

AL (voice over)

The first night I met Galev was the last night I saw my daughter, Abby. It wasn't a normal night to begin with. It's a full moon out, can you believe it? And it had rained earlier, so the streets are wet and the August heat was making everything foggy. Misty. Dreamlike, ya' know. So, all in all, a weird night. I just want to go to bed. Course then, wouldn't you know it, I can't sleep. I'm exhausted, and I can't sleep. Mostly I was waiting for Abby to get home, but also, I just couldn't sleep. So, I sit myself in my chair and watch the tube. It's late, so there's nothing on but infomercials. It was a Tuesday. August 14th. The day I met Galev.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP on AL's living room. AL is in his pajamas and robe. ABBY, his daughter enters.

AL

Your mother was concerned about you.

ABBY

Really? How would you know? (exits quickly)

AL

She seemed upset.

ABBY

(off) She's asleep.

AL

Well, before she went to bed, she seemed--

ABBY

(off) Maybe she was upset at you.

AL

Well, that's a given. Don't change the subject. Where were you tonight.

ABBY

(entering) I'm 18.

AL

That's where you were? Celebrating your age?

ABBY

I’m going to bed.

AL

You may be 18, and technically an adult, but as long as you live here you’ll... You know if you rented your own place you’d have to follow the rules your landlord laid down.

ABBY

A landlord wouldn’t give me a curfew.

AL

He would if he was your father.

ABBY

Are you done?

AL

Not yet. Do you have any idea why Betty Stoker would be trying to reach me?

ABBY

Who’s that?

AL

You know very well. She’s one of the most influential people in the PTA and at school board meetings. Now, anything you want to tell me before I call her tomorrow morning?

ABBY

Nope.

AL

Nothing?

ABBY

(pause) Are we done now?

AL

(pause) Yes.

ABBY

Good. (exits)

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AL sits down on his chair and flips on the t.v.. He has a bag of chips and is dazed at the television programming. Enter GALEV with blinding light and "Meatloaf" style guitar music. He's wearing a wind-blown white frilly shirt and black leather pants.

GALEV

Are you going to let me stand out here all night?

AL

Can I help you?

GALEV

(Pulls out a postcard sized piece of paper.) Is your name Alan Linders?

AL

Al, yeah. Do you know what time it is?

GALEV

Nope. Do you?

AL

No, it's... well, it's late,---

GALEV

I see here that you expressed an interest in winning a new Subaru Outback.

AL

What?

GALEV

At the mall? You filled out an entry form.

AL

Did I win?

GALEV

No. But, if I could have a minute of your time, I'm sure I could.....

AL

Life insurance?

GALEV

No.

AL  
Real estate?

GALEV  
No.

AL  
What are you selling?

GALEV  
Nothing.

AL  
What do you want then?

GALEV  
Think of it as a survey.

AL  
Oh.

GALEV  
So...

AL  
Cripes. Fine, come on in.

GALEV  
Thank you. (fog billows around his feet and he seems to glide into the room, and sits quickly on the couch.

AL  
Make yourself at home.

GALEV  
I will.

AL  
Okay. What’s this survey about?

GALEV

(eyes up AL for a moment. Considering.) Listen, Al, you’re a smart guy.

AL

Right.

GALEV

Well, smart enough anyway, and it’s been a long long night. I’m very tired.

AL

Yeah. So’m I.

GALEV

I’m just going to cut to the chase, as they say.

AL

Listening.

GALEV

I’m a vampire, Al.

AL

Alright. Get out of my house.

GALEV

(laughs) Too late, too late.

AL

It is late, and I’m not in the mood to deal with a kook.

GALEV

It’s too late Al. You invited me in. Once I get a foot in the door, it’s as good as a done deal.

AL

That’s salesmen.

GALEV

I think you’d be struck by the similarities.

AL

Get out.

GALEV

You don't believe me.

AL

No. I don't. Now, get out.

GALEV

Let's sit and talk for a moment,

AL grabs GALEV by the collar, lifts him up and bodily drags him to the door. GALEV hangs limply in AL's arms and offers no resistance. AL tosses him out the door and shuts it and locks it. A moment later there's a knock.

AL

Go away!

GALEV

(off and whining.) Al? Al? It's dark out here Al. Let me in? Please? (pause) Okay. Have it your way. Stand back.

