

ACT II

DRACULA

35

MAID *smiles as she goes off R.; indicates speedy return.* ATTENDANT *looks out of window and then looks under couch.* MAID *returns. Her line comes just as ATTENDANT bends over, causing him to jump back, frightened* Well, have you found him? *(Crosses to dresser.)*

START → ATTENDANT. ~~No, I 'aven't. *(Confidentially)* And~~
I'll tell you, Miss, this job is fair gettin' on my nerves.

MAID. Your nerves? *(Crosses to down R.C.)* And what about my nerves? Isn't it enough to have dogs howling every night and foreign counts bobbing up out of the floor, and Miss Lucy taking on the way she does, with everybody having their veins drained of blood for her, and this Dutch Sherlock Holmes with the X-ray eyes about, without you letting that Renfield loose?

ATTENDANT. *(L.C. Grieved)* I 'aven't let 'im loose. *(Steps up L.)* Just now I 'ears a noise like a wolf 'owling. I opens 'is door with me key, and what do I see but 'is legs goin' through the window as though 'e was goin' to climb down that smooth wall. 'E ain't 'uman, 'e ain't.

MAID. Climb down the wall?

ATTENDANT. *(Gloomily)* I don't expect no one to believe it, but I seen it, and w'ot's more, I grabbed 'old of 'is feet, I did.

MAID. *(Laughs unbelievably)* Climbing down, head first, like a bat?

ATTENDANT. Queer your mention o' bats, for just as I got 'old of 'im, a bit bat flies in the window and 'its me in the face.

MAID. *(Mysteriously)* I know where that bat came from.

ATTENDANT. *(Startled)* You do? Where?

MAID. Out of your belfry. *(Crosses to head of couch and arranges pillows, then to dresser.)*

ATTENDANT. No, Miss, it's Gawd's truth I'm tell-

in' yer—(*Look from her*) —out that bat flies, and the looney is gone, but I 'eard 'im laugh, and Gawd, what a laugh. Blimme, but I'll catch it from the Guv'ner for this.

MAID. (*At dressing table*) If you tell the Governor any such tales he'll shut you up with the looney.

ATTENDANT. Lor', miss, but you're a smart one—that's just what I've been thinkin', and I daren't tell 'im what I see or what I 'eard. But 'e's 'armless, this bloke.

MAID. (*Ironically*) Wouldn't hurt a fly, would he? (*Crosses R.*)

ATTENDANT. 'Urt a fly? Oh, no, not 'e. 'E only eats 'em. Why, 'e'd rather eat a few blue-bottles than a pound of the best steak, and what 'e does to spiders is a crime.

MAID. It seems to me somebody will be coming after you in a minute, you and your spiders.

ATTENDANT. (*Crosses up R.*) I say, Miss. This is a queer neighborhood. (*Stands looking out of window up R.*) What a drop that is to the ground. (*Turns to her*) You don't have to be afraid of burglars, do you? No way of getting up here unless they fly. (*Crosses to c.*) Don't you never feel a bit lonesome like, out there—(*Points to window*) —on your nights off?

MAID. Just lately I have a bit. (*Looks toward window and crosses few steps c.*) I never noticed trees had such shadows before.

ATTENDANT. Well—if you feel you'd like a h'escort, Miss——

MAID. I'll not walk with you in your uniform. People might be taking me for one of your loonies.

~~ATTENDANT. (*Puts arm around her*) In mufti, then, tomorrow night.~~

~~MAID. I say, you haven't wasted much time, have you?~~

* END