

Dracula and the Bloody Mary

A Stage Play

By Santiago Sevilla

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

King Edward VI

Queen Mary Tudor

Count Dracula Lord of Transylvania

Mephistopheles The Devil

Cardinal Reginald Pole

Don Giovanni

Don Tenorio

Lord Ascot

Sir Thomas Wyat

Black Death (As a Knight Errant)

Saint George

Choir of Conspirators

Choir of the People of Windsor

Choir of Kentish Soldiers

Choir of Royal Soldiers

FIRST ACT SCENE ONE

Location: On top of the tower in a Castle in Transylvania

Dracula

God has me forgotten, it appears!
I fought against the Turks for many years,
and today, by them I am surrounded.
My haughty castle in hard granite grounded
their firry onslaught immediate fears.
My captains are dead, the moat is bridged;
the castle wall by cannon ball was breached.
Against my bloody enemies' mischief,
regard! my only guard is this mastiff.
As God is numb now, Devil be beseeched!

Mephistopheles

Fragrant and splendid until final hour,
as long as life blossoms, hope is flower.
Calamity and overwhelming woe:
I can save you from the Turkish foe,

if you yield to my convincing power...

Dracula

Who you are still is mystery to me,
but the sound of your voice is a promise,
even though your conditioning premise,
demands that I to your commands agree
if I, from certain death, want free to be ...

Mephistopheles

Mephistopheles I got as my name,
and with time, I have earned a shameful fame,
that my business is throwing temptations
in such wayward difficult occasions,
when a chess mate is the end of the game.

Dracula

If temptation is your ostentation,
I accept your promise to save my life,
and support my sword in this ugly strife.
But are you exchanging my salvation,
Mephistopheles, for my damnation?

Mephistopheles

My loyalty, you know, is due to hell.
This knight on my side with the scythe is Death
He can cut with swift blow your ultimate breath.
So make up your mind while all still is well.
Count Dracula, out your destiny spell!

Dracula

Last defender standing on this tower
I have no better choice but to surrender:
What price or gift am I bound to render,
for you all these Turks to overpower?
You may as well my whole soul devour!

Mephistopheles

Yourself feeding on tender women's neck,
downgrading so the human kind to wreck,
you must, O Count, change for blood your diet.
Believe me, the damsels will be quiet,
when you have finished with their body check.

Regarding the length of your endowment,
it should last for centuries and ever,
unless to conceive a heir you endeavour,
thus a vamp has to beget your infant,
who, in turn, will be the bloody regnant.

Dracula

So be it, so be it... I say amen!

Black Death

Well, well. Now is my work to kill the Turk!
The knight of night, the ghastly skeleton,
I'll strike the blow, they will be smitten...
In gloomy darkness, through foggy, dirty murk,
my lethal scythe upon their heads will lurk...

Action: The attacking Turks are obliterated by Black Death,,

FIRST ACT SCENE TWO

Location: In the woods close to the Castle in Transylvania

Dracula

To evil devil I have sold my soul!
Surely it was a foolish mistake.
Like Adam I fell for the fake of snake,
and from now on, only Death's earthly hole,
unwittingly, must be my final goal.
Until then, there may be some fun involved,
I have from human into bat evolved,
effortless seems I have become airborne,
can fly at night touching stars till morn,
and get through windows in amours revolved!

Must find, nevertheless, a Vampiress
to become my paramour and princess,
with her perhaps a heir to procreate,
and conclude my life's terminal fate:
with flying colours, to enter Hell's gate.
There fire should become bearable,
if one has to endure it for ever,
but the boredom in heaven never,

I believe, would be a yoke wearable,
or its damage to the mind, repairable.

Action: Count Dracula flies away over the trees to new destinations.

FIRST ACT SCENE THREE

Location: In a cavern somewhere inside Windsor Great Park

Choir of Vampires

At night we fly into the starry sky,
and drink the nectar from the nicest flower,
through darkness our eyes, with magic glower,
discover the guy who must for us die,
our ever quenchless thirst to satisfy.
We have roosted in this world forever.
The Lord created us like all the rest,
his children we are, and his pest, the best,
his volant message, invention clever,
from human donor, blood to dissever.

Princess Mary

Forgetful I strolled through Windsor Park,
absentminded I passed through the rose arc,
its canopy most suddenly turned dark...
How could I go astray into this cave?
No spark of light! O God, who can me save?

Mephistopheles

Yes, I could save your Highness the princess,
from the monsters who inhabit this cavern,
let me show them to you with this lantern:
Look how they clutch and they clinch in congress,
and, like celestials, their eyes effloresce,
If you want to avoid their bloodsucking,
you might have to my will do some ducking:
Please drink from this glass the sanguine content,
swear that forever my wish you consent,
or beware that bats will be attacking...

Princess Mary

O devilish plot you concoct! I say
Amen, for saving myself from the affray!

Action: Princess Mary drinks the cup of blood and becomes a Vampiress. The bats fly out of the cave in great numbers. Princess Mary, guided by Mephistopheles, strolls out of the maze of the cavern in to the oak woods.

SECOND ACT SCENE ONE

Location: Windsor Castle, Festive Hall

Mephistopheles (*Dressed as a Jester, speaking to himself*)

Late today Windsor Castle gives a feast,
How never celebrated was before;
Among visitors I honestly ignore,
If there is more of whore and arrivist,
Than of gentleman, lady, prince or priest.
It's, at any rate, magic occasion
For libation, laudation, flirtation...
I wonder how our princess-vamp performs,
The malediction her allure transforms,
And her victims bleeds till expiration...

Princess Mary

Dear friends: Enjoy this celebration.
Let me toast to your everlasting health,
And wish you happiness and golden wealth.
For dance is now the proper occasion.
Start music of waltz without dilation!

Don Giovanni

Princess Mary, the lady most desired,
I wishful think: By me she should get sired.
Me begetting her: What an amusement!
For my rampant glory, great achievement.
To conquer her, I hope to be inspired!

Sir Thomas Wyatt

I partake with you the admiration
For this most desirable princess,
And I dare you to gain to her access;
Fancy she prefers my adoration,
To your clumsy Spanish adulation.

Lord Ascot

I challenge you, pretentious noblemen,
That virtuous beauty boldly to defrost.
She would rather, if I do her accost,
Pick me. Is my conceit! Now gentlemen,
She demands that we all should dance again.

Action: Don Giovanni asks Princess Mary for a dance...

Princess Mary

Don Giovanni, you want to dance with me?
Are you not the infamous seducer,
Of women's disgrace and tears, producer?
Warn you: If to dance with you I agree,
Carnivorous the flower eats the bee!

Don Giovanni

Royal Highness and Princess, never mind
Calumny and sordid defamation,
Due to passion and blinding inflammation.
Of lovers all, I'm known to be most kind,
Refined benefactor of womankind.
Regarding your caveat and warning,
I salute my role as the honey bee,
Cross my heart, hope to die, and so it be!

Princess Mary

Well go on, take my hand for the dancing,
You have managed to melting my icing...

Action: They dance magnificently, get very close to each other as lovers do, but all of a sudden, Don Giovanni falls to the floor, and appears to be dead. The princess murmurs to herself...

Princess Mary

Surprise, surprise! To world's astonishment,
Predacious man supplied my nourishment...
Seducer Don Giovanni bled to death,
Dancing amorous you expired your last breath,
Thus finally received your punishment!

Action: Ladies and gentlemen of the court surround the fallen Don Giovanni...

