

DARK SHADOWS

**Based On The Dark Shadows Original Series
Created by Dan Curtis**

**Written
by
Mark Verheiden**

1/19/04 DRAFT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BARNABAS COLLINS - an undead vampire accidentally released after being locked away for 200 years. He is tormented by his curse and desperately drawn toward...

VICTORIA WINTERS - early 20's, beautiful, hired to tutor young David Collins, and an exact double of Barnabas' 1790's fiancée, Josette Dupres.

DAVID COLLINS - nine years old, troubled son of Roger Collins.

ROGER COLLINS - David's father, a ruthless businessman.

ELIZABETH COLLINS STODDARD - Roger's older sister. Her husband mysteriously absent, she lives a solitary life with Roger and Carolyn in Collinwood.

CAROLYN STODDARD - Elizabeth's 20-ish daughter, still living at home.

JOE HASKELL - mid-20's, Carolyn's boyfriend. Works as a fisherman out of the Collinsport harbor.

WILLIE LOOMIS - early 20's, former Collinsport high school football star, works as a handyman at Collinwood.

SOPHIA LOOMIS - Willie's younger sister, a maid at Collinwood.

DR. JULIA HOFFMAN - The Collins family physician, and a close friend to Roger and Elizabeth.

SAM EVANS (50's) - Owner of the Blue Whale bar in Collinsport, friend of Carolyn and Joe.

MAGGIE EVANS (20's) - Sam's daughter, friendly with Carolyn, fascinated with spirituality (tarot cards, etc.)

SHERIFF PATTERSON - Collinsport's top cop.

SARAH COLLINS - (8). In future episodes, we will discover that she is the ghost of Barnabas' younger sister from the 1790's.

ANGELIQUE - (20's), a beautiful, vindictive witch. In future episodes we will learn that she was Barnabas' illicit lover in the 1790's. She has come back from death to either reunite with Barnabas, or destroy him.

DARK SHADOWS

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MAINE COASTLINE - NIGHT

The ocean CRASHES against a rocky shoreline as a single BEAM OF LIGHT stabs through the darkness, a

SILVER PASSENGER TRAIN

winding across the landscape. CAMERA SWOOPS toward the passenger cars, PUSHING TIGHT on a single, dimly lit window...

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - NIGHT

... revealing VICTORIA WINTERS. Young, lovely, with a sparkle of wit and intelligence in her eye, she's staring into the night, the rhythmic CLACK of the wheels the only sound.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

My name is Victoria Winters...

(pensive)

It's October 31st... Halloween.

The date didn't even register when the train tickets arrived.

She looks toward the aisle as a LITTLE BOY wearing a red Halloween "devil" costume runs past, stabbing the air with a plastic trident. Victoria smiles at the boy.

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

Hundreds of years ago, we put on costumes to scare away "evil spirits."

Victoria's smile fades as she glances down at the

MEDICAL FILE FOLDER

spread out on her lap. In the blue moonlight, she flips through medical records and several sullen photos of a little boy (DAVID COLLINS).

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

Between our 24-hour science channels and the invention of Prozac, you think we'd be past all that by now.

Victoria takes out one of the "David" photos, studying it.

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

But maybe we'll always be afraid of
the dark...

She closes the file and leans back, tired. Eyes heavy, she
glances across the aisle, where a

VERY OLD MAN

sleeps, head down, strobe-like moonlight washing over him.

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

I've been hired to tutor a troubled
boy, but I keep feeling like that's
only the beginning of my journey.

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN,

something catches Victoria's eye. Near the tracks, a large
BONFIRE sends orange flame billowing into the night sky.
Eerie, dancing figures are silhouetted around the blaze.

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

I'm hoping that somehow, out of the
darkness, I'll finally find answers
to the mysteries of my own past...

Victoria stares transfixed, the rhythmic CLAKCLAKCLAK of the
trains wheels almost soothing. Suddenly a

DEMONIC, SKELETAL FIGURE

jumps at her window, bony fingers ETCHING at the pane like
glass-cutters as it SCREAMS...

SKELETAL FIGURE

He's waiting...

As the demon SMILES grotesquely, jagged teeth stained red...

VICTORIA SNAPS AWAKE.

VICTORIA

What...?

She'd fallen asleep. The "demon" in the window was just a
NIGHTMARE. As Victoria catches her breath, she glances
across the aisle.

THE OLD MAN

is also awake, his rheumy eyes locked on her as the moonlight strobes past.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(apologetic)
Sorry. Really bad dream.

The old man stares at her, unblinking, almost trance-like.

OLD MAN
Don't worry. They can't hurt you.

As Victoria stares back at the old man, the train enters a dark tunnel, the

WHISTLE

suddenly amplified to an ear-piercing SHRIEK. As the screen goes BLACK...

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE - NIGHT

Waves crash on rocks as the blood-red title

DARK SHADOWS

burns into frame.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLINSPORT TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The passenger train pulls to a stop with a SCREAM of brakes as Victoria steps onto the deserted platform. The train CHUGS as she looks vainly for her ride.

VICTORIA

Hello? Anyone here?

Frustrated, Victoria pulls out her cell-phone. She gets the CHIRP from the power-up, then stops.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

No signal.

(wry, eying old station)

No surprise.

Not sure what to do next, Victoria finally pulls her coat tighter and starts across the platform.

EXT. COLLINSPORT - NIGHT

The glass doors of the train station slide open with a pneumatic HISS and Victoria emerges, looking out across the town itself. It's an old

FISHING VILLAGE

crowded with weather-beaten clapboard shops that scream "turn of the century." But tonight everything's closed, lights out, wet streets deserted. Somewhere in the far distance, a

WOLF HOWLS,

the mournful sound echoing in the empty streets. Pulling her coat tighter, Victoria notices a PAY-PHONE KIOSK on a building. As she crosses the deserted street toward the phone, she suddenly hears FOOTSTEPS rattling close by.

VICTORIA

Is someone there?

She turns, sees nothing... but someone LAUGHS. Genuinely nervous, Victoria rushes to the pay-phone, reaching into her purse for change... and accidentally DROPPING the coins. She kneels to get them, rising up and

JOLTING

when she finds WILLIE LOOMIS (20s, glasses, blotchy complexion) standing behind her. Before he can speak, Victoria defensively SHOVES HIM UP against the phones.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

WILLIE

Willie Loomis.

(as she eases back)

I didn't know I was so scary.

VICTORIA

Please tell me you're from the Collins Estate.

Willie nods wryly, reaching for Victoria's bag.

WILLIE

That's "Collinwood."

VICTORIA

What?

WILLIE

Up here they give the really big spreads their own names. You know, like Xanadu, Taj Mahal, I-HOP...

(walking with bag)

Sorry about the mix-up, but the train usually runs twenty minutes behind.

Willie nods toward a battered PICK-UP. He opens the passenger door, shoving trash off the seat to make room. Dubious, Victoria slides in as Willie goes around to the other side.

VICTORIA

No offense, but I would have been fine calling a cab.

Willie slides behind the wheel and, in a bold-verging-on-rude gesture, reaches across Victoria to pull her door shut.

WILLIE

And in a town with an actual taxi service, I would have let you.

With a smile, Willie keys the ignition and pulls out.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

As pounding GOTH-ROCK fills the cab, Willie's pick-up speeds along a narrow road, headlights washing across a dense canopy of trees. Victoria WINCES as the truck slams every pothole.

VICTORIA

Does the whole town usually shut down this early?

WILLIE

No way.

(droll)

Come Summer, the tourist dives stay open at least 'til 6:00.

VICTORIA

Spoken like an unhappy native.

WILLIE

Collinsport born and bred, though you'll never catch me tossing lobster pots like the rest of these hicks...

As the pick-up rounds a bend, they pass an old gate, the name "COLLINS" written in the iron. Beyond the gate, an overgrown, little-used road juts off into the darkness.

VICTORIA

Wait, wasn't that the turn-off?

WILLIE

(shaking his head no)

That's the old house... as in ruins, rats, etc.

They hit another hard BUMP and Victoria winces.

VICTORIA

Tell me we're at least getting close.

WILLIE

Better be. We've been on the grounds the last half hour.

As Victoria reacts with amazement to that, the truck comes up a rise and a monstrous, black STRUCTURE begins to loom.

