

Moonlight Lady Monologue By Gail High from her play
Moonlight Lady

Livia, a woman and her two Sisters run a country club. Their fangs are too small for getting blood so they gather pheromones from the young. They have aged and need a solution. Livia, (her body has gotten older) half human, half vampire, talks to an large urn kept in an old hutch. She opens the front of the urn to reveal the severed head of her Mother.

LIVIA

Mother, your children are dying. We have become so old. You were the Moonlight Lady. The spikes were your idea. Legends were born of your vindictiveness. We're half vampire, half Father. Being half human comes with problems.

If it weren't for you I could enjoy the moonlight on the pond. Keeping this place exhausts me. The inertia has settled into my bones the way whiskey settles into a drunk - I want to sleep. Mother, my mind lets few thoughts travel from their beginnings to a natural end. Old age is an unyielding teacher. I the unsuitable student. You were a depraved role model. Even so, my Sisters love you. They were despondent when you told the council about us. You lost your head. A joke, Mother.

They don't know I keep your head here in this hutch and your body in the pond. I don't sleep at night since staring at the moon quit working. Now, I sleep like a new baby, up and down all night.

(A THUMP from the hutch. LIVIA backs away visible shaken.)

Don't stare at me. You broke me, Mother. I wash and wash but I can never get the blood off.