

Handwritten signature

DRACULA

Second Draft Screenplay

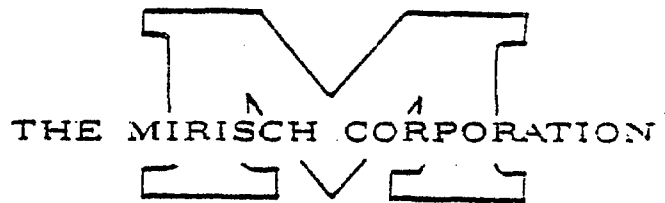
by

W. D. RICHTER

Based on the Novel

by

BRAM STOKER



DRACULA

DARKNESS...THE THEATER ENGULFED...STRANGERS SITTING SIDE-BY-SIDE IN TOTAL DARKNESS...AND THEN THE AWFUL HOWL OF A WOLF, BLOODCURDLING, THINNING INTO A SHRILL WAIL THAT TURNS BACK UPON US, GROWING, DEEPENING, BECOMING THE THUNDEROUS BLAST OF A GALE-FORCE WIND. THE SCREEN ERUPTS WITHOUT WARNING!

1 EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT 1

A SUDDEN FRIGHTFUL TEMPEST, WAVES RISING IN FURY, DARK GREEN SEA CLIMBING AT THE SKY LIKE A ROARING MONSTER, LASHING OUT AT A SHIP....

THE DEMETER, a sailing ship at the storm's mercy, pushed along in a cloud of foam and thick mist, plunging from the crest of one gigantic wave into a black cavern in the rushing water.

2 ON BOARD THE DEMETER - NIGHT 2

as the vessel strains and pitches wildly. WE CAN SEE NO ONE ON BOARD, just empty decks, ropes swinging eerily about a ghost ship. And then a MAN appears, the Captain, crawling on his hands and knees, clinging to the ship, making his way toward a SAILOR, this second man about to pitch himself overboard! The Captain hauls him back...WORDS EXCHANGED, DESPERATE, FRIGHTENED MEN, SPEAKING SOME UNRECOGNIZABLE EASTERN EUROPEAN TONGUE.

AND NOW A THIRD MAN APPEARS, WITH A LANTERN, struggling up from below deck, calling to the others. Something terrible is happening on this ship, has been happening. We should have expected a full crew, not just these three.

3 BELOW DECKS 3

The Captain and his two remaining crewmen move through a cargo hold, that Sailor with the lantern leading the way, exposing SEVERAL LONG WOODEN PACKING CRATES, crudely made, resembling in general shape and size...COFFINS.

The Sailor seems obsessed with them, pulling at one of the crates. The Captain pitches in, helps to drag it away from the rest while the other Sailor, the one who tried to throw himself overboard, cowers, his gaze falling on the crate as it's dragged past him, crude markings burned into its flank -- DRACULA, CARFAX ABBEY WHITBY, ENGLAND.

4 ON DECK the Captain shoves open a cargo hold, reaches back 4
into the depths, begins to draw the crate out, his Sailors
boosting it up from below, the thing impossibly heavy...
LIGHTNING AND BOOMING THUNDER!

5 A WAVE smashes against the port bow, nearly sweeping all 5
the men overboard!

6 THE CAPTAIN pulls himself frantically toward the helm tries 6
to set the ship on course away from....

7 ROCKS AND CRAGS that jut from the evil sea like jagged fangs! 7

8 THE TWO SAILORS pull, strain to heave this leaden crate over 8
the side, to rid themselves of the thing.

9 THE LID of the crate begins to move and separate from the 9
10 box. Particles of earth and horrid insects tumble from the 10
widening crack. INSIDE SOMETHING'S MOVING....

11 THE CAPTAIN has lashed himself to the wheel, and now he 11
shouts frantically at the two Sailors to hurry their task.

12 THE CRATE is being lifted up, levelling off, seconds from 12
pitching backward into the wild sea when IT EXPLODES! AN ARM
SMASHES UP THROUGH THE WOOD, INHUMAN, BIZARRE, CAKED WITH
FILTH AND MATTED WITH FUR! IT GRABS HOLD OF THE SAILOR'S
THROAT...THE SAILOR WHO'S NOTION IT WAS TO JETTISON THE CRATE!

13 A WAVE! ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH! IT CRASHES DOWN ON THE 13
DEMETER, SNAPS THE LITTLE SHIP AROUND, INRUSHING SEA WATER
SWEEPING OVER HER DECK.

14 EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT 14

THE DEMETER IS LOST, BEYOND ALL HOPE, TRAPPED IN A HURRICANE,
LEAPING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINOUS OCEAN....

15 ON DECK that Sailor...his neck ripped wide apart. At his 15
side is HUGE, DARK, FURRY SHAPE. The camera tilts up to
reveal a LONE WOLF...black and evil with eyes...red eyes that
glint like beacons in the night.

16 THE CAPTAIN is at the helm, lashed to the wheel in terror. 16
He tries frantically to break free from his self-made prison,
but it's too late. The WOLF starting for him, leaps into the
air! And as the Captain screams....

17 A WAVE crashes on the coast, the orkshire Coast of England, 17
under storm's siege as well.

18 IN THE DRIVING RAIN, a lighthouse sweeps its beacon to alert 18
beleaguered vessels, and in the church tower A BELL RINGS its
warning.

19 A GRAVEYARD HIGH ON A BLUFF - KETTLENESS CEMETERY 19

THE EARTH IS BREAKING AWAY, TUMBLING INTO THE SEA...GRAVES
EXPOSED...A STONE CROSS PITCHING FORWARD, PLUMMETING TO THE
ROCKS BELOW.

20 EXT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT 20

Etched against dark angry clouds, AN OLD TUDOR HOSPITAL AND
ADJOINING RESIDENCE glow from within, seem miraculously a
safe port in this awful night.

21 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT 21

DR. JACK SEWARD, the well-intentioned, befuddled Director of
Whitby's local madhouse, moves through doors that link his
home to the institution.

22 THE WARDS...AN UNSETTLING SIGHT, LUNATICS EVERYWHERE, AGITATED 22
BY THE AWFUL STORM, INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE AS THE POOR UNFOR-
TUNATE COLLECTION OF TWISTED SOULS THEY ARE, ALL WEARING
IDENTICAL DRAB GRAY INSTITUTIONAL GARMENTS, ALL SPORTING HAIR
CROPPED TO WITHIN A BREATH OF THEIR SCALPS, MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE.

23 TWO STURDY NURSES and a retired SAILOR named MR. SWALES rush 23
about securing windows, maneuvering buckets to catch stream
after stream of rainwater coming in through the old roof.

DR. SEWARD

Laudanum, Swales! Give these poor
wretched souls some laudanum to calm
their nerves!

CONTINUED

Seward sets about pacifying a PATIENT, applying thumb pressure to the man's temples, subduing him.

SWALES

They won't take nothin', Dr. Seward....

Swales, a whistle on a cord around his neck, is working wearily out of his depths in this confused labyrinth of post-Victorian mental health care....

ANNIE (A LUNATIC)

Where's Miss Lucy? Where's Miss Lucy? She was helpin' my poor baby....

ANNIE has a SMALL CHILD in her arms, and she's rocking it protectively, refusing to turn it over to the NURSE, MRS. GALLOWAY.

DR. SEWARD

Where the devil is my daughter, Mrs. Galloway?

MRS. GALLOWAY

Miss Lucy's upstairs, sir, in the house, taking care of that friend of hers....

DR. SEWARD

Fine time to abandon us.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! ANOTHER LUNATIC STARTS SCREAMING....

LUCY SEWARD is stoking the fire, fully dressed, quite stylishly too. MINA VAN HELSING is in her nightdress near the window... and where the storm sees to unnerve Mina, it clearly excites Lucy, animates her....

LUCY

...and Jonathan says that I should go to law school, that his firm would hire me in a second....

MINA

Oh, Lucy, I never could dare try that....

Mina is Dutch and speaks with a charming accent. She pulls the curtains back, stares out at the storm, her eyes wide and blank.

CONTINUED

LUCY

I'm quite serious about this. And I want to travel. I want to see things, influence things.

MINA

I don't know....

LUCY

Oh, Mina, really, the world's exploding!

THE BEDROOM DOOR flies open and Mrs. Galloway thrusts her head inside.

MRS.. GALLOWAY

Miss Lucy, your father says he needs you in the wards right off!

LUCY

Yes, yes, here I come.

MINA

Don't leave me...please....

LUCY

I'll be right back. Mina, remember, if you don't rest, you'll be stuck in this room all winter.

Mina gets into bed, pulls the covers up snugly around her throat.

MINA

Yes, I know. You're right. You always are. Go down and help. I'll be fine.

Lucy leaves with Mrs. Galloway, and Mina turns her head toward the window. Her eyes seem to glaze.

25

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

25

THE DEMETER, STILL AFLOAT, MOVING SO SWIFTLY AND RECKLESSLY NOW THAT EVERY SECOND SHE HOLDS TOGETHER SEEMS BUT ANOTHER PROOF OF GOD'S GRACE.

26

EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT

26

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. A COMMERCIAL VAN pulled by TWO EXCITED HORSES crashes along the approach road to CARFAX

CONTINUED

ABBEY, a ruinous, crumbling old Whitby landmark. The DRIVER draws rein by the main gate, right on the edge of a terrible precipice a thousand feet above the wild sea. He POUNDS on the gate, goes to calm his horses...THE GATE CREAKS OPEN, pulled back by a PECULIAR MAN with spectacles, a giant moustache, and a grumpy, uncivil disposition.

DRIVER

(shouting above
the wind)

You be Count Dracula?

MAN

Who me? Is 'at what I looks like,
royalty?

DRIVER

(coming closer)

Milo Renfield? I didn't recognize
you in 'at moustache. How long you
'ad it?

RENFIELD

Six years. What in hell you want?

DRIVER

I got a delivery here to Carfax for
a Count Dracula. A big crate up
from London.

They move to the back of the van.

RENFIELD

Could sure of waited 'til mornin'.

DRIVER

Says on my invoice deliver 'er to
the abbey tonight. Who's this Count?

RENFIELD

He bought the damn place.

DRIVER

What, this pile of rubble?

Renfield opens the rear door of the van, exposing ANOTHER OF THOSE WOODEN PACKING CRATES! The driver takes hold of one end of the box...A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

DRIVER

She weighs nearly a ton.

27 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 27

MINA RISES FROM BED, moves uncertainly toward the window, pulled by some curious force. She parts the curtains and looks out to see in the distance:

28 THE DEMETER moving inexorably toward the rocks. 28

29 MINA reacts with some alarm at this impending disaster, looks about for help, but she's quite alone. 29

30 INT. ASYLUM WARD - NIGHT 30

Lucy is an incongruous sight here in bedlam, all dressed up in her nice clothes. She takes Annie's little baby into her arms, comforts it.

LUCY

There, there, Alex, it's all right....

The child seems to calm a bit, stops crying.

DR. SEWARD

(appearing)

We've our hands full down here, Lucy.

LUCY

I'm sorry, Papa. Mina isn't feeling well at all tonight.

DR. SEWARD

Your friend Mina never feels well!

LUCY

That's not being fair. I invited her here for her health and I have to look after her.

ANNIE

(suddenly)

Bells!

DR. SEWARD

What?

ANNIE

Hollow bells! Listen!

SWALES

(sticking his nose in)

Sunken bells!

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED

30

DR. SEWARD

Sunken bells? Are you mad, Swales?

LUCY

It's just the church bells, to warn ships.

SWALES

The devil it is! Up there, behind the asylum, ya know the cemetery? It's fallin' off into the sea.

ANNIE

(confused)

The cemetery?

LUCY

Don't listen to him, Annie. Mr. Swales loves to frighten young girls.

SWALES

To educate them, Miss Lucy. In '29 the entire village of Kettleness slid right into the ocean.

ANNIE

(spooked)

Dear God....

SWALES

It'll be a sight at the Day of Judgment when them dead bodies comes lurchin' up from the foam in their death robes, all splashin' and tryin' to drag their tombstones away....

...and Swales is gone, vanishing into the ward to get on with his duties, leaving Lucy and her father speechless as the **STORM RAGES OUTSIDE AGAINST THE ASYLUM, AND ANNIE'S BABY STARTS CRYING AGAIN.**

31

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

Lucy comes back in, exhausted. She shuts the door. RAIN AND WIND ARE BLOWING INTO THE ROOM. She turns to the bed...IT'S EMPTY.

The balcony doors swing into the room, crash against the wall! Lucy hurries to shut them, peers out into the storm....

32

LUCY'S POINT OF VIEW...Mina! Wearing only her snow-white dressing gown she traverses the lawn, having somehow gotten down a nearly impossible series of narrow ledges.

32

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

LUCY

Mina!

It's no use -- the HOWLING WIND downs Lucy's voice a yard off the balcony. She turns, rushes from the room and down the main staircase of the house....

33

EXT. THE SEA CLIFFS - NIGHT

33

The Coast Guard SEARCHLIGHT swings back and forth across the water, white-crested waves that beat madly on the level sands rush up the cliff shelving as masses of fog move inland, white wet clouds, sweeping by in ghostly fashion...MINA!

34

She moves right along the edge of the cliff, seemingly unaware of the staggering danger of her present course through the old unstable graveyard....

34

35

Lucy enters the cemetery, pointing her lantern here and there.

35

LUCY

Mina! Where are you? Mina!

36

THE SEARCHLIGHT slices across the ocean beyond Lucy, drawing her attention seaward...THE DEMETER WITH ALL ITS SAILS SET, EMERGING FROM A RUSH OF SEA-FOG, A MASS OF WHIRLING DANK MIST THAT CLOSES ON ALL THINGS LIKE A GREY PALL....

36

37

Mina appears between Lucy and the ship, moving down toward the beach.

37

38

THE EARTH SHIFTS UNDER LUCY! A GRAVE COLLAPSES IN UPON ITSELF!

37

LUCY

Mina!

Lucy rushes toward her friend, stumbles herself into the grave, only yards from the edge of the cliff! THE SEA FOG IS UPON HER NOW as she climbs back to level ground, Mina gone from view, the path she took crumbled away.

39

LUCY CAN SEE THE DEMETER BELOW HER, SWEEPING HEADLONG FOR THE JAGGED ROCKS, LEAPING FROM WAVE TO WAVE, RUSHING TOWARD CERTAIN DESTRUCTION UNTIL AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT IT VEERS SHARPLY, FINDS A SMALL INLET AND RUNS AGROUND WITH A SHOCKING, UNEARTHLY GROAN....

39

40 Lucy stands paralyzed above the wreck, watching the schooner's 40
main mast crack, fall against the rocks...but the ship seems to
be holding together, clinging to the beach...AND THEN LUCY SEES
THE CREATURE!

41 IT SPRINGS UP FROM THE DECK...THAT WOLF, GHASTLY, WITH ITS
HORRID BLOODY EYES THAT SEEM EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE TO STARE UP
AT LUCY FOR A MOMENT, PENETRATE HER SOUL. IT LEAPS FROM THE
ROCKING VESSEL AND RACES OFF DOWN THE BEACH TOWARD....

42 ...MINA! She makes her way through the fog, descending not 42
toward the wreck but toward a cove several hundred yards north.

43 Lucy can see her from way up here! She tries to find another 43
path to descend the cliff's face, but there seems no way to
head Mina off, save her from that wolf.

44 EXT. WHITBY BEACH - NIGHT 44

Mina reaches the soft sand, walks with singular purpose away
from the wreck, toward the cove....

45 THE WOLF! IT RUNS ACROSS THE COVE. EVERYTHING IS SO MURKY 45
AND GASEOUS DOWN HERE, THE SURF POUNDING, SEA FOAM THICK AS
COTTON. THE BEAST REACHES A SMALL CAVE CARVED INTO THE SEA
CLIFF, SLIPS INTO SHADOW.

46 Mina stops quite suddenly. 46

47 EXT. SEA CLIFF - NIGHT 47

Lucy rushes to the brink, still able to catch sight of her
friend down below as the fog shifts.

LUCY

Mina!

48 EXT. WHITBY BEACH - NIGHT 48

Mina stands in the moonlight and fog, gazes a short distance
ahead, toward the cave. She begins to walk toward it quite
slowly, toward the dark opening. A wave breaks on the shore,
water rushing up, ankle-deep around Mina as she looks into the
cave, sees not that wolf, but....

49 A MAN 49

A SURVIVOR OF THE SHIPWRECK NO DOUBT. HE LIES WITH HIS BACK
TOWARD US IN THE WET SAND, WAVES WASHING AGAINST HIS LEGS, HIS
WHITE SILK SHIRT, HIS BLACK FUR COAT.

50 EXT. SEA CLIFF - NIGHT

50

Lucy cannot move. She stands there frozen in terror, her lantern casting a pale orb of yellow light across the graveyard, as down below Mina steps into the mouth of the cave.

51 INT. SEA CAVE - NIGHT

51

Mina moves cautiously around the body so that she's able to see the face (though we can't). She kneels next to the stranger, brushes his dark hair from his face, transfixed by her remarkable discovery.

52 EXT. WHITBY BEACH - DAWN

52

The Demeter rests on coarse gravel, creaking and yawing, gentle waves buffeting her hull. The storm is over, and a CROWD OF VILLAGERS (MINERS, many of them) has assembled near the pier, kept away from the wrecked vessel itself by LOCAL POLICE. DR. SEWARD IS KNEELING AT THE HELM EXAMINING THE SAILOR'S BODY.

53 MILO RENFIELD

53

of all creatures, is on board now with the COAST GUARD, awkwardly negotiating the slanted decks, everything askew, The Demeter dug in at a grotesque forty-five-degree angle.

54 ITS CARGO BOOM

54

(an odd counterweighted contraption, part of the ship's rigging) has survived intact, and the COAST GUARD is loading it with lead weights in an effort to salvage some of the below-deck cargo as...

55 A QUITE EXTRAORDINARY IMPORTED AUTO

55

SPEEDS ONTO THE PIER -- an enormous American OLDSMOBILE. It comes on fast, powerfully, braking hard in a cloud of dust, drawing more than one young lady's glance away from The Demeter.

56 JONATHAN HARKER

56

is at the wheel, looking a bit haggard but still as always remarkably dashing, almost cruelly handsome. Harker bounds from the Olds, makes his way down toward The Demeter, past tidepools where some of the ship's cargo lies about, SEVERAL OF THOSE LONG PACKING CRATES BROKEN APART, OOZING MUD, RATS SWARMING ON THE WOOD. A COAST GUARDSMAN bars the gangplank, holds Harker back.

HARKER

Look, I've got business on board.

CONTINUED

COAST GUARDSMAN

What sort?

HARKER

I'm a solicitor. My name's Jonathan Harker, and I've been on the road all night from London....

DR. SEWARD'S VOICE

Jonathan!

Harker looks up at The Demeter, surprised to see DR. SEWARD'S FRAME outlined against a sail, braced on the insubstantial decking....

