

a full length play for Zoom, Audio, or Stage

by David MacDowell Blue

# THE WINGS OF DRACULA

An audio/zoom play by David MacDowell Blue

Based on the novel Dracula by Bram Stoker

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# **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

4 women, 4 men, 1 indeterminate

**Lucy Westerna** (twenties, female) Orphaned lady of property and position, engaged to

Arthur Holmwood, mistress of Hillingham House, dying of consumption

and as a result, fearless.

Mina Murray (twenties, female) Schoolteacher, long time friend of Lucy Westenra,

engaged to Jonathan Harker. Young for her position, adopts an imperious,

even prim manner but feels, passionately. Genuinely religious.

**Renfield** (female, twenties to fifties) Clairvoyant, currently a charity patient at

Dr. Seward's sanitorium. Formerly a seamstress. Terrified by her

own visions.

**Kate Reed** (*female, twenties*) Attendant at Dr. Seward's sanitorium, as former

schoolmate of Lucy and Mina. Kind, but somewhat bitter. Alone in the

world so devotes herself to her patients.

**Arthur Holmwood** (twenties, male) Aristocrat, works for the Foreign Office, son of a

Viscount, engaged to Lucy. Trying very hard to be a proper gentleman,

very much in denial about his fiancee's health.

**Quincey Morris** (twenties, male) Gunslinger, best friend/bodyguard to Arthur. American.

A natural killer but with a rigid code. Well-educated. Not a hillbilly.

**Dr. Jack Seward** (thirties, male) Doctor, owns/operates a women's sanitorium, former

army officer, once and future friend of Arthur and Quincey. Deeply in

love with Lucy. Even more deeply feels alone.

**Jonathan Harker** (twenties, male) Solicitor, engaged to Mina, self-made man from a hard

scrabble Yorkshire farm. Iron-willed and courageous, determined now to

destroy Count Dracula.

**Dracula** Vampire, namely a walking ghost who drinks blood. Was an Eastern

European Warlord in life. Not human. Genderless. For all intents and

purposes an Angel of Death.

## **SETTING**

In and around Whitby, England. Including Hillingham House, Carfax, and Dr. Seward's sanitorium for women.

TIME

The year is 1889.

## **NOTE**

This play is written as an audio or radio program. However, it can be simply performed on live stage with microphones, a foley artist, etc. Alternatively it might well work as a Zoom performance (and may well be performed/shown in two parts). When a stage direction begins with FX: this means what follows is a sound or music effect. In keeping with audio drama conventions, each scene change represents a change in specific location.

"The Vampire Sound" mentioned when one of the undead is present can be achieved by use of a water harp. Of course a production might find something which works better.

# **THE WINGS OF DRACULA**

The premiere production of this play was February 14, 2021 via Zoom, through the auspices of Fierce Backbone Theatre Company in Los Angeles, California, USA. The director was Starina Johnson. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Jack Seward Lucas Alifano **Quincey Morris** Holger Moncada Jr. Arthur Holmwood Peter Pasco . . . Lucy Westenra Beth Nintzel . . . Mina Murray Holly Hinton Ellen Renfield Renee DeBevoise . . . Kate Reid Alana J. Webster Jonathan Harker Roshan Mathews ...

Count Dracula

Skylar Silverlake

## PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Azrael = AHZ-ray-ell

Beelzebub = BEEL-zheh-bub

Bistritz = BISS-trits

Buda-pesth = BOO-dah pesh

Demeter = DEH-meh-tur

Draught = draft

Godalming = GOD-alm-ing

Hillingham = HILL-ing-hum

Quatre faces = KAA-tra Fass

Seward = SUE-word

Whitby = WIT-bee

# **HISTORICAL NOTES**

In 1889 (the year after Jack the Ripper ripped), the phonograph used by Seward would cost the equivalent of modern sports car.

Any convent in Romania would almost certainly not be Roman Catholic but Romanian Orthodox.

Blood transfusion in this period consisted of using a syringe to pull the blood out of the veins of the donor then push it into those of the recipient. It hurt a lot more than what we do today.

A private women's sanitorium at this time would cater mostly to middle and upper class women dealing with what we would call post-partum depression, stress, general depression, etc. In many ways such a place helped. Nearly all sanitoria also had charity cases, like Renfield. Among other things it added to their prestige.

Should a production wish to be especially accurate when it comes to accents, the following characters are from the North of England, i.e. Yorkshire and Whitby: Mina, Lucy, Jonathan, Kate, and Renfield. Arthur probably sounds as if he is from London. Quincey is an American from Texas but should not sound even remotely like a cowpoke or hillbilly.

In England lawyers fall into two categories—a barrister (who speaks in court), and a solicitor, such as Jonathan Harker. The latter prepares legal documents. One is required to pass a fairly rigorous test in this period to become an official solicitor, although a degree from college or university was not required.

The Church of England, by far the most common denomination in England at this time, eschewed miracles and holy relics or even things like crucifixes, at least in general. That is an oversimplification but will work.

Russia in 1889 was viewed as a dangerous wild card on the European stage.

Unwed mothers then were viewed as fallen women. No such was considered respectable, and certainly could not be employed as a schoolteacher. It happened, of course, and if it could be covered up, it almost always was.

## **ACT ONE**

## Scene 1

[Office of Dr. Jack Seward in his Sanitorium, morning. FX: Ticking of a small desk clock. Distant sounds—waves, seagulls, a bell—through window. Then, a wooden box opened, followed by the arrangement of machinery, someone preparing an early phonograph for recording.]

#### **SEWARD**

[Speaking into a primitive microphone, as into a funnel] Thursday, eighth of August, 1889. Thor's day indeed. Thunder and lightning all night, reminding me of Egypt. Not sure whether to be grateful for the lack of sleep. Patients were, naturally, upset. Cannot blame them, although of course the weather is quite beyond my control. The charity patients, on the other hand, seem more...well, patient. Housekeeper said at breakfast a ship wrecked itself on the beach last night. Hope the crew emerged from their ordeal unscathed. Plan to spend the day usefully busy, and thus resist temptation to visit Hillingham House without good reason. Have ordered an especially strong pot of tea, and when it arrives shall proceed with the work I have chosen for my life. Yes. Work.

[FX: Moving again the instruments of his phonograph, ending with closing its wooden box.]

#### Scene 2

[Whitby Beach, morning, continuous. Enter Arthur and Quincey. FX: Seagulls, waves, sounds of a busy harbor, including a bell tolling. Two pairs of footsteps in the sand.]

## **ARTHUR**

[Speaking over the wind and noise.] Well, there she is. Even with the tide, don't think she's going anywhere soon.

# **QUINCEY**

[The same] Okay. How did she get here?

#### **ARTHUR**

The winds of last night's storm literally pushed her through the port entrance, like threading the eye of a needle. I'd like to call it a fine piece of seamanship. I would, were there anyone on board.

## **QUINCEY**

Her rigging is pretty much intact. So're her sails.

#### **ARTHUR**

Swales says his men left everything in place. Most of them could not wait to get off the ship. We need the log.

**QUINCEY** 

I'll get it.

**ARTHUR** 

We both will.

**QUINCEY** 

Don't think so. Look.

**ARTHUR** 

[Seeing some one approaching] Oh! I see.

**QUINCEY** 

You've got your fiancee and some other girl to talk to.

**ARTHUR** 

That would be Mina Murray, Lucy's best friend. Quite right.

**QUINCEY** 

Is she pretty? The best friend?

**ARTHUR** 

Very. Rather prim. And, engaged.

