

D R A C U L A
The Untold Story

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**BASED ON THE GOTHIC ROMANCE BY BRAM STOKER
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screen adaptation by

JAMES V. HART

FOR ROBERT O'CONNOR AND MICHAEL APTED

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Dracula. Our eidolon...He is huge and we
admire his size. Strong and we admire his
strength. He moves with confidence of a
creature that has energy, power and will.
...We need only to look a little to see
how tempting is the choice he makes:
available immortality. He has collected
on the Devil's bargain: the infinitely
stopped moment.....

DR. LEONARD WOLF--

Author and friend--

A Dream of Dracula & The Annotated Dracula

1

DRACULA

PROLOGUE: FADE IN:

1 EXT. - BATTLEFIELD - FULL MOON - NIGHT

SUPER: JUNE, 1462: Moslem Turks, led by Sultan Mohammed, have driven the Christians from Constantinople and invaded Rumania with a superior force, threatening all of Christendom.

1

A Rumanian Prince from the region of Transylvania, VLADISLAUS DRACULA-- military genius notorious throughout Eastern Europe for his bloodthirsty ways-- leads 7,000 of his countrymen in a bold pre-dawn sneak attack against 30,000 Turks as a last heroic attempt to save his homeland....

Smoke blinds us. Torches flare. WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE; thundering horses; clash of steel; men yelling ...dying...only shadowy impressions...dreamlike...

SMOKE SWIRLS AWAY REVEALING: THE WARRIOR PRINCE

A lone figure amidst the impressionistic sounds of battle smoke and flames. His face hidden in a helmet fashioned from a great wolf's head. An eerie image of Warrior/Beast wielding his sword like a madman.

2 TURKISH LANCERS charge through the smoke bearing down.

The Prince UPENDS the first horse and rider with a torch. He ducks the second lance jerking it from the Lancer's grasp. He wheels--impaling the Turk on the pike tossing him through the air like hay.

STEFAN, the Moldavian Prince, rides up with 2 WARRIORS.

STEFAN
Prince Dracula! The Turks are falling back! Sultan Mohammed has escaped!

PRINCE DRACULA lowers his sword and removes his wolf helmet. Stallion black hair falls about his shoulders. His young, handsome, rugged face stirred by the news. But it is those deep piercing blue eyes of an angel that capture us.

He kneels among the dead and dying, resting on his sword. He kisses his crucifix.

PRINCE DRACULA
 God be praised. I am victorious.
 (he rises, swelling with hate)
 Impale the Sultan's wounded for all
 to see. Let this be a message to
 all enemies of the Cross of Christ.

STEFAN
 (overwrought)
 I beg you, my Prince--do not do
 this. Haven't enough died this day?

Anguished cries of dying humanity echo around them O.C.

Dracula surveys the faces of dead Turks before him. Twisted
 in horrid silent screams. He stares at the fresh blood on
 his own hands, as if seeing it for the first time. A WOMAN
 SCREAMS O.C. He pales. A horrible premonition seizes him--

PRINCE DRACULA
 (desperate, dreading)
 Elizabeth....

He leaps astride a riderless black stallion. With the skill
 of a Cossack, he rears away disappearing in the smoke.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - DAWN

2 A mountain fortress in the Carpathian Alps overlooking the
 Arges River. The narrow serpentine road is lined with aging
 corpses and skeletons impaled on wooden pikes. DRACULA
 thunders by in the f.g.

3 INT. CASTLE COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION

3 PRAYING MONKS fall back as Prince Dracula dismounts racing
 into the chapel. The view holds on a final grotesque VICTIM
 impaled by the door.

4 INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION

4 ELIZABETH lies sprawled on the altar before a shrine of
 the crucifixion. Her regal body twisted and bent by some
 terrible force. Elegant majestic face drained of all life.

Prince Dracula crumbles prostrate over her--

DRACULA
 ...Elizabeth...

--the Warrior in him failing. Kissing her, caressing,
 willing her back to life.

DRACULA
I renounce the Church! I renounce
Christ! If my beloved burns in hell
--so shall I!--I, Dracula, will arise
 from my own death to avenge hers with
 all the powers of darkness!

Chesare cries out. Monks wail in horror--

CHESARE/MONKS
Devil! Vrolok! Stregoica! Berserker!

TIGHT ON DRACULA

DRACULA
"The blood is the life". And it
shall be mine.

Seductive. Hypnotic. Powerful. He drinks deep, savoring the
 rush of fresh life.

TIGHT ON ELIZABETH

Her glassy sapphire blue eyes frozen in death reflecting
 Prince Dracula as he drinks.

TO DRACULA

HOLD ON HIS FLASHING BLUE EYES

CUT TO: BLACK

SUPER: ELEGANT CRIMSON MAINTITLES APPEAR OVER BLACK

D R A C U L A

BY

BRAM STOKER

FADE OUT:

MAINTITLES

5

5 FADE IN: TIGHT ON THEATRICAL POSTER

"HAMLET PLAYED BY SIR HENRY IRVING - THE LYCEUM THEATRE
 COMPANY - BRAM STOKER, MANAGING DIRECTOR"

6 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

SUPER: LONDON, ENGLAND - 1888

A NEWSBOY hawks the London Telegraph in the crowded street

NEWSBOY
"Jack the Ripper" known to Police!

WE SEE the headlines about another grisly murder.

7 EXT. GREEN PARK - DAY

TITLES CONT'D 7

SCHOOLGIRLS dance around a Maypole weaving their colorful ribbons down the shaft.

SCHOOLGIRLS

(singing)

There was an old man who swallowed a
fly--I don't know why he swallowed a
fly--perhaps he'll die.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HILLINGHAM HOUSE - A BEDROOM - DAY - TITLES CONT'D

MINA

Oh...how disgustingly awful...

WE SEE MINA MURRAY IN BITS AND PIECES; like a puzzle. Her raven black hair--heirloom crucifix around her tapered neck--Her star-blue eyes riveted to a book; ARABIAN NIGHTS trans. by Sir Richard Burton. She emits a devilish giggle of delight--then stops herself, ashamed.

Someone KNOCKS softly on the bedroom doors.

Mina...?

LUCY (O.C.)

Mina turns, startled. WE SEE HER FULL FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME. At age 20, the very image of Elizabeth. Dracula's bride who died 400 years earlier. Her exceptional elegant beauty and inner strength peeks through her proper school-mistress looks and Victorian attire designed to prevent any sensuality from escaping. She stashes the book in her lap and returns to a lesson on a bulky typewriter--just as--

LUCY WESTENRA ENTERS--as if making a grand entrance into a ballroom filled with Royalty. LUCY is 19, rich, spoiled, coquettish, and blonde--everything Mina is not.

--As different as Scarlett O'Hara and Melanie Wilkes, yet the closest of friends.

LUCY

Oh you prude--Is your ambitious
Jon Harker forcing you to learn
that ridiculous machine?

She pecks Mina's typing keys jamming them as she speaks wanton and seductive--

LUCY
(continuing)
--When he could be forcing you to perform unspeakable acts of desperate passion on the parlor floor--

MINA
(embarrassed putoff)
Lucy, really--you shouldn't talk about my fiance' in such a....a....Well--
(stern like a teacher)
--there's more to marriage than sexual pleasures--

Mina stands--the concealed book falls opening wide to an erotic etching.

LUCY
So I see.....Much much more.

Mina flushes completely red. Both burst into titillating laughter. Lucy picks up the book tempting Mina with it. Breathless, they fan the pages to another etching.

MINA
He's so appallingly huge--

LUCY
They come much bigger. I've seen--
(indicating 10 inches with her hands)

MINA
(aghast but curious)
Can a man and woman really do such ...such...things?
(turning the etching sideways)

LUCY
(posing a sex position like the etching)
I did--only last night--

Mina pales. Lucy laughs, enjoying her shock therapy.

LUCY
(adding)
--in my dreams.
(slamming Burton shut)
I almost forgot. I am bursting with news.

9 INT. PARLOR - POV THROUGH KEYHOLE

A handsome young MAN turns a wide brimmed stetson-style hat nervously in his hands. His boots are rough. An ornately beaded American Indian vest flashes under his waist-coat.

What is that? MINA (OC)

10 INT. HALLYWAY - LUCY AND MINA - CONTINUING ACTION

10

A Texan.

LUCY

Mina gawks through the keyhole. Lucy langors against the wall musing a sexual fantasy--

LUCY

Quincey Morriss. He's so young and fresh. Oh Mina--he's like having a wild stallion between my legs--

MINA

(stifling a laugh)

You're positively immoral---

LUCY

(shaking her head "yes")

--He just proposed.

MINA

(properly shocked)

I'm afraid to ask what.

LUCY

(bubbling over)

Marriage! That makes 2 already in one day. I'm hoping for 3. I am so happy I don't know what to do with myself. Oh, Mina I hope there is enough of me to share around.

She giggles the coquette, primping in the hall mirror. Burning jealous, Mina tends Lucy's hair.

MINA

(burning jealous)

Who was number one? That tall curly-haired man at the concert?

LUCY

That gentleman is secret number three.
Dr. John Seward was number one. He
would just do for you if you were
not already engaged. He has an immense
lunatic asylum all under his own care.

MINA

"Lunatics". And you thought of me.
(the urge to kill)
Well you can't marry all 3.

LUCY

(posing coquettish in mirror)
Why not. Why can't a girl marry three
men--or as many as want her--It's so
uncivilized.

MINA

Lucy Westenra you are a horrid flirt.

LUCY

I just know what men, desire, Mina.

She checks her creamy cleavage for the right appeal.

LUCY

They're just little boys. They'll do
do anything for a sweet candy kiss and
a ride on your merry-go-round--
(admiring herself)
Watch--

Before Mina can respond, Lucy hugs her and enters the door to
her Texan. Mina lingers, studying herself in the mirror.

MINA

...If I were a man, I know what I
would do to make a girl love me...

The allure of the keyhole is too great. She steals a peek.

MINA'S POV - THROUGH KEYHOLE

Lucy, the hoyden, has convinced Quincey to pull out his wide
shiny Bowie knife which Lucy now fondles seductively.

LUCY

Quincey, you are so very sweet and
dear, but there is someone else I love.

MINA
(confused, startled)
2 weeks? Now?

HARKER
Some wealthy Count wants to buy 10
estates...all in a circle around London.
Like a wall or a border. And money is
no object. Extraordinary. "Yours truly"
is being sent to close the transactions.
--Royalty, Mina, think of it--

Harker swells at the idea of rubbing shoulders with royalty.

MINA
I'm thinking about our wedding, Jon.

HARKER
Mina, this is a chance that comes
once in life. We can be married when
I return--a grand expensive one people
will talk about all over London.

MINA
Of course. We've waited this long.
Her double entendre is lost on Harker. He's too wrapped up.

HARKER
There's a good girl. I do so want
to give you the finer things---like
Lucy and her fancy friends. That
is what you want....?

MINA
(selfless)
I just want you to be...happy.

HARKER
I know what's best, Mina, for both of us.
(checking his watch, obsessed)
--I must dash. Not to worry. I'll write--

Mina kisses him like never before aroused--desperate--
He backs away, put off by her open display of sexuality.

MINA
...Jonathan....I love you...

Mina watches him hurry to his coach. There is a finality +
this moment. As if nothing will ever be the same.

CUT TO: BLACK

12 INT. TUNNEL - PITCH DARK

A light appears at the end. A STEAM WHISTLE SCREECHES!
THE ORIENT EXPRESS blasts from the tunnel into the day.

12

13 EXT. THE ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY

Steaming over the Danube across Szentehny's Great Bridge
connecting the city of Buda with Pest.

13

14 EXT. TRAIN - AT A COACH WINDOW - HARKER

Harker marvels at the sights, writing in his journal.

14

OVER THIS CONTINUING SEQUENCE HARKER READS A LETTER:

HARKER (VO)

"MY FRIEND, Welcome to the Carpathians.
I trust your journey from London has
been a happy one and that you will
enjoy your stay in my beautiful land....
I am anxiously expecting you."

15 EXT. THE KRONE HOTEL - BISTRITA - TWILIGHT [VO CONT'D]

15

A small village on the Transylvanian frontier. A Coach pulls
to a stop. HARKER PEERS OUT--expecting someone to meet him.

A BROAD LEERING FACE DROPS UPSIDE DOWN AT HARKER'S WINDOW.
Harker JUMPS with a start bumping his hat on the ceiling.

SLOVAK

Englaise--

The Big SLOVAK DRIVER motions Harker out. He is immediately
surrounded by GYPSY VENDORS and BEGGARS. A TWISTED MAN hawks
crucifixes--made from human bones.

The Slovak fends off the beggar herding Harker into the hotel,
babbling and pointing to the sun setting behind the
majestic Carpathian mountains.

HARKER (VO CONT'D)

"Tomorrow the coach will start for
Bukovina; At the Borgo Pass, my carriage
will await you and will bring you to me."

A lone wolf HOWLS as if on cue--joined by others in the hills
Some of the Gypsies howl back, laughing too boisterously--
as if hiding their fear.

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT [VO CONT'D] 16

Harker reads the letter by candlelight. Exhausted and excited at the same time--

HARKER (VO CONT'D)

"Sleep well tonight--Your friend, DRACULA---"

TIGHT ON MINA - PHOTOPLATE

Her elegant beguiling face stares at us from a small traveling picture frame. The hint of a smile.

17 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 17

Shutters open wide. BRIGHT SUNLIGHT floods the room. Harker sits up blinded--tangled and tormented in the small bed.

An ELDERLY SZGANY PEASANT WOMAN steps from the glare--

PEASANT WOMAN

(getting hysterical)

Oh, young Herr, it is the Eve of St. George's day. At midnight tonight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway. Do not go--

The Woman drops to her knees, pleading. Harker, feeling ridiculous, but seeing her distress, tries to raise her up.

HARKER

A quaint superstition, Frauen. Come now. I must be off.

The Woman rises defeated. She takes an ornate crucifix from her neck and folds it in his hands.

WOMAN

For your mother's sake.

She leaves. Harker studies the crucifix. Uneasy.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. KRONE HOTEL - DAY 18

The Slovak Driver CRACKS his whip pulling the Coach through a small crowd of GYPSIES, VILLAGERS and BEGGARS. Harker watches them from a coach window.

The TWISTED BEGGAR makes the sign of the cross and points 2 fingers right at Harker. Others flash the sign--shouting--

TWISTED MAN/VILLAGERS
Ordog! Vrolok!

19 INT. COACH - TRAVELING - HARKER'S POV

19

GYPSY
Stregoica! Nosferatu!

The GYPSY RUNS ALONGSIDE Harker's window tearing open his shirt revealing a vicious wound across his neck. Harker watches-- mystified by his sendoff.

HARKER
Was es los? What is this?

He makes the 2 fingered sign to the nervous MERCHANT sitting across from him.

MERCHANT
"Mona Fica"--A guard against evil.

Harker scoffs chuckling to himself. O.C. a WHIP CRACKS. The coach picks up speed--

20 EXT. COACH - TRAVELING - DAY

20

The Slovak CRACKS his whip calling to the 4 horses. The Coach heads toward the Carpathians in the distance, leaving the Villagers behind still making the strange sign--

CUT TO:

21 EXT. THREATENING SKIES - LATE AFTERNOON

21

Thunder rolls over jagged mountains

22 EXT. THE CARPATHIANS - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

22

Thunder cracks. The Slovak whips the horses feverish. Steam rises in white clouds from their backs.

23 INT. COACH - TRAVELING - NIGHT

23

Harker wakes with a start at the thunder. Suddenly, the Slovak reins in--stopping the Coach.

MERCHANT
(checking his watch, agitated)
Why are we stopping here?

The Slovak answers in Romany as he lights the coach lamps.

The Passengers are at once fearful, spattering in different languages--A PEASANT WOMAN makes the strange sign at Harker.

OUTSIDE

Harker climbs out. Mist covers the road. It is snowing.

SLOVAK

There is no carriage here. You come to Bukovina--Return tomorrow. Better tomorrow--

Harker stretches. He studies a roadside shrine--Christ nailed to the cross. But the head is that of a great wolf.

SLOVAK

Englaise. You must not walk here. The dogs--too fierce.

The Horses suddenly spook wildly--backpedaling. The Slovak tries to control them. Harker leaps in.

INSIDE

PASSENGERS SLAM into each other, crying out--screaming.

24 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - 4 GREAT BLACK STALLIONS APPEAR

24

From the mist pulling a coal-black Caleche Coach.

Lantern rays fall across the DARK DRIVER reining in the Stallions--a tall man with a thin brown beard--his face shadowed by a great black hat [Dracula in disguise]--

DARK DRIVER

You are early tonight, my friend.

SLOVAK

(frightened, stammering)
The Englaise Herr was in a hurry.

HARKER SITS BACK, suddenly feeling very conspicuous.

DARK DRIVER

You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much and my horses are swift.

PEASANT WOMAN

(whispering)
For the dead travel fast.

The Dark Driver faces the passengers, evidently hearing her. He smiles. His eyes FLASH a deep familiar blue.

The woman hides her face, crossing herself.

DARK DRIVER
Give me the Herr's luggage.

Harker stiffens watching the Slovak hand over his bag.

THE COACHES - SIDE BY SIDE

Harker steps out. Before he touches ground, the Dark Driver lifts him easily into the Caleche with one hand.

Without a word, the Stallions wheel and sweep Harker away into the snowy mist.

The Slovak cracks his whip, calls to his team and speeds his relieved Passengers in the opposite direction.

25 INT. CALECHE - TRAVELING - NIGHT

25

Harker is suddenly alone. The Dark Driver lowers the partition and hands him a heavy cloak.

DARK DRIVER
The night air is chill, Mein Herr. And
my Master, the Count, bade me take all
care of you. There is a flask underneath
the seat should you require it.

Before Harker can respond, the Driver closes the partition. The coach sways, lulling Harker hypnotically. A DOG HOWLS in the distance--Another joins it--echoing on the wind.

TIGHT ON HARKER'S WATCH

Lit by a sulfur match. A few minutes before midnight.

HARKER
(to himself)
Brace up. This is business, Jon...

WOLF HOWLS answer. More of them. Closer. Harker freezes. The Coach lurches up a steep grade. Harker looks out--

26 EXT. CALECHE - HIS POV - BLACKNESS - SWIRLING SNOW

26

The 4 Black Stallions. Heads churning. Steam rising. HOWLING surrounds them. Harker is terrified.

Suddenly a strange BLUE FLAME floats in the darkness ahead silhouetting the Driver--The Horses spook and whinny.

27 EXT. CLEARING - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

27

The Driver stops the Caleche in a snow covered clearing. He leaps down, calming the horses. The unseen HOWLING WOLVES seem to be circling. The Dark Driver strides into the woods toward the blue flame--having no fear. All howling ceases.

HARKER PEERS OUT from beneath the cloak. All is silent.

IN THE DARKNESS - A RING OF EYES SURROUND THE COACH

Clouds break overhead. Moonlight pours through--

REVEALING: A RING OF WOLVES

In silhouette. More terrifying in their grim silence---

TIGHT ON A GREAT GREY

Great shaggy head--lolling tongue--Gleaming white teeth.

