

GHOSTHONEY'S DREAM MACHINE EPISODE 107

Ghosthoney Meets His New Neighbor Victor The Vampire

Ghosthoney receives a late-night visitor at his door on a particularly stormy night. Victor The Vampire recently took up residence in the home next door (the one with the boarded up windows), and needs to borrow a cup of sugar...

###

[Beeping sound effects and the words "POD PEOPLE"]

[Swirling sound effects]

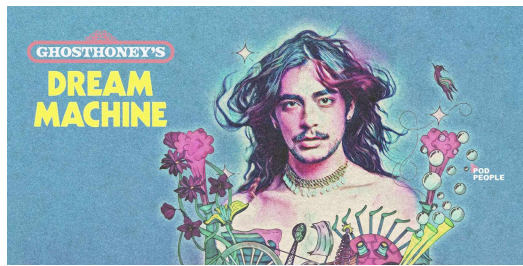
ANNOUNCER: Relax. Breathe. You're listening to *Ghosthoney's Dream Machine*.

Ghosthoney:

[We can hear gentle rain and occasional thunder rumble but it's soft and distant]

Greetings gentle listeners. I hope you're feeling brave because not only does it look like there is a storm brewing outside, but tonight I would like to chat with you all about fear. What are you afraid of?

Growing up, I felt like I was terrified of everything. I remember when I was seven or eight years old, my family rented out a cabin in the woods. I have a really vivid memory of standing on the staircase that led to the living room, where my dad and



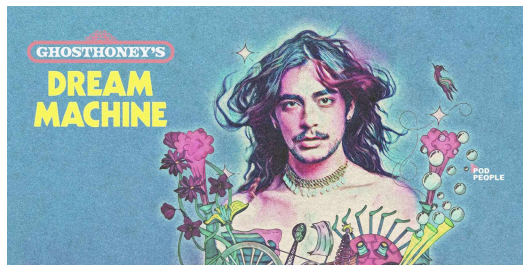
two sisters were watching one of those tv shows where people retell their true ghost experiences.

You know those shows, the ones where people retell their hauntings to the camera, and incredibly beautiful actors reenact the story, while a symphony of synths fill the air and grainy film overlays mask their faces. Usually the story involves a woman who bought a farmhouse from the 1800's in the middle of the woods, and every night she sees a ghostly civil war soldier pace in front of her bed and then walk to the original stone fireplace where he points to a rock with his initials carved on it and the next day the woman reaches into the fireplace and finds a bundle of perfectly preserved love letters. Or something like that I don't know.

Anyways I remember hearing my dad and sisters watch a show like that, and just the sounds of the terrified woman retelling her story while synths crept in behind her shaking voice was enough to make me so terrified that I refused to sleep by myself for a month. I refused to even go upstairs to my bedroom by myself at night time. And I hadn't even see the tv screen! Just heard the haunting audio of the show from my safe spot on the staircase.

I was a pretty big scaredy cat growing up. I remember another time waiting in the check out line in a bookstore with my mom and seeing a book on display. The cover depicted a woman in a silk night gown lying in her bed, comforter, sheets, and hair tousled while a vampire with hungry eyes and grey skin feasted viciously on her neck. I looked at that book cover for maybe one minute and for a whole year I refused to sleep without several blankets and pillows wrapped tightly around my neck. I'm not sure what my reasoning was then? Like did I think if a vampire broke into my house and saw that my neck was covered they would just get discouraged and leave?

[Fade out the meditative music and bring in the following sound cue]



**a ghostly doorbell sound can be heard as if echoing through the house. Kind of more like a gong and something to imply that something heavy and sinister is coming. It should sound old and creepy.*

Oh I wonder who that could be? Maybe a late night delivery?

Rose:

[Goblins laughter come echoing in.]

Ghosthoney:

Rose? Is that you? Long time no see..did you get that pack of socks I left under the bed for you?

