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Dracula Dark King

Newly adapted from Bram Stoker's novel
by Jeffrey T. Heyer

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Dracula Dark King
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CHARACTERS

9 actors, 10 characters: 5M / 4W / (1 double-cast)

Men:

COUNT DRACULA: *The infamous dweller in shadows. Looks 70 when we first see him. Gradually regains strength until he appears about 40. Intelligent. Regal. Deadly.*

JONATHAN HARKER: *A repressed young Englishman whose incipient marriage casts a long shadow. Early 20's. He and the Count are almost two sides of the same coin.*

PROF. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING: *Brilliant, eccentric, compassionate scientist. He has lived through many hard and strange experiences. 50's. Dutch accent.*

DR. JOHN SEWARD: *Bright, ambitious alienist in love with Lucy. Van Helsing's former student. 24.*

RENFIELD: *A madman obsessed with replacing his dwindling life-force. Worships Dracula. Possessed of great physical strength when frenzied. 40's or 50's.*

Women:

WILHELMINA MURRAY: *Betrothed to Harker. Bright. More capable and resilient than the men around her realize. Begins to transform into one of the Count's kind. 21.*

LUCY WESTENRA: *Well-to-do. 19. Open-hearted. In another time and place she might have been an advocate of free love. Instead, she lives so carefully amid the restrictions of Victorian England, that her personality is beginning to divide itself and send her sleepwalking in search of her shadow. She becomes a vampire.*

CALLA: *Eldest of Dracula's brides. Survivor of a forgotten time, she shares a long, dark history with the Count and is therefore his favorite. A tigress.*

CARMILLA: *Youngest of Dracula's brides. She closely resembles Lucy, so one actor plays both parts. She bears the name of Le Fanu's famous female vampire because Stoker wrote her as the same character though eventually eliminating her name.*

SYRA: *Sometimes resents being Dracula's middle bride, but in the end, her greatest pleasure is her own martyrdom.*

SETTING

May through December of 1895

TRANSYLVANIA – The entrance hall of Castle Dracula and another room

LATER, ENGLAND – The office of Seward's sanitarium and Renfield's cell

LATER STILL – The entrance hall of Castle Dracula

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ACT I

SCENE 1

SETTING: *The setting suggests the gloomy, claustrophobic entrance of Castle Dracula, a heavy door to the outside in the back wall. On its one side stands a bookshelf, on the other a hearth, its metal doors shut. Above the mantle hangs a Fifteenth Century sword. A small table bears a covered dish, silverware, wine bottle and chalice, one chair nearby. The stage right corner has an interior door, the opposite a closed window big enough to climb through by a cot with warm bedding. A separate space represents a small room with identical window and an oblong crate on a low wagon, its bed raked. There are no other signs of habitation anywhere.*

AT RISE: *Lights remain down. Wind whistles through gaps in the stone walls. A shadow glides onstage. We hear the distant galloping of a team of horses and the clatter of a coach at speed. The sound grows louder as the lights fade up slowly to a dim gray. The shadow is DRACULA, tall, spare, black clad, hair and thick, drooping moustache white. As the coach grows louder, DRACULA's head turns slowly toward the outer door. He drifts into the shadows. The coach stops, footsteps approach, a fist pounds on the door. DRACULA stands motionless. The door opens. Outside stands HARKER, a young, educated, middle class Englishman, clean-shaven. He looks about, unnerved by the desolation.*

HARKER

Is anyone here? Can anyone hear me?

DRACULA steps from the shadow. HARKER rubs his hands, chilled by the mountain air despite his overcoat. DRACULA feels no cold. Aged and weary, he drifts like a ghost into HARKER's sight.

I am Jonathan Harker, the solicitor from England.

He waits to be invited in. DRACULA stands motionless.

I'm sorry, perhaps I've misunderstood some part of my directions—it has been rather an arduous journey...

DRACULA

(With a thick Romanian accent)

We stand at a crossroads between great powers. It is tradition the roads not be in repair 'lest one side invade the other.

HARKER

Is your master here? Is this Castle Dracula?

DRACULA

I am Dracula. It is late and my people are not available. Enter freely and of your own will.

HARKER crosses the threshold. DRACULA advances impulsively, taking the bag from HARKER and shaking his hand. HARKER winces at his grip.

DRACULA

Leave something of the happiness you bring.

DRACULA carries the baggage to the interior door, places it out of sight beyond and bringing out a lit candelabrum sets it on the table. He closes and bars the outside door, then opens the hearth doors.

HARKER

Thank you, sir, you are most kind.

*HARKER warms himself at the fire.
DRACULA gestures to the table.*

DRACULA

You will excuse me: I do not sup.

HARKER

Thank you Count, I fear I am too tired to eat.

DRACULA pours wine.

HARKER

Much obliged. Perhaps, sir, you will care to read this while I dine?

HARKER takes a letter from his breast pocket. DRACULA breaks the seal and reads. HARKER sits and drinks, rubbing his hands to warm them.

DRACULA

Your employer expresses every confidence in you.

HARKER

(Embarrassed)

Mr. Hawkins is something of a mentor to me.

DRACULA

And he sent you to me.

HARKER

Yes, sir. This is a great chance for a newly appointed solicitor. I shall never forget coming over the Borgo Pass under those dark, rolling clouds...But of course, all these things which seem full of wonder to me are old to you.

DRACULA

(His English grammar still imperfect)

Old...but I wish to hear you speak. I know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I may soon know it to speak as a native, for I would walk abroad in your land with no man to recognize me as a stranger. A stranger in a strange land – is no one.

HARKER

(Feeling very much a stranger in a strange land)

Ah! I take it that you mean to visit the Carfax estate we purchased for you in England.
(Looking at bookcase) You have, indeed, an impressive collection of English books.

DRACULA

(Running a hand over books)

They have been good friends to me.

HARKER

(Giving DRACULA keys and a packet)

I am uncertain what I can do beyond delivering the deed, keys and papers. From your letters I gather you studied every source of information about your purchase. I should think you know Carfax better than I.

DRACULA

When I go there my friend Jonathan Harker will not be by my side to aid me.

HARKER

Sir?

DRACULA

You will, no doubt, be in Exeter – with your lovely bride.

HARKER

Yes – that is to say, with my fiancée.

DRACULA

(Catching HARKER's unease)

Not yet married. And you have so little time.

HARKER

Your summons could not be ignored, Count, marriage plans or no. What I mean is...the demands of a career...I must be able to support...I am sorry, Count: the long journey...

DRACULA

Our ways are not your ways, and there will have been for you many strange things.

HARKER

Yes: the people along the way staring as if afraid of me....Well, here I am in this incredible castle. Who built this place?

DRACULA

(Feeling the stone walls)

Vlad Dracula, fifteenth century king of Wallachia, the province whose border this Transylvanian fortress guards.

HARKER

An ancestor of yours?

DRACULA

That life was long ago.

HARKER

I used to wish I lived in stirring times. Even this trip to Transylvania seemed to my fiancée rather too adventurous. But then I remember what I've read of how bloodthirsty people were back then. I wonder what made them like that?

DRACULA exams each half-forgotten emotion, growing animated as HARKER grows passive.

DRACULA

As a boy, Vlad Dracula was captured by the Sultan of the Turks – ruler of the greatest empire in the world at that time – an Islamic conqueror just across our borders – intent on outdoing Caesar and Alexander the Great together. Before the captured boy's eyes the Sultan impaled Vlad's surrendered escort – one hundred men – on stakes to die slowly in the sun. The Turk promised to do the same to the boy unless his bold father Dracul, ruler of Wallachia, surrendered his country to the Sultan. You ask where we learned ruthlessness? In the Sultan's court, beaten, spat upon, systematically brutalized, day after day after day until we grew to hate the morning's light....

HARKER

Well. Your ancestors have my respect.

DRACULA

Do they? Does anyone in your time know the forge that welded us what we are? Or do you shudder to hear even this little fragment of a life so long ago?

HARKER

Not so much that I would miss hearing what happened. Did Vlad's father surrender to the Sultan?

DRACULA

(Fingering the dragon medallion always around his neck)

King Dracul was bound by blood oath to the Order of the Dragon – a brotherhood of crusaders sworn to resist the Turk at *any* cost and by *any* means. *(Touching the sword over the hearth)* Dracul fought as the lion fights, for lordship. Until he was assassinated. But what can the buried mean to you? You came to me for a reason.

HARKER

The house at Carfax...

DRACULA

Not the house. You stand now, Mr. Harker, in one of the wildest and least known borderlands of the Old World. What brought you to my domain?

HARKER

I'm afraid a solicitor's ambitions could mean little to a Count steeped in the history of a war-like people...

DRACULA

I desire not *what* you aspire to, but what passion compels you.

HARKER

Well, I...I hoped to exercise my wits sufficiently to...to be raised to the position....
(*DRACULA is distant, enervated by business talk*) My apologies, Count. I find it difficult
to...to keep my thoughts together.

DRACULA

Forgive an old man in a remote outpost, but I wish to hear you speak of something more vital
to you...perhaps your fiancée.

HARKER

We English are not...comfortable displaying our feelings, Count.

DRACULA

Unexpressed passion wells up all the stronger. Come, I spoke of...old passions I long thought
lost. I hunger to hear of the trivial things in your life.

HARKER

Well...if you insist. I...I suppose it all hinges on this. I am engaged to marry Miss Mina
Murray. But I must – in some sense – undertake a journey before the word “marriage”
becomes real. What she expects of me...what I’ve been taught.... Forgive me, Count, I find
this quite impossible.

DRACULA

You love her?

HARKER

Really, sir! I am sorry. I am well aware there *are* still arranged marriages, but Mina and I
mean to marry for love.

DRACULA

She is close to you – even in this place.

*DRACULA, behind HARKER, reaches
toward him as if warming his hands at a
fire. HARKER’s energy wanes.*

HARKER

Why, yes, sir. If I had any doubts – well, being away from her, I am reminded of Mina by the
color of a passing woman’s hair, by every incident I look forward to sharing. She is really
very bright – I can discuss anything with her – history, geography, business...

DRACULA

Your words wake echoes in an empty heart.... This woman stirs your passions?

HARKER

Sir!

DRACULA

Ah, you English. It is different for us. But I seldom intrude where I am not asked. Tell me only that my books are not mistaken: there is new and bustling life in your cities.

HARKER

Oh, you really must go to London. There is every type of life imaginable there – even things, perhaps, you couldn't imagine.

DRACULA

Indeed?

HARKER

Ships from round the world arrive every day. Queen Victoria has brought a new level of fairplay and decency to our world and you know what they say about her realm?

DRACULA

What is that, pray?

HARKER

The sun never sets on the British Empire.

DRACULA

Then it must cast long shadows.

HARKER

Our reach spans the globe.

DRACULA

(Looking out the window)

Ambition – musk to a hunter's nostrils. In these mountains where great empires clashed for ages – we only ever dreamed of holding on to our selves. To have won *and* lost utterly...

HARKER

I'm not sure I quite follow, Count. But as you say, this is an isolated old pile. London would do you good.

DRACULA

No doubt.

HARKER

You could make day trips, then retire behind the walls of Carfax for a bit of solitude.

DRACULA

The years grow heavy, Mr. Harker, yet I cannot long retire from an active life.

HARKER

Then I think you will find Carfax estate exactly what you require. The house is large, having continued to grow in every period back, I should say, to medieval times. It is isolated and unfortunately, rather eaten with rust and...

*HARKER cannot suppress a glance
round at the decayed surroundings.*

DRACULA

Through many years of mourning the dead, my heart is attuned to the shadow.

HARKER

I hope I have not given offence. This is your ancestral home.

DRACULA

(Running his hand along the wall)

There is more than pride in these stones, Mr. Harker. The Prince I mentioned, Vlad Dracula – when he gained the throne – he learned that while his father Dracul and his elder brother Mircea fought, risking *everything* for their nation, the richest men of our country sold their loyalty. *Blood money*. These noble traitors ambushed King Dracul. They left his body to feed the wild beasts of the marshes. The war-hero Mircea they buried alive. To lie helpless in your casket, unable to breathe, unable to dream, caught between life and death, forever barred from either...

*Again DRACULA's passions ignite;
HARKER wanes.*

HARKER

And I thought English history was bloody.

DRACULA

(Vibrant with dark passion)

Dracula's army seized five hundred of the traitors celebrating the Resurrection. His men drove them with whips to build this fortress until their fine Easter clothes hung on them in ribbons. Enslaved – *monsters* – who could condemn Dracula's brother to a living death – their blood mortars these stones.

HARKER

Dear Lord...

DRACULA

(Stung)

Is not every great edifice built upon blood? When a prince is powerful and brave he can make peace as he wishes. If he is powerless, some other will conquer him and dictate what he will.

HARKER

(Hand to his head)

Of course.

DRACULA

But your long journey has wearied you. Your bed is prepared.

DRACULA indicates the cot.

HARKER

Yes...

DRACULA

You are distressed?

HARKER

A slight surprise—that my bed and board should be here at the entrance. In the one room.

DRACULA

My house has many chambers. Go where you will. I must be away tomorrow until evening. Sleep late. Dream deep.

DRACULA bows and exits. HARKER falls back on the covers as LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 2

SETTING: *The next evening.*

AT RISE: *HARKER enters from the interior door, in different clothes. He sets his portable phonograph on the table. Struggling against loneliness, he cranks it up, sets the needle on its cylinder and records.*

HARKER

Seven May. Dearest Mina, this is the last of my recording cylinders. Hopefully, I can find some way to post it from this place so you may hear my voice while I am away. I wish I could hear yours. It is strange to hear my own voice. I awoke late in the day. A cold breakfast was laid out, but nowhere about the castle could I find servants or inhabitants. *(Gazing out the window)* At least the view is magnificent: as far as the eye can spy below is a sea of green treetops. The castle stands on the edge of a terrible precipice at the bottom of which flows a swift river. But I am too disheartened to describe beauty. I suppose I shall ease my loneliness

HARKER, *Continued*

with the Count's books. I do so love you, Mina, for all that I find it easier to say that into a machine on the far side of the world than into your wonderful eyes. Sorry, mustn't let my feelings run away with me.

He lifts the needle, switches off and sets the phonograph under the cot. He selects a book, sitting at the table. DRACULA enters, startling him. HARKER rises and bows.

DRACULA

I have brought you consignment forms to fill out. I wish to forestall any difficulty in getting my possessions through Customs. But now I wish to hear your English speech. Tell me of your life.

HARKER

There is little enough to tell. Yours must be more interesting than mine. Certainly your ancestors lived wild lives.

DRACULA

In old days were stirring times.

DRACULA turns away from him toward the books, making it easier for Harker to speak.

HARKER

I looked up that medieval prince in your Encyclopedia Britannica. I am afraid our scholars describe Vlad Dracula as a weak and ineffective ruler subservient to the Turks.

