

DRACULA: AN ONLINE ADAPTATION

by

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Cast of Characters

DRACULA

JONATHAN

MINA

LUCY

RENFIELD

SEWARD

VAN HELSING

ARTHUR

QUINCEY

ACT I: TRANSYLVANIA

SCENE I: ARRIVAL

The Castle

The Transylvanian Driver and Jonathan Harker are waiting at the ornate, locked front gate to the road leading up to Count Dracula's castle. The night is cold - the Driver is looking around, anxious to depart. Jonathan is dressed in English travel wear; the Driver's clothing is unexceptional peasant garb. Jonathan's luggage, a few heavy-looking suitcases, is lying on the ground nearby. The scene opens with the Driver trying desperately to convince Jonathan to ride to the next town with him instead of meeting the Count. Strains of this argument can be heard by the audience. Sounds of the gate being unlocked cause Jonathan and the Driver to stop arguing. Dracula, disguised as a front doorman and wearing a long coat and hat to disguise his features, opens the gate and approaches the two men.

DRACULA:

You are early tonight, my friend.

DRIVER:

The English Herr was in a hurry.

DRACULA:

That is why you wished him to go on to Bukovina then, I suppose. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much and my horses are swift.

DRIVER:

Den die Todten reiten schnell!

DRACULA:

Give me the Herr's luggage.

The Driver hands over Jonathan's heavy suitcases to Dracula, who is unaffected and/or unaware of their great weight. Dracula throws them over his shoulder and motions Jonathan to start following him up the path to the Castle. The Driver crosses himself a final time when Dracula's back is turned, throws a pitying look at Jonathan, and departs noisily and quickly.

DRACULA:

The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master, the Count, bade me take all care of you. Here's a flask of slivovitz, if you should require it.

Jonathan accepts the bottle and takes a tentative swig from it. The walk to the castle is interrupted by a blue flame flickers by the path. Dracula stops and investigates. Jonathan is openly puzzled, but keeps quiet, not wanting to disturb his odd companion. Dracula makes a few odd hand gestures over the flame, and continues on. Dracula and Jonathan finally reach the front door to the castle. Dracula motions for Jonathan to wait, and exits with luggage to a side door. Onstage, behind the castle door and out of view of Jonathan, we see Dracula rapidly change his clothing and persona from man-servant, to Count. Count Dracula draws himself together, and opens door to admit the unsuspecting Jonathan.

DRACULA:

Welcome to my house. Come freely and leave some of the happiness you bring.

JONATHAN:

Count Dracula?

DRACULA:

I am Dracula and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in; the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest. You will need, after your journey, to refresh

yourself by making your toilet. I trust you will find all you wish. When you are ready, come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared.

JONATHAN:

Thank you for your hospitality.

Dracula nods briefly and exits. Out of Jonathan's view, but still in view of the audience, Dracula begin setting the Dining Table with an amazing amount of good food. In the bedroom, Jonathan starts to carefully unpack. He removes a leatherbound journal, and places it carefully on the bedstand. He also removes a sealed letter, which he places on his personage. Jonathan splashes a bit of water on his face, wipes it dry with the towel and washes his hand. He runs a comb through his hair, pulls himself together and enters the Dining Room. The dining table holds an elaborate assortment of food. As Jonathan looks around for his seat, he notices only one place set in the middle of the table - his. Dracula, watching Jonathan, stands firmly erect at the head of the table, behind his chair.

DRACULA:

I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you; but I have dined already, and I do not sup.

JONATHAN:

I was instructed to give you this letter by my employer, Mr. Hawkins upon my arrival, Count Dracula.

Dracula examines the letter and breaks the seal. Unfolding it, he begins to read aloud:

DRACULA:

"I must regret that an attack of gout forbids absolutely any traveling on my part for some time to come; but I am happy to say I can send a sufficient substitute, one in whom I

have every possible confidence. He is a young man, full of energy and talent in his own way, and of a very faithful disposition. He is discreet and silent and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall be ready to attend on you when you will during his stay and shall take your instructions in all matters."

Sound of wolves howling. Dracula raises head quickly and longingly.

DRACULA:

Listen to them - the children of the night. What music they make! Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter. But you must be tired. Tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till the afternoon; so sleep well and dream well.

Dracula bows and exits. Jonathan places his fork down, confused. He picks up the letter and reads it once over as LIGHTS FADE.

SCENE 2: SUPERSTITION

Dracula's Library. The evening scene opens on Jonathan in the Count's library, perusing Dracula's extensive collection. It is obvious he has been there many hours and has taken to looking through the books in an effort to relieve his boredom. Jonathan's briefcase is lying on the table, unlocked. Dracula enters silently, watching Jonathan browsing, flipping through pages, reading indexes.

DRACULA:

I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you.

(gestures to books) These companions have given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them, I have come to know your great England. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London. But, as yet, I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look, so that I know it to speak.

JONATHAN:

But Count, you do indeed speak and know the English language thoroughly!

DRACULA:

I thank you, my friend, for your all too flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and words, but yet I know not how to speak them.

JONATHAN:

Indeed, you speak the language excellently!

DRACULA:

Not so. I know that, did I move and speak in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am noble; the common people know me, and I am master. But a stranger to a strange land he is no one; men know him not - and to know not is to care not for. You come to me not alone but as an agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You shall, I trust, rest here with me awhile, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation.

JONATHAN:

Of course, Count Dracula. I will be most willing to help you in any way you please.

DRACULA:

I am sorry that I had to be away so long to-day; but you will, I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs at hand.

JONATHAN:

Count Dracula, this room is quite magnificent - I have never seen so many rare and unusual books in a private collection. Would it be possible for me to spend additional time in this room? That is, when we are not together...

DRACULA:

Certainly. You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand.

JONATHAN:

I am sure of this.

DRACULA:

We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways. In these veins flows the blood of many brave races who fought, as the lion fights, for lordship. Fools! What devil or what witch was ever so great as Attila, whose blood is in these veins? Is it a wonder we were a conquering race; that we were proud? But, the warlike days are over. Blood is too precious a thing in these days of dishonorable peace.

Jonathan nervously laughs. Dracula sits elegantly in one of the elegant chairs surrounding table. Gestures for Jonathan to sit in chair on opposite side of briefcase.

DRACULA:

Nay, I daresay you know something of what strange things there may be.

JONATHAN:

I am a bit curious about an incident that occurred last night. There was a blue flame that arose out of nowhere on the way to your castle. Your servant seemed most interested in its appearance and made a peculiar gesture with his hand over the flame.

DRACULA:

It is commonly believed that on a certain night of the year- last night - on the eve of St. George's Day, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway - a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed.

JONATHAN:

But how can it have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?

DRACULA:

Because your peasant is at heart a coward and a fool! Those flames only appear on one night; and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. Even the peasant who had marked the place of the flame would not know where to look in daylight for his own work. Even you would not, I dare be sworn, be able to find these places again.

JONATHAN:

There you are right. I know no more than the dead where even to look for them.

DRACULA:

Come, tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.

JONATHAN:

The estate is called Carfax. It contains some twenty acres, quite surrounded by a solid stone wall. There are many trees on it, which makes it in places gloomy, and there is a deep dark-looking pond, evidently fed by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away in a fair-sized stream. The house is very large and of periods back, I should say, to medieval times, for one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron. It looks like part of a keep, and is close to an old chapel or church. There are but few houses close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. It is not, however, visible from the grounds.

DRACULA:

I am glad to hear that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. A house cannot be made habitable in a day; and, after all, how few days go to make up a century! I rejoice also that there is a chapel of old times. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think that our bones may lie amongst the common dead. I seek not gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young, and my heart, through weary years of mourning over the dead, is not attuned to mirth. I love the shade and the shadow, and would be alone with my thoughts when I may.

JONATHAN:

I believe the place would be most suited for you, sir.

The sound of a cock crowing breaks the stillness of the night.

DRACULA:

Why, there is the morning again! How remiss I am to let you stay up so long. You must make your conversation regarding my dear country of England less interesting, so that I may not forget how time flies us by.

Dracula bows and exits. Jonathan looks perplexedly after him.

SCENE III: SHAVING

Guest Room. Jonathan is shaving himself, using a straight razor and a hand-held mirror. His shirt opened to waist to allow the audience to see the plain crucifix visible around neck. Jonathan's back is to the door and he is lost in the shaving ritual. Dracula silently enters room -Jonathan does not see Dracula enter in the reflection of his mirror.

DRACULA:

Good morning.

Jonathan jumps, nicking himself slightly. He should have been able to see Dracula approaching through the reflection of the mirror.

JONATHAN:

Good morning.

Jonathan looks down at the mirror, and tries to catch Dracula's reflection again - to no avail. Blood trickles down Jonathan's face. Dracula, noticing the blood, and fixed in berserk fury, makes a lunge for Jonathan's throat. Jonathan jumps away, causing Dracula to touch the crucifix around Jonathan's throat. Dracula's rage disappears and Dracula returns to normal.

DRACULA:

Take care. Take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country. And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it!

Dracula seizes Jonathan's mirror, wrenches open window and throws it to ground. Sound of breaking glass. Dracula storms out of room. Jonathan sits on bed, confused and angry. Starts frantically scribbling in book. Throws the journal against the wall in disgust, and storms into the library, wiping his face off. Dracula is sitting at the other end of the table. He glances up mildly at a furious Jonathan.

DRACULA:

Have you written to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins, or to any other?

JONATHAN:

I have not. As of yet, I have not seen any opportunity of sending letters to anyone.

DRACULA:

Then write now, my young friend. Write to your friend and to any other and, say, if it will please you, that you shall stay with me until a month from now.

JONATHAN:

Do you wish me to stay so long?

DRACULA:

I desire it very much; nay, I will take no refusal. When your master - employer - what you will - engaged that someone should come on his behalf, it was understood that my needs only were to be consulted. I have not stinted. Is it not so?

JONATHAN:

Indeed.

DRACULA:

I pray you, my good young friend, that you will not discourse of things other than business in your letters. It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well, and that you look forward to getting home to them. Is it not so?

JONATHAN:

It is so, Count.

DRACULA:

I trust you will forgive me, but I have much work to do in private this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish.

Dracula starts to exit. Stops, considering how to phrase what he has next to say and turns to face Jonathan.

DRACULA:

Let me advise you, my dear friend - nay, let me warn you in all seriousness, that you will not go to sleep in any part of this castle other than your room. It is old, and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who can sleep unwisely.

Jonathan, unhappily writing letters, nods briefly in agreement. The Count waits a minute more, watching Jonathan closely, then leaves.

SCENE IV: LUST

Dracula's Library. Time is indefinite. Jonathan is keeled over, sound asleep, on the table, exhausted. The strange hours that Dracula keeps has taken its toll on him - Jonathan is a disheveled mess. Throughout this scene, he is semi-aware of what is going on, but too tired and lackluster to do anything. Ultimately, he is entirely passive. The sound of footsteps and cruel laughter is heard, approaching the room. Enter the Three Vamps - beautiful, seductive, and utterly evil - heading straight for Jonathan. They stop and gather around him, hungrily. These are a scary bunch of women - they'd eat your soul and make you hold the napkin.

VAMP 2:

Go on! You are the first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin

VAMP 3:

He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.

Vamp 1 bends over Jonathan's prone form, gently brushing the hair away from his neck. Jonathan's eyes are slightly opened, glazed with desire. He digs this. Vamp 1 seductively licks her lips, showing her canines. She poises herself, ready to munch Jonathan. Audience becomes aware of Dracula standing at the corner door at the same time the Vamps do. Dracula is carrying a large bag, which he drops. There is a slight whimper from bag. Dracula is furious with the Vamps.

DRACULA:

How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all. This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him, or you'll have me to deal with.

VAMP 1:

You yourself never loved; you never love.

DRACULA:

Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now go! go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.

VAMP 2:

Are we to have nothing tonight?

Dracula glances at the slightly-moving bag, and then nods assent. The Three Vamps grab the bag and exit, laughing mockingly. Dracula watches them go, then glances down at Jonathan, expression unreadable.

SCENE V: ESCAPE

Guest Room. Jonathan is snuggled in bed, deep in sleep. Dracula is standing at the foot of the bed, staring down at him. Gradually, Jonathan becomes aware of some presence in the room. His eyes flicker once, and he wakes up, startled. Dracula moves closer and throws down a couple of letters on the bed on Jonathan.

DRACULA:

The Szgany has given me these, of which, though I know now whence they came, I shall of course take care. See!

Dracula gestures to a letter, forcing Jonathan to look down. Jonathan clears the sleep from his eyes and starts to look at the letters. Unfortunately, he recognizes them. Jonathan groans and tries to crawl back under the covers.

DRACULA:

One is from you and to my friend Peter Hawkins; the other, the other is a vile thing, an outrage upon friendship and hospitality. It is not signed. So it cannot matter to us.

Dracula sets the letter on fire and watches it blaze. Jonathan, still not entirely awake, moans.

DRACULA:

The letter to Hawkins - that I shall, of course, send on, since it is yours. Your letters are sacred to me. Your pardon, my friend, that unknowingly I did break the seal. Will you not cover it?

JONATHAN:

Yes, Count Dracula.

DRACULA:

Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You may prepare your return to your beautiful England. With luck, you may beat your own letter home. I must do some work which may have such an end that we may never meet.

JONATHAN:

Yes, oh yes! Thank you, Count!

DRACULA:

In the morning, my carriage shall come for you and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass. But I am in hopes that I shall see more of you at Castle Dracula in the future.

Jonathan starts to smell a trap.

JONATHAN:

Why may I not go tonight?

DRACULA:

My coachman and horses are away this evening on a mission.

JONATHAN:

Ah, but I would walk with pleasure. My legs are strong, and the night air fresh.

DRACULA:

And your baggage?

JONATHAN:

I do not care about it. I can send for it some other time.

DRACULA:

You English have a saying which is close to my heart: 'Welcome the coming; speed the parting guest.' Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad I am at your going, and that you desire it. Come!

Dracula starts leading Jonathan towards door. Jonathan removes his nightclothes and hastily throws on a shirt and shoes. Dracula is giving him no time to change clothes, and it is only what Jonathan can squeeze on in that short time that he'd take with him. Dracula leads him into the front hallway, in front of the large, secured doors.

DRACULA:

Hark!

Sound of wolves howling, scraping on the other side of the great door. More wolves joining in. Dracula starts to open the doors. Scratching and howling increases exponentially, as the wolves start to lunge at the door and the opening. It is apparent to all that Jonathan would be eaten alive out there, alone. It is only Dracula's great strength that keeps the wolves at bay.

JONATHAN:

Shut the door; I shall wait till morning!

Dracula smiles ('point - match - game') and closes door easily. He leads the dejected Jonathan off to bed and returns to the hallway, alone. Voices of the vamps are heard offstage.

DRACULA:

Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours.

