

HALLOWEEN HUNTERS

by Nigel Holmes

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HALLOWEEN HUNTERS - CAST LIST

Characters are Non Gender Specific unless stated

HALLOWEEN HUNTERS

DINGZY: (Male.) A nerd and total tech'ie but can make anything electronic. Doesn't really have a life outside ghost hunting.

LIZOULA: (Female.) Domineering. Chair-person and leader of "The Halloween Hunters Club". She is secretly in love with Dingzy.

MOONHELAGH: (Female.) Goth girl. Wants to meet and become a real vampire.

FRANN: Speaks up. Hunter group loudmouth.

KENZO: The joker of the hunter group.

REVERTON: The complainer of the hunter group.

VALZINIA: Doesn't care much for the ghost hunting. Doesn't believe.

SPIRITS

JAYDOR: Apprentice Spirit

SERGA: Apprentice Spiri.

ZOMBIES

COUNT SCABWART de EATH: Bombastic and self deluded leader of the zombies. In real life was Billy Archibottom from Frampton Road School.

SLIME: The humble zombie slave of the Count. The actor should try to encourage the audience to have sympathy for the character. Tries to get an "Ahhh" reaction at all times.

GUTTS: A zombie that takes over the job of Slime, at the end.

THE ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE: Including - Zombie Fungus, Zombie Gutser, Zombie Parasite, Zombie Zom, Zombie Scabby, Zombie Rankgob and the Sickly Zombie Family

VAMPIRES

GRAMPIRE: (Male.) Grandfather Vampire. A very old vampire. Lost his fangs through never brushing his teeth.

EDWINIFER: (Female.) Vampire mother.

HELLINA: (Female.) Vampire daughter.

NAPANDORAL: Vampire aunt/uncle.

PAPLOPIN: Vampire child.

OTHERS

MADAM XANDEARA: (Female.) A phony clairvoyant/psychic. Over the top theatrical.

VOICE OVER: A slow spooky voice with lots of echo.

ACT I. SCENE 1: A GRAVEYARD.

AUDITORIUM: AS THE AUDIENCE ENTERS, THE THEATRE IS LIT WITH CANDLES (ARTIFICIAL) AND VERY LOW OR GREEN LIGHTING. SPOOKY MUSIC CAN BE HEARD AND THE OCCASIONAL SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE OR HOLLOW ECHO LAUGH. THE FRONT OF HOUSE TEAM ARE DRESSED AS ZOMBIES OR WITCHES.

STAGE SET: A TYPICAL SPOOKY HALLOWEEN GRAVEYARD. SHARP JAGGED TREE OUTLINES PLUS GRAVESTONES DOTTED AROUND. THERE IS AN UPRIGHT TOMB TO ONE SIDE WITH A HINGED FRONT (WHICH CAN BE ENTERED UNSEEN FROM BEHIND.)

THE SAFETY ANNOUNCEMENT STARTS (VOICE OVER).

VOICE OVER: (HOLLOW LAUGH.) A cold welcome from the other side, and a warning not to use your mobile phones or cameras during this haunting. Should you get scared and need a quick exit, look for the ghostly lit green signs above the doors.

(PAUSE.) Wait! What's that?

THERE IS A SCREAM AND A THUNDER CLAP AS THE LIGHTS IN THE AUDITORIUM AND ON STAGE SUDDENLY SNAP OUT TO BLACKOUT. SPOOKY ORGAN MUSIC STARTS.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor

VOICE OVER: (INSANE GIGGLE.) Are you scared of the dark? Things start to move when the lights go out. They're moving now. Closer, ever closer. So close you can feel their icy breath on the back of your neck. Don't worry. Don't be scared. You're safe with us.

(SCREAM.)

DURING THE ABOVE BLACKOUT AND VOICE OVER THE STAGE HAS BEEN FILLING WITH THE ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE.

SPOOKY LIGHTING SLOWLY BRIGHTENS ON STAGE TO REVEAL THE ZOMBIES. (POSSIBLY INCLUDING COUNT SCABWART.)

THE ATMOSPHERE STAYS DIM AND SPOOKY THROUGHOUT THE SONG.

MUSICAL SONG/DANCE NUMBER: The Zombie Ensemble.

Suggestion: Thriller - Michael Jackson.

AT THE END OF THE SONG COUNT SCABWART COMES FORWARD OUT OF THE ZOMBIES AND TALKS DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

SLIME RUSHES IN CARRYING A BOX. THIS BOX IS LIKE AN UPSIDE DOWN WOODEN BEER CRATE WITH MYSTICAL MARKINGS PAINTED ON THE FRONT. IT IS SLIME'S JOB TO CARRY THE BOX AND PLACE IT SO THAT COUNT SCABWART CAN RAISE HIMSELF UP IF HE WANTS TO AT ANY TIME.

IF COUNT SCABWART MOVES, SO DOES SLIME
AND RE-PLACES THE BOX.

COUNT SCABWART: (DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE.) Well I say. What have we here? A group of mortal riff-raff. Ha! More like a load of withering toads. Not a decent deceased person amongst you. Although I can already spy a few that are ready to drop over the edge.

If you're unaware of who I am, then take note. (STEPPING ON BOX PROUDLY.) I am Count Scabwart de Eath. Majestic controller of the zombie legions. They worship me as their King. And, it goes without saying, that I am the most frightening entity you creatures will ever know.

It is my mission to turn all of mankind into my faithful zombies, ready to fight against (CHILDISH VOICE.) the mamby-pamby, softy-wofty living people. (NORMAL VOICE.) Plus, with you ugly lot of whims and jessies, we will be putting the wind up the lot of you. And I can tell that some of you are already feeling windy?

ONE OF THE ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE MAKE A
"FART" NOISE AND OTHERS CACKLE IN
RESPONSE.

COUNT SCABWART: (TO ZOMBIES.) Shut it you mouldering lot. You already smell like a festering mountain of damp nappies tied to a wet dog.

(SARCASTICALLY TO AUDIENCE.) Not like this 'Nice' sweet smelling soft multitude down here. They've been bathed and perfumed almost beyond belief.

ZOMBIES ENSEMBLE SAY "PHAWWWWWR" AND
"POO" AND SO ON. THEY ACT AS IF WAVING
AWAY A BAD SMELL.

COUNT SCABWART: Let me introduce you to my top legion of zombie followers and bootlicking parasites.

THE ZOMBIES RESPOND AS THEY ARE
INTRODUCED.

COUNT SCABWART: Meet Zombie Fungus. Zombie Gutser. Zombie Parasite. Zombie Zom. Zombie Scabby. Zombie Rankgob. And the rest of my sickly zombie family.

Note: Edit the above list of zombies to meet your cast needs and any extras can come in as part of the 'sickly' family.

COUNT SCABWART: We are your worst nightmare. Half decomposed. Half dead. Half witted...!

(DIRECTLY TO SLIME AND POINTING TO WHERE HE WANTS THE BOX.) Here Slime you mutton-headed lackey. I need to stand here.

SLIME: Yes your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence. (MAKES A SAD 'OH WELL' FACE AT THE AUDIENCE TO TRY AND GET SYMPATHY.)

SLIME PLACES THE BOX AND COUNT SCABWART
STANDS ON IT.

COUNT SCABWART: As you can see, my glorious zombie army stand proud and illustrious. They are not afraid of anything.

AN ELECTRONIC BLEEPING OR BUZZING SOUND IS HEARD. THE ZOMBIES LOOK AFRAID ON HEARING THE SOUND AND ARE LOOKING ABOUT THEM.

COUNT SCABWART: (SUDDENLY.) Wait! The Halloween Hunter Club. We are NOT afraid, but perhaps a strategic retreat is called for. (TO ZOMBIES.) Scram you festering pimples. (TO AUDIENCE.) I'll be back for you lot of bogey pickers shortly.

COUNT SCABWART AND THE ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE SCATTER IN ALL DIRECTIONS. SLIME IS LEFT BEHIND BUT REALISES THAT EVERYONE HAS GONE. SLIME MAKES AN 'OH NO' FACE AT THE AUDIENCE. THEN QUICKLY PICKS UP THE BOX AND EXITS WITH IT.

THE BLEEPING CONTINUES AS DINGZY AND LIZOULA ENTER. DINGZY IS CARRYING AN ELECTRONIC BOX (WITH FLASHING LIGHTS) AND FOLLOWING WHERE IT POINTS. LIZOULA IS WALKING A COUPLE OF STEPS BEHIND.

DINGZY STOPS SUDDENLY AND LIZOULA BUMPS INTO HIM. THEY BOTH JUMP AS IF FRIGHTENED.

LIZOULA: Oi!

THE BEEPING STOPS SUDDENLY.

