

The Anointing of Dracula

A Grand Guignol

by **brent glenn**

Featuring words and inspired by the works of Bram Stoker, Lord Byron, Mary Shelley, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, William Blake, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walt Whitman and God.

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Character Listing

The Vampires

Three Wyrd Sisters-Dressed identically in wine colored rags with long stringy dark hair and sinewy limbs. They move and speak together and comment as an unholy Greek chorus. They are chained together at the wrists. They pass human parts between the three of them like the Fates in Greek mythology, only in addition to an eye and tooth they have a hand, a head, a liver, a kidney, etc...

Omalley, The Pirate- An older vampire, she wears a cutlass and is dressed in garb from her home and time period, the 18th century coast of Ireland. In life she haunted the seas and the English navy. In death, she haunts wherever she pleases. She speaks with an Irish brogue and a drunkard's breath.

Rafe, The Chimney Sweep- An English waif turned before her 12th birthday, she is small of frame and innocent in countenance. Her clothes are the same that she died in 160 years earlier, patched and repatched. Her left arm has been torn off at the elbow and she carries an arm with her from one of her victims.

Laveaux, The Voodoo Doll- A Cajun priestess, she pursued vampirism with a furor until she found someone to offer the gift. Her dress is 19th century Caribbean and her hair falls in matted braids about her. She wears a dead snake around her body.

Serenity, The Goth- Turned in the 80's, she wears a t-shirt that says Vampires Suck on it. Her flesh is too pale, her lips too red, her black skirt too short, and she is severely pierced.

Buffy, The Cheerleader- A spirit of 1950's America, her sweater has a giant U on it. She wears her college cheerleading outfit, though she has not washed it since her death and it is painted with the blood of her victims. She is prone to spontaneous cheering.

Abraham Van Helsing- Flamboyant in life, a wasted husk of a man in death, Van Helsing is buried for the entirety of the year, only being awakened to be tortured and played with on this one night. The vampires feed him just enough blood to keep him alive to endure the agony of another year.

Sydney Morris- An ugly American, he has come tonight to hook up with the Goth. Too bad for him.

Mina Murray Harker- From the novel Dracula, she has survived for more than a century as the leader of these vampires, second only to Dracula. Her humanity has long since vanished, though she has retained a terrible sense of humor. She portrays Dracula in the performance of Dracula.

Ruthven- An androgynous lady boy, Ruthven is her own romantic hero. Formed in the figure of Byron. She uses a cane made out of bone.

RN Renfield- Marvelously insane, he was turned by Dracula after the events of the novel Dracula and serves his lord still. Bearded, matted, covered with leaves. Renfield wears top hat and tails covered in filth. Carries a pocket full of worms.

Dracula, The Play within the Play

Dracula, played by Mina Murray

Jonathan Harker, played by Sydney Morris

RN Renfield, played by Himself

Mina Murray, played by Laveaux

Lucy Westenra, played by Buffy the Cheerleader

Dr. Abraham Van Helsing, played by himself

The American Quincy Morris, played by Sydney Morris

Dr. John Seward, played by Serenity the Goth

Lord Godalming, played by Ruthven

The Brides, played by the Three Wyrd Sisters

The Newsie, played by The Chimney Sweep

**The Captain of the Demeter & Quincy Morris, played by
O'malley**

The Players

Four musicians—Singer/musician, harp, viola/violin, cello. The musicians are clad in black and are hidden behind a scrim upstage of the action. They appear and disappear as their music bids them.

Song List

These are the songs that we selected for our production because they fit the tone. As productions vary, each should select music that fits the particular timbre of the show. Rights for the modern music listed below must be procured by the producing organization.

She's Like Heroin by System of a Down
Bring me to Life by Evanescence
The Killing Moon by Echo and the Bunnymen
Possum Kingdom by The Toadies
The Chimney Sweep by William Blake
The Bride of Corinth by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
In the Pines by Leadbelly
Denn die Todten reiten schnell by Brent Glenn

Summary

It is the night of Samhain. Dracula sleeps while his brides perform interludes and songs, culminating in the performance of an abbreviated and reinterpreted version of *Dracula* based upon the writings of Bram Stoker. Vampires of all types and periods permeate the stage. Each of these has their own story to tell and performs a brief vignette about their initiation into the realm of the undead. In one corner, a broken man, insane, is tortured throughout the performance. He is fed blood occasionally. This is Van Helsing, whom the vampires captured early in the 20th century and have been continually torturing. They keep him alive by feeding him small amounts of vampire blood so that he is still human but capable of taking much more punishment and living until they allow him to die. Throughout the show he is punished mercilessly.

The short version of *Dracula* (Stoker) that is performed is presented by the vampires as an entertainment for the king of vampires on this, the most sacred of evenings. It is performed in high style and with a mocking tone. The story follows the outline of the original piece except for the ending. In the original story, Dracula is killed, presumably. In reality, he turns into a mist at the actual moment that the stake is driven into him, thus avoiding his death. He drifts away to rest and continually calls for his lover Mina to come to him over the following year. When, as Stoker states, they return to Castle Dracula the following year, Mina is turned by Dracula who then destroys all of her human partners. She herself kills Johnathan, questioning his masculinity.

Dracula views the proceedings from his coffin. He rises at the end to sing of his own might and prowess as a hunter and receives the offerings brought to him. Dracula rises to join the play at the moment that the story is retold and he is awakened to bite Mina again. This evening has been special, for not only does he have the usual torment of Van Helsing to excite his bloodlust, but a new gift awaits him: The only remaining great grandchild of Quincy Morris has been found in America, a young brash insect. He is forced to portray the part of his ancestor in the short play, is tortured and forced to drink Van Helsing's blood, and finally offered to Dracula as a Halloween treat.

The play is presented with no intermission. It is 80 minutes in length.

As audience members approach the theatre, they are introduced to a series of vignettes. One woman clad in black sits on a swing and stabs voodoo dolls lying about her. Each time she does, she screams in pain. Another shrouded figure reads a book by candlelight, leaving bloody handprints on each page. She rips out each page when she is done. Four figures move in the moonlight, performing a blood ritual under the canopy of trees. Inside, a vampire plays piano while another sings along wordlessly. They have a tip jar. A woman in the corner claws at her neck and gasps for breath. An image in white stands on the stairs, and stares. Two Egyptians bite one another. Two flappers sit on a sofa and drink blood from wine glasses in a laissez-faire manner. Upon entering the theatre, a broken porcelain doll plays a child's piano in the corner. The space is dark and full of mist. The curtain to the stage is closed and the film *Nosferatu* is playing in the darkness, moving shadows through the fog that are barely readable on the dark red curtains. After the house is closed the vampires from outside enter the space and sit in various locations in the audience. A figure steps through the curtain and walks onto the thrust into the audience.

CAVEAT

Renfield

Ladies, Gentleman, and everything in between and out of bounds. We welcome you to this celebration of our Dark Lord and his cinco centennial of bloodletting, man-devouring, and creation of nightmare. We hope that you enjoy our little ritual here tonight. However, we do ask for you to consider for one moment what you are about to witness. Do you enjoy watching the dead? Do you find excitement in the baring of fangs and languid limbs akimbo? Are you titillated by torture? Or perturbed by torment? If you don't relish the spilling of blood or take internal delight in the suffering of others, this performance might not be for you. The squeamish, the sickly, the owners of a conscience might be disturbed or disoriented, angered or made anxious. For those of you with a thin skin, please consider going down the street to a haunted house where a man in a mask will jump out from behind a door and give you such a start. Oh, just fancy that! Or someone else will put a chewy plastic rat in his mouth. Oh, the horror, the horror! Gentles all, it is important that you understand that this is the line, and it is about to be crossed. Believe me when I tell you how happy we are

that you came. Believe me as well when I say that you may be sorry you did. Tonight is not going to be “scary.” Tonight is cursed. It is hungry. It is not about ghouls and goblins, it is about hunters and prey. Now is the moment to decide which you are. Please take a moment to consider your decision. There are those that love you and want to see you well. We are the others

Renfield is gone. The curtain opens as the band plays Bleed like me. The band is upstage behind a scrim. Their faces glow in blacklight. As the song ends, red lights come up downstage on Mina. She stands behind a large ancient sarcophagus which she uses like a pulpit.. Projections run throughout the show which narrate the proceedings much like titles in silent films. They are projected on the scrim above the performers heads.

Projection Reads: A Symphony of Nightmare

Mina

[From Byron's The Giaour]

“But first on Earth, as Vampire sent,
Thy corpse shall from its tomb be rent
Then ghastly haunt thy native place and suck the blood of all thy
race.

Vampires enter from the darkness to the stage like shadows.

There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corpse.
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.”

It is the autumn time again, my friends,
The night embraces me
The cool wind paints my skin
I am alive.

Vampires

(Both onstage and in the audience)

I am alive

Mina

The blood is the life

Vampires

The blood is the life

Mina

Tonight, we assemble yet again to regale our dark lord with the retelling of his bloody deeds. We seek only to pleasure our lord. Welcome to all outsiders. Please drink deeply of the vessels passed around you. After this night, we will all be joined by bonds of blood, and there will be no day that we not sleep together in Earth, no night that we not fly and feast on flesh. Our lord awakens later. The elderly require so much more sleep than the young. He half-sleeps in his coffin while our sounds pleasure his dreams until his awakening.

Where is the Halfling?

Wyrd Sisters

Still in the box.

