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Cast of Characters

MINA

LUCY

JONATHAN HARKER

DRACULA

NUN

DR. SEWARD

VAN HELSING

SIMMONS

QUINCEY MORRIS

VAMPYRETTE 1

VAMPYRETTE 2

VAMPYRETTE 3

Production Notes

The occasional appearance of an asterisk in the middle of a speech indicates that the next speech begins to overlap at that point. A double asterisk indicates that a later speech (not the one immediately following) begins to overlap at that point. The overlapping speeches are all clearly marked in the text.

Acknowledgments

Dracula premiered at the SoHo Repertory Theatre in New York, April 1994, with the following cast and staff:

MINA	Patricia Dunnock
LUCY	Julia Gibson
JONATHAN HARKER	Tim Blake Nelson
DRACULA	Thomas Jay Ryan
NUN	Sharon Brady
DR. SEWARD	Damian Young
VAN HELSING	Ray Xifo
SIMMONS	Christopher McCann
QUINCEY MORRIS	Brett Rickaby
VAMPYRETTE	Gloria Domination
VAMPYRETTE	Jackie Domination
VAMPYRETTE	Marti Domination
Director	Julian Webber
Set Design	Kyle Chepulis.
Lighting Design	Brian Aldous
Costume Design	James Sauli
Sound Design	John Kilgore
Casting	Peggy Adler
Original Music	Melissa Shiflett
Assistant Director	Jason Porath

DRACULA

by Mac Wellman

ACT I

(The action takes place in the last days of 1899.)

(A world of decaying and unlikely machinery. Big glass tubes with things crawling in them. Huge light bulbs that flicker. Strange tubes that lead everywhere. Water stains down black walls.)

(Door slam.)

(Pin spot on a face, pale and drained...)

MINA. The room was dark. The bed was empty. I lit a match and found she was not there. The door was shut but not locked as I had left it. “Thank God,” I said to myself, “She cannot be far, as she is only in her nightdress.” I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting room. Finally I came to the hall door and found it open. It was not wide-open, but the catch of the lock had not caught. Lucy must have gone out as she was.

(Music.)

I took a big, heavy shawl and ran after. There was a bright, full moon, with dense, black, driving clouds, and the clock was striking one as I arrived at the Crescent. Not a soul was in sight. I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of the white figure I expected. The entire harbor of Whitby lay beneath me, and the glistening sea beyond. At the edge of the West Cliff above the pier I looked across the harbor to the East Cliff, in hope or fear—I don’t know which—of seeing Lucy at our favorite seat overlooking the town. For a moment or two I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary’s Church and all around it. Then, as the cloud passed, I could see, there, just as I had expected, the silver light of the moon strike a half reclining figure, snowy white. But it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat, and bent over it.

What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell; I did not wait to catch another glance, but flew down the steep steps to the pier and

along by Gin Lane and the fish market to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed dead, for not a soul did I see. That was good. For Lucy's reputation was at stake. My knees trembled, and my breath labored as I toiled up the endless steps. When I got to the top I could see the seat and the white figure. There was undoubtedly something long and black bending over her. Lucy! Lucy! Something raised its head. For a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came into view again the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy, quite distinctly, her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone.

(A bright light on the other side of the theater, LUCY appears.)

LUCY. It all seemed quite real, for I knew I was not dreaming. I only wanted to be at this particular spot—I don't know why, for I was afraid of something—I don't know what. I do know I wanted to do something; something very very bad. I remember, though I suppose I was asleep, passing through the streets and over the bridge. A fish leaped as I passed by. And I heard a lot of dogs barking and howling, all barking at once, as I went up the steps. Then I had a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes; and something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once; and then I seemed to be sinking into deep green water, and there was a singing in my ears, as I have heard there is to drowning men. My soul seemed to go out from my body and float about in the air. I seem to remember that, for a time, the West lighthouse was underneath, as if I had been thrown into the air. All I wanted was to be with you and Jack and Quincey and dear Professor Van Helsing. And then I came back and found you shaking my body. I saw you do it before I felt you.

(Lighting change and calliope. Seaside at Whitby.)

(LUCY and MINA on a balcony.)

MINA. Strange. This particular night has put me in mind of poor Jonathan, and the journal of his last, sad, strange, business trip to the land beyond the forest...

LUCY. To the land beyond the forest? Whatever land beyond the forest do you mean?

MINA. You know which land, Lucy.

LUCY. Why don't you simply say Transylvania and be done with it?

MINA. Lucy, you are so fractious since we arrived in Whitby, and your behavior in general has caused me no little vexation.

LUCY. Mina, must you dwell on morbid matters? Whitby is such a pleasant seaside town, if only you would let yourself enjoy it. The harbor is quite colorful, full of curious folk and quaint pleasures. It is our holiday, after all.

MINA. Lucy, how can you be so tactless?

LUCY. Forgive me, Mina. I don't wish to hurt you, really. It is only that I worry about you. Why must we be forever retelling the same old tale, as if the retelling of it might ease your torment?

(Music, lights, Transylvania.)

(She reads as JONATHAN appears behind a scrim, seated. A strange COACHMAN stands by.)

JONATHAN. ...we were leaving the West and entering the East...

COACHMAN. Budapesth.

JONATHAN. Budapesth seems a wonderful place. We viewed the ruins of...

COACHMAN. Klausenburgh.

JONATHAN. The Hotel Royale. I had for supper a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was very good, but thirsty. Memo. Get recipe for Mina. After supper a very unusual entertainment.

(Curtains open. Music / Puppet Show.)

DRACULA. Listen, my dear, to the children of the night.

GIRL. Why may I not go this evening?

DRACULA. Because, my dear, my coachman and horse are away on business.

GIRL. But I would walk with pleasure.

DRACULA. And your baggage?

GIRL. I do not care about it. I want to get away at once.

(He lunges at her.)

GIRL. Oh, oh, my God. He has placed his reeking lip upon my throat and bitten me!

(Attacks DRACULA with a mallet.)

(Music/Puppet Show Out.)

JONATHAN. I have read that every known superstition is gathered up in the horseshoe of the Carpathians. Memo. Must ask the Count about these. I had for breakfast more paprika and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was “mamaliga...”

COACHMAN. Mamaliga... *(Correcting pronunciation.)*

JONATHAN. ...and eggplant stuffed with forcemeat, which they call “implemata...”

COACHMAN. Implemata... *(Correcting pronunciation.)*

JONATHAN. Memo. Get recipe for this also. Hhhquulptu.

COACHMAN. Bukovina.

JONATHAN. At Bukovina bit of a tumble with a pretty fille de chambre at the Golden Krone Hotel...

COACHMAN. Bistritz.

JONATHAN. At Bistritz I dined on what they call “Robber’s steak,” chunks of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, and strung on sticks and roasted over the fire, in the simple style of London’s cat’s meat.

