

Acting Edition

Dracula

Dramatized by
Hamilton Deane &
John L. Balderston

From the novel by
Bram Stoker

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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Copy of original program of "DRACULA" as presented
at the Fulton Theatre, New York City:

HORACE LIVERIGHT

Presents

"DRACULA"

The Vampire Play

Dramatized by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston
From Bram Stoker's World Famous Novel, "Dracula"

Staged by Ira Hards

General Manager and Technical Director, Louis Cline

CAST

(In the order of their appearance)

MISS WELLS, *maid* *Nedda Harrigan*
JONATHAN HARKER *Terence Neill*
DR. SEWARD *Herbert Bunston*
ABRAHAM VAN HELSING *Edward Van Sloan*
R. M. RENFIELD..... *Bernard Jukes*
BUTTERWORTH *Albert Frith*
LUCY SEWARD *Dorothy Peterson*
COUNT DRACULA *Bela Lugosi*

ACT I. *Library in DR. SEWARD'S Sanatorium, Purley,
England. Evening.*

ACT II. *LUCY'S Boudoir. Evening of the following
day.*

ACT III. SCENE I. *The same as Act I. Thirty-two
hours later. (Shortly before sunrise.)*

SCENE II. *A vault. Just after sunrise.*

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

DRACULA: *A tall, mysterious man. Polished and distinguished. Continental in appearance and manner. Aged fifty.*

MAID: *An attractive young girl.*

HARKER: *A young man of about twenty-five; handsome in appearance, a typical Englishman of the Public School class, but in manner direct, explosive, incisive and excitable.*

DR. SEWARD: *An alienist of about fifty-five; intelligent, but a typical specialist who lives in a world of text books and patients, not a man of action or force of character.*

ABRAHAM VAN HELSING: *A man of medium height, in the early fifties, with clean-shaven, astute face, shaggy grey eyebrows and a mass of grey hair which is brushed backward showing a high forehead. Dark, piercing eyes set far apart; nervous, alert manner; an air of resolution; clearly a man of resourceful action. Incisive speech, always to the point; raps his words out sharply and quickly.*

RENFIELD: *Repulsive youth; face distorted, shifty eyes, tousled hair.*

ATTENDANT: *Dressed in uniform.*

LUCY: *A beautiful girl of twenty, clad in filmy white dressing gown, her face unnaturally pale. She walks with difficulty; round her throat is wound a scarf.*

DRACULA

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The library on the ground floor of DR. SEWARD'S Sanatorium at Purley. Room is medieval, the walls are stone with vaulted ceiling supported by two stone pillars, but is comfortably furnished in modern style. Wooden panelling around walls. Tapestries hang on the wall. Medieval fireplace in wall R. Fire burning. There is a couch R.C., a large armchair R. Flat top desk with armchair back of it Left, a small chair R. of desk. Double doors, in the rear wall C. and L. front. Large double window across angle of room L. rear, leading out into garden. The curtains at window are drawn. Door L.I. Electric LIGHTS on. Invisible sliding panel in bookcase rear wall R.*

MAID, *an attractive young girl, enters at C. to L. of door, showing in JOHN HARKER. HARKER is a young man of about twenty-five, handsome in appearance; a typical Englishman of the Public School class, but in manner direct, explosive, incisive and excitable.*

HARKER. (*R. of door. Agitated*) You're sure Miss Lucy is no worse?

MAID. (*Soothingly*) Just the same, sir. (*Starts out.*)

SEWARD. (*Enters L. He is an alienist of about fifty-five, intelligent, but a typical specialist who lives in a world of text books and patients, not a man of action or force of character. Crosses to c.*) Oh! John. (*Exit MAID C., closing doors.*)

HARKER. (*As SEWARD extends hand, crossing to L.C.*) Doctor Seward. What is it? Why have you sent for me?

SEWARD. My dear John. I told you in my wire there was nothing new.

HARKER. You said "no change, don't worry," but to "come at once."

SEWARD. (*Approvingly*) And you lost no time.

HARKER. I jumped in the car and burned up the road from London. Oh, Doctor, surely there must be something *more* we can do for Lucy. I'd give my life gladly if it would save her.

SEWARD. I'm sure you would, my boy. You love her with the warm blood of youth, but don't forget I love my daughter, too. She's all I have. (*HARKER turns from him.*) You must see that nothing medical science can suggest has been left undone.

HARKER. (*Crosses R. Bitterly*) Medical science couldn't do much for Mina. Poor Mina.

SEWARD. Yes, poor Mina. She died after these same incredible symptoms that my Lucy has developed.

