

PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

2400 THIRD AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404
612-872-5108
FAX 612-874-8119

Dracula

Story by
Bram Stoke

Adapted by
Don Fleming

Dracula was first presented by Seattle Children's Theatre for the Summer Season.
All Right Reserved.

**DO NOT REPRODUCE.
NOT LICENSED FOR PRODUCTION.**

Note: This is the second of two one-act Dracula plays. This script is a faithful, fast-moving adaptation of Bram Stoker's novel. The first part- "The Creation of Dracula" is a sort of semi-historical creation myth that explains how Dracula became a vampire. The plays could be done separately or together, with one cast or two.

This script can be done with between eleven and twenty-two actors. There are nine female and eleven male parts. You could double down to nice actors, but that would require some complex inter-gender quick changing.

One possible doubling scheme:

Male

- Dracula
- Jonathan Harker
- Innkeeper/Lord Arthur Godalming
- Reinfield/Gotful Szekely
- Quincey Morris/Child in Sack
- Dr. James Seward/Ivar Szekely/Ship Captain
- Abraham Van Helsing/Jitar Szekely

Female

- Innkeeper's wife/Mina/Bereft Mother
- Preema/Lucy
- Satkana/B'oolful Lady Child
- Tairsha

Production Notes: I divided this play into scenes chiefly for casting purposes; it should all flow together, with uninterrupted action.

Cast List

- Dracula- a vampire
- Jonathan Harker- an English estate agent
- Innkeeper- a Transylvanian
- Innkeeper's wife- a Transylvanian
- Preema- a female vampie
- Satkana- a female vampire
- Tairsha- a female vampire
- Bereft's mother
- Child in sack
- Jitar Szekelya- a tough Transylvanian tribesman
- Goftul Szekelya- a tough Transylvanian tribesman
- Ivar Szekelya- a tough Transylvanian tribesman
- Renfield- a madman
- Dr. James Seward- a psychiatrist
- Quincey Morris- a Texan
- Lord Arthur Godalming- an English Lord
- Ship Captain
- Mina Harker- Jonathan Harker's wife
- Lucy Westenra- Lord Godalming's fiancée, later, a vampire
- Dr. Abraham Van Helsing- a vampire hunter
- B'ooful Lady Child- a victim of the vampire Lucy

Scene One: Transylvania, Dracula's Castle and the Golden Krone Inn

The Lights come up slowly on DRACULA. He stand for a long time, and then raises his arm.

DRACULA: Welcome!

The lights come up on JONATHAN HARKER, trying to make himself understood to the INNKEEPER.

HARKER: My good man, I require transportation to the Borgo Pass.

INNKEEPER: Kass vallgaraida set Borgo. Chater da Chronos Aureala.
(*You are already in Borgo. This is the Golden Krone Inn.*)

HARKER: The Borgo pass. I need to take a coach, I believe...

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE enters, and greets HARKER.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: Gottagda.

HARKER: What? Ah, yes, good day to you.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: (*Aside to Innkeeper.*) What does the Englishman want?

INNKEEPER: How should I know? You think I speak English? I think he's trying to figure out how to avoid the Borgo Pass.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: Smart man.

HARKER: Look, perhaps this will explain.

HARKER hands the Innkeeper a letter. The INNKEEPER stares at it uncomprehendingly.

DRACULA, from a different part of the stage, read the words of the letter.

DRACULA: My friend. Welcome to Transylvania. I am anxiously expecting you. Take a coach from the town of Borgo to the Borgo Pass, where my carriage shall await you. I hope that you journey from London has been pleasant, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. Your friend, Count Dracula.

HARKER: Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot. It's written in English, which you obviously don't under...

HARKER tries to take back the note, but the INNKEEPER snatches it away, and shows it to his wife.

INNKEEPER: Marga! Marga, look at the crest. It is from... No!

HARKER moves closer to them, so that their lines switch back to mock-Transylvanian.

HARKER: Is something wrong?

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: Des Ordog! Desta stregoica michtal! Des vrolok della Pokol!
(*The evil being! The warlock lord! The monster of the castle!*)

She thrusts the letter back at HARKER.

INNKEEPER: Kender des Drakul (*Dracula*)

HARKER: Drakul? Dracula? You have heard of him? Yes, that is why I am trying to reach the Borgo Pass. Count Dracula will have a carriage waiting for me there this evening.

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE pulls her husband away from HARKER.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: We cannot let him go.

INNKEEPER: Do you want the wrath of Dracula to descend on us? We have no choice.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: God help him. (*The INNKEEPER'S WIFE moves to Harker.*) Harker Dominaran. Set ballada, acraballan desta. Javil? (*Englishman HARKER. If you must go, take these with you. You will, yes?*)

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE tries to press a rosary on him.

