

NOSFERATU

Preface

The subject of this film will be a new version of the silent film "NOSFERATU - A Symphony of Horror" by F.W. Murnau, of the year 1922.

With that film the genre of the vampire film was founded. The planned film will observe the rules of the genre, in other words: the costumes and decoration have to be of pre-industrial times, and Transsylvania has to be a landscape that tends to be more mythical than geographically exact.

Dracula's castle has been chosen in the CSSR, it is the castle Pernstein. The scenes in the Carpathians will be shot in the High Tatra, and Delft in Holland is planned for Wismar.

The film will be shot in German (direct sound), and besides, all essential dialogue (close-ups and semi-close-ups) will be repeated in English.

There is one peculiar point in the casting, since the part of Renfield will be played by a woman - Valeska Gert.

Exact directions as to camera movements have been consciously omitted in this scenario.

The film will be shot in colour, 35mm, gauge 1: 1,85

Dramatis personae

Count Dracula, the Nosferatu

Lucy, Harker's wife

Jonathan Harker

Renfield

Schrader

Mina, his wife

Van Helsing, Doctor

Innkeeper, Innkeeper's wife

Captain of the "Demeter"

First Officer

Gipsy Boy

Coachmen, servants, dock labourers, wardens
of the lunatic asylum, congressmen, customs officers, harbour-
master, sailors, citizens, nuns, peasants and others

That is Lucy's little cat. More about it later. We will recognize it at its black muzzle and ~~itsxxpeculiarxxpatternxx~~ the peculiar dotty pattern of its fur. The cat is nosey and plays with a small pendant, hanging at the cross-bars of the window. We recognize Lucy's portrait on the pendant.

This image is the background for the titles.

Apartment, total view. At first glance we notice the bourgeois solidity of the furniture. This little universe ~~rests~~ rests in Biedermeier-style order. Embroidered little covers underneath the flower-pots, sturdy furniture, gold-rimmed china.

Jonathan ~~wrapshimselfwithhisfrockcoat~~ slips over his frock coat, still chewing, and takes the pendant from the window. The kitten follows his movement with a ~~little~~ playful stroke of its paw, when he is trying to tuck it away carefully in his pocket.

some time.

Jonathan: She will be a real little devil, ~~once~~.

On his way out Jonathan quickly takes another sip of coffee. Lucy approaches him and holds him fast, gently.

Lucy: Jonathan, but you know that this isn't good for you. To eat your breakfast always in such a hurry. It worries me. You will get your heart-burn again.

Jonathan wraps her ~~inxxhisxxarmsxx~~ firmly in his arms and looks at her.

Jonathan: Yes, that is my complaint. I will pray to God that I shall die of it, when I am an old man.

They kiss and take leave. There is no haste, it takes long.

2. Wismar, street in front of Harker's house, day.

Jonathan Harker comes out of his door and steps onto the Pavement. A beautiful morning in early summer. Pigeons flurry up. Lucy waves at him from the door, staying there for a long long time, wrapped up in her thoughts, and she is ~~looking~~ following him with her eyes. Jonathan directs his hurried steps to a small canal, crosses a bridge and disappears from our view.

On the bridge a man dressed in black is standing motionless, looking into the waters without moving. Like thoughts, still and profound, ^{floating} leaves rock themselves in the water.

3. Wismar, office Renfield, inside, day.

A strange office, more ^{of} a dusty archive, in the ^{middle} ~~center~~ of which ~~is~~ Renfield and his records, which have never been read, have grown into a bizarre unity, over the decades. The stacks are brimming over. It is like a pause in the vomiting of paper. Renfield, a small, elderly man, whose point of gravity seems to change, is crouching on a chair, which is far too high for him. There is diabolical pleasure on his face. With knowing expression ~~on his face~~ he reads a message spread out before him.

We are looking at this letter in close-up. It is strewn over with alchimistic formulas and hieroglyphs, but apparently Renfield understands the secret message.

Harker comes hurrying into the door, hangs his frock-coat on the hook, and is about to sit down at his working-desk. Another employee ~~is~~ sits there, stooping, crippling patiently there, within ~~thousands~~ decades. Renfield has been waiting for Harker.

Renfield: Ah, Harker, come here. I have a task ~~for you~~, which I can only entrust to you.

Jonathan steps up to him, full of anticipation.

Renfield: Count Dracula sent me a letter from Transsylvania. He wants to aquire a house in our ^{it} town. Of course, ~~that~~ ^{it} is a long way....

Jomathan: Transsylvania?

Renfield: It will take a long time and will cost you many drops of sweat, and perhaps also ...

Renfield's body ~~is~~ cramps up in the thought, and he can barely hide his insane joy.

Renfield: ... a little bit of.... blood!

Jonathan impulsively takes Renfield's hand; his pleasure has outgrown a strange sensation, which, momentarily surged up in him.

Jonathan: I am ready!

Renfield slips from his chair and hurries to a stack in a limping jump. There he fetches an old atlas, which is so high up that he has to jump twice to get it. When he throws the atlas on the table, dust whirls up. Renfield opens the folio and leaves through it in a feverish haste. When he finds Transsylvania he is in ecstasy.

Renfield: Transsylvania... there! There it is, Transsylvania! ~~Behind the forests~~ Beyond the forests. A gloomy country, how thrilling! There a wolves there, still.

Jonathan: And if it were hell itself, I am not afraid.

Renfield: Count Dracula wishes for a pretty, old, abandoned house. Look, I thought, down there in the street very close to your place....

Renfield has stepped up to the window. We follow his glance and catch sight of a gloomy, half delapidated house with dead, hollow windows. It is an uncanny building. Jonathan can hardly believe.

Jonathan: That, there?

Renfield: Yes, just there. We will offer it to him. You will depart, today!

Jonathan is genuinely surprised now, but he lets himself be seduced by Renfield's thirst of action.

Jonathan: This very day?

Renfield: Here are all the necessary documents.

Jonathan: Yes, today, now, ~~immediately~~ immediately, at once.

4. Wismar, apartment Harker, inside, day

Lucy ~~like~~, as on old photo's, sits by the window, working at an embroidery. Her kitten pertly plays with a ball of wool at her feet. Jonathan comes storming in, full of fervid activity, he doesn't even greet her.

Journey

Jonathan: Lucy, I am going away on a long ~~voyage~~, today.

He embraces her, as this takes her utterly by surprise.

Lucy: This very day?

Jonathan: Yes, to Transsylvania, a country, where there are still real wolves left and real ghosts.

Lucy is invaded by bad forebodings, and fright slowly sneaks in on her. Her face changes.

Lucy: Jonathan, do not go. I have a presentiment...

Jonathan: Rubbish!

Lucy: You will be in danger, don't go.

But Jonathan cannot be dissuaded ~~from~~ by such a vague objection, he who is filled with pleasurable excitement. When Lucy wants to hold him fast, he softly frees himself and begins at once to open up drawers. He packs his bundle. Jonathan darts to and fro in the apartment.

Lucy, near. She looks at this activity, helplessly. Her matrimonial obedience forbids her to stop Jonathan.

Lucy: I am only the low, anxious Amen at the end of a prayer...

Jonathan didn't hear her in his haste.

He just crams two shirts into his long travel-bag.

Jonathan: Wolves and robbers and ghosts! Ha!

Lucy tears herself out of her fright, the right of love is on her side.

Lucy: You must not leave like that, I cannot permit it.

I want to go with you to the seaside, where ^{we} used to meet
and ~~where we liked it best~~ *enjoy ourselves*.

Jonathan: Lucy... I don't ~~know~~ know, sometimes I am blind.

5. Beach near Wismar, day

A vast, quiet beach. Behind it, dunes. Wind tears at the grass-tufts. The sea is grey, rolling evenly against the shore in big waves. Above, a huge sky with white sea-gulls.

Lucy and Jonathan walk quietly and small in this great nature. They talk, but we do not hear them. The two are holding each other gently.

The two, closely. The sea wind brushes through their hair, they take no heed.

Lucy: I shall be here often, as often as I can. I shall look over the sea, and my blessings will ~~xx~~ surround you like a solid wall.

Jonathan: And I shall look up ~~at~~ the sky at night and search our star. Perhaps ... far-away worlds regard us from there.

Lucy: I imagine that far away there are beings in space ^{who think} ~~that~~ ~~we~~ we are up above. ..

They walk on. Lucy stops short and looks at Jonathan, darkly.

Lucy: Jonathan, I have to say it, even if you think that it comes from the feeble, unprotected heart of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ your wife.

Jonathan: Yes?...

Lucy: It comes from the force of my heart... an inward... nameless.. ~~death~~ ^{dear} ~~heart~~ ^{dear} fear.

6. Wismar, Schrader's house, outside, day

Jonathan is ready to leave. In front of the house of his brother-in-law, Schrader, Lucy, Mina, and her husband Schrader have gathered. Mina is a little older than ~~Lucy~~ Jonathan; she is a calm, self-contained woman, pretty to look at, in secure bourgeois situation.

Lucy is collected. Her eyes are wide-open like ponds. Jonathan kisses his sister, then he takes hold of both of his brother-in-law's hands.

Jonathan: I leave Lucy to your care. I trust to you the most ~~xxxx~~ precious thing I have.

He turns to Mina, who is holding Lucy protectively by the shoulder.

Jonathan: Mina, my sister...

Lucy frees herself and throws herself at Jonathan's neck.

Lucy: I can see it clearer now. I see a shadow... Huge and gigantic and gripping. I have dire forebodings.

Close. Jonathan is shocked in spite of himself, but he overcomes his emotion with a jerk and takes on a manly ~~attitude~~. ~~(posture?)~~ He kisses Lucy and rids himself.

Total view. In front of the house there are two ample chestnut ~~x~~ trees, heavy with blossoms. In the shade there stands a saddled horse, held by a domestic. Jonathan's travel bag is fastened behind the saddle; furthermore, two leather saddle-bags. The horse scrabbles restlessly. Jonathan is wearing a wide cloak, which he has thrown over his shoulder loosely, and a big floppy hat. He steps out of his family group, which is standing like a tableau.

When he wants to mount his horse, Lucy tears herself off in sudden desperation and throws herself at his neck, as if she wanted to retain him. Jonathan kisses ^{her} once more, a long time, but then he frees himself gently and firmly.

Jonathan: Fare well... I will ~~rich~~ write.

Mina hurries up to support the almost fainting Lucy. Jonathan spurs his horse. ~~Riding~~~~Riding~~ Riding away he turns again and salutes with his arm. We notice that it is really hard on him, now to stick to his decision, and that he has to make an effort to appear manly.

He spurs his horse so that it starts to canter. The hooves make a hollow sound on the pavement. Swallows are flying low, crying. Sparks fly from the hooves. Across an idyllic canal bridge Jonathan disappears from our view.

Luca, Mina, and Schrader are staying behind. The family sticks together; they remain like this, for a long time.

7. Carpathians, day

Slowly the picture fades in. We recognize a dusty path in wild woodland mountains. Heavy, clouds portending a summerly thunderstorm threaten above the mountain tops. In the foreground a naked giant tree, which has been hit by lightning. Behind it some bald bleached trees on the ground, preys of the storm.

On the path a tired horse comes pacing. with a tired rider, covered in dust. In the distance we recognize Jonathan ~~at~~ from his ~~cloak~~ cloak and hat. He lets the horse set his own pace. A brook crosses the path. The horse stops and drinks. Jonathan slides off the saddle, shakes the dust from his coat, kneels down beside the horse and drinks without formality, himself a thirsty animal. He fills his water-bottle and rides off as tired as he has come.

8. Vast sand beach, near Wismar, day

The sea rolls and rolls up. The waves are rolling up the beach ~~reaching far~~ lapping out far. There ~~stands Lucy in the wind~~ is Lucy standing in the wind like the Monk at the Sea, looking into the distance. She remains in the same posture for a long time, motionless.

From the background Schrader and Mina come walking up. The picture fades out.

9. Carpathians, country inn towards ~~evening~~ evening

It is quiet, evening-like. In a long valley a calm country inn is situated. Dried corn-cobs in bundles ^{on} at the wall. A coach drawn by four horses approaches and stops. The coachman has wrapped himself up completely in a ~~blanket~~ rug and frees himself from it now. Behind, tied to the ~~vehicle~~ vehicle, we recognize Jonathan's horse, completely unsaddled.