**QUINCEY** 

Right. You keep them company. Be back.

[FX: Strong steps fade away in the sand, then splash as they get to to the water. Perhaps we hear someone climbing rigging into a beached wooden ship. Two sets of lighter footsteps approach. Still we hear the waves, wind, and seagulls.]

**LUCY** 

[From a distance]

Arthur!

[FX: Footsteps in sand grow louder.]

**MINA** 

Apologies, my lord, but Lucy would insist on coming down to speak with you.

LUCY

His name is Arthur.

#### ARTHUR

True enough, Miss Murray. It is my father who is a Lord, not myself. But I must echo Miss Murray's concern, beloved.

## **LUCY**

You are both sweet, and dear to my heart, but I shall not spend my days locked up behind walls. Besides, some doctors have said the sea air might even do me good.

**ARTHUR** 

Lucy--

**LUCY** 

[Interrupting]

We saw this ship go aground. Last night. Almost midnight. Storm kept us awake so we watched it all. Like a series of paintings made visible by lightning. Achingly vivid, really.

**MINA** 

Also, quite bizarre.

**LUCY** 

That, too.

**ARTHUR** 

In what way, bizarre?

**MINA** 

Navigating through the harbor entrance like that? Whoever was at the till must be a genius, or a lunatic belonging in Dr. Seward's sanitorium. Probably both.

## LUCY

That would be interesting. Jack's establishment serves women patients exclusively. I quite like that idea—a wild woman of the seas, mistress of her ship, daring and fierce. Oh, the name is even appropriate! <u>Demeter!</u>

**MINA** 

You know precisely what I mean.

ARTHUR

There's but one human being on board. The Captain. [Hesitates.] And he did not survive.

LUCY

Whatever killed him?

**ARTHUR** 

I would rather not say.

**LUCY** 

Tell me anyway.

## **MINA**

He killed himself?

#### **ARTHUR**

Presumably. It could hardly have been an accident.

LUCY

Unless there was someone else on board.

#### **ARTHUR**

There was not.

## **LUCY**

How do you know? She went aground hours and hours ago. In the middle of the night. How can we know who, or what, else might have been aboard? Might have made their way off the ship without anyone noticing. You should have heard what people are saying in the streets.

#### **MINA**

Superstitious nonsense.

## LUCY

They insist a couple of fisherman saw the Angel of Death leave the ship after it hit the beach. Like a vast, winged shadow lit up from behind by the lightning. Maybe it was true. Someone did die after all.

#### **ARTHUR**

Perhaps so. But since I cannot order the arrest of an Angel, of death or any other variety, that question is outside my purview. *[Catches himself.]* Miss Murray, my deepest apologies. I should have asked last night. Any news of your fiancee?

## **MINA**

Not since you last inquired, no.

#### ARTHUR

Please allow me to make inquiries on your behalf. Where was... Mr...Harker?... going, if you don't mind?

#### **MINA**

Jonathan Harker, yes. Transylvania. Somewhere called the Borgo Pass near Bistriz. I last heard from him five and a half weeks past.

#### **ARTHUR**

Austria-Hungary, right. Shall cable our Consulate in Buda-pesth no later than this afternoon. Drop some hints, mention a few names. He works at Hawkins and Abbot, yes?

#### **MINA**

Indeed. His client is one Count Dracula.

#### **ARTHUR**

I understand. That may help. How silly of me. Count Dracula, of course. Is he not the

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foreigner who? Lucy?					
LUCY I apologize.					
MINA Lucy! Lean on me!					
LUCY Have exerted myself a little too much, I fear. Silly of me. No, do not panic. I need but rest.					
ARTHUR We will take you back to Hillingham House.					
LUCY No, Arthur. You have tasks you must complete.					
ARTHUR They can wait.					
MINA  That seems unlikely. I shall take Lucy back to the street and find a cab. We will be back at Hillingham in less than an hour. You may come by later. After you've done your duty, as well as sent that telegram.					
ARTHUR					
You are right, of course.					
LUCY Silly man. Always making us talk you into what you know must be done. Sweet, but silly.					
MINA					
Wasting time. Come, Lucy.					
[FX: Steps in the sand begin to slowly retreat. Almost immediately another set of steps return from the ship.]					
QUINCEY					
No one alive on the ship except rats. And not very many of those. Just the one man, though. Dead. At the wheel.					
ARTHUR Throat cut, I presume? As Swales said?					
QUINCEY					
Torn out more like. Days ago.					

**ARTHUR** 

Someone steered this ship into harbor.

#### **QUINCEY**

Someone else. Should be half a dozen men on a ship this size at least. All gone now. Brought back the log, Its in German.

## **ARTHUR**

A bit much to hope it would be French, I suppose. Or Arabic.

# **OUINCEY**

You know who reads German around here.

**ARTHUR** 

Awkward.

QUINCEY

Just sayin' How's Miss Lucy and her friend?

**ARTHUR** 

No worse, at least. There's that to be thankful for.

**QUINCEY** 

You are one goddamn fool.

## **ARTHUR**

No doubt. We head to Jack Seward's Sanitorium, then. And I need to send a telegram on the way. Was there anything in the schooner's hold?

## **QUINCEY**

Bunch of boxes. Swales said they're full of dirt.

[FX: Footsteps and their voices fade, leaving only the sound of waves, wind, gulls and the nearby harbor. They fade away.]

#### Scene 3

[Interior of a patient's room in Dr. Seward's Sanitorium. Renfield enters. FX: Breathing and the rustle of someone in bed. The harbor is far away, heard through a tiny window. Footsteps approaching in the hall outside, echoing on the floor.]

## **RENFIELD**

For the blood is the life. And for this reason it shall be poured upon the altar. But it is forbidden to eat the blood.

[FX: Knock on the door. Key turns in the lock, and the door opens. Footsteps.]

#### KATE REED

Good morning, Miss Renfield. Almost afternoon. Have you managed to get some sleep?

## RENFIELD

Very little.

#### KATE REED

Well, at least you managed to eat some food. But you haven't finished your sausages.

#### RENFIELD

The taste makes me sick. The bread and tea sufficed.

KATE REED

I thought you liked sausages.

RENFIELD

[Disgusted]

These are under-cooked.

#### KATE REED

I'll have a word with cook, then. Tell you the truth—last night's storm woke me up as well. And I grew up here in Whitby. You get used to storms coming from the sea. Not like last night, though.

RENFIELD

I almost remember that.

KATE REED

Dreams again? Of being buried alive?

#### RENFIELD

Worse. Like I was a monster, maybe a dragon, circling over the town like some huge black hawk, or owl. People, they looked like mice.

KATE REED

To fly! That sounds amazing.

# RENFIELD

But the mice. The people. I wanted to tear into them. Devour them.

[FX: Footsteps down the hall. Door opens and enter Seward.]

# **SEWARD**

Hello, Miss Renfield. I'm told you had trouble sleeping last night? Maybe the weather stirred things up a bit, eh?

KATE REED

Dr. Seward?

**SEWARD** 

Miss Reed?

#### KATE REED

I was wondering, might Miss Renfield benefit from a few drops of laudanum? She slept so little last night?

**SEWARD** 

You've been here how long, Miss Reed?

KATE REED

I meant no disrespect, sir.

**SEWARD** 

Of course not, but—how long? Precisely?

KATE REED

Ten months.

**SEWARD** 

Good. Very well. Tell the dispensary to prepare three drops in water. Bring it to her once she's finished with her lunch.

RENFIELD

I am quite finished, thank you.

**SEWARD** 

You haven't eaten your sausages!

