

Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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Dracula: Origin

By
Don Fleming

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Dracula: Origin
by Don Fleming

Cast: There are 14 characters, not counting the Turkish Army. The play can be performed with as few as 10 actors, or as many as desired. 10 characters are male, 4 are female.

Set and Props: The play takes place in three locations: a mountain pass, the throne room of the Sultan, and the evil cave of Nekramald. It calls for stylized battle scenes with spears, bows and arrows.

Place and Time: Historically, the events on which the play is based took place around 1450-1475 in Transylvania and Turkey, but the play is a fable and historical accuracy is not important.

Note: This play was written as a companion piece to the Don Fleming adaptation of Bram Stoker's Dracula. It can be performed separately or in tandem with that piece, with separate or combined casts. There are relatively mature themes of dark magic, violence, death and vampirism in the show, but no offensive language. Seattle Children's Theatre Summer Season originally performed the play with actors ranging in age from 10-15.

The play runs about fifty minutes.

Dramatis Personae:

Transylvanians:

Drac, the Dragon, Voivode of Transylvania

Radu, his elder son

Vlad, his younger son, later Dracula

Mircea, Vlad's wife, a Szekely princess

Janos Hunyadi, the White Knight, a hero of Transylvania

Transylvanian Warrior

Nekramald, a Szekely sorcerer, also astrologer to Bazajet

Hetlezen, a Szekely witch

Kudresca, a Szekely witch

Lokeji, a Szekely witch

Turks:

Bazajet, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire

Vizier, Bazajet's adviser

Kudret Ad-Hem, a Turkish Warrior

Malik Shah, general of the Turkish Army

Note: Although some of the names in this play were also borne by historical figures, and the Borgo pass can be found on a map, this play is in no way history or biography. The true story of Vlad Tepes and his struggle against the Ottoman Empire is far darker and more violent than anything I would care to write or watch. -Don Fleming

SCENE ONE. THE BORGO PASS. JUST BEFORE DAWN.

THREE WITCHES ENTER.

KUDRESCA

Blood is life

HETLEZEN

Blood is death

LOKEJI

Blood is stronger than body or breath

KUDRESCA

Lokeji, what have you seen?

LOKEJI

I come from watching the path, Kudresca, from spying upon the mountain track that leads to the Borgo Pass

HETLEZEN

Did you see the Turks, did you see the soldiers of Malik Shah?

LOKEJI

Put your ear to the ground. You will hear them coming

THE DEEP, RESOUNDING SOUND OF AN TURKISH ARMY ON THE MARCH FILLS THE STAGE LIKE A HEARTBEAT

TURKISH ARMY (OFF)
Borgo, Borgo, Borgo

KUDRESCA

There must be a million on the march

TURKISH ARMY (OFF)

A million men. A million men.

HETLEZEN

What a battle is coming, what a feast for the crows!

KUDRESCA

Yes, Hetlezen. A feast we must help prepare. Wind up the charm

HETLEZEN

Hail the power beneath the ground

LOKEJI

Let us not be seen, and move without sound

KUDRESCA

And as the march approaches the mountain gate

HETLEZEN

Fill their hearts with rage and hate

WITCHES

Fight Transylvanian, fight noble Turk.
Be tools of the earth lord, do his work.
Fight for evil, or fight for good,
But here in the mountains spill your blood.

MALIK SHAH AND THE TURKISH ARMY ENTER, MARCHING IN A
STYLIZED WAY TOWARD THE BORGO PASS. THE WITCHES,
INVISIBLE NOW, WATCH ITS PROGRESS.

MALIK

To the Borgo pass!

TURKISH ARMY

To the Borgo pass!

MALIK

To fight and win.

TURKISH ARMY

To fight and win.

MALIK

When the Turks come knocking better let us in!

TURKISH ARMY

When the Turks come knocking better let us in!

MALIK

A million men.

TURKISH ARMY

A million men.

MALIK

Follow me now to the Dragon's den.

TURKISH ARMY

Follow Malik to the Dragon's den.

MALIK

I come from the Sultan, from Bazajet!

TURKISH ARMY

Over the world he casts his net.

MALIK

He is ruler of rulers, king of kings!

TURKISH ARMY

Emperors vie to kiss his ring.

MALIK

I am Malik Shah,

TURKISH ARMY

with a million men.

MALIK

We have come to slay the Dragon,

TURKISH ARMY

and all in his den

MALIK

Yield the Borgo Pass and I'll spare your lives.

TURKISH ARMY

Yield this pass and save your lives.

MALIK

Or taste the terror of our spears and knives.

TURKISH ARMY

We'll spill your blood with spears and knives!

THE TURKISH ARMY SCREAMS ITS CHALLENGE, BUT THE MOUNTAIN PASS REMAINS SILENT. SUDDENLY AN ARROW COMES WHISTLING OUT OF THE PASS AND, GUIDED BY THE WITCHES, STRIKES ONE OF THE TURKISH SOLDIERS. THE TURKISH ARMY HUDDLES TOGETHER, TENSE. SLOWLY DRAC EMERGES IN THE

PASS, AN OLD, TOUGH WARRIOR AND FACES DOWN THE TURKISH ARMY.

DRAC

Your numbers are nothing. This pass is narrow.
And I shall defend it with spear and arrow.

MALIK

We shall take this pass!

TURKISH ARMY

A million have come.

DRAC

But you shall be defeated one by one.
Go back to the Sultan in his fine white palace.
I am the Dragon, hard and callous.
I kill those that threaten my land,
Fear the claws on the Dragon's hand.

MALIK

Where is your fire? I see no flames.
You are just a man, old and lame.

JANOS HUNYADI LEAPS FROM HIDING.

JANOS

I am the fire from the Dragon's jaws!

MIRCEA EMERGES ON DRAC'S LEFT SIDE, ARROW AT THE STRING

MIRCEA

And I am one of the Dragon's claws!

VLAD APPEARS AT DRAC'S RIGHT HAND.

VLAD

And I the other, the Dragon's son.
We'll fight til we die, or the battle's won.

MIRCEA GOES TO VLAD'S SIDE.

MIRCEA

I fight by the side of the man I love.

SHE LOOSES ANOTHER ARROW. ANOTHER TURKISH SODIER IS
HIT.

TURKISH ARMY

Beware, her arrows rain down from above!

MIRCEA

My arrows fly swift and their aim is true.
Pain and death they bring to you.

THE BATTLE IS JOINED. THE WITCHES SWIRL INVISIBLE
ABOUT THE BATTLEFIELD, GUIDING WEAPONS TO THEIR
TARGETS, REJOICING IN THE BLOOD THAT IS SPILLED. VLAD
FINDS HIMSELF ALMOST OVERWHELMED.

VLAD

Janos, help!

JANOS

I hear your call.

JANOS COMES TO VLAD'S RESCUE, BUT IN TURN FINDS
HIMSELF IN DANGER.

Vlad, to my side!

VLAD SAVES JANOS, FORCING THE TURKS BACK.

VLAD

You shall not fall!

JANOS

I am Janos Hunyadi, I am the White Knight.
For liberty honor and truth I fight.
We are Transylvanians
Strong and brave.
We love honor more than we fear the grave.

VLAD

Turks killed my brother; you killed Radu.
For him I will slay a dozen of you.

THE TURKS, BATTERED AND COWERING, FACE THE
TRANSYLVANIANS.

DRAC

Back, or I swear this Transylvanian earth
Will drink the blood of a million Turks.

TURKISH ARMY

Flee from the Dragon, flee from his claws,
Flee from the fire that flies from his jaws.

THE TURKISH ARMY RETREATS. MALIK FACES THE
TRANSYLVANIANS AS HE BACKS DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

MALIK

You have won this day, you reckless fool.
But I swear you shall submit to the Sultan's rule.

DRAC

Many times you have come, every time you go,
Retreating as swiftly as the melting snow.
For fifty years we have kept this land free
No Turk shall defeat my son and me.

JANOS

We love honor more than we fear the grave,

ALL TRANSYLVANIANS

And no Transylvanian will be a slave!

THE TRANSYLVANIANS LEAVE. AS THE SUN SETS ON THE LONG
DAY OF BATTLE, THE WITCHES EMERGE.

KUDRESKA

Blood is life

HETLEZEN

Blood is death

ALL WITCHES

Blood is stronger than body or breath

SCENE TWO THE COURT OF SULTAN BAZAJET

BAZAJET IS HOLDING COURT, ATTENDED BY HIS VIZIER,
NEKRAMALD THE ASTROLOGER, AND GUARDS.

MALIK SHAH ENTERS, TREMBLING, BEARING A SCROLL.

SULTAN

Malik Shah, you come from Transylvania, what news of the Borgo pass?

MALIK KNEELS BUT REMAINS SILENT AND TREMBLING.

VIZIER

Have you no tongue, Malik? Why do you not answer your master?

SULTAN

You tremble, and the whiteness of your cheek tells the story that your tongue cannot.

VIZIER

Speak!

MALIK

Great Sultan, great Bazajet, emperor of emperors, king of kings, lord of all that walks on this earth, swims in the sea, or flies

SULTAN

Enough of your flattering lies! It seems we are not yet lord of the Borgo pass.

THE VIZIER SNATCHES THE SCROLL FROM MALIK

VIZIER

I read here of ten thousand Turks slain.

NEKROMANCER

Once again the Dragon has watered the mountains with Turkish blood.

SULTAN

For half a hundred years his scaly hand has kept us from the treasures of all Europe.

VIZIER

You speak with divine wisdom, O incomparable Bazajet. For as the Borgo pass is the gate to Transylvania, so is Transylvania is the gate to all Europe.

NEKROMANCER

You pour out the blood of your warriors

SULTAN

But this Dragon holds back the tide. Nation after nation has fallen to me, but this ragged fool resists.

VIZIER

Voivode of Transylvania, they call him. Pah! He has no more warriors than a hill brigand

NEKROMANCER

But he mocks the great Sultan from his mountain lair.

SULTAN

The news you bear is a bitter banquet, Malik Shah.

MALIK

Lighten the load of my disgrace, mighty Sultan. I beg, take my head from my shoulders, great Bazajet.

THE SULTAN CLAPS HIS HANDS, AND THE GUARDS PUT THEIR HALBERDS TO MALIK'S THROAT. BUT HE CLAPS THEM AGAIN AND THEY LOWER THEIR WEAPONS.

SULTAN

Shall we lose not only ten thousand soldiers, but our best general as well? No, Malik Shah. You shall live to return to the Borgo Pass.

VIZIER

What of your prophecies, astrologer? Did you not promise Transylvania would fall.

NEKROMANCER

I make no promises. I read the truth that lies in the stars

SULTAN

Tell us again what the stars foretell.

NEKRAMALD

This is the year that Transylvania shall be enslaved. Her glory shall fall into darkness. Her five hundred years of suffering shall begin.

VIZIER

But our army was defeated. Your stars lie.

NEKRAMALD

Men lie, the stars do not.

SULTAN

We have never known your prophecies to prove false.

NEKRAMALD

And you never shall, O mighty one.

VIZIER

If the stars do not lie, then they talk in riddles. On the strength of this prophecy, my great master, you sent out your army to defeat at the Borgo Pass. The prophecy has betrayed you.

NEKRAMALD

The year has not ended.

SULTAN

What say you, Malik Shah? How many men will it take to conquer the land of the Dragon?

MALIK

Numbers avail nothing at the Borgo Pass. For it is so narrow that only one may go through at a time.

SULTAN

So we must slay the Dragon who guards it. What says my astrologer?

NEKRAMALD

When the Dragon falls, so falls Transylvania. Her days of glory end with his life.

SULTAN

Yes, this Drac must be destroyed. For it is his fire who turns their hearts to steel. And when his fire is gone out - perhaps their next Voivode will not be so . . . inspiring.

THE SULTAN AND VIZIER LAUGH, SHARING A SECRET.

MALIK

But where is the warrior who can defeat the Dragon? He is old, but terrible. I have struck at him many times. I cannot bring him down.

THE VIZIER MOTIONS TO A GUARD, WHO LEAVES TO FETCH KUDRET AD-HEM.

VIZIER

Great Sultan, I have been long preparing for such a day. Through all the 29 kingdoms that pay homage to you have I searched for the strongest, fiercest, fastest and bravest, and had him trained and tested in combat night and day. He has no fear. He has no equal. He is Kudret Ad-Hem.

THE GUARD RE-ENTERS WITH KUDRET AD-HEM

KUDRET

Ruler of the world, I am Kudret Ad-Hem. I await your commands.

SULTAN

Kudret. Ad-Hem. Defend yourself. Guards, Attack this man! Destroy him!

KUDRET

I am sorry to hurt your guards, great Bazajet, but I will obey any command you give.

SULTAN

Enough. What say the stars, astrologer? Prophecy.

NEKRAMALD

The Dragon will fall to Kudret Ad-Hem, and with him falls Transylvania. The stars have spoken.

