

RENfield + Attendant

SIDE 4

(Laughter is heard behind the French doors. VAN HELSING turns to look while ARTHUR dashes to the doors, pulling them open. RENFIELD stands in the shadows, looking at the two doctors.)

RENFIELD: Good evening, Doctors...I'm so glad you could pop over for tea.

VAN HELSING: Mr Renfield...did you hear us talking?

(ARTHUR goes to the balcony, looking down.)

ARTHUR: It's a drop of thirty feet or so...how could he...?

RENFIELD: I flew...I flew...I FLEW!

ARTHUR: Come now, Renfield, how did you get here?

RENFIELD: Wouldn't you just love to know? But it's a secret... *(Beat)* And I have promised not to tell.

VAN HELSING: Promised who?

(RENFIELD looks at VAN HELSING, smiling and laughing a bit.)

RENFIELD: Very good, Doctor...very, very good.

(Suddenly, the ATTENDANT bursts in and spots RENFIELD.)

ARTHUR: You!

(RENFIELD scampers behind ARTHUR, peering out at the ATTENDANT.)

RENFIELD: Don't touch me! *(To ARTHUR)* I don't think he really cares for me...

ATTENDANT: And beggin' your pardon, Doctor, I know yer upset, but I 'aven't been at fault. I swear, I 'aven't.

RENFIELD: You can't catch me... you can't catch me...

ATTENDANT: Shuddap you! *(Beat)* So...I 'ears a noise, like a wolf 'owling...I open 'is door to check 'im and who do I see but 'is legs goin' through the window as though 'e's gonna climb straight down. 'E ain't human, not this one...

VAN HELSING: Climb DOWN a wall...?

ATTENDANT: Don't expect no one to believe it, but I seen it!

ARTHUR: He was climbing FACE first? This can't...like a bat?

ATTENDANT: Funny you'd say that—I mean, about a bat. As I ran to the window, made to grab 'is feet...a 'uge bat flew toward the bars, tried to 'it me in the face, it did!

RENFIELD: I know where the bat came from...

ARTHUR: Where? *(Shaking him.)* Where, man, where?!

RENFIELD: Out of his belfry!...

(RENFIELD makes a dash across the room, the others chasing after him.)

RENFIELD: Master, help me! Help me, they're trying to catch me like a fly!!

(RENFIELD, after several near misses, runs to the door and swings it wide open. DRACULA stands framed in the hallway, smiling. RENFIELD stops cold, staring up at the Count. He backs slowly toward the ATTENDANT and turns to him, coolly.)

RENFIELD: I'd like to return to my room, now. I'm sure they're done freshening up. *(Bows)* Good night, gentlemen...