

SIDE 01: DRACULA AND JONATHAN

(JONATHAN has just eaten dinner and shown DRACULA a crucifix, which he refuses to get rid of)

JONATHAN. I must keep it. It was a gift. In good faith.

DRACULA (admitting a small defeat). Ah, my friend, if you did not have such a warm heart you would have little to offer me indeed, believe me... Your Mr Hawkins here, he writes well of you, 'energy... talent... discreet... silent... faithful disposition which has grown with him into manhood in my service will, I am fully confident, put itself to your every use and render him malleable to your every instruction.'

JONATHAN is somewhat disconcerted.

DRACULA. So tomorrow morning you must write to our friend – and to any other who will wish word of you – and tell him you stay with me for one month from now.

JONATHAN. A month! But the business we have to do... while complicated... certainly cannot take more than a few days to complete.

DRACULA. But, my friend, I want you for... conversation.

JONATHAN. Conversation?

DRACULA. Your wonderful English language. It is a living thing, yes? I do not possess it.

JONATHAN. Count, your command is admirable.

DRACULA. Dry. Library dust on every syllable. I know the grammar and the words, but I do not know how to speak them.

JONATHAN. Your English is excellent.

DRACULA. Through my books, my friends whom I love, I have traveled all over your great country without leaving my own armchair. I am pressed by the throng of your London crowds in their brown fog. I flow with them over London Bridge, to the heart of the city. The rush of humanity, its life, its change, its death – all that makes it what it is. Books are good. But I lack the living tongue.

JONATHAN. I am no philologist –

DRACULA. I would not have you so. I want you because you are young. And ordinary. Yes. A splendid specimen of the upright young man. (Pause.) A good slanging! The lifeblood of the language... So, when I drink in your every word, digest it, then I shall put on my straw hat and come out from the garden of my Carfax, a real English man.

JONATHAN. Count, I cannot stay with you.

DRACULA. Ssh, no such thing as cannot. Sleep first. In the morning, believe me, you will feel differently. If there be one axiom in human affairs that be it...

A howling of wolves.

DRACULA. Listen. Listen to the children of the night. What music they make.

JONATHAN. Mus-ic?

DRACULA. Ah yes, music. Not a true soul but knows its melody. By heart. The first time he hear it.

JONATHAN. They curdle my blood.

DRACULA. Come, come, Mr Harker, blood is not so easily curdled.