

DARK SHADOWS

Show #1

PROD. #9170

(pilot)

by

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and

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Revised 2/28/90

DARK SHADOWS

Episode #1

CAST LIST

BARNABAS COLLINS

VICTORIA WINTERS

ELIZABETH COLLINS STODDARD

ROGER COLLINS

JULIA HOFFMAN

CAROLYN STODDARD

WILLIE LOOMIS

JOE HASKELL

DAVID COLLINS

PROFESSOR MICHAEL WOODARD *

MRS. JOHNSON

SHERIFF PATTERSON

DR. HYRAM FISHER

MAGGIE EVANS

SAM EVANS

SARAH COLLINS

DAPHNE STODDARD

PARAMEDIC #1

PAPAMEDIC #2

MUSCLES

(MORE)

REVISED 2/28/90

DARK SHADOWS

Episode #1

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

COLLINWOOD

STUDY

KITCHEN

DRAWING ROOM

DINING ROOM

GREAT HALL

FOYER

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

VICKI'S BEDROOM

VICKI'S BATHROOM

DAVID'S BEDROOM

SCHOOL ROOM

DAPHNE'S BEDROOM

THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

STUDIO ROOM

JULIA'S LAB

STABLE

WILLIE'S GARRET ROOM

STAIRS

STALLS

(MORE)

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SET LIST (Cont'd)

FAMILY CEMETARY

MAUSOLEUM

CRYPT

SECRET ROOM

OLD HOUSE

FOYER

DRAWING ROOM

BASEMENT

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

JOSETTE'S ROOM

COLLINSPOrt HOSPITAL *

DAPHNE'S ROOM

CORRIDOR

SEROLOGY LAB

STOKES' COTTAGE

STUDY

BLUE WHALE

NYU

SEROLOGY LAB

HALLWAY

JULIA'S OFFICE

COLLINSPOrt INN

JULIA'S ROOM

WILLIE'S PICKUP

(MORE)

SET LIST (Cont'd)

JOE'S CAR

CAROLYN'S CAR *

ROADHOUSE

TRAIN PASSENGER CAR

EXTERIORS:

COLLINWOOD

 GROUNDS

 MAIN HOUSE

 FRONT DOOR

 WOODS

 STABLES

 DRIVE

 COURTYARD *

FAMILY CEMETARY

 MAUSOLEUM

OLD HOUSE

COLLINSPORT

 HELICOPTER SHOT

 STREET

WIDOW'S HILL

 ROCKY COVE

BLUE WHALE

ROTOLO'S GAS STATION

WOODARD'S COTTAGE *

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SET LIST (Cont'd)

TRAIN STATION

PLATFORM

*

RAILROAD TRACKS

ROADHOUSE

PARKING LOT

COLLINSPOET INN

DARK SHADOWS

Show #1

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DUSK

It's a cold, grey October day. An old Amtrak diesel looms out of the fog.

As it roars by CAMERA, its lonely whistle ECHOING, PAN WITH IT, revealing in its wake, the rock-bound, unforgiving New England coastline.

2 INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - MOVING

VICTORIA WINTERS, a beautiful, dark-haired woman of twenty-five, sits quietly by the rain-spattered window, staring out at the stormy Atlantic.

A beat, and then the SOUND of her VOICE begins to FILTER IN:

VICKI (V.O.)

My name is Victoria Winters ...
My journey is just beginning ...
A journey that I am hoping will
somehow begin to reveal the
mysteries of my past ...

CAMERA BEGINS A LONG, SLOW TIGHTEN to her.

VICKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is a journey that will bring
me to a strange and dark place
... to a house high atop a stormy
cliff at the edge of the sea ...
a house called Collinwood ...

CAMERA CONTINUES in:

VICKI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... To a world I've never known,
with people I've never met ...
people, who tonight, are still
only vague shadows in my mind,
but who will soon fill all the
days and nights of my tomorrows.

And, as her EYES FILL THE SCREEN, we HOLD a beat, and . . .

3 EXT. COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

An isolated English Manor House, atop a rocky coastal cliff known as "Widow's Hill", overlooking the dark Atlantic and the small Maine fishing village of Collinsport.

A STORM is brewing. The WIND HOWLS, rushing up the rocks off the sea to MOAN LIKE A BANSHEE between the Manor's many gothic turrets and spires.

A large stone structure, built in the 1700s, the house is three stories in height, with dark, deserted wings extending in both directions ... Mostly closed-off now, it is overrun with vines and leaves -- shrouded with tall, dark, forbidding trees.

The sole remaining members of the Collins family ... walk like ghosts through its dark corridors.

4 INT. COLLINWOOD - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

As MRS. JOHNSON, the family housekeeper of forty years, early 60s, high-necked long black dress ("Rebecca's" Mrs. Danvers) walks TOWARD CAMERA carrying a pile of fresh towels.

In the b.g., a tall GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES the hour. 8:00p.m. HOLD as she turns into an open doorway by CAMERA.

5 INT. BEDROOM

As she enters TO REVEAL ... ELIZABETH COLLINS STODDARD, the mistress of Collinwood ... arranging a vase of fresh cut flowers.

Middle 60s, still attractive, with a proud aristocratic bearing, Elizabeth is a woman of great strength and determination ... yet one can see a fleeting echo of pain etched in the sharp lines around her mouth.

MRS. JOHNSON

I've done everything I can to make it comfortable.

She crosses into the bathroom to put the towels on a shelf.

LIZ

Those Turkish pillows in the storage room. Perhaps a few of them on the sofa --

Mrs. Johnson crosses back into the room, looks it over.

(CONTINUED)

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3.
*

5 CONTINUED:

MRS. JOHNSON

I hope she likes it ... a young woman from New York.

Elizabeth sets down the vase on the dresser.

LIZ

It will feel odd having a stranger in the house.

MRS. JOHNSON

Forgive me for saying so, Mrs. Collins, but I'm sure you made the right decision.

CAROLYN (O.S.)

You can say that again.

6 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL CAROLYN STODDARD, Elizabeth's young (18), pretty, blonde daughter entering the room.

CAROLYN

I can't wait for this lady to get here. Because if I have to chase after David one more time, I'm gonna lock the twerp in a cage and nuke the keys.

LIZ

Oh Carolyn, you don't really mean it.

CAROLYN

(a beat)
You're right. Wasting the keys doesn't solve anything. It'd be just as easy to blast the little fruit-loop into never-never land cage and all.

Just then, we SEE another young girl, DAPHNE, Elizabeth's niece, attractive, middle 20s, appear in the doorway.

DAPHNE

Aunt Liz, the folder with the household checks and your estimated tax is in the study.

LIZ

Thank God there's one practical Collins left in this world.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Carolyn and Daphne exchange a smile. She shrugs into her coat, crosses to kiss Elizabeth on the cheek.

DAPHNE

I just have to go over Sam's books
at the Blue Whale. I'll be home
early.

(CONTINUED)

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4.

6 CONTINUED: (2)

CAROLYN

I bet Sam's books aren't the only
thing you wanna go over...

(with a smile)

Joe Haskell's probably going to
be there too.

*
*
*

Daphne chuckles.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

You know, if you ever get bored
with that gorgeous hunk, I know
somebody who'll be happy to take
him off your hands.

*

In the b.g., Mrs. Johnson is smoothing the comforter on the bed.
Suddenly, she reacts to something under the pillow.

MRS. JOHNSON

What's this?! I didn't put this
here.

The others turn to look. She removes a closed shoebox from
under the pillow.

CAROLYN

(shaking her head)

I don't think we should open
that... unless somebody has a
shotgun handy.

*

Elizabeth looks at her daughter, frowns.

LIZ

Nonsense. Hand it here, Mrs.
Johnson.

The woman crosses over, hands it to her. The others gather
around.

7 INSERT - BOX

As Liz's hand ENTERS SHOT, removes the lid TO REVEAL ... a very
large dead RAT! It's head pulverized, its blood all over the
inside of the box.

LIZ (O.S.)

(gasps)

Oh, my God!

3 BACK TO SCENE

she drops the box, the others stare in horror.

(CONTINUED)

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4A.

8 CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
David's "Welcome to Collinwood".

Liz turns angrily.

(CONTINUED)

[

8 CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ

Where is he, Carolyn?

And she starts for the door.

CAROLYN

Don't bother, mother. You're not going to find him.

Liz stops, turns to face them, the frustration showing on her face. Mrs. Johnson is picking up the box.

Carolyn sighs.

CAROLYN

Poor Victoria Winters...

HOLD a beat, and . . .

9 EXT. COLLINSPOORT - TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

An antiquated, Victorian, one-room station house, long out of service. O.S. the SOUND of the TRAIN APPROACHING.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the deserted platform to HOLD it pulling into the station.

WE WATCH as Vicki, suitcase in hand, steps down onto the platform.

10 CLOSE - VICKI

As the train pulls away leaving her standing there all alone, in the darkness ... She pulls up her collar, looks around ... Nobody is there to meet her.

11 AT PAY PHONE

As she ENTERS SHOT, picks up the receiver, it comes away in her hand. She stands there for a beat, then looking around, walks out of shot. *

12
thru
14

OMITTED

15 INT. COLLINWOOD - STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ROGER COLLINS, a tall, lean, dark-haired, brooding, man in his late 30s (the tortured Rochester type of "Jane Eyre"), as he stares BY CAMERA.

ROGER

David did what?! A rat in a shoebox?!

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Liz standing with her brother in front of the fire. He has a glass of brandy in his hand.

Liz just nods.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We don't need a governess, we need a psychiatrist.

LIZ

Roger, please ...

ROGER

Elizabeth, you've never even met this girl. She's been hired by our lawyer!

LIZ

It doesn't matter. I have absolute faith in his judgement.

Roger shakes his head in disbelief.

ROGER

She's a twenty-five year old girl!

LIZ

She's highly qualified.

ROGER

(then, in frustration)
All right, since I've been unable to convince you that boarding school is the answer ... let's at least try to put him back in the town school.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

LIZ

Why do you continue to deny the fact that after what happened, they will never take him back.

A beat, Roger turns, crosses to slump heavily in a chair by the window. He takes a swallow of brandy.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Roger, he needs a family. He needs a father.

He looks up at her.

ROGER

Last night, just before dusk, I talked him into taking a walk along the beach with me. I couldn't believe it when he agreed to go, but he did. I talked to him about anything I could think of, about Europe, about when I was a kid ... anything. And he wasn't saying a word. Then finally, he pulled at my arm and I stopped and he asked me one question.

(a beat)

You know what it was?

Elizabeth shakes her head no.

ROGER (CONT'D)

He wanted to know ... if I liked him.

(he stares up at her)

If I liked him?! ... I went down on my knees and grabbed him, and squeezed him as hard as I could. I said 'David ... David, you're my son. I love you. I love you more than anything else in this world'.

16 CLOSE - ELIZABETH

There are tears in her eyes.

17 BACK TO ROGER

As he continues:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

ROGER (CONT'D)

And you know what he did? He just pulled away from me and ran off up the beach ... and disappeared over the rocks.

LIZ

It takes time, Roger. You two will get to know each other.

ROGER

(quietly)

I'm not so sure, dear sister...

(a beat)

I'll try to say this so that I'm still left with a shred of self-respect...

A long moment as he looks at her, as if trying to get the strength to say what he is about to say.

ROGER (CONT'D)

... I resent him being alive.

He puts his head in his hands. When he turns to look back at her there are tears in his eyes.

ROGER (CONT'D)

May the Lord forgive me... But if it would have saved her sanity, I would have left him to die in that burning room.

And as Elizabeth stares at his tortured face, we HOLD for a beat, and . . .

18 INT. BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

The local jukejoint... a hangout for both lobstermen and teens. ANGLE FAVORS DAPHNE on the phone, Vicki standing next to her.

DAPHNE

That's right, Mrs. Johnson... standing right here.

She looks at Vicki, smiles.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

She walked here from the train station.

19 OMITTED

20 INT. COLLINWOOD - KITCHEN

Mrs. Johnson on the phone.

MRS. JOHNSON

Thank you, Daphne. I'll take care
of it. Please tell her someone
will be there very soon.

And she hangs up.

Immediately she presses a button on the telephone wall panel
labeled "Stable", listens for a beat, then hangs up, starts
quickly out of the kitchen.

21 INT. DRAWING ROOM

A very embarrassed Mrs. Johnson comes in and faces Roger and
Liz, hesitates a beat.

LIZ

Yes, Mrs. Johnson?

MRS. JOHNSON

I'm sorry, Mrs. Stoddard ... The
governess is down at the Blue
Whale...

Roger angrily cuts in ...

ROGER

And Willie hasn't picked her up?!

MRS. JOHNSON

I'm sure he's on his way.

Roger stands, strides angrily out of the room. Mrs. Johnson
and Liz exchange a worried glance.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(very upset)

I just don't know what I'm going
to do with him, Mrs. Stoddard.
He can't seem to get anything
right...

And we . . .

22 EXT. COLLINWOOD STABLE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING the complex of old, Victorian buildings.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

WILLIE (O.S.)
 "...three Graces spin-- high
 above-- lion looks at the dove..."

CAMERA TIGHTENS TO a small lighted window under the eaves.

23 INT. WILLIE'S GARRET ROOM - NIGHT

Where WILLIE LOOMIS, 30, slovenly and nasty-looking, sits hunched over a small desk, scribbling notes on a piece of paper.

In front of him are aged, open reference books, paper, an antique map, etc. ... Also a half-empty bottle of bourbon.

At the moment, he's trying to figure something out, puffing excitedly on a cigarette, muttering:

WILLIE
 "...three Graces spin -- high
 above -- lion looks at dove..."

Suddenly, from o.s. the SOUND of heavy FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs and ROGER'S VOICE:

ROGER (O.S.)
 Loomis!

The door abruptly opens, as Roger storms in.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 Why aren't you down at the
 station?!

Willie looks at him.

WILLIE
 (slightly slurred)
 I was jus gettin' ready to go...

Roger glares at him, grabs the bottle of bourbon.

ROGER
 I told you about this!

And he crosses to the dirty sink on the wall, empties the bottle. Willie rises.

WILLIE
 Hey, you got no right ...

Roger whirls on him.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

ROGER

I'm warning you ... you don't
straighten out your act, and right
away ... you're out of here.

Just then, he notices the things on Willie's desk.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And what's this...?!

Willie looks at him, smiles insolently.

WILLIE

I'm straighten' out my act, Mr.
Collins, just like you said. I
mean, you're an educated man.
And how'd you get that way? By
readin', right? So that's what
I'm doin', readin'. And I'm
startin' with the old books
because like you always been nice
enough to tell me...

(another grin)

I got so much to learn.

Suddenly Roger grabs him roughly by the arm, hauls him toward
the door.

ROGER

Get down there and get into that
truck, and go pick up that girl!

And he practically throws him through the doorway. And ...

24 OMITTED

25 EXT. BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

As Willy's pick-up skids into a parking spot. Willie hops out.
He rubs his hands in the dew on the windshield, then slicks his
hair back in a sort of pomade with it.

26 INT. BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

Willie steps in, glares around the room, then goes to the bar
like he owns the place.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

SAM EVANS (50s), the craggy-faced, former whaler, who owns the place, crosses over to him, gives him a stern eye. His daughter, MAGGIE, 27, the waitress, a sexy, quick-witted lady is sitting over a cup of coffee nearby. *

SAM

I don't want to have any trouble, Willie.

WILLIE

Me neither, Sambo. Just a little glass of your ninety-proof.

SAM

Sorry.

WILLIE

Whaddya mean?

SAM

You know what I mean.

