

Der Vampyr

(op. 42, 1828; adaptation 2014)

grand romantic opera in two acts
by

Heinrich Marschner

In a new adaptation in English
by

John J King

REWRITE DRAFT
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A note on the text:

The adaptation is full of allusions and references to vampire stories and other bits of pop culture, specifically Bram Stoker's Dracula (the novel and Coppola's film version); the Twilight Saga, and the TV series Buffy the Vampire Slayer. An annotated version of the text, with footnotes on all such references, is available upon request.

While sometimes playful and fun, the author's intent with this adaptation is to walk the line of horror-comedy and social commentary familiar to longtime fans of horror. While there is a wide spectrum at play here, I'd like to note that I hope any production has some legitimate scares and surprises.

For this adaptation, one number was cut and several re-ordered in Act II. Note that all number references in this libretto correspond to this adaptation and do not match the original score.

In the original OperaHub production in Boston, historical facts, anecdotes, images, and trivia were projected before the show – both giving the audience something to look at prior the overture, and also providing context for the many references to come. The text of the projections used in Boston are also available as an appendix with the annotated libretto.

DER VAMPYR

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Dramatis Personae

Adaptation Name (Correlative Name in Original) – Voice.

ARO (*head witch speaking role*) – Baritone
COLLINS (*Ruthven*) – Baritone
LUCY (*Janthe*) – Soprano
JONATHON PARKER (*Aubry*) – Tenor
DELLA SWANN (*Malwena*) – Soprano
SWANN (*BERKLEY and DAVENAUT*) – Bass
GILES (*Georg*) – Tenor
MUFFY, The Vampire Nay-Sayer (*Emmy*) – Soprano
JANE (*Suse*) – Alto
XANDER (*Gadshill*) – Alto
SPIKE (*Scrop*) – Tenor
JACK (*no correlative*) – Speaking Role
Two Maids (*no correlative*) – Speaking Role

Act One

Overture

A dumb-show introducing the characters, themes, and locations of our Saga. The following is a blueprint, to be expanded upon as befits the production.

PROJECTIONS:

1. London, 1897
2. Bird's eye Map of London
3. The Thames
4. The Tower of London
5. A gaslighter lighting the lamps in fog
6. London Bridge
7. The Crystal Palace
8. Covent Garden
9. Streets and Alleys
10. Recent Headlines: Jack the Ripper?
First cinema projection?

LUCY and SPIKE enter, embracing in the fog. ARO separately, watching them.

*LUCY and SPIKE bid farewell.
ARO attacks SPIKE – biting and “turning” him.
ARO drags SPIKE away.*

*DELLA and PARKER enter, saying goodbye.
PARKER boards a train and waves as it pulls away from the station.*

PROJECTION:

*Train travelling across the countryside.
(Continues until Parker re-emerges)*

JANE comes near DELLA, holding a lantern. JANE uses “Glamour” to hypnotize DELLA and lead her away.

MUFFY enters and breaks this spell: DELLA scurries away.

JANE and MUFFY circle one another.

GILES takes MUFFY by the arm and they walk away.

JANE blows a kiss to the full moon and exits.

Train Projection Ends

PARKER and COLLINS enter separately, meet center. PARKER shows COLLINS images and maps of properties around London.

These are projected.

COLLINS selects one and hands PARKER money. They shake hands and COLLINS exits.

PARKER looks at a pocket photo of DELLA, exits.

MUFFY and GILES enter in silhouette, looking vaguely amorous: he removes her top and corset.

THEY separate and start to box.

MUFFY takes aim with a stake – practice throws.

Both of their heads turn center abruptly.

*ARO enters with SPIKE: Vampire Training.
ARO schools SPIKE in the ways of GLAMOUR.*

SWANN enters; Aro introduces him to SPIKE.

SWANN nudges MUFFY and GILES to “move along.”

Other Vampires make their way in. We are now at the VITAL FLUIDS, a bar in Covent Garden, and a meeting of a secret Coven: The VOLTURI.

JANE changes the moon to FULL.

Act One, Scene One
Vital Fluids of Covent Garden

No. I: INTRODUCTION

PROJECTION:

"Thursday March 18, 1897

Vital Fluids Gin Palace

Of

Coven(t) Garden"

The "t" of Covent" flashes in and out.

The full moon shines upon the streets as the clock strikes midnight. A clutch of Vampires duck into a gin palace: the Vital Fluids of Covent Garden.

The "T" of "Covent" is burned out; it reads "Coven."

A secret gathering of the VOLTURI. They surround COLLINS, a new recruit, as JANE and ARO watch.

No. 1 - Introduction

VOLTURI:

Volturi! Volturi! In London we reign, in London we drain!

Volturi! Volturi! On London we feast like a jugular vein!

Vampire Royalty of London.
Feast and feed on human blood:
Power fills us like a flood!
Do you wish to join this Coven?

Hellmouth under Londontown,
Spewing from the underground.
Keepers of the moral code:
We maintain the status quo!

Do you want to feel the power?
Join us, learning to devour!
Men preserving Law & Order;
Power comes from the Aorta.

Rulers rule, 'twas ever thus.
Turn him into one of us!
Lightning shining through the dark,
And here comes the Patriarch!

Aro! Aro! Aro!
Jo ho! Jo ho! Jo Ho!
Deflower! Devour! Devour!
Aro! Look here comes the Master with Jane at his side.

ARO:

This man here, Collins, wishes to join our Volturi, Coven of all Covens. First, you must prove your devotion to our aims: Bring a fresh bride for each night of the lunar cycle, from tonight's Full Moon until the next: 29 delicious damsels. And no human must detect you, or become alerted to our existence. Succeed, and join us. Fail, and Jane will be very happy to punish you.

JANE:

This may hurt a little. PAIN!
(She telekinetically tortures Collins who he falls to his knees before she releases him)

COLLINS:

By my duty as a Blue Blood,
I will vow to bring you New Blood,
To Uphold this Coven's Place;
To bring you lovers young and chaste.

VOLTURI:

Bring us lovers young and chaste, yes!
Capture, cuff her in her place, yes!
Piccadilly out to Dorset, Ladies loosening their corsets:
We are tightening the strings!
New Women and Suffragettes, Are turning husbands into pets:
Never let these fads take wing!
Stalk the arteries of London Town!
Feast on New Women in their New Gowns!
Every night a brand new bride,
Until the lunar cycle dies...
Teach them all to clasp their thighs,
Under Lunatical Skies.

Suffragettes and Prostitutes; We cannot let them take root.

Walk the bloody veins of London!
Hush Hush!
Let no human discover,
And bring us twenty-nine new brides,
Before the lunar cycle dies.

Act One, Scene Two
Outside The Vital Fluids

No. 2: Aria

Continuous: A street outside the Vital Fluids.

COLLINS:

Ha! A month to catch my prey;
One fresh young girl every day!
I shall stalk a dame by Twilight – I will Sting Her;
Each woman wrapped ‘round my finger.

Ha! Ha! set me loose!
Ya, set me loose!
Oh, yes tonight’s a real pea souper - the blackest pall!
Hiding inside the fog to Dupe her - I’ll make her fall:
Pleading and bleeding: *Please, sir, have Mercy!* Her weakness allures me.

Soon my fangs will begin probing, her sweet white neck.
And oh, when I taste her hemoglobin, our lover’s peck:
The song of this bird will begin to go quiet,
I can’t deny it!

So when I find my first pretty dove,
And I convince her my lust is love,
My fangs will fit her neck like a glove!
Ha ha! Ha ha!
I’ll seduce her! Then I’ll juice her!
Set me loose! Oh, set me loose!

Immortal blood...
Immortal blood flows through these veins.
Draining aortas by the flagon;
Born to the order of the Red Dragon.

Left the womb and, As a human,
I saw doom in every hour!
Now that I’ve become immortal,
Death is nothing but a chortle!
Fallen women give me power;
Punishing their sins I make their blood-rose flower!

I am going to give it to her!
Take her home and I will chew her!
It’s my privilege as a man.

COLLINS: (cont'd)

Ha! Ha! Set me loose!
Ha – set me loose!

I stalk the alleys of Whitechapel - the Ripper's Haunt.
Oh, with her throat my teeth will grapple - drink from her font.
My blood lust simply must be entrusted with the Volturi!

I taste the clout of this wicked coven - the power allures!
Assuring them I can prove fraternal for bloodlust nocturnal --
Blood Lust Infernal! Blood brothers' blood lust eternal.

And when the moon grows full in the sky,
I will deliver the brides twenty-nine,
Volturi brotherhood will be mine! Ha ha!

Ja pretty flowers! Ha cut me loose!
Time to devour! Ha! set me loose!
Ha ha!

And when I find my first new belle here,
Oh yes, I'll drain her like a fruit!
My thirst, her blood can never quell it!
There's no such thing as too much juice!
I will drain her like a fruit!
I will drain her like a fruit!
And when I find my pretty belle,
I will put her under my spell!
And when I find her – I will drain her!
Ha Ha – Ha ha! Cut me loose!
When I find her, I will drain her –
Reign and stain her – I'll contain her,
Cut me loose!

DIALOGUE

COLLINS:

(to himself)

Ja! A month of feasting, and all of London my playground! I shall rid these streets of 29 young sweets before the next full moon, and a place among the Volturi will be mine.
Now – my first victim must be found. But soft – who is this?

(He steps into the darkness.

LUCY is thrown out of the Vital Fluids, along with her purse and handkerchief.)

JANE:

I told you drabs, no toffing in my pub! Sell your wares elsewhere.

Lucy:
Toff you! I was only being neighborly!
(The door slams.)

Collins: *(aside)*
This one's a dirty puzzle. She'll do nicely.
(Sergeant Swann approaches and grabs her as she's bent over.)

Swann:
Evening, Lucy.

Lucy:
Hands off me, or – Oh. Evening Sergeant Swann.

Swann:
I'd recognize that bustle anywhere. Foggy night, a lady ought not to be alone.

Lucy:
If I see any ladies, I'll pass that along.

Swann:
Lucy - play nice, eh? Give us a smile.

Lucy:
Give us a crown.

Swann:
Charging for smiles now, are you? Careful. A copper sees you lingering on the streets, might think you're up to something immoral.

Lucy:
Me? Immoral? I wouldn't dream of it.
(Swann enters the pub)
Is awful dark tonight. Bloomin' gaslights out again.
(Lucy strolls; Collins startles her)
Ah!

Collins:
Buna seara, chere.

Lucy:
Pardon me. I've lost me way.
(She walks the other direction. Miraculously Collins appears there)
Blimey! How'd you do that?

COLLINS:

A beautiful woman should not walk the streets without her gentleman.

LUCY:

A man shouldn't stand in the shadows on a dark foggy night.

COLLINS:

Surely the gas lights will come on any moment.

(The lights turn on).

LUCY:

How did you --

COLLINS:

Still, you should not be alone in this fog. So close to the Ripper.

LUCY:

Ripper - pshaw.

Oh. In this fog I didn't realize you's a gentleman.

COLLINS:

Forgive me. I am Collins. Lord Nedward Collins.

LUCY:

Did you say Edward Cullen --

COLLINS:

No! Ahem. Nedward Barnabas Collins.

LUCY:

Lucy. Lucy Eastenra.

You must be enjoying the Twilight. I prefer the dark of the New Moon meself.

Are you truly a Lord? Don't sell me a dog.

COLLINS:

I give my word.

LUCY:

I must be off.

COLLINS:

Do I frighten you?

LUCY:

No. It's just -- it's a late foggy night, two strangers, in an alley. You'd think I were the first victim in the latest penny dreadful.

LUCY: (cont'd)

Unless you cared to escort me?

COLLINS:

T'would be an honor. For a pearl among women as you I could make it worth your while.

LUCY:

Oh? Are you a ... patron of the arts?

COLLINS:

Most devotedly.

No. 3: DUET

LUCY:

This cruel town is unforgiving,
Still a lass must make a living.
You seem to be quite genteel;
Maybe we could make a deal.

I aim to be entrepreneurial,
But the streets can be mercurial.
Maybe you could be my man,
I could be your courtesan?

COLLINS:

Lucy, leave the business to me.
Pretty heads should not be gloomy.
Close your mouth and listen to me,
On this darkened avenue.

You are such a lovely jewel,
And for love I am a fool!
Our love lamp just needs some fuel
On this darkened avenue.

LUCY: (*aside*)
(*overlapping*)

So, he wants something erotic?
Pretty words are a narcotic.
Sir: protect me from this dark hour;
You're all man and no mistake!
I am just a trembling flower,
You can feel my heart quake,
And my resolve is growing weak!

COLLINS:
(*Overlapping*)

Look, oh look at how her lip is trembling!
And she is within my grasp.
Lucy, Lucy, yes I will protect you.
Oh you pretty pearl!
Lucy, Lucy yes I am your man,
And you are just a little girl.
Would you just let me kiss your cheek?

LUCY/COLLINS:

Gaslight love, this love:
It flickers, it glimmers,
And slowly catches fire!

LUCY:

The darkest night is pierced
By fire, by fire in the street:
Stars through the clouds.
Sir, if I kiss you, you must promise
to protect me!
And If we kiss, will you agree?

COLLINS:

The darkest night is pierced
By flame and heat,
Even in the thickest fog!
How could you ever think
I would neglect you?
Oh darling love yes eternally!

LUCY:

With your words you steal my heartbeat.
Make me weak you wicked fink.
Whispered words you steal my heart beat...
make me weak, you wicked fink!
When Your lips...
Caress my skin

COLLINS:

Darling, let me taste your heart's treat;
At your lips I long to Drink!

Darling let me ...
take a drink.
Darling when my lips caress you...
How I long to take a drink!

LUCY:

Oh how my pulse begins to race,
when you kiss, you wicked fink!

COLLINS:

Ha! Your taste! I have you in my arms,
yes Darling, Darling! How I long to drink!

LUCY:

When your lips caress my soft neck,
How my pulse begins to quake!
When your lips caress my soft neck,
How my pulse begins to quicken!
My heart...it quakes...such bliss...one kiss?

COLLINS:

When my lips caress your skin,
How your pulse I want to taste.
I see no one else in this place,
And I'm thirsty for a taste.
Just a kiss...just a kiss...
Just one kiss? Please one kiss?

THEY KISS

LUCY:
Kisses... kisses...
His are fine, just fine,
And now he's Mine.
O his money will be mine!
O he kisses like a swine!
But his money will be mine!
And my mouth will be his shrine,
And his money will be mine!

COLLINS:
Now that I have tasted, more, I must have
more!
Oh yes I must have more!
And she trembles like a flower,
Trembles from my manly power
Oh this power!
Oh, the blood that I adore!
Oh, the blood that I adore,
Yes, the sweetest reddest wine,
Oh your neck will be my shrine!

They Kiss. He goes to her neck, kissing at first, then biting.

Dialogue: (over music)

Oh, you naughty!

LUCY:

The police! I must be quick.

COLLINS:

Quick? You said eternal?

LUCY:

Yes darling. I just need to kiss you down at the end of this alley.

COLLINS:

Over there? I don't even get a death scene?

LUCY:

Quiet!

COLLINS:

COLLINS drags her away as a PATROL of MEN rush on.

No. 4: Chorale

Scene Continuous.

MEN ON PATROL:

Men on patrol!
Men on patrol! That is our role!
We walk the streets to keep the peace, Here in SoHo!

Night-walking waifs, are never safe!
Another damsel in distress --
It makes a man's heart chafe!

Streetwalking fools, covered in jewels!
There should be rules, in such a zone:
Poor Women stay at home!
Dismal damsel?! Damsel?!

SERGEANT SWANN:

Evening boys.
What is this noise?
What is the ruckus?
Settle down, Now, Blokes,
What's the joke?
I came here to the pub,
To get some peace and quiet.
You should try it, go home and sleep it off.
Boy: what is it? Your face is chalk --
And you are gawking like a shrew. What frightens you?

Oh egads --
Fresh blood on the cobblestones!
Look -- you don't think... some damsel found some trouble here?
She must be somewhere safe nearby.

(One Man picks up Lucy's handkerchief)

LUCY:

(offstage)

Egads!

COLLINS:

(offstage)

Ha ha!

MEN ON PATROL:

What was that? Look! Over there!

LUCY:
(*offstage*)

Weh!

(*The Men run towards the screams. ARO & JANE come out of the pub.*)

SWANN:
(*aside*)

Oh my heart it quakes in terror,
But I hope I am in error. Oy veh!
This looks like the Ripper!
Seven years now - Haunting visions!
The same borough - same incisions

The Men drag LUCY and COLLINS on.

COLLINS:
Sergeant Swann you must believe me!
Remember I am one of you.

(*SWANN coshes COLLINS*)

Ah!

MEN ON PATROL:

She is dead!

SWANN:

She...was asking for it.
Was asking for this.

COLLINS
(*using glamour*)

Listen Sergeant: Don't be foolish!
Just because you've seen her
Covered here with blood.
Look at what she's wearing!
This slut is not an innocent!
Forget the face that you see here!

MEN ON PATROL:

Do not see!
We do not see!

ARO turns the crowd away, as if mesmerized, and back into the bar.

COLLINS:

Finished! Oh, the first is sweetest,
But I should not be so heedless.
Tempting fate like that was needless!

Moonlight keep me in your cover!
Let the night become my lover –
Do not let me be discovered, Blood-covered!

Reckless! Reckless!
Almost captured!

But I tasted my first minx –
Put two holes in her larynx!
And a whole month left to feast on urchin virgins.

COLLINS exits.

JANE feeds her blood to LUCY, who arises, beginning to “turn.”

Act One, Scene Three
Collins' Rural home outside London

No. 5 with Dialogue

PROJECTED: "Later that evening,
At Lord Collins' Estate in Purfleet..."

COLLINS' manor in Purfleet; the library.
PARKER reads. COLLINS stumbles in.

PARKER:

Lord Collins! You are bleeding!

COLLINS:

Ah, young Jonathan Parker. Yes, I was attacked in the city.

PARKER:

Egads! How may I assist you?

COLLINS:

Set a chair by the window, in the light the full moon. Help me over.
That's better.

(He opens his shirt and his chest sparkles in the moonlight.)

PARKER:

Your... skin? It's like diamonds. Your wounds...the blood...gone.

COLLINS:

I come from a resilient people.

PARKER:

Here – drink. Restore yourself.

COLLINS:

No – I do not drink...wine.
Have you finalized our business arrangements?

PARKER:

Yes, sir, you are now the proud owner of Carfax Abbey, just across from Downton.

COLLINS:

Ah, you have been good to me these few months. It will be a shame to lose your diligence.

PARKER:

It has been a pleasure serving you. But if you have other business in mind...

COLLINS:

I am new to London. I would desire it greatly if you would show me the town and all of its hidden secrets.

I will pay you handsomely.

PARKER:

Certainly, Lord. I am forever in your debt.

COLLINS:

However you must make an oath: you may, in our business, learn of my eccentricities. You must swear never to divulge my secrets, no matter their affects.

PARKER:

Lord Collins, how can I take an oath without knowing --

COLLINS:

SWEAR! You must assure me of your confidentiality. Otherwise, you would relinquish your trust and, I'm afraid, it may affect our business.

PARKER:

Yes. Yes of course. I swear my oath to your service. I owe you my career, as well as my life.

COLLINS:

Your life?

PARKER:

I am to be married when I return. Prior to our business, my salary did not afford me enough to marry a woman of such stature as my beloved Della.

COLLINS:

Della? Have you a picture?

(Parker shares one).

Beautiful. You are, Mr. Parker, a man of most excellent ... taste.
You are affianced?

PARKER:

Not yet. I had not the heart to ask her, until I had the wallet as well.

COLLINS:

Ask? Parker, a man does not ask. When I meet a woman I like, I just kiss her - I don't even wait. When you're a Lord, they let you do it. Grab them by the bustle. You can do anything.

PARKER:

You can afford your eccentricities. Della has a man's brain. We are to be equals.

COLLINS:

Equals?!

PARKER:

Until now she earned more from her teaching than I --

COLLINS:

Earn? A woman in a job? One of these New Women, eh? I'll hear no more of that. Stay on as my valet and you shall be handsomely rewarded. She will have no need of anything you cannot provide.

I shall need you for only a month's time, until the next full moon. You agree?

PARKER:

Certainly. The annual Masquerade at the end of this month is the perfect soirée for any man on the prowl!

COLLINS:

Excellent – you prove your worth again!

Rest up – tomorrow we shall head to town by the first train!

Act One, Scene Four
The Home of Captain Swann and his daughter, Della

PROJECTION: "Saturday March 20, 1897
Home of ~~Bella Swan~~
Della Swann"

Early afternoon. Tower Hamlets, in London's East
End: a nicer house in a not nice neighborhood.
Parlour.

DELLA enters. Removes her corset; lets down her
hair. Goes to her typewriter.

DELLA:

All day teaching Etiquette to school girls!
Cannot wait to loosen all my corset strings.
Dear Diary - have I told you, how my mind unfurls?
Thoughts of my sweet love who's soon returning!

The Breaking Dawn it brings him back to London,
And my heartache will be undone.

In me he'll find a brand New Woman.
And he will be my own New Man!
And as a pair, we will compose a plan:
On equal footing all our days,
And all our deepest dreams together chase!

Oh, but now that I'm practically twenty –
A hag - though suitors I have plenty –
My heart, mind, heart, my heart, my mind,
My mind - won't be kept in a net!

I am re-reading all the Brontes.
A woman author? Au courant!
While he sells homes in Dorset,
I lounge in my emancipation corset.

Poetry fills me with passion.
Gibson girls are so in fashion:
Slam the door and play the vixen –
Like in Ibsen –
Our love thickens, and he gives me Dickens.

Soft! What noise is at the doorway?
Is it the wind? Is it some trick?
It's him! It is him!
Lover! Lover! It's him!

Ach where did I leave that necklace?
I am such a silly goose!
He's back early! I am breathless!
Oh no, I forgot to douche.

I've been waiting here all winter.
Buried in my dozen books,
And I'm sure to make him shiver
For I'm so much more than looks.
And I'm sure to make his jaw drop
When I start to share my thoughts!
Yes his heart is sure to thaw!
Yes I'm sure to make his jaw...jaw drop!

PARKER enters.

No. 7: Duet, and Dialogue

DELLA & PARKER:

Six Months, Six Months, Six months
Six Months, since I have felt your kiss.

Six months, six months, six months!
Ach you are the one I miss.

DELLA:

Oh, how I've missed our lakeside strolls,
mingling our souls --
We two together make a whole!
mingling our souls

PARKER:

Miss you but I never forget,
my little pet!
And now I've caught you in my net!

DELLA & PARKER:

It's been so long, so long, an age
Since I've been back, since I've felt your embrace!

PARKER:

Budapest to near Belgravia,
You da best, and I shall take ya
To be my intended –
Don't you think it's splendid?
And you will be the jewel, the jewel in my crown!

DELLA:

Jonathan, how I have missed you.
Now you're here and I have kissed you,
I am not your gem to quarry
Tell another story

PARKER:

She is playing hard to get now,
So I must use all my brains!

DELLA:

As the suffragettes instructed
A New Woman must speak plain!
No more?
That's all?
Is that all?

PARKER:

As Lord Collins has instructed
A man must, must take the reins!
J'Adore!
My Doll,
Oh, be my doll!

DELLA:

You fool! You fool!
You treat me wrong.
You fool! You fool!
Ach, we are singing different songs!

PARKER:

My jewel! My jewel!
It's been too long.
My jewel! My jewel!
Ach! Since you've been back in my arms!

DELLA:

You fool! You fool!
You fool, you silly fool!
I'm not a jewel, you silly fool!
And I want more!
A man with brains would make me drool –
I deserve more!

PARKER:

My jewel! My Jewel!
This absence makes my heart,
My heart, my heart grows fond.
You'll be the jewel in my crown
Yes, love, you'll be the jewel,
And I'll parade you about town!

DELLA:

You are my fool!
An absence makes the heart,
My love, go wrong.

PARKER:

You are my jewel!
An absence makes my love,
my love, grow strong!

DIALOGUE

Della! my pet!

PARKER:

Jonathan, my...Jonathan.

DELLA:

My diamond, Della – how you sparkle!

PARKER:

So many facets; you can hardly count.

DELLA:

PARKER:
I have excellent news! Lord Collins has hired me to introduce him to London. I shall finally have a respectable salary. We shall marry, and you can be free of that school.

DELLA:

But Jonathan, I like my work -

PARKER:

What is this? A typewriter?

DELLA:

It's my diary. My most private thoughts --

PARKER:
A woman with a typewriter? What's next - carts without horses?!
Della, you can put these childish things away. Now our engagement is decided -

DELLA:

Is it?

PARKER:
My sweet Della, for your birthday...
(kneeling)
It's not such a gift to you, as you are a gift to me.

DELLA:

Prig of the first water --

PARKER:
Was that a "yes"?

DELLA:

You haven't so much as asked me what I want!

PARKER:

But I know what's best for you! Smile! We'll announce it at your birthday tonight – or perhaps wait until the Masquerade in three weeks' time?

(SWANN enters)

DELLA:

Father!

SWANN:

Della – Parker. You're kneeling.

DELLA:

Father what's wrong?

SWANN:

There is a murderer loose in London.

PARKER:

Murderer?

DELLA:

Daddy?

SWANN:

Two dead in two days. Della, listen: you must take precaution. He's hunting girls like you.

DELLA:

Like me?

SWANN:

I thought I was smart buying cheap property in Whitechapel after the Ripper brought values down. But we aren't safe here. YOU aren't safe. You've got to promise me–

DELLA:

But father!

SWANN

Just promise me...Do not go out alone at night. And I do not mean for you to be with your girlfriends. You must have real protection: Always with a man.

DELLA:

But father, that's no way for a girl to live –

SWANN:

This world isn't safe for you, Della. Boys will be boys - you've got to accept that.

PARKER:

I shall protect her, Sergeant Swann. Della and I are to be married.

SWANN:

Pardon?

DELLA:

No, Father, I never --

PARKER:

I've offered Della my hand.

SWANN:

I have other intentions for Della., I have invited an aristocrat to your birthday party. I am certain Lord Collins will adore you.

PARKER:

Lord Collins! He cannot marry Della!

SWANN/DELLA:

That is for me to say.

PARKER:

Della loves me!

SWANN:

Della has no say in who she does or does not marry!

No. 8: Terzett

DELLA:

Christ, I'm right here!

PARKER:

Love, be silent!

SWANN:

Ja, there's no need to be violent.

DELLA:

Oh, you scoundrels!

Della keep still!

PARKER:

Ya ya, just listen to your father.
I am pater familias, obey us.

SWANN:

SWANN:
Well, Well! – I know a
wealthy wooer
Who'd be advantageous to
her.
As her father, I must
decide
upon the best match for
this bride.

DELLA:
Father listen!
This is grim.
Christ, I'm right here!
This is Grim!

PARKER:
Not Lord Collins!
I'm crestfallen!
I must go all in.

DELLA:
Curse my fate...
I'm just a girl!
Doomed to obey my own
father
Makes no difference
that I'd rather
Be a maid than wed a churl

PARKER:
Curse my fate!
Curse Lord Collins!
Telling me to be her
master
It has ended in disaster!
Curse my fate,
what a cruel world!

SWANN:
Curse my fate,
and curse this world.
In a city full of slaughter
But I must protect my
daughter.
Curse my fate,
and curse this world.

Not a girl, not yet a woman.
But I still, I'm still a human.
I may be your one and only,
But that does not mean you own me.

DELLA:

Who gave her these notions? Speak!

SWANN:

Not me! What wild emotions!

PARKER:

SWANN:

Oh, you read it in your books!
Don't be foolish, Della Listen!
This is real life, this is not
One of your fictions!

DELLA:

Ach! I don't know what to do!

PARKER:

Ach! I listened to Collins!

SWANN:

There's a killer on the loose,

DELLA:

I just want to live my truth!

PARKER:

I should not have gone all in!

SWANN:

Stalking women just like you!

DELLA:

I just want to live my truth!
Ach! I don't know what to
do!
But my freedom:
must it wait?
Curse this world,
and curse my fate.

PARKER:

I should not have gone all
in!
But I listened to Collins!
But my promise -
can it wait?!
Curse this world
and curse my fate.

SWANN:

Swann! You are the father,
And this tender
Girl is your daughter.
You must bend her,
Or you send her
To a city full of slaughter.

SWANN:

Hush! No more debating!

DELLA:

Father!

SWANN:

Your debut ball is waiting!
Tonight is your coming out!

DELLA:

Oh, daddy!

PARKER:

Oh, Della!

SWANN:

When this Lord of London sees you,
He will bend over to please you.
No need to say yea or nay,
Until you sample the full buffet!

DELLA:

Oh my father!
Thank you Father!
Daddy dear you finally listened to my
wishes.
Oh Thank you father!

*(PARKER exits.
DELLA and SWANN make up.)*

DELLA:

Daddy dear! You are my hero.
I was feeling very stressed.
Your decision has released me!
Now I must be getting dressed.
(aside)
The next time you raise this subject
I'll make sure to demand respect.
(She exits)

SWANN:

You are free. But I will watch you.
For this killer must not touch you.

Act One, Scene Five
Della's Birthday party at Vital Fluids

IX. FINALE

PROJECTION: "All of London society gather at
The Vital Fluids, to toast Bella Swann's birthday..."

*The Vital Fluids; a Birthday Ball for DELLA.
LUCY is here, now as a vampire. Other members of
the Volturi sprinkle the crowd.*

LONDONERS:

Gloomy & doomy oh London is frozen!
Come have a drink and bid winter adieu,
Good bye to troubles and gather the roses.
Celebrate Della, our lovely debut!

Safe from the shadow of fear that encloses
Over our hearts like a dark residue!
Good bye to troubles and gather the roses!
Celebrate Della, our lovely debut!

*As members dance, COLLINS spins a woman and whisks her away to a dark
part of the bar - she won't return.*

We hide inside because out on the streets,
A murderous shadow is snatching our breath!
Every young lady in danger of meeting a man,
For he might bring true love or death!

Gloomy & doomy oh London is frozen!
Come have a drink and bid winter adieu.
Good bye to troubles and gather the roses.
Celebrate Della, our lovely debut!
Good bye to troubles and gather the roses.
Celebrate Della, our lovely debut!

PARKER:

(Drunk).

Listen to you piss and wine!
At least you have a little life.
Your cups are full of beer and wine,
Your hearts are free from strife!
I'd gladly change your place for mine,
For I have lost my little wife.
Toast! For spring is here.
You! Come over here!

(He pairs up with another woman)

LONDONERS:

Sing it loud so all will cheer!
That a party kills all fears!
Hail, hail, to shedding no more tears!
Hail, somebody get me a beer!

SWANN:

My Lord, may I introduce:
my sweet lovely daughter Della,
London's lovely debutante!

COLLINS:

Happy Birthday, dear, to you.
You're as lovely as a swan!
And your eye shines with intuition!

DELLA:

Gentle sir.

(to PARKER)

Ach! You again?

PARKER:

What? Lord Collins?

SWANN:

Scram, be gone now!

PARKER:

What is that? Blood on your collar?

COLLINS:

Parker - bloody good to see you!

(To Della)

What a pleasure to have met so Very lovely a young girl.

(pulls PARKER aside)

Watch me and learn from the master:

Watch while I seduce this miss.

PARKER:

What is this? That's my girlfriend!

COLLINS:

No!

PARKER:

Yes! I did what you said
I took every word of your advice
Now you try to take my place?!

DELLA: *(overlapping)*

Smile, his eyes shine like a vermin!
Clutching my heart with a firm hand,
Keeps me caged like some possession.
Will he never set me free?

PARKER: *(overlapping)*

Smile, his smile is like a vermin!
After preaching me his sermon,
I'm a fool to have agreed –
Is there no end to his greed?

LONDONERS: *(overlapping)*

Smile, we smile Through the twilight
As the shadow reaches near
Guard our neck against the frostbite
And this specter that we fear

Little Della, are you happy?
Now my girl is all grown up.
Now it's time to open presents.
(Steps aside)

Open mine, my dear, I beg you.

Sir, you really shouldn't have.
Oh no! I have cut my finger!

Pretty lady, are you hurt?
Careful; watch out for your skirt.
It is just a little blood.
What a silly bit of luck!
But I know a little trick,
When you have a little prick.
You can trust me now we're friends –
One suck will make amends.

(He flirtatiously sucks her finger as PARKER looks on)

COLLINS: *(overlapping)*

Smile, her smile is captivating!
Her white neck may be worth waiting.
Parker may need some placating,
And her blood will be my bait!

SWANN: *(overlapping)*

Night, its eyes shine like a serpent's!
London stalked by some disturbance.
I am haunted by the Ripper,
I shall never set her free!

SWANN:

COLLINS:

DELLA:

COLLINS:

PARKER:

(pulling Collins aside from DELLA)

I'm sorry, Lord, but I must reprimand!
I see you sucking on her hand.
On her finger! What are you doing?
That is my girlfriend you are wooing
Leave her be, or I'll tell all!

COLLINS:

Parker: don't forget your oath!

SWANN:

Come laddies, let's not fight.
There's no need to be restive.
It's such a lovely night;
The ladies are all festive.
(pushes COLLINS away; confronts PARKER)
Why don't you stay away while they are talking?
If not, I could arrest you for stalking.

(COLLINS brings DELLA wine, they flirt.)

DELLA:

Oh, Lord Collins!

PARKER:

(alone)

Oh, what shall I do?

DELLA:

You speak such tender words to me
And with you I feel free

SWANN:

What?

PARKER:

Sir – I need to talk to you.

SWANN:

No, I'm busy.

DELLA:

Oh, Lord Collins!

PARKER:

I insist!

COLLINS:

Parker don't forget your oath!

DELLA:

Collins, would you be my beau
To the Masqued Ball
That welcomes spring time?
We would be the envy of all!
Oh, you put a tingling in my heart!

COLLINS:

Della darling yes my swan!
I'm so happy you trust me.

And our love cannot be rusted,
There is no end to our bond.

SWANN:

Now I finally see the truth!
Now I finally see the truth!
That this man, he's up to no good.
Collins treats her like a man should;
Parker treats her like a brute!

PARKER:

Now I finally see the truth:
That he wants her for his victim.

I will not stop til I get him;
But what about my oath?

LONDONERS:

We hide inside because out on the streets,
A murderous shadow is snatching our flames!
Buy me another round, and take me home,
I don't care if it's love or shame!

SWANN:

My friends it is time to drink your last!
Heed, as you travel, the murderer's grasp.
The fog of night, it hides all fear,
so find a beau and keep him near!
Boys hold her close - a girl needs your protection!
(But don't forget to carry contraception!)

At this point the men's voices overpower the women's.

LONDONERS - MEN:

Sing it loud, with heart renewed:
Liquid courage fortitude!
Sweet words, and just a little beer—
Her Hesitations disappear!

LONDONERS - WOMEN:

Sing it loud, with heart renewed:
Liquid courage fortitude!
Sweet words, and just a little beer –
My Hesitations disappear

DELLA/PARKER/SWANN/COLLINS:

Full moon waning in the sky the time is growing ever nigh!
This is my decision!

LONDONERS:

Grab a beau, grab a beer;
Liquid courage hides all fears!

DELLA/PARKER/SWANN:

They can do just as they please,
But it's my decision.
It is my life, and my choice,
Take a seat or raise my voice
But it's my decision.

COLLINS:

I will do just as I please and
Get my feed, it is my incision.
I will rip this city open!
So much blood and here is hopin'
When I tear this pretty open!

SWANN

It's my daughter's life at stake;
There's no room for a mistake.
It is my decision!

PARKER:

It's my lover's life at stake;
There's no room for a mistake.
It is my decision!

DELLA:

They can do just as they please,

But it's my decision!

COLLINS:

It is her life that I need,
And on her that I will feed.
It is her life that I need,
And on her that I will feed.

LONDONERS:

Sweet words, and just a little beer—
Her Hesitations disappear!

DELLA/PARKER/SWANN:

I will do just as I please and
They can plead, but it's my decision.
I will break the cage door open.
I will break this whole world open.
It is my life, and my choice,
Take a seat or raise my voice.

COLLINS:

I will do just as I please and
Get my feed, it is my incision.
I will rip this pretty open,
I will taste her hemoglobin.
I will taste her hemoglobin
It is her life that I need,
And on her that I will feed.

LONDONERS:

Sweet words, and just a little beer—
Her Hesitations disappear!
Cheers!

PARKER:

It's my lover's life at stake,
There's no room for a mistake.

SWANN:

It's my daughter's life at stake
There is no room for a mistake.

DELLA:

It is my own life at stake
There is no room for a mistake.

LONDONERS - MEN:

Sing it loud, with heart renewed:
Liquid courage fortitude!
Sweet words, and just a little beer—
Her Hesitations disappear!

COLLINS:

It is time for me to kill,
As the moon begins to fill.

It is my, yes it's my incision.
It is time for me to kill,

As the moon begins to fill.

It is my incision,
My incision.

It is my incision!

LONDONERS - WOMEN:

Sing it loud, with heart renewed:
Liquid courage fortitude!
Sweet words, and just a little beer –
My Hesitations disappear!

End of Act I

Act Two: Scene One
Collins' new estate at Carfax Abbey; outside.

No. 10: Romanze

*PROJECTION: "Sunday April 11, 1897.
Carfax Abbey, London"*

*Early afternoon, Carfax Abbey.
MUFFY and GILES train for slaying.
The rest of the HOUSEHOLD Staff complete their
work.*

HOUSEHOLD:

Six bodies found along the Thames:
A murderer haunting our dames
But every corpse has two bites,
And all are found at Twilight.

MUFFY:

As we tally the body count
The evidence is clear.
But Scotland yard is full of chumps
Can't tell a clue from their own rumps:
They do not know vampyr!
But I can see the truth laid bare,
In the face of every maiden fair.
Her skin is pale and ashen;
Much whiter than the fashion.
The evidence makes it all clear
This murderer is a Vampyr!
And my duty is calling:
There can be no forestalling!

HOUSEHOLD:

Two weeks we watch the death toll rise.
Fear lives in every woman's eyes.
Oh girls protect your necks,
Or you may be the next!

MUFFY:

When I arrived in Londontown,
The future looked so blah.
Oh, Jack the Ripper, he was fine:
Bloody diversions pass the time.
But murder's so bourgeois!

MUFFY: (*cont'd*)

But ever since this purge began,
Fear shakes the heart of every man!
They do not realize this quagmire,
Is without doubt a Vampire.
The men try to send me away;
But I'm Muffy - I came to slay!
I'll send this beast to Hades,
For messing with my ladies.

*GILES trains with MUFFY: Victorian Boxing.
JANE turns the Moon forward to a New Moon –
completely dark.)*

HOUSEHOLD:

Three weeks our young girls dread the streets.
Afraid of every man she meets.
From poverty to blue blood,
This murd'rer feasts upon True Blood.

*MUFFY and GILES enter the main scene with the
other laborers; she brings her stake. The others
look at her funny.*

*COLLINS ENTERS and watches. A brief moment of
eye contact with JANE as she adjusts the moon for
the last time – a reminder that if he doesn't succeed
in the next few days, he will be hers.*

MUFFY:

While other girls learned etiquette,
I practiced my technique.
And at the time I was this high,
I threw a blindfolded bull's eye
I'd make a bold man shriek!

Main Tempo

I'm not a damsel in distress.
I hardly ever wear a dress.
And I will always forfeit
A chance to wear a corset.
I'll never be any Bloke's dame.
But I don't care. I have good aim.
He doesn't have a prayer
Against the Vamp Nay-Sayer!

LONDONERS:

Big talk for such a little dame;
The type this vampire likes to claim.
Beware, beware young dear,
Or you'll be next to disappear.

DIALOGUE

COLLINS:

You are a brave woman. Or a very stupid girl.

MUFFY:

This city needs a little bravery right now.

COLLINS:

Bravery can be quite stupid when there's a murderer about.

GILES:

The vampire certainly has made his presence felt.

COLLINS:

Vampire? Oh Yes, That folktale the mob enjoy so much. Charming.

MUFFY:

Charming? Girls are being attacked. Twenty one of them.
Are you expecting rain?

COLLINS:

London weather!
I've come to inspect the manor. Care to show me about?

MUFFY:

I don not work for you.

COLLINS:

Oh, but you do now. I'm Lord Collins. I just purchased Carfax Abbey.
(The rest of the chorus approaches)

GILES:

Lord Collins. My abundant apologies. I am Giles, the Butler. Shall I show --

COLLINS:

(to Muffy)

Would you care to show me the property?

GILES:
Muffy has work, m'Lord. She's our butcher and there is much butchering to be done.

COLLINS:
A lady butcher?

MAID:
Oy, Muffy's our local abnormality.

MAID 2:
Muffy the Vampire Nay-Sayer.

MUFFY:
I'm late for work.

COLLINS:
You work out of the estate?

MUFFY:
I nurse, at St. Bart's. I take blood for the victims.

COLLINS:
I thought the victims were dead?

MUFFY:
They are turning: becoming vampires.
Transfusions can help. Take out the poisoned blood, put in good.

MAID 2:
It's a disgrace. All our taxes money going towards those hussies.

