

Monologue Mania!

Dracula

Adapted by Stephen Hotchner

FEMALE / Mid-20s to mid-30s / 1890s

About the play: Jonathan Harker has been warned by Dr. Van Helsing, his close friend and world-famous scientist, to be wary of his trip to Transylvania to close a real estate transaction with Count Dracula. But Harker is young and ambitious. He stumbles into a web of terror that nearly sends him to his death. When Harker escapes Dracula's clutches, Dracula follows him to England, knowing who his next victim will be: Lucy Wenstrom, best friend to Jonathan's wife, Mina. Harker and Van Helsing are unable to save Lucy from Dracula, who then turns on Mina. To break the spell, Van Helsing and Harker return to Transylvania, trying desperately to discover Dracula's whereabouts. The coach breaks down. The wolves are baying. A night of terror begins and all nearly lose lives and souls.

About the scene: Mina tells Dr. Van Helsing that she is concerned with Lucy's change in behavior.

* * *

MINA:

You will not believe what I am about to tell you. But beg you to listen, all the same. Have you noticed something peculiar about the way Lucy is acting? [...]

It began three days ago. There had been a great storm. A storm greater than any the local fishermen could ever recall. Boats were smashed against the large rocks that ring the harbor. Waves climbed to record heights. There was panic among the tourists on the beaches. Then, out of nowhere, a ship appeared on the horizon. And at that very moment the tempest broke. Then there came a fog, a mass of dark mist which seemed to close on all things like a grey pall. We were on the East Cliff, right at this very place, watching it all. Something... not human... came with that ship. I'll never forget Lucy's face as she watched that ship race toward the harbor, as though, at that moment, some spirit was communicating across the sea to her. And then that corpse, which swung horribly to and fro at each motion of the ship. Even the panicked tourists were entranced at the sight of that dead man, lashed to the helm. We saw that poor dead Captain lashed to the helm of his ship, and I heard Lucy whisper, "thrilling, absolutely thrilling." It was like listening to a stranger. She even seemed upset by this cross I wear.

CONTINUED on the NEXT PAGE>

Monologue Mania!

Dracula (continued)

Lucy talked about that ship for hours. Then it began. The sleepwalking. My room is next to Lucy's. I remember hearing her toss about that first night, moaning so despairingly that I went into her bedroom to see what was wrong. I couldn't wake her. Her eyes were open and she cried out, "Yes, master, I am here." Then she went back to sleep. I never did wake her. [...]

It grows stranger. I heard her get up the next night. I followed her. She walked by the curved path to the stone bench where we now sit. The moon was full. She stood at this place, her eyes fixed upon the sea. She stood so still... Then she raised her arms to the moon as though she were embracing something or someone... invisible. I raised my eyes to the moon to see what she was looking at. I saw a bat hovering over Lucy, not more than twenty or thirty feet in the air above her. [...]

That was yesterday. I took my late afternoon nap and when I woke the sun had gone down and Lucy was gone. I came here. There is an old stone monolith. You see it there? [...]

I hid behind it and watched. I saw Lucy on this bench. Then, as though out of nowhere, a tall dark stranger sat down beside her. Lucy had a book of poetry in her hands and the stranger took the book from her. She turned toward him as though hypnotized. I called out, "Lucy, who is that?" Then the stranger whirled and glared at me. I shall never forget those eyes, red and gleaming in the dark. Then the stranger turned and vanished, vanished into the night. I called again, Lucy turned toward me, smiled in a way I will always remember. And she said, "Why who could you be talking about, darling Mina?" [...]

I tell you, her life is in danger. I can feel it. And I need no science to tell me that Lucy is possessed. By what, I don't know, but I do know she is not the Lucy Wenstrom once called my best friend.