HARKER SCREAMS, pounding on the side of the coach--hoping to scare the beasts away--

A VOICE RINGS OUT! Metallic. Guttural. Animal. An altered state not of the living. It's the Dark Driver! Standing in the roadway. With a gesture of his long arms--

DARK DRIVER

Strygie! Murony!

The Great Grey retreats howling away. The howl after him O.C. in the distance--

The Dark Driver leaps aboard. Stallions plunge ahead--

THROUGH THE BLUE FLAMES--HEAVY CASTLE GATES CLOSE BEHIND!

28 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

28

The Coach stops. The Dark Driver removes Harker's luggage then sets the frightened man down in front of a great door. Resuming the rein, he wheels the coach down a dark passage.

Harker is completely distraught. The GREAT DOOR OPENS behind him. He turns facing--

--A TALL OLD MAN; clad in a dark Russian-style suit, the same height as the Dark Driver. A white moustache--oriental fashion like Atilla or Ghengis Khan. His face riveting--handsome like a Tartar--and horrible at the same time. His eyes a cold vivid blue. He smiles warmly with a courtly gesture, speaking perfect English.

DRACULA

Welcome to my house! Enter freely of your own will--and leave some of the happiness you bring.

HARKER

Count.....Dracula?

DRACULA

(bowing, laughing full of bravado)
I am Dracula; and I bid you welcome,
Mr. Harker, to my house.

--allaying Harker's fears, who "enters freely"--greatly relieved. The Count carries his luggage with astounding vitality. The great door closes with a boom.

CUT TO: BLACK

29 INT. CASTLE - THE GREAT HALL - NIGHT

29

No cobwebs and no fog rolling across the floor! Rather, this grand room is brightly lit with hundreds of candles. Great Masterworks of European art and Medieval tapestries, centuries old but in pristine condition, punctuate the elegance and impeccable taste of the appointments.

A much rested Harker devours a sumptuous meal at a large dining table. He drinks wine from an exquisite chalice of solid gold, marveling at the craftsmanship--awed by his comfortable surroundings, trying to forget the strange events of his journey.

HARKER

(jabbering between bites)
You are a most gracious host at such an ungodly hour. This wine is most excellent and I have rudely devoured this most delicious meal.

Dracula leans at one end of a large fireplace which fills the hall with glowing warmth. He is ever charming and exudes a manner that is most comforting.

DRACULA

(nodding affirmative)
You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you, but I have dined already, and I do not sup.

Dracula is suddenly beside Harker, startling him. With a mocking smile, he pours Harker another cup of wine. Dracula's skin is shockingly pallid. His flashing blue eyes burn into Harker to the point of discomfort--

HARKER

(trying to be cool)

This chalice is Persian--is it not?
Exquisite piece. Worthy of Kings.

DRACULA

(hiding his hunger)

Ah--you are a man of good taste.
Your employer, Mr. Hawkins, writes
most highly of your talents. Come,
tell me of London and of the house
you have procured for me.

Dracula beckons--it is a command--

30 INT. CASTLE - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - NIGHT

30

Dracula takes the steps at a vigorous gait. Harker tries to keep up, out of shape and overwhelmed by the Greek and Roman statues lining the stairs in perfect condition.

The walls are filled with a fortune in primitive museum caliber weapons. Full suits of armor stand eerily about.

DRACULA

This ground was fought over for
centuries by my ancestors against the
Saxon and the Turk. There is hardly
a foot of soil in all this region
that has not been enriched by the
blood of patriots and invaders.

Dracula eyes Harker struggling behind him--

DRACULA

It is commonly believed that on this
night a blue flame can be seen over
any place where treasure has been
concealed.

Dracula waits on a landing to see if his guest takes the
bait. Harker catches up, breathless--masking his discomfort--

HARKER

"Blue flame"? Surely, Count, any
treasure is right here--I have never
seen such exquisite works--even at
Hampton Court Palace--

He recuperates before an exquisite nude statue in the style
of Hieronymus Bosch; sinful and innocent in the same pose.

DRACULA

Do not envy another man's wealth--For
what is its true worth--without love...

Dracula traces the feminine lines of the nude statue--
the nape of her neck--firmness of breast--

Harker is uncomfortable at the image of this sad, lonely
old man erotically stroking a female of stone.

HARKER

(breaking the silence)

An ancestor? I see the resemblance.

Harker admires a FLOOR TO CEILING PAINTING. The young Warrior
Prince Dracula mounted on his stallion in the heat of battle.

DRACULA

(reliving his history)

We Draculas have a right to be proud!
His [the painting] glory is my glory!
Is it a wonder we are a conquering
race!? What devil or witch was ever
so great as Atilla, whose blood flows
in these veins!

Dracula draws a cruel curved Turkish sword from a display,
slashing it about--sending Harker backpedaling. He subsides
--lowering his blade, drained--saddened--

DRACULA

Blood is too precious a thing in these
times. The warlike days are over. The
glories of my great race is but a tale
to be told....I am the last of my kind.

Dracula sags, facing the painting...of himself.

DRACULA

Forgive me, my young friend. I am not
accustomed to...guests. And I am weary
with many years of mourning over the
dead. But soon my exile will be over,
thanks to you, and my new life in London
will begin.

He bows in apology to Harker, who is completely unnerved.

CUT TO:

31 INT. LIBRARY - TIGHT ON DRACULA'S WHITE HAND - NIGHT

31

His long nails filed to claw like points--oriental fashion.
He dips a quill pen in an inkwell and fixes his elaborate
signature to a "DEED OF PURCHASE".

"VLADISLAUS DRACULA SZEKLYS"

Harker places the hot waxen seal on the deed against the backdrop of Dracula's magnificent library.

HARKER

There. You, Count, are the owner of Carfax Abbey at Purfleet.

Harker extends his hand to shake. Dracula is startled by the gesture--not knowing what to do. He opens both his hands and bows in a courtly gesture.

SILKEN HAIR lines his palms. Harker masks his reaction.

HARKER

(retreating)

The house is quite large with a connecting chapel of ancient structure--Medieval, I'd say. I've brought photoplates of it and other properties around London--per your request---

Harker spreads glass photoplates on the great table. Dracula is amazed--almost childlike as he surveys the views of the old estates, as if he'd never seen a photo-plate. Ever.

DRACULA

I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity. To share its life, its changes...it's death.....

Harker is again entranced by Dracula's poetic elegance.

DRACULA

Here I am "boyar"; I am master. But in London, I am stranger. And a stranger in a strange land--he is no one.

Harker admires the impressive array of English magazines, newspapers, Whitaker's Almanac--

HARKER

I see from your volumes you will not be a stranger.

He turns an Atlas to Dracula--doing his sales job--

HARKER

Look, Sir, Carfax is here in Purfleet--just west of London. My home is in Exeter. I shall be your solicitor and tend all your needs---

Harker hesitates, puzzled. Dracula's Atlas has already been marked with red circles in every location he mentioned. Purfleet, Exeter, 10 houses in London--the seaport of Whitby--Like a battle strategy--

DRACULA

(engrossed in photoplates)
My books have been good friends to me, and for some years, since I had the idea of going to London, have given me many hours of pleasure. Through them, I have come to know your great England---

He stops--transfixed on a photoplate--his hand shaking--

DRACULA

(caught off guard)
--and to know her is to love her--

HARKER

(studying the atlas)
Well said. I see you have already indicated your preferences. Whitby is where my fiance' is summering---Forgive my curiosity--Count--but why 10 houses?

Dracula is riveted to the photoplate--so still he looks dead.

DRACULA

(passionate whisper)
Do you believe in destiny, Mr. Harker?

REVEAL: THE PHOTOPLATE - MINA

Her secret smile reaching across the centuries to Dracula.

DRACULA

--that even the powers of time can be altered for a single purpose--

HARKER

(unaware of Mina's photo)
I suppose there is something to all that sort of thing--

Dracula rubs his palm over Mina's likeness mating with her aura. He turns away hiding his orgasmic reaction.

DRACULA

The luckiest man who walks on this earth is one who finds true love.
(turning Mina's photo to Harker)
She will no doubt make a devoted wife.

HARKER

(reacting with embarrassment)
Ah--you found her--Mina. I wondered
where she was. We're to be married
as soon as I return.

DRACULA

I should be honored to meet such a woman
who would let her faithful fiancé
pursue his ambitions so far from home.

HARKER

You're most kind. I trust you will
not be a stranger to our house--Are you
married? Count--sir--are you married?

DRACULA

(distant, remembering)
...Once...a long time ago. There has
been no other like her...since.

Until now. He returns the photoplate abruptly--all business.
His lifelong mission clear to himself--He moves with alarming
swiftness, sitting Harker down at the desk with pen and ink.

DRACULA

Write now, my young friend, to our
friend, Peter Hawkins, and to any
other, and say, if it will please you,
that you shall stay with me, until a
month from now.

HARKER

(uneasy, suddenly threatened)
Do you wish me to stay so long?

DRACULA

I desire it much. I will take no refusal.

The two men face each other across the table. Master and
Servant. Harker bows submissive. He begins to write--

CUT TO:

32 INT. GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

32

Elegant appointments, canopy bed, a roaring friendly fire.
Harker stares in his shaving mirror. Nagging fear stares
back. He starts to shave. The CRUCIFIX the Peasant Woman
gave him at the Inn dangles around his neck. He closes his
eyes, wishing he were safe out of this.

DRACULA'S SLENDER HAND appears, gliding to his neck--flexing
in anticipation--landing gently on his shoulder.

Harker starts--opening his eyes. The mirror shows no reflection except his own--He wheels to see--

Dracula is way across the room! Turning back his bed--His charming witty self--

HARKER

I didn't hear you come in.

DRACULA

You are my guest. The hour is late.
My servants are all retired.

(approaching)

Take care how you cut yourself--
It is more dangerous than you think.

With blurring speed, he wipes blood from a razor cut on Harker's jaw--Harker turns to his mirror. With the same swiftness, Dracula snatches it pitching it out the window. It SMASHES O.C. far below.

DRACULA

--A foul bauble of man's vanity.
(mirthful smile)
Perhaps you--should grow a beard.

Harker reels from his host and the bizarre events.

DRACULA

The letters I requested--Have you written them?

Harker reluctantly turns over 3 envelopes. Dracula eyes them in the candlelight and tucks them in his jacket, satisfied.

DRACULA

It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well, and that you look forward to getting home to them.

Harker starts to speak, then just nods in compliance.

DRACULA

I have much work to do in private tomorrow. So sleep as late as you will. You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked. It is old and has many bad memories...There are bad dreams for those who sleep...unwisely. Be warned.

HARKER

I'm sure I understand.

HOWLING WOLVES echo O.C. in the distance--

DRACULA

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

Harker shudder. "Music? Those animals?" Dracula smiles.

DRACULA

Ah--You dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter.

His eyes flash at Harker's crucifix. Harker covers it self-consciously.

DRACULA

We are in Transylvania. Our ways are not your ways and there shall be to you many strange things. From your experiences already, you know something of what I speak.

The Wolves HOWL CLOSER. Harker turns to the window in fear. His doorlock chungs in place. Dracula is gone!

Harker checks it. Locked fast. He rushes to one window, opens it and peers out.

33 EXT. VALLEY - HIS POV - NIGHT [MATTE SHOT]

33

The skies have cleared. A soft yellow moon lights the expanse of hills and gorges. The castle is perched on a sheer precipice. 200 feet below, the Arges River roars.

34 INT./EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

34

Harker sinks at the window. He's trapped. A soft NOISE O.C. startles him. Harker leans out to investigate.

A DARK FIGURE, the size of a man, scurries along the sheer stone wall through patches of moonlight--impossibly defying gravity.

HARKER ducks back. "What was that?" He looks again. No Figure. The wall sheer and steep. Impossible to climb.

Another noise startles him. His door handle turns. Someone wants in. LOW FEMININE LAUGHTER RIPPLES on the other side.

35 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

35

Harker throws open his door. An empty hall. Torches flicker. The TINKLING LAUGHTER ripples again--echoing deep in the castle. Locking his door behind, he takes the key checking the next door. Locked. He grabs a torch and exits--

36 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

36

Empty--Dark and cold. Harker crosses with his torch.

HARKER

Count? Sir--hello?

His voice echoes. No response. SHADOWS scurry up the high walls behind him. The patter of feet and that mysterious laughter. He wheels. Nothing.

37 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

37

Harker pushes an old door until the hinges give way--decayed by years of rust. He enters--

38 INT. BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

38

A bed chamber. Richly adorned in expensive feminine details. Harker chortles outloud, smoothing the large decadent bed.

HARKER

(mimics the Count)

"Do not go where the doors are locked,
my young friend....bad dreams..."

He smooths a small writing desk, fantasizing--

HARKER

Here some fair lady sat to pen with
many blushes an ill-spelt love letter.

He sits on a great couch in front of tall windows. Moonlight streams in. Finally relaxing, taking in the view of the valley, Harker drifts asleep.

Brilliant moonlight illuminates his footprints on the dusty floor. The dust begins to swirl in the beams. SILVERY MUSICAL FEMININE LAUGHTER filters through the beams. More footprints are visible. Petite. Female.

HARKER BLINKS. Dreamy state. A smile of pleasure crosses his face--A langorous FEMININE HAND traces his loin, caressing, arousing him. He reaches down to join the stroking--MORE HANDS smooth up his thighs, his chest to his throat--his cheek--He stirs. He must be dreaming!

3 EXQUISITE YOUNG WOMEN, watch over him like adoring angels; half spiritual, half erotic. Brilliant white teeth behind ruby voluptuous lips. The BRIDES OF DRACULA. Their laughter "intolerable, tingling sweetness of water glasses when played by a cunning hand".

The two OLDER BRIDES, dark like gypsies with raven black hair. The youngest, no more than 17, as fair as Mina, "with masses of golden wavy hair and eyes like pale sapphires." She seems to be wearing nothing but moonlight.

OLDEST BRIDE

Go on! You are first, and we shall follow. Yours is the right to begin.

Youngest shakes her head "no" coquettishly as the 2 older Brides urge her closer to Harker--

MIDDLE BRIDE

He is young and strong. There are kisses for us all.

The Youngest drops to her knees bending over Harker. She arches her neck wetting her scarlet lips like a Victorian centerfold. She rips his shirt down to his waist, tracing his stomach--his nipples with a hungry tongue--Harker swells with passion, fighting the urge, unable to resist--

She continues flicking her tongue up his throat to his crucifix. She shrinks back--swelling with her own passion to the delight of the older Brides. She clasps the crucifix chain in her luscious mouth and bites it in two. The crucifix clinks to the floor.

Harker exults in ecstasy--The 2 older Brides pin his arms down with surprising strength. The youngest straddles him like a horse. She cups her young breasts lowering them maddeningly to this face--a mother suckling her young. She trails her blonde mane across his bare chest, down his stomach tonguing and licking him down to his loins. Harker cries out, completely helpless--lost in her heat--

The older Brides, writhing with their own passion, kiss and fondle each other across his chest in a frenzy. Sucking his breasts and arms with tiny love bites--to his wrists--Harker stiffens in orgasmic release as they feed on his wrists--

The youngest runs her hands up and down his legs in ejaculatory motions driving him mad--At the climax, she digs her long thumb nails into his pants and slits them down to his knee like paper--tearing them open--savoring him like a piece of steak--she nibbles his bare thigh--tingling with laughter--

Harker quakes at the sensation--jerking with spasms of passion as strong as electric shocks. The older Brides smother his cries with their bodies as they slither down his face and torso to the youngest. Their mouths wet, succulent, finding each other in a torrid 3 way kiss--

A window BLOWS OPEN with a rush of energy.

DRACULA GRABS the young Bride's neck--his fingers encircling her throat like tentacles. He yanks her into the air--

DRACULA

How dare you touch him. Any of you.
How dare you cast eyes on him when I
have forbidden it--

--hurling the young bride away like a ragdoll. She SLAMS INTO THE WALL AND STICKS TO IT with her hands--like a fly!

DRACULA

This man belongs to me!

The young bride drops to the floor--laughing at Dracula, hard--souless. The older Brides laugh derisively with her.

YOUNGEST BRIDE

You? You never loved. You never love--

Dracula recoils--a stake in his heart--

DRACULA

(tender loving desperate whisper)
Yes--I too can love. You yourselves
can tell it from the past. Is it not so?

The Brides fold themselves into Dracula, cuddling him like a big furry animal. The youngest his favorite--

DRACULA

And I shall love again...I promise
you, when I am done with him [Harker],
you shall "kiss" him at your will.

YOUNGEST BRIDE

(pouts temptingly over Harker)
Are we to have nothing tonight?

He nods his head toward a bag sitting on the floor by the window--THE BAG MOVES--as if something alive is in it--

The youngest jumps forward and opens it--the LOW WAIL of a baby emits. She exults. The other Brides join her--their faces flushed with the hunger--the desire--

Harker chokes back his repulsion as they carry the child disappearing into a flood of moonbeams--

Dracula turns to Harker--his eyes blazing with anger and with that elegant sweeping gesture--faints Harker dead way.

CUT TO: BLACK

39 FADE IN: INT. TRAIN - TRAVELING - DAY

39

MINA reads Harker's letters again, visibly upset--

HARKER (VO)

"Dearest Mina, All is well here.
The Count has insisted I remain for
a month to tutor him in English custom.
I can say no more, except I love you."
--ever faithful, Jonathan

The train WHISTLES startling her.

CONDUCTOR (OC)

Whitby Station--next stop--

CUT TO:

40 EXT. WHITBY HARBOR - PANORAMA - DAY

40

From Whitby Abbey high on a cliff surrounded by a cemetery overlooking the harbor and village. Long winding steps descend the precipice to the seawall and lighthouse below.

OVER THIS WE HEAR: Lucy's mischievous laughter.

MINA AND LUCY sit on a rock carved bench on the very edge of the cliff by the cemetery. Mina, aloof, removed. Lucy, beautiful in a white lawn frock; full of excitement to see her dearest friend--up, down, balancing dangerously close to the edge of the cliff while she prattles.

LUCY

This is my favorite spot in the entire world....Mina--we've always told each other our deepest most inner secrets--I have one....

MINA

I should hope you're not having some sordid affair with a tall dark stranger--

LUCY

How delicious. I'm getting married.

Mina is dumbfounded and jealous, which she tries to hide.

MINA

Oh, Lucy--how wonderful for you. To the lunatic Doctor--I know--the Texan with the big knife?--

LUCY

(keeps shaking "no")
No--no--number 3!--Arthur Holmwood
--Lord Arthur Holmwood.

(emphasizing "Lord" giddily)
Lord Arthur and "Lady" Lucy--Next
summer you shall visit our villa in
France--on Arthur's yacht. Spring in
London--Christmas at Windsor--being
presented at Court. Arthur's such a
dear to be so disgustingly rich just
for me.

MINA

(staring out to sea--drifting)
I'm happy for you, Luce. But I thought
you loved that Texas fellow--

LUCY

Oh but I do--And I shall continue to
love him--whenever and wherever he
wants me to--

(shameless, yelling out to sea)
I love him! I love him! There. That
does me good to say it.