Willie stares at him. Sam holds his ground. Maggie turns to him.

MAGGIE

Why don't you just blow, Willie?

WILLIE

Hey, Maggie, kiss off!

MAGGIE

I love it when you talk sweet to me.

In the b.g., Daphne is crossing over from the table where she has been sitting with Vicki and JOE HASKELL, a young, rugged-looking fisherman in his late 20s.

DAPHNE

Willie, Miss Winters is here.

WILLIE

So am I, maybe we should get together... after I have a drink.

DAPHNE

Charming, Willie. Really charming.

Willie turns on her.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIE

Who asked ya anyway?! Why don't
you go back there and sitdown with
your ... lover boy.

Sam is starting to get angry.

SAM

Take it easy, Willie, and just
get out of here.

Willie turns to him, laughs crazily.

WILLIE

I'll take it any way I can get
it, Sam boy.

Suddenly, a hand clamps down on Willie's shoulder. He SPINS
and comes face to face with Joe.

JOE

The man asked you to leave.

WILLIE

I got business here. You wanna
try an' make me?

Joe looks like he's perfectly willing to oblige, when...

VICKI (O.S.)

I don't think that will be
necessary.

They both turn. PAN TO INCLUDE Vicki, standing there, holding
her valise.

VICKI (CONT'D)

If it's all right, I'd like to
go to Collinwood now.

JOE

You sure you want to ride with
this guy? I'm gonna be leavin'
in a couple of minutes... I can
give you a lift.

She eyes Willie carefully, but she's in control.

VICKI

I'm sure it will be just fine.

Willie gives Joe his best smirk, then takes Vicki's suitcase
in a grand manner, half-bows, and motions toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

VICKI
(to the others)
Thank you for all your help.

And she turns, starts for the door, Willie following.

As he goes, he throws another look back over his shoulder.

JOE
Jerk...

And he goes out the door.

27 EXT. BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

Willie indifferently slings Vicki's case into the truckbed, letting her open her own door. She gets in, and notices Joe standing in the pub's entrance, watching.

As they pull out, Vicki exchanges a wave with Joe.

27A JOE

Standing in the open door, watching the car drive away.. A beat, Daphne joins him. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

DAPHNE
I'm glad nothing happened in there, Willie gets a little crazy sometimes.

JOE
He oughta learn some manners...

Joe turns to her, a crooked grin on his face.

JOE (CONT'D)
'specially if he's gonna mix it up with somebody who's even crazier than he is.

Suddenly, he grabs her, lifting her clear off her feet and slings her over his shoulder.

DAPHNE
(laughing)
Joe... Joe! Put me down! What are you, crazy?!

In the b.g., Sam and Maggie are laughing.

27B ANOTHER ANGLE

As he strides out onto the sidewalk, starts carrying her toward the side of the building.

27C EXT. BLUE WHALE - ALLEY

As Joe, with Daphne slung over his shoulder, struggling playfully, turns in from the street, starts up the dark alley to where his big, old four-door Buick is parked.

27D INT. CAR

As Joe pulls open the back door, dumps her on the seat, quickly climbs in, shutting the door behind him.

DAPHNE
(laughing)
Joe... you are crazy...

He grabs her, plants a hard, smouldering kiss on her.

DAPHNE
(quieter, more serious)
I thought you had to go.

JOE
I do.

He kisses her again, softer and more earnest this time.

JOE (CONT'D)
But that doesn't mean I want to.

Daphne looks up at him, runs her fingers through his hair, then slowly pulls him back down to her.

DAPHNE
That's good...

They kiss, long and steaming this time.

28 INT. PICKUP - MOVING - NIGHT

The truck rumbles along the road, its dim headlights barely keeping ahead of them. Willie glances at Vicki, giving her a long once-over.

WILLIE
Cold out tonight.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

She looks at him and holds it as he leans over and punches open the glove compartment.

Taking out a PINT BOTTLE of Wild Turkey, he unscrews the cap, slugs at it ... then offers it to her.

VICKI

No thank you.

He smiles, takes another, longer belt, wipes his mouth with the back of his sleeve.

WILLIE

Collinsport's a dump!

He looks at her, she doesn't respond.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Fulla creeps, like lover boy, back there. Collinwood ain't no better. Small town, small minds.

(a grin)

Know what I mean?

VICKI

I haven't really seen enough of it to say.

WILLIE

You will. And anybody give you any hassle, you need somebody to set 'em straight, I'm the guy. Okay?

Vicki pauses a beat, concludes that humor is the best policy, and nods.

VICKI

Okay.

Willie smiles, glad that he's making headway.

29 EXT. COLLINWOOD GROUNDS - NIGHT

The pickup turns into the long driveway to the house...

30 INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

As the truck rumbles up and skids to a stop IN FRONT OF CAMERA. *

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Willie jumps out and grabs Vicki's bag from the back of the truck.

31 FAVORING - VICKI

As she steps out, stands there taking in the awesome sight of the great manor house. Willie, looks at her, grins.

WILLIE
Some dump, huh?

He giggles inanely. She follows him as he starts toward the great front door. *

32 INT. COLLINWOOD - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

As Elizabeth enters from the drawing room, crosses to the foyer, opens the door. Willie strides right in, leaving Vicki a step or two behind.

LIZ
Welcome to Collinwood, Miss
Winters. I'm Elizabeth Collins
Stoddard.

VICKI
Thank you, Mrs. Stoddard.

Vicki follows her into the Great Hall.

LIZ
I'm so sorry you had to wait.

VICKI
It was no problem really, I'm just
glad to be here.

She glances around at the family portraits that fill the walls, then fixes on the stairway, where...

Carolyn comes bounding down.

LIZ
My daughter, Carolyn, Victoria
Winters.

CAROLYN
Hi, Vicki. Glad to meet you.

33 HIGH ANGLE - THROUGH UPSTAIRS BALUSTRADES
SOMETHING WATCHING them...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

LIZ

Willie, take Miss Winters' bag upstairs for her, and your aunt wants to see you.

WILLIE

Hope you like this freak palace, Miss Winters...

Willie ogles Vicki once more, then heads up the steps.

34 FAVORING CAROLYN

As she waits a beat until Willie is out of earshot.

CAROLYN

(to Vicki)

You can ignore Willie. He's weirder than jello, but harmless.

Elizabeth gives her a look, then smiles at Vicki motioning toward the Drawing Room.

LIZ

Can I offer you a cup of tea while I call Mr. Collins?

VICKI

That would be very nice. And David, is he asleep?

CAROLYN

He better be.

They head for the Drawing Room.

35 INT. COLLINWOOD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Where Mrs. Johnson stands at the counter, preparing a tray of finger sandwiches. A beat, and Willie enters in the b.g.

WILLIE

You wanted to see me, Auntie?

She turns to him.

MRS. JOHNSON

Yes, I did, Willie.

Willie walks over to her, looks at the tray, then grabs a couple of the dainty sandwiches, stuffs them in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

WILLIE
(chewing loudly)
Not bad.

And he reaches for another. She stops him.

MRS. JOHNSON
Willie, when I promised your
father I would look after you,
I never imagined you would make
it so difficult.

WILLIE
Well it ain't always my fault!
What do you want me to do? Bow
down and kiss that guy's feet?
Everything was all right before
he got here.

MRS. JOHNSON
No, it wasn't.

WILLIE
Well, it don't make no difference
anyway. I figured it out.

MRS. JOHNSON
(frowns)
Figured what out?

He grins conspiratorially.

WILLIE
The jewels. I know where the
jewels are. We're gonna be rich.

MRS. JOHNSON
Willie, where do you get these
crazy ideas?

WILLIE
(anger rising)
They're not crazy!

She sighs wearily.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I found these books, see ...
They're all in codes and weird
poems... but I figured it out...
The stuff is in a secret room in
the family tomb.

A beat as she stares at him, aghast:

MRS. JOHNSON

Willie, I don't want to hear
anymore of this.

He grabs her.

WILLIE

I'm tellin' ya! The jewels were
buried by one of the guys in those
pictures out there!

He points toward the Great Hall.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

It was during the Revolution ...
you know, that big war we had in
the 1700s ... well this guy ...
Barn-abas an' his old man ... they
hid the family jewels ... to keep
'em safe.

(a grin)

In the tomb.

MRS. JOHNSON

Willie ... I just wish you'd do
what you're supposed to do around
here instead of acting like a fool
with all this scheming. It can
only lead to trouble.

WILLIE

Okay! But when I blow this joint
with a pile of dough, we'll see
who's laughin'.

And turning, he walks out of the kitchen.

36 CLOSE - MRS. JOHNSON

As she stands there watching him go, she shakes her head sadly.

MRS. JOHNSON

(softly)

May God help you-- I certainly
can't...

37 INT. GREAT HALL

As Willie enters from the direction of the kitchen, stops in front of a large portrait done in somber blues and blacks.

It is the brooding figure of an eighteenth century man, a cape around his shoulders, a silver wolfheads cane in his hands, a large distinctive black, stone ring on his middle finger.

Willie stands there for a beat, staring up at the dark eyes.

WILLIE

(mutters)

I got you now, mister... I got you now...

And he turns, starts toward the big, front doors.

CAMERA HOLDS on the portrait...

37A

And then BEGINS A SLOW MOVE IN to the EYES... As a LOW THUMPING SOUND of a HEART BEAT begins to filter in ...

39 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Vicki is finishing her tea and Mrs. Johnson's sandwiches with Elizabeth and Carolyn.

VICKI

How long has David been without his father?

LIZ

Almost six years, now. I brought him back from England shortly after his mother... took ill. *

Vicki subtly shakes her head, digesting the situation.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's been hard on him. But he's a very bright boy and he has an amazing imagination.

CAROLYN

If you call putting garden snakes in my dresser imaginative.

Roger enters in the b.g..

LIZ

Roger, I'd like you to meet Vicki Winters.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

He cordially takes her hand.

ROGER
I'm Roger Collins, David's father.

VICKI
It's nice to meet you. You have
a lovely home.

ROGER
Thank you. My sister has always
had a gift for maintaining the
grand style.

LIZ
And why not? Style should be the
dress of thought. It tempers life
with grace.
(turns to Vicki)
Don't you think so, Miss Winters?

VICKI
(smiles)
Yes, I do.

She glances over at a painting. *

VICKI (CONT'D)
May I ask if that's a Seurat?

Elizabeth turns to Roger, smiles.

LIZ
Actually, it's a copy... It was
painted by...

ROGER
(overriding, curtly)
It was painted by another artist.

Elizabeth gives him a quick glance and frowns.

VICKI
Well it's very good.

Roger lights a cigarette.

ROGER
Do you enjoy art, Miss Winters?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

VICKI

It's one of my favorite subjects to teach. I think children express themselves very well through drawing and painting.

ROGER

(cynically)

I suppose you can get to know them that way.

VICKI

And they can get to know themselves, that's the challenge.

Roger and Elizabeth exchange a glance, then Roger looks at Vicki, there may be more to this young lady than he expected.

ROGER

Well I think you'll find that my son is as much of a challenge as you can handle. I'm quite certain he's different from any boy you've ever taught before. Goodnight, Miss Winters.

Roger nods and exits. HOLD on Vicki as she watches him go, and...

40 thru 42 OMITTED

43 EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - NIGHT

With the ornate ironwork of the old Collins family mausoleum in the f.g. Willie, flashlight in hand, a bag of tools over his shoulder, can be seen coming through the trees TOWARD CAMERA.

Flashing his light about, he carefully picks his way through the crumbling monuments in the overgrown, weed-choked graveyard.

44 CLOSE - WILLIE

As he stops in front of the mausoleum, shines his light up at it.

(CONTINUED)

45 HIS POV - MAUSOLEUM

An aged, marble facade overgrown with brambles and vines, 'Collins' etched in the stone over the entrance.

The FLASHLIGHT BEAM ILLUMINATES three carved female figures on the pediment, locked in embrace, their eyes lifted toward heaven...

46 OMITTED

47 WILLIE

He grins, pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, shines his light on it.

WILLIE
...three graces spin high above...

MOVE WITH HIM as he crosses to the big, rusty, iron door, pushes it open.

48 INT. MAUSOLEUM - FROM BELOW

As Willie enters, his light FLARING OUT THE LENS, starts down a narrow flight of crumbling, stone steps toward CAMERA.

49 INT. CRYPT

As he reaches the bottom, he enters the large, octangular-shaped Crypt.

He shines his light around. The room is filled with cobwebs and moss.

50 CLOSE - WILLIE

Shaking with excitement, he pulls out the crumpled piece of paper again, shines his light on it ... then flashes his beam onto one of the walls.

51 ANGLE - WALL

As the BEAM illuminates a CARVED STONE LION'S HEAD, a rusted, iron ring hanging from its mouth...

52 BACK TO WILLIE

As he grins.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

WILLIE
...the lion's head watches the
dove...

He looks around, then jerks his flashlight to the opposite wall.
WHIP PAN with the BEAM as it illuminates a STONE DOVE.

53 WILLIE

As he smiles, turns back to the Lion's Head.

WILLIE (O.S.)
(muttering)
"Lion's head... watches the dove".

54 LION'S HEAD - CLOSE

As Willie's hand ENTERS SHOT, touches it, then takes hold of
the iron ring, begins to twist and pull at it.

55
thru OMITTED

56
57 FROM IN BACK OF WILLIE

As he pulls harder, the ring begins to draw out of the lion's
mouth.

And then we HEAR THE SOUND OF HEAVY STONE GRATING ON STONE ...
as a section of the wall begins to slowly swing open.

58 WILLIE - CLOSE

Eyes glittering, he raises his light, leans forward to peer in.

Suddenly, he leaps back, thrashing the air wildly, as a cloud
of bats, screeching and flapping, explode from the dark space
beyond.

59 ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH OPENING

As Willie shivers in horror.

WILLIE
(muttering)
Ecch! What a place! -- Bats!

And, shining his light in front of him, he steps through the
opening into the dank, dark, space beyond.

60 INT. SECRET ROOM

As Willie enters, breath smoking in the unnatural cold, stands there for a moment, shining his light around. Suddenly, he reacts.

61 HIS POV

A huge stone SARCOPHAGUS tightly bound with giant chains and antique padlocks.

62 WILLIE

As he stares at the coffin greedily, starts toward it.

WILLIE

...the jewels... I knew it!

Stopping in front of it, he examines it. A heavy stone cross is carved on its cover.

63 CLOSE - MATCH

As Willie strikes it, touches it to an old wall torch in a rusty, iron wall bracket. It ignites in a sooty flame.

Now we get a better look at the place ... A small claustrophobic low-ceilinged space with damp, moss-covered, stone block walls.

64 OMITTED

65 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Willie crosses back to the coffin, fumbles in his tool satchel and pulls out a crowbar, begins to go to work on the chains.

66 INT. GREAT HALL - HIGH ANGLE

As Carolyn, Elizabeth and Vicki come out of the drawing room.

LIZ

Have a good night's sleep,
Vicki...

VICKI

Thank you, Mrs. Stoddard...

LIZ

We breakfast at seven. En Famille.
You'll meet David then. Lessons
should begin at nine.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
(cheerfully)
Follow me, Vicki...

And the two girls start toward the main stairway. TIGHTEN TO THEM as they start up TOWARD CAMERA.

VICKI
(looking around)
This place is huge. How many rooms are there?

CAROLYN
(a smile)
I don't think anyone really knows.

Vicki laughs.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
Anyway, most of 'em are closed off now, but there are a lot.

And as they continue up the stairs, we . . .

67
thru OMITTED

69
70 CLOSE CROWBAR

As Willie strains to pry loose the last set of chains. Suddenly, they snap, slip heavily to the floor...