DRACULA

You cannot *conceive* – your young country has never known such a terrible army – the dying sun glinting off square miles of Turkish helmets and spears. *All* the great crowned heads of Europe fell back before the Islamic onslaught. Dracula – this *weak* prince – rode by night at the head of a band of horsemen to the huge plain entirely *filled* with Turkish soldiers, horses, cannons, tents.

DRACULA seizes the sword from the wall, swinging it dynamically. HARKER grows faint. Outside, wolves howl, their excitement increasing with DRACULA's.

Dracula swept his father's sword into the air, roared out of the dark, slashed deep into the camp, cutting down all between him and the tent of the Sultan, driven by so fierce a fury that *I would have saved our nation* but that Mohammed the Second, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, fled before Dracula like a child. Yet Dracula came again, and again. He knew he alone could

DRACULA, *Continued*

ultimately triumph. The corrupt politicians of *your* age, bargain away whole provinces after we sweated *blood* to enrich their soil! (*The howls crescendo eerily*) Listen to them – the children of the night. What music they make.

DRACULA raises a hand toward the window calming himself and the wolves.

To have survived *so much* – to have burned with so fierce a flame that no vengeance was too awful, no sacrifice too dear, if it could make us free...listen to the wind whistle through the broken battlements of my castle, Mr. Harker, and tell me, is *this* freedom?

HARKER

(Dizzied)

You speak of these old battles with passion, Count.

DRACULA

Passion's shadow. Transylvania, Wallachia – dead names. The lions our country bred must roam elsewhere. But I meant to hear *you* speak – of *your* land – your hopes – your fiancée. If it is difficult to speak of personal things, tell me of your business. For instance, if a client did not wish the whole of his affairs to be known by any one person, might he engage two solicitors?

HARKER

Men of business often do such. (*Pause*) Count, I took advantage of your offer to go where I might in your castle. But every way I turned, led me back here. So many doors locked....

DRACULA

Were you to see with my eyes, you would better understand.

HARKER

Of course. But when I thought to step outside, I could not open the door.

DRACULA

You are Dracula's guest. I will see to your needs.

HARKER

I sought only means to post letters.

DRACULA fetches writing materials from the bookshelf.

DRACULA

Write, my young friend, but not, I pray, of things other than business. It will doubtless please your friends simply to know that you are well, that your work here is done and that you have left the castle and arrived at Bistritz.

HARKER

Sir?

DRACULA

Date your letter the twenty-ninth of June. In Transylvania posts are uncertain. It will be best for me to deliver your letter to trusted messengers but it will be some time before I am free. Come, Mr. Harker, we would not wish your friends to concern themselves.

HARKER

Of course....

HARKER hands the letter to DRACULA who smiles.

DRACULA

Forgive me, but I must work in private this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish.

DRACULA bows, exiting with Dracul's sword. HARKER pulls out the phonograph and records.

HARKER

I must get away from this man. He has done nothing, yet I dread his approach. The more I resist his influence, the weaker I feel. Ah, I am useless. Who am I to marry you, Mina? Strike that.

He moves the needle and records over the last passage.

I cannot bear to be away from you much longer, Mina. I....

He shuts off the machine, tucks it away and collapses on the bed. The window is swung open by CARMILLA, a pale woman in upper class clothing stepping with dreamlike grace into the room. HARKER is speechless. Behind her steps SYRA. They regard HARKER eagerly. From the interior door comes CALLA, the eldest. The women slowly draw near.

CARMILLA

Go on, Calla!

CALLA examines the young man with delight. SYRA caresses HARKER. He gasps. CALLA throws SYRA a daggered look.

SYRA

You are first and we shall follow.

CARMILLA

Yours is the right to begin. He is young and strong, Syra; there are kisses for us all.

HARKER

Who are you?

CALLA

Who are you?

HARKER

Jonathan Harker, solicitor.

CALLA

Who do you think I am?

HARKER

The Count's wife?

CARMILLA

(Laughing)

Wife, yes, yes.

SYRA

Then who do you think *we* are?

HARKER

(Casting about for something acceptable)

His...sisters?

SYRA laughs.

CALLA

We know. Dracula is harsh. He is cloaked in the ghosts of giant, threadbare ambitions. His voice rings with the clash of arms on forgotten fields. Yet his touch burns like ice on bare skin. No hearth can warm a room where he abides. It is lonely to be Dracula's guest. I felt touched by your longing even as I slept.

SYRA

(Brushing her hand lightly over his cheek)

Touch what you have awakened.

HARKER

I? I – was – thinking of my fiancée...

CALLA

Loneliness. Emptiness. *(Brushing a hand past his cheek)* Fear.

HARKER

I...am sorry, but we English don't...

CARMILLA

Solicitor – be solicitous.

CALLA

There, there, Englishman. Rest in peace. We want nothing more than you wish to give.

HARKER

I really am not sure this is quite...

CARMILLA

You have waited so long. We understand. The longing. The barren day. The desolation of night. Boxed up, set aside from life.

CALLA

And always the cold. The bitter chill that seeps ever deeper into the bones.

SYRA

To be unneeded. Passed over. Inconsequential. Yearning to be vital, desired – the very gateway to life for that one, all-important other. To give all of oneself – to blur the harsh boundary between heart and lover...

HARKER

I'm sorry...

CALLA

Lie back, you need do nothing. *(Voluptuously gloating)* Young. Unscarred. Fleeting.

SYRA

Ah! Ah!

THE WOMEN press HARKER back, stilling his half vocalized protests with caresses. CALLA stretches like a cat, shivering at the nearness of so much

repressed, abundant life. She licks her lips, leaning down as if to kiss him, then brushing her lips just past his. HARKER instinctively reaches for her, but the others gently take his arms, holding them at full extension, massaging his pinioned hands. CALLA kisses him, then moves her lips to his throat. The other women draw a sharp breath and bring HARKER's wrists toward their mouths.

DRACULA springs in through the second window, dropping a large bag on the floor. He wears the clothing HARKER wore on his arrival, and is clean-shaven. DRACULA flings SYRA from HARKER with savage strength. She crouches, quailing before DRACULA's wrath. CALLA bares her teeth in rage. She and DRACULA glare in a standoff. She reaches for HARKER and DRACULA sweeps his arm fiercely through the air. ALL THREE WOMEN reel back as though physically struck.

CALLA, nails spread, almost spitting with rage, she lunges then stops.

CALLA

(Hissing)

You yourself never loved; you never love!

ALL THREE WOMEN

You yourself never loved; you never love!

DRACULA

I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. When I am through with him you shall kiss him at your will.

CALLA

Are we to have nothing tonight?

DRACULA gestures toward the dropped bag. THE WOMEN close in on it hungrily. DRACULA stares into HARKER's eyes. HARKER is utterly at a loss. DRACULA slowly raises a hand.

*THE WOMEN open the bag. DRACULA clenches his fist and: **BLACKOUT**. We hear as from within the bag a child's half-smothered wail.*

SCENE 3

SETTING: *The next morning. Sunlight streams through the window.*

AT RISE: *HARKER paces like a caged animal. He records on his phonograph.*

HARKER

He wore my suit to carry off that child. No doubt he will take care to be seen in it when he posts my letters. He has replaced me! Let me not think of it. Action! But everything is locked.... If I could climb to a window beyond all these locked doors I might find an exit! The mortar is worn away between the stones of the wall, I might be able to get enough grip.... And fall a thousand feet into the river? I don't want to die like that! It is maddening to think that of all the foul things that lurk in this hateful place to Dracula alone I can look for safety – so long as I serve his purpose.

He takes off his boots, tying them to the back of his belt, then opens the window.

I'll find another window to get back in somewhere, or.... Goodbye Mina! Goodbye Mr. Hawkins, you were a second father to me.

He turns off the phonograph, puts the cylinder in his pocket, hides the machine and climbs out.

God help me! Farewell Mina.

*With fingers and toes he climbs sideways out of sight. **LIGHTS DOWN**. The wind whistles past the castle walls, as if we were climbing with HARKER. **LIGHTS UP** on the second window. HARKER climbs through into another chamber. He collapses on the floor beside the packing crate, trembling. Gathering courage he flings open the crate. It is partially filled with earth, atop which lies DRACULA.*

(Note: the actor, of course, crossed backstage, placed the sword and entered the crate during the blackout.)

HARKER

What are you?

HARKER sags, then seeing Dracul's sword by the crate, seizes it.

You will never reach England!

*HARKER swings up the sword. DRACULA's eyes open, glaring malignantly. We hear the room's door slam shut. Doors slam throughout the castle. HARKER manages one wild swing, missing DRACULA. He flings down the sword and climbs out the window. **LIGHTS DOWN.***

SCENE 4

SETTING:

RENFIELD's cell. The crate has been wheeled off; a second cot put in its place, a small lidded box under it. HARKER's cot remains. The dining ware and cloth have been removed from the table and the phonograph is placed there beside a medical bag and lamp. A telescope, nightstick, key ring, brandy decanter and three glasses go on the mantle. The books remain, along with a case of pistols. Castle Dracula's gloomy antechamber is now the gloomy office of a medieval building used as a sanitarium.

AT RISE:

Enter SEWARD, bright ambitious doctor of twenty-nine, ushering in MINA, a self-possessed girl eight years younger.

MINA

Thank you for seeing me, Dr. Seward. I know you are very busy with this great sanitarium to run.

SEWARD

(Wrestling down his pride)

Anything for a friend of Miss Lucy's. How can I help?

MINA

Lucy says you have a speaking machine for dictation. Has – has she mentioned my fiancé Jonathan Harker?

SEWARD

He's off in some outlandish place, isn't he?

MINA

Transylvania. I've had only a line from him saying that he left Castle Dracula and arrived at the town of Bistritz. That is not like Jonathan.

SEWARD

I'm sorry. I can see you are deeply concerned.

MINA

Today I received a cylinder posted from Bukovina, but it was broken. It took so long to piece it together that I had no time to play it before my appointment here.

SEWARD

Allow me.

SEWARD takes the damaged cylinder from her, places it on the machine, and gingerly sets the needle. HARKER's voice comes through a barrage of scratches and skips.

HARKER V.O.

Mina... a wildness came over me... rat in a trap... the weird sisters ... white teeth... alone... the only living... God's mercy would be better than that of... monsters... only hope... only hope... Mina...

MINA

I *knew* something was wrong.

SEWARD

He sounds delirious. Unfortunately, there is little we can do from here. Take comfort, Miss Murray: no doubt your fiancé's host Count Dracula will see to him.

MINA

I will pray that he does. Please excuse me.

MINA hurries out, upset. Increasingly nervous, SEWARD sets the cylinder with his own, then selects one, putting it on the machine. MINA re-enters, bringing her closest friend, nineteen-year-old LUCY. SEWARD and LUCY do their best to conceal the tension between them.

LUCY

Good day, John.

SEWARD

Good day, Lucy.

MINA

I insisted on bringing Miss Westernra to see you, doctor.

LUCY

It is nothing, Jack.

MINA

Sleepwalking is not nothing, Lucy. I know it's awkward under the circumstances, but she wouldn't trust anyone but you.

SEWARD's eyes meet LUCY's. They look away.

SEWARD

Glad to be of service, if she'd have me.

LUCY turns to MINA who smiles, patting her friend's arm.

MINA

I'll be in the waiting room.

MINA exits. SEWARD moves close to LUCY, the tension increasing and examines her eyes.

SEWARD

How long have you been sleepwalking?

LUCY

Since Arthur's proposal. Wedding nerves, I suppose.

SEWARD

(Indicating her buttons)

Undo those, please.

LUCY hesitantly unbuttons. SEWARD places the wide end of a stethoscope like a small ear trumpet close to her heart, his ear at the narrow end.

SEWARD

Is your mother any better?

LUCY

Her heart is weakening—the one thing that keeps this from being the happiest time of my life.

SEWARD

Breathe deep. Open, please. *(Checking her throat)* I see nothing physically wrong with you.

LUCY

(Jokingly)

Am I to be an inmate of your asylum then?

SEWARD

Hardly. But I think it would be well for you to let the servants care for your mother while I keep an eye on you. I have a nice guest room for visitors.

LUCY

That would be indelicate.

SEWARD turns away to pack his stethoscope in his medical bag.

SEWARD

Arthur is a good man. I have accepted your choice.

LUCY

Being proposed to is all very nice, but it isn't at all a happy thing to break the heart of a poor fellow. Why can't they let a girl marry two men? But this is heresy and I must not say it.

SEWARD

I hope you will be happy.

LUCY

You are terribly bright, John, I know that, and Arthur isn't. But for all your study of the mind, I don't think you really know your own heart...

SEWARD

Don't.

LUCY

I am trying to make this easier for you.

SEWARD

That is not the way.

LUCY

Mina thought I should hurt your feelings so you would feel how closed the door is, and be glad of being shut of me.

SEWARD

Thank you for not doing that. As your friend and doctor, I want you to stay for a few nights where I can be certain you will not get out if the sleepwalking fit takes you.

LUCY

What of Mina? She has been staying with me to help with mother and the wedding.

SEWARD

She will be all right.

LUCY

I am not sure she will. She is very upset about her fiancé Jonathan. I simply could not do without Mina, right now, John, especially in this place, surrounded by madmen.

SEWARD

I have only the one guest room.

LUCY

(Walking over to the cot)

What is this?

SEWARD

I often work late.

LUCY

It's settled, then. You shall not be needing it.

SEWARD

Shan't I?

LUCY

John, you can hardly stay under the same roof. Besides, I shall feel less like a mental patient in here, surrounded by your things.

SEWARD

(Sighing)

Mina may stay in the guest room and you may have the cot.

LUCY

Very well, John, if you think best. *(Calling out through the door)* Mina, we have packing to do.

LUCY exits, waving. SEWARD leans on the table running a hand over his face, then records:

SEWARD

19 August. Oh, Lucy. I cannot be angry with you, nor with my friend who won you. I must wait on hopeless, and work. If only I could have as strong a cause as my favorite patient, poor mad Renfield – but a good unselfish cause to make me *work* – that would be happiness.

SFX: Thunder, wind and rain.

The storm has broken. I welcome it.

He takes his telescope to the window.

Sometimes it is a burden to see farther than one's fellows—but to be true to my inmost nature I *must* peer into the gloom and face whatever I find there.... Curious! Way out across the harbor, there is a ship in full sail running before the storm – rather dangerous seamanship. I hope they are all right. *(Replacing the telescope)* Nothing I can do about that, either. Well, no chance I shall sleep tonight. I shall take another dose of chloral. No. I shall not stain the memory of my interview with Lucy even if tonight I remain sleepless.

SEWARD switches off the machine and exits. SFX: Thunder. LUCY and MINA enter in nightgowns.

MINA

Are you sure there is no one to see us like this?

LUCY

The patients are all locked down, Mina. Now take the key and lock me in. And for goodness sake, we're sleeping in a big, gloomy insane asylum in the middle of a wicked storm. Enjoy the adventure.

