

2 Person Scene:

1. Harker - British

2. Dracula - European

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

11

Start —

HARKER. She is! I've no idea what she's doing with me.

(Taking out a small framed photograph of her. DRACULA is smitten.)

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

(Music.)

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 in the 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.

(HARKER checks legal papers, stamps them.)

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.

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Side #1

1# 212

(HARKER crosses to DRACULA.)

HARKER. Yes you keep saying that.

DRACULA. Where does she sleep?

HARKER. I'm sorry?

DRACULA. I mean *live*. Where does she live?

HARKER. At her father's house in Whitby, atop a cliff overlooking the North Sea. It's breathtaking.

DRACULA. I like the sound of that.

HARKER. If only her father would give up his silly rehabilitation project with the criminally insane.

DRACULA. Insane?

(HARKER retrieves the framed photo, kisses it and packs up to leave.)

HARKER. Mental patients who live with him and his daughters.

He specializes in those with weak minds, susceptible to suggestion and vulnerable to dark forces.

DRACULA. Interesting.

HARKER. There's not much else in town, other than the cemetery and Withering Manor.

DRACULA. Withering Manor?

HARKER. A haunted house that no one wants to buy. I've had that listing for ages.

DRACULA. Really? What's the ask?

HARKER. You could pick it up for next to nothing. No one wants to deal with the renovations. Or the screams at night.

DRACULA. I'll take it.

(Sound effects: Thunder crack.)

End —

Side #1

1# 2012

3 Person Scene: 1. Westfeldt - British
2. Mina - British/Kitty - cockney
3. Cavendish/Worthington/
Have mercy

24

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

Start —

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.
Charmed, I'm sure.

MINA. And from America, the ruggedly individual Lord
Have mercy.

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.

(KITTY RUTHERFORD, an elderly kleptomaniac
mental patient turned maid, offers them
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?

7
All 3
have diff.
Accents

Side #2

6# sbic

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. 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

~~Kitty~~ How'd that get in there?

(As she exits she pilfers the watch from LORD WORTHINGTON's wrist.)

MINA. I, for one, think Kitty is making excellent progress.

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?

Side #2

6#-biz

HAVEMERCY. No, crazy people.

MINA. These people are not *crazy*, they are ill!

(Sound effects: Music stops abruptly, party gasps then goes silent.)

(With genuine passion.) 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?

(They all laugh at her, building into a nightmarish cacophony.)

MINA. Vultures! Get out of our house now!

(The suitors leave, mumbling their disapprovals.)

DR. WESTFELDT. Well done, Mina. I didn't know you had that in you.

MINA. *(Overwhelmed.)* Neither did I. There are other things I wish I had in me.

DR. WESTFELDT. *(Coughs.)* Mina.

MINA. But alas, I am destined to live my life unloved and alone.

End —

(Sound effects: Woosh.)

(DRACULA magically appears in the room, holding a cake.)

Side #2

3 Person Scene: 1. Harker - British 2. Mina - British 3. Lucy - British

18

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

RENFIELD. Oh look, a spider.

MINA. Where?

RENFIELD. On your back!

(MINA panics, screams, runs around the room, trying to get it off her, RENFIELD in pursuit, salivating.)

MINA. Get it off! Get it off!

(RENFIELD captures the spider and shoves it in his mouth, panting.)

LUCY. I thought you were working on that.

RENFIELD. *(While eating.)* It's my cheat day.

(RENFIELD exits. HARKER enters.)

HARKER. Is everything alright in here?

MINA. Apologies, Jonathan. My nerves got the better of -

HARKER. Oh thank God, Lucy, you're alright. Almost ready?

LUCY. Of course, darling.

MINA. I'm alright too, thanks.

HARKER. *(Barely acknowledging her.)* Great Mina.

(Back to LUCY.)

Darling, you're not even dressed! According to my schedule, we're due downstairs in three minutes. How does it look if we're late to our own engagement party?

LUCY. Like our passion is so fiery, we've run off to some far flung land to live on berries and lovemaking. Like in one of those adventure stories. Wouldn't that be something?

HARKER. Something dangerous. Do you know unwashed berries contain parasites? Come on, let's go!

Side #3

Side #3

E Person Review: 1. Harker - British
2. Mina - British
3. Lucy - British

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

19

LUCY. I wasn't being literal. I wish you would relax, darling.

HARKER. I'm sorry. I am trying, you know?

LUCY. I know, my love.

(Flirtatiously.) Maybe let's go without a tie tonight.

(She pulls apart his bowtie.)

HARKER. Lucy I had just gotten it perfect!

LUCY. Come on, it's rakish. You look so handsome.

HARKER. Don't poke fun.

LUCY. I'm not! I just want you to loosen up a bit. Give us a kiss.

