

LUCY *(The snoring of the waiter enters, carrying a tray with a book in front of Renfield, but does not see it. The waiter exits.) In 1897, at age fifty, Bram Stoker published the book that would, in time, become his definitive work. In doing so, he made me. And he gave to me a name: Renfield. And, he gave me something more. Something that so many of you wish for, pray for, beg for — and, yet, will never attain. Immortality. (He smiles a bit. Sips his wine. His expression changes.) I have never forgiven him that. (Renfield lifts the cover of the platter, revealing — A large, brown rat ... still alive. Music. Sound of manic laughter and screaming. Renfield lifts the squirming rat by the tail and dangles it above his head, lowering it down into his mouth, as — Three Attendants, in white coats, rush on and grab Renfield. As he is yanked up out of his chair, he is also yanked out of his tuxedo, revealing his gray/green asylum clothes. This happens as — The curtain opens, and — Renfield is yanked away.)*

MINA *(The rat half-appears in his mouth, as — music crescendos, then stops abruptly, as lights shift to — Lucy's Room. Sunset. A bed and a large window are prominent. Long, thick black drapes frame the window. Mina sits on the edge of the bed, holding a business notebook. Lucy sits in the middle of the bed, listening to Mina. Sound of a clock ticking.)*

MINA And that way, after we are married, I'll be able to serve as Jonathan's stenographer —

LUCY Mm hm.

MINA I will write down his thoughts in shorthand —

LUCY Mm hm.

MINA Then, later, transcribe them onto a typewriter — and therefore be of great help to him in his work as a solicitor.

LUCY How fascinating. *(Lucy gradually stands on the bed, behind Mina. Mina does not notice, referring still to her notebook.)*

MINA He is keeping a journal of his business trip abroad —

LUCY A journal? Really? *(Lucy has pulled a sheet up from the bed and is wearing it as a cape. Mina remains unaware.)*

MINA Yes, in shorthand. And, when he returns I shall put my new training to work.

LUCY I see. *(Lucy stands behind Mina, looking down at her threateningly.)*

MINA I've been practicing very hard. Shorthand is a more difficult art than many people realize. It requires a — *(Lucy whips her "cape" over Mina, and pounces on her.)*

LUCY Be mine be mine forever! *(Mina screams, then they both begin laughing and giggling as they roll around on the bed. Lucy is tickling Mina.)*

MINA Lucy, stop it —

LUCY I won't stop till you put an end to all this talk of shorthand and journals and business —

MINA I haven't seen you in months. I thought you'd —

LUCY So don't talk to me of numbers and letters. Tell me about your heart.

MINA My heart is resolute.

LUCY Forget your heart. Tell me of your body. Tell me what thoughts of Jonathan do to your skin and your blood and your bones —

MINA Lucy, you're shameful —

LUCY Then shame me. You're my one true girlfriend. You alone can talk to me of the things that dare not leave this room. *(Lucy touches Mina's face, tenderly.)* Please. *(Silence. Mina stares at her.)* Very well. You've become a practical young woman, about to marry a man who leaves you cold.

MINA No. Not cold. *(Smiles a bit.)* Not cold at all. *(Lucy moves in closer to her.)* Sometimes I think of his touch and my hands tremble. My lips become wet. I can feel my heart beating in my throat.

LUCY *(A devilish, delicious smile.)* Oh, Mina ...

MINA He's only been gone a week, and already I ache for him. *(A shaft of light rises on Harker, wearing a coat. On the ground next to him are his valise, and briefcase. His spirit is buoyant. Faint sound of a bell tolling, trees rustling.)* When a letter arrives from him, his words make my hopes sing.

