

nally ... Mina gradually join Van Helsing — kneeling near him, putting their hands on the crucifix, forming a circle of prayer. Behind them, unseen to them ... a hand very slowly emerges through the drapes. The hand parts the drapes ever-so-slightly. This happens as Van Helsing speaks.) With a steadfast belief in science, a fierce reliance on faith, and the avid hope that there remains in us light enough to dispel the darkness ... we pledge our whole selves.

HARKER, SEWARD, and MINA. (Softly, heads bowed.) Amen. (The hand vanishes, the drapes fall closed once again, as — Van Helsing stands.)

VAN HELSING. We have sealed now either the end of ourselves — or the death knell of the Count. Now, to our plan. The remaining boxes must be found, and upon — (As Mina is attempting to stand, she collapses to the ground, weakly. Harker quickly takes her in his arms.)

MINA. Jonathan ...

HARKER. She's no strength at all. (Sound of glass breaking behind the drapes. Seward rushes to the window and throws open the drapes — there is nothing there.)

SEWARD. Nothing.

VAN HELSING. Quickly, now. She has lost more blood than we imagined. Move her to the bed. (Music. Mina has now completely passed out. Harker and Seward move her to the bed. Van Helsing rushes to his bag, giving orders to Seward.) John, make him ready. I shall need at his veins. (Seward begins to rip Harker's sleeve from his shirt, as — Van Helsing rushes to Harker with the blood transfusion device. Van Helsing and Seward quickly swab the arms of Mina and Harker, insert the needles and hook up the tubes between them. — Harker stares at all this in disbelief.)

HARKER. Professor Van Helsing —

VAN HELSING. Breathe now and hold steady. You are giving her the life which he has stolen! (Music builds, as — an Attendant rushes in, holding a shattered pair of ankle chains. He yells to Seward.)

ATTENDANT. He's gone, sir! He's escaped!

SEWARD. Who?

ATTENDANT. Renfield. He's left the asylum —

SEWARD. (Urgently.) Did he mention his Master — did he use that word?

ATTENDANT. Well, yes, he did —

SEWARD. He will lead us to the Count! Professor, come!

VAN HELSING. (Overseeing the transfusion.) I can't leave here —

SEWARD. You alone know his mind — you alone can confront him!

VAN HELSING. John —

SEWARD. Hurry, now — there's no time to waste — (Van Helsing turns quickly back to Harker.)

VAN HELSING. Mr. Harker, you must —

HARKER. Go, Professor — before it's too late — (Seward grabs the crucifix, as Van Helsing continues to stare at Harker and Mina.)

SEWARD. Now, Professor — (Seward rushes out.)

HARKER. YOU MUST GO — (Van Helsing turns and rushes out, following Seward. Music builds. Harker looks down at Mina, as, from a heretofore unknown direction [down from the ceiling? through a panel?] — Renfield appears. His appearance is at its maddest. He holds a beautiful violin. Harker stares at him, terrified, confused.)

RENFIELD. All day and all night do I wait! But — NOTHING. Promises of bloody creatures teeming with life. But — NOTHING. NOT EVEN A MEASLY LITTLE BLOW-FLY — NOTHING!

HARKER. (Overlapping.) Professor — Dr. Seward — someone come quickly — (Harker is stranded, still tethered by the blood-tube to Mina, unable to do anything about Renfield — who has not even noticed the others. Renfield plays a quick manic little phrase on his violin with an imaginary bow — as he sings the notes of the phrase.)

RENFIELD. I WAS TO BE YOURS, MASTER! I WAS TO SERVE YOU THROUGH THE AGES! (He throws himself to the floor, as he plays/sings another quick manic phrase on the violin.)

HARKER. (Calling off.) Is anyone there — please help us!

RENFIELD. I TRIED TO WARN THEM — I TRIED BUT THEY DON'T LISTEN. (A quick shift, bitterly.) He's nothing but a wanton sailor with a cape. (Looks to Mina.) He will keep his promises to HER — she will get HER life — she will get HER

blood — because she is BEAUTIFUL — because she PLEASES HIM — because he can SKEWER HER WITH HIS TEETH.

