

"ISLE OF THE DEAD"

by

Ardel Wray & Josef Mischel

The MAIN and CREDIT TITLES are SUPERIMPOSED over a MATTE SCENE of the Isle of the Dead. When the last CREDIT TITLE DISSOLVES, the painting is left clear for a moment and then there FADE IN the following words:

WHEN WAR AND TUMULT TORMENT THE EARTH,  
THE DEAD ARE DISQUIETED: THERE IS  
FRENZY IN THE GRAVE. HERODOTUS

When this inscription has remained on the screen long enough to be read, underneath it appear in block letters the words:

GREECE - 1912

FADE OUT

FADE IN

CLOSE SHOT - Cerberus - night. The three-headed guardian of the dead, The marble figure glares watchfully from one head while the other two seem to drowse in sleep.

INT. HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

CLOSE SLOT - the hand of General Nikolas Pherides. The General's hand spasmodically opens and closes around the hilt of a sword which has been struck into the earth, point foremost as a support.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal his naked forearm and from this forearm gush gouts of arterial blood. The blood falls into an enamel basin,

Over this CLOSE SHOT VOICES can be heard.

FIRST OFFICER'S VOICE

Dead on the field, four thousand  
five hundred seventy-two of the  
enemy - three thousand of our own  
men. Burial parties are already at  
work. We are assigning men from  
every company to clear the field,

DR. DROSSOS' VOICE

(cutting in)

Tell them to pour lime in the  
graves.

The CAMERA IS DRAWING BACK to reveal General Nikolas Pherides, the commander of a Greek army corps, seated behind a small table His left hand is outstretched to the barber-surgeon who kneels at his side and is engaged in bleeding him,

FIRST OFFICER'S VOICE

(same tone)

Enemy casualties estimated as nine thousand--prisoners--five hundred.

The CAMERA CONTINUES DRAWING BACK to disclose the entire mise en scène. Four Greek officers stand before the General. Two are great burly line officers; their uniform tunics open at the neck, their caps on the back of their heads and their great sabres trailing along the ground. The third is a medical officer, Dr. Alexander Drossos. He is excessively neat and dandified in his uniform, with pince-nez glasses set perfectly straight on the bridge of his nose. The fourth is an Adjutant, military enough in dress and bearing but with a great brigand's mustache and merry black eyes. At the General's right hand sits a young American, Oliver Davis, a reporter for the New York Morning Globe. He is dressed in the semi-uniform outfit which Richard Harding Davis popularized: breeches, leather leggings and a khaki tunic of military cut. While the rest talk, he is busily scribbling on a pad, without paying the least attention to any of them.

The second officer breaks in on the first officer's report, unable to restrain his enthusiasm longer

SECOND OFFICER

A great battle--a great victory!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - General Pherides and Dr Drossos.

DR. DROSSOS

(dryly)

To be sure. Enough blood spilled to satisfy anyone--

(turning to the General)

except General Nikolas Pherides. You're letting that fool drain your life away.

GENERAL

(looking up)

Your father always prescribed it,  
and I'm alive to tell you so.

FULL SHOT - the entire party inside the tent. In the meantime, the barber-surgeon has finished his work and is binding up the General's arm. He cinches the bandage tight. The doctor shrugs.

DR. DROSSOS

At least get a decent night's  
sleep.

(smiling)

Consider it a prescription from my  
father..

The General nods. The three officers and the Adjutant leave, pausing at the tent flap to call back their "good nights". Hardly have they gone when the General rises from his chair and begins to pace the narrow floor of the tent; his shadow walking with him on the side walls and ceiling. The young correspondent looks up and watches him. Finally, he speaks.

MED. TWO SHOT - Oliver and the General.

OLIVER

Why not Take the doctor's advice?  
You're the hero of the battle of  
Corphon.

GENERAL

Hero?

OLIVER

(insistently)

In the New York Morning Globe,  
the man who wins victory is always  
a hero. -

The General puts his hand on Oliver's arm.

GENERAL

Listen--

Both men are silent in an attitude of listening - from outside can be heard distantly the screaming and groaning of

the wounded.

GENERAL

You know that sound, Oliver?

OLIVER

I heard the same sound at  
Ladysmith, at Nukden, Port  
Arthur. What do you expect  
after a battle?

GENERAL

You were at those battles as a  
spectator--I wonder if you can  
think what that sound might mean to  
me--those men out there--dead  
or dying--by my order--because  
I willed it so.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Oliver and the General. Oliver holds up the lantern and tries to peer into the darkness. The General starts off and Oliver falls into step behind him. They pass a sentry who salutes. Only the lighted lantern can be seen as they go into the darkness.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

The CAMERA in SET UP TO SHOOT PAST the heaped-up dead. The only illumination is the lantern which Oliver carries, he and the General pick their way between the dead.

ANOTHER ASPECT of the battlefield - an ox cart loaded with the dead, some of them tied to the rear axle by their naked legs. Two men, in the hooded coats worn by the infantry of the Balkan allies, are busy loading the cart. They look up, astonished, as the General and Oliver pass.

STILL ANOTHER ASPECT of the battlefield - the General pauses as if to search out his way and then starts off determinedly toward the left. Oliver takes two long strides to catch up with him. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them. Oliver lifts the lantern and gestures outward with it.

OLIVER

Over there, isn't it?

The General nods and starts off again rapidly, Oliver

following.

EXT. THE MAINLAND BEACH - NIGHT

The two men come over a rise of ground and stop at the edge of the beach.

STOCK SHOT - The moon emerging from behind clouds

EFFECT SHOT. In the foreground stand the two men. Before them lies the sea and the Isle of the Dead. As they watch, behind them the moon emerges from the thick clouds and a great silver light floods over the sea.

A little way from the beach, The Isle of the Dead stands out from the glassy-calm, moonlit water. In the f.g. is a broken Ionic column.

There are a few flat stones at the water's edge, the remnants of a quay which once reached out into the sea. Tied to tall stakes are two small row boats and a third lies half-buried in the sand. The CAMERA HOLDS until the General and Oliver come into the scene and stand looking across the dark water.

REVERSE CLOSE SHOT - Oliver watches the General, troubled by his intention of crossing to the island.

OLIVER

Do you mind if I go with you?

GENERAL

There's no one there -- nothing but the caves and the dead.

OLIVER

I'll only go as far as the shore and wait for you.

The General- makes a slight gesture of indifference and moves forward.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

MED. SHOT - the General steps into one of the boats. Oliver casts off the minter and puts the lantern down on the sand.

OLIVER

I'll leave this here to guide us  
back.

He jumps into the boat, picks up an oar, pushes off and starts to scull.

WIPE

EXT THE ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

The boat noses its bow onto the shelving beach. The men climb out. Oliver pulls the boat a little farther onto the sand and looks back toward the mainland.

EXT. THE MAINLAND BEACH - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - The lantern is glowing at the water's edge. Suddenly it flickers and dies out.

EXT THE ISLE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - Oliver, having seen the lantern fail, shivers.

MED. TWO SHOT - Oliver and the General. On the edge of the wall nearest thorn is a marble figure of Cerberus, the three headed dog which guards the dead. Two of the heads have been carved to represent sleeping heads; the third head glares toward the mainland with a sightless, unseeing, but ever watchful stare, Oliver takes the General's arm and draws his attention to the statue.

GENERAL

Cerberus--the watchdog. He guards  
the sleep of those who are buried  
here.

The two men walk forward into the towering shadows of the cypress trees, turning toward the left. They are lost to view in the shadows. The CAMERA HOLDS ON Cerberus.

EXT. THE LEDGE BEFORE THE CRYPTS - 'NIGHT

MED. FULL SHOT - The General and Oliver come walking onto the ledge before the crypt. They pause a moment while the General looks about as if to get his bearings, then he moves resolutely toward the crypt nearest. Oliver goes with him as

far as the doorway.

MED. FULL SHOT - The doorway of the crypt. At the doorway Oliver stops.

OLIVER  
(almost whispering)  
I'll wait here for you.

The General nods, removes his hat and goes into the crypt. He is lost in the darkness. Oliver tries to peer in after him. The opaque blackness prevents him seeing anything. He relaxes, pulls a square cardboard box of cigarettes from his coat pocket, selects one, puts it in his mouth and is fumbling for a match when suddenly the General re-appears. Oliver looks at him in astonishment.

GENERAL  
She is not there. The coffin is gone.

OLIVER  
Maybe you've got the wrong crypt--  
after all it's twenty years when  
you wore last here.

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL  
This was the place.

They stand there for a moment in perplexity. Suddenly, the sound of a woman's voice singing comes very faintly to them; very faintly and from a considerable distance. Both men turn their heads in the direction of the singing which seems to come from the other side of the island. They look at each other, then with a curt gesture, the General beckons Oliver to follow him and strides off.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT--Oliver and the General. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them as they pass under the cypress trees, their faces alternately in moonlight and shadow. The sound of the woman's voice singing cones over the scene very faintly.

EXT. THE STAIRWAY AND TUNNEL MOUTH - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - To the right, a stairway cut into the rock winds upward from the sandy floor of the beach. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP the rock to the head of the stairway, a narrow shelf or landing above the sea. A square opening is cut into the cliff-face, black and impenetrable from this angle. As the CAMERA RESTS ON the tunnel opening, the minor melody of the singing rises to an impassioned lament, wild and melancholy.

REVERSE ANGLE. From the shelf, CAMERA SHOOTS DOWN onto the stairway. The two men are starting up the steps, the General in the lead. They move upward slowly, hesitantly. The singing continues, clear and alluring.

MED. SHOT. Oliver and the General come up onto the shelf of rock. Before them is the tunnel opening, an ominous door of darkness in the moonlit stone. (See page 113 "HELLAS".) As the two men face it, the singing comes to a climax on a high, almost triumphant note. There is a moment's after-silence and then the earlier motif of the song begins again, subdued, softer, as if the singer were moving away.

CLOSE SHOT. The General stares off, rapt, his entire being focused on the unseen singer. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include Oliver, who stands a little to one side, watching the General. The General moves forward and Oliver accompanies him. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them, until they are framed in the opening of the tunnel. They stand there for a second, then move forward again. Their figures grow dimmer as the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them into the blackness of the tunnel. The singing continues, faint and slightly distorted. Over it sound the slow, hesitant footsteps of the two men.

REVERSE SHOT - Beyond them, the darkness of the tunnel is broken by a light that moves wraithlike across one of the atone walls. Moonlight is pouring down from a long slit in the rock, where the wall curves up into the tunnel ceiling.

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Oliver and the General step into the little pool of moonlight and look up at the aperture above them. The two men turn away and continue into the darkness of the tunnel. The singing continues over all this, growing a little stronger again.

## EXT. THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

The two men emerge from the tunnel. To the right are high limestone cliffs, before them darkness. To the left is part of a house wall, with a door--a dark and forbidding door of oak and iron. Now the woman's singing is loud and near. The General stares at the house, looks at the surrounding darkness and then back to the house again.

GENERAL

(bewilderedly)

There was no house here.

Oliver and the General cross to the house. At the door, the General listens a moment, then lifts his hand and thunders on the panels with his knuckles. The sound of the singing breaks off instantly and they stand waiting in the moonlit silence. Suddenly the door opens before them and lamplight makes a frame about them. A man's voice, cheery and welcoming, comes from the doorway.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Come in, come in!

They step through the doorway and the door closes behind them.

## INT. ALBRECHT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It is a lovely room of simple austere proportion, warm with lamplight, comfortable with chairs and sofas and heated by a brazier full of coals. Various antiquities, heads, bits of sculpture, torsos, limbs, bowls, vases amphoras and cylixes decorate the room. At one end is a long table on which various shards, artifacts, have been arranged for labor and sorting. On this table are also books and measuring instruments.

The various people in the room turn curiously upon the entrance of the soldier and the correspondent. It is Albrecht who is welcoming, them. He is a Swiss of middle age, a scholarly, gentle man with a humorous smile.

Before the brazier, warming his behind under his coattails just as he would have done in Devonshire, is a ruddy-faced Englishman, also of middle age. He is formally dressed and has a stiff, official air. This is Mr. Thomas St. Aubyn,

British Consul at Adrianople.

Seated some little distance from him in a stiff-backed chair is a woman in her early thirties, still possessed of a haggard beauty. There is a curious, restrained stillness about the woman and when she moves it is with a certain careful deliberation. She is working on a hand embroidery frame. After one glance at the newcomers, she pays no further attention to them. This is Mary Wollsten, secretary to the Consul. She is dressed primly in dark clothing. - -

At a small table by himself with a tankard of wine before him and an empty wine bottle on the table, is a commercial traveller, Henry Jacks, a Cockney, dressed in a loud, fuzzy plaid suit, and seeming at this moment to be somewhat the worse for wear and liquor.

The General and Oliver look around the room in astonishment. Albrecht himself shows some surprise now that he sees the General in the fully lighted room.

ALBRECHT

(surprised)

I took it for granted you gentlemen were refugees as are my other guests.

OLIVER

This is General Nikolas Pherides, Commander of the Third Army. I'm Oliver Davis.

(he hesitates)

To be perfectly frank with you, we didn't expect to find anyone living here.

ALBRECHT

It is my home.

(extending his hand)

My name is Hugo Albrecht.

Oliver shakes hands with Albrecht. The General bows.

GENERAL

I have not been on the island in twenty years. It is changed -

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)  
 changed completely. Where are the  
 graves--the coffins?