SCENE 6: DEPARTING

Dracula's Basement. It is the next morning. Jonathan is completely packed and waiting at the front doors. He gives them a shake but is unable to open them. He lunges against them, but to no avail - he cannot open the doors on his own. Hears people and laughter outside and tries frantically to open the doors. He needs to find Dracula. Jonathan drops his bags and claws along the wall. Behind an ornate tapestry is a locked iron door. Jonathan kicks door, and rusted lock flies open.

Jonathan enters a new room and sees Dracula, comatose, in a coffin. Dracula is bloated and has an unnaturally healthy-red pallor, having just fed. Perhaps hints of other coffins can be seen (for the three vamps). Jonathan staggers back, shaking his head. Even as naive as he was, he knows that this is a monster. Jonathan finds a shovel in the corner and brings it down full force on Dracula. This is a form of release for all the frustration he has been put through at the castle. Oddly enough, something, or someone, deflects the shovel and it misses Dracula completely. Dracula is now grinning malevolently, but still inactive.

Jonathan runs out of the room in horror. Stronger forces are at work. Jonathan exits and is not seen again for quite a while. All lights go out on the stage. There is the sound of nails being hammered into coffin and then a spotlight of the workers carrying out the coffin with Dracula in it. Dracula is making his journey from Transylvania to England tonight, leaving Jonathan behind for the Vamps.

ACT II: ENGLAND-PRE

SCENE I: TOMBSTONES

Graveyard by the Sea. Mina Murray, Lucy Westenra and Old Man are sitting by the docks. Mina and Lucy are childhood friends. Both are dressed in the height of fashion, although Lucy's clothing is a bit more expensive. Mina looks longingly out towards the sea. The Old Man is near a hundred, and full of tales.

MINA:

Pray sir, tell me about the bells at sea and the White Lady at the abbey.

OLD MAN:

I wouldn't fash masel' about them, miss. Them things be all wore out. Mind, I don't say that they never was, but I do say that they wasn't in my time. They be all very well r comers an' trippers, an' the like, but not for a nice young lady like you. Them eet-folks from York and Leeds that be always eatin' cured herrin's an' drinkin' tea an' lookin' out to buy cheap jet would creed aught. I wonder masel' who'd be bothered tellin' lies to them - even the newspapers, which is full of fool-talk.

MINA:

Very well, sir. This graveyard. What is the story behind it?

OLD MAN:

It be all fool-talk, lock, stock and barrel; that's what is be an' nowt else. Why, it's them that, not content with printin' lies on paper and' preachin' them out of pulpits, does want to be cuttin' them on the tombstones. Look here all around you in what airt ye will; all them steans, holdin' up their heads as well as they can out of their pride, is acant - simply tumblin' down with the weight o' the lies wrote on them, 'Here lies the body' or 'Sacred to the memory' wrote on all of them, an' yet in night half of them there bean't no bodies at all' an' the memories of the bean't cared a pinch of snuff about, much less sacred. Lies all of them, nothin' but lies of one kind or another!

LUCY:

Oh, Mr. Swales, you can't be serious. Surely these tombstones are not all wrong?

OLD MAN:

Yabblins! There may be a poorish few not wrong, savin' where they make out the people too good; for there be folk that do think a balm-bowl be like the sea, if only it be their own. The whole thing be only lies. Now look you here; you come here a stranger, an' you see this kirkgarth. And you consate that all these steans be aboon fold that be happened here, snod an' snog? Then that be just where the lie comes in. Why, there be scores of these ley-beds that be toom as old un's 'bacca-box on Friday night. And my gog! How could they be otherwise? Look at that one, that aftest abaft the bier-bamk; read it!

MINA:

'Edward Spencelagh, master mariner, murdered by pirates off the coast of Andres, April, 1854, aet. 30.'

OLD MAN:

Who brought him home, I wonder, to hap him here? Murdered off the coast of Andres! An' you consated his body lay under! Ye can, with your young eyes, read the small-print of the lies from here. Do ye think that all these men will have to make a rush to Whitby when the trumpet sounds at the day of Judgment, tryin' to drag their tombstones with them to prove how good they was? I have me antherums aboot it! I tell ye that when they got here they'd be jornmlin' an' jostlin' one another.

MINA:

But, surely you are not quite correct, for you start on the assumption that all the poor people, or their spirits, will have to take their tombstones with them on the Day of Judgment. Do you think that will be really necessary?

OLD MAN:

Well, what else be they tombstones for? Answer me that, miss!

MINA:

To please their relatives, I suppose.

OLD MAN:

'To please their relatives, you suppose!' How will it please their relatives to know that lies is wrote over them, and that everybody in the place knows that they be lies? Read the lies on that thruff-stean.

LUCY:

'Sacred to the memory of George Canon, who died in the hope of a glorious resurrection, on July, 29, 1873, falling from the rocks at Kettlemess. This tomb was erected by his sorrowing mother to her dearly beloved son. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' - Really, Mr. Swales, I don't see anything very funny in that!

OLD MAN:

Ye don't see aught funny! Ha! ha! But that's because ye don't gawm the sorrowin' mother was a hell-cat that hated him because he was acrewk'd - a regular lamiter her was - an he hated her so that he committed suicide in order that she mightn't get an insurance she put on his life. He blew nigh the top of his head off with an old musket that they had for scarin' the crown with. Now isn't that stean at any rate a pack of lies? and won't it make Gabriel keckle when Geordie comes pantin' up the grees with the tombstean balances on his hump, and asks it to be took as evidence!

LUCY:

Oh, why did you tell us this? It is my favorite seat, and I cannot leave it; and now I find I must go on sitting over the grave of a suicide.

OLD MAN:

That won't harm ye, my pretty; an' it may make poor Geordie gladsome to have so trim a lass sittin' on his lap. That won't hurt ye. Why, I've sat here off an' on for nigh twenty years past, an' it hasn't done me no harm. Don't ye fash about them as lies under ye, or that doesn't lie there either It'll be time for ye to be gettin scart when ye see the tombsteans all run away with, and the place as bare as a stubble-field. There's the clock, an' I must gang. My service to ye, ladies

SCENE II: EATING

Renfield's Cell. Renfield is an elderly gentleman, hair in disarray, wearing, perhaps, eyeglasses. Dr. Seward is young, good looking. Bars on the window, bed in room - no sharp objects or anything lethal. There is, however, a large box of flies on the ground. Sounds of angered buzzing. Dr. Seward is sitting in a corner, watching Renfield, and writing notes in a journal. Swats at a fly.

SEWARD:

Renfield, I must insist that you dispose of these flies at once!

RENFIELD:

Please, sir, Doctor, may I have three days? I shall clear them away.

SEWARD:

That will do.

Fade out. Fade in - three days later. Renfield sitting on the ground, playing with a box of spiders. Dr. Seward in same place, observing. Renfield carefully takes a fly and feeds it to the spider. Dr. Seward is disgusted.

SEWARD:

Your spiders are as great a nuisance as your flies. I must again insist that you dispose of the spiders.

Renfield nods enthusiastically. Sound of a large, carrion fly. Renfield catches it, holds it between his fingers, and pops it into his mouth, much to the disgust of Dr. Seward.

RENFIELD:

Doctor, it was very good and very wholesome. It was life, strong life, and it gave me life.

Renfield adds another number in his notebook - full of columns of numbers. Fade out. Fade in - three days later. Renfield now has a sparrow, which he feeds the spiders to. Chirping sounds. Dr. Seward enters.

RENFIELD

May I ask you a favor, a great favor, Doctor?

SEWARD:

What would that be, Renfield?

RENFIELD:

A kitten, a nice little, sleek playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed - and feed - and feed!

SEWARD:

We'll see about it. Would you rather not have a cat than a kitten?

RENFIELD:

Oh, yes, I would like a cat! I only asked for a kitten lest you should refuse me a cat. No one would refuse me a kitten, would they?

SEWARD:

At present, I fear it will not be possible, but I will see about it.

Renfield's face falls. For an instant, there is a glimpse of his madness, shown in a fierce, side-long glance. Dr. Seward starts writing more in his journal. Renfield retires to this corner, dejected. Throws himself at Seward's feet, pleading for a cat. Seward again denies him this. Renfield returns to the corner, gnawing his fingers.

Fade out. Fade in - later. Renfield is laying sugar out for the flies. Buzzing sounds around room. Sparrow noticeably absent. Some blood and feathers are left, one notably stuck to Renfield's mouth. Attendant runs up to Dr. Seward.

ATTENDANT:

Sir, Renfield has been very sick and has disgorged a whole lot of feathers. My belief is, Doctor Seward, that he has eaten his birds, and that he just took and ate them raw.

Seward nods. Walks back to table and starts writing in journal, speaking aloud.

SEWARD:

The thought that has been buzzing about my brain lately is complete, and the theory proved. My homicidal maniac is of a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent new classification for him, and call him a zoophagous maniac; what he desires it to absorb as many lives as he can, and he has laid himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. I

wonder at how many lives he values a man, or if at only one. He has closed the account most accurately, and to-day begun a new record. How many of us begin a new record with each day of our lives? If I openly could have as strong a cause as my poor mad friend there - a good, unselfish cause to make me work - that would indeed be happiness.

SCENE III: WAITING

Graveyard by the Sea. Mina and the Old Man are sitting side by side, watching the ships come in.

OLD MAN:

I want to say something to you, miss.

MINA:

Speak fully!

OLD MAN:

I'm afraid, my deary, that I must have shocked you by all the wicked things I've been sayin' about the dead, and such like; but I didn't mean them, and I want ye to remember that when I am gone. Maybe it's in that wind our over the sea that's bringin' with it loss and wreck, and sore distress, and sad hearts. Look! look! There's something that wind and in the host beyond that sounds, and looks and tastes, and smells like death. It's in the air; I feel it comin'. Lord, make me answer cheerful when my call comes!

The Old Man holds up arms devoutly, raised hat as if praying. Shakes hands with Mina, blesses her, and hobbles off. Enter Coast Guard man. Mina and the Coast Guard looking out over the sea, evidently at a ship.

MINA:

Sir, what's the matter with that ship there?

COAST GUARD:

I can't make her out. She's a Russian by the look of her; but she's knocking about in the queerest way. Look there again! She is steered mighty strangely, for she doesn't mind the hand on the wheel, chasing about with every puff of wind. I'm going to go help - you stay here my dear.

Coast guard exits offstage and returns, sick look on his face, carrying a journal.

MINA:

What's the matter? Is the ship all right? You look positively ill!

COAST GUARD:

The ship was called the 'Demeter'. There was only the captain aboard - dead, and a wolf, which jumped to shore and ran away as soon as the ship stopped. Its cargo seemed to be composed primarily of boxes of soil. Here, I found this captain's log - a recent entry:

'3 August - It is here; I know it, now. On the watch last night I saw it, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It was in the bows and looking out. I crept behind It and gave It my knife; but the knife went through t, empty as the air. But It is here, and I'll find It. It is in the hold, perhaps in one of those boxes. I'll unscrew them one by one and see.'

MINA:

'4 August - I dared not go below, I dared not leave the helm; so here all night I stayed, and in the dimness of the night I saw It - Him! I shall baffle this fiend or monster, for I shall tie my hands to the wheel when my strength begins to fail, and along with them I shall tie that which He - It! dare not touch - the crucifix. If we are wrecked, mayhap this log may be found, and those who find it may understand; if not ... well, then all men

shall know that I have been true to my trust. God and the Blessed Virgin and the saints help a poor ignorant soul trying to do his duty...'

It end here - so the poor man never left his ship?

SCENE IV: SLEEPWALKING

Graveyard at Night. Lucy enters, sleepwalking, wearing all-white. Mina enters, barefoot, following Lucy. A dark form - Dracula - is seen, barely, hunched behind the gravestone, feeding off Lucy's reclining body. Eyes glow red. Mina shouts - runs to Lucy. Figure is startled and runs away. Mina gently shakes Lucy and starts to support her as she walks around.

LUCY:

His red eyes again! They are just the same!

MINA:

Lucy you've been sleepwalking. Is it your bad dream again?

LUCY:

I didn't quite dream; but it all seemed to be real. I only wanted to be here in this spot - I don't know why, for I was afraid of something - I don't know what. I heard a lot of dogs howling'- the whole town seemed as if it must be full of dogs all howling at once as I went up the steps. The I had a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes, and something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once; and then I seemed sinking into deep green water, and there was a singing in my ears, as I have heard there

is to drowning men; and then everything seemed passing away from me; my soul seemed to go out from my body and float about the air.

Mina looks concerned at Lucy.

LUCY:

I saw you, Mina, before I felt you.

SCENE V: WORSHIP

Renfield's Cell. Renfield is busy pacing back and forth anxiously - looking as if he's waiting for something - or someone.

ATTENDANT:

Renfield, why don't you stop this pacing?

RENFIELD:

I don't want to talk to you; you don't count now; the Master is at hand

Enter Dr. Seward. Renfield sits on bed, resigned.

ATTENDANT:

Ah, good, doctor! You've finally arrived! He's been pacing around like this for most of the day!

SEWARD:

So, Renfield, how are your pets today?

RENFIELD:

Bother them all! I don't care a pin about them.

SEWARD:

What? You don't mean to tell me you don't care about spiders?

RENFIELD:

he bride-maidens rejoice the eyes that wait the coming of the bride; but when the bride draweth nigh, then the maidens shine not to the eyes that are filled. I am here to do Your bidding, Master. I am Your slave, and You will reward me, for I shall be faithful. I have worshipped You long and afar off. Now that You are near, I await Your commands, and You will not pass me by, will You, dear Master, in Your distribution of good things? I shall be patient, Master. It is coming - coming - coming.

ACT III: ENGLAND-POST

SCENE I: TRANFUSIONS

Lucy's Bedroom. Lucy is lying in bed, ill. Seward, who is obviously in love with Lucy, is hovering anxiously nearby. Lucy has tell-tale marks of the vampire on her neck. Window is closed.

SEWARD:

Lucy, please tell me more of your sickness.

LUCY:

John, I cannot tell you how I loathe talking about myself.

SEWARD:

Lucy, you may tell me what you wish, for a doctor's confidence is sacred. However, I do not wish to alarm you, Lucy, but Arthur Holmwood, your fiancée, is quite anxious about you.

LUCY:

Tell Arthur everything you choose. I do not care for myself, but all for him. I have difficulty in breathing satisfactorily at times, and suffer from a heavy, lethargic sleep, with dreams that frighten me, but that I am unable to remember the next morning.

SEWARD:

I have written to my old friend and master, Professor Abraham Van Helsing, of Amsterdam, who knows as much about obscure diseases as anyone in the world. As you can see, my dear, I am only too proud and happy to do anything I can for you.

LUCY:

Tell me more of this Doctor of yours.

SEWARD:

He is a seemingly arbitrary man, but his is because he knows what he is talking about better than anyone else. He is a philosopher and a metaphysician, and one of the most advanced scientists of his day; and he has, I believe, an absolutely open mind. I tell you these facts that you may know why I have such confidence in him. (knock on door) Well now, here he is!