OLD WOMAN. *(The following in Romanian:)* It is now the Eve of St. George’s Day. Do you not know that tonight when the clock strikes midnight, all evil things in the world have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?

JONATHAN. The wine was golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable.

(The OLD WOMAN turns, puts a crucifix around his neck and exits crossing herself. Turns back.)

OLD WOMAN. For your mother's sake.

JONATHAN. I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else.

(The OLD WOMAN exits. We hear peasants muttering.)

JONATHAN. I could hear a lot of words, repeated. Queer words. I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me. *Ordog* (Satan), *Pokol* (Hell), *Stregoica* (witch), *Vrolok Vlkoslak*, both of which mean the same thing; one being Slovak and the other Servian for something that is either werewolf or vampire.

COACHMAN. Borgo Pass.

JONATHAN. Memo. Must ask the Count why these superstitions persist.

(JONATHAN exits coach scrim and nervously enters. DRACULA opens curtain wearing an apron. A roast chicken on a platter.)

DRACULA. Because your peasant is at heart a coward and a fool. It is said, for instance, that blue flames, the fire of St. George's Eve, appear on one night, and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, leave his house. This and other idiotic legend. Harmless.

JONATHAN. I agree.

DRACULA. Possible to find much red gold where the blue flame dances. Treasure of olden days. We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England.

JONATHAN. There you are right.

DRACULA. I am *Boyar*, the common people know me and I am master.

JONATHAN. There you are most certainly right.

DRACULA. I have studied all our correspondence. Come, tell me of England and of the house you have procured for me there.

JONATHAN. A bottle of old Tokay! How wonderful!

DRACULA. The house.

JONATHAN. The estate is called “Carfax.” Surrounded by a big wall. Built of heavy stones. The gates are of oak and iron. Massive. All eaten by rust, however. It has not been repaired for years. Solid, Gothic, solemn. There is a deep, dark-looking pond which makes it gloomy. Third Mortgage. Easy terms. Next door is a private lunatic asylum. Run by an old acquaintance, a friend of my wife, Mina. His name is Jack Seward. In fact, he courted her before I, the dog. Unsuccessfully, of course.

DRACULA. I am glad that it is old and big. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think our bones may lie among the common lot. I seek not gaiety, nor mirth, nor the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters, which please the young and gay. I am no longer young; and my heart, through weary years of mourning over the dead, is not attuned to mirth. I love the shadow and the shade and would be alone with my thoughts when I may.

(He begins to leave.)

JONATHAN. Somehow his words and looks did not seem in accord.

DRACULA. By the bye, I advise you not to leave your room at night, otherwise I cannot vouch for your safety.

(He closes the curtain. Blackout. JONATHAN appears around curtain in spot.)

JONATHAN. But I escaped before he could do his wicked thing to me. Xxlld. Fpfptssc. So lovely there, we and the deadly.

(NUNS chant.)

JONATHAN. I love Lucy. Kcm. Kcm. Bats. Bats. Interference from the future. Red dogs. Nuns. Goop. Magic lanterns. They warned me, they did. Can’t say I wasn’t warned. All in the diaries, all of it. He’s going to England. Fresh blood. Needs it. Carfax. Large old stones. Easy terms. Qqqmc. Mina must learn to keep a proper diary. It’s a horror. Like the movies. What’s a movie? Moving world. Yes, desperation. Bonka bonka bonka bonk. And oh, the terrible

twitching bag. The poor mother torn to pieces by hundreds of wolves in the awful courtyard.

(NUN starts to speak.)

JONATHAN. Unspeakable. Xxxuuma. Fancy *him* at the British museum, as a sort of tourist! Looking at the Rosetta stone! Bat. Baseball bat. What in the name of heaven's that? Ah, the precious flask of slivovitz. I am a radio. What's a radio?

(Insane laughter.)

JONATHAN. The milk that is spilt cries out not afterwards. A dog-eared diary, with real dog ears. I'd as soon eat molecules with chopsticks as dine with Count Deville. Dvlmnoa. Oao. Truly, the mad cause one to doubt the plan of God. Ha ha. He shall enter, yes, like those horrid bulls. Bonka bonk. Judge Moneybag will solve this. Beware the puppet show. The Black Dog shall land at Whitby by the North Sea. With his dirt. In big boxes. O. Then to downtown Whitby. Kkfffxxo. Get ye hammers and a spike. Oh, the diaries are so important! "What took it out?" What bloody well took it out indeed! Aye, there's the crux. O, a, u, O, a, u. X all the way to X' and half the alcohol. X all the way to the walking fruit stand that is the Lord Mayor of Popinjay. X all the way to Kfx. Peppercorn in my pocket, and, oh, my mind's on fire. Flies, spiders, sparrows, cats. Peach Bottom reactor full of sleepers, o, a, u. He shall slide under the sash and stand before me, as the moon does in all her glory.

NUN. Madam, he has been like this since he was found by Gypsies wandering about in the Borgo Pass, leaping from tussock to tussock, raving about blood and wolves and the lord knows what. He has suffered from a terrible brain seizure. It appears now that he will survive, but unfortunately his wits may be a trifle impaired. Permanently. Unless heavily sedated he goes on in this fashion interminably. He calls himself "Scardanelli" and remembers nothing of his former life. Which is why it took us so long, with the aid of merciful God, to locate his loved ones. He was very thin and pale when we found him. Truly, the torments of the mad almost make one doubt the plan of God.

(She tears off her habit, throws it down and tramples on it.)

MINA. What could have produced such a violent effect on poor Jonathan?

(Insane burlesque music.)

(Flashback to Castle Dracula. 3 VAMPYRETTES appear. They dance. They approach, closer.)

VAMPYRETTE 1. Who is to be the first?

VAMPYRETTE 2. Hush, silly, there are kisses for all.

DRACULA. How dare you disobey me? I warned you, he is mine. You shall have him only when I am done.

VAMPYRETTE 2. Just as at Cassovo! Why should we believe him? He will betray one of us to our enemies.

VAMPYRETTE 1. You, you never loved.

DRACULA. You know how well I have loved.

VAMPYRETTE 2. You said you loved Theodora, then you gave her to the Turks.

VAMPYRETTE 3. And she loved you so.

DRACULA. Be quiet, fools. Remember the Woiwode Stephen was my brother.

VAMPYRETTE 3. All these centuries, and you still treat the fine ladies who serve you with contempt.

DRACULA. Be gone. Or you shall feel my wrath.

VAMPYRETTE 1. Are we to have nothing?

(Jiggling bag. Baby crying. They pause and seize it.)

(Blackout. Lights up on the raving JONATHAN / SCARDANELLI before. Now SEWARD has joined MINA.)

MINA. Dear Jack, what kind of sickness is this? Sucked dry as a prune, with his poor wits wandering like the fabled antipodes of St. Viar. Oh, Jonathan, poor Jonathan. Why doesn't he recognize me?

