

The Twist

A short play by
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SAMPLE

CHARACTERS:

CASSIUS (17): ENTHUSIASTIC DREAMER

VLAD (EARLY 50'S): OVER-EXCITED FATHER

CELESTE (EARLY 50'S): CALM AND COMPOSED PEACE-BRINGER

BORIS (23): OLDER BROTHER, WORKAHOLIC

PHAN (11): THE DARK, DEATH-OBSSESSED YOUNGER SISTER

TASM (11): THE BRIGHT, LIFE-OBSSESSED YOUNGER SISTER

SCENE ONE.

The lights come up to reveal a vampire family: VLAD, a broomstick of a man, CELESTE, the brightest angel in hell, BORIS, the spitting image of dracula, PHAN and TASM, the yin and yang of twins, and lastly, Cassius, the disgracefully least-dead looking of them all.

They all gather in a spooky, cob web infested living room around a chalk board where Cassius stands to present.

CASSIUS

Welcome! Mother, Father, Boris, Phan and Tasm. Today is truly a historic day. I'm sure you have all been stirring in anticipation... A real "neck" biter if you will.

Vlad stirs, uneasy, like a football dad in front of the TV. Celeste is on the other end of the couch and the twins are squished between them.

VLAD

Aw yes! A momentous day! Now reveal your university decision with haste or I will begin biting!

Boris sits up in a chair of his own. A snobby look on his face.

BORIS

Yes, my brother. I have studies to attend to.

CASSIUS

Of course. Of course! As you all know, the choice of where I shall continue my education after high school is one of the most important decisions a ghoulish ghoul like myself can make.

VLAD

Right you are! I learned all of my technique from Transylvania Tech.

CELESTE

As well as mine.

Vlad's motions turn to longing.

VLAD

And the most beautiful thing I earned there. Celeste. My beauty.

He leans into his wife, squishing the twins
as they grunt in annoyance.

CELESTE

Oh Vladimir, you really do suck the life out of me.

PHAN

UCK! This is torture... and not in a good way.

TASM

Love is indeed a special thing... To be appreciated later.

BORIS

Back to center, back to center.

The room quiets as the attention is brought
back to Cassius.

CASSIUS

Uh, yes. As I was saying. University is crucial to development. It is the first stepping
stone into a larger world. With all that being said, I have decided...

They lean in closer.

CASSIUS

To continue my education.

VLAD

At Transyl Tech??

BORIS

The Pint Institute?

TASM

The Leaky Lagoon?

PHAN

Georgia State?

CASSIUS

No!

He quickly writes on the chalk board and steps away to reveal “THE CRYPT-KICKER ACADEMY”

CASSIUS

Ta-da!

There is a painful silence. The air has been sucked out of the room like blood.

VLAD

Perhaps you are confused?

Pause. Vlad looks around. Everyone mirrors his disillusionment.

CELESTE

Cass, dear. The Crypt-Kicker Academy is not for bloodsuckers.

VLAD

Indeed. It is an art institute of... music.

CELESTE

Perhaps they’ve added a new program? Maybe night-stalking?

BORIS

Or even Echolocation?

TASM

Gothic lit?

PHAN

OOO, or death-affirmation? Ms. Begley always says to not let your fangs out until you hear the pop in the neck!

Pause.

CASSIUS

Uh no. None of those programs are there. It's for singing and dancing... I want to be a performer!

A long pause. Vladimir BOOMS in laughter.
The rest of the family follows nervously.

VLAD

Now that is a good one, my boy! "Performer." If vampires could be comedians you'd be first in the blood-line!

His laughter dies out as he sees the sincerity
on Cass's face.

VLAD

You're serious?

(To Celeste)

Is he serious?

PHAN

Dead.

VLAD

But Cassius, what of the family line! For a millennia our family have been the best of the night stalker. The sharpest of the blood suckers! The nastiest of the undead... not... show monkeys.

CASSIUS

But father. I am not a monkey! Over the summer in America, I learned of an entire new world! One of voice and story and dance! I even made a few of my own-

VLAD

NO! No no no no no no no that is just impossible!

CASSIUS

And why is that?

BORIS

Cass, are you dillusional? Father worked hard to get us where we are. To make sure we could have access to the best teachers. The best internships-

CASSIUS

So, that is your job, Boris. I was never that type. You were the one with the grades. The point guard of the casketball team. The student body president of the pint institute, but I... I belong with the artists!