RENFIELD

I cannot eat them. For some reason. The taste...

**SEWARD** 

Oh my. Sleeplessness and a loss of appetite. My deepest condolences. To lose one's rest and then have no desire for food—a terrible combination indeed. Miss Reed, by all means take those sausages away and get Miss Renfield those drops.

KATE REED

Yes, Doctor.

**SEWARD** 

Rest, Miss Renfield. May your sleep be smooth, and dreamless. Quite. Now, I have been called away so we shall have our usual talk tomorrow rather than today. Take the extra time to sleep. Until then.

[FX: Footsteps head out of the room and into the hall. A food tray being picked up.]

KATE REED

Bet I know where he's going.

RENFIELD

Where?

#### KATE REED

Hillingham House. Big estate near the abbey ruins. That's where the Westenras live. Or, lived.

#### RENFIELD

I don't really know Whitby.

# KATE REED

The Westenras used to be the biggest landowners around here. They've been selling off their land. This sanitorium used to be one of their estates. Lucy, she's the last of them. We were in school together. I'll take these sausages away and bring you those drops.

[FX: Footsteps as she leaves the room and locks the door behind her.]

## RENFIELD

Sweet Jesus, my redeemer—have pity on your servant, I beg. Take this vision away. I cannot bear it. I beg of you. Take it away!

[FX: All the sounds fade into silence.]

# Scene 4

[A parlor in Hillingham House, later that day. Enter Mina. FX: An audibly different clock in the background. Louder, deeper, more like a grandfather clock.]

# **MINA**

[Reading aloud the same telegram for the tenth time.]

"I write to inform you Mr. Jonathan Harker heading to England. He says you are to be his wife. All blessings. He came here five weeks past. Evidently spent many days alone in woods. Says much that he survived. Asked me to send this telegram, urges you avoid place called Carfax. I pray God for you. Sister Agatha."

[FX: Doors open, as Mina hurriedly folds the telegram. Enter Arthur and Quincey.]

#### **ARTHUR**

Miss Murray! So good to see you again. Allow me to introduce my oldest and best friend, as well as sometimes bodyguard, Quincey Morris.

#### **MINA**

Good afternoon, Mr. Morris. Welcome to Hillingham House.

# **QUINCEY**

Thank you, Miss Murray. And, for what it is worth, I apologize.

#### **MINA**

For what, please?

## **QUINCEY**

Noticed your reaction to my firearm. I know such is not worn in polite company, but as Arthur said, I am his bodyguard.

#### **ARTHUR**

Among other things. Where is Lucy?

#### **MINA**

In the next room with Dr. Seward. I asked him to come and examine her.

## **QUINCEY**

We know. Just came from the sanitorium.

#### **ARTHUR**

Yes. I also went and sent a telegram to our consulate in Buda-pesth. With even the slightest bit of luck we should be hearing about your fiancee in days, maybe sooner.

#### **MINA**

Arthur. A question of two if I may? Jonathan was selling one of Lucy's properties to a foreign nobleman. I believe you know the one. Carfax?

**ARTHUR** 

I do indeed.

MINA

Is it dangerous in any way?

ARTHUR

Yes, I suppose so. Why do you ask?

## **MINA**

I began to wonder why anyone would desire to purchase the place. Why hire a solicitor to travel halfway across Europe for the sake of an abandoned ruin? Can anyone even live there?

## **QUINCEY**

Good questions.

[FX: A door swings open. Enter Seward.]

**ARTHUR** 

Jack! Good to see you!

**SEWARD** 

Arthur. Hello, Quincey.

**MINA** 

How is Lucy, Dr. Seward?

#### **SEWARD**

Unchanged in any significant degree. The disease remains active. Today was simply a moment

of understandable exhaustion. She should not have walked so far.

# **QUINCEY**

So, how long?

#### **ARTHUR**

Quince!

# **SEWARD**

Barring any remission, a year. Possibly two. That however remains a best case scenario. A sudden turn for the worse remains very possible.

## **ARTHUR**

Jack, we stopped by the sanitorium looking for you. Need your help in a non-medical manner if you can spare the time. Quincey, if you would?

# **QUINCEY**

Here is the log of the schooner that went aground last night. Damn thing's in German. We just need to get some idea what it says.

## **SEWARD**

Why not ask the crew?

#### **ARTHUR**

The whole lot are missing. All save the man we presume to be the Captain. He's dead.

## **SEWARD**

To be brutally frank, Arthur, I have living patients who demand the overwhelming majority of my time.

## **ARTHUR**

Well, we don't need the whole thing translated. Or even transcribed. If you can but give us some idea of what happened--

#### **SEWARD**

Quite impossible. I do apologize.

#### **ARTHUR**

But don't you have a staff? Those who can take up the slack as it were for a day, perhaps two? Or, half a day?

## **SEWARD**

At the bare minimum I must supervise all treatment for each patient, in number approximately half that of a company of infantry. My first duty must be to them. If either one of you needs medical attention you may call on me at will.

#### **MINA**

[Interrupting the very polite argument.] Give me the log. I speak and read fluent German.

#### **ARTHUR**

Miss Murray...that is, Mina...this was written by a sailor.

#### **MINA**

My father was a sailor. So was my brother. My mother a sailor's wife. As are my sisters.

#### **ARTHUR**

With respect, I am not quite convinced--

## **QUINCEY**

[Needs to hear nothing more.]

Here you go, Miss Murray. I don't think we'll need the whole thing, just the last few weeks. The harbormaster told us this ship, the <u>Demeter</u>, was scheduled to arrive from Varna. That's in the Black Sea.

#### **MINA**

I know. I shall peruse this and report back to you both with what I learn. If I have time I shall type out a full translation.

#### ARTHUR

That would indeed be most extremely useful. Many thanks.

#### **SEWARD**

I must return to my other patients. Arthur, Quincey—good to see you both. Miss Murray—please do not hesitate to call upon me at need. My heartfelt hopes news of Mr. Harker arrives very soon. Good day to you all.

[Seward exits. FX: A door opens and shuts. All sounds of this parlor, including the clock, totally cease.]

## Scene 5

[Mina's room in Hillingham House. Enter Mina. FX: Sound of a very old school manual typewriter.]

#### **MINA**

Transcript of final entries from the Captain's log of the schooner <u>Demeter</u>.

12 July. Through the Dardanelles on way to Whitby from Varna. Carrying fifty boxes of clay to Whitby, England. Crew dissatisfied about something. Mate cannot make out what is wrong. Crew are mostly Russian. First Mate Romanian. I have served with each of these men before now. Why are they afraid?

[FX: Shipboard sounds below typewriter, swelling at times. Creak of wood. Waves and wind.]

15 July. Petrofsky missing. Relieved from watch last night but never made it to bunk. Third Mate says there is a stranger aboard ship, says he saw such a man. Had crew search ship stem to stern. No one found. Men seem more relaxed now. I feel more worried.

22 July. Rough weather for five days. All hands busy with sails. What calm they gained after searching the ship begins to fade. Passing Gibraltar tomorrow. Another man also now missing. 24 July. Well into Bay of Biscay. Another man lost, this time during another tempest. Men too busy to be afraid. We are making excellent time, at least.

30 July. Two days of fog. No other ships to be seen. Crew tired. Both man of watch and steersman gone in middle of night. Mate and I agreed to go armed. Some darkness hovers over this ship. Rare to lose even one crewman. We are only four now from a beginning of nine. The men fear they know not what. As do I.

[FX: Sounds of a storm. Then, a man's scream.]