EXT. COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The mansion is huge, a Gothic riot of columns and gables. Mercury-oxide security lights cast reddish shadows as Victoria steps out of the truck, staring at the facade.

WILLIE
(pulling out her bags)
I've got a place over the garage.
You want a ride back, just yell.

Victoria eyes Willie's truck, ruefully remembering the ride.

VICTORIA
No, I've come this far.

Victoria goes to the huge doors and KNOCKS. After a moment, they swing open, revealing ELIZABETH COLLINS STODDARD (50), matriarch of the Collins family.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Hello, I'm --

ELIZABETH
Miss Winters, I know. We were getting worried.
(stepping back)
I'm Elizabeth Collins Stoddard.
Welcome to Collinwood.

Victoria follows Elizabeth through the foyer into...

INT. GREAT HALL - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The large room is filled with lavish furniture and Victorian antiques. Impressed, Victoria can't help staring.

VICTORIA
Wow.
(off Elizabeth's smile)
You probably get that a lot.

ELIZABETH
We do, and it is.
(glancing back)
The house is overwhelming at first, but you'll get used to it.

VICTORIA
Actually, it's beautiful.

ROGER (O.S.)

And like most beautiful things, a
bitch to maintain.

As Elizabeth's smile fades, ROGER COLLINS turns. Nursing a
drink, Roger is 40-ish, robust, but with cynical eyes.

ELIZABETH

Miss Winters, this is...

VICTORIA

Roger Collins.

(off his look)

I saw your picture in last month's
"Forbes."

ROGER

I'm impressed.

(sips drink)

With you, not the article.

Behind them, Willie enters, setting Victoria's bags in the
Great Hall. Seeing Willie, Roger's face tightens.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I suppose we owe you an apology.
Loomis should have delivered you an
hour ago.

WILLIE

She's here, isn't she?

Before Roger can scold him, Victoria interjects.

VICTORIA

It's my fault. I asked Will to
play tour-guide and show me around
Collinsport.

Roger senses he's being played, but doesn't push it.

ROGER

Really. Both stoplights?

VICTORIA

I was curious.

ROGER

And I'm sure all your late night
"sightseeing" has left you
exhausted.

A young maid, SOPHIA (20), enters. Seeing Sophia, Roger flickers a smile, and she smiles back -- a moment that Willie notices with some discomfort.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Sophia, take Miss Winters to her room. And make sure she doesn't get lost this time.

VICTORIA

(interjecting)

If David's still awake, I'd love to at least say hello. The sooner he starts to trust me, the better.

Elizabeth and Roger exchange troubled looks. Finally...

ROGER

I applaud your enthusiasm, but it's late, and I just opened a very good brandy.

(turning away)

We'll discuss my son's lesson plan and the rest over breakfast.

As Roger starts away, Willie catches Victoria's eye, clearly appreciative of her white lie. OFF this moment...

INT. KITCHEN - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Sophia is busy putting dishes away as Willie enters. Cold, she studiously tries to ignore him.

WILLIE

Okay if I grab a cup to go?

SOPHIA

I'm your sister, not your servant. Get it yourself.

Willie goes to a cupboard, noticing a frosted-cake cooling on the counter.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

And don't touch that. It's for Mr. Collins.

WILLIE

Like everything else around here.

SOPHIA

What's that supposed to mean?

WILLIE

Come on, Soph. I see the way he looks at you.

SOPHIA

Excuse me for preferring his smile over his contempt.

Willie pours himself a cup of coffee, shaking his head.

WILLIE

Maybe you don't mind wallowing in "Roger's" shadow, but I've got other plans.

SOPHIA

I don't remember all the attitude when you asked if I could get you on here.

Willie's clearly irritated at the reminder.

WILLIE

Guess I just want more out of life than "you missed a spot."

Annoyed, Willie makes a point of RUNNING HIS FINGER across Roger's cake as he leaves. OFF their fractured relationship...

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The room is large, furnished in plush antiques, with a balcony that overlooks the grounds. As Victoria unpacks her suitcase, there's a KNOCK at the door.

VICTORIA

It's open.

The door swings wide and CAROLYN STODDARD pushes in. Carolyn's early 20s, beautiful, with an open, friendly face.

CAROLYN

Victoria? Carolyn Stoddard.

(offers hand)

I decided to skip the mob introductions. My uncle Roger can be intimidating enough.

VICTORIA

If brusque is as bad as it gets, I'll be fine.

CAROLYN

I hope so. Between that and the sheer isolation, it can get a little weird up here.

Victoria smiles, continuing to unpack.

VICTORIA

You make Collinsport sound like a third-world country.

CAROLYN

They probably get better reception.
(off Victoria's smile)
Truth is, if you're prone to cabin fever, you've come to exactly the wrong place.

VICTORIA

I've never been big on crowds.
(a shrug)

Anyway, fewer distractions just means I can spend more time with David.

CAROLYN

How much did they tell you about him?

VICTORIA

Only that he's troubled, and runs through tutors like most kids run through socks.

CAROLYN

At least they were honest.

VICTORIA

I read his psych evaluation on the trip up. According to his shrink, he's hyperactive, suffers from A.D.D....

CAROLYN

Trust me, David's problems go deeper than some Portland doctor's psychobabble...

Carolyn stops, realizing she may have said too much.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

...and I hope I'm not scaring you.

VICTORIA

(a smile)

He's a little boy, not the bogeyman.

CAROLYN

I'm going into town, but I'll see you in the morning. If you haven't fled in a cold panic, let me give you the grand tour.

VICTORIA

I'd like that.

Carolyn smiles and nods, pulling away. OFF Victoria, left uneasy by the conversation...

EXT. GARAGE - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Willie crosses the grounds to the estate's garage, nestled away from the main house, and climbs a rickety wooden stairway to a second level apartment.

INT. WILLIE'S APARTMENT - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Willie enters and tosses his keys on the counter. The one-room apartment is small, cluttered with old pizza boxes and dirty dishes. As Willie starts toward the fridge...

KELLY (O.S.)

You're late.

Willie turns, finding KELLY GREER lying on his tousled bed. Kelly's early 20s, sexy in a "Miskatonic U." belly shirt, glasses perched in her hair as she studies/fondles a cheap-looking athletic trophy.

WILLIE

Don't mess with that.

KELLY

I was just admiring your many accomplishments.

(sly, reading inscription)

Third place, State Finals, 1999.

Annoyed, Willie grabs the trophy, puts it back on his desk.

WILLIE

People were pretty impressed with me that year.

KELLY

It's Collinsport, Willie. People impress easily.

WILLIE

Especially college girls like you.
(approaching, seductive)
And since when was 10:30 ever late for us?

Kelly abruptly rolls off the bed.

KELLY

Come here. I want to show you something.

Ignoring Willie's frustration, Kelly goes to the kitchen table, where she's laid out an array of old letters.

WILLIE

What's all this?

KELLY

Homework from Professor Stokes.

WILLIE

The freak with the beret?

KELLY

Bow-tie. And he has some wild theories about the Collins family.

Willie comes up behind Kelly, wrapping his arms around her.

WILLIE

As wild as me?

KELLY

(withering)

That's cute, but save it for one of your cheerleaders.

(as Willie backs off)

If Stokes is right, the Collins family stashed away a fortune in gold just after the Revolutionary War... their own early-American hedge fund.

Willie goes to the fridge, grabs two beers, pops one.

WILLIE

So? They probably burned through
it years ago.

KELLY

Maybe not. Couple of months ago,
he asked me to index the older
Collins correspondence.

WILLIE

(offering Kelly a beer)

Beer?

KELLY

Are you listening?

(Willie nods, annoyed)

I found some coded entries. Fairly
simple "one" equals "A" stuff; but
Stokes could have missed it.

WILLIE

Meaning?

KELLY

If I read the code right, the
gold's hidden on the grounds in the
cemetary near the old manor house.

WILLIE

And you think it's still there.

KELLY

It's worth a look.

Willie steps back off Kelly's determined look.

WILLIE

What, tonight?

KELLY

Timing's perfect. If we need to
break a few doors, Collins will
figure it was a Halloween prank.

WILLIE

And if I get caught, I can kiss
this job goodbye.

Kelly slides close to Willie, seductive, running her hand
across his chest.

KELLY

We don't do this, you can say
goodbye to something else.

