

Why would you say such a thing?

SEWARD. Miss Mina — *(She is gone. He looks off after her, then looks back at Lucy.)*

LUCY. I'm so warm, John. Won't you open the window? *(Seward moves to the window, as lights shift to — an entryway. Evening. A Maid turns in her work, and is startled to see the man [Dracula, as Harker] we saw earlier. He wears a cape now. His back is to her, and to us. An odd, distant sound — something like the high-pitched ringing of glassware.)*

MAID. Oh! *(A good laugh now.)* I'm sorry, sir. May I help you?

DRACULA. Say it.

MAID. I beg your —

DRACULA. *(Not turning around.)* This is the home of Miss Lucy, is it not?

MAID. Aye, it is, but —

DRACULA. *(Quietly.)* Say it. *(Silence. The Maid stares at him, curious.)* You're very beautiful. *(Silence. The Maid stares at him, more serious now ...)* You know that. Don't you? *(The Maid stares at him, flattered, growing shy ...)* Please. Do what I'm thinking. *(The Maid stares at him, becoming frightened now ...)* Say it. *(She takes a deep breath, unable to take her eyes off Dracula. He nods, prompting her.)*

MAID. You. May. Enter. *(The man turns, with a flourish — and we see Dracula for the first time. Youthful and vibrant, sensual and charismatic. He smiles a beautiful smile.)*

DRACULA. Remember me, won't you?

MAID. *(Breathlessly.)* Oh, yes.

DRACULA. Good. *(She gestures "come in" .... He smiles. He does not enter. Instead, he turns, flashing his cape, and leaves the way he came in. Lights shift to — a sanitarium. A simple white chair will suffice. Harker sits, wearing a white robe, his head bandaged. He does nothing but stare forward in a horrific daze. Mina rushes in. She carries a small bag. She begins to hug him, but stops, shocked by the sight of him.)*

MINA. Jonathan? *(No response, silence.)* I took a boat to Hamburg as soon as I heard. And then the train here. *(Still no response, still more silence.)* They say you've had a terrible shock,

that you're suffering from a violent brain fever. *(Still nothing. Mina kneels, takes his hand, begins to cry softly.)* Oh, Jonathan, your eyes. All resolution, all light has gone from them. Please tell me. What has happened? *(Her head is in his lap as she cries. He slowly lifts his hand and places it gently on her head. Feeling this, she looks up, taking his hand, kissing it.)* They say in a few days you'll be well enough to travel. They've given me your things, but I couldn't find your briefcase among them. Only this — *(She removes a leather-bound journal from her bag. He turns and looks at the journal. She begins to open the journal.)* — And I'm not sure whether this is — *(He puts his hand down on top of hers with force, shutting the journal. She looks up at him, confused, frightened.)* — Jonathan?

HARKER. *(An urgent, somber voice.)* Mina. We have spoken of trust between a husband and a wife. That there should be no secrets, no concealment between us. I have been driven mad. But amid this torture, one gift: the loss of memory. I've no idea what happened to bring me here. I've no idea which things were real and which were the insidious dreams of a madman. The secret is here, in my journal. Take it. Keep it. Read it, if you must — but *never let me know*. I do not want to return to those bitter hours, those ghastly days. So, unless solemn duty bids you do otherwise, keep this to your heart only. And may this secret prove the final one between us, so long as we two shall be as one. *(She stares at him. She removes a blue ribbon from around her neck. She ties the ribbon around the journal, binding it closed.)*

MINA. *(Very softly.)* It's done. Let's go home. *(He takes the rosary from around his neck and holds it out to her. She stares at it, curious, as it dangles from his fingers. Music, as lights shift to — Lucy's bedroom. Night. The moon, of course, is full and high, flooding the room with light. The drapes are parted. The window is partly open. Lucy is asleep. A clock is chiming midnight. And now ... the piercing howl of a wolf, nearby. Lucy stirs. Another howl. Lucy sits up. She puts a robe on over her nightgown. She is sleepwalking again. She leaves the bed and walks — with her arms at her sides — to the window. As she approaches the window, the huge head of a grey wolf rises up into sight, outside the window [or: a silhouette*