

**TASTE THE BLOOD OF
DRACULA**

Screenplay

15. 9. 69.

**Hammer Film Productions,
113 Wardour Street,
London, W.1.**

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA

A Hammer Film Production

Technicolor

CHRISTOPHER LEE as Count Dracula
GEOFFREY KEEN as William Hargood
GWEN WATFORD as Martha Hargood
LINDA HAYDEN as Alice Hargood
PETER SALLIS as Samuel Paxton
ANTHONY CORLAN as Paul Paxton
ISLA BLAIR as Lucy Paxton
JOHN CARSON as Jonathon Secker
MARTIN JARVIS as Jeremy Secker
RALPH BATES as Lord Courtenay
ROY KINNEAR as Weller*
MICHAEL RIPPER as Sergeant Cobb
RUSSELL HUNTER as Felix
SHIRLEY JAFFE as Hargood's Maid
KEITH MARSH as The Father (coach sequence)
PETER MAY as The Son (coach sequence)
REGINALD BARRATT as the Vicar
MADDY SMITH as Dolly
LAI LING as the Chinese Girl
MALAIKA MARTIN as the Snake Girl

Directed by Peter Sasdy

Screenplay by John Elder [Anthony Hinds]

Produced by Aida Young

Photography: Arthur Grant

Art Director: Scott MagGregor

Editor: Chris Barnes

Music Composed by James Bernard

Music Supervision: Philip Martell

Production Manager: Christopher Sutton

Assistant Director: Derek Whitehurst

Sound Recording: Ron Barron

Sound Editor: Roy Hyde

Recording Supervisor: Tony Lumkin

Dubbing Mixer: Dennis Whitlock

Make-Up Supervisor: Gerry Fletcher

Hairdressing Supervisor: Mary Bredin

Wardrobe Supervisor: Brian Owen-Smith

Special Effects: Brian Johncock

Construction Manager: Arthur Banks

Release Date: 1970

British Distributor: Warner-Pathe

U.S. Distributor: Warners-Seven Arts

Running Time: 95 minutes

(* - AKERMANN in script)

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA

EXT. WOODED ROAD DAY LOCATION

- 1 A coach comes thundering by at a fair speed, bouncing and swaying on the badly surfaced road.

INT. COACH DAY STUDIO

- 2 In one corner of the vehicle, wedged in by boxes, bundles a carpet bag and an open hamper, sits a fat merchant. Obviously a much-travelled man, he has managed to arrange his baggage to give him the maximum support and protection from the violence of the movement. This is AKERMANN.
- 3 Opposite sit two men, possibly father and son. Although dressed in their black best, they are obviously peasants. The FATHER has a long, brooding, sinister face: the SON, a brute of a boy, is slightly mentally retarded.

AKERMANN is in the process of making himself a huge salami sandwich, spicing it generously with pickles.

AKERMANN

What a way to travel, eh? Barbaric!
Horseless carriage, that's the way.
Seen them myself ... Paris
London.

The other two say nothing.

AKERMANN

London, that's where my business is -
Buying and selling. Fact is, I picked
these up on my last stop.

He deftly opens a package and produces a trinket.

AKERMANN

... in Karlsberg.

The trinket is a 'snowstorm in a bottle', which he now tips over to demonstrate. The other two PASSENGERS stare open-mouthed.

3 Continued

AKERMANN

Pretty, isn't it?

4 The effect on the SON is particularly remarkable. He stares with his eyes popping, his mouth agape. He reaches out one great ham hand, grabbing for it. AKERMANN deftly switches it to his other hand, out of the brute's reach.

AKERMANN

Six crowns in Karlsberg. Six!
I'll let you have one for three.

No reaction. The SON continues to gape at the toy; the FATHER just stares at AKERMANN.

AKERMANN

Two, then. Can't go lower.

Nothing.

AKERMANN

Ah, well ...

He starts to put the toy away.

The SON jerks convulsively, his mouth working in a macabre attempt to speak. Finally, he manages to croak -

SON

Give me ...

AKERMANN

Sorry ...

SON

Give ...

And now the FATHER speaks.

FATHER

(low voice)

I should do as he says.

- 5 AKERMANN realises that he is in trouble, he refuses to give in - whatever he may be, he is not a coward.

AKERMANN.

For one crown then ...

that is as far as he gets. With an animal cry, the brute is on him, grabbing him by the throat and shaking the life out of him.

- 6 Deftly, the FATHER leans across and flings open the door. And Akermann is thrown out ...

EXT. WOODED ROAD DAY LOCATION

- 7 The fat figure of AKERMANN comes flying from the coach to land, rolling on the dusty road. A few of his parcels follow him, some of them bursting open and spewing their contents on the ground.

EXT. WOODED ROAD

- 7a As the coach disappears round the bend, PAN down to AKERMANN - who is out - stunned by a rock.

- 7b STOCK shot of sky - gathering clouds - rising wind - night arriving.

EXT. WOODED ROAD NIGHT LOCATION

- 8 AKERMANN slowly comes to, picks himself up and checks himself all over for damage. Apparently there is none. Muttering quietly to himself, he prods around among his scattered possessions, collects those he considers of any real value, glances around him sizing up the situation. Then, afraid of the dark and loneliness, he starts off up the dusty road.

(NOTE: One of the parcels is an ornate casket)

EXT. FOREST ROAD NIGHT LOCATION

- 9 AKERMANN appears, limping wearily, his parcels still grasped under his aching arms. He stops for a moment to re-adjust the balance of his load.

- 10 He looks around him - at the dark shape of the tall trees, swaying in the gathering wind - at the dark clouds, scudding across the night sky - and shudders.

He sees that there is an overgrown path leading away from the road, up the mountainside. He decides he might as well try it.

EXT. OVERGROWN PATH NIGHT LOCATION ~~OR STUDIO~~

- 11 The path has petered out into scrub and undergrowth. AKERMANN is brought to a halt.

And he turns and is about to retrace his weary steps when he is halted by the sound of a distant cry -- the heart-stopping cry of a human-being in agony.

AKERMANN

My God !

He stands, frozen, listening. The cry is repeated - a cry of pain and terror - and closer.

AKERMANN

Oh, my God !

And automatically keeping hold of his parcels, he runs.

UNDERGROWTH NIGHT

- 12 AKERMANN runs and runs, stumbling over the stony ground, his face, hands and clothes torn by the thick bushes.

And the screams seem to get nearer all the time.

- 13 Finally, his breath rasping, his face wet with sweat, his parcels still grasped under his arms, he has to stop or collapse. He stands for a moment, listening, trying to control his wildly-beating heart.

And the screams are heard again -- very close, this time.

- 14 Galvanised into action in spite of himself, AKERMANN starts to run again -- and, to his horror, realises that the ground is giving way beneath him. Dropping his parcels, he grabs wildly at the bushes to save himself, but the rocky surface beneath his feet is crumbling and he is dragged through the bushes

EXT. SHALLOW CLEARING NIGHT STUDIO

- 15 . . . into a shallow clearing, on the edge of which he had been standing without knowing it. He manages to break his fall, looks

15 Continued

up wildly, and finds himself face-to-face with ...

DRACULA

The tall, black-cloaked figure stands in the centre of the little clearing, his hands outstretched towards AKERMANN, his long fingers clawing convulsively. His mouth is open and it would seem that he is trying to cry out.

16 AKERMANN backs away in terror and disbelief.

17 The tall figure suddenly stiffens, arching his back in agony.

18 His face fills the screen as he opens his mouth and screams in the face of death.

19 And he falls ... crashing to the ground. His cloak is flung open, revealing now that his heart has been pierced by the slim metal shaft of a bejewelled crucifix.

20 AKERMANN, rooted with terrified fascination, peers down. He gives a gasp...

21 Tears are welling from the eyes of the VAMPIRE ... tears of wet, red blood.

22 This is too much for the fat merchant. Drawing on a reserve of strength unknown even to him, he manages to scramble back up the rocky slope, and is gone.

23 THE CAMERA returns to the figure of DRACULA - and stays there.

RUSH UP:

TITLES

- 24 Through the titles, the figure of DRACULA can be seen slowly disintegrating ... until there is nothing but his cloak, his jewelled ring, and a handful of red dust left.

UNDERGROWTH DAWN MIST

- 25 Huddled under the bushes, wet with dew, is the figure of AKERMANN. It is the dawn chorus of the birds that startled him awake. He sits up, blinking around, trying to remember how he got to be there. Then, with a little cry, he remembers it all, and jumps to his feet, almost as if he expected the vampire to re-appear. He thinks for a moment, shakes his head.

He starts to look round for his parcels.

AKERMANN

My parcels? My parcels ...

He starts to retrace his steps from the night before.

- 26 He comes to the broken ground where he fell and sees his packages strewn around. He picks up one, then curiosity gets the better of him. He starts to ease his way through the bushes, into ...

SMALL CLEARING ~~DAWN~~ NIGHT MIST

- 27 ... where the cloak, ring and dark-red dust lie, all that is left of Dracula. AKERMANN approaches suspiciously. He sees the ring, and cannot resist picking it up, peering at it closely. He gives a little whistle at the obviously priceless jewels and marvellous workmanship of the setting. His attention is next drawn to the cloak, and in particular, the jewelled clasp that holds it at the throat. He picks it up, brushing off some of the red dust with his right hand. He peers closely at the brooch, trying to make out the name engraved on it.

AKERMANN

(low - to himself)

Dracula.

- 28 He gives an involuntary start, and pricks the finger of his left hand on the pin of the clasp. He squeezes his finger and a drop of blood appears, rolls across the palm of his hand, and drops onto his other hand - dusty with the red powder.

And AKERMANN screams.

- 29 To his horror, his right hand is now wet with red blood - For a moment it looks as if he might run, but, again, curiosity, and a good nose for business, prevents him, and he peers down with fascinated interest.

AKERMANN

(whispers)

Dracula's blood . . . !

EXT. CHURCH ~~EXT. CHURCH~~ **DAY** LOCATION

- 30 A pleasant church in a quiet suburb of London. The period, as we can tell from the clothes worn by the departing congregation, is around 1900. The VICAR stands in the open doorway, saying goodnight to his flock. The organ can be heard playing quietly.

CHURCH DOORWAY

~~LOCATION OR~~ **LOC**

- 31 Just leaving, is the Hargood family: WILLIAM HARGOOD, splendid in respectful and respectable black, his figure erect and proud, his moustache neatly trimmed. By his side, MARTHA, whose life is totally dedicated to looking after her husband and bringing up their only daughter, ALICE, a breathtakingly beautiful girl, who lags a little behind them - deliberately, as we shall see.

VICAR

~~day~~ (fawning)
Goodnight Mr Hargood, Mrs Hargood.

MARTHA

It was a very nice sermon, vicar.

VICAR

(flattered)

Did you think so? I'm so glad. I thought the text - apposite, I must confess.

Amongst the other families leaving the church, we single out two others in particular: the PAXTONS and the SECKERS.

31 Continued

SAMUEL PAXTON is inclined to fat and his eyes to protrude a little; he is a little pompous and more than a little greedy. His wife, DIANA, is quite an ordinary looking woman so it is a little surprising that they have produced such attractive children. Their son, PAUL, an open-faced and immediately likeable youth, and his younger sister LUCY, a vivacious and very well-developed young lady.

JONATHON SECKER, tall, intelligent and with a slight academic stoop, is a widower. His son, JEREMY, in his late teens, is shy and almost too good-looking.

32 As the families leave, the young members manage to position themselves so that they can exchange whispers, LUCY with JEREMY; PAUL with ALICE.

LUCY

(to Jeremy)

The Allens are having a party next week.

JEREMY

I know, but I haven't been invited.

LUCY

You will be!

And, flashing him a brief dazzling smile, she moves to follow her parents.

The VICAR's voice drones on. . . .

VICAR

I always say that the Sermon on the Mount
can provide us with so many ... etc ...

all

33 PAUL moves closer to ALICE.

PAUL

Alice!

ALICE

Yes, Paul?

PAUL

Shall I see you ... ?

Alice

Before he can finish, HARGOOD's voice booms out, and ALICE turns quickly, and guiltily away from PAUL, her eyes demurely down-cast.

33 Continued

HARGOOD

Come along, Martha. Goodnight, Vicar.

And he leads his family away.

EXT. DRIVE OUTSIDE CHURCH DAY LOCATION

34 Where the family carriages are waiting. As the HARGOODS approach theirs (black and shining, of course) the COACHMAN drops down from his seat, opens the door for them and deftly knocks down the little step-ladder.

They climb in, watched at a distance by the young PAXTONS and young JEREMY SECKER.

(Oddly, the fathers do not seem to even recognise one another)

INT. HARGOOD CARRIAGE DAY STUDIO

35 The family sits in uncomfortable silence, ALICE wrapped in her own thoughts; MARTHA, sensing that there may be something amiss, tries to break the ice.

MARTHA

(to Hargood)

Chilly, don't you think, my dear?

HARGOOD answers without even bothering to look at her.

HARGOOD

One would not expect it to be like summer in mid-October.

EXT. ROAD

35a L. S. of carriage on way from church to house.

EXT. HARGOOD HOUSE DAY LOCATION

36 A substantial house with large garden. The carriage sweeps up the well-kept drive,

FRONT DOOR DAY STUDIO

36a draws up. The steps are let down and they all move to the -

FRONT DOOR DAY STUDIO

37 Which is opened by a UNIFORMED MAID. They enter.

HALL AND STAIRS HARGOOD HOUSE DAY

38 In silence, the MAID takes HARGOOD's coat and hat, which she hangs on the hall stand. (The ladies hang up their own) ALICE moves to go.

38 Continued

HARGOOD

You will stay here, Alice.

Surprised, ALICE turns back.. HARGOOD waits for the MAID to go, his lips tight with anger.

HARGOOD

You will apologise to your mother and I for your behaviour.

MARTHA looks as blank as ALICE.

ALICE

What 'behaviour'?

HARGOOD

You will apologise, then go up to your room and stay there, d'you understand?

ALICE

No, I don't understand ...

HARGOOD

(sharply)

You know perfectly well what I am talking about.

ALICE

(appealing to her mother)

Mother, I don't ...

