



Doug Goheen

Adapted from the novel by Bram Stoker

Norman Maine Publishing

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P.O. Box 1400
Tallevast, FL 34270

Bram Stoker's Dracula

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For Diane

Bram Stoker's Dracula was produced at the Topeka Civic Theatre in 2002: Shannon S. Reilly, director; Ted Shonka, technical director; Melinda Cooper, stage manager; Adam Jenks, lighting designer; Cliff Alfrey, special-effects advisor; and Diane and Skip Ellis, costume designers.

JONATHAN HARKER: John Shoemaker
COUNT DRACULA: Shaun Marcotte
VAMPIRE 1: Leanne Glotzbach
VAMPIRE 2: Jennifer Jantz
DR. JACK SEWARD: Bruce Smith
MARGARET: Dorianne Rees
MINA MURRAY: Joanna Daffron
LUCY WESTENRA: Rachael Perry
MR. THOMPSON: Chuck Hughes
R. M. RENFIELD: Carl Peckham
ARTHUR HOLMWOOD: Peter Hansen
DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING: Marc Rapp
GIRL: Hannah Meyer

Bram Stoker's Dracula

GOTHIC HORROR. Sick of those cheesy Hollywood versions of Dracula with stock characters and silly plots? This adaptation of the Bram Stoker classic preserves the psychological terror and complex characterization of the original Victorian gothic novel. Jonathan Harker, a young lawyer, travels to Transylvania to transfer real estate in England to Count Dracula, but soon finds himself a prisoner in the Count's castle. With Jonathan locked in the castle, Count Dracula travels to England to claim his new property. Not having heard from Jonathan in several weeks, his fiancée, Mina, anxiously awaits news of his return as she tends to her friend, Lucy, who has become weak with a mysterious illness. Mina notices Lucy's propensity to sleepwalk and finds two small holes in Lucy's neck. Unable to diagnose Lucy's illness, Dr. Seward, the overseer of a sanitarium, wires his mentor Dr. Van Helsing for help. Upon examining Lucy, Van Helsing is convinced a vampire is the cause of her illness and sets out to convince the others to destroy Count Dracula before it is too late. The strong ensemble cast and the captivating, enigmatic Count Dracula will leave audiences spellbound.

Performance Time: Approximately 120 minutes.

Characters

(7 m, 5 w, 1 girl)

JONATHAN HARKER: 20s, a solicitor; engaged to Mina.

COUNT DRACULA: Nobleman from Transylvania.

VAMPIRES 1, 2: Accomplices to Count Dracula.

DR. JACK SEWARD: 29, overseer of the sanitarium at Purley.

MARGARET: A maid.

MINA MURRAY: 20s, engaged to Jonathan.

LUCY WESTENRA: 20s, engaged to Arthur.

MR. THOMPSON: Orderly at the asylum.

R. M. RENFIELD: 30s, a patient of Dr. Seward's; liaison for the Count.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD: 20s, engaged to Lucy; longtime friend of Dr. Seward's.

DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING: 50s, an imposing man from Amsterdam, whose quiet and authoritative air commands great respect; Dr. Seward's former teacher and a specialist in obscure diseases.

GIRL: 10, orphan; victim of the "Bloofer Lady."

Author's Note

Whether or not Count Dracula undergoes some change in his physical appearance from the Prologue to the first scene of Act I is left up to the director. In recent years, many stage and film portrayals depict Dracula as a rather suave and debonair continental nobleman. However, early in the novel, Bram Stoker describes the Count as "...a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere....His face was a strong—a very strong—aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed; the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point."

Later in the novel when Dracula travels to London, his appearance favorably changes. A director might wish to implement this change in the stage production, thereby dramatizing one of the Count's powers (altering his outward appearance), and also helping to explain his allure to Lucy and Mina. I have seen productions staged both with and without a change in Dracula's physical appearance, and I felt both worked equally well.

Setting

Guest room, Castle Dracula, Transylvania: It is furnished with a dressing table, shaving mirror, writing desk, and bed.

Dr. Seward's study, Purley, England: In the study, there is a desk and chair, a small settee, and various bookshelves. Entrances and exits are made through an open archway in the upstage wall. There is a window with a window seat on the SR wall, upstage of the desk.

Lucy's room: Stage left is Lucy's room, which adjoins Seward's study. There are several chairs, a dressing table, a mirror, and a bed. French windows are present in the upstage wall, above which hangs a scrim.

Carfax Abbey, England: Gothic architecture with vaulted ceilings, high arches, and massive stonework. The atmosphere is one of dark antiquity. Numerous cobwebs are evident throughout. Torches line the upstage walls. Two chandeliers, lit with candles, hang from the ceiling. A staircase leads from the entryway up center—a set of huge doors open downstage. A 3-foot-high metal grille extends downstage left and right. Each of the two ornate sections is four feet long and disappears behind the proscenium wall. There is a long dinner table downstage center running parallel to the stage. A large, ornate candelabrum with unlit candles adorns the table, which is flanked by many other already lit candles of various sizes and heights. A chair sits at either end of the table.

Synopsis of Scenes

PROLOGUE

Outside Castle Dracula, Transylvania, 1892. Guest room at Castle Dracula.

ACT I

[Note: The setting for Act I consists of two separate rooms. Two-thirds of the stage, stage right, comprises Dr. Seward's study. The remaining third of the stage, at left, is Lucy's room.]

Scene 1: Purley, England, summer, dusk. Dr. Seward's study at a mental asylum and Lucy's adjoining room.

Scene 2: Dr. Seward's study and Lucy's adjoining room, the next morning.

Scene 3: Dr. Seward's study and Lucy's adjoining room, three days later, mid-afternoon.

ACT II

Scene 1: The residence of Count Dracula at Carfax Abbey.

Scene 2: Carfax Abbey, a short time later.

Scene 3: Carfax Abbey, later that night just before dawn.

EPILOGUE

Christmas Day, 1892.

Props

Rosary beads	Candles
Straight-edge razor	Prayer book
Wash basin	Small metal tin
Shaving mirror	Tea set
Paper	Journal
Pen	Rose
Old-fashioned recorder	Wine glass
Mail	Coffin
Newspaper	Stuffed kitten
Letter opener	Large candlesticks
Letter	Halberd, spear, or battle-ax
Woman's scarf	Weaponry, assorted
Straightjacket	Small bottle of water
Black medical bag	Cross
2 Garlic wreaths	Handkerchief
Small velvet bag	Hammer
Wolfsbane (yellow flower petals)	Stake

Special Effects

Rattling chains	Lighting that mimics flames
Metal bolt being drawn back	Lighting that mimics a firewall
Wolf howling	Eerie lights
Eerie music	Fake blood
Thunderclap	Childlike, playful music
Lightning	Doors banging
Storm	Bones breaking
Shadow of bat fluttering	Cobwebs
Fog	Hissing steam
Sliding bookcase	Shafts of light
Glowing light, located on Dracula's chest	

Production Note: Special effects can be as elaborate or minimal as your budget allows.

Prologue

Jonathan's Initiation

(AT RISE: Outside Castle Dracula, Transylvania, 1892. House lights go to ½ for a few moments, then to ¾. We hear the voice of Jonathan Harker.)

JONATHAN: *(Voiceover.)* As I look back upon it now, I sometimes wonder if perhaps the whole of it may have been a dream, some sort of terrible nightmare, the boundaries of which exceed the most vile imagination. What started in earnest and ended in horror began some seven months ago, when my employment as a solicitor took me into the depths of the Carpathian Mountains, outside the small village of Bistritz, in Transylvania. The country is one of the wildest and least-known portions of Europe, full of beauty of every kind. I arrived on the fourth of May. The landlord's wife, upon hearing of my destination, crossed herself and placed rosary beads around my neck. "It is the eve of St. George's day," she said. "Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway?" During the journey through the Borgo Pass, the other travelers in the carriage incessantly stared at me, anxious and wild-eyed, and frequently making the sign of the cross. After what seemed like an interminable journey, I found myself set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign; through these frowning walls and dark window openings, it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. As I stood there, listening to the mournful howling of the wolves, I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door and saw through the chinks the gleam of an approaching light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains... *(Rattling chains.)* ...and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back.

(Sound of metal bolts drawn back.) I glanced at my watch. It was twelve o'clock, midnight.

(Wolf howl leads into eerie music. Lights fade. Curtain goes up to reveal the guest room of Jonathan Harker in Castle Dracula. A candle burns on the dressing table, where Jonathan is finishing shaving. He catches sight in the mirror of the rosary beads he wears around his neck. He fingers them and stares for a moment at the crucifix. He then returns to shaving and is unaware of the appearance of Count Dracula. Music fades out.)

