

Dracula

a comedy of terrors

AUDITION PACKAGE

ABOUT THE SHOW

Dracula: A Comedy of Terrors follows gothic classic Count Dracula as he goes through a mid-afterlife crisis. When he sets his sights on Lucy Westfeldt and collides with her eccentric family and doting fiancée, what follows is an adventurous romp that has lots of comedic bite. This fast-paced, campy reimagining of the classic story for modern audiences promises electrifying energy and laugh-out-loud fun for everyone!

CHARACTER BREAKDOWNS

Actor 1: Harker

Age 20s-30s, Male.

Accent: British

Lucy's timid, prim & proper, safety-driven real-estate agent fiance who loves hand sanitizer and the status-quo. After he's bitten by Dracula, he transforms into a confident and laid-back rock star.

Note: This role includes at least one female/male kiss, male/male kiss and may include light stage combat.

Actor 2: Dr. Westfeld/Renfield

Age 40s-50s, Male

Accent: British

- Dr. Westfeld: Lucy and Mina's father, a self-important misogynistic doctor running an insane asylum. He has recently lost his wife, and has high hopes of marriage for his daughters.
- Renfield: A bug-eating madman being rehabilitated by Dr. Westfeld and later, serving Dracula.

Actor 3: Lucy

Age 20s-30s, Female

Accent: British

A brilliant, somewhat naïve and starry-eyed earth scientist who is full of energy and spirit, but often underestimated due to her beauty. She is engaged to Jonathan, but is intrigued by the arrival (and adventurous nature) of Dracula.

Note: This role includes at least one female/male kiss, and may include light stage combat.

Actor 4: Mina/Van Helsing

Age 40-55, Female

Accents: British, German

The less appealing, less intelligent Westfeldt sister that is stuck in Lucy's shadow. She is very receptive to Dracula's charms and desperately wants to be loved and noticed.

Note: This role may include light stage combat.

Actor 5: Dracula

Age 1000+ (Presents 20s-30s), Male

Accent: Romanian

A centuries-old vampire who is the sexiest man not-alive. He is narcissistic, bored with living and has the attitude of an out-of-touch rockstar. He is endlessly charming and uses his looks and wit to get what he wants at every turn. He is still, however, also an evil blood-drinking corpse-man. Equal parts commanding, attractive, and silly.

Note: This role includes at least one female/male kiss, male/male kiss and may include light stage combat.

Actor 6: Suitors/Bosun/Gravedigger

Any Age, Any Gender

Accents: British, Scottish, Southern, Irish

- Suitors: Lord Cavendish/Lord Worthington/Lord Havemercy, two stuffy aristocrats and a cowboy, all played at the same time
- Bosun: The first mate on a doomed voyage
- Gravedigger: A drunk grave digger who works at the cemetery outside Dracula's estate

Actor 7: Captain/Driver/Kitty

Any Age, Any Gender

Accents: British, Romanian

- Captain: the pilot on a doomed voyage
- Driver: A gothic-era uber driver who gives a warning
- Kitty: A kleptomaniac maid who falls under Dracula's spell

The Ghouls

Any Age, Any Gender

Non-Speaking

A small team (2 to 4) of individuals who act partly as stagehands to assist with scene changes, as extras to act as crowds, as back-up dancers for Dracula, and as comedians to help with the 'special effects.' Must be able to express character solely through movement.

Note: This role may include light stage combat and dance movement.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

AUDITIONS

Auditions are being held in person on Sunday June 21st at 1pm and Wednesday June 24th at 7pm at the GLT Studio, 33 Stewarttown Road Stewarttown, Ontario.

Sign up for your Audition time slot here:

<https://calendly.com/kiarappacheco/dracula-a-comedy-of-terrors-auditions>

SELF TAPES

If you are unable to make the listed audition dates, please send a self-tape of your chosen character sides to kiarappacheco@gmail.com by Wednesday June 24th at 11:59pm.

SHOW DATES

The show will take place November 6th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th at the John Elliott Theatre.