1 August. Woke up to sounds of a cry. Rushed on deck. Could see nothing in fog. One more crewman vanished, God Help Us! Mate believes us near straits of Dover. I am not sure. No land is visible.

[FX: Storm sounds fade. Sounds of a ship continue.]

- 3 August. Some doom lies over this ship. Yet another man now gone. We are adrift during the day. Winds rise every night. This is not natural. Even the air feels wrong.
- 4 August. Mate agitated after coming from below near sunset. Screamed he had learned the secret and only the sea could save him. Then threw himself overboard.

[FX: Splashing sounds as something hits the water. Sounds of the ship fade. The typewriter stops.]

Am alone now.

# Scene 6

[Day. Garden at Hillingham House Enter Lucy and Arthur. FX: Day birds, footsteps on gravel.]

#### **ARTHUR**

Lucy? Mina said you were out here in the garden. You're looking much better.

#### LUCY

We never used to lie to one another. Wishing death away won't work, dearest.

#### **ARTHUR**

But what can we do but try?

#### **LUCY**

Let me be your wife, Arthur. Wrap it up in all the ceremonies you like, or simply pick me up and take me to bed this very minute. I've ceased caring. Moments are all we have, and anything but an unlimited number of those. Why do you hesitate?

## **ARTHUR**

We have time.

#### **LUCY**

The Angel of Death is near. Like a promise of sleep and everlasting dreams. Until then, we have today. This minute. This hour. Take it.

# **ARTHUR**

We have duty.

#### LUCY

No one is asking you to betray the Queen. Only embrace the woman you love. Take me in your arms, Arthur. Come with me, and be with me.

## **ARTHUR**

I shall. Will all my heart and soul. When we are married. My father has agreed.

#### LUCY

Arthur! [She begins to cough.]

[FX: The sounds of the garden fade.]

# Scene 7

[Interior Hillingham House, continuous. Mina and Quincey discovered. FX: The parlor clock ticks in the background.]

#### **MINA**

You should probably not be spying on Lucy and Arthur, Mr. Morris.

## **QUINCEY**

Old habit. Been his bodyguard since we were seventeen. His father's idea.

#### **MINA**

I thought the two of you friends.

#### **OUINCEY**

We are, almost brothers by now. But none of Arthur's real brothers were available, and Lord Godalming didn't much care for watching after his son himself. So, hire a companion. Who could fight. What about you and Miss Lucy?

#### **MINA**

Does that mean you see Arthur as a bodyguard does? Or yourself as a fellow aristocrat?

## **OUINCEY**

Both. In more ways that you might expect. And to be honest, between the two of us Arthur is the better with a gun. Which is saying something. Any news about your fiancee?

## **MINA**

Jonathan is en route home, exhausted but well. His client must have paid him extremely well, I gather. He wrote quite a long telegram.

## **QUINCEY**

Good news, then! [A beat.] What?

#### **MINA**

He warned me to go nowhere near Carfax, the property for which he brought the final papers for sale abroad. No details, at least nothing explicit. My impression is that the man who purchased Carfax is dangerous. I have done my own research at the library. In truth I had already begun to do so soon after Jonathan left.

[FX: A chair moving, followed by the opening of a desk drawer. Mina hands a book to Quincey.]

#### **OUINCEY**

[Reading]

"An Account of the Legends of in Moldavia, Wallachia and Transylvania."

## **MINA**

Transylvania is where he went on his business errand. It is near Hungary. The name 'Dracula' is mentioned again and again. Such is the name of the person Jonathan was to meet. Evidently a notorious family in that part of the world. A dynasty of ferocious warlords, some said to sold their soul. The name even means "Son of the Devil."

#### **OUINCEY**

Is Harker a superstitious man? Or of nervous disposition?

## **MINA**

The precise opposite.

#### QUINCEY

This Dracula, he's probably just some evil old man, and your Jonathan saw that. Is warning people away. Not like the world has a short supply of evil old men. Hell, Arthur and me work for some.

[FX: Door opens and closes. Enter Arthur]

## **ARTHUR**

Quince, I think we should go send another telegram to the Consulate in Buda-Pesth.

## **MINA**

I should tell you—I've had news of Jonathan.

## **ARTHUR**

Indeed? Good news, I hope?

## **MINA**

He has been ill, but is now retracing his steps back to Whitby as rapidly as he can manage.

#### **ARTHUR**

How...wonderful. Yet I think some clarification from the Consulate might be of some use. Ouince?

#### **OUINCEY**

Miss Murray, no doubt we'll talk later. And I look forward to meeting the man you chose as a husband.

## **ARTHUR**

Sun will be setting in an hour or so. Want to get that telegram off today. Mina, good day. Thank you again for the transcript of the Captain's log. Most illuminating. Again, good day.

[FX: Opening a door, then closing it.]

#### Scene 8

[Inside a hansom cab. Enter Quincey and Arthur. FX: The muffled click-clop of a horse, the slight sway of the carriage itself.]

# **QUINCEY**

So what was all that about? [Pause. Arthur does not answer.] Okay, just have figure it out for myself. Not too hard, as it happens.

## **ARTHUR**

Wish you wouldn't, Quince.

## **QUINCEY**

Lucy thinks she's not long for this world. Hell, odds are at least even. And she wants to be with a man while she's still breathing. Can't say I blame her. I can blame you, though. For being a great big fool.

#### **ARTHUR**

Guilty. As per usual.

#### **OUINCEY**

Miss Mina's fiancee. Bet you the two of them are going to get married almost the hour he gets home. No formal announcements in the newspaper, no waiting a decent period, no elaborate plans.

#### **ARTHUR**

Miss Murray and Mister Harker are not burdened with the social status I and Lucy enjoy.

# **QUINCEY**

They're in love. And free. So are you and Lucy.

#### **ARTHUR**

We are not free.

# **OUINCEY**

Say, you ever met this Jonathan Harker?

**ARTHUR** 

No.

## **QUINCEY**

Well, Miss Mina sure is head over heels. And Miss Lucy trusted him to take care of an important piece of business for her. I am impressed with the both of them. Met ambassadors and millionaires with less sense. We both have.

**ARTHUR** 

Your point?

## **QUINCEY**

Harker's telegram told Miss Mina never to go anywhere near Carfax. Ever. Hinted at something really wrong with this Count Dracula, the man who bought the place. What?

#### **ARTHUR**

The harbormaster said the cargo from the <u>Demeter</u> has been picked up. Its destination was Carfax.

QUINCEY

And what was that cargo again?

**ARTHUR** 

Fifty boxes of clay, or soil.

## **QUINCEY**

Dirt. Somebody paid to ship fifty boxes of dirt from one side of Europe to the other?

#### ARTHUR

I have my doubts. Evidently someone did stow away on the <u>Demeter</u> to kill the crew...but why? Makes less sense than shipping fifty boxes of dirt! If those boxes did in fact contain nothing but dirt.

**QUINCEY** 

Which neither one of us believes.

#### **ARTHUR**

Quite right. But how would anyone successfully hide on a ship the size of a schooner for three or four weeks? No, it must have been the First Mate.

**QUINCEY** 

Who killed himself.

#### **ARTHUR**

But then, who killed the Captain and steered the ship into Whitby harbor? Another accomplice, must have been. Whom the Captain believed vanished, because the Mate told him so. And then fled the ship once it made landfall. Which seems...absurd.

#### **QUINCEY**

Unless the whole thing is a coincidence?

#### **ARTHUR**

The log must be a fabrication. Must be.