Enter Abraham Van Helsing, with black doctor's bag. Elderly, bushy brows, yet exudes confidence - perhaps a little over-confident Seward, respectful, makes introductions. Van Helsing ignores Seward and kneels by Lucy's bedside.

VAN HELSING:

My dear young miss, I have the so great pleasure because you are so much beloved. That is much, my dear, even were there that which I do not see. They told me you were down in the spirit, and that you were of a ghostly pale. To them I say 'Pouf!' But, my dear, you and I shall show them how wrong they are. The young do not tell themselves to the young, but to the old, like me, who have known so many sorrows and the causes of them.

Van Helsing stands up, motions Seward away from Lucy for a private conversation. Enters separate room - lights dim on Lucy. Throughout Van Helsing and Seward's speech, Lucy opens window. Something enters through window and kneels beside Lucy. Exits.

SEWARD:

Well?

VAN HELSING:

I have made careful examination, but there is no functional cause. There has been much blood lost; it has been but is not. But the conditions of her are in no way anemic. And yet there is cause; there is always cause for everything. The disease - for not to be all well is a disease interest me, and the sweet young dear, she interest me too. She charm me, and for her, if not for you or the disease, I come.

I understand from your correspondence that the young miss is engaged. Have you said anything to our young friend, the lover of her?

SEWARD:

No. I waited till I had seen you. I wrote him a letter simply telling him that you were coming, as Miss Westenra was not so well, and that I should let him know if need be.

VAN HELSING:

Right, my friend. Quite right! Better he not know as yet; perhaps he shall never know. I pray so; but if it be needed, then he shall know all. And, my good friend John, let me caution you. You deal with the madmen. All men are mad in some way or the other; and inasmuch as you deal discreetly with your madmen, so deal with God's madmen, too - the rest of the world. You tell not your madmen what you do nor why you do it; you tell them not what you think. So you shall keep knowledge in its place, where it may rest - where it shall keep as yet what we know here (touches Seward's chest) and here (touches Seward's forehead). I have for myself thoughts at the present. Later I shall unfold to you.

SEWARD:

Why not now? It may do some good; we may arrive at some decision.

VAN HELSING:

John Seward, you were always a careful student, and your case-book was ever more full than the rest. You were only student then; now you are master, and I trust that good habit have not fail. Remember, my friend, that knowledge is stronger than memory, and we should not trust the weaker.

Even if you have not kept good practice, let me tell you that this case our dear miss is one that may be - mind, I say may be- of interest to us and others. Nothing is too small, I counsel you, put down in record even your doubts and surmises. Hereafter it may be of interest to you to see how true you guess. We learn from failure, not from success!

SEWARD:

Lucy's symptoms remain the same as before, but infinitely more marked.

VAN HELSING:

Nature in one of her beneficent moods has ordained that even death has some antidote to its own terrors.

Both enter Lucy's bedroom. Lucy is ghostly white, with flaming red marks about her neck. The window is wide open. Seward and Van Helsing rush to the bedside.

VAN HELSING:

My God! This is dreadful! There is no time to be lost. She will die for sheer want of blood to keep the hearts action as it should be. There must be transfusion of blood at once. Is it you or me?

SEWARD:

I am younger and stronger, Professor. It must be me.

VAN HELSING:

I am prepared Then get ready at once.

Enter Sir Arthur Holmwood - Lucy's fiancée.

ARTHUR:

John, I was so anxious. I read between the lines of your letter and have been in agony. I ran down here to see for myself. Is not that gentleman Dr. Van Helsing? Allow me to introduce myself - I am Sir Arthur Holmwood - Lucy's fiancée. I am so thankful to you, sir, for coming.

VAN HELSING:

Sir, you have come in time. You are the lover of our dear miss. She is bad, very, very bad. Nay, my child, do not go like that. You are to help her. You can do more than any that live, and your courage is your best help.

ARTHUR:

What can I do? Tell me, and I shall do it. My life is hers, and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her.

VAN HELSING:

My young sir, I do not ask so much as that - not the last!

ARTHUR:

What shall I do?

VAN HELSING:

Come! You are a man and it is a man we want. You are better than me, better than my friend John. Young miss is bad, very bad. She wants blood and blood she must have or die. My friend John and I have consulted, and we are about to perform what we call transfusion of blood - to transfer from full veins of one to the empty veins which pine for him. John was to give his blood, as he is the more young and strong than me - but, now you are here, you are more good than us, old or young, who toil much in the world of thought. Our nerves are not so calm and our blood not so bright than yours.

ARTHUR:

If you only knew how gladly I would die for her you would understand -

VAN HELSING:

Good boy! In the not-so-far-off you will be happy that you have done all for her you love. Come now and be silent.

Three men approach Lucy. Lucy turns weakly to look at them.

VAN HELSING:

Now, little miss, here is your medicine. Drink it off, like a good child. See, I lift you so that to swallow is easy. Yes. (to Arthur) You may take that one little kiss whiles I bring over the table. Friend John, help to me!

Arthur kisses Lucy

VAN HELSING:

He is so young and strong and of blood so pure that we need not defibrinate it. The brave lover, I think, deserve another kiss, which he shall have presently.

Van Helsing completes transfusion. Both Lucy and Arthur weak. Arthur gently kisses Lucy. Equipment is put away. Van Helsing checks Lucy.

\VAN HELSING:

You have saved her life this time, and you can go home and rest easy in mind that all that can be is. I shall tell her all when she is well; she shall love you none the less for what you have done. Good-bye.

Arthur exits. Seward turns to Van Helsing, anxious to be alone with his mentor.

SEWARD:

What do you make of that mark on her throat?

VAN HELSING:

What do you make of it?

SEWARD:

I can make nothing of it!

VAN HELSING:

I must go back to Amsterdam to-night. There are books and things there which I want. You must remain here all night, and you must not let your sight pass from her.

SEWARD:

Shall I have a nurse?

VAN HELSING:

We are the best nurses, you and I. You keep watch all night; see that she is well fed, and that nothing disturbs her. you must not sleep all the night. Later on we can sleep, you and I. I shall be back as soon as possible. And then we may begin.

SEWARD:

'May begin'? What on earth do you mean?

VAN HELSING:

We shall see. Remember, she is your charge. If you leave her, and harm befall, you shall not sleep easy hereafter.

Van Helsing exits. Seward enters room and approaches Lucy's bedside.

SEWARD:

You do not want to go to sleep?

LUCY:

No; I am afraid.

SEWARD:

Afraid to go to sleep! Why so? It is the boon we all crave for.

LUCY:

Ah, not if you were like me - if sleep was to you a presage of horror!

SEWARD:

A presage of horror! What on earth do you mean?

LUCY:

I don't know; oh, I don't know. And that is what is so terrible. All this weakness comes to me in sleep; until I dread the very thought.

SEWARD:

But, my dear girl, you may sleep to-night. I am here watching you, and I can promise that nothing will happen.

LUCY:

Ah, I can trust you!

SEWARD:

I promise you that if I see any evidence of bad dreams, I will wake you at once.

LUCY:

You will? Oh, will you really? How good you are to me! Then I will sleep! Now you must stay here. I shall leave this door open too. You can lie on the sofa for I know that nothing would induce any of you doctors to go to bed whilst there is a patient above the horizon. If I want anything I shall call out, and you can come to me.

Seward settles down on nearby couch. Fade-out. Fade-in on Van Helsing leaning over the sleeping form of Dr. Seward. Van Helsing is carrying doctor's bag, and plain brown bag.

VAN HELSING:

And how is our patient?

SEWARD:

Well, when I left her.

VAN HELSING:

Come, let us see.

Seward and Van Helsing approach Lucy's still form. White, wan, and gums pulled back from teeth, she looks dead.

VAN HELSING:

Gott in Himmel! Quick, bring the brandy! It is not too late! It beats, though but feebly. All our work is undone; we must begin anew. There is no young Arthur here now; I have to call on you yourself this time, friend John. Do not stir, but I fear that with growing strength she may wake; and that would make danger, oh, so much danger. But I shall precaution take. I shall give hypodermic injection of morphine. (withdraws blood from Seward) That will do.

SEWARD:

Already? You took a great deal more from Art.

VAN HELSING:

He is her lover, her fiancée. You have work, much work, to do for her and others; and the present will suffice. Mind, nothing must be said of this. If our young lover should turn up unexpected, as before, no word to him. It would at once frighten him and enjealous him too. There must be none. So! You are not much the worse. Go in the room, and lie on your sofa, and rest awhile; then have much breakfast, and come here to me.

Seward exits. Van Helsing picks up a large; bag that he brought with him. Approaches Lucy, who is now awake, with a huge bouquet of white flowers.

VAN HELSING:

These are for you, Miss Lucy.

LUCY:

For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!

VAN HELSING:

Yes, my dear, but not for you to play with. These are medicines. (Lucy makes wry face)

Nay, but they are not to take in a decoction or in nauseous form, so you need not snub that so charming nose, or I shall point out to my friend Arthur what woes he may have to endure in seeing so much beauty that he so loves so distort. Aha, my pretty miss, this is medicinal, but you do not know how. I put him in your window, I make pretty wreath, and hand him round your neck, so that you sleep well.

LUCY:

Oh, Professor, I believe you are only putting up a joke on me. Why, these flowers are only common garlic.

VAN HELSING:

No trifling with me! I never jest! There is grim purpose in all I do; and I warn you that you do not thwart me. Take care, for the sake of others if not for your own. But hush, no telling others that make so inquisitive questions. We must obey, and silence is a part of obedience; and obedience is to bring you strong and well in to loving arms that wait for you. Now sit awhile.

Lucy watches, as Van Helsing places a wreath of garlic on the window.

VAN HELSING:

Take care you do not disturb it; and even if the room feel close, do not to-night open the window or the door.

LUCY:

I promise, and thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to me! Oh, what have I done to be blessed with such friends!

VAN HELSING:

Tonight I can sleep in peace, and sleep I want. Tomorrow in the morning early I will stop by to see how our pretty miss is doing.

Van Helsing exits. Lucy picks up her diary from the bedside and starts writing aloud.

LUCY:

How good they all are to me. I quite love that dear Dr. Van Helsing. I wonder why he was so anxious about these flowers. He positively frightened me, he was so fierce. And yet he must have been right, for I feel comfort from them already. Somehow, I do not dread being alone to-night, and I can go to sleep without fear. I shall not mind any flapping outside the window. I never liked garlic before, but to-night it is delightful. There is peace in its smell; I feel sleep coming already. Good-night everybody.

SCENE II: ATTACK

Lucy's Bedroom. Lucy's mother, Mrs. Westenra, greets Van Helsing and Dr. Seward outside Lucy's door, confident in the knowledge that she alone knows what is best for her daughter.

WESTENRA:

You will be glad to know that my daughter, Lucy, is better. The dear child is still asleep. I looked into her room, and saw her, but did not go in, lest I should disturb her.

VAN HELSING:

A ha! I thought I had diagnosed the case. My treatment is working!

WESTENRA:

You must not take all the credit to yourself, doctor. Lucy's state this morning is due in part to me.

VAN HELSING:

How do you mean, ma'am?

WESTENRA:

Well, I was anxious about the dear child in the night, and went into her room. She was sleeping soundly - so soundly that even my coming didn't wake her. But the room was awfully stuffy. There were a lot of those strong-smelling flowers about everywhere, and she actually had a bunch of them round her neck. I feared that the heavy odor would be too much for the dear child in her weak state, so I took them all away and opened a bit of the window to let in a little fresh air. You will be pleased with her, I am sure.

Mrs. Westenra bustles from the room, pleased with herself. Van Helsing has turned pale, putting his hands before his face, and slumping in a chair.

VAN HELSING:

God! God! God! What have we done, what has this poor thing done, that we are so sore beset? This poor mother, all unknowing, and all for the best as she thinks, does such thing as lose her daughter body and soul; and we must not tell her, we must not even warn her, or she die of a weak heart, and then both die. Oh, how we are beset! How are all the powers of the devils against us! Come, come, we must see and act. Devils or no devils, or all the devils at once, it matters not; we fight him all the same.

Both enter Lucy's bedroom. Window is wide open, garlic flowers absent. Lucy is pale, has vampire marks, and looks bad. Seward gasps.

VAN HELSING:

As I expected.

SEWARD:

I am ready for a transfusion.

VAN HELSING:

No! To-day you must operate. I shall provide. You are weakened already.

Lights dim on action of transfusion - Seward administering blood to Van Helsing. Over action, Lucy's voice is heard, writing in her diary. Gradual fade-out through scene, ending with the last sentence in the dark.

LUCY:

Four days and nights of peace. I am getting so strong again that I hardly know myself. It is as if I had passed through some long nightmare and had just awakened to see the beautiful sunshine and feel the fresh air of the morning around me. I go to bed now without any fear of sleep. I do not even try to keep awake. I have grown quite fond of the garlic, and a boxful arrives for me every day from Haarlem. To-night, Dr. Van Helsing is going away, as he has to be for a day in Amsterdam. But I need not be watched; I am well enough to be left alone. Thank God for mother's sake, and dear Arthur's, and for all our friends who have been so kind I shall not even feel the change, for last night Dr. Van Helsing slept in his chair a lot of the time. I found him asleep twice when I awoke; but I did not fear to go to sleep again, although the boughs or bats or something flapped almost angrily against the window-panes.

Moment of quiet, Seward and Van Helsing exit, then scratching or flapping sound is heard in the dark. Garlic wreaths are placed, and window is shut. Lucy lights a candle, worried.

LUCY:

Is anybody there?

Sound of wolf howling outside window. Large bat is seen, beating wings against window. Mrs. Westenra enters.

WESTENRA:

I was uneasy about you, darling, and came in to see that you were all right.

Sound of flapping and scratching at window.

WESTENRA:

What is that!

Lucy tries to reassure her mother, when a low howl is heard from outside. Lucy stands up out of bed, when there is a crash at the window, glass flying. A large wolf head is seen sticking through the window, trying to get in. Mrs. Westenra panics, grabbing anything in sight. Clutches the garlic wreath about Lucy's throat. Points at wolf, then gurgles, and falls against Lucy, bouncing both of their heads and leaving Lucy confused. Wolf head retreats, leaving Mrs. Westenra dead. Lucy sobs, and places garlic wreath over her mother's breast. Howling is heard outside - anguished. Lucy crumples to the ground, hands over head, crouched protectively over the body of her dead mother.

SCENE III: DEATH

Lucy's Bedroom. Dr. Seward is running up to Lucy's room in haste. Tries doors and windows to Lucy's room in vain. Van Helsing enters and joins in the attempt to enter. Banging on doors and windows; shouting.

VAN HELSING:

Then it was you and just arrived. How is she? Are we too late?

SEWARD:

I lost not a minute in coming here.

VAN HELSING:

Then I fear we are too late. God's will be done! Come. If there be no way open to get in, we must make one. Time is all in all to us now.

