

## **SIDE 5: ATTENDANT, MAID**

MAID. Who is that?

ATTENDANT. Excuse me, Miss. Did you 'appen to 'ave seen anything of the Guv'ner's pet looney? 'E's out again, 'e is.

MAID. And what would he be doing here? You'll not hold your job, you won't, if you can't keep that man safe and sound. Why, he gets out every night.

ATTENDANT. "Ere, don't go, Miss.

MAID. Miss Lucy's asked for the evening paper. Well, have you found him?

ATTENDANT. No, I 'aven't. And I'll tell you, Miss, this job is fair gettin' on my nerves.

MAID. Your nerves? 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. I 'aven't let 'im loose. 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. 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. Climbing down, head first, like a bat?

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

MAID. I know where that bat came from.

ATTENDANT. You do? Where?

MAID. Out of your belfry.

ATTENDANT. No, Miss, it's Gawd's truth I'm tellin' yer---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 form the Guv'ner for this.

MAID. 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 seen or what I 'eard. But 'e's 'armless, this bloke.

MAID. Wouldn't hurt a fly, would he?

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. I say, Miss. This is a queer neighborhood. What a drop that is to the ground. You don't have to be afraid of burglars, do you? No way of getting up here unless they fly. Don't you never feel a bit lonesome like, out there—on your nights off?

MAID. Just lately I have a bit. I never noticed trees had such shadows before.

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

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