

THE BLOOD DRIVE

By

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## Cast of Characters

<u>Cordelia:</u>	The Leader of the Vampire Family
<u>Draven:</u>	A Vampire, Young and Impatient
<u>Hailee:</u>	A Student
<u>Contessa:</u>	A Vampire, Overachiever
<u>Gabriel:</u>	A Vampire, Football Jock
<u>Zillah:</u>	A Vampire, cheerleader
<u>Severus:</u>	Older Vampire
<u>Isolde:</u>	A Vampire, Angry and Militant
<u>Lucretia:</u>	Older Vampire, Paranoid
<u>Lucius:</u>	The Leader of the Werewolves
<u>Nickles:</u>	A Werewolf
<u>Radolf:</u>	A Werewolf
<u>Varg:</u>	A Werewolf who only barks like a dog
<u>Mr. Toole:</u>	School Principal
<u>Mrs. Johnson:</u>	A Teacher and Helper to the Vampires
<u>Bert:</u>	A Student
<u>Carla:</u>	A Student
<u>Misty:</u>	A Student
<u>Zach:</u>	A Student

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (cont'd)

Brianna:

A Student

ACT I

Scene 1

*SETTING: Hallway at Benjamin Harrison High School*

*AT RISE: Two students are center stage. The first, a tall boy wearing a dark sweater, is bent over the second, a young girl who is lying on the floor, her feet Stage Left, head Stage Right. The boy, DRAVEN, is busily 'sucking' blood from the neck of the young girl, HAILEE.*

*Another teen girl, CORDELIA, enters from Stage Right. She is carrying a large book bag. Seeing the scene, she rushes up to horrible scene.*

CORDELIA:

What are you doing to that girl? Stop it!

*DRAVEN extends an arm to wave her away, never lifting his fangs from the throat of the young girl lying on the floor.*

CORDELIA:

I said stop it, Draven!

*DRAVEN raises his head, his chin smeared with blood, and hisses at CORDELIA.*

DRAVEN:

Leave me alone, Cordelia! This is my kill!

*DRAVEN returns to feeding on the young girl's blood. CORDELIA rushes forward and attempts to pull him away from the young girl. He fights her.*

CORDELIA:

I said stop it! What if you get caught? it would expose us all.

DRAVEN:

I don't care. I have gone nearly a month without tasting fresh blood. I can wait no longer.

*DRAVEN tries to return to his gruesome act but CORDELIA hisses at him loudly and he finally stops. Reaching out, DRAVEN grasps CORDELIA's leg and bows low. It is obvious that she is his superior.*

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

Forgive me, Mistress!

*CORDELIA pushes him away, looking around to see if the act has been witnessed by anyone.*

CORDELIA:

Stop that grovelling! And stop calling me Mistress! This is no longer the 14th Century. People don't call each other Mistress or Master any more, Draven. We have gone over this hundreds of times. The correct term is 'Baby', or 'Hottie' or... (scrunches her face in disdain)... 'Shorty.' My mother, God rest her soul, would be mortified. She was a noble.. Lady Eleanor of Castille for Pete's sake. I thank God that she was not infected with the Dark Gift. She would have been mortified at mini-skirts, Lady Ga-Ga... and Twitter.

DRAVEN:

Sorry, Mistress... I mean, Shorty.

CORDELIA:

And wipe that blood from your face. Do you want someone to come along and wonder why there's a dead girl at your feet and your face is smeared with her blood?

DRAVEN:

Sorry... Hottie.

CORDELIA:

Stop calling me that! I have told you that I am Cordy. Not Mistress Cordelia La Claire, Viceroy of Kerberos, Elder of the Hinterslafs, the Great Lady of the Awakening... just Cordy, okay?

DRAVEN:

Yes, Shorty... I mean, Cordy.

*DRAVEN pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his mouth.*

CORDELIA:

Now, who is she?

*DRAVEN looks embarrassed.*

DRAVEN:

Nobody.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Drav? Who is she?

DRAVEN:

You know the girl who sits in the front row of our AP Biology class?

CORDELIA:

Hailee?

DRAVEN:

Is that her name?

CORDELIA:

Yes, that's her name. Why'd you have to bite Hailee? She invited me to her lake house this weekend to go jet skiing with Justin Booker!

DRAVEN:

The quarterback?

CORDELIA:

Yes, the quarterback. He's got a scholarship to play for Notre Dame.

DRAVEN:

I'm sorry. I didn't know. But she kept asking for it.

CORDELIA:

Asking for it? Really? I've been sitting behind Hailee since September and I've never once heard her say, 'Draven, please bite me and turn me into one of the Living Dead.'

DRAVEN:

Well she didn't come right out and say it. But she used to look at me every now and then. And smile and kind of 'play' with her neck.

CORDELIA:

That didn't mean she wanted you to suck her blood. Maybe she just had a rash or something.

DRAVEN:

But she smiled at me!

CORDELIA:

Do you bite everybody who smiles at you? What about Mr. Walton, the Drivers Ed teacher? He smiled at you the other day when you nailed that three point turn and I don't see his blood all over your chin.

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

She wanted this, I could tell by the way she kept rubbing that little crease under her chin. I just gave her what she wanted.

CORDELIA:

Draven! How long have you been a Daywalker?

DRAVEN:

One hundred and thirteen years, six months.. and (does a little counting on his fingers)... fourteen days.

CORDELIA:

You are still just a baby. How many times have I told you that just because someone acts like they might like you a little doesn't mean they want you to sink your fangs into their neck. Do you think I planned on biting Justin Booker this weekend? He likes me plenty but all I was going to do was put on a bikini and ride behind him on a jetski, not drain his blood!

DRAVEN:

Well, I'm sorry. She asked me if I wanted to study with her for the mid-term exam and I... I just got carried away.

*There is a noise from Stage Left as someone approaches.*

CORDELIA:

Someone is coming. Quick! Act natural!

DRAVEN:

Natural?

CORDELIA:

Hailee fell and bumped her head. You're just helping her with her books.

DRAVEN:

She doesn't have any books! She's got an iPad!

CORDELIA:

Just act natural!

*CORDELIA quickly takes off her bookbag and dumps the books on the floor around HAILEE. DRAVEN drops beside the lifeless girl, trying to protect her from the barrage of falling textbooks.*

DRAVEN:

Hey, watch it! Don't hurt her!

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Don't hurt her? You just sucked eight pints of blood out of her neck and you're telling me to not hurt her!

DRAVEN:

I'm telling you, she asked for it!

*The sound of the approaching person gets louder.*

CORDELIA:

Sssshhh! They're coming!

*A man enters from Stage Left. He is wearing a starched white shirt, bow tie and thick glasses. It is the school's principal, MR. TOOLE. He stops when he sees the fallen girl.*

MR. TOOLE:

What is going on here?

DRAVEN:

I was just...

CORDELIA:

(interrupting)  
Hailee fell!

MR. TOOLE:

Fell?

CORDELIA:

Yes, sir. And dropped all of her books. Draven was just helping her pick them up. Weren't you, Draven?

*DRAVEN hisses at the principal.*

CORDELIA:

Draven!

DRAVEN:

Yes.. I was just.. just... she has such a beautiful neck!

MR. TOOLE:

I beg your pardon, Mr. Daniels?

CORDELIA:

He said she really hit the deck. Bumped her head.

DRAVEN:

Yeah, bumped. Her neck. I mean, her head!

(CONTINUED)

MR. TOOLE:

Is she alright? (takes a step forward) Hailee? Are you okay?

*CORDELIA rushes over and takes MR. TOOLE's arm and leads him away from the scene, Stage Right.*

CORDELIA:

Mr. Toole, have I ever told you how much I like the bow ties you wear every day?

MR. TOOLE:

My ties?

CORDELIA:

Yes, it takes a really confident man to pull off a bow tie. A strong man!

*Mr. Toole is flattered and reaches up to adjust his tie, smiling.*

MR. TOOLE:

Well, thank you Cordy. I have quite an extensive collection, you know. I call this one Strawberry Fields Forever. It's one of my favorites.

CORDELIA:

Well, I can see why. (she reaches up and helps him adjust the tie) It's very dashing.

MR. TOOLE:

Well.. dashing, huh? I've never been called dashing.

DRAVEN:

(calling from the flood)  
Yeah, it's makes you look like a real Hottie!

CORDELIA:

Drav!

DRAVEN:

Sorry... I mean.. Shorty!

MR. TOOLE:

Shorty?

DRAVEN:

Babe?

CORDELIA:

(pushing MR. TOOLE farther Stage Right)  
I think Draven must have hit his head, too, Mr. Toole. You know, my uncle left me a whole trunk full of bow  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA: (cont'd)

ties in his will. I don't wear ties, obviously, so how would you like for me to bring them to you tomorrow?

MR. TOOLE:

A whole trunk full of bow ties?

CORDELIA:

Hundreds!

MR. TOOLE:

(now very excited)

That would be wonderful!

CORDELIA:

I'll dig them out of the attic tonight and drop them by your office before homeroom tomorrow.

*CORDELIA pushes MR. TOOLE all the way off stage. Just before he disappears from sight, he pops his head back on stage and points towards DRAVEN.*

MR. TOOLE:

That's very kind of you to help Hailee with her books, young man. Keep up the good work.

DRAVEN:

Yes, sir.

MR. TOOLE:

(to CORDELIA)

Hundreds, huh?

CORDELIA:

Maybe thousands. I'll bring them to you tomorrow morning. (she pushes him off stage)

MR. TOOLE:

I'll be waiting.

*CORDELIA walks back to DRAVEN and the fallen girl.*

CORDELIA:

Shorty? Babe?

DRAVEN:

You said to stop calling people Mistress and Master!

CORDELIA:

I was talking about me- not Principal Toole.

*HAILEE begins to stir on the floor.*

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:  
The Awakening!

CORDELIA:  
She's coming back. Let me handle this, Draven.

*HAILEE shakes her head, then pushes herself up into a seated position on the floor between CORDELIA and DRAVEN.*

HAILEE:  
What happened? Where am I?

CORDELIA:  
You're at school. Outside the library.

HAILEE:  
School? Library!

DRAVEN:  
You wanted me to!

CORDELIA:  
Draven!

*HAILEE looks at them, confused.*

HAILEE:  
Wanted you to... do what?

CORDELIA:  
Hailee, I have some very exciting news for you. You better sit down.

HAILEE:  
I am sitting down.

CORDELIA:  
You're right. I'm sorry. It seems that Draven here might have misunderstood you a little in AP Biology.

HAILEE:  
Misunderstood?

DRAVEN:  
You kept looking at me. Rubbing your neck. Begging for it!

HAILEE:  
Begging for what?

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Hailee, what I am going to tell you will be a little shocking at first, but over time, you will understand. And you'll get used to your new life.

DRAVEN:

She means you new death.

HAILEE:

Death?

CORDELIA:

Draven!

HAILEE:

I'm dead?

CORDELIA:

Well, not exactly. You have been.. bitten.

HAILEE:

Bitten? By who?

DRAVEN:

Me!

HAILEE:

What? Why?

DRAVEN:

You wanted me to.

HAILEE:

Why would I want you to bite me? That's gross!

CORDELIA:

Hailee?

HAILEE:

Why would he bite me, Cordy?

CORDELIA:

Hailee, look at me.

*HAILEE looks into CORDELIA's eyes, temporarily mesmerized.*

CORDELIA:

Draven is a vampire.

HAILEE:

A what?

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

A vampire. One of the walking dead. A parasite who lives on the blood of humans.

CORDELIA:

Draven! You're scaring her.

HAILEE:

(to CORDELIA)

He's a vampire? Like, from Twilight or something?

CORDELIA:

Yeah, just not nearly as hot with his shirt off.

