

Original 2014 Script

(before dramaturge edit by Ted Lo Russo)
(Edits included at rear)

Dracula: stage adaptation by Lou Bisignani
(Adaptations for Large cast)

Time: 1890; Spring

Characters: Innkeeper Bill Mecca
His wife Leba Lanton
Inn male customer Jeff Ginsberg
Jonathon Harker: mid twenties Casey Thomas
Count Dracula: ageless David Schulte
Female Vampires: One obviously the leader; two younger
Vamps: Lori Loughney, Leba Loughney, Kelly Ann Walsh, Deb Buck
Small child stolen by Dracula Wm. Zeranski
Mother of child stolen by Dracula Lisa Chokola
Mrs. Westenra: Mother to Lucy Pat. Purcel
Lucy Westenra: late teens or early twenties Laura Miceli
Mina Murray: Betrothed to Johnathon: twenties Joanne Ferbrache
Emily: maid to Mrs. Westenra Kelly Ann Walsh
Quincey Morris: late twenties; An American suitor to Lucy John Jacobs
Arthur Holmwood: Betrothed to Lucy Henry Hart
Asylum Matron Jane Foy
Inmate Percy Bill Mecca
Inmate man Jack Voorhess__
Mad women 1 inmate of Seward's asylum Leba Lanton___
Mad woman 2 inmate _Lori Loughney__
Mad woman 3 inmate Deb Buck
Scrubwoman for the asylum Lisa Chokola
Renfield: fifties Warren Cox
Dr. John Seward: Thirty; suitor to Lucy; head of asylum Dave Spitzer
Boles: assistant to Dr. Seward Jeff Ginsberg
Professor Van Helsing: Dutch mentor to Seward Bill Zeranski
Street in London: flower girl Gianna Kirchner
Man and woman Jack Voorhees and Jane Foy
Drunken Men Jeff Ginsberg and Bill Mecca
Prostitutes Deb Buck_ and_ Kelly Ann Walsh_
Gentleman Henry Hart
Pickpocket Wm. Zeranski
Girl victim of Lucy Gianna Kirchner

Act 1: Scene 1. A small Inn in Transylvania.

(Woman, several men are in the Inn; Woman's husband enters)

Hus: This young man. He says he must leave for the castle tonight. Did you not warn him of...

Woman: (puts a hand to his mouth) Silence! Do not speak the name!(crosses herself)
I warned him, of course. I told him what I could, but I do not say the accursed name of the fiend. Then... he is English. There is no dealing with them.

Man : The English are stupid...and arrogant! They think they own the world!
Let him learn...

Hus: (to man) And so you would let him go... to face the daemon?

Woman: This fool is right! He will not listen. But I will give him a blessed rosary. I pray that our Saviour will protect him. (crosses herself)

Man : (crosses himself)God can hear you, but God Himself can not save him from...

Woman: Hsst! He comes! And you...unbeliever! God is Supreme!

Harker: (enters with his portmanteau, everyone stops talking) Well, I'm off. My coach should be here shortly. According to the arrangements in the Count's letter I'll be taken to the Borgo Pass and another coach will take me to the Count's castle. I thank you for your hospitality, sir, and you as well, madame. Your dinner was much appreciated. The best I've had in my travels through your country. Please do not concern yourself with my safety. After all, I am armed (takes large pistol from his port- manteau and replaces it) and I have nothing to fear from even your renowned Transylvanian wolves.

Man: If you are wise you will stay on the coach to Bokavino!

Harker: I thank you for your concern, Sir. But I will change coaches at the Borgo Pass.

Man : You see?

Woman: (to Man) Enough! The gentleman has spoken! (turns to Harker) So you will go? Then, at the least, take this. (produces a rosary and places it around his neck) You must wear this! Do you hear me? And you must not take it off for any reason! You understand? You must swear on it! Swear!

Harker: Madame, calm yourself. If you wish, I will wear it. (pushes it under his shirt)
(Man crosses himself)

Hus: You must swear for her. It is little to ask. Swear!

Harker: Of course. I swear. (horses neighing outside) Ah! There it is! Well, again, thank you I'm off. (he exits with portmanteau; As he exits the men give the "horns", a gesture meant to protect him from the evil eye)

Man : May God protect him. But I fear he will meet God soon!

Hus: Drink your wine.

Woman: Does God listen to us anymore. I do not think so.

(blackout)

Act 1: Scene 2. The Castle of Count Dracula in Transylvania

Harker: (as the sound of a coach pulls away) Driver! Driver! Damn! Now where did he go? (to himself) Well, this must be the entrance. I'll wager no one's awake! (bangs on door) Open! Is anyone there? (Dracula is seen taking off a large brimmed hat and coat; he then opens door)

Dracula: Welcome to my home Mr. Harker. Come freely, go safely.

Harker: Are you Count Dracula? I'm sorry to disturb you so...

Dracula: I am Count Dracula. Will you come in? And please, leave here some of the happiness you bring. (He picks up Harker's large portmanteau)

Harker: No! No! Allow me, Sir!

Dracula: But I insist! You are my guest. It is late and the servants are not available at this hour. Come in. The night is cold and damp. (he carries the portmanteau off. Note that he easily carries the heavy case which Harker had to drag to the door)

Harker: (enters) Thank you. (He is alone in the large room. He sees a food-laden table.

Dracula: (enters) A meal has been prepared for you. Please forgive me if I do not join you. I have already dined. You will please help yourself to whatever you wish.

Harker: (sits and begins to eat) Thank you, Sir. I haven't eaten since the Inn. And that was hours ago.

Dracula: (pouring wine into a glass for Harker) Some Tokai perhaps?

Harker: Oh, that would be very welcome! Please excuse me for asking, but these plates look like solid gold!

Dracula: They are over 400 years old. We Romanians are more aware of what they say to us of our past than of their value, or of their antiquity.

Harker: They are very distinctive. I must assume that you know a great deal of the history of Transylvania.

Dracula: All there is to know. I'm afraid, too much. (howling is heard outside) Listen to them! The children of the night. What music they make! (howling) Well, Mr. Harker, tell me about this house in England which has been purchased for me. What is the name of it?

Harker: It is called Carfax.

Dracula: Carfax. What is the origin of the word?

Harker: Well, it's an old house in a district of London called Purfleet, near the river Thames. It's four sided and each corner follows a point of the compass.

Dracula: The name then is possibly a corruption of the French – quatre face – four faces.

Harker: That's absolutely correct, Count!

Dracula: And how did Mr. Hawkins come to hear of it?

Harker: My fiance's friend knows a doctor in the area.

Dracula: You are engaged to be married?

Harker: Yes, sir.

Dracula: And does your fiancé live in London?

Harker: Yes. She stays with her friend. But, they often go away for the summer.

Dracula: Of course, the English custom – the spa or watering place.

Harker: Yes, they go to Whitby – on the Yorkshire coast. Well, anyway sir, your house is very near a sanatorium run by the doctor I mentioned. His name is Dr. Seward.

Dracula: The house is old. I'm glad. A house can not be made habitable in a few days, and after all – how few days go to make up a century. (takes out letter) I received this letter from your employer, Mr. Hawkins. He thinks highly of you.

Harker: That's very kind of Mr. Hawkins.

Dracula: And he adds (reads) "Mr. Harker shall be ready to attend to your needs during his stay – and to take your instructions in all matters"

Harker: I think you will find everything in order.
(Cock crows)

Dracula: There – it is morning. How inconsiderate of me to keep you up talking. You must be tired. But tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. Follow me and I will show you to your quarters.

Harker: Thank you, sir.

Dracula: Oh, Mr. Harker.

Harker: Sir?

Dracula: You may go anywhere that you wish in the castle, however, the doors to certain rooms are locked. It stands to reason that you will not be able to enter these rooms and should not try. They have been locked for generations and only the masters of the house have known why. Respect this tradition. Thank you.

(They exit; lights down on main room. As Harker enters his sleeping quarters with a lantern, light comes up. He finds his portmanteau already there. He removes his coat, puts photo on table, then takes rosary from around his neck, starts to put it on table, then put back around his neck as lights fade to black)

Act 1: Scene 2. Late afternoon of the next day; Harker's sleeping quarters
Con't. . (this is a very short break, since Harker is already dressed for the
(continued)

next scene: Harker is up and prepares to shave. He places a small mirror on table. He is still wearing the rosary around his neck.)

Harker:: (to himself as he shaves) Good Lord, what will the Count think? I must have been exhausted. I've slept all day.

Dracula: (enters) Good morning. Or, rather, Good evening. You have slept well. It is already dusk. (sees mirror; takes it from table) Stupid things! You shouldn't trust them. (casually throws mirror out window) The trouble with mirrors is that they don't reflect quite enough, don't you think? Ahhh! You've cut yourself! (starts to move to Harker then sees rosary and is repulsed; after a beat he takes up photo on table) One of these two girls is your fiance?

Harker: (although Harker is confused by Dracula's disposal of his mirror he says nothing) Mina is the one on the right.

Dracula: The other one?

Harker: Her friend, Lucy Westenra.

Dracula: An embarrassing choice. They are both very pretty. (hands photo to Harker and exits. Harker begins to wipe shaving cream off face as lights dim on upper room and we see him enter main room downstairs. He need only put on his coat and adjust his shirt collar and tie.)

Act 1: Scene 2. Main room of castle. Several hours later
Con't. (continued)
(As lights come up Harker is seen sitting and reading a book. He can be seen finishing a meal and drinking wine. There should be a candle on the table.)

Dracula: (enters and quietly stands looking at the unaware Harker before he speaks)
English literature is the richest in the world. Then of course, I am partial. I have

a passion for the English language. I would wish to speak it faultlessly, perfectly.

Harker: But – you almost do, Count!

Dracula: This – almost – is disheartening. You shall remain here for awhile so that I may learn from you and shatter this – almost – irrevocably. Please correct the slightest error in my speech, however small. Please, correct it.

Harker: Frankly, sir, I was hoping to return to London as soon as you've signed the lease for the house in Purfleet.

Dracula: No! No, you must remain here for a month at the very least!

Harker: A month! You wish me to stay so long?

Dracula: Only my needs are to be consulted. Remain here. The instructions from your employer were clear. Look upon it as a little holiday.

Harker: I understand, sir.

Dracula: You will write to your employer and to your fiancé to reassure them. Or, have you done so already?

Harker: No. I could find no writing paper in my room.

Dracula: There is some writing paper on the table. Sit down. It is very, very thin – the thinnest paper possible. One can almost see through it.

Harker: (holds up a sheet) Yes, indeed!

Dracula: Yes, Indeed. (a rote repetition of Harker's phrase) You will forgive me but I have many things to attend to, before I can leave for England. I must go now. (an afterthought) Oh, Mr. Harker, a warning...do not – under any circumstance- sleep anywhere but in your room tonight. Please.

Harker: Of course, sir. (Harker is bemused by this request, He smiles)

Dracula: Mr. Harker, I speak to you seriously. I must leave now and I will not return until tomorrow night. (exits)

Harker: (calls after Dracula) Of course, Sir. I'm sorry... (To himself) Gone. Strange man. And what an odd request. Oh, well. (Business for Harker; more wine...examines books...moves to table; picks up map he finds there) A map of England. With Witby marked out? (He sits, reads, begins to drowse as Candle burns lower; lights dim to black ; howling is heard)

(Harker is obviously asleep at the table; his candle can be noticeably shorter, to indicate that time has passed; Laughter is heard. If possible, the laughter could be taped and sound eerie; we should see the vampiresses through a scrim as they speak)

Vamp.4: I am hungry! I must have something!

