



## Sample Pages from Dracula

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# DRACULA

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS ADAPTED BY  
*Laramie Dean*  
FROM THE NOVEL BY  
*Bram Stoker*



Dracula

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## Characters

5M+5W+3 Any Gender + plus Nosferatu and Assorted Monsters

**COUNT VLAD DRACULA:** Male. 500-year-old Transylvanian vampire. Drinks blood to maintain his youth and immortality. Having bled dry most of his own homeland, he now seeks to conquer England.

**MINA MURRAY HARKER:** Female. A young Englishwoman engaged to Jonathan Harker, former paramour of Abraham Van Helsing.

**JONATHAN HARKER:** Male. A young up and coming British solicitor. Engaged to Mina Murray.

**LUCY WESTENRA:** Female. Mina's best friend with whom she's grown up, a young woman skating dangerously close to the edge of sanity.

**ABRAHAM VAN HELSING:** Male. A young British doctor, once in love with Mina, was engaged to Lucy. An expert on diseases of the blood and metaphysics, including hypnotism and vampires.

**R.M. RENFIELD:** Male. Once a solicitor in Harker's firm, driven mad by Dracula, now his very willing slave. Believes that eating smaller forms of life will grant him immortality.

**BRIDE 1:** Female. One of Dracula's vampire wives, she is the youngest.

**BRIDE 2:** Female. Dracula's middle bride, usually sides with Bride 1.

**BRIDE 3:** Female. The eldest and the most powerful of Dracula's vampiric wives.

**CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER:** Any Gender. Russian captain of the ship taking Dracula from Transylvania to England.

**ATTENDANT:** Any Gender. Worker at Van Helsing's asylum.

**BUTLER:** Male. Works for Lucy.

**GYPSY:** Any Gender. Powerful Transylvanian in charge of making certain that Dracula reaches his castle safely.

**NOSFERATU:** Any Gender. The Undead.

**ASSORTED MONSTERS:** Any Gender. Vampires, monsters, and werewolves who inhabit the Underworld. They may also act as stagehands, changing furniture between scenes.

Captain Of The Demeter, Attendant, Butler, and Gypsy may be played by one actor if desired.

## Time

The late 1890s.

## Place

Various locations, primarily the small English town of Whitby and Castle Dracula high in the Carpathian Mountains. Occasionally Dracula's presence in our world causes a distortion in reality, where the lights and sounds of the Underworld break through. These sights and sounds are described in the script.

## Performance Notes

"Tepes" is pronounced "TEP-esh."

## **A Note On The Text**

A backslash ( / ) indicates a point where one character's line of dialogue interrupts another. For example:

MINA: I miss / Jonathan.

LUCY: That's crazy.

The actor playing Lucy would begin her line, "That's crazy," after the actor playing Mina says the word "miss."

I tend to write in a style that appears poetic on the page, with line breaks mid-sentence (sometimes mid-word). I have discovered that actors usually, and with little coaxing, place the appropriate, tiniest pause at the end of a line break, without my necessarily needing to indicate a pause or a beat as a stage direction.

## **Tech/Design Hints**

The world of *Dracula* can include lavish special effects, or it can be very simple, depending on your production, your space, the talent you have on hand, and, of course, your budget. I will describe (and prescribe a bit) based on our original production of *Dracula*. Please feel free to simply – or to amplify – the effects as you see fit.

### **Music**

We were fortunate to have at our disposal the services of Tristan Redearth, a senior that year, and an incredibly talented musician. He attended every rehearsal and sat at a baby grand piano we provided him far stage right, and as we rehearsed, so he too composed music, improvising as we all went. By the time we reached final dress rehearsals Tristan had composed an entire score for the show that he knew by heart. Music, we discovered, allowed for punctuation of dramatic moments as well as for helping to transition between scene changes.

I encourage you, if at all possible, to find a student willing to act as a musician, whether that occurs live on stage or is recorded. Or you may find pre-recorded music in the public domain to utilize.

If you use a live musician, I suggest you costume and make them up as you would the Nosferatu: black and lots of dark eye makeup. Red lips. Maybe some fangs.

### **Set**

We created a simple unit set with platforms and flats (the platforms were in the shape of a pointed stake/cross aimed at the audience, incidentally.) We also set a platform in the space between the edge of our apron and the audience that we used as the edge of the cliff.

Set changes are meant to be fluid, and can be accomplished quickly with the aid of the Nosferatu with simple furniture.

The only permanent set piece besides the flats and platforms was a rounded seven-foot French window that we used as the window in Renfield's cell, Lucy's

bedroom, Mina and Jonathan's bedroom, and through which Dracula could easily enter and exit.

### **The Function of the Nosferatu**

Because I enjoy offering my students the opportunity to play characters when they act as run crew, I cast four actors to play the Nosferatu, ghoulish creatures all in black with dark eyes and dark lips. They change the scene, but they also appear sometimes with Dracula, hovering behind him or lurking nearby, his servants at his command. It is important that you remind these actors that they are, indeed, actors, and should be in character even when moving scenery.

### **Blood**

We actually used very little “fake” blood on stage, opting instead for lots of red light in moments such as Dracula's attack on Lucy or when Mina stakes the vampire in the play's final minutes. We researched recipes online that were safe for costumes and actors for the moments we did use “blood,” such as Renfield's monologue at the end of Act One.

### **The Underworld**

One of the conceits of the play is that Dracula's presence corrupts our world, as he seeks to corrupt our heroes, distorting reality in the process. This presence is signified by strange lights (lots of greens and reds) and sounds that can be pre-recorded or created by the Nosferatu (or both): howling, wailing, gibbering, discordant music.

We occasionally put werewolf masks on the Nosferatu and gave them monster hands and bat wings in scenes such as Renfield's confrontation with Harker in Act Two, when the Underworld leaks into our own.

### **Dracula, Old and Young**

Dracula drinks blood to survive, but also because it replenishes his youth. We utilized an “old man” mask (actually, it was Albert Einstein; we enjoyed the giant shaggy caterpillar eyebrows) cutting off the mouth and chin of the mask below the mustache. Our Dracula (Diego Kjelland) also wore a long gray wig and white gloves with deconstructed skeleton fingers glued to it. He had ample time to lose the wig, mask, and skeleton fingers before his entrance as Young Dracula. You might also consider casting two actors to play Old and Young Dracula.

### **Renfield and the Bird**

In our production the actor playing Renfield (Stephen Blotzke) mimed capturing the bird, then when his back was turned to the audience, he put feathers in his mouth which he spat at Van Helsing (Hunter White). If you prefer to cut the feathers, you might have the actor who plays Renfield put blood capsules in his mouth, which he breaks, then turns around, grinning, so that the “blood” runs out of his mouth.

### **The Coffin (Dracula and Lucy's)**

We utilized the services of Alan Pfister, our Wood Shop teacher, and that of his students to build a coffin for us and a stand on wheels so that Dracula and Lucy could be visible to the audience when reposing in the coffin, and so that the coffin could be easily wheeled on and off by the Nosferatu. Dracula's coffin doubled for Lucy's.

### **The Demeter**

To suggest the helm of a sailing ship, we borrowed a ship's wheel that the University of Montana's School of Theatre and Dance had created for their recent production of *Treasure Island*. We attached the wheel to a wagon, which moved easily on and off stage while the Captain is being terrorized by Dracula.

### **The Eyes of the Rats and Wolves**

My husband designed the lights for our production, and we were very proud of the gobo he used to act as the eyes of the rats as well as suggesting globules and spatters of blood: a gobo with a holes in a variety of sizes over a red gel.

### **Dracula's Wolf Head**

We were fortunate to discover a wolf's head mask at our local Target that was furry, green-eyed, and contained a working mouth that matched the actor's speech. My suggestion is to show it only in silhouette or under a special light to prevent it from looking silly.

### **The Bat**

During the scene where Dracula, in bat form, eavesdrops on our heroes, we utilized one of the Nosferatu to hold a giant flapping bat before the window.

### **The Staking of Lucy**

As you would with any stage combat, be sure to rehearse the staking scenes repeatedly and methodically. For our production, we placed Lucy (Iris Jandreau) with her back to the audience while Van Helsing (Hunter White) "stabbed" her, in reality, handing Iris the stake so she could slide it between her stage right arm and side. She collapsed onto the bench, clutching at the stake with her stage right hand and concealing the fact from the audience that she wasn't really being staked.

### **Dracula's Transformation into a Bat**

In the climactic moment in Act Two where Dracula faces off against Van Helsing and saves himself by transforming into a bat, Dracula (Diego Kjelland) backed up against the open doorway of a flat we had attached far upstage. The lights went out, a stagehand handed him two flashlights covered with red gels, a sound effect of a roaring animal played, Diego (in darkness) lifted the flashlights high above himself and turned them on, creating the impression of a giant creature in the darkness with glowing red eyes. Then he swung his arms down as if the creature were diving, and turned the flashlights off mid-swoop, then exited through

the door. The stage lights returned, making it appear as if the Dracula-bat had vanished. Simple, inexpensive, and theatrical.

### **The Staking of the Brides**

Because we didn't want to build three coffins that would take up room backstage and be on stage for less than a minute, we were forced to be creative with our destruction of Dracula's Brides.

Here again we utilized two of the Nosferatu: they entered, blank-faced, then stood with their backs to the audience; the Brides treated them like mausoleums, "opening" them like lids, then "closing" them so that they blocked the Brides from the view of the audience.

While Van Helsing narrated from his journal, the Nosferatu handed the Brides skull masks that they donned. Van Helsing approached the Nosferatu-coffins, raised a stake high above his head, then "staked" each Bride out of the audience's view. The staked Bride screamed, then the Nosferatu stepped aside to reveal her in all her skull-faced glory, then caught her as she "crumbled" into dust, and finally carried her offstage.



## Original Cast And Crew

Dracula premiered on November 17, 2016, at Hellgate High School in Missoula, Montana, with the following cast and crew:

**DRACULA:** Diego Kjelland

**MINA MURRAY HARKER:** Emma Swartz

**JONATHAN HARKER:** Nicolas Crepeau

**LUCY WESTENRA:** Iris Jandreau

**DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING:** Hunter White

**R.M. RENFIELD:** Stephen Blotzke

**BRIDE 1:** Ayla Baca

**BRIDE 2:** Chloe Kearns

**BRIDE 3:** Brighid Leonard

**CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER / ATTENDANT / BUTLER / GYPSY:**

Monroe Ayers

**NOSFERATU:** Chase Brewer, Alora Fradkin,  
Lillie Gutman, Andrew Midgett

**PIANIST:** Tristan Redearth

**Director:** Laramie Dean

**Stage Managers:** Gabby Flores and Riley Mentel

**Lighting Design:** Ryan Young

**Sound Design:** Stephen Blotzke, Alora Fradkin,  
Noah Van de Wetering

**Costume Design:** Monroe Ayers, Ayla Baca, Haley  
Inabnit, Sylvie O'Connell, Emma Swartz,  
Sophia Thompson

**Makeup Design:** Iris Jandreau

**Set Design:** Ryan Young

**Hair:** Nikki Kelly

**Prop Design:** Riley Mentel

**Coffin and Stand Construction:** Alan Pfister's welding class, Matt  
Woldstad, Chip Rhinehart's woods class

**Portrait of Dracula:** Laurel Aytes

**Poster:** Laurel Aytes

**Photography:** Elan West-Badminton

**Music Composer:** Tristan Redearth

**ACT ONE**

*Music in the darkness. The sound of a piano, a violin, or both. Mournful at first, then faster, more menacing.*

*A snarling sound. Lights up on BRIDE 3, her back to the audience. She is frenzied. She senses that someone is watching. She freezes, then spins around, revealing her meal: a bloodied, unidentifiable body. She snarls, showing her fangs, and lunges for the audience. The lights smash out into darkness.*

*Then: a howl rises out of the dark. RENFIELD appears by himself and begins to laugh. His laughter becomes a scream as the lights fade.*

*The thumping of a heartbeat as the music ceases. THE COMPANY, minus DRACULA, appears on stage, dimly lit. They stare, wide-eyed. Their lines are overlapping as they speak and grow in pace, volume, and intensity.*

HARKER: Jonathan Harker's / journal.

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Log of / The Demeter.

LUCY: Lucy Westenra's / diary.

MINA: Mina Murray's / diary.

VAN HELSING: The testament of Abraham Van Helsing.

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Disappearances.

LUCY: His red eyes again.

MINA: His bountiful wine press.

HARKER: No reflection in the mirror.

VAN HELSING: Crumbled into dust.

LUCY: Red eyes.

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Disappearances.

LUCY: Gasping for air.

HARKER: Licked her lips.

LUCY: Full of hellfire.

HARKER: Like an / animal.

VAN HELSING: Can live for / centuries.

MINA: Livid white / face.

HARKER: He's grown young / again.

MINA: Swallow the blood.

