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Samuel French Acting Edition

The Passion of Dracula

A Drama in Three Acts

by Bob Hall & David Richmond

Based on the novel by
Bram Stoker

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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THE PASSION OF DRACULA was presented by Bob Hall, Eric Krebs and David Richmond at the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York City on September 28, 1977. It was directed by Peter Bennett; the setting was by Bob Hall and Allen Cornell; costumes by Jane Tschetter, and lighting by Allen Cornell. Production Stage Manager: Andrea Naier. The cast, in order of appearance was as follows:

DR. CEDRIC SEWARD	<i>K. Lype O'Dell</i>
JAMESON	<i>Brian Bell</i>
PROFESSOR VAN HELSING	<i>Michael Burg</i>
DR. HELGA VAN ZANDT	<i>Alice White</i>
LORD GODALMING	<i>K. C. Wilson</i>
MR. RENFIELD	<i>Elliott Vileen</i>
WILHELMINA MURRAY	<i>Giulia Pagano</i>
JONATHAN HARKER	<i>Samuel Maupin</i>
COUNT DRACULA	<i>Christopher Bernau</i>

SETTING

England—Autumn 1911
The study of Dr. Seward's home

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Early Evening

ACT II

Three days later, just past sundown

ACT III

A half-hour later

The Passion of Dracula

ACT ONE

AT RISE: *Seward is pacing U. S. with a cigar, when something catches his eye at the French doors. He suddenly grabs a gun from the desk and starts to take aim out the doors.*

SEWARD. (*Opening doors.*) I'll have you this time, you flying barge rat. . . . (JAMESON enters L. and crosses to the desk unseen by SEWARD.) Damn!

NOTE: wind blows up each time doors open and out when doors close.

JAMESON. (*Crosses up to SEWARD.*) Dr. Seward (*Startling him.*) —anything wrong?

SEWARD. (*Points gun at JAMESON, then relaxes.*) No, Jameson, just tryin' to get a bead on that blasted bat . . . it's been terrifyin' the villagers . . . biggest wingspan I've ever seen . . . (*Sights gun again.*) Flew out of range.

JAMESON. Bad luck, sir. You'll have 'im next time . . . is there anything I can get you?

SEWARD. (*Handing gun to JAMESON, then crossing to chaise.*) No, thank you, Jameson; you could check on the sanitorium, though. Dr. Van Zandt is still upstairs with Professor Van Helsing . . . don't expect she'll make her usual rounds. (*Sits on chaise.*)

JAMESON. (*Returns gun to desk—crosses to SEWARD with clipboard.*) Oh, I've just come from there, sir—

all present and correct. Inmates are on best behavior t'night.

SEWARD. (*Checking clipboard.*) Well, that's a blessing. We've enough to contend with here.

JAMESON. (*Crosses up, closes doors, then crosses back to SEWARD.*) Is the Professor still tryin' to figger out what's ailin' Miss Murray?

SEWARD. (*Giving back clipboard.*) Yes. He and Dr. Van Zandt have been up in her room all this while. I was only in the way, so I cleared off to make room for the specialists . . . (*Rising.*) wish they'd hurry, though. This waitin's too much to bear. (*Crossing D. L.*)

JAMESON. (*Puts clipboard on desk, crosses D. to SEWARD.*) Now, sir, you're just overwrought. The Professor only got in from Amsterdam four hours ago.

SEWARD. That all? Feels like an eternity when you're no use . . . y' know, I did fifty battlefield surgeries in two days once during the seige of Mafeking. . . .

JAMESON. (*Having heard the story many times.*) Yes, sir, I remember . . .

SEWARD. . . . and I never once felt so bloody helpless! Gel's wastin' away before m' eyes, and I can't find a cure . . .

JAMESON. Well, if anyone can 'elp it's the Professor. After all, didn't 'e bring 'er through the fever when she was only ten? Now why don't you let me bring you some nice kidney pie and Yorkshire pudding? Can't be gettin' down yourself, y' know . . .

SEWARD. No, thank you, Jameson—perhaps a touch of brandy. (*VAN HELSING enters from stairs.*)

JAMESON. Very good sir. (*Turns U., sees VAN HELSING.*) Professor Van Helsing, can I get you a brandy, sir?

VAN HELSING. No, Jameson, thank you. (*Crossing D. to SEWARD.*) JAMESON crosses U. to bar for brandy.)

SEWARD. How is she, Abraham?

VAN HELSING. She is resting, poor child. I asked Helga to administer laudanum. Sleep will help her most I think. Cedric, will you go over symptoms one more time? Perhaps now I can make more sense of them.

SEWARD. Well, as I said in my letter, it all started about six weeks ago. I'd have written sooner, but the disease was slow to manifest.

VAN HELSING. She is weakest in the morning, correct?

SEWARD. Yes, a little worse each day. At night she seems to strengthen, but then she lapses into a sort of trance . . . sometimes she even wanders out of the house.

VAN HELSING. You've locked the doors?

SEWARD. Yes, but she keeps finding ways out. It's almost miraculous.

(JAMESON crosses D.)

VAN HELSING. (*Stepping c.*) And she remembers nothing of this after?

SEWARD. (*Following VAN HELSING, taking brandy snifter from JAMESON.*) No, nothing. Do you have any diagnosis, Abraham?

VAN HELSING. I have common sense. She is exhausted. (*Crosses to fireplace.*) As for diagnosis, I am in the darkness.

