

The Last Bite
by
Michael Martin

Scene: A dark gloomy castle in Transylvania. It is a stormy night. A beautiful dark woman of uncertain age dressed in an elegant black velvet pants suit and black cape walks nervously back and forth near the front door. She is muttering to herself.

Woman: Where is he? He should have been here by now?

(She paces back and forth. Stops and listens. Paces more and then suddenly stops.)

Woman: Did I hear something? . . . Yes, someone is approaching!

(There is a knock. She straightens her cape, licks her lips, takes a deep breath and opens the door. Standing there looking startled is a man in his middle thirties, holding an umbrella over his head.)

Man: Hi! I'm Peter Dunbar. I presume you are Countess Dracula.

Woman: Yes, Mr. Dunbar, you are correct. Please come in.

(He comes into the castle and is shown into a large stately library. The man looks around impressed. He then fixes his gaze on the woman.) Wow, Countess! Your picture does not do you justice."

Woman: (slightly embarrassed) Thank you, Peter. May I call you that?

Man: Oh sure. But I don't think I could ever call you anything but Countess.

Woman: (trying to change the subject) I assume that you were surprised by my personal ad in the New York Review of Books.

Man: I sure was. I have it right here. (He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and reads it aloud.) “Beautiful wealthy Transylvania countess desires companionship and unusual sexual encounters for eternity with a young man willing to undergo radical physical and psychological transformation. Willingness to adjust to unusual sleeping and eating arrangements is required. Information concerning blood type and pictures (especially of the neck area) are essential. Must come to Transylvania for a personal interview. Men with crucifixes need not apply. Write to PO Box. . . . “ and so on.

Woman: (with uncertainty) Peter, do you understand what I am?

Man: I am not completely sure. But I suspect you are a vampire. Right?

Woman: (irritated) That is not a term we would use. We like to call ourselves by other names. “The immortals” or “the living dead,” for example, are preferable.

Man: Fine by me. I always wanted to be immortal and the prospect of having the companionship of and unusual sexual encounters with a beautiful wealthy countess is very attractive. I don’t care what you call yourself.

Woman: Do you understand what you would be expected to do?

Man: Not really.

Woman: “You would be expected to become my consort. For this you would need to become a member of the living dead.

Man: Does this mean I would be killed?

Woman: (excitedly) “Yes, of course. I personally—Countess Dracula--would drink your blood! But in your death you would be transformed into a new order of

being! A being who is immortal! A being with the strength of ten men! A being who can transform himself into various animals! A bat! A wolf!

Man: Sounds great! But why are you advertising for a consort? Why not just take a local man by force?

Woman: "Don't you think I could? (Suddenly she grabs his arm and easily forces him to his knees as if he were a child. She pushes his head back and darts her open mouth toward his neck. But then pulls back.)

Man: (She releases him and he gets to his feet.) My lord, you're strong!

Woman: (with great feeling) Listen to me. I don't want a consort who does not want to be one. I want a voluntary commitment. I cannot abide the old dictatorial ways of our breed. Peter, I have been lonely for so long. I am three hundred and sixty years old and have never had a voluntary consort. Do you understand? I need you to want me! Please love me! (She walks away and holds her head in her hands.)

Man: (walking up to her and speaking tenderly) Countess -- my darling—I do love you! I have loved you ever since I read your ad. And now that I have met you I want you—only you! Take me! Now! Here! (He throws back his head exposing his neck.)

Woman: (turning toward him joyfully) My darling! (She lustfully sinks her teeth into his exposed neck.)