DR. SEWARD

Let him pass. It's all right.

Harker dashes up the gangplank, takes Seward's helping hand....

DR. SEWARD

What the devil are you doing here?

HARKER

Our firm was telegraphed yesterday that The Demeter'd been sighted a week early. The fellow we represented in the purchase of Carfax Abbey...Count....

DR. SEWARD

...Dracula...of course, of course, it slipped my mind, so much chaos.

HARKER

Is he safe?

DR. SEWARD

Who?

HARKER

Dracula.

DR. SEWARD

He's the only one that is. Lost the whole crew...have a look....

Seward brings Harker up toward Renfield, who stands near the wheel house with a group of COAST GUARDSMEN.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2

56

HARKER

Then where is the Count?

DR. SEWARD

At Carfax. We took him there last night.

Harker's come around to where he can see....

57 THE CAPTAIN

57

LASHED TO THE WHEEL, WHITE AS A GHOST, HIS THROAT RIPPED OPEN....

58 HARKER

58

turns away, suddenly nauseous, the body, the rocking ship....

HARKER

What in God's name happened...?

DR. SEWARD

No one knows.

RENFIELD

Lookit 'is hands!

Tied one over the other to a spoke of the wheel, the Captain's hands seem to be gripping a string of black beads. Renfield takes hold of the jewels, draws them away from the dead man... ROSARY BEADS...A CRUCIFIX....

VOICE

Here she comes!

Everyone turns, attention drawn toward a COAST GUARDSMAN high in a crow's nest. He's been placing those lead weights on the boom and now he's tipped the scales, set the boom in motion, drawing its block and tackle taut, drawing something up out of the hold....

59 ...SLOWLY, RISING FROM THE DARKNESS, ANOTHER OF THOSE PACKING 59
CRATES, THIS ONE INTACT, TWISTING SLOWLY AS IT HITS THE DAY-
LIGHT, Harker able to read the markings now too: "DRACULA,
CARFAX ABBEY, WHITBY, ENGLAND"....

CONTINUED

CHIEF BOATMAN

There's more of the Count's things down below but most of them crates broke apart on the rocks, full up with some kind of dirt.

HARKER

Dirt...whatever for?

RENFIELD

I'll take what ya got! Load 'em up on me wagon.

CHIEF BOATMAN

The Count's not here to sign for 'em, we'll have to store 'em 'til he shows up in person.

HARKER

No you don't. The rights of the ship owner are already completely sacrificed since the tiller of this vessel, as emblematic if not proof of delegated possession, is held in a dead hand.

Harker says it so fast and with such authority that whatever it means, he's got the Chief.Boatman cowed.

HARKER (Cont'd)

Now where's the rest of Dracula's baggage? I'd like to inspect it as well.

INT. THE DEMETER - DAY

Murky...sunlight slicing in through rents in the hull. Harker is down here, finding a trunk, a small box, stacking them in a pile under the Chief Boatman's watchful eye, Renfield up above, peering down at them. Harker pries open a cargo door with some difficulty...THE SUICIDAL SAILOR! HE JUMPS OUT OF NOWHERE, WIELDING A KNIFE, BELLOWING IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE AND BROKEN ENGLISH AS HE SHOVS PAST HARKER.

SAILOR

Empty! Nosferatu! I find it!

COAST GUARDSMEN materialize, come to the Chief Boatman's aid, subdue the madman in a tangle of rope and cargo, Harker standing aghast, his lantern going out...inexplicably.

Harker appears on deck, amidst a commotion, the crazed Sailor struggling against his captors. Renfield scurries out of harm's way.

DR. SEWARD

(calling to
the shore)

WALTER! BRING UP THE CARRIAGE!
WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A PATIENT!

62 WALTER

62

an asylum attendant little more than a teen-ager, is doubling today as Seward's chauffeur. He whips a small buggy toward the gangplank....

63 WHERE A SCUFFLE'S BROKEN OUT

63

THE COAST GUARD AND THAT SAILOR TANGLED TOGETHER, THE SAILOR CRASHING INTO A STACK OF DRACULA'S LUGGAGE, KNOCKING A SUIT-CASE OVER!

RENFIELD

'Ere now, you idiots! Watch up
with that!

Harker and Renfield rush over, Seward joining them, helping to collect the scattered contents of the suitcase...BOOKS... EXPENSIVE LEATHER-BOUND VOLUMES OF ENGLISH HISTORY, BOTANY... BOOKS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH.

DR. SEWARD

(to Walter)

Load him up in the wagon, bind his
hand and foot!

HARKER

(of a volume)

Count Dracula...he speaks English?

Renfield snatches a book right out of Seward's hand, another out of Harker's, possessively.

HARKER

Look here, Renfield, I've been
authorized by The National Trust,
the people who pay your wages, to
sack you on the spot if you're rude,
either to me or your new master....

CONTINUED

63

CONTINUED

63

Seward lays his hand on Harker's arm, stops him.

DR. SEWARD

(politely)

Mr. Renfield, might I impose upon you to ask Count Dracula, when he rises, if he'd care to join us for dinner tonight at Billerbeck Hall?

RENFIELD

What, at the looney bin?

DR. SEWARD

At my home, Mr. Renfield.

RENFIELD

I'll ask but I doubt 'e'll be up to any fancy socializin'.

Renfield turns his back, lumbers off to see to his new master's possessions.

64

EXT. BILLERBECK HALL - DAY

64

The proper entrance to the Seward residence, the asylum projecting off back like a malignant growth. Harker's big Oldsmobile motors up, Dr. Seward in the front seat now too, Walter bringing the carriage up behind them with his new patient in tow.

65

LUCY

65

flies out of the house, flies into Harker's arms-as he steps from the Olds! She hugs him, and he kisses her, a long passionate kiss right in front of everyone.

DR. SEWARD

There, there, that's enough of that now. Save it 'til after you're married.

LUCY

Oh, papa!

(turning to
Jonathan)

What're you doing here this morning?
I can't tell you how horrible it's been...Mina was sick and she's so upset and I....

CONTINUED

HARKER

Slow down, slow down, Lucy. I came in a rush to meet your new neighbor, Count Dracula.

Mina steps from the house, shielding her eyes from the bright sunlight as Dr. Seward goes back to help Walter with the Sailor.

LUCY

It was so frightening. Mina found him washed up on the beach. It's a miracle he's not dead.

HARKER

God, you look lovely, Lucy.

LUCY

I look dreadful. I haven't been to bed all night.

HARKER

(a sexy wink)

Nor have I.

Harker squeezes Lucy's backside, out of Seward's view, gets a rise out of her, a naughty grin. Mina sees it, seems too dulled to react. The Sailor shouts at Dr. Seward!

LUCY

Who is that man?

HARKER

A sailor from the Demeter.

LUCY

He's Romanian...he said...or I think he said....

MINA

(suddenly)

'The dead travel fast.'

Silence. Mina's somber pronouncement leaves even Jonathan Harker speechless.

THE BIZARRE FOREBODING STRUCTURE LOOMS FROM THE HEATH, MORE DECREPIT NOW THAN IT SEEMED DURING THE STORM. Its windows are encrusted with grime, all the wood black with age, paint scaling off the ironwork.

67 MILO RENFIELD 67

dead on his feet, is still hard at work unloading Dracula's possessions from an ancient wagon, muscling the last big unwieldy trunk through the courtyard as THE SUN SETS OVER WHITBY.

68 INT. CARFAX ABBEY - DUSK 68

Renfield comes in, backwards, shoving the massive front door open with his butt, dragging the trunk towards the stairs....

69 A VIEW LOOKING DOWN ON RENFIELD 69

as he walks the big piece of luggage up one difficult step at a time. He stops to catch his breath. A NOISE UP ABOVE HIM. Renfield turns around, looks up toward us....

RENFIELD

This is the last of 'em, 'n lucky
for you it is, 'cause....

70 Renfield's voice catches, his eyes bulge in their sockets. A SHRIEK FROM UP ABOVE, SHRILL AND PAINFUL AS A BAT DIVES OUT OF THIN AIR, KNIFES INTO RENFIELD'S THROAT, KNOCKING HIM AND THE TRUNK BACK DOWN TO THE ENTRANCEWAY FLOOR! HE TRIES TO SCRAMBLE AWAY, BUT THE BAT IS TOO QUICK....

71 INT. BILLERBECK HALL - NIGHT 71

Swales, dressed in a faded Royal Navy uniform that doubles as his butler's livery, walks on eggs across the living room, balancing a tray with four tulip champagne glasses filled to the brim. He delivers them to Jonathan Harker and to Dr. Seward (decked in snazzy tuxedos) and to Lucy and Mina (alluringly gowned).

HARKER

...but that Captain's throat wound,
I've never seen anything so ghastly.
Why, the flesh....

MINA

Oh, please!

LUCY

And that wolf or dog or whatever
it was....

CONTINUED

DR. SEWARD

Just a dog, I'm sure. Probably the ship's mascot. The poor creature must have fled when....

LUCY

So where is it now?

DR. SEWARD

On the moors, I should guess, hiding in terror.

SWALES

(casually)

Early this mornin', a big dog belongin' to a dustman was found dead as a doornail in the roadway with its throat tore away and its belly slit open.

HARKER

Slit open?

SWALES

By means of a savage claw they're sayin'.

They all look at Swales...appalled silence....

SUDDEN VOICE

Good evening.

MINA

Oh!

Everyone turns, startled...DRACULA! He stands right in the room, resplendent in a magnificent tuxedo, his black cloak reaching elegantly to the floor. He seems seven feet tall, though surely that's an illusion. Dr. Seward rises as Dracula swirls his cape off, deposits it in Swales' arms, smothers Swales in the impressive garment.

DR. SEWARD

Good evening, Count. I must apologize for not hearing you enter....

DRACULA

Forgive me. My footfall is not heavy.

Dracula sweeps toward them, gracefully, like a cat, bowing toward the two seated young ladies. His English is perfect, but his accent is Eastern European.

CONTINUED

DRACULA

(first to Lucy)

Miss Seward....

(then kissing
Mina's hand)

...Miss Van Helsing, my savior.
I trust you're feeling improved?

Under Dracula's gaze, Mina can barely speak....

MINA

Yes...thank you....

LUCY

I don't think she looks well at all.

DRACULA

Perhaps a bit pale.

HARKER

Count Dracula? We haven't actually
met.

DR. SEWARD

Forgive me. Count Dracula, this
is....

DRACULA

Jonathan Harker, my new English
solicitor. I have enjoyed our
correspondence.

HARKER

And I too.

The two men shake hands, Dracula's touch like ice, producing
in Harker an oddly disconcerted reaction we won't fully
understand...but meeting this astonishing Transylvanian Count
is like meeting no other man alive.

DRACULA

I must thank you for finding me such
an extraordinary home here in Whitby.

LUCY

Frankly, I don't see how anyone,
outside of old Mr. Renfield, could
possibly spend even a day in Carfax
Abbey.

Dracula turns to Lucy, smiles easily, locking her eyes onto
his own.

CONTINUED

DRACULA

A house, Miss Seward, cannot be made habitable in a day. And after all, how few days go to make up a century?

LUCY

I'm sorry...I don't understand....

DRACULA

I am of an old family. To live in a new house would kill me.

There's an awkward pause, Dracula staring at Lucy so intensely that it makes Harker uncomfortable.

SWALES

I got dinner hot if anybody cares.

HARKER

(stepping to

Lucy's side)

I, for one, am starved.

an obscene Edwardian feast in progress, Dr. Seward eating like a horse, maybe even eating a horse for all we know, Swales carving huge dollops of meat off some great misshapen roast.

Dracula holds the floor, the force of his personality absolutely overpowering, everyone hanging on his words....

DRACULA

It is hard for me to express precisely in your English language, but there seemed a doom over the ship, from the moment we left Varna.

Harker is pouring wine around, into striking BLACK GOBLETS that seem carved from a coal-like substance. ALL THE DINNERWARE IS LIKEWISE MADE FROM THIS STRANGE MATERIAL, and the effect it has on the food is quite depressing.

HARKER

Count?

Harker brings the wine bottle toward Dracula...but Dracula covers his goblet with a quick movement of his hand.

CONTINUED

DRACULA

None for me, thank you, Mr. Harker.
I never drink...wine.

LUCY

Count, that sailor, on The Demeter,
the one who's gone mad. He used a
word that Mina thought meant 'undead.'

DRACULA

'Undead?'

MINA

Nosferatu.

DRACULA

It means 'not dead.'

LUCY

(to Mina)

You were right.

DRACULA

No, no. With all due respect to
Miss Van Helsing, there is a dis-
tinction. 'Not dead,' you see,
carries the simple meaning....

Dracula stops, leaving them all just hanging there...his
eyes on....

SWALES

who's just cut himself with the carving knife and has begun
to suck his wound clean. Swales pauses...his eyes drawn
toward Dracula...their eyes meeting, unnerving Swales who
quickly takes his finger away from his mouth.

MINA

Dead, undead, I don't care. It
frightens me....

LUCY

Oh, I love to be frightened.

Dracula turns his attention from Swales' blood to Lucy.

DRACULA

Do you?

CONTINUED

LUCY

Of course! Whitby can be so dreadfully boring.

DRACULA

Not so boring, I'm certain, as my own beloved Transylvania has grown.

Dr. Seward has shifted his appetite from red meat to fowl, playfully extracting a series of birds, one from the other. Swales, it seems, has stuffed a little quail into a bigger grouse into a bigger pheasant into a bigger guinea hen, roasted them as a bundle.

INT. BILLERBECK HALL MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

CHEEK-TO-CHEEK, HARKER AND LUCY FILL THE SCREEN, STALKING BACK AND FORTH...A DELIBERATELY PROVOCATIVE TANGO, A GRAMOPHONE SETTING THE SIZZLING TEMPO....

The room is quite large, intended for dancing, though certainly of a more sedate style. Some distance from Lucy and Harker, Dracula sits properly with Seward, perusing The Demeter's log while the doctor is served a gooey dessert by Swales. Mina prepares a coffee service on a nearby cart.

DRACULA

This is written in an obscure regional dialect...the Captain was a Magyar. I am Szekel. Unfortunately, I cannot translate it for you.

Dracula looks up, watches Lucy and Harker.

DR. SEWARD

Magyar? Szekel? I wasn't aware your country was so complex.

DRACULA

Ah, kind doctor, very, very complex.

DR. SEWARD

(mouth full)

Indeed. So you've come to England then to settle down?

DRACULA

To settle? Hardly. To wander through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its death....

LUCY

You have a great lust for life,
Count.

DRACULA

How well you phrase it.

LUCY

Then come, dance.

She lets Harker go, much to his surprise.

DRACULA

But I hardly know....

LUCY

No matter. I'll teach you.

She takes Dracula's hand, and he rises.

DRACULA

I meant that I hardly know you.

LUCY

(charmed)

Nonsense.

And she sweeps Dracula into a tango. He's a natural, so graceful, elegant, overpoweringly romantic as he takes control, moves as one with Lucy.

Harker sits next to Seward, deflated.

Mina lifts the coffee tray, starts to bring it toward them... but her attention is drawn to the dancers, Dracula bending Lucy backward, scandalously, seductively! Mina falters, her legs weak, giving way beneath her. **THE COFFEE SERVICE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!**

LUCY

(rushing over)

Mina!

Harker rushes to her side.

MINA

I'm all right...just dizzy....

CONTINUED

DR. SEWARD

Swales, fetch some laudanum!

DRACULA

No! No drugs. You must not pollute her blood.

An awkward pause, Dracula almost having rebuked Dr. Seward in his own home.

DRACULA

Forgive me. How rude...but you see, in my country...we are a simpler people.

(moving to Mina)

The strain of the last day has perhaps been too much for you, Miss Van Helsing. And I am a cause, I fear.

MINA

No...it's only a pain in my head... it runs down into the neck.

Dracula lifts his hands toward Mina, gently touches her temples.

DRACULA

I can remove this pain.

DR. SEWARD

So can I. Swales....

DRACULA

No! Such pain yields readily to suggestion.

HARKER

If you mean hypnotism, she'd be better off having the pain.

LUCY

Why?

DRACULA

I suspect Mr. Harker thinks of some ugly waving of arms.

Dracula fixes his gaze on Mina...as if no one else existed.

DRACULA

That is not my method.

CONTINUED

As he speaks, Dracula gestures discreetly with his hand, and Mina stares at him, fascinated. Placing his thumb against her forehead, he looks straight into her eyes. Mina makes a feeble effort to remove his hand...then becomes quiescent, seduced by his touch. He speaks to her, coldly, imperatively....

DRACULA

What is given can be taken away.
When I will you to do a thing, it
shall be done. Hear and obey:
from this moment you will have no
pain.

LUCY

And no will of her own either.

DR. SEWARD

Lucy?

Dracula looks quickly away from Mina, stares at Lucy.

DRACULA

I admire your candor, Miss Seward.
It is precisely the kind of stimu-
lating encounter I had hoped to
find here in England.

HARKER

Indeed....

DRACULA

Indeed. I despise women with no
life in them, no blood...

(back to Mina)

When you awake, you will remember
nothing of what has been said.

Dracula removes his hands from Mina's forehead. Her eyes close for a moment...then open, bright and alert. She seems quite surprised that everyone's staring at her.

MINA

(with a laugh)

Good Lord, was it something I said?

Harker looks at Lucy. She's watching Dracula, fascinated.

DRACULA

Now, Mr. Harker, we must make
plans to get together, you and I,
to sign the deed to my new English
home?

77 INT. BILLERBECK HALL FOYER - MIDNIGHT 77

A VIEW LOOKING OUT INTO THE COURTYARD AS DRACULA'S COACH SPEEDS AWAY, FOUR MAGNIFICENT BLACK HORSES HARNESSSED ABREAST, CARRYING THE COUNT OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

Swales slams the door shut, shoves a big deadbolt into place.

78 and 79 OMITTED 78 and 79

80 INT. CARFAX ABBEY - MIDNIGHT 80

Renfield. He lies in a heap on the foyer floor, just now beginning to stir. He sits up, his complexion shockingly white...TWO SMALL PUNCTURE WOUNDS ON HIS NECK. He tries to stand, falls against a bannister, weak, confused. His lips are so dry. He makes it to the front door, tries to open it: LOCKED. Renfield throws the bolt...BUT THE DOOR'S STILL LOCKED.

81 ANOTHER PART OF THE ABBEY 81

Renfield trying a back door. It's locked too. A window... locked! Another window...locked! There is no way out of Carfax. Renfield is in the kitchen, a filthy, disgusting room. He works a primitive water pump, gets just a few drops to moisten his cracked lips...but then Renfield's eyes drift toward something moving across the floor...AND HE POUNCES AT IT! A COCKROACH!

RENFIELD

'Ere we go, 'ere we go...nice 'n fat 'n juicy....

AND RENFIELD POPS THE ODIIOUS LITTLE CREATURE BETWEEN HIS JAWS, CRUNCHES DOWN ON IT....

