*(**HARKER** crosses to **DRACULA**.)*

HARKER. Yes you keep saying that.

DRACULA. Where does she sleep?

HARKER. I'm sorry?

DRACULA. I mean *live*. Where does she live?

HARKER. At her father's house in Whitby, atop a cliff overlooking the North Sea. It's breathtaking.

DRACULA. I like the sound of that.

HARKER. If only her father would give up his silly rehabilitation project with the criminally insane.

DRACULA. Insane?

*(**HARKER** retrieves the framed photo, kisses it and packs up to leave.)*

HARKER. Mental patients who live with him and his daughters.

He specializes in those with weak minds, susceptible to suggestion and vulnerable to dark forces.

DRACULA. Interesting.

HARKER. There's not much else in town, other than the cemetery and Withering Manor.

DRACULA. Withering Manor?

HARKER. A haunted house that no one wants to buy. I've had that listing for ages.

DRACULA. Really? What's the ask?

HARKER. You could pick it up for next to nothing. No one wants to deal with the renovations. Or the screams at night.

DRACULA. I'll take it.

(Sound effects: Thunder crack.)

Ensemble

Scene Two

(Sound effects: Fog horn, waves crashing, loud wind.)

*(**ACTOR TWO** stands on a bench, holding a ship's wheel, **ACTOR ONE** throws on a seaweed-covered poncho. **ACTORS THREE** and **FOUR** hold spray bottles and spritz water into the air toward the scene.)*

CAPTAIN. *(Yelling over the storm.)* Bosun! We're nearing the eye of the storm. Hoist the mizzen and raise the topsail!

BOSUN. *(Irish, yelling over the storm.)* What's that, Captain?

CAPTAIN. I said we're nearing the eye of the storm!

BOSUN. What, I can't hear you!

CAPTAIN. The blasted rain is coming down so hard!

*(**ACTORS THREE** and **FOUR** spray directly at the **CAPTAIN**.)*

*(To **ACTORS**.)* NOT THAT HARD!

*(**ACTORS THREE** and **FOUR** sheepishly exit.)*

BOSUN. What was that, sir?

CAPTAIN. Never mind! What is the report today?

BOSUN. Due to high winds volleyball has been cancelled.

CAPTAIN. What else?

BOSUN. And...the buffet is down.

CAPTAIN. Damn it.

BOSUN. And you're gonna have to change your own linens, if'n you don't mind, sir.

(The wind picks up and storm rages.)

CAPTAIN. What is this nonsense? We need all hands on deck!

BOSUN. Sir, the men are not well!

(The wind howls.)

CAPTAIN. How's that?

BOSUN. They've all taken ill!

CAPTAIN. How ill?

BOSUN. Dead, sir. Every last one!

CAPTAIN. Every single one?

BOSUN. All but you, me and the passenger. He's been asleep all day. In fact, he's slept every day since we've been on the ship.

(Again, the wind picks up and storm rages.)

CAPTAIN. Then, by God, bring him above. The wind is picking up and we're taking on water. I don't know how much longer she'll hold in this squall.

BOSUN. Aye aye, sir!

(Sound stops. Lights shift.)

CAPTAIN. Captain's log. October 11, 1897. With a trembling hand and a screaming stomach, I attempt to chronicle the terrifying events of the past few days aboard the SS *Stoker*. When the ship left port in the Baltic Sea, she carried thirty-six souls. Since then, however, they've all succumbed to a mysterious illness of the blood, leaving no clue, apart from what appear to be tiny bite marks on their necks. I assume it is somehow related to an aviary disease, as there have been reported sightings of a bat flying from cabin to cabin. The lone passenger below decks has not surfaced in days. I sent our Bosun down to retrieve him, but neither has returned. I can

only imagine they have succumbed to the same fate as the rest. I am now left alone at the helm of what is essentially a ghost ship. If I should meet my watery end, please tell my wife and my mistress that she was the only woman I ever loved.

(Sound effects: A giant wave grows in front of him.)

Oh, no. Can that be a wall of water? Here it comes... the big one... I go down honorably with my shiiiiih–

(Sound effects: Vacuum sound. Lights shift immediately to:)