The door starts to shake. Lights flicker in the room. The only light now comes from the cracks in the door frame. The door blasts open with light, smoke and more blasting music playing. The silhouette of GALEV glides into the room. AL backs up and falls into his chair. The door shuts itself. The music stops and lights return to normal abruptly. AL is taken aback, perhaps even frightened. GALEV is unfazed.

GALEV

Did you know that you only have to invite a vampire into your house once, and he can come and go as he pleases? You know, actually the invite thing is really more of a guideline than a rule. But I like to keep with tradition. I like you Al. You know why I like you? You didn't call the cops. Most people would have called the cops, but not you. You took matters into your own hands... literally. Hands on type of guy. I like that.

AL

You're really a vampire?

GALEV

That's what I said.

AL

Prove it.

GALEV  
Proving it might hurt

AL  
Stay right there.

AL exits to another room. GALEV waits for a moment drumming his fingers. He gets bored and starts looking around the room. Flips through a magazine, looks at some pictures on the wall, then picks up the remote and starts flipping through T.V. channels. Just then AL comes back in, unnoticed by GALEV, he has a crucifix. He sneaks up to GALEV and sticks the cross to GALEV's side. GALEV yells in pain and drops the remote and squirms out of the way of AL. Falls to the floor and appears to die quite dramatically. AL cautiously looks at him and gently nudges him with his foot.

GALEV  
(Snapping awake and startling AL.) Believe me now.

AL  
I don't know what you are, but you are getting out of my house right now.

GALEV  
(taking the cross from AL) Catholic man, are you? It always struck me as greedy. Do you know what almost every organized mortal religion has in common? The promise of an afterlife. That's always sort of struck me as greedy. I mean, isn't the one life you've been given enough?

AL  
I'm not Catholic, my wife is.

GALEV  
Oh. That's probably why that didn't work. Gotta believe to have some weight behind it.

AL  
You're not going to leave, are you?

GALEV  
Not until I get what I came for.

AL  
And that would be?

GALEV  
I'm going to turn you into a vampire, Al.

AL

You’re kidding, right?

GALEV

I haven’t been kidding about a single thing since I got here. What makes you think I’d start kidding now, about this.

AL

You can’t just make me a vampire.

GALEV

(with menace) Sure I can. (He lunges at Al. Then stops and backs off, laughing.) Now that was me kidding around. I really prefer to be more civilized about the whole process. Let’s talk it out for a moment, shall we?

AL

You’re not going to talk me into being a vampire.

GALEV

Wanna bet?

AL

I hate vampires. I hate thier kind. You all can just go back where you came from, as far as I’m concerned.

GALEV

What do you know about vampires?

AL

I know that you suck blood, but you don’t really have to.

GALEV

(considering) True. I suppose. Okay, the basics. We need blood to survive, and we can’t go into the daylight. Those are the basic rules.

AL

(Grabbing a pad of paper.) Blood...

GALEV

Don’t write this down--



AL

I might want to remember this, in case anyone asks.

GALEV

Just remember. You can't write it down, okay? It's a secret.

AL

I have trouble keeping track of things.

GALEV

This is two things.

AL

Yeah, but I've got all sorts of other--

GALEV

No! It's just two things to remember. Drink blood, stay out of the daylight. Got it? Everything else you can forget about. All the things you've been told about it day-class.

AL

Right. So. Drink blood.

GALEV

And?

AL

And avoid too much sun.

GALEV

Any sunlight.

AL

Don't you miss sunlight?

GALEV

I can watch a movies with sunlight. Look at pictures with sun--- talk about it with my friends.

AL

But you choose this.

GALEV

Yes.

AL

And you could stop whenever you want to.

GALEV

If I wanted to. But, as I live now... I don't want to. I don't need things anymore. Do you understand how freeing that is? "Need" becomes a single direction thought. Need equals blood. You don't need food, you don't need sunlight.

AL

What about beer?

GALEV

Can't have beer.

AL

Jesus.

GALEV

It'll make you sick. But a glass of pure blood, it's like vintage French wine.

AL

I don't like wine, I like beer.

GALEV

Can't have wine either. But trust me, you won't want it. After awhile you won't want anything anymore.

AL

I want to want things.

