

## **Dracula and Harker**

**Dracula:** Welcome to my house. Please note that you have entered under no duress and of your own free will.

*(Door closes and locks with a flourish from Dracula)*

**Harker:** Isn't that a unique greeting?

**Dracula:** Liability issues.

**Harker:** Speaking of, is your solicitor here? For the signing, I mean.

**Dracula:** I couldn't find one who keeps my hours.

**Harker:** Yes, I *was* wondering why we had to meet so late. It's a bit...unorthodox, isn't it?

**Dracula:** I'm a unicorn. You actually caught me in the middle of my morning workout.

**Harker:** Morning? It's nearly midnight.

**Dracula:** I slept late. *(Pivoting.)* Where are my manners? Can I get you something to drink? To eat?

**Harker:** You wouldn't happen to have anything gluten free, cruelty free, vegan, non-GMO, and certified organic, would you?

**Dracula:** *(To himself)* I love house guests. *(To Harker.)* You're in luck. I get all my over priced produce from the farmers market in town

**Harker:** Perfect. In fact, that's where my carriage driver this fresh garlic! Look!

*(Harker pulls out the braid of garlic. Dracula recoils, hisses humorously)*

**Harker (Cont.):** You alright there, Dracula?

**Dracula:** Oh, yes. Just...allergic.

**Harker:** Bad luck! Makes cooking a challenge, eh?

**Dracula:** Not at all! I'm a baker. More sweet than savory.

**Harker:** Oh, I'm sure Mrs. Dracula appreciates that.

**Dracula:** (*Weighted.*) There is no Mrs. Dracula

**Harker:** Oh. Forgive my presumption.

**Dracula:** No, naturally you assumed as much. I'm highly desirable. But I've been through every single person in Romania, and I have yet to find the right one.

**Harker:** It's a small country, I suppose.

**Dracula:** Full of small-minded people. How many more conversations can a man have about chicken coops and borscht? I long for someone who will *challenge* me; a match; an equal! Someone whose strength of character makes me want to be better.

*Beat)*

**Dracula (Cont.):** Also, they have to be hot. That is what I truly crave, Mr. Harker; the love, the companionship, the *taste* of that one special person.

**Harker:** The taste?

**Dracula:** I'm sorry, the *trust* of that one special person.

## **Captain and Bosun**

**Captain:** *(Yelling over the storm.)* Bosun! We're nearing the eye of the storm. Hoist the mizzen and raise the topsail!

**Bosun:** *(Irish, yelling over the storm.)* What's that, Captain?

**Captain:** I said we're nearing the eye of the storm!

**Bosun:** What, I can't hear you!

**Captain:** The blasted rain is coming down so hard!

*( Actors three and four spray directly at the Captain.)*

**Captain (Cont.):** *(To Actors)* NOT THAT HARD!

*(Actors three and four sheepishly exit.)*

**Bosun:** What was that, sir?

**Captain:** Never mind! What is the report today?

**Bosun:** Due to high volleyball has been cancelled.

**Captain:** What else?

**Bosun:** And...the buffet is down.

**Captain:** Damn it.

**Bosun:** And you're gonna have to change your own linens, if'n you don't mind, sir.

**Captain:** What is this nonsense? We need all hands on deck!

**Bosun:** Sir, the men are not well.

**Captain:** How's that?

**Bosun:** They've all taken ill!

**Captain:** How ill?

**Bosun:** Dead, sir. Every last one!

**Captain:** Every single one?

**Bosun:** All but you, me and the passenger. He's been asleep all day. In fact, he's slept every day since we've been on the ship.

**Captain:** Then, by God, bring him above. The wind is picking up and we're taking on water. I don't know how much longer she'll hold up in this squall.

**Bosun:** Aye aye, sir!

*(Lights shift. Dramatically)*

**Captain:** Captain's log. October 11<sup>th</sup> 1897. With a trembling hand and a screaming stomach, I attempt to chronicle the terrifying events of the past few days aboard the *SS Stoker*. When the ship left port in the Baltic Sea, she carried thirty-six souls. Since then, however, they've all succumbed to a mysterious illness of the blood, leaving no clue, apart from what appear to be tiny bite marks on their necks. I assume it is somehow related to an aviary disease, as there have been reported sightings of a bat flying from cabin to cabin. The lone passenger below decks has not surfaced for days. I sent our Bosun down to retrieve him, but neither has returned. I can only imagine they have succumbed to the same fate as the rest. I am now left alone at the helm of what is essentially a ghost ship. If I should meet my watery end, please tell my wife and my mistress that she was the only woman I ever loved.

