

NEPAWC Prompt for Oct. 4, 2014

Prompt: Vampire on the Roof, Smiling ! A short play by Lou Bisignani

Cast: He.....a typical loving father
She.....his wife
Lil.....their lovely young daughter

Scene: A lovely older home in the country

Time: The present; it is late evening

He: Well, that's that. I think she's settled in. Want a drink?

She: No, dear. And neither do you.

He: No...I just meant coffee, or maybe a glass of milk. I know you've been as upset as I've been. So...

She: No, really. I'm not thirsty. (pause) Did she act up ...or was she...

He: No. She was fine. You know how she gets um...I guess jittery? Well, at first she asked me to sit with her for a while. And when I said O.K. she was fine, but when I asked her why she wanted me to stay, she wouldn't give me a reason.

She: But you're sure she was alright? I feel so...I don't know...guilty, I guess. I mean She's so young. Kids like her are very impressionable. I want her to know that we Love her and will protect her. If she's afraid of the dark....

He: Have you really listened to her? I don't get that she's afraid of the dark. It's more than that. She's certain that there's a monster...

She: No...no! She's never complained about a...well, she's never used that word to describe her fear. It's more like the 'boogey man', although I've never used that term around her either. You haven't, have you? Oh, don't tell me you have. You know how I feel about words like that.

He: Give me some credit, will you. I would never frighten her with something like that. I'm getting a drink. (exits to kitchen)

She: I wish you wouldn't. (pause) It doesn't solve anything.

He: (From kitchen) Look, don't change the subject. We're not discussing my occasional little nip.

She: Nips!

He: (From Kitchen) All right, warden! Nips! I think you...we...should concentrate on what's frightening our beautiful little baby. I mean, she hasn't slept thru the night in weeks. And I can see what it's doing to her. My God! You're her mother! Don't see how tired she seems lately. And how pale? ^{you}

She: Oh, no you don't! You don't put this on me! I am her mother! And of course I can see a change in her. And don't try to act the hero! I'm the one she calls to when she has her bad dreams!

He: You! Like I don't sit with her for hours if need be...

She: That was in the beginning! Lately she doesn't seem to need us to sit with her as long. Now she seems content to talk about her 'friend'. All kids have their invisible friends! It's natural.

He: Yeah. But she wants to include me into her circle.

She: What do you mean.?

He: She wants me to see him...it...whatever, too! She wants me to meet him!

She: Oh. Oh! (pause) She asked me the same thing.

He: When?

She: Last night. You were asleep. It was...I don't know...late. One O'Clock.

Lily: (Offstage) Momma...Momma...please...please come here.

She: See! She wants me!

He: Maybe because you're too easy on her. She has to get over this!

She: I'm going up to her. (exits)

He: (pause) I'm going, too. (exits)

(They enter a dark space representing Lily's room. Lily is sitting up in her bed
There is moonlight coming in thru the window)

She: Oh, darling! You can't sleep? But darling, you have to sleep or you'll get sick!

He: Don't threaten her! Can't you see she's afraid. (pause) Would you like your light on, baby? Huh?

Lily: No, daddy. It's not that dark. Will you sit with me, mommy? And you, too, daddy?

She: Of course darling. (sits on bed)

He: Sure, baby. (sits on bed. Lily is now between them) Now, we're all here together.

Lily: I love you daddy. And I love you mommy. And I want you to meet my friend.

She: Of course, dear. (she looks at daddy) But can we see him?

He: And does he have a name?

Lily: His name is a secret he says. But he wants to meet you. He told me.

She: He does? Well then I want to...meet him. Don't you agree dear?

He: Yes! Sure! Bring him on, baby! Where is he now, in your closet? Under your bed?

Lily: Oh, daddy, you're so silly! He's outside. Look! Can you see him?

He: (Moves to window) Not yet, honey. There's no one out here. Besides. It's too cold tonight. No one would want to be out there.

She: Outside, darling? But where?

Lily: He comes to the window, mommy. It's usually open. But tonight, it's closed.

He: Well, honey, it's closed because it's too chilly out there to leave your window open.

Lily: But see, when it's closed, he can't come in. When it was open, he could visit me and we could talk. At first, I was a little afraid, but he kisses me and tells me what a good girl I am, and now I like him a lot. So I want you to meet him, too.

He: He kisses you!? What do you mean, baby? What kind of Kisses... Are you listening to this...Mommy! Her friend comes in the window and KISSES her!

She: Wait a minute! Calm down. Now darling, no one can climb up on the roof and get in your window. You know that's sillytalk, don't you?