DRACULA: Good evening.

(Jonathan starts and cuts himself slightly with the straight-blade razor.)

JONATHAN: Count. I didn't hear you enter.

DRACULA: I am told I have a light footstep.

(Jonathan looks into his shaving mirror.)

JONATHAN: Nor did I see you.

(Jonathan continues staring into the mirror, baffled by not being able to see Dracula's reflection. As Dracula approaches him, Jonathan turns to face him. Dracula's hand goes to the cut on Jonathan's face. Dracula then notices the rosary beads around Jonathan's neck, and his hand falls to his side.)

DRACULA: Take care, my friend. Take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country. *(Moving toward Jonathan's shaving mirror.)* And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief, a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it! *(He throws it out the window. After a few moments, he turns to face the stunned Jonathan.)* Forgive me. I do not intend to startle you. We

are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways.

JONATHAN: Count Dracula, beautiful as your country is and hospitable as you have been, our business transactions have been completed. Carfax Abbey has now been entrusted solely to yourself.

DRACULA: Yes. Carfax Abbey...I should like to hear of this estate.

JONATHAN: Yes, Count, but I must...

DRACULA: Please. Tell me of this estate you have procured for me.

(Pause.)

JONATHAN: Very well. It contains in all some 20 acres, with many trees, which make it in places quite gloomy. Surrounding the house is a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones. It has not been repaired for many years. The closed gates are of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust. The Abbey has been added to in a very straggling way. There are but few residences close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. However, it is not visible from the grounds. Supposedly, an underground corridor connects the asylum to Carfax Abbey, though I have never seen evidence of such a passageway.

DRACULA: Such evidence is sometimes not apparent to the mortal eye.

JONATHAN: Of course. And now, Count Dracula, as to my return to England...

DRACULA: You are here, Mr. Harker, not only to tell me of my new estate in London.

JONATHAN: Then for what further reason?

DRACULA: I am glad you have come, Mr. Harker. For some years now, I have entertained the idea of going to London. Through my studies, I have come to know your great

England, and to know her is to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its blood. But alas, as yet I only know your tongue through books. Through you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak.

JONATHAN: But, Count, you speak English thoroughly.

DRACULA: I thank you, my friend, for your all too flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.

JONATHAN: Indeed, you speak excellently.

DRACULA: Not so. Well I know that did I move and speak in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. I am content only if I am like the rest, so that no man stops if he sees me, nor pauses in his speaking if he hears my words.

JONATHAN: I understand, Count. I am, however, an engaged man. It has now been a full three weeks, and my fiancée—

DRACULA: You shall, I trust, rest with me here but a few more days, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation, and I would that you will tell me when I make error, even of the smallest, in my speaking.

JONATHAN: You wish me, then, to remain so long?

DRACULA: I desire it very much; nay, I will take no refusal. But excuse me. You must be very tired. I am sorry that I had to be away so long today, but you will, I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand. Tomorrow, you shall sleep as late as you will. I must again be away until the afternoon. So sleep well, my friend, and dream well.

(Dracula exits quietly. We hear a lock being turned after he leaves. Jonathan approaches the door cautiously, tries it, and finds it locked.)

Eerie music is heard. Fighting panic, he goes to the writing desk and begins a letter. Lights dim. We hear his words as he writes.)

JONATHAN: *(Voice-over.)* Twenty-five May 1892. My dearest Wilhelmina. Each passing day, and night, brings with it new fears. There is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy. I wish I were safe out of it, or that I had never come. If there were anyone to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to speak with, and he— I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. I shall place the rosary beads over the head of my bed—I imagine that my rest is thus freer from dreams—and there they shall remain. How I long to be with you, Mina! I am all in a sea of wonders. I doubt, I fear, I think strange things, which I dare not confess to my own soul. Exhaustion overtakes me. God keep me, if only for the sake of those dear to me!

(Lights have gradually dimmed to near darkness. Jonathan crosses to the bed, removes the rosary from around his neck, places it on the bedpost, and lies down. Lights imperceptibly shift as eerie music begins, creating an ominous mood. Female Vampires 1, 2 enter and lasciviously approach Jonathan, who is half awake and half asleep during the following exchange.)

VAMPIRE 1: Go on! You are first; I shall follow.

VAMPIRE 2: Yours is the right to begin.

VAMPIRE 1: He is young and strong. There are kisses for both of us.

(As Vampire 1, 2 begin their business, Dracula suddenly appears, livid with rage.)

DRACULA: *(To Vampire 1, 2.)* How dare you touch him, either of you! How dare you cast your eyes on him when I have forbidden it! Back, I tell you both. This man is mine.

Beware how you meddle with him, or you will have to deal with me!

VAMPIRE 2: You yourself never loved.

VAMPIRE 1: You never love.

VAMPIRE 2: You cannot love.

(Dracula opens his arms.)

DRACULA: Come. *(He enfolds Vampire 1, 2 in his cloak.)* Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now, back, back to your own place! Your time has not yet come. Have patience. Tomorrow night, he will be yours. *(Vampire 1, 2 exit. Dracula approaches Jonathan and stands over him. Aside.)* Tonight, he is mine.

(Dracula emits a low and quiet laugh and runs his finger along Jonathan's cheek once. As he enfolds Jonathan in his cloak, a clap of thunder sounds, followed by lightning. Blackout. Dracula exits. Lights fade up. Jonathan awakens and sits upright in bed. Jonathan staggers to his feet, then to the door, then to the window, and finally back to the writing desk. He begins to write. Again, we hear his voice as he continues his letter.)

JONATHAN: *(Voice-over.)* God preserve my sanity, for to this I am reduced. Merciful father! Let me be calm, for out of that way lies madness indeed. What manner of man is this, or what creature in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me. I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of. My dearest Mina, it has become apparent that this castle is a veritable prison, and I am its prisoner! That I can no longer remain here is without question. There is but one hope of escape. The chances are desperate, but my need is more desperate still. I shall try to scale the castle wall and flee this cursed spot

where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet. If I should fail, at least God's mercy is better than that of these monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep—as a man. Goodbye, all! Always, Wilhelmina, my love goes with you!

(Lights fade to blackout. Storm sounds and eerie music continue during scene change.)

Act I
Scene 1
The Agony of Lucy

(AT RISE: As lights come up, storm sounds and eerie music fade. Dr. Jack Seward is at his desk, speaking into a primitive recording device.)

SEWARD: And this, together with the dismal weather, seems to have created in me a sort of empty feeling. Perhaps I am overreacting to Lucy's rejection. The poor girl's declining health has served only to cause me to love her the more, the only cure for which rests with my work. To this end, my attention is again drawn to one particular patient who has recently afforded me a study of much interest. R.M. Renfield—sanguine temperament, great physical strength, morbidly excitable, periods of depression ending in some fixed idea which I cannot make out. *(Margaret, a maid, enters with the mail. Somewhat irritated, Seward shuts off the recorder.)* Yes, Margaret. What is it?

MARGARET: Beggin' your pardon, Dr. Seward. The Evenin' Post.

SEWARD: Very well.

(Margaret gives the mail to Seward, who glances at it.)

MARGARET: There's a letter for Miss Mina postmarked from Budapest. And a report in the paper 'bout the storm last week... *(Points to the newspaper.)* ...plastered all over the front page.

SEWARD: Yes. That was quite a blow, wasn't it?

MARGARET: Oh, yes, sir. And the foreign schooner sailin' right into the 'arbor in the midst of it all, right as if nothin' was 'appening. It was a Russian, they say.

SEWARD: Oh?

MARGARET: Yes, sir. They were all a 'twitter 'bout it down by the east pier. Sailed from Varna, called the Demeter.

SEWARD: Varna? The Black Sea port?

MARGARET: Yes, sir. And look. (*Dramatically reading and pointing to the newspaper passage.*) "A shudder ran through all who saw, for lashed to the helm was a corpse, with drooping head, which swung horribly to and fro at each motion of the ship. His throat had been ripped open as if ravaged by some wild animal."

SEWARD: Good heavens! Where were the other passengers?

MARGARET: None to be 'ad, sir. The ship found the 'arbor unsteered save by the 'and of a dead man.

SEWARD: And no one else on board?

MARGARET: No, sir. (*Points to another section of the paper.*) It says right 'ere the only livin' thing on board was an immense dog which ol' Mr. Swales reported—the cemetery keeper, y'know—jumpin' from the bow onto the sand the very instant the shore was touched.