SEWARD. Mina, it was wise of you to bring him here. Especially in view of our longstanding association. My asylum is the most up-to-

date in this part of the country. My, your perfume makes me heady. I always was susceptible to odors, particularly female odors. No, this resembles some kind of absolute, bestial possession. As if—my God—the poor fellow has been terrified out of his right mind by some apparitional, but nevertheless, fully convincing monstrosity. It happens, especially when there is congenital weakness of the personality structure.* As I recall being the case with Jonathan.

MINA. What on earth do you mean by a “congenital weakness of the personality structure?”

SEWARD. Let us be frank with one another, Mina. Jonathan always was an odd duck.

MINA. But what can be done?

SEWARD. I know of only one man who can help us. He is an alienist and specialist of obscure maladies. My professor at Leiden in fact. Van Helsing is his name. Without my assistance his renowned *Atlas of a Rat's Brain* simply would not have been possible.*

MINA. Science is making truly remarkable advances these days.

SEWARD. He resides at Amsterdam, and owing to a peculiar and private disability of an unmentionable sort is reluctant to travel.

MINA. Oh dear...

(She departs, he doesn't notice.)

SEWARD. But that's another matter. But, perhaps, in this case, I may be able to prevail upon him. My your perfume has the queerest effect on me. I do think I had better sit down.

VAN HELSING. Let me tell you my friend that there are things done today in electrical science which would have been deemed unholy by the very men who discovered electricity. *(He enters.)* There are mysteries in life. Why was it Methuselah lived nine hundred years? Can you tell why, why, when other spiders die small and soon, that one great spider lived centuries in the tower of the old Spanish church and grew and grew till, on descending, he drank the oil out of all the church lamps?

SEWARD. Whatever are you driving at?

VAN HELSING. From your letter, I surmise his may be a special case. May I become level with you Jack? I am partially overcome my old fear of strange beds to come here. Who knows? Maybe I can decipher ancient mystery. Show me the poor man.

(SEWARD *whistles*. SIMMONS *brings* JONATHAN. VAN HELSING *examines* JONATHAN.)

VAN HELSING. Jack, my friend. I am glad you call. This is not, I fear, normal mad. But unnatural one. Possession by dark forces of the forest. A virus of the undead. All signs indicate such. Vacant eye, like an empty wallet. Preposterous talk of wolf. Loss of memory of previous life: name, wife, solicitor's trade. A complete big blank. Instead, ridiculous new name, "Scardanelli." Sudden abomination of garlic and spicy food. Insectivore habit. Have been bitten. Chewed about the throat. Mosquito bite? No, no, Jack.

SEWARD. Professor, let me be your student again. I feel like a madman lumbering through a bog in a mist, jumping from one tussock to another, in the mere blind effort to move without knowing where I am going.

VAN HELSING. Good image.

(*Whistle*. JONATHAN *is removed*.)

VAN HELSING. My thesis is that I want you to believe.

SEWARD. To believe what?

VAN HELSING. To believe things that cannot.

SEWARD. Then you want me not to let some previous conviction injure the receptivity of my mind regarding some strange matter. Do I read your lesson right?

VAN HELSING. Is Wampyr.

SEWARD. What?

VAN HELSING. But not chewed enough to become undead self. No, but is work of Wampyr.

SEWARD. What's that in God's name?

VAN HELSING. Wampyr. Is undead. Blood sucking mysterium. Inexplicable hocus-pocus. An abomination. Have read big, old tomes on such. In black mountains of Transylvania drunk Gypsy dance around the wooden red dog and shout horrible. *Ordog ordog ordog ordog vikoslak!* Rage in blood. Tell tale of aristocrat *Boyar* warrior clan who fight Turk with strange mud pies, flying door jambs, boiling slime from wizard pot. Something go wrong in alchemical concoction. Instead of normal necromancy a change happen to this certain nobleman. He become an effigy of marble smooth-white, blood-eating, invulnerable to storm, cross-bow, or musket. Undead be born. Virus cannot be traced to rotten meat, obscene sexual rite of autumnal haystack, nor the French itch. Maybe the devil have made this devil thing.

SEWARD. What must we do?

VAN HELSING. I am not prepare to say. Employ scientific method and hope for best. I have bought bottle of *Oude Genever*. Care for nightcap? Wampyr can wait.

(He exits. SEWARD whistles. Summons SIMMONS who brings chloral. SEWARD takes some and leans back in drugged reverie.)

SEWARD. Chloral, the modern Morpheus! I must be careful not to let it be a habit. But I am weary and low in spirits tonight. Perhaps all my research into the human brain has been for nothing. The expeditions to Peru, Tangiers, Mbululand. I am tired of everyone. This damnable itch to reason it all out, and be impartial. To judge what is sane, and what is not. When all I want to do is leap from the top of St. Mary's and flap to my death shrieking my hatred for all of them. Lucy who would not have me, and Mina who would not have me. And who both tempt me. As for the secret to mortal reason and mortal desire, how many brain smears have I examined and not found it? And our poor damned "Scardanelli" says his God is near, but difficult to grasp. When everyone knows that God is far away and lives in the sky. There is no limit to mortal aggravation.

(Music, VAM PYRETTES in the sky packing gear into suitcases.)

(Lighting change. Bird sounds. MINA strides in.)

MINA. When Jonathan recovers the use of his faculties I shall be able to be very useful to him, and if I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wants to say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter, at which I am also practicing very hard.

LUCY. Mina, we have told all our secrets to each other since we were children. We have slept together and eaten together and laughed and cried together. And so now, Mina. Can't you guess? Oh, Mina, I love him. And him. And him.

(Lighting separately on SEWARD, VAN HELSING and QUINCEY MORRIS.)

LUCY. Well, my dear, number one came before lunch. Doctor Jack Seward, with the strong jaw and the good forehead. You know him, I believe. He was very cool outwardly...

SEWARD. Lucy, will you marry me?

LUCY. But he kept playing with a scalpel in a way that nearly made me scream! Just fancy! He is only nine and twenty and he has an immense lunatic asylum all under his care.* Number two is Quincey Morris. He is an American with such a sweet accent, who has become frightfully rich importing scrap metal to Japan and Winchester to Latin America.

MINA. Yes, he always did play with a scalpel. Oh, go on.

QUINCEY. Lucy, will you marry me?

LUCY. And sweet old Professor Van Helsing who has been consulting with Jack on some strange matter. So stable and strong...

VAN HELSING. Lucy, will you marry me?

LUCY. Poor man, his wife lies in a coma near Amsterdam, a complete vegetable, due to a faulty inoculation during the recent outbreak of cholera in the Low countries. Does that make his courting of me bigamy?

