DARK SHADOWS
Show #1

PROD. #9170

(pilot)

by
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and
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Rev. 2/27/90 (blue)
Rev. 2/28/90 (pink)
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)
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)
Revised 2/28/90

SET LIST (Cont'd)

FAMILY CEMETARY
  MAUSOLEUM
  CRYPT
  SECRET ROOM

OLD HOUSE
  FOYER
  DRAWING ROOM
  BASEMENT
  UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR
  JOSSETTE'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)

J O E ' S C A R
C A R O L Y N ' S C A R *
R O A D H O U S E
T R A I N P A S S E N G E R C A R

E X T E R I O R S :
C O L L I N W O O D
G R O U N D S
M A I N H O U S E
F R O N T D O O R
W O O D S
S T A B L E S
D R I V E
C O U R T Y A R D *
F A M I L Y C E M E T A R Y
M A U S O L E U M
O L D H O U S E
C O L L I N S P O R T
H E L I C O P T E R S H O T
S T R E E T
W I D O W ' S H I L L
R O C K Y C O V E
B L U E W H A L E
R O T O L O ' S G A S S T A T I O N
W O O D A R D ' S C O T T A G E *
Revised 2/28/90

SET LIST (Cont'd)

TRAIN STATION
PLATFORM
RAILROAD TRACKS
ROADHOUSE
PARKING LOT
COLLINSPORT 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)
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)
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)
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.

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!

BACK TO SCENE

she drops the box, the others stare in horror.

(CONTINUED)
8 CONTINUED:

CAROLYN
David's "Welcome to Collinwood".

Liz turns angrily.

(CONTINUED)
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 . . .

EXT. COLLINSPORT - 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.

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.

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.
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
(them, 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)
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’.

CLOSE - ELIZABETH
There are tears in her eyes.

BACK TO ROGER
As he continues:
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
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.

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 ...

EXT. COLLINWOOD STABLE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING the complex of old, Victorian buildings.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WILLIE (O.S.)

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

CAMERA TIGHTENS TO a small lighted window under the eaves.

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)
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 ...

OMITTED

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.

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.

DAarena
Willie, Miss Winters is here.

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

DAarena
Charming, Willie. Really charming.

Willie turns on her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIE
Who asked ya anyway?! Why don’t you go back there and sit down 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)
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.

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.

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)
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.

EXT. COLLINWOOD GROUNDS - NIGHT

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

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)
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.

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.

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)
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)
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.

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...
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...

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

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)
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 OMMITTED

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)
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...

OMITTED

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.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - FROM BELOW

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

INT. CRYPT

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

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

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.

ANGLE - WALL

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

BACK TO WILLIE

As he grins.

(CONTINUED)
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.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH OPENING
As Willie shivers in horror.

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

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

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

HIS POV

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

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.

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.

OMITTED

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.

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)
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 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.
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.
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 ...

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.

THEIR POV - THE WOODS

No one there.

VICKI (O.S.)
I thought I saw someone...

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)
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.

INT. BATHROOM

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

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!

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

This is her introduction to young DAVID COLLINS.

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)
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.

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)
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.

CLOSE - DAVID

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

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.

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)
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.

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.

FROM ACROSS THE STREET - MOVING

Something is there, following her.

CLOSE - DAPHNE

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

HER POV - PANNING

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

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 PATTERTON

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
Hyram, 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)
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.

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.

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.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

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

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.
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.

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.

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...

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

Hyram?

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)
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 ...

EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

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

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)
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)
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 . . .
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)
CONTINUED:

ROGER

Of course, Sheriff.

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

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.

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 cozy, 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)
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, Hyram 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)
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 . . .

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.

EXT. GREAT FRONT DOOR

As the stranger’s hand ENTERS SHOT, rings the doorbell. WE
NOTICE the BLACK STONE RING on his finger.
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... STOP; THERE looking up at it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Elizabeth enters from the Drawing Room.

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.
CLOSE ON BARNABAS

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

OMITTED

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?

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)
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)

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

(Continued)
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 wainscoting 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)
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)
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)
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!
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
相反, 什么故事是我们正在谈论?

CAROLYN
(a smile)
他声称他有一个小的朋友
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!

OMITTED

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.

CLOSE BARNABAS

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

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...

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.
CLOSE BARNABAS

Again talking as much to himself as then.

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

We HOLD a beat, and . . .

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.

CLOSE - BARNABAS

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

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 . . .

EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

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

VICKI (C.S.)
The capital of Utah is . . .

And WE TIGHTEN TO some windows on the second floor.
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...

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?

CLOSE - DAVID

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

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)
CONTINUED:
But she can't back down now.

VICKI
Just open the desk, David.

DAVID
(quietly)
Okay...

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

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

BACK TO VICKI
As she puts her hand to her mouth, gasps.

VICKI
David, my God!

DAVID
As he looks innocently up at her.

I told you.

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!
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. Anway, 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)
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 ...

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)
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)
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...

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?

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)
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)
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...