HARGOOD

(heavily - explaining as if to an idiot)

You were smiling and - ~~talking to~~ that young man. *flirting with*

ALICE

But, that was Paul, father ...

HARGOOD

I don't care. He is still a young man, and you are a young woman, a sexually mature young woman, and I will not have you - displaying yourself in that provocative manner ...

MARTHA

(shocked)

William!

38 Continued

ALICE

It's because it was Paul, isn't it! You've never liked him, but he can't help that ...

HARGOOD

(snaps it out)

But you can help behaving like a harlot ...

MARTHA

Father ... !

HARGOOD

... a harlot in God's house.

ALICE

Oh, my God ... !

And she is running, stumbling upstairs, blinded by tears of frustration.

HARGOOD

Blasphemy will only make it worse.

MARTHA

William, it's only natural for a young girl ...

HARGOOD turns and looks coldly at her. She lowers her eyes, sighs.

MARTHA

The supper will be ready in an hour.

HARGOOD

You may send hers up on a tray.

MARTHA

Yes, dear.

HARGOOD

I shall, of course, not be in for supper.

MARTHA

Oh, and I had cook bake a ham the way you like it.

HARGOOD

(his patience tried)

I am never at home for supper the last Sunday of the month, surely you know that by now?

38A

38 Continued

MARTHA

Oh, yes. Your charity work in the East End.

HARGOOD

~~He~~ *Frank*

He opens the sitting room door and goes in, closing it behind him.
MARTHA continues upstairs.

ALICE'S BEDROOM

~~EVENING~~

DAY

39 ALICE sits, dry-eyed at her dressing table. There is a discreet knock at the door.

ALICE

Come in, Mother.

MARTHA comes in, closing the door quietly behind her.

MARTHA

Don't judge your father too harshly,
my dear.

ALICE does not reply; simply stares straight ahead.

MARTHA

I know just how you're feeling ...

ALICE

Do you, Mother? Do you?

MARTHA

(taken aback)

Of course I do, darling. I was young like
you once, you know. Young and excited by
the prospect of my life before me.

ALICE

Until you met him.

MARTHA

(genuinely shocked)

Alice!

ALICE

He crushed you, didn't he! Crushed the
life right out of you.

39 Continued

MARTHA

You mustn't say such ...

ALICE

He's not going to do it to me.

MARTHA

You're upset ...

ALICE

And with good reason. Oh, Mother, why
does he hate Paul so?

MARTHA

I'm sure he doesn't.

ALICE

But he does. Why?

MARTHA

I've honestly no idea, no idea at all.

ALICE

Is it something to do with Paul's father?

MARTHA

Mr Paxton? I don't see how it can be.
They scarcely know one another.

EXT.

PAXTON HOUSE

~~NIGHT~~

Location

40 SAMUEL PAXTON stands outside his front door, glancing at his pocket watch. He looks up as the Hargood carriage approaches. As it draws to a halt, PAXTON climbs inside.

INT.

CARRIAGE

NIGHT

41 HARGOOD is seated in one corner. PAXTON sinks down into another.

PAXTON

A bit late tonight, Hargood.

HARGOOD

I am exactly on time, Paxton

PAXTON raises his eyebrows, glances at his thick pocket watch, moves the hands.

EXT. SECKER'S HOUSE NIGHT LOCATION

42 The carriage appears outside a very attractive row of terraced houses and pulls to a halt. A pause, then SECKER hurries out and climbs inside.

INT. CARRIAGE

43 SECKER joins the other two inside.

SECKER

(a slight smile)

Exactly on time as usual, gentlemen.

PAXTON

I thought we were a little late, Secker.

SECKER smiles quietly to himself. HARGOOD gives him a killing look.

EXT. LONDON STREETS NIGHT LOCATION

43a The HARGOOD carriage passes through on way to East End.

EXT. LONDON STREETS NIGHT LOCATION

43b HARGOOD carriage passes through East End streets. Turns into mews or alleyway.

EXT. MEAN LONDON STREET NIGHT STUDIO

44 Littered with drunks, beggars and dirty-faced kids.

The Hargood carriage appears and is immediately surrounded by children fighting to open the door and get a tip.

45 As it comes to a halt, the COACHMAN doing his best to keep them at bay with his whip, one of them grabs the door handle and flings open the door. HARGOOD, looking irritable, steps out first, followed by PAXTON, then SECKER. As neither of the others makes any attempt to tip the kids, SECKER puts his hand in his pocket and, producing some small change, throws it amongst them. He smiles as he watches them scramble for it. Neither HARGOOD nor PAXTON smile with him.

HARGOOD leads them through the miserable entrance to what we see to be:

'HOUSE OF CHARITY'

The East London Mission

INT. HOUSE OF CHARITY NIGHT

46 The House of Charity consists of bare brick walls against which are placed well worn benches. At one end of this cheerless room stands a trestle table on which can be seen stacked piles of chipped soup bowls and an empty tureen or two. A crudely executed sign tells us that there will be:

SOUP - BREAD - ONE PENNY

and that it will be available at:

NINE TONIGHT

46 Continued

Slouched along the benches are a number of destitute families. They scarcely bother to look up as the three men cross the room to a little door set in the back wall.

47 HARGOOD taps sharply on the door, which is opened a moment later by a SAD-FACED MAN. He immediately steps aside to let them enter.

DARK CORRIDOR

48 The three men are ushered in by SAD FACE, who quickly closes the door behind them.

SAD-FACE

This way, gentlemen.

HARGOOD

We know the way.

He pushes past the man and leads the others to the end of the passage where there is an arched opening covered by a thick curtain. He pushes the curtain aside enough to enter. The others follow.

ANTE ROOM

BORDELLO

NIGHT

49 A dark room, full of shadows and smoke. All around can be glimpsed girls in every sort of costume, some childishly young, some pathetically old. They all stare dully at the clients as they enter.

From the shadows, a figure appears, mincing towards them. Although he is dressed in the clothes of a man, it is hard to make out exactly what he is. The name is FELIX.

FELIX

Such a pleasure to see you again, gentlemen.
Punctual to the minute, as always. I have
your usual room ready, of course.

HARGOOD

I hope the - entertainment isn't too usual,
Felix.

FELIX

Oh, no! I've selected something most
diverting for you gentlemen tonight. I'm
sure you'll enjoy it.

They talk as they cross the room to another curtained archway.

49 Continued

HARGOOD

Because we've been coming here for years ... ?

SECKER

Seven years. And two months to be exact.

FELIX

I know. Regular as clockwork, you've been.

HARGOOD

Well, we're getting a bit - bored with it, Felix.

FELIX

Oh! You won't be bored, tonight, I can assure you of that

They now pass through the curtain into the -

BORDELLO NIGHT

50 This consists of a corridor between the rows of cubicles, each with its own curtained doorway. From behind these drapes can be heard an occasional burst of laughter from the men and shrieks of laughter (we hope!) from the girls.

FELIX leads his clients through, chatting as he goes.

FELIX

It's best you leave it to me, really. I know the girls who are really - well, clean, if you get my meaning. Some of the girls I get brought me are - well, they've no idea. Straight into a hot bath they go, and do they scream! Say they don't want to be seen without their clothes on. I tell 'em, it's no use your being shy here, eh, gentlemen? Here we are then.

He has reached the door to a private cubicle at the end of the corridor, which he now flings open.

PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

51 The room is small and furnished with low settees. On a table, an ice bucket has been set, with a bottle of champagne cooling it it. Glasses are on a tray.

FELIX

Everything ready, as you see.

The three men start to relax. They take off their coats, ease their collars.

FELIX

That's right, gentlemen. You make yourselves comfortable.

(to Hargood)

Let me hang that up for you.

He holds out his hand for Hargood's jacket. HARGOOD is about to hand it over, when he remembers, feels inside, produces his wallet, which he slips into his trouser pocket.

FELIX

That's right. You can't be too careful, can you?

SECKER has picked up the champagne and is trying to open it. It is obvious that he is not a very practical man, as he does not seem to have much idea.

FELIX

Here! Let me ...

He deftly unwires the cork and pours three glasses of champagne.

FELIX

There! Your health, gentlemen. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and - well, you know.

And, with a smirk, he is gone.

52 HARGOOD produces a small phial of colourless liquid and puts a few drops in his drink.

HARGOOD

Paxton?

PAXTON

Well -- all right.

He watches closely as HARGOOD 'spikes' his drink, too.

52 Continued

HARGOOD

Secker?

SECKER

Thank you, no.

There is a knock at the door.

HARGOOD

Yes?

FELIX pops his head round the door.

FELIX

Ready when you are, gentlemen!

SHOCK CUT TO

53 The performance.

The little room is now thick with smoke which makes it difficult to see quite what is going on, but, as the CAMERA moves around, we glimpse a strapping Amazon of a girl performing a sinuous dance with what appears to be a live python; a tiny-figured girl of about eighteen with her face whitened, her lips and cheeks rouged like a doll and her hair in bows, wearing the costume of a child of twelve, sitting on HARGOOD's knee; and a slim Oriental, her skirt slit in the Chinese manner, who stands close to PAXTON, stroking his hair, and talking quietly to him. The first bottle of champagne is now empty, and SECKER is pouring from another.

BORDELLO

54 A tall, dark, too-handsome young man in his early twenties dressed in beautifully cut, if shabby clothes, strides down the corridor between the cubicles, stopping at each one and jerking back the curtains to the consternation of the occupants. SAD-FACE and FELIX are both trying, ineffectually, to stop him.

FELIX

I've had quite enough of your coming here, upsetting everybody. Why can't you leave us alone, eh? Oh, for God's sake, go away and stay away, do you hear me?

54 Continued

The YOUNG MAN has reached the end of the corridor. Seeing that he intends to open the door, FELIX gives a scream of rage, and throws himself in front of the YOUNG MAN, barring his way.

FELIX

You're not going in there! Don't you dare try to go in there! They're my best gentlemen in there. You just keep out ...

But the YOUNG MAN simply pushes him to one side and flings open the door.

PRIVATE ROOM

55 The private party is frozen into a tableau as the door is flung open and the YOUNG MAN stands there. He looks slowly round the room, a sardonic smile on his lips. Then he laughs. The girls stop what they're doing and are only aware of the YOUNG MAN.

For HARGOOD, this is the last straw.

HARGOOD

Now, look here!

YOUNG MAN

(innocently)

Yes?

HARGOOD

You can't come in here.

YOUNG MAN

But I have.

He is eyeing the three girls as he speaks. They obviously know him and are completely fascinated by him. He now beckons to the little girl. To HARGOOD's astonishment, she leaves him and crosses straight to the YOUNG MAN. This is too much for FELIX.

FELIX

And who's going to pay, eh? My girls are not free for any Tom

DOLLY

(low voice)

I'll pay.

55 Continued

And this takes the wind right out of FELIX's sails. The YOUNG MAN gives a little bow to the assembly, strides out, followed by DOLLY.

56

PAXTON

Well!

SECKER

(amused)

I'll be

HARGOOD

(not amused, but impressed)

The impudent young puppy.

But there is admiration in his voice:

FELIX

I can't tell you how sorry I am. I just can't begin to tell you

HARGOOD interrupts him.

HARGOOD

(nods towards the girls)

You can get rid of them!

FELIX

Of course.

FELIX fussily shoos them out and closes the door.

SECKER

Who is he?

PAXTON

An impudent scoundrel, that's -

HARGOOD

(cutting in)

Yes, who is he?

FELIX

That's young Courtenay. Lord Courtenay's son. You must remember, his father disowned him some years ago - cut him off without a shilling. Father caught him holding a black mass in the family chapel - very nasty, it was.

HARGOOD

So that's young Courtenay.

FELIX

Terrible scandal it was.

56 Continued

SECKER

Yes, I remember now.

FELIX

If his father could see him now.

SECKER

But he's dead, isn't he? The father?

FELIX

God rest his soul. Good thing too, if you ask me.

PAXTON

I can't think why you let him in here at all.

FELIX

Can't stop him. He's such a devil when he's crossed. He'd have the place apart - in pieces - if we tried to stop him.

PAXTON

Can't think why you don't call in the police.

HARGOOD

Really, Paxton.

FELIX

Can't really do that, can I?

SECKER

But how does he live? Does he work?

FELIX

Him? Never does a stroke.

HARGOOD

Then how?

FELIX glances across at where the two girls sit in a corner. He lowers his voice.

FELIX

They keep him.

HARGOOD

They pay him?

FELIX

He fascinates them, you see. I tell you, he's the very devil. If I were religious,

56 Continued

FELIX (Cont)

I'd say he was possessed ... possessed of the devil.

HARGOOD

(thoughtfully)

'Possessed of the devil ... '

EXT. MEAN STREET NIGHT

57 It is now quite late and there is hardly anyone about. Hargood's carriage waits at the end of the street.

The door to the Soup Kitchen opens and LORD COURTENAY saunters out. He stands for a moment, enjoying the night air, and is about to walk away, when HARGOOD steps out of the carriage and hails him.

HARGOOD

Young man!

COURTENAY stops and slowly turns.

COURTENAY

If you are serving a writ, my friend, please don't waste my time - or yours for that matter.

And he turns to go again.

HARGOOD

Lord Courtenay!

COURTENAY hesitates, turns slowly back and looks at HARGOOD with suspicion and disdain.

COURTENAY

Do I know you?

HARGOOD steps forward into the light.

COURTENAY

Of course. I took your woman from you, didn't I? If it's to be swords or pistols, I have neither.

HARGOOD

My friends and I would like to invite you to supper.

COURTENAY

Why?

57 Continued

HARGOOD

We'd like to - talk to you.

COURTENAY

About?

HARGOOD

Over supper.

COURTENAY stares at HARGOOD for a beat, then with a shrug.

COURTENAY

Very well.

HARGOOD signals the COACHMAN to bring the carriage up. As it approaches, COURTENAY steps past him and into the cab, calling up to the driver as he does so.

COURTENAY

The Cafe Royal, driver!

He turns back to HARGOOD for a moment.

COURTENAY

It's the only place!

And he steps inside. HARGOOD cannot help but smile at the man's cheek as he follows him into the carriage.