Van Helsing and Seward use their combined strength to open the door. The scene they find is not pretty. Mrs. Westenra is laying in the same position from the last scene. Lucy is laying on top of her mother, neck exposed with the tell-tale vampire bites. Van Helsing takes Mrs. Westenra's pulse. Leans over Lucy's breast, listening. Leaps to his feet.

VAN HELSING:

It is not yet too late! Quick! Bring the brandy!

Seward runs out of the room, grabs decanter of brandy conveniently lying on a nearby table, and sniffs it to make sure it isn't poisoned. Van Helsing takes the brandy from Seward, disgusted, and rubs brandy on Lucy's lips, gums, wrists and palms of hands.

SEWARD:

This seems to be a stand-up fight with death.

VAN HELSING:

If that were all, I would stop here where we are now and let her fade away into peace, for I see no light in life over her horizon.

Lucy's lungs make a perceptible movement.

VAN HELSING:

The first gain is ours Check to the King!

Enter Quincey Morris. Typical American, wearing cowboy hat. Looks extremely out of place, sauntering in as if out of a long day on the range. With him is Arthur. They are obviously friends. Arthur rushes up to Van Helsing and Lucy, distraught.

QUINCEY:

What's going on in this here place?

SEWARD:

Quincey Morris! What brought you here?

QUINCEY:

I guess Art is the cause.

Quincey hands Seward a telegram, which Seward scans and reads aloud.

SEWARD:

"Have not heard from Seward for three days and am terribly anxious. Cannot leave. Father still in same condition. Send me word how Lucy is. Do not delay."

ARTHUR:

Father stabilized, and I decided to come here myself. Mr. Morris insisted on accompanying me.

QUINCEY:

I think we came in the nick of time. May I have a few words with you all to ourselves? John, I don't want to shove myself in anywhere where I have no right to be; but this is no ordinary case. You know I loved that girl, and wanted to marry her, and I know that you too, were in love with Lucy Westenra. What is wrong with her? Now I know well you medical men speak in camera, and that a man must not expect to know what they consult about in private. But this is not common matter. Is that not so?

SEWARD:

That is so.

QUINCEY:

I take it that both you and Van Helsing are in on it. Is that not so?

SEWARD:

That is so.

QUINCEY:

And I guess Art was in on it too. When I saw him four days ago down at his own place, he looked queer. I have not seen anything pulled down so quick since I was on the Pampas and had a mare that I was fond of go to grass all in a night. One of those big bats that they call vampires had got at her in the night, and, what with his gorge and the vein left open, there wasn't enough blood in her to let her stand up, and I had to put a bullet through her head as she lay. How long has this been going on?

SEWARD:

About ten days.

QUINCEY:

Ten days! Then I guess, John Seward, that poor pretty creature that we all love has had put into her veins within that time the blood of many strong men. Man alive, her whole body wouldn't hold it. Who took it out?

SEWARD:

That is the crux. Van Helsing is simply frantic about it, and I'm at my wits end. I can't even hazard a guess. There has been a series of little circumstances which have thrown out all our calculations as to Lucy properly watched but these shall not occur again. Here we stay until all be well - or ill.

QUINCEY:

Count me in. You and the Dutchman will tell me what to do, and I'll do it.

Seward returns to relieve Van Helsing. Lucy's canines have now been extended - she's clutching a bouquet of garlic flowers close. Light strikes Lucy's face.

VAN HELSING:

Draw up the blind; want light! Mein Gott!

Seward looks. Arthur and Quincey are huddled in a corner, trying to be out of the way. The wounds around Lucy's throat have entirely disappeared.

VAN HELSING:

She is dying. It will not be long now. It will be much difference, mark me, whether she dies conscious or in her sleep. Go bring Arthur - and let him come and see the last; he trusts us, and we have promised him.

SEWARD:

Come, my dear old fellow, summon all your fortitude; it will be best and easiest for her.

LUCY:

Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come!

Arthur stoops to kiss Lucy. Van Helsing physically restrains him.

VAN HELSING:

No, not yet! Hold her hand; it will comfort her more.

Arthur takes Lucy's hand. Lucy's breathing suddenly becomes hard, gums drawn back, eyes dull and hard. She has become a vampire.

LUCY:

Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come! Kiss me!

Arthur bends eagerly over Lucy. Van Helsing swoops down, taking Arthur by the neck, and hurls him across the room.

VAN HELSING:

Not for your life! Not for your living soul and hers!

Arthur upset with Van Helsing; Seward and Quincey quite confused. Spasm of rage flits across Lucy's face. Closes her eyes and breathes heavily. Short time passes. Opens eyes. No more vampire. Lucy takes Van Helsing's hand and kisses it.

LUCY:

My true friend. My true friend and his! Oh, guard him, and give me peace.

VAN HELSING:

I swear it! Come, my child, take her hand in yours, and kiss her on the forehead, and only once.

Arthur kisses Lucy. Parts. Lucy dies.

VAN HELSING:

It is all over. She is dead.

SEWARD:

Ah well, poor girl, there is peace for her at last. It is the end!

VAN HELSING:

Not so; alas! not so. It is only the beginning.

SCENE IV: BELIEF

Seward's Office. Van Helsing and Mina meet to talk about Lucy. Mina is dressed in black mourning clothes, with a wedding ring around her finger. Both are saddened by Lucy's death.

VAN HELSING:

Mrs. Harker, is it not? That was Miss Mina Murray? It is Mina Murray that I came to see that was friends of that poor child Lucy Westenra. Madam Mina, it is on account of the dead I come.

MINA:

Sir, you could have no better claim on me than that you were a friend and helper of Lucy Westenra.

VAN HELSING:

O Madam Mina, I knew that the friend of that poor lily girl must be good, but I had yet to learn -

MINA:

What is it that you wish to see me about?

VAN HELSING:

I have read your letters to Miss Lucy. Forgive me, but I had to begin to inquire somewhere, and there was none to ask. I know that you were with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary, and in that diary she traces by inference certain things to a sleep-walking in which she puts down that you saved her. In great perplexity then I come to you and ask you out of your so much kindness to tell me all of it that you remember.

MINA:

I can tell you, I think Dr. Van Helsing, all about it.

VAN HELSING:

Ah, then you have good memory for facts, for details? It is not always so with young ladies.

MINA:

No doctor, but I wrote it all down at the time. I can show it to you if you like.

VAN HELSING:

Oh, Madam Mina, I will be grateful; you will do me much favor.

Mina, mischievously, hands Van Helsing her diary, entirely written in shorthand.

VAN HELSING:

May I read it?

MINA:

If you wish.

VAN HELSING:

(scans briefly) Oh, you so clever woman! I long know that Mr. Jonathan was a man of much thankfulness; but see his wife have all the good things. And will you not so much humor me and so help me as to read it for me? Alas! I know not the shorthand.

MINA:

Forgive me. I could not help it; but I had been thinking that it was of dear Lucy that you wished to ask, and so that you might not have to wait - not on my account. But because I know your time must be precious - I have written it out on the typewriter for you.

VAN HELSING:

You are so good. And may I read it now? I may want to ask you some things when I have read.

MINA:

By all means, read it over.

Mina busies herself, straightening up the house. Van Helsing quickly scans the pages, then rushes to Mina taking both of her hands.

VAN HELSING:

Oh, Madam Mina, how can I say what I owe to you? This paper is as sunshine. It opens the gate to me. I am daze, I am dazzle, with so much light; Madam, if ever Abraham Van Helsing can do anything for you or yours, I trust you will let me know. There are darkness in life, and there are lights, you are one of the lights. You will have happy life and good life, and your husband will be blessed in you.

MINA:

But doctor, you praise me too much, and - and you do not know me.

VAN HELSING:

Not know you - I, who am old, and who have studied all me life men and women! I, who have made my specialty the brain and all that belongs to him and all that follow from him! And I have read your diary that you have so goodly written for me, and which breathes out truth in every line. I who have read your so sweet letters to poor Lucy of your marriage to Jonathan Harker and your trust, not know you! Your husband is noble nature, and you are noble too, for your trust, and trust cannot be where there is mean nature. And your husband - tell me of him. Is he quite well? Is all that fever gone, and is he strong and hearty?

MINA:

He was almost recovered, but he has been greatly upset by his boss, Mr. Hawkins's death.

VAN HELSING:

Oh yes, I know, I know. I have read your last two letters.

MINA:

I suppose this upset him, for when we were in town on Thursday last he had a sort of shock.

VAN HELSING:

A shock, and after brain fever so soon! That was not good. What kind of shock was it?

MINA:

He thought he saw someone who recalled something terrible, something which led to his brain fever. He repeated: "I believe it is the Count, but he has grown so young. My God, if this be so! Oh, my God! My God! If only I knew! If only I knew!"

Mina starts to get upset, remembering. Van Helsing helps her sit down.

VAN HELSING:

Husband Jonathan would not like to see you so pale; and what he like not where he love, is not to his good. Therefore, for his sake you must eat and smile. You have told me all about Lucy, and so now we shall not speak of it, lest it distress. I shall stay in Exeter tonight, for I want to think much over what you have told me, and when I have thought I will ask you questions, if I may. And then, too, you will tell me of husband Jonathan's troubles so far as you can.

MINA:

Dr. Van Helsing, what I have to tell you is so queer that you must not laugh at me or my husband.

VAN HELSING:

Oh, my dear, if you only knew how strange it is the matter regarding which I am here, it is you who would laugh. I have learned not to think little of anyone's belief, no matter how strange it be. I have tried to keep an open mind and it is not the ordinary things of life that could close it, but the strange things, the extraordinary things, the things that make one doubt if they be mad or sane.

MINA:

Thank you, thank you a thousand times! You have taken a weight off my mind. If you will let me, I shall give you a paper to read. It is long, but I have typewritten it out. It will tell

you my trouble, and Jonathan's. It is the copy of his journal when abroad, and all that happened. I dare not say- anything of it; you will read for yourself and judge. And then when I see you, perhaps, you will be very kind and tell me what you think.

Fade out. Voice-over by Van Helsing. Picture of Mina reading his response.

VAN HELSING:

Dear Madam Mina: I have read your husband's so wonderful diary. You may sleep without doubt. Strange and terrible as it is, it is true! I will pledge my life on it. It may be worse for others; but for him and you there is no dread. He is a noble fellow; and let me tell you from experience of men, that one who would do as he did in going down that wall and to that room is not one to be injured in permanence by shock. His brain and his heart are all right; this I swear, before I have even seen him; so be at rest. I shall have much to ask him of other things. I am blessed that to-day I come to see you, for I have much to learn all at once so much that again I am dazzle - dazzle more than ever, and I must think. Yours, the most faithful, Abraham Van Helsing.

Fade-in on Van Helsing and Jonathan. Jonathan is answering the door, surprised.

JONATHAN:

Dr. Van Helsing, I presume. I am Jonathan Harker. Mina's husband.

VAN HELSING:

But Madam Mina told me you were ill, that you had a shock.

JONATHAN:

I was ill, I have had a shock; but you have cured me already.

VAN HELSING:

And how?

JONATHAN:

By your letter to Mina last night. Doctor, you don't know what it is to doubt everything, even yourself. No you don't; you couldn't with eyebrows like yours.

VAN HELSING:

So! You are physiognomist. I learn more here with each hour. I have a great task to do, and at the beginning it is to know. You can help me here. Can you tell me what went on before your going to Transylvania? Later on I may ask more help, and of a different kind; but at first this will do.

JONATHAN:

Look here, sir, does what you have to do concern the Count?

VAN HELSING:

It certainly does.

JONATHAN:

Then I am with you heart and soul.

ACT IV: SERIOUS BUSINESS

SCENE I: UN-DEAD

The Graveyard. Van Helsing, Seward, Jonathan, Arthur and Quincey are all gathered outside the entrance to Lucy's tomb. Arthur looks solemn. Van Helsing and Seward are keeping something from the rest of the men: a large bag, filled with stake, screwdriver, holy sacrament, etc.

VAN HELSING:

I hope you will all come with me to the graveyard, (looking at Arthur in particular) for there is a grave duty to be done there. You were doubtless surprised at my letter?

ARTHUR:

I was. It rather upset me for a bit. There has been so much trouble around my house of late, what with father dying, and children disappearing, that I could do without any more. I have been curious, too, as to what you mean. Quincey and I talked it over; but the more we talked, the more puzzled we got, till now I can say for myself that I'm about up a tree as to any meaning about anything.

QUINCEY:

Me, too.

VAN HELSING:

Oh, then you are nearer the beginning, both of you, then friend Jonathan here, who has to go a long way back before he can even get so far as to begin. (turning to Quincey and Arthur) I want your permission to do what I think good this night.- It is, I know, much to ask; and when you know what it is I propose to do you will know, and only then, how much. Therefore, may I ask that you promise me in the dark, so that afterwards, though you may be angry with me for a time - I must not disguise from myself the possibility that such may be - you shall not blame yourselves for anything.

QUINCEY:

That's frank, anyhow. I'll answer for the Professor. I don't quite see his drift, but I swear he's honest; and that's good enough for me.

VAN HELSING:

I thank you, sir. I have done myself the honor of counting you one trusting friend, and such endorsement is dear to me (holds out his hand to Quincey).

ARTHUR:

Dr. Van Helsing, I don't quite like to 'buy a pig in a poke', as they say in Scotland, and if it be anything in which my honor as a gentleman or my faith as a Christian is concerned, I cannot make such a promise. If you can assure me that what you intend does not violate either of these two, then I give my consent at once; though, for the life of me, I cannot understand what you are driving at.

VAN HELSING:

I accept your limitations, and all I ask of you is that if you feel it necessary to condemn any act of mine, you will first consider it well and be satisfied that it does not violate your reservations.

ARTHUR:

Agreed! That is only fair. And now that the pourparlers are over, may I ask what it is we are to do? Why have you brought us to this graveyard?

VAN HELSING:

I want you to come with me, and to come in secret, to the tomb of poor Lucy Westenra.

ARTHUR:

And when there?

VAN HELSING:

To enter the tomb!

ARTHUR:

Professor, are you in earnest; or is it some monstrous joke? Pardon me, I see that you are in earnest. And when in the tomb?

VAN HELSING:

To open the coffin.

ARTHUR:

This is too much! I am willing to be patient in all things that are reasonable; but in this - this desecration of the grave - of one who - (choked with indignation)

VAN HELSING:

If I could spare you one pang, my poor friend, God knows I would. But this night our feet must tread in thorny paths; or later, and forever, the feet you love must walk in paths of flame

ARTHUR:

Take care, sir, take care!

VAN HELSING:

Would it not be well to hear what I have to say? And then you will at least know the limit of my purpose. Shall I go on?

QUINCEY:

That's fair enough.

VAN HELSING:

Miss Lucy is dead; is it not so? Yes! Then there can be no wrong to her. But if she be not dead...

ARTHUR:

Good God! What do you mean? Has there been any mistake; has she been buried alive?