MAID 1:
Let 'em rot!

MUFFY:
It's not their fault a vampire attacked --

MAID 1:
Not their fault?

MAID 2:
What they doing wearing skirts that barely cover an ankle?

MAID 1:
Walking without a gentleman after dusk?

MAID 2:

“Not their fault!”

COLLINS:

Muffy, I commend the spirit of your efforts, if not the aim. You are free to continue your volunteer work –

MUFFY:

I hardly need your permission.

GILES:

Muffy!

COLLINS:

As your employer I give it to you.

GILES:

Back to work, all of you.

COLLINS:

You there.

MAID:

Yes m’Lord?

COLLINS:

Show me the Carfax.

(COLLINS and MAID exit; others go back to work).

MUFFY:

It’s him, Giles – he is: Der Vampyr!

GILES:

Don’t be ridiculous, he’s a businessman.

MUFFY:

That umbrella, Giles! Some legends say vampires’ skin shines like diamonds in the moonlight! Besides - rain? In London? IN april?!

No, he’s our vampire, Giles! My scooby sense is all tingly.

GILES:

Muffy, you have got to be careful. This is the worst spree of vampire attacks we’ve ever seen in the London Hellmouth. We’re dealing with a real monster here.

MUFFY:

All the more reason to catch him before he kills again. You know my motto: If you see something, Slay Something.

GILES:

I just don't want you to be next.
All right, suss him out. We must find proof.

MUFFY:

How?

GILES:

Flash your cross in his face. And we need garlic for dinner so you may as well pick some.

MUFFY:

Why so timid, Giles? You don't think I'm ready?

GILES:

No, it's not that. I don't think I'm ready.

GILES returns to the house. MUFFY picks garlic.

No. 11 with Dialogue

(MUFFY picks garlic as COLLINS returns)

COLLINS:

Muffy. A word?

MUFFY:

That was a quick tour.

COLLINS:

Yes she, uh, she was quite ... sufficient..

MUFFY:

What's that on your vest?

COLLINS:

It must be red wine ...

MUFFY:

Spit on it.

COLLINS:

Sorry?

MUFFY:

(she spits on his shirt and dabs it)

Spit for red wine. Or blood. Club soda for white.

COLLINS:

Beautiful and practical.

Muffy: Accompany me to dinner.

MUFFY:

You should know not to stick your quill in the company inkwell, Lord Collins.

COLLINS:

What? No! I don't intend to do any writing.

I simply ask that you acquaint me to the area.

MUFFY:

You charge me with this as your employee?

COLLINS:

You would be well compensated.

MUFFY:

I'm not that kind of girl.

COLLINS:

I did not mean --

Join me for dinner; show me your London. I will be immeasurably in your debt.

MUFFY:

Not tonight. I have the hospital.

COLLINS:

Tomorrow perhaps? Muffy, the dead have so much time. And we have so little. Spend some of yours with me?

No. 12 Terzett

MUFFY:

You cannot date your butcher

You Lords are all so bold

And besides I am a good girl

With this cross of gold.

(She holds her cross up in his face - he flinches)

COLLINS:

Now Muffy listen to me
I do not care a pin
When you're a lord like me
You get away with anything
I can give you any night off
If you spend it with me?

GILES:

(looking on, apart)

Egads! now they are flirting!
This thing is going south!
Next you know her blood is squirting
Into his big hungry mouth!

COLLINS:

When I saw you in the garden,
Something deep inside me hardened.

MUFFY

Lord, I must beg for your pardon.
I just need to pick some garlic.
Take a whiff of that fresh garlic!
Doctors say it wards off death!

COLLINS:

Oh Muffy, that may be so,
But it also taints the breath.
Oh Muffy, do not tease me so;
You skewer me like a chef

MUFFY:

You really are poetic
But my response is set
Even if something magnetic
Pulls us towards a duet

GILES:

And now he's kissing her hand –
This is not going well.
If she does not soon reprimand,
He'll drag her soul to hell!

COLLINS:

We both can feel this hunger;
Let custom have the pox!
And So what if you are younger,
Do not listen to them mock.
Yes, so what if I am your boss,
You know I want you – Talk!

GILES:

This is not going well.
If she does not soon reprimand,
She will end up in hell.
He will take her to hell.
He will drag her soul to hell.

MUFFY:

Seduce me, but I regret
that my heart cannot be moved.
Unless you share the secret
That I sense inside of you!
Oh, your face it hides a secret;
Set it free or bid adieu!

COLLINS:

Muffy, you must be joking –
Or it is me you are provoking?
One little kiss from you
I will unleash my truth.

GILES:

A kiss!
Muffy, be cautious.
I'm getting nauseous. No!

MUFFY:

Oui?
One kiss?
One? For truth? Your truth?

MUFFY:

Lord Collins, you can trust me.
Do not think me a liar.
I have realized you must be
Our blood-tingling vampire!

COLLINS:

Oh Muffy, whisper softly!
Nobody else can hear.
How did you figure it out?
You know, You know I'm the vampyr.
Oh Muffy, keep your promise
Pull me from this abyss!
Now that my secret binds me
To you, to you, give me one kiss?
(He kisses MUFFY. ASIDE)
Yes, here's another victim
And with only two more days!
Ha ha!

MUFFY:
Now I have caught him in
my wire,
And I know he's the
vampire.
I will finally get to kill
him!
I will finally get to kill
him!
Now I finally get to kill
him!
Now I finally get to kill
him!

GILES:
Gee – there is no use in
stalling.
I must get to her in time!

I must get to her in time!
Or he certainly will kill
her!

Get to her in time
Get to her in time
Or he certainly will kill
her!

COLLINS:
After a month of poaching
Now the Full moon is
approaching!

Now the Full moon is
approaching!

Ja – here is another victim!
Now the new moon is
approaching!

(GILES approaches the others)

Hello there, little Muffy.

GILES:

Ah, the chaperone returns.

COLLINS:

Now why would you interrupt me?

MUFFY:

Oh – just watching your back.

GILES:

I told you I don't need help –
Please, Giles, don't go starting trouble.

MUFFY:

He's not even being subtle!
Don't be foolish, now, you whelp.

GILES:

COLLINS:
Oh no, did he overhear
me?
Does he know? I don't
think so.
But I must be more careful
now!

MUFFY:
I have caught him in my
ruse

But my heart - am I falling
for him too?

GILES:
Oh what a horrible position
For a watcher and a slayer
And she never even listens
Muffy, watch out for his
snare.

Giles your timing is quite awful
Two is perfect, three's a throng.

MUFFY:

Oh well I do not mean to coddle you,
But don't be so headstrong!

GILES:

Now sweet Muffy, how's tomorrow?
Are you free for dinnertime?
How my heart would fill with sorrow
If you say that you decline.

COLLINS:

(to himself)

POTENTIAL CUT

Ha! Now I have tomorrow's victim!
Oh! And that's almost twenty-nine!
So young and she seems to be quite smitten.
Soon then! Soon then! Eternal life is mine!

MUFFY:

My life has led up to this
hour.
And I have practiced, I am
skilled.
And I have beauty, I have
power
Ready to have this vampire
killed
And I have practiced I am
skilled.
My life has built up to this
hour –
And now I'll have this
vampire killed!

And I have beauty I have
power,
Ready to have this vampire
killed!

GILES:

As the watcher of the
slayer,
I have readied her for this
threat.
But I don't think she has a
prayer!
Muffy! Muffy! Don't say
goodbye just yet!
Oh god! Oh god this is not
going well.
And my duty as a watcher,
Is to make sure he goes to
hell.
He goes to hell.
Oh Muffy no... you cannot
love him
Oh god! Oh god this is not
going well.
Oh Muffy, no you cannot
love him.
Oh god! Oh god this is not
going well.

COLLINS:

Ha! Now I have
tomorrow's victim!

Oh! And that's almost
twenty nine!
So young and she seems to
be quite smitten.
Muffy! Muffy! And
maybe you'll be mine
Muffy! Muffy! And
maybe you'll be mine

Ha! Now I have
tomorrow's victim!
So young and she seems to
be quite smitten.

Muffy! And maybe you'll
be mine!
And maybe you'll be
mine!

DIALOGUE

COLLINS:

Exquisite. Dinner tomorrow - I shall collect you at 6.

MUFFY:

No, Lord Collins. I shall collect myself, and meet you in town. 7:30, at the Crystal Palace?

COLLINS:

My heart will beat a thousand sorrows until we meet.

(He kisses her hand and exits)

MUFFY:

And after that it will never beat again.

GILES:

What in the Hellmouth are you thinking, Muffy?

MUFFY:

It's him – the Vampire.

GILES:

So you set up a tryst? He wants to kill you.

MUFFY:

When he kisses me I want to die.

GILES:

Muffy be serious!

MUFFY:

He thinks he's taking me out for steak. He's right!

(She throws the stake into the wall)

Act Two: Scene Two
Collins' new estate at Carfax Abbey; Inside.

No. 13: Dialogue & Grosse Scene

PROJECTION: "Good Friday April 16, Carfax Abbey"

Library of Carfax Abbey.

GILES leads PARKER into the room. JONATHAN's hair is white as snow

GILES:

Lord Collins, a Jonathan Parker here to see you.

COLLINS:

Thank you Giles. Jonathan - do come -- my god, you look ghastly.

PARKER:

I am not well, Lord Collins.

COLLINS:

Have a seat. Giles - brandy!

PARKER:

I prefer the chaise. I am of the fainting disposition.
Do you always keep the curtains drawn?

GILES:

He has a sensitivity to sunlight.

COLLINS:

Thank you, Giles. That will be all.
(Giles exits.)

Tell me of your maladies, Parker.

PARKER:

Lord Collins, these three weeks Della has refused to see me. I have kept myself busy in your employ, following your schedule of late nights and sleeping through the day. It wears on me. I feel I am --

COLLINS:

Yes, Parker? What is it?

PARKER:

Pardon me, Lord. I feel some madness overcomes me.

Yes?
COLLINS:

I have learned your secret. The secret I am oath-bound to keep.
PARKER:

Oh?
COLLINS:

I run about, finding charming young women to entertain you.
In each neighborhood you visit, the latest victim of the vampire is found.
PARKER:

Vampire? You believe such bunk?
COLLINS:

Yes: Vampire.
PARKER:

That night you came back covered in blood and the wounds disappeared before my eyes? Keeping the curtains drawn on the first glorious Spring day London has seen? Della's birthday, when you sucked the blood from her pricked finger. Your – your fancy chest – is that why she loves you?!

Pull yourself together, man.
COLLINS:

And all this time you have wooed my Della from afar. And yet tomorrow you take her to the Masquerade. Is she to be your next victim? Answer me!
PARKER:

I'll go to the police – I'll tell them what I know!

No. You've given me your oath.
COLLINS:

I won't keep it if Della isn't safe.
PARKER:

Break your word and I will kill her.
COLLINS:

Touch my Della and I will kill you.
PARKER:

COLLINS:

Ha ha! You can't kill me. I'm already dead.

No. 13: GROSSE SCENE

PARKER:

Your hubris sends me retching!
I can see your shadow stretching
Out to clutch my Della's life!

Stay away from her you blackguard!
Even if I look hack-gard,
I refuse to stand aside!

COLLINS:

So, you would forsake your honor,
Rather than see her a goner?
You would break your oath to me?

You could write a different story:
Find another pretty quarry,
And I'll set your Della free!

PARKER:

I would kill if you would free her;
My right hand would never queever,
if it saved my Della's soul!
Say the word and I will serve
Another floozy for your choosing!
Any wretch could fill that hole.

COLLINS:

Would you? Ha, you hypocrite.
Volunteer a stranger's name,
Put her there in danger's aim.
Trading women back and forth,
And negating any worth:
Your soul is counterfeit!

You stand here maligning me,
But you are out-shining me!
Thinking you can sit there blameless?
Hold your head up high and shameless
As if you are innocent
Of the blood that has been shed?

COLLINS: (*cont'd*)

Did you not savor your glory,
Helping me to find my quarry?
Never giving pause to worry
Nursing your hurt lover's pride.
Idle while these women died.
Idle till i stalk your bride!
Parker: you put me to shame.
So much colder at my game.

Trade women like dolls you can buy or sell:
"Society is made for men and women are your trinkets"
You are a monster even To think it!
Condemning me as if I am obscene!
I am the fiend your kind have promoted.
But I see you: your ego is bloated!

POTENTIAL CUT

I honestly love the taste of blood.
I never pretend to be anything but
A vampire who can't get enough pretty dames
Look at yourself - you are the same!

When I was a lad in old Transylvania,
My mother's sad tale would truly pain you.
To feed us she did what a woman must do:
Sell herself to men to bring home enough food!

Then one night: she took my master in,
He introduced me to her plasma.
The blood of a harlot - fresh as mother's milk.
My mouth full of scarlet - from my mother's ilk!
Society needs me: A seasonal purge;
And I do the deed as society's scourge!

You stand there, acting so virtuous?
But look inside and – you're murderous.
You wear the mask of society,
But all of this time you've abetted me.
You act like life is not worth two shillings –
You justify all my killings!

COLLINS: (*cont'd*)

You gawk? Yet I am unashamed
Ha ha! You are yourself as much to blame
Take a look at yourself in that mirror
You're the same.
The same! The same!
You are as much to blame!

No. 14: Aria

Scene continued. PARKER Paces.

PARKER:

Ach! What is this monster in the mirror?!
I am as vile as this vampire!
By god! What horror to behold!
I must examin-ate my soul!

*He flees the house, wandering the streets of East London
Attempting to literally look at his brain)*

As a wealthy bourgeois orphan
I have always had to strive
Law-Apprenticed, eating often
How did I ever survive?

I have worked hard to assimilate
Gentlemen I aim to emulate
In society I'm charming,
My humility is alarming!

As I wooed my sweet doll, Della
How I aimed to be all man
She my damsel, I her fella
But she had another plan
All my plans now seem a sham!

Oh, but when Lord Collins gave command
Of a way to win her hand --
I am pledged to keep his secret
Gave my oath to never speak it!
This must be some sort of vampire techniquing!

Promise! Damn it! Oh now I want to vomit!
All I thought about was commanding her
But my promise has now damned her!

And all these other - poor women smothered
I bet some of them had mothers!
Collins brought them all to doom and
What if some women are human?!

Yes, I must save my Della's neck
Tis my duty to protect her
And it is worth breaking my word
To make sure she isn't murdered!
Parker! So smart - look at you!
Della! Is a: person too!

Act Two: Scene Three
The roof of the Crystal Palace, London

No. 15: Dialogue & Duet

That evening.
On the Rooftop of the Crystal Palace.
MUFFY wears a muff and a dress with a high neck.

COLLINS:

I'm sorry dinner wasn't to your liking.

MUFFY:

I haven't much of an appetite after an afternoon at the hospital. All that blood...all those prostrate women...all that blood...Liters of it.

COLLINS:

You don't find it vexing?

MUFFY:

I am not of the fainting disposition. Though I don't mind being thrown on a couch once in a while. Look – the moon! It must almost be full!

COLLINS:

Yes, tonight is the final night of the lunar cycle. With the Breaking Dawn comes a New Moon and tomorrow's Twilight will show the moon Eclipsed...

MUFFY:

(sneezing)

Renesmee!

COLLINS:

Bless you. I am glad you suggested this - the fresh air is stimulating.

MUFFY:

I am happy to have you all to myself.

COLLINS:

You are not frightened of me?

MUFFY:

I'm a modern girl, Lord Collins. I enjoy a little bite now and then.

COLLINS:

You and your honey-words.

Words are empty; I believe in actions.

MUFFY:

What sort of actions?

COLLINS:

Vigorous actions.

MUFFY:

Oh, Muffy.

COLLINS:

Oh look, it's growing longer.

MUFFY:

Yes?

COLLINS:

The telescope. See how it extends?

MUFFY:

Yes, the telescope. Have a look, won't you?
(as she looks)

I have her alone. And yet – how can I kill one such as her?!

Here – let me see!

(he looks thru telescope; MUFFY aside)

MUFFY:

It is time and yet – must I kill him? He's practically an...Angel.
(she has begun to pull out her stake but puts it back as he stands up).

COLLINS:

Muffy? You seemed about to touch my arm.

MUFFY:

A chill has come over me. Hold me.

COLLINS:

Give me your hands – oh you're freezing.

MUFFY:

Your hands are just as cold. Do you have circulation problems? Or just a cold heart.

Oh Muffy, I can hardly stand it!

COLLINS:

What, my Lord?

MUFFY:

To be so near you and not --

COLLINS:

Bite me? MUFFY: Kiss you. COLLINS

What? You want to --

MUFFY:

I love you, Muffy. But this can never work.

COLLINS:

But I told you, I like older men.

MUFFY:

It's far too complicated. I have too many desires!

COLLINS:

Lord Collins, I want you to turn me!

MUFFY:

(He physically turns her out, so her back is to him)

Yes! Tell me of these Desires, Lord. Whet my appetite...

MUSIC: No. 15, Duet

MUFFY: COLLINS:
Deep inside? These Desires deep inside me,
But my Lord, let my love guide you! They are tearing me to shreds!

COLLINS:
No, sweet Muffy, keep your head!

MUFFY:
Make me undead!

COLLINS:
Muffy that would be a waste.

MUFFY:

But you know you want to taste me,
and my blood is full of yearning!

COLLINS:

Muffy I could never turn you!

MUFFY:

(aside)

My resolve, my will is slackening!
And the clouds, the sky is blackening!
Even tho my heart is aching,
Of my job there's no mistaking.

COLLINS:

(aside)

How can I make this decision?
Dazzled drunk by her neckline.
Oh, but one little incision,
Her sweet blood could all be mine!

MUFFY:

Oh to plunge it deep inside and
Taste the power over death.
Oh!
Oh to plunge it deep inside, and
Taste the power over death.

COLLINS:

Oh to plunge it deep inside and
Taste the scent of her last breath.
Muffy come –
Oh come here!
Come here.

COLLINS:

Closer, come, my sweetest Muffy;
Come to me my little chick.

MUFFY:

(aside)

Oh to have him or to stab him?
I don't know which prick to pick.

MUFFY:
Kill him now or end up bitten?
Oh, my Lord!
I am smitten!
I am bitten!
(aside)
Muffy, show him you're in charge.

Time to try.
(she turns)
I come to you

COLLINS:
Muffy come my little kitten –
Muffy don't play hard to get!
Come here my pet!
Girl come here
Just come here!
Can't you see my feelings growing large?

Come to me.

(THEY KISS.)

MUFFY
(aside)
Now alone under the moonlight,
I will make my promise good.
I can almost taste the gore .
It is time, time to stake him!
It is time, time to stake him!
Soon the blood will start to dripping:
Into skin I will be ripping!
And his life will slowly empty;
He'll wish he had never met me!
It all started with heartbreaking,
In the end though,
in the end it comes to staking!

COLLINS:
(aside)
Now alone under the moonlight,
I will make my promise good!
I can almost taste the gore.
This time I'm not mistaken;
This time I'm not mistaken.
Into Neck I will be ripping,
And the blood will start to dripping,
And her life will slowly empty:
She'll wish she had never met me!
It all started with seducing;
In the end though,
in the end it comes to juicing!

(he goes to her neck; she pulls a Stake from her muff)

MUFFY:
Oh my heart, oh my heart has started
quaking!
And the prospect is breathtaking.
Oh, but god, my loins are aching!
But if I am, but if I am not mistaken –
Oh, if I am not mistaken –
It's almost time to stake him!

COLLINS:
Oh my heart, oh my heart has started
Pounding!
And her heartbeat is resounding.
Oh but god my loins are aching,
And if I am, and if I am not mistaken –
Oh, if I do not mistake her –
It's almost time to slake her!

*(He goes to her neck, she pulls out the stake and
stabs him. He blocks her and drags her away.)*

Act Two: Scene Four
Vital Fluids

No. 16: Dialogue, Trinklied & Quintet mit Chorus

PROJECTION: "Meanwhile, at The Vital Fluids..."

*Back at the pub Vital Fluids...at Coven(t) Garden.
Aro, Jane, Xander, Spike, Sheriff Swann.*

JANE:
Last call boys, drink up.

ARO:
Last call? Oi, who's in charge of this pub?

JANE:
I am, and I'm in charge a you too, Aro. Glasses please!
(Jane exits, with their glasses)

XANDER:
I didn't see no pants on her but it sure sounds like she's wearing 'em round here!

ARO:
My arse.
(He pulls fresh bottles from the bar; one for each)

SPIKE:
"And so each man curled by his fire
Safe from the shadow of the vampire..."

XANDER:
You're a bloody awful poet, William.

ARO:
That's why they call him William the Bloody - Bloody awful!

SPIKE:
Call me Spike!

XANDER:
Is it true, Sergeant? What they say about the vampire?

ARO:
Don't sell us a dog, Xander - you don't buy that rubbish.

SWANN:

Shouldn't you otter be out lighting the lamps, Mr. Gaslight? All those ladies left to wander the streets in the dark with a vampire on the loose.

XANDER:

I'll go. Just one more bottle.

ARO:

Scaredy cat?

XANDER:

It's dark out there!

(a gloom comes over all; JANE returns)

JANE:

Christ, who died?

SWANN:

Xander's scared.

XANDER:

Am not!

JANE:

Scared'a what?

SPIKE:

Vampires!

JANE:

I didn't know you was a lady, Xander!

XANDER:

What?

SWANN:

This vampire – 's-on'y been killing girlies.

SPIKE:

“On a street not lit by the lamplight's gas,
And the night wrapped up in ebon fog;
Ye may be mistook by the vamp for a lass
Till he catches that whiff of wet dog!”

JANE:

All right, now I said it once boys, hurry up, it's time.

(she disappears again)

XANDER:

I'm not scared of nothing. I just. Don't. The old ball n chain's been nagging me all week. Well I'll show her who's boss. I'll stay out all night if I want!

ARO:

One more bottle to stiffen you for the road.

XANDER:

This sure is warming, Aro. Never had cognac before.

Music begins...

ARO:

A Cognac is for sipping!

BOYS:

A cognac is for sipping!
For to feel like you're a Lord.
Good brandy sets a man ablaze,
It girds him to meet his wife's gaze.
A cognac is for sipping,
A cognac is for sipping!

XANDER:

Hot Toddy's are for toasting!

BOYS:

Hot toddy's are for toasting!
To fight the London chill!
Hot water and a shot or two,
Will strengthen you to face that shrew!
Hot toddy's are for toasting.
Hot toddy's are for toasting.

SWANN:

A Guinness is for gulping!

BOYS:

A Guinness is for gulping:
A meal in every pint!
The Irish cover every nook,
For men who have no wife to cook!
A Guinness is for gulping.
A Guinness is for gulping!

An absinthe is for wooing

SPIKE:

An absinthe is for wooing
When you are all alone...
When flirting with a tart so blond
An absinthe makes the heart grow fond
An absinthe is for wooing!
An absinthe is for wooing!

THE BOYS:

Juch! Bring out another pint
We will drink till morning light!
Juch! Bring us another round,
To protect from winter's bite!
Oh, we drink to ease the pain
Of our dear old ball and chain
Yes a man needs his domain
Where a wife cannot complain - Juch!
Bring us another pint
We will drink till morning light - Juch!
Drinking till we go dumb,
Or till we see the sun – Juch!

(JANE enters)

Aro, what the hell is this?

JANE:

Janie one more round of grog,
'Fore we have to face the fog!

ARO:

Aro - that excuse is wearing thin.
You will drink us to the poorhouse,
And a girl can't live on gin!
Every night you sit here grogging,
While I'm in the kitchen slogging.
Sit here gabbing with the lads:
Every one a grabby brat,
And you're all afraid of Shadows!

JANE:

We just want to have a cup.
Janie, why don't you shut up?

ARO:

THE BOYS:

Woman leave us men in peace –
Don't be squawking like a geese!

JANE:

Geese?... Geese?!
You boys are full of it.
Tell me now who pours the drinks here?!
All you do is sit and stink here.
Let me tell you what I think.

ARO:

Oh no.

JANE:

Sergeant Swann! You're looking sick.
And still dressing like a hick!
Honey, you ain't up to dick!
Your wife disappeared to France,
With that Swiss dear at first glance!
Maybe if you'd only bought
Her something pretty or a frock,
And your daughter's full of sass!
What a fine pater familias!

Aro! You are a ripe old schmuck!
Married me - but that was luck.
All you ever do is suck!
You and Swann the Mutton Shunter,
Spend your days in drunken blunder;
Yes, indeed, Aro you suck!
And you know it makes me wonder
Why I don't tear you asunder –
I should tear you all asunder!

You: Spikey! Spike you are an awful bard!
Oy, oy Xander!
Your wife says you can't stay hard,
And you always, always, always, always
Leave her with a frown:
For you never, never, never, will go down!

ARO:

Little Janie do not fight; you are ruining our night.
You believe just what you wish, but get back to do the dish—

JANE
(overlapping)

Your wife says you can't stay hard,
And you always, always, always, always
Leave her with a frown:
For you never, never, never, will go down!

THE BOYS:

Hey – hey your wife, she has some sauce –
And you said you were the boss!

JANE:

Hey what was that?
See they like me!
See they like me!

Sorry boys I have to exit!
Boys I think I have to go
now!

THE BOYS:

You said you were the
boss
Ja we raise a glass to Janie!
But you're funny and
you're sexy
But we say the answer's no
now.

ARO:

Janie leave the boys alone,
have a drink!

Just leave us be!
Have a drink.

Just leave us be!

JANE:

No! no! no! No, I had better get to work!

ARO:

Little Janie, Just leave us alone!

THE BOYS:

One Drink! We raise our glass to Jane!

JANE:

No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!

ARO:

Janie! Just leave me alone!

THE BOYS:

One Drink! Raise a glass to Jane!

JANE:

You see this swine does not realize
That it is wise to listen when a girl says NO!
Oh, if I should take a lover,
Then I'm sure he would discover
That his wife is such a prize!

Janie darling you're a tart
You would never break my heart

ARO:

Then I'm sure he would discover
That his wife is such a prize!

JANE:

Oh, She is good!

THE BOYS:

Sergeant Swann! You're looking sick.
Your wife disappeared to France,
With that Swiss dear at first glance!

JANE:

Raise a glass to Jane the Pretty!

THE BOYS:

Maybe if you'd only bought
Her something pretty or a frock,
What a fine pater familias!

JANE:

Beautiful as she is witty!
And she is witty!

THE BOYS:

Aro! You are a ripe old schmuck!
Married me - but that was luck.
All you ever do is suck!
You and Swann the Mutton Shunter,
Spend your days in drunken blunder;
Yes indeed Aro you suck!

JANE:

Raise a glass to Jane the Pretty!
Beautiful as she is witty!

THE BOYS:

Spike you are an awful bard!
Oy, oy Xander!
Your wife says you can't stay hard!

JANE:

OK Jane that is enough!
You don't have to be so tough!

ARO:

Silly Aro! You must be a puff,
And you said you liked it rough!

JANE:

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!...

THE BOYS:

Now you're taking it too far!

ARO:

Here I thought you liked it rough!

JANE:

But I think you cross the line!

ARO:

Pretty Jane! Witty Jane! You Cross the line!
Can you see that Aro has lost his spine!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

THE BOYS:

COLLINS bursts in and runs to ARO, who shuttles him into a back room. GILES quickly follows, shouting after Collins. ARO blocks his way. DIALOGUE

What's the trouble?

SWANN:

Stop that man! He's getting away! Sergeant --

GILES:

What is it?

ARO:

Muffy's dead! Let me go!

GILES:

Calm your nerves, man!

SWANN:

Here, chum, have a drink. Jane?

ARO:

(Jane pours a drink)

SWANN:

Tell me what you saw.

GILES:

Muffy...blood, everywhere...And he was there - leering over her - the vampire.

ARO:

Vampire?

GILES:

I saw him with my own eyes.

SWANN:

Lord Collins?

ARO:

Not Lord Collins!

SPIKE:

Couldn't be.

GILES:

I saw him.

ARO:

He went to Oxford.

XANDER:

From a good family.

SPIKE:

An aristocratic vampire?

ARO:

He has such a wonderful future before him. Besides we all know Muffy.

SWANN:

Muffy? That tramp?

SPIKE:

She's that suffragette works at the hospital.

ARO:

A woman doctor?

XANDER:

I once saw her knee - she didn't even blush.

GILES:

I'm telling you what I saw.

ARO:

Sometimes these "New Women" they do things and then regret them later --

SPIKE:

Doesn't mean anything happened.

SWANN:

Who are we to believe - some hussy? Or a Lord?

GILES:

But she's dead!

ARO:

Jane - another one for the poor man.

GILES:

Why won't you go after him?

SWANN:

Drink up. That's a good man you're accusing.

ARO:

Our friend.

SWANN:

These girls...get in over their heads.

ARO:

No reason to ruin a good man's life.

SWANN:

I think maybe you've had a few drinks. It's a foggy night - dark. You can't be sure what you saw. Can you?

ARO:

Janie - another round for all. On the house.

SPIKE:

We really are very sorry for your loss.

Act Two: Scene Five
Outside Vital Fluids

No. 17: Chorus

PROJECTION: "Holy Saturday, April 17, 1897.
The Streets of London"

*A chorus of Londoners, including, Jane, Della,
Swann, and Lucy, carry a coffin down the street.*

ARO conducts a choir of mourners.

CHOIR:

Eyes bleed tears and streets flood with scarlet;
We bid adieu to these sweet-blooded harlots.
For boys will be boys, and a vampire a beast,
Who cannot be blamed for needing a feast.

Young woman: know your place, don't be a fool,
Or you may be the beaut who falls smitten.

Pretty girls: cover up - play by the rules,
Or yours may be the throat that gets bitten!

No. 18: Dialogue & Duet

PROJECTION: "Holy Saturday, April 17, 1897.
Outside the Vital Fluids"

Outside of the Masquerade.

A Full Moon.

*DELLA sits, wearing a swan mask, looking for
COLLINS. PARKER enters wearing the mask of a
Mouse.*

PARKER:

Della? I hoped to see you here.

DELLA:

Jonathon. I hoped not to see you.

PARKER:

I shall be quick. I've made a vow not to speak of something, so I have written it down in this note. Darling you must read this before the ball --

DELLA:

I mustn't do anything, Jonathon. That is exactly what you seem unable to grasp. I have asked you to keep your distance – can you not at last respect my wishes?

PARKER:

Dammit, Della I'm trying to protect you! Lord Collins - he is one who wears a mask at all times!

DELLA:

I have seen you with your mask off, Jonathon. Your jealousy - your presumed ownership over me. I beg you: leave me be.

(She turns but he grabs her)

Music begins)

PARKER:

Stop there - My love, this is not anger - you are in danger!
Della dear - this dam-ned sire, he is a - damn liar!
I gave my oath - can't say the word.
Do not object - I must protect you!
Read this letter before he wrecks you!

DELLA:

Oh Parker, put away your jealousy;
Your protestations are not cute.
And no means no: don't be a brute.
You're overzealous, really how dare you take this route?

I do not need you to protect me,
When you cannot even respect me.
I will not stay within your net;
I've told you I am not your pet.

PARKER:

There is no time, Sweet Della.
I have warned you. Don't be a fool!
take a man's advice!
If you go in there you'll fall to vice
Just let your heart's ice melt or pay the price --
I've told you twice, don't roll the dice, oh Della!

DELLA:

What's wrong with you? How dare you patronize me?
I'll say this one last time, look in my eyes

Am I some child for you to chaperone?
A woman's not some property you own --
Do I seem fragile like a pretty trinket?
For all the years we've shared how could you think it?

I will not be any man's property!
A man had better treat me properly.
If you refuse to hear my mind: boy, bye then.
If you won't learn this, you have not earned my heart.

PARKER:

I hear your truth, the pieces start to mesh;
Ideas together like bangers and mash.
And now my brain imagines the next sequel,
When Della you, are treated as my equal.

DELLA:

A woman's not a any man's property.
A man has got to treat her properly.
If you cannot show some respect -- boy bye,
then.
I am a woman; you can't neglect my mind.

PARKER:

You will not be any man's property
A man had better treat you properly
If I continue to mansplain -- goodbye then.
You are a woman; I can't neglect your mind.

PARKER:
(as DELLA continues riff on above line)

And we have got to write the sequel
When all women are equal
There is no reason to mansplain to women
A woman has as many brains as I have!

DIALOGUE:

Oh, Jonathan! You understand!

DELLA:

I do, Della. I beg your forgiveness for how I've treated you. Go on - enjoy the ball.

DELLA:

Thank you. I shall.
(*She exits*).

PARKER:

Egads! The note! Della!
(*He runs after her*).

Act Two: Scene Six
The Masquerade

No. 19 Finale

Continuous: Inside The Masquerade.

People about the room, including Aro and Jane, DELLA and Parker.

All in masks: Aro (bat); Jane (snake or spider?); Parker (Mouse); Swann (a Pig? Cop joke...); LUCY is there.

SWANN at the entrance, greeting the room and also new attendees.

LONDONERS:

Luminous night; all of London is basking,
Celebrate springtime and take back the night!
Costumed and festive and wearing our masks,
Cover up all of your worries and fright.

SWANN:

Springtime is here and London is delighted

ARO:

Sweet ladies looking lovely in their gowns

SWANN:

The vampire can't come in he's not invited

ARO:

You heard that boys: there's necks to go around!

Overlapping:

DELLA:

Is it too late? Perhaps I was mistaken.
My father always gives me good advice –
But something in my soul, my soul is
shaking!
And how my heart, my blood feels full of
ice.

SWANN:

Come in, come in, take shelter from the
Bite.
Come in, come in, take shelter from the
Bite.
Come in, come in, take shelter from the
Bite.
Come in, come in, take shelter from the
Bite.

PARKER:

You know the same as I about the vampire?
If I speak out I do not know the cost.

GILES:

If not, poor Della's lost.

Lord Collins enters.

DELLA:

I am breathless!

PARKER:

No! Lord Collins!

LONDONERS:

The Ball begins!

SWANN:

Ha! Let's begin!

LONDONERS:

Oh London come to celebrate a new spring
Come in! come in, take shelter from the
night!
Behind the mask from danger we are hiding.
Come in, come in, take shelter from the
Bite.
We lock the vampires out and fill our heart
with light!

GILES:

Excuse me Parker, can I have a word, sir?
I think that we can help each other out.
You know we all are haunted by the
vampire.
It's time for you and I to just speak out.

COLLINS:

Love – So sorry I am late.
How I hate to make you wait!
Please accept my mea culpa:
I will terminate my chauffeur.
You look beautiful, you pearl.
Waiting for a tardy churl.
This is not the way to start
On our journey of the heart.

SWANN:

(approaching them)

Welcome lord, that's some disguise,
But I know you from your eyes!
I see you are getting social.
May the night end in betrothal!
Any man in your position,
Has no need to ask permission.

DELLA:

(cutting in)

Silly father, don't be naughty!

SWANN:

Now, if you like - join the dance off;
I promise to be hands off.

(Crowd positions for a partner dance)

PARKER:

(alternating with Giles)

Oh God. I must take action.

GILES:

Must oppose him: you must act.

Parker: please take action

DELLA:

Look at him – he is so charming.
Oh, my darling.

COLLINS:

HA! Triumph! The hour is nigh!
I soon will be immortal!
Triumph, the hour is mine.

SWANN:

The dancing starts
Della's one chance to win his heart

(Begin a couples dance, trading partners, all in masks.)

LONDONERS:

Come to the ball; everyone in disguise.
Put on a mask and become who you please.
Guess who you dance with from only their eyes and
Put aside all of –

PARKER

Stop the ball! I must speak up.
Lord Collins!
I have vowed to keep my word --
But I see now that is absurd!
I must, speak up even if I lose my honor

SWANN:

Stop! What is wrong with you, young Parker?

LONDONERS:

Ha – What is this? He seems to know a secret.

GILES:

London squirms under the gloom of murder,
And we cannot allow him to go further!

SWANN:

What do you mean?
Young man, you speak in riddles!

LONDONERS:

Oh, what is this?

PARKER:

London's vampire is under your nose!

GILES:

I beg you sergeant, if you want to know the truth,
I told you I saw him, I told you I have proof!

PARKER:

And now Della is caught under his tooth!

SWANN:

You dolly mop! You! You know what you're saying?
You think the Lord has done all of this slaying?
You fools, I swear you've lost your minds!

LONDONERS:

What is this?

COLLINS:

Oh Sergeant Swann you
are deceived!
Oh Sergeant Swann do not
believe them;
You do not see.

DELLA:

For all this time have I
been deceived?
I do not know, but seem to
believe.

LONDONERS:

This is madness he's
implying –
Why are all our young
girls dying?

DELLA:

Father, my father, do you hear what he is saying?
Father, my father, I find it all dismaying.
I am dizzy with agitation,
From these fearful accusations!

O I feel weak,
Blood rushing to my cheek.
And Twilight soon will be here.

LONDONERS:

O she is weak,
Blood rising to her cheek!
This whole thing's getting bleaker –
It's getting bleaker!

COLLINS:

It's slanderous?
These ninnies take the piss.
How can a man keep silent?
No? Do you hear! These words are toxic
lies!
In front of all these eyes –

SWANN:

Sir, calm yourself –

For everybody's health.

Sir! There is no need to get violent

ARO:

Aren't you going to arrest them?

SWANN:

So! now you order me to arrest them?

COLLINS:

I think you should arrest them.

SWANN:
Aro, throw these damn fools out of here.
He does
Well! Onward. On with the dance.

DELLA:
No! I am weak!

SWANN:
This is your chance!

DELLA:
I think I see it now.

SWANN:
Don't miss your chance!

DELLA:
Listen Daddy, I am trembling.
I just need to catch my breath!

SWANN:
Oh! Della! Such a stubborn daughter!
I'm your father! Go dance - this is your chance.
Go take his hand!

(He Slaps her.)

DELLA:
Ahh!

LONDONERS:
Zounds! What has happened?

SWANN:
On! Begin the lover's dance.

(COLLINS and DELLA dance in the middle as the Chorus sings around them. As they dance, COLLINS angles for her neck).

LONDONERS:
Do as your father says; daughters obey.
A woman's duty: surrender to man,
And make your beauty, Last long as it can.

(From the crowd MUFFY unmask herself. She holds a wooden stake and a giant crucifix)

Hey Lord Collins!
I thought I warned you not to make me jealous!

MUFFY:

Muffy! This can't be real! I saw you dead!

COLLINS:

What's this? This can't be real. That girl was dead!

SWANN:

Wrong again!

MUFFY:

I don't believe it. You were dead!

COLLINS:

I may be dead but I'm still pretty!

MUFFY:

Muffy! Calm down I can explain
I never meant to hurt --

COLLINS:

You should always check: A nurse that,
That walks around with extra blood bags

MUFFY:
(she holds one up)

LONDONERS:

Oh, what is she saying?

COLLINS:

Oh, Muffy stay away!

MUFFY:

I came to slay!

MUFFY:
(she chases him with a stake)

COLLINS:

Oh Aro help! Sergeant protect me!
She is trying to dissect me!
Muffy wait!

MUFFY:
She corners him, about to strike.

MUFFY:

This villain here is Ein Vampyr!

DELLA, MUFFY, GILES, PARKER, SWANN, LONDONERS:

Zounds!!!

MUFFY Stakes COLLINS' thru the heart.

Midnight strikes and smoke/fog fills the air.

COLLINS' body seems to shrivel and disappear.

JANE and ARO turn into smoke and are gone.

The crowd, horrified, collect themselves.

LONDONERS:

Oh! What was that? What hell has happened here?

SWANN:

God, my bird: I'll never set you free!

MUFFY:

A daughter's not a father's property.
How can she soar if you won't set her free?
She's not a bird for you to keep confined.
So set her free, free to speak her mind.

DELLA and PARKER with LONDONERS (*offset*):

A daughter's not any man's property!
How can she soar if you won't set her free?
She's not a bird for you to keep confined,
So set her free, free to speak her mind!

SWANN:

I take responsibility for all this.
The awful truth was right beneath my nose.
If not for Giles, my daughter would have death's kiss.
And Muffy answered all our prayers.
You're not a slattern, you're the slayer!

(*to DELLA*)

And you, my soul:
Cast off your shackles - and fly!

MUFFY:

Well, there goes another Coven.
One more day of saving London!
Oh this place could use some “T.”

GILES:

Just when were you going to confess
That you fabricated your death?
Oh good god, the earth is doomed.

(She places her Giant Crucifix into the Coven(t) Garden sign, making the T permanent).

(As we reach the end groups coalesce:

PARKER tries to get back with DELLA who rejects him.

DELLA and MUFFY come together as friends/heroines, with Giles.

LUCY goes to an empty-handed Parker – and maybe she bites him by the end.

At the finale, DELLA and MUFFY playfully chase GILES off with a stake.)

LONDONERS:

London has seen much better days.
But Bless our Muffy and her slays!
And now here comes the Breaking Dawn:
A brand new day for Della Swann!

DELLA/PARKER/SWANN:

The morning ends eternal night.
The full moon frees us from our fright.
The sun will battle with Twilight –
The vampire barks but has no bite!

END.