DRAVEN:

That's not fair. Those guys are airbrushed!

CORDELIA:

Hailee, Draven is a real vampire. And I am, too.

HAILEE:

You.. but.. but you're going jet skiing with me this weekend at the lake. Justin Booker is going to be there. The quarterback?

CORDELIA:

And I can still do that, Hailee. But first, I have to let you know what is about to happen to you.

HAILEE:

You're really a vampire? But, you play flute in the band. Are all the band members vampires?

CORDELIA:

No, Hailee. All the kids in the band are not vampires.

DRAVEN:

Except for that guy Larry who plays tuba.

HAILEE:

Larry's a vampire? He bought me a Slurpee last week.

CORDELIA:

Listen, Hailee. I'm not exactly who I seem to be. I'm a little... older.

HAILEE:

Older?

CORDELIA:

Yes, Hailee. Older.

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

Like 18? (CORDELIA shakes her head) Are you in your twenties? You shouldn't be in high school if you're in your twenties? You should quit and get your GED.

CORDELIA:

I'm a little older than that.

HAILEE:

You're 30. Oh my God. That is ancient.

CORDELIA:

Older.

HAILEE:

How much older?

CORDELIA:

Well, I was born in...

DRAVEN:

1379!

CORDELIA:

Draven!

HAILEE:

1379? Like the year? 1379?

CORDELIA:

Yes, Hailee. I was born in 1379 in what is now Croatia?

HAILEE:

That means you're...

DRAVEN:

632 years old!

CORDELIA:

Draven, shut up!

HAILEE:

That's impossible. Me and you are in the same classes. We're on the Swim Team together. You can't swim if you're 632 years old. You can barely walk at the age.

CORDELIA:

Hailee, I'm not 632 years old.

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

Yes, you are, Mistress!

*CORDELIA glares at DRAVEN*

DRAVEN:

Sorry.. Shorty!

CORDELIA:

Hailee, I was born in 1379 but when I was seventeen years old as I was walking along the road in my village, I was attacked.

HAILEE:

You should carry a whistle! My Dad gave me one. it's very loud!

*HAILEE pulls the whistle from inside her shirt and blows it loudly in CORDELIA's ear.*

CORDELIA:

I was attacked by a vampire and bitten. That's when I became infected.

HAILEE:

Why didn't you go to the drug store? My Dad is a pharmacist. He's got all kinds of antibiotics at his store.

CORDELIA:

Hailee, you're not listening. I was bitten by a vampire. And I died. When I was seventeen years old. And now I'm a vampire.

HAILEE:

No way!

CORDELIA:

Yes, way. And now that Draven has bitten you, you're a vampire, too.

DRAVEN:

Tell her about the cool parts!

*HAILEE looks at DRAVEN who is smiling brightly.*

HAILEE:

The cool parts? There's a 'cool' part to this? (she stands) I'm dead? I'm a vampire? There are no cool parts about that! (she starts to cry and DRAVEN stands to comfort her)

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

You made her cry, Mistress.

CORDELIA:

(standing)

Hailee, you are going through what we call the Awakening. It will take several days and it will not be fun. You'll have aches, and fever and probably...

DRAVEN:

Diarrhea!

CORDELIA:

Drav!

DRAVEN:

Well, I did! It was terrible!

CORDELIA:

Hailee, your old mortal body is dying. It's being replaced with a new body. One that will be immortal.

HAILEE:

Immortal? Like, I'll never die?

CORDELIA:

Never.

DRAVEN:

Not unless somebody drives a wooden stake through your heart. Or chops off your head!

*HAILEE grabs her neck in terror.*

HAILEE:

Chops off my head!

CORDELIA:

No one is going to chop off your head because nobody will know you're a vampire.

HAILEE:

Nobody will know?

*HAILEE is suddenly agitated.*

HAILEE:

Are you crazy? Everybody will know! My hair will turn black with a long white streak down the middle! Gross! I won't be able to order garlic on my pizza! I won't be able to go into the sun! You know how much I love the sun, Cordy!

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Those are all just old myths, Hailee. You can do anything you want as a vampire.

DRAVEN:

Except get your picture made for the yearbook.

CORDELIA:

Okay, that one is true. But most of those old myths are just made up by people who don't understand us.

HAILEE:

Us? How many of 'us' are there?

CORDELIA:

In the world or in this school?

HAILEE:

Let's start with just 11th grade.

CORDELIA:

Well, there's me and Draven. And Contessa Stevens. Gabriel Thorton..

DRAVEN:

Zillah Meyers..

HAILEE:

Zillah? The captain of the cheerleaders?

CORDELIA:

Yes, Zillah the captain of the cheerleading squad.

HAILEE:

Well, no surprise there. I've always thought she was a little 'dead' inside.

CORDELIA:

There a lot of us in the Coven.

HAILEE:

The Coven?

CORDELIA:

It's our family.

DRAVEN:

Kind of like... roomates.

HAILEE:

And now I'm a part of the... family?

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Yes, Hailee. You are now a part of the family.

HAILEE:

Wow! That's kind of.. neat.

*HAILEE smiles, then absently reaches up and scratches a spot on her neck. DRAVEN points at her and gets excited.*

DRAVEN:

See that, Mistress? That's exactly what I was talking about. She's flirting with me!

HAILEE:

Flirting? (she laughs) I have s eczema and it itches sometimes.

*CORDELIA looks over at DRAVEN and smirks.*

DRAVEN:

You're weren't flirting with me?

HAILEE:

No, Draven. I was scratching the rash on my neck.

CORDELIA:

Well, you won't have to worry about that ever again. After the Awakening is complete, you will never be sick again. Eternal youth. Eternal health.

DRAVEN:

You do have to drink blood, though.

CORDELIA:

Draven!

HAILEE:

Blood? But I'm a vegetarian!

CORDELIA:

You don't have to drink blood! At least not all the time. We'll talk about that tonight at the Gathering.

HAILEE:

Gathering?

CORDELIA:

It's a meeting of all the members of the Coven. We have it every night at midnight. And now that you are a member of our family, you will, too.

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

Midnight? I can stay up that late? Now that I'm a vampire and all?

CORDELIA:

Yes, Hailee. Vampires don't require sleep. Being a Daywalker means there are no limitations.

HAILEE:

Can we still go jet skiing?

CORDELIA:

If you feel up to it. (she takes HAILEE by the arm and begins to lead her off Stage Right) Now, come on. There is lots to learn.

*They begin to walk off but DRAVEN stays Center Stage, scratching his head.*

DRAVEN:

She really wasn't flirting with me? Just scratching a rash.

*CORDELIA calls back to DRAVEN from off stage.*

CORDELIA:

Draven, are you coming?

DRAVEN:

Yes, I'm coming. Shorty.

*DRAVEN exits.*

*CURTAIN*

ACT 1Scene 2

*THE SETTING:* The meeting room of the Vampire Coven's home

*AT RISE:* The nightly meeting of the Vampire Coven. Up Center is a long table. Sitting at the table are four vampires in long black robes, members of the group's Elders. CORDELIA is standing at the center of the table talking to the vampire on her left, a dark-haired man named SEVERUS who is wearing a black patch over his right eye. There are several other members of the Coven in the room- some standing, some sitting- engaged in normal conversation. These vampires are dressed in street clothes.

*DRAVEN and HAILEE enter Down Stage Left.*

DRAVEN:

Now, just be quiet and do everything I say. Some of the Coven are a little..... freaky.

HAILEE:

You think?

DRAVEN:

Just make sure you avoid eye contact and only speak when you are spoken to.

HAILEE:

Who are guys in the black robes?

DRAVEN:

That's the Volturi.

HAILEE:

Who?

DRAVEN:

Have you never watched Twilight?

HAILEE:

My mother said there was no reason to read books or see movies about things that aren't real.

DRAVEN:

Well, they are real. And believe me, you not want them angry at you. So, just keep still and quiet, okay?

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

Okay. Is Cordy one of them?

DRAVEN:

Mistress Cordelia is the chief of the Volturi. She has survived over 600 years as a vampire, longer than anyone in the Family. Maybe longer than any other vampire in the world.

HAILEE:

Whoa! She looks good to be 600 years old.

DRAVEN:

Her secret is moisturizer. Twice a day.

*CORDELIA raises a large, ornate gavel and bangs it against the table to call the meeting to order. The members of the Coven become quiet.*

DRAVEN:

Quiet now, the meeting is coming to order.

CORDELIA:

Good evening, Family.

*The other vampires bow respectfully and return CORDELIA's greeting.*

THE FAMILY:

Good evening, Mistress Cordelia.

DRAVEN:

'Sup, Shorty?

*All heads turn towards DRAVEN in disgust at his disrespect. As the other vampires turn towards her, HAILEE attempts to hide behind DRAVEN.*

CORDELIA:

Don't be shy, young one. Step forward and introduce yourself to the Family.

*HAILEE steps from behind DRAVEN and waves meekly to the group.*

HAILEE:

Hi, I'm Hailee.

*Several of the vampires hiss at HAILEE. CORDELIA bangs her gavel loudly to restore order.*

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

Family! Family! That is no way to welcome a newborn to our midst. Hailee has begun the Awakening and will soon be a full-fledged member of our family.

*There are loud murmurs from the group and one of the Volturi, a militant young girl in pigtails named ISOLDE calls out.*

ISOLDE:

We don't need no more members of this Family. We can't afford to feed the ones we have.

*Several of the vampires agree and CORDELIA bangs her gavel to restore order.*

CORDELIA:

Isolde Marquis, I remember you standing in that same spot as a young neophyte not 400 years ago. What if we had not accepted you? You would still be living in that drafty castle back in Serbia instead of taking AP classes at the local high school.

ISOLDE:

Yeah, for the 373rd year in a row. I am getting really tired of Algebra!

CORDELIA:

Isolde!

ISOLDE:

Sorry, Mistress. (turning to HAILEE) Sorry, Hailee.

HAILEE:

That's okay. I know me showing up here at your big seance thing was unexpected.

SEVERUS:

Yes, quite unexpected.

*All eyes turn to the tall, dark vampire as he slowly rises from his chair.*

SEVERUS:

I believe that two months ago at Conclave, Mistress Cordelia instructed us that there were to be no more additions to our Family. Who among us infected this... waif?

HAILEE:

Hey! (to DRAVEN) What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

SEVERUS:  
Draven?

DRAVEN:  
She asked for it!

HAILEE:  
I did not!

DRAVEN:  
You've been flirting with me all semester. Dropping  
you pencil on the floor beside me desk. Playing with  
your neck every day.

HAILEE:  
I told you, I have a rash!

*CORDELIA bangs her gavel to break up the argument.*

CORDELIA:  
Children! There is nothing we can do about it  
now. Hailee is a member of our family now, Severus,  
and we just have to make the most of it.

*A boy standing Stage Right speaks up. He's  
wearing a football jersey, obviously a high school  
student.*

GABRIEL:  
Well, she's not getting my ration, I can tell you that  
right now. We're playing the Bearcats on Friday night  
and if I'm going to get noticed by those college  
scouts, I'm going to need my strength. Sorry, Hailee.

HAILEE:  
That's okay, Gabe. I know you're having a good year.

GABRIEL:  
All Region. 113th year in a row.

*GABRIEL 'highfives' one of the vampires standing  
beside him and many of the younger vampires  
applaud the news of this accomplishment. Another  
vampire, this one a shy girl who has been hiding  
in the crowd, steps forward and speaks.*

CONTESSA:  
I'll share my rations with her, Mistress Cordelia. (to  
nods towards HAILEE) She helped me pass geometry last  
year. You'd think after 230 years in the same class,  
I'd learn to calculate the radius of a circle.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

That is very kind of you, Contessa.

CONTESSA:

No problem. I'm trying to get down to a size 2 for the prom anyway. What's up, Hailee?

*The two girls wave at each other meekly.*

HAILEE:

Hey, Tessa.

CORDELIA:

You see, there's always room for one more in the Family.

LUCRETIA:

Room. But no food!

*Everyone turns to LUCRETIA, one of the Elders sitting at the table. She is petite and fidgets constantly.*

GABRIEL:

Here we go again. We're all going to starve to death. Or get hunted down by the members of the Lutheran Church. Why do you always have to bring us all down, Lucretia?

*LUCRETIA rises, now angry.*

LUCRETIA:

Because it could happen. In 1661, I personally witnessed twelve members of my old coven back in Hungary starve to death.

*The group moans because they've heard this story so many times.*

ZILLAH:

Who cares about stupid Hungary? And the boring old Lutherans?

*ZILLAH steps forward. She is wearing a cheerleading outfit and holding pom poms in each hand. Many of the vampires encourage her.*

ZILLAH:

I am hungry. Now. And there is this fat kid in the Chess Club who has been sitting in the bleachers during cheerleading practice and eying me all season. He is a porker! I could bring him back here and we could all drink our fill. He'd come with me, I know he would. And nobody would miss that kid. He probably ate his family!

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA:

That's Bert! You can't bite Bert. He's my lab partner!

ZILLAH:

Then who, Tessa? (pointing to HAILEE) You think Draven left us anything in that skinny one? He sucked her dry. So now I'm going to hike up my skirt a little and get me a little taste of Bert.

*The two girls start arguing until finally CORDELIA bangs her gavel.*

CORDELIA:

Zillah, you are not going to bite anyone. (to CONTESSA) She's not going to bite, Bert, okay Contessa?

CONTESSA:

She better not! I've got to get an A in Chemistry to keep up my GPA.

SEVERUS:

But, something must be done, Mistress Cordelia. And soon. The Accountant says our stores are precariously low.

*The vampires mumble with agreement and ZILLAH starts to chant and then breaks out into a full-blown cheer, several of the young vampires such as GABRIEL join her.*

ZILLAH:

Let's bite Bert! Let's bite Bert! Let's bite Bert!

*CORDELIA, finally having enough, roars loudly, stretching herself to full height and spreading her black robe like wings. Seeing the terrible sight, the vampires quiet quickly.*

CORDELIA:

I have survived in this world for 632 winters! Men have chased me across three continents, desiring to see my heart on the end of a spike! But I outlived them and all of their wicked relatives only because I learned to coexist in peace and harmony with the Living. We cannot give in to our blood lust now. Not if we want to survive another winter. We must learn to ration and do without. That is the only way to keep the Family together. That is the only way that young Hailee here will be able to find joy in her Immortal Death. The only way she will outlive her parents, her relatives and all she has ever known.

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

My parents are going to die? (she is emotional at the sudden realization)

CORDELIA:

Yes, Hailee. Everyone beyond these walls will die. Your parents, your friends, your classmates. Everyone you have ever known will grow old and fade away. Forgotten by time. But you have been given a gift. The gift of Eternity!

HAILEE:

I have to watch my parents die?

DRAVEN:

You don't have to watch. She doesn't make us do that.

SEVERUS:

You have joined a sacred coven of souls, young Hailee. One that shall live. Forever! (he speaks this last word proudly)

ZILLAH:

Not if I don't get some fresh blood pretty soon, it won't. (she pats her stomach) How am I supposed to maintain these abs if I don't get enough nourishment?

*Everyone groans and CORDELIA shakes her head. She has given up trying to reason with the young people.*

CORDELIA:

Okay.. okay. I shall release some of our winter rations now. Will that make everyone happy?

*There's a loud cheer and ZILLAH does a flip and a loud cheer. CORDELIA turns to SEVERUS.*

CORDELIA:

Bring in the Accountant!

*SEVERUS calls off Stage Right in a loud, formal voice.*

SEVERUS:

Accountant, come forth.

*The group parts and a small, mousy woman wearing thick glasses on a chain around her neck enters the room. She is dressed like spinster in a dark gray skirt, stained white blouse and torn nylons. In her hands, she carries a large, thick book. Seeing the woman, HAILEE cries out with surprise.*

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

Mrs. Johnson? What are you doing here?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Oh, Hi Hailee. I work here.

HAILEE:

But you teach my Statistic class at school. You're a vampire, too?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Oh, no dear. I'm a human. For now. I just love vampires, you know Twilight, True Blood.. and when I found out that someone of our students were vampires...

CONTESSA:

Yeah, Zillah. Way to go.

ZILLAH:

I wanted a snack before Cheerleading Practice, okay? Nobody would have missed that kid from History Club if his Dad hadn't been on the school board.

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, after discovering Zillah's little... shall we say... indiscretion... well, I thought that it would be so much more exciting to not just read about vampires and watch movies... but to actually meet them. In person. And when Zillah told me that the Coven was having trouble keeping records of their rations....

CORDELIA:

There was no such thing as Modern Math in 1379..

MRS. JOHNSON:

.. well, I applied for the job.

SEVERUS:

The Accountant provides a valuable service to the Coven. And in exchange, we have agreed not to drink her blood.

MRS. JOHNSON:

Ohh.. I love it when you talk like that, Sevy. Drink my blood.. (she giggles)... gives me the shivers!

CORDELIA:

Mrs. Johnson, the Family is concerned that we will not have enough rations to survive the coming winter. Would you be so kind as to give us a report on our current inventory.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JOHNSON:

Why certainly, Mistress. (she opens the big book and flips through the pages, finally finding what she is looking for) Ah, here we go. As of this afternoon, we have a total of 17 pints of A positive blood, 22 pints of A negative blood, a two-liter Pepsi bottle of B positive.. sorry, no B Negative...

GABRIEL:

That stuff is GOOD on pasta...

MRS. JOHNSON:

Yes, apparently Mr. Thornton has depleted our supply of B Neg... we also have a gallon jug of either Type O or maybe goat's blood... I'm not sure...

CORDELIA:

Is that all?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Oh, no, Mistress. I've been doing a little creative shopping and have also supplemented the pantry with seven freeze-dried squirrels that me and Tess picked up on that blind curve over on Wilkshire..

*CONTESSA raises her hand in acknowledgment.*

CONTESSA:

Call me the Queen of Road Kill...

MRS. JOHNSON:

We've got half of a deer left from this past fall... although I think it's pretty dry by now. Seems a few of the younger members of the Family are still teething and feel the need to sink their fangs into flesh.

GABRIEL:

Yeah, baby!

MRS. JOHNSON:

In addition to that, I've saved up some coupons and got us a great deal on 100 pounds of calf liver at Wal-Mart.

ZILLAH:

Gross! I hate liver!

MRS. JOHNSON:

That may be true, Miss Meyers, but liver is a very good source of red blood cells and iron which will help you live a long and..

*She realizes her mistake.*

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well... it's good for you.

CORDELIA:

Is that all?

MRS. JOHNSON:

There's a box of bloody bandages that Gabriel found in the dumpster behind the hospital...

GABRIEL:

Score.

MRS. JOHNSON:

And two bottles of liver pills that might hold us over in a pinch.

CORDELIA:

So, with our current inventory, what would you estimate our daily rations might be until the spring?

*MRS. JOHNSON pulls a pencil from behind her ear and does some quick calculations in her book.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, Mistress... unless we happen to come across a really bad car crash or break into the funeral home... which we are NOT going to do any more, are we, Draven?

DRAVEN:

(embarrassed)

No, ma'am.

MRS. JOHNSON:

I would estimate that if we mixed all of the blood together into one big container and were conservative, each of the members of the Family could have approximately 1.7 ounces per day until Easter.

*There's general wails from the vampires.*

LUCRETIA:

Oh, it's Hungary in 1661 all over again.

GABRIEL:

I have to have more than that! We're playing the Titusville Titans for homecoming.. and their full-back is a werewolf!

ZILLAH:

Well, I guess that settles it. We're going to have to bite Bert!

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA:

You are not biting Bert, Zillah! I've got to make the Honor Role!

SEVERUS:

This is what exactly happens when we keep adding to the Family.

ISOLDE:

Yeah, Draven!

DRAVEN:

She was flirting with me!

HAILEE:

I was not!

*The room breaks out into general mayhem. Finally, CORDELIA pounds her gavel to regain control.*

CORDELIA:

Quiet! We are not going to starve to death.

LUCRETIA:

That's what they said in Hungary.

CORDELIA:

And we are not biting any more students at the high school. We've already got enough to have our own softball league.

ZILLAH:

But Bert is really fat. He could keep us alive all winter. Maybe even until Labor Day if we keep feeding him donuts.

CORDELIA:

No, Zillah. We have to come up with another solution.

GABRIEL:

Ebay!

ISOLDE:

You can't buy blood on Ebay, jockstrap.

ZILLAH:

What about Craig's list? We could put an ad on there saying we're conducting a medical experiment and need volunteers who will agree to be bled every week.

CONTESSA:

Do you know how to run a double blind study, Malibu Barbie?

(CONTINUED)

ZILLAH:

Do you know how to do a Two-Man Split-Lift into an inverted Shoulder Stand, Einstein?

*The Family starts to argue with each other over, insults flying around the room. Finally, HAILEE breaks the silence.*

HAILEE:

I got it! I got it!

CORDELIA:

Quiet down everyone. (the noise recedes) Go on, Hailee.

HAILEE:

Well, I was Vice President of the Interact Club last year and one of the things we did was sponsor a blood drive during lunch period.

GABRIEL:

I remember that! Tank Kozloski, the team's center, passed out. What a wuss!

HAILEE:

Well, it was a great success! We got over 300 pints of blood.

ZILLAH:

Fresh blood?

HAILEE:

Yes.

CONTESSA:

And nobody had to get bitten?

HAILEE:

Nope. Just needles and bags.

*MRS. JOHNSON is scribbling away madly in book and shouts with glee.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

It just might work. If we added 300 pints of fresh blood to our inventory... and maybe step up our road kill project a little more...

CONTESSA:

I've got my spatula!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JOHNSON:

... then that would mean... carry the 1, multiply by the weeks.... ah, yes.. then you could all have at least 10.8 ounces every day until Spring...

ZILLAH:

Maybe more if we can get ole Bert to sign up.

CONTESSA:

He can't help it, Zillah. He's got a thyroid issue.

CORDELIA:

Severus?

SEVERUS:

It is a possibility. I worked as a medic during the Anglo-Dutch War... ah, 1652.. such a sweet time...

CORDELIA:

Can you do it?

SEVERUS:

I'll have to practice up a little bit to make sure I can still hit a vein. And I'll need a nurse.

CORDELIA:

Lucretia?

LUCRETIA:

We're all going to starve, just like in 1661..

CORDELIA:

Lucretia?

LUCRETIA:

Oh, alright. I'm not too old to pull off a nurse.

CORDELIA:

Then, its settled. The Family will sponsor a blood drive at the high school. Mrs. Johnson, you're a faculty member. Do you think you can get us on the calendar?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Maybe.. but you're going to have to come up with something else to call yourself other than 'The Family.' If you want to do something like that on campus, you're going to have to be a club.

CORDELIA:

Any suggestions?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL:

How about the Mothers Against Steroid Use by Student Athletes Club. MASUSAB!

ZILLAH:

That's stupid!

GABRIEL:

Hey, there's a lot of the guys on the team that struggle with steroids, Zillah.

CONTESSA:

How about the Young Republicans?

ISOLDE:

Heck no, I voted for Hillary. I say we should be the Young Militant Liberation Party for Transgender Equality!

CORDELIA:

Maybe something a little less... angry?

GABRIEL:

What's wrong with steroids?

CONTESSA:

Republicans?

ISOLDE:

(jabbing a fist in the air)  
Let my people go!

HAILEE:

We could call ourselves the Give to Live Club.

GABRIEL:

Huh?

HAILEE:

I mean, donors give blood for people who've been in accidents or have had surgery. People need it to live. So why not Give to Live?

MRS. JOHNSON:

That just might work.

CORDELIA:

It's perfect.

ZILLAH:

Lame.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL:  
Stupid.

ISOLDE:  
Way too passive.

LUCRETIA:  
We're all going to die.

CORDELIA:  
Okay. The Give to Live Club presents our first annual Student Blood Drive, 11 to 1 in the school cafeteria. Hailee, you're in charge of printing up flyers. Gabriel, Zillah, Contessa- you three get out and recruit donors from the football team, the cheerleading squad... (pause).... and Bert, and we'll be set.

CONTESSA:  
Leave Bert alone!

ISOLDE:  
What about me?

CORDELIA:  
Look angry at being left out.

ISOLDE:  
Okay, I can do that.

CORDELIA:  
Mrs. Johnson, can you get us on the calendar in a week.

MRS. JOHNSON:  
I don't know. I'll have to convince Mr. Toole that we're a real club. Give me two.

CORDELIA:  
Then two weeks. Just make sure no one suspects what we're going to do.

DRAVEN:  
Bite people?

CORDELIA:  
No, just collect their blood. No biting, understood. Draven?

DRAVEN:  
No biting.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:  
Zillah?

ZILLAH:  
Bert will never miss a couple of pints..

CONTESSA:  
Zillah!

ZILLAH:  
Oh, okay.. no biting. (she shakes her pom-poms in defeat) Here we go blood drive... here we go...

CORDELIA:  
Alright.. everyone get to work!

*All of the vampires begin to exit but before she can leave, CORDELIA calls HAILEE.*

CORDELIA:  
Hailee... would stay behind for a moment? (CORDELIA approaches HAILEE) There is one thing you must do to be a part of us?

HAILEE:  
Oh, please don't make me like bite my Mom or Dad. Please?

CORDELIA:  
No, we are not like the vampires you see in horror movies. We are a civilized Coven and prefer a more sophisticated method of ingesting blood.

*(she reaches in her pocket and pulls out a small juice box and hands it to HAILEE)*

CORDELIA:  
It's A Positive.. my favorite.

*HAILEE takes the box, looks at it nervously and then puts the straw in her mouth and takes a big draw)*

HAILEE:  
Yummy...

CORDELIA:  
Welcome to the Family.

*CURTAIN*

*INTERMISSION*

ACT TWOScene 1

*SETTING: The cafeteria of the high school. There are a few tables set around the room with students who are eating and talking quietly. On the wall are several spirit signs that read 'Beat the Bearcats!' and 'Go Team!', etc.*

*AT RISE: CORDELIA, DRAVEN, GABRIEL, ZILLAH and CONTESSA enter the room from Stage Right. CORDELIA is carrying a stack of clipboards for signing students up for the blood drive and posters to hang on the wall.*

CORDELIA:

Okay, Gabe.. (she hands a clipboard to him) you hit up the Jocks, the Preps, the Skaters, the Ganstas...

GABRIEL:

You got it, Cordy.

CORDELIA:

Zillah.. you've got the Cheerleaders, the Barbies, the Teacher's Pet, the Band, Choir and Theater Twerps, the Emos and the Surfers.. (she hands ZILLAH a clipboard)

ZILLAH:

(she walks towards a table and does a cheer)

Hey, Hey, what you say? Who wants to sign up for the Blood Drive....

*ZILLAH pauses for a second, not sure what to rhyme with 'Blood Drive".. finally, Cordelia shouts a suggestion.*

CORDELIA:

Today!

ZILLAH:

Yeah.. today. Woo-hoo... (she does a big flip)

CONTESSA:

You would think that after three hundred years, she would get tired of doing flips.

CORDELIA:

And you, Contessa, (hands her a clipboard).. you're in charge of recruiting the Greasers, the Freaks, the Goths, the Knights, The Metal Heads, the Burnouts, the Druggies and Skeezers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA:

Why do I get all the greasy kids?

CORDELIA:

Just think of them as road kill.

*CONTESSA takes a clip board and calls out to the group at the tables.*

CONTESSA:

Okay, who wants to bleed?

DRAVEN:

Where's my list?

CORDELIA:

After that stunt with Hailee, you are not allowed to be near humans. You know, just in case one of them happens to scratch their neck or something.

DRAVEN:

I'm telling you, she was flirting with me!

CORDELIA:

Uh, huh.. just hang these posters up over there and try not to suck anyone dry. Can you do that?

DRAVEN:

I'm on it, Shirley.

CORDELIA:

Shorty!

DRAVEN:

Man, I miss the 1800's.

*DRAVEN wanders to the far side of the room. As he passes, a girl sitting at one of the tables reaches up and brushes her hair from her neck and smiles at DRAVEN. Suddenly excited, he hisses, drops the posters and starts to pounce on the girl. CORDELIA yells at him.*

CORDELIA:

Draven! The posters. Now!

DRAVEN:

Yes, Mistress.

*MR. TOOLE and MRS. JOHNSON enter from Stage Right. MR. TOOLE is wearing a bright yellow tie.*

(CONTINUED)

MR. TOOLE:

Ah, Cordelia, there you are. Mrs. Johnson here was just telling me about the new club that you organized to help replenish our Blood Bank. Very admirable, young lady.

MRS. JOHNSON:

And I was admiring the new tie you gave to our principal. Very snazzy...

*MR. TOOLE blushes and adjusts his tie.*

MR. TOOLE:

Yes.. thanks to Cordelia, I now have a different bow ties for every day of the school year. I like to call this one Banana Split.

CORDELIA:

It looks real good on you, Mr. Toole. Brings out the color of your eyes.

MR. TOOLE:

You think so?

CORDELIA:

Absolutely.

MR. TOOLE:

Well, thank you Cordy. The reason we've been searching for you is..

*There is a sudden disturbance at one of the tables as a girl screams. The three look over to see DRAVEN bent over a young girl, CARLA, his fangs bared.*

MR. TOOLE:

What is that young man doing to that student?

CORDELIA:

Draven!

*DRAVEN stops, embarrassed that he has been caught.*

DRAVEN:

She wants me to.

CARLA:

Get off me, you jerk.

MRS. JOHNSON:

I'll take care of this. Excuse me, Mr. Toole.

(CONTINUED)

*MRS. JOHNSON rushes over and pulls DRAVEN off CARLA, who is still protesting, and drags him off stage by the ear.*

MR. TOOLE:

Yes.. well, as I was saying. What was I saying?

CORDELIA:

You were looking for me.

MR. TOOLE:

Ah, yes. Since you are the Student Body President, I thought you should know that we are getting in a new group of students here at Benjamin Harrison High. They just transferred here from.. where was that? (he pulls out a small notebook from his breast pocket and refers to it).... ah yes... from a place called Sporks, Washington. A group of very nice fellows, all of them. Although, the entire time they were in my office, I kept having to tell them to put their shirts back on. They call themselves The Pack.

CORDELIA:

The Pack?

MR. TOOLE:

Yes, I thought that was an odd name, too. But their leader assures me that they are not in any kind of inner-city gang. Just a group of friends. (he scratches his head) The Pack. I'm sure they will fit in just fine with the Greasers, Metalheads, the Burnouts and those kids who dye their hair black.

CORDELIA:

The Goths.

MR. TOOLE:

Yes. Anyway, those nice young men are getting their locker assignments right now and should be heading this way any minute, so I would like for you to personally welcome them to Harrison High and give them a tour of the place. Can you do that, Cordelia?

CORDELIA:

Yes, Mr. Toole. I'll be glad to.

MR. TOOLE:

Well, keep up the good work. Hope you get a whole bunch of blood.

CORDELIA:

Me too. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

*MR. TOOLE exits Stage Left as HAILEE enters from Stage Right.*

HAILEE:

Hey, Cordy. Have you seen those new guys walking around without their shirts on? They are hot. You know, since I'm going through the Awakening and all, I thought it might help if maybe I bit somebody. (she holds up her hands to stop CORDELIA's protest). I know, I know.. we're not supposed to be biting people at school but since I'm new and all, I thought that maybe I could bite... ah.. one of those guys without their shirts.

CORDELIA:

No, Hailee. You are to stay away from those new boys.

HAILEE:

But Mistress Cordelia.. they are so... (she smiles mischievously).. juicy.

CORDELIA:

(raising her voice)

I said no! You stay away from those boys, do you understand me?

HAILEE:

Okay, yeah. You don't have to get your shorts in a such a twist. I wasn't going to bite all of them.

*CORDELIA calls out to GABRIEL, ZILLAH and CONTESSA who are mulling around the cafeteria and signing kids up for the blood drive.*

CORDELIA:

Gabe, Zill, Tessa... come here!

*The three come over, curious.*

GABRIEL:

What's up?

CORDELIA:

We've got trouble.

CONTESSA:

Oh no! Zillah! I told you not to bite Bert!

ZILLAH:

I didn't touch him. Promise.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA:

This is worse than the Family getting caught draining a 300 pound science nerd. Mr. Toole just told me that a Pack has moved into the Harrison High.

GABRIEL:

What? But we don't play Titusville for six more weeks!

CORDELIA:

It's not the Titan football team. This is a Pack that just moved in from Washington state.

CONTESSA:

Oh no!

ZILLAH:

That's it. We're dead.

HAILEE:

What are you all talking about? It's just a bunch of hot guys with incredible abs. This one guy has long, blond...

CONTESSA:

They're not hot guys, Hailee.

HAILEE:

Yeah they are. I just saw them coming out of guidance.

GABRIEL:

They're werewolves!

HAILEE:

What? No way. Werewolves aren't real.

ZILLAH:

Sure. And vampires wearing cheerleading outfits who can do a back hand stand are real either. You are such a child.

CORDELIA:

Now, Zillah, there's no need to be mean. Remember, this is all new for our little sister. Hailee doesn't know about the Packs. She's never seen one before.

GABRIEL:

Well, if she went to the Titusville game last year, she did. Those boys tried to break every bone in my body.

HAILEE:

But... I thought that stuff about men turning into wolves was just something they made up for the movies.

(CONTINUED)

ZILLAH:

Yeah... like vampires.

CORDELIA:

Well, they're real and they here. And that can only mean one thing. They've come for me.

HAILEE:

You? Why are they here for you. (points off stage) They are some hot, hot boys... and you're like, what.. 700 years old?

GABRIEL:

632... (CORDELIA scowls at him) But you're still a babe, Cordy.

CORDELIA:

They're not here to date me, Hailee. They're here to kill me.

HAILEE:

But why?

ZILLAH:

It's because Mistress Cordelia is one of the very last of the old world vampires. She comes from a time when vampires were considered Gods. Invincible.

CONTESSA:

And the wolves hate her because of it. They want to be considered Gods, invincible, the absolute apex of existence.

GABRIEL:

But they know they'll never be as long as Cordelia and the other members of the Volturi live.

CORDELIA:

I've been running from the Packs for six centuries. Sometimes, I can hide in a little town like this one where I can just be a normal teenager and life is good.

ZILLAH:

You know it, girl. I saw you with Grady Fletcher at the homecoming dance.

CONTESSA:

Grady is captain of the baseball team. Hot-tay!

*The girls giggle.*

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL:  
Tight pants sissy.

ZILLAH:  
(teasingly)  
Jealous...

CORDELIA:  
But no matter where I go, eventually the Packs find me. And now they're back again.

*Just then, a group of young men enter from Stage Right. They're wearing jeans and tight t-shirts. Their leader is a tall handsome boy of about 17 named LUCIUS.*

LUCIUS:  
Well, well, well.. look we have here. If it's not Mistress Cordelia La Claire, Viceroy of Kerberos and Elder of the Hinterslafs. Fancy meeting you here at Benjamin Harrison High.

*Another of the wolves, a skinny guy names NICKLES, giggles. He's not too bright.*

NICKLES:  
Yeah, fancy.

LUCIUS:  
Shut up, Nickles.

*LUCIUS and CORDELIA regard each other for a moment and then CORDELIA breaks out into a big smile and reaches out her hand to LUCIUS.*

CORDELIA:  
Welcome to Harrison High. I'm Cordy Keller, President of the Student Body. I don't know anyone named Claire. What about you, Zillah?

ZILLAH:  
Nope. Ain't no Claire's here. You seen a Claire around here, Gabe.

GABRIEL:  
Not that I can think of. We're just a bunch of small town hicks, shucking and jiving until we blow this place.

NICKLES:  
Maybe that ain't her, Lush.

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS:

Shut up. That's her. I can smell the rot of her dead body.

RADOLF:

Yeah, you're rotten. And stinky.. and... rotten.

LUCIUS:

Quiet, Radolf!

*CONTESSA steps forward to take the focus off of CORDELIA. She extends her hands to LUCIUS.*

CONTESSA:

Hi, my name is Tessa. On behalf of the National Honor Society, of which I am President, and the Girl's Lacrosse team, of which I am starting goalie, I would like to also welcome you and your friends to B-double-H-S. What did you say your name was?

*LUCIUS snarls at CONTESSA and then makes a loud announcement to the entire cafeteria.*

LUCIUS:

I am Lucius. And this is... my Pack!

*At the word 'pack' the boys all quickly peel off their t-shirts and swagger a little. Seeing this, HAILEE swoons and faints into GABRIEL's arms. Some of the other girls in the cafeteria also react with sighs of delight.*

HAILEE:

Ohhhhh...

ZILLAH:

Oh, my goodness. Somebody ordered a Bowflex.

CORDELIA:

I'm sorry, Lucius, but there is a strict dress code at Benjamin Harrison High. Boys, and girls, must wear shirts at all times.

*LUCIUS snarls again and then waves to the Pack.*

LUCIUS:

Okay, boys. Suit up.

*In unison, the werewolves put their shirts back on. Then LUCIUS takes a step towards CORDELIA.*

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS:

Now, let's get down to business. We know about you and the other members of the Volturi. (he points to one of the wolves) Varg there is a great tracker and he caught your scent months ago. Isn't that right, Varg?

*VARG drops down onto all fours, sniffs the floor and howls like a wolf.*

ZILLAH:

Isn't there a rule against howling, too, Cordy.

*LUCIUS waves to VARG to get up.*

LUCIUS:

Get up, Varg. We found her and she won't be getting away this time. See, we don't care about your rules little Miss Pom-Pom. Or about how settled and happy you and your little group of freaks have become here at this fine establishment of higher learning named after our 23rd President. No, the only thing we care about is...

*Just then, there's a scream from off stage. CARLA runs into the room, followed by DRAVEN.*

CARLA:

Stop it, Draven.

DRAVEN:

But you want me to. I can tell you do.

CARLA:

No, I don't want kissing my neck. That is gross!

*DRAVEN sees CORDELIA and stops, embarrassed.*

DRAVEN:

Sorry, Mistress Cordelia.

LUCIUS:

Ah, so apparently this young lad seems to think your name isn't 'just Cordy Keller' after all. How interesting.

DRAVEN:

Who's the hairball.

*The Pack growls.*

CORDELIA:

Some new students at BH High. Draven, this is Lucius.

(CONTINUED)

*DRAVEN steps forward to shake LUCIUS's hand when suddenly VARG drops to the floor, howls and 'points' toward DRAVEN like a hunting dog. LUCIUS smiles and pats him on the head.*

LUCIUS:

Good boy, Varg. Found us another one of the Walking Dead. Let me guess... you're ALL Daywalkers, no?

GABRIEL:

That's right, mutt. And there's a lot more of us at this school than there are in your skinny little pack of hairless dogs.

*LUCIUS suddenly grows very angry and prepares to fight.*

LUCIUS:

Pack!

*At the command, the Pack suddenly rips off their shirts again and the two groups square off. The werewolves growl and the vampires hiss. Just before they begin to fight, MR. TOOLE steps in from Stage Right.*

MR. TOOLE:

Oh, there you are, boys. Oh, no, young men. There is a strict dress code at Benjamin Harrinson High. Shirts must be worn at all times while on campus.

*The werewolves look at LUCIUS and he sighs and gives them command to put their shirts back on.*

LUCIUS:

Pack, suit up.

MR. TOOLE:

That's better. I am so glad you had a chance to meet our Student Body President. Cordy is one of the brightest stars here at Harrison High.

LUCIUS:

And oldest.

MR. TOOLE:

I'm sorry, son?

LUCIUS:

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MR. TOOLE:

Well, I am so glad you all have met. I was thinking, what better way for our new students to understand the true ideals of Benjamin Harrison High School than for them to join in our efforts to give back to the community. Now, Cordy and her friends have started a new club here at Harrison and I think you boys would make great additions to it.

LUCIUS:

I'm not joining no club run by the dead.

MR. TOOLE:

Dead? Oh, no.. this new club is all about life. Savings lives as a matter of fact. It's called the.. what is it called again, Cordy?

CORDELIA:

Give to Live.

MR. TOOLE:

Yes.. Give to Live. How snappy. Anyway, this new club is sponsoring a Blood Drive right here in the cafeteria a week from Friday and I think it would be just splendid if you young men would help them out. Just dive right in and get your feet wet. What do you say?

GABRIEL:

Yeah, come one Lucius. Join us.

LUCIUS:

Only if I can take a few pints from you, Super Jock.

MR. TOOLE:

That's the spirit! I'll let you work out all the details. This is going to be so much fun.

*MR. TOOLE exits and the vampires and werewolves stare at each other for a moment.*

LUCIUS:

(he chuckles)

So, the vampires are sponsoring a Blood Drive. How ingenious. No wonder you've been able to survive for 631 years, Mistress Cordelia.

CORDELIA:

632. My birthday was last week.

LUCIUS:

And your death day is going to be next week if me and my Pack have anything to do with it. Right boys?

(CONTINUED)

*The Pack responds by ripping off their shirts again. The werewolves snarl as they exit Stage Right. HAILEE waves at them and blushes.*

HAILEE:

Bye. (to CORDELIA) Aren't they dreamy?

MR. TOOLE:

(from offstage)  
Put your shirts back on.

CORDELIA:

No, Hailee. They're not dreamy. They're cold blooded killers who will rip you apart, limb from limb if they get the chance.

GABRIEL:

What are we going to do, Mistress?

ZILLAH:

Yeah, we can't let those slobbering mutts just walk in here and threaten us.

CONTESSA:

I'll start melting down my silver jewelry.

CORDELIA:

Everybody just calm down. There's only four of them and we've got the whole Family to protect us. No, after we refill out pantry with the Blood Drive, we'll make sure the Pack never bothers us again.

ZILLAH:

How are we going to do that?

GABRIEL:

We're going to kill them?

CORDELIA:

Yes, we're going to kill them.

ZILLAH:

How?

CORDELIA:

I don't know yet. Come on, I've got to go talk to the Volturi.

*CORDELIA, GABRIEL, CONTESSA and ZILLAH exit, leaving DRAVEN and HAILEE standing alone center stage. After a moment, DRAVEN speaks.*

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

Did you see his abs?

HAILEE:

Ohh....

*HAILEE swoons again and faints. DRAVEN catches her just as the lights go to black.*

*CURTAIN*

ACT TWOScene 2

*THE SETTING: The stage is split in two with the vampires under a spotlight Stage Right and the werewolves under a spotlight Stage Left.*

*AT RISE: Both groups are having a meeting, discussing strategy for the showdown that will occur at the Blood Drive. The vampires are seated around a small table, the Voluturi dressed in their long black robes. The werewolves are gathered around a small 'fire', poking at it with sticks. They are all shirtless.*

SEVERUS:

How did they find us?

ISOLDE:

Duh.. the internet!

LUCRETIA:

I told you, Mistress Cordelia. No Facebook or Twitter, But no. You had to be permissive. Just like they were in 1661. And now we're all going to die!

CONTESSA:

They had Facebook in 1661?

CORDELIA:

We're not going to die, Lucretia. And would you stop with that 1661 in Hungary stuff. You survived, didn't you?

LUCRETIA:

Well, yes.

CORDELIA:

And we'll make it through this. The Family has eluded the Pack before. And we'll do it again.

SEVERUS:

I say we pack up and leave now. Tonight.

ISOLDE:

Yeah, just disappear.

CONTESSA:

No, I'm going to be Valedictorian this year. You guys know how hard I've worked for that.

(CONTINUED)

SEVERUS:

We know...

ISOLDE:

256 years. 67 different high schools.

SEVERUS:

Tutoring.

ISOLDE:

Math camp.

CONTESSA:

And this is the year. I've already written my graduation speech. We can't move again. Not when I'm so close.

CORDELIA:

We're not leaving, Tessa.

LUCRETIA:

But we have to, Mistress Cordelia. Now that the Pack has found us, we're all in danger. We have no choice.

CORDELIA:

We're not leaving. There's too many of us now.

SEVERUS:

Yeah, way to go Contessa. Biting that kid at the homecoming dance. That was smart.

CONTESSA:

I was thirsty and the punch had pineapple in it. You know I hate pineapple. And what about you, Sevie? You bit that check-out girl at Wal-Mart.

SEVERUS:

Only after she rung up my purchase wrong. I had a coupon for that yogurt. Buy One, Get One Free.

ISOLDE:

Well, you didn't have to bite her just because she didn't give you a free yogurt.

SEVERUS:

Well, somebody had to teach her a lesson about good customer service.

*The three begin to argue.*

CORDELIA:

Okay, okay.. we've all made mistakes. But the fact of the matter is, the Family is too big to just pick up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA: (cont'd)

and move. We have lives here. Football, band, cheerleading, soccer. It's not fair to give up all of that just because a few scraggly dogs show up.

SEVERUS:

Okay. So we stay. How do we survive.

CORDELIA:

We survive by getting stong. By filling every bag that Severus can get his hands on with fresh, rich blood. And then we feast. (the other vampires clap at this) Yes, we feast until we're stronger than we've ever been. And then no one- not the principal, not the teachers, not the townfolks and not even the Pack will be able to overtake us. We'll be exactly what they hate the most about us. Invinsible!

*Lights dim on the VAMPIRES as they continue to discuss their plans and come up on the WEREWOLVES who are sitting around their camp fire.*

RADOLF:

Lucius, I'm cold. Can we please put our shirts back on?

*LUCIUS regards the other wolves who look at him pleadingly. VARG's teeth begin to chatter loudly. LUCIUS shakes his head and waves to them.*

LUCIUS:

Okay, put 'em back on. (the wolves quickly scramble to pull their t-shirts over their heads) What a bunch of sissies!

NICKLES:

So, what's the plan, Lucius?

RADOLF:

Yeah, when are we going to go over there and tear those vampires apart?

LUCIUS:

We're not.

NICKLES, RADOLF & VARG:

What??

LUCIUS:

There's too many of them. Ain't that right, Varg?

(CONTINUED)

*VARG barks loudly and LUCIUS reaches over and scratches him behind the ear. VARG pants with joy and stamps his foot against the ground with pleasure.*

LUCIUS:

Varg followed the scent to their house and counted 23 vampires, didn't you, boy?