MINA

Quite.

MINA locks the door and exits. SFX: The storm grows louder. Taking SEWARD's white coat from the back of his chair, LUCY drapes it over her shoulders and examines his things for a moment or two. LIGHTS DOWN on the office as LUCY turns down the lamp and curls up on the bed, the coat atop her covers.

LIGHTS UP on RENFIELD's cell. RENFIELD, in rumpled middle class garb, has disordered white hair and stubble. Enter SEWARD briskly.

SEWARD

How are you this evening, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD

Still here, Doctor.

SEWARD

(Peeking into the lidded box)

I see you are still catching flies for pets.

RENFIELD

Do you think your brain so exceptional, Dr. Seward, that you can delve me to the root? Ah!

RENFIELD catches a released fly and eats it.

SEWARD

Renfield! You put a horrid fly bloated with carrion into your mouth?

RENFIELD

It is life – strong life – and it gives life to me.

SEWARD

If you fixate on ideas like this, I can no longer grant you extra sugar to catch flies.

RENFIELD

You – *Doctor* – I am down to my fingertips' clutch on this world and you mock me with your full-blooded presence. But the poison is in your veins, too

SEWARD

You are thinking of killing me, Renfield. I find that interesting.

RENFIELD turns away. SEWARD jots in a notebook.

Well, no more fly-catching today.

He shuts and locks the window, glancing out.

The storm is worsening with the sunset.

RENFIELD

You don't count now. The Master is at hand. Take the flies. The bride-maidens rejoice the eyes that wait the coming of the bride; but when the bride draweth nigh, then the maidens shine not to the eyes that are filled.

SEWARD

What is it you think is drawing nigh?

RENFIELD

You will not see.

SEWARD

Why do you feel compelled to consume lives? Do you feel not fully alive?

*RENFIELD ignores him. SEWARD jots this down, then exits. We hear the lock turn. **LIGHTS DOWN** on cell. **DIM LIGHT UP** on office. LUCY sleepwalks to the locked door. She cannot open it but is driven to go out. She bumps into the table, scraping its feet audibly on the floor, but does not wake. Drawn to the window, she fumbles open the latch. She starts out the window when the lock turns and in comes MINA, having heard the table. She almost cries out, but afraid to startle the sleepwalker she rushes to her and gently turns her about. LUCY, asleep, looks out the window.*

LUCY

He's coming....

MINA

Who is coming? Arthur?

LUCY

Who?

MINA

Arthur Holmwood, your fiancé. (*MINA gently shakes her*) Lucy! Wake up, please.

LUCY

(*Waking, disoriented*)

Oh – Mina – I wanted...I needed....

MINA

(*Spying out the window*)

Come on, we have to get you into bed before someone sees us in our nightgowns. Your poor mother is so sick already—if she knew you’d made a spectacle of yourself it would kill her.

*MINA fastens the window and tucks
LUCY in, then moves to the table. SFX:
The wind grows loud.*

LUCY

He is in the storm.

MINA

(*Searching for the window key*)

It is the waiting, Lucy. You will be all right once he arrives.

LUCY

(*In anticipation and dread*)

So soon to be a bride.

*MINA’S spirit rises as she finds the key
and locks the window.*

MINA

Yes! In the morning we can plan your reception. I have some wonderful ideas.

LUCY

You always do. But what about *your* marriage? Have you any word from Transylvania about Jonathan?

MINA

Nothing that makes sense. Anyway, I can make much more elaborate plans for you and Arthur, since *he* is one day to become Lord Godalming.

LUCY

Soon, I fear. His father is not doing well.

MINA

I am sure the old man will rest easier once he has seen you two married.

MINA pats her friend's hand, turning to go. LUCY stops her, struck by a presentiment of imminent loss.

LUCY

I don't understand what has gotten into me.

MINA

Wedding nerves. I am sure it is not all that terrible, you know.

LUCY

You are in no position to school-mistress me this time, *Miss* Mina Murray. It's not as if you and Jonathan are man and wife.... Oh, I am so sorry, my nerves make me stupid.

MINA double-checks the window lock, worrying. She sees something in the distance.

MINA

Oh –

LUCY

(Breathless between fear and desire)

Who is it?

Mina picks up the telescope and looks into the storm.

MINA

Something white, out in the harbor! How strange! A ship in full sail – the wind is knocking her about – you would think no one was at the helm! *(Offering the telescope)* Do you want to see?

LUCY

I don't.

MINA

Oh! She's run aground! The surf is pounding her on the rocks!

LUCY

Do you see – a tall man in black at the helm?

MINA

I can't see anyone onboard! Wait – there is something dark moving – oh! Some sort of animal leapt off the deck onto the rocks! Ah! I've lost it. That makes no sense. Oh dear, I shall have to speak to the port authorities tomorrow. What happened to the crew? Well, no chance I shall sleep tonight! Shall I stay up with you?

LUCY

Would you? No, I am being a child. I know what I must do and I must simply do it. Go on back to your room, Mina, I shall be fine.

MINA

Are you certain?

LUCY

Are you going to hold my hand on my wedding night? Go dream of Jonathan.

MINA

(Covering her disappointment and loneliness)

Of course I should prefer to be alone with my thoughts.

LUCY

(Impulsively taking her hand)

Tell me it will not be all different afterwards. Best friends forever?

MINA

Best friends forever.

*MINA settles her again, and exits with the window key, re-locking the door.
LIGHTS UP on RENFIELD's cell.
RENFIELD paces, then kneels before his window.*

RENFIELD

Do not abandon me, dark angel! Bring the beloved bride beneath your dark wing!

*SFX: Dogs bark and howl. Fog billows.
Through it DRACULA appears.*

RENFIELD

You want me to invite you in.

DRACULA

Your suffering calls to me. To spend your days shut up in a box. Dreading the approach of your employer, the leech who feeds fat off your vital forces, who has no life of his own—devouring not only the dwindling hours of your life, but your hopes –

RENFIELD

An ear to hear in all this wilderness. The job ruined me, diminished me to this sack of liquefying tissue!

DRACULA

– the sweetness drained from all life –

RENFIELD

(With a violent sob)

Yes!

DRACULA

– until you stagger, a walking corpse. Believe in me and I will give you strength to outlast every enemy.

RENFIELD

I have worshipped You long and afar off.

DRACULA

I bring you this truth: as life is taken from you by others, so you can take it from others still. The cycle of life.

RENFIELD

I shall be faithful. Now that the terrible waiting is over, You will not pass me by, will You, dear Master, in Your distribution of good things?

DRACULA

(Waving his hand behind him)

Behold: rats! Hundreds – thousands – millions of rats and every one a life; all red blood, with years of life in it and not just buzzing flies. The callous ones need not grind you to dust—all these lives will I give you, aye, and many more and greater, through countless ages, if you will fall down and worship me.

RENFIELD

Enter, Lord and Master!

RENFIELD opens the window and the storm is louder. DRACULA enters. He looks into RENFIELD's eyes. The madman bows, then climbs out the window. We hear the cell door click open and DRACULA slips out toward the office. LUCY stirs, with a plaintive little moan. She sits up, staring. SFX: Outside a whistle blows. SEWARD rushes from the interior entrance, arcing around the office into Renfield's cell. Finding the

window open, he climbs through to give chase. DRACULA approaches LUCY who hesitates, alarmed, yet almost recognizing the stranger.

DRACULA

You summoned me.

LUCY

I know you. You cannot be real. Who are you?

DRACULA

You cannot remember me when you wake, but I hold you always in mind. You are so like Carmilla in the old country – sisters of the soul. I knew you before you were born.

LUCY

Who is Carmilla?

DRACULA

One of three echoes of the past.

LUCY

Do you love her?

DRACULA

We are bound forever.

LUCY

I can touch you.

DRACULA

You are half out of your body. Here in the borderlands we can share such pleasures.

He caresses her. She is disturbed but captivated by his touch.

LUCY

I never meant to summon you.

DRACULA

You know not what you need. Lucy Westenra, how I need you!

LUCY

Your touch is cold.

DRACULA

I need your warmth. I have no life without you.

LUCY

I do know what I want...I want love.

DRACULA

Look for it in me.

*She pushes at him but her limbs turn to water at DRACULA's touch. He gestures. **LIGHTS DOWN.***

SCENE 5

SETTING: *SEWARD's office; the next morning.*

AT RISE: *LUCY stretches languorously on the bed. Enter MINA, fully dressed.*

MINA

Oh!

LUCY's nervous tension has been replaced by vivacious energy. She runs to MINA, squeezing her hand happily.

LUCY

Come in, I was day-dreaming. Is Dr. Seward up?

MINA

(Surprised)

He just brought me back from testifying to the coastguard. I brought you an article about the shipwreck last night.

LUCY

(Reading)

“A Russian schooner, the Demeter, ran aground here last night...The crew had entirely vanished but the captain was found dead at his post, bound to the wheel, a crucifix in his hand. A London solicitor's firm has already removed the cargo: crates of earth for agricultural experiments, belonging to the Count of Bistriz.” Didn't you get a letter from Jonathan posted from Bistriz?

MINA

Yes. Oh, what's this?

MINA discovers the wound on LUCY's throat and shows it to her in a mirror from the medical kit on Seward's desk.

LUCY

Oh, it's nothing. I don't even feel it. I'm sure it is too small to leave a scar. (*Smiling conspiratorially*) Let's cover it up and not tell Dr. Seward – you know how worried men get over their women – as if we might fall apart at the lightest touch.

MINA takes a black band from her neck, fastening it around LUCY's throat to hide the wound.

MINA

I worry, too, you know. And you have to be careful, however robust you happen to feel because you were just day-dreaming about...Arthur.

LUCY

Mina! Stop being an assistant schoolmistress and be my best friend.

MINA

Me? Lucy, we have told all our secrets to each other since we were children and here you will not tell me what it is that drives you to walk in your sleep like this...

LUCY

It's a secret...even from me.

There is a tap at the door. MINA helps LUCY into her dressing gown.

Come in.

MINA, shocked, hurries to finish dressing her. SEWARD enters, startled to find LUCY in partial undress.

SEWARD

Good morning.

LUCY

You're solemn. Is it that shipwreck?

SEWARD

No. (*Forcing himself to look away from LUCY*) Miss Murray, a letter was forwarded to you from St. Cyril's Hospital in Transylvania.

Jonathan! MINA

MINA seizes the letter, tears it open and reads.

What is it, Mina? LUCY

They have him and...they say he's in shock. MINA

I shall telegraph St. Cyril's—make arrangements to get you out there and bring him here. SEWARD

You see, Mina, John can fix anything. LUCY

SEWARD, flattered, exits with the letter, MINA following. LUCY moves dreamily to the window. LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 6

SETTING: *Night; SEWARD's office and RENFIELD's cell.*

AT RISE: *LUCY and RENFIELD pace. DRACULA opens RENFIELD's window.*

Master, they brought me back. You wanted me here, did you not, to bid you enter? RENFIELD

(*Focused LUCY who waits*)
Good servant. DRACULA

(*Bowing him in*)
I received your gift in the day – the sleek, strong rat that visited my cell. I could feel his life flowing into me. You are different somehow. RENFIELD

DRACULA moves into the office.

RENFIELD, *Continued*

Do not forget me, Master.

LUCY

You are a dream. (*DRACULA caresses her*) Don't do this to me.

DRACULA

I cannot stay away. Your life is a bubble waiting to be burst. Is not my realm more compelling? Let me carry you across the threshold.

LUCY

Am I nothing to you? A bubble to be burst?

DRACULA

Life is a poignant nightmare from which some yearn to awake. It is cold in my world, but clear.

LUCY

(*Touching him, staring into his face*)

You are all ice and flame. I feel I can tell you anything. The freedom of that! I want to be a woman so bad, yet I'm so afraid of all the things that can happen. I don't even know what it means to be a woman.

DRACULA

It is a brief butterfly's flight across the sun, then to vanish into oblivion. Dance with me in frozen starfire; feel another's *life*, rich and warm in your mouth; with owls you will hunt and fly.

LUCY

You are a mirror without reflection—you make me see the nothingness of me. Give me back my strength.

DRACULA

I bring the strength of the shadow.

LUCY

Do you love me?

DRACULA

Enough talk.

LUCY

Tell me.

DRACULA

Bound forever.

She tries to strike him. He seizes her wrists, nuzzles her neck, then bites her throat. Gasping, she clutches him as he lowers her onto the bed. He gestures.
LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 7

SETTING: *SEWARD's office.*

AT RISE: *LUCY in bed, weak and listless, the band around her throat. SEWARD enters quickly. He is disordered from the wild ride to reach LUCY's bedside in time. With him rushes VAN HELSING, an older man with a Dutch accent.*

SEWARD

Miss Westenra!

LUCY

Arthur, you're back!

SEWARD

Arthur is still nursing his father. The old man is failing fast. I have summoned my old master, who knows as much about obscure diseases as anyone in the world.

LUCY

Is it that serious?

SEWARD

It will give me a chance to learn from him again. Miss Lucy Westenra, I am pleased to introduce Professor Abraham Van Helsing. I want you to place yourself entirely in his hands. He may seem a bit arbitrary...

VAN HELSING

Oh?

SEWARD

...because he knows what he is talking about better than anyone else.

VAN HELSING

Miss Lucy, you I am pleased to meet.

LUCY

Professor.

VAN HELSING

A look let us have.

As they talk, he takes her pulse, listens to her breathing, examines her eyes and throat.

LUCY

You came all the way from the Netherlands to see me?

VAN HELSING

Your health we must quick be in mending. I understand your marriage near draws and there must for you be much to do.

LUCY

And I wouldn't leave the details to a mere man if I were on my deathbed. You must fix me before he sees me again—I know I look awful.

SEWARD

Lucy, it has been a hard thing for me to treat you as a patient. And harder to admit I am helpless. So I wish you would let the Professor get at whatever it is.

VAN HELSING puts LUCY at ease by his warmth of manner in contrast to SEWARD's clinical coolness.

VAN HELSING

How can our friend here anything of young ladies know? He has his madmen with which to play and to their families return, but nor wife nor daughter he has. For him a brave show you make. But he too, is brave, never fear. Your defenses drop. You as you are let me see.

LUCY sags, much worse off than she has let anyone see.

LUCY

I can never seem to get enough air. But the dreams are the worst.

VAN HELSING

What do you dream?

LUCY

I never remember.

SEWARD

Kaleidoscopic dreams could derive from anemia, but I find no cause for it. Her symptoms are physical yet ...

VAN HELSING

...our clues are psychological. A signpost these dreams may provide. Are you familiar with the clinical use of hypnosis?

He passes his hands in slow, rhythmical gestures from her head downward with each hand in turn, speaking in a quiet, measured tone.

Miss Lucy, only at the movement look. How rhythmical it is. All your thoughts away are passing, only the rhythm remains. Your thoughts away are passing, away are passing, away are passing....

