

unsuitable
for children

TALES OF THE UNDEAD

A NEW PLAY BY
DOMINIC POWER



"...erotic
...clever
...excruciatingly
funny."
The Guardian

Warehouse
THEATRE CROYDON

ADJACENT EAST CROYDON ➔

WED 25 APRIL - SUN 20 MAY

TALES OF THE UNDEAD

by

Dominic Power



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TALES OF THE UNDEAD was first performed by Show Of Strength Theatre Company at the Hen & Chicken, Bristol, on 20th December 1989 with the following cast:

<i>Jonathan Harker</i>	Alan Coveney
<i>Mina Harker</i>	Michelle Thompson
<i>Havelock Ellis</i>	Andrew Hilton
<i>Vorticia</i>	Helen Gemmell
<i>Oliver Redmond</i>	Paul Cresswell
<i>A Prostitute</i>	Sandra Hall
Director	Andrew Hilton
Designer	James Helps
Lighting Designer	Tim Mitchell
Composer	Gary Yershon

The play was then produced by Moving Target and Show Of Strength at the Warehouse Theatre Croydon on 25th April 1990 with the following cast:

<i>Jonathan Harker</i>	Alan Coveney
<i>Mina Harker</i>	Alison Sterling
<i>Havelock Ellis</i>	Andrew Hilton
<i>Vorticia</i>	Helen Gemmell
<i>Oliver Redmond</i>	Patrick Monckton
<i>A Prostitute</i>	Bridget Davison
Director	Martin White
Designer	James Helps
Lighting Designer	Roger Simonsz
Composer	Gary Yershon

'a marvellous script ... a memorable evening' – Venue

'a dazzling interweaving of fact and fiction ... craftily constructed, wittily written and constantly intriguing' – City Limits

'an erotic postscript to Bram Stoker ... excruciatingly funny ...' – The Guardian

CHARACTERS

JONATHAN HARKER

MINA HARKER

HAVELOCK ELLIS

VORTICIA

OLIVER REDMOND

A PROSTITUTE

*The play is set in London in 1912, and in Transylvania fifteen years
previously.*

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

The stage is bare except for a circle of light. In this lit area are JONATHAN HARKER, and a woman who is heavily and obviously made up as a PROSTITUTE. Also visible is a bed. The Prostitute is holding an empty mirror-frame into which Harker stares, making a scrubbing motion with his hands as if washing his face.

PROSTITUTE. Chop, chop! I want it all off, my boy. I like my gentlemen to be clean.

HARKER. Clean?

PROSTITUTE. Known for it, I am. Hoy - don't go forgetting the other face!

HARKER. *[Putting his hand through the empty mirror frame]* Other face?

PROSTITUTE. Heard you were a bit two-faced, I did. No need to look so innocent, Johnny. Butter wouldn't melt in your mouths.

HARKER. Mouse? Where?

PROSTITUTE. No need to be shy now. I'm just trying to help, see. Makes my day when I can do a bit of good for a nice gentleman such as yourself. Don't be bashful, dear. I'm not going to bite.

Harker moves towards the couch.

PROSTITUTE. That's the ticket. Now lie down.

Harker lies down on the bed. MINA emerges from behind it. She crawls on her hands and knees, moving rapidly, head studying the floor as if searching for something.

HARKER. I say, Mina, don't go mucking about down there.

MINA. *[Still moving]* Who is she, Jonathan?

HARKER. I couldn't say. She seems to know me though.

MINA. Get rid of her, Jonathan. Please. I don't like her.

HARKER. Well, you've only got to ask properly. There's no need to go down on your hands and knees.

MINA. I'm not begging, silly. I'm looking for my ring.

Still on her hands and knees, she scuttles out of the lighted area.

HARKER. I must apologise for my wife. She's not herself today. Pray continue.

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

PROSTITUTE. I'm going to do you a bit of good, my lad. You see, I've got two faces as well.

She moves towards him in a manner that is both seductive and predatory.

HARKER. Two faces?

PROSTITUTE. You make yourself easy while I show you what I mean. A handsome chap like you didn't ought to be in the dark. Pay attention now. I wouldn't do this for my other chaps, but I've taken a fancy to you. When the lights go out you'll see what I mean. Watch, I've got one face for the light ...

She leans over him and presents her face.

Can you see it?

Harker nods. The Prostitute holds the skin at the side of her face.

And I've got another one for -

As she speaks, she begins to peel off the mask. Harker screams. Blackout.

~

The Harkers' bedroom. Mina and Harker are alone. She is holding him.

HARKER. Vorticia!

MINA. Wake up, Jonathan! It's all right. You were dreaming again.

SCENE TWO

The Harkers' bedroom. HARKER, wearing a nightshirt, is sitting on the side of the bed, holding a drink. MINA, wearing a nightgown, is seated at a dressing table, looking into the mirror as she removes her make-up.

HARKER. This is insanity.

MINA. What is?

HARKER. This. You sitting calmly there, doing your face as if nothing is happening.

MINA. Nothing is happening tonight.

HARKER. But tomorrow you'll be gone. Tomorrow night you won't be sitting calmly, doing your face. Not here anyway.

Mina turns to him.

MINA. We said we weren't going to be gloomy.

HARKER. I know what we said.

MINA. If I don't go things will get worse between us.

HARKER. What do you want?

MINA. Put that drink down and come over here.

Harker goes and stands behind her.

MINA. *[Looking at their reflection]* Look at us. Don't you remember how it used to be? That's all I want. Why did you change?

HARKER. I didn't change.

MINA. You've stopped working. You drink all the time. You disappear for days.

HARKER. You've changed as well.

MINA. That's different. Me changing didn't do this to us.

HARKER. All these meetings - Universal suffrage, the Fabian Society, concerts, galleries, new friends.

MINA. It's a new world. I want to be part of it. There's nothing so terrible in that.

HARKER. You've left me behind.

Pause.

Chap at work - one of the partners - was talking about your friend Havelock. Said the law shouldn't tolerate him. Said it was a scandal he wasn't behind bars.

MINA. You agreed with him - this chap?

HARKER. Well, no. Not exactly. As a matter of fact he's an idiot. But honestly, Mina, I don't know what you see in Ellis.

Mina laughs softly. She picks up a hairbrush and starts to brush her hair. Harker puts his hand over hers, tracing the motion of the brush through the hair. Mina sinks back against him. He puts his hands over her breasts.

MINA. Jonathan ...

He kisses her hair.

Come on.

Still embracing, they go to the bed. They clamber under the covers. Harker reaches out to turn the light off.

Leave it ... Darling -

She kisses him. They embrace again - passionately at first, then Harker's movements are awkward and hesitant. Finally he turns away from her.

Jonathan?

HARKER. I'm so sorry.

Mina scrambles up from beneath the covers and kneels over him, shaking him violently.

MINA. What is it? What is it?

He pushes her away and rolls out of bed. He goes to his jacket and takes a small black book out of the inside pocket.

HARKER. I never wanted you to see this ...

MINA. Jonathan?

HARKER. If you really want to understand me - read it.
Mina takes the book and starts to read. Harker puts his hand over it.

HARKER. Not now. Tomorrow. After you've gone.

MINA. I'm afraid.

HARKER. Don't be. It all happened a long time ago. Before we were married.

MINA. Can't you tell me?

HARKER. What can I say? I was a young man. I didn't know anything. I went to Transylvania and after that nothing ... nothing was ever the same again. Christ! What's left for us?

MINA. The future.

SCENE THREE

A street at night. From out of the shadows comes the PROSTITUTE. She is waiting, a bored expression on her face. OLIVER REDMOND, shrouded in an overcoat, passes her, pauses, then turns back.

REDMOND. Pretty - yes, damned pretty. Might I be of service to you?

PROSTITUTE. What you on about?

REDMOND. I merely thought - young woman, alone in London -

PROSTITUTE. If you want company it'll cost you a guinea.

REDMOND. Yes, good. Quickly then. Quickly! Have you got a room?

PROSTITUTE. No.

REDMOND. No? What do you mean, no?

PROSTITUTE. Changed my mind, haven't I? I've gone off duty.

REDMOND. *[Flourishing banknotes]* Whatever for? I've got money, lots of it! See!

PROSTITUTE. I don't like the look of you. Hop it!

REDMOND. There's been a misunderstanding. I'm a member of the Gladstone Society. You've heard of us, of course - Churchmen, members of parliament, philanthropists. All dedicated to helping wretched women such as yourself. Lawks, Mister, I was wrong about you. Quite all right, my child. Where did you say that room was?

PROSTITUTE. You're soft in the head, you are -

REDMOND. But first, I must - just a little - I'm so -
He buries his face into the Prostitute's neck.

PROSTITUTE. Get off! ... Go on, bugger off!

She gives him a hearty kick in the shins. Redmond hops back, howling. The Prostitute moves away quickly.

REDMOND. *[Calling after her]* I'm so hungry!

VORTICIA *emerges from the shadows.*

VORTICIA. You fool!

REDMOND. After her! Quick! She's getting away.

VORTICIA. Fifteen years and still you haven't learned.

They exit after the Prostitute.

SCENE FOUR

The study of Havelock Ellis in Brixton. It is furnished with couch, desk and chairs. On the desk are papers, a decanter of wine and glasses. HARKER is seated on the couch. He looks distinctly seedy. He has a shoe off and is massaging his foot. He sees the decanter on the desk and hobbles over to it. He pours himself a quick drink and gulps it down. He stands awkwardly, holding his shoe and massaging his foot while reading the papers on the desk. HAVELOCK ELLIS enters. He is a tall, striking man with an Old Testament beard. He holds a tray with a teapot and cups on it.

ELLIS. Extraordinary, isn't it?

HARKER. *[Starting guiltily]* What?

ELLIS. He's an engineer from Peebles. Technically a shoe fetishist, though that hardly covers the scope of his obsession. All his letters to me are like that, descriptions of a lovingly maintained collection of women's shoes. The attention to detail is remarkable. He sees himself as both curator and acolyte. His meditations lend a touch of the poet to an otherwise prosaic fellow.

HARKER. Do you get a lot of letters like that?

ELLIS. In a similar vein, yes. Few quite so intricate. There's a man in Natchez, an Englishman in domestic service with an American family. In his case arousal is contingent on the contemplation of the nap of a certain type of velvet. He writes page after page on its mysterious qualities, the play of light upon its surface at certain times of the day. In its way an impressive exercise of the imagination.

HARKER. But why?

ELLIS. I can't say for sure. Some association with the mother seems most likely.

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HARKER. No - I mean why do they write to you?

ELLIS. I imagine because I have dared to talk about the sex question. When I published my 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex' the police saw fit to prosecute. Yet it struck a chord in hundreds of quite ordinary people. They write to me of their dreams and foibles. To assist my research and at the same time experience a certain harmless relief. I've made some tea.

HARKER. Thank you.

ELLIS. *[Pouring tea]* You're not shocked are you?

HARKER. No. Not shocked.

ELLIS. Good.

He hands Harker a cup of tea. Harker has removed his other shoe and is absent-mindedly massaging his foot.

ELLIS. You got my letter.

HARKER. You asked me to come and I'm here. I didn't want to come.

ELLIS. If you hadn't wanted to come you wouldn't be here. It's quite a walk - St. John's Wood to Brixton.

HARKER. I suppose so. I like to walk. I like going out.

ELLIS. Perhaps, in your bewilderment, I was the last resort?

Pause.

Mina tells me she misses you.

HARKER. She was the one who left me. She seems to have fallen under your spell.

ELLIS. I cast no spells. Mina has a spiritual and intellectual life of her own. And I honour her for it. So should you. If she has chosen to make a new life away from a marriage that was full of pain for her, you should respect that choice.

HARKER. If Mina hadn't met you at that Fabian Society binge, she might not have been in such a hurry to leave me.

ELLIS. I had nothing to do with her decision. It's you that has estranged yourself from her. She hasn't stopped caring for you.

HARKER. What do you want with me?

ELLIS. To help. People come to me here. I see them from that window, sometimes pacing up and down the street - as you did. Daring themselves to cross the threshold. Ordinary people made ashamed by impulses our society denies. There's an overwhelming need to talk to someone. They choose me because I dare to shine a light into the hidden corners of our sexuality.

HARKER. What do you think I am - a freak? Like your shoe man, or the other

ACT ONE SCENE FOUR

chap from Natchez?

ELLIS. No. Not like them.

HARKER. What then?

ELLIS. Mina has been entirely frank with me, Jonathan.

HARKER. Oh hell.

ELLIS. If you'd be willing to answer a few questions ... ?

HARKER. What sort of questions?

ELLIS. Recent incidence of tumescence, if any? Occurrence of seminal emission, either voluntary or involuntary, nocturnal or diurnal - ?

HARKER. Oh for God's sake!

ELLIS. There's nothing to be ashamed of. The sexual mechanism is extremely delicate. A disturbance may easily occur in someone of sensitive temperament. Many men - men of genius, of high moral character - Cowper, Ruskin -

HARKER. Mina had no right to discuss our private affairs.

ELLIS. Why should she not? It's no more disgraceful to suffer from impotence than from dyspepsia.

Pause. Ellis produces the black book from his pocket.

HARKER. What the hell are you doing with that?

