

ACT ONE
PROLOGUE

[A foggy street corner with a dim street lamp and bench. It is midnight. We hear the echo of approaching footsteps on the pavement. Suddenly, a shadow appears through the mist. VAN HELSING, a hard-boiled detective in classic 1940s trench coat and hat, steps into the light, leans against the lamp post, and lights a cigarette.]

VAN HELSING

When you gaze out into the dead of night that hangs over the city like a shroud, a million lights from a million windows stare back at you. A flickering beacon for every soul scratching out a meager existence in this damn urban jungle; each one attempting to feed an insatiable appetite, each one desperate for the sensation of being alive. These sparks of humanity bear witness to the warm blood pulsing through the chilly void that engulfs the city with the arrival of each nightfall. Slowly, one by one, each ember dies and is replaced by the inky gloom that holds the night together. This is my world, a dusky landscape that speaks an ancient language of shadows and whispers, of dreams and fear. It opens unseen prison cells, freeing savage creatures that are afraid to be caught in the light of day, who satisfy unnatural thirsts with the misery of others, who devour innocence as if it were their last supper.

[Takes a drag on his cigarette, exhales slowly.]

Here things get lost in the dark, sometimes never to be found again. That's where I come in. The name's Van Helsing, I'm a private eye. I find things: cash, jewels, husbands, trouble. And sometimes, trouble finds me.

[Chuckles.]

There was a time I only believed in what I could see and touch. That was before I entered the murky world of the night, came face to face with him, and barely escaped with my life.

[Turns and walks away as the lights fade]

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

Copyright © 2003 by Robert Neblett and David Grapes

All Rights Reserved.

WARNING: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this material is fully protected by copyright in the United States of America, the British Commonwealth (including Canada) and other countries throughout the world. All rights, including professional, amateur, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcast, television broadcast, cable television, video tape, motion pictures, internet broadcast, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly forbidden. Any public performance, copying, arranging or adapting this material or any part thereof, without written consent of the Owners, is an infringement of copyright.

All Professional, stock, and amateur rights for DRACULA: The Case of the Silver Scream are administered exclusively through Summerwind Productions, 2251 Scott Drive, Franklin, TN 37067, without whose permission in writing no performance or reading of the play may be made.

SCRIPTS FOR DRACULA: The Case of the Silver Scream
Complete scripts are available through
Summerwind Productions
2251 Scott Drive
Franklin, TN 37067

Cost is \$15.00 per script (which includes postage and handling)