SEWARD. (*Crossing u. c.*) But surely there's some test, some laboratory analysis you wish to—

VAN HELSING. Cedric, what tests there are, as good physician, you have performed. What we can learn of her mind, Dr. Helga will tell us with the new techniques of Dr. Sigmund Freud.

JAMESON. (*At desk, dusting.*) 'ere, I've heard of 'im.

Doesn't he claim that little boys have vile notions about their own moth—

SEWARD. (*Cutting him off.*) Jameson . . .

VAN HELSING. Yes, that's the man, Mr. Jameson. It's a fascinating theory.

JAMESON. Shockin' I calls it.

SEWARD. Well, all I know is in the two years since you sent her to me, Helga has done wonders with the patients up on the hill, but this case has her completely baffled. You're the greatest rare-disease man in Europe—if you can't puzzle it out, I don't see any hope.

VAN HELSING. Calmly, Cedric. There is always hope.

SEWARD. I promised old Col. Murray, as he lay dying in the Transvaal, that I'd look after her, and by God, I shall! I love that gel as if she were m' own.

VAN HELSING. We shall cure her, never fear. Now, Mr. Jameson, could you have the carriage readied for me?

JAMESON. Of course, Professor Van Helsing. Shall I drive you?

VAN HELSING. No. No. I drive myself, I find it soothing.

JAMESON. Very good, sir. (*JAMESON exits L.*)

SEWARD. Be careful in town, Abraham. Folk from the sanatorium aren't all that popular these days.

VAN HELSING. I shall be charming Old World Tourist. (*HELGA VAN ZANDT enters from stairs, crosses to L. C.*)

SEWARD. Ah, Helga, how is she?

VAN HELSING. The laudanum has taken effect?

HELGA. (*At desk.*) Finally—she is asleep, poor thing.

SEWARD. That's a mercy.

VAN HELSING. Dr. Van Zandt, Helga, we have not

had time to compare our findings. Your observations, please. (*Stepping D. C.*)

HELGA. Of course, Professor— (*Sits desk chair— opening notebook.*) I have taken copious notes: Beginning on the 14th August, patient manifested severe depression and recited Tennyson for two hours. (*SEWARD and VAN HELSING exchange glances.*) At 1:45 p.m. she . . .

VAN HELSING. Capsule summary, please, Doctor. (*Sits on chaise.*)

HELGA. Oh, ja . . . page 49 . . . depression, lethargy and somnambulism, followed by hyperactivity and euphoria. She often rallies and talks incessantly, but this is not unusual in English women of her age. There are symptoms of pernicious aenemia, yet she has a perfectly normal blood count. To me this indicates psychosomatic induction and aberrant manic-depression.

VAN HELSING. I see . . .

SEWARD. (*Edging over to look into HELGA's notes.*) Can't say I do, exactly . . .

VAN HELSING. Is aenemia, but not aenemia, is lethargy and hyperactivity (*Rising.*) . . . very useful, Doctor; (*Crosses R.*) your days in Vienna were not wasted.

HELGA. Ach, danke schön, Herr Professor.

SEWARD. 'Fraid you specialists are just confusin' me. (*JAMESON enters from L.*)

JAMESON. The carriage is out front, Professor. Would you like some coffee before you go?

VAN HELSING. No, thank you, Jameson. (*JAMESON exits L.*)

HELGA. You're going to travel, Professor?

VAN HELSING. To Whitby, to send a cable. I think I shall ask my colleagues to send me a Lazarus wheel.

SEWARD. A Lazarus wheel?

VAN HELSING. A device to induce trance—perhaps mesmerism will prove useful.

HELGA. (*Rising.*) I shall ride to the gate with you and walk back. The air will do me good.

VAN HELSING. And discuss your diagnosis? (*HELGA crosses upright.*) Good night, Cedric, and have courage.

SEWARD. Take care Abraham. (*Crossing to HELGA.*) Somnambulism, and delusions . . . does she discuss her dreams with you?

HELGA. Oh, ja, die traume (*HELGA precedes VAN HELSING out R. talking as they leave.*) —immer sind sie im farbe. Ich verstehe nicht . . .

SEWARD. . . . G'bye . . . (*But they are already gone—JAMESON enters from L. with a coffee tray.*)

JAMESON. (*After a pause.*) Coffee, sir?

SEWARD. Hmmm? Oh . . . yes . . . thank you, Jameson. (*Crosses R., puts cigar and snifter on mantle.*) Have some yourself if you like.

JAMESON. (*At U. bar—pours coffee.*) Thank you, sir. Will Lord Godalming be callin' this evening, sir?

SEWARD. (*Crosses D. R. and sits.*) What makes you think he might be, Jameson?

JAMESON. Well, sir, he's stopped in every other night for the last several weeks now.

SEWARD. Yes, he has at that. S'pose as Lord of the Manor he feels a duty to keep an eye on the county . . . and he does worry about us.

JAMESON. (*Crosses to SEWARD handing him coffee cup.*) Oh, yes sir. He's devoted to the staff here—(*Sits on chaise facing SEWARD.*)

SEWARD. Hem! Jameson . . .

JAMESON. Now sir, I wasn't implicatin' no abnormality.

SEWARD. Should hope not.

JAMESON. I think what he and Dr. Helga do together—

SEWARD. (*Cutting him off.*) JAMESON! (*A small silence.*) Helga said you found Miss Wilhelmina today?

