

VAN HELSING. Do you think I have forgotten why I am here?

SEWARD. *(As they go out L. SEWARD crosses first, opening door for VAN HELSING)* Forgive me. Of course I'll show you the records, but I don't understand why you're so curious about Renfield, because in your vast experience— *(Exit)*. *Stage empty for a few seconds.*

START *(Enter LUCY c., supported by HARKER on her R. She is a beautiful girl of twenty, clad in filmy white dressing gown, her face unnaturally pale. She walks with difficulty. Round her throat is wound a scarf. She crosses to R. of desk and leans on it as HARKER closes door.)*

HARKER. *(Crosses to her and supports her)* Why, I thought they were here, Lucy.

LUCY. John, do you think this new man will be any better than the others?

HARKER. *(Moving her to sofa)* I'm sure he will. Anyway, Lucy, now that I'm back I'm going to stay with you till you get over this thing.

LUCY. *(Delighted)* Oh, John. But can you? Your work in town?

HARKER. *(Seating her L. end of sofa, he sits R. of her)* You come first.

LUCY. *(A change comes over her)* I—don't think you'd better stay, John. *(A look about room)* Sometimes—I feel that I want to be alone. *(Facing away from him.)*

HARKER. *(Hurt)* My dear. How can you say that you don't want me with you when you're so ill? You love me, don't you? *(Taking her hand.)*

LUCY. *(Affectionately)* Yes, John, with all my soul.

HARKER. Just as soon as you're well enough I'm going to take you away. We'll be married next

month. We won't wait till June. We'll stretch that honeymoon month to three months and the house will be ready in July.

LUCY. *(Overjoyed)* John, you think we could?

HARKER. Of course, why not? My mother wanted us to wait, but she'll understand, and I want to get you away— *(Starts to kiss her. She shudders as he does so.)* Why do you shrink when I kiss you? You're so cold, Lucy, always so cold—now—

LUCY. *(With tenderness but no hint of passion)* Forgive me, dear. I am yours, all yours. *(Clings to him. He embraces her. She sinks back)* Oh, John, I'm so tired—so tired. *(SEWARD enters L. VAN HELSING enters; crosses to L. of sofa. SEWARD closes door; crosses to C. HARKER rises; moves R.)*

SEWARD. Lucy dear, this is my old friend, Professor Van Helsing. *(She sits up; extends her hand to him.)*

VAN HELSING. *(Below sofa, L. of her)* My dear Miss Seward—*(VAN HELSING kisses LUCY's hand)*—you don't remember poor old Van Helsing. I knew you when you were a little girl. So high—and now what charm, what beauty. A little pale, yes, but we will bring the roses back to the cheeks.

LUCY. You were so kind to come, Professor.

VAN HELSING. And this, no doubt, is the fortunate young man you are to marry?

SEWARD. Yes, John Harker, Professor. *(They bow to each other.)*

HARKER. *(Down extreme R.)* Look here, Professor. I'm not going to get in your way, but if Doctor Seward will have me I'm going to make him give me a bed here until Lucy gets over this thing. *(Turns to SEWARD)* It's absolute hell, being away in London, and of course I can't do any work.

SEWARD. *(Crosses to above L. of sofa)* You're most welcome to stay, my boy.