71 WILLIE

Shaking with nervous excitement, he braces himself, and, with enormous effort, begins to push it open.

72 CLOSE - SLAB COVER

As one end of it slowly grates open.

73 BACK TO WILLIE

His face shining with sweat and greed, he leans over to look in.

Suddenly a HAND SHOOTS OUT, grabs him by the throat, pulls him, SCREAMING, down into the sarcophagus.

WE NOTICE a LARGE, BLACK STONE RING prominent on the middle finger.

74 INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vicki is unpacking her valise, which lies open on the big four-poster.

In the b.g., Carolyn enters carrying extra blankets.

CAROLYN

It gets pretty cold at night...
The fireplace works... and the
bathroom's big enough for a
battalion.

She puts the blankets on the foot of the bed.

VICKI

Thanks.

(then)

I really can't wait to meet David.

CAROLYN

(laughing)

Yes, you can.

VICKI

I hope he likes me.

CAROLYN

He will... He better, or he'll
answer to me...

(and)

Vicki, I'm really glad you're
here.

VICKI

So am I.

Suddenly from o.s., the SOUND of DISTANT HOWLING. Vicki frowns.

VICKI

What's that?!

CAROLYN

(spooking it up)

The strange creatures of the Maine
woods ... When it gets cold like
this, they come down from the
mountains.

Vicki smiles.

Just then the HOWLING is replaced by the SOUND of DOGS BARKING.
Vicki goes to the window to look out.

75 HER POV - THROUGH WINDOW

At the edge of the woods, what looks like the dark SILHOUETTE of a MAN standing there. It seems as if he is looking up at her.

VICKI (O.S.)

Carolyn ...

76 BACK TO SCENE

As Carolyn looks at her.

VICKI

Someone's out there--

Carolyn crosses over to her, looks out.

CAROLYN

Where?

VICKI

At the edge of the woods.

Carolyn frowns.

CAROLYN

I don't see anyone.

Vicki leans in to look again.

77 THEIR POV - THE WOODS

No one there.

VICKI (O.S.)

I thought I saw someone...

78 BACK TO SCENE

As Carolyn turns to Vicki, laughs.

CAROLYN

You're in the boonies, kid.
Sometimes this place can have that
kind of affect on you.

(then)

You've gotta be wiped ... Have
a bath, get some sleep. And if
you need me, just call....

VICKI

Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

Carolyn exits. Vicki stands there for a beat, then turns, looks out the window again.

Amused at herself, she picks up her robe from the bed, starts for the bathroom.

79 INT. BATHROOM

As she enters, hangs her robe on a hook, opens the medicine cabinet, takes out a bottle of bubble bath.

80 ANOTHER ANGLE

As she crosses to the bathtub, puts her hand on the shower curtain, pulls it back.

SUDDENLY, a FIGURE leaps out at her, SHRIEKING!

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Vicki, SCREAMING, falls back against the wall, gasping for breath ...

This is her introduction to young DAVID COLLINS.

81A INT. BEDROOM

A small, thin, sallow-faced nine year old in pajamas and robe, David runs into the bedroom, stands there staring back at her.

VICKI

(gasps)

David...? David, my God!

DAVID

I scared you, didn't I?

Vicki struggles to pull herself together, starts toward him.

VICKI

You certainly did ...

DAVID

I don't want you here.

VICKI

What...?

DAVID

I don't want you here !!

(CONTINUED)

81A CONTINUED:

She reaches for him.

DAVID
Don't touch me!

He pulls away, runs for the door. Before he can open it, she slams her hand against it.

VICKI
David, I am not here to hurt
you...

Suddenly his eyes go cold and hard.

DAVID
(very quietly)
You better open the door ...

The child's look is so chilling she almost feels the hair stand up on her arms. A beat ...

VICKI
All right, David, let's go to your
room.

The child just stares back at her.

Very gently she takes him by the arm, leads him out of the room.

82 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

Not your typical boy's room, in that there are not a lot of toys, banners, posters, etc. in evidence.

The door opens and Vicki leads him to his bed.

When she tries to help him off with his robe, he pushes her hand away, takes it off himself, climbs into bed.

DAVID
I'm going to scare you again...and
again...

She sits on the side of the bed.

VICKI
David, I'm here to be your
friend...

Another beat as the child just looks back at her, eyes unblinking. She pulls the blankets up around him.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

VICKI (CONT.)

(gently)

Now go to sleep, and I'll see you
in the morning.

Again, no response. He turns away from her on his side.
Quietly she gets up, turns off the bedside lamp, exits the room.

83 CLOSE - DAVID

As he lies there in the darkness, eyes wide open, staring INTO
CAMERA.

84 EXT. COLLINSPORT - HELICOPTER SHOT - NIGHT

"Something" sweeping low over the dark pine forests below, the
SIGHTS and SOUNDS MAGNIFIED, as if viewed by a creature with
heightened senses and night vision.

Whatever it is, is rapidly approaching the lights of the village
in the distant b.g.

85 INT. BLUE WHALE - NIGHT

Daphne, sitting with Sam at a back table, is just finishing the
books. In the b.g., Maggie is getting ready to shut down for
the night.

DAPHNE

(a smile)

Okay, Sam. As usual, the
government owes you.

She closes the books, rises.

SAM

You're a genius, Daph. Without
you I'd be in jail.

Maggie calls from in back of the bar:

MAGGIE

That's for sure.

Sam helps Daphne on with her coat. They start for the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I keep tellin' ya, Daph, fishermen
who go to bed early don't make
for an exciting love life.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

Daphne laughs.

DAPHNE

It's the best I can do.

Sam opens the door for her, looks out.

SAM

Where's your car?

DAPHNE

I left it at Rotolo's. It needed a charge.

SAM

Okay.

(gives her a kiss on the cheek)

Thanks again, sweetheart.

And as Maggie calls "goodbye" in the b.g., Daphne goes out into the night.

86 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DOLLYING IN FRONT OF her, as tightening her scarf, she heads for the gas station, two blocks away. In the b.g., WE WATCH the sign over the restaurant go out.

O.S., the DISTANT SOUND of DOGS beginning to BARK.

87 FROM ACROSS THE STREET - MOVING

Something is there, following her.

88 CLOSE - DAPHNE

As she continues along the deserted street. Suddenly, she thinks she hears something behind her. She stops, looks back.

89 HER POV - PANNING

Nothing. Just some very scary shadows and the SOUND of the branches CREAKING overhead in the wind.

90 BACK TO DAPHNE

As she resumes walking, but now quickens her pace. The SOUND of the DOGS' BARKING grow more agitated.

91 HER POV - MOVING

Rotolo's gas station. One small light in the window. Her car parked in front... a block and a half away.

92 FROM ACROSS THE STREET

As she quickens her pace ... a pair of old fashioned, soft, leather boots ENTER SHOT, start after her.

93 DAPHNE'S FEET

Walking faster and faster.

94 MEN'S BOOTS

Now crossing the street, beginning to gain on her.

95 DAPHNE

As she throws a terrified look back over her shoulder, breaks into a panicky run.

96 DAPHNE - LONG LENS

Through the window of her car, running in terror, TOWARD CAMERA.

Finally, she reaches the car, grabs the door handle, pulls it open, jumps inside.

Suddenly something ENTERS FRAME, pulls the door open, as a strong hand with a LARGE BLACK STONE RING, grabs her viciously by the throat.

She lets out a WRENCHING SCREAM, and we ...

97 EXT. ROTOLO'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

A grim scene ... Two police cars, lights flashing, and an ambulance backed up to Daphne's car. A team of paramedics are crowded around an unconscious girl hooking up I.V.'s, etc.

Maggie stands with a group of people off to the side, watching in horror. Sam hurries INTO SHOT.

SAM

I called Joe ... Mrs. Stoddard
is on her way.

(a beat)

How is she?

Maggie numbly shakes her head. Sam puts his arm around her.

98 SHERIFF PATTERSON

A big open-faced man in his late 40s ... MOVING WITH HIM as he crosses over to the paramedics.

PATTERSON
Is she gonna make it?

PARAMEDIC #1
Don't know ... She lost a whole lot of blood.

PAN DOWN to Daphne, her face as white as chalk. The Sheriff kneels down to examine the ugly wound on her neck.

PATTERSON
What do you think did this?

PARAMEDIC #2
You tell us. Like some kind of wild animal tried to rip out her throat.

99 CLOSE - SHERIFF

As he looks around.

PATTERSON
Where'd it all go?

The first paramedic is now applying a dressing to the bloody wound.

PARAMEDIC #1
Where'd what go?

PATTERSON
The blood. I don't see any blood around here.
(a beat)
If she lost all that blood, where'd it go?

And, as the men exchange a look, we HOLD a beat, and . . .

100 INT. COLLINSPOrt HOSPITAL - DAPHNE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on Daphne propped up in bed, face deathly pale, eyes closed, lying under a maze of life-support tubes, I.V.s, etc.

SLOWLY WIDEN TO INCLUDE DR. HYRAM FISHER examining her, a bleary-eyed Joe Haskell sitting next to her awkwardly holding her hand. A NURSE hovers in the near b.g.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

Fisher is an elderly, white-haired man, the Collins family physician for years.

A beat. He closes his bag, turns to Joe.

FISHER

There's nothing you can do here now, Joe. Why don't you go into the lounge and get yourself a cup of coffee?

JOE

No. I want to stay with her.

Fisher nods, pats him on the shoulder.

FISHER

I'll look in on her later.

And he starts for the door.

101 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Fisher comes out of the door, we SEE Elizabeth and Carolyn hurriedly approaching from the end of the corridor.

LIZ

Hiram, how is she?

DR. FISHER

We've got her stabilized, and we're pumping whole blood back into her as fast as we can...

LIZ

Has she told you anything?

FISHER

(shakes his head no)
She's pretty heavily sedated.

CAROLYN

(angrily)
Can't the police do something--
Who did this to her?

FISHER

We don't know how it happened...

LIZ

Is she going to be all right?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

A beat. He looks at her.

FISHER
I hope so.

Elizabeth suddenly sobs, dragging a handkerchief out of her purse. Carolyn puts her arm around her.

CAROLYN
Can we see her?

Fisher nods.

FISHER
Only for a little while.

They start for the door.

FISHER (CONT'D)
Joe's in there with her.

And they enter the room.

102 INT. ROOM

As they enter, Carolyn crosses to Joe, gives him a kiss on the cheek. He takes her hand. Elizabeth sits next to the sleeping Daphne, gently touches her face.

102A EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Mausoleum rises above the rest of the graves, eerie in the last darkness just before dawn...

CAMERA IS LOW, FOLLOWING the soft, old-fashioned, men's boots and long cape moving rapidly through the graveyard into the Mausoleum.

102B INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

FOLLOWING as the Figure sweeps down the narrow, stone flight of stairs into the burial crypt.

102C CLOSE - LION'S HEAD

As the hand with the BLACK STONE RING, grasps the rusted iron opening device, twists and pulls it.

As before, we HEAR the SOUND OF HEAVY STONES GRATING, as the wall moves, revealing the entrance to the Secret Room.

102D SECRET ROOM

GOING WITH the dark Figure as he enters, the stone wall closing behind him.

The Figure moves past the open sarcophagus, where we see a semi-conscious Willie lying on the floor, a terrible wound on his neck, his eyes fluttering open.

102E ANGLE - STONE FLOOR

In a corner of the room, where a heavy iron ring is set in the stone floor.

Momentarily, the hand reaches in, grasps it, pulls mightily upward ... as a small three-foot portion of the floor opens.

102F THE OPENING

And down inside ... an old brass-bracketed MARINER'S CHEST ... The strong hands reach in, lift it out, open it.

It is brimming with gem stones, GOLD and SILVER COINS, JEWELRY, and other precious valuables.

A moment, and then the hands reach in, scooping up handfuls of the sparkling treasure. A beat, then...

103 INT. SEROLOGY LAB - HOSPITAL - MORNING

ACROSS DR. FISHER, hunched over a microscope, examining blood slides. Sheriff Patterson, in rain gear, enters in the b.g., stands there for a beat.

PATTERSON

Hiram?

FISHER

(looks up)

Sorry, I didn't see you standing there, George.

PATTERSON

How's the girl this morning?

FISHER

The same.

Patterson shakes his head, sighs heavily.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

PATTERSON

That's not good. I've got a bunch of trackers and half the town out with shotguns looking for this thing, whatever it is. And nobody's seen a damn' thing. No tracks, nothing.

The doctor looks at Patterson uneasily.

FISHER

Well you can stop looking for an animal.

A beat.

PATTERSON

What do you mean?

Fisher nods toward the slide under the microscope.

FISHER

I found traces of human saliva in the wound.

And as Patterson stares at him, we HOLD for a beat, and ...

104 EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

The storm has intensified. CAMERA TIGHTENS to the ground floor dining room french doors.

105 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Roger is sitting at the big table, an egg cup and a newspaper in front of him. Outside, the rain is slashing at the windows.

A beat, and Vicki ENTERS.

ROGER

Good morning.

VICKI

Good morning. Any word about Daphne?

ROGER

(shakes his head)
They promised to call if there's any change.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

Vicki glances at the windows, shivers slightly, then crosses to the sideboard for some breakfast. Roger watches her a beat.

ROGER

I assume you've already met David?

Vicki hesitates, then looks at him with a smile.

VICKI

Yes.

ROGER

And...? What do you think?

She crosses to the table, putting her plate down, while composing her answer.

VICKI

Well, to be perfectly honest, he started out by trying to scare the living daylights out of me last night.

Roger looks at her, concerned, but Vicki breaks into a warm smile.

VICKI (CONT'D)

And... he hit the jackpot.

A beat as she begins to eat, seemingly calm about the experience.

ROGER

I'm sorry. I'll have a talk with him.

VICKI

No need, little boys have been terrorizing teachers and babysitters forever. Mischief goes with the territory.

A beat as he looks at her.

ROGER

Miss Winters, I'm afraid you will find David to be a very difficult child.

Vicki looks at him, trying to allay perceived fears, but also being professional.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

VICKI

Mr. Collins, I'm sure it hasn't been easy for David... but give me some time with him. It's best not to expect too much, too soon.

ROGER

Miss Winters ... I learned a long time ago never to expect anything. That way, I'm never disappointed.

The thought strikes a note with Vicki. A beat, then Roger looks out the window, frowns. *

105A EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY *

As the Sheriff's car moves through the rain, up toward the Great House. *

106 INT. FOYER

As Elizabeth opens the door for the Sheriff.

PATTERSON

Sorry to bother you so early, Mrs. Stoddard.

LIZ

Come in, George... Terrible weather.

He steps in, shakes the rain off his hat, follows her into the main hall. Roger ENTERS SHOT.

ROGER

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

Vicki enters, starts toward the stairs, Elizabeth calls her over.

LIZ

Our new governess, Sheriff ...
Vicki Winters.

PATTERSON

Nice to meet you, Miss Winters.
(then, to Elizabeth)
Elizabeth, would it be all right
if I talked to Willie Loomis?

Roger and Elizabeth exchange a glance.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

I understand he was acting pretty
strange last night.

(looks at Vicki)

You were there, weren't you Miss
Winters? At the Blue Whale? I
heard he almost took a swing at
Joe...

VICKI

Yes, but nothing really happened.

LIZ

I don't understand, you've been
looking for an animal.

PATTERSON

(a beat)

We were wrong.

LIZ

Oh my God! What kind of a person
could have done such a thing?
You can't be serious in thinking
that it might be Willie ...

PATTERSON

I didn't say that, Elizabeth.

