

Players Workshop Audition Packet for
DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

Thank you for your interest in the show! 😊

Auditions: Sunday March 1st and Monday March 2nd at 7pm

Held at Players Workshop - 1431 Grove Street, Burlington.

Callbacks, if necessary, will be held on Tuesday March 3rd.

Rehearsals: Please indicate on the attached availability calendar any scheduling conflicts you may have with rehearsals. Our initial rehearsal schedule will be Sunday through Thursday 7pm to 9pm. We are willing to work with actors if there are certain dates/times that they cannot attend rehearsal.

Tech week will start Sunday, April 19th. Time TBD. Tech week rehearsals will be mandatory that week.

Performances:

Friday 4/24, Saturday 4/25 at 7:30pm, Sunday 4/26 at 2pm.

Thursday 4/30, Friday 5/1, Saturday 5/2 at 7:30pm and Sunday 5/3 at 2pm.

Director: Kara Ewinger

Assistant Director: Adam Fauser

Producer: Marlene Holsteen

For more information feel free to reach out to Kara at:

319-759-9667 or karaewinger@yahoo.com

**Players Workshop Audition Form for
DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS**

Contact Information:

Name: _____ Age: _____

Address: _____

City/State: _____

Contact number: _____

Email: _____

How did you hear about this audition? _____

Have you read the play? _____

Do you have a specific role preference? _____

If you are not cast, would you be willing to help in other areas of this production? _____

If yes, what areas would you be interested in?

(set construction, set dressing, assisting with hair/makeup, stagehands, book reader, running lights/sound)

On the back of this form, please list a summary of your theater experience.

Please indicate on the availability calendar any scheduling conflicts you may have with rehearsals. Our initial schedule will be Sunday through Thursday 7pm to 9pm. We are willing to work with actors if there are certain dates that they cannot attend rehearsal.

Tech week will start Sunday, April 19th. Time TBD. Tech week rehearsals will be mandatory that week.

Performances are

Friday 4/24, Saturday 4/25 at 7:30pm, Sunday 4/26 at 2pm.

2nd week: Thursday 4/30, Friday 5/1, Saturday 5/2 at 7:30pm and Sunday 5/3 at 2pm.

Theater Experience

Please list your theater experience.

Availability Calendar

Please mark off any days/times you will not be available for rehearsal.

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
March 1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	April 1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 TECH DAY Time TBD	20	21	22	23	24 Performance	25 Performance
26 Performance	27	28	29	30 Performance	May 1 Performance	2 Performance
3 Performance						

Most actors will be playing multiple roles (in the style and humor of the play). We might switch up certain characters for certain actors.

AUTHORS' NOTES

About Casting and Gender

Please note that the play lovingly sends up gender “norms” in the style of some of our comedic heroes like Charles Ludlam and Monty Python, in that all characters can be played by actors of any gender, ethnicity, age or type.

The breakdown of roles for the New York premiere at New World Stages was as indicated below.

ACTOR ONE – Harker/Cavendish/Worthington/Havemercy/Bosun/
Gravedigger

ACTOR TWO – Dr. Westfeldt/Renfield/Captain/Man-Eating Wolf

ACTOR THREE – Lucy/Kitty/Driver/Man-Eating Wolf

ACTOR FOUR – Mina/Van Helsing/Man-Eating Wolf

ACTOR FIVE – Dracula

Please note that characters can be played by any gender. You do not necessarily need to match the physical attributes described.

CHARACTERS

COUNT DRACULA – Commanding European dialect. Hugely sexy, magnetically handsome, rock star presence with a killer body, he is a narcissist whose greatest love is himself – and his leather pants. Bored with women falling all over him, he becomes obsessed with Lucy when he hears of her strength and adventurousness. The less she needs him, the more interested he is. He travels to Whitby to find her and make her his bride for eternity.

JONATHAN HARKER – RP British dialect. Prim and proper and obsessive-compulsive real estate agent, frightened of his own shadow. Engaged to his childhood crush Lucy Westfeldt and enamored of her fearlessness. Once bitten he loosens up...a lot... and becomes a Tom Jones-style rock star in leather pants.

