

1985 Script

Dracula: adapted for the stage by Lou Bisignani

Time: 1890; Spring

Characters: Jonathon Harker: mid twenties

Count Dracula: ageless

Female Vampires: One obviously the leader; three younger

Mrs. Westerna: Grandmother to Lucy and Mina

Lucy: late teens or early twenties

Mina: twenties

Quincy: late twenties; engaged to Lucy

Renfield: forty

Dr. John Seward: Thirty; suitor to Lucy; head of asylum

Boles: thirty; assistant to Dr. Seward

Professor Van Helsing: sixtyish

Harker
(old version)

Act I: Scene 1. The castle of Count Dracula in Transylvania

Harker: (as the sound of a coach pulls away) Driver! Driver! Damn! (to himself) Picked up in the middle of the night...driven for hours...dropped off God knows where. I'm freezing – famished! I'll wager that no one is awake! (bangs on door) Let me in! Let me...(the door opens to reveal Dracula)

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

Harker: 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 moves to a table laden with food)

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 all day.

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...are they 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 sister 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, with her family. But, they always 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 sanitorium 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 his pocket, starts to put it on table, then puts it around his neck as lights fade to black)

Act 1: Scene 2. Late afternoon of the next day; Harker’s sleeping quarters.

(Harker is up and prepares to shave. He places a small mirror on table. He is still wearing rosary around his neck. He is shaving as Dracula enters)

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) The one on the right.

Dracula: The other one?

Harker: Her sister.

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 go to black)

Act 1: Scene 3. Main room of castle. Several hours later.

(As lights come up Harker is seen sitting and reading a book)

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 top 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 in this room tonight. Please.

Harker: Very well, sir.

Dracula: Good. I will see you tomorrow night. (exits)

Harker: (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)

Act 1: Scene 4 . A short time later (should run immediately after Scene 3)

(Lights come up on boxes as they open; Vampiresses emerge and are joined by others. All four enter room to discover the sleeping Harker. They laugh at this discovery; If possible the laughter should be prerecorded and sound as if in an echo chamber or some other eerie effect)

1st Vampire: Go on...you can go first.

2nd Vampire: Me – first – really?

First Vampire: Yes, really. It is all right. (At this point Harker awakes, but does not react. He is in a stupor, but he can look at what is happening)

3rd Vampire: He is so young, and strong. (Strokes his shoulder)

4th Vampire: Leave some for us. (she kneels beside him and licks his hand)

2nd Vampire: (Bends his head forward and prepares to bite his neck)

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

4th Vampire: You never loved me.

3rd Vampire: Or me.

2nd Vampire: You never loved any of us.

1st Vampire: 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.

1st Vampire: All right.

2nd Vampire: Not too long, I hope.

Dracula: Now go. I must awaken him.

3rd Vampire: And tonight...you can give us nothing?

4th Vampire: We must have something! Please!

Dracula: (points to bag he carried when he entered; there is an infants cry)
There! I promised I would bring you a gift!

(The four Vampires laugh and run to the bag. As they open the bag, the lights dim and we hear a baby's cry)

Act 1: Scene 5. Late afternoon of the next day. Harker's sleeping quarters.

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

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. (has finished dressing and as he exits, the lights fade to black on the upper chamber and come up on lower large room. Dracula is standing in the room looking at 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: How 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 and exits with the note)

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 and climbs out window as lights fade to black)

Act 1: scene 6.

(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 and then 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 Quincy's ... proposal!

Mina: Proposal! Oh, my dearest! I never suspected...and Quincy! 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 Quincy. 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: 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 7.

(Lower large room: Witby: it is late afternoon, the day after the storm)

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 the gravestone underneath a bench."

Lucy: Our bench!?

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

Grandmother: Oh –really! 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."

Grandmother: 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!

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

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

Grandmother: 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."

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

Mina: The post! (exits)

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

Grandmother: 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 Quincy! He's coming down for the weekend!

Mina: Oh, good!

Grandmother: 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)

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

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

Grandmother: 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)

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; 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 Grandmother. Please...you must promise!

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

Lucy: No! No! Please...you know – you know – grandmother'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

(Late the next afternoon: Table set for dinner in large room)

Grandmother: You didn't eat a thing, dear!

Mina: Don't fuss, Grandmother.

Grandmother: You look so faint...and pale. Doesn't she look pale, Quincy?

Quincy: (pouring a brandy) Yep! She sure does!

Lucy: Well, to tell you the truth...I do have rather a headache. It must be the effect of seeing Quincy again. (a faint smile)

Quincy: 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. Grandmother and I will keep Quincy company.

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

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

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

Quincy: (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're lucky, grandmother will give you another piece of her pie!

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

Lucy: Yes. I know it will. (exits; In a few moments we see her enter her room and lie down as the dialogue continues downstairs)

Mina: Oh, Quincy, 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.

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

Mina: Yes! You're right of course!

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

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

Quincy: And then Jack Seward can have a look at her.

Grandmother: 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)

Quincy: 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?

Quincy: 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! Quincy...I would so appreciate your help! I've been so worried!

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

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

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

Mina: 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 Quincy come into your dream?

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

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

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

Act !: Scene 10.

(Lights go up on lower level area stage left; Renfield's cell in Dr. Seward's asylum)

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)

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

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

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

Renfield: They were sent to me.

Dr. Seward: By whom?

Renfield: I am not at liberty to disclose that.

Dr. 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!

Dr. Seward: Leave him alone, Boles.

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

Dr. Seward: Come and sit down.

Boles: You heard him! Sit down!

Dr. 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.

Dr. 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 11. (Night; Mrs. Westerna's home in London) (quick transition)

(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! Quincy's brought John Seward.
Lucy: Hello, John. It's good of you to visit.

Dr. Seward: Hello Lucy. Quincy tells me you've been haven't been eating or sleeping lately. He 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. Quincy...Mina...would you excuse us for a few minutes.

Mina: Of course. We can wait downstairs, Quincy. (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, Quincy! Tell me, have you had news of Jonathon?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mina: I must go to him!

Quincy: 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)

Mina: I must tell Grandmother straightaway. And then I must pack! Oh, Quincy I can't thank you enough! (she kisses his cheek and exits; Quincy pours a brandy and sits)

Dr. Seward: (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...

Dr. 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?

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

Lucy: Will you tell Grandmother and Mina and Quincy that? They're so worried. John...thank you for coming.

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

Lucy: Goodnight, John. (he exits bedroom)

Dr. Seward: (enters lower level, with Grandmother) I'm going to seek a second opinion.

(Lucy gets out of bed and opens window to Dracula. He drinks her blood as the scene in the lower room progresses)

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

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

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

Grandmother: Who do you suggest?

Dr. 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...Quincy. (he exits; the lights dim to black)

Act 1: Scene 12. (Mrs. Westerna's home; the upper room; Lucy is in bed, Quincy is in the room, as Grandmother, Dr. Seward and Van Helsing enter)

Dr. 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 Quincy...

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

Quincy: Professor. (shakes hands)

Van Helsing: It is love that makes the world go round...and like most...like most...

Dr. Seward: Clichés?

Van Helsing: Yes, clichés! Like most clichés, it is true! 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 Westerna. 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. Westerna, may I plead with you to take these two young men downstairs. Offer them a glass of sherry wine, perhaps.

Grandmother: Yes, of course, Professor. Come along, you two.

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

Lucy: Yes, Professor. (Grandmother, Seward 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 Quincy.

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 Quincy 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 Grandmother, Quincy and Seward)

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

Quincy: 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?

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' window; Blackout)

Act 1: Scene 13. (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 cell) Lights out Mr. Renfield.

Renfield: 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) Help! Help! He's off his head! (pushes Renfield off) He's bit my wrist! Help! Christ...I'm bleeding! (he runs off, holding his wrist)

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)

Act 1: Scene 14. (Westerna home, large lower room)

Grandmother: (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?

Grandmother: 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. Westerna, 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. Westerna. 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.

Grandmother: 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?

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. Westerna about what we are doing. It would make her more anxious.

Van Helsing: 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, tyhgen Mrs. Westerna enters; She brings a candle with her, sees the garlic necklace on the sleeping Lucy.)

Grandmother: (to herself) Oh, dear, what is this smelly thing? Let me 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 the open window; Mrs. Westernas 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 onto the bed; Lucy is oblivious to all this; Dracual embraces her and drinks her blood as lights dim to black)

Act 1: Scene 14. (several days later; The large room in the Westerna home; Quincy, Seward and Van Helsing are wearing black armbands)

Quincy: I can't believe it! Mrs. Wsesterna dead...and Lucy...Lucy...

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

Quincy: 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. Quincy, please stay here for the moment.

Quincy: 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. Westerna die of shock?

Van Helsing: We shall probably never know. More curious still is why was her 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 Quincy!

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

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

Quincy: (enters with Seward) Professor...what is it? John wouldn't tell me...he said ...he said you wanted me here!

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

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

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

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

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

Quincy: 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.

Quincy: Oh God! Why?! Why?!

Dr. Seward: I'm...so sorry, Quincy.

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

Quincy: She's so beautiful. She doesn't look sick anymore.

Van Helsing: God is merciful.

Dr. Seward: She's at peace. It is the end.

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

INTERMISSION

Act 2: Scene 1. (Lower room of Mrs. Westerna's home. A few days later)

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: Quincy! Where's Lucy? And why isn't Grandmother...

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

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

Dr. Seward: Mina, perhaps you should sit down. Quincy, get a brandy.

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

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?

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.

Jonathon: Of course, darling.

Van Helsing: If you will excuse us, Dr. Seward and Quincy 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.

Mina: Yes. (Harker and Mina exit right as men exit down front stairs with lanterns; The stage is blacked out as moonlight comes up in the center aisle of the audience)

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

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!

Quincy: What is it?

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

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

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

Quincy: 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.

Quincy: Then what are you saying?

Van Helsing: They were made by Miss Lucy!

Quincy: You're insane!

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

Quincy: 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.

Dr. Seward: You see Quincy, 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 Quincy)

Lucy: Quincy...my Quincy...

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

Dr. Seward: It's not your Lucy!

Van Helsing: Do not let her touch you!

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

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

Act 2: Scene 2. (Lower room in Mrs. Westerna's home; Van Helsing, Quincy, 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 wreckage of the ship, and delivered to Carfax.

Quincy: 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: 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.

Quincy: 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!

Quincy: 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 my sister. 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.

Van Helsing: Good, John. We will see you when you return from your rounds.

Dr. Seward: (as he and Mina exit) Come along, Mina. Maybe 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 as 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)

Act 2: Scene 3. (Renfields cell; lower Stage Left area)

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; Mina goes up to bedroom)

(The three men move from blackened stage down into Carfax cellar; they carry lanterns)

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

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

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; during this scene we see Mina go into upper room, lie down, sit up, go to window and let Dracula in; He drinks her blood)

Act 2: Scene 4. (Van Helsing and Seward are in large lower room)

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) 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. That he may speak to her openly.

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.

Harker: Thank you. She thought that the evening would be the most rewarding time.

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

Van Helsing: Good.

Quincy: (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 Quincy, well done! You shall have

a nice hot cup of cocoa

Quincy: Thanks, Professor. (fade to black)

Act: Scene 5. (Renfield's cell; later that evening)

Boles: A young lady to see you, Mr. Renfield. 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)

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 if 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: 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 leaves cell when he hears their voices)

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; 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.

Dr. 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)

(The lights come up on lower room and men enter)

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: 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) 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 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. Quincy, how many boxes have you found at Barsey?

Quincy: Eight, Professor.

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

Quincy: Four.

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

Dr. Seward: Yes, Professor. Quincy and 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. Quincy, Jonathon get our equipment. John, you will come and watch Mina. 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.; as they descend the stairs to the chapel basement, the lights will come up in the basement)

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

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! (as the cover is removed, Dracula's arm reaches up and grabs Quincy by the neck) Arrggg!

Mina: Quincy! (screams)

Dracula: Sunset!

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

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

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

Dr. Seward: (pulls Quincy from Dracula's grasp; sees his broken neck) He's dead!
Oh...no!

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

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.

(Jonathon and Mina embrace)

Dr. Seward: But, poor Quincy.

Van Helsing: He is with God and his Miss Lucy.

(Blackout) THE END