DINGZY: It's stopped. (LOOKING INTENTLY AT THE MACHINE.)

LIZOULA: Idiot. (BRUSHING HERSELF DOWN AS IF COVERED IN IMAGINARY DUST.)

DINGZY: It just stopped. (STILL LOOKING AT THE MACHINE AND TAPPING IT.)

LIZOULA: Idiot?

DINGZY: Lizoula. It's stopped.

LIZOULA: What do you mean, stopped?

DINGZY: Stopped. Shut down. Overload. Too much for such a small S.A.I unit.

LIZOULA: Dingzy, what on Earth are you talking about?

DINGZY: The S.A.I unit.

LIZOULA: And S.A.I stands for...?

DINGZY: Spirit Analysation Iso-frop.

LIZOULA: I knew that. (SHE DIDN'T.)

DINGZY: The Spirit Analysation Iso-frop. I built one into my new unit. (SHOWING BOX.) It's just failed.

LIZOULA: Failed?

DINGZY: Overload. Probably found too many spirits.

LIZOULA: Where?

DINGZY: Here.

LIZOULA: Well obviously not *HERE* or we'd see them wouldn't we? Idiot!

So your Iso thing?

DINGZY: Iso-frop.

LIZOULA: Your Iso-frop. Said there was something...

DINGZY: Spirit activity.

LIZOULA: ... something spooky here. But when we got here... there wasn't.

DINGZY: Exactly. The S.A.I. Exploded. Which proves that there was.

LIZOULA: How does that prove...? Never mind.

THE WHOLE GROUP OF "HUNTERS" BURST ONTO THE STAGE. MOONHELAGH, FRANN, KENZO, REVERTON AND VALZINIA.

FRANN: Have we caught one?

KENZO: Whooooooooooooooooo!

THE REST OF THE GROUP JOIN IN WITH THE "WHOOOOOOO" NOISES OR JUST GIGGLE AND POKE EACH OTHER IN FUN. HAVING A LAUGH.

LIZOULA: Give over Kenzo.

KENZO: Well you said there'd be spoooooooooks.

DINGZY: There was.

LIZOULA: Dingzy's S.A.I exploded.

KENZO: Boys of his age shouldn't give their tools too much excitement.

EMBARRASSED GIGGLES FROM ALL THE "HUNTERS".

LIZOULA: Shut it Kenzo.

REVERTON: This is supposed to be a ghost hunting club. You promised us ghosts. (HUNTERS GRUMBLE.) I always think that if you paid your subscription you should at least see one spirit. We've been out here for hours and not even seen a movement. (HUNTERS GRUMBLE.)

KENZO: Except for that couple we surprised in the lychgate. Theirs was an interesting movement.

GIGGLES THROUGH THE "HUNTER" GROUP.

VALZINIA: I don't believe we'll ever see anything.

LIZOULA: I know we said... but...

DINGZY: (STUDYING MACHINE. THE BEEPING RE-STARTS.) Lizoula.

LIZOULA: ...Dingzy's Iso thing fropped...

DINGZY: Lizoula.

LIZOULA: ...and once that goes, you've had...

DINGZY: Lizoula.

LIZOULA: (SHARP.) What?

DINGZY: It's working again... This way.

DINGZY WALKS OFF AT SPEED LOOKING INTENTLY AT HIS HAND HELD MACHINE. THE BEEPING FADES.

LIZOULA: (TO GROUP.) Told yer! (SHE LOOKS PLEASED AND FOLLOWS DINGZY. EXITS.)

FRANN: (LOOKING AT THE REST OF THE GROUP.) Pub?

REVERTON: Yeah!

THE GROUP EXIT, EXCEPT MOONHELAGH. THEY GO OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO DINGZY AND LIZOULA.

MOONHELAGH IS LEFT ALONE, LOOKING WORRIED AND NOT KNOWING WHICH GROUP TO FOLLOW.

THE DOOR ON THE UPRIGHT TOMB STARTS TO OPEN (WITH A CREAK). THIS IS SPOTTED BY MOONHELAGH, WHO POINTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE TOMB AND WHERE DINGZY AND LIZOULA HAVE GONE, AS IF TO SHOW THEM THE TOMB.

THE UPRIGHT TOMB CONTINUES TO OPEN AND GRAMPIRE SHUFFLES OUT. (ENTERS.) HE SEES MOONHELAGH. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A FEW SECONDS.

GRAMPIRE: (TO MOONHELAGH.) Boo!

MOONHELAGH JUMPS AND RUNS OFF IN DINGZY AND LIZOULA DIRECTION. (EXITS.)

GRAMPIRE: What! How very odd! Humans aren't supposed to set eyes on me when I've partaken of the radina serum. (TO AUDIENCE.) At least you can't see me can you? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) What, what? Sorry I'm a bit hard in the hearing department. What? I say! You really can't see me can you? (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Well be kind enough to put your hand up if I'm on your radar. (WAITING FOR REACTION.) How odd. The serum should make me invis... Just a moment. I'll show you. I've got the radina serum bottle here somewhere.

GRAMPIRE PUTS HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT A BOTTLE.

GRAMPIRE: It says on the label... What? (SHOWING BOTTLE.) Whisky. Oh well. Easy mistake.

HELLINA ENTERS.

HELLINA: Grampire! What are you doing here.

GRAMPIRE: Hah! When you get to my age girl... A couple of hours of shut-eye and you need to lift your coffin lid to use the facilities.

HELLINA: But what are you doing out here?

GRAMPIRE: What? Oh I see! That headstone was closer than the bathroom...

HELLINA: Grampire. (SIGH.) Someone might have seen you.

GRAMPIRE: They did.

HELLINA: What do you mean, they did?

GRAMPIRE: Well. I thought I was invisible you see...

HELLINA: It's only in mirrors that us vampires don't have a reflection.

GRAMPIRE: What! That's where you're wrong girl. I'm invisible now. I drank the radina serum.

HELLINA: Then why can you be seen.

GRAMPIRE: What? (LOOKING AGAIN AT THE WHISKY BOTTLE AND THEN QUICKLY HIDING IT IN HIS POCKET.) Errrr... I'd rather not say.

HELLINA: You're so naughty Grampire. (SECRETLY ADMIRING HIM.)

GRAMPIRE: Don't tell your lovely mother. She'll cut my blood ration.

HELLINA: We'll see. Now you be good. (EXITS.)

GRAMPIRE: (TO AUDIENCE.) I say, that was my granddaughter, Hellina. What! She's young you see. Just over 200 of your human years. She's not yet got all the non-worldly experience us older vampires have. Actually I have to say she a good girl and follows the vampire code without deviation. Which to be totally honest, is actually a bit boring. I know because I was like her back in the days of Napoleon.

MOONHELAGH ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY AND JUST STARES AT GRAMPIRE.

GRAMPIRE: What! Who're you staring at girl? Boo! (TO AUDIENCE.) She can't see me you know. It's this radina serum. (PULLING BOTTLE FROM POCKET, TAKING A SWIG, THEN LOOKING AT BOTTLE LABEL.) Ahh! Oh yes. (HE DRINKS THE REST AND HANDS THE EMPTY BOTTLE TO MOONHELAGH WHO LOOKS TOTALLY SCARED.) There you go girl. A gift from the other side, what?

GRAMPIRE AMBLES BACK INTO THE TOMB, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DINGZY AND LIZOULA ENTER. DINGZY STILL HAS HIS DETECTOR BOX.

MOONHELAGH: Look! (SHOWING THEM THE EMPTY BOTTLE.)

LIZOULA: Have you been drinking?

MOONHELAGH: (POINTING TO TOMB.) He gave it to me.

LIZOULA: That's not the sort of spirit we're hunting.

MOONHELAGH: No, like a really old vampire. He gave it to me.

DINGZY: (RUNNING HIS MACHINE OVER THE BOTTLE.) I can't find any spirit. (PAUSE.) Whisky. Spirit. Get it?

THEY BOTH LOOK AT HIM AS IF HE'S MAD.

MOONHELAGH: In there. He went in there.

DINGZY: How can anyone go in there?

LIZOULA: Did you drink the whole bottle.

MOONHELAGH: It was his. (POINTING TO TOMB.)

LIZOULA: I think we'd better get you home and sobered up.

LIZOULA PUTS AN ARM ROUND MOONHELAH'S SHOULDER AND EXITS WITH HER.

MOONHELAGH: (PROTESTING.) No. The old vampire. He really did give it to me.

LIZOULA: Yes love, I know. Let's get you home.