LUCY's eyes close. Surprised, VAN HELSING looks at SEWARD.

SEWARD

Abnormally suggestible!

VAN HELSING

It is the night before your illness. You are in that night's dream. Without fear, what is happening tell.

LUCY

It is real.

VAN HELSING

All you sense or feel describe.

LUCY

I want to be there. I am afraid.

To their surprise, without instructions, she rises, moving about.

I suppose I am asleep, but I *must* walk. I hear the whole town full of dogs howling. The storm wind tastes of death. His red eyes again – just the same. (*Lying on the bed*) I feel...something very sweet and very bitter all through me...I am floating up; I see my body lying below me...something long and dark crouches over it and I am going up; I see the West Lighthouse right under me....

VAN HELSING

Where have you gone? Miss Lucy, where have you gone? Where you have gone you must tell. Miss Lucy, to us return. You will awake. You will awake. Awake.

SEWARD

She's not responding.

He examines her pupils, then holds an ear to her chest.

VAN HELSING

From blood loss she has collapsed. We must transfuse.

SEWARD and VAN HELSING hastily set up the bottle and needles for a transfusion. There is a tap at the door.

SEWARD

Enter.

MINA enters with a pale, gaunt HARKER, his hair white.

MINA

Dr. Seward, I've brought him! He's survived a terrible ordeal...

SEWARD

Now is not convenient, Miss Murray.

VAN HELSING

But perhaps fateful. I am Dr. Seward's colleague Professor Van Helsing. Do you or Mr. Harker your blood types know?

HARKER

Good God, no.

SEWARD

Harker's medical records from St. Cyril's preceded him. He and Lucy are type O.

VAN HELSING

Harker, your sleeve up roll.

HARKER

Pardon?

VAN HELSING

Do you want this young woman to die?

MINA

Is she that bad?

VAN HELSING

Your coat off take and your friend's life save.

HARKER

(Hanging his coat over the chair)

I have not been well...

MINA

Sister Agatha at the hospital said he was delirious...

SEWARD

Professor, I am also type O.

VAN HELSING

Do you think hospitals in Roumania by madmen are run? Harker they released, ergo he has no communicable diseases. I will no more take than he can give. Him you and Miss Murray can back to health nurse.

MINA

(Showing her ringed hand)

Actually, it is Mrs. Harker, now.

SEWARD

(Sadly)

Oh? Congratulations.

MINA

The priest at the hospital married us.

HARKER

(Glancing at MINA guiltily)

They propped me up in bed for the ceremony.

VAN HELSING

Ja? Your arm.

HARKER

(Sleeve rolled up, he shies away)

I am terribly sorry.

SEWARD

It is all right, Mr. Harker, I can do it.

VAN HELSING

Nonsense. British soldiers on every continent bayonets face and you a needle fear? And you, John, your wits need. I will not your brain of blood deprive. Harker, your arm.

MINA

If it were not Lucy...

HARKER

Of course. It is just – what I went through – little things disturb me terribly.

HARKER sits in the chair by LUCY's cot and proffers his arm.

VAN HELSING

The ghastly paraphernalia of our beneficial trade excuse.

VAN HELSING masks our view as he appears to insert the needle. HARKER gasps and starts to rise in horror. MINA, holding his other hand and SEWARD, rushing behind to take his shoulders, force him back into the chair. The scene mirrors the pinioning of HARKER by Dracula's brides. VAN HELSING inserts the other needle into LUCY's arm. Blood flows from HARKER into a receptacle. VAN HELSING squeezes a bulb to pump it from there through a connecting tube into LUCY.

SEWARD

It is a perfectly natural procedure, Mr. Harker.

HARKER

There is nothing natural about it! I – don't know what I meant...

HARKER struggles against growing revulsion.

VAN HELSING

Miss Lucy, back to us come. To your fiancé return – to John return: that him, too, you love I can see – to your friend Mina return – to me return.

MINA

Bless you, Jonathan, for giving Lucy the gift of life.

SEWARD

What do you deduce from Lucy's dream?

VAN HELSING

I must think. Still no response. John, to your patient talk. I shall to Miss Lucy tend.

SEWARD

What happened to you in Transylvania?

*HARKER's head lolls and he shudders,
slipping into delirium.*

HARKER

Clinging – crawling down the castle wall – that hideous abyss...endless climb down...never thought I'd survive...dropping fifty feet into the river...so icy...if I hadn't fetched up on a tree-branch downstream...half dead...

MINA

Jonathan, you are in England!

HARKER

Countryfolk...help me! No—they've seen the Count in my clothes, stealing the child – hiding by day...keep running...as if *I* were the Count and *he* was me –

MINA

I went all the way to Transylvania for you, Jonathan! Dr. Seward arranged for me to bring you home where you are safe now. You are dreaming.

HARKER

Waking in that hospital, not knowing who'd dragged me there...I survived! Hang onto that: I got away! I *thought* I got away....

*HARKER starts up, clutching the needle.
SEWARD struggles to restrain him.*

She's Carmilla! My life flowing out of me to warm her cold heart...

SEWARD

Harker, control yourself!

MINA

Be with me, Jonathan!

HARKER

...laughing at me and living my life!

He pulls the needle from his arm. VAN HELSING seizes it and holds it up so the blood will not spill from the tube, pumping the last of it into LUCY. SEWARD plasters HARKER's opened artery.

SEWARD

That was exceedingly foolish, Harker!

VAN HELSING

So adverse a reaction to blood giving never have I seen.

HARKER's delirium passes. He sinks into the chair hideously guilty.

HARKER

I hate for you to see me like this, Mina. I have lost myself.

MINA

Jonathan is not a weak man, Dr. Seward. If you had seen him before Transylvania...

HARKER

I have always made my own way, Dr. Seward. It is painful to me to ask another man for help.

He squeezes MINA's hand, drawing strength from her.

Help me, Doctor. I can no longer tell what is real.

SEWARD

You spoke just now of climbing down a castle wall and walking across country. When you were brought to the hospital you were suffering from exposure and strain, you had a fever and were raving, which suggests that the physical ordeal you described was real. Why would you have to escape your host's castle in this way?

HARKER

I have pictures in my mind, but which were real and which delirium? And now I've hurt Lucy...

VAN HELSING

No, back to the threshold her we have pulled. But what have we missed?

He removes the band from her throat and sees the wound. Inhaling sharply, he glances at the others, suppressing all further reaction. Noting this, SEWARD

takes the brandy and two glasses from the mantle and hands them to MINA.

SEWARD

If you would?

Leaving MINA to pour for her husband and herself, he draws VAN HELSING aside.

Mrs. Harker said those punctures on her throat resulted from an accident.

VAN HELSING

I have heard, but never... I must go.

SEWARD

Professor?

VAN HELSING

There are books back in Amsterdam I want.

SEWARD

Amsterdam! But we just...

VAN HELSING

If I am right no knowledge in this country there is that can help. On the continent older traditions are recorded. I must certain make. At night Lucy you must watch. *If her you leave and harm befalls, you shall not easily hereafter sleep. (Nodding to the couple)* Madam. Sir.

VAN HELSING exits. Feeling abandoned, SEWARD takes charge and tucks LUCY's covers about her, then pours himself a brandy.

SEWARD

Harker, I think it best you stay with your wife in the guest room. We will discuss your experience once you are settled.

HARKER

(Humiliated)

As you say, sir.

MINA

Thank you, Doctor.

*SEWARD and MINA help HARKER up and through the door. **LIGHTS DOWN.***

SCENE 8

SETTING: *REFIELD's cell and SEWARD's office.*

AT RISE: *LUCY and RENFIELD in their respective cots. RENFIELD awakes with a cry, springing to his window. SFX: Dogs howl and mists flow. DRACULA steps through the window, the white all but gone from his hair.*

RENFIELD

You have not forgotten your good servant.

Wordlessly, DRACULA passes by to LUCY. RENFIELD calls after him.

How long must I suffer durance for thee? The days go by so full and fast and still my heart is empty.

RENFIELD presses himself against the wall, trying to sense everything his master is doing. DRACULA crosses to LUCY's bed. She rises and clings to him. He sniffs her hair; runs his tongue across her throat. She shivers. Puzzled, he places his mouth over the wound on her throat. He draws back in surprise.

DRACULA

You are not yourself.

LUCY

I'm empty. I'm cold.

DRACULA releases her. Seeing the medical bag, its scalpels and scissors excite his curiosity. He examines the transfusion apparatus. He touches the tip of the needle to his tongue, then looks at LUCY, realizing the doctors have done something impossible in his backward homeland.

LUCY

I want sunlight and warmth. To feel vibrant and alive. I want – (*Clutches DRACULA*) Wake me. Make me *feel*...

DRACULA

They lent you a man's strength. And the man is... (*Tasting her blood, he laughs*)...our little solicitor, Harker. Fly where we will, Fate enfolds us all.

LUCY

I have waited so long for you. Release me.

DRACULA

Rest in me. We shall drag him after us.

DRACULA crushes her against him, drinking her blood. She moans, sinking onto the bed, drawing him down. He gestures. LIGHTS DOWN. We hear RENFIELD howl, bereft, wolf-like.

SCENE 9

SETTING: *SEWARD's office. In the dark, LUCY struggles to breathe.*

AT RISE: *LUCY lies unconscious in bed, SEWARD dozing in his chair. VAN HELSING enters, bearing a wrapped bundle and several old books bound with a strap. VAN HELSING swiftly checks LUCY's pupils.*

VAN HELSING

(Reverting to Dutch)
Mijn God!

SEWARD

(Awake and on his feet, aghast)
No!

VAN HELSING snatches the chloral bottle from SEWARD's hand, putting it in his own pocket, then hurriedly fetches the brandy, wets LUCY's lips and rubs her palms and wrists with brandy.

SEWARD

(Stripping off his coat to roll up his sleeve)

I would give the last drop in my body for her.

VAN HELSING

So much I do not ask.

SEWARD

What could take Harker's blood out of her?

VAN HELSING

(Transfusing)

Death's bride a second time we steal.

LUCY

I'm so happy, Mina. I feel John so warm all round me.

She makes a contented sound, curling up under her covers.

SEWARD

This is what it is like to feel one's life-blood drawn away into the heart of the woman one loves.

VAN HELSING

(Removing the needles)

That will do. Work have you to do.

VAN HELSING helps the dizzy SEWARD up. LUCY opens her eyes.

LUCY

You are pale. *(Taking SEWARD's hand)* You mustn't overwork yourself. Promise me you will find a wife to look after you. *(He pats her hand)* What have I done to be blessed with such a friend?

VAN HELSING

Miss Lucy, flowers for you I bring.

He opens a bundle of garlic flowers.

SEWARD

Garlic flowers?

VAN HELSING

(Hanging a wreath on the window and another on the door)

These no one must disturb. This is for you, Miss Lucy. Do not this remove unless I say.

He places a wreath around her neck; she plucks at it in distaste.

VAN HELSING, *Continued*

Care you must take. If not for your own sake, for the sake of others.

LUCY

(Frightened by his intensity)

I promise.

VAN HELSING

Now to sleep go.

LUCY

When I sleep I wake like this.

SEWARD

I shall watch over you.

LUCY

You will? You are so good to me, John. *(Seizing VAN HELSING's hand) Give me peace.*

VAN HELSING

I swear.

LUCY

True friend. He'll be here soon.

She turns on her side, unconscious.

VAN HELSING

(Moving SEWARD away to talk quietly)

Has her fiancé to her access had since she arrived?

SEWARD

He is Arthur Holmwood, son of Lord Godalming, a stout fellow!

VAN HELSING

(Referring to LUCY's engagement)

Ja, in the one contest that really matters, this Arthur Holmwood the winner has proved. This time, John, *your* wounds I bandage – over a fine brandy or two.

(Pouring)

So, why has this stout fellow not arrived?

SEWARD

I telegraphed. But there were two messages waiting for us at the station: Arthur's father passed away in the night. Lucy's mother passed, too.

*LUCY gives a little cry of sorrow,
startling them. There is a tap at the door.*

SEWARD

Enter.

HARKER

(Entering contritely with MINA)

I must apologize for last night.

SEWARD

Not at all. Unfortunately, I cannot concentrate on your case this evening.

VAN HELSING

Perhaps I can help. Mr. Harker, something of which I never speak, to you now I tell, so that what I must say you appreciate. My wife's descent into madness I watched. For her I cared until to her nothing I became. Through her eyes the borderlands of reality and delusion I perceived. You, I believe, something very real in Transylvania encountered, by which your trauma was caused.

HARKER

Professor, by saying this you have already helped me more than you know.

VAN HELSING

That, soon, you I may help, I hope; even as your young friend to help I still hope. But now these herbs we have to aid us and after my long trip sleep I need. As, John, you need. But close by her stay.

SEWARD

Always.

VAN HELSING smiles, exiting.

MINA

Sleep well, Lucy.

*She kisses her forehead and takes
HARKER's hand, leading him out.*

Doctor Seward.

SEWARD

Good night.

SEWARD rises unsteadily to gaze on LUCY. He starts to kiss her but restrains himself, sinking into his chair. LIGHTS UP on cell. Outside RENFIELD's window DRACULA gestures. SEWARD falls sleep. At a second gesture we hear the cell door creak open. RENFIELD rushes out of his cell and into the study. Slipping the key from SEWARD's pocket, he unlocks the window and throws out the wreaths. The sound of the window awakens SEWARD.

SEWARD

(Yelling)
Attendants! Who's on duty? Escape!

SEWARD seizes the lunatic. RENFIELD breaks free, snatches a large scalpel from SEWARD's bag, advancing on him. SEWARD springs over the table, grabbing his cudgel from the mantle.

(Warns)
Renfield!

RENFIELD slashes and dodges SEWARD's swings until both are out the door. DRACULA enters.

LUCY

Dracula...

DRACULA

My lucid one...

She gasps as he bites her and tastes her blood. He draws back, amused, working his tongue over his bloody teeth.

Another blood wedding – with another man.

LUCY

Am I but sustenance to you?

DRACULA

From the far world I came for you.

LUCY

You have Carmilla.

DRACULA

You love your fiancé Arthur Holmwood? Do you not love John Seward whose blood flows in your veins? You are you – and Carmilla – and me. Among millions of expendable animals you are...precious.

LUCY

I am alone.

DRACULA

Always. And never. You cannot be fully human without feeling that to your core.

LUCY

Are you human?

DRACULA

If I was...could I show you yourself?

LUCY

In a glass darkly.... Whatever truths you gained, you lost yourself. You must feel this.

DRACULA

I feel...so little. Yet...I feel...loss.

LUCY

Then let me stay me.

DRACULA

There is no staying in this world. All must pass. I bring out what lies within.

LUCY

You will cost me *me*.

DRACULA

Only what you value. Not what you are.

LUCY

Let me be the one you conquered but spared. For love.

DRACULA

Almost I can remember...love...yes...I feel...the hollow where love was. In four hundred years of hunting no woman has spoken to me like this...

