

D R A C U L A

By Ken Russell

Based on the book

by Bram Stoker.

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SECOND DRAFT.

EXT. A STREET IN BISTRITZ. NIGHT.

A young man encumbered by a heavy suitcase in one hand and a bulky briefcase in the other fights his way along a sidewalk crowded with people dressed in the national costume of Transylvania which reflects the meeting of two cultures - East and West. The flustered traveller, hot and perspiring in a new overcoat is JONATHAN HARKER, a handsome if somewhat gauche young Englishman lost in a new world of strange sights and peculiar customs such as the procession confronting him at the moment. Giant articulated bats operated by masked mummers flap and flutter down the main street flanking the giant figure of a sinister medieval prince belching coloured smoke from his ears and exploding firecrackers from his mouth as the town band play a mournful dirge. Jonathan takes the carnival in with only fleeting glances and is obviously looking for a landmark which he soon finds in the shape of an old clock tower at the foot of which waits a liveried COACHMAN seated in a beautiful open calèche and holding the reins of three fine White Horses. Jonathan approaches the Coachman who jumps down and bows respectfully.

COACHMAN

Herr Harker is is, ya?

JONATHAN

Good evening, yes. You are to take me to Castle Dracula, yes?

COACHMAN

Whenever you wish, Herr Harker.

JONATHAN

(briskly)
There's no time like the present.

He goes to enter the carriage but although the coachman has hold of the door handle he hesitates to open it.

COACHMAN

I'm sure his Excellency the Count would not object if you broke your journey here and continued on tomorrow, much refreshed, Herr Harker. I understand you have come all the way from England and the Golden Crown has a first class cuisine and the finest gypsy band in Bistritz.

JONATHAN

(eagerly)
Business before pleasure!
It's most thoughtful of you but I'd rather press on, thank you ...

But still, the Coachman seems reluctant to open the door.

JONATHAN

... er, the sooner the better.

The Coachman's formality slips away as he takes Jonathan into his confidence and talks to him man to man.

COACHMAN

Please sir, do you know what day it is?

Jonathan is puzzled yet growing impatient with the delay.

JONATHAN

The Fourth of May, 1925. And unless we get a move on, it will soon be the Fifth.

COACHMAN

(persistently)
It is the Eve of St. George's Day. Tonight when the clock strikes midnight all the evil things in the world will have full sway.

Jonathan finally realizes that it is the Coachman's fear rather than concern for his comfort which is the real issue.

JONATHAN

(condescendingly)
My dear good fellow, where I come from, ladies sell paper roses in the street on St. George's Day and donate the proceeds to a charity for homeless children. There's nothing to be frightened of I assure you. After all, he is our patron saint you know.

The Coachman bows his head and, admitting defeat opens the door at last and assists Jonathan into the carriage.

COACHMAN

HerrHarker is fortunate to live in such a civilized country. Our homeless children have their own begging to do.

CONTD.

He nods at a couple of scruffy URCHINS who are pestering Jonathan with trinkets, then gives them a rough shout and a cuff on the head. This annoys Jonathan who has taken a positive dislike to the Coachman.

JONATHAN

Hey, steady on
(calling out to the retreating
children)
...here....

He offers them a couple of coins, as the Coachman, with a look of disapproval, hauls Jonathan's luggage on board. The Urchins thank Jonathan and stuff a trinket in his hand.

JONATHAN

No, I don't want ...

Too late - they have disappeared into the darkness before he has a chance to return .. a rosary. To throw away such an object, which is obviously alien to his beliefs, would seem ungracious so he stuffs it in his pocket and settles down to his journey. As the Coachman guides the carriage through the crowds Jonathan sees with some satisfaction a carnival float representing St. George slaying the dragon.

JONATHAN

There! What did I tell you?
Our chap will soon put paid to
your bogys.

But his laughter is not shared by the Coachman who crosses himself and steers the horses away from the friendly light of the carnival towards the darkness of the country beyond.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

Moonlight shining through slender pines lulls JONATHAN into a romantic mood as the carriage jogs gently towards majestic snow-capped mountains until flames flickering through the trees break his reverie.

JONATHAN

Driver, do you see that - not a
forest fire is it?

In reply the COACHMAN urges his horses into a fast trot.

CONTD.

JONATHAN

No, I see people ... what's the hurry, aren't gypsies friendly around here?

COACHMAN

No, gypsies, ... not friendly, evil!

By now the coach is drawing level with the flames and the strange ritual they illuminate. Jonathan's curiosity turns to alarm.

JONATHAN'S POV

Cloaked and hooded FIGURES with flaming torches surround an altar on which some fiendish ceremony is being celebrated involving a naked WOMAN. A PRIEST holds a silver chalice in readiness while another brandishes a knife aloft as if invoking a blessing from the darkness. A bloodcurling scream cuts through the night as the blade plunges into the heart of the sacrificial victim. Blood pours into the chalice which is raised in thanks and then drunk by the officiating priests. Now the trees thicken up and with a last brief flicker of light the scene disappears from view.

RESUME:

INT. CARRIAGE.

JONATHAN stricken with horror by what he has just witnessed rises, swaying to his feet and grabs at the COACHMAN in desperation.

JONATHAN

My God! Did you see that?
Is there nothing we can do?

The Coachman refuses to be involved and doesn't even turn his head.

COACHMAN

Nothing!

JONATHAN

(angrily)
Go back to Bistritz - we must inform the police, I order you.

CONTD.

Slowly the Coachman turns around with a growl. He has changed into a WEREWOLF. Jonathan's blood chills in his veins as the Werewolf snarls, showing his gleaming fangs. Jonathan acts quickly and snatching up the whip from its holder jumps to the back of the carriage and lashes the beast across the shoulders causing it to roar in pain. Once again Jonathan lashes out but this time the beast is too quick and tearing the whip from Jonathan's grip hurls it into the road and leaps at him with flashing claws. Jonathan ducks and the claws merely rip his coat but the next moment man and beast are locked in a deathly struggle and just when it seems the Wolfman must tear his throat out, Jonathan gets his knee into his chest and heaves with all his might toppling the beast over the edge of the carriage and into the road where he rolls over in the dust howling with rage.

Jonathan's next thought is to get the horses under control and accordingly starts clambering into the swaying driver's seat as the vehicle continues its headlong career. It is then he sees yet another astounding sight. A PEASANT GIRL has collapsed on a rock at the edge of the road and pants in delirium as a vampire bat wings, quivering, sucks blood from her jugular vein. Before he has grasped the reins she is a vanishing figure in a nightmare where his own survival is the keynote. As he strives unsuccessfully to check the runaway horses he becomes aware that his flight is taking him through a wood of dead fir trees on the spikey trunks of which are impaled a number of luckless men, women and children whose screams mix with a howling like the hounds of hell. Over his shoulder he sees that a pack of wolves are in hot pursuit. As the leaders snap at the flying hooves the horses thunder across a drawbridge and into the courtyard of -

CASTLE. DRACULA.

Round the yard they gallop with the howling pack in hot pursuit until, suddenly, someone is standing in their path. It is the figure of a MAN IN BLACK who must surely be trampled down by the crazed steeds. But the burning eyes and hypnotic will of the man prevail over the fear of the plunging horses who halt inches before him, trembling, snorting and foaming with exhaustion. But there is still another danger to contend with.

JONATHAN

Save yourself ... the wolves!

And indeed the wolves are almost upon the man in black who bears an uncanny resemblance to the carnival figure of the medieval Prince seen in Bistritz.

MAN IN BLACK/DRACULA

Down Berserker, good boy, down!

CONTD.

To Jonathan's astonishment, the wolves behave like lambs and frisk around their master who feeds them lumps of sugar and treats the exhausted Johnathan to a warm, disarming smile.

DRACULA

I am Dracula, welcome to my home.
Enter freely and depart in peace,
leaving something of the happiness
you bring.

He treats Jonathan to a good-natured laugh in which he is joined by a number of PEOPLE in smart evening wear pouring from the big open doors leading to a brightly lit hallway. Jonathan doesn't know if he is awake or dreaming - it is impossible to reconcile recent horror with present laughter.

JONATHAN

I've just seen ... fearful things ...
your driver ...

DRACULA

A versatile fellow, Lazlo -
coachman, chauffeur, actor ...

With a wave of his arm he turns to the archway through which purrs a Rolls Royce Silver Wraith. As it draws to a halt Jonathan recognizes with disbelief the Werewolf at the wheel and by his side the Peasant Girl waving a rubber vampire bat. They are laughing and chattering obviously enjoying themselves to no end.

DRACULA

And this is Katya, our little
sewing maid. Now off with your
to the servant's hall - the party's
in full swing!

At this LAZLO takes off his were-wolf mask and waving it in the air drives off down a ramp into the bowels of the earth. The Count meanwhile, takes Jonathan by the arm and leads him through the doorway.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA. THE GREAT HALL, NIGHT.

As JONATHAN takes in the decor, which to his surprise contrasts greatly with the medieval exterior of the building, being the last word in 1925 contemporary, DRACULA leads him past a throng of COUPLES dancing to a jazz band towards a sweeping marble suitcase.

DRACULA

This is a country of feast days my friend and we celebrate them all, rich and poor alike, each according to his means and taste. Down in Bistritz you saw a peasant carnival which has remained unchanged for centuries. Up here we pay tradition a more sophisticated tribute. Most festivals have a sacrificial victim Mister Harker. I'm afraid you were the martyr of our little hoax tonight.

He puts his hand on his heart and smiles charmingly but Jonath is not to be so easily placated.

JONATHAN

Some joke, with my ruddy coat nearly torn off my back.

Dracula notices Jonathan's torn coat and general disarray.

DRACULA

Was that Lazlo?

JONATHAN

(nodding tersely)

Well, I don't make a habit of calling on new clients dressed like a tramp!

DRACULA

(sympathetically)

He plays too rough, next year I will have to give him another role.

(He examines the torn cape)

You will be reimbursed. In the meantime Katya will attend to it. Now please say we are forgiven.

JONATHAN

(good-naturedly)

I'm in your debt Count. I'm now England's leading authority on Transylvanian folklore.

DRACULA

Let me get you a drink.

CONTD.

JONATHAN

Er, thank you. Anything will do.
What's your poison?

DRACULA

(puzzled)
My what...? Oh ...

(he sees Jonathan looking at his
ruby glass)
... your English slang. This is a
local beverage known as Bull's Blood.
An acquired taste. Not to everyone's
palate I'm afraid. Here ...

He whisks a large brandy from the tray of a passing WAITER
and hands it to Jonathan.

DRACULA

I think you'll be happier with this.

JONATHAN

Mmmm ... thank you, this'll warm the
cockles.

Dracula leads Jonathan up a broad staircase to the first
floor, making polite conversation as he goes.

DRACULA

Have you always been in Real Estate,
Mr. Harker?

JONATHAN

Ever since I was demobbed, yes
Count.

DRACULA

(puzzled)
De-mobbed ... ?

JONATHAN

Er, yes... demobilized. I was at
the front in the war, the Royal
Yorkshires.

DRACULA

(frowning)
The War! Such senseless blood-
shed! Here we are ...

CONTD.

They reach the head of the stairs and stop at the first doorway. Dracula opens it and ushers Jonathan into:

THE BEARDSLEY ROOM

DRACULA

I thought you'd be at home here.

JONATHAN

(startled)
Blimey!

Judging by Jonathan's expression he has never seen anything like it. Life-size reproductions of Beardsley's more erotic works adorn the walls and the furniture also is moulded on that artists's phallic style while the drapes and fabrics are in stark black and white.

DRACULA

Beardsley was surely one of your finest artists. It is to my everlasting regret that I never met him. So talented, and to die so young. A tragedy! I might have helped him.

CONTD.

JONATHAN

Are you are doctor, sir?

DRACULA

(laughing)

I dabble a little in acupuncture, certainly; I'm also something of a patron of the arts. Now I must return to my guests, forgive me. I hope you will join us later.

JONATHAN

That's very nice of you sir, but I think I'll turn in if it's all the same, I'm proper fagged out.

Dracula is quite relieved having marked Johnathan down as far beneath him both socially and intellectually.

DRACULA

Of course. I think we have anticipated your needs, but should you require anything ... simply ring.

(He indicates an electric bell)
Business can wait till after lunch when we will hopefully exchange contracts. In the meantime this will help you sleep well and dream well.

He pours some amber coloured liquid from a decanter into Jonathan's glass.

DRACULA

... and by the way, you were never in the slightest danger. You're little use to me dead, you know.

Jonathan manages a hollow laugh as he raises his glass and takes a sip.

JONATHAN

Not to worry Count. I guessed it was a hoax. Pleasant dreams.

CONTD.

The Count smiles to himself and exits leaving Jonathan to knock back his drink, get a refill from the decanter, and take in the surroundings.

JONATHAN'S POV

The CAMERA pans over the wallpaper showing four men with giant erections dancing before an audience of beautiful women.

JUMP CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

JONATHAN in bed gazing at the phallic frieze through blinking, dreamy eyes. No sooner has he turned the light out and settled down to sleep than THREE of the beautiful WOMEN on the wallpaper seem to gradually materialize at his bedside. Through a drugged haze Jonathan smiles at them. He has witnessed too many bizarre events in one night to question this one.

JONATHAN

On behalf of St. George, welcome
to my dream, ladies.

Not knowing if he is awake or dreaming and caring less, Jonathan does not resist as the central figure leans languorously forward, eyes glittering seductively as if to kiss him; indeed he longs for it with languid anticipation. Lower and lower dips the girl's head until her lips pass below the range of his mouth and poise above his throat. Jonathan feels the dents of two sharp teeth on his skin with a tremor of ecstasy that is short-lived. Suddenly the door is thrown open revealing the hard silhouette of DRACULA. Immediately the THREE VAMPIRE GIRLS fall back in terror. Dracula strides towards the bed where Jonathan pretends to be more drugged than is actually the case. Apparently convinced, Dracula turns his attention to the vampires.

DRACULA

How dare you touch him, any of you!
How dare you vent your lust on him
when I have forbidden it!

The FIRST VAMPIRE GIRL collects herself and retaliates with a metallic laugh.

FIRST VAMPIRE GIRL

It is you turned our love into lust!

CONTD.

SECOND VAMPIRE GIRL
(to Dracula)
You have never loved!

At this the vampires all laugh so that the room is filled with a souless mocking sound frightening in its cruelty.

DRACULA

I outgrew your kind of love, long ago.
My love surpasses your understanding.
Now GO!

THIRD VAMPIRE GIRL
(hungrily)
Are we to have nothing tonight?

FIRST VAMPIRE GIRL
(sarcastically)
Would you have us die?

THIRD VAMPIRE GIRL
(despairingly)
Would that we could!

SECOND VAMPIRE GIRL

..... to be freed from this need, this
craving for blood.

DRACULA

The blood is the Life, the Power,
and the Glory. Take it!

Dracula points through the door into the brightly lit corridor where a naked BABY is seen crawling on the carpet. Through hazy, half shut lids, Jonathan just has time to see the three vampire girls leap with a cry at the child before Dracula follows them closing the door behind them. Jonathan hears with a shudder the screams of the dying child gradually smothered by the sounds of greedy sucking until a voice outside the castle grounds fetches him swaying from his bed to look out of the window.

JONATHAN'S POV

At the foot of the castle wall quite clear in the moonlight stands the figure of a beautiful PEASANT WOMAN shouting desparately at someone high above.

MOTHER

Monster! Give me my child!

CONTD.

RESUME BEDROOM:

JONATHAN changes his eyeline.

JONATHAN'S NEW POV

DRACULA standing on the battlements his cloak billowing in the wind looks at the WOMAN with disdain and clambering over the battlements begins to crawl down the castle wall FACE DOWN with his cloak spreading around him like great wings. He continues thus until he reaches the hypnotized woman whose screams turn to cries of ecstasy as Dracula bites through the jugular vein and sucks long and deep.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

JONATHAN turns away from the gruesome sight and feverishly searching his overcoat finds the once disparaged crucifix which he hangs around his neck like a talisman. Next he turns to lock the door but as there is no key has to content himself with jamming a chair under the handle before falling onto the bed in a swoon.

FADE OUT NIGHT

FADE IN DAY

INSERT: A cut-throat razor. A hand comes into shot and lifts it out of frame.

CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

JONATHAN shaving himself with the aid of a small mirror which reflects most of the empty room behind him. Suddenly a hand falls on his shoulder causing him to jump and nick his chin.

DRACULA

Good day.

Jonathan looks in the mirror again to see how he could have been mistaken. But there is no mistake; everything in the room is reflected - save DRACULA. A trickle of blood runs over Jonathan's chin attracting the attention of Dracula and possessing him with demonic fury. As Dracula makes a grab for his throat, Jonathan pulls away instinctively, knocking over and smashing the mirror while Dracula's hand falls upon the crucifix and rosary beads. Instantly Dracula checks himself and his fury passes.

DRACULA

Take care, take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.

CONTD.

He turns and heads for the door watched by Jonathan; dumbfounded.

DRACULA

After you have lunched we will
conclude our business.

As he exits, TWO SERVANTS enter with a heavily laden luncheon table which Jonathan surveys with little appetite.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA. MUSIC ROOM. DAY.