Sir Thomas Wyat

Don Giovanni, the conqueror, is pale,
Dismayed and irretrievable, lifeless...
It appears he succumbed to the Princess!
All women, high and low, for him shall wail.
To the underworld Hades he sets sail...
But this feast must go on undisturbed,
All the expressions of grief should be curbed.
Toast to joy and drink a glass of vodka,
Princess, let us dance a happy polka!
Please, don't let yourself be at all perturbed!

Action: While the deceased Don Giovanni is carried out discretely by some liveried yeomen of the guard, the courtiers are ravished away by dancing and laughing.

Lord Ascot

Lovely woman, I think, is Lady Lark.
Her eyes kindle each a celestial spark...
Would you dance with me most graceful Madam?
If you are Eve, yours I will be Adam,
Or you be Laura and I'll be Petrarch.

Lady Lark

Your Lordship is quite new to me, I confess.
Dancing with you I do out of politesse,
I prefer that you pretend being a poet,
Not rustic Adam, play instead Hamlet,
Epitome of unfortunate noblesse.

Action: They dance beautifully through the palace ballroom, become more intimate, go behind some marble columns, and suddenly, in the blink of an eye, Lady Lark falls dismayed to the ground. Lord Ascot's lips are stained with blood.

Lord Ascot (Talking to himself)

I was so much in love with her. Damn it!
I couldn't avoid to drink her noble blood,
My soul relished at the red nectar's flood.
Overpowered by malfeasance was my whit.
Evil beverage, disgruntled, I spit!

Sir Thomas Wyatt

For God's sake! It must be an epidemic,
by the speed of the spread, a pandemic.
If I judge by the pallid squalor,
And the marks on the collar of dolour,
Cause of death: she was totally anaemic!

Lord Ascot

You're right, she suffered piercing of the skin.
A beast, a bat must be the assassin.

Princess Mary

This is great shame for the throne, and the crown.
We must look for the beast, and hunt it down.
We will honour Lady Lark as heroine!

Action: The body of Lady Lark is taken out in procession on a bier. The court is amazed and saddened. They go to Windsor's cemetery to bury the dead.

SECOND ACT SCENE TWO

Location: In a walk close to Frogmore

Princess Mary

Don Giovanni and Lady Lark interred,
My question to you cannot be deferred:
We share, it appears, misfortune most dire,
Are you Lord Ascot, like me, a vampire?
Have you also gone astray and erred?

Lord Ascot

As you know, Princess, I am not British.
Title was usurped, I'm count Dracula.
Being bloodsucker is my macula.
Like you, perhaps, by trick most devilish,
Condemned I am, as human bat to perish.

Princess Mary

The devil's treaty was under duress;
We could not but subserviently acquiesce.
Can't we our condemnation retrogress?
If we confess, damnation not be breached?
Is there no grace of God to be beseeched?

Dracula (as Lord Ascot)

Our fate appears to be definitive.
According canonical tradition,
There is no way out of our perdition.
Though our misfortune is infinitive,
For love, at least, it might me unitive.

Princess Mary

Harmony in disgrace is unison,
Love may be justified comparison:
Love each other sharing our loneliness!
Let us both moderate our bloodiness,
And dine together only venison.

Action: Princess Mary and Count Dracula embrace each other, and become lovers.

SECOND ACT SCENE THREE

Location: Windsor Great Park, under some old oak trees

Dracula (as Lord Ascot)

Some years have elapsed, we live in peace.
Prince Edward has grown in age and in grace.
We enjoy today the bears hunting craze:
From winter sleep returned, grisly the fleece,
Our ferocious bears, their anger release...

Prince Edward

We face them with pointed lances of steel.
They respond wildly with murderous zeal.
Their paws cut the hunters with wondrous claws,
They gore and destroy what can maul their jaws.
In the fight, the braves their valour reveal.

Action: Count Dracula and Prince Edward battle with an enormous bear...

Dracula (as Lord Ascot)

Well done, dear Edward, you dared, valiant chap,
The bear between your lance and sword to entrap.

More than a pint of blood, I gladly think,
Will this plentiful beast grant us to drink.
His mortal juice in silver cup I tap!
This is a good stuff for your consumption,
Stronger livelihood, and the resumption
Of adventurous ways to feed your guts.
Believe me, bravest Prince, blood never gluts,
For your better health, swallow this sorption!

Action: Count Dracula taps the bear for blood and they toast and drink it happily. They return to Windsor Castle by the Long Walk and Princess Mary appears at the gate:

Prince Edward

Sister, kiss you on return from the hunt!
We downed bear with lance, boar with the crossbow.
Aghast with awe, each beast a splendid foe.
Music was for us bear's roaring, boar's grunt.
Magnificent and thrilling was the stunt!

Princess Mary

Be welcome, cruel men. Do you bring me flowers?
You look terrific, bloody and inflamed,
Ferocity must, for your looks, be blamed.
Please, take off your eyes those murderous lours,
And let us spend some pleasurable hours.

Action: They retire to the castle for luncheon and music.

THIRD ACT SCENE ONE

Location: Windsor Castle, in front of Saint George's Chapel.

Choir of the People of Windsor

King Henry is dead. Prey now: God save the Queen!
We demand: Crown our princess and dauphine!
Let fly the Tudor Flag high on the pole,
The future bliss and hope our soul console.
Desert, what has been; time to come, all green!

Location: Saint George's Chapel

Action: Lord Ascot and Princess Mary entering

Dracula (as Lord Ascot)

King Edward utterly dismayed in bed
Pale like a ghost and breathless, appears dead.
Perhaps battling against the grisly bear,
Ill as he was, though brave, he could not bear.
Mary, first in line, you're the only heir!

Location: Outside Saint George's Chapel

Choir of the People of Windsor

Young King Edward is dead, God save the Queen!
We command: Crown our princess and dauphine!
Let fly the Tudor flag high on the pole,
And call old Cardinal Reginald Pole,
To put her on the throne, our heroine!

Action: With great pomp, Princess Mary is crowned Queen of England, by the Bishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Reginald Pole, possessed by Mephistopheles, the devil, in Saint George's Chapel, inside Windsor Castle.

Mephistopheles (as Cardinal Reginald Pole)

Queen Mary, save the Catholic belief.
Fanaticism rewards me with relief.
The Protestants you burn for heresy:
My hell on earth for their contumacy.
So do I God's work, while I play mischief.
Never forgotten, the Smithfield fire,
Will remain forever the devil's pyre.
Let me dream transferring diabolical
Firework to Britannia mystical:
Oh, what marvellous flaming quagmire!

Queen Mary

I know you well, you wicked Cardinal,
Your devious plan is truly infernal!
It seems I am obliged your bid to obey,
To live and survive just another day.
God, save me from evil sempiternal!

Action: On the horizon of the stage one can see the Smithfield fires burning and one hears the laments and moaning of the tormented martyrs at the stake.

THIRD ACT SCENE TWO

Location: Festive Hall of Windsor Castle

Action: Queen Mary Tudor sits on the throne. A Spanish emissary salutes Queen Mary on occasion of the festivities for her crowning. Plenty of guests around, music and merriment.

Don Tenorio

Regards from your husband the King of Spain.
God's benedictions for the English reign!
Of murdered Don Giovanni, I am the son,
By vengeance, I would like his death undone.
I trust nobody tries me to refrain...

Queen Mary

Contain your wrath, Spanish nobleman.
Our justice punishes what deed it can
With proofs, without a doubt, incriminate.
For your inquiries, the time is all to late.
Sir, your so vindictious plan, I must ban!
This notwithstanding, enjoy your stage,
And at Queen's Terrace be my trusted guest.
Of lovers all, your father was the best!
You look like him, you are at his same age,
Refrain your rage, and become wise and sage!

Action: A splendid Spanish ballet dances in honour of the queen. The court applauds; there is great happiness and joy.

