

DRACULA

Adapted from Bram Stoker's novel by

Alec Barbour

DRACULA

© 2025 by Alec Barbour

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **DRACULA** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **DRACULA** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **DRACULA** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

DRACULA

CHARACTERS: 5 Women, 7 Men

MINA MURRAY (*Later MINA HARKER*)

An assistant schoolmistress, and Jonathan Harker's fiancée, and later, wife. About twenty-two. Earnest and serious, with a keen, playful intelligence, but hampered by still being very much a woman of her time. Intensely kind and loving in even the direst situations, especially to Jonathan.

JONATHAN HARKER

A young solicitor, about twenty three, has just passed his bar exam. A driven, courageous man sleeping beneath a quiet, businesslike exterior. A slave to his sense of propriety for most of the play. Deeply in love with, and protective of, Mina.

DRACULA

A centuries-old vampire. Appears about eighty when we meet him, later rejuvenates to about thirty. A monster. Utterly inhuman, with no feelings of love, pity, or remorse. Patient, calculating, and incredibly arrogant. He is actively cruel in his pursuit of power.

LUCY WESTENRA

A young woman of wealth, nineteen. Mina's best friend and former student. In love with Arthur Holmwood. Genuinely sweet, flirtatious, and girly, but intelligent enough to know how vapid her life is. Later, as a vampire, she is voluptuous, seductive, and cruel.

JOHN SEWARD

A doctor, twenty-nine. Best friends with Quincey Morris and Arthur Holmwood, and hopelessly in love with Lucy. Intelligent, but obsessive. Stringently empirical. A brave, goodhearted man.

QUINCEY MORRIS

An itinerant gentleman adventurer from Texas, about twenty-nine. Has traveled all over the world with Seward and Holmwood. In love with Lucy. Brave, strong, and warm. Much more plain spoken and forthcoming than the Englishmen that surround him.

DRACULA

R. M. RENFIELD

A lunatic in Dr. Seward's asylum, forty-nine. A brilliant man suffering from the delusion that by consuming blood and living things he can extend his life-span. Psychically sensitive to Dracula, whom he worships as a god. Terrifyingly insightful in his rare moments of lucidity.

VAMPIRES

Slaves of Dracula. Women he turned years in the past. Resentful and terrified of the absolute control he holds over them. Predatorily sensual. Every bit as cruel as Dracula, and just as hungry for control over others.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

The son of a Lord, about twenty-nine. Old friends with Morris and Seward. Kind, passionate, and rich, he is every inch Prince Charming. The suitor Lucy chooses.

ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

A Dutch master-of-all-trades. About sixty. Seward's former teacher, and mentor. A kind, wise, and almost ridiculously knowledgeable old man. Tough as nails underneath. Even more old fashioned than the young men around him. Used to being the smartest man in the room.

Also, an **INNKEEPER'S WIFE**, **PEASANTS**, a **CHILD**, an **ATTENDANT** at **SEWARD's** asylum, and the **CAPTAIN** of the Czarina Catherine.

DRACULA

TIME

1897 in England, Transylvania, and the Balkans

ACT I

Prologue

Scene One: An inn in Bistritz, Transylvania, and Dracula's castle.

Scene Two: Lucy's rooms, Whitby, England.

Scene Three: Seward's asylum, London, England.

Scene Four: Whitby.

Scene Five: Whitby, Lucy's rooms, and adjacent graveyard.

Scene Six: Seward's asylum.

Scene Seven: Whitby.

Scene Eight: Dracula's Castle, and a hospital in Budapest.

ACT II

Scene One: Seward's asylum.

Scene Two: Hyde Park, London.

Scene Three: Lucy's bedroom, the Westenra's home, London.

Scene Four: The Harkers' home, London, and Dracula's Castle.

Scene Five: Lucy's bedroom and Seward's asylum.

Scene Six: Lucy's bedroom.

Scene Seven: Lucy's bedroom.

Scene Eight: Highgate Cemetery.

Scene Nine: The Harkers' home.

Scene Ten: Seward's asylum, Highgate Cemetery, and Lucy's Tomb.

ACT III

Scene One: Seward's asylum.

Scene Two: Carfax, London.

Scene Three: Seward's asylum.

Scene Four: Carfax.

Scene Five: The Port of London, Seward's asylum, and on the road to Transylvania.

Scene Six: Transylvania.

Scene Seven: The Crypt of Castle Dracula

Epilogue

DRACULA

The Set

This play changes scenes and points of view constantly and quickly. In general, this should be done with a minimum of fuss. I imagine *Dracula* taking place on a Shakespearean style unit set, though obviously there are myriad possibilities.

On Vampires

A lot of water has gone over the dam since Stoker wrote *Dracula*, so a few things bear mentioning. In *Dracula* (both Stoker's novel and this play that seeks to emulate it) Vampires are monsters, and inherently evil. They are the bodies of dead men and women animated by demons, who hold the soul of their victim in thrall. They feed on blood, and target those closest to them not out of a misplaced longing or affection, but out of cruelty and convenience. They use sexuality only as a tool, to either tempt or punish their victims.

All Vampires have certain abilities, depending on their individual power. They are tremendously physically strong. Dracula is literally as strong as twenty men; that is to say, he could bench-press easily two thousand pounds. They can dominate the minds of their victims (as with the sleepwalking Lucy and with Renfield), and those of animals. They can become incorporeal at will, and so fit through the gap of a door or window, and vanish into mist, or snow, or moonlight. They can control the weather. Most famously, they can shape-shift, turning into bats and wolves.

They typically rest during the day, as corpses. Sunlight does not destroy them, as in pulp Vampire stories and Murnau's film *Nosferatu*, but it does take away their supernatural powers, and so they choose to rest, and hide, when they are at their weakest.

There are several giveaways as to their true nature. Being corpses without souls in the typical sense, they have no reflection in mirrors, and cannot be photographed. They have rank graveyard breath. They are repelled and stunned by holy objects, such as crosses and the host, and by garlic, though in medieval times to repel all manner of evil spirits..

A person who is killed as a result of blood loss from a Vampire attack becomes a vampire when he or she dies. To drink a Vampire's blood is to become its slave even before you die. One can destroy a vampire by driving a stake through the heart or cutting off the head.

DRACULA

DRACULA

PROLOGUE

MINA. (*To Audience.*) How these events have been placed in sequence will be made manifest as you hear them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of later day belief may stand forth as simple fact.

SEWARD. (*To Audience.*) Do not doubt that the events you are about to see really took place, however unbelievable and incomprehensible they might appear at first sight.

VAN HELSING. (*To Audience.*) In our times, it ought to be clear to all serious thinking men that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

ACT I SCENE ONE

DRACULA. (*Voice over.*) Welcome to my home. Enter freely, and of your own free will.

VAMPIRE ONE. (*To Audience.*) From the diary of Jonathan Harker, May Fourth, 1893.

HARKER. (*To Audience.*) Left Munich at 8:35 P.M., on 1st May. It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz. I had the impression that I was leaving the West and entering the East. Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel. Evidently, I was expected.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. The Herr Englishman?