## **QUINCEY**

Funny. How you can be so smart, and such a fool at the same time?

## **ARTHUR**

Quince, will you please--

## **QUINCEY**

If Lucy looked at me, the way she looks at you, I would not hesitate.

[FX: Sounds of the carriage fade.]

## Scene 9

[Dr. Seward's office. Enter Seward. FX: The ticking of the clock there, as the machinery of the phonograph begins.]

#### **SEWARD**

Ellen Renfield. Charity case, a seamstress who collapsed screaming almost four weeks ago in Halifax. Long been considered 'odd' there. Endures visions. Maybe waking nightmares. Religious mania perhaps. Maybe some hysteria in the blood. She suffers. Her symptoms have grown acute over the last five days. She obsesses over blood. Will only eat meat if it is burnt dry. Also fears nighttime, in part due to severe nightmares. Laudanum helps her sleep, as indeed it does me. The difference, I need no one's permission. So I am reduced. By one word. "No." I allow Renfield her few drops. Have given myself the limit of taking myself only as many as I give her. Let us see if that is wise. I am pleased she is here. I will do all I can to relieve her distress.

[FX: Sounds of the phonograph and office abruptly fade.]

## Scene 10

[The sky above Whitby. Enter Dracula, Lucy and Mina. FX: The Vampire Sound. Huge leathern wings that stop as Dracula lands on a balcony, Voices speak through glass, from a room on the other side of the window.]

## **MINA**

[Muffled slightly by glass] Never quite sure if your mother approved of me.

## **LUCY**

[Muffled slightly by glass]

Poor Mamma. I look back at her now, and think how unhappy she must have been. She vented those feelings towards us all, especially after she watched Papa die.

#### **MINA**

That imperious manner she had—it proved useful when dealing with unruly girls.

#### LUCY

I always admired you for that. Still do. [A beat.] Mina, I have some news for you.

**MINA** 

[Senses what is coming]

It can wait.

LUCY

I spoke with Mr. Hawkins.

#### **MINA**

As did I. Turns out I know more at this point about Jonathan than he does, and even more about this man who purchased Carfax!

LUCY

I changed my will.

#### **MINA**

Hush, now. I shall take these cups of hot chocolate now and leave you to your sleep. You shall wake refreshed, and stronger. Good night dear Lucy. And don't be so afraid.

LUCY

Afraid?

MINA

I pray for you. But you know that. Good night.

[FX: A door opens and closes.]

**DRACULA** 

I am here.

[FX: The door to the balcony opens.]

LUCY

There you are. I wondered if I would see you again. Or when. Am I to die tonight?

**DRACULA** 

I do not believe you will.

LUCY

You do not know?

#### **DRACULA**

Not yet. Many things are hidden from my kind.

**LUCY** 

The limits you describe are so strange.

**DRACULA** 

Perhaps. Once, long ago. I sought to understand them.

LUCY

Did you ever?

## **DRACULA**

If ever I did, then I have forgotten. When the sun emerges I must sleep, and when it sets I rise. I may not enter a home unless invited by one who dwells there, or owns it. Unless of course the home is mine. I cannot rest without the earth of the place which was home to me in life.

LUCY

That is what I find most surprising.

**DRACULA** 

What? The earth? I think it might be alchemical.

**LUCY** 

That you were once a man.

# **DRACULA**

My fathers and grandfathers were Princes, remote offspring of the great and terrible Attila. I saw battles, even if their names have faded. Commanded armies, although my deeds are now a mere tales to be told, and I can neither confirm nor deny the truth of them.

LUCY

Were you happy, O Azrael? When you were a man?

**DRACULA** 

I do not remember. Are you?

LUCY

Almost. I have one thing I yet long for. After, then I shall bid you enter.

**DRACULA** 

Are you why I am here? Let me but kiss you, and I shall give you wings.

**LUCY** 

Azrael, you are Temptation! Maybe not Azreal after all, but Beelzebub?

#### **DRACULA**

Neither are my name. Your company is pleasing. I offer you the chance to be Death even as I am. To wander in dreams and command the wind, to fly from age to age, and watch the shadows of this world flicker by.

## LUCY

I am not ready to go.

#### **DRACULA**

Let me kiss you, and you will remain yet. For a time. Each night I would kiss you. There would be no pain. And you would change, a bit at a time, then walk within the nights, learning of her secrets. I do not make this offer often. Many are those who have gone mad so far from the sun, lost in the waking dream. I do not believe this would be your fate.

## LUCY

No pain? And time enough to get what I want.

## **DRACULA**

But no guarantees you will succeed.

#### LUCY

I understand, Azrael. In truth I would rather die in the way you offer than as my parents did. My greatest hope left in life begins to fade. All that I own is better in another's hands. Come into my home. I bid you welcome.

[FX: We hear Dracula step into the room...the sounds of the night fade.]

#### Scene 11

[Aboard a train. FX: A railroad engine begins to move, with the blow of a train whistle, heard from within the train itself. The clacking of the car on the tracks. Someone rustles a newspaper.]

#### **JONATHAN**

[Reading aloud, increasingly focused and worried]

"In a sequel to the strange events of last week, the late Captain of the schooner <u>Demeter</u>, that ran aground within Whitby harbor, has now had his funeral. Various local captains carried the casket of this gallant, if foreign, mariner to his final rest. The general atmosphere has been one of grave respect for the fallen man, with many persons of all walks of life attending the procession. According to our correspondent, the sole cargo aboard the wreck was fifty boxes of what was described as mould, and was consigned to a local solicitor on behalf of the owner. No word as to the owner's identity, save a rumor he has purchased some local property."

[FX: Putting the papers aside, then a fob watch is taken out and opened, the slight steady ticking can be heard.]

Six days old! He is there. In Carfax with the boxes. Might as well be inside another castle. Five hours to York, at best speed. Five and a half more like. Then two hours to Whitby. So. Seven hours, maybe eight. The sun will be setting. Should I have sent a telegram? No. Nothing I can do. But wait. And plan. And hope. And pray. This damn book—the best on the subject

and yet hardly a solid fact anywhere. I barely know more now than in the convent. Rest. And pray. Seven hours. Maybe eight. Rest. Get ready. Need to be ready.

[FX: The sounds of the train fade into silence.]

# Scene 12

[Parlor at Hillingham House. Mid-day. FX: The ticking of a clock.]

## **ARTHUR**

You should never have let her attend that funeral! It was clearly too much for her!

#### **MINA**

I invite you to attempt to make Lucy refrain from what she has decided upon.

**ARTHUR** 

Why else are you here, then?

**QUINCEY** 

Art! Stop it!

**ARTHUR** 

You...are correct.

**QUINCEY** 

You owe Miss Mina your apology.

## **ARTHUR**

Of course. Miss Murray, my apologies. If my words...no, my words did indeed hurt and insult. Such was their intention. No excuses. Merely abject apologies. Sincere, albeit meager.

**MINA** 

Apology accepted.

**ARTHUR** 

Thank you.

[FX: A door opens. Enter Seward.]

Jack! What news?

#### **SEWARD**

Lucy has taken a serious turn for the worse. I don't understand quite how, but there it is. She has lost a great deal of blood. There is something I think might work, if you are willing.

**ARTHUR** 

Anything!

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This is not without danger.

**ARTHUR** 

No matter!

#### **SEWARD**

Not to you. There's a procedure called blood transfusion. I've seen it done. Technically not difficult. It involves deliberately taking blood from one person then injecting it into another. Sometimes, it does work.

**MINA** 

Sometimes?

