

DRACULA: With two men at your heels? The risk was too great. Would you have them learn too much?

RENFIELD: No, Master. Never!

DRACULA: Listen and obey me. *Pulls him to his feet.* You will go upstairs and conceal yourself until Mina is unprotected. Then you will burst into her room, threaten to kill her—

RENFIELD: Oh, Master, no! I beg you—

DRACULA: Be silent and *hear me!* . . . You will frighten her so thoroughly that she will ask her guardian, her lover, and that damnable Dutchman to let her sleep here. The fools will let her. Their tiny minds will not conceive that here she will be more—*accessible* to me.

RENFIELD: Hide myself? Up there? I've never been upstairs. *Scuttles to his stool and sits bunched up, quivering.*

DRACULA: Think of it as an adventure. Consider! You shall also commit your first theft.

RENFIELD: Theft?

DRACULA, *amused at Renfield's fright:* Exactly. You have read your *Oliver Twist*?

RENFIELD: I—I think so, when I was little—

DRACULA: Momentarily, I am your Fagin. Once you have terrified Mina, it is my will that Van Helsing and Dr. Seward shall come to seize you. In the struggle, you will steal their crucifixes.

RENFIELD, *puzzled:* They have crucifixes?

DRACULA: They will, shortly. Tonight each will receive one from Van Helsing—that devotee of Vampire lore. He knows I cannot touch nor look upon a crucifix. He knows too much to live long . . . The sanctimonious cowards will wear their godly artifacts here—*(indicating his breast pocket)* over their hearts. In the melee, as they remove you from Mina's room, you will relieve both Doctor and Professor of their holy burdens.

RENFIELD: And Mr. Harker's crucifix?

DRACULA: Later. I have my own plans for the heroic Mr. Harker. When the three simpletons reach for their crucifixes to stay me—*(begins to laugh)* Without them, they will be helpless!

RENFIELD: Oh, Master, I cannot! To attack Miss Mina, who has always been kind to me—Please, I beg you—!

DRACULA, *approaching him:* Think of it in terms of reward. You shall have fat flies to eat, plump spiders, small succulent

chipmunks and, ultimately—if you do well—your first taste of human blood!

RENFIELD, *ecstatic, rocks on stool:* Blood! "The blood is the life!" It says so in the Bible.

DRACULA, *casually:* I've yet to read it. *He moves away.*

RENFIELD, *rises, follows him:* But Hennessey is up there. He will see me.

DRACULA: Hennessey is a simple man, simple to control. He will not hinder you. I shall hypnotize him.

RENFIELD, *amazed:* From here, Master?

DRACULA: From anywhere! You do not know my powers. Never doubt me. Never question. You are to obey. Nothing more. *Music begins: The Dracula Leitmotif.* Should you not obey, the punishment is death! *Music surges.*

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS

by Arthur Miller

ACT I

The well-known story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden is retold in this humorous parable by Arthur Miller. The play opens as God tells Adam he is going to create a woman to keep Adam company and to procreate. At first Adam is uneasy, but he soon learns to enjoy his companion. Unfortunately, their relationship remains platonic and procreation does not appear imminent. God is worried. While he is musing on the decidedly nonsexual activities between Adam and Eve, Lucifer appears with a solution to the problem: the apple tree.

GOD: All right, go ahead, say it.

LUCIFER: Nothing for me to say, Lord. *He points below:* You see it as well as I.

GOD, *looking down, shaking his head*: What did I do wrong?
 LUCIFER: Why look at it that way? They're beautiful, they help each other, they praise You every few minutes—
 GOD: Lucifer, they don't multiply.
 LUCIFER: Maybe give them a few more years . . .
 GOD: But there's no sign of anything. Look at them—the middle of a perfect, moonlit night, and they're playing handball.
 LUCIFER: Well, You wanted them innocent.
 GOD: Every once in a while, though, he does seem to get aroused.
 LUCIFER: Aroused, yes, but what's the good if he doesn't get it in the right place? And when he does, she walks off to pick a flower or something.
 GOD: I can't figure that out. *Pause. They stare down.*
 LUCIFER: Of course, You could always— *(he breaks off)*
 GOD: What?
 LUCIFER: Look, I don't want to mix in, and then You'll say I'm criticizing everything—
 GOD: I don't know why I stand for your superciliousness.
 LUCIFER: At least I don't bore You like the rest of these spirits.
 GOD: Sometimes I'd just as soon you did. What have you got in mind?
 LUCIFER: Now, remember, You asked me.
 GOD: What have you got in mind!
 LUCIFER: You see? You're mad already.
 GOD, *roaring furiously*: I am not mad!
 LUCIFER: All right, all right. You could take her back and re-string her insides. Reroute everything, so wherever he goes in it connects to the egg.
 GOD: No-no-no, I don't want to fool with that. She's perfect now; I'm not tearing her apart again. Out of the question.
 LUCIFER: Well, then. You've only got one other choice. You've got to thin out the innocence down there. *God turns to him suspiciously. See? You're giving me that look again; whatever I say, You turn it into some kind of a plot. Like when You made that fish with the fur on. Throw him in the ocean, and all the angels run around screaming hosannahs. I come and tell You the thing's drowned, and you're insulted.*
 GOD: Yes. But I—I've stopped making fish with fur any more.

