DR. WESTFELDT. One of my patients. And my butler. He's working the party to develop his social skills.

*(***DR. WESTFELDT** *calls offstage to* **RENFIELD.***)*

Renfield!

*(***ACTOR TWO** *leans behind proscenium [or faces upstage] to respond as* **RENFIELD** *and back out [or downstage] to respond as* **DR. WESTFELDT.***)*

RENFIELD. *(Offstage.)* Yes, doctor!

DR. WESTFELDT. Will you please come back in here?

RENFIELD. *(Offstage.)* Coming, doctor!

DR. WESTFELDT. He's got little to no confidence, so he's highly suggestible.

DRACULA. Is that so?

MINA. *(Confidential.)* And he eats bugs.

DR. WESTFELDT. I'll see what's keeping him. Renfield!

*(***DR. WESTFELDT** *exits.)*

MINA. *(Awkwardly.)* Seems it's just the two of us here for the moment. I've always preferred to socialize in smaller groups. Large tables of gossiping girls always make me somewhat anxious so this a rare treat.

DRACULA. Indeed.

MINA. I like your trousers.

DRACULA. Thank you.

MINA. And your shirt.

DRACULA. Thanks.

MINA. And your...face.

*(***DR. WESTFELDT** *calls from offstage.)*

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.

RENFIELD. Yes, Master –

(Sound effects: Thunder, lightning.)

Chef.

(He leaves. **MINA** *returns with two drinks.)*

(Romantic violin music.)*

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~~ That chair over there.

DRACULA. Has anyone ever told you, you have beautiful veins?

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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. *(Gutteral.)* 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.)