82 INT. BEDROOM - POST MIDNIGHT 82

Lucy lies awake in bed, Mina next to her, sound asleep... snoring lightly. Slowly, ever-so-slowly, Lucy slides out from under the covers, steals across the carpet and out the door.

83 INT. BILLERBECK HALL - POST MIDNIGHT 83

Lucy moves down the corridor on tiptoe, down the staircase, into the dark living room. Silence.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

LUCY

Jonathan?

Nothing.

LUCY

Jonathan?

VOICE

Behind you.

A-83 Lucy spins around. Harker is leaning against the mantle, watching her, wearing a bathrobe.

A-83

LUCY

You frightened me.

HARKER

You "love" to be frightened, don't you?

He walks across the room, opens a pair of French doors, steps out onto the veranda. Lucy has to smile at his obviously wounded pride. She goes out after him.

B-83 EXT. BILLERBECK VERANDAH - POST MIDNIGHT

B-83

Harker stands in the moonlight, his back to the house. Lucy comes close.

LUCY

Really, Jonathan, you pretend to be so totally modern. We were just dancing.

HARKER

Just dancing? That's a rather amazing way of putting it.

LUCY

Will you ever speak to me again?

Silence. Harker turns, looks at the house, looks at his slippered feet, looks at Lucy. She kisses him.

C-83 A SUDDEN HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON THE TWO LOVERS! AN UNMISTAKABLE POINT OF VIEW AS HARKER RESPONDS, KISSES LUCY.

C-83

D-83 EXT. BILLERBECK BATTLEMENTS - POST MIDNIGHT

D-83

DRACULA! He stands in the shadow, watching them, a hard expression on his face, quite unsettling. He turns away, disgusted, jealous.

84 INT. BEDROOM - POST MIDNIGHT

84

Mina lies sleeping in the big, soft bed. A NOISE OUTSIDE... SOMETHING SCRAPING ON STONE...THE NOISE BECOMES LOUDER...THE CAMERA PULLS AWAY FROM MINA, GOING TO INVESTIGATE, GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW AND LOOKING OUT...UP...A HUGE SHAPE IS MOVING TOWARD US...DRACULA.

A-84 HE CRAWLS TOWARD US, STRAIGHT DOWN THE EXTERIOR WALL, HIS CLOAK SPREADING AROUND HIM LIKE GREAT WINGS, HIS FINGERS GRASPING THE WORN CORNERS OF THE STONE, THE INTERSTICES OF THE MORTAR JOINTS, THE COUNT MOVING DOWNWARD WITH CONSIDERABLE SPEED...LIKE A LIZARD. A-84

85 MINA

85

lies quietly in bed...but now her eyes open...in anticipation? A STRANGE CLATTERING ON GLASS...Mina turns her head toward the balcony doors. There is no sense of alarm on her face. FINGER-NAILS TAPPING ON GLASS!

86 A seemingly disembodied hand with long nails begins to pick at the leading in the glass. Soon a face begins to appear in the midst. DRACULA.

He stands on Mina's balcony, his eyes burning through the foggy glass, his face white, bloodless. Mina smiles. A diamond pane of glass falls into the room. Dracula's hand enters, fog flooding inside with it. His finger undoes the latch. The doors swing wide.

87 OMITTED

87

A-87 EXT. BILLERBECK GARDEN - POST MIDNIGHT

A-87

Lucy and Jonathan stroll on the lawn, lost in each other... AND THEN THE HOWL OF THAT WOLF AGAIN! The two lovers freeze for an instant, frightened...until Lucy laughs and Jonathan pulls her close again, kissing her passionately.

B-87 INT. BEDROOM - POST MIDNIGHT

B-87

The hall door begins to open. Lucy steals back inside. She crosses the dark room noiselessly, approaches the bed. Nothing untoward happens! Lucy gets under the covers again, right next to Mina, closes her eyes, and drifts at once into a peaceful, contented sleep.

C-87 EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - POST MIDNIGHT

C-8

Dracula walks through the gates toward his crumbling home, his cape billowing out behind him like great wings.

D-87 INT. CARFAX ABBEY - POST MIDNIGHT

D-8

The huge front door swings inward. Dracula enters, starts across the foyer without locking the door. Renfield darts from the shadows behind him, rushes for the door.

DRACULA

(without turning)

It will not open.

E-87 Renfield grabs the knob, turns it frantically, to no avail. Dracula comes back toward Renfield, sending the poor man cowering into a corner.

E-8

DRACULA

There is nothing to fear. I am accustomed to barring my home. There are wolves in Transylvania, and gypsies who roam at night.

RENFIELD

Not 'ere there ain't.

Dracula removes his cape, gives it to Renfield.

DRACULA

You must be patient with me.
You must try to understand me.
Can you do that?

Dracula puts an arm around Renfield, leads him toward the staircase.

DRACULA

I will look most kindly upon you, Milo. I will reward you with a long and fruitful tenure.

RENFIELD

(climbing the stairs)

I been bit by a bat.

DRACULA

Then I will give you an herb I have myself grown. To help you relax....

CONTINUED

And together Dracula and Renfield vanish up the dark stairway.

88 EXT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - DAWN

88

The sun rises gloriously over Whitby as out on the road before the asylum a group of JET MINERS passes on their way home from the night shift, faces dusted with soot, "jet" being a substance much like coal and presently very popular for prayer beads and combs and grotesque black dinner sets like the good doctor's....

89 BEDROOM - DAWN

89

Soft sunlight filters through the draperies. Birds chirp outside. BUT GRADUALLY WE BECOME AWARE OF AN UNUSUAL BREATHING ...SURELY NOT LUCY'S. A SOFT MOAN. Lucy's eyes open, she too aware of something. She turns over.

LUCY

Mina?

90 MINA VAN HELSING

90

lies flat on her back, her breathing deep, alarmingly difficult. Lucy gets up, throws back the drapes, exposing the balcony doors, flooding the room with sunlight. Mina is white as a ghost! Lucy tugs on a cord that SOUNDS A BELL elsewhere in the house, rushes helplessly to Mina's side.

LUCY

What is it? Mina, can you breathe?

Mina rolls her head toward Lucy, terrified...TWO SMALL PUNCTURE WOUNDS VISIBLE ON HER NECK!

MINA

...the moonlight...a flapping...
but I did not mind....

Mina gasps! Lucy takes hold of her hand as Dr. Seward rushes into the room in his bathrobe.

LUCY

Father!

MINA

My throat pains me so...it must
be something with my lungs....

CONTINUED

LUCY

Help her!

Now Harker appears, jolted out of sleep, wearing his bathrobe. Seward bends over Mina, lifting her eyelids, scrutinizes her pupils.

MINA

I don't seem to get enough air....

MINA DRAWS ONE LAST ENORMOUS BREATH, SHUDDERS, HER BODY CONVULSING SO VIOLENTLY THAT SEWARD BACKS AWAY! AND THEN SHE LIES STILL. HER BREATHING HAS STOPPED.

LUCY

No...no...no!

Lucy starts for Mina; but Harker restrains her, holds her close to him as Dr. Seward advances on the bed again, examines Mina.

HARKER

What happened?

DR. SEWARD

I don't know...she's so white.
Asphyxiation?

LUCY

Look at her throat.

Seward draws a bit of Mina's nightgown aside.

HARKER

What? What is it?

DR. SEWARD

Over the jugular...two punctures
...not large...but not wholesome
looking....

LUCY

Wholesome?!

DR. SEWARD

Jonathan, take her out of here,
please.

Seward reaches down, closes Mina's eyes.

The breakfast room. Dr. Seward is on the telephone, completing the painful task of dictating a tragic telegram.

DR. SEWARD

(a bad connection)

Yes, yes...to Professor Abraham Van Helsing, 12 Van Briggle Strasse, Amsterdam...Amsterdam. Now read the thing back to me like a good girl.

Harker sits with Lucy at the breakfast table, Swales delivering a huge platter of bacon, eggs, scones, jam, coffee, sausages, sweet rolls, juice.

LUCY

I can't possibly eat.

HARKER

You need your strength.

LUCY

I shall never eat again. I shall never ever forgive myself for leaving Mina alone to be with you.

Swales overhears that, though Seward, preoccupied on the telephone, misses it.

HARKER

(low)

Now that's preposterous. You had no way of knowing....

DR. SEWARD

No, no! Not lied, died. 'Mina has died. Wire or come at once. Your dear friend in this saddest of times, Jack Seward.' Yes.

Dr. Seward hangs up, sits at the table, begins at once to eat, to calm his nerves.

DR. SEWARD

We shall have to bury her, even if it's only temporary. There's simply no telling when we'll be able to contact Professor Van Helsing. The poor, poor man....

LUCY

Poor Mina.

CONTINUED

91

CONTINUED

91

HARKER

Could it have been her heart,
Doctor?

LUCY

Or the pain in her head last night?

DR. SEWARD

I don't know...it's been so long
since I've practiced real medicine.

HARKER

(impatient)

What do you think killed her?

DR. SEWARD

Killed her? Odd word. Yet, there
was no sign of disease, just those
pin pricks, as if she'd injured
herself affixing a shawl.

LUCY

Mina didn't have a shawl.

92

EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - SUNSET

92

A WIND PICKING UP, BLOWING LEAVES AND DUST ABOUT as Harker's Oldsmobile drives through the courtyard gate. He gets out, pounds the front door knocker. Moments pass, but there is no response. Harker stepping back a pace, looking up at the towering abbey. He grows impatient, walks around back where he begins to open a servant's entrance with a key....

93

INT. CARFAX ABBEY - SUNSET

93

...A VIEW LOOKING IN AT HARKER THROUGH THE GRIMY GLASS AS HE STRUGGLES WITH THE OLD LOCK....

THE LOCKING MECHANISM, STARTING TO TURN...A SHADOW! INSIDE THE ROOM HERE! IT FALLS ACROSS THE LOCK, MOVES OFF AS....

...Harker gets the door open, enters an old crumbling kitchen. No sign of that shadow...but it must be lurking in the room. Harker steps across the floor, leaving the door open behind him. Feathers and bird bones litter the kitchen.

HARKER

Hello?

CONTINUED

93

CONTINUED

93

Nothing. AND THEN THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HIM, TERRIFIES HIM FOR AN INSTANT...until he realizes it must have been the wind.

Harker moves deeper into the house...into darkness, for all the shutters are closed against the last rays of the sun and only a few lanterns flicker in the main rooms. Harker takes one in hand, an elegant antique silver lamp that throws off long quivering shadows as he moves through the house.

HARKER

Hello?

Silence. The light from Harker's lamp falls across all sorts of odd forms, furniture, cases, books, phonograph records, the whole place thick with dust, inches deep on the floor. Harker holds his lamp downward...THE MARKS OF RECENT FOOTSTEPS, THE IMPRINT OF HOBNAILS IN THE DUST...A RAT!

It scurries out of Harker's light. He advances toward the front hall.

HARKER

Is anyone at home?

The walls are fluffy, heavy with masses of spider webs whereon dust has gathered so heavily the room appears draped in tattered old rags.

94

Harker walks down a short, claustrophobic hallway, comes upon the library. A single lamp burns in here, over the sofa, the sofa back toward us. TWO FEET ARE VISIBLE, PROPPED ON THE ARM. A CORPSE...RENFIELD'S BODY?

HARKER

Hello?

95

DRACULA!

95

He springs upright from a reclining position, a book in hand. He's been reading.

DRACULA

Good Lord, you frightened me!

Dracula looks fantastically well, so healthy.

HARKER

I'm sorry...I had a key. I had to let myself in.

CONTINUED

DRACULA

(troubled)

I wonder where Renfield can be?

HARKER

Well, I don't know...I knocked
but he....

DRACULA

The man is worthless. At any rate,
you're here. That's all that matters.
Welcome. I am so sorry to hear of
Miss Van Helsing's death.

HARKER

You know already?

DRACULA

News of death travels fast.

Harker crosses to a large table in the library, seats himself,
blows a layer of dust from the working surface, removes the
key from his pocket.

DRACULA

She was very ill. I knew that last
night, when I looked into her eyes.

HARKER

Yes. She'd been frail all her life.
Your key...I only had it to inspect
the property....

DRACULA

(taking it)

Of course. You've brought the
original deed?

HARKER

Here. And some customs documents,
for your crates. I didn't know
what to say of their contents....

DRACULA

Soil.

Dracula beings perusing everything, signing his name here,
filling in a space there.

HARKER

Soil? Just plain dirt?

CONTINUED

DRACULA

Transylvanian earth. I have a keen interest in botany.

(pause)

Miss Van Helsing died precisely at dawn?

HARKER

Yes.

DRACULA

People who are near the end die generally at sunrise. Or at the turn of the tide.

Dracula seems obsessed with Mina's death, signing his name to the Carfax deed, setting the pen down and ringing his hands in a rather gruesome manner, as if he were washing them.

HARKER

I'll see that Customs here gets these today.

DRACULA

And you'll drive to London at once, to record the deed.

HARKER

Tomorrow. I must stay for the funeral, to be with Lucy.

DRACULA

Of course. She's taking it....

HARKER

...not well. She blames herself.

DRACULA

Miss Seward?

HARKER

(putting papers away)

She was with me...when Mina was taken ill.

Dracula stares at Harker, obviously recollects the precise moment last night.

DRACULA

Then you and Lucy Seward will marry?

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED - 3

95

Harker looks up. The question seems a non sequitur. Dracula is writing a short note.

HARKER

I hope so. If I can ever tie her down long enough.

DRACULA

She is special...so vital...so willful. And such a little twinkle toes.

HARKER

(rising)

Yes, well, I must be getting back to her now.

DRACULA

Of course. This letter, you will deliver it to Doctor Seward for me?

Dracula finishes the note, puts it into an envelope, applies a wax seal.

HARKER

Yes, of course.

DRACULA

I should like to offer Miss Seward and her father the hospitality of my house after the funeral.

96 EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - EVENING

96

Harker emerges, dusts a dead leaf off his Olds, climbs in, swings a U-turn in the courtyard and speeds out through the gates.

97 INT. OLDSMOBILE - EVENING

97

Harker drives away from Carfax, its broken battlements a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

98 HANDS!

98

A PAIR OF HANDS RISE SLOWLY FROM THE BACK SEAT, DIRECTLY BEHIND HARKER, GRAB ONTO HIS THROAT! RENFIELD!

99 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - EVENING

99

The Olds swerves wildly, its headlights raking across A WAGON LADEN WITH HUGE DARK CHUNKS OF FRESHLY MINED JET....

100 INT. OLDSMOBILE - EVENING

100

Harker fights Renfield, tries to steer the car, Renfield beside himself, crazed, shouting demands....

RENFIELD
FASTER! AWAY FROM THIS DAMNED
CURSED PLACE! SAVE MY SOUL!

Harker stabs his elbow back into Renfield's chest, hammers him onto the floor, slams on the brakes!

Renfield jerks upright again, savagely, Harker twisting around, ready for him this time....

RENFIELD
YOU TAKE ME AWAY! NOW! AWAY!

HARKER
STAY BACK, YOU LUNATIC!

Renfield lunges at the steering wheel, and Harker clobbers him over the head with two fists, knocks him senseless.

Silence. Harker stands there in his Oldsmobile catching his breath, shocked, amazed, dust settling around him. And then quite suddenly he feels a shiver, a chill up his spine and he looks at the forest, at a nearby tree....

101 ...A BAT! THE HIDEOUS LITTLE CREATURE SITS THERE WATCHING HARKER, ITS GNARLED FACE AND YELLOW TEETH SHOCKING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

101

102 HARKER gets back behind the wheel, speeds off with Renfield's unconscious form in the back seat.

102

103 INT. ASYLUM CELL - NIGHT

103

The door being opened, that MAD ROMANIAN SAILOR from The Demeter cowering inside here, strait-jacketed, eyes bulging, watching as he acquires a roommate...RENFIELD... weak on his feet, strait-jacketed, held upright by Swales in the dank, awful little hole with its tiny barred window.

CONTINUED

103

CONTINUED

10

Dr. Seward stands just outside in the hall with a disheveled Jonathan Harker.

DR. SEWARD

Brain fever. I can spot it a mile off.

Swales pushes Renfield into a corner, checks the lacings on the strait jacket, noticing as he does so THOSE TWO PUNCTURES on RENFIELD'S NECK.

RENFIELD

(conspiratorial)

The Master is angry. 'E promised me eternal life 'n live things, big ones, not flies 'n spiders... blood to drink. But I won't. I'm not like 'im. I've only took little lives, tiny lives. I wouldn't never take no 'uman life....

Swales backs away, unnerved.

104

EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - MORNING

10

Mina Van Helsing's simple funeral is in progress, TWO HUMBLE GRAVEDIGGERS lowering her casket into the earth as a MORTICIAN supervises and a VILLAGE PRIEST reads solemnly from The Book of Common Prayer....

VILLAGE PRIEST

'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, yea though he were dead, yet shall he live....'

Lucy stands flanked by Harker and her father, old Swales off to the side. The day is grey, the sun hidden in thick clouds high over Kettleless, everything grey save for the lawn which seems like an emerald.

VILLAGE PRIEST

'...I know that my redeemer liveth, and that I shall rise out of the earth on the last day and shall be covered again with my skin and shall see the Lord in my flesh....'

amid the tombstones, here and there, well-behaved, grieving PATIENTS from the asylum, standing like trees, half-shrouded in mists that drift in like wispy fingers from the sea below. A pram. Annie, the lunatic mother, stands motionless next to it, her baby making no noise on this sad day.

the funeral is over and the CHURCH BELL TOLLS FORLORNLY as Harker and Lucy walk arm in arm through the cemetery, past broken monuments and sunken graves. Dark clouds move overhead, tinged with a sunburst at their farthest edges.

HARKER

...I don't see why not.

LUCY

Because I can't go, not now. London is a place to be happy.

HARKER

To become happy. For God sakes, Lucy, it'll do you no good to stay here feeling sorry for yourself, feeling guilty for no reason.

Lucy looks at Harker sharply.

LUCY

I don't think you understand, Jonathan. I don't want to be happy, to be silly, not now.

Dr. Seward is up ahead, at the roadside, dealing with a MESSENGER BOY on a bicycle, signing for something.

HARKER

Then I'll come back tomorrow night.

LUCY

You don't need to. I can manage.

HARKER

Can you?

LUCY

Well, we'll find out, won't we?

They've reached his Oldsmobile.

CONTINUED

HARKER

Give us a kiss. Let's not part enemies.

LUCY

We're not enemies.

Harker tries to kiss her, but she offers only her cheek, annoying him. He gets into the car, starts its big motor as Dr. Seward comes over. Harker guns the engine, speeds off for London without so much as a nod to the doctor.

DR. SEWARD

Lucy.....

LUCY

(too sharply)

What?

Her eyes are filled with tears.

DR. SEWARD

(holding a telegram)

Mina's father, Professor Van Helsing, he's wired he's arriving tonight on the boat train from Paris. We shall have to meet him. We won't be able to take advantage of Count Dracula's kind invitation to dinner.