DINGZY MOVES HIS MACHINE AROUND. IT STARTS TO BLEEP FRANTICALLY. BEHIND HIM A FEW ZOMBIES POP UP FROM THE TOMB STONES. HE DOESN'T SEE THEM AS HE IS MORE INTERESTED IN THE READOUT FROM HIS MACHINE.

HE WALKS ABOUT THE STAGE WAVING THE MACHINE AROUND AND A FEW OF THE ZOMBIES ARE BEHIND HIM COPYING HIS WALK AND EXAGGERATING HIS MOVEMENTS. THEN POINTING HIS MACHINE IN THE DIRECTION THAT THE OTHER TWO HAVE EXITED, HE FOLLOWS THEM OFF. (EXITS.) BEEPING FADES.

MORE ZOMBIES ENTER AND DANCE AND SING THE NEXT NUMBER.

MUSICAL NUMBER: The Zombie ensemble.

Suggestion: The Zombie Stomp - Ozzy Osbourne.

JAYDOR AND SERGA ENTER VIA THE UPRIGHT TOMB.

THEY ACKNOWLEDGE THE ZOMBIES WHILE SHEPHERDING THEM OFF THE STAGE. (ZOMBIES EXIT.)

JAYDOR AND SERGA TALK DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE. JAYDOR HOLDS A METAL TEA CADDY.

JAYDOR: (EXCITED.) Wow look.

SERGA: (EXCITED.) Humans.

JAYDOR: Great! They scare easily. And I've got a little surprise for them. (SHOWING TEA CADDY.)

SERGA: Tea?

JAYDOR: No, not tea. (OPENING LID AND SHOWING SERGA.) Spiders.

SERGA: Humans don't like spiders.

JAYDOR: I know. (TIPPING IMAGINARY CONTENT OFF THE EDGE OF THE STAGE BY TAPPING THE TIN ON THE STAGE EDGE AND SHAKING IT.)

SERGA: I love it. Releasing spiders.

JAYDOR: Yes. Listen...

SERGA: Quiet everyone...

JAYDOR: There! Can you hear them? Scurrying about under all the seats.

SERGA: How many are there?

JAYDOR: I wanted twenty.

SERGA: You've just released twenty spider into the room?

JAYDOR: Yes! ... We'll no, not really. Only two big hairy ones. I found them in that human garage.

SERGA: Garage?

JAYDOR: Yes. They're that new breed. Araneolus ala speculo.

SERGA: Ooooh! Posh. Latin. Translation please.

JAYDOR: Wing-mirror spiders.

SERGA: I've heard they also love a warm handbag.

JAYDOR: (TO AUDIENCE.) If any of you have your handbag on the floor...

SERGA: Don't frighten the humans.

JAYDOR: We're spooks. It's our job to frighten them.

SERGA: Hello humans. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

JAYDOR: Are they all alive?

SERGA: They're certainly quiet. I said hello humans. (AUDIENCE REACTION.)

JAYDOR: Better, but still half asleep.

SERGA: Shall I drop some more spiders?

JAYDOR: Humans. I'm Jaydor.

SERGA: And I'm Serga.

JAYDOR: We're both dead.

SERGA: Spirits.

JAYDOR: Apprentice spirits actually.

SERGA: Under tuition. We haven't fully qualified.

JAYDOR: Not quite gone over to the other side.

SERGA: Yes but we don't look dead.

JAYDOR: You do.

SERGA: Do I?

JAYDOR: It's in the eyes. (POINTING TO SERGA'S EYES.)

SERGA: In my eyes?

JAYDOR: Yes. In that one I can see a maggot.

MADAM XANDEARA SWEEPS IN WEARING A FLOWING KAFTAN. SHE STANDS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF JAYDOR AND SERGA, BLOCKING THEM AND LOOKING OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE, USING A WIDE ARM GESTURE AND BOWING.

JAYDOR AND SERGA LEAN OUT ON EITHER SIDE OF HER.

JAYDOR: It's her again. That psychic person.

SERGA: Madam Xandeara. She who talks to the 'other side'. Whoooooo!

JAYDOR: Spooky!

SERGA: Although for some reason she doesn't seem to see us real spirits.

MADAM XANDEARA: Hello, and welcome to (NAME OF THEATRE). Thank you for coming to my psychic reading session. I am Madam Xandeara. I have the ability to talk to those who have passed over. I can be their channel...

JAYDOR: A channel tunnel.

MADAM XANDEARA: ...allowing the spirits to contact friends and relatives they have left behind...

SERGA: I've got some relative I'd be very happy to leave behind.

MADAM XANDEARA: ...I can be their last chance to pass on messages to the living. Although sometimes I see things, but they're not quite clear...

JAYDOR: Should have gone to Specsavers.

MADAM XANDEARA: ...These things may mean more to someone in the audience than they do to me. Remember, I am being lead by a spirit guide from the other side...

SERGA: The other side of (INSERT NEARBY TOWN HERE.)

MADAM XANDEARA: ...Together we will be able to find things in your mind that may shock and surprise you. One moment.

MADAM XANDEARA CLOSES HER EYES AND WAVES HER HEAD ABOUT, MAKING STRANGE HUMMING NOISES.

JAYDOR: What's she doing.

SERGA: Tuning in to Radio 1.

MADAM XANDEARA: (LOOKING TRANCE-LIKE.) I'm already getting a message. Yes, I have a message for someone in the audience...

JAYDOR: Spooky.

MADAM XANDEARA: Is there someone in the room who has a box of old photographs that they should have sorted out, but keep putting it off? Where are you?

SERGA: Who's still got Granny's old snaps in the cupboard?

JAYDOR: About ninety percent of the audience. Hey, I've seen an old photo of you as a baby. Naked little bum on a fluffy rug.

MADAM XANDEARA: Is there someone in my audience who is positive and cheerful most of the time, but has had times in the past when they were very upset?

SERGA: (TO KAYDOR.) It's you. You were upset when (LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM) lost three games in a row.

MADAM XANDEARA: Has anyone recently lost a.....

JAYDOR: (LOUDLY.) Rice pudding.

MADAM XANDEARA: (TO AUDIENCE.) This isn't funny you know. If you're not going to take it seriously then.....
(SHE MAKES A SWEEPING EXIT.)

SERGA: Who was she in contact with?

JAYDOR: She didn't say.

SERGA: Do you think she's real?

JAYDOR: Real-er than you are.

SERGA: Yes, but I *AM* a spirit.

JAYDOR: Only an apprentice one.

SERGA: (TO AUDIENCE.) You see humans, we have to do all this training before we can go live.

JAYDOR: Or more to the point... Go dead.

JAYDOR: Us two are currently doing the spook-ademy module called 'The Toilet Ghost'.

SERGA: Oh I love being a Toilet Ghost.

JAYDOR: We've been learning to haunt toilets and bathrooms.

SERGA: Has your loo ever flushed unexpectedly?

JAYDOR: Or in the middle of the night?

SERGA: That will have been a Toilet Ghost.

JAYDOR: Has there ever been just one square of paper left when you know you put out a new roll?

SERGA: Oh I hate that. You get to the last sheet and it has that scratchy glue line across it...

JAYDOR: Uncomfortable.

SERGA: ...then you start the new roll and you get the scratchy glue line on that as well.

JAYDOR: Double uncomfortable.

SERGA: Ooooooh!

JAYDOR: Hey! I've just got an 'A+' in nasty smells.
SERGA: Oh great! Creating bad smells is my favourite hex.
JAYDOR: I can do some really stinky ones.
SERGA: Pwarrrrr!
JAYDOR: Pwarrrrr indeed.
SERGA: Most toilets are haunted you know.
JAYDOR: The give-away is the drip.
SERGA: If you stand quietly in the middle of your bathroom and hear...
JAYDOR: Drip, drip, drip.
SERGA: ...that's a sure sign that you have a Toilet Ghost.
JAYDOR: What's our next spook-ademy module?
SERGA: Making scary noises upstairs.
JAYDOR: Followed by the invisible ghost under the bed.
SERGA: Isn't it great being spooky?

MUSICAL NUMBER: Jaydor and Serga.

Suggestion: I'm Gonna Live Until I Die. - By Frank Sinatra. (Change "I'm" to "We're".)

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS FOR APPLAUSE, A ROLL OF TOILET PAPER IS THROWN AT SERGA AND JAYDOR FROM THE WINGS. IT SHOULD BE THROWN LIKE A STREAMER (BY RETAINING ONE END) SO THAT IT RUNS OUT IN A STREAM.

