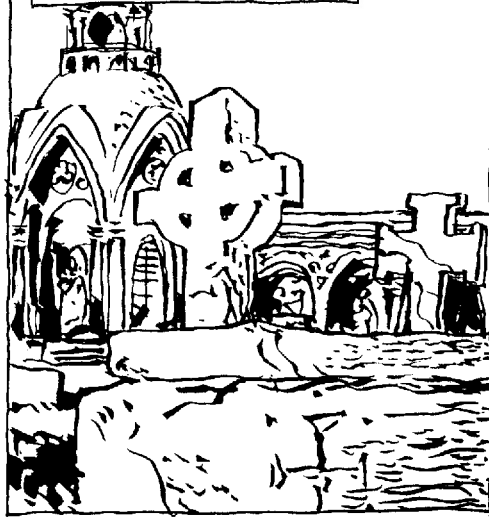


THE VAMPIRE DREAMS

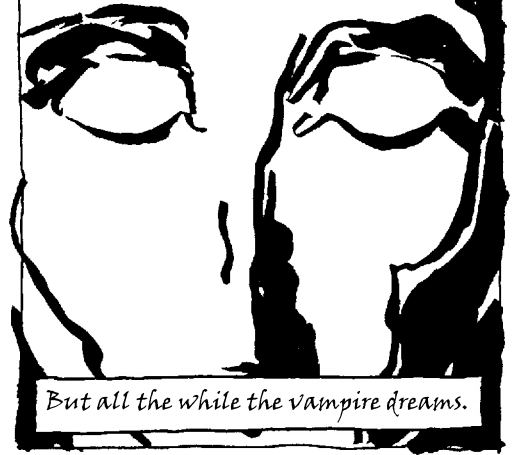
by Josef Rother (Script)
and Robert Wenzl (Art)



The glaring sun of noon shines
down upon the graveyard while
the vampire rests in his coffin.



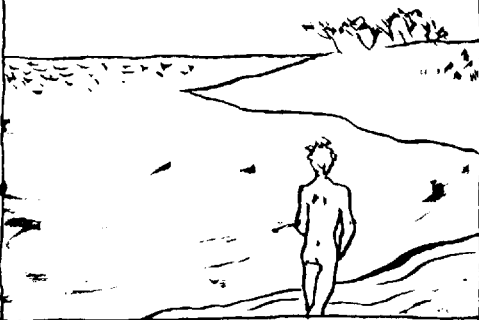
His sleep looks calm and pale,
untroubled, like the sleep of
the dead.



But all the while the vampire dreams.

He is walking along the beach.

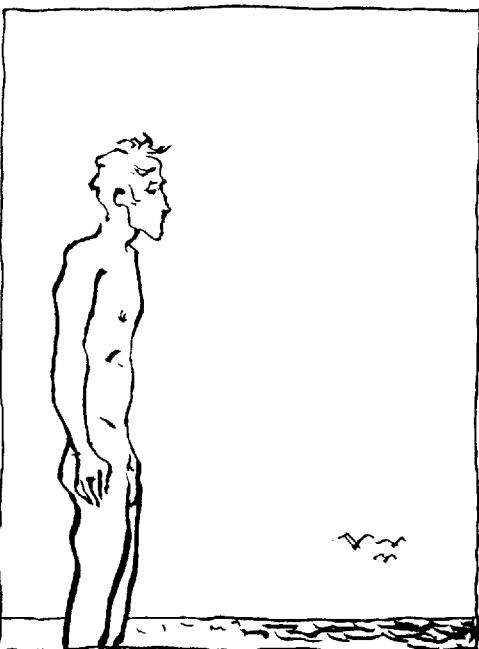
For a hundred and hundred years.