ELLIS. Mina asked me to read it. It's the reason I've asked you here.

HARKER. *[Getting up]* She had no right.

ELLIS. Where are you going?

HARKER. As far away from here as I can.

ELLIS. She acted only out of concern for you.

HARKER. It doesn't matter.

ELLIS. She's familiar with the new psychological thought. She suspects that beneath the Gothic surface of your story lies the key to your present woes.

Harker walks to the door.

I can help you, Jonathan.

HARKER. I should never have come here.

ELLIS. And then, perhaps, I could help others similarly afflicted.

HARKER. There are no others. I'm the only one.

He grasps the doorhandle.

ELLIS. So be it.

HARKER. About Mina ...

ELLIS. Yes?

HARKER. Nothing.

ELLIS. Don't you want to take your journal?

Harker remains rigid, holding the doorhandle but not turning it. Ellis crosses to the window and looks out.

ELLIS. The nights are drawing in.

HARKER. I know.

He goes back and sits on the couch.

ELLIS. My father was a sea captain. Once when I was a child I was allowed to accompany him on a voyage. The ship had a cat, a large amiable Tom that became a particular favourite of mine. One morning, off the coast of Chile, I watched him making a perilous journey along the stern rail. To this day I don't know why, I touched him - slightly but quite deliberately - so that he tumbled into the sea. I can still see the bewildered expression on his face as he struggled to regain his balance.

HARKER. Why are you telling me this?

ELLIS. I carry the guilt of that, Jonathan. We all carry guilt in some form or other. It makes us more human, not less so.

HARKER. You can't blame yourself. You were just a child.

ELLIS. Was I? I don't remember feeling like a child. I was quite rational. I had a highly developed sense of right and wrong. The most terrible thing was the silence afterwards.

HARKER. You think it's all a matter of guilt?

ELLIS. Guilt can certainly cause impotence. For fifteen years you hid your journal from Mina. Doesn't that suggest a measure of guilt?

HARKER. I don't think you can help me.

ELLIS. Perhaps not. I don't offer any definitive remedy, only a measure of understanding.

HARKER. Well?

ELLIS. *[Picking up the journal]* Help me to understand this. Fifteen years ago you spent some weeks in Transylvania, in the castle of an elderly and eccentric Carpathian nobleman. He'd bought a house in England and you were to take him through the details. These are the verifiable facts.

HARKER. Yes.

ELLIS. You say this diary is a record of what actually happened. Do you still believe the things you wrote?

HARKER. Yes, I do.

ELLIS. That this Count Dracula was a supernatural being - what is it you

call him - one of the 'Undead'?

HARKER.

Yes.

ELLIS.

I don't deny you underwent some profound experience. You were cut off from everything familiar and reassuring. I've lived through this myself - a similar sense of isolation. I know how the obscure mysteries of sex can stir dimly and massively within one.

HARKER.

It always seems to get back to sex.

ELLIS.

It runs through your writing like an electric current. One night you leave your room. Wandering the corridors of the castle you sense the presence of a woman - another vampire, you believe. The passage has the intensity of a sexual reverie, full of guilty longing.

HARKER.

Look, I need a drink.

ELLIS.

Of course.

He pours Harker a glass of wine. Harker gulps it.

ELLIS.

You find this disturbing?

HARKER.

Yes.

Pause.

ELLIS.

How experienced were you before all this? Were you a favourite with the girls?

HARKER.

I'm not sure what you mean. I didn't know any apart from Mina. Is it important?

ELLIS.

It would help if I knew what sort of person you were.

HARKER.

Ridiculous really. Pompous, immature, always horribly self-conscious. Even when I finally realised what that appalling old brute was up to, I didn't like to say anything. Not out of any cunning. I was simply too embarrassed to end the charade.

ELLIS.

Are you easily embarrassed?

HARKER.

I was then.

ELLIS.

In your final entry the Count has set off for England, leaving you a prisoner, presumably at the mercy of the woman vampire. What happened?

HARKER.

I escaped.

ELLIS.

You escaped?

HARKER.

Yes. I found my way to Bistritz. I must have got the train but I don't remember the journey. When I came to I was in a nursing home in Buda-Pesth. I had some sort of brain fever. The nuns sent for Mina. She stayed with me till I recovered. We married there before we returned to England.

ELLIS.

And Count Dracula?

ACT ONE SCENE FOUR

- HARKER. I don't know. I really don't know.
- ELLIS. Let me read you your account of seeing the woman. I want you to listen to your own words. *[Looking through the diary]* Where is it? ... Here. You describe waking up with the woman bending over you. Listen ... 'She had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of her voluptuous lips. There was something about her that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time deadly fear.'
- HARKER. Please.
- ELLIS. 'I felt in my heart a wicked burning desire that she would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this lest some day it should come to Mina's eyes and cause her pain.' ... You write of 'the touch of her lips on my supersensitive skin' ... of your 'eyes closed in languorous ecstasy' ...
- HARKER. I don't want to hear this.
- ELLIS. The idyll is interrupted by the appearance of Dracula - given an awful authority here. He's furious, but even so the sensual promise is kept open. He tells the woman he will give you to her when he leaves for England. He frees you of any responsibility. It was a dream. This is the record of a vivid sexual dream. You must shake off the guilt. What happened in Transylvania was not a betrayal of Mina.
- HARKER. I wish that were true, but I did betray her.
- ELLIS. How?
- HARKER. What I wrote in there was true. Things happened afterwards - things I couldn't bring myself to write down.
- ELLIS. In your last entry you write that you will try to escape before nightfall. I take it you didn't?
- HARKER *shakes his head. The lights begin to dim.*
Are you all right?
- HARKER. Just cold that's all. I honestly believe I meant to escape when I wrote that. Dracula had gone that morning. I'd watched the Szgany gypsies take out the box of earth that was to carry him to England, to the home I had innocently helped him buy. The thought of it made me mad. Daylight was fading, but still I delayed my escape.
- ELLIS. The thought of the woman held you?
- HARKER. I kept remembering her face as she leant over to kiss me. I had been left as a sacrifice and all I could feel was a queer kind of excitement.

The lights go down on Ellis.

When night fell, I could hear her moving. Snatches of song, the rustle of a dress. It was like a dream. There were so many - I still don't know which parts I dreamt ...

ELLIS. Or which you dream now ...

Fade.

SCENE FIVE

A wolf howls. The lights go up on a room inside Castle Dracula. There is a chair and a couch. Beside the couch is a table which has a game of patience set out on it. Harker's journal is also on the table. On the floor is an open valise with most of its contents scattered around. Among these is a photo of Mina. Also in the room is the mirror from the dream at the beginning of the play. As in the dream it has no glass. HARKER is sitting on the couch, distractedly playing patience. He stops, gazes at the picture of Mina for a few moments, then gets up, goes to the door and tugs at it. It will not open. He goes back to the couch, then kneels down and tries to pray. He suddenly clamps his hands over his ears. VORTICIA appears from the shadows behind him. She is wearing an evening dress and carrying a tray. On the tray are a plate of chicken, two bottles and goblets.

HARKER. Who's there?

VORTICIA. Domnul Harker, don't be frightened. I've brought you some food.

HARKER. Who are you?

VORTICIA. I'm called Vorticia. You saw me the other night - remember? When you were exploring the castle. We're alone now. The others left last night.

HARKER. Others?

VORTICIA. Oh there were quite a few of us. Laszlo - Count Dracula - likes the company of young women. You must be starving. I hope you like paprika. I've used it to season the chicken.

HARKER. No ... really.

VORTICIA. You must try some. It's good.

HARKER. I couldn't. I'm anxious to leave as soon as possible.

VORTICIA. You can't start on a journey with no food inside you. Try just a morsel with some Tokay to wash it down. *[Touching his forehead]* You're hot.

HARKER. It's nothing. Just a slight fever.

VORTICIA. Then you certainly can't travel. Come.

She leads him to the couch.

There. Now lie back. No, put your feet up ... That's better. Drink

some of this.

She fills a goblet from one of the bottles and gives it to him. He drains it.

Good?

HARKER. Yes.

VORTICIA. *[Refilling his glass]* Slivovitz. The farmers round here make it with plums. It will help you sweat out any fever. Do you mind if I have some of your food? *[Eating the chicken]* I'm always hungry early in the night. Were you praying when I came in?

HARKER. Yes.

VORTICIA. They pray differently in Transylvania. The peasants kneel for days in front of a holy picture. Some of them make their backs raw with knotted rope. They think it will ward off evil. *[Picking up the journal]* What's this?

HARKER. *[Snatching it]* Nothing. Some notes I've made. Countryside, local customs, that sort of thing.

VORTICIA. Tell me - is my English good?

HARKER. Yes ... excellent.

VORTICIA. We pick up languages easily. I learn mostly from the magazines that Laszlo has sent from England. The Strand, Pearl, The Pink'un. *[Putting down her plate]* Better! Would you like to smoke?

HARKER. No ...

She lights two cigarettes and gives one to him.

VORTICIA. Here.

HARKER. I see the New Woman has even penetrated the Carpathians.

VORTICIA. Sorry?

HARKER. The cigarette.

VORTICIA. Don't Englishwomen smoke?

HARKER. Some of them are taking to it. You should have gone to England with Count Dracula. You might have studied our customs first hand.

VORTICIA. Not with Laszlo - he's so old. Anyway, I wanted to stay here with you. See, how hot you still are! Here, let me loosen your tie.

HARKER. No - please.

VORTICIA. I only want to make you comfortable.

HARKER. *[Getting to his feet]* You're most kind, but I must go. Truly.

VORTICIA. Why? You know you're not feeling well.

HARKER. I must get back to England.

VORTICIA. What for?

ACT ONE SCENE FIVE

- HARKER. My work. They need me back as soon as possible.
- VORTICIA. You could have left when it was still light.
- HARKER. I couldn't open the door. In the excitement of his departure Count Dracula seems inadvertently to have locked me in.
- VORTICIA. I don't think so.
- HARKER. Truly.
- VORTICIA. *[Going to the door and opening it]* See, you are free to come and go as you wish. Perhaps in your heart you wanted to stay.
- She closes the door again.*
- HARKER. You mean you won't stop me?
- VORTICIA. I couldn't stop you.
- She goes to the table and looks at the game of patience. Harker starts to cram things haphazardly into his suitcase. He misses several items, including his journal and the picture of Mina.*
- HARKER. In that case ...
- VORTICIA. You missed this. That goes there. Ha!
- Harker walks to the door. Vorticia, still caught up in the patience, turns the cards over rapidly.*
- HARKER. Goodbye then.
- VORTICIA. Domnul Harker ...
- HARKER. Yes?
- VORTICIA. You forgot your journal.
- Harker goes back and snatches up the journal. He returns to the door and tries to open it. It does not open. He pulls on it furiously, but still nothing happens.*
- HARKER. Oh God.
- VORTICIA. You see, you don't really want to go.
- HARKER. It's a trick.
- VORTICIA. There is no trick. Everything happens here as you desire it.
- HARKER. No. I want to go back to England.
- VORTICIA. You shall, when it is your wish. You aren't really afraid of me, are you? You do remember seeing me.
- HARKER. Yes, I remember. I can't pretend anymore. I'm too tired. I know what you are - you and Dracula.
- VORTICIA. Come back here, Jonathan.
- HARKER. I thought if you believed me ignorant there was a chance you might let me go.
- VORTICIA. Don't upset yourself. I only want what you want.

She guides him back to the couch.

Here, you can finish your cards.

HARKER. No. Whatever's going to happen, I want it over quickly.

VORTICIA. Lie back. Try to be calm. Nothing is going to happen that you do not wish for.

HARKER. I feel so tired.

VORTICIA. I'll wait until you're ready. Shall I just leave you to sleep now? I'll make up the bed for you.

She picks up the sheets and sees that Harker has knotted them.

VORTICIA. Look what you've done to the sheets!

HARKER. I was going to lower myself from the window.

VORTICIA. You might have been killed! You won't do anything like that again? Promise me

HARKER. It's true isn't it? You and Dracula - what you are. You can't die.

VORTICIA. That's good, isn't it? Nobody wants to die.

HARKER. I must be going mad. How old are you?

VORTICIA. I'm as old as you are. I can't grow old. I can make you the same. It's a gift we can bestow on those we like. Have some more Slivovitz.

HARKER. No. Don't you understand? Death is God's mercy - His gift to us.

VORTICIA. Only if you're old, or sick, or unhappy. Doesn't everyone want to be young and have pleasure for as long as they can?

HARKER. No. Not everyone.

VORTICIA. But you do.

HARKER. It's this place. It won't let me go.

VORTICIA. It understands your true wishes. Let me see your journal.

HARKER. No!

VORTICIA. You can stop me if you want to. *[Leafing through the pages]* 'I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that she would kiss me with those red lips' - Oh, Jonathan, I like that.

HARKER. I hoped it was a dream.

VORTICIA. When I came close you trembled. With some that means they are afraid and we must leave them. But you weren't afraid, were you?

HARKER. No.

VORTICIA. I could feel your want. Something from you seemed to fly up to me.

HARKER. Don't.

VORTICIA. Shall I kiss you?

HARKER. I can't ...

