
SIDE 1 - DRACULA & HARKER

DRACULA. Count Dracula. Nice to meet you.

(Music: "Funky Vampire Theme.")*

(He walks downstage, almost in semi-slow motion, as if walking a runway at Paris fashion week.)

(ACTORS THREE and FOUR spray fog in a can toward him.)

Alexa, turn down the music!

(Music lowers.)

HARKER. So good to finally be here.

(DRACULA shakes his hand, and HARKER shrinks in pain.)

It was...quite a journey.

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?

SIDE 1 - DRACULA & HARKER (con't)

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.

SIDE 1 - DRACULA & HARKER (con't)

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 shortage 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.