

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

# **Deserted**

*(A part of THE WITCHING HOUR, Four Short Plays)*

by Kira Shaffer



Newport, Maine

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## **DESERTED**

(A short play from "The Witching Hour")

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**CAST:**

**Deserted** (1f, 2m)

ARTHUR WOODROW: male vampire, 20s or 30s in appearance

MAUDE ANDERSON: female human, 25

BRANDON: male vampire, Arthur's friend, 20s or 30s in appearance

**Settings** should remain simple so they can easily be changed.

**Props** should be minimal.

**Costumes** should help delineate the period as well as the character

**DESERTED** One of Four Short Plays for Halloween (or any time) by *Kīra Shaffer* and *Cory Larsen*. 1f, 2m About 15 minutes. Period costumes. Simple Setting and props. A vampire and human are stranded together in the desert. The festival of Samhain, or as we more commonly know it, Hallowe'en, is a favorite time of year for many people. This play from *The Witching Hour*, a collection of short plays of the haunting and the macabre is a perfect fit for the celebration of that season, or for any time of the year. Content Advisory: Thematic elements. Suitable for most teens and adults. **ORDER # 3337**

**Kīra Shaffer** graduated from Brigham Young University–Idaho in 2014 with a BA in English, creative writing emphasis. Her love for Halloween and supernatural stories inspired these plays. She met her collaborator and co-writer Cory Larsen in 2015. They developed a friendship after she joined the volunteer choir he directed in 2017. She sang under him for five seasons before the choir disbanded with the COVID-19 shutdown of 2020. Kīra lives in Utah with her husband and children.

The World Premiere production of *Deserted* was produced at The Hive Collaborative in Provo, Utah, in 2021 as a part of the longer collection of plays, *The Witching Hour*. Directed by Cory Larsen. The cast was as follows:

**Deserted**

ARTHUR WOODROW: **Spencer James Tuft**

MAUDE ANDERSON: **Diane Alisa Tuft**

BRANDON: **Sean Hunter**

# Deserted

A short play  
by Kīra Shaffer

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Cast of Characters

ARTHUR WOODROW — male vampire, 20s or 30s in appearance

MAUDE ANDERSON — female human, 25

BRANDON — male vampire, Arthur's friend, 20s or 30s in appearance

PLACE: a desert canyon

TIME: Day, postwar, 1940s

## Scene

*Lights up: Upstage right, ARTHUR sits holding an unconscious MAUDE under a large umbrella laid on its side. (Note on stage direction: Whenever Arthur and Maude sit, it is always under the umbrella.)*

*MAUDE wears a nightgown, a dressing gown with the sash tied but the front open, and slippers.*

*ARTHUR wears dress shirt, pants, and shoes.*

**ARTHUR:** I'm trying, Maudie. I'm really trying. We haven't been here that long. I promise I'll find a way out of this place without...

*(sighs)*

Who am I fooling? It's hopeless. Brandon thought of everything.

*(MAUDE stirs and groans. Arthur supports her as she sits up.)*

**MAUDE:** Oh, my head... Uh, my mouth...

**ARTHUR:** Maude, are you alright?

**MAUDE:** Arthur? What are you doing here?

*(MAUDE notices her state of deshabelle and yanks her dressing gown closed with a gasp.)*

What am I doing here? What's going on? Where are we?

**ARTHUR:** Tanezrouft Basin, Sahara Desert. Locals call it the land of terror.

**MAUDE:** Are you kidding me? I don't even have a passport. How did we get here?

**ARTHUR:** Brandon.

**MAUDE:** Brandon? Your friend Brandon? The guy I met at your birthday party last summer who beat us at Liverpool rummy?

**ARTHUR:** Yeah, that guy.

**MAUDE:** How is he responsible?

**ARTHUR:** Brandon and I had a game we played. Something we cooked up in the early years of our friendship.

**MAUDE:** A game.

**ARTHUR:** *(standing)* We were young. Bored. Wanted something to enliven the endless days and nights.

**MAUDE:** What game?

**ARTHUR:** We took turns planning difficult situations to put ourselves into. The challenge, and the thrill, was getting out of them. It was Brandon's turn to plan, only he decided to make you his substitute in the field.

**MAUDE:** *(standing)* That's the kind of stupidity I'd expect from boys I went to college with, not two sage immortals. What kind of "difficult situations"?

**ARTHUR:** That's unimportant.

**MAUDE:** I'd really like to know.

**ARTHUR:** Dropping into Axis territory, then racing to Allied lines...

**MAUDE:** Great, so you're a secret adrenaline junkie. And it wasn't enough for Brandon to beat us at cards. No. He had to drop us in the middle of Africa too!