Lily: He can fly, mommy! He flies up to my window, and he asks if he can come in, and I say yes, and he comes right in.

He: And then he kisses you.

Lily: Yes, daddy.

She: Lily...could you show mommy how...um...where your friend kisses you?

Lily: Sure, mommy! Here, let me show you. (Lily clambers into mommy's lap and
Hugs and kisses mommy's neck.

He: (Watches the kiss for a beat and moves to and opens window) I want to check this roof. (He opens window and leans out) Well, I say no one could possibly...what?.. Who are you? I'll wipe that smile off your... Arggg! (We can only see his lower torso and legs which kick convulsively)

Lily: (Her face is still in mommy's neck) I love you mommy. (Lily turns to the audience; Her lips and chin are covered in blood! Mommy slumps slowly until she is prone on the bed. Daddy's legs have stopped kicking)

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NEPAWC Prompt for Oct. 11, 2014

Prompt: "This is absolutely the very last time"! A absurd short tale by Lou Bisignani

"Yoo hoo!" . He knocked on the door again. He'd been knocking for almost five minutes, which doesn't seem very long when you say it like that...'Five minutes'. I mean what's the big deal about that, most people would ask. But try it when it's sleeting and freezing and you're knocking on your girl friend's door and she doesn't answer and you're wearing a speedo. A woman walking past the house stopped and stared at him. He forced a smile and explained that he was all right and that he would be entering the house in a moment. She continued to stare for a minute, then she shook her head.

"Your lips are blue. Have you lost your key, young man? Do you want me to call 911, or something?" He blew on his hands. He shook his head and assured the woman that he was fine. His friend would let him in any moment now and she shouldn't worry about him and she could go on about her business. After all she might catch a chill in this weather.

The woman's eyes widened. "Young man, your concern for me is misplaced! I am wearing quite appropriate clothing for this kind of weather. Whereas you...well, I've never seen anyone so clearly unprepared for this sleet! Why are you practically naked anyway?" She pulled her scarf higher up on her neck. She shivered at the thought of his standing there dressed only in...what was he wearing, anyhow?

"Tell me, young man, what is that...thing you are wearing called, anyway? It seems awfully...skimpy, to me." He looked down at his exposed skin which was now entirely covered in gooseflesh and had taken on a bluish hue. He knocked on the door again.

"Maybe you should knock louder. Or maybe get back to your car. My goodness, there's no car here. Why, where's your car?" She shook her umbrella and sleet flew in all directions. He jumped as some pieces hit his legs. "Oh...sorry about that!" she said.

“Apology accepted.” He sneezed! God! Where was Lucinda? Why didn’t she answer the door? “It’s cawed a Speedo!” He sneezed again. “Add I god a ride here. I got no car.” He called out again. “Yoo hoo!, Lucinda! Yoo hoo!”

“Is that your...’friend’s’ name? Lucinda? You don’t hear that name very often anymore.” He couldn’t miss the tone in her voice when she said ‘friend’. He stamped his feet. He stopped when he realized that he was calling attention to his lack of shoes.

“Oh, my goodness! You’re not wearing shoes! Barefoot in this weather? If I was your mother...”. She shook her finger at him. He felt smaller and more embarrassed than ever. If only she would leave. If only Lucinda would open the door. He turned and pounded on the door.

Then he heard the door handle rattle. It was opening! He saw an eye peering through the narrow opening in the door. It was Lucinda! “Lucinda! Oped the door! I’ve bid knocking! Did’t you hear me?”

“Ohhh...I was sleeping... I didn’t hear...Um...why are you...I mean where are your clothes?” She opened the door a bit more. She yawned and said, “God! You must be freezing! I know I am. I can’t keep this door open. You’d better go.”

“Go! Bud you said I could cob ober...if I’d wear a speedo in a sleet storm! And here I amb! Lucinda! It’s freezig! Let me ind.” The woman watched in shock. Lucinda wasn’t going to let him in?

“Let him in! Can’t you see he’s freezing? Please, let him in!” The woman was nearly in tears.

Lucinda looked out at the woman. “Oh, give me a break! All right, he’s cold! Yeah I get that. But he’s a nut! This is how he ‘proves his love’ for me! And I’m sick of it! And I’m sick of him! Jeez! All right, come on in! But this is absolutely the very last time!” The door opened wide, and he scurried in. Before the door closed, he turned and called to the woman.

He said, “See, I knew she’d leth me idn!” The door closed with a slam.

The woman stood there for a moment before she called out, “You mean he’s done this before!!!?”

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