ALBRECHT  
 (turning to his guests in  
 polite explanation)  
 This was once a cemetery.

The people in the room exhibit varying degrees of interest.

ALBRECHT  
 (smiling)  
 It may seem an odd choice for a  
 home. Yet I like it.  
 (to Oliver and the  
 General)  
 But you must meet my guests.

He half turns to indicate the Consul.

ALBRECHT  
 This is Mr. St. Aubyn, British  
 Consul from Adrianople.

St. Aubyn bows formally. The General returns his bow with a  
 nod, and Oliver goes forward and shakes the Consul's hand.

ALBRECHT  
 --and Miss St. Aubyn.

Cathy smiles wanly in greeting. Oliver, in American fashion,  
 goes from her father to Miss St. Aubyn, takes her hand.

OLIVER  
 You were singing, weren't you?  
 A beautiful voice, Miss St. Aubyn.

CATHY  
 (masking irritation)  
 That was my companion. She sings  
 little peasant songs quite nicely--  
 a completely untrained voice, of  
 course.

St. Aubyn continues the introductions, indicating the somber  
 faced woman, who sits apart from the others.

ST. AUBYN  
My secretary, Miss Wollsten.

At this point, Jacks rises unsteadily and lurches towards the others. He flashes a card from his pocket.

JACKS  
Jacks--Henry Jacks. Tinware,  
best grade and the lowest prices--  
(as if quoting a well  
known slogan)  
Jacks sells no junk.

The General looks at him, astonished at this strange commercial personality. Oliver, having shaken hands with Miss Wollsten, nods across to Jacks amiably.

OLIVER  
Aren't you a little out of  
your territory?

JACKS  
If the world won't come to  
Jacks, Jacks goes to the world.

He walks unsteadily back to his own seat.

ALBRECHT  
Mr. Jacks is a philosopher.  
(to the General)  
(and Oliver)  
But, come, sit down with us. We are  
all anxious to hear of' today's  
battle.

ST. AUBYN  
(to General)  
A fine fight, sir, but a bit  
inconvenient for travel. We were  
under constant shelling all the way  
down the coast.

GENERAL  
The enemy is in retreat. There will  
be no more fighting here.  
(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

(to Albrecht)

I came here to visit the crypts. My wife was buried here. What happened to the bodies?

ALBRECHT

They were gone before I came here.

GENERAL

But why?

Ida, the woman servant, a middle-aged Greek woman in peasant costume, with a dark sombre face, comes in. She has an amphora of wine and two glasses in her hands. She pours wine for Oliver and hands him the glass, then turns to the General and begins to pour for him as he and Albrecht talk.

ALBRECHT

There was some trouble here--the villagers on the mainland--this island was the focal point of their anger. They came here--broke open the tombs and despoiled the graves.

GENERAL

All the graves?

ALBRECHT

I'm afraid so. There were rumors --people were aroused. Some feared restlessness among the dead you know, the old superstitions.

GENERAL

I don't understand.

IDA

I can explain, Master Soldier.

She has put down the amphora so that her hands are free. She lifts a forefinger to each side of her mouth and grimaces between the upright fingers.

GENERAL  
 (understanding her  
 immediately)  
 Vorvolakas!

Hastily Ida crosses herself, at the same time nodding agreement

GENERAL  
 (not too unpleasantly)  
 You are an old fool.

IDA  
 (grinning; pleased at this  
 insult from her heroic  
 countryman)  
 You think so? You think such things  
 do not happen? Right now--  
 upstairs there is one who is rosy  
 and bright--full of blood--and  
 here--  
 (she makes a sidewise  
 inclination of her head  
 toward Mrs. St. Aubyn)  
 --here is one who is pale and  
 cold as a lily.

GENERAL  
 You are still a fool.

Ida laughs and Albrecht picks up the amphora and starts to pour another glass of wine for the General.

GENERAL  
 (to Albrecht)  
 You know the Greek legends, you  
 drink the Greek wine, but you are  
 not a Greek.

Albrecht is carrying the wine jug and glasses to a small table near the brazier.

ALBRECHT

I am, Greek, sir, by affection.

Albrecht puts down the jug and the glasses and turns to the

General.

ALBRECHT

But the gods played a little trick  
on me. I was born in Switzerland.

OLIVER

(pointing to an antique  
statue)

You collect these to sell, abroad?

Albrecht, starting to pour from the wine jug, shakes his  
head.

ALBRECHT

(shaking his head)

No more. One day I stood in the  
Royal Museum at Munich and watched  
the fat burghers and their  
brood-mare wives staring and poking  
at my beautiful trophies. Now I am  
content just to live--here in the  
heart of a vanished world.

JACKS

(butting in without moving  
from his place)

I wish it'd vanish, I do.  
I'd give every bloomin' statue in  
the place for one whiff of fish 'n'  
chips--for one peek at  
Piccadilly.

ALBRECHT

Each to his taste.

Jacks gets up, lurching and steadying himself on the table.

JACKS

I'm going back, first boat to  
England. I'm going back and hear  
the sound of Bow Bells.

(gets up and starts to the  
stairs; complaining as he  
walks)

I'm not well. I'm not well.

(MORE)

JACKS (CONT'D)  
 Something's wrong with me  
 --something hurts.

ST. AUBYN  
 (disdainfully)  
 Odd way to describe plain  
 drunkenness.

Jacks pays no attention to him, but goes on up the stairs, the rest watching. The stairs are lit in such a way that the upper portion is in complete darkness, shadowed by the landing above. As Jacks disappears into this darkness, there is a sound of a heavy fall, a muttered curse. They all turn to face the staircase and Oliver and the General get to their feet. Albrecht picks up a lychnos and crosses quickly to the stairs, followed by St. Aubyn. As he holds the lamp aloft, the General comes to stand beside him.

MED. SHOT - past Albrecht, St. Aubyn and the General at the foot of the stairs, to the upper portion of the stairs, now lit by Albrecht's lamp. Jacks lies sprawled across the top step. Bending over him is a girl in Greek native costume, the gold coins of her headdress trembling at her ears, as if she had been arrested in startled movement. The girl, Thea, slowly lifts her head to face the people below her. As she does so, the General makes a sudden move forward: a move of recognition and astonishment--then restrains himself and stand rigidly still.

MED. SHOT - Thea.

THEA  
 (simply)  
 He fell.

As if words had released them, Albrecht and St. Aubyn start up the stairs to Jacks.

ALBRECHT  
 (a little breathless)  
 That's a strong wine--poor  
 fellow, I should have warned him.

As they reach Jacks, who is mumbling and trying to get to his feet, Thea starts down the stairs. It is then that she sees the General, who still stands rigid, staring up at her as if

she were an apparition. She hesitates a moment, a step or two above the bottom of the stairs, held there by the General's fixed gaze. Behind her, Albrecht and Ida have gotten Jacks to his feet. The man is muttering incoherently.

ALBRECHT

There--you're all right, now  
--we have you--

IDA

(disgustedly)  
Never mind. It'll get him to his  
room.

Ida and Jacks go on upstairs and Albrecht holds the lantern to give them light. The General stares at Thea.

CLOSE SHOT - Oliver. He is staring off in the direction of the staircase, his face revealing pleasure in seeing this beautiful Greek girl.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Thea and the General. Thea is looking back toward Jacks. The General is studying her. Suddenly, she turns toward him to go down the stairs. For a moment she faces him full face. He looks at her in amazement greatly agitated.

CLOSE SHOT - The General looking at Thea. His face is strained and he seems to have suffered from a shock.

MED. FULL SHOT - The General watching Thea. Albrecht coming down the stairs looks at him.

ALBRECHT

My dear sir, you look completely  
exhausted.

The General attempts to pull himself together.

OLIVER

(coming into the scene)  
He is exhausted.

ALBRECHT

Why don't you stay here tonight?  
Get a good sleep. You can return  
to your command in the morning.

The General is about to shake his head in a negative answer when he suddenly thinks better of it and still looking at Thea, speaks.

GENERAL

Perhaps I had better stay.  
I am tired.

ALBRECHT

I'll get Ida to make up your  
bed.

He starts upstairs. Oliver and the General turn back into the room.

TWO SHOT - Cathy and Thea. They are seated on the settee. The CAMERA is set up TO SHOOT PAST their profiles so that Oliver and the General can be seen coming down the room from the stairway in the background.

CATHY

(to Thea)

The young man, Mr. Davis, seems to  
be some kind of an unofficial  
observer--a correspondent of  
some sort--

THEA

And the soldier--He looked at  
me so strangely--who is he?

Before Cathy can answer Oliver has come close to stand beside them. In the background General Pherides has crossed to the brazier where Mr. St. Aubyn stands.

ST. AUBYN

I don't really know where Thea  
comes from. The Vice-Consul at  
Adrianople brought her to me..

GENERAL

Her name is Thea?

ST. AUBYN

Theodosia.

GENERAL  
Her family name?

ST. AUBYN  
Damn me, if I know. She's become so  
much a member of our household I  
never think of her by any name but  
Thea--she has a last name--

He wrinkles his forehead.

ST. AUBYN  
I seem to have forgotten.

The General looks at him suspiciously.

GENERAL  
You do not know her last name--  
you do not know from where she  
came?

ST. AUBYN  
(looks off at his  
secretary)  
Miss Wollsten--my secretary,  
she'd know.

MED. FULL SHOT - Miss Wollsten. She gets up, places one of  
the long needles she uses in her embroidery work through the  
collar of her dress and starts toward the stairway.

FULL SHOT - The General and St. Aubyn as they watch Miss  
Wollsten pass. She nods "good night." The General turns back  
to St. Aubyn.

GENERAL  
(with a gesture toward  
Cathy)  
Your daughter is ill.

ST. AUBYN  
(brushing off the  
question)  
She's not too well.

GENERAL  
 (persistently)  
 What is her illness?

ST. AUBYN  
 Nothing, really. She's been under a  
 great strain--the journey--the  
 battle--

GENERAL  
 Was she ill before that girl came  
 into your household?

ST. AUBYN  
 (embarrassed at  
 this interrogation)  
 Why--no not before Thea came--

The General looks at him and then at Thea.

GENERAL  
 Your daughter is weak--she feels  
 as if the blood had been drained  
 from her--and all this since that  
 girl came to work in your house.

St. Aubyn looks at him in annoyance. This volunteered  
 diagnosis offends him. He turns toward the stairs. The  
 General turns with him, taking hold of his arm to stop him.

GENERAL  
 This girl--

ST. AUBYN  
 (interrupting)  
 This girl--Thea -- is not a  
 servant in my household, sir.  
 She is my daughter's companion.  
 Now, sir, if you'll excuse me,  
 I'll go have a look at Mr. Jacks.

GENERAL  
 I will go with you.

Mr. St. Aubyn starts for the stairs and the General stalks  
 after him. The two men reach the foot of the stairs

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Oliver with Thea and Cathy. He smiles in a friendly fashion at Thea, as he says:

OLIVER

I hope Mr. Jacks gets to bed in one piece.

CATHY

My father will take care of it.  
(gushing to impress Oliver)  
Pappa is wonderful! No matter what happens, he makes me feel perfectly safe.

(with flirtatious  
emphasis)

I could never leave him. I should be utterly helpless by myself.

THEA

(gravely)

You are fortunate in your father.

CATHY

Thea is an orphan.

OLIVER

(to Thea)

That was a lovely song you sang before we came. Sing it again, will you?

Thea smiles, pleased at his request. Before she can reply, Cathy breaks in.

CATHY

(apologetically)

I adore hearing Thea sing--  
but my poor head's beginning to ache.

(exaggeratedly)

I'm so sorry.

OLIVER

(courteously)

Of course. Tomorrow, perhaps, before I go?

Thea nods and Oliver looks at her, seeing how very beautiful, how very desirable she is. He smiles and a radiant answering smile comes to her lips. Cathy, watching them, draws their attention with a sigh. She leans back against the pillows exhaustedly and a little shudder moves her shoulders. Thea, instantly all concern, bends over her.

THEA

You have a chill! You must have a glass of wine.

She crosses quickly to the little table and picks up the amphora. She brings it back with her, Oliver and Cathy are talking. She has to wait, holding the cold pitcher until Cathy turns and holds out her glass. Cathy waits for Oliver to finish speaking before she passes the glass to Thea.

OLIVER

You can imagine the General's disappointment when he found his wife's body gone.

He turns to Thea.

OLIVER

Then we heard you singing--it was so strange and eerie in a place where we had thought there was only the dead.

As Oliver finishes speaking, Cathy holds out her glass to Thea, who begins to pour wine into it.

THEA

I was thinking of death when I sang.

CATHY-

(protesting)

Thea!

Thea finishes pouring the wine and puts down the amphora. The chilled jug has made her hands cold. She rubs them together, then blows on them. Cathy and Oliver watch her, both smiling. Cathy shivers.

CATHY

You're making me feel cold.

Thea is instantly concerned.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Perhaps my scarf--

Thea nods, smiles and willingly goes to get it.

FULL SHOT - Thea. The CAMERA PANS WITH her to the foot of the stairs. Here she pauses and from a small marble bench takes up a lychnos, sets it alight from another that is burning there and with this lamp in her hand begins to ascend the stairs.

MED. SHOT of the stairs. Tall and lovely, with almost measured grace, Thea ascends the stairs to the second floor landing, then comes up onto the landing and pauses, looking down the corridor. She holds up her lamp.