LUCY

Keep me in your heart, but let me go. Let me find my own way...

DRACULA

Have I the power?

LUCY

Who can gainsay Dracula?

DRACULA

It is my will...that you live...be what I cannot...walk in the sun...find love.... Do as you will.

Their eyes meet. He lunges as she embraces him tightly. He sinks his fangs into her throat. She cries out.

LUCY

Never let me go...

They sink onto the cot. RENFIELD bursts through the interior door, chased by SEWARD to his cell. RENFIELD lunges, slashing SEWARD's wrist. SEWARD knocks him back with a blow to the head. RENFIELD falls behind his bed – where the unseen actor dons a head wound. SEWARD puts pressure on his wrist but collapses. RENFIELD rises, dabs at his head. Disturbed by the sight of his lost blood, RENFIELD laps SEWARD's wrist while DRACULA feeds on LUCY. HARKER runs into the cell.

HARKER

Dr. Seward? I heard... *Animal!*

HARKER hauls RENFIELD to his feet and with a swift right and left cross drops him across the bed.

RENFIELD

You of all men should know: the blood is the life.

HARKER helps the woozy SEWARD to his feet, binding his tie around the wrist.

SEWARD

Thank you, Mr. Harker.

HARKER

I should have killed the wretch.

LUCY cries out, then sighs out her last long breath. HARKER slumps enervated as DRACULA rises reenergized. Opening LUCY's window, he steps out, closes it and looks back through the pane into the room as MINA in her nightgown enters.

MINA

Lucy! Wake up! Please! Oh, Lucy.

DRACULA watches as MINA gently pulls the sheet over LUCY's face then heads back through the door to summon SEWARD.

Rest in peace.

DRACULA

No.

DRACULA gestures. LIGHTS OUT.

ACT BREAK

ACT 2

SCENE 1

SETTING: *The following day. RENFIELD's cell and SEWARD's office.*

AT RISE: *LUCY lies in a coffin in the office; RENFIELD in his cell. SEWARD, wrist bandaged, enters RENFIELD's cell.*

SEWARD

(Deeply depressed but attempting to be cheery)
What about the flies these times?

RENFIELD

(Smiling condescendingly)
The fly, my dear sir, has one striking feature: its wings symbolize the aerial powers of the psyche. The ancients did well when they typified the soul as a butterfly.

SEWARD

(Disliking RENFIELD's smugness)
Oh! It is a soul you are after now, is it?

RENFIELD

(Losing his smile)
Oh no, no! I want no souls. Life is all I want. Actually, I am pretty indifferent at present. I have all I want.

SEWARD

You command life – you are a god I suppose?

RENFIELD

Command life and death? Why, I am not even a doctor. I am rather in the position of Enoch.

SEWARD

(Nettled at having to ask)
Why Enoch?

RENFIELD

Because he walked with God.

SEWARD

Mm. You don't want souls. Why not?

RENFIELD

I don't want any souls! And, Doctor, as to life, while I have friends – like you, Dr. Seward – I know I shall never lack the means of life!

SEWARD

But how are we to get the life without getting the soul, too? A nice time you'll have when you're flying out there, with the souls of thousands of flies and spiders and birds and cats buzzing and twittering and meowing all round you.

RENFIELD

(Deeply disturbed by the image)

Am I Shakespeare's Mad Tom to dine on rats and mice and such small deer?

SEWARD

Ah! You want something you can make your teeth meet in? I wonder what an elephant's soul is like?

RENFIELD

To hell with you and your souls! Haven't I enough to distract me, without being haunted by souls!

SEWARD

(Raising his warder's whistle)

Must I summon the attendants?

RENFIELD

Forgive me, Doctor. If you knew what I face, you would pardon me. Pray do not put me in a strait-waistcoat. I cannot think freely while my body is confined!

SEWARD

So long as you avoid violent emotions.

RENFIELD

You have been considerate toward me. Believe me, I am grateful.

SEWARD

Very good. I will look in—

VAN HELSING enters excitedly, with the phonograph.

VAN HELSING

John, to your dictated notes on Miss Lucy's decline, I was listening. This damaged cylinder was with them. To one of the intact sections listen.

VAN HELSING plays a new section of MINA's damaged cylinder.

HARKER V.O.

...helpless...dread...dread...saw him drive back the weird sisters... long hours...he crawled from his window, *head downward...head downward down the castle wall* like some monstrous lizard...must get out... must get out... must get out...

RENFIELD

The man who hit me. He sounds like me.

VAN HELSING

Things this suggests...things perhaps the rest of his journal will clarify.

SEWARD

And you can tell me no more? I am not accustomed to toiling in mystery.

VAN HELSING

Is this any more mysterious than the psyches of your patients?

SEWARD

If any other man had asked of me that I delay Miss Lucy's final laying to rest...

VAN HELSING

(Indicating RENFIELD)

John, with me come.

SEWARD

Mr. Renfield, we will continue this at a more convenient time.

The DOCTORS move into the office, RENFIELD staring after them. VAN HELSING opens the casket. LUCY's appearance has been prettied by the undertaker. VAN HELSING opens her lips.

VAN HELSING

Look.

SEWARD

Her teeth look sharper – a trick of the light, obviously.

VAN HELSING

It is obvious what you *think*, but what do you *see*? The first principle of science to me tell.

SEWARD

Is this a time to debate the principles of science?

VAN HELSING

They are a matter of life and death and maybe worse.

SEWARD

The first principle of science is to base your theories on observable facts – not to ignore the facts to suit your theories. What are you suggesting this change in her teeth means?

VAN HELSING

John.... certain I must make. More lives may be at stake.

SEWARD

I am not a student now, Professor! Of all people on the face of the earth, surely I have merited your confidence! Have you forgotten that fool of a medical student who made too nervous an incision and cut your hand?

VAN HELSING

No, John. The poisoned blood from my wound you drew. Gangrene—a hideous way to die. But without scientific demonstration my theory would to you nothing mean.

SEWARD

Demonstration?!

VAN HELSING

John, there are mysteries at which men can only guess, which age by age they may only in part solve. We are on the verge of one.

SEWARD

(Sighing)

Mrs. Harker brought more of her husband's recorded journal to aid my diagnosis. Study it, if you think it could help.

VAN HELSING

(Nodding, then glancing out the window at the sun)

Time near draws. One thing more I must fetch.

SEWARD

As you say, Professor.

VAN HELSING exits. SEWARD looks at LUCY.

What shall I do? There is nothing for me without you.

He sits, face in hands, his back to the coffin. LIGHTS FADE as the sun sets. Behind SEWARD's back, LUCY stirs. She musters just enough energy to uncross her hands.

SEWARD, *Continued*

Lucy. I'm sorry I could not bring Arthur to you before the end. The death of his father...

He looks at her; notices her hands have changed position; shakes his head: he must be mistaken.

Lucy, since our transfusion I feel – I really believe – it is we who are married in the sight of God, not you and Arthur.

He turns away and paces. Her eyes open. She reaches up, taking hold of the edge of the coffin, trying to orient herself, then lapsing once more into stillness.

I imagined, Lucy, whenever Arthur could not be with you, I should take you on walks and drives and rides through the fresh meadows...

Shocked, SEWARD sees her undeniably altered position. He stops, breathless, unable to understand. LUCY makes a lost, dismayed sound. He rushes to help her sit up.

Lucy! Lucy! You were in a trance or some cataleptic fit! Oh God, Lucy, I thought I'd lost you!

He embraces her. His scent stirs her instincts. She nuzzles him.

I must get the Professor...

LUCY

John...do...not...leave me...ever!

SEWARD

(Lifting her)
I'll carry you to him...

LUCY

Stay, John.

She slips to her feet, arms around his neck.

LUCY, *Continued*

My true love, I am so glad you are here! You are life to me! Kiss me!

LUCY draws him to her; kisses him hungrily. Caught between guilt and love, love is winning him over. Her lips move down to his throat. VAN HELSING enters with HARKER and MINA.

MINA

Lucy!

HARKER

Carmilla!

MINA

Lucy's alive...

VAN HELSING

No!

LUCY grins at the others, twines her arms behind SEWARD's neck, putting her lips to his throat. VAN HELSING springs forward, wrenching SEWARD away, standing between him and LUCY.

VAN HELSING

Not for your life!

SEWARD

For God's sake...

Enraged, LUCY reaches for her prey. VAN HELSING pulls out a crucifix, thrusting it toward her. She shies back as if blinded. LUCY grins, all her former gentleness turned to a hard, voluptuous cruelty.

LUCY

Come to me, John. Forsake all others for me, beloved.

SEWARD moves forward.

VAN HELSING

(To HARKER)

Him you must hold! For his sake and hers!

HARKER

Dear God! She is exactly like Carmilla!

MINA

Lucy, what is wrong with you?

HARKER and MINA hold SEWARD back.

SEWARD

What are you doing? She's alive!

VAN HELSING

Then should this her harm?

VAN HELSING advances, crucifix before him. LUCY rages, but is driven back in awe of the symbol.

MINA

Lucy, what is it?

LUCY

What has come over me?

MINA

It's shock. We thought you were dead!

VAN HELSING

Madam Mina, stand clear! She is not who you think!

LUCY

Mina, help me! *(Reaching for MINA's hand)* Tell me it is not all different afterwards. Say you understand – we will share in everything! Oh, Mina, I am so cold. *(To ALL THREE)* There is no love for me here.

MINA instinctively moves before VAN HELSING to embrace her friend.

HARKER

(Releasing SEWARD to pull his wife away)

Mina, no!

VAN HELSING

Back!

SEWARD

(Obstructing VAN HELSING)

I will take care of you, Lucy...

SEWARD's interference allows LUCY to reach the window and fling it open.

Don't go!

MINA

Lucy!

LUCY

Best friends forever. Poor John! *(Laughing knowingly at HARKER)* And the shadow man. As for you, Professor – I give you your own wife's words: "I don't know you. You mean nothing to me."

VAN HELSING lunges toward LUCY. She flees out the window. He stares through it.

VAN HELSING

She is too fleet. Such a one we cannot catch, but before dawn she will return.

SEWARD

What have you done?

HARKER

Doctor, was that the Lucy we knew and loved? Oh, Mina! That you should see such a thing!

MINA

What have I seen?

SEWARD

Lucy has been driven mad...

VAN HELSING

Far worse. I am sorry, but this you had to see or none of you would believe. Many things unimaginable in former ages we now know, but to our peril too much of our past we have forgotten. Something of these creatures our ancestors knew. By our forebears vampires were they called. Damaged souls that cannot die, in darkness dwelling, from others the life draining and their victims with their curse infecting. Miss Lucy at rest to lay, you, friend John, must through her heart a stake drive.

SEWARD

Whatever Lucy may have become, she is something of the woman I love...

VAN HELSING

John! I have a duty to others, a duty to you, a duty to the dead; and by God, that duty shall I do! Until to her coffin she returns we must withdraw.

SEWARD

This is madness.

HARKER

Then the world is mad. Professor, you are saying Lucy was infected? That such a creature took the life's-blood from her, with all that you transfused?

SEWARD sinks into his chair in shock.

VAN HELSING

So it is. Where we now go, John, the light of our science cannot yet reach. If you do not wish to follow...

SEWARD

What light have we but science?

VAN HELSING

Science is a powerful tool, but too slow for some needs.

SEWARD

(Trying to cope with a world upside down)

I will do what I can.

HARKER

Professor, I must know—what happened to me in Transylvania?

VAN HELSING

Your journal, Mr. Harker, I studied. I have been privileged into some of your shadows to see. To you, this much of my own will I open: many things in my long years have I experienced that by modern science I was taught could not be. Enough that I am certain that what in Transylvania you encountered – Count Dracula and his brides – were vampires. To survive them, into some extraordinary strength you must have tapped. What you suffered may the key to their destruction provide.

HARKER

Then I am with you heart and soul. *(Seizing VAN HELSING'S hand)* Professor – if not blood what did he take from me?

VAN HELSING

Something, I think, you must for yourself re-take.

MINA

How can I help? Let this be a proof, Jonathan, you can share anything with me.

VAN HELSING

I must, Harker, with you confer. Madam Mina, that you are proficient at this wonderful new invention the typewriter I hear. Would you be so kind Jonathan's journals and Dr. Seward's notes to transcribe? The clues we need in this dark affair it might help us to collect. Friends, ourselves let us prepare while dawn we await.

VAN HELSING leads them out. Last goes SEWARD, shaking his head in shock. LIGHTS DIM to suggest time passing.

SCENE 2

SETTING: *Same, dawn; LUCY's coffin remains empty.*

AT RISE: *LUCY at window, lips red with blood. Afraid, she makes certain no one is present. She turns to flee but dawn's light grows. Compelled, she enters. Climbing into her coffin, she closes the lid. The door opens. SEWARD, wooden stake in one hand and heavy mallet in the other, forces himself to enter. VAN HELSING, behind, moves with determination to open the coffin, crucifix in hand. HARKER follows, carrying a cross, locks the door behind him, then blocks access to the window. LUCY lies like the dead.*

VAN HELSING

This will be a fearful ordeal, but from this place of death you may emerge as though on air you tread. Only, once you have begun you must not falter.

SEWARD masks the placement of the stake with his body. As he strikes he is filled with power, swinging the hammer with all his strength, again and again. LUCY shrieks and writhes, wails and contorts. MINA pounds on the door calling through it:

MINA

What are you doing? What are you doing to her?

From his cell, RENFIELD cries out in horror. Then LUCY lies still. SEWARD backs away. RENFIELD moans, huddling in bed. LUCY releases a sigh.

SEWARD

Rest in peace.

VAN HELSING

Now her forehead you may kiss.

SEWARD kisses the corpse goodbye. VAN HELSING closes the casket, goes to the door and lets in MINA.

MINA

Let me see her!

VAN HELSING

(Preventing her)

Be grateful, Madam Mina, you did not have to witness what we have seen – your gentle light nothing must dim.

HARKER embraces his wife. He kisses her hand. She gives him a little smile in return.

Now, my friends, what you have seen you cannot deny. One step of our work is done – the most harrowing. But a greater task there remains: the author of all our horror to track down. This I mean to do. Will you help?

With one hand on LUCY'S coffin, SEWARD takes VAN HELSING's hand with the other.

SEWARD

I will.

HARKER

I will chase him down to hell.

VAN HELSING

Your Count cannot himself Miss Lucy have ruined, for by day in his Transylvanian grave he must lie. But it is dawn. We have a day in which Miss Lucy at rest we may lay, then our plans carefully we must make.

HARKER

(As they carry out the coffin)
What have I brought down upon us?

LIGHTS DIM to suggest time passing.