HARKER: Really, I'm Church of England, you know. Appreciate the fgesture, but I really can't. Just put me on the coach to the Borgo Pass!

Scene Two: Dracula's Castle

The scene shifts around HARKER. He is now standing before the entrance to DRACULA's castle.

DRACULA: Welcome to my house! Enter of your own free will! (*HARKER crosses the threshold. DRACULA takes his hand. He has a strong grip.*) And when you depart, leave some of the happiness you bring!

HARKER: Count Dracula?

DRACULA: I am Dracula. (*DRACULA picks up HARKER's bag.*)

HARKER: No, please, Count, that is not necessary.

DRACULA: Mr. Harker, you are my guest. It is late, and my servants are no longer among us. (*DRACULA takes the bag into the house.*)

HARKER: I'm sorry to have kept you up so late.

DRACULA: It was my pleasure.

HARKER: I had rather a strange journey here. People reacted...

DRACULA: Peasants! Cowards and fools who have learned fear over the many centuries that Turks have invaded this land.

HARKER: But the Turks are hardly a threat to you today?

DRACULA: Not for two thundred and sixty-seven years. But there is hardly a foot of Transylvanian soil that has not been watered by blood. You are hungry.

HARKER: I am famished.

DRACULA shows HARKER to a table already laid, and pours some wine.

DRACULA: I pray you, be seated. Excuse me that I do not join you; I have dined already.

HARKER tastes the wine.

HARKER: Oh, this is excellent. You do me honor, Count Dracula.
Won't you at least join me in a glass?

DRACULA: I never drink wine. (*The wolves howl.*) Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make!

HARKER: Music?

DRACULA: You dwell in the city, Jonathan Harker. You cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter. I shall miss this land, when I move to your London.

HARKER: Then you intend to occupy the estate?

DRACULA: I do. Have you the details there? But perhaps you are too tired for business this evening?

HARKER: Not at all. (*HARKER begins to open valise.*)

DRACULA: Forgive my eagerness. But I long for the crowded streets of London. And indeed, from London the rest of the world is within easy reach. I long for London's energy and life, for its death; for all that makes it what it is.

HARKER cuts himself on one of his documents.

HARKER: Aah!

DRACULA: Aah!

There is also an Aah! of hunger from the sirens that seems to echo from the walls of the castle.

HARKER: Only a paper cut.

DRACULA: Take care, take care how you spill blood. It is more dangerous than you think, in this country.

HARKER: Yes. Well, as you requested, we have located a house for you.

DRACULA: Yes. Tell me of the house which you procured for me.

HARKER: We did our best to comply with your instructions. (*HARKER refers to the document.*) “an isolated place within twenty miles of London that had not been inhabited for many years.”
Here are some plans, and some Kodaks.

DRACULA: Kodaks?

HARKER: Photostatic images. A recent invention: pictures made with rays of sunlight.

DRACULA: Rays of sunlight. But this is not my house.

HARKER: Oh. Sorry. No. No, that is a portrait of Mina...my wife. Wilhelmina Harker.

DRACULA: Beautiful woman.

HARKER: Yes. Well, thank you. She is. And also intelligent-she has much strength of character, independence of mind. I grow more...but we are newly-wed, I shall not bore you with the raptures of a husband.

DRACULA: Mr. Harker, I am not bored.

HARKER: To return to the estate...The house is large, but also quite old—medieval, actually—and in disrepair; I am afraid that is rather gloomy. There is also an abandoned church, with a graveyard, on the grounds. I am sorry we could do no better for you. (*As HARKER speaks, and antique black and white image of the gloomy estate is projected.*)

DRACULA: My friend, you have done well indeed. Have I any neighbors?

HARKER: You instructed that the place be isolated; there are only two house within a mile. One is an estate belonging to Lord

Arthur Godalming, and he is actually away much of the time.

DRACULA: How is it you know that, Mr. Harker? Are you acquainted with Lord Godalming?

HARKER: Well, Mina, ah, Mrs Harker, my wife, her closest friend, Lucy Westenra, is also a friend of Lord Godalming.

DRACULA: I see. And my other neighbor?

HARKER: Oh-the other is a very large house recently formed into a private lunatic asylum. It is run by a Doctor James Seward.

DRACULA: A house for the mad?

HARKER: That disturbs you?

DRACULA: It does not. The weak-minded are no threat. Indeed, to the strong, they may even be of use.

HARKER: Well, if you are satisfied, and ready to take possession, you need only sign these papers.

DRACULA: I will read them; it shall be done.

HARKER notices a newspaper.

HARKER: The Times? The London Times?

