

JONATHAN: Yes, but as to the contents, we remain in the dark. I've yet to receive the bloody invoices!...

VAN HELSING: We must know this information.

JONATHAN: And we will, I assure you, just as soon as Mr Hawkins...

ARTHUR: What is it, Doctor? *(Beat)* Do you think some thing may have been encased in one of these...

VAN HELSING: Possibly. I think a great many things... but we now need more facts...

JONATHAN: Exactly.

VAN HELSING: ...and one fact remains constant.

ARTHUR: Which is?

VAN HELSING: Your Mr Renfield. I think this man could be our key...

*(ARTHUR and JONATHAN look at VAN HELSING, curious.)*

ARTHUR: Explain.

VAN HELSING: Just this. Throughout the past few weeks, this little man toys with us, suggesting that perhaps he know answers where they seemingly are none. And when he escapes...through inch-thick bars and down thirty feet of smooth rock, I might add... where does he go? *(Beat)* Carfax.

ARTHUR: But surely...you can't think Count Dracula...?

VAN HELSING: When I first heard the name "Dracula," it rang some far off bell...so while I was back in Holland, I return to my books to freshen my memory.

ARTHUR: And?

VAN HELSING: "Dracula" is a famous name, one with a dark history on the continent of Europe...

JONATHAN: Yes, yes...

VAN HELSING: ...a lineage that has been dead for well over three hundred years.

*(ARTHUR and JONATHAN look at each other.)*

JONATHAN: Good God, what're you suggesting now, Doctor, that good Count Dracula is a Vampire?! Ha!!

VAN HELSING: No, I am not saying anything of the kind, Mr Harker, only that I believe he perhaps knows more of this affair than he lets on...

VAN HELSING: *(Crosses to the windows, looking out)* A Vampire...if you'll permit me the luxury for a moment, Mr Harker...a Vampire must rest in the soil in which it was buried. It has only the hours of night in which it is free to travel this earth. *(Beat)* Our Vampire...

JONATHAN: Arthur, please...

VAN HELSING: IF one exists at all...must be English. It must rest in soil nearby...

*(JONATHAN starts off toward the door.)*

JONATHAN: I refuse to be a party to this nonsense...I'll be with Mina if I'm needed.

VAN HELSING: One moment, Mr Harker...I have a proposition.

JONATHAN: Yes?

VAN HELSING: Tonight...I propose an expedition. To the cemetery.

ARTHUR: The cemetery? Whatever for...?

VAN HELSING: To see if Miss Lucy still lies in her grave... *(Beat)* I wage my life on it that she does not.

JONATHAN: This is outrageous! Have you no pity, Doctor, for poor Arthur here?!

*(ARTHUR says nothing, looking away.)*

VAN HELSING: More than you know, my rash friend! If I am wrong about poor Lucy, then I shall beg forgiveness for all my wrongdoings...but if by night she walks the world as I am most sure she does... then there is much work to be done. *(Beat)* Arthur, we MUST know for sure...

ARTHUR: What kind of woman are you...?

VAN HELSING: The persistent kind. *(Beat)* Surely, you've read the stories of late concerning "The Woman in White?"

ARTHUR: Of course...

VAN HELSING: Then in your heart, as I do...you are beginning to know the truth.

JONATHAN: Arthur, I'm truly sorry for this. *(Beat)* Van Helsing, I am simply flabbergasted by your...

*(ARTHUR turns to face JONATHAN and VAN HELSING.)*

ARTHUR: What time shall we meet, Doctor?

JONATHAN: Arthur, please don't...

ARTHUR: I said, "What time?"

*(VAN HELSING looks at ARTHUR and JONATHAN, then solemnly out the windows.)*

VAN HELSING: ...At sunset.

*(Music up as scene shifts to:)*

*(The heath— A pale moon casts long shadows across the countryside. JONATHAN and VAN HELSING crouching to one side of the path, waiting. VAN HELSING is scribbling some rough notes in a pocket journal while JONATHAN holds a torch.)*

VAN HELSING: *(Reading aloud.)* "10 September. Richmond."

*(JONATHAN stands quickly, looking off.)*

JONATHAN: Quiet, Doctor...someone's coming.

*(ARTHUR comes on, looking visibly upset.)*

ARTHUR: I'm afraid I cracked open every casket in the place...I just can't believe...

JONATHAN: It's alright, Arthur... *(He puts a supportive arm around ARTHUR.)* I'll be glad when we're past all this...sweet Lucy, lost to us, and now Mina...caught up in some horrific dreams! I can't imagine what...

VAN HELSING: You remain unsatisfied, Mr Harker? Can you believe that there is some other explanation than...

JONATHAN: I am satisfied that Lucy's body is not in her coffin. But that only proves one thing...

VAN HELSING: And what is that?

JONATHAN: That it is not there.

VAN HELSING: Marvelous logic...I must write that down. *(Beat)* And HOW do you account for it not being there?

ARTHUR: Umm, perhaps...a body snatcher.

JONATHAN: Yes, or one of the undertaker's people may have stolen it. Any number of things can explain the...

*(Suddenly, VAN HELSING grabs the torch from JONATHAN and douses it.)*

JONATHAN: What're you...?!

*(VAN HELSING silences JONATHAN with a look and motions for the two men to hide themselves a bit more. As they do, the figure of LUCY appears. She looks ravishing and is dressed in flowing white. She crosses near them but does not seem to notice them. She wanders off, finally disappearing from view.)*

ARTHUR: My God...Lucy...

JONATHAN: Impossible...