Mina is annoyed. Major scowl.

LUCY

Don't look at me that way, Mina. I'll
bear Arthur's royal children if he's
man enough to make me--[which I doubt]
but I'm not marrying him for love.
Who does these days? So de classe'.

Silence. Mina regards Lucy in complete disbelief.

LUCY

Don't act so naive. You've been an
absolute bore since Jonathan went abroad...

Mina succumbs to her innermost fears--

MINA

I haven't heard from him in over a
month. Dear Mr. Hawkins sent me a
letter from him. It is only a line.
That is is not like Jonathan.

LUCY

--It could be you're in love with
the wrong man--

The truth? Mina is shocked. Complete state of denial.

Lucy bats her green eyes, vamping. She laughs the silvery musical tones of Dracula's Brides.

THUNDER CRACKS unexpectedly. A cloud burst unloads drenching them. Lucy revels in the downpour.

LUCY
(giggling, standing on the bench)
Oh Mina--look at us. What if Arthur
and Jonathan should see us like this.

Lucy twirls, pulling her drenched white frock down over her body--transparent in all the titillating spots.

MINA
(embarrassed laughter)
Lucy! Behave yourself.

LUCY
Fine talk for an assistant school
mistress. Look at you--

Mina checks herself. Her white linen dress is diaphonous in the downpour accenting her exquisite form. She tilts her head back and laughs with utter delight. A needed release--

Lucy chases Mina around the bench. Mina dodges, squealing like a schoolgirl. Lucy turns running into the cemetery--daring Mina to follow. Mina hesitates, then charges away--

FOLLOW MINA & LUCY

Wet and wild, dodging and weaving through the tombstones. Innocently erotic and full of life.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - THE COURTYARD - RAINY DAY

41

SZGANY GYPSIES struggle loading the last of heavy coffin-like crates onto 2 horsedrawn wagons. There must be 50. The crate topples onto the cobblestones breaking open--

The Szgany leap aboard, terrified, whipping the horses in frenzy. They clatter from the courtyard.

THE BROKEN COFFIN BOX--mouldy dirt spilling out. JUST DIRT! Quickly turning to mud in the pouring rain--

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. CASTLE - THE GREAT HALL

42

Empty. Silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. BRIDES BOUDOIR - LATE AFTERNOON

43

Harker--spread-eagled on the floor--nude. Eyes sunken. A husk ravaged by fear--hunger--and the Brides of Dracula; who lay entangled on and about him. The older Brides untwine themselves from his body, kissing his limbs, his throat--their hunger sated--

The youngest strokes him--wiping her lips with her golden hair--kissing him passionately--She slowly leaves letting him feast on her perfect body with his eyes--His arrogance gone--his nightmare not over.

HARKER (VO)

These may be the last words I write in this diary. I am alone in the castle with those women. No--Mina is a woman. They are devils of the pit!--Dracula is gone--this being I am helping transfer to London, where, for centuries, he might amongst its teeming millions satiate his lust for blood and create a new and ever widening circle of his demons...

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. CASTLE - LATER - VARIOUS SHOTS

44

As the diary continues, Harker, dressed, searches various rooms and corridors with a torch--

HARKER (VO CONT'D)

I shall try and find a way from this dreadful place...where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet. God's mercy is better than that of these monsters. Goodbye, all! Mina!--

Harker descends a wooden staircase into a vault beneath the castle. Suddenly, the rotting steps give way and he falls into the abyss--

45 INT. CHAPEL CRYPT - CONTINUING ACTION

45

Harker lands hard. Dim light streams down from the crumbling vaulted ceiling. The ground excavated. More coffins--crates are strewn about.

Exhausted, in pain, Harker crawls to a PILE OF GOLD COINS sitting on the ruins of an altar--the very one from the 14th century where young Prince Dracula cradled Elizabeth and drove the Monks away.

Harker plows his hands into the coins, feeling a surge of energy. He stuffs his pockets, looking around--paranoid.

He marvels at a magnificent stone arch in the shape of a dragon with one word carved in it--

"DRAKWYLA"

Harker inspects the carvings on the surface. A BERSERKER WOLF, in full armor, repels an army of turks. Hundreds of bodies impaled on stakes ring the rendering.

Stakes still actually protrude in the chapel ground. Skeletons, centuries old, grotesquely swowered on them.

He seizes up in cardiac fear at the SILVERY LAUGHTER echoing through the chapel. DUST BEGINS TO DANCE AROUND HIM--THE 3 BRIDES MATERIALIZE wearing long flowing burial gowns. They surround Harker--even more voluptuous than before.

YOUNGEST

Don't leave ussssss. You want ussss.

She lets her gown slide teasingly away. Her skin porcelain white. Her golden hair blowing wild yet there is no wind. He grabs a shovel to strike. He can't--weakening before her. She rubs herself against Harker driving him mad--Harker's laugh builds from deep inside his tormented soul--maniacal. He grabs her by her golden hair--guiding her luscious mouth to his favorite erogenous zone--

The older Brides engulf him--wailing orgasmic--HARKER EXULTS LIKE A MADMAN--ECHOING OVER:

46 INT. CASTLE - THE PAINTING OF THE WARRIOR PRINCE

46

Young Dracula. Mocking smile. Crystal-blue eyes watching us.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

47

A schooner crashes down through stormy seas.

SUPER: THE DEMETER - VARNA, RUMANIA TO WHITBY, ENGLAND

A chilling sound never heard at sea spirals above the din. The lone agonized HOWL OF A WOLF. The hunter...hunting.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. WHITBY ABBEY CEMETERY - LATE AFTERNOON

48

Clouds pile up like giant rocks. Sea lost in a gray mist. Fishing boats enter the harbor fleeing the coming storm.

MINA SITS ALONE on the stone bench staring out to sea.

MINA (VO).

I am anxious and it soothes me to express myself here. It is like whispering to one's self and listening at the same time...I am quite uneasy about Jonathan. No one has heard a word, not even Mr. Hawkins.

(trying to be upbeat, positive)
Lucy is to be married. Already she is planning out her dresses and how her house is to be arranged to a man she has confessed she does not love--If only I knew my future--

Far out to sea, something catches Mina's eye.

HER POV - A SHIP

Under full sail. Racing ahead of the cloud banks in an ominous, iridescent fog bank; brightened by flashes of lightning, stirred by peals of thunder, as if nature were being manipulated by some single powerful hand. GREAT STREAKING HOLLOW sounds boom overhead like modern jets.

MINA. Strangely unafraid. Her destiny rides the storm.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - PURFLEET, LONDON - NIGHT

49

More prison than hospital. Thunder and lightning stir up the INMATES visible at barred windows.

50 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

50

Literally a madhouse. Skylights let in the sounds and lightning of the coming storm. INMATES scream from their cells or wander up and down the corridor tormenting hopelessly outnumbered KEEPERS.

51 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

51

A box of spiders. Big ones. Lots of them. RENFIELD peers in. This mad, homicidal genius shepherds hundreds of flies swarming on a plate of sugar.

RENFIELD

Far better than you my lovesick Doctor.

SEWARD

Is my personal life of interest to you?

RENFIELD

All life interests me.

Renfield pops a handful of flies in his mouth, savoring the taste, licking his fingers in mannerly fashion.

SEWARD

Your diet, Mr. Renfield, is disgusting.

RENFIELD

This is perfectly healthy, very wholesome nutritious "life". And each life I ingest--gives life back to me.

He picks out a large blowfly and eats it.

SEWARD

(impressed by his logic)

I shall have to invent a new classification of lunatic for you.

Renfield loses composure begging on Seward like a dog--

RENFIELD

A kitten, a nice little, sleek, playful kitten, that I can teach and feed and feed--and feed--No one would refuse a kitten. I implore you--my salvation depends on it.

Seward regards the menagerie of spiders, flies and sparrows.

SEWARD

Wouldn't you rather have a cat?

Seward leaves him gnawing his fingers on the floor.

RENFIELD

Yes--a cat. The master comes. Lives--I need lives for the master. Here kitty, kitty---

Lighting flashes through the skylight. THUNDER CRASHES!

SHARP CUT TO:

55 EXT. WHITBY HARBOR - PANORAMA - NIGHT [MATTE SHOT] 55

The storm is at full force. Waves crash over the seawall. Twin Lighthouses scan the wall of surreal iridescent fog rolling over the harbor. GREAT BOOMING HOLLOW SOUNDS roar overhead like rockets from the future.

A BOWSPRIT PIERCES THE ROLLING FOG [STOCK FOOTAGE]

The Demeter plunges into the lighthouse beams speeding toward the seawall.

56 EXT./INT. DEMETER - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 56

On the quarterdeck, the CAPTAIN is visible lashed firm to the wheel--dead. His head swings horribly to and fro with each pitch of the ship.

BELOW DECK

Waves crash through an open hatch. Hammocks sway. Arms and legs dangle. A HEAD, frozen in horror, throat torn away--

IN THE HOLD

Water streams down spattering like drums on the stacks of COFFIN CRATES. One has no lid. A puddle rapidly fills an impression in its mouldy dirt. The shape of a man.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - #4 CRESCENT TERRACE - NIGHT 57

Shutters blow off. The window sash bursts open.

58 INT. #4 - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION 58

MINA struggles to shut the window. Rain and wind lash her--She forces the indoor shutters closed, locking them.

MINA

Lucy--are you all right--

She can't see in the darkness. She feels the bed. Nothing. Empty. Covers tossed completely on the floor.

Fearing the worst, Mina peers out a small garret window.

59 EXT. VILLAGE - MINA'S POV - NIGHT 59

There, ascending the long steps to the cemetery, a WHITE GOWNED FIGURE--

60 EXT. CLIFF STEPS - FOLLOW LUCY 60

Sleepwalking. Serene smile. Oblivious to the winds kicking her. Waves spuming up the cliffs drenching her in each pass.

61 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 61

The Demeter rushes piling--twisting up on the rocks with tremendous force--Waves thunder and crash on the rocks. DEBRIS washes ashore. The FIGUREHEAD of the Demeter drifts up. The BODY of a sailor washes in--throat torn away.

Suddenly, an IMMENSE WOLF DOG LEAPS from the bow--HITS THE SAND--and races toward the cemetery cliff. It's LONG TRIUMPHANT HOWL momentarily silences the tempest.

62 EXT. NORTH TERRACE - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 62

MINA EMERGES from the fog wrapped in a heavy shawl, fighting the wind and spray--She stops dead as the HOWLING reaches her--sending even deeper chills through her.

Mina ascends the steps into the gale--dauntless--ANOTHER HOWL permeates the din.

63 EXT. WHITBY ABBEY - CONTINUING ACTION 63

Mina reaches the top of the steps, running on adrenalin. A stab of lightning illuminates the cemetery--

MINA'S POV - THE CEMETERY

Lucy's white-gowned figure is splayed wanton on the stone seat. Her arms pinned back, her hips undulating wildly. A DARK FIGURE, erect like a man or beast bends over her--

MINA
(frightened)
Lucy! Lucy!

The DARK FIGURE rears up, staring across the cemetery with flashing red eyes--

DRACULA'S POV - NIGHT VISION

A vampire's view. Mina moves in slow fluid movements. Blood glowing in her veins like an x-ray. Her heart-aura bright. Her breathing and heartbeats amplified. The POV jumps closer--right up to Mina's face.

63Z FLASH TO: THE FACE OF ELIZABETH; THEN BACK TO MINA 63Z

DRACULA (VO)
(metallic, guttural animalike)
No...do not see me--

WITH MINA - ROUNDING THE ABBEY RUINS

Racing to Lucy--Who is alone! Her head reclining over the back of the seat--breathing in heavy orgasmic gasps, her gown spread revealing her breasts--her thighs--

Mina wraps her shawl immediately around Lucy, pinning it at her neck. Lucy shudders, moaning softly. Mina takes her shoes off and slips them on Lucy's bare feet--

--then shakes Lucy forcibly--who wakes in a half-dreamy state, suddenly choking, gasping for air--

LUCY

His eyes....

MINA

It's all right. You were dreaming--
walking in your sleep--

LUCY

Please don't tell anyone, Mina. Please.

Lucy panics--Mina pulls her to her feet.

MINA

Shush. Let's get you home.

They pass beneath a massive stone monument of the cross.

LIGHTNING CRACKLES: REVEALING DRACULA IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS! A youth again! The handsome Warrior Prince 400 years young. Stallion black hair falling about his shoulders. Those piercing blue eyes of an angel capture us watching Mina go. Filled with a hunger--to live--to love.

INTERCUT MINA: Strong-willed, holding Lucy, braving the storm.

INTERCUT RENFIELD: [USE SCENE 53] staring out at his window at the storm.

RENFIELD

The master has come. The blood is
the life--THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!

He ravenously gorges himself on spiders and flies--

RESUME: DRACULA

Thunder. Lightning. The Master has come. Blood is the life.

CUT TO: BLACK

64 FADE IN: EXT. CARFAX ESTATE - DAY 64

High stone walls surround the manor house and outbuildings which have been abandoned for years. A pond spreads in front of the ruins of a chapel.

At the chapel entrance, LORRYMEN unload the Coffin crates from 2 delivery wagons marked CARTER, PATTERSON & SONS.

65 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 65

The coffin crates make an eerie sight lined up in the ruins of the medieval chapel. Dracula is once again...home.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. ASYLUM - DAY 66

Adjacent to the Carfax grounds. RENFIELD watches intently from his window. Pacing, agitated--

67 INT. SEWARD'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUING ACTION 67

Seward tips a MESSENGER and signs for a telegram. The Messenger exits. Seward checks the "sender".

SEWARD

(sardonic to himself)

Holmwood? What the devil does
"Lord Arthur want? Blood? Salt in
my wounds--Best man at his wedding?

He reads. His sits, gravely disturbed by the telegram.

SEWARD

(scanning)

"Lucy is ill--no special disease but
she looks awful"--"worse everyday".
"I am filled with anxiety. I must
not hesitate to ask you to see her
old friend. It will be a painful task
for you, I know, but it is for her
sake.....Holmwood"....

Seward chills at the tone of Holmwood's plea.

SEWARD

"...for her sake"...

A STOUT KEEPER suddenly bursts in--

STOUT KEEPER
Dr. Seward--it's Renfield---

68 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER 68

Seward hurries with the Keeper. Maddening SHRIEKS echo from Renfield's cell---

69 EXT. ASYLUM - RENFIELD'S WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION 69

Renfield smashes his bed through the barred window with superhuman thrusts--He falls 2 stories smacking the ground. Impossibly, he staggers to his feet and runs toward Carfax.

70 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - SEWARD ENTERS 70

The cell is crawling with bugs and spiders. Seward spots Renfield out the window going over the wall to Carfax.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. CARFAX - DAY - MINUTES LATER 71

At the chapel entrance, RENFIELD pounds against the old iron-bound oak chapel door.

RENFIELD
I am here to do Your bidding, Master.

SEWARD drops over the wall and approaches slowly in the b.g.

KEEPERS RACE UP--The Stout Keeper carries a strait-waistcoat [19th century strait-jacket]. Seward angrily signals "backoff".

RENFIELD
(pounding, begging)
I have worshipped you long and far off. Now that you are near--I am your slave--I await your commands--

The lunatic suddenly turns--facing Seward and the Keepers.

SEWARD
What Master? Come along. Your zoo needs tending--

RENFIELD
I don't care a damn about them. I have been promised eternal life!

He rushes Seward grabbing him by the throat. Keepers wrestle him to the ground. He fights like a tiger refusing to release his hold on Seward.

72 INT. CHAPEL BELFRY - DRACULA'S POV

72

Day vision. The vampire view of human auras in battle below. Heartlights pounding--breathing and voices amplified. Keepers beat the lunatic with clubs. Renfield fights on.

WE HEAR: Dracula's metallic animal growl of approval.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. HYDE PARK CORNERS - A MOVING POV [DRACULA'S] - DAY

73

Day vision. Cruising the rush of humanity out for a Sunday stroll. WOMEN in great cartwheel hats and bustles and wide dresses parade past. Some with GENTLEMAN, others in TWO'S. Each Woman steals a glance at us. Some smile. Others look away embarrassed--only to look again. And then again--

REVERSE TO: YOUNG DRACULA

In broad daylight! Positively the most handsome, virile, dashing man's man on the street. He cuts a swathe through the crowded corners like some legendary adventurer back from the wilds of Africa; dressed in elegant black daysuit; a blazing dash of red silk in his pocket; unusual wide brimmed hat shades his sculpted face. His thin dark beard perfectly trimmed. White kid gloves--and a silver headed walking stick, which he thoroughly enjoys swinging--

His blue eyes are hidden behind the newest fashion--tinted glasses. He smiles with perfect white teeth--tipping his hat to each Woman who catches his eye. A matinee idol. A star! A showstopper. The Count is cruising.

DRACULA

(to various women)

Good day, Ladies. It is true that London has the most beautiful women in the world--

WOMEN titter quite improperly as he bows opening a horsedrawn hansom for a TWOSOME. The GENTLEMAN frowns--

CHAPERON

Haven't you Italians any manners--

Dracula smiles sweeping his hand as he did before the wolves. The horse spooks and bolts away out of control. The Chaperon clings to the runaway hansom--cursing.

DRACULA'S POV - THE FACE OF MINA APPROACHES

Tense. Pre-occupied as she hurries through the crowd. The face Dracula has been waiting for--for 400 years.

DRACULA (OC)
(passionate whisper)
My love...see me now....

Her eyes meet his. She looks immediately away as she draws closer. Something compels her to look again. HE HEARS HER HEART BEAT FASTER...FASTER...

Dracula tips his hat and bows in courtly fashion.

DRACULA
Forgive my ignorance--I am recently arrived from abroad and do not know your city. Is a beautiful lady permitted to give a "lost soul" directions.

Dracula is THE "lost soul". Mina is completely enchanted by his manner and voice but flounces by, properly put off.

MINA
I should think not. You may purchase a street atlas for six pence. Good day.

Dracula summons enormous self-control around this image of his Elizabeth. He follows--"the Big Bad wolf" hitting on "Little Red Riding Hood"--refusing to give up.

DRACULA
I have offended you. My humblest apologies. I only wish to find the zoological gardens. I understand the collection of animals is the greatest in all of the civilized world.

Mina eyes him--unexplainedly drawn to him.

MINA
Quite true. If one fancies animals.

DRACULA
There is much to be learned from beasts.

MINA
I really must go. I'm....I must hurry.

DRACULA
(spurned)
To "see a sick friend" no doubt.

MINA
(angered)
That is hardly your business, Sir--

DRACULA

Then allow me to escort you. A woman so beautiful should not be spending her Sunday without her Gentleman... who is perhaps "away on business."

Mina shudders slightly. Who is this strange man who has "pushed all her buttons" with surgical precision.

MINA

(so angry she's aroused)
I will most certainly not be escorted by any gentleman who has not been properly been introduced.

She squares off against him. Regal. Proud. Strong. Yet soft and feminine and all woman at the same time. Dracula is hopelessly and impossibly in love.