## **SEWARD**

Yes. The brutal fact is, it can be fatal. Not always, not even most of the time, but it does happen. And no one knows why.

**ARTHUR** 

Shall we begin?

## **SEWARD**

Come with me, then. You'll need to take off your jacket. And roll up your sleeve. This will not be without pain.

[FX: Door opens then shuts. The sounds of the clock fade.]

## Scene 13

[Renfield's rooms at the Sanitorium. FX: The sound of some one vomiting into a bucket. That someone is Renfield.]

## **RENFIELD**

God! My Redeemer! Why have you forsaken me?

[FX: Footsteps approach quickly.]

#### KATE REED

[From outside the door.] I am coming in!

[A key turns to unlock the door, which swings open and steps enter—those of Kate Reed.]

## KATE REED

Miss Renfield! Are you sick? Was this something you ate?

## RENFIELD

I can't get rid of it.

## KATE REED

Your forehead is normal. And—you barely ate your food.

#### RENFIELD

Blood! Everything tastes of blood! I can't get it out of my mouth!

## KATE REED

Look at me! Come on, then. Open your mouth. Yes, yes—I don't see any blood. If you bit your tongue the bleeding has stopped now.

#### RENFIELD

I'm not bleeding. I woke and I kept spitting over and over again! I hoped the food would cover the taste. But nothing! Everything is blood. Even the air!

## KATE REED

But there is no blood here. You can see for yourself.

## RENFIELD

I know! I can see! But I still taste it! Unclean! I am unclean! Disgusting!

KATE REED

I shall summon Dr. Seward.

RENFIELD

He isn't here.

KATE REED

Of course he is.

RENFEILD

No. He's at Hillingham House.

KATE REED

How do you know that?

RENFIELD

I don't know. I never know. Lucy Westenra.

KATE REED

What about her?

## RENFIELD

She's sick. I think she's dying. Dr. Seward is trying to save her. You and she—you were friends once.

## KATE REED

Yes. But not close.

## RENFIELD

Yes. At school. Best friends. Closer than either of you ever had before. For a time. Then she got close to someone else. Nina something. Broke your heart.

KATE REED

How did you know that?

RENFIELD

Oh god—water!

KATE REED

Here!

[FX: Swallowing sounds, almost to the point of gagging.]

## RENFIELD

I still taste it! Unclean! Unclean! The Almighty has turned his face from me. Thou shalt not eat the blood. It is forbidden!

## **KATE REED**

Here. Hold my hand. Pray with me. Father, Who Art In Heaven, Holy Be Thy Name. Say it with me.

RENFIELD

Father, who art in Heaven.

KATE REED

Holy be thy name.

RENFIELD

Holy be thy name.

KATE REED

When thy kingdom doth come,

RENFIELD

Thy will shall be done, on this Earth

## RENFIELD AND KATE REED

As it is in Heaven. Forgive us all our trespasses as we shall strive to forgive those who trespass against us. Ward us from all temptation, deliver us from all evil, for thine is the Glory, and the Kingdom, and thine the Power, for ever. Amen.

KATE REED

[After a time] Miss Renfield?

RENFIELD

My mouth still tastes of blood.

[FX: Music cue. Transition.]

# Scene 14

[Lucy's bedroom in Hillingham House. FX: Wind and day birds from an open window. Breathing of Lucy, which sounds haggard. Breathing from Arthur, as if from pain. The sound of medical instruments being put away.]

#### **ARTHUR**

Jack, was that enough? Do you need to take more?

#### **SEWARD**

I believe this sufficient. Providing it does not prove fatal.

**QUINCEY** 

What are the odds?

## **SEWARD**

No one knows for certain. But death occurs approximately one quarter to one third of all attempts at blood transfusion. Hence my extreme reluctance.

## **ARTHUR**

You didn't seem to take that much.

#### **SEWARD**

I fear to give her more lest she go into shock. Yet if she does not reject this, you will have preserved her life.

#### **ARTHUR**

I would happily give her all the blood I have.

#### **SEWARD**

Were it not for the consumption I'd don't believe she'd've been in so much danger. Except... where did the blood go? Her bed should be covered with it. Or she should have been coughing it up by the cup-full. Or shown signs of internal bleeding. Anemia simply does not happen this swiftly, so it cannot be that.

**QUINCEY** 

What about her neck?

**ARTHUR** 

What? What's that?

#### **SEWARD**

There are two small wounds on Lucy's throat. But they cannot be the source of blood loss, even though they do appear quite fresh. She'd be coated in the stuff. Unless—no, that is absurd.

I'll be the judge of that.	ARTHUR
No. You will not.	SEWARD

## **QUINCEY**

Jack, you say its absurd, I believe you. But what was it?

#### **SEWARD**

In theory--someone might have applied a series of leeches to those two spots, removing and replacing each as the creatures consumed their fill. Would have taken hours and required at least dozens of the things to achieve, and Lucy would have had to lie there acquiescent the entire time. Grotesque rubbish!

[FX: Knock on the door, and after a moment the door opens. Enter Mina.]

## **MINA**

Doctor Seward, a message just arrived from your sanitorium. A patient needs your attention. Her name is Renfield and she is reported as having hallucinations.

**SEWARD** 

Thank you.

**MINA** 

How is Lucy?

## **SEWARD**

The blood transfusion is likely to have made a significant difference. However, we shall not know for hours if her body is accepting it. If she lives through the night, we may safely presume she has left any immediate danger behind. Now, I must leave.

ARTHUR

Leave?

#### **SEWARD**

There is at present nothing more I can do. Lucy shall either rally, or not. Meanwhile I have another patient, and another duty. As you both should know too well, duty is not a thing I shirk for personal convenience or preference.

QUINCEY

We know that. Don't we, Art?

#### **ARTHUR**

Yes. And Jack—thank you for allowing me to do this much for Lucy.

## **SEWARD**

Thank me if it works. If she rouses, I do think she'd like to see your face.

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MINA I'll show you out. Dr. Seward.	
[FX. Door closes. Exit Min	na and Seward.]
QUINCEY Jack, he is spooked something fierce.	
ARTHUR I suppose so.	
QUINCEY You just listen for a moment. Jack asked Lucy to marry him. You know that, rig know it, you must.	ght? I mean, if I
Yes.	
QUINCEY He's not a man to do that lightly.	
ARTHUR Neither am I.	
QUINCEY  Me neither. Three of us have a lot in common. We all found that out in Egypt. around. If Miss Lucy had said yes to Jack and no to you, how'd you feel?	So turn it
ARTHUR You've made your point, Quince.	
[FX: Sounds of winds and the window fade.]	he day from the
<u>Scene 15</u>	
[Renfield's rooms in the san Key turns in a lock, then a a	

**SEWARD** 

Miss Renfield? Are you awake?

RENFIELD

I have been trying to sleep. Without success.

**SEWARD** 

May I come in?

RENFIELD

Yes.

[FX: Footsteps enter room.]

**SEWARD** 

May I bring in some light?

RENFIELD

The light, it hurts.

**SEWARD** 

I need to see your appearance. Only a little bit, I promise.

RENFIELD

Yes.

[FX: A match is struck.]

**SEWARD** 

You sound quite exhausted. Would you prefer me to give you something to help you sleep?

**RENFIELD** 

I don't know. I can barely move, yet I fear my dreams.

**SEWARD** 

Tell me about your dreams. And please excuse me while I take your pulse.

RENFIELD

Everything looks unreal. I can see in the dark. I can fly. But I am not human.

**SEWARD** 

An owl perhaps?

