

5. RENFIELD & SEWARD SIDE | Act 1, Scene 7, p 35-37

Lines removed for the purpose of audition material.

SEWARD Mrs. Renfield was once— a lady-poet— wrote wholesome verse about flowers, and the countryside, and all that.

RENFIELD *“Roses are red, violets are blue
Renfield’s a hack, who wrote lovesick goo”*

SEWARD She went on a trip abroad—

RENFIELD Huzzah!

SEWARD —with her husband at the time—

RENFIELD booooo—

SEWARD —and was found months later, wandering on the street— like this. Come see.

RENFIELD I started spreading the fiery word
Preaching the gospel of rage
Instead of writing cheerful lies
And look!
They built up these
Bars and bars and bars—
And behind them, no world.

SEWARD Nobody has been able to find out what happened to the husband. But we hope to make progress on that, don’t we, Mrs. Renfield!

RENFIELD *(sing songy)* You shall not see what my Father wishes to remain hidden!

SEWARD She presents with unusual symptoms— religious— or anti-religious fervor; strong father fixation—

RENFIELD *My Father who art in Earth—*

SEWARD — paranoia; hysteria, of course; and, interestingly; zoophagous compulsion.
“Life-eating.”
I do not mean to shock you, but this sugar is to catch flies, which Renfield likes to swallow whole.

RENFIELD No no NO, Doctor, that is not true— I am grown beyond such disgusting habits!

SEWARD — I am pleased to hear it, Renfield!

RENFIELD I am graduated to spiders, and use the flies for bait.

SEWARD Ah. And how do they taste?
(Renfield retches evocatively.)

SEWARD You must *elect* to stop, if you do not like it. That is your homework, to exercise restraint. It is important— therapeutically— that she have the illusion of Choice.