DRACULA

Such impertinence. How refreshing. It could cost you your life in my country.

MINA

Do I know you, Sir? Are you acquainted with my husband perhaps? Shall I call the police?

DRACULA

(a stake in his heart)
Husband? Forgive my manner of rudeness. I am but a stranger in a strange land. I shall bother you no more...

He bows, defeated and turns to leave. Mina is torn, fighting against every rule of decorum--

MINA

Sir--I am the one who has been rude. The zoo is through Regent's park.

Dracula turns back to her trying to control himself. He removes his tinted glasses. His sparkling blue eyes hypnotic--enchanted--taking Mina all in with loving grace.

DRACULA

(gentle, reassuring)
Do not fear me....

--A subconscious command. Mina is completely transfixed.

MINA

It's just on my way. I can show you.

Mina flushes red--beside herself with embarrassment.

MINA

Oh dear, how positively silly of me.
I cannot believe myself.

Dracula can. He grins like a lovesick schoolboy--

DRACULA

Permit me to introduce myself. I am
Prince Vladislaus of Rumania. Does
that serve as proper introduction?

MINA

(impressed and numbed)
What an unusual name. And a "Prince"
no less.

DRACULA

(swashbuckling bow)
A meaningless title. Your servant.

MINA

Wilhelmina Murray--your---

Flustered, she starts to curtsy--Dracula stops her.

DRACULA

It is I who am honored, Madam Mina.

She allows a tentative smile, charmed and disarmed. Prince
Dracula, barely containing his pure joy, escorts Mina into
the swirl of life. He is--well--jaunty.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. HILLINGHAM ESTATE - DAY

74

Seward exits a hansom. A SERVANT greets him.

75 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL - DAY

75

Seward appears with Lady Westenra, Lucy's ailing Mum.

LADY WESTENRA

Lord Holmwood was called away suddenly.
His poor father has taken a turn for the
worse. All of us are dying in some way
or another, aren't we Dr. Seward.

Lady Westenra exudes that air of superior snobbish doom--

LADY WESTENRA

Do make her well for us, won't you.
Lucy is so looking forward to her
wedding.

Seward hides his pang of jealousy at the word "wedding".

76 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

76

As they enter, LUCY SITS in her bed, bubbling with delight.

LUCY

Jack--handsome brilliant Jack. Oceans
of love--millions of kisses--

He kisses her awkwardly on the forehead. Lucy pouts,
disappointed. Usually unflappable, Seward is shocked at her
appearance. Her skin a chalky bloodless white. Weight loss
frightening. Face gaunt, cheeks sunken in. Lips receding
over her gums. The early stages of vampire transformation.

LUCY

Did Arthur put you up to this? Or is
it you just wanted me alone in my
bed once before I'm an old married nag?

Ever the tease, she toys with a black velvet choker around
her neck. Seward forces a laugh, hiding his reaction.

SEWARD

Now, Lucy--you're embarrassing your
Mother--and your Doctor--

LUCY

(primping)

Splendid. Run along Mum. I'm in good
hands. Aren't I Jack?

He smiles reassuring. Lady Westenra pats Lucy and exits.
As soon as she's gone, Lucy drops her "bubbly" mask,
clutching her head in her hands. An emotional mess.

LUCY

I cannot tell you how I loathe talking
about myself.

SEWARD

Your "fiance" is very worried about
you, Lucy. But I assure you, a Doctor's
confidence is sacred. I must have your
complete trust.

Lucy's hands unconsciously fondle the choker.

LUCY

I--don't know what's happening to me.
 I'm changing--I can feel it. My body
 --Horrible. Horrible. I lay here all
 day exhausted--at night I can't sleep.
 I hear everything--Everything! Servants
 whispering at the other end of the
 house--mice in the attic stomping like
 like elephants--Nightmares. The eyes--
 (clutching Seward)
 I see things in the dark--as plain
 as day--And I am so hungry--starving.
 But I can't bear the sight of food.

She crumbles, breaking down in great gasping sobs. She
 clings to Seward, desperate, terrified--

LUCY

Help me--Jack. Please, I don't know
 what's happening to me--I can't
 breathe--can't breathe--

She gasps--unable to breathe. A seizure! Convulsing, her
 choker rides up revealing small red marks on her throat.

Seward is too busy giving her an injection to notice--

SEWARD

Lucy--Lucy--this will calm you--

He strokes her golden hair, rocking her like a baby, trying
 to comfort the one he loves but has lost. Lucy moans--
 the drug taking effect. Her hand drifts to the marks--

TIGHT ON LUCY'S THROAT

Just above her external jugular--two small jagged wounds--

SHARP CUT TO:

77 EXT. ZOO - DAY

77

A GREAT GRAY WOLF leaps at us snarling--lips curled back
 over it's canines--gnashing at the bars of its cage--

WOLF'S POV - THROUGH THE BARS

Dracula leans on his cane. Sly smile. Ruddy lips. Too-
 white teeth. Enjoying the chaos he causing, unflinching
 as the beast hurls its body against the bars--

DRACULA

Something seems to be disturbing the
 beast.

Mina pulls at Dracula, distressed.

MINA

You're frightening the poor creature.
It's those lenses.

She abruptly removes his glasses. For a millisecond she sees those eyes--not vivid blue--but burning red like lasers. She reels back--catching her breath.

DRACULA

(gentle warm smile)

An overabundance of sun is unhealthy.

Mina doesn't know what to think of this strange man who has dropped in on her life.

The ZOOKEEPER, MR. BILDER, hurries up and smacks the wolf through the bars with a wooden staff--

BILDER

'ere now! Git back 'ere--Tyke care.
Ole Bersicker 'es quick, 'e is.

He starts to strike again--With blurring speed, Dracula's hand snatches the staff back with surprising strength.

Berserker rushes the bars, frightening Mina back. Dracula counters with a sweeping gesture speaking his mother tongue.

DRACULA

Strygie! Murony!

The Words the Dark Driver spoke to control the wolves on Harker's journey to Castle Dracula. The Wolf cowers--understanding--and retreats to the corner.

Mina and Bilder watch dumbfounded.

BILDER

Are ye in the bidness yersef?

DRACULA

(slim smile)

Not exactly. I've made pets of several.

Dracula beckons. Gentle. The Great Wolf comes, head down, obedient. Dracula reaches through the bars and cradles Berserker's head in his white gloves, rubbing his ears, stroking his great back.

DRACULA

Come here, Mina...Have no fear...

Mina resists. Dracula draws her hand into the cage. She struggles--then her hand touches the soft fur. Sensual. Berserker moans like a playful puppy.

She strokes its great neck, getting into it. She smiles at Dracula--the very image of Elizabeth, laughing completely free and full of trust as she pets the Wolf.

BILDER

(scratching his head)

Blimey--N' I'm a thinkin' I kin tawk to'em. Ye got yerself a wage if ye ever a needin' it here, Guv'nor.

Dracula removes his glasses. Man and Beast face to face. His eyes again crystal blue--the same color as the wolf.

DRACULA

(softly savoring)

Berserker.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. HILLINGHAM - SUNSET

78

An elegant carriage stops outside the gates. Dracula steps out and helps Mina down. The last rays of sun glow around her.

MINA

(reluctant for it to end)

Thank you for a most unusual afternoon, Prince. I am not accustomed to such... adventures.

DRACULA

It does not have to end here, Madam Mina. For me the day is just beginning. Dine with me this evening. Giuliano's. The Connaught--your heart's desire?

Mina is sorely tempted. Her emotions surfacing.

MINA

Please, sir, I--I am not "Madam"...
(compelled to tell him the truth)
I mean--I am engaged to be married.
My fiancé' is away on business.
I...cannot see you...again.

Silence. Both fixed on each other. Dracula leans to her--as if to kiss her--she doesn't resist--trembling--He suddenly pulls back--fighting his urges--and bows--

DRACULA

My sympathies to your "sick" friend.

--taking her hand instead---and kisses it. Tingling with newfound desires, Mina reaches out to stroke his long hair--like the wolf--then catches herself pulling back as he rises--

DRACULA

Your servant.

Mina takes a last look at those angel eyes and hurries up the carriage road to Hillingham.

FOLLOW MINA

A rush of sexual adrenalin. Her face flushed, unable to contain her excitement. She turns to wave--

Nothing. Dracula is gone! Even the carriage!

CUT TO:

79 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Lucy has a look of death about her. Mina sits on her bed about to burst in spite of her shock at Lucy's degenerative state. Mina takes her hand--Lucy stirs awake.

LUCY

Mina...where have you been...Mina?

MINA

(avoiding questions)

You're freezing cold, Lucy--

Mina rubs Lucy's hands, working circulation into them.

LUCY

(weakly but ever the coquette)

...You're so warm...Jack Seward and I played Doctor today. Did you meet him? I told him all about you....

Mina pulls an untouched food tray beside Lucy.

MINA

No and you are not a lunatic. You need proper care. Eat your porridge, Goldilocks--

LUCY

I'm too fat...Arthur loathes me fat.

She is cadaverous. Mina forces her to eat like a baby.

LUCY

What is it, Mina? You're different.
You look positively...radiant.

Mina flushes. She is radiant. Lucy brightens--

LUCY

You heard from Jonathan--didn't you?
Oh, Mina--I'm so happy for you--

Lucy hugs Mina with failing arms. Tears form slowly down
Mina's cheek. Jonathan? What can she say--or do?

LUCY

I think I am dying, Mina--

MINA

No, dear Lucy, not you. Never...

CUT TO:

80 EXT. THE KOREA - NIGHT

80

A rowdy pub on Cheyne Walk overlooking the Thames.

QUINCEY (VO)

Drink up, another health--

81 INT. THE KOREA - CONTINUING ACTION

81

QUINCEY MORRISS--the obvious Texan--is roaring drunk in
a sea of VICTORIAN HOOKERS.

QUINCEY

(continuing)

--Another toast--with all our hearts
to the happiest man in all the world--
--who's won the noblest woman god's made--
"Lord Art". Good Lord Arthur.

He spins sloshing RIGHT ON LORD HOLMWOOD--Lucy's fiance'.
In his early 20's; a rich, stiff imperious English twit.
His title and wealth are his major attractions. He is
drunk as well, but disdainful of Quincey's behaviour.

HOLMWOOD

We're not in Bolivia, old man--
This is civilization--

QUINCEY

Nobody here but us flesheaters--
(he toasts the Hookers)
To a certain pair of eyes--To
a certain pair of--

HOLMWOOD

(irritated)

I'll remind you that Lucy is no longer fair game. She is to be my wife. Careful how you speak of her.

Holmwood tries to guide Quincey into a booth with 2 Hookers hanging on him.

QUINCEY

(drunk, sardonic)

Yes, "My Lord". As you wish, "My Lord". May I say--in all respect-- "My Lord", Miss Lucy is hotter'n a June Bride riding bareback in the middle of the Sahara--buck nekkid--

Holmwood shoves him, half-angry, half-in-jest--Quincey staggers back into a BIG IRISHMAN--embracing the man's HOOKER His head resting on her bosoms. He inhales her cheap perfume like snorting a drug.

BIG IRISHMAN

(drawing back his fist)

Now ye donnit. Insultin' the lady--

QUINCEY

(looking around)

Lady? Where? Show me?

The Irishman swings. CRANCH! Holmwood cracks a pint of ale on the big man's head. He drops. The Hooker comes-on to Holmwood. He shoves her away, throwing some money at her.

QUINCEY

Saved me again--just like you did in the Margueas--

Quincey stabs his enormous Bowie knife in the middle of a wooden table, stabilizing himself.

SEWARD

That was Lake Titicaca, you bloody heathen----

SEWARD stands there, glaring at Quincey. His face carries the "bad news" of Lucy's state.

QUINCEY

Aw, brooding again, Jack? Did Lucy break your heart, too.

SEWARD

Sorry I'm late--

Seward sits beside Holmwood. Their eyes meet. Without a word, Holmwood pours Seward a double Scotch. He downs it.

QUINCEY

Look at Lord Art. His father dies, he becomes a Lord, announces his wedding to the girl we all love and gets drunk with her suitors to celebrate--

Seward grabs Quincey, sitting him down, hard.

SEWARD

It doesn't matter who's doing what to Lucy. We're could all lose her--

Holmwood sags. Quincey looks at both of them. "What the hell is going on?" Seward struggles through his diagnosis.

SEWARD

(confirming Holmwood's fears)
She has all the usual physical anemic signs--Her blood analyzes normal--and yet--it is...not.

(he kills another "shot")
She has difficulty breathing but no infection is present. She complains of dreams that frighten her--but cannot remember them. She confided in me a childhood habit of sleepwalking occurred again in Whitby....There must be a cause somewhere. I have concluded it must be something mental.

QUINCEY

Blast you doctors! "Mental"?

Quincey ralls in a drunken rage. Holmwood restrains him--

HOLMWOOD

Control yourself, man. Jack has my trust--and Lucy's.

SEWARD

I am in doubt, I admit. So I have cabled my old friend and teacher in Amsterdam... Abraham Van Helsing. A philosopher--a metaphysician--He knows more about obscure diseases than any man in the world--

QUINCEY

He sounds like a goddamn witch doctor!

SEWARD

(right in Quincey's face)
Do you think I would do any harm to
Lucy? Do you?

(he stands, losing his composure)
Van Helsing is the most advanced
scientist in his field. He has an iron
nerve and the kindest, truest heart
that beats--which is a damned sight
more than I can say for you--[Quincey]---

He storms out. Quincey bobs stupidly. Holmwood douses him.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. LONDON - AERIAL POV - NIGHT

82

A full moon. Skimming over treetops. Hillingham spreads
before us. The view CIRCLES and DESCENDS---

83 EXT. HILLINGHAM - NIGHT - POV CONTINUED

83

The view lands silently and moves through the garden toward
Lucy's balcony. The POV LIFTS effortlessly into the air and
glides to Lucy's french doors.

DRACULA POV - NIGHTVISION

Lucy--Her back to us--senses a presence and turns over.
Her eyes brighten. She smiles wanton and opens herself.

ON THE BALCONY - DRACULA WATCHES

Tracing his own hand up his leg to his pelvis--toying
with her like a trained animal--

LUCY, like a mirror, does the same, arousing herself with
her own caress. Her hands glide up her body finding her
breasts--to her neck. She removes her choker--stroking
her neck slowly with her hands--then faster--ejaculatory--
Sexual powers awakened. This is what she has hungered for.

Dracula enters. No love or tenderness in him. This is
feeding time. Vampire fast food. Maintenance. He hurls
her back on the bed--rips away her gown--and takes her--

CUT TO:

84 EXT. HILLINGHAM - NIGHT

84

A dense fog has set in. Carriage lamps appear. Horses
stop the coach in front of the house. A FIGURE steps out
carrying a single valise. Stout with broad shoulders. A
grand silhouette. The carriage pulls away.

PROF. VAN HELSING steps into the light. "The poise of his head indicative of thought and power...His face, clean shaven, shows a hard, square chin" sculpted in mystery and in kindness. "Big dark blue eyes...are quick and tender or stern with the man's moods".

He remains motionless. Sensing. Listening. A priest? A wizard? An exorcist? A dire sense of urgency sweeps over him. He ascends the steps hurriedly with a marked limp. Dracula's foe has arrived.

85 INT. HILLINGHAM - CONTINUING ACTION

85

A SERVANT takes Van Helsing's coat. He refuses to let go his bag. Seward, haggard, hurries to meet him.

SEWARD

Professor Van Helsing. How good of you to come.

Van Helsing, set in his eccentric ways, refuses to shake hands, but rather places his gloves and hat in Seward's care and immediately surveys the house with his 6th sense. Already fearful of the power he is up against--

VAN HELSING

(thick dutch accent)

I come to my friend when he call me to aid those he holds dear--

(urgent, without looking at him)

John--tell me everything about your dear Miss. You love her, don't you.

Seward blanches. Van Helsing "sees" everything.

SEWARD

She manifests continued blood loss--
I cannot trace the cause--Sonambulist activity--She's sleeping now--

VAN HELSING

(scans the ceiling, sensing danger)

Not true. We've no time to lose I fear--

Suddenly, Lucy's ORGASMIC WAIL echoes down the stairs. Van Helsing grabs his bag indicating Seward to lead.

86 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING ACTION

86

LUCY'S WANTON MOANS repeat again building to a passionate female climax--Seward falters topping the stairs--confused by her cries of ecstasy. A MAID appears in the hall.

SEWARD
(yelling at her)
See to Lady Westenra!

Van Helsing passes him. Lucy CLIMAXES O.C.

87 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - VAN HELSING RUNS IN

87

Balcony doors stand open. Curtains flap. LUCY lies spread eagle on her bed. A small pool of blood caking on a pillow. Her gown torn open to her waist. Van Helsing covers her--

Her chest heaves struggling to breathe. He checks her pulse. Then her jugular. The black choker hinders him--he slides it down--revealing the two small punctures. They're fresh. Larger than before. Worn with repeated use--

Van Helsing's expression tells all. He knows. He knows!

SEWARD
(rushing in)
My God!

VAN HELSING
There is no time to be lost. She will die for sheer want of blood.

He opens his bag pulling out implements--

VAN HELSING
We will make a transfusion.

SEWARD
You've perfected a procedure for blood transfer?

VAN HELSING
Perfected? I've only experimented with animals. If the blood is not healthy and of her type--she could die.

SEWARD
(rolling up his sleeve)
She will die if we don't try.

LOUD VOICES distract in the hall. HOLMWOOD RUSHES IN still in his hat and topcoat--

HOLMWOOD
--What the bloody hell?!--

--freaking as Van Helsing ties off Lucy's arm in her state of undress. He grabs at Van Helsing who doesn't flinch.

SEWARD
(pulling Holmwood back)
Art--it's Professor Van Helsing.

HOLMWOOD
I don't give a damn who he is. What's he doing to Lucy!?

VAN HELSING
(calmly taking charge)
Ah--You are the lover of our dear Miss. You have come in time--She's bad. Very bad.

HOLMWOOD
My life is hers. I would give my last drop of blood to save her.

VAN HELSING
(sadistic chuckle)
I do not ask as much as that. Not yet. She wants blood and blood she must have...or die...

Van Helsing holds up two ghastly needles in each hand connected by tubing and a bulb pump. Holmwood grows faint. Seward is irritated by his lack of will.

VAN HELSING
(knowing Lucy's fate)
You will be happy in the not-so-far-off [future] you have done all for her you love--Now kiss her once--We begin--

Self-conscious and overwhelmed, Holmwood kisses Lucy tentatively on her blueing lips.

Seward sits him down like a child, ties off his arm with a jealous jerk and thumps up a vein. Experience. He jabs Holmwood with the large needle, inwardly enjoying the pain he's inflicted in Holmwood's face.

Van Helsing inserts the large needle into Lucy's arm. She quivers in brief pain--still unconscious. He pumps. RED BLOOD rythmically travels the tube from his arm to hers.

CUT TO:

88 INT. MINA'S BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

88

She writes in her journal, completely distraught.