JAMESON. About 5:00 this afternoon, sir. She was standin' by the pool at the end of the hedgerow, starin' vacant-like across the valley. Shouldn't 'ave seen her at all if I hadn't taken the long way up from town.

SEWARD. Oh, of course—the funeral—thoughtless of me. Hope everything went off all right?

JAMESON. Yes sir. Well as could be expected.

SEWARD. Dreadful thing. The girl was your cousin, I believe?

JAMESON. Yes, sir. Oh it did wrench a body's heart . . . little closed white coffin an' all. It'll be a sorry day for the monster what did it when we gets our hands on 'im. Three girls, sir—in the last month—all with their throats torn out. There's some in the village say it's an animal what done it. But I should warn you, sir, there's more say it's a madman.

SEWARD. (*Rising—crossing L., JAMESON follows.*) Damn it, Jameson! I know they're talkin' against the sanatorium! You'd think after twenty years . . . (*Puts cup on desk.*)

JAMESON. You know how the men are, sir, give 'em a few pints an' . . .

SEWARD. The stupifyin' ignorance! What do they expect me to do? Chain my patients to the walls? These aren't the Middle Ages any more.

JAMESON. Wull, grief don't mix with reason, sir. An' besides, it's not just us. (*HELGA enters from R.*)

SEWARD. What do you mean, Jameson?

JAMESON. The countryfolk are awfully suspicious of . . . strangers.

HELGA. (*Crossing D. R.*) What strangers did you have in mind, Jameson?

JAMESON. I mean whoever's taken the old abbey. The word is some European fellow moved in six weeks ago, but nobody's ever seen 'im. God only knows what sort he is. (*Crosses U. to bar, gets tray.*)

HELGA. (*Crosses C.—sits chaise.*) Not only God—I know as well. He is a Transylvanian nobleman, a scholar. He studies English folklore.

SEWARD. Really! How did you discover all this?

HELGA. (*Taking out a cigarette from pocket case.*) I met him last night, walking on the grounds. His name is Dracula—Count Dracula.

JAMESON. (*Crossing D. C. in between them.*) 'ere now! What was he doin' on the grounds 'n the first place?

HELGA. Jameson, I think you should confine your concern to inspecting the wards. (*JAMESON looks to SEWARD, who nods; JAMESON stiffens and starts to exit.*)

JAMESON. Yes'm.

HELGA. And have the attendants keep a special watch on Mr. Renfield.

JAMESON. (*Returning.*) What? Your number one looney? 'e was as good as gold at supper time. No nasty business today.

HELGA. Still, he has been so restless these last few nights, and we cannot be too careful.

JAMESON. Very good, "Doctor." (*HELGA crosses to fireplace.*) Will there be anything else, Dr. Seward?

SEWARD. (*Dismissing him.*) No, thank you, Jameson.

JAMESON. Just ring if you need me, sir. (*He exits L.*)

SEWARD. You say this fellow's name is Dracula? (*Crosses to desk and sits.*)

HELGA. Ja. I've invited him here this evening. He

is a wonderful specimen—I must speak further with him. I trust you will not mind?

SEWARD. What sort of chap is he?

HELGA. (*Lights cigarette.*) I find him fascinating, psychologically. He is arrogant, proud, untempered by the civilization of Western Europe. I confess, I should love to psychoanalyze him.

SEWARD. Well, it's all right with me, so long as it doesn't upset Wilhelmina. (*Rising, crossing c.*) Helga, do you really think the Professor can discover what's wrong with her?

HELGA. I don't know. It's so strange, Cedric. (*Sound of someone beating on the outside door interrupts them.*)

SEWARD. What fool's poundin' on the door in the dead of night?!

GODALMING. (*Off stage.*) Seward, you nit! Are y' in there?

HELGA. Lord Godalming! (*Said excitedly to herself—she primps at the fireplace.*)

SEWARD. (*En route to the door off R.*) I'm comin'! Don't break down m' damn door.

(*Enter SEWARD following GODALMING, who's in full heat from his ride.*)

GODALMING. (*Crossing c.*) Cedric, you've got trouble. Evenin' Dr. Van Zandt.

HELGA. Lord Godalming.

GODALMING. (*Moving D. c.*) Have y' seen this outrage? (*He produces a soggy newspaper.*) Morning Globe muckrakers are at us again—"mysterious events in Whitby . . . Village girls murdered and drained of blood . . ."

SEWARD. (*Taking newspaper.*) Well, it's a bit vulgar perhaps, but I don't see . . .

GODALMING. (*Pointing out the paragraph.*) "Whitby, site of Seward sanatorium, where modern experiments in treatment of lunacy are rumored to take place—"

SEWARD. Oh, God— (*Crosses L. to sit at desk—*
GODALMING *crosses C.*)

GODALMING. Just so. Goes on like that for half a column. You can bet it's the topic at every pub in the county tomorrow. Journalists! (*Punctuates by hitting his riding crop on the chaise.*) Filthy sensation mongers! Makin' capital out of others' misery! Guttersnipe even had the effrontery to sign it (*Taking paper from SEWARD.*) —some get called Harker . . . Jonathan Harker. Sounds like a poof to me. (*Tosses paper back at SEWARD.*) I'll give Johnny some news if he crosses my path. Fetch me a brandy, will you, Cedric? (*Crosses R. to fireplace.*) I'm beat.

