



Pre-titles.

1 EXT. /INT. CONVENT - DAY 10

1

A city. Towers and minarets bristling against a blue sky.
Over this:

Hungary 1897.

Now, the buzzing of a single fly. The fly swoops lazily
across in front of us. Back again, closer this time.

Now we pan, bringing the edge of a white wall big into the
foreground (the above view has been through a window.) And
with shocking suddenness, something monstrous fills the
screen - black, grotesque, faceted eyes, flickering
translucent wings -

- we now realise it's an ordinary fly in extreme close-up.

Close on: a very blue human eye. Wide, staring, crazed. The
pupil dilates in eagerness, tracking the path of -

- the fly, crawling over the white wall (wider shot now.)

A white hand clenches on simple bedclothes. Now the hand
carefully raises, the fingers spreading, intent on the fly
...

A door knocks.

Wider: a plain, simple room, a crucifix prominently
displayed. We see the view of the sky and the town through
the window, and a man, sitting on the side of a bed. His hand
is still raised as if to catch the fly, but now he has looked
round to the door.

This is JONATHAN HARKER - and what is he? He's so bone thin
it's like you can hear the click of his skeleton. So pale
he's white. His bald head gleams like a cueball. There is
something almost unreal about him - blank, unblinking.

On the door as it opens:

In the doorway stands a Nun. This is SISTER AGATHA. She is in
her forties - shrewd, practical, a level stare that could
knock you flat. When she speaks, her faint accent is Dutch.

SISTER AGATHA

SISTER AGATHA
Please. Sit with me.

Jonathan glances to the empty chair. It stands on the other side of a block of sunshine spread on the floor.

He seems to hesitate -

- then stepping carefully round the block of sunshine, he seats himself.

Sister Agatha observes him, sitting there.

SISTER AGATHA
Is the sun a little bright for you?

JONATHAN
No.

SISTER AGATHA
Good. That is good, isn't it?

The door opens, and another NUN enters. She is young and pretty, keeping her eyes cast down. She hesitates, as if reluctant to come fully into the room.

SISTER AGATHA
Ah, my dear. Come in, come in.

She ushers the Nun to the chair at the end of the table. She meekly complies, sitting down between the two of them.

Close on the Nun. She glances briefly at Jonathan, and quickly away if disturbed at the sight of him.

SISTER AGATHA
We are to be observed. Apparently I cannot be trusted alone with a man. Consider yourself chaperoned.

The Nun, sits hands clasped, head bowed.

She beams at him.

SISTER AGATHA
Mr. Harker, I intend no impertinence, but why are you still alive?

Jonathan gesture vaguely at the manuscript.

JONATHAN
You read my account

SISTER AGATHA
Yes.

JONATHAN
I fled. I was trapped and I escaped

Agatha - that blank smile.

SISTER AGATHA
Escaped, yes.

JONATHAN
- I fled that place in terror of my
life. He is a monster. I swear to
you. He is the devil himself.

SISTER AGATHA
Then why have you stopped.

JONATHAN
Stopped what?

SISTER AGATHA
Fleeing. You have been here nearly
a month.

His eyes go to the crucifix round her neck.

JONATHAN
I'm safe with you.

SISTER AGATHA
Why?

JONATHAN
This is a house of God.

SISTER AGATHA
Oh, a house of God, is it? Well,
that's good, we could do with a man
about the place. Eh, sister?

She shares the joke with Nun, who just looks blankly back at her.

On Jonathan: blinking in surprise.

SISTER AGATHA
Two years ago, a church in this
town collapsed. The roof fell on
the congregation - killed all of
them, as they prayed. Including the
children. The priest was the only
survivor. Priests are like that. He
said to me afterwards, that even in
moments like these, he was able to
maintain his faith. I told him he
should have maintained his roof.
Look to your own protection, Mr.
Harker - God doesn't care.

The fly has settled on Jonathan's bald head, starts to make
its way down his face. He seems oblivious to it.

Sister Agatha's eyes flick to the fly. The Nun too is
staring.

The fly sits now at the corner of Jonathan's unblinking eye.
He still seems oblivious.

JONATHAN
The way you talk - it's unusual
from someone of your calling.

SISTER AGATHA
My calling was a very long time
ago.

She can't take her eyes off the fly.

Close on the eye - the fly is stepping gingerly on the white
of Jonathan's eye. He doesn't react in any way.

She stares. What??

The Nun. Transfixed, horrified.

JONATHAN
What's wrong?

SISTER AGATHA
There is something in your eye.

Jonathan blinks, robotically. The fly has disappeared.

JONATHAN
Is it gone?

Close on the eye. A shadow moves within the white, as if the
fly has been absorbed inside.

Sister Agatha controls her reaction. She shoots a warning a
glance at the Nun to do the same.

SISTER AGATHA
Yes.

She now flips open the journal.

SISTER AGATHA
Your fiancé - Mina.

He blinks a moment, as if confused.

SISTER AGATHA
You mentioned her a lot, when you
first arrived. Mina Murray.

JONATHAN
Yes. I need to contact her.

SISTER AGATHA
You must love her very much.

JONATHAN
Of course.

SISTER AGATHA
In time, perhaps, you will let her
read this account.

JONATHAN
If she wishes, yes.

SISTER AGATHA
So, out of kindness, you have omitted from your writings anything that would alarm or disturb her.

JONATHAN
Well, I - I don't -

SISTER AGATHA
So you may now tell me *everything* that occurred in the days you spent with the Count at his castle - this time omitting no detail. Your life may depend on your complete honesty.

Jonathan hesitates, doesn't want to speak.

SISTER AGATHA
I wish to know everything about your time with him. Your conversations. Your dinners. Your intimate moments. Do you understand what I'm asking you?

JONATHAN
I ... I think so.

SISTER AGATHA
I am asking, Mr. Harker, if you had sexual intercourse with Count Dracula.

Jonathan stares blankly at her.

Closer on the side of his mouth. A fly is climbing out of it.

OPENING TITLES

2 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA/COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 2

2

The moon, hanging in the sky, scarfed in cloud -

- pulling out past the spires and minarets of an elaborate, decaying, ramble of a castle -

- further out, till we see the whole bristling mass of it, against the night sky -

It's a strange, twisted, emaciated structure, almost like an extension of the rock the it sits atop, as if it has grown out of it, like a giant, blasted tree of stone.

Now, stepping into the foreground, a man. Dark haired, dressed in all in black, a cape swirling round him as he moves. He stands with his back to us, staring up at the castle in the distance.

Still pulling back: now rising into the foreground, a silver cross held in a trembling hand.

G I R L
(Romani an accent)
Mr. Harker ...

Closer on the man as he turns. It's the same man we saw at the convent - JONATHAN HARKER. But here he has dark hair, his flesh is normally toned and healthy. He's lean, handsome, saturnine - the traditional image of Dracula himself. He'd appear sinister, but for an air of genteel puzzlement.

Wider: a G I R L of about seventeen stands a few feet behind Harker, proffering a cross, on a neck chain. Behind her a horse and carriage is parked - clearly they have both disembarked from it. Other passengers are craning out the windows of the carriage, staring at Harker, as if he's doing something outlandish. The D R I V E R has climbed down from the seat in front, and is now carrying cases over to Harker. He sets them down next to him.

The G i r l hesitates towards Jonathan.

G I R L
Mr. Harker ... you must.

Her accent is thick, clearly her English is very limited.

JONATHAN
You're very kind, thank you, but I
couldn't possibly -

G I R L
You must.

She presses the cross into his hand. He looks at her anxious face, realises there is no point in resisting.

JONATHAN
Thank you.

G I R L
Keep. Away.

JONATHAN
I'm sorry?

She takes his hand, holding it between hers, anxious, imploring.

G I R L
Keep. Away. From him.

He frowns. Glances over at the castle, looks back to her pleading face.

JONATHAN
Why?

And he gasps in pain - the girl is gripping viciously hard on to his hand!!

Her face - twisted in a hate-filled rictus, teeth bared, eyes shining like a cat's.

THE GIRL
(A demonic rasp)
He is mine!

A twist of her hand on his, and he stifles another cry of pain.

She turns and strides back to the carriage. He looks in astonishment at his - the marks of her digging fingers! Abstractedly, he shoves the cross in his coat pocket.

The Driver, straightens up from delivering the last of Jonathan's cases.

DRI VER
The Count will find you here.

JONATHAN
How?

DRI VER
(Shrugs)
He finds people.

He's already back to the carriage, now climbs up on to the driver's seat.

On Jonathan - suddenly feeling terribly alone in this desolate place. He looks to:

The Girl, sitting in the carriage, visible in profile through the window.

As if sensing his attention, she abruptly turns to look at him. That baleful, cats-eye gleam for the briefest moment -

- then the carriage pulls away ...

SISTER AGATHA
Why do you think she gave you a cross?

CUT TO:

3

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

3

As before, JONATHAN and SISTER AGATHA sitting across the table from each other. The NUN sits in silence.

JONATHAN
I suppose to ward off evil.

SISTER AGATHA
 "He is mine!" She sounds more
 jealous, than protective. Perhaps
 she feared the Count would take too
 great an interest in you, and
 sought to avert his attention.

Jonathan blinks in confusion at the idea.

SISTER AGATHA
 Proceed.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA/COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 2

4

- on JONATHAN, sitting on his cases, waiting.

Now a black carriage comes sweeping along the dirt road, that leads to the castle. It is larger than the last one, grander, almost like a hearse. There are two huge black horses, and a DRIVER all in black.

The carriage slows to a halt a little distance from Jonathan. Jonathan stares up at it.

The driver appears tall and wears a hat and a muffler - we can see nothing of his face as he turns to look at Jonathan.

He puts out a hand, indicating the door of the carriage. Inviting him to get in.

Jonathan, a little unnerved, picks up one of his cases, starts lugging them to the carriage.

On the Driver's face, watching him. For a moment, there's a cat's-eye gleam below the brim of his hat.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT 2

5

On the carriage door as Jonathan, having climbed in, slams it shut behind him.

He sits, tries to settle himself, clearly ill at ease.

There is the crack of a whip, and *wham!* He's thrown back in his seat, as the carriage lurches forward, and races off at frightening speed.

He tries to steady himself, but the carriage rocks and reels, almost spilling him on to the floor.

He pulls himself to the window -

- and stares -

CUT TO:

6 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA/COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT 2

6

The carriage thunders on to narrow road, winding round a mountain. It's going fast - insanely, dangerously fast!

CUT TO:

9 INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT 2

9

Jonathan, reading, smiling.

MINA

(V.O.)

I feel certain, whatever happens,
we shall be mindful of each other
at all times, during our
separation. All my love - and I
hope, all yours - your adoring
Mina.

He folds the letter, kisses it, places it back inside his jacket. Smiles to himself: message received and understood.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA/COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT 2

10

Panning up from the speeding carriage, to its destination -
- Castle Dracula, against the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. CASTLE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 2

11

The black carriage, now halted outside the main entrance to the castle.

