

Audio Excerpt #1

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

from *Soul of Darkness*

In order to rescue her fiancé, Mary thinks she might find the courage to kill the prostitute. Her vampire protector swoops in, to ensure that Mary does no such thing.

(MARY has found Benjamin's hunting knife and holds it up.)

MARY

YOU SHALL NOT.
BENJAMIN, INSTEAD, I...I...
I WILL KILL HER.
KILL HER MYSELF!

(MARY starts out with the knife, but the doorway flings itself open. An enormous, imposing VLAD stands in the entirety of the threshold.)

VLAD

You will not this way pass.

MARY

Let me go, Vladimir. I must protect my husband.

VLAD

And I must protect you.

MARY

THIS KNIFE...THIS KNIFE WILL SEEK AND FIND
THE HUNTRESS IN MY DREAMS
AND THE HUNTED SHALL BECOME THE HUNTER!
I'LL PLUNGE THIS DAGGER INTO THE HEART
OF THE ASSASSIN.
I, THE CHILD BRIDE,
SHE WILL NOT HAVE ME.
THOUGH IT BE MURDER,
I'LL RID THE WORLD OF HER.
I WILL KILL HER.
STAND ASIDE!

VLAD

YOU RIDE A VORTEX.
YOU ARE POSESSED.
YOUR SOUL BESTRIDE A WINDSTREAM,
VENGEANCE-OBSESSED.
I WILL NOT ALLOW YOUR EMOTIONS
EXHALE AWAY YOUR LIFE.
LIKE AN AVENGING APOCALYPTIC HORSEMAN,
YOUR SOUL TEMPESTUOUS,
MILES FROM YOUR BODY.
GIVE ME THE KNIFE!

MARY

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LIKE AN AVENGING APOCALYPTIC HORSEMAN,
YOUR SOUL TEMPESTUOUS,
MILES FROM YOUR BODY.
GIVE ME THE KNIFE!

(VLAD wrests the knife easily from Mary.)

MARY

YOU SEEK TO DESTROY ME.

VLAD

I SEEK TO SAVE YOU.

MARY

LET ME TO THE BROTHEL GO.
LET ME HAVE MY VENGEANCE.
LET ME PLUNGE MY KNIFE
INTO THE HEART OF THE WHORE.

(VLAD is mesmerized by the wild-eyed Mary, caught in a sudden
darkness.)

VLAD

THE MOON CASTS A SHADOW ACROSS YOUR FACE.
A BLOOD RED SHADOW.

MARY

You taunt me.

VLAD

I worship you.

I WORSHIP YOU!

(A moment of stillness. Then:)

MARY

If you will not let me kill her....You have my knife. Go to the brothel.

VLAD

(smiling)

I would not need a knife.

MARY

No, I suppose not.

(silence; then, a fascination:)

Is it -- does it hurt them, when you bite them?

VLAD

Only if we wish it to. We have no need to inflict pain.

MARY

No need, perhaps. But...joy? Is there pleasure in it?

VLAD

For some. Not for me. I -- will kill her if you ask. But before you ask, remember this.

FOR THE PAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS,
KNOW THAT I HAVE NEVER KILLED.
NOSFERATU THIRST UNSLAKED AND UNFULFILLED
TO CLEANSE MYSELF FOR YOU.
FOR THE PAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS
TORMENT FOR ME EVERY NIGHT,
DENYING ME MY URGES,
WAITING FOR THE RIGHT,
THE RIGHT TO BE WITH YOU.

IF IT'S HE WHOM YOU LOVE,
THEN WITH JOY BECOME HIS WIFE.
FROM AFAR I WILL SAVOR YOUR HAPPY MORTAL LIFE.

LONG HAVE I WAITED FOR YOU.
I WILL WAIT A LIFETIME MORE.
IF YOU'RE HAPPY WITH HIM,
MY OWN PAIN I CAN IGNORE.

IF YOU LOVE HIM,
BUT SAY THE WORD
AND I SHALL KILL HER.
TO THE BROTHEL I SHALL GO.
YOU'LL BE FREE TO MARRY HIM.
I'LL TO CLEANSE FIVE HUNDRED MORE YEARS,
BUT I SHALL KILL HER.

FOR THE PAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS
NOTHING COULD I EVER DO
BUT NOW TONIGHT THE TIME HAS COME, MY LOVE,
WHEN I AT LAST DO THIS FOR YOU.

MARY
MAKE NO SUCH SACRIFICE FOR ME.
YOUR OATH IS STRONG, BUT CANNOT BE.
DON'T BIND YOUR HAPPINESS WITH MINE.
I LOVE YOU, VLAD, BUT YOU APPEARED TOO LATE.
IGNORE MY VILLAINOUS REQUEST.
THOU SHALT NOT KILL, THE GOOD LORD SAITH.
THOU SHALT NOT KILL, THE GOOD LORD SAITH.
FORGIVE ME, I DID NOT DESIRE HER DEATH.

MARY

NO, IT'S A LIE.
I DID DESIRE!
GOD SAVE MY SOUL, BUT IT'S TRUE.
I WANT HER DEAD.
I WANT HER GONE.
I WANT HER KILLED BEFORE DAWN.
I SAY THESE WORDS WITH CHRISTIAN DREAD.

(a revelation)

I WOULD ENJOY TO SEE HER DEAD.
SHE HAUNTS MY DREAMS.
SHE GRIEVES MY DAYS
WITH EVERY EVIL ABOUT HER.
I WANT HER DEAD.
I WANT HER GONE.
A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT HER.
I'D HAVE A BETTER LIFE WITHOUT HER.
YES, I'D BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HER.

VLAD

Would you?

MARY

God save me, Vladimir, I would.

VLAD

Then will I do this for you.

MARY

And...can you ensure there is pain?

VLAD

If you wish.

MARY

If I ask that as well....

VLAD

I will grant it.

MARY

Then so I ask.

LET HER SUFFER.
LET THERE BE PAIN.
LINGER HER DEATH.
REVENGE WILL SEEK AND FIND
THE HUNTRESS IN MY DREAMS
AND THE HUNTED SHALL BECOME THE HUNTER.

MARY

LET HER SUFFER.
LET THERE BE PAIN.
LINGER HER DEATH.
REVENGE WILL SEEK AND FIND
THE HUNTRESS IN MY DREAMS
AND THE HUNTED SHALL BECOME THE
HUNTER.

VLAD

SHE WILL SUFFER.
LET THERE BE PAIN.
LINGER HER DEATH.
REVENGE WILL SEEK AND FIND
THE HUNTRESS IN YOUR DREAMS
AND THE HUNTED SHALL BECOME THE
HUNTER.

VLAD

I GIVE YOU NOW TO HIM,
YOUR MORTAL TIME HIS WIFE.
BUT AFTER, YOU'LL BE MINE,
THEN WE'LL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.

MARY and VLAD

I WORSHIP YOU.
I WORSHIP YOU.

Audio Excerpt #2

A SWEET LITTLE FRAGRANCE

from Soul of Darkness

An opportunistic prostitute, POLLY, has trapped Mary's fiancé in the very compromising position of being a blackmailer. Polly is willing to remain silent...if he, in return, will secure Mary's family property, and sign it over to her.

BENJAMIN

Look. I know what you want. But from me you shall not receive another red farthing. Do you hear me?

POLLY

Wull, hear me out first and then decide. But I see you got your wind up, so I'll be brief. Ain't I sportin'? So here's the tab.

YOUR FIANCÉE SHE COME OF AGE JUST THIS MONTH.
SO THE CUP OF GOSSIP...

Well --

OVER SHE RUN'TH.
LANDED GENTRY LASS,
THE GIRL...WOT'S SHE WORTH?
AND HER FIANCÉ?
IS THERE A SCANDAL TO UNEARTH?

WELL, IT TURNS OUT, THERE'S A TRUE LITTLE RUMOUR
WOT, IF IT COMES OUT, DERRING-DO
WOULD WOULD CONSUME 'ER.
COO! IT'S JUST LIKE SCENTED CLOVER TO ME,
COZ SHE WILL ALL HER LAND SIGN OVER TO ME.

BENJAMIN

And why would Mary do that?

POLLY

Snort. I'll spell it out for you. All comes down to one word, really.
A SWEET LITTLE FRAGRANCE CALLED BLACKMAIL:
A WEAPON WE WORKING GIRLS WIELD.
IT'S WHERE YOU EXACT 'EM A PAYMENT
TO KEEP WOT'S A SECRET CONCEALED.

BENJAMIN

Yes, I know what blackmail is --

POLLY
'COURSE Y'KNOW WOT BLACKMAIL IS
COZ IT'S WOT YOU DONE, I' 'TIS.

BENJAMIN
I have never.

POLLY
BEG Y'PARDON, GUVNOR, I'Z IN POSESSION
OF LETTERS IT LOOKS LIKE YOU SEALED.

(POLLY shows some letters. BENJAMIN pales.)

POLLY
Ah. Gone silent of a sudden.
A SWEET LITTLE FRAGRANCE CALLED BLACKMAIL:
A PUNGEANCE YOU GENTLEMEN PLIES.
THESE LETTERS WAS SENT TO A BARON.
YOU WROTE 'EM YOURSELF, I SURMISE,
TRYING TO EXACT SOME QUID
ON ACCOUNT OF WOT HE DID.
WOT' Y'GIVE TO KEEP MY GIVING YOUR
VIRGIN FIANCÉE A NASTY SURPRISE?
Ooo!, it pales. It's caught, innit, Polly? Snort.

BENJAMIN
No such letters.

POLLY
Sooner we conclude this, less chance your fiancée comin' in.
(reads)
"Dear Baron Basingstoke --" pleasantries, pleasantries, "four thousand pounds else your secret
about the drowned parlourmaid from Dorset --"

BENJAMIN
(snatching the letter)
Let me see that. Ha. That is not my handwriting.

POLLY
No, guv. It's mine. I copied 'em over and hid the originals. Copied 'em. Wot, y'thought I
couldn't read these lovely leather books? These Miltons, these Drydens? Don't underestimate
the ambition of a whore, Mr. Tobin.

BENJAMIN
Where did you get these?

POLLY

Let's just say you're not the only man in England to visit my brothel, and when I knew Basingstoke had a vendetta against you, well, a girl has to hedge her bets, don't she?

A SWEET LITTLE FRAGRANCE CALLED BLACKMAIL:

THE SCENT OF THE CENT THAT YOU OWE.

THE SMART ONES LAY TRAPS FOR THE NOT-SO:

JUST WHICH ONE IS YOU, NOW YOU KNOW.

SHOULDA LOOKED BEFORE YOU LEAPT.

SHOULDA MAYBE NEVER SLEPT.

SHOULA SMELLED A WHIFF O' THREATENOUS PERFUME

COZ BLACKMAIL'S BY FAR THE MOST POWERFUL

FRAGRANCE I KNOW!

Ha!

Audio Excerpt #3

NOSFERATU

from Soul of Darkness

The vampire, Vlad, has not killed any human for five hundred tormented years, cleansing himself in order to be worthy of Mary when she comes of age. But when Mary begs Vlad to kill the prostitute in order that her fiancé may be free of her at last, Vlad complies...killing the prostitute, and reverting once again to the monster Nosferatu he has fought to control.

(SHE dies. HE revels, dripping with blood, filled with power and sustenance; rising, growing; looming.)

VLAD

I --

I --

AGAIN HAVE KILLED.

I --

I --

SO DARK. SO CHILLED.

EVIL

EVIL DEMONS I EMBRACE.

EVIL

EVIL DEMONS I ENDURE.

SUCK THE BLOOD OF HUMANKIND,
CORRUPT AND WITHOUT CURE.

I, THE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT,
NEVER MORE TO SEE THE LIGHT.
SAVOURING THE DEATH OF MEN.
NOSFERATU ONCE AGAIN.

PAY THE PRICE, EXACT THE TOLL
AT LAST BECOMING WHOLE.
WHOLE, BUT WITHOUT LOVE.
WHOLE, BUT LOST, ALONE.
WHOLE BUT HALF A SOUL.

I --
I --
AGAIN HAVE KILLED.
I --
I --
SO DARK. SO CHILLED.

I, THE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT,
NEVER MORE TO SEE THE LIGHT.
SAVOURING THE DEATH OF MEN.
NOSFERATU ONCE AGAIN.

NOSFERATU. NOSFERATU!
AND SO FOREVER DAMNED!

Audio Excerpt #4

THE HEARTH

from Soul of Darkness

When Mary realizes that her fiancé is unwilling to make the very sacrifice which her vampire has made for Mary, she knows, too late, that she has chosen the wrong man.

MARY

Thrown it away. Trusted the wrong man. Betrothed to a man I did not know that I did not know.

I WILL NOT WEEP. I WILL NOT CRY.

I'LL NOT BEREAVE THE CHOICE I MADE.

I TRUSTED HIM; IT WAS A LIE.

BELIEF. BETROTHED. BETRAYED.

BUT I'LL NOT WEEP. I SHALL BE STRONG.

FOR ONCE I'LL STAND AND NOT RESIGN.

BECAUSE TO HIM I WON'T BELONG,

AT LAST I'LL FIND A SPINE.

(SHE opens a trunk to discover her wedding dress. SHE gasps; pulls it out.)

O BRIDE. O FOOLISH, BLIND BRIDE.

SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN RADIANT.

THE DEAR, THE CHILD, BY HIS SIDE.

A RING, A KISS, A VOW.

HER DRESS, SO FRESH, SO WHITE.

THE WAY SHE SMILED.

BUT SHE'LL NOT MARRY HIM NOW.

(With great emotion, MARY tosses the dress into the hearth; it flickers, then flames with great light and heat.)

SO WEEPS THE FOOLISH BLIND BRIDE

BUT SHE'LL NOT BE COMFORTED.

FOR HER HIS LOVE NOW HAS DIED.

DECEIT. DESPAIR. DESIRE.

SHE SITS AND STOKES THE EMBERED

HEARTH, ALONE.

AND WARMS HERSELF BY THE FIRE.

I WILL NOT WEEP. I WILL NOT CRY.
I'LL NOT BEREAVE THE CHOICE I MADE.
I TRUSTED HIM; IT WAS A LIE.
BELIEF. BETROTHED. BETRAYED.

A RING, A KISS, A VOW.
HER DRESS, SO FRESH, SO WHITE.
THE WAY SHE SMILED.
BUT SHE'LL NOT MARRY HIM NOW.
SHE'LL NOT MARRY HIM NOW.