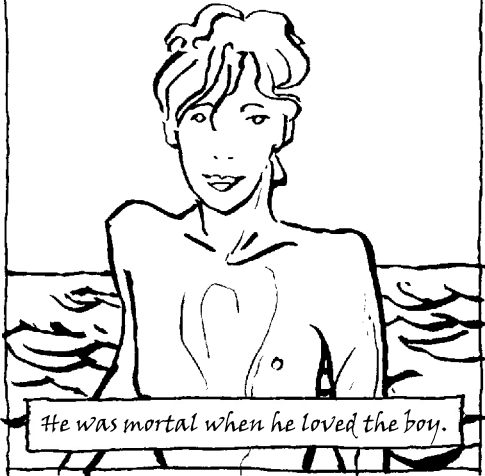
When he hears
a voice.



It is calling his name.



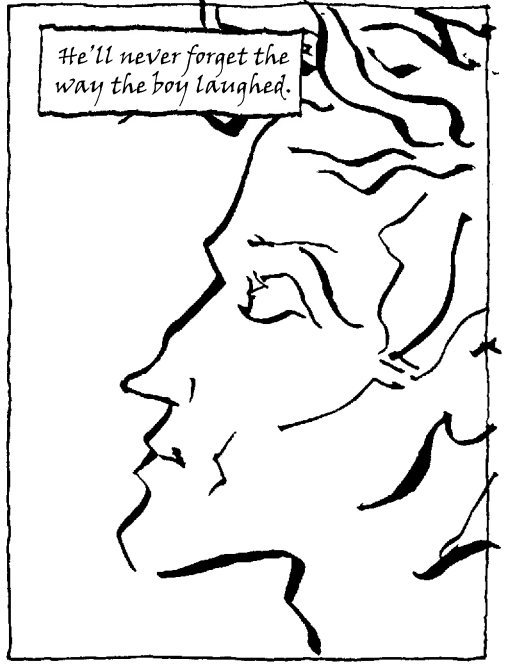
The vampire remembers.



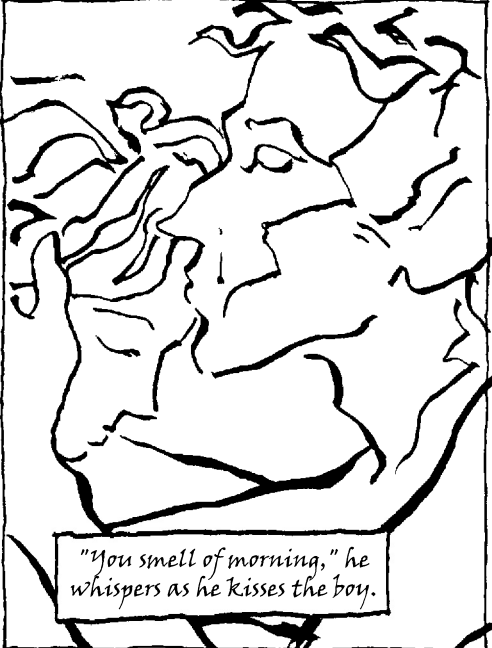
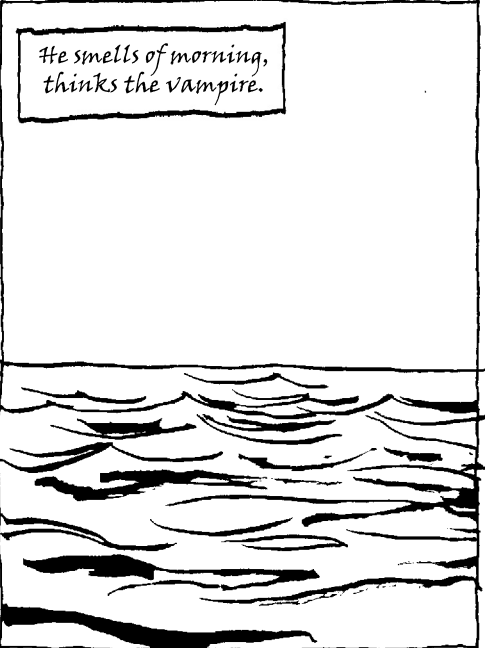
He was mortal when he loved the boy.