INT. CAFE ROYAL NIGHT STUDIO

58 FRANCOIS, the Maitre d'hotel, is supervising the preparation of a superb dish when he sees from the looks of the waiters assisting him that something is wrong somewhere. He looks up, hands over to his assistant with a muttered apology to the diners, and hurries off to intercept -

59 - LORD COURTENAY, who is leading his party through in the direction of one of the best tables.

FRANCOIS

Excuse me, gentlemen ...

He hurries up to them.

FRANCOIS

I'm sorry, gentlemen ...

COURTENAY

What are you sorry about, Francois?

59 Continued

FRANCOIS

(shocked)

Lord Courtenay!

COURTENAY

And three -- friends.

And he deliberately moves to a table with a 'reserved' sign on it.

COURTENAY

(indicating)

I thought - just here?

FRANCOIS

I'm afraid ... But, for you, of course.

COURTENAY hands the RESERVED sign from the table to FRANCOIS and ushers them into their seats.

COURTENAY

Excellent, Francois.

FRANCOIS snaps a finger and the HEAD WAITER hurries forward with an armful of menus. COURTENAY does not even bother to take his.

COURTENAY

I remember your taste to be impeccable, Francois. You choose for us. And a glass or two of Burgundy - Rothschild, I think, don't you?

FRANCOIS

I should have suggested it myself, your lordship.

COURTENAY

Thank you, Francois. And a little of that Moselle right away?

FRANCOIS

Certainly, my lord.

FRANCOIS glances in the direction of the others, who sit, fascinated and awed by this performance.

FRANCOIS

And ... ?

59 Continued

COURTNEY

They'll have the same.

FRANCOIS bows and leaves them.

60 COURTNEY sits back with satisfaction, letting his gaze wander around the restaurant, never even bothering to look at the others.

PAXTON is the first to speak.

PAXTON

Well!

COURTENAY

I beg your pardon?

HARGOOD

Let's get down to business.

COURTENAY

I never discuss business over food.

WAITER brings the wine.

COURTENAY

(cheerfully)

Ah, the Moselle.

FRANCOIS offers him the bottle to touch.

COURTENAY

And just the right temperature. I feel sure the dinner is going to be delicious.

PAXTON

Well!

SECKER is amused. HARGOOD irritated, but impressed.

61 ALICE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

The food on ALICE's supper tray is scarcely touched. ALICE is getting into her negligee. Her mother knocks.

MARTHA

May I come in, dear?

61 Continued

ALICE

Yes, mother.

MRS HARGOOD enters.

MARTHA

Oh! You've hardly eaten anything, dear.

ALICE

I wasn't hungry.

MARTHA crosses to the tray and picks it up. ALICE glances up and sees that her mother is crying. She immediately gets to her feet and crosses to her.

ALICE

Oh, Mother

MARTHA

I'm so sorry for you.

ALICE

Because I didn't eat my supper?

MARTHA

You know it isn't that.

ALICE

Yes, I know, Mother. But you needn't worry - really.

She gives her mother a kiss. Her mother sighs, picks up the tray again and leaves.

61a INT. CAFE ROYAL

Dinner is over, the remains on the table.

COURTENAY

Well?

HARGOOD glances over at the other tables, worried that they might be overheard. COURTENAY is not helping by leaning well back in his seat, so that HARGOOD is forced to speak up.

61a Continued

HARGOOD

It's a little difficult to explain.

COURTENAY

(unhelpfully)

Is it?

HARGOOD

Yes. You see

COURTENAY

(he suddenly stops smiling)

Then let me explain it for you. You and your two friends here have formed a little society with the object of enjoying the many -- unusual experiences this life has to offer, is that right?

HARGOOD

Quite right.

COURTENAY

At the same time keeping up a facade of respectability in front of your families and local community, is that right?

PAXTON

I'd hardly

HARGOOD silences him with a gesture.

HARGOOD

I shouldn't have put it like that myself, but ...

COURTENAY

And having tried everything your narrow imaginations can suggest, you're bored to death with it all, right?

PAXTON

Well!

COURTNEY

And now you want someone with infinitely greater experience than yourselves to suggest alternatives.

61a Continued

HARGOOD

That's it, exactly.

COURTENAY

Just how far are you willing to go?

The others do not know quite how to answer this.

COURTENAY

(leaning forward)

For instance ... would you be willing to
sell your souls to the devil?

SECKER

In what way do you ...

COURTENAY

I mean exactly what I say. Sell your souls
to the devil.

PAXTON looks around, frightened that someone has overheard them.

HARGOOD

I - I don't know.

COURTENAY

Then we are wasting time.

SECKER

If one thought one's experience would be
extended ...

COURTENAY

It would be extended to infinity!

PAXTON

What - what would we have to do?

COURTENAY

First, you will need money.

PAXTON

Ah, I thought there might be ...

COURTENAY

Not for me, but to buy something we shall
need for the - ceremony.

61a Continued

HARGOOD

What is it?

PAXTON

And how much.

COURTNEY now interested and excited.

COURTENAY

I will show you.

EXT. GARDEN NIGHT STUDIO

61b PAUL stands in the shadows, looking up. He whistles softly.

61c INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

ALICE hears a low whistle from outside. Her face immediately lights up with happiness. She crosses quickly to the window and opens it.

EXT. GARDEN NIGHT STUDIO

62 PAUL waiting expectantly. ALICE'S P. O. V.

ALICE'S VOICE

Paul?

PAUL

(grins)

Who else did you expect?

62 Continued

ALICE

Don't be silly. Wait a moment and I'll come down.

PAUL

If you don't, I'm coming up.

ALICE

You dare!

ALICE'S BEDROOM

63 ALICE turns down the light and, opening the window wide, steps out onto the sill.

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

64 It is obvious that ALICE has used this way of escape from her room many times - probably ever since she was a little girl - since she scarcely even bothers to look down, but moves neatly from window sill to tree branch and to the ground.

65 PAUL moves quickly across to catch her and they embrace warmly.

UNDER TREE LOCATION OR STUDIO

66

PAUL

(as they break)

Nothing but good news, Alice.

ALICE

Oh?

PAUL

My Uncle Harry will lend me the money, I can go into business on my own, and so, my darling, there is now nothing, absolutely nothing to stop us.

ALICE

Oh, darling ...

They embrace again.

PAUL

So, my darling, when's it to be? This week ... next ...

ALICE laughs, then realises that he may not be joking.

66 Continued

ALICE

You don't -- mean that, do you?

PAUL

Mean it?

ALICE

About -- tomorrow?

PAUL

What's to stop us?

ALICE

I can't just leave -- them.

(she gestures towards the
house)

Not like that.

PAUL

Why not? You told me often enough how he
treats you, how you long to get away. And
he'll never agree to let us meet any other way.

ALICE

But -- my mother.

PAUL

She married him, didn't she? She chose to
be his wife.

ALICE

(flaring)

She's also my mother, and I can't just run away
and leave her.

PAUL

I see. So it was all talk, our going away together.

ALICE

No, it wasn't just all talk. I love you, Paul.
I've told you I want to marry you and I do.
I want it more than anything in this world, and
if it was anything else ... If I left her, Paul -
I think she'd die.

PAUL

So - what are we going to do?

ALICE

I don't know.

(she is crying now)

66 Continued

ALICE (Cont)

But Paul - never stop loving me - or I think
I'd die, too.

And she falls, sobbing, into his arms.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP NIGHT

67 Starting on some grotesque curio, the CAMERA EXPLORES the shop
which is cluttered with antiques, bric-a-brac and plain rubbish. There
is scarcely room to move.

COURTENAY'S VOICE

Akermann?

The door opens a little, sticks against something, and is pushed wide
open by COURTENAY who now appears.

COURTENAY

Akermann?

He enters, followed by HARGOOD, PAXTON and SECKER.

COURTENAY

Where are you, Akermann?

Another door opens and the fat face of AKERMANN appears, blinking
owlishly at them.

AKERMANN

Who wants me?

(seeing Courtenay he is
unimpressed)

Oh, it's you.

And, without further discussion, he is gone, closing the door behind him.

COURTENAY moves across the room as quickly as the clutter will allow
and jerks open the door.

COURTENAY

Come on out, you old fool. I said we've
business to discuss.

AKERMANN makes a reluctant re-appearance.

AKERMANN

What sort of business can you have with me?

67 Continued

COURTENAY

I want to buy, Akermann.

AKERMANN

(hedging)

Buy what?

COURTENAY

You know what.

AKERMANN

Not for sale.

COURTENAY

You'll sell anything for money.

AKERMANN

Money? What money?

HARGOOD

(he can stand it not a
moment longer)

Would someone mind telling me what this
is all about?

PAXTON

Quite.

COURTENAY ignores them.

COURTENAY

You say the price, Akermann.

AKERMANN

More than you can afford.

COURTENAY

Granted. But it is these gentlemen who
are buying.

PAXTON

What's that?

SECKER

Buying what, exactly?

AKERMANN

Is it true - you might be interested?

HARGOOD

Possibly, if we knew what it was we are
supposed to be interested in?

67 Continued

AKERMANN

You don't know?

AKERMANN laughs.

COURTENAY

Show them, Akermann.

AKERMANN hesitates, then disappears for a moment among the clutter to reappear carrying something wrapped in a cloth. He clears the top of a convenient table by knocking all the rubbish off it onto the floor, and carefully places the bundle on the table top. He unwinds the cloth, to reveal the ornately carved casket that we saw him carrying earlier.

He produces a huge bunch of keys. Selecting the right one, he opens the casket. Inside are the black cloak of Dracula, neatly folded - the jewelled clasp, the ornate ring and, in a glass phial, the red powder.

68 The three men move closer the better to see.

69 COURTNEY is obviously very much affected by what is there. He stretches out a hand.

AKERMANN hesitates, then hands him the ring. COURTENAY slides it onto his finger with evident satisfaction.

HARGOOD

What -- what is all this?

AKERMANN

A concentration of evil, my dear sir.

PAXTON

A what?

AKERMANN

These pieces once belonged to the most evil man that ever lived -- Count Dracula --

SECKER

Dracula!

He is obviously impressed.

Dracula

69 Continued

AKERMANN

Then you will know that I speak the truth
when I so describe him.

(indicating)

His cloak, his signet ring, clasp -- and
his blood.

HARGOOD

His what?

AKERMANN

His blood.

PAXTON

It's only dried up powder. Just powder.

AKERMANN, offended, starts to put the items back.

AKERMANN

That is right, gentlemen. It contains only
powder. Goodnight, gentlemen.

COURTENAY

Akermann, the man's a fool, you can see
that.

PAXTON

Now see here ...

HARGOOD

Please don't make matters worse, Paxton.
Mr Akermann, I can assure you that we are
very interested in what you have to say, but ...

He turns to COURTENAY for an explanation.

COURTENAY

These - relics will enable us to perform
the ceremony - I spoke about. I am asking
you to buy them.

HARGOOD

Just on your word?

COURTENAY

Just on my word.

HARGOOD

I see.

(he turns to Akermann)

What price are you asking, Mr. Akermann?

69 Continued

AKERMANN

(a beat, then)

A thousand guineas.

PAXTON

What?

COURTNEY moves closer to HARGOOD.

COURTNEY

You'll never regret it, I swear. I swear --
(he indicates the relics)
-- in his name.

HARGOOD shudders, turns to SECKER.

HARGOOD

Secker?

SECKER nods slowly. HARGOOD turns to PAXTON.

HARGOOD

Paxton?

PAXTON

But all we know is ...

HARGOOD

Do I take it that you do not want to remain
in the circle?

PAXTON

No, no. Oh, very well.

HARGOOD

(to Akermann)

We'll pay your price.

COURTNEY

(eyes blazing)

You will be repayed a thousand times.

AKERMANN

(softly)

And may the Devil take good care of you!

And he closes the lid of the casket.

69a EXT. LONDON STREETS NIGHT LOCATION

69b HARGOOD'S CARRIAGE FROM

69c ANTIQUE SHOP TOWARDS COUNTRYSIDE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT LOCATION

69d HARGOOD's carriage on its way.

INT. HARGOOD CARRIAGE NIGHT

70 The casket, once more in its cloth covering, sways on the neatly trousered knees of WILLIAM HARGOOD as the coach races through the countryside.

The three 'brave men' sit silent and thoughtful.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT LOCATION

71 The Hargood carriage grinds to a halt as the COACHMAN applies the brakes. He hops down.

72 DELETED

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT LOCATION

73 They all get out, HARGOOD carrying the casket, PAXTON another bundle (we do not yet know what it contains) and SECKER a hand-drawn map.

COACHMAN

Do I wait for you here, sir?

HARGOOD

What? Yes, yes.

The COACHMAN touches his cap and steps back.

SECKER

(pointing)

It's this way.

They start off up a narrow country lane.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE NIGHT LOCATION

74 The three men appear, finding the going pretty hard.

74 Continued

PAXTON

(to Secker)

Much further, d'you think?

SECKER

Not much.

PAXTON

Can't think why we had to come all this way.

HARGOOD

Where else would you have us meet? Your drawing room?

PAXTON

Of course not, but ---

(looks over his shoulder)

Gives me the creeps.

75 DELETED

WOODED LAND. NIGHT (NOTE: THERE SHOULD BE A LAKE
OR POOL NEARBY) LOCATION

76 The three men plod their way towards the chapel. The rising wind disturbs the trees.

77 They reach the edge of the wooded land, and HARGOOD points.

HARGOOD

There!

P. O. V. CHAPEL (MATTE)

78 Seen through the trees.

INT. CHAPEL NIGHT

79 Although the outside shell of the building indicates its origin as a chapel, the inside has been so altered that little of the original purpose

79 Continued

can be detected. Windows have been boarded up, the altar and all the religious decoration removed. It is now a very dilapidated family vault with cobwebs.

The CAMERA moves around to pick up a shadow, flitting across floor and walls. A moment later, HARGOOD and his two companions appear in the doorway. They hesitate there, not sure what to do next.

80 HARGOOD takes the initiative. He takes a step forward, sets the casket down on a pew, and calls out:

HARGOOD

Courtenay?

No reply.