LUCY

Invitation to dinner? You never told me that he....

DR. SEWARD

Didn't I? Well, it doesn't matter. I'll have to send word round, excusing us....

LUCY

No! I'll go.

DR. SEWARD

Go? I should think you'd rather....

LUCY

As a courtesy.

DR. SEWARD

Very well. The Count is sending his carriage by at eight, so if you....

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED - 2

10

But Lucy just walks off down the road toward the asylum, joining Annie and the other patients in a tragic little cortege....

AS THE SOUNDS OF EARTH BEING SHOVELED INTO MINA'S COFFIN WAFT SOFTLY ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD. BUT THEN WE BEGIN TO SENSE A LOW RUMBLE, DEEP AND PRIMEVAL, AS IF THE EARTH ITSELF WERE SHAKING...BLEEDING UP INTO....

107 EXT. DRACULA'S COACH - DUSK

107

HOOVES! FOUR SPLENDID HORSES, COAL-BLACK, HARNESSSED ABREAST! THEY THUNDER OUT OF THE DARKNESS, PULLING BEHIND A SMALL COACH, ITS DRIVER SEATED ON HIGH, A TALL MAN WITH A LONG BROWN BEARD AND A GREAT BLACK HAT, THE GLEAM OF TWO VERY BRIGHT EYES... RED EYES IN THE BOUNCING LAMPLIGHT.

108 INT. DRACULA'S COACH - NIGHT

108

Lucy sits alone, petrified, hanging on for dear life as the crazy coach rocks on its great leather springs, sways like a boat tossing on a stormy sea.

109 EXT. DRACULA'S COACH - NIGHT

109

The driver whips his charges across the heath, everything rendered in high, shifting shadows, the flash of the coach's lamps, white clouds of steam shooting from the horses' nostrils.

110 INT. DRACULA'S COACH - NIGHT

110

Lucy hears the DOGS NOW, at first just one, in the distance somewhere, beginning to howl...A LONG AGONIZED WAILING as if from fear, the sound taken up by ANOTHER DOG, AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER UNTIL BORNE ON THE WIND IT GROWS SO LOUD that Lucy covers her ears. A WILD HOWLING COMMENCES, FROM EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, BECOMING....

111 EXT. WHITBY DEPOT - NIGHT

111

...THE BRAKING OF A GREAT LOCOMOTIVE IN CLOUDS OF WHITE STEAM.

Dr. Seward hurries along the platform, stopping a PORTER, asking him a question we can't hear...the porter pointing up ahead toward....

GRADUALLY MATERIALIZING LIKE AN APPARITION FROM THE STEAM, A STRIKING GENTLEMAN, HIS FACE SHADED BY A WELL-WORN HOMBURG, A GREAT TWEED COAT DRAPED OVER HIS SHOULDERS. HE CARRIES HIS OWN SUITCASE, SEEMS TO BEAR A TERRIBLE BURDEN, HIS ENTIRE FRAME RACKED WITH GRIEF AND PROFOUND EXHAUSTION.

Seward rushes forward and the two men embrace.

DR. SEWARD

Abraham....

ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, Mina's father.

DR. SEWARD

Abraham...in my house...I'll never....

VAN HELSING

What happened? What in God's name could have...?

Van Helsing's accent is Dutch, cultured. Seward tries to collect himself, busy himself in fussing.

DR. SEWARD

Let me carry your case.

VAN HELSING

Jack, explain to me how....

DR. SEWARD

I can't. I don't know.

Silence. A RUSH OF STEAM FROM THE LOCOMOTIVE. Van Helsing draws in a deep breath, a measure of strength that gives us confidence.

It arrives at Carfax Abbey, at the high wall of ancient stone. The old gates CREAK OPEN on rusty hinges and the coach enters.

Lucy looks back at the gates: they close slowly, magically, sealing her in. The carriage draws rein before the main portico. Silence. Lucy sits quite still for a moment, naturally assuming the coachman will step down to assist her. But no one appears. A WOLF HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE...SOMETHING SEEMS TO FLUTTER PAST LUCY...OUTSIDE....

115 She opens the door herself, steps down. THE COACHMAN'S SEAT IS EMPTY! BUT THE HORSES STILL SEEM UNDER CONTROL -- THEY CANTER SLOWLY OFF TOWARD THE STABLES. 115

116 Lucy pulls her wrap tight around her neck, approaches the great front door of Carfax Abbey -- oak and iron, all eaten with rust. SUDDENLY, BEFORE SHE CAN KNOCK, THERE'S THE SOUND OF RATTLING CHAINS AND THE CLANKING OF MASSIVE BOLTS BEING DRAWN BACK! A KEY TURNS WITH A LOUD GRATING IN THE NEGLECTED OLD LOCK...AND THEN THE DOOR SWINGS INWARD...BUT NO ONE IS THERE. 116

117 INT. CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT 117

Lucy steps inside, and at night the house seems a fantastic kingdom aglow with dozens of twinkling lamps. Spider webs that at sunset were ugly and threatening are tonight positively radiant, delicate strands of silk threads shining like angels' hair on a Christmas tree.

Lucy crosses the cavernous space, a child in wonderland, lost in a world of diaphanous beauty. A SPIDER! IT CRAWLS ON ITS WEB IN THE FOREGROUND, HIDEOUS, REMINDING US EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE....

LUCY

Count Dracula?

But Lucy feels no apprehension. She has begun to hear MUSIC... A GRAMOPHONE...A GENTLE WALTZ. She's drawn deeper into the abbey, into....

118 THE DINING ROOM 118

A table has been laid out for three, the settings close together, though the table might easily accommodate fifty. Lucy touches its polished surface. Everything seems so clean, immaculate, nothing like the rest of the house.

119 ANOTHER VIEW - FROM BEHIND LUCY 119

IT BEGINS TO CLOSE IN...STALKING HER. BUT SHE DOESN'T REACT, NOT UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, WHEN SHE MUST SENSE HIS PRESENCE, TURNING....

DRACULA

Welcome to my house. Come freely.
Go safely...and leave your sadness
behind.

LUCY

Thank you.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

119

DRACULA

I pray you, be seated.

(removing her
wrap)Let me see to your comfort. Your
father, I take it, was unable to
join us tonight?

120 INT. SEWARD CARRIAGE - NIGHT

120

Van Helsing and Seward sit in the back, Walter up front driving
the horses through a densely forested lane. Silence.

121

VAN HELSING

121

You examined her with great care.

It's a statement of fact, of confidence in Seward, though the
doctor feels compelled to defend his findings.

DR. SEWARD

There was no functional cause.
None. She'd been nervous...
sleepwalking.

VAN HELSING

Sleepwalking?

DR. SEWARD

And nightmares. I prescribed
laudanum but....

VAN HELSING

Why laudanum?

DR. SEWARD

For nervous prostration....

VAN HELSING

But a great loss of blood...how?

Seward has no answer.

122 INT. CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT

122

Fire crackles in the grate, candles flicker on the dining
table, a GRAMOPHONE plays an impossibly romantic melody, all
of this and wine, Dracula pouring Lucy another glass of fine
old Tokay....

DRACULA

There are worse things than death.
You must believe me.

CONTINUED

LUCY

If there are, I can't imagine them.
Mina was so young....

DRACULA

And so are you.

LUCY

Well, tonight I feel positively
ancient.

Lucy devours an excellent roast chicken, some cheese, a salad,
drinking more wine than she should, drowning her sorrows.

DRACULA

I have buried many friends, and I
too am weary...the last of my kind,
descended from a conquering race.
My family was its hearts' blood, its
brains, its swords.

(pause)

But the warlike days are over.

LUCY

Are they?

Dracula is staring at her, making her feel uneasy.

LUCY

At any rate, it's not healthy to
live in the past.

DRACULA

Jonathan Harker, he tells me you
speak some Romanian.

LUCY

Oh, hardly, I....

And now Dracula says something in Romanian. It makes Lucy
smile, the language so exotic.

DRACULA

You see, you do understand.

LUCY

No, no, I have no idea what you said.

DRACULA

I said that it would be nice to see
you smile.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 2

122

LUCY

Well then, you should be pleased.

DRACULA

I am, but I must warn you: take good care.

LUCY

(confused)

Whatever for?

DRACULA

If at any time my company does not please you, you will have only yourself to blame for an acquaintance who seldom forces himself... but is difficult to be rid of.

Silence. Dracula is looking at Lucy so intensely, his clear eyes almost penetrating to her soul.

123 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT

123

A WILD SCREAM from ANNIE, the lunatic mother! She's hysterical, running down the corridor, past cells where the worst cases are kept...everything happening so fast, faces appearing at barred windows to see what all the SHRIEKING'S ABOUT....

124 Walter is just coming out of Renfield's cell with a dinner tray AS A FIGURE SHROUDED IN WHITE FLIES BY; KNOCKS HIM ASIDE! 124

125 INT. BILLERBECK HALL - NIGHT

125

AN EMERGENCY BELL IS CLANGING! Van Helsing and Seward rise from the dinner table, from a light meal of cold meat and cheese.

DR. SEWARD

Swales! Where the devil are you?!

126 EXT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT

126

A bright full moon, heavy black clouds throwing the whole scene into a fleeting diorama of light and shade.

A SUDDEN DEVASTATING CRASH OF GLASS AS A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN DRESSED IN THE CEREMENTS OF THE GRAVE EXPLODES THROUGH A LARGE FIRST-STORY WINDOW IN THE ASYLUM!

- 127 Walter opens a door, glass showering around him, SOMETHING FLASHING OFF TOWARD A STAND OF MAPLE! 127
- 128 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT 128
- Seward and Van Helsing rush along corridors, find Mrs. Galloway backing out of a small room, her hand over her mouth, stifling a silent scream. Van Helsing looks inside the room....
- 129 A CRIB 129
- KNOCKED ONTO ITS SIDE...ANNIE'S BABY LYING ON THE COLD FLOOR, DEAD, IN A SMALL POOL OF BLOOD....
- 130 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 130
- Annie runs toward the broken window, chasing whatever just passed this way. She seems about to fling herself out into the night in blind pursuit....
- 131 SWALES 131
- He rushes ahead of Seward down an intersecting corridor, lunges out at Annie, saving her from certain injury, both of them smashing into the broken window. Swales grabs onto a mullion, keeps them inside...safe.
- 132 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT 132
- Walter comes back outside with a shotgun, spots a streak of white cloth in the trees thirty yards beyond that broken window. SILHOUETTES OF VAN HELSING, ANNIE, SEWARD, SWALES ARE visible in the jagged glass opening.
- 133 WALTER 133
- takes aim at the trees in a panic...FIRES! His volley sprays bits of wood into the moonlight. He runs to his target...a fragment of white cloth fluttering to the ground. Silence.
- DR. SEWARD'S VOICE
- WHAT IS IT?
- WALTER
- (baffled)
- A PIECE OF CLOTH....
- BLOODSTAINED. We can see that now as a breeze ripples through the thin white fabric. FLAPPING SOUNDS ABOVE, IN THE TREE, FADING....

134 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT

13

Annie leans against the wall, sobbing. THE HOWL OF A LONE WOLF BEGINS IN THE DISTANCE, DESPERATE.

135 EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT

13

THE HOWL OF THAT WOLF HERE TOO, BUT ONLY AN ECHO as Dracula, his cape across his shoulders, walks slowly with Lucy through the abbey's falling-down gardens, past crumbling statuary... A CHAPEL CRYPT the most prominent structure. A SECOND WOLF JOINING THE FIRST, A PLAINTIVE WAIL NOW.

DRACULA

Listen to them -- the children of the night. What sad music they make.

LUCY

Sad?

DRACULA

So lonely. Like weeping.

LUCY

We just don't see eye to eye on that, Count Dracula. I love the night. It's so simple....

DRACULA

So deceptive.

LUCY

So exciting.

DRACULA

No man knows 'til he has suffered the night how sweet a morning can be.

LUCY

No man. But I'm a woman.

Dracula turns toward Lucy in the moonlight, brushes a strand of her hair away from her forehead.

DRACULA

Indeed....

Lucy backs up, clearly stimulated by Dracula's touch... ashamed of herself....

CONTINUED

LUCY

I never noticed that trees, I
mean that they...had such shadows.

DRACULA

You take the dawn for granted...
the glorious colors...deep red roses,
the cherry blossom....

(approaching her)

...warm hot sunlight.

Lucy's cornered, backed against a stone wall. Dracula is so
close to her.

LUCY

(desperate)

What...what is this building?

DRACULA

A crypt.

He bends his head slightly, envelopes her.

DRACULA

But as evening falls and everything
grows so cold, the twilight seems
to merge the gloom of the oak....

(his lips part,
close in on her
neck)

...the beech, the pine...into a
single dark mist....

Lucy swoons, her legs weak, her head thrown back...Dracula's
teeth!

DRACULA

...the night....

He bites! But just her earlobe, nibbles on it, sending chills
up Lucy's spine....

LUCY

...was made to enjoy...oh, God...
to enjoy life....

DRACULA

And love?

Dracula faces Lucy, they're an inch apart. He kisses her,
tentatively, pulls back....

DRACULA

Forgive me....

CONTINUED

LUCY

Whatever for?

DRACULA

For intruding on your life.

LUCY

(slowly)

I came of my own accord.

And now she moves toward him, kisses him, for the pleasure of it, an extraordinarily erotic moment, electric...but all things must end.

DRACULA

You should perhaps go now.

LUCY

I'd rather stay....

Dracula steps back, the perfect gentleman.

DRACULA

It will be light soon.

LUCY

Not for hours.

DRACULA

Hours are to me like seconds. Dawn is only...

LUCY

I hate the dawn. The ebb tide of life.

Dracula extends his hand.

DRACULA

I would see you again. Soon. Please.

LUCY

Of course....

Van Helsing kneels next to the dead infant, studying it carefully. Seward stands in the doorway, Annie behind him near Swales. She seems possessed. Renfield appears, straight-jacketed but loose, slinking along the corridor unnoticed, creeping up on them.

CONTINUED

VAN HELSING

The chest wall. Two punctures,
directly into the aorta.

Annie, the words pouring out of her....

ANNIE

She just opened the door like she
'ad a key 'n she said could she 'ave
my little Alex. What for, I says,
'n I stopped 'er, 'n she was 'ot as
a burnin' coal 'n 'er eyes was red
like rubies with 'er lips all drawn
back 'n her breath so foul...these
dreadful long teeth like a wolf's
fangs, like nothin' from this earth
...then she grabbed Alex 'n I grabbed
'er 'n the next thing I remembered
she's kneelin' on the floor 'in 'is
little crib's on its side...and blood....

RENFIELD

(suddenly)

Words...words...words...

They all turn, startled.

DR. SEWARD

Renfield!

VAN HELSING

Who is this man?

DR. SEWARD

One of my patients.

(to Swales)

This is gross carelessness! How
did he get out?

RENFIELD

Wouldn't you like to know? "Will
you walk into my parlor?" said the
spider to the fly.

DR. SEWARD

Lock him up! Chain him to...

Swales collars Renfield.

RENFIELD

You poor puny man. You measure
you grains against 'is.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED - 2

13

VAN HELSING

Whose?

RENFIELD

You don't know what you're up
against!

ANNIE

God will stop it!

RENFIELD

God? God permits evil! Why does
'e permit evil if 'e's good? Tell
me that, you lunatic!

DR. SEWARD

Swales!

Swales, hauls Renfield off. Van Helsing turns back to poor
Annie.

VAN HELSING

Who was she, this woman? You did
not know her?

ANNIE

Yes, I did, I did so. It looked
like Miss Lucy's friend...the one
we put in the ground yesterday.

Van Helsing bows his head.

DR. SEWARD

Annabell Crocker, that's absurd and
you know it!

THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON VAN HELSING, STUDIES HIM AS ANNIE
PROTESTS, AS SEWARD TRIES TO CALM HER. VAN HELSING IS PRO-
FOUNDLY TROUBLED, HIS MIND RACING....

136-A INT. CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT

136-A

The dining room. Dracula stands alone in the big room.
He reaches toward Lucy's empty chair, touches the fabric where
her shoulders rested. He lifts her wine glass so delicately,
smells the bouquet, the rim her lips caressed. Dracula holds
the glass against the firelight...crushes it in his hand!

137 EXT. BILLERBECK HALL - DAWN

137

The first rays of a new day break over Whitby as we view
Billerbeck Hall from its stables. A GREAT WHITE STALLION grows
uneasy. A FIGURE is seen moving between the buildings.

VAN HELSING

These are flowers of the garlic plant.

LUCY

Whatever for?

VAN HELSING

Do you believe in corporeal transference?

LUCY

No.

VAN HELSING

In materialization?

LUCY

No, of course not....

VAN HELSING

Nor in astral bodies?

LUCY

I don't see what any of this has to do with Mina.

VAN HELSING

You know that I have studied much of unworldly things, Miss Lucy. In South America, in the Pampas, there are bats which come at night to open the veins of horses, to suck them dry of blood.

Lucy turns sharply toward Van Helsing.

LUCY

This is England.

VAN HELSING

In some islands of the Western seas, there are things which all day hang on the trees, like giant pods. But then at night, these creatures fly down...and in the morning, there are found dead men. White as even was Mina. As was that sad woman's tiny baby. I fear, Miss Lucy, we may be surrounded by evil.

LUCY

I don't understand. What do you mean?

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED - 2

14

This is difficult for Van Helsing, Lucy the only person in Whitby he'd dare risk exposing to his darkest fears.

VAN HELSING

You have heard the legends of Central Europe, of werewolves and vampires?

LUCY

Vampires?

VAN HELSING

Creatures who suck the blood of the living.

LUCY

You mean you actually believe that Mina was attacked by....

VAN HELSING

A creature dead and yet not dead. A thing that lives after its death by drinking....

LUCY

No!

VAN HELSING

It must have blood or it dies, an agonizing death. But its power lasts only from sunset to sunrise....

LUCY

Stop this...I won't....

VAN HELSING

During the hours of the day the vampire must rest in the earth in which it was buried. At night then it preys upon the living!

Silence. Van Helsing has shattered Lucy. He takes a small box from his jacket pocket, takes from the box a little golden crucifix on a chain.

VAN HELSING

I wonder if I may...this was to be Mina's...for her birthday.

Van Helsing lets the little cross dangle, gleaming in the sunlight. Lucy reaches for it, instinctively.

CONTINUED

138 ABRAHAM VAN HELSING

13

The Professor steps close to the stallion, stares at it. He carries in his hand a cluster of tiny white garlic flowers still attached to their long slender stalks.

139 EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

13

Only minutes later. Alone, Professor Van Helsing enters the graveyard, carrying his small harvest of garlic. He looks off toward his daughter's grave....

140 VAN HELSING'S VIEW

14

ON A STONE BENCH, A YOUNG WOMAN IN WHITE, HER HEAD BOWED, COVERED WITH A WHITE HOOD. SHE MUST SEEM TO US LIKE MINA.