Rose:

Be careful mother...a sinister guest has been lurking around your estate

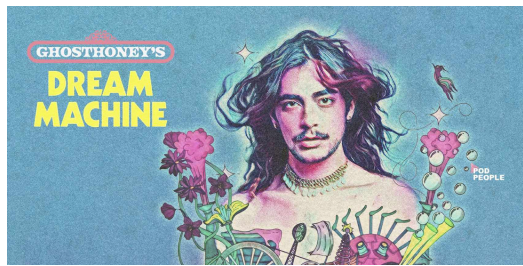
Ghosthoney:

Are you sure it's not just the delivery person dropping off a package? I just ordered some goggles. I've taken up swimming and I can't really open my eyes underwater because I wear contacts.

Rose:

I can also sense a sleepless, dark and ancient presence at the doorstep. Keep that turtleneck sweater you're wearing on and consider this warning me returning a favor....thank you for the pack of socks. Ta ta for now...mother.

Ghosthoney:



Oh...ok..yeah you're welcome...well gentle listeners. Should we see if my new goggles are here?

[We hear Ghosthoney get up and walk down a flight of creaky stairs as the doorbell rings again a little closer sounding this time. The storm sounds getting closer]

I'm coming!.....ugh I hate walking down these stairs at night.

[We hear Ghosthoney undo a lock and swing a door open. As the door opens you hear a strong gust of wind blow in, thunder, and the sounds of a swarm of bats squeaking quietly in the distance.]

Oh!....hello there. Sorry the thunder and that swarm of bats startled me a little bit.

Victor The Vampire:

ah....I hope this late night visit isn't too much of an imposition...my name is Victor I just moved in next door.

[More thunder and wind]

Ghosthoney:

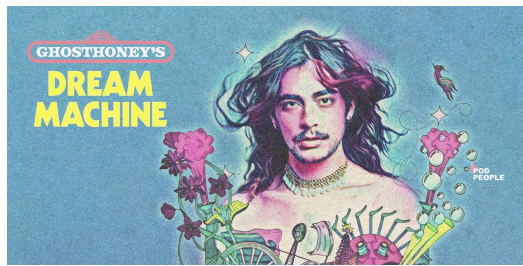
Oh! Nice rhyme! Welcome to the neighborhood. You can call me ghosthoney. It's no imposition, I'm a night owl so I was up anyway.

Victor:

I too am a lover...of the night Mr. Honey

Ghosthoney:

Oh that's nice.....where are you moving from Victor?



Victor:

I lived isolated for many years, deep within the Black Forest. However I'm a very transient being. I've built my lair in many different places over the years.

Ghsthoney:

Oh same I lived in the midwest for a while and to this day I still say "Ope sorry" when I accidentally bump into someone or am standing in someones way at the grocery store.

Victor:

I see....I intruded tonight in hopes that i may come inside and borrow a cup of sugar? I need it for the very human food i am making..

Ghsthoney:

Oh i love to bake! Yeah come inside.

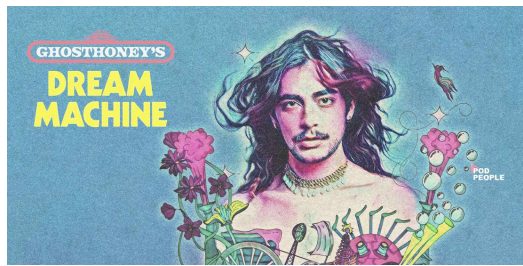
Victor:

Ahhhhhhhhha ha ha thank you....Mr.Honey

[Thunder strikes again the loudest this time and there's the sound of wind and rain as victor steps inside.]

[We hear Ghsthoney close the door behind Victor]

[Midroll Ad]



Ghosthoney:

So what brings you to southern california Victor?

Victor:

I must confess, I heard the song of a particularly strong heart singing out to me every night. I've been following the song for weeks, hunting the source it reverberates from.

Ghosthoney:

Oh cool....you're a....musician?