HARKER. My Lucy too.

SEWARD. Our Lucy, then. (*Crosses to L. end of desk. Wild, maniacal LAUGH is heard off L.U.*)

HARKER. (*Moves up to L. of sofa*) Good God, what was that?

SEWARD. (*Sits L. of desk*) Only Renfield. A patient of mine.

HARKER. (*Crosses to L.C.*) But you never keep violent patients here in your sanatorium. Lucy mustn't be compelled to listen to raving madmen.

SEWARD. I quite agree, and I'm going to have him

sent away. Until just lately he was always quiet. I'll be sorry to lose him.

HARKER. What!

SEWARD. An unusual case. Zoophagous.

HARKER. What's that?

SEWARD. A life-eating maniac.

HARKER. What?

SEWARD. Yes, he thinks that by absorbing lives he can prolong his own life.

HARKER. Good Lord!

SEWARD. Catches flies and eats them. And by way of change, he feeds flies to spiders. Fattens them up. Then he eats the spiders.

HARKER. Good God, how disgusting. (*Crosses to chair R. of desk and sits*) But tell me about Lucy. (*Leans over desk*) Why did you send for me?

SEWARD. Yesterday I wired to Holland for my old friend Van Helsing. He'll be here soon. The car has gone down to the station for him now. I'm going to turn Lucy's case over to him.

HARKER. Another specialist on anæmia?

SEWARD. No, my boy, whatever this may be, it's not anæmia, and this man, who speaks a dozen languages as well as his own, knows more about mysterious diseases than anyone alive.

HARKER. (*Rises; step down R.*) Heaven knows it's mysterious enough, but surely the symptoms are clear.

SEWARD. So were poor Mina's. Perfectly clear. (*A DOG HOWLS at a distance. Other dogs take up the lugubrious chorus far and near. SEWARD rises; crosses to fireplace*) There they are, at it again, every dog for a mile around.

HARKER. (*Crosses to window*) They seem howls of terror.

SEWARD. We've heard that chorus every night since Mina fell ill.

HARKER. (*Crosses to above desk*) When I was

travelling in Russia, and the dogs in the village barked like that, the natives always said wolves were prowling about.

SEWARD. (*Gets cigarette on mantel; lights it*) I hardly think you'll find wolves prowling around Purley, twenty miles from London.

HARKER. (*Crosses to window*) Yet your old house might be in a wilderness. (*Looks out of window*) Nothing in sight except that place Carfax that Count Dracula has taken.

SEWARD. (*Turning from fireplace*) Your friend, the Count, came in again last evening.

HARKER. He's no friend of mine. (*Crosses to L. end of divan.*)

SEWARD. Don't say that. He knows that you and I gave our blood for Lucy as well as for Mina, and he's offered to undergo transfusion himself if we need another volunteer. (*Sits on divan.*)

HARKER. By Jove, that's sporting of him. I see I've misjudged him.

SEWARD. He seems genuinely interested in Lucy. If he were a young man I'd think——

HARKER. What!

SEWARD. But his whole attitude shows that it isn't that. We need sympathy in this house, John, and I'm grateful for it.

HARKER. So am I. Anyone who offers to help Lucy can have anything I've got.

SEWARD. Well, I think he does help Lucy. She always seems cheered up when he comes.

HARKER. That's fine. May I go to Lucy now?

SEWARD. (*Rises*) We'll go together. (*Crosses L. BELL rings off. HARKER crosses to door L. SEWARD crosses down L.; puts out cigarette in ashtray*) That must be Van Helsing. You go ahead and I'll come presently. (*HARKER exits L.*)

(*MAID shows in ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, who en-*

ters L. briskly. Man of medium height, in the early fifties, with clean-shaven, astute face, shaggy grey eyebrows and a mass of grey hair which is brushed backward showing a high forehead. Dark, piercing eyes set far apart; nervous, alert manner; an air of resolution, clearly a man of resourceful action. Incisive speech, always to the point; raps his words out sharply and quickly. VAN HELSING carries small black bag.)

MAID. Professor Van Helsing!

SEWARD. (*Crosses L.C. He and VAN HELSING shake hands warmly as MAID goes out c.*) My dear Van Helsing, I can never repay you for this.

VAN HELSING. (R.C.) Were it only a patient of yours instead of your daughter, I would have come. You once rendered me a service.

SEWARD. Don't speak of that. You'd have done it for me. (*Starts to ring*) Let me give you something to eat. (*Moves one step up, stopped by VAN HELSING'S gesture.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Crosses; places bag on table back of sofa*) I dined on the boat train. I do not waste time when there is work to do. (*Crosses back to c.*)

SEWARD. Ah, Van Helsing, you cast the old spell on me. I lean on you before you have been two minutes in my house.