SCENE 3

SETTING: *Office and Cell.*

AT RISE: *In the dim light of the cell, RENFIELD slips out his window. LIGHTS UP on the office. Enter SEWARD. He sits at the table, takes the chloral from his medical bag and stares at it. Enter MINA with tea. SEWARD tucks the chloral away.*

MINA

Dr. Seward, I just wanted to say that Lucy and I were like sisters. Will you not let me be a sister to you in your sorrow?

SEWARD

Thank you. I seem to have difficulty getting the ground under my feet.

MINA

It is as though we are all hollow.

The office door crashes open. RENFIELD bursts in. SEWARD leaps to his feet, seizing his cudgel, but RENFIELD just stares at MINA.

MINA

Please, Dr. Seward, do not hurt him! You mean me no harm, do you?

RENFIELD, struck to the heart, shakes his head. MINA looks at SEWARD so appealingly that he cannot refuse her. He stands protectively by. MINA smiles, offering her hand to RENFIELD.

MINA

Good day, Mr. Renfield. Dr. Seward has spoken of you.

RENFIELD

You're not the girl the doctor wanted to marry, are you—who died?

MINA

I am Mrs. Harker. My husband and I are visiting Dr. Seward.

RENFIELD

Don't.

MINA

Why ever not?

SEWARD

How did you know I wanted to marry anyone?

RENFIELD

What an asinine question!

MINA

I don't see that at all, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD

Madam, I was till recently obsessed with a strange belief, but this hardly prevented me from observing the alternately vivifying, and depressing effects of the good doctor's object of affection.

SEWARD

I had not realized myself so transparent.

RENFIELD

The time you spent studying me afforded me equal occasion to study you.

MINA

You find your former belief strange?

RENFIELD

Horribly. I actually tried to take the doctor's life – to assimilate his life through the medium of his blood – relying, of course, upon the Scriptural phrase, "For the blood is the life."

SEWARD

So you did. And how long are you supposed to have been free of this obsession?

RENFIELD

(Gazing at MINA)

Is it not amazing, Doctor, what can reveal the fabric of the universe to a man? I have been utterly deluded as to everything that truly matters.

Turning to SEWARD and pulling himself together.

I very much look forward to going home again.

SEWARD

You have never spoken of home.

RENFIELD

While preoccupied with regaining my life-force, this seemed as reasonable a place to be as any other. Now I would distance myself from all memory of my obsession. I await discharge at your earliest convenience.

SEWARD

Yes, well, just now I am to meet with the Professor. Madam?

MINA

(Presenting her hand)

Mr. Renfield, I hope I may see you under pleasanter auspices.

RENFIELD

I pray God I never see your sweet face again.

VAN HELSING and HARKER enter arguing.

VAN HELSING

Harker, the Count cannot be here! All my sources agree that these creatures must by day like the dead in their graves lie. That alone is how our ancestors could these monsters track down.

HARKER

But in Castle Dracula I saw a dozen crates of earth...

SEWARD

Gentlemen!

They see the others and stop. SEWARD tows RENFIELD toward the door.

HARKER

(Face to face with RENFIELD in passing)

You!

RENFIELD

I beg your forgiveness, sir. I am aghast that ever I let my mad obsession induce me to such vile complicity.

HARKER

Complicity? I saw what you alone did to Seward.

RENFIELD

I acknowledge far worse.

SEWARD

Come along.

RENFIELD

Doctor, I urgently repeat my request for release. You can see I have regained control of my faculties.

SEWARD

This is hardly the occasion.

RENFIELD

I appreciate the difficulty I have placed you in, but I must go. I appeal to your friends – by the way, you have not introduced me.

SEWARD

It did not occur to me: Professor Van Helsing of Amsterdam; Mr. Harker, solicitor; Renfield, my patient.

RENFIELD

(Shaking hands)

What shall any man say at meeting Professor Van Helsing? You revolutionized brain surgery! *(To HARKER)* And you, sir, I feel as though I see in a mirror. I take you gentlemen as witnesses that I am as sane as the majority of men in possession of their liberties.

SEWARD

I am favorably impressed...

RENFIELD

Thank you, sir.

SEWARD

...with your rapid progress. I will be only too happy to chat with you in the morning.

RENFIELD

Dr. Seward, you hardly apprehend. I wish to go tonight – this hour – this moment.

VAN HELSING

Why? I am a stranger, with the habit of an open mind keeping. (*RENFIELD shakes his head*)
Come, sir, you seek with your reason to impress. Reasonable my question is.

RENFIELD

Professor, I am not my own master in this matter. I can only ask – nay beg – you to trust me.

SEWARD

(Moving decisively to the door)

We have work.

RENFIELD drops to his knees, distraught. SEWARD hefts the cudgel but RENFIELD holds up his hands.

RENFIELD

I implore you to let me out of this house at once! Send me where you will – send keepers with whips and chains – let them take me to a common jail – but let me go out of this! You don't know what you do by keeping me here and I may not tell! By all you hold sacred – by your love that is lost – for God's sake – save my soul from guilt!

SEWARD

Get to your bed and try to behave more discreetly.

RENFIELD

(Rising quietly)

I trust you will bear in mind that I did what I could.

SEWARD takes him to his cell. We hear the key grind in the lock. SEWARD returns.

MINA

A strange encounter....

HARKER

Listen, Professor, I *know* the Count is here! You say these creatures must return to their graves by day and the Count was buried in Transylvania—but at Castle Dracula during daylight hours I saw mountain men – a tribe called the Szgany – who work for the Count. They were filling crates with earth from his family crypt! Those crates were the cargo his second solicitor took from the shipwreck Mina saw in this very harbor. The Count could be lying in his native soil within any one of those crates *right here in Exeter!*

VAN HELSING

This second solicitor, to where the crates has he taken?

HARKER

That's what I've been trying to tell you! I arranged the Count's purchase of Carfax estate! His grounds border on yours, Dr. Seward!

SEWARD

Count Dracula is here?

HARKER

And just north lies London, a great city, teeming with life. His London solicitor could purchase properties for him all about the city where he can conceal his crates! The Count will be free to walk unnoticed among the crowds and prey as he lists!

VAN HELSING

Very good, Harker. When John with his patients finishes, Carfax will we assail.

MINA

You are going in there after him?

VAN HELSING

We will not blindly rush in. The enemy we face you must first know. In the presence of any symbol imbued with divinity – crucifix, Star of David, various occult sigils – the undead cannot stand. But Vlad Dracula was ruler of Wallachia and Count of Bistritz and other parts of Transylvania. He was the cleverest and bravest of a great race. Their graves sacred the earth make where alone this darkness can dwell. For it is not the least of its terrors that this evil deep in all good is rooted. And Count Dracula's strength and cunning for ages have grown. Moreover, if we fail, he will us make, as he is, an arrow in the side of Him who for all mankind died. A careful campaign we must lay.

MINA

Just a moment, Professor. Mr. Renfield said, "The blood is the life...."

VAN HELSING

Ja? Perhaps some parallel between Renfield's fits and the Count's actions may by John's journals be revealed. Madam Mina, that is your study while we prepare.

MINA

But if you must go, I want to go with you.

VAN HELSING

You have already been of great help, but with this terrible affair you must no more have ado.

MINA

Professor, please...

SEWARD

He is right. We men are pledged to destroy this monster. This is no risk for a young woman.

MINA

Lucy was my best friend. And I am confident you can protect me, Jonathan.

HARKER

I cannot bear the thought...

VAN HELSING

You are newly married. On a future child what effects must we fear? How pale and drawn the strain has already made you I can see. We men are...

MINA

...tougher? Braver?

VAN HELSING

...more expendable. Our star and our hope you must be, and when you are in no danger the more freely shall we act. The normalcy to which Jonathan can by day return must be your task to provide.

more expendable. Our star and our hope you must be, and when you are in no danger the more freely shall we act....

MINA

Surely our best strength lies in solidarity. But I accept your chivalry in the spirit in which it is offered.

HARKER

You do not know what this means to me. But, gentlemen, the Count can set wolves against us. I have seen it.

VAN HELSING

(Passing a second crucifix to SEWARD)

Here in England we need not about wolves to worry.

SEWARD

(Opening the pistol case on the mantle)

He may control other beasts.

VAN HELSING

If before sunset all his boxes we are to destroy, now should we go.

HARKER

Mina, it will be dark before we return. Get some sleep. I promise I will return as soon as I can.

MINA

God go with you, Jonathan. And all of you.

SEWARD and VAN HELSING take their leave of MINA. After they have left, HARKER kisses her like a man going off to war, yet self-consciously. There is still something dividing them. HARKER leaves.

MINA

Oh yes, 'go to sleep.'

*THE MEN pass outside the window. She closes and locks it, then busies herself making the bed. A moment later, the men troop past RENFIELD's window. SEWARD pauses to give the window a tug, making certain it is locked. He shakes his head in puzzlement at RENFIELD's earlier mysterious escapes. MINA steps out of the office to change clothes. **LIGHTS DOWN.***

SCENE 4

SETTING: *Night. RENFIELD's cell and SEWARD's office.*

AT RISE: *RENFIELD paces anxiously, SFX: dogs bark. Fog billows against RENFIELD's window. MINA, in her nightgown, returns to sit in bed with a book. We hear claws scratch at window panes. MINA sinks, unconscious. RENFIELD's window opens. DRACULA enters.*

RENFIELD

Mrs. Harker is so full of life.

DRACULA pushes past him.

You think I am no one? You think you can do as you please to her?

Seizing DRACULA.

You won't diminish her!

RENFIELD wrestles in a mad paroxysm of rage. DRACULA is unable to free himself until his eyes catch RENFIELD'S, then DRACULA easily pulls free, moving away. Released from his stare, RENFIELD yells wildly, rushing DRACULA, who hurls him back to crash to the floor behind the bed. DRACULA leaves the cell and enters the office. MINA sits bolt upright, instinctively reaching beside her for Jonathan.

DRACULA

Where is he? Nailing crosses to the walls of Carfax? What is he? Without what I bring he is a caricature of a man. No husband to you. He is not real. The loving, gentle, understanding man. In the presence of my truth he has no power. What I take, you were born to give.

He bares her throat. She struggles against the part of her that does not wish to hinder him. He drinks her blood and she sinks into a half swoon of suffering, resisting pleasure. DRACULA opens his coat and shirt, cuts open an artery in his chest with a fingernail, seizes her neck and presses her mouth to the wound.

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, kin of my kin – you, their best beloved one – my bountiful wine-press for a time, then my companion and helper. Not one of them but shall minister to your needs. You aided in thwarting me; now when I think ‘Come,’ you shall cross land and sea to do my bidding.

*He gestures. **LIGHTS DOWN.***

SCENE 5

SETTING: *Outside RENFIELD'S window.*

AT RISE: *Enter SEWARD followed by the other men.*

SEWARD

Gentlemen, we have disposed of twenty-nine boxes of earth and at no loss to ourselves....

Seeing the open window, he climbs through, rushing to RENFIELD. The others follow him.

HARKER

My God!

VAN HELSING

What happened?

SEWARD

Depressed fracture of the skull extending through the motor area.

Seeing VAN HELSING prepare a hypodermic from the medical bag.

A stimulant will probably kill him.

VAN HELSING

His words may be worth lives.

He injects RENFIELD who convulses, then lies still, his limbs paralyzed.

RENFIELD

I'll be quiet, doctor. Tell them to take off the strait-waistcoat. I have had a terrible dream. It has left me so weak and old.

VAN HELSING

Mr. Renfield, your dream to us tell.

RENFIELD

Professor. Good of you to be here. I dreamed...

He faints. SEWARD moistens RENFIELD's lips with brandy from his kit.

RENFIELD

It was no dream. I must speak before I die. It's so long since I lost all belief; stripped of everything but the raw need to resist, to stop this mannered, inhuman society from taking what little they'd left of the life they would not allow me to live. I've been so empty so long...I could scarcely stand to be in my own body, it is so desolate. Then *He* came. He gave me strength – something larger than myself, and lasting – but cold. *He* would not let me speak when I begged you to let me out of this house. *He* cannot enter a dwelling unless bidden by a dweller. *I invited him in!* Where I bide *He* may come. It made me mad to know *He* had been taking the life out of the doctor's woman, but I was weak. Then for Mrs. Harker I wrestled the Dark Angel, but *His* eyes....

Galvanized, the men pull out their crosses, rushing from the cell. They charge into the office. DRACULA turns with a snarl, springing toward them. VAN HELSING moves forward, crucifix raised, forcing DRACULA back. With a strangled shriek HARKER races, cross in hand, to MINA, blocking the window. SEWARD blocks the door. DRACULA stands at bay.

DRACULA

You think to baffle me, you with your pale faces like sheep in a butcher's. I led my nation, intrigued for them, fought for them, four hundred years before you were born – you with your pallid rationalism that denies the greatness of old. All that you bury will return to tear at your throats. You *little, modern* men. You think you have left me no place of rest, but while you hunted me, I countermined you. Mina, this is not my first visit to you – *remember*.

*It comes back to MINA in a rush.
Overwhelmed, she cries out.*

DRACULA

Your women shall make you my creatures, to be my jackals when I feed.

VAN HELSING

Back to hell, go!

*VAN HELSING advances. DRACULA gestures. **BLACKOUT**. MINA screams her despair. SEWARD gets the desk lamp relit. DRACULA is gone. SEWARD throws open the window, leaping out into the night in pursuit. VAN HELSING examines MINA. HARKER moans, pushing the Professor away and clutching his violated wife. VAN HELSING slaps HARKER who releases MINA and sinks dazedly onto the floor. He is like an old man, like DRACULA when HARKER first met him. VAN HELSING wraps MINA in a blanket, wiping the blood from her face with his handkerchief while she moans. DRACULA enters RENFIELD's window.*

RENFIELD

You rob me of my last moments?

DRACULA

(Kneeling by him)
I fulfill my promise to you.

RENFIELD

I have forsaken you. Let me die for it.

*DRACULA bites his own wrist, then
RENFIELD's; he presses them together.*

DRACULA

Blood brother.

*In the office, MINA reaches for
HARKER, then draws away.*

HARKER

Van Helsing, do something! Save her! It cannot have gone too far yet. Take care of her while I seek him!

MINA

(Trying to hold HARKER back from the window)
Jonathan, don't leave me!

*They cling to each other, rocking back
and forth. In the cell DRACULA stands.*

DRACULA

Rise and walk with me.

*RENFIELD takes DRACULA's hand and
is pulled to his feet.*

RENFIELD

(Passionlessly, attempting to convince himself)
I hate you. I renounce you. I have freed my soul of you.

DRACULA

Come.

*DRACULA exits through the window.
RENFIELD follows.*

VAN HELSING

You are safe for tonight, Madam Mina. Harker, counsel we must take.

MINA

Oh! I've gotten blood on you.

MINA draws away as if she were unclean. HARKER strives to hold her.

HARKER

Mina, Mina, nothing will come between us, not even Him.

She sobs. He strokes her hair, but his eyes blaze, his face set. SEWARD returns.

SEWARD

Count Dracula is not on the grounds. Renfield is gone, too.