Now, JONATHAN has climbed out of the carriage, and is pulling his cases out.

As he sets them down, he looks around. The wall of the castle rears up in front of him, like a cliff face. It is covered in what appears to be ivy - black, in the moonlight.

He is standing directly outside the grand, imposing doors to the castle itself. He looks up at them, clearly nervous. The double doors gleam like coffin lids.

He turns to the carriage, calling to the driver.

JONATHAN

Excuse me? Could you help me with
my (cases) -

Before he can finish, the carriage starts up and heads away, clattering through stone arch and out of sight.

He steps to the door. Looks around for any means to indicate his presence.

Feeling faintly absurd, he raises a fist, to knock.

He strikes the wood just once -

- and as if in response, there is a strange rustling shifting noise.

He freezes. He looks around. What the hell was that? His imagination??

As the camera tilts up, we see what he doesn't. Dim in the moonlight, the black ivy covering the walls twitches and ripples like a living thing.

Jonathan pulls himself together, and delivers a loud second knock -

- and there is a tremendous flapping and rushing. The ivy on the wall billows and fragments -

- and we see the truth! It's not ivy but a dense mass of bats -

- and now they're detaching from the stonework, from every cranny and ledge, whirling and shrieking round him -

- he staggers, engulfed in a terrifying whirlwind, of squeaking, thrashing bats -

- now he's kneeling on the ground, trying to cover his head, his face -

- and a moment later it is over. Silence.

He looks fearfully up -

- the bat mass has gone from the wall. The last few of them are flapping away in the moonlight. And something else -

- something else -

The line of the spiraling staircase wavers and twists like the layers of a melting cake, and even the window apertures seem to have sagged and distorted, as if holes in the wall could somehow buckle under their own weight.

JONATHAN
(Calling out)
Hello? Hello?

A tall dark figure is heading along the veranda, now comes to a halt at the top of the stairs. This man is silhouetted against the light, we cannot yet make out his features. He stands in silence.

JONATHAN
I'm sorry, I - The wine was open, I assumed - ... Perhaps I could pour you some - Count?

The voice from the top of the stairs has a strong Romani accent.

DRACULA
I do not drink.

He descends a few steps into the light.

DRACULA
Wine.

Our first sight of the man. He is tall, thin, dressed in ancient, decaying dressing gown - and white as a bone, his flesh almost translucent. Even his mane of hair is perfectly white. He doesn't look simply old, he's actually empty of colour. An ice sculpture of a man.

DRACULA
I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker. I am Count Dracula.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 2

14

Some little time later. A mound of meat!

JONATHAN sits at the one end of the table, picking away at his food.

DRACULA sits at the other end, no food in front of ~~9~~. Edit MPBnTP-1. oki

JONATHAN Wine. Count i gnoayi ront, fl ablow coi ts nu

JONATHAN d(Wine. Tj-6-1. Count c

JONATHAN

DRACULA
Was she thin?

JONATHAN
Yes, I suppose so.

Dracula shakes his head and tuts.

DRACULA
There is never anything to eat in
Klausenberg.
(He returns to his papers)
Your employer speaks highly of you.

Discreetly, Jonathan had laid down his cutlery - there is rather a lot of meat still on his plate, and clearly he cannot face it.

JONATHAN
The property has been purchased in
your name, everything is in order.
I need only your signatures on a
few documents, and Carfax Abbey
will be yours.

DRACULA
Finish your meal.

JONATHAN
... I'm sorry?

Dracula gestures to Jonathan's plate, and the pile of meat.

DRACULA
An animal gave up its life that you
might eat. Have some respect.
Slaughter is necessary - courtessh your meGe upio

(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)
 From you I shall learn to pass
 among your countrymen as one of
 their own.

JONATHAN
 Your English is already excellent,
 Count -

DRACULA
 You flatter me.

JONATHAN
 - however, I'm afraid that I will
 be leaving here tomorrow. I have to
 return to England immediately.

DRACULA
 No.

A silence. Dracula doesn't elaborate, returns to his
 examination of the papers.

Jonathan stares at him, a bit thrown.

JONATHAN
 ... I'm sorry?

DRACULA
 Your apology is unnecessary. You
 are staying, it is agreed.

JONATHAN
 ... With whom?

DRACULA
 Your superiors - Mr. Hawkins and
 myself. You will remain with me for
 one month, to assist me with my
 English, and my understanding of
 your culture.
 (Raises his hand to
 forestall Jonathan's
 reply)
 Do not be concerned. You are most
 welcome.

JONATHAN
 Count Dracula - I'm a lawyer, not a
 teacher.

DRACULA
 There will be no need to teach -
 simply remain at my side. I shall
 absorb you.

CUT TO:

15 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

15

SISTER AGATHA and JONATHAN. Sister Agatha is making notes in a journal of her own. The NUN is staring at Jonathan, a faint frown of concern.

SISTER AGATHA
That word. Absorb. He said that.

His face is infinitely sad.

JONATHAN
Yes. Absorb.

He looks at his hands resting on the table in front of him.

So white ... as he touches the ends of his fingers, we see that there are no fingernails.

DRACULA
(V.O.)
Please pay close attention.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STAIRCASE - NIGHT 2

16

DRACULA is leading the way up the staircase, a candelabra in one hand. JONATHAN follows, carrying his cases. (Throughout this - and in all the castle scenes - there are flies buzzing about.)

DRACULA
You will not find my home easy to navigate. Perhaps you have heard of the architect - Petruvio the widower.

He is now leading Jonathan through an archway.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 2

17

DRACULA'S speech continues, as he leads JONATHAN through various corridors, archways, up and down staircases - a twisting, beautiful, labyrinth of shadows and windows and statues.

DRACULA
It is said that his every structure was a trap for the senses: a maze that lured and deflected. The promise of order, the confounding of symmetry. A rising labyrinth of stairs and doors and shadows.
(MORE)

DRACULA (cont' d)

The unwary visitor, once inside, would attempt to retrace his steps to the outside world, only to find himself ever deeper in the tangle. There has never been a map of this castle. No complete design was ever committed to paper. *Reserata Carcerem*. The prison without locks.

He pauses now, by a pair of portraits on the wall. One is a very old man. The other a beautiful young woman.

He holds the candelabra to the old man's portrait.

DRACULA

This was the widower's final work. A monument to his lost love, and the sunlight to which he could never return.

(Moves the candelabra to

DRACULA
In the morning, you will find the

DRACULA
Are you all right, Mr Harker?

JONATHAN
It's nothing, it's a scratch.

DRACULA
Be careful, please. We cannot
return you to your beautiful Mina
in any way damaged.

JONATHAN
It's just a cut -
(Looks at him)
What did you say?

DRACULA
I should not like your betrothed to
take against me.

JONATHAN
Did I mention Mina?

DRACULA
I think you held forth at dinner,
on her beauty.

JONATHAN
I ... don't recall that.

Jonathan is staring at him now, oblivious to the blood
dripping from his thumb.

Dracula's eyes flick to the blood. So close, so red.

DRACULA
Perhaps it was the wine.

JONATHAN
I barely drank.

The blood runs from Jonathan's thumb, with sensual slowness,
down his hand, across his wrist. Dracula can't take his eyes
off it.

DRACULA
My sympathies.

Close on the floor as - in slow motion - the droplet lands
and explodes.

This seems to have an almost physical impact on Dracula.
Again, that quivering inhalation. For a moment, he seems
almost dazed by it - entranced.

DRACULA
It was summer when you met. Her
hair was golden and it seemed to
you that it floated, as if
entangled in the sunlight.

JONATHAN
 ... I have never expressed that
 thought out loud.

Jonathan: genuinely haunted now - how the hell could Dracula
 know any of that??

DRACULA
 Please. Attend your hand.

Jonathan takes the cloth, dabs carelessly at his thumb.

JONATHAN
 It's fine, it's nothing.

DRACULA
 Blood is not nothing. Blood is
 lives.

(V.O.) SISTER AGATHA
 Lives?

CUT TO:

19

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

19

SISTER AGATHA and JONATHAN and the NUN. Agatha is looking
 sharply at him.

SISTER AGATHA
 You are quite certain? He did not
 say blood is life - he said blood
 is *lives*.

JONATHAN
 I think so. He did, yes. It struck
 me as odd.

SISTER AGATHA
 But there were other oddnesses that
 pre-occupied you.

JONATHAN
 I never mentioned Mina at dinner
 I'm certain of it.

SISTER AGATHA
 And yet he knew about her. Her hair
 entangled in the sunlight.

JONATHAN
 I have held that thought in my
 heart. I have never shared it. Not
 even with Mina.

THE NUN
 I don't think she would mind.

Jonathan glances at her, mildly startled - the first time she has spoken. (We make no fuss about it, but the Nun has an English accent.)

JONATHAN
I suppose not. But how could he know my thoughts?

SISTER AGATHA
A dog can sniff stories on the slightest breeze, while we are blind in the wind.

JONATHAN
He smelled my thoughts in the air?

SISTER AGATHA
No, Mr. Harker, that would be ridiculous - but perhaps in your *blood*. Perhaps stories flow in our veins, if you know how to read them. Blood is lives.

He stares at her. *What??*

DRACULA
(V.O.)
I bid you goodnight, Mr. Harker.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DRACULA'S CASTLE/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 20

DRACULA now stands at the door, clearly taking his leave.

DRACULA
I will not see you till tomorrow evening, I have several appointments. Till then, please treat my home as your own.

He sweeps out.

Jonathan, collecting his wits for a moment. Takes a breath, shakes his head.

Strange place, strange man.

A noise. A scratching! What is that? Where is it coming from?

He looks at the window, still covered by the heavy drapes.

The scratching continues. It's not loud, it might have been going on for a while, unnoticed. It's not a knocking or a tapping, or any simple attempt to get attention - it's more like something scoring against the glass.

What??

He moves to the drapes, reaches for them -

26A INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

26A

JONATHAN
 (Flustering)
 - I don't - this is not -

SISTER AGATHA
 There is no shame in it. Dreams are
 a haven where we sin without
 consequence. Believe me, I know.
 Some mornings I can hardly look
 Sister Angela in the face.

CUT TO:

27 INT. DRACULA'S CASTLE/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY X

27

Jonathan's POV. Mina's head snaps back into frame - *except now it's Dracula!!* His eyes are satanic red, and his mouth

29 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

29

Close on Jonathan's eyes flickering open.

He frowns at something he sees, trying to focus.

Jonathan's POV. The words HELP US, apparently inscribed on the carpet. What? How?

Wider, he is on top of the covers, sprawled across the bed, as if he has been ravished. His head hangs over the side.

He pulls himself up, looks at his own disarray.

What's happened to him. He twists round to see the words on the carpet again -

- now it is clear: sunshine is streaming through the window, and projecting the symbols scored on the glass on to the floor - and rendering them right way round and right way up in the process.

SISTER AGATHA

(V.O.)

It struck you as strange, of course.

CUT TO:

29A INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

29A

JONATHAN

Well, clearly there was someone trapped in the castle -

SISTER AGATHA

No, no, the writing.