AUDITION REQUIREMENTS

GENERAL INFORMATION

You will be asked to perform the sides for whichever character(s) you are auditioning for. The sides have been listed below for your reference, but memorization is not necessary as they will also be provided at the audition.

Note: If auditioning for one of *The Ghouls*, please prepare the sides for Actor 6: Suitors/Bosun/Gravedigger.

AUDITION SIDES

ACTOR ONE: HARKER

ACTOR ONE : HARKER

2.

(Woosh. They toss the books.)

ACTOR FOUR

You're welcome.

ACTOR THREE

But rest assured you will be horrified.

ACTOR ONE

One way or another.

ACTOR FOUR

So if anyone here does not care to subject their nerves to such a strain, now is your chance to -

(The doors lock.)

ACTOR FOUR

Oh well, we warned you.

(Thunder clap, horses clopping, carriage wheels on the ground, wolves howling, loud wind -)

SCENE ONE

(**ACTOR ONE** transforms into **JONATHAN HARKER**, and addresses the audience, speaking aloud his letter home to his fiancée. Meanwhile, two benches are adjusted to become a carriage, and **ACTOR THREE** becomes the **DRIVER**.)

HARKER

October the 5th, 1897. Dearest Lucy, apologies for my unsteady penmanship. I write to you from the inside of a carriage en route to my client's home in the mountains of Transylvania.

(He sits in the "rear seat" of the carriage and thrashes about, holds onto a briefcase, and shouts to the **DRIVER** over the wind.)

HARKER

Excuse me, driver? Any chance you could slow it down a smidge? The road is awfully bumpy, and with my chronic vertigo and digestive issues, I'm afraid I'm rather worse for wear.

DRIVER

This area is extremely treacherous.

HARKER

Oh yes, I've done my research, but I couldn't find any of these roads on the map!

DRIVER

Of course not. No one who travels here ever comes back.

(Horses neigh loudly.)

HARKER

Sorry?

DRIVER

There is nothing here but centuries of death, destruction and evil!

(Horses neigh loudly.)

HARKER

Are they alright, the horses?

DRIVER

Oh yes. I've trained them to punctuate my lines for dramatic effect.

(Horses neigh again.)

DRIVER

Sometimes, they overdo it.

HARKER

Well I hope they've enough strength for the remainder of the journey because I have to get to the castle. I have urgent business with Count Dracula.

(Horses neigh loudly.)

DRIVER

Count Dracula? I beg of you sir, heed my warning, do not enter that wretched castle!

LUCY

Please. Let me fight for my sister.

(He takes a breath.)

DR. WESTFELDT

You care so deeply.

(Beat.)

And you're right. We can't do this without you.

LUCY

Thank you.

(She hugs him, they are both moved.)

DR. WESTFELDT

My darling, you've no idea how very proud I am of the woman you have become. Your mother would be as well.

LUCY

Oh, father.

(Suddenly realizing -)

Where's Jonathan?

(Electric guitar shred... **HARKER** arrives, now in leather pants and unbuttoned shirt, a la Dracula's look.)

HARKER

(Austin Powers.)

Right here, baby.

LUCY

Are those... leather trousers?

HARKER

You like the lace-up crotch?

LUCY

Wow. I don't hate it.

VAN HELSING

Look! Bite marks on his neck!

HARKER

Nice right? Mina says hi, by the way.

LUCY

Jonathan, did you an Mina -?

HARKER

Don't worry babe, it was just an innocent bite, followed by an innocent suck.

LUCY

I beg your pardon!

HARKER

On the neck! You should be proud. I ventured past my fears. Wayyy past.

(HARKER opens his mouth wide toward them, exposing fangs.)

(Bat screech.)

(LUCY, VAN HELSING and DR. WESTFELDT sidebar.)

LUCY

What do we do, Doctor?

VAN HELSING

The only way to save Jonathan is to kill the vampire that infected him.

LUCY

Mina?!

VAN HELSING

Indeed. Unless...

LUCY

Unless?

