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EPISODE 1

The Rules of The Beast

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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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
Are you hungry, Mr. Harker?

Jonathan is on his feet, now. Nervous.

JONATHAN
No. I'm fine. Thank you.

That hard, appraising stare, that unchanging smile. The buzz of the fly, as it swoops in front of Sister Agatha. She keeps her gaze fixed on Jonathan.

Jonathan: his eyes flick to the fly, back to Sister Agatha. Again - the fly, Agatha.

Agatha: the smile doesn't flicker.

SISTER AGATHA

Then perhaps we can talk. I am
Sister Agatha.

She steps calmly into the room, closing the door behind her.

She moves to a little table by the window, with chairs either side of it. She places a heavy bag on top of it. The contents clunk inside.

Jonathan's eyes flick to the bag, back to Agatha - who is giving him that same flat, unwavering smile.

JONATHAN

I thought I'd met all the sisters.

SISTER AGATHA

I have been sequestered.

JONATHAN

In prayer?

SISTER AGATHA

In study, Mr. Harker - of you.

She opens her bag.

Close on the contents - on top is a a thick sheaf of papers, loosely bound. As Sister Agatha removes the manuscript, we glimpse below -

- a sharpened wooden stake and a hammer!

She lays the manuscript on the table.

SISTER AGATHA

I have read your account of your
most interesting stay in
Transylvania.

JONATHAN

It's the truth. All of it.

SISTER AGATHA

(Leafing through)

And what a lot of truth there is!
Sister Angela tells me you wrote
all day and all night for a whole
week.

She lifts the bag off the table - the contents clunk again, as she sets it on the floor.

She sits at the table, gestures to the chair opposite.

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.

GIRL
(Romanian 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 GIRL 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 DRIVER has climbed down from the seat in front, and is now carrying cases over to Harker. He sets them down next to him.

The Girl hesitates towards Jonathan.

GIRL
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 -

GIRL
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.

GIRL
Keep. Away.

JONATHAN
I'm sorry?

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

GIRL
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 shoves the cross in his coat pocket.

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

DRIVER
The Count will find you here.

JONATHAN
How?

DRIVER
(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:

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:

7 INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT 2

7

Jonathan stares down in horror at the plunge below, streaking past.

He takes a breath, steadies his nerve. He leans back, forces himself to be calm.

He pulls a much-read letter from his inside pocket. Holds it like a talisman.

Unfolds it - we see a glimpse of the writing.

MINA

(V.O.)

My darling Jonny. You are to travel to a distant land, and I shall miss you very much, every single day.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MINA'S BEDROOM - DAY 1

8

Mina - blonde, young - is at a writing table, typing a letter. (NB. We never get a clear shot of her face, though we don't emphasise the fact.)

MINA

(V.O.)

It seems to me likely that you will meet some very exciting women, as you travel across Europe, and I wanted to assure you that should you fall prey to temptation, I, as your dutiful fiance, will completely understand. The certainty of our coming wedding is all the consolation a young woman could require - well, apart from the very handsome Dr. Holmwood, your friends Reggie and Barnaby who always seems so pleased to see me, lovely Edwin from your office, the butcher's boy who has filled out quite deliciously in recent months, and should I want for variety, that adorable barmaid at the Rose and Crown, who I know you have also admired.

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 -

- the doors now stand open.

Beyond them we now see a vaulted hallway. From somewhere deeper inside there is the flicker of firelight.

Who opened the doors?

Gathering his wits, he reaches to pick up his cases - and notices they're gone. How? Where did they go?

He moves forward, mounts the steps, passes through the coffin-like doors into the castle.

CUT TO:

The hallway rises above him, several storeys. A grand staircase winds round and round.

It is lit in shafts of moonlight, through the many windows. There is something strange and asymmetrical about this structure. There are no straight lines, no squares, no rectangles - everything seems slightly skewed, haphazard.

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?

He looks to the source of the firelight.

A tall door stands open. Beyond it we see a blazing fireplace, and in front of that -

Jonathan frowns, stares.

Closer on the fireplace - in front of it stand his cases. How did they get there?

He walks forward, curious.

Now stepping into:

CUT TO:

13

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 2

13

A long room, with a long table, and blazing fireplace. A meal has been set out - for him? - at one end of the table, there are dishes under silver covers.

A bottle of wine has been opened, and next to it stands a glass.

He looks round the room, taking it in. The same slightly off-kilter, random architecture, but it is clean and warm - lit candles everywhere.

Another staircase leads up from this room to a veranda which leads off into shadows.

He moves to the table, lifts one of the covers.

A plate of steaming meat. Clearly warm, recently prepared.

He recovers the dish, moves on. We hold on the cover for a moment - a fly lands on it.

Jonathan reaches for the wine bottle, inspects it. A good vintage -

- then he notices his hand, holding the bottle, is shaking. His other hand, also shaking.