JONATHAN

It was upside down -

SISTER AGATHA

Yes, because whoever wrote it was obliged to hang that way - but even that extraordinary physical feat is surely not the point of interest.

JONATHAN

Then what is?

SISTER AGATHA

Oh, I have been among the sisters too long - one forgets the slowness of the average -

She bites off the word.

JONATHAN

The average what?

Sister Agatha exchanges a look with the Nun, gives Jonathan the sweetest smile.

SISTER AGATHA

34 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10 34

Jonathan is frowning, abstractedly. His hand moves to his neck, and the strange marking there.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/CORRIDOR - DAY 3 35

JONATHAN emerges from his bedroom door, looks up and down. The strange twisting, slanting corridor.

Closer on him. We note that he looks paler. More haggard. There is a tinge of gray in his hair.

Hesitates. Chooses a direction, heads that way.

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

I knew I had the day to myself, so
I determined to look for the room I
had seen above mine. But the Count
hadn't been lying ...

CUT TO:

36 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/CORRIDOR - DAY 3 36

Jonathan heads along the corridor, comes to halt, seeing -

- the two portraits, the architect and his wife.

He heads on.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 3 37

Cutting around:

Jonathan heading up a set of stairs -

- along a passage way -

- finding himself, bewildered, in a courtyard -

- descending another set of steps -

- heading through a series of archways, walking faster now,
visibly agitated -

Under this we hear:

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

Whatever way I turned, it never
took me where I expected.

(MORE)

JONATHAN
It's ... almost perfect.

DRACULA
The credit is all yours. Your
presence has invigorated me.

He is now lighting the candle on the table. The flare of it
illuminates him -

- and we are looking at a quite different man. Although still
pale his face is noticeably pinker. His hair is no longer
white but a steely gray. There is now a twinkle in his eye as
he looks at Jonathan, and smiles.

DRACULA
Fresh blood.

Jonathan stares at him. What??

CUT TO:

39 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10 39

SISTER AGATHA and JONATHAN.

SISTER AGATHA
And so, I presume, it continued.

JONATHAN
Yes.

SISTER AGATHA
Each morning you awoke, after
dreams of Mina, weakened ...

CUT TO:

40 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 4 40

Jonathan, waking, sits up in the bed. He looks paler, more
haggard.

He puts a hand to his head, as if dizzy -

- and reacts with horror. A handful of his hair has come
away.

CUT TO:

41 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10 41

SISTER AGATHA and JONATHAN.

SISTER AGATHA
 ... and after sundown each day,
 Dracula would appear, stronger and
 younger.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 4 42

JONATHAN - pasty, thinning hair - is dozing in the armchair by the fire. He stirs as DRACULA comes striding through the doors. He's younger than before, his hair now darker, only gray at the temples, and there is a new vigour in his step - and there is no longer much trace of an accent (he's pretty much the Christopher Lee version.)

DRACULA
 Please, don't get up, you look
 exhausted.

CUT TO:

43 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 5 43

Again, we see Jonathan prowling round the castle, opening doors (finding a few locked) heading up and down random little stairwells.

JONATHAN
 (V.O.)
 During the daylight hours - when
 Dracula never seemed to appear - I
 searched for the room above mine
 ...

He steps through an archway, and freezes -

- at the far end of a corridor a shadow flickers out of sight. There is someone else in the castle!

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED 44

45 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 5 45

JONATHAN and DRACULA sit at opposite ends of the table.

Jonathan is frowning at his wineglass, having finished his meal.

Dracula is going through his papers again.

JONATHAN
 Count Dracula ... are we alone in
 this castle?

DRACULA

Yes.

(Remembers to add)

Aside from the servants, of course.

He flashes a brief smile at Jonathan, returns to his documents. The gray is now gone from his hair, and there is no trace of an accent any more - just the slight formality of someone talking in a second language.

JONATHAN

I never see any servants.

DRACULA

They aren't here at night.

JONATHAN

I don't see them in the day time either.

(A beat: Dracula doesn't bother replying)

In fact, apart from the driver, I haven't seen any one working here at all.

DRACULA

What driver?

JONATHAN

The one who brought me, the night I arrived.

DRACULA

Oh, of course. The driver.

He flashes a brief smile at Jonathan - and in that moment, his eyes are caught in the candle light -

- and it's the same cats-gleam as we saw from the driver.

As Dracula returns to his paper, Jonathan stares at him. He's caught him in a lie - but it's like he doesn't even care.

JONATHAN

What I'm asking is, aside from yourself, is anyone living in this castle.

DRACULA

No, Jonathan. There is no one living here.

On Jonathan's face. Distrust.

JONATHAN

(V.O)

I knew he was lying. And I knew he didn't care if I believed him or not.

CUT TO:

46 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 6

46

Morning light is streaming through the window.

JONATHAN sits dazedly on the side of his bed. He starts to put a hand to his head, but notices something about his fingers.

His fingernails are in various stages of decay - blackened and flaking.

He touches the worst of them -

- and it simply peels off and flutters to the floor.

SISTER AGATHA

(V.O.)

Did you understand what was happening to you?

CUT TO:

47 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

47

SISTER AGATHA, the NUN, and JONATHAN.

JONATHAN says nothing, just stares at her.

JONATHAN

Not then. I thought I was sick.
Just sick.

SISTER AGATHA

Turn your head to the side.

JONATHAN

Why?

SISTER AGATHA

Show me.

Jonathan turns. Sister Agatha cranes to look.

The NUN also cranes to look. Winces away, as if the sight is too painful.

On Jonathan's neck. There is strange bruising on his neck. Not obvious as a bite - could be a rash or a localised infection.

SISTER AGATHA

You have been very strong, Mr. Harker. In your circumstances, I would have

JONATHAN34

Again, the Nun speaks. Her face is solemn, her voice is level
- but under that, there is such emotion.

THE NUN

You were trapped in that place, you
were afraid - and yet you spent
your days, searching the castle,
because you thought someone needed
your help.

Jonathan almost looks em35

He's looking at the usual jumble of personal effects. What is all this?

His attention is caught by a framed photo of a woman. He picks this up for close inspection -

- and freezes, staring.

Revealed by the removal of the photograph -

- *a human face!*

He shines the lantern on to this. A man - clearly dead, almost mummified - has been crammed into the box, below all the other stuff. We can see half of his head - a single withered-shut eye, a hollow cheek, half of a gaping mouth - but the rest of him is buried among the bric-a-brac.

Jonathan stares in horror. There's a whole dead body under there?? From the angle of the head, it must have been crammed into the available space - twisted and broken.

Something moves under the jumble of clothes and possessions. A rat maybe?

And then something horrible happens - *the withered eye opens.*

Jonathan transfixed with horror! The single, rheumy, blood-shot eye staring up at him.

And the bric-a-brac shifts more -

- *and now a hand reaches up, through it!*

A clawed, wizened, dead-fleshed hand.

The angle of the head to the hand makes no sense. He must be folded and crushed to fit in there.

Now the head is turning, the face twisting up to look at him -

Jonathan stumbles back, horrified -

- and he backs right into another of the boxes, one he has already opened -

- and a claw-like hand, clamps round his face. Something has risen from this box, gripping hold of him.

He tears himself away, stumbling along the floor, looks back in terror.

The first box: desiccated fingers are gripping round the edge, like the thing inside is trying to pull itself out.

The second box: an arm (the one that grabbed hold of him) and a rotted face are lolling over the side.

Jonathan, staring in fear and incomprehension for a moment -

- then he turns and *runs!*

- then skids to a halt.

Between him and the doors, the first box he opened -

- *and something has already climbed out of it.*

A tiny shriveled woman in a nightdress stands with her back to him, long, matted, gray hair down her back. Small enough to be a child. Two white, stick-like legs. She is bent, leaning at an odd, almost impossible, angle. He can hear the wheeze and clatter of her breathing.

He is rooted to the spot - an ecstasy of terror -

- because she is starting, slowly, to turn her head towards him.

Jonathan: frozen. *No, don't turn, don't look me, don't!!*

- beyond him, defocussed, we can see two shambling things, now out of their boxes, shuffling towards him -

- close on the old woman, turning - we can hear the crackle and pop of bones, the rustle of flesh -

- Jonathan: *no, no!* -

- in the blur behind him, the shambling creatures reaching out, moving closer -

- the old woman's face jerking, stuttering round -

- Jonathan takes an involuntary step back - closer to the reaching hands -

- the old woman's face creaks into place, now staring at him. Her neck has twisted round an impossible 180 degrees, so that she is looking directly over her back; her head is listing slackly to one side, as if bones have been broken by the exertion. Her face is like a shrunken apple, her eyes are blind white, and her mouth is a skull-grin.

And now, in a terrible, rusty whisper, she speaks -

OLD WOMAN CREATURE
(Romanian)
Omoara-ma.

Jonathan, rooted to the spot. What??

Now the old woman has reached out a hand - imploring, rather than threatening.

OLD WOMAN CREATURE
Omoara-ma.

On her imploring hand: one of the fingernails flakes off, falls to the floor.

Involuntarily, Jonathan touches his own missing fingernail.

Then a voice from behind him: another rusty whisper.

CREATURE 2

Omoara-ma.

Jonathan spins: in horror he sees the other two corpse creatures limping and wheezing, closer and closer.

One on its feet, its head flopped along its shoulder, like its neck is broken.

The other shuffles along on its knees - but the lower part of one of the legs is bent forward, rather than back. Both have clearly been crushed and folded to fit into the boxes.

CREATURE 2

Omoara-ma.

OLD WOMAN

Omoara-ma.

Jonathan, backing away, as the three corpse creatures shuffle and slouch towards him -

- *and he just turns and runs.*

- *in his panic, he's lost among the endless boxes - which way, which way -*

- he turns a corner, finds himself stumbling along -

CUT TO:

54A INT. BURIAL CHAMBER - DAY 7

54A

- a low, rock tunnel. Where the hell is he?

The widens into a circular stone chamber.

In pride of place, in the centre, is what appears to be an ancient stone sarcophagus, as if lying in state.

Jonathan steps forward, shining his light on it. There is ancient lettering carved into the stone. It's very crumbled, but you can just read -

DRACULA.

What?? He starts to examine more details. There is a split down the centre of the sarcophagus lid (it opens like double doors) and a tiny, shadowed gap between the stone slabs. What's in there?

Jonathan moves closer, shines his lantern into the gap ...

And there, in the shadowed interior, caught in the lantern beam, is a sleeping face., The face of Dracula -

- *and the eyes snap open!!*

Jonathan backs away, horrified -

- and behind him we see the box creatures shuffling down the tunnel towards him.

OLD WOMAN
Omoara-ma!

He swings his lantern one way, then the other. No obvious way to run.

CREATURE 2
Omoara-ma!

We cut away to the sarcophagus - a hand is reaching up through the central gap, starts to push the stone lid aside.

CREATURE 3
Omoara-ma!

The creatures slouching and limping forward -

Jonathan - panicking, terrified - as a shadow unfolds behind him (Dracula rising from his coffin.)