VAN HELSING. You wrote of your daughter's symptoms. Tell me more of the other young lady, the one who died.

SEWARD. (*Crosses L.; shows VAN HELSING chair R. of desk. He sits. SEWARD sits L. desk*) Poor Mina Weston. She was a girl just Lucy's age. They were inseparable. She was on a visit here when she fell ill. As I wrote you, she just grew weaker, day by day she wasted away. But there were no anæmic symptoms, her blood was normal when analyzed.

VAN HELSING. You said you performed transfusion.

SEWARD. Yes, Sir William Briggs ordered that. (*Baring forearm*) You see this mark? Well, Lucy herself, and her fiancée, John Harker, gave their blood as well.

VAN HELSING. So—— Three transfusions—— And the effect?

SEWARD. She rallied after each. The color returned to her cheeks, but the next morning she would be pale and weak again. She complained of *bad dreams*. Ten days ago we found her in a stupor from which nothing could rouse her. She—died.

VAN HELSING. And—the other symptoms?

SEWARD. None, except those two little marks on the throat that I wrote you about.

VAN HELSING. And which perhaps brought me here so quickly. What were they like?

SEWARD. Just two little white dots with red centers. (*VAN HELSING nods grimly.*) We decided she must have run a safety pin through the skin of her throat, trying in her delirium to fasten a scarf or shawl.

VAN HELSING. Perhaps. And your daughter's symptoms are the same?

SEWARD. Precisely. She too speaks of *bad dreams*. Van Helsing, you've lived in the tropics. May this not be something alien to our medical experience in England?

VAN HELSING. (*Grimly*) It may indeed, my friend. (*LAUGH is heard from behind curtain at window. SEWARD rises, after VAN HELSING rises, and SEWARD crosses to up R. of window and draws curtains. RENFIELD is standing there. Repulsive youth, face distorted, shifty eyes, tousled hair. VAN HELSING back to R.C.*)

SEWARD. (*Astounded, drawing RENFIELD into room*) Renfield. How did you——?

VAN HELSING. Who is this man?

SEWARD. (*Crosses to bell up c.; rings*) One of my patients. This is gross carelessness.

VAN HELSING. Did you hear us talking?

RENFIELD. Words—words—words——

SEWARD. Come, come, Renfield, you know you mustn't wander about this way. How did you get out of your room?

RENFIELD. (*Crosses down to c.; laughs*) Wouldn't you like to know?

SEWARD. (*Crosses to below desk*) How are the flies? (*To VAN HELSING*) Mr. Renfield makes a hobby of eating flies. I'm afraid you eat spiders, too, sometimes. Don't you, Renfield?

RENFIELD. Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. Excuse me, Doctor, you have not introduced me to your friend.

SEWARD. (*Reprovingly*) Come, come, Renfield.

VAN HELSING. Humor him. (*Enter MAID c.*)

SEWARD. Tell the Attendant to come here at once.

MAID. Yes, sir. (*Exit c.*)

SEWARD. Oh, very well. Professor Van Helsing, Mr. Renfield, a patient of mine. (*VAN HELSING steps toward him. SEWARD L. of desk. They shake hands. VAN HELSING rubs RENFIELD'S fingers with his thumb and RENFIELD jerks hand away.*)

RENFIELD. Ah, who does not know of Van Helsing. Your work, sir, in investigating certain obscure diseases, not altogether unconnected with forces and powers that the ignorant herd do not believe exist, has won you a position that posterity will recognize. (*Enter ATTENDANT c., dressed in uniform. He starts at seeing RENFIELD, then looks at SEWARD sheepishly.*)

SEWARD. (*A step R. of desk. As severely as his mild nature permits*) Butterworth, you have let your patient leave his room again.

ATTENDANT. Blimme, sir, I locked the door on 'im, and I've got the key in my pocket now.

SEWARD. But this is the second time. Only last night you let him escape and he tried to break into Count Dracula's house across the grounds.

ATTENDANT. (*Crossing down*) 'E didn't get out the door this time, sir, and it's a drop of thirty feet out of the windows. (*Points to window. Crosses to RENFIELD*) He's just a bloomin' eel. Now you come with me. (*As they start toward door c.; holds RENFIELD by coat collar and right arm.*)

SEWARD. Renfield, if this happens again you will get no more sugar to spread out for your flies.