PAXTON

Doesn't look much like a chapel.

SECKER

It isn't any more. Old Courtenay closed it up after his son was caught holding a Black Mass here. That's why the boy was disinherited. I read it up.

HARGOOD tries again.

HARGOOD

Courtenay?

This time he is answered - by the echo.

Then there is a rustling sound: something is moving in the gloom. The three men peer about them, trying to pierce it. PAXTON gives a little cry of terror as --

~~81 a rat scuttles near his feet.~~

82

PAXTON

Oh, my God! I don't like this.

HARGOOD

If you wish to leave ...

PAXTON

Of course I don't.

HARGOOD

Then kindly stay quiet!

82 Continued

They stand for a moment in tense silence. And then it starts -- the low chuckling laughter.

PAXTON

What's that?

~~SECKER~~~~Yes, I heard something~~

Hargood Keep quiet

They listen intently. And the laughter starts again, only from another direction. The men spin round, trying to trace the source. PAXTON is now in a sweat of fear.

PAXTON

There's someone there.

The laugh become louder.

PAXTON

THERE'S SOMEONE THERE!

In panic, he turns and runs -

83 -- into the arms of COURTENAY who materialises as if from nowhere.

COURTENAY

Of course I'm here. Did you not expect me?

PAXTON reels back, choking for breath, near fainting.

HARGOOD

That was a damn fool thing to do.

COURTENAY

Do you think our friend here will be up to the ceremony?

SECKER

That really was stupid, you know.

COURTENAY

Possibly. But it amused me. Now, let us not waste any more time. Do you have the casket?

HARGOOD

It is not we who have ...

COURTENAY

Do you have the casket?

83 Continued

HARGOOD

(a beat)

Naturally.

COURTENAY

Bring it here then.

For a moment it looks as if HARGOOD will refuse. But he goes and fetches it.

84 COURTENAY is busy in another part of the chapel where he has arranged a form of altar, covered with a heavily embroidered cloth in signs of the zodiac and atop of which he places two black candles in ornate silver candlesticks and a knife with an ornate handle.

COURTENAY

(indicating)

On there!

HARGOOD hesitates, then does as he is bid, setting down the casket between the two candles.

COURTENAY

~~Well, open it, man!~~

HARGOOD

~~Now, look...~~

But COURTENAY's look silences him. He produces the key and unlocks the casket.

85 COURTENAY pushes HARGOOD to one side, then reverently takes the cloak, the clasp, the ring and the phial from the casket and sets them down on the altar.

86 Now he takes the black cloak and flings it about his shoulders. He clips the jewelled clasp across his throat and, finally, reverently, places the ring upon his finger.

87 The others watch, fascinated.

88 COURTENAY stands there for a moment, lost in thought, then he suddenly looks up and barks at them.

COURTENAY

The goblets.

For a moment, none of them moves.

88 Continued

COURTENAY

The goblets! You brought them?

SECKER suddenly realises.

SECKER

They're here.

He collects the bundle and brings it forward. He unwraps it to produce four magnificent cut-glass goblets. COURTENAY is impressed.

COURTENAY

Good ... good ...

He hands each of them a goblet, placing his own to one side.

Now, he moves slowly to the altar and lights the candles.

Now he starts to talk, not caring that his back is to the others and that, strain though they do, they cannot hear what he is saying (which is a spell in Latin). He then makes a sign with his hands, then moves to the altar and picks up the phial. He opens the silver lid, turns and approaches the others one by one. Into each goblet, he tips a few grains of the powder.

He now moves back to the altar, sets down the phial, and picks up the knife. He turns again, looking at each of them in turn.

89 At HARGOOD, scared but unflinching.

90 At SECKER, completely fascinated by it all.

91 At PAXTON, in a blue funk, his hand shaking so that he can scarcely hold the glass.

92 COURTENAY smiles slightly, crosses to HARGOOD and stands facing him. He then raises the knife and deliberately draws the needle-sharp point across the palm of his hand, making a thin incision in bright red. He lowers the knife, allowing it to drop to the floor and turns his hand on one side so that it is over the goblet in HARGOOD's hand.

A trickle of blood runs to the edge of his hand, hovers there and drips into the goblet.

Immediately, the chapel is lit by a searing flash of lightning and there is a crack of thunder overhead. (And the scream of a bat?)

- 93 HARGOOD finds himself holding a goblet full of warm, red blood - so full, in fact, that it is trickling over the edge of the glass onto his hand.

HARGOOD cannot restrain himself from crying out.

COURTENAY

(half mad with excitement -
a whisper)

Now will you believe?

- 94 He crosses to SECKER and, once more, holds his hand over the glass.

- 95 Once more the trickle of blood causes the powder to transform itself into a full goblet of thick, red blood, warm and sticky.

And once again, the lightning flashes; the thunder roars.

- 96 COURTENAY now crosses to PAXTON, whose hand is shaking so badly that COURTENAY has to steady it with his free hand.

- 97 Again, the transformation.

- 98 PAXTON is so shaken that he spills the blood all over himself.

- 99 COURTENAY moves back to the altar, and faces them all again. He picks up his own glass and drops his own blood into the powder there. And he raises the goblet before him.

COURTENAY

Now -- drink!

- 100 The others look at him, stunned.

- 101 COURTENAY begins to get annoyed.

COURTENAY

Did you not hear? I said Drink.

- 102 HARGOOD is as white as a sheet.

- 103 SECKER seems transfixed - unable to move.

- 104 PAXTON looks as if he might either faint or burst into tears.

- 105 COURTENAY's eyes blaze.

COURTENAY

Drink! D'you hear me! Drink.

106 With a whimpering cry, PAXTON lets his goblet fall from his hand.

PAXTON

It's ... disgusting ...

He turns so that the others shall not see his tears.

COURTENAY

Don't insult the Master. Drink, damn you!

He turns on HARGOOD.

COURTENAY

You! Drink!

107 HARGOOD tries, actually raises the glass to his lips, but he is unable to force them open and blood trickles down his mouth.

COURTENAY

You fools! You pathetic, spineless fools!

108

HARGOOD

You drink, then! You drink it. You drink the filth!

109 COURTENAY stares at him for a moment, his eyes filled with loathing and contempt. Then he raises his goblet ---

110 -- and drinks.

The storm immediately breaks out in fresh fury. The wind lashes, lightning stabs at the windows and the thunder cracks overhead again and again.

COURTENAY stands there for a moment, the goblet still grasped in his hand, his lips smeared with the blood. Then he lets it fall to the ground. His eyes begin to stare. He opens his mouth to scream, but only a terrible rattling sound can be heard.

111 And then, he does scream! A scream of pure terror.

112 The others stand transfixed at the sight.

113 COURTENAY drops to his knees, extends his arms towards them as if appealing for help.

They step back, afraid lest he touch them.

No

COURTENAY shuffles forward on his knees, his whole body contorted with the pain. He opens his bloodied lips and starts to retch, bringing up great gobs of blood.

114 The others shudder at the ghastly sight.

115 Then, in a terrible voice, scarcely recognizable as his, COURTENAY appeals to them ...

COURTENAY
Help me ... Help me ...

He manages to grab hold of HARGOOD's coat and jerks at it wildly, nearly bringing the man to the ground.

Suddenly, it is all too much for HARGOOD. He kicks out wildly, kicks COURTENAY away from him - kicks and kicks.

116 The others are infected by the madness. They leap on COURTENAY, kicking and beating him like wild beasts.

COURTENAY does his best to protect himself, covering his head with his shaking hands, crying out for help and mercy.

117 Finally, HARGOOD finds the knife and, raising it high, brings it down again and again into the jerking body.

SECKER is the first to come to his senses. He grabs the knife from HARGOOD's hand, sending it flying to the floor.

SECKER
Enough!

They stand back, gasping for breath.

118 COURTENAY lies in a pool of blood, dead at their feet.

119 As one man, they turn and run, run in sheer panic, run out of the chapel and out into the night.

EXT. WOODED LAND NIGHT

120 The three figures run, stumbling and falling, as fast as their panic-stricken legs will carry them.

INT. CHAPEL

121 The body of COURTENAY lies crumpled and still in the middle of the blood-splattered floor.

INT. HARGOOD HALL AND STAIRS NIGHT

122 There is the sound of the key in the lock and, a moment later, the door is flung open and HARGOOD appears. He quickly shuts the door behind

122 Continued

Him - shutting out the storm - and his fears.

He stands there for a moment, leaning back against the door, trying to control his pounding heart, his rasping breath. Then he tears off his sodden coat and moves quickly to the door of the sitting room. The CAMERA moves to the stairs where, a moment later, MRS HARGOOD appears, peering down into the deserted hall.

MARTHA

William?

She hurries on down the stairs.

HARGOOD SITTING ROOM NIGHT

123 HARGOOD is pouring himself a brandy when MRS HARGOOD appears. He takes a deep drink, starts to refill his glass.

Then he suddenly senses her, spins round, spilling the brandy.

HARGOOD

What the devil ... ?

MARTHA

William! What is it?

HARGOOD

Listen, I've been here all evening, d'you understand?

MARTHA

Been here?

HARGOOD

Yes, been here, been here ... can you not understand that?

MARTHA

Yes, but ...

HARGOOD

If anybody asks ...

MARTHA

But who could ...

HARGOOD

Anybody, anybody. D'you understand?

MARTHA

Yes, dear.

HARGOOD stands staring at her, still breathing heavily. Then he turns and pours a drink.

123 Continued

HARGOOD

Where's Alice ~~at home~~ tonight?

MARTHA

~~Here, at home, where...~~ *here, at home*

HARGOOD

You must tell her to do the same.

MARTHA

(doubtfully)

I'll tell her, but she's a headstrong girl ...

HARGOOD

I'll tell her myself then.

He turns to the door, which opens in his face.

124 ALICE is there, a gown over her nightdress.

ALICE

Tell me what, Father?

HARGOOD

Listen. Listen carefully. I was home here all the evening, do you understand me?

ALICE glances across at her mother before she replies.

ALICE

I understand you.

HARGOOD

Good ... good ... Now -- go back to bed -- both of you.

MARTHA

Are you sure...

HARGOOD

(not looking)

GO!

MARTHA and ALICE leave him.

HALL AND STAIRS

125 As ALICE and MARTHA come out and close the door behind them.

125 Continued

ALICE

What's wrong, Mother?

MARTHA

I don't know, yet, darling. You go
back to bed.

ALICE hesitates, then goes on up. Her mother stands there, sick
with worry.

SITTING ROOM

126 HARGOOD is slumped in a chair, the glass in his hand. Now the
enormity of what they have done really begins to come home to him.
His face distorts with the agony of the burden. Tears of self-pity
well up in his eyes. He starts to sob, deep shuddering sobs.

127 The door opens quietly and MARTHA stands there, shocked, not
knowing what to do.

She crosses to him.

MARTHA

Won't you tell me what's wrong?

HARGOOD

Never. Never ... never ... never ...

EXT. SKY NIGHT STOCK

128 The storm has abated and the clouds are dispersing. The moon
begins to shine through them once more.

INT. CHAPEL NIGHT

129 The candles still burn on the altar; the body of young COURTENAY
still lies on the floor.

The moon breaks through the clouds, flooding the area with a strange
light.

From an ANGLE HIGH in the chapel roof, we look down on the figure
of COURTENAY below, twisted in the pain of death.

129 Continued

Now the sounds begin. Quietly at first, then rapidly building into a weird and distressing cacophony of sound, the music of sacred ritual perverted into a nightmare -- dissonant chanting -- distorted bells -- discordant organ -- all swelling in disharmony.

The CAMERA starts to move down towards the figure in a jerky, pulsating rhythm, like that of a heart beating, moving in-and-out of FOCUS until the dead face of COURTENAY fills the screen.

- 130 On the altar, the still-burning candles begin to flicker as we start to hear the sound of an unearthly wind. Dust begins to fill the air.
- 131 Dust that begins to cover the lying figure -- gradually covering his face completely.
- 132 The candles, their flames blown every way by the swirling wind, finally flicker out.
- 133 The face of the dead man is now completely caked with dust, forming a grey mask. The sound of the wind dies. The swirling dust subsides.
- 134 The candles on the altar miraculously rekindle themselves, their flame growing stronger and stronger - and burning a deep red.
- 135 The CAMERA MOVES BACK to the mask and HOLDS it for a long beat in dead silence. Then, with a sound like the crack of a whip, the mask splits open - shatters - revealing the face of --

DRACULA -

- his eyes wide-open, glowing red in the strange light, staring into infinity.

- 136 The CAMERA MOVES IN -- SLOWLY, centering the eyes -- then one eye -- closer and closer until the pupil fills the screen, flooding it with red mist.
- 137 From out of the mist appears the figure of DRACULA, his body pierced by the crucifix, his hands outstretched as if appealing for help. And then, his body ~~arched~~, he falls to the ground.

138 DELETED

139 On climax, the CAMERA ZOOMS SWIFTLY BACK to show that DRACULA is now standing in the centre of the chapel.

He slowly raises his head until he is staring up.

BIG CLOSE SHOT DRACULA

140

DRACULA

(his voice low, but
vibrant with power)

You destroy my servant you will be
destroyed.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE SUNNY DAY LOCATION

141 Silence but for the birds, then the sound of horses galloping. They appear on the skyline, two horses, ridden by a boy and a girl - the girl just leading.

142 As they flash by, we glimpse that it is LUCY AND JEREMY.

143 Two other horses are tethered near a clump of trees. As LUCY and JEREMY ride up, we see that ALICE and PAUL are there already.

LUCY jumps off, laughing happily.

LUCY

Won! Won! I won! Jeremy let me win.

JEREMY

(protesting)

I didn't!

LUCY

Yes you did, but I don't care. I'd rather win
by cheating than not win at all. There!
Isn't that honest of me!

LUCY waves her left hand in an exaggerated way.

LUCY

Isn't anyone going to notice?

143 Continued

ALICE
(a beat, then)
Your ring!

Obviously she has said the right thing, for LUCY is as pleased as a kitten. On the engagement finger is an obviously expensive ring.

LUCY
M-m-m-! Isn't it splendid! Jeremy just gave it me. We're engaged, you know.