Jonathan turns to run - and we slam into:

Big close up of Dracula's face in the light of the swaying lantern, his mouth stretching open, the fangs extending -

CUT TO:

55

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

55

SISTER AGATHA, JONATHAN, the NUN.

JONATHAN
That is all I remember. I fear ...
I fear I may have passed out ...

Sister Agatha eyes him for a moment. Her eyes drift to the strange mark on his neck .

SISTER AGATHA
Quite understandable. Omoara-ma! Do you know that is?

JONATHAN
It sounded like a curse.

SISTER AGATHA
It's Romanian. It means "Kill me!"

JONATHAN
They looked dead already. Dead and walking.

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DRACULA

I found you downstairs. Asleep on the floor. I could be wrong, but I think you were having a nightmare.

Dracula now leans forward -

- and for the first time, as his face comes into the firelight, we see our fully-fledged Dracula. Younger again. The formality and stiffness has gone - in its place a sort of indolent loucheness, an ease, even a charm. This Dracula smiles, twinkles, teases. The effortless superiority is still there, but it's no longer the hauteur of an aristocrat - it's the cheeky, lounging, leg-spreading confidence of a rock star.

More than that: now he's so alive - eager to every passing moment. He looks and listens, with a rapt attention. When his eyes fasten on you, you're the only person in the room - and you feel properly understood for the first time in your life.

DRACULA

You look a little pale, Jonny.

He takes a sip of his wine.

Jonathan, staring at him in bemusement. He finds himself focussing on the wineglass.

JONATHAN

You said you didn't drink.

DRACULA

Wine.

Close on the glass as the Dracula sets it down on a side table. The liquid is rather too viscous.

Dracula now springs up, and starts hauling Jonathan to his feet - he's friendly, jovial.

Jonathan, by contrast, is pale, and suddenly seems too skinny for his clothes. Half-way to the skeletal, spectral creature we see in the scenes with Agatha.

DRACULA

Now, listen - I need you to do something for me. Just sit your Td (You dheaY j 0. soD2 C* (we st nencet Half-w_

DRACULA

DRACULA
Well you do look rather ...
drained.

JONATHAN
You look ... young.

FLASHBACK: Close on Dracula's terrible fangs.

When we cut back to Dracula, he's taking another sip of his wine.

DRACULA
I owe it all to you. Thanks. So now
it's nearly time for you to go.

Dracula moves away from him -

- revealing behind him, a few feet away, a packing case. It is exactly the same as the ones he saw in the ballroom, but newer. The lid is only loosely on, and a claw hammer and some nails lie on top of it.

Jonathan: stares at the box. Understanding.

Finally able to tear his eyes from it, he sees that Dracula is now sitting across the table from him.

DRACULA
Three letters. All to Mina. The first saying you are nearly finished your work here, and you will be leaving within the week. The second saying you have completed your work, and you'll be leaving the following day. And the third, saying that you have now left the castle and have arrived safely in ...
(Considers)
Oh, I don't know - Bistritz. I'll send the letters at the appropriate times, and forward the last one to Bistritz, so it can be sent on from there.

JONATHAN
Why would I do that?

DRACULA
So that Mina will know you're coming home.

JONATHAN
But why write the letters in advance?

DRACULA
The post here is very erratic. It's a precaution

JONATHAN

For whom? If something happened to me, and those letters had already been sent ...

DRACULA

Then Mina wouldn't think to come looking for you here.

Absently, Dracula twirls a finger inside his 'wine'. Now sucks the red fluid from his finger, his twinkling eyes never leaving Jonathan's.

DRACULA

Do you want her to come here?

Jonathan, staring at him. There is a barely any dissembling here - he's being told he's going to die.

Again, the baby crying. Jonathan glances at the doorway.

JONATHAN

That's a baby.

DRACULA

There is no baby.

JONATHAN

But I can hear it crying.

DRACULA

Jonny - write the letters. Or write them. It's up to you. I'm only thinking of Mina. don't

Dracula rises.

DRACULA

Now, if you don't mind, things to do - I'll see you tomorrow evening. Leave the letters on the table.

He starts heading for the door.

JONATHAN

What dates. The letters, how should I date them?

DRACULA

Oh, let's see. The 12th for the first, the 19th for the second and for the last ... what shall we say?

...

He has come to a halt by the packing case. Drums his fingers lightly on it, as if considering ...

DRACULA

The 29th?

Jonathan, staring at him. He's just been told the span of his life. His eyes go to the box.

JONATHAN
The 29th...

DRACULA
As good a day as any. Good night,
Jonny.

Jonathan watches him stride out -

- then pushes himself up from the table, follows.

CUT TO:

57

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/MAIN HALL - NIGHT 7

57

As Jonathan reaches the door, he calls to Dracula.

JONATHAN
What if I just leave? What if I
leave this place right now?

Dracula looks at him, perfectly calm.

DRACULA
No one is stopping you.

Jonathan, now leaning in the doorway. Like the movement cost him dear.

JONATHAN
I don't have the strength.

DRACULA
I know.
(Smiles at him - almost
compassionate)
It's not your fault, Jonny. You
mustn't blame yourself.

Dracula turns, picks up a carpet bag from a table in the hallway -

- and the bag moves!

Something is wriggling inside.

As Jonathan stares, we hear the crying baby again. And there's no question, it's coming from the bag. The words blurt out of Jonathan -

JONATHAN
Please ... the baby -

DRACULA
(Without turning)
There is no baby.

JONATHAN

I had a potential ally. One who could climb the castle walls...

SISTER AGATHA

One you couldn't even find ...

JONATHAN

Because I'd been looking for the wrong thing. I should have been looking for a map.

SISTER AGATHA

Of the castle? But there wasn't one.

JONATHAN

So Dracula believed. But in telling me that, he also told me where to find it.

SISTER AGATHA

What did he say?

JONATHAN

I told you.

Sister Agatha: for the first time, taken aback. She exchanges a glance with the Nun.

SISTER AGATHA

I missed it.

JONATHAN

Yes, you did.

SISTER AGATHA

Then you're much quicker than me.

JONATHAN

I'm not quick. I've always been slow. But the thing is, when you're slow you know you need to pay attention. It's the clever ones who never listen - even when they're talking.

(Stops, frowns)

But you've read all this, in my account.

SISTER AGATHA

It was vague in certain crucial respects. Continue, please.

CUT TO:

59

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 7

59

JONATHAN staring hauntedly at the photograph of Mina. He straightens up, a new thought occurring.

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

It occurred to me that night, that
Dracula had said more than he
intended, and more than he knew.

CUT TO:

60 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 8 60

On the window - sunshine is streaming through.

Pulling back to see Jonathan sitting on the side of the bed,
in his nightshirt. He heaves himself to his feet.

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

He never appeared during the day,
so I decided to wait till morning
to test my theory.

He has a thought. He goes to where his coat has been flung -
and pulls from the pocket the little cross the girl gave him.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/CORRIDOR - DAY 8 61

Jonathan emerges from his bedroom, starts heading along.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/CORRIDOR - DAY 8 62

JONATHAN
(V.O.)
The path to the sunlight...

He turns the portrait over, to reveal a map of the castle!
Several pages, in fact - details of every floor.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY 8 64

Now cutting around Jonathan finding his way round the castle.

- down a staircase, that turns a corner and heads up -
- opens a door on a brick wall, hesitates, then pushes at the bricks. The brick wall hinges open like a door, revealing a spiral staircase -
- at a junction of several corridors, carefully consulting his diagrams -
- ascending a staircase. Now he arrives at a pair of double doors.

He checks his map. Clearly this is the place.

Nervously he places his hands on the doors. And pushes.

They swing slowly open ...

CUT TO:

65 INT. THE BRIDAL CHAMBER - DAY 8 65

Stepping inside ...

The first impression is of a huge, Victorian laboratory or operating theatre - wood and brass and glass. There are benches and what look like operating tables. Bell jars, and charts, and racks of scalpels.

Jury-rigged equipment clicks and ticks everywhere - this is a Frankenstein lab, a glittering steampunk marvel.

There are a number of tall windows - but the lower sections of them are shuttered (in fact to stop the sunlight ever reaching the floor) but it's what stands in the centre of the room that now attract Jonathan's attention.

Three packing cases, similar to the ones we saw in the ballroom, but much larger - maybe six foot square. They are clearly the focus of attention in this room, arranged in a formal triangle. Each has three ascending steps project from one side, like little shelves. At the top of the steps is what is clearly a closed hatch or door, which could admit you to the interior of the box.

Stranger: there is a large, clear glass sphere, about twice the size of a football, attached to the rear side of each box (ie - the side facing out from the triangle.) There is a lid on each of the spheres, so that they can be opened, and they are each connected to the packing cases by a short glass tunnel, making them look a little like giant light bulbs.

And even stranger. The spheres are not empty - at least not the one he can see from this angle.

He steps closer to it. The sphere is full of flies. Many are buzzing about, others climbing about the interior of the glass. A few fly along the glass tunnel, in and out of the packing case.

Why?

What's in there?

He watches the flies a moment. One fly buzzes along the connecting glass tunnel to the interior of the box -

- and *snap!*

It has flown straight into a fanged human mouth with now snaps shot on it. There is a scuffle from inside the box, the sounds of movement -

- *someone is in there!*

Shakily, Jonathan steps away from the box. Who is in there? What is the purpose of this place?

Willing himself to go on, he moves to the next box. Now stares.

In the glass sphere attached to the back are several rats, scuttling about the glass. There are a couple of stiff, dead ones at the bottom.

As he bends to look closer, *thump!* Another stiff dead rat lands among the dead ones - it's been thrown along the tunnel.

Jonathan - controlling his fear and disgust - peers along the glass tunnel -

- just as a naked human arm flashes out, grabs another rat, and disappears again.

He startles back from this -

- and just as he settles there's a crash from behind him.

He spins, looks.

The third of the boxes. From this angle we can't see the glass sphere attached to the back -

- *but we can see that the lid has been opened.* The lid now hangs on its hinge down the side.

ELENA

The Count made me his friend. Once
you are the Count's friend, all
languages are the same. I'm hungry.

JONATHAN

Was it you at my window? Did you
leave the message?

She grins, childishly proud.

ELENA

JONATHAN
 Look at it. Look at it! It is the
 sign of the cross. The symbol of
 our Lord.

ELENA
 I know. It's pretty.

And she lunges at him, her fanged mouth stretching open, and
 for a moment it's like we're falling into it -

Blackness.

CUT TO:

66

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

66

JONATHAN is looking accusingly at SISTER AGATHA, who seems to
 be smiling, distractedly.

SISTER AGATHA
 You assumed, I suppose, that the
 cross would ward off evil.

JONATHAN
 Why are you smiling.

SISTER AGATHA
 Your faith, I think. It's touching.

JONATHAN
 What happened to yours?

SISTER AGATHA
 I have looked for God everywhere in
 this world - and never found Him.

JONATHAN
 Then why are you here?