*(a giant wave grows in front of him.)*

**Captain (Cont.):** Oh no. Can that be a wall of water? Here it comes... the big one... I go down honorably with my shiiiiiih-

## **Dr. Westfeldt, Mina, and Cavendish/Worthington/Havemercy**

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Ladies and Gentlemen, friends and colleagues. For those of you I have yet to meet, I am Dr. Wallace Westfeldt, happy father of the bride and man of the house. Has everyone had a cheese ball? Prepared just this morning by my staff, who are also my mental patients! But please – they are learning to blend into polite society, so be sure to treat them as poorly as you would anyone else in the service industry! Cheers!

**Mina:** Well done, daddy.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Thank you Mina.

**Mina:** Look who it is, Whitby's most eligible bachelors!

*(Enter **Lord Cavendish**, **Lord Worthington**, and **Lord Havemercy**. All played by the same actor wearing a cowboy hat and fake mustache carrying two puppets held on either side.)*

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Capital! Why don't you introduce me?

**Mina:** Yes, father. This is the very charming Lord Cavendish.

**Cavendish:** *(Scottish accent.)* How do you do?

**Mina:** And the handsome Lord Worthington

**Worthington:** *(RP British accent.)* Lovely to meet you.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Charmed, I'm sure.

**Mina:** And from America, the ruggedly individual Lord Havemercy.

**Havemercy:** *(Yosemite Sam)* Howdy!

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Pleasure. Nice to see all this attention being lavished on my daughter.

**Worthington:** We prefer your other daughter.

**Cavendish:** Lucy.

**Havemercy:** The hot one.

**Mina:** But Lucy is no longer on the market. I, however, am unencumbered by any suitors at all. So if you gentlemen should have even the slightest bit of interest –

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Alright, alright. Soft touch, darling.

**Cavendish:** And where is your sister?

**Worthington:** I'm eager to bestow my well wishes.

**Mina:** Of course you are.

**Worthington:** Dr. Westfeldt, do all your patients really live right here in the house with you?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Marvelous, isn't it?

**Cavendish:** Are you not concerned about your daughters' safety?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Gentlemen, insanity is merely society's failure to recognize individuality and sparkle.

**Mina:** Father is an advocate for sparkle.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** I am. I love sparkles. I can't deny it.

**Worthington:** But they are dangerous.

**Mina:** Sparkles?

**Havemercy:** No, crazy people.

**Mina:** These people are not *crazy*, they are ill! They are suffering. They live a lonely existence, and no one is able to see them for their true worth. They are overlooked, under-acknowledged, and judged by a world obsessed with externals. So if none of you recognize their potential, then none of you are worthy to call yourself my suitor.

**Havemercy:** We weren't!

**Mina:** I'm sorry?

**Havemercy:** No offense, but you're not exactly our type.

**Worthington:** But then, you're not anyone's type, are you?

*(Canvendish, Worthington, and Havemercy laugh obnoxiously.)*

**Mina:** Vultures! Get out of our house now!

## **Mina, Dracula, and Westfeldt/Renfield**

**Mina:** Soooo how are you getting on? Has Renfield offered you a canape?

**Dracula:** Renfield?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** One of my patients. And my butler. He's working the party to develop his social skills. *(Calls offstage)* Renfield!

*(Actor Two leans behind proscenium [or faces upstage] to respond as **Renfield** and back out [or downstage] to respond as **Westfeldt**.)*

**Renfield:** *(Offstage)* Yes, doctor!

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Will you please come back in here?

**Renfield:** *(Offstage)* Coming, doctor!

**Dr. Westfeldt:** He's got little to no confidence, so he's highly suggestable.

**Dracula:** Is that so?

**Mina:** And he eats bugs.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** I'll see what's keeping him. Renfield!

*(**Westfeldt** exits)*

**Mina:** *(Awkwardly)* Seems it's just the two of us here for the moment. I've always preferred to socialize in smaller groups. Large tables of gossiping girls always make me somewhat anxious so this is a rare treat.

**Dracula:** Indeed.

**Mina:** I like your trousers.

**Dracula:** Thank you.

**Mina:** And your shirt.

**Dracula:** Thanks.

**Mina:** And your...face.

*(**Dr. Westfeldt** calls from offstage.)*

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Mina!



**Mina:** *(Petulant teenager)* DAD, I'M COMING! GOD! *(To Dracula.)* You must be parched from your shipwreck. I'll get you a drink.

*(Mina exits. Actor Two re-enters as Renfield.)*

**Renfield:** Good evening, sir. Would you like a cheese fing?

**Dracula:** Let me guess... Renfield.

**Renfield:** Do I know you?

**Dracula:** Not yet. But I know *you*.

**Renfield:** You do?

**Dracula:** Better than you know yourself. You're lonely. You're misunderstood. You're without purpose.

**Renfield:** It's like you can see right into my soul. My only relief is serving others.

**Dracula:** Well, I've got a penchant for being served. And I could use some help cleaning up around Withering Manor in case I should have a guest. You're not afraid of a *bug* or two, are you?