HELGA. (*With a smile.*) I will bring it, my lord. (*Crosses U. to bar.*)

GODALMING. (*In front of fireplace.*) Now look here, Cedric—y' may be a fine doctor, y' may have saved m' life in the Boer War, y' may be my best friend and all, but I can't go on defendin' your damn asylum forever. Bein' lord of the manor doesn't swing the stick it did in the Pater's day.

HELGA. (*Crosses D., hands snifter to GODALMING.*) But my lord this is unwarranted. We have set the highest standards here.

GODALMING. What you have set, Dr. Van Zandt, is an absentee record. If one more lunatic goes wanderin' out on his own, the cottagers'll be up here with torches and pitchforks.

HELGA. (*Crossing away to the L.*) Really, Lord Godalming!

GODALMING. Oh, don't protest. I'm aware of your breakaways. That one called Renfield's made a positive career of it.

HELGA. (*Stepping c.*) But we have been so cautious since his last escape . . . he has been in my especial care.

GODALMING. Well much good that's done. P'rhaps Seward should get a man for a man's work.

HELGA. My lord! I SEWARD. Uncalled for, should thank you to—! Gordon. Not her fault.

GODALMING. Well, I suppose not. Sorry Dr. Van Zandt, but my blood's up. (*Placing snifter on mantle.*) This business could get sticky.

HELGA. (*Crossing R. above chaise.*) I assure you every necessary precaution is being taken— (*Loud crash and much commotion from the hall interrupts them.*)

JAMESON. (*Off stage.*) Renfield, you flippin' looney, come back here!

HELGA. Ach! Renfield!	GODALMING. Hmph.
	Every necessary precau-
	tion . . .

(RENFIELD runs on from L. holding something live and furry in his hands, followed by a panting JAMESON. RENFIELD leaps the chaise, scampers U. R. but GODALMING blocks the exit—then he runs D. C. and JAMESON grabs him from behind.)

RENFIELD. (*To SEWARD who stands in the D. S. L. corner.*) Please, Doctor Seward, don't let him take it, it's mine—mine—mine . . . (RENFIELD continues fondling the creature saying: Mine, mine, mine . . . GODALMING sits on top edge of chaise.)

JAMESON. Sorry, sir—went to check 'is window an' 'e gave me the slip.

HELGA. (*Beckons RENFIELD.*) Renfield! (JAMESON *shoves RENFIELD U. C. to her and stands at RENFIELD's L.*) What is it in your hand? (RENFIELD *immediately puts both hands behind his back.*)

RENFIELD. Nothing.

HELGA. Show me the hand, Renfield. (RENFIELD *puts out his left hand.*) The other hand, Renfield. (*He returns his left hand and puts out his right.*)

RENFIELD. Nothing.

HELGA. (*Slaps his hand.*) BOTH HANDS, RENFIELD! (RENFIELD *shoves the mouse in her face.*) HELGA *screams and GODALMING comforts her.*)

RENFIELD. (*Kneeling c.—fondling mouse continuously.*) Dr. Seward, please—it's mine—don't let them take it!

JAMESON. (*Slightly above RENFIELD.*) Field mice, eh? Movin' up in the world, ain't we?

GODALMING. What the devil, Cedric?

SEWARD. It's a symptom, Gordon.

JAMESON. Y' see, M' Lord, he eats creatures.

GODALMING. We all do, man, 'cept G. B. Shaw.

RENFIELD. (*Has been repeating this during the previous speeches.*) Mine—mine—mine—mine—

HELGA. Oh, Enough! (*She grabs the riding crop out of GODALMING's hand and pops the mouse out of RENFIELD's grasp.* It scurries away from under the chaise and GODALMING tries to stomp on it as it runs into the wall D. S. R.*)

GODALMING. (*If mouse gets caught.*) Got him!

HELGA. (*If mouse escapes.*) Now it is in the woodwork!

*Note: These are alternate lines depending on whether or not Godalming catches the mouse.

JAMESON. (*Fetching a silent butler to scoop up the mouse remains and toss in fireplace if mouse gets caught.*) Y' see? M' lord, live things—flies and such. (*Stepping c.*)

RENFIELD. (*Having watched every movement of the mouse. Animated.*) YES! (*Rising.*) Yes . . . flies, spiders. (*Takes fly out from pouch, crosses to HELGA to show it to her.*) Little bits of life, tiny drops of immortality

HELGA. Uh!

RENFIELD. no power in dead things (*Crosses back to c.*) . . . the blood is the life!

JAMESON. (*Starting for RENFIELD.*) 'Ere now, Renfield, back you go.

HELGA. (*Stopping him.*) No, no. Let him continue.

RENFIELD. The Master said it and it is so. (*Sits chaise—facing out—holding fly in closed hand.*) Now you . . . (*Indicating the company.*) you eat dead things . . . barbarous . . . no life from that—but the living blood still pulsing with the strength, the essence . . . it's glorious!

GODALMING. (*At fireplace.*) So he eats mice?

RENFIELD. No.

GODALMING. Good.

RENFIELD. Flies and spiders. (*Eats fly he's been holding—everyone silently reacts with disdain.*) I was trying to escalate, you see, but it was too soon.