(them, 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.

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)
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?

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)
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)
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)
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...

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.

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)
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.

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.

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)
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!

CLOSE - DAVID

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

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, unnoticéd, 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.

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 ..."
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.

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.

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)
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.

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.

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--

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)
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)
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.

CLOSE - CAROLYN

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

INT. SEROLOGY LAB - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE on BLOOD SLIDE magnified through a microscope lens.

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

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.
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 heartbeat, 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)
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)
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.
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)
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 . . .

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)
CONTINUED:

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

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.

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.

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.

INT. FOYER - DUSK
She hesitates a beat, then steps inside, looks around, calls out:

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

And he follows her into the drawing room.

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.

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)
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.

BARNABAS - VICKI
As he smiles charmingly.

(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.

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

VICKI (O.S.)
Oh? What is that?

FAVORING BARNABAS
As he notices Willie still standing there.

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

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

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)
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.

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.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BARNABAS (CONT'D)
My ancestors designed it to
represent a marriage between the
elegance of Europe and the promise
of a new world.

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.

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)
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)
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.

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)
CONTINUED:

BARNABAS

Willie!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

WILLIE
Yeah, yeah, Barnabas? Wha...?

BACK TO BARNABAS

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

BARNABAS
Come down here, Willie! Come down here now!

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

BACK TO WILLIE

Lying there on the floor, groveling in utter fear.

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

UP AT BARNABAS

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

(CONTINUED)
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 . . .

OMITTED

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.

JOSETTE'S PORTRAIT

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

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 . . .

EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

And tightening to a second floor window.

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)
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...

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.
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)
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.

HER POV

Inside the desk, a small, unframed PAINTING ... It's a sailboat on a tree-lined river, beautifully executed in the pointillist style.

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)
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.

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.

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.

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.

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)
CONTINUED:

Also in evidence: brushes, a pallet, tubes of paint, etc.

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 ...

AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

A haunting beauty ... violet eyes, hair like spun gold, a face that once seen, can never be forgotten ...

VICKI

Stunned by the painting's beauty, she leans in to examine the artist's signature in the lower right hand corner.

INSERT - INITIALS AND DATE

They read: "RC-1979."

BACK TO SCENE

As she straightens up, studies the painting a beat longer, fascinated.

(CONTINUED)
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.

OMITTED

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)
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...

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)
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)
CONTINUED:

It is sealed with a distinctive RED WAX CREST.

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 …

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, …

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 …

ANOTHER ANGLE

As she looks up at Willie, smiles.

VICKI
Willie, you may tell Barnabas I accept his invitation with pleasure.

(CONTINUED)
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...

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.

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)
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)
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.

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)
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.

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)
CONTINUED:

A small FIGURE standing deep within the trees, watching them go... the figure of a LITTLE GIRL, in a long, white, lace dress.

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 ... \n
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.

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 ...

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 stopppppppp....

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)
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 woodsly 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)
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 ...

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.
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!

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)
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.

CLOSE - WOODARD

As he studies the girl for a long moment. Then, eyes narrowing, he turns to look at Julia. HOLD a beat, and . . .

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)
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)
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.

CLOSE - BARNABAS

As he reacts, then smiling:

BARNABAS
But that is good news.
INT. DAPHNE'S ROOM

As her eyes suddenly pop open, her stare focused blankly in the distance.

Rising stiffly, she slowly gets out of bed, walks trance-like to the door, opens it, steps barefooted out into the hall.

INT. GREAT HALL

Where Julia, Barnabas and Elizabeth are still talking, as Joe reenters, having helped carry out the last piece of furniture.

Suddenly, he looks up, reacts o.s..

JOE

Daph ... !

The others quickly turn.

THEIR POV - DAPHNE

In her nightgown, standing at the top of the stairs, her body rigid, staring down at them.

CLOSE - BARNABAS

AND FAST IN ON HIM as he tries to mask his emotions. His eyes are riveted on her.

CLOSE - DAPHNE

Staring back at him, locked in his fierce gaze. She raises her arms as if to protect herself, then... she collapses at the top of the stairs.

FROM TOP OF STAIRS

With Daphne lying unconscious in the f.g., we SEE Joe bounding up the stairs toward her. Julia and Elizabeth following quickly behind.

He kneels by her, cradles her in his arms, begins gently slapping her face.

JOE

(frantic)

Daph! Daph! Come on, baby, wake up!

Now Julia and Elizabeth are there. Julia kneels beside the girl, quickly takes her pulse.
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.

CLOSE - JULIA
As she looks at the girl, frowns, turns to follow her stare.

HER POV - BARNABAS
And TIGHTENING TO HIM as he stands there, staring up at them.

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...

BARNABAS
As he raises his hand, as if to show he understands.

Of course ... I'd better be going.

BACK TO ELIZABETH
As she nods, starts after the others.
CLOSE - BARNABAS

Eyes narrowing, as he stares after them. Then turning, he strides out the door.

SLOWLY FADE OUT.