From the inn the grey-haired, aproned Innkeeper ~~comes~~ hurries up, officiously opening the coach door. Two men in peasant dresses and a farmer's wife get off. Behind them Harker climbs out in the open and stretches, first of all. The innkeeper, who has recognized the foreign, distinguished visitor at once, bows down deeply, thrice, and retires, going backwards. He helps the coachman to untie Jonathan's horse. When it is lead to the stables, we notice that its left hind-leg is lame.

Jonathan's saddle and luggage is unloaded with momentum.

10. Country Inn, inside, evening mood

A ~~sooty~~^{grimy} bar, peasant style with heavy tables and benches. It is evening, on the tables candles have been lit. On the walls garlands of garlic, hung up to dry. Pottery mugs, strong wine, honest bread and honest bacon. About a dozen country people in their peasants' dresses. ^{At} a table a farmer's wife holds a basket in front of her, out of which a goose's neck is sticking. The goose tries to reach the bread-crumbs on the table. ~~Quiet~~ Quiet repast, quiet conversation.

Jonathan is sitting alone at a table, which ~~is~~ is the only one covered with a ~~white~~ clean linnen cloth. The wine has been placed before him. Jonathan empties a mugful with one draught, comfortably wipes his mouth, puts his fist on the table and calls out.

Jonathan: ~~Host~~ Host! The supper! I have to set off again tonight, to Count Dracula's castle.

With a sudden jerk everything ~~suddenly~~ comes to a standstill, as in death. The silence is interrupted by a clash. Jonathan turns. A maid in fright has dropped her plates. She stops short and claps her hand to her mouth.

One peasant stays with his bite that gets stuck in his throat. The farmer's wife with the goose in her basket makes the sign of the cross, even the goose is quiet and looks around.

Jonathan notices that he has said something wrong, but he doesn't understand what. He looks around, irritated. His glance is met by incredulous fear.

The innkeeper pulls himself together first. He comes up to Jonathan's table.

Innkeeper: Do you really have to go there, young Sir?

Jonathan: Yes, why?

Innkeeper: Don't you know that at midnight all ~~evil~~ evil spirits are set loose? There are wolves with ~~the~~ burning eyes and people disappear without leaving a trace.

Jonathan: Rubbish, it's all superstition!

Innkeeper: You won't find a coach, either, which would ~~bring~~ take you there, tonight. The horses need their rest, and we have to take care of your own horse for several days.

The innkeeper's wife, a goodhumored, ~~kindly~~ woman in dead-fright, approaches Jonathan and hangs a rosary with a cross around his neck. He wants to take this superstitious thing away ~~from his neck~~, but when he sees that the hostess wipes off some tears in her eyes with the end of her apron, he is nevertheless impressed, and he stops.

Hostess: The young gentleman should keep it and never take it off, it would protect him. God protect you.

Jonathan: Alright... I shall stay the night.

The people in the room draw a deep breath. They begin to whisper.

11. Carpathians, coomb near the inn, night

Night sinks down on the valley, darkness settles on the silent forest. The moon rolls over the clouds like a heavy wheel. In the background the lit-up window-eyes of the inn.

A thin fog rises up from the damp meadows, where about twenty horses are grazing. All of a sudden the horses jerk up their heads and listen. In deadly fright they rear up and flee in wild panick.

The windows of the inn in close-up. At the window peasants' faces pressing against each other, staring out into the black. Men have huddled together. The innkeeper, at a different window rises a flickering lantern, and then we suddenly hear first distantly, but a moment later very closely, the horrible howling of wolves - long drawn out, plaintive and ~~wild~~ ferocious. The women in the windows make the sign of the cross and stare outside.

The moon rolls away behind a heavy cloud, black darkness reigns. In the darkness we make out the greenish glowing eyes of ~~the~~ wolves. The eyes stare, and the shadows disperse.

12. Inn in the Carpathians, bedroom, night

The hostess has accompanied Jonathan into his bedroom and leaves him the light. She closes the small window with special care. The room is ~~strangely~~ strangely crooked, but very simply furnished in peasant style. The bed is standing on a dais, as it is the custom in Transsylvania, and the legs are so high that you can only climb in ^{with} the aid of a stool. A simple chair, a small desk with a bowl and a water mug, a boot-jack on the floor. Below the bed we recognize a chamber-pot of pottery. Harker throws his saddle-bags over the back of the chair and starts taking off his boots. The hostess understands that this is her sign to ~~leave~~ withdraw.

The hostess at the door, close-up. She plunges her hand into the holy-water ~~spr~~ basin, secretly sprinkling Jonathan, who has difficulties pulling off his second boot.

Hostess: A blessed night and God protect you.

When she has gone, Jonathan opens the window again and takes a deep breath. Suddenly, very closely the howl of a wolf. Jonathan is frightened and shuts the window. He is fully awake now. He undresses and creeps under the heavy eiderdown. He is unable to sleep, now. At the head of the bed he discovers some old newspapers and books. He chooses one at random and begins to leaf through it.

The book, closely. VAMPIRES we read with him. Jonathan mumbles the text to himself, only half-interested.

Jonathan: Of Vampires and bloodsuckers.

He turns some more pages, skips some.

A strange roaring sound swells up. Jonathan looks at the window.

He makes sure that it is properly closed. But suddenly an inexplicable gush of wind extinguishes the light. It is pitch-dark, ~~xxxx~~ except for the square of the window, through which the sombre moon is shimmering. In the darkness, the voice of Jonathan.

Jonathan: But what ^{is} ~~was~~ this? The wind even blows through the closed windows.

From outside he hears the horrible long drawn-out howl of a wolf, like a response.

13. Carpathians, coomb near the inn, day

It is a light, sunny day, as if there hadn't been the horrors of the night. Just some laborers on the meadows remind us of the events of the night. With long poles they are trying to catch the stray horses. We overhear their loud cries.

The coach stands in front of the inn, but the horses are still missing. The luggage is being loaded. Some of the peasants who want to leave, stuff away their bundles.

14. Inn, Jonathan's bedroom, inside

Jonathan wakes up ~~by~~^{from} the noise of the labor^{ers}. He rubs his eyes~~x~~ and realizes that there is bright daylight outside. He gets up reluctantly, like someone who hasn't slept very well. He slips off his woolen undershirt and it costs him a great effort to plunge his face into the bowl of icy-cold water. He sputters, and taking a quick resolution, he begins his morning wash. When he dries himself, he discovers the book of last night.

Half amused he wants to throw it back on the shelf, but ~~he~~ in an afterthought he puts it into one of his saddle-bags. Then he remembers something and rummages in his coat pocket. He pulls out the pendant with Lucy's portrait and looks at it for a long time. He lapses into a dream. A knock at the door and the voice of the innkeeper tears him out of it.

Innkeeper: The young gentleman should hurry. The coach is ready

15. Inn, outside, day

Jonathan mounts the coach, which ~~has been~~^{is} occupied by four other travellers from the country. They stare at Jonathan in silence, they are afraid. The ~~xxxx~~ horses are put to, but the coach doesn't leave.

Jonathan is leaning out of the window and looks up at the box, to speak a few encouraging words to ~~hi~~ the coachman. But the box is empty. Jonathan sees the coachman at the ~~w~~ entrance of the inn, whispering with the innkeeper and his wife. By the way ~~that~~^{the} ~~xxxxxx~~ they are looking he can tell that they are clearly talking about himself. The maid is standing aside, continually making the sign of the cross. At last the coachman climbs into his seat and cracks his whip.

Peasants, who have come out of the inn, draw their hats. The innkeeper's wife sprinkles holy water at the coach. Four barefoot children run a short way after the vehicle.

16. Carpathians, mountainous countryside, day

We look at the coach as the toy of the mountains, it is so small. The road, which at this point has become a narrow path, winds itself higher and higher. The horses plod along heavily. Buzzards are circling in the air. The coachman is trying to bring the horses to a swifter pace, he does not spare them.

And again the coach; it is high up in the mountains, now. Half-dead and ill at ease the last leftovers of snow lap down to the road; interrupted by stripes of the grass of last year, that is pressed down, and soaked like napkins. The coach coaxes the horses, he is full of terror. White foam at the horses' flanks; they snort and steam. Thus the coach passes us, heavily loaded and fear at its wheels.

17. Carpathians, Borgo Pass, towards evening

It is high up. Nature keeps silent. Heaps of stone with bleached, ~~razgid~~ shredded flags mark the ^{peak} ~~height~~ of the pass. The path forks. The coach stops; there it stands.

Harker inside the coach is looked at by four mute pairs of eyes. He leans out of the window and calls the coachman.

Jonathan: What is the matter?

Coachman: We are late. The sun goes down.

Jonathan: So what?

Coachman: I cannot go on, not after sunset. We have to go on immediately to Bukowina.

Jonathan: I pay very well. Please go first to Count Dracula's castle.

Coachman: Not for the world. You must not pursue this way by night .. please, do listen to me.

Jonathan: Give me my things, I shall go on foot.

The ~~travellers~~ fellow travellers look afraid, but they do not say a word. They hold their breath when Jonathan dismounts,

Seen from a distance. Jonathan receives his luggage from the coach-top, then the vehicle hurls away in big bumps on this bad road, it takes the direction of the valley. Harker remains alone. The sun is setting slowly. The country is vast, here. For a moment Harker stands irresolute, then he throws his travel-bag over his shoulder and where the road forks, he takes the other direction.

18. Stone bridge, near Borgo Pass, dusk

A foaming wild brook. A small stone bridge that leads across.
We have a presentiment at once that this is the frontier.
Yes, and then the mountains are so very high. Jonathan advances
in a hefty stride. He acts brave. As if it didn't mean anything he
crosses the bridge. ~~But~~ But we know that it does not mean nothing.

19. Steep path in the mountains, dusk

Dusk has come; Harker moves on in big strides. But what is this? In the last rays of ~~xxx~~ the setting sun his shadow clings to his heels and becomes gigantic and contorted, not like one of a human being. The shadow becomes disproportioned, grotesque, as if belonging to a monster. The air is filled with whirrings and whistling. Something reveals itself in the clouds, ~~xxxxxx~~ immense! Was it a bat that just now ~~xxxx~~^{left} a zigzag pattern on the firmament? Since when have bats become so gigantic? As gigantic as flying lizards? And what is that? A shadow! A shadow sweeps noiselessly over the mountains, in the valley it grows, disappears, reappears again.

Harker pauses, for he sees that a whole landscape grows pale. Then he goes on hastily, his shadow at his heels. Howling of wolves far away. There! Weren't there eyes in the clouds? Wasn't there a look in the ~~xxxx~~ clouds. Why do the clouds begin to race? The clouds of a fortnight in one hour.

Now Jonathan stops short. The sun has set. The light is separate. And there! A land that rises heavenward, and another one that drops down.

The day hides away like a wounded animal. Harker stands up. And there the night stands with him, surrounding him.

Far ahead of him on the path suddenly ^a strange, phantom vehicle appears. Yes, that is a coach, a glass coach, as it is sometimes used for burials. It is drawn by four black, black-veiled horses. The coach errs like a ghost vehicle, it ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ moves without sound. The horses are snorting sparks. Now the coach stops near Harker. The coachman is wrapped up in a dark cloak, covering up half of his face with the collar.

He has drawn his hat deeply down into his face. Then the moon comes rolling on in the clouds, and for a moment the glance of the coachman glows in the darkness like that of an animal on which light is shed. He makes a gesture which forbids all opposition. Harker has to climb in. He hesitates. He mounts. His will is hardly his will any more.

A jerk, and the coach rolls off. A comet errs off. Green eyes sparkle at the wayside. Were they of wolves? As there is night there is darkness.

20. Count Dracula's castle, outside, night

A gloomy moon shines on a gloomy castle. The coach drives through an archway into a kind of courtyard. Harker gets off, and at once the black vehicle turns and disappears aside, in the darkness. Harker is standing in front of a big, closed porch, irresolute. When he takes heart to knock, the wings of the porch make a ~~xxaxi~~ groaning noise, and slowly, very slowly, they swing open. Beyond there is darkness.

From the gloom an almost rigid figure arises, clad in a tight-fitting black coat. The shoulders are slightly drawn forward, (~~inclined~~) and the hands cramped on top of each other. The legs seem lean and long drawn-out, and the fingers, too, seem far too long, pale fingers with nails lengthened into claws. The face is death-like and pale, the head completely bald. The ears are wrinkled "listeners" that he has put up ~~like~~^{as} bats would do. A glance is cast on Jonathan that makes him shudder.