MINA. It seems so important to keep a record of things. There is so little to hold on to otherwise. It all flies up the chimney. And what with Jonathan in the queer state he is in. I don't know what else to do. You might as well know, it is Jack's hospital where Jonathan is

sequestered. And what with my weak stomach and all, Jack has* absolutely forbade me from seeing him.

LUCY. You know what I did? I told Doctor Seward I would not have him, but would have Quincey Morris instead. It was a fib, for I am very fond of Jack. But I was curious to see what he would do. He blushed and his ears moved up and down ever so slightly. Then he gave out with the most curious moan. I know what you're thinking, Mina: why are men so noble when women are so little worthy of them?

(JONATHAN *enters pursued by* SIMMONS.)

JONATHAN. I know what you are thinking, Doctor Seward. "A strange and sudden change in Scardanelli last night." You have noticed, haven't you? I began to get excited and sniff about like a dog. Your man Simmons, the lecher, was struck by my manner and, knowing your interest in me, encouraged me to talk. I am usually respectful to servants. Even to him. Sometimes I am positively obsequious. But last night all I could say was: "I don't want to talk to you. The Master is at hand."

SEWARD. (*In a sudden rage:*) What!? You don't mean to tell me that you don't care about spiders anymore?

JONATHAN. Bother them all! I don't care a pin about them.

SEWARD. You are too dangerous to be roaming about. Up to now your hobby has been catching flies. You have had such a number I have had myself to expostulate. Then you turn your mind to spiders. You have got several big fellows in a box. You feed them with flies, I know. Soon your spiders are as great a nuisance as your flies. I say you must clear out some of these. You apparently acquiesce, cheerfully. Then a horrid blowfly, bloated with some carrion food, buzzes into the room. You catch it, hold it exultantly for a few minutes between thumb and forefinger, and then before I know what to do, you put it into your mouth and eat it.

JONATHAN. It was very good and wholesome. It was life, strong life. Life gives life.

SEWARD. Then the tame sparrow incident

JONATHAN. I tamed the sparrow by feeding it with spiders. And flies.

SEWARD. Quite. That is the crux.

JONATHAN. My flies are considerably diminished as you yourself requested, Doctor.

SEWARD. Quite so. Indeed you grow more interesting every day.

JONATHAN. But my sparrow is gone. It's flown away. But a kitten! A nice, little, sleek, playful kitten. That is what I want. That I can play with, and teach, and feed and feed and feed and feed.

SEWARD. The thought that has been buzzing about in my mind lately is complete, and the theory proved. My maniac is of a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent a new classification for you. You are a zoophagous maniac.

JONATHAN. What the devil does "zoophagous" mean?

SEWARD. It means *life-eating*, you fiend. And what you desire is to absorb as many lives as you can, and you are scheming a plan to achieve this in a cumulative way. You give many flies to one spider, and many spiders to one sparrow, and now you want a cat to feed the sparrow to. BUT YOU YOURSELF HAVE EATEN THE SPARROW!

(Slaps JONATHAN on the back: feathers.)

SEWARD. Men sneered at vivisection, and yet look at its results today! Why not develop science in its most difficult and vital aspect—the knowledge of the brain?

JONATHAN. Shut up, Doctor. The Master is coming.

SEWARD. Had I the secret of even one such mind—the key to the fancy of one such lunatic—I might advance my own branch of science to a pitch compared with which Burton-Sanderson's physiology of Ferrier's brain knowledge would be as nothing.

JONATHAN. Envy is a crippling affliction, Dr. Seward, and your obsession with brain-matter smacks of rank determinism.

SEWARD. What would you know of these higher things? I do believe one day I shall locate the spot, the very lobe, governing sexual license, which may, by application of the galvanic charge, be rendered inoperable, giving us some peace at night.

JONATHAN. I only asked for a kitten.

SEWARD. Ah, Lucy, how I wish you had forgiven me, for that day I spilled myself on your pretty pink skirt. It was beyond nature to control myself. Oh, Lucy, Lucy, though I have sat upon and crushed my hat I cannot be angry with you, nor can I be angry with my friend, Quincey Morris, that American ape, whose happiness is yours; but I must only wait on, hopeless. And work. And try not to think of you and him. In a little room at that inn. By the Aerated Bread Company. Your favorite satins. Lilac and the odor of your...and you and him, like beasts, at it. Work! And work!

JONATHAN. What about my kitten?

SEWARD. You shall not have a cat, you shall have an opiate. (*Whistles.*) Simmons, prepare an opiate for “Scardanelli,” a powerful opiate. We must get to the bottom of this “Wampyr” business.

(SIMMONS administers opiate. JONATHAN becomes strange.)

JONATHAN. 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 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.

(JONATHAN collapses. SIMMONS bears him off.)

(*Music.*)

(*Song.* SIMMONS entertains LUCY with a song.)

(SIMMONS' Song:)

SIMMONS. We all go down to the sea,
and do there secretly
What we crave in the dark.
Bonka, bonka, bonka, bonk.

(LUCY appears on her seat on the East Cliff.)

SIMMONS. Mad Sally has me in her mouth.
Bonka, bonka, bonka, bonk.

Mad Sally has me in her mouth
Mad Sally, never a complaint.
Mad Sally, up against the wall.
Mad Sally, hanging from her knees.
Bonka bonka bonka bonk.

Mad Sally, never a complaint.
Mad Sally, humping on a grave.
Mad Sally, and the Royal Navy.
Bonka bonka bonka bonk.

We all go down to the sea, etc.

SIMMONS. That's the song old man Swales used to sing. The oldest loony in the place. It's the bovine warble to his voice as does it. Face like the arsehole of that rhinosteros I seen at the carny near the Black Dog. A bloomin bewhiskered pine-apple. Banished from the Royal Navy he was, I hear tell, for sodomizing a cabin boy with a bloody belayin' pin, right smack in the old Adriatic. Them as knows, knows. Look, look, there's something in that wind that tastes like death. It's in the air, I feel it comin'. (*Looking grim:*) That ship there, from Eastern Europe, by the look of her. She's knockin' about in the queerest way. As if no one's aboard. Alive, that is.

Gettin' late Miss Lucy, I'd best be back to the nut-house or the loonies'll have Master Jack climbin' the bloody walls. They rattle 'im, they do. If it weren't for me, they'd rattle 'im worse, I expect. What's more? The pay stinks.

(Exit.)

(Seaside sound effects. MINA enters in a rush with a discovery: a book. She hands it to LUCY.)

LUCY. From the log of the freighter "Demeter." On 6 July we finish taking on cargo. Boxes of earth, four in all. Transport consigned to Whitby, England. (*Sea sound changes to screaming ship.*) On 11 July at dawn entered the Bosphorus. Backsheesh.

MINA. (*Interrupting:*) That's a bribe.

LUCY. On 13 July passed Cape Matapan. Crew dissatisfied about something. Scared, but would not speak out.

On 14 July anxious about crew. Men all steady fellows. Mate could not tell what was wrong. They only told him there was *something* and crossed themselves.