Van Helsing draws closer, steps slowly around the young lady so that he can see her face, though we cannot.

VAN HELSING

You have been awake all night long,
have you not?

Silence. The girl lifts her head up slowly, looks at Van Helsing.

LUCY

I was afraid.

She's been crying, but her cheeks are dry now.

VAN HELSING

I too.

Van Helsing kneels at Mina's grave, feels the earth, sifts, some of it through his fingers. Lucy watches him.

VAN HELSING

Tell me of my daughter's health
these past few months at school.

LUCY

It was never good, you know that.
But Mina seemed to improve so, here,
with the sea air....

Van Helsing begins to distribute garlic flowers over the surface of the grave, to push cloves into the soft earth.

LUCY

What're you doing?

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED - 3

140

VAN HELSING

She would want for you to wear it.
Always.

141 THE EARTH BENEATH THEM! IT BEGINS TO CRUMBLE!

141

Lucy flings herself toward Van Helsing, forcing him backward as a HUGE PORTION OF THE SEA CLIFF BREAKS AWAY! Van Helsing stumbles...his footing unsure, the ground beneath them soft, caving in a bit...and then silence.

LUCY

Jet mines...burrows under the earth....

VAN HELSING

Jet?

LUCY

Like coal...black diamonds. Under all of Whitby...the men dig it out... the whole town in like a honeycomb....

VAN HELSING

But why?

LUCY

Because it's valuable. To make combs, goblets, to make the black beads of Whitby. For funerals.

ANOTHER RUMBLE...ANOTHER SLAB OF THE HILL GIVING WAY...TAKING A TOMBSTONE WITH IT...THE EARTH EXPPELLING A SKELETON, THROWING IT INTO THE SEA....

VAN HELSING

This town, it loves death. I must take Mina home.

Van Helsing holds Lucy's arm, helps her to cross the uneven terrain toward the asylum.

142 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

142

Lucy sits at her dressing table, slowly brushing her hair. She reaches up behind her neck, slips off a thin gold chain... removes the crucifix Van Helsing gave her. She drapes it over a photograph...A PICTURE OF TWO GIRLS IN LONDON, LAUGHING, ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER -- LUCY SEWARD AND MINA VAN HELSING.

143 EXT. SEWARD STABLES - LATE NIGHT

143

A DEFIANT SNORT FROM THE WHITE STALLION. Van Helsing and

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

144

young Walter struggle to slip a bridle over the spirited horse. Seward holds a lantern...the stallion rears, towers above them.

DR. SEWARD

This is madness, Abraham, witchery!
This beast can tell us nothing! There
are no such things as vampires....

Van Helsing reins the big stallion with singleminded resolve.

144 LUCY takes down the covers and gets into bed. She unbuttons the top of her nightgown, throws the covers back. A SOUND IS BUILDING, LIKE THE WIND. LIKE MUSIC. 144

145 FOG...around the door and window frames. A mist begins to enter the room. The MUSIC BUILDS as we see DRACULA...MATERIALIZING BEYOND THE GLASS.... 145

146 Lucy sees his face at the window. She smiles, rises from her bed. Moving to the doors, she unlatches them, and as they swing wide, mist enters the room, carries Dracula inside, his great fur coat falling to the carpet. Lucy opens her arms to him, and he moves to her. With a great sweep, he lifts her, takes her to the bed. 146

DRACULA

You will be flesh of my flesh, blood
of my blood....

Dracula places Lucy on the bed, her arms reach up toward him AND THE CAMERA SLIDES TO LUCY'S DRESSING TABLE, TO ITS MIRROR WHERE WE CAN SEE ONLY LUCY REFLECTED, HER ARMS REACHING UP INTO THIN AIR!

A 146 ANGLE ON THE BED ONCE MORE...Dracula is very much there, his shirt front opening wide, his hands pulling away Lucy's nightgown...Lucy kissing him...his lips...his face...his neck...and then her eyes open wide as she accepts him, Dracula, prince of darkness, the king of his kind...entwined in a sensual embrace...great passion...his lips move over her face as they make love...his mouth opens, his teeth glinting white and sharp...his hands move into her long silken hair, tilt her head back...farther and farther until with a plunge his teeth seize her! A gush of blood, a hideous sucking...Lucy still moving with him, the very beat of her heart becoming Dracula's as he drinks from her veins. A 146

147 INT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - MIDNIGHT

147

Van Helsing, carrying with him a long leather bag, like a cricketing bag, shoves open A CREAKY PAIR OF GATES, and Walter leads the stallion into the graveyard. Dr. Seward lingers on the road....

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

14

VAN HELSING

Come on, Jack.

DR. SEWARD

There's nothing but the Lord's own
dead in there....

CHURCH BELLS...MIDNIGHT...THEY SOUND THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD...
THE HORSE REARS, TRIES TO PULL FREE FROM WALTER....

WALTER

I can't hold him!

The stallion breaks free! Van Helsing rushes in after it,
the big white horse galloping around among the tombstones,
stopping....

Seward and Walter catch up to Van Helsing.

DR. SEWARD

If he breaks a leg....

VAN HELSING

He won't. Look...see how alert....

The stallion is looking about, its great head shining in the
moonlight, its eyes wide, clear.

148 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - MIDNIGHT

148

Strait-jacketed, Milo Renfield stands on his tiptoes, peering
out the barred window, down on Kettleness Cemetery...THE WHITE
HORSE BEGINS TO MOVE AGAIN....

149 EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - MIDNIGHT

149

The stallion snorts, paws the ground. It seems threatened,
spooked...

VAN HELSING

You see? It knows! Its pure heart
senses the evil, the poison...

The stallion just explodes into a furious gallop, leaping over
one tombstone! Charging around another! It finds Mina's
grave, approaches, breathing hard, every muscle in its body
drawn tight, ready. IT ATTACKS, GOES WILD, KICKING OVER MINA'S
SIMPLE CROSS, TRAMPLING VAN HELSING'S GARLIC FLOWERS:

DR. SEWARD

Stop him! Dear God in Heaven,
stop him!

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

But the horse is possessed, its huge hooves pounding the fresh earth, trying to get at Mina, a futile, desperate effort for the big animal.

Van Helsing stands still in the moonlight, watching the stallion desecrate his daughter's grave. There can be no doubt now. Van Helsing's eyes fill with tears though his face reveals only a grim resolve.

150 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MIDNIGHT

150

HARKER'S HUGE OLDSMOBILE THUNDERS PAST A SIGN THAT INDICATES WHITBY IS BUT 10m. AWAY. A WOLF HOWLS SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE, FILLS THE LONELY ROAD WITH ITS EERIE WAIL.

151 EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - POST MIDNIGHT

151

THE SOUNDS OF DIGGING. Van Helsing and young Walter are hard at the task of exhuming Mina's casket. Seward stands uneasily above them, holding their work light. Walter's shovel strikes wood! Both men stop digging...silence. AND THEN AN AGITATED WHINNY FROM....

152 THE STALLION! Tethered to a crooked old tree, it seems to be growing more upset with each second.

152

VAN HELSING

(to Walter)

You must take him back to the stable now, at once.

153 Walter doesn't move, the whole experience having rattled his fragile nerves....

153

DR. SEWARD

Go on, boy. You heard the Professor. There's nothing to be afraid of.

Walter obeys, scuttles up out of the grave as Van Helsing carefully clears away the last bit of earth...exposing his daughter's coffin.

DR. SEWARD

Abraham, I beg you....

VAN HELSING

Open that bag. Give me the turn screw. And a cross.

CONTINUED

153

CONTINUED

153

Seward undoes Van Helsing's leather bag, looks inside: A TURN SCREW, A LARGE HAMMER, SEVERAL SMALL CRUCIFIXES, AND A SHARP POINTED STICK SOME TWO FEET IN LENGTH.

DR. SEWARD

What's all this now?

154

Walter struggles with the stallion, leads it back out through the graveyard gates.

154

155

Van Helsing removes several screws from the coffin lid, Seward's light held in an unsteady hand, casting dizzying shadows.

155

VAN HELSING

Take up yourself a cross, Jack.

Unnerved, Seward does as he's told. Van Helsing removes the last screw, lifts his cross before his face...and rips open Mina's coffin! IT'S EMPTY.

DR. SEWARD

That's impossible...I saw her put... body-snatchers?

VAN HELSING

The light! Give me the light!

Seward hands his lantern down. Van Helsing directs its glow into the coffin: ONE SIDE OF THE BOX HAS BEEN SMASHED OUT, AS IF BY SOME AWESOME FORCE. Van Helsing kneels, reaches inside, pushes against the broken boards...and they bend into a hollow in the earth....

DR. SEWARD

The mines! But....

Van Helsing shines his light deeper yet into his daughter's grave: LAMPGLow REFLECTS OFF A MYSTERIOUS PASSAGE, SHINY BLACK WALLS OF JAGGED JET TWISTING UNDER THE GRAVEYARD.

Van Helsing knocks away the loose boards, enlarges the opening.

DR. SEWARD

(sensing the worst)

Abraham? No...don't...please.

VAN HELSING

Give me the stake.

CONTINUED

- 155 CONTINUED 155
DR. SEWARD
No....
VAN HELSING
Give it to me, Jack!
- Silence, two old friends staring at each other, Seward
relenting, handing Van Helsing the pointed stake. Van Helsing
tucks the crucifix into his jacket, eases himself into Mina's
casket.
- 156 Seward looks up instinctively at his own daughter's room.. 156
LUCY'S WINDOW IS DARK.
- 157 Van Helsing slides sideways into the bowels of Kettleness 157
Cemetery, vanishes from Seward's view...and now the doctor
crosses himself, standing in the empty graveyard, all alone.
- 158 INT. TUNNELS OF WHITBY - POST MIDNIGHT 158
Van Helsing lowers himself to the rocky floor...WATER, ANKLE-
DEEP, the sounds of Van Helsing's footsteps ECHOING, SPLASHING.
His lamp renders this bizarre nether world in high relief,
phantasmagoric shapes, sharp projections of slick black stone.
Van Helsing takes the cross from his pocket, holds it in one
hand, hangs his lamp on the end of the stake, lets it lead the
way, point the way....
- 159 EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - POST MIDNIGHT 159
Poor Dr. Seward, keeping company with the dead. He takes
another crucifix from Van Helsing's leather bag, holds one
in each hand now, like clubs. HE HEARS SOMETHING, TURNS.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE, JUST GHOSTLY TREES AND TOMBSTONES.
Seward edges toward the open grave, his curiosity warring with
his discretion.
- 160 INT. TUNNELS OF WHITBY - POST MIDNIGHT 160
Van Helsing rounds a bend...BATS! The ghastly little monsters,
hang here upside down from the roof of the cave. Van Helsing
moves past them ever so carefully, their eyes watching him.
He moves beyond them, never taking his eyes off them...so that
he's turned himself around, stepping backwards, deeper into
the tunnel...A SHRIEK!
- 161 Van Helsing loses his balance, wrenching around, his lamp 161
swinging...RATS...THE WHOLE PLACE ALIVE WITH RATS, SWARMING
ALL OVER THE CAVE, THE LAMPLIGHT SHINING ON THEIR MOVING DARK
BODIES AND GLITTERING EYES, MAKING THE TUNNEL LOOK LIKE A
VAULT OF EARTH SET WITH FIREFLIES.

162 Van Helsing panics, loses his bearings, runs first one way 162
then another, his lantern falling, throwing light from below,
the SHRIEK OF RATS BUILDING INTO AN AWFUL CRESCENDO, RODENTS
UNDERFOOT, VAN HELSING STEPPING ON THEM, FLEEING, AROUND A
CORNER. HE TRIPS, DROPPING EVERYTHING, DROPPING HIS CRUCIFIX
INTO THE MUD ON THE TUNNEL FLOOR.

163 MINA! 163
She lifts her long boney arm...and the rats quiet, seem to
rush for safety, scurrying into a hundred crevices. Silence.
Van Helsing seizes the lantern.

MINA

Father....

Mina's hand extends toward him, beckoning him, her nails long
and dirty, her lips crimson with fresh blood that's trickled
over her chin and stained the purity of her white deathrobe.

MINA

Come to me, father. Leave the others
and come to me. We must rest together.

She moves toward him as he looks frantically for the crucifix.

VAN HELSING

Mina...please....

SHE ATTACKS WITH TERRIBLE SWIFTNESS, A SOUND LIKE NONE WE'VE
EVER HEARD BREAKING FROM HER THROAT! VAN HELSING REELS BACK-
WARD AS HIS DAUGHTER HITS HIM! HE FALLS, MINA ON HIM LIKE A
BEAST, HER FANGS BARED, HER EYES WILD AND DESPERATE! SHE IS
STRONG, IMPOSSIBLY SO, HER FINGERS IN HIS HAIR, TWISTING HIS
HEAD SIDWAYS SO THAT HIS NECK LIES EXPOSED....

164 HANDS! THEY GRAB MINA, THRUST HER AROUND! SEWARD! HE'S 164
COME RUSHING OUT OF NOWHERE, EVERYTHING HAPPENING SO FAST,
THE DOCTOR PULLS MINA BACK, OFF VAN HELSING! SHE TURNS ON
SEWARD, SENDS HIM BACK PEDALING ON THE TREACHEROUS GROUND,
A LOW GUTTERAL GROWL DEEP IN HER THROAT...HER STRENGTH IS
GREATER THAN THESE MEN CAN MATCH.

DR. SEWARD

Mina...no...Mina...

BUT MINA KEEPS COMING...VAN HELSING RISING TO HIS FEET,
SLIGHTLY STUNNED...SEWARD CORNERED, WEDGED UP AGAINST THE
WALL. HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, PULLS OUT A CRUCIFIX,
THRUSTS IT IN MINA'S FACE!

165 SHE WHIRLS IN PAIN, REPELLED, SPINNING TOWARD VAN HELSING SO FAST THAT WE ALMOST DON'T SEE THE LONG SHARP STAKE IN VAN HELSING'S HANDS AGAIN, RUSHING AT HIS DAUGHTER'S HEART! MINA SEEMS TO FLY ONTO IT, WRITHING, A HIDEOUS BLOODCURDLING SCREECH COMING FROM HER OPEN RED LIPS, HER BODY SHAKING AND QUIVERING AND TWISTING IN WILD CONTORTIONS AS VAN HELSING HOLDS ONTO THAT STAKE, DRIVES IT DEEPER WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, MINA'S SHARP WHITE TEETH CRUSHING DOWN ON EACH OTHER UNTIL HER LIPS ARE CUT, HER MOUTH SMEARED WITH CRIMSON FOAM. 165

166 Seward watches all this, paralyzed, blood running down the stake onto Van Helsing's hands...and then silence, a silence so profound it seems all the air has been sucked from the tunnel. 166

167 AND THERE IN THIS BLACK HOLE, VAN HELSING HOLDS HIS DEAD DAUGHTER, FIRST BY THE BLOODY STAKE AND THEN HE CLASPS HER BODY TO HIS, AND FROM THE DEEPEST REACHES OF HIS SOUL COMES A SOUND SO PITIABLE A THOUSAND HEARTS MIGHT BREAK FROM THE FORCE OF ITS GRIEF. 167

168 EXT. BILLERBECK HALL - POST MIDNIGHT 168

Harker speeds up to the house in his Olds. He gets out, knocks at the front door, waits. The night has grown impossibly still. THE DOOR OPENS...Mrs. Galloway.

MRS. GALLOWAY

Mr. Harker!

HARKER

I hope I didn't alarm you. Is Miss Lucy....

MRS. GALLOWAY

Up in her room, sound asleep, like we all should be, if we had any common sense.

HARKER

Yes, you're right. I think I'll do the same.

Harker enters.

169 INT. BILLERBECK HALL - POST MIDNIGHT 169

Harker, outside Lucy's bedroom. He tries the handle, opens the door quietly to sneak in on his true love.

HARKER

(softly)

Lucy?

Lucy lies on her back, the bed covers thrown aside, her hair streaming over the pillows. No one else is in the room. Harker crosses quickly to the bed.

HARKER

Lucy? Lucy, what's the matter?

She's pale, non-responsive. Suddenly the camera finds itself a short distance from Harker, moving toward him. Dracula appears in the foreground! Shrouded again in his magnificent fur coat, he looms over Harker. Harker turns, gasps.

DRACULA

What are you doing?

HARKER

What are you doing?!

DRACULA

I was out walking and saw all the lights ablaze. I was concerned.

Van Helsing appears in the doorway, behind Dracula...Dracula stops...turns...sensing Van Helsing's presence. The mirror reflects Lucy and Harker on the bed but not Dracula right beside it!

DRACULA

Good evening.

HARKER

Dr. Seward....

DR. SEWARD

Jonathan, hello! You know Professor Van Helsing.

HARKER

Doctor, quickly...Lucy...she's so cold....

Van Helsing and Seward, both dishevelled and bloodstained, stand in the doorway. Van Helsing hurries in past Dracula, acknowledging Jonathan. Seward comes around the other side of the bed to examine Lucy. Dracula too moves closer, preoccupied with Lucy, closer to the mirror as well. Any second someone will realize he casts no reflection...

CONTINUED

VAN HELSING

Quick, some brandy.

Harker gets up, rushes out of the room. Van Helsing moves Lucy to the center of the bed, draws the covers up to her neck, his attention drawn to her neck...TWO SMALL PUNCTURES.

DRACULA

You are a physician, sir?

Van Helsing turns, acknowledging Dracula for the first time.

VAN HELSING

Yes, and sometimes a metaphysician.
Forgive me, I am Abraham Van Helsing.

DRACULA

I am Count Dracula, a neighbor of the Swards'. My condolences on the tragic death of your daughter, sir.

Harker rushes back in with a black jet goblet of brandy, gives it to Van Helsing who turns to receive it, his eyes sweeping hastily across the mirror, Dracula noticing the mirror, suddenly aware of his own vulnerability! Van Helsing applies some brandy to his fingers, touches them to Lucy's lips. She stirs a bit, moans slightly....

DR. SEWARD

She's got a great deal of blood.

HARKER

Blood? Where?

DR. SEWARD

She must be given a transfusion!
There's hardly a pulse....

Van Helsing looks at Seward, at the mirror where only Harker is reflected. Instinctively, swiftly, Van Helsing spins around toward Harker and Dracula...BUT DRACULA IS GONE... Harker standing all alone by the bed.

HARKER

But where do we ever get blood at this ungodly hour?

DR. SEWARD

Pray one of us has her type.

Van Helsing is troubled, confused, his powers of observation in tragic disarray this awful night.

171 MOMENTS LATER

171

Harker with his sleeve rolled up...AN ODD MEDICAL CONTRAPTION rigged to pull blood from his veins and, by a small bellows which Seward works, transport the life-giving fluid through rubber tubes into Lucy's arm.

Van Helsing enters the room, his hands soiled with earth, masses of garlic flowers and cloves in a basket in his arms.

HARKER

Good God, Professor...garlic?
I'm sick to my stomach as it is....