SISTER AGATHA
 Like many women my age, I am
 trapped in a loveless marriage,
 maintaining appearances for the
 sake of a roof over my head. Now
 then! We proceed to your miraculous
 escape from Castle Dracula, about
 which you have been so vague.

CUT TO:

67

INT. THE BRIDAL CHAMBER/INSIDE THE BOX - EVENING 8

67

Close on Jonathan's sleeping face, bathed in the ruddy glow
 of the sunset. The way his head is lying, we can clearly see
 a fresh wound on his neck, still bleeding slightly.

He stirs, twitches.

Wider: he's inside the box, half buried in soil. His clothes are now torn and slashed, like he's been attacked.

His eyes flutter open, he orientates himself.

Dear God, *he's in the box!!*

He looks up - the lid has been closed! Through the glass panel, we can see the warm glow of a room bathed in the light of a sunset.

He puts his hand to his neck, then looks at the blood he now sees on his hand.

What? What's happened to him? And where's that girl?

He pulls himself to his feet - and the effort almost winds him.

He clutches the wall of the box. Why's he so weak now?

He stands fully, presses up against the lid of the box.

Can't budge it!

Tries again - will not move!

He crouches down again. A little more of the evening light is spilling through from the aperture leading to the glass tunnel, and the sphere.

He peers through, trying to make out the room beyond the distorting lens of the glass. Beyond the carpet bag, and its inert occupant - silhouetted against the red glow from the windows - he can see that someone is moving out there.

But who? The girl?

And then, as he peers, he sees something truly terrible.

The carpet bag twitches. A gurgle. A baby giggle.

The tiny little hand flexes.

Jonathan, staring. What? *What??*

A tiny chubby shape now raises up from the bag - it's a shadow against the sunset glow, and is clearly climbing.

A thump as the tiny creature falls to the bottom of sphere, out of sight for a moment.

Jonathan cranes to see where it has gone.

Jonathan's POV. One little hand, then another, grips on to the circular entry to the connecting tunnel. The little head rises up, in silhouette - the cats-eye gleam is now staring right at him. Another gurgle, another giggle.

Jonathan now shrinking back. No. *No!!*

The baby - now it's moving forward, starting to crawl into the connecting tunnel.

Jonathan scrambles towards the hatch in the side of the box, claws at it, tries to open it -

Won't budge, won't move.

On the baby, crawling - one tiny hand slaps against the glass, then the other.

He smashes his fists against the hatch - nothing, nothing.

His eyes go back to the tunnel aperture again -

- the tiny creature, now at the end of the tunnel. The light from the glass panel above hits the baby's face -

Dead white flesh, cats-eye stare - and the mouth opening on vampire fangs.

Jonathan, frozen in deranging terror, his back pressed against the hatch -

- the hatch simply opens, outwards, causing him to fall back -

(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)
I hope this doesn't mean I'm
getting sentimental.

He says this, stepping over Elena's body - smiling, amiable.

JONATHAN
Why did you kill her?

DRACULA
Who?
(Glances round)
Oh! Because I wanted to see if she
would die, I suppose.
(Off his shocked look)
Oh, come on, you know the feeling -
you were a child once. Did you
never break apart your toys to see
how they worked?

JONATHAN
You're a monster.

DRACULA
You're a lawyer. Nobody's perfect.
(He taps the stake, still
pinning her to the floor)
Stake through the heart, you see?

He's how reaching his arms under Jonathan's shoulders and the backs of his knees, lifting him up, cradled like a child.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STAIRCASE - EVENING 8 68

DRACULA carrying the frail JONATHAN up the grand staircase.

JONATHAN
You took everything from me ...

DRACULA
Of course. You were my harvest. You are the high road that leads me to England.

JONATHAN
Why England?

DRACULA
The people. All those intelligent, sophisticated people. As I've been trying to tell everyone for centuries - you are what you eat.

They have reached the top level of the castle.

A pair of doors, leading to an outside area, stand open. Through them we see the darkening sky, tinged by the red of the sunset - though from this angle, the sun is not visible.

Dracula carries Jonathan through the doors.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8 69

A circular rooftop, battlements running round it. There is a central tower with a pair of doors in it, through which Dracula now steps.

(NB. This rooftop is flooded with sunlight, except for the shadow cast by the tower, where Dracula remains at all times. This is the convention we establish for the show - he can go out in daytime, but NEVER in direct sunlight. A literal creature of the shadows.)

Casually, carelessly, Dracula drops Jonathan to the floor, letting him roll into the beams of the setting sun.

DRACULA
And now you have one more service to perform, if you don't mind.

Jonathan - a twisted, vulnerable thing, just lying there - summons the strength to speak.

JONATHAN
I will do nothing - *nothing* - for
you.

DRACULA
Describe her to me.

JONATHAN
Who?

DRACULA
I haven't seen her in hundreds of
years. Please, in your own words,
describe her.

Jonathan looks around in confusion. Who?

DRACULA
In my memory, she sets behind the
second highest peak at this time of
year. And she's quite red. Is she
red?

Jonathan's eyes find the sun. Realising now what he's talking
about.

DRACULA
I've had artists paint her. Poets
capture her in words. Mozart wrote
such a pretty little tune - really,
I should have spared him. But what
does the lawyer see?

JONATHAN
Look for yourself.

DRACULA
It would burn me to dust.

Jonathan turns a look of utter hatred on him.

JONATHAN
Good.

Dracula smiles, tolerant. Almost laughs.

DRACULA
Yes, fair enough. Absolutely fair
enough.

JONATHAN
Will you put me in a box?

DRACULA
Keep your eyes on the sun, Jonny -
you're never going to see her
again.

His eyes go to the sun, sinking below the mountain range.

DRACULA

There's a box for you, yes, in case
you walk. But most people I feed
off just die, so you'll probably be
fine.

Jonathan staring at the sun, tears in his eyes.

JONATHAN

Please.

DRACULA

Why do you people always beg for
your tiny little lives, as if it
makes any difference? Don't you see

SISTER AGATHA
You were about to explain how you
escaped from the castle ...

JONATHAN
Yes ... yes, I ...

He frowns, in evident confusion. Gestures at the manuscript

JONATHAN
You've read my account.

SISTER AGATHA
Yes.

Sister Agatha exchanges a look with the Silent Nun. Then
pushes the manuscript towards him.

SISTER AGATHA
Perhaps it will refresh your
memory.

She studies him intently as he picks up the pile of paper,
flicks through it.

Now stares. What? *What??*

Jonathan's POV. He has opened the manuscript. The first words
he can see:

Dracula is my Lord.

He stares in confusion, his eye flick down the page.

*Dracula is all things. Dracula is the beginning and the end.
Dracula is the night that never ends.*

He's tearing through the pages now -

Dracula is my master. Dracula will be obeyed.

More and more pages.

Dracula will be served. Dracula will rise.

Now at the end, the final page. The same sentence over and
over again:

Dracula is God. Dracula is God. Dracula is God.

Jonathan stares at Sister Agatha, in panicked
incomprehension.

JONATHAN
What is this? I didn't write this.

SISTER AGATHA
When you were first brought here,
you asked for a pen and paper.
Then, all day and all night, this
is what you wrote.

DRACULA
Your *word*, Jonny.

JONATHAN
You'll kill me anyway.

DRACULA
Look me in the eye, and give me
your word.

Jonathan, now heaving himself to his feet. It's an heroic effort but he staggers towards Dracula, looks him in the eye.

JONATHAN
Count Dracula . . . I give you my
word . . . if I walk out of this
place alive . . . if you let me live
. . .

Dracula, half-smiling, looks at him, quizzical.

Jonathan pauses, studying Dracula's as if seeing him clearly for the first time.

An effort: he dredges one last burst of passion.

JONATHAN
*- then I will do everything in my
power to stop you!*

The two men, face to face for a moment - Jonathan is trembling, almost tearful, but somehow magnificent.

And Dracula smiles. Pleased, as if Jonathan has passed a test.

DRACULA
Yes. Yes, quite right. That's my
Jonny.

He holds Jonathan's face in his hands, tender for a moment.

DRACULA
Welcome to the mountain top.

And with a sudden, savage twist, he snaps Jonathan's neck.

Jonathan drops like a stone.

CUT TO:

72

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10

72

A silence at the table. Jonathan, shocked, staring at the table.

Finally he looks up.

JONATHAN
I'm not breathing.

SISTER AGATHA
Sometimes you do, but I think it's mostly habit. You don't have a heartbeat either.

JONATHAN
I'm dead.

SISTER AGATHA
Undead. But apparently, not yet a vampire. At least, not fully.
(A wintry smile)
One must cling to what good news there is.

JONATHAN
I do not serve Dracula. *I do not.*

SISTER AGATHA
He is in your mind though. The question is, why aren't you in one of his boxes?

JONATHAN
... I don't know.

SISTER AGATHA
It is not a question one ever anticipates asking ... but what happened after you were murdered?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8

73

On Jonathan's sprawled body (he has fallen into the sunlight.) A twitch, a sound like a death-rattle.

Dracula (still in the shade) looks down, curious.

DRACULA
Oh! You're going to be a lively one.

Jonathan - now writhing, twisting his neck. We hear a terrible crackling of bones, as if he's adjusting his neck back into position.

DRACULA
That was very quick. Usually, people have a lie-down first.

CUT TO:

74 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10

74

Jonathan, almost tranced, lost in the memory.

JONATHAN
He said everyone. Everyone I love.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8 75

Jonathan, now crawling - or dragging himself - towards the edge of the roof, and the wall running round it -

Dracula, watching from the shadow.

DRACULA
Where do you think you can go?

CUT TO:

76 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10 76

Jonathan, staring at the table top, tears in his eyes ...

JONATHAN
Everyone!

The Nun is staring at him, understanding.

NUN
(Moved)
Mi na. You were thinking about Mi na.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8

DRACULA
 Stay. Stay here. There's nowhere
 else go now - you're like me.

With great effort, Jonathan turns for one last look at
 Dracula.

JONATHAN
 I. Am not. Like you.

And then the unexpected - the *impossible!*

Dracula *screams!* Suddenly he is twisting and screaming, like
 a man on fire.

He drops to his knees, howling and raging. And it goes on and
 on.

From all around wolves are howling, as if in sympathy.

Jonathan, staring in astonishment. What?? Why is this
 happening?

CUT TO:

78 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10 78

Silence. Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN
 That's all. That's everything.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8 79

On Jonathan, still staring at Dracula, the screaming still
 going on and on.

Slowly, Jonathan start to topple backwards.

CUT TO:

80 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10 80

Jonathan, so haunted.

JONATHAN
 That's all I remember.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8 81

High shot, over the castle. In slow motion, Jonathan, falling towards the river. The scream seems to be echoing round the mountains.

CUT TO:

82 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10 82

Agatha, frowning.

SISTER AGATHA

But why did he scream? What did you do?

