

SEWARD. (*Enters L. He is an alienist of about fifty-five, intelligent, but a typical specialist who lives in a world of text books and patients, not a man of action or force of character. Crosses to C.*) Oh! John. (*Exit MAID C., closing doors.*)

HARKER. (*As SEWARD extends hand, crossing to L.C.*) Doctor Seward. What is it? Why have you sent for me?

SEWARD. My dear John. I told you in my wire there was nothing new.

HARKER. You said "no change, don't worry," but to "come at once."

SEWARD. (*Approvingly*) And you lost no time.

HARKER. I jumped in the car and burned up the road from London. Oh, Doctor, surely there must be something *more* we can do for Lucy. I'd give my life gladly if it would save her.

SEWARD. I'm sure you would, my boy. You love her with the warm blood of youth, but don't forget I love my daughter, too. She's all I have. (*HARKER turns from him.*) You must see that nothing medical science can suggest has been left undone.

HARKER. (*Crosses R. Bitterly*) Medical science couldn't do much for Mina. Poor Mina.

SEWARD. Yes, poor Mina. She died after these same incredible symptoms that my Lucy has developed.

HARKER. My Lucy too.

SEWARD. *Our* Lucy, then. (*Crosses to L. end of desk. Wild, maniacal LAUGH is heard off L.U.*)

HARKER. (*Moves up to L. of sofa*) Good God, what was that?

SEWARD. (*Sits L. of desk*) Only Renfield. A patient of mine.

HARKER. (*Crosses to L.C.*) But you never keep violent patients here in your sanatorium. Lucy mustn't be compelled to listen to raving madmen.

SEWARD. I quite agree, and I'm going to have him

sent away. Until just lately he was always quiet. I'll be sorry to lose him.

HARKER. What!

SEWARD. An unusual case. Zoophagous.

HARKER. What's that?

SEWARD. A life-eating maniac.

HARKER. What?

SEWARD. Yes, he thinks that by absorbing lives he can prolong his own life.

HARKER. Good Lord!

SEWARD. Catches flies and eats them. And by way of change, he feeds flies to spiders. Fattens them up. Then he eats the spiders.

HARKER. Good God, how disgusting. (*Crosses to chair R. of desk and sits*) But tell me about Lucy. (*Leans over desk*) Why did you send for me?

SEWARD. Yesterday I wired to Holland for my old friend Van Helsing. He'll be here soon. The car has gone down to the station for him now. I'm going to turn Lucy's case over to him.

HARKER. Another specialist on anæmia?

SEWARD. No, my boy, whatever this may be, it's not anæmia, and this man, who speaks a dozen languages as well as his own, knows more about mysterious diseases than anyone alive.

HARKER. (*Rises; step down R.*) Heaven knows it's mysterious enough, but surely the symptoms are clear.

SEWARD. So were poor Mina's. Perfectly clear. (*A DOG HOWLS at a distance. Other dogs take up the lugubrious chorus far and near. SEWARD rises; crosses to fireplace*) There they are, at it again, every dog for a mile around.

HARKER. (*Crosses to window*) They seem howls of terror.

SEWARD. We've heard that chorus every night since Mina fell ill.

HARKER. (*Crosses to above desk*) When I was

VAN HELSING. Who is this man?

SEWARD. (*Crosses to bell up c.; rings*) One of my patients. This is gross carelessness.

VAN HELSING. Did you hear us talking?

RENFIELD. Words—words—words—

SEWARD. Come, come, Renfield, you know you mustn't wander about this way. How did you get out of your room?

RENFIELD. (*Crosses down to c.; laughs*) Wouldn't you like to know?

SEWARD. (*Crosses to below desk*) How are the flies? (*To VAN HELSING*) Mr. Renfield makes a hobby of eating flies. I'm afraid you eat spiders, too, sometimes. Don't you, Renfield?

RENFIELD. Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. Excuse me, Doctor, you have not introduced me to your friend.

SEWARD. (*Reprovingly*) Come, come, Renfield.

VAN HELSING. Humor him. (*Enter MAID c.*)

SEWARD. Tell the Attendant to come here at once.

MAID. Yes, sir. (*Exit c.*)

SEWARD. Oh, very well. Professor Van Helsing, Mr. Renfield, a patient of mine. (*VAN HELSING steps toward him. SEWARD L. of desk. They shake hands. VAN HELSING rubs RENFIELD'S fingers with his thumb and RENFIELD jerks hand away.*)

RENFIELD. Ah, who does not know of Van Helsing. Your work, sir, in investigating certain obscure diseases, not altogether unconnected with forces and powers that the ignorant herd do not believe exist, has won you a position that posterity will recognize. (*Enter ATTENDANT c., dressed in uniform. He starts at seeing RENFIELD, then looks at SEWARD sheepishly.*)

SEWARD. (*A step R. of desk. As severely as his mild nature permits*) Butterworth, you have let your patient leave his room again.

ATTENDANT. Blimme, sir, I locked the door on 'im, and I've got the key in my pocket now.

