

or projection of a wolf is seen, upstage.] It howls again. Lucy, head still down, does not seem to see the wolf. She throws the window wide open. The sound of waves crashing is heard. Lucy takes off her robe and casts it out the window, into the sea. As she does this, the wolf's eyes [perhaps] begin to glow red. Then, still casually, still sleepwalking ... Lucy closes the window. As she does this, the wolf's head slowly disappears. The red eyes vanish. Lucy takes hold of one side of the black drapes — and pulls it closed. She then takes hold of the other side of the black drapes and pulls it — but it is, in fact — Dracula's cape. She is now engulfed in his arms.)

DRACULA. Good evening. (Lucy screams, coming instantly awake.) Don't be frightened.

LUCY. MOTHER!

DRACULA. Your mother is indisposed. As are the servants.

LUCY. Mina, HELP ME!

DRACULA. And Miss Mina, too, is gone. We're alone, sweet Lucy. (He releases her. She backs away from him, slowly, covering a spot on her neck with her hands.) Your friend, Dr. Seward, has examined your blood and found it to be rich and healthy. (He licks his lips.) I share his diagnosis. (Music, as — Lucy rushes to the window and throws it open. Instantly, Dracula points to the window — and it slams shut, of its own accord. Lucy pounds against the window, crying. Then, exhausted, she turns back to him, terrified.)

LUCY. What are you? What do you want of me? (He approaches her slowly, calmly.)

DRACULA. I want your fear. For your fear, like a current, rushes through your body. Your fear makes your heart pound, it renders your veins rich and full. Your fear hemorrhages deliciously within you. (He is leaning over her. He speaks softly, and very kindly.) Do what I'm thinking. (Her eyes transfixed on his, she slowly pulls back her long red hair ... exposing her neck. Offering it to him. He lowers his mouth to her neck very slowly, like a quiet kiss. He bites her, very gently, once ... making her body tense and shiver. He lifts his head and looks in her eyes. She looks up at him. In the distance, we begin to see hundreds of pairs of red eyes, glowing in the darkness.) It's only a dream, Lucy. You've been sleepwalking again. And dear Mina shall keep your secret.

When you wake, you shall remember only the cry of a wolf, and the crash of the sea. (He looks down at her neck, aching. Then ... in one ravenous motion ... he hurls his head down onto her neck — lights instantly snap out, as — Lucy screams, and, simultaneously, we hear Renfield scream from the darkness — as lights rise on — Renfield's cell. He is now chained at the wrist [as well as the ankle] to the walls/bars of his cell. He screams, wildly, struggling to get free.)

RENFIELD. I AM HERE, MASTER! I AM HERE TO DO YOUR BIDDING! NOW THAT YOU ARE NEAR, I AWAIT YOUR COMMANDS! (Seward rushes in.)

SEWARD. Renfield, what is it?!

RENFIELD. (Paying Seward no mind.) AND I PRAY YOU: DO NOT PASS ME BY, DEAR MASTER —

SEWARD. (Overlapping slightly.) Who are you talking to —?!

RENFIELD. WHEN YOU DISTRIBUTE YOUR GLORIOUS TIDINGS, PLEASE, DO NOT PASS ME BY! (In an instant, Renfield turns to Seward, cheerfully, as though nothing whatsoever had happened.) You're out late.

SEWARD. What, yes, listen to me now —

RENFIELD. And though she's promised to another, you keep watch. You maintain an avid readiness.

SEWARD. I am not —

RENFIELD. But, we can wait, can't we Johnny? Clever men that we are. We can wait for the riches to fill our cup. (An instant rage, looking up.) DO NOT FORGET ME! (An instant, lucid calm, back to Seward.) We are one man, Johnny. We host a common longing. You await her deep mysteries, as I await my Master's gifts.

SEWARD. (Going into the cell.) I will SOLVE YOU, Renfield. I shall unearth the mad logic of your mind. Now, I demand to know: WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

RENFIELD. We are men at the mercy of angels. (An Attendant rushes in.)

ATTENDANT. Dr. Seward —

SEWARD. Not now —

ATTENDANT. It's Miss Lucy, sir. She's — (And before the Attendant can finish, Seward is out of the room. The Attendant turns