
SIDE 4 - DRACULA & RENFIELD

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 fing?

(*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.