GODALMING. Incredible . . . (*Crosses to doors listening to wolf.*)

(*There is a piercing wolf howl.*)

RENFIELD. (*Transfixed.*) LISTEN—you hear? The Great One rides the wind tonight—the master of life . . . (*Confidentially.*) Oh, I'm not in his league,

yet. (*Winks at HELGA.*) I'm a mere journeyman, but soon—soon— (*A chilling scream. RENFIELD has a fit—rubbing his head he spins U. S. C. JAMESON grabs him from behind and holds him—HELGA rises.*) YES! I promise! Renfield keeps your covenant!

SEWARD. (*L. of RENFIELD at C.*) Who is this Great One, Renfield?

RENFIELD. Why Him . . . the nameless one.

GODALMING. (*R. of RENFIELD above chaise.*) What?

RENFIELD. HIM! . . . But of course you don't understand (*Breaks from JAMESON and crosses to HELGA.*)—I speak metaphorically.

HELGA. Of course you do.

RENFIELD. (*Crosses D. S. and circles U. R. SEWARD motions to the other to protect exits.*) One day the world will know—the philosopher, the scientist, *they* will understand—but you, *you* will never comprehend . . .

(*JAMESON blocks R. exit, HELGA blocks L. exit, SEWARD blocks doors. Godalming stands at bar.*)

JAMESON. Steady, Renfield, don't be gettin' in an uproar . . .

RENFIELD. Soon I shall have all the lives I want—

JAMESON. Oh really?!

RENFIELD. the Master has promised me. (*He looks off R. as if seeing someone, drawing the others' attention.*) Even now he approaches! (*He grabs JAMESON's eye glasses.*)

JAMESON. 'ere, m' specks . . . !

(*RENFIELD then grabs the riding crop from under GODALMING's arm, bashes SEWARD in the leg with it, forcing him away from the doors. JAMESON grabs GODALMING by mistake. SEWARD hops C.*)

RENFIELD. Master, I come! (*And disappears out the French doors.*)

SEWARD. Damn! He's foxed us— (*Limps U. to doors.*)

GODALMING. If he makes the village it's all up for you— (*JAMESON joins SEWARD at doors.*)

HELGA. Calmly, gentlemen, calmly! I will fetch lanterns. Cedric, you and Jameson go from the terrace to the ravine; if Lord Godalming and I search the front lawn, we shall close him between us. (*Exit off L. for lanterns, coming right back on, placing lanterns on D. S. side of desk.*)

SEWARD. (*The riding crop comes flying in thru the doors and SEWARD catches it. He gives crop to GODALMING.*) Oh, why didn't I stay in general practice? Come on, Jameson!

JAMESON. Right then we're away. (*They exit through the doors.*)

GODALMING. (*Closes French doors. Crosses D. R., leaves crop on chair.*) The things you learn, visitin' other people's houses. (*Turns to HELGA.*) Dr. Van Zandt . . .

HELGA. Lord Godalming . . . (*She rushes into his outstretched arms. They meet at c. in front of chaise and sit while still kissing.*)

GODALMING. Ah, Helga, how long must we carry on this subterfuge? Damn Parliament, damn politics, damn Lady Godalming— (*Kneeling.*) run away with me to India, and we'll live like the wanderin' gypsies.

HELGA. (*Embracing him.*) Gordon, you promised. We must conceal a little longer. I should be discredited by every psychologist in Vienna if it were discovered I am the mistress of an English Lord. And you, dear Gordy, you would be ruined in Parliament if the Prime Minister knew of your liaison with an Austrian. The German question is so sensitive. And Lady Doris . . .

GODALMING. Damn Lady Doris!

HELGA. Gordon!

GODALMING. (*Putting his head in her lap.*) Oh, I don't mean it, but it's such agony—she can't live much longer, and she's hated me for years anyway. M' whole life's been a parade dress . . . the family, the title, King and country . . . why can't we have some ordinary peace and happiness?

HELGA. (*Caressing him.*) Because, my lord, we are not ordinary people. We have duties. We are, I'm afraid, hostages to history.

GODALMING. (*Rising.*) Very well, dear doctor, I'll keep m' peace. My God, I wouldn't do this for any other woman in England! (*Bending over her with one knee on the chaise and with one hand on her breast. They embrace and kiss feverishly.*)

SEWARD. (*From off stage.*) Gordon? Helga? Are you there? Where are those lanterns? (*They draw apart as HELGA says:*)

HELGA. (*Rising.*) Duty, duty, my dearest lord. (*Crosses L. to desk, gets lanterns.*)

GODALMING. (*Picking up crop from chair and crossing U. S. R.*) Off to the front lawn, then, fraulien doctor. Let's go find your prime specimen.