He considers - then reaches for the glass, and starts to fill it from the bottle.

As he does so, a long shadow travels the length of the table. He startles, looks up.

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 Romanian 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 him. He is going through some papers, and letters.

Jonathan darts a curious look at him.

JONATHAN

There was a girl. In the carriage I took from Klausenberg.

Dracula ignores him, flicks to the next paper.

JONATHAN

She spoke of you.

Dracula's eyes flicked to Jonathan, but his stare is incurious.

JONATHAN

She was ... rather odd.

DRACULA
Was she thin?

JONATHAN
Yes, I suppose so.

Dracula shakes his head and tutts.

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 - courtesy
is grace.

A little bemused, Jonathan pulls the plate back towards him.

JONATHAN
Sorry. It's just ... I've eaten
rather a lot of meat.

DRACULA
Good. It thickens the blood. I am
looking forward to England, Mr.
Harker. The people here, they are
... narrow. They lack ambition,
vitalitate. I wither among them.
They are without ... what is the
word? Without flavour.

JONATHAN
... perhaps you mean character?

DRACULA
Perhaps. This is good - you must
correct my English at all times,
Mr. Harker.
(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 the other painting)

According to legend he died here, in the arms of his wife.

Jonathan, frowning, rewinding.

JONATHAN

If he was a widower, surely she died before him.

DRACULA

It must have been a cold embrace.

Dracula turns, starts leading the way off, expecting Jonathan to follow.

CUT TO:

18

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

18

Dracula stands at the window, looking out over the night landscape. There is a terrible howling from outside.

Wider: a warm, welcoming bedroom, a fire in the fireplace.

Jonathan has his cases open on the bed, and is unpacking his things.

He notices, crawling about the pillow, a couple of flies. He sweeps them away, a little disgusted. Dracula sees this, looks almost affronted.

DRACULA

Do not be intemperate with the sweet little things - they are man's companion to the end, and beyond. Where there is flesh, there are flies.

Dracula now crosses to the window.

DRACULA

In the morning, you will find the
sunlight will stream through this
window.

He now pulls heavy curtains over the window, muting the
howling a little.

DRACULA

Fortunately the drapes are very
thick.

As he turns to look at Jonathan, he sees that he is setting
some toiletries down on the dresser at the side of the room -

- including a framed photograph of a young woman (Mina) and a
small shaving mirror -

- and *crash!*

Dracula is right next to him, and has dashed the mirror from
his grip, so that it smashes on the floor. It is blatantly
deliberate.

Jonathan stares at him, in shock.

Dracula smiles - eerie calm.

DRACULA

Forgive me. I am clumsy.

Jonathan looks at him, incredulous - *clumsy!* - then remembers
he is a guest.

JONATHAN

Of course, Count. Though perhaps if
you could lend me a replacement?

He has bent to pick up the shards of glass.

DRACULA

I'm afraid I do not possess such a
thing.

JONATHAN

You don't have any mirrors.

DRACULA

Baubles of vanity, what is the
purpose of a mirror? One will find
no enlightenment in one's own gaze.

JONATHAN

Ow!

Jonathan has cut himself on one of the shards - blood drips
from his thumb.

On Dracula. He doesn't move - almost he freezes, to control
himself - and inhales a deep, sensuous breath.

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.

SISTER AGATHA
 (V.O.)
 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 -

- and then, as if in response, the scoring noise stops.

Jonathan resolves himself, and throws back the drape.

Nothing there.

No, hang on, not nothing. He looks closer.

Scratched into the glass, are is a set of strange symbols (in fact these are words upside down and inverted, but that isn't clear for the moment.)

He stares at this for a few moments, struggling to make sense of what he sees -

- and then carefully, gingerly he starts to heave open the window.

It takes a moment or two - clearly the window hasn't been opened in many years - but finally it swings inward.

He looks down. A giddy drop. The sheer wall plunges to the cliff face which plunges to the river below. No one could have come that way.

Then he looks up. Oh!

A small, pale hand is curled round the lintel of the window aperture, as if gripping on. As if, impossibly, someone was hanging upwards.

Someone is up there, clinging to the outer wall of the castle!!

JONATHAN

Hello?

And the hand whips away. There is a scampering noise from the stonework above, like the rapid scurry of a lizard.

JONATHAN

Is someone there, hello?

He casts a nervous glance at the plunge below, and now leans out of the window, craning to see above.

There is no one there. Far above him, at least twenty feet, there are three windows -

- but no sign of anyone who could have -

Slam!

The noise startles him, almost causes him to fall out of the window.

A shutter has slammed shut on the middle window of the three above.

Whoever it was is in there now.

JONATHAN

Hello?

Nothing, silence.

CUT TO:

21

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

21

SISTER AGATHA is pacing now, fierce with thought. JONATHAN, frowning. The NUN is staring at JONATHAN, so curious.

