

HARKER. (*Jokingly.*) Oh, yes, I see. Passed down, then — from an ancient recipe.

DRACULA. (*Not jokingly.*) A gift. From an ancient adversary. (*Harker looks down at the glass of wine.*)

HARKER. Won't you join me, then?

DRACULA. (*Immediately, indently.*) Won't you join me, then?

HARKER. Pardon?

DRACULA. My apologies, Mr. Harker — but I must study you. I must learn your ways. (*The wine.*) How is it? (*Dracula gestures for Harker to "drink, please." Harker takes a sip of his wine. Dracula watches him, intently.*)

HARKER. Delicious.

DRACULA. (*Eyeing Harker's neck.*) Yes.

HARKER. You don't partake?

DRACULA. Of wine?

HARKER. Yes.

DRACULA. No. Not of wine.

HARKER. If it be not too bold, may I —

DRACULA. *Bold.* Yes! Is that the way of things in London — *bold*? Please — I must know all I can of your city.

HARKER. So, you've never been?

DRACULA. No, but I have my maps and charts. And my books — many books — and as I read, I imagine. And as I imagine, I hunger.

HARKER. London is a fine city.

DRACULA. More to the point, friend: it is a *crowded* city. How I delight in thinking of the bustling streets, peopled with the mad whirl and rush of humanity. Oh, to be in the midst of that banquet of life!

HARKER. I should, I think, enjoy the country. The open spaces. The riding and hunting.

DRACULA. You hunt, do you?

HARKER. When time allows.

DRACULA. And, pray, what do you hunt?

HARKER. Bear, elk, the occasional deer.

DRACULA. Knife or bow?

HARKER. Both, actually.

DRACULA. I shall like you, Mr. Harker. (*Touching his lips.*) I, too, enjoy the occasional deer. We are fighters, you see. We Carpathians have bravery and conquest in our veins. (*Fiercely, proudly.*) It is no wonder that when the Magyar, the Lombard, the Avar, or the Turk poured his thousands upon our frontier — we drove them back. Legion after legion, they came for our land and we sentenced them to *heaven*, instead. We are a fierce people, Mr. Harker. With a wealth of victories like the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs will never know.

HARKER. You speak with the passion of one who was there.

DRACULA. (*Softer, reflective.*) Da Vinci have I known. Charlemagne. Bach. (*Harker looks at him, says nothing.*) But, great men, like galaxies, end as dust. We Carpathians have come to know that the early times, the warlike days are over. In our world, Mr. Harker, blood is too precious a thing to be spilt. (*A cock crows, in the distance. Dracula rises.*) But, I have spoken too long. It is near morning and I must retire. I leave you, then, to your rest. (*He throws back another black covering, revealing — a small bed, and night table. On the bed, inexplicably, is Harker's valise and briefcase which we saw Dracula carry off, elsewhere. On the table is a pitcher and basin of water, and a towel.*) One thing, Mr. Harker: You may go anywhere you like in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things. But, did you see with my eyes ... and know with my knowledge ... you would better understand. (*Cock crows, again.*) Good night, then. And good morning. (*With a sweeping flourish of his cape, he turns and goes, as lights isolate — Harker, standing by the night stand, removing his shirt, and — Mina, holding the journal, with Van Helsing near her. Mina begins to close the journal.*)

VAN HELSING. Miss Mina — read on.

MINA. I'm afraid I'm mistaken, Professor. There is nothing here to enlighten us. (*Van Helsing takes her hand — stopping her from closing the journal.*)

VAN HELSING. Miss Mina, I beg of you. These notes — this shorthand — was written for a reason. We must read on!