SEWARD: But what was the ship's destination? What was she carrying?

MARGARET: Nothin' at all, sir, save a few boxes of earth scattered up on shore.

SEWARD: Earth?

MARGARET: Yes, sir. Dirt.

SEWARD: How remarkable. Thank you, Margaret. That will be all.

MARGARET: Yes, sir. Good evenin', then. (*Starts to leave, but returns.*) Oh, Dr. Seward, if you don't mind my askin', how is Miss Lucy gettin' on?

SEWARD: Not very well, I'm afraid, Margaret. Her mother's death has considerably weakened her.

MARGARET: Oh, sir.

SEWARD: And then there's the somnambulism. Curiously, her mother, too, was prone to sleepwalking.

MARGARET: P'haps some fresh air, sir?

SEWARD: I'm afraid she's in no condition to get out and about, Margaret. Her strength has faded daily over the past week. We need first to get the blood back in her cheeks.

MARGARET: Yes, sir. Good evenin', sir.

SEWARD: Good evening, Margaret.

(Margaret goes to exit and returns again.)

MARGARET: Oh, and, sir, you will be certain to give the letter to Miss Mina.

SEWARD: That I will, Margaret.

MARGARET: Good evenin', then, sir. *(She turns to leave and nearly runs into Mina Murray entering from the hallway.)* Oh! Beggin' your pardon, Miss Mina.

MINA: Hello, Margaret.

MARGARET: I was just tellin' the Doctor to make certain—

SEWARD: *(Exasperated.)* That will be all, Margaret.

MARGARET: Oh! Yes, sir. Good evenin', then. *(To Mina.)* Miss. *(Exits.)*

MINA: Any news, Jack?

SEWARD: Very little change, I'm afraid. She's been sleeping off and on for the entire day. I haven't been able to get much out of her.

MINA: Understandably, what with her sleepwalking.

SEWARD: I'm afraid, Mina. She looks worse today than ever I've seen her. I gaze down upon her as she sleeps, and she looks so sweet, but she is paler than is her wont, and there is a drawn, haggard look under her eyes which I do not like. I fear she is fretting about something. I wish I could find out what it is.

MINA: May I see her?

SEWARD: Of course.

(Seward begins to usher Mina into Lucy's room. Mina stops him.)

MINA: Please, Jack. Let me go in alone.

(Seward nods. After Mina leaves, he goes to his bookshelves and pulls down a couple of volumes. He takes them to his desk and begins to look through them. Lights cross fade from the study to Lucy's room, into which Mina has entered and sat down, waiting quietly for Lucy to awaken. After a few moments, she does.)

LUCY: *(Weakly.)* Mina.

MINA: I'm here, Lucy.

(Lucy holds out her hand.)

LUCY: Stay with me, Mina.

(Mina takes her hand.)

MINA: Of course, darling. There's no need to talk if you don't feel like it. Jack says you've been sleeping most of the day.

LUCY: Poor Jack. I fear I've disappointed him greatly.

MINA: Don't worry about that, Lucy.

LUCY: He was very cool outwardly, but I think he was nervous all the same. He spoke to me very straightforwardly. He told me how dear I was to him, though he had known me so little, and what his life would be with me to help and cheer him. I started to cry, and he said that he was a brute and would not add to my present trouble. Could I love him in time, he asked. I shook my head, and his hands trembled. And then, Mina, I felt a sort of duty to tell him about Arthur. He stood up and took both my hands in his and said he hoped I would be happy, and that if I ever wanted a friend I must count him one of the best. Oh, Mina dear, I can't help but cry.

MINA: There, there, Lucy. You must try not to worry. Arthur is due any moment. As soon as he arrives, I'll send him in to see you.

LUCY: Dear Mina. You are so good to me. Were it not for the prospect of living my life with Arthur, I'm afraid I might never recover at all. (*Mina smiles sadly.*) He makes me so very happy. I don't know what I have done to deserve him. I must only try to show that I am not ungrateful to God for all his goodness to me in sending me such a one as him. (*Noticing Mina.*) Why, Mina, now I've made you cry. (*Pause.*) It's Jonathan, isn't it? (*No response.*) Still no word?

MINA: He promised to write every day. The last I heard from him was 12 weeks ago when he arrived in Bistritz. Oh, Lucy, I'm ever so worried that something terrible has happened to the dear boy. The suspense is becoming unbearable.

LUCY: And here I've been going on so about Jack and Arthur. How insensitive of me. Oh, Mina.

MINA: (*Changing the subject.*) Lucy, do you recall my coming into your room last night?

LUCY: Last night?

MINA: (*Nodding.*) You weren't here. The windows were open and the curtains fluttering. Oh, Lucy, you were sleepwalking again. Do you remember?

LUCY: Tell me.

MINA: For some reason, the past few nights, I've had some difficulty getting to sleep. I must have finally drifted off, but all of a sudden, I sat upright, shortly after one. I had a horrible sense of fear and a feeling of great desolation around me. I came then into your room and found your bed empty.

LUCY: Empty! Where was I, then?

MINA: I didn't know. I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting room. Not there. Then I looked in all the other open rooms in the house. Finally, I came to the hall door and found it open.

LUCY: Oh, Mina, what is happening to me?

MINA: I ran along the path above the east pier leading to the church cemetery. I didn't know where to look, Lucy. I

suppose force of habit carried me along the east cliff in hopes of finding you at our favorite sitting place overlooking the harbor. *(Pause.)* Oh, Lucy.

LUCY: Go on, Mina. Please.

(As Mina continues with her story, we see it enacted through the scrim above the French window. The Vampires 1, 2 portray Lucy and Mina. They join with Dracula to act out the scene as Mina describes it. Eerie music in.)

MINA: When I came into view of the bench, the moon drifted out from behind a cloud, illuminating the churchyard. At that very moment, I saw a half-reclining figure, snowy-white, and another figure—dark—standing behind the seated figure, and bent over it. What it was I could not tell, for a cloud had covered up the moon again, but I did not wait to catch another glance. By the time I arrived at the seat, you were quite alone.

LUCY: It was I?

MINA: Yes, dear, it was you. The only sign of any other living thing about was a large dog circulating among the tombstones seeking shelter. You were breathing heavily, as though striving to get your lungs full at every breath. I dreaded lest you get some deadly chill, so I fastened a shawl at your throat and shook you forcibly till you awoke.

(The scrim scene now fades out. Eerie music out.)

LUCY: How dreadful! What does it all mean, Lucy?

MINA: I don't know, my dear.

LUCY: Mina, you must promise me something.

MINA: Of course.

LUCY: You must never mention a word of this to anyone—
Jack, Arthur, Jonathan—anyone.

MINA: Lucy, I—

LUCY: Promise me, Mina.

(Pause.)

MINA: Very well, Lucy. I promise.

LUCY: Thank you. Would you stay with me awhile longer? I am so tired.

MINA: Yes, dear. Rest now.

(Lights dim in Lucy's room and fade in on the study. Mr. Thompson, an orderly, enters.)

THOMPSON: Excuse me, Dr. Seward.

SEWARD: Yes, Mr. Thompson. What is it?

THOMPSON: It's Renfield, sir. He's escaped.

(Seward rises.)

SEWARD: Escaped! Good heavens! How is that possible?

THOMPSON: I don't quite know, sir. His cell was locked, but he was nowhere within.

SEWARD: Have you checked the grounds?

THOMPSON: Nearly all, sir. We're in the process. I thought I should let you know as quickly as possible.

SEWARD: Indeed. Mr. Renfield is potentially a most dangerous specimen.

(At this moment, Renfield appears in the archway. He is dressed in dingy pajamas, and his hair is disheveled. Indeed, his entire appearance suggests a certain wildness.)

RENFIELD: You flatter me, Dr. Seward.

THOMPSON: Renfield!

RENFIELD: Ah, there you are, Mr. Thompson. I've been looking everywhere for you. You are employed here, you know, to be of some service.

SEWARD: That will be all, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON: Yes, sir.

(Thompson exits with a disdainful look at Renfield, who responds by smiling sweetly and waving his fingers goodbye to Thompson.)

SEWARD: Well, now, Mr. Renfield. Will you take a seat, please?

RENFIELD: Oh, by all means, Doctor. *(Sarcastic.)* You know how terribly fond I am of sitting.

SEWARD: Tell me, then, for what reason did you leave your cell?

RENFIELD: The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

(Pause.)

SEWARD: Mr. Thompson tells me that you've been frightening some of the other patients with your vocal outbursts.

RENFIELD: Mr. Thompson is a fool – ignorant of his own life and of all the life about him.