He looks towards Mina's photograph. Vorticia snatches it up.

VORTICIA. It's her, isn't it? She's stopping you.

HARKER. Leave that alone.

VORTICIA. You shouldn't let her stand between you and what you want.

HARKER. I'm engaged to her. I gave my word.

VORTICIA. She's like one of those pallid Madonnas the peasants pray to. She's not for you.

HARKER. You couldn't understand someone like Mina.

VORTICIA. I understand her better than you do. *[Studying the photograph]* Oh, yes, I could tell you things about Mina that you've never dreamed of. She'll never give you what you want, Jonathan.

HARKER. I can't break off an engagement just like that.

VORTICIA. Why not? I'm breaking off mine.

HARKER. You?

VORTICIA. Dracula has arranged matches for all of us. I'm contracted to a farmer from Bukovina.

HARKER. How could he contemplate such a thing?

VORTICIA. I suppose he wanted to see me settled.

HARKER. Not Dracula - the farmer. Does he know about you?

VORTICIA. Certainly he knows. In these parts such a marriage is considered desirable. My Janos knows it will make him important in his village. Don't worry, I wouldn't live on a farm. Besides he smells of tobacco and onions. I prefer to go to England with you. What's the matter?

Harker has frozen, staring horrified at something in the shadows.

Jonathan?

HARKER. Rat ... watching us. God.

VORTICIA. Haven't you noticed them before? They are the true masters here.

She goes to Harker, who remains transfixed, and touches his arm.

Don't look. I'll get rid of it.

HARKER. Can't bear them. Vile creatures.

VORTICIA. They have their uses in a place like this. He's an ugly one. And so hungry.

She makes a pointing motion with her little finger and thumb. Her lips move in wordless incantation.

There, he's gone. Darling Jonathan, you're shaking. Wait, let me get you some Slivovitz.

HARKER. Yes.

She pours some into a goblet. Harker reaches for it.

VORTICIA. No. Like this.

She puts some in her mouth, then kisses him.

HARKER. I can't fight anymore.

VORTICIA. Don't then. I can feel how you want me.

HARKER. Please ...

VORTICIA. I'll do anything to please you, anything. I'll take on any shape that gives you pleasure.

HARKER. What are you saying?

VORTICIA. I understand what you want. We have the power to become what we understand. Come over to us. You said we couldn't die but we do, everyday during the hours of daylight. We make our own heaven dreaming the dreams of the Undead. We can dream all of history if we want, from the first shapes crawling on the earth, right up until the end of time. We awaken at dusk to more pleasure than you've ever dreamed of.

HARKER. How would we live?

VORTICIA. I told you. We'll go to England.

HARKER. You really mean that?

VORTICIA. *[Starting to pick at the food]* Of course. You wouldn't want to stay here in this rat-infested ruin. And it would be better to be far away from Janos - he's very jealous. We could get somewhere convenient in London, perhaps. Have some.

HARKER. *[Taking a chicken leg]* Thank you.

VORTICIA. We ought to be married. Then you could still practice law.

HARKER. I don't know. It's possible. I mean these powers you talk of - they've obviously been misapplied. Mmm, this is good by the way. In the right hands, possessed by people with some sense of moral purpose, I dare say they could become a positive force for good.

VORTICIA. There, are you happy now?

HARKER. I don't know about London. Suppose we ran into Mina?

VORTICIA. *[Laughing]* Don't worry about her. By the time we get to England she'll have a new admirer.

HARKER. Not Mina. Never.

VORTICIA. Wait and see.

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HARKER. It won't happen.

VORTICIA. Laszlo. He's been through your letters. If I know him, he'll call on your Mina his first night in England.

HARKER. No!

VORTICIA. The letters will have whetted his appetite.

HARKER. Oh God!

He pushes her away and runs for the door. He pulls at it furiously. It does not open.

VORTICIA. Jonathan!

HARKER. Keep away from me!

VORTICIA. Don't! You're breaking my heart.

HARKER. Let me out!

VORTICIA. Wait! You needn't fear for her. Isn't she pure of heart?

HARKER. Yes ...

VORTICIA. Then her purity will be proof against him. I told you, we are powerless against any mortal unless they welcome us, as you welcome me. Nothing can happen to her that she does not wish. If her heart is pure she is quite safe. Come back.

HARKER. *[Going to her]* Vorticia.

VORTICIA. You hurt me.

HARKER. I'm sorry.

They embrace.

VORTICIA. You know I couldn't have stopped you from going to her, if you really wished it.

HARKER. Don't.

VORTICIA. Tell me what you want.

HARKER. I ...

VORTICIA. Tell me.

HARKER. Before I come over, I wondered if we could ... I want us to ...

VORTICIA. I understand.

HARKER. We are going to be married.

VORTICIA. Did you ask Mina the same thing?

HARKER. No.

VORTICIA. Of course, if that's what you want. Anyway, it would be better if I didn't bring you over until we reach England. One of us must be able to travel by day, and I'll need you to guard against mirrors.

HARKER. Why mirrors?

VORTICIA. They are a danger to us, worse than garlic or Holy Water. Always

remember that.

HARKER. I thought you couldn't see yourself in mirrors.

VORTICIA. No, they show us ourselves too clearly. So you see what you ask is for the best. I'll have to wait for you to join me. You don't know how I'm longing for it.

HARKER. That's all right then.

VORTICIA. You must give me something as a token.

HARKER. Yes, anything you like.

VORTICIA. That ring you're wearing - give that to me.

HARKER. This ring?

VORTICIA. Yes. Isn't that a sign of betrothal?

HARKER. The thing is, you see, Mina -

VORTICIA. You said anything.

HARKER. I know I did.

VORTICIA. Please.

He takes off the ring - a puzzle ring - and gives it to her. She snaps the two bands apart.

VORTICIA. I've broken it!

HARKER. No, it's called a puzzle ring. See ...

He takes the ring from her and fits the two bands back together again.

VORTICIA. It's good. Put it on my finger.

He puts the ring on her finger. They embrace.

Help me off with my dress.

He unhooks her dress and slides it off. He draws her to him.

Wait, you'll crease it.

She drapes the dress carefully over the arm of the chair. He follows her and embraces her again.

Shh. Not so fast.

They embrace more slowly.

Better.

HARKER. Good.

VORTICIA. You aren't thinking of her now?

HARKER. No.

VORTICIA. Would you tell her if you could see her?

HARKER. Yes. I'd end it.

She kisses him passionately.

VORTICIA. My sweet ... sweetest ...

She kneels in front of him.

I know where you want me to kiss you.

Harker groans.

VORTICIA. Don't worry, I won't bite.

HARKER. Please ...

VORTICIA. The best pleasure has a little fear in it.

There is a sudden loud knocking in the distance.

HARKER. Oh my God!

He pushes her away.

Who is it?

VORTICIA. I don't know. It could be that fool Janos.

HARKER. What do we do?

VORTICIA. Let the rats have him.

HARKER. Good God, woman! You were going to marry him.

The knocking sounds again, louder.

VORTICIA. I don't know that it's him. It could be peasants from the other side of the pass. Their priest is against us. He sends them sometimes to try and destroy us.

Sound of a distant door creaking open.

I must go. I can't face their crucifixes and their filthy garlic. You'll be all right. They won't harm you. I'll come for you tomorrow night.

She stoops to pick up the picture of Mina and disappears into the shadows.

HARKER. Wait! What if it's Dracula? What if he's come back?

Echoing footsteps. Harker rushes to his valise and searches furiously through it as the footsteps get louder. The door opens as he wheels round holding up a crucifix. Enter REDMOND. He is dressed in riding clothes and a mackintosh and is carrying a lamp. He speaks first in Hungarian.

REDMOND. Hol van Jonathan Harker ur, nem felni barat vagyok.

Harker remains frozen.

I'm saying I'm a friend. Do you understand?

HARKER. What do you want here?

REDMOND. You're English - you must be young Harker. You've led me quite a dance, my friend. Sorry, I seem to have startled you. Name's Oliver Redmond.

He comes further into the room and sets down the lamp.

Come on in and pull up a chair, Redmond. Awfully decent of you, Harker. *[Sitting down]* Smoke if you want to, Redmond. *[Pulling out his pipe and lighting it]* Good notion, Harker.

HARKER. You know who I am.

REDMOND. Heard about you down in Bistritz. Your style of greeting may be Transylvanian but no-one could mistake you for anything but an Englishman. You're scared out of your wits, by the look of you.

Harker lowers the crucifix.

HARKER. I'm all right.

REDMOND. Oh I don't mean pure funk, or anything like that. I'd say you've been through some kind of hell. Well it's over now. I've come to take you home.

HARKER. Home?

REDMOND. Back to England. You must have friends there who are worried about you. But first - a small test, if you don't mind.

He produces a small pocket mirror and holds it in front of Harker.

I didn't think so, somehow. You can't be too careful in this part of the world. I'll shake down here for the night and we'll leave in the morning. We can share my horse until we reach a farm where we can pick up another.

HARKER. You can't stay here. This is private property. Just who do you think you are?

REDMOND. Difficult that. Three months ago I was an Albanian shepherd. Before that an invalided army officer eking out a pension in Constantinople. Two days ago I arrived in Bistritz, a harmless collector of Carpathian folk songs. Let's just say I'm a hunter chasing a cunning and ruthless prey. I've hunted it in Europe, Asia, North and South America.

HARKER. I don't know what you're talking about.

REDMOND. Oh I think you do. Knocked around too long not to recognise the signs. In England they think I'm mad. The Undead! Put some water in it, Redmond. Heard about old Redmond? Chucked in everything to hunt the bogeyman. Pity, what? But you and I, Harker, we know the truth of it, don't we?

HARKER. Go away. You've got no right to come barging in here.

REDMOND. Hardly gracious when I've come here to rescue you. This place is notorious. No-one who knows anything about it will come within fifty miles of it. When they told me in Bistritz that a young Englishman was a guest of the infamous Count Dracula, I thought I'd better do the decent thing. I've cruelly misjudged you,

Redmond. Apology accepted, Harker. Now - oblige me by answering a few questions?

HARKER. No, I won't. And I don't need rescuing.

REDMOND. Are you alone here?

HARKER. Of course I'm alone.

Redmond picks up Vorticia's dress from off the back of the chair.

I don't have to answer your questions. You've no authority here.

REDMOND. Get a grip on yourself, man. There's more to this than an articulated clerk getting into a scrape. Our civilisation is threatened by a plague. Sit down, can't you.

Harker reluctantly sits down.

Where is Count Dracula?

HARKER. He left last night.

REDMOND. Then why are you still here? This castle can't have been lived in for years.

HARKER. What do you mean?

REDMOND. Why man, the place is absolutely crawling with rats.

HARKER. Stop it!

REDMOND. You must help me destroy him, Harker. According to records the Dracula line died out four hundred years ago. But watch the faces when you mention that name along the Borgo Pass. To these people he's a palpable, malignant presence. Tell me - where's he gone?

HARKER. He's sailing for England.

REDMOND. England!

HARKER. What could I do? I couldn't stop him. I only came out here with some papers for the purchase of a house. It was all perfectly legal.

REDMOND. The devil you say. It's unthinkable. Oh, there'll be people willing enough to shelter him. Roumanian royalists, occult societies, anarchists, malcontents. He'll be free to corrupt at will.

HARKER. Go after him then. There's nothing I can do to help you.

REDMOND. Strange, I got the impression from the inn at Bistritz that the Domnul Harker who had stayed there was a decent, hardworking young fellow. A man unlikely to abandon his country or his duty.

HARKER. I've changed since then. I want to be left in peace.

REDMOND. Damn it, Harker! They must be wiped out.

HARKER. Why do you hate them? They haven't harmed you. I doubt if you've ever even seen one.

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REDMOND. I saw one once. In a dirty little backstreet in Smyrna. A girl, no bigger than a child really, until you saw her face. She'd got a waterman against a wall. Her skin shone like silk in the moonlight. She was hanging on his neck like some foul, iridescent leech.

HARKER. You're out of your mind.

REDMOND. You can't believe the power they have. Do you know when they sleep in the day, they can see anything they want - the past, the future? Imagine it.

Harker stares at Redmond for a moment, then gives a hysterical shout of laughter.

HARKER. I know why you're here. You envy them.

REDMOND. Harker!

HARKER. You'd fall down and lick their boots if you had the chance.

Redmond gets up and shakes him by the shoulders.

REDMOND. I know how it can happen. The first scent of it can make you go under. There's a kind of rotten sweetness. It can sap a man's will like a corrupt woman.

HARKER. Leave me alone, damn you!

REDMOND. We'll get out of here in the morning. There's a boat leaving from Varna the day after tomorrow. We can be in England inside a week.

HARKER. *[Struggling weakly]* It's too late.

REDMOND. It isn't. They told me you've a fiancée waiting for you at home. If anyone can make you whole again she can. What's her name, Harker?

HARKER. I don't know.

Vorticia appears in the shadows. Neither man sees her.

REDMOND. Good Lord! You're as weak as a baby.

HARKER. It's contagious. Can't you feel it? Get out while you're still able.

REDMOND. There's somebody here.

He pushes Harker away and draws a revolver. Harker falls to his knees.