DR. SEWARD

(to Harker)
You feel weak?

HARKER

Take it all, whatever you need to save her.

VAN HELSING

She needs more than your blood, Jonathan.

HARKER

What she doesn't need is to breathe the odor from these wretched plants....

VAN HELSING

Do not trifle with me! There is grim purpose in all I do!

It's a sudden outburst, powerful and incisive, and it brings a deep silence onto the room.

HARKER

I'm sorry....
(pause)
What's happening? Please, for God's sakes, someone just tell me what is happening here? I go away for a single day....

DR. SEWARD

Don't agitate yourself...your blood pressure....

HARKER

Professor Van Helsing? You know, don't you?

Silence. Van Helsing is watching Lucy, breathing deeply.

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

DR. SEWARD

The color's returning to her cheeks...look.

HARKER

Professor?

Van Helsing looks up, at Harker, at Seward....

172 EXT. KETTLENESS CEMETERY - DAWN

Van Helsing, Seward and Harker cross the lawn toward a bleak sight indeed....

173 ...Swales and Walter standing next to Mina's open grave, Mina's body lying on the grass, covered with a dark shroud. There is a new coffin nearby, and as Van Helsing draws closer we realize that he carries a black surgeon's bag.

Walter is ashen, trembling. Even old Swales seems sober. Dr. Seward steps toward the body, reluctantly. He draws back just the top of the shroud to reveal MINA'S FACE. HER EYES ARE CLOSED BUT THERE'S A DELICATE BLOOM ON HER CHEEKS, HER LIPS RED. Harker is mystified, horrified.

HARKER

She looks....

VAN HELSING

...alive.

Seward reaches down, gently moves Mina's lips away from her teeth. In the dim, uncertain light THE CANINE'S LOOK LONGER AND SHARPER THAN THE REST.

VAN HELSING

She is the devil's undead.

Harker turns quickly, looks at Van Helsing.

HARKER

I'm calling the police!

Dr. Seward lifts Mina's eyelids, examines her.

VAN HELSING

Your English police would laugh. The strength of the vampire, Mr. Harker, is that people will not believe in him! As even you refuse to believe, though with your own two eyes you see the living proof.

CONTINUED

173. CONTINUED

173

HARKER

No, no matter what you say, she is dead.

VAN HELSING

Undead.

HARKER

Dead, Professor, dead.

DR. SEWARD

Nosferatu.

Silence. Harker is cornered. He seems the only skeptic left, desperately clinging to his sanity. Van Helsing has set his bag on the ground and is opening it up.

HARKER

Undead! Not dead! Alive! What does any of it mean?

VAN HELSING

The victim of the vampire....

HARKER

There are no such things!

VAN HELSING

(bearing on)

...becomes his creature, linked to him in life, and far, far worse, in death. After death.

HARKER

You're trying to tell me that Lucy has become...an unclean thing? A demon?

VAN HELSING

Not as long as she still lives. We will protect Lucy...as we failed to protect Mina.

HARKER

You can't seriously expect me to believe this! That some hideous, unearthly monster stalks Whitby? That it's claimed Mina....

VAN HELSING

I expect you to believe only what is.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED - 2

17

Van Helsing removes a small mirror from his pocket. He holds it near his daughter's face. Harker looks into the glass... MINA CASTS NO REFLECTION. Silence. Van Helsing begins to set out a shocking array of surgical implements -- a bone saw, several large scalpels. Swales' gaze is drawn toward the asylum, to Renfield's tiny window....

174 RENFIELD! HIS FACE IS VISIBLE, LOOKING DOWN AT SWALES! 174

175 SWALES
(suddenly)
Count Dracula. He's the one. 175HARKER
Dracula?VAN HELSING
No. This thing must be English.DR. SEWARD
English?VAN HELSING
Or at least have died here in Whitby.SWALES
(confused)
What? So's it can crawl back into
its very own hole at sunrise?

Harker and Seward look at Swales, surprised he's even informed on the subject.

Van Helsing straightens up, steels himself, approaches Mina's body.....

HARKER
What are you going to do?VAN HELSING
I must cut off its head and fill
its mouth with garlic....SWALES
That'll fix 'er! 'N take out 'er
'eart!DR. SEWARD
Heavens and earth, no! Not for
the wide world will I consent to
such a thing!

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

175

Van Helsing starts for the body, but Harker grabs him, the two men inches apart.

VAN HELSING

It is not your choice! She was my daughter! To fail here is not merely life or death. It is that we might become as she. That we and your Lucy become foul things of the night....

(a look at Mina)

There's work, wild work to be done. And now are all the powers of the devils against us.

176 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

176

Lucy stands at the window, a strange expression on her face as she looks down into the cemetery....

177 LUCY'S POINT OF VIEW

177

SUNLIGHT GLINTING OFF VAN HELSING'S SAW AS HE KNEELS BEFORE HIS DAUGHTER'S BODY...DRAWS THE BLADE ACROSS HER THROAT....

178 LUCY, her gaze fixed on the scene below. She's horrified.

178

LUCY

No!

MRS. GALLOWAY'S VOICE

What?

Mrs. Galloway is sitting right in the room, dozing, waking up at Lucy's statement. Lucy composes herself, turns to the old woman.

LUCY

I hope I might have a nice warm cup of tea, Mrs. Galloway. I've the shivers.

Mrs. Galloway gets up to fetch the brew, muttering....

MRS. GALLOWAY

No wonder. Was the doctor's orders you stay in bed, but how's he think I could keep you there....

And she's gone. Lucy hurries to her wardrobe, removes a wrap.

179 INT. BILLERBECK HALL CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

17

Harker comes down the hall, followed at a distance by Van Helsing and Seward. He encounters Mrs. Galloway, bearing a tray laden with a pot of tea and a plate of biscuits.

MRS. GALLOWAY

Good morning, Mr. Harker.

HARKER

(concerned)

Where's Lucy? You're supposed to be....

MRS. GALLOWAY

She's in her room, and she's looking much better, asking for tea....

But Harker isn't listening. He's rushed to the room, thrown open the door....

180 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

180

Harker lifts Lucy's gold crucifix from the pillow.

181 EXT. LUCY'S BALCONY - EARLY MORNING

181

Van Helsing steps out, only seconds after Harker's discovery. Seward is in the room now too. Van Helsing looks out over the railing.

182 IN THE DISTANCE, A SMALL CARRIAGE CAN BE SEEN MOVING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, DOWN THE ROAD AT A GALLOP!

182

183 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

183

Harker drives like a man possessed, his foot to the floor. Van Helsing sits up front with him, Dr. Seward in the back.

184 THE CARRIAGE CAN BE SEEN UP AHEAD...JUST A BUGGY, MOVING RECKLESSLY ON THE OLD ROAD!

184

185 INT. BUGGY - DAY - LUCY

185

She seems normal, to have all her wits about her as she rides with great purpose, THE OLDS OVERTAKING HER....

186 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

18

Harker swings his car up alongside the buggy. Lucy looks at him, a cold, disdainful glance.

HARKER

Lucy, stop, please...for God's sake!

187 But she won't draw rein. Harker pulls the big automobile right in front of her buggy, forces it to stop. Lucy stares at Harker with undisguised contempt...This is a new Lucy, hard, intense....

18

LUCY

Get out of my way, Jonathan..

HARKER

What are you doing? Where are you going?

Lucy won't answer.

VAN HELSING

There.

187A Harker turns, looks down the road...CARFAX ABBEY!

187A

DR. SEWARD

Dracula.

HARKER

Dracula?

VAN HELSING

Have I have underestimated this thing's power? To call her to its side in the daylight...we face an awesome foe.

HARKER

(desperate)

Lucy...no....you can't possibly want to....

LUCY

He's no danger for me.

HARKER

Lucy, he's a monster! A...

Harker stops, unable to say the word, to express the insane notion he's come to harbor.

LUCY

You're mad, all of you.

She starts to drive on.

CONTINUED

VAN HELSING

She goes to warn him!

Harker steps into the buggy quickly, grabs the reins.

LUCY

(simply, coldly)

If you try to stop me, I shall kill myself.

Van Helsing puts a hand on the buggy....

VAN HELSING

On your living soul I charge you, Lucy Seward, that you do not die, nor think of death 'til this great evil that has fouled your sweet life is true dead himself!

A moment's pause...and then Lucy strikes Van Helsing's face with her crop. A gesture so shocking, so frightening that no one moves.

LUCY

You dare try to confuse me. All of you! Tormenting him, that poor man who is the saddest, kindest of all!

VAN HELSING

Kind? If I could send his soul forever to burning hell, I would!

LUCY

YOU DISGUST ME! AND YOU FILL ME WITH HORROR AND LOATHING!

Lucy leaps from the carriage! Harker tries to grab her, but she throws him struggling to the ground. Dr. Seward rushes over, takes hold of Lucy's head, his fingers on her temples, applying pressure, Van Helsing assisting. Harker is stunned, watching them work, Seward subduing his daughter, putting her into a deep trance, slowing the blood supply to her brain. Silence. Van Helsing looks off toward Carfax.

DR. SEWARD

Abraham? I don't understand. I thought he couldn't leave...I mean I thought a vampire had to sleep in the soil it was buried in....

HARKER

Those crates! He had crates of earth brought with him! Renfield collected them from the ship!

CONTINUED

187A CONTINUED - 2

187A

DR. SEWARD

So then at least he'll be in his coffin now, sleeping or whatever it is he does....

HARKER

Is that right, Professor?

Van Helsing ignores Harker, turns to Seward.

VAN HELSING

(to Seward)

Take her home, Jack. Watch over her.

DR. SEWARD

And you and Jonathan?

VAN HELSING

Miss Lucy's life is at stake. And so is her soul. We must find this monster and obliterate it.

188 EXT. CARFAX ABBY - MORNING

188

Harker moves quietly outside the great stone wall, Van Helsing behind him, carrying his long leather bag. They pass through the gates into....

189 CARFAX GARDENS - MORNING

189

Silence.

VAN HELSING

What is it you hear?

HARKER

Nothing.

VAN HELSING

Not even birds. He has driven them away.

HARKER

Impossible.

VAN HELSING

All of nature abhors him. The vampire plays a lone hand.

Harker tries the front door. It's locked. Van Helsing is moving carefully through the courtyard. Harker comes up alongside him, trying to see into the abbey's windows. He hoists himself up to a high shuttered opening, tries to pry

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED

18

the covering back.

VAN HELSING

What's that?

Harker turns. Van Helsing has fixed on a small crumbling structure in the garden.

HARKER

That? Just an old burial crypt.

Harker and Van Helsing turn to each other for an awful moment...and then Harker just takes off fast, heading for the crypt!

VAN HELSING

No, Harker, wait! Take care!

Van Helsing pulls a crucifix from his bag, takes off after Harker.

190 INT. CARFAX CRYPT - MORNING

190

Harker pushes in a CREAKY OLD DOOR, enters. The space inside here is much larger than might be expected, the crypt dug downward, reaching into a series of SUBTERRANEAN BURIAL VAULTS.

Harker moves through passages to a circular stairway that heads steeply downward. He descends. It's dark, the crypt lit only by occasional shafts of light poking in through cracks in the heavy old masonry.

Van Helsing enters where Harker did, hears Harker's FOOTSTEPS, follows with the crucifix.

Harker. He finds a rusty old implement, something like a shovel. It's his only weapon. THE SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT GROW LESS FREQUENT AS HE ADVANCES....

191 COFFINS! ANCIENT CONTAINERS, ROTTED AWAY, SKELETONS VISIBLE WITHIN. Harker eases on by, piles of dust and cobwebs everywhere, his hand to his mouth as he coughs, chokes on the deathly, sickly odour...MUSIC...A BACH PARTITA floating faintly on the dry dusty air. It seems played on a harpsichord. Harker comes down a short passage, the coffins behind him, THE MUSIC IS LOUDER. He finds a ponderous door, shoves it open slowly. 191

DRACULA! The Count sits at an old harpsichord, in deep shadow, his back to Harker. Harker advances carefully, step by step, lifting his shovel on high, closer and closer to Dracula....

VAN HELSING'S VOICE

NO! HARKER, NO!

Harker wheels around! Van Helsing stands at the door with his crucifix. Dracula stops playing, but he does not turn immediately. He's remarkably calm, controlled, turning now, looking up at Harker, at the rusty implement still raised and about to strike....

DRACULA

Gentlemen.

Dracula rises. Harker backs away a few paces. Van Helsing comes forward, offering his crucifix to Harker.

VAN HELSING

Take this....

DRACULA

You are a wise man, Professor, for one who has not lived yet a single life time.

Harker grabs the crucifix from Van Helsing, thrusts it into Dracula's face! DRACULA RECOILS...BUT QUICKLY TURNS BACK AND SEIZES THE CRUCIFIX! IT BURSTS INTO FLAME! DRACULA THROWS IT VIOLENTLY TO THE GROUND!

DRACULA

You fools. You think with your crosses and your garlic blossoms you can destroy me? Me? I am the King of my kind. You shall see.

VAN HELSING

We shall send you to hell! Where a thousand years of agony will not bring you one second nearer the end of your punishment....

DRACULA

Never! Listen and let my words ring in your ears all your lives, and torture you on your deathbeds. I shall go to sleep in my box for a hundred years if I must. You have accomplished nothing against me, Van Helsing. Time is on my side!

CONTINUED

Dracula picks up his cape, swings it onto his shoulders...

DRACULA

In a century, when you are dust, I shall wake and call Lucy, my queen, from her grave....

HARKER

No! You won't get Lucy!

DRACULA

She is mine already, little man.

HARKER

NO!

193 AND HARKER SWINGS HIS SHOVEL AT DRACULA, SUDDENLY, IRRATION- 193
ALLY. DRACULA COVERS HIMSELF AS THE SHOVEL STRIKES HOME,
DRIVING INTO HIS NECK! BUT ON THE MOMENT OF IMPACT DRACULA
CHANGES, IMPLODES, MUTATES INTO A BAT.

194 HARKER STAGGERS BACKWARD! THE BAT DIVES TOWARD VAN HELSING! 194
VAN HELSING SHUTS THE DOOR, SEALS THEM ALL INSIDE...HARKER
SCRAMBLING TO HIS FEET, COMING AFTER THE BAT, CRAZED, SWING-
ING AT IT, MISSING, THE SHOVEL STRIKING STONE, SPARKS SPLASH-
ING INTO THE DARK AIR!

195 THE BAT CIRCLES NEAR THE CEILING OF THE VAULT, TRAPPED, 195
DIVING, HARKER RUSHING AFTER IT, SWINGING AT IT, HITTING IT!
A DULL SICKENING THUD, AN AWFUL SHRIEK OF PAIN FROM THE
LITTLE CREATURE AS IT SEEKS REFUGE ON A LEDGE....

196 VAN HELSING STUMBLES AGAINST A BOX OF EARTH, ONE OF THE 196
CRATES FROM THE SHIP, THE IMPRESSION OF A MAN PUSHED INTO
THE EARTH.

HARKER

DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU!

197 AND NOW HARKER TRIES TO REACH THE BAT, SCALES THE BROKEN 197
STONES. HE HAS IT CORNERED...AND IT ATTACKS, SCREAMS TOWARD
HIM, RIGHT FOR HIS HEAD, TEARING PAST HIM, LACERATING HIS
CHEEK! BLOOD...THE BAT COMING BACK, DIVING ON HARKER, HITTING
HIM, SCREAMING, BEATING HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND!

198 VAN HELSING TAKES HOLD OF AN OLD COLLAPSED TIMBER, SOMETHING 198
THAT ONCE SUPPORTED THE ROOF OF THE VAULT. HE WRENCHES IT,
SHOVES AGAINST IT WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH....

199 HARKER LIES ON THE FLOOR, HIS HANDS COVERING HIS HEAD, HIS 199
BODY THRASHING AROUND, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE VAMPIRE BAT'S
TEETH, ITS CLAWS....

200 VAN HELSING MOVES THE TIMBER JUST A FEW INCHES, BUT IT SETS 20
OFF A SMALL CHAIN REACTION, DISLODGES SEVERAL STONES UP NEAR
THE ROOF, STARTS A SMALL LANDSLIDE, CAVES IN A PORTION OF THE
VAULTED CEILING, LETTING IN....

201 SUNLIGHT! A SHAFT OF HOT MORNING SUN STABS INTO THE CRYPT, 20
FLASHES ONTO HARKER AND HIS ATTACKER, THE BAT SHRIEKING IN
AGONY, ALMOST BURNING IN ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT BEFORE IT FLIES
DESPERATELY INTO THE SHADOWS, INTO A CREVICE WE CAN NOW DISCERN
IN THE CRAGGY WALL. AND IT DISAPPEARS, SWALLOWED UP BY THE
STONES.

202 Silence. Harker lies in the shaft of sunlight, the dank air 20
around him filled with a shower of dust particles. Van Helsing
stands up slowly, warily. He approaches the box of earth,
removes a small packet from his coat, opens it: Blessed wafers.
On each is imprinted the crucifix. He takes them one by one,
holds them aloft, cracking each in half, pressing bits into
the dirt as he prays.

VAN HELSING

(softly)

Into thy hand, oh Lord, I return
this earth. In the name of the
Father, and of the Son, and of
the Holy Ghost....

Harker sits on the cold stone floor, dazed, blood from his
cheek trickling down into his mouth. He touches his face,
regards his fingers. His tongue moves slowly across his lips,
tasting his own blood.

203 INT. SEWARD ASYLUM - DAY 203

Dr. Seward leads Harker and Van Helsing along the corridor,
past the cells.

HARKER

I helped him. I saw that two of
those wretched crates were de-
livered safely from the ship.

VAN HELSING

Don't blame yourself. Undoubtedly
he had others, brought to him other
ways. His cunning is...

DR. SEWARD

God protect my Lucy. He's scattered
them all over Whitby by now...

CONTINUED

203

CONTINUED

20

HARKER

Then we'll find them, tear them open one-by-one until we have him, until I can drive the stake myself into his black heart!

They're approaching Walter. He sits in a chair, in front of a door that's heavily secured with a bar and padlock.

HARKER

(shocked)

In there...no....

DR. SEWARD

I had to. When she awoke, she was like some wild animal.

VAN HELSING

You've given her medication? Laudanum?

DR. SEWARD

My own daughter? Certainly not.

Seward is unlocking the door, lifting the bar.

HARKER

Please...a moment alone with her. I must.

VAN HELSING

Harker, beware. She is not what she seems.

Seward opens the door....

204

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

20

A windowless, quilted room. A small bed. A single chair. Lucy stands in a corner, looking out at them. Harker steps inside, closes the door softly to afford them some privacy.

LUCY

Your face...?

Harker touches the wound on his cheek. There is compassion in Lucy's voice, deep concern. She moves toward him, slowly. Tears well in her eyes.

LUCY

Oh, Jonathan, my own Jonathan.

CONTINUED

He takes a step backward.

LUCY

You're afraid of me. I can't
blame you. I don't know whatever....