SEWARD: Ah, yes. You seem infatuated with various life forms, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD: As do you, Dr. Seward.

SEWARD: Flies...spiders –

RENFIELD: "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.

SEWARD: And how do you manage to obtain these flies, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: They are sent to me, Dr. Seward.

SEWARD: Sent to you? By whom?

RENFIELD: Doctor, won't you be very good to me and let me have a little more sugar? I think it would be good for me.

SEWARD: And the flies?

RENFIELD: Yes! The flies like it, too, and I like the flies; therefore, I like it.

SEWARD: Why do you like flies, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: (*Chuckling.*) Forgive me, Doctor. I forget how ignorant you men of science can sometimes be. The wings of a fly, my dear sir, are typical of the aerial powers of the psychic faculties. The ancients did well when they typified the soul as a butterfly.

SEWARD: Oh, it is souls you are after now, is it?

(*Pause.*)

RENFIELD: Souls? What good to me are souls? (*Rises, walks nervously away from Seward.*) I want no souls. Life! Life is all I want!

SEWARD: The life of flies? Whatever for?

(*Renfield turns to face Seward.*)

RENFIELD: (*Calmly.*) I consume them. I eat them. (*Seeing Seward's disgust.*) Oh, but they are good. Very good and very wholesome. They are life, strong life, and they give life to me!

SEWARD: And the spiders?

RENFIELD: The spiders? The spiders eat the flies. Nice, fat spiders. Nice, fat flies.

(*Seward rises.*)

SEWARD: Mr. Renfield, I'm afraid I must insist that you stop this practice at once.

RENFIELD: Oh, but Dr. Seward, I have no choice but to continue.

SEWARD: No choice?

RENFIELD: (*Stares at him.*) Dr. Seward, I must ask of you a favor. Yes, a very, very great favor.

SEWARD: What is it?

(Renfield is enraptured and falls to his knees, embracing Seward's legs.)

RENFIELD: A kitten! A nice little sleek playful kitten that I can play with, and teach, and feed—and feed—and feed! Oh, please, Dr. Seward, please...

SEWARD: Mr. Renfield, I'm afraid—

RENFIELD: Please, Dr. Seward. No one would refuse me a kitten, would they? Would they?

SEWARD: I'm afraid, Mr. Renfield, that will not be possible.

(Renfield rises.)

RENFIELD: *(Too calm.)* All right.

(Suddenly, Renfield lunges for a letter opener lying on Seward's desk. He attacks Seward, managing to slice him on his forearm before Seward gets a hold of Renfield's wrists.)

SEWARD: *(Screams.)* Thompson! Mr. Thompson!

(Mina rushes into the study. Renfield, seeing the blood, has dropped the letter opener and now goes for Seward's arm. Thompson momentarily enters from the hall and seeks to restrain Renfield.)

RENFIELD: *(Feverishly.)* The blood is the life! The blood is the life! The blood is the life!

(Renfield breaks away from Thompson and drops to the floor, licking the spilled blood of Seward and all the while continuing to mutter to himself.)

MINA: Jack! You're hurt!

SEWARD: It's nothing, Mina. Thompson, take Renfield back to his cell, and put a straitjacket on him.

THOMPSON: Yes, sir.

MINA: Just a moment. *(Goes to Renfield, kneeling down by him on the floor.)* Mr. Renfield? *(Renfield snaps out of his anxiety and turns to face her.)* Mr. Renfield, I'm Mina Murray. *(Renfield simply stares at her.)* It's time to go back to your cell now.

RENFIELD: It's time to go back.

MINA: Yes. Shall we go now?

(Renfield allows himself to be escorted out by Thompson. In the archway, he stops and turns.)

RENFIELD: Mina Murray. You're not the lady the Doctor wanted to marry, are you?

MINA: No.

(Renfield approaches her.)

RENFIELD: 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. *(Long pause.)* Mina Murray, you must leave this place.

MINA: Leave?

RENFIELD: You must leave this place, today. At once. *(A bat flutters against the window. Panic-stricken, Renfield runs to it.)*

No, master, no! I wasn't going to say anything! I wasn't going to tell! I am here to do your bidding, master!

SEWARD: *(Motioning to Thompson.)* Mr. Thompson.

(Thompson approaches Renfield and restrains him, trying to lead him off.)

RENFIELD: *(Still in the direction of the bat.)* I am your slave, and you will reward me, for I shall be faithful. I have worshiped you long and afar! I shall be patient, master! *(To Seward and Mina.)* Prepare ye the way for the master! The time is coming! The time is at hand! Prepare ye the way!

(Renfield and Thompson exit. Seward sits at his desk chair. Mina attends to his wrist.)

MINA: The poor man.

SEWARD: Yes. We have rather a lot of poor men these days, don't we?

MINA: I'm so fearful for Lucy. Can nothing be done?

SEWARD: Much has been done, Mina.

MINA: Of course. I'm sorry. It's just that Lucy herself cannot even remember... *(She stops short, recalling her promise to Lucy.)*

SEWARD: Remember what, Mina?

MINA: Nothing, Jack. *(Mina has finished dressing his arm and now grasps his hands in hers.)* We must remain strong, mustn't we?

SEWARD: Dear Mina. Oh! I nearly forgot. Margaret brought you a letter.

MINA: Jonathan! *(Snatching the letter, she tears it open in great haste.)*

SEWARD: It's postmarked from Budapest.

MINA: Budapest! *(Reading as she speaks.)* It's from a Sister Agatha...from a hospital...Saint Joseph and Mary. Oh, Jack! The dear boy has been ill; that is why he did not write! *(Reading from the letter.)* "...Progressing well...under our care for nearly six weeks...suffering from a violent brain fever. He has had some fearful shock, and in his delirium, his ravings have been dreadful...of wolves and poison and blood...of ghosts and demons...and I fear to say of what." *(She glances at Seward. Reads from letter.)* "...Has told me all about you, and that you are shortly to be his wife. All blessings to you both! Will require some four weeks' rest... Will return to London early morning on August..." Jack, it's tomorrow morning! "...Wishes me to convey his love. Be careful with him always that there may be nothing to excite him of this kind for a long time to come." I must go to him at once!

(At this moment, Margaret enters, announcing the arrival of Arthur Holmwood.)

MARGARET: Mr. Arthur Holmwood.

(Arthur Holmwood enters. Margaret exits. Mina embraces Arthur.)

MINA: Arthur. How good to see you again.

ARTHUR: Mina. *(Shakes hands with Seward.)* Jack, how is she? May I see her?

SEWARD: No better, I'm afraid. She's resting now, Arthur. Better wait awhile. She had a difficult night.

MINA: Forgive me, Arthur. I was just on my way out to go and meet Jonathan.

ARTHUR: You've heard from him then?

MINA: Just this morning. He's due to arrive in London in a matter of hours.

(Arthur embraces her.)

ARTHUR: Oh, Mina. To finally have him home again after being so long in that god-forsaken Transylvania.

(Unnoticed, Dracula has appeared in the archway.)

DRACULA: I can assure you, sir, my homeland has never been forsaken. *(All turn to look at him. Eerie music in.)* Good evening. I am Count Dracula.

ARTHUR: Excuse me, Count. I merely meant—

DRACULA: But forgive my intrusion. I did not intend to startle you. I am interrupting a consultation, perhaps?

SEWARD: Not at all, Count. It is a pleasure to meet you. We simply didn't hear you enter.

DRACULA: No one responded to my call...the door was ajar.

SEWARD: Of course. Welcome, and welcome to our country.

DRACULA: Thank you. Forgive the delay in my visitation.

Carfax Abbey demands much of my time. There is so much work to be done.

SEWARD: Yes, I expect so, given its age and state of disrepair.

DRACULA: I am glad that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. One's home cannot be made habitable in a day; after all, how few days go to make up a century?

SEWARD: Yes. Well...Count Dracula, allow me to introduce Arthur Holmwood.

(Arthur extends his hand, which Dracula does not take.)

ARTHUR: How do you do, Count?

DRACULA: I do quite nicely, Mr. Holmwood, thank you.

You are an engaged man, are you not?

ARTHUR: That I am, Count. But how did you know?

DRACULA: Mr. Harker, your friend and my solicitor, spoke quite fondly of you and your lovely bride. Miss Westenra is better, I trust?

ARTHUR: Actually, no. In fact, she has recently taken a turn for the worse.

DRACULA: Pity. The waning of the human body is such a lamentable affair. The gradual loss of color from the cheek, the draining away of the blood...

(In the adjoining room, Lucy stirs. Pause.)