As her hands slide down his stomach to his jeans, Willie
CHUCKS his empty beer bottle across the room.

WILLIE

Hell with it.

OFF Willie, seduced...

EXT. DOCK AREA - COLLINSPORT - NIGHT

As a FOGHORN sounds, the town's fishing fleet is moored in
the calm harbor. Most of the boats are dark, but one is
dimly lit, orange light visible behind a fogged porthole.

INT. CABIN - JOE HASKELL'S BOAT - NIGHT

There's RUSTLING and GIGGLING as CAMERA PANS past an empty
champagne bottle, a pair of pants, and finally the BED, where
CAROLYN, half-dressed under the sheets, is nuzzling.

JOE HASKELL (handsome, 20s).

Carolyn kisses Joe passionately, almost desperately. Clearly
overwhelmed, Joe finally raises his hands, "I give."

JOE

Easy! We haven't fogged up the
windows since High School.

CAROLYN

That's what you get for planning a
two-week fishing trip.

JOE

It's only ten days, and somebody's
got to keep the bank happy.

CAROLYN

It's not like I haven't offered.

JOE

Lucky I'm not into you for your
money.

(teasing)

Just your body.

He kisses her again, but suddenly Carolyn turns pensive.

JOE (CONT'D)

Whoa. These mood-swings could give a guy whiplash.

(more serious)

What is it? Roger again?

CAROLYN

It's everything. The house, this town...

JOE

You can ditch the haunted mansion anytime you want.

CAROLYN

I want to leave... with you.

Joe takes a breath, sitting up.

JOE

We talked about this. My work's here, my friends. I can't just up and go.

CAROLYN

I know.

JOE

So I'll ask again. What's wrong?

CAROLYN

Maybe I'm just afraid.

JOE

Of what?

CAROLYN

That if I don't get away soon, I'll wind up like my mother. Afraid of the world, hiding from every shadow...

JOE

Elizabeth's tougher than you think. And trust me, so are you.

Carolyn flashes a sad smile, then reaches for her pants.

CAROLYN

I'd better get back.

(as Joe starts up)

(MORE)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Don't get up. You have an early day tomorrow.

JOE

At least let me give you a ride back to the house.

Carolyn buttons her shirt, glancing back wryly.

CAROLYN

Keep your shirt off.

(with a smile)

Roger asked me to pick up the Mercedes over at Griffin's garage. I'll catch a quick drink at the Blue Whale, then drive up.

JOE

Hey. I can put the trip off.

CAROLYN

And risk disappointing all those hungry monkfish?

(kisses him)

I'll see you when you get back.

As she leaves, OFF Joe, clearly caring about her...

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Jagged, decrepit monuments and crypts glow under the moonlight, seemingly untouched for decades, as

WILLIE AND KELLY,

flashlights on, enter the grounds. Pushing through a broken gate, Kelly suppresses a shiver, her breath puffing white.

KELLY

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here..."

WILLIE

What's that, Aerosmith?

Kelly shoots a withering look at Willie.

KELLY

Dante. It's the inscription on the entrance to hell...

Willie's flashlight beam flickers across a cobwebbed MAUSOLEUM, three carved female figures on the pediment. They're locked in embrace, their eyes lifted toward Heaven.

WILLIE

Wait a second. Didn't I see that in one of your letters?

Kelly pulls one of the Collins letters from her jacket and shines her light on it, revealing the same design.

KELLY

"Three graces spin high above..."

Excited, Willie throws his shoulder against the mausoleum's iron door. With a SCREEEE of rusted metal, it swings back.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Willie enters, Kelly with him, flashlights revealing elegant stone carvings. Ahead, STONE STAIRS lead down to a crypt. Flashlights flickering, Willie and Kelly descend into...

INT. INNER CRYPT - MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The room is four walls of rock, hand-hewn and rough. Willie shines his light around the room, spotting a decorative

CARVED STONE LION'S HEAD

on one wall. Directly across from it, on the opposite wall, there's a STONE DOVE. Excited, Kelly checks her notes.

KELLY

The lion's head watches the dove.

She shoves the notes into her pocket and reaches for a metal ring hanging from the stone lion's mouth. Bracing herself, she begins to pull, when the metal ring SNAPS, cutting a deep gash in Kelly's hand. She falls back, grimacing, blood dripping from the cut.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Dammit!

WILLIE

Let me try.

As she wraps her hand with a handkerchief, Willie jams a crowbar behind the lion's head and PRIES IT OUT. Suddenly a

HUGE STONE DOOR

slides out from the wall, grinding rock on rock, revealing a...

INT. SECRET ROOM - MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Smaller, claustrophobic. As the stone door opens, a gust of FETID AIR bursts out, like something's rotted. Willie and Kelly GAG from the stench.

WILLIE

God, what is that?

Kelly shines her light through the open doorway, revealing a

STONE SARCOPHAGUS

inside, Maltese crosses etched into the cover. It's resting on a stone dais and crisscrossed with heavy CHAINS.

KELLY

Seems like somebody doesn't want us to look inside.

Kelly zippos an old wall torch near the sarcophagus while Willie stares at the DRIED BLOSSOMS weaved around the chains.

WILLIE

What were these?

Kelly turns, looks at the desiccated bulbs.

KELLY

Garlic. Probably some kind of burial rite.

(to Willie)

Less talk, more crowbar.

Willie pries at the chains, the links BURSTING APART in puffs of rust-red powder. Throwing the chains back, Willie puts his shoulder against the heavy lid. It rises on ancient hinges, the flickering torchlight illuminating

A WITHERED CORPSE INSIDE.

WILLIE

What the hell...

Face and eyes are sunken, hands folded on its chest, clutching at a

JEWEL-STUDED CROSS.

Her greed overwhelming, Kelly reaches into the coffin and grabs for the cross, the BLOOD from her gashed hand spattering the corpse's dead lips. She turns and holds the cross up to the torch, studying the jewels, when

THE EYES OF THE CORPSE SUDDENLY SNAP OPEN.

Before Will can react, a strong hand with a black stone ring bursts out of the coffin, GRABBING WILLIE BY THE THROAT. As Willie CHOKES, he's pulled into the coffin itself. Kelly turns at the sound, STUNNED by what she sees.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Help... me...

With a SCREAM, Kelly bolts for the entrance, but the stone door suddenly SWINGS SHUT. Trapped, Kelly turns back to see Willie's body slump to the floor, the dark figure of the

VAMPIRE

silhouetted in the torch light, already out of sarcophagus. We only see the Vampire in flashes of feet, hands, blood-red eyes... with a burst of SPEED he's upon her,

SLAMMING

her against the stone wall. Strong HANDS shove Kelly's head back, revealing her pulsing JUGULAR. She squirms, helpless against his strength, as his lips pull back, revealing

BONE WHITE FANGS.

The Vampire's eyes ROLL BACK LIKE A SHARK'S, then he SINKS HIS FANGS into Kelly's throat. As Kelly convulses, she DROPS the cross to the stone floor, her BLOOD speckling it red...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Except for the security lights, the mansion is dark.

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Victoria's in bed, asleep, moonlight shimmering blue across her face. Suddenly, there's a THUMP. Victoria's eyes snap open, disoriented, "maybe I'm dreaming," when

THERE'S ANOTHER THUMP.

Sitting up, Victoria realizes it's coming from behind the closed bathroom door.

VICTORIA

Is someone there?

No answer. After a second, Victoria slides out of bed and crosses toward the bathroom, only to SUDDENLY STOP. She looks down at the carpet as

WATER POOLS AROUND HER BARE FEET,

like the rug is soaked through.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

(grossed out)

What...?

INT. VICTORIA'S BATHROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The door opens and Victoria enters the dark bathroom, SPLASHING on the tiles, floor shimmering with a sheen of water. Victoria reaches for the light switch, but the

LIGHTS ARE DEAD.

There's only the blue moonlight through a side window, and from the curtain-shrouded claw-tub, the SOUND of RUNNING WATER.

Careful on the slippery floor, Victoria slowly crosses toward the tub, the rushing water growing LOUDER as she approaches. Concerned, she reaches the tub and grabs the

SHOWER CURTAIN,

hesitating for an instant, then suddenly jerking it back. Moonlight falls across the water, revealing a

LITTLE BOY (9) LYING UNDERWATER,

motionless, eyes wide open, fully-clothed. Victoria stares in disbelief.