HARKER. I don't see how that's going to -

(LUCY kisses him.)

Ooh, that was nice. How about another, future Mrs. Harker?

(They kiss slightly more passionately.)

(Overwhelmed.) We're wicked aren't we? Sorry, Mina.

MINA. It's okay, I like to watch.

HARKER. *(To LUCY.)* What's all this sand in your hair?

(He picks it out lovingly.)

LUCY. I was down at the beach last night foraging for souvenirs from the wreck!

HARKER. At night? Are you out of your mind? There are all sorts of ruffians and thugs. They come out of the woodwork whenever a ship runs aground.

LUCY. Jonathan, I appreciate the concern, but there's no need to be skittish.

Side #3

E # 3

HARKER. I can't help it. I worry about your safety. A woman shouldn't be out on her own after nightfall.

LUCY. That's silly.

HARKER. It's all a little close to home for my taste. Do you know my incredibly wealthy client Count Dracula was on that ship?

MINA. A Count? Is he single?!

HARKER. Was. Apparently he went down with the ship.

MINA. Will he be at the party?

HARKER. Um, probably not.

MINA. Why do bad things always happen to me?!

HARKER. It's tragic, really. He seemed a nice enough chap. I even invited him to tonight. He was so looking forward to meeting you, Lucy.

MINA. (*Resentful.*) Naturally.

HARKER. He was rather impressed with your skin care regime.

LUCY. Regime? It's just soap and water!

HARKER. Of course, beautiful inside and out. Silver lining, I can sell creepy old Withering Manor again! And all those properties in London. Double commission!

LUCY. How nice!

MINA. Yay, more good things happening for my sister. Meanwhile, I discovered another gray hair down near my -

LUCY. Mina!

MINA. Hmmmm?

LUCY. Will you give us a moment?

MINA. Of course.

End —

Side #3

2 Person Scene:

1. Mina - British

2. Dracula - European

36

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

RENFIELD. Yes, Master -

(Sound effects: Thunder, lightning.)

Chef.

(He leaves. MINA returns with two drinks.)

(Romantic violin music.)

Start —

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?

— b.r.3

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Side #4

Side #4

2. Person scene:
Mina - British
Dracula - European

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

37

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.*)

End —

Side #4

4# abie

2 Person Scene:

1. Lucy - British
2. Dracula - European

52

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

LUCY. Yes I'm sorry, I'm just a little unnerved right now.
Jonathan and I -

DRACULA. I heard.

LUCY. How did you -

DRACULA. You are a strong courageous woman.

(Crawling over MINA to get to LUCY.)

You deserve a strong -

MINA. Oof!*

DRACULA. *(Quickly to MINA.)* Sorry.

(Back to LUCY.) - courageous man.

(Music." DRACULA draws closer to her.)

LUCY. What are you doing?

DRACULA. Offering you a gift.

(He hands her a strange and exotic flower.)

LUCY. It looks like. No, it couldn't be. Is this a...
a Germanicus Vita Vamperious?

DRACULA. It is indeed.

LUCY. I studied them at Oxford. The books say they're
extinct.

DRACULA. And yet here it is. Take comfort knowing there
is more to life than that which we see in the light of day.

LUCY. I thought it might be a sundew or a waterwheel,
but this is clearly carnivorous.

* **MINA's** line should be either pre-recorded or performed by **ACTOR FOUR** from offstage.

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Side #5

2 # side

2 Person scene:
1. Lucy - British
2. Dracula - European

DRACULA: A COMEDY OF TERRORS

53

(Sound effects: Chomp! The flower snaps closed, making LUCY's finger bleed.)

Ooof! Will you look at that? I'm bleeding.

(She holds her finger up to him, then looks at it, then looks from afar, while DRACULA follows the bloody finger.)

(Excited.) Isn't that something?

DRACULA. *(Salivating.)* Something delicious.

(He moves in on her, thirsty for her blood.)

LUCY. What was that?

DRACULA. *(Covering.)* Auspicious. Something auspicious:
I happen to have a handkerchief.

(He hands it to her, she wipes her finger on it.)

LUCY. Thank you so much. I'll have this washed and ironed and return it to you next week.

DRACULA. Don't you dare! I mean, I wouldn't hear of it.
I'll just take that back from you.

LUCY. No, please. It's no problem.

DRACULA. Really, I insist.

LUCY. But aren't you worried about the germs -?

DRACULA. Give it here! Now!

(He jerks it out of her hand, lunges to the ground inhaling it, in need of a fix.)

LUCY. Where did *that* come from?

DRACULA. You inspire it in me. Lucy - fate has dealt me a torturous hand. Being near you only reminds me of what I don't have.

Side #5

2 #5

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

End

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Side #5