SERGA: Hey!
JAYDOR: It's you making this happen. Talking about the toilet ghost. Now you've summoned up Pedzi.
SERGA: (TO AUDIENCE.) Pedzi is a poltergeist. And today it looks like he's throwing loo rolls.
JAYDOR: (TURNING TOWARDS THE SIDE WHERE THE TOILET ROLL WAS THROWN FROM.) Come on Pedzi. Show yourself.
SERGA: Pedzi the Poltergeist was with us this term at spook-ademy.
JAYDOR: Some times you couldn't get your work done. He was always throwing the exercise books around
SERGA: Come on Pedzi. We know you're there. Just because we can't see you doesn't mean...

A SECOND TOILET ROLL IS THROWN AT THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

SERGA: Hey!
JAYDOR: (TURNING TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE.) What's your game? Go and haunt some humans.
SERGA: Yeah! We're on your side.

A THIRD TOILET ROLL IS THROWN AT THEM.
FROM THE ORIGINAL SIDE.

AS THEY TURN TO THAT SIDE AGAIN,
HELLINA ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE.
(BEHIND THEM.)

HELLINA: What have you two been up to?

SERGA: Hi Hellina.

HELLINA: There's a lot of litter about tonight.

JAYDOR: It's Pedzi the Poltergeist.

SERGA: He'll get bored in a minute and go away.

THEY CLEAR UP THE TOILET ROLLS DURING
THE NEXT DIALOGUE.

HELLINA: Have either of you seen a Goth girl mooching around here?

JAYDOR: (EXCITED.) Sort of drippy looking. Black hair, white face, dark make-up.

HELLINA: (EXCITED.) That's her.

SERGA: No, sorry. Not seen anyone like that.

JAYDOR: What do you want with her?

HELLINA: Well it seems that she bumped into Grampire by mistake.

SERGA: He shouldn't have been about?

HELLINA: He thought he was invisible. He said he'd taken the redina serum.

JAYDOR: Whisky?

HELLINA: Spot on.

SERGA: And this Goth Girl saw him?

JAYDOR: But surely she didn't think he was real?

SERGA: Most people who see vampires just think it's someone on there way to a fancy dress party.

HELLINA: She saw him emerging from the tomb.

SERGA: Ah!

JAYDOR: Difficult.

HELLINA: So I need to find her and explain before she sets that Halloween Hunter Club looking for us.

EDWINIFER (HELLINA'S MOTHER) ENTERS.

EDWINIFER: What are you young people cooking up? (SEEING LOO ROLLS.) Making paper chains?

HELLINA: Hello Mother. We're looking for a Goth girl who saw Grampire.

EDWINIFER: Oh I wouldn't worry about that. No one believes Grampire's real.

EDWINIFER: For a start, he doesn't have any fangs. Only those plastic ones he got from last year's Christmas cracker.

JAYDOR: He was seen coming out of the tomb.

SERGA: She probably thought she imagined it.

HELLINA: He gave her his empty whisky bottle, then went back into the tomb.

JAYDOR: Incidentally, why has Grampire not got any fangs

EDWINIFER: He was born long before the days of decent dentistry. Back then he was never one to be selective as to whose neck he bit.

COUNT SCABWART ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY
SLIME WHO PUTS THE BOX IN FRONT OF THE
COUNT.

COUNT SCABWART: Get away from here scum. (GESTURING TOWARDS AUDIENCE.) This herd of plebeians are mine.

EDWINIFER: Well now! What have we got here?

COUNT SCABWART: You know who I am. (STEPS ONTO BOX.) Count Scabwart de Eath. Scourge of the earth and controller of the first level.

EDWINIFER: First level? There's no such thing.

SERGA: You made that up.

COUNT SCABWART: I control every zombie this side of (NAME OF NEARBY TOWN.)

HELLINA: Count Scabwart de Eath? That's never your real name.

JAYDOR: Hold on. We know you don't we?

SERGA: Yes. You're Billy Archibottom from Frampton Road School.

JAYDOR: Or at least that was your name in the six form when we were there.

HELLINA: Billy Archibottom? Sorry? Archi-bottom?

SERGA: Yes, bottom.

JAYDOR: Bottom?

SERGA AND JAYDOR SNIGGER AND GIGGLE AT
THE WORD 'BOTTOM'

SERGA: Bottom? (SNIGGER.)

JAYDOR: Billy Archi-bottom. (SNIGGER.)

COUNT SCABWART: Shut it! I changed my name when I transmogrified over to 'The Other Side'. (PROUDLY.) I am now Count Scabwart de Eath.

SERGA AND JAYDOR ARE STILL SNIGGERING
AT BOTTOM.

EDWINIFER: And what is (SARCASTICALLY) 'Count Scabwart de Eath' doing here.

HELLINA: Trying to lord it over us.

EDWINIFER: Without much success.

HELLINA: Come on mother. We've got better things to do than deal with mister bottom.

EDWINIFER AND HELLINA EXIT WITH HEADS HELD HIGH.

COUNT SCABWART: (SHOUTING AT SERGA AND JAYDOR.) Scram!

SERGA: Well we're certainly not staying here Archibottom.

JAYDOR: (SNIGGERING.) Bottom.

THEY WAVE THE TOILET ROLLS THEY'VE COLLECTED.

SERGA: We've got just what you need for that bottom.

COUNT SCABWART: Get lost scum!

SERGA AND JAYDOR EXIT WHILE STILL SNIGGERING AT THE WORD 'BOTTOM'.

COUNT SCABWART: (STEPPING DOWN OFF BOX AND SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.) Who do you think you're looking at?

Every one of you will be one of my zombies before the end of this evening. I have just received a 'MkIII Zominator Deluxe' with the new power saving L.E.D halogen centring. This fearsome machine, imported direct from China, is capable of dragging your whole insides out and rearranges them into a new zombie existence. With the 'MkIII Zominator Deluxe' I, Count Scabwart de Eath, have the power to zombify the whole world.

COUNT SCABWART EXITS WITH A CONFIDENT SWEEP. SLIME IS LEFT BEHIND FOR A MOMENT, BUT REALISING THE COUNT HAS GONE, PICKS UP THE BOX AND EXITS AT SPEED.

WE HEAR BLEEPING AS DINGZY AND LIZOULA ENTER. DINGZY IS FOLLOWING HIS MACHINE AGAIN.

BLEEPING CONTINUES QUIETLY AS THEY TALK.

LIZOULA: You've brought us here before Dingzy.

DINGZY: It's the centre.

LIZOULA: The centre of what?

DINGZY: Activity.

LIZOULA: But there's no activity.

DINGZY: (POINTING TO MACHINE.) There was.

LIZOULA: Dingzy, we can't keep telling our members that there 'was' activity. They need to 'see' activity. Real activity.

DINGZY: There was.

LIZOULA: But...

DINGZY: (INSISTING.) There was.

DINGZY EXITS, FOLLOWING WHERE THE
MACHINE LEADS.

LIZOULA: (LOOKING TO WHERE DINGZY HAS EXITED.) Oh Dingzy. You stupid idiotic nerd. You thick laughable weirdo. You ridiculous innocent... lovable... gifted egghead. You're a bit of a dork but there's something about you that gets my pulse racing. Not that I'd tell you to your face. You'd probably never notice anyway.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Lizoula.

Suggestion: I believe in you - Kylie Minogue.

DINGZY RE-ENTERS FOLLOWED BY FRANN,
KENZO, REVERTON AND MOONHELAGH.

DINGZY'S MACHINE IS BLEEPING.

FRANN: That noise? Does it always do that?

DINGZY: What!

FRANN: Does it do that all the time?

DINGZY: Ah well! You see. When the S.A.I finds an infrasound vibration source of a frequency below 20 cycles per second, which, as you know, is below the "normal" limit of human hearing, it processes it and gives off the beep.

FRANN: Mmmmm!

DINGZY: Ghosts or spirits give off a vibration of 7 and 9 Hz to induce fear in humans.

FRANN: Mmmmm!

DINGZY: These vibrations create a disturbance in the surrounding air and ripple outward, like tossing a pebble in a pond.

FRANN: Mmmmm!

DINGZY: My S.A.I. Measures how many crests happen within one second on each wave, causing the surrounding particles to vibrate at the same frequency and give us a low-frequency electromagnetic field which we can home in on.

FRANN: Mmmmm!

KENZO: Have you any idea what this dweeb is talking about?

FRANN: Not a clue.

DINGZY: It's easy. (SIGH!) If the S.A.I bleeps, there's been some type of ghostly essence about trying to recharge it's attuned ectoplasmator.

FRANN: See! Easy.

REVERTON: I don't want to be a party pooper...

KENZO: Far from it.

REVERTON: ... but are we going to see any ghosts. After all we paid our subs to this club and were promised ghosts, or spooks, or at least a vampire bat or something.

MOONHELAGH: I saw a vampire.

REVERTON: Sorry, what?

MOONHELAGH: A vampire. I saw one. Tonight.