JONATHAN

Nothing. I did nothing. I *looked*

istver(Agathh shves backd hr chair, starts p

SISTER AGATHA

t. aundtal khi n a rosesdea cerntai d
moun of curi osi tya, aund youwhred

JONATHAN

SISTER AGATHA

JONATHAN

SISTER AGATHA

Sister Agatha has suddenly stopped in her pacing. On her face, a revelation.

SISTER AGATHA
You were facing the sun.

Jonathan, bewildered.

She spins to him. Vigorous now, energised.

SISTER AGATHA
That's correct, isn't it? The setting sun was directly in front of you, yes?

JONATHAN
Well, yes ...

SISTER AGATHA
Don't you see it? *Don't you see??*

Sister Agatha: a world of revelation - it's like she can hardly hold it in her head. For the first time we are seeing her excited.

JONATHAN
See what?

Agatha clasping her head in her hands, pacing again. Her voice shakes with emotion.

SISTER AGATHA
I have sought to find God all my

Close on Jonathan, not understanding: now we pan down from his face to his chest -

- and there, now hanging free of his torn clothing, is the gleaming silver crucifix the girl gave him.

It is caught in the sun, and glowing with molten ferocity.

On Dracula: the shape of the cross is beaming on to his face!

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT -

JONATHAN
If she could see me? Yes! *Look at me!*

THE NUN
You were trying to escape - even though you thought it was hopeless - why?

JONATHAN
I told you - he said everyone I love!

THE NUN
And you thought of Mi na!

JONATHAN
Of course I thought of Mi na!

THE NUN
But now you think so little of her, you believe she'd reject you for the wounds you suffered in her protection?

JONATHAN
Look at me.

THE NUN
I see you.

JONATHAN
I'm not the man I was.

THE NUN
I think you are.

JONATHAN
I can't even remember her face!

SISTER AGATHA
Yes, I think you've proven that to our satisfaction.

Sister Agatha and the Nun exchange a pained glance. Agatha places a hand on the Nun's shoulder, as if comforting her.

SISTER AGATHA
Mr. Harker, I apologise for the deception. It was necessary she heard the story from your own lips.

Jonathan is blinking in confusion. What does she mean? Then a hand is taking his.

THE NUN
You may have forgotten your fiancée's face - but I am not lost to you yet.

He looks from the hand over his, to the Nun who placed it there. She is staring at him, tears in her eyes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
That is not a temptation with which
I was struggling.

CUT TO:

88 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10 88

On MINA, eyes flickering open. JONATHAN is kneeling over her, trembling anxious. He is proffering something to her.

Looking down, she sees the sharpened stake in his hands.

JONATHAN
Please. Take it.

MINA
Why?

JONATHAN
Because you're bleeding.

His eyes, so haunted, entranced by the cut on her face ...

JONATHAN
And I can't stand it ...

CUT TO:

89 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10 89

SISTER AGATHA is staring at the eerily still wolf. The MOTHER SUPERIOR is at her shoulder, curious, perturbed. The bats still whirl and shriek round the courtyard.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
What's happening? What is this?

SISTER AGATHA
We are undTweawick from the forces
wyd I cantyapc12-1rwTJ canty*is 9177 TdWe areawick from e unc

For a moment, nothing. He just stares at her. Then - slowly, trembling - he reaches a hand to touch the side of her face --

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

93

SISTER AGATHA facing the wolf through the bars. A vexed MOTHER SUPERIOR at her shoulder.

SISTER AGATHA
Yes, the legends suggest you can control them. They are your eyes and ears, I think? Just like this magnificent beast.
(Glances up)
But the sun is down. You don't have to hide any more.

The wolf just cocks its head at her.

SISTER AGATHA
Or are you still too afraid to step from the shadows?

Nothing for a moment. Then the wolf twitches, spasms -

- and there is a terrible, wet, crunching noise, like dozens of bones cracking at once -

- the wolf twists, buckles, thrashes -

- and collapses.

Sister Agatha and the Mother Superior stare, aghast.

Closer on the fallen wolf - it seems dead, but the eyes are wide, darting, panicked -

Another wet, crackling noise -

- and the flank of the wolf bulges, like something is pushing from within. A thin line of blood appears along the hide, and now, with a ripping, tearing sound, it splits open along the line, flesh stringing like pizza cheese in the slowly widening gash -

- and now, pushing through from the viscera within, what appear to be human fingers...

Closer on the fingers - the fingernails are the strange, sharp fingernails of Count Dracula...

CUT TO:

94 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

94

JONATHAN and MINA as we left them. Mina is now holding Jonathan's hand against her face.

MI NA
It's me. You see me. You are
Jonathan Harker, and you would
never, ever hurt me ...

Jonathan tries to move his hand from her face. She pulls it
back.

MI NA
Look at me. See me. My blue-eyed
Jonny, look at me.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10 95

SISTER AGATHA and the MOTHER SUPERIOR, staring in mounting
horror.

A whole naked arm is now groping its way out of the gash. At
first its spindly, emaciated, but as it emerges into the air,
it seems to swell, inflating, growing to normal, muscular
size.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
This is devilry.

SISTER AGATHA
Oh, worse than that. It's the
devil.

CUT TO:

96 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10 96

Jonathan pulls his hand more forcefully from Mi na's face.

MI NA
No, Jonny, it's all right - you
don't have to -

She breaks off, staring at Jonathan.

Jonathan has turned his gaze to his own hand. Some of Mi na's
blood is smeared across his fingers. He stares at it,
transfixed -

- now, it's dawning on Mi na why -

- fear in her face now, tears starting in her eyes -

MI NA
No. Jonny. Don't.

But he isn't listening. He can't take his eyes from the blood
on his finger tips.

MI NA
Don't. *Please* don't.

And now, trembling, he is raising his finger to his lips ...

MI NA
Don' t...

CUT TO:

97

EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

97

As SISTER AGATHA and the MOTHER SUPERIOR stare -

- before them, staggering to its feet, an almost pitiful figure, like a stickman carved out of raw meat -

- but its swelling, growing, like living viscera, folding and stretching into place -

- now its head raises from its chest, and we see the face of Count Dracula, grinning satanically.

A moment later, he's standing there, fully formed. (He's naked, of course, but strategically shot.)

He smiles, relaxed now.

A whimper.

Sister Agatha and the Mother Superior look to the emptied wolf hide, lying in a gory tangle. The eyes are still darting, the jaws working feebly ...

DRACULA
I don't know about you girls - but
I love a bit of fur.

Now Sister Agatha replies to him in English.

A whimper from the eviscerated wolf.

SISTER AGATHA
It's alive.

DRACULA
No it isn't.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
It's in pain.

DRACULA
You think pain ends when you're
dead. Oh, sisters! Pain is what
survives.

Another anguished whimper from the bloody crumple.

DRACULA
Pain is your soul.

He spreads his hands, like he's giving the sermon on the mount.

DRACULA
Suffer unto me.

Sister Agatha just eyes him for a moment - then steps to a wall mounted bell. She now rings it.

DRACULA
Not sure what legends you've been reading - but bells don't have any effect on me.

SISTER AGATHA
This one will.

The doors all round the courtyard open.

Now nuns are filling into the courtyard - the whole convent, thirty or so - and start forming into a rough (but clearly pre-arranged) semi-circle round the gate.

The Mother Superior looks around clearly bemused. She leans into Sister Agatha: an aside.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Sister Agatha, have you been up to one of your secret projects again?

SISTER AGATHA
You'd better hope so.

CUT TO:

98

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

98

JONATHAN, sucking greedily at the blood on his fingers. It's disgusting, pathetic, wretched - almost comical.

MINA, so appalled.

MINA
Don't do that. You don't need to do that, I *know* you don't.

He looks up at her, the fingers gone from his mouth ...

... but his pleading, ravenous eyes have gone straight to the cut on her temple.

MINA
Jonny?

He's reaching a trembling hand towards her, towards the blood.

She's shuffling back from him now...

MINA
Please, Jonny ...

CUT TO:

99 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

99

The semi-circle of NUNS has formed, facing Dracula at the gate. Their heads are bowed, their hands clasped inside their robes.

Dracula, grinning round them all.

DRACULA

This is exciting. This will be the most nuns I've had in one sitting.

SISTER AGATHA

Sisters - present arms.

From under their robes, each of them produces a sharpened stake.

CUT TO:

100 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

100

MINA, shuffling backwards, flails out a hand -

- and grabs the sharpened stake from where it fell.

She levels it at Jonathan's chest. The stake is shaking in her hands, but her face is fierce, determined.

Jonathan, at a halt now. He extends a trembling arm, pitiful, pleading.

JONATHAN

Let me. Please. Let me ...

CUT TO:

101 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

101

DRACULA is surveying the horseshoe of stake-clutching Nuns. They are still not looking at him.

DRACULA

I see my arrival was anticipated.

SISTER AGATHA

I was aware of the possibility.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Agatha, what have you brought down on us!

DRACULA

(Calling to the Nuns)
Coo-ee! Hello!
(A mocking smile at Agatha)
(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)

I don't want to worry you, but the army of the faithful can't seem to look me in the eye.

SISTER AGATHA

They're nuns, and you're naked - it isn't your eye they're not looking at.

CUT TO:

102 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

102

Slam!!

JONATHAN's hand grabs hold of the stake in MINA's, wrenches it from her grip.

He holds it aloft for a moment -

- and now his mouth stretches open, distorts - the fangs extend. *He's a vampire!!*

Mina, against the wall, nowhere to run.

MINA

Jonny! *Jonny!*

Slowly, Jonathan brings the stake down, places the point against his own chest.

Braces himself - as if trying to summon the courage, the strength.

On last look at Mina, tears in his eyes.

Mina: horror on her face -

MINA

I'm sorry.

- and she bolts for the door, tumbling through it, slamming it behind her.

CUT TO:

103 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE - NIGHT 10

103

MINA throws herself into the corridor, startling the two Nuns on guard outside.

MINA

Lock it.

From inside the room, a terrible, rending, heartbreaking moan. It freezes the Nuns in their tracks.

On the wall is an old wooden coat of arms, with rusted, crossed swords. She grabs one of the swords, brandishes it at the door.

MINA
Lock this door!

CUT TO:

104 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

104

DRACULA, naked at the gate.

DRACULA
Well isn't anyone going to invite me in? I've come a long way to see you.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Certainly not.

SISTER AGATHA
Sister Angela - the key please.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
You can't be serious.

SISTER AGATHA
I'm more than serious, I'm completely confident. Sister Angela?

One of the Nuns scuttles off.

DRACULA
How did you know I was coming?

SISTER AGATHA
There is a man here you consider to be your property.

DRACULA
My bride.

SISTER AGATHA
He is what drew you here, I think.

DRACULA
A bee can always find nectar.

SISTER AGATHA
And a trap always needs honey.

DRACULA
I don't think this is a trap.

SISTER AGATHA
It wouldn't be a very good trap if you did.

Sister Angela is placing the key in Sister Agatha's hand.

SISTER AGATHA
Thank you, Sister.

She steps forward to the gate, unlocks.

SISTER AGATHA
Count Dracula, please attend my words with care.

She swings open the gate.