Large and spacious with portraits of famous musicians adorning the walls including Beethoven and Sibelius. A phonograph plays a recording of Schubert's 8th Symphony as DRACULA examines photographs of a gracious house and picturesque ruined chapel, while JONATHAN stares at a large portrait of a beautiful woman dressed as Salome and tries to appear at ease in the presence of a man he knows to be a monster. Whether Dracula is aware of this is impossible to say, for, superficially he appears relaxed and affable.

DRACULA

You seem ill at ease my friend; is
Schubert not to your taste?

HARKER

(brightly)
Ah, Schubert; that's it! I knew
I knew that tune.

DRACULA

His Unfinished Symphony.

Jonathan covers up his ignorance and disquiet by attempting a weak joke.

JONATHAN

Pity you weren't around to help him as
well. He might have finished it.

To Jonathan's surprise Dracula takes him seriously, warming to him somewhat.

DRACULA

Yes ... that is one of the great regrets
of my life.

CONTD.

Realising he has let slip something which should have remained secret, he continues in a lighter vein.

DRACULA

... but who knows, perhaps I would have been too busy saving Franz Liszt; misguidedly of course.

Dracula abruptly changes the subject and gets down to business thus sparing Jonathan the embarrassment of a reply.

DRACULA

You are sure the property is secluded?

JONATHAN

(reassuringly)

Exactly as you requested in your letter, sir. It's right in the heart of the New Forest and apart from a private sanatorium, there's not a soul for miles. Your nearest big town is Southampton.

Dracula continues to study the photographs with enthusiasm as Jonathan fiddles nervously with his briefcase.

DRACULA

The chapel is a little gem; is it consecrated?

JONATHAN

(defensively)

I'm afraid not sir - sacked by Cromwell's Roundheads.

DRACULA

Cromwell! Ah, fascinating man - though something of a tyrant, yes?

JONATHAN

(pompously)

Depends on your politics sir, and your religion. Personally, I think he made England what she is today.

DRACULA

(dismissively)

A godless kingdom of the Plebian; I concur totally Harker. Where do I sign?

CONTD.

Jonathan is somewhat disconcerted not knowing quite how to take Dracula's last remark.

JONATHAN

Er, quite sir. Right here please.

Dracula signs the document with a flourish and rises to his feet.

DRACULA

Thank you Harker, my bank will telegraph the money to your firm in Southampton tomorrow.

JONATHAN

On receipt of which Carfax Manor is yours, sir.

DRACULA

Thank you Harker. I took a chance when I selected your firm from an advertisement in your local paper, but it seems to have paid off most satisfactorily; I am delighted.

JONATHAN

Thank you sir! It was a pleasure doing business with you ...
(awkwardly)
Er, if there is nothing more then I'll be packing my things.

DRACULA

(chuckling)
You cannot wait to shake the dust of Castle Dracula from your shoes. You have still not forgiven our little joke.

JONATHAN

(over-reacting)
Not at all Count; it's just ...,
well ...

Desparately Jonathan hides his anxiety behind a half-truth.

JONATHAN

... well, I can't very well be late for my own wedding can I?

CONTD.

As Jonathan forces an awkward smile, Dracula expresses pure delight.

DRACULA

My dear fellow, you should have brought the young lady along. What better place for a honeymoon than our beautiful Carpathians?

With a sweep of his hand he indicates the mountain peaks visible through the elegant windows while Jonathan prepares to demonstrate that he is not the dummy Dracula takes him for.

JONATHAN

She couldn't have got away I'm afraid; she's too busy organizing Lucy Webber's farewell season.

Dracula follows Jonathan's glance to the portrait of the gorgeous woman, hanging on the wall above them, with a look of total incredulity. For the first time his mask of detached sophistication - slips!

DRACULA

I beg your pardon?

JONATHAN

My fiancée is Lucy's secretary.

DRACULA

You are referring to Lucia Weber, (pronounced Vayber) the opera star?

JONATHAN

That's just her stage name, we've always known her as Lucy. Have you met? I've never heard her mention you.

Dracula becomes unaccountably flustered. Now it is his turn to be uncomfortable. He chooses his words carefully, not wishing to give away his true feelings.

CONTD.

DRACULA

Er, no. Though I had the great good fortune to hear her sing once in Budapest. I shall never forget it.

(he becomes genuinely moved)
And to think that golden voice will soon be silenced; it's tragic!

Jonathan carried away by his own concern for Lucy, forgets for a moment that he is talking to a man he considers to be a homicidal maniac.

JONATHAN

At least her records will survive.

DRACULA

(bitterly)
Grotesque caricatures to mock her memory.

JONATHAN

(philosophically)
Everything that can be done has been done to save her. She's very brave but it's hopeless. Her personal physician is preparing her for the end. All we can do is pray.

DRACULA

(cynically)
Save your breath, god is deaf!

The hatred in Dracula's voice snaps Jonathan out of his reverie.

JONATHAN

When I see her, shall I give her your regards?

Dracula too is once again on guard. Jonathan Harker knows far too much. He must be removed.

DRACULA

... by all means, do!

CONTD,

Jonathan mistakenly feels he is off the hook.

JONATHAN

Well, I'll be saying cheerio
then; I'll ...

DRACULA

(interrupting)
I'm afraid that will not be possible.

Jonathan's relief drains from his face as Dracula continues brightly at a rush - almost adlibbing.

DRACULA

... you have your patron saint to
thank for that; it's a public holiday.
Lazlo will take you to Bistritz first
thing tomorrow. Meanwhile, everything
here is at your disposal. Why not
spend the rest of the day in diversion?
Browse through my library, relax in the
picture gallery - my home is yours;
please.

Despite the fact that he feels the noose tightening, Jonathan manages to relax a little. Conversely, Dracula seems keyed up and anxious to be off.

JONATHAN

That's very kind of you Count. Not to
worry, I can kill an hour or two
listening to music.

With a curt nod Dracula is gone leaving Jonathan to sink into an easy chair and listen to the music. But only for a moment. Directly the footsteps of the Count have died away, Jonathan is on his feet and after snatching up a sharp paper knife, which resembles more a stiletto, leaves the room through another door.

INT. GREAT HALL. DAY.

JONATHAN tiptoes across the deserted entrance hall towards the massive front doors which he proceeds cautiously to open. Barely has the gap widened an inch than an ugly grey snout inserts itself with a ferocious snarl. Growls follow as if an entire wolf pack is waiting outside to tear Jonathan to pieces. With a mighty effort he hurls himself against the door to withold the pressure from without and with a supreme effort manages at last to close it, shooting the bolt for good measure. Breathless, he leans against it for a moment stricken by the fact that he is a doomed man.

INT. BEARDSLEY ROOM. DAY.

JONATHAN enters the room determined to escape and makes straight for the window.

JONATHAN'S POV

A drop of 200 feet leads to the road and freedom, but various roofs, gutters, and buttresses offer a staircase of sorts albeit a dangerous one where one false step means death.

RESUME BEDROOM:

JONATHAN decides to risk it and eases himself gingerly over the sill.

EXT. CASTLE. DAY.

Precariously JONATHAN starts his dizzy descent. After negotiating the narrow ledge he drops onto a shallow roof and slides down over the edge till his hands make contact with the guttering. Inching his way along to a drainpipe he climbs down to a tiny flat roof. The next stage in his escape entails a leap across a gap onto a parapet - this seems almost impossible. But there is no turning back, try it he must. Pressing himself against the wall he runs with all his might and launches himself into space. His hands grip the parapet but slip and slip until - he is dropping through space, hitting a sloping roof and sliding towards a skylight.

INT. CHAPEL. DAY.

JONATHAN crashes through the glass and falls a short drop into the organ loft where a baroque organ is apparently being played by a ghost. On closer inspection Jonathan sees as he brushes himself off, that the organ playing a gentle Bach Chorale is functioning by mechanical, not supernatural means.

INT. CHAPEL DOOR.

By the eerie light filtering through the crimson stained glass windows set in the outside wall, JONATHAN is able to take in the strange nature of this secret spot. In place of the usual cross a lifelike carving of a giant heart surrounded by a circle of tusks seems to float above the altar which is flanked not by statues of saints but by models of the chemical structure of blood, blown up to resemble modern sculptures. Dominating this shrine dedicated to the Glory of Blood is a mural showing Dracula in medieval robes seated at a banqueting table enjoying a glass of Bull's Blood surrounded by a forest of stakes on which men, women and children suffer a multitude of slow, painful deaths. Attending him are three beautiful women bearing an uncanny likeness to the vampires of the previous night. Other paintings adorning the walls show Dracula in a variety of regal historical costumes ranging from medieval times to the 20th Century and though his mode of dress changes with the times, Dracula, like Dorian Gray, remains forever young.

Jonathan's first impulse is to flee this temple of eternal youth but as he descends the stairs to the aisle, he is arrested in his flight by the sight of an open trap door leading to the crypt. Now curiosity overcomes fear and impels him to peer down into the gloom below.

JONATHAN'S POV

At the bottom of a flight of steps rests an open casket and in it lies DRACULA apparently asleep. Taking the sturdy paper knife from his jacket pocket and barely daring to breathe, Jonathan creeps silently down towards him.

INT. CRYPT. DAY.

Ribbons of light from slits in the outside wall illuminate a strange setting for the dormant Count. A large variety of wooden boxes, all big enough to hold a recumbent figure, are stacked amidst piles of earth excavated from the floor itself which is a mass of rubble. Some of the boxes are open and filled with freshly dug earth. On such a bed of clay lies DRACULA, his eyes wide open and stony, his face, motionless, set in a mocking smile. Sweat pours from Jonathan's brow as he summons up strength to commit murder. Gripping the knife firmly in his hands Jonathan raises it, trembling, above his head and with all his force plunges the blade into Dracula's chest. A grin of malice passes over Dracula's face as he reaches to take the knife from his chest and slowly withdraws it, dripping gore. Jonathan is transfixed in horror at the failure of his lethal blow. Dracula's eyes burn with hate as he raises the dripping blade and plunges it towards Jonathan's throat. But Jonathan leaps back in time to sustain nothing worse than a gashed cheekbone.

CONTD.

Simultaneously the door at the far end of the crypt is flung open admitting a GANG OF GYPSIES. Instantly, Jonathan runs up the stairs to the chapel spurred on by their cries of alarm.

INT. CHAPEL DAY.

Slamming the trap door behind him, Jonathan covers it with a heavy pew which requires all his strength to drag into place. Then to the sound of hammering and muffled shouts, he runs out of the door with all speed, locking it behind him.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR. DUSK.

Outside the chapel door Jonathan finds himself on a spiral staircase leading up to a door which he discovers to be locked and down to ... the unknown. He has no choice but to descend.

INT. VAULT. DUSK.

JONATHAN pushes a door open to find himself in a bare cellar with iron grills set in the wall about seven feet from the ground giving onto the courtyard where a good deal of activity sounds to be in progress. Gripping hold of the ledge Jonathan manages to haul himself up sufficiently to peer through the grill.

JONATHAN'S POV

EXT. COURTYARD. DUSK.

Two large carts are being loaded with the boxes from the crypt which are now all sealed and judging from the exertions of the GYPSIES, loaded with earth. Even as he watches, the leading cart pulls away through the gateway and over the drawbridge escorted by Gypsy Bandits mounted on wild ponies.

RESUME:

INT. VAULT. DUSK.

JONATHAN releases his grip, drops to the floor and makes for the door leading to the spiral staircase. It has apparently shut itself and despite all his efforts refuses to budge. Instead, another door opens in the far wall revealing the THREE VAMPIRE GIRLS in their flowing robes beckoning Jonathan toward their hungry embrace. Almost in a trance, Jonathan moves towards them like a willing victim. The vampires smile in lustful anticipation and reveal their pointed teeth eager to sink once more into human flesh.

CONTD.

But their smiles vanish as Jonathan kicks one in the stomach with all his force and delivers a powerful swinging punch to the jaw of another. An even bigger surprise follows as Jonathan is sent flying through the air to land in a heap in the corner. Not only are the vampires unharmed, but their monstrous strength has proved more than a match for a mere human. As they begin to move in for the kill Jonathan's next action is one of a desperate man. Taking the rosary from his neck he wraps it round his fist like knuckle-duster and leaps up at the foremost vampire. WHACK! This time the connection is holy and the monster crashes into her companions spitting blood and broken teeth. By the time they have recovered Jonathan has hung the crucifix in the doorway of their room and entered it leaving the holy talisman of faith to hang like a shield between himself and the cheated vampires.

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR. DUSK.

Pictures and sculptures glorifying love decorate this amazing grotto inset with precious stones glittering in the candle light. But all this is merely a setting for the bizarre collection of lovers sitting on thrones, reclining on cushions or merely propped against the walls. Lovers in peasant costumes and in uniforms of soldiers, statesmen, kings and emperors attired in styles ranging over a period of 500 years - all dead, sucked dry, withered and mummified.

JONATHAN takes in this macabre museum to dead love with one horrified glance. His prime concern is to escape and to that end he runs towards a partially open door leading to the failing daylight. He throws it open and almost steps into space. Beneath him is a drop of several hundred feet into the swirling river. Behind him the uncertain terrors of the howling vampires. Before him, possibly a broken neck, possibly escape. He jumps; and plunges into the river. Widening circles mark his point of disappearance.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Dracula Coat of Arms. As it recedes from CAMERA it becomes clear that we have been observing a stencil on Dracula's casket being lifted high in the air.

CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

EXT. PORT OF VARNA. DAY.

A steam ship of some five thousand tons is loading cargo including Dracula's consignment of boxes. As the last one is hoisted aboard and lowered into the hold the BOATSWAIN signs a receipt watched by the GYPSY DRIVER.

BOATSWAIN

Received: 50 crates o' clay
exported Varna to the port of
Southampton, England. As if
there weren't enough there
already. Talk about carrying
coals to Newcastle. There you
are Dad, back to your crystal
ball.

He hands the uncomprehending gypsy the receipt then runs up the gangplank as the carts rumble off along the quayside.

INSERT: C/S The Ship's Hooter sounding two blasts.
Steam fills frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: C/S Safety Match Box decorated with a ship and the legend "England's Glory". A loud buzzing like an electric chainsaw comes from within. A hand enters shot and lifts the box out of frame.

CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. PADDED CELL. DAY.

A plain room with a bed fixed firmly to the wall, a barred window and a heavy metal door with peephole, and a matchbox full of flies is the world of MORRIS RENFIELD: madman. Covering the gap with his thumb so as to prevent a mass exodus, Renfield manages to extract a fat, juicy house fly which he surveys hungrily before popping it into his mouth, grating it between his gums with relish.

INSERT: C/S An eye at the peephole.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITORIUM. DAY.

Cold and austere with doors giving onto private wards from one of which issues the moans of a dying man. In the foreground observing RENFIELD through a peephole in the cell door is the beautiful but doomed young opera star, LUCIA WEBER. Standing beside her is a clean cut, distinguished looking man a few years her senior. This is DR. MARTIN SEWARD her physician whose duty towards her as a patient is complicated by the fact that he is in love with her. LUCY loves him in return but is also susceptible to admirers who make her forget her condition. Lucy turns towards him with a little shudder.

LUCY

He's eating flies.

Dr. Seward observes Renfield through the peephole and addresses him through a small metallic grill.

DR. SEWARD

Why have you taken to consuming
flies Renfield?

Renfield, caught in the act, spins round and treats the doctor to a placating smile.

RENFIELD

Because they are very wholesome Doctor
Seward. They are life, strong life,
and give life to me.

DR. SEWARD

They harbinger disease, Renfield,
you must dispose of them.

RENFIELD

Yes Doctor Seward, certainly, I will
crush the life out of them here and now
if you wish, but if you could allow me
a little while longer I shall dispose
of them to greater purpose.

C/S Dr. Seward's eye through the peephole.

DR. SEWARD

(voice-over)
I will consider it Renfield.

RESUME

DR. SEWARD'S POV

RENFIELD nods thankfully then busies himself staring into the corners of the room.

INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

DR. SEWARD turns away and speaks to LUCY.

DR. SEWARD

His case grows more interesting daily.
This zoophagous tendency is a completely new departure.

LUCY

Zoo ... what?

DR. SEWARD

Zoophagous - life consuming -

LUCY

(lightly)
Well, if nothing else flies are a very economical diet. At this rate you'll soon be able to afford central heating.

DR. SEWARD

(showing concern)
Are you cold dearest?

LUCY

Yes.
(wondering if it is the hand of Death she is feeling-)
It is cold in here, isn't it?

DR. SEWARD

(playing along)
Now you mention it, yes; come along.

Lucy realises he is humouring her and becomes stubborn.

LUCY

First tell me about the patient.
What's a madman doing in your home for incurables?

CONTD.

Dr Seward, seeing her growing anxiety, reluctantly informs her.

DR. SEWARD

His name is Renfield. Like you
he was suffering from leukemia.

LUCY

... was ?

Dr. Seward mentally bites his tongue, evades her question and hurriedly continues.

DR. SEWARD

He went off to Europe looking for a
miracle cure and came back from
Transylvania totally deranged.

LUCY

(persisting)

... and totally alive - how long ago?

DR. SEWARD

(reluctantly)

About six months, but he's ...

To Lucy at death's door, six months seems an eternity.

LUCY

(interrupting)

A lifetime! Maybe I should follow
his example; better mad than dead.

Lucy turns back to the peephole and stares at Renfield with
new interest as he commences to prophesize.

RENFIELD

And he shall come riding in triumph
on the crest of the wave. And he will
bring to the faithful the Kiss of Peace
which is life eternal, for the blood is
the life, the power, and glory, amen.

