



AUDITION PACK

Taunton Thespians

Launch event:

Wednesday 31st July 2024 at 7.30pm **Audition dates**

Sunday 4th August 11.00am

Wednesday 7th and Thursday 8th August at 7.30pm

All at Thespians' HQ, The Place, Wilfred Road, Taunton TA1 1TB

For further details email: productions@tauntonthespians.org.uk





Audition form

About the production

Dracula by Bram Stoker, adapted by Jasmine Otley

Brand new adaptation of Bram Stoker's classic gothic novel. Script includes the main characters from the novel with Count Dracula himself front and centre. Visceral, sexy and not for the faint hearted!

The setting: 1897

Director: Jo Case

- **Auditions:** Sunday 4th August at 11.00am, Wednesday 7th & Thursday 8th August at 7.30pm at The Place.
- **Rehearsals:** Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7.30pm at The Place starting 12th August
- **Performances:** Tuesday 5th to Saturday 9th November 2024 (plus Saturday matinee) at Taunton Brewhouse Theatre.

Responsibilities: in line with the Thespians' Production Document, actors are expected to arrive promptly for all rehearsals, photo shoots and publicity activities as called in the rehearsal schedule and to learn their lines and moves according to production schedule. Everyone is expected to behave with consideration and respect to everyone involved with the production. Cast and crew must be members of the Society.

About you

- **Name:**
- **Phone number:**
- **Email address:**
- **Age (if under 18):**
- **Preferred role or roles:**

- Holiday dates or any other planned absences during rehearsal period:

- If not cast, would you be prepared to take on a backstage position? Or front of house?

About the acting roles

Please note these are rough character ages.

Johnathan Harker;

Age 20-30

Conscientious and hard-working Solicitor

A man that always tries to do the right thing. Engaged to Mina Murray

Dracula;

Age not important, must be able to play and younger

Harsh and cruel, but knows what it is to love beyond life

Mina Murray;

Age 20-30

School teacher. She is the embodiment of the Victorian woman

Lucy Westenra;

Age 20 – 30

Desperate to marry. She represents the “New Woman” movement.

Mr. Reinfield;

Any Age

Must be able to do physical theatre. Fanatically devoted servant

Dr. Jack Seward;

Age 20 – 40

Awkard/Clumsy

Administrator of Insane Asylum. Obsessed with Lucy

Quincey P. Morris;

Age 20 – 30

Brash Texan

Represents everything masculine. Complete contrast to nobility and Drs. Dies a hero

Arthur Holmwood;

Age 20 – 30

Nobility, becomes a Lord. Becomes Lucy’s fiancé. Funds the hunt to find Dracula

Women 1 2 & 3

Any age. Must be comfortable within own body. Overtly Sexual – seduce Johnathan

Captain of the Demeter

Any age. Dies strapped to his ships wheel trying to stop the Demeter from reaching her destination

Prof. Abigail (being changed to Agatha) Van Helsing

Age 50 plus

Strong female character. Fierce & straight to the point Represents the New Woman movement in a different way to Lucy.

Audition pieces – see following pages under character names.

Character Script reference	Audition pack page	Character Script reference	Audition pack page
Jonathan Harker: Act 1 Sc1 Act4 Sc4 Pg 50-52	p 4 p 5 - 6	Quincey P. Morris: Act4 Sc1 Pg 43-45	p 23-24
Dracula: Act1 Sc1 Pg 1-2 Act 2 Sc7 Pg 26-28	p 7 p 8-9	Arthur Holmwood: Act4 Sc1 Pg43-45	p 25-26
Mina Murray: Act1 Sc2 Pg 4-5 Act2 Sc1 Pg 26-28	p 10 p 11-12	Women 1\2\3: Act1 Sc5 Pg 14-15	p 27
Lucy Westenra: Act1 Sc2 Pg 4-5 Act2 Sc6 Pg 23-24	p 13 p 14	Captain of the Demeter: Act2 Sc2 Pg19	P 28
Reinfield: Act1 Sc4 Pg 9-12 Act2 Sc3 Pg 20	p 15-16 p 17	Prof. Agatha Van Helsing: Act4 Sc1 Pg 43-45 Act4 Sc4 Pg 50-52	p 29-30 p 31-32
Dr Jack Seward: Act1 Sc4 Pg 9-12 Act2 Sc6 Pg 23-24 Act4 Sc1 Pg 43-45	p 18-19 p 20 p 21-22		

Note: all script extracts are © Jasmine Otley

Johnathan Harker Act I ScI Pg 1-2 (Johnathan & Dracula)

JOHNATHAN Hello? Does anyone hear me? *The stage curtains draw back to reveal a monochrome set with a table and chairs in the centre, with a plate of food and a stein set at one end. Around the stage, a double staircase leading to an archway in the centre, with banners of arms draped around it. ENTER COUNT DRACULA in the arch, holding an antique candle and staring deep into Johnathan.*

C. DRACULA Ahh, you must be Agent Johnathan Harker? (*JOHNATHAN jumps*) Welcome to my house. Enter freely and of your own will.

JOHNATHAN Forgive me, Count Dracula. You startled me.

C. DRACULA I did? You should know, Mr Harker, upon your stay (laughing) with me there may be many things that startle you. The castle is old and full of bad memories. I would hate to see you frightened over the screams it makes during the night.

JOHNATHAN I shall keep it in mind. *DRACULA begins his way down the staircase to the table below. JOHNATHAN joins him, holding out his hand to shake. Suspiciously, COUNT DRACULA slowly moves his hand behind his back.*

C. DRACULA Now, come freely. Go safely. And leave some of the happiness you bring. (*He ushers JOHNATHAN into a chair*) You must be starving from your travels, poor boy. I pray you, dine, and we will discuss business once you are fully satisfied. Excuse me that I do not join you, I have already... eaten.

JOHNATHAN Oh, of course. *COUNT DRACULA edges closer to Johnathan's throat.*

C. DRACULA How appetising you are, Mr Harker. Tell me, are all people of London as tasteful as you?

JOHNATHAN I would think so, Count? You have a grand home. Might I enquire of its history?

C. DRACULA It belonged to the order of the Dracul, my ancestors, the warriors of the church. They defended the Lord, and all his ways. (*COUNT DRACULA points to the banners. Battle noises begin, telling the Count's story*) Until one night, my ancestor, Prince Vlad, emerged victorious from a war between the Christians and the Turks. He was a sole survivor, and believed he had been saved by that which he defended. But later, the Prince discovered our rivals had other plans than those on the battlefield. (*The sound of doors flying open and a woman screaming. COUNT DRACULA becomes more angry as he continues*) They became vengeful. Our God could have prevented it, if it had pleased him, instead he stole something from him. He took the Prince's heart from his chest and he squeezed. Just like that, the Princess, Elizabeta, gone from his arms. And from that night the Order of Dracul served no one but themselves. For what God could ever allow its most loyal servants such anguish. *A pause.*

JOHNATHAN You must forgive my ignorance, Count. I did not mean to unbury such memories.

C. DRACULA Hush, dear boy. It was a long lifetime ago, how could the story be mine? Now, sup. I shall prepare for your business and return to you momentarily. *COUNT DRACULA EXITS swiftly. JOHNATHAN pushes away the plate of food and pulls out a journal from his pocket. He begins to write: JOHNATHAN Journal entry.*

May 6th, 1897. Where on God's earth am I? Certainly it is grand, but I was not warned of the embedded tragedy of the Count's castle. And the dreaded wolves, they deafen me. It is like sitting in a pit of despair. Poor Count Dracula, perhaps that is why he himself seems so unnatural to me. His mannerisms are those of which I have never encountered, although it must be a painful state to live alone. I should not complain further. Out of every student my employer could have called upon, he chose me to fulfil the Count's estate signatures. Johnathan Harker, a lawyer at last. Oh how my Mina will be thrilled when I return to London and tell her the tales of this place. I only hope I haven't worn her patience too ruggedly. Three times now I have postponed our marriage. How this place makes me miss her so, I pray to God it is the last time I am without her.

