

**Marie Laveau and the Vampire**  
**by Rosary O'Neill**

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Time

June 15, 1881, at four a.m., the death hour of Marie Laveau in New Orleans Louisiana.

Setting

An occult parlor, in the French Quarter and other places where the arts of black magic and voodoo are practiced in New Orleans. We're in the death mind of the Voodoo Priestess, Marie Laveau II, a legendary healer still celebrated today in New Orleans.

Characters

Marie Laveau – Créole Voodoo Priestess of stunning beauty, she seems in her 20s but is actually must older.

Christian – an elegant Creole man, fashionably dressed in full evening vampire attire, scarf, cape.

Fantôme – a thin Créole woman, glacial appearance.

Annie – a charming Creole girl, about seventeen. Doll-like but blind, she walks with a stick.

**NOTE: The coffin and other death symbols can be real or imaginary.**

**Prologue: Christian**

*(Music playing softly)*

L'ESPRIT *(Confused, enraged)* Who am I? Some say I'm an evil spirit. Others that I'm actually part of God. You see I'm dead but I'm still a thinking being. The me of me exists forever. When you grasp that, it's an enormous weight. Periodically, I need to go down and extinguish other entities, other beings, because it's through them that I'm supposed to learn. *(Fearful)* Recently, I got assigned to Marie Laveau. I knew exactly who she was – a infamous priestess in 19<sup>th</sup> century New Orleans, but it also struck me that...she might help me understand my own half/ life. *(Regretful)* So I agreed to “midwife” her passing.... Timelessness takes over in the after life. *(Resistant)* It all happens very fast like going by a town on a train. But as I spotted earth the veil of forgetfulness fell away. *(Sad, longing)* I could see down into the French Quarter that Marie lived in. Mostly I saw the Mississippi, the oak trees, Jackson Square, St. Louis Cathedral, and her Creole cottage on St. Anne. *(Astonished)* I could focus on any spot and I could see down into it and expand it. Her double parlor with the remnants of grandeur, an altar with candles, floor-to-ceiling windows, a shuttered gallery. *(Delighted, nostalgic)* They looked the way they look from the air when you are flying over. It was June. I could see leaves and green and all that. *(Angry, accusatory)* Everyone thinks of themselves as having been thrust into death and then these things happen to them but nothing happens to you. You cause everything.

Scene One: The Casket

AT RISE:

MARIE LAVEAU—a timeless Creole beauty stands near a casket. She wears a rose satin shroud and velvet hair ribbons.

CHRISTIAN in a black suit with starched white collar stands apart in the shadow. He reads his lines from a red book.

MARIE

(Hysterical, desperate) Who put me in that casket? I'm alive.

CHRISTIAN

(Mean, Scary) You couldn't sleep.

MARIE

Probably took the wrong potion.

CHRISTIAN

You're a Voodoo Queen, can't do things without drama.

MARIE

Things went from it's good to

CHRISTIAN

Omygod what's happening here, to—

MARIE

My body looks like it's in that coffin propped up on those pillows. But I'm here.

CHRISTIAN

(Laughing) Somebody must have put a spell on

you.

(She checks the pins in Voodoo dolls. Her arms lift up)

MARIE

(Terrified) Oh, no. My arms are floating up, and I'm feeling as though I'm rising out my body. STOP. I don't want to go toward that light.

(Shouts) I want to stay here, a New Orleans girl you hear. Whoever you are. Release me and I'll give you whatever potions you want.

CHRISTIAN

Death is ridiculous. I put the lights on, and I won't see it.

(Turns on the lights)

MARIE

Oh no. I'm in Mama's house. I thought we sold that.

CHRISTIAN

Things are set up for your wake.

MARIE

Who are you? If I name people, I'm not afraid of them.

CHRISTIAN

(Angry, mean) Your helper.

MARIE

I can tell you are a good friend as my best friends are always instant or not. Spirits don't grow on me.

CHRISTIAN

(Frigid, vicious) I'm Bo.

MARIE

YOU ARE LOOKING FOR MY DEAD MOTHER NOT ME.  
SHE WAS MARIE LAUVEAU I. I'M NUMBER II. Why  
are you reading your lines from that red  
book.

CHRISTIAN

Everything is programmed in the after life. I've been invited into the  
inner circle of  
your death. But only as an actor. Not as areal presence.

MARIE

And I'm sure someone thinks Ma is still alive and wants to kill  
HER...not me. I  
arranged her public events, that's why you got confused.

CHRISTIAN

Why not die easily?

MARIE

People don't know she died because I dress and look like her.

CHRISTIAN

You were bad, Marie. And your goodness gave way.

MARIE

No people counted on me. If people had thought Mama died, they would  
have distanced themselves from Voodoo.

CHRISTIAN

I hear you!

MARIE

My doctor said I was so strong it would take