

DRACULA ***in PARADISE***

By Tom Jordan

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STORY OF THE PLAY

The Countess Dracula needs money badly so she's allowing a movie to be filmed at her castle. Everybody is excited by the prospect, especially the kids, Doug and Donna Dracula; the castle muscle men, Wiener and Schnitzel, and the attorneys who arranged the deal. But when the loud movie director, the catty actresses, and the bubbly dancers enter on the scene, there's plenty of chaos and the Countess is stricken. There's a quick trial and justice is handed down, Transylvania style, with gravely funny complications.

This play can be done on a bare stage, if necessary. Most of the parts can be played by male or female actors and most are equal size so everyone has a chance to be center stage.

Dracula in Paradise was first performed at the Dallas Theatre Center.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(15 flexible parts, approx. 6 m, 9 w)

DOUG DRACULA: Son of the Countess.
DONNA DRACULA: Daughter of the Countess.
MARGIE MEYERS: Their rather prim teacher.
WIENER: A muscle builder.
SCHNITZEL: Another muscle builder.
SAMANTHA VANDERBILT: The Countess's lawyer.
CANDI: A dancer and movie actress.
PATTI: Another.
GINGER ROCHETTE: A glamorous movie star.
ELYSE MONTGOMERY: A film company lawyer.
ALEXANDRA RYAN: Another glamorous movie star.
HARRISON: Noisy film director.
DP: The Director of Photography.
THE COUNTESS: Dracula.
JUDGE GOODBENCH: A Transylvania judge *(can be played by the same actor as DP.)*

SETTING

The play can be performed against curtains, so anything beyond that is just gravy. Ideally the set should resemble the main room of a castle with gray stone walls, banners or armor hanging on the walls, and red velvet curtains. Chairs, benches and small end tables can be placed as desired. There can be three entrances into the room. They are 1) USC, possibly an arched wooden double door through which grand entrances can be made by the Countess and Wiener and Schnitzel; 2) a SL door to the outside and 3) a SR door leading to the other areas of the castle.

PROPS

Ball, video camera for DP, small spray can *(anti-garlic)*.

DRACULA IN PARADISE

(AT RISE: A ball can be seen flying up in the air over the top of the set. It flies over the wall and bounces on the stage. This is accompanied by shouting from DOUG and DONNA DRACULA. They come tearing in SL after the ball.)

DOUG: It's my ball.

DONNA: It isn't either.

DOUG: Is.

DONNA: Isn't.

(THEY argue for a moment as both try to grab the ball.)

DOUG: I got it.

DONNA: *(Suddenly looking very cool.)* I didn't want it anyway. Toys are for babies.

DOUG: Hey, man, look, I'm not a baby.

DONNA: You are if I say you are.

DOUG: Oh ya, well, you're an idiot.

DONNA: Oh, I'm sure. You're such a little geek.

MARGIE: *(Entering briskly SR.)* Cut that out, you two. I've had just about all I can take from the two of you, and if you don't behave and be quiet, I'm going straight to your mother, and you know what happened the last time I did that.

DOUG: You mean, the dungeon?

DONNA: Margie, I hate the dungeon. I chipped a nail last time on that stupid rack. It is definitely an uncool place.

MARGIE: So, pay attention and you'll be safe. Now, have you studied today's lesson? Yesterday, we were studying the medieval history of Upper Slobovia, and you were to read from page 1007 and 1200. Are you finished?

DONNA: Margie, it was really dumb and boring.

DOUG: I didn't understand a lot of the words.

DONNA: That's because you're too dumb to.

DOUG: I am not.

DONNA: Are too.

MARGIE: Stop! I'm warning you. Doug, tell me what you learned.

DOUG: In 1215, King Roscoe the Unruly defeated the army of Duke Dweeb the Limp and consolidated power throughout the Slobovian Empire from the Brown Sea to the Transylvanian Mountains. That's us. A reign of peace ensued which became known as the Golden Age of Roscoe, which extended for nearly a century before the Dweebs of the East shattered the utopian dream.

MARGIE: That is extraordinary!

DONNA: Like, I'm sure he was cheating.

DOUG: Just watch out who you call dumb from now on.

MARGIE: Donna, do you think you could tell me a little about our reading?

DONNA: Like, well, you know, in 1215, King Roscoe the Unruly, uh, defeated the Dweebs, ya, defeated the Dweebs...

MARGIE: Not that, something else.

DONNA: *(Pointing to DOUG.)* Like he got all the good stuff. He probably wrote it all down on his hand. Lemme see your hand.

MARGIE: Quiet!

DOUG: I didn't cheat.

DONNA: Did, too.

MARGIE: OKAY! That's it! That does it! You're outta here. You're history. *(Calling offstage.)* Wiener! Schnitzel! Come here in a hurry! I need you!

DONNA: Oh wow, like now you've really done it, you little jerk. We have to go to the dungeon.

DOUG: I did it?! I read the boring old stuff and you didn't. It's your fault if we spend thirty days on the rack.

MARGIE: With Saturdays off the history lessons.

DONNA: Oh, yippee and party on.

(A great clumping of feet is heard offstage. WIENER and SCHNITZEL are approaching. The KIDS both shrink back into the corner. Finally, the two muscle men fling open the door CS, get stuck, push around a bit, and enter, taking big strides in unison.)

WIENER: Hello, I'm Wiener.

SCHNITZEL: And I'm Schnitzel.

BOTH: And we're here to ... make you sweat. (*THEY pose, muscle-man style, showing off their bodies and would keep on doing it except MARGIE interrupts.*)

MARGIE: Oh, boys, yoo-hoo, over here.

SCHNITZEL: Ah, she is looking like she needs sweating up.

WIENER: Ya, we will help her, so she will not look so much like a sissy. Look, Schnitzel, her triceps are missing.

SCHNITZEL: Is that not hilarious?

MARGIE: I don't need sweating. I'm the teacher, remember?

WIENER: Have you ever tried counting muscles?

SCHNITZEL: Ya, we will give you over a thousand muscles. Maybe you would like to count them?

WIENER: That's much fun, ya. There's one muscle.

SCHNITZEL: And there's one muscle.

WIENER: And there's another muscle. That's two muscles.

MARGIE: Stop! Stop, all I need is for you to take the children to the dungeon, strap them down, lash them, and go back to whatever you were doing before.

WIENER: Sweating up.

SCHNITZEL: Ya, we are always sweating up.

MARGIE: OK, OK, take them away and go back to sweating up.

WIENER: Ya, we will do that.

SCHNITZEL: With one arm we will carry them away. (*THEY turns to the KIDS.*)

DONNA: Say Wiener, I was kinda interested in learning about sweating. Do you think you could show me something about it, you great big strong handsome man?

WIENER: Do not forget "terrifying."

DONNA: Terrifying?

WIENER: Ya, I am also terrifying to sissies.

SCHNITZEL: Sissies run away and fall down and slobber on themselves when we come.

DOUG: How do you like my muscles?

SCHNITZEL: You haven't got any muscles.

End of Freeview

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