Vamp.3: Be quiet! You do nothing but complain!

Vamp.1: I am also hungry! Has he returned? Where is he?

Vamp.2: He promised to let us feed tonight. It has been too many nights.

Vamp.3: Do you question him, as well? You know what he can do.

Vamp.4: I don't care! I'm not afraid of him!

Vamp.2: Hush! That is dangerous talk!

Vamp.1: He would never hurt us. He loves us.

Vamp.3: Have you forgotten the foolish one. I warn you. Take care ... (shudders)

Vamp.2: But that was different! She mocked him! Challenged him! She deserved her fate!

Vamp.4: How did he...? What did she do?

Vamp.3: Nevermind! Questions...questions! Nothing but questions.

Vamp.1: But why does he not feed us? Has he lost his powers?

Vamp.3: It is not that. The peasants are leaving. They fear him more than starvation and they abandon their farms. And those who stay have grown cautious. They will not leave their homes after dark. But he will bring us something tonight. He has promised.

Vamp.2: There is something different tonight. I can sense something...someone. Come. Follow me. (they move and enter the room where Harker sleeps)

Vamp.2: Look! I knew it!

Vamp.3: He kept his promise! But where is he? Can this one be for us? All for us?

Vamp.4: He looks so young. He will be tender...and full of blood!

Vamp.1: He would not be here if he was not for us. Of course he is ours. Alone!

(she stands next to the sleeping Harker and strokes his hair and face)

Vamp.2: He is beautiful. (strokes his arm) And so warm. And smooth. (she licks his arm)

Vamp.3: Wait! Don't touch him until we are sure. We must be sure if he for us. (Harker raises his head and stares at them. He seems in a stupor)

Harker: Who are you? Where is he...the Count? What are you doing? Stop! (He pulls His arm away)

Vamp.3: I warn you! We must wait!

Vamp.1: You may wait if you will, but I will not! He's mine (she unbuttons his shirt at the neck)

Vamp.4: No! Let me be first! (she puts her mouth near his neck)

Vamp.2: He's not just for you! You are selfish! Let me...(they struggle over the now standing Harker; Harker is weaker than even one Vampiress! He may struggle but they control his movements)

Harker: Stop! What are you? Where is he? I...I can't think!

Vamp.3: Stop! Stop or I will...(they struggle as Dracula enters)

Dracula: (enters with large cloth bag) Stop! How dare you touch this man while I still have need of him? (Vampires back away from Harker, who stares at Dracula, but is still in a languorous condition) Leave him alone! Come to me! (they quickly surround him and are enfolded in his cape)

Vamp.1: You never loved me.

Vamp.3: Or me.

Vamp.4: How can you leave us without any way to feed?

Vamp.2: You never loved any of us.

Vamp.3: You never... loved!

Dracula: Oh, yes I have. Deeply and eternally have I loved you all! But come. I have need of him for a little while. Then you shall have him. He will be yours...all yours.

Vamp.1: All right.

Vamp.2: Not too long, I hope.

Dracula: Now go. I must awaken him

Vamp.3: And tonight...you can give us nothing?

Vamp.4: We must have something! Please!

Dracula: (points to bag he carried) There! I promised I would bring you a gift!

(The Vampires laugh and run to the bag. As they open the bag,
we see a small child emerge; the vampiresses prepare to feed)

Woman: (she runs to castle door) My baby! Give me my baby! (Slaps hand on door)
Monster! I know he is there! Oh, God! Deliver my child to me!

Dracula: (moves to door and opens it) Enter and see your child. (He grabs her and drags
Her in and throws her to the floor; the vampiresses laugh and fall onto her;
Her screams are smothered out as the lights dim; Harker stands transfixed by
This horror)

Act 1: Scene 3. Late afternoon of the next day. Harker's sleeping quarters.

(As the lights come up we see Harker lying in his bed. Male voices in a
strange language are heard through the window. Harker sits up and rushes to the

window)

(Open scrim)

Harker: You there! Yes you! Can you help me? Oh, God! I can tell by your blank stare that you don't understand a word! Wait! Wait, please! (to himself) Paper...I must have some, here in my... yes, thank God! (Out window) Hello! Please wait...I just...(to himself) He can't understand me! What can I ...yes! I'll write it in shorthand. No one will be able to...(he writes as he talks) There! That should do it! (out window) You! Please...take this and...(pantomimes stamping a letter) Understand? Here...catch! (tosses coin; begins to dress) Now for you what are you? Madman...or worse? But you must still need me for a bit! It's getting dark. I'm sure my host is up and about. (As this dialogue continues, the light through the window fades; He has finished dressing and as he exits, the lights fade to black on the upper chamber and come up on lower large room. Dracula enters the room holding a piece of paper)

Dracula: (as Harker enters) You are anxious to return to London?

Harker: I should like to start back as soon as possible. That is...true.

Dracula: Very well, write a letter to your friends saying that you have already left the castle, and have arrived at Bistrice, where you are waiting for the weekly express.

Harker: May I ask to what object, sir?

Dracula: The posts are few and uncertain. Writing now will ease the minds of Mr. Hawkins and your fiancé.

Harker: Count Dracula...I...

Dracula: Yes?

Harker: I've been struck by a curious fact.

Dracula: Yes?

Harker: I've not seen a single servant since I've been here. Yet my meals are served, my bed made. Tell me – are we alone in the castle?

Dracula: How could one be alone in this castle? In its most remote corners, the past – the living past – is present, surrounding us.

Harker: That does not answer my question, sir! I've been here for several days and I've not once stepped outside the castle.

Dracula: I would have gladly shown you the countryside, had you expressed a wish to do so.

Harker: When would we have gone... in the dead of night? I've never set eyes on you in the day!

Dracula: I have a large estate to manage.

Harker: Nor have I seen you eat.

Dracula: I eat alone.

Harker: And who would have driven the coach?

Dracula: My driver.

Harker: You are lying, Count Dracula!

Dracula: You are losing your temper, Mr. Harker.

Harker: Who took me back to my room last night?

Dracula: Back to your room? What do you mean?

Harker: I slept, by mistake, in the library. I witnessed a...a nightmare! And I woke up in my bed! How did I get there?

Dracula: Am I to be held responsible for a vivid imagination?

Harker: Now you tell me to write a letter saying I've already left the castle. Why? You're keeping me here against my will! Why?!

Dracula: To improve my English, Mr. Harker, as you very well know. But, if you wish to go – by the time you pack your portmanteau, my driver will be waiting for you – to take you wherever you wish.

Harker: Never mind! You can send my things! (rushes to door and opens it; snarling and howling sounds drive him back inside) You're playing cat and mouse with me! I want to know why!

Dracula: You do not trust me?

Harker: No, I do not!

Dracula: And trust is essential in human relationships. Oh, two of my Slovaks have given

me this. It is filled with strange hieroglyphics. Have a look at it. It might amuse you. And now, you will write the letter to your employer. Please. (Dracula waits while Harker quickly writes a note. He takes the note and exits.)

Harker: I've given him the letter. I've played into his hands. I must get away somehow! (he looks around room, pulls down drapery cords.) I'll climb out the window at first light!

(Lights fade to black)

Act 1: scene 4.

(Several weeks have passed; Mina and Lucy are in their bedroom in Witby.; it is night and as the scene progresses a storm will develop. At first, wind blowing the

curtains, then the sound of wind and rain builds to a full blown storm)

Lucy: Oh, Mina! I simply love Witby. After London, it's delightful to experience the sand and salt air! I could stay here all summer!

Mina: Yes. Yes it is lovely. (she is pensive)

Lucy: And Grandmother enjoys it too! Oh, she'd never admit it, of course, but she positively beams when she takes her walks in the village.

Mina: I heard a shopkeeper say we're in for a storm tonight. (wind should start now)

Lucy: Oh, Mina, I love being here with you, too. We get to spend more time together here than...

Mina: Yes. (distantly)

Lucy: Mina, is something wrong? You seem so pensive...and sad...

Mina: Oh, darling, its nothing. I'm sorry. It's just that...well, I'm a little concerned about Jonathon.

Lucy: Oh, Mina! Of course you'd be concerned. I'm sure that he'll be all right. But here I've been prattling on! I'm so silly sometimes! You must think me...

Mina: (embraces Lucy) You are silly, you goose! You haven't been prattling...and anyway, I like it! It helps keep my mind off myself. Now, enough about Jonathon. I'm sure I'll be getting a letter very soon. But, what about you? I couldn't help but notice a certain amount of – shall we say- 'activity' before we left London.

Lucy: Well, understand that nothing is official yet. But I think I will accept Arthur's ... proposal!

Mina: Proposal! Oh, my dearest! I never suspected...and Arthur! He's very handsome...and dashing! But what about poor Dr. Seward? I thought...

Lucy: Yes. Poor John. He finally did speak up...and only a few hours after Arthur. He's a dear...and so solemn. But he'd been calling for months and he never said a word. Always very pleasant and full of little anecdotes about his asylum. But never a single word about us. So, I never took him very seriously. I just thought of him as a dear friend.

Mina: He is a dear man. But he is so shy. Oh! Have you told Quincey? I'm sure that he was quite open in his feelings toward you. How did you resist him?

Lucy: It was so hard to decide. I don't see why a girl can't marry more than one man, if

she truly loves them. And they each, all three, are so charming and good and gentlemanly. I cried when Quincey told me he loved me. I had already decided on Arthur.

Mina: Oh, you! You're so much more daring than I am! I couldn't even think of such an Idea. But how did you answer him?

Lucy: Well, of course I felt badly. I was actually relieved to be able to tell him that there was someone else. He stood right up and apologized and said that he would like to think that he would be my friend forever.(Wind sounds increase and curtains blow)

Mina: Oh, goodness! I'd better close the window! The wind is so strong! (she closes window)

Lucy: I hope it rains and rains! I love the sound of rain on the windows and the roof when I'm in bed!

Mina: Lucy, come look at the beach. The waves are higher than I've ever seen them!

Lucy: (goes to window) Oh, yes! How exciting! I'm positively shivering!

Mina: Lucy – look. Out by the reef. Is that a ship?

Lucy: Where? Oh, yes, I see it. But in this storm...

Mina: It's sure to hit the reef! Can't they see the lighthouse? Oh, they'll all be drowned!

Lucy: I can't look anymore! (hops into bed) How terrible! Those poor men...

Mina: Perhaps God will protect them. I pray it! Oh! They've been driven onto the reef! The ship is breaking up! How terrible...(Lights dim to black as storm sounds rise)

Act 1: Scene 4. (Close scrim to mask the upper room. It is the afternoon
(continues) after the storm.)

Gmother: (enters lower area) Emily! Emily!

Emily: (enters) Yes, Mum.

Gmother: See if my daughter and Miss Mina will come in from the garden. It's time for tea.

Emily: Yes, mum.

Gmoth: And see if the paper is here. Mina insists on reading it every day.

Emily: Oh Mum! I 'eard the most terr'ble story t'day. On the way 'ere, Mum.
I'm sure Miss Mina will be shocked if she reads it !

Gmouth: Oh, you silly girl. Mina is quite capable of keeping her wits. Just bring in the
tea.

Emily: Yes, mum. Sorry, mum. (she exits: Gmother does business at table)

Lucy: (entering with Mina) Ah, Mama! It's so beautiful outside! You should come out
get some sun! Mina! You tell her! She'll feel much better if she breathes
The fresh air!

Mina: She's right, Mrs. Westerna. It is lovely. But has the post arrived? I'm sure there
Will be a letter from Johnathon! Oh...and has the paper come. There should be a
story about the ship that hit the reef last night!

Lucy: Oh yes, Mama. Mina's talked of nothing else. But is tea ready? I'm famished!

Emily: (enters with tray containing tea pot, cups and saucers, and scones) 'Ere we are
Miss Lucy! And we 'ave your fav'rit scones! Oh, and 'ere Miss Mina. The paper
just arrived.. (sets tray on table; she and Gmother pour tea, etc. Mina sits and
opens paper; the others sit and begin to drink tea; Emily lingers at door)

Mina: (reading from newspaper) "One of the puzzling aftermaths of last nights' storm
was the discovery in the early hours of the morn of the well known figure of
Skipper Swales"

Grandmother: What?

Mina: "His body was lying on a gravestone underneath a bench."

Lucy: Our bench!?

Mina: (reads) "He had been savaged by a dog."

Grandmother: Oh -really! Mina!

Emily: Oh, dear...oh, dear!

Gmother: Emily, control yourself! And what are you doing there? Do you want
something?

Emily: Oh, I'm sorry, Mum! It's just...well I wanted to 'ear about the ship, is all...an' I
don't read, mum.

Lucy: It's all right, Emily, isn't it Mama. (stated) You can listen. Go on Mina.

Mina: (reads) "It was evident from the ship's log that the crew had convinced themselves that a strange man was haunting the ship.

Gmother: Sailors are so superstitious!

Mina: (reads) "Some took the boats, the remainder jumped overboard. It was then that the captain lashed himself to the helm. This prevented his body from being washed away."

Lucy: Most exciting!

Gmother: I think I'd call it tragic, Lucy.

Lucy: Oh, that, of course – but exciting, too!

Gmother: And frightening.

Mina: (reads) "Among the ship's cargo is a number of great wooden boxes filled with mould and consigned to a Witby solicitor who took possession of them this morning. The only living creature on the doomed vessel was a large dog seen as it leaped ashore."

Gmother: Witby is such a quiet place, as a rule. (sound of postman's bell)

Mina: The post! (exits as does Emily)

Gmother: I think it's too bad that Jonathon hasn't written Mina by now, Lucy.
I don't know what young people are coming to.

Lucy: Oh, Gmother, there are all sorts of reasons – and letters do go astray – especially from abroad.

Gmother: Well, I can't help feeling that there is something wrong. (Mina enters with Letters; gives one to Lucy, several to Grandmother, keeps one for herself)

Lucy: (opening letter) It's from Arthur! He's coming down for the weekend! And he's Bringing Quincey, too! We'll have a splendid time!

Mina: Oh, good!

Gmother: That will be nice for you, dear.

Lucy: (to Mina) Is something wrong?

Mina: It's nothing really. Mr. Hawkins has had a letter from Jonathon.

Lucy: What does it say?

Mina: That he's on his way home, and he's waiting for the express in Bistrice.

Lucy: When did he leave? (A large bat is seen at the window up left)

Mina: June 18th. (Lucy turns and looks at window; she rises)

Gmother: But then, he should have been here weeks ago. (Lucy moves toward window)

Mina: I know. And I'm sure that there is some logical explanation. Perhaps he was unable to... (Mina and grandmother notice Lucy. They see bat)

Gmother: Lucy whatever is wrong? Oh, my heavens! What is that? Come away from the window dearest! (she pulls Lucy from window; Lucy allows herself to be led away, but seems in a stupor; lights dim to black)

Mina: What an ugly creature! But they are harmless, I suppose. Come with me Lucy. Let's go back outside for a bit. (they exit)

Gmother: Emily! Emily! Come here!

Emily: (enters) Yes, Mum.

Gmother: Clean up the tea things. (she watches as Emily puts tea on tray and then starts to Exit) Oh, Emily.

Emily: Yes, mum?

Gmother: Emily, you said you don't read.

Emily: That's right mum. Me old dad said t'was foolish to learn a girl t' read.

Gmother: Well, I think it's time to change his mind. I'm going to have Lucy teach you to read. (Emily shakes her head 'no') Now, don't argue. We'll see to it, and if your father objects I'll speak to him. And while I'm at it, I'll ask if you can come back to London with us.

Emily: Me, mum? Oh, my! London! Am I really 'earin' right, mum? London! Oh, that would be Just the most goodly news, mum! But I just know he'll not like it! Not a bit!

Gmother: Don't you worry. I'll handle him. Now, please finish your chores.

Emily: (exits with tray) I just know he'll not like it! Not a bit! (Lights dim to black; scrim opens to reveal upper room.)

Act 1: Scene 5.

(Late that night; House is in darkness, except moonlight through windows. Lucy and Mina are in bed. Lucy sits up and gets out of bed and walks through house and leaves house to meet Dracula. This could be done in the center aisle of the theatre or on the lip of the stage; Dracula embraces Lucy and bites her neck; Mina wakes and discovers that Lucy is gone)

Mina: Lucy? Lucy? Where are you? Oh no, she must be...(lights lantern) drat this light...there...sleepwalking! She hasn't done that since...she's not here (walking through house) Oh, God! The doors open...Is that her? Lucy? Lucy? (Dracula exits and Lucy falls to ground) What are you doing out here? Are you all right darling? My God, you're frozen! Here let me put this around you. Now, come. We must get you back to bed.(as this dialogue is delivered, Mina puts shawl around Lucy, pins it in place at her neck, and guides Lucy back into the house and back to their bedroom) Here we are. You're all right now.

Lucy: Please don't tell Gmother. Please...you must promise!

Mina: Lucy, don't you think...

Lucy: No! No! Please...you know – you know – gmother's ill. It would only worry her. Please don't tell her!

Mina: Very well, dearest. I promise. Come, let's get you covered up.

Lucy: I'm so cold!

Mina: Oh, dear! How careless of me! (She has removed the shawl)

Lucy: What is it?

Mina: When I fastened the shawl I must have pricked your neck with the broach pin. You're bleeding. Here let me take care of that. (lights dim to black)

Act 1: Scene 6 (scrim isclosed to mask upper room)

(One week later, Witby; Evening: Table with drinks and some desserts in lower room; Emily is busy at the table)

Gmother: (enters with Arthur) I'm so glad that you are here, Arthur. You're having a positive effect on her. I can see it already.

Arthur: She seems fine, actually. Except perhaps, she's a bit tired. Too much sea air? Or excitement? I heard about the ship foundering last week. Bad business.

Gmother: I hope that's all it is. At first I thought I was just imagining it. I do worry about Her too much, I know. But every day she seemed just a bit more pale...less Herself. As you know too well, she is so full of energy, so full of life. I could never keep up with her. And I dare say, you'll soon learn that for yourself.

Arthur: I'm sure you're correct. And I'm so glad she's told you of our plans. I worried that you would not approve.

Gmother: I dare say, my approval was not high on her list. She is quite headstrong, and always has been. But fear not, Arthur. I do approve. Wholeheartedly! If truth be known, I had no idea who she would finally choose. You and Quincey are both so handsome and full of life and yet so gentlemanly, I would have been at a loss to choose.

Arthur: You're forgetting Jack Seward! He was quite taken with her as well. Luckily, he couldn't express his feelings. That left the field open to poor old Quincey and myself. And the best man won her heart!

Quincey: (enters from other room) Did I hear my name being bandied about? (Quincey is the only American and should speak with a southern gentlemen's accent) 'Poor old Quincey', indeed! You know that the only reason that little gal chose you over me was that the coin she tossed came up heads instead of tails. As for poor Jack Seward he never had a chance 'tween you and me, seein' as how we're both so good lookin'! (horse laugh; there is no hint of anger or animosity in this speech. Quincey and Arthur are truly friends)

Gmother: Lucy told me what you said when she decided finally to accept Arthur's proposal. I want you to know that I think you will always have a special place in her heart, as well as in mine. I couldn't find a dearer friend than you, and I hope you will always know you are welcome in my home.

Arthur: Truer words were never spoken. My sentiments, exactly. (He claps Quincey on the back)

Gmother: I'm going to see what those girls are doing. Excuse me. Oh, please try some of that wine. It's made locally and is quite pleasant. (she exits to other room)

Arthur: I'm glad you came, Quincey. I don't want to upset Mrs. Westerna, but I feel that Lucy is not well. What do you think?

Quincey: Well, I've only been here a few hours, but I think you're right. She's definitely not the gal I know and hold dear. What are you going to do, Arthur?

Arthur: I'm not sure. But something has to be done.

Mina: (enters from other room) Lucy and her mother will be in shortly. She has a headache, and Mrs. Westerna is giving her some powders.

Quincey: Arthur and I think something should be done. I don't think it's just a little headache.

Mina: No. I believe you're right. She's been getting weaker each day.

Gmother: (we hear her voice as she enters with Lucy) You didn't eat a thing, dear!

Lucy: Don't fuss, Grandmother.

Gmother: You look so faint...and pale. Doesn't she look pale, Arthur?

Arthur: (pouring a glass of wine) Yes...yes, I believe she does look peaked.

Lucy: Well, to tell you the truth...I do have rather a headache. It must be the effect of seeing Arthur again. (a faint smile) Or maybe it's from seeing Quincey.

Quincey: Whoa there, little lady! I sure hope that ain't the effect I'll always have on you!
(They all laugh)

Mina: Maybe if you lie down for a while, darling. Your mother and I will keep Arthur and Quincey company.

Lucy: Yes. I think I will lie down, if nobody minds.

Gmother: That's a sensible girl. I'm sure you'll feel better soon, dear.

Lucy: Yes, I'm sure I will. Arthur, I'm sorry to be such a bother...

Arthur: (escorting her to door) Don't be silly. I want you to rest. Tomorrow we might go for a sail.

Lucy: Oh, I'd love that. We'll have such a good time. And maybe if you ask nicely, gmother will give you another piece of her pie!

Arthur: I'm sure that a little rest will do you a world of good. (kisses her on forehead)

Quincey: You take a little rest, Lucy. And you'll be better tomorrow.

Lucy: Yes. I know I will. (exits; In a few moments we see her enter her room and lie down as the dialogue continues downstairs; should scrim be closed ?

Mina: Oh, Arthur, I can't tell you how worried we've been One day so happy and full of life. The next so pale and... Oh, I don't know.

Quincey: Well, isn't it about time she saw a doctor?

Mina: Yes! You're right of course!

Arthur: Yes, and I certainly agree.

Gmother: I think we should go back to London at once. You wouldn't mind, would you darling?

Mina: No... No, of course not.

Quincey: And then Jack Seward can have a look at her. What do you think, Arthur?

Arthur: Jack Seward has a fine reputation as a doctor. I say he's our man.

Gmother: That's just what I thought. Will you excuse me? If we're going back to London tomorrow, I have a great deal to do. (exits)

(During this dialogue we see Lucy sit up, go to the window and open it and Dracula Enters. He drinks from her neck as the downstairs scene continues)

Arthur: I think I need some brandy. This wine isn't what I require just now. (Pours a brand and sits)

Quincey: I know that you've been concerned about Jonathon. I'll bet that the American Consulate in Budapest could help find out where he's gotten to.

Mina: Do you think they could help?

Quincey: Well, it's certainly worth a try. They could start by making inquiries at Bistrice. Isn't that where you last heard from him?

Mina: Yes! Yes it was! Quincey... I would so appreciate your help! I've been so worried!

Quincey: I'll cable them as soon as we get back to London.

Mina: Oh, thank you! (she gives him a grateful hug)

Quincey: I guess I'll go back to my hotel.

Arthur: I'll join you. Oh, Mina, I'm sure that Johnathon will turn up soon, with a
Perfectly good reason for the delay in his return.

Mina: You're right of course. I'll walk to the door with you. Then I want to check on
Lucy. (they exit)

(Dracula hears Mina step on the stairs and exits through window;
Lucy falls to the bed in a stupor)

Mina: (enters to find Lucy breathing raggedly) Lucy! Lucy are you all right?

Lucy: (gasping; unable to speak)

Mina: Lucy! What is it? (sits on bed and tries to wake Lucy)

Lucy: Oh...there you are. (languorously; dazed)

Mina: Yes, darling.

Lucy: I must have been dreaming.

Mina: Yes, darling. Tell me about it.

Lucy: It was something tall...with dark red eyes...and there was something sweet in the
air and yet very bitter. My soul seemed to go out of my body and float about the
room. And then you came and tucked me up in my bed. And I saw you do it...or I
felt it.

Mina: Did Arthur come into your dream?

Lucy: Arthur...Arthur? (spoken as if in a daze)

Mina: (concerned at Lucy's lack of comprehension) Arthur! Lucy...the man you're
going to marry!

Lucy: Oh, no! I don't think it was Arthur! (Blackout)

Act 1: Scene 7. (London; Seward's asylum; Same date as Scene 9)

(Black scrim opens; Lights up on lower level; Renfield is in his cell
Asylum inmates are seen behind the scrim and in front; Seward and Boles
Enter behind the scrim. They encounter and speak with a male attendant and

Several inmates)

Seward: Hello, Percy. How are you feeling, today?

Percy: Oh just fine, Doctor Seward. I haven't seen any new spirits today.

Seward: That's encouraging, Percy. A good sign. A good sign, indeed.

Attendant: Percy's been quite calm, lately. 'aven't ya, Percy?

Percy: Oh, yes! Calm! That's what I am!! Calm! I can assure you Doctor, there'll be no
More incidents. I promise!

Attendant: Hincident, 'e says! Hincident! After 'e nearly kilt poor 'enery!

Inmate: 'E did! 'E did! "E set me bed on fire! I was almost burnt up! (laughs)

Percy: Oh...but that was entirely accidental! And I've given all my matches to the
Matron. So there'll be no more fires.

Inmate: Burnt up! Burnt up! Accidental! (laughs)

Attendant: That's right, Doctor. She'll not let 'im 'ave no more matches, she says.

Boles: 'e oughtn't to 'ave 'ad 'em in the first place, Oi says!

Seward: All right, Boles. Hat will do. Come with me. (They encounter the Matron)

Matron: (she is beating a woman inmate) There! There! Now will you listen?

Woman 1: Owww! Stop it! Owww!

Seward: Stop that, Matron! You know my position on corporal punishment! What has
she done?

Matron: She tried to bite another inmate, Doctor Seward.

Woman 1: That's a lie! I niver done it!

Matron: Don't listen to 'er Doctor! She's a Holy terror when you're not 'ere!

Woman 1: Doctor! Please, please, Let me out Doctor! I promise I won't run away again!
I've learned me lesson. Please Doctor!

Matron: You see, Doctor? I can't deal with 'er!

Seward: All right, Matron. I'll speak to you about this later. Now, Mary. You know that I can't let you out; You're still sick, Mary.

Woman 1: But you're my doctor! Why can't you make me well?

Boles: 'Ere now, Mary. The doctor's got quite important business. 'E can't be Bothered with your Foolishness. Don't you remember why you're in 'ere. Mary? You killed yer 'usband! That's why the doctor can't let you out!

Seward: Now, now, Boles. There's no need to torment poor Mary.

Boles: Beggin' yer pardon, doctor, but I think it were the 'usband what were tormented.

Woman 2: I 'eard 'er, doctor. She said if you'd let 'er out, then she'd kill 'er neighbor's 'usband.

Seward: Why on earth would she do that, Hilda?

Woman 2: She said she never meant to kill 'er 'usband . She mistook 'er 'usband fer the Neighbor's 'usband, and killed 'er 'ubby totally by mistake.

Boles: You know Sor, if you'd jist ignore 'em you'd get more of your work done. Listenin' To 'em like you do, will , if you don't mind me sayin' so, drive you crazy!

Matron: You are too soft 'earted, if I might say so, Doctor.

Seward: Yes, yes, Matron. Now, Boles, let us see what my most interesting patient is up To today.

Cleaning woman: (on hands and knees scrubbing floor) Doctor Seward... You tol' me that Honest work would help me to...to...be a useful ...uh...useful...

Seward: A useful member of society, Cora. And I think you're doing very well. How long have you been allowed to leave your cell? It's been...what do you think, Boles...several weeks?

Boles: Oh, no, Sor! She's been out now...well, it's been three months now, Sor. The floors 'ave Never been cleaner.

Cleaning woman: Nor from your 'elp, Mr. Boles! I've never seen a man which 'as such muddy boots! You should tell 'im Doctor Seward! To wipe 'is boots afore 'e comes marchin' in 'ere on my clean floors!

Boles: Now, now, Cora! Wasn't I just tellin' the Doctor 'ow good you was doin'! And you 'as To go and compline 'bout me boots!

Seward: Enough, the two of you! Come, Boles! I want to see Mr. Renfield. (They walk toward Renfield's cell)

Renfield: (to himself) If 50 flies feed 1 spider and 50 spiders feed 1 bird and each fly is a life... (Dr. Seward enters with Boles, his assistant)

Seward: Well, Mr. Renfield, how is the experiment going?

Renfield: Flies...spiders...birds! Flies...spiders...birds! Flies...spiders...birds!

Seward: Yes, I see. Tell me, how did you manage to catch them?

Renfield: They were sent to me.

Seward: By whom?

Renfield: I am not at liberty to disclose that.

Seward: Well, I see that your spiders have managed to get rid of most of the flies.

Renfield: Naturally! Dr. Seward, can I have a cat? Or...or even a kitten? (he sees a fly, catches it in his hand and puts it in his mouth)

Boles: Oh, come on now, man! We can't have that! Come on, spit it out! Come...on...spit...it...out! (he struggles with Renfield who swallows the fly with a superior smirk)

Renfield: Why? Because it isn't wholesome? It's rich, strong life to me! Do you hear? It's life to me!

Seward: Leave him alone, Boles.

Renfield: A kitten, please! Dr. Seward, please...please...

Seward: Come and sit down.

Boles: You heard him! Sit down!

Seward: I don't think it is advisable, Mr. Renfield. Not at the moment, at any rate. Mr. Renfield, I'm going to prescribe an opiate for you. I want you to drink it.

Renfield: Of course I will, Doctor. I know you are my friend. How nice of you to tell me.

Seward: Thank you. Boles will bring it around shortly. (Seward and Boles exit)

Renfield: Dinner time...my pretties...(he holds jar of spiders and drops fly inside as lights fade to black)

Act 1: Scene 8. (Night; Mrs. Westerna's home in London) (quick transition)

(Arthur, Quincy and Seward enter upper level room as lights come up;
Lucy is seen in upper room in bed; Mina is with her)

Mina: Oh, John, I'm so glad you've come. Lucy, look! Arthur's here! And Quincey! And they've brought John Seward.

Lucy: Hello, John. It's good of you to visit.

Dr. Seward: Hello Lucy. Quincey tells me you've been haven't been eating or sleeping lately. And Arthur thought I should have a look at you. Do you mind? I'm sure he's being a little overprotective, but I said I'd do it to ease his fears.

Lucy: Of course not, John.

Dr. Seward: Fine. It will only take a few minutes. Arthur...Quincey...Mina...would you excuse us for a few minutes.

Mina: Of course. We can wait downstairs. (they exit)

Dr.Seward: I want to listen to your heart sounds, Lucy. Nothing to be concerned about. It's a standard test. (Listens with stethoscope)

Mina: (as they enter large downstairs room) You're smiling, Quincey! Tell me, have you had news of Jonathon?

Quincey: Yes! Yes, Mina! Jonathon is safe.

Mina: Oh, thank God! And he's on his way home?

Quincey: Actually, no, Mina. He's in Budapest. I've received word from the American Consulate there.

Mina: But, why hasn't he written, himself?

Quincey: He's been quite ill, my dear. He's in a hospital there.

Mina: Hospital?! Oh, tell me...what's the matter?

Quincey: He's had some kind of... terrible breakdown, it appears.

Mina: I must go to him!

Quincey: I've already made the arrangements. I'm having your tickets sent here by

messenger. Have a safe journey, Mina. God protect you. (he hugs her)

Arthur: If there's anything I can do, Mina. Anything!

Mina: Oh, thank you Arthur! I'm sure it will be all right. I must tell Mrs. Westenra straightaway. And then I must pack! Oh, Quincey, I can't thank you enough! (she kisses his cheek and exits; Quincey pours a brandy and sits with Arthur)

Seward: (Upper room; examining Lucy's eyes) You'll be happy to hear that Quincy has located Jonathon. He is in Budapest. He told me on the way here.

Lucy: (weakly) Oh...that's such good news. Mina has been so worried...and then I would have to add to everyone's worries...

Seward: Now, now. Don't think of it that way. Your family loves you and naturally they would be concerned. Now, we're almost finished. (he examines her fingernails) There...all over. Quite painless.

Lucy: Is there anything really the matter with me, John?

Seward: Not so far as I can make out. There are none of the usual symptoms of Anemia.

Lucy: Will you tell Mother and Mina and Arthur that? They're so worried.

Seward: Of course. Well, I'll leave you now. Try to get some rest.

Lucy: I will, John...thank you for coming.

Seward: You don't know how glad I am to see you, Lucy.

Lucy: Goodnight, John. (he exits bedroom)

(Lucy sits up and stares at window. She listens at door, then opens window to Dracula. He drinks her blood as the scene in the lower room progresses)

Seward: (enters lower level) Well, I...I'm baffled. I've decided to seek a second opinion.

Quincey: But, why Jack? We all have complete faith in you.

Arthur: Is it that serious John? You know I trust your judgement completely.

Gmother: Yes, Dr. Seward...John...and Lucy is so fond of you. I'm sure that she would prefer that you...

Seward: Thank you, Mrs. Westerna. But, there are certain ailments that lie outside my province.

Gmother: Who do you suggest?

Seward: I'm going to try to persuade my old professor to come over from Amsterdam. Not only is he a good friend, but he's also a brilliant diagnostician...and a specialist in obscure diseases. Good night, Mrs. Westerna...Arthur...Quincey. (he exits; the lights dim to black)

Act 1: Scene 9. (Mrs. Westerna's home; the upper room; Lucy is in bed,
Arthur and Quincey are in the room, as Gmother, Dr. Seward and
Van Helsing enter)

Seward: Lucy, may I present Professor Van Helsing.

Van Helsing: May I say how honored I am with meeting a young girl who is loved by so
many people.

Lucy: Thank you, Professor.

Dr. Seward: And this is ...Arthur Holmwood

Van Helsing: Ah, yes! The fortunate bridegroom-to-be.

Arthur: Professor. (shakes his hand) And this is our closest friend, Quincey. Don't let his
accent confuse you, Professor. He's an American. (They shake hands)

Quincey: Professor. Well, if Jack Seward says you're good, then I guess we all trust you.

Van Helsing: Thank you Mr. Quincey. And Mr. Arthur, I tell you it is love that makes
the world go round...and like most...like most...(perplexed)

Dr. Seward: Clichés?

Van Helsing: Yes, clichés! Like most clichés, it is true! Miss Lucy may I say you are
Fortunate to have such a group of friends who love you. (he opens his
Medical bag) You know, one thing strikes me very fortunately. There are
less smogs in London than when I was here last.

Lucy: Oh, Professor, you make me feel better already!

Van Helsing: You see the terrible Dr. Seward...he says that you are ghostly pale. How
can he know anything of young ladies?

Lucy: Oh, you mustn't say anything unkind about dear John.

Van Helsing: You are quite right, Miss Westerra. He has tried to give me certain
impressions of you, but you see, the young do not unburden themselves to
the young. But to me...who is so old...I see many sorrows...the young
faces talk to me.

Dr. Seward: Lucy, I feel it is my duty to warn you against the blandishments of Professor Van Helsing.

Van Helsing: Mrs. Westenra, may I plead with you to take these young men downstairs. Offer them a glass of sherry wine, perhaps.

Gmother: Yes, of course, Professor. Come along, we're not needed here.

Van Helsing: Young Miss Lucy and I want to have a little chat, do we not?

Lucy: Yes, Professor. (Grandmother, Seward, Arthur and Quincy exit)

Van Helsing: Good. So, we pass over the facts that we know. No functional causes, no history of anemia...and so on and so forth. But of course, there is a cause for everything. For example, I notice that you keep putting your hand to your throat...so...why do you do that? Why do you wear that velvet band around your throat?

Lucy: It's the fashion, Professor. And the buckle was given to me by Arthur.

Van Helsing: He must be happy when you wear it.

Lucy: Yes, he is.

Van Helsing: But, since he is not here at the moment, you may take it off.

Lucy: Of course. (she removes band)

Van Helsing: (examines her throat) You should not hide so lovely a neck.

Lucy: These marks were caused by my sister this summer. At Witby...when she pinned a shawl around me.

Van Helsing: How long ago was that?

Lucy: Just a few weeks ago.

Van Helsing: Did it hurt?

Lucy: No.

Van Helsing: Has it hurt since?

Lucy: No, it hasn't.

Van Helsing: How did it come to pass that your sister was pinning a shawl around you?

Lucy: It was chilly...

Van Helsing: And?

Lucy: Well, you see...I was walking in my sleep.

Van Helsing: Ah, I see. Well, that accounts for that. And when you walk in your sleep, do you have dreams?

Lucy: Oh, yes! At the time...they frighten me! But in the morning, I can't remember anything.

Van Helsing: Do you think you could be worried about your forthcoming marriage?

Lucy: Oh, no! I love Arthur very much!

Van Helsing: Good. Now, one last thing. Will you allow me the liberty of examining your teeth and throat?

Lucy: Of course.

Van Helsing: (looks in her mouth; examines marks on throat closely) Good...now... Good. There...finished. But, I should be back in a day or two even if you are better. So I can be charmed all over again. Au revoir.

Lucy: Au revoir, Professor (he exits; lights dim on upper room, come up on lower room Where we find Gmother, Arthur, Quincey and Seward)

Gmother: I'll get that sherry.(she exits)

Arthur: John, I'm really worried about Lucy. Do you think your friend can help her?

Dr. Seward: I can only tell you that he is an excellent diagnostician. If anyone can find the reason for her illness...(Van Helsing enters)

Quincy: Well, Professor?

Arthur: What did you find, Professor?

Van Helsing: No! No! No! After a single examination, I do not wish to diagnose. There is some old memory stirring in my brain. When we return to the asylum, John, we will telegraph to Amsterdam for certain of my books. Then we shall solve the mystery.

Dr. Seward: If there is anything you need, or that I can do to help...I am at your disposal.

Van Helsing: In the meantime, let me know at once if there is any change. (Seward and Van Helsing exit) (Dracula appears in Lucy's window; Blackout)

Act 1: Scene 10. (Lights come up on Stage Left lower area. Renfield's cell)
(Quick transition)

Dracula: (Outside Renfield's barred window; he has climbed up the wall of the asylum)
Good evening.

Renfield: Master! You've come! But...what do you offer me?

Dracula: More insects...with steel and sapphire on their wings.

Renfield: Oh...yes!

Dracula: Others...with skull and crossbones on their wings.

Renfield: Yes! Thank you Master.

Dracula: I will give you blood...blood...life...years of life.

Renfield: Master...give me eternal life! (sound of Boles approaching; Dracula exits window)

Boles: (enters from stage right, accompanied by Matron. The lantern he carries is the only light except for a candle in Renfield's cell) Lights out Mr. Renfield.

Matron :E's disgusting. Look at the flies in 'is bottles. 'E eats 'em.

Renfield: I know, I know, But that's no nevermind! Where's the Doctor? Are you alone?

Boles: He's not here tonight. Don't you worry none about...(Renfield attacks Boles; In the struggle, Boles is cut; the blood drives Renfield into a frenzy) 'Elp 'Elp! He's off his 'ead! (pushes Renfield off) He's bit my wrist!Elp! Chrimey...I'm bleeding! (he runs off, holding his wrist)

Matron: You're mad! Oh! What are you doing? (Renfield licks blood from his hands)
Stop it! Stop it I say!

Renfield: You'd best leave me alone! (starts to rise threateningly)

Matron: You stay away from me! You...you..."Help! Help! (runs away down hall
Screaming for help)

Renfield: (on his hands and knees, licking blood from floor) Blood is the life! Blood is the life! Blood is the life!

(Blackout - quick transition; Black scrim closed to reveal Westenra home)

Act 1: Scene 11. (Westenra home, large lower room)

Gmother: (entering with Seward and Van Helsing) John, Professor, thank you for coming so soon. I'm at my wit's end. I know that you're doing everything possible but I'm so worried about her. If only Mina were here. They're so close...

Dr. Seward: Isn't Mina due back soon?

Gmother: Yes. She and Jonathon should arrive in a few days. I told Lucy that they'd been married while Jonathon was recuperating, and she seemed to brighten. But then...

Van Helsing: Mrs. Westenra, I'm sure that we will find whatever is causing Miss Lucy's symptoms. And Miss Mina's arrival will surely lift her spirits.

Dr. Seward: Yes, Mrs. Westenra. That is so important in cases like this.

Van Helsing: As for treatment, I have decided that transfusions are too dangerous...too new and untried. Buy now, you will excuse us. I have some...medications I want to try. Come, John.

Gmother: I'll wait in the library. Please, go up to her. (exits)

Dr. Seward: Professor, I confess I don't understand everything you're doing in this case, but I saw you preparing your...potions...before we came. Don't you think this is...somehow...

Van Helsing: Yes...yes. But I will use any means, however extraordinary, for I sense something evil...and I must try everything to combat it. It will not disappear simply because we disapprove of it.

Dr. Seward: Evil? What do you mean?

Van Helsing: I believe that there is a monster in our midst. Who it is, or where it comes from, or what form it takes, I know not. But, of one thing I am certain...we must find out. Heaven help us that we are in time to stop it! (They exit as lights dim in lower room and lights come up as they enter Lucy's room.)

Lucy: (weakly) Professor, John...you're here...I feel so...

Van Helsing: (opens case and takes out garlic necklace) Here, Miss Lucy. This is for you.

Lucy: For me?

Van Helsing: Yes. But, it is not for you to play with. It is medicine.

Lucy: Ohhh...do I have to eat them?

Van Helsing: No! Oh, no...no! Do not make a face! They are not for you to eat. This pretty necklace is for you to wear around your neck, to help you to sleep. Like the lotus flower, it will make your troubles forgotten.

Lucy: Professor, you must be playing a joke on me. These flowers are nothing but common garlic.

Van Helsing: I do not joke! There is purpose in all that I do! I must warn you...do not thwart me! Take care for the sake of others, if not yourself!

Lucy: (shaken, almost weeping) I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

Van Helsing: Oh...my dear Miss Lucy. Please forgive me. There may be much virtue in so common a flower. (he takes garlic in hand and gives some to Seward) Now, John, we take them so, (he rubs garlic all around door frame) and we repeat the process around the keyhole and all around the door...the door...

Dr. Seward: Jamb.

Professor: Jamb? Really? Very well...the jamb of the door.

Lucy: Is it...

Van Helsing: What Miss Lucy?

Lucy: Is it some sort of spell?

Van Helsing: Oh! A spell...yes, perhaps it is no more than that. Now you must take care not to disturb your pretty necklace. And even if the room feels very close, do not, on any account open the window or the door once you have finally retired for the night. You understand?

Lucy: I promise.

Van Helsing: Are you finished, John?

Dr. Seward: I think so.

Van Helsing: Good. (he does another spot at the window) Under here also.

Dr. Seward: I don't think we should say anything to Mrs. Westenra about what we are doing. It would make her more anxious.

Van Helsing: Miss Lucy, if there are any questions...answer "Doctor's orders".

Lucy: Very well.

Van Helsing: Good. Tonight you will sleep in peace and tomorrow morning John and I will come and see if my little spell has worked. Good night.

Lucy: Don't leave me!

Dr. Seward: It will be all right Lucy. You must trust the professor. (they exit; the lights slowly dim to black, then Mrs. Westenra enters; She brings a candle with her, sees the garlic necklace on the sleeping Lucy.)

Gmother: (to herself) Oh, dear, what is this smelly thing? Lucy can't rest with this on. I can take it off... carefully...I don't want to wake the poor dear. (she discards the necklace) Oh...this room is stifling. The poor dear can't breathe I'll open the window. (she does and then goes back to Lucy; Dracula enters th open window; Mrs. Westenra senses his presence and turns) Who are you?! What are you doing here?! (She puts her hand to her throat; she can't breathe; then she screams and dies; Lucy is oblivious to all this; Dracula embraces her and drinks her blood as lights dim to black)

Alternate to ending: Mother and Emily enter bedroom:

Mother: Oh, dear, what is this smelly thing? Lucy can't rest with this on. Here, Emily, help me. Take it off carefully. We don't want to wake the poor dear. Oh...this room is stifling! Open that window. Good! Now take this downstairs with you. (gives Emily the garlic)

Emily: Will that be all, Mum?

Mother: Yes. Now go on...quietly. I'll be down shortly.

(after Emily leaves Dracula enters and scene plays as before)

Act 1: Scene 12. (several days later; The large room in the Westenra home; Arthur, Quincey, Seward and Van Helsing are wearing black armbands)

Quincey: I can't believe it! Mrs. Westenra dead...and Lucy...Lucy...

Dr. Seward: there, there, Quincey. Lucy will be all right, I know it looks bad now...perhaps when Mina and Jonathon arrive...

Arthur: What good can that do?! I can see the change in Lucy. Every day she seems paler, weaker. You haven't been able to help her at all. I don't know...

Van Helsing: Please! Enough of this talk. I must go upstairs now. Yes, I admit the girl is very sick, but here I can do nothing. John, come with me. Quincey, please stay here for the moment. Arthur, please to sit and calm yourself.

Arthur: All right, Professor. I'm...I'm sorry. (Seward and Van Helsing exit and go upstairs to Lucy; Lucy is unconscious as they enter)

Van Helsing: (sits on bed and takes her pulse) Poor girl. The shock is proving too much for her.

Dr. Seward: Yes. I'm afraid so. If only she hadn't insisted in going to the funeral. What could have happened to make Mrs. Westenra die of shock?

Van Helsing: We shall probably never know. More curious still is why was her garlic necklace on the floor, and the window open? John! Look! Look at her throat! Where are the marks that have been there for nearly a month?

Dr. Seward: They're completely gone!

Van Helsing: Disappeared...overnight! (checks pulse again) She's dying...quick, go and fetch Arthur!

Dr. Seward: Yes...of course. Ohh...poor Lucy...(exits to lower room where Arthur sits)

(Van Helsing brushes Lucy's hair waiting for Seward and Arthur; Lucy is unresponsive)

Arthur: (enters with Seward) Professor...what is it? John wouldn't tell me...he said ...he said you wanted me here! (Quincey stays at bottom of stairs to hear)

Lucy: (sits up as she hears Arthur's voice) Ohhh...Arthur my love! I'm so glad you've come. Come and sit by me. (Arthur sits and is about to kiss Lucy; Van Helsing stops him)

Van Helsing: No! Hold her hand. It will comfort her more.

Arthur: I've been to see the house again, sweetheart. It's going to be ...

Lucy: (lunges forward and grabs Arthur; speaks like a vampire) Oh, Arthur! Arthur my love! I'm so glad you're here! Kiss me!

Van Helsing: (pulls Arthur back) No! No!

Arthur: What is it? Why...

Van Helsing: Stay back! Do not kiss her!

Lucy: (gasps and falls back on pillow; speaks normally again) Professor...my true friend. Oh...help me...God...give me peace...(she dies)

Van Helsing: I swear it, my dear Lucy. Come Quincy, take her hand. Kiss her on the forehead...it's over. She is dead.

Arthur: Oh God! Why?! Why?!

Dr. Seward: I'm...so sorry, Arthur. (Quincey overhears and goes to bedroom door)

Van Helsing: Come, Arthur. Look at her. Look at her well. Remember her as she is now.

Quincey: (cries in anguish) She's so beautiful. She doesn't look sick anymore.

Arthur: (weeping) I can't believe it! She can't be gone! (Quincey embraces the weeping Arthur)

Van Helsing: God is merciful.

Dr. Seward: She's at peace. It is the end.(struggles to hold back tears)

Van Helsing: Not so...perhaps it is only the beginning. (Blackout)

INTERMISSION

Act 2: Scene 1. (Staircase at front of stage; Lower room of
Mrs. Westerna's home. A few days later; it is evening)

Jonathon: (he and Mina arrive home) How much driver? My God! Look Mina, look! It's
him! He took no money...

Mina: It's all right, Darling

Jonathon: You don't understand! It was Count Dracula!

Mina: Now, darling...you know that's impossible. Come, let's go in. You'll feel better.

Jonathon: (to himself) I thought I had imagined it all.

Dr. Seward: (in doorway) Jonathon! Mina! Thank God you've returned! We tried to cable
you in Budapest, but you had apparently...

Mina: John...has something happened? You seem so...has Lucy...(she brushes past
Seward)

Dr. Seward: Jonathon, perhaps you should come inside. Let me take your portmanteau.

Mina: Quincey! Where's Lucy? And why isn't Mrs Westerna... why are you all...

Quincey: There was just no way to let you know how ill she had become.

Mina: What are you saying? Why won't someone...

Arthur: She's gone...she's...(can't bring himself to say the word and he breaks down)

Dr. Seward: Mina, perhaps you should sit down. Quincey, get a brandy. Arthur, drink.
(Quincey pours brandy gives it to Arthur)

Mina: Please! Tell me what has happened! (gets up moves toward steps) I want to see
Lucy! Lucy! !

Dr. Seward: Mina, sit down. They're dead. Both of them

Jonathon: Oh, my God! Mina! I'm so sorry! John, what happened? (embracing Mina)

Dr. Seward: Last week Mrs. Westerna died...apparently of shock. Lucy continued to

weaken...and died four days ago. She was buried two days ago. Professor Van Helsing did everything he could...

Jonathon: Who?

Arthur: They don't know him John.

Dr. Seward: I'm sorry. In all the confusion I forgot. Jonathon Harker and Mina...his wife...this is Professor Van Helsing. I called him in to help with Lucy.

Van Helsing: Such a terrible homecoming, my dear young people. I can only say that I am deeply sorry. You must believe that we did everything possible.

Mina: Of course. I'm sorry, but I feel a little...Jonathon, I think I'd like to lie down.
(she starts up stairs)

Jonathon: Of course, darling. (moves to follow her up)

Van Helsing: If you will excuse us, Dr. Seward, Arthur and Quincey and I have an important appointment. We must take our leave. If it is permitted, we shall return later this evening. At that time I shall know more of what has happened.

Jonathon: We'll wait here. (starts up stairs)

Arthur: Professor, I said I would join you in...in what ever it is you find so important. I would just like to understand what you want us to do.

Quincey: It has to do with the stories in the paper. About the children.

Seward: Perhaps it would be best not to include Arthur in your belief, until You are sure, Professor.

Van Helsing: No! It is essential for him to understand...to see with his own eyes!
He would never believe anything I would say if he does not see
For himself!

Arthur: That's what I'm talking about. This...this secrecy. Something you don't think I will understand. Tell me what you and John and Quincey are keeping from me!

Van Helsing: I am sorry, Arthur. I beg you to trust me. Please...come with us. If you See then you will understand. Come. Please.

(Arthur nods his assent. The men gather a bag of tools and several lanterns and exit
Door stage right; Lights out on stage as Black scrim is closed to form a street in
London)

Act 2: Scene 2 (A London Street Later that evening)

Flower girl: Flowers! Pretty flowers! Just a Hapenny a bunch! (to well dressed couple)
Oh, Sir! Flowers for yer pretty wife? Just a hapenny!

Man: (reaches into pocket) Oh all right. Here, give us a bunch.

Woman: Oh...don't be so stupid! The flowers are wilted and she probably stole them!

Flower girl: Oh no, Mum! I niver did! Please buy a bunch...I can't go home 'til
I sells 'em all!

Woman: Get away with you! Come John. (They exit; girl wanders off, despondent)

Drunk 1: Give us a pull, Orkey!

Drunk 2: Ya gets no more! Tis a'most gone. (drinks a swig from the shared bottle)

Drunk 1: Yer a turible selfish man! I knowed I should of kep it fer meself. But, no!
I let me chart'bel nature get the best o' me!

Drunk 2: T'aint char...char...table what got the best 'o ya! T'was me! Now, lee me
Be! (another swig)

Drunk 1: C'mon, Orkey! Jist a pull! (Drunk 2 hands over the bottle; Drunk 1 sees that it
is empty; he exits and is followed by Drunk 2)

Prostitute 1: (sees man who enters) Ya look lost, gentle Sir. Come with me an' we kin
Find some comfort t'gether .What d'ya say? (Man stops and looks at her)

Prostitute 2: Oh, don't bother Lizzie! He's lookin'...but he ain't buyin'. Prolly 'asn't
Any money!

Man: I have money. And I will spend it! But I want my money's worth! (He moves to
Prostitute 1 and stands facing upstage. A boy enters stage left and quickly
approaches the man. He picks his pocket, the man turns and sees the boy holding
his purse) My purse! Give it here, you little thief!

Boy: You says you 'as money! Well, why'nt share it, then Guv? (the man starts toward
him; they dance about during this dialogue) Ya think ya kin ketch us, then?

Man: Uhhh! You miserable urchin! Give it here!!

Prostitute 1: Help! Help! Get the little bugger, would ya! 'E just killed my business
With this poor gen'leman!

Boy: I'm on'y do'in ne own business, Lady! Hah...hah! (he runs off stage right; the
Man follows)

Prostitute 1: Little bugger. (Dracula in hat and large coat enters stage right)

Prostitute 2: There's a man fer ya! (she walks toward Dracula) I knows what yer lookin'
Fer, sir. I kin 'elp ya find it! (Dracula does not move. He stares at her)

Prostitute 1: (Nervously) I don't like the look of 'im, Mary.

Prostitute 2: (She has stopped for a moment; then starts walking stiffly toward Dracula)
Hit's all right...Lizzie. You go on. (walks up to Dracula who embraces her)

Prostitute 1: (as she leaves) I'll ...I'll see ya, then. (stares at them for a moment then exits)

Prostitute 2: (stuggles a bit against the embrace) Yer _____ strong, Sir! I kin 'ardly
Breathe. Uhh!

(The four men enter stage right; The stage is dark and they can not see Dracula
and the Prostitute in the deep shadows on stage left)

Arthur: Professor, what are the tools for? Why are we in this part of the city?

Quincey: I still don't know what we're looking for.

Van Helsing: We look for children.

Arthur: Children?! What are you talking about?

Van Helsing: You recall the newspaper story I read this day? The children who saw the
Lady ...the Lady who kissed them. The story said the children were dazed
And weakened but apparently not seriously hurt.

Arthur: But what has that story to do with us?

Van Helsing: My dear Arthur. You must trust in me. I know what we must find and what
we must do. (Dracula releases the Prostitute; she walks off unsteadily;
Dracula walks toward the men)

Man (Dracula) : (as he passes he bumps Van Helsing) Pardon!

Quincey: Watch where you're walkin', fella!

Man: Yes, indeed! (the man walks away, then turns and looks back at them)

Van Helsing: (looking at the man as he exits) Strange! Something about him...come!
We must hurry! He begins to walk , followed by the men)

Dr. Seward: Look! Over there! (a child in a nightdress appears)

Van Helsing: What have we here? A child outside at night?

Child: I've been with a booful lady.(speaks as in a stupor)

Van Helsing: What's that...booful?

Dr. Seward: Do you mean...beautiful?

Child: Yes...booful.

Van Helsing: Don't you think it's time you were home?

Child: Yes.

Van Helsing: (picks up child) Well, up you come. (They see child's neck)

Dr. Seward: My God!

Quincey: What is it?

Arthur: The child's neck is bleeding!

Van Helsing: I did not think it would be so soon! Now, Arthur... Quincey! Now, are you ready to believe what John and I have been telling you?

Quincey: I'm sorry Professor...but I just think it's impossible!

Arthur: Don't start that nonsense again, Professor. The very idea...that Lucy...

Van Helsing: The wounds on the child's neck. Do they suggest to you nothing concerning the death of Miss Lucy?

Quincey: Are you saying these small wounds in this child's neck were made in the same way as Lucy's?

Van Helsing: Alas, no...I am not.

Quincey: Then what are you saying?

Van Helsing: They were made by Miss Lucy!

Arthur: You're insane! Lucy is...was...an angel! And you want me to believe...

Van Helsing: She has joined the ranks of the undead.

Quincey: The undead?

Van Helsing: The Nosferatu. The walking dead. Those who can not die. Who are cursed with immortality. Who must go on age after age. Adding new victims, multiplying the evils of the world.

Arthur: You're saying that Lucy is some evil creature? She attacks children?

Dr. Seward: Arthur, she is not to blame! She became the prey... of a Vampire.

Van Helsing: She has become a vampire herself. And now we must...(Lucy appears; makes animal sounds; approaches Arthur)

Lucy: Arthur...my Arthur...

Quincey: Professor! It can't be Lucy?! And yet...

Dr. Seward: It's not Lucy we all loved!

Van Helsing: Do not let her touch you!

Lucy: (softer now) Come to me Arthur. Come, my love, leave these others and we can be together for all eternity. (moves to embrace Arthur)

Arthur: (moves to embrace Lucy) Lucy...is it really you? Oh my love, I thought you Were dead!

Van Helsing: No! (thrusts crucifix at Lucy; she screams and falls back) Now, Quincy, John, help me! I must proceed with my work. (They restrain Arthur who struggles with them. Van Helsing calms Arthur and they exit, following Lucy; Moonlight fades to black;)

(The men reenter: They approach Lucy's Mausoleum at Stage left: This may be Renfields cell . Lucy cringes in fear inside. The men open the door and find her there)

Lucy: Argghhhh! Stay away!

Van Helsing: (Holds up a crucifix) I hold this Holy Relic as our protection from the evil
That has possessed you!

Lucy: Arthur! Arthur! You still love me! Protect me! (she speaks in a sly but soft tone)

Arthur: Lucy! How...how can this be? Professor... (he moves closer to her)

Seward: Arthur...don't listen...Ohhh ...

Van Helsing: Arthur come back here. Don't her touch you! (he brandishes the cross)

Lucy: Aahhhrgggg! (she writhes as if burned)

Arthur: Professor...have mercy! Can't you see that she's in agony!

Quincey: Arthur...he is trying to save her! Trust him! Let him do what must be done! It's
the only way!

Van Helsing: John...you must help me! Get the stake and mallet! (as they approach
Lucy the lights slowly go to black)

Act 2: Scene 3. (Lower room in Seward's home; Van Helsing, Arthur, Quincey, Seward, Jonathon and Mina are present)

Van Helsing: So there is no doubt in our minds that Jonathon's journal of his encounter In Transylvania, and Miss Mina's account of the past few weeks taken together, prove beyond a shadow of a doubt, that Count Dracula is a vampire...and is in this country. So, Mr. Harker, your inquiries in Whitby, was it rewarding?

Harker: I think so. According to the harbor master, fifty boxes of earth were removed from the wreck of the ship, and delivered to Carfax.

Quincey: I don't grasp the significance of these boxes. Why filled with dirt?

Van Helsing: It is only on earth that has been...has been...?

Dr. Seward: Consecrated?

Van Helsing: Ahh! That has been consecrated ...that a vampire can find rest...sanctuary...for he must avoid the day! And while he sleeps, he is at his weakest.

Quincey: But where does this earth come from?

Van Helsing: From the graves of Castle Dracula. For him, in a twisted way, this earth is sacred. It is from the graves of his ancestors. Of his children. Of his children's children. All consecrated ground in his eyes. We must stamp out this terrible and mysterious enemy. Are we agreed to try? Do we fight? What say you?

Dr. Seward: Of course!

Arthur: I'll kill the monster myself! For...Lucy.

Quincey: You can count me in, Professor!

Harker: And I speak for myself and Mina. Yes! Yes, of course!

Van Helsing: No! I feel that she should have nothing to do with this terrible affair! The risk is too great!

Mina: Professor, Lucy was like a sister to me. I am already involved.

Van Helsing: My dear, you are too precious. And we men will act all the more freely knowing that you are not in danger. As we have found to our sorrow, the Count is a formidable enemy.

Mina: But, Professor...

Jonathon: He's right, darling. I'll take you to Hempstead and then return.

Dr. Seward: Hempstead is quite a distance. Perhaps you and Mina could stay here in my guest quarters, until this situation is resolved.

Harker: Thank you John. What do you think, Mina? Perhaps it would be best.

Mina: But I can't just sit here while you men are...I want to help.

Dr. Seward: Mina, you might be of some help to me. I have to make my rounds shortly. I have a patient...a Mr. Renfield. A very interesting case. He apparently suffered some sort of breakdown while traveling to Budapest. And since you were with Jonathon during his recovery, I thought...well, I can't seem to get through to him. Maybe you can.

Mina: All right, John. But I don't see...

Dr. Seward: It may be that you will find out what happened to him. I've tried time and again, but without success.

Johnathon: It would be better than sitting here and brooding, darling. Go with John.

Van Helsing: I agree. John, we will see you when you return from your rounds.

Dr. Seward: (as he and Mina exit) Come along, Mina. Seeing this man will take your mind off...well, as I said, he's a very interesting case.

Van Helsing: Now. From my studies of other cases, it is not uncommon for these creatures to hide their earthen sanctuaries near holy places. Tell me Jonathon, you have been through Carfax? Is there a chapel?

Harker: Yes! Yes there is! And it has a stairway down to a vast cellar!

Van Helsing: Excellent! We will go there immediately.(The men exit with lanterns; Blackout; Black scrim is closed)

Act 2: Scene 4. (Hallway at Asylum)

Attendant: Hello, Dr. Seward.

Seward: Is everything quiet, Carl?

Attendant: Well, I 'ad a bit of a problem with Percy, again, He found some matches
And...

Percy: You promised not to tell Doctor Seward! You promised! The spirits told me
Not to trust you, and I didn't listen! And now he's going to be disappointed!
(notices Mina) Ohhh! And who is the pretty lady?

Boles: Niver you mind about Mrs. Harker! And you was told ta watch 'im! 'E's
clever...maybe too clever fer you!

Inmate: Too clever! Too clever! 'At's a good 'un. Hah! Hah!

Seward: I am disappointed, Percy. I'll discuss this with you later, Carl. Boles, I want to
see Renfield, now. I expect you to see that this matches situation is solved!
This way, Mina.

.Woman 1: Ohhh! What a beootiful dress! (grabs Mina's dress)

Seward: Mary! Please let go of Mrs. Harkers' dress!

Woman 1: But hit's so beyootiful ! And this ladies quite a beyooty, as well! Is she crazy
Like some of the others is in 'ere?

Seward: (smiling) No Mary. She's not crazy. She's a visitor.

Mina: If you like my dress, perhaps Dr. Seward would let me show you how to sew, and
Then we could make a pretty dress for you. What do you think, John?

Woman 2: Ohhh! It's John, now is it? Are you going to marry him, dearie?

Seward: (sternly) Hilda! There'll be no more of that! Mrs. Harker is married to a friend
Of mine!

Woman 2: Then where's he at, now? And why's she callin' you John?

Seward: Come along, Min...Mrs. Harker. Pay them no mind.

Mina: It's all right, John. No need to be angry with them. And you never answered My question...about showing that woman...Mary...how to sew.

Seward: Ohh! Good idea, I think. And I'm not angry. Ah! Here's his cell.

Dr. Seward: (entering with Mina) Mr. Renfield...(Renfield is oblivious) Mr. Renfield, I would like you to meet Mrs. Harker.

Mina: How do you do, Mr. Renfield? I've heard a great deal about you.

Renfield: How do you do? You mean me? How do I do? Why, he's a Doctor...and you are a beautiful woman...while I am only a man who once held a strange belief.

Mina: Indeed, Mr. Renfield. What was that?

Renfield: I used to fancy that by consuming a multitude of living things I could prolong life indefinitely. Isn't that so, Doctor?

Dr. Seward: That is so, Mr. Renfield. Are you saying that you no longer hold that belief?

Mina: May I sit down, Mr. Renfield? Would you care to tell me something of this belief...

Renfield: No!

Mina: But, Mr. Renfield, Doctor Seward did refer to...

Renfield: I said, if you were listening, I no longer hold to those beliefs.

Mina: I'm sorry, Mr. Renfield. I didn't mean to...

Dr. Seward: Perhaps Mr. Renfield isn't feeling well tonight, Mrs. Harker. It is rather late. You might want to rest a bit before we have supper. Jonathon and the others should be back by then.

Mina: All right, John. I would like to lie down for a while. Oh...and good evening, Mr. Renfield. I hope we can talk again.

Renfield: Good night. (Seward and Mina exit cell, walk through hall; Renfield eats fly)

Scrubwoman:: (to Mina) Now, 'e's the crazy one, dearie! (lights go to black)

Act 2: Scene 5. The cellars of Carfax Black scrim remains closed; Renfield's Cell is closed; some boxes are scattered about)

(The men enter from left from into Carfax cellar; The only light comes from the Lanterns they carry)

Van Helsing: God in heaven! What a stench! Every breath exhaled by that monster clings to this place.

Quincey: Look, Professor! Here are some of the boxes!

Arthur: And there's more over here!

Van Helsing: Good! We must open them one by one, and I will sterilize the earth!

Harker: But, how, Professor?

Van Helsing: With this. Consecrated hosts. I have the permission of the bishop. Particles of the host sprinkled onto the earth will sterilize the boxes...and he will never again be able to lie in them. Come, Quincy, open the box...we must work quickly. (they open a box and sprinkle host inside as lights fade)

(Open the Black scrim)

Act 2: Scene 6. (Seward's quarters at the asylum; We see Mina's Bedroom on the upper level, and Van Helsing, Seward and Arthur are in large lower room: As Harker leaves the upper room, Mina sits up, goes to the window and opens it. Dracula enters, embraces her and drinks blood from her neck, while the scene continues downstairs)

Van Helsing: So, after our visit to Carfax last night, at least we know that twenty-nine out of fifty boxes have been sterilized and rendered harmless. The Count can no longer find refuge there. But, where are the twenty-one boxes that have been removed?

Harker: (entering down stairs from upper room) Sorry I'm late. Poor Mina's not feeling well. I told her to stay in bed for a while. John, Mina's very anxious to speak to your patient, Renfield, again. She thinks there may be some kind of link between him and the Count and that he may speak to her openly.

Arthur: Isn't it dangerous for her? Harker, aren't you concerned?

Harker: Yes, of course, but it's a calculated risk.

Dr. Seward: What do you think, Professor?

Van Helsing: Well...it may help us...and anything that makes Miss Mina feel useful will do her a world of good. But, of course we will have to be even more vigilant and keep a close watch over her.

Harker: Thank you. She did think that the evening would be the most rewarding time To see him..

Dr. Seward: Very well, I'll arrange it.

Van Helsing: Good.

Quincey: (entering) Say, listen fellas! I think I'm onto something! I contacted a local freight hauling company. They tell me that they picked up twenty-one boxes from Carfax and delivered them to an address in Mayfair. (reads from slip of paper) twenty one packages: 8 Chesterfield Lane, Mayfair.

Van Helsing: Very good! Mayfair! Well done, young Quincey, well done! You shall have

a nice hot cup of cocoa

Quincey: Thanks, Professor. (fade to black)

Act: Scene 7. (Renfield's cell; later that evening; black scrim is closed)

Boles: A young lady to see you, Mr. Renfield. (to Mina) I'll be standing by till you're ready to leave, if you take my meaning.

Mina: Thank you. Good evening, Mr. Renfield.

Renfield: Who are you?

Mina: I'm Mrs. Harker, Mr. Renfield. We spoke yesterday. I was with Dr. Seward. I was very interested in what you were saying about eternal life.

Renfield: You look different.

Mina: Do I?

Renfield: Quite different.

Mina: Tell me again, more about your theories. Flies and spiders and so on.

Renfield: The wings of the fly are typical of the aerial powers of the psychic faculties.

