

**SIDE 3: DRACULA, LUCY, SEWARD, VAN HELSING, HARKER**

*(DRACULA enters. LUCY registers attraction to DRACULA.)*

SEWARD. Ah, good evening, Count.

DRACULA. Gentlemen----- *(Bows to MEN. Walks down C.; bows in courtly fashion)* Miss Seward, how are you? You are looking more yourself this evening. *(LUCY registers thrill. Alternate moods of attraction and repulsion, unaccountable to herself, affect LUCY in DRACULA's presence. But this should be suggested subtly.)*

LUCY. I feel better already, Count, now that father's old friend has come to help me. *(DRACULA turns to VAN HELSING. LUCY looks up at DRACULA and recoils and turns to HARKER.)*

SEWARD. Count Dracula, Professor Van Helsing.

DRACULA. A most distinguished scientist, whose name we know even in the wilds of Transylvania. But I interrupt a consultation.

SEWARD. Not at all, Count. It's good of you to come, and we appreciate your motives.

HARKER. Doctor Seward has just told me of your offer, and I can't thank you enough.

DRACULA. It is nothing. I should be grateful to be permitted to help Miss Lucy in any way.

LUCY. But you do, Count. I look forward to your visits. They seem to make me better.

VAN HELSING. And so I arrive to find a rival in the field.

DRACULA. You encourage me, Miss Seward, to make them more frequent, as I should like to.

LUCY. *(Looking at him fixedly)* I am always glad to see you.

DRACULA. Ah, but you have been lonely here. And my efforts to amuse you with our old tales will no longer have the same success, now that you have Professor Van Helsing with you, and especially now that Mr. Harker is to remain here.

HARKER. How did you know I was going to stay, Count?

DRACULA. Can the gallant lover ask such a question? I inferred it, my friend.

HARKER. You're right. Nothing is going to shift me now until Lucy's fit as a fiddle again.

DRACULA. Nothing?

LUCY. Please come as before, Count, won't you? (*DRACULA bows to her; kisses her hand.*)