RENFIELD. (*Drawing himself up*) What do I care for flies—*now?* (*ATTENDANT gives VAN HELSING a look.*) Flies are but poor things. (*As he speaks he follows with his eyes a fly. ATTENDANT sees fly too; releases RENFIELD indulgently. With a sweep of his hand he catches fly, holds closed hand to ear as if listening to buzz of fly as he crosses a few steps L., then carries it to his mouth. Then seeing them watching him, releases it quickly.*) A low form of life. Beneath my notice. I don't care a pin about flies.

ATTENDANT. Oh, doncher? Any more o' yer tricks and I'll take yer new spider away.

RENFIELD. (*Babbles—on knees*) Oh, no, no! Please, dear Mr. Butterworth, please leave me my spider. He's getting so nice and fat. When he's had another dozen flies he'll be just right, just right. (*Gives little laugh. Rubs hands together, then catches fly and makes gesture of eating.*)

VAN HELSING. Come, Mr. Renfield, what makes you want to eat flies?

RENFIELD. (*Rises. ATTENDANT backs up a few steps*) The wings of a fly, my dear sir, typify the aerial powers of the psychic faculties.

SEWARD. (*To ATTENDANT, wearily*) Butterworth, take him away.

VAN HELSING. One moment, my friend. (*To RENFIELD*) And the spiders?

RENFIELD. (*Crosses to VAN HELSING. Impressively*) Professor Van Helsing, can you tell me why that one great spider lived for centuries in the tower of the old Spanish church—and grew and grew? He never ate, but he drank, and he *drank*. He would come down and drink the oil of all the church lamps.

SEWARD. (*To ATTENDANT*) Butterworth. (*ATTENDANT takes step down.*)

RENFIELD. (*Crosses to SEWARD*) One moment, Doctor Seward— (*VAN HELSING gets wolf's-bane from bag on table above sofa and moves back to R.C.*) I want you to send me away, now, *tonight*, in a straight waistcoat. Chain me so I can't escape. This is a sanatorium, not a lunatic asylum. This is no place for me. My cries will disturb Miss Lucy, who is ill. They will give your daughter *bad dreams*, Doctor Seward, *bad dreams*.

SEWARD. (*Soothingly*) We'll see about all this in the morning. (*Nods to ATTENDANT, who takes half step toward RENFIELD.*)

VAN HELSING. Why are you so anxious to go?

RENFIELD. (*Crosses to VAN HELSING; hesitates with gesture of decision*) I'll tell you. Not that fool Seward. He wouldn't understand. But you— (*A large BAT dashes against window. RENFIELD turns to the window, holds out his hands and gibbers. Crosses to window*) No, no, no, I wasn't going to say anything— (*ATTENDANT crosses up; watches RENFIELD.*)

SEWARD. (*Moves step up L.*) What was that?

RENFIELD. (*Looks out window, then turns; moves toward c.*) It was a bat, gentleman. Only a bat. Do you know that in some islands of the East-

ern seas there are bats which hang on trees all night? And when the heat is stifling and sailors sleep on the deck in those harbors, in the morning *they* are found dead men—white, even as Miss Mina was.

SEWARD. What do you know of Miss Mina?
(*Pause.*) Take him to his room. (ATTENDANT *half step down.*)

VAN HELSING. (*To SEWARD*) Please! (*To RENFIELD*) Why are you so anxious to be moved from here?

RENFIELD. To save my soul.

VAN HELSING. Yes?

RENFIELD. Oh, you'll get nothing more out of me than that. And I'm not sure I hadn't rather stay—After all, what is my soul good for? Is not—(*Turns to window*)—*what I am to receive worth* the loss of my soul?

SEWARD. (*Lightly*) What's got him thinking about souls? Have you the souls of those flies and spiders on your conscience?

RENFIELD. (*During SEWARD's speech puts fingers in his ears, shuts eyes, distorts face, crosses L.*) I forbid you to plague me about souls. I don't want their souls. All I want is their life. The blood is the life—

VAN HELSING. So?

RENFIELD. That's in the Bible. What use are souls to me? (*Crosses to VAN HELSING*) I couldn't eat them or dr— (*Breaks off suddenly.*)

VAN HELSING. Or drink— (*Holding wolf's-bane under his nose, RENFIELD's face becomes convulsed with rage and loathing. He leaps back.*)

RENFIELD. You know too much to live, Van Hel-sing. (*Attacking VAN HELSING. ATTENDANT at R. of RENFIELD; shout from him and SEWARD at attack. As ATTENDANT and SEWARD drag RENFIELD, struggling, to door he stops struggling and says clearly*) I'll go quietly. (*SEWARD lets go of him*