SEWARD. But this is the second time. Only last night you let him escape and he tried to break into Count Dracula's house across the grounds.

ATTENDANT. (*Crossing down*) 'E didn't get out the door this time, sir, and it's a drop of thirty feet out of the windows. (*Points to window. Crosses to RENFIELD*) He's just a bloomin' eel. Now you come with me. (*As they start toward door c.; holds RENFIELD by coat collar and right arm.*)

SEWARD. Renfield, if this happens again you will get no more sugar to spread out for your flies.

RENFIELD. (*Drawing himself up*) What do I care for flies—*now?* (*ATTENDANT gives VAN HELSING a look.*) Flies. Flies are but poor things. (*As he speaks he follows with his eyes a fly. ATTENDANT sees fly too; releases RENFIELD indulgently. With a sweep of his hand he catches fly, holds closed hand to ear as if listening to buzz of fly as he crosses a few steps L., then carries it to his mouth. Then seeing them watching him, releases it quickly*) A low form of life. Beneath my notice. I don't care a pin about flies.

ATTENDANT. Oh, doncher? Any more o' yer tricks and I'll take yer new spider away.

RENFIELD. (*Babbles—on knees*) Oh, no, no! Please, dear Mr. Butterworth, please leave me my spider. He's getting so nice and fat. When he's had another dozen flies he'll be just right, just right. (*Gives little laugh. Rubs hands together, then catches fly and makes gesture of eating.*)

VAN HELSING. Come, Mr. Renfield, what makes you want to eat flies?

RENFIELD. (*Rises. ATTENDANT backs up a few steps*) The wings of a fly, my dear sir, typify the aerial powers of the psychic faculties.

VAN HELSING. Do you think I have forgotten why I am here?

SEWARD. (*As they go out L. SEWARD crosses first, opening door for VAN HELSING*) Forgive me. Of course I'll show you the records, but I don't understand why you're so curious about Renfield, because in your vast experience—— (*Exit L. Stage empty for a few seconds.*)

(*Enter LUCY C., supported by HARKER on her R. She is a beautiful girl of twenty, clad in filmy white dressing gown, her face unnaturally pale. She walks with difficulty. Round her throat is wound a scarf. She crosses to R. of desk and leans on it as HARKER closes door.*)

HARKER. (*Crosses to her and supports her*) Why, I thought they were here, Lucy.

LUCY. John, do you think this new man will be any better than the others?

HARKER. (*Moving her to sofa*) I'm sure he will. Anyway, Lucy, now that I'm back I'm going to stay with you till you get over this thing.

LUCY. (*Delighted*) Oh, John. But can you? Your work in town?

HARKER. (*Seating her L. end of sofa, he sits R. of her*) You come first.

LUCY. (*A change comes over her*) I—don't think you'd better stay, John. (*A look about room*) Sometimes—I feel that I want to be alone. (*Facing away from him.*)

HARKER. (*Hurt*) My dear. How can you say that you don't want me with you when you're so ill? You love me, don't you? (*Taking her hand.*)

LUCY. (*Affectionately*) Yes, John, with all my soul.

HARKER. Just as soon as you're well enough I'm going to take you away. We'll be married next

month. We won't wait till June. We'll stretch that honeymoon month to three months and the house will be ready in July.

LUCY. (*Overjoyed*) John, you think we could?

HARKER. Of course, why not? My mother wanted us to wait, but she'll understand, and I want to get you away—— (*Starts to kiss her. She shudders as he does so.*) Why do you shrink when I kiss you? You're so cold, Lucy, always so cold—now——

LUCY. (*With tenderness but no hint of passion*) Forgive me, dear. I am yours, all yours. (*Clings to him. He embraces her. She sinks back*) Oh, John, I'm so tired—so tired. (*SEWARD enters L. VAN HELSING enters; crosses to L. of sofa. SEWARD closes door; crosses to C. HARKER rises; moves R.*)

SEWARD. Lucy dear, this is my old friend, Professor Van Helsing. (*She sits up; extends her hand to him.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Below sofa, L. of her*) My dear Miss Seward—(*VAN HELSING kisses LUCY's hand*)—you don't remember poor old Van Helsing. I knew you when you were a little girl. So high—and now what charm, what beauty. A little pale, yes, but we will bring the roses back to the cheeks.

LUCY. You were so kind to come, Professor.

VAN HELSING. And this, no doubt, is the fortunate young man you are to marry?

SEWARD. Yes, John Harker, Professor. (*They bow to each other.*)

HARKER. (*Down extreme R.*) Look here, Professor. I'm not going to get in your way, but if Doctor Seward will have me I'm going to make him give me a bed here until Lucy gets over this thing. (*Turns to SEWARD*) It's absolute hell, being away in London, and of course I can't do any work.

SEWARD. (*Crosses to above L. of sofa*) You're most welcome to stay, my boy.