MINA (VO)
Lucy has had another set-back--
(continued)

MINA (VO)

--And I have just learned that Mr. Hawkins has passed in the night on the heels of Arthur's father. All this death. No word from Jonathan. I cannot hide my fears or my feelings any longer. I confess I have again seen the strange gentleman--I cannot bear--not to...

Mina shudders, trying to compose herself.

89 FLASH TO: EXT. GIULIANOS - DAY

89

An elegant sidewalk cafe in Hyde Park. Dracula, dashing, checks the champagne for the Wine Steward. He approves and hands the bottle to Mina--insisting she do the honors.

MINA (VO)

I have never met any man with such passion for life--for everything--

Embarassed, Mina pulls the cork, spritzing them both with bubbly. Dracula positively beams--

90 INT. LYCEUM THEATRE - NIGHT

90

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a box turns her opera glasses to:

DRACULA, in his classic tuxedo with a dash of red silk, riveted to the stage below. His handsome pallor draws women's glances like a contemporary Rock Star.

VOICE (OC)

To be--or not to be----

Below, the great actor SIR HENRY IRVING plays the classic scene from Hamlet to ELLEN TERRY, his "Ophelia"--

IRVING

(contemplating suicide)

--that is the question--

MINA, radiantly simple beside him, watches Dracula. Hamlet and Ophelia onstage could easily be Dracula and Mina.

MINA (VO)

Yet there is a sinister, darker side to him I find irresistible. He is unlike...any man...

DISSOLVE TO:

91 THE FACE OF LUCY (INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM)

91

Sleeping peacefully. Lips parted. Cheeks and color healthy.
But her breath still short; her face thin and drawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FACE OF VAN HELSING

Set as if in marble. His eyebrows converge deep in thought.
Van Helsing hovers over Lucy, covering her like a child.

VAN HELSING

The first gain is ours. But I fear
for her still.

Seward pours Port down Holmwood, still dizzy from the
transfusion.

HOLMWOOD

Is she not cured?

VAN HELSING

"The unexpected always happens".
(quietly to Seward)
What do you make of that mark on
her throat?

Seward is lost. "What Mark?" Van Helsing gently removes Lucy's
black choker. Seward inspects the punctures.

SEWARD

No sign of disease. No trituration.
Perhaps her blood loss occurred here.

Van Helsing harumphs, looking sternly at his student.

VAN HELSING

You were a careful student, now you
are Master. Where did the blood go?!

Seward flushes embarrassed, realizing his fallacy.

SEWARD

How foolish of me. The bedclothes
would be covered in blood.

HOLMWOOD

Will one of you learned doctors or
whatever you are tell me what in blazes
is going on with my Lucy--

Van Helsing pours them all a drink.

VAN HELSING

You both reason well. You're sane by medical standards. But you do not let your eyes see nor your ears hear that which you cannot account for.

(turning to Lucy)

Why is this dear young Miss bloodless?
Because it has been drained from her.

HOLMWOOD

Rubbish. Seward--who is this man?

VAN HELSING

Hear me out. John, you are a scientist. Do you not think there are things in this universe which you cannot understand--and yet which are true? Astral bodies? Materialisation? Hypnotism?--

SEWARD

You and Charcot have proved hypnotism.

Van Helsing dramatically draws the drapes overlooking the balcony and the gardens in the darkness--

VAN HELSING

Precisely my point. Gentleman, we're not fighting a disease here. Those marks on your dear Miss Lucy's neck were made by something horrid out there. "Dead but not dead". It stalk us for some dread purpose I do not yet comprehend. To live--It feeds on Lucy's precious blood!

Holmwood. Complete disgust and disbelief. Seward. Total denial. Van Helsing, dead serious. Proclaiming the truth.

VAN HELSING

....A Monster....

CUT TO:

92 EXT. THAMES FERRYBOAT - NIGHT

Dracula and Mina stand at the rail gliding under a full moon sky. He lifts her eyes to his--They kiss--gently, tenderly--Mina's desire awakened by.....a monster.

FADE TO BLACK

93 OMITTED:

94 EXT. SNOWY WOODS - NIGHT

94

TINGLING LAUGHTER of Dracula's Brides builds to the REVERBERATING HOWLING of Wolves. HARKER APPEARS running in dream-like motion, his face frozen in fear. Crashing through trees--fighting the snow. The HOWLING closes in--

He falls--tumbling sliding down--down--landing on railroad tracks--unable to move. BLINDING LIGHTS appear! A SHRILL WHISTLE! Harker looks up--

SHARP CUT TO:

95 INT. MINA'S BOARDING HOUSE - TIGHT ON MINA - DAY

95

She sits up abruptly in her bed, out of breath, sweating. The shrill whistle continues. She looks around--A dream?

A tea kettle boils on her coal stove. Someone POUNDS her door.

LAND LADY'S VOICE
(through door)

Miss Murray? 'Ello? Gowl ta letta
f'you. All the way from Boody-Pest--

Mina pales. Jonathan?

MINA - A MINUTE LATER

Breathless, reading the letter while dressing--

MINA (VO)

..."He has had some fearful shock. In his delirium his ravings have been dreadful. He will require some few weeks rest in our sanatorium. He has told me all about you and that you are shortly to be his wife...."

Mina slowly disintegrates. The weeks of waiting over.

MINA

(reading aloud)

All blessing to you both. Sister Agatha
--Hospital of St. Joseph, Buda-Peth--
(visibly trembling)
Jonathan is alive. He's alive--

Her joy melts to anguish and heartbreak. She finds her journal. Methodically, she tears pages from it and burns them in her stove--sadly watching each memory curl away in the flames.

MINA

My sweet Prince...Jonathan must
never know of us--

She starts to throw in a single white kid glove. She can't, touching it to her face, savoring, remembering. Tears finally come. Her inner strength failing, she sobs, closing the door on the stove and on Dracula...forever...

FADE TO BLACK

96 FADE IN: INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON LUCY - DAY

96

An orgasmic shudder ripples through her. A tiny garland of white flowers has replaced her black choker.

LUCY

(half dreaming)
...his red eyes again...

The face she sees is Van Helsing. His eyes are blue; compassionate--fatherly--disarming her to his true purpose with his jovial reassuring bedside manner.

VAN HELSING

My dear young Miss--they told me you
were down in spirit. I say "pouf!"
(snapping his fingers)
You and I will show them how wrong
they are.

Lucy rallies with her coy laugh--taking his hand.

LUCY

(surmising who he is)
Dr. Van Helsing...?

Nodding, he checks her light sensitive eyes--her receding gums. He hides his reaction to her slightly changed teeth. She is turning into a vampire. He has seen this before! He must not panic.

Seward--haggard from a sleepless night appears at her side.

LUCY

Jack--how good you are all to me.

VAN HELSING

(upbeat, jovial)
What does he know of young ladies?
He has his "madmans" to play with.

Lucy enjoys Seward's embarrassment. Her hands glide to her throat. She freezes--feeling flowers instead of her choker.

VAN HELSING

Not for your life! Not for your living
soul--or hers!

Quincey grabs Van Helsing--

QUINCEY

C'mon Y' damn ole coot--let's step
outside and settle this right now--

SEWARD

(intervening)

No--we agreed to do everything he says!

Lucy's weak hand rests on Van Helsing's. She kisses it.
Her voice faint and filled with "untellable pathos".

LUCY

You are my true friend [Van Helsing]....
Guard my dearest friends and my Arthur
and give me peace...

Van Helsing eyes the young men. No one challenges his
authority now. He kneels, taking Lucy's hand in oath.

VAN HELSING

I swear it---

CUT TO:

97 EXT. HILLINGHAM - NIGHT

97

Van Helsing climbs in a carriage with his inexpendable bag.
Seward follows with Quincey--cradling a winchester rifle.

QUINCEY

(holding seward back)

Jack--I don't want to shove myself
anyplace I got no right to be--You
know I love that girl and wanted to
marry her--same as you.

Seward, exhausted--strung out--faces Quincey man to man.

QUINCEY

That ole Dutchman know what he's doin'?
What the hell's with those flowers?
Is he working some kind of "spell"?

SEWARD

Van Helsing is trying to save Lucy's
life. He knows more than he's telling us
and I have learned not to question his
methods...Frankly, I'm at my wit's end.

Van Helsing leans from the carriage--impatient--but choosing his words carefully--

VAN HELSING

Hear my words and understand--An enormous power is at work here-- Greater than any I have ever encountered--It plays with us. Teases us. It has a plan--some reason for being here...in London.....

He lets that sink in then drops the bomb--

VAN HELSING

Lucy is not a random victim attacked by mere accident. No. No--she is a willing recruit, a follower, I dare say--a devoted disciple--of the most horrid creature you can possibly imagine--

Chilled silence. Quincey, shocked, looks to Seward for some sign that this is nonsense. No help.

VAN HELSING

Do not fail here tonight, Mr. Morriss. She cannot lose anymore blood. All our lives, as we know it, may depend on it--

Van Helsing motions Seward to climb in the coach--then barks to the Driver. They trot away leaving Quincey behind.

Quincey looks around at the vast grounds. His hand instinctively checks his knife and rifle. He's spooked.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. LYCEUM THEATRE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

98

PATRONS in formal attire stream in. The marquee proclaims "THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR - SIR HENRY IRVING AS LEAR"

THE VIEW DESCENDS AND LANDS across from the theatre. DRACULA ENTERS FRAME, dressed in formal black with white kid gloves. He watches the crowds of people like a lion does a herd of antelope. Their HEARTBEATS pounding in his ears. Their BREATHING crashing like waterfalls.

Anxious, searching, he crosses the square to the Lyceum. HORSES waiting at carriages REAR UP AND SPOOK--he passes.

CUT TO:

99 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

99

Dracula takes his seat in his box; nervous--agitated. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in the box next to him politely smiles. Dracula reciprocates fighting his urges. He looks about the audience. "Where is she?"

A TALL RED-BEARDED MAN enters the box. [Bram Stoker]

MAN

Prince Vladislaus?

Dracula remains in the shadows, ready to spring--

DRACULA

Yes--I am. Who is asking?

MAN

I am the company manager. This just arrived for you.

The Man, Bram Stoker, presents a small envelope on a tray. Dracula leans from the shadows taking it.

DRACULA

Thank you. You are most kind.

MAN

At your service. Enjoy the performance.

Stoker bows politely and closes the box curtain.

Dracula reads the note--his pain sharpens with each word wrenching him like a wild animal caught in a trap.

THE LETTER

MINA (VO)

My dearest Prince--please forgive me. I cannot be with you this evening--nor ever again. I have received word from my fiancé in Europe. He is very ill. I am enroute to join him. We are to be married....Forever your love, Mina...

Tears drop blurring the ink. They are Dracula's!

DRACULA

(desperate whisper)

Mina.....My love...

100 FLASH TO: MINA - ON A TRAIN - NIGHT

100

She closes her sad eyes, trying to forget him.

RESUME: DRACULA

Head in hands, fighting his grief, hiding his tears. Kid gloves stain with blood! He removes them revealing the hideous face of a corpse. Skin cracking, rupturing, transforming back into the 400 year old demon that rules him!

101 EXT. THEATRE - CONTINUING ACTION

101

DRACULA shoves through PATRONS like a crazed animal, his bloody gloves hiding his hideous regression.

A WOMAN SCREAMS! A BOBBY races up blowing his whistle, wielding his stick. DRACULA HURLS him against a stone wall like a rag doll.

DRACULA TEARS AWAY a carriage harness from a coal-black steed--HE LEAPS ON IT--AND RIDES LIKE A COSSACK--

--LEAPING THE IRON FENCE--disappearing into a park.

CUT TO:

102 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT

102

Renfield sleeps on the floor, strapped in a strait-jacket. Comatose. Passive. His face still bruised from the fight at Carfax. His eyes suddenly open wide--as if summoned. He surveys the room. His menagerie gone. Walls padded!

Something is there in the darkness. DRACULA STRIDES from the shadows as if he just walked through the wall. His face still old and evil. The Demon alive--hungry--

RENFIELD

Master--Master--

Dracula points at him--Renfield suddenly rises controlled by invisible strings. With superhuman strength, he pulls himself free of the strait jacket--

RENFIELD

Yes...Master...thy will be done.

Renfield is talking to an empty room.

103 INT. SEWARD'S STUDY - NIGHT [SAME TIME]

103

Seward dictates an entry on his phonograph--

SEWARD

Lucy is dying. I fear our watch is all but over.....

He can barely stay awake---

SEWARD

(dictating cont'd)

Van Helsing has resorted to spells and witchcraft to fight some unseen monster he claims feeds on Lucy and can enslave any victim it chooses as part of a larger sinister plan-- I hope the so-called "monster" is not the Professor himself. We are all becoming lunatics I fear--like Renfield--

SCREAMING and YELLING in the corridor interrupt him. He hurries to his door--IT BURSTS OPEN--Renfield barrels in brandishing a lancet--

SEWARD

Good God--

RENFIELD

Wrong. I am but his humble servant--

He lunges gashing Seward's arm. Seward smashes him with a large beaker holding a gorilla brain. Renfield laughs--

SEWARD

(clutching his arm)

Is it souls you're after now!?

The STOUT KEEPER ENTERS grabbing Renfield around the neck with a "choker" pole. Renfield sags, inert and docile--

RENFIELD

Oh no. Oh no. I want no souls. Life is all I want....Yours...

Keepers drag him out. He smiles--serene. A little wave. Seward collapses in his chair. Blood trickles in a tiny puddle on his desk--drip--drop--drip--Madness.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. ZOO - NIGHT

104

A cacaphony of animal YOWLS and SCREECHES. MR. BILDER hurries by a cage of screaming Monkeys--rapping the bars with his staff--All the animals are crazed.

BILDER

'Ey whot th'bleedin' 'ell--

He stops cold at Berserker's pen. Bars twisted and bent. Cage empty! A WOLF HOWLS in the distance. Then 2 WOLVES!

BILDER
(building fear)
They be two of 'em? Gawd hep us awl--

He looks up to the full moon lighting the sky. The 2 WOLVES HOWL again. Hunters stalking their prey.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. HILLINGHAM - NIGHT

105

Quincey patrols the grounds watching the same full moon. The same HOWLING draws closer. He instinctively cocks his rifle.

PREDATOR'S POV

A vampire's view of Quincey--way across the lawn. The view jumps closer to his rifle and gleaming knife.

Quincey turns, sensing the presence--THE POV RUSHES CLOSER. He raises his winchester to fire--he weakens. His eyes roll back. He collapses in a heap as the Predator POV rushes over him--

106 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

106

Lucy tosses unable to sleep. Her nocturnal powers taking hold. She hears a light tapping at her balcony doors.

LUCY
(instantly aroused)
Is somebody there?

Her hall door opens. Lady Westenra enters in her bed clothes carrying a lamp. She crawls in beside Lucy.

LADY WESTENRA
I was uneasy about you darling--

107 EXT. HILLINGHAM - PREDATOR'S POV - CONTINUING ACTION

107

The 4 legged kind. Moving through the garden to the glass solarium. It watches a SERVANT in the room who senses something and starts across the room. The Predator FOLLOWS tracking outside. The servant stops, suddenly dizzy, and collapses on the floor.

PREDATOR POV - TRACKING

Along the house to Lucy's balcony. IT RISES--flying effortlessly--landing on the balcony.

108 EXT. BALCONY - PREDATOR POV - LUCY

108

Visible through the balcony doors cradled in her mother's arms. Both asleep. Lucys wakes--as if on command. She sleep walks to the door--her eyes filled with wanton lust--

NOTE: A NUN'S GREGORIAN CHOIR CHANTS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SEQUENCE.

DRACULA & LUCY

Facing each other through the glass doors. No longer the handsome creature of desire, he is a hungry demon. The same horrid face revealed at the Opera.

109 INTERCUT: A CATHEDRAL - BUDAPEST - DAY

109

A NUN'S CHOIR chants God's praises in Latin as a tall GOLD CRUCIFIX fills the view.

RESUME: DRACULA AND LUCY

DRACULA

I offer you the power of eternal life.
You repay me by being unfaithful. Your
silly men with their foolish spells
cannot protect you from my power--

His voice harsh, metallic. Lucy clutches the garland of flowers around her neck--shaking her head in denial.

INTERCUT: CATHEDRAL

A PRIEST carries the giant crucifix leading a wedding procession down the aisle. REVEAL: MINA, the Bride. Her dress simple, her veil sparse, but she is beautiful all in white.

RESUME: DRACULA AND LUCY

DRACULA

You will be punished. I condemn you
to living death--to eternal hunger
for living blood--YOOUUUU BITCHHH
OF THE DEVILLLL!

He raises his arms calling forth a tempest. BERSERKER LEAPS RIGHT THROUGH HIM [OPTICAL FX]--as if he were a ghost--

INTERCUT: CATHEDRAL

AT THE ALTAR, the GROOM slowly turns to face his bride. JONATHAN HARKER, ashen, unsmiling, gaunt, eyes deepset like a concentration camp victim.

110 RESUME: INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

110

The Great Grey Wolf--CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS into the room--knocking Lucy back onto the bed. WINDS ROAR!

LADY WESTENRA WAKES--Her eyes roll back, a horrible gurgling sound in her throat--she flops over dead--

Berserker pants over Lucy splayed on the bed. The hunger. Mesmerised, Lucy looks into the eyes of the beast. They are Dracula's eyes. Her hand glides to the garland around her neck--and rips it away revealing her neck and throat--

INTERCUT: MINA AND HARKER

Facing each other at the altar. The shadow of the cross passes over them. Panic wells in his eyes, then he kisses the crucifix. Mina follows suit.

RESUME: DRACULA AND LUCY - WOLF POV

Looking down at Lucy. Slowly and lovingly, she takes his fur in both her hands and pulls his great head to her-- Her ORGASMIC WAIL BUILDS AND BUILDS CONTINUING OVER:

MINA AND HARKER

They kiss. There is no life in Harker's face.....

There is no passion in Mina's....

LUCY'S WAIL CRESCENDOS!

FADE SLOWLY OUT:

111 FADE IN: INT. UNDERTAKER ROOM - TIGHT ON LUCY - DAY

111

Lovelier than ever. Surrounded by white satin. The room is "a wilderness of beautiful white flowers" and "tall wax candles" giving her an angelic glow.

MINA (VO)

"Lucy dear, it was my privilege to be your friend and guide when you came from the schoolroom to prepare for the world of life. Please, Almighty God, your life may be all it promises: a long day of sunshine, with no harsh wind, no distrust and no pain. I do hope you will be always as happy as I am now. Goodbye, my dear. I shall post this at once. I must stop, for my Jonathan is waking. I must attend to my husband! Your ever loving, WILHELMINA HARKER."

VAN HELSING'S HANDS place a tiny gold crucifix gently over Lucy's lips--a wreath of white flowers on her head--

SEWARD

There is peace for her at last. It is the end.

Van Helsing comforts his former student with tears in his wise aging eyes. His dreaded course clear only to himself.

VAN HELSING

Friend John, I pity your poor bleeding heart; and I love you the more because it does so. It is not over. It is only the beginning.