HELGA. The lanterns— (*Crossing to him. They almost kiss, but SEWARD's voice interrupts them.*)

SEWARD. (o. s.) Gordon! Helga! (*They exit R. The stage is empty for a moment, then RENFIELD's head appears at L. He enters and giggles softly, crossing C.*)

RENFIELD. Fools—all of them fools. They're gone now, Master. I've distracted them. The way is clear, Now tell me you will fulfill your promise. Teach Renfield the secrets of life. (*The doors blow open, a wolf howls, a wind begins blowing.*)

RENFIELD. (*Listens to the wolf howl, nodding.*) I obey, Master. I will be patient. Thy will be done. (*He exits L.*)

DRACULA. (*Reverberating.*) Wil . . hel . . mina . . . come to me . . . (*And a caped figure appears in profile on the terrace enshrouded in fog.*)

(WILHELMINA MURRAY, wearing wire rimmed glasses and carrying a copy of *The Dial*, appears on the stairs. She is in a trance, drawn by the voice. Suddenly from the entrance hall we hear:)

HARKER. (*Poking his head in from R.*) Hello? (*The caped figure vanishes instantly as HARKER enters, carrying a camera and various gear. As DRACULA disappears WILLY stops on the stairs.*) Hello— (*Crossing to the doors as they close when DRACULA clears the terrace.*) is anyone in? (*He sees WILLY.*) Oh! Beg pardon, Miss. (*WILLY continues staring vacantly.*) I say . . . Miss? (*Crossing U. to her at bottom of stairs. No response.*) Hmm . . . ah, parlez-vous Anglais? Sprechen sie Deutsch? Obviously some sort of trance . . . (*Puts D. his carry case, removing cap.*) Well, might as well get a snap for the old *Globe* before I'm chucked out. (*HARKER takes a flash photo. The sudden light startles WILLY to consciousness.*)

WILLY. (*Cool and pleasant.*) What are you doing here? Come to that, (*Glancing back upstairs.*) what am I doing here?

HARKER. I just got here.

WILLY. Scavenger hunt, or are you sightseeing?

HARKER. Motorcar's failed. Think it's the dashed magneto. Saw your light through the fog and came up.

WILLY. (*Descending the stairs.*) Motorcar frightfully sporty . . . but wildly improbable! (*Crosses*

D. L. to desk.) What sort of motorcar? (*Leaves the "Dial" on desk.*)

HARKER. (*Crossing c.*) Borrowed, actually. Who's house am I in, by the bye?

WILLY. (*Turning to him.*) Dr. Cedric Seward's. And who are you, by the bye?

HARKER. (*Puts camera and flash on c. table.*) What? Oh, sorry, I'm Jonathan Harker of the *London Globe*.

WILLY. Of course! You're here to serialize my autobiography! (*Offers hand.*)

HARKER. Ah, why, yes, Miss, that's just it . . .

WILLY. (*Giggling.*) Your tone gives you away. (*Crosses R.*) You've just decided I'm an inmate.

HARKER. Inmate? Beg pardon?

WILLY. (*Moving in front of fireplace.*) Dr. Seward is the head of the Whitby Sanitorium.

HARKER. (*Mock astonishment.*) Yes, of course! The great gloomy heap on the hill. I knew it was somewhere in these parts. Are you a—patient?

WILLY. You're the reporter—draw an inference. Any rate, you're welcome. That is if Uncle Cedric doesn't murder you in cold blood—hates the Press.

HARKER. Doesn't everyone?

WILLY. Take off your coat and warm yourself by the fire. (*HARKER removes coat, lays it on chaise meets WILLY at R. just above fireplace.*) Care for a brandy? Promise you'll be civil and entertaining and I'll intercede for you. I'm Wilhelmina Murray. (*Taking a cigar from the mantle.*) Would you like a cigar?

HARKER. (*Taking cigar.*) Ah . . . charmed, Miss Murray.

WILLY. Call me Willy. (*Offers hand.*) Everyone does, sooner or later.

HARKER. Willy. (*Takes hand and kisses it.*) Call me Jonathan—almost no one does. (*Step aside to let*

her pass. WILLY crosses U. to bar for brandy.) Yes to the brandy, I'm usually civil if softly approached, I almost never smoke cigars (*Chucks away cigar in box on mantle.*) and I promise to be as entertaining as possible. (*Crosses U to stair post.*)

WILLY. (*Pouring brandy.*) Capital! You may improve on acquaintance. (*Handing him glass.*) Here's your brandy, I hate cigars, and a writer's promise is a tiger's smile—as Oscar Wilde once said. (*A pause as HARKER leans in for a kiss—but WILLY crosses c.*) I wonder where everyone is, come to think of it . . .

HARKER. (*Crossing L. above WILLY to doors.*) Wouldn't have been the lanterns I saw going down the edge of the grounds as I came in?

WILLY. Really? Hmmm, must be chasing the Renfield again.

HARKER. The who?

WILLY. (*Stepping c.*) The local diversion.

HARKER. Proper inmate?

WILLY. Oh, yes. I rather enjoy his escapades . . . lightens the hours. (*Steps D. c. removing eyeglasses.*) You've no idea how dull country life can be.

HARKER. (*Moving in to her.*) It needn't be . . .

WILLY. Are you really a reporter, or are you here to file the heirlooms?

HARKER. (*A slight pause.*) It wasn't Wilde.

WILLY. What?

HARKER. "A writer's promise . . . like a tiger's smile . . ." It wasn't Wilde, it was Lytton Strachey.

WILLY. It reads! Delightful! (*Puts smiling glasses on and crosses U. c. to camera.*)

HARKER. (*Puts brandy D. on desk and crosses c.*) Well, one tries. Now, if you will, a few explanations. What on earth were you doing when I came in?

WILLY. No interviews, please. How does this work?
(*Indicates camera.*)

HARKER. Here I'll show you. Stand over there, will you?
(*Indicating French doors.*)

WILLY. (*Crosses to doors. HARKER takes camera from table to bar leaving one photoplate on the table.*) Right. Oh, and please excuse my running on—I tend to prattle—left alone as a child. They say it's compulsive.

