

before, enters from window up R. and walks slowly to directly behind VAN HELSING.)

VAN HELSING. (Looking at himself, touching face, shakes head) The devil.

DRACULA. Come. (VAN HELSING turns suddenly to him and looks back into the mirror.) Not as bad as that. (Suave, cold, ironical.)

VAN HELSING. (Long look in mirror, then turns to DRACULA. Controlling himself with difficulty) I did not hear you, Count.

DRACULA. I am often told that I have a light footstep.

VAN HELSING. I was looking in the mirror. (Turns and looks again; turns back to DRACULA) It's reflection covers the whole room, but I cannot see— (Pause. Turns to mirror. DRACULA, face convulsed by fury, picks up small vase with flowers from stand, smashes mirror, pieces of mirror and vase tumbling to floor. VAN HELSING steps back; looks at DRACULA with loathing and terror.)

DRACULA. (Recovering composure) Forgive me, I dislike mirrors. They are the playthings of man's vanity. (Down R.C.) And how's the fair patient?

VAN HELSING. (Meaningly) The diagnosis presents difficulties.

DRACULA. I feared it might, my friend.

VAN HELSING. Would you care to see what I have prescribed for my patient?

DRACULA. Anything that you prescribe for Miss Lucy has the greatest interest for me. (VAN HELSING crosses to table under mirror to get box. DRACULA crosses L.; meets VAN HELSING coming back with box. VAN HELSING deliberately turns back on him, causing DRACULA to cross, circling down L. VAN HELSING goes to small table at R. of arch L. VAN HELSING turns front as he opens pocket

knife, then turns to cut string on box he has placed on table. As he turns upstage DRACULA faces upstage. VAN HELSING, in cutting string of parcel on table L., cuts his finger. VAN HELSING gives slight exclamation of pain; holds up finger covered with blood. DRACULA starts for VAN HELSING with right hand raised, then keeping control with difficulty, turns away so as not to see blood. VAN HELSING stares at him a moment, then walks up and sticks bleeding finger in front of him.)

VAN HELSING. The prescription is a most unusual one. (DRACULA, baring teeth, makes sudden snap at finger. VAN HELSING turns away quickly; ties handkerchief around it. DRACULA again regains poise with an effort.)

DRACULA. The cut is not deep—I—looked.

VAN HELSING. (Opening parcel) No, but it will serve. Here is my medicine for Miss Lucy. (DRACULA comes up to VAN HELSING, who quickly holds handful of wolf's-bane up to his face. DRACULA leaps back, face distorted with rage and distress, shielding himself with cloak. Putting wolf's-bane back in box) You do not care for the smell? (VAN HELSING backs to R.C.)

DRACULA. You are a wise man, Professor—for one who has not lived even a single lifetime.

VAN HELSING. You flatter me, Count.

DRACULA. But not wise enough to return to Holland at once, now that you have learned what you have learned. (Crosses two steps R.)

VAN HELSING. (Shortly) I preferred to remain. (Meaningly) Even though a certain lunatic here attempted to kill me.

DRACULA. (Smiling) Lunatics are difficult. They do not do what they are told. They even try to betray their benefactors. But when servants fail to obey orders, the Master must carry them out for himself.