Shall we bring him out?

Gather all the rocks

And pound his skull about?

Mina

Bring him forth for the happening.

(Wyrd Sisters depart)

Mina

He should have been gathered and awakened at nightfall. Who was responsible for this delay? Who was his cryptkeeper?

Buffy The Cheerleader

It was me. I didn't know.

Mina

Oh, my poor dear, of course you didn't. So young to this life. So young.

Buffy the Cheerleader

I don't even know who is in the box. No one has told me what it's for, just to watch it. Ya know?

Mina

Yes, dear. In the box is an old friend. A very old friend. We only bring him out on special occasions. His health is not the best.

The Wyrd Sisters return carrying a body , a very rigid skeleton, not alive, barely recognizable, a husk of humanity.

Three Wyrd Sisters

His coffin now stands empty.
As the bells of Samhain ring.
Our friend will soon awaken
And for our pleasure, sing.

Laughing, they allow the figure to fall to the floor, hard.

Mina

Be careful, ladies, he's not as young as he used to be. It is time for his awakening. And since you have erred, young one, you shall be responsible for his reenergizing.

Buffy the Cheerleader

What do you mean? Wait, I don't know, I'm scared, I don't know. Please don't hurt me.

Mina

It will only hurt until we stop the pain, love. Remember, pain is but an instrument of pleasure. The more you hurt, the better the not hurting.

She grabs the Cheerleader by the hair and throws her over to the body.

Mina

Where is the Knife?

O'malley the Pirate

Mine should serve well.

The Pirate presents a sharp blade to Mina.

Mina

And now, my friends, let us say hello to our special guest.
The blood is the life.

Vampires

The life is the blood.

They continue chanting as Mina takes the Cheerleaders hand and holds it over the face of the skeletal figure on the floor. Music plays as they chant. Mina slices off one of the Cheerleaders fingers. The cheerleader screams as blood flows from her hand and into the open mouth of the skeletal figure. Mina holds her hand over the face as the blood floods down his throat. They continue chanting. The Cheerleader manages to pull away finally and runs to the Wyrd Sisters.

Three Wyrd Sisters

Darling mine, Darling mine
Please don't cry, please don't pine
Soon this life will flow away
Exeunt, Exeunt, the end of day.

A coughing sound as the man returns to life. He rolls and retches uncontrollably as his body shivers with pain. The vampires return to their chant and watch.

Van Helsing

His voice a croaking husk, wind through a broken window.
Where am I?

Mina

You are among friends. Welcome back, old man.

Van Helsing

I don't...I don't remember...

Mina

You will. Allow yourself a moment. Breathe. Calm. You are among friends. Very old friends. Do you remember a bit? Do you remember your old friend Mina?

Van Helsing

Mina? Mina? Wait... Wait... It's... No, oh no oh no oh no no no no....

Mina

Yes, my friend. We have brought you back for yet another year of pleasure. Did you sleep well?

Van Helsing

I dreamt I was dead. I hoped I was dead.

Mina

No, not quite. Or maybe you were. The dead dream fitfully. You will never die, old man. You are like us. Or, rather, we give you just enough of ourselves to keep you alive. We would never let you die. Never, never, ever.

Three Wyrd Sisters

Never, no never
Now isn't that clever?
A vampire's blood,
A vampire's blood
Immortal delight
You'll live forever.

Van Helsing

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
In verdant pastures he gives me repose,

Mina

Oh, don't start that again.

Van Helsing

Beside restful waters he leads me; he refreshes my soul.
He guides in right paths for his name's sake.
Even though I walk in the dark valley
I fear no evil; for you are at my side
With your rod and your staff that gives me courage.
You spread the table before me in the sight of my foes;
You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.
Only goodness and kindness follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for years to come.

Three Wyrd Sisters

(As Van Helsing speaks. They dance around the stage as they sing this song three times over. The last two times all of the vampires join in. Laveaux screams maniacally throughout)

He sings! He Sings!
Van Helsing sings!
His Helsing song!

He'll sing, He'll sing
Hellsong, hellson!
Hellsong, hellson!

Mina
(to Van Helsing)

Darling, let me tell you a secret...

Mina, weary of his song, leans over him and bites off an ear. He screams.

Mina
(Looking at the ear)

You never had an ear for music. *(Listening to his screams)* Now that's more like it. Child of the night, what music he makes. *(Into Van Helsing's ear)* Can you hear me now? Can you hear me now? You are right about one thing, however. You will dwell in the house of the Lord for years to come. Our Lord Dracula. For years and years and years to come. Time immemorial, neverending, sleeping the sleep of the damned, dreaming of how good hell would be. Well, this is Hell, nor are you out of it.

She tosses the ear to the Wyrd sisters, who fight over it like hounds.

Mina
Returning to the pulpit

And so we renew our friendship with Dr. Abraham van Helsing, M.D., Ph.d., saboteur extraordinaire and ear, nose, and throat man. Please, welcome him all, with the boundless joy and love in which we hold the Doctor so dear.

The vampires attack. Many run in from the audience to attack him. Van Helsing screams as he is brutalized. A very loud, very deep booming laugh is heard from the coffin.

Mina
Beware, friends, of those who seek to cause you pain, to end your life. Van Helsing is a man of high morals, which means that he has a long way to fall. Let's listen as he continues his fall. *Pauses as she listens* Loverly. Our fearless vampire hunter is being educated in the ways of revenge. As we do each year upon this night, we pay tribute to the only human remaining who can honestly claim to have killed a vampire. Tis meet that he should have his reward. He's here all night, friends, so if you've enjoyed this little ditty, there's more where it came from. Like a young child, he wears

himself out so. He is always so happy to return to his box.
Immortality can be a bitch.

Serenity the Goth

(Entering and yelling from the back of the auditorium)

Oh, mistress, look what I've discovered! A new friend.

She enters with a young man in tow, Sydney Morris. He is a bit overt in his masculinity and speaks in the drawl of a faux Texan, ala George W. The vampires cease their pleasuring of Van Helsing.

Sydney

Being brought up on stage

What are they doing?

Serenity the Goth

It's just a Halloween show. You'll love it. You like surprises, don't you?

Sydney

Yeah

Serenity the Goth

Well, have I got one for you. *(She kisses him deeply and sensually)*
This is the night you will never forget.

Sydney

Whoo-ee!

Mina

Who is your new friend, dear?

Serenity the Goth

You are not going to believe this, Mistress Mina. This is—
ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod—my special friend Sydney.

Mina

Your special friend.

Serenity the Goth

Most special friend.

Mina

Most special friend?

Serenity the Goth
My beautiful, good, sexy, sincere friend Sydney. Sydney Morris.

Mina
(startled, excited) Sydney Morris? Oh my, what a special night.
Sydney Morris, oh my, how lovely, and what a fine man, yes, yes.

Sydney
(to Mina)
Why is it so special? Do I know any of you *(looking around)*
people?

Mina
Oh no, I am quite sure you don't. But we know you. Oh yes.
We've been longing to meet you. We knew your family. Your
great-grandfather, actually. Quincy Morris?

Sydney
My great-grandfather?

Mina
Great-grandfather? How quickly time passes.

Sydney
You knew Granpa Quincy? But he died before I was born. None of
you could be over thirty. How'd you meet him?

Serenity the Goth
We're older than we look. At least she is.

Mina
Bite your tongue, pet. Or I'll bite it for you. Ah, Mr. Morris. Walk
with me, won't you.

Sydney
What's going on here tonight? Who are all of these people.

Mina
You are among friends. They've come to watch a play.

Sydney
I'm not much for plays. Too much talking. In Texas, we consider
ourselves men of action.

Mina

The action has already begun. And besides, Mr. Morris, I believe that you will like this play. It is a play for Halloween. A penny dreadful. Heavy on the dreadful. And we are very happy to have you be a part of it.

Sydney

Me? A part of the play. Uh, listen, I was just looking to hang out with...with... *(To Goth)* I don't even know your name.

Serenity the Goth

Call me Serenity.

Sydney

Serenity? Nice. Very...serene. Anyway, lady, I was just hoping to hang out with Serenity and then, I don't know, whatever. I wasn't planning on being in a production.

Mina

Please, call me Mina. We were not looking for "whatever", Mr. Morris. We were looking for you. And have been. For many years.

Van Helsing

(with great effort)

Run.

Sydney

(Noticing him)

What? Who was that?

Goth

Oh, just some has been. Thinks he runs the place. He's kind of a dick.

Van Helsing

Run, boy! Run!

*The Wyrld Sisters pounce on Van Helsing. He screams.
Blood flies.*

Buffy the Cheerleader

Not too much! I'll have to feed the bastard again. If I wanted my wrists slit I would have done it myself.

Sydney

What the hell? What are you doing? Get off of him. Jesus!

He pushes his way through the throng to help Van Helsing.

Serenity the Goth
stepping in front

Leave him be.
Sydney freezes at her words. He is not for you.
She kisses Sydney.

Van Helsing
No, run, you don't know who they are. You must get away. Save your life!

Vampires laugh, hollow breath, wind through a door. The Goth continues to kiss him. Sydney's knees become weak and he starts to fall, but she won't let him. She pulls at his shirt, ripping it off. She stops kissing him and rakes her hand across his bare chest. He screams as blood wells through the wound. Sydney falls to the ground, stunned. The other vampires lurch forward at the sight of his blood.

Mina
NO!! Back.
They creep away.
He must make it through the evening. Back. He is for Lord Dracul. So, boy...

Sydney tries to rise. Mina pushes him down gently.

Mina
No my friend, the time for you to rest is here. You want to hang out with Serenity, do you not? This is how she hangs out. How she likes to play.

Sydney
Trying to rise
I don't know who the hell you are, but I am not staying here any longer!

He starts to walk away but Mina stops him. He pushes her to no avail. Frustrated, he tries to punch her. She evades, grabbing his arm and spinning him around before slamming his face into the floor.

Mina
No, dear, no. I am the Hell of which you speak. I am the whisper behind your eyes, I am the secret untold, the call of the grave. I

shun the light and kiss the dark and fuck death until he sleeps and leaves me to roam. And tonight, tonight my good friend, you are going to die. There is certainty in that. You will die tonight. And we will drain your blood and live on. We are the glimpse of eternity for which all men long. The closest you will get to what we have is the single kiss you have been given. From here on, it is nothing but pain for you. Until finally, you beg for the death which now you fight to keep away. Embrace the inevitable. You are marked.

Sydney lies in stunned silence.

Van Helsing

I told you to run, boy. Now there is no hope.

Serenity the Goth

There never was any. Humans with their hope. There is only death. And the lack thereof.

Sydney

Why are you doing this? What have I ever done to you people.

Mina

Soon, soon. You should know that it is nothing that you did. It was all great grandpa Quincy. Unfortunately, blood is blood is blood. And yours is thickened with ghosts of the past. You see, Texas is a long way from England. Mr. Morris. It may be quite large, but it has no past. Not like ours.

Sydney

Looking at Van Helsing

Who is he? What did you do to him?

Laveaux the Voodoo Doll

We just play with him, sometimes.

O'Malley

Keep him in the box 'til we need him.

Laveaux the Voodoo Doll

He gets ever so lonely in that tight creaky box that we feel so bad for him, so's we gotta take him out each year to have a little fun.

O'Malley

And let him drink a wee bit. A tiny nip so that he makes it through another year.

Ruthven

This is the great vampire hunter, Abraham Van Helsing.

Sydney

Who?

Mina

Haven't you ever read the book for which your Great Grandfather was so famous? Dracula? Bram Stoker? Abraham Van Helsing is the great vampire hunter who imparts to Jonathan Harker the wisdom of the ancients. He is the only one who believes in the vampire to begin with, and painstakingly works to preserve the integrity of human life by killing the vampires. He combats Dracula on several occasions, to a stalemate, until, according to Stoker, they manage to hunt him all the way back to Transylvania and end his evil legacy for all time.

Sydney

But who is the old man in the corner? I'm not talking about fables, and I don't need a lesson in crappy literature.

Mina

This is Dr. Van Helsing. Are you an intellectual invalid, Mr. Morris? Education in Texas not what it once was?

Sydney

No, it can't be. Van Helsing, even if he were real, would have been dead a century ago.

Mina

Would have been dead, yes, had we allowed him to die. However, in a moment of verisimilitude unmentioned in Mr. Stoker's novel, the great Lord Dracula had the presence of mind not to kill the good doctor, but to preserve him at the brink of death to be our plaything. We awaken him de temps en temps to play with him and remind him of the foolishness of his ways. It's rather a philosophical experiment. Much like Schroedingers cat. Quite a conundrum. Alive or Dead? Undead? Dead alive? Alas, my good husband Jonathan was not so fortunate. Dracula tore his head off before he could contemplate other possibilities. Like a good fisher of men, Dracula throws the small ones back.

Three Wyrd Sisters

Catch and release.
Simple to tease

Alone in a box
Sleeps the lecherous fox
Until he awakes
To have his soul taken.

Sydney

Trying to run away, he is cornered by the assembly.

I know this is a bunch of bullshit, but you people are completely fucked up. You sick bastards. I'm getting the police. You can't get away with this.

He runs but ultimately realizes he has no place to go. The vampires laugh and urge him on with cries of "Run, Sydney, Run" and laughter. Slowly, he moves back to Mina.

Sydney

Okay, fine, okay. What do you want? Money? What? I have money. I can give you all you want. Just let me out of here and you can have whatever I have.

Goth

Right now, we have all of you.

Cheerleader

And that is all we require.

Mina

Mr. Morris, we just want to tell you a story. Actually, we want you to help us tell a story.

Sydney

What story? What are you talking about?

Wyrd Sisters

The only story worth telling.

Mina

It is the story of our past. And your past, really. Don't look at it as only a story, though. It is a celebration of who we are. All of us.

Sydney

Like I said, what does this have to do with me? This is bullshit.

Mina

Soon, all will be made clear.

The band plays a haunting waltz. Lights change. The air is heavier, charged, as Mina speaks.

Projection Reads: 1897, Victorian London

Mina

It has been more than a century since this life began. My new life. The days are different now. Haunted by light. Gone are the days of gaslight on rain slickened cobblestone, the lamps just so many moons sailing down nearly empty streets. Shadows had powers then and bore great fruit. Hansom cabs rambled noisily and pale laughter carried on the wind. The night had a different face for everyone. Victoria was queen, and England was full of prim ladies with hidden thoughts and staid gentlemen who opened doors for ladies by day and visited opium dens by night. The dark face of man was alive, strong, and hidden.

But this story does not begin in England, nor does it end there. It starts in the hidden heart of antiquity, in eastern Europe. Romania. Transylvania. A place as foreign to us at that time as Antarctica might be today. Hidden. A secret. A precious gem hidden in a dark plain bag.

Sydney

So wait, this is about the Dracula thing? Oh my god, this is ridiculous.

Mina

I would not use that name right now. He is very close, and unless your wish is to have a very brief celebration this evening, I would not use it.

Sydney

But this is so stupid! I've heard this crap since I was a kid. Yes, my ancestor Quincy Morris did spend some time in England. He met Bram Stoker while he was there and then Stoker put him into his stupid vampire story and now I have to live with everybody asking me crap about vampires and shit. But you can't take that shit seriously.

Mina

As I said, Mr. Morris, it is only a story. A story you will help us tell.

Sydney

And if I don't?

Mina

You will. It remains to be seen how much blood it will take to make you, but you will.

Sydney

After considering

What do you want me to do?

Serenity the Goth

You get to be an actor! We just need you to play a few roles for us in the play.

Sydney

What? Who do I have to play?

Mina

Jonathan. Jonathan Harker. My ex-husband.

Sydney

Right, right, your ex-husband. You freaks are deluded.

Mina

No, we are not. He is my ex-husband. At one time I loved him dearly. And he loved me as well. Do you think you could ever love me, Mr. Morris? Do you think you could ever dream of me, so much that you would give your life to save a poor poor pitiful waif such as myself? Do you?

She stares deeply into him as she speaks. He becomes lost within her, hypnotized. Her hands go to his throat as he comes in to kiss her. She kisses him then laughs as she pulls away.

Mina

Lie on the floor.

He drops to the ground, immediate, obedient.

Mina

Soon, you will have me in ways your mind could never have imagined. But I am remiss in my duties as leader of this congregation, this unholy throng. We have an audience to entertain. I give you, the Preshow!

**Projection reads: A Festival of Shades
The Ballad of Penny Dreadful.
From William Blake's The Chimney Sweeper**

The Chimney Sweep comes forward, singing. She performs a dumb show which reveals her transformation as a child, attacked by a female vampire on a rooftop while working. The other vampires watch and laugh as the story progresses.

Rafe, the Chimney Sweep

A Little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'weep, weep,' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father & mother, say?'
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

*She is attacked at this point, her neck bitten by Ruthven.
The two of them move slowly together during the last verse,
swaying softly.*

'And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury.
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

Ruthven makes a retching sound and spits blood across the stage.

Ruthven

I despise the taste of vampire blood. Too dead for me. *Turning to The Chimney Sweep, who seems stricken.* No offense. It's not you, it's me.

Rafe the Chimney Sweep

None taken.

Ruthven

It's like sex with your sister. The only fun part is telling your mom.

Mina

And now, on to the play, “Dracula,” by Bram Stoker. We begin the play with the character of R. N. Renfield, a real charmer. Mr. Morris, if you would.

Projection Reads: The Grand Premiere of Sydney Morris

Sydney

Would what?

Mina

Begin the show.

Sydney

What do you mean? I don’t even know who Renfield is. I’m not going to play Renfield.

Serenity the Goth

Renfield is the guy in the insane asylum who serves Dracula. He is a seer of sorts. He knows Dracula is coming without communicating with him. He thinks he’ll become stronger by eating those animals lesser than him.

Ruthven

He starts with the tiniest insects and works his way up the food chain. He eats spiders, bugs, rats.

Sydney

I am not going to eat a rat or a spider. I am not going to act in your idiot play.

Ruthven

You will be in it, Mr. Morris. You are in it.

Serenity the Goth

You just have to act like a crazy man. Let yourself go.

Sydney

I already feel like a crazy man. This is crazy. I’ve been kidnapped and thrown into an insane asylum for real. I don’t need to act like someone else to have that experience.

Serenity the Goth

As your friend, I would advise you to accept the role graciously and move on.

Sydney

As my friend? You're not my friend. You're bait. To get me to come here so that I could be tortured or killed or something. I am not going to act like a madman that wants to eat spiders and rats.

Mina

Yes, you are.

Sydney

No, I am not!

The Wyrd Sisters grab Sydney and hold him.

Mina

YES, YOU ARE! *She snaps his arm with a crunching sound. He shrieks.*

NOW ACT!!

Sydney

(Running around the stage in great pain, screaming.)

Oh, god, oh god, yes, I am Renfield, I love rats, I wanna eat em, oh god, aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, the pain, oh I need spiders. You broke my fucking arm. Fuck me, that hurts. Gimme the rats where's the fucking vampire.

The vampires watch him for a moment, dispassionately.

Mina

You are a terrible Renfield. Someone else must play Renfield. We cannot begin the play with him. No one will stay until the interval. *Sydney continues screaming.*

Would someone bite our good friend Mr. Morris and make him stop screaming?

Serenity the Goth

With relish. Get it, get it? I am going to eat him with relish.

Mina

Patiently

Yes, dear, we get it. And O'Malley? I believe my initial impulse was correct and we shall relegate Mr. Morris to the portrayal of my idiot husband. Would you please take the good doctor Van Helsing backstage and equip him with the appropriate vampire hunter regalia?

O'malley

Absolutely. *moving to Van Helsing* Come on dear. Can't have you fighting the undead looking like a hobo now can we? Let's get the lipstick.

Laveaux the Voodoo Doll

I'll help. I love making him up.

O'malley

Why don't we bring in the old bastard Renfield himself and make him act like himself? If he can remember what it is he is.

Mina

I suppose we could. I do so hate dealing with the mad vampire. He's a bit of a wild card.

Laveaux the Voodoo Doll

I'll attend to him, if you would like mistress.

O'malley and Lord Ruthven carry off the moaning Van Helsing.

Mina

Bring him. In the meanwhile, we shall amuse our beloved guests with a brief comedic pantomime. Ladies!

Projection Reads: A Festival of Shades: Night Fancies

Entertainment #1

Two vampires skip across the stage holding hands while comical music plays, perhaps ragtime or music representative of silent film hijinx. A priest appears with a crucifix. The two vampires respond with mock horror. They seduce him with their wiles and he succumbs to their will. Controlling him like a puppet, they force the priest to stab himself with the sharpened end of the crucifix. At the end, they bow. The priest does not rise from the ground. They attempt to make him take a bow but he is dead. Finally, they raise his arms in triumph for his bow, then drag him off of the stage.

Mina

Fantastic. Do not be afraid for the good Father, gentles all. I am sure he will be warmly welcomed in heaven by the father and by the son. Good thing, since you wouldn't really want him spending too much time with your son, now would you?

A flat drum hit resounds.

And now, Mr. Morris, if you are done whining like a mewling kitten, you will play Jonathan. My beloved Jonathan. I think that will be more to your ability.

Sydney

sedated by vampire blood

Oh, yeah? Why's that?

Mina

Because he wasn't very bright. Or very animated. It's a good thing Dracula did not turn him but killed him instantly. He would have made the most terrible bore had he been immortal. The key to playing my ex-betrothed is to simply say the line like you are terribly afraid at all times. Do you think you can manage that?

Sydney

I don't suppose I have any choice.

Mina

Very good, Mr. Harker. The fear is quite evident. Stand by for your entrance. But first, R. M. Renfield!

Renfield enters, a greasy bearded thing in a tophat and tails. He throws dead cats into the crowd. He behaves much like a drunk.

**Projection Reads: Dr. Seward's Diary: Aetat 59—
Sanguine temperament; great
Physical strength; morbidly excitable;
Periods of gloom...**

Renfield

Aetat 59—Sanguine temperament; great physical strength; morbidly excitable; periods of gloom, ending in some fixed idea that I cannot make out. I presume that the sanguine temperament itself and the disturbing influence end in a mentally-accomplished finish; a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men caution is as secure an armour for their foes as for themselves. What I think of on this point is, when self is the fixed point the centripetal force is balanced with the centrifugal; when duty, a cause, etc., is the fixed point, the latter force is paramount, and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.

Mina

Thank you, Mr. Renfield. I'm sure you will be depositing your drivel all over this accursed stage this evening. Mr. Harker, if you would.

He stands, unwilling to move.

Mina

Now, dear, don't make this any more unpleasant than it needs be. It will be unpleasant enough for our lovely audience. Do try to appease their eccentric tastes, won't you?

She motions for him to move forward. He walks downstage.

Sydney

I don't know what I am supposed to say.

Mina

Here you are. We have written the opening lines for you. After that, you should have a good idea of where you are going. He was more of a responder than a motivator.

Projection Reads: Dracula by Bram Stoker

Sydney

Reading from a piece of paper.

“How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of later-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past things wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.”

Mina

Not bad. You are better at reading than at improvising. Presently, you arrive at Dracula's Castle following a harrowing trip through the Borgo Pass. The moon is large and bright. The wind rests its head upon your shoulders. The lonely cries of wolves haunt the air. The castle is dark, foreboding, a dilapidated monument to a time long past. You wait several minutes after the driver has dropped you off. The howls of the wolves seem ever closer. Finally, a door opens and you are greeted to your first viewing of... the Count.

She throws a traditional black cape around her shoulders and presents herself. The other vampires applaud.

Sydney

Wait a minute. You're playing Count Dracula?

Mina

Does that amuse you, Mr. Morris?

Sydney

No, not really. I just thought that perhaps a man might be playing the role, since Dracula was a man.

Mina

And never should that be forgotten. But look around you Mr. Morris, do you see a lot of men in this place?

The other vampires laugh.

Sydney

Not really, I guess. No.

Serenity the Goth

Dracula takes brides, not dudes. Not often anyway.

Laveaux

The blood of a woman carries eternity, spawns new generations. It is life giving. The blood of a man is the blood of the dead. It is not their blood that creates new generations. Women feed the future. Dracula knows this.

Mina

And besides, Mr. Morris, regardless of the age we live in now, Lord Dracula is part of the old world. He lived in a time in which your brides were only women. Call him sexist, but he would kill a man rather than turn him. Van Helsing is a singular exception. But tonight is a very special night indeed, and so I take up the mantle of Dracula. Consider it a command performance. Now to work. You meet Dracula, Mr. Harker. And how do you feel about that?

Mina begins walking in a circular motion around Morris.

Sydney

I don't know what I'm supposed to say to that.

Mina

(underscoring with wolves, breathing, wind, far off moans and howls. As she speaks Sydney becomes entranced and she instills the story within him so that they begin to speak in unison, after which he embodies the character of Jonathan Harker)

It is the eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that tonight,

when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to? You are meeting a vampire for the first time. You have traveled through a hostile, foreign land, forests full of spirits, demon lights, unholy spheres burning in the forest around you, the howling of wolves. You are a mere solicitor's clerk, sent by your master to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner living on the edge of the civilized world in the brutal Carpathian mountains. It is after midnight and you stand in the chill of a spring mountain night as wolves howl and wind blows and all else is stillness. You hear his approach on the other side of the huge wooden door, footsteps on ancient stonework.

Mina and Sydney

A key is turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door swings back. Within, stands a tall old man, clean shaven save fore a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere. He holds in his hand an antique silver lamp which throws long quivering shadows as it flickers in the draught of the open door.

Jonathan

His fingers are longer than they should be and end in sharp knives. He has a smile full of hunger and cruelty. He is boyar, master, and you know that his power is far beyond that of any man you've met.

Projection Reads: Jonathan Harker's Journal

Mina

(as Dracula)

"Welcome to my house. Enter freely and of your own will. And leave something of the happiness you bring!"

Sydney

(stricken, entranced)

Count Dracula?

Mina/Dracula

I am Dracula. Please, it is late, and you are hungry. I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you, but I have dined already, and I do not sup."

Sydney/Jonathan

I eat. He does not. He questions me of London. He tells stories by the fireside of his family and their conquests and how they have ruled for centuries in this part of the world. As I look towards the

window I see the first dim streak of the coming dawn. There seems a strange stillness over everything; but as I listen I hear as if from down below in the valley the howling of many wolves.

The other vampires howl across the stage.

Mina/Dracula

Listen to them. The children of the night. What music they make
As, sir, you dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the
hunter. But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready, and
tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till
the afternoon; so sleep well and dream well!

Sydney/Jonathan

I am all in a sea of wonders. I doubt; I fear; I think strange things,
which I dare not confess to my own soul. Good keep me, if only
for the sake of those dear to me! The next night the Count enters
again.

Dracula

Here I am noble; I am boyar; the common people know me, and I
am master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one; men
know him not—and to know not is to care not for. I am content if I
am like the rest, so that no man stops if he see me, or pause in his
speaking if he hear my words. ‘Haha, a stranger!’ I have been so
long master that I would be master still—or at least that none other
should be master of me.

You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the
doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is
reason that all things are as they are, and did you see with my eyes
and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better
understand. We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not
England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you
many strange things.

Projection Reads: The Killing Moon

*Dracula is gone. Jonathan wanders the halls of the castle.
The Killing Moon plays. The sun begins to rise as the cock
crows. He searches for a way out. His thoughts are fearful.
The vampires mock him and prevent his escape. The sun
sets upon him. He sits on a sofa, dejected, forlorn.*

Sydney/Jonathan

Another night. Heedless of the Count's warning I fell asleep on a sofa in a room while writing in my journal. I was awakened by the soft sound of whisper in the space. I was not alone

As Jonathan speaks the Three Wyrd Sisters encircle him, entrance him, and bite him.

I was not alone. The room was the same in the brilliant moonlight, but opposite me were three young women, standing in the moonlight yet throwing no shadow on the floor. Two were dark, and had high aquiline noses. The other was fair as can be, with great wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips.

Wyrd Sister 1

Go On! You are the first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.

Wyrd Sister 2

He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.

The Wyrd Sisters approach him, surround him, torment him. He longs for them and has difficulty speaking as he lies upon the sofa..

Sydney/Jonathan

The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips. Her hot breath on my neck. The soft, shivering touch of the lips on the skin of my throat, two hard dents of two sharp teeth, touching, pausing. I closed my eyes in languorous ecstasy and waited—waited with a beating heart.

Dracula storms in, carrying a sack.

Mina/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! Beware how you meddle with him, or you'll have to deal with me.

Wyrd Sister 3

You yourself never loved; you never love!

Mina/Dracula

Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now, go! Go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.

Wyrd sister 1

Are we to have nothing tonight?

Dracula throws a bag upon the floor. The bag writhes and cries like a baby. The women rip the child apart and eat.

Sydney/Jonathan

The women closed round, whilst I was aghast with horror; but as I looked they disappeared and with them the dreadful bag. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight. No man knows till he has suffered from the night how sweet and how dear to his eye the morning can be. The following night they came for me. Dracula's brides. Even as Dracula had left me, his papers made in order by my hand under his ever scrutinizing eye, the brides were left to guard my person that I might never leave this castle, might never see my Mina or my England ever again. When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count:-- "Back, back to your own place! Your time is not yet come! Wait. Have patience. Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours. I threw open the door and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips.

The Wyrd Sisters scream as they are discovered. Vampires stamp about the stage and howl as Johnathan is trapped in his room.

Jonathan

As I write there is in the passage below a sound of many tramping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily, doubtless the boxes of Earth that Dracula seeks to send with him on his passage to England aboard the Demeter. Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them. The door is shut, the chains rattle. I can hear the

creaking of lock and bolt. In the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips , and the chorus of the Szgany as they pass into the distance.

I am alone in the house with those awful women. I shall not remain alone with them. I shall try to scale down the castle walls. I must find a way from this dreadful place. And then away for home! Away to the quickest and nearest train! Away from this cursed spot, from this cursed land, where the devil and his children still walk with cursed feet. At least God's mercy is better than that of these monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep, as a man. Goodbye, Mina!

Mina (as herself)

Goodbye my love!

Sydney tries to bolt away through the audience. The vampires laugh. They chase after him to cheers of Run, Sydney. He is confronted by Laveaux and attempts to strike her, but she easily evades and lurches onto him. He screams as she claws him.

Serenity the Goth

Your glamour is wearing off, Mina.

Laveaux The Voodoo Doll

May I play with him, Mistress?

Mina

Please do. But let's make a show of it. Ladies!

Entertainment #2

Projection Reads: The Country Vampire and the City Vampire.

Serenity, Laveaux, and Ruthven surround Sydney and carry him to the stage. Square dancing music plays. They give Sydney a cowboy hat, a rope, and a gun. Sydney tries to shoot them but the bullets are ineffectual. They take his rope and tie him up with it and then make him dance by shooting at his feet. They shoot him in the foot. He collapses onto the floor. The vampires clog as they drag him off of the stage.

Projected Title Reads: As Idle as a painted ship upon a painted sea

Dracula travels to Whitby aboard the Demeter

Chimney Sweep sells newspaper with headline of Mysterious Storm Plunders. O'Malley is the captain, reading the log of the Demeter.

Chimney Sweep/Newsie

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Ship Demeter found floating unmanned at Whitby. No human left alive! Only the ship's captain remained, dead for days and chained to the wheel. After it came aground, a giant wolf was seen running away into the nearby cemetery grounds of Whitby Abbey. Oh, what could have transpired aboard the ship! Just fancy!

O'malley/Captain

(chains herself to the mast. During her speech, Dracula slowly moves among the other vampires, destroying them as he did the sailors, until only he and Omalley are left onstage. The sound of raging storms, overtaken by the music towards the end)

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted sea. They are gone, all gone. Days of storms, cargo only silver and boxes of earth. A strange man is reported aboard the ship. Each day, another sailor disappears. The last sailor, a hearty Russian man, went down to undo the boxes of earth to try to find our deadly stowaway. He ran back up, screaming, and threw himself into the sea. And so, I wait, alone. I am growing weaker, and the night is coming on.

Projection Reads: Sometimes, The Voice

Sometimes the Voice, it speaks to me
...speaks to me, speaks to me...
Whispering wicked words like thunder in my ears.

Sometimes the Voice, it calls to me
...calls to me, calls to me...
Bidding me to follow through a mass of formless fears.

Sometimes the Voice, it touches me
...touches me, touches me...
Caressing and subduing in a torrid, taunting way.

Sometimes the Voice, it smothers me
...smothers me, smothers me...

Enclosing me within an arid tomb of rank decay.

Sometimes the Voice it sings to me
...sings to me, sings to me...
Beautiful and boundless through the nightfall does it rise.

Sometimes the Voice, it lies to me
...lies to me, lies to me...
I have no choice in trusting all the treason in his eyes.

Sometimes the voice it comes to me
...comes to me, comes to me...
Late within the darkness after midnight's mournful cry.

Sometimes the voice it tastes of me
...tastes of me, tastes of me...
Draining me with every sip but never drinking dry.

Dracula is upon her. The lights go dark. The sound of waves lapping at the seaside, mingled with sounds of Victorian life in London.

Projection Reads: Letter from Miss Mina Murray to Miss Lucy Westenra, reciprocated

Laveaux enters as Mina Murray. Buffy enters as Lucy Westenra. Seward is played by Serenity, Morris by O'malley, and Godalming by Ruthven.

Laveaux/Mina

My Dearest Lucy, Forgive me my long delay in writing, but I have been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying. I am longing to be with you, and by the sea, where we can walk together freely and build our castles in the air. I am so lonely with Jonathan, my love, away from me in that cold forbidding land. Oh, why did he have to leave me here on my own, with our impending wedding so near?

Lucy

My Dearest Mina; We have told all our secrets to each other since we were children; we have slept together and eaten together, and laughed and cried together; and now, though I have spoken, I would like to speak more. My dear it never rains but it pours. Just fancy! I have had three proposals in one day.

(As she names each of the suitors they are introduced and surround her)

I feel sorry, really and truly sorry, for two of the poor fellows. Well, my dear, number one came just before lunch. I told you of him, Dr. John Seward, the lunatic-asylum man, with the strong jaw and the good forehead.

Number two came after lunch. He is such a nice fellow, an American from Texas, and he looks so young and so fresh that it seems almost impossible that he has been to so many places and had so many adventures. He said to me:

Morris

Miss Lucy, I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixin's of your little shoes, but I guess if you wait till you find a man that is you will go join them seven young women with the lamps when you quit. Won't you just hitch up alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?

Lucy

Oh, about number 3—I needn't tell you of number three, need I? My beloved Arthur Holmwood, Lord Godalming. It seemed only a moment from his coming into the room till both his arms were round me, and he was kissing me. My dear Mina, why are men so noble when we women are so little worthy of them? Why can't they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save all this trouble?

Projection Reads: Lucy of the Setting Sun

Dracula enters. A dance begins. Music plays as Lucy moves back and forth between the three suitors. The band plays and sings "Possum Kingdom." Lucy is with Lord Godalming when Dracula enters the dance. Lucy leaves Godalming to be with him. They dance together, Dracula bites Lucy twice during the interim. The other three men are ultimately left behind. Dracula sings the final refrain of the song and throws Lucy to the ground.

Mina/Dracula

And poor Lucy, wandering in the night, bitten twice, longing for her love to come again, to make the pain of life go away...

Dracula circles behind Lucy, caresses her blonde locks and face. She surrounds her, kisses her.

Mina/Dracula
E.B.B Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Suddenly Mina is on her, rabid, hands sweeping across her body and stabbing her neck brutally with bites. She ravages her, beating her, leaving her weeping and fallen on the stage.

Mina/Dracula
That is how much I love you. I love you as a hunter loves his prey.

Lucy weeps and then falls over to the ground. Lights change. Moon rise. Three vampires appear in silhouette behind her, carrying a casket. They place it beside her and dump her body into it without ritual.

Mina/Dracula
Oh, God, receive into your giant heaving bosom this reckless corpse. In life, she did a great job of not fucking every man she met, so if that is worthy of your kingdom so be it. She toyed with men's hearts, played wicked games with their minds and generally spoiled any positive view they might have of women. And still they loved her. Pursued her. Oh, how terribly Victorian. So receive her with grace and bounty, and may she feed the rats and worms that they may live another year. *(Pause)* Or, God, if she be restless and not still, if she ache and pulse and writhe in a way the dead do

not, then let her rise and walk and place fear in the hearts of children and saints alike. As she has been turned by me, she will turn others to you with their fear of her dread countenance. Let the Earth give up this Thing in the coffin.

The coffin opens and Lucy, unstable, rises up. Music plays softly as she speaks.

Three Wyrd Sisters
Bloofer Lady Rise
Beneath the Night Skies
Children, oh children,
Children repent
Bloofer Lady, Bloofer Lady
Is not heaven sent.

**Projection Reads: Upon the Conversion of Lucy
Westenra**

William Blake's "The Little Girl Lost"

Buffy/Lucy

During the song Lucy dances like a dead thing, seduces audience members and attacks two children as they are lead out and fed to her by the other vampires.

In futurity
I prophetic see
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)

Shall arise and seek
From her maker meek,
And the desart wild
Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told;
She had wander'd long
Hearing wild birds' song.

'Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree.
Do father, mother weep,
Where can Lyca sleep?

'Lost in desert wild
Is your little child.
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep?

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid.

*The fearless vampire hunters appear, Van Helsing
practically carried by the vampires playing Morris,
Godalming and Seward.*

Serenity/Seward

Now is your time, Herr Doktor. Reveal to us the power of the cross
when confronted with the absolute evil of the grave.

O'malley/Morris

Yes, doctor, show us the way to destroy this unholyest of unholyes,
this scourge of the realm.

*They give Van Helsing a cross but he cannot hold it up due
to his frailty. Finally, Seward drives the cross through his
hand so that he cannot drop it. They push him forward
towards Lucy. He staggers towards her as they cheer him
on. Lucy lashes out at him and knocks him to the ground.*

Serenity/Seward

Oh, my, that must of hurt.

O'malley/Morris

That's a pain he'll not soon forget.

They help him up again and push him forward, cheering. The same result. Van Helsing is tortured as they mockingly cheer him on. Finally he falls and does not rise.

O'malley/Morris

Dammit, Lucy, you killed him again. Let 'er rip.

Lucy tears open a vein in her wrist and pours blood into Van Helsing's mouth. After a moment, he stirs and moans.

Van Helsing

Oh no oh no oh no. I was almost there. I was almost gone. I could feel the light.

Serenity/Seward

Thank goodness we got you back. Wouldn't want you dying on us.

O'malley/Morris

You'd be lonely in heaven. Nobody's there. No one good, at least.

Ruthven/Godalming

Now get back in there and take that bitch down.

They shove him back into the fray, this time with a stake and mallet.

Buffy/Lucy

It's time for my death scene, doctor. Please, be gentle.

Lucy lies on top of the coffin and awaits him. Van Helsing looks around, realizing he can actually dispose of one of them. Tentatively, he moves towards her. She lies still. He places the stake upon her chest and raises high the hammer.

Buffy/Lucy

(with false fear)

No, oh no, don't do it Doctor Van Helsing.

He brings the hammer down with a yell. In one simple motion, she raises her arm to catch the hammer while grabbing the stake and plunging it into his leg. He screams in pain while the vampires laugh and watch him roll about in agony.

Mina/Dracula

Of course, in Stoker's classic the good doctor does actually vanquish the fearsome vampire Lucy Westenra, bringing to an end the sordid life of a woman with virtually nothing to offer, except her virtue.

Dracula/Mina and Lucy/Buffy sing twice through the following verses. The other vampires join in one verse behind and sing as a "round." Lucy climbs back into the coffin. Dracula slams it shut.

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid.

**Projection Reads: From Dr. Seward's Journal
22 September**

Serenity/Seward

(As she and Renfield carry off Lucy in her coffin)

What a fine fellow is Quincey Morris! I believe in my heart of hearts that he suffered as much about Lucy's death as any of us; but he bore himself through it like a moral Viking! If America can go on breeding men like that, she will be a power in the world indeed.

Projection Reads: His Mind Has Turned to Spiders

Renfield

But I never did introduce the good doctor formally. Abraham Van Helsing, friend of Dr. Seward, is sent for by Dr. Seward in an attempt to discover the cause of Lucy's ailment. Being German, I suppose, he immediately thinks of vampires and goes about convincing the others of their existence. Renfield, goes about eating flies and sobbing about the coming of the Master. Why is Renfield even in this book? His mind is turned to spiders. Spider Mind, Mind the Spiders. Lovely sugar for the flies, Master comes, midnight sighs, then spiders, then a kitty, oh so pretty, pretty kitty, pretty soon, in dawn and gloom, Master awakens from the tomb.

Three Wyrd Sisters

(Entranced by Renfield's strange ways)

His Mind is turned to Spiders.
Spider mind, mind the spiders,
Lovely sugar for the flies,
Master comes, midnight sighs,
Then the spiders, then a kitty,
Oh so pretty, pretty kitty
Pretty soon, in dawn and gloom
Master awakens from the tomb.

Renfield wanders off, followed by the Wyrd Sisters.

Mina/Dracula

And now, my good friends and benefactors, the good doctor will explain for all to see, what it is to be a vampire.

Van Helsing

You are mad. Vampirism is simply a madness, a madness with the strength of evils long dormant behind it. Leave me be.

Mina/Dracula

Oh, but what is it to be mad, Herr Doktor? Tell us that. I believe you to be much closer to madness than my poor little self. What is it like to be a vampire? It is the nature of longing, no different from humans. It is the lust, the passion inconsolable. It is longing, nothing but longing, the taste of longing. Humans and vampires alike desire nothing more, than *more*. We want a life you would want to base a movie on. We all want meaning, and we substitute diversion. We want to feel the love of which we speak, to taste our lives in hyperbole. We long to *do* but settle for sitting. Vampires don't watch tv. But, do, let us continue with our story.

Projection Reads: Mina visits Renfield at the Asylum

Renfield

I sit in my room, eating the spiders spindling corner to corner. In between feedings the good doctor brings a visitor, a lady, a Murray, no hurry, no worry.

Mina enters.

She has come to question me of who I am and what I do. I gulp my spiders and flies and let her in. They seek to trick me, but the master has warned me and I know what they do, what they seek. Him. They seek him, his knowledge. But I know, and I am prepared, with the strength of the master with me.
“Why, I myself am an instance of a man who had a strange belief. Indeed, it was no wonder that my friends were alarmed, and

insisted on my being put under control. I used to fancy that life was a positive and perpetual entity, and that by consuming a multitude of live things, no matter how low in the scale of creation, one might indefinitely prolong life. At times I held the belief so strongly that I actually tried to take human life. The doctor here will bear me out that on one occasion I tried to kill him for the purpose of strengthening my vital powers by the assimilation with my own body of his life through the medium of his blood—relying, of course upon the scriptural phrase, “For the blood is the life.” Thou, indeed, the vendor of a certain nostrum has vulgarized the truism to the very point of contempt.

Laveaux/Mina

Goodbye, Mr. Renfield.

Renfield

And Ms. Murray?

Laveaux/Mina

Yes?

Renfield

Don't stay. Go away. GO AWAY! Goodbye, my dear—I pray God I may never see your sweet face again.”

Ruthven

Meanwhile, Johnathan has finally sent a letter to his beloved Mina, informing her of his location, a mental facility in Nuremburg. Ah, lovely Nuremburg, a city best known for the subtle stench of beer and Nazis.

**Projection Reads: Mina Murray's Journal
19 August**

Laveaux/Mina

Joy, joy, joy! Although not all joy. At last news of Jonathan. The dear fellow has been ill; that is why he did not write. He suffers from a violent brain fever this six weeks. He has suffered a fearful shock and raves of wolves and poisons and blood.

Others

Wolves and poisons and blood.

Laveaux/Mina

Of ghosts and demons.

Others

Ghosts and demons.

Laveaux/Mina

Dr. Hawkins sent me on the letter, and wrote himself, oh, so kindly. I am to leave in the morning and go over to Jonathan, and to help him nurse him, if necessary. Dr. Hawkins says it would not be a bad thing if we were to be married there.

Ruthven

She has gone to meet him and they return together, Jonathan's fragmented mind displaying the misgivings of dementia and fear of the dark lord Dracula. Dracula, meanwhile, has been placing his many coffins of earth throughout the city of London, making his homes away from home. He is lush in the city, resplendent, alive once more! How charming, after so many centuries, he is again like a child. A child with a large, new, endlessly bloody toy.

Projection reads: Dracula Hunts in London

The band plays "She's like Heroin" as Dracula moves through the night delighting in the women of London. Mina and Jonathan enter the stage again during this piece. They embrace and Jonathan leaves for his bed.

Sidney/Jonathan

transfixed, insane

Racing blood, burning blood, pushing blood, blowing blood, savage blood, fire blood, water blood, glowing blood, phantom blood, living blood, dying blood, racing, racing, racing, hot as sunlight, cool as shade, random blood, stranger's blood, building blood and taking blood...

Laveaux/Mina

Sadly, unable to deal with him

Goodnight my love.

Sidney/Jonathan

In a moment of clarity

Soon, we will be married, and all these evils left behind.

As Jonathan walks away Dracula/Mina touches his forehead. He begins chanting the litany about blood again as he crumbles to the floor. Mina walks downstage and

prepares for bed. Dracula watches her, entranced. She is slowly seduced into a trance as the music plays.

Projection Reads: Satan's Serenade

Laveaux/Mina

Oh, Jonathan, how very Victorian we are. You in your room, I in mine. How lovely would it be were you to come to my window tonight. I am cold, and lonely, my mind strange. I need a comforting sleep cannot bring. You my Romeo, climbing high the wall that separates us. I, Juliet, letting down my guard. I want you. No, no, I need you. I am not sure I know the difference.

Mina/Dracula

I am the difference between want and need.

Laveaux/Mina

You are the difference.

Mina/Dracula

Want asks you to perform deeds of little consequence and little potential punishment for the desire.

Laveaux/Mina

And need?

Mina/Dracula

Necessity commands that you destroy anyone or anything to satisfy that desire. Therein lies the difference, my lover.

Laveaux/Mina

My lover.

Mina/Dracula

I want the sun.

Laveaux/Mina

Yes?

Mina/Dracula

But I need the night.

Laveaux/Mina

Need the night.

Mina/Dracula

I desire the day.

Laveaux/Mina

Day...

Mina/Dracula

But I require the moon.

Laveaux/Mina

I love the moon.

Mina/Dracula

I want life, but I require death. I want love, but I need blood. I want you. I want you.

Laveaux/Mina

Want you...

Mina/Dracula

But I need your blood. I need your life. I require your days and your nights. The children you will never have. The sunsets you will never see. All will pulse through my veins, be in me. I will have them.

Laveaux/Mina

Have them...

Mina rolls her head to face him and they kiss. Music swells as he bites her throat.

Mina/Dracula

I am here.

Laveaux/Mina

You are here.

Projection Reads: Mina Harkers Journal
“A pillar of cloud by day and a fire by night”

Laveaux/Mina

I thought that I was asleep, and waiting for Jonathan to come. I was very anxious about him, and I was powerless to act; my feet, and my hands, and my brain were weighted, so that nothing could proceed at the usual pace. And so I slept uneasily and thought. Then, it began to dawn upon me that the air was heavy, and dank, and cold. I put back the clothes from my face and found,

to my surprise, that all was dim around. The gaslight which I had left lit for Jonathan, but turned down, came only like a tiny red spark through the fog, which had evidently grown thicker and poured into the room. Then it occurred to me that I had shut the window before I had come to bed. I would have got out to make certain on the point, but some leaden lethargy seemed to chain my limbs and even my will. I lay still and endured; that was all. I closed my eyes, but could see through my eyelids. It is wonderful what tricks our dreams play us, and how conveniently we can imagine. The mist grew thicker and thicker and I could see now how it came in, for I could see it like smoke—or with the white energy of boiling water—pouring in, not through the window, but through the joinings in the door. It got thicker and thicker, till it seemed as if it became concentrated into a sort of pillar of cloud in the room, through the top of which I could see the light of the gas shining like a red eye. Things began to whirl through my brain just as the cloudy column was now whirling in the room, and through it all came the scriptural words “a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.” Was it indeed some such spiritual guidance that was coming to me in my sleep? But the pillar was composed of both the day and the nightguiding, for the fire was in the red eye, which as the thought got a new fascination for me; till, as I looked, the fire divided, and seemed to shine on me like two red eyes, such as Lucy told me of. The last conscious effort that imagination made me was to show me a livid white face bending over me out of the mist. I must be careful of such dreams...

Projection Reads: The Bride of Corinth
By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Laveaux/Mina

It contents not thee
To have driven me
An untimely shroud of death to wear?

But from out my coffin's prison-bounds
By a wond'rous fate I'm forced to rove
While the blessings and the chaunting sounds
That your priests delight in, useless prove.

From my grave to wander I am forced
Still to see the God's long server'd link,
Still to love the bridegroom I have lost,
And the lifeblood of his heart to drink.

When his race is run,

I must hasten on,
And the young must neath my vengeance seek.

The Three Wyrd Sisters encircle Mina/Laveaux as she sings. They wrap their chains around her and lead her offstage as one of their own when she concludes her song.

Ruthven

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. How remarkable it all is. Wondrous Strange. Mina is but days, moments, perhaps seconds, from succumbing to the same fate that enthralled lovely Lucy Westenra, Lucy “of the Western sun”, the setting sun. Fortunately, our ferocious vampire killers are able to hunt down Dracula’s earthen tombs and destroy the coffins of Romanian dirt that he has deposited throughout the city of London and Whitby Abbey. Dracula, his homes violated and his safe coffins destroyed, is forced to flee by ship, returning to his homeland. But, dear friends, gracious observers of our tale, we take a moment before our thrill-seeking climax to present a final indignity upon one so deserving, one who needs not be named. But for now, I must eat someone. Something. Any volunteers? Or must I volunteer someone myself...

Entertainment #3

Calliope music plays. Van Helsing is brought center stage and hanged ceremonially. He struggles and resists in the air while music plays and the surrounding vampires “ooh” and “aah” as if they were watching a fireworks display. As he hangs and gasps for air Sydney awakens from his entranced state and rushes forward to help him. The vampires pull him back.

Sydney

No. NO! Leave him alone. Get away with him, you fiends.

O’Malley

Oh, it’s alright. He’s German. He rather likes it.

Mina

Restrain him.

The Three Wyrd Sisters grab Sydney and seat him in a chair, wrapping rope around his chest to tie him down.

Sydney

Let me go! Let me go! I can’t watch this anymore.

Three Wyrd Sisters

If you can't watch
Then you can't see
If you can't see
Then you can't watch
He looks but doesn't see
He looks but doesn't see
Okay with me
Okay with me.

The Wyrđ Sisters stab out one of Sydney's eyes as he screams. They eat it as Jonathan is dumped out of the chair.

Mina

If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out.

Projection: Renfield's Just Deserts

Renfield

Our intrepid heroes leave England in hot pursuit of the ship carrying Dracula. Why are they in such a hurry? They know where he goes. But urgency is to emergency what impatience is to impotence in the frail world of man. But Dracula, before leaving, pays one final visit to his good friend Renfield. Oh, master, my master, from the blood moons rise to the setting dawn, I have the strength you saved for me. I am the lost remnant of your conscious am I not? Oh, devour me!

Laveaux/Dracula

Yes, my pet. I have brought for you a gift. The gift sought by so many.

Dracula breaks Renfield's arms and back. He lies on the floor, writhing.

Laveaux/Dracula

My spider. Now, you are invertebrate. Now you have achieved your station.

Projection: Dracula Flees to His Homeland

Three Wyrđ Sisters

Over mountains and seas
Cross forests of the slain
Led hither and thither

By Dracula's Chain
O unending plain

Renfield

Mina is nearly changed, a near changeling, her birthing a miracle excluded from science. Soon and soon and soon at the howling of the moon and the rising of the moon she will see through eyes immortal and taste a taste so new. But Dracula is near and the warriors steel themselves for battle to save the lovely Mina Murray Harker. Then finally, mercifully, our heroes have caught up to the Servant Szany of Drakul, as the snow drives against their faces and frosts their squinting eyes.

Laveaux/Mina
Dracula, p. 398

By this time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchesters, and at the mercy of Lord Godalming and Dr. Seward, had given in and made no further resistance. The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the whole group fell long upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth, some of which the rude falling from the cart had scattered over him. He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well. As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

The casket of Dracula is opened and we see the true Dracula for the first time. He glares sullenly out of the casket while the vampire portraying Morris and Sydney as Harker savage Dracula with the weaponry described.

Laveaux/Mina

But, on the instant, came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I saw it shear through the throat; whilst at the same moment Mr. Morris' bowie knife plunged into the heart.

Sydney screams in triumph, thinking he has killed Dracula.

Laveaux/Mina

It was like a miracle; but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight. The castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky, and every stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun.

Sydney

I did it. I did it, didn't I? I killed Dracula? I really killed him. Wow. What happens now? Does everyone turn back into a human? Or die? Or what? I told you, you stupid bitch, I would not let you get away with this. You bunch of vampire bitches! Fuck all of you! I've got more of my ancestor in me than I thought. Just as he killed the vampire, so have I.

Projection Reads: Bring Me to Life

Dracula

Rising from the coffin

And just as he was an imbecile, so are you.

As Bring Me To Life plays, Dracula, in rock star regalia, walks about the stage and blesses all of his brides. The vampires remaining in the audience walk to the stage to be blessed and then kneel upstage.

You do have much of Quincy in you. He was another idiot from Texas. I am not certain if there are any Texans who are not idiots.

Dracula is a gigantic, powerful figure. Sydney cannot speak from horror.

No, Mr. Morris. You do have much of Mr. Quincy Morris in you. He thought he could kill me as well. But even in Stoker's own words, he tells the reader that I cannot have perished. What will kill a vampire, Mr. Morris? Will a couple of knives wielded by an English nancy boy and a Texas clown kill a vampire? Surely you must know something of legend.

Sydney

No, I mean, yes, I don't know...

Dracula

Seizing him by the throat

No, please tell me of my frailty. What does it take to kill me? A knife in the throat?

Sydney tries to speak but cannot breathe with Draculas powerful hand at his throat.

Dracula

What's that? I couldn't quite make that out. Whatsa matter? Vampire got your throat?

He listens as Sydney gasps for air.

Dracula

No, Mr. Sydney. I did not die on that day. Believe me, I know the taste of Death, and he was not there on that day. At least not for me. Just as they began to attack me, I turned into a mist and floated unfettered away on the cool winter wind. The sun had set in truth but an instant before. A narrow escape, but a workable one. I said that Death was not there that day. That is not true. He did not come for me, but the simple Quincy Morris did fall on that day, beaten down by a Szany servant that could neither read nor write. My money was on Morris, to be honest. I thought he would be good for something. Apparently, he was only good at dying.

He is choking Sydney, killing him. The crowd begins to chant behind him. Dracula tosses his body to the ground.

Vampires

So long, Sydney. Poor old Sydney.

Projection: Walt Whitman's Leaves of Blood

Dracula

"I am the poet of the body; I am the poet of the soul. The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me; The first I graft and increase upon myself—the latter I translate into a new tongue."

So now, like the great Quincy Morris, you prove once again that the only thing a Morris is good for, is dying.