Jonathan: Count Dracula ?

Dracula: I am Count Dracula; and I bid you welcome, Mr Harker to my castle. I expected you. You are Jonathan Harker.

Jonathan: Yes

Dracula: Come in. The night is cold. You will be tired and hungry.

Dracula takes a burning candle from a nook in the wall and illuminates. When he covers up the light with his body for a moment, Harker thinks that he can see the light through him. But this moment passes in a movement of Dracula, as the count takes care to hold the burning candle sideways at his body.

With a groan the porch wings close by themselves, again.

21 Dracula's Castle, inside, night

The dining-hall lit up by candles. A fire flickers ~~in the fireplace~~ in the fireplace and traces mad shadows on walls and ceiling. Everything in huge dimensions, A big, long, oak table. Chairs with uncomfortable backs. How thick the walls are, we can tell from the ~~windows~~ grated windows. In spite of ~~ix~~ its ample space, the room makes a somber and uninhabitable impression. Two ~~ix~~ chests with iron-work, which have ^{apparently} been closed for centuries, ~~overgrown~~. On the table a many-armed iron candle-holder (candelabre) from the late middle ages, everything in this place seems to stem from that time. The table has been ~~ix~~ richly covered with food, although it is only laid for one person.

Dracula sits in the armchair at the head of the table, right beside him Harker in front of the prepared meal. He hesitates, he doesn't know for a moment how to bridge the lapse in conversation. Then, more from his ^{upward} feeling, he at once delivers the papers and letters of Renfield.

Jonathan: "These are my papers for you. This folded document contains the ground-plan of the house, which would interest you."

Dracula: Help yourself... you have to eat alone. It is almost midnight, and at this hour I don't partake of anything. The servants are not at our disposal, unfortunately. Please allow me therefore, to take care of your comfort.

Dracula speaks with exquisite politeness, but he is rather quiet. Something about him sounds dangerous, his sheer presence fills us with fear.

Jonathan overcomes his timidity and starts to eat heartily. The long journey has made him hungry, and he feasts heartily. After a while he feels a glance centering on him and he looks

up. We see Dracula in close-up. He has hidden his face behind Renfield's letter, which is encoded in the same undecipherable hieroglyphs that we have already known. Slowly his eyes appear from behind the page. His glance meets that of Harker's. Both hold their breath for a moment, then Harker falls to his food again. A small grandfather's clock begins to chime and to beat, suddenly.

The clock near. A small skeleton ~~strikes~~ with a hammer strikes an anvil with each beat. With the twelfth beat a little door opens and Death appears with a sickle. He makes a mechanical stroke with the sickle into nothingness and then he disappears with a jerk.

Dracula is highly exalted, he hearkens. Suddenly, from outside, the horrible howling of wolves is audible. Harker is frightened.

Dracula: Listen! The children of the night make their music!

He notices Harker's fear. He makes a face like a sheep.

Dracula: Ah, young man, the villagers cannot place themselves in the soul of a hunter.

Harker has become confused and doesn't pay attention when he is cutting his bread. The knife slips and he lightly cuts his thumb. Swift like a thought Dracula is with him. With a flash-like grip he holds Harker's wrist and wants to get at the blood with his mouth, but Harker's terror makes him stop. Something in him fights a dreadful fight, then he lets go of the hand. He tries to argue.

Dracula: The knife could be dirty. You could get blood poison from it. Let me do it, it is the oldest remedy in the world.

Jonathan: Ah, that is nothing, not worth to be mentioned.

Dracula holds back. But the wound is irresistible. He is no longer master of himself, or what? No, he does not permit himself to reveal so openly his true face, at this point. He turns, back to his chair. But half-turning, as if it was no longer subjugated to his domination, his hand jerks forward, and like a steel claw, flash-like it encircles Harker's wrist. Dracula, the rest of his body, whirls around like ~~a lightning~~ ^{lightning}, and at the same time his mouth is glued on Harker's thumb. For seconds the two remain motionless, then, as if hit by a blow, the vampire lets go. He is appalled by his ^{own} lack of control.

Dracula: You.... you understand. ~~I just want you~~ ^{It is only for the} best.

Harker, shocked, withdraws a few steps and falls into a big leather armchair near the fire-place. Into the flickering shadows of the flames two fluttering bats are mingling, two fluttering, flickering gigantic bats. Slowly the vampire comes closer, very slowly.

Dracula: We should stay up for a while. It is still very long until dawn, and during the day I am always away.

Harker, full of terror, as if in a nightmare, sinks back deeply into the armchair.

House of
Wisnar, ~~apartment~~ Schrader, night

Lucy's room. She sleeps unquietly, surrounded by heavy dreams, and all of a sudden wakes up in a fright, her hair tangled. Her glance resembles that of a still sleeping person. The window is open, lightly the curtains move in the breeze of the night.

In the curtain a heavy bat has caught itself. It twitches its wings and has opened its mouth in an inaudible cry.

An abrupt, inexplicable fright flashes through Lucy's body.

23. Dracula's castle, inside, day

Harker wakes up in his heavy armchair and looks around him sleepily. He has to make an effort to shake off the heavy nightmares of yesterday. What had happened? Where is he? He recognizes the room, which only reveals ~~his~~ neglected state by day. The heavy curtains are moth-eaten, cobwebs in the corners, dust, everything gives the impression as if it has not been inhabited for ~~decades~~ decades. A beam of light penetrates from a window, and shines exactly on Jonathan. A peculiar hollow-sounding fiddling can be heard from outside, as if somebody was practicing runs on a violin.

Harker yawns. His glance is directed towards his thumb ^{which} ~~that~~ he got cut, he remembers. He feels his neck. What is that? A gnat's bite? The bite of a spider? Harker goes to a mirror and looks at this spot. There are two bites directly ~~beside~~ side to side, not big, not very noticeable, but strange. Harker is uneasy for a moment, but then he quickly casts the thought aside..

He looks around him more closely. The table is laid for him! It must be for him. The table is laden with an abundance of food. Before Harker sits down to eat, he looks around him more closely. The big front-door is closely shut, but a side-door is open. Where is his luggage? It is missing. Through a side-entrance, Harker comes to a peculiar, very gloomy passage-way, which almost gives the impression of a black tunnel. From there a small door leads to a bay-windowed room; it is open. Ah, and there is Harker's luggage and his ~~&~~ saddle-bags, all properly ordered on an easy-chair.; furthermore, his cloak and his hat. A bed, candelabre, sparse furniture of the gentry. A bay-window, like the bow of a ship; outside, a light day ~~over~~ the woody mountains. No house, no village.

Harker sticks his head out of the window, it is very high,

Yawning deep below ^{him} is part of the castle courtyard, ~~below him~~
 Down in a nook of the courtyard ~~xxxxxxx~~ Harker catches sight
 of a gipsy boy in rags, who practises the fiddle, completely
 wrapped up in himself. Harker calls out to him, but the boy
 does not hear him, he seems so absorbed. An enigma surrounds
 his figure.

Harker goes on to examine the castle. The gloomy passage-way
 encircles the ~~xxxxx~~ castle above, now and then, smaller
 chambers, then an old kitchen with only one stove, and no
 furniture besides. All exits are carefully locked. Before Harker
 reaches the dining-hall again, he opens the door to the library.
 A peculiarly lurid and dusty room with grated windows. Book-
 stacks up to the ceiling, there are thousands of volumes, which
 have not been read for decades. A step higher a collection
 of stuffed birds and animals. All in motionless rigidity. ~~E~~
~~Ex~~ Time has paled the collection, no colour that has not ~~xxxxx~~
 faded.

He gets back to the dining-hall and starts eating, carefree.
 The fact that he ~~x~~ cannot escape from the castle doesn't seem
 to worry him much. His physical needs have been taken care of
 for a while. From outside the hollow and bewildering sound
 of the fiddle sounds up to him. The picture fades out.

24. Dracula's castle, Bay-windowed room, inside, day

Jonathan sits at the window, staring out of the window, absorbed in dreams. He holds Lucy's pendant in his hands. He ~~remains~~ ~~he~~ retains this posture and looks at the little portrait.

~~In~~ ~~from~~ his saddle-bag he fishes for a little booklet and pencil, meditates for a while and begins to write. He murmurs along with it.

Jonathan: Lucy, my love. There is no ^{postal Service} ~~mail delivery~~ here, through which I could reach you, and thus, I shall write a diary, which shall ~~will~~ preserve all my thoughts and feelings for you at home. Yesterday, after a tiresome journey, I have reached my destination in Transylvania, the castle of Count Dracula...

We see his hand, closely, when he writes, the picture fades out.

25. Wismar, house of Schrader, inside, day

We are looking at Lucy diagonally from behind, how she leans on the window ~~is~~ completely still, and how she looks out on the quiet canal. A still picture, composed and beautiful, as on the old paintings.

26. Dracula's castle, bay-windowed room, toward evening

As before. Harker sits near the baywindow, writing.
Now and then he looks out of the window into the distance.

Jonathan: I have had heavy dreams and hope that this will pass... a certain weakness remains... ~~perhaps that~~ that might be due to the insect bites on my neck. Well, I hope to bring my negotiations with ^{the} count to a happy close, tonight. Then I shall fly towards you, as fast as I can.....

The room in total view. Harker folds his booklet and ~~restores~~ restores it carefully to his saddle-bag. Doing this, he comes across the rosary of the innkeeper's wife and reflects for a moment. Then, ~~half~~ out of a sudden whim, he hangs it around his neck and puts the cross under his cloak.

Dracula's castle, library, night

Dracula and Harker at the big reading-desk in the middle of the library hall. Candles light up the room. From the semi-obscurity stuffed animals (~~from the collection~~) stare at the two figures.

Dracula paces up and down, thoughtfully. It strikes us that he seems to be depressed, contrary to the night before. We get to know a vampire who suffers from being a vampire.

Dracula: I do not attach any importance to the sunshine any more, and the blinking fountains, which youth is so fond of. I love the darkness and the shadows, where I can be alone with my own thoughts. I stem from an old family. Time is an abyss, profound as ^a thousand nights... Centuries come and go.. not to be able to grow old, is terrible.. death is not the end. there are things more horrible. Can you imagine to last out for centuries, to experience each day the same futilities....

Harker looks up from the table, astonished and meets the glance of the vampire. Then Dracula realizes that he has almost said too much; he quickly changes the subject; his tone of voice even becomes more businesslike.

Dracula: I am glad that you have found such a big and old house for me. You said it was very near your own ~~apartment?~~ {dwellings"? ?

Jonathan: Yes, actually just diagonally across..

Dracula: Ah. let me see.

Jonathan pulls the plans and documents from his pocket and lets Lucy's pendant drop on the table by mistake. He wants to put it away again, but Dracula is faster.

Like the claws of a bird of prey his fingers are gripping.
Lucy's portrait big in the hands of the vampire.

Jonathan is shy, he reaches out with his hand, ~~wants wanting~~
to explain something.

Dracula: What a lovely neck! ~~_____~~

Jonathan: My wife, Lucy...

Suspicion begins to surge up in Harker. He touches Dracula's hand,
to get back the pendant. Both shy from the touch.

Jonathan: Your hand is so cold.

Dracula once more casts a concupiscent glance on the little
oval picture and parts with it. He puts it on the table.

Dracula: The papers... the contract. Give it to me, I shall
sign at once, I shall....

Jonathan: But the price? ~~_____~~

Dracula: We won't talk about it. I accept what you think just.

A diabolical shimmer comes into his eyes, he has a plan,
he seems to be in a hurry with it.

Dracula: How many days of travel did it take you from Wismar?

Jonathan: Four weeks.

Dracula: Ah, good.. it needs some time on land...

Harker feels that all this is uncanny. The grandfather's clock
chimes twelve in the adjoining room. The candles begin to
flicker. With ~~the~~ the last beat the behavior of the count
changes. Enchantment invades his eyes. He advances slowly,
his eyes fixedly centred on Harker's neck. His arms rise
up slowly over his head like wings, like claws of prey.
Harker steps back, frightened, but the library table retains
him. Leaning back, his cloak slips aside a little so that the

The vampire starts back and turns.

Harker pulls himself together, bows curtly and withdraws.

28. Dracula's castle, Bay-windowed room, night

A burning candle, near. In its glow, Lucy's pendant.

Now the whole room. Harker is restless, he slips off his coat and hangs it over the back of the chair. But then he decides not to take any more clothes off. ~~Amixix~~ he has an idea. He fetches the book from the saddlebag, sits on the bed and begins to leaf through it.

Jonathan: Chapter two. Nosferatu... doesn't this name sound like the midnightly cry of the death-bird? Woe, whoever pronounces his name, for the picture of life itself will turn into pale shadows. Nightmares will grow gigantic... the night is the element of the vampire, he can see in the dark, we, however, who are mortals, we are helpless and blind...

Jonathan hastily skips some pages and starts reading another paragraph.

Jonathan: ...from the seed of Belils the vampire Nosferatu came, who lives and feeds on the blood of mankind, and unredeemed, he takes his refuge in caves, tombs, and coffins, which are filled with the cursed ~~earth~~ soil from cemeteries, where Black Death has reaped his harvest... the plague...

Jonathan puts the book aside and closes the door from inside. He opens the window and looks out, Nearby from the castle court, the wolves are howling up to him. He closes the window quickly. He sits down on the bed and watches the door. Nothing stirs. Harker takes the pendant into his hands and looks at it for a short while. Then he takes the crucifixes from his neck, hesitating for a moment.

Will he wear it for heavens sakes? .. No. He winds the rosary around the pendant, wraps both into his handkerchief and puts it all into his vest pocket.

29. Carpathians, clearing in the forest (~~count?~~) Night

Four wolves have lifted their heads up to the moon and howl at it, horribly. Lurid shadows.

30. Dracula's castle, hall, night

View along the gloomy hall. There reigns a deadly silence, then wolves ' howling from afar. Nothing stirs, but something weighs us down. There! Did anything stir there? From the black obscurity the figure of Nosferatu becomes distinctive, now he does not resemble a human being any more. His face is completely frozen, almost mechanically but inevitably he moves forward. He is the moving Evil.

31. Dracula's castle, Bay-windowed room, night

Harker listens, sitting upright on his bed. There was something! Now it is still again. There, suddenly, as if a gush of wind had opened the unclosed door, it springs open ~~with a low~~ several inches with a soft knock. Then there is silence.

Harker stands up straight, paralysed and watches the door.

The door swings open slowly, as if turned by a ghost's hand. Then the door is open, wide-open.

In its black frame the figure of Nosferatu is pushing out of the dark. Inevitably the figure pushes forward. On the door-step it comes to a ~~halt~~ halt, its glance fixed on Harker.

32. Wismar, Schrader's ~~awakening~~ house, night

It is a mild, moonlit night. Weak moonlight lightens Lucy's bedroom. With a jerk she wakes up, starts up in her bed. Her glance is still somnambule, she has had a vision in the midst of heavy dreams. A feeling of danger drives her out of bed, she ~~stands~~ ^{gets up} her alienated glance directed towards the open window. In her long, soft nightgown she is as beautiful as an angel. She starts walking, it is more a floating, as with somnambulistic people. A shine of ~~beauty~~ beauty rays out from her. Softly the curtain is moving.

33. Wismar, Schrader's house, study, night

Schrader's study is a not very ample room, dominated by book-stacks. A writing-desk is piled with papers. Biedermeier-style pictures and paper-cut portraits on the walls. A quiet, secure, bourgeois atmosphere. At the light on the table Schrader is sitting in his armchair; he is still fully dressed, but he is wearing a house-coat over his shirt. He ~~is~~ is smoking a long pipe and reading a book. In front of him, on his writing-desk he has opened several volumes and marked them with ~~pages~~^{strips} of paper. A complaisant picture how Schrader is reading.

Near. He hearkens, he has heard a noise, then it is silent again. There, another noise! Schrader puts the book aside, supports his pipe and ~~is~~ rises to check.

34. Garden at a canal, night

Schrader comes out of the house ~~into the garden~~, into the garden. At one glance he notices with fear that Lucy is sleep-walking right at the edge of the canal. The canal seems so quiet, and Lucy paces with very very slow movements along in the moonlight, as if she was walking towards something. Schrader recognizes the danger ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to which she is exposed, at once. Noiselessly and resolute^{ly} he hurries towards her. He catches up with her.

Schrader: Lucy!

Set off her balance by this call, Lucy ~~this~~ sinks down, she sinks into Schrader's arms. He picks her up and carries her into his house.

35. Wismar, Schrader's house, Lucy's room, night

Schrader puts Lucy on her bed. In the door Mina has appeared in nightgown and cap, she is carrying a light.

Schrader: A doctor, quick!

36. Dracula's castle, bay-windowed room. night

Harker, like an animal in fright has ~~withdrawn~~ withdrawn into the last corner ^{of} his bed. Nosferatu moves towards him. Powerless and paralysed Harker sees the terrible advance. Very slowly the vampire bows down on him, on his neck.

37. Wismar, Schrader's house, Lucy's room. night

The doctor, Dr Van Helsing at Lucy's bedside. A dignified ~~wiss~~ learned gentleman, who, apparently has been chased out of bed, for his shirt is not properly stuffed into his trousers, and in his hurry he has buttoned up his vest buttons the wrong way. A domestic has ^{brought} ~~fetches~~ him, she holds a bowl with water.

Schrader and Mina are standing and watching anxiously how Dr Van Helsing examines Lucy's pulse. Lucy is delirious, she is completely unconscious. Her glance is restless. Like Harker, she creeps to the farthest corner of her bed. She speaks to her self softly and deranged, then she cries out.

Lucy: Jonathan!!!

38. Dracula's Castle, Bay-windowed room, night

Jonathan lies prone on his bed in a swoon, completely rigid, his eyes half-open. Nosferatu is at his neck. He starts up and listens. He has heard the call.

His face, close. He listens, he has lost concentration. Something is working on him for a moment. His flesh trembles. He is an only half-satisfied animal. We notice two sharp, pointed incisors, almost like those of gnawers. Like a gnawer he reconnoiters. He reconnoiters at a great distance. Nosferatu lets go of his prey. He will follow this call.

He turns, he leaves the room, something draws him out.

Wismar, Schrader's house, Lucy's room, night

Lucy sinks back into a restful posture. A great weakness invades her limbs. Van Helsing lets go of her wrist and turns to Schrader.

Van Helsing: A sudden fever... the pulse is very high.. she needs rest. Please call me at once, if necessary. I don't think it is really grave...

Lucy lapses into a deep, death-like slumber.

40. Carpathians, Dracula's castle, outside, day

From a distance we see the castle in morning mist. The sun rises over a wooded hill and meets the gloomy walls of the dire fortress. Swallows leave their confused traces around the decayed walls.

41. Dracula's castle, bay-windowed room, day

Harker is still lying on his bed in the same position as during the night. He opens his eyes and gradually comes to. Fully awake he remains there for a while with open eyes.

Then with a leap he stands on his legs. He throws over his coat. Now he finally knows what the story is. His movements tell, ~~his~~ his mind is made up to the utmost. He leaves the room. He leave~~s~~s the door half-open.

42. Dracula's castle, inside, day

Resolutely, Jonathan penetrates into the dark passage-way that goes around. He ~~texxxx~~ pulls open all the small bay-windowed rooms. Nothing. The sun is flooding in by the windows. A short winding stair, halls with nooks and crannies. Jonathan penetrates into the abandoned kitchen, looks around him, briefly pullgopen the door of the stove. Nothing. He examines the library with energetic and resolute movements, the zoological collection. Then the dining-hall. Nothing. Now he has finished the round. He reflects for ~~xxx~~ a moment, then he rattles at the locked main-door. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Without hesitation, Jonathan takes an iron fire-rake from the chimney and breaks open the lock with an energetic pressure on the lever. The door gives way.

A stair-case leads downstairs. The heavy outward porch is locked impossible to force it open. From the narrow, lurid court-yard, some steps lead down to the basement rooms; they are only barred by an inclined door. Jonathan penetrates into obscurity. There is a flickering candle, burning in a nook. Jonathan takes it away.

In the obscurity the candle flickers before Jonathan's face. ~~At~~ A longish, arched, subterranean hall follows. Moist, cold walls. Another short step. An arched room broadens. There stands a coffin, shaped like a sarkophagus on a stone ~~deis~~. Unabashed, Jonathan advances and forces the heavy lid open.

And behold! In the coffin Nosferatu is lying like dead, fully dressed, staring ~~at~~ directly at Jonathan's face, motionless and pale. Terror-stricken, he recoils with fright. He turns and escapes.

43. Dracula's Castle, bay-windowed room, evening.

Harker has fortified himself in his little room. He has barred the door with his bed and the chair. He has armed himself.

from Somewhere he has taken a big double-handed sword and a halberd from the wall, the fire-rake is at hand, too. There Harker is standing in ~~wix~~ wait, prepared ^{for} anything. Everything in him is courageous, manly defense. But at the same time we notice him the beginning signs of a deranged mind. His movements are nervous, and sometimes he has a peculiar expression on his face.

A sound from the court-yard makes him start. He hurries to the window. He is frightened.

44. Dracula's Castle, court-yard, evening

Seen from above. The four horses, veiled in black have been put in front of a cart. On the cart there are at least a pile of a dozen coffins, one on top of the other, like a pyramide. Nosferatu comes with another coffin, which he drags away with effort. Apparently the coffin is ~~filled~~ ^{full}. Beside the vehicle we see a heap of earth and a spade, besides, a tomb-stone, carelessly torn out. The gipsy boy is present, playing hollow-sounding runs on his fiddle.

Nosferatu jumps on to the vehicle, opens the ~~xxx~~ top coffin, half-filled with earth, closes the lid, and at once the horses begin to move by themselves. The small gipsy stays behind, lonely.

45. Dracula's castle, Bay-windowed room, evening

Jonathan withdraws his head. He thinks. Suspicion crosses his mind and takes on the shape of certainty.

Jonathan: What does that mean? ... Lucy... my God, Lucy is in danger! I have to save her.

He looks around. In a quick decision he tears the linnen from the bed and pulls off the ^{tattered} ~~curtain~~ curtain from the window. He starts tearing them off into shreds.

Dracula' castle, outside, evening

From a rather high window of the castle, which leads outside, Harker climbs down ~~kixxx~~ the rope that he has fabricated for this purpose. Coarse knots, where he ^{has} joined the shreds of linnen. The rope reaches almost to the ground. Harker comes down, hurriedly. Suddenly the rope tears and he crashes down.

He hits the ground near the outside walls and stays there, unconscious for a while. Then he tries to get up. He has hurt himself at the shoulder and at one leg. He falls back again.

As if conjured up, the gipsy boy suddenly stands near him, a beautiful, serious, frail child, looking at him darkly. The boy is standing there, ~~and~~ ^{ing} plays his fiddle. It sounds as if it was coming from another world. Harker now really loses his consciousness.

47 Broad river in the carpathians, day

A stormy day. The river flows broadly and swiftly through a valley. A sluggish raft comes drifting along. On top of it there is the pyramid of coffins. Three oarsmen in slovenian costume ~~slovenian~~ are rowing the raft with slow, deliberate beats of the ~~maxxx~~ long oars. This movement has something threatening, irretrievable about it.

48. Hospital in a ~~monastery~~^{nunnery} Carpathians, day

A simple hospital room, scrubbed wooden floors, a light window, two sick-beds. In one of them Harker is resting, with a bad fever. Four religious sisters are present in the room, their faces look preoccupied. A doctor in a dark overcoat has examined Harker. The sister superior, an elderly intelligent looking woman, whispers with the doctor.

Sister Superior: Lumbermen found him unconscious in the forest. He must have dragged himself a little way. He woke up here, but he didn't come to his right senses, he only talked confusedly.

Jonathan rises a little in his bed, we can see that his left shoulder is securely bandaged. His cheeks are unshaven, his hair is sticky with sweat and in a wild disorder. He points straight ahead with his good arm, as if he saw something. He mumbles.

Jonathan: ~~What~~ Coffins... black coffins... stop the coffins.

The doctor bends over him and presses the feverish man softly but firmly back on his pillow. There he stays, exhausted. The doctor and the sisters exchange meaningful glances.

49. Varna, Harbour pier, day (Holland)

A big, dark sailing-boat, a schooner is anchoring in the Harbour, tied to the pier. It is the DEMETER. At once we notice amidst all the other goods that are going to be loaded, the coffins. Most of them are piled on top of each other, two or three are lying apart. A busy hustle. dock-laborers drag heavy bags across a swaying gangway. They are all bare-foot.

Custom's officers have gathered together with the captain of the Demeter and some mariners, they are standing by the coffins. The custom's inspector goes ~~round~~ around one of the coffins, once, hesitates, then goes round ~~once~~ more.

Custom's officer: Strange, but the papers seem all right. The captain, a ~~man~~ middle-aged man, who rays out manly intelligence, and long-lasting, assured experience, looks into his own papers.

Captain: From Varna to Wismar. Garden soil for botanical experiments.

Custom's officer: Please open one of the chests. I want to make sure. This one.

Dock laborers pull out one of the chests, and with crowbars they open the coffin ~~is~~ lid. Really, just soil.

Custom 's officer: Empty out!

The laborers upset the coffin, pouring its whole contents on the ground. When they carry aside the coffin, about twenty rats creep out ~~with~~ it. A rat creeps on the naked foot of a laborer. Disgusted, he pushes it away. Doing this the rat must have bit him. The laborer curses and holds his foot, where we can see a clean little wound.

50. Wismar, Lunatic asylum, room of the director, day

Dr Van Helsing works in the director's office at some papers. The room makes a generous impression and at first glance ~~maxx~~ reveals medical work. Van Helsing has a microscope in front of him, furthermore, some test-tubes, plus some samples of texture. The book-stacks are crammed with thick volumes of medical literature. Anatomical demonstration designs are hanging on the wall. among which, strikingly many about parts of the human brain. In a glass with alcohol, a new-born suckling in crouching position and with a big deformed head.

A ward^{er} comes in without knocking, hastily, terrified. Van Helsing looks up from his work.

Ward^{er}? The patient who has yesterday been delivered to the closed department has a fit!

At one Van Helsing gets up and follows the guard out of the door.

51. Wismar, lunatic asylum, cell, day

Van Helsing and the warden enter the narrow cell, which is empty, except for a wooden bedstead. The window high up is barred. Cowering on the bedstead the patient curls up like an animal. He has hidden his head and sucks or eats something. He doesn't pay attention to the people coming in. There, all at once he turns up, and we recognize Renfield, who has been seized by open madness. His face twitches. He leaps up like a goblin. At the window he catches a fly with a peculiarly jerky movement, and begins at once, to suck it with his lips.

Renfield: Blood is life, blood is life, blood...

Warden: What have you got there? Give it to me!

The warden ~~enterferes~~, takes the fly away from him. Renfield is flabbergasted. His ~~cranny~~^{face} falls to pieces. He cries and whines like a two-year-old child, wetting his pants. ~~I~~ standing in a puddle of urine, Renfield boohoos piercingly.

Van Helsing: Has he doone that often before?

Ward:^m Yes, some time ago, exactly the same thing. Instead of reaching for his food, he catches flies.

For a moment the two had been inattentive, and at once Renfield has jumped on the warden trying to get at his neck. There is a turmoil. From the hall two more wardens precipitate themselves into the fist-fight and slip a strait-jacket over him. Renfield whimpers and tosses around. Then, all at once, he is quiet. He listens.

Renfield: ^{Quiet}~~Quiet~~. I hear sails rustle.

52. Open Sea, The Demeter day

Open, grey sea, mighty grey waves beneath a grey, rainy sky. With bulging sails the Demeter moves from right to left, she is rolling in the heavy sea.

53. Demeter, cabin of the captain, day

The captain at the card table. ^{We} See maps, nautical instruments, triangles. The captain enters in the log with a heavy, clumsy hand. The cabin lurches and rolls. The first mate comes in to report.

1. Mate: Capt'n, one man of the crew is ill. He has a high fever

54 Demeter below deck, day

The crew's room is adjoining ^{hold} the (freight room), ~~the~~ ^{there} ~~there~~.
Ropes and barrels, two simple wooden tables and screwed ^{down} ~~on~~
benches, a lantern. Seven, ^{or} eight hammocks are rocking slowly
with the swell. In one of them lies a mariner, who is seriously
ill. In the background of the freight room we recognize the
pile of coffins. The captain and the first mate step up to the
sick man.

1. Mate: he has been raving all morning. He says that there
is something here on board.

The captain bends over the mariner. The glance of the man
is directed straight ahead, somewhere. Pearls of sweat have
gathered on his forehead. He breathes with an effort. Are ^{there} ~~not~~
~~there~~ bites on his neck?

55. Wismar, landscape with dunes, day

In the dunes there is a bench with Lucy sitting on it. The day is grey and the wind is blowing. Heavily and incessantly the grey, sluggish sea is rolling up. Sea-gulls are ~~xxx~~ drifting with the wind. In the sand there are some lopsided tomb-crosses, times and storms ^{have} made them sink in. There Lucy is sitting for a long ~~x~~, long time, looking over the sea.

Mina and Schrader come pacing through the sand. Sand is blowing. Schrader is holding his hat so that it does not fly off his head. They stop at Lucy's. Lucy gives them an inquiring look.

Schrader: Again no letter... but Lucy, do not worry, the ^{postal} ~~mail~~-service is so bad in Transylvania. The postman says so, too...

Lucy gives him a peculiar look. She knows better.

Lucy: Something must have happened to Jonathan. I can seek ~~xx~~ him before me. His figure stands before me like a saying. I have to do something... but ~~what?~~ what? Yesterday I almost travelled after my tired letters.

Mina: I would come with you to look for my brother. But the Lord will hear our prayers.

Lucy: He is so far from us in the hour of distress. He has had to bear the evil. Perhaps he cannot help, even if he wanted to. We are alone, and the Lord is alone.

56. Hospital in a nunnery, Carpathians, day

The sick-room of Harker's is all excitement. All the sisters are filled with sorrow, for among them there is Harker, standing on swaying legs, with glassy glance, ready to throw over his cloak. The sister superior is trying to push him back in the direction of the bed with a soft pressure.

Mother Superior: The young gentleman is still so ill, he must not travel yet.

Jonathan: The coffins, I have to arrive at Wismar before the coffins.

Sister Superior: The young gentleman should at least wait for the doctor tomorrow.

Jonathan: Lucy is in danger...I have to save her...

He is unfailing in his fever. He does not pay attention to his aching shoulder, which he can only cover up with his cloak with great effort.

Jonathan: The coffins... Evil is underway...

57. High sea, the Demeter, day

The sea is still grey, the heavens veiled by rain. We are on deck of the Demeter. The sails are flapping in the wind. The first mate and the captain are standing at the rails, assembled in a short prayer. At their feet is a corpse, sewed into a linden cloth. The two pick up the corpse and throw it overboard.

Captain: Heaven have mercy upon us. Now only we two are left.

We see the corpse sink into the ocean.

From a distance. The Demeter moves on in the heavy rolling sea, it traces its way and has something threatening about it.

58. Demeter, captain's cabin, day

The captain sits at his card table and enters the log.

Captain: The ship seems laden with a curse, since we have left the black sea. One after the other four ~~mates~~ mariners and a mate have become sick and died. One mariner and the cook have disappeared without trace. A rumour became known, which terrifies the men, that there ^{was} ~~should be~~ a stranger on board, but we examined everything. Only the rats are a real plague. We are trying to keep up the course north-west. Wind steady. 12 ~~sea~~ miles knots.

59. Wismar, Lunatic asylum, Renfield's cell, day.

Lucy is accompanied by Van Helsing and a warden into Renfield's cell. The latter is sitting apathetically on his bed-stead, in a crouching position, following with his eyes the flies at the window. The strait-jacket has been taken off in the meantime.

Van Helsing: There are no doubt times, when you can address the patient normally, but I want to warn you, not to let your expectations...

Lucy: I have to talk to him.

Lucy seems ready to anything. Courage rises within her. She steps close to Renfield. The latter doesn't give her a look.

Lucy: Mr Renfield, you gave my husband the order to travel to Transylvania. I have been without news for weeks and I worry about it. I want to travel there, myself....

Renfield suddenly listens, he musters Lucy with a diabolical look.

Renfield: No, don't do that. Wait !

Lucy : Did you have ~~new~~ news?

Renfield: Stay here!

Lucy: Have you....

Renfield: The master comes, the master comes...

Van Helsing: Who is coming? Tell us more.

Renfield: The master of the rats... the army is hungry, fourhundredthousandful...

Van Helsing: He has another aberratio. I think, we'd better...

Lucy understands. She looks at Van Helsing and turns to go.

without saying a word. Van Helsing accompanies her. Only the ward^{er} stays to clean out the cell. In so doing, he turns his back ^{on} to Renfield..

The latter suddenly becomes aware that the ward^{er} is carrying a newspaper in his coat-pocket. When the ward^{er} is sweeping next to him, without heeding him, Renfield, noiselessly sneaks up to him two more steps and pulls away the newspaper, ~~without~~ ^{the ward^{er} ~~does not take~~ notice of it.} Renfield hides the newspaper under his blanket with a quick move, and seemingly examines again the flies at the window. The ward^{er} takes the broom and leaves Renfield's cell- The key is turned from outside.

Close: At once Renfield, full of feverish hate, begins to leaf through the paper. He is looking for something distinctive. There it is. Among the little ~~xxxxxxxx~~ assorted news, we read looking over his shoulder with him. Headline PLAGUE

Renfield: Plague. In Taransylvania and the black-sea port Varna a plague ep^{id}em^y has spread. Mostly young women have been ^{stricken} ~~affected~~. All victims had strange bites at the neck, the origin of which is still unknown to the doctors. Whole stretches of land have died. Cattle ~~xxxx~~ have been thrown into epeleptic fits and died.

Renfield glances up from his paper and sniffs the air. His glance is knowing. Laughter slowly surges up in him. And this is terrifying, this laughter.

60 Carpathians, free landscape, day

Mountainous country, which allows an ample view. It is a very wild, lonely region. A dusty road. Harker comes riding on a horse from right to left. He is ill, and can only support himself on his horse with effort. Nevertheless he drives it on. His glance is feverish and confused.

61. Open sea, dusk

We see the Demeter, also from right to left. We do not see a crew on board, at least not from this distance. The ship ploughs its way forward swiftly.

62. Demeter, on deck, day

The over-tired captain has taken the ^{helm}~~rudder~~. He seems serious and resolute. Beside him the first mate. Rats are creeping ~~the~~^{over} over their feet. The mate bends to the captain.

1. I am afraid the night air could listen in on us. There are more and more rats... I know now, that something is on board. I have seen something, a while ago, a figure.

The mate makes a brave decision. He grasps a heavy axe, he wants to get at the bottom of this matter, come what may. At the cabin-door he pauses briefly, addressing himself to the capt

1. Mate: I am going ^{below}~~downstairs~~. If I am not back in ten minutes...

63. Demeter, Freight room, inside

The mate without hesitating attacks the coffins. He tears them apart and hits the lid ~~x~~ with a forceful stroke of his axe. Wood splinters. Then another strike.

64. Demeter, on deck, towards evening

The captain is standing at the oar, listening to the hollow strokes of the axe in the interior of the boat. Then, suddenly, silence reigns. Only a moment later, the cabin-door swings open and the mate comes storming out in boundless, unimaginable terror. His hands are empty, his hair has turned ashy-grey. He jumps over a roll of rope like a ~~hurdle~~ hurdle, and immediately after, another hurdle - the rails. All this in a few seconds, without a word. With a hollow sound his body ~~plunges~~ plunges into the sea.

The captain opens his eyes wide, anxiety creeps in on him. But he stands up, manly. Come, what may, he will not let go of the ~~rudder~~ ^{helm}. He grasps a rope, and quickly decides to tie himself to the ~~rudder~~ ^{helm}. There he is standing, defiant. The sun goes down. ^{Wheel}

The hatchway, seen from the ^(hold) (freightroom). Black and rigid, Nosferatu's silhouette against the dusky sky. There he advances, slowly, unavoidable, his claws spread out. His flews twitch lightly. Sails are flapping in the wind.

On deck of the Demeter. ^{We} ~~He~~ are moving towards the captain. He starts back with his body stretching out his arm in defense. But his legs, they do not yield, they stand.

65. Open sea, nightfall

Darkness has sunk. In the last sparse light we see the black contours of the Demeter, moving on its course without fail. There still is foam at the bow of the death-boat.

