

Actor 1 & 5 Side –

Characters-

Actor 1 - Harker (RP British) – *Prim, proper, and obsessive-compulsive real estate agent, frightened of his own shadow. He is enamored by those who have a fearless nature.*

Actor 5 - Dracula (Eastern European...ish) – *With a hugely sexy, rock star presence, he is a narcissist whose greatest love is himself – and his leather pants. Bored with men and 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.*

DRACULA. Count Dracula. Nice to meet you.

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.

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 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.

HARKER. Oh. Forgive me.

DRACULA. No, naturally you assumed as much. I'm highly desirable. 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 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.

HARKER offers him a thick stack of legal papers to sign.

HARKER. So I'll just need your autograph here. Lovely. And then there's the little matter... of the cheque.

DRACULA. Ah yes, I have that prepared.

(*DRACULA pulls a cheque out of thin air [sleight of hand].*)

HARKER. (*Salivating.*) Cheers very much. Lots of zeros on this one, eh?

DRACULA. Remarkable. Real estate has gone through the roof since the Punic Wars.

HARKER. (*Laughing too eagerly.*) Punic Wars! You're funny! Yes, it's bloody expensive, isn't it?

DRACULA. Yes, bloody expensive.