

Fangs

A vampire comedy served family-style

by

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Summary

He's a sweet Midwesterner. She's a vampire who has roamed the earth for hundreds of years. They're getting married. But first, he has to meet the family. A 90-minute farce, no intermission.

Cast of Characters

Cast size: 6. Vampires are not genetically related and they are ageless; please prioritize diversity in race, age, and ability when casting. This should be an eclectic group.

NORA: Female, 25-40, any race/ethnicity. A 536-year-old vampire, presenting as a goth in her 30s. A scientist. A swirl of confidence and anxiety, Nora is an independent thinker who bristles against familial expectations. She refuses to create vampire "children" in a matrilineal culture and has fallen in love with a human. She's quick to defensiveness and has a complicated relationship with the truth.

STEVE: Male or non-binary, 25-40, any race/ethnicity. Human. A sweet Midwestern therapist. Nora's partner. A clear communicator. Sweet, earnest, open-minded, inquisitive. Craves authenticity and honesty. Patient and accepting to a fault, but willing to set boundaries.

MALKA: Female, 30s-70s, any race/ethnicity. An ancient vampire. Femme fatale vibes. Oozes power. Melodramatic, sensual, sharp, self-absorbed. Wise enough to know better, petty enough not to care. Mother to Nora and Esther, meaning she turned them into vampires -- not their birth mother. Drake's mate.

DRAKE: Male, 30s-70s, any race/ethnicity. An ancient vampire. A peacemaker and people-pleaser. Often finds himself torn between avoiding confrontation and supporting his always-confrontational mate, Malka. Cat dad to DeLulu.

MAUREEN/ESTHER/SHIRLEY: Female, 20s-60s, any race/ethnicity. **Maureen** is Steve's mother (human). A well-intentioned but sheltered dairy farmer from Wisconsin. Steve gets his inquisitiveness from her. She wants to expand her worldview and try new things, but rarely gets the opportunity. **Esther** is Nora's vampire sister. Sunshine in a bottle. Infectiously positive and extremely femme. Affectionate. Happy to fulfill her duties of

creating more vampire "children." You wish you could hate her, but she's just so damn nice. Hates Shirley's guts. **Shirley** is Malka's vampire sister. Messy, opinionated, volatile, and insecure. Used to getting her way. An old flame of Uncle Louis. Has centuries-old beef with Esther.

HANK/UNCLE LOUIS/BRUCE/JEFF/ROLAND RIGSBY: Male, 20s-60s, any race/ethnicity. **Hank** is Steve's father (human). A well-intentioned but sheltered dairy farmer from Wisconsin. A man with simple tastes and a suspicious nature. Skeptical of elites, institutions, and the higher education system, he veers into conspiracy theorist territory. **Uncle Louis** is a vampire who's vowed not to leave his coffin until he's finished writing his novel. It's been 200 years. Constantly seeking inspiration. An ancient fuckboy. He's a voiceover for most of the show, some of which must be pre-recorded. **Bruce** is Esther's mate, who she turned into a vampire... so he's also her son. Everyone's crush in high school, all grown up. Bad boy vibes. Smitten with Esther. A little slow on the uptake. Extremely conflict avoidant. He and Esther call each other increasingly ridiculous pet names as if they were their actual names. **Jeff** is an eager solar panel salesperson (human). Definitely works on commission and it shows. **Roland Rigsby** is Nora's slinky, try-hard, toxic vampire ex who may or may not actually be a choreographer.

Settings

Today, in Tampa, FL.

Scene 1: Steve's apartment.

Scene 2: Malka and Drake's opulent mansion. Gothic vibes meet old Florida vibes.

Costumes and a Cat

Vampires wear all-black. No silver jewelry for vampires. Humans wear any color but black. Steve, Hank, and Maureen wear flannel. DeLulu the cat is a stuffed animal or puppet.

Content warnings

Profanity, sexual references, comedic violence, discussion of death.

Appropriate for adult and teen audiences.

SCENE 1

Loud dubstep music, in blackout. After about 10 seconds, lights up on STEVE's modest apartment. We see STEVE bopping around to the music while cooking. He wears headphones and flannel. After a few beats, NORA enters, wearing black.

NORA

Steve, have you seen my flask?

STEVE doesn't hear NORA over the music.

NORA (CONT'D)

Steve!

