

A CHRISTMAS CAROL  
By Charles Dickens

ACT ONE

*Charles Dickens enters.*

DICKENS I have endeavoured in this Ghostly little story, to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put you out of humour with yourself, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt your houses pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it. Your faithful friend and servant – Charles Dickens. December, 1843.

*Dickens exits. Narrators enter.*

NARRATOR 1 Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail. Mind, this must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

NARRATOR 2 Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that on the very day of the funeral, he was an excellent man of business.

NARRATOR 1 Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, "Scrooge" and sometimes "Marley", but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

NARRATOR 2 Oh! But he was tightfisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge, a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, made his eyes red and his thin lips blue. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, "My dear Scrooge, how are you?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways.

NARRATOR 1 But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance. Well, once upon a time – of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve – old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already and the door of Scrooge's counting house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, Bob Cratchit.

*Narrators exit. Scrooge is working behind his desk.*

SCROOGE Cratchit!

*Cratchit enters.*

CRATCHIT Yes sir?

SCROOGE Has that shipment arrived from Pickerings yet?

CRATCHIT It's being delivered now sir.

SCROOGE Bring me my ledger.

*Cratchit turns to leave and encounters the Charity Solicitors who have just entered.*

CH. SOL. 1 Scrooge and Marley's, I believe.

*Cratchit points to Scrooge and exits. The Charity Solicitors approach Scrooge.*

CH. SOL. 1 Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?  
SCROOGE Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night.

CH. SOL. 2 At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities.  
CH. SOL. 1 Hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.  
SCROOGE Are there no prisons?  
CH. SOL. 2 Plenty of prisons.  
SCROOGE And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?  
CH. SOL. 1 They are. Still. I wish I could say they were not.  
SCROOGE Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I'm very glad to hear it.

CH. SOL. 2 Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are attempting to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth.

CH. SOL. 1 We choose this time, because it is a time of all others, when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?  
SCROOGE Nothing!  
CH. SOL. 2 You wish to be anonymous?  
SCROOGE I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.

CH. SOL. 1 Many can't go there; and many would rather die.  
SCROOGE If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.  
Good afternoon!

CH. SOL. 1 Well, I must say Mr. Scrooge that I am shocked ...  
CH. SOL. 2 Good afternoon, Mr. Scrooge.

*Charity Solicitors quickly exit, almost bumping into Fred who enters unnoticed by Scrooge.*

FRED A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!  
SCROOGE Bah! Humbug!  
FRED Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that!  
SCROOGE I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

FRED Come, then. What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE Bah! Humbug.  
FRED Don't be cross, uncle.  
SCROOGE What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this - Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas. If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

FRED Uncle!  
SCROOGE Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.  
FRED Keep it! But you don't keep it.  
SCROOGE Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

FRED There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say. Christmas among the rest. And therefore, uncle, though it has

never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that Christmas has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

*Bob Cratchit, along with the other delivery men, have been listening to Fred's speech and applaud at its conclusion.*

SCROOGE Let me hear another sound from you and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.  
FRED Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.  
SCROOGE Good afternoon.  
FRED I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why can't we be friends?  
SCROOGE Good afternoon.  
FRED I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So a Merry Christmas, uncle!  
SCROOGE Good afternoon.  
FRED And a Happy New Year!

*With that, Fred throws several of Scrooge's papers in the air quite merrily.*

SCROOGE Good afternoon!

*Fred starts to leave the room On his way out the front door, he quietly gives a few coins to Bob Cratchit.*

FRED Something for you and the missus.

*Fred leaves, happily humming a holiday tune.*

SCROOGE And you! Fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.

*The bell tolls the end of the day. Scrooge looks at his pocket watch..*

SCROOGE You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?  
CRATCHIT If quite convenient, Sir.  
SCROOGE It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound? And yet, you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.  
CRATCHIT It's only once a year, Mr Scrooge.  
SCROOGE A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!  
CRATCHIT Yes sir.

*As Scrooge is exiting, a ghostly "Srooooooge" is whispered. Scrooge and Cratchit both stop, startled. Scrooge whirls on Cratchit who stares petrified for a moment at Scrooge and then turns and looks behind himself. Seeing no one, he turns back to Scrooge and unsure of what to do, makes a small bow. Scrooge considers him for a moment.*

SCROOGE Bah, humbug.

*Scrooge exits. After a moment, Cratchit grabs his own coat and rushes out as well.*

NARRATOR 1 Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern and having beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner, Jacob Marley. Fog

and frost hung about the black old gateway of the house and the yard was so dark that even Scrooge who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands.

NARRATOR 2 Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it night and morning, during his whole residence in that place. Then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker but Jacob Marley's face.

*Marley's voice is heard: "Scrooooooge." Severely frightened, Scrooge jumps back.*

SCROOGE Humbug, I tell you. It's humbug still, I won't believe it!

*Scrooge enters his home.*

NARRATOR 1 Quite satisfied there was nothing on the door, he locked himself in; double locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he prepared himself to retire and sat down to take his gruel.

*As Scrooge starts to eat, all of the clocks in the home begin to chime simultaneously.*

SCROOGE What's that? Who's there? Show yourself! I'll call the authorities! Who's there? Show yourself!

*The clocks grow louder. Suddenly, Scrooge's bed begins to move unnaturally and a figure appears as the ghost of Jacob Marley claws his way up through the bed.*

SCROOGE How now! What do you want with me?

MARLEY Much!

SCROOGE Who are you?

MARLEY Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE Who were you then?

MARLEY In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE (*doubtfully*) Can you -- can you sit down?

MARLEY I can.

SCROOGE Do it, then.

MARLEY You don't believe in me.

SCROOGE I don't.

MARLEY What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?

SCROOGE I don't know.

MARLEY Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheat. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

*A massive thunder crash shakes the room.*

SCROOGE Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

MARLEY Man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not?

SCROOGE I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?

MARLEY It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!

*Another thunder crash.*

SCROOGE You are fettered. Tell me why?  
MARLEY I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will, I wore it. Is its pattern strange to you? Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It is as full, as heavy, and as long as this. It is a ponderous chain!

SCROOGE Jacob. Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob.  
MARLEY Hear me! My time is nearly gone. I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate Ebenezer.

SCROOGE You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!  
MARLEY You will be haunted ... by Three Spirits.  
SCROOGE Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?  
MARLEY It is.  
SCROOGE I -- I think I'd rather not.  
MARLEY Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls Two.  
SCROOGE Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?  
MARLEY Expect the second on the next night at the hour of One. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.

*During this last speech, Marley is pulled backwards from whence he came until he vanishes into the fog. As Marley disappears, all light is extinguished blanketing Scrooge and the room in complete darkness.*

*The bells toll two and the lights return to find Scrooge sometime later sleeping in his bed. He awakens with a start at the sound of the bells.*

SCROOGE Two? It was past three when I went to bed. *(checking his pocket watch)* Hmmph! Clock must be wrong. Icicle must have got into the works. Why, it isn't possible that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night.

*At that moment, brilliant light fills the room as the Ghost of Christmas Past appears. Fairy-like in her appearance, she is timeless yet filled with a deep wisdom and the kindest of hearts.*

SCROOGE Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?  
PAST I am.  
SCROOGE Who, and what are you?  
PAST I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.  
SCROOGE Long past?  
PAST *(amused)* No. Your past.  
SCROOGE I didn't mean to offend. What business brings you here?  
PAST Your welfare!  
SCROOGE Well, I'm much obliged, but I wonder if a good night's sleep wouldn't be more conducive to that end.  
PAST *(laughing gently)* Your reclamation, then. Take heed! Rise and walk with me!  
SCROOGE I'm mortal. And I'm liable to fall.  
PAST Bear but a touch of my hand there and you shall be upheld in more than this!

*As she touches Scrooge, the lights shift and dissolve into another time, another place. YOUNG SCROOGE is seen sleeping, head down on a desk.*

SCROOGE Good Heaven! I was a boy here!  
PAST You remember it?  
SCROOGE Remember it! I could walk it blindfold.

PAST Strange to have forgotten it for so many years! The school is not quite deserted. A solitary young man, neglected by his friends, is left there still.  
SCROOGE I know it. Poor lad.

*Suddenly, we hear a young girl's voice echo through the school room: "Ebenezer! Ebenezer!" A young girl bursts into the room. She sees young Scrooge.*

FAN Ebenezer! Dear, dear brother! I have come to bring you home, dear brother!  
Y. SCROOGE *(stunned)* Home, Fan?  
FAN Yes! Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven!  
Y. SCROOGE For you, perhaps. But not for me. He doesn't know me or even what I look like. Same as I hardly know you, now that you've grown up.  
FAN He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man! And are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.  
Y. SCROOGE You are quite a woman, Fan!

*Fan and young Scrooge run out.*

PAST Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered. But she had a large heart!  
SCROOGE So she had.  
PAST She died a woman. And had, as I think, children.  
SCROOGE One child.  
PAST True. Your nephew, Fred!  
SCROOGE I beg you, Spirit, lead me where you would.  
PAST Let us see another Christmas!

*The lights shift again, this time to a warehouse.*

PAST Know it?  
SCROOGE Know it! I apprenticed here!

*Fezziwig enters looking at his pocket watch, Scrooge lets out a gasp and turns to the Ghost behind him.*

SCROOGE Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!  
FEZZIWIG Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Jacob!

*YOUNG SCROOGE and YOUNG JACOB both enter, almost racing each other.*

SCROOGE It's Jacob Marley, Jacob, to be sure! Bless me, yes. There he is. Poor Jacob!  
FEZZIWIG Yo ho, my boys! No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Jacob. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the furniture cleared away before a man can say, Jack Robinson!  
Y. SCROOGE Yes sir!  
Y. JACOB Yes sir!

*Young Jacob and young Ebenezer charge offstage clearing the room as they go.*

FEZZIWIG Hilli-ho! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here for the guests! Hilli-ho, Jacob! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

*As the furniture is cleared, party guests pour into the room. A lively dance begins. Throughout it all Scrooge re-lives every moment. Following the dance, the guests file into the next room for refreshments. Scrooge and Past are left behind.*

PAST           A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.  
SCROOGE       Small!  
PAST           Why? Is it not? He spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four perhaps. Is that so much?  
SCROOGE       It isn't that. It isn't that, Spirit. The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.  
PAST           What is the matter?  
SCROOGE       Nothing particular.  
PAST           Something, I think?  
SCROOGE       No. No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all.  
PAST           My time grows short. One shadow more!

*The room shifts abruptly one more time. Scrooge turns to see BELLE, visibly upset, quickly enter with Young Scrooge not far behind.*

BELLE           It matters little, to you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.  
Y. SCROOGE    What Idol has displaced you?  
BELLE           A golden one.  
Y. SCROOGE    This is the even-handed dealing of the world! There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!  
BELLE           You fear the world too much. All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?  
Y. SCROOGE    What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you.

*Belle shakes her head.*

EBENEZER       Am I?  
BELLE           Our engagement is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man.  
EBENEZER       I was a boy. 'Tis true, I am not now what I was then.  
BELLE           I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you from our engagement.  
EBENEZER       Have I ever sought release?  
BELLE           In words? No. Never.  
EBENEZER       In what, then?  
BELLE           In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us, tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no.  
EBENEZER       You think not.  
BELLE           I do; and I release you from our engagement. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were.

*She starts to leave and then stops.*

BELLE            May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

*She turns and leaves him. After a moment, young Scrooge leaves in the opposite direction.*

SCROOGE        Spirit! Show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?

PAST            They have no consciousness of us ...

SCROOGE        No more! No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more! Spirit! Remove me from this place.

PAST            I told you these were shadows of the things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me!

SCROOGE        Remove me! I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!

*As Scrooge pleads, the Ghost turns and walks away from him, leaving him alone in a pool of light which too is extinguished.*

*The chimes strike one. Scrooge is back in his bed. He jumps out of the bed and looks under it to see if there are any ghosts hiding under there. He then checks the wall through which the Ghost of Christmas Past entered. Satisfied that he's finally alone, he sits on the edge of his bed when the Ghost of Christmas Present appears behind him suddenly.*

PRESENT        I am the Ghost of Christmas Present! Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before?

SCROOGE        Never.

PRESENT        Have never walked forth with my elder brothers born in these later years?

SCROOGE        I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?

PRESENT        Approximately eighteen hundred and forty-two.

SCROOGE        A tremendous family to provide for!

*The Ghost of Christmas Present considers Scrooge thoughtfully for a moment and then startles Scrooge with a booming laugh. Scrooge attempts to join in the laughter, entirely unsure of exactly what was so humorous.*

PRESENT        Come! Come know me better, man!

SCROOGE        Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

PRESENT        Touch my robe!

*Scrooge does as he's told, and holds it fast. The room melts quickly into the home of the Cratchits with all getting ready for the return of Mr. Cratchit.*

MRS. CRAT.    What has ever got your precious father then. And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!

*MARTHA enters.*

MARTHA        Here's Martha, mother!

MRS. CRAT.    Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA        We'd a deal of work to finish up last night and had to clear away this morning, mother!

