

DRACULA by MICHAEL THEODOROU

based on Bram Stoker's novel

CAST

DRACULA
VAN HELSING
JONATHAN HARKER
MINA MURRAY [later Mina Harker]
LUCY WESTENRA
ARTHUR HOLMWOOD [later Lord Godalming]
JAYNE SEWARD
RENFIELD
MRS WESTENRA
OLD WOMAN
OLD MAN
GYPSY
LANDLORD
LANDLORD'S WIFE
DRACULA'S SERVANT
THREE VAMPIRESSES
MR BILDER
MRS BILDER
REPORTER
CAPTAIN
PEASANTS
PEASANT CHILDREN
TWO MALE NURSES

Main characters are: Dracula, Van Helsing, Jonathan Harker, Arthur Holmwood, Lucy Westenra, Mina Murray, Jayne Seward and Renfield

The other characters can be doubled as desired. A chorus of ten, half male and half female, could do it, each taking on a speaking part as well as chorus. As few as five in the chorus could do it also, if desired, making it a full-length play with from 13 to 18 parts. The writer is adamant that this version of Dracula should not be hammed but, as the original book, should be played for its value as an exercise in the sinister. It is as close as possible to an untampered rendition of the original book - though the demands of the stage have caused there to be one or two changes. Dr Seward is a man in the original story but, conscious of the comparative lack of female roles, Michael Theodorou has made this character female - not perhaps very likely at this period of time historically but if you are unhappy with such a liberty, Jayne can easily be changed back to her male counterpart.

The problem for a director is that the story is so well-known and is in many versions made very melodramatic. The temptations to follow suit are great. The story and writing, even in this version, is undoubtedly 'heightened language', as it is in the original story, and therefore requires a heightened playing-style. This ought to be possible without exaggerating to the point of melodrama, which would lose its force.

Since the story is well-known, great efforts should be made to use the technical resources available in your school to bring out the atmosphere through sound and lighting. The play is very reliant on these effects and should not be undertaken by those schools who have few resources in terms of lighting and sound equipment. I daresay a pure story version could be tackled but it will be harder to make the atmosphere as frightening as it could and probably should be.

The play does not have a hidden intention such as making Dracula a sympathetic character, as a fairly recent film did. It is a simple retelling of the story and the original theme, which is the battle between good and evil.

The background of the set is three Gothic arches with black curtains behind. A round table with heavy patterned Victorian tablecloth down to the floor is UR. On the table is a large candlestick, golden goblet and golden plate with cutlery. On the wall R. is a woodcut. UL there is another round table with old books piled up on top of it. On the wall a gold mirror.

DC there is a simple wooden bench which will double [and treble] as different locations, both interior and exterior.

A chaise longue will be required in later scenes, which should have silent castors and be pushed on through the arches.

A large box [coffin] will also be required. It will need to take the size of the actor playing Dracula.

A couple of period chairs will be required plus a wooden armchair which should look older.

Nothing more is required except good props, stylish costumes and clean lighting with as little spill as possible plus a good sound system.

EXTRACT ONE

Music - an eerie solo violin plays in the darkness, an eastern lilting tune, repeating itself and soon joined by an organ pipe sound in medium register, echoing the melody and the repetition, quiet and reflective.

The music fades and mixes into the sound of a train moving slowly, puffing its way along in the distance and almost moving out of earshot when a wolf howl echoes across what seems mountainous terrain. The train sound fades in more distinctly and approaches closer, finally stopping amidst steaming and hissing sounds. A whistle sounds as the lights come up on Jonathan Harker, dressed in travelling clothes [frock coat, hat and cane] with a suitcase beside him. The smoke of the departing train engulfs him as we hear the train moving off. He takes out a document from his inside pocket - a letter - and opens it up to read. We hear Dracula's voice.

DRACULA *voice-over*

My friend, welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow, the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Gorgo pass my carriage will await you. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. Your friend - Dracula.

Harker folds the letter, puts it back in the envelope and returns it to his inside pocket. A cheery-looking elderly woman in peasant dress approaches Harker curiously. Behind her is an elderly man in white shirt sleeves, who is also eyeing the stranger with curiosity.

WOMAN

The Herr Englishman?

HARKER

Yes. [*indicating himself.*] Jonathan Harker.

He holds out his hand which the peasant woman does not take. She indicates that he should follow her.

WOMAN

Please, mein Herr, this way.

MAN *stepping forward*

We were expecting you. Please, you will come?

WOMAN

You speak good German, yes?

HARKER

As you hear. A little. Hopefully, it goes a long way.

The two peasants smile and look at each other.

MAN

Yes, you speak well. We understand. [*Going for his case.*] We go to the Krone Hotel. You have a room reserved. The best in the house.

WOMAN

And you eat. You hungry. You eat paprika bendle, our national dish.

MAN

This way. Come.

HARKER

Count Dracula wrote to you?

MAN *ignoring him*

Come. It get dark soon.

HARKER

Do you know the Count?

WOMAN

Please, mein Herr. We must go now.

They both indicate for Harker to go ahead. Harker goes out, followed by the two peasants, who look at each other and cross themselves as the lights fade.

Sound of a small accordion, played live if possible, playing a jaunty Eastern folk-sounding tune, simple and repetitious. The tune gets faster and jollier and we hear hand-clapping in the background. The lights come up to reveal a group of peasants dancing.

In the Krone Hotel where Harker is staying. Harker is sitting on a bench with a mug of beer, enjoying the dancing.

The male peasants dance Russian style with arms folded, kicking their legs out. The women clap their hands. They are dressed in traditional Eastern/Turkish peasant costume - the men in great dirty white baggy trousers, white linen shirts and enormous leather belts studded with brass nails, high boots with trousers tucked into them, long black hair and heavy black moustaches. The women in full white sleeves, big belts with lots of strips fluttering from them, long dresses and waistcoats with intricate designs and patterns on them.

The music comes to a climax and ends. Lots of applause and merriment. Harker claps along with everyone else. One of the women comes and sits next to Harker. She looks like a gypsy.

GYPSY

Must you go? Oh, young Herr, must you go?

HARKER

You have been kind. I have enjoyed myself but yes, the time will soon be here when I must depart. I shall be sorry to leave your hospitality.

LANDLORD *coming over and sitting the other side of Harker on the bench*

Oh, mein Herr, we do not have Englishmen every day. You not stay one more night?

HARKER

How can I when I am here on business?

LANDLORD'S WIFE

Stay mein Herr Englishman, you do not know to where you go.

HARKER

What do you mean? I am going to the Borgo Pass. All has been arranged.

GYPSY

But you do not know to who you go.

HARKER

Yes. Count Dracula.

LANDLORD'S WIFE

Do you know what day it is?

HARKER

It is the fourth of May.

LANDLORD'S WIFE

Oh yes, I know that, I know that! But do you know what day it is?

HARKER

I do not understand.

GYPSY

It is the eve of St George's Day.

Harker looks puzzled.

LANDLORD

Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway?

LANDLORD'S WIFE

Do you know where you are going and what you are going to?

HARKER

I am sorry but my business calls me hence.

GYPSY

At least wait a day or two before you depart.

HARKER

I cannot.

LANDLORD

Your business can wait. Stay.

HARKER

This is ridiculous. I cannot let anything interfere with the reason I have come.

LANDLORD'S WIFE *going on her knees*

Please, mein Herr, for your mother's sake.

HARKER *raising her gently, embarrassed*

Please, please, get up.

LANDLORD'S WIFE

You will not stay?

HARKER

I cannot stay.

LANDLORD'S WIFE *taking her crucifix from round her neck*

Then wear this for me. For your mother's sake.

HARKER *gently refusing*

Please, no.

LANDLORD'S WIFE

You must wear it.

GYPSY

Against the evil eye.

HARKER *gently*

No.

LANDLORD

You must, mein Herr, take it. Take it for protection.

HARKER

Protection from what?

LANDLORD

Listen to her, mein Herr. She is gypsy. She knows existence of things.

HARKER

Things?

LANDLORD

She know, mein Herr. She knows you in danger.

HARKER

What is abroad tonight? Ghosts? [*Laughing*]

GYPSY

More than ghosts.

HARKER

Superstition. I cannot listen to superstitions.

LANDLORD'S WIFE

It is our land. We understand. Take the crucifix.

HARKER

I'll take it ... for your sake ... but ...

GYPSY

No, do not mock. Tonight ... if you go out unprotected - you will be subject to the things of the night. Unclean things. Things that have been - and always were ... and still are. [*The others, except Harker, cross themselves.*] These things still hold sway in our land, on this night. You would do well to stay and bar your door but if you go - you must protect yourself from evil things of the night ... [*mysteriously*] ...Ordog ... [*The peasants cross themselves*] ...Stregoica! [*The peasants cross themselves again and mutter a prayer in an incomprehensible language.*] Vrolok ... der Vampyr! [*The peasants make the sign of the cross, some go down on their knees and others point two fingers at Harker.*] Go. But take the crucifix. Take it.

Harker takes the crucifix from the Gypsy and puts it around his neck.

LANDLORD *putting his hand on Harker's shoulder*

Bless you. Now you are safe. But do not take it off. Whatever the reason, do not take it off ... not till tomorrow night. Go!

LANDLORD'S WIFE & GYPSY *together*

Go!

PEASANTS

We are in danger! [*They all point two fingers at him.*] GO!!!!

Blackout. Sound of whip and carriage rushing along, horses' thunderous hooves, louder and louder. In the blackout Jonathan Harker sits on the bench Downstage Centre, which represents the inside of the carriage taking him up to the Borgo Pass....

EXTRACT TWO

DRACULA

Good evening.

HARKER

Good evening.

DRACULA

I trust you slept well last night,

HARKER

Yes, thank you. I hope it is permissible for me to be in here.

DRACULA

I am glad you found your way to my library. These books have been good friends to me and for some years past, ever since I had the idea of going to London, they have given me many many hours of pleasure. Through them, I have come to know your great England. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its changes, its death, and all that makes it what it is.

You shall, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation.

HARKER

But, Count, you know and speak English thoroughly.

DRACULA

Thank you, my friend, for your flattering estimate, but I fear I am but a little way on the road I would travel.

HARKER

Indeed, you speak excellently. Your knowledge of the words and the grammar is

remarkable for one who has not visited our shores.

DRACULA

That is not enough for me. I wish to move and speak in your London without being taken for a stranger. Here I am noble; I am Boyar; the common people know me and I am master. But a stranger in a strange land - he is no one. I have been so long master, that I would be master still, or at least I would that none other should be master of me I am sorry that I had to be away so long today, but you will, I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand.

HARKER

Of course. And I shall strive to undertake all I can in teaching you to speak English even more correctly than you do..... But may I use this room when I choose? Your library is full of treasures which I would dearly love to study.

DRACULA

Feel free, Mr Harker. But let me advise you, my dear young friend - nay let me warn you with all seriousness - that should you leave your room, you will not by any chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. It is old and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely.

I shall not keep you up talking tonight. My servant will shortly come to take you to your room, but, until then, read - peruse - digest your fill.

Dracula departs silently, leaving Harker to his studies.

Darkness. The cavernous footsteps echo along empty halls. Strange wordless singing voices seem to fill the darkness. Lights up on Harker, who is asleep at the table with a book in his lap. He stirs and awakens, listens to the strange singing female voices. He stands and looks about him. He takes a few steps forward, looking around, trying to discover the source of these voices, which are sweet and tempting.

He exits and the lights come up on another part of the stage. Harker enters, still searching for the voices which continue to haunt him. The lights fade on one part of the stage and come up on another. Harker follows the light and is led through many rooms of the castle. The lights finally go red and he is facing the audience, when weird, heavy chords join the voices to produce a crescendo effect of frightening intensity. At the height of the music, three female figures in night attire slowly appear from the back and make their way towards Harker, slowly and sinuously. Smoke seems to follow them as they close in on Harker, who turns and sees them.

The music changes to a romantic lush erotic sound as the three female figures move slowly round Harker, hands extended to touch him.

1ST VAMPIRESS

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

2ND VAMPIRESS

You are first and we shall follow.

3RD VAMPIRESS

Take him 'ere the master calls.

1ST VAMPIRESS

He is ours and we deserve him.

2ND VAMPIRESS

Take him 'ere the master calls.

3RD VAMPIRESS

We are hungry, cannot wait ..

1ST VAMPIRESS

Cannot wait the master's call ...

2ND VAMPIRESS

He is late, we cannot see him ...

3RD VAMPIRESS

Take him 'ere the master calls ...

ALL VAMPIRESSES

Take him 'ere the master calls.... [*They all lick their lips in anticipation and we see blood drooling from their mouths.*] Take him 'ere the master calls.

Harker swoons and collapses to the floor. The three Vampiresses gather round his body, ready to sink their fangs into his flesh, when there is a blinding flash - Dracula appears in a red pin-spot upstage. The rest of the lighting changes to soft low blue. The three Vampiresses hiss with frustration.

DRACULA in a booming commanding voice

Did I not say I had forbidden this?! Back, I tell you, all! How dare you touch him, any of you! How dare you cast eyes on him when I have forbidden it? This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him or it'll be me you have to deal with!...

EXTRACT THREE

JAYNE SEWARD

The 5th of June 1897. Dr Jayne Seward reporting again on the strange case of Renfield. Out of all my patients he is the most interesting, and gets more so the more I seek to understand him. He has certain characteristics that are very highly developed: selfishness, secrecy and purpose. His pets are of odd sorts. Just now his hobby is catching flies and spiders. He has got several very big fellows in a box. When a horrid blow-fly, bloated with some carrion food, buzzed into the room, he caught it, held it exultingly for a few moments between his finger and his thumb and, before I knew what he was going to do, put it in his mouth and ate it.

Blackout. The lights come up on another part of the stage. Renfield is on his knees with his hands clasped in an attitude of reverential prayer. His eyes blaze.

RENFIELD looking up into the light

I am here to do your bidding, master. I am your slave and you will reward me, for I shall be faithful. I have worshipped you long and from far off. Now that you are near, I await your commands. And you will not pass me by, will you, dear master, in your distribution of good things?

Sound effect of a storm at sea begins towards the end of the last speech. Thunder and lightning with sudden flashes of light showing Renfield with his arms outstretched. A figure in a cloak slowly walks down from the back towards Renfield. Its face is hidden as it holds out its hand with a ring on it. Renfield kisses the hand and the ring. Very loud thunder with flashes of lightning, mingled with a bell tolling.

The bell continues to toll. Darkness. A spot comes up revealing the Captain of the 'Demeter' ship.

CAPTAIN staring with frozen eyes of fear

It is in England now. It is here. I know it. On the watch last night I saw it - like a man, tall and thin and ghastly pale. It was in the bows and looking out. I crept behind it and stabbed it with my knife, but the knife went through it ... empty as air ... It is in England now. On our shores ... in our houses ... on our streets ...

Fade to blackout. Spot up on Lucy, as before standing and speaking out to the audience.

LUCY

More bad dreams. I wish I could remember them. This morning I am horribly weak. My face is ghastly pale and my throat pains me. It must be something wrong with my lungs, for I don't seem ever to get enough air.

Fade to blackout. Spot up on Mina, as before, out front.

MINA

I was sorry to notice my clumsiness with the safety pin had hurt Lucy. Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced. I must have pinched up a piece of loose skin and transfixed it, for there were two little red pinpricks, and on the band of her nightdress was a drop of blood.

Lights fade. In the darkness a chaise longue is brought in with a round table at its head and an oil lamp and photographs on the table, very Victorian.

When the lights come up - with music to cover the scene change - Lucy is seated on the chaise, reading a book. Her mother, Mrs Westenra, enters in an agitated state.

MRS WESTENRA *anxiously*

Lucy, I am concerned. I am concerned for you, my child, and can no longer keep it to myself. I know you loathe to talk about yourself - your health. You think I do not notice, ill as I am myself. You think I do not see the evidence before my very eyes each day. [*Lucy makes to answer.*] Do not interrupt; please hear me out. [*Pause*] I have asked a friend of mine, a doctor, a lady of most infinite tact and discretion - to come and see you here today. She knew your father when he was alive - a brilliant student, trained by him in London where she now works. She runs a hospital and is a specialist in the study of rare diseases of the blood. Her name is Jayne Seward. She will arrive by the twelve thirty train. She comes for luncheon and will return in the afternoon. Her busy schedule will not allow her any more time. Please, Lucy, you must let her see you. She comes especially for you and ... I have not seen her for five years but ... I know she will have an answer for you.

LUCY

It seems you have arranged it all, Mother. What can I say?

MRS WESTENRA

My child, you are ill. You have lost all colour from your cheeks. You were so healthy when we first came. But to look at you now ... And your friend, Mina... You think I did not know what happened on the cliffs?

LUCY

Even as a child I walked in my sleep.

MRS WESTENRA

But this is different, Lucy. Each day I see you lose the vital energy of youth.

LUCY

I did not wish to worry you, mother. I am well.

MRS WESTENRA

And what of Arthur? Should I not tell him?

LUCY

Mother, I am not dying.

MRS WESTENRA

Your husband to be should know.

LUCY

He is not to come here. You know his father is near death, nearer than I, so please, mother, inform no more people of my state of health.

MRS WESTENRA

But you'll agree to see Jayne Seward?

LUCY

What choice have I, mother? Do what you will.

MRS WESTENRA

You need have no anxieties. Jayne is a pioneer - and a female pioneer at that - of the science of the mind, of psychiatry. Her hospital for the disturbed is known throughout the medical world of London.

LUCY

So she is in charge of an asylum? A lunatic asylum?

MRS WESTENRA

She is a scientist of the mind. One of the greatest in her field.

LUCY

As long as she does not diagnose me as lunatic.

MRS WESTENRA

Lucy, you need help - we need help. You have help on the way. Mina is gone to Transylvania in search of her beloved Jonathan. We are alone and I am ill myself. I cannot cope with you, look after you the way I should.

LUCY

Tell Arthur. Tell Arthur anything you choose ... oh, mother, I feel so weary ... drained of energy. [*She weeps gently.*] I have no strength. I feel I have ... no blood...

EXTRACT FOUR

VAN HELSING

... your dear Miss Lucy, she is bad, very, very bad. You are to help her. You can do more than any man that lives - and your courage is your best help.

ARTHUR

What can I do? Tell me and I shall do it. My life is hers and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her.

VAN HELSING

My dear young sir - Arthur - I do not ask so much as that ... not the last drop!

ARTHUR

What shall I do?

VAN HELSING

Come, you are a man and it is a man we want. She wants blood, and blood she must have or die. We are about to perform what we call a transfusion of blood - to transfer from the full veins of one to the empty veins of another, who pines for blood.

ARTHUR

If only you knew how gladly I would die for Lucy. I will do anything you require of me, Doctor.

VAN HELSING

Good boy.

ARTHUR

For one who is to be my wife, nothing is too much to ask.

VAN HELSING

In a not-so-far-off time you will be happy that you have done all for her you love. Come now and be silent. Take off your coat and roll up your sleeve...

Arthur takes off his coat and rolls up his sleeve as the lights fade, coming up again after a short pause on Lucy lying on the chaise. VanHelsing, Jayne Seward and Mrs Westenra are standing upstage watching the sleeping Lucy. Arthur is standing to the right of the chaise, rolling down his sleeve and putting his coat on. Van Helsing is putting his implements into his medical bag.

MRS WESTENRA

The colour is already beginning to come back to her cheeks.

VAN HELSING

She will be fine now.

MRS WESTENRA

We owe you so much, Professor, for what you have done. But you must really take care not to overwork yourself.

VAN HELSING

We old mens do not need the sleep as the young mens do. Arthur, now you go home and eat much and drink enough. Make yourself strong. He is the one that needs the sleep, Mrs Westenra. He is the one who has given his blood tonight.

MRS WESTENRA

Arthur, my dear, will you not stay for supper?

ARTHUR

I cannot, Mrs Westenra. As you know, my father is ailing. I must return to him immediately.

MRS WESTENRA

Your father ... my daughter ... me. What is happening to us, Professor?

VAN HELSING

Do not disturb yourself. Both of you now to your various destinations. I have much talk to do with Jayne here. Go, both of you, shoo ... quick. [*Mrs Westenra turns at the door to look back at Lucy.*] Shoo, I say! [*Mrs Westenra and Arthur go out.*]

JAYNE

I have failed you, professor. I'll never forgive myself for falling asleep last night. When I awoke it was too late; the damage had been done. Why did I fall asleep?

VAN HELSING

You must not rebuke yourself. You and I must watch the case and we must have none other to know. I have grave reasons.

JAYNE

May I know them?

VAN HELSING

No, do not ask them. There is grim purpose in all I do. You know a big parcel came from abroad today.

JAYNE

I did see it. I wondered what it contained.

VAN HELSING

It is from my friend Vanderpool, all the way from Haarlem, where he raises herbs in his glass houses all year. I had to telegraph yesterday or they would not have been here.

JAYNE

What would not have been here? What did the parcel contain?...

EXTRACT FIVE

VAN HELSING

Open this coffin.

ARTHUR *heatedly*

Professor, are you in earnest or is this some monstrous joke?

VAN HELSING

If I could spare you one pang, my poor friend, God knows I would. But this night our feet must tread in thorny paths.

ARTHUR

This is too much.

VAN HELSING

Would it not be well to hear what I have to say?

JAYNE

That's fair enough, Arthur.

ARTHUR

But this is desecration ... desecration of the grave.

VAN HELSING

Lucy is dead, is it not so? Yes! Then there can be no wrong to her. But if she is not dead ...

ARTHUR

Good God! What do you mean? Has there been any mistake? Has she been buried alive?

VAN HELSING

I did not say she was alive, my child; I did not think it. I go no further than to say that she might be Undead.

ARTHUR

Undead? Not alive? What do you mean? This is all a nightmare.

VAN HELSING

There are mysteries which men can only guess at, which age by age they may solve only in part.

ARTHUR *exploding*

Dr Van Helsing, you try me too far! What have I done that you should torture me so? What did that poor sweet girl do that you should want to cast such dishonour on her grave? Are you mad that you speak such things, or am I mad that I listen to them? Don't dare to think more of such a desecration. I shall not give my consent. I have a duty to protect her grave from outrage and, by God, I shall!

VAN HELSING *gravely and sternly*

My Lord Godalming, I too have a duty to do ... a duty to others, a duty to you, a duty to the dead ... and, by God, I shall do it! ... You were here with me yesterday. Was the body of Miss Lucy in that coffin?

ARTHUR *shouting*

Yes, it was.

VAN HELSING

Then why are you afraid to look in it today?

Sudden crashing chord. The lights suddenly darken. Smoke starts to fill the stage, eerie music, and the lights slowly change to red. Lucy appears upstage in a white gown, her face ugly and contorted, her eyes glowing with demonic fury. She approaches slowly and points threateningly at the three. They back off and she pursues them around the stage. Very loud music as Van Helsing brings out a golden crucifix and fixes it to Lucy's forehead. Smoke comes from her forehead and she champs in fury bringing blood out in her mouth - from a blood capsule.

VAN HELSING *shouting above the music*

Nosferatu! Nosferatu! Keep back ... stay behind me.

Lucy staggers and is about to fall when Dracula appears upstage in his red spot. He points to Lucy with his hand and she seems to draw strength from his power. He draws her towards him and there is a struggle between Van Helsing's crucifix and the Count's extraordinary power. Finally Lucy falls into the Counts' arms and he carries her off.

ARTHUR

My God, Professor. Was that Lucy's body, or only a demon in her shape?

VAN HELSING

It was her body and yet it was not. [*Pause. He turns to them.*] My friends, you must trust me. What we have seen tonight you must believe. You must remember and you must believe.

JAYNE

What did you mean when you said she was 'undead'?

VAN HELSING

There is only one man who can explain and whom you would believe - Jonathan Harker.

ARTHUR

Jonathan? And what does he know of all this?

VAN HELSING

There is no time to explain now. Miss Lucy is in mortal danger. Her mortal soul is in the hands of some dark power. We must release her from her prison so that her soul may find peace.

JAYNE

What must we do?

VAN HELSING

First we must carry this coffin into the tomb. Come, help me.

Van Helsing grabs the coffin and they all help to carry it offstage UC. They return and Van Helsing takes a wafer from out of his bag, crumbling it and distributing it in a circular

motion before the UC entrance.

ARTHUR

What are you doing?

VAN HELSING

I am closing the tomb so that the Undead may not enter.

ARTHUR

And is that stuff going to do the trick?

VAN HELSING

It is.

JAYNE

What is it you are using, Professor?

VAN HELSING

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Blackout. Religious music. Dracula comes out and slowly walks to Centre Stage. Red spotlight on him.

DRACULA *scornfully*

You think to destroy me? I, who have lived for centuries? Fools! What are these toys with which you play? You shall be sorry, each one of you. My revenge has only just begun ... Lucy is mine already and, through her, I shall beget other creatures to do my bidding, be my jackals when I want to eat ... and drink ...

EXTRACT SIX

RENFIELD

Let me entreat you, Dr Seward, oh let me implore you, to let me out of this house at once. Send me away how you will and when you will. I am speaking from the depths of my heart - of my very soul. You don't know whom you wrong, or how. And I can't tell you. I can't! ... For the sake of the Almighty, take me out of this and save my soul from guilt! Can't you hear me? Can't you understand? Don't you know that I am sane, that I am no lunatic in a mad fit, but a sane man fighting for his soul? Oh, hear me! hear me! Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!

The light fades on Renfield and comes up on Jayne, recording with her phonograph on the bench.

JAYNE *perplexed*

Harker thinks there is a link between Renfield and the Count ... I can hardly believe it ... but it must be. All those outbreaks were in some way linked to the proximity of the Count. Strange that it never struck me that the house next door might be the Count's hiding-place. But of course - Carfax! Carfax is the property the Count bought, the whole reason for Jonathan's journey to Transylvania. Carfax! Nobody has lived there for years. Who else would want it but someone like the count? Incredible as it may seem, all the facts appear to support Harker's idea ... Renfield in his wild ravings always spoke of the 'master.' The master is Dracula!

Lights fade on Jayne and up on Dracula in his red spot. A white spot comes up on Van Helsing and as he speaks the light spreads to include the others - Harker, Mina, Arthur and Jayne - who are all listening to him. Dracula continues to watch, amused, from his vantage point.

VAN HELSING

And now we must settle between us what we should do. We have now much data - friend Jayne - and we must proceed to lay out our campaign. We know from Jonathan's latest enquiries that fifty boxes of earth came from the castle to Whitby, all of which have

now been delivered to Carfax. It seems to me that our first step should be to ascertain whether they are still there. Will you not all help me? We have learned to believe, all of us, is it not so? And since it is so, we shall do our duty, shall we not? Well?

ALL

We shall.

VAN HELSING

And do we not promise to go on to the bitter end?

ALL

We do.

VAN HELSING

Then let us swear upon the crucifix that we shall destroy this devil. Touch the crucifix and swear.

ALL *putting their fingers on the crucifix*

We swear.

Dracula's laugh echoes through the theatre in mockery.

EXTRACT SEVEN

RENFIELD

It was that night after you left me, when I implored you to let me go away. Do you remember?

JAYNE *in a dead, far-away voice.*

Yes, I remember.

RENFIELD

I was in an agony of despair for a long time after you left me, it seemed hours. I heard the dogs bark but didn't know where 'He' was.

JAYNE *the same dead voice*

Go on.

RENFIELD

He came up to the window in the mist and his eyes were fierce, like a man's when angry. He was snarling with his red mouth; the sharp white teeth glinted in the moonlight. The dogs were barking. [*Shaking his head from side to side.*] I wouldn't ask him to come in at first. I knew he wanted to, though, just as he had wanted all along. [*Pause.*] Then he began promising me things - not in words, but in actions.

JAYNE *perplexed*

How?

RENFIELD

I laughed at him - for I wanted to see what he could do. He beckoned me to the window. I got up and looked out and he raised his hands and seemed to call out without using any words. A dark mass spread over the grass, coming on like the shape of a flame of fire. And then he moved the mist to the right and to the left and I could see that there were thousands of rats with their eyes blazing red - like his, only smaller. [*Renfield raises his right hand.*] He held up his hand and they all stopped, and I thought he seemed to be saying, 'All these lives I will give to you, aye, and many more through countless ages, if you will fall down and worship me.' And then a red cloud, the colour of blood, seemed to close over my eyes and before I knew what I was doing I found myself opening the window and saying to him, 'Come in, Lord and Master.'

VAN HELSING *coming forward to the outer edge of the spotlight, next to Jayne*

So, he promised you big things that you can sink your teeth into, eh, Renfield?

RENFIELD

He used to send in the flies when the sun was shining. Great big fat ones with steel and sapphire on their wings. And big moths at night with skulls and cross bones on their backs.

VAN HELSING

What ridiculous nonsense you are talking.

RENFIELD

I'm not! All life he sent me - good red blood. Things with years of life in them. And not just buzzing flies. Oh no! Rats! Hundreds ... thousands ... millions of them ... and dogs and cats too ...

VAN HELSING

How about an elephant? Would you like to feast on an elephant?

RENFIELD *with a note of growing desperation*

Now it's you that's talking nonsense! I don't want elephants! Why should I want elephants?

VAN HELSING

Have they no souls?

RENFIELD

Souls?

VAN HELSING

Yes. Do not these creatures have souls?

RENFIELD

Souls? Why do you talk of souls?

VAN HELSING

Souls like your own. Like your very own soul.

JAYNE

Professor, don't push him any further.

RENFIELD *desperate*

Why do you plague me about souls?

VAN HELSING

Do you not fear for your own soul? Your own eternal soul condemned to eternal damnation?

JAYNE

Professor!

RENFIELD

Haven't I got enough to worry about without thinking about souls!

VAN HELSING *relentlessly*

You like life? You want life?

RENFIELD

Yes, I want life.

VAN HELSING

But how are you to get the life without getting the soul also?

RENFIELD

I want life! he has shown me the way to life!

VAN HELSING

Who has shown you the way to life?

RENFIELD *pointing out over the audience*

Him! Him! All day I waited to hear from him but he did not send me anything ... not even a blowfly.

VAN HELSING

Has he deserted you?

RENFIELD

He has found better meat.

VAN HELSING

Oh?

RENFIELD *as if seeing far into the distance*

Mrs Harker has come into the room.

JAYNE

Mrs Harker? Where?

RENFIELD

He is with her. I saw them. He is taking the life out of her too, as he has been doing to me.

VAN HELSING *horror-struck*

No! Gott in Himmel! No!

Van Helsing and Jayne run out.

RENFIELD *in the spotlight*

You will, I trust remember, Dr Seward, when it comes to it, that I tried to help you tonight. I did what I could. Do me that justice at least, in the end.

The lights slowly begin to change to red. Sinister hum. Renfield looks terrified. Dracula appears soundlessly from upstage, slowly coming down to Renfield who remains staring out front.

DRACULA *gently and lovingly*

And so you, too, like the others, would pit your brain against mine. You would help these people to hunt me and frustrate me in my designs. [*Softly sinister.*] You know, and they will too, what it is to cross me. Me! Who commanded nations hundreds of years before any of you were born! [*His hands come round Renfield's throat from behind.*] You disappoint me, Renfield. [*Complete silence. Blackout. We hear the sound of a neck being broken.*]

Silence again. The lights come up to reveal Mina sitting on a chair centre. Jonathan is standing to her right, looking down at her in horror.

MINA

My mind is made up, Jonathan.

JONATHAN

To what?

MINA *slowly*

If I find in myself - and I shall watch keenly for it - a single sign of harm towards any that I love, I shall die.

JONATHAN

You would not kill yourself.

MINA

I would!

JONATHAN *kneeling and taking her hands*

You must not die - not by any hand, but least of all by your own.

MINA

Unclean. I am unclean. I bear this mark of shame upon my neck. It will not go away. You must remember, husband, that I am not as you are. There is a poison in my blood, in my soul, which may destroy me - which will destroy me.

JONATHAN

No!

MINA

You know as well as I do that my soul is at stake.

JONATHAN

What can I do to help?

MINA

You must promise me that, should the time come, you will kill me....