FRANN: Course you did darling.

MOONHELAGH: No! I did. A very old one.

REVERTON: Don't believe a word she says. She's been drinking.

KENZO: So have we.

FRANN: Yes but...

MOONHELAGH: He gave me his bottle of Scotch.

REVERTON: See. Told you. Drunk.

MOONHELAGH: (POINTING TO TOMB.) From there. He came out of there.

FRANN: What! That tomb?

KENZO: Come on then Dingzy. Wave your little machine at that.

DINGZY WAVES HIS MACHINE AROUND THE FRONT OF THE TOMB AND IT BEEPS FRANTICALLY. THEN IT SUDDENLY STOPS.

DINGZY: That's funny.

KENZO: We're not laughing.

DINGZY: It's megahertz are all over the place. I think the S.A.I unit's exploded again.

REVERTON: Fat lot of good that stupid machine is.

KENZO: Do you think we could break into this tomb.

FRANN: (HORRIFIED.) That's sacrifice.

REVERTON: I think you mean sacrilege.

FRANN: Whatever!

MOONHELAGH: It was like a door. It opened and he came out.

THEY SET ABOUT TRYING TO OPEN THE TOMB. IT DOESN'T OPEN.

AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF TRYING, KENZO STANDS BACK.

KENZO: I know how to do it.

THE OTHERS LOOK SURPRISED.

KENZO: I saw this film about it.

FRANN: Go on then.

THEY ALL STAND BACK AND KENZO GETS READY.

KENZO: (IN A COMMANDING VOICE.) Open sesame.

THE OTHERS LAUGH.

REVERTON: You idiot.

FRANN: We're never going to get it open like this. We need a tool.

KENZO: Dingzy!

THEY ALL LAUGH AGAIN.

FRANN: I've got a crowbar at home. I could bring it here tomorrow night.

KENZO: Great idea. That calls for a drink.

REVERTON: Pub?

FRANN: Right!

KENZO, FRANN AND REVERTON START TO EXIT BUT KENZO CALLS BACK.

KENZO: You coming Dingzy? As you're without your keeper.

DINGZY: Why not? This thing's bust, so a pint might be a good idea.

THEY ALL EXIT LEAVING MOONHELAGH LOOKING AT THE TOMB.

COUNT SCABWART (NOT SLIME) AND A FEW ZOMBIES ENTER AND SURROUND MOONHELAGH. SHE LOOKS SCARED. THE ZOMBIES TURN FORWARD WHEN COUNT SCABWART SPEAKS.

COUNT SCABWART: Ah ha! Another living soul ready to join my legions. (TO AUDIENCE.) I told you I was going to recruit everyone into my stable. And this embryonic goth girl is exactly what we need.

Those Goths love things about death. But I wonder how this one will feel when I actually make it happen?

WHILE THIS IS GOING ON, THE TOMB OPENS. (UNSEEN BY THE COUNT AND ZOMBIES.) HELLINA LEANS OUT. SHE TAPS MOONHELAGH ON THE SHOULDER AND BECKONS HER INTO THE TOMB.

MOONHELAGH AND HELLINA GO BACK INTO THE TOMB AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

COUNT SCABWART: Put this goth girl in the 'MkIII Zominator Deluxe' and she'll be frizzled into a festering undead parasite just like the rest of these sickly lumps of rotting flesh.

Think I won't do it? Think again. Bring her to meet her fate...

COUNT SCABWART TURNS TO SEE HIS PRIZE HAS GONE.

COUNT SCABWART: Where is she? I told you putrid decomposing scabs to watch her. You let her go didn't you? We had her and you let her escape. This is a black day for us. Black I tell you. Black. But black is good. Goths like black. We could have made her whole world black.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Count Scabwart and The Zombie Ensemble.

Suggestion: Paint it Black - The Rolling Stones.

COUNT SCABWART: (TO AUDIENCE.) Thank you for that indifferent appreciation. I shall expect more enthusiasm when you all join me on the dark side.

SLIME ENTERS RUNNING. THE BOX IS HASTILY PUT IN FRONT OF THE COUNT.

SLIME: Sorry your worshipful essence. Toilet break, your worshipful essence.

COUNT SCABWART: Slime, you block-head of an imbecile. I give you an important job and you blow it.

SLIME: Yes your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

COUNT SCABWART: Box. There. (POINTING WHERE HE WANTS IT.)

SLIME: Yes your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence. (MOVES BOX.)

COUNT SCABWART: (STANDING ON BOX AND ADDRESSING ZOMBIES.) Now my blotchy and encrusted warriors. Get yourselves out and about on this ominous night and start putting the willies up any mortals you stumble across. Bring them to me and I will say those immortal words... "Fire up the Zominator".

THE ZOMBIES GRUNT IN AGREEMENT AND THEN EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

THE COUNT STEPS OFF THE BOX AND STARTS TO WALK AROUND. SLIME MOVES THE BOX ABOUT TRYING TO GUESS WHERE THE COUNT WILL NEED IT.

SERGA AND JAYDOR ENTER.

SERGA: The Zominator?

COUNT SCABWART: The newest MkIII Zominator Deluxee with the upgrade power saving L.E.D halogen centring.

JAYDOR: What on Earth is one of those?

COUNT SCABWART: A machine so powerful that your miniscule and puny minds can never imagine it. A machine that will turn all these humans (GESTURING TO AUDIENCE.) into my subservient zombie slaves.

SERGA: But Billy Archibottom, (SERGE AND JAYDOR BOTH SNIGGER AT 'BOTTOM'.) these humans may not want to be your zombie slaves.

JAYDOR: (TO AUDIENCE.) Who wants to be a zombie slave?

COUNT SCABWART: They have no choice. Once I have them hypnotised I will...

SERGA: Can you hypnotise people?

JAYDOR: That would be cool.

COUNT SCABWART: Of course I can hypnotise people.

SERGA: Can you do us?

COUNT SCABWART: Probably not. It has to be someone with a brain.

COUNT SCABWART EXITS WITH A FLOURISH.

SERGA STANDS ON SLIME'S BOX. SLIME LOOKS DISGUSTED, PUSHES SERGA OFF, PICKING UP THE BOX AND EXITING WITH IT AFTER THE COUNT.

JAYDOR: How dare he. No brain indeed. I can remember all sorts of things.

SERGA: Such as?

JAYDOR: Poems. I can remember poems.

SERGA: Really?

JAYDOR: You'll like this one.

I wish I was a glow-worm.
A glow-worm's never glum.
How can you be unhappy,
when the sun shines out your bum?

SERGA: What else can you remember?

JAYDOR: Jokes. I can remember lots of jokes. Except for the ones I've forgotten.

SERGA: Go on then. Tell me a joke.

JAYDOR: Did you know that when demons go on holiday they have a devil of a time?

And is it true that skeletons don't go out on halloween because they don't have the guts.

Oh! What do you call someone who picks his nose under the bed?

SERGA: I don't know. What do you call someone who picks his nose under the bed?

JAYDOR: A bogeyman.

SERGA: These are really good.

JAYDOR: And, I've just found out that vampires enjoy really thick books. That's because they like something to get their teeth into.

SERGA: I love vampire jokes. I know one. What has webbed feet, feathers plus fangs and goes quack quack?

JAYDOR: I don't know.

SERGA: Count Duckula.

JAYDOR: We should stop this silliness. Old Billy Archibottom. Bottom... (THEY BOTH SNIGGER AT "BOTTOM") Old Billy Archibottom actually *might* have a machine to turn humans into zombies.

JAYDOR:

We really should see if we can find it and do something to mess it up.

THE BLEEPING OF DINGZY'S MACHINE IS HEARD. JAYDOR AND SERGA LOOK ABOUT THEM.

SERGA:

Where's that beeping coming from?

JAYDOR:

It's over here. (POINTING TO WINGS.) Those blasted Halloween Hunter Club people are coming back.

SERGA:

Best we go this way.

BOTH START MOVING TOWARDS OPPOSITE WINGS.

JAYDOR:

Someone's coming this way as well.

THEY BOTH RETREAT TO CENTRE STAGE.

SERGA:

Ignore them. Act natural.

JAYDOR:

What? Natural for spirits?

SERGA:

We can do this.

DINGZY AND LIZOULA ENTER FROM ONE SIDE AS KENZO, FRANN, REVERTON AND VALZINIA ENTER FROM THE OTHER. THEY MEET IN THE MIDDLE AND NOTICE SERGA AND JAYDOR WHO ARE TRYING TO ACT 'NATURAL'.

FRANN:

Come on Dingzy. Where are these ghosts?

REVERTON:

Your machine 'thing' is bleeping again and... nothing.