Victor:

...Yeah ok

Ghosthoney:

That's so cool! I'm not very musical myself, but I am a painter.

Victor:

Ahhh.. I've found artists have particularly thick and rich blood. Like mulled plum wine

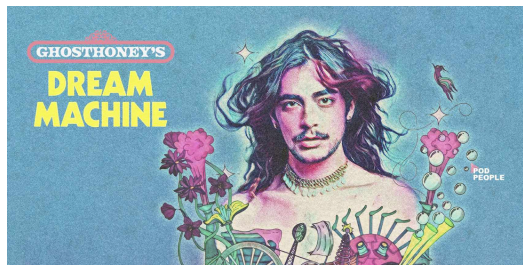
Ghosthoney:

[opening a cabinet and pulling out sugar]

Oh yeah cause they spend so much time sitting down probably, I try to go on a 15 minute walk every day cause I spend so much time at my easel. How much sugar did you say you needed again?

Victor:

Victor must confess! I can't hold it in any longer!



Ghsthoney:

Oh! The bathroom is right down the hall and around the corner go ahead.

Victor:

No..I couldn't use the bathroom even if I wanted to...

Ghsthoney:

Oh stage fright? I know I'm not musical but i can hum a song while you go

[Starts to hum tequila song]

Victor:

[Speaking over the humming]

I can't use the bathroom because I.....am a vampire

Ghsthoney:

[Stops humming]

Tequila!.....Sorry what?

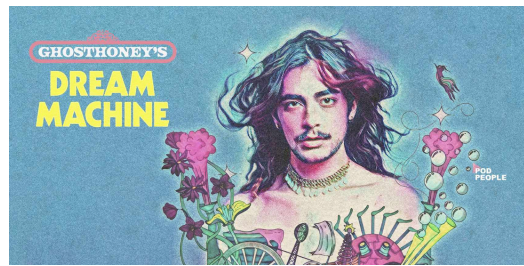
Victor:

I am a vampire. It was a heart's song that drew me to southern california. its rhythmic beating was carried to me on the salty sea breeze. I would normally avoid a place as sunny and loud as southern california but....I needed to meet the source of this music...

Ghsthoney:

Wait vampires cant use the restroom?

Victor:



.....no. to be a vampire is to suffer from a cursed thirst that can only be satiated for a few hours at a time. Our diets consist of blood, wines, and nectar. The vampire's curse burns up all of those liquids a few hours after consuming them....and through a complicated chemical process our bodies absorb these liquids in a similar way that plant roots absorb water.. We are so thirsty all of the time.

Ghosthoney:

Ok I'll do it. It's really nice that you're so in love with me. I'll become a vampire and live with you forever it's fine. I'm ready- I'm good to go let's do this.

Victor:

Ahhh. I think there's been some confusion....I too thought it was your heart calling to me from across the sea.. But when I arrived I realized it wasn't you.. It was...your house.

Ghosthoney:

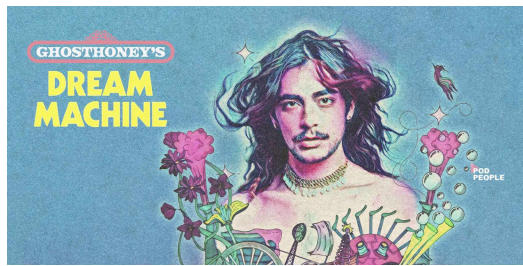
My house? Also i was totally joking about becoming a vampire haha i just love to have fun

Victor:

Yes there's a strange mysterious magic in this house. Surely you've noticed? It is calling out to magical creatures and pulling them in. It's like an ancient magical magnet. Have you always resided here?

Ghosthoney:

No. I'm an artist in southern california... I couldn't normally own a victorian three story house like this. I just moved in two summers ago. It was my great aunts home. She passed away and left it to me. I visited once when I was young though for a couple of weeks in the summer.



Victor:

Have you noticed anything weird happening since you moved in?