Mina: Yes, I can see the analogy. (Seward and Harker enter and stand in the shadows, outside the cell with Boles)

Renfield: The ancients did well to typify the soul of the fly.

Mina: Are you interested in souls, Mr. Renfield?

Renfield: Of course I'm not, Mrs. Harker. Life is all I want!

Mina: Doesn't each life possess a soul? Even a fly and a sparrow? Can one take a life without being responsible for the soul?

Renfield: Why do you have to go on about souls? I don't want to know about souls!

Mina: (quietly) I had a terrible dream last night.

Renfield: You're trying to confuse me.

Mina: Mr. Renfield, will you...can you...help me?

Renfield: Why?

Mina: I feel that we understand each other. In this dream that I had, I heard dogs barking. I thought I heard you shouting...protesting. I couldn't understand what you were saying. I dreamt that my life was being slowly drained away and that when I had no more blood, my soul would never find peace.

Renfield: Your soul?

Mina: Yes. What do you think, Mr. Renfield? That is some way I could have been so sinful that I must spend my afterlife in Purgatory?

Renfield: (he kisses her hands) I pray God that I may never see your sweet face again. May he bless and keep you. (Renfield turns away and looks out window)

Mina: (Stands up) I'm so afraid. (she exits cell and finds Harker and Seward with Boles)

Dr. Seward: (enters cell) Good evening Mr. Renfield.

Renfield: Doctor Seward, you must let me out of here, immediately!

Dr. Seward: But, why, Mr. Renfield?

Renfield: Now! This very hour! Let them take me to prison in legs irons and shackles, if you wish! But I can't stay here!

Dr. Seward: Has Mrs. Harker said something to upset you?

Renfield: I'm not my own Master! Let me go! (begging, crawling on floor) Let me go!

Dr. Seward: I'll be back in the morning to discuss it.

Renfield: Please, I'm not insane! I'm a sane man fighting for his freedom! Please!

Dr. Seward: Now, Mr. Renfield. No more of this. You must behave.

Renfield: (in control of himself) Doctor, I trust that you will remember when this is over that I did what I could to convince you.

Dr. Seward: Yes, Mr. Renfield. (exits as lights dim on cell; after short pause, lights come back up to reveal Renfield still on floor, and Dracula standing over him)

(Find a way to achieve this)

Dracula: Why did you refuse what I have sent to you?

Renfield: I do not want you here. (stands up, pauses) If thought is life and strength is breath, and the want of thought is death, well then, I am a happy fly, if I live or if I die.

Dracula: You should be overjoyed by what I have sent you.

Renfield: You have sent me nothing!

Dracula: Look at me. I have sent you a human being. A living person. Take from her and give to her. The two of you will live forever.

Renfield: God, give me strength! (he tries to hit Dracula with stool; Dracula stops the attack with a gesture, then slowly picks Renfield up with one hand around his neck; He lets go and Renfield drops to the floor, dying)

Boles: (walking in hall with Seward) But Dr. Seward, don't you think he's too dangerous for Mrs. Harker to...

Dr. Seward: (walking toward cell with Boles) Dangerous? No. He is showing the same growing excitement, as when he asks for a kitten. I'm not sure...(Dracula puts out candle and leaves cell when he hears their voices)

Seward: (enters cell with Boles and a lantern) Mr. Renfield!

Renfield: (groans) Doctor...I...I...

Dr. Seward: Mr. Renfield, what happened? (kneels beside him)

Renfield: I would not send her soul to purgatory...

Dr. Seward: What? Whose?

Renfield: Look to...Mrs. Harker...Go to...her...Oh...God...take my soul...(dies)

Boles: He's gone Doctor.

Dr. Seward: My God! We must go to her! Quickly! (Blackout on cell)

(close Black scrim)

Act 2: Scene 8 (Sewards home. Moonlight comes through window of upper room; Harker and Mina are asleep in bed in Seward's guest quarters; Dracula enters through window)

Mina: (wakes, sits up sees Dracula standing in room; tries to shake Jonathon awake)
Jonathon! Jonathon!

Dracula: Your husband will not awake. Come to me. (she kneels on foot of bed; he enfolds her in an embrace) Please do not help these men to fight me. They are superstitious fools. They've been losing for two thousand years. Do you know the significance of the kiss? You are nourishment to me! Blood of my blood... flesh of my flesh. My beautiful wine press. We shall cross land and sea together. Land and sea. (he opens shirt and cuts his chest with his fingernail) Come, take from me. Drink. Drink. Life. Life. Drink. (Van Helsing and Seward enter with lanterns, allowing the lights to come up) Fools!

Mina: Jonathon...Jonathon (sobbing, gasping; Jonathon awakes)

Van Helsing: Retro Mescitants! (he holds a crucifix)

Dracula: Yes, Professor. It always sounds more convincing in Latin, doesn't it? You give an order to retreat.

Seward: We guard ourselves from your touch! (holds up host)

Dracula: Using a crucifix as a talisman? An instrument of torture and humiliation.

Van Helsing: A symbol of trouble by which our faith is tested!

Dracula: You wish to destroy me. Why? We, all of us must survive. The blood of a human for me...a cooked bird for you. What is the difference? I am bound to this earth. I make it my domain. You will die in a miserable allotted span. I have centuries before me.

Van Helsing: You shall not capture any more souls!

Dracula: Souls. (laughs) there is no blood to drink from souls...if there are such things. I do not die like the bee when I sting once. I become stronger. Vampires are nourishment for one another. Beautiful...Fundamental...Nourishment. And your wife, Mr. Harker, is mine already!

Harker: (sitting up in bed through the scene, now brandishes a pistol and in a fury fires it several times) You foul beast...monster...Die!! (Dracula is unharmed)

Dracula: You think you will leave me no place of rest? (exits through window)

Jonathon: Mina! Why didn't you wake me? My God!

Mina: I tried! I tried! (she has blood on her face and hands) Unclean! Unclean! God protect me!

Van Helsing: Don't worry, God will protect you! Hold her Harker, while I place the Holy Eucharist on her forehead! (she recoils in fear but Harker holds her: she screams in pain as the host touches her forehead; a red mark should show on her forehead from this point on) In nomine Patris et filii et spiritus sanctis.

Mina: I am unclean. Even the Almighty shuns me! (sobbing as the lights dim to black; Scrim for upper room is closed)

Act 2: Scene 9 (Sewards home)

(The lights come up on lower room; Quincey is drinking brandy.)

Quincey: It's almost impossible to believe that the monster was here! And in Johnathon's Bed. And now poor Mina! What will become of her?

Arthur: I would never believe it if I hadn't seen „,Lucy.(his voice breaks)

Quincey: Have some brandy, Arthur. (sees Van Helsing entering) Brandy, Professor?

Van Helsing: (enters with Seward) No! I must keep the brain clear. I am not young and strong as you men are!

Arthur: I think you are the strongest man I have ever met, Professor. To go up against A monster like this...this fiend!

Van Helsing: I do only what I must. I hope that I do God's work.

Seward: You have us to help you, Professor. But I doubt we could do it without you.

Van Helsing: My books tell me that he was an extraordinary man. Soldier and cunning statesman. No branch of study was too difficult for him. And the power of his brain has survived his death. But he shall not escape. We shall corner him, and we shall drive a stake through his heart.

Harker (enters from upper level): May it be God's will that I do the deed!

Van Helsing: God will act in his own way, in his own time, Now, come, we have much to do.

Mina: (entering with Harker) I know that you must fight him. But it must not be a fight of hatred. That poor soul who has brought about all this misery, he is the saddest one of all.

Harker: Mina! How can you say such things? If I could send his soul to burning hell, I would do it!

Mina: Hush! Jonathon. You must show pity for him, just as some day you may have to show pity for me. Professor, I have to tell you that I believe the Count can

somehow force me to tell him what I know of your plans. I'm afraid that he has the power to force me to be in league with him, against you.

Harker: Mina, please don't say that. It...it can't be true!

Mina: No? Do you think I haven't looked in the mirror? (she indicates the red scar on her forehead)

Harker: Mina, dearest. Don't. (he embraces her)

Van Helsing: Yes, yes, we must face the facts. No matter how unpleasant. Quincey, how many boxes have you found at Barsey?

Quincy: Eight, Professor.

Van Helsing: And at the bay's End address, Arthur?

Arthur: Four.

Van Helsing: And you sterilized them as I instructed you, John?

Arthur: We did as you instructed, Professor.

Dr. Seward: Yes, Professor. I had no problem with that. There was no sign that he had been at either place, but I can tell you that I was...

Van Helsing: One box left. So, Mina, you are the wisest of us all. Tell me, where do you think the last box is?

Mina: He would never tell me. He knows I am not...yet...but there was something he said...or I dreamed...I'm sure of it! There is only one place he would feel safe now. The chapel basement at Carfax! You haven't been there since you sanctified the first group of boxes.

Van Helsing: Very astute! Or perhaps a trick played on us through you. But...we must take the chance. Quincey, Jonathon get our equipment. John, you will come and watch Mina. You as well, Arthur. We must take her also. And we must hurry. It is almost the sun setting time.

(They all exit the house carrying equipment and several lanterns.
The black scrim is closed and several boxes are again scattered on the stage.
The only light comes from their lanterns)

Van Helsing: Quickly, Jonathon...Quincy...look for a box with a lid.

Harker: There was a window over there! We could use more light!

Arthur: Here! It's been covered over with a drape! (He pulls the drape free;
Light from the setting sun comes through the high window)

Mina: I...I sense his presence! He is here! I'm sure of it!

Harker: Should she be here? If he attacks...

Van Helsing: She is more involved in this fight than any of us! Help us find him, Mina!

Arthur: There's nothing here! And the sunlight is dimming!

Harker: My God! Professor...if that monster awakes....

Arthur: John, help me with this box. (They struggle to open a box located upstage;
Quincey pushes at several objects on a box downstage ; See set design)

Quincy: Here, Professor. I'm sure that we left the covers off all the boxes the last time we
were here. This one...

Van Helsing: Quickly! It is almost sunset!

Quincy: (works on lid with tool) Jonathon, help me pull this cover...uhhh!

Seward: It's so heavy! (As they struggle, the sunlight stops. The only light is from a
lantern held by Van Helsing, as the cover is removed, Dracula rises from the
box and grabs Quincy by the neck)

Dracula: Fools!

Quincey: (in a strangled voice) Help...I can't...Uhhhhhhh!

Mina: Quincey! (screams)

Dracula: Sunset! (he is half out of the box and strangling Quincey)

Van Helsing: Jonathon! The stake! Now! (Jonathon puts stake into position with both
hands as Quincey struggles)

Mina: Oh...must you...(screams again)

Van Helsing: (Pounding stake home with a small sledge) Hell hound! John...Pull
Quincey free!

Dr. Seward: (pulls Quincey from Dracula's grasp; sees his broken neck) He's dead!
He's dead!!

Dracula: (an eerie sound of the dying Dracula, a combination of roaring and gasping)

Van Helsing: Mrs.Harker...let me see your face!

Jonathon: The scar! It's disappeared!

Van Helsing: With his death, she is made whole again.(Johnathon and Mina embrace)

Arthur: Killing him is not enough! He killed my Lucy! And now Quincey!]

Dr. Seward: Poor Quincy.

Mina: (sobbing) Ohhh....Lucy...Lucy...Quincey...

Van Helsing: Quincey and Miss Lucy are with God.

(Blackout) THE END