SISTER AGATHA
This is the St Mary's Convent of Budapest - and you are *not* welcome here. You are most specifically *not* invited in.

She stands back from the opened gate, and smiles pleasantly.

Dracula: calm but inwardly seething. He doesn't move.

Sister Agatha beams.

SISTER AGATHA
Ah, so it's true then, that's interesting.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
What's true?

SISTER AGATHA
A vampire may not enter any abode, unless invited. I wasn't sure about that one.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
A vampire??

DRACULA
You unlocked the gate and you weren't sure?

MOTHER SUPERIOR
A vampire??

SISTER AGATHA
The iron wasn't keeping you out - you could've torn it apart like matchwood.

DRACULA
I could tear *you* apart.

SISTER AGATHA
Not from out there, you couldn't. But what's stopping you? A feeling? A force? Is it physical, mental? Why do you need an invitation?

DRACULA
Do you expect me to tell you?

SISTER AGATHA
I don't even expect you to *know*. A beast can follow rules - that doesn't mean it understands them.

DRACULA
I am more than a beast.

SISTER AGATHA
In what way? By your own account, you've been on this Earth for hundreds of years - and you can't even walk into a Nunnery. An ox could do it. How are you more than a beast?

DRACULA
Do you want me to show you?

SISTER AGATHA
Of course. I'm waiting.

DRACULA
Look at them. Look at your sisters.

SISTER AGATHA
Armed and ready.

DRACULA
You're not looking.

SISTER AGATHA
I don't need to.

DRACULA
One of them - that's all I need. If just *one* of your pretty little army beckons me in, I will smash your world to pieces, and drink my fill.

SISTER AGATHA
Why would they invite you in? What do you have to offer?

DRACULA
Eternal life.

SISTER AGATHA
Well, thanks, but we have that already.

DRACULA
Starting tonight?

He now rakes the Nuns with a look.

DRACULA
Because the first one to invite me in, stays at my side.
(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)
The others, I will break apart and
destroy - and ladies, I will take
my time. As I think I once said,
during the sacking of
Constantinople - one should never
rush a Nun.

SISTER AGATHA
Your words mean nothing here.

DRACULA
If you find you are not tempted by
my offer, ask yourself this - who
is?

Panning across the Nuns. They are unnerved but resolute.

DRACULA
Who's weakest? Who is the most
afraid. Who will break first? Is
there still time for it to be you?

Shunk!

SISTER AGATHA

Go on! You've come so far, I'm sure you could do with a drink.

He forces himself to look her in the eye. Such hatred - all the surface urbanity has gone. He's a shivering drug addict trying to resist his next fix.

Sister Agatha has wiped a little blood on to her finger, now tastes.

SISTER AGATHA

You know, I'm not certain I see the appeal.

Then, with calculated cruelty, she flicks the blood right into Dracula's face.

SISTER AGATHA

But each to his own, I suppose.

Another flick of blood to his face - she's enjoying herself, openly sadistic.

His junkie shaking is worse than ever. Willing himself not to lick the blood from his own face.

DRACULA

Do you think ... provoking me ... is *clever*?

SISTER AGATHA

Oh, yes, I do. I want to learn about you. I want to see the limit of your capability. It is the point of this experiment.

DRACULA

You have no conception, not the first idea -

She interrupts him, tossing the bloodied knife at his feet.

SISTER AGATHA

Here boy!

And he can't take it. He's on his knees, snatching up the knife, frantically licking the blood from its blade.

The Mother Superior watches him, with unconcealed contempt.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

This is contemptible. You are without shame.

DRACULA

Be careful what you say to me.

SISTER AGATHA

Don't speak with your mouth full.
(Off his glare)
(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (cont'd)

She has earned the right to express her contempt, you know. We all have. Every woman in front of you has fasted for weeks on end. Each of these women has turned her back on earthly pleasures, has resisted all form of temptation. We have freed ourselves of appetite, and therefore, of fear.

Dracula - crouched on the ground, his mouth bloodied - looks up at the Nuns.

They stare at him - disgust, revulsion.

Now Sister Agatha hunkers down to Dracula's eye-level. He looks at her, burning with hatred.

She takes the crucifix hanging round her neck, thrusts it at him.

SISTER AGATHA

That's why you can't bear the sight of this. It speaks of the holy virtue you do not possess. It is goodness incarnate.

He stares at her for a moment. Then the tiniest smile.

DRACULA

For a moment I thought you were clever. But no. That is not why I fear the cross. Goodness has nothing to do with it.

SISTER AGATHA

So you say. But why would a mere beast understand its own fear.

She straightens up, looks disdainfully down at him.

SISTER AGATHA

No one here will invite you in, Count Dracula. We can pity you right where you are.

Sister Agatha turns, starts striding away.

Dracula shoots to his feet.

DRACULA

Who are you?

SISTER AGATHA

Finish your scraps. It's all you're getting tonight.

DRACULA

Let's see. Blood is lives.

Dracula is sampling the blood from the blade, as if detecting flavours.

DRACULA
Agatha - that's the name, isn't it?

Unimpressed, Sister Agatha continues to walk away.

SISTER AGATHA
The Mother Superior used my name,
you heard her - you'll have to do
better than that.

DRACULA
You're from somewhere else.
Holland, I think.

SISTER AGATHA
You could tell as much from my
accent. I bid you good night.

DRACULA
Hel si ng.

Sister Agatha comes to a halt. Oh!

DRACULA
(Savouring the name)
Agatha. Van. Hel si ng.

Sister Agatha turns as he speaks, and we push in on her -
hero shot!

Dracula smiles, clearly feeling he has the advantage again.

DRACULA
What's your interest in me? Who are
you, Agatha Van Hel si ng?

SISTER AGATHA
Your every nightmare at once. An
educated woman in a crucifix.

And she turns and sweeps away.

On Dracula watching her go. His face - the anger has been
replace by fascination. He cocks his head, observing her.
Smiles. Almost like he likes her - admires her

Then, unconsciously, he smacks his lips.

He turns, and starts walking away from the gate. Close on his
face, as he walks - the same fixed smile on his face, and his
lips continue to smack, mechanically, faster and faster.

CUT TO:

105

INT. CORRIDOR O/S JONATHAN'S ROOM/ - NIGHT 10

105

MINA sits opposite the door, her face tear-streaked but the
sword still held loosely in her hands. The two NUNS from
earlier stand a few feet away, their heads bowed in sorrow.

The room as it was before, though darker now. Moonlight streams through the window on to:

JONATHAN lies absolutely still on the floor - as if he's pinned there by the stake through his chest.

Agatha is standing over him, looking down. So grim, such regret. She looks to Mina, sitting crouched in the corridor outside.

SISTER AGATHA
He was a brave man. He must have
loved you very much.

Mina looks to Sister Agatha with dull, empty eyes.

MINA
What is he? What is Count Dracula?

CUT TO:

106 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE CONVENT - NIGHT 10 106

On Dracula as he steps into shot, and looks up. (He is dressed now, back in his usual cape etc.)

Dracula's POV: the wall of the Convent rears up into the moonlight. We hold on this for a moment -

- then a figure goes darting up the wall, like a lizard.

Dracula himself, scaling the stone at impossible speed.

SISTER AGATHA
(V.O.)
In life, he was a prince of
exceptional learning and
attainment.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CORRIDOR O/S JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 10 107

SISTER AGATHA and MINA. Sister Agatha sits next to Mina. An arm round her, comforting her.

SISTER AGATHA
In death, I suppose you could say
... he is the best of the vampires.

MINA
The *best*?

SISTER AGATHA
The most successful, I mean. Most
are feral, half mad - they rarely
last long.

(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (cont'd)
 And yet, somehow, Dracula has found
 a way to retain his human form and
 intellect more or less intact for
 hundreds of years.

MINA
 By drinking blood.

Sister Agatha is clambering to her feet.

SISTER AGATHA
 They all drink blood. Dracula has
 learned how to do it well - I think
 by choosing his victims with the
 greatest of care. He has retained
 the discrimination of an
 aristocrat.

Mina's eye go to Jonathan, dead in the moonlight.

MINA
 So he took my Jonny.

Sister Agatha has put her hand out, as if to help Mina up.

MINA
 Where are we going?

SISTER AGATHA
 The Mother Superior will want to
 lead us in prayer.

MINA
 I don't see the point in praying.
 God is nowhere.

In a moment of anger she hurls the sword (still in her hand)
 at the opposite wall. It clatters to the floor.

SISTER AGATHA
 In which case it will be up to us
 ... to stop Count Dracula.

MINA
 And we will, won't we.

SISTER AGATHA
 Yes, we will.

Mina takes Agatha's hand, gets to her feet. She looks to
 Jonathan, lying dead in the moonlight. She goes to the
 doorway for a moment. A farewell.

MINA
 Goodbye, Jonny Blue-eyes.

She turns to Agatha - almost defiant.

MINA
 I shan't ever love anyone else, you
 know.

SISTER AGATHA
 Quite right.

Sister Agatha takes her arm, starts to lead her away. As they
 we pan down to the sword still lying there...

We pan down to Jonathan, as he lies there -

- and a shadow extends over him, like someone is at the
 window.

Then, with shocking suddenness, Jonathan's eyes spring open.

DRACULA
 (V.O.)
 Jonny. Darling, Jonny.

Jonathan blinks, focusses -

Jonathan's POV. Resolving into focus, Dracula at the window,
 lounging in the frame...

CUT TO:

108 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - NIGHT 10

108

On SISTER AGATHA and MINA as they arrive through the doors.

All the other nuns are already there, and the MOTHER SUPERIOR
 has already begun speaking. We hear her droning on.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 ... we face danger. We face evil,
 which stands at the gate of our
 most holy sanctuary ...

Sister Agatha shoots a wearied look at Mina - sorry about
 this - as they take their seats.

CUT TO:

109 INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

109

DRACULA at the window. JONATHAN on the floor.

DRACULA
 Suicide doesn't work. Don't you
 think the undead have tried that
 one? A stake through the heart,
 that's fine, but someone else needs
 to put it there. The hand of
 someone who loves you, they say.
 Not sure about that, but I'm
 willing to try.

On Jonathan, despair in his face...

DRACULA
Do you want me to kill you
properly? Would you like me to?

On Jonathan - desperate. But, yes. Yes, he does.

DRACULA
All you have to do, Jonny, is
invite me in ...

CUT TO:

110 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - NIGHT 10

110

The MOTHER SUPERIOR continues

On SISTER AGATHA, fighting the impulse to roll her eyes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
God is with us. This we know. God's
love is eternal. This we know too.
Tonight, in our most deadly hour,
do we think our God will remember
us? Will he reach down and save us,
from death's shadow?

A cynical smile on Sister's Agatha's lips -

- wiped away by -

MOTHER SUPERIOR
No He will not. No, sisters, God
will not save us tonight.