VAN HELSING:

I did not say she was alive, my child; I did not think it. I go no further than to say that she might be Un-Dead.

ARTHUR:

Un-Dead! Not alive! What do you mean? Is this all a nightmare, or what is it?

VAN HELSING:

There are mysteries which men can only guess at, which age by age they may solve only in part. Believe me, we are now on the verge of one. But I have not done. May I cut off the head of dead Miss Lucy?

ARTHUR:

Heaven and earth, no! Not for the wide world will I consent to any mutilation of her dead body. Dr. Van Helsing, you try me too far. What have I done to you that you should torture me so? What did that poor, sweet girl do that you should want to cast such dishonor on her grave? Are you mad that speak such things, or am I mad that listen to them? Don't dare to think more of such a desecration; I shall not give my consent to anything you do. I have a duty to do in protecting her grave from outrage; and, by God, I shall do it!

VAN HELSING:

My Lord Godalming, I too, have a duty to do, a duty to others, a duty to you, a duty to the dead; and, by God, I shall do it (with grave, sweet pride) I gave what you gave: the blood of my veins! I gave it, I who was not like you, her lover, but only her physician and her friend. I gave to her my nights and days - before death, after death; and if my death can do her good even now when she is the dead Un-Dead, she shall have it freely.

ARTHUR:

Oh, it is hard to think of it, and I cannot understand; but at least I shall go with you and wait.

All proceed inside graveyard to Lucy's tomb. Van Helsing and Seward are carrying lanterns. Pause outside the door. Van Helsing drops his bag.

VAN HELSING:

(to Seward) You were with me here yesterday. Was the body of Miss Lucy in that coffin?

SEWARD:

It was.

VAN HELSING:

You hear, and yet there is one who does not believe with me.

All enter the tomb. Van Helsing takes out screwdriver from bag and pries open coffin. Arthur steps forward to look in. Recoils. Everyone else looks in. Van Helsing shines light in. Coffin is empty.

QUINCEY:

Professor, I answered for you. Your word is all I want. I wouldn't ask such a thing ordinarily. I wouldn't so dishonor you as to imply a doubt; but this is a mystery that goes beyond any honor or dishonor. Is this your doing?

VAN HELSING:

I swear to you by all that I hold sacred that I have not removed nor touched her. What happened was this: Two nights ago, my friend Seward and I came here - with good purpose, believe me. I opened that coffin, which was then sealed up, and we found it, as now, empty. We then waited and saw something white come through the trees. The next day we came here in daytime, and she lay there. Did she not, friend John?

SEWARD:

Yes.

VAN HELSING:

That night, we were just in time. One more so small child was missing, and we find it, thank God, unharmed amongst the graves. Yesterday I came here before sundown, for at sundown the Un-Dead can move. I waited here all the night till the sun rose, but I saw nothing. And so it is now we find this coffin empty. Wait you - with me outside, unseen and unheard, and things much stranger are yet to be. So (blows out lantern) now to the outside.

Van Helsing takes some wafers from his pocket and lays them between the crevice and door to the tomb. Everyone draws around Van Helsing, curious.

SEWARD:

What is that you are doing?

VAN HELSING:

I am closing the tomb so that the undead may not enter.

QUINCEY:

And is that stuff you have put there going to do it? Great Scott! Is this a game?

ARTHUR:

What is that which you are using?

VAN HELSING:

The Host. I brought it from Amsterdam. I have an Indulgence.

Everyone else is shocked at Van Helsing's abuse, yet they return to their original hiding places. After a long period, Van Helsing hisses and points to a white figure approaching the tomb. It is Lucy. As Stoker puts it, 'The sweetness was turned to adamantine, heartless cruelty, and the purity to voluptuous wantonness.' She has blood on her lips and is back fresh from a kill. She has a child clutched to her breast, which she flings down on the ground when she sees the men waiting for her. Child on ground in moaning.

LUCY:

(spots Arthur; still advancing) Come to me, Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you. Come, and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come!

Arthur seems under a spell, as he opens his arms up to Lucy. Van Helsing springs between them with a cross in his hand, causing Lucy to recoil and run to her tomb. Alas, she is unable enter, due to the sacrament placed there. She looks at men with utter hatred and malice- trapped between the cross and the tomb.

VAN HELSING:

Answer me, oh my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?

ARTHUR:

Do as you will, friend; do as you will. There can be no horror like this ever any more!

Quincey and Seward rush to Arthur, while Van Helsing removes the wafers. Lucy watches Van Helsing, snarls and vanishes into the tomb. Everyone follows her in. She is lying in the coffin.

ARTHUR:

Is this really Lucy's body, or only a demon in her shape?

VAN HELSING:

It is her body, and yet not is. But wait a while, and you shall see her as she was, and is. Friend Arthur, if you had met that kiss which you know of before poor Lucy die; or again, tonight, when you open your arms to her, you would in time, when you had died, have become nosferatu, as they call it in Eastern Europe, and would at time make more of those Un-Dead that so have filled us with horror. But, when this not Un-Dead be made to rest as true dead, then the soul of the poor lady whom we love shall again be free. Instead of working wickedness by night and growing more debased by day, she shall take her place with the other Angels. So that, my friend, it will be a blessed hand for her that shall strike the blow that sets her free.

Van Helsing looks at the men, judging.

VAN HELSING:

To this I am willing; but is there none amongst us who has a better right? Will it be no joy to think of hereafter in the silence of the night when sleep is not: 'It was by my hand that sent her to the stars; it was the hand of him that loved her best; the hand that of all she would herself have chosen, had it been to her to choose'? Tell me if there be such a one amongst us.

Everyone looks at Arthur. Arthur steps forward, bravely, hands trembling.

ARTHUR:

My true friend, from the bottom of my broken heart I thank you. Tell me what I am to do, and I shall not falter!

VAN HELSING:

Brave lad! A moment's courage, and it is done. This stake must be driven through her. It will be a fearful ordeal - be not deceived in that - but it will be only a short time, and you will then rejoice more than your pain was great; from this grim tomb you will emerge as though you tread on air. But you must not falter when once you have begun. Only think that we, your trusted friends, are round you, and that we pray for you all the time.

ARTHUR:

Go on, tell me what I am to do.

VAN HELSING:

Take this stake in your left hand, ready to place the point over the heart, and the hammer in your right. Then when we begin our prayer for the dead I shall read him, I have here the book, and the others shall follow strike in God's name, that so all may be well with the dead that we love, and that the Un-Dead pass away.

Arthur nods grimly and proceeds to enter the tomb. Lucy looks as she did before the sickness and death. The last rites are heard outside by Van Helsing. Arthur looks down, places the stake gently on her bosom, and drives it in. Lucy writhes and screams, while Arthur drives the stake deeper and deeper, almost as if he were thrusting himself into her - a bloody, awful death. Heavy rape imagery by a group of men to a lone woman. Arthur has a self-righteous look on his face. Lucy's screaming and writhing stops, orgasm reached, and Arthur drops the hammer. Van Helsing approaches. Lucy is lying at ease, bloody and dead. Van Helsing places his arm on Arthur's shoulder.

VAN HELSING:

And now, Arthur, my dear friend, dear lad, am I not forgiven?

ARTHUR:

Forgiven! God bless you that you have given my dear one her soul again, and me peace.

VAN HELSING:

And now, my child, you may kiss her. Kiss her dead lips if you will, as she would have you to, if for her to choose. For she is not a grinning devil now - not anymore a foul thing for all eternity. No longer she is the devil's Un-Dead. She is God's true dead, whose soul is with Him.

Arthur kisses Lucy one last time. Van Helsing and Seward saw off the top of the stake, leaving the pointed end imbedded in Lucy. They saw off her head, out of view, fill the mouth with garlic, and reseal the coffin. Van Helsing places a large chain and lock around the door and gives the key to Arthur.

VAN HELSING:

Now, my friends, one step of our work is done, one the most harrowing to ourselves. But there remains a greater task; to find out the author of all this our sorrow and to stamp him out. I have clues which we can follow; but it is a long task, and difficult, and there is

danger in it, and pain. Shall you not all help me? We have learned to believe, all of us - is it not so? And since so, do we not see our duty? Yes! And do we not promise to go on to the bitter end?

Everyone, in turn, takes Van Helsing's hand.

SCENE 2: COMFORT

Seward's Room; Renfield's Cell. Mina and Arthur are gathered around a large table. Arthur is reading Mina's journal.

ARTHUR:

Did you write all this, Mrs. Harker? I don't quite see the drift of it; but you people are all so good and kind, and have been working so earnestly and energetically, that all I can do is to accept your ideas blindfold and try to help you. I have had one lesson already in accepting facts that should make a man humble to the last hour of his life. Besides, I know you loved my poor Lucy *(covers face with hands. Mina sits down beside him, comfortingly)*

MINA:

I loved dear Lucy, and I know what she was to you; and what you were to her. She and I were like sisters; and now she is gone, will you not let me be like a sister to you in your trouble? I know what sorrows you have had, though I cannot measure the depth of them. If sympathy and pity can help in your affliction, won't you let me be of some service - for Lucy's sake?

Arthur grows hysterical, standing, and sitting again. finally lays head on Mina's shoulder and bursts out in tears. Mina comforts Arthur.

ARTHUR:

I know now how I suffered, but I do not know even yet - and none other can ever know - how much your sweet sympathy has been to me today. I shall know better in time; and believe me that, though I am not ungrateful now, my gratitude will grow with my understanding. You will let me be like a brother, will you not, for all our lives - for dear Lucy's sake?

MINA:

For dear Lucy's sake.

ARTHUR:

Aye, and for your own sake, for if a man's esteem and gratitude are ever worth the winning, you have won mine today. If ever the future should bring to you a time when you need a man's help, believe me, you will not call in vain. God grant that no such time may ever come to you to break the sunshine of your life; but if it should ever come, promise me that you will let me know.

MINA:

I promise.

Arthur leaves room. Quincey enters and plops himself down next to Mina.

QUINCEY:

How is Art? Ah, I see you have been comforting him. Poor old fellow! He needs it. No one but a woman can help a man when he is in trouble of the heart; and he had no one to comfort him.

MINA:

I wish I could comfort all who suffer from the heart. Will you let me be your friend, and will you come to me for comfort if you need it? You will know, later on, why I speak.
(bends to kiss him)

QUINCEY:

Little girl, you will never regret that true-hearted kindness, so long as ever you live.

Mina stands up resolutely and exits. Meets Seward outside in hallway.

MINA:

Dr. Seward, may I ask a favor? I want to see your patient, Mr. Renfield. Do let me see him. What you have said of him in your diary interests me so much!

SEWARD:

For you, my dear. *(escorts Mina to Renfield's cell calls through the bars on window to Renfield)*

SEWARD:

Renfield, a lady would like to see you today.

RENFIELD:

Why?

SEWARD:

She is going through the house and wants to see everyone in it.

RENFIELD:

Oh, very well, let her come in, by all means; but just wait a minute till I tidy up the place *(takes boxes of spiders and flies and dumps them down his throat)*. Let the lady come in

MINA:

Good evening, Mr. Renfield. You see, I know you, for Dr. Seward has told me of you.

RENFIELD:

You're not the girl the doctor wanted to marry, are you? You can't be, you know, for she's dead.

MINA:

Oh no! I have a husband of my own, to whom I was married before I ever saw Dr. Seward, or he me. I am Mrs. Harker.

RENFIELD:

Then what are you doing here?

MINA:

My husband and I are staying on a visit with Dr. Seward.

RENFIELD:

Then don't stay.

MINA:

But why not?

SEWARD:

How did you know I wanted to marry anyone?

RENFIELD:

What an asinine question!

MINA:

I don't see that at all, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD:

You will, of course, understand, Mrs. Harker, that when a man is so loved and honored as our host is, everything regarding him is of interest in our little community . Dr. Seward is loved not only by his household and his friends, but even by his patients, who, being some of them hardly in mental equilibrium, are apt to distort causes and effects. Since I myself have been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, I cannot but notice that the sophistic tendencies of some of its inmates lean towards the errors on non-causae and ignorationelenchi.

Seward looks properly surprised. And uneasy.

RENFIELD:

Why, I myself am an instance of a man who had a strange belief. Indeed, it was no wonder that my friends were alarmed, and insisted on my being put under control. I used to fancy that life was a positive and perpetual entity, and that by consuming a multitude of live things, no matter how low in the scale of creation, one might indefinitely prolong life. At time, I held the belief so strongly that I actually tried to take human life. The doctor here will bear me out that on one occasion I tried to kill him for the purposes of strengthening my vital powers by the assimilation with my own body of his life through the medium of his blood - relying, of course, upon Scriptural phrase, 'For the blood is the life.' Though, indeed, the vendor of a certain nostrum has vulgarized the truism to the very point of contempt. Isn't that true, Doctor?

Seward nods in amazement. Glances at his watch.

SEWARD:

Mrs. Harker, it's time to leave.

MINA:

Good-bye, and I hope I may see you often under auspices pleasanter to yourself.

RENFIELD:

Good-bye, my dear. I pray God I may never see your sweet face again. May He bless and keep you!

Seward escorts Mina out the door. Mina exits, and Seward joins up with Van Helsing, who has been waiting outside.

VAN HELSING:

Ah, friend John, how goes all? Well? I have been busy, for I come here to stay if need be. All affairs are settled with me, and I have much to tell. Madam Mina was with you? Yes. Ah, that wonderful Madam Mina! She has a man's brain - a brain that a man should have, were he much gifted - and a woman's heart. The good God fashioned her for a purpose, believe me, when he made that so good combination.

SEWARD:

I agree with you heartily. The house Dracula bought is the very next one to my own.

VAN HELSING:

Oh that we had known it before! For then we might have reached him in time to save poor Lucy. We shall not think of that but go on our way.

SCENE 3: SANITY

Seward's Meeting Room; Renfield's Cell. Van Helsing, Mina, Seward, Jonathan, Quincey and Arthur are gathered about a table. Mina is sitting next to Van Helsing, taking notes.

VAN HELSING:

I may, I suppose, take it that we are all acquainted with the facts that are in these papers. Then it were, I think, good that I tell you something of the kind of enemy with which; we have to deal. There are such beings as vampires; some of us have evidence that they exist. Even had we not the proof of our own unhappy experience, the teachings and records of the past give proof enough for sane peoples. I admit that at the first I was skeptic. Were it not that through long years I have train myself to keep an open mind, I could not have believe until such time as what fact thunder on my own ear.

Van Helsing looks around the room.

VAN HELSING:

My friends, this is much; it is a terrible task that we undertake, and there may be consequence to make the brave man shudder. For if we fail in this our fight, he must surely win. Life is nothings; I heed him not. But to fail here, is not mere life or death. It is that we become as him; that we henceforth become foul things of the night like him - without heart or conscience, preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best. But we are face to face with duty; and in such cases must we shrink? For me, I say no; but then I am old, and life, with his sunshine, his fair places, his song of birds, his music, and his love, lie far behind. You others are young. Some have seen sorrow; but there are fair days yet in store. What say you?

