Side 1: HARKER and DRACULA

HARKER: Count. Not to pry, but I'm curious. What does one do with five separate homes in London?

DRACULA: Investments. I want to have a foothold in all the best neighborhoods.

HARKER: I admire your business acumen. Might I ask what you do for work?

DRACULA: You Englishmen are all business. Might I ask what you do for pleasure?

(DRACULA crosses back to him seductively, admiring his neck. HARKER tries to remain upbeat, even as he feels DRACULA's fiery gaze.)

HARKER: I don't know. Usual things. A tidy desk generally makes me happy. Cup of tea, not too hot. Hand sanitizer, any brand.

DRACULA: You sound like a lot of fun. Hahahaha…

HARKER: *(Laughing along, then…)* I'm not. My fiancée tells me all the time. She's much more adventurous than I am.

DRACULA: Is that so?

HARKER: Yes, she's always off exploring dark and abandoned places, picking up exotic plants and artifacts and getting herself into all sorts of mischief.

DRACULA: She sounds fearless.

HARKER: She is! I've no idea what she's doing with me. *(Taking out a small framed photograph of her. DRACULA is smitten.)*

HARKER: Here. This is her. Isn't she a vision?

DRACULA: She is exquisite.

(DRACULA takes the photo and crosses away with it, transfixed.)

HARKER: Yes, and brave beyond reason. We met as children when I fell through the ice pond behind our school, and she rescued me. I would'

ve died of hypothermia had she not heard my screams and come running.

DRACULA: Unbelievable.

HARKER: It's as though she's attracted to danger.

DRACULA: That neck. The likes of which I have not seen in at least a thousand years.

HARKER: Sorry?

DRACULA: And that skin. Such a flawless neck. She looks like a B Positive, no?

(HARKER remains upbeat and engaged but is slightly distracted finishing up his paperwork.)

HARKER: Oh yes, she's quite the optimist. It's that very spirit which draws people to her.

DRACULA: And her neck.

HARKER: Yes, you keep saying that.

Side 2: Lucy and Mina

MINA: Lucy, your hair is so lovely. If only I weren't cursed with this ginger monstrosity.

LUCY: Nonsense, Mina, your hair is every bit as beautiful as my own.

MINA: No, you inherited Mother's beauty. All I inherited was flat feet and low self-esteem.

LUCY: Not true! You have great spirit, and you're unafraid to speak your mind.

MINA: I suppose that's why I'm so unlucky in love. Ugh, I'll never get all this sand out before the party starts. I hope your little beach expedition was worth it.

LUCY: It was! With all that wreckage washed up, it was like walking right into an adventure story. Look! The Captain's log.

MINA: What else does it say?

LUCY: "I go down honourably with my shih."

MINA: With his "shih?"

LUCY: That's where it ends.

MINA: What do you suppose he meant by "going down with his shih?"

LUCY: Oh, sweet sister. I mean... no one survived!

MINA: How chilling! Was there anything else in that book?

LUCY: No. Just some pencil sketches of naked mermaids and the odd cabin boy.

MINA: Ooo, let me see! *(She turns it lengthwise to admire it, as if it's a centerfold.)* Oh, to lose another artist. The world is poorer for it.

LUCY: Look! There's a manifest here at the end!

MINA: Ooo! That sounds promising.

LUCY: It's all a bit squishy, but this last line looks like it says... six coffins... full of earth...heading for Withering Manor.

MINA: That dreadful abandoned house on the other side of town? Didn't Jonathan just sell that property?

LUCY: Yes, to a man in Transylvania. He must have been on that ship.

MINA: I hope Jonathan cashed the cheque.

Side 3: Dr. Westfeldt, Mina, Cavendish/Worthington/Havemercy, Kitty

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

DR. WESTFELDT: Capital! Why don't you introduce me?

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

CAVENDISH: How do you do?

MINA: And the handsome Lord Worthington.

WORTHINGTON: Lovely to meet you. Charmed, I'm sure.

MINA: And from America, the ruggedly individual Lord Havemercy.

HAVEMERCY: Howdy, y'all!

DR. WESTFELDT: A pleasure. Nice to see all this attention being lavished on my daughter.

CAVENDISH: We prefer your other daughter.

WORTHINGTON: 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.

(KITTY enters with champagne)

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 I can 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 the stethoscope from her apron pocket.)

DR. WESTFELDT: And also, my watch.

KITTY: How'd that get in there?

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

DR. WESTFELDT: Marvelous, isn't it? Gentlemen, insanity is merely society's failure to recognize individuality and sparkle. I love sparkles.

CAVENDISH: But isn't it dangerous?

DR. WESTFELDT: What, sparkles?

HAVEMERCY: No, crazy people!

MINA: These people are not crazy! 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.

CAVENDISH: We weren't calling ourselves your suitors.

MINA: I'm sorry?

HAVEMERCY: No offense, but you ain't exactly our type.

WORTHINGTON: But then, you're not anyone's type, are you? *(They all laugh at her)*

MINA: Vultures! Get out of our house now!

Side 4: Dracula, Lucy and Mina

DRACULA: Count Dracula, at your service. You are even more compelling in person. *(He kneels and kisses her hand too long.)*

LUCY: I don't believe anyone has ever French-kissed my hand before. How... continental.

LUCY: Count, where did you say you were from?

DRACULA: The Carpathian Mountains. I just purchased Withering Manor.

LUCY: Really? Bit of a… fixer-upper, isn't it?

DRACULA: It's perfect as is.

LUCY: Even with the mold? And the bugs? And the smell?

DRACULA: I'm used to it. I have a timeshare in Florida.

LUCY: Count, about the shipwreck last night. The ship's manifest reported six boxes of soil from abroad. You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

DRACULA: As a matter of fact, they are mine. I plan to grow some of my native herbs from back home. For baking.

LUCY: Fascinating.

DRACULA: Yes, baking appeals to the sensuality of my soul. Working the supple dough, watching it slowly rise and give off heat, then feeding it to my lover as their eyes roll backwards and they moan and beg for more.

LUCY: I actually meant the soil was fascinating.

DRACULA: Oh, that's just dirt.

LUCY: Just dirt? Every handful of earth contains an entire world of minerals, gasses, liquids. All things that give us life!

DRACULA: Wow.

LUCY: I'm sorry, I do get carried away. I was an earth sciences major at Oxford.

DRACULA: Oxford? Impressive.

LUCY: Not really. It wasn't like I came in top of my class and then couldn't find work because I was a woman. Oh, wait.

DRACULA: Lucy, might I invite you over to see my…soil samples?

LUCY: That's very generous of you, Count.

DRACULA: Excellent. Come with me now.

LUCY: Now? In the middle of my engagement party? Silly. We'll find time in the next week or two.

DRACULA: Oh. So you don't want to…

LUCY: Go home with you? Thank you, but no thank you.

DRACULA: *(Vaguely threatening)* I usually don't have to ask twice.

(Beat. Dracula laughs to break the tension, Lucy laughs as well)

LUCY: Well, thanks for the laugh, Count. Welcome to Whitby. I'll have to introduce you to my cousins, Mary and Shelly.

Side 5: Dr. Van Helsing and Doctor Westfeldt

DR. VAN HELSING: Excuse me, Doctor Westfeldt?

DR. WESTFELDT: Hello there! So nice to meet you. You must be... Mrs. Van Helsing?

DR. VAN HELSING: Doctor Van Helsing.

DR. WESTFELDT: Yes, Doctor Van Helsing's wife. Is your husband lifting the heavy bags?

DR. VAN HELSING: I have no husband.

DR. WESTFELDT: Ah, that famous German sense of humor! I'll go help him with the bags.

DR. VAN HELSING: Your daughter. She looks depleted. Any other symptoms?

DR. WESTFELDT: Ah, well, she complains of terrible dreams, some... sexier than others, and a weakness, a bloodlessness, that frankly confounds me.

DR. VAN HELSING: How long have these bite marks been visible?

DR. WESTFELDT: Bite marks?

DR. VAN HELSING: Right where her carotid artery and jugular intersect.

DR. WESTFELDT: We're wasting precious time. Where is Dr. Van Helsing?

DR. VAN HELSING: I am here.

DR. WESTFELDT: No, you're not! I sent for Doctor Jean [Jhhhon] Van Helsing. As in, Jean [Jhhhon] Valjean [Val-Jhhhon].

DR. 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?

DR. VAN HELSING: Correct.

DR. WESTFELDT: Ha!

DR. 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?

DR. VAN HELSING: It appears she may have been bitten... but something more sinister. And determining the source of it may be the key.

DR. WESTFELDT: The key to what, the makeup counter at Selfridge's? This female medicine is not for me, I'm afraid. I'm going out to pick up some leeches and tape worms to drain her evil humours. *Like a real doctor.* I'll be back before nightfall.

Side 6: Dracula and Renfield

RENFIELD: Good evening, sir. Would you like a cheesy fing?

DRACULA: *(Identifying his next target.)* Let me guess... Renfield.

RENFIELD: Do I know you?

DRACULA: Not yet. But I know you.

RENFIELD: Y-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 in serving others.

DRACULA: Well, I'

ve got a little penchant for being served. And I could use some help cleaning

up around Withering Manor in case I should have a guest for dinner. 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: A master chef?!

DRACULA: A *master*….chef.

RENFIELD: ….*master….*

DRACULA: Come by. Three a.m. Tell no one.

RENFIELD: Yes, Master….

DRACULA: ….Chef.