ACTOR FOUR. So not a glimmer of light could be seen inside.

ACTOR TWO. And whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the sky.

HARKER. I say, the driver was right, it *is* awfully creepy. I can see why he wants to move. Oh well, here goes...

(He extends his finger and rings the...)

(Sound effects: Doorbell.)

ACTOR TWO. And right there –

ACTOR THREE. Dressed entirely in black –

ACTOR TWO. Stood none other than –

(Sound effects: A door opens to reveal **COUNT DRACULA,** *a sexually-charged rock star of a vampire clad in tight pants and vest.)*

DRACULA. Count Dracula. Nice to meet you.

(Music: "Funky Vampire Theme.")*

(He walks downstage, almost in semi-slow motion, as if walking a runway at Paris fashion week.)

*(***ACTORS THREE** *and* **FOUR** *spray fog in a can toward him.)*

Alexa, turn down the music!

(Music lowers.)

HARKER. So good to finally be here.

*(***DRACULA** *shakes his hand, and* **HARKER** *shrinks in pain.)*

It was...quite a journey.

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DRACULA. Welcome to my house. Please note that you have entered under no duress and of your own free will.

(Sound effects: Door close – bank vault finality.)

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** *sexily 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.

(Sound effects: Lonely wolf howl.)

HARKER. Oh. Forgive my presumption.

DRACULA. No, naturally you assumed as much.

(Music in.)*

I'm highly desirable.

*(Snap – **DRACULA** rips off his vest and, bare chested, begins to work out with resistance bands.)*

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.

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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.

*(They sit next to one another. **HARKER** offers him a thick stack of legal papers to sign.)*

HARKER. So I'll just need your autograph here.

(He offers a pen and points where to sign.)

Here. Here. Here. Here.

DRACULA. I'm not even reading this.

*(**HARKER** flips a page.)*

HARKER. Here. Here. Here. And initial...

(Another page.)

Here. Lovely. And then there's the little matter...of the cheque.

DRACULA. Ah yes, I have that prepared.

*(Sound effects: Chimes. **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.

(Sound effects: Rumble.)