VALZINIA:

I don't believe there will ever be anything.

LIZOULA:

He's trying. Give him a chance. It's not as easy as it looks you know.

KENZO:

(SPEAKING TO JAYDOR AND SERGA.) You haven't seen any apparitions around here have you?

JAYDOR AND SERGA LOOK WIDE EYED BACK BUT MANAGE TO SHAKE THEIR HEADS TO SAY NO.

FRANN:

'cause we've been following this dummy around all evening and not even heard a spooky owl hooting.

JAYDOR:

I can do an owl. (PUTTING HANDS TO MOUTH TO 'NOT QUITE' MAKE AN OWN NOISE.)

SERGA:

(SLAPPING JAYDOR'S HANDS DOWN.) We've not heard anything.

JAYDOR AND SERGA SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

REVERTON:

Actually you two look a bit frightened. You sure you haven't seen anything?

JAYDOR AND SERGA SHAKE THEIR HEADS AND EXIT LOOKING FERTIVE. THE BLEEPING FADES AND STOPS.

FRANN:

Strange couple.

KENZO: Looked as if they'd seen a ghost.

VALZINIA: More than we ever will.

LIZOULA: Leave Dingzy alone. He's trying.

DINGZY: (LOOKING AT MACHINE.) It's done it again. It pointed me to an area of spirit activity and when we get here, it stopped. I'll have to re-calibrate.

FRANN: You do that Dingzy. And perhaps we'll re-calibrate our subscription money.

REVERTON: Yeah!

VALZINIA: Yeah!

LIZOULA: Hold on, hold on. We've had several near misses tonight. If we keep at it then something has to happen. I just know it will. Dingzy won't let us down, will you love.

DINGZY: (SHAKING MACHINE.) I think it's the redwint C.P.U board. I shouldn't have bought it from China.

LIZOULA: See. He got the redwint board thing from China.

KENZO: In that case we should be looking for Chinese ghosts?

FRANN: Probably not the right area for sweet and sour spooks.

REVERTON: We'd get more info from a fortune cookie.

LIZOULA: Leave off you lot. He's trying his best.

FRANN: Trying our patience.

THE BEEPING STARTS AGAIN. DINGZY
FOLLOWS IT WHILE ALL THE OTHERS LOOK
ON. HE MOVES HIS MACHINE TO THE TOMB
AND WAVES IT ALL AROUND THE EDGES.

KENZO: Look round the back. Someone could have chucked the remains of a couple of pork balls with extra noodles.

HE BEEPING STOPS AND DINGZY LOOKS
INTENTLY AT THE MACHINE.

LIZOULA: What is it Dingzy?

DINGZY: Stopped again. It shot off the scale and stopped.

LIZOULA: What caused that?

KENZO: His pork balls.

FRANN: (ANNOYED.) That's it. I've had enough. We've been here, we've been there. He's waved the flaming thing all over the place and we've followed blindly. Even the pub's closed now so we can't go and have another pint. Me! I'm going home. Anyone else coming.

REVERTON: Yeah!

VALZINIA: Yeah!

ALL THE GHOST HUNTERS EXIT IN A HUFF.
(EXCEPT DINGZY AND LIZOULA.)

DINGZY: It's the redwint C.P.U board. I'll fix it.

LIZOULA: Well if you can fix it then...

DINGZY EXITS LEAVING LIZOULA BEHIND.

LIZOULA: (SIGHING.) Oh Dingzy. You loveable idiot. If I wasn't so far gone on you I'd give up too. But I know you can do it. One day you'll realise that I'm not just following you around on a ghost hunt, but I'm here as a person. Look up from your magic box for a second and take notice.

Oh well. Keep the faith. Eventually he'll see you.

LIZOULA EXITS.

THE TOMB OPENS. THE WHOLE VAMPIRE FAMILY ENTER FROM THE TOMB. MOONHELAGH IS WITH THEM AND STAYS CLOSE TO HELLINA.

EDWINIFER: She can't stay with us.

HELLINA: But Mother. She's knows our secret. If she returns to the other...

PAPLOPIN: Can I lick her neck?

NAPANDORAL: You should have eaten before you came out.

PAPLOPIN: Yes, but Aunty, I love the taste of fresh ones.

MOONHELAGH: Meaning me?

HELLINA: Sort of.

MOONHELAGH: What do you mean "Sort of"?

HELLINA: Well yes then. You humans have a taste all of your own. Poor little Paplopin loves that salty tang on the surface of human skin.

MOONHELAGH: I thought you vampires wanted our blood?

EDWINIFER: Paplopin is still only young. You can't put babies on blood right away.

PAPLOPIN: I'm not a baby. It's my birthday next week. I'll be 46.

EDWINIFER: Yes, sorry darling. Sometimes we forget that you're growing up fast.

NAPANDORAL: What do you want for your birthday lovie?

PAPLOPIN: Gosh thanks Auntie. I want... An X-Box 360 with Blood and Gore 2000. And... A Vampire Transformer. And... A Lego-Flying Bat. And... A My Little Spider. And...

EDWINIFER: That's enough. You should be grateful for anything that gets left at the end of your coffin.

PAPLOPIN: I know Mum, but Auntie Napandoral did ask and I just said I need a...

EDWINIFER: Enough.

PAPLOPIN: Can I lick her neck now.

EDWINIFER: I said 'Enough'.

PAPLOPIN: Awwwh Mum.

HELLINA: (TO MOONHELAGH.) Sorry about my family. They're always bickering.

EDWINIFER: We're not.

NAPANDORAL: We are.

PAPLOPIN: No we're not.

HELLINA: You are. And it's not nice when we have a guest.

EDWINIFER: We're actually quite a close knit family.

MUSICAL NUMBER: All the Vampire family members.

Suggestion: A Family Affair - Sly & The Family Stone.

PAPLOPIN: Can I lick her neck now.

HELLINA: No you can't lick her neck now. Not now, not never ever. She's my friend.

MOONHELAGH: Am I?

HELLINA: Well nearly.

MOONHELAGH: I've always wanted to become like you.

HELLINA: What? A vampire?

MOONHELAGH: That would be a really cool.

EDWINIFER: It's not all you think it is you know.

NAPANDORAL: It can sometimes be a bit tiresome.

HELLINA: You'll never see daylight again.

MOONHELAGH: I burn in the sun anyway.

PAPLOPIN: Can I lick her neck?

EDWINIFER: (ANNOYED.) No! For the last time. She's Hellina's guest. I won't tell you again. If I hear one more peep about licking you'll go back to your coffin and be grounded for two whole years.

PAPLOPIN: Awwwh Mum.

HELLINA: You realise that if I turn you into a vampire there's no going back. It's forever. You can't change your mind.

MOONHELAGH: I know that.

COUNT SCABWART ENTERS FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL ZOMBIES WHO ARE DRAGGING/PUSHING THE ZOMINATOR. NOT SLIME.

THE ZOMINATOR IS A LARGE MACHINE THAT HAS A PLINTH TO STAND ON AND AN ARCH OF GOTHIC GARGOYLES ON IT.

IT HAS FLASHING LIGHTS AND TWISTED
COLOURED WIRES EVERYWHERE AND SECTIONS
TO 'CLIP' A HUMAN TO.

COUNT SCABWART: If you don't want her, let me turn that ridiculous
adolescent into one of my zombies? (TO THE ZOMBIES
MOVING THE MACHINE.) Over here you incompetent
imbeciles. It needs to be in the moonlight.

HELLINA: She wants to be a vampire. Not one of your
zombies.

THE TOMB DOOR OPENS AND GRAMPIRE
SHUFFLES OUT.

GRAMPIRE: Have I missed anything?

COUNT SCABWART: Yes you stupid old fossilised nincompoop.

EDWINIFER: Don't talk to my father like that.

COUNT SCABWART: I'll talk to him how I like.

GRAMPIRE: (GOING TOWARDS MACHINE.) What is this anyway?

COUNT SCABWART: Don't touch that you creaky old bonehead. It's
modern technology and you wouldn't understand.

GRAMPIRE GETS INTO/ONTO THE MACHINE
WHILE COUNT SCABWART IS DISTRACTED BY
THE FOLLOWING LINES.

EDWINIFER: Where did you get this stupid machine?

COUNT SCABWART: Stupid! It is so far from stupid that you will
never know.

HELLINA: He got it from China. Mail order via Spook-a'zon
dot com.

COUNT SCABWART: What's it to do with you where it came from? All
you need to know is that it is the MkIII Zominator
Deluxee with the new power saving L.E.D halogen
centring. It will turn humans into my zombie
slaves in the flash of a biped's fundamentals.

GRAMPIRE: What! I say! Will it work without this?

