

An Undercover Investigation at a Vampire Night Club [Part 1: Dancing is hard. You lead, I follow. Always]

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... = listener is speaking or general pause

[words] = sound effects and sounds

(words) = tone/mood/voice direction

{words} = replace with desired pronouns, subject, alternative etc. or do away with it as you please

**Speaker maintains their comforting presence in this script. Perhaps a touch over-protective and awkward, they nonetheless project a feeling of familiarity, of knowing, of fondness.*

Part 1

Halo (civilian):

[Knock knock]

... [Silence; No answer]

[Knock knock knock]

...

[Knock knock knock knock]

Hawke? You in there?

... [Silence; No answer]

[Knock knock knock knock knock]

(while they're still knocking) Hawke, you're starting to worry me. It's been *3 weeks*---

[Listener abruptly opens the door]

(caught off-guard; entranced) oh, wow.

...

... [Awkward silence]

...

I mean...

[Clears throat]

(sarcastically; turning blunder into a joke) *Wow*. You have time to get all dolled up for, what--- some glitzy night-time excursion, but you can't answer your *best friend's* worried texts?

(trying for a joke; thinly veiled hurt and insecurity) Or did you just forget about me or something?

...

(unconvinced; flatly) Right.

I'm the master at using "busy" as a vague excuse, Hawke. It's going to take a *little* bit more effort to convince me.

...

[Listener steps forward and stumbles]

(Speaker catches them) Whoa, hey--- (noticing Listener's state) Hey hey hey.

[Speaker guides them back in their apartment and shuts the door]

Have you been eating or sleeping? You're all skin and bones, and you look like you're about to keel over. You sure you're up for a night out doing---

[Gestures vaguely at Listener]

--- Whatever it is you're doing?

...

... Hawke, I think the investigation is what's *causing* all...

[Gestures vaguely at Listener again]

This...

Are you really *still* not going to tell me about what HAVEN was transporting?

...

[Sigh]

Yeah yeah yeah. Confidentiality, contaminating the story. You keep your secrets and I'll keep mine.

I guess I just... feel silly thinking that I could be someone you'd go to when something went wrong.

Someone you needed.

... But I can't let you go out like this. Something could happen to you. You need to be on your A-game, especially with all those... *things* on the loose.

I'm coming with.

...

Yes, I *am*. You're clearly out of sorts and I'm not just going to stand by and let you wander the streets sniffing out danger all alone.

I'm coming with you. You don't have to tell me why, and I don't care where.

Wherever you go, I go.

...

Aw, *what?*

[*Groan*]

I *hate* nightclubs. They're so...

You know, with the--- the crowds and the shoving and the drunks and the (mimicking club music) *untz untz untz*.

You *sure* that's where you need to be for your story?

...

[*Sigh*]

Alright then. What's this place called?

...

(with derision; wrinkling nose) *Love Bites?*

(suspiciously) Is this a... *special*... sorta club?

...

(sputtering; defensive; awkward) Well it just *sounds* like---

I didn't mean I would *want* to go somewhere like that with you but like---

I mean I *will*. I *would*. But only because---

[Realizing Listener is messing with them]

(flatly; annoyed) Ha-ha. I see several nights without sleep hasn't erased that *hilarious* sense of humor.

(sighing with a smile; laughing) Let's just go.

...

(reassuring) No, you look good. You look great. No need to change.

...

I take it that *look* means that you would like *me* to change?

...

What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

I'm cool. I'm, you know—

[Snap and finger guns]

Hip.

...

[Listener teases speaker and playfully steals their glasses]

...

(laughing) Yeah, yeah even *with* glasses.

Can I have them back now?

[Speaker takes their glasses back]

You're always stealing them to try them on. While I will admit you *do* pull them off better than I do---

[Speaker puts the glasses back on]

I can see you better with them on.

(leaning in close; playfully; emphasizing by flicking Listener's nose) That means they're non-negotiable.

...

(laughing) See? See? How was I supposed to know that you so judgmentally rolled your eyes at me without them on?

Alright, no time to lose. We gotta get to the club early... (unsure) right?

People do that, right? That's like... etiquette? Etiquette is... cool?

But let me grab a quick bite before we leave, I'm *starving*.

...

[Listener's stomach rumbles]

Looks like you are too.

[Speaker opens up Listener's fridge]

This is payback for you *constantly* eating over at my place.

Let's see what you're working with...

... *[Brief beat of Speaker assessing the fridge]*

Uh... Hawke? Did you get a pet or something?

...

Well then I think you need to go ask for a refund from the grocer's.

There's a huge chunk taken out of some of your food.

Dude, someone took a bite out of this *raw steak*.

[Night Club Interior; Listener and Speaker sit at a secluded booth separated from the dance floor; Muffled sound of night club music: The vague impression of a melody, but mostly made up of bass and beats]

[Speaker taps their foot restlessly]

...

I *am* relaxed. Look at me! I look like I belong. I look totally normal.

...

[Speaker continues to tap their foot]

...

(abruptly; with absolutely 0 subtlety; pointing to every random person they see)

Is that the person you're looking for?

... What about him.

... What about that guy.

... Is it him?

... Or him?

...

Well I'm *sorry* if everyone here looks shady. You know, this would be a lot easier if you told me what the person you're looking for looks like.

...

[Pfffft]

(attempted nonchalance)

"Jealous". Why would *I* get jealous?

...

(immediately flying into jealous, petty indignation)

Him??

That's the guy you're looking for? That guy looks like a grade A-douche! A bottom-barrel asshat! What could you *possibly* want from him---

...

[Realizing Listener is joking; Disgruntled sigh]

I'm glad you're finding this all very funny.

...

I do not look *squirrely*. But even if I did, it'd totally be justified. There are some serious... *characters* here. I recognize them from uh...

(suspiciously; hiding their slip) You know. The news and stuff. Your articles.

But I don't need to be a--- (lowers voice; like saying it in this space is a curse word)

--- *Herald* to know when a bad guy's a bad guy.

...

What?

...

No, I do *not* want to----

[Speaker makes a noise of surprise then groans in indignation as Listener pulls Speaker forward to the dance floor]

...

[The music is loud but not overbearing: Bass, beats, and the sound of voices layering over each other]

[Listener and Speaker stand in the sound for a while]

...

(sarcastic; surly) No, yeah, I'm having so much fun.

...

Alright, alright, I'm doing it! Look, see?

...

(laughing) What's wrong, you don't like the way I dance?

...

Okay then how about this?

...

Look, I know 2 dances. The Cupid shuffle or the Macarena. Take your pick.

...

Alright, then, *you* show me something.

...

[Listener pulls Speaker in close; The background music seems to fade away to a distant noise as they breathe in each other's space]

...

(close, voice low; jokingly) You know I think I *do* remember some of the steps to “Cotton-eyed Joe”

...

(laughing) No, no. You’re right. This is so much better.

... *[Listener suddenly lurches forward]*

Whoa, uh---

Need something? You good?

...

(growing flustered with such close proximity) Yeah, it’s uh---

It’s-it’s-it’s-uh--- It’s a new cologne I bought.

Does it smell good?

...

Yeah, I sprayed it on the neck, for like... projection. Because the uh---

[Nervous swallow]

The silage and all that. At the pulse points, the neck, and like---

(so flustered the topic change is jarring)

Are-are you sure you’re good? You’re uh---

You’re really taking your time breathing in the scent.

...

[Sharp intake of breath]

Hawke--- Hawke, I think your mouth is---

Harrow:

Well!

[Harrow claps loudly once, breaking the tension of the moment]

I see you’re taking the name of our establishment quite seriously, aren’t you two?

(to Listener) You--- Let me see you in my office.

...

Halo:

Hawke, who's---?

...

Harrow:

(cutting in; interrupting) --- I'm a friend.

...

Halo:

(flatly echoing; suspicious) A friend.

...

Harrow:

(goadng) Well, if you want, you can think of us as something other than... *friends*.

...

Halo:

(bristling; warning) Hawke---

...

Harrow:

(cutting in; interrupting) --- I just need a moment with them.

Alone. To handle certain... affairs.

I promise Hawke will return to you no worse for wear, hale and hearty... maybe even a tad bit *overly* satisfied.

...

Halo:

(to Listener) Are you sure you're going to be alright?

...

(beginnings of a protest) Yeah, but---

...

Okay. Fine.

But if you're not out within a reasonable time, I'm going to--- (about to give away their cover)

(catches themselves) --- get help.

Stay safe, okay? I'm right here.

...

Harrow:

Aw. You hear that, Hawke?

(pouting, making obnoxious doe-eyes; in a baby-voice) He says stay safe.

(leaning in close; a teasing whisper; grinning wickedly) Shall we, then?

****Part 1 End. Halo will return...****