66. Country landscape, Transylzvalania, day

Hilly country, fields, ponds. In the background a village, in which there are many geese. The village still has ~~exix~~ exotic character. A ramshackle coach arrives and stops near us at a watering-place. The horses are thirsty. The coach has hardly stopped, when Harker leans out of the door crying to the coachman.

Jonathan: Go on, ... go on, I have to be first in Wismar.

He is unshaven and looks ill. He has slung a warm rug around him, although it is a warm summer day. He seems to be cold.

67. Wismar, Schrader's apartment, Lucy's room, day

It is a quiet afternoon, There is the ~~an~~ atmosphere of a calm holiday. Lucy is fully dressed in travel garments, with hat and ~~at~~ coat; she is restless. Mina is with her. She is sitting quietly by the window embroidering with an ~~embroidery~~ frame. A clock somewhere in the house strikes four times, then, immediately afterwards, like a reply, a grandfather's clock in the adjoining room strikes four.

Lucy: Hark, Mina. The clocks in the dark house are calling at each other in complaint.

Mina: But it is still full day.

Lucy: No, if I judged by the darkness that constantly surrounds me, I should think that the sun had gone down forever.

Mina: Be reasonable, Lucy. You cannot wear your travel costume day and night. Look...

Lucy: I have to be prepared... I should leave... and yet, there is a feeling that he is coming. But the world has gone derelict. Lately I have been seeing a completely derelict coastline, and I do not know how to explain it to myself....

68. Sea-coast

It is a lurid sea that is heavily rolling against a derelict land, which hides itself constantly in the wallowing fog. Wild, uninhabited mountains tower up, only seen ^{momentarily} ~~shortly~~, disappearing in clouds, which are building up forcefully. Everything tinted in grey, flickering.

And another coast, even harsher. There the clouds are so big. And the corpses of boats on the beach reach out into the bare, tangled land. Gnawed to the bone, the rumps of the boats are staring into the stormy air. There lies corpse beside corpse, as if all ships in the world w had sunk one after the other. It is growing dark.

69. Wismar, Harbour, dawn

The harbour is lying still in the morning mist, there is no stirring of work, yet. Soundlessly the Demeter comes gliding in, without any crew, a phantom-ship.

Very softly the boat anchors at the pier, all on its own. There is a low, grating sound, then the Demeter lies still. Nothing moves, there she lies.

70. Wismar, Renfield's cell, day

Renfield has made himself very small under his blanket. He is lying down and listens. Then he comes up and sniffs. He pulls himself up at the grates of his window, looking out.

Renfield: The master is here, the master...

71. Country road, day

^{Open}
~~Wide~~ field with big clouds over it, a large horizon. The country is flatter, cut by canals. Canoes lie motionless. On a long road a rider comes galoping from right to left, and he does not spare his hot, foaming horse. We recognize Jonathan Harker, who has trouble supporting himself on the saddle. His cloak flaps around him.

72. Wismar, harbour, day

At the point where the Demeter has anchored, about twenty, thirty people have gathered. Curious citizens, some children, barefoot dock-laborers, some dignified gentlemen of the custom's office, the harbour authorities, the city council. The present harbour master addresses himself to some laborers.

Harbour master: put a plank down, we have to examine the ship.

The laborers do what they are told, and the harbour master goes on board, followed by the customs' gentlemen.

73. Demeter, deck, day

the first thing they find , is the captain, hanging dead in the rope, ^{with} which he had tied himself to the ^{wheel} ~~rudder~~. His eyes are dilated in horror. When the harbour master bends over him, he discovers two little bites on his neck.

In the background the gentlemen of the customs have penetrated into the cabin and into the freight room. A customs' officer joins the harbour master; he has found the log.

Customs' officer: No ^{held} soul on board, only ^{held} little freight...
In the ~~freight-room~~ ^{held} everything teems with rats. But we have the log.

74. Wismar, harbour authorities, large hall, day

In the port-office all the harcur-authorities have come together, with them the council. Some of them are wearing their gowns with the bhains of honour. A very solemn setting. The hall makes a stately impression and carries a couple of insignia of the Hanse. A carved bow of a ship marks the front of the room, medels of ~~szitersxandxxekszers~~ sailing-boats and schooners, anchors, and huge paintings of ships fighting with hurricanes.

The dead captain of the Demeter lies on the floor in state, apparently they paid him their sailor's respect by quickly decorating him with ~~xxixvixxx~~ drapes of velvet and a cross stuck in the folded hands. Dr Van Helsing is with the corpse. He has discovered the bites on the neck, but he doesn't know how to place them.

Van Helsing: I find myself confronted with a mystery. But perhaps, gentlemen, the log will give us some clues.

The harbour-master, who is bent over the log. leafing ~~is~~ through aimlessly with some of the council people, begins to read.

Harbour master: Varna, June 6th, crew, five hands, two mates, cook and myself (captain), course, direction Dardanelles

He skips a few pages and goes on reading.

Harbour master: Course westward, ~~direction Dardanelles~~... today the third man has died of a fever. Last night the second mate disappeared, who had ^hthe watch at the ^{helm} ~~quadrant~~, no trace... June 20th, course northward, Biscaye, sea heavy, 14 miles... It gets more and more uncanny on board.

Only the first mate and I are still alive. There seems to be Something aboard. Rats everywhere... could it be the plague?

The harbourmaster stops short, frightened. Around him the ~~senior~~ council & men lose their speech. A cry in the silence:

Voice: The plague!!!

Big commotion among the assembly, everyone wants to flee towards the ~~entrance~~ exit. The voice of the harbour master stops the headless crowd.

Harbour master: Go home quietly! Shut windows and doors!

75. Wismar, harbour, the Demeter, day

Motionless the boat, nothing stirs. On deck everything is quiet. There! In the latch-hole of the ^{held}(freight-room) something stirs. Rats! They are ~~ix~~ crawling out of the freight-room, from the cabin, from all corners. Grown into a stream they creep across the plank on land. They climb up the anchor rope to the pier. They are growing and growing in number. They are nosy, they are hungry, they sniff at everything.

76. Wismar, small town square, day

Nobody is in the street, all doors are closed and the ~~windows~~ shutters of the windows closed. On one side a beautiful, still canal and above it a roof of chestnut leaves, formed like a bower. The wide-ranging trees render the silence particularly idyllic.

The bellman comes along, beating his drum. He stops short and unfolds a big, official document.

Bellman: The honourable council of this town makes known to all civilians that since the outbreak of plague in Wismar, the following items have to be observed: it is strictly forbidden to deliver patients that may be contaminated, to the hospitals, to prevent the expansion of the epidemic in the streets. It is strictly forbidden...

77. Wismar, street, night

There is a ~~inn~~ deserted street, ^{bordered} ~~seamed~~ by stately ~~mansions~~ ~~houses~~ mansions. It is quiet. From the shade of a chestnut-tree the figure of Nosferatu becomes visible like a paper cutting. He is carrying a coffin. He makes a few prowling steps, pauses, and then disappears in a side-street.

The street where Harker's house is situated. Nobody in the street all shutters are closed. Nosferatu comes with his coffin and disappears in the old dilapidated house diagonally across the one of Harker's. From the black caves of the windows darkness stares at ~~we~~ us. Nothing stirs, not a sound.

78. Wismar, harbour, night

At the pier, completely abandoned, there remain four or five coffins. Nosferatu comes across the plank, ~~springing~~ nimble and ghastly, unloading another coffin. He disappears on the boat again.

79. Wismar, cemetery, night

A quiet, lonely cemetery, moon-lit. Nosferatu comes sneaking with a coffin, heading straight at the small, delapidated chapel, and disappears in ^{side} it. Moments later he reappears without the coffin. Does he have in mind to secure himself hiding-places?

80. Wismar, House of Schrader, outside, day

In the empty street, where there is nobody to be seen anywhere, a dark coach has stopped in front of Schrader's house. Two men and the coachman unload a sick man, who has to be propped up. He has slung rugs around his shoulders. After several rings, of the bell, Mina opens, full of distrust.

A little nearer. The coachman just wants to begin with an explanation, when Lucy, too appears in the entrance.

Coachman: Gracious lady, we are delivering a man, who seems to be belonging ...

Lucy: Jonathan!!!

Lucy rushes forward and embraces Jonathan; she has lost all self-control.

Jonathan looks sick and neglected; he frees himself of the embrace, seemingly bewildered, casting a wild glance at the coachmen.

Jonathan: Who is this woman?

This is too much for Lucy. She stands up erect, makes a peculiar movement backwards and faints. Schrader, who has stepped up, catches her in his arms.

81.

In the ample living-room of Harker's house, Mina and Schrader are nursing Lucy, and you see that in the day of need, the family keeps closely together. Van Helsing is with the sick Jonathan, who reclines in a half-sitting position in a comfortable armchair, wrapped ~~intensely~~ up in ~~some~~ rugs. The armchair stands near the window. Van Helsing puts away some of his instruments, he has finished his examination.

Van Helsing: I think that this must be a severe brain-fever.

Lucy: Whatever happens, I shall bear it willingly.

Jonathan: The sun is hurting me.

At a sign of Van Helsing, Schrader lends his hand. They push Jonathan's armchair into the darkest corner of the room. He seems to feel better there.

Lucy, as if following an intuition, begins to speak softly. She addresses nobody, at first.

Lucy: This dusk and all the nights filled with cries, when animals call ~~one another~~ and tear each other to pieces, these nights oppress us with their proximity. And the thing that is called day, rising slowly out there, becomes void. Dr Van Helsing, do you think it possible that we've all gone mad, and one day will wake up in straight-jackets?

82. Wisnar, alley, day

There is a still, ~~xxx~~ bourgeois alley paved with stones. Yet the idyllic houses have all their shutters and doors closed. Suddenly, like ~~w~~ flowing waters, rats move towards us, filling the whole breadth of the alley. An now the spring-tide is there. They are thousands of rats all running into the same direction.

Another alley, some steps lead down. We see a man in flight. ~~X~~eki Behind him, like a waterfall, the rats are rushing. And there! From the side another stream of rats runs to surround him.

A still canal, above it a still, beautiful roof of leaves. The water stands still. But across the bridge something is flowing. There flows a stream of rats.

83. Wismar, harbour, day

A man is flooded by rats on the pier, he does not ~~now~~ where to turn. There is a heavy rope, to which a boat is attached. The man starts to climb the rope, hand over hand, on to the safe boat. We see his hands on the rope. But crawling on the rope, the rats follow ~~hi~~ suit. And there! From the other side, from the boat, suddenly rats come creeping on his hands. The hands give way, with a hollow sound the man drops into the water. Where he ^{had} held on to the rope, the rats join. The first two sniff at each other, curiously.

84. Wismar, house Harker, outside, night

The windows in the house of Harker, which face the street, are filled with light. ^{tapping of feet} Very softly ~~the door is turning~~. Then a long shadow falls on to the house. Frothe big ears and the claw-like fingers we can tell immediately that it is Nosferatu, who is coming. The vampire steps out of the obscurity and sniffs. He looks into the lit-up livingroom. There, following his glance, we see ~~Nosferatu~~ Jonathan in his chair, apathetically. Lucy, Mina, Schradler, and Van Helsing are with him. Lucy has Jonathan's diary with her, ~~apparently~~ they are obviously talking about it, but we do not hear what they are saying.

Lucy seems to be completely at a loss, because the others cannot or will not follow her . She takes the diary and puts it before Dr Van Helsing on the table pointing to a particular ~~point~~ place. Motionless and uncanny, Nosferatu watches what is going on inside. He waits. Silence.

Inside van Helsing, Schrader and Mina have got up to take
leave. The next steps into the messy when the door sounds
and he hears steps. The steps xfxixexixkrexixssxixzixfxxixke
The sound of their footsteps loses itself in the distance,

When the door sounds and he hears steps,
Nosferatu steps into the darkness. The sound
of their footsteps loses itself in the distance.

85. House Harker, inside, night

The bedroom. Lucy is standing in front of the looking-glass preparing herself for the night. She undoes her hair. Around the neck she is wearing a small silver crucifix. Near her the kitten is playing around on ~~an antique~~ velvet armchair. Lucy is ~~all concentration~~ very collected. ^{Then} ~~There~~, all at once, a peculiar change comes about in Lucy's kitten.

The kitten close. Every hair of ^{its} ~~his~~ fur rises up, it arches its back, spitting wildly ^{the} in direction of the door.