VICTORIA

David?

Stunned, hyperventilating, Victoria doesn't know what to do. She's about to reach down for the boy when

HE BURSTS UP FROM THE WATER, SCREAMING!

Terrified, Victoria slips and falls, SLAMMING her head against the tub. As she struggles, DAVID climbs out of the tub and starts across the bathroom. But when he realizes Victoria's been hurt, he stops... and begins to GIGGLE, his expression weird and malevolent.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

David...?

DAVID

I hope you die!

As David bolts from the bathroom, Victoria struggles to her feet, soaked, rubbing the back of her head.

VICTORIA

David, wait!

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Victoria stumbles out and sees David running down the hall, looking over his shoulder like he's enjoying this. He runs into his bedroom and slams the door as Victoria follows.

INT. DAVID'S ROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

David's casually drying his hair as Victoria bursts through the door, glaring at him. His room's a typical kid's room, crowded with books, games and toys.

DAVID

Go away. "School" doesn't start 'til tomorrow.

Furious, Victoria SLAMS the door behind her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is my room!

VICTORIA

You didn't have any problem breaking into mine. And if you think I'm surprised by your stunt, think again. I know what you pulled on your last tutor.

DAVID

And you still came? That was stupid.

As David cavalierly turns away, Victoria grabs his arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let me go!

VICTORIA

Not until we get something straight.

(intense)

We do this as friends or as enemies, but trust me, I'm here for the duration.

Victoria releases him. As David pulls back, angry...

DAVID

What are you going to do now? Tell my dad?

Victoria considers, then shakes her head "no."

VICTORIA

First one's on the house. But if there's a next time, we start talking consequences.

(off his intense look)

I'm not afraid of you, David.

DAVID

You should be.

Victoria hesitates a moment, surprised by David's anger, then leaves. As she goes, PUSH IN on David, staring darkly...

EXT. BLUE WHALE BAR - NIGHT

Collinsport's one bar. Large, barn-like, badly weather-beaten from its years on the waterfront.

INT. BLUE WHALE BAR - NIGHT

Rustic, decorated with fishing nets and old boat equipment. Neon beer signs and a CD jukebox are the only concessions to modern times. And tonight only, a plastic, light-up jack-o'-lantern decorates the wooden bar. As a mournful SONG plays,

CAROLYN

sips a drink while 50-ish bartender SAM EVANS comes over.

SAM

No Joe tonight?

CAROLYN

Early to bed, early to rise. You do the math.

Sam's daughter, MAGGIE EVANS (attractive, 20s), glances over from a table near the bar.

MAGGIE

Why do you think Sam gave up fishing for the glamour of bartending?

Carolyn turns, watching Maggie methodically flip tarot cards.

CAROLYN

So what do you think, Maggie? Is Joe the one?

MAGGIE

(looks up from cards)
Never ask a question unless you're ready for any answer.

Carolyn nods wryly at that, finishing her drink.

SAM

One more?

CAROLYN

I'd better get back. I promised David's new nanny I'd show her the ropes in the morning.

SAM

Well, whoever she is, she's lucky.

CAROLYN

For landing a tour of duty with the bad seed?

SAM

Because she couldn't have found a better friend.

Touched by that, Carolyn gives Sam a kiss on the cheek.

CAROLYN

You are a frighteningly sweet man, Sam.

SAM

Not according to my first three wives, but I'll take it.

(as she leaves)

Be safe.

Carolyn puts on her coat and waves at Sam, pushing outside as Maggie flips another card, revealing the skeletal

DEATH CARD.

As she frowns, glancing after Carolyn with worry...

EXT. BLUE WHALE BAR - NIGHT

Carolyn leaves the Blue Whale and starts down the sidewalk. Ground fog willows around her feet as she cuts down the cobbled street. As she walks, CUT TO:

A DISTORTED, NIGHT-VISION POV.

Weird, over-exposed, it's the intense, night-acclimated vision of the VAMPIRE as he hunts in the darkness, following Carolyn down the street.

OUT OF THE POV, Carolyn suddenly turns, as if sensing something. As she passes a wooden fence, a

FROTHING DOG

suddenly jams against the slats, spittle flying as it BARKS ferociously. Carolyn JUMPS as the air fills with other ANIMAL CRIES. Freaked, Carolyn picks up the pace, spotting

GRIFFIN'S GARAGE.

A late-model Mercedes is parked out front under the branches of a large tree that also shades the garage itself. Seeing the car, Carolyn hurries forward...

THE VAMPIRE'S NIGHT-VISION POV

continues to follow her, moving up on Carolyn as she nears the car, closer, almost on top of her... As the POV ENDS,

CAROLYN

spins, but sees NOTHING. Unnervingly, however, all the animal noises STOP. Scared, Carolyn does a complete 360, but the streets are empty. She relaxes for a moment...

CAROLYN

Looks like Halloween's over.

She's about to slide her key into the car door when

POWERFUL HANDS

suddenly reach DOWN from the dark tree. The Vampire GRABS CAROLYN around the throat and using superhuman strength,

LIFTS HER BODILY,

kicking helplessly, her SCREAM strangled off as she disappears into the dark tree. Between the branches, we catch quick FLASHES of action...

A GLIMMER of blood-red eyes. Carolyn's eyes, WIDE and TERRIFIED. Then a sudden, violent SLASH of WHITE FANGS. All at once, the RUSTLING stops.

INT. GRIFFIN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A repair bay, crowded with tools. Looking up from the floor, there's a glass SKYLIGHT with a view of the tree overhead. In EERIE SLOW-MOTION,

CAROLYN'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY

falls out of the darkness, CRASHING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT to the floor below. OFF CAROLYN'S BLOODIED BODY, sprawled on the floor amidst glistening shards of glass...

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The dark figure of the Vampire returns, face hidden as he crosses through the gravestones, moving with animal grace.

INT. SECRET ROOM - MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The Vampire enters, stopping next to Kelly's body. Strong hands lift her by the hair and her head lolls back, dead, revealing two vivid puncture wounds on her neck. Cold, the hands drop her. The Vampire continues past

WILLIE,

semi-conscious, lying in a pool of blood, throat torn. As Willie MOANS, the Vampire goes to the wall and finds a

RECESSED IRON RING.

He pulls the ring and a secret compartment slides back, revealing the treasure Kelly had been trying to find. As he runs his hand over the gold and jewels, the

FIRST RAYS OF MORNING SUN

filter down from the upper mausoleum. As a shimmer of light hits the floor, the Vampire quickly crosses the secret room and puts his shoulder against the heavy door. Barely conscious, Willie realizes he's about to be sealed in.

WILLIE . . .

No, please... NO...

The door SLAMS SHUT with frightening finality, cutting off Willie's cries. OFF this moment...

INT. DINING ROOM - COLLINWOOD - DAY

Roger and Elizabeth are already eating as Victoria enters, sliding out a chair.

ELIZABETH

Sleep well?

VICTORIA

I've had better nights.

Sophia enters, setting a plate of eggs in front of Victoria. As Sophia's about to leave, Roger shoots her a sly smile.

ROGER

If it happens again, see Sophia.
She has some fantastic remedies for
getting a good night's sleep.

As a TELEPHONE RINGS off-screen, Sophia blushes and leaves. Victoria registers the odd by-play, but lets it go.

ELIZABETH

So, have you met David yet?

Victoria reflexively touches the knot on the back of her head, forcing a smile.

VICTORIA

We bumped into each other.

(beat)

Before we get started, I could use some more background. Anything you think might have impacted his behavior.

ROGER

It's all in his file.

VICTORIA

Not everything. For instance, what's his relationship with his mother?

ROGER

His mother? Why?

VICTORIA

It's just... strange. There's not a single mention of her in the reports.

ROGER

(brusque)

She hasn't been a factor in our lives for years.

VICTORIA

Maybe not to you, but to David --

Face tightening, Roger cuts her off.

ROGER

I won't discuss her.

(off Victoria's surprise)

David is my son and I need him to be strong. If you can't help him, then I'll put him somewhere that can.

Roger is standing, like he's about to leave, when Sophia rushes back in. Her face is stricken, shocked.

SOPHIA

Mr. Collins, Mrs. Stoddard... it's
Carolyn. She's been hurt.