LUCIFER: But before I can penetrate with a fact I've got to go through hell.
 GOD, *He suddenly points down*: He's putting his arm around her. *Lucifer looks down*: Lucifer! *They both stretch over the edge to see better. Lucifer!! Suddenly, His expression changes to incredulity, then anger, and He throws up his hands in futile protest. Where in the world does he get those stupid ideas!*
 LUCIFER, *still looking down*: Now he's going to sleep.
 GOD: Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. *He sits disconsolately.*
 LUCIFER: Lord, the problem down there is that You've made it all so perfect. Everything they look at is not only good, it's equally good. The sun is good, rats are good, fleas are good, the moon, lions, athlete's foot—every single thing is just as good as every other thing. Because, naturally, You created everything, so everything's as attractive as everything else.
 GOD: What's so terrible about perfection? Except that you can't stand it?
 LUCIFER: Well, simply—if You want him to go into her, into the right place, and stay there long enough, You'll have to make that part better.
 GOD: I am not remaking that woman.
 LUCIFER: It's not necessary. All I'm saying is that sex has to be made not just good, but—well, terrific. Right now he'd just as soon pick his nose. In other words, You've got to rivet his attention on that one place.
 GOD: How would I do that?
 LUCIFER: Well, let's look at it. What is the one thing that makes him stop whatever he's doing and pay strict attention?
 GOD: What?
 LUCIFER: You, Lord. Soon as you appear, he, so to speak, comes erect. Give sex that same sort of holiness in his mind, the same hope that is never discouraged and never really fulfilled, the same fear of being unacceptable. Make him feel toward sex as he feels toward You, and You're in—*unbeschreiblich!* Between such high promise and deadly terror, he won't be able to think of anything else. *Pause.*
 GOD: How?
 LUCIFER: Well . . . *(He hesitates a long moment, until God slowly turns to him with a suspicious look.)* All right; look—there's no way around it, I simply have to talk about those apples.

GOD, *stamps His foot and stands, strides up and down, trying to control his temper*: Lucifer!

LUCIFER: I refuse to believe that man's only way to demonstrate his love for God is to refuse to eat some fruit! That kind of game is simply unworthy of my father!

GOD, *angered*: Really now!

LUCIFER: Forgive me, sir, but I am useless to you if I don't speak my mind. May I tell you why I think You planted that tree in the garden? *God is silent, but consenting, even if unwillingly*. Objectively speaking, it is senseless. You wanted Adam's praise for everything You made, absolutely innocent of any doubt about Your goodness. Why, then, plant a fruit which can only make him wise, sophisticated, and analytical? May I continue? *God half-willingly nods*. He certainly will begin to question everything if he eats an apple, but why is that necessarily bad? *God looks surprised, angering*. He'll not only marvel that the flower blooms, he will ask why and discover chlorophyll—and bless You for chlorophyll. He'll not only praise you that food makes him strong, he will discover his bile duct and praise You for his pancreas. He may lose his innocence, but the more he learns of Your secrets, the more reasons he will have to praise You. And that is why, quite without consciously knowing it, You planted that tree there. It was your fantastic inner urge to magnify Your glory to the last degree. In six words, Lord, You wanted full credit for everything.

GOD: He must never eat those apples.

LUCIFER: Then why have You tempted him? What is the point?

GOD: I wanted him to wake each morning, look at that tree, and say, "For God's sake I won't eat these apples." Not even one.

LUCIFER: Fine. But with that same absence of curiosity he is not investigating Eve.

GOD: But the other animals manage.

LUCIFER: Their females go into heat, and the balloon goes up. But Eve is ready almost any time, and that means no time. It's part of that whole dreadful uniformity down there.

GOD: They are my children; I don't want them to know evil.

LUCIFER: Why call it evil? One apple, and he'll know the difference between good and better. And once he knows that, he'll be all over her. *He looks down*. Look, he's kissing a tree.

You see? The damned fool has no means of discriminating.

GOD, *looking down*: Well, he should kiss trees too.

LUCIFER: Fine. If that's the way You feel, You've got Adam and Eve, and it'll be a thousand years before you're a grandfather. *He stands*. Think it over. I'd be glad to go down and—*(God gives him a look.)* I'm only trying to help!

GOD: Lucifer, I'm way ahead of you.

LUCIFER: Lord, that's inevitable.

GOD: Stay away from that tree.

LUCIFER, *with a certain evasiveness*: Whatever You say, sir. May I go now?

GOD, *after a pause*: Don't have the illusion that I am in conflict about this; I mean, don't decide to go down there and do me a favor, or something. I know perfectly well why I put that tree there.