Sister Agatha - properly taken aback. Clearly, she's never
heard the Mother Superior talk this way before.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Where is God to be found in this
world. In our prayers? No. In our
song? No. In our good works, in our
suffering, in our endurance? No,
no, no. Faith is not a transaction.
Faith is not faith that seeks
reward or answer. One does not
barter with the infinite - one
aligns with it. So where, then, do
we find our God? Sisters, I will
tell you. When you stand in the
deepest pit, alone, without hope or
help, and yet you still know right
from wrong ... when there is only
darkness and despair, and yet you
still feel, humming in your blood,
the difference between good and bad
... when you are beyond rescue or
reward or judgement, yet you still
look evil in the face and say, no
... No! ... this far and no
further, *no!* ... whose voice is
that?

(MORE)

MOTHER SUPERIOR (cont'd)
 Who is with you in that darkness?
 When there is no one to help you,
 and no light to show the way, whose
 voice keeps you to the path?

Sister Agatha rapt now, and slightly astonished. Didn't know the old girl had all this in her.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Darkness and evil can seem
 compelling to us all. I believe it
 is because in their presence we can
 feel God in our hearts. No, He will
 not reach down to save us. We will
 rise to meet Him.

Sister Agatha - almost tears. Yes, that's it. That's it exactly.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Let us pray.

The Nuns all lower their heads in prayer.

On Sister Agatha - she too lowers her head and clasps her hands (as Mina does, next to her.) We stay on Agatha.

From off, we hear the Mother Superior clear her throat, ready to begin. Then

Silence. There is the faintest scuffle, but nothing to attract attention. The silence continues.

Agatha sneaks a look up:

On the Mother Superior - she is standing exactly where she was, but -

- *her head has gone!*

For a tiny moment, she stands there, blood fountaining from her neck stump -

- and then she topples with a crash.

We pan to Dracula, standing next to her, with a sword (Mina's) in his hand -

He now raises the Mother Superior's head in his other hand.

DRACULA
 She was clearing her throat. I
 think it's fine now.

A frozen moment -

- then *screaming!*

On Agatha: action stations! She grabs Mina's hand.

SISTER AGATHA
Now, quickly, run!

She starts dragging Mina to the door -
Dracula is stepping forward.

DRACULA
All right then - who's next? I
never know how to decide. Oh,
here's an idea!
(Turns his back, throws
the head into the crowd)
Catch!

CUT TO:

114 INT. SISTER AGATHA'S WORKPLACE - NIGHT 10

114

SISTER AGATHA and MINA come tearing through the door. (We don't get much of a look at it, but it's a cross between a library and a workshop. Clearly she has been studying every kind of witchcraft.)

SISTER AGATHA
There, in the middle of the room,
where the sunlight hits -

MINA
It's night time -

SISTER AGATHA
In the morning, *in the morning!*

MINA
It's not morning for *hours!*

SISTER AGATHA
I know!!

Sister Agatha has grabbed a container from a shelf, rips it open -

MINA
What's that?

SISTER AGATHA
Jesus.

MINA
Jesus??

She pulls a handful of stuff from the container.

SISTER AGATHA
Bread. Sacramental bread!

CUT TO:

115 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - NIGHT 10

115

The remaining nuns in the chapel have their crucifixes extended, aiming them at Dracula.

DRACULA
Of course, yes, Nuns. That's the
problem with Nuns, you've got those
things. Which work, actually,
though you'll never guess why.

He grabs a chair, sits, bangs his feet on a table.

DRACULA
I suppose I should try and control
myself.

On the Nuns - just a momentary, fractional, hint of relief -

- but then there is low growl.

The nuns all turn -

DRACULA

But between you and me, controlling
wolves is a lot more fun.

Standing in the doorway, a wolf - with blood dripping from
its jaws.

DRACULA

It's just a matter of who you'd
rather have tearing you apart. It's
your choice, of course - I'm
undead, I'm not unreasonable.

Two more wolves, also with bloodied jaws come prowling in.

Dracula stands again. We stay on his smirking, amused face -

- and we hear the howls of wolves and the most terrible
screaming.

Dracula watches, lightly amused - wincing and gasping along
with the slaughter.

DRACULA

Ooh! Look at that. That was a good
one. Ouch!

And a slow terrible ...

FADE TO BLACK:

In the darkness, we hear voices.

LITTLE AGATHA

Do vampires believe in God?

VAN HELSING

Vampires believe in nothing, save
themselves.

CUT TO:

116

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY Y

116

An older man - ABRAHAM VAN HELSING - is telling stories to
his little daughter, who listens solemnly. This is all in
sunlit haze - a dream, a memory.

LITTLE AGATHA

But Papa - you said they fear the
cross?

VAN HELSING

They fear it, yes.

LITTLE AGATHA
Why?

VAN HELSING
Just be grateful that they do.

LITTLE AGATHA
But I want to know why.

VAN HELSING
Agatha, no one can know everythi ng.

LITTLE GIRL
(Sul ki ng)

(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (cont'd)

I considered it prudent to pay some attention to the activities of the other side.

MI NA

... Dracula is going to find us, isn't he?

SISTER AGATHA

Yes, of course.

MI NA

How is bread going to keep him out??

SISTER AGATHA

Sacramental bread.

MI NA

But how??

SISTER AGATHA

I don't know. None of the vampire legends make sense - but for some reason, they're true.

She's pulled out an old leather bound notebook, starts leafing through it.

SISTER AGATHA

He can't enter a home without being invited. Why not? The light of the sun would burn him to death. Why? He's terrified of the cross - and yet he is no believer ...

(Passes the book to Mi na,
who starts leafing
through it too)

Somehow these facts are all the *same* fact. There is one thing Dracula fears above all - and to destroy him, we must discover it.

MI NA

He got into the convent. How did he get in here?

SISTER AGATHA

Well clearly there was an invitation.

MI NA

Then someone invited him.

SISTER AGATHA

Good logic as far as it goes.

A noise makes them both look up. (NB: from this point on, the notebook stays with Mi na - either clutched in her hand, or in the pocket of her habit.)

Sister Agatha and Mina both shoot to their feet - ready, terrified.

And now, shambling through the door ...

... Jonathan. He looks more corpse-like than ever, there is a bloody mark in the centre of his chest, and a stake is dangling from his hand.

JONATHAN

Mina ...

MINA

I thought ... You were ... *I saw you dead!*

JONATHAN

I let him in, Mina. I couldn't stop him, I let him inside. He's inside.

His voice is different now - a high pitched, repetitive whine.

SISTER AGATHA

We know.

JONATHAN

He's inside.

MINA

We know, Jonny, we saw him.

JONATHAN

I let him inside.

MINA

He killed everyone. He killed them all.

Jonathan comes to an abrupt halt. Looks down. The line of the sacramental bread.

SISTER AGATHA

You can't cross that line You can't come any closer.

MINA

Let him in.

SISTER AGATHA

No. We cannot trust him.

MINA

He's strong. He's stronger than you think, and if I'm with him - ...

SISTER AGATHA

No one is strong enough - *no one*.

MI NA
Please. We can't just leave him out there.

SI STER AGATHA
No!

MI NA
He's lost already. I can't lose him again.

SI STER AGATHA
Do *not* invite him in.

Mi na: ah! So that's what she has to do!!

MI NA
Jonny, step into the circle.

SI STER AGATHA
No!

JONATHAN
He's inside.

SI STER AGATHA
Please no!

MI NA
You will be safe within the circle. I am inviting you inside it, all right?

She takes his hands, draws him into the circle.

SI STER AGATHA
You don't know what you've done. He let Dracula in, he'll do it again.

MI NA
You won't, will you, Jonny? Because I'm here with you. I will give you strength. The two of us, together, we can be stronger than ...

She breaks off, frowning, puzzled.

MI NA
Jonny, your eyes.

JONATHAN
He's inside.

MI NA
Why aren't your eyes blue any more?

Close on the eyes, staring at Mi na. Not blue now - dark.

JONATHAN
They're not ... my ... eyes.

Mina: blinking in confusion.

Sister Agatha: dawning realisation.

JONATHAN
Mina. He's inside.

And he reaches up, grabs the flesh of his face, and rips it away like a rubber mask made of real skin -

- revealing Dracula beneath. A demonic grin.

DRACULA
Hello! I've been looking forward to meeting you!

Mina stares for a moment of transfixing horror -

Then she screams.

- and Dracula's mouth stretches open, wider than seems possible - those terrible fangs -

END OF EPISODE ONE

BEGINNING OF EPISODE THREE

AGATHA
Count Dracula ... have you eaten?

He stops. Stares at her.

Agatha now stands at the other end of the room. Calm composed - a woman with a plan.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
I know you slaughtered the sisters in the chapel - but did you feed off any of them? Or were you just entertaining yourself?

Dracula: his mouth has reverted to normal. He looks quizzically at Agatha.

DRACULA
I was working up an appetite. Good thing there are two of you.

AGATHA
No. Under no circumstances are there two of us. Take Mina ... lose me.

She's taken her dagger and placed the point against her throat.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

You don't drink the blood of the dead.

DRACULA

You're making me choose?

AGATHA

I know you're careful about what you eat. I'm intelligent. I've travelled, I've lived, I've learned. And I know about creatures like you, Count Dracula. The abominations that slouch among us. I've been studying you, and filth like you, all my life. It's been my passion since I was a child. You might say ...

(Smiles)

... it's in my blood.

DRACULA

(Rolling his eyes)

Oh, who'd be a predator with talking food?

AGATHA

Blood is more than food for you. Blood is lives, blood is data. I have lived more, and learned more, than anyone you've fed off in a very long time. Shall I spill it all over the floor?

DRACULA

You'd die to save this terrified child?

AGATHA

I'd die to save any terrified child.

DRACULA

Why?

AGATHA

Because I'm not like you. There is a larger purpose to my life than simply prolonging it.

Flash of anger, Dracula steps impulsively towards her - those words cut him to the quick.

Agatha promptly steps back a pace, pressing the knife against her neck.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Not one more step. Not till you let her go.

DRACULA
You're my food - do you think I
negotiate with you??

AGATHA
I'm your food - I think I own you.

She now runs the blade along her jugular, almost seductive.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
You have a thirst for knowledge -
it's all right here.

Dracula seethes a moment - maddened, tempted.

Mina stares, wide-eyed.

MINA
Sister Agatha, do not do this for
me -

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(Cutting across her)
Settle for her - or take me and
learn something.

MINA
I am nothing, you are needed -

AGATHA
Every life is important.
(Cold eyes on Dracula)
I do not preserve mine at the
expense of others.

Again, that cuts Dracula. Infuriates him.

Dracula stares at her for a long moment. Furious. Then -

DRACULA
Run.

It's not clear who he's talking to for a moment. Then he
turns to Mina.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I said run! Go! Now!!

Mina, dazed. A last, despairing look to Agatha -
and she runs, tearing off through the door.

thankyou! -

Dracula, smiling at Agatha again.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Agatha Van Helsing. I'm going to
make you last.

Agatha tosses aside the dagger. Calmly, she lifts back her
cowl, exposing her neck.

AGATHA
Come boy. Suckle.

Dracula, now stepping towards her, mouth starting to stretch
open ...

CUT TO: