

THE TRUE TALE OF DRACULA

by D. C. Victoroff

917-747-1973

245 Henry Street

Apt. 4H

Brooklyn, NY 11201

dcvdickens@gmail.com

SOUND EFFECTS (SFX)

(UNDER NARRATION)

OPEN WITH THE SOUND OF WIND
BLOWING IN GUSTS, OCCASIONAL
WOLF HOWL, THUNDER CRACKS,
WINDOW PANE RATTLES; THE HISS
OF RAIN.

ALL SFX CONTINUE.

SFX:

CRACK OF THUNDER AFTER THE WORD
"DRACULA".

SFX:

A WOMAN SHRIEKS, THEN HER
SHRIEK DISSOLVES INTO PARTY
LAUGHTER AND HARPSICHORD MUSIC.

NARRATION

Tonight, we'd like to dedicate
our program to one of history's
most frightening gentlemen...
Count Dracula. But wait.
Don't settle comfortably into
your familiarity with that
fictional Dracula... We won't
bore you, yet again, with that
over-hyped, part-time rodent,
who blood-sucked his way to
fame in Bram Stoker's novel.
No, friends, our Dracula story
is based on a real fiend...
someone as real as you and me.
Set aside what you know of the
character in the story. His
deeds pale in comparison to
those of his namesake. Later
tonight, when you turn off the
light by your bed, the real
Dracula is a man you will truly
never and, never truly, forget.

SFX:

HARPSICORD MUSIC TRAILS TO
AN END AT DRACULA'S
APPROACH.
RUSTLE OF SATIN AND QUIET
FOOTSTEPS DESCEND A CREAKING
STAIRCASE AND THEN HALT.

Picture the Count Dracula in
Bram Stoker's book, the
first time he's seen...
appearing quietly, suddenly,
at the top of a long flight
of stairs.

SFX:

SLOW, REGULAR, RASPY
BREATHING CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT AND AN OCCASIONAL
"HMMMM" OF CONSIDERATION.

Very tall, with the posture
of an iron rod. Dressed
completely in black. The
contrast of the black satin
he wears against his white
skin, gives his face a
greenish glow... and makes
his head appear to float,
suspended slightly, above
his shoulders. Thin,
bloodless hands are the only
other flesh exposed, the
bones of which are so long,
the hands look like two
white hooks; two scythes
held at his sides.

SFX:

RUSTLE OF SATIN.
WIND CONTINUES, WINDOW PANE
RATTLES CONTINUE, RAIN
CONTINUES.

Statuesque and elegant; he
moves as if, under his
robes, there's only...
smoke. He exudes a sinuous
threat the closer he gets;
a cold terror at his
approach; at the thought of
his breath... touching you;
those cold hands... touching
you.

SFX:

SOUND OF SLOW, RASPY
BREATHING.

SFX:

HE BREATHES HEAVILY, SLOWLY;
HIS BREATHS GETTING LOUDER
AS HE DRAWS CLOSER.

DIALOGUE:

DRACULA: "GOOD EVENING."

SFX:

WIND RATTLES A WINDOW PANE.

NARRATION

Long black hair, parted in the center, frames the shape of his skull. Around boney temples he's hairless, like a newborn rodent; yellow-white instead of pink. Massive black eyebrows curve down, arching together over his nose, itself long and sharp. A tendril of steam drifts from angular, peaked nostrils. Thin lips, startling in their redness; deeply, voluptuously red.

Suddenly the lips part and draw back and... he smiles.

You see his teeth, jagged, irregular, pointed like pickets on a particularly nasty fence. But your guts don't really begin to curdle until your eyes meet his. An odd sensation crawls up the back of your neck to see those eyes - that sickening sensation one gets when an aberration of human form is recognized.

SFX

HE'S STANDING CLOSE NOW, HIS BREATH SO HOT WE CAN HEAR A QUIET, REGULAR SIZZLE OF STEAM.

SFX:

GUST OF WIND.

DIALOGUE:

DRACULA: "HMMMM."

SFX:

THUNDER CRACKS; RAIN IS SUBSIDING BUT STILL THROWN AGAINST THE WINDOW BY GUSTS OF WIND.

SFX:

QUIET, SLOW PANTING.

THUNDER IN THE DISTANCE.

NARRATION

He's so close to you now you can look into his eyes, and you see that his small pupils, reflect... red. Two pinpoints of red light stare at you, pinning you, like an insect on a cork.

Hold that image in your mind... and as you shiver with dread or perhaps, delight, learn now that the story of this fictional Dracula was based on a real man... last seen alive, 500 years ago...

... a man who not only fit the physical description, but who was just as blood thirsty... and far more cruel.

SFX

THUNDER RUMBLES IN THE
DISTANCE BUT THE RAIN HAS
SLOWED TO A STEADY DRIPPING
ON WHAT MUST BE AN OVER-
TURNED PAIL.
THE DRIPPING GRADUALLY
BECOMES IRREGULAR AND
CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

CRACK OF THUNDER.

SFX:

A HUMAN MOAN: "UH, UH..."
AND THEN A BLOODCURDLING
SHRIEK AS WE HEAR THE "THUK"
SOUND OF A SHARPENED WOODEN
OBJECT BREAKING THE SURFACE,
AND THEN THE WET, SLIGHTLY
IMPEDED SQUEAK OF THE STAKE
SLIDING IN.

WHAT SEEMS LIKE A HUNDRED
MOANING WAILS IN THE
DISTANCE. THE BARKING OF
WILD DOGS, THE OCCASIONAL
SNARLING FIGHT OVER SOME BIT
OF COVETED FLESH.

NARRATION

In the 14th Century, when
Eastern Europe was made up
of numerous small villages,
each remote and primitive, a
man named Dracula Tepes,
after his father, Dracul,
ruled over a small portion
of
Rumania.

Later in his life the
younger Dracula came to be
known by another name...
Vlad... the Impaler. He was
named "The Impaler" after
his preferred method of
punishment for those, and
there were many, who
offended him.

This Dracula would order
these unlucky subjects to be
impaled... alive... on
great, tall spikes...

...and then they'd be...
planted, by the hundreds, on
blood-drenched hills
surrounding the estate.
There they would hang:
kicking... wailing... until
they died.

SFX

THE RAIN ON THE BUCKET HAS
BECOME THE SOUND OF HEAVY
METAL HAMMERS; IRREGULAR
POUNING AND CLANGING.

SFX:

A FEW WAILS WHICH SUBSIDE
AND BECOME ONE WITH THE
WIND.

RAIN ON THE PAIL CONTINUES.

SFX:

RAIN SOUND LOWERS AND OUT.

MUSIC:

*TURKISH MUSIC, MAYBE A SITAR
OR A BALALAIKA RANDOMLY
PLUCKED.*

SFX:

HORSES IN THE DISTANCE,
CLOSER AND THEN STOP.

NARRATION

This Dracula, Prince Vlad,
may not have drunk blood for
nourishment... but
bloodthirsty he surely was.

There's no doubt the
historical Dracula, Vlad,
influenced Bram Stoker. In
one section of Stoker's book
the fictional Dracula
praises an ancestor, quote,
"... who as Prince, crossed
the Danube and beat the Turk
on his own ground! This was
a Dracula indeed!"

This mention of a conflict
with the Turks is not an
invention. The Turkish
people were in fact Vlad
Tepe's sworn enemies.

One story is still told at
the corner tables of rustic
taverns in the hills of
Rumania... of the Turkish
leaders who came to visit
Vlad at his castle.

DIALOGUE:

**SINGLE MALE VOICE CALLS OUT
GREETING IN TURKISH:**

"MAHABA!" ("GREETINGS")

DIALOGUE:

**VLAD: "HOSHGALDIN!"
("WELCOME!")**

SFX:

**HORSES WHINNY AND MOVE
NERVOUSLY IN THE BACKGROUND.**

DIALOGUE:

**TURK: "BOZEEM GAYHASHA EE
YA MEEZ..." ("IT IS OUR
TRADITION")**

SFX:

**HORSES STOMP AND WHINNY IN
THE BACKGROUND.**

DIALOGUE:

**VLAD: (QUIETLY)
"GELEEN NEEYA ZAH SIEGAH DU
YURUM." ("I RESPECT YOUR
TRADITION")**

**VLAD: (HARSHLY) "GELEEN
NEEYA ZAH SIEGAH DU YURUM!"**

NARRATION

They greeted him, in Turkish, and he answered them in kind. But there was a small problem of etiquette. The Turks refused to remove their turbans.

They explained it was their custom to leave their headgear on.

This angered the Count. And so, saying he wished only to strengthen them in their custom...

...he had their turbans nailed... to their foreheads.

SFX:

A HORSE WHINNYS. IT SOUNDS
HYSTERICAL AND AFRAID.
SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE, MEN'S
SCREAMS, AND THE SUDDEN
SOUND OF METAL AGAINST PULP.
THE SCREAMS CHOKE OFF TO A
GURGLE.

THE RAIN IS STARTING UP
AGAIN, AND AGAIN, STARTS TO
HIT THAT METAL PAIL.

SFX

A RUMBLE OF THUNDER AND THE RAIN STARTS UP AGAIN; AGAIN POUNDING AGAINST A PAIL.

SFX:
WIND PICKS UP.

ALL SFX INCREASE UNTIL CRESCENDO IS REACHED ON WORD "ALIVE". A LOUD SHRIEK WHICH FADES OUT UNDER THE SOUND OF BUBBLING, BOILING WATER. THE SOUND OF THE WATER FADES UNDER RISING SOUND OF RAIN.

A GRUNT OF EFFORT, FOLLOWED BY THE CLANG OF AN AX HITTING A WOODEN SURFACE, FOLLOWED BY THE THUMP AND RUSTLE OF SOMETHING FALLING INTO A WICKER BASKET.
A CHEER ERUPTS FROM A CROWD.

NARRATION

Obviously Vlad did not operate with the... subtlety of the fictional Dracula. For Vlad, the real Dracula, this sort of thing was just his way of doing business.

And such treatment was not reserved just for enemies. During Vlad's reign, he managed to do away with one-fifth of his own country's population... by impaling, or boiling, or skinning them. Always, of course, **alive**. Like the Ramsey Bolton character in Game of Thrones, only worse. And real.

Vlad's reign ended with his death in 1476 at the hands of his Turkish enemies. The exact circumstances of his demise are not known. What is known is that Vlad was decapitated...

SFX

CHEERING CONTINUES.

SLEDGE HAMMER AGAINST PULP,
POUNING THREE TIMES UNTIL
THE HAMMER MEETS METAL.
CROWD CHEERS, JEERS AND
YELLS BUT THEIR CHEERS DIE
DOWN AT THE LAST STROKE, THE
BRAVADO DISAPPEARS, A
WHISPERED HUSH DESCENDS ON
THE CROWD.

A WIND BEGINS TO BLOW.

SEGUE TO MODERN VOICES,
LAUGHTER AND FOOTSTEPS ON
STONE, A FATHER POINTS OUT
THE CASTLE TO HIS SON.

LAUGHTER FROM FATHER AND
CHILD THAT FALLS OFF.

NARRATION

...his head sent off to his
most despised enemy, the
Turkish ruler of
Constantinople whose people
Vlad had so rudely murdered.
There, at the Sacred Palace
in what is now Istambul, Vlad
Tepes' head was preserved in
honey and displayed,
befittingly, on the tip of a
pike.

Vlad's body was buried at
the Snagov Monastery, deep
in the Rumanian woods. The
Monastery still exists and,
as you can imagine, is a bit
of a tourist attraction..

TOURIST ADULT: "...that's
right, Dracula spent many
nights here and his ghost
still haunts this place..
Look hard, maybe you can see
him in that little window up
there..."

TOURIST CHILD: (Annoyed)
"Oh, Daddy!"

SFX

THUNDER AND RAIN FADES UP IN
THE BACKGROUND.
THE RAIN INCREASES, RATTLING
SUDDENLY AGAINST A WINDOW
PANE.

A GUST OF WIND KNOCKS THE
PAIL OVER AND IT ROLLS A
BIT, STILL HIT BY THE
DOWNPOUR.

WIND AND RAIN CONTINUE.

HARPSICORD MUSIC.

NARRATION

There remains one last
mystery to the dreadful
story of Vlad the Impaler.

In the most appropriate end
to a tale of a true-to-life
ghoul, the body of Vlad
has... disappeared. 500
years later, it has never
been found.

The fantastic possibility
that Vlad's body might have
risen and walked from the
tomb must have appealed to
Bram Stoker when he created
the supernatural character
of Dracula. The idea has
certainly appealed to
Dracula's fans... witness
the never-ending popularity
of films and books on the
subject of vampirism.

SFX

HARPSICORD MUSIC.

CAT SNARLS LOUDLY, THEN
GROWLS AND HISSES. THE CAT
RUNS OFF, KNOCKING THE
BUCKET DOWN A SOME STEPS.

BUCKET ROLLS, RAIN HITTING
IT.

RAIN POUNDS ON THE PAIL AS
WE HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF
FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL.
THUNDER COMES UP AND
SMOTHERS THAT SOUND.

HARPSICORD MUSIC UP TO END.
WIND AND RAIN FX TO END.

NARRATION

Now that you know the real
story... the tale behind the
tale... and the fact that
the... man, "Dracula" did
once walk the earth... I
hope you don't have trouble
tonight, turning out the
lights, and going to
sleep... in the dark. After
all, one Dracula is just a
character in a book. The
other is long dead. Or at
least... long *gone*....

And will someone please slip
outside and get that pail
before... someone... trips
over it...?

END

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