ALICE
(shaken)
Does your father know?

LUCY
Not likely - you can't talk to him these days.

PAUL
Father's not well, anyway.

ALICE
Oh, I'm sorry.

LUCY
(laughing to soften the words)
Come on, Alice has seen my ring and she's green with envy, and that's all I came out for!

143. Continued

She remounts her horse.

LUCY

Race you home.

(a thought)

Oh, Alice! What are you wearing on Friday for the Allens party?

ALICE

Oh my primrose I think.

LUCY

Good. It won't clash with my blue.

PAUL, grinning, calls to JEREMY.

PAUL

What are you wearing, Jeremy?

JEREMY

(playing up)

Oh, my pink - I think.

PAUL

Oh, ripping! It won't clash with my yellow!

LUCY

(convulsed with laughter)

You idiots!

(to Jeremy)

Ready?

JEREMY

(fiddling with a stirrup)

No.

LUCY

Good! GO!

And she is away.

JEREMY looks up, grins, turns to the others.

143. Continued.

JEREMY

See you Friday.

And he is away after LUCY.

144. PAUL and ALICE embrace as soon as they are alone.

ALICE

I'm sorry about your father. Is it serious?

PAUL

Nobody knows. He came home the other night, went straight to bed, and hasn't got out of it since. He won't see the doctor - won't see anyone.

ALICE's face clouds.

ALICE

My father's been acting strangely, too. He's - he's drinking rather heavily.

PAUL

And that makes it even worse for your mother.

ALICE nods miserably.

PAUL

And for us.

ALICE

I'm sorry, Paul.

PAUL takes her hand and looks at it sadly. They both remount their horses.

PAUL

That was a magnificent ring Jeremy gave Lucy.

ALICE

Your father will never allow it, will he?

PAUL

Lucy to marry Jeremy? Not on your life! He can't stand the fellow. Won't let him near the house.

ALICE

Oh? Why not?

PAUL

I really don't know.

144 Continued

ALICE

(bewilderd - lost)

What is wrong with every body, Paul?

INT. PAXTON BEDROOM NIGHT

144a PAXTON is twisting and turning obviously unable to sleep. He is in a bad way.

INT. SECKER'S LIBRARY NIGHT

144b Clock strikes 3 - SECKER is walking up and down, up and down.

HARGOOD SITTING ROOM EVENING

145 In f. g. , a brandy decanter and glass; in b. g. MRS HARGOOD apparently engrossed in her sewing. She glances up as HARGOOD's none-too-steady hand comes into SHOT and pours a large measure. She is obviously upset.

MARTHA

Don't you think you've had enough already,
dear?

The hand hesitates, then deliberately pours in a measure more.

MRS HARGOOD puts down her sewing, gets to her feet and moves towards the door. HARGOOD deliberately puts out his leg to bar her way.

HARGOOD

Where are you going?

MARTHA

I have a headache. I'm going to lie down.

HARGOOD

Another headache!

MARTHA

Yes, another headache. Please let me pass.

HARGOOD slowly withdraws his leg.

HARGOOD

God save me from a sick woman.

MARTHA

Thank you.

(and she leaves)

146 HARGOOD gets to his feet with an effort, glances at his watch, fumbles for, and finds, a crumpled letter which he takes from his pocket and reads.

The door opens and ALICE comes in, dressed for the party and looking radiant.

146 Continued

ALICE

How do you like ... Oh!

HARGOOD

Yes?

ALICE

I thought Mother was in here. Excuse me ...

And she turns to go.

HARGOOD

Just a moment.

ALICE stops.

HARGOOD

I see from your dress that you intend going to a party.

ALICE

Yes, Father.

HARGOOD

I was not told about this.

ALICE

I would have told you, only --

HARGOOD

Only what?

ALICE

Well, you haven't been very approachable lately, have you? You haven't been quite yourself.

HARGOOD

You think I've been drinking too much, is that it?

ALICE does not reply.

HARGOOD

(barks)

Is that it? Is that what you mean?

ALICE

(stung to it)

Yes. Yes, Father.

146 Continued

HARGOOD

I see. And who is taking you to this party?

ALICE

(this is the question she has dreaded)

Paul.

HARGOOD

(flatly)

I forbid it.

(before Alice can protest)

I forbid it. Go and get those - things off.

ALICE, realising that to argue will be useless, turns and half runs from the room.

147 HARGOOD turns as she goes and stands for a moment staring at the door. Then he remembers the letter that he still holds in his hand, glances at it, stuffs it in his pocket and walks none-too-steadily to the door.

HALL AND STAIRS

EVENING

148 HARGOOD appears from the sitting room, grabs his coat from the hall stand, tried to force his arms through the sleeves, gives it up, slings the thing across his shoulders and, snatching his hat, opens the front door, to find himself -

149 - face-to-face with PAUL.

For a moment, the two men stare at one another.

HARGOOD

Good evening, Mr. Paxton. My daughter will not be coming to the party, so you can go.

PAUL

May I ask why not, sir?

HARGOOD

No, you may not.

PAUL

If she is ill ...

HARGOOD

She is perfectly well thank you. It is just

149 Continued

HARGOOD (Cont)
my wish that she should not go out this
evening. Excuse me.

He pushes past PAUL and out into the --

EXT. DRIVE EVENING

150 -- where his carriage is waiting, the COACHMAN holding open the door.

HARGOOD walks to it, followed by PAUL.

PAUL
May I ask you one more question, sir.
I think I have the right.

HARGOOD hesitates at the carriage door.

PAUL
Why do you hate me? What is it I've done
to -- offend you?

HARGOOD
You don't have to do anything to offend me,
young man.

He steps inside and slams shut the door.

HARGOOD
(calls)
Drive on.

PAUL steps back to allow the carriage to pass him. He stands for a
moment watching it, then turns to the house. A beat, then he moves
across to the --

GARDEN EVENING

151 -- under ALICE's window. He gives a low whistle.

ALICE'S WINDOW EVENING

152 ALICE appears at the window. It is obvious that she has been crying.

GARDEN

153 PAUL
(very controlled)
Coming to the party, Alice?

WINDOW

154 ALICE looks at him blankly, not understanding.

ALICE
I can't ... Father ...

GARDEN

155 PAUL
(still very calmly)
I said, are you coming to the party,
Alice?

WINDOW

156 For a moment, ALICE still does not seem to realise what he is asking.
Then, a smile breaking through her tears, she nods vigourously.

ALICE
Just give me a moment ...

INT. CHAPEL NIGHT

157 ~~The CAMERA moves across the deserted building, centering a flag-~~
~~stone set in the stone floor.~~

~~MIX TO~~

~~SMALL VAULT~~

158 ~~A small burial vault beneath the ground.~~

In the centre of the area stands a tomb of crumbling stone. Evidently this is the tomb of an earlier Courtenay, since we can just read the name carved in the stone side.

159 The CAMERA HOLDS this for a beat, then WHIPS to a dark corner, where a skeleton lies, fallen in a crumpled heap where it has been carelessly thrown.

160 The CAMERA RETURNS to the tomb, and JIBS UP slightly -- enough for us to see the new occupant -- his eyes open wide --

DRACULA.

161 A rat examines the pile of bones in the dark corner with interest -- and then -- quite suddenly runs off as if the fear of the devil were in him.

162 DRACULA has risen from his tomb, and stands very still, as if listening.

Then he is away -- cloak flapping -- away into the darkness.

LIBRARY OF SECKER'S HOUSE NIGHT

163 A small, but tastefully furnished room, one wall of which is entirely given over to rare books. The room is on the ground floor and French windows lead onto a little courtyard.

On a table, neatly stacked, is a pile of newspapers.

The CAMERA starts on SECKER and, as he talks, we see that he is addressing PAXTON and HARGOOD.

SECKER

I have asked you to come so that we can clarify the situation. Firstly, I assume that neither of you has been approached by the police.

PAXTON shakes his head.

PAXTON

No, thank God.

HARGOOD

No.

SECKER

And nor have I. These newspapers
(he indicates the pile)
are all the newspapers that have been
published in the area since - that day.
There is absolutely no reference to --
what happened in any of them.

PAXTON

Thank God!

HARGOOD flashes him an irritated glance.

SECKER

I have made some discreet enquiries about the - place where it happened and have ascertained as far as I am able that no one ever goes there. So - short of one or all of us returning there ...

163 Continued

PAXTON

(aghast)

No!

SECKER

And I must confess I should not relish such a journey myself -- short of actually going there and seeing for ourselves, I think we can assume that -- the body will remain there until either it rots or it is discovered by some tramp. Who is unlikely to give the alarm.

HARGOOD

What you're saying is -- it looks like we've got away with it.

SECKER

As you say, it looks like we've -- got away with it. All that remains is for us to establish our alibis ...

PAXTON

--(alarmed)

Alibis?

SECKER

That we ... were never away from our homes that night.

HARGOOD

(nods)

Right.

SECKER

I had kept notes of -- all our little meetings

HARGOOD

What?

SECKER

The ashes are in that grate. I am putting this house up for sale and leaving the neighbourhood.

163 Continued

HARGOOD

(bitterly)

It's easy for you.

SECKER

As you say, it's easy for me, being a widower and with only one son. So, unless there is anything else ... ?

PAXTON

No.

SECKER

Then I'll declare that not only is this meeting closed, but that it never occurred.

HARGOOD

Good.

They stand awkwardly for a moment, then HARGOOD stamps out.

164

SECKER

I think you'd better keep an eye on him.

PAXTON

An eye?

SECKER

On his drinking. It might loosen his tongue too much.

PAXTON

I'll try. Well ...

He cannot think of anything more to say and goes. SECKER watches him leave, then sinks into a chair, utterly exhausted. Obviously the strain of the last few days has been more than he has cared to reveal.

HALL AND STAIRS HARGOOD NIGHT

165 The door swings open and HARGOOD, obviously the worse for drink again, bangs in, slamming it behind him. He tears off his coat and lets it fall to the floor. He throws his hat at the hat stand (it misses) and crosses straight to the ---

SITTING ROOM

166 HARGOOD enters and makes straight for the drinks table and starts to pour himself a stiff one.

EXT. HOUSE AND GARDEN NIGHT

167 PAUL and ALICE sneak across the garden, keeping to the shadows.
They reach the --

TREE

168 under ALICE's window. PAUL takes her in his arms. They are
obviously very happy and their problem for the moment forgotten.

ALICE

I did enjoy the party, Paul.

He gives her a long, long kiss.

ALICE

(breaking, reluctantly)

I'd better go in.

PAUL

(whispers)

All right.

He gives her a playful pat as she starts up the tree.

WINDOW OF ALICE'S BEDROOM

169 ALICE reaches the window, looks back.

ALICE

Goodnight, darling.

GARDEN

170 PAUL waves back.

PAUL

I love you!

WINDOW

171 ALICE blows him a kiss, and disappears through the curtains into her --

BEDROOM

172 She turns from the window. By the open door stands her father.
She gives a little cry of shocked surprise.

ALICE

Father!

172 Continued

HARGOOD

(mocking)

'Father'.

ALICE

I - I went to the party.

HARGOOD does not answer, just stands, watching her. Then he closes the door behind him.

ALICE

With Paul, Father.

Her father still does not reply. ALICE becomes embarrassed by his gaze, pulls her dress tighter around her.

ALICE

I know it was wrong of me ...

HARGOOD

(quietly)

Yes, it was wrong of you.

ALICE

I'm sorry ...

HARGOOD

And you're going to be punished for it.

ALICE

Father, I've said ...

HARGOOD

I'm going to punish you.

ALICE steps back from him in genuine alarm.

Her father takes a step towards her, and she now sees that he carries her riding crop.

HARGOOD

I'm going to whip you, Alice.

ALICE begins to realise she is faced by a madman.

ALICE

Don't touch me.

HARGOOD

Whip you, Alice. Whip you.

172 Continued

ALICE

Don't you touch me.

HARGOOD

I haven't beaten you since you were a little girl, have I, Alice?

ALICE

Don't touch me, don't touch me ...

HARGOOD suddenly shoots out a hand and grabs at her. She jerks away, but his fingers catch hold of her dress, ripping part of it away.

He stares at her.

ALICE

If you touch me, Father, I'll hurt you.
I'll hurt you, Father.

HARGOOD does not even seem to hear her. He moves forward, raises the whip.

173 ALICE leaps, grabs the whip and, at the same time, kicks him.

174 With a cry of shocked pain, HARGOOD drops the whip and doubles up. ALICE seizes the opportunity and runs for the window, leaving her father gasping on the floor.

GARDENS NIGHT

175 ALICE appears, running wildly, her eyes blinded by tears, her body convulsed with sobs.

EXT. COPSE STUDIO

176 ALICE appears, running blindly among the trees. She slows to a stop, sensing that there is someone there.

ALICE

Paul?

177 There is a figure among the trees that starts towards her.

178 With a cry of sheer relief, ALICE runs towards the figure.

ALICE

Oh, Paul ... Paul ...

And stops short with a cry, as she finds herself face-to-face with

179 DRACULA

180 ALICE stands, frozen to the ground with fear.

181 DRACULA takes another pace towards her. He speaks to her gently, in a soft caressing voice.

~~DRACULA~~

~~Alice.~~

ALICE is afraid, too afraid to answer.

ALICE

~~How... how do you know my name?~~

DRACULA smiles.

ALICE

Who are you?

~~DRACULA~~

(holds out his hand to her)

~~Come here, Alice.~~

My child ...

ALICE

~~Yes.~~

In spite of herself she must go to him. She walks slowly towards him. She stops inches from him and looks into his eyes.

ALICE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

182 HARGOOD is pulling himself to his feet, using the bedpost. He is obviously mad with rage and frustration, he runs to the corridor and shouts.

HARGOOD

Alice!

COPSE

- 183 DRACULA is now standing very close to ALICE, whose eyes look into his as if she finds safety there.

DRACULA

Will you let me help you, my dear?

change

ALICE

(a whisper)

Yes.

He steps closer so that his body is in contact with hers. ALICE does not try to move away. DRACULA slowly puts his arms around her.

DRACULA

Alice ...

