

CAST of CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER (BIF ZOMBIE)

ALEX DUPREE the cynical, pretentious VAMPIRE

BEN

BILLY WALTHROPE

TONY THE TOOTH the MOB VAMPIRE

JIMMY HALF-A-HEAD the stuttering MOB VAMPIRE GOON

UNCLE LOUIE the OTHER MOB VAMPIRE

REVEREND THOMSON

VARIOUS CHURCH PEOPLE (FOUR)

PASTOR WAITS

HARDWARE COUNTER CLERK

ANNOUNCER:

Tonight! On the Bif Zombie creature feature. What do you get when you put an ordinary vampire into a fight for his un-life in a town where there's a church on every corner and a Bible on every shelf? Rudy Fleminger's VAMPIRE IN JENISON.

F/X: Knocking door

ALEX DUPREE:

(Anxiously) Come on come on come on...

F/X: Unlatching bolt, sound of door against chain.

ALEX:

Does...

F/X: Folding paper

ALEX:

Does Billy Walthrope live here?

BEN:

Just a second... BILLY! DOOR!

F/X: Soft footsteps

BILLY WALTHROPE:

Who are you?

ALEX:

You don't know me, but I need your help. Your uncle told me I could find you here. I'm a friend. From New York.

BILLY:

(Intense whisper) MAN! I'm not in that game anymore. If you haven't noticed, I'm living in the center of Christian West Michigan. I'm... Here... just... get in here.

F/X: Door chain unlatches. Door opens.

BEN:

Dude? What happened to him? Billy? Man? He's got a... a two-by-four in his chest, man.

ALEX:

What? That?

BILLY:

He's an actor. Friend of a friend. (Aside whisper to ALEX) Get IN here!

ALEX:

Man, you've got some weird friends... (cut off by:)

F/X: Door closes

BILLY:

Okay, now, sit down. And get that thing OUT of there, okay?

BILLY:

If you get a drop of blood on my carpet, I'll kill you, I swear, dead or not.

ALEX:

Funny.

F/X: Wet sucking sound.

BILLY:

Yeah, really funny. So, what are you, another one of "Uncle Louie's" little cronies got yourself into trouble? Dammit. Just because I'm living out here doesn't mean I'm running a franchise... his little safe house for vampiric Mafia scum. I'm assuming from your lively skintone and wooden accessory there that you're one of the "spooky undead", right.

ALEX:

Gee, how did you guess?

F/X: Wet ripping sound.

ALEX:

(Tense inhale)

BILLY:

Man! Use a towel!

ALEX:

Oh, shut up you putrid little...

BILLY:

(Cutting ALEX off) Gee, if I were you, I'd be a little nicer to me, as it seems you're new in town, and with a simple phone call I could get the 241st Christian on your ass so fast...

F/X: High bell. Breaking plaster.

BEN:

(From outside) Are you guys all right in there?

BILLY:

It's cool. (to ALEX) Cool, right?

ALEX:

(Grunts)

BILLY:

Now, then, there's a few things we have to get straight. Here, hold this.

F/X: Book thud.

F/X: Sizzling sound.

ALEX:

(Shrieks in pain)

BILLY:

Yes, that's a Bible. And I'm carrying a honed and sharpened crucifix, which I'm trained and able to use. So, while I might still have my own blood coursing through my veins, I'm not some four-star platter, and I will not be treated as such. Capice?

ALEX:

Whatever.

BILLY:

Good. Now, I don't know you, but I can assume that since my "Uncle Lou" sent you, you're all right. That doesn't mean I like you any more, but (bitterly) I owe him a few favors.

BILLY:

So, anyway, here's the deal. I'll let you crash here for the night. You weren't followed, right?

ALEX:

No. They probably think I'm back in Grand Rapids, dead in a ditch with this log through my chest.

BILLY:

Well, then, we'll let 'em think that. But, when Ben goes to work...

ALEX:

Ben?

BILLY:

My roommate. "Oh-look-what's-that-in-your-chest?"... Ben.

ALEX:

Right.

BILLY:

Anyway, when Ben goes to work on Tuesday morning, you'll be a distant memory, if that, right?

ALEX:

And where do you suppose I...