Ghosthoney:

Uh yeeeeaaaah...I mean this house has always been weird...ever since I was little. Wait are you gonna bite all on my neck?

Victor:

No..I may be a vampire and ancient beast, but i am also....a gentlemen and a scholar. Please. I just want to hear about the mysteries of this house and understand why it called out to me.

Ghosthoney:

Ok. Well. this house has always been mysterious... I remember when I stayed here when I was young. It always felt like some of the rooms were swapping places...I thought maybe I just wasn't used to being in a house this big and was getting turned around... But on the second day..I opened the bathroom door on the first floor here next to the kitchen.. and the toilet was gone.. Actually the whole bathroom was gone. And in its place was a small courtyard. Filled with roses and topiary sculptures, and....this sounds weird but maybe not to you? Cause you're a vampire? But I think there was a ghost in that courtyard?

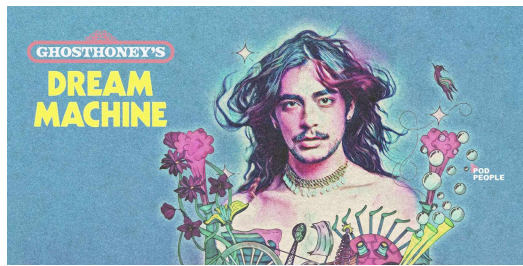
Victor:

What did they look like?

Ghosthoney:

Like a woman in a big blue silk dress reading a book and crying...

Victor:



You're sure it wasn't just an alive woman?

Ghosthoney:

Oh i mean... her opacity was definitely set to like 45%

Victor:

Definitely a ghost then..

Ghosthoney:

Yeah that's why I screamed and shut the door and when I peeked again 30 minutes later the toilet was back.. I mean the whole bathroom was back...and the ghost and courtyard was gone...every time I was scared My great aunt Ida used to say "just mind your business! And any time you're scared just say Be brave be brave! Sometimes you can trick your mind into thinking you're brave even when your body doesn't feel it."

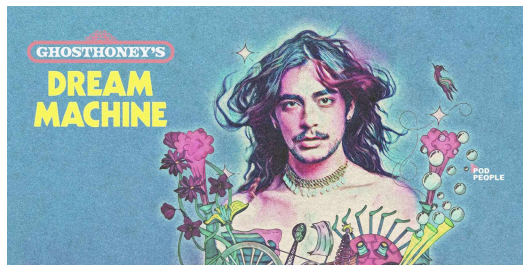
She kind of just brushed everything off. Nothing really phased her. I would run up to her like "Aunt Ida! The moon has a face and is talking to me!" and she would just say "that's nice dear. Wash your hands dinner is ready"

Victor:

This is.... A lot for Victor to process...

Ghosthoney:

Uhhhh its a lot for ghosthoney to process....I thought it was all my imagination...or maybe a gas leak? Because after that summer when I went home everything stopped. The moon stopped talking and everything was normal again. I didn't visit my aunt again after that first time. I think I was too scared. But then two summers ago my aunt passed and left me this house in her will. So I packed up...and moved in.



Victor:

Do strange things....still happen?

Ghosthoney:

Yeah! But my brain compartmentalizes it!

Victor:

What?

Ghosthoney:

Ever since I moved in it's like my mind has split. I paint during the day, hear weird noises think "that's none of my business!" Eat dinner....avoid the basement and attic at all costs...try to make it to my room on the third floor before it gets dark out cause the staircase creeps me out at night. Talk to my friend the moon for a little bit..

Victor:

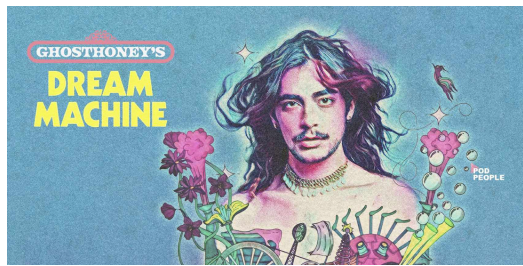
So you just accepted these things as normal? Talking to the moon is normal?