SULTAN

It is a red sunset. Let it also be a red dawn. Tomorrow, Malik Shah, you shall return to the Borgo Pass, with Kudret Ad-Hem. Do not try to take the pass or win the day, only kill the Dragon. Kill Drac.

SCENE THREE THE BORGO PASS. JUST BEFORE DAWN.

HETLEZEN

The battle is lost

KUDRESKA

And won.

LOKEJI

We have done well, Kudresca.

KUDRESCA

Yes, the crows are fat. And the stink of blood is still strong on the ground.

HETLEZEN

The lord below, he who thirsts for blood and misery, has drunk deep.

LOKEJI

And the Dragon

KUDRESCA

will die

HETLEZEN

And his son

KUDRESCA

will come to us
in his time of need.

LOKEJI

Where?

KUDRESCA

Where the earth cracks,
and the power that flows beneath, the blood of the infernal
abyss, goes up into the world

all witches

Blood is life, blood is death
Blood is stronger than body or breath.

JANOS HUNYADI ENTERS, AND SPIES THE WITCHES

JANOS

Szekely! Ordog! Stregoica Vrolok!

THE WITCHES VANISH. VLAD ENTERS

VLAD

Janos, what is it-- the Turks?

JANOS

Szekely. Gone. Vanished back back into the earth.

VLAD

Szekely are Transylvanian, too, Janos. They have lived in this land longer than Us Magyars or you Saxons.

JANOS

I say no word against Mircea, Vlad, but These were witches. The filth of the earth. They infect the air we breathe.

THE WITCHES, HAVING TRANSFORMED THEMSELVES INTO
WOLVES, HOWL.

Listen.

VLAD

It is only wolves, guarding our land. It is like music, how the tone dips and swells.

JANOS

You and I guard this land, not the creatures of the night. Tell me. Vlad, tell me, why did you take a Szekely bride?

VLAD

Janos, My friend. How can you look at Mircea and see only a Szekely. Is she not beautiful?

JANOS

She is.

VLAD

And brave

JANOS

Yes. But she is Szekely. They all practice black magic.

VLAD

You speak more of such things than you know.

JANOS

And your wife knows more of such things than she speaks.

VLAD

Perhaps there are Szekely who have turned to evil. When an ancient people is despised and hunted . . .

JANOS

What does it matter why they have turned to evil? Evil is evil.

VLAD

But Mircea is good.

MIRCEA APPEARS, OUT OF EARSHOT, AT THE TOP OF THE PASS

When I look at her I see light I cannot imagine ever loving another. If God wills it, I will someday be Voivode of all the tribes of Transylvania. I will treat them all, even Szekely, with justice and honor.

JANOS

As long as you serve justice and honor, Vlad, I shall be proud to fight at your side, and serve you when you are Voivode.

DRAC ENTERS, WITH TRANSYLVANIAN SOLDIERS, WHO BEAR HIS TENT.

ALL TRANSYLVANIANS

Hail Voivode, hail Drac!

DRAC

Friends, followers, and kinsmen. Enter my tent of your own free will, and when you leave, leave some of the happiness you bring.

HE POURS WINE, AND DROPS A CLOVE OF GARLIC IN THE CUP

Eat the pure garlic and drink the strong wine of our country; the food and drink that brings us heart here in the mountains. Once again we have met the Turks and beat them backward home.

ALL

Voivode!

DRAC

My son, my friends. For fifty years you have fought with me. For fifty years we have kept Transylvania free. For fifty years we have kept the Turks out of Europe.

TRANSYLVANIANS

Voivode!

JANOS

And we will fight for one hundred and fifty more, Voivode, if need be. While our banners fly from these mountain cliffs, while we hold the Borgo Pass, we will crush every Turkish invasion.

TRANSYLVANIAN SOLDIER

We lure them here like moths to be burned by the Dragon's flame.

JANOS

The shadow of tyranny will never fall on Transylvania!

DRAC

But the cost has been high, Janos Hunyadi, in treasure and blood. This war has kept my people poor. they cannot eat the glory we win in the Borgo pass. And hardly a foot of this mountain soil has not been watered with the blood of brave warriors. Radu . . .

MIRCEA

He died a hero.

DRAC

Yes, Mircea, my eldest son died a hero in battle against the Turks . . .

JANOS

And he did not die in vain. We will keep Transylvania free in his memory.

DRAC

. . . but Transylvania has had too many such heroes, and not enough peace.

JANOS

Peace?

TRANSYLVANIAN SOLDIER

How are we to have peace with the Turks?

MIRCEA

Unless it is the peace of slavery.

VLAD

Or the grave.

DRAC

We shall have peace. But not the peace of defeat. The peace of victory. We shall build a castle on the Borgo Pass. A fortress strong enough to laugh a siege to scorn.

VLAD

Yes! with a citadel atop these great mountains not even the armies of the Sultan would dare to approach.

TRANSYLVANIAN SOLDIER

It will not be easy. As you said, Voivode, we are a poor land.

VLAD

I will build this castle for my father, if I have to do it with my bare hands.

DRAC

Vlad, you are a good son. Skilled warrior. A brave man. You will be a wise leader. And Mircea, though a Szekely, has shown herself brave and true. I am old. Radu, who was my eldest son, is dead. When I am gone, Vlad will be your Voivode. I give him a new name. A name of terror to our enemies and hope to Transylvania. I name him Dracula, son of the Dragon.

ALL

Hail, Dracula!

JANOS

All that the Dragon says is true. Vlad is brave, just, generous, and true to the laws of Transylvania. Though we do not have in these mountains the wealth of the Sultan, we have a greater treasure. Truth, honor and hearts as free and open as the land we love.

DRAC

And yours is the purest heart and the most skillfull arm in Transylvania, Janos. Mountains and castles can only keep our land safe if they contain such courage.

THE WITCHES, HIDDEN, COMMENT ON THE WORDS OF THE
TRANSYLVANIANS.

LOKEJI

Courage? Chakah - I taste their fear whenever they see us.

KUDRESCA

Safe? It is not safe for Szekely.

HETLEZEN

Ordog, stregoica vrolok, filth? You will pay for those words, White Knight.

KUDRESCA

Witches, they call us? We'll witch them.
Our time is coming soon.

LOKEJI

Yes. Soon. Kudresca, the Turks are returning.

HETLEZEN

Hail the power beneath the ground.

LOKEJI

Let us not be seen, and move without a sound.

MALIK SHAH ENTERS, WITH KUDRET AD-HEM AND THE TURKISH
ARMY.

MALIK

To Borgo!

TRANSYLVANIAN SOLDIER

The Turks!

Malik is back.

MALIK

We have come again up the mountain track.

DRAC

Who comes to batter at the Dragon's door?
The defeated fools have come back for more.

MALIK INSTRUCTS HIS TURKISH ARMY

MALIK

I shall lure Hunyadi down from the pass
Vlad shall follow, and Mircea come last
When the Dragon is alone, then Kudret Ad-Hem . . .

KUDRET

I will show you that this Dragon is the least of men.

MALIK TURNS TO THE TRANSYLVANIANS

MALIK

Let Janos the coward come out and fight!

JANOS SPRINGS FORWARD TO ATTACK MALIK

JANOS

I will destroy your darkness with the Dragon's light.

MALIK

Warriors, surround him with a ring of spears.

THE TURKISH ARMY CUTS JANOS OFF FROM DRAC

VLAD

I come, Janos! Have no fear.

VLAD SPRINGS TO JANOS' RESCUE, AND HE, TOO, IS CUT OFF

Mircea, Mircea, we're under attack.

MIRCEA

Vlad, I come! Hold them back!

MIRCEA JOINS VLAD AND JANOS, IN A STANDOFF WITH THE
TURKISH ARMY. KUDRET FACES DRAC ALONE IN THE BORGO
PASS.

KUDRET

And now, Dragon, you will taste your death.

WITCHES

Blood is stronger than body or breath.

DRAC

These mountain rocks are the Dragon's throne
Who dares to face the Dragon all alone?

KUDRET BATTLES DRAC, TAUNTING HIM ALL THE WHILE

KUDRET

Are you the terror of the mountain pass?
Can you breathe, old man? You wheeze and gasp.

When I send you to your maker, you can tell them then
That you were slain by Kudret Ad Hem
Call for help from your little son
Call for the witch, but your day is done
Where is the White Knight,
Famed far and wide?
None can help you now.
None are at your side

DRAC

I do not call for help, I do not take a step back
I will fight till my flesh from my bones is hacked

VLAD SEES DRAC DOWN.

VLAD

My father is hurt.

JANOS

We must break free!