LUCY WESTFELDT – RP British dialect. Brilliant, plucky earth scientist daughter of Dr. Westfeldt, she is full of energy and the spirit of adventure and often underestimated because of her beauty. Engaged to Jonathan, but when Dracula moves to Whitby, she is curious about his strange ways and impressed by their similar interests.

MINA WESTFELDT – RP British dialect. The less attractive, less intelligent Westfeldt daughter, she lives in her sister Lucy's shadow and is desperate for attention. She is immediately (pathetically) receptive to Dracula's charms.

DR. WALLACE WESTFELDT – RP British dialect. Lucy and Mina's father, a blowhard; self-important misogynist given to proclamations and posturing with his pipe. A doctor caring for the criminally insane, he has recently lost his wife to consumption.

DR. VAN HELSING – German dialect a la Mel Brooks. Brilliant and sturdy German vampire-hunting doctor from the University of Schmutz. Deadly serious in the way Germans can be, she is accustomed to people not believing she is a real doctor. Strong, shmart, unt bold, she is a woman of action.

RENFIELD – Cockney dialect and salivary issues. Insane patient of Dr. Westfeldt who lives to serve and loves to eat bugs. In a word, the dude is nuts.

KITTY RUTHERFORD – Cockney dialect. A dotty kleptomaniac patient of Dr. Westfeldt, she serves as a maid in his house. Think Mrs. Lovett but servile and easily distracted.

LORD CAVENDISH – Scottish dialect. Lucy's suitor; a Scottish dolt.

LORD WORTHINGTON – RP British dialect. Lucy's suitor; posh, British and petulant.

LORD HAVEMERCY – Texas Accent. Lucy's arrogant suitor from Memphis, a la Yosemite Sam.

DRIVER – Eastern European or Russian dialect. The male, Transylvanian driver of the carriage carrying Jonathan to Dracula's castle who tries to warn him. Borat meets Boris and Natasha.

CAPTAIN – Sea Captain dialect. The salty captain of a doomed ship caught in a raging storm.

BOSUN – Irish dialect. A scurvy seaman who goes down with the ship in a storm.

GRAVEDIGGER – Cockney dialect. A drunk gravedigger with a secret.

AUDITION SIDES

1

**HARKER &
DRACULA**

p. 7-8

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

(Sound effects: Door close – bank vault finality.)

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?

(DRACULA sexily removes HARKER's jacket.)

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 houseguests.

(To HARKER.) You're in luck. I get all my overpriced produce from the farmers market in town.

HARKER. Perfect. In fact, that's where my carriage driver got this fresh garlic! Look!

(He pulls out the braid of garlic. DRACULA recoils, hisses.)

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, lovely. I'm sure Mrs. Dracula appreciates that.

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

(*Sound effects: Lonely wolf howl.*)

HARKER. Oh. Forgive my presumption.

DRACULA. No, naturally you assumed as much.

(*Music in.**)

I'm highly desirable.

(*Snap - DRACULA rips off his vest and, bare chested, begins to work out with resistance bands.*)

But I've been through every single person in Romania, and I have yet to find the right one.

HARKER. It is 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.*)

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.

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LUCY & MINA

p. 16-17

Scene Three

(Whitby, UK; bedroom, Westfeldt house.)

(LUCY WESTFELDT, lovely English rose and would-be adventurer, reads from a wet leather-bound journal, while MINA WESTFELDT, her rather awkward sister, picks sand out of her hair.)

LUCY. I go down honorably with my shih-.

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

LUCY. Nonsense, Mina, you 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. Uch, 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. Feel! This Captain's log is still wet.

MINA. What else does it say? You know I can't read words.

LUCY. I go down honourably with my "shih"

MINA. *(Fascinated.)* With his "shih"?

LUCY. That's where it ends.

MINA. *(Rapt.)* What do you suppose he meant by "going down with his shih"?

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

MINA. (*Horried.*) How chilling! Was there anything else in that book?