GALEV

Yeah, you get over that. It really can be very freeing if you let it be.

AL

You keep saying "you". I'm not going to--

GALEV

Oh. Give me 10 more minutes.

AL

You won't leave anyway. I'm up. What the hell.

GALEV

It's now time to tell you the unspoken rule.

AL

You're going to tell me the unspoken rule?

GALEV

Yes. -- What?

AL

Nothing, go ahead.

GALEV

You know that castle in Transylvania?

AL

Nope.

GALEV

Or any castle-- Owned by a Count or some such person.... Big thing. Gothic looking. Dark... forbidding... The kind they use in movies?

AL

Oh, yeah, sure. Dracula.

GALEV

Dracula, right. Well, see, those castles don't run cheap. I mean, sure, most of them are paid for now, but the upkeep, the general maintenance... that doesn't come for free.

AL

Okay.

GALEV

You know, moat cleaning, chimney sweeping, and candles my god the candles. Crates and crates of them a month. And some of these places have lawns, big lawns with hedge mazes. Really, a lot that needs to be done.

AL

Sounds like a lot.

GALEV

And there’s the leaf raking, snow shoveling--

AL

Tell me about it.

GALEV

Gargoyles that need.... polishing.

AL

What’s your point?

GALEV

My point is this -- All that maintenance isn’t free. The Count, or whoever lives there, has to pay someone to come in and do all that work.

AL

Okay. The count can do some of it himself, can’t he?

GALEV

Oh, sure some of it, sure, but these are big castles and the working at night-- it’s really a hassle, much easier to hire a bunch of peasants. And they know their stuff anyway, I mean I wouldn’t even know where to start trimming a hedge maze. Do you start in the middle and work your way out? Or just start going through the maze until you--

AL

I have no idea why you’re telling me all of this.

GALEV

Right. See, the Count... Counts... higher ups, they’re not all Counts--

AL

Right.

GALEV

Well, they don’t have jobs. I mean, how could they? Who’d hire them, right?

AL

I guess.

GALEV

Trust me, no one would hire them. So they make younger folks vampires. Give them the "gift" of vampire, and in return we float them some cash to maintain--

AL

A pyramid scheme?

GALEV

No! Not a--- what?

AL

Pyramid scheme. Like Amway.

GALEV

You just don't understand. See, we "owe" them for the gift of immortality, and... uh...Amway?

AL

This guy at the top, he gets you to do work for him and give him money?

GALEV

Actually, no, I pay the man who turned me into a vampire, I've never met the count.

AL

Even better. You pay him, and pays up the channel. And let me guess, all you have to do is recruit ten other saps to pay you.

GALEV

A number was never specified. Ten was suggested, but--

AL

Pyramid scheme.

GALEV

There's more to it than that. Everyone benefits. When we all prosper, we all prosper. We may be immortal, but we still need to pay rent and taxes.

AL

Why don't the Counts get a job?

GALEV

There is, as you probably know, a certain amount of resistance to our kind. That's the one thing I'm envious of you mortals. Job security.

AL  
Yeah, right.

GALEV  
Strike a nerve?

AL  
I've been laid off for a month now.

GALEV  
Really?

AL  
Yeah. I was made obsolete by a computer.

GALEV  
What did you do?

AL  
(gives him a wary look.) Inventory manager.

GALEV  
Mm -hmm?

AL  
For a blood bank.

GALEV  
(Laughs) I'm getting to like you better and better with each passing minute. You are going to make a great addition to our team. Do you have anything in this mortal world that would give you reason not to become one of us? Let's run through them, shall we? Job? You've been laid off.

AL  
An early retirement.

GALEV  
Potato potahto. You have no marketable skills.

AL  
Hey!

GALEV

I don't mean to disrespect, but you're ... it's a little late for you to start a new career, and the one you had doesn't want you back. Next, wife? You got a wife, Al?

AL

Tabby. (sigh) Yeah. If we're comparing pros and cons, you're going to want to put her on the "cons" list.

GALEV

Not all love and rosy days in pleasant-ville?

AL

We mutually hate each other.

GALEV

Why not divorce?

AL

She's very Catholic. I think she divorced me up here (points to head) She hasn't talked to me in 8 years. I think she pretends I'm dead. Probably easier that way. Wish to hell I could do that, just pretend someone's dead. In fact, it kind of irks me that she can do it that easily. It's not like I'm not here. She has to look right at me and not see me. Every day. Why can she do that, and I can't?