He starts to stroke her hair. She closes her eyes, moans slightly with pleasure.

DRACULA brushes her forehead with his lips, then moves to her neck.

ALICE suddenly stiffens, gives a gasp of pain and pleasure as DRACULA sinks his fangs into her white neck.

GARDEN NIGHT

- 184 HARGOOD appears, searching for ALICE. He calls out in rage.

HARGOOD

Alice?

COPSE

- 185 DRACULA slowly raises his mouth from ALICE's neck.

We see that his lips are wet with her blood.

GARDEN NEAR COPSE

- 186 HARGOOD is now nearing the copse. He throws back his head and roars.

186 Continued

HARGOOD

Alice!

COPSE

187 ALICE's eyes flicker open. DRACULA steps back into the shadow of the trees.

DRACULA

Go, Alice.

ALICE steps forward so that HARGOOD will be able to see her.

GARDEN

188 HARGOOD stands, swaying, peering about him. He thinks he hears something, throws back his head again and roars.

HARGOOD

Alice!

ALICE (V. O.)

Father?

HARGOOD spins round, almost falling over. He glares at her suspiciously.

HARGOOD

Alice, come here.

ALICE stays where she is.

ALICE

(calmly)

Yes, Father,?

HARGOOD takes a pace forward, and nearly trips over a garden spade lying on the grass. He kicks it aside.

HARGOOD

And damn you, come here.

ALICE doesn't move. HARGOOD is forced to walk to her. He is drunk and angry and wants ALICE.

188 Continued

HARGOOD

(still stumbling towards
her)

You're going to be whipped, you know
that. Did you hear me?

ALICE

Yes, Father. I hear you.

189 And, suddenly, HARGOOD is there, standing in front of ALICE.

DRACULA talks quietly to ALICE.

DRACULA

Do it now, Alice.

ALICE

(a whisper)

Yes.

HARGOOD

(making a lunge at
Alice)

Alice.

ALICE suddenly strikes at him with the spade (we do not see how
she gets it - only as it comes down at HARGOOD)

And she raises the spade and brings it down with all her strength,
right across her father's face.

He does not even have time to cry out, but a terrible gash across
his face, he sinks to the ground.

190 DRACULA steps over to him and looks down at the body in triumph.

191 HARGOOD looks up and sees DRACULA. His eyes fill with terror
and he dies.

191a

DRACULA

(whispers)

The first ...

~~A beat, then he turns and leaves, ALICE following behind him.~~

OPTICAL

EXT. GARDEN DAWN

192 A LOW-ANGLE SHOT through a very short-focus lens. We are looking up at the sad face of SERGEANT COBB as he looks down at the body, clicking his teeth with disapproval.

COBB

(reflectively, to
himself)

Nasty, that.

He turns and strides across the garden to the house, where he has stationed a CONSTABLE on guard.

COBB

Nasty, that, Evans. Get it cleared
up, now.

And he enters the house.

HARGOOD SITTING ROOM DAWN

193 COBB enters, rubbing his hands against the dawn chill. He looks quickly round the empty room and crosses to the drinks table. He is just about to help himself to one, when he hears footsteps approaching. He has just time to compose himself when PAUL appears.

PAUL

Oh...

COBB

I've come to see the lady of the house.
About ...

(he jerks his head)

... 'im out there.

193 Continued

PAUL

Mrs Hargood is suffering from shock.
My sister is with her.

COBB

Oh. Ah, well, I can come back
later, I suppose. Not much we can
do about 'im now, is there? Other
than get 'im out of 'er rose beds.

He seems to find this amusing. He moves as if to leave.

PAUL

But, what about his daughter?
Alice Hargood?

COBB

(interested)

She's been done in, too?

PAUL

God knows, but she's missing.

COBB

Oh, only missing.

PAUL

Yes. Since last night.

COBB

Young girl, was she?

PAUL

Yes.

COBB

Trouble at home?

PAUL

Well, yes.

COBB

It's a familiar story. Well, I won't
keep you any ...

PAUL moves quickly to face him.

193 Continued

PAUL

But what are you going to do -- ?
About her ?

COBB

(surprised)

What would you want us to do, sir ?

PAUL

Issue a description ... send her
picture to all your police stations.

COBB

If we did that for every young thing
that ran away from home, we'd have
no time for anything else, sir.

PAUL

But she hasn't run away.

COBB

How do you know ?

PAUL

I just know it.

COBB

You just know. I see. I'm sure
you've got things to do, sir -- and me
likewise. So if you'll excuse me ...

PAUL tries another tack.

PAUL

Look, it's a raw morning -- I know
Mrs. Hargood wouldn't want you to
leave without a little refreshment.

COBB

Refreshment ?

PAUL

A rum, or a brandy ...

COBB

I don't usually on duty, of course, sir,
but as you say, it is a raw morning --

193 Continued

COBB (Cont)

er, the brandy, please -- and they
did get me out at dawn. Thank you,
sir. Your very good health. Ah... !
Very good, that. Pretty was she? The
missing girl.

PAUL

Yes, very.

COBB

I was afraid of that.

PAUL

What do you mean?

COBB

Nothing, sir ... nothing. That her?

He points to a picture of Alice in a silver frame. PAUL gives it to
him.

PAUL

Yes.

COBB

You're not wrong there, sir.
She is pretty. Nice picture.
(to himself)

Nice frame, too.

(to Paul)

I'll take this with me, if I may, sir.

PAUL

And you will do something?

COBB

Leave it to me, sir. You just leave
it to me. 'Day, sir.

And he leaves. A moment later, we hear his voice barking out.

COBB'S VOICE

Got that mess cleaned up yet, Evans?

GRAVEYARD DAY LOCATION

194 The Funeral bell tolls mournfully. Preceded by the VICAR, the coffin is carried from the church by four men. Behind the mourners: MRS HARGOOD, looking very sick, PAUL and LUCY PAXTON, and, at a discreet distance, the HARGOODS' MAID. SECKER is also there with JEREMY - standing on their own.

195 However, crowded in the gateway to the graveyard, near the open grave, is a ghoulish group of SIGHTSEERS. PAXTON is amongst them.

196/
199 DELETED

EXT. ROAD BY GRAVEYARD

200 Funeral is coming to an end. As PAXTON stands among them, their whispered comments become louder and louder in his ears.

AD LIBS

Blood everywhere, there was

Who could have done such a thing ... ?

Brutal, it was ... brutal

His face cut in two

His skull broken open ...

Blood everywhere ... everywhere

His daughter's still missing ... missing.

PAXTON's face is now wet with perspiration.

AD LIBS

Revenge, that's what it was

Blood everywhere ...

200. Continued

AD LIBS (cont)

Revenge, it was, mark my words....

Blood everywhere...

The girl missing....

Revenge...revenge...

Blood...blood.

PAXTON presses his hands to his ears, staggers back from the crowd.

201. EXT. GRAVEYARD

SECKER sees PAXTON in obvious distress. He is angry at PAXTON's behaviour.

202. GRAVEYARD

The VICAR is coming to the end of the service

VICAR

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore.

MOURNERS.

Amen.

PAUL turns to LUCY

PAUL

I'll see Mrs. Hargood home.

LUCY

All right.

LUCY watches as her brother leads the stricken woman away, then starts off on her own across the graveyard.

203. As she passes a corner of the graveyard, she is startled to hear her own name called.

203 Continued

ALICE'S VOICE

Lucy!

LUC spins round.

LUCY

Who's there?

ALICE'S VOICE

(caressingly)

It's me -- Alice.

LUCY

(immediately excited)

Alice!

She turns all around, sees something among the trees nearby, hurries towards it.

LUCY

Alice!

UNDER TREES DAY LOCATION OR STUDIO

204 We now see ALICE, still dressed in her underslip, her face unnaturally pale; her eyes unnaturally dark.

LUCY hurries towards her.

LUCY

Alice! Where have you been?
And why are you dressed like that?
Oh, my dear, you look so ill.

204 Continued

ALICE smiles, a thin-lipped, seductive smile.

ALICE

I'm not ill, Lucy.

LUCY

Why are you dressed like that?

ALICE

I've no time to tell you now.
Come to my house tonight - I'll tell you
everything then.

LUCY

All right, but ...

ALICE

In the garden ...

LUCY

Why the garden?

JEREMY appears in distance.

JEREMY

(calling)

Lucy!

ALICE

I can't explain now, my dear.
But please, do come ... please.

LUCY

(sees Jeremy
coming)

I'll come but ...

ALICE

And not a word to anybody. Not to a soul.
Promise?

204 Continued

ALICE moves quickly to her friend and gives her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

LUCY

(breathless with the excitement of a secret)

I promise.

ALICE

Thank you, Lucy.

And she runs off, leaving a fascinated by quite bewildered LUCY - just as JEREMY joins her.

HARGOOD HALL AND STAIRS NIGHT

205 PAUL is just coming down the stairs when he hears voices at the door.

MAID'S VOICE

I really don't think the mistress is well enough to see anyone at the moment, sir. What name shall I say called?

SECKER'S VOICE

Mr. Secker. Here's my card - I'll call again.

PAUL has reached the bottom of the stairs and is collecting his coat. SECKER is in the doorway.

SECKER

Good evening.

PAUL

Good evening, Mr. Secker.

SECKER hands the MAID the card. PAUL comes to the front door.

PAUL

(to Maid)

I'm just going, Betty. If anything happens - you know - just send for me at once, will you?

MAID

Very good, sir.

FRONT DOOR NIGHT STUDIO

206 The two men talk as they walk up the drive to the road where
SECKER's carriage waits.

PAUL

I'm Paul Paxton, sir.

SECKER

Yes - I know. Terrible business,
this.

PAUL

Yes. Did you know Mr. Hargood
well?

SECKER

(carefully)

We've met ...

PAUL

Did you know his daughter had
disappeared?

SECKER

I had heard. Is there any news?

PAUL

(bitterly)

Nothing.

SECKER

The police ?

206 Continued

PAUL

(snorts)

They're worse than useless. I go down to the station at least four times every day to ask if they've any news. 'Fact, they've told me not to bother them anymore.

SECKER

As far as you know, they are not carrying out any proper investigation?

PAUL

As far as I know, they are doing absolutely nothing, Mr Secker.

(he looks straight at Secker, and we can see how distressed he is)

Someone's got to do something, Mr Secker. I love Alice -- and to know she's somewhere in need of help and nobody doing anything to ...

(he controls himself)

SECKER

~~Miss Hargreaves~~ suffered enough. Don't - don't do anything you might be sorry for, Paul.

PAUL

(a wry smile)

I couldn't be any sorrier than I am now, Mr Secker.

206a FRONT DOOR STUDIO

SECKER watches him for a moment: the boy has obviously made an impression on him. Then he turns towards his carriage, worried.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK towards the garden -- towards the copse of trees near the gateway.

206b DRIVE LOCATION

And he turns and walks swiftly up the road.

207 Standing under the trees is a tall, dark figure - watching everything ...
DRACULA.

DRIVE NIGHT

208 The figure of LUCY appears, well-wrapped against the night.
She looks around her, calls tentatively.

Alice ...?

LUCY

I'm here, Lucy.

ALICE'S VOICE

Where?

LUCY

Over here ...

ALICE'S VOICE

LUCY traces the voice to the trees, hurries towards it.

209 She is soon joined by the figure of her friend. They embrace warmly.

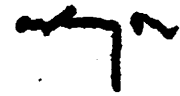
Alice! You must be frozen. Why dressed like that?

LUCY

Secret!

ALICE
(smiling)

Why



209 Continued

LUCY
I don't understand.

ALICE
(enigmatically)
You will. Follow me.

LUCY
But ...

ALICE
(more firmly)
Come along.

She takes LUCY's hand and leads her through the woods.

CLEARING NIGHT

210 In the centre of the clearing stands a fine carriage with a crest carved on the door. There is no sign of a coachman.

ALICE appears leading LUCY, who stares in wonder at the carriage.

LUCY
Alice! What is all this?

ALICE does not reply, but still smiling, opens the door of the carriage and ushers her friend inside.

INT. COURTENAY CARRIAGE NIGHT

211 LUCY immediately notices that all the internal fittings are marked with the crest of the Courtenays.

LUCY
Whose carriage is this?
(suddenly shocked -
and thrilled)
Alice! You haven't eloped!

ALICE laughs.

ALICE
I suppose you might say that.

211 Continued

At that moment, the carriage gives a jolt, and is away.

WOODED ROAD

212 As the carriage lurches away over the uneven ground, we do not see who the coachman is ...

~~DRACULA.~~

COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

213 The Courtenay carriage thunders through the night, swaying dangerously from side-to-side.

INT. CARRIAGE

214 ALICE is enjoying the exhilaration of the motion, laughing to herself.

But LUCY is hanging on to her strap for dear life, white-faced with fear.

COUNTRY ROAD (LOCATION AS SC. 73)

215 As scene 213.

INT. CARRIAGE

216 The two girls are thrown about violently by the motion.

LUCY

Oh! Alice! Tell him to stop!

As if in answer to her request, the carriage jerks to a halt. ALICE, excited, is the first to jump out.

WOODED ROAD NEAR CHAPEL (LOCATION AS SC. 76)

217 ALICE jumps down and helps the shaken LUCY to the ground. LUCY furious, looks up to give the driver a piece of her mind. But there is no driver -- the box is empty. ALICE laughs at her bewilderment, gives her an affectionate hug, leads her in the direction of the chapel.

217 Continued

LUCY
(looking about her)
Where are we going Alice?

218 ALICE leads her on - saying nothing.

At the edge of the woods, LUCY draws back.

219 CHAPEL NIGHT P.O.V. (MATTE AS BEFORE)

220 WOODS (RESUME)

LUCY
What's that?

ALICE
Just an old church. Don't be afraid
Lucy.

INT. CHAPEL NIGHT

221 ALICE leads the reluctant LUCY inside.

She moves closer to her friend.

LUCY
(doubtfully)
Why are we here?

ALICE
There's someone I want you to
meet.

LUCY
(intrigued)
Who, Alice ...? Is it your --
lover? Oh! Where is he?

DRACULA'S VOICE
Here, Lucy.