HARKER. Yes, Jonathan Harker.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go? Do you know what day it is?

HARKER. It is the fourth of May.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. Oh, yes! I know that! I know that, but do you know what *day* it is?

HARKER. I do not understand.

DRACULA

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. It is the eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that to-night, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to? *(She falls to her knees, begging)* At least wait a day or two before starting!

HARKER. *(Helps her up)* I thank you, but my duty is imperative; I must go. *(She rises, and dries her eyes. She takes out a rosary.)* A rosary?

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. Take it. For your mother's sake.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my farewell. *(Harker steps outside, waiting for the carriage. The woman follows him. Several peasants stand outside, waiting for carriages. She says something inaudible to a few of the others. Then to Harker:)*

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day, better the next day.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants, a carriage with four coal-black horses drove up behind us. They were driven by a tall man with a great black hat and scarf which seemed to hide his face from us. I could see only the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight.

COACH DRIVER. You are bold tonight, my dear.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. The English Herr was in a hurry.

COACH DRIVER. That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my dear. I know too much, and my horses are swift.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE. For the dead travel fast.

COACH DRIVER. Give me the Herr's luggage.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* The hand which caught my arm had a grip of steel.

DRACULA

COACH DRIVER. There is a flask of brandy underneath the seat, if you should require it. The night is chill, mien Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* The driver cracked his whip, called to his horses, and we swept into the darkness, *(Music. Wolves howl.)* I stood before a vast ruined castle, from whose tall windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

DRACULA. *(Entering)* Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own free will. *(Harker Hesitates)* Welcome to my house. Enter freely. Go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring!

HARKER. Count Dracula?

DRACULA. I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my home. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* I found supper already laid out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stonework, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said-

DRACULA. I pray you, be seated and eat how you please. You will I trust, excuse me that I do not join you, but I have dined already, and I do not sup.

HARKER. *(Sits)* Thank you Count.

DRACULA. Come, tell me of London, and the house which you have there procured for me.

HARKER. At Purfleet, on a by-road, I came across just such a place as seemed to be required. The estate is called Carfax. It contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by a solid stone wall. The house is very large and dates back, I should say, to medieval times. It looks like part of a keep, and is close to an old chapel or church. There are but few houses close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. It is not, however, visible from the grounds.

DRACULA. I am glad that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. I rejoice also that there is a chapel of old times. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think that our bones may lie amongst the common dead. I love the shade and the

DRACULA

shadow, and would be alone with my thoughts when I may. (*Several wolves howl outside, much closer than Harker is comfortable with.*) Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make! Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter. (*Pause*) But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready, and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till the afternoon, so sleep well and dream well!

SCENE TWO

VAMPIRE THREE. (*To Audience.*) The diary of Mina Murray, May twenty fourth. Whitby, England.

MINA. (*To Audience.*) Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever. I had been longing to be with her, and by the sea, where we could talk freely and build our castles in the air. (*To LUCY*) I'm sorry it has been so long, I have been simply overwhelmed with work.

LUCY. I must say you've taxed me very unfairly with being a bad correspondent. I've been longing to be back with you dear, sitting by the fire as we used to, when I could try to tell you what I feel.

MINA. Tell me! You have not told me anything for a long time! And I've heard rumors, especially of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man???

LUCY. Someone has evidently been telling tales. That was Mr. Arthur Holmwood; he was with me at the last pop. He often comes to see us; he and mamma get on very well together; they have so many things to talk about in common. I almost envy mother sometimes for her knowledge when she can talk to people whilst I have to sit by like a dumb animal and smile a stereotyped smile, till I find myself blushing at being an incarnate *lie*.

MINA. Lucy, we have slept together, and laughed and cried together; we have told all our secrets to each other since we were children. Please I've been longing to speak with you freely; tell me everything!

LUCY. Oh Mina, it never rains but it pours! Here am I who never had a proposal till yesterday, not a real proposal, and yesterday I had three! Just fancy! Three proposals in one day! Isn't it awful! I feel sorry, really

DRACULA

and truly sorry, for two of the poor fellows. Why can't they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save all this trouble?

MINA. (*Gleefully shocked*) Heresy!

LUCY. Oh, Mina, I am so happy that I don't know what to do with myself. But, for goodness' sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of extravagant ideas, and imagining themselves injured and slighted if in their very first day at home they did not get six at least!

MINA. Some girls are so vain! But which did you accept?

LUCY. Oh Mina, couldn't you guess? It's Arthur, I love him! I needn't tell you of his proposal do I? Besides, it was all so confused. It seemed only a moment from his coming into the room till both his arms were round me, and he was kissing me. I am very, very happy, and I don't know what I have done to deserve it. But you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone except, of course, Jonathan. (*Pause*) How Is Jonathan? I do not know how to say how glad I am the you are so happy. But you must miss him terribly.

MINA. I do, I do. I have just had a few hurried lines from Jonathan in Transylvania.

LUCY. And how is the poor dear doing?

MINA. He is well; he'll be returning in about a week. I am longing to hear all his news. It must be nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we shall ever see them together. But your proposals . . .

LUCY. Well, my dear, number one came just before lunch. I told you of him, Dr. John Seward, the lunatic asylum man, with the strong jaw and the good forehead . . .

SCENE THREE

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) From the diary of Dr. John Seward, May twenty fifth.

SEWARD. (*To Audience.*) Kept by phonograph. (*Speaking into the recorder*) Subject R. M, Renfield, age forty-nine. Sanguine temperament, great physical strength-

MORRIS. (*Entering, looking for SEWARD*) Jack?

DRACULA

SEWARD. Morbidly excitable, periods of gloom, ending in some fixed idea which I cannot make out. A possibly dangerous man. His redeeming quality is a love of animals, though, indeed, he has such curious turns in it that I sometimes imagine he is only abnormally cruel . . .

MORRIS. Jack, you all right? You know you were talking to yourself? *(Taking in the sight of him)* God Jack, how long has it been since you slept.

SEWARD. I was recording in my diary. And I'm not actually sure. Since my rebuff I cannot eat, cannot rest, so I work instead.

MORRIS. *(Sadly, kindly)* And I thought I was taking it badly. Come on, we've both been jilted; we can mingle our weeps together over the wine cup. And anyway, we must congratulate Arthur.

SEWARD. God, Quincey, I don't know if I can see him yet.

MORRIS. Come on, I promise we'll leave him at home if he drinks too deep to a certain pair of eyes.

SEWARD. I'll come, Quincy, just let me finish this. Renfield grows more interesting the more I get to understand the man. He has certain qualities very largely developed, selfishness, secrecy, and purpose. I wish I could get at what is the object of the latter. He seems to have some settled scheme of his own, *(hand's him RENFIELD's notebook)* but what it is I do not know.

MORRIS. But Jack listen . . .