*VARG responds by barking and panting even louder.*

RADOLF:

How do you know?

LUCIUS:

What do you mean, how do I know?

RADOLF:

Well, Varg doesn't.. really...

LUCIUS:

Varg doesn't what?

RADOLF:

Well.. talk.

NICKLES:

Yeah. He kinda' creeps me out, Lucius, with all that barking and scratching. And the way he licks himself.

RADOLF:

And I'm pretty sure Varg has fleas.

*VARG reaches up and scratches behind his ear.*

LUCIUS:

Varg is the most loyal werewolf in this Pack. And when it comes time to kill those vampires, I'll be able to count on him to do whatever it takes.

*VARG looks at RADOLF and NICKLES and sticks out his tongue.*

RADOLF:

So, how are we going to kill them?

NICKLES:

Yeah, I mean if we're not going to go over to their house and tear them limb from limb, what are we going to do?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS:

(he laughs)

Something much worse. We're going to starve them to death.

*The scene switches back to the VAMPIRES who continue their conversation.*

CORDELIA:

You have all the supplies you need, Severus?

SEVERUS:

Yes, Mistress. I'm bidding on a case of IV bags and needles on Ebay right now. And unless I get outbid, I should win them and they'll be here by in two days.

CORDELIA:

Good. Lucretia? Are you going to be able to assist Severus without going on and on about Hungary and 1661?

LUCRETIA:

You don't know how bad it was. None of you do.

ISOLDE:

For heaven's sake, Cretia. Give it a rest, will you.

LUCRETIA:

We nearly died. All of us.

CORDELIA:

And that's exactly what will happen to the Family if we don't pull this off. I need you to be in control of yourself, Lucretia. We're all going to have to be disciplined. There's going to be a lot of blood in that room and we can't afford to start a feeding frenzy.

CONTESSA:

Well, someone needs to tell that to Draven. I caught him looking at that Carla girl's neck in Biology again today. Unless we do something about that, sweet little Carla is going to be bunking with one of us real soon. And that new girl, Hailee. One of the kids in P.E. got a skinned knee playing volleyball yesterday and I caught her licking the gym floor after class. Gross!

CORDELIA:

We'll put Gabriel on security. You just make sure every student, every faculty member, every janitor, lunchroom lady and bus driver shows up for that Blood Drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA:

Yes, Mistress.

ISOLDE:

And what about the Pack? Mr. Toole said they have to help out.

CORDELIA:

Werewolves may talk big, but they're more afraid of being exposed than we are. They won't start trouble in such a public place. We just have to make sure they don't get their hands on the blood.

SEVERUS:

Or we starve..

CORDELIA:

Yes, Severus. We starve.

LUCRETIA:

Oh... It's 1661 all over again...

*The Vampires all moan as the lights switch to the Werewolves still sitting around the fire.*

RADOLF:

Starve them to death? How?

LUCIUS:

You heard what they're planning? A Blood Drive?

RADOLF:

So? Maybe they're, you know, community-spirited.

NICKLES:

Like that time we did that car wash for Jerry's kids.

LUCIUS:

You sprayed a kid on a bicycle with a water hose.

NICKLES:

He could have been one of Jerry's kids.

LUCIUS:

They're not doing that Blood Drive for charity. Don't you guys see. They're starving.

RADOLF:

But there's lots of people in this town. Why don't they just bite them?

(CONTINUED)

NICKLES:

Yeah. Hungry? Bite a townie. Problem solved.

LUCIUS:

That doesn't solve their problem. The more people they turn into vampires, the more mouths they've got to feed. And that means they've got to bite even more people and turn them into vampires. Pretty soon, there's nobody left to bite.

RADOLF:

So, if they can't bite people, how are they getting blood to drink. I mean, those kids in the cafeteria didn't look like they were starving to me. That Gabriel dude was All-Region last year.

NICKLES:

And did you see that Cordy girl? Hottie!

*NICKLES and RADOLF 'high-five' each other and VARG howls with delight.*

LUCIUS:

I don't know what they're eating. Road kill. Breaking into funeral homes maybe. But if they're stupid enough to take the risk of having a Blood Drive, then they're hungry.

RADOLF:

That's doesn't sound stupid. It sounds smart. An all you can eat blood buffet.

LUCIUS:

Yeah, and what happens if one of them drops a bag of that blood on the floor and it bursts open? The vamps will go crazy. They won't be able to control themselves- their secret will be out. No, if they're willing to risk that kind of exposure then that means they are not just hungry. They're starving.

NICKLES:

Kinda' like those vamps we tracked in West Virginia last year?

LUCIUS:

Exactly. Those blood suckers would never had shown up at that ten car pile-up on the interstate unless they were mighty hungry. The sight of all that blood made them go insane and attacking all those people in broad daylight- the paramedics, the state police, bystanders, that reporter from the TV station - well, a normal, healthy group of vamps would never had done that. Cordelia's an old world vampire, remember? She knows what can happen if a frenzy breaks out.

(CONTINUED)

NICKLES:

What?

LUCIUS:

Complete self destruction. They'll feed on the blood, on the townspeople, on us.. and then, on themselves.

*Hearing this, VARG whimpers. LUCIUS reaches over and scratches him behind the ear.*

LUCIUS:

Don't worry, Varg. I won't let that happen. We're going to that Blood Drive and we're going to make sure not one single drop of that blood gets out of those bags.

RADOLF:

We're going to help them?

LUCIUS:

Yes, Radolf. We're going to help them. We're going to help those vamps get just as much blood as they can. And then we're going to steal it.

ACT TWOScene 3

*THE SETTING: Interior of the school cafeteria. The table and chairs have been removed and replaced with gurneys (these can be actual gurneys, long tables or reclining chairs- whichever allows for students to sit upright while donating blood.) Several students are lying on the gurneys with red tubes taped to their arms which are draining into bags attached to the side of the gurneys that are filled with red liquid (tomato sauce or juice.) SEVERUS is Upstage Center attending to one of the student blood donors. He is dressed in an long, old fashioned lab coat and a head reflector. Upstage Left is a long table behind which sits CONTESSA and ISOLDE. There is a sign attached to the table asking students to sign in to give blood and a large cooler just left of the table that has a small sign that reads 'Fresh Blood. Keep Chilled!' A student is standing in front of the table filling out paperwork. Upstage and to the right of the table are a four chairs upon which are students filing out forms on a clipboard.*

*AT RISE: CORDELIA and MRS. JOHNSON enter from Stage Right and stop on the edge of the stage. MRS. JOHNSON is carrying a clipboard.*

CORDELIA:

How are we doing so far, Mrs. Johnson?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, Misty Reynolds over there (she points at the girl on the gurney beside SEVERUS) will make... (she checks her clipboard).. donor number 287.

CORDELIA:

287?

MRS. JOHNSON:

We've just about reached our goal with a little less than an hour to go. I think the Family just might make it through the winter if this keeps up.

SEVERUS:

Next!

(CONTINUED)

*MISTY get up from the table and is replaced by one of the other students from the chairs. The student that was standing in front of the table takes the empty chair. MISTY passes in front of CORDELIA and MRS. JOHNSON, rubbing her arm.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

Thank you, Misty. See, that wasn't so unpleasant, now was it?

MISTY:

No, I guess not. But there's something funny about about that old doctor dude.

CORDELIA:

Dr. Severus?

MISTY:

Yeah, whatever. After the old dude stuck me, he just stood there and stared at the blood going through the tube. Like he was in some kind of a trance or something. And when he pulled the needle out of my arm, he actually licked it. Gross!

CORDELIA:

Well... Dr. Severus is visiting from.. a.. a foreign country. They're a little different over there.

MISTY:

Yeah... like creepy.

*MRS. JOHNSON gives MISTY a nudge towards Stage Left.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

See you in fifth period, Misty. Don't forget that you've got homework to turn in.

MISTY:

Like.. duh.. I know that? I'm not stupid.

*Misty exits.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

Actually she is.

*SEVERUS holds up the bag full of her blood. He stares at it for a moment, licking his lips and then calls out for a 'runner' to come retrieve the bag.*

(CONTINUED)

SEVERUS:

Fresh pint ready!

*At the words, GABRIEL and DRAVEN enter from Stage Right just as LUCIUS and VARG enter from Stage Left. All four head straight for SEVERUS and arrive at the same moment. DRAVEN is the first to grab the outstretched pint which is quickly taken away from him by LUCIUS.*

DRAVEN:

I got it!

LUCIUS:

No, I got it!

*DRAVEN wrestles the bag back away from LUCIUS and in the process the boys get into a shoving match. The vampires hiss at the werewolves loudly and VARG falls down on all fours and begins to bark loudly. Finally, SEVERUS intervenes, stepping into the middle and hissing loudly.*

SEVERUS:

Silence, dogs!

LUCIUS:

Who you calling a dog, old man?

*VARG begins to bark rabidly at SEVERUS.*

SEVERUS:

Put your mutt on a leash, Lucius. And Draven, you get that blood into the cooler before it spoils.

DRAVEN:

Yes, Master.

*DRAVEN holds the blood to his chest and walks towards the cooler. GABRIEL bends into a 'blocker's stance' as the two pass the werewolves. VARG barks at the two wildly and LUCIUS reaches down and pats him on the head.*

LUCIUS:

Good boy, Varg. Good boy.

*With GABRIEL standing guard, DRAVEN opens the lid to the cooler and gently places the blood inside. VARG stands up and he and LUCIUS follow DRAVEN and GABRIEL off stage left, the werewolves growling and barking and the vampires hissing.*

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, all in all, I think things are going quite splendidly.

*SEVERUS steps forward, wiping his hands onto his soiled white coat.*

SEVERUS:

Where is Lucretia? She was supposed to be here an hour ago to help me, Mistress.

CORDELIA:

She said she had to get something from the house. I'm sure that she'll be..

*Just then, LUCRETIA enters from Stage Left. She is dressed in an old nurses uniform, complete with a starched, stiff hat. She is carrying a small bucket in one hand and a hatchet in the other.*

CORDELIA:

Here she is now.

LUCRETIA:

Okay, who shall I bleed first?

*LUCRETIA goes to the nearest table and sets the bucket on the floor under the startled student's arm. She grasps the boy's arm and holds it over the bucket, then raises the hatchet as if she is about to chop off the boy's hand. The student screams.*

ZACH:

Hey, what are you doing?

*LUCRETIA reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small block of wood which she forces into ZACH's mouth.*

LUCRETIA:

Just bite down on this and it'll all be over in a moment.

*LUCRETIA raises the hatchet again and just as she is about to swing, SEVERUS rushes over to stop her.*

SEVERUS:

Lucretia!

(CONTINUED)

LUCRETIA:

Stand back, this might splatter.

*ZACH, now wide-eyed with fear, lets out a muffled scream as SEVERUS reaches out and grabs LUCRETIA's arm.*

SEVERUS:

Stop it, Lucretia! This is not the Croatian's Peasant Revolt of 1573.

LUCRETIA:

Well, how else are we going to get the young man's blood? You made me sell my guillotine on Ebay.

SEVERUS:

We've have modern methods now.

*LUCRETIA jerks her arm free and raises the hatchet above her head. ZACH lets out another muffle scream.*

LUCRETIA:

Yeah. But this is a lot faster. Hold still, young man.

*ZACH screams as SEVERUS pulls the hatchet out of LUCRETIA's hand.*

SEVERUS:

Lucretia! Stop it! Modern times call for more... pleasant and sanitary methods of retrieval.

LUCRETIA:

Well, I know that. I'm not stupid. I sprayed the blade with Lysol.

SEVERUS:

Why not just come over here with me and I'll show you the proper way to harvest blood.