Come on out! I've loaded this with silver bullets.

HARKER. Don't, Redmond.

Redmond turns towards Vorticia. He cries out and the revolver falls from his hand. Vorticia disappears into the shadows.

You saw, didn't you?

REDMOND. Nothing - I saw nothing.

Still on his knees, Harker picks up the revolver. Redmond turns slowly. He seems to have lost all his vitality. His movement and voice are weary.

Are you going to kill me?

HARKER. I don't know. I just want you to go.

REDMOND. What in God's name is happening?

HARKER. You're getting weaker. Get out now - before your will goes completely. Go back to England. Find Dracula and destroy him. There's nothing for you here.

REDMOND. Come with me.

HARKER. *[Raising the revolver]* No! Go on - go! Don't look back.

Redmond nods. He goes to the door and opens it.

HARKER. Redmond ...

REDMOND. Yes?

HARKER. Close the door after you.

Redmond exits, shutting the door after him. Harker looks at the revolver and lets it fall.

[Calling] Vorticia!

There is no response. He staggers to the couch and falls on it. The light slowly changes. MINA appears from the shadows. She is wearing travelling clothes. She looks down fondly on Harker, who stirs in his sleep and comes to with a cry.

MINA. Jonathan. Don't be frightened. It's Mina.

HARKER. Mina!

MINA. Don't look at me like that, as if I meant to hurt you.

HARKER. Mina ...

MINA. Try not to excite yourself. It isn't good for you.

HARKER. How ... ? Did you come with Redmond?

MINA. Who?

HARKER. There was a man here earlier. Maybe I dreamt it.

MINA. Lie back. My poor Jonathan, you aren't well. Didn't you get my letters saying I was coming?

HARKER. No. There haven't been any letters. I've been a prisoner here.

MINA. How do you mean a prisoner? What was stopping you from coming home?

HARKER. I haven't been able to leave the castle.

MINA. But none of the doors are locked.

HARKER. I can't explain it now.

MINA. It's all so strange. Where is Count Dracula?

HARKER. He's gone to England.

MINA. You mean he left you here in this condition? He must be a very

wicked man.

HARKER. Mina - I don't understand what you're doing here.

During the following speech he notices Vorticia's dress still draped over the back of the chair. He slides it surreptitiously to the floor.

MINA. Didn't you know I would come if my darling needed me? Oh Jonathan - I waited and waited to hear from you. In the end I couldn't bear it any longer and then I knew I must come to you. Everyone tried to talk me out of it, but I told them, "My Jonathan is in some kind of trouble. I must go to him - as if I were truly his wife."

HARKER. You mean you came alone?

MINA. Quite as if I were one of the New Women. Only I was dreadfully afraid for most of the journey. When I got to Bistritz, I found a group of gypsies who agreed to guide me to the castle. We travelled all of yesterday and most of tonight.

HARKER. Gypsies? Where are they?

Mina starts to pack Harker's valise.

MINA. They were afraid to come in with me. They have such fierce moustaches and flashing eyes - I can't imagine them being afraid of anything. But when we turned into the Borgo Pass they were just like little children. Oh Jonathan, you should have seen them - such wild-looking men, standing so solemnly, entreating me not to go with tears in their eyes. I kept telling myself I must be brave for you.

HARKER. I'm dreaming. I know I'm dreaming.

MINA. No, you're awake now. You were dreaming - terrible dreams. When I came in, I heard you cry out in your sleep. But they've gone now. It will soon be morning and we can leave here for good. I've made all the arrangements.

HARKER. Mina, I must explain.

MINA. No, Jonathan. That can wait. We must leave here now. Here, let me take your valise.

She starts towards the door.

HARKER. Don't.

MINA. It isn't heavy.

HARKER. Mina - listen. I can't go.

MINA. What are you saying? You can't possibly mean it.

HARKER. I have to stay for a while, that's all.

MINA. Jonathan, is somebody else here?

ACT ONE SCENE FIVE

- HARKER. No, of course not. It - it's a matter of honour, that's all. Honestly, I think it would be better if you went on ahead to Bistritz.
- MINA. Surely you don't expect me to undertake such a dangerous journey by myself - a young unchaperoned woman. It would kill me.
- HARKER. What about the gypsies?
- MINA. They will be far away by now. No, you couldn't be so cruel. My darling is held here by something that is stronger than him, something that his poor broken spirit cannot fight against.
- HARKER. As God is my witness -
- MINA. You mustn't swear, Jonathan. You must tell me about it quietly and calmly. If your reason is good and your honour truly is at stake, then I will go whatever it costs me. All I want is your happiness.

Harker groans and buries his head in his hands.

- What is it, Jonathan? What's making you sad? Tell me.
- HARKER. I feel utterly wretched. How could I have done this to you? I can't expect you to forgive me.
- MINA. Don't, my love. You'll feel better again, once you're back among your friends.
- HARKER. I don't know. I can't ever imagine being the same again.
- MINA. Is it so very dreadful?
- HARKER. Yes. I can't talk about it now.
- MINA. I don't know how to ask - there isn't someone else, another woman?
- HARKER. No. Not a proper woman.

Mina turns away. Harker hesitates and hands her the diary.

- Take this. I've tried to explain what happened - some of it. Keep it, but promise me you won't read it - unless you feel you must.
- MINA. If that's what you want.
- HARKER. I've made you unhappy. You're right, we must get out of here. When we go back to England things will be like they used to be for us. We won't talk about this again. I can't bear seeing you unhappy. I'll do anything.
- MINA. It's better now. Now you're my Jonathan again.

She picks up the valise again.

- Come along. It will soon be light. We'll find our way to the Borgo Pass.

Harker hesitates.

- HARKER. Listen, there's something I must ask you to do. I want you to open

the door for me.

MINA. Whatever for?

HARKER. Just trust me. Our happiness depends upon it.

MINA. If it means so much to you, of course I will.

She walks to the door. She takes hold of the handle, then stops.

Are you sure we're truly alone?

HARKER. Yes, we're alone.

She laughs girlishly.

What is it?

MINA. I was just thinking - it's silly really.

HARKER. Just turn the handle.

MINA. Do you realise this is the first time we've ever been alone with each other at night. Just think - a whole castle to ourselves. It needs a woman's touch, of course. If this was our home I'd soon get rid of those ugly old hangings.

HARKER. Mina, open the door.

MINA. Shan't. Not until you do something for me.

HARKER. There isn't time.

MINA. Yes, there is. Before I open the door, you must kiss me.

HARKER. Mina, please.

MINA. Just this once, trust me as I've trusted you. Try to imagine how it will be when we truly are married and we've just shut the door on our room in the pension for the first night.

Harker, very agitated, goes over and kisses her on the cheek.

No, not like that. If we're going to be married things must change. I must be more to you than a friend. Please, Jonathan, we'll never have this moment again. Make me feel you love me.

He kisses her on the mouth, tentatively at first, then with increasing ardour. Mina starts to unbutton her blouse. Vorticia emerges from the shadows, dressed exactly as Mina. She joins the embrace.

MINA. Help me with this.

HARKER. Oh God ... Mina ...

Mina and Vorticia twine around Harker.

MINA. Yes, Jonathan ...

VORTICIA. ... Yes.

HARKER. We must go.

MINA. *[Slipping away into the shadows]* No ...

VORTICIA. ... It has to be here. Please.

Harker kisses Vorticia's hand. He sees the ring on her hand and freezes.

HARKER. The ring? Mina, how ... ?

He looks with horror at Vorticia.

HARKER. But your face - how could you know?

VORTICIA. *[Hurling Mina's picture at him]* This! Have it back. *[Hurling the journal]* And this! You'll want to keep them. *[Parodying Mina]* Just as if she was your own little wife!

HARKER. Stop it!

VORTICIA. I became her for you. I thought if you could see her face to face, you'd tell her and save your precious conscience.

HARKER. I couldn't.

VORTICIA. You broke your word, your solemn word.

HARKER. You don't know how it is between us.

VORTICIA. I know her - every coy, simpering gesture.

HARKER. Don't talk about her like that!

VORTICIA. Go to hell!

HARKER. Shut up!

VORTICIA. I'm finished with you! You're nothing to me.

HARKER. I'm going.

VORTICIA. Oh no you don't! You're not going back to darling Mina. I'll destroy you before I let her have you.

HARKER. Please, Vorticia, let me go. You can't do anything to me - not if I don't wish it. You told me.

VORTICIA. Then I'll let the rats do it for me.

She stares at the back wall, making a drawing-in motion with her little finger and thumb, the opposite of the one used to dismiss the rat earlier. There is a sound of scratching and squeaking that grows in intensity, until it becomes a roar. Harker covers his face with his hands and screams.

HARKER. Please!

Vorticia visibly relaxes. As she does so, the sound of the rats fades away.

VORTICIA. Jonathan.

HARKER. I didn't mean -

VORTICIA. Don't. It's too late.

The door flies open and REDMOND strides in.

REDMOND. Harker, who is she?

HARKER. Get out of here.

REDMOND. I had to come back for you.

Vorticia turns to Redmond. She is smiling.

VORTICIA. No. You had to come back for me. Don't you remember seeing me?

REDMOND. *[Transfixed]* Yes.

VORTICIA. Your true wishes brought you back.

REDMOND. Yes, that must have been it.

HARKER. Don't look at her. She'll destroy you.

VORTICIA. Stay with me. I know what it is you want. I can show you all of history, from the first shapes crawling on the face of the earth, right up until the end of time.

Redmond moves towards Vorticia, still transfixed. Harker grabs at him. Redmond knocks Harker to the floor. He is smiling and starts to unbutton his collar. Harker looks up from the floor and sees the door is still open. As Vorticia buries her head in Redmond's neck, Harker runs for the door and exits. The door slams of its own volition. The sound echoes as the lights go down.

SCENE SIX

The lights go up on Ellis's study in Brixton. HARKER is seated, ELLIS is standing.

ELLIS. Are you feeling all right?

HARKER. *[Laughs shortly]* Yes, I'm all right.

ELLIS. A remarkable story. Fascinating.

HARKER. But you don't believe a word of it.

ELLIS. I believe that you believe it.

HARKER. Not quite the same thing, is it?

ELLIS. Jonathan, the vampire legends of central and eastern Europe are sexual metaphors. They have no actual or supernatural life. To return to a healthy and vital life you must accept that fact.

HARKER. I see - I dreamed the whole thing. Is that it?

ELLIS. Consider the circumstances. You were young, sheltered, yet all at once engaged on important business in a strange country. Yes, your host's manner was odd, even overbearing. He may well have had unpleasant habits. Your mind translated these characteristics into supernatural powers. Other factors may have helped - an unfamiliar and heavily spiced diet, for instance. The absence of your fiancée may have introduced the element of sexual tension.

HARKER. Rubbish. Mina and I hadn't exchanged more than a few childish

kisses. She was quite old-fashioned then.

ELLIS. Chastity in an engaged couple does not preclude the sex question. You were inexperienced, the duties of your imminent marriage doubtless weighed heavily on your mind. So you created an alluring phantom, eager to fulfil the desires your conscious mind denied.

HARKER. What about the ring?

ELLIS. A ring is a small thing, of great symbolic value, yet easily misplaced. Can its loss be said to constitute proof absolute?

HARKER. I tell you she was real.

ELLIS. It's possible you did have an encounter - with what, one of the castle domestics? Some sturdy, uninhibited peasant lass, eager to make a gift of herself to the visiting English Domnul. Perhaps it was then that the ring changed hands? The guilt you felt and your inability to consummate might have transformed a quite trivial incident into the terrible history you have just related.

HARKER. It's not just the ring. I've seen her again.

ELLIS. You've seen Vorticia? Where?

HARKER. Here.

ELLIS. Here?

HARKER. Here in London - a couple of months ago. One of our clients has rooms at the Albany. I'd brought him some papers that needed signing. By the time we'd finished it was dark. There was a thick fog. I was wandering through Piccadilly. I think I had some idea of finding flowers for Mina. The street women had started to come out. It was ... there was something frantic in their gestures, a sort of excitement. She was standing away from the rest, at the mouth of an alley, smiling at the men who passed. Her face was painted - I didn't recognise her at first. I must have been staring at her. She beckoned me to follow her.

ELLIS. Did you?

HARKER. No. I looked into the alley but I couldn't see her in the dark and fog. I was afraid to go after her.

ELLIS. A feeling of shame is understandable.

HARKER. I don't feel shame. Not now.

ELLIS. Isn't it clear what happened? You saw a woman, patently available. You desired her and in that guilty longing your mind went back to Transylvania, to those suppressed desires that were temporarily freed there, and found expression in your journal.

Harker gets up and goes to the door.

HARKER. Forget it, Ellis. You wanted me to face the truth and I have. No shame, no guilt. For the first time I feel free.

ELLIS. Don't you want to resume a vigorous and useful life?

HARKER. Not particularly. I know now that everything that happened was real. I never really escaped. For the past fifteen years I've been impersonating life.

ELLIS. Where are you going?

HARKER. To find her, of course.

He turns the door handle, then hesitates.

Look, do you charge for this sort of thing? The consultation, I mean.

ELLIS. No, there's no charge.

HARKER. No, really - you've earned it.