SEWARD: And no doubt you've heard mention of Miss Mina Murray?

(Dracula takes Mina's hand.)

DRACULA: That I have. *(To Mina.)* Mr. Harker spoke frequently of your graciousness and your unequalled beauty.

How pathetic are mere words, which fail us in the hour of our most urgent needs. *(He kisses her hand.)* You are very beautiful, Miss Murray. *(He stares at her for a few moments, during which it is apparent that Mina is drawn to him. Dracula turns back to Seward.)* But what of my friend, Mr. Harker? Is he not here as well?

SEWARD: *(Awkwardly.)* He was...detained, Count.

DRACULA: Detained?

SEWARD: Just this evening we received word that Jonathan has been convalescing for some time in a sanitarium in Budapest.

DRACULA: How unfortunate. I remember him as being remarkably healthy. He must have taken ill after leaving my castle. *(To Mina.)* Surely you have been receiving his correspondence?

MINA: Not a word for 12 weeks.

DRACULA: What a strain it must have placed on you, Miss Murray. All this time not knowing if he were alive...or dead.

MINA: I was on my way to meet him when you arrived.

DRACULA: Then, Miss Murray, do not allow my simple visit to come between you and your loved one. Perhaps when you return, you shall accept an invitation to return my visit and dine with me at Carfax? *(Pause. Mina is speechless.)* With Mr. Harker, of course. I shall so much enjoy seeing my friend again. Good evening, Miss Murray. *(He kisses her hand again before acknowledging the others.)* Gentlemen.

(Dracula exits. Eerie music out. Pause.)

ARTHUR: *(To Seward.)* He's your neighbor?

(Lucy arises from the bed and walks weakly to the doorway leading to the study.)

SEWARD: Yes. Apparently he's the nobleman to whom Jonathan sold the Carfax estate. And from what he's said, he plans to live there as well.

ARTHUR: Good heavens!

SEWARD: Yes. Dreary place. Uninhabitable, I should think. However—

(Arthur sees Lucy.)

ARTHUR: Lucy!

LUCY: Arthur, how good it is to see you again. I awoke just a few minutes ago strangely rejuvenated. I don't know why. Perhaps due simply to the presence of the one I love.

ARTHUR: Oh, Lucy, how I've worried about you...how we all have.

MINA: Lucy, dear, news has finally come of Jonathan. I'm to meet him later this evening in London.

LUCY: Oh, Mina, how wonderful!

(Lucy embraces Mina.)

MINA: Get well, my dear. We shall return in a couple of days and will want to see you all better.

LUCY: Goodbye, dear Mina. Remember our promise.

MINA: I will.

SEWARD: Thompson will draw the carriage. *(Embraces Mina.)* Be safe, my dear. Bring him home.

(Mina hugs everyone as she leaves.)

MINA: Goodbye, Jack. Arthur, take care of her. My dearest Lucy, how glad I am you're feeling better. Look at the color come into your cheeks. And me on my way to meet Jonathan! I'm so very happy! Goodbye! *(Exits.)*

LUCY: Arthur, forgive me. With all the excitement, I'm feeling quite overcome.

ARTHUR: Of course, Lucy.

SEWARD: We must be careful not to overexcite you, Lucy. A good night's rest will secure your energy for tomorrow.

ARTHUR: And we can talk all the day and perhaps even take a little outing, hmmm, Jack?

SEWARD: Perhaps so.

LUCY: Goodbye then, Jack. *(To Arthur.)* My dear.

(She kisses Arthur and goes back to her room.)

ARTHUR: Oh, Jack, how good it does me to see her on her feet again.

SEWARD: Yes. But we must take care, Arthur, not to raise our hopes too high.

ARTHUR: What do you mean?

SEWARD: Lucy is very ill, Arthur. I'm most concerned. And I cannot discover the cause of her malady.

ARTHUR: What are we then to do? Can we afford to sit helplessly by and merely wait?

SEWARD: No. Several days ago, I contacted an old friend of mine, a professor Van Helsing, from Amsterdam. I was a student of his many years ago. Professor Van Helsing specializes in obscure diseases.

ARTHUR: Obscure diseases! You mean you think —

SEWARD: I don't know what to think, Arthur. I only know that Lucy's illness of the past week has completely baffled me.

ARTHUR: Oh, Jack.

SEWARD: Professor Van Helsing is due to arrive any day now. As for us, my friend, may we, too, get a good night's rest. *(Arthur looks in the direction of Lucy's room.)* She'll be fine. We'll check on her first thing in the morning.

ARTHUR: Thank you, Jack.

(Eerie music as the two exit through the archway. Lights fade in the study. Lucy stirs in the adjoining room. Fog rolls in under the

French doors. An image of Dracula appears on the scrim above. Sensing his presence, Lucy throws back the covers and swings her legs around to the side of the bed. Slowly, the doors open. Lucy calmly walks toward them as the lights fade and music swells. Blackout.)

Scene 2

The Professor's Arrival

(AT RISE: The next morning. Seward is once again seated at his desk, speaking into his recorder.)

SEWARD: And what with the events of last evening, I am quite surprised at having been able to get any sleep at all. Less than half an hour ago, word came that Renfield has escaped yet again. This in a straitjacket! He seems to have turned his mind now to birds and has apparently managed to tame a small number of them. Indeed, two nights ago, Mr. Thompson reported that Mr. Renfield, in the middle of the night, was quite ill and had disgorged a number of feathers. I have invented a new classification for him: a zoophagous maniac, meaning "life-eating." My theory about this homicidal lunatic is materializing before my eyes; he attempts to absorb as many lives as he possibly can, thereby prolonging his own. Witness his request of yesterday for a kitten. More later.

(Margaret enters, escorting Professor Abraham Van Helsing. He carries a medical bag.)

MARGARET: Professor Van Helsing.

(Seward rises to greet him.)

SEWARD: Abraham!

HELSING: Greetings, Jack.

SEWARD: You don't know how relieved I am to see you. *(To Margaret.)* Summon Mr. Holmwood, Margaret.

MARGARET: Of course, sir. *(Exits.)*

HELSING: When I received your cable, I was worried by your words. By good fortune, I was able to leave at once.

SEWARD: I am so grateful to you.

HELSING: But to our business. Can you take me now to young Lucy?

SEWARD: *(Motioning to the bedroom.)* Of course. I had her moved in here a few days ago, so I could keep a closer watch on her.

(Arthur enters.)

ARTHUR: Jack!

SEWARD: Oh, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Have you seen her yet this morning?

SEWARD: We were just on our way in. Arthur, this is Professor Van Helsing, my friend from Amsterdam I told you about.

ARTHUR: Of course. *(Shaking Van Helsing's hand.)* We are indebted, Professor.

SEWARD: Arthur Holmwood, Lucy's fiancé.

HELSING: Good. Come.

(Lights fade in as the three of them enter Lucy's room. They are shocked to discover Lucy on her back and straddled across the bed, her head hanging over the side. She is breathing abnormally heavily. They quickly gather round and shift Lucy into a more natural position.)

ARTHUR: Lucy!

HELSING: *Gott in himmel!*

SEWARD: Lucy! Lucy, wake up!

(Lucy awakens and impulsively grabs Arthur.)

LUCY: Arthur!

ARTHUR: It's all right, Lucy. I'm here now.

LUCY: Oh, Arthur. I've had such a horrible dream.

SEWARD: Yet again?

HELSING: *(To Seward.)* A reoccurrence, hmmm?

ARTHUR: Lucy, this is Professor Van Helsing from Amsterdam. He's come to help you.

HELSING: My dear young miss, I have the so great pleasure because you are so much beloved. They told me you were down in the spirit and that you were of a ghastly pale. To them I say, pah! But you and I shall show them how wrong they are, hmmm, Miss Lucy? *(Lucy smiles in return; she likes him.)* You know, the young do not tell themselves to the young, but to the old, like me, who have known so many sorrows and the causes of them, hmmm? So, my dear, we will send them away while you and I have a little talk all to ourselves.

ARTHUR: Professor, I—

LUCY: It's all right, Arthur. I should like to visit with the professor.

(Seward leads Arthur into the study, where the lights dim. Throughout the ensuing examination, Van Helsing is very personable toward Lucy. He registers little reaction to anything she says or anything he sees in his exam. He begins with measuring her heartbeat.)

HELSING: *(Listening to her heart.)* Is good heart, Miss Lucy. Very good. *(Continuing the exam by checking her eyes and ears.)* You do not sleep well in the nights?

LUCY: Oh, no, Professor. I have the most awful nightmares.
HELSING: Tell me.

(The exam is temporarily halted during the following speech.)

LUCY: They're all quite similar, really. At least from what I can remember afterward. *(Pause.)* At the beginning, I hear the howling of a wild dog—a wolf perhaps—alone and faraway. Very soft, at first—barely audible, almost melancholy. And then it grows in intensity and becomes ever closer, and I wonder why no one else can hear it as well. Then, a vague memory—something very sweet and very bitter around me at once. And I begin to sink into deep green water, and there is a singing in my ears as I have heard there is to drowning men. Everything passes away from me, and my soul seems to go out of my body and float about in the air. *(Pause.)* Oh, Professor, I'm so frightened. And then, two nights ago, I went sleepwalking again.

HELSING: Sleepwalking?

LUCY: I used to do it as a little girl, growing up in Whitby. My mother did it as well. It seems so long ago. Oh, Professor, what does it all mean? Can you help me?

HELSING: Yes, Miss Lucy. I can help you. But...you must do exactly as I say, hmmm?

LUCY: Yes, Professor.

HELSING: Now, will you allow me to please examine your mouth and teeth?

LUCY: *(Taken aback.)* Of course.

(Helsing examines her mouth and teeth.)

HELSING: Mmm-hmm Good. Yes. Very good, Miss Lucy. My examination is now complete. Not so bad, hmmm?

LUCY: Thank you, Professor.

HELISING: And now you must rest, Miss Lucy. Rest and more rest, hmmm? *(Lucy smiles.)* Tell me, why do you wear this scarf about your neck? May I take it off?

(He does so without waiting for a response. He immediately notices two small holes in Lucy's neck.)

LUCY: They're from a pinprick when Mina attached a shawl about my neck to help me from catching a chill in the cemetery.

HELISING: Ah...of course. Well... *(He rises.)* ...rest now. *(He makes for the doorway.)* And no more nightmares, hmmm?

LUCY: I'll try, Professor. Thank you.

(With a wave of his hand, he exits into the study, where Arthur and Seward approach him expectantly. Lucy, in the other room, picks up a mirror and examines her mouth and teeth. She then replaces the scarf around her neck. The lights cross fade from the bedroom to the study.)

ARTHUR: Well?

SEWARD: Professor?

HELISING: *Mein gott!* She is bad...very bad. I have made careful examination, but there is no functional cause. There has been much blood lost. But her conditions are in no way anemic.

ARTHUR: Professor, is there nothing we can do?

HELISING: Ah, you are the lover of our dear miss. You are to help her. You can do more than any who live, and your courage is your best help.

ARTHUR: What can I do? Tell me, and I shall do it. My life is hers, and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her.

HELISING: My young sir, I do not ask so much as that...not the last.

ARTHUR: What shall I do?

HELSING: You are a young man, and it is a young man we want. You are better than me, better than my friend, Jack. Young miss is bad. She wants blood, and blood she must have. We must perform what we call transfusion of blood – to transfer from full veins of one to the empty veins of another.

ARTHUR: What are we waiting for? Let us perform this transfusion at once.

HELSING: Miss Lucy is not now strong enough to receive the blood. We must hope for tomorrow. My friend, Jack, and I will prepare the necessary instruments this evening. And tomorrow morning, if you are willing...

ARTHUR: If you only knew how gladly I would die for her, you would understand.

HELSING: Good boy! In the not-so-far-off you will be happy that you have done all for her you love.

(Mr. Thompson appears in the arch, escorting Renfield, who is quite disheveled and bound in a straitjacket.)

THOMPSON: Dr. Seward.

SEWARD: Renfield! *(To Thompson.)* Where did you locate him?

THOMPSON: On the grounds at Carfax, sir, sitting in a large tree. His jacket was torn and lying on the ground, and he seemed to be in pursuit of a bird's nest rather high up.

SEWARD: Carfax! Whatever were you doing at Carfax, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: I don't want to talk to you. You don't count now; the master is at hand.

HELSING: Will you talk to me then, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: *(Staring blankly at Van Helsing.)* Fee, fie, fo, fum. I smell the blood of a foreign man.

HELSING: I am Abraham Van Helsing, from Amsterdam.

RENFIELD: *(Overly congenial.)* The doctor's friend! What educated Englishman has failed to hear of your prolific

accomplishments? Your investigations and research into certain obscure diseases have earned you the highest respect of your peers as well as a position that posterity will recognize for all eternity.

HELSING: You flatter me, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD: Not at all, Professor Van Helsing.

SEWARD: Come now, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD: By the way, Professor, you must forgive my attire. I am bound by the confines of mortal ignorance. They think I could hurt you. Fancy me hurting you!

SEWARD: Really, Mr. Renfield, you must return now to your cell. (*Motioning.*) Mr. Thompson?

(*Thompson takes hold of Renfield.*)

THOMPSON: Yes, sir.

RENFIELD: I do not wish to return to my cell, Dr. Seward.

THOMPSON: (*To Renfield.*) Come along, now.

RENFIELD: (*Screams.*) I do not wish to return to my cell!

THOMPSON: That'll be enough, man.

(*Renfield struggles with Thompson.*)

RENFIELD: Dr. Seward, kindly command this oaf to release me.

SEWARD: Mr. Thompson.

RENFIELD: (*Tense.*) I fear, Dr. Seward, that you barely apprehend my wish. I desire to leave this place at once. Here. Now. This very hour. This very moment, if I may.

SEWARD: For what reason, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: I am not at liberty to give you the whole of my reasons, but you may be assured that that they are good ones, sound and unselfish, and spring from the highest sense of duty. I implore you, not only on personal grounds, but also for the sake of others. Could you look, sir, into my heart, you would approve to the full the sentiments which

animate me. Nay, more, you would count me amongst the best and truest of your friends.

SEWARD: Really, Mr. Renfield, it is hardly possible for me to consider your release from the asylum at this time.

RENFIELD: (*Striving to maintain rationality.*) Then I appeal to your friends. Perhaps they will not mind sitting in judgment on my case.

HELSING: Mr. Renfield, can you not tell frankly your real reason for wishing to be free tonight? I will undertake that if you will satisfy even me—a stranger, without prejudice and with the habit of keeping an open mind—Dr. Seward will consider at his own risk and on his own responsibility, the privilege you seek.

RENFIELD: (*Beginning to lose his composure.*) It is beyond my control. I am not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me.

(*Pause.*)

SEWARD: (*Motioning to Thompson.*) Mr. Thompson.

(*Before Thompson can apprehend him, Renfield falls to his knees, imploring Seward. Renfield is hysterical, weeping openly.*)

RENFIELD: Let me entreat you, Dr. Seward. Oh, let me implore you to let me out of this house at once. Send me away how you will and where you will, but let me go out of this place. You don't know what you do by keeping me here. I am speaking from the depths of my heart—of my very being. Can you not see that I am no lunatic in a mad fit, but a sane man fighting for his soul? Oh, hear me! Hear me, and let me go! Let me go, let me go!

(*Seward places his hand on Renfield's head.*)

SEWARD: I'm sorry, Mr. Renfield. *(As Thompson leads a broken Renfield away, Renfield suddenly breaks free and lunges violently for the window. He is finally subdued by the combined strength of Thompson, Arthur, and Seward. To Thompson.)* Remain posted outside his cell until further notice.

(Thompson leads Renfield off. They exit.)

ARTHUR: A most pathetic individual.

SEWARD: Pathetic and unnerving as well.

HELSING: I should like, Jack, to speak further with Mr. Renfield at a later hour. His words give me cause to think. But now, gentlemen, we must prepare for the transfusion soon to come. You must be rested well, the both of you. *(Ushering them out.)* Go. Go now. Some last business for me and I will be along. *(Standing outside the archway to ensure their leaving, Van Helsing then turns to his medical bag. He opens it and takes out two garlic wreaths and a small velvet bag. As he enters Lucy's room, lights dim slowly in the study. Van Helsing first places a garlic wreath around Lucy's neck. He then crosses to the French windows, shuts and locks them, and pulls the curtains closed. He presses a raw garlic plant all around the window. Then, he takes a second garlic wreath and drapes it over the door separating the bedroom from the study. His final act is to sprinkle wolfsbane from the small velvet bag over Lucy's body. He then returns to his medical bag, leaving Lucy's room. Dracula appears in front of the window upstage of the desk. Eerie music. At the moment, Van Helsing, is unaware of the Count's presence, rummages in his bag before locating a small book. He begins to sense Dracula's presence, rising slowly without turning to face him.)* Nosferatu.

DRACULA: The same.

(Van Helsing turns to face Dracula.)

HELSING: After so many years, we meet again.

DRACULA: Has it been so long? Ah, but I forget once again the brevity of your earthly living. (*Crossing in the direction of Lucy's room. Van Helsing counters by moving toward the desk, book in hand.*) Tell me, how is our patient doing?

HELSING: The diagnosis presents many challenges.

DRACULA: Indeed? As I recall, Professor Van Helsing, you respond quite well to such challenges.

HELSING: You flatter me, Count.

DRACULA: Not at all. You are most wise, Professor, for one who has not lived even a single lifetime. (*He looks toward Lucy's room, as if he were going to enter. Van Helsing opens his prayer book.*) But now, as for our patient—

HELSING: (*Recites.*) *Credo in unum deum, patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilom omnium et invisibilium...*

DRACULA: Sacrilege! (*Dracula turns on Van Helsing, livid with rage. Dracula extends one arm and causes Van Helsing's book to burst into flames [or he violently flings the book out of Van Helsing's hands].*) In the past 400 years, Professor, many have crossed my path. Many, also, have died—and some not pleasantly. (*Dracula turns his arm over so the palm of his hand faces up.*) Come to me. (*Though he struggles mightily, Van Helsing cannot avoid being "pulled" in the direction of Dracula. When he is quite close to him, Van Helsing pulls from his suit coat a small metal tin. He opens it and thrusts it toward Dracula, who instantly recoils, shrieking.*) Idolater!

HELSING: I have a special dispensation.

(*At this moment, Margaret enters with a tea tray for Lucy.*)

MARGARET: I've brought the tea for Miss Lucy—

(*Margaret screams and drops the tea tray and its contents. Dracula seizes the opportunity by causing Margaret to be hurled against Van Helsing. Dracula then rushes to the window and stands atop the window seat.*)

DRACULA: Despite your wisdom, Professor, the years have not made you any less the mortal. You were a fool then; you remain a fool now.

(A light is seen glowing on the front of Dracula's chest. A fireball [optional] just downstage of the window bursts into flame as he lunges through the window, leaving Van Helsing and Margaret sprawled on the floor.)

MARGARET: *(Makes the sign of the cross.)* God in heaven!

(Van Helsing recovers and calls offstage as he staggers through the archway.)

HELISING: Jack! Jack, Arthur! Come quickly!

(Margaret retrieves the spilled contents of the tea tray as best she can. She has a sudden thought.)

MARGARET: Miss Lucy!

(Margaret places the tea tray on the desk and goes into Lucy's room. She is immediately struck with the stench of the garlic, and she proceeds to remove the garlic wreaths both from the doorway and around Lucy's neck. She then goes to the window, and opens first the drapes, and then the window itself. Returning to the study, she nervously collects the tea tray from the desk, casting a glance in the direction of the window and making the sign of the cross before exiting. In Lucy's room, an eerie light glows. Fog rolls in. Lucy sits up slowly. Dracula appears outside her window.)

LUCY: I was afraid you would not come.

DRACULA: There is no more need for fear. I will be with you always.

LUCY: Help me. Help me to end the pain.

(Dracula enters.)

DRACULA: Now and forever. *(Removes her neck scarf.)* The time has come. I need your blood. *(Undoing his shirt.)* And you, Lucy, need mine.

(Dracula runs his fingernail diagonally across his bare chest, drawing blood. He pulls Lucy to his chest. Lights fade as eerie music swells and continues during scene change. Blackout.)

Scene 3

The Call to Mina

(AT RISE: Three days later, mid-afternoon. Seward is seated at his desk, speaking into his recorder.)

SEWARD: ...hadn't arrived in time. Thus, when Lucy awoke two mornings ago so ghastly pale, Professor Van Helsing immediately ordered what was to be the first of two transfusions. Despite receiving the blood not only of poor Arthur, but also of myself, Lucy was only able to recover temporarily, and even that, a rather pitiable resuscitation, the poor, dear girl. She is dead, stolen from us forever; may her soul rest in peace. Arthur, of course, was totally devastated, as were Mina and Jonathan upon their return. Mina, in particular, has had a most difficult time of it. Professor Van Helsing has been acting quite curious of late, reading and re-reading a small notebook, which Jonathan kept during his stay in Transylvania. I am growing weary of it all and wonder where it will end.

(Van Helsing and Arthur enter.)

HELSING: No, friend Arthur. You are a clever man; you reason well and your wit is bold, but you are too prejudiced. You do not let your eyes see nor your ears hear, and that which is outside your own life is of no account to you. Your grief for Miss Lucy's death has blinded you. *(To Seward.)* And you, friend Jack. Do you not think that there are things that you cannot understand, and yet which are. That some people see things that others cannot? It is the fault of our science that it wants to explain all, and if it explain not, then it says there is nothing to explain.

SEWARD: What is this all about, Professor?

(Pause.)

HELISING: My old friend, Jack, and my new friend, Arthur.

This is all about belief.

ARTHUR: Belief?

HELISING: I want you, both of you, to believe.

SEWARD: To believe what?

HELISING: To believe in things you cannot.

ARTHUR: What are you talking about?

HELISING: You have heard, have you not, of the stories from
Central Europe about vampires?

ARTHUR: Vampires?

SEWARD: Surely you don't believe in those medieval
superstitions?

HELISING: I do believe! Would that I had reason not to.
Remember, friend Jack, today's mythological superstitions
are tomorrow's scientific facts. (*His earnestness impresses
Arthur and Seward.*) There are such things as vampires.
Some of us have evidence that they exist. I admit, at first I
was a skeptic. But I have learned. Believe me, my friends, I
learned long ago. Nosferatu is known everywhere that men
have been. In old Greece, in ancient Rome. He flourished in
Germany, in France, in India, and in China—so far from us
in all ways, but he is here, and people fear him to this day.
The vampyr do not die like the bee when he stings once. He
only gets stronger. And more, he can even grow younger
when his special diet is plenty. But he cannot flourish
without it. He is amongst us, here...now.

ARTHUR: Mother of God!

SEWARD: Count Dracula?

HELISING: He's come to your country to expand his domain.
(*Seward and Arthur are thunderstruck.*) He eats not as others,
as Jonathan observed in Transylvania. He throws no
shadow; he makes in the mirror no reflection, as Jonathan

has written. And within his range, he can direct the elements: the fog, the thunder, the storm.

SEWARD: The Demeter.

ARTHUR: What?

SEWARD: The Russian schooner that sailed from the Baltic and crashed during the storm—it was called the Demeter.

HELSING: He can come in mist, which he creates, or on rays of moonlight as elemental dust. He can transform himself and command all evil—the fox, the bat, the wolf.

SEWARD: Professor, you lead us down your deductive path, the inevitable conclusion of which causes me to shudder. Are you quite sane?

HELSING: So sane, Jack, as your Mr. Renfield.

ARTHUR: Renfield?!

SEWARD: *(Realizing the implications.)* Good God!

HELSING: A year ago, which of us would have received such a possibility? Today, now, we are face to face with duty. To fail here is not mere life or death. It is that we become as him. To us forever are the gates of heaven shut, for who shall open them to us again?

(A few moments of somber silence ensue. Jonathan, Mina, and a young Girl enter.)

ARTHUR: Jonathan!

MINA: We interrupt?

SEWARD: Who is the girl?

MINA: Jonathan and I came across her in Hampstead Heath. She was lying under some foliage, barely conscious. *(To Van Helsing.)* Professor. *(Showing him the girl's neck.)* I wanted you to see her, to see this.

(Helsing examines the Girl.)

HELSING: *Mein gott!* So soon! So soon!

JONATHAN: Professor?

HELSING: (*Indicates Girl's neck.*) Jack, here. What do you make of this? (*Seward examines Girl's neck.*) Well?

SEWARD: The marks are like poor Lucy's.

HELSING: And what do you make of it?

SEWARD: Simply that there is some cause in common.

Whatever it was that injured Lucy has also injured this child.

HELSING: That is true indirectly, but not directly.

ARTHUR: How do you mean, Professor?

HELSING: (*To Girl.*) Tell me, my child, what were you doing in the park?

(*The Girl does not answer but looks questioningly at Mina.*)

MINA: It's all right. Tell the man what you told us.

(*Light, childlike, playful music.*)

GIRL: I wanted to see her.

HELSING: Who?

GIRL: The Bloofer Lady.

HELSING: The Bloofer Lady? Now tell me, why do you call her that?

GIRL: That's what my friends called her.

HELSING: Your friends have seen the Bloofer Lady as well?