SISTER AGATHA

So. There was another guest in the castle. Perhaps also a prisoner.

JONATHAN

I didn't realise I was a prisoner at the time.

SISTER AGATHA

That night then.

JONATHAN

I slept.

SISTER AGATHA

You dreamed.

JONATHAN

I awoke early -

SISTER AGATHA

No, no, wait, wait. You *dreamed*. After a day of such incident, and colour, how could you not? Was it Mina you dreamed of?

CUT TO:

21A

INT. MINA'S ROOM - DAY 1

21A

Mina, typing, exactly as before...

CUT TO:

21B

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

21B

JONATHAN and SISTER AGATHA.

JONATHAN

Well. One longs for the solace of home.

SISTER AGATHA

One longs, certainly. Tell me about the dream.

He looks at her, puzzled at her interest.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MINA'S ROOM - DAY X

22

Dream: Mina, typing at the table. This time she rises, and goes to the door ...

CUT TO:

22A INT. DRACULA'S CASTLE/JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY X

22A

Dream: Continuous from above, Mina comes through the door in the morning sunlight, moves towards the bed where Jonathan is sleeping, slips under the covers ...

CUT TO:

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

23

Jonathan - embarrassed now - looks out the window.

CUT TO:

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

24

Dream: Jonathan's POV. Sunlight now streaming through window. MINA straddling him, bathed in sunshine. It's brief, expressionistic glimpse - Mina's face is lost in the thrash of her hair - but they are clearly making love.

CUT TO:

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

25

JONATHAN

It is private.

SISTER AGATHA

You miss Mina, you ache for her -
you were with her in your dreams.

CUT TO:

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

26

Dream: Jonathan's POV. Mina thrashing on top of Jonathan. For a moment Mina dips down out of frame, as the room darkens ...

CUT TO:

26A

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

26A

JONATHAN

(Fluttering)

- 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 has stretched open, revealing terrifying fangs, pouring with bright red blood.

CUT TO:

28

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

28

Jonathan, staring down at his hands, troubled reflective - silent.

Sister Agatha just observes him for a moment.

JONATHAN

What you asked before - if I'd ever

-

Breaks off, humiliated.

SISTER AGATHA

If you'd ever had sexual
 intercourse with Count Dracula.

JONATHAN

Why did you ask that?

SISTER AGATHA

Clearly, you have been contaminated
 with something. Any contact you had
 with the Count is therefore
 relevant.

Jonathan nods, says nothing.

SISTER AGATHA

Continue.

CUT TO:

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

Person who is not a sister. There was a prisoner in the castle, yes. The words were upside down and reversed, yes. But how remarkable, Mr. Harker. How convenient ... that the words were in English.

JONATHAN

Oh. I didn't think of that.

SISTER AGATHA

Of course not. You are an Englishman - that is a combination of presumptions beyond compare.

CUT TO:

29B

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

29B

JONATHAN looks to the words as they are scored on the glass - - and finds himself wincing at the dazzle of the sun. Too bright, too hot.

He moves quickly to the window, pulls shut the drape.

SISTER AGATHA

(V.O.)

How did you feel?

CUT TO:

30

OMITTED

30

31

OMITTED

31

32

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

32

JONATHAN stares at AGATHA, thunderstruck.

JONATHAN

... different.

CUT TO:

33

OMITTED

33

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 (cont'd)
 Every door I opened led me to two
 more, then three. Every step I
 took, I made the wrong choice.

Jonathan rounds a corner to see -
 - the two portraits again!

He turns away in frustration. How the hell does he find his
 way around here??

JONATHAN
 (V.O.)
 I wasted most of a day - till I
 found myself too tired to continue.

CUT TO:

38

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 3

38

It is night. JONATHAN has clearly been working at the dining room table - it is scattered with his papers - but has slumped asleep, pen still in his hand.

A fire is roaring behind him.

A shadow passes over Jonathan, and a glass of wine is placed by him.

Hearing it clunk on to the wood, Jonathan startles awake. Now there is a familiar voice - the accent is still present but lighter, the speech faster and more fluent.

DRACULA
 Sorry, I did not mean to startle
 you. I think you've been working
 too hard.

Jonathan is straightening, blinking, coming to - a little confused.

The room is mostly in darkness. The tall dark figure of the Count is moving among the shadows, lighting candles. We don't see him clearly.

JONATHAN
 Count?

DRACULA
 Please. Have a glass of wine,
 relax.

JONATHAN
 Your voice - you sound different.

DRACULA
 I have been working on my English.
 Do you approve?

He moves to another candle, his face still shadowed.

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 doubt I could have been half so brave.

JONATHAN

I wasn't brave. In what way was I brave??

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 embarrassed. Stiff, diffident - a glimpse of the lawyer he was.

JONATHAN

Well, my help had been requested. It would have been ... difficult to ignore that.