Van Helsing is the voice of doom. PUSH IN ON LUCY---

CUT TO:

112 EXT. HYDE PARK CORNERS - "ROTTEN ROW" - DAY

112

MINA & HARKER stroll in a gloom. Mina in black mourning dress and veil. Harker stares blankly ahead.

MINA

I can't believe she is gone...never to return to us. She was so full of life--How she must have suffered.

Harker walks silent. Mina is in complete despair--

MINA

This is a sad homecoming in everyway. --Our lives were so....different only a few months ago. All our hopes--our dreams--Oh Jonathan--what's happened to the world----to us--?

No response. Mina is desperate to reach him--

MINA

Talk to me, Jon, please. I know you've had one terrible shock upon another-- So have I. Tell me what's wrong--what happened to you--We only have each other now.

Harker gazes at her. His eyes hollow. Vacant.

MINA

(pleading)

We can leave London. We'll go back to Exeter. We'll start a new life. I'll help you get right again. Let me help you remember--I'm---your wife--

He takes her arm. Robotic. Physically and mentally adrift.

HARKER

...You must be spared...the horrors...
...unspeakable...

DRACULA'S POV - STALKING THEM

Dayvision. Watching from across the street. Hearing their every word amplified. Their movements slowed--
The POV JUMPS CLOSER--right up to Harker's face.

DRACULA

(angry animal whisper)

You?--

Harker--sensing he's being watched--looks right at us--

HARKER'S POV - THE CROWDED STREET

Dracula! Watching him! Not as old as Harker remembers. Not as young as Mina has seen him. Black moustache and beard. His eyes burning into Harker.

Harker's legs buckle--Mina struggles to keep him from falling. His eyes wild with fear and amazement--

MINA

Jonathan--what is it? Are you ill?

He points--feverish. Mina looks. Dracula has vanished.

MINA

Who? Who is it?

HARKER

(crazed)

The man himself--But he has grown young. My God! If this be so!

MINA

Calm yourself--Jonathan--What man?

PASSERSBY regard her struggling to hold Harker up. She sits him down, comforting him as best she can.

HARKER

(barely able to speak)

No...NO--I cannot escape him, Mina.

He must be stopped--he has to be--

Terrified--he vapor locks--staring into oblivion.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. SHOOTER'S HILL - HAMPSTEAD HEATH - DAWN

113

A 240 acre public green. A STREET KID fights the cold over a small fire. A WOMAN approaches, almost angelic as she passes by smiling at him. It's Lucy! Very much alive.

STREET KID

Coo...whot a bloofer lady, sh'is--

He spots another child's LEGS visible under a furze bush. Lifeless. The Kid pokes the legs. No reaction. The kid starts to pull off the dead child's shoes.

THE LEGS MOVE--stirring awake. THE CHILD SITS UP--disoriented. He's emaciated--his skin drained of any color. He rubs his throat. A tiny neck wound still fresh--

114 EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

114

A NEWSBOY hawks papers in front of the Lyceum Theatre.

NEWSBOY

Hampstead Horror. Another child attacked by the "bloofer lady"--

A black coach pulls up. A white-kid glove extends from the shadowy cab--holding a GOLD COIN.

The boy eagerly hands the paper over in exchange for it. The coach pulls away. The boy kisses the coin. Lucky day--

CUT TO:

115 INT. NORTH HEATH HOSPITAL - DAY

115

A welfare ward filled with POOR PATIENTS. The Emaciated Child from Shooter's Hill rolls over to Van Helsing's imposing but kind fatherly face. He presents a candy.

VAN HELSING

Now--lad--I need your help. Dr.

Vincent tell me some animal bite you.

A rodent--or a bat common to the heath--

He removes the bandages on the boy's neck. TWO RAGGED PUNCTURE MARKS are visible. Similar to Lucy's--but smaller.

Seward leans into view behind Van Helsing--masking his reaction to the wounds.

CHILD

Iht wuz 'at bloofer lady, guv'nor.
She got hair awl golden like sunshine.
She bit me she did--An angual sh'wuz--

Van Helsing covers the wounds. His face grimset. He smiles.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. NORTH HEATH HOSPITAL - DAY

116

Van Helsing hurries to his carriage. Urgent. Impatient.
Seward catches up lugging Van Helsing's bag--

SEWARD

Professor--tell me your thesis. I
feel like a blundering novice--

Van Helsing pauses at the carriage, eyeing his "favorite student"--seeing his pain--his confusion.

VAN HELSING

Very well--You think those so small holes
in the child's throat were made by the
same creature that attacked Miss Lucy?

SEWARD

Yes I would say so--

VAN HELSING

Then you are wrong! Those marks
were made by Miss Lucy!

Van Helsing climbs in slamming the seat in despair--

117 INT. COACH - CONTINUING ACTION

117

SEWARD

(shocked, numbed)
You are mad! The girl is dead.

VAN HELSING

Yes...[I'm mad] and no...[she's not dead].
(his own agenda)
I know you deeply love her and that
is why you must trust me and believe--

SEWARD
(maddened, overwrought)
Believe? In what?

VAN HELSING
Things you cannot.
(his own agenda)
I want you to bring me, before night,
a set of post-mortem knives.

SEWARD
(shuddering at the thought)
An autopsy? Lucy?--

VAN HELSING
(matter of fact)
Not exactly. I want to cut off her
head and take out her heart.

Seward is stunned and repulsed. The coach lurches away.

SHARP CUT TO:

118 INT. HARKER HOUSE - EXETER - TIGHT ON MINA - DAY 118

She finishes Jonathan's tattered journal. Her breath short. Completely distraught. She sets the journal down and backs away from it as if it might come to life--

Then she slams it shut and starts to burn it in the fire. No. No. She hurries to a cupboard and locks the journal inside. Not knowing what to do--she sits down to sort her flood of thoughts--but in the middle of the floor!

A KNOCK O.C.startles her with audible fright. MARY, the corpulent Irish maid, sticks her head in.

MARY
Mrs. Harker--there's a gentleman here
to see you. I've never seen him before.

Mary leaves. Mina panics, checking herself in a mirror--

MINA
(fearful to herself)
Vladislaus...not here...

119 INT. QUAIN PARLOR - CONTINUING ACTION 119

Mina enters. VAN HELSING TURNS to greet her. She falters.

VAN HELSING
Mrs. Harker, is it not? Mina Harker?

MINA

Yes--who are you, sir?

VAN HELSING

I am Dr. Van Helsing. It is Mina Murray
I come to see that was friend to poor
dear Miss Lucy Westenra. I tended her
in her...illness.

MINA

(extending her hand)

Then you are a friend in this house.
What is it I can do for you?

VAN HELSING

I read your letters to Lucy. She told
me of her sleep-walking and how you
saved her. I come to you and ask you
to tell me all you can remember.

Mina holds Van Helsing's gaze--reading his eyes.

VAN HELSING

I am especially interested in your
husband--Tell me of him. He was abroad
I understand--Quite ill?

Mina grows silent. Can Van Helsing read minds too?

MINA

Yes. He suffered a great shock abroad--

VAN HELSING

Yes...yes...yes....I would speak with him.

MINA

Jonathan left for Whitby today--to
gather information he says will
cure him.

Van Helsing smiles with fatherly charm--finessing the
pieces of the puzzle.

MINA

Dr. Van Helsing--I shouldn't say this,
but I have read his own account of his
experience. Horrible things that can't
possibly be true--Human beings who live
on blood--a mysterious Count---Jonathan
thought he saw him...here in London.

VAN HELSING

(growing revelation)

Oh my dear, it is the strange things,
the extraordinary things that make
one doubt if they be mad or sane....
Allow me to read and judge.

Mina eyes him--suspicious--He is a master of the game.

120 INT. SITTING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

120

Mina unlocks the cupboard and retrieves Harker's journal.
She hands it ceremoniously to Van Helsing--He cradles it
as if it were the Holy Grail--tingling with anticipation

MINA

Can you tell me, Doctor, how Lucy died?

Silence. Van Helsing studies Mina.

VAN HELSING

Things are not always as they seem.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

121

A crypt looms in the fog. Lamps flash across the iron gate
leading to it. SEWARD SWINGS a sledge breaking the lock.

Van Helsing leads Quincey and Holmwood reluctantly in.

122 INT. VAULT - CONTINUING ACTION

122

The Leaden Coffin sits on a stone altar. Seward and
Quincey inspect it. Sealed tight.

VAN HELSING

If--Miss Lucy is dead--there can be
no wrong done to her. But if she is not--

HOLMWOOD

Good God--has she been buried alive?

VAN HELSING

I go no further to say she is "un-dead".

Van Helsing produces screwdrivers from his bag. Quincey and
Seward go to work on it. Holmwood is an emotional mess.

HOLMWOOD

This is insane. The transfusion of my
blood to her made her my bride. I have
a duty to protect her from outrage--

VAN HELSING

(grim sweet pride)

I gave what you gave--the blood of my veins--I gave it freely. I gave to her my nights and days--and if my death can do her good, even now, she shall have it freely--

Holmwood backs off, helpless. Van Helsing pries the lead flange back. Quincey and Seward remove the lid. Van Helsing holds up the lamp. Empty!

QUINCEY

Your word is all I want, Professor. Is this your doing?

VAN HELSING

I swear to you by all I hold sacred that I have not removed or touched her.

Holmwood stares at the empty coffin, refusing to believe.

VAN HELSING

She is "nosferatu" as they say in Eastern Europe. "Un-dead". They become immortal once infected by another nosferatu". The undead must go on age after age feeding on the blood of the living; adding new victims--These children whose blood she suck give her power over them. Unless she be made "true dead", they will become nosferatu. Vampires. Lucy was "changed" by a Vampire whose power is enormous. We do not fight one monster--Lucy is but one of an entire army that grows among us....

Quincey is loudly skeptical. Holmwood lashes out--

HOLMWOOD

Lies! You cannot prove this--old man! You are out of your lunatic mind!

SOFT FEMININE SINGING, like tinkling glass, drifts into the vault. Holmwood recognizes the voice. He shrinks back--

Van Helsing signals. Seward shuts off the lantern. Quincey takes a position by the entrance.

A GOLDEN HAIREd WOMAN descends the stairs draped in white. She holds a young child at her breast, singing and swaying--

HOLMWOOD openly gasps. It is Lucy--in her bridal gown; anything but virginal.

VAN HELSING steps out, flanked by the others in a line blocking the crypt. He shines his lantern in her face.

LUCY--bathed in the flickering light. Her lips fresh with a tiny stream of blood. Her gown stained with it. She drops the child carelessly to the ground. It moans crying. Seward moves--picking it up--checking its condition

SEWARD

We're in time. The child will live.

HOLMWOOD BUCKLES. Quincey shores him up, himself horrified and aroused at the same time but ready with his knife--

Lucy transforms to beautiful virginal Lucy. She approaches Holmwood with a voluptuous grace.

LUCY

Come to me Arthur. Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you. Come and we can rest together. Come, my husband, come---

Each man is being openly seduced. Holmwood, under her spell, opens his arms--she leaps into them--

VAN HELSING SHOVES HER BACK slashing the air with a curved ghurka Kukri knife--brandishing a crucifix--

"She recoiled from it. Her face was shown in the clear burst of moonlight and by the lamp...Her beautiful color scheme livid, the eyes seemed to throw out sparks of hellfire, the brows and hair wrinkled like the coils of Medusa's snakes and the lovely, blood stained mouth grew to an open square as in the passion masks of the Greek and Japanese. If ever a face meant death--if looks could kill--we saw it at that moment."*

VAN HELSING

Answer me now, my friend! Am I to proceed with my work?

Holmwood falls to his knees--his face buried in his hands.

HOLMWOOD

Do as you will...Oh...dear...god....

Lucy's eyes flash burn unholy light. She pushes past Van Helsing and disappears into the darkness of the crypt.

SHARP CUT TO:

123 EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - NIGHT

123

A train roars from the the darkness.

124 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

124

Mina sits in a compartment busying herself writing in her journal. The CONDUCTOR sticks his head in--

CONDUCTOR

London, next stop, Paddington Station.
15 minutes, Mum--

Mina acknowledges. The conductor closes the door continuing his rounds. Mina looks out at the night sliding past. The compartment door opens and closes behind her.

Someone sits across from her. She properly avoids eye contact. Then she sees the white kid gloves. A chill runs through her--

In the dim light his blue eyes flash. DRACULA--young and handsome as she has always seen him. She wants to cry out--

DRACULA

No--I beg you. I had to see you. I
am a madman without you--

He glides his hand to hers. She fights his gentle touch--

MINA

Please--I am to meet my husband in
London--We musn't--

DRACULA

Can you conceive of my loneliness?
Constant--never ending until I found
you...I cannot go on in my cursed
life without you. I lost you once
before--I will not lose you again.

MINA

(pulling away, emphatic)
I am a married woman.

Dracula softens to a desperate passionate whisper--

DRACULA

And I have crossed oceans of time--
Committed unspeakable acts--to live--
to live to this moment--to love again--

She weakens--smoothing his hands to her face. His sensual power too great--He traces the nape of her neck. She swoons as desire rushes through her. They kiss passionately--

MINA

I cannot think. My heart is rushing like this train. Pounding in me--

DRACULA

This is our destiny. Our love can last all eternity. Wilhelmina---

MINA

Yes--Yes. Take me away from all this death. I am only alive when I am with you--

The trains roars into a tunnel. Darkness surrounds them.

DRACULA

There is but one way we can be-- together for all time--now--forever--

MINA

Yes, my love--anything--anything--

She opens her bodice. Her flesh pale--shimmering--He reclines her back on the bench--She pulls him down to her. He kisses her shoulders, her arms, her fingers, driving her to a frenzy--She arches herself to him as his arms lift her neck to him. Her entire body shudders--

125 INTERCUT: VAN HELSING AT THE CRYPT

125

Lucy lies in state in the coffin. Van Helsing holds up a cruel 3 foot long stake to Holmwood who whimpers like a frightened child--

VAN HELSING

A moment's courage and it is done.
Take the stake in your left hand, place the point over her heart--

Holmwood trembles as he follows Van Helsing's instructions. He can't look at his beloved Lucy.

VAN HELSING

(continuing)

-and the hammer in your right.

(Seward curls the hammer in Holmwood's shaking hand)

Then when I begin the prayer for the dead---strike in God's name--so that this one we dearly love will be true dead. You will then rejoice more than your pain is great and emerge from this grim tomb reborn--

Quincey makes himself bear witness. Seward, trying to be strong, steadies Holmwood's wooden stake over her chest.

Van Helsing begins to read the Latin death mass--Holmwood, weeping, raises the hammer--HE STRIKES!

Lucy writhes--twisting in wild contortions. A hideous screech from her open lips--her teeth chomp crimson foam--

RESUME: DRACULA AND MINA

He jerks back suddenly in the darkness--clutching his chest--writhing around--yowling like a wounded animal--

INTERCUT: HOLMWOOD

Van Helsing reads louder. Holmwood strikes again driving the stake deeper--Lucy spews sickening blood--

RESUME: DRACULA & MINA

MINA

(fearing for him)

What is happening? What can I do?

He twists in pain slamming against the compartment door.

DRACULA

No! No! They--deny---us--sahhhhhh!

The train roars from the tunnel. Lights of London flood in. Dracula is gone! She curls up on the bench in shock. Realizing her state of undress, she frantically closes up.

126 INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

126

The hammer falls from Holmwood's hand. He reels. Seward and Quincey catch him. His terrible task is over.

They stare at Lucy in shame and wonder--"as we had seen her in life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity."

VAN HELSING

And now, my child, you may kiss her.
For she is no longer a foul thing for
all eternity. No longer is she the
Devil's "un-dead"...She is God's true
dead. Her soul is with him...

Van Helsing guides Holmwood down to Lucy. Their lips meet. Seward can't take it. Quincey shrinks back, sickened--

HOLMWOOD

(reborn)

God bless you, Doctor--We must rid the earth of this...terrible monster...who took Lucy from us--

VAN HELSING

Then our sacred promise shall be made to each other...here and now...

The Vampire Killers to a man join hands over Lucy acknowledging their vow to destroy Dracula..

VAN HELSING

Now leave us. I am not finished here.

Quincey leads Holmwood from the crypt, weeping.

Van Helsing and Seward face each other. Seward opens a case of gleaming autopsy knives. Van Helsing makes his choice and places the large knife to Lucy's throat--He sags for a moment--his will finally giving out.

Seward looks away--he weeps at the slicing sound.

127 EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

127

The 4 Men steal away as the first rays of sun break.

FADE TO BLACK:

128 FADE IN: EXT. ASYLUM GROUNDS - DAY

128

Seward meets Mina at the iron gates and lets her in. She is tentative--nervous. Still recovering from her secret encounter on the train.

SEWARD

Mrs. Harker. I knew you from...Lucy's description....

MINA

Dr. Seward--Lucy spoke often of you--

Their hands meet--awkward silence--Seward fights off his emotions--leading her across the grounds.

SEWARD

I've read both you and your husband's remarkable journals--Your husband should be arriving shortly. Dr. Van Helsing has been "blowing your trumpet", Mrs. Harker. I too admire your courage.

MINA
(flushing, embarrassed)
Dr. Van Helsing is a shrewd man.

SEWARD.
Yes and more. There is even a patient here in my care who Van Helsing is convinced is connected somehow to Jon's mysterious Count---and Lucy.

MINA
(instantly drawn)
Do let me see him. May I--For Lucy's sake if for no other--

SEWARD
The man has made 2 attempts on my life--
Mina insists. Hardly the victorian violet he is used to.

CUT TO:

129 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - DAY

129

Renfield sits in the middle of the floor, meditating. His room is quite spotless save for a new menagerie of bugs. Seward watches him--then--

SEWARD
Mr. Renfield--a lady would like to see you.

Renfield opens one eye at Seward.

RENFIELD
Oh very well; but just wait a minute til I tidy up.

Renfield moves to his menagerie and simply swallows the insects present--then sits on his bed and slicks his hair.

Seward returns with Lucy. Seward watches Renfield closely. She approaches him gracefully and extends her hand--

MINA
Good-day, Mr. Renfield--

Renfield properly bows and shakes her hand, eyeing her all over with keen intent. He looks her deep in the eye. [He smells Dracula on her]. His eyes grow fearful.

RENFIELD
You're not the girl the doctor wanted to marry. You can't be--she's dead.

Seward is shocked by his knowledge.

MINA

I have a husband. I am Mrs. Harker.
We are staying with Dr. Seward.

RENFIELD

(reacting to "Harker")

Don't stay--

(incredibly calm)

The Doctor will bear me out that
I have tried to kill him in order to
prolong my own life with his blood.

Mina remains steadfast. Seward steps between them.

SEWARD

That's quite enough. How did you know
I wanted to marry anyone?

RENFIELD

What an assinine question. My Master
informed me. He tells me everything.

Seward and Mina exchange glances. Grave sadness softens
the lunatic's face.

RENFIELD

He tells me about you [MINA] as well--

Seward scoffs. Lunacy. Mina holds his gaze. Truth?

130 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION

130

Mina exits, disturbed and facinated by Renfield.