THIRD ACT SCENE THREE

Location: Inside the festive Hall of Windsor Castle.

Action: A group of conspirators gather aside.

Don Tenorio

We shall celebrate the coronation
Of Queen Mary of the House of Tudor.

Now has my time come, as revenge brooder,
From obsession, to gain liberation,
Performing long due assassination,
Of the Queen and her lover, the vampire!
We avengers, who against them conspire,
Must early into their chamber retire,
And when they are deep asleep, kill them swift,
This will be to the English, superb gift.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Three hundred heretics burnt to ashes!
Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and Hooper,
And many other protestant trooper,
With fire and rope she lashes and bashes,
By each bloody twinkle of her eyelashes.

Choir of Conspirators

The moon is our friend. It smiles all glary.
Revenge! Let us kill the bloody Mary!
Pierce and gore her well through the heart! Scary
But necessary crime to free England
From her tyranny, and vampire brigand.

Action: The conspirators gather secretly in the queen's apartment, and later when Queen Mary and Lord Ascot get to bed, they wait for them to fall asleep. When they are defenceless dreaming, the conspirators approach the bed and pierce them through the heart with their lances.

Choir of Conspirators

Revenge is done: Murdered Bloody Mary,
And Lord Ascot, her infamous lover.
Disappear before the guards discover
The ugly deed! Be steadfast and not wary,
The nation shall its freedom recover!

Mephistopheles

God's heavenly kingdom seems diminished:
My might on mankind better established.
History is now written, this job finished.
The bloody spell, for me worked very well.
Dear partners, wake up, we march to hell!

Action: Queen Mary and Lord Ascot revive as spectres and stand up, taking the lances off their chests. Saint George appears as “DEUS EX MACHINA”.

Saint George (telling to Mephistopheles)

Forget your conquest of their loyalty.
They descend from anointed royalty.
The hand of God rests on each crowned head.
No devil can command their souls, when dead.
Mephisto obey! You're damned to fealty.

Action: Mephistopheles disappears in a storm of fire, and Saint George turns to the deceased and urges them:

The devil can no more you ill infect.
I call you, kingly kin, to resurrect.
To royal duties, I order, return!
Devil may Windsor Castle want to burn,
Yet from my chapel, England I protect!

Action: Queen Mary and Lord Ascot revive to human flesh, and rub their eyes as returning from a nightmare, and embrace each other.

THIRD ACT SCENE FOUR

Location: The countryside close to the outskirts of London.

Action: Three thousand Kentish men, armed and ready for war have gathered under the command of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Brave men of Kent, I bid you to attend
To few words from your Sheriff and brother:
Queen Mary should have married no other,
Than English nobleman. Spaniards pretend
To bring English liberties to an end.
King Philip is a mean womaniser,
Helped in arms by his father the Kaiser,
Do you want to accept England's slavery?
Is not better to fight with bravery?
Against shame and defeat aren't we riser?

Choir of Kentish Soldiers

Our King must always be an Englishman!
Ready for the fight, bowman and swordsman,
Against shame and defeat we are riser!

Action: The royal forces headed by Queen Mary, appear in great numbers, and after a brief but very bloody encounter, the Kentish Army is defeated. Sir Thomas Wyatt surrenders and is taken prisoner.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

God has me forsaken! My dear men
Struggling fiercely, all have been slain.
For me, before the axe, will come the chain,
Disgrace! To die in desperate disdain:
Over Britain, the iron fist of Spain!

Action: The royal forces salute Queen Mary

Choir of Royal Soldiers

God save the Queen! God save the Queen!

Queen Mary

God, to thee I pray thankful on my knee,
For saving England from this civil war.
Forgiveness for my failures I implore,
unworthy Queen, yet humble, your trustee,
the rebel's head must be retrieved to me!

Action: Sir Thomas Wyatt is taken in chains to the scaffold, put on the block, and he is beheaded. His head is brought to the Queen.

The End