**ARTHUR:** Actually, Tanezrouft is in northwestern—

*(MAUDE cuts him off by placing the palm of her hand over his mouth.)*

**MAUDE:** I didn't ask for a geography lesson! How long have I been out? The last thing I remember is falling asleep in my bed.

**ARTHUR:** Over a day. Brandon drugged you.

**MAUDE:** How...? I don't want to know. What a creep. Ugh, I'm hot.

*(MAUDE sits.)*

**ARTHUR:** I'm as cold as ever.

**MAUDE:** Then cool me off.

*(ARTHUR sits beside Maude. MAUDE drapes an arm over his legs to rest her back against his chest.)*

As much as I would love to just sit here and enjoy our surprise getaway, courtesy of your crazy friend, what's the plan? Why aren't you throwing me on your back and scaling the canyon walls already?

**ARTHUR:** I'm not strong enough.

**MAUDE:** *(sitting up)* What are you talking about? Of course you are. You're a vampire.

**ARTHUR:** I didn't know Brandon would drag you into this. He asked for me and him to do a prolonged fast before the game this time, "to give ourselves a disadvantage," he said. I'm too weak to carry you out of here in time. We have no food, no water, no map. And that's not our only problem.

*(standing)*

When the sun sets, who knows how much the temperature will drop, and all we have to keep you warm are the clothes we're wearing, because I run cold, as we've just established.

*(MAUDE stands.)*

**MAUDE:** Why would Brandon do this to us?

*(Lights down. MAUDE freezes in place. Flashback. Party music plays. Lights up on BRANDON's stage left entrance. BRANDON holds a drinking glass filled with blood in each hand. He wears*

*dress pants and shoes, and a dress shirt under a cardigan sweater. ARTHUR joins him, now wearing a blazer.)*

**BRANDON:** Happy birthday, Arthur!

*(BRANDON hands him a glass. They clink their glasses together.)*

Two centuries looks good on you.

**ARTHUR:** Thanks, Brandon. I'm glad you could make it.

**BRANDON:** Of course.

*(THEY take a drink, then look at the fourth wall as if observing the party guests.)*

This must be the girl you've been telling me about.

**ARTHUR:** Yep, that's her.

**BRANDON:** She is darling. I'm happy for you.

**ARTHUR:** It's not like that.

*(ARTHUR raises his glass to his lips.)*

**BRANDON:** Isn't it, though?

*(ARTHUR lowers his glass without drinking. BRANDON takes a drink.)*

You know, Cecily died a long time ago.

*(ARTHUR remains silent.)*

**BRANDON:** Oh, you're too wrapped up in these humans. I know a few vampettes I could introduce you to.

**ARTHUR:** Still not interested. Thanks.

**BRANDON:** Suit yourself.

*(THEY raise their glasses to their lips. Lights down. Party music stops. Another flashback, more recent than the last. Lights up on ARTHUR and BRANDON. ARTHUR is no longer wearing the blazer. BRANDON wears a scarf instead of a cardigan sweater.)*

I understand if you cut me off or come after me for this. But just know, Arthur, I am your truest friend. Your guilt for the past has held you back long enough. You deserve to be happy. I hope you take the chance I'm giving you with this girl.

**ARTHUR:** You bastard! I trusted you! You're throwing away a hundred and ninety-six years of friendship if you go through with this. Substitutes aren't part of the rules.

**BRANDON:** They're not against the rules.

**ARTHUR:** Why bring her into this? Why not just change her yourself if that's the outcome you're betting on?

**BRANDON:** Oh, that would be poor sportsmanship. The choice is for you and her alone.

**ARTHUR:** It's not much of a choice if you're forcing my hand.

**BRANDON:** A choice nonetheless.

**ARTHUR:** It's too dangerous. I'm starving, and I've never changed someone before. I could kill her.

**BRANDON:** The game has always been about testing our limits. I have faith in you.

**ARTHUR:** No, Brandon, no. Don't do this. Don't make me—!

**BRANDON:** I hope you'll remember the good times we've had, and that you'll forgive me, someday.  
Goodbye, old friend.

*(BRANDON walks away and ARTHUR turns his back on him. BRANDON walks back and sticks Arthur in the neck with a syringe. Lights down. Back to present. Lights up.)*

**MAUDE:** I can't believe I thought he was nice!

**ARTHUR:** Maude.

**MAUDE:** He did look at me kinda funny.

**ARTHUR:** Maude...

**MAUDE:** It's so hot here!

**5 more pages to the end**