter the Random Lunatic.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** The expression is sing like a canary.

**LATKES:** Who are you?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** But hiding the salami? Nailed it.

*(Corney and Loxy high-five.)*

**LATKES:** I'm sorry, I didn't catch your —

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** What he means is that —

---

**EDWARD:** Hey! Don't just tell people.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Sorry, gorgeous. Too slow. What he means is that he would go to the village which serves as a front and blood bank for the Canary family, the most feared of all vampire families, and ask them to destroy him. When they refuse him, he will expose himself to the sunlight. At which point—

**EDWARD:** Come on.

**LATKES:** Only I can see into the future.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Honey, I'm connected directly to the author. At which point...

*(Sunlight floods the stage. The Cohen family breaks into a few notes of a musical theatre number. It could be awful. It lasts until the lights go back to normal.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** ...the entire village will know they've got vamps, and everybody will go bat guano.

*(VILLAGERS run across the stage acting like lunatics, yelling, doing the **Home Alone** face. Projected could be pictures of cats and dogs getting familiar, etc. The Random Lunatic skips off maniacally.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** I killed Hilarious Plaid, I killed Hilarious Plaid...

**LOXY COHEN:** Does anyone know who that was?

*(End of scene.)*

**SCENE 4**

*(The camp of the FINE DINERS, who could be 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, holding a pan with food, while other FINE DINERS gather around them.)*

**PROFESSOR BAKE:** Plate it, Dufus.

**FIRST FINE DINER:** Our Master could return 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 says 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:** Then where will you be?

**FOURTH FINE DINER:** Professor, did he give any specifics about his return?

**PROFESSOR BAKE:** Specifics...?

**FOURTH FINE DINER:** 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:** 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 both give a long and obvious look at Dufus McFly. Beat.)*

**PROFESSOR BAKE:** Needs of the many. (*Beat – to all in the camp:*) Your attention, please. The recipe for victory is at hand. (*Beat.*) Service is nigh.

**FIRST FINE DINER:** Is what?

**PROFESSOR BAKE:** Nigh. (*Beat.*) Now!

*(End of scene.)*

---

SCENE 5

*(Harry, Rob and Uptight Know It All Girl Wizard run onto the stage, looking high and low for Alice.)*

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Stop.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** What?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Do you see that?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** See what?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** The light.

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

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** There's something about Harry in the light.

**HARRY:** Come on.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** One sec.

**HARRY:** We have Alice and the Dormouse to find, and Fine Diners to—

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Just stop for one second.

*(Harry stops walking.)*

**HARRY:** What is it?

*(Silly Sorta Sexy Guy Wizard sidles up to him.)*

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** *(Beat.)* The light, it—and I'm only saying this from a scientific standpoint—you're hotter in this light.

**HARRY:** *(Beat.)* I thought you had a secret crush on a certain uptight know-it-all girl wizard!

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** I do. (*Beat.*) This is science.

**HARRY:** Since when have you had any interest in science?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** I'm maturing.

**HARRY:** Oh, like *that* wasn't a double entendre.

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** What – I'm not allowed to grow up?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I'll just sit here and pretend to tie my shoes, but I'll say it out loud so that no one wonders what I'm doing during this scene.

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

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** It's scientific.

**HARRY:** Checking me out when I take off my shorts is scientific?

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Yes!

**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:** No. Safe, but dull.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I'm tying my shoes.

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

**SILLY SORTA SEXY GUY WIZARD:** Rob?

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** That's the same as Bob.

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



**ROB:** Hello! I have a girlfriend, or I will if I can ever get it together to ask her.

**HARRY:** Maybe that's why you've never –

**ROB:** It's the wedgie. OK? I don't understand it, and for some weird reason 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:** *(Beat.)* 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.)*

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** So...uh...Alice.

**HARRY:** Right – Alice.

**ROB:** Alice. Looking for Alice... The Alicemeister... Alice-Alice-fo-falice.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I don't know what to say after that.

**ROB:** We have to do *something*. We're just stuck here looking awkward.

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I *feel* awkward.

**ROB:** What if we ran off stage looking really determined, yelling "Alice!"?

**HARRY:** I just feel weird right now.

**ROB:** *(Beat.)* What do we do?

**HARRY:** Hope for a blackout.

*(Long, long pause.)*

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** I have an idea.

*(Blackout.)*

**UPTIGHT KNOW IT ALL GIRL WIZARD:** Wait! Not now!

*(End of scene.)*

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SCENE 6

*(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're my destiny.

**STELLA:** Look what I made.

*(She holds up her "emotion board," a blank white board.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Come live with me and my pack of hot shirtless guys, and we can live together forever and have hot shirtless babies.

**STELLA:** It's my emotion board. When I have one, I just write it here.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** If we hurry, we can get away before that tortured *(Purposely coughs on the words:)* sexy vampire –

**STELLA:** What?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I said you complete me.

*(She writes "happy" on her emotion board.)*

**STELLA:** You complete me too.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Then come away with me.

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

*(She writes "confused" on her emotion board.)*

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

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*(She pulls out another board, or flips this one over. This one 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.)*

**STELLA:** This is my "like" board.

*(She pushes the needle to 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! You can't be the hot shirtless guy if you never take your shirt off.