ROGER

He'll be over at the stables.
If you want me to, Sheriff, I'll
go over there with you.

PATTERSON

Fine.

And as the two men start for the foyer, we . . .

107
thru OMITTED
108

109 EXT. COLLINWOOD STABLES - DAY

The rain has let up somewhat as the Sheriff's car pulls into the stable area and the two men get out. In the b.g. WE NOTICE Willie's truck parked nearby.

ROGER
That's his pickup.

And he leads the Sheriff into the building.

110 INT. STABLE STAIRS

As Roger and the Sheriff start up the narrow flight of steps toward Willie's garret room.

Stopping in front of his door, Roger knocks loudly.

ROGER
LOOMIS! Loomis!

No answer. Roger puts his hand on the doorknob, pushes the door open.

111 INT. WILLIE'S ROOM

As the two men enter, look around the disheveled space. No Willie. Roger angrily grabs two empty bourbon bottles from Willie's desk, hurls them into a waste basket.

ROGER
You'll probably find him sleeping
it off somewhere.

The Sheriff crosses over to look at Willie's desk. He picks up a dog-eared paperback, "Orologium Sapientiae; The Book of the Dead" and stares at it... jots down something on a little notepad.

ROGER (CONT'D)
A very strange young man, our Mr.
Loomis.

Patterson nods.

PATTERSON
Well, we have to talk to him.
When you see him, tell him to come
down to the station house.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

ROGER
Of course, Sheriff.

And as the two men start out of the room, we . . .

112 EXT. STONE COTTAGE - MORNING

A small, stone cottage by the sea. Large, dark pines almost seem as if they are trying to crowd the squat, sturdy structure into the stormy Atlantic.

113 INT. COTTAGE STUDY

PANNING MICHAEL WOODARD, an aging, eccentric professor of Archaeology and Parapsychology, as he enters with two steaming cups of coffee ... TO REVEAL Sheriff Patterson standing by the big bay window overlooking the sea. *

It's a cosy, low-beamed, cluttered room crammed with books and every kind of weird artifact ... antiques, strange tribal relics, etc. A large fire burns in the grate.

PATTERSON
Mike... what is this? *

He holds up a very strange-looking, skull-like, African object.

WOODARD
A Marawese Fertility Vessel...
A repository for the souls of
tribal elders. *

Patterson makes a face, holds it away from him.

PATTERSON
Any left?

WOODARD
Very likely. *

Patterson, with great care, replaces it where he took it from. Woodard hands him one of the cups. And they cross to two overstuffed chairs by the big stone hearth, sit. *

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

WOODARD

I'm dreadfully sorry to hear about the Collins girl... How can I help?

PATTERSON

Plain and simple... I've got a madman out there and I don't know where to begin looking for him.

Woodard looks at Patterson for a moment.

WOODARD

Has the girl been able to tell you anything?

PATTERSON

Nothing.

(a beat)

And what's worse, Hiram is afraid she may never remember anything.

Woodard shakes his head, then:

WOODARD

You say she lost a good deal of blood. Exactly how much?

PATTERSON

Over two litres.

WOODARD

... Almost half her blood volume.

Patterson nods.

WOODARD (CONT'D)

And your theory is that whoever did this took the blood with him?!

PATTERSON

I know it sounds crazy.

A long moment as Woodard just sits there looking at him. Then:

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

WOODARD

Not necessarily. There have been documented cases of unbalanced people who've believed themselves to be vampires and actually drank human blood...

PATTERSON

What about some kind of weird blood cult thing?

WOODARD

That's a possibility too.

A beat, Patterson looks at him.

PATTERSON

Mike, whatever it is, I need an answer fast. I gotta have some clue what I'm lookin' for here.

He rises, takes a manilla envelope from his raincoat pocket, hands it to Woodard.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

A full report with all the details.

WOODARD

I'll get on this right away, George.

And as he escorts the Sheriff out of the room, we . . .

114 EXT. COLLINWOOD - MAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

A low-moaning wind in the tall, dark pines. A cold moon shining down through the fleeting clouds.

A beat ... and then a dark FIGURE with a SILVER WOLFHEAD CANE ENTERS THE FRAME. His back to us, he stops, looks at the house for a moment, then slowly heads for the main entrance.

115 EXT. GREAT FRONT DOOR

As the stranger's hand ENTERS SHOT, rings the doorbell. WE NOTICE the BLACK STONE RING on his finger.

116 INT. COLLINWOOD - FOYER

As Mrs. Johnson enters from the Great Hall, crosses to open the door. She squints strangely at the CALLER (CAMERA).

CALLER (OS)
Good evening ... Is Mrs. Collins
at home?

MRS. JOHNSON
Who shall I say is calling?

CALLER (OS)
You may tell her it is her
cousin... Barnabas Collins from
England.

MRS. JOHNSON
England?! Oh yes, sir. Please
come in.

BARNABAS (OS)
Thank you.

Mrs. Johnson glances back at CAMERA, then crosses into the great hall, CAMERA FOLLOWING. WE WATCH as she disappears into the drawing room.

Now CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW PAN of the area, then slowly moves toward the PORTRAIT of Barnabas on the wall... STOPS THERE looking up at it.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Elizabeth enters from the Drawing Room.

118 FROM BEHIND BARNABAS

As he turns to her, she crosses to him, extends her hand, smiles.

LIZ
Barnabas Collins from England ...
I'm stunned. I had no idea we had
any relatives left in England!

BARNABAS
I am the last, I'm afraid...

LIZ
Welcome to Collinwood, Mr.
Collins.

119 CLOSE ON BARNABAS

And at last WE SEE him. Sensuous, handsome, a feeling of danger in his dark brooding eyes.

He takes her hand, looks deeply into her eyes.

BARNABAS

Thank you dear cousin, I've been looking forward to this moment for so long.

Elizabeth is transfixed.

120 OMITTED

121 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE CAROLYN as she looks in amazement BY CAMERA.

CAROLYN

I can't get over it. You look exactly like the man in the portrait.

LIZ (O.S.)

It is amazing, isn't it?

121A FAVORING BARNABAS

As he smiles ever so slightly. In the b.g., WE SEE that Elizabeth and Roger are also in the room.

BARNABAS

The Collins blood does have a rather persistent strength.

(a smiles)

And I must admit, I, myself, have always been quite fascinated by the resemblance.

He holds up the hand with the BLACK STONE RING.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, this ring belonged to my ancestor...

(raising the silver headed cane)

...And this cane. They're my most treasured possessions.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED:

LIZ

This is all so extraordinary.
(then)

We knew of course, according to the various journals, that the original Barnabas went to England in the late 1700s, just after the election of John Adams.

BARNABAS

A man he helped to elect, along with Thomas Jefferson as Vice President.

LIZ

Yes.

(she smiles, impressed)
But whatever brought you to Collinwood?

BARNABAS

I recently arrived in Boston on business and knowing I was so close, I couldn't resist coming.

ROGER

What kind of business?

BARNABAS

I'm investing in a ship building firm. If the business environment proves beneficial, I may stay on.

ROGER

Where in London do you live?

BARNABAS

(a beat)
Cadogan Square.

LIZ

Really? Roger's just come back from London...

ROGER

You don't happen to know the Bromwells do you? They live at number 33...

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (2)

EARNABAS

I'm afraid I don't. My business
has always been rather...
consuming.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (2)

A moment as Barnabas looks around the room, intently.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)
I've heard so much about
Collinwood over the years.

LIZ
And what do you think of it?

BARNABAS
It's just as I remember.

Roger and Elizabeth exchange a glance, he frowns.

ROGER
What do you mean, remember?!

BARNABAS
It's the stories ... the stories
have been so ... so vivid that
it almost seems I actually have
been here.
(to himself, as much
as to them)
Collinwood was first built on the
moors near Lyme Regis on the
southwest coast of England. The
truss and cherrywood railings were
hand-carved in Germany. The
marble floors cut from the finest
Tuscan quarries in Carrara. The
masonry, the fireplaces and the
steps created by the finest
Italian craftsmen.

(motions around him)
This wainscotting was fashioned
from the richest Baltic woods and
the windows were purchased from
the grandest baronial estates of
Europe. It was all transported,
piece by piece, by sailing vessel
to Boston, then driven here along
the rocky coast by ox-drawn cart
to be reassembled.

Elizabeth and Roger exchange another look, amazed. She turns
back to Barnabas.

LIZ
I thought I was an expert on the
family history. But Cousin
Barnabas, your knowledge of our
heritage is extraordinary.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (4)

A moment, then Roger gets up and motions toward a small table with some decanters.

ROGER

Can I offer you a drink?

BARNABAS

No thank you. As a matter of fact, I have an engagement, I've taken enough of your time.

(a beat)

But there is one other matter I'd like to discuss.

Roger goes to pour himself a drink while Elizabeth listens carefully.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

It concerns the family's first home ...

LIZ

The Old House? What about it?

BARNABAS

You know the original Barnabas was born there... I took the liberty of visiting it this afternoon.

(a beat)

This may seem presumptuous, but I'd like the opportunity to restore it to its original condition.

Roger turns in surprise.

CAROLYN

(grins)

Cool....

Roger crosses back to him with his drink.

ROGER

But that would cost a fortune. It's a complete wreck.

BARNABAS

The money is of no consequence.

Roger stares at him, can't believe what he's hearing. Elizabeth, however, is becoming intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (5)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

But of course, you must have time
to consider my proposal.

Elizabeth looks at Roger.

LIZ

Roger, I have no objection to
this, do you?

ROGER

(a beat)

No ... I guess not. Not if he
wants to take it on.

BARNABAS

(smiles)

Then it is settled.

Elizabeth is glowing.

LIZ

I can't believe it! ... Our
family's first home in America,
come back to life.

BARNABAS

Yes ... come back to life ...

LIZ

(getting excited)

And you could stay here while the
work was being done. God knows
we have the room.

BARNABAS

(a beat)

A generous offer ... But I've
already taken rooms at the Inn.

(a beat)

I may even be able to make a
portion of the house inhabitable
soon enough so that I could
actually move in there.

(CONTINUED)

121A CONTINUED: (5)

Suddenly, David bursts through the foyer door, closely followed by Vicki. She stops when she sees the family.

VICKI

Oh ... I didn't mean to interrupt.
Come along, David...

122 FAVORING BARNABAS

As he turns, startled at the sight of Vicki.

LIZ

Come in, Vicki. Let me introduce
Barnabas Collins. David, this
is your cousin from England.
(to Barnabas)
Roger's son.

But Barnabas gaze is riveted on Vicki.

LIZ (CONT'D)

And this is Victoria Winters,
David's governess.

123 FAVORING CAROLYN

Barnabas special attention to Vicki isn't lost on her. Suddenly he is torn away by David's voice.

DAVID

Barnabas Collins! Barnabas is
a ghost!

Roger looks at Vicki, who moves to quiet the boy. Elizabeth laughs.

LIZ

He knows the portrait in the
hallway.

(then)

Cousin Barnabas is going to
restore the Old House, David, so
you'll have to find another place
to play.

DAVID

(suddenly flying into
a rage)
He can't! He can't! That's where
Sarah lives!

124 FAVORING BARNABAS

As he reacts to this.

ROGER

David, Cousin Barnabas doesn't want to hear that story.

Barnabas looks from Roger to David.

BARNABAS

On the contrary, what story are we talking about?

CAROLYN

(a smile)

He claims he has a little friend Sarah who lives down there...

David is staring at Barnabas.

DAVID

I'll make you sorry if you take my house! I won't let you!

A beat as Barnabas glances at the others, nods reassuringly, kneels before the boy:

BARNABAS

(gently)

Who is this Sarah, young man?

DAVID

I'll show you!

125 OMITTED

126 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the boy turns, runs to the far side of the room, takes a small miniature painting from the ten or twelve that are sitting on the grand piano.

HOLD as he runs back to Barnabas, hands it to him.

DAVID

It's her.

127 CLOSE BARNABAS

Shocked, doing his best to conceal his emotions as he stares at the small portrait.

128 INSERT - PORTRAIT

A small, thin, sweet-faced little girl of nine, dressed in a soft, long, white lace dress with ribbons and bows.

On the TRACK, WE BEGIN TO HEAR THE LILTING SOUND of a FLUTE ... Sarah's leit motif.

129 BACK TO BARNABAS

As he continues to stare at the miniature painting. Suddenly, Roger's voice:

ROGER (O.S.)
(laughingly)
Don't let it bother you
Barnabas...

Barnabas is abruptly pulled out of his reverie, he turns...

129A BACK TO ROGER

Who is standing there smiling at him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
...David has a very active
imagination.

He ruffles David's hair, but the boy pulls angrily away. It's an uncomfortable moment.

But Vicki steps in.

VICKI
David, it's time for us to go
upstairs.
(puts out her hand)
Nice to meet you, Mr. Collins.

He takes her hand, smiles at her.

BARNABAS
And so very nice to meet you, Miss
Winters.

Vicki smiles warmly, takes David out of the room.

BARNABAS
I hope I haven't upset the boy.

ROGER
He'll get over it.

130 CLOSE BARNABAS

Again talking as much to himself as them.

BARNABAS

I am so looking forward to
restoring the Original House...

We HOLD a beat, and . . .

131 EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Deep in the woods . . . A large ruin of a three-story, stone structure, heavily overgrown with weeds and vines. Its crumbling veranda choked with leaves, fallen branches, etc..

A beat, and then Barnabas ENTERS FRAME, at the edge of what must have been, a long time ago, manicured formal gardens.

132 CLOSE - BARNABAS

As he stands there for a long moment, looking at the decaying old mansion.

133 INT. OLD HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The only light from a cold moon filtering through the rotting shutters and unhinged, decaying front door.

In the b.g., WE SEE Barnabas mount the veranda, slowly cross into the ruin of a foyer, stop in EXTREME CLOSE UP.

He stands there for a beat, eyes taking it all in, overwhelmed by the moment. Then, in a hoarse voice, choked with emotion:

BARNABAS

Father . . . I have come home...

And as WE HOLD on his tortured eyes, we . . .

134 EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

It is a brisk, clear fall afternoon, a real snap in the air.

VICKI (O.S.)

The capital of Utah is ...

And WE TIGHTEN TO some windows on the second floor.

135 INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Where Vicki, a pointer in her hand, stands at a map of the United States. David sits at a small lift-top desk, one of four, in front of her, constantly peering inside the slightly raised lid.

The room almost looks like a Victorian set from James' "Turn of the Screw", having served as a schoolroom for countless Collins children since the great house was built.

VICKI

David...

136 FAVORING DAVID

Paying no attention to her, continuing to peer into the desk.

VICKI (CONT'D)

David, we only have ten more minutes ... please try to pay attention.

The boy doesn't answer, she frowns.

VICKI (CONT'D)

What's in that desk that's so fascinating?

137 CLOSE - DAVID

As he closes the lid, looks up at her, says nothing.

138 VICKI

Losing her patience, she crosses to him.

VICKI

All right David, open the desk.

DAVID

It's nothing.

VICKI

It's obviously not nothing.
 (then, coaxingly, with
 a smile)

Now, come on ... show and tell.

DAVID

I don't think you want to know what's in here.

The boy smiles a secret smile. In spite of herself, he is beginning to make her very uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

But she can't back down now.

VICKI
Just open the desk, David.

DAVID
(quietly)
Okay...

139 ANGLE ON DESK

As his small hands ENTER SHOT, slowly raise the lid. FAST IN
TO REVEAL ...

A BIG, BLACK HAIRY TARANTULA! scabbling around inside a small,
screened strawberry carton.

140 BACK TO VICKI

As she puts her hand to her mouth, gasps.

VICKI
David, my God!

