

The Horror of Dracula

Screenplay by

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HAMMER

1

EXT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. LOT. DAY.

1

We open on a late afternoon sky. A sky heavy with menace, with angry clouds shouldering their way across one another, completely shrouding the sun.

It is a scene in black and white, without any concession to colour whatsoever, just the graduations of grey black, black grey.

Over this we fade in all titles:

As the last Credit fades CAMERA pans down to disclose the mausoleum.

It is large, weather beaten, and eaten with age.

CAMERA passes the edge of the roof and on down to the door, which stands open.

CAMERA starts to track towards and through the open door.

Still we have seen no colour, everything being toned to the monotony of Black and White.

CAMERA tracks through to...

DISSOLVE

2

INT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. STUDIO. DAY.

2

Inside the mausoleum we still held the monotony of shading.

Here all is deathly quiet and still. There are two coffins set on plinths in the centre of the mausoleum, on slightly more ornate than the other.

It is towards the grander of the two that the CAMERA moves.

Then when it centres this coffin to the exclusion of the other we see carved in the side of the plinth one single word.

It is carved deep as though to last for all time.

DRACULA

We hold the carving for a long moment as the music builds and builds. Then silence...and from out of frame there drops a vivid scarlet splash. It is blood.

It splashes across the carving on the plinth, forms small rivulets, and starts to trickle down the side of the plinth as we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

3 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. LOCATION. DAY.

3

This is a country road lined with trees, forming almost a tunnel through the forest.

Although it is late afternoon, and an occasional glimpse of the sky shows this, here beneath the trees it is almost as dark as night.

We are shooting towards a bend in the road, and we hear the rattle of wheels, the creak of harness and the drumming of hooves.

It is a public coach, and the roof is laden high with luggage.

Apart from the DRIVER there is another man riding up with him his companion.

As the coach passes camera, the DRIVER whips the horses up to fresh effort.

4 INT. COACH. STUDIO. DAY.

4

The drawn curtains sway with the movement of the coach.

There are five occupants.

Facing backwards are a middle aged MAN and his WIFE, and a fat worried looking MERCHANT.

Facing forwards, one in each corner, with a good space between them is a PRIEST, and JONATHON HARKER.

JONATHON is about thirty years old, pleasant faced and intelligent looking. He is well dressed, and nurses on his lap a small black bag, like a doctor's bag.

There is a certain atmosphere in the coach, rather as though there have been long and heated arguments, and now everyone is resting and restoring themselves for entering the fray once again.

The PRIEST turns towards JONATHON as though to speak, changes his mind and resumes his gazing out of the window.

Then the WIFE leans forward towards JONATHON

WIFE

Young man...

Her husband reaches out a hand to stop her, but she shakes it free.

WIFE

...young man, you have...you have loved ones at home?

JONATHON looks at her and nods.

WIFE

Then for their sake, if not your own. If the dictates of reason will not dissuade you, listen to the dictates of your heart.

MAN

He's an obstinate young fool.

The WIFE takes no notice of her husband.

WIFE

Think of how they will suffer...then reconsider.

JONATHON looks at her a moment then smiles.

JONATHON

I thank you Madam for your concern. But your husband is right, I'm an obstinate fool.

MERCHANT

Mad...mad as hatter.

JONATHON glances towards him with a slight smile, but does not speak.

The PRIEST turns to JONATHON.

PRIEST

I am a man of God my son. The words that I speak are words that I feel in my humble way, God might speak.

JONATHON

If dissuasion is what you wish to speak then those will not be the words of God.

MERCHANT

(to himself)

Blasphemous too...mad and blasphemous.

MAN

You see my dear there is nothing we can do. Now please do me a kindness and do not speak to this man any more.

PRIEST

I am not superstitious, my calling should verify that, but I must say to you, that the place to which you go is the gate of hell itself. The powers of darkness and evil are paramount...the light of goodness...

He stops suddenly, as all of them are nearly frightened to death at the appearance of the COMPANION in the trap door. He is leaning down from the front of the coach so all we can see is his head, almost upside down.

He looks towards JONATHON.

COMPANION

(shouts)

It's just ahead. You still want to get off?

JONATHON nods and the head of the COMPANION disappears.

5

EXT. ROAD AND HOUSE OF DRACULA. LOT. DAY.

5

The house is behind us and we do not see it in this set-up.

The coach rumbles to a halt, with the DRIVER hauling hard on the reins, the brakes screeching.

Before the coach has stopped the COMPANION prepares to jump down.

6 INT. COACH. DAY.

6

The other occupants of the coach are sitting in frozen anticipation, as though awaiting the hands of doom. JONATHON is stretching himself in preparatory to dismounting from the coach.

He stands and turns to the WIFE and starts to tip his hat.

JONATHON

I thank you madam for your...

But before he can get any further the door behind him is yanked open and the COMPANION reaches inside and drags JONATHON out.

He is helped from the inside by the MERCHANT, who gets to his feet and bids JONATHON farewell with hearty shove.

7 EXT. ROAD AND HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY.

7

We still do not see the house.

JONATHON barely lands on his feet, still retaining his grip on the black bag. He turns back to the coach as he hits the deck. Even as he does so a large suitcase thuds to the ground at his feet, thrown by the DRIVER.

The COMPANION is already climbing back up to the seat next to the DRIVER, and the MERCHANT is leaning out of the window of the coach.

MERCHANT

Alright Coachman...let's get away
from here.

The horses are whipped up as he speaks, and he is jerked back out of sight as the coach rumbles off.

As it draws away we see heads stuck from the windows looking back toward JONATHON.

Watching after the coach. There is no resentment in his face. He watches for a moment, then he turns towards the house.

L.S. HOUSE (POSSIBLY MATTE)

The house is a vast rambling affair, a cross between a house and a castle. It is covered with castellated walls and turrets that stick out from the most extraordinary places.

The whole place looks as though it has been thrown together rather carelessly with no concessions to planning or convenience.

It has an incredibly bleak aspect, like a place that has been deserted for many years.

L.S. JONATHON

Standing in the centre of the road, with his large suitcase at his feet, looking towards the House of Dracula.

He looks a small figure, dwarfed by the surroundings.

He picks up his suitcase and starts up the drive.

SOFT WIPE TO:

8 EXT. MAUSOLEUM AND DRIVE. LOT. DAY.

8

The mausoleum is at the top of the drive.

JONATHON stops to transfer his heavy suitcase to his other hand. He stares at the gaunt tombs for a moment, then continues his way up to the entrance gates of the House.

9 EXT. COURTYARD AND FRONT DOOR. HOUSE OF DRACULA. LOT. DAY. 9

The whole portice is massive and foreboding. The doors themselves are heavy and scarred with the weather and with age. The door furniture is heavy black metal, and the whole is set back in a deep porch that is reached by a flight of stone steps from the drive.

JONATHON reaches the front door and stops. He puts down his suitcase, stands for a moment, then reaches out for the giant knocker. As he does so there is a flutter of wings and he ducks quickly. There is a momentary shadow of a bat, then it is gone. A second to pull himself together and he wields the knocker. The noise is monumental, but more than that, under the pressure of the knocker on half of the door starts to open.

After a moment, JONATHON pushes it open wider, exposing a stygian darkness inside.

10 INT. HALL OF DRACULA HOUSE. STUDIO. DAY.

10

The opening door cuts a swathe of weak daylight into the hall, and after a moment the figure of JONATHON steps into the open door, silhouetted against the outside light.

JONATHON looks around him, trying to pierce the darkness.

Beyond the swathe of daylight, there is nothing. Just the empty blackness. Then as camera pans taking in what is obviously the entire hall, we see at the far side a glimmer of flickering light, visible through a slit in a barely open door.

JONATHON picks up his suitcase and starts across the hall towards the other door, keeping in the path of light looking through the front door.

He reaches the door, and pushes it open tentatively.

11 INT. DINING ROOM. DRACULA HOUSE. STUDIO. DAY.

11

Looking from the door we see we are in a room which contains a burning fire in a large fireplace across the room in the opposite wall.

In the centre of the room is a table, laid at one end for a meal, with covered dishes, a bottle of wine etc.

The only light is that which comes from the fire which is burning low.

Then JONATHON, still carrying his suitcase and small bag, comes into the room and walks slowly over to the table. When he reaches it, he puts down his suitcase and puts the bag on the table, and stands looking around him.

Then he sees on the table, propped against an ornate gold candelabra, an envelope.

He picks this up and looks at the front. Then he reverses it and tears it open.

He takes out a letter and tries to read it, but the light is too bad.

Resting close to the candelabra is a small tinder box. He puts down the letter, strikes a light and lights the two candles in the candelabra.

Then he picks up the letter again, and reads.

12 INSERT

12

The letter is penned in an ornate and beautifully legible hand.

My Dear Harker,
I am sorry I was unable to meet you. Eat
well, and make yourself comfortable.
Count Dracula

The CAMERA starts to centre on the crest at the head of the paper.

DISSOLVE

13 INT. DINING ROOM. DRACULA HOUSE. NIGHT.

13

We Dissolve through to the heavily carved facsimile of the coat of arms. This is on the breastwork of the fireplace.

As we see it there is a shower of sparks from below the frame and a rush of smoke.

We pull back far enough to see JONATHAN who has just thrown another log on the fire, which is now blazing merrily.

Having done so he moves back to the table, sits, and pulls his bag towards him. He opens it, and from it he pulls a leather bound diary, and a travelling ink and quill set.

He opens the diary in front of him, then he pushes a couple of dishes aside to make room for the ink stand.

But in doing so, these dishes move against another small stack pushing them from the table.

The noise in the silence is enormous, and for a moment JONATHON jumps as though he had been shot. Then seeing what has happened he grins slightly at his own nervous state, and gets up from the chair moving around to the side of the table where the dishes have fallen.

There, he goes down on his knees and starts to collect them together again.

C.S. ON FLOOR

JONATHON reaches under the table for the last of the dishes, and pulls it towards him. Then quite suddenly he freezes motionless. Then he looks up.

C.S. WOMAN

From Jonathon's eyeline.

This is an upward angle, dramatising the appearance of the woman.

She is extraordinarily beautiful. She is probably about twenty-three or four, and possesses an almost perfect figure.

She is looking down at JONATHON.

TWO SHOT:

After his initial surprise, JONATHON gets to his feet. We see now that what she is wearing leaves very little to the imagination. It is a semi Grecian style gown, cut low in the bodice and gathered at one side of the skirt.

JONATHON

I...I'm sorry...I didn't hear you
come in...you startled me I'm
afraid.

He realises he is still carrying a stack of dishes. He puts them down on the table and turns back to the WOMAN who just continues to look steadily in his direction.

JONATHON

I'm Jonathon Harker...

He suspends the sentence, waiting for a reaction but instead of saying anything, the WOMAN turns lightly and moves across to the edge of the table. She runs her hand lightly along the surface, looking down for a moment, then she looks back at JONATHON. Realising he isn't going to get any help, JONATHON tries again.

JONATHON

Count Dracula left a message for
me...I assume he is away on
business...

Still nothing from the WOMAN, who continues to look half at JONATHON and half at nothing at all.

By now JONATHON is almost perspiring with embarrassment. Then to his relief the WOMAN steps forward, coming close to him.

WOMAN

Will you tell him you've seen me?

JONATHON

Who?

WOMAN

You mustn't tell him...promise me?

JONATHON

Count Dracula?

The WOMAN nods.

JONATHON

Not if you don't wish me to.

WOMAN

You'll help me won't you?

JONATHON

I'm sorry...I...

WOMAN

Say that you'll help me...please.

JONATHON

If there's anything that I can do
I'd...

WOMAN

There is...you can help me
escape...he never lets me go
out...I am confined to this
house...

JONATHON looks suitably shocked.

JONATHON

That's dreadful...but what can I
do?

The WOMAN doesn't answer for a moment, then she takes a step
closer to JONATHON.

Suddenly she stops. She hesitates for a moment as if
listening then, before JONATHON can do or say anything she
moves quickly across the room and out of one of the doors in
the fireplace wall.

JONATHON watches after her a trifle bemused, then he is swung
round by a voice.

DRACULA

(off)

Harker...

Standing in the door to the hall is COUNT DRACULA.

A tall man, his face is thin and saturnine, with deep set eyes, high cheekbones, aquiline nose, high forehead topped by jet black hair.

When he speaks we may notice that his two canine teeth are slightly longer than normal, and definitely more pointed. One gets the impression that unless he makes a conscious effort to the contrary, these teeth would lay along his lower lip. As it is he keeps them well concealed, except when he talks.

He is wearing complete and unrelieved black, a costume cut in the severest lines. Over his suit he wears a long black cloak with a high, pointed collar. He carries a black hat.

For a moment he remains in the doorway motionless, but if he has witnessed the scene with the WOMAN, he makes no sign.

He steps forward into the room with his hand outstretched,

DRACULA

I am glad that you arrived safely
my friend...you have eaten well?

JONATHON takes the proffered hand.

JONATHON

Count Dracula?

DRACULA

I am Dracula, and I welcome you to
my house. My deep and sincere
apologies that I was not here to
greet you personally. I trust that
you found everything that you
needed.

JONATHON

Thank you sir. It was most
thoughtful of you to leave a meal
for me.

DRACULA

I knew that you would be hungry
after your journey. And tired too
I've no doubt...I will show you to
your room.

He starts towards the staircase.

DRACULA

(Cont'd)

...it is most unfortunate that I have to go again immediately. Your impressions of me as a host must be abysmal, but what I must do is unavoidable.

JONATHON has started to gather his bags and cloak. But when he goes to pick up his large suitcase, DRACULA beats him to it.

DRACULA

Please, allow me...

We have perhaps noticed that this suitcase is obviously heavy by the manner in which JONATHON has carried it heretofore, always putting it down when he gets the opportunity. But Dracula takes it up as though it weighed nothing, swinging it in front of him as he moves up the stairs.

DRACULA

There are a great number of volumes to be indexed. Tomorrow, I shall show you the library where you are to work.

JONATHON

I will do the best I can sir.

DRACULA

I am sure that you will, and I count myself lucky that I have obtained the services of so noteworthy a scholar to act as my librarian.

JONATHON

As I told you sir in my letter, it will be a pleasure for me to be able to stay here where it is quiet and peaceful. The work that I shall do on your behalf is small payment for the seclusion that your house offers.

DRACULA

Then we are both satisfied...an admirable arrangement...

15 INT. PASSAGE AND STAIRS. NIGHT.

15

We are in a short passage, from which leads another run of stairs and at least one door.

When JONATHON comes into the passage, DRACULA is already standing at a door at the head of the stairs. He is holding the door open, waiting for JONATHON to precede him through.

JONATHON passes through the door in front of DRACULA. DRACULA goes after him. Then we see at the end of the passage, a door which up to now has seemed closed like the others, move tightly shut, showing that it was in fact sufficiently open for someone to have peered out.

16 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. STUDIO. NIGHT.

16

This is another large room. Here too, a fire is burning in the grate.

Against one wall is a large four poster which is turned down ready for occupation.

There is a table in the centre of the room, and two wing chairs either side of the fireplace.

There is a window in one wall, though at the moment curtains are drawn across it.