GIRL: (*Nods.*) Timothy, and Martha, and Edward. She gave them sweets.

HELSING: Did she give sweets to you? (*Girl nods.*) And what else did she do? (*Silence.*) Did she say anything else?

GIRL: She said that she wanted to kiss me because she liked me very much.

HELSING: And did she? Did the Bloofer Lady kiss you? (*Girl nods.*) Where did she kiss you? (*Girl points to her neck.*) Did the Bloofer Lady also kiss your friends?

GIRL: Yes. And she gave us sweets.

HELSING: (*Reassuringly.*) Did she now? Tell me, child, what did the Bloofer Lady look like?

GIRL: She was very pretty. She was the prettiest lady I've ever seen. And she was dressed all in white, a beautiful white gown.

HELSING: Where are your friends now? Have they told anyone else about the Bloofer Lady?

GIRL: I don't know. I think they're frightened. I suppose they went back to Kensington.

HELSING: Kensington?

MINA: An orphanage, Professor.

HELSING: Of course.

GIRL: May I go now? I'm very sleepy.

HELSING: Yes. Certainly you may.

MINA: Come. I'll fix you some tea and cookies. Jack? May I put her in one of the spare rooms afterward?

SEWARD: Of course, Mina.

MINA: *(To Girl.)* We'll have some sweets of our own, shall we? And then we'll lie down for a rest.

GIRL: Will you lie down with me while I rest?

MINA: Of course I will. Come.

(Mina and Girl exit. Music out.)

HELSING: Friends, we can no longer afford to hide from the truth. Time! Time to act!

SEWARD: To act?

JONATHAN: What is it you would have us do?

HELSING: It is worse than I imagined. Far, far worse.

SEWARD: In God's name, Professor Van Helsing, what do you mean?

HELSING: Those marks on the little child's neck—they were made by Miss Lucy!

ARTHUR: God in heaven!

JONATHAN: Professor, what are you saying?

HELSING: Two days ago, we went into Miss Lucy's room and found her on the threshold of death. She was the weakest we ever saw her—ghostly pale, barely able to breathe or

utter even a single word. The windows were open, do you recall?

SEWARD: But what of that?

HELSING: Only just before, I closed and locked those windows and placed garlic wreaths over the doorway and around Miss Lucy's neck. On her sweet flesh, I then sprinkled the wolfsbane.

ARTHUR: Are you mad? Garlic? Wolfsbane?

HELSING: Later, the girl, Margaret, told me she had taken the garlic down and opened the windows to allow fresh air for poor Miss Lucy.

ARTHUR: And good for her, I say!

HELSING: It was but one more opportunity—the last, the fatal visit—made to Miss Lucy by Count Dracula.

JONATHAN: (*Agitated.*) Dracula?

(Through the scrim, we now see Dracula crawling headfirst to eavesdrop on the following conversation.)

HELSING: She has become like him.

ARTHUR: This is outrageous!

SEWARD: But Lucy is dead.

HELSING: No, not dead. Undead.

SEWARD: Professor, you have taught me much over the years, and for that I am now, and always will be, eternally grateful. But you tread on sacred ground. Lucy? Dear, dear Lucy...a vampire? The sweetest, kindest soul—

HELSING: Friend Jack, we cannot now shield our eyes from the glaring truth that stares us in the face.

ARTHUR: Why now? Why have you waited until now to tell us all this?

HELSING: Listen to all of you: disbelief, shock, incredulity. Imagine had I told you my suspicions when first I arrived. (*Pause.*) But now...a little child with her Bloofer Lady, patient Renfield with his spiders and flies, and, most sad of all, poor Miss Lucy deprived of heavenly peace.

ARTHUR: No! I won't hear of it!

(Seward notices a horrified look on Jonathan's face.)

SEWARD: Jonathan! What is it?

JONATHAN: *(With difficulty.)* In Transylvania...I...Count Dracula...

HELSING: Yes, your notebook has given indisputable proof. *(Jonathan gives him a look of inquiry.)* Miss Mina felt it best to share it with me.

JONATHAN: *(Weakly.)* Of course.

HELSING: My friends, there can be no doubt.

SEWARD: What do you want us to do?

HELSING: Come with me now to Miss Lucy's tomb. There, I will show the horror and tell what we must next do. In this enlightened age, when men believe not even when they see, the doubting of wise men would be his greatest strength.

(Dracula now scampers away. Scrim lights out.)

ARTHUR: Professor Van Helsing, if it be anything in which my honor as a gentleman or my faith as a Christian is concerned, I cannot accompany you. But if you can assure me that what you intend does not violate either of these two, then I give my consent at once.

HELSING: I accept your limitation. Thank you, Arthur.

JONATHAN: I have seen visions that give me cause to tremble. When Mina came, I made myself a promise to erase them from my mind, lest I lose my sanity and jeopardize our engagement. But I remember, and I cannot sleep at night.

(Van Helsing clasps Jonathan's hand. Van Helsing turns now to Seward, who is silent.)

HELISING: Friend Jack, I pity your poor bleeding heart, and I love you the more because it does so bleed. You have been my friend now many years, and yet did you ever know me to do anything without good cause? I may err; I am but man, but I believe in all I do. You, too, believe in me yet a little more. *(Seward takes Van Helsing's hand, as Jonathan and Arthur join them in a circle and clasp hands. They bow their heads for a few moments of silence.)* Come. Let us go.

(Van Helsing, Arthur, Jonathan, and Seward exit. After a few moments, Margaret enters to clear the tea tray and teacups. She is nearly finished, having assembled all the items on the tea tray on Seward's desk, when suddenly Renfield springs out from behind the curtains, where he has been hiding throughout the scene.)

RENFIELD: *(Wistfully calls.)* Maggie. *(True to form, Margaret screams wildly, upends the entire tray, and flees hysterically from the study. Renfield laughs to himself, walks to the center of the room, looks around a bit, and then impulsively leaps on top of the desk. He takes one of the teacups, sips from it, and proceeds with a fairly accurate imitation of Seward, speaking into his recorder.)* Doctor Jack A. Seward. Twenty-nine years of age. Caucasian male. *(Unnoticed by Renfield, Mina appears in the archway. She watches him in silence.)* Prone to periods of severe depression, characterized by alternating mood swings. Takes great pleasure in vicariously experiencing the plight of his patients, particularly one R. M. Renfield, that is to say, me.

MINA: *(Gently.)* Mr. Renfield?

(Renfield recovers instantly and rises.)

RENFIELD: What are you doing here?

MINA: I might ask the same of you.

RENFIELD: To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

(Mina stares at him.)

MINA: Yes, there's the rub. Dreams can be awful things, can they not, Mr. Renfield? *(He stares at her, wary.)* I've had a horrible dream myself of late. I'm all alone, lying on a hillside on which grow wild roses. Hundreds of wild roses. I see them moving gently in the moonlight, and then I begin to feel the life being drained away from me. Slowly.

(Renfield walks over to Mina, places his hands on her face, and kisses her. Though she does not return the kiss, she accepts it.)

RENFIELD: I am a man who had a strange belief. Indeed, it was no wonder that others about me were alarmed and insisted on my being put under control. I used to fancy that life was a positive and perpetual entity, and that by consuming a multitude of live things, no matter how low in the scale of creation, one might indefinitely prolong life.

MINA: And now? *(He stares at her.)* What about souls, Mr. Renfield?

RENFIELD: Souls?

MINA: You like life, and you want life, but how are we to get the life without the soul as well?

RENFIELD: *(Weakly.)* Why do you plague me about souls? I don't want souls. What good are they to me?

MINA: Mr. Renfield...

RENFIELD: *(To himself, numbly.)* It is all over. All over. He has deserted me. There is no hope for me now unless I do it for myself. *(To Mina.)* I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. *(He starts out, stops in the archway, and turns to face Mina.)* Goodbye, my dear. I pray God I may

never see your sweet face again. May he bless you and keep you.

(Renfield exits. Eerie music. Mina stands motionless a few moments. She is anxious, uncertain. She begins to pick up the dishes scattered by Margaret. Halfway through, she walks slowly to Lucy's room and enters. She crosses to the bed, staring at a wild rose on the pillow. With trembling hands, she picks it up. An image of Dracula appears on the scrim.)

DRACULA: *(Voice-over.)* Perhaps when you return, you shall accept an invitation to return my visit and dine with me at Carfax.

(The bookcase in the study slides open. Hearing it, Mina, as if in a trance, slowly exits Lucy's bedroom, crosses through the study, and disappears through the bookcase. Music swells. Lights fade to blackout. Intermission.)

[End of Freeview]