ACT TWO

SCENE: LUCY'S boudoir. Window R. rear, closed but curtains open. Chairs, small occasional table with toilet articles on it by window, R. Couch against wall up L.C. Mirror on wall L. Small stand, with flowers in vase, near wall L. Doors, R., leading into bedroom, L. leading into hall. Arch L.C.

TIME: The next evening.

AT RISE: Dogs HOWLING. As Curtain rises, MAID enters door R., steps in doorway, glances up at window over her left shoulder, takes a few steps c., looks back over right shoulder, then to couch and takes newspaper. Sits on couch; reads newspaper. As she turns a page, ATTENDANT knocks on door L.

MAID. (Starts—on couch c.) Who is that?

ATTENDANT. (Enters, in uniform, at door L. He smiles at her) Excuse me, Miss. Did you 'appen to 'ave seen anything of the Guv'ner's pet looney? 'E's out again, 'e is.

MAID. (Holding paper) And what would he be doing here? You'll not hold your job, you won't, if you can't keep that man safe and sound. Why, he gets out every night. (Crosses toward door R.)

ATTENDANT. 'Ere, don't go, Miss.

MAID. Miss Lucy's asked for the evening paper. (ATTENDANT crosses up L. and looks about room.)

MAID *smiles as she goes off R.; indicates speedy return.* ATTENDANT *looks out of window and then looks under couch.* MAID *returns.* Her line comes just as ATTENDANT *bends over, causing him to jump back, frightened* Well, have you found him? (*Crosses to dresser.*)

ATTENDANT. No, I 'aven't. (*Confidentially*) And I'll tell you, Miss, this job is fair gettin' on my nerves.

MAID. Your nerves? (*Crosses to down R.C.*) And what about my nerves? Isn't it enough to have dogs howling every night and foreign counts bobbing up out of the floor, and Miss Lucy taking on the way she does, with everybody having their veins drained of blood for her, and this Dutch Sherlock Holmes with the X-ray eyes about, without you letting that Renfield loose?

ATTENDANT. (*L.C. Grieved*) I 'aven't let 'im loose. (*Steps up L.*) Just now I 'ears a noise like a wolf 'owling. I opens 'is door with me key, and what do I see but 'is legs goin' through the window as though 'e was goin' to climb down that smooth wall. 'E ain't 'uman, 'e ain't.

MAID. Climb down the wall?

ATTENDANT. (*Gloomily*) I don't expect no one to believe it, but I seen it, and w'ot's more, I grabbed 'old of 'is feet, I did.

MAID. (*Laughs unbelievably*) Climbing down, head first, like a bat?

ATTENDANT. Queer your mention o' bats, for just as I got 'old of 'im, a bit bat flies in the window and 'its me in the face.

MAID. (*Mysteriously*) I know where that bat came from.

ATTENDANT. (*Startled*) You do? Where?

MAID. Out of your belfry. (*Crosses to head of couch and arranges pillows, then to dresser.*)

ATTENDANT. No, Miss, it's Gawd's truth I'm tell-

in' yer—(*Look from her*) —out that bat flies, and the looney is gone, but I 'eard 'im laugh, and Gawd, what a laugh. Blimme, but I'll catch it from the Guv'ner for this.

MAID. (*At dressing table*) If you tell the Governor any such tales he'll shut you up with the looney.

ATTENDANT. Lor', miss, but you're a smart one—that's just what I've been thinkin', and I daren't tell 'im what I see or what I 'eard. But 'e's 'armless, this bloke.

MAID. (*Ironically*) Wouldn't hurt a fly, would he? (*Crosses R.*)

ATTENDANT. 'Urt a fly? Oh, no, not 'e. 'E only eats 'em. Why, 'e'd rather eat a few blue-bottles than a pound of the best steak, and what 'e does to spiders is a crime.

MAID. It seems to me somebody will be coming after you in a minute, you and your spiders.

ATTENDANT. (*Crosses up R.*) I say, Miss. This is a queer neighborhood. (*Stands looking out of window up R.*) What a drop that is to the ground. (*Turns to her*) You don't have to be afraid of burglars, do you? No way of getting up here unless they fly. (*Crosses to C.*) Don't you never feel a bit lonesome like, out there—(*Points to window*) —on your nights off?

MAID. Just lately I have a bit. (*Looks toward window and crosses few steps C.*) I never noticed trees had such shadows before.

ATTENDANT. Well—if you feel you'd like a h'escort, Miss——

MAID. I'll not walk with you in your uniform. People might be taking me for one of your loonies.

ATTENDANT. (*Puts arm around her*) In mufti, then, tomorrow night.

MAID. I say, you haven't wasted much time, have you?

DRACULA. *He has entered at window up R. while lights are out. When GREEN SPOT comes on he is R.C. MAID screams again as she sees him.*

DRACULA. *(Soothingly, his English perfect but his accent foreign)* Forgive me. My footfall is not heavy, and your rugs are soft.

MAID. *(Crossing slowly R.)* It's all right, sir—but how did you come in?

DRACULA. *(Smiling)* The door of this room was ajar, so I did not knock. How is Miss Lucy and her nervous prostration?