141 DAVID

As he looks innocently up at her.

DAVID
I told you.

142 WHOLE SCENE

Vicki is standing there staring at the thing in horror.

VICKI
Where did you get that thing?!
That's very dangerous!

DAVID
Naah ... Not if you don't get it
mad.
(a grin)
I got a whole bunch of 'em. I
catch 'em in the wood pile down
in back of the barn.

Vicki shivers, clutching her arms.

VICKI
All right. The lesson is over.
Take that out of here right now
and get rid of it!

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

David smiles chillingly.

DAVID
Yes, Miss Winters.

He opens the lid, takes out the box with the spider, stands, looking up at her ...

DAVID (CONT'D)
It'd be awful, wouldn't it, if
one night one of these ended up
in your bed?

And he runs out of the room. HOLD on a very shaken Vicki as she stands there watching him go.

CAROLYN (O.S.)
I saw him tearing his butt out
of here. That means trouble.
What did he do now?

*
*
*

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE Carolyn standing at the door.

VICKI
Oh, just another one of his little
pranks.

CAROLYN
It's not the little ones that are
so bad... it's his heart-stoppers
you gotta watch out for. Don't
let him get to you.

Vicki crosses to her.

VICKI
(unconvincingly)
Don't worry ... he won't.

A beat. Carolyn looks at her.

CAROLYN
You look like you could use some
cheering up.
(then)
I got an idea ... You like riding?

VICKI
(smiles)
Love it!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

CAROLYN

We've got some great horses down at the stables. Why don't you go down and take a ride ... get some fresh air.

VICKI

(a beat)

I'd like that. Will you join me?

CAROLYN

I can't right now. I promised Joe I'd meet him at the hospital. But, come on, I'll drive you.

VICKI

Okay, give me a minute to change.

And as they start out of the room, we . . .

144 EXT. CAROLYN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Carolyn is driving her small, red Ford convertible. Vicki, in jeans and a sweatshirt, is beside her. Carolyn has been talking.

CAROLYN

So I'm planning to go to college, and I think I want to, I've got the grades and all... but I'm not sure, you know?

VICKI

(smiles)

I think you should do it.

CAROLYN

That's what everybody says. Anyway, I'd be there now, but I decided to stay home and help my mother with David for a while...

(flippantly)

...and I guess that makes me a candidate for sainthood.

VICKI

I think it's going to turn out just fine... trust me.

Carolyn looks at her and nods.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

CAROLYN

I hope you're right, besides, I
don't think I'm exactly qualified
for the halo.

They've reached the stable area. Carolyn pulls into the
driveway, and Vicki gets out.

VICKI

Thanks, Carolyn.

CAROLYN

Normally, Willie would saddle 'em
up for you. Can you do it
yourself?

VICKI

It'll be no problem.

CAROLYN

Take the chestnut mare.

(a smile)

Her name's Carolyn. I'll see you
later.

And putting the car in gear, she pulls away. Vicki turns, walks
into the stable.

145 INT. STABLE - DAY

As Vicki enters, crosses to the stalls, where two or three
horses stand quietly munching hay.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

VICKI

Carolyn?

A beautiful chestnut mare thrusts her head out of one of the stalls, whinnies.

Vicki pulls a couple of pieces of sugar out of her pocket, the horse licks them out of her hand. She smiles.

VICKI (CONT'D)

You like that do you?

She rubs its silken nose ... Suddenly a NOISE behind her. She * jerks around ...

146 WILLIE

Standing directly in back of her.

VICKI

Willie!

WILLIE

Don't be afraid, Miss Winters.
I ain't gonna hurt ya.

Vicki stares at him. There's something strangely different about him ... He's oddly docile, almost child-like in a pathetic, sad way.

VICKI

Willie! Where have you been?
Everybody's looking for you.

WILLIE

Wh-- Why?!

VICKI

They think you had something to
do with what happened to Daphne.

Willie stares at her, suddenly becomes agitated.

WILLIE

Daphne?! Wha--what happened to
her?

VICKI

She's in the hospital. Someone
attacked her.

Willie is stunned, becomes even more frightened. He knows it had to be Barnabas.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

WILLIE

Well, it ... it wasn't me, Miss Winters. I wouldn't do nothin' like that.

He nervously touches a dirty bandage on his neck.

VICKI

Did you cut yourself, Willie?

He turns up the collar of his shirt, buttons it to conceal the dressing.

WILLIE

Huh? Yeah, I...I fell...

VICKI

Willie ... I think maybe you should talk to someone ...

WILLIE

No, no ... I don't want to!

Suddenly, o.s., We HEAR the SOUND of a HORSE BEING RIDDEN INTO THE STABLE, and ROGER'S VOICE:

ROGER (O.S.)

LOOMIS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!

Terrified, Willie turns.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE Roger angrily dismounting from a big, black STALLION.

WILLIE

(stammering)

I ain't been no where, Mr. Collins.

Roger tethers his horse, strides toward Willie, grabs him by the shirt front.

VICKI

Please, Mr. Collins! He's hurt.

ROGER

(snaps)

Stay out of this, Miss Winters.

Willie's eyes dart frantically from one to the other.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

VICKI

He's not well. There's no need
to be so rough with him!

Roger, still holding Willie by the shirt, turns to her.

ROGER

He's only drunk.

Then, dragging Willie toward the stable doors:

ROGER (CONT'D)

The Sheriff wants to talk to you,
Loomis.

And, as a concerned Vicki follows them out into the yard, we...

148 INT. COLLINWOOD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Sheriff Patterson as he talks BY CAMERA.

PATTERSON

All right, Willie ... after you
dropped off Miss Winters ... where
did you go?

149 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL Sheriff Patterson standing in front of a very
frightened Willie, who is sitting in a kitchen chair, looking
up at him.

Also in attendance are Roger, Elizabeth, a very worried Mrs.
Johnson, and Vicki.

WILLIE

I din't go nowhere... I just came
back to the stables and got
drunk...

Patterson squints at Willie for a long moment. Willie squirms
uncomfortably in his chair.

PATTERSON

What are you so nervous about,
Willie?

Willie throws a panicky look at Vicki, who gives him a nod of
encouragement.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

WILLIE

I'm not nervous ... I'm just ...
just ...

Exasperated, Patterson leans toward Willie.

PATTERSON

Okay, Willie, where were you the
last three days?

WILLIE

Working. I was working...

ROGER

Not here you weren't...

A beat, as Willie looks from one to the other.

WILLIE

I was workin' somewhere else.

ROGER

(exasperated)
George, how long are you going
to put up with this?

VICKI

I'm sorry ... I know it's none
of my business...

ROGER

That's absolutely correct, Miss
Winters.

VICKI

How do you know he's not telling
the truth?

Willie begins to whimper.

WILLIE

Please, I'm tellin' the truth.
I don't feel so good.

PATTERSON

All right, Willie, where were you
working?

BARNABAS (O.S.)

He was working for me, Sheriff.

Shocked, they all turn to see Barnabas standing in the door

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry, but when no one answered the door, I took the liberty of letting myself in.

(crosses to them)

Willie is indeed telling the truth. He was pointed out in town as someone who knew the property and could be of great help to me. If I have created a problem, I beg your forgiveness.

The Sheriff sighs, exchanges looks with Elizabeth and Roger...

ROGER

It would have been nice if someone had told us.

Willie looks at him.

WILLIE

I'm sorry. I shoulda told you ...

(then, to Patterson)

But I know I been no good here ... gettin' drunk all the time and stuff like that. And Mr. Collins, he never did like me.

(casts his eyes down)

And I don't really blame him.

(looks up at them again)

I knew he was gonna fire me, so that's why I took the job.

150 FAVORING VICKI

Her heart is breaking for this pathetic soul.

ROGER

You don't know what you're taking on here, Barnabas.

BARNABAS

Perhaps ... But I somehow feel that Willie truly wants to make a new start.

(looks at Willie)

Don't you Willie?

WILLIE

(too quickly)

Yeah, yeah... I do.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

MRS. JOHNSON

(a smile)

Well that's fine, Willie. Helping Mr. Collins is a very good place to begin.

BARNABAS

Now, if you have no more for him, we have much work to do.

PATTERSON

(a beat)

All right, Mr. Collins, you can take him with you.

BARNABAS

Thank you.

(then, to the others)

By the way, you will all be amazed to see the marvelous progress we've been making. I've actually been able to move in.

He directs the following to Vicki:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

You must all come to see for yourselves.

Vicki smiles at him.

151 CLOSE - BARNABAS

As he turns to Willie.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

All right, Willie. Come along...

PAN WITH HIM as he starts for the door. As he passes Vicki, their eyes meet ... Then, HOLD on her as she watches him go.

MRS. JOHNSON (O.S.)

All I can say is, Barnabas Collins must be a wonderful man.

And on Vicki's pensive look, we . . .

151A INT. COLLINWOOD - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - LONG LENS - NIGHT

AND WIDENING WITH Vicki, as she walks up the corridor TOWARD CAMERA. Suddenly, we HEAR the SOUND of WHISPERED CHILDREN'S VOICES, David's and a little girl's:

(CONTINUED)

151A CONTINUED:

GIRL (O.S.)
But why can't you play with me?

DAVID (O.S.)
'Cause I'm supposed to be asleep.

Vicki, frowns, stops in front of David's door, listens.

GIRL (O.S.)
I never have to go to sleep.

DAVID (O.S.)
Where do you go then?

GIRL (O.S.)
I don't know... I just keep
looking...

She listens carefully for another beat, but the voices do not
continue. She taps on the door.

VICKI
David?

DAVID (O.S.)
Yes?

152 INT. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Vicki opens the door, enters, her eyes rapidly sweep the
room.

But there is only David, sitting in bed, the small bedside lamp
the only light in the room. He looks up at her.

VICKI
David, were you talking to
someone?

DAVID
Yes...

She stands there for a beat looking around.

VICKI
Who were you talking to?

DAVID
I was talking to Sarah.

Another beat.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

VICKI

But there's no one here, David.

David smiles his little smile at her.

DAVID

There was...

She crosses over to him, stands there looking down at him.

VICKI

David, if Sarah was here, where did she go?

DAVID

Where she always goes... just away.

A long moment as Vicki looks at him, thinking, then decides to proceed as if everything's normal. She sits on the edge of his bed.

VICKI

Tomorrow morning I thought it might be nice if we took a walk over to the old house to see what Willie and Barnabas have been doing. Would you like that?

DAVID

He's evil.

Vicki frowns.

VICKI

Who's evil?

DAVID

Cousin Barnabas. I saw him here tonight.

VICKI

David, why do you say that? He's a very nice man.

DAVID

'Cause Sarah told me.

Another beat.

VICKI

Maybe, sometimes, your friend Sarah is wrong...

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID
She's not wrong! Sarah would
never lie to me.

She smiles.

VICKI
Maybe, someday, you'll introduce
me to Sarah. Will you do that,
David?

David looks at her suspiciously...

DAVID
You're only pretending. You don't
really believe she's real.

VICKI
That's not true. I'm sure she
is real. Certainly she is to you,
and that's what counts.

(a beat)
I know that when I was a little
girl your age, I had a small
friend by the name of Amy, and
nobody believed me either. But
she was real, David ... real to
me.

A beat as he studies her.

DAVID
What did you used to do with this
Amy?

VICKI
I talked to her, we told each
other things, we played games
together.

DAVID
Do you still see her?

VICKI
(shakes head no)
I stopped seeing her a long time
ago.

DAVID
When?

VICKI
Oh, when I was eleven or twelve.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3)

He thinks about this.

DAVID

Then she wasn't real. I'm never gonna stop seeing Sarah.

VICKI

That's the way I felt too, but you'll see. There'll come a time when you won't need her anymore.

The boy just lies there looking up at her.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Okay, time to go to sleep.

She bends to kiss his cheek. He turns his head away. She sits there for a moment, then pulling the covers up around his neck:

VICKI (CONT'D)

We're going to be good friends, David. You'll see. Sleep tight.

And turning out the bedside lamp, she quietly goes out of the room, closing the door behind her.

HOLD ON the boy as he lies there, eyes pools of darkness. And...

153 EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Willie's pickup is parked in front.

Two TEENAGERS from the village are busily cleaning away the brush, dead branches, etc., loading it all into the bed of the truck.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE

As David and Vicki come out of the path through the woods, Vicki stops, stands looking at the house.

VICKI

It's going to be beautiful, isn't it, David?

DAVID

It's gonna be awful.

She looks at him, smiles.

VICKI

Come on.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

And they start toward the house. As they pass the two boys:

VICKI
Is Mr. Collins inside?

BOY #1
(shrugs)
Mr. Loomis is.

Vicki nods, they continue up on to the veranda. From inside, the SOUND of HAMMERING can be heard.

155 INT. FOYER - OLD HOUSE - DAY

The door, now reattached to its hinges, patched, but still not painted, stands open. Vicki stands there for a beat looking around, then steps inside, David following.

156 ANOTHER ANGLE

As she sees Willie in the drawing room, working with another MAN, plastering the walls.

VICKI
Willie.

He turns, is shocked to see her, becomes very agitated.

WILLIE
Miss Winters! I'm ... I'm sorry.
I didn't see you standin' there.
Uh, uh ... Is there somethin' I
can do for ya?

VICKI
David and I just wanted to come
over and see how things were
coming along.

He quickly crosses to her.

WILLIE
Yeah, well, uh ... Things are
comin' along good.

VICKI
Yes, it looks that way.

Willie looks at the boy:

WILLIE
Hi, Davey.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

David doesn't say anything. He's just standing there looking around, an unhappy expression on his face.

O.S. the SOUND of HAMMERING and SAWING can be HEARD from other parts of the house.

VICKI
Is Mr. Collins here?

WILLIE
Uh ... No ... No, he ain't, Miss Winters. He's, uh ... He's in Portland today ... buyin' some stuff we need. Yeah, that's where he is. Portland!

157 CLOSE - DAVID

As he looks at Willie. This guy is really weird.

158 INT. DRAWING ROOM

As Vicki crosses into the big room, looks around. Willie is right behind her.

VICKI
How many people do you have working with you, Willie?

WILLIE
Uh ... We got about five helpin' us.

In the b.g., we SEE David, unnoticed, turn, disappear out of the foyer.

VICKI
What a magnificent home Barnabas is going to have.

And she walks over to examine some of the newly restored moldings.

WILLIE
Yeah, yeah ... it's gonna be okay.

159 INT. FOYER

As David looks around for a beat, then quietly opens a door under the stairs.

159A INT. BASEMENT

GO WITH HIM as he starts down a winding, stone flight of steps toward the dark basement below. He is almost at the bottom, when suddenly, from behind ...

A HAND grabs his shoulder!

160 CLOSE - DAVID

As he almost jumps out of his skin. It is Willie.

WILLIE

What are ya doin'?! You can't go down there!

David twists in his grip.

DAVID

Let go of me! I can go where I want! This isn't your house!

Now Vicki APPEARS IN SHOT, coming down the stairs.

VICKI

David, come back upstairs. Willie's only concerned that you might hurt yourself. It's dark down there.

David pulls away from him, runs up the stairs by Vicki. We HEAR him RUNNING OUT OF THE HOUSE.

VICKI

I'm sorry, Willie. I'm sure David didn't mean to upset you.

WILLIE

(mumbles)

That's okay ... that's okay. I just don't want nothin' happenin' to him.

And as the two of them go back up to the foyer, close the door, we HOLD a beat, and ...

SLOWLY PAN AWAY and TIGHTEN into the dark recesses of the cold, dank, stone cellar, where we SEE ...

A sinister, large, black COFFIN.