LONG SHOT - CAMERA SET UP BEHIND Thea, so that it sees what she sees before her. In the corridor there are three points of illumination. One from the skylight; two from windows. These three sources of light cut the blackness of the corridor into almost equal sections; oblongs of blackness alternating with rectangles of grey moonlight. Around Thea there is a nimbus of weak and~ wavering light, the illumination from her little lamp.

The whole corridor is very still, very oppressive. Thea draws in her breath almost as if taking courage, and moves toward the first patch of blackness. At its edge she hesitates and steps forward, with a little rush of movement. For a moment she is lost to view, then emerges in the first patch of moonlight. She moves slowly across this. Then again, at the very edge of the second section of darkness, she pauses. There is a little sound in the darkness; some scuffling of papers or blowing curtain. She stops stock still, begins to lift her lamp. The lamp flame flickers, and then a sudden soft draft makes the flame lean far from the wick, pulsate, puff out. The loss of the light leaves Thea cleft between darkness and moonlight. Again she takes a sharp intake of breath, again moves on and is lost to view, only to emerge again in the second section of light. She moves normally across this patch toward the darkness of a door set into a deep embrasure.

MED. CLOSE SHOT as Thea emerges from the darkness and turns right, her hand already outstretched for the doorknob. A dark figure obtrudes itself from the deeper blackness of the door embrasure. A hand reaches out to seize her wrist. She gives a half stifled scream of fear and looks up into the face of the General as it emerges into the light.

GENERAL

You blew out the light--to  
see better in the darkness.

Thea shakes her head, perplexed, still frightened. She looks at the lamp in her hand. The General reaches out his hand to point out the lamp. Their hands touch. He draws his hand back quickly.

GENERAL

And your hands are cold--  
cold as dead hands.

Thea is too terrified to speak.

GENERAL

(with menacing softness)  
You. You know me?

Thea shakes her head, too terrified to speak.

GENERAL

Swear it. By your winding shroud,  
do you swear it?

Thea shrinks away, still unable to utter a sound. The General realizes that his questioning is futile. He releases her wrist, but still holds her fast with his fixed, accusing gaze.

GENERAL

(slowly)  
Maybe you have no memory for the  
past--  
(in a whisper)  
Vrykolaka!

With the word, terror takes her. She makes a quick movement to flee. Just as quickly he seizes her, dragging her to him.

He has to hold both her hands; then pulls her up against his chest. He repeats the word without any special meaning. His face, across which a narrow beam of light falls obliquely, is grotesque and horrible. The girl struggles and her struggles free one hand. She pushes herself away from him and quickly makes the sign of the cross between herself and the General at the same time whispering hurriedly.

THEA

Christ be with me--

For a bare second, there is silence between them and then, quite suddenly, he releases her other hand and begins to roar with laughter. She stands amazed, too wonder-struck even to flee, almost gaping at him.

GENERAL

(through his laughter)

You thought me a Vrykolaka--a vampire--

He pinches his arm.

GENERAL

Look--I am alive.

He begins to laugh again.

GENERAL

And I thought the same of you!

(sobering)

I am ashamed. A grown man--

The General smiles in ridicule of his own foolishness,

GENERAL

We of the mountain villages are strange people. There are too many old dreams in our blood, eh?

Thea smiles in agreement.

GENERAL

Then you can understand-- you can forgive me.

Again she smiles. He starts to move away from her. He has gone through the black patch of darkness nearest them and has emerged into the moonlight on the other side. She lifts her head and calls to him.

THEA

General--

He turns.

THEA

What do they call you? What  
is your name?

GENERAL

Nikolas Pherides.

He turns and continues down the corridor.

CLOSEUP of Thea. A strange look comes over her face. From her stare, it is evident that the name strikes some sharp chord in her mind.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. A RUIN OVERLOOKING THE SEA - MORNING - EFFECT SHOT

It is a bright morning and between the two portals of a ruined temple can be seen the sunlit sea. (See page 98 "Hellas")

In the space between the two portals, three people are grouped, Cathy, Thea and Albrecht. Cathy is seated on one of the white stones, leaning back against the wall, a rug wrapped about her knees. Albrecht stands behind and a little in back of her, while Thea stands leaning gracefully against the opposite portal, half silhouetted against the brightness of the sea.

For a moment they remain quiet, then suddenly Thea throws up her arms in a gesture of ecstasy and speaks almost as if to herself.

THEA

The sea! The sea!

Albrecht stares at her, arrested by the words.

ALBRECHT

What made you say that, Thea?

The moment is broken. Thea looks at him self-consciously, and then shakes her head.

THEA

I don't know.

ALBRECHT

"The sea--the sea." Those were the very words of Xenophon and the ten thousand--do you know about them, Thea?

Smiling, Thea shakes her head.

ALBRECHT

You don't have to. It's inside of you--all the glory that was Greece--the dancing, the singing and the white marble--

CATHY

How clever you are, Mr. Albrecht, to see all that in our simple Thea... She is quite pretty, isn't she?

ALBRECHT

(disregarding her;  
pointing to a column)

This was the temple of Hades--the God of the Dead. It contained no images--just empty space and walls of perfect symmetry.

CATHY

(looking about her)

How disappointing! I expected it was something more romantic. A temple to the Goddess of Love, perhaps.

ALBRECHT

(looking off)

The Greeks thought death was beautiful--an adventure--a journey to another world.

(after a little pause)

But I have my other guests to think of--The General will be wanting to go back to his army. If you'll excuse me--

He starts off. The two girls watch him go into the grove. Thea seats herself beside, Cathy.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Thea and Cathy.

THEA

Cathy--how does it feel to have a father?

CATHY

What an odd question!

THEA

I mean, does one love a father because he is good and kind--or just because he is one's father?

CATHY

(out of her depth)

Why, I love my father because--because I do. Of course, he's nice to me.

Cathy leans over toward her.

CATHY

Thea--you're hiding something. Why do you suddenly speak of your father? You told me once you had never seen him--didn't know him--

THEA

I do not know him, but I have seen him.

CATHY

What is it--what are you talking about?

THEA

You have forgotten my last name?

Cathy thinks a moment, then smiles.

CATHY

I have forgotten it, dear.

THEA

My last name is Pherides.

Cathy looks at her in astonishment.

INT. THE GENERAL'S ROOM - DAY

The General is seated on the edge of his cot still in his shirt sleeves. He is pulling on his boots. Oliver has been washing at the little wash stand and is drying his face with a small towel. Oliver begins to whistle merrily as he throws the towel down. The General looks at him.

GENERAL

You are a happy man Oliver. You have but one world to live in--the world of today. I have two worlds. I have that old dark world of peasant ignorance and superstition in which I was brought up and a new world which the army gave me--a world of mathematics, gun ranges, logistics, tactics, strategy.

OLIVER

(grinning)

It doesn't seem to bother you much, General.

GENERAL

I will be glad to leave this island. It has too much of that old dark world about it.

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)  
I will be glad to leave it  
and that girl--

OLIVER  
Thea?

The General nods.

GENERAL  
There is something evil about  
her.

OLIVER  
Oh, now--now look here--

GENERAL  
(interrupting)  
I know all you are going to say--I  
have been saying it to myself, but  
the thought will not leave my mind.  
She resembles my wife --there is  
something about her--the way she  
moves--the way she turns her  
head.

OLIVER  
But that should make you like her.

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL  
It makes me fear her.

OLIVER  
(shrugging)  
I can't understand that.

GENERAL  
It is not necessary to understand.  
We are leaving and I am thankful.

EXT. THE RUINS - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - Thea and. Cathy. They are talking earnestly.

CATHY

Thea, your choice is a very simple one. Either you want to claim him as your father, or you do not.

THEA

But one must love a father.

CATHY

The General--you don't even know him.

There is a little silence while Thea looks toward the ground at her feet.

CATHY

Come, Thea, if you're going to claim him as your father you've got to make up your mind. They'll be leaving any minute.

THEA

I don't know. As a child. I longed for a father and now--I don't know--

Thea is still hesitant; still trying to puzzle it out.

CATHY

Do you like what you've seen, of him'?

Thea shakes her head.

THEA

I felt he did not like me.

CATHY

That should decide it or you--

THEA

I will let him go. He is dead to me as he is to all my mother's people. I turn my hand against him.

INT THE GENERAL'S ROOM - DAY

Oliver and the General are ready to depart. Oliver takes a last look around the room to see that they have left nothing. The General stands by the door buckling on his belt.

OLIVER

Well, at any rate, I would like to say goodbye to the girl.

GENERAL

We have no time for that.

Oliver shrugs.

OLIVER

Ready?

The General nods and straightens his coat under his belt. Oliver throws open the door and they start out.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

The CAMERA is set up in the doorway of the bedroom TO SHOOT PAST Oliver and the General as they go out a Albrecht is coming down the stairs. He is hurrying and is very excited.

ALBRECHT

Wait, gentlemen! Wait!

They turn to him.

ALBRECHT

I need your advice--something has happened--Mr. Jacks--

OLIVER

Drunk again?

ALBRECHT

He's dead. I want the General to see him.

GENERAL

If you wish.

Albrecht nods gratefully, turns, and they follow him as he

starts up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

The three men, Albrecht, Oliver and the General come to the second floor and start down to the last door. The CAMERA TRUCKS BEFORE them.

ALBRECHT

He was going back to hear the sound of Bow bells. He'll never hear them again.

They stop in front of the door to Jacks' room. Albrecht opens it. Through the doorway can be seen a sheeted body on the bed; the face covered. The three men stop in the doorway.

OLIVER

He complained of not feeling well. I thought he was drunk--he staggered.

ALBRECHT

That staggering. His dying so quickly.

(to General)

In your campaigns, have you never seen men who staggered before they died, who talked incoherently--walked blindly.

GENERAL

I've seen men die drunk -- and I've seen men die of the plague.

OLIVER

(aghast)

Plague? There's no possibility of that, is there?

GENERAL

The rider on the pale horse is Pestilence. He follows the wars.

ALBRECHT

I'm not sure that it is the plague.

GENERAL

We will know when the next one  
sickens.

(to Oliver)

Until then you and I remain here.  
I will not bring the plague to  
my troops.

ALBRECHT

In the meantime it would be  
useless to alarm the others.

(nodding)

Let them think it was a normal  
(glancing into Jacks'  
room)

And, perhaps it was--perhaps  
it was.

DISSOLVE

INT. MATH ROOM - NIGHT

The oil lamps are lit. Albrecht has assembled his refugee  
guests at two tables. They are just finishing dinner. Oliver  
and Thea sit at the same table.

CATHY

(to Oliver)

I'm glad you and the General didn't  
have to leave us. We would feel  
quite deserted.

OLIVER

(with a look which divides  
his compliment between  
Cathy and Thea)

How could we go back to the wars  
with such pleasant company here.

CATHY

(smiling)

Thank you.

Thea smiles, pleased. Mr. St. Aubyn looks at his daughter,  
smiling and gay.

ST. AUBYN

You're feeling better, Cathy?

(to Albrecht)

I must admit your island is peaceful enough. Even I have relaxed.

(smiling)

In fact, I feel quite exhausted.

He lifts his hand to his forehead.

MISS WOLLSTEN

(concerned)

Perhaps you should rest for a little while, Mr. St. Aubyn.

St. Aubyn dismisses the suggestion with a gesture.

CATHY

(to Oliver)

Pappa is so strong. Not a bit like me. Even as a child, I was delicate. Then Mamma died, everyone thought I should die, too.

Oliver smiles politely but avoids the invitation to flirtation. Instead, he turns to Thea.

OLIVER

Thea, you've hardly said a word all through dinner.

(troubledly)

I feel something strange in the house--cold.

The General turns to look at Thea, his eyes sombre and questioning.

GENERAL

You're afraid because Mr. Jacks is upstairs.

THEA

(shaking her head)

The dead are dead. They can do no harm.

Albrecht moves to get up from the table.

ALBRECHT

Miss Thea complains of the cold.  
Let's go to the fire.

The guests rise and the men stand back as Cathy, Thea and Miss Wollsten go out of scene, towards the other end of the large room. Albrecht who has drawn glasses and a wine bottle towards him, lifts one of the glasses toward St. Aubyn questioningly.

ALBRECHT

St. Aubyn?

ST. AUBYN

(shaking his head)

An excellent wine, no doubt, but it  
has rather a curious brassy taste  
in my mouth. No I really quite  
tired.

An alert, speculative look comes into Albrecht's face as he watches St. Aubyn move out of scene.

MED. SHOT, Cathy, Thea and Miss Wollsten have seated themselves around the brazier, Miss Wollsten already at work on her interminable embroidery. St. Aubyn passes them, going to the staircase in b.g. Miss Wollsten looks up and watches him anxiously. Cathy also looks up.

CATHY

Good night, Pappa.

St. Aubyn smiles at her, with an effort, and starts slowly up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE SHOT of St. Aubyn coming up the stairs. A few steps from the top, he stops; falters and almost loses his balance. He clutches at the balustrade to save himself from falling. For a second, he stands there almost doubled over, his face drawn from a sudden onslaught of pain. Then he straightens himself with an effort and pulls himself slowly up the remaining steps. At the head of the stairs, he goes past camera. CAMERA PANS TO show him start down the murky

corridor, staggering as if he were drunk. He hesitates, then turns and lurches to the third door at the left, opens it and goes in.