Ghosthoney:

I don't know! I'm worried if i think about it all too much or question too many things my head will explode! So every night i put my eye mask on and headphones in so i don't hear anything too weird. I have a routine.

Victor:

This house Mr. Honey... feels almost alive...it has a loud presence and it's magic sounds like a heart beat type of magic. It lured me in all the way from germany. I can't be the only creature that has shown up



Ghosthoney:

I mean yeah...there's Rose, the goblin under my bed...the box of cassette tapes that were left on my door, that ice cream guy that took my owl figurine...

I've been trying to keep track of it all...for my own sanity...I try to record all the weird things that happen...

Victor:

If it's all right with you Mr.Honey I would like to come back sometime? Hear these records of yours..I fancy myself a researcher of sorts and I-

Ghosthoney:

I thought you were a musician?

Victor:

no...I fancy myself a researcher of sorts, I love to pull the truth out of people and places...*[his voice echoes on this line]*

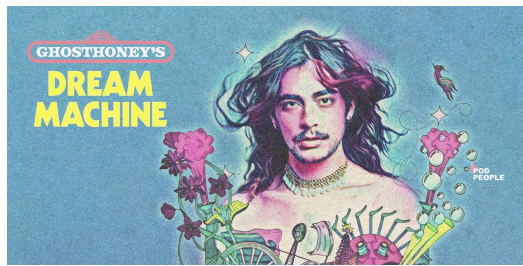
would you mind if i came over again some time and do some tests and research on your house? I've never encountered a magnetic magic this strong.

Ghosthoney:

I would love that. thank you Victor, If I could be honest I would love someone else to do the work for me haha I thought I was just gonna slowly spiral into the weird chaos of this house until I went crazy from it hahahahahahahahaha

Victor:

Right...well if you need anything I'm the house next door with all of the windows nailed shut.



Ghosthoney:

Great thank you Victor

Victor:

It's my pleasure, I'll take my leave then.

Ghosthoney:

Victor wait!

Victor:

Yes?

[A romantic beat comes in quietly...a sweet, mellow melody]

Ghosthoney:

I was just wondering...what would happen if you were to say... eat a grilled cheese

Victor:

I wouldn't

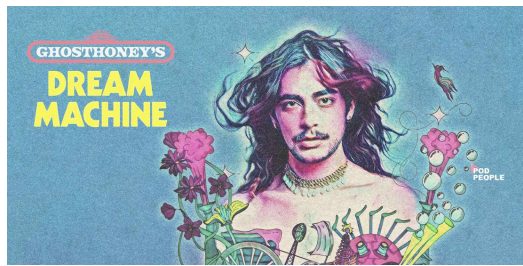
Ghosthoney:

Right but if you did? Like by accident.

Victor:

I'm....not sure? It would probably burn up in the same fiery evaporation process that liquids do but I feel like it would slow me down? Make me a little sluggish? Like roasting a marshmallow vs boiling water? If that makes sense?

Ghosthoney:



Gotcha i don't want to be a vampire anymore then i think....

Victor:

Good night Mr, Honey...until we meet again

[The door opens and Victor leaves in another swarm of bats and lightning, the door closing behind him.]

[Ghosthoney walks to the window and opens it up to the sound of the night. The rain has stopped at this point, but perhaps we can still hear drops pitter pattering as it's slowed down.]

Ghosthoney:

Wow...Moon did you hear all of that?

Moon:

Is he gone??? I'm scared of vampires....

Ghosthoney:

What? Haha why are you scared of vampires?

Moon:

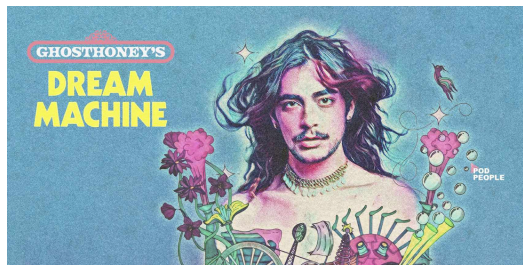
Uhm I'm scared they'll steal all my moon blood!

