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I.E. Clark Publications

DRACULA

The Vampire Play

Drama adapted by
TIM KELLY

Dramatized from the classic
novel by BRAM STOKER



DRACULA

The Vampire Play

“One of the most gripping stage plays ever written ... a chillingly delightful dramatization.” (review of Repertory Club production, Banbury, Australia,)

“*Dracula* was a great success.” (Darlington School, Rome, Ga.)

Bram Stoker’s famous novel has been dramatized into a spell binding three-act play by Tim Kelly, especially for high schools and colleges. It retains all the suspense, horror and enchantment associated with the world’s most infamous vampire.

Drama. Adapted by Tim Kelly from the novel by Bram Stoker. Cast: 6m., 11w. This version is designed for easy and economical staging, yet it retains the chilling atmosphere and the familiar characters that have made *Dracula* a favorite with producers, actors and audiences everywhere. When Dr. Van Helsing, a specialist in obscure maladies, discovers that beautiful Lucy Westenra is the victim of a vampire, suspicion falls on a mysterious neighbor, Count Dracula, and his frighteningly beautiful wives, who receive special emphasis. The large cast contains many fine acting parts, from the haunting vampire wives to the ever-popular Renfield, who fancies a diet of flies and spiders. There are young lovers, comic staff members, sanatorium guests, and Jonathan Harker, first to fall victim to the vampire’s thirst. The story of his journey to Dracula’s fortress will have your audiences on the edge of their seats. Intermingled with the drama is a fine thread of comedy that helps relieve mounting tension and chills. Tim Kelly has developed a classic masterwork that always terrifies—and delights—cast and audience. *Set: sanatorium sitting room. Costumes: current or period. Approximate running time: 60 to 75 minutes. Video available. Code: DE6.*

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Dracula The Vampire Play

DRACULA

'THE VAMPIRE PLAY'

In Three Acts

by

TIM KELLY

*Dramatized from the Classic
Bram Stoker Novel*

I.E. Clark Publications
Woodstock, Illinois.

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DRACULA

'The Vampire Play'

(For a cast of seventeen:
11 women, 6 men; or 10 women, 7 men)

Cast of Characters
(In order of appearance)

GRIMM, *a medical attendant*
MRS. FERN, *the housekeeper*
MRS. WESTENRA, *Dr. Quincy's sister, Lucy's mother*
DR. QUINCY, *psychiatrist*
ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, *Lucy's fiance*
MINA, *Lucy's friend, Jonathan's wife*
FLORA, *Lucy's personal maid*
LUCY WESTENRA, *victim of a strange "malady"*
DRACULA, *one of "The Undead"*
NURSE CASSIDY, *a sanatorium worker*
RENFIELD, *an interesting "case"*
MISS ANYA, *Jonathan's escort from Romania*
JONATHAN HARKER, *Dracula's victim*
VAMPIRE WIFE No. 1 }
VAMPIRE WIFE No. 2 } *Dracula's spouses*
VAMPIRE WIFE No. 3 }
***PROFESSOR VAN HELSING**, *specialist in rare maladies*
**This role can be played by either an actress or actor.*

Synopsis of Scenes

The action of DRACULA takes place in the family sitting-room of Dr. Quincy's private sanatorium, a sanctuary devoted to the study of mental aberrations. The sanatorium is an hour's drive from London.

The time is the present.

Act I

Scene 1: The sitting-room. Night.

Scene 2: The following evening.

Act II

Scene 1: The next day.

Scene 2: That night.

Act III

Scene 1: Midnight.

Scene 2: The hour before dawn.

ABOUT THE PLAY

DRACULA—the most famous vampire story of all time!—now available to your theatre in this fast-moving, easy-to-produce, electrifying stage version faithful to the Bram Stoker original. At a sanatorium on the outskirts of London, Lucy Westenra suffers from some strange affliction. Her uncle, a noted psychiatrist, calls in Professor Van Helsing, a specialist in obscure maladies. The diagnosis? *Lucy is the victim of a vampire!*

Suspicion falls on a mysterious neighbor who has recently purchased the eerie adjoining estate, Carfax Castle. The new owner is **COUNT DRACULA**, descendant of a noble Romanian family, now a creature of the night. He has come to England, with his frighteningly beautiful wives, to seek “new blood” after devastating the mountains of his homeland.