HARKER. (*Setting up for the photo.*) Certainly. Think nothing of it. Now . . . (*Crosses to her and removes her glasses.*) Hold your head like this . . . chin up . . . (*Touches her cheek. Takes a beat to look at her—puts glasses on bar and crosses back to her.*)

WILLY. . . . and I've had a slight temperature—it's left me a bit giddy.

HARKER. (*Taking her hands.*) Well, fever may have added your wit, but it's given you a lovely color . . .

WILLY. Smooth-tongued rogue. (*HARKER draws her to him and kisses her.*) Do give me fair warning next time—I hate surprises—was frightened by a grouse hunt as a child.

HARKER. Now, don't move a muscle . . . (*He starts to cross to the camera. The shadow of a bat appears at the French doors and DRACULA theme is heard.*)

WILLY. (*Weakly, grabbing his arm.*) Jonathan—

HARKER. Miss Murray—what is it? Are you unwell?

WILLY. . . . do you believe in the intervention of fate?

HARKER. I never did . . . till now . . .

(*The bat swoops the windows again and WILLY shudders and swoons.*)

HARKER. (*Supporting her.*) My dear girl—you're

quite in need of some air. Let's step out on the terrace. (HARKER opens the French doors, supporting WILLY with an arm around her waist. Just as they step out the bat swoops again.)

WILLY. Ahhh— (She breaks from HARKER and backs into the room D. S. of the chaise.)

HARKER. Jesus! Look at the size of that bat! Well, we'll see to this . . . (He grabs a fire poker and rushes at the bat. In the struggle he's nicked on the forehead, O. S. but drives the bat off. He re-enters and closes the doors.) Things that go bump in the night. Good Lord deliver us. Vicious beast— (Crosses C.) damn! He's blooded me— (Noticing WILLY, who is hysterical.) Miss Murray, Willy, you are unwell . . . (DRACULA theme goes out.)

WILLY. (Wildly.) It will out, they say—blood will have blood! (She suddenly recovers her composure.) Jonathan, come here. (He takes her hands.) I'm going to faint, please excuse it. If I die, or go mad, please remember that I liked you very much . . . (She faints dead away on the chaise.)

HARKER. (At L. of chaise.) My dear girl . . . Willy . . . Oh, Christ, her Uncle'll have me flayed alive . . . (Patting her hand, he is attempting to revive her when RENFIELD opens doors and enters then closes doors. Thinking HARKER is attempting to harm WILLY, RENFIELD grabs him in a bear hug and swings him away from the chaise to U. S. C. holding him off the ground.)

HARKER. Eeeeeaaaaahhhh!

RENFIELD. You're new here, aren't you?

HARKER. WHAT THE—!

RENFIELD. Shush! Quiet now! I'll explain the rules. You must never, never touch Miss Wilhelmina. That's

very naughty. She is . . . promised. And you shouldn't be out of your room at all after dark. That's very wrong.

HARKER. Will . . . you . . . please . . . put . . . me . . . down?

RENFIELD. Promise not to run?

HARKER. Cross my heart. (RENFIELD *puts him down and HARKER breaks to the L.*) Now look here—there's been some misunderstanding.

RENFIELD. There always is . . .

HARKER. (*Taking one step toward him.*) My good man—what is your name?

RENFIELD. (*Taking one step toward him.*) You first.

HARKER. (*Taking another step in.*) John Harker—and you are . . . ?

RENFIELD. I'm Jameson, the butler here. You'll be seeing a lot of me . . . (*Takes JAMESON's glasses out of his pouch and puts them on. Crosses D. R. to WILLY and pats her hand.*) . . . we try to make everyone feel at home . . . while they regain their Life Force . . . must care for the Life Force . . . feed it . . . nurture it . . .

HARKER. (*Watching RENFIELD.*) Yes, but . . .

RENFIELD. (*Begins to wander L., tracking a fly. It lands on the wall. He steps U. onto the stool and catches it, shows the fly to HARKER and then eats it.*) Must sustain the Life Force!

HARKER. (*Very softly with a gulp.*) Oh, Lord have mercy on a poor wayfarer . . .

(*General commotion O. S. R. HARKER is confused—he looks at WILLY then to RENFIELD who tries to hide by holding the stool over his head cringing in the D. S. L. corner.*)

off-stage { SEWARD. He must have come this way—
 doubled back—
 JAMESON. Must 'ave done—
 HELGA. But Gordon—
 SEWARD. *How* could Godalming get lost?
 HELGA. His torch went out, I think—
 SEWARD. Maddening—

(They all enter.)

SEWARD. (*Opening the doors.*) But where could Renfield— (*All three stop dead in the doorway when they see HARKER. Looking at them HARKER simply points to where RENFIELD has hidden—they all look toward RENFIELD simultaneously.*)

SEWARD. (*HELGA closes the doors, puts down her lantern, crosses to WILLY at L. of chaise checking her pulse.*) Right . . . Jameson . . . (*JAMESON bounds across the room and collars RENFIELD, retrieves his glasses, puts the stool down and sits RENFIELD in the desk chair.*)

HARKER. (*Indicating WILLY and crossing D. S. R.*) . . . and your niece, I think, has fainted.

SEWARD. (*Crossing R., kneeling at WILLY's side.*) Willy! What's happened here—and WHO IN HELL ARE YOU?

HARKER. I'm John Harker, reporter—your niece was frightened by a bat and fainted when that fellow came in and grabbed me . . .

SEWARD. Young man, I'll . . .

WILLY. (*Revives and sits up.*) What is the deed without a name? . . . up above the world so high, like a tea-tray in the sky (*Pause.*) . . . Hello, everyone . . . what? . . . Oh, Lord, I've nodded off again.

My apologies, Mr. Harker. I seem to be subject to fits these days.

SEWARD. Thank God you're all right! (*Rising.*) Now see here, Harker . . .

WILLY. Uncle, Please . . . Mr. Harker's a—motorist in distress. He saved me from—well, probably rabies at the least—now be civil! I'm sure he'll refrain from writing about us if we're hospitable—

(*During this exchange, RENFIELD has picked up the poker that HARKER dropped on the floor near the desk. HELGA notices and quietly looks at JAMESON, points to RENFIELD. JAMESON takes the poker from RENFIELD.*)

HARKER. My word as an Oxford man.

SEWARD. Humph. Which House?

HARKER. Magdalen, sir. (*Pronounced: Maudlin.*)

SEWARD. Corpus Christi, m'self. How'd ja do?

HARKER. (*Shaking SEWARD's hand.*) Pleased to meet you, sir.

WILLY. (*Rising, crosses into HARKER in front of SEWARD.*) Glad that's settled! What's an Oxford man doing reporting?

HARKER. Yes . . . family's frightfully cut up about it—

SEWARD. (*Crossing L. above RENFIELD.*) Everything all right, Jameson? (*RENFIELD begins rocking and rubbing his head, swinging into a manic phase.*)

RENFIELD. (*Rising.*) He . . . he . . . he cometh, he cometh . . . (*He advances c. towards WILLY. JAMESON puts the poker on the desk.*) He comes to judge the quick and the dead—

WILLY. (*Stepping to him.*) Who, Renfield?

RENFIELD. Ye have eyes, and ye see not, ears and ye hear not . . . Fools! Fools, more than fools (*He leaps onto the chaise.*) . . . Food! Hahahehehe . . .

WILLY. (*JAMESON starts for RENFIELD but HELGA stops him.*) You don't mean that, Renfield—

RENFIELD. Yes, yes, I do . . . all, except you.

WILLY. Why do you say that?

RENFIELD. I . . . I . . . can't tell . . . (*In great agitation.*)

WILLY. (*Taking his hands.*) You can tell me, Renfield—why am I the exception?

RENFIELD. Because—you are chosen! (*He jumps off the chaise, still holding WILLY's hands.*) I told him, you see . . . I told him how you were special . . . I've always thought you were . . . (*Letting go of her wincing in pain.*) Noooo! (*HARKER draws WILLY R.—away from RENFIELD.*) No, Master! I wouldn't tell them—never! I didn't mean to— Don't punish me, please!

SEWARD. Jameson!

RENFIELD. (*As JAMESON crosses c. and puts his hands on RENFIELD's shoulders:*) No! Don't touch me! Stay away from me— (*He pushes JAMESON away. General ad-libs to calm RENFIELD. HARKER, SEWARD and JAMESON start for him and surround him. To the R. JAMESON coming at him from D. S. He drops to his knees, grabs the poker from desk, swings at them and knocks the gun out of JAMESON's hand screaming: the gun flies S. R.—JAMESON goes after it to the fireplace everyone focuses on RENFIELD as he backs D. S. watching him sink to his knees—HELGA is U. S. L., SEWARD and HARKER are U. S. R. JAMESON is at the fireplace, WILLY is extreme corner D. S. R.)* BACK! (*Suddenly RENFIELD turns and bolts for the French doors . . . just as suddenly he stops, DRACULA theme is heard*

. . . *backs up saying:*) The blood is the life . . . the blood is the life . . . (*WILLY has trouble breathing totally affected by DRACULA's approach. He is in great agitation. Trembling, he collapses onto the floor. The doors swing open, wind blows and DRACULA steps into the room to the edge of the first platform.*)

JAMESON. Lord!

HELGA. Mein Gott!

HARKER. What now?

} (*Together as soon
as doors open.*)

DRACULA. (*Pausing to look at everyone before speaking.*) Good evening . . . I am Dracula.

SEWARD. Sir?

DRACULA. Count Dracula, late of Transylvania. As I approached, I heard the sounds of struggle.

SEWARD. Well, you certainly seem to have come just in time.

HARKER. You rather surprised us, Count.

SEWARD. Yes . . . well . . . we'd best get him back to his cell— (*Indicating RENFIELD.*)

JAMESON. I'll need some 'elp, sir. (*HARKER offers to assist but before they can move:*)

DRACULA. One moment. (*He crosses D. S. C. to RENFIELD who has begun to whimper and moan. DRACULA with one quick movement reaches out and with his upstage hand he presses his finger tips to RENFIELD's forehead and RENFIELD rises slowly, completely subdued. DRACULA removes his hand and wipes it with his handkerchief.*) He will go with you now.

JAMESON. (*Crossing D. C.*) If you say so, sir (*Picking up poker.*) . . . After you, Renfield. (*RENFIELD, in somewhat of a daze, precedes JAMESON down the hall exiting L. As they exit, DRACULA counters U. to C. SEWARD crosses L. and closes doors.*)

HELGA. (*U. S. of desk.*) Amazing, Mein Herr, remarkable effect you have on the Renfield.

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