MAID. *(On a direct line with DRACULA)* I think she's better, sir.

DRACULA. Ah, good. But the strain of Miss Lucy's illness has made you also ill.

MAID. How did you know, sir? But it's only a pain in my head that runs down into the neck.

DRACULA. *(Winningly)* I can remove this pain.

MAID. I don't understand, sir.

DRACULA. Such pains yield readily to suggestion.

MAID. *(Raises arm slightly to shield herself)* Excuse me, sir, but if it's hypnotism you mean, I'd rather have the pain.

DRACULA. *(Winningly)* Ah, you think of hypnotism as an ugly waving of arms and many passes. That is not my method. *(As he speaks he gestures quietly with his left hand and she stares at him, fascinated. Placing his left thumb against her forehead, he stares straight into her eyes. She makes feeble effort to remove his hand, then remains quiescent and he now speaks coldly, imperatively; turns her face front before speaking)* What is given can be taken away. From now on you have no pain. And you have no will of your own. Do you hear me?

MAID. *(Murmurs)* I hear you.

DRACULA. When you awake you will not remember what I say. Doctor Seward ordered you today

MAID. It's in the evening paper, sir. About the Hampstead Horror. (VAN HELSING *motions MAID to silence.*) Yes, sir.

VAN HELSING. (*Shaken*) Oh, God, she has seen it. (*Exit MAID R. Enter HARKER L.*)

HARKER. (*In doorway L., worried*) Everything just the same? (VAN HELSING *nods.* HARKER *closes door*) When I leave this house even for a few hours I dread what I—— (*Steps R. to c.*) I dread what I may find when I come back.

VAN HELSING. And well you may, my friend. (*Places box on table under mirror L.*)

HARKER. God must have sent you here to help us. Without you there'd be no hope. And this morning, Professor, when you opened your veins to revive Lucy again——

VAN HELSING. It was the least I could do—for my lack of foresight was responsible for this attack.

HARKER. Don't say that.

VAN HELSING. Her maid slept with her—and yet we found the wolf's-bane thrown off the bed to the floor.

HARKER. She was so weak, so pale, the two little wounds opened fresh again——

VAN HELSING. (*With gesture to box*) I have prepared a stronger defense. But our main task is not defense, but attack. What have you found in London? (*Steps to c.*)

HARKER. A lot, but Heaven knows what it means or whether it's any use.

VAN HELSING. I, too, have had news of which I can make nothing.

SEWARD. (*Enters R.; crosses to R.C. To HARKER*) Ah, John, back from town.

HARKER. Yes. (*Sits L. end of couch.*)

VAN HELSING. We must try to piece together what we have learned today. (*Producing telegram of several sheets*) My colleague in Bucharest wires

that the Dracula family has been extinct—for five hundred years.

SEWARD. Can the Count be an impostor?

VAN HELSING. (*Referring to telegram*) The castle he calls his own is a desolate ruin near the border. It was built, as you said, Harker, by the terrible Voivode Dracula, who was said to have had dealings with evil spirits. He was the last of his race. But for many generations the peasants have believed the castle Dracula inhabited by a vampire.

HARKER. Then it must be he——

VAN HELSING. (*Shakes head; puts telegram back in pocket*) My friends, I am bewildered.

SEWARD. But surely this confirms your suspicions. I was incredulous till I saw that creature hovering over Lucy——

VAN HELSING. A vampire from Transylvania cannot be in England.

SEWARD. But why?

VAN HELSING. Because, as I have told you, the vampire must rest by day in the earth in which the corpse it inhabits was buried.

HARKER. (*Excited*) In the earth. (*Rises.*)

VAN HELSING. The vampire must return to its burial place by sunrise.

HARKER. (*Excited*) I found today that Dracula arrived at the Croydon airdrome in a three-engined German plane, on March sixth.

SEWARD. March the sixth? Three days before Mina first was taken ill.

HARKER. This plane had made a non-stop flight from Sekely in Transylvania. It left just after sunset. It arrived two hours before dawn. It carried only the Count and six packing cases.

VAN HELSING. Did you learn what was in those cases?

HARKER. He told the Customs people he wanted

to see whether Transylvania plants would grow in a foreign climate in their native soil.

VAN HELSING. Soil? What was in those boxes?
(*Steps down L.*)

HARKER. Just plain dirt. He left in a lorry, with the six coffin-like boxes, before sunrise.

VAN HELSING. Oh, God, yes, before sunrise. The King of Vampires, my friends. (*Crosses between SEWARD and HARKER*) This creature is the terrible Voivode Dracula himself. In his satanic pride and contempt, he even uses his own name. For who could suspect? For five hundred years he has been fettered to his castle because he must sleep by day in his graveyard. Five centuries pass. The aeroplane is invented. His chance has come, for now he can cross Europe in a single night. He prepared six coffins filled with the earth in which he must rest by day. He leaves his castle after sunset. By dawn he is in London and safe in one of his cases—a great risk, but he has triumphed. He has reached London with its teeming millions, with its “opportunity,” as he said——

SEWARD. God protect my Lucy. (*Crosses R. a few steps and back.*)

HARKER. (*To VAN HELSING, new tone*) I saw the estate agent from whom he bought Carfax here and got the address of four old houses he has leased in different parts of London.