RESUME:

CORRIDOR.

DR. SEWARD gently pulls LUCY away from the peephole to face him.

DR. SEWARD

Lucy come away, please; Renfield cannot help us. You're upsetting yourself.

LUCY

(breaking down)

I'm sorry, it's my fault. I made you show me around. I thought that seeing other condemned unfortunates like myself would help ... but it doesn't.

DR. SEWARD

Let me see you home.

LUCY

(flaring up)

Just because I am dying doesn't mean you have to spend every minute with me -

(she regrets her outburst and softens)
No, darling, I've wasted enough of your time as it is. I came here uninvited; it was foolish of me. I can drive myself back.

Dr. Seward looks at her adoringly and takes her hand.

DR. SEWARD

Then I shall call on you tomorrow as usual.

LUCY

(falling against his chest weeping)
Oh Martin, I'm so afraid. The farewell performance - I can't do it, I can't.

DR. SEWARD

(interrupting gently but firmly)
You must Lucy dearest, you must carry on as if you were going to sing forever. You must be strong for all those that care for you and love you; and for me.

CONTD.

She embraces Dr. Seward and kisses him passionately then runs off along the gloomy corridor in tears. Briefly, Dr. Seward goes to follow her, but checks himself believing it best not to be witness to her distress. As her sobbing dies away he turns back to Renfield's cell.

DR. SEWARD

You have 48 hours to get rid of the flies
Renfield.

RESUME:

RENFIELD'S CELL.

RENFIELD is standing on his table staring at a corner of the ceiling.

RENFIELD

Thank you Doctor, you are most kind;
almost as kind as the Master.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

THE SS DEMETER steaming through calm seas at dusk.

SUPERIMPOSE: A pair of burning eyes.

FADE OUT THE SHIP: leaving the eyes alone which are now seen to be peering from a narrow slit in the raised lid of the casket containing Dracula in:

THE HOLD OF THE SS DEMETER. DUSK.

On ascertaining that he is alone, DRACULA throws back the lid of the casket, climbs out and begins to scale a ladder towards an open hatchway in the deck above.

DISSOLVE TO:

A Death's Head Spider climbing up its web.

CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. DUSK.

RENFIELD, with a childlike smile on his face, watches the climbing spider until a well-known voice causes him to spin round to the door with a guilty look.

C/S DR. SEWARD'S eye looking through the peephole.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Show me your matchbox, Renfield.

Sheepishly, Renfield complies and a nest of spiders cascades onto the floor. Instantly he is on his hands and knees desperately trying to retrieve them.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

They are a source of anxiety Renfield.
For your own peace of mind you must
get rid of them.

Renfield continues chasing the spiders while jabbering away to the doctor.

RENFIELD

I was just doing as you said Doctor,
disposing of the flies.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

You need more therapeutic pursuits
Renfield; I shall see to it.

RENFIELD

Thank you Doctor. Of course, if I
might have just a little time longer
to clear them out ...

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Of course, Renfield.

RENFIELD

Thank you Doctor, thank you!

As Renfield scuttles about the floor the CAMERA zooms into the Death's Head Spider sucking the blood of a fly entangled in its web.

DISSOLVE TO:

What at first appears to be a C/S of the web but which is revealed to be the mesh of a hammock in the boatswain's cabin on board -

THE SS DEMETER. NIGHT.

The BOATSWAIN sleeps blissfully as DRACULA sucks gently from a wound in his neck draining his very life blood, then creeps away like a spider bloated with the blood of a fly, spun in a web of death.

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. NIGHT.

By the light of the moon, RENFIELD is seen at his barrel window feverishly making a primitive cage from rushes and twine.

DISSOLVE TO:

A sparrow pecking up bread on a window sill. Suddenly a hand enters frame and grabs it away.

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. DAY.

RENFIELD stuffs the bird into his home-made cage and laughs in triumph.

C/S The bird twittering noisily

C/S A seagull screeching

C/S A corpse bound in the union jack hitting the water.

EXT. SS.DEMETER. DAY.

The CAPTAIN and CREW, EIGHT MEN in all, stand solemnly by the rail, heads bowed in remembrance of their dead shipmate.

CAPTAIN

May his soul rest in peace.

As the seagulls cry mockingly the CAPTAIN stomps off to the bridge.

CAPTAIN

Carry on, Mister Mate.

The MATE turns towards the troubled crew.

MATE

Return to your duties!

The men shift and murmur uneasily.

CONTD.

MATE

Come on, jump to it!

Unable to put into words their disquiet, the men reluctantly disperse.

INSERT: Dr. Seward's eye staring through the peephole.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Have you disposed of the spiders
Renfield?

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL, DAY.

RENFIELD turns quickly away from his barred window and scooping up the matchbox from the sill, bounds over to the door as pleased as a puppy doing a trick for its master. He slowly opens the matchbox. It is empty.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Well done Renfield...

Renfield beams with delight.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

And how is your basket work
progressing?

Renfield runs to his bed and returns with a framework of a fruit basket which he proudly holds up for inspection. When the Doctor speaks again, after a moment's pause, Renfield is taken by surprise.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Is that the song of a thrush Renfield,
or a sparrow?

After a moment's hesitation Renfield runs to his cell window and peers out.

RENFIELD

Both, Doctor, though I fancy the
sparrow is closer.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Show me what you have made with the remainder of your rushes and twine Renfield.

Caught out, Renfield reluctantly takes from beneath his bed the caged bird which he brings towards the peephole for the Doctor's inspection.

RENFIELD

I was keeping it as a surprise - for your birthday, Doctor.

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

My first action on receiving such a gift Renfield, would be to release it. You must do likewise.

Renfield breaks down.

RENFIELD

Oh please Doctor, not yet, not yet a while. I must have a pet of some kind. A little kitten perhaps. There's no harm in that. A nice little sleek playful kitten that I can play with and teach and feed, and feed, and feed!

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Would you not rather have a cat?

RENFIELD

Oh yes, I would like a cat! I only asked for a kitten lest you should refuse me a cat. No one would refuse me a kitten would they?

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

At present that is not possible Renfield, but we shall see.

Renfield's face falls, becomes dangerous, homicidal.

C/S An inverted eye.

. CUT BACK TO REVEAL:

The inverted head of dead SAILOR lying on top of a hatchcover aboard -

THE SS DEMETER. NIGHT.

Fellow members of the CREW stand by holding lanterns and staring with dismay at the dead man; the CAPTAIN kneels at his side and is about to cover him with a tarpaulin when something causes him to freeze. Drops of blood are dripping from the sky onto the dead man's face. Slowly the Captain looks up to where all eyes are now staring in horror. Hanging upside down on the cross tree at the masthead, bloated like some hellish bat, hangs the cloaked figure of DRACULA. Blood trickles over his sharp teeth and drips from his open mouth set in a smile of satisfaction.

JUMP CUT:

RENFIELD'S crazed face - blood and feathers in and around his mouth.

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. NIGHT.

TWO MEDICAL ORDERLIES force RENFIELD into a straight - jacket as DR. SEWARD plunges a hypodermic in his arm.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER. DAY.

The SS DEMETER steams over the horizon towards CAMERA.

SUPERIMPOSE: Dracula's eyes as the CAMERA cranes down to reveal LUCY idly watching its approach as she speculates on the closing chapter in her brief life.

LUCY

Who shall I take as my last lover -
who will he be?...

FADE OUT Dracula's eyes which have appeared to be burning right through her.

LUCY

... I just can't choose between the
kind doctor who will fortify me or
the crazy cowboy who will make me
forget ...

She smiles forlornly past CAMERA at her unseen companion and assuming a phoney Texan accent caricatures her american admirer.

CONT'D.

LUCY

... "Miss Lucy, ah know ah ain't good enough to turn the pages o' yur song sheets but ah jes' know you got the sweetes' li'll ole voice this side o' heaven."

(she becomes serious for a moment and speaks naturally)

- "Bad mark there, Quincey my boy, to mention heaven..."

(then forces gaiety back into her voice as she resumes the imitation.)

... "But if you jes' hitch up along side o' me, we'll have ourselves one helluva fine ride, drivin' along in double harness ..."

She breaks into a real laugh in which she is joined by her companion and secretary, MINA MURRAY who walks into frame and puts her arm around Lucy's waist and kisses her affectionately on the cheek.

MINA

Sounds vaguely indecent to me.

(becoming a little more serious)

Oh, I don't know; I'm afraid I can't help you Lucy. It's nice to have a choice.

MINA, an attractive girl in her mid-twenties, enjoys a special relationship with LUCY being as reliable a friend as she is a secretary.

LUCY

Oh come now, if you were in my shoes you'd still marry your lovely Jonathan.

MINA

(joking)

If he doesn't leave me in the lurch waiting at the church.

LUCY

You were expecting him back yesterday weren't you?

- CONTD.

MINA shrugs and smiles though it is plain to see she is a little worried.

MINA

You know what these business trips are ...

LUCY

(archly)

Yes, well, we needn't go into that.

(banteringly)

He simply must come back. He can't afford to disappoint the chief bridesmaid. This afternoon we're going to select my dress. Do you see me in Eau de Nile? It's very fashionable this year, though it rather depends on what colour you've chosen for yourself.

MINA

(dryly)

I rather thought I'd be in white.

Both girls laugh at Lucy's faux-pas. There is obviously an unspoken pact between them to treat life as a joke.

LUCY

And which of my suitors are we meeting at the bandstand, today? The poor psychiatrist or the crazy cowboy?

MINA

(consulting a small diary)

Well, according to your appointments diary...

(flatly)

... both!

They laugh again until Lucy abruptly sobers up.

LUCY

Isn't that ship cutting it a little fine?

Mina turns in time to see the SS DEMETER speeding full speed ahead toward the narrow harbour entrance, only a few paces from where they are standing.

CONTD.

MINA

The crew must be blind -
(alarmed)
she's going to collide!

Quicker than it takes to tell, the SS DEMETER is upon them and with a prolonged screech the ship scrapes the full length of her hull against the end of the stone jetty causing them to jump back with the shock. Another moment and the vessel has ploughed her way into the waters of the harbour and through a luckless fishing smack which was too slow in clearing her path. Meanwhile, the girls recovering from their initial shock are running along the quayside following the ship's course of destruction.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON PIER. BANDSTAND. DAY.

The BANDMASTER, conducting his PLAYERS through Strauss's Die Fledermaus Overture, cannot believe his eyes as he sees the SS DEMETER steaming straight towards the pier on which he is giving an afternoon concert to a jolly THRONG OF HOLIDAY MAKERS. But the screams of women and cries of children soon convince him that this is no dream. One by one the band stop playing to follow his terrified stare at the mountain of steel rushing toward them, belching forth clouds of black smoke like an angry volcano. The crash when it comes is a cacophony of human shrieks and exploding timber made all the more horrific by the dense smoke which envelops everything in a funereal pall.

JUMP CUT:

MINA and LUCY arrive on the scene to find several POLICEMAN restoring order, some STRETCH-BEARERS carrying away those wounded by falling stanchions, and others throwing lines to people in the water. Near the bows of the ship which is stuck fast in the pier, they come upon DR. SEWARD setting a broken leg with an improvised splint close by a tall, lanky American, QUINCEY MORRIS, who is arguing with a gruff bearded individual in vague nautical attire.

HARBOURMASTER

As Harbourmaster of this here Port of Southampton, it is my prerogative, if she has been abandoned as seems the case, to claim this here vessel as salvage.

CONTD.

QUINCEY

Then pray, get aboard pronto,
sir, or there won't be anything
to salvage.

HARBOURMASTER

I fail to perceive your meaning,
sir.

QUINCEY

The engines are still turning at
full speed and unless someone
gets their tail on board and does
something about it, we'll all be
blown to hell and high water.

The HARBOURMASTER looks worried but holds his ground.

HARBOURMASTER

I've sent for a gangplank, now
please stand aside sir; it will
be here momentarily.

QUINCEY

Momentarily is too late!

Snatching a coil of rope, he fashions it into a lariat and
lassos the flagpole at the bow and hauls himself aboard
before anyone can stop him. The Harbourmaster is furious
but Lucy applauds excitedly and turns to Mina who is also
thrilled by the Texan's daring.

LUCY

Oh Mina, isn't he splendid? Just
look at that!
(shouting)
Bravo, Quincey, Bravo!

Catching sight of Lucy, Quincey smiles a big smile and waves
his cowboy hat before running aft.

CONT'D.

LUCY

(smitten)

As brave as Doug Fairbanks!

Mina is impressed too, but equally aware of the virtues of Dr. Seward.

MINA

You 're lucky in both your boyfriends
Lucy.

She goes to help Dr. Seward tie his improvised splint.
Not wishing to be left out Lucy joins her just as the
gangplank arrives, supervised by a POLICEMAN.

HARBOURMASTER

Stay on duty here, Constable,
and make sure you let no one on
board.

POLICEMAN

What about the Doctor here, Sir?
(darkly)
You never know ...

The HARBOURMASTER stops in his tracks, glances at the
deserted ship and nods approval.

HARBOURMASTER

Doctor, you'd best come along as
well - this could be a case for
quarantine.

DR. SEWARD

I'll be right with you.

So saying he relinquishes his patient to a COUPLE OF AMBULANCE
MEN and makes his way to the gangway followed by the TWO GIRLS
who are stopped by the Policeman.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry ladies - no sight-
seers.

Lucy becomes petulant.

CONTD.

LUCY

Oh really Constable, we only ...

MINA uses guile.

MINA

(interrupting)

We are both qualified nursing sisters Officer, as Doctor Seward will testify.

The Policeman looks questioningly at Dr. Seward who nods approval.

DR. SEWARD

That's quite in order, Constable.

The next moment they are climbing the steep gangway towards the deck as the engines grind to a halt.

INT. SS DEMETER. CREW'S QUARTERS. DAY.

QUINCEY pokes his head around various doors to find nothing but a deserted ship until the sound of movement from one cabin causes him to draw a Colt revolver from his belt and approach with caution. Kicking the door open, he jumps inside, gun at the ready. Nothing except for the ship's cat, a sinister black animal who bristles at QUINCEY who frowns, slips his gun away and makes for the topdeck.

THE SS DEMETER. THE DECK. DAY.

Deserted, save for those who have just boarded, DR. SEWARD and QUINCEY collide at the foot of the companionway leading to the Bridge.

DR. SEWARD

Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me.

QUINCEY

(simultaneously)

Pardon me sir, after you.

LUCY brushes between them dispensing introductions as she goes.

LUCY

Dr. Seward, Mr. Morris, Quincey,
Martin ...

CONT'D.

By the time the men have shaken hands watched by an amused Mina, Lucy has reached the top of the companionway where a strange sight greets her.

INT. BRIDGE. DAY.

INSERT: A crucifix entwined in rosary beads clasped in praying hands held fast by rigor mortis.

ZOOM BACK to reveal the CAPTAIN, his face set in a terrified grimace, lashed to the wheel. DR. SEWARD rushes forward to examine him followed by the others watched by the BLACK CAT who seems to be trailing QUINCEY.

QUINCEY

How long has he been gone?

DR. SEWARD

Several hours at least.

LUCY

Then how did he steer the ship?

QUINCEY

I reckon someone else did the steering.

LUCY

Then they're still aboard.

This observation gives pause for thought, until...

MINA

Look at this, the pages of the entire voyage have been torn from the log.

MINA offers up the ripped log book in evidence.

DR. SEWARD

This has all the signs of mutiny.

QUINCEY

Mutiny without a crew? T'weren't as much as a mouse down below. Let's see what the Harbourmaster comes up with.

JUMP CUT:

THE DECK OF THE SS DEMETER

HARBOURMASTER

Not a soul. I've searched the
whole ship from stem to stern -
everywhere but the hold.

QUINCEY

Right, I'll take care of that.
Doc's up on the bridge with the
corpse - best you give him a hand.

The HARBOURMASTER blanches.

HARBOURMASTER

Well, I don't know ...

QUINCEY

(briskly)
Look sailor, as first man on board
I claim this vessel as salvage and
accordingly take command, so either
jump to it, or jump off!

As the Harbourmaster hurries off he almost bumps into the
TWO GIRLS about to take their leave.

LUCY

I'd love to join the manhunt Quincey,
but I really must be off to the theatre.
You are coming tonight?

QUINCEY

Wild horses couldn't keep me away,
Lucy.

He takes his hat off and kisses her on the mouth, an action
noticed by Dr. Seward with a pang of jealousy from his
vantage point on the Bridge.

QUINCEY

... and all the luck in the world.

CONT'D.

LUCY

Thank you darling, see you later.

MINA

Your tickets will be at the box office and don't forget the party at Lucy's afterwards.

QUINCEY

(winking)
Yer darn tootin' honey.

As he makes his way towards the hold and the girls head for the gangway, Lucy blows a kiss to DR. SEWARD who is carrying the dead body down from the Bridge with the assistance of the Harbourmaster.

LUCY

Till tonight!

As Quincey sees this and the look of admiration in Dr. Seward's eyes, it is his turn to be jealous. Even the ship's cat who continues to follow Quincey around arches its back in protest.

INT. HOLD OF SS DEMETER. DAY.

QUINCEY breaks open the lids of the boxes with a crowbar and snorts with disgust at his worthless treasure trove of dirt. Suddenly a figure we recognise as DRACULA is silhouetted in the open hatchway above.

