

# MINA + JONATHAN

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DRACULA

*(Music up as scene shifts to:)*

*(A sumptuous library—MINA MURRAY, a beautiful, raven-haired girl of 23, sits on a lounge, finishing a letter. She reads aloud as she writes.)*

MINA: "9 July. My dearest Lucy, forgive my long delay in writing, but I have simply been overwhelmed as of late. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying, and what with the arrangements for our wedding...again, please forgive me. I look forward to your return here to Richmond, as I am unnerved by the asylum itself but long for the time when we can talk together freely and again build our castles in the air."

*(MINA is unaware that JONATHAN HARKER, a handsome young man of 25, has entered the library and is quietly moving to her. He sits beside her and buries his head in her neck. She reacts, pulling away.)*

MINA: Jonathan!

JONATHAN: I thought I might find you here.

MINA: Just dashing off a letter to dear Lucy...

JONATHAN: My sweet darling Mina—head so full of ideas and words. You never stop, do you?

MINA: What do you mean by that, Jonathan? I'm only...

JONATHAN: Nothing harmful, I assure you...just that you're always...well, you know...thinking.

*(MINA studies JONATHAN for a moment.)*

MINA: And is that so horrible?

JONATHAN: No, no, not at all...in its place. We've just so much to do, what with the wedding, and moving to our new home...not much time for all this idle...well, you know what I mean.

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ACT ONE

MINA: No, Jonathan, I don't...

JONATHAN: I'm just not sure that another note to Lucy is so very vital...you'll see her in a matter of weeks as it is.

MINA: ...Yes, but...

JONATHAN: I could use some help...I mean, putting things into place before Transylvania. *(Beat)* You might jump in and lend a hand, you know. You are going to be my wife, after all...

MINA: I don't really see where that's of any consequence... *(Smiles)* I mean, in terms of the matter at hand.

JONATHAN: All I'm saying, dearest, is that priorities are the key. We must know our role and keep to it... *(Beat)* I'm sure if you thought about it, you'd feel the same.

*(JONATHAN tries to place a comforting arm around MINA but she shakes it off.)*

MINA: Are you looking for a wife, John...or a trained monkey?

JONATHAN: This is silly...let's stop.

MINA: No, let's not...are we to have rules in our marriage, then? I thought we built our feelings for one another around sharing, around mutual respect for each another...

JONATHAN: Good God, I hadn't counted on this, Mina...are we going to argue on my last day here?

MINA: If we must.

*(There is an uncomfortable silence.)*

*(JONATHAN squirms for a moment, unsure of how to deal with this mini-revolution.)*

JONATHAN: Oh, Mina...

MINA: I'm sorry Jonathan...I'm, I don't know, I just want more than is merely expected of me. Expected of my being a woman...

JONATHAN: I'm not trying to suppress you, Mina... look, we've fought this battle a dozen times...I love you for what you are. The entire you. Your complexities, your, your...simplicities...you. *(Beat)* I just believe that certain things should be...like certain things.

MINA: Such as?

JONATHAN: Such as...well, you are a female! You are going to be my wife.

MINA: And?

JONATHAN: Mina...just things. I mean, do you expect me to carry our children? Nurse them? Hmmm?

MINA: I wish you could.

JONATHAN: We each have our place, Mina...it's the laws of nature, my dear. Human nature.

MINA: Then perhaps nature is wrong...perhaps I need something other than what this world always prescribes for us...it's women.

*(JONATHAN, exasperated, turns away.)*

JONATHAN: Perhaps you want something other than me!

*(At this MINA stops and looks at JONATHAN. A smile slowly crosses her lips.)*

MINA: I've done it again, haven't I?

JONATHAN: Yes...a bit.

MINA: I'm sorry, I just can't...

JONATHAN: I do so want you to be happy, Mina.

*(MINA smiles and puts her head on JONATHAN's shoulders.)*

MINA: Then have no fear, my love...for you make me as happy as anyone can be. Truly...

*(JONATHAN and MINA kiss lightly.)*

JONATHAN: As soon as I return I'm going to take you away. We'll be married next month. We won't wait until Christmas. We'll stretch out our honeymoon month to three and be in the house by autumn.

MINA: Oh John, do you think we could?

JONATHAN: Of course, why not? Mother wanted us to wait, but she'll understand. And I want to get you away...

*(JONATHAN moves to MINA, kissing her again. She responds, but pulls away after a moment.)*

JONATHAN: Why do you shrink away when I kiss you? Sometimes you're mysterious, Mina. So distant...

*(MINA leans back against JONATHAN, pulling his arms up around her for warmth and protection.)*

MINA: Forgive me, dear. I am yours, all yours. *(Beat)* I've just so much in my head these days...your journey to the continent, which troubles me, and...

JONATHAN: Think nothing of that, Mina...I'll be back in a fortnight, or a little more.

MINA: Still, it's such a terribly long...

JONATHAN: Yes, but Mr Hawkins has been insistent... and besides, poor Renfield. A good man, to be sure, and took this trip as a favor to me. Now he's disappeared! Can't very well run off and leave my own colleague in such a God-forsaken place...

*(MINA shudders a bit, burying herself deeper into JONATHAN's arms.)*

JONATHAN: ...Don't be frightened.