GRAMPIRE HOLD UP A PART OF THE MACHINE
WHICH HAS 'FALLEN OFF'

COUNT SCABWART: Where did you get that?

GRAMPIRE: It just came off in my hands.

COUNT SCABWART: (SNATCHING THE BROKEN PART.) It's the flysproket
twinger adaptor. I can't believe you've pulled off
the flysproket twinger adaptor.

GRAMPIRE GETS DOWN FROM THE MACHINE.

GRAMPIRE: You wouldn't get me up in one of those.

COUNT SCABWART: Look what you've done you meddling geriatric
toothless excuse for a bat.

EDWINIFER: Don't talk to my father like that.

COUNT SCABWART: Well...! The senile old idiot's broken it. Now
what am I going to do?

COUNT SCABWART:
The instructions clearly warn you that you shouldn't attempt to zominate without the flysprocket twinger.

EDWINIFER:
It wasn't his fault.

COUNT SCABWART:
Then whose fault was it? Some invisible force.

GRAMPIRE:
I can go invisible.

HELLINA:
You really can't Grampire.

GRAMPIRE:
I can with the radina serum. You saw me earlier.

HELLINA:
Exactly. We SAW you earlier. Saw you. You weren't invisible.

NAPANDORAL:
Whisky?

HELLINA:
Sadly.

COUNT SCABWART:
Who's going to pay for the damage?

EDWINIFER:
Isn't it under warrantee?

COUNT SCABWART:
We'll it won't be now will it? The flysprocket twinger won't turn on. It isn't even ON the machine.

(TO ZOMBIES.) Get it out of my sight and go and find my B&Q socket set.

THE ZOMBIES PUSH/PULL THE ZOMINATOR OFF STAGE.

COUNT SCABWART:
You haven't heard the last of this.

GRAMPIRE:
There should be a sign.

COUNT SCABWART:
A sign! A SIGN!!! What! A sign saying if you're a senile decrepit old moron, don't touch anything? Do you always fiddle with technology that doesn't belong to you?

GRAMPIRE:
What! I nearly blew up Birmingham once. It was just after...

EDWINIFER:
Grampire. We don't want to hear one of your stories right now.

GRAMPIRE:
But it's actually rather funny.

COUNT SCABWART:
We don't want to hear it.

GRAMPIRE:
It was during that depression. They wanted to find a way of giving people employment. So I said to the Prime Minister... Blow up Birmingham.

EDWINIFER:
Yes Grampire. We know the story.

GRAMPIRE:
It would have solved the employment crisis in one go. What! We could still do it you know. Blow up Birmingham. Think of all the thousands of jobs needed to clear the rubble and rebuild the houses. Full employment overnight.

HELLINA:
Sometimes I worry about our family.

PAPLOPIN:
Can I lick her neck now?

EDWINIFER: What did I tell you? This is your final warning. Grounded for two years and no more games of emergency transfusion.

PAPLOPIN: Awwwh Mum.

HELLINA: (TO MOONHELAGH.) You realise that if I turned you into a vampire, you wouldn't be able...

COUNT SCABWART: Whoa! Whoa! Just a moment. You seem to have forgotten that your brainless geriatric Grampire here has broken my zominator. You can't just go on as if it's not happened. Now how am I going to turn these humans into zombies?

NAPANDORAL: And I'd be obliged if you don't keep going on about it. Us vampires change people naturally. No artificial means and one hundred percent organic. If you zombies need machinery then you should know how to look after it and fix it when it's broken. Now get out of here you big good for nothing thug, and let's not hear any more of it.

HELLINA: Go Auntie.

COUNT SCABWART: You've not heard the last of this. I'll be back with my rejuvenated and improved machine that will do... Do something!... Something bigger and better than you've ever seen before.

(TO AUDIENCE.) And who do you think you're looking at? When I come back with my mended machine you'll wish you'd never heard of Count Scabwart de Eath.

EDWINIFER: We're already wishing that.

SLIME RUNS ON WITH THE BOX AND PLACES IT AT THE COUNTS FEET. THE COUNT KICKS THE BOX IN RAGE.

COUNT SCABWART: Too late you ignoramus.

COUNT SCABWART EXITS.

SLIME: Yes your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

SLIME EXITS WITH THE BOX.

MOONHELAGH: So how do I become a vampire?

HELLINA: You have to be chosen.

NAPANDORAL: Chosen by a vampire family.

EDWINIFER: Like us.

MOONHELAGH: Then choose me. Please.

HELLINA: You realise that as a vampire you can never again see daylight. Also, you'll be immortal. Which means that all the human friends you have at the moment will age before your eyes and then die. You, on the other hand, will age slowly and go on forever.

MOONHELAGH: Sounds fine by me. Bite me now.

NAPANDORAL: Don't jump too soon.

EDWINIFER: The vampire life can bite you back.
NAPANDORAL: And anyway, we've not said we'll receive you yet.
You have to prove your worth.
HELLINA: Come with me and we'll discuss how this all works.

HELLINA AND MOONHELAGH EXIT INTO THE
TOMB.

PAPLOPIN: Can I lick...

EDWINIFER: (SHARPLY.) What did I say? No!

PAPLOPIN EXITS INTO THE TOMB LOOKING
ANNOYED AND SULKY.

GRAMPIRE: I'm not sure we should include her in our family.
My son, your husband, had a stake driven through
his heart by her sort. I don't think I'll ever
forgive them. I miss him.

EDWINIFER: I know Grampire. We all miss him. But we have to
move on. Time will heal the hurt.

GRAMPIRE TOUCHES EDWINIFER ON THE
SHOULDER TO COMFORT HER. HE THEN
EXITS.

EDWINIFER: I miss him so much. Yet I've tried to convince
myself that I don't miss him at all.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Edwinifer.

Suggestion: Missing you - John Waite.

EDWINIFER EXITS.

SEVERAL GHOSTS ENTER, DRAPED IN WHITE
SHEETS AND 'FLOAT' AROUND FOR THE
LENGTH OF THE INTRO. THEN AS THE MAIN
WORDS START THEY ARE JOINED BY ONE
EXTRA GHOST WEARING AN IDENTICAL
SHEET - BUT BLACK. (LIKE A NEGATIVE
GHOST.)

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Sung by the ghosts (or just mimed to the
soundtrack.)*

Suggestion: Black or White - Michael Jackson.

TOWARDS THE END OF THE SONG THE WHITE
AND BLACK GHOSTS ARE JOINED BY SEVERAL
MORE GHOSTS (IN THE SAME STYLE OUTFITS)
BUT THESE ARE ALL IN DIFFERENT COLOURS.
(RED, BLUE, YELLOW, GREEN ETC.)

SERGA AND JAYDOR ENTER AS THE GHOSTS
EXIT.

SERGA: Well there's a new thing. Rainbow ghosts.

JAYDOR: In a world where everyone has a colour TV, why not
polychromatic apparitions?

SERGA: Ooooh! Get you. "Polychromatic apparitions." (TO
AUDIENCE.) For us numskulls, that's multi-coloured
ghosts.

JAYDOR: They know that. They all went to school.

SERGA: Yeah, but some of them went to (NAME OF LOCAL SCHOOL HERE.)

JAYDOR: That explains a lot.

SLIME RUNS ON WITH THE BOX AND PLACES IT ON THE FLOOR LOOKING AROUND FOR THE COUNT. WHILE SLIME IS TURNED AWAY SERGA STANDS ON THE BOX AND ACTS LIKE IT'S A VICTORY. SLIME SEES AND PUSHES SERGA OFF WITH FORCE.

WHILE SLIME IS DEALING WITH SERGA, JAYDOR GET ON THE BOX WITH A HUGE VICTORY GRIN. SLIME TURNS TO SEE JAYDOR THERE AND PUSHES OR USES FORCE TO REMOVE JAYDOR.

COUNT SCABWART ENTERS A LITTLE FROM THE WINGS.

COUNT SCABWART: You pointless excuse for a turnip. Too early. I'm not on yet.

SCABWART EXITS.

SLIME: No your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

SLIME RETRIEVES THE BOX AND EXITS WITH IT. SERGA AND JAYDOR WATCH, MYSTIFIED.

JAYDOR: What happened there?

SERGA: Carry on as normal. Say nothing. I don't think anyone noticed.

JAYDOR: Where were we?

SERGA: Multicoloured rainbow ghosts.

JAYDOR: I haven't done that module at spook-ademy yet.

SERGA: Did you do the poltergeist section?

JAYDOR: I couldn't crack the invisibility bit.

SERGA: Nor could I.

JAYDOR: Go on. Try to go invisible.

THEY BOTH 'STRAIN' THEIR BODIES (AND FACES) TRYING TO GO INVISIBLE.

