

812 February, 1966
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THE VAMPIRE KILLERS

Screenplay by

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and

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SCENE 1 . SPECIAL EFFECTS

- 1 The whole screen is bluish.

We discern shadowy abstract shapes. As the titles unfold these shapes become more distinct until, finally, they represent the surface of the moon with volcanoes and craters. Gradually also a silver tinkle of bells grows stronger.

The film titles are finished.

SCENE 2 EXT. NIGHT ROAD TO THE VILLAGE

- 2 The full moon has become normal size in a mountain landscape of wildness and grandeur. Cold moonlight illuminates the snow.

In long shot a sledge dashes along drawn by two horses, their nostrils steaming.

Behind the driver two figures sit absolutely motionless.

A harsh and frightening voice intones:

"...That night, penetrating deep into the heart of Transylvania, PROFESSOR ABRONSIUS was unaware that he was on the point of reaching the goal of his mysterious investigations in the course of which he had journeyed throughout Central Europe for many years accompanied by his one and only faithful disciple ALFRED.

A scholar and scientist whose genius was unappreciated ABRONSIUS had given up all to devote himself body and soul to what was to him a sacred mission. He had even lost his chair at Königsberg University where for a long time his colleagues used to refer to him as „... The Nut“.

As the commentary is ending on these words the sledge approaches. In close up we see ABRONSIUS and ALFRED. They are huddled together, only their noses purple from cold emerge from the pile of furs and rugs which muffle them. They seem asleep lulled by the throbbing sound of the bells as they sway to the swift regular glide of the sledge.

- 3 Leather trunks with huge iron fittings and quantities of luggage are stowed away, secured by ropes.

As they speed along the wind whips up the snow like a swirl of dust around the heap of baggage.

3 Continued

In the muffled silence a long dismal howl is heard.

4 ALFRED looks up. Troubled he listens. Nothing. He slips back into drowsiness. Perhaps it was a dream?

5 A moment later, close behind the sledge, the howling breaks out anew. This time ALFRED straightens up and painfully looks round.

6 In the wake of the sledge shadows are galloping, lithe, swift, silent.

7 "Wolves . . ." ALFRED articulates, but no sound can be heard as his jaw is clenched tight by the cold.

With a hand stiff in spite of the mitt protecting it he taps ABRONSIUS on the arm. THE PROFESSOR literally frozen by the cold remains as static as a dummy.

8 The wild beasts get nearer, leaping, yellow eyes glittering, fangs gleaming within their red jaws.

They are now right alongside the sledge.

9 ALFRED jerks up clumsily, tugs at the DRIVER's cloak. But the man does not even turn round. Through habit or fatalism he seems indifferent.

10 ALFRED in a panic heaves awkwardly around, kicks away at the most aggressive wolf who is furiously clamping his jaws at him.

11 ALFRED's hand feels something lying between him and the PROFESSOR and instinctively brandishes it. It's his master's huge umbrella with which in desperation he bangs down on the beast.

12 In no time the umbrella is slashed to pieces. Long strips are torn off revealing the frame.

13 Finally the jaws of the wolf snap together on it like a vice.

14 ALFRED will not let go of the umbrella, loses his balance and half slips off the sledge.

Then a more violent shock makes him lose his grip.

15 The wolf dashes off, the umbrella bristling from his jaw like a giant spider. The pack chase after him as though the umbrella were the only thing that had ever interested them.

16 ALFRED falls back on the seat, gasping.

17 ABRONSIUS still does not stir.

SCENE 3 EXT. NIGHT VILLAGE

18 In the valley below the glimmering lights of a small village can be seen.

SCENE 4 EXT. NIGHT COURTYARD

19 The sledge drives into the courtyard of an inn. The windows of the big room are lit up.

20 THE DRIVER jumps off his seat.

21 ALFRED gets painfully down, his legs are stiff. ABRONSIUS stays where he is, motionless.

22 The door of the inn opens. A little man appears amidst a cloud of steam. He goes down the steps, comes forward bowing amiably, rubbing his hands in a way which one feels is habitual.

This is YOINÉ CHAGAL, the innkeeper.

At the sight of the PROFESSOR he instantly grasps the situation, raises his arms to heaven, shouts: "Quick ... quick ..."

23 ABRONSIUS is removed from the sledge. He is still in a sitting position, paralysed and frozen.

SCENE 5 INT. NIGHT INN, MAIN ROOM

24 In this manner ABRONSIUS, carried by CHAGAL and the driver and followed by ALFRED, makes his entry into the hot and smoky room of the inn which is packed with customers, rough mountain folk.

25 At once everyone rushes up, bustling around in a hubbub of commotion, giving manifold, and contradictory advice: "... rub the ears with snow, the nose as well. No, no, not the nose. Gently, it can break like glass ... a mustard bath for the feet ... not too near the fire because of gangrene ... mull hot wine with cinnamon, etc..."

26 ABRONSIUS is deposited on a chair, ALFRED close by him.

27 ... In front of the huge fireplace where there hangs an enormous cauldron, master and disciple, trousers turned up, their feet plunged into the same tub of steaming water, sit side by side recovering their spirits.

28 Now that they are stripped of their accoutrements we can see them. The blood is flowing again and with their natural colour returning they look human once more.

ABRONSIUS is a long thin old man with stray locks of white hair. A bushy moustache practically conceals his mouth. Round his neck eyeglasses hang on a ribbon.

ALFRED, his hair cut page-boy fashion, is small and stocky and looks all there.

29 For the moment he is gazing at MAGDA, a serving-wench. In front of him, on her knees, she is gently but steadily massaging his toes with her strong hands reddened by chilblains. ALFRED's toes quiver and he giggles in spite of himself.

30 She raises her head, not displeased to notice that Alfred has his eyes glued on the deep cleavage of her ample bosom.

31 CHAGAL is glad his future customers have recovered.

He asks REBECCA his wife if the "Bigos" is ready for the gentlemen.

32 She goes off towards the kitchen which is visible from the big room.

33 At a table the SLEDGE-DRIVER is relating his adventures and restoring his strength by quaffing copious tankards of beer.

34 ABRONSIUS puts his eye-glasses on his long nose, looks around for the first time.

All of a sudden from under his bushy eyebrows his eye lights up with the boundless joy of a man of science. He is staring at the ceiling.

35 Up there, tied to the rafters huge bunches of garlic hang in festoons.

36 ABRONSIUS comes to life, turns round:

37 On the hasp of the windows hang more bunches of garlic, and in addition on the window-sills there are vases containing large bunches of dried garlic flowers.

38 THE PROFESSOR gently nudges ALFRED in the ribs with his elbow, leans towards him and whispers in his ear in a voice quivering with

38 Continued

emotion:

"Garlic ..."

"Garlic? ..." ALFRED answers absently still rapt in the contemplation of MAGDA's cleavage.

"Garlic, my boy, garlic ..." ABRONSIUS goes on in a louder voice, a prey to an excitement which he can hardly conceal.

ALFRED looks in the same direction as his master. The corners of his mouth droop in a wry grimace whilst he murmurs: "You think?"

ABRONSIUS's answer is a grave nod of the head followed by an affirmative flicker of the eyelids.

ALFRED painfully swallows his saliva and, no longer concerned with the maid's breasts, stares at this garlic which seems to upset him very much ...

SCENE 6 INT. NIGHT INN, MAIN ROOM

- 39 ... Hands are putting some coins on a table, beside a beer tankard with a pewter lid held in the grasp of a huge fist.
- 40 ALFRED has just paid off the SLEDGE-DRIVER who pockets the money, not sorry to see the last of his strange customers.
- 41 The room is now less crowded. ALFRED goes back to the table where his master is sitting in front of a steaming "Bigos". The garlic seems to have spoilt ALFRED's appetite. He starts to eat without much relish.
- 42 CHAGAL, rubbing his hands, is replying to a question from the PROFESSOR:

"Any length of time the Professor may desire. The whole winter if he wishes and indeed summer as well. At Yoine' Chagal's it's a home away from home."

"Tell me," ABRONSIUS asks gently after wiping his moustache.

"I was about to tell you ..." CHAGAL is already saying

"That garlic?" the PROFESSOR continues.

42 Continued

"There's no garlic here ..." the innkeeper interrupts coldly. His face freezes.

"What's that up there?" ABRONSIUS insists putting on his eye-glasses and looking up at the ceiling.

"Up there?" CHAGAL raises his eyes ingenuously and in front of the evidence has to admit: "Up there, oh that's a bit of garlic ..." Then, suddenly, he starts to wail:

"Oooh ... Don't mention garlic to me, business is already bad enough ... not garlic, Professor, not garlic."

"Is there by any chance a castle in the district?" the Professor continues still on the same tack.

CHAGAL's eyes grow round with surprise: "By any chance, in the district ..." he repeats before exclaiming with conviction: "On the word of Yoine there's no more a castle here than a windmill!" He calls the gathering to witness: "Do you know of a windmill in the district?"

43 No one says a word. "And a castle ... know of a castle?" he asks again. Only one person, a kind of village idiot, is about to reply, but his neighbour slaps a hand on his mouth.

44 "You see! No castle, no windmill, Professor," CHAGAL concludes and hurries off to the kitchen.

SCENE 7 INT. NIGHT STAIRCASE - CORRIDOR

45 Laden with some of the luggage CHAGAL perspiring and puffing walks up a little staircase followed by ABRONSIUS and ALFRED. He stops in front of a door, and still panting says:

"I've given you the best one, a little gem ..."

SCENE 8. INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

46 They go in. CHAGAL dumps down the luggage amidst several other pieces already there and proudly proclaims:

"One of the only two in the house which has its own bathroom."

47 He proceeds to a door, opens it with a flourish:

47 Continued

"Look," he says watching for the glow of pleasure he expects to see on his customer's countenance.

48 Actually ALFRED's face shows unbounded amazement. ABRONSIUS slips on his eye-glasses.

49 In turn CHAGAL looks into the bathroom: Seated in a slipper-bath which takes up nearly all the space of the narrow room a young girl with long red hair and dark eyes is taking a bath. She immerses herself up to her nose in the frothy water, abashed and blushing, apparently scared of CHAGAL.

From the little one can see of her she is very beautiful.

50 For a second CHAGAL does not react then hastily shuts the door. He is scarlet with rage and splutters with emotion:

"I ... I'd forgotten Sarah ... I mean, this bath will be free when this ... I promise it will be free tomorrow. Tomorrow Professor," he says as, bowed down, he walks backwards to the door.

He goes out and shuts it.

A second later he reopens it, pushes his head through:

"The usual conveniences are in the corridor, last door on the left. Goodnight Gentlemen."

He closes the door

51 Alone with his ~~disciple at last~~ ABRONSIUS can give full rein to his joy.

"Alfred, all these signs, all these signs ... we are nearing the goal, my boy, nearing the goal"

52 He rushes at one of the trunks, opens it, leans over and rummages feverishly inside.. He extracts from it a huge parchment manuscript, then is taken short: "Last door on the left," he says to himself as he hurries out of the room leaving the manuscript on one of the two beds.

53 "We are nearing the goal," murmurs ALFRED ominously as he slumps on the other bed.

Suddenly in the room next door (separated by the bathroom which serves both rooms) sounds of a squabble and sobs breaks out.

- 54 ALFRED rushes to open the bathroom door: the bath is now empty. He glues his eyes to the keyhole of the next door.

SCENE 9 INT. NIGHT SARAH'S BEDROOM

- 55 CHAGAL seated on a chair is spanking with resounding smacks the young girl clad only in a nightdress.

"No Papa, no, papa," she yells.

"A bath, another bath, always a bath, I'll give you a bath!" CHAGAL answers as he spanks her to the rhythm of the words.

SCENE 10 INT. NIGHT GUEST ROOM - BATHROOM

- 56 A hand touches ALFRED's shoulder. He gives a violent start. ABRONSIUS is already leaning forward and, interested, takes his disciple's place as he slips on his eye-glasses ...

SCENE 11 INT. NIGHT INNKEEPER'S BEDROOM

- 57 REBECCA is asleep beside YOINE. He raises himself a little, makes sure his wife is asleep. Reassured he gets up wearily and in his nightshirt wends his way towards the door which opens into the kitchen.

Before slipping out he takes down from a peg a coat with a shabby fur collar.

SCENE 12 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

- 58 On one of the two beds ABRONSIUS in long drawers is lying on his stomach. With his chin on his hands he is reading the manuscript placed on a pillow in front of him.

ALFRED is gingerly applying the last of twenty cupping-glasses which already adorn the PROFESSOR's back.

Indifferent to the treatment the latter goes on with his reading. Suddenly he frowns, can't believe his eyes, carefully re-reads a sentence.

"Incredible!" he mutters to himself after a moment of profound reflection.

58 Continued

"Read this to me, my boy," he asks pointing with a skinny finger to the passage in question.

59 ALFRED, docile as he always is with his master, picks up the manuscript, gets close to a candle, reads aloud in Latin, stumbling over the words:

"...According to Alibori they cast no reflected image. Thus, for example, one cannot see them nor can they see themselves in a mirror nor in any other object serving the same purpose like water, window-panes, etc...." At this moment we hear someone walking stealthily in the corridor. "Water, window-panes, etc..." ALFRED repeats softly, lifting his head and listening silently.

"What next," Abronsius asks, his face buried in his folded arms.

"Someone was walking in the corridor," ALFRED murmurs putting down the manuscript. He goes up to the door, sticks his ear to it, shuts his eyes the better to hear.

"Psitt, psitt..." Imprisoned beneath the cupping-glasses ABRONSIUS calls him and tells him to have a look.

60 With great caution ALFRED puts his head out. He sees ...

SCENE 13 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR

61 ... The figure of CHAGAL holding a candle-stick, still walking on tiptoe, his coat flung over his nightshirt, is disappearing down the end of the corridor.

SCENE 14 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

62 "... "Quick, quick!" The PROFESSOR is restless and beckons to ALFRED to remove the cupping-glasses.

"Plock!" ALFRED removes the first one.

SCENE 15 INT. NIGHT STAIRCASE - ATTIC FLOOR

63 Illuminated from underneath CHAGAL's head appears on the attic floor of the inn. He bobs up from a small and very steep staircase

63 Continued

leading to it, then walks towards a low door at the bottom of which shows a streak of light.

Gently he opens it, goes in.

SCENE 16 INT. NIGHT MAID'S ROOM

64 CHAGAL is in the maid's garret.

She is sitting up sewing in her little bed at the head of which can be seen a crucifix.

She goes on with her work, humming away as though CHAGAL has not come in.

"Good .. good ..." the innkeeper says softly closing the door, "Always singing."

65 CHAGAL puts down his candle-stick and sits by her.

In a fatherly way he makes a show of being interested in her work:

"What's my little good fairy at, eh? What's she doing?"

"Your little good fairy is mending your nightshirt, sir."

CHAGAL taken aback from a moment pulls himself together:

"My nightshirt that?" He affects surprise fingering the material. She starts humming again. CHAGAL scratches his nose, clears his throat, comes to a decision:

"Right. Good. It's perfect as it is. Now I'll try it on, Eh?"

He laughs a little to thaw the atmosphere, gets up and takes off his coat.

"If you try on your nightshirt in my room, Sir, I'll scream," the maid declares without stopping her sewing.

CHAGAL ill at ease makes a pretence of being angry and after a moment of awkward silence says:

"What for? Little fool. Would I scream if you tried on your nightshirt?"

SCENE 17 INT. NIGHT INNKEEPER'S BEDROOM - KITCHEN

- 66 REBECCA realises her husband is no longer by her side in bed. She gets up, goes into the kitchen, takes down a huge sausage hanging with some others and sweeps out like a silent fury.

SCENE 18 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - CORRIDOR

- 67 "Plock!" ALFRED detaches the last cupping-glass from the PROFESSOR's back now covered with circular red patches.

The old man hurriedly dons his dressing-gown.

- 68 ALFRED signals to him not to move. Once more footsteps are heard in the corridor.

- 69 ABRONSIUS pushes his head through the door.

- 70 He sees the figure of MADAME CHAGAL vanishing like a ghost for she is not carrying a light.

- 71 They both silently creep out of their room.

SCENE 19 INT. NIGHT STAIRCASE - ATTIC FLOOR

- 72 MADAME CHAGAL's head bobs up in the half-light of the attic floor. She gives a nasty look at the night showing under the garret door, then her whole body appears as she goes towards it, opens it violently whilst keeping the sausage concealed behind her back.

SCENE 20 INT. NIGHT MAID'S ROOM

- 73 Without a word, her hand on the door knob, she lets her eye rove fiercely all over the garret. Nothing.

- 74 The MAID does not turn a hair. She just stops her darning and looks up quite naturally without evincing the slightest surprise.

REBECCA turns her head, listens behind her, quietly closes the door.

We discover CHAGAL, his coat on his arm, standing behind the door, flattened against the wall, cowering with shoulders raised...

SCENE 21 INT. NIGHT STAIRCASE - ATTIC FLOOR

- 75 ... ABRONSIUS's cranium appears in the half-light, sticking out of the trap-door of the staircase up which YOINE and MADAME CHAGAL have passed.
- 76 She is standing behind ABRONSIUS, brandishing the sausage with both hands. As soon as he has got his body half out of the trap-door, she bangs down her improvised cosh with all her strength. With a great crash the Professor's body vanishes.
- 77 REBECCA well satisfied leans over, looks down.

She clamps a hand on her mouth to stifle the scream of horror and surprise which she nearly emits at the sight of the entangled bodies of ABRONSIUS and ALFRED who pick themselves up at the foot of the staircase and make off at top speed.

SCENE 22 INT. DAY GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

- 78 It is early morning.

In the half-light of their room ABRONSIUS and ALFRED are asleep.

The door slowly opens. Gradually the face of CHAGAL appears. He looks around. His mouth seems to be bristling with hideous fangs. As we get closer we find that in fact he has a handful of nails sticking from his lips as upholsterers do.

He slips sideways through the half-opened door. Progressively there appears a long board which he is hugging.

CHAGAL moves silently towards the bathroom. His hands cluttered up with a hammer he opens the door with some difficulty, goes in and shuts it

- 79 ... He starts to nail the board to the further door (the one leading to the room of his daughter SARAH) in order to barricade it once and for all. He taps away with his hammer hoping against hope that his activity will be noiseless ...
- 80 ... In the end the banging awakes ALFRED and ABRONSIUS. Glassy-eyed they gaze bemused at CHAGAL who, having finished his job, walks past them as though nothing had happened.
- 81 Bowing he makes little gestures which mean "all is well" and murmurs "Good-day ... good-day ..." He slips out backwards through the door which he noiselessly closes.

SCENE 23 EXT. DAY COURTYARD

82 ALFRED with reddened hands and a drop at the end of his nose is putting the finishing touches to a snow-man on which he has been at work in the yard of the inn.