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

(She turns it lengthwise to admire it, as if it's a centerfold.)

MINA. (*Moved almost to tears.*) Oh, to lose another artist. The world is the 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...headed 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.

*(**RENFIELD**, a disheveled resident mental patient dressed as a butler in an untied straight jacket, enters.)*

RENFIELD. Pardon me, Miss Lucy. Sorry to bother you, but Mr. Harker's arrived. Shall I send him up?

LUCY. Yes, thank you, Renfield.

MINA. Thank you, Renfield.

LUCY. Incidentally, excellent progress you're making. It seems father's treatments are really working.

RENFIELD. Yes mum. I've gone nearly a week without eating a single insect.

LUCY. Wonderful!

3

**WESFELDT,
RENFIELD,
DRACULA,
MINA**

p. 33-37

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?

(She laughs. They all join in, assuming DRACULA is making a joke.)

DRACULA. I usually don't have to ask twice.

(They all continue laughing. DRACULA joins in for a moment, trying to play along, then:)

I'm serious.

LUCY. Thanks for the laugh, Count. Welcome to Whitby.

HARKER. Come Lucy, darling. I want to introduce you to my cousins, Mary and Shelly.

(Sound effects: Musical flourish.)*

(MINA and DR. WESTFELDT approach.)

MINA. Raise your hand if you're awkward at parties!

(MINA raises her hand. No one else does.)

Just me? Soooo how are you getting on? Has Renfield offered you a canapé?

DRACULA. Renfield?

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DR. WESTFELDT. One of my patients. And my butler. He's working the party to develop his social skills.

(**DR. WESTFELDT** *calls offstage* to **RENFIELD**.)

Renfield!

(**ACTOR TWO** *leans behind proscenium [or faces upstage] to respond as RENFIELD and back out [or downstage] to respond as DR. 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 suggestible.

DRACULA. Is that so?

MINA. (*Confidential.*) And he eats bugs.

DR. WESTFELDT. I'll see what's keeping him. Renfield!

(**DR. 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 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. (*Offstage.*) 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 cheesy fmg?

(**DRACULA** *identifies his next target.*)

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 in serving others.

(*A big turn on for DRACULA.*)

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. 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 –

(Sound effects: Thunder, lightning.)

Chef.

(He leaves. MINA returns with two drinks.)

(Romantic violin music.)*

MINA. *(Flirtatious, liquid courage.)* I'm back! Who's thirsty?! Down the hatch!

(She downs her drink, he abstains.)

Count, might I be so bold as to ask...for a dance?

DRACULA. I wish I could, but I'm famished. I have to go find someone, *something*, to eat.

MINA. Oh, I'd be happy to fix you a plate.

DRACULA. No thanks, I'm on a special...liquid diet.

MINA. Just a quick spin, then?

DRACULA. A quick one; but full disclosure, I'm not emotionally available. My heart lies elsewhere.

MINA. *(Earnestly.)* And my heart is so very hungry, that even your table scraps will feel like a banquet.

DRACULA. Very well, then.

(They bow and dance, slowly.)

MINA. You're much livelier than my usual dance partner.

DRACULA. And who is that?

MINA. The bench over there.

DRACULA. Has anyone ever told you, you have beautiful veins?

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MINA. (*Giggling.*) Why, no! No, they haven't. They usually comment on my thick fingers or extra tooth.

(*She beams. DRACULA coughs.*)

DRACULA. I was...talking about the varicose veins in your neck.

MINA. My neck! What a refreshing compliment.

DRACULA. The way it curves gently, pitching it at just the right angle to show off your exquisite jugular.

MINA. You're not like all the other men in Whitby, are you?

DRACULA. Transylvania is very far from here. Simply put, I'm a stranger in a strange land.

MINA. (*Melting to him.*) Funny. I've always felt that way myself.

DRACULA. Of course you have. All of us are alone, aren't we? Craving momentary comfort in the arms of one who will hold you tight, caress your face, and take complete control of you.