VAN HELSING. One of his coffin retreats is in each of those houses.

SEWARD. Two heavy boxes were delivered at Carfax the day after he took possession.

VAN HELSING. He has scattered them, for safety. If we can find all six, we can destroy him.

SEWARD. But how?

VAN HELSING. His native earth will no longer receive his unclean form if each box is sanctified with holy water.

to window. HARKER steps up and faces window and then comes down R.)

SEWARD. Renfield! (*Takes RENFIELD by arm and throws him into room R.C. RENFIELD laughs cunningly.*)

VAN HELSING. He's been here all the time we've been talking.

SEWARD. Did you hear what we were saying, man?

RENFIELD. Yes, I heard—something—enough—(*With gestures to SEWARD and HARKER*) Be guided by what he says. (*Points to VAN HELSING. To SEWARD*) It is your only hope— (*To HARKER*) It is her only hope. (*Crosses to VAN HELSING*) It is my only hope. (*Falls on knees before VAN HELSING*) Save my soul! Save my soul! I am weak. You are strong. I am crazy. You are sane. You are good and he is evil.

VAN HELSING. (*Impressively*) I will save you, Renfield, but you must tell me what you know. Everything.

RENFIELD. (*Rises*) Know? What should I know? I don't know anything. (*Taps head*) You say I'm mad and Doctor Seward will tell you about that. You mustn't pay any attention to anything I say.

SEWARD. (*Stepping down*) We can't waste time with this fellow. I'll have him taken away. (*Crosses R. to bell ring; returns two steps up L.*)

RENFIELD. (*Gets up—to SEWARD*) Fool, fool, and I thought you were wise. The whole world is mad just now, and if you want help you must come to a madman to get it. (*Little laugh cunningly*) But I'll not give it to you, I'm afraid. (*Turns to window*) A wise madman will obey him who is strong and not the weak.

VAN HELSING. (*Steps to him fiercely*) Him? Whom do you mean?

RENFIELD. Need we mention names among

friends? Come, Professor, be reasonable. What have I got to gain by being on your side? The Doctor keeps me shut up all day, and if I'm good he gives me a little sugar to spread out for my flies, but on the other hand, if I serve him—— (*Points to window up R.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Sharply, taking him by coat*) The blood is the life, eh, Renfield? (*Dragging him again*) What have you to do with Count Dracula?

RENFIELD. (*Convulsed with terror*) Dracula. (*Drawing himself up defiantly*) I never even heard the name before.

VAN HELSING. You are lying.

RENFIELD. Madmen, Professor, lack the power to discriminate between truth and falsehood——(*Breaks away*) —so I take no offence at what most men would consider an affront. (*Crosses to SEWARD; kneels L. of SEWARD*) Send me away. I asked you to before and you wouldn't. If you only knew what has happened since then. I dare not tell you more. I dare not. I should die in torment if I betrayed—

VAN HELSING. (*Crosses a step R.*) Doctor Seward will send you away if you speak.

SEWARD. Yes, Renfield. (*RENFIELD moans.*) I offer you your soul in exchange for what you know.

RENFIELD. (*Rises*) God will not damn a poor lunatic's soul. God knows the devil is too strong for us who have weak minds. But send me away—I want you to promise, Doctor Seward.

SEWARD. If you will speak.

VAN HELSING. Come, Renfield.

RENFIELD. (*Pause. Sets himself; looks at SEWARD, VAN HELSING, HARKER and SEWARD again, then speaks as a sane man*) Then I will tell you. Count Dracula is—— (*BAT comes in window; flies out again. RENFIELD rushes to window with arms outstretched, screaming*) Master. Master, I didn't

say anything. I told them nothing. I'm loyal to you. I am your slave. (*The OTHERS rush to window. SEWARD and HARKER first. VAN HELSING goes but a few steps up.*)

SEWARD. (*Looking out window*) There's a big bat flying in a circle. It's gone.

HARKER. What's that, just passing that small shrub? It looks like a big grey dog.

VAN HELSING. Are you sure it was a dog?

HARKER. (*Steps down*) Well, it might easily be a wolf. Oh, but that's nonsense. Our nerves are making us see things.

VAN HELSING. Come, Renfield. What were you about to say?

RENFIELD. Nothing, nothing. (*Moves down. LUCY enters R. with newspaper; crosses R.C. to VAN HELSING.*)

LUCY. Professor—have you seen what's in this—

VAN HELSING. Miss Lucy, give it to—

RENFIELD. (*Crosses down to her*) Are you Miss Seward?

LUCY. I am. (*SEWARD moves to above her; indicates HARKER to ring bell.*)

RENFIELD. (*Crosses down to her as she turns*) Then in the name of the merciful and compassionate God, leave this place at once. (*She turns to him. VAN HELSING motions silence to OTHERS.*)

LUCY. But this is my home. Nothing would induce me to leave.