On 16 July one of the crew, Petrofsky, is missing. Men say there is *something* aboard.

17 July. Olgaren says to me he saw a tall thin man who was not like any of the crew, come up the companion-way and go along the deck forward, and disappear. Searched the ship. Nothing.

24 July. Another man lost.

29 July. Another tragedy. Krupa gone.

30 July. Only self and mate left.

1 August. At midnight, I went to relieve the man at the wheel, and when I got to it found no one there.

4 August. Still fog, which sunlight cannot pierce. I am alone, and in the dimness of the night I saw it—him!

(Last page ripped and bloody. Screams as ship sounds out. Pause. Sea background sound effect.)

And if we are wrecked mayhap this bottle may be found and those who find it understand...

(Meanwhile a dog appears carrying suitcase.)

MINA. How very strange! An immense dog has leapt from the wreck, there on the beach. My, what a remarkably large and attractive dog. Where do you suppose such a great brute beast came from, and who do you suppose will feed him?

(LUCY gets sleepy.)

MINA. You seemed so tired, Lucy. I like to watch you when you sleep. Some of the “new women” writers will one day start an idea that men and women should be allowed to see each other asleep before proposing or accepting.

(She freezes in pose. Lighting change and calliope. And drip.)

(VAMPYRETTES enter seaside waxworks to view MINA, LUCY, and VAN HELSING and SEWARD in scrim poses.)

VAMPYRETTES. *(Mocking her:)* Poor Lucy, I suppose she will be sleepwalking again. Then tomorrow she will be drained. A brave man's blood is the best thing when a woman is in trouble. All this puts me in a brown study, and I think of poor Jonathan, sucked dry as a puckered flatworm. Poor crazy "Scardanelli"! I believe I shall require an opiate.

(They exit. Pause. VAN HELSING and SEWARD in secret conference. They look around.)

VAN HELSING. This Dracula know me as sheep known by lamb-chop man. I going to extirpate malign of cancer wampyr. Drive stake through grisly undead heart. Garlic in mouth after chop off head. Hard work. Need saw. Chain. Hammer. Rope. Work table. Wampyr have cunning brain, but child brain. As for instance, of monkey with hand in cookie jar. Ha. Dracula now in England. How do I know? Examine raving "zoophagous" patient "Scardanelli," formerly normally respectable one Jonathan Harker. He engaged to find house for Count Deville, alias Dracula. He have, so to say, telegraph wire to primordial will of our wampyr.

SEWARD. You mean this wampyr is in England?

VAN HELSING. Here. There. Maybe even in Whitby where we stand. Manifest of undead ship "Demeter." Four boxes of grim, fine-mashed Carpathian mould. Of what use to England? Make sand castle? No. Is bed of wampyr. Nice, cozy earth smell. Kinda dig into and relax. Do inert wampyr business. At dawn wampyr must sleep. All these boxes are sent to old house. Somewhere unclear from soggy manifest.

SEWARD. Simmons! He works the docks on his days off. He might know where the boxes were delivered.

MINA. *(Clatters in:)* Jack, if you don't mind. All this commotion. My stomach. Don't you think I could have just a little?

SEWARD. Be quiet, Mina. If we are to get to the bottom of this strange business which for your own protection you must know nothing about, we must have absolute discipline.

VAN HELSING. Give her the medication, John.

(He gives her chloral, and she retires discreetly to take it.)

VAN HELSING. Poor Lucy have all signs too. Watch for unnecessary foreigner with biting habit. On throat vein. Find and destroy the undead pest. Before further harm. Squalor of harbor slum make good home for *Nosferatu*. Where do we find your assistant?

(Lighting and sound effects for pub.)

SEWARD. He's probably in there. The notorious Black Dog tavern.

(Two VAMPYRETTES emerge. SEWARD goes into pub discom-bobulated.)

VAMPYRETTES. A moment of silence for poor Jonathan.

(They exit pursued by a suspicious VAN HELSING.)

(SEWARD drags SIMMONS from pub.)

SIMMONS. Well Guv'nor, I forgits, but it was empty.

SEWARD. How did you get into the house if it was empty?

SIMMONS. The old gent that engaged me opened up. Curse me but he was the strongest chap I ever struck. Why, 'e took up 'is end o' the boxes like they was pounds of tea...

SEWARD. Just shut up and tell me the number of the house.

SIMMONS. What with all the beer, I can hardly remember the county.

(SEWARD throws him down.)

SEWARD. A total waste of time.

(LUCY's seat high over Whitby on the East Terrace. DRACULA appears.)

LUCY. Count Deville, you are quite the most experienced man I have ever met. Quincey is sweet. You don't know Quincey, but he is sweet. In the American way, with great, earnest quacks and gulps. Cows' eyes. Marmalade, really. Odd, I can't imagine him undressed. Though I cannot help but imagine Simmons that way. Jack's man, Simmons? Big, round, stiff Simmons. My, you are the

smoothest gentleman. I hear the ladies of Paris are pretty and saucy. Do you think I am impertinent, my dear Count? You may call me *Ishtar* if you like. Bobo calls me that. Pity my friends aren't more sophisticated. We could all go for an outing over the wold, or have a glorious dinner party. However, they lack *savoir faire*. But today they're all down to Whitby harbor on some queer business. A place filled with immoral back alleys. Gin Lane. The Black Dog tavern. It is strange. The man always finds the girl alone.

(Pause.)

LUCY. I feel a curious tingle when I am with you, Count Deville. Lizst does that to me also. What a fine, hairy man you are—even the palms of your hands. I am a silly girl, aren't I? Who could imagine a big, long man of your vast experience interested in a silly slip of a thing like me?

DRACULA. Quite the contrary.

(Music.)

(Kisses her.)

LUCY. Do it again.

(Kisses her.)

I won't tell. Whatever happens.

(Kisses her again.)

Oh, that's a darker kind of sweetness. But I like it, I really do. Oh, but there isn't much time, so you must do it all now, because no one must discover us together. Mina would throw up. Oh, I won't tell anyone, but you must show me what to do and how...

(Bites her.)

Oh my...

(Bites her and sucks.)

LUCY. Oh, this is how it is.

(Pause.)

I'm bleeding a little, is that all right?

(Pause.)

I think I am very fond of you.

(Back to the Black Dog, only now we're inside.)

(SIMMONS and SEWARD drinking.)

SIMMONS. Do you recall the old days at the Fortress at Mbulu-land? The native girls with their long, naked legs, and spent thirteen Greener cartridges tied up in their hair?

SEWARD. Oh do shut up, for God's sake, Simmons.

(Oompah music.)

SIMMONS. Remember how we used to go at it high in the Andean Sierra? Panpipes and the young Indian girls. Busy at both ends of that fine, strapping one, eh Master Jack? Bonka, bonka, bonk.