MINA

God's will be done.

VAN HELSING

He has some lair we have not found. Dawn is close. *(With simple grimness)* Tomorrow we must work.

MINA

No! I will not make others suffer this. I'll die first.

VAN HELSING

On your living soul I charge that so long as this evil is in you, you do not die. If Dracula we can destroy – the fountainhead of this evil dam up – you may be freed.

MINA

But if I die while he is in the world?

VAN HELSING

Like him will you become. Indeed powerful is Dracula. Yet freely like a living man he cannot move or grow. How long did it take him to discover that his native land he could leave in a crate of its earth resting? His powers and limitations by slow experiments he learns.

SEWARD

A man who has centuries can afford to go slow.

MINA

I feel him in my mind—to feel him waiting there for years....

HARKER

God give me the power to send him to hell.

MINA

Jonathan! I, too, may need pity.

HARKER

Into that unknown and terrible land you shall not go alone.

VAN HELSING

Harker!

HARKER stares eye to eye with VAN HELSING, bristling with defiant resolution – yet it is the energy of a bitter old man.

HARKER

Dracula will do what he did in his wars – he will cross back to his stronghold to lay new plans, then he will come again, stronger than before. And we have no way to stop him.

MINA

When he calls, I must cross land and sea to do his bidding....

HARKER

What are you saying?

MINA

I am bound to him. *He* is bound to *me*. Hypnotize me, Professor—I feel the dawn coming, do it now, for then I can speak.

SEWARD turns down the light. VAN HELSING passes his hands in rhythmical gestures as before.

VAN HELSING

Quiet let your mind grow – your thoughts still – only my voice hear – only my voice – quiet and open – quiet and open – quiet and open.

She sits stock still. The light outside grows.

SEWARD

She's as susceptible as Lucy!

HARKER

Good – we must race the light.

VAN HELSING

Where are you?

MINA

Sleep has no place to call its own.

VAN HELSING

What do you see?

MINA

Utter dark.

VAN HELSING

What do you hear?

MINA

Water – lapping against wood outside.

HARKER

Are you on a ship?

MINA

I am in darkness, surrounded by water.

VAN HELSING

What else do you hear?

MINA

Men run overhead. A chain creaks. A loud clatter like a ratchet.

SEWARD

They are weighing anchor.

HARKER

The Count must have kept an earth-box ready to be shipped against emergencies.

VAN HELSING

What are you doing?

MINA

I am still. Still as death.

Dawn streams through the window.

Oh. I think I am awake.

HARKER moves quickly toward the door.

VAN HELSING

In the port of London many ships will their anchors be weighing. On which is he?

SEWARD

To reach Transylvania, he must go by the Black Sea.

HARKER

Lloyd's of London keeps a list of every ship that sets sail.

VAN HELSING

Only at the slack or full of the tide can the vampire running water cross. Only ships which with the tide left London headed toward the Black Sea need we find.

MINA

I must go with you.

HARKER

No! This is everything I feared!

MINA

When He calls, I must go. Better with you, where Prof. Van Helsing can use my bond to track the Count.

VAN HELSING

Madam Mina, you are wise. (*Placing a hand on HARKER's shoulder*) That which the endurance of one alone would break, together we can defy. (*Looking at each in turn*) Our affairs let us in order place. Like knights of the cross, toward sunrise we ride.

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 6

SETTING: *The journey to COUNT DRACULA's castle. In semi-darkness table, chair and cots are removed; the mantle cleared. Dracul's sword is rehung.*

AT RISE: *DRACULA and MINA enter at opposite corners, moving like the blind. Slowly they draw nearer throughout the following, neither seeing other.*

DRACULA

Blood of my blood, where are you? Where are you, Wilhelmina?

MINA

One ship left London that morning with the tide, bound for the Black Sea: the Czarina Catherine. Our little band crossed the channel to Paris and boarded the Orient Express. It brought us to the port of Varna well ahead of you, Count. For days I have waited. Flesh of my flesh, where are you? You should have reached me by now.

DRACULA

Kin of my kin, I feel you, hearing through my ears the water still rushing by, still crashing against the groaning hull—hearing the high wind shriek in the shrouds.

MINA

Professor, the storm drove the Czarina Catherine past us in Varna to a harbor farther east. You left me behind, Dracula.

DRACULA

Yet you are with me.

MINA

Yes! I hear boatmen calling in strange tongues – frightened horses on the riverbank.

DRACULA

We have no secrets, Wilhelmina, my beautiful bride. My faithful servant transports my crate upriver to Transylvania.

MINA

If you should slip ashore and leave me again... Oh, Jonathan, I hate to separate from you, but your best chance to come to grips with the Count is for you and Seward to follow on horseback along the bank. Van Helsing and I will ride straight for Castle Dracula.

DRACULA

My bountiful one, you have crossed land and sea—now you split my enemies' forces. You think I am dead inside – can you feel what I feel returning to my homeland?

MINA

Van Helsing and I follow you into beautiful...

DRACULA

Yes...

MINA

...wild...

DRACULA

...yes...

MINA

...terribly cold country. We are near, now, you and I.

DRACULA

Oh, yes, Wilhelmina. Will you follow to the heart of my realm?

MINA

It all hinges on this. I married Jonathan. I must undertake this journey before that word “marriage” becomes real.

DRACULA

So little separates us now. I – and you so close behind me – have reached the borderland. See the castle through my eyes – bourn like me up toward it. It is a race, now. You have outdistanced me – and your companions on my trail – but the mountains are merciless, my poor Mina, and you grow so weary. I give you a blanket of snow in which to rest. Thick. Heavy. Your eyes cannot see in its glare by day. Lie down, Wilhelmina. Let my white blankets enfold you. Sleep till I bid you wake.

MINA

I must reach you. But I am so cold, so cold. I cannot make my way against the snow. There can be but one shelter for me. Van Helsing and I must reach Castle Dracula or die.

***LIGHTS DOWN.** We hear DRACULA’s amplified voice.*

DRACULA

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, kin of my kin; cross land and sea to do my bidding.

SCENE 7

SETTING: *COUNT DRACULA’s castle; now devoid of furniture. Only Dracul’s sword above the mantle.*

AT RISE: *The door opens. VAN HELSING enters in snow gear, heavy pack and sheath knife, carrying a lit lantern and Winchester rifle. He supports MINA, also in snow gear with a lighter pack. She falls.*

MINA

I can’t go on. Sleep....

VAN HELSING

The castle we reached – the storm we beat.

He examines her eyes and teeth; feels her forehead.

MINA

I'm changing.

VAN HELSING

Madam Mina you remain.

MINA

Tell me truly: what do you see?

VAN HELSING

The lethargy is growing. By day you can no longer stay awake. Your eyes are...hard. And you are cold. Wood I must find, a fire to make.

MINA

Promise me.

VAN HELSING

I cannot.

MINA

The sun is sinking, soon my tongue will be tied. Free my spirit as you did Lucy's.

VAN HELSING draws back.

Drive a stake through my heart. Promise me!

VAN HELSING

If it must be, I swear.

MINA

True friend!

With this weight off her shoulders, she rallies a bit.

I cannot believe that to die when there is hope and a bitter task to be faced is God's will. But I feel this place in my bones.

VAN HELSING

The snow off it will keep. As for the night – your cross – where has it gone?

MINA

Lost in the storm.

VAN HELSING stares closely at her, then produces his crucifix, putting it in her hand. She screams, shrinking back as from white hot metal. He opens her hand revealing a red cross branded into her flesh – (Previously applied backstage).

MINA, *Continued*

The Almighty shuns me. I am lost. The light is failing.

VAN HELSING

Not lost. For morning's light together we wait.

MINA

This place has claimed me. You are not safe.

VAN HELSING casts about in the fading light. SFX: Far off a wolf howls. *VAN HELSING* digs a flask from his pack.

MINA

What is that?

VAN HELSING

Holy water.

He sprinkles holy water in a clockwise circle around the two of them.

This may help. Room enough for a fire I have left. How do you feel?

MINA

I am waking.

VAN HELSING

Anything we can burn help me find.

She tries to follow, but cannot make herself step over the circle. SFX: More and more wolves join the chorus of howls.

MINA

Professor...

VAN HELSING

Ja?

MINA

I can't.

VAN HELSING

The circle works.

MINA

Come back. Come to me.

He hesitates, watching her.

Please, Professor – don't leave me.

VAN HELSING

You are safe inside the circle.

MINA

Stay with me, Van Helsing. Don't go. Please, Professor, never mind the fire – we'll huddle together for warmth – but come inside the circle at once!

Uncertain, VAN HELSING steps inside as behind him THE THREE WOMEN appear. They drift closer. VAN HELSING draws his knife and moves it clockwise over the circle, symbolically cutting off the space within from the space without. THE THREE WOMEN walk outside the circle, smiling, then link arms.

CALLA

Come, sister.

CARMILLA

Come to us!

SYRA

The night is young.

CARMILLA

Time to feel alive!

CALLA

Free yourself!

MINA

(*Fascinated*)
Lucy?

Carmilla.
CARMILLA

(Clutching VAN HELSING)
I'm so cold.
MINA

Help her, chivalrous gentleman.
CARMILLA

You will not feel the cold with us!
SYRA

They laugh.

Van Helsing.
CALLA

He reacts, startled.

Did you think we did not know you?

SYRA
You are tired, Van Helsing. We know. World weary – the bitterness that grows with time.

CALLA
The wine sours in the vault.

CARMILLA
The lees are left.

CALLA
Where is your wife, Professor?

SYRA
Sister Mina, comfort the poor man.

CARMILLA
Where is your wife, Abraham?

CALLA
She is mad, is she not? You are nothing to her. Love does not survive.

CARMILLA
What is life without love?

SYRA

A long life.

CARMILLA

A long, hard life.

SYRA

A life of bitter tasks.

CALLA

And who knows all you have suffered?

CARMILLA

We know.

SYRA

We know.

CALLA

We know every shadow within you. What have your people offered you for all your sacrifices?

SYRA

All your pain?

CARMILLA

All your daring?

CALLA

All your enduring? A great scientist in an unenlightened time and you are shunned because you dare face things your people wish to bury.

SYRA

They spurn you for what makes you great.

CARMILLA

Backbiters.

CALLA

They waste your energy.

CARMILLA

Waste your time.

SYRA

Waste your life.

CALLA

You are getting old.

CARMILLA

Your Church will not let you divorce, will it? Is a madwoman a wife? For life?

CALLA

Or an unreal half-life, dragging your corpse through the grinding years to that dark end that devours all.

SYRA

My sisters are beautiful, don't you think, Van Helsing?

CARMILLA

I love them.

SYRA

You can love them, too.

CALLA

Sister Mina, you will soon join us.

CARMILLA

Bring your dear friend.

SYRA

Come, Abraham. No more grim duties. No more bonds where is no marriage.

CARMILLA

Free yourself!

SYRA

The night is young.

CALLA

Wake.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes

Continue to next page for
PRODUCTION NOTES

PRODUCTION NOTES

PRONUNCIATIONS:

The exotic nature of the title character is best emphasized by allowing the Count and his three women to pronounce his name in the Romanian fashion as “Dra-COOL-ya,” though the English characters would naturally pronounce it much as Americans customarily do today: “DRA-cue-la.” (Watch any documentary on the historical researches of the Florescu family and you will hear Rumanians – as they now spell their national identity - also use one or two other pronunciations somewhere between the two above)

The place name “Bukovina” is pronounced “BOO-ko-VEEN-a.”

The city of Bistritz (in Twenty-First Century texts usually spelled Bistrita) is pronounced Bih-STREETZ.

The essential Englishness of the islander Seward should be emphasized by using Stoker’s original pronunciation “SEA-ward” rather than “SOO-ard” as can be heard in many movie adaptations.

Likewise, the name Lucy derives from a root-word referring to light, and the thematic implications of her character are the better emphasized using Stoker’s original pronunciation of her last name: “WEST-en-ray.” Since the English only pronounce “r” when it begins a word, spoken in an English accent it becomes clear that this young woman is the Light of England, the Western Ray. She is the light of many people’s eyes. Even the elderly Van Helsing comes to feel that she is more of a daughter to him than a patient.

The following information was compiled for a workshop production and is available upon request for convenience in planning productions:

SCENE BREAKDOWN
(**Bold** print signifies a character's **first** appearance)

ACT I

TRANSYLVANIA:

Scene 1, <i>Threshold</i>	Castle Dracula	Night of May 7, 1898	Dracula, Harker
Scene 2, <i>Echoes of the Past</i>	Castle Dracula	The next evening	Harker, Dracula, Calla, Carmilla, Syra,
Scene 3, <i>Abys</i> s	Castle Dracula	The next morning	Harker

ENGLAND:

Scene 4a, <i>Medical Help</i>	Sanitarium (office)	A few weeks later	Seward Mina, Lucy
(4b, <i>Renfield's Diet</i>)	Sanitarium (cell)	Immediately following	Seward, Renfield
(4c, <i>Sleepwalk</i>)	Sanitarium (office)	Immediately following	Lucy, Mina
(4d, <i>Advent</i>)	(cell)		Renfield, Dracula
(4e, <i>Bridegroom</i>)	(office)		Lucy, Dracula
Scene 5, <i>The Morning After</i>	Sanitarium (office)	The next morning	Lucy, Min Mina, Seward
Scene 6, <i>Revitalization</i>	Sanitarium (cell)	That night	Lucy, Renfield, Dracula

Scene 7, <i>New Blood</i>	Sanitarium (office)	Three days later	Seward, Lucy, Van Helsing , Mina, Harker
Scene 8, <i>Abandon</i>	(cell)	That night	Renfield, Dracula Lucy
Scene 9, <i>Blood Wedding</i>	Sanitarium (office/cell)	The next evening	Lucy, Seward Van Helsing, Harker, M Mina Renfield, Dracula

ACT II

Scene 1, <i>Open Casket</i>	Sanitarium (cell/office)	The next day	Seward, Renfield, Van Helsing, Lucy, Harker, Mina
Scene 2, <i>Death's Bride</i>	Sanitarium (office/cell)	Dawn that morning	Lucy, Sew Seward, Van Hels Helsing, Harker, Mina, Renfield
Scene 3, <i>Epiphanies</i>	Sanitarium (office)	That evening	Seward, Van Helsing Harker, Mina Renfield,

Scene 4, <i>Revolt</i>	(cell)	Shortly later	Renfield, Dracula, Mina
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Scene 5, <i>Renfield's Dream</i>	(cell)	Shortly later	Renfield, Seward, Van Helsing, Harker, Mina, Dracula
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TRANSYLVANIA:

Scene 6, <i>Flight</i>	Scene transition	The next several days	Mina, Dracula
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Scene 7, <i>Snowbound</i>	Castle Dracula	Two weeks later	Van Helsing, Mina, Carmilla, Syras, Calla
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Scene 8, <i>Racing Sundown</i>	Castle Dracula	The next evening	Van Helsing, Mina, (Carmilla, Syras, Calla offstage), Harker, Seward, Renfield, Dracula
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CURTAIN

