

ACT I

DRACULA

II

ters L. briskly. Man of medium height, in the early fifties, with clean-shaven, astute face, shaggy grey eyebrows and a mass of grey hair which is brushed backward showing a high forehead. Dark, piercing eyes set far apart; nervous, alert manner; an air of resolution, clearly a man of resourceful action. Incisive speech, always to the point; raps his words out sharply and quickly. VAN HELSING carries small black bag.)

~~MAID. Professor Van Helsing!~~

START → SEWARD. (*Crosses L.C. He and VAN HELSING shake hands warmly as MAID goes out C.*) My dear Van Helsing, I can never repay you for this.

VAN HELSING. (R.C.) Were it only a patient of yours instead of your daughter, I would have come. You once rendered me a service.

SEWARD. Don't speak of that. You'd have done it for me. (*Starts to ring*) Let me give you something to eat. (*Moves one step up, stopped by VAN HELSING's gesture.*)

VAN HELSING. (*Crosses; places bag on table back of sofa*) I dined on the boat train. I do not waste time when there is work to do. (*Crosses back to C.*)

SEWARD. Ah, Van Helsing, you cast the old spell on me. I lean on you before you have been two minutes in my house.

VAN HELSING. You wrote of your daughter's symptoms. Tell me more of the other young lady, the one who died.

SEWARD. (*Crosses L.; shows VAN HELSING chair R. of desk. He sits. SEWARD sits L. desk*) Poor Mina Weston. She was a girl just Lucy's age. They were inseparable. She was on a visit here when she fell ill. As I wrote you, she just grew weaker, day by day she wasted away. But there were no anæmic symptoms, her blood was normal when analyzed.

VAN HELSING. You said you performed transfusion.

SEWARD. Yes, Sir William Briggs ordered that. (*Baring forearm*) You see this mark? Well, Lucy herself, and her fiancée, John Harker, gave their blood as well.

VAN HELSING. So—— Three transfusions—— And the effect?

SEWARD. She rallied after each. The color returned to her cheeks, but the next morning she would be pale and weak again. She complained of *bad dreams*. Ten days ago we found her in a stupor from which nothing could rouse her. She—died.

VAN HELSING. And—the other symptoms?

SEWARD. None, except those two little marks on the throat that I wrote you about.

VAN HELSING. And which perhaps brought me here so quickly. What were they like?

SEWARD. Just two little white dots with red centers. (*VAN HELSING nods grimly.*) We decided she must have run a safety pin through the skin of her throat, trying in her delirium to fasten a scarf or shawl.

VAN HELSING. Perhaps. And your daughter's symptoms are the same?

SEWARD. Precisely. She too speaks of *bad dreams*. Van Helsing, you've lived in the tropics. May this not be something alien to our medical experience in England?

VAN HELSING. (*Grimly*) It may indeed, my friend. (*LAUGH is heard from behind curtain at window. SEWARD rises, after VAN HELSING rises, and SEWARD crosses to up R. of window and draws curtains. RENFIELD is standing there. Repulsive youth, face distorted, shifty eyes, tousled hair. VAN HELSING back to R.C.*)

SEWARD. (*Astounded, drawing RENFIELD into room*) Renfield. How did you——?

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