STEVE shakes some produce around to the beat. He's not a great dancer. NORA watches, smiling. During a particularly embarrassing move, STEVE turns and sees NORA.

STEVE

Hi! Hi. Hello.

STEVE hits the volume button on his phone. The music gets quieter. He pops the headphones off and hangs them around his neck.

NORA

Please, don't stop. It was just getting sensual.

STEVE

I'm sorry, were you saying something?

NORA

I was asking if you've seen my flask.

STEVE

Your silver one?

NORA

Well, it's not silver. It's steel. But yes.

STEVE

Right! The silver allergy. I remember.

NORA

Have you seen it?

STEVE

I remember seeing you take a sip on the drive home. Which might be a felony, but what can I say? I love a rule-breaker.

NORA

I'll go check your car.

STEVE

Will you taste this? I'm worried it needs more paprika.

NORA

It smells so good, but I'm not hungry.

STEVE

You say that now, but wait until it's ready. No one can resist my chili. No one.

NORA heads to the door.

NORA

Really, I'm just thirsty.

STEVE

Kiss?

NORA pivots and practically runs into his arms. They kiss.

NORA

Now back to your dance party.

NORA puts STEVE'S headphones back on his ears. The music gets louder. He starts grooving again while making eye contact. NORA exits. STEVE looks to make sure she's gone. He pulls a ring box out of his pocket, opens it, smiles, dances around with it, puts it back in his pocket. Back to cooking and dancing. Then frantic knocking.

NORA (OFF STAGE) (CONT'D)

Steve!

STEVE

Darn, is that doorknob stuck again?

More knocking. STEVE crosses to door and opens it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Come in, come in!

NORA storms in with a hand behind her back.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(Jiggling the doorknob.)

Sorry, I don't know what's wrong with this door. It only seems to get stuck for you.

NORA

Steve, turn off the music NOW.

STEVE pulls off his headphones, grabs his phone, and stops the music.

STEVE

What's wrong?

NORA

I just found something in your car. And I need an explanation. Right now.

STEVE pats his pocket, double-checking that the ring box is still there.

STEVE

OK... Not your flask, I'm guessing?

NORA

I found the damn flask under the seat. But first I looked in the glove box.

STEVE

What'd you find?

NORA

Why don't you tell me?

STEVE

(Calmly.)

Nora, I don't even remember what I keep in the glove box. Extra napkins? Latex gloves for the gas pump? I have nothing to hide from you.

NORA

Then what the hell is THIS?

NORA takes a wood stake out from behind her back.

NORA (CONT'D)

Start talking. Now. What the HELL IS THIS?!

STEVE bursts out laughing.

NORA (CONT'D)

I don't see anything funny here, Steve! Why is there a sharpened wooden stake in your glove box?

STEVE

(Barely able to get the
words out between laughs.)

In case I run into a vampire!

NORA goes very still. Her eyes
narrow.

NORA

Excuse me?

STEVE

It was my great-grandfather's. I found it in his old
Studebaker after he died. My dad says he traveled everywhere
with it, you know...

(More laughing.)

... Just in case.

NORA

And now you keep it in YOUR car. A weapon passed down through
the generations.

STEVE

Yeah, I keep it around as a tribute to him.

NORA

(Examining it.)

It doesn't look used.

STEVE

What? Of course not! He was just superstitious.

NORA

Call your dad right now and ask him about it. Better yet,
let's do a video call.

STEVE

Are you serious?

NORA

Do it now.

STEVE

Why are you being so weird about this?

NORA

Why are YOU being so weird about this?

STEVE

(Taking phone out.)

OK, fine, if it makes you feel better.

NORA

Good.

A noise indicating the phone is ringing. NORA puts the stake down, far away from STEVE. She pulls out her flask and drinks, then goes to his side and stares at the phone expectantly.

STEVE

You know, I haven't seen you eat all day. Maybe you'll feel less cranky if you --

NORA

(Crankily.)

I'm not cranky!

The ringing stops as MAUREEN pops out of STEVE's fridge, staring at her phone. She wears flannel. STEVE and NORA don't acknowledge MAUREEN onstage, only looking at STEVE's phone.

MAUREEN

(To her phone screen.)

Hi, Stevie! Hi Nora! Congratulations!

STEVE is making a gesture at the phone to cut it out.

NORA

On what?