160A INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

A typical New England roadhouse, just outside of Collinsport.

(CONTINUED)

160A CONTINUED:

Noisy, crowded, raucous, the kind of place where the beer and the music go all night. Several YOUNG PEOPLE are crammed onto a small dance floor amidst the hooting and hollering.

Carolyn, looking sexy as hell, is dancing up a storm. Her townie FRIEND is having a tough time keeping up.

160B ANGLE AT BAR

A slutty-looking, pretty mini-skirted young girl, GLORIA, is draping herself over her boyfriend, MUSCLES, a typical punk in a black leather vest.

But he only has eyes for Carolyn, staring at her as she undulates on the floor. A beat, then undraping Gloria, he heads for the floor.

She glares angrily after him.

160C ON DANCE FLOOR

Carolyn, concentrating on her moves, spins away from her partner, doesn't notice Muscles moving toward them.

The tough guy taps the townie on the shoulder. The kid takes one look and disappears.

Carolyn turns back to find she's got a new partner.

CAROLYN
Hey, what happened to...?

He grins.

MUSCLES
He's takin' a rest.

Carolyn stops dancing, looks around for her friend. Muscles gives her a long once-over.

MUSCLES (CONT'D)
Anybody ever tell ya... ya gotta
a great set of wheels, kid?

Carolyn looks him up and down, the anger in her beginning to rise.

CAROLYN
Yeah, hundreds of times... but
you aren't ever gonna ride 'em.

She turns her back on him, stalks away into the crowd, her saucy little rear-end disappearing into the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

160C CONTINUED:

The guy stands there for a beat, glaring after her. Then GO WITH HIM as he angrily strides back toward the bar ...

He's just in time to see Gloria storming out.

161 EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

As Gloria comes out the door, really angry. Muscles is just behind her.

MUSCLES

Hey, where you goin'?!

He grabs her by the arm. She belts him in the face.

GLORIA

Bug off!

She pulls away, starts across the lot.

MUSCLES

(shouts out)

Have a nice hike, Gloria--!

He pulls out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, lights one up.

162 GLORIA

MOVING WITH HER as she walks angrily between the rows of cars. Suddenly, she jumps back as a dark figure steps from around a van.

GLORIA

(giggling nervously)

Boy did you scare me--

163 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL it is Barnabas standing there. He smiles.

BARNABAS

I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

She likes what she sees. Then, examining him more closely:

GLORIA

Hey, where you from? You talk kinda funny. I never seen you around here before.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

Has anyone ever told you that you are a very pretty young lady?

GLORIA

Yeah, just about everybody. Right before they hit on me.

Barnabas frowns.

BARNABAS

"Hit" on you?

She smiles seductively, walks up to him.

GLORIA

Yeah, you know ... like when they only wantcha for your body.

(a beat)

But you don't look like that kind of guy. I bet you're a real gentlemen.

She puts her hand on the side of his face.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

What do you say, good lookin'... how 'bout givin' a lady a lift home?

BARNABAS

I would be happy to.

And taking her arm, he leads her around the van.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE

As they come around the van, Barnabas turns, takes the girl in his arms. TIGHTEN TO HER as she giggles.

GLORIA

Hey, big fella, can't you even wait 'til we get into the car?

She pushes herself up against him.

165 CLOSE - BARNABAS

As suddenly, his mouth opens wide revealing two needle sharp, bone white incisors gleaming in the parking lot light.

166 BACK TO GLORIA

As her eyes go wide in horror, she SCREAMS.

167 BARNABAS

As he buries his fangs in her neck.

168 MUSCLES

Having heard the scream, is up on the steps, trying to see what's happened. He breaks into a run across the lot.

169 BARNABAS AND THE GIRL

Her body crushed to his, his mouth fastened to her neck. She is moaning in ecstasy and pain.

Suddenly, Muscles rounds the corner of the van, skids to a stop.

MUSCLES

Wha--!?

170 CLOSE ON BARNABAS

As he raises his head, the blood dripping from his mouth, his red-rimmed eyes burning.

171 MUSCLES

For a moment, he is immobilized, then suddenly he charges forward.

But Barnabas shoots out a powerful hand, grabs the boy by the throat, slams him violently up against the van.

172 MUSCLES' BOOTS

Frantically kicking as Barnabas finishes him off. And we . . .

173 EXT. ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT - LONG LENS - NIGHT

PANNING Sheriff Patterson's patrol car, its red light flashing, SIREN BLARING, as it roars into the confusion.

174 ANOTHER ANGLE

MOVING WITH Patterson and his Deputy as they sprint out of the vehicle, run to where a crowd has gathered around the van. Three or four Deputies are holding back the rubber-neckers.

Parked in the b.g., the Paramedic van, doors wide open, plus two other police patrol cars, all with lights flashing.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

Patterson kneels next to the white coated Paramedics.

The boy and the girl are lying sprawled on the pavement, their necks ripped open, their heads at a very strange angle.

PARAMEDIC #1
Same wounds as the Collins girl...

PATTERSON
Yeah, except there's one difference. These two are dead.

174A CLOSE - CAROLYN

Where she stands in the crowd of horrified onlookers. TIGHTEN TO her shattered expression. HOLD a beat, and . . .

175 INT. SEROLOGY LAB - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE on BLOOD SLIDE magnified through a microscope lens.

DR. FISHER (O.S.)
The same traces of human saliva.

176 ANOTHER ANGLE

To include Woodard and Patterson standing beside him. Fisher * looks up.

DR. FISHER
But there is something else. I didn't mention it to you earlier because I wasn't really sure what it was ... I discovered a very strange cell in Daphne's blood sample.

WOODARD
(frowns)
What kind of cell?

DR. FISHER
I can't answer that ... I've never seen anything like it before. I sent it to Boston, but they can't identify it either.
(looks at them)
I found the identical cell in the blood samples of the two new victims.

Woodard and Patterson exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

PATTERSON

So what have I got here? Some kind of a lunatic with a weird blood disease?

DR. FISHER

(shaking his head)

I don't know what you've got, George. That's the problem.

Patterson turns to Woodard.

WOODARD

We're stumbling about in the dark gentlemen, we need help.

PATTERSON

What do you suggest, Mike?

WOODARD

I happen to know an expert in the field, who may be able to shed some light on this ... at New York University.

PATTERSON

Well let's get him on the phone.

WOODARD

(a little smile)

Her name is Julia Hoffman.

And on Patterson's look of surprise, we . . .

176A INT. NYU SEROLOGY LAB - DAY

CLOSE on the unconscious face of a MALE PATIENT, his face covered with breathing apparatus. The CAMERA MOVES along an intricate network of intravenous tubes, hear and blood pressure monitors, and other equipment to reveal four white-clad, surgically masked figures hovering over the body on an operating table.

The room is gleaming with high-tech. Counterpoint to the location and what's taking place, MARIA CALLAS can be heard, swooning and soaring through "Madame Butterfly" piped into the lab from a stereo.

(CONTINUED)

176A CONTINUED:

INTERNE #1
(very nervously)
Patient's hearbeat, blood pressure
and all vital signs constant...
I wish I could say the same for
myself.

176B CLOSE - ON A PAIR OF SERIOUS EYES

Which is all we can see between the mask and skull cap, as they
look across to the interne and answer with a very classy English
accent.

JULIA
Are you okay, Tucker?

176C ANGLE TUCKER (THE INTERNE)

He nods, but he doesn't look okay. Sweat beads his brow. *

176D ANOTHER ANGLE

As Julia turns to the man next to her.

JULIA
Zipper him up, doctor. Any
complications, I'll be in my
office.

She turns to leave, then stops, and motions for Tucker to follow
her. He does.

176E HALL

As Julia exits the lab with Tucker behind her. She quickly
removes her mask and for the first time we notice her
blood-splattered gloves. We also see her face. Almond-shaped
green eyes and a severe expression belie the fact that beneath
the professional facade is an exotic and sensual woman.

JULIA
Tucker, I find it hard to believe
that someone who is interning for
a career in serology can't stand
the sight of blood.

Tucker removes his mask and we see that he is very young. He
takes a deep breath, as some of his color returns.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(smiles)
It's not something I can teach
you.

(CONTINUED)

176E CONTINUED:

TUCKER

My dad always said I should go
into orthopedics.

JULIA

Boring... besides, you're too
good.

She pats him on the shoulder as they're interrupted by a NURSE.

NURSE

Call for you, Dr. Hoffman.

JULIA

Thank you.

She turns back to Tucker and motions him back into the lab.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Try to go with the music... it
helps.

He smiles, sheepishly, and goes into the lab as Julia exits.

176F INT. JULIA'S NYU OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on a phone, its hold button blinking. A beat, then Julia
picks it up.

JULIA

Dr. Hoffman.

(pause)

Michael, how are you? *

(pause)

Up to my elbows in bone marrow
and internes with queasy stomachs.

I haven't heard your voice in a
long time.

The CAMERA slowly MOVES IN to Julia as she listens, her
expression turning more serious.

177 EXT. COLLINSPORT TRAIN STATION - DAY

As the train pulls into the station, and Julia, luggage in hand,
steps to the platform.

WOODARD (O.S.) *

Julia!

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

She turns and smiles. PAN TO INCLUDE Woodard approaching from the b.g.

JULIA

Michael...
(she hugs him)

WOODARD

I appreciate your coming on such short notice. It's very good of you.

JULIA

On the contrary, I owe you Michael. Besides the obligation, I'm intrigued.

They start down the platform as the train pulls away behind them.

WOODARD

I got you a room at the Collinsport Inn... It's quite charming.

JULIA

Good, and I hope part of that charm can be put into a glass... I've had a long week.

WOODARD

So, have I.

As they continue toward Woodard' car, we...

177A EXT. COLLINSPORT INN - DAY

A quaint, New Englandy bed and breakfast.

177B INT. COLLINSPORT INN - JULIA'S ROOM - DAY

Woodard is pouring a drink into a glass at a small bar. He looks over his shoulder.

WOODARD

That's really all I can tell you.
It's all very strange.

177C ANOTHER ANGLE

To show Julia stepping out of the bathroom. She's changed her clothes and is buttoning as she exits.

(CONTINUED)

177C CONTINUED:

JULIA

Yes, but quite intriguing.

Woodard hands her the drink and Julia accepts with a small toast. She takes a sip.

WOODARD

Have you heard from Donald?

JULIA

A Christmas card. He's moved to Los Angeles... where all divorced men go.

(a beat)

I never properly thanked you for all the times I cried on your shoulder when Donald and I broke up.

WOODARD

You don't have to.

JULIA

I know, but you were there, and it's appreciated professor. Now just keep me away from decadent losers pining away for their mothers.

She takes another drink as Woodard watches her.

WOODARD

Figure out a way to give me back twenty years and your problems are over.

A moment, as she looks at him, a long, warm look.

JULIA

A nice thought.

(a beat)

Now, I think we better get over to the hospital...

She turns to leave. Woodard stares after her a beat, then follows.

178 INT. HOSPITAL - DAPHNE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on hypodermic drawing BLOOD from Daphne's arm.

PAN UP to HOLD DAPHNE sitting up in bed, looking much better, as a NURSE removes the needle from her arm, places the blood sample on a tray.

Dr. Fisher and Julia, in a lab coat, stand in the b.g..

FISHER

How are you feeling?

DAPHNE

Like a pin cushion.

Julia smiles.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

JULIA

I'll try to keep the needles to a minimum, I promise.

DAPHNE

Thank you, Dr. Hoffman.

Julia picks up the tray of blood samples.

DR. FISHER

I'll send Joe back in.

And as they start for the door . . .

179 INT. HALLWAY

Patterson is standing with Joe, Carolyn and Elizabeth, as Fisher and Julia come out, close the door.

PATTERSON

Well ...

DR. FISHER

I can't explain it, but she's suddenly much better. Sitting up, chatting away, even wants to go home. But as I feared, still absolutely no memory of what happened.

LIZ

Can we take her home?

Fisher looks at Julia.

JULIA

I'd like to be able to run these tests first.

DR. FISHER

Of course.

Julia nods to the others, quickly walks off in the direction of the lab.

PATTERSON

Intense...

DR. FISHER

My colleagues in New York say she's one of the best.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

LIZ

So when do you think we can take her home, Hiram?

DR. FISHER

Elizabeth, Dr. Hoffman has only just begun her examination...

LIZ

I'm aware of that, but what's to prevent her from completing it at Collinwood? We can arrange for her to stay there.

Fisher looks at Patterson, then:

DR. FISHER

Let's see how she's doing tomorrow. If she's still improving and Dr. Hoffman has no objection, I don't see why you can't take her home then.

LIZ

Thank you, George. Daphne will be thrilled.

And she and Carolyn follow Joe back into the room.

180 EXT. OLD HOUSE - DUSK

In long shadows, Vicki comes out of the woods bordering the Old House grounds.

As she crosses up onto the veranda, we notice that there has been considerable progress since the last time we saw it.

181 ANGLE AT FRONT DOOR

Now freshly painted, she uses the ornate, brass knocker. She stands there waiting ... Knocks again.

When there is still no response, she puts her hand on the door, it swings open.

182 INT. FOYER - DUSK

She hesitates a beat, then steps inside, looks around, calls out:

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

VICKI
Hello! Barnabas?!
(waits a beat)
Anybody here?! Willie!

183 INT. BASEMENT

As suddenly, we see a panicky Willie running TOWARD CAMERA.
PAN WITH HIM as he scrambles up the winding, stone steps to the
main floor.

184 INT. FOYER

As Willie emerges, sees Vicki standing there.

WILLIE
Miss Winters...

He crosses to her. It is obvious he is very nervous.

WILLIE
I was down in the cellar doin'
somethin'.

VICKI
I'm sorry, but no one answered
when I knocked. I'm looking for
David. Have you seen him? You
know how this place fascinates
him.

WILLIE
No. I ain't, Miss Winters.

She looks around, starts toward the Drawing Room. He follows
her nervously. There is a major improvement since the last
time.

VICKI
Well, you and Barnabas have
certainly done wonders here.

The walls have all been completely restored and painted, many
pieces of furniture are now in place, oil lamps, etc.

WILLIE
Yeah, we been workin' real hard.

184A INT. DRAWING ROOM

As they enter, Willie throws a quick look out the window, the
sun is just about to go down.

(CONTINUED)

184A CONTINUED:

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Look, Miss Winters ... it's almost dark out ... Maybe this ain't a good time for you to be vistin' ... You know, what with everythin' that's been goin' on, an' all.

And he follows her into the drawing room.

185 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

From deep within the dark cellar, with the big, black coffin in the f.g. ...

A beat, and then the lid slowly begins to creak open, the hand with the black stone ring, pushing it up from within.

186 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Willie has lit some of the oil fixtures. Vicki moves around the room, runs her hands over a velvet sofa in front of the fireplace.

VICKI

What a beautiful piece.

Willie throws another nervous look back at the foyer, crosses over to her.

WILLIE

Miss Winters ...

VICKI

Willie, please call me Vicki.

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah ... Vicki.

(a beat)

I didn't get a chance last time you was here, but I ... uh, I been wantin' to tell ya ... how much it meant to me ... when you believed me and nobody else did.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

VICKI

There's no need to thank me,
Willie. I'm sure it will all work
out.

(looking around)

Where's Barnabas? Is he busy?

Willie throws another nervous look over his shoulder.

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah ... he's busy. I'll
tell him you were here.

He takes her by the arm.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Now, I... I still think you should
get goin'.

BARNABAS (O.S.)

And why is that, Willie?

They turn to find Barnabas standing in the doorway. Willie
immediately shrinks back.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Old House,
Victoria.

