

# DRACULA

**Jonathan:** from the journal of Jonathan Harker, 1<sup>st</sup> of June, eighteen-hundred and ninety-two. I

can no longer quell the fears that rampage through my troubled mind. For weeks, I have done everything the Count has asked of me, believing sincerely that I should remain safe here as long as I do so. But now... Now, I fear, nay, I know that I am in grave danger. At my wits end, I began to explore the castle more thoroughly, even in the night despite the Count's request. His Attendants seem to constantly watch me know through their vacant eyes and expressionless faces, but they never attempt to prevent my exploration of the grounds. That is, unless I should try to leave the grounds. And so, I have decided to seek out escape.

Surely, Castle Dracula has many secrets, but every door I try is locked fast or blocked off. And the night air of the Castle is heavy. The weight of it seems to fill my lungs and slow me down. I fear that I may be trapped. Oh, Mina. Mina! I need you to give me strength. I feel as though I'm going mad. I swear I can hear voices in the dark corridors.

*In the shadows, calling to JONATHAN, are the BRIDES.*

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** Jonathan... Jonathan, where are you?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** Jonathan... I need you...

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** Jonathan... Come to me, my love...

**Jonathan:** Mina? Mina, is that you?! Where are you?

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** I'm here, Jonathan. Come to me.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** I love you, Jonathan.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** We can be together. Always.

*The BRIDES close in on Jonathan. They seem to almost glide, like beautiful, pale ghosts, dressed in fashions that would be ancient for the time. They, too, have pronounced canines.*

**Jonathan:** Mina? Who are you?

*The BRIDES sit JONATHAN down in the chair. As they speak and touch him, he slips further and further into a hypnotic, unconscious state.*

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** Oh, Jonathan, my love. How long I have ached to feel your warm flesh in my arms.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** You needn't fear, love. Stay with me.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** I only wish to serve you, love. Whatever you desire, I shall do your bidding.

**Jonathan:** But I... I can't...

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** You're safe here, love.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** I can make you the happiest man alive.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** You shall never know want again.

*The BRIDES move in closer and closer, preparing to feed.*

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** Jonathan...

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** Jonathan...

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** Jonathan... We love you...

*As the BRIDES begin to feed, DRACULA enters with a fury, moving quickly and more strongly than JONATHAN has seen before. The BRIDES begin acting like ravenous, wild animals, hissing and clawing, as he commands them.*

**Dracula:** SCARVANIA! SHAGALIA PUST VAGNYA! KEY VAL MORTE...!

**1<sup>st</sup> Bride:** He is ours now!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** We want to play with him!

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** Let us keep him!

**Dracula:** He is mine.

*The BRIDES shriek then, twirling in rage and perhaps pain, they gather at DRACULA's feet.*

**1st Bride:** But what of us, Lord?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Bride:** Have you forgotten our love, Liege?

**3<sup>rd</sup> Bride:** We only live to serve you, Master.

.

**Dracula:** Do not touch him. Go!

*The BRIDES shriek again and exit.*

**Dracula:** You. Are. Mine.

*DRACULA exits, and JONATHAN wakes with a start, terrified.*

**Jonathan:** from the journal of Jonathan Harker. Undated. Final entry. I cannot stay another moment here. I fear for more than my life. I dread that my mortal soul may in fact be in danger should I remain. These dreams come suddenly and violently. I wake in rooms I have no memory of entering. I'm feverish and frantic, and now I feel my dreams are creeping into reality. I cannot last much longer here. I have decided to make my escape, no matter the cost.

*JONATHAN climbs the platform in the back as he speaks.*

**Jonathan:** I have climbed to the far Western tower of Castle Dracula. It's the tallest, and the only place that over-looks the sea. The sea...yes, that is how I shall escape. Perhaps I can swim back to you, Mina! Ha, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." The flesh...is weak... What's this? A ship. His ship. The Count prepares for his ocean journey to England, to my home.

*The ATTENDANTS enter, and carry a large, long wooden box across the stage and exit as JONATHAN speaks.*

**Jonathan:** For days now, his Attendants have been loading the ship. But not with food or water or supplies. Not even with the Count's belongings. Just boxes. Large, wooden boxes filled with earth. Dirt, Mina! Boxes filled with dirt! There are at least 30 of them, likely more as they seem to load them day and night without every stopping. What have I gotten myself into, Mina? I should have never left your side. And I swear to you now, if I do escape, and if I live to tell about it, I will never leave you again. Never. I love you, Mina. With all my heart and what soul I have left in me. Find me. Find me, my love.

*JONATHAN appears to jump off the tower.*