SEWARD. His hobby had been catching flies. He had such a quantity that I had to ask him to get rid of them. He did not break out into a fury, as I expected, but asked if he could have three days to clear them away. Of course, I said that would do, and watched him. Then he turned his mind to spiders. He kept feeding them his flies, until the spiders became as great a nuisance as the flies had been, and I told him that he must get rid of them, and I gave him the same time as before for reduction. This time, he managed to get . . . well watch this. *(Seward enters the asylum, Morris follows warily.)*

MORRIS. *(Ducking as something flies past his head)* What was-?

SEWARD. Sparrows. Good evening Renfield.

RENFIELD. Oh sir, I must ask you a great favor, a very, very great favor.

DRACULA

SEWARD. What is it Renfield?

RENFIELD. A kitten, a nice, little, sleek playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed, and feed, and feed!

SEWARD. I'll see about it Renfield. But wouldn't you rather have a cat?

RENFIELD. Oh, yes, I would like a cat! I only asked for a kitten lest you should refuse me a cat. No one would refuse me a kitten, would they?

SEWARD. Well at present I fear it will not be possible, but I will see about it. (*Seward and Morris move off as Renfield's face falls, a sudden fierce, sidelong look which means killing.*) The man is an undeveloped homicidal maniac. Well, not homicidal exactly; I shall have to invent a new classification for him, and call him a zoophagous maniac.

MORRIS. Zoophag . . . ?

SEWARD. Life-eating. I shall test him with his present craving and see how it will work out, and then I shall know more.

MORRIS. Jack, you have got to get out of here. If you stay here much longer, you'll be no saner than your friend there.

SCENE FOUR

The stage darkens. Thunder, wind and lightning. To Audience.

VAMPIRE ONE. Cutting from "The Whitby Dailygraph," pasted in Mina Murray's journal, August eighth.

MINA. One of the greatest and suddenest storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique.

MORRIS. The tempest broke without warning. With a rapidity which seemed incredible, and even afterwards is impossible to realize, the whole aspect of nature at once became convulsed.

SEWARD. The wind roared like thunder, and blew with such force that it was with difficulty that even strong men kept their feet.

RENFIELD. Masses of sea-fog came drifting inland. White, wet clouds, which swept by in ghostly fashion, so dank and damp and cold that it needed but little effort of imagination to think that the spirits of those

DRACULA

lost at sea were touching their living brethren with the clammy hands of death.

LUCY. Lightning came thick and fast, followed by such peals of thunder that the whole sky overhead seemed trembling under the shock of the footsteps of the storm.

RENFIELD. And then, leaping from wave to wave as it rushed at headlong speed, swept a strange schooner before the blast, with all sail set, and gained the safety of the harbor.

MORRIS. A shudder ran through all who saw her, for lashed to the helm was a corpse, with drooping head, which swung horribly to and fro at each motion of the ship. No other form could be seen on the deck at all.

MINA. A great awe came on all as they realized that the ship, as if by a miracle, had found the harbor, unsteered save by the hand of a dead man!

SEWARD. The schooner paused not, but rushing across the harbor, pitched herself on an accumulation of sand and gravel washed by many tides and many storms.

RENFIELD. The ship had only a small amount of cargo, a number of great wooden boxes filled with earth.

LUCY. Strangest of all, the very instant the shore was touched, an immense dog sprang up on deck from below, as if shot up by the concussion, and running forward, jumped from the bow on the sand.

SEWARD. Making straight for the cliff, where the churchyard hangs over the pier so steeply that some of the tombstones actually project over where the sustaining cliff has fallen away, it disappeared in the darkness.

MINA. Onboard the ship, the man was fastened by his hands, tied one over the other, to a spoke of the wheel. Between the inner hand and the wood was a crucifix.

RENFIELD. The master is coming.

SCENE FIVE

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) The diary of Mina Murray, August ninth.

DRACULA

MINA. *(To Audience.)* I fell asleep as soon as I had closed my diary. Suddenly, I became broad awake, and sat up with a horrible sense of fear upon me.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* The room was dark,

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* She could not see Lucy's bed.

MINA. *(To Audience.)* I stole across and felt for her. The bed was empty. *(Searching)* Lucy . . . ? *(To Audience.)* I lit a match.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* Not there.

MINA. *(To Audience.)* I came to the hall-door and found it open. There was no time to think of what might happen; a vague overmastering fear obscured all details. I took a shawl, and ran out.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* There was a bright full moon, with heavy black driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade as they sailed across.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* As the cloud passed, she could see the ruined abbey coming into view; and as the edge of a narrow band of light as sharp as a sword-cut moved along, the churchyard became gradually visible.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* There the silver light of the moon struck a half reclining figure, snowy white. Something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shown, and bent over it.

MINA. *(To Audience.)* What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell. I did not wait to catch another glance, The time and distance seemed endless as I toiled up the steep steps to the Abbey.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure.

MINA. Lucy! Lucy!

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* Something raised a head. She could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Then a cloud passed over the moon, and it vanished.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* Then the moonlight struck so brilliantly that she could see Lucy half reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat.

MINA. *(To Audience.)* She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep,

DRACULA

and pulled the collar of her nightdress up. I flung the shawl over her, and fastened it at her throat.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* She must have been clumsy with the pin in her anxiety and pricked her with it, for she put her hand to her throat and moaned.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* There were two little red points, like pin-pricks, and on the band of her nightdress was a drop of blood.

MINA. Oh my dear I'm sorry, I must have pricked you. Lucy, please wake up. Lucy . . . Lucy! *(Lucy finally wakes, confused and frightened. She clings to Mina.)* Come on Lucy. Come with me. We have to get you home.

LUCY. Mina, you must promise me, please don't tell anyone about my little sleepwalking adventure. *(Mina hesitates. Desperately-)* Mina, I implore you!

MINA. I promise, Lucy.

SCENE SIX

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* The diary of John Seward, August twelfth.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* Strange and sudden change in Renfield last night

RENFIELD. --I don't want to talk to you. You don't count now. The master is at hand.

SEWARD. *(Taken aback; doesn't know what to make of this new behavior)* I wanted to mention Renfield, it has been some time since you were collecting your spiders . . .

RENFIELD. *(Testily)* Bother them all! I don't care a pin about them.

SEWARD. What? You don't mean to tell me you don't care about spiders?

RENFIELD. The Bride maidens rejoice the eyes that wait the coming of the bride. But when the bride draweth nigh, then the maidens shine not to the eyes that are filled.

DRACULA

SCENE SEVEN

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* The diary of Mina Murray, August twelfth. *(Mina, Lucy, and Holmwood are walking together. Mina is obviously unhappy.)*

HOLMWOOD. Would you consider going into London with us tomorrow Mina? The change of scenery might do you some good.

MINA. I suppose so. Any letter sent here could be forwarded?

HOLMWOOD. Easily.

LUCY. It's a shame Jonathan can't be here with us now. The strong air would be wonderful for him. It has quite restored me!

HOLMWOOD. *(Putting his hand on Lucy's waist)* Restored and then some I think.

LUCY. Arthur! *(A COURIER enters.)*

COURIER. Pardon me, are you miss Mina Murray?

MINA. Yes?

COURIER. I have a letter for you.

MINA. *(Taking it eagerly).* A letter? From where?

COURIER. Seems to be from Budapest miss. That's a long way off.

MINA. At last, news of Jonathan! The dear fellow has been ill, that is why he did not write. He has been at a hospital in Budapest for nearly six weeks. I am to leave in the morning and go over to Jonathan, and to bring him home. I'm afraid I won't be able to join you in London.

HOLMWOOD. Of course, Mina!

MINA. Lucy, would you do me one favor?

LUCY. Anything dear.

MINA. I shall only have room for one change of dress. Would you bring my trunk to London and keep it till I send for it? For it may be that this shall be my wedding trip!

LUCY. Of course! Oh Mina! Oceans of love and millions of kisses, and may you soon be in your own home with your husband. *(Embrace.)*

SCENE EIGHT

DRACULA

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* I suppose I must have fallen asleep: I hope so, but I fear, for all that followed was startlingly real. *(The VAMPIRES laugh.)* In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. They whispered together and then they all three laughed. A sound so hard as though it never could have come through the softness of human lips. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the others urged her on.

VAMPIRE ONE. Go on! You are first, and we shall follow. Yours is the right to begin.

VAMPIRE TWO. He is young and strong. There are kisses for us all.

VAMPIRE THREE. Very well . . . *(The fair girl advances and bends over him, till he can feel the movement of her breath. She arches her neck and licks her lips, the moonlight shining on the red lips and tongue moving over the white teeth. He can feel her breath on his neck, her lips almost touching him. She licks her lips again, and lowers her mouth, her canine teeth just touching his neck. He closes his eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waits--waits with beating heart.)*

DRACULA. *(Entering, carrying a bag which he immediately drops on the floor, and flinging the Vampires away from Harker.)* How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man is mine! Beware how you meddle with him, or you'll have to deal with me.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(With a laugh of ribald coquetry)* You yourself never loved. You never love! *(The other two Vampire-women laugh with her -- the sound is horrifying; the pleasure of fiends.)*

DRACULA. Yes, I too can love. You yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now go! Go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(Receding to the shadows hissing, the VAMPIRES speak over each other)* Are we to have nothing tonight?

VAMPIRE THREE. Are we to have nothing tonight?

VAMPIRE ONE. Are we to have nothing tonight? *(Dracula nods. One of the women jumps forward and opens the bag. The sound of a half-smothered child is heard. Wolves howl, as the vampires begin to feed.)*

DRACULA

The lights shift to the gentle light of the convent-hospital in Budapest. The set remains the same. Dracula and the Vampires vanish. Harker lays in a bed, thin and pale, a wreck of himself. Mina is waking him, gently stroking his hair.)

MINA. Jonathan, I'm here.

HARKER. *(Waking out of a terrible nightmare)* Oh God Mina,

VAMPIRE ONE. The diary of Mina Harker, Buda-Pesth, August twenty fourth.

HARKER. Would you hand me the book inside my coat pocket? *(She fetches the notebook, he sees the question in her eyes.)* Wilhelmina . . .

MINA. Jonathan, you haven't called me that since you asked me to marry you.

HARKER. You know, dear, my ideas of the trust between husband and wife. There should be no secret, no concealment. I have had a great shock, and when I try to think of what it is I feel my head spin round, and I do not know if it was real or the dreaming of a madman. The secret is here, and I do not want to know it. I want to take up my life here, with our marriage. Are you willing, Mina, to share my ignorance? *(Desperate, practically begging)* Here is the book. Take it and keep it, read it if you will, but never let me know unless, indeed, some solemn duty should come upon me to go back to the bitter hours, asleep or awake, sane or mad, recorded here. *(Very formally and carefully, Mina takes the book, and ties it with a blue ribbon from around her neck.)*

MINA. I will keep it so. It will be an outward and visible sign for us all our lives that we trust each other. I will never open it unless it is for your own dear sake or for the sake of some stern duty.

HARKER. Mina, your kindness is the dearest thing in all the wide world, I would go through all the past again to win it, if need be.

MINA. I am the happiest woman in all the wide world. I have nothing to give you except myself, my life, and my trust, and with those go my love and duty for all the days of my life. *(They come together.)*

END OF ACT ONE

DRACULA

ACT II SCENE ONE

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) The diary of John Seward, September first.

HOLMWOOD. Jack?

SEWARD. Arthur, what are you doing here?

HOLMWOOD. My dear Jack, I'm sorry to intrude. How have you been keeping?

SEWARD. As well as can be expected.

HOLMWOOD. I am sorry that things have been awkward between us...

SEWARD. What was it you wished to see me about?

HOLMWOOD. I came to ask a favor of you. Lucy is ill. That is, she has no specific disease, but she looks awful, and is getting worse every day.

SEWARD. Arthur that's horrible.

HOLMWOOD. And I can't stay with her; I've been summoned to see my father, who's ill as well. I am sure that there is something preying on my . . . on Lucy's mind. I told her I should ask you to see her, and though she demurred at first, (I know why, old fellow), but she finally consented.

SEWARD. So you wish for me to examine her?

HOLMWOOD. It will be a painful task for you, I know, old friend, but it is for her sake, and I must not hesitate to ask, or you to act.

SEWARD. (*Delicately*) Arthur, our very friendship makes a little difficulty which not even medical science or custom can bridge over. Here is what I propose doing: I will write to my old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing, of Amsterdam. He knows as much about obscure diseases as anyone in the world, and he has, I believe, an absolutely open mind.

SCENE TWO

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) The diary of Mina Harker, September seventh.

DRACULA

MINA. *(To Audience.)* Jonathan has had another attack. We were walking down Piccadilly. I was looking at a very beautiful girl, and a big cart wheel hat outside Guiliano's, when I felt Jonathan clutch my arm so tight that he hurt me.

HARKER. *(Clutching Mina's arm)* My God!

MINA. Jonathan, what is it?

HARKER. Do you see who it is?

MINA. No dear, I don't know him; who is it?

HARKER. It is the man himself!

MINA. That is not a good face . . .

HARKER. I believe it is the Count, but he has grown young. My God, if this be so! Oh, my God! My God! If only I knew! If only I knew!

SCENE THREE

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* The diary of John Seward, September third.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* Van Helsing has come and gone. He came on with me to Hillingham, and found that, by Lucy's discretion, we were alone with her.

LUCY. *(Lucy sits up in bed, attempting to appear cheerful)* Dr. Seward! It's so good to see you again. And you've brought a friend.

SEWARD. Lucy, this is Dr. Abraham Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING. Pleased to meet you, my dear young miss. *(He kisses her hand)*

LUCY. *(Immediately charmed by him)* You as well, Doctor. How have you been enjoying London?

VAN HELSING. Very much indeed! The smuts of London are not quite so bad as they used to be when I was student here. Now my dear miss, we see that you are ill. What has been troubling you?

LUCY. *(Shyly, and sincerely)* I cannot tell you how I loathe talking about myself.