(crosses to her)

Please do not let Willie alarm
you. His concern for your
well-being is admirable, however
I'm sure there is nothing for you
to worry about.

He takes her hand, kisses it lightly, while burning Willie with
a piercing look. Then:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

You may go now, Willie.

A beat, as Willie looks nervously from Barnabas to Vicki. Then:

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah, Barnabas, sure.

PAN WITH HIM as he starts for the foyer.

187 BARNABAS - VICKI

As he smiles charmingly.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

How fortuitous for me, that you chose now to visit. I was just about to send Willie with a message that there was something I wanted to show you.

188 WILLIE

As he freezes in the doorway, throws a frightened look back at them.

VICKI (O.S.)

Oh? What is that?

189 FAVORING BARNABAS

As he notices Willie still standing there.

BARNABAS

Thank you, Willie. If you're needed, I'll call.

190 BACK TO WILLIE

As he hesitates a beat, throws a concerned look at Vicki, exits the room.

191 BARNABAS - VICKI

As Barnabas smiles.

BARNABAS

I believe you have made a conquest, Victoria. Willie seems quite smitten.

Vicki almost blushes.

VICKI

Willie's not so bad.

BARNABAS

As a matter of fact, he has been quite helpful.

VICKI

I really should be going now, Barnabas...

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS
I'm sure you can spare a moment.

A beat as she looks at him, then:

VICKI
All right, a moment.

BARNABAS
Thank you.

And he leads her toward the foyer.

192 ANGLE FROM TOP OF STAIRS

As below, Barnabas and Vicki enter the foyer.

VICKI
You've done so much here in such
a short time.

They start up TOWARD CAMERA.

BARNABAS
Do you like it?

VICKI
It's beautiful.

BARNABAS
Yes ... All great works are...
The work of writers, of poets,
the grand buildings of Europe,
the pyramids...

VICKI
But I see happiness here. The
pyramids were designed to be
tombs.

BARNABAS
Of course, you are right... but
this house was never meant to be
a tomb.

192A INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

PAN WITH THEM as they walk BY CAMERA, start along the upstairs
corridor.

(CONTINUED)

192A CONTINUED:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

My ancestors designed it to represent a marriage between the elegance of Europe and the promise of a new world.

193 MOVING IN FRONT OF THEM

As Barnabas leads her along the hallway, we notice the work that is being done.

BARNABAS

You're going to be quite surprised when you see this. I know I was.

He stops by a door.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Willie and I were working up here on the third floor, when we uncovered this door. *

He puts his hand on the knob, looks at her, swings the door open. Her face lights up. He indicates for her to enter. *

194 INT. JOSETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Vicki steps in, Barnabas remains in the doorway watching her closely.

The room is like a museum. A large, antique four-poster, big fireplace, original pieces, etc., and ... over the fireplace the PORTRAIT of a beautiful dark-haired young woman in a long, lace dress.

Vicki stands there for a beat, looking around in amazement.

VICKI

You found it this way?!

BARNABAS

Yes. Exactly the way it must have been almost two hundred years ago.

VICKI

Incredible ...

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

Suddenly she notices the portrait over the fireplace. She crosses to it, stares in amazement.

VICKI

It ... it looks like me!

BARNABAS

Yes. This is what I wanted to show you.

He crosses to her. She turns to him.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Her name was Josette Dupres.

VICKI

I can't believe it! It's amazing. She really does look like me.

BARNABAS

There is much about her in the family journals. She was from the West Indian island of Martinique. A creature as delicate and warm as the trade winds of Caribe.

He turns to gaze at the portrait, speaking with growing emotion, as if pulling the thoughts from deep inside himself.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

The original Barnabas Collins supposedly met her there while on a business excursion on behalf of the family shipping interests. He was... quite taken by her beauty, and her feelings for him were similarly tender. They became paramours and intended to marry... when her untimely death shattered their dreams.

VICKI

(fascinated)

What happened to her?

BARNABAS

It was a tragic... accident. She fell from the cliff at Widow's Hill, just a few hundred yards from where we are now. It broke... my ancestor's heart.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: (2)

Vicki stares at him. He seems to be in another world.

VICKI
How terrible...

Vicki glances at the portrait again, still amazed by the likeness. Then, turning to him:

VICKI (CONT'D)
Now I'd really better be getting
back.

Barnabas seems to snap back to reality.

BARNABAS
Yes, yes. Of course. How
unthinking of me.

And he follows her out of the room, closing the door after him.

195 INT. FOYER

As they come down the stairs.

VICKI
I still can't get over how much
that portrait looks like me.

BARNABAS
Perhaps the next time you are
here, I can tell you more of the
family history ...

VICKI
I'd like that. I'd especially
like to hear more about Josette.

They stop by the front door. He smiles at her, this is exactly
what he wanted to hear.

Reluctantly he opens the door, holds her eyes.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Barnabas.

BARNABAS
Goodnight, Victoria.

He watches her intently as she goes. Then, slowly closing the
door, he turns, glares up the stairs, roars:

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

Willie!!

196 ANOTHER ANGLE

As a terrified Willie appears at the top of the stairs.

WILLIE

Yeah, yeah, Barnabas? Wha...?

197 BACK TO BARNABAS

As gripping his cane, he moves toward the bottom of the stairs.

BARNABAS

Come down here, Willie! Come down here now!

198 FROM IN BACK OF WILLIE

As he starts nervously down the stairs.

WILLIE

Wha ... what's a matter, Barnabas?
I ain't done nothin'.

At this point, he is almost at the bottom.

Suddenly, Barnabas shoots out his hand, grabs him by the throat, hurls him against the wall, where he collapses in a heap on the floor.

199 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Barnabas advances on Willie, a horrible menace in his eyes.

BARNABAS

You warned her Willie ... Why did you do that?!

200 BACK TO WILLIE

Lying there on the floor, groveling in utter fear.

WILLIE

No, no, Barnabas! I didn't mean
nothin'! I would never ...

201 UP AT BARNABAS

As he raises the thick, heavy, silver-headed cane above his head.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

Why, Willie?! Why did you do
that?!

And he brings the heavy cane crashing down INTO CAMERA again
and again, Willie howling and shrieking in pain.

HOLD a beat, and then . . .

202 OMITTED

203 INT. JOSETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Barnabas pulls the door open, strides in, still breathing
hard, the emotion of his rage almost choking him. He stops in
front of the portrait, stares up at it.

204 JOSETTE'S PORTRAIT

The beautiful girl almost seems to be looking down at him.

205 BACK TO BARNABAS

And TIGHTENING TO HIM as his eyes fill with emotion ...

BARNABAS

(hoarsely)

Josette ... you've come back to
me. I will not lose you again.

And as his EYES FILL THE SCREEN, HOLD for a beat, and . . .

206 EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

And tightening to a second floor window.

207 INT. DAPHNE'S ROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Daphne is sitting in bed, with Joe right at her side. A tray
of empty plates is across her lap. *

JOE

Are you feeling better? *

(CONTINUED) *

207 CONTINUED:

DAPHNE

Mrs. Johnson's cooking is good
enough to make anybody feel
better.

(a beat)

And you're not so bad yourself.

She leans toward him and they kiss, long and lovingly. It is
interrupted as...

208 ANOTHER ANGLE

Julia enters. She hesitates a beat, then crosses to a dresser
where a medical tray is set up, she starts loading a hypo.

JULIA

Well, I guess we can say there's
definitely been some improvement.

Joe is embarrassed, but Daphne puts a frown on her face.

DAPHNE

Oh no, not again! You promised!
Every vein in my body has a hole
in it!

Julia takes a long look at both of them, then comes to a
decision.

JULIA

All right, I guess this one can
wait a while.

Julia replaces the hypo, then heads for the door.

Joe turns to Daphne.

JOE

Nice work.

And they kiss, again.

209
thru
210

OMITTED

211 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As Vicki enters, David is sitting behind his little desk, hands folded primly in front of him.

VICKI

Well, David. You're here early.
I didn't know you liked history
so much. *

PAN WITH HER as she crosses to her desk, opens a big history book in front of her. Suddenly, she looks up, frowns. *

212 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE David, sneakily lifting the top of his desk, peering in. She compresses her lips in anger.

VICKI

David, are we going to go through
this again?

DAVID

(innocently)
Go through what?

Vicki rises, crosses to him.

VICKI

What's in there? Another one of
those awful spiders?

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

He looks up at her, smiles chillingly.

DAVID
No, Miss Winters. You told me
never to do that again.

VICKI
Then what do you have in there?

Another awful smile.

DAVID
You sure you want to see?

A beat as she looks at him.

VICKI
David, open it up.

He does.

213 HER POV

Inside the desk, a small, unframed PAINTING ... It's a sailboat
on a tree-lined river, beautifully executed in the pointillist
style.

214 BACK TO SCENE

As he smiles up at her.

DAVID
Scared you, didn't I?

But now she's interested in the painting, she frowns, holds out
her hand.

VICKI
May I see it?

The boy reluctantly hands it to her.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Where did you get this? It's very
pretty.

DAVID
There's a lot of 'em.

VICKI
Really?! Where?

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

DAVID

In a room. I... I'm not supposed to go there...

(then, nervously)

You're not gonna tell my father, are you?

She looks at him a long beat, then comes to a decision.

VICKI

No, David, I'm not going to tell your father. But I think we had better put this painting back.

The boy, nods, gets up. She follows him out of the room.

215 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

As Vicki and David come up a narrow stairway.

PAN WITH THEM as they walk down a long, low-ceilinged corridor with a number of doors on either side At one time, this used to be the servant's quarters.

216 ANGLE AT DOOR

As they stop, David pulls out a bunch of big, old KEYS.

VICKI

I suppose I better not tell your father about those, either?

He smiles his little smile, inserts one of the keys in the lock.

217 INT. STUDIO ROOM - DAY

The SOUND of the KEY BEING TURNED. Then the door swings open as Vicki and David enter.

She stops IN FRONT OF CAMERA, looking around, intrigued and surprised.

218 HER POV - PANNING

A small room with tall windows opening to the northern light. The dust and cobwebs suggest it hasn't been used for some time.

All the furniture is covered in white sheeting, a draped ARTIST'S EASEL stands by the windows, stacks of paintings against the walls.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

Also in evidence: brushes, a pallet, tubes of paint, etc.

219 BACK TO VICKI

As she looks at David.

VICKI
Whose room is this?

He shrugs, crosses to replace the picture. As he lifts a sheet from a stack of paintings, Vicki walks over, kneels, begins to flip through them.

Similar in style to what we've seen, they are all brilliantly executed.

VICKI
They're beautiful.

David nervously looks over his shoulder.

DAVID
Yeah ... well we shouldn't be in here.

Vicki continues to examine the paintings, her educated eye passing from one to the next.

VICKI
But who painted them...? Surely you must...

Now she notices the draped easel by the window, she crosses to it, lifts the covering to reveal ...

220 AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

A haunting beauty ... violet eyes, hair like spun gold, a face that once seen, can never be forgotten ...

221 VICKI

Stunned by the painting's beauty, she leans in to examine the artist's signature in the lower right hand corner.

222 INSERT - INITIALS AND DATE

They read: "RC-1979."

223 BACK TO SCENE

As she straightens up, studies the painting a beat longer, fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

Now she glances at David, his eyes are brimming. She frowns.

VICKI

David ...? Do you know who this is?

He just shakes his head no. Another beat ... then suddenly, from o.s.:

ROGER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(angrily)

What are you doing in this room?!

They turn to look, David is scared to death.

224 OMITTED

225 ROGER

Standing in the open door, staring at them. He strides angrily into the room.

ROGER

How did you get in here?!

David cowers against Vicki.

VICKI

... It wasn't locked.

David nervously glances up at her.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Actually, it was my idea. I asked David to show me around the upper floors...

The boy almost heaves a sigh of relief.

ROGER

You have no business doing that, Miss Winters, and absolutely no reason to come in here!

David suddenly bolts, flying by Roger and out of the room. But Roger's attention is concentrated on Vicki.

VICKI

I'm sorry. We didn't disturb anything, as a matter of fact I was just admiring...

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

ROGER

You weren't hired to admire anything! Your job is teaching my son, not breaking into areas of this house and our lives which don't concern you!

A moment as Vicki looks at him. It's obvious she has really opened a wound.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Now, if you will please go downstairs...

She starts for the door when...

ROGER

Miss Winters...

She turns back to him. His anger seems to be dissolving. When he speaks, there will be a strangely pathetic quality to the words.

ROGER

This room... and everything in it... does not exist...

A long moment as they stand there looking at each other. Then Vicki quietly nods, turns, and leaves.

HOLD on Roger as he watches her go, then turns to stare at the unfinished portrait. And . . .

226 EXT. COLLINWOOD GROUNDS - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

As we see Willie, half-running, half-limping across the broad expanse of lawn toward the Great House.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL that he is heading for Vicki and David who are standing near one of the terraces.

Vicki is holding up some fallen leaves, one at a time, while David tries to identify them.

DAVID

Maple... Dogwood... Cherry, no... Birch!

VICKI

Good.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

She smiles and then David turns, noticing Willie first. He makes a small face as he approaches.

DAVID
Here comes Weird Willie.

Willie stops by them.

WILLIE
Miss Winters, Vicki ... Hi Davey!

David just nods.

VICKI
Hello, Willie.

Although he's trying to keep the right side of his face turned away, she notices the heavy bruises.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Willie, what happened?

WILLIE
Uh, nuthin... I... I fell down
when we was workin'... I'm okay.

Vicki looks at him a beat longer.

VICKI
Are you sure? That looks pretty
bad.

WILLIE
Yeah, yeah. I'll be fine. Just
gotta be more careful.

Now he pulls out a beautiful, old PARCHMENT ENVELOPE.

He looks at it for a long beat, as if trying to make a decision, then half holds it out to her.

VICKI
For me?

He nods. She frowns with curiosity, takes it.

228 INSERT - ENVELOPE

In black ink, almost as if written with a quill pen ... in a fine Spencerian hand:

"Miss Victoria Winters"

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

It is sealed with a distinctive RED WAX CREST.

229 BACK TO SCENE

As Vicki carefully opens it, Willie, watching her closely, self-consciously puts a hand to his bruises.

She takes out the folded note, begins to read it. As she does, the SOUND of BARNABAS' VOICE:

BARNABAS' VOICE

"My dearest Victoria ...

230 INSERT - LETTER

The same beautiful, sweeping hand.

BARNABAS' VOICE (CONT'D)

... How fitting it would be, if you, who so closely resemble the woman whose beauty graced this home so many years ago, ...

231 CLOSE - VICKI

And TIGHTENING TO HER as she continues to read.

BARNABAS' VOICE (CONT'D)

... could honor me by being my first guest for dinner, this evening at eight.

(and)

Although my new home is not yet as beautiful as when Josette first saw it, the hospitality will be just as heart felt.

Your obedient servant,

Barnabas Collins"

And . . .

232 ANOTHER ANGLE

As she looks up at Willie, smiles.

VICKI

Willie, you may tell Barnabas I accept his invitation with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

A beat longer, as Willie looks at her, then begins to nervously back away.

WILLIE

Yeah ... okay, Vicki. I... I gotta go now.

And he turns, runs, limping away. David shakes his head.

DAVID

He's a nutball, a total nutball.

She shakes her head, then holds up the note, begins to read it again, intrigued.

And as the lilting TUNE of an 18th century romantic ayre begins to FILTER IN, we . . .

233 INT. OLD HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT *

CLOSE ON a beautiful, small, crystal, old English MUSIC BOX, open in Barnabas' hand ... as it continues to tinkle its haunting little tune.