RENFIELD. (*Sane*) Oh, that's true. You wouldn't go if they tried to drag you away, would you? It's too late. What a fool I am. I shall be punished for this and it can't do any good. It's too late. (*In tone of pity*) You are so young, so beautiful, so pure. Even I have decent feelings sometimes, and I must tell you, and if you don't go your soul will pay for it. You're in the power of— (*BAT flies in window and out. RENFIELD to window and screams.*)

before, enters from window up R. and walks slowly to directly behind VAN HELSING.)

VAN HELSING. *(Looking at himself, touching face, shakes head)* The devil.

DRACULA. Come. *(VAN HELSING turns suddenly to him and looks back into the mirror.)* Not as bad as that. *(Suave, cold, ironical.)*

VAN HELSING. *(Long look in mirror, then turns to DRACULA. Controlling himself with difficulty)* I did not hear you, Count.

DRACULA. I am often told that I have a light footstep.

VAN HELSING. I was looking in the mirror. *(Turns and looks again; turns back to DRACULA)* It's reflection covers the whole room, but I cannot see—— *(Pause. Turns to mirror. DRACULA, face convulsed by fury, picks up small vase with flowers from stand, smashes mirror, pieces of mirror and vase tumbling to floor. VAN HELSING steps back; looks at DRACULA with loathing and terror.)*

DRACULA. *(Recovering composure)* Forgive me, I dislike mirrors. They are the playthings of man's vanity. *(Down R.C.)* And how's the fair patient?

VAN HELSING. *(Meaningly)* The diagnosis presents difficulties.

DRACULA. I feared it might, my friend.

VAN HELSING. Would you care to see what I have prescribed for my patient?

DRACULA. Anything that you prescribe for Miss Lucy has the greatest interest for me. *(VAN HELSING crosses to table under mirror to get box. DRACULA crosses L.; meets VAN HELSING coming back with box. VAN HELSING deliberately turns back on him, causing DRACULA to cross, circling down L. VAN HELSING goes to small table at R. of arch L. VAN HELSING turns front as he opens pocket*

knife, then turns to cut string on box he has placed on table. As he turns upstage DRACULA faces upstage. VAN HELSING, in cutting string of parcel on table L., cuts his finger. VAN HELSING gives slight exclamation of pain; holds up finger covered with blood. DRACULA starts for VAN HELSING with right hand raised, then keeping control with difficulty, turns away so as not to see blood. VAN HELSING stares at him a moment, then walks up and sticks bleeding finger in front of him.)

VAN HELSING. The prescription is a most unusual one. (DRACULA, baring teeth, makes sudden snap at finger. VAN HELSING turns away quickly; ties handkerchief around it. DRACULA again regains poise with an effort.)

DRACULA. The cut is not deep—I—looked.

VAN HELSING. (Opening parcel) No, but it will serve. Here is my medicine for Miss Lucy. (DRACULA comes up to VAN HELSING, who quickly holds handful of wolf's-bane up to his face. DRACULA leaps back, face distorted with rage and distress, shielding himself with cloak. Putting wolf's-bane back in box) You do not care for the smell? (VAN HELSING backs to R.C.)

DRACULA. You are a wise man, Professor—for one who has not lived even a single lifetime.

VAN HELSING. You flatter me, Count.

DRACULA. But not wise enough to return to Holland at once, now that you have learned what you have learned. (Crosses two steps R.)

VAN HELSING. (Shortly) I preferred to remain. (Meaningly) Even though a certain lunatic here attempted to kill me.

DRACULA. (Smiling) Lunatics are difficult. They do not do what they are told. They even try to betray their benefactors. But when servants fail to obey orders, the Master must carry them out for himself.

VAN HELSING. (*Grimly*) I anticipated as much.

DRACULA. (*Step L., gazing at him intently*) In the past five hundred years, Professor, those who have crossed my path have all died, and some not pleasantly. (*Continues to gaze at VAN HELSING; lifts his arm slowly; says with terrible emphasis and force*) Come—here. (*VAN HELSING pales, staggers, then slowly takes three steps toward DRACULA. Very slight pause as VAN HELSING attempts to regain control of himself, then takes another step toward DRACULA—pauses, places hand to brow, then completely regains control of himself and looks away to R.C.*) Ah, your will is strong. Then I must come to you. (*Advances to VAN HELSING, who takes out of breast pocket small velvet bag. DRACULA stops*) More medicine, Professor?

VAN HELSING. More effective than wolf's-bane, Count.

DRACULA. Indeed? (*Starts for VAN HELSING's throat. VAN HELSING holds bag out toward him. DRACULA's face becomes convulsed with terror and he retreats L. before VAN HELSING, who follows him.*) Sacrilege.