MRS. CRAT.    Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

BELINDA        No, no! I just saw father and Tiny Tim coming back from church. I have an idea! Hide, Martha, hide!



*Martha hides herself just as Bob Cratchit enters with TINY TIM upon his shoulder. He sets Tim down gently.*

CRATCHIT Merry Christmas, my dears! Why, where's our Martha?  
MRS. CRAT. Not coming.  
CRATCHIT *(heartbroken)* Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day!  
MARTHA Surprise father!

*Bob hugs Martha.*

CRATCHIT Oh Martha! Thank heavens! It wouldn't be Christmas without you! Now, you and Belinda help Tiny Tim wash up for dinner.  
MARTHA Come along Tiny Tim!  
MRS. CRAT. And how did little Tim behave in church?  
CRATCHIT As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people in church saw him, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see. *(a long pause)* He's growing stronger and heartier every day, isn't he?  
MRS. CRAT. *(quietly)* Yes, dear. He is.

*Tiny Tim re-enters with Belinda and Martha*

CRATCHIT And here he is, the master of ceremonies! Did you three wash up!  
MARTHA Yes father! Mother, the Christmas goose smells marvelous!  
MRS. CRAT. Thank you my dear!  
BELINDA Do you need any more help with the table mother?  
MRS. CRAT. No thank you my dear.  
CRATCHIT *(lifting Tiny Tim into his seat)* Here we are Tim! Now, are we all settled? Very well – a merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!  
ALL God bless us!  
TINY TIM God bless us every one!

*The scene freezes as the lights change and both Scrooge and Present advance on the table.*

SCROOGE Spirit ... tell me if Tiny Tim will live.  
PRESENT I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.  
SCROOGE No, no. Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared.  
PRESENT If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? *(assuming Scrooge's voice)* If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Man, if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child.

*The lights restore. Bob Cratchit raises his mug.*

CRATCHIT Mr. Scrooge! I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!  
MRS. CRAT. *(slamming her mug down as do the rest of the children)* The Founder of the Feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.  
CRATCHIT My dear, the children; Christmas Day.

MRS. CRAT. It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!

CRATCHIT My dear, have some charity. It's Christmas Day.

MRS. CRAT. I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's, not for his. Long life to him. A merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt! To Mr. Scrooge!

ALL *(except Bob)* To Mr. Scrooge.

CRATCHIT Thank you my dear. And now, let us take a moment to say grace on this most special day of the year.

*As the children bow their heads, we hear laughter behind Scrooge and Present. As they lights shift, we see FRED and TOPPER, ELIZABETH and JULIA enter.*

FRED He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it too!

ELIZABETH More shame for him, Fred!

TOPPER I should very much like to meet your uncle, Fred. The droll way in which you portray him makes me curious.

FRED He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.

JULIA I'm sure he is very rich, Fred. At least you always tell me so.

FRED What of that, my dear? His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it and he doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking that he is ever going to benefit us with it.

ELIZABETH I have no patience with him.

JULIA Nor I.

FRED Oh, I have! I am sorry for him.

SCROOGE How's that? Sorry for me?

FRED I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always ...

TOPPER True, here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner.

ELIZABETH Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner.

JULIA But do go on, Fred.

FRED I was only going to say, that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying Uncle Scrooge, how are you? If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, that's something; and I think I shook him yesterday.

JULIA But enough of your uncle, let's have some games. What do you say, Topper?

TOPPER Very well, how about a simple game of Yes and No?

*Everyone agrees excitedly.*

TOPPER *(to Fred)* Since you're the host, you'll go first.

FRED Very well, I have it. I'll allow you 20 questions. You may begin.

TOPPER You've thought of something?

FRED Yes. 19 left.

ELIZABETH Oh Fred!

TOPPER Is it vegetable?

FRED No.

JULIA Mineral?

FRED No.

*There is a pause. Scrooge rolls his eyes.*

SCROOGE      *(hisses)* Animal!  
ELIZABETH    Animal?  
FRED          Yes!  
TOPPER        Is it a savage animal?  
FRED          Yes!  
JULIA         Oooh. A savage animal! Is it a bear?  
FRED          No!  
ELIZABETH    Is it a tiger?  
FRED          No!  
TOPPER        Does it live in a menagerie?  
FRED          Wouldn't go near it.  
JULIA         Does it live in London?  
FRED          Yes!  
ELIZABETH    A savage animal in London? Is it sold at market?  
FRED          No!  
JULIA         A savage animal not in a menagerie but in London?  
FRED          Is that a question?  
ALL          No!  
ELIZABETH    Is it on display at the circus?  
FRED          No.  
TOPPER        I say, a savage animal in London ... I ... oh no, ... wait, no, no ... does it walk about the streets?  
FRED          Yes.  
TOPPER        Does it growl and grunt?  
FRED          Most definitely.  
TOPPER        Does it speak?  
FRED          Yes.  
JULIA         Oooh – is it a savage parrot?  
TOPPER        No, no, I think I have it. I think I know.  
ELIZABETH    I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!  
TOPPER        As do I, it's ...  
ELIZABETH    It's your Uncle Scrooge!

*Everybody, even the Spirit, roars with laughter, except Scrooge.*

FRED          He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure, and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!' A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is! He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!  
ALL          Uncle Scrooge!

*Fred and his guests exit leaving Scrooge alone with Present.*

PRESENT       My life upon this globe is very brief.  
SCROOGE       Are spirits' lives so short?  
PRESENT        It ends to-night.  
SCROOGE       To-night!  
PRESENT        To-night at midnight.  
SCROOGE       Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask, but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?  
PRESENT        It might well be a claw, for all the flesh there is upon it. Look here.

*Present reveals two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable.*

PRESENT Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!  
SCROOGE Spirit! are they yours?  
PRESENT They are Man's. And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased.  
SCROOGE Have they no refuge or resource?  
PRESENT Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?

*Blackout.*

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

*The church bell strikes twelve. A solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, appears. It neither speaks nor moves.*

SCROOGE I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?

*No response.*

SCROOGE You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Is that so, Spirit?

*Nothing.*

SCROOGE Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?

*Slowly, the ghost points straight ahead.*

SCROOGE Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!

*The lights change and reveal the charity solicitors counting donations.*

CH. SOL. 1 No, I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

CH. SOL. 2 When did he die?

CH. SOL. 1 Last night, I believe.

CH. SOL. 2 Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

CH. SOL. 1 God knows.

CH. SOL. 2 What has he done with his money?

CH. SOL. 1 I haven't heard. Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to charity. That's all I know.

CH. SOL. 2 It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

CH. SOL. 2 I don't mind going ... if a lunch is provided.

CH. SOL. 1 Well, I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. Something to think of. *(She holds up a large bill)* Good morning!

CH. SOL. 2 Good morning!

*The charity solicitors gather their things and exit.*

SCROOGE Spirit! Let us go! In leaving this place, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me.

*The lights shift. An old pawn broker, MRS. DILBER, enter with a lantern. A moment later, there is a knock on her door.*

MRS. DILBER I'm coming, I'm coming!

*She walks back to the door. The charwoman, the laundress and the undertaker enter.*

CHARWOMAN Let the charwoman alone to be the first! Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, Mrs. Dilber, here's a chance, if we haven't all three met here without meaning it!

MRS. DILBER You couldn't have met in a better place. Come into the parlour. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! There ain't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here, as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlour. Come into the parlour.

CHARWOMAN What odds then! What odds, Mrs Dilber? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!

LAUNDRESS That's true, indeed! No man more so.

CHARWOMAN Why then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?

LAUNDRESS No, indeed!

UNDERTAKER We should hope not.

CHARWOMAN Very well, then! That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose!

LAUNDRESS No, indeed!

CHARWOMAN If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.

LAUNDRESS It's the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on him.

CHARWOMAN I wish it was a little heavier judgment, and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, Mrs. Dilber, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Mrs. Dilber.

*But the undertaker plops his wares down first*

CHARWOMAN Hey!

UNDERTAKER Hssssssss!

MRS. DILBER A seal, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve-buttons and a brooch of no great value. That's your account.

UNDERTAKER What?!

MRS. DILBER (*harshly*) And I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. (*sweetly*) Who's next?

LAUNDRESS My bundle! I'm next!

MRS. DILBER Sheets and towels, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and ... three boots?

LAUNDRESS He was an odd sort.

*They all laugh at that.*

MRS. DILBER There you are. I always give too much to the ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself. That's your account.

LAUNDRESS (*protesting*) Now hold on a moment ...

MRS. DILBER (*severely*) And if you ask me for another penny, and make it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half-a-crown.

CHARWOMAN And now undo my bundle!

MRS. DILBER What do you call this? Bed-curtains?

CHARWOMAN Aye! Bed-curtains!

MRS. DILBER You don't mean to say you took them down, rings and all, with him lying there?

CHARWOMAN Yes I do. Why not?

MRS. DILBER You were born to make your fortune, and you'll certainly do it.

CHARWOMAN I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, I promise you.

*Mrs. Dilber uses a lantern to examine the blankets.*

CHARWOMAN Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now.

MRS. DILBER (*horrified*) His blankets?

CHARWOMAN Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say.

MRS. DILBER I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?

CHARWOMAN Don't you be afraid of that. I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.

MRS. DILBER What do you call wasting of it?

CHARWOMAN Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure. Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one.

MRS. DILBER Ha, ha! This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha! Now come into the kitchen for a drop of tea.

*The scene melts away leaving Scrooge alone with the Spirit.*

SCROOGE Spirit! I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. That is the lesson I am to draw from this poor man's fate, is it not? If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me Spirit, I beseech you!

*Another scene appears. Caroline is sitting, waiting at a table. Suddenly, Charles rushes in. Caroline stands.*

CAROLINE Is it good ... or bad?

CHARLES (*out of breath*) Bad.

CAROLINE (*sitting*) We are quite ruined.

CHARLES No. There is hope yet, Caroline.

CAROLINE If he relents, there is. Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened.

CHARLES He is past relenting. He is dead.

CAROLINE Oh, thank heavens! I am thankful in my soul to hear that! May God forgive me for having said such a thing.

CHARLES When I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, his charwoman told me he was ill; and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then.

CAROLINE To whom will our debt be transferred?

CHARLES I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be a bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!

*Charles and Caroline disappear.*

SCROOGE Spirit, please let me see some tenderness connected with a death.

*The scene shifts to the Cratchit home.*

MARTHA Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him....

*Martha looks up to see Mrs Cratchit lay her work upon the table and put her hand up to her face.*

MARTHA Shall I stop reading?  
MRS. CRAT. No, no. It's only the colour. It hurts my eyes. They're better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.  
MARTHA Past it rather. But I think he has walked a little slower than he used to these last few evenings, mother.  
MRS. CRAT. I have known him walk with -- I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.  
BELINDA And so have I. Often.  
MRS. CRAT. But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble.

*The sound of the door opening and closing is heard.*

MRS. CRAT. And there is your father at the door! Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?

*Bob Cratchit enters.*

CRATCHIT Yes my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child!  
SCROOGE Dear God...  
CRATCHIT *(after a moment to recover)* I ran into Mr. Scrooge's nephew in the street today. He thought I looked a little - just a little down, you know - and he inquired as to what had happened to distress me. On which, for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him about our loss to which he said, "I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit, and heartily sorry for your good wife." *(pause)* By the by, how he ever knew that, I don't know.  
MRS. CRAT. Knew what?  
CRATCHIT Why, that you were a good wife.  
MARTHA Everybody knows that.  
CRATCHIT Very well observed - I hope they do. "Heartily sorry," he said, "for your good wife. And if I can be of service to you in any way, be sure to let me know." At that, he handed me his card. Now, it wasn't for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us.  
MRS. CRAT. I'm sure he's a good soul.  
CRATCHIT You would be surer of it, if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he got Martha a better job at the factory.  
MRS. CRAT. Hear that, Martha?  
CRATCHIT It's just as likely as not, one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that. *(to all)* But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim -- shall we? -- or this first parting that there was among us?

*Thunder crash and black out. The lights restore and a graveyard has appeared.*

SCROOGE Spectre, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how.

*The Spirit points to a large stone in the center.*



SCROOGE Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?

*Nothing.*

SCROOGE Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!

*The Phantom is immovable as ever. Scrooge creeps toward the grave, trembling; And following the finger, wipes the dust from the neglected gravestone to reveal his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge. Scrooge falls to his knees.*

SCROOGE Am I that man? No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intervention. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit. Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!

*Thunder crash and black out. The lights restore to show Scrooge in his own bedroom. He gasps in delight.*

SCROOGE I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future! The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees! They are not torn down. They are not torn down, rings and all. They are here: I am here: the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will! I don't know what to do! I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo! There's the saucepan that the gruel was in! There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present, sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha ha ha! I don't know what day of the month it is! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby! A merry Christmas to all!

*Scrooge's butler, ALFRED enters.*

SCROOGE Ah yes my good man! What's to-day?

ALFRED I'm sorry sir?

SCROOGE What's to-day, my fine fellow?

ALFRED To-day? Why, Christmas Day.

SCROOGE It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. *(to Alfred)* Hallo, my good sir!

ALFRED Hallo!

SCROOGE Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?

ALFRED I should hope I did.

SCROOGE An intelligent man! A remarkable man! *(to Alfred)* Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey; the big one?

ALFRED           What, the one as big as me?  
SCROOGE        *(to himself)* What a delightful man! It's a pleasure to talk to him. *(to Alfred)* Yes, my buck!  
ALFRED           It's hanging there now.  
SCROOGE        Is it? Go and buy it.

*Alfred stares in disbelief for a moment.*

ALFRED           Walk-er!  
SCROOGE        No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!  
ALFRED           Yes sir!

*Alfred exits quickly as Scrooge exits his home and walks out into the London streets.*

SCROOGE        I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim

*Scrooge sees the two charity solicitors walking down the street towards him.*

SCROOGE        My dear ladies. How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you both!  
CH. SOL. 1      *(confused at Scrooge's change of heart)* Mr Scrooge?  
SCROOGE        Yes. That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness to accept ... *(whispers in her ear)*  
CH. SOL. 1      Lord bless me! My dear Mr Scrooge, are you serious?  
SCROOGE        If you please. Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?  
CH. SOL. 2      My dear sir. I don't know what to say to such munificence.  
SCROOGE        Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?  
CH. SOL. 2      We will!  
SCROOGE        Thank 'ee. I am much obliged to you both. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!

*As they leave, Fred and his wife enter.*

FRED            He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it too!  
SCROOGE        Fred!  
FRED            Why bless my soul! Who's that?  
SCROOGE        It is I. Your uncle Scrooge. I will come tonight as you asked. Will you let me in, Fred?  
FRED            But of course!  
SCROOGE        *(as they exit)* Can we play games tonight? How about Yes and No?

*The lights shift as the scene changes to Scrooge's office.*

NARRATOR 1    Scrooge was early at the office the next morning! Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

*Scrooge settles himself as the clock chimes 8:00 am. A moment later, the shop door bell is heard and Cratchit enters only to stop dead in his tracks at the sight of Scrooge hunched over his desk. Cratchit attempts to quietly sneak to his post but Scrooge catches him.*

SCROOGE        Cratchit! You're late! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

CRATCHIT I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time.  
SCROOGE You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please.

*Bob reluctantly approaches.*

CRATCHIT It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.  
SCROOGE Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore ...

*A pause.*

SCROOGE ... and therefore I am about to raise your salary!

*Bob gasps, trembles, and inches away from Scrooge, picking up a nearby ruler to use in self-defense.*

SCROOGE A merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! *(quietly)* I'm going to raise your salary. And if you'll let me, I'd like to try to help your family.

*An incredulous Bob stares at Scrooge for a long, long moment.*

SCROOGE *(laughs)* Well, let's discuss it this afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Now, make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another "i", Bob Cratchit.  
CRATCHIT Yes sir, Mr. Scrooge!

*Cratchit rushes off. Scrooge returns to his desk, takes a wad of money and tucks it into Cratchit's desk. He then takes his hat and cane and exits.*

NARRATOR 2 Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and infinitely more. And to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other city, town or borough, in the good old world.  
NARRATOR 1 He had no further visits from Spirits but lived in ghostly abstinence ever afterwards. And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed:  
BOTH God Bless Us, Every One!

**DRACULA**  
**Bram Stoker**

**ACT I**  
**Scene I**

Harker: *Jonathan Harker's Journal. May 4<sup>th</sup>, the Borgo Pass. Let me begin with facts, bare, meager facts, verified by books and figures, and of which there can be no doubt. I must not confuse them with experiences which will have to rest on my own observation, or my memory of them. It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to the Borgo Pass – a valley of dark mist which ran deep between the spurs of the hills. Being practically on the border of Transylvania in the midst of the Carpathian mountains, I find the district one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania, but I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own maps.*

Driver: Here we are Mr. Harker – the Borgo Pass.

Harker: Are you quite sure? There is no carriage here sir.

Driver: Further east you go, the more unpunctual are trains and carriages. You will have to walk to castle from here.

Harker: In this weather?

Mala: Transylvania has had very stormy existence.

Harker: It certainly shows marks of it.

Aishe: Fifty years ago, series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on country.

Harker: Indeed. The country gets wilder as we go, and the Carpathian Mountains now seem to gather round us.

Driver: I shall get maps and look over them. Perhaps there is another route to castle ...

*A dog is heard barking in the distance. The gypsies look in the direction of the sound.*

Luca: There was dog howling all night under my window. I was too agitated to sleep.

Gunari: Last night I slept, but did not dream. I must have slept soundly but sleep has not refreshed me, for today I feel ... spiritless.

Harker: I can't quite remember how I fell asleep last night but my dream was very peculiar.

*The gypsies exchange a nervous look.*

Harker: In my dream, some leaden lethargy seemed to chain my limbs and even my will - I was powerless to act. My feet, and my hands, and my brain were weighted, so that nothing could proceed at the usual pace. At that moment, a heavy, dank and cold fog came pouring in my room, not through the window but through the joinings of the door. The last conscious effort which imagination made was to show me a livid white face bending over me out of the mist.

*Another silence. Harker laughs quietly.*

Harker: It is wonderful what tricks our dreams play us.

Luca: Eta vrolok.

*The slovak crosses herself and points two fingers at Harker.*

Harker: I beg your pardon?

Gunari: Never mind her - she didn't sleep last night and has had some fearful shock, so says our doctor, and in her delirium her ravings have been dreadful, of wolves and blood, of ghosts and demons, and ... I fear to say of what.

Harker: Ah, yes. I have read that every known superstition in the world is gathered in the mountains of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool.

Mala: There are always mysteries in life. It is fault of science that it wants to explain all, and if it explain not, then it says there is nothing to explain. I suppose you do not believe in corporeal transference? Nor in materialization? Nor in astral bodies? Nor in reading of thought?

Harker: I don't quite see the drift of it.

Aishe: Can you tell me why in some islands of Western seas when sailors sleep on deck of their ship because it is hot, there are bats that come out at night and suck dry their veins so then in morning are found dead men?

Harker: For the life of me, I cannot understand what you are driving at.

Gunari: There are strange and terrible days before us.

*After a moment, Harker stands and picks up his belongings.*

Harker: Well, thank you all for accompanying me from the train but with no carriage, it appears that I shall have to make the walk from here.

Gyp W: Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?

Harker: I must. I am engaged on important business with a noble of this country, a Count Dracula.

*There is a severe start from the gypsies at the mention of Dracula as they cross themselves with the sign of the cross.*

Gyp W: Do you know what day it is?

Harker: The fourth of May.

Gyp W: Yes, I know that. I know that, but do you know what day it is?

Harker: I do not understand.

Gyp W: It is eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that tonight, when clock strikes midnight, all evil things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?

Harker: Madam, Count Dracula has hired me ...

*This time, the gypsies stand suddenly. Luca again mutters "Eta vrolok."*

Luca: Please sir, I implore you not to go - at least wait day or two before starting.

Harker: Yes, yes - that word - "Vrolok" - what is that?

*There is a silence.*

Aishe: Vampire.

*Suddenly, a pack of wolves howl, much louder and closer than the previous cry. Startled, several of the gypsies turn and look off in the direction of the sound. There is a moment of silence.*

Driver: Mr. Harker, it is clear you are not expected after all. Come now on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or next day. Better next day.

*A man appears out of the mist.*

Ren.: Jonathan Harker?

Harker: Yes.

Ren.: You are early tonight, my friend.

Driver: The English Herr was in a hurry.

Ren.: That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift.

Gyp W: Denn die Todten reiten schnell.

Ren.: The dead do travel fast.

*Renfield hands Harker a letter and takes his luggage.*

Harker: *My friend -- Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land --Your friend, Dracula.*

*Mala approaches and puts rosary around Harker's neck.*

Mala: For your mother's sake.

*Driver and gypsies exit.*

Ren.: The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. Here is a flask of plum brandy should you require it.

Harker: *(taking flask)* Thank you.

*As Harker drinks, Renfield stares intently at him.*

Ren.: The blood is the life but I can wait, oh yes, I can wait.

Harker: I beg your pardon?

*Renfield draws closer to Harker and begins speaking faster and faster.*

Ren.: You know what would be nice ... a kitten, a nice, little, sleek playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed, and feed, and feed! With the souls of thousands of flies and spiders and birds and cats buzzing and twittering and moaning all around! I ... oh, forgive me, forgive me I forgot myself. You see, you see, our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things.

Harker: *(handing back the flask)* I must ask the Count about these superstitions.

Ren.: *(storing flask on cart)* Well, you are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England.

Harker: Quite true. I must confess that I was surprised the Count offered to pay for my travel here from England to aid him with his purchase of a London estate. In England, such transactions are typically conducted through the post.

Ren.: I have nothing to say and if I were free to speak I should not hesitate a moment but I am not my own master. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.

*Renfield suddenly freezes, listening to the silence.*

Ren.: I don't want to talk to you; you don't count now; the Master is at hand.

*Renfield exits.*

Harker: *I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? What sort of*

*grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? Just then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. As I stood, all was dark and silent again. Not a thing seemed to be stirring when out of the black shadows, a thin streak of unearthly mist appeared before me moving with a horrible sentience and a vitality of its own. Slowly, ever so slowly, I stepped towards the mist, as in a trance, my hand outstretched, straining closer and closer, until...*

*A woman screams. Thunder. A castle appears. Dracula's voice echoes in the air, "Welcome to my house."*

Harker: Count Dracula?

*Thunder. Dracula appears behind Harker.*

Drac.: I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome to my house.

Harker: Thank you Count. Jonathan Harker.

*Harker hands Dracula his card. Dracula examines it.*

Drac.: Solicitor's clerk?

Harker: Solicitor actually, for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful and I am now a full-blown solicitor.

*Dracula hands the card back.*

Drac.: You come to me as an agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, esq. to tell me all about my new estate in London.

Harker: I regret to inform you that an attack of gout has prevented Mr. Hawkins from absolutely any traveling for some time to come. I pray that I might serve as a sufficient substitute.

Drac.: But of course – you are a young man, full of energy and talent and of a very *faithful* disposition.

Harker: Discreet and silent in all matters, I assure you.

*Dracula smiles.*

Drac.: Excellent. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.

*Dracula leads Harker through a hallway and up a flight of stairs.*

Drac.: You may go anywhere you wish in the castle ...

Harker: Thank you.

Drac.: Except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go.

Harker: I am sure.

*Dracula leads Harker into the main hall.*

Drac.: The walls of my castle are broken. It is old and has many memories. The shadows are many and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements.

Harker: I am happy to say that your courteous welcome has dissipated all my doubts and fears.

Drac.: You are my guest sir. It is late, and my people are available. Let them see to your comfort.

*Brides of Dracula appear.*

Bride 1: After your journey, you will need to refresh yourself.

Bride 2: You will find all you wish ready in your room.

Bride 3: I pray you, be seated and dine how you please.

Drac.: Excuse me, but I do not join you as I have dined already, and I do not sup.

Bride 3: I am in hopes that I shall see more of you here at Castle Dracula.

*Brides withdraw to the shadows.*

Drac.: I am glad you found your way here.

Harker: The pleasure is all mine, I assure you Count.

Drac.: Come, tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.

Harker: The estate which you purchased is called Carfax. It is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates were of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust. There are many trees on it and there is a deep, dark lake on the property. The house is very large and of all periods back, I should say, to medieval times, for one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron.

Drac.: I am glad that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. We Transylvanian nobles seek not sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young. I, myself, am no longer young; and my heart is not attuned to mirth. I love the shade and the shadow and would be alone with my thoughts when I may. How did you come across so suitable a place?

Harker: At Purfleet just outside London. I came across a notice that the place was for sale.

Drac.: Good. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its death and all that makes it what it is. But alas, when I go there, you my friend will not be by my side to correct and aid me but in Exeter, miles away from London, probably working at papers of the law with Mr. Hawkins.

Harker: Might I ask why you have sought the services of one so far off from London instead of someone resident there?

Drac.: My motive was that no local interest might be served save my wish only Harker Jonathan - nay, pardon me - Jonathan Harker. I still fall into my country's habit of putting your patronymic first I confess, as yet I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to *speak*.

Harker: But Count, you know and speak English thoroughly!

Drac.: I thank you my friend for your all too flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.

Harker: Indeed, you speak excellently.

Drac.: Not so. Well, I know that, did I move and speak in your London, men would stop in the streets and say, "Ha, a stranger!" You shall, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation; and I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest.

Harker: Might I ask when you anticipate your trip to London?

Drac.: I myself am not yet strong enough to travel but I hope very soon to have the necessary strength to make the journey to your beautiful England where I might fully satisfy my *thirst* for your people.

Harker: Of course.

Drac.: But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I only have two matters before you retire. Foremost, let me advise you, my dear young friend - nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance go to sleep in any other part of the castle. There is reason that all things are as they are ...

Harker: From my experiences already, I know something of what strange things here may be.

Drac.: Very good. And on a more joyful note, I understand from your employer, Mr. Hawkins, that you are engaged to be married.

Harker: That is correct - to Miss Mina Murray of Purfleet.



Drac.: Then as a token of my sincere appreciation for your assistance in my legal affairs, please write her and say, if you please, that you desire she should come visit you here in my castle for a month.

Harker: My dear Count, your offer is too generous ...

Drac.: I desire it much.

Harker: Even if she so wished, I am afraid that her duty as ward to a dear friend would prevent her travel on such short notice.

Drac.: Then invite her ward and any other as well. Having the young and strong here would do much for my constitution. It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well and that you look forward to seeing them.

Harker: But ...

Drac.: I will take no refusal. I am confident in your persuasive powers. Now my young friend, write.

*Harker sits, as in a trance and begins to compose a letter.*

## Scene 2

Harker: *My dearest Mina – Forgive my long delay in writing but I have been simply overwhelmed with the beauty of my journey to the lofty steeps of the Carpathian mountains. Indeed, it occurs to me that the glorious colors of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple against the lofty, snow-covered peaks of the mountains ...*

*Mina is reading a letter to Lucy at small party in Mrs. Westenra's parlour. Several guests are milling around.*

Mina: "... might provide a suitably picturesque backdrop ... for our marriage!"

Lucy: (*hugging Mina*) Oh Mina!

Mina: Shhhh! "The Count has graciously offered his majestic castle for the ceremony and has sent for the chaplain of the English mission church."

Lucy: You must be the happiest woman in all the wide world! A wedding in a castle!

Mina: You must join me!

Lucy: What?

Mina: It is not only because you have been so sweet to me but because you have been and are, very dear to me. It was my privilege to be your friend and guide when you came from the schoolhouse to prepare for the world of life.

Lucy: But is it to be a public wedding?

Mina: Jonathan has written assurance that the Count would "have your ward and any other as well join us." Besides, I have told you my news, let me ask yours. Tell me all the news.

Lucy: I must say you tax me very unfairly.

Mina: Well?

Lucy: Here I am, who shall be twenty in September, and yet I never had a proposal, not a real proposal and today ... I have had three!

Mina: Three proposals! Are you serious?

Lucy: Three proposals in one day! Isn't it awful!

Mina: Oh Lucy, I am so happy that I don't know what to do!

Lucy: I must tell you about the three but you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone except, of course, Jonathan. And for goodness sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of ideas!

Mina: Of course!

Lucy: Well, my dear, number one is Dr. Jack Seward.

Mina: An excellent decision! Very handsome, well off and of good birth!

Lucy: He is only twenty nine and one of the most resolute men I ever saw, and yet the most calm.

Mina: Oh Lucy, look! Here he comes!

*Dr. Seward has broken away from another group of guests and come over to Lucy and Mina.*

Sew.: Miss Murry, Miss Westenra.

Lucy: Dr. Seward.

Sew.: Miss Westenra, I understand that you have been working very hard lately.

Lucy: Well, the life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying but I have been practicing shorthand very assiduously.

Sew.: And how is your dear mother getting on?

*Lucy's mother, Mrs. Westenra has entered and is now standing behind Dr. Seward.*

Mrs. W: I am busy, Dr. Seward, I need not tell you, arranging things and housekeeping.

*Dr. Seward turns, surprised.*

Sew.: Mrs. Westenra, good evening.

Mrs. W: May I ask you for some help in the study, Dr. Seward?

Sew.: If I may, my service is to you. Ladies.

*Dr. Seward and Mrs. Westenra exit. Lucy and Mina laugh quietly and begin to walk through the party.*

Lucy: He is very cool outwardly but nervous all the same.

Mina: He has evidently been schooling himself to all sorts of little things and ...

*Mina and Lucy bump into Quincy Morris.*

Lucy: Oh!

Morris: Miss Lucy!

Lucy: (*whispering to Mina*) Number Two!

Morris: Sorry?

Lucy: Mina, allow me to introduce Mr. Quincy P. Morris, an American from Texas and such a nice fellow. Mr. Morris, Miss Mina Murray.

Morris: A pleasure Miss Murray. Miss Lucy, if I could trouble you a moment ...

*Morris offers Lucy his arm. She takes it and the two walk over to the window.*

Morris: I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixin's of your little shoes, but won't you just hitch up alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?

Lucy: (*laughs*) I don't know anything of hitching, and I haven't been broken to harness at all yet.

Morris: Well Miss Lucy, I know you are an honest hearted girl and I will be, if you'll let me, a very faithful friend. Evening ladies.

*Morris leaves. Mina turns back to Lucy.*

Lucy: Oh Mina, that was sweet of him, and noble too, wasn't it?

Mina: So is Mr. Morris the tall, handsome man about whom I have heard so many rumors?

Lucy: Oh no Mina, couldn't you guess?

*Lucy looks past Mina at Mr. Arthur Holmwood. Mina looks back at Lucy in delight.*

Mina: Mr. Arthur Holmwood?  
Lucy: Number Three! Mina, I love him. I am blushing but I love him!  
Mina: And does he return your affection?  
Lucy: I think he loves me but he has not told me so in words.  
Mina: Well, dear Lucy, perhaps a wedding in the Carpathian mountains might provide Mr. Holmwood with the necessary romantic impetus to make his feelings known.  
Lucy: Do you really think so?  
Mina: I do, and moreover I am equally certain that Jonathan would want his fiancé and her ward to have escorts.  
Lucy: Very well, I shall join you! I shall ask all three of my suitors and beg their service as escorts - it shall be an adventure!  
Mina: In a strange country!

*Mr. Holmwood approaches Lucy and Mina.*

Holm.: Pardon me ladies, but Mrs. Westenra asked me to inform you that when you are ready, you will find supper prepared in the dining room.  
Lucy: But of course Mr. Holmwood. And in the meantime, we have an adventure that may be of interest to you.  
Holm.: An adventure? Pray continue ...

*Mina, Lucy and Mrs. Westenra exit.*

### **Scene 3**

*Harker is in his room, shaving.*

Harker: *Jonathan Harker's Journal. May 28<sup>th</sup>. It has been just a month since the Count asked me in his smoothest voice to write my dear Mina – I would have rebelled, but whilst I am so absolutely in his power, I felt it would be madness to quarrel openly with the Count. And to refuse would be to excite his suspicion and to arouse his anger. I realize now that I am imprisoned and as the Count has done it himself, my only hope lies in the chance of escape that I might intercept my beloved Mina before her arrival.*

*Dracula appears behind Harker.*

Drac.: Good morning.

*Harker jumps, startled by the absence of the Count's reflection in the shaving mirror. He cuts his throat accidentally with the razor.*

Drac.: Take care, take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.

Drac.: And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity.

*Dracula holds his hand out and Harker gives him the mirror.*

Harker: Count, I wonder if your man Renfield would be available to assist me in traveling to the Bistritz station tonight so that I might personally welcome Mina and her party when they arrive tomorrow.

*The sound of wolves can be heard in the night.*

Drac.: Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make!

Harker: It would give me an opportunity to show Mina your beautiful land prior to our wedding.

Drac.: Tomorrow, my friend, you may depart. I shall not be here, but all shall be ready for your journey. In the morning come the gypsies, who have some labors of their own here. When they have gone, my carriage shall come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz.

Harker: Why may I not go tonight?

Drac.: Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission.

Harker: I would walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once.

Drac.: And the baggage? How will you transport it to the castle with no carriage?

Harker: I do not care about it. We can send for it some other time.

Drac.: You English have a saying which is close to my heart, for its spirit is that which rules our nobles, 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.' (*crossing to the place mirror on table*) Come with me, my dear young friend. (*crosses to door*) Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!

*With a gesture from Dracula, the massive doors open. Moonlight floods in. The howling of the wolves grows louder and angrier as they gather just outside the castle. Harker backs up in fear.*

Drac.: Mr. Harker – I must apologize for I neglected to tell you that the wolves of this land roam freely at night and are often ... hungry.

Harker: Shut the door – I shall wait till morning.

Drac.: So, my friend, you are tired? Get to bed. (*waves his hand and the door shuts*) There is the surest rest. Tomorrow morning, the wolves will have departed and you may return to your beautiful England. I may not have the pleasure of talk tonight – I trust you will forgive me – but I have much work to do in private this evening. Good night.

*The Count starts to leave, then stops.*

Drac.: Be warned! Should sleep now or ever overcome you, or be like to do, then haste to your own chamber or to these rooms, for your rest will then be safe. If you be not careful in this respect, then ...

*The Count gestures as though carefully washing his hands, then exits. Harker sits to write in his journal. The three Brides of Dracula appear. Bride 1 approaches Harker with the other two following.*

Bride 1: Ah, still at your books? Good! But you must not work always. Come; I am informed that your supper is ready.

Harker: Thank you but I have already dined.

Bride 3: We have not.

*The Brides lead Harker from the room to the bridge.*

Bride 2: You seem upset, Mr. Harker.

Harker: I must confess - there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy.

Bride 2: Your suspicions are well founded – this castle is a veritable prison and we are all prisoners.

Harker: So the Count has imprisoned you as well?

Bride 1: He has enslaved us.

Harker: And the gypsies?

Bride 3: The gypsies are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind. I know it, for now and then, I hear a far-away muffled sound as of pick and spade, and, whatever it is, it must be the end of some ruthless villainy.

Harker: We must escape!

Bride 3: In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.  
Harker: Can you show me these windows?  
Bride 2: Come with us.

*They enter a new room. Harker approaches the windows.*

Harker: Are you quite sure these are the only available windows? The castle is on the very edge of a precipice. A stone falling from these windows would fall a thousand feet without touching anything.

Bride 3: I have seen the Count himself use these windows.

Harker: The Count?

Bride 1: Last night, as I leaned from the window my eye was caught by something moving one story below me and somewhat to my left where the windows of the Count's own room would look out. What I saw was the Count's head coming out from the window. I did not see the face but I knew the man by the neck and movement of his back and arms. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss, face down, with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. He moved downwards in a sidelong way and vanished into some hole or window.

Harker: What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of man?

Bride 3: It is strange, yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink.

Bride 2: There is a vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near.

Harker: I have not yet seen the Count in the daylight.

Bride 1: Can it be that he sleeps when others wake, that he may be awake whilst they sleep?

Harker: Tonight, whilst I was beginning to shave. I suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good morning." I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the mirror covered the whole room behind me. The man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed, but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself.

Bride 1: Our only chance is to prolong our opportunities. Something may occur which will give us a chance to escape.

Harker: There is at least a chance of being able to send word home. A new band of gypsies have come to the castle in two great wagons, each drawn by eight sturdy horses, and are encamped in the courtyard. The wagons contain great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope. I shall write some letters home, and try to get the gypsies to have them posted.

Bride 2: But the posts are few and uncertain.

Bride 3: You must be very careful not to awake his suspicion.

Bride 2: He knows well that we are all imprisoned.

Bride 1: I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me.

*With this last line, the Brides simultaneously gesture with their hand and place Harker in a trance.*

Harker: (*trance-like*) I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me.

Bride 1: Our only plan must be to keep our knowledge and our fears to ourselves.

Harker: (*echoing the Bride*) ... keep our knowledge and our fears to ourselves.

Bride 2: And your crucifix - away with it!

*The Bride makes a gesture with her hand to her own neck and mimes ripping away the crucifix - Harker imitates her and rips away the gypsy crucifix.*

Bride 3: Yes. Now, close your eyes ... and wait – wait with beating heart.

*Harker closes his eyes as the Brides draw near him. They lean over when suddenly ...*

*Thunder. Dracula appears in an explosion. Harker passes out as the Brides immediately back away and cower in fear.*

Drac.: How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back I tell you all!

Bride 2: You promised!

Drac.: Beware how you meddle with him or you'll have to deal with me!

Bride 1: You yourself never loved!

Bride 3: You never love!

Drac.: Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now go! Go!

Bride 2: Are we to have nothing tonight?

Drac.: Mr. Renfield.

*Mr. Renfield appears with a small crying baby swaddled in a blood stained blanket which he offers to the Brides. They take it eagerly and retreat into the shadows. Mr. Renfield bows before Dracula.*

Ren.: I am here to do your bidding Master.

Drac.: Have the gypsies lock Mr. Harker below in the dungeon. And remove that crucifix from my sight.

Ren.: I shall, I shall. The blood is the life, the blood is the life, oh yes, yes it is ...

*Renfield picks up the crucifix and puts it in his pocket.*

Drac.: There is work to be done before Mr. Harker's fiancé and guests arrive tomorrow Mr. Renfield.

Ren.: You've been feeding. Your youth has been half-restored.

Drac.: A mere fraction of my true strength. (*leans over to examine the unconscious Harker*) The gypsies lack the vitality needed to fully restore my constitution.

Ren.: Which is why you need Mr. Harker and his guests! So you can fatten on the blood of the living!

Drac.: (*standing*) Take care, sir, take care.

Ren.: Yes, yes of course! I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.

Drac.: Instruct the gypsies that once all of the boxes have been filled with earth of my native land, they are to be readied for shipment to my newly acquired estate in London.

*At the mention of the boxes, Renfield begins to mutter.*

Ren.: Earth boxes, great boxes, heavy boxes, blooming boxes, square boxes, wooden boxes, boxes of earth, boxes of soil, soiled boxes ...

Drac.: Mr. Renfield!

Ren.: Yes, yes you see I'm just an undeveloped homicidal maniac but a homicidal maniac of a peculiar kind. You see, you see, what I desire is to absorb as many lives as I can - flies, spiders, spiders, birds, birds, cats ...

Drac.: Yes, flies and spiders and cats – all these lives will I give you Mr. Renfield, ay, and many more and greater. Now go and secure him away below.

*Dracula exits.*

Ren.: I am your slave and you will reward me for I shall be faithful. You will not pass me by will you – rats and spiders, spiders and rats. Not pass me by in your distribution of good things?

*Renfield hauls Harker off. Thunder.*

#### Scene 4

Mina: *Mina Murray's Journal. Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever with her three suitors – Dr. Jack Seward, Mr. Quincy P. Morris and Mr. Arthur Holmwood – serving as our escorts for the journey. For nearly a week, we have traveled, and at a good speed. It was late in the evening when we saw where the clear line of Count Dracula's castle cut the sky. Indeed, we saw it in all its grandeur, perched a thousand feet on the summit of a sheer precipice, and with seemingly a great gap between it and the steep of the adjacent mountain on any side. Upon our arrival, the Count himself greeted us at the entrance.*

*The Count enters leading Mina and her party.*

Drac.: Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!

Holm: Your hospitality is greatly appreciated, Count.

Drac.: The pleasure is all mine Mr. Holmwood.

Mina: It is a lovely country. Full of beauties of all imaginable kinds, and the people are brave, and strong, and simple, and seem full of nice qualities.

Sew.: They are very, very superstitious.

Lucy: Now Jack – you must forgive Dr. Seward, he is a man of science after all.

Sew.: I merely mean to say that in the first house where we stopped, the woman who served us crossed herself and put out two fingers towards me, to keep off the evil eye.

Holm: I believe they went to the trouble of putting an extra amount of garlic into our food.

Lucy: I can't abide garlic.

Drac.: Nor I.

Morris: On our journey, I saw a faint flickering blue flame near the road – is it indeed true that the blue flames show where gold is hidden?

Drac.: Well Mr. Morris, it is commonly believed that on certain nights of the year, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway, that a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed. That treasure has been hidden in the region through which you came last night, there can be but little doubt.

Holm: Then there must have been evil spirits wandering last night for I too saw the blue flames.

Sew.: But how can it have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?

Drac.: Because those flames only appear on one night, and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. But enough of folk tales, my dears – I want to drink your health and prosperity and may every blessing attend you all.

*The brides appear with drinks for the guests. Once the guests have received a drink, the brides exit.*

Mina: Thank you Count and now, I wonder if might see Jonathan. I confess I am quite uneasy about him though why, I do not know.

Drac.: I have already sent for your fiancé in his room. He should be here shortly – in the meantime, please tell me, when are you to be married, and where and who is to perform the ceremony, and what are you to wear?

*There is a pause. They all stare at Dracula in confusion.*

Mina: I beg your pardon?

Drac.: Is it to be a public or private wedding? Tell me all about it, dear, tell me all about everything, for there is nothing which interests you which will not be dear to me.  
Holm: Forgive us Count, but it was our understanding that Miss Mina and Jonathan were to be married here.  
Drac.: Here?  
Mina: Mr. Hawkins, who is always so kind, sent me a letter from Jonathan dated from Castle Dracula.  
Drac.: Do you have this letter?

*Mina produces the letter from her handbag and gives it to Dracula.*

Lucy: I don't understand. This is not like Jonathan.  
Mina: I must confess that when I look at that last letter of his, it somehow does not satisfy me. It does not read like him.  
Drac.: And yet it is his writing?  
Mina: Oh, there is no mistake of that.  
Morris: What do you make of it?  
Drac.: I can hazard no opinion. I do not know what to think. He made no mention of this to me.  
Holm: You are a clever man, Jack; you reason well and your wit is bold – what do you think?  
Sew.: I have no data on which to found a conjecture.

*The Brides enter from the shadows.*

Drac.: Where is Mr. Harker?  
Bride 1: The room was dark so I could not see Mr. Harker's bed. I lit a match and found that he was not in the room.  
Mina: God help me.  
Bride 2: I looked in all the other open rooms of the castle ... nothing.  
Bride 3: I found the hall-door open, not wide open but the catch of the lock had not caught. The door was not shut as I had left it.  
Drac.: The people of the castle are careful to lock the doors every night.  
Mina: What are we to do now? Jonathan is missing! Where are we to turn for help?  
Drac.: His safety is most precious to me. Should aught happen to him, or if he be missed, spare nothing to find him and ensure his safety. He is English and therefore adventurous. There are often dangers from snow and wolves at night. Lose not a moment if you suspect harm to him.  
Sew.: Agreed. We must settle what we do and proceed to lay out our campaign.  
Morris: Have no fear – as there is no time to lose, I vote we have a search of the castle right now. Time is everything and swift action on our part may resolve this fearful mystery.  
Holm.: Then it is settled – we shall go to make our search.  
Mina: Take me with you.

*The men hesitate.*

Holm: Mina ...  
Drac.: Madam Mina, you are most wise. You shall go with them and together shall do that which you go forth to achieve.  
Lucy: Yes, go on and I shall stay here myself.  
Mina: Thank you, thank you a thousand times! You have taken a weight off my mind.  
Drac.: Go ahead – my people shall guide you. I shall retrieve a skeleton key which will prove useful should we encounter any locked doors. We will meet in the entry hall.

*Dracula exits.*

Morris: Forgive me Miss Lucy but you look pale.  
Lucy: Perhaps it is the change of air but I feel so weak and worn out.



Holm.: How remiss I am to let you stay up so long.  
Lucy: Do not fret, dear. You must be brave and strong. If I want anything, I shall call out and you can come to me at once. Now go, go!  
Mina: You are my true friend.

*The search party exits leaving Lucy alone. A moment later, a faint hypnotic voice calling "Lucy" echos through the castle. She stands and looks around. Again the voice. There is a crash of thunder and brief blackout. When the lights return, a small band of gypsies are standing behind Lucy.*

Lucy: Oh, good evening - you quite startled me!  
Sasha: We brought the rest of your luggage up.  
Lucy: Thank you - you people are all so good and kind, and have been working so earnestly and so energetically, that all I can do is to ...  
Mari: My friend, I am taking a great, a terrible, risk. But I believe it is right. I want to tell you something.  
Lucy: Go on.

*The gypsy hesitates a moment. Another gypsy steps forward.*

Aleera: The Count is a criminal and of criminal type.  
Lucy: What do you mean?  
Slo 3: His past is a clue.  
Lucy: His past?  
Slo 2: We shall make known to you something of the history of this man.  
Slo 1: Dracula is from a great and noble race, who were held to have had dealings with the Evil One.  
Slo 2: Amongst the mountains over Lake Hermanstadt, where all imaginable spells and charms are taught by the devil in person, this was Dracula who learned the secrets of the Scholomance.  
Mari: Indeed, he is no common man - for centuries, he was spoken of as the cleverest and the most cunning, as well as the bravest of the sons of the 'land beyond the forest.'  
Lucy: I'm sorry, for *centuries*?  
Sasha: He is known everywhere that men have ever been. In old Greece, in old Rome, in Germany all over, in France, in India, even in China, so far from us in all ways, there even is he.  
Lucy: *Old Greece*?  
Aleera: He is that Dracula who hundreds of years before won his name against the Huns and drove them back when they poured their thousands on our frontiers.  
Lucy: Do you mean the Count or an *ancestor* of the Count?  
Slo 2: In the records are such words as 'stregoica' or witch, 'ordog' and 'pokol' meaning Satan and hell, and in one manuscript ... this very Dracula is spoken of as ... 'wampyr,' ... which we all understand too well.  
Lucy: Wampyr?

*The gypsies shift nervously.*

Lucy: But go on. Go on!

*There is a thunder crash and the sound of wolves howling. The gypsies start violently and leave without saying another word. Lucy is alone for a moment when Dracula appears behind her.*

Drac.: Ah Miss Lucy, you did not want to join your friends?  
Lucy: No; I ... I am afraid.

Drac.: Afraid! Why so?  
Lucy: *(increasingly nervous)* I uh, I don't know.  
Drac.: But, my dear girl, you may sleep tonight. I am here watching you and I can promise that nothing will happen.  
Lucy: *(backing away)* No! Stay back, stay back or I shall ...

*She turns to run. Dracula holds up his hand.*

Drac.: Silence! Now you shall come to my call!

*Lucy stops suddenly. In a trance, she slowly walks towards him, then turns and faces center.*

Drac.: To us forever, the gates of heaven are shut ...  
Lucy: *(forced, terrified)* To us forever, the gates of heaven are shut ...  
Drac.: ... henceforth, foul things of the night ...  
Lucy: ... henceforth, foul things of the night ...  
Drac.: ... without heart or conscience ...  
Lucy: ... without heart or conscience ...  
Drac.: ... preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best!  
Lucy: ... preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best!

*He begins to recite an ancient incantation which Lucy echoes now fully possessed.*

Dr./Lu.: O lunae lumen	<i>(Oh moonlight)</i>
puer tuus fac me sicut renascentur	<i>(let me be reborn as your child)</i>
me duce tenebris sunt	<i>(guide the dark ones to me)</i>
i ita erit renatus	<i>(so I shall be born again)</i>

Drac.: And you are now to me - when my mind beckons you, you shall cross land and sea to do my bidding. But first, a little refreshment to reward my exertions.

*Dracula bites savagely into Lucy's neck. She stiffens and passes out. Dracula drains her and drops her to the floor. Thunder. The cry brings Renfield running in - he stops dead in his tracks.*

Ren.: No ... no! You promised me! You promised ME!

*Dracula begins to recover from his feeding.*

Drac.: Back.  
Ren.: I have worshipped you long and afar!  
Drac.: Back Mr. Renfield!  
Ren.: I am your slave and you will reward me, not her! NOT HER!  
Drac.: Back to your place!  
Ren.: You promised ME perpetual life, you promised the Scripture, "The Blood is the life!"  
Drac.: Your time is not yet come Mr. Renfield!  
Ren.: You promised rats and spiders ...  
Drac.: No more of this!  
Ren.: ... millions of them and everyone a life. All lives! All red blood!

*Dracula holds up his hand suddenly.*

Drac.: SILENCE SLAVE!

*Renfield is thrown back by an unseen force.*

Ren.: I will help these men to hunt you ...

Drac.: You know now and they will know in full before long, what it is to cross my path! Trust that you will be punished for what you have done. Now, go!

*Renfield stumbles back into the shadows. Dracula turns to Lucy.*

Drac.: Flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood.

*Thunder. Dracula disappears. Mina enters.*

Mina: Lucy? God in heaven, Lucy! Arthur!

*Mr. Holmwood, Mr. Seward and Mr. Morris enter.*

Holm.: What is it? What's happened?

Mina: Lucy is ill.

Morris: What?

Mina: I found her here.

Sew.: Alone?

Mina: Not a sign of any living thing about.

Morris: I thought I heard a sort of howl like a dog's, but more fierce and deeper.

Holm.: What happened Lucy?

Lucy: I must have fallen asleep because I don't remember.

Sew.: Are you injured?

Lucy: My throat pains me – it must be something wrong with my lungs for I can't seem to get air enough.

Sew.: Complexion pale, no fever, labored breathing. My god Lucy, you're freezing!

Lucy: What's the matter with me?

Mina: God save us, first Jonathan, now dear Lucy.

*Dracula enters carrying a ring of keys.*

Drac.: What is going on?

Sew.: It seems Miss Lucy has taken ill.

Lucy: I don't remember anything, only that I was lying here, half asleep.

Holm.: It is clear she has had some terrible shock and I fear it might tax her poor mind if she were to try to recall it.

Drac.: Do you have a diagnosis?

Sew.: She seems to have caught a chill and complains of difficulty in breathing.

Drac.: Take her to her room. She is possibly tired; let her meal wait an hour.

Holm.: Come now Lucy.

Lucy: Forgive me all. I'm sure some rest will restore me. Goodnight.

*Lucy and Holmwood exit.*

Drac.: It appears we owe you much Dr. Seward for all you have done but you really must now take care not to overwork yourself. You are looking pale yourself. I gather you were not successful in your search for Jonathan.

Sew.: We searched every room but found no sign of him.

Morris: Not in any passage or in any of the rooms.

Drac.: It occurs to me that perhaps Jonathan took the carriage to the station in an attempt to be present for your arrival. As it is almost morning, I shall ride immediately to town myself – for I know the quickest routes – and, fate willing, return with Mr. Harker.

Mina: I can never thank you enough.

Drac.: In the interim, keep watch on Miss Lucy – you must not let your sight pass from her; see that she is well fed and that nothing disturbs her. And now you must excuse me for it almost daybreak. I shall be back so soon as possible.

*Dracula exits.*

Morris: Jack, may I have two words with you all to ourselves?

Sew.: Certainly Quincy. Goodnight Miss Mina – don't worry about Jonathan. Here we stay until all is well.

Mina: What have I done to be blessed with such friends? Goodnight.

*Mina exits.*

Morris: Jack, I don't want to shove myself in anywhere where I've no right to be, but this is no ordinary case. You know I loved Lucy and wanted to marry her, but although that's all past and gone, I can't help feeling anxious about her all the same. What is it that's wrong with her?

Sew.: As strange as this seems, her complexion and lethargy almost suggest anemia for she appears somewhat bloodless but ...

Morris: What do you make of the mark on her throat?

Sew.: I have not seen it yet. What does it look like?

Morris: Two punctures, not large but not wholesome. No sign of disease but the edges were white and worn-looking. Is it possible that this wound might be the means of such a blood loss?

Sew.: We must consult as to what is to be done. My old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing of Amsterdam, who knows as much as about obscure diseases as anyone in the world is presently staying at the Golden Krone Hotel in Bistritz. At dawn, I shall quickly visit him and ask him to come – he is one of the most advanced scientists of his day and knows what he is talking about better than anyone else.

Quincy: You know you have only to tell me what to do.

Sew.: If a man's esteem and gratitude are ever worth the winning, you have won mine today. Come. Time is all in all to us now.

## Scene 5

Sew.: *Dr. Jack Seward's Journal May 17<sup>th</sup>. By good fortune, my dear friend and former teacher, Professor Van Helsing was able to leave at once without wrong to any of those with whom he had been visiting. As night was nearly upon us, I sent advance instructions that Miss Westenra be brought out from her room that Dr. Van Helsing might better conduct his examination in the fading daylight afforded by the great hall of Count Dracula's castle.*

*Van Helsing and Seward enter. Lucy is lying down on a couch with Mina, Morris and Holmwood surrounding her.*

Van H.: And how is our patient?

Sew.: She complains of breathing satisfactorily at times and of heavy lethargic sleep with dreams that frighten her, but regarding which she can remember nothing.

*Holmwood and Morris approach.*

Holm.: Jack, is this gentleman ...

Van H.: Dr. Van Helsing.

Holm.: Arthur Holmwood. I am so thankful to you sir for coming.

Van H.: You must tell me all you think.

Morris: Sir, you have come in time. She is bad, very, very bad.

Van H.: Come, let's meet the patient.

*Van Helsing approaches Lucy and kneels down before her.*

Van H.: My dear young miss, I am Dr. Van Helsing. They told me you were down in the spirit and of a ghastly pale.

Lucy: This afternoon, I am horribly weak.

*As she speaks, Van Helsing examines her throat.*

Van H.: Now miss, sit still for awhile. Come with me Jack.

*Seward and Van Helsing move away.*

Van H.: My God, this is dreadful. There is no time to be lost. Go, fetch this from my carriage at once.

*He writes something down on a small pad of paper and hands it to Seward.*

Sew.: You must be joking.

Van H.: No trifling with me! There is no grim purpose in all I do.

*Seward exits. Van Helsing returns to Lucy.*

Van H.: Miss Lucy, do you have difficulty sleeping?

Lucy: More bad dreams. I wish I could remember them. I have a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes.

*Seward enters with a bundle of garlic.*

Sew.: Doctor?

Van H.: Ah, thank you. These are for you, Miss Lucy.

Lucy: For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!

Van H.: Yes, my dear, but not for you to play with. These are medicines.

Lucy: Oh Professor, I believe you are only putting a joke on me. Why these flowers are only common garlic!

Van H.: Oh, my dear, do not fear me - there is much virtue in those flowers. Now, no sitting up tonight for you. You are worn out. Go into your room and rest awhile.

Lucy: Thank you Dr. Van Helsing, thank you all for being so good to me.

*Mina guides Lucy offstage leaving Van Helsing, Seward, Holmwood and Morris onstage.*

Van H.: Gott in Himmel.

Sew.: Well, Professor, I know you always have a reason for what you do, but the garlic certainly puzzles me. It is well we have no skeptic here, or he would say that you were working some spell to keep out an evil spirit.

Van H.: Perhaps I am.

Holm.: What do you think of the wounds on her throat?

Van H.: I have made careful examination and while I agree that there has been much blood lost, her condition is in no way anemic. Indeed, her disease is ... something else. You all are to help her.

Morris: What can we do? Tell us and we shall do it!

Van H.: The young miss is bad, very bad. She wants blood, and blood she must have or die. We must perform what we call transfusion of blood – to transfer from full veins of one to the

empty veins which pine for him. Jack was to give his blood, as he is younger and stronger than I but our nerves are not so calm and our blood not so bright as yours!

Holm.: If you only knew how gladly I would die for her, you would understand ...

Mina: Lucy!

*Lucy runs in, looking wild with Mina close behind. The garlic is missing from her neck. When Lucy speaks, she sounds different, as though she were channeling a demon.*

Lucy: Let me go! Leave me!

Morris: Are you alright Miss Lucy?

Lucy: (*mumbling repeatedly*) The blood is the life I can wait the blood is the life ...

Sew.: What happened Mina?

Mina: I am very sorry but as I was preparing her bed, she began talking to herself and before I could stop her, she had ripped off the garlic and run out of the room!

Holm: Lucy dear, what is it?

Lucy: (*seductive*) Oh, my love, come to me Arthur. Leave these others and come to me.

Holm.: (*crossing to her*) You must rest my dear.

Lucy: (*laughing wickedly*) Come Arthur and we can rest *together*.

Holm.: Now no more of this, Lucy. You must get to your bed and try to behave more discretely.

Lucy: (*suddenly angry, pulling away*) By the way, you have not introduced me.

Van H.: Don't you know me?

Lucy: I know you well enough - you are the old fool Van Helsing!

Mina: Lucy!

Lucy: I wish you would take yourself and your idiotic brain theories somewhere else!

Mina: She is clearly not herself doctor!

Van H.: Clearly. There is a horrid poison in her veins beginning to work.

Lucy: Oh Mr. Quincy P. Morris, I am so glad you have come. Kiss me. My arms are hungry for you.

Holm.: Mina!

Morris: Now listen here Miss Lucy ...

Van H.: (*approaching Lucy*) My dear, I must insist that you rest ...

Lucy: (*snapping*) Don't touch me! The blood is the life I can wait the blood is the life ...

Van H.: Her condition is in the final stages. It is no common enemy that we deal with for she is now our enemy's slave.

Sew.: What enemy? What do you mean doctor?

Lucy: Jack! Clever Jack, come with me and we can rest together. Come, my love, come!

Van H.: We must act before the sun sets if we wish to prevent her transformation!

Holm.: Her transformation?

Lucy: Silence! We all must obey the master and silence is part of obedience to the master and obedience is to bring you into the loving arms that wait for you!

*She gestures to Arthur who starts, almost involuntarily, towards her. Van Helsing steps in front of Arthur, blocking his path.*

Van H.: Not for your life! Not for your living soul!

Lucy: Damn all thick-headed Dutchmen!

*Lucy lunges at Van Helsing, meaning to tear his eyes out. She is stopped by Seward and Morris who restrain her while Van Helsing produces a large cross. At the sight of the crucifix, Lucy begins screaming and struggling.*

Van H.: May the power of Christ compel you!

*Lucy screams again as Van Helsing approaches with the cross and presses the cross against her head as she arches her back. There is a sudden shaft of fading daylight which strikes Lucy and she lets forth a final scream before collapsing. There is a moment of silence as everyone tries to catch their breath.*

Lucy: (weakly) What ... what happened? Where am I?  
Van H.: You have been talking in your sleep my dear, nothing more.  
Sew.: Doctor - look, the wounds on her throat ...  
Morris: Disappeared.  
Van H.: Then we are too late - she is dying. It will not be long now.  
Lucy: (to Van Helsing, gripping his hand) My true friend! My true friend and his - you must forgive me and guard my love.  
Van H.: I swear it.  
Holm.: My dearest Lucy!  
Van H.: Come, take her hand in yours, and kiss her on the forehead, and only once.

*Holmwood kneels and kisses Lucy. She awakens and smiles faintly.*

Lucy: Arthur ... my love, give me peace.

*Lucy closes her eyes and dies. There is a somber silence.*

Van H.: It is all over – she is dead.  
Mina: There is peace for her at last. It is the end.  
Van H.: Not so; alas! Not so. It is only the beginning.  
Sew.: How do you mean professor?  
Van H.: Jack, do you mean to tell me that you have no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of?  
Sew.: Of nervous prostration following on great loss or waste of blood.  
Van H.: And *how* was the blood lost?  
Holm: Please professor – at present, I am a mad man and not a sane one.  
Mina: Tell us your thesis.  
Van H.: Well, I shall tell you. My thesis is this: I want you to believe.  
Mina: To believe what?  
Van H.: To believe in things that you cannot.  
Morris: I don't quite see your drift.  
Van H.: I go no further than to say that Lucy is now of the Un-Dead.  
Morris: Un-Dead? What do you mean?  
Van H.: In a trance, she died and in a trance, she is Un-Dead too.  
Holm.: This is too much – I am willing to be patient in all things that are reasonable but in this ...  
Sew.: Professor Van Helsing, what do you mean?

*There is a moment of silence.*

Van H.: Miss Lucy ... was bitten by a vampire.  
Mina: Dr. Van Helsing, are you mad?  
Sew.: Bitten by a vampire ...?  
Van H.: When she was in a trance.  
Holm.: Indeed? And by whom was she bitten?  
Van H.: I do not know but therein lies the greater task: to find out the author of all this and to stamp him out. I have clues which we can follow, but it is a long task, and a difficult one, and there is danger in it, and pain. We must consult with your host, the Count, so soon as possible.  
Holm.: Professor, are you in earnest or is this some monstrous joke?

Van H.: I never jest. My friends, we are in terrible danger. As the sun has now set and night is upon us, I must act now.  
Mina: What do you plan to do professor?  
Van H.: I shall cut off her head, fill her mouth with garlic and drive a stake through her body.  
Holm.: Dr. Van Helsing, you try me too far! What have I done to you that you should ...

*Behind them, Lucy has reanimated. Unbeknownst to the group, she stands slowly and begins to shuffle towards them.*

Van H.: There are mysteries which men can only guess at. Now, may I cut off the head of Miss Lucy?  
Holm.: Don't dare think more of such a desecration!

*Suddenly, Renfield rushes in holding a rifle. There is a wild look in his eyes.*

Ren: STAND BACK!  
Mina: What?  
Ren.: The Devil's Bride - NOW MOVE!

*The group looks back and are horrified to see Lucy nearly on them. Morris grabs Mina and spins her out of the way as Renfield fires three shots directly at Lucy. All three shots find their mark and the vampire reels backwards from each impact. After the last shot, there is a tremendous thunder clap and a blackout. When the lights restore, Lucy is gone. Renfield immediately starts reloading his rifle and muttering to himself as the others look on in horror.*

Holm: What's the meaning of this?  
Ren.: He promised ME perpetual life, He promised the Scripture, "The Blood is the life!"  
Sew.: What do you mean?  
Ren.: We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.

*Renfield starts to leave.*

Mina: Sir stop! What is happening and where is the Count?  
Ren.: He has your love captive.  
Mina: Jonathan? Who's holding Jonathan?  
Ren.: He is a monster.  
Morris: Who is?

*Pause.*

Ren.: Dracula.

*Thunder and Blackout.*

**INTERMISSION**



**Act II**  
**Scene I**

*A graveyard. Dracula's castle can be seen in the distance. Van Helsing enters followed by Mina, Holmwood and Seward. Morris and Renfield enter last.*

- Van H. We know the worst now and we know his purpose. It may not be too late. Let us be armed; there is not an instant to spare.
- Mina: Doctor, wait! We must go back to the castle and find Jonathan ...
- Van H.: The castle was too dangerous in which to stay and so far our night has been eminently successful. No harm has come to us such as I feared. The Count has not used his power over brute beasts to summon wolves from his castle top to prevent our going. So be it that he has gone elsewhere. Good! It has given us an opportunity to cry check in some ways in this chess game.
- Holm.: Sir, stop. Power over beasts? I think it good that you tell us something of the kind of enemy with which we have to deal.
- Sew.: Then we can discuss how we shall act, and can take our measure according.
- Ren.: There are such beings as vampires; even had we not the proof tonight, the teachings and the records of the past give proof enough for sane people. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but now, quite sane, quite sane.
- Van H.: I admit that at the first I was a skeptic. Were it not through long years of training myself to keep an open mind, I would not have believed either.
- Quincy: Vampires?
- Ren.: Nosferatu. They do not die but only grow stronger and being stronger, have yet more power to work evil. The vampire which is amongst us is as strong in person as twenty men. His cunning is more than mortal, for his cunning is the growth of ages.
- Sew.: What are his strengths?
- Van H. Necromancy, the divination of the dead. He can direct the elements: the storm, the fog, the thunder; he can command all meaner things: the rat, the wolf, the bat. He throws no reflection in the mirror and can at times vanish.
- Ren.: Even more, he can grow younger on the blood of the living. Never once have I see him eat. No no, he is a liar, he is the devil.
- Holm.: How then are we to begin to destroy him?
- Mina Where are we to find him?
- Van H.: My friends, this much is certain: it is a terrible task that we must undertake and there may be consequences that would make the brave shudder. What say you?
- Morris: I think I answer for us all when I say we are with you.
- Holm.: Agreed.
- Sew.: Count me in Professor.
- Mina: I am with you, for Lucy's sake, if for no other reason.
- Van H.: Well, there it is. We know now what we have to contend against; but we too, are not without strength. We have the resources of science. Now, let us consider the limitations of the vampire in general.
- Holm.: All we have to go upon are traditions and superstitions.
- Mina: He can do all these things ...
- Van H.: Yet he is not free. Only at certain times can he have limited freedom. His power ceases, as does that of all evil things, at the coming of the day. And there are things which so afflict him that he has no power, such as garlic.
- Ren.: And sacred symbols – the crucifix.
- Sew.: Excuse me Professor, but why have you led us here to this churchyard? Are we entirely safe?
- Van H.: This is perhaps the safest place for us right now. A graveyard is hardly a bountiful hunting ground for a vampire.
- Morris: Wait, did you hear that?

*The others stop for a second.*

Morris: *(drawing his revolver)* There's someone ...

*A loud click can be heard as several gypsies step out from the shadows, cock their revolvers and level them at the group.*

Driver: Lower your weapon.

Holm.: What is the meaning of this?

Gyp W: Be still. The Undead draws near.

Mina: The Undead? But you said the Count wouldn't ...

Driver: Stand down or join your Undead companion in hell.

Mina: Companion?

Van H.: Do as they say - this is not the Count we now face.

Holm.: Surely you cannot mean Lucy. We saw Mr. Renfield kill her.

Van H.: Unfortunately no. Although Miss Lucy is young as one of the UnDead, there comes with the change, the curse of immortality.

Slo. 2: Your friend cannot die but must go on age after age adding new victims and multiplying the evils of the world.

Mala: For all that die from the preying of the Undead become themselves Undead and prey on their kind. And so the circle goes on ever widening.

Sasha: The career of this so unhappy dear lady is but just begun.

Mina: What do you mean?

Gunari: During the past two or three hours, several young children have gone missing from home. The few children we have been able to find have all said they had been taken by the woman in black. We have now tracked this monster here.

Morris: Wait, are you saying that Miss Lucy is responsible?

Luca: The children whose blood she sucked are not as yet so much the worse but if she lives on Undead, her power over them will increase. But if she die in truth, then all cease.

Sew.: Die in truth?

Mari: A stake must be driven through her.

Van H.: It will be a fearful ordeal, be not deceived in that, but it will be only a short time. If Miss Lucy can be made to rest as true dead, then the soul of the lady whom we love shall again be free. Instead of working wickedness by night, she shall take her place with the other Angels.

*In the distance, the crying of a baby can be heard.*

Driver: Get down!

*The group hides among the gravestones. Out of the mist, Lucy staggers in, carrying a crying baby in her arms. There is a vacant, dead look on Lucy's face and her mouth is covered in blood as is the front of her blouse. She lays the wailing baby down on a crypt and leans over to feed.*

Holm.: *(half whisper)* Lucy!

Morris: Shhh!

*Suddenly, a second band of gypsies enter and surround Lucy, all holding crosses. Lucy recoils in pain as an unearthly light begins to glow around her. One gypsy holding a bible advances, reciting an ancient Latin prayer. Lucy hisses and thrusts her hand out at the gypsy. The book bursts into flames. This causes another gypsy to open fire - the shot hits Lucy, causing her to stumble backwards and fall to the ground. Seeing an opening, several of*

*the gypsies jump forward and pin Lucy down to the ground while another drives a stake into Lucy's chest. There is a moment of silence and then two gypsies stand and rush over to pick up the baby. They exit, leaving Van Helsing, Mina, Morris, Seward and Holmwood alone with the rest of the gypsies.*

Slo. 2: We were just in time.

Sew.: I hope that when you take the infant home you will caution its parents to keep strict watch over it. If the child were to remain out another night, it would probably be fatal.

Mala: We will.

Gyp W: Your friend is no longer the devil's Undead. She is God's true dead, whose soul is with Him.

*The rest of the gypsies exit.*

Ren.: Are you convinced now?

Holm.: We have learned to believe, all of us.

Mina: Doctor Van Helsing - we must find and rescue Jonathan before it is too late. We cannot condemn him to the same terrible fate as poor Lucy.

Van H.: Quite right. One step of our work is done but there remains a terrible task before us from which we dare not draw back. We must return to the castle and find Jonathan before he ...

Ren.: No, no! The night is still upon us and his powers are at their full. I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but to return to the Undead home of the King Vampire is quite insane even for an undeveloped homicidal maniac like myself.

Holm.: Excuse me sir but it appears that you are just as guilty as the Count!

Ren.: Not guilty! Not guilty! I saved you! I led you safely out of the castle in secret and without harm ...

Van H.: (gently) And now you can lead us back Mr. Renfield – again in secret and without harm. The Count took you from the asylum and promised you perpetual life ...

Ren.: Yes, yes! You see, he put me under a strange belief - that one might indefinitely prolong life by consuming a multitude of live things, flies and spiders, spiders and flies, all red blood, all lives ...

Van H.: Yes Mr. Renfield and *all untrue*. Now sir, bethink yourself. You claim the privilege of reason in the highest degree, since you seek to impress us with your complete reasonableness. Be wise and help us find Mr. Harker.

Ren.: Yes quite sane now, quite sane. After all, I am a respectable lunatic, you see, a respectable lunatic ...

Van H.: Mr. Renfield ... please.

*There is a pause as Mr. Renfield considers Van Helsing carefully.*

Ren.: This way.

*He leads them offstage.*

## Scene II

*The dungeon. Renfield and the others enter.*

Ren.: Here.

*Behind the prison gate is the starved and exhausted figure of Jonathan Harker.*

Mina: Jonathan?  
Harker: Who's there?  
Mina: Jonathan, it's Mina!  
Harker: Mina? Oh thank god, Mina!

*Renfield opens the prison and Jonathan rushes through into  
Mina's arms.*

Harker: Oh Mina - what are you doing here? We must leave at once, the Count, he is a monster,  
a demon ...  
Mina: Hush, hush my darling in the name of the good God!  
Sew.: Excuse me but time presses – shouldn't we ...  
Van H.: Quite true Jack. It is best that Jonathan and Mina depart for the village at once as they  
are most vulnerable.  
Mina: But Dr. Van Helsing, aren't you coming with us?  
Van H.: I must remain behind and sterilize this earth, so that no more he can seek safety in it. In  
all probability, he does not know that such a power exists to us as can sterilize his lairs,  
so that he cannot use them as of old.  
Morris: I am with you Professor.  
Holm.: And I.  
Sew.: I shall stay and help as well. Let Mina and Jonathan leave immediately while we ensure  
that the Count never more can rest here Undead.  
Ren.: Sir, I make no apology for dropping all forms of conventional prefix, but I entreat you: let  
me lead them from here.  
Holm.: Come sir – you, whose sanity we have reason to doubt ...  
Ren.: True, I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum but I can only ask you to trust me.  
If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me.  
Mina: I confess that at this very moment, I desire that we should go at once – here – now.  
Sew.: It seems to me that in our present task, we must take no chance.  
Morris: Agreed. If Mr. Renfield can lead Mina and Jonathan out of here, then we may begin our  
hunt for this demon in earnest.  
Van H.: Very well, Mr. Renfield. I suggest you depart immediately.  
Ren.: Come, my friends.

*Renfield, Mina and Jonathan exit.*

Van H.: And now, we sanctify this earth to God.

*Van Helsing begins to sprinkle a wide circle of water from a small  
crystal vial.*

Morris: Jack, if that Renfield wasn't attempting a bluff, he is about the sanest lunatic I ever saw.  
Sew.: He certainly did seem earnest, though.  
Holm.: I only hope we have done what is best.  
Sew.: What else have we to hope for, except the pity of God? Now ...

*The three brides appear.*

Bride 1: Friends, you are going into terrible danger.  
Bride 2: Your enemy is not merely spiritual.

*Van Helsing stops and withdraws unnoticed into the shadows as  
the brides advance.*

Sew.: Can you help us find him? You know this place, at least more than we do.

Bride 3: Yes, but remember – he has the strength of twenty men. A stronger man or a body of men stronger than he can at certain times hold him. But to face him with so few is to invite death.

Bride 1: Better to come with us. We can hide you.

Bride 2: Yes, come away from this awful place.

*Holmwood, Morris and Seward fall into a trance as the brides draw closer.*

Holm.: Do as you will.

Bride 3: Close your eyes.

Bride 1: He is young and strong.

Bride 2: Go on! There are kisses for us all.

Bride 3: Yes, you are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.

*Van Helsing springs forward holding up a crucifix.*

Van H.: In manus tuas, Domine!

*Instantly, a brilliant shaft of light hits the brides. Startled, the men awake from their trance and stumble backwards out of the light - the brides scream and cower, unable to move past the circle of light. Van Helsing pulls out several stakes and hands them out.*

Bride 2: Free us!

Bride 1: Release your spell! You cannot stand against the power of the Undead!

Holm.: What has happened?

Van H.: The crucifix compels them. They cannot move.

Bride 3: The Undead cannot be killed!

Van H.: Where is the Count?

Bride 3: You cannot stop the Undead!

*Van Helsing holds up his crucifix. The brides recoil in pain at the sight.*

Van H.: The Count! Where is he?

Bride 1: You're too late!

Bride 3: He has them already!

*The men stop in surprise.*

Van H.: Then may God have mercy on your souls.

*With that, the men stab the brides with the stakes. The brides scream and fall to the ground. After a moment, they stop moving.*

Van H.: Quickly, we must finish sterilizing this earth so he cannot return to this place.

Holm.: But Jonathan and Mina ...

Van H.: Hopefully, Mr. Renfield made it out of the castle with them safely.

Sew.: If not ...?

Van H.: If not, we can only pray.

*A crash of thunder. Blackout.*

### Scene III

*Renfield, Mina and Jonathan enter.*

Ren.: This way. Hurry.

*As they cross to the entrance of the castle, Dracula appears suddenly in front of them. The trio freeze.*

Drac.: And so you, like the others, would play your brains against mine. You would help these men to hunt me and frustrate me in my designs.

Ren.: Lord and Master ...

Drac.: Silence! Your friends should have kept their energies for use closer to home. Whilst you have played wits against me – against me who commanded nations hundreds of years before they were born – I was countermining them. You have aided in thwarting me, now you shall come to my call.

*In a trance, Renfield crosses to Dracula.*

Ren.: Master ...

*Dracula grabs Renfield by the neck and with one hand crushes his throat. Renfield clutches his neck and crumples to the floor.*

Harker: Monster!

Mina: No!

Drac.: Do not fret, dear. You must be brave and strong for it is your veins which shall appease my thirst.

*Dracula walks towards them.*

Harker: Stay back!

*Harker pulls a dagger and attempts to stab Dracula. Dracula sidesteps the blow and grabs Harker by the neck forcing him to drop the dagger. Mina screams.*

Drac.: If you make another sound, I shall take him and crush his neck before your very eyes as I did with Mr. Renfield.

Harker: (*struggling for air*) Demon!

Drac.: Sleep.

*With a crash of thunder, Harker abruptly passes out. Dracula tosses him to the side unconscious.*

Mina: Jonathan!

Drac.: He is merely in a trance.

Mina: Oh Jonathan!

*Mina starts to run past Dracula to Jonathan but is caught by Dracula.*

Drac.: You, on the other hand, are quite awake. You, their best beloved one, shall be my companion, my helper, my bountiful wine-press ...

*Dracula savagely bites into Mina's neck. She struggles briefly before subcombing to the vampire. After a moment, Van Helsing,*

*Morris, Seward and Holmwood enter. They stop in horror.  
Dracula finishes and casts Mina aside. He smiles.*

Drac.: You think to baffle me, you – with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's. You shall be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest with your pathetic holy water, but I have more. I shall spread my home across the continents for time is on my side.

Van H.: Your time is nearly gone.

Drac.: Ha! Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them, you and others shall yet be mine – my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to be fed! My revenge has just begun!

*Van Helsing holds up his cross and bears down on Dracula.  
Dracula grabs the cross to Van Helsing's surprise and the cross  
bursts into flames. A crash of thunder and Dracula is gone.*

Van H.: Jonathan is in a stupor such as we know the vampire can produce. Quincy, Arthur: see to poor Madam Mina. Unfortunately we can do nothing with her for a few moments until she recovers herself. We must wake Jonathan!

*As Morris heads over to Mina, the others tend to Jonathan.*

Sew.: Jonathan.

Harker: What ... what has happened?

Van H.: We have learnt something! Notwithstanding his brave words, the Count fears us. He fears time, he fears want! For if not, why hurry so? His very tone betray him, or my ears deceive.

Harker: Oh god, Mina! Where is Mina!

Sew.: Jonathan, calm yourself! She is here.

Harker: Oh god, Mina. Dr. Seward, Dr. Van Helsing, has it come to this? Do something to save her! You must save her! The Count cannot have gone too far yet. Guard her while I look for him!

*Harker stands and starts to leave.*

Mina: No.

*They look over at Mina who has regained consciousness.*

Harker: Mina!

Mina: Jonathan, you must not leave me! I have suffered enough tonight without the dread of his harming you. You must stay with me.

Van H.: Do not fret, my dear. We are here; and whilst this is close to you no foul thing can approach. You are safe for now.

*Van Helsing hands her a small crucifix. The moment Mina  
touches it, the crucifix burns her hand and she recoils violently.*

Mina: Unclean, unclean! (*to Harker*) I must touch you or kiss you no more my love.

Harker: Nonsense Mina, I would not hear it of you. May God judge me if by any act or will of mine anything ever come between us!

Van H.: Excuse me Madam Mina - God knows that I do not want that you should be pained, but it is necessary that we know all. Tell us exactly what happened.

Mina: I felt my strength fading away, and I was in a half swoon. How long this horrible thing lasted I know not but it seemed a long time ... I'm sorry doctor but I don't remember anything else. My God! What have I done to deserve such a fate. God pity me!

Holm.: Dr. Van Helsing – Dracula said he had other places to rest, that he would spread his home across the world. What did he mean?  
Van H.: I confess I do not know.  
Ren.: Boxes ...

*They turn in surprise to see Renfield in a crumpled heap, dying.*

Van H.: Come, no time to lose – his words may be worth many lives.

*They rush to Renfield's side.*

Sew.: Mr. Renfield ...  
Ren.: Some water, my lips are dry.  
Morris: My God! What has happened to him!  
Sew.: From the nature of his injuries, it appears his windpipe has been crushed. We have only moments.  
Van H.: I think his back is broken. See, both his right arm and leg and the whole side of his face are paralysed.  
Ren.: Listen carefully for I am dying. The Master has been preparing boxes, giant crates for transport to England.  
Harker: Carfax.  
Van H.: What?  
Harker: Carfax – it's an estate which he recently acquired in London. I assisted him with the transaction. That's why he sent for me from England.  
Van H.: What about these boxes Mr. Renfield?  
Ren.: The Count had the gypsies fill them with unholy earth from the foundation of his castle.  
Sew.: Why in God's name?  
Ren.: So that he might travel safely to London, buried in his native soil. Once there ...  
Van H.: He'll use the earth from the boxes to desecrate the land surrounding Carfax giving him the freedom to take root in London.  
Mina: But why would the gypsies aid the Count?  
Van H.: The Count has plagued this land for centuries, preying on its people.  
Mina: Of course! The gypsies will do whatever is necessary to rid their land of the Count's evil.  
Sew.: So that's why the gypsies have been helping the Count! They want him gone!  
Holm.: How many boxes are there?  
Ren.: At least fifty.  
Mina: My God.  
Van H.: Mr. Renfield, where can we find these boxes? We must sterilize the earth and prevent him from leaving.  
Ren.: I used to fancy that life was a positive and perpetual entity, and that by consuming a multitude of live things – spiders, flies and such – that I might actually prolong life.  
Harker: The boxes Mr. Renfield! Where are they?  
Ren.: I waited for him but he didn't send me anything, not even a blow-fly. The master promised me.  
Mina: Please Mr. Renfield.

*Renfield looks at Mina.*

Ren.: I don't care for pale people; I like them with lots of blood in them and yours seems to have run out ...  
Mina: Please tell us.  
Ren.: ... he raised me up ... and flung me down ...

*Renfield dies. After a moment, Van Helsing stands.*

Sew.: So, he wants to travel to London to invade a new land.



Van H.: Exactly Jack. He used Jonathan, Lucy and Mina and now that his strength is at its full, he plans to use the boxes filled with his unholy earth to leave Transylvania for England.

Morris: May God give this monster into my hand just long enough to destroy that earthly life of him which we are aiming at. If beyond it I could send his soul forever to burning hell, I would do it.

Van H. We must trace each of these boxes and when we are ready, we must either capture or kill this monster in his earthly lair.

Holm.: But where? Where are we to look? The castle is enormous and every room the same, every hallway a maze, every corridor a dead-end.

Mina: I have an idea. Dr. Van Helsing – you must hypnotize me before the dawn and then I shall be able to speak and speak freely.

Harker: I don't understand.

Van H.: She's bound to him now – the vampire's ward. She can feel him ...

Sew.: And so divine his location.

Van H.: Precisely. My dear Mina, your wisdom is exceeded only by your courage. Quick, for the time is short. I want you to watch my time piece and listen as I count back from five.

*Van Helsing pulls out a pocket watch and gently sets it swinging in front of Mina.*

Van H.: 5, 4, 3 ... 2 ... 1.

*Mina closes her eyes. The men wait in silence.*

Van H.: Where are you?

Mina: I do not know. It is all strange to me.

Van H.: What do you see?

Mina: I can see nothing; it is all dark.

Van H.: What do you hear?

Mina: The lapping of water. It is gurgling by. I can hear it on the outside.

Harker: The docks! On the east side of the castle. I saw them on first approach.

Morris: As did I.

Van H.: My surmise is this: that the Count has decided to travel to London by water as the most safe and secret way

Morris: Of course! To avoid customs, if there be any.

Van H.: So you are on a boat?

Mina: Not yet.

Van H.: What else do you hear?

Mina: The sound of men stamping as they run about. There is the creaking of a chain and the groan of planks.

Holm: The gypsies. Dracula must be using them to load the boxes aboard a boat.

Harker: I can lead us there.

Sew: Then there is not a moment to lose; it may not be yet too late.

Van H.: Let me wake her first.

Harker: Stop. Do you mean to say Professor that you would bring Mina, in her sad case and tainted as she is with that's devil's illness, right into the jaws of his death-trap? No, not for the world!

Van H.: My friend, it is because I would save Madam Mina that I would have her come. Remember we are in terrible straits. If the Count escapes us this time – and he is strong and subtle and cunning – he will make London his home and our dear Mina will become his companion.

*They all pause for a moment.*

Van H.: She is linked to him now and only through this link can we lift his curse on her.

Harker: (pause) Do as you will. We are in the hands of God.

Van H.: Forgive me that I cause you so much pain but it is necessary. Now, not a word to her of her trance! She knows not what we have heard or said and it would overwhelm her.

*He turns to Mina.*

Van H.: Mina, I shall count back from three at the which you shall wake restored. Three, two, one.

*Mina opens her eyes and looks around.*

Mina: Well? What have I said? What have I done?

Van H.: You performed beautifully. And now then my dear friends, we go forth to our terrible enterprise. Are we all armed against ghostly as well as carnal attack?

Harker: We must guard ourselves from his touch.

Van H.: Keep this near your heart.

*Van Helsing hands each of them a portion of the Sacred Wafer.*

Harker: What is this?

Van H.: The Host. I brought it from Amsterdam. I have an Indulgence.

Morris: And for other enemies more mundane, this revolver and this knife.

Sew.: Our best hope is to come on him when in the box after sunrise for then he can make no struggle and we may deal with him as we should.

Morris: No, dawn is still several hours away – his boats will have departed and he will have escaped our grasp. No, we must act now regardless of daylight for when I see the box I shall open it and destroy the monster.

Van H.: Your thinking is level at all times. If we may discover him in time, boxed up and at our mercy, we may prevail yet. So, we shall follow him and we shall not flinch; even if we peril ourselves that we become like him. Come.

*They exit.*

#### **Scene IV**

*Van Helsing enters followed by Harker, Mina, Seward, Holmwood and Morris who is carrying a revolver. In front of them are dozens and dozens of stacked crates.*

Morris: Good God. Which one is it?

Van H.: Our dear Madam Mina is once more our teacher. Her eyes may see where are we are blinded.

Sew.: We must move quickly before the gypsy Slovaks return – Mina is ...

Mina: Changing.

*The men stop and look back at Mina.*

Mina: Yes I know. I know what is happening to me. And I know that you Jonathan will always be with me to the end. But you must remember that I am not as you are. There is a poison in my blood, in my soul, which may destroy me; which must destroy me. And yet, I am ready to give up here the certainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that the world or the nether world holds. But in return, I ask that you give me what I ask.

*There is a moment of silence.*

Mina: You must promise me, one and all – even you my beloved husband – that, should the time come, you will kill me.  
Morris: What is that time?  
Mina: When you shall be convinced that I am so changed that it is better that I die than I may live. When I am thus dead in the flesh, then you will, without a moment's delay, drive a stake through me and cut off my head.  
Morris: I'm only a rough fellow, who hasn't, perhaps, lived as a man should to win such distinction, but I swear to you by all that I hold sacred and dear that, should the time ever come, I shall not flinch from the duty that you have set us. And I promise you, too, that I shall make all certain, for if I am only doubtful I shall take it that the time has come.  
Mina: Thank you.  
Van H.: I swear the same, my dear Madam Mina.  
Sew.: You have my word.  
Holm.: And mine.

*There is another pause as Mina looks to Jonathan.*

Harker: And must I, too, make such a promise, my wife?  
Mina: You too, my dearest. You must not shrink. You are nearest and dearest and all the world to me; our souls are knit into one, for all life and time.  
Harker: I will not fail you, my love.  
Mina: Nor I, you. I am ready Professor.  
Van H.: No truce this time. The Count is clever and cunning and resourceful. Undoubtedly he has cut himself off from knowing your mind so there can be no knowledge of him to you. But this is where he fails. That terrible baptism of blood which he gave you makes you free to go to him in spirit. Go deep inside, search out now and find him through all this blackness.

*Mina nods. After a moment, she closes her eyes and is seemingly pulled towards the boxes until she finally stops in front of one of the crates. Her hands hover over the box. She opens her eyes and looks back at the men*

Van H.: Have all your arms! Be ready!  
Mina: Wait, professor! Something is going on. I felt the Count pass me just now, like a cold wind!  
Sew.: Has he escaped us?  
Mina: No, he's here but ... I can hear far off ... men talking in strange tongues ... Professor! He's summoned ...

*The Slovaks appear with rifles and surround the party.*

Driver: Halt!  
Mina: Jonathan!  
Aishe: What are you doing?  
Van H.: We must find Dracula, cut off his head and drive a stake through his heart, so that the world may rest from him!  
Sasha: No, his revenge will be swift and cruel - better to let him leave our land which he has ravaged for centuries. Our people have suffered enough.  
Van H.: You are in part right my friend, but only in part. He is confined within the limitations of his earthly envelope. He cannot melt into thin air nor disappear through cracks or chinks or crannies.  
Gyp W: Countless men, more brave than you have tried and failed.  
Harker: If we allow the Count to escape now, Mina will die and join him as one of the UnDead. Our only chance to lift the curse and save Mina is to kill him now when he is boxed up and at our mercy.

Van H.: He cannot be allowed to escape.  
Driver: I am sorry for your companion but ...

*With that, Morris grabs a rifle from a gypsy, knocks him out and opens fire on the others. The remaining gypsies pull daggers and rush the men. As Van Helsing, Holmwood and Seward fend off the Slovaks, Harker and Morris scramble over the tops of the boxes. Frantically, they pry open Dracula's crate revealing the Count, half-buried in black earth. The Count explodes out of the soil and grabs Harker by the throat. Morris jumps down from behind and stabs Dracula in the heart as Harker cuts open Dracula's throat. Dracula staggers in surprise and falls forward, the buried stake protruding from his back. With his death, Mina staggers back.*

Mina: Jonathan.  
Harker: Mina!!

*The men all move to steady Mina except for Morris who leans heavily against the crate.*

Harker: Mina, are you alright?  
Sew.: Professor, her wounds!  
Van H.: Gone – now God be thanked.  
Mina: Thank you all for everything you have done for me.  
Harker: It was Quincy who delivered the killing blow.

*They look over at Morris who has slumped to the ground, blood staining his entire shirt.*

Morris: I am only too happy ...

*He falters as the rest rush to his side.*

Holm.: Quincy!  
Sew.: He's been shot!

*Morris breathes heavily.*

Morris: I am only too happy to have been of any service. What a brave and gallant woman you are. We may never meet again.

Mina: No, please ...  
Morris: Courage Mina. It was worth this to die. There must be no tears now ...

*He dies.*

Mina: No, not for me. Poor dear Quincy, what he must have suffered.  
Harker: It is all done. He is in the hands of God.

Van H.: Madam Mina, you are proof, if proof be needed, that all has not been in vain. The curse has passed.

*Blackout*