STEVE

Hi, mom! So good to see you on this totally normal day. Hey, I had a random question for Dad.

MAUREEN

(Yelling at the fridge.)

Hank! Your son has a question!

STEVE

Remember Great-Grandpa Henry's vampire stake?

MAUREEN

Oh, you mean this one?

MAUREEN instantly pulls a second stake out of the fridge.

STEVE

Haha, what?

NORA

What the hell?

MAUREEN

Or did you mean the one in Dad's nightstand?

NORA

Steve, why does your family have easy access to multiple vampire stakes?

STEVE

(Gesturing his stake.)

I thought that was the only one. This is some cool family history I'm learning.

MAUREEN

Grandpa Henry gave this one to me when I was traveling home late one night.

NORA

This seems like more than superstition, Steve. This sounds like generational trauma.

STEVE

Come on, it's not that deep.

HANK pops out of the fridge,
wearing flannel.

HANK

Hey, is that Steve and Nora? Congratu--

MAUREEN gestures for him to
can it. He crosses next to her
to join the video call. The
couples don't acknowledge each
other onstage. He sees
MAUREEN's stake.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hey, is that one of Grandpa Henry's stakes? I'm pretty sure he kept one in every room of his house.

NORA starts putting on her
jacket.

MAUREEN

Nora, how's everything going at the lab? Any breakthroughs yet?

STEVE

I'll call you guys back.

MAUREEN & HANK

Love you!

STEVE hangs up. MAUREEN and
HANK exit through the fridge.

NORA

I have to go.

STEVE

Wait, what? Why?

NORA

This is... this is too... I don't feel safe.

STEVE

We've been through this, Nora. You can't just run away every time something makes you anxious.

NORA

Yes, I can. Watch. I'm doing it now.

STEVE

Can we just take a deep breath and count backward from five?

NORA

I'm not one of your therapy patients, Steve. I don't need a coping mechanism.

STEVE

We all need coping mechanisms. Let's just try it, together.

NORA grabs the stake.

NORA

I'm taking this with me.

STEVE takes a deep breath in,
then starts to let it out.

STEVE

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

NORA

Stop it.

STEVE takes an even louder
deep breath.

STEVE

(Exhaling.)

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

NORA

I said, stop. It's stupid.

STEVE

Let's be stupid together.

STEVE slowly takes NORA's hands. They hold the stake together. He inhales deeply, then pauses, looking into her eyes and smiling warmly. Hesitantly, NORA takes a deep breath.

NORA & STEVE

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

NORA puts down the stake. She starts taking off her jacket.

STEVE

Thank you for not running away. Thank you for staying with me.

NORA

I'm tired of running, Steve. So tired. Tired of being afraid to show someone who I really am.

STEVE

You can always be your authentic self with me, Nora. I've got you. You're safe.

NORA holds STEVE like a treasure. A pause. She's made up her mind.

NORA

Steve, there's something I have to tell you.

STEVE

There's something I have to tell you, too. Well, I mean, ask you. I'm sorry. I'm messing it up already. You go first.

NORA takes a swig from her flask.

NORA
You should know that I'm... older.

STEVE
Older than me?

NORA
Yes.

STEVE
How much older?

NORA
Oh, a couple... hundred years.

STEVE
Well, you look incredible. What are they putting in Botox these days, the blood of virgins?

NORA
Not as effective as you might think.

STEVE
I'm kidding, I don't really think you've had Botox. But it's totally fine if you have! It's your face.

NORA
I haven't gotten Botox, Steve. I... I come from... old money. Like, really old money.

STEVE
A sexy, older heiress. Which part of this is supposed to be turning me off? Because it's not working.

NORA
Steve --

STEVE

Look, if you think your family won't accept me because you're some kind of secret duchess and I grew up on a dairy farm in Wisconsin --

NORA

Steve --

STEVE

And I know you're always saying you have this big family. But I'm great with parents. Parents love me. The trick is I make this incredible garlic bread. It's a recipe from --

NORA

Steve, I'm a vampire.

A long beat. STEVE busts out laughing.

STEVE

(Wiping away tears.)

No, no, really, what is it? I'm listening now. I'm sorry, I'll stop interrupting. And no garlic bread, I swear.

A beat. STEVE tries to suppress his laughter.

NORA

I'm a vampire.