BILLY:

I don't CARE. Just get out of my apartment and my formerly normal life and I can call my "Uncle" back in NYC and tell him we're cool. Cool?

ALEX:

(Bitterly) Yes. "Cool."

BILLY:

So, could I ask WHY you're sitting here, dripping someone else's blood on my sheets?

ALEX:

Your wonderful uncle set me up. I was a fall guy for his little... indulgences.

BILLY:

Sounds like him.

ALEX:

Yes. He realized he'd gone too far, and in true style, he fixed all the blame on me, his underling.

(Flashback)

F/X: Loud door slam.

ALEX:

(Annoyed) But you see, GENTLEMEN, I did nothing of the sort.

F/X: Chair scrape.

TONY THE TOOTH:

Mister DU-pree, that statement would make us wonder why the FBI is now raiding your apartment, in our building, after finding five kids' bodies in the Dumpster and three more upstairs.

JIMMY HALF-A-HEAD:

Y'y'y'yeah... What about the booodieees?

ALEX:

Did I forget to mention for the fifth time that I was on a plane from LONDON yesterday?

TONY:

Really? London, huh? Then why did Louie say you kept calling him on the phone all night?

ALEX:

Because he's a despicable, lying snake.

TONY:

And you're just the same hunk of crap we dragged off that boat back in '22. Louie's at least done something with his life. Got some respect. You, however... You haven't, and it don't look like you will.

TONY:

Jimmy... get me the gas can.

JIMMY:

G'g'g'g'... gas can... gascan... gas caaaan... (trails off)

ALEX:

What's with him, anyway?

TONY:

He got half his head blown off... Tried to chaw the wrong people... He's never been right since...

ALEX:

I'll say.

JIMMY:

(returning into the room) gaassscaaaaaan... gas... can... casgan... GAS CAN!

F/X: Full gasoline can set on cement.

TONY:

Jimmy. Light 'im up, will ya. I can't stand this sort of thing.

JIMMY:

light-him-up-light-him-up-light-him-up-GAS CAN!

TONY:

Whatever

F/X: Door slamming open.

TONY:

Well, if it isn't Uncle Louie. Look, Alex, speak of da' devil.

ALEX:

The devil himself would be ashamed to...

UNCLE LOUIE:

You gotta get out of here. The feds are on their way! Alex, come with me.

TONY:

Well, ya see, he's a little tied up right now.

JIMMY:

Gascan.

LOUIE:

I'll take him with me. You get out of here. We can't have Hoover's boys sniffing around here, now, can we?

F/X: Chair scraping. Car door opens.

LOUIE:

(Straining)

F/X: Thump

ALEX:

Oof!

F/X: Door slam.

(pause)

F/X: Door slam. Muffled engine start. Continuous sound of driving.

LOUIE:

I'm glad we got you out of there.

ALEX:

Lou, you puke, you despicable snake, you...

LOUIE:

I know, I know. I'll make it up to you. I know someone. Someplace where you can lie low, wait for the air to clear.

ALEX:

You've got to be kidding me. This whole town's after my ass. If I skip out, I'll never make it. They'll fry the moment I come outside.

LOUIE:

Trust me. I know I let you down. I was in a bind, but trust me. What do you know about Michigan?

ALEX:

Automobiles, lakes, what?

LOUIE:

Grand Rapids?

ALEX:

Some crappy little town I've never heard of?

LOUIE:

'Bout right. Anyway, I know a place you can hide out for a bit. Trust me, no sane bloodsucker would be seen miles from here. Jenison. Central point of the 241st Christian Infantry. You've heard of them, right?

ALEX:

Terrible Protestant scourge on the night, right?

LOUIE:

Yeah, but this band is ruthless. Even the Catholics couldn't drive out the vamps, but the Protestants... they cleaned house and armed it to the teeth. Anyhow, if you can lay low, you can stay alive. Nobody would ever expect to find you there, much less any level-headed vamp. You'll be hiding out in the very jaws of the beast.

ALEX:

(Sarcastically) Well, that sounds inviting.

LOUIE:

Don't worry. I've got someone on the inside who owes me a favor. He's a dayboy, but he's solid. Tell him Uncle Louie sent you.

ALEX:

Somehow I don't think...