Behind him stands a shed merely consisting of a roof attached to the inn building and supported by three large beams.

Odds and ends are piled up within: old barrels, toboggans, skis etc.

83 SARAH has lifted up the curtain from a window and is watching ALFRED who knows it.

84 He looks up and smiles. The curtain falls but she can still be seen through it.

ALFRED restarts his work, watching out of the corner of his eye.

Slowly up goes the curtain. He turns round and smiles again.

This time she responds to his smile without letting go of the curtain.

85 ALFRED makes signs inviting her to join him.

86 She answers by a negative shake of the head and a gesture of helplessness.

87 ALFRED stays with his face lifted up, already in love with the mysterious beauty.

88 In close up we see something burst silently in a powdery gush of white over Alfred's face.

Blinded he wipes himself.

89 Two cheeky kids rush out of the yard, giggling.

90 ALFRED once more looks up at the window.

91 SARAH is no longer there.

SCENE 24. INT. DAY INN, MAINROOM

92 ALFRED goes into the inn, blowing on his numbed and tingling fingertips.

He sits down at a table on which there are two empty bowls and big.

92 Continued

slices of buttered black bread. Two or three early morning customers are already seated, gossiping.

We hear the sound of a sledge and horses drawing up in the yard.

The MAID comes out of the kitchen carrying a large pot of coffee.

93 The door giving onto the yard opens.

A hideous little HUNCHBACK stands on the threshold. He has long arms and huge hairy hands.

He comes in.

94 The customers stop talking.

95 The MAID who had just reached ALFRED ducks under the table still clutching the coffee-pot which she had no time to leave on it.

96 The HUNCHBACK limps towards the counter.

97 ALFRED puzzled by MAGDA's behaviour looks under the table and says: "Coucou!"

Ashen the girl whispers "Ssh!" putting a finger to her lips.

98 The clatter of clogs is heard and we see the HUNCHBACK who, emitting raucous and inarticulate noises, is trying to get something out of CHAGAL. The latter, shod in clogs, his trousers pulled up to the knees, is standing behind the counter.

99 ALFRED, thinking it's all a game, slips under the table beside the maid, a bowl in his hand.

100 From down there we watch CHAGAL opening a trap-door and disappearing into the cellar.

101 With his finger-tips, using the excuse of examining the pattern of the embroidery on her bodice, ALFRED strokes MAGDA's breasts.

She taps him sharply on the hand to indicate that this is no time for fooling. The situation is serious.

102 CHAGAL reappears from the trap-door, red-faced, puffing, carrying a big bundle of candles over his shoulder. He throws it at the feet of the HUNCHBACK who, in return, throws down two "Talar" on the counter.

103 Still from under the table ALFRED sees ABRONSIUS, clad in a dressing-gown, hardly awake, arrive and come up.

104 The PROFESSOR sits down, slips on his eye-glasses.

At once his glance lights upon the HUNCHBACK whom he studies with the same intense curiosity he showed when he noticed the garlic the night of his arrival.

105 The HUNCHBACK, the candles under his arm, makes his way out across the room, limping.

106 ABRONSIUS turns his head in order to watch him up to the last moment.

ALFRED emerges from under the table, straightens up and takes his seat opposite the PROFESSOR.

107 The HUNCHBACK goes out. Someone spits in his direction.

108 The PROFESSOR turns back, spots ALFRED and speaks to him as though he had been sitting opposite all the time.

"That hunchback ... that hunchback, Alfred! Did you see?"

"Revolting," answers ALFRED.

At that moment the maid cautiously comes out from under the table. ABRONSIUS looks at her severely and asks, always to the point:

"Why were you under the table?"

The wretched girl doesn't answer but shakes so violently as she pours the coffee into the bowl which ALFRED politely proffers her, that a long stream lands on his stomach: "Ouch!" he exclaims.

Her obvious terror makes a deeper impression on the Professor than a long speech would have done. He catches ALFRED by the lapel and hurriedly talks into his ear, making sure that nobody can overhear. As he whispers ALFRED's face becomes convulsed, a ghastly pallor. His disciple's eyes look agonizingly at the door.

At last ABRONSIUS lets go of Alfred who moves like a clockwork puppet towards the exit ...

SCENE 25. EXT. DAY COURTYARD

109 In the yard the HUNCHBACK checks the leather straps of two cadaverous black horses harnessed to a sledge equally black.

- 110 Hidden behind the snowman ALFRED making himself as small as possible watches.
- 111 The HUNCHBACK jumps nimbly onto his seat. Dumbfounded he is struck into immobility. His eyes glare like a bird of prey. He is looking towards the snowman but well above it. An evil smile appears on his lips, displaying a toothless jaw.
- 112 ALFRED turns his head round to see what the HUNCHBACK is gazing at.
- 113 It's SARAH. She smiles at ALFRED from the window.
- 114 He frantically gestures to her to hide.

There is a crack of whips.

- 115 ALFRED turns round, the hunchback's sledge is driving off. He makes a dash and leaps onto the runners at the back of the sledge where he crouches, balanced precariously.

SCENE 26. INT. DAY KITCHEN - INNKEEPER'S BEDROOM

- 116 In the kitchen ABRONSIUS insists on an explanation:

"I'm not completely daft yet ... I'm telling you that someone, last night, bashed me on the skull," he says coming close to REBECCA. She looks at the Professor's skull as she continues to grate half a cabbage with a sweeping movement of the arm.

As she remains silent ABRONSIUS goes up to CHAGAL and points with his forefinger at the bump at the back of his head.

CHAGAL inside a barrel is turning slowly round stamping the cabbage down with his feet. His clogs lie close by.

- 117 CHAGAL stops turning but continues to trample as he inspects the bump.

"I don't see a bump," he brazenly declares.

ABRONSIUS flounces out shocked by so much bad faith.

CHAGAL starts once again to pivot in his barrel.

- 118 Through the open door we can see into his bedroom. The serving-wench is humming as she makes the bed.

- 119 CHAGAL revolves more slowly, stops turning but goes on stamping dreamily. REBECCA violently throws a plateful of grated cabbage into the barrel. CHAGAL starts to revolve once more.

SCENE 27 EXT. DAY ROAD TO THE CASTLE

- 120 The hunchback's sledge glides through a silent pine-forest.

- 121 ALFRED is still clinging onto the runners, numbed by cold and lack of movement.

A long howl breaks forth.

- 122 The horses rear, whinnying. The sledge halts with a shock. In the middle of the track a lone wolf lurks, stationary, threatening.

- 123 Agile as a monkey the hunchback leaps to the ground, walks slowly forward.

- 124 The beast backs, snarling, fur bristling.

- 125 ALFRED sees man and beast disappear into the pines.

A moment later, suddenly and violently, the sound of a death struggle breaks out mingled with panting, groans and howls. A scream more terrible than the others is heard, ending in an agonizing death-rattle. A gloomy silence enshrouds the forest.

- 126 ALFRED's eyes open wide in horrified astonishment.

- 127 The hunchback comes limping back to the sledge. He stops a few paces from it and with a wide slow sweep of the forearm wipes his bloodstained mouth.

With a leap he springs back on his seat as though nothing had happened. The sledge starts off again with loud cracks of the whip.

- 128 The jolt causes ALFRED to fall off but he still clings on with one hand.

- 129 For a time he is dragged along on the stomach before letting go and lying stunned in the snow, arms spread wide apart.

- 130 The sledge swiftly vanishes.

Snowflakes start to fall softly.

SCENE 28 INT. NIGHT INN MAIN ROOM

131 It is nightfall.

In the main room of the inn, full of the same customers as on the evening of his arrival, ABRONSIUS clad in his furs, ready to leave, is pacing to and fro shaking with indignation. He is holding a small case in his hand. He stops in front of CHAGAL who is sitting on a chair looking miserable.

"Where? Where is it?" the Professor asks.

CHAGAL puts a hand on his head and exclaims:

"On Yoiné's head, Professor, I swear I don't know."

"You are lying, Chagal!" ABRONSIUS in measured tones indicts him.

"May I never see the New Year if I know where it is," lies CHAGAL avoiding the Professor's eye.

"Come now," ABRONSIUS bursts out his voice ringing with wrath, "that garlic, that hunchback, your conniving looks, this conspiracy of silence amongst you. Don't try and teach your grandmother how to suck eggs," he sneers.

They all stay rooted to the spot, speechless.

132 ABRONSIUS gives full rein to his grief and reproaches himself:

"Oh! my poor little boy ... fatal recklessness to have given you that order ... (He turns on CHAGAL) That heroic kid did not hesitate, not he ... (He attacks the whole gathering) There isn't a human soul amongst you ... (He exclaims as though addressing Alfred) I'm coming my boy, I'm coming."

With grim determination he proceeds towards the door, opens it and turning round towards the room shouts for the last time:

"I shall find this damned castle by myself."

ALFRED who was leaning against the door prostrated with exhaustion tumbles limply across the threshold.

SCENE 29 EXT. NIGHT ROAD TO THE CASTLE

133 Snow is falling heavily over the countryside shrouded in night. The hunchback drives the sledge swiftly along.

- 134 Upright at the back, motionless, there sits an alarming personage. The collar of his black cape is turned up and hides his face.

SCENE 30 EXT. NIGHT VILLAGE

- 135 In the distance the lights of the village are twinkling as the sledge rushes towards it.

SCENE 31 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

- 136 Loud snoring is heard while we see framed in close-up a small case which hands are opening.

The case is full of crosses, small square sharp-pointed wooden stakes, cloves of garlic and hammers.

Hesitatingly a hand picks up one of the stakes.

Then we see that it is ALFRED who is scrutinizing with aversion the stake in question.

- 137 Slumped in front of the manuscript open on the table, ABRONSIUS is asleep with his head in his arms.

A faint scratching sound is heard.

- 138 ALFRED puts the stake back in the case, shuts the lid.

The scratching at the door restarts.

ALFRED goes up and very cautiously sets it ajar. Flabbergasted, he instinctively looks over his shoulder at the Professor.

- 139 The latter does not stir and is still snoring away.

- 140 SARAH stands in her nightdress in the half-light of the corridor.

She slips into the room.

Now we can see she carries on her arm a large bath-towel in her hand a sponge and a cake of soap.

ALFRED is embarrassed, mystified too by these unwonted requisites. There is a moment of silence during which he doesn't venture to give a good look at SARAH. His heart beats violently at the proximity of this perfection of beauty.

140 Continued

"I'm not disturbing you, am I?" she eventually says in a low voice. "No, no, no ... Not at all." ALFRED answers in the same subdued tone.

SARAH gives a sigh.

"I get so bored, if you only knew ..."

ALFRED doesn't dare to question her. He respectfully waits for her to continue.

"I'm not used to being locked up the whole time," she confides.

"You mean you're always locked up?" says ALFRED indignantly.

"At school one could at least skip over the wall, but here ... oh we had fun there, you know what I mean."

"One must have fun," exclaims ALFRED who has not quite understood but wants to be courteous. He has spoken a little too loudly and glances at ABRONSIUS. He is asleep.

SARAH is warming up:

"And then Papa, with his garlic, he is carrying it too far. My room's full of garlic. He says it looks pretty. Pretty! That's what he thinks. He did not use to be like that."

In her excitement her heavy mane of shining red hair, which she wears coiled up, gradually falls down till it covers her shoulders. With a graceful gesture she coils it up again but the sponge slips from her hand. In a trice, zealously, ALFRED picks it up.

"I brought it back from school," she says as she goes on fixing her hair.

141 ALFRED, the sponge still in his hand, says pleasantly:

"A good idea." He squeezes it and adds: "It's a nice one."

"It's soft ..." SARAH answers him, taking it from him and running it over his cheek, ALFRED blushes red as a peony.

142 SARAH continues, her speech grows more rapid:

"I adore it! I got into the habit of it at school."

- 143 ALFRED wonders what it is SARAH loves so much and "got into the habit of at school"... He can only imagine a rather scabrous explanation which makes him titter nervously.
- 144 SARAH continues in the same key, getting close to ALFRED who backs away:

"He's funny, Papa, you just can't change your habits in a couple of months, can you? Besides, it's essential. It's good for your health," she terminates with conviction.

"Of course," ALFRED agrees, clearing his throat.

"Once a day is the very least, don't you agree?"

"Euh..." ALFRED answers, his imagination filled with the wildest fantasies.

"Do you mind if I have a quick one?"

"I don't mind at all," ALFRED answers in a tremulous voice. He is perspiring.

"You're being very nice.. Now, could you get me some hot water?" she says, opening the bathroom door.

At last ALFRED understands and is relieved that all the girl wants is to take a bath on the quiet.

SCENE 32. INT. NIGHT INNKEEPER'S BEDROOM

- 145 CHAGAL, lying beside REBECCA, raises himself lightly on the elbow to make sure she is asleep. Reassured he quietly gets up.
- 146 Slowly, on tiptoe, he creeps towards the door.

"YOINÉ!" REBECCA cries out.

He stops dead, one leg in the air, his face screwed up, fingers stretched out.

"Where are you going?"

CHAGAL makes a gesture meaning he has given up and turning round quite naturally says with conviction:

"Already I'm not going."

He goes back to bed without batting an eyelid.

SCENE 33 INT. NIGHT KITCHEN

147 In the kitchen, squatting in front of the stove of which the red glow sheds a dim light in the room, ALFRED looks at the hot water running from a huge boiling pan into a large wooden pail. Another one is already filled.

Behind ALFRED, at a window, there appears a face of ashen pallor, terrible to behold, which watches him for a moment and then vanishes.

SCENE 34 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

148 Face strained and tongue hanging out through the exertion, ALFRED goes into the bathroom carrying the heavy steaming buckets.

149 SARAH finishes working the small hand-pump which makes cold water pour into the slipper-bath.

ALFRED removes the lid of the bath, then throws in the boiling water. The two young people operate silently, swiftly, accomplices together.

ALFRED, feeling that his task is ended, discreetly makes his exit.

SARAH with a grateful smile closes the door.

SCENE 35 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

150 ... We stay with ALFRED.

He moves away from the door. ABRONSIUS is still snoring.

ALFRED snuffles, turns round undecidedly, nervily scratches his chin.

He looks at the bathroom door, first resists the temptation, then yields to it.

He slinks up, starts to bend down towards the keyhole. He controls himself in time, straightens up and moves off. A nervous tic makes the corner of his mouth twitch. He gives his arm a pinch and listens to the sound of the gently splashing water....

SCENE 36 INT. NIGHT BATHROOM

151 ... SARAH immersed in the water is soaping herself energetically, evidently enjoying it. The big sponge lies before her on the bath-lid.

152 In the narrow room without a window there is only a skylight white

152 Continued

Its layer of snow is suddenly brushed off. A hand wipes the pane then, slowly, the same ghastly face which had appeared at the kitchen window, leans forward and looks at SARAH.

Although the face is seen in close-up it remains hazy because of the steam and frost which blur the skylight.

153 We focus now on SARAH.

She is rubbing herself with the sponge.

Suddenly light flakes of twirling snow fall on her.

For a second she is stricken with amazement at this mysterious snow falling, before thinking of looking up.

154 At the same moment as she looks up at the ceiling the man, his body already thrust through the skylight, drops down ...

SCENE 37 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

155 ... ALFRED once more goes up to the keyhole, but once more discretion overcomes desire. He moves away ...

SCENE 38 INT. NIGHT BATHROOM

156 ... Kneeling on the lid of the bath, the man is having a confused and silent struggle with SARAH who is struck dumb with terror.

Water spurts out, splashing the door.

157 Through SARAH's eyes we see the man's face.

Livid with bloodshot staring eyes, he opens his thing brownish mouth in a grimace, displaying the sharp pointed fangs of the vampires.

158 He leans over the milk-white throat and slowly bites into her jugular vein.

159 After a last violent wrench SARAH overwhelmed with pleasure surrenders to the embrace of the vampire who with great gulps is sucking her blood ...

SCENE 39 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

160 ... ALFRED is no saint, after one final hesitation he sticks his eye

SCENE 40 INT. NIGHT BATHROOM

- 161 At first he can't see exactly what is happening, but when the vampire, sated, turns his face towards the door, ALFRED sees the loathsome creature with its bloodstained mouth.

SCENE 41 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

- 162 ALFRED receives such a shock that all his muscles grow rigid.

Half paralysed he straightens up. His eyes starting out of his head, his mouth open for a yell which refuses to come, he goes up to the Professor and hysterically shakes him.

- 163 ABRONSIUS wakes up with a shock, looks for his eye-glasses, but can't find them.

- 164 ALFRED waves his arms wildly around, pointing in every direction at the same time, then crooking both forefingers in front of his mouth, he manages to stutter hoarsely:

"I ... I I saw him. I saw him. He ... he's there, there. Here." He points towards the bathroom door.

- 165 ABRONSIUS rushes forward, knocks over a small table with a vase on it which breaks in pieces; and opens the bathroom door.

- 166 The room is empty.

A little blood is reddening the soapy froth. Snow is still falling through the open skylight.

"SARAH!!!"

A yell causes ABRONSIUS and ALFRED to turn around.

- 167 In nightshirt and nightcap CHAGAL is standing behind them. He too has understood.

- 168 He rushes to the window and opens it in a whirl of snow. At the risk of falling out he leans forward, spreading his arms as he cries, a humble suppliant, into the night:

"Your Excellency ... your Excellency von Krolock ... give me back my daughter ... give her back to me." He falls slowly to his knees speaking more quietly as he wrings his hands: "My daughter ... little Sarah .. Excellency ... my little girl ..."

169 REBECCA in turn appears and starts to weep with him, silent, accustomed as she is to disaster ...

SCENE 42 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM - BATHROOM

170 ABRONSIUS paces up and down the room.

CHAGAL is sitting in dumb misery, arms dangling, staring listlessly into space.

Standing next to him, one hand on his shoulder, REBECCA hides her face with the other one.

Also present is the maid snivelling away in the background.

ALFRED, his head lowered, fists clenched, looks tough and resolute.

The PROFESSOR stops pacing.

171 He slaps his hand hard down on the manuscript several times, releasing little puffs of dust.

He stresses with conviction:

"Everything is here, everything. You can read it. We can, we should, we must destroy them."

"We must," Alfred answers, echoing him in dull tones.

172 ABRONSIUS planting himself in front of CHAGAL speaks to him in a more gentle and persuasive fashion:

"Mr Chagal, do you realise what he's going to do?"
CHAGAL doesn't stir. ABRONSIUS goes on:

"Suck her, suck her, till he's drained every drop of her blood. EVERY DROP! Can't you understand?" He shouts in order to get some reaction out of Chagal. In view of the latter's silence he continues:

"We could still save your daughter with a transfusion, if we rescue her at once."

