

DRACULA

Poor Jonathan Harker. Trussed up like a holiday ham. (Smells)
Delicious.

No?

Shhhhh-

No more refusing me, sweetheart.

Not ever again.

Now- what did you say?

Y- y- ye- Yes.

Shh, Renfield. Be quiet.

You wish to become like me, Renfield?

You have not been useful.

Not as you should have been!

Shh.

Listen carefully now, Renfield.

You are not my child.

I am not your Father.

You were my servant.

And you fell short.

You were tested.

And you failed.

So eat all the crawling creatures you want-

You will creep no higher than they do.

Free yourself.