SEWARD. Simmons, you do recall the queerest things, after all.

(More bad music and general vulgarity.)

SIMMONS. Don't suppose you recall the stews of Tangiers? Oh, pretend you don't. The swish of silk and the tinkle of little silver bells about the ankles of little girls. Bonka, bonka, bonka, bonk Shshshshshsh.

(Curtains open with fanfare as VAMPYRETTES perform dirty poem on infernal fucking machine.)

(Total tasteless pandemonium. Everyone running. Whistler blows as VAN HELSING enters.)

VAN HELSING. Lucy is ill; that is, she has no special disease, but she looks awful, and is getting worse. I fear it is you know what. Wampyr.

SEWARD. My God! This is dreadful. There is no time to be lost. She will die from sheer want of blood.

VAN HELSING. There must be a transfusion of blood.

(They attach LUCY to infernal transfusion machine.)

SEWARD. I am younger and stronger, professor. It must be me.

VAN HELSING. Then get ready at once. I have my bag. I must prepare.

(As they set up QUINCEY enters.)

QUINCEY. Lucy's in a bad fix, I hear from Simmons.

VAN HELSING. Sir, you are in time. You are the lover of our dear miss. She is bad; very, very bad.

QUINCEY. What can I do? I'd give the last drop of my blood to save her.

(At this SEWARD becomes downcast.)

VAN HELSING. You are a man, and it is a man that we want.

LUCY. *(Sitting up:)* What's the matter with me anyhow?

(VAN HELSING mixes a narcotic for her.)

VAN HELSING. Now little miss, here is your medicine. Drink it off, like good child. See, I lift you so that to swallow is easy.

(Forces it down her throat.)

VAN HELSING. You (QUINCEY) may take that one little kiss while I bring over the table. Friend John, help me.

(They lower transfusion table. Pause as QUINCEY considers his love.)

QUINCEY. If only you knew how gladly I would die for her.

VAN HELSING. Good boy.

(Stabs him with a needle. They lie him down and exit.)

MINA. Jack, if you don't mind. My stomach?

(SEWARD takes chloral and staggers out into the hallway after MINA.)

(Lighting change. The transfusion continues.)

QUINCEY. Miss Lucy, I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixin's of your little shoes. Won't you just hitch alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?

LUCY. I don't know anything of hitching and such. And frankly, I find your interest in my shoes in somewhat bad taste. And as for the long road, I'm not yet broken to harness. But I'm eager to try...

(He passes out for lack of blood.)

LUCY. Shall we meet tonight behind the Black Dog Tavern? That's where, so I hear, the poor girls go when the heat seizes. But you mustn't tell a soul. Promise?

(Sees he's passed out.)

Quincey, sometimes you are the very cipher of a man.

(Lighting up on SEWARD and MINA. They clinch. SEWARD does something unforgivable. He runs away. MINA follows.)

MINA. Jack, may I ask for a special favor? I was wondering if I might see him again. Even if there's little hope. My stomach is feeling a bit more stable now. It's just that I must know more of his condition.

SEWARD. There has been little change.

MINA. Just once more...

SEWARD. He refers to himself as "Scardanelli," and says he possesses a master who is God and is near but difficult to grasp. Eats flies. Feeds them to spiders. Ate a bird once. A nice, little sparrow that never hurt anyone. Another time he attacked me with a chair. I suffered a wound, here, upon the arm. It bled. Before that idiot Simmons could restrain him, he was on all fours lapping up blood like a kitten. Quite batty. His linen is most rank. Very well. It's not as if he's been kept prisoner.

(He winches open JONATHAN's cell door.)

A lady would like to speak with you.

JONATHAN. Oh, very well, let her come in, by all means. But wait just a minute till I tidy the place up.

(Eats all the flies and spiders, flypaper, etc.)

Let the lady come in.

MINA. Good evening, Mr. Scardanelli.

JONATHAN. You're not the girl the doctor wanted to marry, are you? You can't be, you know, for she is very ill.

MINA. Oh no! I have a husband of my own. I am Mrs. Harker. Do you remember Jonathan Harker?

JONATHAN. Ah, it was your husband, poor Jonathan, who was sucked as dry as a parched cerement in the land beyond the forest.

MINA. We have had no word from my husband for some time now. But we would like to know where he is.

JONATHAN. Then what are you doing here?

MINA. (*Laugh:*) I am staying on a visit with Miss Lucy Westenra.

JONATHAN. Don't stay. For the master is near and at hand.

MINA. We must find your master, for he has taken the soul of my dear husband whose acquaintance you have surely made. You must surely recall the name Jonathan Harker.

JONATHAN. Ah, yes, his father was the inventor of a burnt rum punch much favored on Derby Day. All they serve me here is "mamaliga."

MINA. Do you recall the name Jonathan Harker? You must try* very hard.

SEWARD. Mina, it's useless.

JONATHAN. Indeed, Mrs. Harker, don't stay. It is perilous to be here when the moon creeps over the grass and stands before me in all her nakedness. Look at you! Thin already, like the tea after the teapot has been watered.

SEWARD. Mrs. Harker it's time for you to go.

MINA. Good-bye, and I hope I may see you often, under auspices pleasanter to yourself.

JONATHAN. Good-bye, my dear. I pray God I may never see your sweet face again. May he bless and keep you.

(She goes out and weeps.)

(Meanwhile back at the transfusion. SIMMONS enters and sends QUINCEY on his way.)

SIMMONS. The master's an odd duck, ain't he. Bet he'd like to put his swizzle to you and he's not the only one neither. Workin' at this bloomin' place's makin' me loony myself, I reckon. Master Jack's a prig of the first water when 'e's not gassed out on the old chloral hydrate, and that's a fact. You want to play your *Ishtar* game in the garden tonight? Your lovely Wilhelmina is always makin' a nasty mess of the house and grounds with her continual regurgitation. And you know who's got to clean up all that filth. Reliable old Simmons here. Why, me mates at the Black Dog call me the rare sot for putting up with the lot of 'em: moon-calves, natures, bloody gooney-birds, I swear. Lookin' at you's got me pecker up, I do declare. I'm hot for a piece anytime, Miss Lucy. And that's the long and short of it. And that old cheese-monger from Hamsterdom leaves a regular splotch of piss every time he plants his fat arse. It's enough to make a bloke fly off his bloomin' nut.

(JONATHAN appears, pushing up the roof of his cell. He sings his song:)

JONATHAN. There is hair growing into my head.
There is hair growing into my head
There is hair in the air;
It stands on a chair,
And then it grows into my head.

(He slams the lid of his cell shut.)

(Intermission during which tea is served.)

End of Act I

ACT II

(Door Slam.)

(Late twilight on the East Cliff overlooking Whitby. LUCY and QUINCEY sit at her favorite seat.)