LUCY spins round to face --

222 DRACULA. He smiles his most charming smile - a smile of welcome.

LUCY
(whispers to
Alice)
Won't you introduce me?

DRACULA
(~~smiling~~ - softly)
~~Hello, Lucy.~~

LUCY
(a little lost under
this barrage of
charm)
I - I don't ...

DRACULA
~~Come closer to me.~~

LUCY is not quite so happy now. She flashes a glance at ALICE hoping for some support, but ALICE merely smiles and nods.

DRACULA
~~Closer.~~

LUCY takes a step, then stops.

LUCY
Alice, I'm afraid.

She turns towards ALICE - but ALICE is no longer there.

DRACULA's face is suddenly transformed with terrible rage.

DRACULA
~~Come to me!~~

LUCY makes a sudden dash for the door.

DRACULA
~~STOP HER!~~

223 LUCY reaches the door. ALICE is already there. She has her in a vicious grasp. LUCY cries out with the pain.

LUCY

Oh! You're hurting me! Please
let me go.

ALICE

(viciously)

Do as he tells you.

224 She drags LUCY across to DRACULA.

225 DRACULA leans forward and slowly rips her dress open, exposing her neck and shoulders.

226 LUCY looks up, wide-eyed with terror, but fascinated, unable to move.

227 DRACULA bares his teeth -- and we now see that he has the fangs of a vampire. He leans forward ...

228 ... and bites -- hard.

229 ALICE watches, fascinated, excited.

229a LUCY:- ecstatic.

EXT. FRONT DOOR SECKER'S HOUSE DAY

230 PAXTON is there, banging furiously on the front door. He is obviously in a terrible state of nerves.

The front door is opened by JEREMY, who looks at PAXTON in some surprise.

JEREMY

Mr Paxton!

230 Continued

PAXTON

Your father ... I must see him.

SECKER LIBRARY DAY

231 PAXTON, a little calmer now, faces SECKER.

PAXTON

I know I shouldn't have come here,
but I had to. You see, I know.

SECKER

Know what, Paxton.

PAXTON

First Hargood, then his girl ...
now Lucy ... gone ... It's him!

SECKER

Pull yourself ...

PAXTON

Don't you see, it must be. He's
come back to punish us. For what
we did to him.

SECKER turns and pours a large whisky from a decanter on a side
table.

PAXTON

Don't you see ...

He is near to tears. SECKER hands him the drink.

SECKER

Drink it.

PAXTON drinks noisily. SECKER is deep in thought.

PAXTON

What are we going to do?

SECKER

Make sure.

231 Continued

PAXTON
(horrified)

What?

SECKER
I can't believe it, but we'll make sure.

PAXTON
(dreading the answer)

How?

SECKER
By going back and seeing if the body
of Courtenay is still there.

PAXTON
I can't!

SECKER
You can -- and will. Now ...

EXT. WOODED AREA

231a SECKER and PAXTON arrive in carriage, dismount and start walking. (As Sc. 71)

INT. CHAPEL DAY

232 SECKER and PAXTON enter very quietly and stand for a while in silence, listening for any sign or sound. PAXTON has managed to pull himself together, but it will obviously not take much to set him off again.

They move forward, PAXTON with one hand deep in his topcoat pocket where, as we shall see later, he has a revolver.

They reach the area where they left COURTENAY. The altar is still there, the black candles burned down to stumps in their silver candlesticks, but of COURTENAY and their struggle with him there is, of course, no sign.

SECKER
(levelly)
It would seem that you were right.

PAXTON
Oh, my God.

SECKER
Unless -- someone has hidden the body.

232 Continued

PAXTON

Hidden it? Who? What for?

SECKER

I only offer it as a possibility.

I think though, we should make sure.

He starts the search, closely followed by a reluctant and jittery PAXTON.

He has stopped by a stone tomb that shows signs of having been recently disturbed. SECKER points this out to PAXTON, approaches the tomb, peers at the lid. The two men exchange glances, then SECKER puts his shoulder to the heavy lid and tries to move it. He cannot. He indicates that PAXTON should assist. Unwillingly, PAXTON adds his weight. For a moment, nothing happens, then it moves. Just an inch at first, then another and then -- suddenly -- with a resounding crash that echoes through the rafters and nearly gives PAXTON a stroke, the lid crashes to the ground.

233 The CAMERA RUSHES to SECKER's shocked face, then swings to the look of sheer horror on that of PAXTON.

234 Inside the tomb lies the body of LUCY, white-faced, red lips (blood?), her eyes closed, and the marks of the vampire clearly showing on her white neck.

235 PAXTON reels, gasping for breath.

PAXTON

My God! ~~He's killed her!~~ *She's dead*

235a SECKER peers closely, pushes her hair aside and looks particularly at the neck marks.

Lucy
PAXTON

~~He's killed her!~~ *She's dead*

SECKER

No, she's not dead.

PAXTON *her*

A doctor! We must get ~~her~~ to a doctor before it's too late.

235a Continued

SECKER

It is already too late.

PAXTON

But - you said.

SECKER

She's neither dead, nor alive. Look at the marks on her neck.

PAXTON

Marks ... ?

He steps back to allow PAXTON to approach.

PAXTON

Lucy ... Lucy, my dear ... I, I don't understand.

(he's bewildered)

236 He pats her hands, her face, tries lifting her eyelids.

SECKER

(shouts)

Paxton.

He pulls PAXTON away from the coffin. Shakes him.

SECKER.

(beside himself)

Listen to me, Paxton. The marks on her neck!

(he can hardly say it)

She's a VAMPIRE!

But PAXTON doesn't really believe him.

PAXTON

(beside himself)

Oh, God! What can we do? We can't just leave her - do nothing.

SECKER

There is a way to release her.

PAXTON

Way? Which way? Tell me what I have to do ...

236 Continued

SECKER thinks for a moment, then decides just to state the awful truth quite bluntly.

SECKER

Drive a wooden stake through her heart.

PAXTON cannot speak, just stares at his companion in disbelief.

SECKER

Only then will she be free to die.
If not, she will live out her nightmare existence for ever.

PAXTON

Nightmare existence ... ?

SECKER

Wandering abroad at night - feeding on
the blood of animals ... and of human beings.

PAXTON gives a choking cry of horror.

SECKER

... of animals -- and of human beings,
like herself ...

PAXTON

No ... no ... !

SECKER

The decision is yours, as her father.

PAXTON

I can't. I can't.

SECKER

I will do it, then. Go away from here until
I call you, and when you return, she will be
in peace.

237 PAXTON steps back unable to tear his eyes from the dreadful scene he must witness.

PAXTON

I'll stay.

238 SECKER looks for a piece of wood. He rips a piece from the end of a rotting pew, inspects the point. Then he picks up a piece of stone masonry that has fallen from the roof, and feels its weight. Satisfied, he takes the stake over to the tomb and places the point on LUCY's breast. He closes his eyes to pray and for the strength to do the job.

PAXTON'S VOICE

Leave her alone!

SECKER turns to see --

239 -- PAXTON, his eyes wide with insanity, pointing his revolver.

240 SECKER

Paxton ... !

PAXTON

Get away from here. Leave us alone,
do you hear?

241 SECKER takes a step forward.

SECKER

Paxton, please ...

He stops in shocked surprise as PAXTON fires the revolver straight at him. The air is filled with smoke. SECKER looks down incredulously at the sleeve of his coat. Blood seeps through it.

SECKER

Paxton!

PAXTON

I'll shoot again if you don't go away.

SECKER

But ...

And, indeed, PAXTON does shoot again.

242 PAXTON

Get out! Get out!

SECKER staggers to the door and out.

EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS DAY

243 SECKER comes staggering out, and staggers away.

INT. CHAPEL DAY

244 PAXTON now kneels at the side of the tomb, sobbing quietly.

EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS DAY

244a SECKER staggers along and collapses in a heap on the ground.

244b Sky from day to night.

CHAPEL NIGHT

245 PAXTON, who has sobbed himself into utter exhaustion, slowly comes to. He looks around dully, not knowing for the moment where he is. Then he recollects with a shudder. He pulls himself to his feet, stares down dully at his daughter. He steps back and his feet touches the flat stone. Almost automatically, he bends down and picks it up. The wooden stake still lies where SECKER dropped it. PAXTON picks that up too, stands looking down at his daughter.

246 Trembling, he places the point of the stake on her heart and, with unsteady hand, raises the stone.

247 And LUCY opens her eyes.

248 PAXTON stares, unbelieving, sways, turns to support himself, and falls --

-- at the feet of DRACULA.

DRACULA looks down on him with contempt, then up at -

249 -- LUCY, who is now out of the tomb.

249a PAXTON - astonished.

Lucy
LUCY

in Darlings
ALICE has now appeared and joins LUCY. The two women smile horribly with their thin red lips.

ALICE bends down and picks up the stake, and the stone which she hands to LUCY.

249b.

DRACULA

Now..

250.

PAXTON watches, his eyes wide with disbelief. He tries to edge away, but falls back onto a pew. Back and back trying to escape until he is lying right on his back.

251.

ALICE puts out her hand to rip open PAXTON'S shirt, exposing the pink flesh underneath. She places the stake in position.

PAXTON
(screaming)

Lucy...help me!

252.

And LUCY raises the stone.

253.

PAXTON looks at his daughter, unable to believe what he sees.

254.

LUCY looks across at DRACULA

254a.

DRACULA gestures to LUCY

254b.

PAXTON C.U. as his eyes meet DRACULA's.

255.

LUCY raises the stone higher and brings it down with all her force.

256.

DRACULA

The second...

EXT. TREES NIGHT STOCK

257.

The sharp cry from the chapel disturbs a night bird, which flies off in a flurry of wings.

257a.

Dawn Breaking.

258.

CHAPEL GROUNDS DAY

Below, the figure of SECKER moves slightly.

259.

see that his clothes are soaked in blood from the wound he received. He shakes his head, trying to force himself back into consciousness. He staggers to his feet and back towards the chapel.

259a.

SECKER walks through lane towards chapel (HIGHGATE).

260.

INT. CHAPEL DAY

SECKER appears in the doorway and stares around, unbelieving.

261. P.O.V. The place is deserted - of DRACULA, the two women, or PAXTON, there is no sign.
262. SECKER takes a few steps inside, then moves quickly to the tomb where LUCY lay.
263. It is empty.
264. Believing himself to be in some sort of nightmare, SECKER staggers away.
- 264a. EXT. SECKER FRONT DOOR DAY
SECKER staggers to the front door, weak with the loss of blood. He finds his key and almost falls inside.
- 264b. INT. SECKERS LIBRARY. DAY.
SECKER comes in, and we see that his clothes are now caked with blood. He slumps at his writing desk, remains still for a moment, then wearily pulling pen and paper to him, he forces himself to start writing...
- 264c. INT. HARGOODS SITTING ROOM DAY
MRS. HARGOOD is there. She looks terribly ill - her face white, her eyes dark-rimmed.
- There is a discreet knock on the door. She does not even seem to hear it. The door opens and the MAID enters quietly.

MAID

M'am?

MARTHA does not hear.

MAID

Mrs. Hargood, m'am?

MARTHA looks slowly up.

MARTHA

Yes, Betty?

MAID

Mr. Paul is here, m'am.

MARTHA does not answer for a moment. Then,

MARTHA

Ask him to come in, Betty.

MAID

M'am.

She goes out, leaving the door open.

264c. Continued

MAID'S VOICE

Will you go on in?

PAUL appears. He looks exhausted, his clothes spattered with mud, his boots filthy.

PAUL

Mrs. Hargood...?

He sees from her expression that there is no news.

MARTHA

Nothing.

Disappointment floods into the boy's face.

PAUL

We've searched everywhere, Jeremy and I - every field for miles round - every ditch...

MARTHA

Is that where you expect to find her, Paul?
You think she's dead?

PAUL cannot bring himself to answer.

MARTHA

Why has this happened to us, Paul?
What have we ever done...?

PAUL

God knows, Mrs. Hargood...

MARTHA

(simply)

Does he, Paul?

264d. INT. SECKER LIBRARY NIGHT

SECKER is asleep over his writing, in spite of himself.

265. INT. SECKER LIBRARY NIGHT

JEREMY walks in dirty as was PAUL in Sc. 264c., sees his father slumped over his desk and walks towards him.

JEREMY

Father?

He is about to awaken him when his attention is attracted by a scratching on the French windows behind him. He turns.

266. LUCY is there, smiling at him, beckoning.

267. JEREMY quite excited and astonished at seeing LUCY crosses quickly to the French windows.

JEREMY

Lucy...what...?

LUCY puts a finger to her lips, beckons him outside into the little

268. EXT. COURTYARD NIGHT
JEREMY follows LUCY

JEREMY

Where have you been?

269. SHE leans back against the wall.

LUCY

Kiss me, Jeremy.

JEREMY is surprised, but by no means reluctant.

LUCY

Kiss me, kiss me, my darling.

JEREMY takes her in his arms and smiles down at her.

JEREMY

Lucy, my love.

270. LUCY smiles, and her smile reveals her newly formed fangs.

271. JEREMY is aghast. LUCY quickly leans towards him showing her fangs and bites.

272. In the other corner, DRACULA stands, smiling.

273. INT. SECKER LIBRARY NIGHT

SECKER stirs and sits up. He is in a daze - he remembers what he was doing and starts again on his papers.

SCENES 274 - 280 DELETED

281. JEREMY is right behind him now.

282. SECKER turns and sees his son. For a moment, he is startled, then, seeing who it is, relief floods his face.

282. Continued

SECKER

Oh, Jeremy...It's you...thank God! for a moment, I thought...
(he shakes his head to dispel the idea)
Jeremy, there is something you must do for me - immediately. This letter...

He raises his hand with the letter, winces with pain.

SECKER

This letter must be delivered to young Paxton ... Paul, you know...Jeremy...

JEREMY is staring at him, his face drained of any expression, not listening to what his father has to say.

SECKER

Jeremy...Oh, my God! Not you...not you...

JEREMY steps forward, close to his father.

SECKER

(weeping now)

You too...

He gives a sharp cry that is cut off dead. He slumps. And we see that he has a knife in his stomach. As he falls to the floor, he sees -

283. COURTYARD
BOLD CLOSE UP of DRACULA

DRACULA

The third...