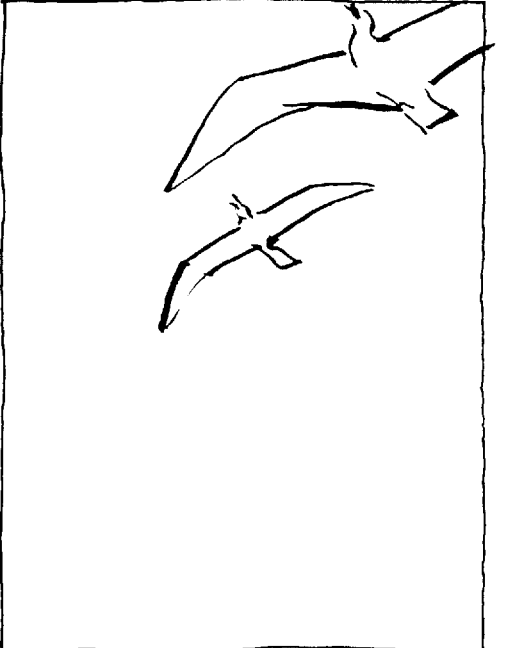
He'll never forget the way the boy laughed.



He smells of morning, thinks the vampire.



"You smell of morning," he whispers as he kisses the boy.





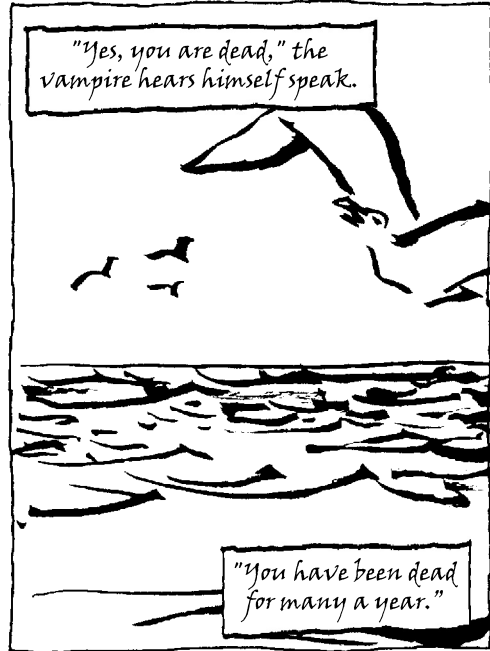
"I love you," says the boy.



"I love you," answers the vampire.



"I am dead," says the boy.



"Yes, you are dead," the vampire hears himself speak.

"You have been dead for many a year."



"You are still beautiful," says the boy.



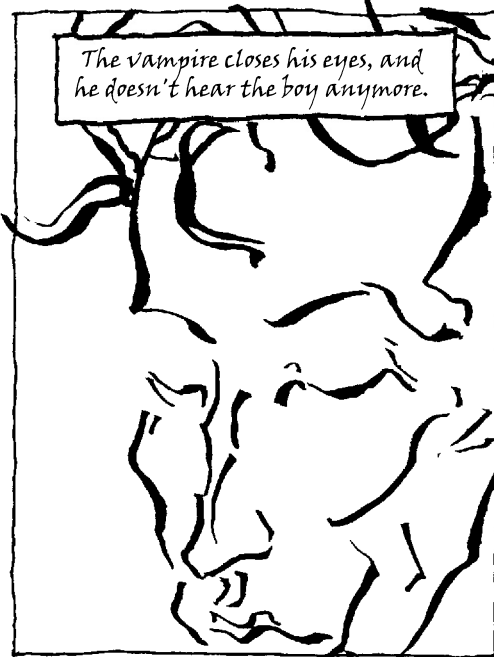
"But I am dead. My flesh rots in the grave while you live."



"I am also dead," the vampire says.



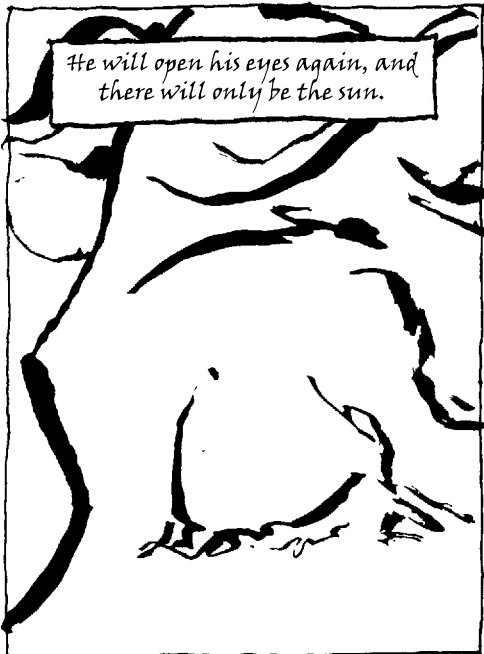
"You cannot die!" screams the boy.



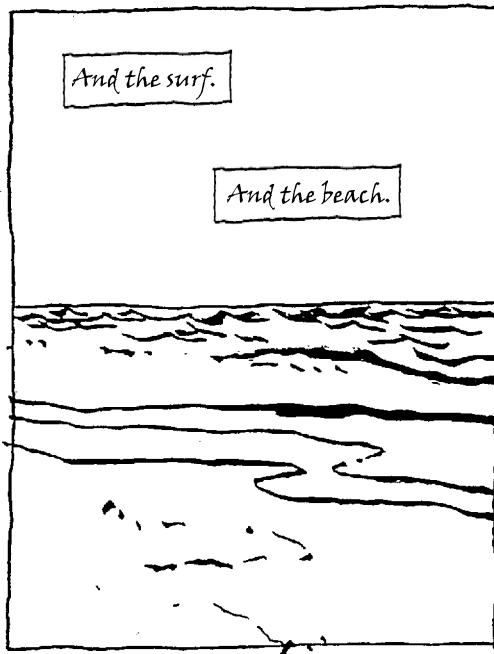
The vampire closes his eyes, and he doesn't hear the boy anymore.



He dreams, and he knows that he is dreaming.



He will open his eyes again, and there will only be the sun.



And the surf.

And the beach.



The eyes of the boy speak:
"Stop thinking."

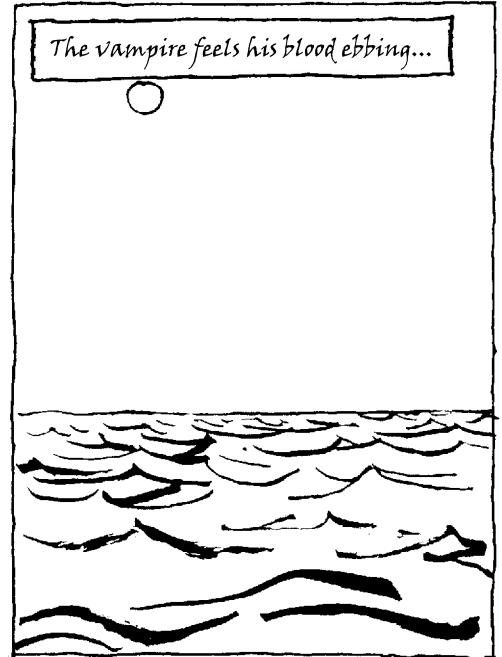
"Everything is alright."

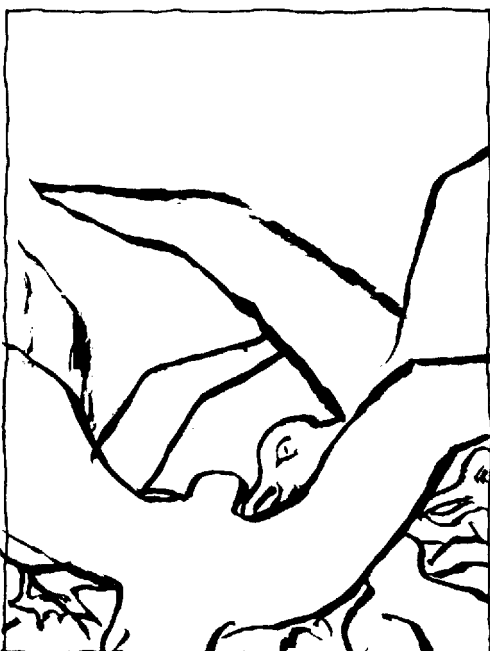
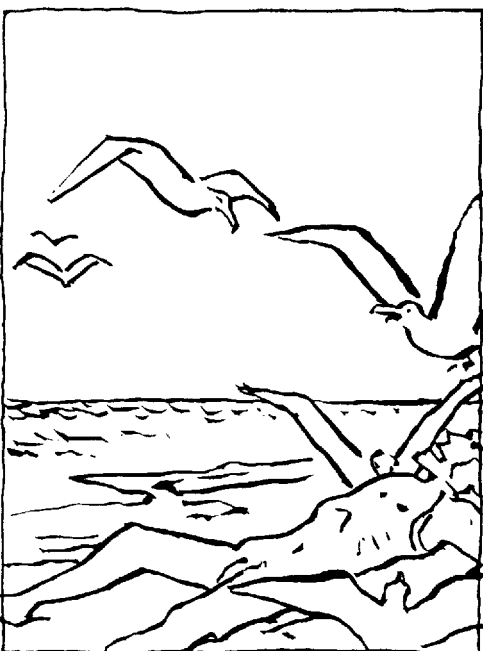
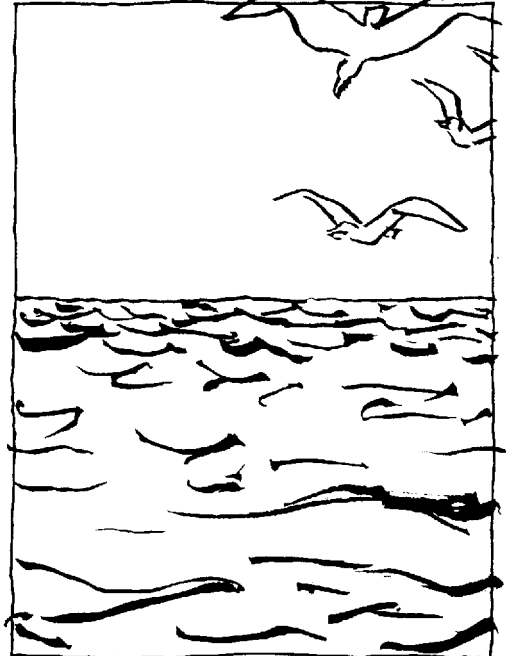
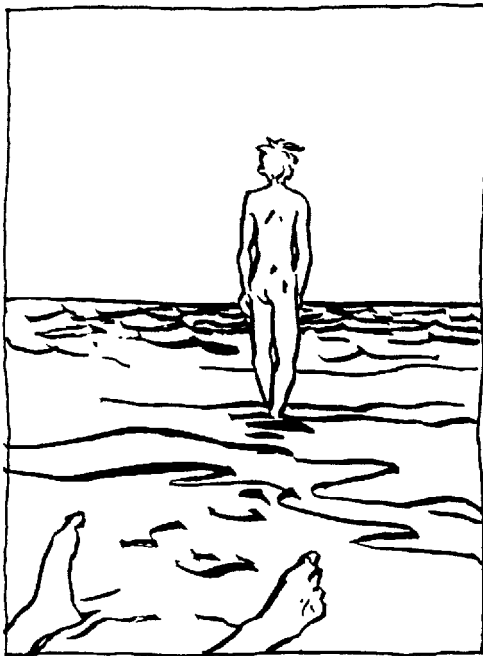
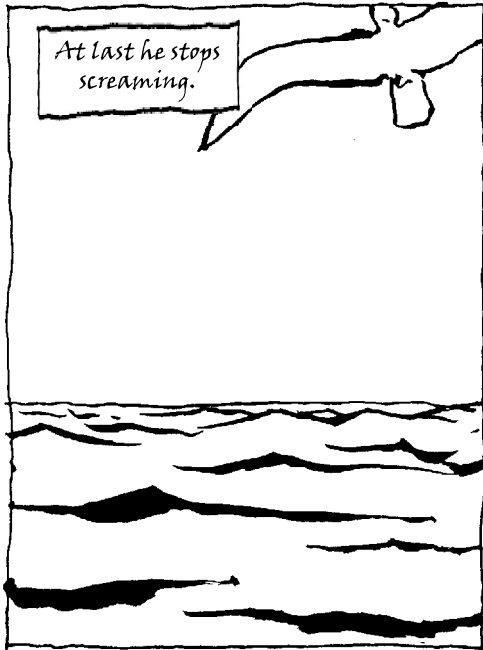


They say: "I am here with you."
They tell him: "Lie down."

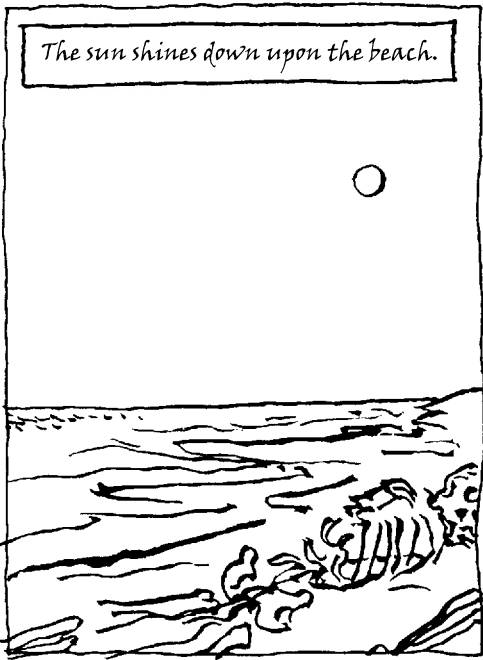


"Rest."

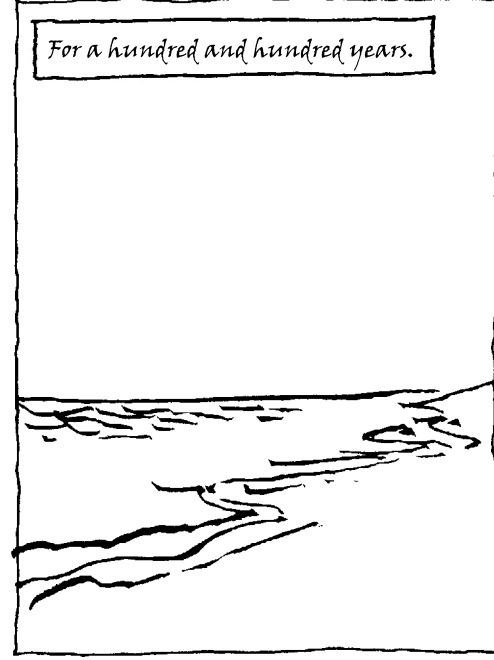
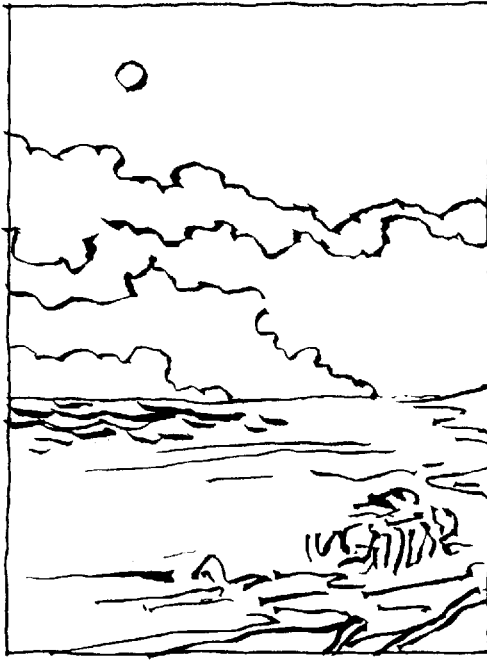




The sun shines down upon the beach.



For a hundred and hundred years.



The Vampire wakes.



To the night.



And to the hunt.



He does not remember his dream.

Vampires never remember.



They think their sleep is all cold and black and untroubled.



Like the sleep of the dead.