*LUCRETIA shrugs, dissapointed, and allows SEVERUS to push her toward another donor who is on a gurney Stage Right. Before following, SEVERUS reaches out and pulls the wood block from ZACH's mouth.*

SEVERUS:

Sorry, young man. My nurse is just a little out of practice. Just sit tight and I'll be back to suck your blood in just a moment.

*ZACH screams with fear, jumps off the table and bolts from the room. SEVERUS calls after him.*

(CONTINUED)

SEVERUS:

I mean... take your blood. Not suck... oh, well. (he gestures to ISOLDE with the hatchet) Isolde, see if you can find that young man and get him to return.

*ISOLDE gets up from the table and SEVERUS hands her the hatchet.*

SEVERUS:

And do something with this before Lucretia kills someone.

ISOLDE:

Yes, Master Severus.

*ISOLDE takes the hatchet from SEVERUS, turns and holding it high above her head, yells after ZACH.*

ISOLDE:

Hey, kid. Come back. We need your blood.

*ISOLDE runs off stage. SEVERUS turns back and notices that LUCRETIA is standing over a young student placing dark objects onto the terrified student's skin.*

LUCRETIA:

Okay.. now hold still and just let the leeches do all the work.

*SEVERUS rushes over to LUCRETIA and begins pulling the leeches from the frightened student's face and arms. (NOTE: The fake leeches can be made with modeling clay or by cutting the shapes out of foam, painting them black and attaching them with two sided tape.)*

SEVERUS:

Lucretia! How many times have I told you. No leeches!

CORDELIA:

Things are going quite splendidly, huh?

MRS. JOHNSON:

No one has been killed.... yet... and we're well on our way to getting those 300 pints we need.

*From behind them comes a scream from the student who is lying on the gurney in front of LUCRETIA.*

SEVERUS:

I told you. Use the vein in her arm, Lucretia. Her arm!

(CONTINUED)

LUCRETIA:

But the one in her neck is so much more.. juicier.

MRS. JOHNSON:

I'll go see if I can be of any assistance.

*MRS. JOHNSON moves back to help LUCRETIA as MR. TOOLE enters from Stage Right.*

MR. TOOLE:

Ah, there you are, Cordy. I say, I must commend you on your effort here today. I am very impressed with the speed and efficiency by which you are getting so many blood donations.

LUCRETIA:

Hold still, young lady. Oh, this would be so much easier with my hatchet.

MRS. JOHNSON:

We are not cutting off any arms!

SEVERUS:

And no leeches!

*Mr. Toole looks at CORDELIA strangely.*

MR. TOOLE:

Is everything okay?

CORDELIA:

Yes, everything is fine. The Give to Live Club is a big believer in team work.

*SEVERUS holds up another bag of blood and calls out loudly.*

SEVERUS:

Fresh pint ready!

*DRAVEN, GABRIEL and the Pack all run onto the stage from both wings, fighting over who will get the blood from SEVERUS. There's a lot of hissing and growling and VARG barks loudly throughout the episode. Finally, NICKLES grabs the bag.*

NICKLES:

I got it!

GABRIEL:

No you don't!

*The bag of blood flies up in the air and RADOLF catches it.*

(CONTINUED)

RADOLF:  
It's mine.

GABRIEL:  
Give it back!

LUCIUS:  
Grab it, Varg!

*VARG jumps up and down, his arms held in front of him like dog's paws, and jumps up and down, barking and snapping at the bag. Finally, DRAVEN grabs it from RADOLF and runs off Stage Right. The rest of the boys- hissing, growling and barking-follow. SEVERUS calls after them.*

SEVERUS:  
In the cooler! The cooler!

*The boys all run back on stage. There's a brief struggle for the bag of blood and LUCIUS grabs the bag. He holds it above his head triumphantly.*

LUCIUS:  
The Pack rules!

*At this, the werewolves howl loudly and peel off their t-shirts. MR. TOOLE sees this and rushes over to them.*

MR. TOOLE:  
How many times have I told you boys to keep your shirts on.

LUCIUS:  
Sorry, Mr. Toole.

MR. TOOLE:  
Sorry isn't good enough, mister. If this continues, then I'm going to have to call your mothers. (VARG whimpers and MR. TOOLE wags his finger at him) Yes, your mothers! Now go to the boys restroom and get those shirts back on. Now!

*The werewolves look at the floor, dejected and begin to exit Stage Right. MR. TOOLE calls after LUCIUS.*

MR. TOOLE:  
Are you forgetting something, young man? The blood donation?

*LUCIUS looks down at the blood bag in his hand.*

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS:

Sorry.

*LUCIUS hands it to Gabriel and the other werewolves snarl and growl at him as they leave. MR. TOOLE follows.*

MR. TOOLE:

And stop that snarling. You sound like you were all raised by a pack of wolves. (to CORDELIA) I swear, these days, students are getting more and more.. (lost for words)

CORDELIA:

Like animals?

MR. TOOLE:

Exactly. Keep up the good work, Miss La Claire. You and your club are the kind of students that everyone here at Harrison High should strive to be like.

CORDELIA:

Let's hope not, sir.

*MR. TOOLE looks at her stangely.*

CORDELIA:

I mean, thank you, sir.

MR. TOOLE:

Yes. Well, good job. And thank you again for the ties. (he adjusts his bow tie) I call this one Springtime in Paris. (there's barking from off stage) I said stop that barking! (to CORDELIA) Excuse me. (he exits) And stop licking yourself, young man. That's disgusting.

*MRS. JOHNSON steps forward, writing on her clipboard.*

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, that makes 289. We're going to have to really hustle if we're going to make our goal.

LUCRETIA:

Give me back my hatchet! I'll get us there.

CORDELIA, SEVERUS & MRS. JOHNSON:

No!

MRS. JOHNSON:

Contessa, how many donors are left?

(CONTINUED)

*CONTESSA gets up from the table and crosses towards MRS. JOHNSON. She is carrying several sheets of papers with student's names written on them which she hands to MRS. JOHNSON as she talks.*

CONTESSA:

Well, there's that kid from my biology class. Steve. The one with the bad acne. I promised him I'd go out with him next week if he'd donate, but I'm not sure. I think he's more interested in Xbox than girls. Two kids from the softball team, but they said they had to wait until after practice was over. And Mr. Cox from the construction class but he cut off a finger last week and lost a lot of blood so I'm not sure he's going to feel like giving any more. Too bad the janitor got there before we could squeeze a pint or two from the sawdust.

MRS. JOHNSON:

So, three.. maybe four definites.

CONTESSA:

Yeah, if Mr. Cox has been drinking his fluids, maybe.

*ZILLAH enters from Stage Left. She's pulling a girl behind her who is holding ZILLAH's pom-poms. She pushes the girl towards the table.*

ZILLAH:

Just stand right there, Brianna, and Isolde will get you signed up.

*BRIANNA smiles and shakes her pom-poms in rythmn to a cheer she's made up.*

BRIANNA:

Get me signed up! Get me signed up! Woo-hoo!

ZILLAH:

Yeah... woo-hoo! I want those back when you're done.

BRIANNA:

She wants them back! She wants them back!

*ZILLAH walks over to CORDELIA and MRS. JOHNSON, shaking her head.*

ZILLAH:

Well, that's the last kid I could talk into donating blood. And I had to promise to put her on the cheerleading squad for the Greenberg High game.

(CONTINUED)

*Hearing that she's going to be a cheerleader, BRIANNA shakes her pom-poms, jumps up and tries to do a split in front of the table.*

BRIANNA:

Go Harrison High! Woo-hoo!

ZILLAH:

Okay, Brianna. That's good. Just sign up and then shut up, will ya'? (to CORDELIA) So, did we make our goal?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Well, we're going to be close. All we need is to find someone out there who is big and strong and can give... let's see.. six pints of blood.

*CONTESSA and ZILLAH's eyes meet for a moment and ZILLAH smiles.*

CONTESSA:

Oh, no you don't, Zillah.

ZILLAH:

I know who just to get.

*ZILLAH turns and hurries off stage left.*

CONTESSA:

Oh, no you don't!

ZILLAH:

Bert!

*CONTESSA follows after ZILLAH. She's whining in desperation.*

CONTESSA:

Not Bert! I need him if I'm going to be Valectorian!

MRS. JOHNSON:

Don't worry, Mistress. I'll handle it.

*MRS. JOHNSON hands the papers to CORDELIA and exits just as HAILEE enters from Stage Right.*

HAILEE:

Cordy, I need to talk to you.

CORDELIA:

Not now, Hailee. I'm kind of busy.

(CONTINUED)

HAILEE:

But, this is important.

CORDELIA:

(frustrated)

It's always important, isn't it? What is it this time? You need advice on whether to bite a boy at the end of prom. How to update your profile picture on Facebook when you don't show up on film? Maybe you want to know if it's okay to eat garlic, wear a crucifix or teach Sunday School?

HAILEE:

It's about the Pack.

*DRAVEN and GABRIEL enter.*

GABRIEL:

What about the Pack? And who's idea was it to let them mutts help out with the Blood Drive anyway?

DRAVEN:

Yeah, that Varg kid bit me. (he pulls up his pants leg to reveal a large cut on his calf) I'm supposed to be going to a pool party at Brin Jergen's house on Saturday night. How am I going to explain this?

CORDELIA:

(suddenly concerned)

What about the Pack, Hailee?

HAILEE:

They're going to try to steal all of the blood.

*Hearing this, LUCRETIA wails.*

LUCRETIA:

Oh... it's just like 1661. The Lutherans!

CORDELIA:

How do you know this, Hailee?

*SEVERUS steps forward, wiping his hands on his white coat.*

SEVERUS:

Yes, young lady. This is a very serious charge. One that should not be made lightly, especially given your adolescent status with the Family.

HAILEE:

What?

(CONTINUED)

DRAVEN:

He means you're not completely a vampire yet. The Awakening takes time and until you're fully dead, well, you still have something we want.

HAILEE:

Something you want?

GABRIEL:

Blood. Jeez, Hailee. Have you not noticed how your skin still looks normal? How the rest of us have to smear on buckets of Maybelline so we don't look so.. well, so dead. I hate being on the only guy on the football team that has to wear makeup.

HAILEE:

What's he talking about, Draven?

DRAVEN:

What Gabe means is that you're not fully a vampire yet. There's still some blood in your veins. And if the Family ever feels like you're not completely honest and loyal, then...

SEVERUS:

... then we'll suck it out and that will be the end of you.

*HAILEE is suddenly very nervous and unknowingly reaches up and starts to scratch the unseen rash on her neck.*

HAILEE:

You'd suck me dry? Gabe? Cordy? Draven? You wouldn't do that would you, Draven?

DRAVEN:

Well, I might if you don't stop scratching your neck. See Mistress, she's just asking for it!

*HAILEE becomes aware of what she is doing and pulls her hand away from her throat.*

CORDELIA:

It's okay, Hailee. Just tell us what you know about the Pack.

HAILEE:

Well, I was in the bathroom a few minutes ago and heard them in the boy's room. You know how they've got those vents at the top of the wall? Well, most of time you can't hear anything. But if you're in there by yourself and you're real quiet, you can hear what other people are doing in the next room.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL:

That's gross.

DRAVEN:

Sometime the cafeteria serves chili and I can't help it!

CORDELIA:

What did you hear the Pack say, Hailee?

HAILEE:

Well, that they were going to... (everyone leans in towards her).. that they were going to steal all the blood.

*There's a general commotion among the vampires as they express their surprise and outrage.*

CORDELIA:

When?

HAILEE:

I heard their leader....

SEVERUS:

Lucius.

HAILEE:

Yeah, Lucius. I heard him telling the other ones that they had to wait until the Blood Drive was completely over before they took the blood. Two of them were arguing and saying that they should rush right in here and take it all now, and that other fellow started barking...