GALEV

I don't know, but I apologize for bringing up the topic.

AL

No need to feel bad for me.

GALEV

I'm apologizing to myself. Had I known you'd go on and on about it I would have never--

AL

You know what you are? You're a pain in the ass.

GALEV

Please--

AL

Come into my house like you're Mr. La-de-da, go on and on about yourself, then if I talk about myself for-- ah, nevermind, to hell with it.

GALEV

You’ll excuse me if the trivial details of your life bore me.

AL

And you’ll excuse me if you’re bore the hell out of me.

GALEV

Then we’re agreed.

AL

That we mutually hate each other.

GALEV

(Laughs)

AL

What now?

GALEV

I’m just amused by your living situation.

AL

She tried to kill me, you know?

GALEV

Seriously?

AL

I ain’t lying to you. I think it was poison.

GALEV

Probably make it easier for her to pretend you’re dead, if you’re really dead.

AL

All just one big joke for you isn’t it? It’s true. Pot roast stew, she makes the most god-awful pot roast stew. I think she put rat poison in it.

GALEV

And you know this because?



AL

Because it tasted like crap, and she wouldn't eat any of it, and there was an empty box of rat poison in the cupboard next to the seasoning. Between the cayenne pepper, and all spice. What the hell kind of place is that for rat poison? And it was empty. We don't have rats and she somehow went through a whole box of rat poison, and kept the empty box in the kitchen by the spices?

GALEV

Maybe her pot roast stew isn't as bad when it's not poisoned.

AL

No, it's always been bad. She learned how to cook from her mother, now there's an awful cook. I ain't lying when I say my father-in-law died on purpose so he wouldn't have to eat another meal from that woman. He took the easy way out if you ask me.

TABBY enters grabs a magazine and turns off the light as she exits.

AL

Like I'm dead.

GALEV

I see what you mean. Although, I find it peculiar that she didn't seem to notice me.

AL

She probably thought you were one of my buddies, so you're dead to her too.

GALEV

I'd like to say I've seen stranger things.

AL

She tried to suffocate me a number of times. I'd wake up and she'd have a pillow over my head. Pressing it down. Suffocating me. Said I was snoring.

GALEV

This was before you two stopped talking.

AL

Yeah.

GALEV

Back in the loving days.

AL

I can count the loving days of our marriage on one hand. One finger in particular.

ABBY enters.

GALEV

Oh. Hey Abby.

ABBY

Ga-- uh...hey. What's .. up?

AL

(looking between the two of them.) You. You know each other?

ABBY

He- He goes to my school.

GALEV

Bit more than that, I'm afraid.

AL

Boyfriend?

ABBY

Dad. 18.

GALEV

Acquaintance. As of now.

AL

Abigail, can I have a minute alone with Galev?

ABBY

Dad.

GALEV

It's alright Abby. It's not often enough that we stand on formality anymore. There was a time when I would not have been allowed to even talk to you before I gained permission from your father.

ABBY

Glad that's history.

AL

What are you doing with my daughter?

GALEV

I have nothing but the most honorable intentions in regards to--

AL

Honorable!?! You come in here and talk to me about--

GALEV

A lecture? Oh good, I love a good lecture. (GALEV sits and looks at AL with overzealous excitement.)

AL

Abby, go to your room.

GALEV

Yes, Abby, go to your room.

ABBY glares at both of them, then leaves in a huff.

GALEV

She’s an obedient child.

AL

Stop it. Where did you meet her?

GALEV

A club that we both frequent.

AL

She frequents clubs?

GALEV

Club, bar... I forget the distinctions.

AL

She’s not old enough to--

GALEV

Funny thing, a lot of people say the same thing about me, and I tell them it’s what’s inside that counts. For instance, from the outside I look like I’m...oh, twenty-two, twenty-five... but in here (taps on his chest) I’m at least 47.

AL

47?

GALEV

Yeah?

AL

I thought.... I--

GALEV

Thought I’d be hundreds of years old?

AL

Yeah.

GALEV

Yeah. Technically possible, but not all that common in my line of work. Immortality. A misnomer, really. Just think of all the different ways that we can be killed. Sunlight, drowning, stake through the heart, good old fashioned starving.... when you think of all the ways we can be killed off it almost makes living forever sound like not much of a deal. Anyway... she has a fake ID.

AL

Yeah, I figured.

GALEV

So do I.

AL

Thought you said you only had to worry about two things, blood and sunlight.

GALEV

I only have to worry about those two things additionally. Drowning would suck for you or me, and anything in the heart is going to hurt.

AL

(pause) What are you doing with her.

GALEV

I swear, I didn't know she was your daughter.

AL

So, I'm supposed to believe that you just randomly chose this house, and--

GALEV

Not randomly. You filled out a form.

AL

A form?

GALEV

Suburu Outback, I didn't lie about that part. Of course, now that I know that Abby's your daughter, what I came here for is going to be easier, I suppose.

AL

You're here to fill your quota, aren't you?

GALEV

Yep.

AL

Well, you can save it. It's been a long night. I really... need to... can't believe you're dating my daughter.

GALEV

Wouldn't call it dating.

AL

I'll deal with you tomorrow.

GALEV

Tomorrow night, please.

AL

Get out.

GALEV

She's a vampire too, you know.

AL  
What?

GALEV  
Abby. She’s a vampire.

AL  
She? How?

GALEV  
Same way as everyone. (mimes biting a neck.) Chomp!

AL  
She’s a vampire?

GALEV  
For a couple of weeks now. You hadn’t noticed?

ABBY  
(having entered, unseen.) No, he hasn’t.

AL  
Abby. Is this true?

ABBY  
Maybe.

AL  
Go to bed.

ABBY  
Not really tired.

AL  
Just. You can quit this, you know... This... you don’t--

GALEV  
Yeah. You can.

ABBY  
But it suuuuuuiks.

AL

No pun intended.

GALEV

No. I think she intended that.

AL

(pause) What about college?

ABBY

They have night classes, Dad.

GALEV

What about you?

AL

What about me?

GALEV

That’s what this is really about, isn’t it? Your concern for your daughter. It’s really a concern for yourself.

ABBY

Come on, he’s not going to--

GALEV

In a moment, I’m closing the deal. What do you plan on doing with your life? What does anyone? We are solitary creatures as humans. We are caught within ourselves-- behind these (gestures to his eyes) What do we do- to pass the time while being incapable of actually connecting? Go to bars? Play some sport? Attend church socials? And when we’re done we leave alone... always alone. But. It doesn’t have to be that way. There’s no reason why we should remain so disconnected. You daywalkers- when you think of us-- we repulse you on some level, don’t we? Perhaps it is- perhaps there is something barbaric about all of it. But, the real secret is this. It may disconnect us from your society- But it connects us to ours- we vampires have a connection, and understanding of each other that cannot be explained or felt by you. We see through each others’ eyes. And it is beautiful- Your daughter has chosen a path already. Your wife has picked a path for the two of you. Your company has it’s own path-- Now you can choose your own too. There’s nothing left for you here but a deeper and deeper rut. A rut that, no matter how familiar it may seem, how comfortable, or conforming to the ruts around you, will ultimately leave you alone. Utterly alone. There’s nothing left in this disconnected world. Nothing left for you. Come. Join our world. Join your daughter’s world. Make your own history. Live your life by your rules.

AL

Okay. You're right.

ABBY

(upset at her dad joining her cool club.) Seriously?

AL

I can't argue with a single one of his points.

ABBY

You'll never make it, by yourself, and I'm not going to help you... this is---

AL

I don't need your assistance--

ABBY

You're never gonna do it by yourself--

AL

What does that mean?

ABBY

Look at you.

AL

What?

ABBY

You couldn't hurt anyone, much less hunt them down.

AL

I'll have you know, I...

ABBY

What?

AL

I-- I could hurt someone.



ABBY

Is this where you start telling me how you were in Vietnam, and you had to do some terrible things to protect us from Communism?

AL

No-- I--- well, I did, but that’s not what I’m talking about.

ABBY

You know, you have to pick a victim right away. That’s the first thing you have to do Dad, you know that, don’t you? Who are you going to pick?

TABBY enters. All look at her.

TABBY

What?

GALEV

Problem solved.

AL

Problem solved.

LIGHTS FADE