Ghosthoney:

Haha what? Moon you don't have blood....wait...do you?

Moon:

I don't know! I'm not a doctor!



Ghosthoney:

Well Victor seemed nice..I don't think he'll steal your blood moon you're so far away...

Moon:

Hmm we'll see....in the mean time...keep that turtleneck on when you're around him

Ghosthoney:

Moon do you remember the first time we talked?

Moon:

I do. You screamed "ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. And closed the curtains on me."

Ghosthoney:

Haha yeah I thought maybe the world was ending...

Moon:

But on night two you peaked out from behind the curtains and said "whats your favorite color?"

Ghosthoney:

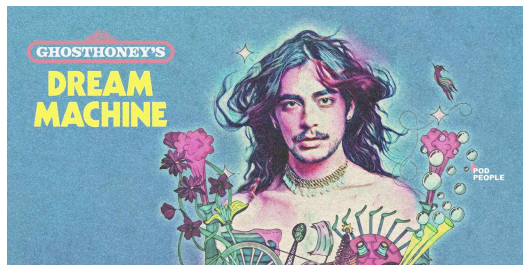
Haha yeah you said rainbow

Moon:

A mother doesn't have a favorite child.

Ghosthoney:

I missed you after that summer moon! I'm glad that we can talk again now.



Moon:

Once you've loved someone you never truly leave their side. Even on nights when you couldn't see my face, or hear my voice, I was still there shining down on you.

Ghsthoney:

Thank you moon...you're the best. Remind me not to let Victor listen to this episode...

[Ghsthoney closes the window.]

And thank you gentle listeners if you've already made it this far, I think you're very brave. I hope you remember that you're never truly alone. Sweet dreams

[Footsteps walking around for a few seconds...maybe cleaning up dishes or something...in the distance we hear a Ghsthoney's voice a little muffled like Ghsthoney doesn't realize he forgot to stop recording]

Ghsthoney:

Hey Rose!

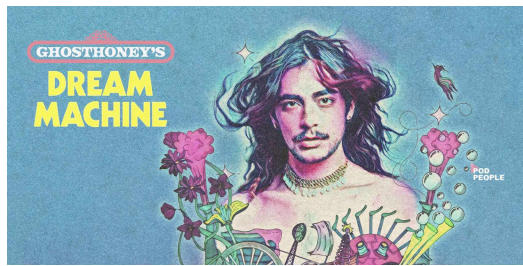
[the theramin comes in the background implying that Rose has appeared]

Victor looked tired but he was nice, I don't think he's evil or lurking.

Rose:

[also muffled in the distance]

The Vampire isn't the evil lurking presence I was talking about mother...



Ghosthoney:

Oh...shut up please it's too late for spooky ominous talk go eat your socks..or something

[the theramin recedes...end of the episode.]

[1920s JAZZ MUSIC]

Ghosthoney: Ghosthoney's Dream Machine was written by me, Tyler Gaca. It was co-created by me and my friends at Pod People, who make this lovely little podcast come to life: Rachael King, Matt Sav, Chris Jacobs, Danielle Roth, Morgane Fouse, and Anne Feuss. Special Thanks to Barbara Jones and Mark Fischer at Outshine Talent, and all my friends and family.

If you love Ghosthoney's Dream Machine, the best thing you can do is share it with a friend. And if you're an overachiever, please leave a glowing review and rate us on Spotify, Apple Podcasts, or wherever you listen to podcasts!

You can follow me @ghosthoney on TikTok and @tylergaca everywhere else to stay tuned on all Dream Machine news, and please - if you feel so inclined, go ahead and submit your own dreams at the link in any of my social media bios- I may include it in an upcoming episode.

Bye for now. (Kiss kiss)

[JAZZ MUSIC FADES OUT]