LOUIE:

Look. I can take you to the airport and you can get your ass gone before they realize I didn't skewer you, or wait around for the sunrise show. Your call. Here's your ticket. Here's the address.

(Real-time)

ALEX:

...so I took the plane. I ended up here. Welcome to Hell itself.

BILLY:

Yeah, isn't it nice? No Mafia goons who want to do you in then chew on your neck.

ALEX:

It was a bit harder finding you than I thought. I think Uncle Louie's getting a bit soft. I could hardly read this address he gave me, and I ended up at Ground Zero of the Jenison religious experience. Louie was right about that. A church every fifty feet. It was terrible...

(Flashback)

F/X: Tromping through underbrush.

ALEX:

Is this 4140?

F/X: Door opens quietly.

F/X: Quiet padding down hallway.

ALEX:

Hello?

(Pause)

REVEREND THOMSON:

Excuse me, but the church is clo...

ALEX:

Church?

REVEREND THOMSON:
What?

ALEX:
(Hisses)

F/X: Panicked running

REVEREND THOMSON:
Stop! Evil spawn of the undead!

CHURCH PERSON 1:
Rev'nd Thomson? What is it?

PASTOR:
Sound the Holy Klaxon!

CHURCH PERSON 1:
What?

REVEREND THOMSON:
(Running away) The alarm, you fool!

F/X: Heavy breathing, running from concrete to grass.

F/X: A wailing klaxon alarm echoes far away.

ALEX:
(Running) I've got to get out of here!

F/X: Slam into a door. Frenzied knocking.

CHURCH PERSON 2:
(Muffled, through glass) By the power of all that is holy I command you to STOP!

F/X: Gunshot and exploding window.

ALEX:
Wha? Wh'? Another church!!!

F/X: More running

ALEX:
This looks good.

F/X:

Glass breaking. Mechanical clicking. Door opening.

ALEX:

I guess I'll just wait here and...

F/X: Soft sizzle sound, getting louder.

ALEX:

(Sniffs) What is that smell?

F/X: Soft sizzle

ALEX:

Ahh! Ahhhh! Bibles! A church!

CHURCH PERSON 3:

What's all that noise out there?

F/X: Door slamming open. Panicked running on pavement.

F/X: Tinkling bell.

ALEX:

(Out of breath) Please... tell me this isn't another church.

HARDWARE COUNTER CLERK:

Nope, this is Billybob's All-Night Hardware. Say, you don't look so hot. Is everything all right?

ALEX:

(Skeptically) Wait... Late night hardware?

CLERK:

Hey, don't ask me. There's a good business here at night. The church folk, they like to come in and buy lumber for some reason. That and tent stakes. Don't ask me, I just run the counter.

ALEX:

Stran... Wait.

CLERK:

That everything, Pastor Waits?

PASTOR WAITS:

Well, do you have any of those wooden sta... Wait a minute...

F/X: Various falling items.

PASTOR WAITS:
Stop! Vampire scum!

CLERK:
What?

ALEX breathes heavily while PASTOR WAITS seeks him out in the background.

ALEX:
Wait! Nailgun!

F/X: Plastic package opening. Various assembly sounds.

ALEX:
Aha!

F/X: Gun cock.

F/X: Swoop. Nailgun firing.

PASTOR WAITS:
See you in hell!

F/X: Meaty "Thock!". Body falling.

PASTOR WAITS:
Wait. That didn't sound right.

(Realtime)

ALEX:
...and so that damn priest put a chunk of two-by-four right through my lung. Luckily they don't teach priests anatomy very well. My heart's on the LEFT side!

ALEX:
After that I finally found the right street, that imbecile Louie, and came to...

F/X: Knock-knock

BILLY:
Yeah?

BEN:

Hey, man, hate to interrupt, but there's an angry mob with torches outside. There's also a priest with a two-by-four and a nailgun. Should I let them in?

BILLY:

Well, see what they want.

F/X: Door close.

(Pause)

BILLY:

Wait! No!

(pause)

ANNOUNCER:

WILL the Vampire Alex Dupree make it out of Jenison alive?
WILL the Mob track down Uncle Louie and bring him to sunny sweet justice? Will the late-night hardware store stay economically viable? Probably not! This is Bif Zombie and this has been Bif Zombie's Creature Feature!