Soundless like a prayer, ² Nosferatu has suddenly appeared in the room, his face by the prey enchanted. He steps close to Lucy. The latter, too, now becomes aware of the ~~danger~~ presence of danger, she looks at the kitten, and with a slight turn of the head she discovers the intruder.

A look back into the mirror makes her all the more shudder; for there she is visible, but the ~~xxx~~ vampire beside her has no reflection.

The latter notices his mistake and as if accidentally, he steps one pace aside, so that it is impossible for him to be reflected in the mirror.

Lucy is overwhelmed by a terrible knowledge. The Nosferatu begins to speak softly:

Dracula: Please excuse that I didn't notify you in advance, I am count Dracula...

Lucy: I know of you, I have read in Jonathan's diary. He is ruined, since he has been with you.

Dracula: He will not die.

Lucy: Oh yes! Death is great. We are his, with laughing mouths...

Nosferatu: Dying, that is cruelty against the unsuspecting. But death is not everything.

It is most cruel, not to be able to die.

Lucy slowly begins to feel less terrified, although she was almost ~~like~~ petrified before. She seems peculiarly attracted by this nightly visitor..

Lucy: Yes all that is planned over our heads. How petty all the things are for which we fight. That, which is fighting with us, ~~is much greater~~ how great it is! The rivers all flow without us. Time passes. And look out, the stars are confusedly driving against us.

The vampire approaches Lucy lasciviously. When she turns to him, he is taken aback by her silver cross round the neck. Lucy takes notice, and, instinctively, puts her ~~hand~~ hand softly to it. The vampire retreats even a step further. Something like ~~sufferance~~ deep suffering appears on his face.

Dracula: I wish I could participate in the love that is between you and Jonathan..

Lucy: Nothing in the world, not even ~~the~~ God will be able to touch that. Even if Jonathan does not recognize me any more, since he is back.

Dracula: I could change everything... come to me, be my ally, and that would be salvation for your husband. And for me... the missing of love, you know, is so much pain..

Lucy recognizes the hidden danger that is vaguely threatening her, she straightens herself and comes closely up to the vampire. Boldness lies in her action..

Lucy: No, salvation comes from ~~ourselves~~ ourselves alone. And be assured: Do not fear to think even the most not-probable!

~~XXXXX~~ Good night.

The Nosferatu withdraws from her. Going backwards, he retreats from Lucy's force and the spell of the silver cross, and he disappears soundlessly with a swift turn into the darkness of the door ~~xx~~ that stands ~~xxx~~ ajar.

Lucy's kitten, close-up. It calms down quickly, smoothes out its fur and lets out ~~xxxxxxx~~ another bad spit into the direction of the door. Then ~~it~~^{it} is quiet ~~again~~ and starts again ~~to play its silly tricks~~ with its playful tricks.

86. Wismar, Lunatic Asylum, Renfield's cell, inside, day

Renfield, like before, is crouching apathetically on his bedstead, sleepily watching the ward, who is sweeping his cell. The ward steps into the hall for a moment to fetch the pail. With ~~one~~ a single leap Renfield gets off his bed and takes ~~the~~ cover at the entrance. Unsuspecting the ward comes in with his pail in his hand, and at once, Renfield jumps at him from the side, attacking him directly at the neck.

The ward ^{can} falls backwards, and for a moment Renfield cannot make up his mind whether to bite his neck, or flee. Then, with a grotesque leap he escapes. The cell-door is slammed from outside, and the key is turned in the lock. The ward jumps on his feet and ~~xxx~~ throws himself against the door, but it is too late, ~~xxx is already locked.~~ he is already locked in.

Ward: Help! Alarm!!

87. Wismar, Street, outside, day

A street without people, just pigeons on the pavement. In front of an entrance-door there is an open, empty coffin and beside it a plague cart with a tired, meagre horse. Renfield appears. He jumps off with peculiarly leaping steps. He disappears into a side-street.

88. Wide field, outside, day

On a field-path something comes running in leaps, seen from a distance, and throws itself into the bushes close to us.

It is Renfield. His pursuers come a-running; they run directly past him. The latter reappears from his hide-out and makes ~~off~~ ^{off} ~~away~~ in a different direction.

A hill with a cornfield. Further up a figure ~~is~~ is making peculiar movements, but doesn't go away. Breathlessly a pack of pursuers comes running up the hill. They catch up with the figure and upset it. It is a scarecrow. Disappointment, rage. The pursuers seem to have enough, now, They turn, and slowly come down the hill again.

89. Wismar, Harker 's house, inside, day

Lucy stands at a window, looking out. To her side Jonathan reclines in an armchair developing his fever. His glance is restless, perspiration glistens on his forehead.

Jonathan: ~~Stop~~ the coffins! The coffins!

Lucy turns to him, full of worry, then she looks out at the street again. We follow her ~~gaze~~ glance and notice a small town officer, dressed in black, with a ceremonious, but slightly worn tail-coat and with a top-hat that seems too big on him.

The man walks with a bent back and knocks at every door. He listens at the first one. He knocks again. Nothing stirs. The official draws a white chalk cross ~~on~~ in the middle of the door. Then the next one. Nothing, ~~again~~ either, ~~Then the official~~ again a cross. The inmates are dead. At the next door a knock, and again, no reply. Again a cross. At the next door nobody answers, either. When the official ~~just~~ is just about to make the cross on the door, it opens a few inches, and a sick woman takes a short look outside. She closes the door at once. No cross. The little bent man goes on, examining the next door, knocks..

Lucy in close-up. She turns from the window. She sits down in a chair, very ~~x~~ close to Jonathan and takes up the book about vampires, which lies open on the little reading desk. She begins to read to herself, softly.

Lucy: Nosferatu, the undead. He drinks the blood of his preys, and turns them, too, into the phantomes of the night. He is like a shadow and has no reflection. At night he ~~waitxfurxx~~ pursues his prey, penetrates through walls and doors. In the shape of a bat he hovers into the ~~rooms~~ chambers of the sleeping, in the shape of a ~~wolf~~ black wolf he hunts down the fleeing. There is no hope, when he approaches....

Lucy puts the book into her lap, for a while, for she has noted, that Jonathan has listened greedily to ~~everything~~ word she uttered. He seems to ~~to~~ be revived by it. For a moment he laughs to himself, but checks himself immediately. Lucy has to fight her estrangement. She turns a few pages, watching Jonathan, however.

Lucy: He can command all the meaner animals, like rats, bats, wolves. Graves are his dwelling-places, he loves pestiferous soil. And yet, although the vampire is an unnatural being, he has to obey some natural laws. He is banned by the sign of the cross. The ray of the sun destroys him. A consecrated host can bar his retreat. If a woman of pure heart makes him forget the cry of the cock, the light of day will kill him...

90. Wismar, town square, outside, day

The big town square of Wismar. Lucy comes racing energetically, walks ⁱⁿ onto the open square, which is ~~surround~~^{bordered} by beautiful town mansions. At one end the high town church, at the other, the richly decorated town-hall.

And there a weird procession comes towards Lucy, a long procession of coffins, each of which is carried by four men on their shoulders. All coffin-bearers are dressed in black, wearing top-hats, it is a long row, up to the other end of the square, perhaps thirty coffins.

The first coffin-bearer yells at Lucy from a distance of several feet.

Coffin-bearer: Go away! There's the plague. What are you doing here.

Lucy: I have to go to the town council.

Coffin-bearer: It was dissolved. It doesn't exist any more.

Lucy: Then I have to see the mayor.

Coffin-bearer: He has died. Go home, as fast as you can.

Lucy: I know the reason for all this evil. ~~She~~

She knows it is to no avail and turns. She is not afraid.

91 Open field, night

^{In}
~~On~~ an open field Nosferatu and Renfield have met in the moon-
 shine, ^{beneath} ~~below~~ a sky with fast moving clouds. They are standing
 at the cross of two paths. Nearby there are cows ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ a meadow.
 They have lifted up ~~ex~~ their heads, mutely looking at the two
 figures, who are whispering to one another.

Renfield: What does my master command?

Dracula: Go north, to Riga. The army of rats and Black Death
 are with you.

Renfield: Thy will be done. Amen, amen, amen, amen.

He gets on his way in the direction of the centre of the picture.
 Nosferatu turn~~S~~ and steps up to the cows. ^{They} ~~Those~~ break out in
 an ep~~i~~leptic fit at the moment the vampire makes a certain
 gesture. The cows fall into convulsions. The vampire disappears
 into the darkness of the night. In the sky, against the shimmer
 of the moon, ~~exhibits~~ the black shadow of a bat, gigantic.

92. Wismar, house of Harker, living-room, day

Wants to bring ^{her} Lucy is with Van Helsing in a corner of the living-room. ^{her} He ~~pushes~~ the doctor to believe with great intensity, but remains quiet in her tones so that Jonathan in the background cannot hear her. The latter sleeps a restless sleep in his armchair. The curtains are half-drawn, so that he isn't exposed too much to the light.

Van Helsing: But, my child, all these are monstrous productions of your imagination.

Lucy: Doctor, you yourself have read Jonathan's diary, you have seen it with your own eyes. And outside it is growing worse every day with the rats and the plague. And here, this book about the vampires....

Van Helsing: We live in an enlightened era, when Science has cleared up superstitions of this kind.

Lucy: I have a glowing knowledge. And I believe what I see with my own eyes.

Van Helsing: ~~Believe, believe~~ Faith, faith...

Lucy: Yes, faith, Dr van Helsing. Faith is the surprising faculty in ~~an~~ man, which enables us to believe things which we know to be untrue... Help me to crush the monster. We have to ~~find~~ find his hiding-place. Coffins have come by boat from the Black Sea. Let us begin with it this very night.

Van Helsing: My child you need rest and recreation. The affair with your husband has worn you out considerably.

Lucy: This very night! I want...

Van Helsing: My child, that has to be studied first, scientifically....

Lucy: No, doctor, tonight, we must not lose any time.

Van Helsing: The good farmer knows that everything needs its time. He would never have the idea to dig up the wheat, to make sure it is growing. That is an act of children who are playing at farmers'.

Lucy does not see any possibility to convince Dr Van Helsing. She stops short, but courage rises within her.

Lucy: Then I shall crush the monster by myself, alone.

With a curt bow Dr Van Helsing takes leave of Lucy and leaves the house. Lucy softly steps up to Jonathan, who has woken up. Lovingly she strokes his sticky hair away from his brow and tidies his cushion. Jonathan looks at her in bewilderment. A memory is working within him.

Jonathan: Sister, my medicine.... My lady, how did I make your acquaintance?

93. Wismar, Dracula's house, outside, night

It is a stormy night..On the half-dalapidated house, into which the vampire has moved, a shutter shrieks in its hinges and beats to and fro. Lucy comes walking in a resolute pace. With one hand she is holding her cape, which is flapping in the the storm, with the other she is holding a lantern that flickers strongly in the wind. From Lucy's gait we gather that she is determined to the utmost. She finds the entrance-door to the rotten house unclosed and enters without hesitation.

94. Wismar, Dracula's house, inside, night

Behind Lucy the door closes itself with a ^{bang} ~~bang~~. This, then, is the house of the monster. There is debris, everywhere, in some places there are no in-between floors and no roof, so that we can see the gloomy night sky through the ~~scaffing~~ ^{gaping} openings. Rats swish around. Some lumber in the rooms, besides everything rather makes the impression of a ruin, which has been soaked through by rain for years and years.

Another room. Lucy advances, & resolutely. A basement door. Lucy lights ^{her way} ~~down~~, ^{fondles} ~~touches~~ at her neck and uncovers the silver crucifix. ^{She} feels protected by it. She ^{grope[s] her way} ~~is tapping~~ down the stairs. Everything is moist and mildewed. There, in a corner, rats swish behind an oblong ~~thing~~ black thing. That's what Lucy has been looking for: a coffin.

The lid of the coffin is slightly displaced. Lucy pushes it completely aside, prepared to the worst. But the coffin is empty, there is only some black soil in it.

Lucy pulls a white host from her ^{pocket} ~~pocket~~, crumbles it up with her fingers and strews ~~some~~ the crumbs over the coffin.

Lucy: God in heaven, & forgive me.

95. House of Harker, bedroom, day

Lucy is lying in bed, in exhausted slumber, beside her Jonathan, who stirs restlessly. The curtain is ~~just~~^{slightly} open and a ~~beam~~^{shaft} of daylight intrudes into the room. On Lucy's breast we recognize the little silver cross. She breathes deeply and evenly. At the front-door there is a noise, a knock and a rattling. A female voice shouts.

Voice: Madam Lucy...Madam Lucy, open the door! For heaven's sakes, perhaps something has befallen her, too!

Lucy has started up in bed, and she has heard the last words distinctly. She knows immediately what has happened. With a jerk she tears open the curtains, day-light is streaming into the room. Jonathan wakes up as well, but he is unusually weak and feverish. On his neck we clearly see two fresh bites.

Lucy throws over her dressing-gown. There are steps in the house, now. When Lucy opens the bedroom door, there we see Schrader's servant standing in front of her.

Servant-maid: Madam Lucy... are you well? Quick, come to the Schraders', something terrible has happened.

96. Wismar, street, outside, day

The servant-maid and Lucy hurry through town. The morning is treacherously calm, no man in the street. Everybody has closed himself in, even the mild daylight can no longer drive anxiety away from the town. Lucy has hurriedly put on her dress, her hair is uncombed.

97. Wismar, Schrader's House, indoors, day

The house is in an uproar. Domestics run around, as if they had lost their minds. A police inspector is taking down evidence. Two wardens of the lunatic asylum have forced a man into a straight-jacket. They have thrown him on the floor and tie the sleeves to his back. When they turn him around, Lucy recognizes Schrader, who is staring at her with an insane expression. He is foaming at the mouth. Taking another look. Lucy discovers something, which makes her stop short. There is Mina, lying on a couch, snowy-white and dead. She is still wearing her white laced night-gown. Traces of blood on her neck. Van Helsing is with her. He straightens.

Van Helsing: Compose yourself, Lucy. You can step closer, it was certainly not the plague.

Lucy: What has happened? Oh my God, how can you look at this and take no heed?

Van Helsing: We do not know for sure, yet. Schrader found Madam Mina dead, this morning. He has lost his mind over it and went raving-mad. The domestics were not able to calm him down. It must be a kind of raving madness which has seized him.

Lucy: And Mina? ... I know all, now. All.

Van Helsing: We shall examine the causes scientifically, free of prejudice... and superstition. But we can exclude the plague with certainty. By the way, it has spread further over the towns at the baltic sea. The epidemic is said to have reached as far as Riga.

Lucy: Enough. Enough of your Science. I know what I have to do, now.

98. Wismar, Harker's house, inside, towards evening

Lucy has dressed solemnly. She is standing in front of a mirror, looking at herself for a long time. Then she ~~xxxxx~~ deliberately takes her silver cross off her neck and puts it into a drawer. She is prepared.

Lucy takes up again the book of the vampires. It is closed, but there is a bookmark ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ one place. Lucy opens the book and reads in a low voice.

Lucy: The ray of the sun destroys him... if a woman of pure heart makes him ~~misxixix~~ forget the crow of the cock, daylight will destroy him...

She closes the book, her decision is made. A clock in the house strikes seven.

Lucy turns to Jonathan and makes him his bed in the armchair.

Obviously she wants to be alone in her bedroom. She bends over Jonathan.

Lucy: This is for you, my beloved.

She kisses him with fervour. Jonathan's face revives, he suddenly stares strangely at Lucy's white neck. She does not notice his glance.

Lucy closes the curtains and leaves the room, acting as if this was an ordinary evening.

99. Wismar, house of Dracula, outside, evening

Immobile the ghost house of the vampire lies in the growing dusk. It is quiet. Something ^{black} flutters out of one of the dark window caves. A bat? Then nothing stirs in a long time.

100. Wismar, house of Harker, bedroom, indoors, night

Lucy is standing at the window, looking out. She is standing in wait. She has opened the curtains. On one of the window-panes a bat is clawing, looking unflinchingly into the room.

The bed has been made. There are flowers in a vase. Candles are burning in the candelabres. Something solemn is palpable in the room, something festal. Lucy has arranged it. She is soft and beautiful, standing like that. Then something occurs to her. She goes into the livingroom.

In the livingroom. Jonathan is fast asleep in his armchair. Lucy comes in with a consecrated host in her hand and rubs it into crumbs. She makes a narrow circle with them round Jonathan, and pays attention that the white crumbs are strewn evenly.

Lucy: God protect you that you may be spared.

101. Wismar, house of Harker, outside, day night

The horse is lying still in the still street at the still, dark canal. Two windows of the bedroom are lit up from inside, and there is Lucy standing in wait. She is prepared. A church-tower clock beats twelve times. The beats have a long resounding echo.

102. Wismar, Harker's ~~living~~ house, indoors, night

The bedroom. Seen from Lucy's angle. We follow her ~~gaze~~ glance and focus ~~at~~ on the half-dilapidated house with the black window caves. For a long time nothing stirs. Then, all of a sudden, Dracula appears at a window. Slowly he rises up, his face is of a chalky white and wistful. His ~~f~~ glance searches for Lucy's window, now he sees her. For a long time he stands in longing.

Lucy stands and sees the monster. Her whole body shudders, the shudder ebbs off. Then, slowly, as ~~if~~ in a trance, something erotic~~al~~, alluring comes into her figure and her glance. Her eyes seem to look into strange universes.

Slowly the vampire disengages himself from the window, glides ~~in~~ the direction of the exit of the house. Like a paper-cutting he glides along a second window and disappears. Then there is the sound of the door. It is ajar. Nothing. Then, after a while the silhouette of the vampire becomes visible in the dark frame of the door. His ears seem to have become even longer "listeners", his claws even longer claws. Soundlessly he moves closer, he is coming.

We see his figure, close. There is ~~a~~ suffering and sadness in his face, hardly any concupiscence.

Lucy's face near. A devotion is in it, she will do it for love.

103. Wismar, Harker's house, outside, night

Harker's house from outside. The two windows in the mild light of the candles. A huge prolonged and contorted black shadow is cast on the house and draws closer. Hands with claws, spread out like wings, a head with bat's ears. Then the vampire steps to the door, his shadow at his feet. Soundlessly he opens the door, which is unlocked.

105. Visions

We see the fluttering of black bats, which, however, do not trace a jerking zigzag on the sky, but beat their wings majestically slow, like herons. Their mouths are wide-open with inaudible cries.

Waves in a stormy ocean, there is a dark ship sailing at the horizon.

A subterranean canal. A big crab-like animal has dipped one of his ^{claws} ~~tentacles~~ in the lazy flowing water and stares at us steadfastly. Very softly, the monstrous, animal, big as a man, moves its feelers, sniffs in our direction, it has noticed us and stares at us immobilely.

In a dark passage, there is a gigantic spider, dark and of threatening size, as big as a human being. It does not move. It just reconnoitres with two feelers, then slowly it ^{lifts} ~~moves~~ its two front legs.

And another long, obscure passage. There! There are men, and they stand with their mouths wide-open, like a huge chorus of mummies. To the left and the right the mummified corpses lean against the wall, like logs of ~~raw~~ wood leaning there. ~~Their~~ This sight is gruesome. Many of the mummies are clad in dusty ^{rotted} ~~garments~~ dresses, some are ~~all~~ naked. The skin is brownish like parchment. Some of the bodies are half-putrified, but you can clearly see their posture and expression. There are men and women, and many children. They stand in unfinished gestures. The most horrible things are the wide-open mouths. They stand like a choir of ghosts who do not utter a sound.

106. Wismar, canal, towards morning

It is morning atmosphere. The first light creeps along the sky. Steaming and cold in the morning mist we see a very still canal. It looks eligiac. A church-clockk strikes four times.

107. Wismar, house of Harker, indoors, towards morning

Lucy lies prostrate on the bed, half-swooned. The vampire is bent over her neck, immobile for a long time, like spiders, which keep still whilst they are sucking up their prey.

Then Nosferatu slowly lifts his face ~~xxx~~ from Lucy's neck. We see the long, pointed gnawer's teeth. His ~~fixx~~ flews drop back into the shape of a mouth again, like that of a suckling who is satisfied. The vampire sniffs, looks at the window and notices the first light of day at the window. Slowly and lazily he ~~z~~ wants to rise. ^{then} ~~There~~ Lucy's arms wind around his neck in love, pulling him back ~~softly~~ to her, softly. After a moment of hesitation, the vampire follows. Lucy embraces him.

108. Wismar, view of the town, xx early morning

The morning sun has almost caught the tip of the high spire, and slowly wanders down. The first gables of the houses are dipped into reddish light. There is a great silence. Into the silence a cock crows. Then, at a distance, another one answers.

109. Wismar, House of Harker, indoors, morning

Lucy is still lying on her bed in the same position. She is snowy-white and almost transparent. Nosferatu is still at her neck, motionless and frail. He is still drinking.

From outside a cock-crow. The vampire listens. His glance grows in his fright. Slowly, scenting danger, he lifts his head and glances ~~xxxx~~ to the window. The houses opposite are already ~~d~~ipped into the morning sun up to the uppermost storeys. With a jerk nosferatu frees himself from Lucy and walks to the window to ~~xxxxx~~ look out.

We see him close, from behind. He stays at the window for a moment, he recognizes the danger. There, suddenly he is hit by a diagonal ray of the sun. The vampire shrinks. His body cramps together, contorts, as if he had been pierced by a spear.

Slowly the vampire turns. His face is terribly contorted by the light. He does not have a glance anymore. Without glance he stares into the room. There remains just the white of his eyes. He stands like this in a terrible battle, seconds that last very long, then he collapses.

Lucy on the bed, tries to sit up, but she is too weak. She sinks back on her pillow and dies with a happy expression on her face.

110. Wismar, Harker's house, outside, day

It is bright daylight. There lies Harker's house, and curious people ~~push~~^{around} are pushing ~~at~~ the entrance, but they do not dare to step over the threshold. Everybody waits. The people stand mute, like people who are standing before misfortune.

111. Wismar, Harker's house, inside, day

The bedroom. Dr. van Helsing, ashy-pale in his face is bent over Lucy and rises up again. He carefully puts her hands together. On the floor, all contorted, Nosferatu is lying.

Van Helsing: Now I know all. Oh God, I wish I had listened to her before. A ~~post~~^{stake} and a hammer, quick. I have to crush this monster forever.

The living-room. Jonathan slowly awakes, clarity comes back to his eyes, he straightens. Van Helsing walks past him and penetrates into the bedroom with a ~~post~~^{stake} that is pointed at the top and a heavy hammer. We hear hollow beats of the hammer. A pang shoots through Jonathan as if he himself had been hit by the hammer. He jumps up and wants to rush forward, but ~~something~~ something retains him like an invisible wall. He cannot rise from his chair. On all sides he pushes against something that keeps him and closes him in, which is around him like a banning circle. He cries out like an animal. When he opens his mouth, we notice that he has two long pointed gnawer's teeth in front.

Jonathan: No, stop! Don't! ... Help!!!

In the hall there is a commotion, steps, calls, the door opens, and twenty persons rush into the room.

Jonathan: There! Van Helsing! ~~He is~~ Seize him!

Van Helsing just comes out of the bedroom door with a hammer in his right hand. He is sprinkled with blood. He has finished his gruesome task.

Jonathan: This one, yes! Seize him! He has murdered a human being!

Some officials have penetrated into the bedroom. A moment later they come to Dr Van Helsing.

Official: Was that you? The ~~is~~ ^{stake} ~~is~~ through the heart?

Van Helsing: Yes, and I have to give an explanation.

Official: Dr Van Helsing, you are under arrest.

Van Helsing is lead away. He goes with them without opposition. Most of the curious people follow them out of the house. Only Jonathan, a servant-maid, and some ~~civilians~~ ^{citizens} remain. Jonathan wants to move forward, but he is unable to do so. He addresses himself to a servant.

Jonathan: Fetch a broom. Everything is full of dust, here. The servant-maid disappears, and a moment later comes back and sweeps.

Jonathan: Yes, there. Here, around the armchair. The white dust there.

Scarcely is the dust of the white host swept away, when Jonathan can walk freely out of the banning circle.

Jonathan: Seal the bedroom for the police investigations. Bring me my horse. I have much to do, now.

112. Open landscape, day

The sweeping of a storm in the air, heaven has darkened.

The clouds are racing. Like the rushing of a storm a rider on a black horse comes galoping along. His cloak flaps behind him.

It is Jonathan. He galops past, his face enchanted. He disappears

^{on} the horizon. There are only clouds left ~~in~~ which wallow over the dark sky in a mad race.