VAN HELSING. (*Continuing to advance*) I have a dispensation. (*VAN HELSING has cut him off from the door L. and remorselessly presses him toward window R. DRACULA, livid with rage and snarling, backs out of the window. As DRACULA is just outside the window he spreads his cape like a bat and gives a long satirical laugh as he makes exit. VAN HELSING almost collapses; puts bag back in pocket; crosses himself; mops perspiration from brow with handkerchief. A SHOT is heard. VAN HELSING leaps up; rushes to window. BAT circles almost into his face. He staggers back. SEWARD hurries in, carrying newspaper, from door R.*)

SEWARD. God, Van Helsing, what was that? (*Dropping newspaper on table.*)

HELING and SEWARD) W'ot a man can't 'elp, 'e can't 'elp, and that's that. (SEWARD *sinks back on desk, head in hands.*)

VAN HELSING. Can't you see, man, that Doctor Seward is not well? Will you desert him when he needs all the help he can get?

ATTENDANT. Puttin' it that way, sir, I ain't the man to run under fire. But I'm sick and tired of being told off for what ain't my fault.

VAN HELSING. We don't blame you. No bolts or bars could hold Renfield.

ATTENDANT. (SEWARD *looks up at him*) Now, sir, you're talkin' sense. I 'ad 'im in a straight-jacket this time. Nearly all yesterday I worked at clampin' bars across the winder. Now I finds them bars pulled apart like they was made o' cheese and 'im gone.

VAN HELSING. Then try to find him.

ATTENDANT. Find 'im, sir? Find 'im? I can't chase him up and down the wall. I ain't no bloody mountain goat! (*Exits c.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Crosses to c.*) The thing mocks us. A few hours after he finds out what we know, and what we have done, he comes here, and drags that poor creature of his to himself.

SEWARD. (*In dull, hopeless tone*) What can the vampire want with Renfield?

VAN HELSING. Renfield is serving an apprenticeship—to join the Vampire King after his death. We must prevent that.

SEWARD. What does Renfield matter? (*Moans*) If we are beaten, then there is no God.

VAN HELSING. (*Crosses to him, L.*) We dare not despair, Seward.

SEWARD. To figure out in advance what anyone would do who got on his track!

VAN HELSING. I thought we had him when we broke into Carfax and found two earth boxes there

and then found one box in each of his four other houses, and when I pried up the lid of the sixth box I was sure we would find him there, helpless.

SEWARD. (*Bitterly*) Empty.

VAN HELSING. An empty packing-case, left as a blind. (*Crosses to c.*)

SEWARD. He only brought six in his plane, so there can be only the one left.

VAN HELSING. Only one, but hidden where we can never find it. And now we've put him on his guard.

SEWARD. Yes. (*VAN HELSING back to window and back to R. of desk. Chair turns back. Curtains flap out. SEWARD looks at wrist watch*) It's not half an hour till sunrise. (*Rises and crossing to fireplace.*) Poor John has been sitting up with Lucy for nine hours. She'll be safe at dawn and he can get some sleep—if anyone can sleep in this house.

VAN HELSING. Whoever else sleeps or does not sleep, Miss Lucy will sleep at dawn.

SEWARD. (*Steps L.*) Another horror?

VAN HELSING. Oh, you've noticed how she keeps awake all night now and sleeps by day.

SEWARD. Is that part of—the change?

VAN HELSING. Of course. And sometimes—the look that comes into her face.

SEWARD. (*Turns face away in horror*) Don't, man, for God's sake, I can't bear it!

VAN HELSING. We must face the facts, for her sake. (*VAN HELSING crosses few steps L. The word "suggestion" from SEWARD turns him back.*)

SEWARD. How could it have got at her with the wolf's-bane and the cross around her neck? (*Pause*) Suggestion, conveyed from the Monster?

VAN HELSING. Yes. He must have impelled the maid to take away the wolf's-bane and cross and open the window. I should have foreseen that. (*Crosses R. to c.*)

amuses me. (*Crossing to divan and sitting R. end of it.*)

HARKER. (*Turns to window*) Oh, Lucy, how can you? The poor devil! Thank God—(*Turns to window*)—it will soon be dawn now.

LUCY. Dawn. The ebb tide of life. I hate the dawn. How can people like daylight? At night I am really alive. The night was made to enjoy life, and love— (*HARKER turns to her; hesitates.*) Come to me, John, my own John. (*He comes and sits L. of her.*)

HARKER. Lucy, I'm so happy that you are better and strong again—

LUCY. I've never been so well—so full of vitality. I was only a poor, washed-out, pale creature. I don't know what made you love me, John. There was no reason why you should. But there is *now*.

HARKER. I worship you.

LUCY. Then tell me something, John. (*HARKER turns slightly away.*) If you love me, you'll tell me. (*HARKER turns front.*) Now don't turn away from me again.

HARKER. (*Wearily and sadly*) You made me promise that I wouldn't tell you—anything.

LUCY. Oh, but I release you from your promise. There, now. What were you and Father and the funny Professor doing all day?

HARKER. I can't tell you. I promised.

LUCY. (*Angrily*) You say you love me, but you don't trust me.

HARKER. I would trust you with my life, my soul.

LUCY. Then prove it. What were you doing—over there in Carfax? With the hammer and the horrible iron stake. (*He shakes his head. She registers anger. He puts his head in his hands, as though crying.*) You don't think I'm asking you because—I'm just trying to find out whether you really love

me. (HARKER recoils from her, facing up.) So you try to hide your schemes and your plots. Afraid I'd give them away, are you? You fools. Whatever he wants to know, he finds out for himself. He knows what you do. He knows what you think. He knows everything.

HARKER. Lucy! (Puts his head in her lap and sobs. LUCY makes clawlike movement with both her hands, then as he sobs she changes attitude and gently strokes his head.)

LUCY. My dear, I'm sorry. Let me kiss away the tears. (She starts to kiss him. He quickly rises; backs away a few steps.)

HARKER. No, you mustn't kiss me. You made me promise not to let you kiss me.

LUCY. You don't know why I said that, John darling. It was because I love you so much. I was afraid of what might happen. You've always thought me cold, but I've blood in my veins, hot blood, my John. And I knew if I were to kiss you—but I'm not afraid now. Come, will you make me say it?

HARKER. (Backs step away from her) Lucy, I don't understand you.

LUCY. (Moves toward him) I love you. I want you. (Stretches out her arms to him) Come to me, my darling. I want you.

HARKER. (Goes to her, his resistance overcome, carried away by her ardor) Lucy, Lucy! (He seizes her in his arms. Slowly she takes his head and bends it back. Slowly, triumphantly she bends her head down, drawing back her upper lips. DOGS howl outside. Her mouth hovers over his. She bends his head further back quickly. Her mouth seeks his throat. Doors c. open. VAN HELSING rushes in, holding crucifix in right hand.)

VAN HELSING. Harker! Harker, save yourself! (HARKER rises and to c. With outstretched arm

holds it out toward DRACULA in his clenched right fist. DRACULA recoils; turns quickly to window. HARKER appears through window and holds crucifix toward DRACULA in clenched fist. DRACULA recoils and turns to down R. SEWARD enters window, holding crucifix when HARKER does. The THREE MEN stand during the following scene with right arms pointing toward DRACULA. He turns, walks to fireplace, turns and faces them.)

DRACULA. (*R., back to audience—ironically*) My friends, I regret I was not present to receive your calls at my house.

VAN HELSING. (*Looks at watch*) Four minutes until sunrise.

DRACULA. (*Crossing to below sofa, looking at wrist watch*) Your watch is correct, Professor. (*Facing down R.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Step c.*) Your life in death has reached its end.

SEWARD. (*Step toward c.*) By God's mercy.

DRACULA. (*HARKER steps toward DRACULA.*

DRACULA, *turning to them, suavely*) It's end? Not yet, Professor. I have still more than three minutes to add to my five hundred years.

HARKER. And three minutes from now you'll be in hell, where a thousand years of agony will not bring you one second nearer the end of your punishment.

VAN HELSING. Silence, Harker. Miss Lucy forbade this. She asked for prayer, and for pity. (*To DRACULA*) Make your peace with God, Man-That-Was. We are not your judges—we know not how this curse may have come upon you.

DRACULA. (*Furiously*) You fools! You think with your wafers, your wolf's-bane, you can destroy me. me, the king of my kind? You shall see. Five

of my earth boxes you have polluted. Have you found the sixth?

VAN HELSING. You cannot reach your sixth refuge now. Take your true form as Werewolf if you will. Your fangs may rend us, but we have each sworn to keep you here—(*Looks at watch*)—for two minutes and a half, when you must collapse and we can make an end.

DRACULA. (*Crosses to L. of couch*) You keep me. Fools, listen and let my words ring in your ears all your lives, and torture you on your deathbeds. I go, I go to sleep in my box for a hundred years. You have accomplished that much against me, Van Helsing. But in a century I shall wake, and call my bride to my side from her tomb, my Lucy, my Queen. (*On line "My Lucy, my Queen," HARKER and SEWARD step in.*) I have other brides of old times who await me in their vaults in Transylvania. But I shall set her above them all.

HARKER. Should you escape, we know how to save Lucy's soul, if not her life.

DRACULA. (*Stepping in to L. of divan*) Ah, the stake. Yes, but only if she dies by day. I shall see that she dies by night. She shall come to an earth box of mine at her death and await her Master. To do to her what you did to my Mina, Van Helsing, you must find her body, and that you will not.

HARKER. Then she shall die by day.

DRACULA. (*Crosses to c.*) You will kill her? You lack the courage, you poor rat of flesh and blood.

SEWARD. Silence, John—he is doomed. This is his revenge. He hopes to trouble us—afterwards.

VAN HELSING. (*Looks at watch*) Thirty seconds. (*They move in.*)

DRACULA. (*Calmly, suavely again*) I thank you for reminding me of the time.

VAN HELSING. Harker, open the curtains. (*HARKER opens curtains. RED LIGHT of approaching*