

SIDE 04: VAN HELSING and SEWARD and JONATHAN

(LUCY's grave, nearly dawn. VAN HELSING knows she's a vampire. SEWARD isn't convinced. JONATHAN is pretty certain.)

SEWARD. See. All this long night and nothing!

VAN HELSING. Keep watch.

JONATHAN. Van Helsing, I shall never forgive myself that it was my transaction granted him his Carfax!

VAN HELSING. Never forgive! I hope you will, my friend. To luxuriate in guilt is an indulgence. You may be sure that these rituals we have this night completed together have sterilised every inch of his home here in the heart of England and rendered it inhospitable to him for ever.

SEWARD. Men of science! Crawling among cobwebs, nailing crude crucifixes on every cupboard door, crumbling Communion wafers in every corner like mothballs in a wardrobe! Were it not so pathetic it would be ludicrous.

JONATHAN. Arthur, I tell you again: I know. I know that it is true.

SEWARD. I don't doubt for a minute the reports are 'true'. We have an epidemic here, all right. The contagion of hysteria. And we are party to it. Grown men!

VAN HELSING. Oh no. Not 'simple girlish hysteria', my friend, believe me.

SEWARD. Imagine a Dark Ages Europe of superstitions and plagues and survivors! Vampires exist. Vampires exist where men believe them to. You ask me if such phenomena occur; I say, beyond question. Ask me if they are supernatural, I say no. I –

JONATHAN. What is it?

SEWARD. No.

VAN HELSING. Yes. Dear Christ.

(LUCY enters with two captive children. VAN HELSING fight her off, but SEWARD almost gives in to the seduction. JONATHAN is wordless with terror.)

VAN HELSING. Arthur. Listen to me, Arthur. That was not your Lucy.

SEWARD. She said to me, 'Come.'

VAN HELSING. Do you understand what I say?

SEWARD. No! I want her. (He sinks to his knees in despair.)

VAN HELSING. That is a foul being in her form. Not she! As long as this undead exists, your sweet Lucy's soul shall never have peace. Tell me, am I to proceed with my work?

SEWARD sobs.

VAN HELSING. Tell me. Arthur?

SEWARD. No, please...

JONATHAN. For pity's sake, Van Helsing!

VAN HELSING takes the CHILD to SEWARD. Makes him look at her.

VAN HELSING. Look. This child. And so the evil chain begins to forge itself, Doctor Seward, the contagion spreads! Listen. At dawn we shall make true dead your lover and every little child she sucked at will cure. As yet she caused no death. So Lucy adds not even one fledgeling vampire to the foul horde and I promise you she shall sleep in sweet peace as she deserves. Am I to proceed?

SEWARD. Yes. God help me, yes.

JONATHAN. Where is she?

VAN HELSING. Gone. Far from here tonight. But, come dawn, she be back, asleep, the living dead inside this tomb.

JONATHAN. We will hammer home that stake and kill her truly dead. So she shall never rise again.

VAN HELSING. Tomorrow, in light of day, when we shall return here, Arthur, yours shall be the hand that restores Lucy to us as a holy not an unholy memory. And now, these children, we must see them safe. Only when we have crossed tomorrow's bitter waters do we have any right to hope that some day we shall reach the sweet.