LUCY. Oh, I do feel so thin I barely cast a shadow. Do you know poor Mina throws up everyday? Yes, she does. Every single day. It is quite revolting to be with her on these occasions. One must pretend not to notice. Her weak stomach must have something to do with the lamentable state of poor Jonathan. Quite changed they say he is. Do you suppose he is still capable of love? In the physical, gymnastical sense. Doesn't look it, to be sure. Looks quite the shorn sheep. But I have heard from Simmons, you know Simmons? Jack's man? That the mad are sexually indefatigable. Very goats at it. He described to me quite remarkable feats of copulation among the idiot population of his previous place of employment: Lady Gresham's Home for the Feeble-Minded. It was no point to stop the poor dears. They would, if prevented during sensible hours, get to it, clandestinely, at night. Till the very floors creaked.

The doctors tried straight-waistcoats, but the poor dears would roar and howl so it was more than decency could bear. And, goodness knows, what else would you have them do? The girls were quite clumsy and incapable of acquiring the simplest stitch—I am referring to needlecraft. The men absolute unlicked bears, lost to all possibility of Christian improvement. Simmons kept meticulous records of the more wonderful feats, the most appalling and exuberant lubricities. Simmons calls me *Ishtar* on our little walks over the wold. I make poor old Dr. Van Helsing do that too. He turns red as a beet, but he does it. Do you know he is quite incontinent? He must wear a sort of india-rubber night suit to avoid embarrassment. He calls it an attribute of a certain class of genius. Caesar. Alexander the Great. Willem the Silent. Bedwetters all. That's what dear Van Helsing has told me. I call him "Bobo." Then he pretends to do an examination of me—all because of my dreams, my apparent anemia, and the irritation about my throat.

(Darkness. Wolf cries.)

Lately, I have been restless at night, Quincey. Very restless. Good night.

(Sings a phrase or two from her song:)

LUCY. I like when Simmons talks to me about the inmates at Lady Gresham's. Bonka, bonka, bonka, bonk.

(More wolf cries. DRACULA alone in the sky.)

DRACULA. I am pure *otherness*. The ridiculous little sham of human conceit does not involve me. I am pure absence, and am immune to the petty anxieties which trouble the shallow waters of humanity. I hear the music of other worlds, and understand the deadly elegance of absolute nullity. He who opposes me becomes the fruit of my ceremonial banquet. I burn no bones before the altar of strange gods. I waste no blood in obscene and futile rites of propitiation. I am clean. I am honest. I do not suffer the inexact furies of the moving world. My dream is vast, empty, stationary, most cunningly articulated, infinitely mutable and transmutable. It was me and my kind, the high lords of Ckm Ckm, who have opened one inch the door of perpetuity, and slipped beyond, leaving behind on the doorstep of your civilization only the pathetic corpse of a dead rat. Nothing, absolutely nothing. For I am pure otherness.

(Blackout. VAMPYRETTES with flashlights light blood as it travels above the audience in clear pipes over to the transfusion machine.)

(Another transfusion. Everyone rushes in.)

(SIMMONS reattaches LUCY to the machine as the blood flows. Blood everywhere.)

VAN HELSING. God! God! God! What have we done, what has this poor thing done, that we are so beset.

SEWARD. What does it all mean? I am beginning to wonder if my long habit of life among the insane is beginning to tell upon my own mind.

VAN HELSING. No. Today you must operate. I shall prepare. You are weakened already.

(Takes off coat and rolls up sleeve.)

QUINCEY. Jack Seward, I don't want to shove myself in anywhere where I've no right to be*; but I love that girl. What is it that's

wrong with her? The Dutchman said, another transfusion of blood. That both you and he were exhausted. Is that not so?

SEWARD. Then please don't, you blithering idiot. *(Pause.)* That is so. What of it?

QUINCEY. I take it that both you and Van Helsing had already done what I did yesterday. Is that not so?

SEWARD. That's what we're trying to tell you, Quincey.

QUINCEY. I guess Miss Mina was in on it too. Four days ago she looked queer.

SEWARD. Oh shut up, Quincey, for God's sake.

QUINCEY. And how long has this been going on?

SEWARD. About ten days. What of it?

VAN HELSING. My friend John, be more calm. Our American Quincey, he have the child brain, but not malign.

(MINA staggers in, looking strange.)

SEWARD. Oh, Quincey, you are an absolute...cowboy! If only you would pay attention you might keep abreast. It is the work of a vampire.

VAN HELSING. The wampyr "Dracula."

QUINCEY. What's a "wampyr"?

SEWARD. Vampire!

(Music chord as LUCY lifts her little finger in a vampiric gesture. VAMPYRETTES, who have been watching, respond.)

(Chord.)

(MINA responds involuntarily.)

(Chord.)

(LUCY dies as all regard her with horror.)

(Sound effect. Earthquake. Lighting flicker.)

VAN HELSING. Just as at the scholomance high in the air over lake Hermanstadt, the college of the undead. She is one of them now, God pity her.

(Crossfade to the sky high above. VAMPYRETTES appear as DRACULA is on his way down to collect LUCY. They converse in draculan language.)

VAMPYRETTE 1. *Kckcptu ungid, vigboaou, o, Drkloa.*

DRACULA. *Tkctt, Bttl Krrk, Mcuaugan.*

VAMPYRETTE 2. *Qqqst?*

DRACULA. *Nx Krrrrrrcafxuoaoau. Nx grglc.*

(Organ music comes in for dirge. The men take LUCY off the machine and carry her in funeral procession. They sing.)

ALL. She's dead. We're sad. *(Repeat.)*

MINA. Just like poor Jonathan, sucked dry as a pressed hibiscus. A moment of silence for poor Jonathan.

(Pause.)

(Dirge continues as all go out. DRACULA takes LUCY from procession and leads her up to heaven and the VAMPYRETTES.)

(Pause.)

(Insane surf music. DRACULA and LUCY dance the twist.)

(Blackout.)

(High on the East Cliff again. Gaslight. MINA is unconsciously twisting as Salvation Army music plays in distance. SEWARD watches in the twilight.)

SEWARD. Since our encounter, I have felt a strange new impulse, Mina. This monster, whatever he may be, has made me value my Christian soul the more. My days working with the twisted relics of lost reason have affected me, I fear. I must know if this thing truly exists. Van Helsing, I know, shall once more reap the recognition and rewards of our labors, if they do yield fruit. It is my lot; yet, perhaps, now, with the surety of your friendship, I can accept that lot. My father, you see, was a Hebrew, yes, a Hebrew of the Adelphi

Theatre type. All that that phrase projects into one's brain: the Asiatic gown and fez, the greasy coin, the garbled injunction to buy cheap and sell dear; these instincts I have sought to transcend, through good Christian fellowship. Quincey and his crew, etc. But I cannot, I also confess, entirely escape my nature, even though it is other than I wish. Other than I do, in the bright days of my faith, deserve.

MINA. Oh, Jack.