**RENFIELD** 

No. But I am a hunter. A demon. Or...something. I find people and kill them. An old man in the graveyard, old and sick and drunk. A sad woman with red hair and black eyes. Wearing violet. She was coughing a good deal. I held her in my arms and killed her with a kiss.

**SEWARD** 

When was this?

RENFIELD

A few nights ago. My mouth tastes of blood.

**SEWARD** 

Miss Reed will bring you some laudanum, and some freshly baked bread. You need to keep up your strength. You are a seamstress as I recall?

RENFIELD

I was.

#### **SEWARD**

You still are. Unemployed at the moment, but I shall make efforts to find you a position when you leave here.

RENFIELD

If I do.

**SEWARD** 

You shall. Believe that, and it will help you. May I sit?

RENFIELD

Yes.

[FX: Movement of a chair.]

#### **SEWARD**

Seven years ago I was not a doctor, but an Army lieutenant. I had a very good education as it turns out, the dutiful gift of my father. Saw my first real military action. Never mind about the stories of gallantry and heroism in the face of danger. I suppose there must have been plenty of both, but I did not see it. Rather, I and a handful of others ended up trapped behind enemy lines, hiding in an old hotel, defending it against any lone soldiers wandering by. Then, of necessity, hiding the bodies. Little food. Little water. Just fear and boredom and gnawing hunger. Within a few days, I found a great deal of clarity by imagining my future, by picturing it in my mind, and determining each hour was but a few more steps in my journey to that future. It worked. I survived, and felt no surprise. Eventually the fighting ended. I resigned my commission, and determined to work in medicine, to help my fellow men rather than wound, or kill them.

RENFIELD

Your father.

**SEWARD** 

Yes, he paid for more schooling.

RENFIELD

And never congratulated you.

**SEWARD** 

No.

## **RENFIELD**

He never saw anything he would find distressing. The colors or flowers or food he disliked were nowhere near his person. The same with the illegitimate offspring of a youthful mistresses he grew tired of. Gave money, not affection, never love.

**SEWARD** 

Who has told you these things?

## RENFIELD

I know so much I would rather not. Your grief at falling in love, then having her reject you. Your anger at losing even one patient. That is as a fire. It burns.

## **SEWARD**

All very well and good, but who in the staff has been talking to you? About events? And about me?

#### RENFIELD

Only you, Doctor Seward. Only you. And you do not believe me. I'm sorry.

**SEWARD** 

I must ask again--

## RENFIELD

Death, he rides not a pale horse but flies on leather wings. Soon you will believe. So sorry. I wish you did not have to. Guns cannot touch him. A sword, though, that may save us all from him.

**SEWARD** 

From who precisely?

## RENFIELD

He who died and arose, and in the name of Hell became Death.

[FX: After a moment or two, footsteps move and the door opens then closes. Footsteps fade in the hallway.]

## Scene 16

[Office of Dr. Seward. FX: Ticking of a clock. Distant sounds of a harbor—waves, seagulls, a bell. Knock on a door.]

**SEWARD** 

Enter.

[Enter Kate Reed. FX: Door opens, closes.]

KATE REED

You sent for me sir?

**SEWARD** 

Yes, Miss Reed. Take a seat.

KATE REED

Thank you, sir.

[FX: Chair is moved.]

**SEWARD** 

You seem interested in my collection.

## KATE REED

I did not mean to stare.

#### **SEWARD**

No need to apologize. Truth is, I sometimes forget they are even here. Do you know what this is?

#### KATE REED

Some kind of bird with a man's head. A monster? A demon?

## **SEWARD**

It is called a "Ba." The ancient Egyptians thought this is what a human soul looked like, traveling between the body and heaven.

#### KATE REED

That does not sound right.

## **SEWARD**

The Egyptians were not Christian, Miss Reed. They had their own ways of looking at life and death, ways not like ours. I assume you recognize this?

#### KATE REED

A snake stone.

# **SEWARD**

Exactly so. Remnants of animals from a different age of the earth, once plentiful but now vanished.

## KATE REED

I don't know about that.

#### **SEWARD**

This one here is my most treasured item. Can you guess what it is? My father left this to me in his will. His collection was much larger, most of it now in the British Museum.

## KATE REED

It is a bottle.

#### **SEWARD**

Of a kind. This vial is supposed to contain the tears of Saint Veronica.

#### KATE REED

Sorry to hear you've lost your father.

## **SEWARD**

Thank you. I've been asking about your work here, Miss Reed. What I'm told seems quite positive. You've mostly worked with our charity cases, I believe?

## KATE REED

Yes, sir.

#### **SEWARD**

And you take the time to talk with them, to chat as it were, to give the gift of normalcy to those who suffer from its lack. Admirable. I would go so far as to say 'commendable.'

#### KATE REED

Thank you very much.

## **SEWARD**

In this context, gossip has its place. However, I must draw the line at gossip about me.

#### KATE REED

Sir

#### **SEWARD**

Earlier today Renfield repeated details about my life, details I had not in fact shared with anyone at all. How that information became the stuff of local gossip, while disturbing, is not nearly so appalling as that a member of my staff shared it with a patient. There must be trust in the practice of medicine, Miss Reed. Trust offered, and trust earned. What have you to say for yourself?

## **KATE REED**

I do apologize, sir! It seemed harmless enough. I thought it nothing.

## **SEWARD**

Nothing?

#### KATE REED

I am most miserably sorry, Dr. Seward. The fact I know, or knew, one of your private patients seemed as obscure and harmless a bit of news as possible to share. Or very nearly.

**SEWARD** 

You speak of Miss Westenra?

KATE REED

Yes, sir.

#### **SEWARD**

You know her? She shares things with you?

## KATE REED

Oh, no. We haven't spoken in years. And we were...that it, we were not close. The Westenras, sir, are a people commonly spoken of here. Famous even. And I revealed none of her secrets, not least because I don't know any. Just what everyone knows.

**SEWARD** 

Everyone?

## KATE REED

Yes.

#### **SEWARD**

[Taking a moment]

Is it then common knowledge I proposed marriage to the lady?

## KATE REED

You? What? No. No! I never knew that! Not till this moment! Unless this is some kind of test, sir? I don't know what to say.

## **SEWARD**

Unfortunately, Miss Reed, I believe you. I say unfortunately because now I am left with an even more disturbing query. Namely, how did Renfield know this? She's received no visitors I believe?

#### KATE REED

Not one, sir.

#### **SEWARD**

And yet she knew Mrs. Singleton died the other night. Described her in sufficient detail to leave no doubt. And somehow also knew about that old tramp found dead near the Abbey. That was in the newspapers, of course. What? Miss Reed? Speak up!

# KATE REED

Dr. Seward, sir. The other day Renfield said something about me, about something that happened in the past. No one knew about this. Well, except me and one other. I simply cannot make out how she knew about it. It should be impossible.

#### **SEWARD**

What was it she said?

# KATE REED

Please do not ask me that, sir. It is of an extremely personal nature.

#### **SEWARD**

[After a pause] You may go, Miss Reed.

[FX: Chair moves. Steps. A door opens, then closes.]

# Scene 17

[Parlor, Hillingham House. Quincey and Mina. FX: Ticking of the parlor clock.]

#### **MINA**

My family moved from York back to Whitby when I was twelve. There was a fire and we'd lost our livelihood as well as a sister. The following year I started attending school with Lucy and we became close. Children, perhaps you have noticed, do not forgive other children for being too clever.

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My guess is you're not fond of your own students.

**MINA** 

Not greatly. But I do enjoy my position.