SEWARD. A doctor's confidence is sacred Lucy. But Arthur has been grievously worried about you.

DRACULA

LUCY. Tell Arthur everything you choose. *(Beat)* I have been having trouble breathing satisfactorily. I've been sleeping very heavily, and my dreams always frighten me.

VAN HELSING. Of what do you dream?

LUCY. I can never remember. When I was a child I used to walk in my sleep, and when I was in Whitby, I walked out to the east cliff, where my friend Mina Murray found me.

VAN HELSING. Of late, has this habit returned?

LUCY. No.

VAN HELSING. *(Pauses, and smiles)* My dear young miss, I have the so great pleasure because you are so much beloved. They told me you were down in the spirit, and that you were of a ghastly pale. To them I say "Pouf!" *(He snaps his fingers at Seward. Lucy laughs.)* But you and I shall show them how wrong they are. How can he *(pointing to Seward lovingly, jokingly)* know anything of young ladies? He has no wife, nor daughter, and the young do not tell themselves to the young, but to the old, like me, who have known so many sorrows and the causes of them. So, my dear, we will send him away to walk in the garden, whiles you and I have little talk all to ourselves.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* I took the hint, and strolled about the garden, and presently the Professor joined me.

VAN HELSING. I have made careful examination, but there is no functional cause. With you I agree that there has been much blood lost, it has been but is not. Her conditions are in no way anemic. And yet there is cause. There is always cause for everything. *(Uneasy)*. I must go back to Amsterdam tonight. There are books and things there which I want.

SEWARD. Well I must write Arthur tonight. What shall I tell him?

VAN HELSING. *(Very serious)* You must tell him all you think. Tell him what I think, if you can guess it, if you will. Nay, I am not jesting. This is no jest, but life and death, perhaps more.

SCENE FOUR

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* The diary of Mina Harker, September seventh.

DRACULA

MINA. Oh Jonathan, I know you will forgive me if I do wrong; it is for your own dear sake. The time had come, I feared, when I must open the Jonathan's diary and know what was written. *(Reading)* April thirtieth. Walpurgisnacht . . . Chicken done up with red-pepper, get recipe for Mina . . . *(She flips forward several pages. As Mina reads, Dracula enters, in the shadows behind Mina and slowly begins to walk up behind her.)* June thirtieth. There lay the Count, but looking as if his youth had been half renewed, for the white hair and mustache were changed to dark iron-grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood which trickled from the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech exhausted with his repletion . . . There was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. *(Mina keeps reading, silently, as Dracula takes up the narration hovering behind her, speaking in her ear, etc. At no time should she be literally aware of his presence.)*

DRACULA. This was the being he was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps for centuries to come, he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever widening circle of Demons to batten on the helpless. *(As Dracula finishes his narration, he crosses away from Mina toward Lucy's window. The moonlight is brilliant. Lucy wakes in a trance, goes to the window, pulls down her nightgown and arches her back, exposing her neck. Dracula bites her throat. She gasps for breath, in pain. Her neck bleeds, and she collapses. Dracula disappears. Mina continues to read, as Harker takes up the narration.)*

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* I am alone in the castle with those horrible women. I shall not remain alone with them. I shall try to scale the castle wall farther than I have yet attempted. I may find a way from this dreadful place. And then away for home! Away to the quickest and nearest train! Away from the cursed spot, from this cursed land, where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet!

DRACULA

At least God's mercy is better than that of those monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep, as a man. Goodbye Mina! (*Lights off Harker, leaving Mina alone on stage in a pool of light. She collapses and throws the book away from her, and stares at it as though it were going to bite her.*)

SCENE FIVE

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) The diary of John Seward, September eighth, early morning.

SEWARD. (*To Audience.*) Van Helsing and I were shown up to Lucy's room. If I was shocked when I saw her yesterday I was horrified when I saw her today. She was ghastly, chalkily pale.

VAN HELSING. My god! This is dreadful. There is not time to be lost. She will die for sheer want of blood to keep the heart's action as it should be. There must be a transfusion of blood at once. Is it you or me?

SEWARD. I am younger and stronger, Professor. It must be me.

VAN HELSING. Then get ready at once. I will bring up my bag. I am prepared. (*There is a knock at the door. Holmwood enters.*)

HOLMWOOD. Jack, I was so anxious. I read between the lines of your letter, and have been in an agony. The dad was better, so I ran down here to see for myself. Is not that gentleman Dr. Van Helsing? I am so thankful to you, sir, for coming.

VAN HELSING. Sir, you have come in time. You are the lover of our dear miss. She is bad, very, very bad. Nay, my child, do not go like that. (*Holmwood suddenly sits down, almost fainting*) You are to help her.

HOLMWOOD. (*Hoarsely*) What can I do? Tell me, and I shall do it. My life is hers; I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her.

VAN HELSING. My young sir, I do not ask so much as that.

HOLMWOOD. What shall I do?

VAN HELSING. She wants blood, and blood she must have or die.

HOLMWOOD. If you only knew how gladly I would die for her you would understand . . . (*He stops, a slight choke in his voice*)

DRACULA

VAN HELSING. Good boy! In the not-so-far-off you will be happy that you have done all for her you love. Remove your coat. Go to her whiles I bring over the table.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* Then with swiftness, but with absolute method, Van Helsing performed the operation. As the transfusion went on, something like life seemed to come back to poor Lucy's cheeks.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* As he adjusted the pillow beneath the patient's head, the narrow black velvet band she wore round her throat was dragged up a little, and showed a red mark on her throat. *(Van Helsing motions to Seward, and they talk together, out of earshot of Holmwood.)*

SEWARD. What do you make of that?

VAN HELSING. What do you make of it?

SEWARD. I have not examined it yet, but there are two punctures just over the external jugular vein. Could this wound, or whatever it is, be the means of her loss of blood? Not possible. The whole bed would have been drenched to a scarlet with the blood which the girl must have lost to leave such a pallor as she had before the transfusion. I can make nothing of it.

VAN HELSING. Now, our brave young lover, you must then go home and rest, sleep much and eat much. You must not stay here. *(Holmwood starts to go, somewhat sadly)* Hold a moment! I may take it, sir, that you are anxious of result. Then bring it with you, that in all ways the operation is successful. You have saved her life this time, and you can go home and rest easy in mind that all that can be is. I shall tell her all when she is well. She shall love you none the less for what you have done. Goodbye.

HOLMWOOD. Goodbye Doctor Van Helsing. Goodbye Jack. Thank you for all you've done! *(Exits) (Van Helsing then removed a bundle of white flowers from his bag, and placed them in a vase next to Lucy's bed.)*

SEWARD. Professor, what kind of flowers are these?

VAN HELSING. Garlic. Common garlic.

SEWARD. Well, Professor, I know you always have a reason for what you do, but this certainly puzzles me. It is well we have no skeptic here,

DRACULA

or he would say that you were working some spell to keep out an evil spirit.

VAN HELSING. Perhaps I am. Tonight I can sleep in peace, and sleep I want. Tomorrow in the morning early you call for me, and we come together to see our pretty miss, so much more strong for my “spell” which I have worked.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* Seward returned home, wondering if his long habit of life among the insane was beginning to tell upon his brain.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* Suddenly the door burst open, and in rushed Renfield his face distorted with passion, carrying a knife

SEWARD. Renfield! *(Seward tries to keep his desk between them, but Renfield gets around, and cuts Seward on the wrist. Before he can strike again, Seward hits him on the chin with a right cross, sending him sprawling on his back. The attendants rush in, restraining Renfield while Seward bandages his wrist. As he does so, Renfield begins licking Seward’s pooled blood off the floor.)*

RENFIELD. The blood is the life! The blood is the life! The blood is the life . . .

VAMPIRE ONE, VAMPIRE TWO, VAMPIRE THREE. The blood is the life, the blood is the life, the blood is the life . . .

SCENE SIX

Except when specifically illuminated by lightning or Lucy’s lamp, this scene should be very, very dark, just above a full blackout.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* Memorandum left by Lucy Westenra, September 17th.

LUCY. *(To Audience.)* This is an exact record of what took place tonight. I feel I am dying of weakness, and have barely the strength to write, but it must be done if I die in the doing.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* It was a wild night, but she went to bed as usual, taking care that the flowers were placed as Dr. Van Helsing had directed, and soon fell asleep.

DRACULA

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* She was waked by the flapping at the window. Didn't that begin after that sleep-walking in the churchyard at Whitby?

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* Then came to her the old fear of sleep, of being alone.

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* She opened the door and called out.

LUCY. Is anyone there?

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* No answer.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* Outside, over the rain, a sort of howl like a dog's, more fierce and deeper. Could that be a wolf?

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* It's buffeting its wings against the window.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* Lightning, glass breaking, it's in the room.

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* A myriad of little specks blowing in through the broken window, and the light burned blue and dim. *(Lucy screams. Blackout.)*

SCENE SEVEN

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* The diary of John Seward, September eighteenth.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* As I raised the blind, and the morning sunlight flooded the room . . . how shall I describe what I saw? There on the bed, seemingly in a swoon, lay poor Lucy, her wounds looking horribly white and mangled.

VAN HELSING. It is not yet too late!

SEWARD. This is a stand up fight with death, professor.

VAN HELSING. If that were all, I would stop here where we are now, and let her fade away into peace, for I see no light in life over her horizon. We must consult as to what is to be done.

SEWARD. But what are we to do? We must have another transfusion of blood, and that soon, or that poor girl's life won't be worth an hour's purchase.

DRACULA

MORRIS. (*Entering.*) What's the matter with me, anyhow? (*As in "What am I, chopped liver?"*)

SEWARD. Quincey! What brought you here?

MORRIS. I guess Art is the cause. (*Reads from a telegram*) "Have not heard from Seward for three days, and am terribly anxious. Cannot leave. Father still in same condition. Send me word how Lucy is. Do not delay.--Holmwood." I think I came just in the nick of time. You know you have only to tell me what to do.

VAN HELSING. Well, the devil may work against us for all he's worth, but God sends us men when we want them.

SEWARD. Once again we went through that ghastly operation. Her body did not respond to the treatment nearly as well as on the other occasions. In her struggle back into life, a paper fell from her breast. (*To Van Helsing*). What is that?

VAN HELSING. (*Breifly scanning the letter*) Read it.

SEWARD. (*Reading the letter*) In God's name, what does it all mean? Was she, or is she, mad, or what sort of horrible danger is it?

VAN HELSING. Do not trouble about it now. Forget it for the present. You shall know and understand it all in good time.

MORRIS. (*Delicately, and as casually as he can, considering he has a needle in his arm*) Jack, may I have two words with you?

SEWARD. Of course. Professor . . . ? (*Seward looks at Van Helsing who nods approvingly, and exits.*)

MORRIS. Jack Seward, what is it that's wrong with her? The Dutchman said that you must have another transfusion of blood, and that both you and he were exhausted. This is no common matter, and whatever it is, I have done my part. Is not that so?

SEWARD. That's so.

MORRIS. I take it that both you and Van Helsing have both done what I'm doing now. Is not that so?

SEWARD. That's so.

MORRIS. And I guess Art was in on it too. How long has this been going on?

SEWARD. About ten days.

DRACULA

MORRIS. Ten days! Then I guess, Jack Seward, that that poor pretty creature that we all love has had put into her veins within that time the blood of four strong men. Man alive, her whole body wouldn't hold it. *(Leaning in close, in a fierce half-whisper)* What took it out?

SEWARD. That is the crux. Van Helsing is simply frantic about it, and I am at my wits' end. I can't even hazard a guess. But here we stay until all be well, or ill.

MORRIS. Count me in. You and the Dutchman will tell me what to do, and I'll do it.

SEWARD. Van Helsing!

VAN HELSING. *(Almost whispered)* Mien Gott!

SEWARD. The wounds on her throat have disappeared entirely. What does this mean?

VAN HELSING. She is dying. It will not be long now. *(There is a knock at the door.)* Let that poor boy come and see the last. *(Seward opens the door. Holmwood enters.)*

SEWARD. Arthur.

HOLMWOOD. Jack! Am I too late? Is Lucy . . .?

SEWARD. Lucy is still asleep. But Arthur, both Van Helsing and myself fear that the end is near. Come my dear old fellow, summon all your fortitude. It will be best and easiest for her.

LUCY. Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come!

VAN HELSING. *(Terrified and wary, but maintaining his composure)* No, not yet! Hold her hand, it will comfort her more. *(Lucy closes her eyes and appears to fall asleep. When she opens them.)*

LUCY. *(In a rich, sinister, seductive voice, completely different than before)* Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come! Kiss me! *(Holmwood eagerly bends over to kiss her. Lucy moves to bite his neck. Van Helsing grabs Holmwood and flings him back with a surprising strength.)*

VAN HELSING. Not on your life! Not for your living soul and hers!

LUCY. *(Her old self)* My true friend! My true friend and his! Oh, guard him, and give me peace!

VAN HELSING. I swear it! Come, my child, take her hand in yours, and kiss her *(regretfully)* on the forehead, and only once.

DRACULA

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* Their eyes met instead of their lips, and so they parted. *(Music)*

SCENE EIGHT

*(*Note: "bloofer" is a British child's mispronunciation of "beautiful." In an American dialect it might be "bwoofuw.")*

A cemetery park, at dusk. A CHILD, maybe four years old, wanders onstage, lost.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* From "The Westminster Gazette."

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* During the past two or three days several cases have occurred of young children straying from home or neglecting to return from their playing on the heath.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* In all these cases the children say that they have been with a "bloofer lady?"

CHILD. Mummy? Mummy? *(Lucy enters, in a white burial gown, facing upstage, singing softly.)* Lady? Bloofer lady have you seen mummy? *(Lucy goes to the Child, and picks her up gently, still facing upstage, humming softly. She buries her face in the Child's neck, who immediately goes quiet, her eyes wide.)*

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* The children have all been slightly torn or wounded in the throat. The wounds seem such as might be made by a rat or small dog.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* But the children all have only the common story of being lured away by the "bloofer lady."