Stunned, Elizabeth's hand flails out, knocking her water
glass off the table so it SHATTERS on the floor.

ELIZABETH

No...!

OFF their shock...

EXT. COLLINSPORT MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Small but modern.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - COLLINSPORT MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

As the rhythmic BEEP of a heart monitor sounds in the
background, reveal an unconscious

CAROLYN

lying in bed. Her face is bruised and cut, her throat
wrapped with gauze. Joe is sitting bedside, holding her
hand, while Roger and Elizabeth stand watch nearby. After a
moment, DR. JULIA HOFFMAN (attractive, professional) enters.
Joe stands, concerned...

JOE

Dr. Hoffman. What happened?

HOFFMAN

Ben Griffin found her inside his
garage. From the look of things,
she must have fallen through the
skylight.

JOE

The skylight?

ELIZABETH

Doctor, is she going to be all
right?

Hoffman checks the I.V. dripping blood into Carolyn's system.

HOFFMAN

She's cracked three ribs and lost a
lot of blood. The next twenty-four
hours are critical.

JOE

I don't understand. The Sheriff said she'd been attacked by an animal.

HOFFMAN

That's true. We found bite marks in her throat...

ROGER

(incredulous)

That's insane. What kind of animal could have thrown her like that?

HOFFMAN

I have to be honest with you. I don't know.

Carolyn suddenly MOANS. Concerned, Elizabeth pulls away from Roger and goes to her daughter.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a minute...

As Elizabeth joins Joe next to Carolyn...

INT. CORRIDOR - COLLINSPORT MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Hoffman starts down the hall, spotting Collinsport Sheriff PATTERSON (30s) grabbing a coffee from a coin-op machine.

HOFFMAN

Sheriff Patterson...

SHERIFF PATTERSON

Doctor. Any change?

HOFFMAN

She's hanging on, but barely.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

(sips coffee)

I had animal control out all night looking for tracks, but so far they've found squat.

HOFFMAN

I'm not surprised.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

Because...?

HOFFMAN

I got the results back on the swabs
I took from Carolyn's wound.
(knows this is crazy)
The saliva tests out human.

That brings Patterson up short.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

Meaning what? We're looking for
some kind of "vampire?"

HOFFMAN

It's not as crazy as it sounds.
Blood obsessions are fairly common
in the medical literature.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

(incredulous)
You're suggesting someone drank her
blood?

HOFFMAN

Look, I'm open to alternatives.
But when Carolyn came in, she'd
lost over 50% of her blood volume,
and you said yourself there wasn't
much spatter at the scene.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

It's a hell of a theory.

HOFFMAN

Maybe. But those bite marks are
anything but theoretical...

OFF Patterson, considering...

EXT. COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Spires and gables looming in the darkness.

INT. FOYER - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

There's insistent POUNDING at the door as Sophia rushes to
answer. She throws the door open and STOPS IN SHOCK.

SOPHIA

May... I help you?

The dark figure enters, his face remaining in shadow. It's
the VAMPIRE, now dressed in modern clothing.

VAMPIRE

I know it's late, but I'd like a word with Mr. Collins.

Sophia finally shakes off the "spell," ushering him in.

SOPHIA

I'll... get him for you. Please, come in.

As Sophia rushes away, the Vampire takes a moment to drink in the "feel" of the mansion, starting toward the great hall.

INT. GREAT HALL - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

He enters, transfixed, STARING toward the wall over the great fireplace. There, a magnificent portrait of

BARNABAS COLLINS,

the name etched on a gold nameplate dated 1788, hangs half-lit by the flickering firelight.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

I don't believe it.

VAMPIRE

My apologies for the hour, but I couldn't resist any longer.

The Vampire turns as Roger and Elizabeth comes down the stairs, gaping at their visitor. He is, in fact, a DEAD RINGER for the man in the portrait.

BARNABAS

(taking Elizabeth's hand)

I'm Barnabas Collins.

ELIZABETH

Barnabas? You even have his name?

BARNABAS

A tragic lack of imagination on the part of my parents.

(kissing her hand)

You must be my cousin Elizabeth.

While Elizabeth is taken with Barnabas, Roger is suspicious.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

And you... are staring.

ROGER

Roger Collins. You're in from...?

BARNABAS

England. I tried to get a message through, but I understand there's been a family emergency.

ELIZABETH

My daughter, Carolyn. She was... injured. Bitten by some sort of animal.

Barnabas tightens with surprise and regret. He had no idea Carolyn was a member of the Collins family.

BARNABAS

My... condolences. But the girl, she's recovering?

ROGER

So far. Unfortunately, she can't remember much about what happened...
(suspicious)

I don't want to be rude, Mr. Collins, but I'm confused.

BARNABAS

By my visit?

ROGER

By you. I've had the world's top genealogists research our lineage. Unless they missed something, you seem to have fallen off the family tree.

ELIZABETH

Roger, please...

BARNABAS

It's all right. Families grow apart, but the blood ties remain. After all these years in England, I've decided it's time to reclaim my heritage.

ROGER

A cynic might wonder if you're just some long-lost Brit angling for a hand-out.

BARNABAS

The cynic often finds genuine
passion difficult to understand.

(intense)

And make no mistake, it is passion
that fuels my desire.

ELIZABETH

Desire for what, Mr. Collins?

BARNABAS

A home. With your permission, I'd
like to restore the old manor
house.

(off their surprise)

I took the liberty of walking the
grounds earlier today.

Roger and Elizabeth exchange astonished looks.

ROGER

Then you know that place is a tear-
down. Start throwing money at it,
you'll never stop.

BARNABAS

Cost is of no consequence. It's
our ancestral home and deserves
better...

Suddenly, David rushes down the stairs, Victoria chasing
after him. David's SHOUTING, clearly upset with Barnabas.

DAVID

No! Stay away from there!

VICTORIA

Sorry, he got away from me.

As Victoria crosses the great hall, Barnabas turns and

JOLTS

with astonished recognition, as if Victoria reminds him of
someone important.

ROGER

(to Barnabas)

Mr. Collins, this is my son David...
his tutor, Victoria Winters.

Breathless, Victoria smiles at Barnabas, offering her free hand while she tries to corral David.

VICTORIA

Mr. Collins.

As their hands touch, there is an electric moment. Barnabas locks eyes with Victoria with fierce intensity.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... have we met?

BARNABAS

I would have remembered.

Barnabas finally takes his hand away. Victoria flickers a smile, slightly embarrassed, then turns to David.

VICTORIA

Come on, David, back upstairs.

DAVID

No! Not until he leaves! He'll ruin the old house and frighten Sarah away.

At the name "Sarah," Barnabas turns, curious.

ELIZABETH

David, what are you talking about?

Angry, David pulls away from Victoria and goes to the piano where, among framed photos and old curios, he finds a small

PAINTING OF A LITTLE GIRL

wearing a white lace dress and bonnet. He holds the painting up for Roger to see, but Barnabas suddenly TAKES IT, struggling to control his emotions.

DAVID

She lives there! She's my only friend!

VICTORIA

David, that's enough! I'm sorry, Mr. Collins.

BARNABAS

No apologies necessary.

Victoria grabs David and pulls him back toward the stairs. As they go, Barnabas stares after her, then turns his eyes back to the portrait of the little girl.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Our family goes back hundreds of years... for much of that time, the old house was their home.

(looks up at Roger)

May I have your permission?

Roger looks at Elizabeth. She silently urges him to say yes.

ROGER

(still suspicious)

As long as I'm not involved.

Welcome to Collinsport.

OFF Barnabas' haunted look...

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Blue moonlight filters through the window as Victoria slips on her nightgown. She's just pulling back the bed-covers when she stops, as if SENSING SOMETHING. Curious, she goes to the balcony doors...

EXT. VICTORIA'S BALCONY - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

She steps out and looks across the dark grounds. CUT TO:

BARNABAS' NIGHT-VISION POV.

Watching Victoria from a distance. Eerie, deep blue.

EXT. WOODS - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Barnabas stands hidden in shadow, his red eyes STARING AT VICTORIA as he MURMURS to himself.

BARNABAS

Josette. You've come back to me.

Torn by desire, his lips pull back, revealing razor-sharp fangs. He's about to take a step forward when he hears...

SARAH (O.S.)

Barnabas.

Barnabas turns, stunned to see SARAH, the little girl in David's portrait, standing directly behind him.