Projection: Denn die Todten reiten schnell For the Dead Travel Fast

Dracula

Simple, life, so simple
Lives and Dies and dies and lives
Only moments red and shaken remain

There is pain
Only pain

A single veil, brittle, a slip
Between a world so tired
And a world unknown

Why is life so good
That makes it worth keeping?
Can we enjoy waking
Without the pleasure of sleeping?

There are others all around.
They are bathed in fear
Loss, alone, unknown
They are déjà vu
Someone you thought you knew
Once, in a dream
So they seem, so they seem

The dead travel fast.
They desire, admire you
They long to devour you
They move to control you

The dead travel fast,
Unseen and unknown
Unwanted, unthought of
And always, alone.

Please don't be deceived
And don't be misled
And never forget
The speed of the dead.

Welcome home.
Life is abnormal, anomaly
The Death is the Life.
And life just a dream
Within dream within dream within dream.

The Dead Travel Fast.
The Dead Travel Fast.

Dracula

Good evening, my lovelies.
To Mina
Good evening, my chosen.

Mina

Great Lord.

Dracula

But shall I finish the story? Or will you, my pet?

Mina

Oh, do you, my Lord.

Dracula

For seven long years I waited at Castle Bran, calling nightly and softly on the breeze for my true love Mina to return to me. Finally, she came, with Van Helsing and the Harker husband and their new child, young Quincey. She led them all to me, my conspirator. They were surprised at my increase in health. Harker I killed quickly, as he was of no consequence. He cried out to God. I broke his neck and fed his body to the flames. The young child was six and lovely, and I thought of turning him to keep him with me, but instead I rewarded my three eldest and loveliest brides. They've always had a penchant for children. They ate him alive while Mina could do nothing but stare into my eyes, oblivious to the screams of her child. That is when I knew that your love was true. He called out to you, and you stayed with me. You are my chosen.

Mina

Thank you, my lord.

Dracula

And let us not forget the good Doctor. Van Helsing, I trust your sleep has been restful this past year.

Van Helsing

Go to Hell, fiend.

Dracula

This is hell, nor are you out of it. I trust you have made great friends of the worms and the bugs that Renfield so loves? Your only friends in the Underground. Perhaps you and Renfield would enjoy more quality time together, bathing in each others company?

Van Helsing

Our father, which art in heave—

Dracula

slapping him

Your belief astounds even me. Oh God, why hast thou forsaken him? Oh, what's that, God? He's an idiot? And you're repaying him for the Holocaust? My oh my, how he does move in

mysterious ways. Well, prepare yourself, my good man. You have only just begun to rot.

Dracula

And now, Mina, my love, can it be that we have been together for more than a century? Amazing to me, how quickly time does move.

Mina

How few days make up a century.

Dracula

And so tonight, our anniversary, I will grant you a single wish. Anything your unbeating heart desires.

Mina

Desire is such a tenuous passion my lord. I prefer to believe in the delight of necessity.

Dracula

Necessity? Are the two not intertwined, inexorably?

Mina

No, my lord. Shall I tell you the difference between desire and necessity, between want and need?

Dracula

Yes, I am curious.

Mina

walking behind Dracula, caressing him as she speaks, entrancing him

Oh, how quickly we forget. Desire pulls you to perform acts of little consequence and little potential punishment for the desire.

Dracula

And need?

Mina

Necessity dictates that one would destroy anyone or anything to satisfy their desire. Therein lies the difference, my lover.

Mina pulls a stake out, lifts it high, and pushes it into Dracula's heart from his back. Blood flies, Dracula screams and moans in pain and wonderment. He falls

backwards. All vampires spit blood and fall over onto the stage, feeling his pain.

Mina

This is what I need, my dear lord. I need you to understand how much I hate you. I need you to know that I have awaited this moment since my turning, since you held me powerless and forced me to watch my son die. I need you to feel the pain I have borne for a century. You see, the blood of a man is temporary, fleeting, they are born and the die and are scattered to the four winds. The blood of a woman carries life, powerful, neverending. Eternal, immortal. As a woman, I was immortal before you made me what I am today. You took away my immortality when you fed my dear son to those three. Now, I am merely undead. I don't expect you to understand the difference between the two. For all of your talk, one might believe that you yourself are from Texas. Aside from that affected accent.

Dracula dies. A moment of shock. All watch, uncertain, fearful of Mina's power.

Van Helsing

I knew there was still some shred of humanity left within you, my child. Praise God! Oh, holy of holies. You have done what no one has managed in six hundred years. But why have you waited so long?

Mina

My dear doctor, I have had to await the proper moment. In all things, patience. My powers have had to grow so that I could disguise my intent while entrancing him with my glamour. It is a day long awaited, and now that it is here I feel somehow content.

Van Helsing

Please, Mina, release me now so that I might be a man again. I am not yet turned. I pray you, let me go now.

Mina

No.

Van Helsing

No?

Mina

No!

Van Helsing

But why? Please, let me go, or kill me, at the least. I cannot endure this unlife.

Mina

Put him back in the box for another year.

Van Helsing

NO,NO, Mina, Why? For the love of God, why?

Mina

Because you are no better than he. A self-serving, self righteous, condescending man with a Victorian mind that needs to learn the power of Womanhood. Someday, perhaps I will take pity on you and kill you. For now, you are here to remind me that once I was human, a living woman. And never should that be forgotten. Put him in the box. He disgusts me.

Van helsing

Mina, how can you be so cruel? How can you torture me like this?

Mina

You don't think we have been tortured? You don't think we have been tormented and slain for being different? We did not welcome this un-life, but it is all that we have. And life finds a way, and is not readily given.

Van helsing

Monstrous! You are inhuman!

Mina

Who are the monsters? How many humans have been tortured, raped, killed by other humans? How many die to satisfy the aberrant lusts of the powerful? Oh, no, Herr Doktor, this is not the undead side peaking out at you, these are the human impulses shining through. Perhaps we need to redefine monster. Perhaps we vampires are merely more human than human.

Van Helsing

Fiend! There is nothing human in you. You are lost, insane, irrational ziege!

Mina

Ziege am I? Bitch? We have sunken so low, have we doctor? Lower than the grave. Yes, so be it, bitch I am. I like the way the

word folds around my teeth. You once said of me doctor—what was it?—ah, yes, that I had the heart of a woman but the brain of a man—a man’s brain were he much gifted, you said. Wrong. Wrong on so many things, Herr Doktor. I have the brain of a woman. And the heart of a man. For I am smart enough to know pain, and pain is all that lies in the heart of a man. I am a Queen of pain, and apply it in royal fashion. Perhaps I should take a little peak at your heart to see which gender it possesses? What was that, Doktor? I thought so. Ah, well. Maybe next year.

(To OMalley and Laveaux)

Take him to his home. Before putting him inside, cut off his tongue and each of his limbs. Bathe him with your blood before burying. And Omalley?

Omalley

Yes, Lady.

Mina

Take your time. We have nothing—but time.

OMalley

With relish.

Mina

And do something with that Morris character. The smell of his blood is distracting. Why don’t we give him a bit of ours that he might sleep with the good doctor to awaken in one year’s time? He is a playful cat, we shouldn’t throw away the string.

Serenity

Yeah. He’s cute too. I’ll bring him around.

The vampires carry off Van Helsing as a proccessional while the music plays. The body of Sydney Morris is ceremonially carried offstage.

Mina

Another long and endless night. Another wall, another fire, tonight, my friends, we rejoice in each other, in our bodies, our minds, our thoughts, our histories, the weight of a thousand years in every breath. Breath together. Breath. Taste the wind. Fly, fly.

Vampires

The blood is the life.

Mina

The life is the blood.

The vampires carry Dracula's body and place it back within his tomb. The lid is closed. Mina lies on top of it.

Mina

Once, Dracula was a man.

Vampires

Dracula was a man.

Mina

And never should that be forgotten.

Lights out except on Renfield. Vampires leave stage and return, each bearing a candle.

Renfield

Oh, I can't wait to see how all of this ends. Sometime near the end of the world, and so, until the end of the world. What a great story. Kings and queens and peasants and puppets and ghouls and blood, yes, blood, the blood of history and ages past and to come. And what of poor old Renfield? Oh, I died of course. Dracula attacked me as a distraction so that Mina would be left unguarded. But he came back later and gave me his gift that I might walk with him forever. Or, nearly so. And what of Bram Stoker? Funny you should ask. Funny hmmm, not funny haha, but, yes, funny haha too. Whatever happened to Bram Stoker, the dread author of this unearthly tome? Dead. Of syphilis, they say. So they say. Who are they, anyway? Stoker, oh Stoker, decried that he poked her. Syphilitic symbiotic strangely homoerotic. And I, and I, and I and I? I took the road less traveled by, and that has made all the difference. I need not eat a bug or bird, not with so many peoples, with so much blood rushing through them. Mine doesn't move, of course, but yours does, doesn't it? Can you feel it rushing through you? Right now, this instant, can you feel it pushing itself from wall to wall deep, deep inside you? Do you know what it's doing? It's looking for a way to escape. Nothing is born of this world willing to be held captive. Not man nor woman, child or ancient, not even blood. Sweet blood. Free it, friends. Let us help you free your blood!

A clamour, the sounds of wolves and winds, escalating. The lights and candles go out. Whispers in darkness, the slamming of a tomb. The wall sconces with candles come back up. The vampires are gone, leaving no trace. The band plays Bleed Like Me through the blackout and audience departure. There is no curtain call.