She turns, ashamed, sits on the edge of the bed, making Harker
feel cruel and inconsiderate of her great suffering. He comes
close, stands next to her.

HARKER

You seem...yourself again.

She looks up at him, takes his hand.

LUCY

I've never been so...weak.

HARKER

Weak? You had the strength of
ten men.

LUCY

But this horror...what I was becoming
...can you still love me, Jonathan?

He sits next to her, takes both of her hands in his.

HARKER

I worship you.

Lucy looks into his eyes.

LUCY

Then tell me something.

There's an edge in her voice. Harker reacts to it.

LUCY

If you love me, you'll tell me.
What were you doing, you and my
father and the Professor, in
the cemetery...to Mina?

HARKER

I can't....

LUCY

You say you love me, but you don't
trust me.

CONTINUED

HARKER

I would trust you with my life,
my soul! It's just that this is
all so incomprehensible!

LUCY

Prove that you love me, Jonathan:
What did you do at Carfax? You
and Abraham Van Helsing?

Harker gets up, walks a few paces, anguished. He puts his
hands on his head, as though in great pain.

LUCY

You don't think I'm asking you
because I still....

Harker turns, looks at her.

LUCY

(genuinely)

I'm only trying to find out whether
you can still love me.

She comes toward him. And once again, instinctively, he
backs away.

HARKER

Lucy, please...

LUCY

You're trying to hide your schemes
and your plots from me, aren't you?

HARKER

No.

LUCY

You're afraid I'll give them away.
It's no use. Whatever he wants to
know, he finds out for himself.
He knows everything you do. He
knows what you think. He knows
everything, Jonathan.

She is close to him now, having backed him nearly into a
corner.

HARKER

Lucy, my God...what's happening to
us?

Harker is trembling, crying, frightened. Lucy lifts her hands
toward his face.

CONTINUED

204 CONTINUED - 3

20

LUCY

I'm sorry, Jonathan...let me kiss
away the tears.

She does try to kiss him, but he backs further into the
corner. Lucy comes closer, insistent.

LUCY

I love you. Jonathan, I need you
...please...

And now she does kiss him, their lips together for several
seconds, Harker melting at her soft touch, Lucy putting her
cheek against his chest, hugging him...HER MOUTH SEEKING HIS
THROAT!

Harker shoves her backward onto the bed! Van Helsing swings
the cell door open! He has a crucifix, and he moves quickly
between Lucy and Harker. SHE SNARLS LIKE A BEAST! RETREATS!
VAN HELSING PRESSES TOWARD HER! SHE WEAKENS, COLLAPSES!

Seward stands aghast in the doorway, watches as Van Helsing
moves closer and closer to Lucy. He kneels beside her,
takes a garlic clove from his pocket. He breaks it open,
waves it under her nose. She starts! Van Helsing steadies
himself for the worst, but Lucy sees the cross, reaches out
for it. Van Helsing lets her take it...and she kisses it
passionately.

205 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - DAY

205

Mrs. Galloway emerges from Lucy's cell with an empty glass
and a medicine bottle on a tray. Harker and Van Helsing
and young Walter wait outside here as Seward comes out next,
locking his daughter's cell behind him.

DR. SEWARD

She'll sleep now.

HARKER

I won't. I'll never sleep again.

VAN HELSING

You must. We all must. Tomorrow
we shall find the place where he
rests.

HARKER

What about tonight? He might come
for Lucy....

DR. SEWARD

Nothing can get at her in there.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

HARKER

How can you be so certain? How can you pretend to know what he's capable of?

VAN HELSING

Jonathan, we will not leave Lucy unprotected. There will be someone here all night.

Silence.

HARKER

Then give me the key.

Harker extends his hand toward Seward. Seward bristles, but Van Helsing intervenes, nods to his old friend to humor Jonathan Harker, to put his troubled mind to rest. Seward reluctantly removes the big key from his crowded ring, gives it to Harker.

206 EXT. BILLERBECK HALL - NIGHT

206

Inky black, windy. There are only occasional gleams of moonlight visible between heavy clouds that scud across the sky over Whitby.

207 INT. BILLERBECK HALL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

207

The Professor sits in a chair by the fire, thinking, holding in his hands a small photograph of his beloved daughter. OUTSIDE, A WOLF HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE. Van Helsing looks up, troubled. A MANTLE CLOCK STRIKES THREE TIMES. And then silence.

208 INT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - NIGHT

208

The wards...the patients in their bunks, most of them sound asleep. But a few are wide awake, lying quietly in the dark, eyes wide open, waiting for something dreadful to transpire.

209 WALTER sits at his post just outside Lucy's cell. He's alert, attuned to every little noise.

209

210 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT

210

The Romanian sailor is asleep, SNORING. Renfield stands upright in a corner, talking to himself we assume...though quickly discover otherwise.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

RENFIELD

They needn't tie me up. I'll go quiet like. Like a kitten, a nice little, sleek, playful kitten... that I can feed you to....

211 A SPIDER! IT MOVES ALONG RENFIELD'S WINDOW BARS, SPINNING A WEB IN THE GHOSTLY MOONLIGHT.

211

RENFIELD

...a kitten that I can play with 'n teach 'n feed... 'n feed... 'n feed!

212 His face falls, a warning of danger suddenly appearing upon it, a fierce side-long look. Renfield aims his ear at the window.

212

SILENCE. AND THEN SCRATCHING SOUNDS, FINGERNAILS ON STONE!

Renfield panics. He edges up to the windows, his foot digging into a notch in the wall so that he can rise above the sill, off balance without the use of his arms. He peers out, down at....

213 A DARK FORM COMING UP THE SEAWARD FACE OF THE TOWER TOWARD HIM, SCALING THE SHEER VERTICAL SURFACE OF THE ASYLUM LIKE A LIZARD!

213

214 RENFIELD pitches backward in horror, crashes to the stone floor! THE SOUNDS GROW PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER! He struggles to his meal tray, takes a spoon in his teeth, gets to his feet, to the cell door where he rakes the metal utensil back and forth desperately against the bars of a small viewing slot.

214

Seconds pass. THE ROMANIAN KEEPS SNORING. No ones answers Renfield's call for help. THE CLAWING SOUNDS GROW LOUDER. Renfield kicks at the Romanian to no avail, unable to wake him.

THE VIEWING SLOT OPENS! SWALES' FACE APPEARS!

RENFIELD

'E'S COMIN'! 'E'S CLIMBIN' STRAIGHT UP THE WALL TO GET ME! I'M DYIN'!
'N 'E'S LAUGHIN' WITH 'IS RED MOUTH
'N THEM SHARP WHITE TEETH! LIKE A RAT!
HUNDREDS 'N THOUSANDS 'N MILLIONS OF 'EM!
ALIVE! 'N DOGS TO EAT 'EM, 'N CATS TOO!
FULL UP WITH RED BLOOD! SAVE MY POOR SOUL!

SLAM! The hatch closes in Renfield's face. He falls against the door, looks at the outside window....

215 ...AS DRACULA'S HANDS RISE INTO VIEW, TAKE HOLD OF THE BARS...BEGIN TO BEND THEM APART.... 215

216 INT. HARKER'S ROOM - NIGHT 216

Harker has gone to bed. He awakes with a start, thinks he hears something. He rises, walks to the window, looks out, BUT FROM HERE, HE CAN SEE NOTHING AMISS, JUST THE EMPTY COURTYARD, SILENT, SECURE.

217 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT 217

A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS RENFIELD'S FACE...DRACULA. HE'S INSIDE THE SMALL CHAMBER, COMING TOWARD RENFIELD....

DRACULA

Renfield.

RENFIELD

I am your slave...your dog, Master,
don't kill me...for the love of God,
let me live....

Dracula lifts his long, graceful arms, gently takes hold of Renfield's head, looks into Renfield's bulging eyes....

DRACULA

Did I not promise that you should
enjoy centuries of life and power
over the bodies and souls of others?

RENFIELD

I don't want human life!

DRACULA

And still you betrayed me, Milo
Renfield. You sought to warn them
against me....

RENFIELD

Punish me, torture me, I deserve it...
but let me live!

DRACULA

You disappoint me so.

There is a moment's pause AND THEN A SUDDEN UNBELIEVABLE CRACK! DRACULA SNAPS RENFIELD'S HEAD BACKWARD WITH SUCH POWER THAT HIS NECK BREAKS LIKE A TWIG! RENFIELD'S EYES STARE UP AT THE CEILING, HIS SPINE AND HIS SKULL JOINED NOW AT A SHOCKING FORTY-FIVE DEGREE ANGLE...AND A SCREAM RISES IN HIS THROAT, DELAYED A MOMENT AS IF THE AWFUL TRUTH OF WHAT'S HAPPENED HAS ONLY JUST NOW PENETRATED POOR RENFIELD'S JUMBLED, DYING BRAIN....

218 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 218

Walter has heard the scream! So has Swales! So have many of the patients! Swales sounds an ALARM! Walter rises, starts to rush off to investigate...but then he thinks better of it, returns to within a few feet of Lucy's cell, to protect her.

219 NEAR RENFIELD'S CELL...CHAOS...LUNATICS WAILING...PEOPLE 219
CONVERGING...VAN HELSING, HARKER, SEWARD, ALL WEARING NIGHT-
CLOTHES. MRS. GALLOWAY RUSHES DOWN A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS
THAT LEAD UP TO RENFIELD'S LITTLE PRISON....

MRS. GALLOWAY
Mr. Renfield! Mr. Renfield!

Harker rushes up the stairs....

220 ...AS DOWN BELOW, poor Walter stands frozen in terror. THE 220
CAMERA MOVES TOWARD HIS FEET...A MIST RUSHES UNDER THE DOOR
TO LUCY'S CELL, STEALS INSIDE! Silence for a moment...AND
THEN AN AWFUL CRASHING INSIDE THE CELL!

Walter spins around. LUCY'S DOOR SHUDDERS!

221 OUTSIDE RENFIELD'S CELL 221

Harker reaches the top, stops in his tracks. Swales is stand-
ing there in shock, staring at the cell door. It's been torn
clear off its hinges! Harker pushes on past, enters the cell.

222 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT 222

The Romanian is awake, drawn into a corner, tears running down
his face, looking at Renfield's body, at Renfield's head bent
backward at that grotesque angle.

Van Helsing appears behind Harker, Seward next.

DR. SEWARD

The bars!

Rent asunder. Harker comes close to Renfield, afraid to touch
him. He looks at the Romanian sailor.

HARKER

Dracula?

SAILOR

Bride...bride...bride...bride....

Van Helsing pivots from the door, races back down the stairs
before Harker or Seward can even react.

223 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

223

Walter! He's charging up the dungeon stairs! Van Helsing nearly collides with the boy!

WALTER

Miss Seward! Miss Seward!

HARKER

(appearing)

Where is she?

WALTER

I need the key.....

224 THE LOCK ON LUCY'S DOOR. HARKER BESIDE HIMSELF, FUMBLING WITH THE DAMN KEY, TRYING TO MAKE THE OLD LOCK WORK. HE GETS IT OPEN, RIPS THE BAR UP..... 224

225 Van Helsing and Seward behind Harker as he yanks open Lucy's cell...A POWERFUL WIND ROARS OUT! 225

SEWARD

Good God!

226 INT. PADDED CELL - NIGHT

226

Empty! Lucy is gone! Seward rushes to a GAPING ORIFICE THAT'S BEEN LITERALLY SMASHED OUT THROUGH THE PADDING, RIGHT ON THROUGH THE ASYLUM'S THICK STONE WALL.....

HARKER

How? How did he get in?

VAN HELSING

You ask how the King Vampire comes and goes, during the hours of the night that are his?

HARKER

Yes!

VAN HELSING

Like the wind. Damn his soul.

SEWARD

There!

227 SEWARD'S POV...DOWN THE SHEER FACE OF THE BUILDING...DRACULA, CRAWLING TOWARD THE LAWN AND THE MEADOW BELOW WITH LUCY ON HIS BACK, HER WHITE DRESSING GOWN IN STARK CONTRAST AGAINST HIS DARK CAPE..... 227

228 EXT. SEWARD ASYLUM - NIGHT

228

The edge of the lawn. Harker and Van Helsing and Seward find a path freshly beaten into the fallen grass at meadow's edge, leading off into the night....

HARKER

He doesn't mean to....

VAN HELSING

Kill her? She must die to be his forever.

Harker swings his lamp higher, tries to illuminate the trail.

DR. SEWARD

Where is he taking her, Abraham?
Where?!

229 EXT. HEATH - NIGHT

229

Dracula moves effortlessly through tall grass and scrub brush, carrying Lucy as easily as if she were made of gossamer.

230 EXT. BILLERBECK HALL DRIVE - NIGHT

230

Harker's Olds roars across the gravel, ploughs off the roadway into the meadow, its headlamps broadcasting twin beams of light, fiery daggers slashing through the tall grass.

231 EXT. HEATH - NIGHT

231

Dracula reaches the edge of a small forest. He stops, lays Lucy gently against a tree, looks at her face. Her eyes are closed.

DRACULA

Lucy.

She opens her eyes, heavy lidded, tries to focus on him.
THE SKY IS BEGINNING TO LIGHTEN.

DRACULA

You shall be my companion, Lucy...
my wife for centuries to come.
Together we shall cross land and
sea.

LUCY

So tired...terribly tired....

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED

231

Dracula unbuttons his shirt...and with his fingernail, he makes a slash across his chest. A thin trickle of blood begins to flow. He reaches for Lucy's head and places her mouth on the wound! He closes his eyes for a moment, ecstatically, as she quenches her thirst.

232 ANOTHER PART OF THE HEATH...HARKER'S OLDSMOBILE BURSTING ONTO THE SCREEN LIKE A MAD DRAGON, BARRELING ALONG, MOWING DOWN PLANT LIFE....

232

233 INT. OLDSMOBILE - PRE-DAWN.

233

Harker at the wheel, Van Helsing up front with him, Seward bouncing around in the back as the big auto thunders across uneven terrain. It brakes! There's a footpath...forking in two directions.

HARKER

(desperate)

Which way? Which way?

VAN HELSING

He must get a coffin, wherever he keeps more of his earth.

DR. SEWARD

That path leads to the village, the other to the forest, nowhere....

VAN HELSING

The forest.

Harker looks at Van Helsing, accepts his instinct, throws the Olds into gear, heads for the forest path.

234 EXT. THE FOREST - DAWN

234

Dracula carries Lucy among the towering trees. HER EYES OPEN, LOOK UP AT HIM....

235 THE ENTIRE FOREST IS BRIGHTENING WITH THE EARLIEST MORNING LIGHT, AND DRACULA SEEKS SHELTER BEHIND AN ENORMOUS OAK, IN DEEP SHADOW. HE LOWERS LUCY TO THE GROUND, SEEMS TO LOSE HIS GRIP....

235

236 LUCY

236

You're ill?

Dracula looks at her, surprised she's so alert.

CONTINUED

236

CONTINUED

236

DRACULA

The daylight....

He's leaning against the oak now, breathing in a labored fashion. MORE SUNLIGHT! IT WRAPS AROUND THE OLD GNARLED BARK, FALLS UPON DRACULA, HURTS HIM. He backs away.

LUCY

Leave me, while you can, to save yourself.

DRACULA

Never....

Lucy gets up, rushes to support him...and their eyes meet, speak to us of love.

DRACULA

This way.

Lucy takes his weight, helps him walk.

237

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAWN

237

Harker's Olds smashes along, widening the quaint trail a good yard on either side, nipping tender saplings in the bud, sending BIRDS into the sky in fright.

238

THE FOREST. Harker stops again. He obviously can't drive his impressive machine right into the woods. Van Helsing gets out, studies the soft ground.

238

VAN HELSING

Yes. This way. He's carried her off into the forest.

HARKER

Listen!

HOOFBEATS...RISING OUT OF THE SILENT MORNING AIR. HARKER PULLS A PISTOL OUT OF HIS GLOVE COMPARTMENT. THE HOOFBEATS GROW LOUDER...LOUDER...AND THEN IT'S UPON THEM, A COMMERCIAL VAN DRAWN BY TWO HORSES! IT APPEARS AROUND A BREAK IN THE TREES, FORCED TO STOP BECAUSE THE OLDS BLOCKS ITS PATH....

VAN DRIVER

Mornin'...Dr. Seward?

DR. SEWARD

Tom Trenwigen, is that you?

CONTINUED

238

CONTINUED

238

VAN DRIVER

Yes, sir, it is.

Actually, it's the same man who brought that first crate of earth to Renfield, to Carfax during the storm.

HARKER

We're looking for Miss Lucy Seward. Have you seen her?

VAN DRIVER

Miss Seward? Out in these woods?

VAN HELSING

With a man....

HARKER

Count Dracula.

VAN DRIVER

Dracula? The one what owns Carfax Abbey?

HARKER

Yes! Have you seen him?

VAN DRIVER

Never laid eyes on 'im. I 'ad to deliver 'im a big box one night, durin' the storm, but only Mr. Renfield showed 'is ugly face.

VAN HELSING

And you've seen no one this morning?

Seward walks around to the back of the van.

VAN DRIVER

Not a livin' soul.

Seward sets his hand on the van's rear door....

VAN DRIVER

I just come out 'ere at dawn 'n picked up another of them damn crates in the clearin' so's I could deliver it up to the docks at Durham before....

239

Seward opens the door...A SINGLE LONG PACKING CRATE! THE HORSES REAR WILDLY, SNAPPING THE VAN BACK AT SEWARD, KNOCKING HIM INTO THE SHRUBBERY! THE TWO ANIMALS BREAK INTO A RECKLESS CHARGE, BARELY SQUEEZING THE VAN BY HARKER AND HIS OLDS, RACING OFF DOWN THE LANE AT FULL GALLOP.

239

CONTINUED

239 CONTINUED

23

HARKER

Is he mad?

DR. SEWARD

(struggling up)

A coffin! A crate! It was in the
van....

A frozen moment...the van disappearing down the lane....

HARKER

Durham? Durham! The port!

VAN HELSING

He means to leave England!

DR. SEWARD

But Lucy...?

240 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY

240

The van races along, VIEWED IN LONG SHOT....

241 CLOSE ON THE HORSES...THUNDERING....

241

242 INT. VAN - DAY

242

THAT CRATE, SITTING OMINOUSLY IN THE DARK VAN, VIBRATING WITH
EVERY SHOCK TRANSMITTED FROM THE ROAD, TREMBLING, ALIVE.

243 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY

243

Harker's Oldsmobile speeds along, full tilt. There's room
out here in the open countryside for the auto to show its
muscle...a truly awesome creation, faster than any horse.

244 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

244

Harker at the wheel, Van Helsing up front, gripping the dash
for dear life, Seward in back, bouncing around like a sack of
groceries. THE ENGINE NOISE IS SO LOUD CONVERSATION IS
IMPOSSIBLE. HARKER SHOUTS SOMETHING UNINTELLIGIBLE, POINTS
AHEAD.245 THEIR POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN, ACROSS THE
MASSIVE HOOD...THE VAN! IT'S VISIBLE A MILE AHEAD, CRESTING
OVER A RISE, MOVING AT A TRULY STUPENDOUS SPEED!