CHILD. *(To Audience.)* Bloofer lady . . .

SCENE NINE

VAN HELSING. A letter, Van Helsing to Mrs. Harker. You will be grieved to learn that Lucy Westenra died the day before yesterday. I am concerned about certain matters vitally important. I implore you, help me. May it be that I see you?

DRACULA

MINA. Telegram, Wilhelmina Harker to Van Helsing. Come today by quarter-past ten train if you can catch it. Can see you any time you call. *(Harker acts out the following as though Dracula were in the room with him, and he were back in Transylvania. As before, we hear Dracula but do not see him.)*

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* I had hung my shaving glass by the window and was just beginning to shave.

DRACULA. Good Morning.

HARKER. *(To Audience.)* I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. I saw that I had cut myself, and blood was trickling over my chin. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix.

DRACULA. Take care, take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think. *(Harker suddenly remembers where he is, and doubting his own sanity, slumps to the floor. On the other side of the door, in the Harkers' front room, is Mina. Van Helsing enters.)*

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* The diary of Mina Harker, September twenty third.

MINA. Dr. Van Helsing?

VAN HELSING. Yes, my dear. Mrs. Harker, is it not?

MINA. Yes.

VAN HELSING. That was Miss Mina Murray. It is Mina Murray that I came to see that was friend of that poor dear child Lucy Westenra. Madam Mina, it is on account of the dead that I come.

MINA. Sir, you could have no better claim on me than that you were a friend and helper of Lucy Westenra. What is it you wished to see me about?

VAN HELSING. I have read your letters to Miss Lucy. I know that you were with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary, and in that diary she traces by inference certain things to a sleepwalking in which she puts down that you saved her.

MINA. I can tell you, I think, Dr. Van Helsing, all about it. I had been thinking that it was of dear Lucy that you wished to ask. This is my

DRACULA

diary from those days; I have typed it out for you. *(She hands him the papers. Van Helsing reads.)*

VAN HELSING. Oh, Madam Mina, how can I say what I owe to you? This paper is as sunshine. I am dazed; I am dazzled, with so much light. *(Harker hears this through the door, and perks up, listening.)* Madame, if ever Abraham Van Helsing can do anything for you or yours, I trust you will let me know. And your husband, tell me of him. Is he quite well? Is that fever gone?

MINA. He was almost recovered, but when we were in town on Thursday last he had a sort of shock.

VAN HELSING. A shock, and after a fever so soon! That is not good. What kind of shock was it?

MINA. He thought he saw someone who recalled something terrible, something which lead to his madness. Oh, Dr. Van Helsing, please make my husband well again! What I have to tell you is so queer that you must not laugh at me or at my husband. You must not think me foolish that I have even half believed some very strange things.

VAN HELSING. Oh, my dear, if you only know how strange is the matter regarding which I am here . . . I have learned not to think little of any one's belief, no matter how strange it may be.

MINA. If you will let me, I shall give you another paper to read. It is the copy of his journal when abroad, and all that happened. I dare not say anything of it. You will read for yourself and judge. And then, perhaps, you will be very kind and tell me what you think?

VAN HELSING. I promise. *(She gives him the papers. He flips through quickly.)* Count Dracula . . . You may sleep without doubt. Strange and terrible as it is, it is true! I will pledge my life on it. *(Harker enters, apparently restored.)*

HARKER. Dr. Van Helsing?

VAN HELSING. *(Confused)* But Madam Mina told me you were ill.

HARKER. I was ill, but you have cured me already.

VAN HELSING. And how?

HARKER. By what you have just said. I apologize, but I could not help overhearing you. I was in doubt; everything took a hue of unreality, and

DRACULA

I did not know what to trust, even the evidence of my own senses.

Doctor, you don't know what it is to doubt everything, even yourself.

VAN HELSING. I learn more here with each hour. I am with so much pleasure coming to you to breakfast, and, oh, sir, you will pardon praise from an old man, but you are blessed in your wife. You will give me your hand, will you not? And let us be friends for all our lives. And now, may I ask you for some more help? Can you tell me what went before your going to Transylvania?

HARKER. Look here, Sir, does what you have to do concern the Count?

VAN HELSING. It does.

HARKER. Then I am with you heart and soul. As you go by the 10:30 train, you will not have time to read them, but I shall give you the bundle of papers. You can take them with you and read them in the train.

VAN HELSING. That would be perfect. Perhaps you will come to town if I send for you?

MINA. We shall both come when you will.

HARKER. I handed him my notes, and with them, the morning papers.

VAN HELSING. (*Van Helsing sees the headlines about the "Bloofer Lady"*) A child . . . wounded in the throat . . . Bloofer lady? . . . Mien Gott! Mien Gott! So soon! So soon! I shall write so soon as ever I can. Farewell!

SCENE TEN

VAMPIRE THREE. (*To Audience.*) The diary of Mina Harker, September thirtieth.

MINA. (*To Audience.*) I came up to Purfleet by train, and at Van Helsing's instruction, went to meet Lucy's Dr. Seward. (*Seward sits in his office. The manuscript Mina gave Van Helsing sits on his desk. There is a knock at the door.*)

SEWARD. Come in. (*Mina enters.*)

MINA. Dr. Seward, is it not?

SEWARD. And you are Mrs. Harker!

MINA. I knew you from the description of poor dear Lucy, but . . .

DRACULA

SEWARD. And where is the famed Mr. Harker?

MINA. He is at Whitby . . . I hope I did not keep you waiting, but I stayed at the door as I heard you talking, and thought there was someone with you.

SEWARD. Oh, I was only entering my diary.

MINA. Your diary?

SEWARD. Yes, I keep it in this phonograph. (*He shows her the phonograph and wax cylinders.*)

MINA. Why, this beats even shorthand! May I hear it say something?

SEWARD. (*Without thinking*) Certainly. (*He starts to set it up to play, then, awkwardly, realizing what's on it*) The fact is, I only keep my diary in it, and as it is entirely, almost entirely, about my cases, it may be awkward, that is, I mean . . .

MINA. You helped to attend dear Lucy at the end. Let me hear how she died, for all that I know of her, I shall be very grateful. She was very, very dear to me.

SEWARD. Tell you of her death? Not for the wide world!

MINA. Why not?

SEWARD. You see, I do not know how to pick out any particular part of the diary. That's quite true, upon my honor. Honest Indian! (*Mina smiles, Seward grimaces*) I gave myself away that time. But for all the world, I wouldn't let you know that terrible story!

MINA. You do not know me. When you have read those papers you will know me better. I have not faltered in giving every thought of my own heart in this cause. But, of course, you do not know me, yet, and I must not expect you to trust me so far.

SEWARD. But I do know you now, and let me say that I should have known you long ago. I know that Lucy told you of me. She told me of you too. May I make the only atonement in my power? Take the cylinders and hear them. Then you will know me better.

(*Seward exits.*)

MINA. (*To Audience.*) I placed one of the cylinders in the player and began to listen. (*As she listens, We see Seward sitting in his office. Mina continues to listen, in full view of the audience, till the end of the scene.*)

DRACULA

VAMPIRE TWO. (*To Audience.*) The diary of John Seward September twenty sixth.

SEWARD. (*To Audience.*) Van Helsing came back today, almost bounded into the room, and thrust last night's copy of "The Westminster Gazette" into my hand.

VAN HELSING. (*Hands Seward the paper Harker gave him*) What do you think of that? (*Seward reads quickly*) Well?

SEWARD. (*Reading from the paper*) "A child . . . wounded in the throat, terribly weak . . . emaciated . . . Bloofer lady? . . ." The wounds are like poor Lucy's.

VAN HELSING. And what do you make of it?

SEWARD. Simply that there is some cause in common. Whatever it was that injured her has injured them.

VAN HELSING. That is only half true.

SEWARD. How do you mean, Professor? Tell me! I do not know what to think.

VAN HELSING. Do you mean to tell me, friend John, that you have no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of, not after all the hints given, not only by events, but by me?

SEWARD. Of nervous prostration following a great loss or waste of blood.

VAN HELSING. And how was the blood lost or wasted? You are a clever man, friend John. You reason well, and your wit is bold, but you are too prejudiced. You do not let your eyes see, nor your ears hear, that which is outside your daily life. You think then that those so small holes in the children's throats were made by the same that made the holes in Miss Lucy?

SEWARD. I suppose so.

VAN HELSING. Then you are wrong. Oh, would it were so! But alas! No. It is worse, far, far worse.

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

VAN HELSING. They were made by Miss Lucy!

SEWARD. Dr. Van Helsing, are you mad?

DRACULA

VAN HELSING. Madness were easy to bear compared with truth like this. I know you have loved that so sweet lady. But even yet I do not expect you to believe. Tonight I go to prove it. Dare you come with me?
SEWARD. Where?

VAN HELSING. To gather our friends, and spend the night in the churchyard where miss Lucy lies. *(Mina changes cylinders.)*

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* The diary of John Seward, September twenty ninth. *(Morris and Holmwood enter, and together, the men enter Lucy's tomb. The Vampires stand in the background, like statues.)*

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* The tomb in the daytime, and when wreathed with fresh flowers, had looked grim and gruesome enough-

HOLMWOOD. *(To Audience.)* But now, some days afterwards, when the flowers hung lank and dead, their whites turning to rust and their greens to browns-

MORRIS. *(To Audience.)* When the spider and the beetle had resumed their accustomed dominance-

VAN HELSING. *(To Audience.)* When the time-discolored stone, rusty, dank iron, and clouded silver-plating gave back the feeble glimmer of a candle, the effect was more miserable and sordid than could have been imagined.

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* It conveyed irresistibly the idea that life, animal life, was not the only thing which could pass away. *(To Van Helsing. Tired, annoyed, and offended.)*

HOLMWOOD. Are you mad to speak of such things or am I mad to listen to them? I have a duty to protect her body from outrage and, by God, I shall do it!

SEWARD. Doctor, outrageous as it was to open the coffin to see if a woman dead nearly a week were really dead, what could possibly be the point of opening it again when we know, from the evidence of our own eyesight, that the coffin is empty? *(Van Helsing says nothing, but begins reopening the coffin, which should open just as Seward says "empty." Lucy lies there.)*

VAMPIRE THREE. *(To Audience.)* There lay Lucy looking just as they had seen her before the funeral.

DRACULA

VAMPIRE TWO. *(To Audience.)* She was, if possible, more radiantly beautiful than ever.

VAMPIRE ONE. *(To Audience.)* The lips were red, nay redder than before.

SEWARD. Is this a juggle?

VAN HELSING. Are you convinced now? *(He pulls back Lucy's lips to show her teeth.)* See? They are even sharper than before. With this and this *(touching the canine teeth)* the little children can be bitten. Are you of belief now, friends?

MORRIS. Professor, your word is all I want. Is this your doing?

VAN HELSING. I swear to you by all that I hold sacred that I have not moved or touched her. So far there is much that is strange. Wait you with me, and things much stranger are yet to be. *(Then Lucy slowly sat up, with a languorous, voluptuous grace.)*

LUCY. Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come! *(Arthur seems under a spell, and begins to walk towards Lucy. She is about to leap on him, when Van Helsing springs forward and holds out a crucifix.)*

VAMPIRE ONE, VAMPIRE TWO, VAMPIRE THREE.

(Overlapping) Arthur seemed under a spell, He opened wide his arms. There will be kisses for us all.

VAN HELSING. *(Thrusting out his crucifix)* No! You shall not have him! *(She recoils from the crucifix, with a suddenly distorted face, full of rage.)* Answer me my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?

HOLMWOOD. Do as you will, friend. Do as you will. There can be no horror like this ever anymore. *(Van Helsing advances, forcing Lucy into the coffin with the crucifix. As she hisses the Vampires echo her, until she lies still, in her death sleep.)*

VAN HELSING. Before we do anything, let me tell you this. When this Un-Dead be made to rest as true dead, then the soul of the poor lady whom we love shall take her place with the other Angels. So, my friend, it will be a blessed hand for her that shall strike the blow that sets her free. To this I am willing, but is there none amongst us who has a better right? Will it not be joy to think of hereafter, 'It was my hand that sent

DRACULA

her to the stars. It was the hand of him that loved her best, the hand that of all she would herself have chosen?' Tell me if there be such a one amongst us? *(Everyone looks at Holmwood.)*

HOLMWOOD. My true friend, from the bottom of my broken heart I thank you. Tell me what I am to do, and I shall not falter!

VAN HELSING. Brave lad! A moment's courage, and it is done. This stake must be driven through her. You must not falter when once you have begun. Only think that we, your true friends, are round you, and that we pray for you all the time.

HOLMWOOD. *(Hoarsely)* Go on, tell me what I am to do.

VAN HELSING. Take this stake in your left hand, ready to place to the point over the heart, and the hammer in your right. Then when we begin our prayer for the dead, I shall read him, and the others shall follow, strike in God's name, that so all may be well with the dead that we love and that the Un-Dead pass away. *(Holmwood takes the stake and hammer. Van Helsing opens his missal and begins to read. The others follow as well as they can. Holmwood places the point of the stake over Lucy's heart, and begins hammering, driving the stake through her chest, pinning her to the coffin. Lucy screams in rage and agony as she is impaled. Finally, she turns back into her real self, and for a moment, we see a restful smile on her lips. She then lies still.)*

VAN HELSING, SEWARD, MORRIS. I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

LUCY. *(Herself again.)* Arthur . . . *(She dies.)*

SEWARD. *(To Audience.)* There, in the coffin lay no longer the foul thing that we so dreaded, but Lucy as we had seen her in life, with her face of unequalled sweetness.

DRACULA

VAN HELSING. And now, Arthur my friend, dear lad, am I not forgiven?

INTERMISSION

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***