**QUINCEY** 

And how did you meet Mr. Jonathan Harker?

**MINA** 

At a library. Is there a purpose to this line of inquiry, Mr. Morris?

# **QUINCEY**

Curiosity. Must say I feel impressed with both you and Miss Lucy. But then the ladies I end up spending most of my time around aren't nearly as interesting. They don't reveal any such thing, anyway.

**MINA** 

Where do you meet them?

# **QUINCEY**

A mix. High society events where everybody is pretending to be better than they are. Or grimy, dangerous places where they're all pretending to be worse. Art and me, we have to travel a lot.

## **MINA**

Which are you? Pretending to be better than you are, or pretending to be worse?

[FX: Door opens. Enter Jonathan.]

**MINA** 

Dear God. Thank you.

**JONATHAN** 

I returned as fast as was possible.

MINA

Walk though I may within the valley of the shadow of death...

**JONATHAN** 

We shall fear no evil.

[FX: Harker drops his single piece of luggage. The sound of a single kiss.]

I'm interrupting something.

**QUINCEY** 

Not really.

#### **MINA**

Jonathan, this is Mr. Quincey Morris, a friend of Arthur Holmwood, Lucy's fiancee.

## **QUINCEY**

Honored to meet you, Mr. Harker. And welcome home!

#### **MINA**

We are waiting for news about Lucy. Arthur, that is, Mr. Holmwood, is with her now. She's been very weak of late.

## **JONATHAN**

Weak? Has anything changed? Have you been receiving new visitors? Or going anywhere different?

## **MINA**

No. She's been in Arthur's company of course, which often means she's been with Quincey. She began using a new doctor about a week after you left, the man who runs the lady's sanitorium, Dr. Jack Seward.

## **QUINCEY**

Who turns out to be an old friend of myself and Art. We were in Egypt together during the war.

# **JONATHAN**

Has she been near Carfax?

#### **MINA**

Not at all. Neither have I, nor anyone else as far as I know.

## **JONATHAN**

Good. But the <u>Demeter</u>. I read it ran aground. With boxes of soil? Everyone on board missing or dead?

# **QUINCEY**

That's right. You know about that?

[FX: A door opens and enter Arthur.]

## **ARTHUR**

Excuse me?

## **OUINCEY**

Art, this here is Miss Mina's long lost fiancee. Finally back.

## **ARTHUR**

[Shifting modes]

Oh I see! Well, that does explain the hands clasped together as if neither one will ever let go. Welcome home Mr. Harker.

## **MINA**

How is Lucy?

#### **JONATHAN**

Yes, how is she?

## **ARTHUR**

Many times improved, I am happy to say! She and I were just chatting a bit. She looks and sounds utterly splendid.

**QUINCEY** 

Good to know the transfusion worked.

**ARTHUR** 

I as well!

#### **JONATHAN**

Excuse me. Transfusion? I don't know this word.

## **OUINCEY**

Dr. Jack Seward did it. Said it was dangerous, but...well. It worked. He transferred blood from Art here into Lucy. Her consumption, she had a real bad spell.

## **JONATHAN**

I did not know that was possible, to do that.

## **ARTHUR**

Neither did I. Fortunately for us all it was, and is! I'll admit to filling pretty damn weak and sick myself, at least for now.

# **JONATHAN**

I was wondering at your face. At how pale you look. Wondered why.

#### **ARTHUR**

Well, if you will forgive me... I was myself wondering. At your attire, Mr. Harker.

## **JONATHAN**

All my luggage I had to leave behind at the castle.

**ARTHUR** 

Castle?

# **JONATHAN**

Castle Dracula. That is where I went on behalf of Lucy. I barely escaped once Count Dracula left.

#### **ARTHUR**

Escaped? Sounds like you had an adventure!

## **JONATHAN**

I was left alone. Locked in a room. In the end, I had to crawl out a window to the ground below. That took, I don't know how long.

## **OUINCEY**

How far were you from the nearest town?

#### **JONATHAN**

Miles and miles. Eventually I found a convent. When I said the name "Dracula" they almost turned me away. Should have known better by then. The things I saw there. I don't have the words. Count Dracula is a very evil person, capable I think of perhaps any sin you can imagine, and much more besides. Charming, to be sure. Extremely intelligent. Almost a poet, really. But, evil. Please believe me.

**MINA** 

Always.

**ARTHUR** 

Of course, but he is not here, after all.

**JONATHAN** 

I think he is.

## **MINA**

He bought Carfax. That was the whole reason Jonathan journeyed there. Lucy was looking to sell the estate and an agent for this foreign nobleman was willing to pay the price she asked.

## **JONATHAN**

And he could easily afford it. He bade me fill my pockets before he left. And I did.

[FX: Sound of numerous coins dropping onto a table.]

## **ARTHUR**

Is that--?

#### **JONATHAN**

Gold. There were piles of it everywhere. In Buda-pesth, after leaving the hospital, I bought local clothes. No doubt I look quite bizarre.

#### **ARTHUR**

Tell you what, Harker—allow me to purchase a new suit! You'll look a tad less...well...foreign. Never been to Buda-pesth, myself. Plenty of other places, but not there. Cairo, Istanbul, Venice...

#### **JONATHAN**

But—said you gave your blood to Lucy? That sounds extreme. Was her need that dire?

**ARTHUR** 

Unfortunately.

## **JONATHAN**

And she is better?

# **QUINCEY**

Mr. Harker, I've got a question for you. And I'd like an immediate answer it you don't mind. Your throat.

## **JONATHAN**

Yes?

# **QUINCEY**

You've got an old wound there, or a pair of them. Almost healed into scars. Right on the side of your throat. There. You see, Art?

**MINA** 

Let me see. Oh!

**ARTHUR** 

No, no, no, no! No, that is impossible.

**MINA** 

What happened to you?

**ARTHUR** 

They are the same. Exactly the same.

**MINA** 

The same as what?

# **ARTHUR**

Lucy! They are identical! What in the name of God is going on here?

# **QUINCEY**

Mr. Harker? How did you get those two punctures on your throat?

[FX: All sounds fade as music swells.]

# END OF ACT ONE

## **ACT TWO**

#### Scene 1

[Parlor at Hillingham. Continuous. FX: The distinctive ticking of this clock.]

# **ARTHUR**

I will have an answer!. Mr. Harker, how came you to have those wounds upon your throat? Wounds I can frankly say are not unknown to me. Speak! At once!

## **QUINCEY**

Art. Give the man time to answer.

## **JONATHAN**

I fear my answer will not satisfy you. It certainly does not me. While at Castle Dracula I fell into a kind of stupor. After my escape, I was in fairly wild country for a time. When precisely these wounds were inflicted I cannot say. You say Lucy has the same wounds?

## **ARTHUR**

Mr. Harker, I am a medical layman. Would you consent to being examined by Lucy's physician, Dr. Jack Seward? I can send my driver to go fetch him. I presume you quite tired, but please understand Lucy's health is in great jeopardy.

**JONATHAN** 

Of course.

**QUINCEY** 

Do you have a place to stay yet, Harker?

**MINA** 

He has a room here. Lucy put it at his disposal when we became engaged.

**ARTHUR** 

Of course. Rest, why don't you?

**JONATHAN** 

Thank you, I will. You are the son of Lord Godalming, is that right?

**ARTHUR** 

One of them.

**JONATHAN** 

Miss Westenra told me stories about you. Called you daring. A man of action. One used to danger.

**ARTHUR** 

One does one's duty to Queen and Country.

**MINA** 

Do you have any luggage?