PROPS AND SET DRESSINGS TRACKING SHEET

1,1 *Threshold* -

FURNISHINGS:

cot with warm bedding (before 1st window)

packing crate (before 2nd window)

small table with one chair

PRESET ONSTAGE:

covered dish, silverware, wine bottle (on table)
wine glass

English books (on bookshelf)
pen and inkbottle, sheets of
blank notepaper and envelopes, all of
the thin transparent paper

Dracul's Roumanian sword (above hearth)
(15th Century upper class Wallachs used straight-bladed Western swords, not
curved blades like the Turks)

PERSONAL:

HARKER: portable phonograph in its carrying case and one or two traveling
bags; a sealed letter from Hawkins; packet containing deed, legal papers and
keys to Carfax

DRACULA: lit candelabrum (brought from SR interior door)

1,2 *Echoes of the Past* -

PERSONAL:

HARKER: portable phonograph & cylinder (brought from SR door)

DRACULA: consignment forms, letter, later bag containing a small child

REMOVED DURING SCENE:

DRACULA: removes the letters and Dracul's sword

1,3 *Abyss* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

Dracul's sword

(brought by DRACULA to the
crate during previous blackout)

1,4 *Medical Help* -

FURNISHINGS:

crate is removed

HARKER's cot remains

second cot is placed:

(before 2nd window)

TO BE SET ONSTAGE:

Small, lidded box under second cot

dining ware & cloth removed from table

a lamp that can be turned down,
the phonograph with 2 or more cylinders,
medical bag containing:

(placed on table)

old-fashioned stethoscope like a small ear trumpet
or megaphone;
medical plaster (i.e., medical tape);
bottle of chloral
scalpels and scissors
hypodermic
brandy flask and shotglass
small mirror

transfusion apparatus: 2 needles attached
to tubes leading into a receptacle, with a
third tube leading to a hand bulb

(placed on or at table)

collapsible telescope, nightstick,
key to window, brandy bottle, 4 glasses

(placed on mantle)

PERSONAL:

MINA: a pieced-together recording cylinder

LUCY: key to door

SEWARD: pocket notebook and pencil, warder's whistle around neck,
sanitarium's key ring

(RENFIELD: may mime his edible fly)

1,5 *The Morning After* –

PERSONAL:

MINA: wears a black band on her throat she later puts on Lucy; she carries a newspaper clipping which contains the lines:

“A Russian schooner, the Demeter, ran aground here last night... The crew had entirely vanished but the captain was found dead at his post, bound to the wheel, a crucifix in his hand. A London solicitor’s firm has already removed the cargo: crates of earth for agricultural experiments, belonging to the DRACULA of Bistritz.”

SEWARD: sealed letter from St. Cyril’s Hospital, Transylvania (must be resealed or replaced each performance) and which SEWARD carries offstage - letter includes MINA’s cue:

“They have him and...they say he’s in shock.”

PRESET ONSTAGE:

MINA: uses mirror from medical bag (on table)

1,6 *Revitalization* – no props

1,7 *New Blood* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

transfusion apparatus (from table)

medical plaster,
scalpels and scissors (from medical bag)

brandy bottle & two glasses (from mantle)

PERSONAL:

MINA: wedding ring (wears)

1,8 *Abandon* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

transfusion apparatus (from table)

scalpels and scissors (from medical bag)

1,9 *Blood Wedding* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

two glasses (VAN HELSING's and SEWARD's) (from mantle)
brandy bottle and glass for LUCY
transfusion apparatus (from table)

medical plaster, large scalpel for fight (from medical bag)

cudgel (from mantle)

PERSONAL:

VAN HELSING: several old books bound together with a strap; a wrapped bundle containing 3 wreaths of garlic flowers, 1 to hang on door, 1 on window, 1 around LUCY's neck

SEWARD: chloral bottle in hand (removed during scene by VAN HELSING), window key in pocket, blood pack for wrist

RENFIELD: blood pack for head

HARKER: uses his tie to bind SEWARD's bloody wrist

ACT BREAK

FURNISHINGS:

Lucy's coffin brought on by SEWARD, VAN HELSING, HARKER and MINA, with LUCY in it

ONSTAGE:

phonograph and repaired cylinder removed by VAN HELSING

2,1 *Open Casket* -

FURNISHINGS:

LUCY gets in and out of her coffin

PERSONAL:

SEWARD: pocket notebook and pencil; warder's whistle

VAN HELSING: brings the phonograph and repaired cylinder;
crucifix (in his jacket pocket)

2,2 *Death's Bride* -

PERSONAL:

SEWARD: wooden stake and heavy mallet

VAN HELSING: crucifix

HARKER: cross

Possible use of blood pack by LUCY or one of the others for staking

FURNISHINGS:

SEWARD, VAN HELSING, HARKER, MINA carry out LUCY in her coffin

2,3 *Epiphanies* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

cudgel (from hearth)

chloral bottle (from medical bag)

case of pistols (for SEWARD and HARKER) (from mantle)

PERSONAL:

SEWARD: window key for MINA; he exits with key ring and medical bag

VAN HELSING: his crucifix, and a second for SEWARD

HARKER: cross

MINA: tea tray with tea for SEWARD

2,4 *Revolt* -

PRESET ONSTAGE:

MINA's book (from shelf)

PERSONAL:

DRACULA: blood pack for his chest

MINA: additional blood pack

2,5 *Renfield's Dream* –

PERSONAL:

SEWARD: crucifix, pistol, key ring, medical bag containing flask and shot glass, box of wooden matches in pocket

VAN HELSING: crucifix, handkerchief
hypodermic and ampule (from medical bag)

HARKER: pistol, cross

DRACULA: blood pack for wrists

2,6 *Flight* -

FURNISHINGS:

Remove everything that marks this as the sanitarium:

lamp, phonograph & cylinders, transfuser, (from table)
medical bag, telescope, nightstick, brandy (from mantle)
and 4 glasses

table, chair and both cots are removed

ideally the bookshelf would go too

DRACULA's crate positioned under black (set before 2nd window)
dropcloth

Dracul's sword is rehung (over mantle)

2,7 *Snowbound* -

PERSONAL:

VAN HELSING: sheath knife, lit lantern, Winchester rifle, crucifix
and backpack containing: flask of holy water, six wooden stakes, mallet,
smelling salts, Seward's telescope

MINA: a lighter pack, non-functional pistol in holster

CALLA snuffs and removes lantern at end of scene

2,8 *Racing Sundown* -

PERSONAL:

VAN HELSING: carries on wooden stakes & mallet; wears crucifix and knife

MINA: continues to use pistol she brought on in previous scene

HARKER: pistol fires blanks; fights with large knife (a Kukri or Ghurka knife according to the novel); removes Order of the Dragon medallion from DRACULA and dons it

RENFIELD: fights using large knife; blood pack for hand

SEWARD: pistol fires blanks; fights with large knife; blood pack

PRESET ONSTAGE:

VAN HELSING: uses rifle left from previous scene;
Backpack from previous scene containing smelling salts, Seward's telescope

Dracul's sword (from mantle)

dropcloth over DRACULA in crate & (at 2nd window)
RENFIELD

rig in crate to hold sword in place as if DRACULA is transfixed

END OF SHOW

COSTUMES LIST

Men:

COUNT DRACULA might be dressed as a Roumanian in the first scene, but if desired can remain in his simple black English suit throughout, except in 1,2 when he returns at the end of the scene in Harker's traveling suit. Both his basic black and Harker's traveling suit must allow him to climb and fight. His jacket in 1,1 should be light in contrast to Harker's heavy overcoat. Whether he has a separate English suit or not, the Count dons his Order of the Dragon black cape with red lining when he appears in England, as he is moving about out doors. He always wears the medallion of the Order of the Dragon, which Harker must be able to easily remove from his corpse and don himself at the end of the play.

HARKER needs a traveling suit for 1,1 that will also fit the Count. This should include or might consist entirely of a heavy overcoat and hat. He also needs a separate suit, which he wears for 1,2 and 1,3 in the castle. He must be able to fit a cylinder from his recording machine in his coat pocket. Ideally he should also be able to take off his boots easily and tie them to the back of his belt to climb out the window in 1,3. Since the outfit he wears to do this would be ruined in his climb from the castle and escape from the wooded area, it would be nice if he had a third suit which he wears upon his return to England in 1,7. For the return to Transylvania in 2,7 he should add a heavy coat and hat against the snow.

SEWARD wears a suit and has a separate white coat for working in the sanitarium. For the return to Transylvania he should add a heavy coat and hat against the snow.

VAN HELSING needs only one suit plus a heavy coat and hat for snow. He may have an eccentric look about him if desired.

RENFIELD is carelessly dressed in a middle class Englishman's shirt sleeves and waistcoat. He, too, needs a heavy coat and hat for snow.

Women:

CARMILLA, SYRA and CALLA, Dracula's brides, might be dressed each in a different historical period. If this is practical CALLA the eldest might be in medieval garb. Their clothing should be light as they feel no cold and should be attractive to make them the more seductive."

LUCY WESTENRA should have both a middle class Victorian woman's day outfit and a nightgown and robe.

WILHELMINA MURRAY likewise, should have a day outfit, a nightgown and robe and a heavy coat and hat for snow.

SPECIAL MAKEUP GUIDE

Act I

1,1 – DRACULA is in vampire makeup at all times. Stoker describes this as pale, fanged, with prominent eyebrows that rise to an arch and meet over the nose. He has pointed ears. The designer may decide how extreme to make the vampire look or how subtle. In the first three Transylvanian scenes DRACULA's hair and thick, drooping moustache are white, and his face is strong but aged. He loses the mustache in England in order to blend in.

1,2 – CARMILLA, SYRA and CALLA are in vampire makeup but seductively attractive. Red lips.

1,4 – RENFIELD's hair is disordered and it and his stubble are turning white

1,5 – Bite marks on LUCY's throat which can be hidden by MINA's black throat band.

1,6 – DRACULA is no longer as old looking

1,7 – HARKER is now much grayer and older looking.

1,8 – The white is all but gone from DRACULA's hair. He appears much younger than before and remains so for the rest of the play.

1,8 – Blood packs for SEWARD'S wrist and RENFIELD's forehead.

Act II

2,1 – LUCY lies in the casket, pale but carefully prettied up by the undertaker. She now has fangs hidden inside her closed mouth.

2,2 – LUCY is in full vampire makeup but not extreme enough to make her unattractive to SEWARD. Red lips.

2,4 – DRACULA opens a small wound on his chest and forces MINA to drink from it. Blood from bite wound on MINA's neck, contrived during scene.

2,6 – Red cross mark on Mina's hand, which she must surreptitiously rub off before the last lines of the play.

2,8 – If desired, DRACULA's vampire makeup may become more extreme for the last scene.

SOUND EFFECTS LIST

ACT I, SCENE 1 –

Wind whistling through broken battlements.

From afar off we hear the galloping of a team of horses and the clatter of a coach at high speed. The sound grows gradually nearer until the coach pulls up.

1,2 –

As DRACULA's fury rises, the wolves begin to howl outside, their excitement increasing as does his. The howling reaches an eerie crescendo at the climax of the speech. Then the COUNT raises a hand toward the window and the howls calm and fade away. An excellent source for these and other wolf sounds is a recording called *The language and music of the Wolves narrated by Robert Redford* released as a Long Playing record in 1971 as an American Museum of Natural History Special Members' Bonus. It can be acquired online in various formats.

Just after the closing blackout we hear as if from within DRACULA's dropped bag a child's half-smothered wail.

1,3 –

After HARKER goes out the window, we hear the wind outside the castle whistle past its walls, as if we were climbing with HARKER.

When HARKER raises the sword to behead the Count, we hear the door to the room swing shut. Other doors are heard swinging shut farther and farther off throughout the castle.

1,4 –

SEWARD plays the damaged recording cylinder and HARKER's voice comes through a barrage of white noise and repeated words caused by numerous scratches and skips:

HARKER (V.O.)

Mina...a wildness came over me...rat in a trap...the weird sisters ...white teeth...alone...the only living...God's mercy would be better than that of...monsters...only hope...only hope...Mina...

During SEWARD's recording session, we hear: the roll of thunder, followed by the sound of wind and rain.

When LUCY prepares for bed, the noise of the storm grows louder. It continues throughout scene.

When SEWARD leaves the cell, we hear the cell door close and the sound of the lock turning behind him.

MINA exits, audibly locking the door behind her.

When DRACULA appears, dogs begin to bark and howl as the sound of the storm intensifies.

When DRACULA opens the window to enter the sound of the storm should get louder.

We hear the door to the cell click open and swing back.

1,6 –

When DRACULA appears, dogs begin to bark and howl

We hear the door to the cell click open and swing back.

1,8 –

Again, dogs howl.

We hear the door to the cell click open and swing back.

1,9 –

Dogs bark. We hear the door to the cell click open and swing back.

ACT BREAK –
Music?

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE –

VAN HELSING plays a different part of MINA's damaged cylinder than we heard before and we again hear snatches of HARKER's recorded voice through skips, repeats and static:

HARKER V.O.

...helpless...dread...dread...saw him drive back the weird sisters... long hours...he crawled from his window, *head downward...head downward down the castle wall* like some monstrous lizard...must get out... must get out... must get out...

2,4 –

Dogs barking in the distance.

The sound of claws scratching at the window panes.

DRACULA's pre-recorded and amplified voice in the darkness:

COUNT

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, kin of my kin; cross land and sea to do my bidding.

2,5 –

Dogs barking in the distance.

2,7 –

Snowstorm.

Far off a wolf howls.

More wolves howl when THE THREE WOMEN enter.

THE THREE WOMEN laugh. Their pre-recorded laughter becomes increasingly distorted and loud, then, together with the howling of the wolves, it fades away to silence.

2,8 –

LIVE SOUND offstage: VAN HELSING hammer stake and THE THREE WOMEN (and MINA onstage) cry out in a chorus of wails. CALLA falls silent. The sound of the hammer is repeated and the remaining women scream again, then CARMILLA falls silent. Once more the pattern is repeated and SYRA falls silent.

A lone wolf howls in the distance and horses whinny afar off to cover the time between SYRA's death and VAN HELSING's entrance.

A little later, more wolves join in a distant chorus.

The sound of howling wolves and galloping horses grows louder as they approach.

We hear distant gunshots.

The wolves grow louder and more excited. A few more gunshots are heard from outside.

The wolves are very loud and frenzied. Live shouts and gunfire are heard from behind the door.

We hear all the doors in the castle slamming shut.

When DRACULA is impaled, we hear the howling of the wolves begin to calm and then fade away.

After SEWARD is dragged off, we again hear the wind blowing through the ruined battlements.

As the lights fade slowly to black, one lonely wolf howls, far in the distance.

END