How Van Helsing defeats the villain, who is both a sophisticate and a demon, makes this dramatization an exciting evening in the theatre.

Production is simple, yet atmospheric and gripping with special emphasis on the female roles. The large cast contains many fine acting parts, from the haunting vampire wives to the ever-popular Renfield, who fancies a diet of flies and spiders. There are young lovers, comic staff members, sanatorium guests, and Jonathan Harker, first to fall victim to the vampire's thirst. The story of his journey to Dracula's fortress will have your audiences on the edge of their seats. Intermingled with the drama is a fine thread of comedy that helps relieve mounting tension and chills. Tim Kelly has developed a classic masterwork that always terrifies—and delights—cast and audience.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tim Kelly, whose home is in Hollywood, is one of the most familiar names in American theatre with numerous plays, television scripts, and film scenarios on his long list of credits. There's nearly always a Tim Kelly play in production.

He seems to have a penchant for the eerie and macabre, as demonstrated in this chillingly delightful dramatization of **DRACULA** and in his terrifying **BLOODY JACK**, about Jack the Ripper, as well as in such movies as the Vincent Price chiller, **CRY OF THE BANSHEE**.

Among Tim Kelly's awards for writing are the New England Theatre Conference award; American Broadcasting Fellow, Yale University; Sarasota Arts Festival; Siegal Drama Prize, University of Chicago; the National Bicentennial Playwriting competition, University of Utah, and the Nederlander Playwriting Award. He is a member of Dramatists Guild.

THE STORY OF THE *REAL* DRACULA

“He is our most enduring monster,” proclaimed *Newsweek*. “An aristocrat of evil . . . cursed with immortality; only the rays of the sun, or a stake through the heart” can end his evil search for his only food – human blood. Dracula, in many forms, many costumes, and many faces, has died thousands of times on every kind of stage, on the television screen, in more than 200 movies, in comic books, parodies, and spoofs – “and still his lethal glamor persists, as deathless as our love of horror”

There really was a Dracula. And his castles in Romania have been the focal point of Halloween pilgrimages by horror buffs.

The original flesh and blood (his own) Dracula was Vlad III, whose father, Vlad II, was a ruthless, power-hungry Transylvanian prince and military commander. The enemies of Vlad II called him Dracul, “the devil.” Consequently, his son was called “son of the devil” – Dracula.

Transylvania is a mountainous region near the border between Romania and Hungary. For years Romania and Hungary fought over Transylvania, and during the lifetime of Vlad III, Transylvania was part of the Turkish empire.

Vlad III fought Turkish domination, and his favorite way of dealing with political enemies was to impale them on stakes. This policy earned him the epithet Vlad Tepes, or Vlad the Impaler (“tepes” comes from a Romanian word meaning “stake”). It is estimated that Vlad’s stakes found the viscera of a fifth of the population, and Turkish rulers called him a bloodthirsty monster. He rebuffed one enemy’s ultimatum by sending the Turkish messengers home with their turbans nailed to their heads.

During a final onslaught by vengeful opponents, Dracula took refuge in a family castle in the Carpathian Alps (he also sometimes housed himself in Bran Castle). Just how Vlad Tepes died nobody knows; his beheaded body was found in a snow drift shortly after Christmas, 1476.

Bram Stoker became interested in the doings of Vlad Tepes when he and Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, were dabbling in the occult. Taking some ideas from the activities of Jack the Ripper, who was leaving a trail of bloody throats throughout London, Stoker wrote his novel in 1897. The first of the several stage adaptations opened at the Little Theatre in London on Valentine’s Day, 1927. Trained nurses were on hand in the audience. The play opened at the Fulton Theatre on Broadway on Oct. 5, 1927, with an unknown actor named Bela Lugosi playing the title role. Lugosi also played Dracula in the 1931 film version.

The bloodthirsty Count had become a part of the world’s folklore.

DRACULA

'The Vampire Play'

ACT I

Scene 1

[A large sitting room in the private sanatorium of Dr. Quincy, an establishment dedicated to the study and treatment of unusual mental "disturbances." Down Right is an exit into other parts of the house. Up Right is the door leading into Dr. Quincy's study. Up Center is a hallway with an exit, Right, that leads offstage.

Down left is another exit into other areas of the large house. Stage Left are French Doors that open onto the sanatorium grounds. Right Center is a sofa, or chaise-longue. Left Center is a handsome chair. On wall, Right, is a bell cord. To these basics, needed for blocking the play, should be added additional properties that suit the individual production and stage size; e.g., rugs, lamps, extra chairs, maybe bookcases right and left of hallway, perhaps a fireplace Stage Right, and so on.

AT RISE: Night. GRIMM, a worker at the sanatorium, dressed in hospital whites, is standing at the French doors looking out into the darkness. A likeable character, he is more noted for brawn than brains.]

GRIMM. *[Talking to himself]* There it is again . . . plain as a comet in the sky . . . someone's over there at Carfax Castle . . . *[shudders]* evil-looking place . . . they should have tom it down years ago . . . stone by stone . . . gives me the creeps, it does . . . *[His eyes widen in dismay.]* Ah, there it goes . . . moving up into the tower.

[As he speaks, MRS. FERN, the housekeeper, enters Down Right. She has entered to perform a household chore—perhaps watering pot plants. She stops and stands, listening to Grimm's muttering.]

GRIMM. Enough to chill the blood . . . don't know why I ever took this job.

MRS. FERN. Grimm!

[Startled, he gives a yelp, turns.]

GRIMM. You scared the life out of me, Mrs. Fern. You shouldn't sneak up on a man like that. I could have heart failure.

MRS. FERN. [*Steps to sofa, performing her chores*] If you don't stop talking to yourself, someone is likely to mistake you for one of Dr. Quincy's patients.

GRIMM. I tell you, Mrs. Fern, someone's moving about, over there in Carfax Castle.

MRS. FERN. Nonsense. Place has been deserted for years.

GRIMM. I seen a candle moving by a window.

MRS. FERN. Imagination.

GRIMM. [*Steps to chair*] Imagination? Once, maybe. Not three times.

MRS. FERN. [*Stops her activity, looks at him*] Three times tonight, you mean?

GRIMM. I mean last night and the night before.

MRS. FERN. [*Severe*] Grimm, have you been drinking?

GRIMM. [*Offended*] Certainly not. I never touch spirits.

MRS. FERN. If there is anyone over at the castle, it's probably children from the village, up to mischief. [*Continues her duties*]

GRIMM. [*Crossing to her*] You know as well as I do, the children from the village give the castle and this sanatorium a wide berth.

MRS. FERN. I'm afraid the patients and their problems are beginning to disturb you. You're jumpy as a cat.

GRIMM. People with "problems" are one thing, but the patients Dr. Quincy has in this sanatorium are "peculiar."

MRS. FERN. [*Matter-of-fact*] Go along. Tend to your duties. Dr. Quincy was upset when he discovered Renfield had escaped from his room again.

GRIMM. I don't know how he does it. I lock him in, and he gets out. Do you know what he asked me to get him?

MRS. FERN. I'm only the housekeeper here. I have no interest in patients apart from their comfort.

GRIMM. He asked me to fetch him a nice fat spider.

MRS. FERN. That's enough. Go along.

[*MRS. WESTENRA, Dr. Quincy's sister, enters Up Center. She is an attractive woman in early middle age, cultured and well dressed.*]

GRIMM. [*Exits Down Left, mumbling*] Lights in old castles . . . lunatics asking me for spiders . . . what next?

MRS. WESTENRA. What on earth is the matter with Grimm?

MRS. FERN. His work is getting to him, I'm afraid.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Moves to sofa, sits*] I hope he's not thinking

of resigning. Help is not easy to come by. My brother says he's rather good with Renfield.

MRS. FERN. Renfield leads him a merry chase. How is Miss Lucy?

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Sighs*] We can't seem to find anything wrong with her. Anything definite. Poor thing has no energy. She's so tired and listless. Sleeps most of the day.

MRS. FERN. Probably a bug of some sort or other. I imagine she'll be back on her feet in no time.

MRS. WESTENRA. My brother is quite worried. We'll have to postpone the wedding date. She's in no condition to go through all that. I had to cancel her appointment with the photographer in London. He was quite put out.

[*DR. QUINCY enters from his study, Up Right. He is middle aged, distinguished, a successful psychiatrist.*]

DR. QUINCY. [*Sees his sister*] Ah, there you are. Any news of Arthur?

MRS. WESTENRA. His car was turning in at the gate when I came downstairs. Mina's gone to meet him.

MRS. FERN. [*Crossing to Down Left exit*] Will you be wanting anything, Mrs. Westenra?

MRS. WESTENRA. If I want anything, I'll ring.

MRS. FERN. Yes, ma'am. [*Turns to leave; stops when Dr. Quincy speaks*]

DR. QUINCY. Have you seen Grimm, Mrs. Fern?

MRS. FERN. He was here just now, Dr. Quincy. Said there were lights at Carfax Castle.

MRS. WESTENRA. Nonsense.

MRS. FERN. That's what I said, ma'am.

DR. QUINCY. If you see him again, tell him I wish to speak with him. This escape business with Renfield has me concerned.

MRS. FERN. I'll attend to it at once, Dr. Quincy. [*She exits Down Left.*]

MRS. WESTENRA. Renfield is your favorite patient.

DR. QUINCY. [*Steps left of sofa*] I have so few patients in residence at the moment.

MRS. WESTENRA. Are you going to write a book about him?

DR. QUINCY. [*Paces Down Right*] Perhaps. His case is most unique. You know he hears voices directing his every move.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Hand up in protest*] Please spare me the clinical report. The sanatorium aspect of our family estate, I leave entirely to you.

DR. QUINCY. Thought you might be interested.

MRS. WESTENRA. I hope I didn't seem rude. I'm so worried about Lucy.

DR. QUINCY. [*Returns to sofa*] So am I. I'm baffled by her malady.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Worried*] You don't think it's anything terribly serious, do you?

DR. QUINCY. Let's see how she's feeling in the morning.

MINA'S VOICE. [*From offstage*] Come along, Arthur. You'll do wonders for Lucy. She's been asking about you.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Stands*] Good. He's here.

[ARTHUR, Lucy's fiance, enters Up Center with MINA, Lucy's dearest friend. MINA is a healthy, robust young lady. ARTHUR is an energetic, handsome young man, but presently somewhat agitated because of Lucy's illness.]

DR. QUINCY. Delighted you could make it down, Arthur. [*They shake hands.*]

ARTHUR. [*Concerned*] How is she?

MRS. WESTENRA. You must be tired after your drive from London.

ARTHUR. Not in the least.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Sits on sofa*] There's nothing to worry about.

ARTHUR. That's not the impression I got when you called yesterday.

MINA. [*Moves right of sofa*] Lucy was close to being in a coma.

ARTHUR. Coma!

DR. QUINCY. [*Steps behind chair*] We thought it best to call you.

ARTHUR. I'm glad you did.

MINA. [*Sits beside Mrs. Westenra*] The wedding plans will have to be delayed.

ARTHUR. It's Lucy's health I'm concerned about.

MRS. WESTENRA. You've been a tremendous help, Mina. I wouldn't have been able to manage without you. The invitations, the planning. Now the delay.

MINA. You know how Jonathan and I feel about Lucy. She's a dear friend.

ARTHUR. [*To Dr. Quincy*] You're sure there's no cause for alarm?

DR. QUINCY. At the moment it would appear my niece is suffering from some form of anemia. There's a deficiency in her red blood cells.

ARTHUR. I've never known her to be anemic.

DR. QUINCY. That's the mystery. It came on so suddenly. Don't you worry, my boy. I'll have her back to her old self in no time.

ARTHUR. [*Crossing to Up Center exit*] That's good to hear. I'll go up and see her.

MRS. WESTENRA. No, no. Let her rest. See her in the morning.

ARTHUR. [*Returning*] If you think it best. [*Sits Left*] What do you hear from Jonathan? [*Silence*] Have I said something wrong?

MINA. [*Rise, cross Down Right*] I'm afraid my poor husband has suffered a misfortune.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Rise, cross to her*] There, there. He'll be home soon. Under the best of care.

ARTHUR. [*Rises when the ladies do*] Misfortune?

MINA. [*Cross Center*] He's been in Europe. On business.

ARTHUR. I know.

MINA. Somewhere in the Carpathian Mountains of Transylvania.

ARTHUR. Transylvania?

DR. QUINCY. It's a remote region in Romania.

MINA. I received one letter from him. From an inn located in some place called the Borgos Pass. He was journeying on to see a nobleman who wanted to buy property here in England. He contacted Jonathan's law firm.

ARTHUR. You spoke of misfortune.

MINA. After that letter — nothing.

ARTHUR. [*Cross to her*] You mean he disappeared?

MINA. I was frantic. No word from him. My letters went unanswered.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Returns to sofa, sits*] It's a primitive area. No telephones, no cablegrams.

DR. QUINCY. For all Mina knew, he might have been murdered by bandits.

MINA. [*Takes letter from a pocket*] Then this.

ARTHUR. What is it?

MINA. It came from a doctor in Budapest. [*Unfolds letter, reads*] "Dear Mrs. Harker . . ." [*As she reads, she moves Right.*] "I write at the request of your husband, who is not strong enough yet to do so himself. He has been under my care, suffering from brain fever."

ARTHUR. Brain fever! Poor Jonathan.

MINA. [*Continues reading*] "Your husband has had some fearful shock. In his delirium, his ravings were dreadful — words such as 'wolves,' 'blood,' 'vampires,' and I dare not say what else —"

ARTHUR. Hard to believe.

MINA. [*Sits on sofa and hands letter to Mrs. Westenra*] Would you, Mrs. Westenra? It distresses me to read it.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Continues*] "We would have written earlier but knew nothing of his origin. He came by train from Transylvania. The conductor reports that he rushed into the station shouting for a ticket to England. Seeing his agitated and irrational state, they brought him to my hospital. Be assured your husband is well cared for. No doubt he will be ready to travel in a few weeks."

ARTHUR. Extraordinary. I don't know what to say.

DR. QUINCY. I contacted the doctor in Budapest. A Dr. Bartok. Excellent man. He made all the arrangements.

ARTHUR. For keeping Jonathan in Budapest?

DR. QUINCY. No, for returning him here. To my care.

MRS. WESTENRA. My brother thought it best.

ARTHUR. What could have happened in these mountains?

MINA. [*Distraught*] I don't know. I'm so grateful to you, Dr. Quincy. I think I would have gone to pieces without your support. Jonathan, now Lucy. It's like a curse.

DR. QUINCY. A temporary setback to our mutual good fortune. Nothing more. The important thing is that Lucy is under my care and Jonathan soon will be.

ARTHUR. Did I hear correctly – vampires?

DR. QUINCY. That section of the country is riddled with superstition and folklore. When something has disturbed the mind, all sorts of hallucinations take form and appear real.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Hands Mina letter*] Jonathan will be here tomorrow.

ARTHUR. That is good news.

MINA. Dr. Bartok is sending a nurse along. Jonathan's too ill to travel by himself.

ARTHUR. Once he's back on the soil of England, he'll be fit enough.

[*HOWL of WOLF, offstage Left*]

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Jumping up*] Good gracious! What's that?

DR. QUINCY. [*Steps to French doors, peers out*] Sounded like a wolf.

MINA. There are no wolves in England.

ARTHUR. More than likely some wild dog.

DR. QUINCY. Quite so. Still, I wish we hadn't heard it.

ARTHUR. Why do you say that?

MRS. WESTENRA. Any unusual sounds in the vicinity have a tendency to make my brother's "guests" a bit restless.

DR. QUINCY. It's Renfield who becomes agitated.