LUCIFER, *surprised*: Really!

GOD: Yes, really. I am in perfect control over my unconscious, friend. It was not to tempt Adam; it's I who was tempted. I finished him and I saw he was beautiful, and for a moment I loved him beyond anything I had ever made—and I thought, maybe I should let him see through the rose petal to its chemistry, the formation of amino acids to the secrets of life. His simple praise for surfaces made me impatient to show him the physics of my art, which would raise him to a god.

LUCIFER: Why'd You change your mind?

GOD: Because I thought of what became of you. The one angel who really understands biology and physics, the one I loved before all the rest and took such care to teach—and you can't take a breath without thinking how to overthrow me and take over the universe!

LUCIFER: Lord, I only wanted them to know more, the more to praise You!

GOD: The more they know, the less they will need me, Lucifer; you know that as well as I! And that's all you're after, to grind away their respect for me. "Give them an apple!" If it weren't for the Law of the Conservation of Energy I would destroy you! Don't go near that tree or those dear people—not in any form, you hear? They are innocent, and innocent they will remain till I turn out the lights forever! *God goes out. Lucifer is alone.*

LUCIFER: Now what is He *really* saying? He put it there to tempt *Himself!* Therefore he's not of one mind about innocence;

and how could He be when innocence blinds Adam to half the wonders He has made? I will help the Lord. Yes, that's the only way to put it; I'm His helper. I open up the marvels He dares not show, and thereby magnify His glory. In short, I disobey what He says and carry out what He means, and if that's evil, it's only to do good. Strange—I never felt so close to my creator as I do right now! Once Adam eats, he'll multiply, and Lucifer completes the lovely world of God! Oh, praise the Lord who gave me all this insight! My fight with Him is over! Now evil be my good, and Eve and Adam multiply in blessed sin! Make way, dumb stars, the world of man begins!

FAMILY BUSINESS

by Dick Goldberg

Act II

Early winter, 1974, the home of Isaiah Stein in Beverly, Massachusetts. Isaiah Stein, in his mid seventies, his heart failing, calls his sons together to discuss his will. Phil argues against his father's latest plan for disbursing the considerable family estate. Phil, a psychologist, is badly in debt and prefers an arrangement that will provide him with a large sum of ready cash. The argument boils over to the point where Isaiah threatens to cut Phil out of any inheritance. A few minutes later, in his room, Isaiah suffers a severe heart attack. The brothers rush in. Phil is asked to call the doctor. Alone in the main room, he calls, but says nothing of the emergency in the bedroom. Isaiah dies.

The following scene takes place a week later at the end of the traditional Jewish mourning period, the shiva. Phil has set about convincing Jerry, the youngest son, to loan him a large portion of his trust money—but Bobby (as well as Phil) is a trustee and must approve the loan. Norman, who has assumed a maternal role in the family, and who is not very shrewd about business, agrees to argue Phil's cause with Bobby, the brother

who has been running the family business and finances with great success.

The scene opens with Norman straightening out the main room. Bobby returns, carrying a sign that reads "For Sale, Schwartz' Realty, 649-8723." Bobby had an appointment with Mr. Schwartz about selling the house. Norman, who does not want the house sold, called and told the realtor that Bobby wasn't coming. When Bobby got there the office was already closed. The two brothers discuss the loan, the house, and Norman brings up Alice, a woman from Bobby's past who became sick and died. Then Norman reveals his feelings over the fact that his mother—who died in an automobile accident while he was driving—loved him more than she loved his father.

BOBBY, in hall: Fucking bastard! Leaves me this goddamn sign with a little note. *Reads the note at step:* "Sorry you couldn't make it this evening; why don't you go ahead and stick this in the ground." I'll stick it up his ass, that's what I'll do! First we get eaten out of house and home, then when I should be down at the store, I *schlepp* out in this weather to see Chip Schwartz, the phantom realtor. First thing tomorrow morning, that cock-sucker gets a piece of my mind. *Crosses to closet.*

NORMAN: Why don't you forget about him? It doesn't look like he's very reliable.

BOBBY, hangs up coat: Reliable? He's a *gonif*! And I just want him to know that I know it!

NORMAN: Maybe you'll feel different about it in the morning.

BOBBY, crosses right to sofa: Will you tell me one thing, Norman? Will you tell me one goddamn thing? How come no matter what the fuck happens, you think people are going to feel different about it in the morning. Somebody shoves some shit in your mouth and you tell yourself, maybe it'll taste different in the morning. Well, I got news, mister, I don't like the taste of shit at no time—breakfast, lunch, or dinner! *Crosses to hall, removes snowshoes.*

NORMAN, folds up cloth: Can I get you something, Bobby? Can I do something for you?

BOBBY: Yeah! Get brother Phil to move his fucking car out of the driveway—and then put mine in the garage. I don't feel like scraping off a foot of snow tomorrow morning.