Johnathan Harker: Act4 Sc4 pg 50-52 (Johnathan, Mina & Van Helsing)

Scene 4- The Restaurant _____ *The coffin is replaced with the table and the lights are brighter.*
ENTER MINA and JOHNATHAN sat at one end of the table.

MINA How do you feel?

JOHNATHAN Better, my love. Thank you for bearing my pain with me these past weeks, you are the crutch I walk with.

MINA I am so glad I could help.

ENTER VAN HELSING, still dressed in blood covered clothes.

VAN HELSING Apologies for the delay. The night escaped me.

MINA What happened? Are you alright?

VAN HELSING Oh, yes, pay no mind to my new sense of fashion. Mr Harker, Abigail Van Helsing. (They shake hands)
Thank you for contacting me.

JOHNATHAN Thank you for taking my case, Doctor?

VAN HELSING Is something the matter?

JOHNATHAN No, apologies, I was merely expecting... someone else.

VAN HELSING You have not been the first, rest assured. (chuckling) (JOHNATHAN laughs nervously) Now come, tell me of your symptoms.

JOHNATHAN Nightmares, Doctor. Horrible and violent nightmares. They will not cease, no matter the strength of the pill I take. And I do not hunger anymore, I know my stomach is empty but I cannot bring myself to indulge.

VAN HELSING And this all began in Transylvania? Your letter mentioned you were held captive for a rather extensive period of time?

JOHNATHAN That's correct. Count Dracula was a gracious host in the early stages of our acquaintance. I never would have thought him capable of... *JOHNATHAN trails off. MINA places a hand on his shoulder.*

VAN HELSING I pray you, tell me what happened. Dracula

JOHNATHAN He tormented me, locking me away with three demons. Day after day, night after night I would lay in their pit of despair whilst they drained me of life, just enough so I couldn't move but could still taste death.

VAN HELSING These demons, did they feed you anything?

JOHNATHAN Gods no, I was too weak to eat.

VAN HELSING What about drink? Did they give you water, or blood? *JOHNATHAN looks confusedly repulsed at the question.* Apologies for my questioning. I understand it may be difficult, Mr Harker, but I have a hunch about your case being connected to the late Miss Lucy's, and I'd like to know all that I can.

MINA Lucy? Do you really believe these madmen to be the same person? VAN HELSING Yes. The letter you sent described three women with fangs, pale skin and bloodlust, exactly how we found Miss Lucy the night prior to her death.

JOHNATHAN I knew I saw him.

VAN HELSING I beg your pardon?

JOHNATHAN The count. He is here, in London. I caught a glimpse of him upon our arrival but thought myself mad.

VAN HELSING Where? Where did you see him?

JOHNATHAN The town square.

VAN HELSING Well that's no use. According to lore, vampyres require soil from their homeland in order to successfully rest, otherwise, he will be unable to recover his strength. Given the power of this Count Dracula, I would wager he's stashed a royal garden.

JOHNATHAN The boxes, of course. I know exactly where he is; Carfax Abbey. It is the reason I travelled to that retched land in the first place, he has brought residence here.

VAN HELSING Brilliant. Then there is no time to loose, let us go to Hillingham to rally our army. I believe we have a plan to discuss.

JOHNATHAN I shall ready the carriage. *Excitedly, JOHNATHAN EXITS. VAN HELSING begins to hastily follow, but MINA stops her.*

MINA Doctor, about Lucy.

VAN HELSING Yes, child?

MINA The blood. When she said she tasted blood... Is that what killed her? Could I have prevented it that night?

VAN HELSING No one can know for certain, but yes. I believe you very well could have.

VAN HELSING EXITS leaving MINA standing in silence. After a long beat, MINA begrudgingly follows the others.

Dracula: Act I Sc I Pg 1-2 (Johnathan & Dracula)

JOHNATHAN Hello? Does anyone hear me?

The stage curtains draw back to reveal a monochrome set with a table and chairs in the centre, with a plate of food and a stein set at one end. Around the stage, a double staircase leading to an archway in the centre, with banners of arms draped around it. ENTER COUNT DRACULA in the arch, holding an antique candle and staring deep into Johnathan.

C. DRACULA Ahh, you must be Agent Johnathan Harker? (*JOHNATHAN jumps*) Welcome to my house. Enter freely and of your own will.

JOHNATHAN Forgive me, Count Dracula. You startled me.

C. DRACULA I did? You should know, Mr Harker, upon your stay (laughing) with me there may be many things that startle you. The castle is old and full of bad memories. I would hate to see you frightened over the screams it makes during the night.

JOHNATHAN I shall keep it in mind. *COUNT DRACULA begins his way down the staircase to the table below. JOHNATHAN joins him, holding out his hand to shake. Suspiciously, COUNT DRACULA slowly moves his hand behind his back.*

C. DRACULA Now, come freely. Go safely. And leave some of the happiness you bring. (*He ushers JOHNATHAN into a chair*) You must be starving from your travels, poor boy. I pray you, dine, and we will discuss business once you are fully satisfied. Excuse me that I do not join you, I have already... eaten.

JOHNATHAN Oh, of course. *COUNT DRACULA edges closer to Johnathan's throat.*

C. DRACULA How appetising you are, Mr Harker. Tell me, are all people of London as tasteful as you?

JOHNATHAN I would think so, Count? You have a grand home. Might I enquire of its history?

C. DRACULA It belonged to the order of the Dracul, my ancestors, the warriors of the church. They defended the Lord, and all his ways. (*COUNT DRACULA points to the banners. Battle noises begin, telling the Count's story*) Until one night, my ancestor, Prince Vlad, emerged victorious from a war between the Christians and the Turks. He was a sole survivor, and believed he had been saved by that which he defended. But later, the Prince discovered our rivals had other plans than those on the battlefield. (*The sound of doors flying open and a woman screaming. COUNT DRACULA becomes more angry as he continues*) They became vengeful. Our God could have prevented it, if it had pleased him, instead he stole something from him. He took the Prince's heart from his chest and he squeezed. Just like that, the Princess, Elizabeta, gone from his arms. And from that night the Order of Dracul served no one but themselves. For what God could ever allow its most loyal servants such anguish. *A pause.*

JOHNATHAN You must forgive my ignorance, Count. I did not mean to unbury such memories.

C. DRACULA Hush, dear boy. It was a long lifetime ago, how could the story be mine? Now, sup. I shall prepare for your business and return to you momentarily.

COUNT DRACULA EXITS swiftly. JOHNATHAN pushes away the plate of food and pulls out a journal from his pocket. He begins to write:

Dracula: Act 2 Sc7 Pg 26-28 (Dracula & Mina)

ENTER MINA and COUNT DRACULA from opposite ends. DRACULA is wearing a suit and tie and looks younger than he was in Transylvania. They briskly walk to the centre of the stage, DRACULA with his eyes fixated on Mina. MINA walks into DRACULA.

MINA Excuse me, Sir. She begins to walk away.

C. DRACULA Nonsense, the fault is mine for being so blinded by your beauty. *(MINA chuckles but continues to leave. DRACULA catches up to her and grabs her by the waist)* You would leave without telling me your name?