**Renfield:** *(Salivating)* Bugs! What kind of bugs? Can you be more specific?

**Dracula:** Why don't you come by later tonight and see for yourself? I'll prepare an assortment. When it comes to living ingredients, I'm a master chef.

**Renfield:** *(Excited)* A master chef?!

**Dracula:** Come by. Three a.m. Tell no one.

**Renfield:** Yes Master – *(Thunder)* Chef

## **Lucy and Harker**

**Lucy:** Jonathan, will you wipe her forehead?

**Harker:** Um... I'm okay, thanks.

**Lucy:** Would you rather change her bedpan?

**Harker:** I'd rather do neither, thank you very much.

**Lucy:** Jonathan!

**Harker:** Germs.

**Lucy:** She needs us. She is gravely ill.

**Harker:** Which is why I'd prefer to stay at a comfortable distance.

**Lucy:** And if I were to become ill? Would you likewise remain at a comfortable distance from me?

**Harker:** Never! (*Beat*) Unless it was communicable.

**Lucy:** Jonathan!

**Harker:** I'm trying! You don't know what it feels like to be inside my skin. This isn't easy for me.

**Lucy:** Nor is it easy for me living with all your "feelings." There are two of us in this relationship. And we've each got to give a little.

**Harker:** I gave you a beautiful necklace for your last birthday.

**Lucy:** I mean you have to be willing to venture past your fears, go off-piste for once in your life!

**Harker:** I want to.

**Lucy:** Then stop being so frightened of things that might be and start living in the present.

**Harker:** Of course I want to live in the present, and I will...very soon.

**Lucy:** Jonathan! What if I cannot wait any longer? What if I do not wish to negotiate every decision until I'm blue in the face? What if, just once, I want to move through life without fear, with a courageous partner rather than a coward.  
*(Beat. They share a look)* I didn't mean –

**Harker:** Yes you did.

**Lucy:** Jonathan, please –

**Harker:** No, If that's what you want, then you should have it. And not with a tuppenny coward.

*(Harker exits)*

**Lucy:** Jonathan, wait!

**Westfeldt, Van Helsing, Lucy, and Harker**

**Van Helsing:** *(German accent)* Excuse me, Dr. Westfeldt?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Hello there! So nice to meet you. You must be...Mrs. Van Helsing?

**Van Helsing:** *Doctor* Van Helsing.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Yes, Doctor Van Helsing's *wife*. Is your husband lifting the heavy bags from the Carriage?

**Van Helsing:** I have no husband.

*(Beat. Westfeldt laughs)*

**Lucy:** Father!

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Ah, that famous German sense of humor. I'll go help him with the bags.

*(Westfeldt leaves.)*

**Lucy:** Apologies, Doctor. My father is under a great deal of stress with my sister's illness. Could you please take a look at her right now? Time is of the essence.

*(Van Helsing approaches the bed and looks under the covers.)*

**Van Helsing:** She looks depleted. Any other symptoms?

**Lucy:** She complains of terrible dreams, some...sexier than others, and a weakness, a bloodlessness that confounds her doctors.

**Van Helsing:** How long have these bite marks been visible?

**Harker:** Bite marks?

**Van Helsing:** Right here where the carotid artery and jugular intersect.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** *(Enters)* I'll be damned, the carriage is gone. Where is Dr. Van Helsing?

**Van Helsing:** I am here.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** No, you're not! I sent for Dr. Jean [Jhhon] Van Helsing. As in, Jean [Jhhon] Valjean [Val-Jhhon].

**Van Helsing:** No, you sent for Doctor Jean [Gene] Van Helsing. As in, Jean [Gene] Val-gene.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** So I sent for...a lady doctor?

**Van Helsing:** Correct.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** HA!

**Van Helsing:** I wouldn't scoff if I were you. Your daughter is in grave danger. This is no ordinary insect bite.

**Dr. Westfeldt:** What do you mean.

**Van Helsing:** It appears she may have been bitten...by something more sinister.

## **Kitty and Dr. Westfeldt**

**Kitty:** Anyone care for a top off?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** Kitty, please go fetch Lucy and Jonathan. You can tell the lovebirds they have a restless crowd down here.

**Kitty:** Yes, Dr. Westfeldt. Anything else can I get ya?

**Dr. Westfeldt:** You can get me my stethoscope. I noticed it went missing after our last checkup.

**Kitty:** Yes, mister doctor, sir.

*(She slowly pulls stethoscope from her apron pocket.)*

**Dr. Westfeldt:** I can't very well be expected to cure your kleptomania without the tools of my trade, can I?

**Kitty:** No, sir doctor mister.

*(Kitty starts to go.)*

**Dr. Westfeldt:** And also, my watch.

*(She removes the watch from her apron, sheepishly hands it over.)*

**Kitty:** How'd that get in there?