HARKER. (*Overlapping.*) ~~Professor — someone — in here — please — come quickly —~~ (*As Renfield speaks, the floor beneath him begins to rise [or: as before, light pours onstage from off.] This is the door which opened earlier — but this time we see the entire piece which is, of course — a large wooden box. It rises fully into the room. It is identical to the one we saw in Act One. Renfield speaks, unaware, as the box lifts him. Mina is beginning to awaken.*)
RENFIELD. BUT WHAT OF THE REST OF US? WHAT OF THE GREAT UN-BEAUTIFUL MULTITUDES? WHAT OF US BORN HIDEOUS — BLESSED ONLY WITH HONEST DEVOTION? IT IS WE WHO LOVE YOU! MORE TRULY, MORE DEEPLY THAN SHE! (*He begins to play/sing another phrase on the violin, as — the door of the box opens — throwing Renfield aside. Renfield stares into the light pouring from the box. Mina stands on the bed, also facing the light. Harker, growing weaker from the constant loss of blood, struggles to stand also. He looks on, shocked, horrified. Renfield, still holding his violin, throws himself to his knees.*) Master, forgive me! I will do your bidding! (*Music continues — stranger and stranger, as — Dracula emerges from the box [or: enters from the direction of the light]. Renfield throws himself at Dracula's feet, grovels furiously.*) I will follow you, Master! To the ends of earth and beyond! Please, forget not me, your servant! Forget not I — who love you! Forget not — (*As Renfield speaks, Dracula holds out his hand, asking for the violin. Renfield, kneeling, happily hands it to him. Dracula stands behind Renfield.*) I never doubted you, Master! I knew you'd return — I knew you'd not forsake me — I knew there was a place for me in your kingdom — a holy — (*A screech of furious music, as — In an instant Dracula pulls the strings away from one end of the violin and wraps them around Renfield's neck — strangling him. Renfield screams and gasps ... and then, just before Renfield is about to collapse ... Dracula releases him. Dracula hands the violin to the still-kneeling, barely conscious Renfield. Renfield looks up at Dracula — a gentle smile on his face, thankful to be spared death — as Dracula takes Renfield's head in his hands. Music fades down. A pause, then — Dracula snaps Renfield's neck in one quick move, kill-*

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ing him instantly. [*The popping of a small piece of unseen 'bubble-wrap' in Renfield's hand can produce the desired sickening sound.*] Still on the bed, Mina screams. Harker is kneeling beside the bed now, weaker still. Dracula — at a distance from them — turns very slowly to Mina.)

DRACULA. Miss Mina, my beautiful flower ...

MINA. (*Breathless, terrified.*) What are you?

DRACULA. (*Approaching her.*) I have dined with kings. I have commanded nations. I have watched Time chisel lines into the faces of young women. But, Time shall never scar you with its hand. You are for the ages.

HARKER. (*Managing a sound.*) The rosary — Mina — (*Mina begins to lift the rosary in Dracula's direction, but — Dracula rips it from her neck and holds it, a fierce look in his eyes.*)

DRACULA. Toys! Why must you try my patience with your petty toys? (*He hurls the rosary across the room.*) I'm no longer the weak man you met in Transylvania, Mr. Harker. Your gift of England has made me strong. I quite like it here. One could, it seems, return again and again and never get one's fill.

HARKER. (*Struggling to his feet, still tethered to Mina.*) Stay away from her —

DRACULA. Mr. Harker, please — you know how I prize civility. Another sound and I shall have to feed her your brains. (*Harker gathers enough strength to pull his knife from its sheath.*)

HARKER. Let her be — let her be or I shall — (*Dracula extends his fingers toward Harker — hypnotizing him.*)

DRACULA. And, thank you for the use of your knife. (*He twists his fingers — causing the knife to turn in Harker's hand ... and offer itself up to Dracula.*) It suits my purpose. (*He lifts the knife and cuts the blood tube — near Harker's arm. He pinches the open end. Then, he snaps his fingers, once — and Harker collapses to the floor. Out cold. Dracula, holding the blood tube, looks at Mina — who stares at him, horrified — not seduced.*) Ah, sweet Mina. (*Mina tries to yank the blood tube from her arm.*)

MINA. No — you won't — (*But before she can do this, Dracula begins to suck on the other end of the tube. Mina cries out in anguish, then falls back on the bed, writhing, her strength being drained from her. After a moment, Dracula drops the tube. He gently pulls*