

inmates. I was quite flummoxed. I spoke to a Count Renfield.
SEWARD. Count?

MINA. Or so he called himself. He told me of his love for the violin. *(Seward stares at her as she moves away.)* Well, I'll leave our dear Lucy to you. She seems much better. Her sleep is very peaceful. Her color restored.

SEWARD. And Mr. Harker, how is he?

MINA. Professor Van Helsing has met with him. And with good results, I think. *(Takes his hand.)* May God's kindness be with us all. *(Mina goes. Seward looks back at Lucy. He picks up the wreath from wherever Lucy threw it. Looks at it. Carries it to the bed. He turns Lucy's head a bit, planning to replace the wreath around her neck. He pulls back her hair — giving him a view of her neck. He stops. He drops the wreath. He looks more closely at her neck. Touches her neck, gently, with his fingers. He backs away from the bed ... surprised, overjoyed. He moves quickly to the entrance and yells off.)*

SEWARD. Miss, come quickly! *(He looks back at Lucy, who is still sleeping, as — the Female Attendant rushes in. Seward takes hold of her, urgently.)* Find Professor Van Helsing. Send him directly here. *(The Female Attendant nods.)* Tell him they are gone! The marks on her neck — they have disappeared! She is healed! Quickly now — go! *(The Female Attendant nods and rushes off. Seward returns to the bed, joyously, and takes Lucy's hand. She does not wake. The huge sun has now completely set. Silence. Seward's expression changes. He squeezes her hand, several times ... then slaps it, again and again.)* Lucy. *(He feels her pulse, touches her forehead.)* Lucy, wake up. Lucy, please. Lucy, come on now — wake up — *(He lifts her eye lids, he begins to shake her.)* Lucy! Oh, my god — Lucy ... *(He takes her hand mirror and holds it near her mouth and nose. Looks at the mirror. Nothing. He slowly closes her eyes. He crosses himself. He drops to his knees next to the bed, putting his head on her stomach. He cries, softly.)* No ... please, god ... no ... *(A long moment of nothing but Seward's soft, aching cries. Then, unseen by Seward — Lucy's eyes open. She watches him cry, his head still on her stomach.)*

LUCY. *(Softly, sweetly.)* Oh, Johnny, don't cry. *(Music, as — Seward opens his eyes wide, stares front, does not move.)* I'm right

here. I'm right here with you. *(He lifts his head slowly, and, seeing her open eyes — he jumps back, away.)*

SEWARD. Lucy?

LUCY. We're all alone, Johnny.

SEWARD. Lucy, it can't be.

LUCY. Come here. *(He does not move.)* Please. *(He stares at her. Then, he approaches, tentatively. Still keeping some distance, he takes hold of her wrist and feels her pulse.)* Such warm hands. I like that.

SEWARD. You've no pulse, Lucy. No pulse at all. Lucy, what is —

LUCY. Kiss me. *(He drops her arm, stands there, frozen.)* Please, Johnny. Haven't you wanted to? I have. *(He continues to stare at her. She is up now, kneeling on the bed, leaning toward him. Sweetly, alluring.)* Oh, my love, I'm so glad you're here. Please ... kiss me. *(She reaches out her arms to him.)* I broke your heart, Johnny. And I shall never rest till you forgive me. Please ... take me back. Let me show you my true heart. *(He steps toward her, and sits on the edge of the bed. She takes him gently in her arms — and holds his head lovingly to her chest. She strokes his hair, speaks softly.)* That's it. That's it. Oh, I've wanted this for so long. *(He nods, holding her more tightly, his head still tight against her chest.)* You were right, you know. We do, each of us, have a secret life. *(She bares her teeth, fully — revealing huge, hideous fangs, but still speaks sweetly, seductively. He, of course, has not yet seen her face.)* And I want you to know mine. So, please, Johnny ... close your eyes. Will you do that for me? *(He nods. He closes his eyes. He pulls his head away from her chest. She licks her lips, hungrily.)* Good. Now ... kiss me. *(She is breathing heavily now, her fangs bared — He leans forward, slowly, eyes still closed, to kiss her — Her mouth moves toward his neck, her teeth are about to pierce his flesh, as — Van Helsing rushes in, followed by Harker. Van Helsing tackles Seward — pulling him out of Lucy's grasp.)*
VAN HELSING. NOT FOR YOUR LIFE! *(Lucy stands on the bed, in a rage, hissing and gasping, clawing and shrieking — Seward lands on the floor, opposite — Van Helsing stands between them, as Harker looks on.)* NOT FOR YOUR LIVING SOUL OR MINE
YOU SHALL NOT HAVE HIM! *(Seward has now clearly seen*