HARKER My darling Mina, I write to you from the heart of the Carpathian Mountains. I am spending the night in Bisritz, at a fine hotel recommended by my client, the Count. Tomorrow, he'll send a carriage for and we'll begin our work at his castle. I'm told this region, known as Transylvania, is one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. How

is my fondest wish. If your heart was free, a year might have hope. But in the world of hope, I give you something far stronger and eternally wise. I give you the love of a man. And, whatever the need of it shall be yours for me to ask. (Pause.) And in you, if I might have a remembrance. Something like your mirror, which has held my face as vividly as I. (She lifts the small mirror and hands it to Seward.) She looks in his eyes. She leans forward and kisses him gently, on the lips. He closes his eyes. She looks at him. He opens his eyes, speaks softly.) That kiss, sweet Lucy, that will be something to keep off the darkness. (He steps back, looks at her ... then leaves, taking the mirror with him. Lucy cries and rushes to the window, looking out, as — Lights isolate Seward, alone, opposite. He takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves, speaking with precision and calm.) That is done, then. We have been rebuffed. The world is empty. There is nothing worth doing. Fortunately, there is one way in which a lost love can be reengaged: at the hand of one's work. (He screams with a manic intensity.) RENFIELD! (He rushes across the stage and arrives at — Renfield's cell. The asylum. Renfield is busily making notations in a crude notebook, as he quickly counts the numerous tiny lunatic life forms in his cell. He is always chained at the ankle unless otherwise noted. A sparrow flies around inside a crude birdcage. Two Attendants are nearby. One reads a newspaper. One is asleep.) RENFIELD. (To himself.) Yes good yes yes good yes very good yes good good yes very good yes ... (As Renfield continues, Seward rushes up to the Attendants, who straighten up, immediately.) SEWARD. How is he?
ATTENDANT ONE. Quite well, sir.
ATTENDANT TWO. On his best behavior.
ATTENDANT ONE. Not a thing out of the ordinary. (Intensed, Seward throws them out of his way.) SEWARD. I told you to keep him to his madness! How can I study him if you allow him to revert to his sanity? (Before they can answer —) GET OUT OF MY SIGHT. (The Attendants rush, as — Seward approaches Renfield, who does not look up.) RENFIELD. You've been crying.
SEWARD. What?
RENFIELD. Mind your step. There is life there.

SEWARD. The spiders have nearly doubled.
RENFIELD. I lure them, I house them, the world feeds on the carcass of itself, may I smell you? Please please. (Seward steps back.) Salt, I think. Salt and perfume. You, too, have been in the presence of life. (Renfield instantly smashes his open palm against Seward's chest.) SEWARD. For god's sake — (Renfield pulls his palm away and peels a large, dead fly from Seward's shirt. Holds it up.) RENFIELD. And life tastes good, doesn't it Johnny? (Renfield eats the fly. Seward watches, though it disgusts him.) SEWARD. You've trained the sparrow, I see.
RENFIELD. Yes, a good bird, that. Why won't she marry you?
SEWARD. What are you talking about?
RENFIELD. I should brood if I were you. I should brood and think of sporadic killings. (Quickly back to his notebook.) Yes yes good yes good yes very good yes yes ... (Seward watches him for a moment, then steps toward him.) SEWARD. But, why, Renfield? Why the eating of flies and spiders?
RENFIELD. I have a great love for animals.
SEWARD. No evasions today, I'm not of a mood. Now, again —
RENFIELD. They are life. And they give life to me. I absorb it through them, blood running into blood.
SEWARD. (Reaching out his hand.) And the notebook?
RENFIELD. (Holding the notebook tightly to his chest.) NO.
SEWARD. You must have a plan of some kind.
RENFIELD. NO.
SEWARD. First the flies, then the spiders, then the sparrow. you have a PLAN —
RENFIELD. NO.
SEWARD. I shall solve you, Renfield. You are a life-eating maniac and I shall solve the secret of your mind! I am not afraid of the world's rampant complacency. To question is to discover. Men sneered at vivisection, and yet look at its results today! Why not, therefore, advance science in its most difficult and vital aspect — the BRAIN? (Seward looks at him.) JUST ONE LUNATIC, I might advance my own branch of sci-

Dracula
Lucy

... *Dracula* seems, upstart.] It howls again. Lucy head still does not seem to see the wolf. She throws the window wide open. The sound of waves crashing is heard. Lucy takes off her robe and casts it out the window, into the sea. As she does this, the wolf's eyes [perhaps] begin to glow red. Then, still stupidly, still sleepwalking ... Lucy closes the window. As she does this, the wolf's head slowly rises. The red eyes vanish. Lucy takes hold of one side of the drape — and pulls it closed. She then takes hold of the other side of the black drapes and pulls it — but it is, in fact — *Dracula's* arm. She is now engulfed in his arms.]

DRACULA. Good evening. (Lucy screams, coming instantly awake.) Don't be frightened.

LUCY. MOTHER!

DRACULA. Your mother is indisposed. As are the servants.

LUCY. MINA, HELP ME!

DRACULA. And Miss Mina, too, is gone. We're alone, sweet Lucy. (He releases her. She backs away from him, slowly, covering a spot on her neck with her hands.) Your friend, Dr. Seward, has examined your blood and found it to be rich and healthy. (He flicks his lips.) I share his diagnosis. (Music, as — Lucy rushes to the window and throws it open. Instantly, *Dracula* points to the window — and it seems shut, of its own accord. Lucy pounds against the window, crying. Then, exhausted, she turns back to him, terrified.)

LUCY. What are you? What do you want of me? (He approaches her slowly, calmly.)

DRACULA. I want your fear. For your fear, like a current, rushes through your body. Your fear makes your heart pound, it renders your veins rich and full. Your fear hemorrhages deliciously within you. (He is leaning over her. He speaks softly, and very kindly.) Do what I'm thinking. (Her eyes transfixed on his, she slowly pulls back her long red hair ... exposing her neck. Offering it to him. He lowers his mouth to her neck very slowly, like a quiet kiss. He bites her, very gently, once ... making her body tense and shiver. He lifts his head and looks in her eyes. She looks up at him. In the distance, we begin to see hundreds of pairs of red eyes, glowing in the darkness.) It's only a dream, Lucy. You've been sleepwalking again. And dear Mina shall keep your secret.

When you wake, you shall remember only the cry of a wolf, and the crash of the sea. (He looks down at her neck, a shiver. Then ... in one ravenous motion ... he hurls his head down onto her neck — lights instantly snap out, as — Lucy screams, and, simultaneously, we hear Renfield scream from the darkness — as he rises on — Renfield's cell. He is now chained at the wrist [as well as the ankle] to the walls/bars of his cell. He screams, wildly, struggling to get free.)

RENFELD. I AM HERE, MASTER! I AM HERE TO DO YOUR BIDDING! NOW THAT YOU ARE NEAR, I AWAIT YOUR COMMANDS! (Seward rushes in.)

SEWARD. Renfield, what is it?

RENFELD. (Paying Seward no mind.) AND I PRAY YOU: DO NOT PASS ME BY, DEAR MASTER —

SEWARD. (Overlapping slightly.) Who are you talking to —?

RENFELD. WHEN YOU DISTRIBUTE YOUR GLORIOUS

TIDINGS, PLEASE, DO NOT PASS ME BY! (In an instant, Renfield turns to Seward, cheerfully, as though nothing whatsoever had happened.) You're out late.

SEWARD. What, yes, listen to me now —

RENFELD. And though she's promised to another, you keep watch. You maintain an avid readiness.

SEWARD. I am not —

RENFELD. But, we can wait, can't we Johnny? Clever men that we are. We can wait for the riches to fill our cup. (An instant rage, looking up.) DO NOT FORGET ME! (An instant, lucid calm, back to Seward.) We are one man, Johnny. We host a common longing. You await her deep mysteries, as I await my Master's gifts.

SEWARD. (Going into the cell.) I will SOLVE YOU, Renfield. I shall unearth the mad logic of your mind. Now, I demand to know: WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

RENFELD. We are men at the mercy of angels. (An attendant rushes in.)

ATTENDANT. Dr. Seward —

SEWARD. Not now —

ATTENDANT. It's Miss Lucy, sir. She's — (And before the attendant can finish, Seward is out of the room. The attendant turns

Dracula
Lucy

SEWARD. (Looking at the equipment.) I've never seen such instruments.

VAN HELSING. The ghastly paraphernalia of our beneficial trade. (Giving him a cloth doused in alcohol.) Swab your arm with this. (Seward does as told, as Van Helsing does the same to Lucy's arm. During the following, Van Helsing inserts the transfusion device into their arms, connecting them via a long, thin tube — then turns a lever on a small pump which begins the transfer of blood. [If possible, we see the tube go from clear to blood-red.]

SEWARD. She fears her dreams, but dreaming alone cannot render such havoc. I remember nothing from my studies that ever spoke of such a —

VAN HELSING. Remember, friend, that knowledge is stronger than memory, and we should not trust the weaker. (Lift your arm a degree. Good.) The case of our dear miss is one that may be — mind, I say *may be* — of such interest that we may generate new and vital knowledge regarding the canon of catastrophe. Take then good note of it. Nothing is too small. I counsel you, put down in record even your doubts and surmises.

SEWARD. You speak as if formulating a theory —

VAN HELSING. (Ah, be this not love in its purest sense? To transfer from full veins of one to empty veins of another.) — Now, my good friend John, this word of caution: You deal with madmen. All men are mad in some way or the other, and inasmuch as you deal *discreetly* with your madmen, so, too, you must deal with God's madmen.

SEWARD. Who might they be?

VAN HELSING. The rest of the world. You and I must keep knowledge in its place. We must keep what we learn here — (Touches Seward on the heart.) and here — (Touches him on the forehead.) — and trust only one another with these secrets.

SEWARD. You speak as though playing a game.

VAN HELSING. I assure you, John, there is no jest here. Only life and death ... and perhaps more. (The transfusion complete, Van Helsing begins removing the equipment from them.)

Mina enters, coat on, carrying her traveling bag.)
MINA. Lucy! What has happened to her?!

SEWARD. She's resting now. Professor Van Helsing has completed the transfusion of blood. (Mina turns to Van Helsing.) Professor: I try to be your friend, Miss Mina Murray.

MINA. Hello.

VAN HELSING. An honor. We've done all we can at present.

MINA. But what of the cause?

VAN HELSING. A mystery in want of pursuit.

SEWARD. You've just returned from Budapest?

MINA. Yes.

SEWARD. And Mr. Harker, how is he?

MINA. He is restored, God be thanked. His good humor has returned. His terrors have abated. Coming home, it seems, has proved the most soothing medicine. (Harker enters.) Ah, here he is. Jonathan, this is Dr. Seward and Professor Van Helsing. They've been looking after — (As they step toward Harker to greet him, Harker suddenly turns and walks D., away from them — an eerie green light begins to shine on Harker's face. He speaks with an odd, detached terror — as though he were about to go mad.)

Jonathan, what is it?

HARKER. It is the man himself. (Seward and Van Helsing look at one another.) Just now, on the street outside. With mine own two eyes I saw him! My god, it is the man himself!

MINA. Jonathan, what are you —

HARKER. But he has grown young. The grey hair, the weathered face are gone. Such a change that I thought mine eyes mistaken — but there can be no mistake! It is truly he! Oh, if I had only known! (Mina rushes to him. The men close in as well, fearing he may come to some harm.)

MINA. Enough, now! It's over! You're home and safe —

HARKER. (Overlapping.) And that I, wretched fate, was his solicitor! (Harker swiftly pulls a very large hunting knife from a sheath on his belt.) Would I'd had my knife with me then —

No! The thought will drive me mad!

MINA. Jonathan, no!

HARKER. I have loosed him on England! An ever-widening circle of death have I brought to these shores! (On his knees.) I had my chance and I did nothing! MY FAILURE SHALL NOT GO UNPUNISHED! (He quickly braces the knife on the