

START → VAN HELSING. ~~Indeed, yes. I should have asked you to stay. I may need you. (Takes chair from desk to L. of divan; turns to LUCY on divan) Now lie back, so— (Examines her eyelids carefully and feels her pulse. SEWARD above back of divan.)~~ And now tell me when did this, this weakness first come upon you? ~~(Sits chair L. of sofa after examining eyelids; crosses, looks at her gums, examines tips of finger nails, then takes out watch as he feels her pulse.)~~

LUCY. *(Looks at VAN HELSING, then front)* Two nights after poor Mina was buried I had—a bad dream.

VAN HELSING. *(Releases pulse, after looking at watch)* A bad dream? Tell me about it.

LUCY. I remember hearing dogs barking before I went to sleep. The air seemed oppressive. I left the reading lamp lit by my bed, but when the dream came there seemed to come a mist in the room.

VAN HELSING. Was the window open?

LUCY. Yes, I always sleep with my window open.

VAN HELSING. Oh, of course, you're English. *(Laughs. SEWARD joins laugh.)* We Continentals are not so particular about fresh air. And then—

LUCY. *(Looks at him, then out front)* The mist seemed so thick I could just see the lamp by my bed, a tiny spark in the fog, and then— *(Hysterically)* I saw two red eyes staring at me and a livid white face looking down on me out of the mist. It was horrible, horrible. *(Hands covering face. HARKER makes move toward her. VAN HELSING stops him by a gesture.)*

VAN HELSING. There, there— *(Soothingly, taking her hands from her face)* Go on, please.

LUCY. *(Gives little start when VAN HELSING touches her hands. Looks at HARKER and starts— and at SEWARD and starts, then at VAN HELSING and*

relaxes) The next morning my maid could scarcely wake me. I felt weak and languid. Some part of my life seemed to have gone from me.

VAN HELSING. There have been other such dreams?

LUCY. Nearly every night since then has come the mist—the red eyes and that awful face. (*Puts hands to her face again. VAN HELSING soothes her; ad libs. as he takes her hands from face, "There, there, now."*)

SEWARD. We've tried transfusion twice. Each time she recovered her strength.

LUCY. But then would come another dream. And now I dread the night. I know it seems absurd, Professor, but please don't laugh at me. (*Turns to him; takes his hand as he reassures her.*)

VAN HELSING. I'm not likely to laugh—— (*Gently, without answering, unwinds scarf from her throat. She puts hand up to stop him and cries, "No, no." A look at HARKER when her neck is bare. As VAN HELSING does so he starts, then quickly opens small black bag on table and returns with microscope; examines two small marks on throat. LUCY with eyes closed. Controlling himself with difficulty, VAN HELSING puts microscope back in bag, closes it, puts back chair by desk, and crosses to c.*) And how long have you had these little marks on your throat? (*SEWARD and HARKER start violently and come to couch. They look at each other in horror.*)

LUCY. Since—that first morning.

HARKER. Lucy, why didn't you tell us?

SEWARD. Lucy, you've worn that scarf around your throat—to hide them. (*LUCY makes convulsive clutch at throat.*)

VAN HELSING. Do not press her. Do not excite her. (*Crosses to L. end of divan. To LUCY*) Well?

LUCY. (*Constrained—to SEWARD and HARKER*) I

was afraid they'd worry you, for I knew that—Mina had them.

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