**STELLA :** Excuse me. We're in the middle of a cliché moment here.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Boo hoo. When you're called the Hot Shirtless Guy, the audience expects you to be shirtless—and hot, but obviously the local acting pool is a tad shallow.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Hey—

**STELLA:** Aren't you the one that—

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** I like your emotion board.

**STELLA:** Really?

*(Stella writes "angry" on her emotion board.)*

**STELLA:** That's for interrupting me—again.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** *(To Hot Shirtless Guy:)* The end of the first act is nigh.

**STELLA AND HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Nigh?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** *(To Hot Shirtless Guy:)* It's coming. *(Beat.)* OK—shirt off. Chop chop. Fate of the world, all that jazz.

---

**STELLA:** Don't ignore me.

**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:** I said don't ignore me.

*(Stella writes "angry" repeatedly on her emotion board.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I could act shirtless.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** You're not here for your acting.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** That's hurtful.

**STELLA:** I'm important.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Cry me a river.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I'm not just a piece of meat.

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Lose the shirt or leave the play.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** You can't tell me what to do—I'm the Hot Shirt—

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Not me. The author.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** *(Beat.)* The author...?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Did you think this play was written by monkeys?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** *(Beat.)* Maybe a wifebeater...?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** That's a hateful suggestion.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** No, I meant—

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Save it, Mike Tyson. *(To Stella:)* Don't let go of this one—he's special.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** It's an undershirt!

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** On or off?

*(The lights flicker very intentionally.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I am a serious actor.

*(He takes his shirt off.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** Was that so hard?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** *(Beat.)* Can I put it back on now?

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** The end of Act I is nearly upon us. Soon, everyone will be on stage.

*(The Random Lunatic starts to skip off.)*

**RANDOM LUNATIC:** I killed Spurious Pink, I killed Spurious Pink...

*(She exits.)*

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I feel so naked. So exposed. So vulnerable. *(Beat.)* 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. And cover up. There are people who have eaten recently around here—some of them at Cohen's Deli: all the treats, without the meat. *(To Stella:)* I can't live without you.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** You're already dead.

**STELLA:** *(Beat.)* Edward, what does he mean?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Yeah. Tell her what I mean by that.

**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:** I'm having an emotion.

*(She sets her meter to "happy.")*

**STELLA:** I love vampires. They're so cuddly and Goth-looking and –

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** I'm a –

**STELLA:** I know. A bunny. Those are cuddly too. (*To Edward:*) 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:** Bunny.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Yeah. Laugh it up, Fangorn.

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

**STELLA:** Werewolf? (*To Hot Shirtless Guy:*) You're a werewolf? Why didn't you tell me? Werewolves are so adorable. 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. Well, actually, they just circle, feint at each other and make noises. Then they freeze, move a little – as if it's a fighting montage. 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 actually looks really beautiful.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Grrr...

**EDWARD:** Aargh...

**STELLA:** I meant you're hurting me inside.

*(Enter Euphoria.)*

**EUPHORIA:** Wait – how come they get an underscored action sequence?

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** They're the heroes. Heroes automatically get underscoring.

**EUPHORIA:** They haven't done anything heroic.

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Hey – we're having a fight here.

**EDWARD:** Yeah. We're making fighting noises and moving around but letting the music carry the scene so we don't have to.

**EUPHORIA:** *(To Offstage Voice:)* Do you know how angry this makes me?

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Grr...

**EDWARD:** Aargh...

**EUPHORIA:** I'm so angry I could –

*(A stuffed animal comes flying on stage. Euphoria chokes it.)*

**STELLA:** I get it. You're like a voiceover, Offstage Voice.



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

**HOT SHIRTLESS GUY:** Grr...

**EDWARD:** Aargh...

**EUPHORIA:** (*Looking up from her feast:*) That's victim number two, baby.

*(Enter the Canaries, possibly with their entourage of Henchmen – depending on how many actors you have. They are dressed like stereotypical tourists to a tropical island (e.g. Hawaii).)*

**DON CANARY:** Everybody blend.

**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 –

**EUPHORIA:** Guess who gets an underscored action sequence now.

**STELLA:** -but could I stay with you for a while?

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** Sure. You have 15 minutes before Act Two.

**EUPHORIA:** I don't want to wait 15 minutes!

**STELLA:** It's so hard sometimes.

**EUPHORIA:** I want my underscored action sequence now!

**STELLA:** I just want to sacrifice myself for someone, and no one will let me.

**OFFSTAGE VOICE:** I know.

*(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 which could be made out of paper or cardboard or whatever's clever.)*

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

**DUFUS MCFLY:** But—

**EUPHORIA:** I'm going to kill a lot more people next act. Me and my army of vampires in training.

**FIRST FINE DINER :** You and little Wacko over there.

**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. The Canaries look all menacing and vampy, and 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:** Don't worry — Act Two will be better.

*(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. End of Act I.)*

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