RENFIELD

I pray I may never see your sweet face
again. May he bless you and keep you!

Seward closes the cell door. Renfield grabs at him--
through the view port--

RENFIELD

Let me go! Let me go! I am no lunatic!
I'm a sane man fighting for his soul!
He feeds on her. I smell him--

SEWARD

(scoffing)

Yes. Quite. Get to your bed and try
to behave.

RENFIELD

(quiet, well-bred voice)

You will, I trust, do me the justice
to bear in mind, that I did what I
could do to convince you.

Seward shuts the view port. Renfield broods in silence,
gazing through the bars at Carfax.

RENFIELD

Fools. He will change her too unless...
(a flash of insight)
I must kill my Master--yes--I must.

CUT TO:

131 INT. SEWARD'S GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

131

Mina and Jonathan's journals sit prominently on a table.
Van Helsing, Holmwood and Quincey are deep in discussion.

Seward and Mina enter.

VAN HELSING

Ah--that wonderful Madam Mina. She
has a brain a man should have were he
much gifted with a woman's heart.

Mina blushes as the wiley Dutchman kisses her hand.

HOLMWOOD

How good of you to join us--

In an instant he is overwhelmed with grief--Mina comforts
him like a mother. He sits down, head in his hands.

QUINCEY

Mam, a Woman's the only thing can help
a man when his heart's broke.

MINA

The Texan with the big knife. Quincey.
I know what she was to you.

His handshake is rough but sincere--Mina smiles warmly--

HARKER ENTERS

Mina turns facing him--anxious--

MINA

Jonathan--I must speak with you--alone--

HARKER

In a bit--There's a good girl.

--kissing her hand briskly. All business--handing her paper and pen--again a man with purpose and ambition.

SEWARD

Jon--we're all here--

Mina retreats, watching them--removed, aloof. Harker shakes hands with Van Helsing--

VAN HELSING

Mr. Harker--

HARKER

I'm honored, Doctor. Mina has told me of your work. I have further information from Whitby that should be acted upon immediately--

VAN HELSING

Be patient, Mr. Harker--I take it we are all acquainted with the facts in these extraordinary journals?

Everybody assents and gathers about the table.

VAN HELSING

Strange and terrible as it is--it is true. I will pledge my life on it.

(lays a reassuring hand on

Harker and Mina's shoulders)

There are always mysteries in life.

Did Methuselah really live 900 years?

Do we truly understand life and death?

Can you tell my why, when other spiders

die small and soon, that one great

spider lived for centuries in the tower

of the old Spanish church and grew to

such great size that it could drain

a font of holy water to sate its thirst.

Van Helsing weaves his web of impossible logic.

VAN HELSING

Can you tell me why in the Pampas there are bats that come at night and open the veins of cattle and horses and suck dry their veins--Vampires.

(much reaction here)

A fortnight ago you would laugh and ridicule--Now we are too late to save our dear Lucy. There are such things as vampires.

Mina regards each man as he speaks. No skeptics here. Devastated by the loss of Lucy, united to avenge her.

VAN HELSING

The one we face has the strength of 20 men as Jonathan can bear witness. He can, within limitations direct the elements; the storm--the fog, thunder--that which struck Whitby, and landed him in England from his homeland. He can command the meaner things; the bat...the rodent--the wolf--like the one reported at Whitby--and the beast that killed Lucy....

Mina tenses. A wolf? She resumes taking notes, haunted by the image of her mystery Prince and the Wolf at the zoo.

VAN HELSING

He can come in mist and vanish at will. He can see in the dark and hear beyond mortal bounds--My friend, Arminius--
(referring to papers)
--of Budapest, make his record for us. He must indeed have been that Voivode Dracula who won his name against the Turk. There have been from his loins great men and good women. He is the King of all Nosferatu...He has come to London to gather disciples--He infects them, transforming his victims at will--as he did our Lucy--and possesses all power over them. In my opinion, he is here to create a master race of vampires.

Startled reactions ripple through the group.

VAN HELSING

He can do all these things, yet he is not free...this Dracula....can be defeated--

Jonathan reacts at the name. Mina reaches out taking his hand. He pulls politely away--busy himself with files--

VAN HELSING

All we have to go on are traditions and superstition. The lore of the ancients--the Greek, the Egyptian--tell us he is known even to them. The Vampire can only be truly dead by piercing the heart, dismembering the body and cremating the remains.

As he speaks, he opens his bag placing the tools of the vampire killer on the table; crucifix, hammer, stakes, surgical saw--kukri knives--holy water--bible--

Mina gapes at the cruel instruments in horror. This is what they did to Lucy?

VAN HELSING

He is bound by certain laws of nature. Why we know not. Perhaps God knows. He cannot die by passing time. He must have the blood of the living to survive. His powers are weak in the daylight, as are most evil things, though he can move about. And he must rest in sacred earth of his homeland...and that earth is where we shall destroy him.

Van Helsing beckons to Harker who presents a list--

HARKER

50 boxes of earth were salvaged from the wreck of the Demeter at Whitby and delivered to Carfax Abbey. I have traced others to 9 other located in a circle around "the city". They are the property of Count Dracula.

Seward shakes his head in grim wonder--Van Helsing exults!

VAN HELSING

Ha!--Part of his strategy to conquer us. Jack--the Black Devil is your neighbor!

CUT TO:

132 EXT. ASYLUM COURTYARD - NIGHT

132

The "VAMPIRE KILLERS" assemble. Holmwood tends 2 HUNTING TERRIERS tugging and yowling. Quincey, Harker, Seward bear revolvers and rifles--knives in their belts--Van Helsing totes only his bag like a doctor making a call.

VAN HELSING

We must destroy every box so he is with out refuge. If we fail here, it is not mere life or death. It is that we become like him--preying on the bodies and souls of those we love best--

Seward sheaths his military saber. Quincey loads his Navy Colt snapping it shut.

VAN HELSING

(pulling Quincey aside)

Mr. Morriss--your bullets will not harm him--he must be dismembered-- I suggest you use your big knife.

QUINCEY

I wasn't planning on gettin that close to him, Doc.

Van Helsing roars with laughter until tears come to his eyes. Quincey eyes him. He wasn't trying to be funny.

133 EXT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION

133

Harker says farewell to Mina by Seward's quarters.

MINA

--I almost feel pity for anything so so hunted as is the Count--

HARKER

He's a thing, Mina. Not even beast. How can you pity him--

Jonathan kisses her stiffly, then pulls away. She watches him join the Vampire Killers heading toward Carfax...

MINA

God keep you all--

RENFIELD screeches at the night from his cell window--

RENFIELD

FORGIVE THEM, MASTER! THEY KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO!

134 INT. CARFAX BELFRY - DRACULA'S POV

134

Night vision. Watching the Vampire Killers approach. The view jumps closer--CLOSER--right up to:

RENFIELD; screeching at his window--THEN TO MINA; watching from Seward quarters.

CUT TO:

135 INT. CARFAX CHAPEL - NIGHT

135

Electric light lamps fall on the Coffin Crates sitting like pods of some Alien life form waiting to be opened.

At the chapel entrance, the Vampire Killers survey the eerie sight. Fear and excitement all in one emotion.

HARKER

(total recall)

I have seen these boxes at the
Count's Castle--

SEWARD

My God. I found Renfield here--

VAN HELSING

(scanning with his 6th sense)

As I suspected. Your lunatic is one of
his disciples. Dracula is here. Let
the exorcism begin. Destroy them--

Van Helsing takes the first step across the threshold.

VAN HELSING

(sprinkling holy water)

In manas tuas, Domine...

The Vampire Killers follow methodically breaking open
and dumping the crates.

Van Helsing sprinkles the earth with holy water and
crumbles holy wafers in crates while reciting the
comunion sacrement--all as if out on a Sunday stroll,

Harker lags back, fireaxe in hand. Remembering--he surges
to one crate and drives the axe through the lid with a
cry of rage--He chops again--moving to the next--smashing it--

DRACULA'S POV - LOOKING DOWN

The Men doing their dirty business. The POV PANS to the
Asylum visible on the other side of the wall. The view
LEAPS AND GLIDES toward it. No effort. No sound.

136 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

136

Mina, in her bed gown is at the window, unable to sleep.
O.C., Renfield's painful cries continue. She covers her
ears--wanting him to stop.

HER POV - THE GROUNDS

In the distance, Carfax is dark. No movement. A thin
streak of white mist snakes across the grass toward the
asylum, almost invisible.

Suddenly feeling lethargic, Mina climbs in bed. Renfield
SCREAMS LOUDER O.C. She buries her head in the pillow.

137 EXT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION 137

The streak of mist climbs the wall of the Asylum.

RENFIELD (O.C.)

He mocks you! You cannot destroy
him! He comes to her! Foolsss!

138 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - CONTINUING ACTION 138

The tendril mist pours in his window. Renfield watches,
coiled in a corner to spring--

RENFIELD

You promised me eternal life, Master.
--But you give it to the woman--
--You cannot have her--Dieeee!

Renfield leaps grabbing at the mist--A powerful force
hurls him headfirst repeatedly against the bars. Or is
it just a lunatic ramming his head again and again
trying to get out--

139 INT. CARFAX CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 139

Harker chops like a madman. Holmwood is caught up in the
frenzy with him. Seward methodically spreads coal oil
on the pile of dirt and smashed crates--

Quincey tosses a match onto the pile. It erupts in a
ball of flames billowing to the ceiling---

140 EXT. CARFAX - CONTINUING ACTION 140

The chapel blazes with the pyre of coffins and earth.

141 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION 141

The Vampire Killers retreat into a dark corridor--Seward
has to drag Harker he's so crazed with the destruction.

HIGH PITCHED SQUEALING SOUNDS echo around them O.C. They
shine their lamps about--

RATS APPEAR FROM A SWIRL OF SPARKLING MIST
rushing across the floor--

Quincey empties his Colt at them. Harker and Seward
slash at their feet with saber and axe.

Van Helsing flings a big rat from his shoulder--

VAN HELSING

This is his doing! The dogs! Call them--

Holmwood pulls the silver whistle from around his neck and blows. Van Helsing swings an axe with mighty blows against a door--again--again--until it breaches---

RATS

Spilling over each other--frenzied.

142 EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION

142

Van Helsing breaks through the door. The Men stagger out.

Suddenly, the Terriers appear baying the hunt--they race through the door--The sounds of fighting dogs and rats O.C. is horrendous--

FLAMES BILLOW UP through the roof of the chapel--

CUT TO:

143 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

143

The stream of mist billows across the floor and up under Mina's sheets coiling toward her like a serpent--

Mina, in near stupor, watches the bulge slide up toward her Suddenly it feels warm--the fear leaves her face--ecstasy returns--DRACULA SLIDES from underneath the sheet handsome--sensual--intoxicating--kissing her passionately. She responds--wanting him--hungering him!

MINA

Oh, my love--yes--you found me--

DRACULA

Mina...my most precious life--

MINA

I have wanted this to happen. I know that now--I want to be with you--always--

DRACULA

You can't know what you are saying.

Hundreds of years of resistance melt in him as she touches his face--tracing his lips--his eyes--

MINA

Yes....I do know....

She kisses him. Heat building. She opens her legs and buries his face in her neck--sliding him down to her breasts. Her gown slips down her pale shoulders--His mouth meets her flesh. Her legs wrap around his waist. She arches against him--

MINA

I was so afraid I would never feel
your touch again--I feared you were dead--

Dracula stops at her throat--her pulse pounding in his
brain--He grabs her hand--placing her palm over his bare
chest--over his heart--She stiffens--the realization--

DRACULA

There is no life in this body....

She shrinks back reviled--horrificed--

MINA

But you live. What are you? I must
know? You must tell me?

Dracula turns away covering his face in shame. He is
suddenly the wicked evil hideous creature from the opera--

DRACULA

(his back to her)

I am nothing. Lifeless, souless--
Hated--feared--Many have suffered
because of what I am. I have committed
unspeakable acts to find you. Without
you--the life--the love you give me--
I am dead to all the world--

Mina, tears of compassion streaming, reaches to his back--
gently stroking his hair---

MINA

(deep compassion)

...I...love....you.....

His entire being swells with the power--the hunger--he turns
slowly to face her--HIS FACE ONCE AGAIN YOUNG--beautiful--
filled with eternal tender love for this incredible woman--

CUT TO:

144 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - CONTINUING ACTION

144

Renfield is a twisted mass. Seward enters followed by Van
Helsing--both smoke burned and dirty--

Seward makes a cursory diagnosis. Renfield moans. Seward pokes
his leg with his lancet. Nothing. No feeling.

SEWARD

His back is broken. Cranial fractures.
He couldn't do this to himself--

VAN HELSING

Poor devil--

RENFIELD

(gagging, dying)

Merely his humble servant. He promised me--eternal life--

(he laughs choking)

But the pretty woman won him from me.
It is always some...woman...

Seward shakes Renfield, losing control--

SEWARD

What woman! Talk to me man--What woman?

RENFIELD

I smelled him on her--I told you.
The Master is here--He feeds on the
pretty woman--She is his bride---
.....I....am....free.....

He spasms and dies. Van Helsing rises. He knows.

VAN HELSING

All this madness--for the love of a
woman. One woman...Mein Gott! Madam Mina--

145 RESUME: MINA AND DRACULA - THE VAMPIRE WEDDING

145

Dracula rises above her, holding her gently in his hands.

DRACULA

Command me and I will leave you. But
let no man come between our love.

MINA

Never. I want to be what you are. See
what you see--love what you love--

DRACULA

Mina--to walk with me you must die to
your breathing life and be reborn to mine.

MINA

You are my love--and my life. Always--

DRACULA

I give you life eternal. Everlasting love.
The power of the storm. And the beasts of
the earth. Walk with me--to be my loving
wife...forever--

MINA

Yes--I--will--Yes---

Dracula caresses her face as tenderly as a child. She is willing. She is ready. He gently turns her, exposing her neck, kissing her softly--She moans in ecstasy--a tiny grimace of pain as he enters her veins--

DRACULA

--I take you as my eternal bride--

With his long thumbnail, he opens a vein over his heart.

DRACULA

--flesh of my flesh--blood of my blood---

He pulls her submissively to his chest. She drinks. She swoons as his life runs into her---

DRACULA

(in orgasm)

Drink and join me in eternal life--

He falters--welling up--suddenly fighting his desire--He shoves her back in anguish--

DRACULA

I cannot let this be!

MINA

Please--I don't care--make me yours--

She forces her lips back to his chest--He jerks her away by the hair--

DRACULA

You will be cursed--as I am. To walk in the shadow of death for all eternity. I love you too much--to condemn you!

She shudders--pleading--holding him--caressing him--

DRACULA

Hear me--I am the monster the breathing men would kill! I am Dracula...

Mina breaks down--all her faculties collapsing--pounding him futilely--her own guilt fueling her--

MINA

God forgive me I love you--I do love you--

DRACULA
(desperate whisper)
I too...love...you...

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN! Van Helsing and Seward rush in with Harker and Quincey. They freeze at Dracula and Mina locked in embrace--

HARKER
Mina!--

Dracula--his eyes red with rage. Mina wails in guilt and horror. Dracula springs at them--catlike--protecting her--

Harker fires a pistol point blank. Dracula reels from the impact. He hurls Harker beside Mina--She holds Harker back--

Quincey slashes at him with his gleaming Bowie knife. Dracula backhands him across the room.

Seward cuts with his saber. Dracula stops the blade with his bare hand, smiling cruel. He wrenches the saber away--

Van Helsing advances raising a large pointed crucifix.

VAN HELSING
In manus tuas, Domine!

DRACULA
Old fool. You would destroy Me--who served the cross--Me who commanded nations hundreds of years before you were born! My revenge has just begun. I spread it over centuries. I will live long after your bones are dust. Time is mine. And she that you all love is mine! More will follow. My armies to do my bidding--

Van Helsing stabs the cross at him. Dracula blocks it. It bursts into flames. Dracula flings it to the floor, wailing in pain like a wild beast caught in a trap--

--then taking a final longing look at Mina--he bows--

DRACULA
I am forever...your servant--

--and LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW--vanishing into a vapor--

Quincey rushes to the window peering out. Nothing. Gone. Silence. The Vampire Killers regard each other--numbed--

Harker tears himself from Mina and storms out--reviled by her appearance--her actions.

MINA
(breaking down)
Unclean--unclean--unclean---

--staring at her bloody hands and sheets. Van Helsing cradles her in that fatherly manner. She sobs like a child.

FADE OUT

146 FADE IN: EXT. CARFAX - DAY 146

A burned out ruin.

147 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 147

The mound of crates and earth now a scorched monument.

148 INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUING ACTION 148

Dracula's silver brushes and combs lay next to an elegant porcelain basin filled now with dank water. In the burned debris a face stares out--the photoplate of Mina, charred and broken. The remnants of Dracula's lonely existence.

MINA (VO)
....He is gone....

149 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - DAY 149

Van Helsing leans into view. He is worn. Aged with the stress and rigor. He looks as old as Dracula did back at his castle.

VAN HELSING
How do you know child?

Mina stares into space. Gaunt. Pale. Her gums receding back. She is changing. Transforming.

MINA
He...speaks to me.

VAN HELSING
(computing)
He still has a strong mind connection to you. MmmHmmm....Yes....He was, in life, a most wonderful man. Soldier, statesman an alchemist--the highest development of science in his time.

He takes her hand lovingly.

VAN HELSING

He had a mighty brain and a heart which knew no fear and remorse...He was strong enough survive the grave. Had we not crossed his path, he might be the father of a new order of beings-- whose road must lead through Death-- not life...

MINA

(searching Van Helsing's eyes)

You....admire him....

VAN HELSING

Much so. His mind is great. But greater is the necessity to utterly stamp him out. That is why I want to hypnotize you, Mina. Help me find him--before it is too late.

Mina wrestles with the powers ripping her insides--

MINA

I know that you must fight--that you must destroy him--even as you did Lucy--

Van Helsing shudders remembering what they did to Lucy.

MINA

But not in hate. The poor lost soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest of all of us. You must pity him too--as you must me.

Van Helsing sighs in grief--knowing Mina's inevitable end.

MINA

I know I am becoming as him, Doctor. My mind is made up. When I find in myself a sign of harm to anyone I love, I shall die.

VAN HELSING

You would not kill yourself?

Mina nods with firm conviction.

VAN HELSING

You must not die--until the "other" who fouled your sweet life is "true dead". His destruction is your salvation. Help me find him. Help me....

Van Helsing hypnotically caresses her hand, moving his free hand slowly before her--she fixes on it--weak--fatigued--

MINA

(drifting)

Yes...I must go to him...He calls me....

She nods--staring glassy eyed. Van Helsing checks her vitals
--knowing what he must do.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. HIGH SEA - DAY

150

A Clipper ship heads east under full sail.

SUPER: THE CZARINA CATHERINE, LONDON TO VARNA, RUMANIA

VAN HELSING (VO)

(hypnotic)

Where are you now?

MINA (VO)

(in a trance)

Sleep has no place to call its own.

I am drifting--floating--

VAN HELSING (VO)

What do you hear?