VAN HELSING

Unless we kill the vampire that infected Mina. Then Jonathan will be free as well.

DR. WESTFELDT

It's like a pyramid scheme.

ACTOR TWO: DR. WESTFELDT/RENFIELD

ACTOR TWO: DR. WESTFELDT / RENFIELD

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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.

(Thunder, lightning.)

SCENE FIVE

DR. WESTFELDT

15 October, 1897. To Doctor Jean (Pronounced *Jhhon.*) Van Helsing, University of *Schmutz*, Brandenburg Campus, Department of Rare Infectious Diseases. Dear Doctor Van Helsing. I write to you now in dire need of your expertise. Three days ago, my eldest daughter Mina was at her sister's engagement party, with a ruddy complexion and full of life. The following morning, we found her bedridden and pale, her veins swollen with an odd colour, and unable to look at direct sunlight without wincing in pain. At first I assumed it was a female issue, but it's even more frightening than that. I cannot pinpoint the source of her distress. I beg of you to come see us straight away. Speaking man to man, I fear for her life.

(Music in.)

(Mina's sickbed faces upstage so we only see the back of the headboard with her ginger hair cascading over the top of it. **LUCY** ministers to her, while **HARKER** keeps his distance, a handkerchief close to his mouth.)

LUCY

Oh, my dear sweet Mina. How it pains me to see her like this. Look at her face, Jonathan. She looks haggard and sickly.

(He observes from a distance.)

HARKER

Looks the same to me.

SCENE FOUR

(In the drawing room of the Westfeldt home.)

(Music.)

(Lucy and Mina's uptight and sexist father, **DR. WALLACE WESTFELDT**, presides, with pipe in hand. **MINA** stands by demurely with a fan.)

DR. WESTFELDT

(Tapping on a glass.)

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.

(Holds up a tray of hors d'oeuvres.)

Has everyone had a cheeseball? 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!

(More applause and approvals. Music resumes.)

MINA

Well done, daddy.

DR. WESTFELDT

Thank you Mina.

MINA

(Spotting the suitors offstage.)

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

(LORD CAVENDISH, LORD WORTHINGTON, and LORD HAVEMERCY enter. They are, in fact, two puppets held on either side of ACTOR ONE who wears a cowboy hat and fake mustache.)

DR. WESTFELDT

Capital! Why don't you introduce me?

MINA

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

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 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 (O.S.)

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 fing?

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

Let me guess... Renfield.

DRACULA

Do I know you?

RENFIELD

Not yet. But I know *you*.

DRACULA

You do?

RENFIELD

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

DRACULA

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

RENFIELD

(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 -

(Thunder, lightning.)

RENFIELD

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.)

MINA

Count, might I be so bold 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.

ACTOR THREE: LUCY

ACTOR THREE : LUCY

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(Again, the wind picks up and storm rages.)

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 in this squall.

BOSUN

Aye aye, sir!

(Sound stops. Light shift.)

CAPTAIN

Captain's log. October 11, 1897. With a trembling hand and a screaming stomach, I attempt to chronicle the terrifying events of the past few days above 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 in 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

Oh, no. Can that be a wall of water? Here it comes... the big one... I go down honorably with my shiiiiih-

(Vacuum sound. Lights shift immediately to:)

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, 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. 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

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 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.

(**RENFIELD**, a disheveled resident mental patient dressed as a butler 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.

ACTOR FOUR: MINA/VAN HELSING

ACTOR FOUR : MINA / VAN HELSING

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(Thunder, lightning.)

RENFIELD

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.)

MINA

Count, might I be so bold 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.

And who is that?

DRACULA

The bench over there.

MINA

Has anyone ever told you, you have beautiful veins?

DRACULA

(Giggling)

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

(She beams. DRACULA coughs.)

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.

(Thunder, lightning.)