DRACULA

You will derive little profit from fifty boxes of clay, sir. I am the customer to whom they are consigned. May I not take them off your hands?

Quincey looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow.

QUINCEY

Fifty boxes of gosh darn dirt!

He laughs to himself and shouts up to Dracula.

CONTD.

QUINCEY

It's all yours partner, take it away. I've still got plenty reason to celebrate.

He lets out a great whoop of joy at his salvage prize as the hatch covers come off in a blaze of light.

THE GRAND THEATRE, SOUTHAMPTON. NIGHT.

From his armchair in the Royal Box, QUINCEY, as elegantly dressed as any member of the smart audience beneath him, sips iced champagne and listens entranced to LUCY's golden voice, soaring magically from the brilliantly lit stage on which she is giving the performance of her life as Joan of Arc in Tchaikovsky's Opera, Maid of Orléans.

From his seat in the front row of the stalls, DR. SEWARD also watches, fighting a losing battle to hold back the tears. In the wings, MINA too is carried away by the pathos of the moment. Lucy being the focus of her attention, she is unaware of a cloaked figure watching from the shadows in the wings opposite. But not so Lucy. As she is dragged by her captors to the stake close to where he is standing, she gives a start of recognition at the imposing sight of DRACULA haloed in the glow of a score of spot lights. He too is transported by Lucy's song which reaches its climax as she is engulfed in shimmering flame. Waves of tumultuous applause drown the orchestral finale as the stage is deluged with flowers. Lucy bows to all corners of the auditorium, then smiles at Quincey and Dr. Seward who are on their feet frantically applauding with everyone else. But of the mysterious stranger there is no sign. Lucy gives a tiny frown of disappointment before smiling once again to her public as the ovation continues.

EXT. LUCY'S ESTATE. NIGHT.

An elegant floodlit mansion forms a picturesque backdrop to the dancing COUPLES and jazzing BAND which are the center of Lucy's midnight garden party. Elsewhere, the GUESTS stroll among the statues strung with Chinese lanterns or smooch in the shadows of the towering trees. From the dark recesses of a rose bower, DRACULA watches through a pair of opera glasses LUCY dancing a slow rag with DR. SEWARD.

-CONTD.

From Dracula's close-up POV, it is easy to guess that Dr. Seward is proposing to Lucy, even though we are too far off to hear the words, and that she is responding sympathetically. Suddenly the binoculars sweep through the dancing crowd until they find QUINCEY whispering to the BAND LEADER and slipping him a pound note. That does the trick, and soon the maestro is leading his boys into a jazzed up square dance. Now the binoculars follow the grinning Quincey onto the floor where everyone is at a loss as how best to cope with this new crazy rhythm. Not so Quincey, who takes Lucy away from Dr. Seward with a cheeky bow, and leads her into a hilarious conglomeration of Charleston-cum-Hoedown. Dr. Seward showing a mixture of anger and concern falls back with the rest of the crowd to watch the cavorting couple go through their expertly-improvised paces. And though Lucy soon begins to tire she becomes furious when Dr. Seward orders the band leader to stop. Some of the onlookers are puzzled while others seem to guess the reason for the termination of the strenuous number. Quincey sees it as a personal challenge and being somewhat the worse for drink takes a swing at Dr. Seward and knocks him down. Before Dr. Seward can pick himself up to retaliate Lucy has burst into tears, run off the floor, and disappeared into the darkness before anyone can stop her. An ugly scene is averted by the band leader who swings the orchestra into the Black Bottom which sets everyone dancing again - except for Quincey and Dr. Seward who glare furiously at each other across the dance floor.

Lucy's flight takes her close to Dracula's hidden vantage point where MINA, who has followed her from a discreet distance, catches her up.

MINA

Do forgive them Lucy, the Doctor
was only acting for the best, and
Quincey was too drunk to know better!

LUCY

(bitterly)
Well I'd rather drop dead dancing than
be buried in that dreadful sanatorium.

MINA

(placatingly)
Come back and have a nice quiet drink
with them.

Lucy rounds on her.

CONTD.

LUCY

And stop treating me like an ...
(she is going to say 'invalid')
... you're my secretary, not a paid
nurse; now leave me!

MINA

(hurt)
Shall I bring your mail up to your
room with breakfast, as usual?

LUCY

(angrily)
Yes, yes, yes, together with the
pills, and the medicine, and all
the other rubbish.

Lucy hurries off into the depths of the garden wishing to
be alone in her misery leaving Mina to walk sadly off
towards the house.

A FLOODLIT FOUNTAIN. NIGHT.

A tear trickles down LUCY's cheek as she contemplates
the deep dark waters and the oblivion they offer. Even her
reflection seems to be beckoning. She is literally on the
brink of suicide when she feels a pair of hands on her
shoulders turning her around to face a tall dark stranger
who cups her face in his hands.

DRACULA

(gently)
I would much prefer to remember you
as Joan of Arc than Ophelia.

Lucy responds to him almost like a lover in a dream and looks
at him curiously without fear.

DRACULA

Do you know me?

LUCY

(falteringly)
Yes and no; not your name, but
I have seen you before.

Dracula too has fond memories.

DRACULA

... in Paris, Berlin, Milan, Budapest ...

CONT'D.

To Lucy it is like a dream come true.

LUCY

I would see you across the footlights,
you were always close to me, but never
as close as tonight.

DRACULA

(urgently)
I no longer wish to be a spectator;
the time has come for me to be part
of you.

LUCY

(wistfully)
I'm afraid you're too late.

DRACULA

(firmly)
No ... I can save you.

LUCY

(hoping against hope)
But no one can cure leukemia. Are you
a specialist? Where is your practice?

DRACULA

(with a hint of irony)
I've accomplished some of my finest
work in Central Europe, especially
Transylvania...

Lucy draws in a breath recalling the case of Renfield, but
speaks obliquely.

LUCY

You must be a miracle worker.

Dracula continues with growing emotion

DRACULA

... I work alone and shun publicity, and
with the exception of those cases I take
merely to live, I reserve my skill solely
for those worth saving for their talent alone.
And were I not pledged to secrecy you would
know them for the illustrious artists they are.
But not one of them is more worthy of life than
you - your voice has more colour than Turner
ever dreamed of, there is more music in your
every movement than in a romance by Sibelius,
more poetry in your smile than a verse by
Beaudelaire.

CONTD.

DRACULA

(continued)

You are a living work of art,
complete and eternal - how can you
die?

Lucy's tears are now tears of joy as she succumbs totally
to Dracula's spell.

LUCY

You are not promising me forgetfulness
in a dizzy spin, neither are you pre-
paring me to meet death with fortitude -
you are giving me life.

DRACULA

(whispering)

I will be your new lifeblood, for the
blood is the life, the blood is the
life ...

Lucy allows herself to be hypnotised and drawn towards him.
The distant music has turned into a languorous waltz. Gently
she rests her head on Dracula's shoulder, gently he rocks
her in rhythm to the pulsating music. He caresses her
closed eyes, kisses her mouth and neck. Gently his teeth
penetrate her throat and all the time she is dreamily smiling.
As Dracula drinks her blood she smiles and whispers.

LUCY

Death is departing from me, death is
draining away, draining away, away ...

DISSOLVE to Lucy's Dream:

LUCY is part of the fountain. It has become the fountain of
Eternal Youth. She sings ecstatically in the sun as the
shining water dances off her golden skin. She is reborn.
Somewhere, a long way off, someone is calling her.

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

MINA is searching for Lucy with a flashlight and calling her
name. Suddenly she sees her, dancing with closed eyes, alone
by the fountain. Mina runs up and touches her on the shoulder.

MINA

Lucy, it's cold, you must come to bed.

Lucy comes back to reality with a start and looks about her at a total loss. When she speaks, her voice is full of regret.

LUCY
My lover, he's gone.

Something flits through the trees and flies off. Mina puts a shawl around Lucy's shoulders and leads her towards the house.

MINA
Quincey and the Doctor left hours ago. I waited up for you.

LUCY
I feel dizzy, it must be the champagne.

MINA
Stop a moment.

Mina notices two specks of blood on Lucy's neck..

MINA
You must have pricked yourself. There!

She brushes away the blood while Lucy smiles to herself, remembering.

LUCY
It is nothing. I was dancing.

MINA
Well next time, don't choose a rose bush for a partner.

Arm in arm the two girls walk off towards the darkened house.

EXT. SKY. NIGHT.

A BAT flies past the moon.

EXT. RENFIELD'S CELL. NIGHT.

RENFIELD grips the bars and watches the bat in a fever of religious devotion.

RENFIELD
Long have I prayed for your coming dear Master, and now that you are near, I await your commands, and you will not pass me by, will you, dear Master, in your distribution of good things?

EXT. SKY. NIGHT.

The BAT circles once as if acknowledging Renfield's prayer then dives out of sight into some nearby trees.

RENFIELD'S VOICE

-EXT. RAILWAY STATION SOUTHAMPTON EAST. DAY.

DR. SEWARD is standing on an almost deserted platform staring up the line into the early morning mist lost in thought when he recognizes with a start a familiar, if unexpected, voice.

MINA

Dr. Seward! Thank God! What luck!

There, on the opposite platform, is MINA looking worried and agitated.

MINA

I tried phoning the sanatorium but they said you had already left.

DR. SEWARD

(surprised)

Mina! Good gracious, what on earth -

(alarmed)

.. it's not Lucy is it?

MINA

(quickly)

She's had a relapse. She must be at the sanatorium by now. They sent an ambulance. When I went into her room this morning she ...

The train drowns her explanation and hides her from view as it arrives at her platform. But soon she has boarded the carriage and is shouting to Dr. Seward through the window of her compartment.

MINA

... I couldn't wake her, not for some time anyway, and even then ...

DR. SEWARD

(impatiently)

What were the symptoms?

MINA

(hesitantly)

Well, she was weak and feverish, and when she tried to get up she had a dizzy spell and collapsed so I put her back to bed and phoned ...

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD
(interrupting)
Speak up, I can't hear you!

Further speech is rendered impossible by the arrival of the train at Dr. Seward's platform. From one of the carriage windows leans the cloaked figure of a stout old man with a rotund, cheery face and billowing silvery locks. The train brings him into a big CLOSE-UP and halts. It is none other than Dr. Seward's old teacher, Professor VAN HELSING, greeting his ex-pupil with a laugh and a jest.

VAN HELSING

Ah ha! The first sign of madness -
talking to oneself. I always said
insanity was contagious, remember?

He embraces the slightly distracted Doctor Seward.

VAN HELSING

How are you my boy?

DR. SEWARD

Very well, Professor. Excuse me!

To Van Helsing's surprise, Dr. Seward shakes himself off and jumps into the carriage.

INT. COMPARTMENT. DAY.

DR. SEWARD lowers the window and talks across to MINA in the opposite carriage.

DR. SEWARD

Mina, what is all this about?
Start from last night.

MINA

(flustered)
After you'd gone I found her
in the rose garden. I think she'd
had a little too much. She'd cut
herself on one of the shrubs -
nothing much -
(she points at her throat)
just there. She'd been dancing with
her lover, she said.

CONT'D.

DR. SEWARD
(alarmed)
Her lover?

Mina knows she is making the case sound totally implausible and finishes off lamely.

MINA

I know it sounds silly - but you did ask.

DR. SEWARD
(exasperated)
Lucy sounds as if she's got an almighty hangover, and you're acting as if you're still tipsy - how, otherwise could you have left her alone?

MINA
(urgently)
I didn't leave her until she was safely in the ambulance with a nurse. Please, you must believe me, it's serious. Jonathan's back home. I have to see him. His mother telephoned early this morning - most upset, she wouldn't say what was wrong, but ...

The rest of Mina's shouted message is lost in the cacophany of her departing train. Dr. Seward turns on hearing Van Helsing's voice.

VAN HELSING

Is this how you diagnose all your patients, my boy; from a moving train?

And now their train is moving.

DR. SEWARD
(apologetically)
Oh Professor, forgive me, please. are these yours?

CONTD.

He spies a familiar leather case and a worn Gladstone bag.

VAN HELSING
(chuckling)
Ah Ha! As sharpas ever, ya!

And grabbing an article each they run to the door and jump out.

STATION PLATFORM. DAY.

VAN HELSING staggers a little as he lands, but is saved from falling by DR. SEWARD who is becoming increasingly embarrassed by the indignity he is causing his esteemed Professor.

DR. SEWARD

I am sorry. She's gone completely scatty.

VAN HELSING
Pretty all the same.
(archly)
Pity her Jonathan's come back so soon.

DR. SEWARD

Professor, I hardly know the girl.

VAN HELSING

Ah ha! One of those brief encounters.
What's her name?

DR. SEWARD

Mina! I was at a party last night
given by her friend.

VAN HELSING

And you were seeing them off.
The friend, I did not see ...

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

By now Lucy should be in bed at the sanatorium.

He bites his lip, seeing that he is getting into deep water and being totally misunderstood by the Professor who starts acting like a Dutch Uncle.

VAN HELSING

Pretty girls, parties in the sanatorium all night long. You invited your old Professor all way over from Amsterdam to play nursemaid to your madman, this Renfield, while you a good time have, ya?

DR. SEWARD

Lucy is one of my patients, Professor, and as for parties on the premises, it's simply ...

VAN HELSING

(interrupting with a chuckle)
I know, I know. Whatever else you could never be guilty of misconduct. Not only were you my brightest pupil Martin, you were also the least frivolous, ya?

A little deflated by Van Helsing's remark, Dr. Seward nevertheless replies with a wry smile.

DR. SEWARD

Yes, I'm afraid it's still the same old "serious Seward". It was very good of you to come, Professor.

VAN HELSING

Not at all. Your popsy\$ interest me as much as your madmen.

Laughing, Van Helsing takes his arm and hurries him toward the station exit.

INT. SANATORIUM CORRIDOR.

Quiet, except for the voice of Renfield singing a hymn, and deserted save for a MALE NURSE pushing a trolley containing a corpse covered with a sheet towards a pair of swing doors at the end of the corridor. As they bump through and disappear from view one of the ward doors opens a little revealing a patient gazing surreptitiously about her. It is LUCY looking very pale and feverish in a nightdress with a chiffon scarf around her throat. Convinced the coast is clear, she walks unsteadily towards the sound of Renfield's voice. Pausing for breath at his door she whispers urgently through the grill.

LUCY

Renfield, Renfield, quickly, I must speak to you.

C/S: Peephole: Renfield's eye staring at Lucy.

RENFIELD'S VOICE

(accusingly)
You are the Doctor's girl.

LUCY

(protesting)
I am nobody's girl. But you and I; we share something in common.

RENFIELD

Yes, we are patients of Doctor Seward.

LUCY

No Renfield, we owe our allegiance to another master. He who brings the kiss of peace which is life eternal... Where is he Renfield?
(urgently)
I must see him, I must.

There is an ominous pause followed by Renfield ranting and raving at the top of his voice.

RENFIELD

All over! All over! He has deserted me. There is no hope for me. Master, Master, why hast thou forsaken me? I am doomed. Without the blood there is no life. The blood is the life, etc.

CONTD.

As Renfield's cries echo down the corridor Lucy looks around in alarm and not without reason, for already a female

NURSE is hurrying around the corner towards her. Lucy panics, and starts running back to her room only to collapse with exhaustion. The worried NURSE kneels down and attempts to revive her.

NURSE

Oh Miss Webber, what are you doing out of bed? I said you were not to move until you had the Doctor's permission.

She is about to drag Lucy back to her room when suddenly DR. SEWARD and VAN HELSING appear, attracted by Renfield's shouts as are TWO MALE NURSES who arrive from the other direction.

DR. SEWARD
(furiously to the nurse)
What is going on Nurse Danvers?

Without waiting for a reply he turns to the Male Nurses.

Get a stretcher, - no don't bother.
Stay with Professor Van Helsing.
(to the Professor)
Renfield's in there, Professor.

VAN HELSING

Now is a good time to examine him
while you take care of your Popsy..

Dr. Seward picks Lucy up in his arms, considerably disturbed by her condition.

DR. SEWARD

Oh Lucy, Oh Lucy, my dear sweet girl.

Nurse Danvers attempts to excuse herself as she leads Dr. Seward towards Lucy's room.

CONTD.

NURSE DANVERS

She was sleeping peacefully when
I left her Dr. Seward. I was only ...

DR. SEWARD
(interrupting)
What's her pulse rate?

NURSE DANVERS
Sixty-five, Doctor.

DR. SEWARD
And her temperature?

NURSE DANVERS
Two degrees below normal, Doctor.

Their voices die away as they enter Lucy's room and Van Helsing
is admitted to Renfield's cell.

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. DAY.

As soon as he realizes the presence of authority Renfield's
ravings cease and by the time the Professor enters he is
calm and reasonable.

VAN HELSING
(affably)
Would you like some sugar to get
your flies round again...?

RENFIELD
(laughing)
Not much! Flies are poor things,
after all!

VAN HELSING
And spiders?

RENFIELD
Blow spiders! What's the use of spiders?
There isn't anything in them to eat or dr...
(he checks himself on the word 'drink'
which does not go unnoticed by the
Professor)
... chicken-feed! I'm past all that sort
of nonsense. You might as well ask a
man to eat a molecule with a pair of
chopsticks as to try to interest me in
the lesser carnivora when I know what is

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

(blandly)

I see. You want bigger things to sink your teeth in. How would you like to breakfast on an elephant?