ELLIS. No charge.

HARKER. That's all right then.

ELLIS. What do I tell Mina?

HARKER. Tell her to forget me. Tell her we dreamed the life we shared.

He exits. Ellis watches him go. The inner door opens and MINA stands there.

The lights fade.

SCENE SEVEN

The lights go up on HARKER and the PROSTITUTE. They are in a drab room, unfurnished except for a wardrobe and a couch.

PROSTITUTE. This all right for you, dear?

HARKER. Yes. Fine.

PROSTITUTE. We'll just make ourselves cosy. Then you can tell me what you'd like.

HARKER *sits on the couch.*

Let's have a look at you. What do you call yourself? John, is it?

HARKER. Jonathan, actually.

PROSTITUTE. A lot of my chaps are called John. You're a bit of a shy one, aren't you? You must have been watching me for half an hour. We'll have to see if we can make you bold. Maybe you've got something special in mind, something out of the ordinary?

HARKER. Sorry?

PROSTITUTE. You know. A lot of my chaps like a bit of variety. One chap comes

here, got a thing about girl's shoes. Says he's got a whole collection of them at home.

HARKER. Good God! He doesn't come from Perth, does he?

PROSTITUTE. I shouldn't think so.

HARKER. It's just that I thought I might know someone who knows him.

PROSTITUTE. Last time he was here, he offered to buy my shoes. I ask you! I said to him, how'm I going to get home? In my stockings, I suppose. Another chap, old boy, mad about bombazine. He's got this frock, black bombazine, must have belonged to someone he knew once. It's really old and falling to pieces and he wants me to -

HARKER. Peebles!

PROSTITUTE. Sorry, dear?

HARKER. It was Peebles, not Perth. Where the man with the shoes comes from.

PROSTITUTE. I don't think it's him. A lot of chaps are funny like that.

HARKER. Oh.

PROSTITUTE. What I'm saying is, you don't have to be shy, if you fancy something a bit on the odd side.

HARKER. Is this room yours?

PROSTITUTE. Gawd no! It's sort of a hotel. A lot of the girls use it. No questions asked, see. Lot of respectable chaps bring their girls here here too, when they fancy somewhere private.

HARKER. I see.

PROSTITUTE. I don't bring chaps back to my place, if that's what you're after.

HARKER. No. This is fine. Is there a mirror here?

PROSTITUTE. That's the dodge, is it? You're one of those chaps who like to keep an eye on things, are you?

She goes to the wardrobe and opens the door. On the inner side of it is a full length mirror.

That all right for you?

Harker stands in front of the mirror.

HARKER. Yes, thank you. Would you stand beside me? Please.

PROSTITUTE. I was wrong about you. You're not shy at all.

She stands beside him and starts to unfasten her dress.

Look at us, eh. Handsome, ain't we?

HARKER. Don't.

PROSTITUTE. What is it?

Harker sits on the couch and covers his face with his hands.

HARKER. I've made a mistake, that's all. I was looking for someone and I thought - I'm sorry.

PROSTITUTE. *[Closing the wardrobe]* Please yourself.

HARKER. You've been very kind. It's just that you're not her.

PROSTITUTE. Special, was she? I think I know what sort of thing you might be looking for.

She hunts through her reticule and produces a pencil and paper.

Pay attention now. I'm going to do you a bit of good. *[Writing]* This might be more in your line. All right?

HARKER. Thank you.

She tucks the slip of paper into his pocket.

PROSTITUTE. It's an address. You keep it safe.

HARKER. Yes.

PROSTITUTE. Listen, you've paid your money. Are you sure I can't do something for you?

HARKER. No.

PROSTITUTE. Nothing?

HARKER. I usually have a drink about now. *[Pause]* Perhaps you'd care to join me?

PROSTITUTE. There's a shop over the road. I could get you something. What do you like?

HARKER. Anything ... Slivovitz. Do they sell Slivovitz?

PROSTITUTE. Wouldn't think so, dear. They do a nice bottle of port.

HARKER. Fine ... fine.

PROSTITUTE. *[Going to door]* Cheer up, Johnny. It may never happen.

HARKER. Yes.

PROSTITUTE. Hang on. I've remembered - the shoe chap, I believe he does come from Peebles.

HARKER. Really?

PROSTITUTE. Really.

HARKER. Quite an odd coincidence that.

PROSTITUTE. Odd's the word, all right.

She exits. Harker looks around the room distractedly. Finally he removes his shoes and sinks back on the couch. He lies back, closing his eyes. The stage darkens except for a pool of light around him, as in the opening scene. Offstage there is the sound of a door opening and closing, and from the darkness comes the sound of giggling which resolves itself into the voices of ELLIS and MINA.

MINA. Shh!

ELLIS. No need to be bashful now, my dear.

MINA. But Havelock, what if Jonathan followed us?

Harker quickly gets off the couch and retreats to the edge of the light.

ELLIS. Not a chance. In this hotel a gentleman pays for privacy. Damn all sneaks, say I.

Ellis and Mina come into the circle of light. Mina is giggling tipsily. Ellis is wearing a top hat at a jaunty angle and is leering.

MINA. Suppose he asks to see the register?

ELLIS. Ah - resorted to a small deception. Signed the register as Gilbert the Filbert, the Knut with a K.

MINA. You're wicked! I hope you know I don't normally behave like this.

ELLIS. It's quite natural. Never knew a girl who didn't like to let her hair down after stout and oysters.

MINA. How could you know that? You understand women so well.

ELLIS. Oh I'm up to all the dodges. The husbands tell me their secrets and then I tips me hat to the wives.

MINA. No wonder they call you the God of Love.

Ellis removes his hat and shines it on his sleeve.

ELLIS. I think I can say that I'm quite a favourite with the ladies. Do you like surprises?

MINA. Oh yes.

ELLIS. Well come over here and feel my beard.

MINA. Ooh, I couldn't!

ELLIS. Couldn't you just.

MINA. I'm shy.

ELLIS. Don't be a goose. All the girls love a beaver.

Mina touches Ellis's beard and shivers.

MINA. Ooh! It tickles.

She runs her fingers through it and comes up with a pair of pearl earrings.

ELLIS. I always keep a few presents in there for girls who are nice.

She holds the earrings up to her ears.

MINA. Jonathan would never dream of giving me anything like this. They're sweetly pretty.

Ellis is searching distractedly through his beard.

ELLIS. I had a pair of garters in here I was saving for you.

MINA. *[Stamping her foot]* Do look at me, Havelock.

ELLIS. Very handsome, my dear. You need a mirror to admire yourself in.

MINA. No. I don't like mirrors.

Ellis has produced a cigar from his beard. She snatches it.

MINA. Let me light it for you.

She lights the cigar and falls back on the couch, legs akimbo.

ELLIS. I say, what corking legs!

MINA. My feet were hurting.

Ellis kneels down in front of her.

ELLIS. Hmm. I'll have to examine them a bit closer.

MINA. Are you sure it's all right?

ELLIS. Of course it is. I'm a doctor. It's my duty to make a thorough examination ... Ah hah! Just as I thought. Your shoes are too tight. They're restricting your circulation. While we're about it, we'll have these stockings off as well.

MINA. Why the stockings?

ELLIS. Circulation, my dear. Must let the blood flow. *[Removing a stocking]* By Jove! Ain't I the cat that's got the cream.

Mina looks up and notices Harker.

MINA. Look. It's Jonathan.

ELLIS. What, the wandering boy?

MINA. He's watching us. Get up, Havelock!

ELLIS. Don't worry about him. He'll think it's all another dream. Blow him a ring, that'll confuse him.

Mina giggles and puffs cigar smoke at Harker.

ELLIS. Good girl. Now where were we? Ah yes - let's loosen your bodice so your little heart can beat more freely. Then after I've given you your medicine we'll slip out for a spot of bubbly and some more oysters.

While Ellis fumbles with Mina's bodice, the wardrobe door opens and REDMOND steps into the room. He is dressed as he was in Castle Dracula and he carries a lantern.

REDMOND. Vorticia.

ELLIS. Damnation! Can't a respectable medical man take a girl to a private hotel on an urgent matter of research, without a lot of blasted rips ogling 'em?

REDMOND. Vorticia.

MINA. Here I am.

ELLIS. What ... where?

MINA. Get off me, you brute!

ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN

She pushes Ellis away and gets to her feet.

- ELLIS. You minx! If he's ... then you're the other one. You've been stringing us all along.
- MINA. That's right.
- ELLIS. Well, I'll be damned. How long have you been with Harker?
- MINA. I never left him.
- ELLIS. You ought to tell him. As a doctor I recommend you to be absolutely frank.
- MINA. I intend to be. Jonathan, why don't you come here and kiss me?
- HARKER. I think I'd better find my wife.
- MINA. Don't you recognise me? I am your wife.
- HARKER. But you told him you were -
- ELLIS. For pity's sake keep me out of it. I've never been one to come between a young fellow and his wife. Kiss her, man! Kiss her!
- MINA. That's right. Come and kiss me, Jonathan. You're longing to, aren't you?
- HARKER. Yes.
- MINA. You're dying for me.
- HARKER. Yes.
- MINA. Then what are you waiting for, silly?
- HARKER. I don't want to become one of them.
- MINA. One of who?
- HARKER. I can't ...
- MINA. Say it.
- HARKER. The Undead.
- MINA. Don't you know anything, stupid? Show him the mirror, Oliver, dear.

Redmond swings the wardrobe door, turning its mirror on Harker, who covers his eyes with his hands.

- MINA. Look into the mirror, Jonathan. Can't you see? You already are.
- Harker looks into the mirror, then screams as the lights go out. When they come up again, he is lying on the couch. The Prostitute is standing over him, holding a bottle of port.*

- HARKER. They're here!
- PROSTITUTE. It was a dream, Johnny, just a dream.

Fade.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

MINA and ELLIS stand in separate pools of light. As Ellis speaks, Mina reads a letter.

ELLIS. Last night I suffered a most vivid and disturbing dream. I would not mention it but for your letter asking me to come to St. John's Wood with you to collect your belongings. For you see in my dream I went with you to your house. Once over the threshold you seemed to change. On the surface you were the same Mina whose strength I admire and whose friendship I cherish, yet underneath flickered the presence of something altogether different. There was a noise inside the house and around it. It was as if the atmosphere was suffused with an ascending hum of grief.

MINA. *[Continuing to read]* I will not say more for I know you are sick at heart over Jonathan's disappearance. I am plagued by doubts - was it my reckless probing into his mind that finally decided him to cast himself into the unknown? Am I to ask for your forgiveness? ... *[She folds the letter]* Jonathan, wake up.

SCENE TWO

The lights go up on two large wooden packing cases. Between them lies a tray set with bread and meat. There is also an open case [Harker's valise from Castle Dracula] with clothes spilling out of it. From one box comes the sound of REDMOND moaning. The lid of the other box is pushed back and VORTICIA sits up. Her hair is wild and her face is deathly white. She is wearing a shift. She also has on the ring that Harker gave her.

VORTICIA. Redmond! Wake up!

REDMOND. Vorticia. Is it night?

VORTICIA. Of course it's night. You've just spoiled my resurrection with your idiotic noise.

She lights a cigarette and picks at the food on the tray. Redmond opens the lid of his coffin and sits up. Like Vorticia, his face is deathly white.

REDMOND. I couldn't help myself. I had the dream again.

VORTICIA. So I gather.

REDMOND. Worse this time - much worse.

VORTICIA. I've told you - I don't want to hear about it.

ACT TWO SCENE TWO

- REDMOND. Unbelievable! I've just woken up from seeing the end of the world and all you can do is stuff yourself with food.
- VORTICIA. You're always seeing the end of the world. I don't see why I should starve myself because of it.
- REDMOND. You're utterly self-absorbed. It's grotesque.
- VORTICIA. I don't see why you should make such a fuss. The world has to end eventually. It might be centuries from now. Anyway, there's nothing you or I can do about it.
- REDMOND. I try to stop the dream but it keeps coming back. There's always something different - this time it was the darkness. I can't bear it!
- VORTICIA. Dream something else if you're such a coward. We have the power to dream all of human history; there are some perfectly pleasant bits you haven't bothered with. Dracula was a thousand times the man you are and he would never go any further than the Szekely uprising of the fourteenth century.
- REDMOND. My damnable curiosity got the better of me. I had to know what the end would be like.
- VORTICIA. Be like me. Dream nothing but pleasure.
- REDMOND. You always promise to tell me but you never do. Where do you go - Messalina's boudoir? Pretty filthy stuff, I imagine.
- VORTICIA. Dream that for yourself, if that is your wish.
- REDMOND. No. I want to hear it from you.
- He has moved behind her.*
- VORTICIA. Not now. *[Handing him a hairbrush]* Here - make yourself useful. Forty strokes, and do it properly this time.
- Redmond puts his hand on her breast. She freezes.*
- REDMOND. Unhand me, wretch! How dare you violate all my dainty secrets? Hush, my rose of old Transylvania, I must - I shall kneel before you.
- VORTICIA. I've told you never to touch me.
- He starts to brush her hair.*
- REDMOND. We should never have come to England.
- VORTICIA. Not so hard! When we were in Paris all you did was complain about my friends. I thought you'd be only too pleased to get away from them.
- REDMOND. Call those people friends! A bunch of dilettantes wallowing in cheap decadence.
- VORTICIA. Of course you had to sneer at them because they were artists. You simply loathe anyone at all bohemian.