ARTHUR. Only a wild dog, I tell you. Probably foraging for food.

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Returning to sofa and sitting*] He won't find much if he's hunting the grounds of Carfax Castle. Place is barren of everything but thornbushes and weeds.

FLORA'S VOICE. [*From Up Center*] I don't know what your uncle is going to say, Miss.

LUCY'S VOICE. [*From Up Center*] I'm feeling so much better.

MINA. It's Lucy!

[*LUCY, wearing a flowing nightgown, enters Up Center with FLORA, her personal maid. LUCY has a scarf at her neck. She is a very pretty, fragile girl.*]

DR. QUINCY. [*Crosses to them*] Flora, I gave you strict instructions that Miss Lucy was to remain in her room.

FLORA. She wouldn't listen to me, Dr. Quincy.

LUCY. Don't scold Flora and don't scold me, Uncle. I am better. Besides, I didn't want to greet Arthur looking pale and wan in a sick-bed.

DR. QUINCY. You mustn't disobey my orders. [*ARTHUR crosses to Lucy; DR. QUINCY steps Left.*]

ARTHUR. I would have seen you in the morning.

LUCY. Everyone is making too much of a fuss. I'm feeling stronger. Really, I am.

ARTHUR. You'd better sit down. [*He begins to lead her to arm-chair.*]

MRS. WESTENRA. [*Standing*] Over here, Arthur. She can stretch out.

LUCY. No need.

MRS. WESTENRA. Mother knows best.

MINA. [*Smiles*] Better do as she says.

LUCY. Seems I don't have much choice.

[*FLORA moves ahead, fluffs up some pillows. LUCY moves to the sofa, stretches out. ARTHUR sits by her side. During this business, MRS. FERN enters Down Left.*]

MRS. FERN. Beg pardon, Dr. Quincy. It's Grimm. He says you'd better come along. Renfield is acting up.

DR. QUINCY. I knew that howling would cause trouble. [*He exits Down Left, followed by MRS. FERN. MRS. WESTENRA moves to French doors.*]

MRS. WESTENRA. I trust the animal isn't rabid.

MINA. I think some soup and a cup of hot tea would do wonders for Lucy.

LUCY. I'm not hungry.

MINA. Doctor's orders.

FLORA. I'll see to it at once.

MINA. No need. I'll tend to it. *[She exits Down Right.]*

ARTHUR. *[Lightly, trying to cheer her up]* I can see where I'm going to have my hands full with you. I insist on good health.

LUCY. Arthur, you're better than all the medicine my uncle had in his cabinets.

MRS. WESTENRA. Come along, Flora. We'll give them a few moments together.

FLORA. Yes, Ma'am.

LUCY. You might get me an afghan, Flora. It's a relief to be someplace besides my bedroom.

FLORA. Right away, Miss Lucy.

[MRS. WESTENRA and FLORA exit Up Center.]

LUCY. You see how they treat me? As if I were a child.

ARTHUR. We're all concerned for you. *[Serious]* Are you certain you're feeling better?

LUCY. I am. It's just that I've been so weak. At night, I fall into a deep sleep, but when I awake in the morning it's as if I haven't slept at all. I'm exhausted. *[Pause]* Are you awfully disappointed about postponing the wedding?

ARTHUR. I'm disappointed about your condition.

LUCY. I'll be strong now that you're here. I promise. How long are you staying?

ARTHUR. For as long as you need me.

[MRS. FERN enters Down Left.]

MRS. FERN. Dr. Quincy wonders if he might have a word with you in private, Mr. Holmwood.

ARTHUR. I don't want to leave Miss Lucy.

MRS. FERN. I'll stay with her.

LUCY. Go along. Both of you.

ARTHUR. I insist.

[FLORA returns with an afghan over her arm.]

LUCY. Ah. Here's Flora. I won't be alone now.

ARTHUR. And I won't be long. *[He takes Lucy's hand, kisses it. He exits Down Left, followed by MRS. FERN. FLORA moves to the sofa, begins to unfold the afghan.]*

FLORA. You'll be warm enough?