"I'll give my blood," ALFRED pipes up rolling up his sleeve

173 Bending over CHAGAL and shaking him to and fro like a plum tree, ABRONSIUS yells:

173 Continued

"Where is it? Where's von Krolock's castle?"

174 "His Excellency's castle?" CHAGAL mumbles.

Faced with a man of such obstinacy that he deems a "Vulgus Vampirum" to be an Excellency, ABRONSIUS can't believe his ears.

A hand on his hip he straightens up:

175 "Do you hear Alfred? His Excellency's," he repeats mimicking with irony a deep obeisance. (To Chagal) "Poor wretch, if you call that Excellency, then what's Alfred I ask you? Eh? (He searches for a comparable personage and finds one) A prince! That's it, Alfred's a prince and I'm a Pope," he shouts rather pleased with his happy turn of phrase. He becomes serious once more.

"Come on, let's be serious, you're not a child, garlic isn't enough. You certainly put on a good show, I will say. But good God you saw what happened . . . Will you never get it into your head? Until we've destroyed the last one of them the danger will remain and the evil will spread." After a silence he solemnly declares: "Chagal, unless you help me, your daughter is going to die. And even when dead, for reasons which I still haven't fathomed, she will go on living but . . . without a soul. (He points at Chagal) For her, you will no longer be a father, nor you a mother, Madam. She will belong to the family of those creatures of the night, a monster amongst soul-less monsters until The Day of Judgement."

176 The force of his conviction makes ABRONSIUS perspire. He ends his tirade kneeling on the floor in front of CHAGAL who has still not stirred an inch.

"Where's the castle?" he implores.

177 CHAGAL shakes his head in a gesture of powerlessness. Slowly he rises to his feet and goes out with REBECCA.

178 "Sheer madness!" ABRONSIUS shouts slamming the door in a rage . . .

SCENE 43 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR - SARAH'S ROOM

179 . . . CHAGAL stops in front of the door of SARAH's room and, his hand shaking, gently opens it.

180 He goes in followed by his wife.

- 181 His eye roves over the familiar scene. Garlic hangs on the window-sill and all over the place.

SHAGAL picks up one of SARAH's dresses lying over an armchair, his hand grips the material. Suddenly, with resolution, he tears off a whole head of garlic, bites deeply into it and then masticates with a slow and pensive movement of the jaws.

SCENE 43A INT. -EXT. NIGHT COURTYARD

- 181a REBECCA stands in the Inn doorway watching SHAGAL walking across the courtyard leaving to find Sarah.

SCENE 44 INT. DAY INN MAIN ROOM

- 182 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED come into the big room of the inn illumined by the first rays of dawn.
- 183 Without a word they both sit down at the table on which there are two bowls and some large slices of black bread and butter.
- 184 After a moment REBECCA appears, eyes red with weeping. She is carrying a big steaming coffee-pot.

"Mr Shagal not up yet?" ABRONSIUS says in surprise.

REBECCA makes no reply, goes back to the kitchen.

- 185 The two men start to eat.

The sound of a sledge and horses drawing up in the yard is heard. A second later there is a banging at the door.

- 186 REBECCA comes out of the kitchen, draws the great wooden bolt, opens up.

A big bearded WOODCUTTER is uneasily shuffling his feet as with his rough hands he fiddles with a fur cap. He makes way for her.

REBECCA looks into the yard and darts out.

A few seconds later an agonizing scream rings out:

"YOINE!!!"

- 187 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED jump up and rush out ...

SCENE 45 EXT. DAY COURTYARD

- 188 ... Across some tree trunks placed on a woodcutter's sledge lies a body covered with a piece of old sacking. The body is completely frozen, fixed in a grotesque attitude.

188 Continued

REBECCA wildly clutches it, howling in her desperate grief.

THREE WOODCUTTERS watch her as they fidget with their fur caps...

SCENE 46 INT. DAY INN MAIN ROOM

189 ... The three WOODCUTTERS preceded by REBECCA and followed by ABRONSIUS and ALFRED carry the body into the big room.

190 They carefully place CHAGAL on a table on which he stays in the same strange twisted position.

191 REBECCA falls to her knees. She bangs her forehead against the edge of the table which she is holding with both hands.

192 The three WOODCUTTERS step back and remain silent. ABRONSIUS slips on his eye-glasses, leans over CHAGAL and inspects him.

193 On the dead man's wrist holes caked with congealed blood can be seen.

The PROFESSOR continues his examination. There are no marks on the throat but, pulling down the sock to the ankle, he finds other holes on the leg. ALFRED notices still more holes in the fat of the stomach which can be seen through a gap left by the rucked-up shirt.

"Look, Alfred, they've drained him in the twinkling of an eye," the Professor murmurs most impressed.

194 His words breaking the silence release the WOODCUTTERS from their constraint so that they start to talk to one another, hypocrites in spite of the evidence.

"They are mighty fierce this winter," says one.

"Ought to organise a beat," answers another.

"Found one in the forest with its throat slit," continues the first one.

"Now they've taken to devouring each other," adds the third.

"Poor old Chagal! to end up in the jaws of a wolf, who'd have thought it?"

195 "A wolf!" exclaims ABRONSIUS incensed by such stupidity,
 "a wolf! ... you blind wretches! Open your eyes. You know perfectly
 well who has been at work."

196 The three go hurriedly out.

SCENE 47 INT. DUSK INN MAIN ROOM

197 In close-up hands are turning backwards and forwards a stake similar
 to the one ALFRED was examining in the small case.

"Stick it where?" REBECCA asks in quavering tones.

198 We now see that it is she, seated in front of the Professor, who is
 holding the stake.

199 The inn is shut up and silent. Night falls. CHAGAL, his body now
 unfrozen and once again straight, still lies on the table under a sheet.

Lighted candles surround him.

"Stick it where?" REBECCA repeats, dazed.

"Alas," replies the embarrassed ABRONSIUS, "I've just
 explained it to you, Madam Chagal. The body of Mr Chagal is des-
 troyed but one can save his soul."

"With this?" REBECCA asks with timid scepticism.

"Yes. By sticking it in," ABRONSIUS explains.

"By sticking it in?" she says with surprise.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the heart. That's according to the works of Alibori
 and my own researches, by the way, it is the only way." Carried
 away by his pet subject the Professor adds, miming the action:

"Like this. In one go ... Wack!"

199 Continued

"In the heart! The works of Alibori! In whose heart?" the wretched woman mutters bemused by grief and befuddled by the Professor's hazy explanations.

In reply ABRONSIUS indicates CHAGAL's body with a movement of the chin. REBECCA realises.

"Stick this! this!" she says raising the stake, "in Yoine's heart!" ABRONSIUS gravely nods his head.

"In Yoiné's heart!... You hear Yoiné, this swine wants to stick this junk in your heart ... Ha..ha...ha..." she yells leaping up like fury.

"I'll stick it somewhere up you, you old goat, that I will..."

ABRONSIUS scuttles out rapidly pursued by REBECCA brandishing the stake.

SCENE 48 INT. NIGHT GUESTROOM

200 The screen is black.

We hear the wail of the wind and, more clearly, the creak of floorboards on which someone is walking stealthily.

The camera pulls back.

We find this blackness is ABRONSIUS' shadow projected on a wall.

The shadow holds a stake in its hand, places it level with the chest of a figure lying stretched out.

ALFRED's shadow approaches, hesitant. It lifts an arm holding a hammer, brings it down hard.

There is a dull thud as the stake is driven in.

ALFRED strikes again.

201 "Hell's bells!" the Professor curses. We see him sucking his thumb, "if you can't do better than that, we'll never succeed," he moans. Sheepish, ALFRED, head lowered, daren't look at his master and after fiddling with the hammer finally throws it out of sight. The hammer falls on a bed in their room. On this bed is a pillow in which a stake has been driven.

SCENE 49 INT. NIGHT INN, MAIN ROOM

202 A hand with its thumb wrapped up in a handkerchief opens the door of the big room of the inn.

203 ABRONSIUS pushes his head cautiously round the door and slips in. He carries the small case, ALFRED follows him.

204 The flickering candlelight illuminates the table where CHAGAL lies under the sheet.

205 Silent and resolute ABRONSIUS goes up to the counter, puts down the case, slips on his glasses and opens it.

206 ALFRED watches his action with sweat on his forehead and anguish in his heart.

His legs are limp as he looks in the direction of the body on which the "operation" is to take place.

207 It seems as though the sheet gives an imperceptible stir where one of CHAGAL's hands is placed.

208 ALFRED's eyes blink.

209 Perhaps it's only the effect of a shadow fluttering under the flickering candlelight?

210 He takes one step nearer, one only, bends down and from a safe distance stares at the sheet while the PROFESSOR rummages in his case. Not a movement. Just an optical illusion. He turns round to watch the Professor.

211 At this moment CHAGAL slowly raises himself. The sheet falls off revealing his face. The mouth twisted in a grimace displays the two fangs of a vampire.

With bloodshot eyes he stares at the pair and sits down on the edge of the table.

212 ALFRED turns round holding the hammer the PROFESSOR has thrust into his hands.

212 Continued

A scream rises from his throat.

213 ABRONSIUS leaps forward, flourishing the stake. Too late. Already CHAGAL agile as a cat, has rushed to the trap-door leading to the cellar. He opens it, vanishes, shuts it down.

214 ABRONSIUS tugs at the handle but his efforts only lift it a few inches.

215 We see Chagal's arms covered with bites. Hanging on fiercely he resists the pressure with his whole weight.

The trap-door clamps down violently.

216 ALFRED comes to the rescue.

"One ... two ... three," the PROFESSOR says. They give a pull. Instantly, with no effort, the trap-door opens. CHAGAL is no longer on the other side. The two sprawl over backwards ...

SCENE 50 INT. NIGHT CELLAR

217 ... ABRONSIUS and ALFRED are descending the last rungs of the ladder leading to the cellar. It is small and cluttered up with all kinds of stuff. On the right: a store of candles, sacks, ropes, etc.

On the left hangs a large piece of sackcloth.

218 Stake in hand ABRONSIUS scrutinises the semi-darkness, ALFRED holding up the hammer does likewise.

219 ABRONSIUS points out a bulge in the sackcloth which gives a slight quiver. He goes up quietly, places the stake where CHAGAL's heart should be, beckons to ALFRED to strike.

220 The latter shuts his eyes, strikes with all his force.

A huge stream of red liquid gushes out, blinding them both so that they spin round.

221 ABRONSIUS stumbles, catches hold of the sackcloth which falls on him and ALFRED. Behind the sackcloth barrels of wine are piled up lying lengthwise.

222 The stake has been driven into one of these. The wine goes on flowing onto the sackcloth under which they are entangled together, gesticulating.

- 223 We now see CHAGAL crouching inside an empty barrel placed upright. The barrel which was pierced by the stake has been drained dry. The one above it, now much heavier, pushes it aside, rolls forward, falls and stops on top of CHAGAL's hiding-place.
- 224 The violence of the shock bursts the bung out, causing the wine to gush out and fill the barrel of CHAGAL who doesn't dare to get out ...
- 225 ... Reeling and staggering, ABRONSIUS and ALFRED manage to extricate themselves from the sackcloth soaked heavy with wine.
- 226 They just have time to see CHAGAL vanish through a vent lit up by the moonlight.
- 227 The PROFESSOR manifestly thinks that the operation has misfired, besides which, like ALFRED, he is drunk.

He sits down heavily on a rung.

"Muffed it," he hiccups.

"Did the old barrel in," ALFRED giggles.

"Not bad, this little wine," ABRONSIUS observes after sucking his moustache.

A scream of terror rings out somewhere in the inn.

Gripping ALFRED's neck ABRONSIUS painfully rises.

SCENE 51 INT. NIGHT MAID'S ROOM

- 228 With a kick CHAGAL smashes into fragments a window-pane of the maid's room. Dripping with red wine, his drenched hair hanging in wisps, he sways perilously on the ledge.
- 229 Terrified, huddled against the head of her bed, MAGDA claws at the wall behind, her eyes still watching CHAGAL.
- 230 He lands on the floor with a thud.

Finally the maid's hand finds the crucifix on the wall.

CHAGAL lurches forward, mouth open, fangs gleaming, a ghastly sight.

She brandishes the crucifix.

230 Continued

CHAGAL still advancing sneers in a thick slurred voice:

"That ... that trick won't work with old Chagal ... Oyyy!
... hic ... have you ... got the wrong ... vampire.

SCENE 52 INT. NIGHT ATTIC FLOOR - MAID'S ROOM

In Indian file REBECCA, ABRONSIUS and ALFRED bob up from the little staircase onto the attic floor.

The PROFESSOR and his disciple bump into each other.

232 All three go into the maid's room ...

"I thought so!" the PROFESSOR declares as he looks at the shattered open window.

"So did I," ALFRED says wanting to make himself useful.

ABRONSIUS leans over MAGDA. She is lying sheet pulled right up, silent and immobile.

233 Quite the professional he pushes her chin up with his finger-tips, gently brushes her hair aside. Blood is coming from two red incisions on her throat.

234 ABRONSIUS takes a deep breath and starts to address REBECCA:

"Madam Jackal. Sorry, Chagal ... my pupil and I have to get down to work. But I must ask for your help. First let's block up the window." On these words he starts, straining painfully, to push the wardrobe right in front of the window. "Good," he says out of breath. "Next we need garlic, garlic everywhere."

"Everywhere," ALFRED confirms.

"And some crucifixes, I'll lend you a few."

The maid stifles a little laugh, unbeknown to them, at the mention of the word crucifix.

ABRONSIUS continues:

"I shall see to the transfusion to-morrow. Is everything clear?" he asks putting on his eye-glasses and gazing at MRS CHAGAL

234 Continued

"Let me repeat: Garlic, window blocked, a crucifix here and there." The wretched woman mechanically nods her assent.

235 They go out, REBECCA shuts the door.

CHAGAL is behind it, flattened against the wall. He listens for a moment to their footsteps growing fainter then slowly goes up the wardrobe and starts to move it gently away from the window.

SCENE 53 EXT. NIGHT COURTYARD

236 The PROFESSOR, his large knitted muffler entwined around his neck, accoutred and gloved like Alfred who is next to him, is in the yard. They are right in front of the shed which faces the snowman. They have just taken from it some skis, that is to say two wooden boards barely curved, and squat down to attach these to their feet.

This isn't an easy task for ABRONSIUS handicapped as he is by his age and still suffering from a severe hangover. The effort makes him hiccup and he steadies himself by holding onto the case lying nearby. ALFRED points out to him that his skis are back to front. A hollow thud followed by the noise of a slide makes them straighten up.

237 They turn round and see a body balanced, hanging by the hands to the edge of the slanting roof of the shed on which can be seen the track of a long slide imprinted on the snow.

As the body sways it knocks against stalactites of ice hanging in a fringe on the edge of the shed, making them tinkle.

238 The body falls like a log between them, then gets up.

It's CHAGAL.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED gape at him, shattered, stupefied.

With one hand CHAGAL clumsily hides his bloodstained mouth, with the other he signals to them not to trouble about him.

239 He starts to walk backwards towards the gate, as obsequious as when he was alive.

Once far enough off he suddenly turns round and runs away like a maniac.

240 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED rush after him, gliding on their skis each with the help of only one stick taller than themselves which they hold in both hands. ALFRED is gaining on the PROFESSOR who is hindered by the case.

SCENE 54 EXT. NIGHT ROAD TO THE CASTLE

241 A wolf howls in the distance.

Cluttered up with his skis, his stick and the case, ABRONSIUS rolls head over heels down a slope. ALFRED who is already at the bottom helps him to get up.

242 We perceive CHAGAL on the crest of a hill. His figure stands out in the moonlight in a halo of snow which he kicks up as he runs.

243 They start off again. Reaching the crest in their turn they come to a stop. Their hearts beat faster.

SCENE 55 EXT. NIGHT CASTLE IN DISTANCE

244 There in front of them, on a rocky peak, stands the castle of COUNT VONKROLOCK. CHAGAL has vanished. ABRONSIUS and ALFRED move forward again, now more slowly ...

SCENE 56 EXT. NIGHT APPROACHING TO THE CASTLE

245 ... As they get nearer, the architecture can be discerned in detail in all its weirdness: fantastically elaborate turrets and towers, battlements, grimacing gargoyles.

SCENE 57 EXT. NIGHT CASTLE - PORTAL

246 Huge, forbidding and grim, the entrance portal is shut.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED listen. Only the whistling of the wind, nothing else.

They push against a panel of the door which doesn't even give.

247 In silence they start to walk round the castle. Below them the night landscape is brilliantly lit up by the moon's rays. In the distance can be seen a pine-forest covered in snow.

SCENE 58 EXT. NIGHT CASTLE-WALL

- 248 The high defensive wall of the castle is prolonged by a wall topped with sharp-edged spikes. The Professor indicates that they must climb it. In silence they remove their skis.
- 249 One of ABRONSIUS' skis slips from him, slides down the slope faster and faster, vanishes out of sight.
- 250 At a point where the snow is piled higher ABRONSIUS wedges a shoulder against the wall, takes off his mitts which he holds between his teeth, crosses his hands palms up at stomach level so as to give a leg up to ALFRED. The latter puts a foot on the improvised ladder, takes a spring and climbs on. Immediately the PROFESSOR sinks into the snow up to the waist. He is blinded by his fur cap which has fallen over his nose. ALFRED puts the other foot on ABRONSIUS' shoulder, giving a violent jerk which at the same time as it hoists him up pushes the PROFESSOR deeper into the snow.
- 251 In this position ABRONSIUS reaches the level of a latticed door the lower part of which had been hidden by snow.

"The door!" the PROFESSOR exclaims leaning forward and slipping away from underneath ALFRED.

- 252 The latter slips so that a spike pierces his right hand. Still hanging, horrified he lets go and falls.
- 253 He looks fearfully at his hand. It's uninjured. He lifts his head and sees his mitt hanging transfixed on the spike.
- 254 The PROFESSOR has already cleared the snow from the door.
- They go in.

SCENE 59 EXT. NIGHT CEMETERY

- 255 We see them in a small cemetery adjoining the castle.

ALFRED is far from happy at this first discovery but it visibly delights the PROFESSOR who after wiping off the snow deciphers the names engraved on the tomb nearest to them:

- 256 CASIMIR VON KROLOCK. HORTENSE VON KROLOCK, Born OULAK.
AMEDE VON KROLOCK.

Nothing but Krolocks on a second one too.

257 Bent down, ABRONSIUS clutching the case, they creep along between the dilapidated monuments.

258 They reach a postern-gate.

ABRONSIUS gives it a push, it gives a frightful squeak. They remain motionless holding their breath. Nothing. They go in.