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Albrecht, Oliver and the General, at the table, are watching St. Aubyn's o.s. exit. They speak in whispers.

GENERAL

Did you hear what Thea said--  
as if she knew what threatens  
us.

ALBRECHT

That's impossible. I told them  
Jacks died of a sudden heart  
attack, probably brought on by over  
drinking.

GENERAL

Did your servant got word to  
Dr. Drossos?

Albrecht picks up the wine bottle and the glasses.

ALBRECHT

(nodding)  
Dr. Drossos should be here any  
hour now.

WIDER ANGLE. Cathy and Thea are paying no attention to the men across the room, but Miss Wollsten is watching them covertly. As the men start across to the brazier, Albrecht carrying the bottle and glasses, she gathers together her embroidery and stands up.

MISS WOLLSTEN

If you'll forgive me...I've letters  
to write.

The others call out "good night" to her as she crosses to the stairs and begins to ascend. Albrecht and the General go to a small table, where Albrecht puts down the bottle and glasses. Oliver joins Cathy and Thea.

CATHY

(to Oliver)

I've just been admiring Thea's  
headdress. I think I shall have  
a hat made like it a little round  
cap with a veil--

Oliver, scarcely hearing her prattle, looks off toward the  
now empty staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Miss Wollsten comes up the stairs. She hesitates a moment at  
the first door on her left and then walks past it and goes  
down to the third door. She knocks. There is no answer. She  
opens the door. The room is dark. She goes in.

DISSOLVE

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The General and Albrecht sit drinking. Albrecht is showing  
the old soldier a Grecian helmet. The General holds it in his  
hands, studying it carefully and with something close to  
affection.

Cathy and Thea are standing with Oliver at the foot of the  
stairs.

CATHY

Good night, Oliver.

OLIVER

Sleep well.

The two girls, start up the stairs, Oliver looking after them  
pityingly.

CATHY

(over her shoulder)

You're not leaving tomorrow...?

OLIVER

I think not.

Thea half turns to look back at Oliver; a long sweeping look.

Thea and Cathy continue upstairs and Oliver turns back to where the other two men are seated.

DISSOLVE

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The General and Albrecht are still sitting together.

Oliver stands near them.

GENERAL

Until we know, what choice is there? We have to stay.

OLIVER

But the war, the army--they need you.

GENERAL

Better no general than one carrying the plague.

OLIVER

We still don't know that it's the plague--

GENERAL

(adamantly)

Dr. Drossos will tell us. We will know what to do then.

Oliver gives a little shrug of resignation and walks a few steps into the room, head down, hands in his pockets.

Then he turns, grinning ruefully. -

OLIVER

I wonder if my editor's psychic? Reports from the Greek front are going to be a little vague.

ALBRECHT

(chuckling)

Or even spirit messages from the next world.

Oliver's eyes widen and then he smiles quizzically at Albrecht.

OLIVER  
 (nods thoughtfully)  
 I suppose a war correspondent  
 could get the plague.  
 (cheerfully)  
 Well, I'd better try for some sleep  
 --while I'm alive to enjoy it.  
 Good night, gentlemen.

He starts for the stairs. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH him, then PANS WITH him as he climbs.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Oliver comes up onto the landing and starts down the corridor. Suddenly, a shadowy form materializes from the darkness and a voice whispers to him.

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 Mr. Davis--

Oliver, startled, stops and stares.

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 Will you help me? Mr. St. Aubyn  
 is ill--very ill

OLIVER  
 (starting forward)  
 His room is down here, isn't it?

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

MED. FULL SHOT. Both girls are in their beds and both seem to be asleep.

CLOSE SHOT - Cathy. She sleeps soundly.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She is wide awake listening to the sound of excited footsteps in the hall. Thea looks toward the door.

INSERT - THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR FRAME AND THE FLOOR. Light passes the door. There is darkness then more light goes past.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She rises to one elbow and waits for a moment, watching the closed door. Then she swings her feet to the floor and begins to reach for a wrapper which hangs at the foot of the bed. She puts it on, stands up and starts tiptoeing across the room, CAMERA PANNING WITH her. CAMERA HALTS as Thea pauses at the foot of Cathy's bed. She looks at the motionless figure of the sleeping Cathy. Then, CAMERA PANNING WITH her again, she goes to the door and stands there, listening.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DOLLY SHOT. Albrecht and the dapper, uniformed figure of Dr. Drossos come down the corridor. The CAMERA DOLLIES BEFORE them.

ALBRECHT

If he's not dead, he's certainly  
a sick man.

Albrecht and Dr. Drossos turn at St. Aubyn's door and go in~

INT. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver and the General are standing at the foot of St. Aubyn's bed. Miss Wollsten stands near the head of the bed, looking down at the motionless figure of the consul. Albrecht and Dr. Drossos enters Dr. Drossos nods to the General and crosses to the bed. While the others wait tensely, he feels the man's pulse. He shakes his head and takes hold of the blanket's edge, to pull it up over the dead man's face.

MISS WOLLSTEN

(fighting hysteria)

No. No. I won't believe it.  
He's not dead.

GENERAL

This is Dr. Drossos, chief medical  
officer of my division.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I don't care who he is. He  
doesn't know. He can't tell--

DR. DROSSOS  
 (pityingly)  
 I'll make any test you want.  
 Look.

Dr. Drossos plucks a feather from the pillow, a little curl of fluff, and holds it before St. Aubyn's mask-like face.

INSERT - THE FEATHER at St. Aubyn's face.

It doesn't move.

BACK TO SCENE:

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 (stubbornly)  
 He's not dead. I tell you he's  
 not dead.

Dr. Drossos sighs. He turns and picks up a hand mirror from the chest of drawers behind him.

DR. DROSSOS  
 If there is the finest breath  
 of life it will cloud a mirror.

He takes a handkerchief from his pocket and carefully polishes the mirror to clarity, then holds it before the dead mouth. He turns the unclouded mirror, so that the others may observe it.

DR. DROSSOS  
 You see?

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 (clinging desperately to  
 her delusion)  
 The breath can stop, the heart can  
 stop--it still doesn't mean  
 death. Men have lived--

Dr. Drossos nods with approval. Being entirely devoid of sentiment, his manner is that of a teacher answering the argument of a particularly bright student.

DR. DROSSOS

Quite right. In cataleptic trance,  
a man may live for days with no  
visible sign of life. The breath  
suspended, the heartbeat stilled--

(looking down at St.

Aubyn)

But this man is dead.

Dr. Drossos turns away to replace the mirror on the chest of drawers. As he does so, Oliver steps forward and starts to pull the blanket over the dead man's face. Again, Miss Wollsten stops it.

GENERAL

What difference does it make?  
Covered or uncovered, the eyes see  
no more.

As he speaks, the General starts toward the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT ON closed door of St. Aubyn's room. The door opens and the General starts to step into the corridor. He is suddenly motionless, obviously arrested by something he sees. CAMERA DRAWS ASIDE TO disclose Thea. The girl evidently is frozen in the act of trying to slip away. She starts to put her hand to her throat, but, as she is not wearing the necklace, fumbles nervously with the collar of her robe. Then, still under the General's relentless stare, she goes back to her room. At this moment, Oliver comes out of St. Aubyn's room. He looks down the corridor, then worriedly back to the General. Albrecht and Dr. Drossos also come out and the four men start toward the stairs.

INT. ST. AUBYN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Wollsten stands looking down at St. Aubyn, then suddenly she takes from her bodice a long embroidery needle. Still gazing intently into his face, she jabs the needle deep into the dead man's arm. There is no reaction in the marble set of the corpse's face.

Miss Wollsten pulls the blanket over the dead man's face and suddenly bursts out weeping, burying her face in her hands.

DISSOLVE

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

Morning sunlight pours in through the windows. Cathy sits near the door, crying delicately into a lace handkerchief. Thea stands beside her. Thea's expression betrays grief, but it is the controlled and dignified grief of the peasant who knows death as intimately as life and is equally at peace with both. Near them is Miss Wollsten, stony-faced and composed. Oliver is seated on the table, swinging his feet. The General stands in the open doorway looking toward the sea. Dr. Drossos and Albrecht stand together in the center of the group.

DR. DROSSOS

We are faced with a very serious form of plague. Its first symptoms are dizziness, nausea, weakness, inability to focus the eyes or control the limbs. This is followed by acute spasms, sometimes blindness, and finally, in most cases, death.

CATHY

(frantically)

I don't want to hear any more. You can't keep me here. This horrible island--it has cost me my father--it will kill all of us.

The General turns his head and looks at Cathy without emotion.

GENERAL

(implacably)

I will not have the plague carried to my troops. No one leaves here --not you, not I, not anyone.

Oliver goes over to the distraught and weeping Cathy, putting his hand on her shoulder sympathetically.

OLIVER

The doctor only wants us to know  
the worst, for our own good.  
Besides, he holds out some hope--

Oliver turns to Dr. Drossos, who nods slowly.

DR. DROSSOS

If the wind shifts, if the sirocco  
blows--the hot wind from the  
South--all danger will be over in  
twenty-four hours.

ALBRECHT

(to Drossos gentle  
mockery)

Good winds and bad winds!

Albrecht goes to the table.

DR. DROSSOS

(patiently)

The disease is transmitted by fleas  
and their bodies are eighty percent  
moisture. The hot wind literally  
burns them away.

Albrecht takes the bronze trident from the figure of Poseidon  
and fingers it thoughtfully as he speaks?

ALBRECHT

The ancient Greeks had just as good  
an explanation--that the gods  
sent the plague to punish mortals  
for harboring Vrykolaka--

DR. DROSSOS

(impatiently)

They used to believe that sort of  
thing in the mountain villages.  
Some still do--

He glances at the General and then at Thea.

GENERAL

(with serious  
determination)

I do not.

Albrecht, still holding the trident, walks over to the open doorway where the General stands. Miss Wollsten gets to her feet suddenly and faces the men with a look of scorn, almost of hatred.

MISS WOLLSTEN

(to Drossos)

If you have nothing more to tell  
us, will you excuse me--

Dr. Drossos bows and Miss Wollsten crosses the room to the staircase.

CLOSE SHOT. At the foot of the staircase Miss Wollsten turns with one of her curious, inimicable glances, then begins to climb the stairs.

MED. SHOT - on remaining group.

DR. DROSSOS

She's right. This is hardly the  
time to bandy old tales.

ALBRECHT

I have lived long enough to doubt  
everything--which is to say, I  
believe everything, a little.

Albrecht goes to the table and replaces the trident.

DR. DROSSOS

You're just talking nonsense.

ALBRECHT

Let us put it to the test. Protect  
yourself with every scientific  
precaution you can think of. I'll  
go out on the cliff and build a  
votive fire to Hermes--not that I  
believe in him any more than I do  
in Science.

Dr. Drossos gives a little snort of disdain.

ALBRECHT

(smiles)

We will see who is the first to die.

DR. DROSSOS

(smiling wryly)

Very well. I'll wager a dinner.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. RUINS - NIGHT

It is a moonlit night and the cypress trees cast deep shadows across the marble flooring of the terrace. From somewhere on the island, possibly played by one of the servants, comes the sound of a Greek bagpipe blating its shrill and mournful music into the still air.

The CAMERA is set up TO TAKE IN the balcony from one end. Thea, Oliver and Cathy are together. Cathy is stretched out on a settee with a robe over her knees. Oliver and Thea stand together near one of the pillars.

OLIVER

(commiseratingly)

I know it must be hard. But you have relatives in London--you've got a whole world of living, ahead of you--

CATHY

(on the verge of the tears which are so easy for her)

No one can take my father's place.

She gropes around as if looking for something.

CATHY

My handkerchief--I think I must have lost it--perhaps when we

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

were in the grove.

(with a preemptory note)

Thea!

Thea bestirs herself out of whatever reverie has held her.

THEA

I'll find it.

She starts off toward the right. Oliver looks at her.

OLIVER

You can't go down there alone--

He takes a few quick, long strides and catches up with her. Cathy is left completely alone. She looks off at the other two and her customary expression of weak helplessness quickly changes to one of anger. She is so intent that she does not notice Miss Wollsten rise from a chair in the b g., walk through the deep shadows cast by the cypress trees and come noiselessly to stand beside her. Miss Wollsten has to speak to gain her attention.

MISS WOLLSTEN

Cathy--

Cathy looks around at her inquiringly, somewhat startled.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I wish I didn't have such bitter knowledge of you, Cathy.

CATHY

What do you mean?

MISS WOLLSTEN

They were talking about the Vrykolakas this morning. Cathy, that's what you are--a weak, pale, half-dead thing that drains all the life and joy from those who want to live.

CATHY

(haughtily; in an attempt  
to put Miss Wollsten in  
her place)

Miss Wollsten!

MISS WOLLSTEN

You and your mysterious illness.  
A new attack everytime you are  
crossed--everytime you can't  
get your own way.

Cathy tries to interrupt, but Miss Wollsten goes on  
ruthlessly.

MISS WOLLSTEN

Your father knew it too. But he  
was never sure how much was  
pretense.

CATHY

(flaring up)

How do you know what my father  
thought--

MISS WOLLSTEN

(disregarding her)

Your father loved me. He wanted to  
marry me. But he was afraid of  
hurting the gentle, delicate Cathy.  
You spoiled his life--you've  
ruined mine--

CATHY

You were father's secretary--  
I never thought--

MISS WOLLSTEN

Didn't you? But now--what are you  
thinking now?