LUCY. Too warm. Leave the afghan. I may not need it.

FLORA. You don't want to catch a chill.

LUCY. You're being ridiculous, Flora. It's stifling in here. [*Strokes her throat*] I can hardly breathe. Open the garden doors.

FLORA. I don't think your uncle would approve.

LUCY. [*A strong tone creeping into her words*] Open the doors, I said.

FLORA. Yes, Miss. [*FLORA crosses to the French doors, opens them.*]

LUCY. That's better. I can breathe again. I think I can sleep now. Tell Mrs. Harker I'll take the soup later.

FLORA. I'll sit in here with you.

LUCY. No, there's no need. Turn down the lights.

[*FLORA crosses Left, touches a wall switch, and the general stage LIGHTING dims down.*]

FLORA. Are you comfortable, Miss Lucy?

LUCY. [*Dreamily*] Yes. [*Pause*] Did you hear it, Flora?

FLORA. Hear what, Miss?

LUCY. [*Her words are vague, distant.*] That sound – like great soft wings moving toward the house.

FLORA. No, Miss. I didn't hear anything. [*LUCY closes her eyes.*] Miss Lucy? [*FLORA takes a step to the sofa, ascertains that LUCY is sleeping, exits Down Right.*]

[*A moment passes and then – HOWL of the WOLF. An eerie LIGHT – blue, green, or red – appears at the French doors. Another moment passes. DRACULA appears – an aristocratic nobleman dressed impeccably in sombre colors and wearing a flowing black cape. His skin is the color of chalk, his eyes fiery, and his lips thin and red. When he speaks, his voice is like a whisper in a tomb. He stands in the open doorway observing Lucy. Her eyes open slowly. She smiles. A WOLF howls, then ANOTHER WOLF, and ANOTHER.*]

DRACULA. Listen to the children of the night. What music they make.

LUCY. [*Undoes the scarf at her throat*] I was afraid you wouldn't return [*In a trance-like state, she half sits up as DRACULA moves to the sofa.*]

DRACULA. Night unto night, I will be with you.

LUCY. [*Tilts her head back, strokes her neck*] Night unto night . . .

DRACULA. Death is only the beginning.

[He spreads wide his voluminous cape, back to audience, and he resembles nothing so much as a gigantic bat ready for flight. He steps toward the waiting LUCY. He sits beside her, bares his teeth over her throat.]

CURTAIN

Scene 2

[The following evening. The French doors are closed. MRS. FERN stands behind the sofa, running her hands behind pillows. FLORA searches in the crevices of a chair.]

MRS. FERN. I do wish Mrs. Westenra would keep track of her knitting needles. She loses as many as she buys.

FLORA. Perhaps she was knitting in some other room.

MRS. FERN. She said she lost it in here.

FLORA. Everyone's a mite confused, what with poor Miss Lucy taken ill and Mr. Harker expected at any moment. Oh, I do admire that Mrs. Harker. A brave soul.

MRS. FERN. I give up, I can't find it.

FLORA. *[Moves to sofa]* If you ask me, Dr. Quincy is out of his element with Miss Lucy.

MRS. FERN. What a thing to say.

FLORA. Miss Lucy has something "physical." He's used to dealing with the "mind." I heard him tell his sister he was thinking of consulting a specialist.

MRS. FERN. You shouldn't eavesdrop, Flora.

FLORA. Can't help hearing what I hear. Besides, I hope he does consult a specialist. Miss Lucy isn't herself at all. I don't mean her being weak and sleepy —

MRS. FERN. What do you mean, then?

FLORA. I mean she's "different" sometimes.

MRS. FERN. Different? What gibberish.

FLORA. You know how kind she is and gentle.

MRS. FERN. Indeed, I do. Lovely young woman.

FLORA. Every once in a while she flashes angry and her voice becomes harsh. Almost cruel. Sometimes I have to turn around and look at her. I'm not certain it's Miss Lucy who's speaking.

MRS. FERN. When people aren't feeling well they have a tendency to be irritable.

FLORA. *[Dubious]* Maybe. Still, I wish Dr. Quincy would call in that specialist.