

Actor 4 – Side 1

Characters-

Actor 4 - Mina Westfeldt (RP British) - *The less attractive, less intelligent Westfeldt daughter; she lives in her sister Lucy's shadow and desperately wants attention. She is immediately (and pathetically) receptive to Dracula's charms.*

(Mina meets & flirts with Dracula. She does not have great luck with men, but he seems to show her a scrap of attention. She is returning with two drinks.)

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. 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?

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.

Actor 4 – Side 2

Characters-

Actor 4 - Dr. Jean Van Helsing (Unamused RP German) - Brilliant and VERY sturdy German vampire-hunting doctor from the University of Schmutz. Deadly serious in the way Germans can be, she is accustomed to people not believing she is a real doctor. Strong, smart, bold and a woman of action.

VAN HELSING. Excuse me, Doctor Westfeldt?

DR. WESTFELDT. Hello there! So nice to meet you. You must be... Mrs. Van Helsing?

VAN HELSING. Doctor Van Helsing.

DR. WESTFELDT. Yes, Doctor Van Helsing's wife. Is your husband lifting the heavy bags from the carriage?

VAN HELSING. I have no husband. (VAN HELSING approaches the bed, looking under the covers.) She looks depleted. Any other symptoms?

LUCY. (Taking stock.) She complains of terrible dreams, some... sexier than others, and a weakness, a bloodlessness, that confounds her doctors.

VAN HELSING. How long have these bite marks been visible?

HARKER. Bite marks?

VAN HELSING. Right where her carotid artery and jugular intersect.

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 [Jhhhon] Van Helsing. As in, Jean Valjean [Val-Jhhhon].

VAN HELSING. No, you sent for Doctor Jean [GENE] Van Helsing. As in Jean Valjean [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... by something more sinister. 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 of the bag of garlic.) Just this garlic from the farmers market in Bucharest. But she wasn't exposed to it.

VAN HELSING. Anything else? Mayb something from the 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 birdseed, canned tuna, and six coffins of Transylvanian earth. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. Hold on. What was that?

LUCY. Nothing out of the ordinary.

VAN HELSING. No, go back a word or two.

LUCY. Earth. Transylvanian. Of?

VAN HELSING. Continue—

LUCY. Coffins. Six?

VAN HELSING. Six coffins! That could be the key