BARNABAS

Sarah?

SARAH

Don't hurt her, Barnabas.

He reaches for Sarah, but when he touches her, she suddenly DISSOLVES LIKE GHOSTLY SMOKE.

BARNABAS

Wait! Don't leave me...

Her VOICE suddenly comes from behind him. Barnabas whirls, seeing Sarah again.

SARAH

I don't want her to die.

Barnabas reaches out again, emotionally torn, and again Sarah DISSOLVES at his touch. Barnabas SHOUTS into the night.

BARNABAS

I can't help myself. The rage devours me...

Sarah's VOICE sounds again, now from the edge of the woods.

SARAH (O.S.)

You must stop, Barnabas...

Barnabas turns, anguished, as Sarah dissipates, drifting into the darkness like dust. Conflicted, he turns back toward the mansion, where Victoria remains framed on the balcony.

BARNABAS

I can't...

As camera CRANES UP, Barnabas reaches toward the sky, his torment etched across his face...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CAROLYN'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - DAY

Dr. Hoffman THROWS OPEN the curtains, gray daylight spilling in, as Joe helps a still-weak Carolyn into bed. Her throat's bandaged and an array of home medical equipment (I.V., etc.) has been set up by the bed.

JOE

That's it, just take it easy.

(to Dr. Hoffman)

You sure she's ready to fly solo?

CAROLYN

I was ready.

(off Joe's concern)

It's been two weeks. I wanted to come home.

As Joe reacts to that, Dr. Hoffman pulls out a syringe.

DR. HOFFMAN

As long as you remember, we're not out of the woods yet.

CAROLYN

(to Joe)

Watch. Her dire warnings are always followed with needles.

Hoffman leans down and injects Carolyn. As Carolyn winces...

JOE

What is that, some sort of anti-rabies drug?

DR. HOFFMAN

No, it's a special vaccine I designed, just for Carolyn. Her blood work's been a little off since she was hurt and I'm hoping this will clear it up.

CAROLYN

I wish you had a shot that would help me remember that night.

HOFFMAN

Short term memory loss isn't
uncommon after a trauma. Just give
it time...

She's interrupted when her cell phone RINGS.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

(answers, into phone)

Dr. Hoffman.

(face tightens, then)

I understand. I'll be right there.

She clicks off, clearly concerned.

JOE

Something wrong?

HOFFMAN

I have to go for a couple hours.

(forces smile to Carolyn)

You, rest. I mean it. I'll check
back on you tonight.

As Dr. Hoffman leaves, Joe remains by Carolyn's side.

JOE

Hey.

CAROLYN

Hey. What happened to your two-
week Popeye-the-Sailor plan?

JOE

It was ten days, and I decided to
give the fish a break.

(squeezing her hand)

I can't believe I almost lost you.

Like Joe's comment is too emotional for her, Carolyn turns
toward the window, an odd yearning in her eyes.

CAROLYN

After all that time in the
hospital, I'd almost forgotten how
beautiful it is here.

Joe is a little surprised by that.

JOE

Carolyn, I've been thinking about what you said... about leaving Collinsport, starting a new life.

Carolyn looks back at Joe, like this makes no sense.

CAROLYN

Leaving?

JOE

I want you to know, as soon as you're feeling better, to hell with this town. I'll sell the boat, whatever it takes, just as long as we're together.

Carolyn pulls her hand away from Joe's, her eyes still focused on the trees outside.

CAROLYN

I can't leave. Not now... not ever.

JOE

You said there was nothing keeping you here.

CAROLYN

My life is here, my blood... I'll never leave!

Joe's startled by her vehemence.

JOE

I'm sorry. Maybe we should talk about this later.

(off her anger)

Get some rest... I'll check in on you tonight, okay?

Carolyn doesn't answer. Still stunned by her turnabout, Joe grabs his coat and leaves. As he goes, Carolyn stares out the window, a strange, almost erotic yearning in her eyes...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sky is bleak gray as WAVES CRASH on a rocky beach. PULL BACK, REVEALING a grim splash of color in the form of

KELLY GREER'S DEAD BODY,

mottled red/blue, lying tousled in the sand. Suddenly there's a BRIGHT FLASH, then ANOTHER. PULL BACK to reveal SHERIFF PATTERSON standing nearby while a MEDICAL EXAMINER takes flash photos of the corpse. As Patterson observes,

DR. HOFFMAN

comes down the slope behind them, joining them by the body.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

Thanks for coming. I thought you might want to see this.

HOFFMAN

Any idea who she is?

Patterson pulls out an evidence bag, a student I.D. inside.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

We found a student I.D. in her pocket. Her name's Kelly Greer... she was a junior over at Miskatonic College.

The Medical Examiner finishes and pulls back. As he goes, Hoffman kneels next to the body.

SHERIFF PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Her roommate reported her missing a few days ago. Apparently she said she had a "study date" and never came back.

Dr. Hoffman gingerly pulls back Kelly's hair, revealing two LIVID BITE MARKS on her neck.

HOFFMAN

Two puncture marks. Just like Carolyn Stoddard's wounds.

SHERIFF PATTERSON

It was the first thing I noticed.
(great concern)
Doctor, what the hell is going on?

OFF Hoffman's growing concern...

INT. GREAT HALL - COLLINWOOD - DAY

Victoria enters and finds Elizabeth in a chair near the fire, reading. Victoria hesitates, as if working up the courage to ask a question, when Elizabeth looks up.

ELIZABETH
Looking for Roger?

VICTORIA
Actually, no. He's with David and
Sophia, finishing lunch.
(beat)
I wanted to see you.

Elizabeth puts her book down, pensive.

ELIZABETH
Is everything all right?

VICTORIA
Depends. I'm still having trouble
connecting with David.

ELIZABETH
And you think understanding his
relationship with his mother might
give you a way in.
(off Victoria's surprise)
I sensed you were unsatisfied the
other day, when my brother refused
to answer your question.

VICTORIA
You're very perceptive.

ELIZABETH
The curse of a long life.
(looking away)
The truth is, she was a beautiful
woman, and she loved David with all
her heart.

VICTORIA
But she's not here.
(off Elizabeth's silence)
I know it's personal, but if I'm
going to help David, I need to know
what happened.

Elizabeth considers, then finally...

ELIZABETH
David's mother was...
institutionalized several years
ago.

VICTORIA
She had a mental breakdown?

ELIZABETH
They weren't sure what to call it.

VICTORIA
And David knows?

ELIZABETH
Frankly, we're not sure what he remembers.

Victoria is stunned.

VICTORIA
Did you really think not talking about it would make it go away?

ELIZABETH
No. But sometimes it's easier to live with the lie.

As Elizabeth leaves, OFF Victoria, chilled...

EXT. COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Clouds race in front of a full moon.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

As a light WIND begins to sound outside, MOVE IN ON DAVID. Asleep under the covers. Outside, the wind continues, growing LOUDER, more intense... and suddenly joined by an ETHEREAL WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE
David... Daaaavid...

Half-asleep, David turns toward the window.

DAVID
Momma...?

WOMAN'S VOICE
David, help me...

DAVID
Wha... what's wrong?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Help me... please...

Trance-like, David rises up out of bed.

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR -- COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

David's bedroom door cracks open. Now fully dressed, David walks out, still moving as if in a dream...

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

The wind is whipping flurries of leaves across the old stones as David enters the sanctuary. Eyes wide, still in a trance, David starts toward the mausoleum marked "COLLINS."

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's so dark... Help me...

David continues on, past the stone building, into the

DARK WOODS

beyond, to a spot where two large trees jut from the ground like a giant "V." At the base of the trees, a MOUND OF LEAVES AND DIRT.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

David... I'm here...

Eyes wide, like he's been overcome by the force calling out to him, David looks around and finds a RUSTED SHOVEL AND PICK-AXE lying nearby. As the VOICE continues to call, David grabs the shovel and JAMS the blade into the earthen mound.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(like a shriek)

DAVID, HELP ME!

David digs frantically, throwing back shovelfuls of dirt as the wind HOWLS. He works himself into a FRENZY, jamming the shovel down, again and again, until he suddenly HITS SOMETHING.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...HELP ME!!!!...

David drops to his knees, plunging his hands into the muck, scraping back leaves and mud until a glimmer of WHITE appears... revealing a HUMAN SKULL.