REDMOND. I suppose Harker would have fitted in better, would he? I wonder which of your friends would have been most to his taste? That priest who sold morphine? Or the little catamite who sang in the cabaret?

VORTICIA. That's why you're in such a foul mood. You're jealous of Jonathan.

REDMOND. For fifteen years I've followed you from one Godforsaken city to another. Now you want to get rid of me because you catch a glimpse of Harker in Piccadilly.

VORTICIA. I thought about him long before that. I was never happy with you. Even in Paris I knew I had to find him.

REDMOND. You're a fool! Don't you remember what he did to you?

VORTICIA. He wasn't ready. I tried to rush him. I didn't understand that then.

REDMOND. *[Tugging with the brush]* You should have let the rats have him.

VORTICIA. Ow! Can't you do anything right? Look at my clothes. I thought I told you to fold them properly.

She pulls a blouse and skirt from the valise and puts them on.

REDMOND. I'm too weak to clean up your mess. I haven't had a drop of nourishment since that beggar in Dieppe.

VORTICIA. It would help if you cleaned yourself up. No wonder you can't fend for yourself. Feeding off mortals is a subtle art. Try a little delicacy and imagination for a change.

REDMOND. You instructed me so tenderly, didn't you? In that pigsty of a brothel in Varna.

She picks up a pair of shoes.

VORTICIA. You make everything seem sordid. You've no understanding. You'll never love as we do. Here - help me on with these. It's all you're fit for.

He hesitates, then kneels in front of her and puts on her shoes.

VORTICIA. Not like that! Tighter ... Now the other one. Don't fawn.

REDMOND. Harker wouldn't do all this for you.

VORTICIA. Of course he wouldn't. That's the difference between you.

REDMOND. I won't lift another finger. I've just been making it easier for you to leave me.

VORTICIA. Very well, if that's what you want. You must only do what you wish.

She walks out of the circle of light.

REDMOND. Vorticia, wait! I didn't mean it. You'd be different if you'd dreamed the things I dream. You'd set the rats loose in the streets, turn the madmen out of the asylums ... anything. *(Covering his face with*

ACT TWO SCENE TWO

his hands) Harker! Help me. You must ... I took your place.

MINA enters the circle of light. Her clothes are identical to Vorticia's and her face is white.

REDMOND. Vorticia?

MINA. Of course.

REDMOND. This means you're going to him, doesn't it?

MINA. Yes.

REDMOND. Don't go now. Wait just one more night.

MINA. He's ready. I can feel it. If I wait, I'll lose him.

REDMOND. What am I going to do?

MINA. There must be people from your old life who could help.

REDMOND. I couldn't face anyone from the past. I'd be too ashamed.

MINA. I can't do any more for you.

Redmond pulls a revolver from his box.

REDMOND. I could finish it for both of us. Two silver bullets.

MINA. Put it away. You know the thought of it makes you sick with fear.

He puts the revolver back into the box.

REDMOND. Then teach me to change shape the way you do.

MINA. It won't work. You have to understand the person you become, know everything about them in a single moment. You can't do that for the same reason you can't feed yourself.

REDMOND. I'm starving to death. Help me this one last time. Let me come with you tonight.

MINA. Oh very well. We'll stop at Piccadilly for a bite on the way over.

REDMOND. You go there too much.

MINA. *[Applying rouge to her cheeks]* Not as dear Mina. I thought she might go in the character of the disgraced governess. What do you think?

REDMOND. Let me stand behind you. When you've finished, pass it to me through your mouth. It's best like that.

MINA. Yes, anything. Go and call a taxi.

Redmond exits from the circle of light. Mina touches her ring.

Jonathan.

The lights go out. A wolf howls.

SCENE THREE

The lights gradually go up on the garden room of the Harkers' house in St. John's Wood. The room is partially lit by a light from the hall and by moonlight from French windows which lead to the garden. On the wall is a mirror which has material draped over it. We hear the voices of MINA and ELLIS in the hall.

MINA. *[Off]* It's as if nobody had ever lived here. All the life seems to have gone out of it.

ELLIS. *[Off]* It's a trick of empty houses. They seem to deny any previous tenancy.

MINA. *[Off]* I've been dreading this moment.

ELLIS. *[Off]* Come back to Brixton with me.

MINA. *[Off]* No. There are things I must do.

ELLIS. *[Off]* Tonight?

MINA. *[Entering]* Yes, tonight. I don't want to leave anything of me here.

HARKER. Hullo Mina.

MINA. Jonathan!

Ellis enters and switches the light on. HARKER is revealed, prone on the divan with a glass resting on his chest. He is dishevelled and there are marks on his face. On a card table by him is a half-played game of patience and a half-empty bottle.

HARKER. Hullo, Havelock.

ELLIS. You've come home then.

MINA. Where have you been? You disappear for the best part of a week and don't bother to let anyone know where you are. People have been worried.

HARKER. People? What people?

MINA. Havelock and I, if you must know. Where've you been?

HARKER. Oh - around and about.

MINA. Didn't you think - didn't you think just once!

HARKER. Come on, Mina. I'm back, what more do you want?

MINA. Nothing, nothing at all. It doesn't matter.

HARKER. Quite a surprise seeing you and Havelock here.

MINA. I came back for some of my things. You could have been dead for all we knew.

HARKER. Things - what things?

MINA. Everything. Clothes, my typewriter, all the things that are mine.

HARKER. I see.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. I'm leaving for good. Havelock is helping me.
HARKER. That's cosy.
MINA. What do you want me to do? Wait for you to start living again?
HARKER. No, I don't want that.
MINA. I don't suppose there's any food in the house?
HARKER. I wouldn't know. Anyone like a drink? Havelock?
MINA. What happened to your face?
HARKER. It's nothing. I fell, that's all.
MINA. Let Havelock look at it.
HARKER. No.
MINA. He's a doctor.
HARKER. *[Shouting]* Christ! You're killing me!
MINA. Don't -
HARKER. Stop it ... just stop.

Mina walks to the door.

Oh hell! Mina -

She exits. There is an uneasy silence between Harker and Ellis. Harker pours himself a drink and gestures to Ellis with the bottle.

HARKER. Are you sure?
ELLIS. Quite sure.
HARKER. Sorry about that.
ELLIS. Why apologise to me? I'm not the person you've wounded.
HARKER. I know.

He picks up the patience, turning the cards intently.

ELLIS. You play a lot of patience?
HARKER. It's good for making decisions. You ought to try it. It simplifies life no end. I'm serious. When I got rid of the servants, I decided I'd let them go if I couldn't make more than one in five games come out. They were really surprised when I just paid them off.
ELLIS. I see. What did happen to your face?
HARKER. I was in a fight.
ELLIS. A fight?
HARKER. Sort of. On my way back here I stopped in at this place by the river. A bargeman hit me. You don't have to tell Mina.
ELLIS. But why?
HARKER. I don't want her worried.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

- ELLIS. I mean why did this man strike you?
- HARKER. He thought I was staring at the woman he was with. I'm thinking of bringing a civil action.
- ELLIS. Jonathan -
- HARKER. Really. I could get quite a decent whack in damages.
- ELLIS. This is what - your fifth day of absolute freedom?
- HARKER. I suppose so. I haven't been counting.
- ELLIS. Frankly, I don't think it's been a great success.
- Pause.*
- HARKER. Been reading your 'Psychology of Sex', by the way. Quite a good read.
- ELLIS. I'm surprised you could get a copy.
- HARKER. Found it in a shop in Villiers Street, among a lot of books with titles like 'The History of the Rod'.
- ELLIS. Did you find it enlightening?
- HARKER. In a way. I couldn't help noticing you seem obsessed with the aristocracy.
- ELLIS. You've lost me.
- HARKER. All the big perversions - named after aristocrats. The *Marquis de Sade*. What's his name? - *Count Sacher Von Masoch*. The *Chevalier D'Eon*. Don't members of the yeomen or professional classes ever come up with a notable vice?
- ELLIS. Perhaps the European nobility have more leisure in which to refine their appetites.
- HARKER. As a free born Englishman I don't see why I should be disqualified by birth from naming my own vice.
- ELLIS. Perhaps you could offer me a clinical definition of - what shall we call it - Harkerism?
- HARKER. No.
- ELLIS. It might be enlightening.
- HARKER. You're the expert on that sort of thing.
- ELLIS. My guess is that your mind made an Abbey of Thelema out of Castle Dracula, but when it came to living by its rule - "Fais ce que voudras" - the thought of that frightened you.
- HARKER. Come again?
- ELLIS. It's in Rabelais. Above the doors of the Abbey of Thelema was the motto "Do what thou wilt" - Fais ce que voudras.
- HARKER. Rabelais sounds a sensible chap.

- ELLIS. Yes, it's a beautiful idea. Unfortunately freedom's not quite as simple as that. Must our own desires rule out compassion for others?
- HARKER. All right. I'm a swine, I know it. I don't mean to hurt people.
- ELLIS. But that's what you're doing.
- HARKER. Oh, for God's sake. I'm being honest for the first time in my life. Listen, you know what I've been thinking? I've spent my whole life working in the law. Do you know what I've found out? Laws are just ways of stopping people from doing things they want, things they've a perfect right to do. A year ago I probably would have approved of the prosecution of your book.
- Pause.*
- ELLIS. When you left me, where did you go?
- HARKER. I just walked. Everything was strange. I'd made the decision - I could do whatever I wanted. There was nothing to stop me anymore. I felt like an anarchist with a bomb in my pocket, as if I could blow up the whole town. In the end I went with a woman. Don't look at me like that, nothing happened. Actually I fell asleep and had a dream about you.
- ELLIS. What sort of dream?
- HARKER. A stupid dream. You cut quite a dash in it. Anyway, she gave me an address. There was nothing to stop me, so I found myself going there.
- ELLIS. What was it?
- HARKER. A big house in one of the streets off Mile End Road. It was a brothel - sort of. Woman there said they could cater for anything I wanted. Bit like your Abbey - what was it called?
- ELLIS. Thelema. What did you choose?
- HARKER. Once she said it, I couldn't think of anything. Eventually she suggested this room in the basement where you could buy opium. So I thought, why not ... why not? I don't know how long I was there. It must have been a few days.
- ELLIS. Tell me what happened.
- HARKER. It was ... I don't know. There was another client - a woman - came into the room while I was there. Well-dressed, middle-aged. She sat there quietly. Hands came out of the dark and touched her but she never moved. At first the opium made everything good. Then it went wrong. I could see faces in the dark and thought they were going to kill me. In the end I left. I knew I wanted to get home. So here I am.

ELLIS. Why? Why do this to yourself?

HARKER. I thought I'd been given a clue - that I'd find her there.

ELLIS. D'you really want to lose everything in pursuit of this phantom from your past?

HARKER. At times I think I can stop it. But then I get this feeling in the pit of my stomach and my heart seems to be hammering in my throat.

ELLIS. What you describe is the personality of desire, but desire divorced from any relationship. You don't even say her name. Without that your attraction is little different from that of my old friend in Natchez. It may be intense, it may bring into play the human capacity for reverence, but without any relationship it is sterile. And as insubstantial as the sheen on velvet.

Harker looks at the game of patience.

HARKER. The bastard won't come out!

He scrambles the game and buries his head in his hands. Mina enters, carrying a tea tray.

MINA. I've managed to find food. There's biscuits and I've made some sandwiches.

HARKER. I'm not hungry.

MINA. Well I am. And we have a guest. Havelock, you'll have something?

ELLIS. Just tea, thank you. It's such a fine night, if I may I think I'll take it into the garden and smoke a cigarette.

Mina looks questioningly at him as she hands him the cup. He takes it and exits through the French window. Harker picks up a sandwich and chews it ravenously.

MINA. When did you last eat?

HARKER. I can't remember. What I said just now - I'm sorry.

MINA. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters anymore.

HARKER. You shouldn't have shown it to Ellis.

MINA. What?

HARKER. My journal. You shouldn't have given it to him.

MINA. For God's sake! You kept it from me for fifteen years. We were married. We weren't supposed to have secrets.

HARKER. You really are going?

MINA. Yes, I'm really going.

HARKER. Oh.

MINA. What gave you the right to treat me like this?

HARKER. It's not about you.

MINA. Isn't it? It feels like it. You look at me as if I was your enemy. As if

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

I'd stolen fifteen years from your life.

HARKER. I don't mean to.

MINA. I didn't. You wanted to marry me. Nobody forced you.

HARKER. I know.

MINA. I hate seeing you wretched.

HARKER. I'm all right.

MINA. I really am going.

HARKER. You'll be better without me.

MINA. Yes, I will.

HARKER. That's good then.

Pause. Mina turns to go, then wheels round and launches herself onto Harker, pummelling him with her fists.

MINA. Wake up! Wake up!

He grapples with her, holding her wrists.

HARKER. Don't -

MINA. What happened to you? Stop being so passive! I want the man I married back!

HARKER. Please -

MINA. Do something! Smash something! Do anything but stand there saying you're sorry.