(*MINA drops all pretense of daintiness, desperate for him.*)

MINA. (*Guttural.*) You wanna get outta here?

DRACULA. My house is just across town.

MINA. Good. I'll grab a bottle.

DRACULA. Don't bother. I'm thirsty for something else.

(*Sound effects: Thunder, lightning.*)

4

**VAN HELSING,
WESTFELDT,
LUCY,
HARKER**

p. 41- middle of 44

(**DR. VAN HELSING**, a woman in her forties with handsome face, sturdy comportment, and double-braided Bavarian buns on her head, enters. It's the same performer who plays **MINA**.)

VAN HELSING. Excuse me, Doctor 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. He starts laughing again.)

LUCY. Father!

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

(He 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, looking under the covers.)

VAN HELSING. She looks depleted. Any other symptoms?

LUCY. (Taking stock.) 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 where her carotid artery and jugular intersect.

*(RENFIELD pops his head in from proscenium
[We only see his head].)*

RENFIELD. Did someone say insects?

HARKER & LUCY. No!

*(RENFIELD pops his head out [ACTOR TWO
removes wig].)*

LUCY. Where's my father.

(ACTOR TWO immediately re-enters as...)

DR. WESTFELDT. I'll be damned, the carriage has gone.

VAN HELSING. Peculiar butler you have.

HARKER. He's also a patient.

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

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].

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. *(Scoffing.)* 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.

(Sound effects: Musical sting. Wolves howl.)

(Interrogating.) Have any of you been out of the country?

HARKER. I was in Eastern Europe.

VAN HELSING. Did you bring back any fruits or vegetables?

HARKER. *(Pulls out the bag of garlic.)* Just this garlic from the farmers market in Bucharest. But she wasn't exposed to it.

VAN HELSING. Anything else? Maybe something from Duty Free?

HARKER. No.

VAN HELSING. *(Dead serious.)* Good. The savings are minimal. Have you noticed anything or anyone unusual in the area lately?

HARKER. Just the regular, workaday English life. Soggy sandwiches, lots of rain, ghost ship washed up on shore. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. Hold on. What was that?

HARKER. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. No, go back a word or two.

HARKER. Shore. On. Up. Washed?

VAN HELSING. Continue -

HARKER. Ship. Ghost?

VAN HELSING. A ghost ship! The very thing. Was there a manifest?

LUCY. Yes! I found it on the beach. There was no cargo at all, apart from some bird seed, canned tuna, and six coffins of Transylvanian earth. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. Hold on. What was that?

LUCY. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. No, go back a word or two.

LUCY. Earth. Transylvanian. Of?

VAN HELSING. Continue –

LUCY. Coffins. Six?

VAN HELSING. Six coffins! That could be the key.

DR. WESTFELDT. They 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.

(**DR. WESTFELDT** *exits.*)

VAN HELSING. Lucy, I must know, was your sister alone with anyone the night of the party?

LUCY. She attempted to make conversation with three of my former suitors, but I do not believe she left with any one of them.

(**RENFIELD** *laughs as he enters.*)

Renfield! You gave me a fright!

RENFIELD. Words, words, words, words. I can't stop laughing!

HARKER. Now hold it right there. What's funny about a dying girl?

RENFIELD. A dying girl who flirted with *four* gentlemen.

LUCY. But there were only *three*, Renfield.

RENFIELD. There was a fourth. And she left with him that night.

5

HARKER & LUCY

p. 49-50

(VAN HELSING and LUCY are thrown back out by "Mina.")

LUCY. Jonathan, quick, grab her feet.

HARKER. You don't think she's contagious, do you?

LUCY. Really, Jonathan, is that the first thought on your mind?

(VAN HELSING and LUCY are thrown upstage by "Mina." Then her "grasp" loosens and they settle with a sigh.)

HARKER. She's surprisingly flexible.

VAN HELSING. It's subsided.

(VAN HELSING leans behind headboard to fix Mina's blanket.)

Rest, Mina, rest.

(Immediately MINA falls back asleep. Snores loudly. VAN HELSING pops back up.)