HARKER: Could smell / the blood.

MINA: Swallow the blood.

HARKER: Smell the / blood!

LUCY: (*starving*) Blood!

MINA: (*pulling at her face, terrified*) Swallow the / blood!

LUCY: (*a howl*) Blood, blood!

VAN HELSING: Infected blood!

*RENFIELD steps forward; the others fade.*

RENFIELD: (*finally, triumphant*) For the blood is the life.

*They withdraw. JONATHAN HARKER appears in his own light.*

HARKER: Jonathan Harker's Journal.

Left London today for Transylvania, in the midst of the Carpathian Mountains, one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe.

I cannot locate Castle Dracula on any map but the Count's instructions are crystalline clear. And though I am loathe to leave my beloved Mina

*MINA appears in the garden of LUCY's house.*

the money this venture will provide

*He joins her and takes her hands, speaking to her now, not us.*

will make a name for me in the firm and assure our future. Tell me you understand.

MINA: I understand.

HARKER: You sound hesitant.

MINA: I'm afraid.

HARKER: You shouldn't be.

MINA: (*pulling away from him, sadly*) You can tell me how I feel.

HARKER: It's quite a lot of money.

MINA: So that's what you care about.

HARKER: You know that isn't true.

But... we do need it.

MINA: I want to come with you.

HARKER: The Count wishes me to go alone.

MINA: Who is he, this Count?

HARKER: Mr. Hawkins didn't say much about him. Some foreign aristocrat, richer than God, lives in the middle of nowhere. In the mountains, I think.

MINA: Let Mr. Hawkins send someone else to sell Count What's-His-Name his precious house in London.

HARKER: There is no one else. Not since Renfield lost his mind, poor fellow. He's at Abe's asylum, you know. Did you know? He eats flies, I hear. Or spiders. Perhaps because the spiders eat the flies? (*trying to laugh away both their discomfort*) Who can understand the intricate mind of a lunatic? Poor, poor Renfield.

MINA: You're changing the subject. Dodging. Evading.

HARKER: I'm the best, Mina. This Count wants the best. Don't you have faith in me? You did, once upon a time.

MINA: I have it now!

HARKER: Then show me. Smile. (*she tries without much success*) I have always wanted to travel.

MINA: And you think I'm holding you back.

HARKER: I didn't say / that.

MINA: You didn't have to. Jonathan. Please.

HARKER: We'll tour all of Europe in the spring. When we can afford it. Together, just you and I. (*kisses her hand*) I promise. Mr. Hawkins has sworn to make me a partner if the Count is pleased with my work.

MINA: I don't care about that, not about any of it. I want you stay with me. I want us to be married.

HARKER: We will be. As soon as I return.

MINA: I dreamed last night / that –

HARKER: (*firmly, brusquely*) Not again. No more bad dreams.

MINA: It isn't as if I can help them.

HARKER: I've dreamed of this. The opportunity, the woods, the wilds. For years.

MINA: I –

won't –

(*big breath*) stand in your way.

HARKER: Don't be unhappy. Smile, I said.

MINA: Poor Mr. Renfield. Lost in the darkness of insanity. Another world.

HARKER: He isn't lost. Well, his mind, I suppose. But physically he came back.

MINA: A netherworld. An underworld. What happened to him out there in the wilds of Transylvania? What if it happens to –

*The sound of smashing glass offstage. A scream. A struggle.*

Oh Lucy, no...

HARKER: Go to her.

MINA: She doesn't mean to behave this way.

HARKER: She needs you.

*He holds her close to him.*

MINA: Promise me you'll write to me.

HARKER: Every day.

MINA: And you'll come back to me.

HARKER: Of course.

MINA: And that we'll be together forever.

HARKER: I swear it.

*Moves to kiss her, but the shattering of glass comes again and LUCY's frustrated scream.*

I love you, Mina. Go to your friend.

MINA: Jonathan –

*But he leaves her. Still reaching for him, she backs into the shadows and exits. HARKER dons his traveling coat and hat, lifts a valise. Behind him, in the shadows, lurk the three BRIDES. Their laughter is tinkling, musical. It becomes mixed with the howling and snarling of wolves, a multitude. HARKER looks around uneasily as the stage grows darker and darker. DRACULA's voice rises over the howling, reading his letter to HARKER. HARKER is terrified by the sound of the wolves. He crosses the stage, signifying his journey from England to Transylvania. The wolves howl and snarl. The BRIDES laugh.*

DRACULA: (unseen) Friend Harker: welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you.

At three tomorrow a coach will start for Bukovina. A place on it is kept for you.

At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me.

I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land.

Your friend –

Dracula.

HARKER: (out) This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me and I was afraid to speak or move.

Suddenly I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in a courtyard of a vast, ruined castle from whose tall black windows came no ray of light and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

*The sound of wings, the scream of a night bird. HARKER looks around uneasily. DRACULA appears. He is ancient and slumped, as if exhausted. He works incredibly hard not to show this. He holds an antique silver lamp in his hand. His fingers are long, hairy, clawed and wolfen, terrible.*

DRACULA: Welcome to my house. Enter freely and of your own will.

HARKER: Count Dracula?

DRACULA: I am Dracula. I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house.

Enter freely –

go safely –

and leave some of the happiness you bring.

Come in. The night air is chill and you must need to eat and rest.

*HARKER moves to retrieve his bags, but DRACULA is there first. Their hands brush, and HARKER jumps back as if shocked. The man's hands are icy cold, but there is also a feeling of repulsion that sickens HARKER despite himself. DRACULA seems not to notice, but lifts the heavy bags with ease.*

No, sir. You are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself.

HARKER: Thank you.

*The howl of a wolf. DRACULA smiles broadly, in his element.*

DRACULA: Listen to them. The children of the night. What music they make.

HARKER: Is that... music?

DRACULA: You dwellers in the city cannot truly understand the feelings of the hunter. But you may yet learn.

Come, Mr. Harker.

*HARKER follows DRACULA into the castle. Lights crossfade, beginning a slow rise on PROFESSOR VAN HELSING and RENFIELD in VAN HELSING's sanitarium. VAN HELSING consults his notes.*

VAN HELSING: R.M. Renfield, aged thirty. Sanguine temperament, great physical strength.

RENFIELD: (*nodding, pleased*) Great physical strength.

VAN HELSING: Morbidly excitable, periods of gloom. Zoophagous.

RENFIELD: What the hell does that mean?

VAN HELSING: It means, good chap, that you believe you can extend your own life by consuming the lives of tiny creatures.

RENFIELD: Is that so crazy?

*He laughs. VAN HELSING stares. His laughter fades. He shrugs.*

Makes sense to me.

You will understand, my friend. Even you. I promise. His promise.

VAN HELSING: The flies, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD: The flies, yes.

VAN HELSING: They have gone.

RENFIELD: All of them.

VAN HELSING: The spiders ate the flies, didn't they?

RENFIELD: Of course they did. Poor, puny things.

VAN HELSING: And now the spiders?

*RENFIELD giggles. The fluttering of wings above them. VAN HELSING looks up.*

Yes. The sparrow.

RENFIELD: (*suddenly dark*) It is nothing. It is all simple blackness, a whole great lot of nothing.

VAN HELSING: But that is not always true, is it, Mr. Renfield.

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

VAN HELSING: Your master commands you?

RENFIELD: It's in the blood, you see.



VAN HELSING: The blood.

RENFIELD: So very much blood.

VAN HELSING: Where does the blood come from, Mr. Renfield?

*RENFIELD turns away, holds his arms up to the ceiling.*

RENFIELD: So red, like rubies, like his eyes, red red red abed ahead  
a-dead a-dead undead / a-red –

VAN HELSING: (*sharply*) Undead?

*RENFIELD has captured his sparrow. He holds it cupped in his hands. Turns back to VAN HELSING, disingenuously.*

Undead?

RENFIELD: A kitten. Please. You wouldn't deny me a kitten, would you? A nice –

sleek –

fat kitten that I could play with and feed and feed and feed / and –

VAN HELSING: Who is “he,” Mr. Renfield?

*RENFIELD turns away again, sulking. He shoves the sparrow in his pocket. VAN HELSING sees this, decides not to pursue it at the moment.*

RENFIELD: He is the master of all life.

VAN HELSING: You have said that. And...?

*RENFIELD runs to the bars of the windows of his cell. He grabs them.*

RENFIELD: I am here to do your bidding, Master! I am your slave, and you will reward me, for I am all faithful! I have worshipped you long and afar off!

Your red lips –

your eyes –

heat and the sting of ice –

the press, the weight –

the sting –

*RENFIELD retrieves the bird from his pocket and crams his fingers against his mouth. VAN HELSING spins him around to face him. RENFIELD grins, horribly, and a spits blood and feathers into VAN HELSING's face. VAN HELSING recoils, then knocks RENFIELD to the ground. Howling, gibbering, RENFIELD clammers to his feet.*

I shall be patient, Master! It is coming –  
coming –  
coming!

*VAN HELSING strikes RENFIELD again and again as the lights fade quickly on them, rising on LUCY, alone, on a cliff overlooking the sea. We hear the crashing of ocean waves.*

LUCY: *(smiling)* It is coming.

*MINA appears, watching her. She speaks at first out to the audience.*

MINA: Mina Murray's diary.

Lucy's private storms mirror the actual storms that build throughout the day, then explode around us each afternoon, just before dusk. Terrible gale-force winds and thunder and lightning. They excite the poor dear. I find it increasingly difficult to / subdue her.

LUCY: Mina, look!

MINA: Last night she woke screaming. The night before she began sleepwalking again, just as she did when we were little children. I followed her to the cliffs –

LUCY: His red eyes again.

MINA: –just in time to prevent her from going over the edge.

LUCY: They are just the same!

MINA: *(approaching LUCY, speaking now to her)* Who are you talking about? There's no one down there.

LUCY: Not yet.

MINA: It's time to go home.

LUCY: Not yet.

MINA: So hot out here.

LUCY: I like it.

MINA: Nothing is moving. There's no air. How can you breathe?

LUCY: There's the crash of the waves. That movement, far below us. It holds me.

MINA: Lucy. Do you ever wonder – never mind.

LUCY: No! What were you about to say?

MINA: Oh god. It's so hot.

LUCY: Tell me. Tell me.

MINA: Why didn't we ever leave this place?

LUCY: Dear old Whitby?

MINA: (*smiling weakly*) Dear old Whitby. Boring, vile little Whitby. London is so near; why didn't we just go?

LUCY: We grew up here. We were stupid, blissful babies here.

MINA: We could have gone. We could have left here when we were old enough.

LUCY: That's Jonathan talking.

MINA: Perhaps.

LUCY: I like it here. I hate it here.

MINA: Which is it?

LUCY: Neither. Both.

I would love to destroy everything that I can see. Crush it all under my heel and start all all all over.

MINA: Just the other day you smashed the big window in the parlor. Mrs. Riggs cut her hand terribly. There was blood all over the rug. Is that what you mean by starting all over?

LUCY: Occasionally I change my mind.

MINA: Sometimes I – I –

LUCY: Oh spit it out, for god's sake!

Sorry. Please, go on.

MINA: You'll laugh.

LUCY: I won't. Well, perhaps I will, but you mustn't mind it if I do. You mind too much of what other people think of you, you know. You always have.

MINA: Is that such a bad thing?

*LUCY shrugs, then leans forward, listening expectantly.  
MINA sighs heavily.*

Sometimes I have this dream where I go through the streets. It's pitch black, it's always dead, dead at night, and I go through the streets, creeping, as quietly as I can be and –

and suddenly I realize I'm holding a torch –

LUCY: (*impressed*) Mina!

MINA: – this big, big torch and it's so bright and I'm afraid people will see me and recognize me and then I realize I'm afraid they'll stop me.

So I run from house to house, building to building –

Mr. Hawkins' office and the courthouse and the school where my classroom sits empty of pupils and dear Abe's hospital –

and everywhere I go I burn whatever there is in my way.

I just set it all on fire –

running, running through the entire town, all through Whitby.

And everything is burning –

everything is on fire –

and even though I'm choking on the smoke I'm laughing.

And I keep laughing even after I realize that I've set myself on fire too.

LUCY: That's glorious!

MINA: (*disturbed*) No. No, it isn't.

LUCY: Would you ever do it? Really?

MINA:... no.

LUCY: Not the point. It's in you. (*touches her face; MINA recoils*)

It's there inside you somewhere.

Dear Mina. We are sisters after all, even if we're not sisters. We are the same.

MINA: It's time to come inside now, dear.

LUCY: Just a few more minutes. Please? I want to watch the sun set.

*MINA hesitates for a moment, then they sit together, watching the sea. LUCY puts her head on MINA's shoulder. The ominous roll of thunder. LUCY reacts; MINA mistakes her joy for fear.*

MINA: (*soothing*) Just thunder, darling. Don't let it excite you.

LUCY: I'm not excited.

You miss Jonathan, don't you.

MINA: It's been more than a month. He hasn't –  
hasn't –

LUCY: (*vicious*) He hasn't written. Not even once.

MINA: Don't be cruel, Lucy.

LUCY: Jonathan is one of them now. He's been kissed.

MINA: Stop it. That's all nonsense.

LUCY: Yes, kissed, the bitterest, sweetest of kisses.

Can't you see him, Mina? Think. Think very very hard, and you can.

MINA: Stop it, I said!

LUCY: Jonathan is one of them now one of them –

MINA: I don't understand anything you're saying!

LUCY: He isn't coming back. He's one of them now.

MINA: I said –

LUCY: He isn't coming back – (*leaps up, chanting, dragging MINA into her dance*) isn't coming back –

isn't coming back –

isn't coming back – isn't –

*MINA slaps her.*

MINA: I told you not to be cruel!

Oh. Oh my poor darling. What have I done to you?

LUCY: (*touching her cheek*) There's blood in there. Under that thin paper skin. I can feel it.

He'll want the blood.

MINA: (*sighing*) I'll have to send for Dr. Van Helsing, won't I. You aren't well.

LUCY: Look at me.

Look at me.

I'm as healthy as you are, maybe more so. (*looking back out to sea, dreamily*)

He is coming.

He is almost here...

*LUCY examines the ocean. MINA turns to the audience.*

MINA: Mina Murray's journal.

I fear for Lucy, and for Jonathan too, of course, for we've heard nothing.

But I fear –

I fear for myself as well.

I'm not in control.

The dreams continue –

have grown worse.

*LUCY joins her.*

White faces –

chiming bells, chiming voices singing sweet songs but with oh, such foul words –

green water –

LUCY: (*reverently, a prayer*) Green water.

MINA: Sinking deeper –

LUCY: and deeper.

White / faces –

MINA: white faces –

LUCY: drowning –

MINA: drowning, yes –

MINA & LUCY: drowning –

MINA: and loving it.

I can say no more.

I don't understand myself at all right now.

*THE BRIDES appear, creeping like spiders. They come close to LUCY and MINA, but stay, lurking in the shadows. They laugh their sweet, tinkling laughter. MINA and LUCY both hear them, but only LUCY sees them, then reaches for them.*

LUCY: Sisters.

Sisters, yes.

I will be with you soon.

*LUCY and THE BRIDES exit, leaving MINA alone.*

*Lights rise on THE CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER. He is shaken, terrified. His eyes dart around in his sockets. We hear the crashing of the sea and the roar of the wind. He is not steady as his ship is battered and buffeted by a storm.*

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Log of The Demeter, bound for England.

I must remain / strong.

MINA: I must remain strong for us both.

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Twenty men lost to fever. The sea rages around us. Five more men disappear without a trace. Only self and mate remain.

MINA: I must pretend that I have not seen the same strange, haunted smile that dances across Lucy's lips sometimes –

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Four days in hell, knocking about in a maelstrom –

MINA: dancing –

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: that come up out of nowhere.

MINA: across my own.

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: Mate believes there is a strange man –  
a strange thing in the shape of a man –  
on board –  
with us.

MINA: It's as if we're both waiting, but I'm terrified to discover what –  
or for whom it is we wait.

*MINA exits. The scream of a man that fades into nothing.*

CAPTAIN OF THE DEMETER: The mate is gone.

Overboard.

He was right to jump.

There is something aboard –

something inhuman –

unnatural –

Nosferatu!

*The sound of guttural, animalistic snarling.*

But I am captain and must not leave my ship.

*Sniffing, snuffling sounds of a giant animal hunting its prey.*

I must not leave my ship!

*He is nearly whimpering with terror. He raises a crucifix.*

I will lash myself to the wheel with this that he –



that it –

dare not touch.

*The animal growling rises to a vicious roar. The lights fade on THE CAPTAIN as he raises his hands in a warding off gesture with a shriek of fear and defiance; lights rise on LUCY on the beach.*

LUCY: You are here. The boat has landed, the boat has crashed, everyone aboard is dead; you see, I know! Come out!

*The sound of the animal.*

I'm not afraid.

Did you hear me? I'm not afraid, I said.

I've come to you.

*Red eyes begin to blaze. The sound of animalistic panting. Smiling, LUCY pulls back her collar, reveals the curve of her neck. Lights black out, leaving only the sound of panting and snarling.*

*Music. Lights rise on MINA and VAN HELSING in the warm, sane light of his office at his sanitarium.*

MINA: She seeks it out, I fear.

VAN HELSING: Contamination.

MINA: A terrible word, but –

yes. I think she wants to open herself to this darkness inside her, and I fear –

I very much fear –

that it will end up consuming her.

VAN HELSING: And you also fear it will consume you as well.

MINA: Yes.

I must leave immediately for Budapest.

VAN HELSING: You can trust me, you know.

MINA: (*ignoring this*) I have finally received word from Jonathan and I want your promise that you will look out for Lucy in my absence.

VAN HELSING: I will do my best. But Mina, you must not fear.  
Whatever darkness lurks inside Lucy's mind, it is hers alone.

*He takes her hand.*

You must believe me.

MINA: (*pulling away from him*) Abraham.

VAN HELSING: I am sorry. I –  
forgot myself.

MINA: Jonathan and I are to be married. Do you hear me?

VAN HELSING: I hear you.

MINA: (*attempting to regain some semblance of decorum*) The good sister at the convent has written on Jonathan's behalf. She says he is suffering from a terrible brain fever. I am going to nurse him back to health.

VAN HELSING: I never meant to hurt you. You must know this.

*MINA looks at him, fighting a battle within herself.  
Finally she softens.*

MINA: Abraham. Abe. I know. I really do. But things can never be the way they were.

VAN HELSING: You've changed.

MINA: Yes.

VAN HELSING: I have not.

MINA: (*angrily*) Look, I didn't ask you to break off your engagement to Lucy so why you should blame / me –

VAN HELSING: (*sighing*) You've said all this.

MINA: Then perhaps you should listen to me!

I loved you once. But I am different now.

My life is with Jonathan.

I am different now.

*She moves toward the door.*

You must let me go.

Please.

*He says nothing. She waits for a moment. Suddenly RENFIELD barges into the room with a large, dramatic flourish.*

RENFIELD: Ah! Doctor, I didn't know you had company!

VAN HELSING: I suppose it is pointless, Mr. Renfield, for me to ask / how you escaped your cell.

RENFIELD: How I escaped my cell? Yes, it is.

*MINA, uncertain, holds out her hand.*

MINA: I am Miss Murray. You must be Mr. Renfield. I've heard your name before, Mr. Renfield.

*RENFIELD seizes her and pulls her to him, sniffing at her neck like a dog.*

RENFIELD: And you are the pretty woman my master covets!

VAN HELSING: (roaring) Renfield!

*He extricates MINA from RENFIELD's grasp.*

MINA: (shaken, but not afraid) I'm fine, Doctor.

*(in a fierce whisper) What have you told this man about me?*

*VAN HELSING, helpless, lifts a bell and rings it.*

RENFIELD: Oh, you needn't worry, my dear. He is not my master. My master is newly arrived in this country. He knows you, pretty lady. And –

he will have you.

VAN HELSING: That is enough, Renfield.

RENFIELD: He will have your friend and then he will have you and you will be his for all eternity.

*VAN HELSING lashes out, knocking RENFIELD to the ground.*

MINA: Abraham!

*She kneels beside RENFIELD, who is weeping.*

There is no need to treat another human being in such a vile manner.

Mr. Renfield, you must not speak to me in such a way. It simply isn't polite.

*She tries to offer him her handkerchief.*

Here. I'd like to help you.

*He takes the handkerchief then hurls it back at her.*

RENFIELD: (*sobbing*) Get out of here! Out of this madhouse, out of this mad country!

MINA: I am leaving this night. But how did you –

RENFIELD: You must go far, far away. Oh my dear, my beautiful dearie dear, (*touching her face*) I pray to God I may never see your sweet face again!

VAN HELSING: Mina, please, I –

RENFIELD: (*shoving MINA aside, leaping up*) I am loyal to you, Master, I told them nothing, nothing!

I have worshipped you long and afar off and now that you are near you will give me what you promised –

you will give me what you promised –

*RENFIELD begins to hurl himself again and again against the window. THE ATTENDANT enters with a straight jacket.*

VAN HELSING: (*curtly*) Take him.

RENFIELD: – give me what you promised give me what you promised give me what you promised –

MINA: Oh my god.

RENFIELD: (*fighting against THE ATTENDANT*) The blood is the life! The blood is the life! The blood is the life!

*As THE ATTENDANT drags RENFIELD off, lights fade on this scene, they rise on LUCY and a man – DRACULA, still old – whose face we cannot see because it is buried in her throat. We do, however, see that he possesses monstrous hands with impossibly long, white fingers. LUCY is gasping, writhing. He whirls her away into the shadows, still drinking her blood.*

*MINA exits. Lights on VAN HELSING. He speaks to us.*

VAN HELSING: The testament of Abraham Van Helsing.

When we look back on these records I have collected and that Ms. Murray –

I mean, Mrs. Harker –

has typed into a single document –

all the journals, the diaries, the letters, the news clippings –

it will all seem unbelievable, I am certain –

a nightmare we commonly shared.

But facts are facts.

And though Mina – Mrs. Harker – will be deeply unhappy when she looks back once more and reads the entire record, my testament included, it will be for the best.

*Lights rise on LUCY, in her bedroom. She is dressing for dinner, putting on the last touches. He watches her with some discomfort.*

The last time I saw Miss Lucy she was pale and wan, as if the life had been drained from her –

which we now know to be true.

LUCY: You needn't stare at me so, doctor dear. I can feel your eyes boring into the back of my head. Hot, like embers.

VAN HELSING: I thought I prescribed bed rest for you.

LUCY: I didn't feel like resting.

VAN HELSING: You are not well.

LUCY: I wish everyone would stop saying that. I feel divine.

Besides. Our new neighbor wants entertaining, and entertain him we shall.

Oh Abe. Darling Abe. You needn't look so grim.

VAN HELSING: You're far too pale.

LUCY: The presence of the Count will cheer me up, you'll see.

VAN HELSING: Count? Count of what?

LUCY: Don't be jealous. We are no longer engaged, if you'll recall.

Abe. I'm not trying to be cruel for once, I promise you. But it's true, and you must remember: you are my doctor. And my friend. And that is all.

VAN HELSING: Count of what?

LUCY: (*laughing, delighted*) Oh, you are impossible.

He's from somewhere far away. Incredibly foreign. Romania or Hungary, someplace with lots of syllables and consonants all running together. He was the only one left alive on that ship, the Demeter –

you read about it, you must have –

when it crashed on the beach the other night.

VAN HELSING: Strange business. Stranger still that you –

how did the paper phrase it?

saved him?

Brought him back to life?

LUCY: He was very near death, yes. Just... lying there on the beach. The captain of the ship was dead, you see / and –

VAN HELSING: Yes, I read about that too. Lashed himself to the wheel with a crucifix. Had his throat torn away. Does your Count have any explanation for that?

LUCY: He was very ill for most of the voyage. Doesn't remember a thing.

Poor Abe-y baby. You are jealous.

There. How do I look?

VAN HELSING: Breathtaking.

LUCY: That's more like it.

*She kisses his cheek.*

You must learn to enjoy yourself. Let yourself go. Mad abandon.

VAN HELSING: (*lightly touching the choker around her neck*) I've never seen you wear this before.

LUCY: It was a present from Vlad.

VAN HELSING: (*an outburst*) Vlad?

LUCY: (*purring, enjoying the moment*) I mean – Count Vlad.

It is lovely, isn't it.

Come along now, you big baby. He's waiting. And we mustn't keep him waiting. Not ever.

*Lights fade on LUCY leading VAN HELSING by the hand; lights rise on MINA and JONATHAN at the convent in Budapest. He is pale, sunken-eyed. He sits in a chair and stares anxiously out the window.*

HARKER: The sun. Where is the sun?

MINA: The sun has gone. We watched it, all in flames, sinking below the horizon. We watched it together, darling.

HARKER: It can't.

MINA: (*bearing this*) But it did. Just like last night, Jonathan, don't you remember?

HARKER: Do you hear the bells?

MINA: No.

HARKER: I do.

MINA: There are no bells.  
Darling, you must dress.

HARKER: The bells are tolling. It is midnight.

MINA: It is seven o'clock.

HARKER: The bells are tolling for him.

MINA: I have your suit and tie for you. Nicely laid out.

HARKER: We must lock the windows.

MINA: The windows are locked.

HARKER: He could get in.

MINA: The windows are locked. Your suit, Jonathan, see?  
See?

*HE turns from the window. Looks at MINA and sees her, really sees her.*

HARKER: Our wedding. Is now.

MINA: (*relieved*) Yes. Yes, our wedding. We are due in the chapel. The sisters are waiting. The minister is waiting.

HARKER: My poor Mina. (*takes her hands and kisses them*) What have I done to you?

MINA: You came back to me. Just as you said you would.

HARKER: I haven't. I haven't at all.

MINA: Jonathan, look at me.

We will be married tonight. You are going to get better. I will make you better. Then we will leave this place and return to England and we will be happy.

HARKER: There can be no happiness for any of us. Ever again.

*He touches his throat.*

No happiness, not for any of us.

*He fumbles inside a suitcase.*

MINA: Your suit is all laid out and I am in my wedding dress.

*He finds a book – his journal. Despairing, he presses it into her hands.*

HARKER: Read this. Then you can tell me if we should be married.

MINA: Your journal.

HARKER: It is a nightmare. I don't remember everything. But read it. Read it all and then –

then –

*He runs to the windows.*

Are they locked? Are they?

MINA: I will read it. If it will calm you –

help you at all –

then I will do it.



*As MINA reads, HARKER transforms back into the moment when he and the ancient DRACULA first sit down at a long table in DRACULA's castle.*

“His face was strong –

very strong –

aquiline –

and the general effect was one of extraordinary pallor.”

DRACULA: Forgive me that I do not join you, but I have dined already, and do not sup.

HARKER: It is delicious, sir.

MINA: (*reading*) “Strange to say, there were hairs growing in the center of the palm of his hand. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point.”

DRACULA: You must tell me of your England whilst you dine, my friend. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life –

MINA: “As the Count leaned over me and his hands touched me – ”

DRACULA: its change –

*He touches HARKER's shoulder.*

MINA: “I could not repress – ”

DRACULA: its death.

*HARKER recoils; DRACULA smiles.*

MINA: “a shudder – ”

DRACULA: And all that makes it what it is.

MINA: (*reading*) “It may have been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal.”

*She remains, watching the scene.*

DRACULA: We will discuss the papers my so good friend Mr. Peter Hawkins has sent with you regarding the house he has procured for me in England.

HARKER: (*on firm ground at last*) Yes, yes. It's just outside of London, in the little seaside town of Whitby, where my fiancé grew up.

DRACULA: Indeed? Then we shall be neighbors.

HARKER: Uh, yes. The estate is called Carfax, no doubt a corruption of the old Quatre Face, as the house is four-sided –

DRACULA: And old.

HARKER: Old, sir? Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, very old. And big.

DRACULA: I am glad it is old. I am of an ancient family, and to live in a new house would kill me. I love the shade and the shadow.

HARKER: It is near to a sanitarium run by our good friend, Dr. Abraham Van Helsing.

*DRACULA reacts at the name.*

But you needn't worry. The estate is surrounded by a thick stone wall. Mr. Hawkins assures me it is impenetrable.

DRACULA: (*struggling with the word*) Impene –

HARKER: Unable to be breached. You'll be safe there, sir, I promise.

DRACULA: There is so much I have to learn.

HARKER: The transition may demonstrate its challenges, certainly, but –

DRACULA: You will teach me.

HARKER: Teach you?

DRACULA: Here I am noble. The common people know me, and I am master.

But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one. Is it not so?

HARKER: A stranger. Yes, yes.

DRACULA: I have been so long master that I would be master still –  
or at least that none other should be master of me.

Do you hear it, Mr. Harker? My tongue is clumsy and I must learn your English intonation.

You will stay another month.

HARKER: A month, sir! D-do you wish me to stay so long?

DRACULA: To teach me. I will take no refusal, my young friend. Did our Mr. Hawkins not tell me that you would be at my – disposal?

HARKER: I –

I suppose so, so –

...yes. All right, sir.

DRACULA: You will go to your room now.

HARKER: Yes – sir.

*He begins to move; DRACULA stops him, laying one of those wolfen hands on his shoulder. HARKER tries desperately not to react, but he is nearly gagging, overwhelmed with disgust at the icy cold, slimy feel of that hand so close to his skin.*

DRACULA: Let me warn you that, should you leave these rooms, you will not by any chance sleep in any other part of my castle. It is old and has many memories, and there are –

bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely.

*DRACULA exits, leaving HARKER alone. As he narrates, he sets up a shaving mirror and begins to shave.*

HARKER: I slept well, though I did not see the Count at all the next day. I explored the castle and found nothing –

nothing –

but doors, doors, and more doors, and all of them locked and bolted.

I refuse to believe that I am a prisoner, and yet – yet –

*DRACULA appears behind him, reaching for his throat. HARKER does not see or sense him.*

In order to create a sense of normalcy for myself, I decided to shave, but in none of the rooms available to me could I find a mirror. Fortunately, I always carry my own when traveling. The reflection in the glass covered the entire room behind me, but suddenly –

DRACULA: Good morning.

HARKER: Count! You startled me.

Oh damn. I've nicked myself.

*Examining the mirror. DRACULA, seeing the blood, begins to grin, suddenly starving.*

Count Dracula, there doesn't seem to be any reflection of you in my –

*DRACULA is reaching for his throat. HARKER recoils.*

Count, my God!

*DRACULA, grinning, continues to reach for HARKER's throat. His hand touches the beads of the crucifix HARKER wears around his neck and he withdraws, clutching his burned hand to him.*

DRACULA: (*struggling to control himself*) Beware –

beware –

beware how you cut yourself –

friend Harker. In this country it is more dangerous than you think.

*DRACULA sweeps majestically out of the room, leaving HARKER unsettled. He takes his mirror, stares at it, touches the crucifix, and begins to dress.*

HARKER: I don't know what to make of my host, or this castle, or this country –

but I am an Englishman, and Mr. Hawkins has given me this job and I –

I must fulfill it to the best of my abilities. (*trying to repress his terror*) But the landlady at the inn where I stayed, she said that there are monsters –

vampires, werewolves –

monsters in this country who... who cast no reflection in a mirror –

who flinch at the sight of the holy cross – (*covers his face for a moment*)

Oh Mina, if only you were here.

If only...

*Tries to repress his fear.*

Dracula returned, just as the sun descended again,

*DRACULA appears and stands before a giant portrait of his “ancestor”: DRACULA, as a young man, proud, a warrior.*

and we sat together and spoke of his history and the / glorious days of the past.

DRACULA: (*growing more ferocious with each word*) Glorious days of the past, long dead, but alive, alive here, alive still.

We Draculas have a right to be proud!

Look upon his face –

the face of the dragon, for that is what he was –

that is what we are!

The Order of the Dragon –

Dracula the Dragon –

beat back the Turk –

beat down the peasants when they revolted –

beat them all, beat them all!

Bah!

What devil or witch was ever so great as Attila, whose blood flows through these veins?

The veins of a conquering race –

a conquering race, Harker!

*He has exerted himself too much.*

But blood –

blood is too precious a thing to waste in these dishonorable times.

The warlike days are over.

The glories of the great races –

the house of Dracula itself –

are but a tale to be told.

I –

am the last of my kind.

*He puts his hands on HARKER's shoulders.*

Do you feel it inside you, friend Harker?

That warrior spirit –

the beast –

a Dragon of your own?

HARKER: No, no I –

I –

DRACULA: (*very close to his ear*) Find it. Find it, Harker. It is there. A wolf. An animal. A beast.

Somewhere.

Somewhere inside.

I promise you that.

HARKER: Sir –

sir please –

*A change in light; a spear of sunlight penetrates the room. DRACULA moves away from HARKER quickly.*

DRACULA: Another dawn! We have talked the night away once again.

If you will excuse me, my friend. You must be tired. Sleep as long as you will. I will be away again all this day.

HARKER: This nocturnal existence is beginning to change me, I fear.

DRACULA: Yes?

HARKER: I don't see how you can continue as you do.

DRACULA: Transylvanian ways are not your ways. There are many strange things.

Remember.

*DRACULA exits.*

HARKER: I used the Count's absence as an excuse to explore more than I had as of yet.

I found myself somehow in the depths of the castle where there are no windows –

only more doors and more –

and I cannot tell night from day.

Until finally I found one chamber with a door that opened to me.

*He lies down upon a bed or divan.*

The Count's warning came into my mind, but I took pleasure in disobeying.

The room was gloom-haunted, but –

I couldn't help it.

I must have fallen asleep.

That can be the only explanation –

the only sane explanation –

for what happened next.

*THE THREE BRIDES appear.*

BRIDE ONE: See, sisters, see.

BRIDE TWO: He is handsome. Young and strong.

BRIDE ONE: There are kisses –

BRIDE ONE and BRIDE TWO: Kisses!

BRIDE ONE: for us all.

BRIDE TWO: I want to go first.

BRIDE ONE: You went first last time!

*BRIDE TWO snarls like an animal. BRIDE ONE and TWO begins to squabble. BRIDE THREE roars, a deafening, shattering sound that throws the other two away from each other as if by an invisible hand.*

BRIDE THREE: I am first and you shall follow. Mine is the right to begin.

BRIDE ONE: She is the eldest.

BRIDE TWO: Far older than we!

BRIDE ONE: (*jeering*) Older, older, older than dirt –  
than time –

BRIDE THREE: But not as old as him.

Sisters. Dear, dear sisters. We shall all kiss him – one by one.

HARKER: Who – who –

BRIDE THREE: (*stroking his hair*) Shhhh. Just a dream.

HARKER: Yes.

*She kisses him. He pulls away.*

Mina –

BRIDE THREE: There is no Mina. There is no one else in all the world.

BRIDE TWO: Pretty, pretty thing.

BRIDE ONE: Kiss us –

let us kiss you –

BRIDE TWO: Kiss you like your wifey never did.

HARKER: Get off me, get / off –

BRIDE THREE: You want us.

You need us.

*They surround him. He cries out once, miserably. They laugh.*

*An animal begins to roar nearby; the BRIDES move off HARKER and try to scurry away, but it is too late. DRACULA appears, ferocious in his fury; he seizes THREE by the neck and holds her; at the same moment he lashes out with his other arm and magically sends ONE and TWO sprawling.*

DRACULA: HOW DARE YOU TOUCH HIM WHEN I HAD  
FORBIDDEN IT?

ANY OF YOU?

HOW DARE YOU CAST EYES ON HIM?

BACK, I TELL YOU – BACK!



*He hurls BRIDE THREE away, who scuttles like an insect, laughing as she goes, to join the other BRIDES.*

THIS MAN BELONGS TO ME!

*All the BRIDES laugh now.*

BRIDE THREE: You never love, never love / never love never love –

BRIDE ONE and BRIDE TWO: never love never love –

ALL BRIDES: never love never love never –

DRACULA: (*cutting them off*) Yesssssssssssss.

I too can love.

You three know it from the past – is it not so?

BRIDE THREE: We will never let him go.

DRACULA: Be quiet. (*to HARKER*) Unsee them. Your mind is clear and quiet. It will not happen again.

BRIDE THREE: It will. It will happen again and again and again and –

*DRACULA doesn't turn away from HARKER; he merely holds out one hand, grips it into a fist, and THREE sinks to her knees, gagging, clutching her throat.*

BRIDE TWO: (*simpering now*) Don't be angry with us. We are yours.

BRIDE ONE: Yes, yes, yours. We are what you have made us.

BRIDE THREE: (*defiant*) Are we to have nothing tonight?

*DRACULA hands them a sack. THE BRIDES seize it, cooing. The sound of a BABY beginning to cry. BRIDES pass the sack about, snarling and laughing. HARKER begins to scream, but he stops as DRACULA stares into his eyes.*

DRACULA: Oh dear. They have tasted you, haven't they. Pierced you with their wicked little fangs. How very rude.

*DRACULA touches his finger to one of the wounds on HARKER's throat, tastes the blood.*

HARKER: No, sir, please!

DRACULA: *(barely able to maintain control over his hunger)* Just – just a bit – *(raising his cape like the wings of a bat)*

a taste –

not enough to hurt –

not enough to hurt you –

friend –

Harker.

*He pulls the cape over them. Lights smash out. Sound of the BRIDES laughing and the splashing of blood. A beat of silence, then the scream of a nightbird. Music, soft.*

*Lights up and HARKER is alone. He clutches his throat, which now reveals twin wounds, streaked with blood. He is wide-eyed and feverish, frantic, near madness.*

HARKER: Have to leave –

have to leave –

have to go –

get out –

get out –

get out –

*Trying not to sob, trying to collect himself; touches the wounds and stares at the blood; his face crumples.*

go go go go – *(dissolving into tears)*

god god god –

*He forces himself to stop. Looks around. Wanders through the castle. Finds himself in a vault with a giant coffin. Speaks to us:*

I came to a great room, I know not how, a vault, containing an enormous coffin.

*DRACULA rises out of the coffin, reaching for HARKER, revealing his fangs. HARKER screams.*

This was the being I was helping to transfer to London where he would create more demons like himself –

more demons like himself –

more demons like himself –

*DRACULA begins to laugh. His laugh grows louder, booming, echoing, and HARKER begins to laugh as well. The lights fade; HARKER's laughter continues, gradually becoming screams. When the lights rise again, MINA is alone with the journal.*

MINA: (*reading*) "I am alone in the castle with those awful women.

*The wicked laughter of THE BRIDES, who appear, but are shadowed.*

Bah! Mina is a woman; they are devils of the pit. I shall not remain alone with them; I shall scale the castle wall. 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!"

*She closes the book.*

Jonathan. My poor, poor Jonathan.

*A sudden thought occurs to her.*

He is in England. Count Dracula –

*Lights cross-fade to LUCY's dining room, where LUCY and VAN HELSING sit at the table, preparing to dine.*

he's in England –

right now...

somewhere...

*MINA exits.*

VAN HELSING: Your Count – Vlad?

LUCY: (*prim*) Vlad.

VAN HELSING: Is late, I see. I thought it was we who would keep him waiting.

LUCY: (*weakening despite herself*) I thought you weren't – weren't going to be – jealous.

VAN HELSING: Lucy?

LUCY: I hear him. I hear him at the –

*She tries to stand.*

– door.

*And crumples to the floor. VAN HELSING rushes to her.*

VAN HELSING: Lucy, my god!

LUCY: I'm all right.

Get off me, I said I'm all right.

VAN HELSING: Dinner must be cancelled. You are in no condition to receive guests.

LUCY: (*animalistic, furious*) I said I'm fine.

VAN HELSING: (*quiet*) What is wrong with you?

LUCY: There is nothing wrong with me. I am exactly where I want to be, doing exactly what I want to do. If you knew me at all –

VAN HELSING: Lucy!

LUCY: (*with increasing strength*) If you knew me at all, you would understand...

VAN HELSING: Understand what?

LUCY: I loved you once. Surely that is enough for you.

VAN HELSING: You said we'd never speak of it again.

LUCY: (*full of scorn*) Of course, you don't want to speak of it. Lucy the madwoman, Lucy the creature, not good enough to be a doctor's little wife.

VAN HELSING: (*in agony*) I did love you. I did!

LUCY: You love Mina. Do you think I'm a fool? Oh, but I mustn't speak of her, must I.

Lucy must be restrained.

Lucy mustn't speak out of turn.

Lucy shouldn't –

Lucy mustn't!

*(with a bitter, furious laugh)* You would rather I keep things inside, bottled up. My feelings, my rage –

but I won't do it. If there is a demon in me, so be it.

I will be who I am.

VAN HELSING: Even if you destroy the woman you are now?

LUCY: *(with a bitter laugh)* And who is she? Some weak thing, mad, a lunatic? Some white-faced sleepwalker?

VAN HELSING: I told you I would help you, that there are remedies –

LUCY: *(soft, implacable, cold)* You have never done anything to help me.

*VAN HELSING turns away from her, unable to speak.  
BUTLER enters.*

BUTLER: Count Dracula, Miss Lucy.

LUCY: Thank you, Jack.

*He exits.*

You may stay if you want to, Abe. Or not. You may throw yourself from the cliffs if it suits you. I have considered it often enough.

Ah! Here he is!

*A beautiful young man – DRACULA – enters, vivacious, full of life. His eyes flash; he is all smiles, full of youth, vigor, energy. BUTLER follows behind him, uneasy.*

DRACULA: Miss Lucy! My savior.

*He takes her hand and kisses it.*

My dear, you are the sunset, glorious colors, the fever, the last flash before the darkness falls.

LUCY: Vlad. Darling Vlad. You flatter me.

DRACULA: Not at all. *(standing tall, with a smile at VAN HELSING)* And you must be Dr. Van Helsing. *(to BUTLER, handing him his cape)* Take this away.

*Back to VAN HELSING, takes his hand*

Your name is known to me. It resounds even amidst the caverns and jagged peaks of my mountain home.

VAN HELSING: (*as BUTLER exits*) That is an impressive garment.

DRACULA: It is lined with the fur of a wolf. I killed the animal myself. (*grinning*) With my bare hands, as they say.

You needn't look so forlorn. There are thousands of the beasts in the land from whence I hail.

VAN HELSING: You come from Hungary?

DRACULA: Transylvania. The Carpathian Mountains, to be precise. My family possesses a stronghold there. Our ancient castle.

VAN HELSING: I believe I have heard your name before, Count.

DRACULA: You may call me Vlad, Professor.

VAN HELSING: Vlad, then. I have encountered the name "Dracula" in my studies. Even a Vlad Dracula.

DRACULA: (*amused*) Vlad Tepes.

VAN HELSING: The Impaler. Am I correct?

DRACULA: (*cooler now, still smiling*) You are.

LUCY: Abe is a remarkable historian as well as a doctor. A scientist.

VAN HELSING: Your ancestor impaled his victims on large stakes and lined them up in the courtyard of his castle as a warning to others who would displease him.

DRACULA: He was often displeased. So I've read.

VAN HELSING: And he did more than simply impale, though that, I suppose, was perhaps the worst of his crimes. He also / beheaded

LUCY: Beheaded, disembow /eled –

VAN HELSING: Lucy!

LUCY: (*smiling demurely*) disemboweled, blinded, dismembered, and skinned.

DRACULA: (*sly*) You know your history as well, my dear.

LUCY: Thank you.

VAN HELSING: (*disgust*) He was a sadist.

DRACULA: (*a barely restrained burst of fury*) He was a conqueror, the king of his kind!

VAN HELSING: I didn't intend to touch a nerve, Count.

DRACULA: No, no.

We Draculas have a right to be proud. We are a conquering race.

VAN HELSING: You're your own race, are you.

LUCY: Some wine, Vlad?

DRACULA: No thank you. I never drink –  
wine.

VAN HELSING: I'll have some.

LUCY: Jack... a bottle?

*BUTLER returns.*

BUTLER: Yes, Miss Lucy.

*He exits and returns with a bottle, which he struggles to open.*

VAN HELSING: What brought you to England, Count?

DRACULA: A new land, a new people. The whirl and the rush of humanity.

VAN HELSING: How elegantly you phrase it.

DRACULA: My homeland, much as I love it, is old –  
dry –  
barren.

There is no life left.

LUCY: Vlad has rather a lust for life, Abe.

DRACULA: (*amused*) Yes.

BUTLER: Damn!

*He has cut his finger opening the wine.*

Pardon me, Miss Lucy. The wine opener... it just turned in my hand!

LUCY: (*laughing*) Clumsy. Poor Jack. Let me see.

*DRACULA has turned away at the sight of the cut. VAN HELSING notices.*

Silly. It's only a tiny cut.

VAN HELSING: The Count is sensitive, perhaps.

DRACULA: Such wounds may become infected. Easily.

VAN HELSING: There's only a drop or two of blood.

DRACULA: The blood is the life, Professor.

*VAN HELSING reacts to this.*

We must never forget.

LUCY: There now. All better.

*BUTLER, nervously, exits. LUCY sees a drop of blood on her own finger. She tastes it. Savors it. DRACULA notices; VAN HELSING does not.*

Now. Shall we dine?

*The sound of a bell. BUTLER reappears.*

BUTLER: Miss Lucy. It's Miss Mina. Mrs. Harker, I mean.

VAN HELSING: Mrs.  
Harker.

LUCY: Oh la! Darling Mina, back from her voyage, and with her handsome hubby in tow, no doubt!

DRACULA: Mrs. Harker.

*MINA and HARKER enter, HARKER looking frail but slightly healthier, less likely to burst into frantic lunacies at any moment.*

MINA: Lucy, darling!

*LUCY and MINA embrace. HARKER stands frozen, staring at DRACULA, who smirks at him boldly.*

HARKER: (*a harsh whisper that only VAN HELSING and DRACULA hear*) It is the man himself!

LUCY: I don't see a ring!



MINA: Jonathan has promised me –  
 you know, as soon as he's better –  
 that we'll –

LUCY: Of course, of course.

HARKER: (*a little louder*) The man himself.

MINA: (*seeing VAN HELSING, stiffly*) Abraham.

LUCY: You're just in time for dinner, darlings! And look! We have a guest!

*DRACULA bows.*

DRACULA: How do you do.

HARKER: (*an outburst*) He's grown young he's grown young he's grown –

GOD –

young!

MINA: Jonathan, no, this is –

VAN HELSING: Mina, a sedative perhaps? I have a rather potent sleeping drug in my bag.

MINA: Would you?

*VAN HELSING exits.*

LUCY: (*to DRACULA*) You needn't worry, dearest, these are the Harkers bursting in. It's just what they do.

MINA: (*to DRACULA*) Please forgive us, you must. I didn't know that Lucy was having company.

DRACULA: Quite all right, I assure you.

MINA: And my husband hasn't been well.

*HARKER continues to stare at DRACULA with horror and fascination. DRACULA approaches him. He cringes backward.*

DRACULA: (*staring intently into HARKER's eyes*) Mr. Harker. How nice to make your acquaintance.

*He takes HARKER's hand. HARKER begins to whine in the back of his throat.*

I have recently come to your so fine country from my own castle in the wilds of Romania.

MINA: Really? Jonathan has just returned from – *(a quick gasp)*  
What was your name?

DRACULA: *(kissing her hand)* Vlad.  
Tepes.

LUCY: Vlad is nobility, dear Mina. He's a prince, aren't you, Vlad.

DRACULA: *(eyes locked again on HARKER)* Something like that.

*VAN HELSING returns with a needle. HARKER is still frozen, staring, hypnotized, into DRACULA's eyes.*

VAN HELSING: This will only sting for a moment, Jon.

HARKER: *(whispering)* The sting. The sting. No.

*VAN HELSING injects him with the needle, then escorts him to a chair.*

VAN HELSING: He'll be all right. The sedative takes effect quickly.

MINA: Lucy, I'm so sorry. I never meant for this to happen.

LUCY: As Vlad has already told you, it's quite all right. We'll have our little dinner party and poor dear Jonathan can sleep it off in one of the upstairs bedrooms. *(to BUTLER)* Jack, please?

BUTLER: *(taking HARKER's arm)* Right this way, sir.

*They exit.*

MINA: *(struggling to regain some sense of decorum)* You seem –

Lucy, you seem so much better than you did before I left.

LUCY: I'm not, not really. Ask Abe. I've been sleepwalking, suffering through nightmares. The usual for me.

VAN HELSING: Lucy is not exaggerating, Mina. She should be in bed herself.

DRACULA: I have become a nuisance, I fear.

LUCY: Not at all.

DRACULA: I also fear, my darling, that I cannot stay.

LUCY: Vlad!

DRACULA: Don't protest, or wear yourself out, dearest. I meant to tell you when I arrived, and yet here I was, so caught up in introductions –

the famous Professor Van Helsing, so very young, and yet so renowned –

that I forgot myself.

I have another engagement I am quite unable to break. *(takes her hand, stares into her eyes)* But I will return. You know I will return.

I promise you. *(to MINA)* Madame Mina, you are a light, a light among light. We will meet again. *(to LUCY)* I will show myself out.

*Their eyes meet, DRACULA's and LUCY's, then he exits.*

LUCY: *(mournful)* He's gone. He's just gone.

MINA: A powerful man, isn't he. Such strange eyes.

LUCY: *(suddenly furious)* It's your fault. He left because of you.

MINA: That isn't / fair.

LUCY: Yes.

I told you. Jonathan is one of them now. He's marked.

MINA: Marked?

LUCY: You shouldn't have come; he left because of you...

MINA: Lucy, marked?

What do you know?

*(grabs her by the shoulders)* What do you know that I don't know?

*LUCY begins to laugh.*

What is that man's name? Really?

Tell me his name!

Tell me his name, damn you!

*LUCY's laughter continues as lights begin to fade on her and MINA; RENFIELD begins to laugh in the transition. His laugh and LUCY's laugh should*

*sound nearly identical. Lights rise on HARKER and RENFIELD, along the Whitby cliffs. RENFIELD laughs and laughs.*

HARKER: Stop that. Stop that.

Am I dreaming? You're Renfield; I remember you. Tell me – am I dreaming?

RENFIELD: Perhaps. Maybe maybe baby.

HARKER: I must be. The cliffs. Treacherous. I could fall. I could just – fall.

RENFIELD: But you won't.

HARKER: You have escaped.

RENFIELD: So have you.

Or have you? I wonder.

HARKER: I don't know how I've come to be here. I was in bed.

RENFIELD: You were. He called you. He's a part of you now.

HARKER: I don't believe you.

RENFIELD: The cliffs are treacherous, Mr. Harker, as you said. The Master knows too.

HARKER: The Master...

RENFIELD: He is your Master now, just as he is mine.

HARKER: No.

RENFIELD: You feel it. Miss Lucy feels it. Soon, everyone –  
the whole of England –  
the entire world –

HARKER: No!

RENFIELD: Why fight it? He hasn't created anything new, you know. It's always been inside you. (*pokes his chest*) The beast. The animal. See?

*Reveals something small in his hand.*

HARKER: What is that?

RENFIELD: A rat.

*He dangles it in front of HARKER's face.*

HARKER: Get it away from me.

RENFIELD: The Master promised. Lives, he said, lives lives lives –

*The sound of snarling; bright red eyes begin to sparkle: the eyes of a multitude of rats. HARKER looks around in terror.*

all the lives I want!

HARKER: I don't want lives.

RENFIELD: Yes you do. Life everlasting.

HARKER: Go back, go back to your cell, go / back –

RENFIELD: He would find me no matter where I go. *(kindly)* He will find you too. You are his now. I told you.

HARKER: What does he want?

RENFIELD: Why, I thought that was obvious, Jonny-o!

Everything!

All.

All of all of all of everything all all all –

*He crams the rat into his mouth, turns away from the audience. Swallows it whole.*

HARKER: *(covering his face)* Oh God!

RENFIELD: There is no god here, Jonny-o.

*LUCY in her nightgown in a separate space on stage, away from RENFIELD and HARKER. Fog, moonlight, haze, strange colors, distant wailing, howling, shrieking. What we will later learn are the colors and sounds of the Underworld, DRACULA's true home.*

HARKER: GOD GOD GOD GOD / GOD GOD GOD

RENFIELD: There is only the Master. There is only the Master!

The Master is at hand.

Here. Lemme show you.

*He puts his arm around HARKER's shoulder. Sobbing, HARKER allows himself to be led away. They exit.*

LUCY: Vlad? Vlad, I've come to you.

*The howl of a wolf.*

I can hear you, my darling.

*DRACULA appears.*

DRACULA: Lucy.

LUCY: I am yours.

DRACULA: Yes.

LUCY: Eternally.

DRACULA: Imagine. Just – imagine.

Everything you've ever dreamed of –

the power –

the life –

eternally.

LUCY: Eternally.

DRACULA: The soul inside you –

LUCY: My soul.

DRACULA: The darkest part of you –

LUCY: Darkness, yes.

DRACULA: I feel it.

It calls to me.

I will nourish it with my own.

LUCY: Yes.

*She seizes him, pulls her close to him. He kisses her passionately.*

*RENFIELD steps out of the darkness, grinning. His lips are stained red. He speaks to us. LUCY and DRACULA look to him, listening, both smiling.*

RENFIELD: The words –

no –

The worlds are beginning to bleed together.

We are bleeding, bleeding out!

The Underworld –

this is the Underworld, the true Underworld bleeding into your world!

Look at it! Isn't it fine?

The Master brings it with him wherever he goes –

brings it out –

because –

because –

because the blood is the life!

*Looks at DRACULA and LUCY. Nods.*

LUCY: Now.

*DRACULA shows his fangs. She smiles to see them, reveals the long white length of her neck. She pulls his head against her throat. She cries out, a small sound of passion. He draws his cape up around her.*

RENFIELD: Yes.

And they will know it soon.

The blood (*reveals that his hands are red with blood*) is the life.

*He grins hugely. Snarls and slobbers.*

The blood the blood the blood

*He begins to paint his face with the blood, reveling in it; his actions grow more and more violent as he shrieks.*

is the life THE LIFE THE LIFE THE LIFE THE LIFE THE

*Instant blackout.*

—END OF ACT ONE—

**ACT TWO**

*The scream of a nightbird in the darkness. The howl of a wolf. Music. The sound of gasping.*

*Lights up. LUCY is in her bed, clutching at the sheets, significantly paler than she was in Act One, nearly white, and gasping. MINA enters, sees her, screams.*

MINA: Abraham! Jonathan!

*She goes to LUCY.*

Breathe, Lucy, breathe!

LUCY: Where –

is –

he –

where –

is –

*VAN HELSING and HARKER enter. HARKER is also paler than he was in Act One.*

MINA: Help her!

VAN HELSING: (*grim*) She needs another transfusion.

MINA: But we just –

VAN HELSING: She needs more. It will have to be you.

MINA: (*the barest hesitation*) All right.

VAN HELSING: We will save her, Mina. If nothing else, we will save her soul.

MINA: What does that mean?

*VAN HELSING says nothing. Goes to LUCY, touches her face.*

VAN HELSING: (*quietly*) I will save you. I swear it.

*LUCY sits up, shrieking.*

LUCY: VLAD!



*HARKER exits the scene; lights crossfade; he meets RENFIELD, who is standing outside LUCY's bedroom window, looking up at it with an expectant smile on his face.*

HARKER: (*dull*) You got out. Again.

RENFIELD: Dr. Van Helsing is a titch busy these days. How fares the young lady?

HARKER: Every night. Every night he comes to her.

RENFIELD: (*rubbing his hands together greedily*) Yes, yes.

HARKER: And every night I can do nothing.

RENFIELD: She belongs to him. She asked for this.

HARKER: He brings plague with him. Disease.

RENFIELD: He brings the end of this world and the beginning of something new and glorious.

HARKER: I don't believe that. This isn't about disrupting the status quo or conquest! It's darker and more twisted and more horrible than that. We stand to lose our souls, you idiot, don't you know that?

I will save them.

RENFIELD: (*putting a hand on HARKER's shoulder*) No, my dear friend. You won't.

*HARKER reveals a small pistol. Presses it against RENFIELD's side. Pulls the trigger. RENFIELD falls and dies. HARKER stands there, smiling slightly.*

*VAN HELSING enters, running.*

VAN HELSING: The transfusion is almost complete, but we heard –  
My god! What have you done?

HARKER: He was coming to kill Lucy.

VAN HELSING: (*grabbing HARKER*) What are you talking about?

HARKER: He told me. He's part of this. All of this.

VAN HELSING: He belongs to Dracula.

HARKER: Yes.

VAN HELSING: My god. I should've known. I should've seen.

HARKER: Yes. You should've.

Doesn't matter.

He's dead now.

VAN HELSING: The body.

HARKER: We'll burn it. No one will know.

VAN HELSING: We can't –

*He thinks about it. HARKER looks at him as if he were a simple child missing the point. After a moment, VAN HELSING nods his head.*

No. No, you're right. There'll be too many questions otherwise.

HARKER: Yes, yes. Right. Good. Yes.

VAN HELSING: Otherwise, I wouldn't just –

You know me, Jon, that I wouldn't simply –

HARKER: I'll help you carry it into the carriage house. We'll destroy it tomorrow night.

*VAN HELSING and HARKER kneel beside the body.*

VAN HELSING: Jonathan –

it's almost as if –

HARKER: Almost as if?

VAN HELSING: Almost as if you'd thought this through. As if you'd planned it.

HARKER: Not at all. I am a simple man, Abraham. I just know what is necessary. And necessity is the mother of invention, don't they say that?

VAN HELSING: I've heard that before.

HARKER: Help me with the legs.

*They exit, carrying the body of RENFIELD. MINA appears to speak to the audience.*

MINA: From the journal of Mina Harker.

Lucy grows worse with each passing evening. The life is being drained from her drop by drop.

And I know the monster responsible. He has caused so much evil.

Tonight I go to meet with him.

*Lights up on Carfax Abbey, DRACULA's new home, laden with shadows and strange lights: a general miasma of evil. A hint of the Underworld. DRACULA appears.*

DRACULA: My dear Madame Mina. How well you look. You come with news of Miss Lucy, I hope?

MINA: I have come with the intention of speaking my mind... Count Dracula.

DRACULA: (*a slight smile*) Ah. So you know.

MINA: I am going to be as forthright as I possibly can. I suggest you do the same.

DRACULA: Oh you do, do you.

MINA: You are a monster.

DRACULA: And you aren't mincing any words. Perfect.

MINA: Dead but not dead. Sustaining your own hellish half-life –

DRACULA: Please, Madame Mina, hyperbole.

MINA: – sustaining your own hellish half-life with the blood of the living.

DRACULA: And you've even prepared a speech.

MINA: Leave this place forever. Return to your native land. Leave Jonathan and Lucy –

leave all of us alone.

DRACULA: (*pretending to consider*) Mmmmmmmmm – no.

MINA: I will destroy you!

DRACULA: I almost believe that you could.

MINA: (*scornful*) Almost.

DRACULA: Why are you so angry, my dear? What's causing the blood to simply gallop through every inch of those pretty veins?

MINA: You tried to kill my husband!

DRACULA: I tasted your husband. It was nothing he didn't want.

*She slaps him across the face. Hard. He seizes her hand. Quietly, ferociously:*

You – will – be – sorry – you – did – that.

MINA: *(pulls her hand back)* I – don't – think – that – I – will.

*He moves away from her. Stares at her, evaluating her. Cool.*

DRACULA: You have strength I did not anticipate.

MINA: I don't know much about you. The research I've done is inconclusive and –

and Abraham and Jonathan, they plan and they plot –

they keep secrets from me, forcing me to remain in the dark... but I will remain in the dark no longer.

DRACULA: You may exist in darkness yet, Madame.

MINA: Do you think so? You are a fool.

DRACULA: And yet –

you could be of use to me.

MINA: *(thrown)* What?

DRACULA: I could send you among them, clothed as a sheep, but a wolf beneath the wool.

Yesssssssss.

*He moves toward her.*

There is a darkness inside you, I feel it. An urge to destroy everything you have known. To burn it all away. Lovely burning.

Is it not so?

MINA: Stay away from me.

DRACULA: I don't think that I will.

You are lovely, you know. So much beauty. What will become of your beauty, I wonder, when I –

*She reveals a crucifix, holds it up before him; he recoils, snarling like an animal.*

Put that away.

MINA: (*smiling triumphantly*) So the Transylvanian peasants were right. You can't stand the sight of this.

You think I'm weak, some helpless victim, just like they do –  
that I'm afraid, cowering –  
but I've learned enough here and now to know that you are  
capable of fear –  
that you are capable of cowering.

*Smiling, she moves to the exit.*

Goodnight, Count Dracula. Think about what I've said.

*She exits. He watches her go; any playfulness falls away and he is ferocious, deadly.*

DRACULA: I will, dear Madame Mina. I surely, surely will.

*Lights fade on DRACULA and rise on VAN HELSING and LUCY. He sits at her bedside. She seems to be asleep.*

VAN HELSING: What have I done to you? Oh Lucy. Lucy.

*She stirs.*

This is all my fault, all my –

LUCY: (*frail; a hoarse whisper*) Abe?

*She reaches for him. He takes her hand.*

VAN HELSING: I'm here. You're going to be fine, you're going to be just –

*Snarling like a beast, LUCY drags VAN HELSING to her, teeth snapping at his throat.*

Lucy! Lucy, no!

LUCY: Mine mine mine mine mine –

*MINA enters, assesses the situation, raises the cross.*

MINA: Lucy, no!

*LUCY sees the cross and shrieks. She falls backward onto the bed in a daze. VAN HELSING leaps away from her.*

VAN HELSING: You saved my life.

MINA: They fear the cross. I do not understand why.

VAN HELSING: The cross is a symbol of light, Mina. They are creatures of darkness. The cross shrinks that darkness inside them, forcing it back. I expect it hurts them.

MINA: Any symbol of hope, then –

of light –

of love.

VAN HELSING: Perhaps.

*He goes to LUCY, feels her pulse.*

Her pulse is very weak.

MINA: Do you think they feel love?

VAN HELSING: *(after a beat)* No. No, I think love is quite beyond their capabilities.

MINA: We will save her. We will.

*She puts the cross around LUCY's neck. LUCY whimpers, but is still asleep, and does not remove it. VAN HELSING and MINA exit.*

*Lights on HARKER, pacing outside LUCY's room. DRACULA appears behind him.*

DRACULA: Friend Harker. We meet again.

HARKER: Stay away from me.

DRACULA: How can I? My blood is your blood now. You can feel it, boiling inside you.

HARKER: No.

DRACULA: Yes. You have disposed of Renfield. You will replace him.

HARKER: No!

DRACULA: You are weak. I despise weakness, I always have. Those peasants I impaled –

if only they had agreed to join me –

opened themselves to me –

if they had murdered their own weakness before they forced me  
to do it for them, well –

*He shrugs, makes a gesture as if washing his hands.  
HARKER is transfixed. DRACULA approaches him.  
Holds out his hand.*

Go to her.

Take the cross.

Destroy the cross.

Do this now.

HARKER: Please.

DRACULA: (*roaring, bestial*) DO THIS NOW!

*HARKER enters LUCY's room.*

HARKER: Lucy?

*LUCY opens her eyes. She struggles to move, but can't  
sit up. The invisible weight of the cross pins her to the  
bed. She is in agony.*

LUCY: Jon – dear Jonny-o – help me... please, please help me!