She points over the balustrade toward the cypress grove  
below.

CATHY

What would I be thinking?

MISS WOLLSTEN

Mr. Davis seems a good prospect  
--young handsome, sympathetic--  
ready to listen to you and feel  
sorry for you--

CATHY

What if he is?

MISS WOLLSTEN

(disregarding her) )

But Thea--She stands in your way.  
I know you. I know your little  
hints--the way you can turn the  
truth into a lie--

CATHY

Why, I'm fond of Thea.

MISS WOLLSTEN

You're planning something, Cathy...  
But I won't let you--I'll warn  
them against you.

CATHY

You will not say one single word.  
I know your secret.

MISS WOLLSTEN

That your father and I--

CATHY

No. I mean your other secret--the  
one you kept bidden even from my  
father. That old doctor in London--  
he told me.

She faces her triumphantly. Miss Wollsten shrinks and turns away. Cathy stands looking after her smiling, then turns and walks to the edge of the ruins and looks down into the grove.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - NIGHT

Only trickles of moonlight come through the pendulous branches and thick boles of these dark trees. The CAMERA TRACKS TO a space between two of the largest trees, a space which seems filled only with shadow and moonlight, but as IT

MOVES IN CLOSER, Oliver and Thea are disclosed, embracing. They break apart. She starts to turn from him but he takes her hand and turns her so that she faces him.

OLIVER

Thea.

She allows him to draw her back.

CLOSE SHOT – over Oliver's shoulder at Thea's face. He cups his hand around her chin so that she looks up at him. Her eyes are wet with tears.

OLIVER

You're crying. Why?

THEA

(simply)

I don't know. Everything's so mixed up--

OLIVER

(smiling)

Everything's so simple. I like you.

Thea smiles at him affectionately, but then her face clouds again and she looks away from him.

OLIVER

What's bothering you, Thea? Is it the General?

THEA

Sometimes when he looks at me in that strange way, I'm afraid of him.

OLIVER

Don't let it trouble you. He's an old man and these last few days have been a terrible strain on him. He won't harm you.

She makes a pathetic attempt at a smile. He puts his arms around her protectively and they kiss. Slowly they break from their embrace and together they start up the path.

## ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE GROVE - NIGHT

This is at a point where a narrow flight of marble stairs come clown from above The CAMERA is on the stairs, FOCUSED ON the path. Oliver and Thea walk in silence, their hands clasped. They come slowly up the path.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea and Oliver suddenly look up.

## EXT. STAIRS - NIGHT

General Pherides stands there, erect and silent, looking up with an expression which is hard to fathom.

THREE SHOT. Nervous and embarrassed, Thea disengages her hand from Oliver's.

OLIVER

You gave us quite a start--  
standing there.

The General is silent. Thea moves rapidly toward the stairs, carefully avoiding physical contact with the General as she goes past him. He does not turn to look at her, but as Oliver moves to follow her, the General puts a restraining hand on his arm. Then, without a word, he steps down onto the path and starts along it toward the shore. Oliver looks at him in puzzlement, shrugs and then follows him.

## EXT. GROVE - NIGHT

The two men walk silently through the grove. At the edge of the grove on the shoreward side of the island the General and Oliver come out from beneath the trees and emerge onto the beach below the figure of Cerberus. The General seats himself on a block of stone, looking out toward the sea. Oliver stands near him. The General points out across the water.

LONG SHOT - MATTE. The General in the f.g. points to the camp fires burning on the hills of the opposite shore.,

GENERAL

Tomorrow they move on to engage the  
enemy--to beat him back across  
the Bosphorus.

CLOSE SHOT - the General has his sabre between his knees and is resting his two hands upon it; a melancholy and mournful figure. His eyes are fixed on the distant camp fires.

(Note: See famous World-Wide photograph of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, taken after the defeat of the Bulgarian armies in 1917.)

OLIVER

It's hard going, General. You wanted to lead them. Here you are quarantined just because you wanted to pray at your wife's side--and even her body is gone.

The General looks over.

GENERAL

(musing)

Thea is so like her--in every feature--

OLIVER

(rather pleased)

If she looked like Thea, she must have been beautiful.

The General takes a deep breath and sighs, remembering other days.

GENERAL

She was beautiful. There was blood between her family and my kin. But that did not stop me from taking her when I saw her beauty, nor did it stop her from loving me.

OLIVER

How did she die?

GENERAL

I don' t know. When I was gone the people from her village came to my home seeking vengeance. They bore her away with them. Months later she came back--pale--sick--she died--

There is a long silence. Oliver stirs restlessly.

OLIVER

Is this what you wanted to speak to me about?

GENERAL

In a way--this girl, Thea. You must stay away from her.

OLIVER

I had a notion you had become self-appointed chaperone lately--why?

GENERAL

You are my friend.

OLIVER

And I'm your friend--but that doesn't explain why you are always trying to come between Thea and me?

GENERAL

If I told you--you wouldn't believe me--but this much I can tell you--the girl is dangerous to you. Take a friend's advice--an old man's advice--leave her alone--

OLIVER

(turning away; indignant)  
That's ridiculous--Thea's lovely, gentle--

GENERAL

(earnestly)  
Listen to what I say--

OLIVER

When you make sense I'll listen.

He starts off, up the path through the grove, the General follows him.

EXT THE GROVE - NIGHT

Oliver, followed by the General, passes through the grove.

EXT. THE RUINS - NIGHT

Cathy still sits in the moonlight. Oliver and the General come into the ruins.

OLIVER  
Where's Thea?

CATHY  
I think she went to bed--I saw  
her going toward the house

Oliver makes a vague gesture of disappointment and sits down beside Cathy.

While Cathy was speaking, the General had turned to look down into the grove. He still stands looking down among the trees.

EXT THE GROVE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT - of Thea passing between the trees, looking for Oliver.

EXT THE RUINS - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The General. Oliver and Cathy can be seen behind him.

GENERAL  
(in a low voice)  
Let the doctor guard us against the  
plague--I shall stand guard  
against the other things--the  
things we cannot understand.

MED. FULL SHOT, favoring Oliver and Cathy. They both look up in surprise at the General. He looks at them and then stalks off into the darkness toward the house. Cathy watches him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MONTAGE OF TIDES - tide running in and out--day and night, over the sound of Grecian reed pipes, and a voice singing "The Lament of Konos," the lament that describes how life comes in and goes out with the tides of the sea.

EXT. RUINS - DAY

A Greek brazier on a tripod stands before the portal facing the sea. A fire burns in the brazier and Albrecht stands beside it with a handful of twigs which he is about to put on the fire. Dr. Drossos stands watching him.

ALBRECHT

(turning to him)

I suppose you want to hear my prayer to Hermes.

DR. DROSSOS

I just came to see if your prayer would entertain me as much as my medicine seems to amuse you.

Albrecht turns his hand and lets the remaining twigs fall onto the fire. It burns up with a bright flame, then a thin column of black smoke ascends. He lifts his hands upward in the Grecian attitude of prayer.

ALBRECHT

(teasingly)

You're too late, my friend. I have already made my prayers. And how about your scientific efforts?

Dr. Drossos steps forward, bends to pick up some twigs which are beside the brazier and puts them on the fire.

DR. DROSSOS

(dryly)

Also too late. I owe you a dinner.

AS the meaning of this sinks in, Albrecht's bantering manner disappears.

ALBRECHT

(concerned) )

You feel the symptoms?

ALBRECHT

My friend--what can one say--

DR. DROSSOS

You can have your servants prepare a dinner. That is the way I'll meet my old- familiar enemy--Death--I have fought him before. I've won often. Now he wins. Let him come for me at my own banquet.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT. The little rays of oil lamps which illuminated the room during the dinner have been replaced by a great central lamp, also oil-burning. The long table is in a pool of brilliance; tongues of light from the manifold wicks of the lamp flicker into the outer dimness of the room. As the dinner is almost over, there remain on the table only bowls of fruit and dates, wine glasses and the many wine jugs and bottles, some of them empty. At one end of the table sit Dr. Drossos, as host, Miss Wollsten, Albrecht and the General. At the opposite end, as if drawn apart by their mutual youth, are Cathy, Thea and Oliver. On the stairs sits the man servant of Albrecht and his bagpipe under his arm. Out of this hairy apparatus he is coaxing folk melodies of his native hills. The woman servant, dressed in gay national costume, waits on the table.

MED. SHOT of Dr. Drossos and group at one end of the table. Dr. Drossos refills Miss Wollsten's glass and carries the bottle to his own glass with an unsteady hand.

DR. DROSSOS

(thickly)

When I was a young man, I prescribed moderation in all things. Especially wine.

Dr. Drossos fills his glass to the brim and then continues pouring, so that the bright liquid spills over onto the table. Miss Wollsten laughs softly and a little drunkenly and Albrecht takes the bottle out of the doctor's hand, setting it upright again. The General smiles and picks up his wine glass.

## GENERAL

When I was young a man was measured  
by the skins of wine he could  
empty.

Albrecht looks toward the other end of the table and lifts his glass.

NED. CLOSE SHOT of Cathy, Thea and Oliver. They are sitting with their heads close together, in intimate conversation. Cathy and Oliver are smiling gaily. Thea smiles, too, but rather puzzledly as if the conversation eluded her. Oliver is speaking in a very low tone, almost whispering. Plainly, the wine has had an effect

## OLIVER

(mockly melodramatic)  
And then--the Vrykolaka will get  
you, if you don't watch out...

Cathy, more animated than we have ever seen her between the wine and her growing interest in Oliver, starts to laugh.

## CATHY

Oh, no--it's too delicious!  
You're making it up!

## OLIVER

On my word! That's what they  
believe.

## THEA

(smiling but distressed)  
Please.. You shouldn't laugh--

## OLIVER

(teasing her)  
You see? Thea believes it, too!

Cathy turns to Thea. Where Oliver's teasing is good-tempered, her mocking laughter has an edge of malice to it.

## CATHY

Tell me about them, Thea. They have  
great wings and long teeth--

OLIVER  
 (embellishing)  
 Sharp, shiny teeth--and they  
 creep up to your bed--

CATHY  
 Closer and closer--until they  
 bite into your throat!

As she says it, Cathy's fingers dart out and touch Thea's throat. Thea gives a little muffled cry and throws herself back from Cathy. Cathy and Oliver both burst out laughing, leaning close together, sharing their childish joke.

CATHY  
 Oh, my poor simple Thea!  
 (to Oliver)  
 Did you ever see anything so  
 ludicrous?

Thea, frightened by the conversation and unhappy because Oliver and Cathy have been making fun of her, starts to get up from the table.

MED. SHOT of table, including both groups, with Oliver, Cathy and Thea in the background. As Thea stands up, Dr. Drossos leans forward, peering down the table towards her.

DR. DROSSOS  
 Thea! Come here!

The others turn to look at the girl as she obeys the summons.

DR. DROSSOS  
 Look at her. Warm, beautiful--  
 alive. Drink with me, Thea--  
 Drink to my old enemy, who wins at  
 last--

As Thea comes to stand beside him, Dr. Drossos picks up Albrecht's wine glass and hands it to her. Thea obediently drinks. In silence they watch her drain the glass, her head going back slowly. It is a beautiful, a pagan gesture.

## GENERAL

(almost to himself)

There is only one place where the  
women bewitch one with their  
beauty.

CLOSE SHOT of Thea as she starts singing. It's a primitive, sensuous song and Thea's whole body seems to respond.

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Oliver and Cathy, watching Thea. It is obvious that Oliver is bewitched; his eyes follow every move the girl makes. Cathy steals a glance at him.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Thea sings; she moves toward Oliver in a series of slow steps. As she comes closer to him, she starts to smile, a slow dreamlike smile that seems to well up from some deep inner joy. Oliver leans forward, drawn by the girl, until as she comes within reach he puts out his hand to take her arm. Her smile quivers into a little laugh, at once childish and enticing. She eludes him. At this moment, her song ends. While the others applaud, she crosses to the door. There, she stops abruptly.

CLOSEUP of Thea, looking across the room at Oliver. Her face, flushed and alive, is a frank invitation, almost innocent in its candid admission of desire. Then she slowly turns her head away.

CLOSE SHOT of Oliver as Thea slips out the door in the b.g. He gets to his feet. Cathy puts out her hand to hold him back but he doesn't even see it. As Oliver walks past the table unsteadily, the General gets to his feet and blocks his way. Oliver pushes him aside impatiently.

## OLIVER

Everything's dead in here, dead and  
empty.

(gesturing toward the  
door)

Out there; the night is alive.

He continues across and goes out through the door.

CATHY

(starting for the door;  
harshly)

Someone should go with him. He's  
has had too much to drink.

Suddenly Miss Wollsten laughs. Cathy whirls around to stare at her angrily. Miss Wollsten returns the stare.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I think Thea is steady enough for  
both. She has not had too much to  
drink.

The General looks at her with hatred and crosses back to his chair and sits down. Miss Wollsten, with a smile, turns and goes upstairs.

DR. DROSSOS

(almost incoherently)

Don't go. You are leaving me, you  
are all leaving me--

Albrecht, instantly concerned, gets up and bends over the dying man.

ALBRECHT

I'm here. The General is here. You  
are not alone.

DR. DROSSOS

(with a last spurt of  
strength)

I must meet him with laughter--  
with songs and laughter--to  
show him I am not afraid--

With the last words, Dr. Drossos catches up his wine glass, but, before he can lift it to his lips he begins to slump in his chair. The echo of his final challenge dies. The General steps quickly to his side.

ALBRECHT

He is dying.

Dr. Drossos doubles up in his chair and falls limply forward across the table. His hand relaxes and the wine glass falls,

the wine spilling out with the doctor's life.

GENERAL

(slowly)

When she stood beside him, I knew.  
I could feel death in the room.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. RUINS - DAY

MED. SHOT - Cathy, alone, paces the little terrace outside the house. It is evident that she is disturbed and agitated by something. After a moment, the sound of Thea's voice, singing, comes into the still morning air. Cathy stops, listening.

CLOSER SHOT of Cathy, her face hardening with angry jealousy as she listens to Thea's clear, sweet song. Oliver comes into the ruins. Cathy turns as Oliver comes toward her, smiling as he looks off in the direction of the singing.

CATHY

(emotionally)

Oliver--

Oliver's smile fades into concern as he comes up to take Cathy's hand in quick sympathy.

OLIVER

What is it, Cathy? What's the matter?

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Cathy and Oliver. The singing continues over this entire scene, sometimes louder, sometimes fainter, as if Thea were strolling about the island.

Cathy's expression is distraught and she clings to Oliver's hand.

CATHY

My father--I'm alone, Oliver,  
completely alone!

OLIVER  
 (tenderly)  
 Poor Cathy--

CATHY  
 (with rising hysteria)  
 Last night Dr. Drossos--today you  
 or I--oh, no, Oliver, it can't be  
 you, I couldn't stand it.

Cathy, clutching Oliver's hand tightly, leans toward him yearningly. Oliver, beginning to find her emotionalism awkward and a little distasteful, is deliberately matter-of-fact now.

OLIVER  
 There's no reason to decide  
 any of us are going to die.

CATHY  
 If only we could get away--you  
 and I. The others are strangers,  
 they mean nothing to me

Struck by this callousness, Oliver's face loses the last trace of sympathy for Cathy.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 (feverishly)  
 We have to get away, we have to  
 live. I have no one in the world--  
 you must stay with me, care for me--

Making an effort to control his instinctive aversion to her closeness, Oliver takes hold of her arms and pulls them away, at the same time stepping back from her. He smiles at her, trying to return their relationship to a normal footing.

OLIVER  
 We'll talk later, when you're  
 yourself again.

Cathy still stands motionless and Oliver walks away in the direction of Thea's singing, which now comes over the scene clearly. CAMERA REMAINS on Cathy, as she watches him go. Her face contorts and she starts weeping with rage and frustration. Abruptly, she turns and starts off.

EXT THE LANDING OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL - DAY

The General stands here, leaning on his sabre, looking toward the mainland from which comes the sound of cannonading. Behind him is a camp chair.

EXT. THE MAINLAND - DAY - (MATTE SHOT)

In the distance small puffs of smoke can be seen and the sound of canon fire comes from afar.

EXT. THE LANDING OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL - DAY

The General looks up at a little flag on a pole which has been erected nearby. It blows south, rippling and undulating in the brisk north wind. He turns to look back at the other shore. Cathy comes out of the tunnel. The General turns to her.

CATHY

(looking at the flag)

The wind has not changed.

He shakes his head. Cathy sinks down in the camp chair. Her face still drawn from her emotional upset looks frighteningly exhausted.

GENERAL

(compassionately)

Poor child. These must be horrible days for you.

CATHY

I'm so ill, I'm so exhausted--I almost don't care.

The General looks at her with heightened attention.

GENERAL

You look so pale this morning, as if all your blood were drained away.

Cathy looks at him, her ego gratefully absorbing this attention and sympathy. The General takes a few steps back and forth, then stops before her.

GENERAL  
Has that girl--has Thea ever told  
you where she comes from?

CATHY  
(not liking the change of  
subject)  
Some village in the mountains--  
Alethera, I think.

The General stands very still.

GENERAL  
Has she spoken to you of her father  
and her mother?

CATHY  
(indifferently)  
She has never mentioned her family.

GENERAL  
How old is she?

The General waits tensely for the answer, which means so much to him. Cathy, now definitely bored by the trend of the conversation, replies cattily:

CATHY  
(indifferently)  
I don't know--fairly young.

The General stands silent. Cathy gets up languidly and starts for the tunnel.

CATHY  
The sun is so strong here.

The General watches her depart, then walks to the edge of the landing and starts down towards the beach.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CYPRESS GROVE - DAY -

LONG SHOT - HIGH CAMERA SETUP. The sunlight drifts in long beams between the trees. At the end of one of these rays of

light, Thea is seated on a block of marble. In her lap are some myrtle leaves and she is happily occupied in weaving them into a crown.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Thea. Suddenly a tall shadow falls over her. She looks up.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The General stands before Thea. She looks up without a smile of greeting.

GENERAL

You have deceived me long enough.  
Now I have found out. You are from  
Alethera--from where I took you  
and from where you came to die--  
to die without dying--

Thea rises and faces him.

THEA

Why are you making up these things--  
why are you wishing evil on me?  
(as if answering her own  
question)  
You know who I am, don't you?

GENERAL

(slowly)  
I wish I didn't know. I wish I had  
never found you again.

THEA

I knew you hated me and my people--  
but I didn't know your hatred was  
so bitter--

The General's expression softens. He shakes his head sadly.

GENERAL

It isn't hatred. I couldn't hate  
you.

Thea looks at him wonderingly, struck by the change in his tone.

GENERAL

(somberly)

I failed you twenty years ago. Now,  
I've come to do what must be done.

Thea's face lights up. She says, almost hopefully:

THEA

To take me with you?

The General draws back from her in horror, believing as he does that she is a Vrykolaka. With his left hand he begins to reach inside his tunic.

GENERAL

(in a hoarse whisper)

No--no--to do what I should  
have done.

At this moment, a call comes from above.

OLIVER'S VOICE

Thea--

The General looks off towards the voice.

OLIVER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Thea--

THEA

(calling)

I'm here.

The General lets go her arm.

GENERAL

(in a low voice)

I watched you--you've bewitched  
him. But he is my friend.  
You'll not do to him what you have  
done to the young English girl.

Thea turns and runs. The General stands looking after her.

EXT. THE LOWER END OF THE PATH LEADING FROM THE HOUSE - DAY

Oliver comes leisurely down the path to the three or four

steps which brings it to the floor of the grove. He stops suddenly as Thea runs in very agitated. She runs up to him and he takes her in his arms.

OLIVER

Thea, what's wrong?

THEA

The General threatened me.

OLIVER

(grinning)

Oh, that Vrykolaka business. You mustn't be too angry with him, Thea. He's an old man and now with all this trouble--the disappointment in not being able to lead his own army to victory--cooped up here waiting for death - naturally his mind goes back to the things he believed when he was an ignorant lad in some mountain village.

THEA

He keeps asking for the name of my father and mother.

OLIVER

Well, tell, him.

THEA

I can't.

OLIVER

Why in the world can't you?

THEA

He hates all my race.

OLIVER

I knew that feuds still went on, but I didn't think people like you and the General would be involved.

THEA

It is more than a feud between two families. He stole my mother away from her people.

Oliver looks at her, holding her out at arm's length.

OLIVER

Thea, what is this? What are you trying to tell me? "He stole your mother"--

THEA

(nodding)

It is for that he hates me.

Oliver shakes his head.

OLIVER

(earnestly)

I don't think so, Thea. He has spoken of your mother. I don't believe he knows you are his daughter.

THEA

Then why does he persecute me? My family told me what kind of man he is, how he stole my mother and then abandoned her--

Oliver takes her hand.

OLIVER

(gently)

They didn't tell you the whole truth. Why do you think your mother went back to him after you were born?

Thea looks at him, uncertain, unconvinced.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Because she loved him.

(pauses)

I know him, Thea. Believe me, he is not a cruel man.

THEA

(slowly)

For a moment, when he looked at me so sadly, I felt that I had wronged him. But then--

She shudders, remembering her last sight of the General.'

OLIVER

Let me tell him. When he knows you are his child, he'll forget these insane notions--

THEA

(alarmed)

No--you musn't. He thinks I've bewitched you. He won't believe it --he'll hate me even more! My only chance is to stay away from him.

Oliver puts his arm around her in a protective gesture.

OLIVER

Perhaps you are right. He's not himself now. We'll wait--and in the meantime, don't be afraid I'll take care of you..

Thea gives him a faint, grateful smile and rests her head against his shoulder trustingly.

THE NARROW LEDGE IN FRONT OF THE CRYPTS - DAY

The General turns onto the ledge and begins walking. From the crypt comes the sound of someone moving about. He stops.

INT. THE CRYPT - DAY

A crude wooden coffin stands on two trestles in the center of the crypt. Beside it stands Miss Wollsten. Suddenly the body of the General blocking the doorway shuts off the light falling into the crypt. Miss Wollsten looks up startled.

TWO SHOT - The General and Miss Wollsten.

GENERAL

Woman, what are you doing here?

MISS WOLLSTEN

(rising to her feet and  
attempting to look more  
normal and a little  
strange and guilty)

I wanted to be sure of something,  
General--something that has  
always preyed on my mind. I have a  
horror of being buried alive and  
awakening to find myself shut in--  
entombed--imprisoned..

GENERAL

(pointing to the coffin)  
He sleeps quietly. He died with a  
wine glass in his hand--he died  
laughing--a brave man, Drossos,  
like his father before him.

MISS WOLLSTEN

Because he was a brave man -  
because I liked him--I came here  
to be sure.

GENERAL

He's dead enough. God rest his  
soul.

He starts to turn away.

MISS WOLLSTEN

General--

He turns back to her.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I'm a woman--a lonely woman. I  
have few friends.

GENERAL

(impatiently)  
Yes?

MISS WOLLSTEN

I have not had a happy life--but  
that one thing--that terror  
which brings me awake out of deep  
sleep--I want to avoid it.

GENERAL

I don't understand you.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I don't want to be buried alive. If  
I die I want to be sure--quite  
sure.

GENERAL

If you should fall sick we'll be  
careful. You need not worry.

MISS WOLLSTEN

No, I want more than that. I beg  
you General, make sure--drive a  
knife through my heart--anything.

GENERAL

(looking at her in sudden  
horror)

You ask that of me? You're afraid  
to live in your coffin. You know  
what that means?

MISS WOLLSTEN

(nods)

That's superstition. That's  
something out of old tales--about  
the dead who live--I'm talking of  
something else--cataleptic attacks  
--apparent death that is not real.

GENERAL

Never fear--when you are dead you  
will remain dead. I will see to it  
that you do not walk about again. I  
promise you that. There is another  
one here who cannot die. I will  
watch you both. Never fear.

He turns and walks away from her. Miss Wollsten looks after

him with a puzzled expression. She makes a half move as if to stop him for explanation then thinks better of it and lets him go.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Albrecht sits at the long table where he sorts his artifacts. Oliver sits on the table facing him.

THE CAMERA PANS FROM the scientist and Oliver to the woman servant who is setting the table and the man servant who is pouring charcoal into the brazier. As the charcoal covers the live coals that corner of the room grows dim and the CAMERA PANS TO the foot of the stairs.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thea stands in front of the mirror brushing her long hair. Suddenly, there is a small movement in the glass alongside her reflection. She stops brushing, poised in midair, peers into the glass, then whirls to look at the window.

THE WINDOW - NIGHT

A face hardly discernible and unrecognizable is disappearing from the glass.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She looks in puzzlement at the window, then with a little shrug, she lays down her brush and begins to pile up her hair and put on her head-dress. She finishes, bends swiftly to put out the oil light and goes out the door. The room is plunged into darkness, except for the lighted doorway of Miss Wollsten's room.

INT. THE CORRIDOR NIGHT

DOLLY SHOT The CAMERA MOVES BEFORE Thea as she comes down the dark hallway. The top button of her dress needs fastening and she is concentrating on it as she walks. Behind her a vague form seems to be emerging from the darkness. At the stair landing she pauses.

## THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

FULL CLOSE SHOT - Thea - as she pauses to finish adjusting the button. Behind her, the half-seen dimness of the figure that has followed her down the hall emerges fully in the person of the General. Just as he comes into clear perception, Thea finishes fastening the button of her dress and starts down the stairs, quite oblivious of his threatening proximity. He stops at the top of the stairs.

## INT. THE GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT~

The CAMERA IS SET UP IN a corner with a wide angle lens taking in both the door to the hall and the door to Miss Wollsten's room. The room is in darkness, but Miss Wollsten's room glows with a dim light. Miss Wollsten comes into the doorway of her room. In her hand is one of the little lychnoses. She hears a knock at the hall doorway. She hesitates a second, then puts out the lamp, plunging the room in darkness. At this instant, the door from the hall opens admitting light as well as the General. The General strikes a match and sets flame to the oil lamp which Thea left in the room. When the room is illuminated, Miss Wollsten has disappeared and only the black emptiness of her doorway can be seen. The General holds up the lamp and looks around. He walks into the room and CAMERA PANS WITH him as he crosses to the window.

## CATHY'S VOICE

General--

The General turns back towards the hall door, startled.

ANOTHER ANGLE - including both the General and Cathy, who stand in the open doorway to the hall.

## CATHY

What are you doing?

## GENERAL

I was looking for you.

The General walks over to her.

GENERAL

I have been troubled about you. I want you to know that my room is just downstairs--

(nodding toward hail)

You have only to cry out if you are ill--or frightened.

CATHY

(pleased)

How kind you are. It is so comforting to know that someone cares.

As she speaks, Cathy goes into the room and sits on the edge of her bed.

GENERAL

(kindly)

You no longer have your father--

(smiles almost affectionately)

And I have no children.

The General turns to leave the room, then looks back toward the other bed.

GENERAL

Miss Wollsten shares the room with you?

CATHY

No, that's Thea's bed. Miss Wollsten's bed is in there.

Cathy gestures toward the darkened doorway of Miss Wollsten's room. The General looks for a second longer at Thea's bed and then nods as he starts out.

CATHY

(smiling)

I'll see you at dinner.

As the General closes the door behind him, Cathy gets up and crosses to the dressing-table.

From behind her, out of the darkness of her own room, comes

Miss Wollsten.

MISS WOLLSTEN

I've always known what an evil mind lay behind that pretty weak face of yours--but this, Cathy--even I would never have believed it is of you.

CATHY

(genuinely bewildered)  
Would you care to explain what you're talking about?

MISS WOLLSTEN

You've been playing on the superstitions of that poor old man --working at him--turning him against Thea.

CATHY

(angrily)  
Really, this is idiotic!

MISS WOLLSTEN

You'd do anything to get Oliver away from Thea. But I'm going to stop you. I'm going to tell Mr. Davis exactly what you are.

Cathy's bewilderment has this time given way to rage, as the ancient antagonism between the two women flares up again.

CATHY

And what makes you think he'll believe you, when I tell him what you are--what part you played in my father's life--

Miss Wollsten shrinks back from her, appalled at the interpretation Cathy's tone gives to her love for St. Aubyn.

CATHY

When I tell him that you're unfit to live a normal life with normal people--a cataleptic!

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 (stricken)  
 You wouldn't tell that--

CATHY  
 Wouldn't I?

Now, Miss Wollsten's calm leaves her. She almost shrieks at the girl.

MISS WOLLSTEN  
 Then tell them! You're despicable,  
 a monster of vanity with heart for  
 no one but yourself. Tell them  
 everything--but I will tell them  
 too--and you'll lose, Cathy--  
 you understand--you'll lose!

She turns from Cathy, picks up the lamp and goes back to her own room. Cathy looks after her, her expression of rage fading to an irritated frown. Then, with a shrug, she picks up the lychnos and walks out of the room to the hall.

INT. MISS WOLLSTEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The bed is turned down and a white cotton nightgown hangs over the footboard. Miss Wollsten picks up a shawl and adjusts it with a frenzied movement about her shoulders. She starts to pick up the lamp, then suddenly stops; her face contorts, her lips writhe in strangulated agony and very slowly her knees buckle. She goes to her knees, to all fours, and then slides from this position to the floor.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver, Thea, the General and Albrecht are already seated at the table. Albrecht has a soup tureen before him and is ladling out bowls of soup which the woman servant takes to the various places. Cathy, coming across the room from the staircase, goes to her place.

ALBRECHT  
 It has been brisk and warm today.  
 Take comfort. We always have these  
 perfect days before the sirocco  
 blows.

Albrecht starts to ladle out another portion, looks toward the one empty seat and asks:

ALBRECHT  
Where is Miss Wollsten?

CATHY  
She's in her room.

THEA  
I'll get her--

Thea gets up and moves quickly across to the stairway.

OLIVER  
If Mr. Albrecht is right, we'll all  
be free in a few days.  
(to Cathy)  
I suppose you'll be going on to  
Athens?

CATHY  
(the usual)  
I don't know now without my  
father.

GENERAL  
You are right. You shouldn't be  
traveling alone.  
(to Oliver)  
Why don't you make the trip with  
her?

Cathy turns to Oliver, waiting hopefully for his answer.

OLIVER  
(politely disinterested)  
I'd like to, very much--but it  
depends on what dispatches are  
waiting for me on the mainland.

ALBRECHT  
(to Oliver)  
In case you do so, would you--

Albrecht's words are cut by terrible shriek from the upper floor. For a split second, they are sit motionless and then

they jump up and rush, to the staircase.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MED. SHOT on head of stairway as the group come up the stairs. The men, in the lead, cross towards the girls' room and Cathy hurries after them.

INT. MISS WOLLSTEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT of Thea bending over the body of Miss Wollsten.

Over the scene come the sound of a door opening, quick footsteps and ad lib voices. As Thea raises her head, the CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show the General in the doorway of the room, with Oliver, Albrecht and Cathy behind him. As the General stares into the room, Thea's hand goes up to her necklace. She rises quickly as the General comes forward and steps aside. The General drops to one knee beside Miss Wollsten's body.

Oliver goes over to Thea and Albrecht comes to stand beside the General.

GENERAL

She is dead.

Cathy, still standing in the doorway, gives a little gasp and draws back into her own room.

CLOSE SHOT. The General opens the high neck of Miss Wollsten's dress and examines the throat and upper bosom.

GENERAL

There are no marks.

He looks off toward Thea.

MED. SHOT. As Thea shrinks away from the General's look, Oliver puts a protective arm around her and leads her into the other room.

ALBRECHT

Help me put her on the bed.

The two men lift Miss Wollsten's body from the floor and carry it to the bed.

GENERAL

I want to make those tests that Dr.  
Drossos made.

(looking down at the  
corpse)

I promised her.

He looks around the room, then goes to the dresser and picks up a hand-mirror.

INT. THE GIRLS ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH the open doorway into Miss Wollsten's room. In immediate foreground Cathy and Thea sit on the bed, their backs to the CAMERA. Thea has her arm around Cathy. Leaning on one side of the doorway, so as not to obstruct the view, is Oliver. The General and Albrecht can be seen bending over Miss Wollsten's bed, but we cannot see what they are doing.

ALBRECHT'S VOICE

Her heart is stopped--there is no  
breath.

GENERAL'S VOICE

Nothing.  
(after a pause)  
There is a way to make sure--

Oliver moves into Miss Wollsten's room, at the same time saying sharply:

OLIVER

No. We can do without that.

INT. MISS WOLLSTEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - the three men.

ALBRECHT

Another sad task. We'll bury her  
tomorrow.

(gesturing to door)

I think we'd better lock the door  
for tonight. It will make them less  
uncomfortable.

GENERAL

(positively)

No.

(looking toward the door)

She shall not be left here.

ALBRECHT

Maybe you're right. Help me get something to carry her downstairs.

The figures of the three men go past the CAMERA. Their footsteps can be heard as they leave the room; the sound of the door closing as they shut it behind them.

The CAMERA which has remained focused on Miss Wollsten's face begins to slowly MOVE IN to an extreme CLOSEUP. Here it holds a moment and as it HOLDS there is a sudden twitch of muscles in the woman's cheek.

As the sound of the men's feet scuffling as they bring in a heavy burden is heard, the CAMERA begins to PULL BACK in order to reveal the General, Albrecht and Oliver carrying in a heavy packing box of the sort that the archaeologist uses to ship statues and pieces of heavy stone carving. They put the box on the floor, line it with a blanket and then lift Miss Wollsten and place her in the box. While the General and Oliver get the lid from the hall, Albrecht notices the white cotton nightgown on the foot of the bed and picks it up. They put the lid on the box and start to lift it.

DISSOLVE

THE CYPRESS GROVE - DAY

LONG SHOT. Thea is seated and she watches Oliver, Albrecht, the General and the man servant as they carry the heavy box down the path from the house. Behind the men and their burden walk Cathy, Thea and the woman servant.

THE LEDGE IN FRONT OF THE CRYPTS - DAY

The little procession comes up onto the ledge and starts walking along it to the nearest crypt, the one next to that occupied by the remains of Dr. Drossos.

## THE CRYPT - DAY

The men come in with the box and set it up on two stone supports. They group themselves around it and stand a moment with bowed heads.

ALBRECHT

Rest in peace.

They all file quietly out. THE CAMERA does not move from the position in which it has been set. It remains focused on the coffin for a long moment, then, slowly, it begins to DOLLY IN. When it has come very close to the coffin the sound of groaning can be heard from within the box, then a muffled cry, movement and the sound of fingernails scraping against the boards.

## THE LANDING - DAY

The General sits in his camp chair looking across at the mainland. Above his head the flag is streaming to the north and a south wind, blowing, ruffles the General's hair and clothing. The General pays no attention to the flag. Oliver, half running, comes out of the tunnel.

OLIVER

(excitedly)

General! The wind--look the wind  
has changed to the South.

The General glances up at the flag indifferently and then turns again to watch the mainland.

OLIVER

It's the sirocco--we'll be able  
to get away from here--you can  
take command of your army

The General shakes his head.

GENERAL

I have had command for the last  
time--

OLIVER

Come--you'll feel yourself again  
(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

as soon as we get off this dismal island.

GENERAL

(starting to rise)

I shall not leave the island--

As he gets to his feet, he staggers. Oliver catches him and looks at him in horrified alarm. Slowly the General nods, answering the unspoken question. He has the plague. Oliver takes his arm, passes it over his own shoulder and begins to help him toward the tunnel.

TNT. CRYPT - DAY

The coffin is still sealed. But from within comes a muffled crying, the sound of fists beating on the boards, the slithering scrape of nails.

INT. COFFIN - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - Miss Wollsten's face and shoulders. She has managed to free her arms from the heavy blanket. With her arms lifted above her head she is frantically pushing against the coffin lid. As she struggles she screams and her screams echo and reverberate in the narrow confines of the coffin.

Exhausted by her futile efforts, Miss Wollsten stops struggling, lies still, breathing deeply, her heavy breathing echoing.

Then she tries to turn in the coffin. It is too narrow. Again she beats on the lid. Then she tries to dig her way out with her nails. The scrape of her nails on the dull and echoing wood is the only sound. Finally, even this is too much for her fading strength. She lies quiet, softly moaning.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Oliver and the General come up the stairs. With Oliver supporting the sick man, they start down the corridor just as Cathy comes out from her room. She watches the two men go down the corridor. She follows them. When they turn into the General's room, she stands waiting in the corridor. A moment later, Oliver comes out.

OLIVER  
 (as he passes Cathy)  
 I'm going to get Albrecht. Watch  
 the General for me.

Cathy nods and goes on into the General's room.

INT. THE GENERAL'S ROOM - DAY

Fully clothed, the General lies on his bed. Cathy comes in  
 and stands beside him. The General looks up at her.

GENERAL  
 The wind has changed. There's no  
 more danger for the army. You can  
 go.

Cathy looks toward the window.

CATHY  
 (looking toward the  
 window)  
 It's getting dark. I can't leave  
 now.

GENERAL  
 (weakly)  
 In the morning--go. I'll not die  
 until then--I'll not die--I'll  
 watch--they shall not hurt you.

CATHY  
 (comfortingly)  
 Shh--it's all right--'ll be  
 all right.

GENERAL  
 They shall not hurt you

DISSOLVE

THE LEDGE OUTSIDE THE CRYPT - NIGHT

MED. LONG SHOT~ the mouth of the crypt is solid black in the  
 night. From it comes a low mutter of sound.

INT. THE CRYPT - NIGHT

The coffin is silhouetted against the lighter darkness of the night outside the crypt. Here the muttering, moaning and whining of the entombed woman sounds louder.

INT. THE COFFIN

Miss Wollsten is almost exhausted by her struggles. Her single garment is torn from her exertions; her face is scratched and bleeding. She lifts her hands again to tear at the wooden ceiling of her prison.

INSERT - MISS WOLLSTEN'S HANDS. The nails are ragged and broken; blood streams from under them.

CLOSE SHOT - Miss Wollsten. She ceases to struggle; lies quietly, her eyes open. There is an expression of awareness in her face, almost as if she were listening to something. Very faintly, but growing in volume, reverberated by the narrow confines can be heard a rhythmic tapping. The sound gets louder and louder.

CLOSE SHOT of the crypt wall. Water is dripping down onto the coffin. It drops with a certain, finite measure like the word "vrykolaka", quickly and rhythmically.

Several times Miss Wollsten's lips move as if repeating the words. Then another word begins to come in from underneath the phrases of the General. At first it is so low in volume then it is barely perceptible, then it grows in volume.

GENERAL'S VOICE

Vrykolaka--Vrykolaka--

SHOT of the crypt wall. The water continues to drip onto the coffin in the same rhythm as the word~

INT. THE COFFIN - EIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - Miss Wollsten's face. She is listening to the drumming of the water on the coffin. The word "Vrykolaka" repeated over and over again to the same rhythm grows louder and more insistent. She breathes rapidly. She turns her head from side to side, then finally her whole body tenses, her mouth opens and she screams.

MISS WOLLSTEN  
(screaming)  
Vrykolaka!

With the word a convulsive movement, a frenzy of strength takes possession of her. She arches her back and forces her whole body against the lid of the coffin. It begins to splinter.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Albrecht is seated at his work bench. He has a small square of emery paper in his hand and is meticulously attempting to remove the dirt and corrosion of the ages from Poseidon's bronze trident. Oliver is watching him.

OLIVER  
It doesn't look much like the fish  
spears I knew back in Marblehead.

ALBRECHT  
(holding it up between him  
and the light)  
Our friend, Poseidon, didn't use it  
for fishing. He raked the sea with  
it and stirred up the big waves.

OLIVER  
(getting up)  
I'll go up and take a look at the  
General--perhaps sit with him.

ALBRECHT  
He won't even know you're there. He  
is delirious.

OLIVER  
All the more reason to watch him.  
He's had some wild notions lately.

ALBRECHT  
Don't bother. Go to bed and get  
some sleep. I'll be working late.  
(pointing upstairs)  
I can hear any movement down here.

OLIVER  
 (hesitating)  
 Well--

ALBRECHT  
 Go ahead. I'll wake you up when I  
 go to bed. Then you can watch him.

OLIVER  
 Thank you, I'll do that. Good  
 night.

Oliver walks to the stairs.

INT. THE CRYPT - NIGHT

Miss Wollsten is emerging from the shattered coffin. There is a wild and maniacal gleam in her eyes. The remnants of the white blanket still cling about her shoulders. Her white nightgown is in voluminous tatters about her bony body. She starts out from the crypt.

INT. THE GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

An oil lamp is burning on the dresser and a lighted lychnos stands on a little table beside Cathy's bed. Cathy is in bed, propped up against the pillows. Her face is drawn, her eyes unhappy and almost haunted. Thea sits on the foot of Cathy's bed, watching her anxiously.

THEA  
 You should sleep, Cathy. Lie down  
 and close your eyes. Try to forget  
 everything.

CATHY  
 (shaking her head)  
 When I close my eyes, I see Miss  
 Wollsten. I can't think of anything  
 else.

THEA  
 (gently)  
 She is dead--at peace.

With a movement so sudden that it startles Thea, Cathy sits upright.

CATHY  
 (feverishly)  
 Suppose, she isn't dead.  
 Suppose it was a cataleptic  
 attack?

THEA  
 It was, the plague

CATHY  
 (interrupting)  
 We quarreled. She never dared  
 get angry or frightened--but I  
 said things to her--it was an  
 attack, I know it was.

Half convinced by Cathy's certainty, Thea gets up from the bed.

THEA  
 Then let us go to her, Cathy.  
 We'll make sure--and your  
 mind will be at rest.

Cathy shrinks back against the pillows, her eyes widening in terror.

CATHY  
 (whispering)  
 Oh, no--I couldn't Thea.  
 I couldn't go into the crypt. I'm  
 afraid, you know I'm afraid.

For a moment, Thea stands looking at Cathy in silence. Then, with an air of decision she crosses to the dresser. She picks up a shawl, then puts out the oil lamp. The room fills with shadows and only the dim glow of the lychnos illuminates the scene.

CATHY  
 (half fearfully half  
 hopefully)  
 What are you going to do?

Thea goes to the door and there turns back to face Cathy.

THEA

I'll be back soon. Don't  
worry anymore, Cathy.

Thea goes out, quietly closing the door behind her. Cathy  
stares after her.

INT. THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A candle burns beside the bed. In the bed the General lies  
restlessly tossing, muttering in delirium.

INT. THE GIRLS' ROOM NIGHT

The lychnos is burning dimly on a little table beside Cathy's  
bed. She lies awake, her eyes wide open, watching the shadows  
across the ceiling. She hears Oliver's footsteps, listens,  
identifies them, then resumes looking at the shadows.

EXT. THE CONVERGENCE OF THE PATHS LEADING TO THE GROVE AND  
THE CRYPTS - NIGHT

Thea descends the steps to the two paths and starts to take  
the right-hand turn. She stops as she sees something ahead of  
her and peers out into the darkness. There is a low moaning  
sound. It stops. She takes two steps forward. The moaning  
sounds again. Thea is frightened. She stops a moment and then  
decides to take the left-hand path to the cypress grove and  
the beach. She has hardly disappeared from view into the  
darkness of the left-hand path, when Miss Wollsten comes  
along the path from the crypts. She wanders in a dazed  
condition and there is madness in her eyes. She seems puzzled  
as to which way she should go.

EXT. THE CYPRESS GROVE - NIGHT

Thea walks through the cypress grove under the dark trees.  
She is nervous and stops several times. Even the sudden trill  
of a nightingale causes her to catch her breath in surprise  
and stand stock still until she has identified the sound,  
smile at her own nervousness and pass on. All the little  
night sounds of the wood are exaggerated and nerve shattering  
to her oversensitive ears. Finally, she reaches the little  
beach at the end of the cliffs and stands here safe; the  
space around her a guarantee against surprise.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Albrecht is nodding over his work bench. He almost falls asleep, but catches himself and takes a draught of beer from the glass beside him. He then goes on polishing the trident.

EXT. THE STEPS LEADING TO THE LANDING - NIGHT

Thea, listening and alert, starts to climb the steps. A sudden break of surf on the shingle of the beach makes her tense. She goes on up the steps to the landing.

EXT.. THE LANDING - NIGHT

Thea comes up. The dark tunnel faces her. In the center through the broken roofing a shaft of moonlight cuts in. She stands hesitantly before the opening, then almost as if taking her courage into her hands, she begins to walk slowly, shuffling one foot after the other.

INT. THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Thea comes through the darkness.

MED. FULL SHOT - the patch of moonlight in the tunnel. Thea comes into the patch of moonlight and breathes a little more easily. She starts to take a firmer step. Ahead of her in the darkness is a tiny unidentified noise. She freezes.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She listens. Again there is the tiny unidentifiable noise; someone moving.

THEA  
(softly)  
Who is there?

She waits for an answer. The echo of her voice is flung back at her, "Who is there--Who is there" and dies away on the word 'Who--Who.'

MED. FULL SHOT - Thea in the tunnel. Ahead of her in the darkness is the movement of something white.

THEA  
Is that you, Oliver?

The echoes ring around her with her own words. They die away.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She peers into the darkness.

INT THE TUNNEL AHEAD OF THEA - NIGHT

A dimly seen figure has advanced a few steps. Thea can see it is a woman.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THEA.

THEA

Cathy?

FULL SHOT - Thea and the dim figure ahead of her. From the darkness comes a, ringing peal of maniacal laughter and a shouted name.

MISS WOLLSTEN

Cathy!

Thea turns and runs back toward the landing. Miss Wollsten's dimly seen figure disappears in the other direction.

THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Miss Wollsten comes running madly out of the mouth of the tunnel. She stops, peers around suspiciously, then goes to the door of the house and opens it softly.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The fire is low in the brazier. At his work bench Albrecht has tipped his chair back against the wall and is sleeping. Before him on the bench lies the bronze trident, its sharp burnished points catching the fire light. Miss Wollsten creeps in, closes the door softly behind her and on tiptoe, with the cunning of madness, crosses the room to Albrecht. She looks at him. He continues to sleep. Stealthily she reaches between his limp hands and takes up the trident.

With the trident in her hand she begins to cross the main room toward the stairs.

INT. THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is fitfully tossing.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Thea still very frightened, crouches against the stone which supports Cerberus. She listens and there is no sound and finally taking courage, she begins to walk through the grove of cypress trees to the house.

INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cathy lies still, wide awake, her eyes on the shadows on the ceiling. Suddenly the door opens--quietly and closes again. Cathy half turns her head.

CATHY

Thea?

There is a rush in the darkness a stifled exclamation of fear, a quick blow with the trident and Cathy falls back on her pillow dead, blood streaming from two puncture marks on her throat. Miss Wollsten straightens, gazes about her for a moment, then disappears into the shadows of the room.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Thea comes in, closes the door softly behind her, smiles as she sees Albrecht asleep, crosses to him and shakes him awake.

ALBRECHT

Oh--sleeping--Oliver  
wouldn't like that.

(he listens)

Well, everything seems to be  
all right.

THEA

Goodnight.

She starts across the room and up the stairs. Albrecht, realizing his hands are empty, begins looking for the trident.

INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is so still that Miss Wollsten's movements around the wall in the darkness can be heard. Thea opens the door and comes in. She looks over at Cathy's bed. Cathy seems to be asleep.

Without bothering to turn up the oil light, Thea turns back the covers of her bed and begins to undress. Several times she pauses to listen as if she had heard a slight sound, then continues to take off another piece of clothing until she is down to her shift. As she begins to pull down the shoulder straps of her shift a little louder noise in the darkness causes her to stop. There is no repetition of the sound. Again she starts to slip down her shoulder straps.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Albrecht is still looking for his trident. He finally gives up and takes a drink of beer.

INT. THE GENERAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

The General is tossing wildly. He is awake and his eyes are glazed with fever. He gets up. He is dressed in his uniform trousers and a shirt. He wears neither boots nor tunic. He begins to stagger toward the door.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The General comes out of his room, supporting himself with one hand against the wall. He moves blindly into the corridor. Several times he passes his hand before his eyes as if trying to clear his vision, but the blindness of the plague is upon him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CLOSER SHOT - He comes up the stairs. He finds the door to the girls' room by touch and opens it. He has to support himself on the door jamb to prevent collapse. He shuffles in.

INT. THE GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

The General blindly gropes his way in.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She looks over in horror from the bed where she is now lying.

MED. FULL SHOT - The General as he gropes his way across to Cathy's bed. He kneels down beside it.

CLOSE SHOT - The General and Cathy. He gropes over her face with his hand. One hand touches the wound at her throat. He

touches the blood stained hand against the fingers of the other hand to test the wetness, then gropes again for the wound.

CLOSE SHOT - The General and Cathy. He touches the two puncture marks.

GENERAL  
(muttering)  
Vrykolaka.

His hand goes down to feel Cathy's heartbeat. There is none. The General straightens up and from his belt takes the small, sharp stick of hazel-wood. He turns and begins blindly staggering toward the other bed with outstretched hands. His unseeing footsteps take him out of the periphery of the light into the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea. She lies still, holding her breath, trying desperately not to move, not to make a sound, not to attract the General's attention and, give direction to his murderous footsteps. She looks up at the shadows on the ceiling. The lychnos casts weird moving shadows.

CLOSE SHOT--The General, as he gropes his way.

CLOSE SHOT - Thea, straining to see into the shadows beyond her bed. Suddenly, her face becomes completely terrorized. Out of the darkness beyond the bed materialises the general's hand holding the hazel-wood stick, as it comes into the periphery of the light from to lychnos.

CLOSEUP - Thea's face. She can no longer control herself. She screams.

MED. FULL SHOT - The General comes out of the darkness, throws himself blindly, toward Thea.

ANOTHER ANGLE - silently, swiftly, Miss Wollsten comes out of the darkness, the trident gleaming in her hand. She strikes down. The General's hands fall limp and harmless. The hazel stick falls to the floor as the General collapses over the bed.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Oliver, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, startled by Thea's

scream, comes out into the corridor.

Suddenly he becomes completely alert as from the girls' room, Miss Wollsten emerges. Oliver looks at her with shocked horror and then rushes towards the girls' room.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Miss Wollsten comes rushing down the stairs. Albrecht looks at her in amazement. His glass of beer falls to the floor. She dashes through the door into the darkness.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Albrecht comes out and peers off into the moonlight. Evidently he sees the direction of Miss Wollsten's flight. Picking up a lantern, he runs after her.

INT. THE GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The General lies on Thea's bed. Thea, now in her robe, and Oliver bent over him. The General opens his eyes. He seems dazed, but his face is calm in contrast to his former appearance. He turns his head slightly in Thea's direction.

GENERAL  
(in a whisper)  
Theodosia--

OLIVER  
(with great sympathy)  
Not Theodosia. Theodosia's  
daughter--your daughter.

The General looks from one to the other uncomprehendingly.

GENERAL  
Daughter--my daughter--

OLIVER  
She was born before your wife  
returned here to die. You never  
knew.

An expression of full realization comes into the General's face. He attempts to smile at Thea and makes an effort to

move his hand toward her. Thea understands the gesture and puts her hand over his warmly. 'The touch of her hand induces a state of euphoria in the General. He looks at Thea gratefully, peacefully.

EXT. THE TEMPLE OF HADES - NIGHT

Fog is rising from the sea so that although the temple is still clear, the cliff ends abruptly in a curtain of grey and watery vapor. Miss Wollsten, the trident held before her, comes running into the temple. She pauses, looks forward into the grey wall before her. Behind her she can hear Albrecht's footsteps. She throws down the trident, it rings on the marble pavement of the temple. Then, almost with composure, she walks slowly forward and suddenly disappears into the grey fog. From the fog comes a long, descending scream. A moment later, Albrecht appears with the lantern and stands looking off. Glancing down, Albrecht sees the trident gleaming in the light. He picks it up, examines it--

ALBRECHT

(softly to himself)

With Poseidon's trident she paid her way to Hades. He let her pass through the portals into his dark realm.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE FLAG AT THE LANDING - DAY

The wind blows free from the South.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

It is early morning and the cliffs cast long shadows over the rippling catpaws on the water. A small boat is drawn up on the beach. Albrecht's man servant stands in the stern, leaning on a sculling oar that he presses against the bottom to hold the boat steady. Thea, with her bundle of possessions beside her, sits on the thwart. Oliver stands on the beach, holding the bow, and talking to Albrecht.

OLIVER

(pressing Albrecht's hand)

Goodbye.

ALBRECHT

May life be good to you both. As  
for the others--they will be  
quiet here--and I will be with  
them.

Albrecht smiles at Thea and Oliver. Oliver steps into the  
bow.. The servant shoves the boat off from the beach.

FADE OUT

THE END