

*Re: Dracula Episode 43: August 9—  
Mystery of the Sea*

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

Cutting From "The Dailygraph," ninth August. Pasted in Mina Murray's Journal.

*[Distant piano music echoes, as if played in a large hall.]*

CORRESPONDENT (*con't*)

From a Correspondent. Whitby.

Ninth August.—The sequel to the strange arrival of the derelict in the storm last night is almost more startling than the thing itself. It turns out that the schooner is a Russian from Varna, and is called the *Demeter*. She is almost entirely in ballast of silver sand, with only a small amount of cargo—a number of great wooden boxes filled with mould. This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S. F. Billington, of 7, The Crescent, who this morning went aboard and formally took possession of the goods consigned to him. The Russian consul, too, acting for the charter-party, took formal possession of the ship, and paid all harbour dues, etc. Nothing is talked about here to-day except the strange coincidence; the officials of the Board of Trade have been most exacting in seeing that every compliance has been made with existing regulations. As the matter is to be a "nine days' wonder," they are evidently determined that there shall be no cause of after complaint.

A good deal of interest was abroad concerning the dog which landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the S. P. C. A., which is very strong in Whitby, have tried to befriend the animal. To the general disappointment, however, it was not to be found; it seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. It may be that it was frightened and made its way on to the moors, where it is still hiding in terror. There are some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest later on it should in itself become a danger, for it is evidently a fierce brute. Early this morning a large dog, a half-bred mastiff belonging to a coal merchant close to Tate Hill Pier, was found dead in the

roadway opposite to its master's yard. It had been fighting, and manifestly had had a savage opponent, for its throat was torn away, and its belly was slit open as if with a savage claw.

Later.—By the kindness of the Board of Trade inspector, I have been permitted to look over the log-book of the *Demeter*, which was in order up to within three days, but contained nothing of special interest except as to facts of missing men. The greatest interest, however, is with regard to the paper found in the bottle, which was to-day produced at the inquest; and a more strange narrative than the two between them unfold it has not been my lot to come across. As there is no motive for concealment, I am permitted to use them, and accordingly send you a rescript, simply omitting technical details of seamanship and supercargo. It almost seems as though the captain had been seized with some kind of mania before he had got well into blue water, and that this had developed persistently throughout the voyage. Of course my statement must be taken *cum grano*, since I am writing from the dictation of a clerk of the Russian consul, who kindly translated for me, time being short.

*[The music shifts and the sound of ocean waves is heard as various clips from the log of the Demeter play, fading into and out of each other.]*

#### CAPTAIN

Rough weather last three days, all hands busy with sails—no time to be frightened. Men seem to have forgotten their dread. Mate...

*(fades out)*

There seems some doom over this ship. Already a hand short, and entering on the Bay of Biscay with wild weather ahead, and yet last night another man lost—disappeared...

*(fades out)*

Four days in hell, knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, and the wind a tempest. No sleep...

*(fades out)*

Another tragedy. Are now without second mate, and crew in a panic. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth...

*(fades out)*

Awaked by mate telling me that both man of watch and steerman missing. Only self and mate and two hands left to...

*(fades out)*

Two days of fog, and not a sail sighted...

*(fades out)*

We seem to be drifting to some terrible doom.

*[A voice is heard screaming and crying out in fear.]*

CAPTAIN *(con't)*

One more gone. Lord help us!

MATE

...a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It is here, and I'll find It.

CAPTAIN

He is mad, stark, raving mad, and it's no use my trying to stop him.

*[The mate screams.]*

MATE

Save me! Save me!

*[Splash.]*

*[Dracula laughs wickedly.]*

CAPTAIN

God forgive me, but the mate was right to jump overboard...But I am captain, and I must not leave my ship...the night is coming on...If we are wrecked, mayhap this bottle may be found, and those who find it may understand; if not,...all men shall know that I have been true to my trust.

*[The echoey piano music returns.]*

#### NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

Of course the verdict was an open one. There is no evidence to adduce; and whether or not the man himself committed the murders there is now none to say. The folk here hold almost universally that the captain is simply a hero, and he is to be given a public funeral. Already it is arranged that his body is to be taken with a train of boats up the Esk for a piece and then brought back to Tate Hill Pier and up the abbey steps; for he is to be buried in the churchyard on the cliff. The owners of more than a hundred boats have already given in their names as wishing to follow him to the grave.

No trace has ever been found of the great dog; at which there is much mourning, for, with public opinion in its present state, he would, I believe, be adopted by the town. To-morrow will see the funeral; and so will end this one more "mystery of the sea."

#### STEPHEN

This episode featured Sasha Sienna as the Correspondent and Alasdair Stuart as the Captain of the Demeter. Dialogue editing by Stephen Indrisano. Sound design by Tal Minear. Produced by Ella Watts and Pacific S. Obadiah, with executive producers Stephen Indrisano, Tal Minear, and Hannah Wright. A Bloody FM Production.