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

*(**RENFIELD** pops his head in from proscenium [We only see his head].)*

RENFIELD. Did someone say insects?

HARKER & LUCY. No!

*(**RENFIELD** pops his head out [**ACTOR TWO** removes wig].)*

LUCY. Where's my father.

*(**ACTOR TWO** immediately re-enters as...)*

DR. WESTFELDT. I'll be damned, the carriage has gone.

VAN HELSING. Peculiar butler you have.

HARKER. He's also a patient.

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 [Jhhhon] Valjean [Val-Jhhhon].

VAN HELSING. No, you sent for Doctor Jean [Gene] Van Helsing. As in Jean [Gene] Val-Gene.

DR. WESTFELDT. So I sent for...a lady doctor?

VAN HELSING. Correct.

DR. WESTFELDT. *(Scoffing.)* Ha!

VAN HELSING. I wouldn't schcoff 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.

(Sound effects: Musical sting. Wolves howl.)

(Interrogating.) 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 the bag of garlic.)* Just this garlic from the farmers market in Bucharest. But she wasn't exposed to it.

VAN HELSING. Anything else? Maybe something from 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 bird seed, 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.

DR. WESTFELDT. They key to what, the makeup counter at Selfridge's? This female medicine is not for me, I'm afraid. I'm going out to pick up some leeches and tape worms to drain her evil humours. *Like a real doctor.* I'll be back before nightfall.

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

VAN HELSING. Lucy, I must know, was your sister alone with anyone the night of the party?

LUCY. She attempted to make conversation with three of my former suitors, but I do not believe she left with any one of them.

*(***RENFIELD** *laughs as he enters.)*

Renfield! You gave me a fright!

RENFIELD. Words, words, words, words. I can't stop laughing!

HARKER. Now hold it right there. What's funny about a dying girl?

RENFIELD. A dying girl who flirted with *four* gentlemen.

LUCY. But there were only *three,* Renfield.

RENFIELD. There was a fourth. And she left with him that night.

(Suddenly, a bat flies in through the window. **HARKER** *grabs a bat puppet attached to a wire, pretending to run from it and passing it from actor to actor, until it "flies" to* **RENFIELD,** *who wields it as if being attacked.* **LUCY** *grabs a broom.)*

I didn't tell, master, I didn't tell! I'm sorry.

*(***LUCY** *swings the broom toward the bat, as* **RENFIELD** *leaps behind the headboard with the bat puppet.* **LUCY** *raises the broom on the other side, which has a bat attached to it. She tries to shake it off.)*

VAN HELSING. Why are you speaking to that fluttermouse?

HARKER. It's a bat, doctor.

RENFIELD. It's the devil is what it is.

*(***LUCY** *swings the broom behind the headboard and brings it back up on the bat-less side as* **RENFIELD** *raises the bat.)*

VAN HELSING. That garlic, do you mind if I have a go with it?

HARKER. Right-o.

VAN HELSING. Danke schoen.

*(***HARKER** *hands it to her. She raises it in the air toward* **RENFIELD.** *The bat chases* **RENFIELD** *toward the window.)*

RENFIELD. Get that away from him.

VAN HELSING. Him?

RENFIELD. I've already said too much. I'm sorry, master! Ahhhh!