She's asleep. You too, my darlings. We all need rest if we are to care for her. Gute nacht, lieblings.

(VAN HELSING exits.)

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 –

6

LUCY & DRACULA

p. 54 – top of 56

LUCY. You have everything.

DRACULA. Everything except...the one.

(Sound effects: Wolf howl. Music.)*

You don't know what it is to be alone. From the time I was a child, I had to endure the scorn and ridicule of the other children in my village. I couldn't swing a cricket bat if my life depended on it. Also, they had never seen a boy in a cape. They bullied me; stormed my house with torches and horrible epithets. But I got my revenge.

LUCY. How's that?

DRACULA. By becoming very good looking. Also rich. And immortal. That's pretty major.

LUCY. Did you say –

DRACULA. But you can only drink and shop and sleep around for so long until it begins to feel like you've eaten too much dessert and you're rotting inside.

LUCY. I never thought of it that way.

DRACULA. But being here with you, I feel like I'm eating healthy for the first time. You nourish me.

LUCY. Yes, I rather enjoy talking to someone who's not afraid to get his hands dirty, so to speak.

DRACULA. Help me, Lucy. Help me cultivate my garden, and myself. Help me heal. Share your passion, your strength, your fire. And this is something I've never said to anyone before in my life. *Tell me more about you.*

LUCY. Me? Well, I guess I've always wondered why –

DRACULA. Because the more I think about it, the more I feel I've known you forever. I mean, it's so easy to talk

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to you. The conversation just seems to flow without any awkward silences or pauses.

LUCY. Count –

DRACULA. You know what? Come back to Withering Manor, I have so much show you.

(He puts his cape back on, ready to leave.)

LUCY. I would, but my sister –

DRACULA. She's in good hands, trust me.

LUCY. You know Dr. Van Helsing?

DRACULA. I'm intoxicated by you Lucy, distracted beyond reason.

(He moves in on her. She stops him.)

LUCY. Count, please. Your plant is beautiful, but I must remain here to care for Mina.

(He withdraws.)

DRACULA. Forgive me. I am in no rush. For me, time is more of a construct.

LUCY. Thank you.

(She sits on the bed.)

I must be lightheaded from all the transfusions.

DRACULA. Transfusions?

LUCY. Yes, I've given her several pints of blood today and haven't had anything to eat.

(DRACULA's ears perk up. Lucy's blood?!)

DRACULA. Lucy, how can you be there for your sister if you do not care for yourself first? Why don't you go make yourself a nice cup of tea?

LUCY. You're right. I could do with some sustenance. Will you watch her for a moment?

DRACULA. My pleasure. And, if you don't mind... the cake plate.

LUCY. (*Dead serious.*) Of course.

(*She exits.*)

DRACULA. Mina...

(*Music.* DRACULA jumps on the bed, as if straddling Mina – speaking to the upstage side of the headboard.*)

If I can't taste Lucy's blood from the source, I can now drink it from you!

(*Sound effects: Thunder.*)

It will soon be time to join the ranks of the undead at Withering Manor. We fly tonight under the cover of darkness, but first show me your neck.

(*He leans in behind headboard and bites. Music sting. He pops back up with fangs exposed, opening his mouth wide as blood drips from his mouth.*)

(*Sound effects: Terrifying high-pitched screams of a colony of bats.*)

(**RENFIELD** enters, through the window, now covered in mud, ash and tattered clothing.)

RENFIELD. You called, master?

DRACULA. Your indiscretion almost cost us everything.

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**DRACULA &
HARKER**

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(**DRACULA** *flourishes his cape, as if to magically disappear himself, then:*)

HARKER. Wait. Count Dracula, might I have a word?

DRACULA. Absolutely. Tomorrow.

(**DRACULA** *tries again, then:*)

HARKER. (*In pain, in need of help.*) Please. Just a moment of your time.

DRACULA. Very well. What is it?

HARKER. Yes, I was wondering. How is it that you can be so... so brazen? So fearless in life?

DRACULA. You think I'm fearless?