The Czarina crashes through waves, speeding with the wind.

MINA (VO)

Mother ocean.....

VAN HELSING (VO)

Are you on a ship--with him?

151 INT. CZARINA - THE HOLD

151

The view glides over boxes and crates to one last
coffin crate resting in the shadows.

MINA (VO)

Yes...he is beside me....

152 INTERCUT: SEWARD'S QUARTERS - DAY

152

Mina stares in a deep hypnotic trance. Van Helsing
motions his hand moving her deeper.

VAN HELSING

Where are you going?

MINA

(calm serene smile)

Home....Home....

Van Helsing gently closes Mina's eyes. She sleeps. Van Helsing closes his own. Dreading the unknown dangers ahead--
O.C. A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS!

SHARP CUT TO:

153 EXT. EUROPEAN FRONTIER - NIGHT

153

The Orient Express speeds east through blinding snows.

154 INT. PRIVATE CLUB CAR - CONTINUING ACTION

154

Holmwood sleeps in his bush gear. Quincey stands watch. His uncommon sense of duty--in his rough rider gear. He eyes Harker sitting alone--whetting the edge of a great Kukri knife--obsessed. Dark bitter smile on his face.

155 INT. PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUING ACTION

155

Mina is feverish, filled with shakes and quivers. Van Helsing sponges her head. Seward applies wet compresses. Both men are near collapse.

Seward unpacks transfusion tubes. Van Helsing stops him.

VAN HELSING

The vampire has baptised her. Her blood is dying, my friend. Let her go her own way.

Van Helsing raises her lips. Her gums have receded back over her teeth. Mina suddenly grabs Van Helsing barely able to breathe--

MINA

He calls me...to him...Promise me--promise me on your honour as men in the sight of God--you will not tell me of your plans against him--

VAN HELSING

(eyeing Seward)

Madam, you are as always most wise. As he wills you to him--you could betray us--

She clutches Seward's hand.

MINA

Jack--Take care of Jonathan. He does what he must to save his pride. But he can no longer love me...

SEWARD

He does deeply as do we all to protect you. I will not let you go into the unknown alone. I will be right here.

Mina smiles and lapses unconscious.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

156

A full moon. Land is visible in the distance. The Czarina sails on. That haunting lonely HOWL ECHOES...

CUT TO:

157 EXT. VARNA HARBOR - DAY

157

The Black Sea. The coast of Rumania.

Harker paces a dock like a caged animal fighting the cold. He scans the horizon with a telescope. Quincey busies himself sharpening long wooden stakes.

In the b.g., 2 private train cars sit on a siding.

QUINCEY

While we're waitin' for the Count to show, why don't you ask the Doc to put your wife in one of those trances'n tell us where we can find some decent food--

Harker is too far gone to laugh. Holmwood hurries up distraught--wagging a cablegram.

HOLMWOOD

We've been had on--I just received this wire from my clerk at Lloyds.

HARKER

(reading)

"Czarina Catherine reported entering Galatz at one o'clock today."

The men look at each other in shock.

QUINCEY

I'll be damned. She sailed right past us in the night--

HOLMWOOD

That black devil is reading our minds.

Harker explodes, raking Quincey's stakes off the dock.

HARKER

No...She told him.

WITH MINA

Approaching in a horse coach with Van Helsing. Seward drives. She is even paler. There is a gleam of triumph in her vacant smile

AT THE TRACKS

Quincey, Holmwood and Jonathan ride exquisite English mounts down the ramp from a boxcar.

They rein up beside Van Helsing's coach.

Quincey hands Van Helsing a sealskin rifle scabbard holding a well-oiled winchester. He hands his Navy Colt to Mina.

Respect and grim understanding passes between the cowboy and the lady.

Seward mounts the horse Holmwood leads for him. He doffs his fur hat to Mina--then to Van Helsing who gives him a warm clasped hand farewell--like the Pope blessing the flock.

Seward and Quincey wheel and ride away.

Mina and Harker face each other. She reaches to him, his horse rears skittish--

HARKER

May god give "him" into my hands just long enough to send his soul to burning hell--

He gallops after the others. Mina watches him go. A final silent "goodbye".

VAN HELSING

We are all in god's hands now...

Van Helsing wheels their coach in the other direction.

158 EXT. GALATZ DOCKS - DAWN

158

Dracula's coffin crate is lowered from the Czarina onto a horse drawn cart. 12 SZGANY GYPSIES guard the crate with guns and blades.

ANGRY DOCK WORKERS pelt the crate with rocks and sticks--as the wagon and Bodyguard pulls away.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. THE CARPATHIANS - SUNSET

159

Dracula's beloved snowcapped peaks stretch before us.

160 EXT. BORGO ROAD - CONTINUING ACTION

160

Van Helsing and Mina approach. Both wearing bulky furs against the cold. The horses fatigued. The old man even more so. Mina reclines in a near comatose state.

Suddenly, she wakes, animated, excited like a child--

MINA

This is the way---

They crest the top of a steep rising hill--the Castle appears in full view on its precipice. A timeless sentinel.

Van Helsing reins in, awed by the sight.

MINA

(exulting)

It's exactly as Jonathan described it in his journal--

VAN HELSING

The end of the world...

Van Helsing studies Mina's exuberant reaction. He climbs down, troubled--

MINA

Why are we stopping? We must go on.

VAN HELSING

It is late, child. We will camp here.

Full of new energy, Mina jumps down and starts walking.

MINA

No--I must see it now---

Van Helsing takes her arm gently. She flares, struggling against him--

MINA

Let me go--please. I want to go--

She fights harder--he grabs her dragging her back--

MINA

I must see him! Can't you understand?
Just let me go! I know what I am! He
needs me. I can take care of him. Be
with him. Leave me!--

VAN HELSING

(wrestling her down)

--I am vowed to protect you. I have
lost Lucy. I will not lose you. This
will comfort you and bless you--

He pulls a tin from his coat--and produces a holy wafer---

VAN HELSING

Domine, Christos, bless this child--
deliver her from evil--

He presses the wafer to her forehead. Her skin sears at
the touch. Mina screams falling back. A scarlet red mark
branded on her forehead--

MINA

I am his--! If I cannot be with him
then I pray you cut off my head and
drive a stake through me as you did
Lucy. Promise me!

She convulses in gasping sobs prostrate on the cold ground.
Van Helsing kneels beside her. His tired body giving out.

The winds rise around them blowing the trees mixed with a
SENSUOUS TINGLING LAUGHTER--

Van Helsing listens, sensing a presence. The sun has set.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

161

Van Helsing throws more wood on a roaring fire. Mina sits
upright on a couch of furs, wide awake and energized by
the night. Van Helsing brings her a bowl of food.

VAN HELSING

You must eat something, child--

MINA

(spacey drifting)

I am not hungry...

VAN HELSING

(testing her)

Come. Come over to the fire--

He leads her. She stops--tugging away. Sitting where she stands, on her haunches, watching.

MINA

Leave me alone--

Her eyes gleam. Van Helsing watches her. At once the HORSES NEIGH AND WHINNY in fright--

Suddenly the TINGLING LAUGHTER echoes in the darkness. Mina hears it. She stands, excited.

THE BRIDES OF DRACULA materialize, laughing, beckoning to Mina---

THE YOUNGEST

Come--come, Sister, come to us.

She is the image of Lucy!

Mina raises her arms to greet them--Van Helsing pulls her back--He grabs a stick from the fire and quickly draws a crude ring around Mina---

VAN HELSING

Mina! Mina! You are safe here! Do not move outside the ring--

MINA

(laughing at him)

Why fear for me? None is safer in all the world from them than me. I am their kind--

VAN HELSING

Not while I live. No!

He crumbles a holy wafer around the circle, waving the flaming stick at the Brides--

VAN HELSING

Leave us! This is holy ground!

The Youngest laughs cruelly hissing at his antics--

He stands before Mina--his flaming stick in one hand, his holy book in the other--The Brides swirl past him--to the horses!

The animals neigh in fright--One beast is yanked down by the Brides--leaping and tearing at it's great neck.

Van Helsing covers Mina's eyes. He gags at the horrible sight [off camera] as the horses cry and neigh in death.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN

162

The red dawn appears. The fire smolders. Mina sleeps soundly covered with furs inside the circle.

Fresh two-legged tracks lead away from the camp past the two dead horses--heading for the Castle in the distance.

163 EXT. CASTLE ENTRANCE - DAY

163

Follow the tracks through the same gates Harker entered.

164 INT. CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

164

The ground covered in a blanket of white. Follow the footsteps to: VAN HELSING. His face and hands bitten with the cold, limping in his great fur coat up to the stone altar. He gazes reverently at the dragon arch--"DRAKWYLA".

He smooths his hand over the great sarcophagus in wonder. Then, as a Doctor making a housecall, he opens his bag removes 3 long wooden stakes, his mallet, and enters the vault--

THE 3 BRIDES lay in their tombs. More beautiful and more voluptuous than ever. Their hunger sated--

Van Helsing kneels before the youngest. He is overwhelmed by her beauty. He straightens her hair lovingly. Then... aroused and weakening he bends to kiss her--closer--

He recoils, chastising himself. In one fluid motion, he places the stake on her chest--rears--AND STRIKES!

CUT TO:

165 EXT. VALLEY - CASTLE IN VIEW - AFTERNOON

165

A SCREAM echoes through the valley--

166 EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUING ACTION

166

The scream is Mina's--struggling awake beneath the furs.

167 EXT. THE BORGO - CONTINUING ACTION

167

The 12 MOUNTED SZGANY GYPSIES escort the wagon bearing Dracula along the river toward the Castle.

168 RESUME: CAMPSITE - CONTINUING ACTION

168

Van Helsing staggers through the snow; his furs covered in vampire blood.

VAN HELSING

Mina! Madam Mina! He comes! HIM!

Mina rises in her fur--genuinely glad to see the old Man. He embraces her--exhausted--barely able to stand.

VAN HELSING

Let us go and meet HIM---

He grabs the sealskin of rifles and a rucksack and drags her down the hill after him.

169 EXT. BORGO - CONTINUING ACTION

169

The Szgany approach. The coffin crate drawing closer to the Castle in the distance.

170 EXT. ROCK FORMATION - CONTINUING ACTION

170

Van Helsing and Mina slide down the hill in the snow taking up position in a natural rock fortress overlooking the pass.

VAN HELSING

They race the Sunset--We may be too late--God help us--

WOLVES BEGIN TO HOWL O.C. in the hills.

VAN HELSING

If the beast come, I can protect you here--Just in case--HE gets through--

He hands her Quincey's colt--and a winchester--

Van Helsing climbs up on the rock and peers through the snow with his field glasses--

171 EXT PASS - HIS POV - FIELD GLASSES

171

The Caravan makes the turn heading right at their position. Further back TWO RIDERS are closing fast--

RESUME: VAN HELSING & MINA

VAN HELSING

Look, Madam Mina! Two horsemen follow fast! Hah! It must be Quincey and John.

He hands her the glass. She looks--

172 EXT. PASS ROAD - TWO RIDERS EMERGE

172

From the snowy gloom. The unforgettable REBEL YELL of Quincey Morris flanked by Jack Seward his saber drawn!

SEWARD

Charggggggg--

FOUR SZGANY wheel to face them---

QUINCEY FIRES his winchester rapidly--Indian style--

One Szgany drops. The Riders clash. SEWARD SLASHES one across the chest, dropping him to the ground.

Quincey blocks a saber swipe with his rifle and shoots the man point blank. The 4th rider flees--

173 EXT. THE ROCKS - CONTINUING ACTION

173

Van Helsing yells like a fan at a soccer match. Mina is riveted with the field glasses

HER POV - DRACULA'S BOX

Drawing closer to her. Faster...Faster...Wolves HOWL all around. Closer. Coming to defend their Master--

VAN HELSING

Look there--on the ridge!

174 EXT. RIDGE - CONTINUING ACTION

174

Harker and Holmwood ride hard along the ridge.

HARKER

The bastard's almost to the castle!

FOLLOW HARKER AND HOLMWOOD

Leaping, sliding their horses down the steep face sometimes disappearing in the snow then rising again--

175 EXT. THE ROCKS - CONTINUING ACTION

175

Van Helsing fumbles to cock his winchester. HOWLING WOLVES are heard in the woods behind them.

VAN HELSING

The gypsies will be all around us--

Mina cocks her winchester and aims it at him. He freezes-- SHE FIRES! The Great Gray WOLF leaping at him crashes to the ground dead.

VAN HELSING

Madam Mina--you did not tell me you
could shoot--

176 EXT. ROAD - HARKER AND HOLMWOOD

176

Leap their horses into the path of the wagon. Both
steady their mounts and level their weapons.

HARKER

Halt!

The LEAD GYPSY bears down--fearsome blade in his hand.

Holmwood calmly drops him with an expert shot. HARKER
SPURS up beside the wagon and LEAPS ABOARD--

A Gypsy rides up beside him to strike. A REBEL YELL is
the last thing he hears. The Gypsy drops--Quincey rides
up followed by Seward--

Harker slashes the bonds holding the box--It breaks
free and tumbles out--

THE BOX BURIES itself in snow still shut tight.

MINA WATCHES IN HORROR

Van Helsing drops a Gypsy riding by with a shot. He
looks at the gun amazed.

GYPSIES SURROUND THE BOX--pointing at the setting sun,
yelling excited--

HOLMWOOD WHEELS in place picking off Gypsies with
expert shots--

HARKER FIGHTS HIS WAY to the box from the other side.

SEWARD RIDES UP LEAPING over the box slashing a Gypsy.
Another Gypsy jumps on Seward pulling him down.

QUINCEY LEAPS from his mount stabbing the Gypsy.

QUINCEY

Jack!

Seward waves "O.K." Quincey turns--a Gypsy slashes his
side--Quincey fights hand to hand--bleeding profusely--

VAN HELSING yells pointing to the sun.

VAN HELSING

Strike now! Hurry Mann!

177 INSIDE THE BOX

177

Dracula lies in state. Old again. His hair white. His skin gray with age. WOLVES HOWL! His eyes open. Outside he hears the sounds of battle. He exults. The Warrior in him stirs.

178 RESUME: BATTLE

178

Harker struggles with the lid. Quincey--bleeding profusely pries it with his Bowie knife. Harker rips it back. He raises to strike--

179 DRACULA & HARKER - FACE TO FACE

179

Dracula rises--

180 MINA RISES - HER WINCHESTER AIMED

180

MINA

NOOOOOO!

The gun reports!

A GYPSY DROPS behind Harker--his sword raised--

181 QUINCEY DIVES

181

Driving his Bowie knife deep in Dracula's heart. Dracula roars--flinging Quincey into the snow.

Dracula writhes clawing at the knife deep in his chest. A great beast is dying--

182 HARKER SWINGS HIS KUKRI

182

Crimson blood spatters pure white snow.....

183 DRACULA STANDS

183

Erect--facing his assailants. Blood streaming from his severed throat--Bowie knife stuck deep in his heart. Blood gurgles up like a well from the wound. His body shudders. His skin slowly oozing away from his frame--

MINA

MINA

(primal--animal)

GOD NOOOO!--

Harker raises to strike again--THE GUN REPORTS--the bullet kicking the blade from Harker's hand. He wheels--stunned--

Mina rushes to Dracula--the aiming the gun wildly at Harker--then Seward--Holmwood--all shocked by her action.

HARKER

(horrificed, scolding)

Mina--

Dracula turns to her. His face horribly transformed. Almost a skull. Bulging cheekbones. Teeth bared--

DRACULA

(tender, loving)

Mina....?

His voice rasps--cracking like broken glass. Mina holds his dying gaze. Fighting her repulsion as he putrifies; returning to a 400 year old corpse before them.

His sunken eyes find the setting sun. A moment of triumph flashes across his face. He staggers backwards, snarling in pain--wrenching himself through the snow toward the castle gate, refusing to die like an animal--

Mina backs slowly after him, her gun trained on the Men.

MINA

His is the saddest soul of all of us.
You must pity him...When my time comes--
will you do the same to me? WILL YOU?

Harker rushes at her, crying out. Van Helsing holds Harker back, using all his strength to restrain him.

VAN HELSING

Let them go, Man! Let her go. Our work
is finished--Mina's is not!

184 PANORAMA - BATTLE GROUND - THE SUN SETS BEHIND THE CASTLE 184

Dracula half stumbles half crawls to the gates. Mina close behind--guarding her Warrior Lover's last retreat--

Harker stands frozen--watching them go.

Holmwood sits motionless on his mount. Head bowed.
End of the trail.

Seward cradles Quincey. He dies....

Van Helsing drops his gun--facing the castle.

VAN HELSING (VO)

Madness....Madness....

(bowing his head, praying)

God rest him. Let him sleep in peace.

185 INT. CHAPEL - SUNSET

Last rays strike the magnificent dragon arch--

PAN DOWN TO: DRACULA

Collapsing, sprawled on the marble altar. The same position he discovered Elizabeth centuries earlier.

Now a husk of his body is all that remains as he oozes away. Deep in the caverns of his eyes, fierce life still burns.

DRACULA'S CADAVEROUS HAND

Framed in the crimson snow--reaches--up--up--to his precious night visible through the vaulted ceiling--

MINA'S HANDS APPEAR taking his withering bony fingers, kissing them caressing them. She kneels beside him, fighting her revulsion.

MINA

Please dear God let him live--

Dracula cracks a hideous painful smile, coughing up blood in a rasping gasp.

DRACULA

You ask your God to help...me...

MINA

Yes--Yes--Don't leave me--I want to be with you--always---

He reaches feebly to pull out the blade. Mina grips the handle and pulls with all her strength. His fingers, nearly bone, creep up the shaft resting around hers. She stares down into his eyes--filled with love.

DRACULA

Condemn you to my endless death? You gave me back my heart for one brief living moment--Now you must let me die....

Mina cradles him, kissing him, smoothing his matted graying hair. She draws the blade slowly out. His hands fall away unable to stop her--

MINA

No...please...I...love...you--

He shudders, blood welling up from the hole in his heart.

184

DRACULA

(tears stream down his face)
Then you must release me! Give me
peace....

Pleading, begging, crumbling in her arms. His hand grip
hers around the blade. She shakes, knowing what she must
do---

DRACULA

Never forget what you are to me!
I.....love.....you....

He cries out--Mina closes her eyes, prays for strength
and falls on him with all her weight driving the knife
clear through his flimsy chest---

DRACULA

ELIZABETH!---

Arching, reaching up to the altar--cradled in Mina's arms--
Dracula crumbles to dust.

MINA

Sinks in dreamy silent motion across him...The mark
on her forehead vanishes. She is free...

MINA

My dearest love...take me away from
all this death...

The ruins reverberate with Mina's tender weeping. A ray of
moonlight streams down upon her cradling his remains. Beams
strike the magnificent altar--the dragon arch--illuminating
his name--

"DRAKWYLA"

The Warrior Prince is at peace....

FADE SLOWLY OUT

DRACULA: THE END

TO MY FRIEND AND GUIDE FROM TRANSYLVANIA
FOR GIVING LIGHT TO THE DARK SIDE OF MAN--