*He takes the cross, wincing as he does, and shoves it  
into his pocket.*

HARKER: I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm so so sorry –

*LUCY smiles, satisfied. She rises from the bed.*

LUCY: Vlad?

*The sound of a wolf howling. HARKER reacts.  
The sound of glass smashing. The sound of VAN  
HELSING's scream. The snarling of a wolf. HARKER  
hides his face, exits, running and not looking.*

*LUCY beaming, dances about.*

LUCY: Darling, darling Vlad – my love –

My life –

*DRACULA appears. He wears the head of a wolf. He holds out his hands to her, terrible, monstrous hands once again. LUCY runs to him. He slams his face into her throat. The howl of a wolf is mixed with snarling sounds and the sounds of shrieking or chanting or both; all sounds grow louder and louder until they are a cacophony; the lights fade; the sounds continue to blare for a few beats and then stop absolutely.*

*Utter silence.*

*Music. Mournful. Lights up. VAN HELSING is alone.*

VAN HELSING: The testament of Abraham Van Helsing.

How beautiful she was. Every hour seemed to be enhancing her loveliness. And yet –

There are strange and terrible days before us.

*He tries to speak. Cannot find the words. A spasm of rage, then grief. He clenches his fist. Forces the emotion back. Finally it goes.*

The whole of life seems gone from me all at once, and there is nothing in the wide world for me to live for.

It is all over.

She is dead.

*LUCY appears, visible to the audience, in a coffin. MINA and HARKER stand at its side.*

I have a duty to do. A duty to others, a duty to Lucy, and a duty to the dead –

(to HARKER and MINA) and by God I shall do it!

MINA: (gently) She's gone, Abraham. I'm sorry, but –  
she's really gone.

*He laughs, bitter, jagged.*

I understand that you're grieving, that people grieve in different ways, but Abraham –

VAN HELSING: You do not know. How can you? You don't know about – them.

MINA: We have work to do.



VAN HELSING: Wild work.

*He removes a cross from his neck and places it around LUCY's neck.*

Wilder than you even know.

MINA: You know I trust you. I have seen this man, I know what he is.

VAN HELSING: He isn't a man.

HARKER: He's a devil from hell.

MINA: Somewhere inside him, there is a man.

What do you mean, wilder work?

VAN HELSING: I will show you what I mean. After sunset, we will meet here again. Everything will become clear to you then. Come.

*MINA and VAN HELSING exit. HARKER, lagging behind, sneaks to the coffin and removes the cross from LUCY's neck. He exits quickly. Suddenly DRACULA is there. He holds out his hand. LUCY's eyes open and she steps from the coffin. She moves strangely, awkwardly, unsure of herself, like a child learning to walk.*

DRACULA: My love.

*She sees him; reacts as if she doesn't recognize him, as if she could bolt at any moment.*

My bride.

*He touches her tenderly. She recoils. He pulls her to him. She searches his face; suddenly she remembers him. They kiss. He escorts her away.*

*Lights rise on MINA, alone.*

MINA: Item from The Westminster Gazette, 25 September.

“THE HAMPSTEAD HORROR: Another Child Injured.”

We have just received intelligence that another child, missed last night –

*LUCY appears, dimly lit, flitting through the shadows, humming some sweet song, a lullaby.*

– was discovered late in the morning under a bush near one of the less frequented parts of Hampstead Heath. The child had the same tiny wound in the throat as has been noticed in other cases.

*LUCY reveals that she holds a baby.*

It was terribly weak and looked quite emaciated.

*LUCY buries her face in the throat of the baby.*

When the child's health was restored, it too had the common story to tell of being lured away –

*LUCY lifts her head, growling and humming and growling, revealing that her face is covered in blood.*

– by the “bloofer lady.”

*LUCY exits. Lights rise on HARKER and VAN HELSING at a table. MINA joins them.*

VAN HELSING: It is time now that I tell you something of the kind of enemy with whom we must now deal.

There are such beings as vampires.

We possess evidence that they exist, what we have seen with our eyes, what we have touched.

This vampire, this Dracula, this dragon has the strength of twenty men.

He is cunning, for his cunning is the growth of the ages.

He is a brute, and more than a brute – he is a devil.

He directs the elements, the storm, the whirlwind, the tempest.

HARKER: (*muttering*) Yes.

VAN HELSING: He commands the meaner things, the vermin – rat, owl, bat, wolf.

HARKER: (*louder*) Yes, yes!

*MINA touches his hand gently. He folds his hand over hers; clasps it to his breast.*

VAN HELSING: He has all that power... how then are we to destroy him? It is a terrible task we undertake, my friends, and there will be consequences –

*DRACULA appears. None see him but HARKER, who blanches.*

there will be consequences that make me shudder to think of them.

*DRACULA holds out one hand. HARKER shakes his head violently.*

We risk much, friends,

*DRACULA insists, glowering, powerful, sensual.*

for if we fail here it is not mere life and death, but that we should become as he, foul things of the night like him, without conscience, preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best.

*DRACULA grins, revealing his fangs.*

To them, the devil's undead, the gates of heaven are forever shut.

*A wolf outside begins to howl; HARKER reacts. He shakes his head violently. MINA hears it, reacts.*

The vampire lives on, and cannot die with the passage of time. He grows young on the blood of his victims and lives forever, indefinitely.

*DRACULA gestures angrily. HARKER looks away.*

He throws no shadow as he passes, casts no reflection in a mirror.

He becomes a wolf, becomes fog –

he comes on moonlit rays –

*DRACULA, in a rage, disappears.*

and he is jealous –

of us, of our lives, of our ability to love.

*HARKER looks and sees that DRACULA has gone. Smiles in relief.*

He wants, oh, how he wants.

MINA: (*whispering*) Jonathan?

*HARKER takes her hand.*

Darling? What is it?

*He shakes his head, nods at VAN HELSING.*

VAN HELSING: But are we without weapons? No!

We have sources of science, we are free to act and think.

The vampire's power fades with the darkness, and he is powerless during the day.

The wild rose upon his coffin lid will hold him and the crucifix before his evil face will bind him.

We may destroy his heart, or chop off his head and he will then be as nothing, as dust.

HARKER: Dust, yes!

VAN HELSING: If we can find his coffin, the hell-home of this vampire, this nosferatu, we may confine him there and then destroy him utterly.

HARKER: There are fifty, Abe. Fifty of these boxes.

*MINA catches a glimpse of movement outside the window, rises, prowling. A giant bat hovers there. She reveals a pistol. The bat disappears.*

VAN HELSING: We will find them. Have no fear.

We have seen sorrow, all of us, but there are fair days yet in store.

We need each other.

We draw strength from each other –

and we are mighty together.

Alone he must take us, one by one.

What say you, then? Will you stand with me against the devil's Undead?

HARKER: *(no hesitation)* Yes, God yes.

MINA: *(still by the window)* We will stand with you, Abraham. I swear it.

VAN HELSING: So be it. Our first step, then, is to discover the whereabouts of these –

*MINA fires her pistol. VAN HELSING leaps to his feet. HARKER bows his head, sweating. VAN HELSING joins MINA at the window.*

VAN HELSING: What in the name of heaven?

MINA: A foolish thing for me to do, I suppose, but I couldn't help it. (*brandishes the gun, smiling*) I've been carrying this on my person every day now. The bullets inside are silver.

HARKER: He was out there. Wasn't he.

MINA: A bat. The largest I've ever seen. It came and sat on the windowsill whilst Abraham was speaking.

VAN HELSING: Did you hit it?

MINA: I fancy not. It flew off into the woods, back toward Carfax.

*HARKER moans audibly.*

VAN HELSING: (*crossing to MINA*) For you, Madame Mina, this must be the end of the night's work.

MINA: But Abraham, I don't see any reason / why –

HARKER: The Professor is right, darling.

VAN HELSING: We are men, and we are able to bear this horror.

MINA: I may bear more than you think possible.

As if I could sleep when those I love are in danger.

HARKER: The Count is like a virus, Mina. He infects whatever he touches.

MINA: My poor darling.

VAN HELSING: You must be our star and our hope.

HARKER: Our hope, yes.

Our salvation.

MINA: You're going now? To –  
to deal with Lucy?

VAN HELSING: To save her soul.

*He moves to embrace her, catches himself, takes her hand instead and squeezes it.*

We will return safely.

*MINA, uncomfortable, nods, and goes to HARKER.*

MINA: Be safe.

*She kisses him. HARKER and VAN HELSING exit. MINA watches them. Thinks for a moment. Exits in the opposite direction. A beat. DRACULA appears. Wraps his cloak about himself like the wings of a bat. Smiles. Exits.*

*Lights shift to the bench at the edge of the cliff where we first encountered LUCY and MINA in Act One. The sound of the ocean. MINA approaches. The sound of a night-bird. She looks around.*

*LUCY appears, her mouth and chin and the front of her dress soaked in blood.*

LUCY: Mina?

MINA: Oh my god.

LUCY: Oh Mina, thank god – *(the word hurts her; she reacts, tries again)*  
I'm so glad you're here.

MINA: You can't be.

LUCY: You can see me, can't you? Hear me? I'm alive.

MINA: You died. I saw you die, Lucy.

LUCY: I don't understand it, none of it. I thought it would be *(she shakes her head wryly, then laughs a bitter laugh)* different, I guess, I don't know.

MINA: Lucy –  
your face –

*LUCY touches her chin. Examines the blood at the tip of her finger. Tastes it.*

LUCY: Mina...

I've done – questionable things.

MINA: They're looking for you. They want to destroy you.

LUCY: *(laughs)* Foolish men. They can't destroy me.

*She sits, sighs.*

This was our spot, wasn't it.

Come. Sit with me.

*MINA does, nervously.*

Such a beautiful little seat. The sound of the surf, the breaking of the waves. So peaceful.

*She laughs again.*

I despise it.

MINA: (*whispering*) Yes.

LUCY: You do too, don't you. (*takes MINA's hand*) Sister. Sister, sister.

*She snarls and tries to sink her teeth into MINA's wrist. MINA pulls away, stands.*

It's in you. I knew it.

MINA: There's nothing in me like you.

LUCY: Wrong, wrong, wrong. I can smell the darkness on you, just like I can smell the blood now. It's under your skin, in miles and miles of veins, blue, but thin, so very thin.

MINA: Get away from me.

LUCY: Sit down.

*MINA obeys, puppet-like, clearly struggling against the force of LUCY's supernaturally imposed will.*

He came here for us, you know. Because of our darkness, yours and mine and Abe's and dear funny Jonny's. Isn't that clever? Far away in his castle buried deep deep deep in the Carpathian Mountains, he sensed us, the possibility of evil within us. And so he came.

For us.

For all of us.

MINA: I don't want to be evil.

LUCY: You can't help it. Remember what you told me, your little confession? Running through the town with a torch, lighting it alllllll up? We're all of us evil, to some extent. (*smiling hugely*) Dear Vlad just brings it out. Shapes it. Helps you form it into something more manageable.

MINA: Look what he's done to you!

LUCY: (*looking down at the blood*) I know. It's terrible. I'm out of control. (*takes MINA's hand again*) You could help me. That's why I wanted to find you, to show you what I am now so you could join us, join me so we / could –

MINA: (*pulling away*) So we could devour children together? You are mad.

LUCY: I thought I might be.

MINA: Abraham was right. The Count has destroyed you.

LUCY: Liberated me.

MINA: Made you into a monster.

*LUCY grins, revealing savage fangs.*

LUCY: He's so far from us now. They all are. We're all alone, you and I.

MINA: Get away from me!

LUCY: Come to me, Mina. Come to me sister. We can rest together until he comes for us.

MINA: I will not lose my humanity to satisfy the hunger of that loathsome, that monstrous –

LUCY: Shut up! Shut your stupid fool mouth! Come to me –

*MINA helplessly moves toward her*

give me your blood –

(*seizing her*) I want it –

I'm starving, you don't know, the hunger, I –

give me your –

*VAN HELSING and HARKER appear. VAN HELSING holds a wooden stake in one hand, a cross in the other.*

VAN HELSING: Lucy, no!



*LUCY snarls, recoiling. Then she begins to laugh.*

LUCY: Sweet Abe-y baby –

sweet sweet sweetie...

come to find your lost little Lucy –

come to take me to your asylum –

do experiments on me –

knock me around like your pet lunatics?

*(suddenly snarling )* You aren't half the man he is.

*She lunges at him; he holds up a cross; she backs away.*

A token. A symbol. You have no real faith.

VAN HELSING: I have faith that the woman I loved is somewhere inside you still.

LUCY: *(she can't look at the cross, shielding her eyes)* You never loved me.

VAN HELSING: I did.

LUCY: Then you chose Mina over me.

VAN HELSING: That –  
isn't fair.

LUCY: I have no interest in fairness.

Think, then, that the woman you loved is gone forever, and good riddance.

She was weak.

*(sudden change to sweet, seductive)* Come to me, Abraham. Leave the others and come to me.

My arms are hungry for you.

Come and we can rest together, for eternity, as is his promise.

*He begins to lower the cross, caught in her spell.  
MINA tries to rush forward but HARKER holds her back.*

HARKER: No! This is between them.

*LUCY, hearing this, laughs, then turns back to VAN HELSING.*

LUCY: I love you. You love me. Kiss me, Abe. Kiss me.

VAN HELSING: *(hopeful, a whisper)* Lucy? Lucy, is it you?

*She snarls suddenly, lunging forward, knocks him down, roaring like an beast; she holds out one hand and magically forces MINA and HARKER to fall to the ground. She opens her mouth wide to bite him.*

You're not Lucy! You're not, you're not!

*He impales her with the stake. She falls backward, her pain too great for even a scream. She stares at him in disbelief.*

LUCY: Oh Abe, no.

*She tries to pull the stake out. It won't move. Her eyes are swimming with pain.*

It hurts.

VAN HELSING: Oh Lucy my god I'm sorry I'm so so –

*LUCY tries to pull the stake out; she shrieks now.*

LUCY: Finish it, then, you weak little man, you puling nothing, you –

FINISH IT!

VAN HELSING: Oh my god.

*He grips the stake. HARKER covers his eyes, but MINA watches, fascinated. VAN HELSING shoves the stake the rest of the way through LUCY's breast. She screams, then collapses in his arms, dead again. He won't allow himself to weep. He holds her for a long beat. MINA and HARKER are afraid to approach. At last:*

She...

she wasn't like that. Not really. Not at first. She wasn't a monster.

MINA: *(gently)* I know, dear. He made her that way.

VAN HELSING: No he didn't. That's too easy. We did it. We all did. We allowed her to embrace him, that thing...

if I could send his soul to everlasting burning hell, I would.

*(nearly breaking)* Oh Lucy. Lucy.

MINA: She's at rest.

VAN HELSING: Not yet.

HARKER: Oh god.

VAN HELSING: We must sever her head and fill her mouth with garlic flowers.

MINA: What?

VAN HELSING: It is the only way to make certain that she continues to rest peacefully.

I will do it myself.

I will burn her body when it is over.

MINA: You –

VAN HELSING: *(fiercely)* Do you think anyone will stop me?

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound like –

Listen. I loved her. Let me do this for her.

MINA: *(hesitating, then:)* All right. We'll return to the hospital.

VAN HELSING: And then, Harker, you and I will go through Carfax Abbey stone by stone until we find those boxes. And we will destroy them all.

MINA: *(taking HARKER's arm)* Come, Jonathan.

*They leave VAN HELSING cradling LUCY's body.*

VAN HELSING: Lucy.

*He begins to weep.*

Lucy, my darling...

*Lights fade on them.*

*HARKER sits on the bed he shares with MINA, miserable. MINA changes into her nightgown behind a screen.*

MINA: I don't understand how any of this can be, but I've seen it with my eyes, just as you have.

HARKER: Yes.

MINA: That –

that thing –

it was Lucy, but it wasn't Lucy either. What are these creatures, Jonathan?

HARKER: Beasts. Devils of the pit.

MINA: But some part of them must remain! Some part of the person they were before! Lucy knew me. She had the memories Lucy and I share. So if she wasn't Lucy, who then?

HARKER: Not who. What.

MINA: Lucy said there was darkness inside us, all of us, and that's what brought Dracula here.

HARKER: I brought Dracula here.

MINA: Oh darling no.

*A sound at the window, a thump, the buffeting of wings.*

Did you hear something?

HARKER: Just a bird.

MINA: I'm so jumpy these days. Every little sound. I won't sleep well again until Dracula is destroyed.

*HARKER goes to the window. Looks out. A bat is striking the window again and again.*

HARKER: Yes.

MINA: I am still troubled by questions of the soul. Lucy embraced the darkness inside her. Was she corrupted before all this began? If it hadn't been a vampire, would it have been something else?

*HARKER, entranced, opens the window.*

HARKER: Yes.

*Fog begins to pour in.*

MINA: Are you even listening to me?

*She emerges in her nightgown.*

Jonathan, close the window, it's freezing!

*DRACULA appears out of the mist. MINA screams.*

DRACULA: Silence! If you make another sound I will dash his (*indicates a cowering HARKER*) brains out before your very eyes. (*to HARKER, grinning, revealing his fangs*) Watch, friend Harker. A little refreshment to reward my exertions.

*He holds out his hand. MINA tries to pull away, but she is caught up in his spell. Eyes locked on his, she approaches him.*

I am a warrior. Did your Van Helsing not tell you that?

*He touches her face, strokes her throat.*

When I lived, there was no force on this earth that dared stand against me and even in death, that remains true!

I am a conqueror, a born prince –

a warrior –

and I have come to claim what is mine.

*He places his lips on her throat. She moans. HARKER cries out miserably. When DRACULA lifts his head, his lips are scarlet with MINA's blood. She watches him, dazedly.*

And so you, like others, would play your brains against me –  
me!

who has commanded nations and fought for them hundreds of years before you were born.

And now you, their best beloved, are flesh of my flesh –

blood of my blood –

kin of my kin –

my bountiful wine-press for awhile...

and you shall be my companion and my helper.

When my brain says 'Come!' you will cross land and sea to meet me wherever I am –

and you will do my bidding.

*He slashes open his wrist and immediately forces her face against it so that she must either smother or drink his blood. She struggles and cries out.*

HARKER: No! No! No!

*The door bursts open, admitting VAN HELSING, who holds a cross in one hand and a giant Bowie knife in the other. DRACULA throws MINA onto the bed and snarls at them. VAN HELSING thrusts forward the cross. DRACULA slaps the cross out of his hand with a booming laugh. VAN HELSING retaliates by slashing at him with the knife, driving him backward.*

DRACULA: You think to baffle me –

you, with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's!

You shall be sorry yet, each one of you!

My revenge is just begun!

VAN HELSING: Murderer! What about our pain? What about our revenge? Lucy –

DRACULA: Lucy was my bride. My revenge is for her as well. I spread it over centuries, and time is on my side.

Your girls you love belong to me already, and through them you and others shall yet be mine –

my creatures –

beasts who live to serve me –

to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed!

VAN HELSING: Bastard! (*you may substitute "Monster!"*)

*He slashes at DRACULA with the knife again. The lights flicker and fade. In the dimness we see something HUGE rises up in DRACULA's place, something with enormous wings and glaring red eyes. We hear the buffeting of those wings and the scream of some ferocious beast.*

*The lights return. DRACULA has gone.*

*VAN HELSING rushes to a sobbing MINA, and helps her up. She pulls away from him and runs across the room, still sobbing, and covering her face.*

VAN HELSING: Oh Mina –

oh no oh no.

*VAN HELSING crosses to a numb HARKER. VAN HELSING's voice is breaking when he speaks.*

Oh Jonathan –

would that I could erase this foulness that has touched your life –  
both your lives.

Would that I could wipe it all away!

HARKER: Mina? Mina?

*VAN HELSING goes again to MINA. Her eyes are mad with terror, and she gives a scream, wild, ear-piercing, full of despair. She puts her hands before her face and utters a low, desolate wail, a quick expression of endless grief.*

Mina –

darling –

I'm so –

so –

VAN HELSING: Let me find him! Let me find him now, by god and cut the bastard's (*you may substitute "monster's"*) filthy head from his shoulders!

MINA: You mustn't leave me!

I have suffered enough tonight, god knows without the dread of his harming any of you.

VAN HELSING: Do not fear. We are here, and whilst this

*He holds up the crucifix; MINA recoils; VAN HELSING fails to notice.*

is close, no foul thing can approach.

You are safe for tonight and we must be calm and take counsel together.

*VAN HELSING places the cross in MINA's hands; she draws back with a wild shriek. The cross has burned her hand where it touched her. HARKER covers his face with hands.*

MINA: *(staring in horror at her hand)* Unclean –

unclean –

oh god, so unclean!

He... he placed his reeking lips upon my throat! Even the Almighty shuns my polluted flesh!

*She reaches for HARKER, then pulls back, sinking to her knees and pulling at her hair.*

I must touch him or kiss him no more!

*Lights fade on MINA, wiping at her mouth. HARKER steps out by himself. Luxuriates for a moment in the moonlight; then his guilt slams down upon him again. RENFIELD approaches, looking worse for the wear. HARKER doesn't see him at first. RENFIELD laughs crazily, jolting HARKER.*

HARKER: You did this.

RENFIELD: That's a little easy, isn't it? We did this.

HARKER: Aren't you dead?

RENFIELD: Am I? Are you?

HARKER: I wish I were.

RENFIELD: You never die, you know. Not when the Master gives you the touch.

HARKER: I wish I never heard of Dracula.

RENFIELD: Orrrrrrrrr...  
Mina?

HARKER: I never said that.

RENFIELD: You didn't have to.

HARKER: I love her!



RENFIELD: Then why did you let the Master in?

HARKER: He forced me. You know that. You know what he can do!

RENFIELD: He has to be invited in.

HARKER: What?

RENFIELD: Don't be a fool. You know that.

Deep inside somewhere, you know that.

The vampire must always be invited inside. Otherwise it is powerless.

You invited the Master in. Now he can come and go as he pleases.

HARKER: I didn't invite him in!

RENFIELD: Say what you will. (*Distant shrieks and screams; the moonlight fades, becomes red, hot, glowing: the Underworld.*) You know it's true, deep down inside you somewhere.

HARKER: (*terrified*) Where are we? What's happened?

RENFIELD: My god, but you're a weakling. The fact that the Master should want you at all strikes me as highly dubious.

HARKER: (*seizing him*) Where are we?

*The roaring of enormous beasts; shrieking laughter; screams. THE BRIDES are there, as well as the NOSFERATU.*

RENFIELD: We're in the Underworld. The Master's home. This is proof, Harker. You invited the Master in. Now this is where you dwell, with me and the other nosferatu, and where you will always dwell, truly, until the end of time.

*RENFIELD reveals that his hands have become monstrous claws or the paws of a wolf. HARKER recoils in horror, sick. RENFELD laughs.*

You are one of us, Harker! One of us!

*HARKER sinks to his knees; the lights grow hotter, redder; the BRIDES laugh their horrible, tinkling laughter; the NOSFERATU exult, shrieking, howling, gibbering. HARKER covers his face.*

HARKER: No –

no no no no –  
 god in heaven help me –  
 help us!

*He is dragged away, still screaming, by the  
 NOSFERATU.*

*Scene shifts to MINA standing alone in her bedroom.  
 Behind her, DRACULA appears. He is bewildered.*

MINA: So. You are free to come and go as you please, are you. Just pop into my bedroom whenever you want. Is that because my blood flows through your veins, or is it the other way around?

DRACULA: I –

I don't know why I came here.

MINA: *(laughs bitterly)* Really.

DRACULA: I don't understand anything.

MINA: Please, Count, spare me.

DRACULA: Vlad.

MINA: I'm not calling you that.

DRACULA: But –

I want you to.

MINA: Would it surprise you to know that I don't care very much what you want? *(She approaches him. He allows this. A pause. Then she slaps him. Her power comes from him, her strength preternatural; it knocks him down. She screams at him:)* What have you done to me?

DRACULA: *(dazed)* What indeed.

MINA: Don't joke with me. I am changing.

DRACULA: Of course you are. You are my bride.

MINA: I will never be your bride.

DRACULA: *(standing)* My powers are stronger than yours, Madame Mina.

MINA: We shall see if that is true.

DRACULA: *(realizing)* You drew me here tonight.

MINA: Perhaps.

DRACULA: Because we are connected.

MINA: That's what you told me, wasn't it? When you forced me to drink your blood, when you stole mine?

DRACULA: Your light is inside me, then.

*(a realization)* I have given you my darkness, and you have given me your light.

I have never done that before, you know.

Shared my blood.

With anyone.

MINA: Does it hurt?

DRACULA: You are making me feel human.

MINA: Does it hurt?

DRACULA: *(snarling)* Yes! *(recovering)* Yes. I feel pain.

I am unaccustomed to feeling anything besides / the hunger.

MINA: The hunger, yes.

DRACULA: Yes.

MINA: I know. I feel it too. Malignant. Consuming.

DRACULA: Consuming.

*He reaches for her. Touches her face. She allows this.*

There is strength in you, such as I have never encountered before. They love you very much, these men of yours. Your Jonathan, your precious Abraham.

MINA: They do.

DRACULA: It is your light, Madame. It is your strength. *(touches her face again, marveling)* It draws me too. I am affixed.

MINA: *(mocking)* I thought you were a warrior, a conquering prince.

DRACULA: I am that. But I know love. They swore I never loved, but I do!

I love ferociously... passionately.



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