HARKER. Christ! What can I say?

MINA. Do you love me?

HARKER. Yes.

MINA. Then get away from here. Go abroad, go anywhere. Get drunk. Anything. Just go right away.

HARKER. Why?

MINA. You can't breathe in this atmosphere. You're suffocating, and I'm suffocating.

HARKER. All right.

MINA. Say you'll go.

HARKER. Yes.

MINA. Promise me.

HARKER. Yes.

He still holds her.

MINA. Remember the night before I left - remember?

HARKER. I remember.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. I wanted you! Didn't you want me?

HARKER. You know I did.

He kisses her.

MINA. Where've you been?

HARKER. Shh!

She kisses him fiercely.

MINA. All those nights lying beside you, longing for you to touch my breast.

He pulls her blouse from her shoulder.

Oh God! Yes ...

HARKER. Mina, I have to tell you -

MINA. Not now.

HARKER. What about Havelock?

MINA. It doesn't matter.

HARKER. Suppose he walks in?

MINA. He won't. Please, Darling ... it's been so long.

Their embrace intensifies.

Help me with this ...

He starts to unbutton the blouse.

... it's been so long.

HARKER. I didn't mean -

MINA. Shh. I know. Please, we'll never have this moment again.

He freezes.

HARKER. Mina?

MINA. Yes, Jonathan ... yes.

HARKER. We must go.

MINA. No ... it has to be here.

He breaks away and turns from her.

Jonathan?

HARKER. Why did you say that?

MINA. You don't want me.

HARKER. It's not that. A bad memory, that's all.

MINA. Forget the past. The future's all that matters.

HARKER. I need a drink.

MINA. It's all right. You'll go away from here. Things will get better.

HARKER. Will they?

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. I know they will.

Harker picks up the cards and begins to set out a new game of patience.

MINA. I'll go and tell Havelock.

HARKER. Oh for heaven's sake! Does he have to know every bloody detail?

MINA. I meant about you and I leaving here.

HARKER. Oh. There's no need to tell him yet.

MINA. Oh no.

HARKER. I didn't say tonight. I meant later.

MINA. You promised.

HARKER. I can't, that's all. Not just now.

MINA. You can't - no explanation, just like you can't ... just like you haven't been able to ...

HARKER. Go on, say it!

Pause.

MINA. Please tell me why it is you can't leave here. If there's a good reason, I shan't make a fuss.

HARKER. I need more time by myself.

MINA. You're a liar. You're waiting for her.

HARKER. Don't call me that.

MINA. Why not, it's what you are. Our whole marriage was a lie. You're waiting for her, aren't you?

HARKER. Shut up, Mina.

MINA. You're mad! You've even covered up the mirror for her.

She tries to pull down the cloth covering the mirror. Harker grabs her. She wheels round and hits him.

Don't touch me! Don't ever touch me again.

HARKER. All right, Mina. Just ... I'm going. We won't see each other again.

MINA. Go on then. The door's open.

Harker hesitates, then exits through the door. Ellis enters through the French windows. He goes to Mina and put his arms around her.

ELLIS. Shh. Love occasionally requires us to ascend calvary. Perhaps it was necessary to endure this. You'll feel better.

After a moment she breaks from him.

MINA. I don't love him. It's over.

ELLIS. Come back to Brixton with me.

MINA. Stupid, stupid!

ELLIS. I'll get a taxi.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. No, it's too late.

ELLIS. What's too late?

MINA. Everything.

ELLIS. I've let you down.

MINA. Don't say that.

ELLIS. Perhaps you see a harmony in me, Mina, even a touch of the Faun. Tonight I wonder if the healer has any more wisdom than his patient. I don't live easily in the present. My moments of happiness are in the past, or in the future. No different from Jonathan, you see.

MINA. You tried to help.

ELLIS. And failed. I've always believed that no aspect of human sexuality should be hidden. I asked Jonathan to face his innermost being. I believed that way he could become a rational, responsible citizen of the future. Instead I created an anarchist.

MINA. You didn't create that. It was always there. I know Jonathan.

ELLIS. Perhaps so. I can't see the truth anymore.

MINA. Go back to Brixton.

ELLIS. Come with me.

MINA. No.

ELLIS. Why not?

MINA. I just can't. That's what Jonathan always says - I just can't. Not tonight. Tomorrow I'll start another life.

ELLIS. Would it be awkward if I stayed here with you?

MINA. Of course it's not awkward. You don't think you'd compromise me?

ELLIS. No, I don't think that.

MINA. I'll make up a bed in the spare room.

ELLIS. No, go and sleep while you can. I can use the divan.

MINA. It won't take a minute.

ELLIS. I'd like to be near the garden. And you need rest.

MINA. All right, Havelock.

She goes to the door.

That woman in Jonathan's journal?

ELLIS. Vorticia.

MINA. She isn't real, is she?

ELLIS. No, she's not real.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. She is to me. I can't even bring myself to say her name.
ELLIS. Banish her from your mind. That's the only existence she has - in the mind.
MINA. I wonder what Jonathan will do now?
ELLIS. Mina, don't give up on love.
MINA. I won't. Goodnight, Havelock.
ELLIS. Sleep well, my dear.

She exits. Ellis crosses to the French windows and opens them. He switches off the light, goes back to the divan and arranges the pillows. He takes off his jacket, lies back on the divan and goes to sleep. The light alters. REDMOND and MINA enter from the garden. They move silently into the room. Mina places her fingers against the wall - she appears to be listening. When she and Redmond speak it is in hushed whispers.

REDMOND. Vorticia!
MINA. Shh!
REDMOND. I'm famished.
MINA. Keep quiet, can't you? I'm feeling this place.
REDMOND. I can't bear it. I'm so hungry, it's tearing my insides out.
MINA. He's not here.
REDMOND. What do you mean, he's not here?
MINA. I know, that's all. Look, he's covered the mirror. He's been expecting me.
REDMOND. You don't give a damn about me, do you? I've stuck with you for fifteen years of hell and this is the thanks I get.
MINA. Not that again.
REDMOND. You don't care that you're killing me.
MINA. You can't die. Not like this.
REDMOND. I can't go on without food.
MINA. Oh stop whining, you'll wake Ellis.
REDMOND. What the hell is he doing here?
MINA. How should I know? Comforting dear Mina, I suppose.
REDMOND. That type of fellow makes me sick, prying into people's minds and writing filth about it. That sort of thing saps a nation's fibre. Look at him. Probably sleeping off a bloody good meal.
MINA. Oh shut up about food. I could have had that woman outside the theatre if you hadn't scared her off.
REDMOND. All right, all right. Let me have Ellis.
MINA. Don't be ridiculous, he won't give anything to you.

REDMOND. You do it then, and pass it on to me.
 MINA. No.
 REDMOND. Harker might not be here for ages. You used to like feeding me. Remember?
 MINA. It's no good.
 REDMOND. Please. I've no pride left.
 MINA. Don't look at me like that. It's not my fault. Oh, all right then.
 REDMOND. Thank you.
 MINA. Just wait outside. I don't want another one bolting.
 REDMOND. You will pass me some?
 MINA. Yes. Go on.

Redmond exits through the French windows. Mina unbuttons her blouse, crosses over to Ellis and leans over him. He wakes.

ELLIS. Mina!
 MINA. You darling, you've been asleep.
 ELLIS. I thought you'd gone to bed.
 MINA. I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about you. I wanted to see you.
 ELLIS. Just wait while I get up.
 MINA. No, stay. You look so sweet lying there.
 ELLIS. I'm at a loss for words. You were so unhappy.
 MINA. You're so clever - you cured me. Now I just want to please you.
 ELLIS. Well, that's good of course. If I might just get up for a moment?
 MINA. What's the matter? Don't you care for me?
 ELLIS. You mustn't think that. It's just that it's my temperament, however passionate beneath the surface, to be reasonable and cautious.
 MINA. Don't talk like that. You'll break my heart.
 ELLIS. Of course, I would like us to grow closer, with perhaps a sweet touch of intimacy. But you know, my dear, it wouldn't be good for either of us to be precipitate.
 MINA. I can't help myself. You've carried me away.
 ELLIS. I fear you have fallen into a common error. Because of my work, I'm regarded as an authority on sex, a fact which has amused my more intimate women friends.
 MINA. Don't you want me? I can do nothing unless you want me.
 ELLIS. I'm trying to explain without seeming horrid. I would be an indifferent lover in the conventional sense. I grant you I can be delicate and attentive, but I cannot be vigorous.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

MINA. Let me look at you.

ELLIS. Why?

MINA. I want to understand you ... Oh yes, I see now. I see what you want.

She whispers in his ear. He groans.

You want me now?

He nods.

Say yes.

ELLIS. Yes.

Mina takes off her blouse and skirt. Ellis takes off his trousers. Redmond appears at the French window and gesticulates. Mina signals him away. She turns to Ellis. She runs her fingers through his beard, as she does so her lips moving closer to his neck.

MINA. So good ...

ELLIS. Wait! Give me your hand.

MINA. What?

ELLIS. I want to see your ring.

MINA. Not now.

ELLIS. Please, my dear, it's important.

He slips Harker's puzzle ring off her finger and holds it up to the light. He snaps it apart.

ELLIS. I thought so. I haven't seen a puzzle ring since I was a child.

MINA. Please, Havelock, I want you now. I need you ...

ELLIS. Mina, this is the ring, isn't it? You should have told me you had it. Don't you see, this could be the key to Jonathan's problems. If you still have it, how could he have given it away in Transylvania?

MINA. Please ...

ELLIS. My dear, what's the matter?

MINA. Nothing. Come back to me.

ELLIS. But you look quite pale.

MINA. I'm perfectly all right.

ELLIS. You're not. Here, look in the mirror.

He reaches for the cloth that covers the mirror.

MINA. No, don't!

ELLIS. What is it?

MINA. You were right - I'm not well. I must get some air.

ELLIS. I sensed this feverish activity would not be good for you. Let me attend you in the garden.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

Mina snatches up the bundle of clothes, including Ellis's trousers.

MINA. No! You stay here. I don't want you to see me.

ELLIS. But you've got my ...

Mina exits quickly through the French windows.

Oh dear.

He is undecided for a moment and then sits on the divan and intently studies the ring. Mina enters through the door. She is dressed for bed and carries a blanket.

MINA. Havelock, I've brought you a rug - oh, I'm sorry.

ELLIS. *[Going to her]* Poor little Mina. You gave me quite a fright.

MINA. I should have knocked. It was silly of me.

ELLIS. Let me feel your forehead.

MINA. I hope I haven't embarrassed you.

ELLIS. No fever, that's good. No, you haven't embarrassed me. You took my breath away - delightfully of course. You know, my dear, I'm the one who should have the fever after the trick you played me.

MINA. Yes, well, I'll leave the rug here then.

ELLIS. I take it you've reconsidered. Ah well, perhaps it's for the best. Let us kiss once to seal our new understanding, and then go to our different beds.

He embraces her.

MINA. Havelock! What is all this?

ELLIS. Come, my dear, you mustn't tease. A simple embrace after what we have just shared is scarcely indecorous.

MINA. *[Disengaging herself]* Well, perhaps I ought to ...

ELLIS. Mina, you've changed.

MINA. You're the one who's changed. Your whole attitude is ... well ...

ELLIS. I mean you've changed your clothes.

MINA. Of course I've changed my clothes. I've been to bed.

ELLIS. No, you went into the garden.

MINA. Garden? Havelock, I hope you don't mind me saying this, but wouldn't you find it easier to talk if you had your trousers on?

ELLIS. I can't. You took them with you into the garden.

MINA. What is this about the garden?

ELLIS. Mina, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Indeed, you showed a wisdom and tolerance in sexual matters that was admirable.

MINA. I'm not ashamed. I just don't know what's happening.

ELLIS. There was no harm. We hovered for a moment on the threshold of

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

intimacy. I find that memory beautiful. It may now seem to you a slightly improper enjoyment, but there's no sense in denying it.

MINA. I do deny it. I haven't been in the garden. I haven't got your trousers.

ELLIS. What about this ring? I suppose you deny giving me that as well?

MINA. Let me see that. Havelock, this is my ring! Where on earth did you find it? Did Jonathan give it to you?

ELLIS. Mina, you're being very provoking. You know perfectly well he didn't.

MINA. I can't believe it's come back to me after all these years. You don't know what this means to me.

ELLIS. Let's start from the beginning. I was lying here -

MINA. Never mind that now. This really is my ring. *[Kissing him]* You darling!

She slips the ring on her finger. Offstage, the sound of a key turning in a lock.

ELLIS. Mina ...

MINA. Shh!

Sound of door opening.

ELLIS. *[Whispering]* Who is it?

MINA. Jonathan, of course. Oh, Havelock, for heaven's sake put your trousers on.

ELLIS. My trousers?

MINA. Yes, your trousers. How do you think it will look?

ELLIS. I can't. They're in the garden.

MINA. Havelock! Then go out and find them.

She starts to push him towards the French windows.

ELLIS. I can't go out there like this. We'll just have to explain this to Jonathan calmly and rationally.

MINA. Havelock, I have a chance to make things all right and nothing's going to spoil it. Oh ... stand behind something then!