THE NUN

Difficult?

JONATHAN

... Unacceptable.

The tiniest smile from Sister Agatha. She likes him.

The Nun just looks away - almost like it's too much for her.

SISTER AGATHA

So. Your search continued.

He says nothing. He frowns, looks out the window.

SISTER AGATHA

Tell me.

CUT TO:

48

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/CORRIDOR - DAY 7

48

Jonathan heading along another passageway. He is about to head through an archway, when he notices -

- through an archway, a set of spiral steps, leading down. Hasn't seen those before. On a shelf, next to the archway, sits an oil lamp. He picks it up, curious.

CUT TO:

49

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - DAY 7

49

Jonathan, goes down, and down. He now holds the lit oil lamp.

CUT TO:

50

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 7

50

On Jonathan emerging through a pair of grand doors. Behind him we see the spiral steps he's just climbed down.

He looks around.

A cavern lost in darkness.

As his shines his oil lamp, the chamber round him becomes clearer. We are in a low ceiling stone crypt -

- and everywhere, there are large packing cases. Possibly a hundred of them. Some are stacked, in towers and walls, a few are scattered singly around the floor. It's haphazard - like a random version of the room at the end of Raiders Of The Lost Ark.

CUT TO:

51

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 7

51

Now he's walking among the packing cases, carrying the oil lamp. So many, but all nailed shut. There are a number of wall mounted lanterns, which he has clearly lit. He steps towards another to light it - and notices -

- lying on top of the boxes, a claw hammer. He sets down the lantern, takes the hammer, hefts it. Then starts to claw out the many nails -

CUT TO:

52

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 7

52

- now he's pulling the lid aside. He shines the lantern into the box.

Inside, clothes, an old suitcase, some books, some framed pictures. A single boot lies near the top, and there's a pair of spectacles. It's like someone's belongings have been piled in here.

CUT TO:

53

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 7

53

He's clawing the nails from another box. (Beyond him, we can see that he has opened several of them now.)

CUT TO:

54

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 7

54

Close on him pulling the lid from another packing case.

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.

SISTER AGATHA
Undead.

His eyes drift to his bruised, white fingers, the missing fingernails.

JONATHAN
Tell me.

SISTER AGATHA
Are you sure you want to hear?

JONATHAN
Tell me.

Sister Agatha has risen from her chair, like she doesn't want to look Jonathan in the eye while saying this. She stares out the window, her voice as haunted as her face.

SISTER AGATHA
There is a contagion, a corruption, passing through this world, from one sufferer to the next. For those unfortunates who fall victim to it, life becomes ... incurable. They lose the divine ability to die. As their bodies rot, their consciousness persists. Even as dust, their pain goes on. It is the secret every gravedigger keeps - there are those among us, destined to scratch at our coffin lids for all eternity.

(Looks to Jonathan)
If you work among the dead, it is not death you fear - it is the alternative.

Jonathan stares at her, silenced for a moment.

JONATHAN
... is there any salvation for such creatures?

SISTER AGATHA
I don't know.

The Silent Nun is staring at Jonathan, tears in her eyes now. Impulsively, she speaks.

NUN
Have faith!

SISTER AGATHA
Faith is a sleeping draft for children and simpletons. What we must have is a plan.

(Reaches across, takes his hand)
We shall find one together, you and I. Yes?

A beat. Jonathan finds himself replying.

JONATHAN

Yes.

Sister Agatha is taking her chair again, now beams at him. He's the prize pupil.

SISTER AGATHA

Good. That is good.

JONATHAN

Dracula. He's one of them, isn't he? He's ... undead.

SISTER AGATHA

Oh, from your account, I think he's much more complicated. Undead, certainly, but he has maintained his form, his vitality. And we know how, don't we?

Jonathan doesn't want to reply.

A wintry smile from Sister Agatha.

SISTER AGATHA

Diet.

CUT TO:

56

INT. DRACULA'S CASTLE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 7

56

A crackling fire.

Jonathan has been laid on the rug in front of it. So still and white, he could almost be dead. After a moment he startles awake.

DRACULA

Ah, Jonny, there you are. Thought we'd lost you.

The voice: it's Dracula's, but now totally English, totally relaxed.

Jonathan looks to:

Dracula is sprawled in a wing back armchair, his face in shadow. His attitude - in contrast to his normal demeanor - is extravagantly relaxed. One leg hooked over the arm of the chair. A glass of red wine dangling from his hand.

JONATHAN

How did I - ... What am I doing here?

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 yourself
down here, there you go, that's the
ticket.

He's put Jonathan in the seat at the end of the table. Several sheets of writing paper are in front of him, and a fountain pen.

DRACULA

I need you to write three
letters...

Distantly, the sound of a baby crying. Jonathan looks towards the half open door giving on to the hallway.

JONATHAN
What was that?