DRACULA: Yes. I also have many English books here. Through them I have come to know your great country, which has conquered so many others. But alas! As yet I only know your tongue through books and papers. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak.

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

DRACULA: But in your London, all there would know me for a stranger. I desire that no man suspect me when he heard my words. I hope you will help me to catch the English intonation while

you are here, by talking and correcting any error, even of the smallest, in my speaking.

HARKER:

“By correcting even the smallest error in my speech.”

DRACULA:

Ah! I thank you. “By correcting even the smallest error in my speech.” But in an hour it will be dawn! How remiss I am to let you stay up so long. Your bed is ready, and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I must be away till evening, when we can conclude our business, so sleep well!

Scene Three: Dracula's Castle (The Nightmare)

DRACULA leaves, slightly hurried. The hypnotic singing of the sirens begins. HARKER becomes hypnotized. PREEMA, SATKANA, and TAIRSHA enter.

BEREFT MOTHER: (Offstage.) Vrolok! Mal kinder ashtaname! (Monster! Give me back my child!)

TAIRSHA: Go on! You are my first, and we shall follow. Yours is the right to begin.

BEREFT MOTHER: (Offstage.) Vrolok! Mal kinder ashtaname! (Monster! Give me back my child!)

SATKANA: He is young and strong. There are kisses for us all.

BEREFT MOTHER: (Offstage.) Vrolok! Mal kinder ashtaname! (Monster! Give me back my child!)

PREEMA bends over HARKER, panting, preparing to bite his neck. DRACULA reenters, carrying a sack.

DRACULA: 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! This man belongs to me!

PREEMA: Did you not say he would be ours, Vlad, Voivode of Transylvania?

DRACULA: Not yet. Have patience! I must complete my business with him, and see to it that no one is suspicious over his disappearance. Tomorrow night he will be yours!

TAIRSHA: We only want to kiss.

SATKANA: ...to love him.

PREEMA: You do not understand. You have never loved. You are leaving us. You can never love!

DRACULA: Yes, I can love. You yourselves know that from the past. Is it not so?

PREEMA: We know only that the sound of his hear...

SATKANA: ...and the scent of his blood...

TAIRSHA: ...call to us.

SIRENS: We thirst.

DRACULA: I promise you; when I am done with him, when I leave you, you shall kiss him at your will, and he shall nourish you for years. Now go! Go!

PREEMA: And what of tonight?

SATKANA: Are we to have nothing tonight?

DRACULA tosses them the sack, with a wriggling form within it. They descend upon it hungrily.

BEREFT MOTHER: (Offstage.) Mal kinder! Mal kinder! Nyeentaaa!

The howling wolves drowns out the BEREFT MOTHER. The SIRENS leave and HARKER snaps to consciousness. He gasps for air.

DRACULA: My friend. You are troubled with dreams?

HARKER: Dreams? Yes, it must have been a dream. My God, it was horrible...

DRACULA: You were tired. You feel asleep. You are in a strange country. So you had a strange dream.

HARKER: I saw...I dreamt...you...and three...women? No, they were no women. Creatures, beautiful, horrible, thirsting, thirsting for...

DRACULA: Will you not go to bed? It will soon be dawn.

HARKER: I do not think I could sleep. Count Dracula, I thank you for your hospitality, but I wish to leave.

DRACULA: Of course. Tomorrow evening, my friend, when our business is complete.

HARKER: But our business is complete. If you are satisfied with the house we have procured for you, it is yours as soon as you sign these papers. I wish to go now.

DRACULA: Because of a bad dream? My coachman and horses are away.

HARKER: I will walk with pleasure. It will be dawn soon.

DRACULA: Very well. Not one minute shall you stay in my house against your will. (*DRACULA throws open the door. Wolves begin to howl.*)

DRACULA: The children of the night? They will not trouble you?

The wolves begin to snarl.

HARKER: Please shut the door! I shall stay.

DRACULA: As you wish.

HARKER: It was only a dream, after all. I'm sorry.

DRACULA: Mr. Harker, it is I who am sorry that I could not oblige you.

(*DRACULA turns to leave. DRACULA turns back. DRACULA begins to exert his will over HARKER, putting him into a semi-trance.*)

There is one thing, Mr. Harker, in which you could oblige me. It will take me time to truly understand these documents, and so our business together will take longer than I had thought. If you would write to your wife, that you are well, and will be delayed for a month. So that she, who cares for you very much I am sure, will not worry. Write. Please. Now. (*HARKER writes. DRACULA takes the letter.*) Thank you, Mr. Harker. Sleep well. (*DRACULA exits. HARKER takes out MINA's picture, and sinks into a chair.*)

HARKER:

Mina! Mina, my darling. May I dream of you, only you.