SCENE FIVE

DR. WESTFELDT

15 October, 1897. To Doctor Jean (Pronounced *Jhhhon.*) Van Helsing, University of *Schmutz*, Brandenburg Campus, Department of Rare Infectious Diseases. Dear Doctor Van Helsing. I write to you now in dire need of your expertise. Three days ago, my eldest daughter Mina was at her sister's engagement party, with a ruddy complexion and full of life. The following morning, we found her bedridden and pale, her veins swollen with an odd colour, and unable to look at direct sunlight without wincing in pain. At first I assumed it was a female issue, but it's even more frightening than that. I cannot pinpoint the source of her distress. I beg of you to come see us straight away. Speaking man to man, I fear for her life.

(Music in.)

(Mina's sickbed faces upstage so we only see the back of the headboard with her ginger hair cascading over the top of it. **LUCY** ministers to her, while **HARKER** keeps his distance, a handkerchief close to his mouth.)

LUCY

Oh, my dear sweet Mina. How it pains me to see her like this. Look at her face, Jonathan. She looks haggard and sickly.

(He observes from a distance.)

HARKER

Looks the same to me.

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 [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

(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... but something more sinister.

(Musical sting. Wolves Howl.)

VAN HELSING

(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.

ACTOR FIVE: DRACULA

ACTOR 5: DRACULA

8.

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.)

HARKER

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.

(Lonely wolf howl.)

HARKER

Oh. Forgive my presumption.

DRACULA

No, naturally you assumed as much.

(Music in.)

DRACULA

I'm highly desirable.

(**DRACULA** begins to do pushups on the bench.)

DRACULA

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.

HARKER

Well, no shortages of singletons in London! Let's get you there straight away. I have all the legal documents for you to take ownership of your five new properties.

DRACULA

Wonderful.

(They sit next to one another. **HARKER** offers him a thick stack of legal papers to sign.)

HARKER

So I'll just need you autograph here.

(He offers a pen and points where to sign.)

HARKER

Here. Here. Here. Here.

(He sprays fog in a can on himself for some extra drama.)

MINA
(Smitten.)

Hello.

DRACULA

Is this the Westfeldt residence?

DR. WESTFELDT

Indeed. I'm Dr. Westfeldt; Lucy's father. Also, this one.

(MINA giggles and curtsies.)

MINA

Mina.

(Proudly.)

I got all the recessive genes.

DRACULA

Apologizes for my tardiness. I'm new in town.

MINA

Count, may I ask you something?

DRACULA

Of course! I'm not afraid to talk about myself.

MINA

Well, isn't that a refreshing quality in a man! Are you... here on your own?

DRACULA

Indeed.

MINA

(Whispers to heavens.)

Thank you.

DRACULA

Where can I find Lucy?

MINA

Oh, she and Jonathan are canoodling upstairs. Naughty naughty! Not that I'm a prude or anything. Quite the opposite. I've been ridding horses for years.

(She stares into **COUNT DRACULA**'s eyes and makes a horse sound blowing her lips.)

DRACULA

Understood. I baked this for the happy couple. It's a babka.

DR. WESTFELDT

Oh, unfortunately Jonathan has a few dietary-

DRACULA

I know. It's gluten free, cruelty free, vegan, non-GMO, and certified organic. I also brought one for the rest of us that tastes good.

(They take pieces and eat.)

DR. WESTFELDT

Lovely jubbly.

MINA

Oh. My. God. You're amazing, aren't you?

DRACULA

I do my best. I used extra salt. Good for blood pressure.

DR. WESTFELDT

Wouldn't that raise the blood pressure?

DRACULA

To balance the sweet. Marie Antoinette's chef gave me that tip before he lost his head.

DR. WESTFELDT

(A beat, the laughing.)

Oh, he's having us on. We're going to have to watch out for you! I'll just have Kitty plate this for the guests.

(He exits. **DRACULA** removes his cape.)

MINA

Marie Antoinette? How old *are* you?

(Wolves howl.)

DRACULA

Old enough to appreciate beauty found in the most unexpected of places.

(He hands **MINA** his cape, their hands touch.)

MINA

(Blushing, giggly.)

Oh, sir. Your hand is so smooth.

DRACULA

You like that? The secret is staying out of the sun.