DRACULA
Nothing.

JONATHAN
It sounded like a baby.

DRACULA
There is no baby. Concentrate,
Jonny.

He has placed the pen in Jonathan's fingers. Jonathan looks at it dazedly, then at Dracula.

JONATHAN
No one calls me Jonny ...

DRACULA
No one?

Casually, Dracula picks up photo from the mantle - a framed photo of a young woman and places it in front of Jonathan, who looks at it blankly.

DRACULA
I fetched it down. Company for you,
while you work.

JONATHAN
Who is she?

DRACULA
Don't you recognise her?

JONATHAN
Why would I?

DRACULA
I took it from your room. It's
Mina. Your fiancé, Mina Murray.

He stares at her. Horrified. Touches the face in the photo.

FLASHBACK: his POV of the golden-haired girl astride him.

JONATHAN
But how ... how could I not ...

FLASHBACK: his POV of Dracula head snapping up, with blood-streaked mouth.

He looks to Dracula who is regarding him with amused fascination.

JONATHAN
I don't remember her face. *How can
I not remember Mina's face?*

Dracula places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

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 *don't*
write them. It's up to you. I'm
only thinking of Mina.

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.

Nonchalantly, Dracula heads up the stairs, carrying the bag. The baby's cries seem to grow louder and louder...

On Jonathan, staring at Dracula as he climbs the stairs. For a moment, the monstrous shadow passes over him (Dracula)

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

I knew then ... in that moment ...

On Dracula ascending.

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

... that I had a choice. I'd been told the span of my life, the limit of my existence. The 29th. I could stay here, dying, piece by piece, till I found myself nailed into one of those boxes ...

CUT TO:

58

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - DAY 10

58

SISTER AGATHA and the SILENT NUN, listening fascinated.

SISTER AGATHA

Or?

Jonathan is silent for a moment. Then finds Agatha's gaze.

JONATHAN

... or I could kill Count Dracula.

SISTER AGATHA

Not an easy task, in the circumstances.

JONATHAN

I had certain advantages.

SISTER AGATHA

I should be fascinated to know what they were.

JONATHAN

I was enfeebled and trapped.

SISTER AGATHA

Well, indeed -

JONATHAN

So Dracula did not consider me a threat.

SISTER AGATHA

That's true, yes - but on the negative side, you were enfeebled and trapped.

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:

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

The portrait of Petruvio the architect we saw before.

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

Dracula said the castle was a
monument to the architect's lost
love ...

Now panning to the portrait of Petruvio's wife

JONATHAN

(V.O.)

... and the sunlight to which he
would never return.

On Jonathan lifting the portrait of the wife from the wall.

CUT TO:

63

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

63

Jonathan has placed the wife's portrait on the desk. He has
removed it from its frame, and now turns it over ...

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. On 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 awa 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.

Something has opened the box from inside.

As Jonathan stares, there is scuffling noise from inside the box (someone climbing up the interior wall) and now a head rises slowly into view.

A YOUNG WOMAN. Elfin, dark haired, dark eyed. Her shoulders bare. There is something disconcertingly sweet about her. Disarming. This is ELENA.

They stare at each other for a moment. Jonathan is transfixed.

Finally, she speaks, in a thick Romanian accent.

ELENA

He doesn't know I can get out of the box. Don't tell him.

JONATHAN

I won't.

ELENA

Are you his friend now?

JONATHAN

I don't think so. I'm working for him. I'm a lawyer - from England.

Elena looks at him, critically. Cocks her head - then a sly smile.

ELENA

I think he's made you his friend.

JONATHAN

Why?

Just the sly smile, no reply.

ELENA

What's England?

JONATHAN

It's where I'm from. You must know it, you're speaking English.

ELENA

I learned it.

JONATHAN

How?

ELENA

It tasted funny.

JONATHAN

Tasted?

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

I climbed down. I *smelled* you.

JONATHAN

Are you trapped here?

ELENA

You're trapped too.

JONATHAN

I want to help you.

ELENA

Tell him I'm hungry. He just gives
me scraps. Tiny little things. Tell
him I finished the last one.

As Elena speaks, Jonathan has been moving round the box -
- and now he stares in horror.

The glass sphere attached to the back of the box: inside is
the carpet bag Dracula was carrying before - the one we heard
the crying baby from. It has been opened, but all we can see
of the contents is a tiny white hand hanging out.

ELENA

I finished it really quickly. I'm
hungry!

Jonathan, in transports of horror, turns as if to run -
- and, *big shock*, finds that Elena is standing directly
behind him.

Her mouth is stretched open - revealing her vampire fangs.

Screaming, Jonathan stumbles backwards, colliding with the
sphere, falling -

As he hits the floor, he is fumbling inside his shirt,
reaching for something -

- which he now thrusts at Elena. It's the cross the girl gave
him.

