

A Beast's Story

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By : **bella2009**

A young man torn apart by what he has become. He sees his entire life ripped apart by a hideous force that he had not control over...

Published on
Booksie

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A Vampire's Confession

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By Jennifer Anne Glenn

The stage is cast in dark shadow; it is empty. It is silent. From stage left, a young, tall, skinny and extremely pale man enters on stage. He wears a fitted ink black suit. He walks solemnly to centre stage moving with a slow gait. When he reaches centre stage, he turns and faces downstage to the auditorium with an inscrutable facial expression. A single and weak spotlight slowly appears over Drac.

I stand before you, a condemned sinner, whose soul has been sent to the eternal burning fires of hell. I wish I could tell you of how I have lived a life of good fortune. Alas, I have I cannot. *(Pause)* I am nothing more than a savage monster that deserves no sympathy, I kill the innocent to satisfy my own delight *(Pause & he looks at the audience in desperation, singling out one member & breaking the fourth wall - raising a hand slightly)*

Please, don't turn away in disgust. L-let *(stuttering in a nervous manner)* me explain. I was only... I had no one to turn to. I didn't choose this life, it was forced upon me. I was only eighteen. I was dying, I was ready to welcome death...but that's when they came for me *(pause)*. An eternity of damnation had been forced upon me, I had entered into hell.

Society turned its back on me, and rightly so, for who could love a murderous beast? Soon, solitude became my only companion. I became weak as my soul was wrenched from my body, leaving me as nothing more than an empty corpse who was forced to wander alone in the cold nights...*(Pause)*

Eventually, my thirst for blood became stronger. The curse began to pulse through my veins like blood. Whenever fresh blood was near I would feel my pulse race. My senses burnt savagely *(Pace quickens, his eyes glaze over, pause, closes his eyes as breathes deeply and reopens them)* You would not understand, the craving for fresh blood, it *(stuttering)* takes over your conscience, any morals you knew or that stood by vanish...you are left with just this powerful, uncontrollable hunger, and you are willing to do anything to feed it.

(He raises his right hand and lifts a finger, his head lowers head to his finger. He licks his lips savagely. His lips and finger meet as he plunges his teeth into his finger. The sound of the skin tearing can be heard across the auditorium. He pulls away as blood trickles from the fresh wound & tear running down his cheeks)

I continued living a life of isolation, I prowled around trying to find shelter, company...I found nothing, until one young woman took pity on me and gave me shelter, knowing not of whose company she was dwelling in. She was beautiful, she was called Elizabeth. She had white marble skin...so pale you could see her perfect blue veins. I fell in love with her; I didn't think that something like me could ever love. As we grew closer, my thirst for blood became greater, till it over powered me; I lost all sense of what I was doing. I tore marble skin, ripping it apart. I sank my teeth deep until moist, hot blood trickled through...She died at my hands. *(Dry sobs)* I killed the woman I love and only person who had shown me kindness; she's now just a shadow cast in to the darkness because of me & no one even knew that she had died! I left her to die alone...to rot in a damp, secluded, cold room.

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(Pause)

So, there you have it, my confession. I am Drac Lee and I am a Vampire. A monster.

The spot light slowly goes out. Drac turns away and exists stage right. Satin red curtains fall as Drac exists.

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Generated: 2013-05-24 05:11:18