VLAD

Janos, Mircea, charge with me.

VLAD, JANOS AND MIRCEA BREAK FREE OF THE TURKS, BUT
BEFORE THEY CAN REACH DRAC, KUDRET GIVES HIM A MORTAL
WOUND.

DRAC

Vlad, my son!

VLAD

I am coming to you.

JANOS

Save the Voivode!

KUDRET REJOINS THE TURKISH ARMY

KUDRET

There is nothing you can do.

VLAD

Ill kill you, I swear!

KUDRET

Not this time. Too late, Transylvanians, the day is mine.

MALIK

Retreat, Kudret, retreat mighty Turks.
The Dragon is down, we have done our work.

MIRCEA

You are wounded

DRAC

I am dying.
When the sun rises tomorrow, I shall not see it.

MIRCEA

Let us...

DRAC

No, do not move me. I have little breath left in me, and I
must speak to Vlad. Alone.

VLAD

Draw back.

DRAC

Vlad I must tell you . . . Radu

VLAD

I will avenge my brother

DRAC

No. Radu is alive

VLAD

Alive! Then he is your heir --my older brother-- he will be
Voivode.

DRAC

No! You must never let that happen. Vlad, listen to me.
Listen to me, Dracula. There are times when a leader, to
save his land, to save his people, must be cold hearted,
must be ruthless, even to his own son

VLAD

You have always been a good father to me.

DRAC

But not to Radu. I sold him to the Turks

VLAD

You? Radu?

DRAC

I needed gold. Fighters must eat. They must have weapons. We are a poor land and have been at war for fifty years

VLAD

Your eldest son?

DRAC

My oldest shame. He was nothing. Do you not remember him?

VLAD

It was long ago, when he . . . When you . . .

DRAC

As a dead hero he is an inspiration. Alive, he is worse than useless, with his smooth skin and oily mind. A luxury-loving, weak-minded, incompetent fool! Him Voivode? Pah! We would be slaves inside a month.

VLAD

You do not think him fit to rule?

DRAC

I do not think him fit to live. But even the Dragon's heart was not hard enough to kill his own son.

VLAD

What crime had he committed? What harm had he done?

DRAC

There are times when a ruler must do harm, even to the innocent. Times when doing good is dangerous folly

VLAD

But how can good come of evil?

DRAC

Vlad! Stop thinking like Janos Hunyadi. War is no knightly tournament, with a beautiful maiden at hand to crown the champion of truth and righteousness. This is a struggle to the death for our homeland. If we lose, there will be no Transylvania. And the Sultan's cold hand will stretch out across Europe.

VLAD

What have the Turks done with Radu? How do you know he is alive?

DRAC

He is too valuable to kill. What would you do with him if you were Sultan?

VLAD

I cannot plot against the laws of Transylvania. I cannot fight for and against her at the same time. I will not lift my hand against the true Voivode

DRAC

Dracula. Listen to me. Before the sun goes down behind these mountains, I will be dead. You will be Voivode. I do not fear to die. We owe God a death. But I do fear that all I fought for will vanish. If Radu rules this land all the fighting, all the warriors who were killed, all the tears we shed for them, all will be for nothing. Before I die, swear to me, that you will do whatever it takes. Whatever it takes to keep Transylvania free.

VLAD

I swear it, Voivode.

DRAC

Whatever it takes.

VLAD

Whatever it takes. I swear, father.

DRAC

Call them back. Quickly.

VLAD

Mircea, Janos.

MIRCEA AND JANOS AND THE TRANSYLVANIAN FIGHTERS DRAW NEAR

DRAC

Janos. Mircea. You have been my fire. You have been my claws. Be now the fire and claws of Dracula.

DRAC DIES

VLAD

The Voivode is dead.

JANOS

Drac is dead, Vlad. The Voivode lives.

ALL

Hail, Voivode.

MIRCEA SINGS A FUNERAL SONG

MIRCEA

HIS BODY TO THE MOUNTAIN EARTH
HIS SOUL TO THE SKY
AS ALL MEN ARE BORN
ALL MEN MUST DIE.

THE TRANSYLVANIANS ECHO THE SONG, AS THEY CARRY OFF
DRAC'S BODY. THE SUN SETS.

ALL

HIS BODY TO THE MOUNTAIN EARTH
HIS SOUL TO THE SKY
AS ALL MEN ARE BORN
ALL MEN MUST DIE.