Elena, looming over him, looks at it. Stops her advance for a
moment.

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 -

- Dracula is behind him. He grabs Jonathan by the arm, and throws him easily across the room.

Wider: Jonathan spinning across the floor, now crashes on to his back.

He lies there, whooping for breath.

He looks to one side -

- and finds himself looking into the eyes of Elena. She's lying right next to him.

Her eyes are bright, almost tearful. Her mouth is working, as if trying to speak

He blinks, trying to make sense of this -

- then a bubble of blood trickles out of her mouth and her eyes glaze.

Jonathan, now struggling to sit up.

To his horror, he sees that Elena is pinned to the floor by a stake through her chest. She's absolutely still now. Clearly dead.

Over at the box, Dracula, is reclosing the door, locking it shut.

DRACULA

That was interesting. I haven't seen it work with a baby before - I might keep it on for a while.

(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?
 Sometimes the legends are right.
 Obviously that's not one you can
 test too often - I only ever have
 three brides at a time.

JONATHAN
Brides??

DRACULA
 Brides, yes. I think that's the
 right word. I'm trying to
 reproduce. Which, frankly, is a bit
 of a challenge when there's only
 one of you.

Dracula has leaned over him, presses a hand against his neck,
 checking his pulse.

DRACULA
 Oh, Jonny, you're just about done.
 She was a thirsty little thing,
 wasn't she? She was going to keep
 you in that box, all to herself.

JONATHAN
 Are you going to ... kill me?

DRACULA
 Of course I'm going to kill you.
 Why does death always come as such
 a shock to mortals?

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
- an end is a blessing. Dying gives
you size. It is the mountain top
from which your whole life is at
last visible, from beginning to
end. Death completes you.

Jonathan has crawled over to one of the walls, heaves himself up.

JONATHAN

Spare me.

DRACULA

No begging.

JONATHAN

Let me go.

He looks imploringly at Dracula.

Dracula stands in the shadow, a silhouette against the sunlit mountains behind him. He cocks his head, curious.

DRACULA

How?

Jonathan, bemused - what does he mean?

SISTER AGATHA

(V.O.)

How indeed, Mr. Harker?

CUT TO:

70

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10

70

Jonathan staring abstractedly out of the window, frowning, not listening.

SISTER AGATHA

Mr. Harker?

He glances round.

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.

JONATHAN
But I ... I thought I ...

SISTER AGATHA
You thought you'd written an account of your stay at Castle Dracula. The only account you've given is the one you're giving me to me, right now

There is the clunk of something being laid on the table - Jonathan looks up from the papers, to see that Sister Agatha is placing the hammer and stake on the table top. She keeps her hand on the sharpened stake and smiles pleasantly at Jonathan.

SISTER AGATHA
It is time to finish your story.

DRACULA
(V.O.)
Come on, Jonny, answer me.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8

71

As before: DRACULA in the shadow of the tower, JONATHAN sprawled in the dying sunlight.

DRACULA
How do I spare you? You know why I'm going to England. I'm going to kill people. Lots of people. As many as I need, and maybe more.

JONATHAN
I won't ... I won't

DRACULA
You won't what? Tell anyone about me? Try and stop me? You'll just let me slaughter all those innocents, no questions asked. Some lawyer you turned out to be.

JONATHAN
I promise ... I swear ...

DRACULA
All right, do that. Swear. Give me your word. I'm going to England to destroy everything and everyone you love - give me your word you will do nothing to get in my way, and yes, I'll spare you.

JONATHAN
... it's a trick.

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)
Mina. You were thinking about Mina.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8

77

The most tremendous, heroic effort - Jonathan is heaving himself up the wall -

DRACULA
Where is there left to run? The moment the sun is down, you're mine.

Jonathan now starts clambering up the low wall

DRACULA
You came back so quickly. That was impressive. You even have the beginnings of a will of your own - none of the others had much beyond hunger. You could be my finest bride.

Jonathan has now clambered to the top of the low wall. He looks down.

Far below him, the wide expanse of the river.

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 at him. The next thing I remember I was here.

Sister Agatha shoves back her chair, starts pacing the room.

SISTER AGATHA

(Impatient)

Yes, yes, never mind that - we know what happened next.

JONATHAN

I don't.

SISTER AGATHA

The river bore you out to sea, and the fishermen found you, caught in their net. A drowned man walking, and talking aroused a certain amount of curiosity, and you were brought to me - babbling of a girl called Mina, who's face you had forgotten, and an evil Count who had stolen your soul.

JONATHAN

Why would they bring me to you?

SISTER AGATHA

I am known to have some expertise in the realm of witchcraft, and the occult.

JONATHAN

You're a nun.

SISTER AGATHA

We shall discuss my imperfectly suppressed fascination for everything dark and evil another time. For now we shall focus on why Dracula screamed -

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 life, and never found a sign of Him anywhere. Why now? Why you? Why him??

JONATHAN
I don't understand.

She rounds on him.

SISTER AGATHA
Then think! Remember! You were facing the sun!

CUT TO:

83	OMITTED	83
84	OMITTED	84
85	<u>EXT. TOP OF CASTLE - EVENING 8</u>	85

As before: Jonathan, staring in confusion at the screaming Dracula.

On Dracula, screaming like a man burning in hell

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:

86

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - EVENING 10

86

Sister Agatha still pacing, excited, Jonathan still bewildered.

SISTER AGATHA

Count Dracula fears the cross. He fears the symbol of our Lord ...

JONATHAN

The girl didn't.

SISTER AGATHA

Never mind the girl, she was nothing - Dracula, prince among vampires, fears the cross. Do you understand what that means?

JONATHAN

Tell me.

SISTER AGATHA

God is real. God is real and I have found Him at last.

JONATHAN

You have found the devil.

SISTER AGATHA

If it takes the devil to show me to my Lord, then I say, bring on the devil!

JONATHAN

I don't.

Agatha steps to him, looks at him seriously.

SISTER AGATHA

And why not?? God saved you for a reason, don't you think?

JONATHAN

I'm not saved. I'm nothing.

SISTER AGATHA

Would Mina think that?

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 Mina!

JONATHAN

Of course I thought of Mina!

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
fiancee'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.

Close on a detail, as Jonathan stares - a tiny wisp of golden hair has escaped from the Nun's cowl.

FLASH: The bedroom, Jonathan's POV, MINA straddling him, bathed in sunshine. Again it's brief, expressionistic glimpse - but this time, Mina's face is revealed as her hair thrashes. It is clearly the Nun.

Jonathan stares and stares.

MINA

Hello, Jonny. Your eyes are still blue, at least.

SISTER AGATHA

Having established your identity, it wasn't difficult to trace you back to England, and find your worried fiancé - I have a detective acquaintance in London.

JONATHAN

... Mina?

Tentatively, he reaches to touch her face, hesitates. She takes his hand, presses it against her cheek.

MINA

Did you really think, even in your darkest moment, that I wouldn't come for you. Did you think it was even possible that I would abandon the man I love?

JONATHAN

I am no longer that man.

MINA

Dearest one, we are to be married, so let me plain. Who you are will always be my decision.

Smash!! The window explodes, a small black shape streaks into the room, and smacks hard, right into Mina's face. She topples backward in her chair, crashing out of frame. The black object smacks wetly against the wall, thumps to the floor.

JONATHAN

Mina!!

He scrambles to Mina's side, Agatha too -

Mina, dazed, blood streaming down her face -

A squeaking draws Agatha's attention to the black object on the floor. Unfurling itself, is a tiny, dazed bat ...

Now a shrieking and flapping makes her turn to the window.

Agatha's POV: through the window, the darkening sky -

- and a storm of shrieking bats is whirling round the convent.

Two more come streaking through the window, causing them to duck, before smacking against the wall.

And from all around the convent, a rising howl of wolves.

On Jonathan, staring, awed and horrified.

JONATHAN
He's here. Dracula is here.

On Agatha: perhaps surprisingly, her eyes are alight with interest.

SISTER AGATHA
How exciting! Look after Mina.

And she's striding from the room.

Jonathan looks down at Mina on the floor - she's stirring, muttering -

- and now we're close on the blood trickling down her face.

Close on Jonathan, staring at the blood -

- and there is the cats-eye flash in the pupils -

- only this time the flash is blood red.

CUT TO:

87

EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - EVENING 10

87

SISTER AGATHA comes striding out into the courtyard -

- the storm of bats is whirling above her head, and at various windows, Nuns are staring out in wonder.

An OLDER NUN is standing in the courtyard, staring at the iron gate, leading to the outside. This is the MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Sister Agatha joins her.

Their POV: on the other side of the locked gate, sits a HUGE WOLF. It stares impassively at them.

Sister Agatha stares at the creature, fascinated. She turns to the Mother Superior.

SISTER AGATHA
Mother Superior, on no account,
invite that creature in.

The Mother Superior looks at her, incredulous.

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 under attack from the forces
 of darkness.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 Why would the forces of darkness
 attack a convent??

SISTER AGATHA
 Perhaps they're sensitive to
 criticism.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 What have I always told you about
 your wicked researches??

SISTER AGATHA
 Generally to keep the noise down.

CUT TO:

90

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

90

JONATHAN and MINA, still in confrontation - Jonathan still proffering the stake.

JONATHAN
Take it. *Take it!*

Trembling, Mina takes the stake ...

CUT TO:

91

EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

91

SISTER AGATHA is stepping closer to the iron gate, fixes the wolf in the eye. The MOTHER SUPERIOR is still watching, incredulous.