MINA And you'd dare touch a married woman? I should tell my husband of you.

C. DRACULA Husband? My apologies, ma'am. I fear my hands have grown minds of their own. *(MINA laughs again)* I shall leave you be. He begins to walk away from Mina.

MINA Wait. I am sorry. My friend has taken ill and I'm afraid it caused my manners to do the same.

C. DRACULA Of course. Apology accepted, Madam...?

MINA Mina.

C. DRACULA Mina. How wonderful to meet you. I am Prince Vlad of Sagite. *He bows.*

MINA A Prince no less? I really did allow my mouth to run away from me.

C. DRACULA It is quite alright. I merely wanted directions to Carfax Abbey; I have just acquired a residence there.

MINA You have?

C. DRACULA Yes. I have always been fascinated with your city. I hear it has many advantages.

MINA It does indeed. London is full of advancing technology, I am sure you will enjoy your time a great deal.

C. DRACULA Perhaps you could show me some of these advancements? I'm afraid I know not what to see first.

MINA Perhaps I could. *COUNT DRACULA holds out his hand and MINA takes it. She pauses, suddenly, her breathing becoming heavier and heavier as she stares at his hand.*

C. DRACULA Is everything alright?

MINA I'm having the strangest sense of deja vu. *(confused)* *(She leans in closer to DRACULA, now staring at his face)* Have we met before?

C. DRACULA Do you believe in fate, Madam Mina? Because it is fate that has brought us here today. The stars have once again aligned and has put your hand back into mine. *(He gently pulls her in by the waist, pressing his forehead against hers and caressing her hair)* I have crossed oceans of time to find you, my love. *(After a pause, MINA steps backwards)* I am sorry. That was too much of me.

MINA Not at all. *(She holds his hands)* It is odd. You are a stranger, I have never seen you before. And yet, when I have your hand in mine, I feel you are closer than my closest friend. Why is that?

C. DRACULA You remember me.

MINA I do not.

C. DRACULA Your hand does. Your heart does. And soon your eyes will too.

MINA What do you mean?

C. DRACULA See me again, I pray you. Have dinner with me.

MINA I have a husband.

C. DRACULA One that leaves you to walk the streets of London by yourself? He should be close to you, on your arm always. If you were mine, you would see. *MINA swoons and the two look into each other's eyes like a newly-wed couple. MINA then awakes from her trance.*

MINA I should not be here.

C. DRACULA Then go, it is alright. I will see you again shortly.

MINA How do you know? *DRACULA kisses her hand.*

C. DRACULA I just know.

Mina Murray: Act I Sc2 Pg 4-5 (Mina & Lucy)

ENTER MINA MURRAY, sat at the table writing on a typewriter:

MINA Diary entry. May 6th, 1897. It has only been mere days since I last saw Johnathan, and yet I already find his leaving hard to bear. And I worry, although it is without reason, how long I will be calling him my Johnathan, instead of my husband. Whilst I am most grateful to his employer for allowing him the opportunity, I feel he neglected my feelings of the matter. He could not have waited a mere week before his departure? We could have been wed by now, but I suppose we would not have wanted our honeymoon in Transylvania. Perhaps that is why he postponed? I pray that is the reason alone. In light of his absence, I have been welcomed at Hillingham House to stay with my childhood friend, Lucy. Whilst I know Johnathan would prefer I did not become accustomed to the luxury and wealth that the Westerna family provide, I couldn't bear to be alone again simply awaiting his return. And Lucy has never failed to provide ample distractions, however garish they may be. I do so hope that

ENTER LUCY WESTERNA, skipping to Mina holding a book.

LUCY Oh Mina! Look what I have found! Away with your silly writing, this provides for much better amusement. Is that what you are to wear for the party tonight? You do know guests will be arriving momentarily?

MINA It is the best dress I have, Lucy. I thank you (laughing) very much for your flattering compliments. *The girls giggle.*
LUCY pushes aside Mina's typewriter and opens the book in front of her.

LUCY Look, Mina. How wonderful these drawings are. MINA LUCY! It's positively awful. We should not (still giggling) be looking at such images.

LUCY All is well, Mina. They are only unspeakable acts of desperate passion! And no one is looking. This one in particular I found rather fascinating, don't you think?

MINA Well I do not believe any of these acts could be performed by any normal girl or man. How on earth does this even work? *(MINA stands, lifting the book and begins turning it upside down in confusion)* Surely no one could ever attempt it without breaking bone.

LUCY Well I have.

MINA You fibber, no you have not!

LUCY I did so. Well, in my dreams at least! Tell me, does Johnathan measure up to such pleasures as these?

MINA Lucy!

LUCY Oh come, Mina, you can tell me. *MINA shuffles closer to Lucy, looking around to make sure no one can hear.*

MINA We've kissed, but that is all. He is a good man, he says he is saving my virtue. I believe it is all just talk (sighing) though. I have received but one letter from him since his departure; another recipe if you'd believe it. He thinks me a simpleminded housewife, and himself too poor to marry me. It would be all the worse if he knew I was staying with you.

LUCY Oh, Mina, I am certain that is not the case. It is quite alright, and my lips are sealed of your stay here. Anyway, I have other matters to concern myself with at present. I am nearing 20 and I still have not received a single marriage proposal. *(LUCY flops onto the table, dramatically)* Am I to die a spinster?

MINA Of course you won't, dear Lucy. *(The sound of carriages arriving from a distance)* And look! Guests for the party, perhaps one of the men here will ask for your hand? LUCY jumps from the table, smoothing her hair and dress.

LUCY Of course. I shall wear my best smile, *(looking down at her and perhaps a lower cut dress)*

Act2 Sc7 Pg 26-28 (Mina & Dracula)

ENTER MINA and COUNT DRACULA from opposite ends. DRACULA is wearing a suit and tie and looks younger than he was in Transylvania. They briskly walk to the centre of the stage, DRACULA with his eyes fixated on Mina. MINA walks into DRACULA.

MINA Excuse me, Sir. She begins to walk away.

C. DRACULA Nonsense, the fault is mine for being so blinded by your beauty. *(MINA chuckles but continues to leave. DRACULA catches up to her and grabs her by the waist)* You would leave without telling me your name?

MINA And you'd dare touch a married woman? I should tell my husband of you.

C. DRACULA Husband? My apologies, ma'am. I fear my hands have grown minds of their own. *(MINA laughs again)* I shall leave you be. He begins to walk away from Mina.

MINA Wait. I am sorry. My friend has taken ill and I'm afraid it caused my manners to do the same.

C. DRACULA Of course. Apology accepted, Madam...?

MINA Mina.

C. DRACULA Mina. How wonderful to meet you. I am Prince Vlad of Sagite. *He bows.*

MINA A Prince no less? I really did allow my mouth to run away from me.

C. DRACULA It is quite alright. I merely wanted directions to Carfax Abbey; I have just acquired a residence there.

MINA You have?

C. DRACULA Yes. I have always been fascinated with your city. I hear it has many advantages.

MINA It does indeed. London is full of advancing technology, I am sure you will enjoy your time a great deal.

C. DRACULA Perhaps you could show me some of these advancements? I'm afraid I know not what to see first.

MINA Perhaps I could. *COUNT DRACULA holds out his hand and MINA takes it. She pauses, suddenly, her breathing becoming heavier and heavier as she stares at his hand.*

C. DRACULA Is everything alright?

MINA I'm having the strangest sense of deja vu. *(confused)* *(She leans in closer to DRACULA, now staring at his face)* Have we met before?

C. DRACULA Do you believe in fate, Madam Mina? Because it is fate that has brought us here today. The stars have once again aligned and has put your hand back into mine. *(He gently pulls her in by the waist, pressing his forehead against hers and caressing her hair)* I have crossed oceans of time to find you, my love. *(After a pause, MINA steps backwards)* I am sorry. That was too much of me.

MINA Not at all. *(She holds his hands)* It is odd. You are a stranger, I have never seen you before. And yet, when I have your hand in mine, I feel you are closer than my closest friend. Why is that?

C. DRACULA You remember me.

MINA I do not.

C. DRACULA Your hand does. Your heart does. And soon your eyes will too.

MINA What do you mean?

C. DRACULA See me again, I pray you. Have dinner with me.

MINA I have a husband.

C. DRACULA One that leaves you to walk the streets of London by yourself? He should be close to you, on your arm always. If you were mine, you would see. *MINA swoons and the two look into each other's eyes like a newly-wed couple. MINA then awakes from her trance.*

MINA I should not be here.

C. DRACULA Then go, it is alright. I will see you again shortly.

MINA How do you know? *DRACULA kisses her hand.*

C. DRACULA I just know.

Lucy Westenra: Act I Sc2 Pg 4-5 (Lucy & Mina)

ENTER LUCY WESTERNA, skipping to Mina holding a book.

LUCY Oh Mina! Look what I have found! Away with your silly writing, this provides for much better amusement. Is that what you are to wear for the party tonight? You do know guests will be arriving momentarily?

MINA It is the best dress I have, Lucy. I thank you (laughing) very much for your flattering compliments. *The girls giggle.*
LUCY pushes aside Mina's typewriter and opens the book in front of her.

LUCY Look, Mina. How wonderful these drawings are.

MINA LUCY! It's positively awful. We should not (still giggling) be looking at such images.

LUCY All is well, Mina. They are only unspeakable acts of desperate passion! And no one is looking. This one in particular I found rather fascinating, don't you think?

MINA Well I do not believe any of these acts could be performed by any normal girl or man. How on earth does this even work? (MINA stands, lifting the book and begins turning it upside down in confusion) Surely no one could ever attempt it without breaking bone.

LUCY Well I have.

MINA You fibber, no you have not!

LUCY I did so. Well, in my dreams at least! Tell me, does Johnathan measure up to such pleasures as these?

MINA Lucy!

LUCY Oh come, Mina, you can tell me. MINA shuffles closer to Lucy, looking around to make sure no one can hear.

MINA We've kissed, but that is all. He is a good man, he says he is saving my virtue. I believe it is all just talk (sighing) though. I have received but one letter from him since his departure; another recipe if you'd believe it. He thinks me a simpleminded housewife, and himself too poor to marry me.

LUCY Oh, Mina, I am certain that is not the case. It is quite alright, and my lips are sealed of your stay here. Anyway, I have other matters to concern myself with at present. I am nearing 20 and I still have not received a single marriage proposal. (LUCY flops onto the table, dramatically) Am I to die a spinster?

MINA Of course you won't, dear Lucy. (The sound of carriages arriving from a distance) And look! Guests for the party, perhaps one of the men here will ask for your hand? LUCY jumps from the table, smoothing her hair and dress.

LUCY Of course. I shall wear my best smile, (looking down at her and perhaps a lower cut dress?)

Lucy Westenra Act2 Sc6 Pg 23-24 (Lucy & Dr Seward)

ENTER LUCY in the bedroom, pacing up and down the stage. ENTER DR SEWARD with his medical kit.

DR. SEWARD Lucy! LUCY Oh, Jack! *(She runs and hugs him)* Jack I am so glad you came.

DR. SEWARD Anything for my favourite patient. Now- *(LUCY and DR SEWARD sit down on the bed)* what ails you? When I asked your mother she had no knowledge of you even calling for me? Perhaps it is not a sickness that you called for?

LUCY Oh, no, Jack. I've been having nightmares.

DR. SEWARD Nightmares?

LUCY Yes, for the last week or so. But two nights prior something happened. I sleepwalked through my dream, except it didn't feel like I was dreaming, it felt so awfully real. And ever since I can hear things.

DR. SEWARD Voices?

LUCY Sometimes. Sometimes animals, like howling wolves. But more often just regular things but, well, they are happening so very far away. I hear the servants quarters when they sleep, the bell from the church when it is still, storms though they seem to be miles from us.

DR. SEWARD Interesting. *(He checks her temperature with his hands)* And this developed over the last two days?

LUCY Yes. And it will only get worse.

DR. SEWARD How do you know?

LUCY I can feel it Jack. It burns into my soul, like a fire that cannot be distinguished.

DR SEWARD reaches into his bag and pulls out a syringe.

DR. SEWARD I want you to try this, it will help ease your sleep. *(LUCY recoils)* I pray you, Lucy. Trust me. *(LUCY eventually offers DR SEWARD her arm and he injects the serum. She winces)* There, all done.

LUCY Oh, Jack. Thank you. *(A pause as she begins to grow tired)* Won't you lay with me, Jack? *(She grabs his collar and pulls him in closer)* I want you to kiss me. *DR SEWARD leans in, hypnotised. Just before their lips touch, he pulls away, and LUCY giggles.*

Reinfield: Act I Sc4 Pg 9-12 (Reinfield & Dr Seward)

ENTER DR JACK SEWARD sat at the table in his office, recording a journal entry on a phonograph cylinder. Around him are used needles and syringes full of a clear substance.

DR. SEWARD May 6th 1897. Entry 16 on subject Thomas Reinfield, former employee of Hawkins' agency. It is nearing midnight. Reinfield continues to show an ever-growing urge for bloodlust, which follows his dwindling appetite for regular sustenance. It has been 76 hours in counting that the subject has lasted without the need, nay want, for water. And 93 hours since he last supped on his bread provided by myself here at the asylum. I am concerned not only for his wellbeing but for the safety of others also, as all he seemingly wants to drink is blood. I shall continue to investigate and report back once I discern what has caused such a thirst. *(DR SEWARD stops his recording and sighs. He fumbles around the table for an unused needle and syringe and assembles it. He inserts the liquid into his arm, wincing. Sitting back, he closes his eyes in relief)* Ahh, Lucy. He stands, waking himself up by slapping his cheeks. He dons his doctor's coat and walks to the other side of the stage.

ENTER THOMAS REINFELD, knelt and shackled by the side of the stage. Blood stains his clothes and mouth and tiny bones litter the floor around him. He is drooling and muttering nonsense to himself as DR SEWARD approaches.

REINFELD Oh Doctor, Doctor Seward. *(singing)* When will you feed me what I desire? Surviving on mere flies makes me simply ravenous. I could almost eat anything close enough to choke.

DR. SEWARD You think me a fool, Reinfield? I shackled you for that exact purpose. You cannot over power me here. *(REINFELD spits on Dr Seward's shoes. Then laughs and smirks)* And what do you think I will give you for your disgusting incompetence? *REINFELD's smirk vanishes. He tries to stand but gets caught by the shackles. After a small fight with the chains, he grunts and rolls onto his side. DR SEWARD kneels down to his level.*

REINFELD You mock me, Seward, and yet you have no understanding of how heavy your regret will weigh.

DR. SEWARD Then come, tell me. What is it you shall achieve whilst you are bound and I walk freely? *(Angry, REINFELD lunges for DR SEWARD, who tuts, holding out a live cockroach and waving it in Reinfield's face)* Tell me what you know, and you may sup.

A beat.

REINFELD The master is coming.

DR. SEWARD What master? *(REINFELD grunts)* What master, Reinfield?

REINFELD The only true master there is. He comes for me, to give me an infinite life, an immortal life. But I promised him lives in return. He must have blood, he must have blood, HE MUST HAVE BLOOD.

DR. SEWARD There. That wasn't too difficult. *DR SEWARD throws the bug at REINFELD who throws it in his mouth. More blood drips down his face and on to his clothes. He soon coughs and swallows.*

DR SEWARD takes a step backwards, but remains fixated on Reinfield.

REINFELD Any more, doctor?.

DR. SEWARD You would prefer a larger insect? *(REINFELD nods)* Like?

REINFELD Like a spider. *(sadistically)*

DR. SEWARD Just a spider?

REINFELD Perhaps... a bird.

DR SEWARD What kind of bird?

REINFIELD The spider eating kind.

DR SEWARD Interesting. You wouldn't prefer a mammal of some kind?

REINFIELD A mammal? *REINFIELD gasps as his eyes roll to the back of his head in delight.*

REINFIELD YES. A KITTEN. Oh please! (*REINFIELD gets on to his knees and begins to beg*) I pray you, bring me a kitten! I could play with it, TRAIN IT.

DR. SEWARD And this would please your master?

REINFIELD YES. I BEG OF YOU.

DR. SEWARD Tell me his name.

REINFIELD I-I

DR. SEWARD Tell me, Reinfield.

REINFIELD I cannot.

DR. SEWARD Well, thank you for your insight. *DR SEWARD begins to walk away.*

REINFIELD But where are you going? WE HAD A DEAL!

DR. SEWARD I made no such agreement. *DR SEWARD EXITS.*

REINFIELD WAIT. WAIT!

Reinfield: Act2 Sc3 Pg 20 (Reinfield & Dr Seward)

ENTER REINFIELD, still chained in the corner. He is wild with excitement.

REINFIELD MASTER! HE HAS COME FOR ME! HE HAS *(through manic laughter)* COME! *REINFIELD scoops all the remaining bones from the floor and throws them in the air as celebration.* I am here to do your bidding, Master. I am your slave, and you will reward me, for I shall be faithful. I have worshipped you long and afar off. I await your commands, dear Master, and your distribution of good things. *REINFIELD places a crown of bones upon his head.* Yes, I shall be rewarded. For the blood is the life, the blood is the life, the blood is the life, THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!

ENTER DR SEWARD.

DR. SEWARD Will you shut your mouth, Reinfield!?! No body is coming, it is a storm. *REINFIELD still laughs.*

REINFIELD You have no idea, who is here. He will come for *(singing)* me, you will see. And soon you will be on your knees *(more manic laughter).*

DR SEWARD tuts and returns to his office. REINFIELD picks up a dead bird off the floor and begins to eat it- blood pouring from his mouth as he coughs with a sadistic grin, pulling a long feather from his mouth.

Dr Jack Seward: Act I Sc4 Pg 9-12 (Reinfield & Dr Seward)

ENTER DR JACK SEWARD sat at the table in his office, recording a journal entry on a phonograph cylinder. Around him are used needles and syringes full of a clear substance.

DR. SEWARD May 6th 1897. Entry 16 on subject Thomas Reinfield, former employee of Hawkins' agency. It is nearing midnight. Reinfield continues to show an evergrowing urge for bloodlust, which follows his dwindling appetite for regular sustenance. It has been 76 hours in counting that the subject has lasted without the need, nay want, for water. And 93 hours since he last supped on his bread provided by myself here at the asylum. I am concerned not only for his wellbeing but for the safety of others also, as all he seemingly wants to drink is blood. I shall continue to investigate and report back once I discern what has caused such a thirst. *(DR SEWARD stops his recording and sighs. He fumbles around the table for an unused needle and syringe and assembles it. He inserts the liquid into his arm, wincing. Sitting back, he closes his eyes in relief)* Ahh, Lucy. He stands, waking himself up by slapping his cheeks. He dons his doctor's coat and walks to the other side of the stage.

ENTER THOMAS REINFELD, knelt and shackled by the side of the stage. Blood stains his clothes and mouth and tiny bones litter the floor around him. He is drooling and muttering nonsense to himself as DR SEWARD approaches.

REINFELD Oh Doctor, Doctor Seward. *(singing)* When will you feed me what I desire? Surviving on mere flies makes me simply ravenous. I could almost eat anything close enough to choke.

DR. SEWARD You think me a fool, Reinfield? I shackled you for that exact purpose. You cannot over power me here. *(REINFELD spits on Dr Seward's shoes. Then laughs and smirks)* And what do you think I will give you for your disgusting incompetence? *REINFELD's smirk vanishes. He tries to stand but gets caught by the shackles. After a small fight with the chains, he grunts and rolls onto his side. DR SEWARD kneels down to his level.*

REINFELD You mock me, Seward, and yet you have no understanding of how heavy your regret will weigh.

DR. SEWARD Then come, tell me. What is it you shall achieve whilst you are bound and I walk freely? *(Angry, REINFELD lunges for DR SEWARD, who tuts, holding out a live cockroach and waving it in Reinfield's face)* Tell me what you know, and you may sup.

A beat.

REINFELD The master is coming.

DR. SEWARD What master? *(REINFELD grunts)* What master, Reinfield?

REINFELD The only true master there is. He comes for me, to give me an infinite life, an immortal life. But I promised him lives in return. He must have blood, he must have blood, HE MUST HAVE BLOOD.

DR. SEWARD There. That wasn't too difficult. *DR SEWARD throws the bug at REINFELD who throws it in his mouth. More blood drips down his face and on to his clothes. He soon coughs and swallows.*

DR SEWARD takes a step backwards, but remains fixated on Reinfield.

REINFELD Any more, doctor?.

DR. SEWARD You would prefer a larger insect? *(REINFELD nods)* Like?

REINFELD Like a spider. *(sadistically)*

DR. SEWARD Just a spider?

REINFELD Perhaps... a bird.

DR SEWARD What kind of bird?

REINFIELD The spider eating kind.

DR SEWARD Interesting. You wouldn't prefer a mammal of some kind?

REINFIELD A mammal? *REINFIELD gasps as his eyes roll to the back of his head in delight.*

REINFIELD YES. A KITTEN. Oh please! (*REINFIELD gets on to his knees and begins to beg*) I pray you, bring me a kitten! I could play with it, TRAIN IT.

DR. SEWARD And this would please your master?

REINFIELD YES. I BEG OF YOU.

DR. SEWARD Tell me his name.

REINFIELD I-I

DR. SEWARD Tell me, Reinfield.

REINFIELD I cannot.

DR. SEWARD Well, thank you for your insight. *DR SEWARD begins to walk away.*

REINFIELD But where are you going? WE HAD A DEAL!

DR. SEWARD I made no such agreement. *DR SEWARD EXITS.*

REINFIELD WAIT. WAIT!

Dr Jack Seward: Act2 Sc6 Pg 23-24 (Dr Seward & Lucy)

ENTER LUCY in the bedroom, pacing up and down the stage. ENTER DR SEWARD with his medical kit.

DR. SEWARD Lucy! LUCY Oh, Jack! *(She runs and hugs him)* Jack I am so glad you came.

DR. SEWARD Anything for my favourite patient. Now- *(LUCY and DR SEWARD sit down on the bed)* what ails you? When I asked your mother she had no knowledge of you even calling for me? Perhaps it is not a sickness that you called for?

LUCY Oh, no, Jack. I've been having nightmares.

DR. SEWARD Nightmares?

LUCY Yes, for the last week or so. But two nights prior something happened. I sleepwalked through my dream, except it didn't feel like I was dreaming, it felt so awfully real. And ever since I can hear things.

DR. SEWARD Voices?

LUCY Sometimes. Sometimes animals, like howling wolves. But more often just regular things but, well, they are happening so very far away. I hear the servants quarters when they sleep, the bell from the church when it is still, storms though they seem to be miles from us.

DR. SEWARD Interesting. *(He checks her temperature with his hands)* And this developed over the last two days?

LUCY Yes. And it will only get worse.

DR. SEWARD How do you know? LUCY I can feel it Jack. It burns into my soul, like a fire that cannot be distinguished.

DR SEWARD reaches into his bag and pulls out a syringe.

DR. SEWARD I want you to try this, it will help ease your sleep. *(LUCY recoils)* I pray you, Lucy. Trust me. *(LUCY eventually offers DR SEWARD her arm and he injects the serum. She winces)* There, all done.

LUCY Oh, Jack. Thank you. *(A pause as she begins to grow tired)* Won't you lay with me, Jack? *(She grabs his collar and pulls him in closer)* I want you to kiss me. *DR SEWARD leans in, hypnotised. Just before their lips touch, he pulls away, and LUCY giggles.*

Dr Jack Seward: Act4 Sc I Pg 43-45 (Arthur, Van Helsing, Dr Seward & Quincey)

ENTER ARTHUR, QUINCEY, DR SEWARD and VAN HELSING solemnly gathered around a coffin in the centre of the stage. ARTHUR and QUINCEY are battered and bruised. VAN HELSING places flowers inside the coffin.

VAN HELSING Poor girl.

DR. SEWARD How fares her mother?

ARTHUR She has not moved from her bed since. *A moment of silence.*

VAN HELSING How about you? (*ARTHUR looks up at her*) Losing your bride and your father within 3 days. I cannot imagine you are well, Lord Holmwood? *ARTHUR stays silent, and stares back to the floor. QUINCEY pats ARTHUR on the back before determinedly starting to leave.*

DR. SEWARD Quince? Where are you going?

QUINCEY I'm gonna kill me a god-damn murderer is where.

VAN HELSING And how do you anticipate finding him?

QUINCEY I'll figure it out.

DR. SEWARD And when he begins drinking from your throat?

QUINCEY Well then I hope he chokes, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. *QUINCEY reaches the exit.*

ARTHUR No, Quince. You can't stop it. (*QUINCEY turns in the doorway*) The power it has, it's unnatural. Unlike anything I've seen before. It won without even laying a finger upon me. A knife will not be enough to overpower a monster such as this.

QUINCEY So what? Are you suggesting the old lady's right? Is it a-?

VAN HELSING Yes. A vampyre. But this one is stronger, faster, better. And if my studies are to be believed, we may have more than one on our hands soon enough.

ARTHUR What do you mean?

DR. SEWARD Mina had mentioned to me that in Lucy's first sleepwalking incident, she awoke complaining that she could taste her nightmares blood. The connection that Lucy and this thing had along with the fangs and drastic change in personality, we could only concur that the vampires original intention, was to turn Miss Lucy into one of them.

QUINCEY Right, well that may be but have you seen her recently? She doesn't look too menacing right now.

VAN HELSING That is the whole idea. The typical vampyre cannot awake during daylight, but will soon hunger in the night.

ARTHUR What are you saying?

VAN HELSING I am merely suggesting that we must act before she turns.

ARTHUR Act how?

VAN HELSING Well the cleanest way would be to remove the head, stake the heart and burn the remaining pieces. (*The gentlemen stare at her in shock. VAN HELSING pulls out a wooden stake from under her jacket*) Shall we draw straws?

QUINCEY This is ridiculous.

ARTHUR I will not allow you to defile what remains of her.

DR. SEWARD Arthur

ARTHUR No. Lucy is not a threat, she would not harm anybody.

VAN HELSING That is not Lucy anymore! (*getting frustrated*) *A beat*. This is not a topic for debate, we have to dispose of her body to ensure she doesn't meet the same fate as her murderer.

DR. SEWARD It would be in Lucy's best interests.

ARTHUR I do not believe you. Quincey?

QUINCEY I don't know, Art. She is already gone, I suppose this way we'd be sure.

ARTHUR How could you? Both of you. She (turning to Dr Seward) trusted you.

DR. SEWARD Which is why we have to do this. We must save her soul.

VAN HELSING How about we wait? We shall go to her grave tonight. If she sleeps, I will go, but if she awakens, you (*looks to Arthur*) will finish her.

QUINCEY Now hold on

ARTHUR Agreed. Tonight it is.

ARTHUR EXITS.

Quincey P. Morris: Act4 ScI Pg 43-45 (Quincey, Arthur, Van Helsing & Dr Seward)

ENTER ARTHUR, QUINCEY, DR SEWARD and VAN HELSING solemnly gathered around a coffin in the centre of the stage. ARTHUR and QUINCEY are battered and bruised. VAN HELSING places flowers inside the coffin.

VAN HELSING Poor girl.

DR. SEWARD How fares her mother?

ARTHUR She has not moved from her bed since. *A moment of silence.*

VAN HELSING How about you? (*ARTHUR looks up at her*) Losing your bride and your father within 3 days. I cannot imagine you are well, Lord Holmwood? *ARTHUR stays silent, and stares back to the floor. QUINCEY pats ARTHUR on the back before determinedly starting to leave.*

DR. SEWARD Quince? Where are you going?

QUINCEY I'm gonna kill me a god-damn murderer is where.

VAN HELSING And how do you anticipate finding him?

QUINCEY I'll figure it out.

DR. SEWARD And when he begins drinking from your throat?

QUINCEY Well then I hope he chokes, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. *QUINCEY reaches the exit.*

ARTHUR No, Quince. You can't stop it. (*QUINCEY turns in the doorway*) The power it has, it's unnatural. Unlike anything I've seen before. It won without even laying a finger upon me. A knife will not be enough to overpower a monster such as this.

QUINCEY So what? Are you suggesting the old lady's right? Is it a-?

VAN HELSING Yes. A vampyre. But this one is stronger, faster, better. And if my studies are to be believed, we may have more than one on our hands soon enough.

ARTHUR What do you mean?

DR. SEWARD Mina had mentioned to me that in Lucy's first sleepwalking incident, she awoke complaining that she could taste her nightmares blood. The connection that Lucy and this thing had along with the fangs and drastic change in personality, we could only concur that the vampires original intention, was to turn Miss Lucy into one of them.

QUINCEY Right, well that may be but have you seen her recently? She doesn't look too menacing right now.

VAN HELSING That is the whole idea. The typical vampyre cannot awake during daylight, but will soon hunger in the night.

ARTHUR What are you saying?

VAN HELSING I am merely suggesting that we must act before she turns.

ARTHUR Act how?

VAN HELSING Well the cleanest way would be to remove the head, stake the heart and burn the remaining pieces. (*The gentlemen stare at her in shock. VAN HELSING pulls out a wooden stake from under her jacket*) Shall we draw straws?

QUINCEY This is ridiculous.

ARTHUR I will not allow you to defile what remains of her.

DR. SEWARD Arthur

ARTHUR No. Lucy is not a threat, she would not harm anybody.

VAN HELSING That is not Lucy anymore! (*getting frustrated*) *A beat*. This is not a topic for debate, we have to dispose of her body to ensure she doesn't meet the same fate as her murderer.

DR. SEWARD It would be in Lucy's best interests.

ARTHUR I do not believe you. Quincey?

QUINCEY I don't know, Art. She is already gone, I suppose this way we'd be sure.

ARTHUR How could you? Both of you. She (turning to Dr Seward) trusted you.

DR. SEWARD Which is why we have to do this. We must save her soul.

VAN HELSING How about we wait? We shall go to her grave tonight. If she sleeps, I will go, but if she awakens, you (*looks to Arthur*) will finish her.

QUINCEY Now hold on

ARTHUR Agreed. Tonight it is.

ARTHUR EXITS.

Arthur Holmwood: Act4 Sc I Pg43-45 (Arthur, Quincey, Van Helsing & Dr Seward)

ENTER ARTHUR, QUINCEY, DR SEWARD and VAN HELSING solemnly gathered around a coffin in the centre of the stage. ARTHUR and QUINCEY are battered and bruised. VAN HELSING places flowers inside the coffin.

VAN HELSING Poor girl.

DR. SEWARD How fares her mother?

ARTHUR She has not moved from her bed since. *A moment of silence.*

VAN HELSING How about you? *(ARTHUR looks up at her)* Losing your bride and your father within 3 days. I cannot imagine you are well, Lord Holmwood? *ARTHUR stays silent, and stares back to the floor. QUINCEY pats ARTHUR on the back before determinedly starting to leave.*

DR. SEWARD Quince? Where are you going?

QUINCEY I'm gonna kill me a god-damn murderer is where.

VAN HELSING And how do you anticipate finding him?

QUINCEY I'll figure it out.

DR. SEWARD And when he begins drinking from your throat?

QUINCEY Well then I hope he chokes, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. *QUINCEY reaches the exit.*

ARTHUR No, Quince. You can't stop it. *(QUINCEY turns in the doorway)* The power it has, it's unnatural. Unlike anything I've seen before. It won without even laying a finger upon me. A knife will not be enough to overpower a monster such as this.

QUINCEY So what? Are you suggesting the old lady's right? Is it a-?

VAN HELSING Yes. A vampyre. But this one is stronger, faster, better. And if my studies are to be believed, we may have more than one on our hands soon enough.

ARTHUR What do you mean?

DR. SEWARD Mina had mentioned to me that in Lucy's first sleepwalking incident, she awoke complaining that she could taste her nightmares blood. The connection that Lucy and this thing had along with the fangs and drastic change in personality, we could only concur that the vampires original intention, was to turn Miss Lucy into one of them.

QUINCEY Right, well that may be but have you seen her recently? She doesn't look too menacing right now.

VAN HELSING That is the whole idea. The typical vampyre cannot awake during daylight, but will soon hunger in the night.

ARTHUR What are you saying?

VAN HELSING I am merely suggesting that we must act before she turns.

ARTHUR Act how?

VAN HELSING Well the cleanest way would be to remove the head, stake the heart and burn the remaining pieces. *(The gentlemen stare at her in shock. VAN HELSING pulls out a wooden stake from under her jacket)* Shall we draw straws?

QUINCEY This is ridiculous.

ARTHUR I will not allow you to defile what remains of her.

DR. SEWARD Arthur

ARTHUR No. Lucy is not a threat, she would not harm anybody.

VAN HELSING That is not Lucy anymore! (*getting frustrated*) *A beat*. This is not a topic for debate, we have to dispose of her body to ensure she doesn't meet the same fate as her murderer.

DR. SEWARD It would be in Lucy's best interests.

ARTHUR I do not believe you. Quincey?

QUINCEY I don't know, Art. She is already gone, I suppose this way we'd be sure.

ARTHUR How could you? Both of you. She (turning to Dr Seward) trusted you.

DR. SEWARD Which is why we have to do this. We must save her soul.

VAN HELSING How about we wait? We shall go to her grave tonight. If she sleeps, I will go, but if she awakens, you (*looks to Arthur*) will finish her.

QUINCEY Now hold on

ARTHUR Agreed. Tonight it is.

ARTHUR EXITS.

Women I\2\3: Act I Sc5 Pg 14-15 (Women, Johnathan & Dracula)

(Female voices begin whispering his name. JOHNATHAN stands abruptly, trying to figure out where the voices come from) Hello? Who goes there? JOHNATHAN picks up a nearby candle and begins to climb the staircase. He searches, but the strange whispers continue. He descends the opposite staircase and stops at the very front of the stage, holding the candle out to try and see better. ENTER 3 UNDEAD WOMEN from all different directions. They begin to touch Johnathan's chest and comb their hands through his hair seductively. They peel off his jacket and lay him down. WOMAN 1 straddles his hips and begins unbuttoning his shirt. WOMAN 2 kneels by his head, kissing his face. WOMAN 3 lays beside him and begins kissing his neck. JOHNATHAN closes his eyes. All moaning, the 3 WOMEN synchronise as they bare their teeth, preparing to bite Johnathan.

ENTER COUNT DRACULA in the archway, concealing something behind his back.

C. DRACULA ENOUGH! *(The 3 WOMEN immediately stop and look to face him. JOHNATHAN realises what has just happened) HE IS NOT YOURS YET. The WOMEN shriek in anger.*

WOMAN 1 You yourself never loved. YOU NEVER LOVED.

C. DRACULA ENOUGH! *One by one, the 3 WOMEN rally underneath the archway with their backs to the audience, gazing up at the Count.*

WOMAN 2 Oh please, master.

WOMAN 3 We do so beg you.

WOMAN 1 Are we to have nothing tonight? *COUNT DRACULA raises his arms to show off a crying baby. The 3 WOMEN gasp in appreciation as JOHNATHAN sits bolt upright, shuffling further back from the women. COUNT DRACULA drops the baby to the 3 WOMEN below. They squeal and the crying stops. JOHNATHAN remains quivering at the side of the stage.*

JOHNATHAN You- you are not human. You have no soul. *(COUNT DRACULA descends the staircase) You stay away from me, and Mina. I shall not have you harm her.*

C. DRACULA Harm her? I would not dare lay a finger on a gem so precious. But I will regain her. She will again be in my arms.

JOHNATHAN You do not know her.

C. DRACULA Oh but I do. She is the sun amidst the rain. The silver that lines the storm cloud. The air within my lungs. I will free her from the evil clutches of this world, starting with you. And then, she will be free. She will be mine, and I will be hers- in this time and for all time.

JOHNATHAN You know not what you say.

C. DRACULA It is not I who is blind. Destiny has lead you to me. You have served your purpose, and now you must step aside.

JOHNATHAN Never. *COUNT DRACULA clicks his fingers, and the 3 WOMEN run to his side. Their mouths and hands are drenched in blood.*

C. DRACULA Ladies, I have changed my mind. Perhaps dessert? *The 3 WOMEN smirk as they gather around Johnathan. WOMAN 1 begins to drag him away by his hair, the other 2 following behind her.*

JOHNATHAN No. NO! YOU CANNOT DO THIS!

C. DRACULA Farewell, Mr Harker. Know that I understand the depth of your loss. *The 3 WOMEN and JOHNATHAN EXIT.*

Captain of the Demeter: Act2 Sc2 Pg19

The storm worsens and lightening begins to flash. The sound of the sea fills the theatre, along with creaking wood.

ENTER CAPTAIN, trying his hardest to control the ship's wheel. His Captain's log plays from a recording offstage.

CAPTAIN (O.S) Captain's log, late evening 11th May 1897. Two days prior, my crew and I were tasked with carrying 50 boxes of experimental earth from Transylvania to London, and all that has occurred since is pure panic- for these boxes cannot contain just the earth. They moan, they grunt, they chortle. Something resides in them. My second mate has been neither seen nor heard for nearing 15 hours, and I am beginning to dread he met a fate worse than drowning.

Two CREW MATES ENTER. They strap the captain's hands to the wheel, swaying.

CAPTAIN (O.S) I daren't open any of these damned crates. I have braved being aboard the same vessel as them for 2 days now, but I believe I have blundered. *One CREW MATE is pulled off-stage by an invisible force, whilst the other falls out of the boat.* The closer we get to London, the worse the skies cry. It is like a warning from God Himself. If this is my last entry, know that I shall do everything I can to prevent the boxes from reaching their destination. I fear for my life, for my crews lives, and for London.

The CAPTAIN grows tired, losing control of the wheel. The spinning wheel knocks his head, and he lies unconscious on the floor.

CAPTAIN A chess match is at play, and I pray they are prepared- for the dead travel fast.

Prof. Agatha Van Helsing: Act4 Sc1 Pg 43-45 (Van Helsing, Arthur, Quincey & Dr Seward)

ENTER ARTHUR, QUINCEY, DR SEWARD and VAN HELSING solemnly gathered around a coffin in the centre of the stage. ARTHUR and QUINCEY are battered and bruised. VAN HELSING places flowers inside the coffin.

VAN HELSING Poor girl.

DR. SEWARD How fares her mother?

ARTHUR She has not moved from her bed since. *A moment of silence.*

VAN HELSING How about you? *(ARTHUR looks up at her)* Losing your bride and your father within 3 days. I cannot imagine you are well, Lord Holmwood? *ARTHUR stays silent, and stares back to the floor. QUINCEY pats ARTHUR on the back before determinedly starting to leave.*

DR. SEWARD Quince? Where are you going?

QUINCEY I'm gonna kill me a god-damn murderer is where.

VAN HELSING And how do you anticipate finding him?

QUINCEY I'll figure it out.

DR. SEWARD And when he begins drinking from your throat?

QUINCEY Well then I hope he chokes, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. *QUINCEY reaches the exit.*

ARTHUR No, Quince. You can't stop it. *(QUINCEY turns in the doorway)* The power it has, it's unnatural. Unlike anything I've seen before. It won without even laying a finger upon me. A knife will not be enough to overpower a monster such as this.

QUINCEY So what? Are you suggesting the old lady's right? Is it a-?

VAN HELSING Yes. A vampyre. But this one is stronger, faster, better. And if my studies are to be believed, we may have more than one on our hands soon enough.

ARTHUR What do you mean?

DR. SEWARD Mina had mentioned to me that in Lucy's first sleepwalking incident, she awoke complaining that she could taste her nightmares blood. The connection that Lucy and this thing had along with the fangs and drastic change in personality, we could only concur that the vampires original intention, was to turn Miss Lucy into one of them.

QUINCEY Right, well that may be but have you seen her recently? She doesn't look too menacing right now.

VAN HELSING That is the whole idea. The typical vampyre cannot awake during daylight, but will soon hunger in the night.

ARTHUR What are you saying?

VAN HELSING I am merely suggesting that we must act before she turns.

ARTHUR Act how?

VAN HELSING Well the cleanest way would be to remove the head, stake the heart and burn the remaining pieces. *(The gentlemen stare at her in shock. VAN HELSING pulls out a wooden stake from under her jacket)* Shall we draw straws?

QUINCEY This is ridiculous.

ARTHUR I will not allow you to defile what remains of her.

DR. SEWARD Arthur

ARTHUR No. Lucy is not a threat, she would not harm anybody.

VAN HELSING That is not Lucy anymore! (*getting frustrated*) *A beat*. This is not a topic for debate, we have to dispose of her body to ensure she doesn't meet the same fate as her murderer.

DR. SEWARD It would be in Lucy's best interests.

ARTHUR I do not believe you. Quincey?

QUINCEY I don't know, Art. She is already gone, I suppose this way we'd be sure.

ARTHUR How could you? Both of you. She (turning to Dr Seward) trusted you.

DR. SEWARD Which is why we have to do this. We must save her soul.

VAN HELSING How about we wait? We shall go to her grave tonight. If she sleeps, I will go, but if she awakens, you (*looks to Arthur*) will finish her.

QUINCEY Now hold on

ARTHUR Agreed. Tonight it is.

ARTHUR EXITS.

Prof. Agatha Van Helsing: Act4 Sc4 Pg 50-52

ENTER MINA and JOHNATHAN sat at one end of the table.

MINA How do you feel?

JOHNATHAN Better, my love. Thank you for bearing my pain with me these past weeks, you are the crutch I walk with.

MINA I am so glad I could help. ENTER VAN HELSING, still dressed in blood covered clothes.

VAN HELSING Apologies for the delay. The night escaped me.

MINA What happened? Are you alright?

VAN HELSING Oh, yes, pay no mind to my new sense of fashion. Mr Harker, Abigail Van Helsing. *(They shake hands)*
Thank you for contacting me.

JOHNATHAN Thank you for taking my case, Doctor?

VAN HELSING Is something the matter?

JOHNATHAN No, apologies, I was merely expecting... someone else.

VAN HELSING You have not been the first, rest assured. *(chuckling)* *(JOHNATHAN laughs nervously)* Now come, tell me of your symptoms.

JOHNATHAN Nightmares, Doctor. Horrible and violent nightmares. They will not cease, no matter the strength of the pill I take. And I do not hunger anymore, I know my stomach is empty but I cannot bring myself to indulge.

VAN HELSING And this all began in Transylvania? Your letter mentioned you were held captive for a rather extensive period of time?

JOHNATHAN That's correct. Count Dracula was a gracious host in the early stages of our acquaintance. I never would have thought him capable of... *JOHNATHAN trails off. MINA places a hand on his shoulder.*

VAN HELSING I pray you, tell me what happened.

JOHNATHAN He tormented me, locking me away with three demons. Day after day, night after night I would lay in their pit of despair whilst they drained me of life, just enough so I couldn't move but could still taste death.

VAN HELSING These demons, did they feed you anything?

JOHNATHAN Gods no, I was too weak to eat.

VAN HELSING What about drink? Did they give you water, or blood? *JOHNATHAN looks confusedly repulsed at the question.* Apologies for my questioning. I understand it may be difficult, Mr Harker, but I have a hunch about your case being connected to the late Miss Lucy's, and I'd like to know all that I can.

MINA Lucy? Do you really believe these madmen to be the same person?

VAN HELSING Yes. The letter you sent described three women with fangs, pale skin and bloodlust, exactly how we found Miss Lucy the night prior to her death.

JOHNATHAN I knew I saw him.

VAN HELSING I beg your pardon?

JOHNATHAN The count. He is here, in London. I caught a glimpse of him upon our arrival but thought myself mad.

VAN HELSING Where? Where did you see him?

JOHNATHAN The town square.

VAN HELSING Well that's no use. According to lore, vampyres require soil from their homeland in order to successfully rest, otherwise, he will be unable to recover his strength. Given the power of this Count Dracula, I would wager he's stashed a royal garden.

JOHNATHAN The boxes, of course. I know exactly where he is; Carfax Abbey. It is the reason I travelled to that wretched land in the first place, he has brought residence here.

VAN HELSING Brilliant. Then there is no time to loose, let us go to Hillingham to rally our army. I believe we have a plan to discuss.

JOHNATHAN I shall ready the carriage. *Excitedly, JOHNATHAN EXITS. VAN HELSING begins to hastily follow, but MINA stops her.*

MINA Doctor, about Lucy.

VAN HELSING Yes, child?

MINA The blood. When she said she tasted blood... Is that what killed her? Could I have prevented it that night?

VAN HELSING No one can know for certain, but yes. I believe you very well could have.

VAN HELSING EXITS leaving MINA standing in silence. After a long beat, MINA begrudgingly follows the others.