245

- 246 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY 246
- AN ELECTRIFYING PURSUIT...THE HORSES VERSUS HARKER'S AUTO, MACHINERY BEGINNING TO ASSERT ITS DOMINANCE, THE GAP BETWEEN THAT FLEEING VAN AND THE PURSUING AUTO GROWING SMALLER AND SMALLER AS THE TWO VEHICLES CAREEN OVER HILL AND DALE....
- 247 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY 247
- The three men...WIND lashing their faces...the van only thirty yards ahead...twenty...ten....
- 247A HARKER'S FOOT...PRESSING THE ACCELERATOR NEARER AND NEARER TO THE FLOOR. HE'S GOT MORE POWER LEFT IF HE NEEDS IT. 247A
- 248 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY 248
- The Olds catches up, hangs right behind the van for a moment then swings outside and begins to draw parallel...overtaking it.
- 249 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY 249
- Van Helsing is nearest the van, and he looks up at Tom Trenwigen, the driver -- THE POOR MAN IS BESIDE HIMSELF, TRYING DESPERATELY TO REIN THE BEASTS! THIS IS A CHILLING DISCOVERY FOR SURELY EVERYONE ASSUMED THAT TRENWIGGEN HIMSELF WAS SPURRING THEM ON.
- 250 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY 250
- A bend...the van takes it at high speed, Harker on the outside holding his own, neck and hood!
- TOM TRENWIGGEN PULLS ON THE REINS, BATTLES THEM! THEY WRENCH OUT OF HIS CLUTCHES!
- 251 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY 251
- Harker looks up at the van, realizes that it's beginning to pull away from him....
- DR. SEWARD
FASTER, MAN! FASTER!
- 251A HARKER'S FOOT, STOMPING DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL, SLAMMING IT TO THE FLOOR! 251A

252 EXT. ROAD TO DURHAM - DAY

252

THE HORSES REDOUBLE THEIR EFFORT, ACCELERATE, POSSESSED!
HARKER'S MAGNIFICENT AUTOMOBILE IS SUDDENLY NO MATCH AT ALL.

253 THE VAN CUTS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE OLDS, FORCING IT TO
SWERVE TOWARD THE SHOULDER!

253

TOM TRENWIGGEN IS SNAPPED LEFT THEN RIGHT THEN UP AND OUT
OF HIS SEAT!

254 INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

254

Trenwigen lurches through the air, right at the Olds! Harker
swerves again, nearly losing control, avoiding Trenwigen but
running his auto into a ditch...A HORRIBLE WRENCHING OF METAL
UNDER THE CHASSIS.....

255 The van races off for Durham, driverless.

255

256 Van Helsing rushes from the Olds to assist Trenwigen. But
it's too late -- the poor man lies in a twisted heap on the
road. Van Helsing kneels next to him, lifts his hand to feel
for a pulse. There is none, but Trenwigen's palm is bleeding,
slashed by the leather reins he's so valiantly struggled
against.

256

DR. SEWARD

The thing mocks us, Abraham.

VAN HELSING

If we are beaten, then there is
no God.

Harker is down on his belly, peering under the Olds.

HARKER

The axle's cracked!

Dr. Seward stands in the road, watching the van slide over
the horizon.

VAN HELSING

Durham...how far is it, Jack?

DR. SEWARD

Ten miles. It's no use.

HARKER

(jumping up,
starting on foot)

We have to try.

257 EXT. PORT OF DURHAM - DAY

257

THE DOCKS. A SMALL BUSY HARBOR. A MOTOR TRUCK CHUGS ONTO THE SCENE, CLEARLY STILL A RARE SIGHT AROUND THESE PARTS. AMONG ALL THE HORSE-DRAWN WAGONS OF CARGO BEING LOADED ONTO SAILING VESSELS.

Van Helsing gets out of the truck, Seward after him, a defeated man. Harker pays the TRUCK DRIVER for their lift.

DR. SEWARD

We'll never find him, never.

But Van Helsing's spotted something, walked away from Seward toward....

258 TOM TRENWIGGEN'S VAN! IT STANDS ON THE EDGE OF AN EMPTY DOCK, THE HORSES' LATHERED, EXHAUSTED.

258

Van Helsing approaches the wagon warily. Harker and Seward catch up. Van Helsing rips open the rear door. THE CRATE IS GONE!

HARKER

Where is it? Where?

VAN HELSING

You, sir!

The Professor is at the dock's edge, shouting down toward the water....

259 A SAILOR. The man stands in a small launch, fiddling with its motor. He looks up at Van Helsing.

259

VAN HELSING

This wagon! You did see it arrive?

A flight of stairs leads down toward the Sailor and his boat. Van Helsing takes it.

SAILOR

'At van? The one what 'ad the big crate in it?

HARKER

(descending)

Yes! Where is it?

SAILOR

Out there....

(the harbor)

...onboard The Czarina Catherine bound for Varna, just like it said on 'er invoice.

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED

25

HARKER

Bound for Varna? Romania?

VAN HELSING

Transylvania. When did she set sail?

SAILOR

Who are ya anyway?

Harker grabs the man by his shirt front, sticks that pistol into his face....

HARKER

WHEN DID SHE SET SAIL?!

SAILOR

No more 'an 'alf an 'our ago...she's just clearin' the 'arbor now....

HARKER

Take us to her! I'll make it worth your while.

SAILOR

What...?

VAN HELSING

Your boat! Does it work, man? We need to catch that ship!

Seward has come to the edge of the dock....

SAILOR

All a ya's? She won't take more 'an three men.

Harker's already in the little craft. Van Helsing is looking up at Seward.

DR. SEWARD

(lost)

What could he have done to my Lucy, Abraham? Where is she?

Seward is paralyzed.

HARKER

Professor! There's no time!

Van Helsing knows Harker's right. He gets into the motor launch as the Sailor KICKS ITS POWERFUL ENGINE OVER. Harker throws the mooring ropes off, and the Sailor steers his launch out into the harbor, Van Helsing taking one last look back at....

CONTINUED

259 CONTINUED - 2

259

...POOR JACK SEWARD, A TINY, FORLORN FIGURE, STANDING AIMLESSLY ON THE DOCKSIDE, VANISHING IN THE DISTANCE.

260 EXT. THE NORTH SEA - DAY

260

The Czarina Catherine in open water, just off the coast, a tramp schooner more exotic than even the ill-fated Demeter. She flies a Romanian flag, her main sail full as she swings a wide arc starboard, setting a southern course for the English Channel.

261 THE MOTOR LAUNCH skips over cresting waves, leaves the harbor behind...a dangerous journey for a vessel of this size.

262 INT. MOTOR LAUNCH - DAY

262

The Sailor's got his engine open full throttle, and it makes more RACKET than Harker's Oldsmobile. Van Helsing looks determined, if far less confident than Harker that this little boat can manage the job.

263 EXT. THE NORTH SEA - DAY

263

CHOPPY WATER. The Czarina Catherine comes right at us, yawning, roaring by...THE MOTOR LAUNCH is revealed no more than one hundred meters behind, trying to stay clear of The Czarina's wake!

264 INT. MOTOR LAUNCH - DAY

264

Harker and Van Helsing, drenched, heroic figures, closing in on the slower old sailing ship.

Harker begins tearing apart his overcoat (a duster made of white canvas). He takes hold of a piece of wooden trim on the boat, rips it away, cracks off a long splinter that he's able to fashion quickly into a flagpole.

265 EXT. CZARINA CATHERINE - DAY

265

A ROMANIAN SAILOR spots the motor launch overtaking them, sees one of the men on board waving a white flag...a distress signal no doubt. He hurries to warn his CAPTAIN.

266 INT. MOTOR LAUNCH - DAY

266

The Sailor manages to bring his little boat right up alongside The Czarina. A ROPE LADDER PITCHES OVER THE SIDE!

Harker takes hold of it, discards his flag, draws his pistol, and starts to climb the rope.

Now Van Helsing takes hold of the ladder. THE TWO VESSELS SLAM INTO EACH OTHER. Harker keeps climbing. Van Helsing commits himself to the rope ladder as well, at the last possible second reaching backward, grabbing Harker's flagpole -- and for the first time we sense that it's a weapon, A STAKE WITH A TIP SPLINTERED SHARPER THAN THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.

267 EXT. CZARINA CATHERINE - DAY

267

ROMANIAN SAILORS help Harker aboard, take little notice of his pistol in the confusion as they rush to help Van Helsing on board as well.

HARKER

Dracula! Where is he?

No one understands. The Captain has come forward, begun questioning Harker in Romanian.

HARKER

Count Dracula! He's on this ship!

No one understands.

VAN HELSING

Nosferatu.

Silence. The Sailors stare at Van Helsing, at his wooden stake...at Harker and his gun. They begin to back away...

Harker turns desperately, looks about.

HARKER

The cargo hold!

And he's off, heading below deck, Van Helsing following him... the Romanian crew too superstitious to interfere though their Captain tries to order pursuit of these two mad pirates.

268 INT. CZARINA CATHERINE - DAY

268

BELOW DECKS. LOW, OPPRESSIVE BULKHEADS PUSH DOWN. ROPES AND BOXES AND TACKLE ARE EVERYWHERE, A FILTHY SHIP WITH RATS AND DEBRIS.

CONTINUED

Harker appears in the gloom, his pistol reflecting what little light finds its way down here through cracks in the deck floor above.

Van Helsing carries that stake, moves right along with Harker, both of them searching through the cargo, finding nothing.

HARKER

He has to be here! He has to!

VAN HELSING

There.

THROUGH ANOTHER BULKHEAD...THE MAIN CARGO HOLD...DRACULA'S BOX IS VISIBLE IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER!

Harker enters, pushing past a tangle of ropes and winches and grappling hooks and netting. Up above, propped open by a winch rope that trails downward, the main cargo hatch lets in an eerie shaft of sunlight that bounces off the walls... BUT FAILS TO FIND DRACULA'S COFFIN. THE INFERNAL CONTAINER SITS SAFELY IN DEEP SHADOW. Harker stops in his tracks at the sight of it all, his courage draining. Van Helsing comes forward, toward the box....

HARKER

Take care!

Van Helsing looks at Harker...at the coffin. He finds a grappling hook, begins to pry the lid off. Harker gets up his nerve, goes to help the Professor.

269 THE LID SQUEAKS, NAILS PULLING OUT, THE WHOLE SCENE UNSTEADY 269
AS THE CZARINA CATHERINE RIDES THE NORTH SEA. HARKER'S
FINGERS WEDGE UNDER THE COFFIN LID, PRY IT UP...LUCY! SHE
LIES WITH DRACULA, COILED PROTECTIVELY AROUND HIS BODY LIKE
A SNAKE! HER EYES ARE OPEN, DRACULA'S CLOSED.

270 Harker is horrified, Van Helsing stunned. Lucy snarls to 270
ward them off! Dracula does not move. He seems tranquil,
dead.

Harker is beside himself, enraged, outraged, mortified! He grabs Lucy, rips her out of the coffin!

Dracula does nothing.

But Lucy fights with Harker as he pulls her away, struggles to restrain her, to pin her arms so she won't be able to scratch him. She's hysterical, crazed, but this time Harker

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED

27

is stronger, determined, wrapping his arms around her in a tight, insane embrace that seems to calm her somewhat, turn her anger to tears so that she's clinging to him, sobbing against him, her body wracked with anguish.

271 Van Helsing takes a small mirror from his pocket, approaches Lucy, her head on Jonathan's shoulder. Van Helsing lifts her chin up toward the mirror, perhaps a bit rudely, roughly. Lucy looks right into his eyes, then into the mirror. SHE REFLECTS! A FAINT IMAGE BUT THERE. 271

HARKER

Thank God.

272 Van Helsing turns back toward the coffin. He takes up the wooden stake, finds a heavy grappling hook that can function as a hammer. He reaches in toward Dracula, begins methodically to unbutton the Count's shirt. 272

LUCY

No...no...please...no....

Harker presses her closer to him, turns her so that she can't see what Van Helsing must do.

Van Helsing has exposed Dracula's chest. He feels for the heart...looks at Jonathan. It must be beating. Van Helsing takes up the stake, the grappling hook. He steadies himself. THE CZARINA CATHERINE SHIFTS! Van Helsing steadies himself. He places the needle-sharp point of that stake against Dracula's chest....

THE SKIN DEPRESSES, JUST THE SMALLEST BIT UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE STAKE....

Van Helsing gauges his blow, looks once more at Harker and Lucy....

273 THE TIP OF THE STAKE PUSHES AGAINST DRACULA'S CHEST. IT BREAKS THE SKIN, JUST A PIN PRICK...BLOOD.... 273

274 ...AND DRACULA OPENS HIS EYES! 274

275 Van Helsing lifts the grappling hook that very second, to strike, but he's too late! DRACULA'S HANDS SHOOT UP, TAKE HOLD OF THE STAKE, TEAR IT FROM VAN HELSING'S GRASP! 275

276 Harker pulls Lucy into a corner, into the ropes and tackle as.... 276

277 ...DRACULA RISES FROM HIS COFFIN! SENDS VAN HELSING REELING 277

CONTINUED

277

CONTINUED

27

BACK! DRACULA IS OUT OF THE BOX, ADVANCING ON VAN HELSING BEFORE MORE THAN A SECOND HAS PASSED....

DRACULA

I warned you. Did I not warn you?

Van Helsing searches desperately through his pockets, looking for the crucifix. Dracula watches him for a moment, seems ineffably sad, seems to have sympathy for this mere mortal and his tragic plight. AND THEN DRACULA DRIVES THE STAKE HOME, SLAMS IT INTO VAN HELSING'S HEART! THE PROFESSOR'S EYES WIDEN, STRUGGLE TO COMPREHEND THE HORROR, HIS BODY PINNED TO THE SHIP'S WALL....

278

Dracula turns away, coldly. He regards Harker...Lucy. He steps toward them.

27

DRACULA

Lucy.

Lucy tries to turn, to look at him, but Harker won't permit it.

HARKER

No!

279

Dracula keeps coming, forcing them farther into the corner. Harker draws his pistol; aims it at Dracula....

279

DRACULA

Fool.

280

HARKER FIRES! The bullet has no effect, passes through Dracula, splinters a barrel behind him. Harker is powerless, doomed.

280

DRACULA

You will know now what it is to cross my path. Lucy is mine.

HARKER

No....

DRACULA

Lucy is mine and through her, you and others like you shall be mine.

281

Harker reaches out for a grappling hook. The thing hangs near him, snarled in rope and tackle...a puny weapon in the face of this man, this monster.

281

DRACULA

My creatures, to do my bidding, to be my jackals when I must feed.

CONTINUED

281 CONTINUED

28

LUCY

Dracula....

DRACULA

Lucy, come to me, my Queen.

HARKER

No!

282 Harker swings the grappling hook at Dracula, with all his might, a superhuman effort! It arcs toward the Count on its rope, straight for his heart...but Dracula just side-steps it, effortlessly. It drives into the hull near Van Helsing's body. Dracula's face grows stern now and his lips roll back, his fangs bared. He reaches for Lucy...

28

282A Van Helsing lifts his head. He's dying, there can be no doubt, but with his last breath he reaches for the hook, dislodges it, sets it hurtling back toward Dracula...

282A

283 IT CATCHES THE COUNT FROM BEHIND! THE TIP OF THE HOOK APPEARS THROUGH DRACULA'S BREASTBONE, STARTLING HIM, LIKE A GNAT. HE REGARDS IT FOR AN INSTANT....

28

284 ...an instant in which Harker sees that the hook's rope trails up to that cargo hatch, loops through a pulley, comes back down to a RATCHET GEAR HELD ON A COUNTERWEIGHT SYSTEM MUCH LIKE WE SAW ON THE DEMETER....

284

285 ...and Harker yanks the ratchet pin out, springs the coiled mechanism loose! GEARS WORK AT BLINDING SPEED...THE WHINE OF METAL PULLEYS AND MOVING ROPE. THE ROPE TIGHTENING, DRAWING TAUT, SNAPPING DRACULA UP OFF HIS FEET IN ONE HORRIBLE JERK THAT SHOOTS HIM UPWARD LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL, A BLOCK AND TACKLE PRECEDING HIM, SMASHING INTO THE CARGO HATCH AND SHATTERING IT INTO A MILLION PIECES AS DRACULA IS DRAGGED UP INTO THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE!

285

286 EXT. CZARINA CATHERINE - DAY

286

A GHASTLY, TERRIFYING SIGHT, SAILORS RUNNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

DRACULA FLIES INTO THE SAILS, THE RIGGING, SNARED, SLAMMED AGAINST THE MAST, HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, HIS CAPE LIKE HUGE BLACK WINGS IN THE SUNLIGHT.

287 INT. CZARINA CATHERINE - DAY

287

The cargo hold is flooded with sunlight too, Lucy and Harker holding onto each other, looking up as high above them DRACULA HANGS GROTESQUELY AGAINST THE MAST...AND THEN HE SCREAMS, A MAD, TRAGIC, DYING WAIL THAT SEEMS FOR A MOMENT TO BE A WORD, A SINGLE WORD..."LUCY."

CONTINUED

287 CONTINUED

LUCY

No...no...no...no!

Jonathan Harker holds Lucy close to him, lets her sobs fall against him as he catches sight of Van Helsing, hanging with his head bowed, pinned to the wall of the cargo hold...dead.

288 EXT. CZARINA CATHERINE

A LONG SHOT HIGH ABOVE THE SHIP, A SPECK OF BLACK AGAINST HER WHITE SAIL.

289 CLOSER...DRACULA, INSUBSTANTIAL, BURNING, HIS FLESH CHARRING IN THE HOT SUNLIGHT, HIS FACE SHRIVELLING...BAT-LIKE...UNTIL JUST HIS GREAT CAPE SEEMS TO BE LEFT.

290 THE DECK. HARKER BRINGS LUCY OUT OF THAT WRETCHED HOLD. SHE LOOKS UP, IN TIME TO SEE DRACULA'S CAPE HIGH OVER HEAD AS IT COMES LOOSE FROM THE MAST AND SAIL, CATCHES THE WIND
291 LIKE A DARK, WINGED CREATURE...A GIANT JET BLACK BAT...DIS-
APPEARING ON THE HORIZON.

292 And Jonathan Harker watches Lucy as she watches the sky, and he puts his arm around her, to comfort her.

HARKER

It's over. He's gone.

LUCY

No....

HARKER

Yes.

293 LUCY. There are tears in her eyes, and THE CAMERA HOLDS ON HER FACE FOR A MOMENT BEFORE THE SCREEN GOES DARK. SILENCE. AND THEN THE HOWL OF A WOLF, BLOODCURDLING, FILLING THE THEATRE.

THE END?