DRAVEN:

Varg.

HAILEE:

Yeah, Varg. Well, Lucius told them that Varg was right. That if they stole the blood too soon that we could just get some more donors and have enough to live on for a few weeks. But if they waited until everyone in school that was signed up to give was finished, then we'd be completely out of blood and would starve.

LUCRETIA:

And we will! Just like they all did back in...

*The vampires all chime in with "1661" which makes LUCRETIA angry.*

(CONTINUED)

LUCRETIA:

Well they did! They all died because their winter supply was stolen. Just like we'll all die if we don't stop the Pack.

CORDELIA:

We're not going to die. We've got enough blood in that cooler to keep us full and fat until spring and we're not going let some raggedy pack of mutts take it from us. Gabriel, you and Draven, get over there and guard the blood. (they say 'Yes Mistress' and cross to the cooler) Severus, you and Lucretia finish up with the last donors over there and make it quick.

SEVERUS:

Yes, Mistress Cordelia.

LUCRETIA:

Oh, we're all going to die.

SEVERUS:

Where's that hatchet when you need it.

*ZILLAR enters from Stage Left, dragging a chubby boy behind her. CONTESSA in on the other side of BERT, trying to pull him back off stage.*

CONTESSA:

No, Zillah, you can't have him.

ZILLAH:

Come on, Bert.

BERT:

I'm not sure I should do this, Zillah. I get real dizzy at the sight of blood.

ZILLAH:

You'll be okay.

CONTESSA:

No you won't. Remember the time we had to dissect that frog in the lab last semester, Bert. All the blood.. and the.... GUTS!

*BERT starts to swoon a little. The two girls hold him up.*

BERT:

I don't feel so good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTESSA:

Well, it's ten times worse than that.

ZILLAH:

No it's not. It's just a little stick and it'll all be over. And then you'll get your surprise.

BERT:

My surprise?

ZILLAH:

Yes. I see you watching me at cheerleading practice?

BERT:

I'm not watching. (stammers) I'm.. I'm.. in the stands doing my homework.

ZILLAH:

You're watching, Bert. But how would you like to do more than just watch? How would you like to go out on a date with a real, live cheerleader?

BERT:

Really? If I give blood, you'll go out with me?

ZILLAH:

Oh, no. Not me, silly. Angelica Snipes from the JV squad. She'll do anything I tell her. And she's still a real cheerleader.

BERT:

Wow. A real live cheeleader.

*CONTESSA is now desperate and points over at LUCRETIA.*

CONTESSA:

See that woman over there, Bert? She has an ax and she's going to use it to chop off your arm!

*BERT screams just as the Pack enter from Stage Right. The werewolves growl and the vampires hiss at each other. Seeing the impending violence, BERT screams again.*

BERT:

I don't want to give blood. I don't care if I do get to go out on a date with a cheeleader. I want my mommy!

LUCIUS:

(taunting BERT)

I want my mommy. I want my mommy. You're all going to want your mommies by the time we're through with you.

(CONTINUED)

*CORDELIA steps forward and pulls herself to her full height above LUCIUS.*

CORDELIA:

You will never be through with me, Lucius. For I am Mistress Cordelia La Claire, Viceroy of Kerberos, Elder of the Hinterslafs, the Great Lady of the Awakening. And unlike you and your mutts, for more than 600 years I have vanquished all those who have dared oppose me. The living. The dead. And especially the wolves.

BERT:

Did Cordy just say she was 630 years old?

ZILLAH:

No she didn't...

CONTESSA:

Yes she did, Bert. Mistress Cordelia is 632 years old.

BERT:

But she can't be. I'm pretty sure that is way too old to be in high school.

CONTESSA:

Guess how old Zillah is?

ZILLAH:

Don't say it, Tessa.

CONTESSA:

356.

ZILLAH:

That's not true.

CONTESSA:

Yes it is.

BERT:

What? But you're a....

CONTESSA:

A cheerleader. A 356 year old cheerleader. You know what else Zillah is?

ZILLAH:

Don't say it, Tessa.

CONTESSA:

A vampire.

(CONTINUED)

BERT:  
What?

*BERT shrinks away from ZILLAH, moving close to CONTESSA.*

CONTESSA:  
And so am I!

*CONTESSA hisses at him and BERT screams.*

CORDELIA:  
We're all vampires, Bert. (she waves to the group) I have wondered this earth for six centuries, sucking the life from thousands of humans....

*BERT whimpers loudly.*

BERT:  
Please don't kill me. I've got a date with a cheerleader!

CORDELIA:  
.. and I've crushed the skulls of hundreds of werewolves underneath my boots since my Awakening.

BERT:  
(to Contessa and then Zillah)  
Did she say werewolves? Did she say werewolves?

LUCIUS:  
Yes, human. That is what we are. Werewolves!

*At the proclamation, the Pack rips off their shirts and howl.*

BERT:  
I'm going to die. (to CONTESSA) I'm going to die, aren't I?

CONTESSA:  
No, Bert. You're not going to die. At least not until you help me get an 'A' in chemistry lab.

LUCIUS:  
Don't listen to her, human. You are going to die. And so are you, Nightwalkers.

*The vampires hiss at this threat.*

LUCIUS:  
You see, Mistress Cordelia, Great Lady of the Awakening, my ancestors too have walked this earth for  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCIUS: (cont'd)

centuries. My father is a direct descendant of the great Forest Wolves of Russia and we have hunted down and feasted upon the flesh of vampires for millenia.

CORDELIA:

Well, tonight, your feast ends.

LUCIUS:

We shall see.

*The Pack snarls and edges closer to the vampires who hiss and edge closer to the werewolves. All the while, BERT cries for his 'mommy'. Just as it appears that the two groups will lock in combat, LUCRETIA cries out from the rear of the room.*

LUCRETIA:

Fresh blood!

*She holds up a pint of blood over her head and for a moment, both wolves and the vampires just stare at it. Then, with a roar, both groups lunge for the bag of blood.*

*CORDELIA grabs the bag and hands it off to GABRIEL who charges with it across the room like a linebacker. Before he gets far, GABRIEL is tackled by NICKLES who grabs the blood and hands it off to RAFOLF. He dashes for Stage Left, seemingly about to escape when CONTESSA and ZILLAH grab him and wrestle the blood from his hands. In the struggle, the bag gets thrown towards BERT. Realizing what is in his hands, BERT screams and then faints. The bag of blood is picked up by DRAVEN and passed from one person to the next until it ends up in CORDELIA's hands. In a final stand off, CORDELIA and LUCIUS fight over the blood as the vampires and werewolves hiss, snarl and growl at each other.*

*MR. TOOLE enters from Stage Right and seeing the melee, claps his hands to get everyone's attention. Surprisingly, he is not angry at the sight.*

MR. TOOLE:

Attention everybody! Can I have your attention?

*The vampires and werewolves stop their fighting and turn towards the principal. CORDELIA and LUCIUS continue to tug at the bag.*

(CONTINUED)

MR. TOOLE:

I am so glad to see that you are working together to make the Blood Drive such a success. It is now 1 o'clock and the Blood Drive is officially over.

*BERT has regained consciousness and suddenly sits up.*

BERT:

But I haven't donated yet. What about my date with a cheerleader?

MR. TOOLE:

I am sorry young man, but it is time to put away the needles and tourniquets and hand over the blood to deserving charity. Have you chosen which group you wish to benefit from the Blood Drive, Cordy?

CORDELIA:

Well, I.. uh... no sir.

LUCIUS:

We're going to take it.

GABRIEL:

No you're not. It's ours.

RADOLF:

Over my dead body.

DRAVEN:

That is the plan.

*MR. TOOLE holds up his hands to calm the new violence.*

MR. TOOLE:

I thought this might happen. You have all worked so hard in planning the Blood Drive and getting students to sign up that I figured that you might not have thought about what happens with the blood.

*From the back of the room, LUCRETIA speaks up.*

LUCRETIA:

We're going to drink it!

CORDELIA:

No, we're not.

LUCRETIA:

Yes we are. Give me that!

(CONTINUED)

*LUCRETIA grabs the bag away from CORDELIA, opens it and takes a quick swallow. At this sight, BERT moans and passes out again. MR. TOOLE, surprisingly, does not seem to be fazed by this, and continues.*

MR. TOOLE:

Yes, I know that blood is full of vitamins and minerals. Heck, I like to cut into a rare steak myself every now and then. But I afraid all this blood can be put to a much better use than just helping you kids fight anemia. So, I have taken it upon myself to find a suitable charity for the blood drive.

*There is a general confusion among the vampires and werewolves.*

CORDELIA:

Charity?

LUCIUS:

We don't do charity.

NICKLES:

I sprayed one of Jerry's kids with a water hose one time.

LUCIUS:

Shut up, Nickles.

MR. TOOLE:

Kyle. You can come in now.

*MR. TOOLE steps back as a young boy rolls into the room in a wheelchair. He is smiling from ear to ear.*

MR. TOOLE:

I would like for you to meet my friend, Kyle.

KYLE:

Hello.

*The group waves and says hello.*

MR. TOOLE:

Kyle suffers from a rare disorder that requires weekly blood transfusions. Without them, he will die. So, when I heard that the Give to Live Club was going to sponsor a Blood Drive, I knew just the person that could use the blood. Kyle.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE:

Thank you all for being so generous. This blood will help me and others like me continue to enjoy life. Without it, I would die. So, from me and all the other sick kids out there, thank you.

*DRAVEN is obviously touched by the young boy's words.*

DRAVEN:

You're welcome.

*GABRIEL punches him.*

GABRIEL:

Shut up, idiot. That's our blood.

LUCIUS:

You mean, it's our blood.

SEVERUS:

No, what he I believe he meant, you hairy mongrel, is that it belongs to us.

RADOLF:

No.. us!

*The two groups begin shouting at each other until MR. TOOLE raises his hand and stops them.*

MR. TOOLE:

Actually, according to school policy, all proceeds from fundraisers and products gathered during school drives are property of the school and therefore under my discretion for distribution. And I choose Kyle.

KYLE:

Thank you, Mr. Toole. (to the group) Thank you, everyone.

*For a moment, the vampires and werewolves just look at each other, not sure what to do next. Finally, MR. TOOLE clears his throat.*

MR. TOOLE:

Miss La Claire? The blood please.

*CORDELIA nods to GABRIEL who walks slowly over to the cooler and picks it up. He walks slowly back towards MR. TOOLE. As he passes BERT, the boy slowly sits up and watches. When GABRIEL passes the werewolves they snarl at him but do not try to take the cooler away. GABRIEL puts the cooler in the lap of KYLE.*

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL:

I hope you feel better.

KYLE:

Thank you. Thank you all.

*MR. TOOLE nods to the students and then pushes KYLE and the cooler off stage. The vampires and the werewolves stare at each other for a moment and then begin to snarl and hiss at each other. Before it escalates, MR. TOOLE steps back on stage.*

MR. TOOLE:

And for heaven's sake, put your shirts back on!

*MR. TOOLE exits. The Pack pulls their shirts back on and then exits slowly off stage right.*

LUCIUS:

This isn't over, Mistress.

CORDELIA:

Go home and take a flea bath, Lucius.

*The Pack growls again and then exits Stage Right. The vampires watch them leave for a moment and then DRAVEN speaks.*

DRAVEN:

Well, what are we going to do now?

*Everyone is silent a moment and then slowly looks at BERT who is sitting on the floor. All the vampires except CONTESSA slowly begin to advance towards BERT as they chant his name.*

ALL:

Bert. Bert. Bert.

CONTESSA:

No... not Bert!

*BERT screams as the lights fade to black.*

*Blackout*

*THE END*