

# Dracula

**Based on the novel by Bram Stoker**

**by  
Gary Wright**

# DRACULA

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## A FEW NOTES ON ROMANIAN PRONUNCIATION

Romanian is a phonetic language; every letter is pronounced. Rules of stress are similar to Italian – to aid the actor, I've added accent marks to words which have stresses on unusual syllables, i.e. cinevá and altcuivá.

**VOWELS:** As in Spanish, **a** = wach; **e** = set; **i** = Rita; **o** = more; **u** = doom; **ă** = the (schwa sound); **î** = über or fuhrer; **â** = same sound as **î**.

**NOTE:** Final i after a consonant is almost silent – it's whispered, or breathed, like some final e's in French.

**DIPHTHONGS:** **ai** = bite; **ea** = ehya (no referent in English); **ii** = see.

**CONSONANTS:** **z** = zebra; **ț** = hits; **ș** = ship; **j** = Zhivago; **r** = vaquero (tapped as in Spanish).

**SPECIAL COMBINATIONS:** (the following combinations of consonants and vowels are all pronounced exactly as they are in Italian) **ci** = cheetah; **chi** = key; **ce** = chest; **che** = kettle; **gi** = jeep; **ghi** = geese; **ge** = jest; **ghe** = get.

**Acknowledgment.** To native Romanians Mihai Algiu and Lydia Fee for their invaluable assistance with the Romanian language scenes – *Mulțumesc!*

**Development history.** This adaptation was commissioned by the Foothill Theatre Company, where it premiered in 1999, directed by Hugh Dignon. In 2000, it was translated into Russian and directed by Philip Charles Sneed for the Maxim Gorky Drama Theatre in Vladivostok, where it remained in the repertory for two years. The current script, substantially revised from those early versions, was first produced in 2013 by LeGacy Productions, directed by Sue Legate.

# DRACULA

## ACT ONE

### A London Dock.

*Foghorn, creaking masts, ships' bells, anchor chains, cries of sailors and seagulls. Enter JONATHAN HARKER dragging a very heavy trunk. He is accompanied by his wife MINA HARKER, and Mina's best friend LUCY HOLMWOOD.*

**HARKER.** For a girl, I rather fancy Scheherezade. *(Lucy laughs, Mina doesn't.)*

**MINA.** Oh, Jonathan.

**LUCY.** *(trying it on for size)* Scheherezade Harker.

**HARKER.** Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**MINA.** No. Anyway, it won't be a girl.

**HARKER.** How do you know?

**MINA.** Because I want a boy.

**HARKER.** I don't believe one gets to choose the—

**LUCY.** Isn't this a bit premature? I mean you're not actually... *(mimes a pregnant belly)* Are you?

**MINA.** No, he just—

**HARKER.** Agamemnon is a good boy's name.

**MINA.** No.

**HARKER.** Confucius?

**MINA.** No.

**HARKER.** Nebuchadnezzar?

**MINA.** Oh, stop it. What's wrong with Jon Jr.?

**HARKER.** Mina! You can't saddle an innocent child with a name like that – he'll be a laughingstock.

**VOICE.** *(offstage)* All aboard for Calais! All aboard!

**HARKER.** Right, off I go.

**MINA.** Good!

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**HARKER.** Jon Jr.! Might as well name him Please Kick Me In The—

**MINA.** Go, you'll miss your boat!

**HARKER.** So long Lucy. Take good care of her.

**LUCY.** Of course - *bon voyage!*

**MINA.** Jon, please, please be careful.

**HARKER.** Don't worry.

**MINA.** I *shall* worry – a lot. I've nothing else planned.

**HARKER.** I adore you.

**MINA.** I can't stand you. *(They kiss passionately.)*

**VOICE.** *(offstage)* All aboard!

*(Finally... their kiss ends. Harker drags his trunk away, calling back...)*

**HARKER.** Home in a month. Less, if all goes well.

*(Mina nods, not trusting herself to speak. Then she runs after him.)*

**MINA.** Oh, Jon! I got you something! *(She gives him a small, leather-bound journal.)* If I can't go with you, perhaps I could read all about it when you come home? I should like that.

**HARKER.** It's beautiful! Yes, I shall record everything faithfully, just like—  
*(snaps his fingers)* That's it!

**MINA.** What?

**HARKER.** The perfect name: Herodotus Harker! *(She slaps him on the arm.)*

**MINA.** Go, you idiot!

**VOICE.** *(offstage)* Anchors aweigh! *(She grabs him for a last, fierce kiss.)* Last call for Calais! All aboooooard! *(The ship's steam whistle shrieks. Without another word, Mina turns and runs back to Lucy, fighting tears.)*

## The Inn at Braşov.

*Night. Harker, in a foul mood, drags his trunk up to a counter, where ANDREI, a young Romanian boy, sits playing with tin soldiers.*

**HARKER.** Bună ziua. [Good day.]

**ANDREI.** *(correcting him)* Bună seara. [Good evening.]

**HARKER.** Yes, it is evening, isn't it? Right. Bună seara. *(refers to phrasebook)* "How are you?" Cum ești— No, never mind, I don't really care. I would like... euh... How do you say "I would like"? I knew it earlier, on the train. *(flipping pages)*

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*in phrasebook*) I... would... like... I would like you to speak English, is what I would really like.

**ANDREI.** (*shouts*) Tata, e cinevá este aici! Trezește-te, Tata! Tata! [Father, there's someone here! Wake up, Father!]

(*Andrei's father VINTILA enters, dishevelled and grumpy.*)

**VINTILA.** Taci din gură, mucosule. [Stop your shouting, you little snout.] (to Harker) Ce e? [What do you want?]

**HARKER.** (*flipping pages*) Hello, sir. Bună seara. Euh... "My name is..." Ah! Mă numesc Jonathan Harker. (*Harker uses lots of gestures and speaks very slowly, as if to an idiot.*) Mă numesc Jonathan Harker. (*Vintila shrugs.*) I'm from London.

**VINTILA.** Lan-duhn?

**HARKER.** Yes, London. England. Civilization – perhaps you've heard of it?

**VINTILA.** (*shouts*) Dumitra! Dumitra!

**HARKER.** I assume I'll be staying the night, but—

**VINTILA.** Așteapta aici. [Wait here.] (*He turns to exit.*)

**HARKER.** My accommodations should be paid for by—

**VINTILA.** (*irritable gesture*) Am zis "Așteapta!". [I said wait!] (*Exit Vintila.*)

**HARKER.** Fine, fine. (*writes in journal*) Dearest Mina, I have reached my destination at last, three and a half days late, through no fault of my own. After leaving Vienna, we made unscheduled stops every five miles. I daresay "Orient Express" is an egregious misrepresentation, as the closer the train gets to the Orient, the less "express" it is. (*He looks at Andrei, who makes an ugly face at him.*) Like that, is it? (*Harker retaliates with an uglier face – the boy laughs. Harker writes in his journal:*) I can only hope this Dracula fellow is an understanding soul. (*Harker sees that Andrei has deployed his toy soldiers to face him.*) I see you're a seasoned military man with powerful forces at your command. Nevertheless, I doubt you'd be any match for my wife, Mina. (*shows him a picture of Mina*) Slow to anger, but quite ferocious when roused. So if I were you, I should think twice before—

**ANDREI.** (*to his soldiers*) Pregatiți-vă! [Make ready!]

**HARKER.** What? Can't we attempt to resolve this—

**ANDREI.** Ochiți! [Aim!]

**HARKER.** –through proper diplomatic channels?

**ANDREI.** Trageți! [Fire!] (*With his mouth, Andrei makes the sound of a volley of musketry and cannon. Riddled with imaginary shot, Harker dies theatrically,*

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*flopping off the front of the counter and falling to the floor. Andrei laughs in delight, but as he leans over to inspect Harker's mangled remains... Harker opens his eyes, and pulls himself up the counter, growling like a monster. Andrei freezes, eyes wide. With a claw-like hand, Harker playfully reaches for Andrei – who screams in terror.)*

**HARKER.** *(startled, but amused)* Oh my word, I didn't mean to frighten you!  
*(Vintila rushes in.)*

**VINTILA.** Ce s-a întâmplát! [What happened?]

**ANDREI.** Se preface că este Necuratul! [He is pretending to be the Unclean One!]

**VINTILA.** Cum îndrăznești? [How dare you?] *(Outraged, Vintila comes around the counter to stand toe to toe with Harker. Violence seems possible.)*

**HARKER.** Sorry, I—

**VINTILA.** In numele lui Dumnezeu, ce-i cu tine? [In the name of God, what's the matter with you?]

**HARKER.** I said I was—

**VINTILA.** *(shakes his fist)* Ținete departe de copil, ticălosule! [Keep away from the child, you lowlife!]

**HARKER.** Look, I was only playing. I adore children, I would never—

*(He reaches out a placating hand, but Andrei shrinks back with another shriek of terror, as Vintila angrily swats Harker's hand away.)*

**VINTILA.** E doar un copil! [He's just a kid!]

**HARKER.** I'm sorry, I... *(uses phrase book)* Scuzați-mă! Alright? Scuzați-mă.

**VINTILA.** *(gives Harker a shove)* Alegeți pe cinevá pe măsura ta, lasule! [Pick on someone your own size, you coward!]

*(He spits in Harker's direction, and exits with Andrei.)*

**HARKER.** Good Lord. *(writes in his journal)* I think you'd find these people picturesque, Mina, but overly dramatic. They call themselves "Romanians," because they are descended from Roman legionaries who settled in the region over a thousand years ago. So they claim. Their language is strikingly similar to the Latin I failed to learn in school.

*(Vintila's wife DUMITRA comes in with a letter, and a very worried look.)*

**DUMITRA.** Englezul? A venit scrisoarea asta pentru tine astazi. Știți a cui e sigiliul ăsta? [You're the Englishman? This letter came for you today. Do you know whose seal this is?]

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**HARKER.** Thank you.

*(Harker reaches for the letter, but she pulls it back out of reach.)*

**DUMITRA.** E sigiliul lui Dracula. [It is the seal of Dracula.]

**HARKER.** Vlad Dracula, yes. My client. I am a solicitor from London, here to finalize a real estate transaction, and—

**DUMITRA.** Să nu mergeți la el! [You must not go to him.]

**HARKER.** Sorry, I don't speak Romanian. May I have my letter, please?

**DUMITRA.** Dacă te duci la Castelul Dracula, vei fi pierdut pentru totdeauna. Înțelegi? [If you go to Castle Dracula, you will be lost forever. Understand?]

**HARKER.** My letter. Please.

*(She reluctantly hands it over. Harker breaks the seal.)*

**HARKER.** Thank you. Euh, mulțumesc.

*(Dumitra turns to her husband, frustrated.)*

**DUMITRA.** Săracu om, nu bănuiește nimic. [Poor man, he knows nothing.]

**VINTILA.** *(suspiciously)* Poate că este în cîrdașie cu Vampirul. [Perhaps he is in league with the Vampire.]

**DUMITRA.** Nu Vintila, e strain, si nu are de unde să știe. [No Vintila, he's a foreigner, there's no way he could know.]

**VINTILA.** Poate că Țepeș l-a vrăjit! [Perhaps the Impaler has him bewitched!]

**DRACULA.** *(V.O., as Harker reads)* My friend, welcome to Wallachia. I am anxiously expecting you.

**HARKER.** Ah, English! How refreshing!

**DRACULA.** *(V.O.)* My home is high in the mountains and remote, and difficult to find if the region is unknown to you.

**DUMITRA.** Să nu mergi! Să nu mergi! [Don't go!]

*(Harker holds up a hand, returns his attention to the letter. The woman's warning simmers beneath Dracula's V.O.)*

**HARKER.** *(to Vintila)* Capital! Shan't be needing a room after all – he's sending a coach!

**DUMITRA.** Ascultă-mă! Nu înțelegi? Viața și sufletul tău sunt in pericol! [Listen to me! Don't you get it? Your life and your soul are in danger!]

**HARKER.** For God's sake, woman, I can't understand a word you're saying.

**DUMITRA.** Nici nu știi unde te duci. Nu știi cine este el. El este Necuratul! O creatura a Diavolului! Vampirul! [You know not where you go. You cannot know



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know what he is. He is the Unclean One! A creature of the Devil! The vampire!] *(She snatches his phrasebook, and points out the word.)* Înțelegeți cuvântul ăsta? Vampir? Vampir! [You understand this word? Vampire?]

**HARKER.** What are you telling me?

**DUMITRA.** Dracula – vampir! [Dracula – vampire!]

**HARKER.** I see, thank you, thank you very much.

**DUMITRA.** Ce? Nu înțelegeți. [What? I don't understand you.]

*(A knock at the door.)*

**DUMITRA.** Trebuie să porți asta. [You must wear this.]

*(Dumitra presses a crucifix on a chain against Harker's chest.)*

**HARKER.** No thank you, I don't wish to purchase any jewelry. Would you let me pass, please?

**DUMITRA.** Purtați-o în jurul gâtului, pentru mama ta. Pentru mama ta, ai înțelege? [Wear it around your neck, for your mother's sake. For your mother, understand?]

**HARKER.** *(explodes)* Oh, for Heaven's sake, you're a nation of gypsies! If I buy the cursed thing, will you let me out of here? *(He reaches for his billfold.)*

**DUMITRA.** Pune-l la gât, imediat! Imediat! [Put it on, at once!]

**HARKER.** How much? *(Another knock at the door.)*

**DUMITRA.** Nu bani, nu bani. [No money, no money.]

**HARKER.** Don't paw me, woman! How much?

**DUMITRA.** Trebuie să-l purtați întotdeauna, zi și noapte, mâncând, dormind, întotdeauna! [You must wear it always, day and night, eating, sleeping, always!]

*(Confused by her refusal to take his money, he allows her to fasten the crucifix around his neck.)*

**HARKER.** Alright, alright.

**DUMITRA.** Înțelegeți? Niciodată să nu-l scoateți! [Understand? Never take it off!]

*(Vintila opens the door, and shrinks back from the cloaked figure there. It is DRACULA, but hooded, so his identity is obscured.)*

**DRACULA.** Pot să intru? [May I enter?]

**VINTILA.** Nu! Niciodată, nu! [No! Never!] *(Dracula offers them a bag of money.)* Nu avem nevoie de banii tăi. [We don't want any money of yours.]

*(Dracula tosses the bag into the room with a heavy clank of coin.)*

**DRACULA.** *(with a dismissive gesture)* Atunci dă-i altcuivă. [Then give it away.] *(He points at Harker.)* Pe el, trimite-l la mine. [But him, send him out to me.]

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*(Harker drags his trunk out past Vintila and Dumitra. Special on Harker.)*

**HARKER.** I couldn't follow much of the conversation at the inn, but my client appears to be persona non grata. As near as I could make out, they described him as a "creature of the Devil" and a "bloodsucking monster." From which I drew the only logical conclusion – he must be their landlord.

## **Castle Dracula.**

*A sepulchral rapping, as with a heavy iron knocker on an oaken door. We hear the door swing ponderously open, pause, and slam shut.*

**HARKER.** *(offstage)* Hello? Hello, is anyone at home? *(enters, dragging his heavy trunk)* Is anyone awake? Hellooooo? *(consults phrasebook)* Anyone... în casa? Este meu-- I think that's probably wrong, but... Jonathan Harker, at your service. *(sits on trunk, writes in journal)* Mina, you would be appalled at the state of this place. If ever a home was in need of a woman's touch, this is— *(Somewhere, deep in the bowels of the castle, a very heavy door booms as it slams shut. Harker listens. A heavy bolt is shot into place. Then another one. Then, silence.)* Hello? Hello! I'm up here! It's only me, Jonathan Harker. Don't be frightened, I mean you no harm; I'm only a junior solicitor. Which, in our language, means "wretched company slave." *(DRACULA enters, behind and above Harker. The Vampire waves a hand and several wall sconces flicker with light, which makes Harker turn around.)* Ah. Sorry if I woke you. I'm here to see Vlad Dracula. On business. He's expecting me. Is he in? Is he up? Do you speak English? *(consults phrasebook)* Euh, bună ziua – sorry, no, bună seara. Mă numesc Jonath—

**DRACULA.** I am Dracula.

**HARKER.** Oh! Well. Pleasure to meet you at last, sir.

**DRACULA.** Welcome to my house. Come freely, go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring.

**HARKER.** Thank you.

**DRACULA.** Come, the night air is chill – you must need to eat and rest. *(Harker begins to drag his heavy trunk into the room.)* Please, you are my guest.

*(Dracula reaches for the trunk.)*

**HARKER.** It's a very heavy— *(But Dracula silences this protest by lifting the trunk easily with one hand. They cross to a table that is laid for supper.)*

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**DRACULA.** Come, come. Be seated, I pray you. Eat your fill. You will excuse me that I do not join you, but I have dined already.

**HARKER.** Thank you. It smells wonderful. *(Harker bows his head to say a silent blessing over his food. Dracula stares grimly.)*

**DRACULA.** I trust you had a pleasant journey?

**HARKER.** Not really. Your driver seemed in a terrible hurry, for some reason. Had us up on two wheels more than once – I thought he was going to dash us to pieces.

**DRACULA.** He may have been afraid.

**HARKER.** Of what?

**DRACULA.** Evil spirits. *(Harker smiles, but Dracula does not.)* Tomorrow is a holy feast day, but tonight, until the stroke of midnight, evil spirits will have unchecked dominion over the earth. So they say.

**HARKER.** Ah. Well, I don't believe in fairy tales, but if there's anything to it— *(rubs his hands together)* I may just try to sell you a few overpriced lots in Kensington before midnight. So, beware!

*(Harker laughs. Dracula tilts his head, studying him curiously.)*

**DRACULA.** Evil... amuses you? *(nods thoughtfully)* You English. *(Dracula leans across the table, a little too close.)* And if you were to come face to face with evil tonight, what would you do? *(Harker is a bit taken aback by his host's manner, but tries to keep it breezy and pleasant.)*

**HARKER.** Quake in my boots, I suppose. *(He laughs nervously, but Dracula is neither amused, nor disarmed. In the uncomfortable silence, Harker takes a bite.)* Mm, this is excellent! I must get the recipe for Mina!

**DRACULA.** Mina?

**HARKER.** My wife. We are newly married. *(He shows a picture – Dracula examines it with interest.)* No children as yet – though we are doing our best. *(He grimaces, embarrassed at his indiscretion. A quick change of subject:)* She's a superlative cook, by the way! In fact, when you arrive in London, you must come for dinner! *(Dracula looks up from the picture.)*

**DRACULA.** You invite me into your home?

**HARKER.** Absolutely! You'll find that's what sets us apart from other London solicitors. We'd like you to think of Hawkins & Co. as much more than mere business associates.

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**DRACULA.** Yes. I will. *(Dracula looks again at Mina's picture, hands it back.)* I accept your invitation. It means more to me than you know.

*(Harker smiles amiably, and pours himself some wine.)*

**HARKER.** Capital! We believe that— *(Suddenly, Dracula becomes very alert, listening intently to something Harker can't hear.)* What is it, sir? Is something wrong? *(Dracula raises a hand, and a wolf howls in the distance. He closes his eyes, and more wolves join the first.)*

**DRACULA.** Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make.

**HARKER.** Music? I suppose it's an acquired taste – we don't have wolves in London. Except in the House of Lords, of course. *(Harker chuckles – silence from Dracula.)* That's the upper house of, euh, Parliament.

**DRACULA.** Yes, I know of your House of Lords, your House of Commons. I have read of your Parliament. I have learned much about your England. But you, what do you know of Wallachia? *(Sheepishly ignorant, Harker shrugs.)* Less than you think.

**HARKER.** Only if it's possible to know less than nothing.

**DRACULA.** It is possible. *(Another howl pierces the night – Harker shifts uncomfortably.)* You dwellers in the city – you no longer feel the joy of the hunter.

**HARKER.** I suppose we worry more for the prey. I know I do.

*(Dracula nods, smiles coldly as they listen to the howling...)*

## Next day.

*Harker makes a journal entry.*

**HARKER.** What a night, Mina! The wolves kept up that infernal howling until very near dawn. In the late afternoon I awoke. The view from my room is dizzying. The castle is built on the very edge of a terrific precipice – a stone dropping from my window would fall a thousand feet before touching anything. *(Sound of wind. And crows, nearby. A lot of them.)* Except for the incessant cawing of crows somewhere nearby, I felt quite alone, and poked around a bit. All of the doors I tried were locked, until I came to a kind of library, stocked with English books, magazines, and newspapers, though none of them are of very recent date. The books are quite diverse, all relating to English life, history, customs, manners—

*(Enter Dracula, with paper, pen, and inkwell.)*

**DRACULA.** You slept well?

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**HARKER.** Yes, thank you.

**DRACULA.** I am glad you are comfortable, my friend. (*He hands the writing materials to Harker.*) Please write my apologies to your employer, and to your wife. I am afraid I must ask you to extend your stay with me.

**HARKER.** Right-o. For how long?

**DRACULA.** Another month.

**HARKER.** (*dismayed*) A month! Oh dear. Mr. Hawkins will hardly consent to—

**DRACULA.** (*forcefully*) Mr. Hawkins placed you at my disposal. Is it not so?

**HARKER.** Of course, but a whole mon—

**DRACULA.** It is necessary, my friend. As yet I only know your tongue through these books. From you, I must learn to speak it.

**HARKER.** But your English is superb.

**DRACULA.** You flatter. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not... how to speak them.

**HARKER.** You seem quite fluent to m--

**DRACULA.** No. If we were now in London, you would know me for a stranger. Adevarat? [True?]

**HARKER.** I suppose.

**DRACULA.** This is unsatisfactory. Here, the common people know me, and I am master. I am Voivode. But a stranger in a strange land – he is no one. (*switches to English accent*) So, by our talking, my friend, and your kind assistance, I shall learn the proper English... intonation.

**HARKER.** Right. Of course. I am at your service, sir.

**DRACULA.** Mulțumesc.

**HARKER.** Cu plăcere.

**DRACULA.** (*reverts to his own dialect*) If I can speak your tongue as well as you speak mine, I shall be very pleased indeed.

**HARKER.** Ah, now you flatter me. (*faintest of smiles from Dracula*) May I come in here and read, whenever I wish?

**DRACULA.** You may go anywhere in the castle, except where the doors are locked. Where, of course, you will not wish to go.

**HARKER.** Of course, but I was wondering, how do I go from my quarters to the outside of the castle?

**DRACULA.** Outside?

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**HARKER.** Yes, so I can take these letters to the—

**DRACULA.** I will post them for you.

**HARKER.** I shouldn't wish to to put you to any trouble.

**DRACULA.** It is no trouble.

**HARKER.** All the same, I—

**DRACULA.** I will post them.

**HARKER.** Fine, thank you, but still, I should like to get out and—

**DRACULA.** It is not safe. There are wolves.

**HARKER.** *(pause)* Right. Then may I explore a bit, inside the castle?

**DRACULA.** Explore?

**HARKER.** Walk about? See things?

**DRACULA.** I am familiar with the word.

**HARKER.** Of course, sorry, it's just, I seem to be confined to a rather small—

**DRACULA.** You would see things? Come. *(He leads Harker up, high on the battlements. Sound of wind.)* Behold. You stand at the crossroads of the world. For a thousand years, they have come, from every corner of the earth. *(waves toward the south)* Thracians and Macedonians. *(Wolves begin to howl. Dracula sweeps his arm across the lands to the west, raises his voice to be heard above the howling and the wind.)* Romans, Magyars, Austrians, Germans. *(turns to the north)* Scythians, Huns, Cossacks. *(He waves bitterly toward the east, where a crescent moon glows in the dark sky.)* And in my own time, the Turks. When our flags went down beneath the Crescent at Varna, and in the great shame of Kosovo, where were you? You people of the West?

**HARKER.** I, euh... In the West, I should imagine.

**DRACULA.** Yes, hiding behind us. Having your great... Renaissance. Painting your paintings, carving your statues. Writing plays and poems and songs about love. *(He works himself into a rage, spitting the words.)* Building monuments to the vanity of weak kings, and false popes – all paid for with our blood! *(Harker shrinks from him. Dracula regains control of his fury, holds up a hand.)* Forgive me, my friend. I know, from my reading, that you English are uncomfortable in the presence of passion.

**HARKER.** Well, I—

**DRACULA.** We Vlachs were a great people. We could have been... Ah, we could have astonished the world. Instead, we stopped the Turks. *(His lip curls.)* For you.

# DRACULA

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So you could have your Renaissance, your Age of Reason, your great Enlightenment. So you could “explore.” And now... *(He nods toward the soft, beautiful glow of the setting sun in the west.)* Look at you. The sun never sets on your great British Empire. And look at us. *(He turns to face the vast, inky gloom of the east.)* Our sun never came up.

**Next day, near sunset.**

*Harker lathers his face with shaving soap.*

**HARKER.** Oh Mina, I wish I had never come to this place. My host hasn't said or done anything overt, but lately, I've had an uncanny feeling that he means me harm. I've tried to ignore it, but... *(He shaves with a straight razor, a small hand mirror in his other hand.)* Last night, he left me alone for a few moments, to fetch some document from another room. While he was out, I went through his desk, looking for a fresh nib for my pen – and stumbled upon every single letter I've written to you and Mr. Hawkins since the day I arrived! He never posted any of them!

**DRACULA.** *(entering briskly)* I have a question, my friend.

**HARKER.** *(starts, nicks himself)* Good Lord, you startled me!

**DRACULA.** You are bleeding. *(He clutches at Harker's shirt.)*

**HARKER.** I didn't see you come in, I—

**DRACULA.** There is blood on your throat! *(Dracula pulls open the shirt to bare Harker's throat, sees the crucifix from Dumitra, recoils with a furious hiss.)*

**HARKER.** Are you... quite alright, sir? *(Pause. Dracula regains his composure.)*

**DRACULA.** The image of our savior suffering. It always disturbs me.

**HARKER.** Oh. Sorry, I'll... *(He tucks the crucifix back inside his shirt.)* What was your question?

**DRACULA.** In England, is it permitted for a man to have more than one solicitor?

**HARKER.** Why?

**DRACULA.** Is it permitted?

**HARKER.** It is inadvisable to have more than one engaged in a single transaction, as only one can act at a time. *(Dracula nods impatiently.)* And changing solicitors before the transaction is complete would almost certainly work against your interests in the—

# DRACULA

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**DRACULA.** Yes, yes, I know all this. But is it possible to have one man to manage, say, banking, another for shipping, and so on?

**HARKER.** It would be easier to have Hawkins & Co. see to all of your—

**DRACULA.** Understand me, I do not ask your *advice*. Legally, I am free to do this, yes?

**HARKER.** Legally, yes.

*(Dracula nods, eyes the trickle of blood on Harker's throat.)*

**DRACULA.** You are bleeding, still.

**HARKER.** Oh, it's nothing, I—

**DRACULA.** It is more dangerous than you think.

*(Harker tries to catch Dracula's reflection in the mirror.)*

**HARKER.** Very odd, though, that I didn't see you in my—

**DRACULA.** *(snatches the mirror)* And this is the wretched thing that has caused the mischief! A foul bauble of man's vanity! Away with it! *(flings the mirror out the window)* And let me warn you, my friend, do not wander the halls at night. It is dangerous. Keep to your room.

**HARKER.** But I—

**DRACULA.** This is my home, Harker, not yours. Castelul Dracula is old. These chambers and courtyards, these walls and battlements, have many memories. For guests who go where they should not, there are... bad dreams. *(He exits.)*

## Lord Holmwood's Estate.

*The fish pond. An English country idyll. Lyrical birdsong on a sun-dappled morning. LORD HOLMWOOD and Lucy are tying tackle onto fishing poles as Mina enters, looking morose.*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Good morning, Mrs. Harker!

*(Mina mumbles something to the contrary.)*

**LUCY.** Still no word? *(Mina shakes her head)* Why are men such thoughtless creatures? He's got some nerve, larking about the continent without so much as a—

**MINA.** But he isn't thoughtless, Lucy. This isn't like him at all, that's why I'm so...

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Here, catch a fish, my dear. *(He casts..... plop.)* Splendid way to take your mind off things.

**MINA.** *(sighs)* No, thank you.



# DRACULA

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**LUCY.** Mina, I'm sure he's fine – but he's going to get a piece of my mind when he comes home.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I hardly think you can spare a piece, dear.

**LUCY.** No one's talking to you. *(She casts..... plop.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** *(sighs)* You've crossed my line. Again. She always does.

**LUCY.** *(laughs)* Here, trade poles. *(They trade, but Lucy passes her pole under Holmwood's, so the lines are tangled.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** No...

**LUCY.** Whoops!

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Here. *(They rotate the poles round one another until the lines are free.)*

**LUCY.** There. *(Their antics have served only to deepen Mina's depression, so Lord Holmwood stops trying to entertain her, and speaks seriously.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Look, it's no surprise the transaction is taking longer than expected. Real estate is a tricky business, and all the more so when you have international interests involved. There's the language barrier, different laws, different currencies, different tax codes – it's an unholy mess. No disrespect to your husband – I'm sure he's a capable man – but I shouldn't be at all surprised if he's in over his head, somewhat.

## Castle Dracula.

*Wild-eyed and breathing hard, Harker scrawls a fevered entry in his journal.*

**HARKER.** I hardly know how to describe what happened last night - or rather what seemed to happen – I cannot even say with certainty that I trust my own senses anymore. *(He paces like an animal in a cage.)* By sundown yesterday, I was frankly bored out of my mind, prowling the stone halls and passages, searching desperately for something to pass the time. *(He casually looks out a window.)* I was looking idly out of one of the casements at the wild moonlit landscape which surrounds Castle Dracula, when a movement down below caught my eye. It was my host, sticking his head and shoulders out of a window, a storey below me. Curious, and grateful for any distraction, I craned my neck to observe him. As I watched, he placed his hands on the stone wall beneath his window— *(demonstrates with his hands)* —and his upper body leaned far out – dangerously so, I thought. I nearly

## DRACULA

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called out to him, “Take care, man, you’ll fall!” But then... *(Harker rubs his face, freaked out.)* And this is one of the things I’m not sure I believe, but I swear I saw it, and I remember it vividly. The whole man emerged from the window, clinging like a spider to the castle wall, and without any hesitation or apparent effort, began to crawl down over that dreadful abyss – face down! *(Harker backs away from the window, his head shaking in numb disbelief.)* How can he...? My God, what sort of creature is he? *(Like a rat trapped in a maze, Harker runs from window to doorway to window, working himself into a panicked frenzy, looking for a way out.)* Let me out! Let me out! Christ, let me out! *(Exhausted, he sinks to the floor.)* Calm down. Calm down, man, you’ve had a shock, that’s all. There’s a perfectly rational— *(laughs hysterically)* Pull yourself together. Pull yourself together. Come on. *(Harker curls into a fetal position, trembling and shivering violently.)*

### Same place, later...

*Harker sleeps. In the distance, wolves howl. Mist creeps in along the floor. Gradually, it becomes apparent that Harker is not alone. Two vampire women, DOINA and IULIA, appear, hovering over him.*

**DOINA.** Cine avem aici? [What have we here?]

**IULIA.** Frumos. Atît de tare. Tu esti prima, eu dupa tine; tu ai dreptul să-l începi. [He is beautiful. So strong. You are first, I shall follow; yours is the right to begin.]

**DOINA.** E tînăr și puternic; sînt destule sărutări pentru noi amîndoua. [He is young and strong, there are kisses for us both.] *(Slowly, voluptuously, Doina prepares to feast. Just as she is about to sink her teeth into Harker's throat, Dracula explodes into the room, carrying something in a sack.)*

**DRACULA.** Cum îndrăzniți să-l atingeți, cînd eu am interzis acest lucru? Omul ăsta este al meu! Aveți grijă cum va purtați cu el, altfel veți avea de-a face cu mine! [How dare you touch him when I have forbidden it? This man is mine! Beware how you meddle with him, or you will have to deal with me!]

**DOINA.** Ține- ți promisiunea, Întunecimea Ta, altfel tu vei avea de-a face cu noi! [Keep your promises, Your Darkness {Satan is referred to as "Your Darkness" in Dante's Inferno – this is a little vampire joke}, or you will have to deal with us!]

**DRACULA.** Cînd nu mi-am tinut eu cuvîntul? [When have I broken a promise to you?] *(Mirthless laugh from the women.)*

# DRACULA

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**IULIA.** S-a trezit! [He's awake!]

**DOINA.** Săracu băiat – pare speriat! [Poor boy – he's frightened!]

*(They laugh again.)*

**DRACULA.** După ce am terminat cu el, puteți să-l sărutați cât vreți. Duceți-vă. Plecați! Aveți de lucru. [When I am finished with him, you shall kiss him at your will. Now get out. Go! There is work to be done.]

**IULIA.** Iar noi nu vom avea nimic noaptea asta? [Are we to have nothing this night?]

**DRACULA.** Luați aici. Beți. [Here. Drink.] *(Wail of a small child as the women exit.)* Harker. I know you are awake. Time is short for both of us – let us not waste it. *(Dracula flings Harker bodily at the writing table, and produces several business documents.)* I will have your signatures on these letters, now. This goes to Dragicevic Shipping, in Belgrade. Sign. *(Harker signs it, his hand shaking.)* This, to Holt and Billington, solicitors in Purfleet. Sign. *(Harker obeys.)* And this, to Ferencz and Szilagy in Buda-Pest, to transfer these monies into these accounts. Sign. *(Harker hesitates.)* Sign! *(Harker obeys, and Dracula's manner instantly softens.)* And now, you may write a personal letter, which I will be pleased to post for you.

**HARKER.** Like you “posted” the others?

**DRACULA.** Write.

**HARKER.** To whom?

**DRACULA.** To your wife. The lovely Mina. *(fanged smile)* She must be worried about you. *(Harker stubbornly drops the pen on the desk.)* As you wish – let her worry. *(He steps toward the door, turns.)* Perhaps, when I reach London, I will commend you to her. *(Harker rushes to strike Dracula, who crushes the rebellion effortlessly, leaving Harker in pain on the floor.)*

**HARKER.** If you mean to murder me, why don't you just do it? *(By way of reply, Dracula kisses his own hand, and exits, closing the door behind him. Harker hears voices outside the room, flings open the door to see: Dracula, the two vampire women, and the bloodied, struggling, terrified child. The women look up at Harker, lick their lips hungrily.)*

**DRACULA.** Rest, Mr. Harker. You will need your strength. You have done what I wanted. Tomorrow night, you do what *they* want. *(to the women)* I-am zis că mâine

## DRACULA

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noapte, o să vă facă pe plac. [I told him tomorrow night he will do whatever you want.] *(The vampires laugh and leer – Harker slams the door.)*

**HARKER.** Tomorrow night. *(He sinks despairing to the floor, his back against the door – and cries. A wolf howls as the lights fade to black.)*

### Next day.

*Daylight. Sound of crows in the distance.*

**HARKER.** But that left me the day, to do what I could. From my room, I knew I'd never make it safely to the bottom, but I thought I might – just might – manage to climb to another part of the castle – and from there, I might find a way out. *(Harker pockets a candle.)* I made that climb, Mina. My God. A month ago, I'd have called it a nightmare, but now I realize that word is best reserved for... other things. The crumbling stones and mortar made every hand- and foot-hold precarious... *(individual crow calls)* And the damnable crows swooped down on me, again and again, clutching at my head and neck. I don't know how many times I nearly fell. Every time I shifted my weight. Every step. Every move. But I persevered, and came at last to the window below mine, the one where I had seen my captor emerge, the night before. *(He climbs into the room.)* The room was empty, but the door was open. A way out? I followed the passage down... *(lights dim)* Down... *(lights dim further – quite dark now)* Down... doing my utmost to keep moving away from the prison of my room, until I emerged on the ground floor, which smelled very strongly of earth. *(He pulls his candle from his pocket, and lights it.)* It looked to be the nave of an old ruined chapel, littered with a disorganized jumble of rectangular boxes. The floorboards were ripped up and splintered, and earth from beneath the foundation had been heaved up in a great mound where the altar would have been in olden times. *(He pulls the lid off a coffin-size box, and peers inside, murmuring to himself.)* Dirt? Boxes of dirt? Why would anyone— *(He lifts another lid, cries out in shock.)* Oh Christ! *(suddenly breathing very fast)* There he was, the man himself! Lying in the box on a mound of fresh earth, his eyes open and fixed and staring like a dead man's eyes – but he wasn't dead. No. There was a malign intelligence in that gaze, and though he seemed unable to move, I knew he could see me. *(Harker picks up a spade.)* You evil wretch! *(He lifts the spade above his head to strike, but...)* In that moment, Mina, I confess it... I meant to kill him.

# DRACULA

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But then his head turned, his eyes bored into mine, and... *(The spade twists in Harker's hand, and falls harmlessly to the floor.)* I ran out of the chapel! *(Sound of the crows grows louder.)* I could see daylight seeping under the heavy doors, and I ran for it— *(sound of heavy wooden doors flying open, and Harker's eyes are flooded with harsh daylight – now he must shout to be heard above the raucous squabbling of the crows.)* And here were the crows – suddenly I was among them, and... I hardly know how to describe... what they were doing... what they were feeding upon. It was— it was— *(His head shakes in shocked disbelief, eyes darting all around the courtyard.)* Oh. My. God. *(His hands come up to his temples, seemingly uncertain whether to cover his eyes, or try to steady his shuddering mind. He screams, and screams again, as the lights fade to black.)*

## **Holmwood Manor.**

*Mina sits staring into space, lost in worry, as Lord Holmwood enters.*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I don't know what else to do for her, she's normally healthy as a horse. This sleepwalking is clearly not doing her any good at all.

**MINA.** Did she walk again last night?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Yes! Left the house again.

*(Lucy enters, pale and weak, a scarf tied around her neck.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Darling, what are you doing out of bed?

**LUCY.** I had a bad dream. I don't want to go back to sleep.

**LORD HOLMWOOD** *(gently)* Quite restful, if one remains in bed.

**MINA.** Where did you walk to, Lucy?

*(Lucy fiddles absently with the scarf, ignoring them both.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I found her up on the headland overlooking the harbor, where the "ghost ship" ran aground.

**MINA.** Ghost ship?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Story about it in today's *Gazette*. *(He hands her the paper.)* A Russian ship, the *Demeter*. Ran aground in that frightful storm two nights ago. Piloted by a dead man, according to the article.

**MINA.** What?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Lashed to the helm with a rosary tied round his wrists.

**MINA.** Oh, how awful.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Yes. No one else aboard. Cargo was just boxes of clay, or some such. Quite bizarre. *(Lucy pulls off the scarf, gently probes the puncture wounds with her fingertips.)* That's my handiwork, I'm afraid.

**LUCY.** What did you do?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** You've no memory of it? *(Lucy shakes her head.)* Well, you were soaked to the skin by the time I found you. I wrapped you in my coat, pinned it snug at your neck. I'm afraid I actually pinned it *to* you. I'm so sorry.

**LUCY.** It's alright.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I'm a clumsy ass. Forgive me?

**LUCY.** *(gives him an affectionate smile)* Only if you kiss it better. *(She tilts her head, offering her neck to him. He bends to kiss her, but as his lips brush the skin near the wounds, she cries out, whirls, and strikes him so hard in the face he nearly goes down.)*

**MINA.** Lucy!

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** *(rubbing his cheek)* Lucy? What did I—

**LUCY.** *(shocked and mortified at what she's done)* I'm sorry, I... Arthur, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean... Honestly I've no idea why I did that.

### **Lunatic Asylum, London.**

*MARCUS RENFIELD eats a spider, nods appreciatively at the flavor, makes a careful notation in his journal. DR. THOMAS SEWARD enters, accompanied by DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING.*

**SEWARD.** I believe I may have discovered a new class of lunatic, Abram. I've decided to call him a "zoöphage".

**VAN HELSING.** Life-eater? Interesting.

**SEWARD.** His principal occupation seems to be the collection and consumption of lives, the aim being to prolong his own, I suspect...

**RENFIELD.** Where is your sister, Doctor?

**SEWARD.** *(overlapping)* Or to supplement his own vitality, just as certain primitive peoples—

**RENFIELD.** Where is she? It's been too long.

**SEWARD.** Mr. Renfield, please – just as certain primitive peoples believe they can enhance their own strength by eating their enemies' flesh, or various organs.

**RENFIELD.** (*shouts*) Where is your sister?

**SEWARD.** Mina is taking a well-deserved holiday.

**VAN HELSING.** Hm. Fascinating, ja.

**RENFIELD.** For how long? She should come back. Tell her I miss her.

(*Seward picks up Renfield's journal, shows it to Van Helsing.*)

**SEWARD.** He keeps track of the lives in this book, almost as if he were focusing an account.

**RENFIELD.** Yes, by all means, read my private journal.

**VAN HELSING.** You have a very meticulous handwriting, Mr. Renfield.

**RENFIELD.** Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.

(*A rap at the door, and an ATTENDANT calls from the observation slit.*)

**ATTENDANT.** (*offstage*) Dr. Seward? Telegram for you, sir. From your sister.

**SEWARD.** Thank you.

(*As Seward opens the envelope, Renfield snatches the telegram from him.*)

**RENFIELD.** Mina! My Mina!

**SEWARD.** Mr. Renfield! (*Renfield retreats to a corner of the cell, reading.*) Hand it over.

**RENFIELD.** Tit for tat, doctor. You look at my book, I look at your mail. (*scans the telegram*) Ah, the rain falleth on the small and the great.

**SEWARD.** Marcus Renfield, give me that telegram!

**RENFIELD.** It seems her husband—

**SEWARD.** At once, please!

**RENFIELD.** —who went to the continent on business, still has not returned! (*gleeful*) As if he's fallen off the face of the earth. Or a scandal, perhaps? Who knows? Perhaps his heart has been stolen away by some—

**SEWARD.** Renfield, enough!

**RENFIELD.** When do you suppose she'll be ready to re-marry? When? When? When? When? I can be ready at once – no, wait! I spoke too soon. I'll need some time to find something to wear. Not too soon to send her my proposal, is it?

**SEWARD.** (*snatches back the telegram*) If you cannot conduct yourself as a gentleman, sir, I shall have the attendants put you back in restraints. Is that what you want?

**RENFIELD.** You think you have power over me, Seward? You don't know what power is. But you will. Oh yes, the day is coming.

# DRACULA

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**SEWARD.** What are you on about?

**RENFIELD.** You are an ignorant man. But not for very much longer, no. The Voivode will teach you.

**VAN HELSING.** Who will teach him?

**RENFIELD.** You'll see. Soon, soon.

**VAN HELSING.** The Voivode, you say? The Voivode, Thomas?

**SEWARD.** Some mad gibberish?

**VAN HELSING.** No, not gibberish, my friend. Voivode is a Slavic word – a title of respect.

**RENFIELD.** *(sotto)* A learned fool.

**SEWARD.** I'd like to meet the man Marcus Renfield respects.

**RENFIELD.** You will.

**VAN HELSING.** It means something like "Overlord," I believe.

**SEWARD.** Some sort of religious mania, perhaps?

**VAN HELSING.** *(shakes his head doubtfully)* Who is this Voivode, Mr. Renfield?

**SEWARD.** Renfield? Is he in the room with us, now?

*(Renfield makes a show of looking around the room.)*

**RENFIELD.** I count three people in this room at the moment, Doctor. How many do *you* see?

## **Headland overlooking Whitby Harbor.**

*Night. Sound of ocean surf pounding the shore below. Dracula beckons.*

**DRACULA.** Vino la mine. [Come to me.] *(Enter Lucy, sleepwalking.)* Acum, esti a mea. [Now, you are mine.] *(Lucy wakes with a start, sees Dracula, opens her mouth to cry for help, but Dracula silences her with a gesture.)* Liniște... Vino mai aproape. Vino mai aproape. [Hush... Come closer.] *(Lucy tries to scream.)* Liniște.

**LUCY.** *(whimpering almost inaudibly)* No... Please...

**DRACULA.** Vino mai aproape.

*(Against her will, Lucy walks to him. He sinks his fingers into her shoulders, pulls her to him, bites her. Apart from a few gasps and whimpers, Lucy is unable to make a sound, but she remains conscious for all of it.)*

**MINA.** *(offstage, far off in distance)* Lucy? Lucy?

*(Angered by this interruption, Dracula stops feeding.)*



# DRACULA

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**DRACULA.** Dormi. Dormi bine. [Sleep. Sleep well.] *(Lucy passes out.)*

**MINA.** *(offstage)* Lucy! *(entering)* What are you doing, sir?

**DRACULA.** *(English accent)* Pardon me, your friend was behaving in a most peculiar manner. I was afraid she might do herself harm, so I took the liberty of restraining her. I do hope I haven't acted improperly?

**MINA.** I'm sure you only did what any concerned gentleman would do.

**DRACULA.** Is she quite alright?

**MINA.** She walks in her sleep.

**DRACULA.** Ironic. I walk because I can't sleep, she walks because she can.

**MINA.** Lucy. Lucy, wake up. Lucy.

*(Lucy wakes up shaking, sobbing, babbling incoherently.)*

**MINA.** Calm down, it's alright, it's alright, it's only me. Sssssshh. You were sleepwalking again. Oh, you're freezing cold, let's get you home before you catch your death. Come on. *(Lucy falters as they exit.)*

**DRACULA.** May I be of some assistance, madam?

*(His presence makes Lucy manifestly uncomfortable.)*

**MINA.** We can manage, thank you.

**DRACULA.** Will you permit me to escort you home?

**MINA.** I'm afraid we've troubled you far too much, sir.

**DRACULA.** No trouble at all. *(A moan from Lucy.)*

**MINA.** *(firmly)* We'll go alone, sir, thank you. Lean on my arm Lucy. *(They exit.)*

**DRACULA.** La revedere, Doamna Mina Harker. Noapte bună. [Until we meet again, Mina Harker. Good night.]

## **Bedchamber, Holmwood Manor.**

*Lord Holmwood, Mina, Seward, and Van Helsing are gathered round Lucy's sickbed as Seward applies a stethoscope to her back.*

**SEWARD.** I can't hear any fluid in the lungs. You may lie back, Lucy. *(to Lord Holmwood)* She is severely anemic, but I find no evidence of internal hemorrhage, nor any external wounds of any kind, except this on her neck.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I did that. I accidentally stabbed her with a broach pin.

**SEWARD.** But she could hardly have suffered significant blood loss from a mere pinprick.

## DRACULA

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**VAN HELSING.** There are two wounds here.

**SEWARD.** Perhaps he transfixed a fold of skin?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Bloody stupid – pardon my French.

**MINA.** No, she's lucky you were there, Arthur.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** She's lucky I don't dress her every day – imagine the peril.

*(Chuckles, from all except Van Helsing.)*

**VAN HELSING.** Do you remember your husband finding you?

**LUCY.** Yes, I think so.

**VAN HELSING.** Do you remember feeling this stabbing, when he pinned the wrap?

**LUCY.** No. I don't.

**VAN HELSING.** And you, Lord Holmwood, you were careful to avoid injuring your wife, ja?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I thought I was.

**VAN HELSING.** Of course you were. Madam Lucy, you must try to remember what else occurred on that night.

**LUCY.** I have tried, I— It's as if a veil were drawn over everything. I was sleepwalking, you know.

**VAN HELSING.** Perhaps if we induce a hypnotic state?

**SEWARD.** Mesmerize her?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** What?

**VAN HELSING.** With your permission, Madam Lucy?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Thomas, should I allow this?

**SEWARD.** It's worth a try. He's been experimenting with it in Vienna, with some success, I understand.

**VAN HELSING.** Ja, it can be most effective in stimulating recall, but if you are against it, of course, we—

**LUCY.** Let's try it.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Lucy, are you sure?

**VAN HELSING.** I warn you – you may have blocked these things from your memory for very good reason.

**LUCY.** *(swallows, nods)* Let's go ahead.

**VAN HELSING.** Brave girl. *(to Lord Holmwood and Mina)* You must make no sound, and no matter what happens, you must do nothing to bring her out of the

## DRACULA

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hypnotic state – leave that to me. If she wishes it, you may hold her hands. (*Mina holds out her hands to Mina and Lord Holmwood, who take them.*) Close your eyes, Lucy, and concentrate on your breathing. Breathe in... Breathe out. Again breathe in... and out. Good, deep, breaths. Your friends are here, you are perfectly safe. (*This scene should be very slow and quiet and relaxing – until it's not.*) Now continue to breathe gently in and out, and feel the air going into your chest, and also the other parts of your body as well. Feel the breath going into your shoulders, arms, hands... Stomach... Legs... Feet... Good. Concentrate on your breathing while I count – there is only the air going into and out of your body and the sound of my voice. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Can you still hear my voice?

**LUCY.** (*barely audible*) Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** Go back to this morning, when you woke up. Think of something you saw, something Mina said to you, a thought that crossed your mind, anything at all... Are you remembering?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** Very good. Now let us return to yesterday, can you remember something that happened yesterday?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** And the day before that? During the day, before you went to bed, you spent the day with your good friend Mina, ja?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** And you saw Lord Holmwood on this day? Now remember saying goodbye to him, do you remember?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** And you went home with Mina and made your supper, do you remember what you had for supper?

**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** Good, and after supper, what did you talk about?

**LUCY.** Mina was worried about Jonathan, and wished he would write. And we talked about Arthur – she thinks he's very handsome and dashing in his—

**MINA.** Oh, really—

**SEWARD.** (*gently*) Sssh.

**VAN HELSING.** Very good, Lucy, and later you went to bed?

# DRACULA

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**LUCY.** Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** It was a cold night, but in your bed was warm, ja?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** What is the point of—

**VAN HELSING.** Ssst!

**LUCY.** *(overlapping)* Yes.

**VAN HELSING.** And, after a while, you dropped off to sleep... Sleep... Now you are sleeping... are you dreaming? *(Pause.)* Are you dreaming? *(Pause.)* Lucy, are you dreaming? *(Lucy moans.)*

**MINA.** *(whispers)* She's gone cold.

**VAN HELSING.** What is happening, Lucy?

**LUCY.** I don't know where I am... Not sleeping. Wind. Waves crashing against the seawall – I must have... *(gasp)* I'm not alone.

**VAN HELSING.** Is Mrs. Harker there?

**LUCY.** No, she's up the path, far... too far... Not... Mina... *(trembling violently)* Not M-M-Mina... Oh! He's – I don't understand the words, but...

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** “He”? Who is “he”?

*(Van Helsing raises a hand to quiet him.)*

**LUCY.** *(overlapping)* I know what he's telling me to... *(a sob)* I have to do it! I don't— I can't— H- H-He— His—

**MINA.** Her palms are soaking!

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** She's terrified, wake her up!

**VAN HELSING.** Sssssshh. *(Lucy sits bolt upright and SCREAMS.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Christ in Heaven!

**MINA.** Lucy! It's alright, Lucy!

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** *(grabs Van Helsing's shoulder)* What the devil have you done to her? *(A knock at the door, offstage.)*

**SEWARD.** Holmwood!

**LUCY.** I'm awake. I'm awake I'm awake.

**VAN HELSING.** Can you remember what you saw?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** No you don't – you're not going to interrogate her now!

**SEWARD.** Holmwood, we—

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** My God, Seward, look at her, she's in shock!

**VAN HELSING.** My friend, it is critical that we ask her—

## DRACULA

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**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I am not your friend, sir, if you call me that again by God, I'll knock you down!

**SEWARD.** *(to Van Helsing)* I'm sorry about this. *(Another knock at the door, off.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Dash it, Seward, don't you apologise for me!

**SEWARD.** He's trying to help!

**LUCY.** Something happened. *(touches her neck)* This. Arthur didn't do it.

**VAN HELSING.** Ja, I think you are right.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** What happened to her, then? *(Another knock, off.)*

**VAN HELSING.** I am not prepared to say. Perhaps tomorrow, I will have an answer.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Tomorrow?

**VAN HELSING.** I prefer to say nothing until I am certain.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** I see. The patient may go hang, but God forbid you risk a misdiagnosis.

**VAN HELSING.** Lord Holmwood—

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Surely it wouldn't be your first.

**SEWARD.** Arthur, please.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Well, what do *you* think is wrong, Thomas?

**SEWARD.** I don't know. *(Another knock, off.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Is there— *(shouts)* Will someone please answer the bloody door? *(Mina exits to get the door.)* Is there anything we can do for her while we await the pronouncement of the... Dutch Oracle?

**SEWARD.** I— Just see that she gets plenty of rest, perhaps a dram of brandy before she goes to sleep at night.

**VAN HELSING.** Watch over her carefully, and pray for her.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** My God, I didn't realize Dutch medicine had risen to such dizzying heights. Prayer! Mesmerism!

**SEWARD.** Arthur!

**LUCY.** Would everyone please try to calm down?

**VAN HELSING.** *(pats Lucy on the shoulder)* You are most wise, young lady. Lord Holmwood, I understand you feel powerless – but you are not powerless. You have great power to help, or to hinder. Which will you—

*(Mina bursts into the room, all smiles, tearing open a letter.)*

**MINA.** He's home!

# DRACULA

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**LUCY.** What are you so pleased about?

**MINA.** It's from Jonathan, postmarked London! He's home, he's come home! (*She gets it open, reads some, and her face falls.*) Oh. Oh dear.

**LUCY.** What's wrong?

**MINA.** He's not well, he says. His handwriting looks terrible.

**LUCY.** Go to him, he needs you. I've a house full of men to look after me – two doctors and a nobleman.

**SEWARD.** I wonder if he needs a doctor as well?

**LUCY.** (*a royal largesse*) Take one of mine.

**SEWARD.** I'll go. Abram can stay here with—

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** (*pulls Seward aside*) Seward, for God's sake, send the Dutchman to London. You can't leave him here with me, man, I'll end up killing him.

**SEWARD.** Give him a chance, he's a far better doctor than I am.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Well, you're all quacks, old boy. Better the devil you know.

**VAN HELSING.** I will go to London. I have no wish to be killed, even by a nobleman. (*to Seward*) Keep me informed. Each day, a telegram, ja?

## **Special on Seward.**

*Sound of telegraph key tapping out code under Seward's lines. The pace is relaxed and leisurely.*

**SEWARD.** Telegram, Seward, Whitby, to Van Helsing, London: Hope you had safe journey stop. Patient much better today stop.

## **The Harkers' house.**

*Harker tosses and turns in bed, muttering. Van Helsing sits in a chair nearby, watching. Harker cries out, wakes up. Van Helsing pours him some water.*

**VAN HELSING.** You are at home, Mr. Harker. Your wife is in the next room – I will send her in. (*He stands, and walks to the door.*)

**HARKER.** Who are you, sir?

# DRACULA

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**VAN HELSING.** *(bows)* Abraham Van Helsing. A colleague of Dr. Seward. *(He pauses at the door.)* After you have a chance to see your wife, I must talk with you. It is most important.

**HARKER.** Talk about what?

**VAN HELSING.** The journal you kept, while you were in Wallachia. Your wife showed it to me.

**HARKER.** You read my—

**VAN HELSING.** Forgive me, yes. I read it. And I have... questions.

## Renfield's Cell.

*Mina clears a tray with an untouched bowl of porridge.*

**MINA.** Not hungry today?

**RENFIELD.** I don't eat that slop anymore. *(He positions himself between Mina and the exit.)* You look tired.

**MINA.** Jonathan kept me awake last night.

**RENFIELD.** That heartless wretch. We'll teach him a lesson he won't soon—

**MINA.** He didn't do it deliberately – he has nightmares.

**RENFIELD.** He should try my nightmares on for size.

**MINA.** You poor man.

**RENFIELD.** If that's pity, I won't have it. Not from you. How dare you? If anyone is to be pitied here, it's you! You!

**MINA.** Beg pardon, Mr. Renfield, I didn't mean—

**RENFIELD.** *(viciously)* You're the one whose best friend is going to die tonight!

**MINA.** What? What did you say?

**RENFIELD.** *(singsong)* Surprise.

**MINA.** Whom do you mean?

**RENFIELD.** Oh, I think you can guess. *(Mina moves to exit, but he blocks her path.)* It's not the end of the world, best friends come and go.

**MINA.** Let me pass, please. *(He steps aside. As she walks past him—)*

**RENFIELD.** I could be your best friend. *(She exits.)*

## Special on Seward.

*Sound of telegraph key, tapping away, still slow and easy...*

**SEWARD.** Telegram, Seward, Whitby, to Van Helsing, London. Pleased to report patient greatly improved stop. Good appetite; sleeps naturally; color coming back stop. *(smiles wearily)* Another victory for good intentions and dumb luck stop.

### **Special on Van Helsing.**

*Sound of telegraph key, rapid, urgent—*

**VAN HELSING.** Telegram, Van Helsing, London, to Seward, Whitby. Have completed study, recommendations follow stop. Will seem strange to you, but most urgent you comply stop. Buy garlic wreaths and wolfsbane stop. Arrange around her bed; hang on all doors, windows of house stop. Get crucifixes, Bibles, any holy articles...

### **Holmwood Manor.**

*Lucy sleeps fitfully in the bedroom as Seward reads the rest of the telegram to a skeptical Lord Holmwood in the adjacent sitting room.*

**SEWARD.** *(overlapping)* Get crucifixes, Bibles, any holy articles, hang on doors, windows, place around bed, keep watch at her side all night stop. Repeat most urgent you comply stop. Do not question stop. *(embarrassed)* Really, Abram, you sound like a Crimean midwife.

*(They are relaxed, in shirtsleeves, they've been drinking for a while.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Is he unaware that you're an atheist?

**SEWARD.** He knows my views – he often tries to convince me I'm wrong.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** You are wrong. But we all live in hope that you'll grow out of it. *(Seward scoffs, pours another drink. Meanwhile, Dracula enters the bedroom, unseen by the men in the next room. Lucy tries to cry out: Arthur! Help me, Arthur! But, as in a nightmare, she can't make herself heard.)* Come, Thomas, how do you explain – if there's no God – how can you possibly explain the existence of this marvelous creature?

*(Dracula pulls Lucy out from under the bedclothes.)*

**SEWARD.** Which marvelous creature?

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** My wife, you fool.



# DRACULA

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*(Dracula wrenches Lucy's chin up, sinks his teeth into her neck.)*

**SEWARD.** Holmwood, mystical explanations are not deep. *(hiccup)* They're not even superficial.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Did you just make that up?

**SEWARD.** *(Nods. Then shakes his head, admits the truth:)* Friedrich Nietzsche.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** A German, of all things – even worse than a Dutchman. You're deteriorating, Thomas.

**SEWARD.** *(raises his glass)* Rapidly. *(Holmwood rises, moves toward the bedroom.)* Where are you going?

*(In the bedroom, Dracula tenses, prepares to ambush Holmwood.)*

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Get her up for a dram of brandy – and more importantly, to tell you just how wrong you are.

**SEWARD.** Leave her in peace, Arthur! Sleep is the best healer.

**LORD HOLMWOOD.** Very well, Doctor. Sleep it shall be. *(Holmwood sees the bottle is empty.)* Shall I fetch another from the cellar?

**SEWARD.** Why not? It's been a beastly week.

*(Exit Holmwood, as Seward pensively drinks. Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Dracula crawls onto the bed with Lucy. She feebly tries to fight him off, which he enjoys. She tries again to call for help, but can't. Dracula turns her head to expose the unwounded side of her neck, bites her again, and sucks blood from her so fast her life drains away like wine from a glass. He leaves Lucy's drained, lifeless husk dangling half out of the bed... And exits.)*

**END ACT ONE**

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