STEVE

Nora, seriously, what --

NORA

I am quite literally a vampire, Steve.

STEVE

(Sarcastically.)

So, I guess you can turn into a bat. And mirrors don't show your reflection.

NORA

Those are harmful stereotypes.

STEVE

And you sleep in a coffin.

STEVE takes NORA's flask from her hands. She doesn't try to stop him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And you drink blood.

STEVE takes a swig but does not swallow. His eyes go wide. He and NORA make meaningful eye contact. NORA takes her flask back just before STEVE bolts to the kitchen sink and spits into it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

NORA

Thanks for wasting my supply.

STEVE

Oh my God, Nora. That's blood.

NORA

Good vintage, too.

STEVE

That's really blood.

NORA

I'm really not kidding.

STEVE

You're serious.

NORA

Dead serious.

NORA approaches STEVE. STEVE
backs away toward a wall.

NORA (CONT'D)

Now who's running away?

STEVE holds up his fingers in
a cross.

NORA (CONT'D)

Really? A cross? You're not usually one to fall for religious
propaganda.

STEVE drops his hands,
embarrassed. NORA walks
slowly, calmly toward him.

NORA (CONT'D)

And, no, sprinkling me with holy water won't work either.
It'll just ruin my hair.

STEVE

(Frantic.)

Nora, this is... there's no way you're... how... I don't know
what to --

NORA takes a deep breath.

NORA

5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

STEVE

This is not a breathing exercise situation, Nora!

NORA

(Taking an obnoxiously deep
breath.)

5, 4, 3 --

STEVE

Whose blood is in that flask?

NORA touches STEVE's cheek.

NORA

Steve, 5...

NORA & STEVE

...4, 3, 2, 1.

NORA (CONT'D)

I'm still Nora. Just... way more interesting. We have so much to talk about.

STEVE

(Voice cracking.)

So --

(Clears throat.)

So, that's why you never eat in front of me. Oh! My chili.

STEVE gives the chili a stir.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You always push your food around your plate to make it LOOK like you've eaten.

NORA

You noticed.

STEVE

I'm a great cook, Nora! I LOVE to cook! You think I wouldn't notice that you never taste what I make?

NORA

It really does smell delicious. But I can't. I physically can't. Trust me, I've tried. It turns to ash the moment it touches my tongue. I miss food SO much. I would kill to take just one bite of chocolate. Well, not kill. If you noticed, why didn't you say anything?

STEVE

I thought you had dietary restrictions. Or an eating disorder.

NORA

I do have dietary restrictions.

STEVE

This isn't Celiac's, Nora! Or intermittent fasting! Or, or...
keeping Kosher!

NORA

It's not that big of a difference.

STEVE

It's blood! You drink blood!

NORA

I drink blood.

STEVE

You drink blood.

NORA

Take your time. It's a lot to process.

STEVE

My girlfriend drinks blood. Like, just out of a flask, or...?

NORA

It's better fresh from the source.

STEVE

Oh my God. All those times you were kissing my neck... were
you really thinking about --

NORA

Steve.

STEVE

Nora!

NORA

You're not my blood type.

STEVE

(Offended.)

Wait, so you're not attracted to me?

NORA

I'm attracted to your flesh, not your blood.

STEVE

Now it sounds gross.

NORA

I'm attracted to your heart, not your blood?

STEVE

You're making it worse.

NORA

You're overthinking this.

STEVE

There's a lot to think about!

NORA

Yes. I'm sorry. You're right. You'd think five centuries would cultivate patience, but you'd be wrong. I'll work on it.

STEVE

Five centuries?!

NORA shrugs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You can't be a vampire.

NORA

I assure you, I can.

STEVE

You don't have fangs.

NORA

Yes, I do.

STEVE

Then why can't I see them?

NORA
They're retractable.

STEVE
Show me.

NORA
No.

STEVE
Why not?

NORA
It's an assimilation thing, not a party trick.

STEVE
I want to see the real you.

NORA
There are some sides of me you definitely don't want to see.

STEVE
That's not true.

NORA
Well, maybe there are sides of me that I don't want you to see.

STEVE
Honestly, a lot of your quirks are starting to make sense. Ohhh, and your work at the lab --

NORA
Now you get it.

STEVE
Now I get it. I can work to come around on this whole vampire thing. I'm always talking to my patients about practicing radical acceptance. What's blowing my mind right now is that you've been lying to me. Our whole relationship, you've been lying.

NORA

When was I supposed to tell you, Steve? On the first date?

STEVE

I don't know, I --

NORA

There's never a good time, Steve! It is never the perfect moment to tell someone that you're a blood-sucking, nightmare-inducing, horror franchise-inspiring, undead, centuries-old monster. It doesn't come up at brunch.

STEVE

You're not a monster, Nora.

NORA

You don't know that.

STEVE

I do know that. Because I know you.

NORA

You know a sliver of me.

STEVE

I know your heart.

NORA

(Deadpan.)

My undead, un-beating heart.

STEVE

The rest of you I am willing to learn. But you have to be willing to be honest with me.

NORA

I'm scared, Steve. I've never... come out to anyone before.

STEVE

Let's be scared together. I was just about to propose.

NORA

What?! Now?

STEVE

I'm still about to propose.

NORA

You still want to be with me? Knowing what I am?

STEVE

Knowing WHO you are.

STEVE gets down on one knee
and pulls out the ring box.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You're still Nora. I still love your decisiveness, your wisdom, your quick-wittedness. I still want to be with you. Forever.

NORA

You and I have... very different forevers.

STEVE

Do you need me to become a vampire, too? To put our forevers on the same timeline?

NORA

Absolutely not. I love you as your authentic self.

STEVE

Then I want to spend the rest of MY forever with you. I've never met anyone like you.

NORA

Actually, you probably have. There are a lot of us living in Florida. Well, not LIVING.

STEVE

I know we've only been dating for six months. And you've been dragging your feet on even moving in together, which frankly makes a lot more sense now. But when you know, you know... you know? And I know. Will you marry me?

NORA also gets down on one
knee. She kisses him.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(Breaking away.)

Is that a yes?

NORA

That's a yes.

He slips the ring on her
finger. More kissing.

NORA (CONT'D)
But first... you have to meet the family.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP on MALKA and DRAKE in an opulent sitting room. A cat, DeLulu, is draped over DRAKE's shoulder. The vibe is gothic mansion meets old Florida. There are three exits: A prominently-placed, ornate front door, a doorway leading upstairs, and a door leading to the wine cellar. A massive Romantic period oil painting of DeLulu hangs on a wall. There's a china cabinet and sofa. MALKA lounges on a chaise while sipping blood from a martini glass. She is ancient, powerful, and stunning. Her mate, DRAKE, is connecting an IV drip of blood to an upright coffin leaning against a wall. His brandy snifter sits next to an open wine bottle. Both are filled with blood.

MALKA

So, are you going to tell them or should I?

DRAKE

Let's just get through meeting Nora's human boyfriend first.

MALKA

Why bother? Mortals are inconsequential.

DRAKE

What's the rush, Malka? We have eternity. There's no need to tell the children today.

MALKA

I hate keeping secrets.

DRAKE

You hate everything you're not good at.

DRAKE finishes setting up the IV and gives the coffin a friendly tap.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Drink up, Louis!

VOICE OF UNCLE LOUIS

Thank you!

MALKA

Revealing our family secret to a human. It's a disaster, Drake.

DRAKE

Maybe she'll turn him.

MALKA

Nora? Create another vampire? Ha! That would be even more shocking than OUR news.

DRAKE

Malka, please, not today.

MALKA

If you don't tell them, I will.

DRAKE adjusts DeLulu so she is
nestled in his arms.

DRAKE

Let's just handle one crisis at a time. And try to play nice. You know Nora. If you're rude to this human, she'll only double down.

A knock at the front door.
MALKA opens it to reveal NORA
and STEVE. NORA is not wearing
her ring. STEVE holds what is
clearly a funeral arrangement
of calla lilies in a vase,
tied with a black bow.

STEVE

Well, hello!

MALKA

You're late.

NORA

We're five minutes early.

DRAKE

And nothing is wrong!

NORA

OK.

DRAKE

No one is keeping a secret!

Everyone looks uncomfortable.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Because we're family!

NORA

Uh huh.

DRAKE

And family is always honest with one another.

MALKA

Please, do come in.

NORA and STEVE enter.

STEVE

Thank you! I'm Steve.

STEVE presents the flowers to
Malka.

STEVE (CONT'D)

And these are for you. Nora said calla lilies are your favorite. Sorry, the florist only had them in funeral arrangements.