ELLIS. Mina ...

MINA. Please, Havelock, for me.

Ellis moves behind a chair as the door opens and HARKER stumbles in.

MINA. Jonathan, what's the matter?

HARKER. Had a sort of accident. Pony trap came bowling out of Hamilton Terrace. No warning. Knocked me over. Didn't even bother to stop.

Mina stifles a giggle.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

HARKER. It's not funny. It was my right of way. He was clearly in violation of the law.

MINA. I know it's not funny. Here, let me have a look at you.

HARKER. It's just a few scratches that's all. It's the principle of the thing ... Good Lord, Havelock, are you still here?

ELLIS. Yes, I thought I'd keep Mina company.

HARKER. The thing is, I'd rather like to talk to Mina in private. I wonder if ... ?

ELLIS. Quite.

He starts to move from behind the chair, loses his nerve and moves back again.

HARKER. It's just something I need to get off my chest.

ELLIS. Good.

MINA. You mustn't mind talking in front of Havelock. Nothing we can say will shock him. Isn't that right Havelock?

HARKER. Mina, I'm trying to say I'm sorry. Look, don't you think it would be better if we didn't have Havelock on hand all the time?

MINA. Yes. I think you're probably right.

HARKER. You do? Well that's good then.

MINA. Let's get some air. We could talk in the garden.

ELLIS. The garden! Don't go in the garden ...

MINA. What!

HARKER. No. I really ought to go.

MINA. What was it you wanted to say?

HARKER. I don't know - when I walked out through that door it felt as if I was seeing myself for the first time. I remembered that I'll be forty in a couple of weeks. I've become this thing - a drunk solicitor, out of control most of the time. I'm ashamed for all of this, all the pain I've caused you.

MINA. Is that why you came back?

HARKER. I just wanted you to say you forgive me.

MINA. Yes, I forgive you.

HARKER. I needed to hear you say it, that's all.

He turns to the door.

MINA. Don't go, Jonathan. Not yet. *[Touching his face]* Look at me.

HARKER. Mina ... your ring!

MINA. Yes, Jonathan.

HARKER. Who are you?

MINA. Don't you know?

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

HARKER. It can't be.

MINA. Oh, Jonathan.

HARKER. It can't ...

She kisses him.

MINA. You must rest, Jonathan. Come to bed. One night in your own bed.

HARKER. Yes.

MINA. Come on, I'll take you there.

She kisses him again.

HARKER. Yes.

She takes his hand and leads him to the door. They exit. Ellis comes from behind the chair. For a moment he stands wrapped in thought. Then he crosses to the French windows.

ELLIS I know you're out there.

Vorticia and Redmond enter through the French windows. They ignore Ellis.

REDMOND. How absolutely priceless!

VORTICIA. Shut up.

REDMOND. Priceless. Fifteen years you've been planning this cosy reunion and then you let yourself get pipped at the post. Dare say you've given little Mrs. Harker a second honeymoon.

VORTICIA. You idiot. He thinks it's me. He was fooled by the ring.

REDMOND. I am enjoying this.

ELLIS. I would like my trousers back if I may.

Vorticia hands the trousers to him.

Who are you?

VORTICIA. You know who we are.

REDMOND. Good show about the Harkers' reconciliation. Connubial bliss and all that. What do you say, Ellis?

VORTICIA. Go to hell.

REDMOND. I wasn't talking to you.

ELLIS. How can you possibly live like this?

VORTICIA. I made the mistake of pitying this creature. I should have given him to the rats.

ELLIS. To live with this rage for eternity, it's beyond imagining.

VORTICIA. You understand what we are then?

ELLIS. Yes, I think I do.

REDMOND. It wasn't sex, Ellis, not for me. In fact she isn't to my taste at all. I did it for knowledge - that was the seduction.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

- VORTICIA. Not that old lie again. I saw right into that sewer of a mind from the first moment. You wanted someone to humiliate you, someone to grovel to. Shall I tell him about that time in Trieste?
- REDMOND. You lying bitch!
- ELLIS. *[Putting on his trousers]* For God's sake stop this!
- VORTICIA. Nothing ever stops him. How I hate that voice.
- REDMOND. You won't hear it for much longer. I intend to make my own way from now on. Somehow, I think I'll be able to feed myself. I'll just cut off for a good day's sleep. After that, who knows? Tomorrow night I might happen upon some jolly, plump little housemaid in the suburbs. In a while I might even find a woman from a decent family, bring her over and settle down. I'm in my prime really.
- VORTICIA. Promise me. You're really going.
- REDMOND. Touching, isn't it, the way she clings to me? Yes, I've made up my mind. You utter cad, Redmond. That's a bit strong, Ellis. You see, I've realised why she and Harker are so well matched. They're both weak. Too bad he's make it up with his wife.
- VORTICIA. He'll know it isn't me. He'll be back.
- REDMOND. Extraordinary - you really are as sentimental as a shopgirl. I can tell you he won't be back. For the first time I think I truly understand Harker. *[Going to the French window]* Cheerio ... No, this time I think I'll leave by the front door. I'm sick of sneaking about. Never mind, my dear, you can always take Ellis as your new friend. I say, that's rather a good notion.
- He exits through the door.*
- ELLIS. Wake me up.
- VORTICIA. This isn't a dream.
- ELLIS. What he said to you was wicked.
- VORTICIA. Why do you say that?
- ELLIS. Because to deride love is the greatest of sins.
- VORTICIA. Will you be kind to me, when you come over?
- ELLIS. You mustn't. It will only make you miserable.
- VORTICIA. *[Drawing closer to him]* It's too late now. I know you want me, like you wanted me when you thought I was Mina.
- ELLIS. Let me help you.
- VORTICIA. This will help. I'm so hungry all the time.
- ELLIS. Vorticia ...
- VORTICIA. You can stop me if you want to. If you tell me no, I'm powerless.
- ELLIS. I can't ...

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

VORTICIA. That's good. Let me ...

ELLIS. Are you crying?

VORTICIA. Shh. Let me kiss ... it's such a pleasure to me.
She closes in on his neck. The door flies open and Harker falls into the room.

HARKER. Vorticia! Don't - please.

VORTICIA. Jonathan!

HARKER. Let him go.

VORTICIA. You came back.

HARKER. I was mixed up by the ring. Then when we were in bed - I couldn't. All I could think was that I had to find you.

VORTICIA. Then you want me?

HARKER. Yes.

ELLIS. Harker! Go back to Mina.

HARKER. I'm sorry, Havelock. This is what I want.

VORTICIA. Are you sure you're ready this time?

HARKER. Yes. It was always you. Have you been looking for me all these years?

VORTICIA. Yes.

HARKER. Why?

VORTICIA. Because I love you.

HARKER. That's all right then.

VORTICIA. Domnul Harker. Do you remember?

HARKER. Yes, I remember.

VORTICIA. Come with me, Domnul Harker.

HARKER. I don't want him to see.

VORTICIA. He won't. We'll go away from here and then I'll bring you over.

HARKER. Have I really found you?
Vorticia picks up Ellis's jacket.

VORTICIA. We'll borrow this. He'll need it for the journey.

ELLIS. You can't do this.

VORTICIA. You'll get it back.

ELLIS. No. I mean you mustn't. I'm desperately afraid for both of you.

VORTICIA. Don't be. We've found what we want. Hurry, Jonathan, it will soon be light.

HARKER. Goodbye, Havelock. Take care of Mina. You'll be much better for her than I could be.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

Vorticia and Harker exit through the French windows. Silence. Then from offstage Vorticia's scream, followed by Redmond's laughter. Redmond bounds back in. He stretches and flexes his body.

REDMOND. I did it! I really did it! I actually was Harker.

Vorticia runs in through the French windows and flies at him. He holds her as she struggles.

No you don't! Stop that! I thought you would have been pleased to spend a few moments with Harker. I did it for you.

ELLIS. Let her go!

REDMOND. When she's simmered down. It was extraordinary. One moment I was thinking I really know what makes old Harker tick and the next - pouf! Remarkable, Redmond. Just a knack some of us have, Ellis.

Vorticia spits at him.

Calm down! I wasn't really going to leave you. We're stuck with each other so we might as well make the best of it. Things will be different now, you'll see. I can get food for you.

VORTICIA. No!

She runs to the mirror and tries to reach the cloth. Redmond wrestles her back.

REDMOND. You're mad! ... Stop it!

VORTICIA. Help me!

Ellis goes to the mirror and takes hold of the cloth. He hesitates.

REDMOND. Don't!

VORTICIA. Do it, please. You must.

Ellis yanks the cloth away. As both Vorticia and Redmond look into the mirror, light flashes from it and there is a sound like a magnified sigh. Vorticia and Redmond fall to the ground, shielding their eyes.

VORTICIA. You saw, didn't you?

REDMOND. I saw nothing.

VORTICIA. It's over now. We'll go outside and wait until it's light.

REDMOND. No. I want to live.

VORTICIA. Look at it again.

Redmond raises his eyes to the mirror. Then gives a cry of horror and runs out through the French windows. Vorticia starts to follow.

ELLIS. I'm sorry.

Vorticia looks at him, then exits after Redmond. Ellis goes to the mirror, looks in it, then crosses to the French windows and exits. Harker enters through the door. He glances round the room.

HARKER. Havelock?

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

Enter Mina. She is carrying a suitcase. She goes behind Harker and puts her arm around him.

MINA. I've packed everything we need.

HARKER. That's good. You really want us to go now?

MINA. Yes, I really want us to go.

HARKER. We haven't really talked.

MINA. We'll talk later, away from here.

HARKER. Yes.

MINA. What is it?

HARKER. It's just that I'm worried about Havelock.

MINA. Don't be. He's all right. I know he is.

She goes to the mirror and adjusts her hair.

HARKER. I don't think we should leave without him.

MINA. We won't then. Jonathan, come here.

He crosses to stand behind her. They look at their reflection in the mirror.

Do you know me now?

HARKER. Yes, I know you.

MINA. When?

HARKER. You know when.

MINA. Yes, I know.

They embrace. She winces slightly.

HARKER. What is it?

MINA. Nothing. I just ache, that's all.

HARKER. I'm sorry.

MINA. I'm not. Would you like that drink now?

HARKER. Yes - no, not now. Later perhaps.

Ellis enters through the French windows.

Havelock, thank God you're here. I thought something might - you know ...

ELLIS. Nothing has happened, Jonathan. Nothing is going to happen.

MINA. Listen, Havelock, Jonathan and I are going away from here.

ELLIS. That's good. Where to?

MINA. We don't know yet. Somewhere we haven't been before. Somewhere with no memories.

ELLIS. I see.

MINA. We want to lock up the house and leave now. Come with us and

we'll find a taxi.

ELLIS. You both must go, by all means. Leave me the keys and I shall lock up. If you've no objection, that is?

MINA. Why not come with us?

ELLIS. Mina, trust me in this. There's something I must do before I leave.
Mina shrugs and hands Ellis the keys. Ellis takes the journal from his pocket.

ELLIS. Jonathan - take it. A remarkable document. I was going to make it the subject of a paper, but now ...

HARKER. Keep it. I've carried it with me for all these years, and suddenly it doesn't seem important any more.

ELLIS. Thank you.

HARKER. It's funny, what I remember most clearly about that time now is the journey there - the peasants crossing themselves as we went through the villages. On the way to the Borgo Pass I noticed that the hayricks were kept in the trees. I remember thinking it was as if some law of the land had been overturned. After that nothing was the same.

ELLIS. You must go now, both of you.

HARKER. If you're sure.

ELLIS. Yes. Jonathan.

HARKER. Goodbye, Havelock.

They embrace. Harker goes to the door, hesitates - and then opens it.

ELLIS. Mina.

MINA. Goodbye, and thank you.

ELLIS. Will we see each other again?

MINA. Yes, we'll see each other. In the future.

She kisses him. She and Harker exit. Ellis watches them go then begins to move restlessly around the room. Vorticia and Redmond appear at the French windows. Both their faces are deathly white as in the beginning of the act.

ELLIS. You can come in.

Vorticia leads Redmond into the room.

What's happened to him?

VORTICIA. He can't see. He's better off that way.

ELLIS. What is it you want of me?

VORTICIA. Help us.

ELLIS. I'll try.

VORTICIA. Let us stay till morning. It's terrible out there.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE

REDMOND. Vorticia, where's your hand?

VORTICIA. Here it is.

REDMOND. I'm frightened.

VORTICIA. Don't be. In the morning we'll just go outside and that will be it. You won't have to dream those dreams again.

REDMOND. My eyes are hurting.

VORTICIA. I know. Try and rest now.

ELLIS. What happened out there?

VORTICIA. We started to become human. There was this noise coming from all the houses. It drove us back here.

She picks up a sandwich from the plate Mina had prepared earlier.

Can I have some of this?

ELLIS. Please.

VORTICIA. I get so hungry you see. All the time.

ELLIS. What was the noise?

VORTICIA. It was people weeping.

Ellis goes to the mirror. He picks up the cloth and puts it back over it.

You're not going?

Ellis turns back to her. He goes to a chair opposite her and sits down.

ELLIS. No. I'll stay until morning. Until I wake up.

The lights dim slowly, then fade to black.