

Not a Vampire

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Matthew 7:21-23; Matthew 25:31-46

CHARACTERS

Count Dracula

Spike, aka William the Bloody

Nosferatu

Edward from Twilight

Renfield

Dracula, Count Chocula, and Spike sit around a table. Nosferatu sits at another table, silently.

DRACULA: Ah, 1890, that was a good year.

SPIKE: I remember 1890. Killed my first slayer that year.

DRACULA: Just your first? Sorry, I forget sometimes how young you are.

SPIKE: Where'd you bottle this one?

DRACULA: Paris, I believe. I drained the daughter of a pastry chef. Lovely man. Gave me a good deal on rent while I was there.

SPIKE: The bouquet is exquisite. And there's another flavor I can't quite make out.

DRACULA: It's otter.

SPIKE: Get out!

DRACULA: It is.

SPIKE: No wonder it tastes so blood good. Can't go wrong with otter, eh, Nosferatu?

Nosferatu turns to them, hisses, then turns back.

SPIKE: Bugger, he's weird.

Renfield enters.

RENFIELD: Master, there's a young man at the door. He claims to be a vampire.

DRACULA: Well send him in, Renfield. Don't leave him standing outside. It's bright as day.

RENFIELD: He doesn't seem to mind the sun, Master. In fact, it makes him sparkle.

SPIKE: He what?

DRACULA: Send him in, Renfield. We'll get to the bottom of this.

Renfield exits.

DRACULA: Spike, what kind of vampire can go out in the sun?

SPIKE: One with a bloody death wish.

Edward enters.

EDWARD: Wow, Count Dracula, it's a real honor.

DRACULA: Indeed. And you are?

EDWARD: My name is Edward. I'm a vampire.

DRACULA: Edward. I'd like you to meet my friend Spike.

EDWARD: Nice to meet you.

SPIKE: Whatever.

DRACULA: And that is Count Nosferatu.

Nosferatu turns and hisses.

EDWARD: Wow, this is so cool. You guys have a great place.

DRACULA: Would you care for a drink, Edward?

EDWARD: Sure, I'd love some.

DRACULA: Some blood, perhaps?

EDWARD: Wait, is that human blood?

DRACULA: Of course.

EDWARD: Oh, I can't drink human blood. I feel too badly about it.

SPIKE: Feel bad? What kind of sodding vamp feels bad drinking human blood? It's what we do!

DRACULA: You gave it up, didn't you?

SPIKE: Yeah, yeah, I had a blood soul. You try drainin' orphans with a soul, see how it goes. Point is, a real vamp thinks nothing of drinking human blood.

EDWARD: But I do. It's just not right. I'd agonize over it.

SPIKE: If this guys a vamp, I'm a Chaos Demon. Ever seen one of them? All slime an antlers.

DRACULA: Edward, my house boy, Renfield, said that you were standing out in the sun.

EDWARD: Yes I was.

DRACULA: Is this some sort of magic enchantment of yours?

EDWARD: Oh no. It's just the way us vamps are. We sparkle.

SPIKE: You what?

EDWARD: Our skin sparkles like diamond dust.

SPIKE: Come off it. Everyone knows, a vamp steps outside, and foom. Nothing but a pile of dust.

DRACULA: It's true. Which begs the question: what are you, really?

EDWARD: I'm a vampire, just like I said.

DRACULA: You claim to be a vampire.

EDWARD: Yes.

DRACULA: Yet you do not drink blood, and you do not explode in the sunlight.

EDWARD: Hey quit hassling me, okay? I'm a vampire, like it or not.

SPIKE: You ever eat garlic bread?

EDWARD: Yes. I love it.

SPIKE: You afraid of crosses?

EDWARD: No, why?

SPIKE: He's no vampire.

DRACULA: Renfield! Get this imposter out of here!

Renfield enters and drags Edward away.

EDWARD: You can't do this! I have fangs! Immortality! I've got feathery hair and brooding eyes! Come on, guys! Let me hang out with you!

DRACULA: Pretty sad, isn't it, Nosferatu?

Nosferatu turns and hisses.

SPIKE: Blimey, he gives me the willies.