PAN TO HIS CLOSE UP as he smiles.

BARNABAS

According to the papers I've found, Barnabas Collins purchased this for Josette the day it was announced they were to wed.

234 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO REVEAL Vicki seated at a small table in front of the fire, laid with beautiful silver, linen and china.

Barnabas, the music box in his hand, crosses to hand it to her. She looks at it admiringly.

VICKI

It's lovely... such a beautiful melody.

The warm glow from the fire and the candlelight only accentuate Vicki's beauty.

The mood is intimate, romantic, the light and shadows playing sensually off them both. He almost seems to lapse into a reverie.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

She would listen to it for hours... and claimed its tune would haunt her heart forever. It was her favorite gift.

VICKI

The greatest gifts are always those given from love, no matter what they might be.

Barnabas looks at her a long moment, then, carefully...

BARNABAS

Yes... no matter what they might be.

He sits, takes her hand, looks deeply into her eyes.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Have you ever been in love, Victoria? Truly in love?

VICKI

Once... And you?

BARNABAS

Yes ... once.

Their eyes hold a beat, then the tune comes to an end. Vicki closes the box.

VICKI

You know, ever since I saw her portrait, I haven't been able to get Josette out of my mind...

A beat as her finger traces the intricate design on the lid of the box.

VICKI (CONT'D)

It's almost as if, in some strange way, we're connected ... across time and the centuries.

Barnabas smiles.

BARNABAS

I believe that souls from the past can have eternal rebirth. The true nature of life is never-ending, and time, no matter how precise, can never defeat it.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED: (2)

Vicki sips from a goblet of wine, her eyes studying him carefully.

VICKI

Somehow, Barnabas, you manage to see the beauty in everything.

(a beat)

You're so ... so optimistic.

BARNABAS

The ability to hope, and to wait, are two of life's most rewarding virtues.

VICKI

(smiles)

Especially if there's something worth waiting and hoping for.

They look at each other, a long beat. Somewhere in the house a CLOCK begins to CHIME the hour ... breaking the moment.

Vicki glances up and then to his plate.

VICKI (CONT'D)

It's late. I'd better be going, and you've hardly touched your plate.

BARNABAS

(deeply sincere)

The pleasure of your company, Victoria, is more than enough for me.

She smiles.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

I'll see you to Collinwood.

They get up, head for the foyer, Barnabas calls Willie.

235 INT. FOYER

As they enter, Willie appears with Vicki's jacket, a frightened look on his face.

BARNABAS

I'll be taking Miss Winters back to Collinwood now, Willie.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED:

He dons his cape, picks up his cane. Willie looks nervously from one to the other.

WILLIE

You ... you don't have to do that, Barnabas. I can walk Miss Winters back.

Barnabas opens the door.

BARNABAS

Thank you, Willie. That will not be necessary.

Vicki nods goodnight to Willie, steps out into the night.

Barnabas stands there for a beat, burns Willie with a killer look, then follows her out onto the veranda, SLAMMING the door behind him.

236 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

As Barnabas and Vicki move along the dark path toward Collinwood.

BARNABAS

I've been thinking the strangest thoughts this evening ...

She looks up at him.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

... Your extraordinary resemblance to the portrait of Josette ... and mine to my ancestor who's portrait hangs in the Great Hall ...

(then)

... would it not be... exquisitely romantic... if we were indeed their reincarnations?

She laughs softly.

VICKI

You almost make me feel like we are.

He smiles ... Then, as they continue up the dark path, SLOWLY PAN AND TIGHTEN TO ...

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

A small FIGURE standing deep within the trees, watching them go... the figure of a LITTLE GIRL, in a long, white, lace dress.

236A INT. COLLINWOOD - FOYER

As through the door, we SEE Barnabas and Vicki approach. Barnabas opens the door for her.

VICKI

Thank you so much, Barnabas, I've really had a lovely evening.

He looks at her, wanting the moments to last. Then, taking her hand...

BARNABAS

I so look forward to our being together again...

There is enormous electricity passing between them ...

VICKI

So do I.

He raises her hand to his lips, kisses it.

She hesitates a moment, then quickly leans forward, kisses him on the cheek.

VICKI

Goodnight.

A beat, and she is in the door, closing it quickly behind her.

A long moment as he stands there, the wind swirling his cape. Then, slowly he turns, moves off into the night.

237 INT. COLLINWOOD - VICKI'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE VICKI, in her robe, looking in the mirror, as she brushes her hair. Then, turning she crosses into the ...

237A BEDROOM

Where she moves to the big four-poster, turns down the comforter.

238 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The dark figure of a man standing in the tree-line, looking up toward her window. TIGHTEN TO HIM ... It is ...

238A BARNABAS

A look of desperate longing on his face.

239 OMITTED

240 HIS POV - VICKI'S LIGHTED WINDOW

And then, Vicki, in her gown now, appears, opens the windows. She stands there silhouetted against the light, looking out at the night.

241 CLOSE BARNABAS

His eyes burning with unrequited passion, as he stares up at her.

242 HIS POV - VICKI

Standing there for a beat longer, then turning and crossing away ... as the light goes out.

243 BARNABAS

As the inhuman curse within him begins to rise like the force of the wind, which has now begun to HOWL in the trees.

His face begins to change, his eyes become cold, feral, burning.

TIGHTEN TO HIM as his mouth opens to reveal the bone white, needle-sharp fangs...

Then suddenly from o.s., the high, plaintive SOUND of a LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE CALLING ...

VOICE (O.S.)

Barn-abassss ... Barn-abassss..

Barnabas reacts, whirls around, listening intently, his eyes darting frantically about him. Did he hear it? Is it the wind?

Then, again:

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Barna-abasss ... Barn-abassss..

Suddenly he FREEZES.

243A HIS POV

Standing deep within the trees ... the same small FIGURE of the LITTLE GIRL in white.

243B BACK TO BARNABAS

As he stares at her in stunned disbelief.

BARNABAS

Sarah ...?! Is that you?!

243C BACK TO SARAH

As she continues in her little, thin voice:

SARAH

You must stop, Barnabas. You must stoppppppp....

243D BACK TO BARNABAS

As he begins to slowly move forward, he raises his hand.

BARNABAS

Sarah... you've come back!

243E BACK TO SARAH

As the little girl slowly turns, begins to move away from him.

243F BARNABAS

As he calls:

BARNABAS

Sarah ... ! No, Wait! Don't leave me!

And he begins to run.

243G SARAH

Now moving deeper and deeper into the dark woods.

BARNABAS (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Sarah...! No, Sarah... please don't go away!

243H BACK TO BARNABAS

As he continues to run, breath ragged in his throat, futilely calling after her ... until finally, exhausted, he can go no further.

(CONTINUED)

243H CONTINUED:

He turns frantically about, but there is nothing ... the little girl in white is gone.

TIGHTEN TO HIM, as the tears stream down his cheeks. He raises his voice, SHRIEKS against the wind.

BARNABAS

Oh Sarah...! Sarah...! My sweet little sister...! Come back!!

(a wail)

Please, do not hate me! I can not help myself ... !!!!!

Then as the CAMERA SWOOPS UP AND AWAY, leaving his small, anguished figure alone in the darkness below ... HOLD for a beat, and . . .

(GO TO NEXT PAGE)

244 EXT. ROCKY COVE - BELOW WIDOW'S HILL - DAY

Where a cluster of frightened adults, children and the two Paramedics stand looking o.s..

PAN TO REVEAL two sheriff's DEPUTIES, in rubber clothes, wading into the rough surf to retrieve the floating body of a dead woman.

245 EXT. COLLINWOOD DRIVE - DAY

The serenity of this woodsy setting is suddenly shattered as Patterson's Patrol Car SCREAMS up the winding road.

As it roars BY CAMERA, PAN WITH IT to HOLD on the Great House.

246 OMITTED

247 INT. COLLINWOOD - JULIA'S LAB - DAY

A room on the main floor has been turned into a make-shift lab. Julia is bent over a microscope while Woodard sits in the b.g., * going through some papers.

JULIA

My guess is that whatever's effecting these blood cells from the victims is parasitic.

WOODARD

(thinking)

But dormant. All the preliminary analyses suggest a passive nature. *

JULIA

You've been peeking over my shoulder.

WOODARD

At my age, I'm thankful for small favors. *

She smiles, they are interrupted as Patterson is shown in by Mrs. Johnson.

PATTERSON

Thank you, Mrs. Johnson.

She leaves. He crosses to them.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

PATTERSON (CONT'D)
Has Daphne said anything yet?

WOODARD
She still remembers nothing.

A beat, Patterson looks at them.

PATTERSON
We found another one this morning.
Floating in the surf below Widow's
Hill.

Julia and Woodard exchange a glance.

JULIA
The same circumstances?

Patterson nods. Then, in great frustration:

PATTERSON
Four victims ... and the only one
who's still alive can't remember
a thing.

A long moment as Julia studies the Sheriff.

JULIA
But there may be a way to get her
to remember.
(they look at her)
I think she's stable enough now
to try it. It might work.

And on Patterson's hopeful expression, we . . .

248 INT. DAPHNE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a small CRYSTAL attached to a gold chain, as it
sparkles in the light, swinging, pendulum-like, in front of
Daphne's face.

Eyes almost closed, Daphne is lying propped up on pillows in
bed, slowly sinking into the deep trance.

JULIA (O.S.)
(hypnotically)
Keep watching the crystal
Daphne... Keep watching it...

PAN TO INCLUDE Julia sitting close to her, swinging the crystal.
In the near b.g., Woodard and Patterson are looking on.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Your eyelids are getting heavier
and heavier... Let them close.

249 CLOSE - DAPHNE

As her eyelids continue to flutter ...

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let them close, Daphne... Let them
close.

And at last she closes her eyes as her whole face relaxes.

250 BACK TO SCENE

As Julia nods, exchanges a look with the two men. Then, turning
back to Daphne:

JULIA (CONT'D)

That's good, Daphne. You will
sleep until I awaken you. But
now I want you to think back to
the night you were... hurt.

251 CLOSE - DAPHNE

As we see an emotion of pain cross her face.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you back there, Daphne?

DAPHNE

Yes...

252 JULIA

As she shoots another glance at the others, continues.

JULIA

All right, you have just finished
the books at the Blue Whale, and
are walking along the dark street
to your car...

DAPHNE (O.S.)

Yes...

JULIA

(gently)

Tell us what is happening, Daphne.

253 CLOSE - DAPHNE

As she begins to get more agitated. Her eyes, under her closed lids, are showing rapid movement.

DAPHNE

Someone... Someone is following me... My car! I must get to my car!

254 WHOLE SCENE

As Julia continues.

JULIA

Who is it, Daphne? Do you see this person?

Suddenly, the girl starts to thrash about, beads of perspiration appearing on her brow.

DAPHNE

Someone!... No... NO! I have to lock the other door!

JULIA

Who is it Daphne? Can you see him?

DAPHNE

(struggling)
No... Yes! I can see him!...
Please don't!

JULIA

Do you recognize him?

DAPHNE

Yes.

Julia glances at Woodard and Patterson. They are all surprised. *

JULIA

You've seen him before?

DAPHNE

Yes ... I think ... I don't know where...

JULIA

What does he look like, Daphne?
What does he look like?!

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

DAPHNE
(becoming hysterical)
Eyes... His eyes... Red!... his
teeth... his teeth are... No!
Nooo!

Daphne's arms shoot up in a defensive posture as her words become an hysterical SCREAM!

Julia moves quickly to calm her, cradling her in her arms.

JULIA
It's alright. It's alright,
Daphne. No one is going to hurt
you. You can sleep now. You're
safe... you're safe.

She settles Daphne back onto the pillows, watching her closely, as the girl's breathing becomes more regular.

A beat, she turns to look at the two men. They are both standing there, stunned by what's just happened.

254A CLOSE - WOODARD *

As he studies the girl for a long moment. Then, eyes narrowing, he turns to look at Julia. HOLD a beat, and . . .

255 HALLWAY

As Julia, Woodard and Patterson WALK TOWARD CAMERA. *

PATTERSON
We were so close! She's got to
be able to tell us more!
(a beat)
When can we try this again?

JULIA
Maybe tomorrow ... Let's see how
she is. Right now she needs rest.

PATTERSON
That stuff about teeth and red
eyes...
(shaking his head)
What does that mean?

They all exchange a look. Woodard stops them. *

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

WOODARD

George, since Daphne is the only one who can identify...

(he pauses a beat,
choosing his words
carefully)

... the person who did this ...
is it not safe to assume that that
person might come back?

PATTERSON

Exactly what I've been thinking.

WOODARD

I'm sure it would be alright with Elizabeth if you put a deputy here, at least for tonight.

PATTERSON

(nods in agreement)
Probably make everybody feel safer... if that's possible the way things have been going.

And as they continue up the hall, we . . .

256 INT. COLLINWOOD - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

As Joe helps Willie carry out a beautiful antique dresser to be loaded in the pickup outside.

In the b.g., Elizabeth is standing with Barnabas, as he examines various other pieces waiting to be taken out.

LIZ

We know the chair belonged to Barnabas and the bust of course is his father, Joshua Collins. The clock, I'm afraid, is a mystery.

257 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Barnabas kneels to touch a beautiful 18th Century, French CLOCK enclosed in a glass globe. He runs his hand lightly across the glass.

BARNABAS

Not a mystery, a gift. It was a wedding present from Andre Dupres, whose daughter Josette was to marry Barnabas.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

Elizabeth smiles in wonderment.

LIZ

How in the world did you discover
that?!

Barnabas turns, glances at her. Just then, Julia can be seen
coming down the stairs in the b.g. He rises.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Oh, Dr. Hoffman ... this is
Barnabas Collins, my cousin from
England.

Julia crosses to them.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(to Barnabas)
Dr. Hoffman is staying with us
to help Daphne recover.

Barnabas, suddenly very interested, steps forward to take
Julia's hand.

BARNABAS

My pleasure, Doctor.

A moment as their eyes meet, hold. Then:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

A terrible misfortune. Will the
young woman be all right?

JULIA

We're hopeful.
(to Elizabeth)
She's sleeping right now.

LIZ

(to Barnabas)
Unfortunately, she still can't
remember exactly what happened.

JULIA

That may change. Today, we almost
broke through her amnesia.

258 CLOSE - BARNABAS

As he reacts, then smiling:

BARNABAS

But that is good news.

265 CLOSE - DAPHNE

Her eyes begin to flutter, then open. She stares up at them, that strange, trance-like look is still there.

Slowly she turns to look down toward the Great Hall, her face registering a terrible fear.

266 CLOSE - JULIA

As she looks at the girl, frowns, turns to follow her stare.

267 HER POV - BARNABAS

And TIGHTENING TO HIM as he stands there, staring up at them.

268. BACK TO SCENE

As Joe hugs the girl gently to him, kisses her cheek.

JOE

You're gonna be okay, Daph.
You're gonna be okay ...

Julia's attention now comes back to Daphne.

JULIA

Let's get her back to her room.

Joe helps Daphne to her feet. Julia glances down the steep flight of stairs.

JULIA (CONT'D)

... and the first thing we're
going to do is change her room
to one downstairs.

She and Joe lead Daphne back toward her room. Before following, Elizabeth turns to look back down at Barnabas.

ELIZABETH

Barnabas, I'm sorry...

269 BARNABAS

As he raises his hand, as if to show he understands.

BARNABAS

Of course ... I'd better be going.

270 BACK TO ELIZABETH

As she nods, starts after the others.

271 CLOSE - BARNABAS

Eyes narrowing, as he stares after them. Then turning, he strides out the door.

SLOWLY FADE OUT.