RENFIELD

(with dignity)

Coming from an individual who has revolutionized therapeutics by his discovery of the continuous evolution of brain matter, that remark, Professor, is anal.

Somewhat put out by Renfield's aplomb, the Professor too, becomes more composed.

VAN HELSING

Some people I know fancy that life is a positive, perpetual entity and that by consuming a multitude of live things, no matter how low in the scale of creation, one might indefinitely prolong life.

RENFIELD

(calmly)

I have no wish to discuss metaphysics Professor. My one desire is to leave here at once - now - this very hour, this very moment if I may.

VAN HELSING

Can you tell me frankly your reason for wishing to be free?

RENFIELD

If I were free to speak I should not hesitate a moment, but I am not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me.

VAN HELSING

Alas, your petition stands condemned out of your own mouth, my friend.

CONTD.

RENFIELD

(snapping)

Damn all thick-headed Dutchmen!
Take yourself and your idiotic brain
theories somewhere else.

VAN HELSING

(laughing)

Aha! Now that is better. You had
me worried there, momentarily.
Later, we will meet again and have
a little dri ...
(he plays Renfield at his own game)
... a little supper, perhaps.

As the Professor goes to leave Renfield grabs hold of him
becoming violent once more.

RENFIELD

I implore you, let me out of this place
at once. Send me away how you will and
where you will, send keepers with me with
whips and chains; let them take me in a
straight-jacket, manacled and leg-ironed,
even to goal, but let me go out of this!
You don't know what you do by keeping me
here. Their blood will be on your hands.

The Male Nurses pull Renfield away and hurl him into a corner
then follow the Professor out and lock the door behind them.
A moment later Renfield is on his feet hammering against the
door and shouting through the grill.

RENFIELD

Don't you know that I am sane and
earnest now, that I am no lunatic in
a mad fit, but a sane man fighting for
his life. The blood is the life, the
blood is the life! Let me go! Let me go!

Impotently, he collapses sobbing to the floor.

INT. LUCY'S WARD DAY.

Small, white and austere with melancholy windows looking onto wooded grounds, LUCY lies in bed unconscious, looking deathly pale. The NURSE is helping DR. SEWARD prepare for a blood transfusion when VAN HELSING enters.

DR. SEWARD

Thank you, Nurse. I'll ring if I need you.

NURSE

Very well, Doctor. I'll be standing by.

VAN HELSING

The chart Nurse, please.

She hands the Professor Lucy's chart and leaves the room.

Hiding his alarm at what he sees the Professor sets about restoring Dr. Seward's equanimity as his blood begins to flow in Lucy's veins.

VAN HELSING

Your blood will soon restore the roses to her cheeks, my boy.

DR. SEWARD

(perplexed)

Ha! Roses! I don't understand it.

Look at that mark on her throat.

Even if it was caused by a thorn how could it account for her losing so much blood?

Van Helsing examines the marks on Lucy's throat trying to bely his worst fears.

VAN HELSING

No rose bush it was, certainly.

The skin around the wound is discoloured as if something had been ...

He discreetly refrains from completing the sentence aloud, but continues his train of thought.

VAN HELSING

... this Renfield ...

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD
(suddenly remembering)
Oh yes, how did you find Renfield?

VAN HELSING
Blood fixated and desperate for
freedom.

DR. SEWARD
(puzzled)
That's a new development.

VAN HELSING
Your Lucy was collapsed near his
cell. How well does she know him?

DR. SEWARD
Hardly at all, She accompanied
me once on my rounds. She heard
him ranting away and that was
about all.

VAN HELSING
Ranting, of what was he ranting, then?

DR. SEWARD
... He mentioned 'blood' rather a lot
I seem to remember and something
about the coming of the Messiah - no,
not the Messiah - Master, the master -
it's just that he sounded like an old
testament prophet.

Dr. Seward becomes aware of Van Helsing's growing discomfort.

DR. SEWARD
Professor, I have known you a long time.
You have a theory.

VAN HELSING
(cautiously)
Yes, I have a theory but you would
not believe it. I hardly dare believe
it myself.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

Something to do with Renfield?

VAN HELSING

(pensively)

Perhaps - indirectly - I can't say.

(snapping out of it)

I must go to London, now, immediately.

There are books there at University
College Hospital which I must consult.

Dr. Seward is surprised at the Professor's sudden decision
but refrains from questioning it.

DR. SEWARD

The duty driver will take you to the
station. Look, I'm afraid I'm causing
you a lot of inconvenience Professor,
and ...

VAN HELSING

(indignantly)

Since when has saving life been an incon-
venience?

(he begins to disconnect the transfusion
equipment)

Here, that is enough, any more and you
will be needing a transfusion yourself.

Tomorrow she will be stronger, you too.

She will need the utmost care. And on
no account must these windows be left
open.

(he closes a sash window and bends up the
catch)

DR. SEWARD

I'll have a nurse on constant duty.

VAN HELSING

We are the best nurses, you and I.

Keep watch all night, see she is well
fed and, hah!

(smiling)

Why do I need tell you what to do -
sometimes I still imagine you are my
pupil.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

I rather think I always will be Professor.

Van Helsing is moved by the warmth in Seward's voice, for truth to tell, the older man does have a paternal regard for his protege.

He replies gruffly to disguise his feelings.

VAN HELSING

Good! Then I can start sending
you my bill for tuition once again.
Tot seins!

With this parting phrase of Dutch he is gone, leaving Dr. Seward to sink back in his chair and take hold of Lucy's wrist as much to give her strength as to feel her pulse.

EXT. SANATORIUM. DAY.

The car bearing VAN HELSING to the station sweeps down the gravelled drive and out of the gates. DRACULA, who has been following its departure from the depths of the shrubbery smiles to himself and turns his attention towards a GARDNER and his BOY clipping the hedge close to the barred windows of Renfield's cell on the ground floor of the building.

INT. RENFIELD'S CELL. DAY.

As a click announces the opening of the door and the arrival of supper, RENFIELD hurls himself at the unsuspecting KEEPER knocking him unconscious to the floor, and then bounds through the doorway.

INT. LUCY'S WARD. DAY.

DR. SEWARD is leaning over LUCY with his back to the door taking her temperature when RENFIELD bursts in to attack her. Overcoming his surprise at finding the Doctor blocking his objective he attempts to hurl him away - but unsuccessfully. The Doctor, despite his loss of blood, is more than a match for Renfield who nevertheless sinks his teeth into the Doctor's wrist before a kick in the groin sends him howling to the floor. Pressing the alarm bell Dr. Seward half collapses onto the bed. Moments later TWO MEDICAL ORDERLIES plus the KEEPER, the STAFF DOCTOR and NURSE DANVERS arrive on the scene.

CONTD.

KEEPER

He's overpowered me Doctor, he's
been as good as gold lately.

FIRST ORDERLY

(simultaneously)
His arms, his arms, take his arms.

STAFF DOCTOR

(simultaneously)
Dr. Seward, you're hurt. Let me see.

NURSE DANVERS

(simultaneously)
Oh my God, what's happening here.

But Dr. Seward is engrossed in Renfield's strange behaviour.

DR. SEWARD

Don't touch him.

They all stare with varying degrees of disgust as Renfield
laps up the blood which has fallen from Dr. Seward's wrist
onto the floor.

DR. SEWARD

Go with them, Renfield. Quietly.

The blood has gone. Locked in his own fantasies, Renfield
allows himself to be lead away peacefully.

RENFIELD

(muttering)
The blood is the life!
The blood is the life!

As the Staff Doctor starts to bandage his wrist, Dr. Seward
collapses unconscious in his arms. Continuing his first
aid, the Staff Doctor gives instructions.

STAFF DOCTOR

He's suffering from shock, fetch
a trolley.

The ORDERLY runs out.

CONTD.

STAFF DOCTOR

Nurse, bring me a strong sedative—
to his rooms. He'll also need
stitches, but this will do till we
get him to bed.

NURSE DANVERS

And what about the patient, sir,
Miss Webber here? As I told you,
she's an important case.

STAFF DOCTOR

My patient is even more important.
I'll lock her in and you can attend
to her later. Now hurry.

As she hastens out the trolley arrives and Dr. Seward is
lifted gently aboard and wheeled quickly from the room.
As the key is heard turning in the lock LUCY opens her
eyes, sits up in bed and gazes through the window to where
DRACULA appears silhouetted against a blood red sun setting
through the trees. Smiling he walks towards her while she
in turn, still weak and shaking, drags herself from the bed
and staggers over to the window. Summoning up all her
strength she tries to lift the sash - unsuccessfully.
Panting with the effort, she slips down the glass and
collapses against it breathing heavily. Collecting herself
she rubs the misted glass and peers out for her lover.
A sigh of regret escapes her lips when she sees that he is
gone.

EXT. RENFIELD'S CELL. DUSK.

The unbreakable glass window is ajar. RENFIELD stares through
the bars directly at CAMERA and speaks bitterly through the
gap.

RENFIELD

I know you wish to enter and that
you may not enter, uninvited. It is
not to me you bring the gift of peace
but to another. As you deny me, so
I deny you.

Renfield shuts and fastens the window.

REVERSE ANGLE CUT:

DRACULA looks back at RENFIELD with an enigmatic smile. Behind him the sun has almost set. Slowly Dracula parts his black cape revealing the GARDENER'S BOY, naked. A mop of golden hair, blue eyes staring blankly from an angelic face with limbs of natural grace all combine to produce a creature of exquisite beauty and innocence. Simply by 'willing it' Dracula causes the hypnotised child to raise its arm. Renfield, staring through the closed window is mystified and growing fearful. Slowly Dracula takes hold of the boy's wrist and with a flick of his sharp thumbnail cuts the vein. As blood pulses from the wound Renfield begins to tremble. Dracula lowers his own arm as the blood trickles down the milk-white arm of the boy. Renfield is fighting a losing battle to suppress his lust for blood.

Dracula calmly awaits the inevitable. With a cry of anguish Renfield opens the window and stretches out towards the blood which is tantalisingly just out of reach. By now Renfield's state is equivalent to that of a pathetic drug addict desperate for a fix. As the sun sinks from sight the sweating Renfield capitulates and in a dry, tremulous voice, agrees to pay the price.

RENFIELD

Come in, Lord and Master,
enter ...

An instant later Dracula metamorphoses into a red cloud, the colour of blood. Then as the boy moves a step forward and Renfield snatches his wrist and sucks on it like a parched beast, the cloud of blood rushes in a psychic whirlwind past him into the room and out through the grill in the door.

INT. LUCY'S WARD. DUSK.

To the sound of unearthly music, the cloud of glittering blood whirls beneath the door and changes back into the imposing shape of DRACULA. Like a modern messiah he extends his arms to the incredulous LUCY who drags herself towards him on her knees like a nun at her devotions. As the music rises to a hymn of praise Dracula unbuttons his shirt and opens an artery in his chest revealing His precious BLOOD. Lucy parts her lips and sensuously covers the wound with her mouth and with closed eyes, drinks. The music shimmers as images float and dissolve until Dracula is drawing blood from Lucy's neck. Their pulses race in unison as the ritual is consummated and the music throbs to a climax.

INT. DR. SEWARD'S BEDROOM. DAY.

A narrow shaft of sunlight beams through a crack in the curtains and falls directly on the face of the sleeping DR. SEWARD. His eyes blink open, dazzled, and a moment later he is out of bed and pulling the curtains on a brilliant sunrise. For a moment he is totally disoriented then remembering the events of yesterday with horror, he quickly slips a dressing gown over his pyjamas and hurries from the room.

INT. SANATORIUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

Deeply concerned, DR. SEWARD runs down the corridor and flings open Lucy's door and enters.

INT. LUCY'S WARD. DAY.

The room is deserted. The bed is empty, neat and tidy and newly made up. DR. SEWARD gazes around him uncomprehendingly until a footfall in the corridor fetches him to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

NURSE DANVERS stops in her tracks and looks nervously at DR. SEWARD who speaks to her as if in a dream.

DR. SEWARD

Why have you moved Miss Weber?

Pulling herself together Nurse Danvers speaks as evenly as possible.

NURSE DANVERS

Miss Weber died sir, at 4:30 this morning.

Dr. Seward acts as if shot.

CUT TO:

THE SS DEMETER. DAY.

The ship's cat follows at the heels of QUINCEY MORRIS who, pleased as punch, strides the deck of his prize packet giving instructions to a DAPPER LITTLE MAN in a bowler hat carrying a large account book.

CONTD.

QUINCEY

... and I want every single item on board evaluated from the crow's nest right down to the ship's cat.

LITTLE MAN

That will take some little time, Mister Morris. Lloyds of London would be able to give you an immediate estimate, I'm ...

QUINCEY

I want an accurate assessment, sir, not an immediate estimate. If that had been the case I wouldn't have wasted a whole day tracking you down. Now are you the best auctioneers and valuers in these here parts, or are you not?

LITTLE MAN

(servile)
Indubitably Mr Morris, and very grateful of your patronage I'm sure. It's just so difficult to know where to make a start.

QUINCEY

Then start at the top and work down, sir.

LITTLE MAN

Even the flags Mr. Morris?

QUINCEY glances up at the flags indicated by the LITTLE MAN.

QUINCEY

Even so ...

Then he does a double take at the four flags flying at the masthead.

QUINCEY

Can you figure out their meanin' sir?

CONTD.

LITTLE MAN
(superciliously)
Only their value, Mr. Morris.

As the Little Man resigns himself to making a start on the formidable inventory, Quincey makes his way to the foot of the mainmast where is situated the flag locker, a simple wooden structure of pigeon holes containing a different flag for each letter of the alphabet. As he suspected, four flags are missing. A, C, L and Y. It takes only a second to rearrange them to read the message flying at the masthead for all to see. Quincey becomes thoughtful and then annoyed with himself.

QUINCEY
(quietly)
C-L-A-Y. Ah' think the Captain
was tryin' to tell ya' somethin'
yesterday, Quincey m' boy ...
(he glances down into the hold)
but you was too busy lookin' down
when you should'a been a lookin'
up.

He looks to the masthead once more where the dead man's message is triumphantly flying in the wind.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON QUAYSIDE. DAY.

TWO sweating LABOURERS have paused in their exertions of loading heavy sacks onto a cart for a word with QUINCEY who listens attentively.

FIRST LABOURER

Fifty odd boxes is correct gov'nor,
and main and mortal heavy they were
too. Shiftin' that lot were thirsty
work I can tell you.

SECOND LABOURER

It were 'ard lines there wasn't no
gentleman such - like yourself to show
some sort of appreciation of our efforts
in liquid form, Squire. We're so dry
we can 'ardly talk, still.

QUINCEY

Here, take a gargle - on the house.

-CONTD.

He flicks a coin to the SECOND LABOURER who winks at his mate.

SECOND LABOURER

Thanks Squire, that'll 'elp lay the dust.

FIRST LABOURER

Blimey, it were that thick; you could 'ave slep' on it without 'urting yer bones.

SECOND LABOURER

Not that you'd want to mind! Me and me mate we thought we wouldn't never get out that old chapel quick enough.

FIRST LABOURER

Took the cake it did Lor'!
I wouldn't take less nor a quid to stay there after dark. I was that relieved when we turned the lock on it, I can't tell you.

QUINCEY

(keenly)
What about the key? Describe it.

SECOND LABOURER

It were a queer design on a big rusty ring.

FIRST LABOURER

We dropped it through the letter box of the big house as per Mr. Quennel's instructions.

He nods to the man in question who is hurrying out of a nearby building towards them carrying a sheaf of papers.

CONTD.

MR. QUENNEL

No order form, no receipt Mr. Morris. The cashier received payment for express delivery to Carfax in cash. The customer was new and unknown to her. A tall gentleman in black with a foreign accent according to her recollection. He gave her the key and instructions which I, in turn, passed on to the men. We did right I trust in shipping the consignment?

Quincey is still annoyed at his own negligence.

QUINCEY

Yeah, I gave him the go-ahead myself.

MR. QUENNEL

Is there anything further we can do for you?

QUINCEY

Just put me on the road to Carfax and make sure it passes a kiddie's toystore on the way.

The men look at Quincey in amazement.

EXT. CARFAX ESTATE. DAY.

QUINCEY walks up the steps of the shuttered house and halts at the front door. From a coloured paper bag he takes a child's periscope - a slim cardboard affair housing an angled mirror at either end. Pushing it half-way through the horizontal letter box he peers in to observe the floor inside the house, adjusting the toy a little in the process.

INSERT: Dusty floorboards on which rests an old key affixed to a rusty ring.

Quincey straightens up and takes a box out of the bag containing a child's fishing rod. He assembles it quickly and inserts it into the letter box and with the aid of the periscope manages to hook the ring, wind it up to the opening and extract it with a little smile at his own ingenuity. Satisfied that no one is watching, he puts his toys back in their bag and sets off in search of:

THE CHAPEL:

Surrounded by brambles and covered by creeper, this Gothic edifice presents a daunting aspect to QUINCEY as he approaches it in the light of the setting sun. The key fits, the lock turns. He pushes the door open and enters.

INT. CHAPEL. DUSK.

A state of decay, if not absolute ruin is an ominous setting for the fifty boxes stacked in the form of a casual pyramid. Saints in niches gaze stonily down at QUINCEY as he takes a crowbar from his bag and prepares to prize open the first casket until the sound of something approaching through the undergrowth sends him diving for cover. The dishevelled figure of RENFIELD enters carrying the limp, dead body of the GARDENER'S BOY which he offers up with tear-stained eyes to the topmost casket of the pile.

RENFIELD

Oh Master, even as Abraham was called by God to take his son Isaac into the wilderness as holy sacrifice, so I, your servant Renfield, offer up the body of this youth to the eternal glory of thy blessed name. Give me the kiss of peace that I may forever walk in your shadow and drink the blood of life everlasting ...

As Renfield drops his head in humility he notices something which gives him pause - wet footprints leading behind an adjacent tomb. Continuing his prayers so as to allay suspicion, Renfield gently lays the body down and poises himself for the attack.

RENFIELD

... for as Saul slew in his thousands
David slew in his tens of thousands ...

With a spring like a wildcat he is over the top and tearing at Quincey, taken completely off his guard. Despite the fact that the Texan is as tough as nails he is no match for the madman who seems imbued with superstrength. After a short, fierce struggle, Quincey manages to slip from his grasp only to be caught, seconds later, in his flight up the crazy pyramid as the last rays of the dying sun slide down the top-most casket.

CONTD.

RENFIELD

And as the sun goes down on the
death of another day let the might
of the Lord of Darkness shine forth
in all its majesty bringing light
to the sons and daughters of darkness
who forever perpetuate his glory,
by draining the unrighteous of all
sin, and converting them to life
eternal that they may sing his
praise forever, and ever, amen, amen,
amen...

Renfield continually repeats himself as he forces the struggling Quincey towards the topmost casket, the lid of which is slowly beginning to rise, emitting a fantastical light of supernatural power. Simultaneously there is an enormous inrush of air which causes the stained glass in all the windows to crack and disintegrate, the organ pipes to scream and centuries of dust to spin in a glittering whirlwind. Gradually, Renfield forces Quincey closer and closer to the blinding light of the casket until he sees inside DRACULA, whose skeleton is pulsating through his clothed body like an atomic x-ray. Now the heart is seen beating and the blood racing through his veins. Now his eyes flicker open, now his lips are bared, revealing the pointed teeth, now a smile of anticipation as he starts to rise up towards the bared flesh of Quincey's throat held in the lunatic's grip of iron. The cacophany reaches a crescendo just as Dracula's teeth are about to make contact with his latest victim. Then Renfield is being pulled back by FOUR ORDERLIES as Doberman Pinchers tear at his limbs and DR. SEWARD and VAN HELSING wrestle Quincey from his grasp. Thwarted, Dracula's smile turns to a sneer of hatred and then to one of triumph as Quincey empties a colt revolver harmlessly into his levitating body. A moment later Dracula is drawn into the whirling incandescent dust until, with a mighty beating of oily black wings, he flies forth through the shattered, gaping windows into the darkening night, like a creature from Dante's Inferno. All faces watch his triumphant flight in complete awe.

INT. SANATORIUM. DR. SEWARD'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

While VAN HELSING studies a pile of tomes from London

DR. SEWARD paces restlessly up and down under a heavy burden of guilt. QUINCEY is slumped in a chair near the fire sipping a brandy, his hatred for Dracula bowing only to his grief for Lucy.

DR. SEWARD

... of course I am responsible, if Renfield had been adequately supervised ...

VAN HELSING

(interrupting)

Those iron bars were adequate enough for ten madmen!

DR. SEWARD

I have two deaths on my hands, Professor.

VAN HELSING

They were victims of occult powers, not medical negligence. Don't reproach yourself.

But Quincey is reluctant to believe that Lucy was associated with the creature in the chapel in any way.

QUINCEY

How can you be certain Lucy didn't die from natural causes? We all know she was a sick lady ...

VAN HELSING

Because the wound on her throat was deeper than before, and the skin more bruised.

DR. SEWARD

And despite the transfusion, her death was caused by a massive loss of blood.

VAN HELSING

Of which there is no sign.

CONTD.

Still, Quincey is reluctant to accept the idea.

QUINCEY

And nobody saw anything strange at all?

DR. SEWARD

Except for a brief period when there were no visitors or callers, Nurse Danvers was with her the whole time.

VAN HELSING

My theory is Renfield admitted him.

DR. SEWARD

He says not.

Van Helsing brushes the objection aside.

VAN HELSING

All the signs point to it.

DR. SEWARD

But Renfield didn't break out until this afternoon.

VAN HELSING

(shrugging)

The cell has a window - our vampire can adopt any shape or substance he desires; he is the highest form of Nosferatu ...

Both men look at him quizzically.

VAN HELSING

The Undead. Cursed with immortality they cannot die but must go on from age to age seeking new victims; for all that die from the bite of the Undead become themselves Undead and must drink of human blood forever.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

(interrupting)

What we saw was a mass hallucination.
Vampires are creatures of folk lore
and superstition.

VAN HELSING

(exploding)

Superstition is the name we
scientists give to matters beyond
the limitations of our factual minds.
Unless you can prove it by science
you do not accept the proof of your own
eyes. What greater scientific argument
for death than six bullets fired into
a human body? Poof! When science fail
we must turn to superstition, or as I
prefer to call it, tradition. And tra-
dition knew vampires in old Greece,
ancient Rome, also the Balkans where
the peoples fear him to this day.
They know the vampire lives on, and
cannot die by mere passage of time.

Fired by the Professor's rhetoric, Quincey adopts a more positive
attitude.

QUINCEY

Okay Professor, so how do we kill
this vampire - by tradition?

Van Helsing is delighted he has a convert.

VAN HELSING

Tradition says that if your bullet had
been sacred he would be dead evermore.
A wooden stake hammered through the
heart and the severing of the head will
also turn the Undead into true dead.

QUINCEY

So what's our first move, Professor?

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

We must first sterilize the poisoned earth in each of his boxes wherein he can rest in safety in the hours of daylight. Then he have no refuge from dawn to sunset when he is most weak, for like all evil things, his power ceases at the coming of day. Only his earth can save him.

QUINCEY

But why does he need so much Professor? There's enough dirt there for a whole swarm of vampires.

VAN HELSING

His empire he plans to spread wide. Soon to every corner of the realm he will despatch his caskets of earth so he may rest in safety in the day and prey on his victims at night until the Undead will run amok throughout the kingdom.

QUINCEY

When we exterminate rats we burn the critters out.

VAN HELSING

To purge evil with fire is not enough. With prayers and holy water it must also be driven out of the very ashes hissing like a dying serpent.

DR. SEWARD who has been listening with scepticism begins to catch the enthusiasm of the others.

DR. SEWARD

We've paraffin in plenty and there's holy water in the chapel.

VAN HELSING

Our plan must be accomplished before sunrise; now make a go of it!

CONTD.

QUINCEY

(quietly)

Before we start, I'd like to pay
my last respects to Lucy.

Lucy's death has done nothing to draw the ex-rivals closer together and it is only after a moment's hesitation that Dr. Seward nods in acquiescence and leads the way from the room.

INT. MORGUE. NIGHT.

White tiles, caged lights and marble slabs on one of which lies the GARDENER'S BOY. LUCY is stretched out on another surrounded by the 3 MEN - lost in their private thoughts until the ringing of the telephone calls Dr. Seward to a darkened corner.

DR. SEWARD

(brusquely)

Hello, Seward speaking.

MINA'S VOICE

Hello, Doctor, this is Mina Murray.

DR. SEWARD

(frowning)

Oh, hello, er look, I'm terribly
pressed for time, can I call you
back tomorrow?

MINA'S VOICE

(desperately)

Oh, Doctor, please! I must see you!
It's urgent! My fiancée Jonathan
Harker has some important information
for you. It might prove vital in
your treatment of Lucy.

DR. SEWARD wants the conversation, which is becoming increasingly awkward, over and done with.

DR. SEWARD

Look, I have to leave now on an
urgent call. I may not be back
until dawn.

CONTD.

MINA's VOICE

(urgently)
Then we'll wait up for you,
please.

Seeing the battle is lost, Dr. Seward submits gracefully.

DR. SEWARD

Of course! I shall have a room set
aside for you. And now if you have
a pencil I will give you directions.

As he prepares to do so we return to the TWO MEN contemplating
the beautiful corpse.

QUINCEY

She looks so innocent Professor,
so pure.

VAN HELSING

And by the grace of god she will
remain so ...

He reverently touches the crucifix hanging round Lucy's neck.

... so long as this crucifix hangs
about her neck she will never be
Nosferatu. And she will be buried thus
in a sealed coffin.

QUINCEY

(doubtfully)
That little trinket is enough to keep
her soul at peace?

VAN HELSING

(nodding)
It places her beyond the reach of all
evil.

QUINCEY

Even from our friend?

VAN HELSING

He may not enter anywhere unless some-
one of the household bids him come.

CONTD.

QUINCEY

How about Renfield, couldn't he do the inviting?

VAN HELSING

Renfield is in a padded cell deep in the cellars. In a strait - - jacket.

The cound of the bell as Dr. Seward rings off acts as a signal for the night's work to begin. Quincey tenderly kisses his dead sweetheart on the forehead then hurries after his friends. The light is extinguished, the door closes.

EXT. CHAPEL. NIGHT.

The old stone walls glitter red, the empty windows seem to stare in wonder at the bonfire of boxes blazing forth in a small clearing nearby. FOUR ORDERLIES are consigning the last of the caskets to the flames while VAN HELSING, DR. SEWARD, and QUINCEY watch with troubled faces.

DR. SEWARD

49 it is Quincey, no matter how you count them.

QUINCEY

I ain't arguin' Doc. I counted 'em myself three times, but I just can't figure it out. Down at the dock they told me the full consignment was delivered right here.

VAN HELSING

In the morning, first thing, we must trace it. So long as one box remains he has refuge and we are endangered.

At this moment an Orderly approaches from the direction of the hospital for a word with Dr. Seward.

CONTD.

ORDERLY

Dr. Seward, the lady and gentleman have arrived. She wanted to see you at once but I explained that was not possible.

DR. SEWARD

Quite correct; did you show them to their quarters?

ORDERLY

Yes, sir. The gentleman with a broken arm turned in straight away. He seemed rather poorly. The lady is waiting up and has asked to see you directly you get back.

EXT. SANATORIUM GUEST ROOM, NIGHT.

MINA is staring with curiosity at the distant blaze which is reflected in the window giving the momentary impression that she is on fire. Behind her, in the darkened room, a dim shape materializes as a figure in white soundlessly approaches and finally taps Mina on the shoulder causing her to spin round in surprise. It is LUCY.

INT. SANATORIUM GUEST ROOM, NIGHT.

LUCY smiles sweetly as if meeting her friend in these circumstances was the most natural thing in the world. MINA, after her initial shock, is pleased to see her though obviously concerned for her well-being and takes her warmly by the hand.

MINA

Oh Lucy, thank god you're safe. When there was no reply from the house I guessed you'd be here. But I must say I thought you'd be in bed at this hour.

LUCY

How nice to see you, Mina. Are you alone?

MINA

(whispering)
No, Jonathan's with me; he's in there, asleep. I'm waiting to see Dr. Seward about him - he's
far from well

CONTD.

Through an open door we see JONATHAN HARKER with his arm in a sling asleep on the bed in the next room.

LUCY

Poor Jonathan, what has he done
to himself?

Mina quietly closes the door and turns back to her friend.

MINA

(shivering)
Broken an arm for one thing.
It's cold in here; let me get you
my wrap.

Lucy allows herself to be led towards the glowing fire where Mina leaves her in order to get her wrap from the closet. Then, as Lucy stands before the flames, Mina drapes the garment around her shoulders and with all the force at her command hurls Lucy into the open closet, and before she can recover has bolted the door. Falling against it she lets go of the control she mastered so adroitly and gives way to emotion.

LUCY'S VOICE

Mina, what on earth are you doing?
Open this door at once. Is this
a game? If anything should happen
to me you'll be personally responsible
to Dr. Seward, do you hear?

With an effort Mina forces herself away from the voice of her old friend and runs from the room for help.

INT. SANATORIUM CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Muffled shouts and murmurs greet MINA as she runs hopefully towards the figure of a retreating ORDERLY.

MINA

(shouting)
Please, you must help me.
Has Dr. Seward returned yet?

CONTD.

Slowly the Orderly turns round. Unknown to Mina he is nevertheless familiar to us. It is RENFIELD.

RENFIELD

Dr. Seward returned yet?

Renfield shakes his head and looks at her strangely.

MINA

Please, I must speak to someone in authority. His deputy, or the duty officer; surely there must be someone in charge.

RENFIELD

In charge?

Renfield smiles, nods and turning on his heel crosses the hall, opens a door and beckons Mina to follow him into -

INT. LECTURE ROOM. NIGHT.

Darkness except for a large illuminated heart projected onto a screen. The shuffle of vague figures and a disembodied voice intoning a lecture are the immediate impressions which hit MINA as she stumbles blindly in through the door. The dominating voice, new to her, is no stranger to us. It is:

THE VOICE OF DRACULA

Human blood is made up of plasma and red cells. For every 3.8 fluid ounces of blood, there are two fluid ounces of plasma, and 1.8 fluid ounces of red cells. Plasma makes up 4.3 percent of the total body weight, and normally red cells account for 4.2 percent. Therefore, 8.5 percent of the body's weight is blood. The human body has a blood volume of about 12 pints. Blood flows through the body at a rate of 1.6 to 3.3 feet per second and increases steadily as it nears the heart.

(continued)

CONTD.

VOICE OF DRACULA

(continued)

2.4 pints of blood flow through the kidneys per minute.

1.5 pints of blood flow through the brain per minute.

2.5 pints of blood flow through the liver per minute.

The heart's estimated weight is 11 ounces.

The heart's volume is about 20 fluid ounces.

The heart's blood volume is 8 fluid ounces.

It takes 8/10th of a second for the heart to contract.

The heart of a normal resting adult ejects a volume of 2.6 fluid ounces for every stroke.

The heart beats 72 times per minute.

The heart puts out a blood volume of 10 pints per minute.

In heavy exercise the cardiac output is 40 to 50 pints per minute, using $5\frac{1}{2}$ pints of oxygen per minute at a corresponding rate of 180 strokes per minute, and an increase of 50 percent in its stroke volume.

By now Mina is beside herself with impatience and turns once more to Renfield dimly visible at her side by the light of the changing slides illustrating the lecture.

MINA

Look, it's imperative I talk to somebody at once. It's really most urgent.

RENFIELD

You had best speak to the Master; he will not keep you long.

Mina does her best to curb her anxiety while the discourse on blood takes a more poetic turn and continues with illustration of increasing excitement and imagination.

THE VOICE OF DRACULA

Blood is the colour of precious stones,
Of rubies, garnets.

Blood is the colour of fire, of lava, of
power, of planets.

Blood is the colour of courage, of magic.

Blood is the colour of the setting sun.

Blood is the colour of life in darkness,

Life beyond the grave, Life eternal.

The Blood is the Life.

CONTD.

The unseen patients chant the message of hope repeatedly.

VOICES

The Blood is the Life ...
The Blood is the Life ...

The chant becomes a hypnotic pulse, almost like the beating of a giant heart. And on the screen the images have become a pulsating psychadelic vision, a vision which Mina finds herself compulsively drawn toward. Closer and closer she approaches the vision until it surrounds and envelops her. DRACULA'S head possesses her, her clothes melt from her body. The heartbeat controls her, and grips her body in compulsive spasms which she seems unable and unwilling to subdue. She rides the bucking red waves wantonly with growing frenzy. Gradually Dracula's hands travel up her body and cover her breasts followed by his head which rises up to cover her face as they engage in a passionate kiss. The CAMERA zooms into their lips.

The chanting metamorphoses into a wild grunting, panting throb! At climax, the mouths of the lovers part and Mina's gushes blood as she screams in ecstasy.

BLACK OUT:

EXT. CARFAX ESTATE. NIGHT.

A gagged figure, seemingly armless, stumbles wide-eyed through trees and brambles towards the blackened pile which is all that remains of the caskets of Dracula. VAN HELSING, DR. SEWARD, and QUINCEY pause in their work of sprinkling the steaming ashes with holy water to take in the bizarre sight. As the figure approaches we see it is constrained by a strait-jacket.

VAN HELSING

Renfield has escaped.

Quincey dives for his feet and brings him down.

DR. SEWARD

STOP! It's one of the orderlies!

Bending over him, Doctor Seward removes the gag from his mouth, and is amazed when it is followed by a golden crucifix on a chain.

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

My crucifix, by God!

QUINCEY

He's stolen it from Lucy -
you dirty ghoul!

The thief who was almost on his feet is knocked down again
by one of Quincey's flying fists. Dr. Seward restrains him.

DR. SEWARD

I told you. It's Marlow, he's an
orderly.- help me release him.

Quincey reluctantly complies.

QUINCEY

Okay Mister, explain how you got
a'hold of that trinket.

VAN HELSING

He has robbed the dead and has
suffered the consequences. Soon
we shall suffer them also.

DR. SEWARD

Speak up Marlow, are you guilty?

The freed man nods, speaking between gasps.

MARLOW

I stole yes; what use is gold to the
dead? Before I got to the door I felt
her hand on my shoulder, like ice.
(He shudders at the macabre memory)
She spun me round. I saw her face -
evil it was, and her teeth were sharp,
and then she threw me against the slab.
Such strength! My head hit the marble.
When I came to I was like this. I saw
noone. I remembered the flames, the door
was open, I escaped ...

CONTD.

The three men have been listening with growing concern and all talk at once.

DR. SEWARD

How about the rest of the staff?

MARLOW

I saw noone.

VAN HELSING

Dracula is now master of the sanatorium, and this is his message of defiance.

DR. SEWARD

Miss Murray, and Harker - was there no sign of my guests?

Marlow shakes his head.

DR. SEWARD

... nothing, you saw nothing.
Was there no sound? Did you hear nothing?

MARLOW

(reluctantly)
I heard voices chanting; "The blood is the life" ...

INT. SANATORIUM GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Words now give way to music as the images of this night of horror orchestrate themselves into a visual symphony of the macabre. LUCY raises her head. Her mouth drips blood in the moonlight. She looks like a wild animal disturbed while engorging its prey. Suddenly a dazzling light in the form of a cross hits her face. Screaming, she drags her naked body away from that of her victim, JONATHAN HARKER, and sliding from the bed retreats into a corner.

And all the time the glowing cross follows her as VAN HELSING with a torch masked to give this cruciform effect advances on her accompanied by QUINCEY and DR. SEWARD carrying a strait-jacket of black leather and chains. Her strength drained by the power of the holy light, Lucy is finally trapped, restrained and manacled. As the Professor places his golden crucifix once more about her neck, Lucy's screams and struggles cease altogether.

DISSOLVE TO:

SANATORIUM CELLAR. NIGHT.

QUINCEY and VAN HELSING unlock the door of a padded cell to find TWELVE members of the STAFF gagged and trussed up in strait-jackets. They set about releasing them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LECTURE ROOM. NIGHT.

DR. SEWARD carries the unconscious MINA draped in a white sheet up the steps of the deserted room towards the exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATING THEATRE. NIGHT.

LUCY is strapped down to the operating table. QUINCEY, eyes closed and trembling with emotion holds a sharp wooden stake against the tight leather of the strait-jacket directly above her heart. Lucy's eyes start wide with horror as she spits at VAN HELSING who brings down a heavy mallet onto the stake with all his might. Lucy screams as blood spurts from the wound.

INT. PRIVATE WARD. NIGHT.

TWO ORDERLIES lift JONATHAN HARKER from a stretcher and into a bed next to the sleeping MINA who is also still unconscious. DR. SEWARD turns from attending to her blood transfusion to do the same for Jonathan.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE. NIGHT.

VAN HELSING finishes severing Lucy's head from her body and places it on the operating table between her outstretched legs. QUINCEY turns his eyes away in horror. We see that the stake is embedded deep in her heart. Lucy's body quivers into stillness. As the Professor closes her eyes, the music, which has run as a graphic counterpoint, ends on a note of repose.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SEA and the restful sound of the sea. A lone ship steams toward the horizon followed by a solitary SWIMMER whose strokes become progressively weaker until with a pitiful cry of 'Master!', RENFIELD sinks beneath the waves.

MINA

(voice-over)

I hear the sound of rushing water ...
and a throbbing ... as that of a great
heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

MINA'S FACE, eyes closed, in:

THE PRIVATE WARD. DAY.

VAN HELSING is at her bedside, questioning her.

VAN HESLING

What do you see?

MINA

I see nothing. It is dark.

JONATHAN HARKER in the next bed, pale through loss of blood, is more concerned with Mina's condition than his own.

JONATHAN

We were both attacked, Professor.
We both suffered a great loss of
blood; why is she still unconscious?

VAN HELSING

Lucy took your blood. She is twice
dead and has no claim on you.
The blood of Miss Mina flows in the
veins of another, and her blood speaks.
If she is the victim of your Count
Dracula as I suspect, then the seeds
of his own destruction he has sown.

JONATHAN

You mean she could lead us to him?

VAN HELSING

Over the water ...

JONATHAN

... to Castle Dracula?

VAN HELSING

If my theory is correct.

CONTD.

As Mina's eyes begin to flicker open, there is a brief knock and QUINCEY pokes his head around the door.

QUINCEY

Can you spare a minute Professor?

VAN HELSING nods, gets up and has a final word with Jonathan.

VAN HELSING

I leave you together. Your turn
it is now to be physician; gently,
gently. Later we will talk.

As the Professor closes the door, Jonathan gets out of bed and takes Mina in his arms so that when she regains total consciousness, she will be comforted.

INT. SANATORIUM. CORRIDOR. DAY.

The Professor takes QUINCEY by the arm and walks him away from the steady STREAM OF PATIENTS being escorted by members of the STAFF back into their rooms.

VAN HELSING

Well, what news you have for me?
Good, bad, you found it, yes?

QUINCEY

I tracked down the box, sure. It was
damaged in the unloading. They were
going to fix it and send it on to Carfax
today.

VAN HELSING

(urgently)
You apprehended it?

QUINCEY

Too late. The order was countermanded.
It was shipped off at dawn today on the
boat train ...

VAN HELSING

That would be the Magyar Express.
My theory is working out.

CONTD.

But Quincey is too full of his own theories to ask about the Professor's.

QUINCEY

... so we 've got him Professor.
All we have to do is fly to France
and ambush the train before the box
is unloaded.

And the Professor has little time for Quincey's theory either.

VAN HELSING

I doubt we could make Calais in time.
Our best chance would be Vienna?

QUINCEY

(truculent)
Vienna! How do you know he's
headed that far?

VAN HELSING

(positively)
Because he's going home! All the
signs point to it throughout history,
from his defeat in Turkey centuries
ago right up to the present time.
Whenever he was in danger he fled
back over the sea to Castle Dracula.

QUINCEY

Castle Dracula; what in tarnation's
that?

VAN HELSING

Dracula's objective Quincey, and
yours ...

He catches sight of DR. SEWARD and a group of his staff and patients at the far end of the corridor and starts back towards him followed by Quincey.

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

(continued)

... Should we miss him on the train you and Dr. Seward will be waiting for him there. You will make a well-balanced team.

Quincey is not so sure.

VAN HELSING

... We will need maps of the Carpathians, arms and ammunition; for two parties - we must divide forces. Go like the wind and return like the whirlwind.

QUINCEY

Your darn tootin' Professor.

The promise of high adventure quells any reservations Quincey has concerning Dr. Seward as a partner and he runs off to prepare for the journey.

Meanwhile, Dr. Seward has finished his conversation with STAFF and PATIENTS, who begin to disperse, and turns to the Professor.

DR. SEWARD

Any progress, Professor?

VAN HELSING

Yes, but we must move fastly. Are your patients all tucked up in bed with their Ovaltine?

DR. SEWARD.

(nodding)

No harm done; they were all wandering about the grounds in a hypnotic trance. With the exception of Renfield; he's still missing.

VAN HELSING

Poor Renfield. If Miss Mina's attacker was this Count Dracula of Jonathan's then Renfield's miracle cure in Transylvania and his involvement with our vampire all tie up..

They re-enter:

THE PRIVATE WARD

MINA is fully awake, although very pale, sitting up in bed with JONATHAN at her side holding her hand, which he relinquishes to DR. SEWARD who takes her pulse. Urgency causes VAN HELSING to dispense with ceremony.

VAN HELSING

Well, are they one and the same - our vampire, and your Count Dracula?

JONATHAN

According to Mina's description, yes, without a doubt. Mina, this is Professor Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING

Miss Murray you have just undergone a tremendous ordeal, not only on your own account but also with the loss of poor Lucy, and in ...

MINA

(interrupting)

Her hands were icy, and her teeth - (she shudders)

I knew ..

(pulling herself together)

I understand from Jonathan that you feel I might be in some kind of supernatural contact with my attacker.

VAN HELSING

You started talking in your sleep; I asked you questions, you responded. I made a simple deduction.

MINA

You wish us to join you in tracking him down?

Dr. Seward frowns, considering Mina unfit for such an expedition.

VAN HELSING

If you are strong enough, yes. By hypnotising you we may learn things of which your conscious self is unaware.

CONTD.

The strain is beginning to tell on Dr. Seward who wishes the whole thing over and done with.

DR. SEWARD

She's not fit to travel. Why can't we just forget all about it?

The Professor looks at him gravely for a moment before replying.

VAN HELSING

Because this dog can live for centuries and she is but a mortal woman. Time is now to be dreaded - since once he put that mark upon her throat.

Dr. Seward pulls himself together while Mina gives way to a moment of despair.

MINA

Oh God, you should have let me die.

Jonathan puts his arm around her shoulder comfortingly.

VAN HESLING

(sternly)

Until Dracula is dead you must not die or you will become ever as himself, the living UnDead. You must live! You must struggle and strive to live, to fight death himself though he come to you in pain or in joy; by the day or the night; in safety or in peril. On your living soul I charge that you do not die - no! even think of death - till this evil will be past.

Van Helsing's energy transmits itself to Mina who takes on new strength.

MINA

Very well, I promise!

The Professor takes from his pocket the crucifix which once adorned Lucy.

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

And fear not, we shall protect you
from evil at all time.

So saying he places the crucifix around her neck with a
startling consequence - sizzling flesh, as the cross touches
her bare skin! Quickly the Professor rips it from her as
Mina screams in agony.

INT. CAB. VIENNA. DAY.

As the vehicle races through the streets, JONATHAN and
VAN HELSING face MINA who is under hypnosis.

VAN HELSING

Try harder! Shut out all noise of
the motor. Listen not with your
ears, but with you blood flowing in
the veins of Dracula. His heart pumps
your blood. What does it hear?

Mina groans and seems to speak from another plane.

MINA

Footsteps, voices, the hissing of
snakes!

JONATHAN

That must be steam.

The Professor motions him to be silent.

VAN HELSING

And what does your blood - feel?

MINA

It's floating, now lurching, now
a shock, a bump, and now stillness.

VAN HELSING

And what does it see, your blood?

MINA

It sees ...

She appears to be having a desperate mental struggle.

CONTD.

MINA

It sees a ...
(suddenly the struggle is over)
... darkness, like the grave.

Exhausted, her head falls to one side. Jonathan is disturbed.

JONATHAN

That's enough Professor. I don't like it. It's obvious Dracula's in his casket on board the train. The movement, the bump, it's as clear as day.

The Professor overcomes his own misgivings with a grunt and endeavours to bring Mina out of her trance.

VAN HELSING

Return Miss Mina. Listen to the beat of your own heart. Return ... return ...

Jonathan glances anxiously at his wrist watch.

JONATHAN

Only three minutes Professor, we'll never do it.

Mina opens her eyes with a blink and smiles.

VIENNA. THE WEST BAHNHOF STATION. DAY

VAN HELSING, MINA and JONATHAN race down the platform towards CAMERA until a trellised metal gate shoots across cutting off any further progress though their momentum carries them into it with a crash of frustration.

CUT TO:

THEIR POV

Through the trellis we see the PORTER responsible for closing the gate blow his whistle. The engine of the Magyar Express toots in return.

CUT TO:

The disappointed faces of the travellers.

CUT TO:

The DRIVER of the train releasing the brake. Suddenly a safety valve blows causing both him and the FIREMAN to adopt various safety measures.

CUT TO:

The PORTER listening to their shouts until another shout causes him to look at the travellers on the other side of the gate, one of whom is brandishing a golden coin.

VAN HELSING

(in German)

Please my good man, the train is delayed. Accept this and let us board - it is a matter of life and death.

Geehrter Herr, Bitte, der Zug hat Verspätung slehen sie doch ein steigen sie e ein es geht um Leben und tot.

Seeing another ENGINEER climb onto the footplate with a big spanner, the Porter quickly grabs the coin, slides open the gate and directs the trio along the platform to a carriage door which he unlocks.

INSERT: SPANNER tightening a nut on the safety valve.

Whistle blowing.

Driver waving.

Wheels turning

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT! DAY.

The THREE TRAVELLERS hardly able to credit their good fortune catch their breath and as the station slips away begin to make plans.

VAN HELSING

How far, Jonathan, from Vienna to Budapest it is?

JONATHAN

No more than 150 miles Professor. We're due there in 99 minutes.

VAN HELSING

Go Jonathan! See if our little clairvoyant's prophecy was correct - there is not time to waste.

CONTD.

JONATHAN

Right ho, Professor.

He slips quickly out of the compartment and makes off down the corridor.

MINA

And is Vienna the closest spot to Castle Dracula?

VAN HELSING

Our route, in truth, goes considerably nearer, but Budapest is the first stop and I speculate the casket there will be unloaded, by which time he will be true dead and you will be free to marry your Jonathan.

He kisses her hand gallantly at which Mina laughs a little strangely, but before the Professor has time to consider why, Jonathan returns with the news.

JONATHAN

Just as we guessed. The box is there, there's no mistaking it - also a guard, worst luck, who looks like part of the furniture.

VAN HELSING

He would an embarrassing spectator be.

JONATHAN

And an even worse witness.

VAN HELSING

Perhaps soon he will the tickets check.

JONATHAN

And what if he doesn't. Before you know it we'll be in Budapest.

CONTD.

MINA

(brightly)

Why the long faces, it couldn't be simpler; all we have to do is pull the communication cord and stop the train. The guard will leave his van to investigate and you will be waiting outside ready to go in and do your work.

VAN HELSING

How strongly the casket is sealed we know not.

JONATHAN

It may be a long job and when the guard sees nothing is up he'll come straight back.

MINA

Not before he has retrieved my hat ...

Both men look at her in puzzlement.

MINA

When he asks me why I pulled the cord I'll say that my hat, with the diamond brooch, blew out of the window.

JONATHAN

I hope he doesn't realise it's paste.

VAN HELSING

As long as her tears are real he will be convinced.

MINA

Nothing false about them, I promise.

JONATHAN

It's a good idea.

CONTD.

VAN HELSING

We must a move on get.

He lifts his old Gladstone bag from the rack.

VAN HELSING

Two minutes, Miss Mina, then
pull!

JONATHAN

Sit tight my love, in a little
while you'll be free of him
forever.

He kisses her on the mouth and follows the Professor through the door into the corridor. Mina watches them go with a distant smile which just reveals the points of her newly sharp teeth.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

VAN HELSING and JONATHAN duck into a Third Class compartment next ot the Guard's Van and wait.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

MINA counts the passing seconds to herself then pulls the oord. With a squeal of brakes that nearly sends her flying, the train begins to rapidly decelerate.

INT. THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

VAN HELSING and JONATHAN see the GUARD rush by the window along the corridor, then with a glance at each other, run out of the door in the opposite direction.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

MINA, now hatless, is found in heated conversation with the GUARD just as the train enters a tunnel and begins to slip into darkness.

CONTD.

MINA

(simultaneously)

GUARD

... on the hat band was an extremely valuable diamond brooch. You can see for yourself what happened. In lowering the window it was whisked off by the wind and

Ich verstehe nicht was sie sagen bitte, sprechen sie Deutsch. Ween sie sagen das sie den Zug gestopped haben, da Ihr hut aus dem fenster geflogen ist, damm werder sie angezeigt, gnadige Frau, und ...

(I cannot understand what you are saying; kindly speak German. If you are trying to tell me you stopped the train because your hat blew out of the window then you will be prosecuted Madam, and ...)

During the conversation the carriage lights come on and the train grinds to a standstill.

INT. GUARD'S VAN. DAY.

VAN HELSING and JONATHAN are feverishly working on the lid of Dracula's casket with crow bars. The wood is beginning to splinter.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

MINA and the GUARD are still at loggerheads.

MINA

I insist you organize a search immediately. That brooch is worth a small fortune ...

GUARD

(interrupting)

Gnädigr Frau, der Zug hat Verspätung genug. Ihr verlorener Hut ist Kein Notfall.

(Madame, the train has been delayed long enough. Losing you hat does not constitute an emergency)

The GUARD who is looking out of the window sees something that causes him to blink in disbelief.

GUARD'S POV

Silhouettes of HORSEMEN seen against the mouth of the tunnel in the distance are galloping towards CAMERA. They are escorting a cart.

RESUME:

FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT

The GUARD runs out of the door with a cry of outrage.

EXT. TRAIN.

The GUARD jumps down and runs towards the HORSEMEN who have now reached the Guard's Van.

INT. GUARD'S VAN. DAY.

VAN HELSING and JONATHAN with a mighty effort throw back the lid. The casket is empty. Their alarm is deepened by the sound of shots literally outside the main doors.

EXT. GUARD'S VAN. DAY.

GYPSY BANDITS shoot the GUARD full of holes as he attempts to stop them breaking open the door.

INT. GUARD'S VAN.

VAN HELSING and JONATHAN look at each other in dismay.

VAN HELSING

Dracula us has tricked!

JONATHAN

Mina, she's alone!

They run for the door leading to the corridor. To their surprise it is locked and despite their efforts refuses to budge. Retrieving their crow bars they now apply them to the locked door. Meanwhile the main doors are beginning to splinter. Suddenly the lights go out.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT.

MINA stands in the semi-darkness illuminated by the faint light from the tunnel entrance filtering in through the window. A noise in the doorway sends her spinning round to face it. But it is too dark to see until a train passing in the other direction floods the carriage in a flickering strobe light revealing - DRACULA.

CONTD.

DRACULA

Thank you Mina, my sweet.

Mina smiles at her Master tenderly.

INT. GUARD'S VAN. DAY.

The doors are torn off by the BANDITS and the interior hit by the strobing light of the roaring Express. VAN HELSING and JONATHAN are shot at just as they crash through the door into the corridor. The bandits start pulling the casket out of the van.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

The flickering light illuminates MINA and DRACULA embracing.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

JONATHAN scrambles to safety but stops when he sees the shot VAN HELSING stumble and fall. He runs to him and kneels at his side as the Express passes leaving them in darkness with the sound of the departing bandits echoing down the tracks.

VAN HELSING

I'm all right; go to Mina -
hurry!

JONATHAN

But Professor, you're not all
right.

VAN HELSING

Hurry, I feel she is in danger.

JONATHAN

Come, you can't stay here.

He drags him the short distance along the corridor to:

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

The lights come on as JONATHAN hauls VAN HELSING through the doorway and lays him down on a seat. Of Mina there is no sign. Everywhere is the sound of confusion, frightened voices, PASSENGERS running along the corridor, and shouting from outside. Jonathan is distraught, but does his best for the Professor who is coughing blood.

JONATHAN

She's gone. My God Professor,
I must try and find a doctor.

VAN HELSING

Leave me, I am finished. Go after them; every moment counts. You can do nothing for me. She is completely in his power. Everything she says comes through Dracula. Quickly, once the train starts you will never catch him. There will be questions, statements, police. GO!

JONATHAN kisses the Professor on the forehead.

JONATHAN

God bless you Professor.

Tearing himself away he takes a Winchester and a map from his case and runs out of the door just as the train starts moving.

EXT. TRAIN. DAY.

JONATHAN jumps off as the train gathers momentum and is left a tiny figure running along the track towards the mouth of the tunnel.

EXT. WOODED ISLAND. NIGHT.

The BANDITS sit around a camp fire, eating and relaxing. A short distance away from the encampment on a beach overlooking the moonlit waters of the swiftly flowing river stands DRACULA with his arm around MINA. He looks more romantic than ever while she is more beautiful than we have ever known her. Although she is not one of the great artists he has dedicated his life to save, Mina has an attraction Dracula finds irresistible and words his seduction accordingly.

CONTD.

DRACULA

You will share the delights of
the earth with me forever.

MINA

To be 'Nosferatu' means to be
exiled from God's love.

DRACULA

What is the love of God?
Little by little he reveals to you
the wonders of the earth, like a
parent offering a child a glittering
box of sweets, then just as you
reach out eagerly, he snatches them
away. Those whom he loves, die as
quickly as May flies while we, whom
he hates, live on and on.
We enjoy everything, and give up
nothing. No perfume the world has
ever known escapes my memory. There
is not a springtime of blossoms in
500 years that has not given me
pleasure, barely a note of all the
music ever written to which I have
not danced. How jealously God guards
his immortality. Shakespeare, Michael-
angelo, Tchaikovsky: as soon as they
challenged him with their vision of
heaven he cut them down - until we
started to fight him. Now some of our
greatest artists are 'Nosferatu'.
But if it were known they would be
persecuted for sorcery, demonology,
persecuted for creating eternal beauty.
So once in a lifetime they change
their identity, even their style.

Mina finds the idea fantastic but is intrigued nevertheless.

MINA

Is that what drew you to Lucy?

DRACULA

Poor, sweet Lucy, whose golden voice
would still be thrilling us today had
she not been cut down in God's name
by your friends.

CONTD.

MINA

It's incredible!

DRACULA

When one is immortal, one cannot live by blood, alone. Have you never pondered on the resemblance between Beethoven and Sibelius? And does not Rembrandt look like Picasso, just a little bit?

Mina is not sure whether he is being serious or just kidding her along.

MINA

And you, I suppose, are the reincarnation of Casanova ...

DRACULA

(roguishly)
You misunderstand. I am Casanova.

MINA

(laughing)
And I am Cleopatra and Juliet, and Helen of Troy, and ...

DRACULA

(interrupting good-naturedly)
No you are not! You are greater than all of these and our love will be greater. Tomorrow, at Castle Dracula, it will be consummated.

MINA

(half-seriously)
At the cost of my soul.

DRACULA

(lightly)
What use to me is your soul. God is welcome to it. Can your soul savour the fragrance of a rose, taste the liquid sunshine of honey, feel the warm caress of a summer breeze? Slough off your soul like a snake its winter skin and bask in the sun with me, forever.

Mina is totally seduced and clasps Dracula in an eager embrace.

CONTD.

MINA

Forever! Forever!

As Dracula kisses, bites, then draws blood from her neck, Mina imagines she is bedecked in a silver wedding dress rising in her lover's arms to the stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COUNTRY CHAPEL. DAY.

Pan down from a simple crucifix to reveal a PRIEST saying Mass for a small CONGREGATION of PEASANTS. Suddenly JONATHAN staggers in, unkempt, unshaven and bedraggled as befits a man who has endured a night's forced march across rough country. Without ceremony he walks up the aisle and addresses the startled Priest.

JONATHAN

Father, I'm sorry - forgive me
but I must ask you to bless this.

From his coat he takes the Winchester and holds it out towards the Priest who thinks his life is being threatened.

PRIEST

(in Romanian)
We are a poor community, Put your
gun away my son; there is nothing
worth taking here.

Seeing that he is not getting through, Jonathan turns to the frightened peasants in desperation.

JONATHAN

Can someone help me please?
I need your priest to bless this gun.

The silence is uncomprehending and total.

JONATHAN

Does noone understand?

Finally, when Jonathan is about to turn away, a distinguished looking man, probably a LANDOWNER, suddenly speaks to the priest.

LANDOWNER

(in Romanian)
This man is deranged. He asks
your blessing on his rifle.

CONTD.

The Priest regains some of his composure.

PRIEST

(in Romanian)

It would be the violation of a sacrament. Tell him NO! It is blasphemy!

The Landowner translates with discretion.

LANDOWNER

Why do you commit this blasphemy?

JONATHAN

I ask his blessing for good, not evil.

The time for words is over. The next instant Jonathan has taken aim, fired, and blown the top off of one of the altar candles.

JONATHAN

There's no more time for explanations.

Advancing towards the Priest, he points the gun at him.

JONATHAN

Bless it! For Christ's sake,
bless it!

As a child cries, and some women in the congregation start to whimper, the Priest crosses himself and trembling, blesses the outstretched rifle.

PRIEST

In nomine patris, et fillie,
et Spiritu Sanctu, Amen.

JONATHAN

God bless you.

He rushes out of the door leaving a great commotion behind him.

EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD. DAY.

QUINCEY drives a mud spattered sports car faster than safety permits down a narrow bumpy road while DR. SEWARD suffering at his side does his best to scan the lake through a pair of binoculars.

DR. SEWARD

Nearly there and not a sign.
I'm sure they must have got him
on the train.

QUINCEY

Fine! That still leaves the
vampires at the Castle to take
care of.

DR. SEWARD

Only if we find them before sunset.
Stop! I've seen something ... it's
too bumpy, stop! Take a look yourself.

Quincey stops the car and takes the binoculars.

QUINCEY'S POV

A large raft of logs in the center of which is clearly visible Dracula's casket. Around it HALF A DOZEN GYPSY BANDITS keep watch, eat and tend the horses while TWO MORE steer the craft between the rocks as it drifts downstream at about five knots.

RESUME: EXT. RIVERSIDE ROAD. DAY.

QUINCEY lowers the binoculars and turns urgently to DR. SEWARD

QUINCEY

Goddamit, they failed!

DR. SEWARD

Then it's up to us old man.
I'm not much of a shot I'm afraid.

QUINCEY

Time we picked a couple off,
the rest'd be hoppin' in back
of that casket like a bunch'a
crickets.

CONT'D.

DR. SEWARD

Too chancey, we've got to finish
him off for good. What's that?

The rumble of an explosion is heard.

QUINCEY

Sounds mighty like blastin'.

DR. SEWARD

Wasn't there a quarry back there
a mile or so?

QUINCEY

Yahoo! We'll blow the varmin'
to Kingdom come. Hold onto yer
hat!

Dr. Seward smiles and nods in agreement as Quincey spins the car around and sets off back the way they came, as the raft continues on its journey.

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

One of the cloaked figures on board seems particularly engrossed in the casket. It is MINA attired as a bandit.

EXT. QUARRY. DAY.

QUINCEY helps the FOREMAN load explosives into the trunk, pays him off and then joins DR. SEWARD who is studying a map on the bonnet.

QUINCEY

First object accomplished.
Now to clip his wings.

DR. SEWARD

By my reckoning, the raft is only
3 miles from the Castle.

QUINCEY

And the road follows the river all the way - they're going to see us, gosh darn'd it!

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

Unless... look, the river forms an ox-bow here - doubles back on itself. If we could cut across country we'd stand a good chance of arriving ahead of them..That's if the terrain is suitable.

QUINCEY

There's only one way to find out, Doc.

And Quincey slaps him excitedly on the back, jumps in the car and revs up. Map in hand DR. SEWARD joins him looking rather worried.

DR. SEWARD

Those explosives, Quincey. They are safe, I presume?

Quincey laughs and throws the car into gear.

QUINCEY

You do the navigatin' Doc and I'll do the prayin'.

Dr. Seward tightens his lips as the car backfires, and they roar out of the quarry. The rapport between them is growing.

MONTAGE:

The car quickly turns off the road up a bumpy cart track winding tortuously up a wild hillside. With a great splash it fords a wide mountain stream after which the primitive track ends and they careen wildly with many bumps and jolts through a forest of fir trees. When finally Dr. Seward calls a halt they are shaken both mentally and physically as they thankfully stumble out of the car to unload.

CLIFF SUMMIT. DAY.

Their vantage point is a wild jutting crag of rock overhanging the river several hundred feet below. On the opposite side of the ravine, Castle Dracula towers above them. As they peer over the edge and see the raft passing almost beneath them, they are quick to realize the urgency of the situation.

CONTD.

QUINCEY

What did you do in the war Doc?

DR. SEWARD

Medical officer with the Surrey's.

QUINCEY

Didn't get to lob many grenades,
I guess.

DR. SEWARD

No, but I bowled for Surrey
Cricket Club for a couple of
seasons.

QUINCEY

(laughing)

Silly mid on, short leg and all that
stuff, huh? Boy! This takes me right
back to Vlimey Ridge.

Without further delay they take a charge each and having
cut the fuse wire ignite it, and lob their improvised
bombs into space totally unaware that Mina's life is at
stake. POW! POW! Two wasted shots exploding harmlessly in
the air and alerting the BANDITS to danger.

DR. SEWARD

More fuse!

QUINCEY

An inch should do it.

They cut the fuses accordingly a little longer, and try again.

EXT. LOG RAFT. DAY.

MINA and the BANDITS watch the charges fall into the river
a few feet away then dive for cover as they explode and drench
them in water. The Bandits prepare to open fire.

EXT. SUMMIT. DAY.

DR. SEWARD has trouble igniting his last charge so QUINCEY goes it alone only to be hit in the shoulder by a bullet before he has a chance to throw the bomb. Spluttering, it drops at his feet as he staggers to retain his balance. The next instant Dr. Seward hurls himself at Quincey knocking him off his feet and rolling with him behind a rock just as the charge explodes. Smoke obliterates everything for a moment but when it clears we see the two men are safe but dust covered, though Quincey is bleeding from his wound.

QUINCEY

Guess it's up to you partner.
Clean bowl him, center stump.

DR. SEWARD

The wind's causing them to break
wide. I'll put a spin on this one.

So saying he runs to the edge amid flying bullets and bowls a beauty. POW! A direct hit on the bow. Smoke and spray.

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

When the smoke clears the splintered logs are beginning to separate and drift apart. Those not killed by the explosion find themselves in the water and either holding onto logs for support or struggling to safety. Most lucky of all is MINA, still unrecognisable in her bandit garb, who has grabbed the mane of a horse swimming towards the shore. As for the casket, it sinks undamaged beneath the water.

EXT. SUMMIT. DAY.

QUINCEY crawls towards DR. SEWARD who is lying on his stomach near the edge of the precipice peering through the binoculars.

DR. SEWARD

Offside stump, I'm afraid.

QUINCEY takes the binoculars and scans the swirling water but there is no sign of Dracula.

QUINCEY

Well, he's 'out' all the same.

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD

How's the shoulder?

QUINCEY

Busted I guess...

Dr. Seward rips off Quincey's shirt sleeve and examines the wound.

DR. SEWARD

You're lucky. The bullet passed clean through.

He tears the sleeve into strips and starts bandaging the shoulder.

QUINCEY

My turn to do a little bleedin' anyways.

DR. SEWARD

(laughing)
Let's hope it will be the last ...
(but suddenly his face clouds)
... I say Quincey, I've just had
a terrible thought. What time is it?

Quincey looks at his wrist watch, frowns, and shakes it.

QUINCEY

Heck, it stopped at 5:45.

DR. SEWARD

Sunset in this longitude is 5:51.
Of course that's at sea level;
up here it would be a few minutes
later.

He looks at the heavy low cloud for any sign of a break.
Quincey loses something of his jubilation.

QUINCEY

What are you tryin' to tell me
Doc: he 's a goner ain't he?

CONTD.

DR. SEWARD
(reluctantly)
Dracula, the man, will most
certainly drown, but after
sunset he becomes supernatural -
able to change into god knows
what.

QUINCEY
(ruefully)
Heck, don't tell me I should'a
brought my fishin' line!

THE RIVER BED. DAY.

Bubbles issue from the casket imprisoned in a bed of drifting weed. Fingers slowly emerge from beneath the lid struggling ineffectually to raise it. The bubbles die in volume as the struggling hand grows weaker, till suddenly the fingers have vanished and in their place a WATER RAT wriggles out and starts swimming to the surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE RIVER BANK. DAY.

The WATER RAT swims to shore, scrambles over some rocks and disappears into the under growth only to emerge a moment later transformed into a Vampire BAT flying towards the Castle high above on the hilltop.

EXT. CASTLE DRACULA. DAY.

MINA stands on the battlements hair blowing in the wind, transfixed by love and desire as she watches the BAT winging its way closer and closer to her outstretched arms. CRACK!
A shot rings out. She looks around in panic and sees the barrel of a Winchester protruding from the top of a nearby turret. As another shot is fired at the approaching Vampire, she turns and runs up a flight of stone steps towards the Marksman.

JONATHAN gets in another shot just as Mina appears and hurls herself at him sharp teeth bared in hatred. The rifle goes spinning from his hands as the unharmed BAT flies closer and closer.

JONATHAN

Mina, for god's sake, it's our
only chance, he must be destroyed!

CONTD.

MINA

No, you shall not harm him, you shall not!

Mina tears at Jonathan like a wild cat frustrating all his efforts to retrieve the gun. Meanwhile, the bat is within a few feet of them, homing in towards Jonathan for the kill when suddenly the clouds part revealing the sun sinking behind distant mountains, throwing out one last golden ray to strike down the grim black bat. His supernatural power gone, DRACULA becomes a helpless naked man flapping his arms in the sky, falling like Icarus, a victim of the sun's majesty. With a scream like a shriek from hell, Dracula plummets down towards the dead pine trees at the foot of the castle wall, impaled at last like hundreds of his hapless victims before him. Mina, who has watched the fall of her vampire lover, transfixed, screams and collapses into Jonathan's arms. Snatching up his gun on the way, Jonathan carries the unconscious Mina down the turret steps.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA. THE GREAT HALL. DUSK.

JONATHAN carries MINA down the spiral staircase and is making for the front door when a sound causes him to spin round. One of the VAMPIRE WOMEN is running towards him.

FIRST VAMPIRE WOMAN

Stop! Stop!

Slipping Mina into a chair, Jonathan takes aim and shoots the Vampire through the heart with a sacred bullet. She falls, true dead, on the floor, the oil lamp she was holding tumbling into some heavy drapery which instantly ignites. A moment later her TWO SISTERS appear at the far end of the corridor and run forward to the wall of flame. Jonathan is about to take aim for a second time when the SECOND VAMPIRE speaks to him through the fire. By now, Mina is coming around and is also witness to her words.

SECOND VAMPIRE WOMAN

There is nothing to fear, put down your gun. We are free now. Our sister was trying to thank you. Dracula has no dominion over us, his evil power died with him. What price the quest for eternal beauty when the cost is counted in innocent lives.

CONTD.

THIRD VAMPIRE WOMAN

Fear of death holds less dread for us
than fear of life. To live eternally
without love is to know the true meaning
of damnation.

SECOND VAMPIRE WOMAN

To live eternally without love is to
suffer all the agonies of hell!

SECOND/THIRD VAMPIRE WOMEN

(in unison)

He could not love; he could not love!

Mina, who has been deeply moved, leaps up with compassion.

MINA

May God forgive you, may he forgive
us all.

She is crying as Jonathan leads her to the door watched by
the redeemed vampires finding peace in the flames.

EXT. CASTLE DRACULA. THE COURTYARD. DUSK.

The sports car containing DR. SEWARD and QUINCEY circles the
courtyard as JONATHAN and MINA stagger out of the door followed
by billowing clouds of smoke. Climbing into the car with all
possible haste, they are soon speeding over the drawbridge and
down the hill.

EXT. ROADWAY. DUSK.

As the car carrying the FOUR ADVENTURERS flashes past, the
CAMERA whips to the dead fir tree on which DRACULA is impaled.
His face withered and distorted by 500 years of mania, is set
in a look of crazed disbelief as his Castle blazes above him
like a giant torch in the darkening sky.

-THE END-