DRACULA has placed JONATHON'S suitcase on a small table by the side of the bed, and he is watching JONATHON who is putting his little black bag on the table in the centre of the room.

As JONATHON has only just replaced the diary and ink stand, the bag has not been shut, and it is on the table, gaping open.

DRACULA moves across to where JONATHON is standing.

DRACULA

I hope that you will be comfortable here, and now I must leave you. One more thing before I go, the errand that calls me out now is such that I will not be returning until after sundown tomorrow.

As he talks he glances down at JONATHON'S bag on the table.

He looks up at JONATHON.

DRACULA
...your permission?

DRACULA reaches into the bag, and from the bag DRACULA pulls a framed picture, and the DIARY. He holds the diary for a moment, then he puts it down and looks at the picture.

DRACULA
This is charming...quite
charming...

17 INSERT

17

In the frame is a picture of a very lovely lady, who we later learn is LUCY.

18 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

18

DRACULA
You are fortunate indeed to own
acquaintance with such a lovely
young person...

He looks at JONATHON.

DRACULA
...your wife perhaps?

JONATHON
My fiancée, Miss Lucy Holmwood.

DRACULA
Lucy...what a delightful name...

He puts the picture down on the table, pushing the Diary aside to do so,

DRACULA
...well I must leave you now my
friend. Once again accept my
sincere apologies for the sad way I
have been forced to neglect my
duties as host...

He moves over to the door, then turns to face JONATHON.

DRACULA
...good night to you...and I trust
that you will sleep well.

Then he is gone.

JONATHON stands for a moment looking after him.

Then there is the unmistakable sound of a key turning in the door outside.

He moves across to the door quickly and tries it. Sure enough it is locked.

He turns away from the door and looks round the room. There is no other door.

After a moment he moves across to the curtains and lifting one of them aside, he peers out.

19 EXT. WINDOW OF BEDROOM. STUDIO. NIGHT. 19

JONATHON looks down at the drive.

20 EXT. MAUSOLEUM AND DRIVE. LOT. NIGHT. 20

It is a filthy night - the wind picking up the dry leaves and blowing them about.

21 EXT. WINDOW OF BEDROOM. NIGHT. 21

JONATHON is about to turn from the window back into the room, when he stops, and looks out again.

22 EXT. MAUSOLEUM AND DRIVE. NIGHT. 22

What has caught his eye is the fact that the door which is three quarters facing him, has started to open, pushed from the inside.

After a moment there appears in the door, the cloaked figure of DRACULA.

He pushes the door shut behind him then cuts across the grounds to the drive.

There, he starts up the drive, the wind catching in his cloak and billowing it up behind him until it is level and occasionally above his shoulders.

He walks quickly, and this combined with the winged effect of his billowing cloak creates the impression of a giant bat flying along almost at ground level.

He moves on along the drive towards the Main Gates, where we see him go out.

23 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

23

JONATHON remains at the curtains looking for a moment longer, then he lets the curtain drop back into place.

After a moment he starts over to the table where he draws up a chair and sits down.

Then he takes his diary and ink well from his bag and sets them out in front of him.

He opens the diary to a fresh page, dips his pen in the ink, and after a seconds thought, he starts writing.

As he does so we Fade in his voice over.

JONATHON'S VOICE

At last I have met Count Dracula.
He accepts me as a man who has
agreed to work among his books, as
I intended. It only remains for me
now to await the daylight hours,
when with God's help I will forever
end this man's reign of terror.

DISSOLVE:

24 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

24

C.S. JONATHON

He is dozing having fallen asleep by the fire.

C.S. DOOR

The door handle starts to turn slowly as though someone is attempting to open it from the outside.

Then the handle stops turning, returns to normal, and there is the unmistakable click of the lock being turned.

C.S. JONATHON

He wakes suddenly, and after a beat, he gets to his feet and moves across to the door quickly. Then quietly and carefully he turns the handle and suddenly pulls the door open.

There is no-one there, and he advances into the passage.

25 INT. PASSAGE AND STAIRS. NIGHT.

25

JONATHON comes out and looks down the stairs. At one end even as he looks, he sees a door close softly. This was the door we saw move when JONATHON and DRACULA entered the bedroom.

JONATHON starts down the stairs towards the door he saw closing.

Reaching it, he hesitated for a second, then tries the handle.

The door opens easily, and throwing it back, looks into the room beyond.

26 INT. GOTHIC ROOM. STUDIO. NIGHT.

26

This is a vast room, completely bare and empty.

To one side there is a large stained glass window, designed like that in a church, although there is no discernible motive in the pattern of the glass. The moonlight through this is the only light source.

After a moment JONATHON steps fully into the room.

He takes a couple of steps forward, then a small sound from behind him makes him swing round.

Standing against the wall, behind the door is the WOMAN he saw earlier. Now, in the subdued light of the moon, she looks even more attractive than she did before.

She is still bare footed and wearing the same revealing gown.

JONATHON is about to say something to her when she holds up a finger to her lips.

JONATHON stops, and watches while she comes from behind the door, looks into the passage, then quickly closes the door and turns to face him again.

WOMAN

You will help me won't you?

JONATHON

Why is the Count keeping you prisoner?

WOMAN

I can't tell you that.

JONATHON hesitates for a moment.

JONATHON
Then I can't help you.

WOMAN
You're not...not one of...

She pauses.

JONATHON
One of what?

The WOMAN shakes her head.

WOMAN
No, you couldn't be...

She reaches out a hand and touches his arm.

WOMAN
...you're strong...

JONATHON
I must know why he is keeping you
prisoner.

Suddenly she blazes.

WOMAN
Why? What difference can it make?
Is it not sufficient that he keeps
me locked up...? that he starved
me...? Then he...
(she calms down)
You cannot imagine what he is like-
...the terrible things he does. I
live with fear all the time...I
dare not try to escape on my own...
he would find me wherever I hid...
bring me back here. He is a foul
wicked man...you will help me...say
that you will, there is nothing I
can do against him...you are
strong...you can fight him...

Her voice is rising toward Hysteria.

WOMAN
...you must...you don't know what
he will do to me if I can't get
away...you've got to help me...you
must...you must...you must...

As she reaches the last, she grabs the lapels of his coat and
starts to shake him for emphasis, pleading.

JONATHON grabs her hands with his and pulls them from his coat.

He stands looking at her for a moment, and she at him. A long moment.

JONATHON

I'll help you...I promise.

Tears of relief swell into her eyes, and she closes the small intervening gap between them and nestles her head on his chest.

One and circles her shoulders and he starts to pat her rather clumsily on the back.

WOMAN

Oh thank you...thank you...you'll
never regret this...never...what
you have done you'll remember to
your dying day.

C.S. JONATHON

Looking across the top of her head, a look of compassion on his face.

C.S. WOMAN

Her head is sideways on his chest with her cheek resting against him. We can see JONATHON'S neck running out of frame.

The tears have stopped now and she is cradling her head gratefully secure in the thought of masculine assistance.

Then her eyes slide sideways until she is looking towards JONATHON, and towards his neck.

It starts with a twitch of the upper lip, an uncontrollable impulse. Then the upper lip starts to curl back like that of a snarling animal, and we see the two long, sharp canine teeth.

Much too long and too sharp to belong to a normal person. Then she shifts her head sideways a fraction as though to bury her face deeper into his chest, reaches up slightly and places the two canine teeth softly onto the bare flesh of his neck.

The two teeth make tiny indentations in the flesh, then waiting for a fraction, she suddenly sinks her teeth deep into him.

At the same time there is a scream of anger form off.

JONATHON pushes the WOMAN away from him violently, and both he and the WOMAN turn towards the noise.

Standing in the door is DRACULA.

He is livid with rage. But also he is livid with something else. His whole face is puffy, especially around the jaws, and unnaturally ruddy. From either side of his mouth there runs a trickle of blood. His clothes, although black, manage to show in great damp smears, where blood has spilled and streaked across his person.

Even as we see this, he stops forward where the WOMAN is cowering a little way from JONATHON.

Ignoring JONATHON he reaches out and grabs the WOMAN by the hair with one hand. Then he yanks hard sending the WOMAN spinning across the room with a scream of pain where she lands on the floor.

Immediately she gets to her feet again, and starts towards the two men. But it is not DRACULA she heads for, it is JONATHON. She ignores DRACULA as she passes him towards JONATHON.

JONATHON puts up his hands to fend off the barrage, but before she can quite reach him DRACULA intervenes again.

Furious, he grasps her by the shoulder and spins her round but she wriggles herself free from his grip and again turns towards JONATHON. She is a wild thing now, her lips drawn back, her hair bedraggled and falling across the front of her face.

DRACULA reaches out again and grabs her by the hair. Then as before he yanks hard and sends her spinning across the room. She lands on the floor, but this time makes no attempt to get to her feet. She rests on her arms looking towards DRACULA through a tangle of hair.

Now DRACULA starts towards her. It is obvious by the menace in his movement that he intends to do something pretty brutal to the WOMAN, and JONATHON pulls himself together and makes the first move he as done since DRACULA came into the room.

He moves up behind DRACULA and grabs his arm.

JONATHON

Don't do...

But DRACULA shakes his hand away, almost unaware that it was placed there, and continues towards the WOMAN.

But JONATHON moves up behind DRACULA again, and as DRACULA starts to bend over the WOMAN, JONATHON reaches with his arms around DRACULA and drags him backwards.

For a moment it seems as though DRACULA still isn't going to take any notice. Then he straightens up, and sweeping his arms wide he breaks JONATHON'S hold as though JONATHON was a child.

JONATHON is sent rocking back a couple of paces. Then DRACULA turns to face him.

Before JONATHON can move or say anything DRACULA reaches but one hand and grabs JONATHON by the throat.

C.S. JONATHON

The spidery hand of DRACULA is around his throat, the long fingers sinking into the flesh.

JONATHON'S eyes start to bulge as he puts his two hands up and tries to break DRACULA'S grip.

But it is useless, the grip is like iron.

C.S. DRACULA

He is looking along his arm at JONATHON.

His expression is quite murderous, his lip is drawn back exposing his two long canine teeth, and the blood still staining his chin.

C.S. JONATHON

We see his hands fall away as DRACULA increases the pressure on his throat and gradually JONATHON starts to lose consciousness.

C.S. DRACULA

Gradually the face of DRACULA starts to swim out of focus, then it comes back in again, then starts out once more.

M.S.

DRACULA suddenly shoots out his arm, the one holding JONATHON to it's full extent, and lets go of JONATHON'S throat at the same time.

JONATHON goes hurtling across the room and fetches up hard against the far wall, where he sinks to the floor.

C.S. JONATHON

He rolls over on the floor and then tries to struggle to his elbow. A sharp scream from the WOMAN out of shot focuses his bleary gaze in that direction.

M.S. DRACULA AND WOMAN

Whatever it is that DRACULA did that causes the WOMAN to scream, has also caused her to lose consciousness.

He has picked her up and is carrying her towards the door.

Just before going through DRACULA stops for a beat and looks across at JONATHON. Then he goes through.

C.S. JONATHON

He starts to try and struggle to his feet. He manages to get on all fours, then he collapses as we:

TRICK DISSOLVE
TO:

27 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

27

C.S. JONATHON

He is laying on the floor, looking rather battered after his ordeal.

Then his eyes open and he takes a moment to orient himself.

The curtains are still drawn, and the fire in the grate has gone out. His diary still lays open on the page where he was working last night. Everything is as he left it.

Then in a rush he remembers what has happened to him. He gets to his feet quickly and moves over to the door. He tries the handle, but it is locked. He tugs the door for a second trying to get it open, then he moves back to the table where he has left his small black bag.

He rummages in this for a second and comes up with a small shaving mirror.

He holds this up and looks into it.

Then his hand goes to his neck and he fingers the two puckered sores under his chin, where even now the blood is still leading from, down to the collar of his jacket.

He puts the mirror down and hurries over to the window where he pulls aside the curtains. The late afternoon sunlight streams in.

He looks at his watch quickly, as he walks back to the table. There he sits and pulls his Diary toward him. He starts writing.

As he does so we fade in JONATHON'S voice:

JONATHON'S VOICE

The worst has happened...I have myself become the victim of the vampire. Should misfortune continue to befall me and I am unable to carry out my task I can only pray that whoever finds my body will possess the knowledge to do what is necessary to release my soul, and prevent me from becoming one of them...

DISSOLVE:

Shooting onto window where the sun is even lower. After a moment JONATHON comes into frame and we carry over his voice from the preceding page.

He looks out.

JONATHON'S VOICE

While my senses are still my own I must do what I set out to do...

We see that he is carrying the Diary and a small canvas pack. He starts to cock his leg over the windowsill.

JONATHON'S VOICE

(Cont'd)

I must find the resting place of Dracula and there end this existence forever...

DISSOLVE:

28 EXT. DRIVE. HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY. (SUNSET EFFECT) 28

JONATHAN is hurrying down the drive towards the main gates.

His voice still continues over as we see him glance upwards to the rapidly disappearing sun.

JONATHON'S VOICE
...soon it will be sundown and they
will walk again...I do not have
much time.

29 EXT. ROAD AND HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY. (SUNSET EFFECT) 29

He moves out through the gate until he is standing in the road.

He looks up and down, there is no-one in sight. Then he moves across the road and a slight way down from the gates and going close to a tree, he places his diary in the crotch of a branch that overhangs the road.

He steps back to see if this is visible to anyone passing along the road, then satisfied he moves back towards the gates.

SOFT WIPE TO:

30 EXT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. DAY. (SUNSET EFFECT) 30

JONATHON looks up at the sun once more, then starts towards the Mausoleum.

C.S. MAUSOLEUM. DOOR.

JONATHON comes into pictures, and moves to the door to the mausoleum. It looks as though it is permanently shut and weathered into place.

But JONATHON knows better. He puts his shoulder against the door and it gives slightly.

Standing back he starts to run his hand up the edge of the cornice, looking for a catch.

After a few moments he finds what he is looking for and the door swings slight outwards. Hefting his roll in his hand, JONATHON steps into the gloom.

31

INT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. DAY. (SUNSET)

31

The only light is a shaft of hard sun through the open door, and this seems to be swallowed up in the stygian gloom that pervades the entire mausoleum.

The two coffins that we saw earlier still rest quietly where they were, and it seems that the dust of ages lies around and over everything.

Slowly JONATHON approaches the coffins, he goes to the larger one first, and after steeling himself, he suddenly throws back the lid.

C.S. DRACULA

He is laying there, eyes shut. All the sins of the world are etched in the lines of his face. In his relaxed position the two long canines are plainly visible, and there are still smears of blood on his face.

C.S. JONATHON

He looks for a moment longer, then turns to the smaller of the two coffins. He throws back the lid of this one too.

C.S. WOMAN

She too is lying with her eyes closed. Her expression is that of a well fed cat. A trickle of blood runs from the corner of her mouth, down her neck and across the upper portion of her breasts.

Even with the complete relaxation, the deathlike trance, she still looks eminently desirable.

C.S. JONATHON

He takes his roll, and untying the cords that hold it he rolls it out on the edge of the plinth of the smaller coffin.

It exposes a short handled, iron headed hammer, and a number of needle sharp wooden stakes, about a foot long.

He takes the hammer in his right hand, and one of the stakes in his left, then he steps closer to the WOMAN'S coffin.

Then he leans over the coffin.

C.S. WOMAN

JONATHON'S hand comes into frame, the one holding the sharpened stake.

He places the point just under the WOMAN'S left breast, and we see it hollow an indentation in the skin.

C.S. JONATHON ACROSS COFFIN.

We are shooting across the top of the open coffin lid, and can see JONATHON'S upper body as he stands on the far side of the raised lid.

We see him steel himself, then raise his right hand, the one with the hammer.

After a moments pause, he brings it down hard onto the stake, out of picture.

There is a sudden shattering scream of agony, but JONATHON doesn't falter. He brings the hammer down again, and then again.

Then he steps back weakly watching what is happening in the coffin.

The noise is indescribable, a half scream, a half moan, which after a while starts to diminish to a whimper.

C.S. DRACULA.

He is still as we saw him last, but quite suddenly his eyes begin to open, and he rolls his head sideways.

C.S. JONATHON'S BACK.

DRACULA'S eyeline. Then the eyeline switches slightly and moves over to a small window. The red of the sunset has gone, and already it is twilight.

C.S. JONATHON.

He is still looking down into the coffin of the WOMAN. The noise has almost completely died out now, and then with a small whimper there is silence.

JONATHON leans forward and looks into the coffin more closely.

Where there was a beautiful young girl, there is now the body of a very, very old woman. Still dressed in what the girl was wearing, she lays there almost crumpling before your eyes, so old is she.

C.S. WOMAN

We can see the end of the stake protruding from her breast.

Then cutting across the shot, the lid of the coffin closes.

C.S. JONATHON

Having closed the lid, he still stands there a moment getting over the horror of his experience. Then realising he has not finished, he takes another stake and turns to the coffin of DRACULA.

Then he freezes to immobility.

C.S. COFFIN

It is empty. An indentation in the soil that lays at the bottom of the coffin showing where the Count lay.

C.S. JONATHON

He stares, unable to believe his eyes, then a sound pulls him round sharply.

EYELINE TO DOOR.

The door of the mausoleum is just swinging shut. Even as we see it, it slams hard with a solid clunk, and practically all light is cut off.

After a moment there is a shuffle of feet, a small gasp. Then there is silence again.

The silence stretches and stretches for a long as it can be held.

Then there is a scream, a wild pain filled scream that pierces the silence like a knife.

On the high point of this scream we

DISSOLVE:

This is the tap room of the local Inn, situated at the nearest town or village to the House of Dracula.

There is a crude bar down one side, and either side of the fireplace there are high back wing benches. There are perhaps half a dozen men standing at one end of the bar, while at the other end is VAN HELSING. The LANDLORD stands behind the bar, and his position makes it obvious that he is with the half a dozen as opposed to HELSING.

HELSING is a tall, well built man, with a lean distinguished face. He is immaculately dressed although not sporting any particular fripperies in his costume, rather is it a sober colour and slightly severely cut outfit.

HELSING is talking to the others. Whatever it is he's trying to find out he isn't having much success and his patience is beginning to wear thin, and he is getting very angry.

HELSING

I am simply asking you to tell me
where he went when he left here...
can't you get it into your heads
that's all I want to know.

He looks at the men, staring at each one for a moment, then passing onto the next. They all regard him in a mute truculence, and not a little fear. He relaxes slightly... perhaps a little ashamed at having insulted them.

HELSING

I will start again at the
beginning...

He taps a letter that is laying on the counter in front of him.

HELSING

...I have a letter dated three days
ago, from a Jonathon Harker. He
says he is going to stop here
overnight and is due to catch the
postchaise tomorrow...Did he or did
he not catch the postchaise? And if
he did, which direction did he
take...?

Still there is nothing from the men.

HELSING

(shouts)
I must know where he went.

The LANDLORD takes a step forward.

LANDLORD

Look, whoever you are. You came in this place after information. We can't give it to you. Now why don't you leave us alone.

HELSING

I cannot leave you alone...this is a matter of life or death. For the last time...where did Jonathon Harker go when he left here?

LANDLORD

(angry now)

And for the last time...we don't know nothing about it.

Suddenly HELSING straightens up and strides across to the window set just to the left of the door. The window frame is hung with strings of garlic.

He reaches up and tears down one of these strings.

LANDLORD

Hey...what are...?

HELSING turns towards him with the string of garlic in his hand.

HELSING

Look at this...garlic..here to...

He points to the top of the door where there is more garlic strung along.

HELSING

...everywhere garlic.

He throws the string of garlic onto the floor and comes back to the bar. All the men are watching him very closely now.

HELSING

Why is that garlic kept there?

LANDLORD

It's drying...

HELSING

It's there as a protection. It's your protection against Vampires... we all know vampires cannot tolerate garlic.

(MORE)

HELSING (CONT'D)

But can't you get it into your
thick heads that the information
I'm seeking could end forever
this...this terror you live in.
Jonathon Harker came here to help
you...I must know where he was
going if I am to finish the work he
started.

LANDLORD

It should never have been
started...there are some things
that are best left undone...now
leave us alone...we will tell you
nothing.

He turns away from HELSING as do the others, and finally
HELSING relaxes inside of himself and starts across towards
the fire.

HELSING

Bring me some supper.

LANDLORD

(shouting)

Inga...

He shouts in the direction of the kitchen door which stands
open.

After a moment a pretty young girl sticks her head out of the
kitchen.

LANDLORD

Bring him some supper.

The head disappears.

Meanwhile HELSING has moved over to one of the high backed
benches by the fire.

HELSING slips off his cloak, and hangs it over the back of
the bench, then he sits.

He pulls the letter out again and reads it, his brow furrowed
with worry and concentration, then he looks up as INGA comes
round the back of the bench carrying a tray with the cutlery
etcetera for his supper.

We notice that where HELSING is sitting is completely
screened from the rest of the bar.

He smiles a little tiredly at INGA as he starts to put the letter back in his pocket, then he notices INGA is looking at him hard, trying to pass some sort of a signal. She has put the tray down on the table beside him, now she leans close to him.

INGA

This was found and brought here...
nobody can read it...they told me
to burn it...but he...he was such a
kind gentleman.

She lifts the corner of the napkin on the tray. There is the Diary.

Then as he smiles his thanks to INGA, she moves away.

Checking that he cannot be seen, he slips the Diary out from under the napkin, and flips open the cover. Written on the fly leaf is:

The Diary of Jonathon Harker.

DISSOLVE:

33

EXT. ROAD AND HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY.

33

We are outside the main Gates, which now stand fully open.

After a moment the figure of VAN HELSING moves into shot.

He is about to go through the gates when there is the sound of a shout and the crack of a whip from inside the gates, followed by the rumbling of wheels.

Suddenly HELSING jumps back into the protection of the gate pillars as from the drive there rumbles a huge horse drawn hearse.

It is being driven fast by an obviously terrified man, who doesn't even see HELSING. The hearse is drawn by two huge dray horses, coal black with high nodding plumes on their foreheads.

Through the undrawn curtains into the hearse proper we can see a large ornate coffin which is slipping and sliding from side to side with the momentum of the hearse.

The hearse turns out of the gates, rocks round onto the road and thunders off down the tree lined avenue sending up clouds of dust.

HELSING steps back into the road and looks off after the hearse for a moment, then he turns and starts through the gates.

34 EXT. DRIVE. DAY. 34

In the drive he starts up towards the house.

After a few paces something off shot catches his eye.

35 EXT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. DAY. 35

From his eyeline we can see the mausoleum, the door of which stands open.

36 EXT. DRIVE. DAY. 36

After a moment HELSING turns and continues his way up the drive.

37 EXT. COURTYARD AND FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY. 37

HELSING comes into shot.

The door stands half-open, and HELSING gives it a push and steps onto the threshold.

38 INT. DINING ROOM. HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY. 38

Shooting towards the door that leads to the Hall.

After a moment there appears in the door the figure of HELSING. He looks around him.

The dining room is as we last saw it, the dirty dishes that JONATHON left after his dinner, remaining untouched.

HELSING enters the room and calls.

HELSING
(calling)
Harker.

He is answered by a faint echo. He calls again, louder.

HELSING
(calls)
Harker.

Still just the echo. He crosses to the stairs and starts to walk up them.

39 INT. PASSAGE. DAY. 39

He comes into the passage, looks around him. The door of JONATHON'S bedroom stands open.

He goes across and into JONATHON'S bedroom.

40 INT. JONATHON'S BEDROOM. DAY. 40

This room too is exactly as it was when we last saw it, except for JONATHON'S belongings. The cases are open and their contents are strewn around them. The lining of the cases too have been ripped out.

HELSING moves into the room, then something catches his eye.

Standing on the table is the frame that held the picture of LUCY. He picks it up and looks at it.

41 INSERT 41

The frame is still intact...but it is empty. The photograph has been torn out of it.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

42 EXT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. DAY. 42

HELSING comes into frame and stops outside the door. After a moment he steps into the Mausoleum.

43 INT. DRACULA MAUSOLEUM. DAY. 43

Inside things are as they always were, the two coffins resting on their respective plinths.

HELSING moves over to the smaller of the two, and tries the lid tentatively. It opens and he looks in.

C.S. WOMAN

There is the old, old woman, complete with stake through her heart.

C.S. HELSING

He looks at her for a moment, then he lowers the lid and turns to the other coffin.

He opens this one too, then gasps with horror at what he sees.

C.S. JONATHON

Resting where DRACULA has rested is what remains of JONATHON HARKER.

Completely drained of all blood, what is left is merely skin over a skeleton. The skeleton hands are crossed in mock reverence over the chest, and the skull grins up at HELSING malevolently.

C.S. HELSING

He is looking down at the body of JONATHON, then he bends closer.

C.S. JONATHON

A closer shot of what is left of JONATHON shows the marks on the skin of his neck. The marks of the vampire.

C.S. HELSING

He straightens up slowly, and we Fade in the voice of JONATHON.

JONATHON'S VOICE

...I can only pray that whoever discovers my body will have the knowledge to do what is necessary to release my soul, thereby preventing me from becoming one of them...

Almost as though he has heard JONATHON talking HELSING looks down at the coffin again.

Then he turns and looks round the mausoleum.

Immediately he sees the Hammer and Stake that JONATHON was going to use. He bends down to pick them up and we:

DISSOLVE:

44

INT. SITTING ROOM. STUDIO. DAY.

44

This is the sitting room of the Holmwood's house. It is comfortably furnished in the best of taste, contrasting with the bleak severity of the House of Dracula.

The style of furniture and dressing tells us that we are still on the Continent.

We see VAN HELSING, overcoated, his hat on a nearby chain. He stands talking to ARTHUR and MINA HOLMWOOD.

HELISING

I realise how fantastic my request must sound, but I must ask you once again not to press me for details of Jonathon's death.

ARTHUR

You mean you still refuse to tell us...

HELISING

I'm afraid that is so.

ARTHUR

I won't accept your refusal.

MINA rests her hand on her husband's arm.

MINA

(gently)

Arthur.

ARTHUR

No, Mina...please allow me to handle this.

(to Helsing)

I find your whole story of Jonathon's death suspicious in the extreme. You come here and tell us that he is dead, then you refuse to tell us the manner in which he died. How are we to know you are telling the truth? Perhaps he is not dead at all.

HELISING

(coldly)

You have the death certificate.

ARTHUR waves the paper he holds in his hand.

ARTHUR
'Death by natural causes'...and
signed by you. I'm afraid that is
just not good enough.

MINA
Doctor Helsing how long ago was it?

HELSING
Ten days ago. I would have let you
know...

ARTHUR
Ten days! Then why have we not
received his body?

HELSING
(a beat)
The body of Jonathon Harker was
cremated, Mr. Holmwood.

ARTHUR
Cremated! By whose authority?

HELSING
Mine.

This is too much for ARTHUR:

ARTHUR
You're out of your mind...you're
insane.

MINA
Arthur!

MINA stands up between the two men.

MINA
You must forgive my husband, Doctor
Helsing. You must also appreciate
his feelings.

HELSING
(to Mina)
Be assured that I do. In return, I
must ask you to appreciate mine.
Jonathon Harker and I were very
close friends. His death was
possibly more of a loss to me
than...to either of you.

MINA senses his sincerity.

MINA

I'm sorry.

HELSING

(to Arthur)

Now may I remind you that it was not you, nor your charming wife I came to see, but Jonathon's fiancée, your sister Lucy?

ARTHUR

I forbid you to see my sister.

HELSING

(a beat)

That is up to you of course. If you refuse me permission to see her then I must accept that refusal.

He turns to MINA

HELSING

I trust that Miss Lucy will not suffer too much at the news of her fiancée's death.

(to Arthur)

I can show myself out.

He leaves.

ARTHUR

I shall report his actions to the police.

MINA

Arthur, dear, he is Doctor Van Helsing, a lecturer at Utrecht University and one of the most respected men in his own country.

ARTHUR is about to intercept, but MINA stops him.

MINA

He was also one of Jonathon's closest friends.

ARTHUR is deflated.

MINA

And he had ridden more than a hundred miles to see us Arthur - and to break the news to Lucy.

ARTHUR
Mina, Lucy is sick.

MINA
She will have to learn sometime,
Arthur.

ARTHUR
But from us Mina - not from him.
We'll see how she is this evening -
decide then.

DISSOLVE:

THERE IS NO SCENE NO. 45

46

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

46

This is a ground floor room with wide French Windows leading onto a patio and to the garden beyond.

There is a feminine touch to the room in the chimes and drapes, and the matching dressing table.

In a bed, set against one wall, sits LUCY.

She is a very beautiful young lady, although now she looks as though she is just recovering from a long illness.

She is propped up with pillows behind her back and she is looking at MINA and ARTHUR who are standing at the foot of her bed.

LUCY
It is a premonition I have...I know
that he will be home soon...

She smiles a delightful smile.

LUCY
...go on you two, put it down to
the delirious ravings...Jonathon
will be home inside of a week. Then
we'll see how long I remain an
invalid...I won't need old pompous
Doctor Seward to tell me he doesn't
know what's wrong with me...

ARTHUR and MINA don't say a word. Finally MINA smiles and steps forward.

MINA

Of course dear. Why don't you lie down now and try to go to sleep... here, let me take one of those pillows.

MINA removes a pillow from behind LUCY'S back and LUCY sinks back.

MINA bends forward and kisses LUCY on the forehead.

MINA

Good night dear.

LUCY

Good night Mina...good night Arthur...and stop standing there like a big brother...looking all ferocious.

Suddenly on an impulse ARTHUR comes round the side of the bed and he too kisses LUCY on the forehead.

LUCY

My, we are affectionate this evening. Now why don't the two of you go into the parlour and turn down the lights...or has the novelty worn off after a month of wedded bliss. It won't with Jonathon and me...you'll see.

Another look flashes between MINA and ARTHUR. This time LUCY intercepts it.

LUCY

What's the matter with you two this evening...you're like a couple of old bears.

MINA

It's nothing dear, you're imagining things. Now try and get some sleep.

The two of them move over to the door from the bedroom, MINA picking up the lamp en route.

They stop at the door and turn to LUCY again.

MINA

Good night dear.

ARTHUR

Good night Lucy

LUCY
Good night both of you.

They exit.

As the door closes quietly behind them LUCY'S pose of apparent lightheartedness seems to drop off her and she rolls over on the pillow looking towards the French Windows, through which the moonlight streams.

C.S. LUCY

On her neck, plainly visible are two puncture marks. The mark of the Vampire.

She lay there a moment looking out of the window, then after a slight pause, she sits up.

She throws back the bedclothes and slips out of the bed. There is a dressing gown at the foot of her bed, but she doesn't bother with this.

In her extremely diaphanous and low cut nightgown she goes straight to the door of the room.

There she presses her ear up against the door for a second, and hearing nothing she straightens up.

Then she puts out her hand and turns the key in the lock, silently so that the click is barely audible.

Then she starts over towards the French Windows. Her movements are almost hypnotic.

She stands by the French Windows for a moment, then she leans forward and unlocks them. Then she pulls them open.

A breath of night air caresses the hem of her night gown and she shivers uncontrollably, then she steps back a pace looking toward the open French Window.

Then she turns and starts back toward the bed.

She reaches the edge of the bed, and raising her arms she undoes the small clip on the gold chain that bears a crucifix which hangs round her neck. She takes the crucifix and lays it on the bedside table.

Then she eases the nightdress from her shoulders and lays down on the bed, looking towards the open French Windows as we:

DISSOLVE:

47

INT. HELSING'S HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT.

47

This is a suite at what is obviously the best hotel in Town.

The camera features what must be one of the original Dictaphone recording machines. The framework is of wrought-iron and the black recording cylinder wobbles slightly on its axis, causing the needle to rock up and down as it follows the groove.

The scratchy voice which comes from the horn barely recognizable as that of VAN HELSING, whom the camera discovers leaning against the wall, smoking an ornate pipe and listening intently to his record of all that he saw at Castle Dracula.

HELISING

(distorted voice)

...on entering the bedroom, I discovered Jonathon Harker's belongings strewn across the room. The lining of his bag had been torn out in a manner to suggest that someone had been making a desperate search for something. For what...? For Jonathon's diary?...

HELISING has crossed to the table on which are set out all HARKER'S belongings from the bedroom at Castle Dracula, including the diary, which HELISING picks up.

HELISING

(distorted voice)

On the floor, I discovered a silver portrait frame. The glass was shattered and the portrait had been ripped out...a torn piece still remained in one corner...

There is a discreet knock at the door.

HELISING

Well?

HELISING crosses to the machine and switches it off, as the door opens to reveal an UNDER MANAGER. He glances nervously at the recording machine.

UNDER MANAGER

A thousand apologies for disturbing you, Doctor Van Helsing...it is necessary to ascertain when you consider you will be vacating this suite of rooms...other clients, you understand

HELSING

I don't know yet...possibly tomorrow...possibly not.
(dismissing him)
I'll let you now.

UNDER MANAGER

The manager would consider it a personal favour if you would give him as much notice as...

HELSING

(firmly)
I said I'll let you know.
Goodnight.

UNDER MANAGER

(he isn't sure whether he has made his point or not)
Er - goodnight, doctor.

With a final glance at the 'infernal machine' he retreats.

HELSING moves back to the Dictaphone and, lifting the needle, drops it back a couple of grooves. He switches on again. The voice grinds up to speed.

HELSING

(voice distort)
...the glass was shattered and the portrait had been ripped out...a torn piece still remained in one corner...

HELSING is looking thoughtfully at the frame.

HELSING

(voice distort)
Whose portrait was it? Was it that of Jonathon's fiancée, Lucy?...if so, why had Dracula taken it?... What could he have wanted with it?

CUT OR MIX:

48

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

48

LUCY is still laying on top of the bedclothes with her head turned towards the French Windows, where the curtains are moving restlessly in the night breeze.

Then across the window there passes a fleeting shadow.

C.S. LUCY

She stiffens momentarily, then relaxes again, waiting.

C.S. DRACULA

He is standing just inside the French Windows. He is dressed as when we last saw him, in complete unrelieved black, with his long high collared cloak.

His eyes are blazing in his head with hypnotic intensity.

Then he smiles a tight little smile that reels back his upper lip exposing his two canine teeth.

C.S. LUCY

Expressionless, waiting.

C.S. DRACULA

Slowly he starts towards her as we:

DISSOLVE:

49

INT. HALL. DAY

49

GERDA the housekeeper is just opening the door to disclose a rat and rather pompous DOCTOR SEWARD.

GERDA looks very upset.

SEWARD

Morning

MINA

(voice)

Is that the doctor?

GERDA

Yes Ma'am.

They turn as MINA comes from LUCY'S room.

MINA

Good morning Doctor Seward...I'm so glad you could come.

SEWARD is removing his cloak.

SEWARD

I came as soon as I got your message my dear. What seems to be the trouble this morning?

MINA

She's worse Doctor...much worse.

GERDA looks as if she might burst into tears.

SEWARD

I see, well it's no more than I expected.

MINA

That'll be all for the moment Gerda.

GERDA

Yes'm...

She bobs a curtsy, and with a final sniff she leaves.

MINA turns to the DOCTOR as she starts leading him towards LUCY'S room.

MINA

Poor Gerda, she does love Lucy so, she can't bear that she should be ill.

DOCTOR

These domestics are all the same my dear. They form personal attachments to those they work for.

MINA

Oh I don't think there's anything unhealthy in the way Gerda feels. She has a little girl you know... Lucy is very good to her.

DOCTOR

Be that as it may my dear, domestic's place is in the kitchen...shall we go in.

They are outside LUCY'S door.

MINA

Of course.

MINA opens the door and she goes in followed by SEWARD.

50

INT. LUCY'S ROOM. DAY.

50

LUCY is lying in bed. She looks like death, as though most of the blood has been drained from her body, which in fact it has been. She is in some sort of a coma, and she doesn't move or open her eyes as the two of them move in, one either side of the bed.

SEWARD picks up her limp wrist and starts to take her pulse.

MINA

She was like this this morning when
I came in to wake her. She hasn't
stirred.

SEWARD

Hmph.

He hangs on to the wrist for a couple more seconds then drops it. He leans over LUCY and lifts one of her eye lids and peers into her eyes.

Then he straightens up. MINA looks at him.

SEWARD

Hmph.

MINA

What is it Doctor?

SEWARD

It's difficult to put into words
that the laymen...

He smiles.

SEWARD

...laywomen, would understand I'm
afraid.

MINA

Can't you tell me anything?

SEWARD

It's...it's a rare form of
anaemia...that's what's sapping her
strength.

MINA

What about those marks on her neck?

SEWARD

What marks?

MINA

There...look.

SEWARD looks, then looks again, more closely. Then he
straightens up again.

SEWARD

They've got nothing to do with her
condition, anything at all.

MINA

Then what are they?

SEWARD

Just some form of sting...mosquito
probably...

He turns from the bed and starts toward the door.

SEWARD

Keep on with the treatments as I
have prescribed.

MINA

It has done very little good.

SEWARD

Please...allow me to be the judge
of that.

He looks at MINA pompously for a moment, and finally MINA
nods.

MINA

Very well doctor...I'll show you
out.

She opens the door for SEWARD and they go into the hall.

51

INT. HALL. DAY

51

Just as MINA and SEWARD come from LUCY'S room, a little girl about seven comes running from the door that leads to the kitchen. This is VERA, GERDA'S daughter. She goes straight to MINA.

VERA

May I go and see Aunt Lucy now?

SEWARD

No child you can't.

VERA looks towards him.

VERA

Why not?

MINA

Aunt Lucy is sick.

VERA looks back at MINA.

VERA

What's the matter with her?

MINA

She's...she's just not very well.

She turns back to SEWARD.

VERA

Don't you know what's wrong with her?

SEWARD

Of course I do child.

VERA

They why don't you make her better?

MINA

Hush vera.

VERA

Well why doesn't he, he's the doctor. My mummy says he's...

MINA

Vera. We don't want to know what Mummy says. Now run along, there's a good girl.

GERDA

(off)

Vera...where are you?

They turn as GERDA comes from the kitchen.

GERDA

How many times have I told you
child that you mustn't go bothering
Mrs. Holmwood.

VERA

I only wanted to see Auntie Lucy.

GERDA

Well you can't...now come back to
the kitchen. I'm sorry Ma'am.

MINA

That's alright Gerda.

She smiles as VERA runs off, then rejoins the DOCTOR who has
donned his cloak.

SEWARD

I shall be round again tomorrow.
Until then, remember, plenty of
fresh air...you might even try
leaving the garden doors open
tonight. We'll soon blow the grims
out of her system eh...

He turns to the door and opens it.

SEWARD

Bye my dear...and don't worry.

MINA

Good bye Doctor.

She closes the door behind her, looking as though she has
every intention of worrying.

DISSOLVE:

52

INT. HELSING'S HOTEL SUITE. DAY.

52

The room is empty. On the table, JONATHON'S possessions have
been tied into a neat bundle.

There is a knock at the door.

HELISING
(voice)
Come in.

The outer door opens to reveal MINA. She stands on the threshold, not liking to come in.

HELISING
(voice)
I'm so glad you could come, Miss
Lucy. I just...

The bedroom door has opened and Helsing enters. He stops dead when he sees MINA. There is an awkward silence.

MINA
(embarrassed)
Good morning.

HELISING
Good morning, Mrs. Holmwood. Won't
you come in?

As he ushers her in, he glares at an unopened letter which MINA carries in her gloved hand. He takes it from her.

HELISING
I see that the note I sent Miss
Lucy was intercepted...by your
husband?

MINA
No, it was I.

HELISING
No matter. It was simply that I
wanted Miss Lucy to have these.
They were Jonathon's.

He indicates the bundle.

MINA
I have to explain, doctor, that
Lucy is sick. We have not told her
yet.

HELISING
I see, well, I wish her a speedy
recovery, in the meantime, perhaps
you would be good enough to...

He has picked up the silver picture frame. Suddenly he realises the implication of what MINA has just said. He turns to her.

HELISING
How long has she been sick?

MINA
A few days...Doctor Seward says it
is a form of anaemia, but...

HELISING
(urgently)
I must see Miss Lucy...Immediately
...and this time your husband must
not stop me...

MIX TO:

53 INT. LUCY'S ROOM. DAY.

53

LUCY is laying on her back with her head turned away from
CAMERA so that the mark on her neck is not visible.

After a moment a hand comes into picture and shakes her
gently by the shoulder.

As her eyes open, CAMERA eases back to disclose MINA, who is
shaking her awake, and VAN HELSING standing behind her.

MINA
Lucy dear...I've brought someone to
see you.

LUCY takes a second to orientate herself. When she speaks her
voice is faint and quite without expression.

LUCY
Hello Mina...I was asleep.

MINA
I know dear.

LUCY
Who's this?

MINA
This is a Dr. Van Helsing...he
was...he's a friend of Jonathon's.

LUCY
Jonathon's dead, isn't he?

MINA and HELSING exchange quick glances.

LUCY
He is isn't he?

She is rather matter of fact about the whole thing.

Finally MINA nods.

LUCY
I knew that he was.

MINA
Darling, who told you was it
Arthur?

LUCY shakes her head.

MINA
Who then?

LUCY looks at her.

LUCY
Nobody told me...I just knew that's
all. Is that why Dr. Van Helsing is
here?

MINA
Partly...but how did you...?

LUCY
I'm sorry you've had a wasted
journey, sir.

VAN HELSING smiles.

HELSING
Not at all...I understand that you
are not well.

LUCY
That's what they say.

HELSING
(gently)
Do you mind if I just have a look
at your neck?

LUCY flashes him a glance of suspicion. Her hand
automatically goes to her neck to cover the marks.

HELSING
It's quite alright, I won't hurt
you.

Gently but quite firmly he pulls LUCY'S hand away from her
neck until he can quite clearly see the marks of the vampire.

MINA

Doctor Seward said they were some
sort of a sting...a bite of some
sort.

HELSING straightens up slowly.

HELSING

When did they first appear?

MINA

When she was first taken ill.

HELSING stands for a moment, then he turns to MINA.

HELSING

Please will you show me out?

MINA looks at him a little surprised at his abruptness.

MINA

Of course.

He bows perfunctorily to LUCY who stares back at him, then he
starts for the door, MINA follows.

54

INT. HALL. DAY.

54

HELSING comes out of LUCY'S room, followed by MINA. As MINA
closes the door behind her she sees HELSING deep in thought.
Then HELSING looks up.

HELSING

Are you sure that she could not
have know about the death of
Jonathon Harker?

MINA

Quite sure, I cannot understand
it...and she is taking it so well
...it, it frightens me.

HELSING

You have cause to be frightened.
Now I would like to try something
...something that may make her well
again.

MINA

Oh if only you could...anything.

HELSING

(riding)

I'm not promising anything, but if you do what I say, I shall know in the morning whether my suspicions are correct. If they are then perhaps we can think of some way to further the cure.

MINA

What is it that you want me to do?

HELSING

First I want some garlic...I want the bulbs and the flowers. Do you know where I can get any?

MINA

Here...we have a profusion of it in the garden.

HELSING

Good. Now I want you to pick as many flowers of this plant as possible and put them in vases. These vases you will stand around in Miss Lucy's room...

MINA starts to say something.

HELSING

...let me finish. Then you will take some bulbs of garlic and slice them. These you will rub along the frames of the doors and the windows of the room. Seal the room with garlic if you can understand what I mean.

MINA

I can understand your actions, but for the life of me I cannot see what your motives may be.

HELSING

One other thing...the windows and the doors in Miss Lucy's room must be kept tight shut from dusk to dawn.

MINA

But Doctor Seward left instructions to the contrary.

Suddenly HELSING blazes...not with rage so much as a righteous indignation that such a thing could be happening.

HELSING

I do not care what this Doctor Seward said. Do what I have told you, and we may be able to save the young girl in there. Do not do it, and she will die as sure as I am standing here.

On MINA'S horrified look we:

DISSOLVE:

55 INT. HALL. NIGHT.

55

MINA comes up from the kitchen carrying a vase of garlic flowers, which she carries into LUCY'S room.

56 INT. LUCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

56

LUCY is laying back in bed. She doesn't seem as composed as when we last saw her, rather is she restless, tossing from side to side on the bed.

She looks up as MINA comes in with another vase to join the five or six that are already placed at various points around the room.

LUCY

Why Mina...why?

MINA

Never you mind. Dr. Van Helsing is a very clever man...Dr. Seward hasn't seemed to be able to do any good, we'll see what happens now.

LUCY

But they smell...they smell terrible.

MINA

That's probably why he suggested them. You've been bitten by something...the garlic is to keep it out of the room. That's why we're having the windows shut as well.

LUCY subsides weakly onto her pillow again.

LUCY
If you say so Mina...

MINA
I do say so...now you try and get
some sleep. Are you sure you don't
mind Arthur and I going out?

LUCY
Of course not...these business
dinners are so important to Arthur.

MINA bends down and kisses LUCY on the forehead.

MINA
Good night my dear.

LUCY
Good night Mina.

MINA takes up the lamp and gets to the door. She looks back
at LUCY once more from the door, then she goes out.