SISTER AGATHA
I know who you are. I have studied
the legends, I am fully aware I am
addressing Count Dracula.

On the wolf - the cat's eye flash.

SISTER AGATHA
The bats are a little noisy - would
you mind?

The wolf stares at her for a moment - emits a low growl - - and with a last whirl and screech, the bats fly up and away.

The Mother Superior, trying to make sense of all this.

CUT TO:

92

INT. JONATHAN'S ROOM/CONVENT - NIGHT 10

92

- with a sudden movement, MINA throws the stake from her. It clatters across the floor.

JONATHAN stares, aghast.

MINA
Listen to me. You are Jonathan
Harker. You would never harm me. I
know that, above everything in this
world. I am safe with you.

Jonathan, staring at her, transfixed, in a storm of conflicting desires.

MINA
Jonny. Did you hear me? I know I am
safe with you?

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.

MINA

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.

MINA

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 Mina's face.

MINA

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 Mina's blood is smeared across his fingers. He stares at it, transfixed -

- now, it's dawning on Mina why -

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

MINA

No. Jonny. Don't.

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

MINA

Don't. Please don't.

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

MINA

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 filing 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!

Dracula looks in surprise to Sister Agatha. A blade has shot from her hand - she's carrying a switch knife (yes, they existed then!)

DRACULA
 What are you doing.

SISTER AGATHA
 You wanted to know who's weakest.

She has stepped a little closer to Dracula, now raises up a hand. She places the point of the blade against her palm.

And she draws the blade down her palm. Blood wells.

SISTER AGATHA
 I'm showing you.

Instantly Dracula shivers - seethes for a moment, transfixed, entranced, quivering as the blood drips.

Sister Agatha steps closer again -

- and she flicks the blood in a spray across the cobblestones at Dracula's feet.

Dracula looks straight to the blood. Wide-eyed, trembling, like a leashed dog.

SISTER AGATHA
 Help yourself. I don't mind.
 There's a dog comes round here
 every day, we often give it scraps.

Another spray of blood spatters at his feet. He takes an involuntary step back - a battle to resist.

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

Helsing.

Sister Agatha comes to a halt. Oh!

DRACULA

(Savouring the name)
Agatha. Van. Helsing.

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 Helsing?

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
replaced 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:

111 INT. CONVENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 10

111

SISTER AGATHA and MINA racing along.

MINA

Where are we going?

SISTER AGATHA

This way, now!

CUT TO:

112 INT. CONVENT CHAPEL - NIGHT 10

112

DRACULA holding court, as the Nuns are trying to stampede, screaming, from the room.

DRACULA

Who caught it? Who's got the head?
Is there a winner?

CUT TO:

113 EXT. CONVENT COURTYARD - NIGHT 10

113

Nuns come pouring into the courtyard -

- and stumble to a terrified halt.

Their POV. A row of wolves stand between them and the gate -

- and there is a low and terrible growling.

Closer on the lead wolf -

- the cats-eye flash of blood red ...

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 bloodied 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

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 everything.

LITTLE GIRL

(Sulking)

But Papa, I want to know. *I need to know!*

CUT TO:

117

INT. SISTER AGATHA'S WORKPLACE - NIGHT 10

117

Close on the crucifix round Agatha's neck. She toys with it in her fingers, contemplating the mystery.

Wider. It is some time later.

In a circle of crumbled bread, SISTER AGATHA and MINA. Agatha has her arms round Mina, who has her head buried in Agatha's shoulder. Mina also has her hands over her ears.

Finally, Agatha nudges Mina.

SISTER AGATHA

It's all right. The screaming's stopped.

Cautiously, Mina raises her head.

MINA

I don't know how you could listen to that.

SISTER AGATHA

I brought it on them. Listening was my punishment.

MINA

What is this place? Is this where you work?

SISTER AGATHA

It's where I study, yes.

Mina, looking round - every kind of evil and horror on display.

SISTER AGATHA

It is the common practice, among the virtuous, to study the work of God and His angels.

(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (cont'd)

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

MINA

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

SISTER AGATHA

Yes, of course.

MINA

How is bread going to keep him out??

SISTER AGATHA

Sacramental bread.

MINA

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 Mina, 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.

MINA

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

SISTER AGATHA

Well clearly there was an invitation.

MINA

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 Mina - 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.

MINA

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

SISTER AGATHA

No!

MINA

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

SISTER AGATHA

Do not invite him in.

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

MINA

Jonny, step into the circle.

SISTER AGATHA

No!

JONATHAN

He's inside.

SISTER AGATHA

Please no!

MINA

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

She takes his hands, draws him into the circle.

SISTER AGATHA

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

MINA

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.

MINA

Jonny, your eyes.

JONATHAN

He's inside.

MINA

Why aren't your eyes blue any more?

Close on the eyes, staring at Mina. 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 - *thankyou!* - and she runs, tearing off through the door.

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: