

### **SIDE 03: SEWARD and RENFIELD**

(LUCY has died. SEWARD is trying to hold himself together by focusing on his work. RENFIELD realizes DRACULA is coming.)

RENFIELD. Doctor Seward, excuse me, but it's time for me to love you and leave you, time to say toodle-pip, au revoir or should I say adieu-arrivederci-if-you'll-just-arrange-for-the-old-trousers-and-topcoat-to-be-returned-to-me-forthwith-I'll-be-off-good-and-sharpish. He wants me to be an instrument of evil, but I've changed my tune. And him not one to take no for an answer. He is at hand. At hand? At throat, he is at it! Next door, next week, upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber. So, as I don't want to be party to any of that, I'll just be off, okay?

SEWARD. Mr Renfield, you are detained here for your own safety. And the safety of others. You, Mr Renfield, are a paranoid schizophrenic with alternating homicidal and suicidal phases. And zoophagous to boot. How is the old diet, eh? Still crunching up those tasty bluebottles?

RENFIELD. Flies! Get knotted, doctor, I'm not wanting to talk fizzing trivia with you, don't you understand?

SEWARD. And yet once upon a time... once... upon a time, flies were your sole interest.

RENFIELD. Soul? Soul? What do you want to talk about flaming souls for? I don't want anything to do with souls.

SEWARD. Good. Because there is no such thing. I am a doctor and I have never seen a soul. I have been inside every inch of the human body, filleted it and turned it inside out and I have yet to see hide nor hair or even hint or sniff of even the most vestigial or atrophied 'soul'.

RENFIELD. I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take... My soul to take, my soul to make, my soul to shake. (Pause.) My heart to break, my soul to wake. (Pause.) Doctor! My heart to break, my soul to wake! Understand? (Suddenly lucid.) Did you know the ancients – realising the aerial powers of the psychic faculties, imagination and, indeed, 'soul' – portrayed it as a winged thing, as butter – or even common –fly?

SEWARD. Flies! That's what I want to talk about. Forget the soul!

RENFIELD. The whole trouble with modern man, that. Makes him easy meat, believe me. I don't want no fizzin' souls. Life's all I want. Life's all right. I have all the life I need, right now, I'm laughing. (Starts to sob.) I don't want nobody's soul on my conscience. Doctor! Nothing in a soul to eat or – No!

SEWARD. Or what? Drink? Drink? Eat... or drink? Why won't you say the word 'drink'?

*RENFIELD, sobbing, covering up his ears.*

SEWARD. Why are you afraid of being burdened with a soul?

*A wail from RENFIELD.*

SEWARD. Why are you so sure you will have 'life' in the future? Who has promised it to you? Who?

*He grabs RENFIELD by the throat. NISBETT enters.*

NISBETT. Doctor Seward, Doctor Seward, I never saw you! I never saw you ill-treat a patient.

*SEWARD desists. RENFIELD is a sobbing heap on the floor. SEWARD, looking at his hands. The horror.*

SEWARD. Oh, Lucy, Lucy. Lucy.