MALKA

My favorite kind of arrangement. I'll keep it close by. In case it's needed today.

NORA

Mother --

MALKA

You can call me Malka. And this is my mate, Drake.

DRAKE

And this is DeLulu!

STEVE reaches to pet DeLulu.

STEVE

Oh, hey little --

DRAKE

Careful, she bites.

STEVE retracts his hand.
DeLulu meows.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Welcome to our humble home, Steve.

STEVE

(Gesturing to Malka.)

I can see where Nora gets her good looks.

NORA

We're not genetically related.

STEVE

Oh, right. Sorry. No one in your family is a blood relative. Got it.

NORA

Actually --

DRAKE

Not exactly --

STEVE

Hey, chosen family -- it's still family. Sometimes, those bonds are stronger than blood. Well, genetics.

DRAKE

Chosen family?

NORA

Steve's a therapist.

MALKA

How quaint.

DRAKE

I like it. Chosen family.

MALKA

This thrall has some interesting ideas, Nora.

DRAKE

Malka --

NORA

He's not a thrall.

STEVE

What's a thrall?

MALKA

I'm afraid we don't have much to offer you for refreshment, Steve.

STEVE

No worries! I already ate.

DRAKE

Nora? Thirsty?

NORA

Always.

DRAKE fetches her a crystal wine goblet from the china cabinet. He pours blood from the bottle.

NORA (CONT'D)

You know, it's not chosen family when it's a one-sided choice.

DRAKE

(Handing NORA the wine goblet.)

Nora, don't start.

NORA

The Mother choosing and the Child succumbing...

MALKA

Again with the choice nonsense.

NORA

... And being subjected to an eternal decision made by someone else.

MALKA

(Picking up her martini glass.)

Well, I'm sorry I'm such a terrible Mother. I'm sorry you've had such a hard life, Nora.

NORA

Death.

MALKA

(To DRAKE.)

She's impossible.

STEVE

(Gesturing to whatever.)

Ooh, is this an antique?

NORA

(To MALKA.)

Wow, it's almost as if you REGRET creating me. Huh.

DRAKE

(Crossing to STEVE.)

16th century.

STEVE

Oh, wow!

MALKA

Regret? Ha! Never. That would imply that I've made a mistake. And I never make mistakes.

STEVE

(To DRAKE.)

There's a lot to unpack in this conversation, huh?

DRAKE

Just wait.

NORA knocks on the coffin.

NORA

Hey, Uncle Louis.

VOICE OF UNCLE LOUIS

Nora! It's been ages!

NORA

It's been two weeks. How's the novel coming?

VOICE OF UNCLE LOUIS

It's getting so close. I can feel it.

NORA

Yeah, sure, that's great.

VOICE OF UNCLE LOUIS

How's your work at the lab? Any breakthroughs yet?

NORA

It's getting so close. I can feel it.

VOICE OF UNCLE LOUIS

Yeah, sure, that's great.

A knock at the door.

ALL EXCEPT STEVE

Esther is here.

STEVE

How do you know?

NORA

Highly attuned senses of smell.

STEVE

Oh, that makes sense. Because you're predators.

MALKA

Some of us more apex than others.

DRAKE opens the door.

DRAKE

Esther! Please come in.

ESTHER enters. She is played by the same actor as MAUREEN. ESTHER is sunshine in a bottle with an infectious positive, very feminine energy.

ESTHER

Thank you so much, Drake! Hi, DeLulu!

DRAKE

Hello! No one is hiding anything!

ESTHER

(Giving DeLulu skritchies.)

What?

DRAKE

No secrets, whatsoever.

MALKA

Esther, my dearest love!

MALKA practically pushes DRAKE
out of the way to get to
ESTHER. They embrace.

ESTHER

Mother!

MALKA

My precious girl. I've missed you so.

They fuss over each other,
petting each others' hair,
etc.

DRAKE

(Stroking DeLulu.)

It's been three days, Malka.

MALKA

Where is your darling Bruce?

ESTHER

Hunting. He won't be long.

NORA

(To STEVE.)

Drake is being so weird. Like, weirder than normal.

STEVE

Maybe it's because I'm here. Who's Bruce?

NORA

Bruce is my nephew. This is my sister, Esther. Esther, this
is --

ESTHER

Sister!