Mina and Jonathan have taken hands, looking into each other's eyes tenderly.

JONATHAN:

I answer for Mina and myself.

QUINCEY:

Count me in, Professor.

ARTHUR:

I am with you for Lucy's sake, if for no other reason.

Dr. Seward nods his head. Van Helsing holds up a cross. All people join hands in the middle of the table to seal the promise.

VAN HELSING:

Il we have to go upon are traditions and superstitions: The vampire can live on, and cannot die by mere passing of the time; he can flourish when that he can fatten on the blood of the living. He can see in the dark - no small power this, in a world which is one half shut from the light. He can do all these things, yet he is not free. Nay, he is even more prisoner than the slave of the galley, than the madman in his cell. He may not enter anywhere at the first, unless there be someone of the household who bid him to come; though afterwards he can come as he please. His powers ceases, as does that of all evil things, with the coming of the day. Then there are things which so afflict him that he has no power, as the garlic that we know of; and as for things sacred, as this symbol, my crucifix, that was amongst us even how we resolve, to them he is nothing, but in their presence he take his place far off and silent with respect.

During this speech, Quincey stares intensely out the window. Perhaps, outline of bat is seen a window, scratching/beating sound gently heard. At this point, he leaves the room. Van Helsing notices, but continues.

VAN HELSING:

And now we must settle what we do. We have here much data, and we must proceed to lay out our campaign. We know from the inquiry of Jonathan that from the castle to Whitby came many boxes of earth, all of which were delivered at Carfax; we also know that at least some of these boxes have been removed. It seems to me, that our first step should be to ascertain whether all the rest remain in the house beyond that wall where we look to-day; or whether any more have been removed. If the latter, we must trace

A shot reverberates. Mina shrieks, and everyone jumps to their feet. Arthur runs to the window and throws it open. Quincey's voice is heard from outside.

QUINCEY:

(voice) Sorry! I fear I have alarmed you. I shall come in and tell you about it.

Quincey re-enters the room

QUINCEY:

It was an idiotic thing of me to do, and I ask your pardon, Mrs. Harker, most sincerely; I fear I must have frightened you terribly. But the fact is that whilst the Professor was talking there came a big bat and sat on the window-sill. I have got such a horror of the damned brutes from recent events that I cannot stand them, and I went out to have a shot, as I have been doing of late of evenings whenever I have seen one. You used to laugh at me for it then, Art.

VAN HELSING:

Did you hit it?

QUINCEY:

I don't know; I fancy not, for it flew away into the wood.

VAN HELSING:

We must trace each of these boxes, and when we are ready, we must either capture or kill this monster in his lair; or we must, so to speak, sterilize the earth, so that no more he can seek safety in it. Thus in the end we may land him in his form of man between the hours of noon and sunset and so engage with him when he is at his most weak.

(Turns to Mina) And now for you, Madam Mina, this night is the end until all be well. You are too precious to us to give such risk. When we part tonight, you no more must question. We shall tell you all in good time. We are men, and are able to bear; but you must be our star and our hope, and we shall act all the more free that you are not in the danger, such as we are.

All the men nod in agreement. Mina opens her mouth to complain, then shuts it and nods her head, doubtfully.

QUINCEY:

As there is not time to lose, I vote we have a look at his house right now. Time is everything with him; and swift action on our part may save another victim.

The men stand up and leave, leaving Mina still sitting at the table, resigned, looking over her notes. Fade out on Mina - lights in hallway. Outside, all the men have gathered. An attendant rushes up to Dr. Seward with a message.

ATTENDANT:

Sir, sorry to bother you at this time, but Renfield insists that you receive this message.

SEWARD:

Now this is peculiar. This is a note from Renfield, asking if I would see him at once as he has something of the utmost importance to say to me.

ATTENDANT:

He seems very importunate, sir. I have never seen him so eager. I don't know but what, if you don't see him soon, he will have one of his violent fits.

SEWARD:

All right; I'll go now.

VAN HELSING:

Take me with you, friend John. His case in your diary interests me much, and it had bearing, too, now and again on our case. I should much like to see him, and especial when his mind is disturbed.

ARTHUR:

May I come also?

QUINCEY:

Me too?

Seward nods his consent, leading them to Renfield's cell. Renfield is, indeed, in a state of great agitation, pacing back and forth, nervously watching the door for Seward's arrival.

RENFIELD:

You must release me at once from the asylum and send me home. I have completely recovered my sanity. I appeal to your friends; they will, perhaps, not mind sitting in judgment on my case. By the way, you have not introduced me.

SEWARD:

Lord Godalming; Professor Van Helsing; Mr. Quincey Morris, of Texas; Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD:

Lord Godalming, I had the honor of seconding your father at the Windham; I grieve to know, by your holding the title, that he is no more. Mr. Morris, you should be proud of your great state. Its reception into the Union was a precedent which may have far reaching effects hereafter, when the Pole and the Tropics may hold allegiance to the Stars and the Stripes. What shall any man say of his pleasure at meeting Van Helsing? When an individual has revolutionized therapeutics by his discovery of the continuous evolution of brain-matter, conventional forms are unfitting, since they would seem to limit him to one of a class.

Everyone is suitably impressed with Renfield's knowledge.

RENFIELD:

You gentlemen, who by nationality, by heredity, or by the possession of natural gifts, are fitted to hold your respective places in the moving world, I take to witness that I am as sane as at least the majority of men who are in full possession of their liberties. And I am sure that you, Dr. Seward, humanitarian and medicojurist as well as scientist, will deem it a moral duty to deal with me as one to be considered as under exceptional circumstances.

Van Helsing, Seward, Quincey and Arthur all register surprise. Seward looks about ready to agree but then changes his mind.

SEWARD:

You do indeed seem to be improving very rapidly, Renfield; will have a longer chat with you in the morning and see what I can do in the direction of meeting your wishes.

RENFIELD:

But I fear, Dr. Seward, that you hardly apprehend my wish. I desire to go at once - here - now - this very hour - this very moment, if I may. Time presses, and in our implied agreement with the old scytheman it is of essence of the contract. I am sure it is only necessary to put before so admirable a wish, to ensure its fulfillment

Renfield stares intensely into Seward's face - not finding what he wants. This is a desperate man; he knows he will die tonight if he's not released. Looks pleadingly at everyone else.

RENFIELD:

Is it possible that I have erred in my supposition?

SEWARD:

You have.

RENFIELD:

Then I suppose I must only shift my ground of request. Let me ask for this concession - boon, privilege, what you will. I am content to implore in such a case, not on personal grounds, but for the sake of others. Could you look, sir, into my heart, you would approve to the full the sentiments which animate me. May more, you would count me amongst the best and truest of friend.

VAN HELSING:

Can you not tell us frankly your real reason for wishing to be free tonight? I will undertake that if you will satisfy even me - a stranger, without prejudice, and with the habit of keeping an open mind - Dr. Seward will give you, at his own risk and on his own responsibility, the privilege you seek.

Renfield shakes his head slowly, with regret. The hold of Dracula is strong.

VAN HELSING:

Come sir, bethink yourself. You claim the privilege of reason in the highest degree, since you seek to impress us with your complete reasonableness. You do this, whose sanity we have reason to doubt, since you are not yet released from medical treatment for this very defect. If you will not help us in our effort to choose the wisest course, how can we perform the duty which you yourself put upon us? Be wise, and help us, and if we can we shall aid you to achieve your wish.

RENFIELD:

Dr. Van Helsing, I have nothing to say. Your argument is complete, and if I were free to speak I should not hesitate a moment; but I am not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me.

SEWARD:

Come, my friends, we have work to do. Good-night.

RENFIELD:

Let me entreat you, Dr. Seward, oh, let me implore you, to let me out of this house at once! Send me away how you will; send keepers with me with whips and chains; let them take me in a strait-waistcoat, manacled and leg-ironed, even to a gaol; but let me go out of this! You from the depths of my heart - of my very soul. You don't know whom you wrong, or how; and I may not tell. Woe is me! Dear - (to Arthur) by your love that is lost - (to Jonathan) you your hope that lives - (to Van Helsing) for the sake of the Almighty, take me out of this and save my soul from guilt! Can't you hear me, man?

Can't you understand? Will you never learn? Don't you know that I am sane and earnest now; that I am no lunatic in a mad fit, but a sane man fighting for his soul? Oh, hear me! hear me! Let me go! let me go! let me go!

SEWARD:

Come, no more of this; we have had quite enough already. Get to your bed and try to behave more discreetly.

Renfield stops, looks at Seward intently. Stands, goes and sits on bed, staring out the window, silently. Van Helsing, Quincey, and Arthur start to file out. As Seward, who is last departs, Renfield speaks.

RENFIELD:

You will, I trust, Dr. Seward, do me the justice to bear in mind, later on, that I did what I could to convince you tonight.

SCENE 4: INTRUSION

Mina's Bedroom. Mina is sitting at her desk, in her night robe, writing another entry in her journal. Action and sound effects are occurring simultaneously. Red light from lamp in corner of room.

MINA:

I can't quite remember how I fell asleep last night. I remember hearing the sudden barking of the dogs and a lot of queer sounds, like praying on a very tumultuous scale, from Mr. Renfield's room, which is under this. And then there was silence over

everything, silence so profound that it startled me, and I got up and looked out of the window.

(Mina stands, and approaches window)

All was dark and silent, the black shadows thrown by the moonlight seeming full of a silent mystery of their own. Not a thing seemed to be stirring, but all to be grim and fixed as death or fate, so that a thin streak of white mist that crept with almost imperceptible slowness across the grass towards the house, seemed to have a life of its own.

(turns back to journal and desk)

I thought that I was asleep, and waiting for Jonathan to come back. I was very anxious about him, and I was powerless to act; my feet, and my hands, and my brain were weighted, so that nothing could proceed at the usual pace.

(approaches bed, lies down)

And so I slept uneasily and thought. Then it began to dawn upon me that the air was heavy, and dank, and cold.

(sits up; leaves bed. Cue: fog)

I put back the clothes from my face, and found, to my surprise, that all was dim around me. The gas-light which I had left lit for Jonathan, but turned down, came only . like a tiny red spark through the fog, which had evidently grown thicker and poured into the room.

The mist grew thicker and thicker, and I could see now how it came in, for I could see it like smoke - or with the white energy of boiling water - pouring in, not through the window, but through the joining of the door.

(Mina focuses on point in room, as if seeing Dracula there)

It got thicker and thicker, till it seemed as if it became concentrated into a sort of pillar and cloud in the room, through the top of which I could see the light of the gas shining like a red eye.

(pauses; resumes writing in journal)

Suddenly the horror burst upon me that it was thus that Jonathan had seen those awful women growing into reality through the whirling mist in the moonlight, and in my dream I must have fainted, for all became black darkness. The last conscious effort which imagination made was to show me a livid white face bending over me in the mist.

SCENE 5: BETRAYAL

Renfield's Cell. Attendant burst into library where Seward is writing in his journal. Seward looks up, inquisitively.

ATTENDANT:

Dr. Seward, Renfield has met with a terrible accident!

Seward starts; runs to Renfield's cell. Renfield is lying on the floor in a pool of blood. Apparently, he has suffered some great accident. Face a mass of bruises, body at awkward angle.

ATTENDANT:

I think, sir, his back is broken. See, both his right arm and leg and the whole side of his face are paralyzed. I can't understand the two things. He could mark his face like that by beating his own head on the ground. I saw a young woman do it once at the Eversfield Asylum before anyone could lay hands on her. And I suppose he might have broke his back falling out of bed, if he got in an awkward kink. But for the life of me, I can't imagine how the two things occurred. If his back was broke, he couldn't beat his head; and if his face was like that before the fall out of bed, there would be marks on it.

SEWARD:

Go to Dr. Van Helsing, and ask him to kindly come here at once. I want him without an instants delay.

Attendant leaves, returning with Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING:

Ah, a sad accident! He will need very careful watching, and much attention. I shall stay with you myself; send the attendant away. We must be alone with him when he becomes conscious, after the operation.

SEWARD:

I think that will do now, Simmons. We have done all that we can at present. You had better go your round, and Dr. Van Helsing will operate. Let me know instantly if there be anything unusual anywhere.

ATTENDANT:

Yes, sir. *(exits)*

VAN HELSING:

We must reduce the pressure and get back to normal conditions, as far as can be; the rapidity of the suffusion shows the terrible nature of his injury. The whole motor area seems affected. The suffusion of the brain will so we must trephine at once or it may be too late.

Van Helsing takes out trepanning equipment. Starts preparing Renfield's head for the operation. Tapping at the door. Enter Arthur and Quincey, both in pajamas.

ARTHUR:

I heard your man call up Dr. Van Helsing and tell him of an accident. So I woke Quincey, or rather called for him as he was not asleep. Things are moving too quickly and too strangely for sound sleep for any of us these times. I've been thinking that tomorrow night will not see things as they have been. We'll have to look back - and forward a little more than we have done. May we come in?

Seward nods, holds door open for both, and closes it.

QUINCEY:

My God! What had happened to him? Poor, poor devil!

VAN HELSING:

We shall wait just long enough to fix the best spot for trepanning so that we may most quickly and perfectly remove the blood clot; for it is evident that the hemorrhage is increasing. There is no time to lose. His words may be worth many lives; I have been thinking so, as I stood here. It may be there is a soul at stake! We shall operate just above the ear.

RENFIELD:

I'll be quiet, Doctor. Tell them to take off the strait-waistcoat. I have had a terrible dream, and it has left me so weak that I cannot move. What's wrong with my face? It feels all swollen, and it smarts dreadfully.

VAN HELSING:

Tell us your dream, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD:

That is Dr. Van Helsing. How good it is of you to be here. Give me some water, my lips are dry; and I shall try to tell you. I dreamed - (starts to faint)

SEWARD:

The brandy - it is in my study - quick!

Quincey exits, returning with the brandy.

RENFIELD:

I must not deceive myself; it was no dream, but all a grim reality. If I were not sure already, I would know from them. Quick, doctor, quick. I am dying! I feel that I have but a few minutes; and then I must go back to death - or worse. Wet my lips with brandy again. I have something that must say before I die; or before my poor crushed brain dies, anyhow.

(Seward offers Renfield brandy)

RENFIELD:

Thank you. It was after you left me. I couldn't speak then, for I felt my tongue was tied; but I was as sane then, except in that way, as I am now. I was in an agony of despair for a long time after you left me; it seemed hours. Then there came a sudden peace to me. My brain seemed to become cool again, and I realized where I was. I heard the dogs bark behind our house, but not where He was!

VAN HELSING:

Go on.

RENFIELD:

He came up to the window in the mist, as I had seen him often before; but he was solid then - not a ghost, and his eyes were fierce like a man's when angry. He was laughing with his red mouth; the sharp, white teeth glinted in the moonlight when he turned to look back over the belt of trees, to where the dogs were barking. I wouldn't ask him to come in at first, though I knew he wanted to - just as he had wanted all along. Then he began promising me things - not in words but by doing them.

VAN HELSING:

How?

RENFIELD:

By making them happen; just as he used to send in the flies when the sun was shining. Great big fat ones with steel and sapphire on their wings; and big moths, in the night, with skull and cross-bones on their backs.

VAN HELSING:

The Acherontia atropos of the Sphinges - what you call the 'Death's-head moth!'

RENFIELD:

Then he began to whisper: 'Rats, rats, rats ! Hundreds, thousands, millions of them, and every one a life; and dogs to eat them, and cats too. All lives! I thought He seemed to be saying: "All these lives will I give you, aye, and many more and greater, through countless ages, if you will fall down and worship me!" And then a red cloud like the color of blood, seemed to close over my eyes; and before I knew what I was doing, I found myself opening the sash and saying to Him: 'Come in, Lord and Master'. The rats were all gone, but He slid into the room through the sash, though it was only open an inch wide - just as the Moon herself has often come in through the tiniest crack, and has stood before me in all her size and splendor.

VAN HELSING:

(to Seward) Let him go on. Do not interrupt him; he cannot go back, and my be could not proceed at all if once he lost the thread of his thoughts.

RENFIELD:

All day I waited to hear from him, but he did not send me anything, not even a blow-fly, and when the moon got up I was pretty angry with him. When he slid through the window, though it was shut, and did not even knock, I got mad with him. He sneered at me, and his white face looked out of the mist with his red eyes gleaming, and he went on as though he owned the whole place, and I was no one. He did not even smell the same as he went by me. I couldn't hold him. I thought that, somehow, Mrs. Harker had come in the room.

Quincey and Arthur move closer. Van Helsing begins quivering.

RENFIELD:

When Mrs. Harker came in to see me this afternoon she wasn't the same; it was like tea after the teapot had been watered.

Everyone looks nervously at each other, and at Mina's room.

RENFIELD:

I didn't know she was here until she spoke; and she didn't look the same. I don't care for the pale people; I like them with lots of blood in them, and hers had all seemed to run out. So when he came in tonight, I was ready for Him. I saw the mist stealing in, I grabbed it tight. I had heard that madmen have unnatural strength; and I know I was a madman - at times, anyhow - I resolved to use my power. Aye, and He felt it too, for He had to come out of the mist to struggle with me. I held him tight; and I thought I was going to win, for I didn't mean Him to take any more of her life, till I saw His eyes. They burned into me, and my strength became water. He slipped through it, and when I tried to cling to Him, He raised me up and flung me down. There was a red cloud before me, and a noise like thunder, and the mist seemed to steal away under the door (Renfield slumps back into pile)

VAN HELSING:

We know the worst now. He is here, and we know his purpose. It may not be too late. Let us be armed - the same as we were the other night but lose no time; there is not an instant to spare.

SCENE 6: SEDUCTION

Mina's Bedroom. Van Helsing, Seward, Quincey, and Arthur burst into the room. Jonathan is lying on the bed by the window, asleep. His face is flushed, and he is having a hard time breathing. Mina is kneeling in the middle of the room. Dracula is holding both of Mina's arms in his left hand, while shoving her face down on his bosom with his right hand. Dracula's shirt has been torn open, and there is a gash on his chest that he is trying to get Mina to drink from. As Stoker puts it, "his attitude of the two had a terrible

resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink."
The Count turns to face the men when they enter and bares his blood-soaked teeth to them. He flings Mina forcefully onto the bed.

Van Helsing takes out a cross. Dracula reacts violently, cowering back. Cowers until he comes to a window and then disappears into a black cloud. Arthur and Quincey run out of the room. Everyone turns to Mina, who is pale and has red blood trailing from her mouth to her nightgown. Mina starts to scream. Places her head in her hands, wails with grief. Van Helsing pulls covers over her.

VAN HELSING:

Jonathan is in a stupor such as we know the vampire can produce. We can do nothing with poor Madam Mina for a few moments till she recovers herself; I must wake him!

Van Helsing flicks water onto Jonathan. He starts to groan. Mina turns to him, with her hands outstretched and instantly draws them in again, putting her elbows together and hands covering her face, shuddering and shaking head.

JONATHAN:

In God's name what does this mean? Dr. Seward, Dr. Van Helsing, what is it? What has happened? What is wrong? Mina, dear, what is it? What does that blood mean? My God, my god! Has it come to this? Dr. Van Helsing, you love Mina, I know. Oh, do something to save her. It cannot have gone too far yet. Guard her while I look for him!

MINA:

No! no! Jonathan, you must not leave me. I have suffered enough tonight, God knows, without the dread of his harming you. You must stay with me. Stay with these friends who will watch over you!

VAN HELSING:

Do not fear, my dear. We are here; (holds up crucifix) and whilst this is close to you no foul thing can approach. You are safe for tonight; and we must calm and take counsel together.

Mina lets her head fall. Notices the blood dripping from her lips.

MINA:

Unclean, unclean! I must touch him or kiss him no more. Oh, that it should be that it is I who am not his worst enemy, and whom he may have most cause to fear.

Enter Arthur and Quincey, looking depressed.

JONATHAN:

Nonsense, Mina. It is a shame to me to hear such a word. I would not hear it of you; and I shall not hear it from you. May God judge me by my desserts, and punish me with more bitter suffering than ever come between us! And now, Dr. Seward, tell me all about it. Too well I know the broad fact; tell me all that has been.

Seward sits on the other side of Jonathan, speaking quietly, so as not to startle him. Van Helsing approaches Quincey and Seward.

VAN HELSING:

What did you see or do?

ARTHUR:

I could not see him anywhere in the passage, or in any of our rooms. I looked in the study but, though he had been there, he had gone. He had, however - (looks at Mina, pityingly)

VAN HELSING:

Go on, friend Arthur. We want here no more concealments. Our hope now is knowing all. Tell freely

ARTHUR:

He had been there, and though it could only have been for a few seconds, he made rare hay of the place. All the manuscripts had been burned, and the blue flames were flickering amongst the white ashes; the cylinders of your phonograph too were thrown on the fire, and the wax had helped the flame.

SEWARD:

Thank God there is the other copy in the safe!

ARTHUR:

I ran down stairs then, but could see no sign of him. I looked into Renfield's room; but there was no trace there except...

JONATHAN:

Go on.

ARTHUR:

...except that the poor fellow is dead.

MINA:

God's will be done!

VAN HELSING:

And you, friend Quincey, have you any to tell?

QUINCEY:

A little. It may be much eventually, but at the present I can't say. I thought it well to know if possible, where the Count would go when he left the house. I did not see him; but I saw a bat rise from Renfield's window, and flap westward. I expected to see him in some shape go back to Carfax; but he evidently sought some other lair. He will not be back tonight; for the sky is reddening in the east, and the dawn is close. We must work tomorrow.

VAN HELSING:

And now, Madam Mina - poor, dear, dear Madam Mina - tell us exactly what happened. God knows that I do not want that you be pained; but it is need that we know all. For now more than ever has all work to be done quick and sharp, and in deadly earnest. The day is close to us that must end all, if it may so be; and now is the chance that we may live and learn.

MINA:

I took the sleeping draught which you had so kindly given me, but for a long time it did not act. Well, I say I must try to help the medicine to its work with my will, if it was to do me any good, and I resolutely set myself to sleep. Sure enough, sleep must soon have come to me, for I remember no more. Jonathan coming in had not waked me, for he lay by my side when I next remember.

All the action on stage freezes as Mina relives her experience. This will be acted to, while Mina continues on heedlessly.

MINA:

There was in the room the same thin white mist that I had before noticed. I turned to wake Jonathan, but found that he slept so soundly that it seemed as if it was he who had taken the sleeping draught, and not I. This caused me great fear, and I looked around terrified. Then, indeed, my heart sank with me: beside the bed, as if he had stepped out of the mist - or rather as if the mist had turned into his figure, for it had entirely disappeared - stood a tall thin man, all in black.

(enter Dracula)

I knew him at once from the description of the others. For an instant my heart stood still, and I would have screamed out, only that I was paralyzed. In the pause he spoke in a sort of keen, cutting whisper, pointing as he spoke to Jonathan.

DRACULA:

Silence! If you make a sound I shall take him and dash his brains out before your very eyes.

Dracula crosses to Mina, placing his hand on her shoulder. Holding her tight, he bares her throat with the other.

DRACULA:

First, a little refreshment to reward my exertions. You may as well be quiet; it is not the first time, or the second, that your veins have appeased my thirst!

MINA:

Oh, my God, my God, pity me!

Dracula places lips on Mina's throat. Mina is swooning, seduced. Feeds for a long time. When he finally withdraws, his lips are fresh with blood.

DRACULA:

And so you, like the others, would play your brains against mine. You would help these men to hunt me and frustrate me in my designs! You know now, and they know in part already, and will know in full before long, what it is to cross my path. They should have kept their energies for use closer to home. Whilst they played wits against me - against me who commanded nations, and intrigued for them, and fought for them, hundreds of years before they were born - I was countermanding them. And you, their best beloved one, are now to me, flesh of my flesh; blood of my blood; kin of my kin; and shall be later on my companion and my helper. You shall be avenged in turn; for not one of them but shall minister to your needs. But as yet you are to be punished for what you have done. You have aided in thwarting me; now you shall come to my call. When my brain says 'Come!' to you, you shall cross land or sea to do my bidding; and with that end thirst

(pulls open shirt; takes fingernail and gashes at his own breast. Holds Mina in same position as start of scene).

Dracula flees; Mina returns to the men, finishing the story.

MINA:

When his blood began to spurt out, he took my hands in one of his, holding them tight and with the other seized my neck and pressed my mouth to the wound, so that I must either suffocate or swallow some of the - Oh my God! my God What have I done? What have I done to deserve such a fate, I who have tried to walk in meekness and righteousness all my days. God pity me! Look down on a poor soul in worse than mortal peril; and in mercy pity those to whom she is dear! (starts rubbing lips frantically).

SCENE 7: SCARRING

Seward's Place. Mina, Van Helsing, Seward, Jonathan, Quincey, and Arthur are gathered around the table, trying to figure out how best to proceed. Jonathan and Mina are sitting; Jonathan has his arm comfortingly around Mina.

MINA:

There must be no more concealment. Alas! we have had too much already. And besides, there is nothing in all the world that can give me more pain than I have already endured - than I suffer now! Whatever may happen, it must be of new hope or of new courage to me!

VAN HELSING:

But dear Madam Mina, are you not afraid; not for yourself, but for others from yourself, after what has happened?

MINA:

Ah no! For my mind is made up

VAN HELSING:

To what!

MINA:

Because if I find in myself - and I shall watch keenly for it - a sign of harm to any that I love, I shall die.

VAN HELSING:

You would not kill yourself?

MINA:

I would; if there were no friend who loved me, who would save me such a pain, and so desperate an effort!

VAN HELSING:

My child, there is such an one if it were for your good. For myself, I could hold it in my account with God to find such an euthanasia for you, even at this moment if it were best. Nay, were it safe! But my child - there are here some who would stand between you and death. You must not die. You must not die by any hand; but least of all by your own. Until the other, who has fouled your sweet life, is true dead you must not die; for if he is still with the quick Un-dead, your death would make you even live, though death would seem a boon unspeakable.

MINA:

I promise you, my dear friend, that if God will let me live, I shall strive to do so; till, if it may be in His good time, this horror may have passed away from me.

SEWARD:

My dear, you are to have all the papers or diaries and phonographs we might hereafter use; and to keep the record as you have done before.

VAN HELSING:

Today, then, is ours; and in it rests our hope. The sun that rose on our sorrow this morning guards us in its course. Until it sets tonight, that monster must retain whatever form he now has. He is confined within the limitations of his earthly envelope. He cannot melt into thin air nor disappear through cracks or chinks or crannies.

JONATHAN:

Listen, sir! Minutes and seconds so preciously laden with Mina's life and happiness are flying from us, since whilst we talk, action is possible.

VAN HELSING:

Nay, friend Jonathan, in this, the quickest way home is the longest way, so your proverbs say. We shall all act, and act with desperate quick, when the time has come. But think, in all probable the key of the situation is in that house in Piccadilly. The Count may have many houses purchase, keys and other things. He will have paper that he write on; he will have his book of cheques. There are many belongings that he must have somewhere; why not in this place so central, so quiet, where he come and go by the front or back at all hour, when in the very vast of the traffic there is none to notice? We shall go there and do what our friend Arthur call, in his phrases of hunt, 'stop the earth and so we run down our old fox- so? Is it not?

ARTHUR:

I can be of some use here. I shall wire to my people to have horses and carriages where they will be most convenient.

QUINCEY:

(to Arthur) Look here, old fellow, it is a capital idea to have all ready in case we want to go horseback riding; but don't you think that one of your snappy carriages with its heraldic adornments in a byway of Walworth or Mile-End would attract too much attention for our purposes? It seems to me that we ought to take cabs when we go south or east; and even leave them somewhere near the neighborhood we are going to.

VAN HELSING:

Friend Quincey is right! His head is what you call in plane with the horizon. It is a difficult thing that we go to do, and we do not want no peoples to watch us if so it may.

JONATHAN:

I wish to stay here and protect Mina.

MINA:

My last hope is that you all work together. As for me, I have no fear. Things have been as bad as they can be; and whatever may happen must have in it some element of hope or comfort. Go my husband! God can, if He wishes it, guard me as well alone as with any one present.

JONATHAN:

Then in God's name let us come at once, for we are losing time. The Count may come to Piccadilly earlier than we think!

VAN HELSING:

Not so!

JONATHAN:

But why?

VAN HELSING:

Do you forget that he banqueted heavily, and will sleep later?

Mina clutches her face with her hands and begins moaning again. Van Helsing is horrified about forgetting and tries to comfort her.

VAN HELSING:

Oh Madam Mina! Dear, dear Madam Mina, alas! that I of all who so reverence you, should have said anything so forgetful. These stupid old lips of mine and this stupid old head do not deserve so; but you will forget it, will you not?

MINA:

No, I shall not forget, for it is well that I remember; and with it I have so much in memory of you that is sweet, that I take it all together. Now, you must all be going soon. Breakfast is ready, and we must all eat that we may be strong.

VAN HELSING:

My dear friends, we go forth to our terrible enterprise. Are we all armed, as we were on that night when first we visited our enemy's lair; armed against ghostly as well as carnal attack?

All the men nod.

VAN HELSING:

Then it is well. Now, Madam Mina, you are in any case quite safe here until the sunset; and before then we shall return - if - we shall return! But before we go let me see you are armed against personal attack. I have myself, since you came down, prepared your chamber by the placing of the things of which we know, so that He may not enter. Now let me guard yourself.

(shuffles through bag - takes out a wafer)

On your forehead I touch this piece of Sacred Wafer in the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost

As Van Helsing places the wafer on Mina's forehead, she screams as though it were white-hot metal; Jonathan quickly stands up. Van Helsing takes the wafer away, and there is a severe burn on her forehead. Mina sinks to the floor, on her knees, and pulls the hair over her face.

MINA:

Unclean! Unclean! Even the Almighty shuns my polluted flesh! I must bear this mark of shame upon my forehead until the Judgment Day.

Jonathan sinks beside her and places his arms around her.

VAN HELSING:

It may be that you have to bear that mark till God himself see fit, as He most surely shall, on the Judgment Day to redress- all wrongs of the earth and of his children that He has places thereon. And oh, Madam Mina, my dear, my dear, may we who love you be there to see, when that red scar, the sign of God's knowledge of what has been, shall pass away and leave your forehead as pure as the heart we know. For so surely as we live, that scar shall pass away when God sees right to lift the burden that is hard upon us. Till then, we must bear our Cross, as His Son did in obedience to His will.

ACT V: FINALE

SCENE 1: PURIFYING

Dracula's Home in Carfax. Room is dusty, neglected with decay. Van Helsing, Arthur, Jonathan and Quincey start to search the place for papers and information. They come across several boxes filled with soil. Van Helsing is carrying the same bag he used at Lucy's grave.

VAN HELSING:

And now, my friends, we have a duty here to do. We must sterilize this earth, so sacred of holy memories, that he has brought from a far distant land for such fell use. He has chosen this earth because it has been holy. Thus we defeat him with his own weapon, for we make it more holy still. It was sanctified to such use of man, now we sanctify it to God.

Van Helsing takes a screwdriver and wrench from his bag, prying open the earth. Takes a piece of Sacred Wafer, lays it on the earth, then closes the coffin and seals it. Everyone does likewise with their box.

VAN HELSING:

So much is already done. If it may be that with all the others we can be so successful, then the sunset of this evening may shine on Madam Mina's forehead all white as ivory and with no stain.

ARTHUR:

Let us proceed to the next point. Quincey and I will find a locksmith. (to Jonathan) You had better not come with us in case there should be any difficulty; for under the circumstances it wouldn't seem so bad for us to break into an empty house. But you are a solicitor, and the Incorporated Lay Society might tell you that you have known better.

Jonathan demurs - wants to be part of the action.

QUINCEY:

Besides, it will attract less attention if there are not too many of us.

ARTHUR:

My title will make it all right with the locksmith, and with any policeman that may come along.

Quincey and Arthur exit. Van Helsing, Seward, and Jonathan are sitting in building, waiting for the signal.

VAN HELSING:

I have studied, over and over again since they came into my hands, all the papers relating to this monster; and the more I have studied, the greater seems the necessity to utterly stamp him out. He was in life a most wonderful man. There was no branch of knowledge of his time that he did not essay. Well, in him the brain powers survived the physical death; though it would seem that the memory was not all complete. He is experimenting, and doing it well; and if it had not been that we have crossed his path he would be yet - he may be yet if we fail - the father or futherer of a new order of beings whose road must lead through Death, not Life.

JONATHAN:

And this is all arrayed against my darling! But how is he experimenting? The knowledge may help us to defeat him!

VAN HELSING:

He has all along, since his coming, been trying his power, slowly, but surely. For us, it is, as yet, a child-brain; for had he dared, at the first, to attempt certain things he would

long ago have been beyond our power. However, he means to succeed, and a man who has centuries before him can afford to wait and to go slow.

JONATHAN:

I fail to understand. Oh, do be more plain to me Perhaps grief and trouble are dulling my brain.

VAN HELSING:

Ah, my child, I will be plain. Do you not see how, of late, this monster has been creeping into knowledge experimentally. How he has been making use of the zoophagous patient to effect his entry into friend John's home; for your Vampire, though in all afterwards he can come when and how he will, must at the first make entry only when asked thereto by an inmate . But these are not his most important experiments. All the time, that so great child-brain of his was growing, and he began to consider whether he might not have himself move the box, instead of the people he hire. And so he progress, and he scatter these graves of him; and none but he know where they are hidden. He may have intend to bury them deep in the ground. So that he only use them in the night, or at such time as he change his form, they do him equal well; and none may know these are his hiding place! But do not despair: this knowledge come to him just too late! Already all of his lairs but one be sterilize as for him; and before the sunset this shall be so. Then he have no place where he can move and hide.

Knock on the door. Telegram. Van Helsing rips it open and quickly reads it aloud.

VAN HELSING:

"Look out for D. He has just now, 12:45, come from Carfax hurriedly and hastened towards the south. He seems to be going the round and may want to see you: Mina"

JONATHAN:

Now, God be thanked, we shall soon meet!

VAN HELSING:

God will act in His own way and time. Do not fear, and do not rejoice as yet; for what we wish for at the moment may be our undoing.

JONATHAN:

I care for nothing now, except to wipe out this brute from the face of creation. I would sell my soul to do it!

VAN HELSING:

The time is coming for action; today this vampire is limit to the powers of man, and 'til sunset he may not change. It will take him time to arrive here - see it is twenty minutes past one - and there are yet some times before he can hither home, be he so quick. What we must hope for is that my Lord Arthur and Quincey arrive first.

Knock on door. Everyone freezes. Van Helsing opens it to find Quincey and Arthur.

ARTHUR:

It is all right. We found both places; six boxes in each, and we destroyed them all.

VAN HELSING:

Destroyed?

ARTHUR:

For him!

QUINCEY:

There's nothing to do but wait here. If, however, he doesn't turn up by five o'clock, we must start off; for it won't do to leave Mrs. Harker alone after sunset.

VAN HELSING:

He will be here before long. Believe me, my friends, we shall not have long to wait now. We should have ready some plan of attack, so that we may throw away no chance. Hush! There is no time now. Have all your arms! Be ready.

Sound of key being inserted in lock. Everyone tenses. Quincey gestures places for everyone to go. Sounds of steps approaching door. Dracula enters room, running past the men. Jonathan jumps in front of the door. Everyone, except Dracula, seems confused. Jonathan takes out a knife and leaps at Dracula: cutting a long bit of his cloak. Bank notes and gold coins fall onto the floor. Dracula is now angry. Seward advances on Dracula, crucifix in hand and outstretched. Dracula is very angry. Dashes to his money, grabs a handful, and turns towards the window.

DRACULA:

You think to baffle me, you- with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher. You shall be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest; but I have more. My revenge is just begun! I spread it over centuries, and time is on my side. Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine - my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed.

(Dracula exits. Sound of lock on door)

VAN HELSING:

We have learned something - much! Notwithstanding his brave words, he fears us; he fears time, he fears want! For if not, why he hurry so? His very tone betray him, or my ears deceive. Why take that money? Let us go back to Madam Mina - poor, poor dear Madam Mina. All we can do just now is done; and we can there, at least, protect her. But we need not despair. There is but one more earth-box, and we must try to find it; when that is done all may be well.

SCENE 2: SLEEPTALKING

Harker's Bedroom. Jonathan is asleep. Mina wakes with a start, a red mark plainly visible on her forehead. She sits up in bed. Jonathan wakes up.

MINA:

Hush! There is someone in the corridor!

Jonathan tiptoes over to the door. Opens it to find Quincey, sprawled on mattress blocking door.

QUINCEY:

Hush! Go back to sleep; it is all right. One of us will be here all night. We don't mean to take any chances.

Jonathan returns to bed. Mina sighs and places her arm around Jonathan.

MINA:

Oh, thank God for good brave men! *(strange emotions flicker across face)* Go call the Professor. I want to see him at once!

JONATHAN:

Why?

MINA:

I have an idea. I suppose it must have come in the night and matured without my knowing it. He must hypnotize me before the dawn, and then I shall be able to speak. Go quick, dearest; the time is getting close.

Jonathan starts to exit. Quincey rises.

QUINCEY:

Is anything wrong?

JONATHAN:

No, but Mina wants to see Dr. Van Helsing at once.

QUINCEY:

I will go.

Leaves. Returns with Van Helsing, clothed in nightshirt. Van Helsing is smiling.

VAN HELSING:

Oh, my dear Madam Mina, this is indeed a change. See, friend Jonathan, we have got our dear Madam Mina as of old, back to us today! And what am I to do for you? For at this hour you do not want me for nothings.

MINA:

I want you to hypnotize me! Do it before the dawn, for I feel that then I can speak, and speak freely. Be quick, for the time is short!

Van Helsing makes a couple of passes in front of Mina, hypnotizing her. Mina's eyes gradually close; she remains still.

VAN HELSING:

Where are you?

MINA:

I do not know. Sleep has no place it can call its own.

VAN HELSING:

Where are you now?

MINA:

It is all strange to me!

VAN HELSING:

What do you see?

MINA:

I see nothing; it is all dark.

VAN HELSING:

What do you hear?

MINA:

The lapping of water. It is gurgling by, and little waves leap. I can hear them on the outside.

VAN HELSING:

Are you on a ship?

Quincey and Jonathan glance at each other, worried.

MINA:

Oh, yes!

VAN HELSING:

What else do you hear?

MINA:

The sound of men stamping overhead as they run about. There is the creaking of a chain, and the loud tinkle as the check of the capstan falls into the ratchet.

VAN HELSING:

What are you doing?

MINA:

I am still - oh. so still. It is like death!

Mina awakens with a start. Looks around at the men.

MINA:

Have I been talking in my sleep?

VAN HELSING:

There is not a moment to lose: it may not be yet too late!

(Quincey and Jonathan make a dash for the door)

VAN HELSING:

Stay, my friends. That ship wherever it was, was weighing anchor whilst she spoke. We have been blind somewhat; blind after the matter of men, since when we can look back we see what we might have seen looking forward if we had been able to see what we might have seen! Alas! but that sentence is a puddle; is it not? We can know now what was in the Count's mind. He meant escape. Hear me, ESCAPE! He saw that with but one earth-box left, and a pack of men following like dogs after a fox, this London was no place for him. He has taken his last earth-box on board a ship, and he leaves the land. He thinks to escape, but no! we follow him. See, and the sun is just risen, and all day to sunset is to us. Let us take bath, and dress, and have breakfast which we all need, and which we can eat comfortably since he is not in the same land with us.

MINA:

But why need we seek him further, when he is gone away from us?

VAN HELSING:

Because, my dear, dear Madam Mina, now more than ever must we find him even if we have to follow him to the jaws of Hell

MINA:

But why?

VAN HELSING:

Because he can live for centuries and you are but a mortal woman. Time is not to be dreaded - since once he put that mark upon your throat.

MINA:

You must take me with you. I am safer with you, and you shall be safer too.

VAN HELSING:

But why, dear Madam Mina? You know that your safety is our solemnest duty. We go in danger, to which you are, or may be, more liable than any of us from - from circumstances - things that have been...

MINA:

I know. That is why I must go. I can tell you now, whilst the sun is coming up; I may not be able again. I know that when the Count wills me I must go. I know that if he tells me to come in secret, I must come by wile; by any device to hoodwink - even Jonathan. You men are brave and strong. you are strong in your numbers, for you can defy that which would break down the human endurance of one who had to guard alone. Besides, I may be of service, since you can hypnotize me and so learn that which even I myself do not know.

VAN HELSING:

Madam Mina, you are, as always, most wise. You shall come with us; and together we shall do that which we go forth to achieve. Tell us what you see with those bright eyes.

MINA:

The Count is a criminal and of criminal type. Nordass and Lombroso would so classify him, and qua criminal he is of imperfectly formed mind. Thus, in a difficulty he has to seek resources in habit. His past is a clue, and the one page of it that we know - and from his own lips - tells that once before, when in what Mr. Morris would call a 'tight

place', he went back to his own country from the land he had tried to invade, and thence, without losing purpose, prepared himself for a new effort. He came again, better equipped for his work; and won. So he came to London to invade a new land. He was beaten, and when all hope of success was lost, and his existence in danger, he fled back over the sea to his home.

VAN HELSING:

Then we go to Transylvania!

SCENE 3: FINALE

Transylvania. A carriage is in the middle of the stage, containing a coffin with Dracula and driven by gypsies. Mina and Professor Van Helsing are off to the side, watching the action, surrounded by a magic circle. Quincey, Jonathan, Arthur and Seward are nearer the carriage.

Quincey and Jonathan rush the front of the carriage, Arthur and Seward the back. The gypsies in struggle, putting up a fight, swearing and shaking fists at the Englishmen in Romanian. Mina has drawn her pistol during the action, while Van Helsing holds a stake in his hand. The three vamps come running and screaming out of nowhere. Mina fires her pistol at each, killing them while Van Helsing stakes them as they lay on the ground.

Jonathan and Quincey call out to the carriage drivers. The remaining gypsies draw out firearms and weapons, and start to slash, shoot, and fight, desperately protecting the Count. Quincey is mortally wounded during this time. Seward and Arthur take Jonathan and Quincey's place. Jonathan leaps in the carriage. Working frantically, he flings open the coffin. Quincey, clutching his side, joins Jonathan in the carriage. Working together, Jonathan stabs Dracula in the throat and Quincey stabs Dracula in the heart. Dracula emits high pitched screams, yet, before crumbling to dust, has a look of peace on his face.

The gypsies turn and flee. Mina and Jonathan run to each other holding hands. Quincey collapses on the ground, unnoticed. Joyful reunion.

QUINCEY:

(pressing side, which is bleeding - he is dying) I am only too happy to have been any service! Oh God! It was worth for this to die! Look! look!

Sunlight filters onto Mina's face: her forehead is unscarred. All the men whisper "Amen!" under their breath.

QUINCEY:

Now God be thanked that all has not been in vain! See! The snow is not more stainless than her forehead! The curse has passed away! (Quincey dies)

Lights slowly dim on the carnage as everyone exits, except the five dead bodies of Dracula, Quincey, and three Vamps.

JONATHAN:

(voice) "Seven years ago we all went through the flames; and the happiness of some of us since then is, we think, well worth the pain we endured. It is an added joy to Mina and to me that our boy's birthday is the same day as that on which Quincey died. His mother holds, I know, the secret belief that some of our brave friends spirit had passed into him. His bundle of names links all our little band of men together; but we call him Quincey.

"In the summer of this year we made a journey to Transylvania, and went over the old ground which was, and is, to us so full of vivid and terrible memories. When we got home we got to talking of the old time- which we could all look back on without despair, for Godalming and Seward are both happily married.

"We were struck by the fact, that in all the mass of material of which the record of our experiences with the Count is composed, there is hardly one authentic document; nothing but a mass of typewriting, except the later notebooks of Mina and Seward and myself, and Van Helsing's memorandum. We could hardly ask anyone, even did we wish to, to accept these as proofs of so wild a story. Van Helsing summed it all up as he said, with our boy on his knee.

VAN HELSING:

(voice) We want to proofs; we ask none to believe us ! This boy will some day know what a brave and gallant woman his mother is. Already he knows her sweetness and loving care; later on he will dare understand how some men so loved her, that they did dare much for her sake.