284. WOODED ROAD. NIGHT. LOCATION

The Courtenay carriage thunders PAST CAMERA, making an almighty din and clatter.

285. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT
The carriage sways to a halt, and DRACULA jumps down from the box as LUCY hops out.

DRACULA starts off towards the chapel. LUCY hurries to catch him up.

285c. EXT. WOODED LANE AND LAKE. NIGHT.

LUCY

Master! Did I do well, master?
Did I please you?

285c. Continued

DRACULA stops, turns to her and smiles.

LUCY
Did I please you?

DRACULA walks on.

LUCY
(runs after him - clutching at him)
Then love me... please love me...

DRACULA allows her to hold her body against his. He folds his arms around her and stoops over her.

LUCY
Please, please.

DRACULA brushes her neck with his lips.

She shudders in his arms.

DRACULA then raises his head a little and looks down on her.

DRACULA
You did well, *now*

Never a name to intimate

Before she has time to even realise what he has said he had bitten into her neck - hard - hard....

He stays there, sucking at the blood...

She moans, first with ecstasy, then in pain. She tries to break free, but his powerful arms hold her, trapped.

CAMERA CLOSE on her eyes, mouth, as she struggles
CLOSE ON DRACULA at work.

She gives a little cry...and goes limp in his arms.

286 - 289 DELETED.

290. SECKER'S LIBRARY. NIGHT

PAUL is there, bewildered and shaken. In the corner, there is a shape under a sheet. Seated at Secker's desk is SERGEANT COBB. He has Secker's letter open.

COBB
It was addressed to you, sir, so I thought you'd like to have it. I opened it in case it should throw some light on all this.

[No] Admitted

290. Continued.

PAUL
And did it?

COBB
(shakes head)
Ramblings of a lunatic, sir. You'll see.
All about - vampires and that. Hah! No,
you couldn't have a clearer case than this, sir.

He gets ponderously to his feet.

COBB
Son hates the father - hot blooded they
quarrel - loses his temper - quite straight -
forward. Well we've got him locked up
safe and sound.

PAUL
But Jeremy didn't hate his father. And he
was the most even-tempered chap I ever knew.

COBB
(getting nasty)
If you've come here to obstruct justice, sir...

PAUL
(hotly)
I came here because you sent for me.

COBB
Yes, well - there's your letter.
(he starts to leave)
I shan't need to see you again, sir.
(he reaches the door, remembers, indicates
the corpse)
Er - you won't go touching that, will you, sir?

PAUL
No, no...

COBB gives a nod and leaves.

PAUL, shaken, sinks to a seat and starts to read. And
is immediately absorbed.

291. INT. CHAPEL NIGHT
DRACULA enters and stands in the centre of the area.

DRACULA
Alice.
-He doesn't shout; doesn't even call out aloud.

291. Continued.

ALICE appears a moment later, moving quickly towards him. Throws herself at him.

ALICE
Master, Master, you are back.

DRACULA proceeds to caress her.

ALICE
(whispering passionately)
Love me, love me.

DRACULA slowly pulls down her blouse and leans towards her.

291a. C/U ALICE looking ecstatic.

291b. C/U DRACULA, eyes blazing, fangs drawn ready to bite. At this moment a cock crows. DRACULA turns his head in the direction of the window.

291c. Through window, dawn can be seen.

291d. DRACULA's face clouds. He spins round in a fury of frustration and strides off into the darkness.

292. INT. SECKER'S LIBRARY.
PAUL is at the desk reading the letter which Secker had written, during this time we hear SECKER'S VOICE reading the letter, while PAUL searches through Secker's library. Finds the map that Secker used to find the chapel and various other items appear in MONTAGE on the desk, such as crucifix, altar cloth, etc.

SECKER'S V.O.

You may wonder why I am addressing this letter to you, Paul. The reasons are many; you have the intelligence to understand what I shall tell you; you have the courage to do what has to be done; and, above all, your love for Alice will act as your strength and your protection. And you must believe me. (ECHO) You must believe....you must protect yourself, Paul, protect yourself with knowledge. My library contains works on witchcraft and mysticism. Search for them, Paul...and learn...learn...learn.

292a. INT. CHAPEL.

SECKER's voice continues over. Shots of DRACULA sleeping in his tomb with ALICE sensuously lying over it and caressing it.

SECKER'S V.O.

and so you will see that, while there is little hope for your dear sister, Alice may have escaped. Find her Paul. And find her before nightfall; only then will you know

Ridiculous
lines

No
≡

Where?
to
—

292a. Continued.

SECKER'S V.O.

the truth. We know that she is under his influence, but she may not yet be his sister-in-blood - not yet. So find her, Paul... (echo) find her before it is too late...

293. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD AND LANE. DAY

PAUL arrives on his own gig - gets off, carrying a canvas 'holdall' studies the hand-made map, and starts off up the lane.

294. EXT. WOODED PLACE AND LAKE. DAY

PAUL approaches the chapel. Something by the lake catches his eye. He moves quickly to it. It is a handkerchief of Lucy's. He stands for a moment, looking at it. shocked at the realisation of what it could mean.
He is about to move away again, when he sees...

295. EXT. LAKE. DAY.

Floating on the surface of the lake is the dead body of LUCY.

PAUL runs to the lake edge and wades straight in, picking up the limp body of his dead sister and carrying it ashore. He is too shocked to do more than mutter her name again and again.

He lays her on the ground, and arranges her clothes as best he can. Then he glances up at the sky. He must hurry. He finds his holdall and moves on.

295a. EXT. COUNTRY LANE (HIGHGATE) DAY.

PAUL quickly walks through towards chapel.

296. INT. CHAPEL. DAY

PAUL comes quickly through the door, takes the cross from the holdall and quickly and hurriedly, fixes it to the door. Then he walks to the centre area, where the altar still stands, and, opening his holdall, starts to prepare for the conflict he knows must come.

Firstly, he takes the remains of the black candles and hurls them away, replacing them with the white candles he has brought - he rips away the pagan covering and replaces it with an altar cloth. Then he places one of the old books from SECKER's library in the middle of the altar, and, finally, the crucifix on top of it.

Then he starts to search. In controlled fury, he systematically tears the place apart, searching for ALICE.

297. DELETED

298. In the vaulted area that contains the tomb, we see that DRACULA still lies, his eyes shut. The CAMERA moves from him to pick up the figure of PAUL approaching. He sees the tomb, hesitates, then moves forward.

And ALICE suddenly jumps up and stands before him.

PAUL
Alice...!

Before he can approach her, she is gone, running quickly off into the darkness.

PAUL quickly follows her.

299. PAUL hurries back into the chapel, searching desperately for ALICE.

PAUL
(calls)
Alice! Alice!

As he stands there, alone in the middle of the chapel, we realise it is getting darker...and darker.

And then the noises start - the wailing cacophony of non-music, jarring and screeching, so that PAUL has to cover his ears from the sound.

And, just as suddenly as it began, it stops. There is a clattering noise off.

CUT TO the tombe.

300. It is empty, the cover of the tomb is lying by its side.

301. The candles begin to flicker.

301a. A shadow crosses PAUL. He spins round.

302. Right behind him is DRACULA

303. Before the young man can do anything, the Vampire has pushed him hard against the altar, causing it to topple, to fall, scattering all the things that were on it.

That chapel is plunged into near-darkness.

PAUL stumbles, and falls. He looks up to see...

304. —the gaunt figure of DRACULA standing over him.

Abund

305. PAUL leaps to one side, gets to his feet, turn. to run and finds himself facing ALICE.

PAUL

Alice!

ALICE

Paul.

305a. PAUL spins round to DRACULA who signals him to approach.

DRACULA

(signals Paul to approach)

Come ~~here, Paul.~~

305b. PAUL tries desperately not to obey, but -

306. DRACULA's eyes seem to be boring into him.

307. He takes a faltering step forward...then another.
He stops trying hard not to obey.

ALICE

(sharply)

Go to him, Paul.

Her words jerk PAUL into reality.

308. He makes a dive for the crucifix.

DRACULA

(shrieks)

~~SAW HIM~~

But too late. PAUL has grabbed it and holds it before him.

309. DRACULA turns away quickly, unable to watch the sacred symbol.

310. ALICE hesitates - doesn't know what to do.

DRACULA

(quickly, furious)

~~Get it from him!~~

ALICE

Give it to me, Paul.

She moves towards PAUL, her hand outstretched.

310. Continued

ALICE

You must give it to me.

PAUL

(quietly)

No, Alice.

ALICE

You must give it to me, or he will punish you.

PAUL

You're free, Alice - free to choose - good or evil, you see

(pointing the crucifix at her)

you're not one of them yet, you are free to choose.

DRACULA

(controlling himself with an effort)

~~Get it from him! Get it from him!~~

The Cross

ALICE

I must do as he says. He is my master.

PAUL

He's not - he's not.

311. The presence of the crucifix is causing DRACULA physical pain. He twists slowly from side to side, his face is wet with perspiration.

DRACULA

Get it! Get it! GET IT!

DRACULA throws back his head and howls with the pain.

312. PAUL is so shaken by the sound, that he lets his attention wander. ALICE seizes the opportunity, and grabs the crucifix from his hand.

DRACULA

Get that cursed thing out of my sight.

313. ALICE puts it behind her back.
314. Immediately DRACULA draws a deep, shuddering sight of relief.
315. PAUL realises he is free and tries to grab DRACULA
- 315a. DRACULA with one sweep on his arm hur~~ls~~ PAUL away from him. PAUL hits his head against a column and slumps to the floor unconscious.
316. ALICE goes to DRACULA and gazes up at him.

ALICE

Did I do well Master.

- 316a. DRACULA

DRACULA

(shouting, pointing to the
crucifix in her hand)

~~Get rid of it~~

- 316b. ALICE throws the crucifix out of his sight and goes to him.

ALICE

Master, Master.

317. DRACULA seeing that he is no longer threatened by the crucifix, ignores her and strides away towards the chapel door.

ALICE

Master, master take me with you.

- 318.

DRACULA

I've no further use for you.
He pushes her aside so that she falls fairly hard onto the floor. DRACULA continues towards chapel door.

319. To ALICE this is like a physical blow, she is staring at him, loathing building up in her eyes until they blaze with hatred.

320. DRACULA reaches the chapel door only to be faced with the cross which PAUL has placed there, he recoils in terror and turns his back on the dreaded symbol.

- 320a. ALICE has picked up the crucifix which she had thrown away and quickly hurls it at DRACULA.
321. The cross lands on the floor at his feet. A shaft of moonlight streaming through the window causes it almost to glow.
322. DRACULA is trapped between chapel door and crucifix lying at feet and is unable to move. He stares down at the sacred symbol with mounting horror.

DRACULA

~~Alice, get rid of it.~~

323. ALICE does not even seem to hear him.
324. PAUL has now come to and shouts

PAUL

(shouting)

~~Alice don't.~~

PAUL quickly runs over towards her.

325. ALICE is slowly coming back to her senses. She looks around her almost as if she did not know where she was. PAUL puts his arm around her.

ALICE

Paul...PAUL, we must go from here.

PAUL

No, Alice. You go - run as fast as you can away from here!

ALICE

You must come too!

PAUL

Not yet. He must pay for the lives he's taken. His evil must be destroyed.

- 325a. DRACULA - screaming in agony.

DRACULA

~~Alice, free me, free me.~~

326. EXT. SKY. NIGHT. STOCK.

The lowering clouds start to blanket the moon.

327. INT. CHAPEL.

And the chapel is plunged into darkness.

And DRACULA laughs.

As the moon comes out from the clouds, and
spills light into the chapel again, we see that
DRACULA has vanished - completely vanished.

But we hear his laughter again.

From high above.

328. And a heavy piece of organ crashes to the ground just
by the feet of the couple, disintegrating and hurling
dust and pieces everywhere.

PAUL

(to ALICE)

Run quickly, Alice. Run as fast
as you can away from here.

ALICE

Not without you PAUL. You must come to
SHE pulls at his hand.

ALICE

He'll kill us! He'll kill us!

PAUL

I can't go, Alice. Please run.
ALICE clings to him.

329. Pieces of heavy masonry are now dropping dangerously
close all around them, filling the air with
noise and dust.

330. High in the rafters, the figure of DRACULA can be
seen, tearing off great a great piece of the
organ with his bare hands, and hurling it at the couple
below. It seems they must be killed at any moment.

331. DELETE

332. DELETE.

333. Then the moon comes out brightly.
334. —and DRACULA finds that he is pressed against a stained-glass representation of the crucifix. He senses it first, senses a burning pain in his back.
335. He spins around, and, with a howl of rage and fear, smashes at the glass with his bare hands - tearing and smashing with bleeding hands - anything to destroy the image. Wherever he turns he sees images of the Catholic Church. The harsh sounds turn into a heavenly choir. Wherever he looks the stained glass windows are coming closer and closer and hemming him in. In panic he moves back and back and...
336. And, in doing this, he loses his balance...
337. —and amid a shower of broken coloured glass and masonry, he crashes to the floor below.
338. Immediately, PAUL leaps over to pick up the fallen crucifix and stands over the vampire.
- DRACULA arches in pain—
- raises his slashed hands before him -
339. and from out of his wounds pours red powder.
340. PAUL stares horried. He steps back. ALICE moves quickly to his side.
341. DRACULA is gradually turning back to the red powder from which he was created. Until there is nothing but his cloak, his jewelled ring, and a handful of red dust left.
342. PAUL and ALICE cannot tear their eyes away.
343. Then - there is nothing.
- For a moment they stand there - and then they run.
344. EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS. NIGHT.
- PAUL and ALICE run...and run...and run...

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- 341 DRACULA is gradually turning back to the red power from which he was created.
- 242 PAUL and ALICE cannot tear their eyes away.
- 343 Then -- there is nothing.
- For a moment they stand there -- and then they run.
- EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS NIGHT
- 344 PAUL and ALICE run ... and run ... and run ...

INT. CHAPEL NIGHT

345 All that is left are the cloak, the ring, the clasp and the dark red powder.

THE END