DAVID

NO!

Brushing away dirt, David uncovers the SKELETAL REMAINS of a woman, her bones still wearing a tattered servant's gown.

A rotted necklace of garlic (like Willie found in Barnabas' casket), a large SILVER AMULET and several tarnished

RELIGIOUS CROSSES

dangle from the skeleton's neck. As David watches, the crosses begin to GLOW with a supernatural light.

WOMAN'S VOICE

The chains... they're choking me,
David... Please, take them away...

Desperate, David RIPS them away. Significantly, he holds onto the SILVER AMULET as THE WIND SUDDENLY DIES DOWN. The woman's voice CHANGES TIMBRE, lower now, crueller, coming from behind him.

ANGELIQUE (O.S.)

I'm here, David.

David slowly turns, eyes going wide with fear when he sees THE SPECTRAL FIGURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN looming over him.

DAVID

Who... who are you...?
(scared)
Are you alive...?

Dressed in 18th-century servant's clothing, her blonde hair aglow in the moonlight. She smiles darkly and begins to FLOAT toward David, unnatural, her arms reaching out to him.

ANGELIQUE

Not the way you think, my little
Angel...

Terrified, David gapes in horror as Angelique comes to him, her arms reaching out in a grotesque parody of an embrace.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)

But we will be friends all the
same...

DAVID

No... NOOOO!!

As her arms close around him, David SCREAMS. OFF this...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Blue moonlight flickers through the windows, shimmering across Victoria's sleeping face when suddenly she HEARS DAVID'S SCREAMS echoing from somewhere inside the house.

DAVID (O.S.)
HELP!! KEEP HER AWAY!!

Stunned, Victoria throws off her covers and bolts out of bed.

INT. GREAT HALL - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Victoria rushes downstairs in her nightgown, Roger and Elizabeth (both in night clothes) close behind. As they hit the floor, they find David frantically turning on the lights.

ROGER
David?

As the lights come on, REVEAL David, filthy, soaking wet, fingers bloodied from digging.

VICTORIA
David! What happened?

David whirls, eyes wide with fear.

DAVID
Don't let her take me!

David runs to Roger and grabs him in a desperate hug. Awkward, Roger FLINCHES, like he's not used to holding his son.

ROGER
David, what's wrong? Where have you been?

David looks up at him through tear-soaked eyes.

DAVID
By the old house...
(scared)
She's not real, is she? She can't be real...

VICTORIA
David, who are you talking about?

DAVID

She was wearing a white dress...
and her hair was like gold...

ROGER

You must have been dreaming.

David digs into his pocket, desperate to prove himself.

DAVID

No! She was wearing this.

David pulls out Angelique's SILVER AMULET, the tarnished metal GLEAMING under the lights. Uneasy at David's emotional tumult, Roger turns to Elizabeth and Victoria.

ROGER

He's obviously had a nightmare...
you'd better get him upstairs.

DAVID

No... you've got to believe me...

As David clings desperately, Roger uncomfortably pries his small hands away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't leave me!

ELIZABETH

Roger, he needs you.

Despite Elizabeth's plea, Roger backs off, leaving David crushed. As Victoria registers the little boy's terror...

INT. CAROLYN'S BEDROOM - COLLINWOOD - NIGHT

Joe's asleep in a chair by the bed, exhausted, as blue shadows slash across the room. REVEAL that the bed is empty, the covers thrown off. PAN AROUND to REVEAL

CAROLYN

standing woozy on the balcony, her nightgown fluttering, a bloody bandage on her arm where she's ripped out the I.V. needle. Trance-like, her yearning almost unbearable, she

OPENS THE COLLAR OF HER GOWN,

her skin pale in the moonlight, baring her wounded throat to the night.

CAROLYN
Please... come back...

OFF Carolyn, reaching out into the darkness...

EXT. COLLINWOOD - DAY

Late afternoon... long shadows cross the grounds.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Victoria looks in. A mound under the covers suggests David's still asleep.

VICTORIA
David? It's almost 4:00... you've
been sleeping all day.

Only silence from the bed. Moving quietly, Victoria enters David's room, noticing a

PHOTO

on the bed-stand. It's in a colorful frame, the words "Mom And Me" printed in the plastic. As Victoria holds the photo to the light, she sees a much younger David, smiling and happy, standing next to a woman. Eerily, though, the

WOMAN'S FACE HAS BEEN TORN OUT,

leaving only a ragged, empty hole. Victoria stares at the bizarre image with a SHIVER, then reaches out toward the bed.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
David?

As she gently shakes the blankets, they fall away, revealing an arrangement of PILLOWS and

ANGELIQUE'S SILVER AMULET

lying on the sheet. Realizing David's gone, Victoria grabs the amulet and bolts for the door.

INT. KITCHEN - COLLINWOOD - DAY

Victoria rushes into the kitchen, finding Sophia chopping vegetables for dinner.

VICTORIA
Sophia, have you seen David?

SOPHIA

He grabbed a sandwich about an hour ago and took off. Why?

VICTORIA

Did he say where he was going?

SOPHIA

No, he just ran outside... is something wrong?

Victoria opens her hand, looking at the silver amulet.

VICTORIA

I need a car... and directions to the old house.

OFF Victoria's determination...

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - DAY

The afternoon shadows are lengthening as Victoria pulls up behind the old manor house and parks next to several construction vehicles. As she gets out, several

CONSTRUCTION WORKMEN

approach carrying tools and lunch boxes, like they're finishing for the day.

VICTORIA

Excuse me, is Mr. Collins inside?

WORKMAN

(a derisive snort)

Mr. Collins? I wouldn't even know what the dude looks like.

Victoria is puzzled by that, but has more pressing concerns.

VICTORIA

I'm looking for a little boy...
he's nine, brown hair...

The WORKMAN considers, nodding back toward the old house.

WORKMAN

I haven't seen anyone, but the foreman's still inside. He might know something.

Victoria nods her thanks and continues toward the

OLD MANOR HOUSE.

As she approaches, she's awed by its sheer Gothic "presence." It's a towering stone edifice that's on the verge of collapse. Parts of the roof have already fallen in, exposing the interior to the elements, and a mossy

STONE STAIRWAY

leads up to the battered front door. Yellow "DANGER - CONSTRUCTION" tape is everywhere, circling stacks of lumber and construction equipment. Victoria ducks under the tape and goes up the stone steps, peeking inside the door.

VICTORIA

Hello? David?

No answer. She's not sure how to proceed when she spots

A CHILD'S JACKET

lying crumpled near the front door. She picks it up and checks inside the collar, finding the name "DAVID C." written in laundry pen.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

David!

Concerned, Victoria pushes inside.

INT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Strings of temporary work-lights cast shadows across the room as drips of WATER spatter down from the broken ceiling.

VICTORIA

(calling)

David? Is anyone here?

No answer. She's about to leave when there's a loud THUD upstairs. Determined, she plunges ahead, climbing the old staircase to the...

INT. SECOND FLOOR - OLD MANOR HOUSE - DAY

The work-lights continue up here, barely enough to see as Victoria enters, spotting trash and broken masonry everywhere. Somewhere, closer, there's a CRASH.

VICTORIA

(turning at sound)

David! I know you're here!

Irritated, Victoria continues down the hallway, approaching
TWO LARGE DOUBLE DOORS.

She's about to throw them open when a HAND suddenly clamps on
her shoulder. JOLTING, Victoria SPINS to find Willie,
dragging a sullen DAVID along with him.

WILLIE
Miss Winters?

VICTORIA
Willie? You scared me to death.

As Willie moves into the light, we see he's not wearing
glasses, and his face has cleared up.

WILLIE
It's getting to be a habit.
(re: David)
I found Mr. Happy here crawling
around the back hall.

VICTORIA
David, what were you doing?

DAVID
I was looking for Sarah! I thought
she'd believe me.

With strange concern, Willie starts to lead Victoria and
David away from the double doors.

WILLIE
Well, there's no Sarah here, and
since Mr. Collins isn't big on
after-hours visits...

As Victoria follows Willie and David down the hall, CAMERA
HOLDS on the double doors, then SLOWLY PUSHES INSIDE...