SCENE 60 INT. NIGHT DARK ROOM

259 In total darkness we hear hesitant and shuffling footsteps, the rustling of clothes, laboured breathing. ALFRED whispers timidly:

"Professor!"

"Yes?"

"I've felt something soft."

"Where are you?"

"Here."

(Sound of ABRONSIUS moving)

"Over there, Professor."

(After a silence)

"It's a curtain," ABRONSIUS categorically declares.

"Oh good!" ALFRED says relieved. "Go on, I'm holding it."

(Sound of a violent bang)

"Hell's bells!" the PROFESSOR curses, "there's a door behind!"

We hear him fumbling then he opens the door.

For an instant their figures stand out against a pale glimmer of light, then the curtain released by ALFRED falls down again.

SCENE 61 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR I

260 Before them stretches a long corridor walk. On the left low windows open onto a courtyard covered with snow and lit up by the moon.

260 Continued

On the right rays of light filter through a partly opened door.

They go forward, pass through the door and descend two steps.

SCENE 62 INT. NIGHT KOUKOL'S ROOM

261 Their backs are in frame.

They are in a vaulted room lit by a huge candle stuck into a candelabrum covered with melted candle-grease.

A carpenter's bench surrounded by a thick layer of shavings and a chair against the wall comprise the whole furniture.

Still seen from the back they go up to the bench: lying on it are a plane, a pitcher of wine, a few carrots and potatoes.

262 Their front view is now in frame.

We see in the background, between their faces, the HUNCHBACK sitting close to the door through which they have just entered.

He stays motionless holding a carrot, his gesture interrupted in mid-air by utter amazement.

ALFRED shivers:

"I've a feeling we're being watched," he murmurs.

ABRONSIUS raises his head, looks around:

Apart from a vent set high up and protected by bars there is no other opening than the door. The PROFESSOR turns towards it, stays still, gives a little cough and tries to behave as naturally as possible:

"Euh, as long as you're here .. tell me, my friend ..."
he starts to say at the sight of the HUNCHBACK.

ALFRED turns round and gives a cry of fright.

With incredible alertness the HUNCHBACK gets up, springs towards the door, goes out and shuts it behind him. We hear the key turning sharply in the lock.

ABRONSIUS mortified at having let himself be fooled so quickly gives a sickly smile as he looks at ALFRED.

263 The latter rushes to the door and drums on it frantically with his fists. He stops, turns round, dashes to the chair which he drags under the vent sticks its back against the wall, gets onto the seat and stretches up his arms. He is too short. He climbs with difficulty onto its back and hoists himself slowly up.

264 His head appears. He can only see the starlit sky and the moon. He stretches an arm, as far as it can go, towards the bars, his hand shaking from the strain.

We hear the chair sliding away from the wall. In a trice ALFRED vanishes with a crash.

"Ouch!" he cries off scene.

The camera stays focussed on the moon.

Far off in the countryside a wolf howls.

SCENE 63 INT. NIGHT KOUKOL'S ROOM

265 On their knees, faces almost touching the ground and backsides sticking up in the air, ABRONSIUS and ALFRED are scratching away as hard as they can at some grooves they have discovered in the flag stones which form the frame of a trap-door. They are working with the hunchback's chisel and blow to remove the accumulated dust.

Engrossed in their attempt to escape they do not see the hunchback silently enter the room behind them. He carries a candelabrum with several candles burning. After a glance at the chair which has fallen to the floor under the vent, he limps noiselessly up to the couple. He gazes for a moment at the prisoners endeavouring to lift the flag stone without success and breaking their nails in the process, then, laboriously balancing a leg he gives ALFRED a terrific kick on the backside.

The latter jerks up with a shock, his face wild and drawn.

Losing his balance through his own fault the HUNCHBACK topples onto his bottom, still clutching the candelabrum.

He picks himself up in a rage, groaning, beckoning to the pair to come out.

ABRONSIUS, holding the case, and ALFRED distrustfully comply, walking backwards in order not to lose sight of the HUNCHBACK. He stamps his foot violently frightening the couple who rush towards the exit.

SCENE 64 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR II

266 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED follow the HUNCHBACK whose uneven gait causes the flames of the candles to flicker, projecting dancing shadows.

266 Continued

Now and then ALFRED keeps rubbing his behind.

The three of them proceed down an enormous corridor adorned with portraits. A real picture gallery in which their steps reverberate lugubriously.

On each side appear rows of sinister faces. The complete line of VON KROLOCK ancestors. Not one looks pleasant.

The HUNCHBACK stops in front of a door, opens it ...

SCENE 65 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM

267 ... ABRONSIUS and ALFRED enter a vast vaulted room ornamented with gothic windows of stained glass and a colossal fireplace topped by a huge tarnished mirror. There is also a harpsichord, a long table, an armchair with a high back turned in their direction.

At first sight nobody is there.

The door clanks behind them. They stand still looking all around. ALFRED nervously grasps the PROFESSOR's arm and points to the armchair.

268 On an arm of the chair appears a white hand adorned with rings. With little peremptory gestures it directs them to come forward.

269 They prudently comply, ALFRED skulking behind his master.

270 Clad in a sumptuous dressing-gown showing wear in places a man is seated in the armchair in front of a table on which is a set of large ivory chessmen.

The way they are disposed indicates that he has been playing with a partner whose place opposite him is empty.

"So that's how one worms one's way into my castle!"
he says slowly.

271 His contemptuous tone slights ABRONSIUS' honour worse than an insult. He feels guilty and his reaction is to make amends. He puts down the case, fumbles feverishly in a waistcoat pocket as he stammers.

"Actually, actually, sir ..."

"Count von Krolock," the other corrects as at last he turns

271 Continued

his face towards them.

272 When not engaged in his special activity he is really quite fascinating: silvered hair, a distinguished and refined bearing. Besides ALFRED is completely incapable of recognizing the appalling creature he saw through the keyhole of CHAGAL's as this nobleman.

273 The PROFESSOR manages to fish out of his pocket a crumpled visiting-card, uncreases it as best he can and offers it to the COUNT.

The latter takes it with his finger-tips and reads:

"Professor Abronsius, Königsberg University."

"This alters everything!" he says silkily letting his arm fall and still holding the visiting-card in his finger-tips.

The PROFESSOR glances briefly at Alfred who, like him, wonders if the COUNT's tone is sincere or scoffing.

After a ponderous silence COUNT VON KROLOCK speaks anew as he returns the PROFESSOR his card.

"I've had the opportunity of reading your work: 'The bat its mysteries.'"

"Really?" ABRONSIUS inquires taking back his card, much relieved.

"Remarkable! I must have a copy somewhere," he makes a vague gesture, "I'd like you to inscribe it for me."

"Your Excellency is too kind," ABRONSIUS answers profoundly touched and quite shattered that someone should have read his works.

"So, you lost your way?" KROLOCK bluntly changes the subject thus chilling the PROFESSOR's enthusiasm.

"No," he answers foolishly, "we were running after ..." he realises his blunder and bites his lip under his moustache.

"You were running after ..." the COUNT urges him to explain.

"A Pteropus! We were running after a Pteropus," ABRONSIUS invents to extricate himself from his dilemma.

273 Continued

"Fancy that!" the COUNT says astonished still seated in his armchair while the other two remain standing, "I thought bats fell into a deep sleep throughout the winter months?"

"Not always, not always, your EXCELLENCY."

"Exactly, so can you picture the amazement of my assistant and myself! We couldn't believe our eyes. Wasn't that so. ALFRED?"

"We couldn't believe our eyes," ALFRED stammers to help his master.

"Imagine," ABRONSIUS continues, "this Chiroptera flitting around in December. Incredible! What's more he was as big as this. Wasn't that so, Alfred?"

"Oh yes! He was as big as this," ALFRED echoes spreading his hands out just as the PROFESSOR had, endeavouring to show the approximate size of the imaginary bat.

"Mind you this case isn't unique," ABRONSIUS has the nerve to add. "In my second volume, actually at the printers, I cite several analagous cases supplied to me by reputable colleagues: such as Falkman of Munich or Oto-Afner of Prague."

275 "Curious," KROLOCK murmurs shaken by the PROFESSOR's earnestness. The latter senses this and blending science with fiction works himself up even more in order to press home his advantage:

276 "Curious, certainly, but in no way inexplicable. I think we can look for the cause in the purely mechanical need to fight against the torpor of hibernation," the PROFESSOR folds his arms and starts to move his elbows up and down, his fists in front of his chest, giving little jumps the better to imitate a bat in flight. He goes on in technical terms:

"To restore the circulation by primary motion, to cause the vital limbs to work without thinking. This in consequence makes them fly without being aware of it."

The PROFESSOR stops battling and breathlessly concludes: "Of course I'm only referring to those rare examples of the species not conforming to the law of hibernation."

Somewhere a cock crows.

277 KROLOCK looks towards a window then after a silence says as he rises:

"Rather like sleepwalkers?" He goes up to a thick bell-cord hanging on a wall and pulls it three times.

"Yes," ABRONSIUS answers puzzled by his action, "let's say they fly in their sleep."

"I had an aunt who was a sleepwalker. At night she frequently ran about on the battlements without causing me any surprise because there was actual contact. But walking isn't flying!" the COUNT says heatedly, "How is it possible to avoid an obstacle when flying while being simultaneously asleep?" he asks more calmly looking at his beautifully manicured nails.

"I see that your Excellency is a great authority!" ABRONSIUS can't help emphasizing this, sincere in his flattery.

"The Natural Sciences greatly interested me," the COUNT answers, adding with a melancholy tinge in his voice: "when I was a young man." As he speaks he walks towards a double door.

SCENE 65. INT. NIGHT: RECEPTION ROOM LIBRARY

278 He opens it, points to a vast and impressive library:

"Here's my library."

The PROFESSOR hurriedly puts on his eye-glasses, looks in dazzled.

"It's at your disposal," the COUNT adds, but turning round he puts once more the question which disturbs his sense of logic:

"To fly in one's sleep you say, how is it possible?"

"Rays! There are rays!" The PROFESSOR smiles at last happy at tackling a subject so dear to his heart

279 The door of the large room creaks open, interrupting him. The HUNCHBACK enters.

Harsh noises come out of his throat, the result of fearful exertions such as the dumb make.

"Gentlemen, Koukol informs me that your beds are prepared."

279 Continued

"Excellency, we've kept you up very late," ABRONSIUS apologises.

"I'm a night-bird. I'm not much good in the day-time," KROLOCK reassures him magnanimously.

While the PROFESSOR moves to pick up the precious case, the COUNT signals to the hunchback who grabs it just before the PROFESSOR's hand gets there.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED exchange glances.

280 They all go out.

SCENE 66: INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR III - STAIRS

281 The case in one hand and a candelabrum in the other, KOUKOL limps down a long corridor.

Haughty, erect as a ramrod, his hands in his dressing-gown pockets, KROLOCK follows with ABRONSIUS at his side gesticulating and chattering, almost obstructing his progress.

ALFRED drags behind, depressed, exhausted.

"Their little heads contain a fantastic mechanism. This emits rays the nature of which still escapes me," the PROFESSOR confesses, "but what's sure is that these rays come in contact with the obstacle whatever it be, and then return to warn them."

"That would explain why they can fly in total darkness," the COUNT observes.

"Exactly!" exclaims ABRONSIUS who has never been so quickly nor so well understood.

As ALFRED reaches the level of a door which the others have already passed, suddenly it opens.

ALFRED cries out and is answered by another little cry.

The COUNT and ABRONSIUS stop and look round.

A blond and effeminate YOUNG MAN is standing in the doorway uncertain whether to make himself scarce or stand his ground.

KROLOCK goes up followed by the PROFESSOR and KOUKOL.

281 Continued

"Herbert, my son," the COUNT introduces him.

"Good-evening," HERBERT drawls offering a limp hand to ALFRED after which, nodding to ABRONSIUS, he makes off discreetly in the opposite direction to that which the group is taking.

After a few steps, still walking, ALFRED gives a puzzled glance over his shoulder.

282 He sees HERBERT trotting along. Suddenly the latter, without slowing down, turns round and gives a queer smile at ALFRED.

283 Latter uneasy, turns away and increases his pace to catch up with ABRONSIUS.

284 "Here are your rooms," KROLOCK announces pointing to two doors side by side.

285 Unbeknown to the COUNT, ALFRED signals frantically to the PROFESSOR, making gestures to imply that one room is enough for both of them. Again the cock crows.

KROLOCK raises his head and adds, his mind far away:

"The rooms communicate. Good-night, gentlemen."

286 He moves off followed by KOUKOL who places the case at the PROFESSOR's feet. Each goes into his respective room.

SCENE 67 INT. NIGHT COMMUNICATING BEDROOMS

287 ... Standing in the middle of his room ALFRED inspects it: a huge four poster bed with a canopy, pieces of furniture adorned with strange mouldings (bas-reliefs), two armchairs, a fire-place.

He makes up his mind, walks up and gives a timid knock on the door communicating with his master's room.

No answer. He opens it a little, pokes his head through, goes in.

288 ... The PROFESSOR is already in his long drawers, his nightshirt flapping around his calves. He is having a hard struggle to take off his stiff collar and starched shirt-front.

He addresses ALFRED as though the latter hadn't left him:

288 Continued

"The fellow's no fool. Did you hear how he held his own on the subject of the bats? Eh! Hō Hō ... really sound arguments."

He leans against one of the carved posts of the canopied bed, wriggles up and down so as to scratch his back. He continues:

"Not like those morons at Königsberg, is he, my boy?"

"No. His arguments were really sound," ALFRED admits without much warmth. ABRONSIUS has finished scratching himself and taking off his collar. He climbs into bed visibly in a state of bliss which contrasts with that of his disciple who asks in anguished tones:

"Aren't we going to barricade?"

289 "I don't think it would be good tactics," the PROFESSOR
yawns.

"I thought we were going to barricade," ALFRED wails.

"No, the best thing is to sleep with one eye open, or to take the watch in turns."

290 ABRONSIUS wedges his pillows, puts the case, which was on the bed, next to him and asks: "What's your choice?"

291 "I don't know," ALFRED hesitates. "Perhaps to sleep with one eye open?" On these words he tries fully dressed to climb into the Professor's bed.

"What are you doing?" ABRONSIUS is astonished.

"I'm going to bed!"

"What's come over you? Go to your own bed!"

ALFRED climbs down miserably.

"What do you mean? Alone?"

"We'll keep the door open. At the slightest alarm we call out," ABRONSIUS gives another yawn.

292 ALFRED takes from the case a crucifix and a head of garlic which he slips in the pocket of his shirt with the darkest forebodings and then goes back to his room ...

293 ... He sits on his bed, looks into the void, biting a thumb-nail.
In the other room the PROFESSOR can be heard blowing out his
candles and, almost immediately after, snoring.

294 A moment later ALFRED cocks his ear. He gets up quietly leaving
the crucifix on the bed, goes up to the door on the corridor and
listens. Somewhere in the castle the distant sound of singing can be
heard. Alfred sets the door ajar.

SCENE 68: INT. NIGHT ALFRED'S ROOM - CORRIDOR III

295 Sweet and melodious, the singing becomes more distinct.

Alfred listens awhile then, bewitched like Ulysses by the song of the
Sirens, goes out, walks down the corridor towards this voice of
exquisite purity, the heavenly strains of which echo all around.

296 Alfred stops suddenly in his tracks as though he had just woken up.
Horried by his rash conduct he runs back to his room, enters in a
flash and closes the door.

SCENE 69: INT. -EXT. DAWN: CORRIDOR III - COURTYARD

297 We hear him dragging up a piece of furniture against the door.

The singing ceases.

The camera pans towards a corridor window opening onto the courtyard
which Abronsius and Alfred saw before reaching the room where they
found the hunchback on their arrival at the castle.

In the courtyard we see the marks of Herbert's little mincing footsteps
imprinted on the virgin snow.

Krolock comes forward with Koukol whose candelabrum is almost
useless as dawn is breaking.

SCENE 70 EXT. DAWN COURTYARD

298 They move towards a low crypt ...

SCENE 71 INT. DAWN CRYPT

299 ... Krolock descends the steps leading to an entrance with no door.
He enters the solemn and glacial place.

300 At the end of the crypt, his forearm leaning on the ledge of a vent cut out in the thick wall at the level of a man's height, Herbert is looking out, motionless.

SCENE 72 EXT. DAWN GARGOYLE

301 Through his eyes we see an angle of the castle and a gargoyle, then, far below, the snowy countryside stretching right to the horizon where dawn is breaking in the sky. The first faint rays of winter sun colour the gargoyle pink.

SCENE 73 INT. DAWN CRYPT

302 Krolock puts hand gently on his son's shoulder.

The latter slowly turns round.

In silence each moves towards an open coffin supported by stone plinths. They get in with some difficulty, lie down full length and shut their eyes.

Koukol closes down the heavy lids of the coffins.

303 Chagal looms up in the crypt carrying a coffin on his back.

He puts it down in a corner then, rubbing his hands and humming away to himself, climbs into it, sits down, lies with his arms alongside his body and shuts his eyes.

304 Koukol looks on at this performance too outraged at first to react.

Growling like an animal he rushes up to him in a rage and with an eloquent gesture points to the exit.

Chagal opens his eyes, sits up and courteously protests:

"Mr Koukol, I'm not disturbing a soul here!"

305 Putting the lid under his arm Koukol hangs on to the coffin and drags it along the floor.

He thus manages to get Chagal out still seated in the coffin, his back turned, clutching the sides.

SCENE 74 EXT. DAWN COURTYARD

- 306 The hunchback drags the coffin past the entrance of the crypt and walking backwards pulls it down a small steep staircase.

SCENE 75 INT. DAWN PASSAGEWAY TO STABLES

- 307 The bumping jolts Chagal who hangs on tighter and protests, his voice shaking in rhythm with the bumps on each stair.

"There's ... too ... much ... ll ... light ... over there!"

SCENE 76 INT. DAWN STABLES

- 308 The hunchback kicks open a rickety door, drags the coffin into the centre of a stable in ruins, straightens up.

Tiles are missing on the roof and through the gap in a broken down wall we see downwards the same view of the countryside which appeared to Herbert through the crypt vent.

Near this opening the snow has whitened the straw scattered on the ground.

In their boxes two lean black steeds are resting.

- 309 Koukol picks up the lid and places it on the coffin; Chagal lies down saying indignantly.

"So, now you're satisfied."

Koukol secures the lid, shutting up Chagal who can be heard crying out in a muffled voice:

"Incredible!"

Through the gap in the wall we can see in the distance the snowclad fir-trees tinged with pink in the calm of the forest.

* * *

SCENE 77 INT. COMMUNICATING BEDROOMS

310 Sheets are being violently disturbed and stifled groans can be heard. Standing by ALFRED'S bed KOUKOL with a tray in his hands looks at the sheets.

"Sarah!" ALFRED cries out emerging covered with sweat, dishevelled, his head at the foot of the bed. He sees the hunch-back leaning over him and jumps out of bed instantly on his guard. We now see that he was sleeping fully dressed with his shoes on.

311 KOUKOL calmly places on the bed-table the tray on which is a steaming bowl with a spoon, then pushes back the chest of drawers which ALFRED had dragged in front of the door and goes out through ABRONSIUS' room. The camera follows him...

... The PROFESSOR sitting up in bed is eating his breakfast with relish.

312 ALFRED appears looking sulky and carrying his tray.

"He's got a nerve, you know," the PROFESSOR says point-blank as ALFRED sits at the end of the bed to breakfast in his turn.

"A nerve?"

"Von Korlock. He's brazen," ABRONSIUS continues. "Remember last night?"

ALFRED frowns laboriously trying to remember.

"I'm a night-bird, I'm not much good in the day-time." That's what he said."

"Could be," ALFRED agrees swallowing a mouthful.

"Ho... Ho..." ABRONSIUS cynically guffaws, "it's obvious, during the day he rests. He reposes."

"He reposes?"

"In the crypt with his fellows."

"Perhaps there isn't a crypt here?" suggests ALFRED who would like this to be the case.

The PROFESSOR shrugs his shoulders :

312 Continued

"Come come, a castle without a crypt is like a cuckold without horns. You're not going to start arguing like my colleagues of Königsberg."

313 He gets up, stretches his bony arms, yawns, scratches his stomach.

"First-rate this bed! Did you sleep well?"

"So so," ALFRED answers pushing away the tray. "I heard singing," he says sombrely gazing at the tip of his shoes.

"That's no reason to look so glum."

"I'm sure it was Sarah."

his trousers. "Sarah? Who is Sarah?" ABRONSIUS asks slipping on

pathetically. "Sarah... Chagal's daughter!" ALFRED reminds him

"Of course," the PROFESSOR gives a little cough, vexed by his unfortunate lapse of memory. He changes the subject in order to remove the bad impression.

"I must confess I rather enjoy luxury... All these years running up hill and down dale, debating with morons, trying to convince a pack of fools. Expense, perpetual expense. Do you know how much that robber CHAGAL charged us for board and lodging?" he asks adjusting his starched shirt-front.

314 "Euh..." answers ALFRED who couldn't care less, obsessed as he is by Sarah.

"Four talars, my boy! Yes, by jingo, four a day, bed without breakfast, the rascal!"

315 He bends his legs. His bones crack pitifully.

"Do you feel in good shape, at least?"

"Euh..."

"We've got a lot on our plate."

"Find Sarah!" ALFRED leaps up enthusiastically.

"Keep calm. The crypt comes first."

315 Continued

"And what about Sarah!"

"We mustn't put the cart before the horse."

"But they'll drain her!" ALFRED stammers.

"I know what I'm doing," ABRONSIUS drily retorts.

"Won't they drain her?" ALFRED insists.

SCENE 78 INT. DAY BEDROOM WINDOW

316 In reply ABRONSIUS goes up to the french-window, opens it wide, points outwards with his knotty hand.

"Take a look!"

ALFRED comes forward and looks. All he can see is a terrace covered in snow.

"What do you see?"

"A terrace," ALFRED answers.

"Higher up!"

SCENE 79 INT. DAY COMMUNICATING BEDROOMS

317 ALFRED raises his head and blinks at the sun already high in the sky.

"Nothing," he says.

"Don't you see a star?"

"A star?" ALFRED sneezes.

"Don't you see the sun?" ABRONSIUS says crossly.

"Yes."

"How many times must I tell you : From sunrise to sunset "they" rest, "they" lie in their coffins. The sun kills them Alfred, blasts them, it's as plain as a pikestaff, confound it!"

"Ssh!!!" ALFRED signals to the PROFESSOR to listen.

317 Continued.

We hear a continuous, peculiar noise. From where it comes is uncertain. The PROFESSOR picks up the case which was hidden under his pillow, puts around his neck his beloved muffler which never leaves him. They go out.

SCENE 80 INT. DAY RECEPTION ROOM

318 The noise becomes more distinct but we still don't know what it is. ABRONSIUS and ALFRED cross the large room where COUNT VON KROLOCK received them the first time. They vanish through a door...

SCENE 81 INT. DAY CORRIDOR II

319 ... Swiftly and silently they proceed through the portrait gallery leading to the corridor-walk the windows of which look onto a courtyard. The noise increases.

SCENE 82 INT. EXT. DAY CORRIDOR III COURTYARD

320 In this corridor-walk the door of the room in which the hunchback locked them up is wide open (inwards into the corridor). Holding their breath the pair come up to it with stealthy steps, peer through the interstice of the door-hinge.

SCENE 83 INT. DAY KOUKOL'S ROOM

321 They see the HUNCHBACK. Standing by the carpenter's bench he is planing with steady regular movements causing a shower of shavings to fall.

He stops working, picks up the board he was planing, places it with the others already laid out.

The whole contraption represents the shell of a coffin.

SCENE 84 INT. EXT. DAY CORRIDOR III COURTYARD

322 The PROFESSOR and ALFRED creep back again, retracing their steps. Far enough off to be out of hearing of the HUNCHBACK, ALFRED puts the question which torments him:

"What's he up to?"

322 Continued.

"He's carpentering."

"But it's a coffin!"

323 At this moment ABRONSIUS notices the marks of footsteps in the snow of the courtyard. He taps his forehead.

"The footprints! Of course..."

"She's dead!" murmurs ALFRED who utterly broken couldn't care less about the footprints.

"It's the egg of Christopher Columbus!" the PROFESSOR exclaims still referring to the footprints.

324 "Dead... dead..." ALFRED laments in a louder voice.

"Who's dead?" ABRONSIUS asks.

"Sarah!"

"When?" the PROFESSOR is astonished.

"What? When?"

"Sarah's dead?" asks ABRONSIUS quite at sea.

"Oh my God!" cries ALFRED under the impression that the PROFESSOR is confirming the terrible news whereas, in fact, he is asking a question.

"Where is she?" ABRONSIUS asks.

"I don't know..."

"Stop drivelling. Why have you just told me she's dead when you know nothing about it?"

"The coffin! It's for her."

"If she were dead she'd already be inside it, under cover, screened from the light."

"She isn't dead?" ALFRED relieved asks hopefully.

"Work it out. You can be sure they'll make her last out as long as possible. That's their idea of fun."

324 Continued.

"In that case who's the coffin for?"

"For her. Or for... Ho... Ho..." ABRONSIUS mocks, poking ALFRED in the ribs to tease him.

SCENE 85 EXT. DAY COURTYARD

325 They walk forward in the courtyard.

KROLOCK'S even footsteps, his son's mincing little steps and the hunchback's halting steps are clearly visible in the snow.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED follow the footprints leading towards the crypt, the entrance of which can be perceived.

Suddenly someone bangs viciously on one of the windows opening onto the courtyard.

326 Behind the window-panes the hunchback jumps about furiously, shaking his fist.

327 "Don't look at him," ABRONSIUS says, "behave naturally. Let's chat to each other on this and that. Recite to me the twelve signs of the zodiac."

As he walks along ALFRED starts off in an unsteady voice :

"Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo."

The clatter of hooves is heard.

"Wild boar," ALFRED says confused.

"What are you talking about?"

328 Right in front of them, dashing out from a side door, the hunchback charges at them, blocking the way and brandishing an axe in both hands, ready to split their skulls if they insist on going further.

329 "No panic," ABRONSIUS hisses between his teeth as he salutes the hunchback with a friendly greeting. "This lout guards the crypt like a Cerberus, we must try a stratagem. Whistle as though nothing had happened and let's turn back."

ALFRED makes a poor effort at whistling whilst ABRONSIUS feigns to inspect a detail of the architecture.

- 329 They retreat by the same route as they had come, the PROFESSOR pulling at his disciple's sleeve to stop him going too fast.
- 330 The hunchback stands still watching them move away. When they are out of sight he lowers his axe.

SCENE 86 INT. DAY ROOM

- 331 In silence ABRONSIUS and ALFRED enter a room on the first floor.

SCENE 87 INT. EXT. DAY WINDOW II

- 332 Gently they open a window giving onto the courtyard, placed above the ground-floor window through which the hunchback keeps watch on the entrance of the crypt.

SCENE 88 EXT. DAY CORNICE

- 333 They climb over the balustrade and start to move in little steps along the cornice, their backs to the wall, facing into space, ALFRED carrying the small case.
- 334 The end of this cornice looks onto the roof of the crypt on which they can easily jump. They advance on all fours towards the side of the crypt facing the courtyard.
- 335 The PROFESSOR lies flat in the snow on his stomach, pushes his head forward.

"I thought so," he says, "look."

ALFRED looks.

SCENE 89 EXT. DAY SLANTING ROOF

- 336 Beneath them, bordering on the crypt, just before the dizzy drop into space, is another very narrow slightly slanting roof, adorned with gargoyles and fanciful shapes, the whole forming a delicate tracery of stonework.
- 337 In spite of the danger, ABRONSIUS makes the decision to descend. ALFRED hanging onto the ledge of the crypt, manages the drop quite easily. The PROFESSOR hands him the case and sets out to do likewise. For him the task is much harder. He dare not let go of the ledge that he is gripping and ALFRED has to pull his legs to force him to release his hold.

338 ABRONSIUS falls. They both slide down the icy slope, but manage to halt on the edge of the drop into space through ALFRED clutching hold of a gargoyle.

339 They pick themselves up, silent and gasping for breath.

The PROFESSOR indicates to his disciple the vent through which KROLOCK's son was gazing nostalgically from the interior of the crypt.

He signals to ALFRED to creep through. The latter does so lithely, legs foremost, in a few quick movements...

SCENE 90 INT. DAY CRYPT

340 ... He finds himself in the sinister gloom of the crypt. ABRONSIUS hands him the case then in turn inserts his own body, head first, into the vent.

ALFRED dare not move away from the wall. He stays rooted to the spot, case in hand, his eye riveted on the coffins, at once fascinated and terrified.

341 He hears mutterings behind him. He turns round.

ABRONSIUS is in a nasty situation. He has made such a bungle of things that he is jammed with his arms stuck alongside his body. He hasn't managed to get through the vent any further than the elbows. Only the head and shoulders appear as though of a gargoyle. His muffler and glasses dangle absurdly.

"I'm stuck," he has to confess, "help me, my boy."

342 ALFRED puts the case down, comes up, seizes his master's head and tugs. Nothing doing, ABRONSIUS doesn't budge an inch. ALFRED lets go.

"Not my head, you silly clot!" the PROFESSOR who has been nearly strangled manages to utter.

"I can't get a grip," ALFRED apologises.

"Try the muffler!"

ALFRED tries; no good. He pushes instead of pulling; no good either.

The PROFESSOR is definitely jammed.

342 Continued.

His chin resting on the slant of the stone he cogitates.

"You'll have to operate on your own," he says regretfully.

"Operate on my own?" ALFRED repeats, afraid to understand.

"Yes," ABRONSIUS nods his head painfully.

"What has to be done?"

"The stakes, my boy."

"The stakes?" ALFRED points to the case with a shaking finger. "Those stakes?"

Rattled in view of his ridiculous and uncomfortable position the PROFESSOR becomes irritable:

"What stakes could I mean? Eh? They must be driven in."

"By me!"

"They won't drive themselves in on their own."

"Master," ALFRED beseeches, "not that, Master."

"Come on, show some guts, for God's sake; I'm here. First of all, remove the lids."

343 "Sweet Jesus! Remove the lids!" ALFRED splutters, glancing at the coffins without stirring an inch.

"It's an order!" ABRONSIUS shouts out of camera.

ALFRED advances like a puppet, stops in front of one of the coffins and places a limp hand on the lid.

"Open it, Alfred! In God's name, open it!"

"I can't, Master," ALFRED bleats, wincing.

"By the black milk of the whore of whores, open it!"

Staggered by this imprecation which he hears for the first time, ALFRED closes his eyes, removes the lid which he stands against the coffin and stays still with his eyes tightly shut.

343 Continued.

"Open your eyes, for heaven's sake!"

His forehead puckered by the strain of making his muscles work, ALFRED half opens his eyes.

He squints with horror at the sight of KROLOCK lying in the coffin.

"Who is it?" the PROFESSOR asks anxiously.

"His... his Excellency," ALFRED finally manages to mumble.

344 "Good! Now for the other one," orders the PROFESSOR who is gradually getting purple in the face.

345 ALFRED totters across to the other coffin, makes the same faltering motions, behaving as if in a fog.

But this time his face shows surprise as well as horror.

He stands agape staring at the inside of the coffin.

"And this one?" the PROFESSOR asks tensely.

"It's ... his Excellency's son and... and..."

"And what?"

346 We now see what ALFRED is looking at.

CHAGAL, curled up so as to occupy the least room possible, is huddled on HERBERT'S legs.

"What?" ABRONSIUS asks, out of shot.

"Chagal," ALFRED answers, out of shot.

347 "He's there?" ABRONSIUS is astonished. "Oh well," he continues, "quick my boy, open the case."

348 ALFRED obeys as if in a trance.

He opens the case.

"Pick up a stake!"

He picks up a stake.

348 Continued

"A hammer!"

He picks up a hammer.

"Go to the Count!"

He goes to KROLOCK's coffin.

"Search for the right spot, my boy ... between the seventh and eighth ... on the left, don't forget."

Head turned away ALFRED fumbles inside the coffin looking for the place between the COUNT's seventh and eighth rib.

He finds it.

"Place the stake there! ... Not upside down! ... Yes, like that. Now lift up the hammer!"

ALFRED raises his arm holding the hammer.

"Strike!!!!"

ALFRED stays with his arm arrested as though an invisible force was keeping it in mid air.

349 "Strike!!!" the PROFESSOR purple in the face gives the order once more.

350 ALFRED stays in the same position although we feel he is trying with all his will to bring down his arm which refuses to obey.

351 "Treachery!" ABRONSIUS exclaims. Then he mingles entreaties, threats and flattery:

"Get on with it my boy, courage! ... Mutiny, is it? ... Very well, I take note that there's mutiny! ... Get down to it my baby, hit, that's a good little scout! ... Are you going to hit it or not, you good-for-nothing!!!"

352 Not only ALFRED doesn't hit but shattered by nervous exhaustion and fright lets his arm fall limply down, letting go of the hammer which drops on his foot.

He starts to hop around on one leg holding his foot in his hands. He bumps against a coffin lid which falls with a crash on the tiled floor. Alarmed he draws away and knocks over a second one.

352 Continued

The noise of the crash reverberates with continuing echoes.

ALFRED stays motionless still nursing his foot and holding his breath while watching the entrance of the crypt from which he expects to see the hunchback appear with his axe. No, nothing.

353 Head still hanging downwards ABRONSIUS is at the end of his tether. Faced with his incompetent disciple's inability to replace him in the accomplishment of the sacred mission, he takes the grave decision to abandon his plans for the time being.

In a low weak voice he tells ALFRED: "All right then. Everything back in the case. It's no use, you have to pull me out, Dumb-bell From the other side. Don't let him catch you.

354 ALFRED creeps out of the crypt not waiting to hear any more.

SCENE 91 EXT. DAY COURTYARD

355 He crawls below the windows through which the hunchback guards the courtyard as he planes away. ALFRED vanishes through the same door which he had already used with ABRONSIUS ...

SCENE 92 INT. DAY STAIRS.

356 ... He rushes up a staircase.

SCENE 93 INT. DAY ROOM I

357 Goes back into the same room with the window (still open) through which he and the PROFESSOR had climbed. He puts one leg over the balustrade, then stays motionless.

Somewhere in the castle the melodious voice is heard again.

358 ALFRED remains leg in mid air, turns round and listens. He brings his leg back again, jumps down from the window and goes out of the room, case in hand.

SCENE 94 INT. DAY STAIRS

359 As ALFRED, his face raised, goes up a staircase, the crystalline voice can be heard more clearly trilling a plaintive melody.

SCENE 95 INT. DAY CORRIDOR IV

360 ALFRED walks along a corridor. In front of him is a door ajar.

He pushes it, goes in.

SCENE 96 INT. DAY ROOM II - BATH

361 The first thing which hits his eye is, laid out on a bed, a magnificent dress of embroidered satin, as sumptuous as would be worn by a marchioness. A wood fire is crackling in the hearth, comforting, a human touch.

The voice is coming from an adjoining room with the door open.

362 ALFRED goes up, leans forward and looks in.

His face lights up. He is so bowled over that he forgets his bashfulness.

"Sarah!" he softly calls.

363 She is in the same position as the first time he saw her. She is in the slipper-bath of a bathroom but, this time, the bath is fit for a princess.

SARAH turns her face towards him. Paler than before, it is also more beautiful, more touching.

Her dark eyes gleam:

"It's you!" she says in a voice of mingled sadness and happiness.

364 "Sarah!" ALFRED repeats putting one knee on the floor near her, his head lowered.

She gazes at him, strokes his hair with her hand. He looks up. For the two young people it is miraculously natural to be in love without a word being uttered. With a touching gesture she pulls a lock of her hair over the base of her neck where she knows the fatal marks show.

365 ALFRED strokes her cheek then they both lean towards each other.

Their lips join in a trembling kiss.

They separate.

365 Continued

"I'm going to save you. We'll go away together,"
ALFRED says softly still kneeling.

"Where do you want us to go?"

"I don't know . . . to your parents perhaps?"

"They tell me that Papa will soon be coming to see me."

"They said that?"

"Yes." After a silence she adds not looking at him:

"You . . . you've seen my dress? Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Very beautiful," ALFRED murmurs restraining his tears.

"They've given it me to wear to-night at the ball."

"The ball?"

"The midnight ball."

"This evening? A ball at midnight . . ."

"They'll all be there but we can still have a dance together, you
know."

"You must follow me, Sarah," ALFRED says in a firmer tone.

"Follow you . . ."

"I beseech you."

"Well, to-morrow perhaps . . ."

"To-morrow will be too late," he replies gravely.

She takes a large towel which she holds in front of her.

"Turn round," she asks in a low voice.

366 ALFRED straightens up at once, bursting with happiness at having
convinced SARAH. He goes to the bathroom window, draws aside the
curtain, looks out in order to be doing something. We hear the girl
getting out of the bath.

367 "I love you," he says after a silence. He stays still, waiting for the answer which doesn't come.

Suddenly he frowns, flattens his face against the pane.

SCENE 97 EXT. DAY CRYPT WALL

368 Below, two legs stick out of a wall, a sight so peculiar that it takes him a second to realise that these are the legs of ABRONSIUS still jammed in the vent.

SCENE 98 INT. DAY ROOM I - BATH

369 "Sarah," he asks, "may I turn round?."

No answer.

He waits a little longer and then hesitatingly turns round.

The bathroom is empty.

370 He leaps into the bedroom. Empty too and the dress is no longer on the bed.

He rushes to the door, then like a madman goes back to the bathroom, picks up the case and runs out.

* * *

371 ALFRED advances across the little roof, adorned with gargoyles and fanciful shapes, which adjoins the crypt on the outside. He reaches the level of the PROFESSOR's legs. They are stiff and motionless, a tragic sight.

372 ALFRED puts the case down, gives one of the legs a few timid taps. The leg moves feebly.

ALFRED starts to tug fiercely in order to dislodge ABRONSIUS from the vent. He takes a great risk for his foothold is narrow and slippery and he has his back to open space.

373 Suddenly the PROFESSOR wrenches himself free from the grip of the stone, ALFRED surprised and losing his balance just stops short of the edge of the abyss, with the Professor glued tightly to him. He waves his arms and with a desperate jerk of the hips manages to avoid falling off.

374 ABRONSIUS is purple; his eyes brimming with frozen tears start out of their sockets. The light blinds him. He moves his foot and knocks the case which starts to slide towards the edge of the roof. ALFRED, who is supporting his master stiff as a post, lets go of him, wishing to catch the case before it disappears, but ABRONSIUS falls on top of him. He grasps him, letting the precious case slide away.

SCENE 100 EXT. DAY VOID

375 The case becomes smaller and smaller as it goes out of sight.

SCENE 101 EXT. DAY SLANTING ROOF

376 ABRONSIUS is in too deplorable a state to realise the full extent of the disaster.

Supported by ALFRED he walks a few steps then, suddenly, like a felled ox crumbles to his knees.

"My head ... my head's going round," he says as feeble as a fledgling who has tumbled from the nest.

377 ALFRED squats down in front of him and hoists him astride onto his back, holding his thighs under his arms.

He straightens up and progresses painfully his back bent under the load.

378 His faltering steps sometimes get dangerously near the abyss. After a while the PROFESSOR who is recovering consciousness starts to talk.

"I'm no longer the age for this sort of activity," he admits.

SCENE 102 EXT. DAY ROOF I

379 Leaning on ALFRED's back ABRONSIUS indicates with his long purple nose the snow-clad countryside stretching below them, vast, shrouded in utter silence.

The red ball of the sun almost touches the horizon. Its last rays illumine the west walls of the castle of the KROLOCKS.

"Look how beautiful nature is!" the PROFESSOR says.

Half strangled by ABRONSIUS' arms tight round his throat ALFRED with difficulty turns his head to look at the view.

379 Continued

"It's beautiful," he says wending his weary way.

"A glorious and magnificent sunset!" the PROFESSOR observes lyrically.

"Yeah," ALFRED grunts.

"The sun is setting and "they" are going to rise. It's in the order of things," the PROFESSOR thinks aloud and after a silence muses in dreamy admiration:

"Hibernation, hibernation ... my foot! Six months head downwards? It's easy to say."

ALFRED stumbles on.

As they reach the most dangerous stretch of their way back to the interior of the castle, ABRONSIUS recites in a low voice to himself, staring at the dizzy drop into space:

"To be or not to be that is the question ..."

Entirely concentrated on the difficult passage ahead ALFRED doesn't hear. He surmounts it. They disappear round a curve, the disciple still carrying his master.

SCENE 103 INT. NIGHT KITCHEN

380 "You love her?"

ABRONSIUS as he puts the question holds his hands over the cooking stove. ALFRED is working a pair of leather bellows to stir up the fire which is producing more smoke than flame.

On one side of the stove is a large oven with the door shut.

A tear slides down ALFRED's cheek, he nods "yes" with his head, snuffling away.

They are in the kitchens of the castle. These are stately, cluttered up and blackened.

381 "Come come ..." grumbles ABRONSIUS more moved than he cares to show. "We're here, hang it all! We'll snatch her from their clutches, or I'll eat my hat."

381 Continued

He is driven away by the smoke which stings his eyes. He opens a sideboard, pulls out some drawers, obviously searching for something to eat. Nothing.

He goes back to the stove, draws the bolt of the oven's big iron door and opens it.

He peers inside, stretches out his arms and pulls out a large earthenware dish. In it are three huge bones with a few shreds of meat sticking to them.

He offers one to ALFRED and starts to gnaw another, he is famished.

382 ALFRED stands holding the bone.

"Aren't you eating?"

"Perhaps they've poisoned it?" ALFRED cautiously suggests.

"Who?" ABRONSIUS grunts still gnawing away.

"They."

"They?" the PROFESSOR doesn't understand at first. "Come now, you know quite well they don't take normal nourishment." He shakes his head in despair: "You forget everything my boy. No doubt about it, you're out of sorts."

"It's true, I'm out of sorts," ALFRED readily admits.

"Only the hunchback eats in this castle. The hunchback and the horses. That's all, get that into your head."

383 ABRONSIUS gnaws anew as he looks around:

"We can say what we will but they know how to live. Just look at these kitchens!"

"They're big and filthy," ALFRED says darkly as he picks off a scrap of meat which he nibbles reluctantly.

"It's period!" the PROFESSOR replies imperturbably. "The bones too. She spoke to you about a ball, you say?"

"Yes, at midnight."

"Hum! midnight... To me this smells strongly of initiation."

383 Continued

"You mean they're going to ... they're going to ..."

"Eh! Of course! Put yourself in their place, let's be logical!
And she said: "They'll all be there?"

"Yes, all of them."

"Phew! How many do you think there are?"

ALFRED takes the opportunity to put down his bone and count on his fingers.

"Euh ... Krolock of course, his son also and then ... and then Chagal now, and ... perhaps Sarah. No?"

"You're dreaming! I see something like ... let's say about fifty."

"So many!" ALFRED exclaims.

"It's just a guess: fifty, sixty. The whole cemetery in fact."

"In that case she's done for, no? Quick, quick, Professor!"
ALFRED in a panic swings round.

384 "No panic, no panic," ABRONSIUS says. He then starts to declaim in solemn and didactic fashion:

"From the uttermost depths of the oceans of sky the moon looks at them ..." He stops, searching in his head for the rest.
"... the moon looks at them ..." he repeats. Then he starts from the beginning and declaims the whole oration like a recitation he knows by heart:

"From the uttermost depths of the oceans of the sky
The moon looks at them like a great gleaming eye.
Devious as the fox and prudent as the wolf,
Each evening they leave their coffin and wander in the night.
They must drink the blood of a new prey.
The victim engulfed by this vile love by night
Demands it and needs it like the darkness needs light.
This foul persecutor his pleasure most dire,
Sucking gently, prolongs till his victims expire.
The victim once dead must fresh victims obtain,
For among this dread clan he's at once born again.
He now wanders in turn with his soul in torment
Seeking new prey and sucking their blood till it's spent
And the Evil spreads like the Black Plague everywhere
What is the end of this? What is the end of this?"

384 Continued

"Hand me the case!" ABRONSIUS orders wiping his moustache.

385 "The case! ... But it zoomed off, Master."

"What do you mean, zoomed off?"

"Into the void."

"And pray why did it zoom into the void?"

"You collided with it (a silence) after you shot out of the vent," ALFRED murmurs, reminding him head lowered of the painful episode.

"Very well, supposing I did collide with it. Ye gods and little fishes! Surely it was your duty to recapture it? And anyway what's this new-fangled way of speaking? I'm telling you Alfred, it won't distract me from your blundering. There we're without tools ... Congratulations, we're in a fine mess now." He fishes a huge fob-watch out of his waistcoat pocket, opens it:

"Luckily it's not yet midnight." He puts it back in his waistcoat pocket, coughs and concludes: "Well! Where is this room?"

They go out.

SCENE 104 INT. NIGHT LIBRARY

386 They go into the library which KROLOCK showed them the evening of their arrival.

The PROFESSOR beams with pleasure at the sight of this treasure he had forgotten about.

The countless shelves are filled with books, some sumptuously bound, others with the leather in shreds.

387 ABRONSIUS slips on his eye-glasses.

"I assure you it's not this way, Master," ALFRED says unwilling to lose a second.

"Just a moment," replies ABRONSIUS who an expert, is highly interested and starts to browse, letting ALFRED bubble with impatience. Suddenly the PROFESSOR comes to a standstill.

387 Continued

"Can it be possible!" he murmurs stretching a trembling hand towards an ancient volume.

388 He pulls it out, opens it. The volume contains the original work of Pholius:

"De hominibus post mortem sanguisuguis."

The Professor still standing up immerses himself in his reading.

389 ALFRED furious and also bored starts to inspect the shelves without much zest.

He too finds himself a book. Unpretentious, mildewed, absurdly shaped but dealing with a subject which excites him:

"A hundred goodlie ways of avowing one's sweet love to a comelie damozel."

He starts to peruse it.

"Clack!" ABRONSIUS has just slammed his book shut in a cloud of dust, making ALFRED jump. The latter quickly slips the tiny book into his coat pocket.

390 "What a shame not to have the time," ABRONSIUS laments, "but once I get deep in I'm engulfed for a week." He replaces the book on the shelf and heroically moves away.

"It's through here," ALFRED says going towards the door through which they came.

"Wait, wait, wait..." ABRONSIUS says. He has just noticed a small spiral staircase at the far end of the library.

391 He goes up to it followed by ALFRED who accompanies him reluctantly sighing with impatience ...

SCENE 105 INT. NIGHT OBSERVATORY

392 The PROFESSOR's head as far down as his moustache can be seen at the floor level of a circular room to which the spiral staircase leads.

393 It's a little astronomical observatory, decrepit and dusty, cluttered up with astrolabes, maps of the celestial bodies, various instruments for measuring distances and, above all, an impressive telescope of

393 Continued

gleaming copper pointing towards space where already the first stars are shining.

394 "My! Pretty well equipped!" the PROFESSOR marvels and immediately settling himself on the stool glues an eye to the eye-piece.

ALFRED ventures to pull his sleeve in order to bring him back to earth and to pursue the search for SARAH.

"Professor ... Professor ..." he implores.

"A second, a second," ABRONSIUS answers fascinated. After a moment of silent contemplation he exclaims:

"Here's Crion and ... yes! it's Saturn with his ring!!! Have a look my boy! "

ABRONSIUS moves slightly on one side without getting down from the stool.

ALFRED lowers his head and sulkily sticks his eye to the eye-piece.

SCENE 106 SPECIAL EFFECTS

395 We see through his eyes Saturn and its ring and, at the same time, as though from the planet we hear the voice coming sweetly from the distance.

SCENE 107 INT. NIGHT OBSERVATORY

396 ALFRED straightens up (this movement causes the telescope, without him knowing it, to dip horizontally) and turns a startled face towards ABRONSIUS.

The latter imagines that ALFRED has just seen something especially extraordinary; he pushes him feverishly aside and looks.

"The voice! it's she!" ALFRED says. He moves away and, leaning over the staircase, listens. Then a second later he goes downstairs.

"Bless my soul!" the Professor mutters mystified by what he discovers through the telescope.

SCENE 108 EXT/INT. FRONT OF INN

397 With him we see a yellow rectangle framed in the eye-piece. He adjusts the lens. The image becomes clear. It represents a window of CHAGAL's inn. Behind it we discern REBECCA weeping as is her habit since YOÏNÉ and SARAH disappeared.

"Now now my good woman, cheer up!" the PROFESSOR urges her (out of shot). He manoeuvres the telescope. The front of the inn comes into focus and then ... a shock!

Hanging onto one of the pillars supporting the shed, like a monkey on a coconut-tree, is CHAGAL.

"Shiver my timbers!" ABRONSIUS exclaims (still out of shot).

CHAGAL hoists himself up with difficulty onto the roof of the shed and, from there, climbs towards the maid's room.

He reaches it, pushes with all his strength on the wardrobe which blocks the way. The wardrobe topples over dragging CHAGAL with it. He finds himself on top of it on all fours, in front of the bed in which the maid huddles in a corner clutching the sheet round her body, her face revealing at once fright and fascination.

SCENE 109 INT. NIGHT OBSERVATORY

398 We stop viewing through the intermediary of the telescope. ABRONSIUS has his eye still glued to it and remarks for ALFRED's benefit, thinking he is still present:

"When I say: barricade thoroughly, I know what I'm talking about."

SCENE 110. INT. NIGHT STAIRS - CORRIDOR IV

399 As though on a journey to paradise ALFRED goes up the staircase which he has already used once before.

400 He listens to the magical voice of his beloved. The tone is somewhat lower but it is just as beautiful and bewitching.

ALFRED proceeds along the corridor, approaches the door and goes in.

SCENE 111 INT. NIGHT ROOM IV - BATH

401 In the fire-place the fire is dead and on the bed a man's

401 Continued

ornate costume is laid out. ALFRED overlooks these details as he goes forward with his eyes fixed on the bathroom door from where the voice comes.

"Sarah!" he says in happy anticipation, pushing his head through the opening of the door.

402 KROLOCK's son clad in a shirt with a lace ruffle is in process of drawing a cold bath. He stops singing and turns round.

403 ALFRED nearly faints. He has to lean against the frame of the door to avoid collapse.

404 "Are you ill?" HERBERT anxiously enquires. "How pale he is," he says trying to seize the hand of ALFRED who quickly snatches it back exclaiming:

"No! I'm not pale!"

"Yes you are, yes you are .. I assure you, you're as white as a sheet."

"No!"

405 "Yes Alfred. You must have a rest ..." HERBERT goes trotting off to the bedroom, removes his costume from the bed, pats a pillow and then, in three strides, cuts off the retreat of ALFRED who during this time was trying to slink off to the door.

"Lie down, it will pass."

406 ALFRED is compelled to sit on the bed; he does so awkwardly, sitting gingerly on the edge.

"I don't like seeing you in this state," HERBERT says sitting close beside him. ALFRED draws away, HERBERT again comes closer.

They are now facing a mirror which hangs on the wall near the bed.

"Feeling better?" HERBERT asks adjusting his lace ruffle with excessive daintiness.

"Is there a ball this evening?" asks ALFRED who, to occupy his fidgety hands, pulls out of his pocket the little book he took from the library.

406 Continued

"How long they are! . . ." HERBERT gushes pushing his face into ALFRED's the better to inspect something.

"Who?" ALFRED asks drawing away disgusted.

"They look like golden threads!" the Count's son continues, talking to himself.

"What?"

"Your lashes," HERBERT whispers.

407 "Golden threads?" ALFRED says surprised and taken aback glances automatically into the mirror. His amazement is boundless at seeing only his own reflection sitting on the edge of the bed.

408 He stares at HERBERT, his eyes wide open in horrified astonishment.

The Count's son is definitely by his side.

He looks again at the mirror.

409 Only his own image. No HERBERT.

410 "Who told you there's going to be a ball?" HERBERT asks suspiciously.

"Nobody!" ALFRED exclaims. "I'm just guessing. With a great castle like this... It's possible, isn't it?"

"He just guessing! But it's true, he's guessed correctly with his pretty head!" HERBERT pats ALFRED on the skull and continues: "There going to be a ball Alfred, you'll be able to dance . . . lalala . . . lilili . . . lalala. . ." HERBERT trills.

ALFRED fidgets more and more nervously with the book which he clasps to his breast as tightly as if it were the missal of a first communion.

"He's got his little book with him, has he? What is it Alfred you're clutching there like a little treasure? Show me! . . . Yes, yes, show me!" He snatches the book from ALFRED's hand and opens it.

"So that's the big secret . . . somebody is in love . . . somebody's little heart is thumping away in one's bosom: pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, jumping about like a rat in a cage," HERBERT tactlessly adds poking ALFRED daintily in the ribs. Then he starts to read softly:

410 Continued

"Seventieth way: Place the left arm around the shoulders of the loved one, put the left hand on her left shoulder, like a little birdie alighting on a branch ..."

"Good, excellent," HERBERT says acting on the instructions of the book whilst ALFRED squirms, his fingers wriggling with dismay.

"Then, let an angel pass ..."

"Let's allow the angel to pass," HERBERT remarks taking advantage of this silence to devour ALFRED with his eyes. He continues reading:

"Once the angel passed, bend the face towards the locks of the loved one and brush them with the lips ..."

411 After having brushed ALFRED's locks with his lips the Count's son gazes at him whilst a revoltingly sugary smile lights up his face as he returns the book to ALFRED.

HERBERT's eyes become bloodshot. The pointed ends of two (canine) teeth appear between his lips.

He shuts his eyes, puts a hand on ALFRED's thigh and bends over toward his throat, opening wide his terrifying mouth.

412 For a second ALFRED is paralysed with fear then with all his strength he stuffs "A hundred goodlie ways of avowing one's sweet love to a comelie damozel" into the mouth.

HERBERT's jaws close on the book.

413 His fangs crunch deep, right up to the gums, in the mildewy binding. He leaps up, spits, sputters, bent double and ready to vomit.

414 ALFRED dashes to the door, rushes out of the room ...

SCENE 112 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR IV

415 ALFRED tears down a corridor like a madman.

Some way behind HERBERT is in pursuit ...

SCENE 113 EXT. NIGHT BALCONY

416 ..ALFRED looms up in a gallery with columns which overlooks and encircles the courtyard where the PROFESSOR and he were halted by the hunchback guarding the entrance of the crypt. ALFRED runs straight on. HERBERT in turn reaches the entrance of the gallery. He stops and calmly watches ALFRED running along.

The latter, who can be seen through the columns, runs right round the gallery still thinking that the Count's son is at his heels.

He gets back to his starting point, looking over his shoulder as he runs. Reassured he slows down, turns round and collides with HERBERT who is awaiting him.

417 A confused struggle takes place in the gallery. Bodies mingle while violent puffing and furious grunting is heard.

418 Inexorably HERBERT's mouth bristling with hideous fangs gets close to the throat of ALFRED who tries to protect it by thrusting his head between his shoulders.

419 Suddenly, fear and desperation giving him superhuman strength, he counter attacks and savagely bites Herbert's ear.

420 The latter releases his hold and nurses his ear, yelling with pain. ALFRED jumps to his feet and runs off like a hare

SCENE 114 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR III

421 Reaching the end of a corridor (the sound of HERBERT rushing in pursuit has started again) ALFRED stumbles, falls, slides forward on his stomach straight towards a door which will inevitably knock him out. At the very instant when, to his horror, he is going to crash into it, the door opens wide.

422 Still on his stomach ALFRED slithers into the middle of a room with a four-poster bed.

423 ABRONSIUS his hand still on the door-handle looks at him severely:

"Playing games, eh, while ..."

"The door! The door!" ALFRED yells scrambling to his feet.

The PROFESSOR has no time to shut it.

424 HERBERT shoots in with his lace ruffle swishing. Like an arrow, propelled by his own impetus, he crashes into one of the bed-posts. Crumbling and moth-eaten this falls on top of him with an awful noise of wood breaking up.

425 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED rush out into the corridor ...

SCENE 115 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR III - STAIRS

426 ... They run.

427 After a moment HERBERT continues his pursuit.

428 They are far enough ahead to make their escape without being seen through a low door which they close behind them ...

SCENE 116 INT. NIGHT LANDING-SPIRAL STAIRCASE

429 Breathless and perspiring they stand motionless in a place lit up by a petrol lantern attached to a stone wall.

We hear HERBERT hurtling past the door. The sound of his footsteps gradually dies away in the distance.

ALFRED still reeling under the shock spasmodically makes the sign of the Cross.

Suddenly, Holy Ghost side, he feels something... Feverishly he prods his shirt pocket, slips his hand in and fishes out a clove of garlic, bites into it, chews and swallows it.

ABRONSIUS intent on inspecting the surroundings doesn't notice anything. He unhooks the lantern.

They are on a landing. A stone spiral staircase leads upwards, another down.

430 The PROFESSOR starts to climb the stairs:

"He went berserk, did you provoke him, or what?"

"I swear to you, he got excited all on his own."

"On his own, on his own," ABRONSIUS grumbles as he continues to climb.

For a moment they walk up in silence.

430 Continued

"Oh, I meant to tell you . . ." ALFRED remembers.

"What?"

"Alibori's theory, it's correct!"

"Which one?"

"The one to do with reflections . . . well, in the mirror I was alone."

431 ABRONSIUS halts, turns round:

"Explain yourself more clearly."

432 ALFRED stops one step lower, raises his head and explains:

"I was in front of a mirror, sitting on the edge of a bed and, well, I was alone! Yet he was by my side, but no reflection, nothing, for him a blank."

"What! Not even his clothes?" ABRONSIUS is rather puzzled.

"Not even his shirt."

"I'd like to have seen that," ABRONSIUS says with regret.

"I'm telling you, one doesn't see a thing."

433 ABRONSIUS goes one step up, turns round again:

"Found something to eat?"

"I? No!"

ABRONSIUS leans over and sniffs suspiciously:

"There's a smell of garlic sausage."

434 ALFRED sniffs in turn.

"I don't smell anything," he says.

435 The PROFESSOR starts off again not really convinced.

The staircase ends on a landing at the end of which is an impressive iron door ajar.

435 Continued

ABRONSIUS pushes it. It creaks. A draught of air causes the flame of the lantern to flicker.

They go in ...

SCENE 117 INT/EXT. TOWER

436 ... They are in a small rectangular room the end of which gives onto a semi-circular crenellated terrace.

This is reached by a second door, this time of wood, in a ramshackle state.

Through this door snow is falling into the room.

A suit of rusted armour lies in a corner. On the walls hang battered swords and halberds.

They cross the room, reach the terrace and approach the battlements on which ABRONSIUS puts down his lantern.

Near them is a bronze cannon mounted on a gun-carriage with wooden wheels. Beside it a heap of cannon-balls serves as decoration. Snow covers everything.

The two peer over the battlements.

They are on the highest tower of all, overlooking the castle and the countryside illuminated by moonlight.

From their position they can see:

SCENE 118 EXT. NIGHT VIEW FROM THE TOWER

437 The state-room where KROLOCK received them the evening of their arrival, the entrance to the castle and its postern-gate, the main courtyard and the stables, and finally the cemetery.

SCENE 119 INT/EXT. NIGHT TOWER

438 ALFRED's gaze wanders over the impressive scene.

Suddenly he rubs his eyes, leans over in the direction of the cemetery and stares, transfixed.

SCENE 120 EXT. NIGHT CEMETERY FROM TOWER

439 Slowly a tombstone rises pushed up by an invisible force.

ALFRED grips the PROFESSOR's arm with his hand and points towards the tomb, speechless.

SCENE 121 INT/EXT. NIGHT TOWER

440 ABRONSIUS in turn leans over, stretching his neck forward.

SCENE 122 EXT. NIGHT CEMETERY FROM TOWER

441 Two, then five, then ten, finally all the graves open. Men and women clothed in the style of various periods help each other mutually to emerge.

These nightmarish creatures gather together in the paths of the cemetery and proceed in small groups towards the castle in a curiously pastoral atmosphere.

"Good gracious!" ALFRED murmurs.

SCENE 123 INT/EXT. NIGHT TOWER

442 "Eh?" the PROFESSOR grunts, his eyes like his disciple's riveted on the fantastic sight.

"I'm frightened!" ALFRED shivers.

"It's quite impressive," ABRONSIUS concedes.

"You think they're all ..."

"Undoubtedly" the PROFESSOR answers.

"Oh my God!"

"You should never have come here," says a voice (out of shot) which ALFRED imagines to be the PROFESSOR's.

"Then why did we come?" ALFRED cries bewildered by this admission.

"Ask the Professor," the voice continues (out of shot)

ALFRED looks at ABRONSIUS and realises it was not he who was speak
Both turn round. ALFRED cries out.

443 KROLOCK is standing behind them.

In the background KOUKOL stands motionless holding a candelabrum.

"Ah, so you're here! You're here ..." the PROFESSOR says controlling his surprise.

"If you've no objection I'm not hibernating," the COUNT retorts with a bow. "You don't seem very pleased," he adds.

"I'm surprised, that's all ..."

"Keep your surprise for later on, you'll need it."

KROLOCK looks towards the cemetery from which the latest denizens are calmly emerging and says:

"You didn't foresee this in your second volume still at the printers. It will be my pleasure to fill in the gaps in your learning, when you attain my spiritual level. We shall then have the long winter evenings before us for our discussions ... the long evenings of many winters."

A tinkling of little bells rings out in the night air, getting stronger as it nears the castle. KROLOCK listens then continues:

"Your young assistant will make an excellent companion for my son. He's already quite fond of him, he's told me so. He's a gentle sensitive youth. In the course of the centuries they'll learn to know each other better, just as we shall."

SCENE 124 EXT. NIGHT VIEW FROM TOWER II

444 The sledge passes the postern-gate, enters the courtyard and halts near the stables.

CHAGAL is the driver. MAGDA is seated behind him looking around her, apparently delighted.

CHAGAL jumps lightly to the ground.

Brisk and breezy he goes and shuts the gate then comes back to the sledge to help MAGDA down.

SCENE 125 INT. EXT. NIGHT TOWER

445 KROLOCK puts his foot on a battlement and launches forth on a kind of recital of his creed not bothering about his audience.

"As brooks flow into streams, streams into rivers and rivers into the sea, so our adepts flow back to us and swell our ranks (he seems to be addressing the moon). Soon we shall be victorious and triumphant. We shall hold sway over this earth (he points to the surroundings with a circular gesture) which awaits our coming as autumn awaits winter." He calms down. The HUNCHBACK sneezes.

SCENE 126 EXT. NIGHT VIEW FROM TOWER

446 CHAGAL is skipping along, the maid at his side, towards the castle. KROLOCK continues:

"Look at him, almost an old man, with his flabby stomach and spindly legs. Look at him bringing with dog-like devotion a fresh adept who only a few nights ago was under his protection.

SCENE 127 INT. EXT. NIGHT TOWER

447 Look well at this man who secreted ANOTHER girl more closely than a miser hoarding his gold. To-night he's happy, see how he frisks and capers.

"SARAH!!!" Alfred cries out his heart torn by jealousy. Carried away by fury he goes for KROLOCK with a violent kick.

Alas, the latter swift as a panther seizes his leg in mid-air and holds it with a grip of steel forcing ALFRED to perform a grotesque dance on one leg to avoid falling down.

The COUNT concludes as though nothing had occurred:

"I must leave you now. See you later, gentlemen, meditate while awaiting your return. (He at last lets go of ALFRED's foot, enabling him to restore his balance). For it would be extremely difficult for you to get away from here."

448 He turns on his heels, departs, an erect and dignified figure preceded by KOUKOL.

When he reaches the iron door he turns round and utters:

"Unless of course you have wings (he spreads his arms and waves them to and fro just as ABRONSIUS did when demonstrating the flight of chiropteras). . .

448 Continued

like a bat," are the last insulting words said by KROLOCK before he goes.

The heavy iron door clangs as it closes. A key is heard turning in the lock, sounding like the crack of a whip.

449 After a second ALFRED rushes in a panic to the door. He bends down and sticks an eye to the keyhole.

SCENE 128 INT. NIGHT LANDING - SPIRAL STAIRS

450 He sees KROLOCK disappear from sight airily twirling a huge key.

SCENE 129 INT. NIGHT TOWER

451 ALFRED straightens up and batters wildly on the door then with the fury of desperation he swoops on a huge sword which he brandishes in both hands. With all his strength he smites the door.

It doesn't stir. A shower of sparks flies from the sword's steel blade. ALFRED, suddenly exhausted, withdraws dragging the sword like a useless stick.

He goes onto the terrace and collapses on his knees next to the cannon.

452 He clasps his hands together in a fervent prayer whilst the PROFESSOR paces up and down, his hands behind his back.

"Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, Blessed art Thou amongst women and Blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Jesus." ALFRED mumbles at full speed.

453 "He displeased me as much this evening as he made a good impression the first time!" ABRONSIUS exclaims outraged.

ALFRED during this time continues his prayers.

"Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

(The sound of a harpsichord rings out in the castle)

ALFRED lifts his head, listens, repeats mechanically:

"Pray for us sinners," then in a rage he bangs the cannon as he shouts:

- 454 "What they deserve is a good cannon-ball right in the ..."
On this he starts to pray again in the same flat staccato tones: "Now and at the hour of our death, Amen. Hail Mary full of grace ..." etc.

ABRONSIUS stops pacing. He looks at the cannon, goes up to it, leans over the muzzle and inspects it. Then he goes to the other end, puts his little finger in the firing-hole, blows violently inside it and suddenly, like a maniac, starts fiercely to pull the cannon which barely moves.

- 455 The veins on his neck bulging ABRONSIUS stops pulling. He straightens up and gives his disciple, still deep in prayer, a kick on the rump. ALFRED leaps up, distraught.

"Help me quick! Turn it around," ABRONSIUS orders..

Scared by the PROFESSOR's wild gaze ALFRED starts to pull the cannon utterly bemused.

After a terrible effort almost causing an apoplectic fit they manage to drag it round so as to point at the iron door.

- 456 ABRONSIUS seizes the sword and rushes at the wooden door. He starts to slash it as viciously as if he were actually going for KROLOCK.

- 457 Following his example ALFRED smashes away likewise with a halberd.

The door is swiftly smashed to pieces.

"The wood now ... under the cannon!" ABRONSIUS orders.

- 458 While ALFRED carries out his instructions, the PROFESSOR starts to heap snow into the cannon.

- 459 After filling it he hoists up a heavy iron cannon-ball which he inserts into the muzzle. He rips off his muffler, makes a wad of it which with the aid of the halberd handle he stuffs tightly into the cannon. Then using a peg of wood which he hammers with the guard of the sword's handle, he plugs the hole generally used for the firing-fuse. While this is going on ALFRED has piled the wood under the cannon.

- 460 ABRONSIUS picks up the lantern which he had put down on the battlement and smashes it on the wood, which catches fire.

Their state of excitement abating ABRONSIUS and ALFRED hear the sound of the harpsichord. They peer over the battlements.

SCENE 130 EXT. INT. NIGHT VIEW FROM TOWER

461 They discern behind the windows of the state-room the figures, who emerged from the graves, listening to HERBERT's virtuoso performance.

SCENE 131 INT. EXT. NIGHT TOWER

462 The PROFESSOR spits in their direction then sits down glumly on one side of the cannon.

ALFRED sits on the other side.

"Takes me for a nincompoop that necrophile!" ABRONSIUS grunts staring at the fire blazing under the cannon. A little piece of the PROFESSOR's muffler can be seen hanging out of the cannon's mouth.

SCENE 132 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM

463 In the state-room the audience scattered around, some sitting, others standing, listens in reverent silence to HERBERT playing the harpsichord.

One would think this was a large family gathering enjoying the soothing effect of good music.

464 Suddenly KROLOCK makes an entry.

They all look towards him. Those seated rise. HERBERT stops playing.

The COUNT glances round at the assembly hanging on his lips in anticipation of what he will say.

465 He goes up to a tapestry curtain, stops in front of it and starts to talk in a well-rehearsed tones, like a preacher addressing his flock:

"A year ago ..." He lets a silence fall before continuing: "A year ago, exactly on this same night, we were assembled here, in this room: I, your pastor and you, my beloved flock. With hopefulness in my heart I told you then that with Lucifer's aid we might look forward to a more succulent occasion. Cast back your minds! There we were gathered together, gloomy and despondent, around that single meagre MILLER... A year has elapsed and although travellers turn up more and more seldom in these parts, in spite of this, I have this evening a great, a wonderful surprise for you!"

466 A buzz of thrilled appreciation passes through the gathering and dies down.

467 Measuring his effects KROLOCK puts one hand on the curtain:

"Dearly beloved brethren, come closer ..."

They come up all a-quiver with impatience.

With a flourish Count VON KROLOCK draws the curtain.

"Ahh!!!" A single gasp of admiration rings out from every mouth.

SARAH adorned in her gown stands behind the curtain motionless and pale, eyes downcast.

468 There is a buzz of excitement.

469 With a gesture KROLOCK controls the hubbub and continues:

"This isn't all, this isn't all," he exclaims. "Yet another human is at this very moment being groomed and ..." The buzz turns into a roar and drowns his voice.

"And ... And ..." He says trying to be heard. "Two more humans are in our hands!"

This time an uproar answers him.

470 Loud "Hurrahs" break out and reverberate like thunder echoing through the vaulted halls.

SCENE 133 INT. EXT. NIGHT TOWER

471 The distant rumble of the hurrahs reaches the terrace where still seated on opposite sides of the cannon ABRONSIUS and ALFRED are looking at the flames.

They raise their heads a moment then again give their whole attention to the blaze.

472 Roaring like a blacksmith's forge it attains its greatest force. The cannon gives a dull vibration then starts to jump about on its axis like a mad bull about to charge.

"Plock!" The wooden peg placed on the firing-fuse shoots out like a champagne cork. A jet of condensed steam rises higher and higher cutting through the air with a shrill noise.

472 Continued

Now the cannon shakes with a fantastic force which will burst forth

473 any second. ABRONSIUS and ALFRED move away.

"BAOUM!!!"

The cannon fires off in a cloud of steam engulfing the whole terrace, blinding master and disciple.

A frightful crackling noise rings out from the direction of the door of the armoury.

474 ABRONSIUS and ALFRED, ghostly figures amidst the whirls of steam, make their way thither. At last they're able to see: the heavy iron door lies on the ground, a mass of twisted metal in a heap of stones torn from the wall.

After a second of delighted amazement at the result the two vanish like lightning down the staircase.

SCENE 134 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM

475 HERBERT is now playing a minuet on the harpsichord.

476 In the state-room the strange creatures are dancing the graceful figures of the minuet.

Their once sumptuous finery is now in rags but nobody cares; dignity and good breeding are the order of the day.

477 Some are not dancing. Solitary or in groups, sitting down or standing they watch the pattern of the dancers.

478 Amongst them are SARAH and the COUNT.

With solemnity KROLOCK holds SARAH's hand as they lead the minuet.

SCENE 135 EXT. NIGHT ROOFS

479 While in the distance the sound of the harpsichord is heard, stealthy shadows advance across a roof of the castle amidst a jumble of gargoyles and snow-clad chimneys.

These figures are ABRONSIUS and ALFRED cautiously wending their way. Suddenly voices seem to be coming from the stones around them.

479 Continued

They halt, look around in dismay.

"Go on, go and have your bath now," says one voice.

"Then turn your back to me!" the other one answers.

In spite of their hollow and distorted tone the voices of Chagal and the maid are recognizable.

480 The PROFESSOR and ALFRED comes closer and, leaning over a cluster of chimney-tops, listen.

"All these ladies and gentlemen are awaiting you ... Listen to the music!

"Come on, take it off ..."

"Don't you look!"

"I'm not looking, I'm not looking."

"Will I be seeing his excellency?"

"Yes yes, you'll see, you'll see his Excellency."

"It's for me this lovely dress?"

"So are the shoes."

(After a silence)

"What's his Excellency like? Look here!!! What are you doing?...

Oh no!!!" the maid cries out shocked.

We hear a resounding slap, then a moment later Chagal's vexed voice is heard:

"That's a bit much that is ... I'm still your boss, my girl!"

"Now it's bleeding! If you do that again I'm telling his Excellency."

"Cut it out! Forget your precious Excellency for a moment."

"CHAGAL!!!" Abronsius shouts down the chimney.

480 Continued

"Eh! What! Who spoke?" Chagal says in a trembling and terrified voice.

"I did!" the Professor thunders ...

SCENE 136 INT. NIGHT ROOM V BATH

481 We are in the room where Alfred met Sarah and later on Herbert. Chagal is on his knees in the centre of the room, head raised, eyes rolling.

The maid is standing up in her petticoat dabbing her throat with a little handkerchief. A yellow gown is spread out on the bed. Through the half-open door the bathroom can be seen and we hear the sound of running water.

"Who's speaking?" CHAGAL asks addressing the ceiling.

"How dare you ask questions! You wretch!!!" the voice continues from an unknown source.

"Forgive, forgive me ... euh ... Sir," CHAGAL adds after a second's hesitation, uncertain if he is dealing with God, the Devil, or Krolock.

"Have you unhitched the horses?"

482 CHAGAL hurriedly straightens up and mumbles bowing double:

"I'm sorry, I'm off, I'm off at once..."

"You did well. Leave them harnessed, you idiot!" the voice declaims.

"I did well!" CHAGAL ventures beaming.

"You're a fine fellow, a really fine fellow."

CHAGAL pleased that the voice is paying him compliments gives the maid an affectionate thump and a sly wink.

"Don't touch that girl again, Chagal!" the voice orders.

CHAGAL stays transfixed. He twists his hands, cringes:

"I won't, I won't," he murmurs.

SCENE 137 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM

483 The sound of the harpsichord grows louder.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED proceed stealthily down a long corridor.

On each side, in the half-light, stand suits of armour.

484 At the end of the corridor a light gleams. As they advance we discern the state-room through the gap of a partly drawn tapestry curtain and we see, just behind it, reclining on a "recamier" settee, a MARCHIONESS flanked by two elderly MARQUESESSES.

The MARCHIONESS looks at the dancers through a lorgnette and holds an ear-trumpet to her ear.

485 ABRONSIUS taps ALFRED on the arm.

"The armour!" he whispers.

"Oh yes! We should put it on," ALFRED is thrilled.

"No, stupid. The helmets!"

"What?"

The PROFESSOR mimes the action of brandishing and clamping something down with force:

"Cover their heads, zing!" He points to the settee and its occupants.

"Why?"

"Can't bite any more, you clot!"

"That's right!!!" ALFRED marvels at the PROFESSOR's brilliance.

"Let's get going!"

"Where?"

"To clamp the helmets on their heads!" ABRONSIUS gets irritable.

486 In silence they remove the helmets from two suits of armour, then, holding their breath they slink up to the tapestry.

486 Continued

They sneak up cautiously until each one stands behind one of the old MARQUESESSES. Between the old men the old lady sits drinking in every movement of the minuet.

487 After a quick glance at each other, in perfect unison ABRONSIUS and ALFRED lift up the two heavy thick helmets.

They clamp them violently on the MARQUESESSES' heads right down to the chest.

They make them topple over backwards ...

488 ... From the state-room the tapestry is seen to quiver slightly behind the settee on which the MARCHIONESS continues to inspect the dancers through her lorgnette whilst listening to the strains of the music with the help of her ear-trumpet.

489 The graceful rhythm of the minuet pursues its course.

490 SARAH dances, her face expressionless, unearthly, exquisite.

SCENE 138 INT. NIGHT ROOM V - BATH

491 Clad in the yellow gown MAGDA lies inert on the carpet of the room.

CHAGAL his mouth smeared with blood stands there ill at ease.

He glances furtively at the ceiling, gives a little cough, leans over the girl, straightens up:

"You're pulling my leg, eh?"

No reaction.

He leans over her again, this time more worried:

"You wouldn't do a thing like that to Yoiné! It's not possible ... Hey, answer me ..."

He takes MAGDA's hand. The arm rises. He lets go of her hand, the arm drops limply with a soft plop. CHAGAL straightens up really frightened, looks wildly all around him, in desperation. He waddles about undecided, face puckered up by the effort to find a solution.

SCENE 139 INT. NIGHT KITCHENS

492 In front of the huge oven where ABRONSIUS discovered the bones, moonlight illuminates the TWO MARQUESSSES as they push hard against the heavy iron door which they then bolt.

We notice a piece of ABRONSIUS' shirt-front sticking out between the hinges of the oven door. Stifled yells are heard coming from the inside. Our TWO MARQUESSSES turn round out of breath and puffing.

Beneath their powdered wigs and their costumes of faded velvet we recognize the PROFESSOR and ALFRED. ABRONSIUS' spindly calves are sheathed in white silk stockings.

493 They move hurriedly towards the door. Handicapped by the very high heels of his buckled shoes the PROFESSOR trips over his feet as he walks.

SCENE 140 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR III

494 The MARQUESS-ABRONSIUS and the MARQUESS-ALFRED move swiftly down a corridor.

Suddenly they halt.

They hear the creak of footsteps coming in their direction.

495 In silent assent they both conceal themselves behind the curtains of a window. ABRONSIUS on the left, ALFRED on the right.

Faltering steps and laboured breathing come closer.

496 On the alert, giving frequent backward glances as though he were a thief, CHAGAL walks past them holding the MAID whose arms are hanging down and swinging. He is carrying her like a parcel.

CHAGAL walks further on down the corridor.

497 "If they'd listened to me all this wouldn't have happened," the PROFESSOR whispers from behind his curtain.

"Can't we do anything for her?" ALFRED asks sheltering behind him.

"She's already one of them ..." ABRONSIUS sighs.

"And Sarah? Quick, Professor, quick!" says ALFRED whose curtain starts to shake feverishly.

497 Continued

ABRONSIUS' bewigged head bobs out. He leans forward and looks in the direction of CHAGAL who can be seen disappearing at the end of the corridor.

"Oh that case! That damned case . . . why did you have to lose it!" he says with regret.

SCENE 141 EXT. NIGHT CEMETERY

498 The cemetery is lit up by the moon's blue beams.

The opened tombs reveal the vaults gaping like big black mouths on the white snowscape.

We discern the yellow patch of MAGDA's gown through the maze of tombstones.

499 CHAGAL advances cautiously still carrying his burden.

Whiffs of the sound of the harpischord reach there faintly.

CHAGAL arrives at the furthest and most isolated grave, right up against the wall.

500 He gently lets the body slide into the open grave then looks in all directions before heaving into position silently and with strenuous exertion the heavy slab of stone.

Once more he looks carefully all around then, reassured, slips through the aperture which he had left for himself.

He vanishes completely.

From the inside he closes the grave by pulling the stone across.

In the cemetery calm reigns and only the gossamer tinkle of the harpischord floats across the air.

SCENE 142 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM

501 In the state-room lit by dozens of candelabra the minuet is in full swing as though at a ball at the Court of Versailles.

The graceful arabesques lightly unfold.

501 Continued

The costumes of the dancers are threadbare, frayed and exhale the dust of centuries.

Some are in mediaeval style, others more recent.

502 HERBERT at the harpsichord plays superbly.

503 TWO MEN standing, their elbows leaning on the harpsichord, let their eyes rove over the delightful scene. They listen and look on in the same way as the marchioness still on the "recamier" couch and the other spectators who are not dancing, tranquil and patient, well aware of the inevitable outcome.

504 COUNT VON KROLOCK dances as befits his exalted station; his deportment and gestures are properly restrained.

505 We can hardly say the same of ABRONSIUS and ALFRED. The latter, grotesquely arched backwards, one arm held high in a semi-circle above his wig, dances past SARAH.

506 "It's I!" he says.

507 The girl's face evinces surprise: ALFRED has already moved past. SARAH's eyes search around for him.

508 The course of the minuet brings him back to her:

"Life has a meaning once more!" he just manages to utter hurriedly before moving off. The dance brings him back yet again:

"We're going to save you!"

They are separated.

509 ALFRED finds himself back to back with the PROFESSOR. Each one leans backwards, cheek to cheek.

"You spoke to her?" ABRONSIUS asks.

"I had a word with her." The dance separates them, giving no chance for further conversation.

510 This time it is ABRONSIUS gesticulating wildly who dances past SARAH:

"After a good transfusion . . ." he just manages to utter.

511 She looks at him in a daze.

512 He dances back, legs curved, hopping like a sparrow and tries to finish:

"... and two or three days rest you will be as right as rain, my child." He has to accelerate to catch up with his position.

513 Dancing backwards ALFRED crosses SARAH:

"We've got a congress in Venice!" He moves off.

514 SARAH frightened looks at him over her shoulder.

515 ALFRED spins round and is back again absurdly exaggerating the graceful steps of the minuet:

"The palaces, the sky ... " SARAH smiles.

Now it is ALFRED's turn to take her hand as partner. He does so, overwhelmed, and continues his monologue looking straight in front, head held high:

"Venice, Sarah, Venice ... The gondolas ... the sea, the sun!"

517 "At the next turn we make for the door!" the PROFESSOR interrupts him as he passes by.

"Life, life. Love! Our love!" ALFRED's emotion carries him away. He continues on a calmer note: "We're going to be happy and forget this nightmare ..."

"When I say "Hop" we rush to the door and we run for it," says ABRONSIUS who, back once more with them, has taken SARAH's other hand.

518 Still dancing they lead the minuet in the direction of a door.

SCENE 143 INT. NIGHT RECEPTION ROOM - VESTIBUL

519 As they advance followed by the other dancers they come up to a large mirror in front of which they have to pass before reaching the door.

520 Suddenly KROLOCK stops dancing and with a gesture halts his fellow-creatures.

521 We now see what he sees in the mirror:

SARAH, ALFRED and ABRONSIUS are the only figures reflected in the glass. They appear to be dancing in an empty room.

522 The whole assembly gathers behind KROLOCK and stares in stunned astonishment at the two MARQUESES flanking their destined prey.

The notes of the harpsichord cease.

523 ALFRED hears a buzz of discontent behind him. After a couple of steps he turns round.

524 Grouped in a half-circle behind them the gathering completely cuts off their retreat.

525 ABRONSIUS goes on cavorting for a second then, disturbed by the silence, suddenly stops one leg poised in mid-air.

ALFRED looks at the mirror, the PROFESSOR and KROLOCK.

526 The latter flourishes a vengeful arm and shouts:

"Snatch the girl from them!!!"

527 ALFRED in a frenzy sees a set of weapons on the wall, dashes forward and seizes a sword which he brandishes while clasping SARAH to him.

528 KROLOCK sneers contemptuously, steps forward.

529 Then, with incredible dexterity, ABRONSIUS seizes another sword and lays it across that of ALFRED's, thus forming the Sign of the Cross.

530 A low wailing cry rises from the ranks of the creatures of the night.

531 SARAH cannot repress a movement of disgust and turns her face away.

532 Shaking with the fantastic effort KROLOCK tries to struggle against what he now is but, defeated, he too has to fall back.

533 Each holding SARAH by one hand and, with the other, their swords forming a Cross, ABRONSIUS and ALFRED, under Divine protection which forces the living-dead creatures to give way, advance.

534 The three go through the door walking backwards.

ABRONSIUS and ALFRED bend down, their eyes still fixed on the gathering, lay down their swords in the shape of a Cross then suddenly turn their backs and make off at top speed.

SCENE 144 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR III

535 The three fugitives gallop down a corridor.

536 The PROFESSOR and his disciple force the girl to keep pace with them.

537 They reach the low door through which they had already passed when pursued by HERBERT.

Bumping against each other they surge through it, slamming it in haste ...

SCENE 145 INT. NIGHT LANDING - SPIRAL STAIRS

538 ... This time, instead of climbing up the stone staircase, they descend.

ALFRED, who is leading, misses a step and rolls down several more, nearly breaking a leg.

539 The three descend into the depths of the castle. They go round and round down the spiral staircase in a great rustle of costumes, panting heavily ...

SCENE 146 INT. NIGHT CAVES

540 ... The staircase ends in a dark damp tunnel into which they plunge. The lay-out is winding, the level of the ground uneven making it difficult to walk. Sometimes they have to bend low to avoid knocking against the vaulted ceiling.

Somewhere in the darkness there is a tinkle of water dripping drop by drop.

541 They progress in silence picking their way past pieces of rock strewn on the slippery ground.

The tunnel widens, the vault grows loftier.

542 They accelerate. ALFRED still leads the way holding SARAH by the hand.

543 ABRONSIUS suddenly slows down, lifts up his nose, stares at something hanging from the ceiling.

There, suspended like a bunch of velvety black grapes, hover a swarm of bats.

"CHIROPTERAS!!!" the Professor cries out stopping dead.

544 ALFRED turns round taken aback.

545 ABRONSIUS climbs onto a piece of rock, straightens up as he feverishly slips on his eye-glasses. He puts an entranced face close to a large cluster of the little beasts:

"I've never come across such remarkable specimens!" he says his voice hoarse with emotion.

ALFRED comes up quivering with impatience and indignation.

546 The PROFESSOR holds his eye-glasses by one end and looks through the other using it as a magnifying glass, brushing the repulsive horde with his nose.

"One would have to examine them in detail of course but, here and now, I can assert that we are dealing with Pteropus-Polycephalus!" he categorically declares.

547 "Professor . . . Professor, we haven't time!" ALFRED says tugging sharply at his coat-tails.

ABRONSIUS tumbles off the rock.

548 Off they go again, ABRONSIUS casting a regretful glance over his shoulder.

The tunnel climbs upwards more and more steeply and after twisting round leads to some steps.

ALFRED quietly ascends them and comes up right underneath a massive slab of stone at which the steps ends.

549 Muscles flexed he raises the slab with extreme caution, glances carefully through the crevice.

SCENE 147 INT. NIGHT KOUKOL'S ROOM

550 He sees KOUKOL from the back busily planing away.

551 ALFRED opens the trap-door wide, emerges as far as the waist.

It is the room where the hunchback locked them up on the night of their arrival. The trap-door which ALFRED has just opened is the one he tried to open that night with ABRONSIUS.

552 He notices four coffins piled up in a corner of the room.

KOUKOL still planes away quite unsuspecting, causing the shavings to fly off in regular showers.

553 The trio emerges from the tunnel in tiptoe. When they have reached the centre of the room KOUKOL turns round, the plane in his hand. He stands without a movement, astounded at the sight of the two marquesses at SARAH's side.

ABRONSIUS gives him a smile and signals to him to carry on with his work and not to concern himself with them.

As the trio cautiously makes its way to the door KOUKOL goes up to the open trap-door, leans over and peers down bewildered. His dull brain cannot exactly grasp what's up.

SCENE 148 INT. NIGHT CORRIDOR I

554 Dazed he moves to the door, goes through and standing in the middle of the corridor, arms dangling, fist clutching the plane, watches the MARQUESES and SARAH move further and further away. Perhaps the lady and the gentlemen are having a game of hide-and-seek with his Excellency? You never can tell!

He stays rooted to the spot in contemplation when a hubbub causes him to turn round.

555 Led by KROLOCK and HERBERT a yelling mob comes galloping along from the opposite side of the corridor.

556 It takes KOUKOL a second to realise that this is no game, after all.

Already he is dragged along by the surging and gesticulating throng; the din of their clamour rises in a fearsome and awe-inspiring chorus which reverberates through the halls of the castle in a thousand echoes.

SCENE 149 INT/EXT NIGHT COURTYARD-STABLES

557 Wigs askew, costumes flapping in the wind, ABRONSIUS and ALFRED each holding SARAH by the hand appear in the courtyard of the castle. Running along in the snow they rush in the direction of the stables obviously intending to gain a few seconds by cutting across in order to get to the sledge which is still standing just beyond, the horses harnessed to it.

558 They reach the main door and cross the stables, jumping over CHAGAL's coffin.

Loud howls announce the imminent arrival of the mob, now completely out of control, which sweeps into the courtyard like an avalanche.

559 ALFRED, after rapidly helping SARAH to get into the sledge, hurls himself on the postern-gate which he frenziedly pushes open.

560 During this time the PROFESSOR jumps into the driver's place. Standing up, his lean shanks wide apart to keep his balance, he cracks the whip with sweeping movements causing the horses to leap forward.

561 The sledge lurches round in a semi-circle knocking into the first pursuers then sweeps towards the postern-gate in a loud jangling of bells ...

562 ... KROLOCK, HERBERT and KOUKOL dash into the stables followed by some of their creatures who rush blindly forward. Too late! All they can see is the sledge shooting through the postern-gate and ALFRED leaping onto it like an acrobat as it flies along.

SCENE 150 EXT. NIGHT CASTLE PORTAL

563 The throng of pursuers stops on the outskirts of the castle, rooted in the snow, their bodies turned in the direction of the fugitives whose sledge, the bells tinkling away, vanishes from sight.

SCENE 151 INT/EXT. NIGHT STABLES

564 In the stables KROLOCK stares through the gap in the wall which gives a view of the night landscape.

The jingle of bells becomes fainter and fainter.

Shaking in violently rage KROLOCK turns first towards his son then towards the hunchback. He speaks to KOUKOL in a hollow voice,

564 Continued

foaming at the mouth as he waves his arms into the night:

"Go Koukol, go! In the name of hell, fire and blood, go!
Overtake them!!!"

565 The HUNCHBACK gapes around him frightened out of his wits by this command which is impossible to fulfil. His wild gaze alights on CHAGAL's coffin. He hurls himself on it, directs it towards the gaping hole in the wall, takes a spring, charges forward and head first vanishes through the gap into the night ...

SCENE 151 EXT. NIGHT SLOPE

566 ...After a fantastic glide through the air the coffin, transformed into a makeshift toboggan, bounces onto the snowy slope and starts to slide faster and faster towards a pine-forest through which the sledge must inevitably travel.

567 KOUKOL hurtles down the slope like a meteor.

The coffin throws up showers of snow like white wings under the moonlight.

568 Behind KOUKOL as he slides along the sombre outline of the castle gradually diminishes.

569 The coffin enters the pine-forest.

570 KOUKOL accomplishes a breathtaking slalom to avoid the trees. As he descends we begin to hear the tinkle of bells.

571 Soon the sledge comes into view through the trees. KOUKOL slows down, working out speed and trajectory.

SCENE 152 EXT. NIGHT APPROACH TO THE CASTLE.

572 In the sledge ALFRED tenderly clasps SARAH close to him.

Still standing in the driver's place ABRONSIUS zealously whips the horses on.

573 Suddenly, in front of them on the right of the track, the coffin shoots past like a bullet, from under the pines.

574 In a flash we can see the hunchback's startled face, desperate at

574 Continued

having missed his target.

575 Following its dizzy course the coffin literally flies off the left side of the track where the downward slope is steeper and dashes into the thickest part of the forest.

576 Under the stunned gaze of ALDRED and ABRONSIUS the coffin crashes into smithereens among the pines below in a great explosion of snow.

A second later the howling of wolves breaks out, raucous and fierce. Invisible underneath the trees the beasts savagely maul and rend their unexpected prey to pieces.

A heavy silence falls again on the forest, broken only by the clear tinkle of bells.

577 The sledge which had only reduced speed pursues its way.

578 ALFRED, who had been turning round, clasps SARAH to him once more.

579 With delicacy ABRONSIUS turns away and sits down, tired but happy.

580 ALFRED whispers a loving monologue in the girl's ear:

"We've triumphed my love ... Relax my angel." He looks upward gratefully at the starlit heavens: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Thank you for having fulfilled my vow, thank you!!!" He speaks again to SARAH.

"My sweet, my lovely one .. no more terror, no more tears. You're asleep?????" he asks astonished at last by SARAH's motionlessness and stubborn silence. He tenderly kisses her hand.

"How cold your hand is!" he murmurs. He leans forward, brings his mouth closer to her hand which he warms by breathing on it.

581 We now see the girl's eyes slowly open. They are bloodshot. As she looks at ALFRED leaning over her, her lips part. Two sharp pointed teeth gleam. She opens her mouth, leans towards the throat of ALFRED who is lovingly blowing on her frozen hand:

"Your little hand, your pretty hand ... soon I'll be slipping a ... Achhhhhhhh ..."

581 Continued

ALFRED's words end in an appalling gurgle.

SARAH has just bitten him.

582 One of ALFRED's legs kicks forward like a spring, the shock throwing his shoe off. The leg shakes in spasms then limply falls back.

583 The sledge leaves the forest behind and comes forth into the vast countryside, so peaceful and silent.

To the accompaniment of a fragile and gay tinkle of bells the sledge slides away into the distance across the virgin snow bathed in moonlight.

The harsh and frightening voice heard at the start of the film intones as the sledge gradually shrinks into a speck on the horizon:

"... That night, fleeing from Transylvania, Professor Abronsius never guessed he was carrying away with him the very Evil he had wished to destroy.

Thanks to him, this Evil, would at last be able to spread across the world ..."

THE END