(She giggles. **DR. WESTFELDT** re-enters with **LUCY** and **HARKER**, tapping a spoon on a champagne glass to get everyone's attention.)

DR. WESTFELDT

Mina, come join us.

(She joins her father and sister up front for the speech.)

DR. WESTFELDT

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you... the bride and groom-to-be... my lovely daughter Lucy Westfeldt and her intended, Jonathan Harker.

(Applause all around.)

DR. WESTFELDT

How about a toast, then, Jonathan?

HARKER

No thanks. I'm hopeless with public speaking.

DR. WESTFELDT

Oh come now, it's your engagement party! Say something!

(**HARKER** smiles, cowers.)

LUCY

Father?

DR. WESTFELDT

Hmmm?

LUCY

It's also *my* engagement party.

ACTOR SIX: SUITORS, BOSUN, GRAVE DIGGER

ACTOR SIX: SUITORS/ BOSUN/ GRAVEDIGGER.

26.

CAVENDISH
(Scottish accent.)

How do you do?

MINA

And the handsome Lord Worthington.

WORTHINGTON
(RP British accent.)

Lovely to meet you. 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.

BOSUN

Due to high winds, 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.

(The wind picks up and the storm rages.)

CAPTAIN

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

BOSUN

Sir, the men are not well!

(The wind howls.)

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.

ACTOR SEVEN: CAPTAIN, DRIVER, KITTY

ACTOR SEVEN: CAPTAIN / DRIVER / KITTY

16.

(Again, the wind picks up and storm rages.)

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 in this squall.

BOSUN

Aye aye, sir!

(Sound stops. Light shift.)

CAPTAIN

Captain's log. October 11, 1897. With a trembling hand and a screaming stomach, I attempt to chronicle the terrifying events of the past few days above 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 in 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

Oh, no. Can that be a wall of water? Here it comes... the big one... I go down honorably with my shiiiiih-

(Vacuum sound. Lights shift immediately to:)

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.)

HARKER

Excuse me, driver? Any chance you could slow it down a smidge? The road is awfully bumpy, and with my chronic vertigo and digestive issues, I'm afraid I'm rather worse for wear.

DRIVER

This area is extremely treacherous.

HARKER

Oh yes, I've done my research, but I couldn't find any of these roads on the map!

DRIVER

Of course not. No one who travels here ever comes back.

(Horses neigh loudly.)

HARKER

Sorry?

DRIVER

There is nothing here but centuries of death, destruction and evil!

(Horses neigh loudly.)

HARKER

Are they alright, the horses?

DRIVER

Oh yes. I've trained them to punctuate my lines for dramatic effect.

(Horses neigh again.)

DRIVER

Sometimes, they overdo it.

HARKER

Well I hope they've enough strength for the remainder of the journey because I have to get to the castle. I have urgent business with Count Dracula.

(Horses neigh loudly.)

DRIVER

Count Dracula? I beg of you sir, heed my warning, do not enter that wretched castle!

HARKER

Well I can find something nice to say about any home. It's my job. I'm a real estate broker.

(Horses exhale. Clopping stops. Wind through trees.)

HARKER

Why have the horses stopped?

DRIVER

They sense danger. Must be the man-eating wolves. You'll have to walk the rest of the way.

HARKER

Walk?

DRIVER

It's not far, you'll probably make it.

(**HARKER** slowly exits the carriage.)

HARKER

But what about the wolves?

DRIVER

Try this.

(**DRIVER** pulls a small braid of garlic from a hidden pocket and tosses it to **HARKER**.)

HARKER

Garlic?

DRIVER

From the farmers market in Bucharest. God be with you sir. (Beat.) And please... remember to give me five stars.

(**DRIVER** holds out a tip screen. Thunder. Lightning. **DRIVER** disappears.)

ACTOR TWO

Jonathan Harker made his way through the Carpathian woods.

DRACULA

It's almost dawn. I must away. Until sunset, my sweet.

(He disappears in a whirl.)

(Thunder, music.)

SCENE FOUR

(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.)

(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.