INT. BARNABAS' BEDROOM - OLD MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Illuminated by dwindling candlelight, CAMERA SWIRLS the
interior, past Victorian silver, elaborate candelabra, and
finally to the bed, where

BARNABAS

lies, hands folded on his chest, his sallow face flickering
in the firelight. OFF this unsettling image...

INT. FRONT HALL - OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun is setting as Willie hurries Victoria and David toward the front door. She stops in the doorway, curious.

VICTORIA

It's none of my business, but I thought you worked for Roger.

WILLIE

I decided to trade up, one Collins for another.

(off her look)

Trust me. It was the smart move.

Victoria takes a closer look at Willie.

VICTORIA

Sometimes change is good... I like the new look.

WILLIE

New look?

VICTORIA

You lost the glasses.

Willie touches his face, as if he'd forgotten:

WILLIE

I just didn't need them.

(touching bandaged throat)

It's going to sound strange, but since meeting Barnabas, I've never felt... stronger.

VICTORIA

Well, when you see Mr. Collins, apologize for us... and let him know I'm amazed at his progress.

Victoria and David are almost out the door when...

BARNABAS (O.S.)

Why so amazed?

(as they turn)

I'd like to think I'm a man of my word.

Barnabas comes down the stairs, emerging from the shadows.

VICTORIA

Mr. Collins.

WILLIE

I... I thought you weren't coming
back until later.

(nervous, toward Victoria)

I was just walking Victoria and
David to their car.

While David watches him warily, Barnabas approaches, his eyes
locked on Victoria.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry for the intrusion.

BARNABAS

Apologies are unnecessary...
indeed, I was about to call on you.
I've found something here, in the
house, that may intrigue you.

Victoria is charmed by Barnabas' old world manners, but David
is clearly unnerved.

DAVID

I... I want to go home.

VICTORIA

I'd better drive David back.

BARNABAS

Willie can watch him.
(off her hesitation)
Please. It will only take a few
minutes.

Barnabas' hard stare finally connects with Willie. He grabs
David, hustling him out the front door.

WILLIE

Come on David, I'll show you around
the site.

As they leave, Barnabas turns to Victoria. She glances
around the interior of the old room, impressed.

VICTORIA

Roger was right about one thing,
this is quite a challenge:

BARNABAS

One well worth taking on. It's as if it were waiting for me to return.

(reaches for her hand)

May I?

Victoria smiles and takes his hand. As they start off...

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Temporary work-lights shine down as they walk through the corridor. Barnabas stops at a small end table to light the candles on an exquisite silver candelabra.

VICTORIA

Candles?

BARNABAS

There's something so garish about electric light.

(as he lights candles)

You must think I'm quite the eccentric.

VICTORIA

Believe me, after Collinwood, my "eccentric" bar is pretty high.

With the candles lit, Barnabas unplugs the work-lights, leaving only the glow of the candelabra. As the room fills with soft, orange light, Victoria's breath is taken away.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You're right... it's like being in another world.

BARNABAS

Not so different from now, really.

(as they start down hall)

There was a time when these halls were filled with light and laughter.

VICTORIA

With luck, it'll be that way again.

They stop at a door and Barnabas reaches for the knob.

INT. JOSETTE'S ROOM - OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Barnabas pushes open the door, entering with the silver candelabra. Victoria follow behind him and GASPS.

VICTORIA

I don't believe it.

As she enters, REVEAL a room that has been preserved from the 1790s. A large, antique four-poster, fireplace, a gilt-edge mirror, silver jewelry box. There are signs of age, cobwebs and dust, but otherwise it's perfect.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

This is the way you found it?

BARNABAS

For some reason the door had been plastered over. It's exactly the way it looked over two hundred years ago.

VICTORIA

It's like walking back in time...

Victoria stops in mid-sentence, stunned by the PORTRAIT she sees on the wall. A beautiful young woman with long, black hair and dark eyes... identical to Victoria.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

That portrait...

Barnabas follows Victoria's eyes to the canvas, his longing impossible to hide.

BARNABAS

The resemblance is striking. Her name was Josette. Josette Dupres.

Pulling away from the portrait, Victoria moves through the room, amazed by the hand-crafted furniture and jewelry.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

The first Barnabas Collins was devoted to her. They were engaged to be married...

Barnabas' reverie is interrupted by the sound of a MUSIC BOX paying a somber theme. Barnabas turns, startled to find Victoria holding the small, silver box.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry. It was on the vanity.

Barnabas stares at Victoria with incredible longing. Gentle, he takes the music box from her, staring into the works.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It must have been Josette's.

BARNABAS

A gift.

(lost in memories)

Legend has it that the first Barnabas Collins gave her this on the day he asked her to be his wife.

Pain etched across his face, Barnabas listens to the music. As it plays, Victoria moves closer to him.

VICTORIA

It's lovely... but with a hint of melancholy.

BARNABAS

Much as Josette herself...

(catching himself)

Or so it's been said. In her letters, she wrote of listening to it for hours on end during her voyage to America.

VICTORIA

She must have been a remarkable woman.

A long moment, then Barnabas closes the music box.

BARNABAS

Making it all the more tragic that she died before they could be wed.

The mood is broken when Willie, breathless, BURSTS into the room. Barnabas turns toward him, a sudden, almost murderous rage in his eyes.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

What is it?

WILLIE

I'm sorry, but David got away from me. I think he's heading back toward the mansion.

Barnabas struggles to control his anger.

VICTORIA

Duty calls.

BARNABAS

As duty often does. But I'm glad you came.

Barnabas takes her hand. Victoria is surprised, but doesn't pull away.

VICTORIA

So am I.

An electric moment passes between them, then, reluctantly...

BARNABAS

I'll show you out.

OFF this...

EXT. OLD MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

As Barnabas shows Victoria to her car, she suddenly stops, remembering something.

VICTORIA

I almost forgot...

She pulls out ANGELIQUE'S SILVER AMULET. Seeing it, Barnabas is clearly astonished.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

David said he found this last night, near the old house. Given your interest in Collins family history, I thought you might recognize it.

Barnabas takes it, turning it in the moonlight.

BARNABAS

It's... familiar. Did the boy say anything else?

VICTORIA

Nothing that made sense. Something about a woman in a white dress, with golden hair...

(Barnabas is rocked)

We think he was sleepwalking, fantasizing...

BARNABAS

Yes... of course.

(struggling with emotion)

May I borrow the piece to study?

Just for a few days?

VICTORIA

Keep it. Whatever happened last night, I'd just as soon David put it out of his mind.

(getting into car)

Good night, Mr. Collins.

As she drives away, HOLD ON Barnabas, torn by the revelation of the amulet. Willie comes up behind him.

WILLIE

Barnabas, what's wrong?

BARNABAS

They must have buried it with her... praying the blessed earth would keep her black soul from rising again.

WILLIE

Who are you talking about?

MOVE IN on the amulet, silver glistening in the moonlight.

BARNABAS

The woman who wore this necklace... over two hundred years ago.

(intense)

Her name was Angelique, and she is the devil incarnate.

OFF Barnabas' intensity...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Victoria drives, headlights burning through the darkness, her face hard with determination. As she makes a turn, she suddenly hears a weird, ethereal VOICE.

ANGELIQUE (O.S.)
Stay away from him...

Victoria looks around, confused, not sure what she heard.

ANGELIQUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He'll never love you...

Suddenly, a drenching DOWNPOUR explodes from the sky. Startled, Victoria fumbles for the wiper switch, looking back up as the wipers take their first swipe, revealing

ANGELIQUE,

standing in the road directly ahead of Victoria's car! Victoria JAMS ON THE BRAKES, but it's too late. An instant before they collide, Angelique's face subliminally dissolves into a leering, skeletal

DEATH'S HEAD,

then WHAM! They hit! Angelique's body folds over the hood, head SMASHING face-first into the windshield as Victoria loses control. The car fishtails, sliding off the road and

SLAMMING HEAD-ON

into a tree. Dazed and bleeding, Victoria woozily pulls herself up, staring in horror at ANGELIQUE'S CRUSHED BODY, sprawled on the hood, gaping at Victoria through lifeless eyes. As Victoria begins to falter from her injury,

ANGELIQUE'S HEAD SUDDENLY TURNS,

bones CRUNCHING from the effort. Her face is a mask of blood.

ANGELIQUE (CONT'D)
He's mine...

Victoria's eyes roll back and she passes out. OFF this moment of horror...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE