

# DRACULA RIDES AGAIN

*A Halloween Western*

*Jeff Goode*

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DRACULA RIDES AGAIN  
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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jeff Goode is an actor, director and screenwriter, and the author of over fifty plays, musicals and childrens shows.

A corn-fed Iowa youth, Jeff attended the University of Iowa, where he co-founded (with Todd Ristau and Stan Ruth) the original No Shame Theater (out of the back of a pickup truck), and began writing to feed his acting habit.

During his summers, Jeff traveled to Bar Harbor, Maine to help establish the Unusual Cabaret, and became the company's first resident playwright when the other playwrights missed their flights.

After graduating from two different colleges with degrees in everything but playwriting, Jeff moved to Chicago and wrote THE EIGHT: REINDEER MONOLOGUES and hasn't had a moments peace since.

In 1997, Jeff came to Los Angeles to write the pilot for M T Vs *Undressed*, and later created the animated series *American Dragon: Jake Long* for the Disney Channel.

You can follow Jeff's further adventures on his website: [jeffgoode.com](http://jeffgoode.com).

*also published by* Broadway Play Publishing Inc:  
MARLEY'S GHOST

DRACULA RIDES AGAIN opened on 19 October 1995  
at the Theater of the American West in Republican City,  
Nebraska. The cast and creative contributors were:

OLD TIMER ..... Julie Haussermann  
THE COUNT ..... Charles Davies  
JESSE CLANTON ..... Beau Hamilton  
JAKE CLANTON ..... Lucy Duda  
DELLA ..... Kris Davies  
MARIETTA ..... Lucy Duda  
TOWNSPERSON 1 ..... Susan Potter  
TOWNSPERSON 2 ..... Lucy Duda  
TOWNSPERSON 3 ..... Beau Hamilton  
TOWNSPERSON 4 ..... Julie Haussermann  
MAYOR ..... Mel Keller  
BUTCH CLANTON ..... Susan Potter  
DOC FRANKENSTEIN ..... Lisa Harrison

*Direction, scenery & lighting* ..... Charles Davies  
*Costume design* ..... Kris Davies

## CHARACTERS

THE COUNT  
DELLA  
DOC  
SHERIFF  
OLD TIMER  
BARKEEP  
MARIETTA  
MAYOR  
MILLIE MAE  
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

THE CLANTONS:  
JUDD, JODY, JESSE, JAMIE, JOSIE, JETHRO, JANGO & BUTCH

TOWNSPEOPLE, CARD PLAYERS, PIANO PLAYER,  
SHOWGIRLS, *etc.*

THE MUMMY

## PRODUCTION NOTES

*Scene design:* DRACULA RIDES AGAIN was originally conceived as a series of featured scenes played on a wild west saloon set—which would occupy most of the stage—alternating with shorter scenes on smaller, “suggested” sets, taking place downstage of the main set, or in front of the curtain, or possibly off to one side in a dedicated “swing” set area.

This is not necessarily how you will want to stage the production yourself, but being aware of this convention may help you follow the alternation of locations in the play.

*The Mummy stagehand:* During rehearsals for the original production, director Charles Davies pointed out that the only archetypal movie monster missing from the play was the Mummy. A Mummy Stagehand was added as a way of including that character in the show without altering the existing plotline. (And because it would be funny to see blind-folded stagehands crashing into things.)

This part of the play is completely optional. You should feel free to omit the Mummy, if you like. (Or feel free to dress *all* your stagehands as blind mummies. That would be funny, too.)

*Gender roles:* The playwright encourages color-blind and gender-blind casting—choosing the best person for the part, regardless of their own race or gender. It is not necessary, for example, for Doc Frankenstein to be played by someone of German descent.

You should also feel free to *change* the gender of any of the characters to fit your pool of actors. The effect of some changes may vary, of course—forcing the Mayor to dress as a showgirl, for example, will have different connotations if the character is male rather than female—but in general, there is nothing gender-specific about the overall theme of the play, so there's no reason not to adjust the cast of characters to suit your own company.

*The Clantons:* The Clanton boys...or girls...or both...are a posse of hench-deputies for the villains of the show. Although some of them have been given individual character names in the script, they mainly serve, as a group, to wreak mayhem and to allow the play to have a ridiculously high body count. As such, their roles may be combined or redistributed, as necessary, to create a posse of whatever size or composition your production desires.

Note: If you choose to have an all-girl or all-boy clan of Clantons, be sure to omit the running gag about “the Clanton boys...and girls.”

my thanks to  
Charles Davies  
and the  
Theater of the American West  
without whom, this play simply would not exist

## ACT ONE

OLD TIMER: (*Singin':*) I remember the evenin'  
He rode into town.  
The moon it was full  
And there wasn't a sound  
'Cept the coyotes howlin' that filled up the night.  
Said, "They call me the Count. I'm just in for a bite."

### THE SALOON

*(Nighttime. Merry saloon music plays in a minor key. Howling off in the distance. The COUNT walks into the saloon. Long black cape, spurs jangling. Abruptly, the music stops and the piano player darts out of sight. The COUNT goes to the bar, where the surly BARKEEP cleans her dirty glasses with a dusty rag.)*

BARKEEP: What'll it be, stranger?

COUNT: Bloody Mary.

*(The BARKEEP lunges across the bar, grabs the COUNT by the collar and thrusts a six-gun in his face.)*

BARKEEP: What'd you call me?

*(The COUNT calmly crushes the BARKEEP's hand.)*

COUNT: Never mind. I'll get it myself.

*(The COUNT drops the BARKEEP and goes behind the bar, starts mixing himself a Bloody Mary. Two nasty-looking galoots, JUDD and JODY CLANTON saunter up to the bar.)*

JUDD: What the heck is that concoction?

JODY: Looks like a glass o' blood.

COUNT: It's a mixed drink made with tomato juice and—

JUDD: (*Viciously:*) DID I ASK YOU?

COUNT: No. I suppose not. Sorry to interrupt.

JODY: We don't like strangers 'round these parts.

COUNT: Then perhaps I should introduce myself—

JUDD: WE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS EVEN ONCE WE GETS TO KNOW 'EM!

COUNT: Well, then. (*Toasting:*) Salud.

(*He drinks. The CLANTONS snicker.*)

JODY: Looks like he's drinkin' a glass o' blood, Judd.

JUDD: I reckon that makes him a blood sucker, don't it?

JODY: Are you a blood sucker, stranger?

COUNT: Are you trying to get to know me?

(*JUDD and JODY angrily draw their pistols, point them at the COUNT's head.*)

COUNT: I don't suppose those are silver bullets?

JUDD: You talk too much, stranger.

JODY: He sure does, Judd, he talks too much.

JUDD: We don't like people what's all talk.

JODY: No sir, that's not the kind o' people we take kindly to.

COUNT: Me neither.

(*In a deft display, the COUNT suddenly yanks JUDD over the bar, grabs JODY by the gun hand, twists it away from his face and bites her on the wrist. JODY drops her gun and runs out*

*of the saloon. The COUNT turns to JUDD, lying on the floor behind the bar. His cape billows, bat-like, as he swoops down upon the helpless man. Suddenly, DELLA, a showgirl, appears at the top of the stairs. The COUNT, sensing her entrance, stops what he's doing and looks up.)*

DELLA: Howdy, stranger. Welcome to Tombstone.

COUNT: I don't think I like being a stranger in this town.

*(DELLA makes a long, sultry cross down the stairs, across the room and over to him at the bar.)*

DELLA: Then why'd you come back?

COUNT: Who says I'm back?

DELLA: You look awful back.

COUNT: You act awful forward.

*(She slaps him.)*

COUNT: All right, if you must know, I came back because I heard the prettiest dance hall girl in all of three states might be in some kind of trouble.

DELLA: Is this one of those states?

COUNT: If you're here, it might as well be all fifty.

DELLA: Thirty-eight.

COUNT: That's right. Thirty-eight.

DELLA: That's sweet of you to say.

COUNT: It's just a number.

DELLA: And you're just a Count.

COUNT: So *are* you in trouble?

DELLA: Not just me. The whole town's in trouble, Count. Since you left there ain't been nothin' but trouble.

COUNT: And you want me to help?

DELLA: Isn't that what I said in my letter?

COUNT: I don't know what you said in your letter. It came to me Pony Express. The rider was attacked by renegades, and this is all I got.

*(He hands her a tiny fragment of paper.)*

DELLA: "Dear Count..."

*(He hands her another fragment.)*

DELLA: "Love, Della."

*(Their eyes meet.)*

COUNT: Did you mean it when you said, "Love, Della"?

DELLA: Did you mean it when you said you'd come back for me one day?

*(He hangs his head in shame. She takes that as a "no" and slaps him again.)*

COUNT: I would have come back for you, Della, but I knew you could never love me.

DELLA: I would have loved you, but I knew you would never come back.

COUNT: I would have come back.... No, we did that already.

DELLA: That's all behind us now, Count. This town needs you.

COUNT: This town needs me like it needs another hole in its head.

DELLA: Compared to the great big one we dug ourselves into, a little head hole don't sound so bad. There's a new Sheriff in Tombstone.

COUNT: Nothing you can't handle.

DELLA: A she-Sheriff.

COUNT: Oh.

DELLA: And she's a ruthless, lowdown snake-in-the-grass.

COUNT: At least she's not yellow-bellied and good-for-nothing.

DELLA: No, but the thing she's good for is taking over the whole town and running it into the ground. Her and her gang of so-called deputies. The Clanton brothers. And sisters.

COUNT: The Clantons, huh?

DELLA: That's two of 'em you met just now. Judd and Jody Clanton. But there's plenty more where they came from.

COUNT: They don't seem so tough.

DELLA: Maybe not to you, Count. But ordinary folks is terrified of 'em. They've got us all so spooked, we're afraid of our own shadows. *(Seeing her shadow:)* AAGH! *(She recovers:)* Make no mistake, the Clantons are the meanest orneriest bunch o' sidewinders this side o' the other side o' town.

COUNT: And what's on the other side of town?

DELLA: The Sheriff. And her silent partner. The one they call...Doc.

COUNT: *(Suspicious:)* A doctor? And he's silent?

DELLA: As a grave.

COUNT: That's my kind o' silent.

DELLA: If somebody doesn't stop the two of them soon, they're gonna turn Tombstone into a ghost town.

COUNT: And that's bad?

DELLA: *(Throwing herself in his arms:)* I'm awful scared, Count.

COUNT: You've never been one to let a little ruckus rattle you, Della. Weren't you the one who told me, "If you can't take the heat, go to Boston"?

DELLA: "If you can't take the heat, go to heck" is what I said.

COUNT: Just trying to be polite.

DELLA: There's no ladies present, Count, and you know it.

COUNT: So what's troubling you, Della? The new Sheriff?

DELLA: No, it's the other one. The Doc.

COUNT: What about him?

DELLA: He *wants* me, Count. He wants me in a way no man has ever wanted me before.

COUNT: I didn't know there were any more ways to want you.

DELLA: He wants me...experimentally.

COUNT: Yeah, that's a new one.

DELLA: You gotta help me, Count. And if not me, do it for us. And if not us, do it for me in a different outfit.

COUNT: The little black number with the veil and petticoat?

DELLA: It's right upstairs.

COUNT: Okay, I'll do it.

(MARIETTA *leaps onstage.*)

MARIETTA: Yahoo!

(MARIETTA *is another showgirl, who has apparently been eavesdropping on their conversation the whole time.*)

DELLA: You hear that, Marietta? He's gonna do it!

MARIETTA: Can I watch?

DELLA: First, go wake the Mayor and tell him the good news!

COUNT: And then wake the whole town and tell them to meet here at the saloon right away.

(MARIETTA *rushes out.*)

DELLA: What do you want the whole town for?

COUNT: I can't do this alone, Della. While I'm gone, I want you to organize the townspeople into political action groups.

DELLA: Where are you going?

COUNT: To the other side of town. I'm gonna pay the Sheriff a little visit.

DELLA: I don't know how to thank you, Count.

(*They gaze into each other's eyes.*)

COUNT: Well...

DELLA: No, you're right, I do know how to thank you.

(*Sounds of an angry posse approaching*)

COUNT: What's that?

DELLA: It's the Clantons!

(*The COUNT draws his pistol.*)

DELLA: No, no, you'd better go. If they find you here—

(*JODY bursts in.*)

JODY: I found him!

(*Enter JESSE and BUTCH, as well. They surround the COUNT.*)

BUTCH: This the fella that bit you, Jody?

JODY: Yep, that's him, all right.

(BUTCH *turns to the* COUNT.)

BUTCH: So you must be the one they call...  
"The guy that bit me".

COUNT: And you must be the one they call...  
(*Looks her up and down:*) "Butch".

(JODY *and* JESSE *gasp.*)

BUTCH (*Livid:*) I don't know how you knew that, stranger, but I'll thank you to call me Deputy!

COUNT: You're welcome...Deputy. Now, I want to speak to your boss. The Sheriff.

BUTCH: I know who my boss is! And you'll speak to the Sheriff when I'm darn good 'n ready to let you speak to the Sheriff, and not a minute before. Or after. And in the meantime... (*Cracks knuckles*) I think you and me's gonna have a little "chat". And then I think Jesse might want a word with you. And after that, Jody's got a little something she'd like to discuss. And then, Jake and Jack'll be along to confer with you on a related subject, and then—

COUNT: (*Interrupting:*) I'm not one for polite conversation—if I understand your metaphor—but unless you all back away real slow... You're gonna have a symposium on your hands.

(*The COUNT's fingers twitch on the handle of his revolver. The CLANTONS all strike gun-fighting stances, hands hover near their holsters.*)

BUTCH: Please, stranger, speak freely! My colleagues and I are eager to engage you in the kind of spirited debate which this great nation was founded upon.

(*The COUNT eyes the three adversaries squared off against him. Tense pause. The COUNT makes a move for his gun and all three of them beat him to the draw. He is shot several times. When the smoke clears, the COUNT is still standing.*)

ACT ONE

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*Slowly, he draws his gun from its holster... Then he drops dead. Piano music resumes, and the CLANTONS hoot and cheer.)*

*(Blackout)*

*(The MUMMY stagehand crosses the stage, arms outstretched, like a mummy—or like someone who can't see because they have bandages over their eyes—moaning mummy-like, and exits. It comes back in with the Sheriff's Office set, places it. It starts off again, but can't see for the bandages, crashes into a wall, feels around for the door, then exits.)*