

ABE: Which clears up everything.
 COHN: You believe about the frog?
 ABE: What's important is, she believes about the frog. We didn't bring her up to lie.
 COHN: You'd rather have her crazy than lie.
 ABE: Why is that crazy?
 COHN: Or hallucinating.
 ABE: Because her mind can conjure with change—with ugliness turning into beauty—you call that hallucinating? And what *you* see—only beauty turning into ugliness—you call that reality? I beg your pardon, Cohn, you're living in a stacked deck. You give me a choice, I prefer frogs into princes over princes into frogs.
 COHN: Even if it's not so.
 ABE: How do we know? All I'm saying is, we don't know.
 COHN: Do we know that you're Abe and I'm Cohn?
 ABE: In this life.
 COHN: In this life. But in another life, maybe I was Abe and you were Cohn?
 ABE: It's possible. Anything's possible.
 COHN: —or that I was Mozart and you were Thomas Jefferson?
 ABE: It's unlikely. But it's possible.
 COHN: —or that I was Moses and you were Christ?
 ABE: It's possible.
 COHN: Abe, I'm going to give you a chance to listen to what you just said: It's possible you were Christ.
 ABE: I didn't say probable. I said possible.
 COHN: And it's possible that if I rub this lamp a genie will come out?
 ABE: All I'm saying is, we don't know, do we?

Cohn rubs the lamp.

COHN: Now we know.
 ABE: I beg your pardon, we know about one lamp. We don't know about all lamps. Also, we don't know that a genie *didn't* come out. We don't know that there isn't a genie in this room this very moment. And that he isn't saying, "Master, I am the genie of the lamp and I have three wishes to grant you and anything you wish will come true." Maybe he's there and maybe we've been taught how not to see genies in our time. Or hear

them. Or take advantage when they offer us three wishes. That's all I'm saying. That it could be us, not him.
 COHN: Who?
 ABE: The genie.
 COHN: Abe, if I had three wishes, you know what would be my first wish? That instead of you to talk to, to drive me crazy for another twenty years, I had somebody with a brain I could talk to! That's what I wish!

COUNT DRACULA

by Ted Tiller

Act II

This relatively recent version of the classic tale of Count Dracula is set in Dr. Seward's Asylum for the Insane in the north of London during the first half of the twentieth century. Mina Murray, Dr. Seward's ward, has been ailing of late. Concern for her health and bafflement over her strange symptoms (bite marks on her neck) have led the Doctor and Mina's fiancé to call in Professor Van Helsing, a specialist in rare diseases. Other household worries include Dr. Seward's demented sister, Sybil, and Renfield, a schizophrenic inmate who is in cahoots with the "bloodthirsty" count.

In the following scene Dracula commands Renfield to help him carry out his plot to get Mina completely under his control. In the previous moment, Dracula hypnotized Sybil and sent her to her room to await instructions.

DRACULA, *turns sharply to Renfield who crumples to his knees:* Now, you! I have work for you.

RENFIELD: Master, I thought you had renounced me. I ran through the valley, beat on your door, but you would not let me in.

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.