

DRACULA: A TALE OF THE NIGHT

By Samuel Stokes
Based on the novel *Dracula* by Bram Stoker

PROLOGUE

MUSICAL NUMBER – NOSFERATU DRACULA

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA, NOSFERATU DRACULA
NOSFERATU DRACULA, NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:
SINCE TIME BEGAN MANKIND HAS LEARNED TO FEAR

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA

HIM WITH THE POW'R TO TORMENT SOULS IN HELL.

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:
DARKNESS PROVIDES FOR HIM A LETHAL ATMOSPHERE

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:
TO LURE THE SINLESS VICTIMS UNDER HIS SPELL.

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:
"SON OF THE DRAGON" IS THIS DEMON'S NAME.

ALL:
NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:
SPAWNING FROM HIM WE CALL THE "PRINCE OF SHAME."

ALL:

NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:

CALLING THE NIGHT HIS KINGDOM NOW
ALL THE UNDERWORLD CREATURES FALL
DOWN AT HIS FEET IN TRIBUTE TO DRACULA.

ALL:

NOSFERATU DRACULA, NOSFERATU DRACULA
NOSFERATU DRACULA

VAN HELSING:

COUNT DRACULA IS ADVANCING IN HIS QUEST FOR THE BLOOD HE SEEKS.
HE TRAVELS BY SEA IN THE VESSEL DEMETER WHERE NOW HIS
MASSACRE REEKS.
THE CORPSES OF THOSE HE'S SLAUGHTERED ARE LITTERED ACROSS THE
DECK.
THE SOLE EVIDENCE THAT WAS LEFT BY THE CULPRIT WERE TWO SMALL
HOLES ON THE NECK.
WOE TO THE CREW OF DEMETER YOUR LIFE FROM YOU HAS BEEN BLED.
NO ONE SAW THROUGH HIS DEMEANOR. YOU'RE VICTIMS OF THE
UNDEAD!

ALL:

NOSFERATU DRACULA, NOSFERATU DRACULA
NOSFERATU DRACULA, NOSFERATU DRACULA

END OF MUSICAL NUMBER – NOSFERATU DRACULA

Scene 1

(Count DRACULA and Jonathan HARKER enter the disheveled Carfax Abbey with a candelabrum lighting their path.)

HARKER:

If you'll follow me this way, Count, we shall find a place to conduct our business.
(HARKER clears off a dusty table and picks a chair up off the floor and sets it across from another chair, already at the table.) I apologize for the condition of the furniture.
We had not been expecting your arrival so soon.

DRACULA:

That is quite alright, Mr. Harker. There is much history in this place and there is no reason to disturb what the ages have left.

HARKER:

That may be true, Count, but a little cleaning would do harm, and perhaps make the place a bit more livable.

DRACULA:

Ah, yes. I forget, Mr. Harker, how much importance the English people place on the appearance of their habitats. I however am a man from a very simple country, with simpler desires.

HARKER:

Of course, I forget that there are many differences between our cultures. (*HARKER gets the papers out of his briefcase*) Here are the papers. If everything appears to be in order, then please sign at the bottom.

DRACULA:

I am quite confident that nothing has escaped Mr. Harker's unrelenting scrutiny. (*DRACULA signs the paper and returns it to HARKER*). Here you are, sir. I have taken great pleasures in our business proceedings.

HARKER:

(*Shaking DRACULA's hands*) As have I. Now I presume you will require arrangements for the evening?

DRACULA:

I shall be content to stay here, tonight.

HARKER:

Begging your pardon, Count, but surely you are not serious. This place is hardly in the proper condition to inhabit at present.

DRACULA:

You forget that I am a man from a simple country, with simple pleasures.

(*DRACULA walks towards the window*)

HARKER:

Yes, of course, but . . . (*DRACULA stretches his arms out the window and wolves begin to howl, stifling HARKER*).

DRACULA:

Ah, the children of the night. What sweet music they make!

HARKER:

If you say so, Count. I would personally prefer a different tune.

(*DRACULA turns abruptly to HARKER*)

DRACULA:

And what sort of tune would that be, Mr. Harker?

HARKER:

Well, perhaps one a little more . . . comforting. I mean . . . on a night such as this?

DRACULA:

Yes, Mr. Harker. A night such as this.