HARKER. Of course. Look at you. What could you possibly be afraid of?

DRACULA. More than you know. But fear is temporary. Regret is forever.

HARKER. You'll think this is silly, but I have a... a sort of... voice in my head that tells me when I'm going to get hurt.

DRACULA. Ah, the voice of self-preservation. Fight or flight.

HARKER. Guess which one I choose?

DRACULA. (*Seductive.*) It can be tempting to run from an uncomfortable feeling, sure. But if you ignore it, you'll never know the sweet taste of what's on the other side.

HARKER. What's that?

DRACULA. Accomplishment, pride, satisfaction.

(*They are close.*)

HARKER. You're really cool, you know that?

DRACULA. The question is, do you know how cool *you* are?

(**DRACULA** *leans in.*)

HARKER. (*Pulling away.*) I'm not cool. I'm the opposite of cool.

DRACULA. Which makes you...hot? You're highly kissable.

HARKER. I...uh...hahaha. You're joking, right?

DRACULA. Not even a little. Are you not curious?

HARKER. Somewhat. But I could never see myself actually doing anything about it.

DRACULA. Imagine getting married without knowing yourself fully.

HARKER. Do I have a choice?

DRACULA. You always have a choice.

HARKER. But I could never really – never actually –

(**DRACULA** *kisses HARKER.*)

Well that wasn't...terrible.

DRACULA. Aw, gee thanks. Jonathan you're capable of so much more than you know. You can be anyone you want. You can be *with* anyone you want. Doesn't have to be Lucy.

HARKER. But it will be Lucy! She's my "meant to be."

DRACULA. Maybe, maybe not... now if you'll excuse me, I gotta fly!

(**DRACULA** *swirls his cape but...*)

(*Sound effects: Crunch!*)

(*Nothing. He is still there.*)

Sorry. Wardrobe malfunction. I'll just be going then, with my feet...

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**Kitty, Van Helsing &
Westfeldt**

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Scene Ten

(Withering Manor front door, foyer.)

(The front door slowly opens with a loud, long squeak. VAN HELSING, HARKER, DR. WESTFELDT all stick their heads in cautiously.)

VAN HELSING. Count Dracula!

DR. WESTFELDT. We demand to see you!

HARKER. So we can kill you!

VAN HELSING. *(Under her breath.)* Let's not lead with that.

(KITTY approaches, holding a bird cage and feather duster.)

KITTY. Blimey! You can't just go walking into people's – Oh, Mister Doctor Westfeldt.

DR. WESTFELDT. Kitty? What are you doing here? What has he done to you?

KITTY. Paid me a living wage is what he done. I no longer have to steal things!

DR. WESTFELDT. Is that our bird cage?

KITTY. *(Lying.)* No.

(She throws it offstage.)

(Sound effects: Squawk, feathers fly.)

VAN HELSING. Where is the Count?

DR. WESTFELDT. We demand to see him now!

(She continues to dust, avoiding them.)

KITTY. I fink 'e said somefin' about sleeping in London today.

VAN HELSING. London! What has he done with Mina?

DR. WESTFELDT. We demand to see her too!

KITTY. Oh that mess? She's floating around here somewhere.

(She exits.)

DR. WESTFELDT. Wait! Kitty!

HARKER. That was rude.

VAN HELSING. We should split up into groups.

HARKER. Groups? There are only three of us.

VAN HELSING. Right. I'll go with Wallace.

DR. WESTFELDT. See you soon, Jonathan. Godspeed!

(DR. WESTFELDT and VAN HELSING run off.)

HARKER. But... but I thought –

*(Sound effects: A bat swoops over his head.
And another. Wind whips up, ghoulish sound
of a woman giggling.)*

Hello? Hello? Is someone there?

*(Sound effects: Fugue of MINA intoning
"Jonathan.")*

*(Ghostly MINA crosses upstage of HARKER on
a Razor scooter.*)*

Yes. That's me.

*(Sound effects: "Jonathan" fugue grows as
MINA crosses again.)*

Is that you, Mina?

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