SERGA: I can still see you.

JAYDOR: You look like your trying to go to the loo.

A TOILET ROLL GETS THROWN FROM THE WINGS TO HIT JAYDOR AND SERGA.

JAYDOR: Hey!

SERGA: Now there's someone who managed to do it.

JAYDOR: It's Pedzi the poltergeist again.

SERGA: Pedzi, we know you're there. Show yourself.

A SECOND TOILET ROLL IS THROWN AT THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

THE BEEPING OF DINGZY MACHINE IS HEARD.

JAYDOR: It's those ghost hunters again. I think we should go.

SERGA: We don't want a return of the last time we met. I don't think we could fool them twice.

SERGA STOPS TO COLLECT THE LOO ROLLS.

JAYDOR: Leave them. We'll get caught.

SERGA LEAVES THE LOO ROLLS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE THEY BOTH EXIT AT SPEED.

DINGZY ENTERS, FOLLOWING WHERE HIS MACHINE POINTS. LIZOULA IS CLOSE BEHIND.

DINGZY STOPS SUDDENLY WHEN HE SEES THE LOO ROLLS. LIZOULA BUMPS INTO HIM.

LIZOULA: Hey! You stopped.

DINGZY: My machine. It's found something.

LIZOULA: (LOOKING DOWN.) Yes wonderful. A couple of toilet rolls.

DINGZY: Spooky don't you think?

LIZOULA: SPOOKY!!! WHAT! Two toilet rolls?

DINGZY: They may look like two toilet rolls to the uninitiated, but to my machine they are two toilet rolls from beyond the grave.

LIZOULA: Dingzy. Do you really think that ghosts use loo paper?

DINGZY: What other explanation is there?

LIZOULA: (SARCASTICALLY.) Unless, just supposing, let's say... They accidentally fell out of someone's shopping bag.

DINGZY PICKS UP THE ROLLS AND HIS MACHINE SCREECHES.

DINGZY: See.

LIZOULA: Coincidence.

DINGZY: I don't think so.

LIZOULA: (SHE GRABS THE ROLLS.) You're telling me that loo rolls are haunted.

DINGZY: I think so.

LIZOULA: What! All loo rolls?

DINGZY: Just these.

LIZOULA: You have to be joking.

KENZO, FRANN, REVERTON AND VALZINIA ENTER AT SPEED.

FRANN: We just heard a screeching noise.

LIZOULA: It was Dingzy.

KENZO: Did you hit him?

LIZOULA: His machine. It found... (HOLDING UP LOO ROLLS IN TRIUMPH.) ...these.

REVERTON: Bog rolls? He found bog rolls?

LIZOULA: Haunted bog rolls.

VALZINIA: You're expecting us to believe that a toilet roll is a terrifying apparition from the other side.

LIZOULA: Where else could they have come from?

REVERTON: (ANNOYED.) That's it. That really is it. Now you're totally taking it. Haunted bog rolls. Bog rolls from beyond the grave. Come on Dingzy. Come on Lizoula. You can do better than that.

KENZO: Are they new or have they been used?

A TOILET ROLL GETS THROWN AT THEM FROM THE WINGS.

DINGZY'S MACHINE SCREECHES. THEY ALL STAND SCARED LIKE STATUES.

FRANN: (SOFTLY AS IF SCARED.) Who threw that?

LIZOULA: Dingzy?

DINGZY: Wasn't me.

THEY ARE BOMBARDED WITH TOILET ROLLS THROWN IN FROM THE WINGS ON EITHER SIDE.

THEY STAND SHOCKED FOR A FEW SECONDS.

LIZOULA: Have we just found a poltergeist.

THEN THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN HORROR AND EXIT AT THE RUN, LOOKING SCARED.

COUNT SCABWART ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY SLIME AND THE BOX. SLIME PLACES THE BOX IN FRONT OF THE COUNT, THEN STANDS A DISTANCE AWAY AS IF IN FEAR. THE COUNT STANDS ON THE BOX AND LOOKS AT SLIME IN DISGUST.

COUNT SCABWART: Come here Slime, you little piece of... er... slime.

SLIME MOVES A BIT CLOSER.

COUNT SCABWART: (POINTING TO WHERE SLIME SHOULD STAND CLOSER.) Here you miniature excuse for a diseased tomato.

SLIME MOVES TO WHERE THE COUNT IS POINTING AND DIPS HEAD.

COUNT SCABWART: Just now. What was that episode all about? No don't open your speaking aperture. You come on here like a wind in a pair of polka-dot drawers and make a total numpty of yourself.

COUNT SCABWART:

I give you one small job to do and you turn it into a cows yucky pancake mix. Go and stand over there until I call for your services again. Go!

SLIME:

Yes your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

COUNT SCABWART:

(CALLING TOWARDS WINGS.) Clear up this mess and bring me the MkIII Zominator Deluxe.

DURING THE MUSICAL NUMBER THE ZOMBIE ENSEMBLE PUSH/DRAW THE MACHINE CENTRE STAGE AND PICK UP THE TOILET ROLLS THAT ARE SCATTERED ABOUT (REMOVING THEM FROM THE STAGE).

MUSICAL NUMBER: Count Scabwart and the Zombie Ensemble.

Suggestion: We Gotta Get Out Of This Place - The Animals. Or perhaps a classical piece with no words.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER THE ZOMBIES ARE STANDING IN A LINE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE MACHINE. SLIME JOINS THE LINE SOMEWHERE CENTRAL.

COUNT SCABWART:

(ADDRESSING AUDIENCE.) Humans. You see before you the fully repaired MkIII Zominator Deluxe with the new power saving L.E.D halogen centring. This spectacular machine will turn all of you into fully paid up members of my zombie army. One flick of the flagellation toggle and anyone standing on the combined transition pad and portable ice drain will mysteriously rot before your eyes and zominate into a life beyond the grave.

Before I try it on humans (TURNING TO ZOMBIES.) I need one brave volunteer to act as a Guinea pig in the trial run. Who will it be?

COUNT SCABWART STEPS DOWN OFF HIS BOX AND PATROLS ALONG THE LINE OF ZOMBIES. ALL THE ZOMBIES TRY TO LOOK AWAY OR DOWN AT THEIR FEET IN AN ATTEMPT NOT TO BE NOTICED.

COUNT SCABWART:

I just need one volunteer. (LOOKING AWAY.) Anyone who wants to volunteer take one pace forward on the count of three. One... two... three.

ON THREE, ALL THE ZOMBIES TOGETHER, EXCEPT SLIME, TAKE ONE PACE BACKWARDS. THIS LEAVES SLIME STANDING OUT IN FRONT. SLIME LOOKS AROUND BUT IS NOT SURE WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

COUNT SCABWART:

Slime! Well done. The ideal candidate.

SLIME:

I didn't your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

COUNT SCABWART:

That's brave. Very brave.

SLIME:

But your worshipful essence. Sorry your worshipful essence.

COUNT SCABWART:

Put Slime into the MkIII Zominator.

THE ZOMBIES PULL SLIME, RELUCTANTLY, ONTO THE MACHINE.

COUNT SCABWART: And now, for your entertainment, before your very eyes, Slime will become a zombie.

Ah! Slime already is a zombie. This means that we don't know quite what will happen when I, Count Scabwart de Eath, switch on the 'MkIII Zominator Deluxe' with the new power saving L.E.D halogen centring. Stand back everyone. Clear!

ON THE WORD "CLEAR" THE ZOMBIES LEAN AWAY FROM THE MACHINE. COUNT SCABWART THROWS A LARGE LEVER AND THE MACHINE STARTS TO OPERATE.

THE MACHINE HAS FLASHING LIGHTS AND MAKES ELECTRIC SPARK AND ZAP NOISES. THE STAGE LIGHTS DIM AS IF POWER IS BEING DRAINED AND THERE IS LIGHTNING. SLIME WAVES AND WOBLES ABOUT AS IF BEING ELECTROCUTED.

AS THE MACHINE COMES TO IT'S CRESCENDO, IT SUDDENLY STOPS AND SLIME CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR.

COUNT SCABWART: Ah! There seems to be a small teething problem. Perhaps now would be a good time to take a break. It's interval time. Come back in twenty minutes if you dare.

THE ZOMBIES DRAG OR CARRY SLIME FROM THE MACHINE AND OFF STAGE. EVERYONE EXITS.

THE MACHINE (ALONE ON STAGE) GIVE A FEW LAST WHIMPERING FLASHES AND THE STAGE LIGHTS FADE AS IF LOSING POWER. THEN THE MACHINE GOES "BANG" WITH A PYROTECHNIC FLASH AND SMOKE.

CURTAIN.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

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