SEWARD. So I shall, when this nasty business is done, take up the faith and seek out representatives of the Church of Latter Day Saints, so that God willing, I may journey to Africa once more and convert the dark man, and cleanse his wounds. And all within my brain will be "level with the horizon" as Van Helsing says. A feeling I have not known since the old days at Mbululand.

(Pause.)

I don't know, Mina. I really don't know.

MINA. It somehow eases me to write it all in words. To record it all, simply or not so simply, in figures of speech.

SEWARD. You're a pretty figure of a girl, Mina.

MINA. Was I very wanton?

(Wolf cries.)

Well, I suppose I should try to get some sleep. Good Night.

(She waits for SEWARD to go.)

(Music.)

(She waits. DRACULA appears.)

(He seizes her and drags her to the center of the room, cuts his breast and forces her to drink like a kitten. She does.)

DRACULA. Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood. Drink.

(Pause. She does. She likes it.)

Good. When my brain says "come" to you, you shall cross land or sea to do my bidding.

(MINA drinks again.)

(SIMMONS and SEWARD return to JONATHAN's cell.)

SIMMONS. I think sir, his back is broken. See, both his right arm and the whole left side of his face are paralyzed.

SEWARD. Go and fetch Quincey, and send for Van Helsing.

SIMMONS. I can't understand two things. He could mark his face like that by beating his own head on the floor. I saw a young woman do it once at Lady Gresham's before anyone could lay hands upon her.

(They winch door open to reveal JONATHAN in a ghastly mess.)

Bloody waste that was as she was a rare piece. And I suppose he might have broke his neck by falling out of bed, if he got in an awkward kink. But for the life of me! If his back was broke he couldn't beat in his head; and if his face was like that before his fall...

SEWARD. I think that will do for now, Simmons...

(QUINCEY enters.)

QUINCEY. My God, what happened to him?

(VAN HELSING enters.)

VAN HELSING. There is no time to lose. His words may be worth many lives. It may be that a soul is at stake.

SEWARD. I shall operate above the ear.

(They winch him up to operate. He screams.)

JONATHAN. I'll be quiet, Doctor. I have had a terrible dream. And it has left me so weak that I cannot move.

SEWARD. Go on.

VAN HELSING. Tell us your dream, Scardanelli.

JONATHAN. All day I waited to hear from him, but he didn't send me anything, not even a blowfly. He promised: "All these lives I will give to you and many more if you will fall down and worship

me.” But he came for her, for when she came to visit me this afternoon she wasn’t the same.

VAN HELSING. You are referring to Miss Lucy?

JONATHAN. No, I am talking about Mrs. Harker. She reminded me of someone. A face from long ago. Before I discovered fright in the dark interstices of the Borgo Pass. No, I must be mistaken. I know nothing of solicitors and their pretty wives. I like people with plenty of blood in them.

(VAMPYRETTES vowel chorus.)

So when he came tonight from Carfax I was ready for him. I have heard that madmen have unnatural strength; and as I knew I was a madman—at times anyhow—I resolved to use my power. He felt it too, for he had come out of the mist to struggle with me. He slipped through it, and when I tried to cling to him, he raised me up and flung me down.

SEWARD. We know the worst now. He is here in this house.

(Door bang.)

QUINCEY. Should we disturb her?

SEWARD. We must. If the door is locked we must break it in.

(Door bang.)

Mina, are you doing something in there that you don’t want us to see?

(MINA appears, her face covered with blood.)

MINA. I was sleeping, Jack.

SEWARD. In God’s name, what does this mean?

JONATHAN. *(Sings his swansong:)* There is hair growing into my head, etc.

MINA. He’s dead

VAN HELSING. God’s will be done.

(Chord.)

(LUCY suddenly appears, lifts her little finger. MINA responds involuntarily. QUINCEY faints dead away.)

LUCY. Come with me Jack. I want to kiss you and comfort you in my arms. Come we can rest together.

MINA. *(As in a trance:)* He stepped out of the mist and said: "You may as well know it is not the first, nor the second time." And then he began to do it, and I felt my strength fade away.

SEWARD. Is this really Lucy's body or only a demon in her shape?

VAN HELSING. It is her body, and yet not it.

LUCY. Oh Jack, my love. I'm so glad to see you. I have seen things you never would believe. I have flown over London and Whitby. I can see through your eyelids into your brain; I can see what you are thinking. You are so unhappy in this place. Come with me. I have always loved you best. We are going to a wonderful new land in the West where there are no boundaries to one's will, and every type of energy is free to take on its own shape. Here you can only dry up, and be an inmate of your own brain. You must come with me.

VAN HELSING. Not for your life.

(He holds up a wafer. She retreats in horror.)

SEWARD. What is that you are using?

VAN HELSING. The Host. I brought it from Amsterdam. I have an indulgence. Come, we must follow quickly and catch them all before daybreak.

SEWARD. She is headed for the ruined chapel of Carfax. Across the wold. Quincey, for God's sake, wake up.

MINA. I took the opiate you gave me Jack, and was dreaming of poor Jonathan, lost in the land beyond the forest.

(Music.)

(All rush out.)

(Lighting change to Carfax Abbey.)

(Music gets spooky.)

(VAN HELSING, SEWARD, QUINCEY and SIMMONS appear with light bulbs.)

(The VAMPYRETTES attack. VAN HELSING holds up the host. They retreat.)

(DRACULA appears with suitcase and electric shaver.)

DRACULA. You think to baffle me, with your pale faces all in a circle, like calves' heads in a butcher's shop. You think you know who I am. But my name is...TREMENDOUS. Ask your friend. Ah, where is poor Jonathan?

(JONATHAN appears hanging above his cell in a ghostly Cameo.)

Would he have drunk the dark wine of eternity and joined us who simply ARE. The mad are other than you think, my proud level-headed pursuers.

There is no virus of the undead. Ckm. Ckm. You will never grasp anything of our ways. (To VAN HELSING:) You silly leaking fraud. Your scholarship is as full of holes as the cheese of your native Gelderland. For you see I have observed you carefully from angles undreamt of in your physics, for I am nothing if not a student of life.

I must speak clear. I desire to go. Here now at this very moment. England, with its sedgy pathways and stone fences, pleases me not. The blood is poor here, and I confess to a distaste for the bowler hat, which is such a passion in these parts.

VAN HELSING. (Advances with Host outstretched:) Monster, Wraith, whatever you are. Listen. We are weak men of 19th century, yes. Liars, yes. Lustful. It is true. Hypocrite. But we try to reach for the good. We are the collective voice of the light. You must back to the abyss from whence you sprang. My friends remember, if we fail, we become like him. Foul things of the night.

DRACULA. My colleagues and I desire a pledge of safe conduct.

(He opens the adjacent coffin to reveal LUCY.)

(VAN HELSING hastily returns to the men to consult.)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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