57 INT. HALL. NIGHT.

57

ARTHUR is just getting into his cloak and hat. He turns when
he sees MINA.

ARTHUR
Hurry my dear...we don't want to be
late.

MINA
I am ready, except for my cloak...

She looks up as GERDA comes downstairs carrying MINA'S cloak.

She holds it up for MINA to put on.

MINA
Thank you Gerda...we won't be too
late.

GERDA
Away with you both and have a good
time. And don't worry about Miss
Lucy. I'll watch over her.

MINA smiles her thanks.

ARTHUR has moved over to the front door and is holding it
open for MINA.

MINA, followed by GERDA comes to the door and goes out.

ARTHUR
Good night Gerda.

GERDA
Good night sir.

ARTHUR goes out, and GERDA hangs on to the front door watching them for a moment to see that they get off safely.

Then she comes in and shuts the door behind her.

She turns and starts for the kitchen. She is just about to go through when she has an afterthought, and she moves over to the door to LUCY'S room instead.

She stops for a moment with her ear pressed up to the door, listening.

Then she moves back in the direction of the kitchen.

DISSOLVE:

58 INT. LUCY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

58

Start on a vase of garlic flowers and pan across to LUCY.

She is tossing and turning in bed in some sort of a daze.

C.S. LUCY.

Suddenly her eyes snap open and she lays for a moment unable to orientate herself.

Then she rolls her head sideways and looks towards the French Windows.

C.S. FRENCH WINDOWS

They are shut tight and a vase of garlic flowers is standing on each sill either side of the door.

C.S. LUCY

Her face wrinkles up in an expression half of distaste, which changes to one of loathing.

She struggles to a sitting position, stares at the flowers as if hypnotised. Then suddenly, she calls out...

LUCY
(calling)
Mina...Mina...

She looks round her again.

C.S. VASE OF FLOWERS

Standing on her bedside table.

C.S. LUCY

Suddenly she can stand it no more.

LUCY
(calling)
Mina...

She sweeps her hand round and knocks the vase by the bedside flying.

It hits. The floor and shatters.

C.S. DOOR.

At the same time the door opens and GERDA comes in. She sees the shattered vase and LUCY sitting up in bed.

GERDA
Heavens child...what is it...

M.S.

She hurries over to the edge of the bed.

LUCY
Oh Gerda...these flowers...I can't
stand them...

GERDA looks around her sniffing.

GERDA
They are strong aren't they...but
Mrs. Holmwood said that...

LUCY
I don't care what she said Gerta...
you must take them out...please...
please...

C.S. GERDA

She stands there for a moment wondering what to do.

C.S. LUCY

She is looking pleadingly at GERDA:

LUCY
Please Gerda...they make me feel so
ill.

M.S.

Suddenly GERDA makes up her mind.

GERDA
Alright Miss Lucy...I'll take them
out.

She moves over to one of the vases and picks it up.

LUCY
And the windows Gerda...you'll open
the windows...

GERDA
Yes Miss if that's what you want.

She goes out with the vase leaving the door open.

C.S. LUCY

She lies down in the bed again, then she rolls her head in
the direction of the French Windows.

There is something almost like a smile at the corner of her
mouth.

DISSOLVE:

59

INT. LUCY'S ROOM. DAY.

59

We start on a close shot of LUCY, showing plainly the two
marks on her throat.

She is still with the stillness of death.

After a moment CAMERA starts to pull back at the same time as
a sheet is pulled up over her face.

We can hear muffled sobs from out of picture, and as we get further back we see it is MINA.

Also in the room are SEWARD, who has covered LUCY up and ARTHUR.

SEWARD turns from the bed and looks at ARTHUR.

SEWARD

...There was nothing I could do.

ARTHUR says nothing. He moves over to MINA and puts his arm around her as SEWARD moves across towards the window. Then they all turn as there is a knock on the door.

It opens to disclose GERDA. She too has been crying, now she looks apologetic.

GERDA

I'm sorry sir...there's a Mr. Van Helsing...he insists on seeing you...

ARTHUR seems almost unable to believe his ears for a moment then he steps forward.

ARTHUR

He insists does he...I'll tell...

He gets no further. The door is pushed wide open from behind GERDA and HELSING strides in past her.

HELSING

Is it true what this woman tells me?

He looks round, then his gaze fixes on the figure of LUCY under the bedclothes.

He strides over to the bed quickly and lifts the sheet from her face.

Then he lets the sheet fall back. He turns to the others livid.

HELSING

Well?

They all look at him as though he is mad.

HELSING

Who is responsible for this?

Finally ARTHUR steps forward.

ARTHUR

This is your doing Helsing. YOU are responsible.

HELSING

(gently)

Mrs. Holmwood...did you do as I told you?

SEWARD

She did...and that is the reason the poor child has been taken from us.

HELSING

(coldly)

You are doctor Seward?

SEWARD

I am, and I...

HELSING

Well Doctor...are you proud of your work?

SEWARD

What do you mean sir?

HELSING

This girl here...this dead girl.

SEWARD becomes almost apoplectic

SEWARD

I've heard of you Helsing...you're an important man...a clever man it's been said. But by what right did you assume the responsibility of deciding what was best for my patient...especially in view of the fact that it was completely opposite to the treatment I prescribed...tell me that sir.

HELSING looks at him steadily.

HELSING

For what were you treating her Doctor?

This is a bit of a setback for SEWARD, but he rallies after a beat.

SEWARD

Mrs. Holmwood here informs me that acting under your instructions she filled this room with evil smelling flowers and shut...

HELSING

I know what my instructions were...

SEWARD

Then you know that she died as a direct result of what you ordered Mrs. Holmwood to do.

HELSING

I know nothing of the sort.

SEWARD

The room was sealed up with all the windows and doors shut tight...it's no wonder the poor child died... even had she been a person of normal health she would have probably suffered the same fate.

He turns to ARTHUR.

HELSING

You believe him?

ARTHUR

I do...and I will ask you to leave this house.

Ignoring him and SEWARD, HELSING moves over to that he is looking down at MINA.

HELSING

(gently)

Mrs. Holmwood. I can only hope that through your grief you can see sufficiently clearly to recognise that what I did had nothing... nothing to do with the death of your husband's sister. Rather, blame the person who took the flowers from the room after they had been placed here.

MINA looks up for the first time.

MINA

How...how did you know they were taken out?

HELISING
If they had not have been, then
Miss Lucy would still be alive.

C.S. ARTHUR AND SEWARD

They look at one another for a moment as we:

DISSOLVE:

60

EXT. GRAVEYARD. STUDIO. DAY.

60

This is two days later.

A coffin is being carried from the chapel in the background towards the mausoleum that is to be LUCY'S tomb.

Behind the coffin move ARTHUR and MINA, then GERDA, then a couple of unidentifiable relatives. All the ladies are heavily veiled.

The procession, headed by a priest, moves toward the tomb, then at the door, the priest stands aside and allows the coffin to be carried past him into the tomb.

Then into big foreground steps the figure of VAN HELSING, so that we are shooting across his back towards the tomb in the b.g.

After a couple of moments the coffin bearers come from the tomb, and the priest signals to a locksmith or somesuch who is standing nearby to lock the tomb up.

Then he turns and says something to ARTHUR and MINA, and starts to walk away.

ARTHUR and MINA turn and start to walk towards where HELSING is standing, and in foreground HELSING moves in preparation to meeting them.

MINA sees him before ARTHUR and her step falters. ARTHUR, who has his arm around her looks to see what caused it, and recognises HELSING.

He looks over his shoulder and beckons GERDA closer with his head.

To GERDA he hands over MINA, then he steps out towards HELSING, who stands waiting for him.

TWO SHOT

HELSING is waiting and after a second ARTHUR steps into frame. He is livid.

ARTHUR
Have you a shred of decency left?

HELSING holds up his head.

HELSING
One moment. I have come here to give you this. When you have read it, you may come to my hotel suite and insult me until you exhaust yourself if you so desire. Until then, I shall ask you to hold your peace. Good day.

He hands ARTHUR something, tips his hat, turns and walks off.

ARTHUR watches after him for moment then looks down at what he has in his hand.

INSERT

It is the diary.

ARTHUR flips over the title page and we read the words:

The Diary of Jonathon Harker

And we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

61 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

61

C.S. GERDA

She is standing in the door looking past CAMERA. She looks scared.

GERDA
It's the police sir...they want to see you.

M.S.

ARTHUR and MINA are seated either side of the fireplace.

MINA

What's it about Gerda?

GERDA

I don't know ma'am...I'm sorry
ma'am...but they've got Vera with
them.

MINA

There's nothing wrong with her is
there Gerda?

GERDA

I don't know Ma'am...just that
they've got her with them and they
want to see you...ooh wait till I
get that child alone.

MINA

You'd better show them in Gerda.

GERDA

Very good ma'am.

She does and about face and we hear her from the hall.

GERDA

(outside)

Will you come this way please...not
you Vera...I want to talk to you.

VOICE:

(outside)

I want the little girl for a few
moments if you don't mind.

Then the door opens to admit a very large plain clothed
policeman. He is holding by the hand VERA, GERDA'S little
girl, who's looking rather worried about the whole thing.

POLICEMAN

Evening M'm...evening sir.

ARTHUR

What can we do for you officer.

POLICEMAN

I'm not rightly sure sir as yet...
we'll see.

He turns to the little girl.

POLICEMAN

Tell them what you told me.

VERA looks around fearfully.

MINA

It's alright darling, don't be frightened.

VERA

I was out by myself...she came up to me...she said hello Vera... shall we go for a little walk...I said yes and we walked a little way and she said shall we sit down and I said yes...then she went to kiss me...but someone came along and she got up and ran away.

GERDA

Who did dear...who was she?

C.S. VERA

VERA

Aunt Lucy

C.S. MINA

Reaction

C.S. ARTHUR

His reaction is infinitely more terrible than MINA'S.

M.S.

POLICEMAN

Now I would like to speak to the 'Aunt Lucy' if you don't mind... there are one or two questions that must be answered.

There is a long silence from everybody.

POLICEMAN

You understand that this could be serious...enticement of a juvenile is a nasty business...very nasty...

Still no-one says anything. Finally ARTHUR steps forward.

ARTHUR

Lucy Holmwood was my sister officer.

POLICEMAN

Then perhaps you'll ask...WAS your sister?

ARTHUR

She died three days ago.

DISSOLVE:

62

EXT. GRAVEYARD. STUDIO. NIGHT.

62

This is the graveyard where LUCY was buried. Indeed the featured part of the set up is LUCY'S tomb, standing out gaunt and mysterious in the moonlight.

After a moment ARTHUR steps into the foreground looking towards the tomb.

Then he starts towards it.

C.S. AT TOMB

After a moment ARTHUR comes into frame, slowly and hesitatingly.

He moves to the door of the tomb, and lifting his hand he places it gently on the door.

It opens inwards at a touch.

He stands where he is for a second, then pulling himself together, he ducks his head and steps through the door.

63

INT. TOMB. NIGHT.

63

In the centre of the tomb is a raised plinth. On the plinth is a coffin, a new coffin with the brass work still gleaming.

ARTHUR comes in through the door, hesitates, then starts toward the coffin.

He reaches it and puts out a hand to touch the brass plate set in the lid.

INSERT

The plate reads

LUCY HOLMWOOD 1875-1899

C.S. ARTHUR

He lifts his hand from the plate and gets a grip on the underside of the lid of the coffin. Then he hesitates, afraid to look.

Finally, he plucks up enough courage and throws back the lid of the coffin.

C.S. COFFIN

The coffin is empty.

C.S. ARTHUR

He looks as if he might pass right out.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. SERVENT'S BEDROOM. STUDIO. NIGHT. 64

In her iron bedstand, GERDA sleeps heavily muttering and grunting as she dreams.

The little cot near the window is empty, the bedclothes thrown back.

65 EXT. WOODS. STUDIO. NIGHT. - EXT. LOT. 65

Wending her way along a narrow path through the undergrowth is VERA dressed in her nightgown.

Her eyes are glazed and she walks as if listening for something, turning her head from side to side.

AS she approaches camera, she stops - looks up past us.

VERA

Did you call me, Aunt Lucy?

C.S. LUCY

This is a different LUCY. She seems more voluptuous, more wanton.

Her hair has matted slightly and her face is slightly streaked with dirt.

But the most noticeable change about her is the fact that her two canine teeth have grown enormously and they now slightly overlap her lower lip.

She smiles at VERA, a terrifying smile.

LUCY
Yes, darling...

LUCY holds out a hand.

LUCY
Come...

VERA
Where are we going...?

She takes LUCY'S hand.

VERA
...you're cold...

LUCY
We'll go for a little walk...I know
somewhere nice and quiet where we
can...play.

She starts off through the bushes, and VERA with her hand in LUCY'S follows obediently.

As they get further away, there is a sudden agitating of the bushes close to camera, and into foreground steps the figure of a man.

We can only see him from the neck down, but sufficient that he is wearing black clothes and a long cloak.

He watches after the figure of LUCY and VERA for a moment as we

SOFT WIPE TO:

66

EXT. GRAVEYARD. STUDIO. NIGHT.

66

ARTHUR is standing a little way from the tomb, where he can see the door.

He is waiting. Suddenly he stiffens into watchfulness.

L.S.

Through the tombstones come two shadowy figures. It is difficult to make them out at first, then as they draw closer we see that they are LUCY and VERA.

VERA

Is it much further, Aunt Lucy?

LUCY

Nearly there, my darling.

After a pause.

VERA

Aunt Lucy, my neck is sore.

LUCY

I'll kiss it better in a moment, my darling.

LUCY starts to lead VERA towards the open door of the tomb, when suddenly she whirls round at the sound of a voice.

ARTHUR

(off)

Lucy...

C.S. ARTHUR

He has moved forward, not wishing to believe what he can see.

LUCY lets go of VERA'S hand as she recognises ARTHUR. We see here that she's already been at VERA, her chin and front of her gown being spotted with blood.

She smiles when she sees ARTHUR, a diabolical smile of welcome.

LUCY

Arthur...my dear brother...

She steps forward towards him.

M.S.

ARTHUR
Lucy...I...

LUCY continues her advance.

LUCY
Dear Arthur...why didn't you come
sooner...

Her arms are stretched towards him.

LUCY
...come, let me kiss you.

ARTHUR stands rooted to the spot, unable to move at the horror of what confronts him.

Then LUCY reaches him and puts her hands on his shoulders.

Then suddenly there is a flash of light and between the two figures is pushed an arm holding a crucifix. It is VAN HELSING.

He presses the crucifix in the centre of LUCY'S forehead.

C.S. LUCY

She screams in agony, and as she jumps back from the crucifix we see burned into her forehead, a livid red welt.

She looks towards HELSING and ARTHUR for a moment, almost gnashing her teeth.

TWO SHOT HELSING AND ARTHUR

They are standing together looking at her. ARTHUR still sick with horror.

Finally LUCY turns and runs quickly into the tomb.

HELSING stands for a moment, then he goes over to where VERA has been watching wide eyed with fear. He goes down on one knee beside her.

HELSING
Would you like me to take you home?

VERA nods her head.

HELISING

Wait here while I fetch the other gentleman and we'll walk home together.

VERA

(urgently)

Not Aunt Lucy.

HELISING

No, not Aunt Lucy...look over there, if you watch you'll see the day beginning.

VERA turns her eyes towards where HELISING is pointing. HELISING gets to his feet and after looking at her for a beat he starts into the tomb.

C.S. INTO COFFIN

LUCY'S eyes are closed. The blood still smears her chin.

WIDER SHOT

ARTHUR stares down into the tomb, his face drawn and pale.

VAN HELSING joins him.

HELISING

(quietly but coldly)

You are now witness to the filth and degradation of this vampire Dracula that Jonathon Harker died trying to destroy. I am sorry that your sister should be the victim.

ARTHUR looks up at HELISING steadily.

ARTHUR

That is not my sister.

HELISING

No. This is not your Lucy. This is just a shell possessed with the evil of her bestial master.

(becoming excited)

But she can be his downfall. Sooner or later she must lead us to him. Then, pray God we shall be able to destroy his cult of evil for all time.

(MORE)

HELSING (CONT'D)

Ever since Lucy became one of the damned - The Undead, I have been watching her. This is the first time she has ventured abroad at night. She must go to see him soon...she must.

ARTHUR

(shouts)

No!

(quieter)

No, she must not remain like this...she must regain her soul. There is a way...you know there is.

HELSING

Not yet...not yet...she is our only hope of reaching him.

ARTHUR

What about that child out there? And the others she will defile? No! she must be freed of this horror. I demand it. I have the right.

HELSING stares at ARTHUR for a moment.

HELSING

You know how it must be done?

ARTHUR

I have read Jonathon's diary.

There is a long pause, finally HELSING speaks again.

HELSING

Very well then. Take the child home, I will meet you here in an hour.

67

INT. TOMB. NIGHT.

67

Start on a canvas holdall being unrolled exposing a needle sharp stake and the mallet.

PULL back as a hand comes in and takes up a stake and the mallet, to see HELSING start towards the open coffin.

ARTHUR is watching him. Then ARTHUR steps forward and hold out his hand.

ARTHUR

I will do it...it is my
responsibility...and it is my fault
that it happened.

HELSING looks at him for a moment, then holds the mallet and stake which ARTHUR takes.

Then he moves towards the open coffin, HELSING just behind him.

He stops for a moment looking down into the coffin. Then he reaches forward.

C.S. LUCY

The hand comes in holding the sharpened stake. The point is laid just below her left breast, forming a slight indentation in the body of the girl.

C.S. ARTHUR

He raises the mallet, then looks sideways at HELSING.

C.S. HELSING

He is looking at ARTHUR. He nods.

C.S. ARTHUR

He brings the mallet down hard on the head of the stake.

C.S. LUCY

Three things happen simultaneously.

The stake sinks deep into her breast, and blood starts welling out. Her eyes snap open suddenly, turning on the two men. And she screams, a long drawn out animal scream of pain.

Then as the mallet crashes down on the head of the stake again driving it further in, she starts to struggle to escape from the stake that is embedded in her.

She writhes and twists, all the time screaming, while the blood flows up around the edge of the stake staining her white clothing a bright wet red.

C.S. ARTHUR

He manages one more clout with the mallet, then he drops back from the coffin, releasing his hold on the stake.

TWO SHOT

Quickly HELSING takes the mallet from his slack hand, and turning to the coffin he gives the stake another clout.

C.S. LUCY

The stake is now almost completely embedded in her chest, and her movements are growing less. The screams begin to die down to a whimper.

C.S. HELSING

He hits the stake once more, then stands back.

C.S. ARTHUR

Almost physically sick at what he has done. After a moment, when all is quiet, HELSING'S hand touches him gently on the shoulder.

TWO SHOT

HELSING indicates for him to look into the coffin.

Steeling himself ARTHUR steps forward and peers into the coffin.

C.S. LUCY

In spite of the blood that is all about her LUCY looks different, she looks at peace.

Her eyes are closed, the wantonness is gone from her face, and even the canine teeth are no longer visible. Instead, around her mouth is the faintest trace of a smile, a gentle smile of rest.

DISSOLVE:

68

INT. HELSING'S HOTEL SUITE. DAY.

68

It is an hour or so later.

VAN HELSING is pouring out a very large neat brandy, which he carries across to ARTHUR, who is looking very upset after his terrifying experience.

HELSING hands ARTHUR the drink, which he downs in two long draughts. He grimaces as he hands back the empty glass.

ARTHUR

Thank you.

HELSING carries the drink back to the table. He is deep in thought.

ARTHUR

What...now?

HELSING turns slowly from the table.

HELSING

Lucy was my only lead to Dracula...
eventually she would have been
bound to go to him.

ARTHUR

I had to do it.

HELSING

Of course.

ARTHUR

Just as I'll do anything to help
you find this...fiend.

HELSING

(thoughtfully)

If you are to help me...

ARTHUR

I'll do anything you say.

HELSING

Good. But if you are to help me you
must have some protection - the
protection of knowledge. I am going
to tell you the truth about
vampirism - a synthesis of years of
study and research...of sifting
truth from superstition; fact from
fiction.

(MORE)

HELSING (CONT'D)

It embraces the lore and experience of the Ancients as well as others who, like myself, have studied the powers of the Un-dead.

He ponders for a moment, then starts his exposition.

HELSING

The popular conception that the vampire is able to turn itself into a bat or wolf or any form of animal life is nonsense. The vampire is as rigidly bound by the natural laws of flesh and blood as you or I... with one important exception. A vampire cannot die he is cursed with immortality - he must go on age after age adding new victims to this unholy cult, who, in their turn become Un-dead. Two things, and two things only can destroy a vampire - the first you have witnessed tonight; the second is exposure to the light of the sun; a vampire cannot tolerate the day light, even indirectly.

ARTHUR is staring at him, aghast. He can hardly believe his ears.

ARTHUR

You mean that Lucy could have regained her soul by simply exposing her to the rays of the sun...and yet you let me drive a stake through her body.

HELSING

Restrain yourself for one moment. I said that vampires could be destroyed by exposure to the sun - they cannot regain their souls that way. What you did was the only way. You have released her soul...given her peace.

ARTHUR subsides, scratching his head in bewilderment. This is all too much for him.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. Please...

HELSING

If neither of these two things happen to a vampire, he will live on forever, replenishing his body during the hours of darkness with the warm blood of living humans.

ARTHUR

You mean this Dracula could be... hundreds of years old?

HELSING

There is evidence of the existence of a Count Dracula more than six hundred years ago. Of course, he could be an antecedent of the present Dracula, but it is my belief he is the same person.

(urgently)

That is why he must be destroyed. If we allow him to escape us, he will be free to spread his reign of sickening horror for another six hundred years.

ARTHUR

How do we even start to look for him? He could be anywhere. Now...his own home...

HELSING

(shakes head)

He will be here, close to us, waiting for Lucy to come to him.

ARTHUR

But why did he pick here? Why Lucy?

HELSING

For revenge...revenge against Jonathon for what he did to his woman. When Lucy had become versed in the ways of her new existence, he would have taken her home with him...to replace the woman that Jonathon had destroyed.

ARTHUR

I see.

HELSING

(thoughtfully)

The day I visited the House of Dracula, to search for Jonathon, a large hearse drove out of the grounds carrying a coffin. During the hours of daylight a vampire has to return to his native soil.

ARTHUR

That coffin could have contained soil...

HELSING

To reach here it would have to cross the border at Ingstadt. Crossing frontiers, one has to comply with certain formalities.

He moves over to a bell-pull and jerks it violently.

HELSING

We must go there...now!

HELSING

We'll take my coach...twelve hours should see us there...every moment increases the chance for him to select another victim now that Lucy is denied him. We must do all in our power to forestall him.

A SERVANT appears in the doorway.

HELSING

(barks it out)

My coach...immediately.

The SERVANT scuttles away.

HELSING

If we do not forestall him, the God protect the unfortunate creature whom Dracula selects for his next victim.

MIX TO:

MINA is sitting in an armchair doing embroidery. She looks up as there is a tap on the door and GERDA comes in.

MINA
What is it Gerda?

GERDA
It's about Mr. Arthur'm. Will he
not be back tonight?

MINA
No, he's gone to Ingstadt on
business. He will be returning
first thing in the morning.

GERDA
Thank you Ma'am.

She is about to go when there is a knock on the outside door.

GERDA leaves without shutting the sitting room door, and we
hear her open the front door, and a low murmur of voices for
a moment.

Then she appears again in the sitting room door.

GERDA
There's a young lad Ma'am...he has
a message for you...personal he
said, wouldn't give it to me.

MINA gets to her feet.

MINA
Alright Gerda...I'll see him.

GERDA leaves as MINA crosses to the door and out.

70

INT. HALL. NIGHT.

70

GERDA'S broad back is just disappearing into the kitchen as
MINA comes out and goes to the front door which stands open.
On the threshold is a young boy about fourteen, poorly
dressed.

LAD
You Mrs. Holmwood?

MINA
I am.

LAD
Got a message for you. You're to go
to 49 Frederickstrasse...right away
he says, and you're not to tell
anyone.

MINA

Who says?

LAD

Arthur Holmwood he called
himself...said you'd know him.

MINA

I know him of course...but are you
sure there's no mistake...Mr.
Holmwood has gone to Ingstadt.

LAD

Not if he gives me this message
he'asn't...and he gives me this
message...night.

He touches his cap, turns and goes.

MINA shuts the door slowly behind her.

Then she makes up her mind, and starts over to the hall
stand.

There she takes down a cloak and slips it on.

Then she comes back to the front door, opens it quietly, and
slips out.

As the front door shuts behind her, GERDA appears in the door
to the kitchen looking towards the front door.

CUT TO:

71

INT. FRONTIER POST. NIGHT.

71

This is a blockhouse type of place and contains a large desk
behind which sits a rather overblown customs official, or
their 1890 equivalent. He has obviously been dragged out of
his bed and wears a weird mixture of night attire and
uniform.

ARTHUR is standing a little way back, while HELSING is
standing across the desk of the OFFICIAL. Both HELSING and
ARTHUR are travel stained.

HELSING

(with barely suppressed
impatience)

I will explain the whole thing to
you again...just over four weeks
ago a hearse was driven through
here...in that...

OFFICIAL
(cutting in)
Was you here?

HELSING
No I wasn't.

OFFICIAL
(with pride)
Then 'ow do you know it came
through here?

HELSING
It came from Klausenburgh and it
went to Carlstadt...how else would
such a journey be accomplished,
except by coming through here?

OFFICIAL
(reluctantly)
True...true...anyhow, carry on.

HELSING
In that hearse was a coffin. We
wish to know to where that coffin
was consigned.

OFFICIAL
(pompously)
Not at all sure I can tell you that
you know...
(quickly)
not that we don't keep official
records, everything is done
official here...we've got records
back there of everything that's
come through here in the last ten
years.

HELSING
Then I'll trouble you to get back
there and find out what I want to
know.

OFFICIAL
That sort of attitude won't get us
anywhere, will it. Like I said, I'm
not sure I should let you know.

HELSING
But you didn't say that. You said
that you didn't know whether you
were capable of giving us the
information we seek.

(MORE)

HELSING (CONT'D)

You have now established that you
are in fact capable but unwilling.
There's a wealth of difference.

The OFFICIAL looks at HELSING for a moment trying to understand what on earth he's talking about. He falls back on his previous tack.

OFFICIAL

That sort of attitude won't get us
anywhere.

HELSING

What sort of attitude?

Again the OFFICIAL is temporarily stumped. But he holds the trump card.

OFFICIAL

I'm not telling you anything.

HELSING moves closer to him, looking him in the eye.

HELSING

Look my friend...either you give me
the information I require or accept
the consequences.

OFFICIAL

What are the consequences?

Suddenly HELSING blazes.

HELSING

I am the consequences...
(shouts)
Give me that information!

The OFFICIAL all pomposity gone, gets down from his stool and scuttles through a door behind his desk.

HELSING and ARTHUR exchange a glance - the OFFICIAL re-appears carrying a large overstuffed file.

He climbs back on his stool and starts to thumb through the file.

OFFICIAL

Klausenburgh to Carlstadt you
said...four weeks ago...

He extracts a slip of paper from the file, and passes it across to HELSING.

OFFICIAL
Here it is...sir.

HELSING looks at it and shows it to ARTHUR.

HELSING
This is what we want. If we start
back now we should get to Carlstadt
by morning. As soon as the
establishment opens we'll pay a
call on this Mr....

He looks at the paper again.

HELSING
...Mr. Marx.

CUT:

72

EXT. UNDERTAKERS. NIGHT

72

We start on a notice saying:

J. MARX UNDERTAKER AND MORTICIAN

We PAN down from the sign to show the empty street.

After a moment MINA turns the corner and starts towards us.
She is looking up at the street numbers.

Finally outside MARX she stops, approaches the door and
knocks.

The knock reverberates inside the establishment, but there is
no answering glimmer of light or sound.

She steps back and looks up at the sign again. Then she
knocks once more.

Still there is no answer.

So she steps from the shadow of the door and looks along the
road.

Adjoining the house is a yard, hidden by a high fence. Half
way along the fence is another door, used for goods delivery.
Over the door is another plaque marking the yard as belonging
to MARX.

MINA starts along the road until she reaches the steps.

She hesitates for a moment, then walks down into -

73

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S YARD. NIGHT.

73

The eyeline that presents itself to MINA is that of a small yard bounded on three sides by the high walls of the neighbouring houses.

The yard itself is littered with half carved tombstones and effigies some of which appear in the halflight like monstrous ill formed creatures.

Against one of the walls is a section of the yard devoted to the manufacture of coffins, and a bunch of completed ones are stacked against one wall with their lids off.

Slowly MINA steps over the threshold of the gate and looks around her.

There is no-one there, no-one to meet her.

C.S. MINA

She looks around her nervously, then her glance fixes.

EYELINE

At one side of the yard there is a small door let into the high wall that surrounds it. The door is standing, slightly ajar, and through it can be seen the faintest thread of light.

M.S.

After a moments hesitation MINA starts across the yard towards the door, picking her way fearfully around the huge half carved effigies which grin and leer at her.

C.S. AT DOOR

MINA comes into frame and stands outside the door for a moment hesitating whether to go in. Then she makes up her mind and reaches out and pushes the door open.

MINA
(calling)
Arthur...

She waits a moment and when there is no reply she steps inside.

74 INT. MORGUE STEPS. NIGHT.

74

She is at the top of a flight of stone steps which curve down out of sight. The light is looking up from somewhere downstairs.

She stands, listening. She hears a light noise off - calls again

MINA

Arthur...

75 INT. MORGUE. NIGHT.

75

MINA comes round the bend in the stairs and looks about her.

The morgue is just that. It is a place for storing coffins which are occupied with cadavers, until they are taken away for burial.

They are placed haphazardly mostly, stacked on one another. Some are ornate affairs with gleaming brasses, others are plain wooden boxes.

The light is supplied by an oil lamp set in a niche in the wall.

C.S. MINA

As she looks around her the fear is beginning to build up inside of her. Her glances start to wander wildly. Then it fixes out of shot.

C.S. LARGE COFFIN

This is the coffin we last saw on the hearse leaving the Dracula House. It now rests on two trestles. The lid has shifted very slightly, and even as we see it it slides back and a long bony hand appears over the edge.

C.S. MINA

This is a very big close up, and as she screams, clapping her hand to her mouth, we:

DISSOLVE:

76

INT. SITTING ROOM. DAY.

76

It is quite early in the morning, although it is daylight.

HELSING and ARTHUR are standing by a table in the window, still wearing their travelling cloaks. GERDA is pouring them some coffee.

GERDA

...stepping out all night then not even taking the time for a proper breakfast...whatever it is you're doing it'll wait till you've had a bite to eat...please sir, let me fry you some eggs?

ARTHUR

We haven't time. Gerda? Is my wife up yet?

GERDA

I haven't seen her, sir...would you like me to call her?

ARTHUR

Perhaps she has overslept...just look into her room quietly...if she is still sleeping leave her.

GERDA goes out towards the hall. HELSING finishes his coffee and wipes his mouth with his napkin. He looks at his watch.

HELSING

Ready?

ARTHUR nods, downing the remainder of his coffee, and getting to his feet then he turns as GERDA comes hurrying back in.

GERDA

She's not there sir...her bed's all made up and she's not there.

ARTHUR and HELSING exchange quick glances.

ARTHUR

When did you last see...?

MINA

(off)

Good morning.

They all turn in the direction of the voice.

C.S. MINA

She is standing in the door to the kitchen, looking radiant.
She is dressed and is wearing a high necked collar.

She steps forward into the room.

MINA

You gentlemen returned earlier than
I expected...thank you Gerda...

Gerda moves out to the kitchen.

MINA

...I awoke early and went for a
long walk...it was quite
delightful.

ARTHUR steps forward and kisses her on the cheek.

ARTHUR

We have to go out again now my
dear...I am sorry to have to leave
you alone like this.

MINA

Don't worry about me, I'm perfectly
alright. Indeed it was quite a
luxury to have the house to myself
last night...

C.S. MINA

MINA

(cont'd)

I retired early and slept like a
log.

DISSOLVE:

77

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S YARD. DAY.

77

From the back of the main building comes a small man,
followed by HELSING and ARTHUR. The small man is MARX.

He leads across the yard towards a small brick built
outbuilding, talking back over his shoulder all the while.

MARX

I am delighted that you gentlemen
finally arrived.

(MORE)

MARX (CONT'D)

It is common practise for us to pick up the remains of a dear one and transport him or her to the city here, but I'm bound to admit that the remains are always called for within two or three days of arrival...yes, indeed, I was getting quite worried about this particular case...it is nearly three weeks now you understand...

He stops outside the door to the small outbuilding and steps back for the other two to proceed him.

MARX

This is the entrance to our cellars...We kept the corpses...the remains of the dear ones in the cool of the cellar...you are gentlemen of the world, there's no need for me to explain why, is there...after you.

HELSING and ARTHUR, both bending low, go through the door into the outbuilding.

78

INT. MORGUE. DAY.

78

We are shooting towards the steps that lead down into the morgue.

Around us are arranged the many coffins of varying degrees of opulence. Each one has a little tie on label attached to a convenient handle.

We hear the voice of MARX.

MARX

(off)

Perhaps you should let me lead the way...I know these stairs well...they can be dangerous...we wouldn't want to have an accident would we...

He appears round the slight bend in the stairs followed by HELSING and ARTHUR.

MARX

(cont'd)

An old man called here once to see his dear departed...he fell down those stairs...really it was quite amusing...he called to pay his last respects, and he remained to share them...quite amusing.

They reach floor level, and MARX stands for a moment looking around him.

MARX

Now where are we...somewhere at the back. I shouldn't wonder...the thing has been here so long it's bound to be at the back isn't it... now, where was it...where was it.

He accidentally kicks one of the coffins rather hard.

MARX

Oops, sorry...

He turns to the watching ARTHUR and HELSING.

MARX

You'll have to excuse me...I always speak to them this way...one becomes...how shall I say it... friendly with them after a while... this one here for example.

He points to the one he kicked.

MARX

...charming girl...really charming.

He smiles a trifle simply at them and continues into the back of the morgue.

C.S. ARTHUR AND HELSING

They look at one another.

Then they are pulled round by a voice from MARX.

MARX

(off)

Now there's an extraordinary thing...

They exchange glances again, then, with HELSING leading they hurry over to join MARX.

He is staring at something out of shot.

MARX

It was there, I know it was...I saw
it only yesterday...

HELSING and ARTHUR look to where he is looking.

C.S. FLOOR OF MORGUE

The trestles are still there, but of the coffin there is no sign.

MARX

(over)

I really cannot understand who
could have moved it...this is quite
beyond me.

DISSOLVE:

79

INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

79

ARTHUR is seated, HELSING is pacing up and down in front of him.

MINA is sitting across from ARTHUR doing embroidery.

HELSING

The only thing we can hope for now
is that he has returned to his
home...

ARTHUR

Then that is where we must go.

HELSING

(shakes head)

Once he has gone to earth there
we'll never find him. Be assured
that he won't just hide in his
mausoleum...the place is
honeycombed with underground
passages.

ARTHUR

We'll tear the place down...stone
by stone.

HELSING gives him a warning glance.

GERDA comes in from the kitchen.

GERDA
Will you all be in to dinner
tonight ma'am?

ARTHUR
You'll stay Helsing?

HELSING
Thank you.

GERDA
How about you ma'am?

MINA
Of course...you know I will.

GERDA
Sorry ma'am...but what with you
going out last night just when I
get everything cooked...I just
wanted to be sure.

She leaves, as MINA flashes a quick glance at the two men.
But neither seem to be taking any notice. MINA lowers her
eyes and continues with her embroidery.

After a beat, HELSING looks up thoughtfully at MINA.

DISSOLVE:

80

INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

80

Dinner is nearly over. The table has been set up in the
sitting room, and now coffee and liqueurs are in evidence.
Both of the men are smoking.

HELSING has just said something that has MINA laugh
nervously.

MINA
You're just trying to frighten me
Doctor Helsing with those ghost
stories of yours.

HELSING
But it's true, I swear it. I tell
you there is no accounting the
things that some of these country
people will say.

MINA

You can't expect me to believe that anyone could be so simple.

HELSING

Just as I have described it to you...and more even...

MINA

Oh no...more I cannot believe.

HELSING

It's true. Do you know that there is a district in Transylvania that is supposed to be cursed...by the devil. In this hamlet, it is hardly more than that, the occupants are convinced that they and their descendents are forever under the devil's command. No amount of talk or persuasion by visiting clerics will convince them otherwise. If cursed by the devil they are supposed to be, then that is their lot, and they are satisfied with it. They won't even allow any Holy symbols in the hamlet. I went there once, and they searched me...they took this from me...

He takes his crucifix from his pocket, the one he used to burn LUCY.

HELSING

...and they would not return it until I left them.

The production of the crucifix seems to have had an peculiar effect on MINA. Though outwardly the same, she seems to have shrunk a little inside herself, and where there was merriment in her eyes, there is now something else, something that could be fear.

HELSING holds the crucifix up, to that it catches the light.

HELSING

Simply a piece of metal wrought in a certain fashion. Had the same piece of metal been wrought any other way, it's significance would be lost...it is what it represents that they feared, not what it is... here Miss Mina, catch.

Suddenly he pitches the crucifix across the table towards her.

Involuntarily, MINA reaches out to catch it, then she draws her hand away quickly, as though realising what she is doing. But no quickly enough.

The crucifix strikes her on the back of the hand. She utters a sharp cry of pain, and puts her other hand over the back of the hand where the crucifix touched.

ARTHUR meanwhile has jumped to his feet.

He and HELSING are looking towards MINA.

Slowly she takes her covering hand off the affected part.

C.S. MINA'S HAND

Burned into the flesh is the mark of the cross where it landed on her. It is a similar burn to the one that LUCY received on the forehead in the same circumstances.

C.S. MINA

Looking down at her hand. Slowly she brings it up into frame. Then she turns and looks at the two men.

C.S. HELSING AND ARTHUR

They are staring towards her.

C.S. MINA

Suddenly she burst into tears, gets up and runs from the room.

C.S. ARTHUR AND HELSING

HELSING
(to himself)
Fool I've been...what a fool.

ARTHUR suddenly leaps to his feet to follow MINA. HELSING grabs his arm.

HELSING
You can do nothing.

ARTHUR looks at him wildly.

HELISING
(quietly but firmly)
There's nothing you can do now.

HELISING forces the dazed ARTHUR to sit down.

ARTHUR
(aghast)
How can this have happened?

HELISING
He failed with Lucy, now he's
trying to get Mina.

ARTHUR
(bitterly)
Trying...he's succeeded.

HELISING
Not yet, Holmwood. You and I must
stop him. We must stand guard all
night...he must not be able to get
near the house.

ARTHUR
How do we stop him?

HELISING moves over and picks up the crucifix from where it
fell.

HELISING
...This is sufficient to keep him
at bay. He cannot pass beyond it.

ARTHUR looks up from where he is sitting.

ARTHUR
And Mina, is there any hope?

HELISING
Hope? Of course there is hope.
Until she dies she cannot become
one of the Damned. We must see that
she does not die. Now you will take
the front of the house, I the rear.
It will be a long and lonely
vigil...but if it serves its
purpose it will be worth it a
thousand times over.

DISSOLVE:

- 81 EXT. HOLMWOOD GARDEN. LOT OR STUDIO. NIGHT. 81
HELING is on guard, alert, watchful. His eyes search the bushes around him.
- 82 EXT. BACK OF HOLMWOOD HOUSE. LOT. NIGHT. 82
ARTHUR, too, stands on guard. Not surprisingly, he looks very apprehensive. He glances at his pocket watch, then back towards the house.
- 83 EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW. NIGHT. 83
Behind the half-drawn curtains a light shines.
- 84 EXT. BACK OF HOLMWOOD HOUSE. NIGHT. 84
ARTHUR breathes a sigh of relief, carries on his vigil.
- 85 INT. MINA'S & ARTHUR'S ROOM. STUDIO. NIGHT. 85
MINA is standing by the window, hidden from view by the half-drawn curtain, watching.

She turns away, and we see that her eyes are blazing.

She crosses to the door and stands listening. After a moment, she seems to hear something for she unlocks the door and opens it.
- 86 INT. HALL. NIGHT. 86
MINA comes into big foreground as she opens the door to her room. She stands there, quiet still and expressionless, staring down into the hall below.

The camera pans slowly from MINA across and down.

Standing at the bottom of the stairs is DRACULA.

He walks slowly towards us, starts to mount the stairs.

C.S. MINA.

She watches for a moment, then moves silently back into her room, leaving the door open.

After a moment, DRACULA comes into shot and follows her into the bedroom. The door closes. Hold.

87

INT. MINA'S & ARTHUR'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

87

C.S MINA

She stares at something past camera. Her eyes blaze, her lips are parted, she gasps for breath.

A shadow crosses her, and she closes her eyes. Her body begins to shake as if with fever.

B.C.S. DRACULA

We see only his eyes, staring, staring...

TIGHT TWO-SHOT

DRACULA takes MINA into his arms. She moans quietly. He gently brushes her forehead with his full lips...then her cheek...then her neck. MINA stops shuddering, holds her breath. Then -

SHOCK CUT TO:

88

EXT. TREE. NIGHT.

88

C.S. OWL

The owl hoots and flies off with flapping wings.

89

EXT. BACK OF HOLMWOOD HOUSE. NIGHT.

89

ARTHUR starts, looks up at the tree, follows the flying of the owl.

He takes a deep breath, glances once more at the still lighted window, mops his brow, then continues his vigil.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

90 EXT. BACK OF HOLMWOOD HOUSE. DAWN.

90

Fingers of light are streaking the sky.

ARTHUR is standing just inside the porch. He is cold, tired and hungry.

But nevertheless he springs to wakefulness as there is the sound of a footstep crunching in the gravel.

It is HELSING.

He comes up to where ARTHUR is standing.

HELSING

It is nearly light...he will not
come now.

He sees ARTHUR looking very low.

HELSING

...cheer up my friend, we have succeeded in what we set out to do...we have kept him away from your MINA all night. Come, let us go in.

They enter.

91 INT. HALL. DAWN.

91

The two men come in and start to remove their cloaks. ARTHUR, still looking woebegone, heads for the door of MINA'S room.

HELSING watches him to the door, then turns and starts towards the kitchen.

He spins round at a cry from ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

Mina...!

ARTHUR is standing in the door to the bedroom, looking in.

HELSING rushes to him and looks into the room too.

92 INT. MINA'S & ARTHUR'S ROOM. DAWN.

92

Stretched across the bed, out of the bedclothes is the figure of MINA.

There is blood everywhere.

It stains the whiteness of the bed linen, it is smeared across the front of MINA'S nightdress, it is splodged across the large expanse of bare chest that protrudes from the neck of her nightdress, and it is spread across her face.

In her neck are the two marks, from which there still runs a trickle of blood adding to that already present.

DISSOLVE:

93

INT. MINA'S & ARTHUR'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

93

It is much later the same day.

MINA now lays beneath the bedclothes and everything has been tidied up.

In an armchair next to MINA'S bed, sits ARTHUR. He has no jacket on and his sleeves are rolled up.

Connected to one arm, under a roll of bandage is a tube which runs into MINA'S arm, also under a roll of bandage.

ARTHUR is staring at the ceiling, MINA still has her eyes closed and looks like death, and HELSING is listening to MINA with an 1899 stethoscope.

GERDA stands there, watching fascinated.

HELSING straightens up, and moves round to look down at ARTHUR.

He takes ARTHUR'S wrist and feels his pulse.

Then he releases ARTHUR'S arm, and starts to undo the bandages from around the arm.

ARTHUR
Has she had enough?

HELSING
For the moment. Anyway, you have
given enough...you cannot spare any
more.

ARTHUR sits up and swings his feet to the floor. He starts to roll down his sleeve, then a wave of giddiness overtakes him and he puts his hand to his head.

HELSING
Are you alright?

ARTHUR nods.

ARTHUR
Just a little dizzy.

HELSING
That will wear off.

ARTHUR gets up and goes across to the bed and looks down at MINA.

C.S. MINA

Eyes closed, motionless, white as death. But we can see that she is still breathing.

C.S. ARTHUR

Looking down at her. After a moment HELSING comes in making it a two shot.

ARTHUR
Will she be alright?

HELSING
If she is allowed to rest peacefully.
(turning to Arthur)
And you must rest, too.

Apparently he has not heard.

ARTHUR
How did he get in here? We were watching all night.

HELSING
(firmly)
Go and lie down - I'll join you later.

He ushers ARTHUR to the door.

HELSING
(intercepting any protest)
Gerda and I will watch over your Mina.

He closes the door on ARTHUR and moves back to the bed.

GERDA watches him fascinated. HELSING remembers she is there, gives her a tired smile.

HELISING
Would you be so kind as to bathe
Mrs. Holmwood's forehead, Gerda?

Gerda jumps to obey, glad at last to be able to help.

HELISING starts to clear up.

MIX TO:

MISSING PAGE PER ORIGINAL

95 INT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

95

ARTHUR is seated, sipping a glass of red wine. He jumps up as
HELISING enters.

ARTHUR
There's only one solution - you're
theories are wrong. He can change
himself into...something else...he
must be able to.

HELISING will have none of this.

HELISING
No, no.

ARTHUR
Then how else could he have got in?
We were there all night.

HELISING
He could have slipped past us...
we're not infallable...surely
that's it...and yet...?

GERDA comes in. HELISING turns on her.

HELISING
I thought I told you to look after
Mrs. Holmwood.

GERDA
She's all right, sir, she's
sleeping. I was wondering whether
you might want some of mine sir.

HELISING stares at her.

GERDA
 (explaining)
 My blood, sir. For poor Mrs.
 Holmwood.

HELSING
 Thank you, Gerda, but I don't think
 that it will be necessary.

GERDA breathes a sigh of relief, she had not relished the
 idea really.

GERDA
 Well, I won't pretend I'm not glad
 sir.

She starts to leave then hesitates.

GERDA
 (to ARTHUR)
 I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but
 have you any idea what Mrs.
 Holmwood wanted me to do with that
 box in the cellar?

ARTHUR
 (hardly hearing)
 What box, Gerda?

GERDA
 That long one, sir...

But before she can complete her sentence, HELSING has rushed
 past her and shot out of the door, leaving both GERDA and
 ARTHUR staring after him.

The cellar is dirty lit by moonlight from a dirty window.

We are shooting towards the steps. We see the door and
 HELSING rush down towards us.

He reaches the bottom of the stairs, and looks around him.
 Then his glance freezes.

Laying to one side of the cellar, away from the wall, is a
 large wooden crate.

M.S.

Still holding the lamp aloft, HELSING moves over towards the crate.

He pauses by it for a moment, then he throws back the lid and looks inside.

C.S. INT. CRATE

In the crate is the coffin of Dracula.

The polished wood gleams dully, while the brass fitments give off scintillating reflections from HELSING'S light.

Carved into the plate on the lid of the coffin is the single word.

DRACULA

C.S. HELSING

Bending down, he lifts the lid of the coffin, throwing it back.

C.S. INTO COFFIN

In the coffin is a layer of soil at the bottom. Pressed into the soil is the clear indentation where Dracula has lain.

But no Dracula.

C.S. HELSING

Looking down into the coffin.

C.S. DRACULA

He is standing at the top of the cellar steps. He looks malevolently at HELSING for an instant, then he turns and goes out.

C.S. HELSING

The sound of the cellar door slamming from the top of the stairs pulls him round.

He starts towards the stairs, then stops. Reaching in his pocket he pulls out the crucifix. He turns back and throws it into the coffin.

C.S. INTO COFFIN

The crucifix catches the reflected light and gleams into CAMERA.

M.S.

HELSING has run up the stairs to the door at the top.

He tries to open it but it is locked.

He bangs hard on the door with his fist.

HELSING
Open the door...Holmwood...can you
hear me?

He bangs again, then steps as there is a sound of hurried footsteps outside.

Then the door opens to disclose ARTHUR.

HELSING pushes past him.

97

INT. HALL. NIGHT.

97

HELSING pushes into the hall and looks around him quickly.

ARTHUR
What is it...was it there?

HELSING
It was there...empty.

ARTHUR
Then where is...?

Suddenly there is a piercing scream from the direction of MINA'S room.

Both men turn and run towards the room pushing the door open.

98

INT. MINA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

98

GERDA is crouched in one corner of the room staring fearfully towards the French Windows which are open, the curtains billowing in the wind.

Of MINA there is no sign.

GERDA sees the two men and starts to get to her feet. She is in a terrible state.

ARTHUR runs straight for the French Windows and out, HELSING goes to GERDA.

GERDA

...he crashes open the door...his eyes were glowing something dreadful...he picked poor Mrs. Holmwood up like she were a baby... his cloak flapped about him as he ran out like a giant bat. It was terrible sir...poor Mrs. Holmwood ...what's happened to her...who was he...what's he done to Mrs. Holmwood.

HELSING

(over GERDA'S speech)

There there Gerda...calm yourself ...we'll get Mrs. Holmwood back.

He turns as ARTHUR comes back in through the French Windows.

ARTHUR

(over GERDA'S speech)

No sign...he crossed the garden and went over the wall at the end, I can see the tracks.

HELSING

(over GERDA'S speech)

We must follow him. He can only make for one place now, his home, he's got to get to his native soil before the sun rises...it's his only chance.

ARTHUR

Mina?

HELSING

If we can catch up with him before he reaches his own sanctuary, we'll save her.

(MORE)

HELISING (CONT'D)
He has a long way to go before sun
up...the first thing he'll have to
do is find himself a coach.

CUT TO:

99

EXT. MAIN ROAD. NIGHT.

99

This is a road on the outskirts of Town.

There is a coach and pair rattling along the road.

C.S. DRIVER

He is whistling quietly to himself, enjoying the night air.

Now he concentrates on something ahead of him, and starts to
rein the horses.

EYELINE

Laying in the road is the figure of a woman (MINA) dressed in
white.

M.S.

The coach comes to a stop with the horses barely three feet
away from MINA.

The horses paw the ground, their breath condensing in clouds
of steam, as they toss their heads nervously.

The driver knots the reins quickly and jumps down from his
seat and makes his way to the head of the horses and the
figure in the road.

DRIVER
'Ullo, what's this?

MINA is laying on her side, she is still unconscious.

The DRIVER goes down on one knee and starts to try to lift
her.

DRIVER
My gaud what's 'appened to her?

Then a noise off catches his attention. He turns.

C.S. DRACULA

This is a low angle from the driver's viewpoint. DRACULA looks high above him, his cloak flapping about him.

His eyes blaze with anger.

As DRACULA moves downwards we:

DISSOLVE:

100

EXT. MAIN ROAD. NIGHT.

100

About half an hour later.

Where there was a coach and pair, there is now HELSING'S small open coach, which he drives himself.

In foreground, bending over a still figure are ARTHUR and HELSING.

The figure if we see him is that of the DRIVER.

HELSING

Throat cut...

He points his fingers to the blood on the man's neck, and then runs his fingers together.

HELSING

...about half an hour ago. Come on.

The two of them race back to the coach and clamber on.

HELSING unknots the reins, whips up the horses and the coach leaps off.

101

INT. COACH. NIGHT.

101

ARTHUR is hanging on tight as HELSING urges the horses to a cracking pace. They have to shout above the clatter of the hooves and the roar of the steel-tired wheels.

HELSING

(shouts)

So he's got his coach, and he's half an hour ahead of us...we must catch up with him.

ARTHUR

(shouts)

What will he do when he gets to his home?

HELSING

He'll bury himself...somewhere where we won't be able to find him. He can stay buried as long as he wants to...years if necessary.

ARTHUR

And Mina?

HELSING looks at ARTHUR a trifle sheepishly, and says nothing.

ARTHUR

Did you hear me...I said what about Mina?

HELSING glances at ARTHUR then he makes up his mind, looks ahead again.

HELSING

There is one way he can make sure that Mina stays with him...he can bury her too. If she dies while enclosed in Dracula's native soil, she will rise again when he choose to call.

ARTHUR

You mean he might...bury her alive?

HELSING nods as we:

DISSOLVE:

102

EXT. FRONTIER POST. LOT. NIGHT.

102

All is quiet and deserted.

In the distance, a rumble of coach wheels builds to a roar as DRACULA'S coach approaches at full gallop. DRACULA is lashing the foaming horse in a frenzy.

He races through the wooden barrier without slowing down.

103 INT. FRONTIER POST. STUDIO. NIGHT. 103

The OFFICIAL comes out from his room at the back. He has obviously been asleep as he still wears his long nightshirt. He mutters to himself as he buckles on his revolver.

Suddenly there is an almighty crash. The OFFICIAL nearly drops dead with shock, then runs to the door.

104 EXT. FRONTIER POST. NIGHT. 104

DRACULA'S coach has just crashed through the barrier.

The OFFICIAL rushes out and stands rooted. He just cannot believe the evidence of his eyes.

SOFT WIPE TO:

105 EXT. INN. LOT. NIGHT. 105

DRACULA'S coach shatters the night silence of the sleeping village as it crashes through the cobbled street.

As it disappears around a bend a light appears in the window of the Inn.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. FRONTIER POST. NIGHT. 106

C.S. OFFICIAL

Now wearing an overcoat and boots over his nightshirt, his cap on his head, he is just completing a temporary repair on the barrier.

Suddenly he stops his muttered profanities and listens.

In the distance we hear the rumble of a second coach.

The OFFICIAL spins round as we see HELSING'S coach approaching. He rushes out into the road, his arms waving wildly.

The coach shudders to a screeching halt.

C.S. COACH

HELISING
(shouts)
A coach and pair came through
here...how long ago?

C.S. OFFICIAL

OFFICIAL
It's you is it!

HELISING
How long ago?

M.S.

OFFICIAL
About half an hour.

HELISING
Then open up the barrier.

OFFICIAL
(smugly)
Can't do that, there's the
formalities.

He turns to the door of his Post.

OFFICIAL
Now if gentlemen will follow me...

Once more he is stopped by the sound of a coach crashing
through the barrier.

He turns slowly and rushes off at what we know is a pile of
splintered wood.

SOFT WIPE TO:

107

EXT. INN. NIGHT.

107

There are now lights in the windows of the Inn and the
LANDLORD and a couple of GUESTS are in the street, disturbed
by the night ride of the vampire.

A second coach is heard approaching. The MEN press themselves
back against the wall as HELSING'S coach sways through and
away.

The MEN shake their heads. Nothing like this has happened in the village since the last wolf hunt.

108 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. PRE-DAWN. 108

This is the same road we saw the first sequence, the road that leads to the House of Dracula.

HELISING'S coach comes rattling along; HELISING is driving the horses hard.

109 INT. COACH. PRE-DAWN. 109

ARTHUR indicates something o/s.

110 EXT. HOUSE OF DRACULA. LOT. PRE-DAWN. 110

Eyeline - unsteady.

The House can be seen through the trees, the turrets and castellated walls rising from the trees that surround it.

111 INT. COACH. PRE-DAWN. 111

ARTHUR

(shouts)

It's getting light...what are you going to do?

HELISING

(shouts)

We must see what has already been done.

112 EXT. HOUSE OF DRACULA. PRE-DAWN. 112

This is in the grounds, a few yards from the mausoleum.

A small grave has been dug. Even as we see it we see DRACULA pick up the figure of MINA and throw her into the grave as if she were a doll. Then he starts to shovel in the earth on top of her.

C.S. INTO GRAVE

MINA chooses this moment to regain consciousness. She opens her eyes just as a shovelful of earth lands on her chest.

For a moment she is unable to orientate herself, then she sees what is happening and starts to scream.

C.S. DRACULA

This is from MINA'S eyeline inside the grave. We see DRACULA lift another spadeful of earth, then tip it down at CAMERA. The earth lands across the lens, blotting out the picture.

C.S. DRACULA

He shovels another spadeful in, then he stops as he hears the sound of a coach.

113 EXT. HOUSE OF DRACULA. PRE-DAWN.

113

HELSING'S coach rattles to a stop and the two men pile out.

Standing in the drive is the coach and pair that DRACULA used.

The horses are standing with lowered heads in harness, their bodies lathered with sweat.

HELSING and ARTHUR jump down, HELSING looking off towards the mausoleum.

Then he points out.

L.S. DRACULA

He shovels one more spadeful into the grave, then he drops the shovel and starts towards the house.

C.S. ARTHUR AND HELSING

ARTHUR hurries off towards the grave, cutting through the underbrush, while HELSING starts running up the drive.

113A M.S.

113A

He reaches the front door a couple of seconds after DRACULA.

He runs straight in.

114 INT. DRACULA HALL. PRE-DAWN. 114

HELSING stops for a moment inside the door trying to tell which way DRACULA has run.

Then he hears a noise coming from the direction of the DINING Room.

He runs toward the open door.

115 INT. DRACULA DINING ROOM. PRE-DAWN. 115

As HELSING comes in, he looks up and sees DRACULA running along the gallery.

He flies up the stairs after him.

116 INT. PASSAGE. PRE-DAWN. 116

HELSING appears and looks up and down of DRACULA there is no sign.

Then he hears a noise from a door at the end of the passage, the door leads to the Gothic room.

He races up the passage and throws open the door.

117 INT. GOTHIC ROOM. DAWN 117

This is the room where Jonathon had the encounter with the woman in sequence one.

The light through the stained glass windows is just beginning to pick out the colours of the window on the dust covered floor.

C.S. HELSING

He sees what is happening. Quickly he closes the door behind him and locks it with a large key that is in the lock. He runs towards DRACULA taking a crucifix from his pocket.

M.S.

DRACULA is just heaving the trap fully open when HELSING reaches him and holding the crucifix in front of him he forces a snarling DRACULA to let go of the trap which slams shut again.

Then HELSING plants himself over the trap, looking at DRACULA.

C.S. HELSING

Staring steadily at DRACULA.

C.S. DRACULA

He is looking at HELSING, his blood red eyes flooded with anger, unable to do anything for a moment.

Then even while he is standing there a ray of sunlight creeps across his face.

He claps his hand to his face and screams, then he turns.

M.S.

HELSING uses the crucifix to force DRACULA back into the pool of light.

C.S. WINDOW

The sun is now beaming through the whole window, the colours sparkling and then beaming in the dust laden room.

C.S. DRACULA

He stands where he is for a moment not knowing what to do. Then he runs for the door that HELSING has locked. In so doing, he passes right through the light.

Before he can reach the door he falls headlong. As he starts to try and scramble to his feet, we hear an ominous splintering, cracking sound.

C.S. DRACULA'S LEGS.

The trousered legs, scrabbling for a foothold seem suddenly to no longer contain legs at all.

The solidity inside the trouser seems to Dissolve, and as the boots fall from the end of the trouser leg, a little pile of whitish powder cascades from both the boot and the trouser leg.

C.S. DRACULA

His face has started to powder too, the flesh drying fast and falling from the skull in the form of dust.

C.S. DRACULA'S HANDS

The hands which are scrambling along the floor trying to reach the door. Suddenly the fingers start to break off, snapping at the joints, and they too start to dissolve into powder and dust.

C.S. DRACULA

The last sight of his face before it is no more. Before it dries up completely, and spreads itself in powder form across the floor.

118 EXT. HOUSE OF DRACULA. DAY.

118

ARTHUR is bent over MINA who he has laid out on the grass.

She is laying there in an almost hypnotic condition. Then it is suddenly as though her mind clears. She looks towards ARTHUR who is bending over her and raises her hand to touch his arm.

ARTHUR starts to take her hand in his, when he exclaims surprise.

They both look at MINA'S hand.

INSERT

The mark of the cross very gradually fades away leaving the flesh clean.

TWO SHOT

They look at one another.

MINA
He is dead.

ARTHUR starts to help her to her feet and we hear for the first time in this location the sound of birds singing.

The two of them make their way towards the drive, as from the house steps HELSING.

He pauses for a moment, sees the two of them and starts
towards them as we:

FADE OUT:

THE END