

**DRACULA**  
**Bram Stoker**

**ACT I**  
**Scene I**

Van Helsing: *Dr. Abraham Van Helsing's Journal, December, 1904. Let me begin with facts, bare, meager facts, verified by the journals and letters of those who survived ... and those who did not. It has been seven long years since the tragic events that forever altered our lives and the time has finally come for me to record what transpired in the hope that we might ensure such an evil never rise again ... an evil which first took root deep in the Carpathian Mountains on the border of Transylvania. It was here in the spring of 1897 that a young lawyer – one Jonathan Harker – found himself summoned from England to assist a mysterious Count.*

Driver: Here we are Mr. Harker – the Borgo Pass.  
Harker: Are you quite sure? There is no carriage here.  
Anton: The further east you go, the more unpunctual are trains and carriages, Mr. Harker.  
Harker: So it appears. (*sets down his briefcase*) How long until the next carriage?  
Mala: You will have to walk from here.  
Harker: (*surprised*) What? But what about my luggage? You can't expect me ...  
Aishe: You can send for your luggage tomorrow morning.  
Harker: (*upset*) Tomorrow morning?  
Driver: Pay them no mind Mr. Harker.

*The driver takes a drink from a flask.*

Harker: Forgive me but when I hired you to guide me from the station, that included my luggage.  
Guanri: We cannot go on. The sun has nearly set.  
Luca: (*urgently*) We must return to Bukovina before nightfall.  
Harker: I beg your pardon?  
Driver: (*to the gypsies*) That's enough.  
Mari: It is no longer safe. You can stay with us tonight in the village.  
Harker: Stay in the village? I'm sorry but I believe there's been a misunderstanding.  
Luca: (*upset*) We must return.  
Driver: Do not worry Mr. Harker ...  
Luca: (*interrupting*) We must return before the sun sets!  
Driver: Enough!

*There is a moment of silence.*

Driver: Mr. Harker hired us as his guide and you have all been paid. Now, I will look over maps, there is no harm in that. (*pause*) Perhaps I can find a quicker route that will lead us closer ...

*A wolf is heard in the distance. The gypsies freeze.*

Driver: Please. (*motions for them to sit*) A moment.

*The gypsies settle uneasily. The air is tense.*

Mala: There was dog howling all night under my window. I was too agitated to sleep.  
Aishe: Last night I slept, but did not dream. I must have slept soundly but ... sleep has not refreshed me, for today I feel (*pause*) spiritless.  
Harker: I can't quite remember how I fell asleep last night but my dream was very peculiar.

*The gypsies exchange a nervous look.*

Harker: In my dream, I felt (*pause*) a dark shadow fall over my body and even, my mind. My arms and my legs, and somehow, my will, were weighted down so that time itself seemed to slow. I felt frozen, powerless to act. At that moment, a heavy, dank, cold fog came pouring in my room – not through the window, but through the cracks and joinings of the door. The last conscious effort which imagination made was to show me a livid, white face bending over me out of the mist.

*Another silence. Harker laughs quietly.*

Harker: It is wonderful what tricks our dreams can play on us.  
Luca: (*almost to herself*) Eta vrolok.  
Harker: Pardon me?  
Anton: (*crossly*) Never mind her - she didn't sleep last night.  
Gunari: (*comforting Luca*) She's been ill, and in her delirium, her ravings have been dreadful ... of wolves and blood, of ghosts and demons, and of ... I fear to say.  
Harker: Ah, yes. I've read that nearly every known superstition in the world is gathered in the mountains of the Carpathians, as if it were the center of some sort of imaginative whirlpool.  
Mari: Superstition? Yes, I suppose there are always mysteries in life. And it is the fault of science to assume there is an explanation for everything. I suppose you do not believe in corporeal transference? Nor in materialization? Nor in astral bodies? Nor in reading of thought?  
Harker: I confess no.  
Mala: Can you tell me why in some islands of Western seas, when sailors sleep on deck of their ship because it is hot, there are bats that come out at night and suck dry their veins so then in morning are found (*pause*) dead men?  
Harker: For the life of me, I cannot understand what you are driving at.  
Luca: There are strange and terrible days before us.

*The driver stands, having found a new map.*

Driver: Here. I have it. This will take us directly to the castle.  
Harker: Excellent. Then we should depart immediately ...  
Aishe: (*cutting him off*) Wait, the castle? At this hour?  
Guanri: (*alarmed*) You cannot mean to lead us there!  
Harker: Well yes, I am engaged on important business with a noble of this country, a Count Dracula.

*At this, all of the gypsies erupt in anger and fear. "What?" "No!" "We must go!" "Are you mad?" "Leave the Englishman here!" "God have mercy on us!"*

Anton: (*to the driver*) Oh my god, are you mad?  
Driver: (*arguing*) You have been working at the castle for months! The Count has paid us double what we make in a year!  
Anton: (*shouting over him*) No, only in the light of day! Not now, not when the sun has nearly set! Have you lost your mind?  
Harker: Gentlemen, please! Gentlemen, please!!

*Harker steps forward.*

Harker: What is going on?  
Anton: (*turning on Harker*) Do you know what day it is?  
Harker: (*taken aback*) I ... I believe the fourth of May.  
Anton: (*dismissively*) Yes, I know that, I know that – but do you know what *day* it is?

Harker: I do not understand.  
Mari: It is the eve of St. George's Day.  
Mala: Do you not know that tonight, when clock strikes midnight, all evil things in the world will have full sway?  
Anton: Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?  
Harker: Sir, Count Dracula has hired me ...  
Luca: (*desperate*) Eta vrolok!  
Harker: Sorry?  
Luca: Vrolok. (*pause*) Vampire.

*Suddenly, a pack of wolves howl, much louder and closer than the previous cry. Startled, several of the gypsies turn and look off in the direction of the sound. There is a moment of silence.*

Aishe: Please sir, I implore you not to go ...  
Gunari: At least wait until tomorrow morning.

*Before Harker can respond, a figure appears out of the mist.*

Renfield: Jonathan Harker?  
Harker: Yes.  
Renfield: You are early, my friend.  
Driver: The English Herr was in a hurry, Mr. Renfield.  
Renfield: (*unconvinced*) Really? That is why, I suppose, you wished him to return to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much.  
Anton: Denn die Todten reiten schnell.  
Renfield: The dead do travel fast.

*Renfield hands Harker a letter and takes his luggage.*

Dracula: *My friend -- Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land --Your friend, Dracula.*

*Luca approaches and puts rosary around Harker's neck.*

Luca: For your mother's sake.

*The driver and the gypsies leave.*

Renfield: The night is chill, mein Herr, and my Master the Count bade me take all care of you. Here is a flask of plum brandy should you require it.  
Harker: Thank you, but no. (*Renfield takes a drink*) Am I to assume that you work for Count Dracula, Mr. Renfield?  
Renfield: I serve the Count during certain hours of the day.  
Harker: Ah. Excellent. Well, shall we depart?

*Renfield stares intently at Harker.*

Renfield: The blood is the life but I can wait, oh yes, I can wait.  
Harker: I beg your pardon?

*Renfield draws closer to Harker and begins speaking faster and faster.*

Renfield: You know what would be nice ... a kitten, a nice, little, sleek playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed, and feed, and feed! With the souls of thousands of flies and spiders and birds and cats buzzing and twittering and moaning all around! I ... oh, forgive

me, forgive me I forgot myself. You see, you see, our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things.

Harker: I must ask the Count about these superstitions. The gypsies certainly seemed consumed by them.

Renfield: Well, you are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England.

Harker: Quite true. I must confess that I was surprised the Count offered to pay for my travel here from England to aid him with his purchase of a London estate. In England, real estate transactions of this nature are typically conducted through the post.

Renfield: Yes, well you see the Master is planning a trip.

Harker: Oh really?

Renfield: Across the sea, Yes, the Master and I will be travelling all the way to London.

Harker: Is that so? He didn't mention that in his correspondence with my office. And when will the two of you be traveling?

Renfield: (*smiling*) Now that you've arrived, I'd say very soon. Oh yes, very soon Mr. Harker.

*Renfield suddenly freezes, listening to the silence.*

Renfield: I don't want to talk to you: you don't count now; the Master is at hand.

*Renfield exits with the cart.*

Harker: *Jonathan Harker's Journal, May 4<sup>th</sup>, the Borgo Pass. I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. My conversation with Mr. Renfield had been unsettling to be sure but I must not judge the customs and traditions of this land – especially if I am to be of any assistance to my new client, the Count. It was at this moment, however, that I noticed that the castle appeared ... closer, somehow. What had once been a faint silhouette in the distance now seemed to loom over me. As I pondered this mystery, not a thing seemed to be stirring when out of the black shadows, a thin streak of unearthly mist appeared before me moving with a horrible sentience and a vitality of its own. Slowly, ever so slowly, I stepped towards the mist, as in a trance, my hand outstretched, straining closer and closer, until...*

*A woman suddenly screams out in the night. There is a thunder crash and in the lightning strike, the full castle is illuminated for the first time. Through the fog, a shadowy figure appears holding a single candle.*

Harker: Count Dracula?

Dracula: I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome to my house.

Harker: Thank you Count. Jonathan Harker.

*Harker hands Dracula his card. Dracula examines it.*

Dracula: Solicitor's *clerk*?

Harker: No, a full solicitor actually. Yes, just before leaving London, I got word that my examination was successful, and I am now a practicing attorney.

*Dracula hands the card back.*

Dracula: You come to me as an agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, esq. to tell me all about my new estate in London.

Harker: I regret to inform you that an attack of gout has prevented Mr. Hawkins from absolutely any traveling for some time to come. The office thought that I might serve as a sufficient substitute.

Dracula: But of course – you are a young man, full of energy and talent and of a very ... faithful disposition.

Harker: (*understanding*) Ah, yes - discreet and silent in all matters, I assure you.

*Dracula smiles.*

Dracula: Excellent. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.

*Dracula leads Harker through a hallway and up a flight of stairs.*

Dracula: You may go anywhere you wish in the castle ...

Harker: Thank you.

Dracula: *Except* where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go.

Harker: I am sure.

*Dracula leads Harker into the main hall.*

Dracula: The walls of my castle are broken. It is old and has many memories. The shadows are many and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements.

Harker: I am happy to say that your courteous welcome has dissipated all my doubts and fears.

Dracula: You are my guest sir. It is late, and my people are available. Let them see to your comfort.

*The Brides of Dracula appear.*

Bride 1: Mr. Harker - what a delight to finally meet you. I imagine, after your journey, you will need to ... refresh yourself.

Bride 2: You will find all you wish ready in your room. Perhaps we can show you the way?

Bride 3: Or maybe you're hungry? I myself am so hungry, so very hungry ...

*The Brides have surrounded Harker, both welcoming and menacing at the same time.*

Dracula: (*cutting them off abruptly*) Excuse me (*pause*) but Mr. Harker is our guest, and he is to be treated with the greatest of care. Please make sure his chambers are ready.

Bride 3: I am in hopes that I shall see more of you here at Castle Dracula.

*The Brides withdraw to the shadows.*

Dracula: Should you desire to eat, food can be brought to your room. I'm sorry but I will not join you as I have dined already, and I do not sup.

Harker: Thank you Count.

Dracula: I am glad you have found your way here.

Harker: (laughing) Yes, well the locals are a superstitious lot but your man Renfield was able to help me with my luggage.

Dracula: Good. Come, tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.

Harker: The estate which you purchased in London is called Carfax. The property is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates were of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust. There are many trees on it and there is a deep, dark lake on the property. The house is very large and of all periods back, I should say, to medieval times, for one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron.

Dracula: I am glad that the estate is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. We Transylvanian nobles seek not sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young. I, myself, am no longer young; and my heart is not attuned to mirth. I love the shade and the shadow and would be alone with my thoughts when I may. How did you come across so suitable a place?

Harker: At Purfleet just outside London. I came across a notice that the place was for sale.

Dracula: Good. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its ... death and all that

makes it what it is. But alas, when I go there, you my friend will not be by my side to correct and aid me.

Harker: Ah yes, Mr. Renfield said that the two of you would be traveling.

Dracula: (*surprised*) Did he?

Harker: Yes, so I take it your intention is to visit London?

Dracula: I myself am not yet strong enough to travel but I hope very soon to have the necessary strength to make the journey to your beautiful England where I might fully satisfy my ... thirst for your people, Harker Jonathan – nay – Jonathan Harker. Pardon me. I still fall into my country's habit of putting your patronymic first I confess, as yet I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I hope to understand how best to speak.

Harker: But Count, you know and speak English thoroughly!

Dracula: I thank you my friend for your all too flattering estimate, but yet I fear I have much to learn. True, I know the grammar and the words, but I know not how to speak them.

Harker: Indeed, you speak excellently.

Dracula: Not so. Well, I know that, did I move and speak in your London, men would stop in the streets and say, "Ha, a stranger!" You shall, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English accent; and I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest.

Harker: Well, I'm sure that your Mr. Renfield could help you. I believe he's originally from England.

Dracula: Forgive me but I need someone of a higher pedigree and with better ... taste. You will help me?

Harker: It would be my pleasure, Count.

Dracula: Thank you. But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I only have two matters before you retire. Foremost, let me advise you, my dear young friend – nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. There is reason that all things are as they are ...

Harker: I'm sure my room is more than sufficient.

Dracula: Very good. And on a more ... joyful note, I understand from your employer, Mr. Hawkins, that you are engaged to be married.

Harker: That is correct – to Miss Mina Murray of Purfleet.

Dracula: Then as a token of my sincere appreciation for your assistance in my legal affairs, please write her and say that you desire she should come visit you here in my castle for a month.

Harker: My dear Count, your offer is too generous ...

Dracula: I desire it much.

Harker: Well, even if we so wished, I am afraid preparations have already begun for our wedding in London later this month.

*At this, Dracula's voice lowers and the air thickens. Harker begins to slow down and his eyes glaze over.*

Dracula: But of course. Your wedding. Here, in my castle. It would be my honor.

Harker: But Count ...

Dracula: Write your fiancé and inform her your wedding will be here and that she is to invite your friends and family. Having the young and strong here would do much for my constitution. It will doubtless please your loved ones to know that you are well and that you look forward to seeing them.

Harker: But ...

Dracula: I will take no refusal.

*Harker is now fully under Dracula's control.*

Dracula: I am confident in your persuasive powers. Now my young friend, write.

*In a trance, Harker begins to write as Dracula leans in towards Harker's neck. Thunder. Blackout.*

## Scene 2

Harker: *My dearest Mina – Forgive my long delay in writing but I have been simply overwhelmed with the beauty of my journey to the lofty steeps of the Carpathian mountains. Indeed, it occurs to me that the glorious colors of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple against the lofty, snow-covered peaks of the mountains ...*

*Mina Murray is reading Harker's letter to a small party of guests in the parlor of her family home.*

Mina: "... might provide a suitably picturesque backdrop ... for our marriage!"

*The guests break into applause as surprise and excitement sweep through the party.*

Mrs. Murray: The Count has graciously offered his castle for my daughter and her fiancé's ceremony and has sent for the Bishop of the English mission church.

Holmwood: I say Mina, does this mean you've finally made an honest man of Jonathan?

*The guests all laugh.*

Mina: *(smiling)* You should know Arthur as he's asked you to be his best man! *(more laughter at this from the guests)*

Seward: The date's been set then Mina?

Mina: *(beaming)* The 29<sup>th</sup> of May, Dr. Seward!

Mrs. Murray: The Count has seen to all the arrangements and invitations will be in the post shortly.

Mina: We understand the difficulty in traveling such a distance on short notice but we do hope you'll all attend.

Morris: Well ladies and gentlemen, I propose a toast!

Holmwood: Leave it to the American! *(laughter)*

Morris: Sorry Arthur but in my home state of Texas, we like to raise a glass on such occasions! To Jonathan and Mina!

*All of the guests toast, "To Jonathan and Mina!"*

Mrs. Murray: Thank you Mr. Morris. We are so grateful to you all for coming tonight and I should like to announce that the main course will be served in the dining room shortly.

*As all of the guests begin to mingle, Lucy pulls Mina aside.*

Lucy: Oh Mina! You must be the happiest woman in all the wide world! A wedding in a castle!

Mina: I know Lucy, it's a dream come true!

Lucy: I should say so.

Mina: And I hope you'll be by my side?

Lucy: But of course!

Mina: As my maid of honor?

Lucy: What?

Mina: It is not only because you have been so sweet to me but because you have been and are, very dear to me. It was my privilege to be your friend and guide when you came from the schoolhouse to prepare for the world of life.

Lucy: Well in that case, it would be *my* privilege to be your maid of honor!

Morris: Sounds like a match made in heaven.

*Lucy and Mina turn to see Quincy Morris standing behind them.*

Lucy: Mr. Morris!

Morris: Evening ladies.

Lucy: Mina, allow me to introduce Mr. Quincy P. Morris, an American from Texas and such a nice fellow. Mr. Morris, Miss Mina Murray.

Morris: Congratulations Miss Murray on your upcoming nuptials. You can count me in on the big day – not many castles in my neck of the woods.

Mina: Of course Mr. Morris. And may I add it's a pleasure to finally meet you. Lucy has told me so much about you.

Morris: Well I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixin's of Miss Lucy's little shoes, but I'm hoping some day she might just hitch up alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness.

Lucy: (*laughs*) I'm afraid I don't know anything of "hitching", and I haven't been broken to "harness" at all yet.

Morris: Well stated Miss Lucy. I know you are an honest hearted girl and I will be, if you'll let me, a very faithful friend. And now, if you'll excuse me, I believe my drink needs refreshing. Evening ladies.

*Morris turns away, leaving Mina and Lucy.*

Mina: Goodness Lucy, I thought he might propose!

Lucy: Actually ... he already did.

Mina: What?

Lucy: This morning.

Mina: Are you serious?

Lucy: He asked for my hand over breakfast.

Mina: And?

Lucy: And ...

Seward: (*appearing behind them*) Pardon me ladies but I just wanted to extend my best wishes Mina.

Mina: Thank you so much Dr. Seward. And I do hope you'll be able to attend – it would mean the world to Jonathan to have his roommate from university at his wedding.

Seward: I wouldn't dream of missing it. And I hope to see you there as well Lucy.

Lucy: But of course Jack.

Seward: Excellent. You know, while in school, I spent some time researching Transylvania with my mentor, Dr. Van Helsing, and I would be more than happy to give you a tour of the countryside. Perhaps, after the wedding?

Lucy: Your offer is too kind Jack but my life as an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying, and I'm afraid I won't be able to stay on after the ceremony.

Mrs. Murray: Dr. Seward?

Seward: Yes Ma'am?

Mrs. Murray: So sorry to interrupt but one of the guests isn't feeling well, and I was hoping you might be able to assist?

Seward: Absolutely. Excuse me Mina. (*takes Lucy's hand and kisses it*) Lucy.

Lucy: Jack.

*Dr. Seward and Mrs. Murray exit.*

Mina: So Dr. Seward is now Jack?

Lucy: I have to tell you something.

Mina: Don't tell me he proposed as well.

Lucy: He did. This afternoon.

Mina: You've had two proposals in one day?

Lucy: To be completely honest, I've had three!

Mina: Three proposals! Are you serious?

Lucy: Three proposals in one day! Isn't it awful!

Mina: Lucy, what have you done!

Lucy: *(laughing)* Absolutely nothing! And please, you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone except, of course, Jonathan. And for goodness sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of ideas!

Mina: But whose the third proposal? Or did one of them propose twice?

Lucy: No no, good heavens. No, couldn't you guess?

*Mina surveys the room for a moment.*

Mina: Arthur Holmwood?

Lucy: Mina, I love him. I'm blushing but I love him!

Mina: Well, he's certainly handsome, well off and of good birth! And ... an editor?

Lucy: Actually, now editor in chief at the London Times. Oh look, I know he's not a doctor like Jack or an oil man like Quincy but he has my heart. And now that he's been promoted ...

Mina: Lucy, if you love him, that's all that matters, I couldn't be happier for you! *(they hug)* So have you told the best man yes?

Lucy: I have! Just before arriving!

Mina: Oh Lucy, congratulations!

Holmwood: Pardon me ladies but did I hear you mention the best man?

*Arthur Holmwood has approached Lucy and Mina.*

Mina: You did indeed Mr. Holmwood! And it appears that I am not the only one with a surprise tonight!

Holmwood: I beg your pardon?

Lucy: I'm sorry Arthur, but I had to tell her – she is my dearest friend.

Mina: And my maid of honor!

Holmwood: Really! How marvelous! Well I must say that tonight has been evening full of surprises!

Mina: *(laughing)* Shall we surprise my mother?

Holmwood: After you ladies!

*They exit. Blackout.*

### Scene 3

Harker: *Jonathan Harker's Journal, May 27<sup>th</sup>. These may be the last words I ever write. It has been nearly a month since I arrived at the castle, and I realize now that I am its prisoner. My days are spent in a dreamless sleep filled with nightmares only to wake each night exhausted and spiritless as if my very will has been drained from me. Impossible as it seems, I feel as though I've aged a decade over the past few weeks while the Count appears to have grown stronger and ... younger. I understand now that I must escape if I am to intercept my beloved Mina before her arrival tomorrow.*

*Harker is packing a suitcase. His temples have grayed and he appears somehow older.*

Dracula: Good evening.

*Dracula appears behind him, looking much younger and revived.*

Harker: *(startled)* Oh! Count, good evening. You startled me.

Dracula: Going somewhere?

*As Harker speaks, he frequently is out of breath and tired. He rubs his neck absentmindedly.*

Harker: Oh, yes, well I ... I was, um ... I wonder if Mr. Renfield would be ... available to assist me tonight ... in traveling to the station in Bukovina ... so that I might personally welcome Mina and her party ... when they arrive tomorrow evening.

*The sound of wolves can be heard in the night.*

Dracula: Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make!

Harker: It would give me ... an opportunity ... to show Mina your beautiful land ... prior to our wedding.

Dracula: But I was so hoping we might enjoy one last evening together.

Harker: *(noticing the Count's British accent)* Your ... voice ...

Dracula: Ah yes, well your presence this past month has not only breathed new life into me but allowed me to absorb your customs, your accent, your ... very essence if you will. I am forever in your debt my friend.

Harker: So perhaps then your ... man Renfield might ...

Dracula: Tomorrow, my friend, you may depart for the station. I shall not be here, but all will be ready for your journey. In the morning come the gypsies, whom I have employed here in the castle and when they've gone, my carriage shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina.

Harker: Why may I not go tonight?

Dracula: Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission.

Harker: I would walk with pleasure.

Dracula: You English have a saying which is close to my heart, for its spirit is that which rules our nobles: 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.' Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!

*With a gesture from Dracula, the massive doors open. Moonlight floods in. The howling of the wolves grows louder and angrier as they gather just outside the castle. Harker backs up in fear.*

Dracula: Oh Mr. Harker – I must apologize for I neglected to tell you that the wolves of this land roam freely at night and are often ... hungry.

Harker: Shut the door ... I shall wait till morning.

Dracula: So, my friend, you're feeling tired? Get to bed. *(waves his hand and the door shuts)* There is the surest rest. Tomorrow morning, the wolves will have departed, and you can

greet your beloved Mina and her party at the station. I'm sure you must be dying to see her. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have much work to do so that everything might be in order for tomorrow.

*The Count starts to leave, then stops.*

Dracula: Be warned! You may find yourself tempted to leave the castle, perhaps in an attempt to greet Mina and your guests at the station. Should such an urge now or ever overcome you, then haste to your own chambers for there, you shall be safe. If you be not careful in this respect, then ...

*The Count gestures as though carefully washing his hands, then exits.*

Harker: *At that moment, I realized that I would never see another morning. What the Count had planned for me, I dared not imagine. However, I was determined that my beloved Mina never enter this cursed castle and so, despite the Count's cryptic warning, I decided to summon what little strength I had left ... and make my escape.*

*Harker leaves the main hall and ascends the grand staircase up to the balcony. As he searches for a possible exit – maybe a window or a hidden passage – he hears a voice call his name. “Jonathan ...”*

Harker: (alarmed) Mina?

*Again, the voice. “Jonathan ...”*

Harker: Oh god, Mina!

*Harker dashes down the steps only to find himself back in the main hall.*

Harker: *Was I too late? Had my dearest Mina arrived early and now a prisoner in this wretched place? I rushed towards the sound of her voice only to find myself back where I had started as this castle proved an impossible maze.*

Harker: (calling out) Mina?

*The Brides appear, out of the shadows.*

Bride 1: You seem upset, Mr. Harker.

Harker: Oh thank goodness! Yes, I was looking for someone? I thought I ... heard a voice.

Bride 2: There is no one here Mr. Harker.

Bride 3: Except for the gypsies of course.

Harker: The gypsies?

Bride 1: The gypsies are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind for the Count.

Harker: Yes, yes I think you're right! Every morning for the past month, I've heard the far-away muffled echo of men working, and the sound of pick axe and shovel. And last week, I noticed two gypsy wagons encamped in the courtyard!

Bride 2: Whatever they're doing, it must be the end of some ruthless villainy.

Harker: Listen, can you help me escape?

Bride 3: In no place save from the windows of the castle walls is there an available exit.

*The Brides step to the edge of the stage, looking out through the castle windows.*

Harker: Are you quite sure these are the only windows? The castle is on the very edge of a precipice. A stone falling from these windows would travel a thousand feet without touching anything.

Bride 3: I have seen the Count himself use these windows.  
Harker: The Count?

*As the Brides surround Harker, he begins to fall into a trance, his eyes open but unseeing.*

Bride 1: Last night, as I leaned from the window my eye was caught by something moving one story below me and somewhat to my left where the windows of the Count's own room would look out. What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window. I did not see the face but I knew the man by the neck and movement of his back and arms. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss, face down, with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. He moved downwards in a sidelong way and vanished into some hole or window.

Harker: I fear there is something ... unnatural about the Count. Last night, whilst I was beginning to shave, I suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good evening." I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the mirror covered the whole room behind me. The man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed, but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself.

Bride 1: I admit there is a vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near.

Harker: It is strange but I have yet to see the Count in the daylight. Can it be that he sleeps when others wake, that he may be awake whilst they sleep?

Bride 3: What manner of man is he, or ... what manner of creature is he in the semblance of man?

Harker: Perhaps I could escape with the gypsies ... the gypsy wagons in the courtyard contain great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope. Maybe I could stow away in one of the boxes?

Bride 2: To attempt such a thing would be very dangerous. You must be very careful not to awake his suspicion.

Bride 1: The Count is cunning and careful.

Bride 3: There is no hope. You must ... surrender.

*With this last line, the Brides slowly raise their hands, and Harker falls to his knees.*

Harker: *(in a trance)* I must surrender.

Bride 3: And your crucifix - away with it!

*The Bride makes a gesture with her hand to her own neck and mimes ripping away the crucifix - Harker imitates her, rips away the gypsy crucifix and drops it to the floor.*

Bride 2: Yes. Now, close your eyes ... and wait.

Bride 1: Wait with beating heart.

*Harker closes his eyes as the Brides draw near him. They lean over when suddenly ...*

*Thunder. Dracula appears in an explosion. Harker collapses to the floor, unconscious as the Brides immediately back away and cower in fear.*

Dracula: How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I have forbidden it?

Bride 2: You promised him to us!

Dracula: Back I tell you!

Bride 1: You yourself never loved!

Bride 3: You never love!

Dracula: Silence! I found you – each of you – and made you my bride, so yes, I have loved you! Loved you all, is it not so? And when I am done with Mr. Harker, you may each kiss him as you please. Now go! Go!

Bride 2: Are we to have nothing tonight?

Dracula: Mr. Renfield.

*Mr. Renfield appears with a small crying baby swaddled in a blood stained blanket which he offers to the Brides. They take it eagerly and retreat into the shadows. Mr. Renfield bows before Dracula.*

Renfield: I am here to do your bidding Master.

Dracula: Lock Mr. Harker below in the dungeon. There's still some life in him which I require. And remove that crucifix from my sight.

Renfield: I shall, I shall. The blood is the life, the blood is the life, oh yes, yes it is ...

*Renfield picks up the crucifix and puts it in his pocket.*

Dracula: There is work to be done before Mr. Harker's fiancé and guests arrive tomorrow Mr. Renfield.

Renfield: You've been feeding. Your youth has been restored.

Dracula: A mere fraction of the strength I will need to make the journey to London.

Renfield: Which is why you need Mr. Harker and his guests! So you can fatten on the blood of the living!

Dracula: Take care, sir, take care.

Renfield: Yes, yes of course! I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.

Dracula: Instruct the gypsies that once all of the boxes have been filled with earth of my native land, they are to be readied for shipment to my newly acquired estate in London.

*At the mention of the boxes, Renfield begins to mutter while Dracula continues.*

Renfield: The blood is the life, oh yes the blood is the life, the Master has promised me blood ...

Dracula: Mr. Renfield!

Renfield: (*growing more excited*) Yes, yes I'm sorry Master, I'm sorry! You see I'm an undeveloped homicidal maniac but an homicidal maniac of a peculiar kind and what I desire is to absorb as many lives as I can - flies, spiders, spiders, birds, birds, cats ...

Dracula: Yes, flies and spiders and cats – all these lives will I give you Mr. Renfield, all this and much more.

Renfield: (*faster and faster*) Oh yes, much more Master! Immortal life, that's what you've promised me, immortal life. And I'm next, yes Master? I'm next is what you promised?

Dracula: Yes, now go and secure him away below.

*Dracula exits.*

Renfield: I am your slave and you will reward me for I shall be faithful. You will not pass me by will you, for I am next, oh yes I am. Not pass me by in your distribution of good things?

*Renfield hauls Harker off. Thunder. Blackout.*

#### Scene 4

Mina: *Mina Murray's Journal, May 28th. It has been just a week since I departed London with my dearest friends and family for my wedding and today, we have finally arrived! Indeed, it was late in the evening when we saw where the clear line of Count Dracula's castle cut the sky in all its grandeur, perched a thousand feet on the summit of a sheer precipice, and with seemingly a great gap between it and the steep of the adjacent mountain on any side. Upon our arrival, the Count himself greeted us at the entrance.*

*The Count enters leading Mina and her party.*

Dracula: Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!  
Mrs. Murray: Your hospitality is greatly appreciated, Count.  
Dracula: The pleasure is all mine Mrs. Murray.  
Holmwood: After a week on a ship, I think we're all very happy not to dine in the galley.

*There is laughter and agreement from everyone.*

Mina: Well, it is a lovely country. Full of beauties of all imaginable kinds, and the people are brave, and strong, and simple, and seem full of nice qualities.  
Seward: They are very, very superstitious.  
Lucy: Now Jack – you must forgive Dr. Seward, he is a man of science after all.  
Seward: I merely mean to say that at the first inn where we stopped, the woman who served us crossed herself and put out two fingers towards me, to keep off the evil eye.  
Holmwood: I believe they went to the trouble of putting an extra amount of garlic into our food.  
Dracula: *(smiling)* Nor I.  
Morris: On our journey, I saw a faint blue flame sort of flickering near the road ...  
Lucy: Oh yes! I saw that as well! I believe that the gypsies at the inn told us that the blue flames show where gold is hidden?  
Dracula: Well my dear Lucy, it is commonly believed that on certain nights of the year, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway, that a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed.  
Holmwood: The only evil spirit I encountered was Quincy's indigestion!

*More laughter from everyone.*

Mina: How marvelous! A country filled with hidden treasures!  
Seward: But how can such wealth have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?  
Dracula: Because those flames only appear on one night, and on that night, no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. But enough of folk tales, my dears – I want to drink your health and prosperity and may every blessing attend you all. Mr. Renfield?

*Renfield appears with a tray of drinks.*

Mina: Thank you Count and now, I wonder if might see Jonathan. I confess I am quite uneasy about him though why, I do not know.  
Dracula: I have already sent for your fiancé in his room. He should be here shortly – in the meantime, please tell me, when are you to be married, and where and who is to perform the ceremony, and what are you to wear?

*There is a pause. They all stare at Dracula in confusion.*

Mina: I beg your pardon?  
Dracula: Is it to be a public or private wedding? Tell me all about it, dear, tell me all about everything, for there is nothing which interests you which will not be dear to me.

Mrs. Murray: Forgive us Count, but it was our understanding that my daughter and Jonathan were to be married here, in your castle.  
Dracula: (*seemingly confused*) Here?  
Mina: Why yes Count - Mr. Hawkins, from Jonathan's office, sent me a letter from Jonathan dated from Castle Dracula.  
Dracula: Do you have this letter?  
Mina: But of course.

*Mina produces the letter from her handbag and gives it to Dracula.*

Mrs. Murray: I must say Count, this is deeply concerning. Am I to understand that you were unaware of Jonathan's letter that he and Mina should be married here?  
Dracula: I am as surprised as you are my dear lady. He made no mention of this to me.  
Lucy: I don't understand. This is not like Jonathan.  
Mina: I must confess that his last letter to me was ... strange. It did not read like him.  
Dracula: And yet it is his writing?  
Mina: Oh, there is no mistake of that.  
Morris: You're his best man Arthur – does this seem like a thing that Jonathan would do?  
Holmwood: Well we both love a good laugh, but no, absolutely not.  
Seward: I must agree. When Jonathan and I were at university together, he never ...  
Dracula: (*interrupting*) Where is Mr. Harker?

*Out of the shadows, the Brides have appeared.*

Bride 1: The room was dark so I could not see Mr. Harker's bed. I lit a match and found that he was not in the room.  
Mrs. Murray: What?  
Mina: Oh God help me.  
Bride 2: I looked in all the other open rooms of the castle ... nothing.  
Bride 3: I found the hall-door open, not wide open but the catch of the lock had not caught. The door was not shut as I had left it.  
Dracula: The people of the castle are careful to lock the doors every night.  
Mina: What are we to do now? Jonathan is missing! Where are we to turn for help?  
Dracula: His safety is most precious to me. Should aught happen to him, or if he be missed, spare nothing to find him and ensure his safety. He is English and therefore adventurous. There are often dangers from snow and wolves at night. Lose not a moment if you suspect harm to him.  
Seward: Agreed. We must settle what we do and proceed to lay out our campaign.  
Morris: Have no fear – as there is no time to lose, I vote we have a search of the castle right now. Time is everything and swift action on our part may resolve this fearful mystery.  
Holmwood: Then it is settled – we shall leave immediately and go to make our search.  
Seward: Come.  
Mina: Take me with you.

*The men hesitate.*

Holmwood: Mina ...  
Dracula: Madam Mina, you are most wise. You and your mother shall go with them and together shall do that which you go forth to achieve.  
Mina: Thank you, thank you a thousand times! You have taken a weight off my mind.  
Dracula: Go ahead – my people shall guide you. I shall retrieve a skeleton key which will prove useful should we encounter any locked doors. We will meet in the entry hall.

*Dracula exits.*

Morris: Forgive me Miss Lucy but you look pale.

Lucy: Perhaps it is the change of air but I feel so weak and worn out.  
Holmwood: How remiss I am to let you stay up so long.  
Lucy: I think perhaps I should remain here while you make your search. But do not fret, my dear. If I want anything, I shall call out and you can come to me at once. Now go, go!  
Mina: You are my true friend.

*The search party exits leaving Lucy alone. A moment later, a faint hypnotic voice calling "Lucy" echos through the castle. She stands and looks around. Again the voice. There is a crash of thunder and brief blackout. When the lights return, a small band of gypsies are standing behind Lucy.*

Lucy: Oh, good evening - you quite startled me!  
Driver: The Count hired us to bring rest of your luggage up.  
Lucy: Thank you – I must say your people are all so good and kind, and have been working so earnestly and so energetically, that all I can do is to ...  
Mala: My friend, we are taking a great, a terrible, risk being here at night, after sun has set. But we believe it is right. We must ... tell you something.  
Lucy: Go on.

*The gypsy hesitates a moment. Another gypsy steps forward.*

Anton: The Count is a criminal and of criminal type.  
Lucy: What do you mean?  
Aishe: His past is a clue.  
Lucy: His past?  
Luca: We shall make known to you something of the history of this man.  
Gunari: Dracula is from a great and noble race, who were held to have had dealings with the Evil One.  
Mari: Amongst the mountains over Lake Hermanstadt, where all imaginable spells and charms are taught by the devil in person, this was Dracula who learned the secrets of the Scholomance.  
Gunari: Indeed, he is no common man - for centuries, he was spoken of as the cleverest and the most cunning, as well as the bravest of the sons of the 'land beyond the forest.'  
Lucy: I'm sorry, for *centuries*?  
Mala: He is known everywhere that men have ever been. In old Greece, in old Rome, in Germany all over, in France, in India, even in China, so far from us in all ways, there even is he.  
Lucy: *Old Greece*?  
Luca: He is that Dracula who hundreds of years before won his name against the Huns and drove them back when they poured their thousands on our frontiers.  
Lucy: Do you mean the Count or an *ancestor* of the Count?  
Mari: In the records are such words as 'stregoica' or witch, 'ordog' and 'pokol' meaning Satan and hell ...  
Aishe: And in one manuscript ... this very Dracula is spoken of as ... 'wampyr,' ... which we all understand too well.  
Lucy: Wampyr?

*The gypsies shift nervously.*

Lucy: But go on. Go on!

*There is a thunder crash and the sound of wolves howling. The gypsies start violently and leave without saying another word. Lucy is alone for a moment when Dracula appears behind her.*

Dracula Ah Miss Lucy, you did not want to join your friends?  
Lucy: No, I ... I'm afraid I'm feeling a bit under the weather.  
Dracula Perhaps too much garlic in your last meal?

Lucy: *(smiling uncomfortably)* Yes perhaps ...  
Dracula *(advancing on her)* Well fear not my dear girl. I am here now, watching you, and I can promise that nothing will happen.  
Lucy: *(backing away)* No! Stay back, stay back or I shall ...

*She turns to run. Dracula holds up his hand.*

Dracula Silence! Now you shall come to my call!

*Lucy stops suddenly. In a trance, she slowly walks towards him, then turns and faces center.*

Dracula To us forever, the gates of heaven are shut ...  
Lucy: *(forced, terrified)* To us forever, the gates of heaven are shut ...  
Dracula: ... henceforth, foul things of the night ...  
Lucy: ... henceforth, foul things of the night ...  
Dracula ... without heart or conscience ...  
Lucy: ... without heart or conscience ...  
Dracula ... preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best!  
Lucy: ... preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best!

*He begins to recite an ancient incantation which Lucy echoes now fully possessed.*

Dr./Lu.:	O lunae lumen	<i>(Oh moonlight)</i>
	puer tuus fac me sicut renascentur	<i>(let me be reborn as your child)</i>
	me duce tenebris sunt	<i>(guide the dark ones to me)</i>
	i ita erit renatus	<i>(so I shall be born again)</i>

Dracula And you are now to me - when my mind beckons you, you shall cross land and sea to do my bidding. But first, a little refreshment to reward my exertions.

*Dracula bites savagely into Lucy's neck. She stiffens and passes out. Dracula drains her and drops her to the floor. Thunder. The cry brings Renfield running in - he stops dead in his tracks.*

Renfield No ... no! You promised me! You promised ME!

*Dracula begins to recover from his feeding.*

Dracula Back.  
Renfield I have worshipped you long and afar!  
Dracula Back Mr. Renfield!  
Renfield I am your slave and you will reward me with immortal life, not her! NOT HER!  
Dracula Back to your place!  
Renfield You promised ME perpetual life, you promised the Scripture, "The Blood is the life!"  
Dracula Your time is not yet come Mr. Renfield!  
Renfield You promised rats and spiders ...  
Dracula No more of this!  
Renfield ... millions of them and everyone a life. All lives! All red blood!

*Dracula holds up his hand suddenly.*

Dracula SILENCE SLAVE!

*Renfield is thrown back by an unseen force.*

Renfield Betrayed, betrayed, you have betrayed me ...

Dracula            You know now and they will know in full before long, what it is to cross my path! Trust that you will be punished for what you have done. Now, go!

*Renfield stumbles back into the shadows. Dracula turns to the unconscious Lucy.*

Dracula            Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood.

*Thunder. Dracula disappears. Mina and Mrs. Murray enter.*

Mina:              Lucy? God in heaven, Lucy! Arthur!

*Mr. Holmwood, Mr. Seward and Mr. Morris enter.*

Holmwood:        What is it? What's happened?

Mina:              Lucy is ill.

Morris:             What?

Mina:              I found her here.

Seward:            Alone?

Mina:              Not a sign of any living thing about.

Morris:             I thought I heard a sort of howl like a dog's, but more fierce and deeper.

Holmwood:        What happened Lucy?

Lucy:              I must have fallen asleep because I don't remember.

Seward:            Are you injured?

Lucy:              My throat pains me – it must be something wrong with my lungs for I can't seem to get air enough.

Seward:            Complexion pale, no fever, labored breathing. My god Lucy, you're freezing!

Lucy:              What's the matter with me?

Mina:              God save us, first Jonathan, now dear Lucy.

Mrs. Murray:     Help her to her feet Dr. Seward.

*Dracula enters carrying a ring of keys.*

Dracula            What is going on?

Seward:            It seems Miss Lucy has taken ill.

Lucy:              I don't remember anything, only that I was lying here, half asleep.

Holmwood:        It is clear she has had some terrible shock, and I fear it might tax her poor mind if she were to try to recall it.

Dracula            Do you have a diagnosis?

Seward:            She seems to have caught a chill and complains of difficulty in breathing.

Dracula            Take her to her room. She is possibly tired; let her meal wait an hour.

Holmwood:        Come now Lucy.

Lucy:              Forgive me all. I'm sure some rest will restore me. Goodnight.

*Lucy and Holmwood exit.*

Dracula            It appears we owe you much Dr. Seward for all you have done but you really must now take care not to overwork yourself. You are looking pale yourself. I gather you were not successful in your search for Jonathan.

Seward:            We searched every room but found no sign of him.

Morris:             Not in any passage or in any of the rooms.

Dracula            It occurs to me that perhaps Jonathan took the carriage to the station in an attempt to be present for your arrival. As it is almost morning, I shall ride immediately to town myself – for I know the quickest routes – and, fate willing, return with Mr. Harker at which point, we can make preparations for your wedding, here in my castle.

Mrs. Murray:     That would be greatly appreciated Count.

Mina:              I can never thank you enough.

Dracula            In the interim, keep watch on Miss Lucy – you must not let your sight pass from her; see that she is well fed and that nothing disturbs her. And now you must excuse me for it almost daybreak. I shall be back so soon as possible.

*Dracula exits.*

Morris:            Jack, may I have two words with you all to ourselves?

Seward:           Certainly Quincy. Mina, Mrs. Murray – you can rest easy knowing that the Count will be back shortly with Jonathan. Best you get some sleep now.

Mrs. Murray:    Thank you so much gentlemen.

Mina:             What have I done to be blessed with such friends? Goodnight.

*Mina and her mother exit.*

Morris:            Jack, I don't want to shove myself in anywhere where I've no right to be, but this is no ordinary case. You know I loved Lucy and wanted to marry her, but although that's all past and gone, I can't help feeling anxious about her all the same. What is it that's wrong with her?

Seward:           As strange as this seems, her complexion and lethargy almost suggest anemia for she appears somewhat bloodless but ...

Morris:            What do you make of the mark on her throat?

Seward:           I have not seen it yet. What does it look like?

Morris:            Two punctures, not large but not wholesome. No sign of disease but the edges were white and worn-looking. Is it possible that this wound might be the means of such a blood loss?

Seward:           We must consult as to what is to be done. My old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing of Amsterdam, who knows as much as about obscure diseases as anyone in the world, is presently staying at the Golden Krone Hotel in Bistritz. At dawn, I shall quickly visit him and ask him to come – he is one of the most advanced scientists of his day and is something of an expert in these matters.

Morris:            You know you have only to tell me what to do.

Seward:           If a man's esteem and gratitude are ever worth the winning, you have won mine today. Come. Time is all in all to us now.

## Scene 5

Seward: *Dr. Jack Seward's Journal May 17<sup>th</sup>. By good fortune, my dear friend and former teacher, Professor Van Helsing was able to leave at once without wrong to any of those with whom he had been visiting. As night was nearly upon us, I sent advance instructions that Miss Westenra be brought out from her room that Dr. Van Helsing might better conduct his examination in the fading daylight afforded by the great hall of Count Dracula's castle.*

*Van Helsing and Seward enter. Lucy is sitting in an old fashioned wheelchair with Mina, Morris and Holmwood surrounding her.*

Van Helsing: And how is our patient?

Seward: She complains of breathing satisfactorily at times and of heavy lethargic sleep with dreams that frighten her, but regarding which she can remember nothing.

*Holmwood and Morris approach.*

Holmwood: Jack, is this gentleman ...

Van Helsing: Dr. Van Helsing.

Holmwood: Arthur Holmwood. I am so thankful to you sir for coming.

Van Helsing: You must tell me all you think.

Morris: Sir, you have come in time. She is bad, very, very bad.

Van Helsing: Come, let's meet the patient.

*Van Helsing approaches Lucy and kneels down before her.*

Van Helsing: My dear young miss, I am Dr. Van Helsing. They told me you were down in the spirit and of a ghastly pale.

Lucy: This afternoon, I am horribly weak.

Van Helsing: And is everyone in your party accounted for?

Morris: Our host, the Count, should be returning any moment with Jonathan.

Mina: And my mother is in her room resting.

Van Helsing: Very good. Well Miss Lucy, sit still for awhile. Jack, come with me.

*Seward and Van Helsing cross away.*

Van Helsing: My God, this is dreadful. There is no time to be lost. Go, fetch this from my carriage at once.

*He writes something down on a small pad of paper and hands it to Seward.*

Seward: You must be joking.

Van Helsing: No trifling with me! There is no grim purpose in all I do.

*Seward exits. Van Helsing returns to Lucy.*

Van Helsing: Now, Miss Lucy, do you have difficulty sleeping?

Lucy: Just bad dreams. I wish I could remember them. I have a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes.

*Seward enters with a bundle of garlic.*

Seward: Doctor?

Van Helsing: Ah, thank you. These are for you, Miss Lucy.

Lucy: For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!

Van Helsing: Yes, my dear, but not for you to play with. These are medicines.

Lucy: Oh Professor, I believe you are only putting a joke on me. Why these flowers are only common garlic!

Van Helsing: Oh, my dear, do not fear me - there is much virtue in those flowers. Now, no staying up tonight for you. You are worn out. Go into your room and rest awhile.

Lucy: Thank you Dr. Van Helsing, thank you all for being so good to me.

*Mina guides Lucy offstage leaving Van Helsing, Seward, Holmwood and Morris onstage.*

Van Helsing: Gott in Himmel.

Seward: Well, Professor, I know you always have a reason for what you do, but the garlic certainly puzzles me. It is well we have no skeptic here, or he would say that you were working some spell to keep out an evil spirit.

Van Helsing: Perhaps I am.

Morris: What do you think of the wounds on her throat?

Van Helsing: I have made careful examination and while I agree that there has been much blood lost, her condition is in no way anemic. Indeed, her disease is ... something else. You all are to help her.

Holmwood: What can we do? Tell us and we shall do it!

Van Helsing: The young miss is bad, very bad. She wants blood, and blood she must have or die. We must perform what we call transfusion of blood – to transfer from full veins of one to the empty veins which pine for him. Jack was to give his blood, as he is younger and stronger than I but our nerves are not so calm and our blood not so bright as yours!

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

Mina: Lucy!

*Lucy runs in, looking wild with Mina close behind. The garlic is missing from her neck. When Lucy speaks, she sounds different, as though she were channeling a demon.*

Lucy: Let me go! Leave me!

Morris: Are you alright Miss Lucy?

Lucy: *(mumbling repeatedly)* The blood is the life I can wait the blood is the life ...

Seward: What happened Mina?

Mina: I am very sorry but as I was preparing her bed, she began talking to herself and before I could stop her, she had ripped off the garlic and run out of the room!

Holmwood: Lucy dear, what is it?

Lucy: *(seductive)* Oh, my love, come to me Arthur. Leave these others and come to me.

Holmwood: *(crossing to her)* You must rest my dear.

Lucy: *(laughing wickedly)* Come Arthur and we can rest *together*.

Holmwood: Now no more of this, Lucy. You must get to your bed and try to behave more discretely.

Lucy: *(suddenly angry, pulling away)* By the way, you have not introduced me.

Van Helsing: Don't you know me?

Lucy: I know you well enough - you are the old fool Van Helsing!

Mina: Lucy!

Lucy: I wish you would take yourself and your idiotic brain theories somewhere else!

Mina: She is clearly not herself doctor!

Van Helsing: Clearly. There is a horrid poison in her veins beginning to work.

Lucy: Oh Mr. Quincy P. Morris, I am so glad you have come. Kiss me. My arms are hungry for you.

Holmwood: Lucy!

Morris: Now listen here Miss Lucy ...

Van Helsing: *(approaching Lucy)* My dear, I must insist that you rest ...

Lucy: *(snapping)* Don't touch me! The blood is the life I can wait the blood is the life ...

Van Helsing: Her condition is in the final stages. It is no common enemy that we deal with for she is now our enemy's slave.

Seward: What enemy? What do you mean doctor?

Lucy: Jack! Clever Jack, come with me and we can rest together. Come, my love, come!

Van Helsing: We must act before the sun sets if we wish to prevent her transformation!  
Holmwood: Her transformation?  
Lucy: Silence! We all must obey the master and silence is part of obedience to the master and obedience is to bring you into the loving arms that wait for you!

*She gestures to Arthur who starts, almost involuntarily, towards her. Van Helsing steps in front of Arthur, blocking his path.*

Van Helsing: Not for your life! Not for your living soul!  
Lucy: Damn all thick-headed Dutchmen!

*Lucy lunges at Van Helsing, meaning to tear his eyes out. She is stopped by Seward and Morris who restrain her while Van Helsing produces a large cross. At the sight of the crucifix, Lucy begins screaming and struggling.*

Van Helsing: May the power of Christ compel you!

*Lucy screams again as Van Helsing approaches with the cross and presses the cross against her head as she arches her back. There is a sudden shaft of fading daylight which strikes Lucy and she lets forth a final scream before collapsing. There is a moment of silence as everyone tries to catch their breath.*

Lucy: (weakly) What ... what happened? Where am I?  
Van Helsing: You have been talking in your sleep my dear, nothing more.  
Seward: Doctor - look, the wounds on her throat ...  
Morris: Disappeared.  
Van Helsing: Then we are too late - she is dying. It will not be long now.  
Lucy: (to Mina) My true friend ... my true friend, you must forgive me.  
Mina: Hush now.  
Holmwood: My dearest Lucy!  
Van Helsing: Come, take her hand in yours, and kiss her, and only once.

*Holmwood kneels and kisses Lucy. She awakens and smiles faintly.*

Lucy: Arthur ... my love, give me peace.

*Lucy closes her eyes and dies. There is a somber silence.*

Van Helsing: It is all over – she is dead.  
Mina: There is peace for her at last. It is the end.  
Van Helsing: Not so; alas! Not so. It is only the beginning.  
Seward: How do you mean professor?  
Van Helsing: Jack, do you mean to tell me that you have no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of?  
Seward: Of nervous prostration following on great loss or waste of blood.  
Van Helsing: And *how* was the blood lost?  
Holmwood: Please professor – at present, I am a mad man and not a sane one.  
Mina.: Tell us your thesis.  
Van Helsing: Well, I shall tell you. My thesis is this: I want you to believe.  
Mina: To believe what?  
Van Helsing: To believe in things that you cannot.  
Morris: I don't quite see your drift.  
Van Helsing: I go no further than to say that Lucy is now of the Un-Dead.  
Morris: Un-Dead? What do you mean?  
Van Helsing: In a trance, she died and in a trance, she is Un-Dead too.  
Holmwood: This is too much – I am willing to be patient in all things that are reasonable but in this, no.  
Seward: Professor Van Helsing, what do you mean?

*There is a moment of silence.*

Van Helsing: Miss Lucy ... was bitten by a vampire.  
Mina: Dr. Van Helsing, are you mad?  
Seward: Bitten by a vampire ...?  
Van Helsing: When she was in a trance.  
Holmwood: Indeed? And by whom was she bitten?  
Van Helsing: I do not know but therein lies the greater task: to find out the author of all this and to stamp him out. I have clues which we can follow, but it is a long task, and a difficult one, and there is danger in it, and pain. We must consult with your host, the Count, so soon as possible.  
Holmwood: Professor, are you in earnest or is this some monstrous joke?  
Van Helsing: I never jest. My friends, we are in terrible danger. As the sun has now set and night is upon us, I must act now.  
Mina: What do you plan to do professor?  
Van Helsing: I shall cut off her head, fill her mouth with garlic and drive a stake through her body.  
Holmwood: Dr. Van Helsing, you try me too far! What have I done to you that you should ...

*Behind them, Lucy has reanimated unbeknownst to the group and has begun to shuffle towards them.*

Van Helsing: There are mysteries which men can only guess at. Now, may I cut off the head of Miss Lucy?  
Holmwood: Don't dare think more of such a desecration!

*Suddenly, Renfield rushes in holding a rifle. There is a wild look in his eyes.*

Renfield: STAND BACK!  
Mina: What?  
Renfield: The Devil's Bride - NOW MOVE!

*The group looks back and are horrified to see Lucy nearly on them. Morris grabs Mina and spins her out of the way as Renfield fires three shots directly at Lucy. All three shots find their mark and the vampire reels backwards from each impact. After the last shot, there is a tremendous thunder clap and a blackout. When the lights restore, Lucy is gone. Renfield immediately starts reloading his rifle and muttering to himself as the others look on in horror.*

Seward: What's the meaning of this?  
Renfield: He promised ME perpetual life, He promised the Scripture, "The Blood is the life"!  
Mrs. Murray: (*entering*) Mina?  
Mina: Oh mother!  
Mrs. Murray: What's happened? What's going on?  
Renfield: You all are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.  
Holmwood: Sir stop! What is happening and where is the Count?  
Renfield: He has your friend captive.  
Mina: Jonathan? Who's holding Jonathan?  
Renfield: He is a monster.  
Morris: Who is?  
Renfield: Dracula.

*Thunder and Blackout.*

**INTERMISSION**

**ACT II**  
**Scene 1**

*A graveyard. Dracula's castle can be seen in the distance. Van Helsing enters followed by Mina, Mrs. Murray, Holmwood, Seward, Morris and Renfield.*

Van Helsing: We know the worst now and we know his purpose. It may not be too late. Let us be armed; there is not an instant to spare.

Mina: Doctor, wait! We must go back and find Jonathan ...

Van Helsing: The castle was too dangerous in which to stay and so far our night has been eminently successful. No harm has come to us such as I feared. The Count has not used his power over brute beasts to summon wolves from his castle top to prevent our going. So be it that he has gone elsewhere. Good! It has given us an opportunity to cry check in some ways in this chess game.

Holmwood: Sir, please! Power over beasts? I think it good that you tell us something of the kind of enemy with which we have to deal.

Seward: Then we can discuss how we shall act, and can take our measure according.

Renfield: There are such beings as vampires; even had we not the proof tonight, the teachings and the records of the past give proof enough for sane people. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.

Van Helsing: I admit that at the first I was a skeptic. Were it not through long years of training myself to keep an open mind, I would not have believed either.

Mrs. Murray: You must be joking!

Morris: Vampires?

Renfield: Nosferatu. They do not die but only grow stronger and being stronger, have yet more power to work evil. The vampire which is amongst us is as strong in person as twenty men. His cunning is more than mortal, for his cunning is the growth of ages.

Seward: What are his strengths?

Van Helsing: Necromancy, the divination of the dead. He can direct the elements: the storm, the fog, the thunder; he can command all meaner things: the rat, the wolf, the bat. He throws no reflection in the mirror and can at times vanish.

Renfield: Even more, he can grow younger on the blood of the living. Never once have I see him eat. No, no, he is a liar, he is the devil.

Holmwood: How then are we to begin to destroy him?

Mina: Where are we to find him?

Van Helsing: My friends, this much is certain: it is a terrible task that we must undertake and there may be consequences that would make the brave shudder. What say you?

Morris: I think I answer for us all when I say we are with you.

Holmwood: Agreed.

Seward: Count me in Professor.

Mina: *(holding her mother)* We are with you, for Lucy's sake, if for no other reason.

Van Helsing: Excellent. We know now what we have to contend against; but we too, are not without strength. We have the resources of science. Now, let us consider the limitations of the vampire in general.

Holmwood: All we have to go upon are traditions and superstitions.

Mina: He can do all these things ...

Van Helsing: Yet he is not free. Only at certain times can he have limited freedom. His power ceases, as does that of all evil things, at the coming of the day. And there are things which so afflict him that he has no power, such as garlic.

Renfield: And sacred symbols – the crucifix.

Seward: Excuse me Professor, but why have you led us here to this churchyard?

Mrs. Murray: Yes, are we entirely safe?

Van Helsing: This is perhaps the safest place for us right now. A graveyard is hardly a bountiful hunting ground for a vampire.

Morris: Wait, did you hear that?

*The others pause for a second.*

Morris: (drawing his revolver) There's someone ...

*Several figures clothed in black step out from the shadows. They are the Sisters of Bukovina.*

M. Florence: Lower your weapon my good man.  
Mrs. Murray: What is the meaning of this?  
Holmwood: Who are you?  
Sister Helen: Be still. The Undead draws near.  
Mina: The Undead? But you said the Count wouldn't ...  
S. Josephine: Stand down good sir or join your Undead companion in damnation.  
Mina: Companion?  
Van Helsing: Do as they say – this is not our enemy. I am Dr. Abraham Van Helsing. And you are?  
S. Josephine: We are the Sisters of Bukovina.  
M. Florence: I am Mother Florence.  
Van Helsing: Ah yes, your convent is just outside Bistritz, near the Golden Krone Hotel?  
S. Helen: So you've heard of us?  
Van Helsing: That I have. My original intent in traveling to this region was to visit your convent.  
Mrs. Murray: You know this convent professor?  
Van Helsing: In addition to their more traditionally sacred duties, the Sisters of Bukovina have a rather special expertise in matters of the occult. I was staying at the Golden Krone when Dr. Seward requested that I come examine Miss Lucy. It is an honor to finally meet you Mother Florence.  
M. Florence: Thank you. I wish it were under happier circumstances.  
Van Helsing: So, I gather this is not the Count we now face but rather his Bride?  
Mrs. Murray: His bride?  
Holmwood: Surely you cannot mean Lucy. We saw Mr. Renfield kill her.  
Van Helsing: Unfortunately no. Although Miss Lucy is young as one of the UnDead, there comes with the change, the curse of immortality.  
S. Katherine: Your friend Lucy cannot die but must go on age after age adding new victims and multiplying the evils of the world.  
S. Elizabeth: For all that die from the preying of the Undead become themselves Undead and prey on their kind. And so the circle goes on ever widening.  
S. Amy: The career of this so unhappy dear lady is but just begun.  
Mina: What do you mean?  
M. Florence: Since the sun set, several young children have gone missing from home. The few children we have been able to find have all said they had been taken by the woman in black. We have now tracked this monster here.  
Morris: Wait, are you saying that Miss Lucy is responsible for the missing children?  
S. Helen: The children whose blood she sucked are not as yet so much the worse but if she lives on Undead, her power over them will increase. But if she die in truth, then all cease.  
Seward: Die in truth?  
S. Josephine: A stake must be driven through her.  
S. Katherine: It will be a fearful ordeal, be not deceived in that, but it will be only a short time.  
Van Helsing: This is true. If Miss Lucy can be made to rest as true dead, then the soul of the lady whom we love shall again be free.  
S. Elizabeth: Instead of working wickedness by night, she shall take her place with the other Angels.

*In the distance, the crying of a baby can be heard.*

S. Amy: She is here - quickly!

*The group hides among the gravestones. Out of the mist, Lucy staggers in, carrying a crying baby in her arms. There is a vacant, dead look on Lucy's face and her mouth is covered in blood as is the front of her blouse. She lays the wailing baby down on a crypt and leans over to feed. Suddenly, two nuns enter and*

*confront Lucy, both holding crosses. Lucy recoils in pain as an unearthly light begins to glow around her. One nun with a bible advances, reciting an ancient Latin prayer. Lucy hisses and thrusts her hand out at the nun. The book bursts into flames. At this, the other nun jumps forward and drives a stake into Lucy's chest. There is a moment of silence and then the two nuns stand and rush over to pick up the baby. They exit, leaving Van Helsing, Mina, Morris, Seward and Holmwood alone with the rest of the nuns.*

S. Katherine: We were just in time.  
Seward: I hope that when you take the infant home you will caution its parents to keep strict watch over it. If the child were to remain out another night, it would probably be fatal.  
S. Elizabeth: Rest assured.  
M. Florence: Your dear friend Lucy is no longer the devil's Undead. She is God's true dead, whose soul is with Him.

*The nuns exit.*

Renfield: Are you convinced now?  
Holmwood: We have learned to believe, all of us.  
Mina: Doctor Van Helsing - we must find and rescue Jonathan before it is too late.  
Holmwood: We cannot condemn him to the same terrible fate as poor Lucy.  
Van Helsing: Quite right. One step of our work is done but there remains a terrible task before us from which we dare not draw back. We must return to the castle and ...  
Renfield: No, no! The night is still upon us and his powers are at their full. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but to return to the Undead home of the King Vampire is quite insane even for an undeveloped homicidal maniac like myself.  
Mrs. Murray: Excuse me sir but it appears that you are just as guilty as the Count!  
Renfield: Not guilty! Not guilty! I saved you! I led you safely out of the castle in secret and without harm ...  
Van Helsing: (*gently*) And now you can lead us back Mr. Renfield – again in secret and without harm. The Count took you from the asylum and promised you perpetual life ...  
Renfield: Yes, yes! You see, when he found me in the asylum, he put me under a strange belief - that I might live forever by consuming a multitude of live things, flies and spiders, spiders and flies, all red blood, all lives ...  
Van Helsing: Yes Mr. Renfield and *all untrue*. Now sir, bethink yourself. You claim the privilege of reason in the highest degree, since you seek to impress us with your complete reasonableness. Be wise and help us find Mr. Harker.  
Renfield: Yes quite sane now, quite sane. After all, I am a respectable lunatic, you see, a respectable lunatic ...  
Van Helsing: Mr. Renfield ... please.  
Renfield: (*after a moment*) Very well.  
Van Helsing: Excellent. While Mr. Renfield guides us back to the castle, I think it best we send for additional help in the village if we are to once and for all defeat this evil.  
Mrs. Murray: I shall volunteer.  
Mina: But mother ...  
Mrs. Murray: Hush my dear. I'm the only logical choice, and time is of the essence.  
Van Helsing: I must concur. Mrs. Murray can quickly relate what has happened and marshal all available assistance.  
Mrs. Murray: Fear not my darling. You must find your Jonathan. I will return with help.

*Mina and her mother embrace for a moment and then Mrs. Murray leaves.*

Van Helsing: Mr. Renfield?  
Renfield: This way.

*He leads them off.*

## Scene 2

*The dungeon. Renfield and the others enter.*

Renfield: Here.

*Behind the prison gate is the starved and exhausted figure of Jonathan Harker.*

Mina: Jonathan?

Harker: Who's there?

Mina: Jonathan, it's Mina!

Harker: Mina? Oh thank god, Mina!

*Renfield opens the prison and Jonathan rushes through into Mina's arms.*

Harker: Oh Mina - what are you doing here? We must leave at once, the Count, he is a monster, a demon ...

Mina: Hush, hush my darling in the name of the good God!

Seward: Excuse me but time presses – shouldn't we ...

Van Helsing: Quite true Jack. It is best that Jonathan, Mina and Mrs. Murray depart for the village at once as they are most vulnerable.

Mina: But Dr. Van Helsing, aren't you coming with us?

Van Helsing: I must remain behind and sterilize this earth, so that no more he can seek safety in it.

Holmwood: Seek safety in it? I don't understand.

Van Helsing: The Count must return each day to the desecrated soil of his lair. In all probability, he does not know that holy water can sterilize this earth, so he can no longer rest here.

Morris: I can stay and help Professor.

Holmwood: And I.

Seward: I shall stay as well. Let Mina and Jonathan leave immediately while we ensure that the Count never more can rest here Undead.

Renfield: Sir, I make no apology for dropping all forms of conventional prefix, but I entreat you: let me lead them from here.

Holmwood: Come sir – you, whose sanity we have reason to doubt ...

Renfield: True, I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me.

Mina: I confess that at this very moment, I desire that we should go at once – here – now.

Seward: It seems to me that as it presently stands, this is the wisest course of action.

Morris: Agreed. If Mr. Renfield can lead Mina and Jonathan out of here, then we may begin our hunt for this demon in earnest.

Van Helsing: Very well, Mr. Renfield. I suggest you depart immediately.

Renfield: Come, my friends.

*Renfield, Mina and Jonathan exit.*

Van Helsing: And now, we sanctify this earth to God.

*Van Helsing begins to sprinkle a wide circle of water from a small crystal vial.*

Morris: Jack, if that Renfield wasn't attempting a bluff, he is about the sanest lunatic I ever saw.

Seward: He certainly did seem earnest, though.

Holmwood: I only hope we have done what is best.

Seward: What else have we to hope for, except the pity of God? Now ...

*The three brides appear.*

Bride 1: Oh my friends, thank goodness. We must warn you that you are going into terrible danger.  
Bride 2: The Count is no ordinary foe. He has held us captive here for many years.

*Van Helsing stops and withdraws unnoticed into the shadows as the brides advance.*

Seward: Can you help us find him? You know this castle, far better than we do.  
Bride 3: Yes, but remember – he has the strength of twenty men. A stronger man or a body of men stronger than he can at certain times hold him. But to face him with so few is to invite death.  
Bride 1: Better to come with us. We can hide you.  
Bride 2: Yes, come away from this awful place.  
Holmwood: But where are we to go?  
Bride 3: Close your eyes.

*Holmwood, Morris and Seward fall into a trance as the brides raise their hands.*

Bride 1: He is young and strong.  
Bride 2: Go on! There are kisses for us all.  
Bride 3: Yes, you are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.

*Van Helsing springs forward holding up a crucifix.*

Van Helsing: In manus tuas, Domine!

*Instantly, a brilliant shaft of light hits the brides. Startled, the men awake from their trance and stumble backwards out of the light - the brides scream and cower, unable to move past the circle of light. Van Helsing pulls out several stakes and hands them out.*

Bride 2: Free us!  
Bride 1: Release your spell! You cannot stand against the power of the Undead!  
Holmwood: What has happened?  
Van Helsing: The crucifix compels them. They cannot move.  
Bride 3: The Undead cannot be killed!  
Van Helsing: Where is the Count?  
Bride 3: You cannot stop the Undead!

*Van Helsing holds up his crucifix. The brides recoil in pain at the sight.*

Van Helsing: The Count! Where is he?  
Bride 1: You're too late!  
Bride 3: He has them already!  
Van Helsing: Then may God have mercy on your souls.

*With that, the men stab the brides with the stakes. The brides scream and fall to the ground. After a moment, they stop moving.*

Van Helsing: Quickly, we must finish sterilizing this earth so he cannot return to this place.  
Holmwood: But Jonathan and Mina ...  
Van Helsing: Hopefully, Mr. Renfield made it out of the castle with them safely.  
Seward: If not ...?  
Van Helsing: If not, we can only pray.

*A crash of thunder. Blackout.*

### Scene 3

*Renfield, Mina and Jonathan enter.*

Renfield: This way. Hurry.

*As they cross to the entrance of the castle, Dracula appears suddenly in front of them. They all freeze.*

Dracula: And so you, like the others, would play your brains against mine. You would help these men to hunt me and frustrate me in my designs.

Renfield: No no, you see I am just an undeveloped homicidal maniac ...

Dracula: Silence! I am your lord and master now and you are all under my domain.

*As Dracula speaks, Renfield, Mina and Jonathan all walk forward in a trance, their eyes vacant and unseeing.*

Dracula: Your friend, Dr. Van Helsing, overestimates his position. Whilst you have played wits against me – against me, who commanded nations hundreds of years before any of you were born – I have been countermining your every move.

*Dracula steps to Renfield and gestures for him to kneel which he does.*

Dracula: I'm especially disappointed with you Mr. Renfield. I had such high hopes for you.

Renfield: Damn you to hell ...

Dracula: I think not.

*Dracula snaps his neck. Renfield crumples to the floor.*

Dracula: Which just leaves the happy couple. Watch carefully now Jonathan. I want you to remember this, for it is your dear fiancé's veins which shall appease my thirst.

*During this, Jonathan has turned towards Mina and both are kneeling, facing each other.*

Dracula: You Mina, their best beloved one, shall be my companion, my helper, my bountiful wine-press ...

*Dracula savagely bites into Mina's neck. She struggles briefly before subcombing to the vampire. After a moment, Van Helsing, Morris, Seward and Holmwood enter. They stop in horror. Dracula finishes and casts Mina aside as Jonathan also collapses to the ground.*

Dracula: You think to baffle me, you – with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's. You shall be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest with your pathetic holy water, but I have more. I shall spread my home across the continents for time is on my side.

Van Helsing: Your time is nearly gone.

Dracula: Ha! Your beloved Mina that you all love is mine already; and through her, you and others shall yet be mine – my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to be fed! My revenge has just begun!

*Van Helsing holds up his cross and bears down on Dracula. Dracula grabs the cross to Van Helsing's surprise and the cross bursts into flames. A crash of thunder and Dracula is gone.*

Van Helsing: Jonathan is in a stupor such as we know the vampire can produce. Quincy, Arthur: see to poor Madam Mina. Unfortunately we can do nothing with her for a few moments until she recovers herself. We must wake Jonathan!

*As Morris heads over to Mina, the others tend to Jonathan.*

Seward: Jonathan.  
Harker: What ... what has happened?  
Van Helsing: We have learnt something! Notwithstanding his brave words, the Count fears us. He fears time, he fears want! For if not, why hurry so? His very tone betray him, or my ears deceive.  
Harker: Oh god, Mina! Where is Mina!  
Seward: Jonathan, calm yourself! She is here.  
Harker: Oh god, Mina. Dr. Seward, Dr. Van Helsing, has it come to this? Do something to save her! You must save her! The Count cannot have gone too far yet. Guard her while I look for him!

*Harker stands and starts to leave.*

Mina: Wait, Jonathan ...

*They look over at Mina who has regained consciousness.*

Harker: Mina!  
Mina: Jonathan, you must not leave me! I have suffered enough tonight without the dread of his harming you. You must stay with me.  
Van Helsing: Do not fret, my dear. We are here; and whilst this is close to you no foul thing can approach. You are safe for now.

*Van Helsing hands her a small crucifix. The moment Mina touches it, the crucifix burns her hand and she recoils violently.*

Mina: Unclean, unclean! *(to Harker)* I must touch you or kiss you no more my love.  
Harker: Nonsense Mina, I would not hear it of you. May God judge me if by any act or will of mine anything ever come between us!  
Van Helsing: Excuse me Madam Mina - God knows that I do not want that you should be pained, but it is necessary that we know all. Tell us exactly what happened.  
Mina: I felt my strength fading away, and I was in a half swoon. How long this horrible thing lasted I know not but it seemed a long time ... I'm sorry doctor but I don't remember anything else. My God! What have I done to deserve such a fate. God pity me!  
Holmwood: Dr. Van Helsing – Dracula said he had other places to rest, that he would spread his home across the world. What did he mean?  
Van Helsing: I confess I do not know.  
Renfield: Boxes ...

*They turn in surprise to see Renfield in a crumpled heap, dying.*

Van Helsing: Come, no time to lose – his words may be worth many lives.

*They rush to Renfield's side.*

Seward: Mr. Renfield ...  
Renfield: Some water, my lips are dry.  
Morris: My God! What has happened to him!  
Seward: From the nature of his injuries, it appears his windpipe has been crushed. We have only moments.  
Van H: I think his neck is broken. See, both his right arm and leg and the whole side of his face are paralyzed.  
Renfield: Listen carefully for I am dying. The Master has been preparing boxes, giant crates for transport to England.

Harker: Carfax.  
Van Helsing: What?  
Harker: Carfax – it's an estate which he recently acquired in London. I assisted him with the transaction. That's why he sent for me from England.  
Van Helsing: What about these boxes Mr. Renfield?  
Renfield: The Count had the gypsies fill them with unholy earth from the foundation of his castle.  
Seward: Why in God's name?  
Renfield: So that he might travel safely to London, buried in his native soil. Once there ...  
Van Helsing: He'll use the earth from the boxes to desecrate the land surrounding Carfax giving him the freedom to take root in London.  
Mina: But why would the gypsies aid the Count?  
Van Helsing: The Count has plagued this land for centuries, preying on its people.  
Mina: Of course! The gypsies will do whatever is necessary to rid their land of the Count's evil.  
Seward: So that's why the gypsies have been helping the Count! They want him gone!  
Holmwood: How many boxes are there?  
Renfield: At least fifty.  
Mina: My God.  
Van Helsing: Mr. Renfield, where can we find these boxes? We must sterilize the earth and prevent him from leaving.  
Renfield: I used to fancy that life was a positive and perpetual entity, and that by consuming a multitude of live things – spiders, flies and such – that I might actually prolong life.  
Harker: The boxes Mr. Renfield! Where are they?  
Renfield: I waited for him but he didn't send me anything, not even a blow-fly. The master promised me.  
Mina: Please Mr. Renfield.

*Renfield looks at Mina.*

Renfield: I don't care for pale people; I like them with lots of blood in them and yours seems to have run out ...  
Mina: Please tell us.  
Renfield: ... he raised me up ... and flung me down ...

*Renfield dies. After a moment, Van Helsing stands.*

Mina: Dear god, this is too much.  
Seward: So, this has been his plan all along – to travel to London to invade a new land.  
Van Helsing: Exactly Jack. He used Jonathan, Mina and our dear Lucy and now that his strength is at its full, he plans to use the boxes filled with his unholy earth to leave Transylvania for England.  
Morris: May God give this monster into my hand just long enough to destroy that earthly life of him which we are aiming at. If beyond it I could send his soul forever to burning hell, I would do it.  
Van Helsing: We must trace each of these boxes and when we are ready, we must either capture or kill this monster in his earthly lair.  
Holmwood: But where? Where are we to look? The castle is enormous and every room the same, every hallway a maze, every corridor a dead-end.  
Mina: I have an idea. Dr. Van Helsing – you must hypnotize me before the dawn and then I shall be able to speak and speak freely.  
Harker: I don't understand.  
Van Helsing: She's bound to him now – the vampire's ward. She can feel him ...  
Seward: And so divine his location.  
Van Helsing: Precisely. My dear Mina, your wisdom is exceeded only by your courage. Quick, for the time is short. I want you to watch my time piece and listen as I count back from five.

*Van Helsing pulls out a pocket watch and gently sets it swinging in front of Mina.*

Van Helsing: 5, 4, 3 ... 2 ... 1.

*Mina closes her eyes. The men wait in silence.*

Van Helsing: Where are you?

Mina: I do not know. It is all strange to me.

Van Helsing: What do you see?

Mina: I can see nothing; it is all dark.

Van Helsing: What do you hear?

Mina: The lapping of water. It is gurgling by. I can hear it on the outside.

Harker: The docks! On the east side of the castle. I saw them on first approach.

Morris: As did I.

Van Helsing: My surmise is this: that the Count has decided to travel to London by water as the most safe and secret way.

Morris: Of course! To avoid customs, if there be any.

Van Helsing: So you are on a ship?

Mina: Not yet.

Van Helsing: What else do you hear?

Mina: The sound of men stamping as they run about. There is the creaking of a chain and the groan of planks.

Holmwood: The gypsies. Dracula must have hired them to load the boxes aboard the ship.

Harker: I can lead us there.

Seward: Then there is not a moment to lose; it may not be yet too late.

Van Helsing: *(standing)* Let me wake her first.

Harker: Stop. *(leading Van Helsing away from Mina)* Do you mean to say Professor that you would bring Mina, in her sad case and tainted as she is with that devil's illness, right into the jaws of his death-trap? No, not for the world!

Van Helsing: My friend, it is because I would save Madam Mina that I would have her come with us. Remember we are in terrible straits. If the Count escapes us this time – and he is strong and subtle and cunning – he will make London his home and our dear Mina will become his companion.

*They all pause for a moment.*

Van Helsing: She is linked to him now and only through this link can we lift his curse on her.

Harker: *(pause)* Do as you will. We are in the hands of God.

Van Helsing: Forgive me that I cause you so much pain but it is necessary. *(He kneels before Mina)* Now, not a word to her of her trance! She knows not what we have heard or said, and it would overwhelm her. Mina, I shall count back from three at the which you shall wake restored. Three, two, one.

*Van Helsing snaps his fingers. Mina opens her eyes and looks around.*

Mina: Well? What have I said? What have I done?

Van Helsing: You performed beautifully. And now then my dear friends, we go forth to our terrible enterprise. Are we all armed against ghostly as well as carnal attack?

Harker: We must guard ourselves from his touch.

Van Helsing: Keep this near your heart.

*Van Helsing hands each of them a portion of the Sacred Wafer.*

Harker: What is this?

Van Helsing: The Host. I brought it from Amsterdam. I have an Indulgence.

Morris: And for other enemies more mundane, this revolver and this knife.

Seward: Our best hope is to ambush him when in the box after sunrise for then he can make no struggle and we may deal with him as we should.

Morris: No, dawn is still several hours away – his boats will have departed and he will have escaped our grasp. No, we must act now regardless of daylight for when I see the box I shall open it and destroy the monster.

Van Helsing: Your thinking is level at all times Quincy. If we may discover him in time, boxed up and at our mercy, we may prevail yet. So, we shall find him and we shall not flinch; even if we peril ourselves that we become like him. Come.

*They exit.*

#### Scene 4

*Van Helsing enters followed by Harker, Mina, Seward, Holmwood and Morris who is carrying a revolver. In front of them are dozens and dozens of stacked crates.*

Morris: Good God. Which one is it?  
Van Helsing: Our dear Madam Mina is once more our teacher. Her eyes may see where we are blinded.  
Seward: We must move quickly before the gypsies return – Mina is ...  
Mina: Changing.

*The men stop and look back at Mina.*

Mina: Yes I know. I know what is happening to me. And I know that you Jonathan will always be with me to the end. But you must remember that I am not as you are. There is a poison in my blood, in my soul, which may destroy me; which must destroy me. And yet, I am ready to give up here the certainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that the world or the nether world holds. But in return, I ask that you give me what I ask.

*There is a moment of silence.*

Mina: You must promise me, one and all – even you my beloved husband – that, should the time come, you will kill me.  
Morris: What is that time?  
Mina: When you shall be convinced that I am so changed that it is better that I die than I may live. When I am thus dead in the flesh, then you will, without a moment's delay, drive a stake through me and cut off my head.  
Morris: I'm only a rough fellow, who hasn't, perhaps, lived as a man should to win such distinction, but I swear to you by all that I hold sacred and dear that, should the time ever come, I shall not flinch from the duty that you have set us. And I promise you, too, that I shall make all certain, for if I am only doubtful I shall take it that the time has come.  
Mina: Thank you.  
Van Helsing: I swear the same, my dear Madam Mina.  
Seward: You have my word.  
Holmwood: And mine.

*There is another pause as Mina looks to Jonathan.*

Harker: And must I, too, make such a promise, my wife?  
Mina: You too, my dearest. You must not shrink. You are nearest and dearest and all the world to me; our souls are knit into one, for all life and time.  
Harker: I will not fail you, my love.  
Mina: Nor I, you. I am ready Professor.  
Van Helsing: No trance this time. The Count is clever and cunning and resourceful. Undoubtedly he has cut himself off from knowing your mind so there can be no knowledge of him to you. But this is where he fails. That terrible baptism of blood which he gave you makes you free to go to him in spirit. Go deep inside, search out now and find him through all this blackness.

*Mina nods. After a moment, she closes her eyes and is seemingly pulled towards the boxes until she finally stops in front of one of the crates. Her hands hover over the box. She opens her eyes and looks back at the men*

Van Helsing: Have all your arms! Be ready!

Mina: Wait, professor! Something has happened. I felt the Count pass me just now, like a cold wind!  
Seward: Has he escaped us?  
Mina: No, he's here but ... I can hear far off ... men approaching ... Professor! He's summoned the gypsies!

*The gypsies appear with rifles and surround the party.*

Anton: Halt!  
Aishe: What are you doing?  
Van Helsing: We must find Dracula, cut off his head and drive a stake through his heart, so that the world may rest from him!  
Driver: Are you mad?  
Mala: He has warned us! He must be allowed to leave! If not, his revenge will be swift and cruel!  
Luca: You must be allowed to depart our land which he has ravaged for centuries. Our people have suffered enough!  
Van Helsing: You are in part right my friends, but only in part. He is confined within the limitations of his earthly envelope. He cannot melt into thin air nor disappear through cracks or chinks or crannies.  
Gunari: Countless men, more brave than you have tried and failed.  
Harker: If we allow the Count to escape now, Mina will die and join him as one of the UnDead. Our only chance to lift the curse and save Mina is to kill him now when he is boxed up and at our mercy.  
Van Helsing: He cannot be allowed to escape.  
Mari: I am sorry for your companion but ...

*With that, Morris grabs a revolver from a gyps and opens fire on the others. The remaining gypsies pull daggers and rush the men. As Van Helsing, Holmwood and Seward fend off the gypsies, Harker and Morris scramble over the tops of the boxes. Frantically, they pry open Dracula's crate revealing the Count, half-buried in black earth. The Count explodes out of the soil and grabs Harker by the throat.*

Dracula: Fools! Now you shall all suffer!

*However, before he can act, the Sister of Bukovina enter, each bearing a cross followed by Mrs. Murray. A hot, white light hits Dracula, and he releases Harker who staggers away. With that, Morris jumps forward and stabs Dracula through the heart from behind with a wooden stake. There is a tremendous thunder crash and Dracula collapses to the stage, a buried stake protruding from his back.*

Mina: Jonathan.  
Harker: Mina!!

*The men all move to steady Mina except for Morris who leans heavily against the crate.*

Harker: Mina, are you alright?  
Seward: Professor, her wounds!  
Van Helsing: Gone – now God be thanked. Mother Florence, you were just in time.  
M. Florence: You can thank Mrs. Murray.  
Mina: Thank you all for everything you have done for me.  
Harker: It was Quincy who delivered the killing blow.

*They look over at Morris who has slumped to the ground, blood staining his entire shirt.*

Morris: I am only too happy ...

*He falters as the rest rush to his side.*

Holmwood: Quincy!  
Seward: He's been shot!

*Morris breathes heavily.*

Morris: I am only too happy to have been of any service. What a brave and gallant woman you are. We may never meet again.  
Mina: No, please ...  
Morris: Courage Mina. It was worth this to die. There must be no tears now ...

*He dies.*

Mina: No, not for me. Poor dear Quincy, what he must have suffered.  
Harker: It is all done. He is in the hands of God.  
Van Helsing: Madam Mina, you are proof, if proof be needed, that all has not been in vain. The curse has passed.

*Blackout*