

HEROES & VILLIANS

Original Screenplay

by

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It is widely believed that ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S immortal character of a Baker Street master detective was actually based on the brilliant French inspector, AUGUSTE DUPIN introduced in EDGAR ALLAN POE'S defining masterpiece, "MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE".

Here in London amid the glitter and grime of the Victorian era we find CONAN DOYLE and EDGAR ALLAN POE joined as partners in an epic adventure surrounded by many of fiction's most immortal heroes and villains.

FADE IN:

EXT. NARROW TWISTING PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Decaying buildings - Gas Lamps - Deep Shadows.

We are back in the 1800's in this poverty ridden province of hell known as the "RUE MORGUE".

A huge shadow falls across one crumbling wall
- as a yet unidentified figure climbs the wall of the opposite building.

INT. A GARRET - NIGHT

A low sloping ceiling - shabby furnishings -

A wide open window.

The gaslight has been extinguished. The tousled bed is occupied by a naked MAN and WOMAN entwined in each other's arms. They are too deep in slumber to be aware of this gigantic silhouette that is rising onto the rickety balcony outside the window - in a moment the figure is inside and approaching the couple.

Then outside in the night sky the clouds shift to reveal the full moon in all its' brightness.

Inside the garret the moonlight now serves to reveal the identity of the oversized intruder.

The young couple in bed are instantly aroused from sleep by a deep guttural growl.

Above them - reaching out with enormous arms is a monstrous APE.

Their cries are instantly stifled as the ape crushes their skulls in its' grasp - and then proceeds to tear them apart.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

A figure leans over a ream of paper scribbling feverishly with a pen and ink. This darkly handsome man with chiseled features and intense deep set eyes completes the paragraph then closes the folder and slumps back in his chair in semi- exhaustion, pouring himself a whiskey from a nearby decanter.

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CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES in on the title page of his work in progress.

It reads: "MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE" by Edgar Allan Poe.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SCOTTISH MOORS - NIGHT

- as endless swampland in which bare trees rise like skeletons reaching for resurrection.

Through the dense fog TWO MEN with lanterns approach - and then quickly come to a halt as deep heavy breathing alerts them to danger.

Then out of the deep march arises an apparition to make the blood run cold.

A FOUR-LEGGED-BEAST appears with its' gigantic mouth open wide to reveal two rows of long jagged teeth dripping with saliva - and two glowing red eyes. A dog from HELL!

It moves forward fiercely to devour its' prey.

The shorter of the two men is armed and begins firing at the oncoming beast - but the bullets only seem to accelerate its' maddened rush. It is upon them.

Amid the blood curdling screams we -

CUT TO:

INT. A CLUTTERED STUDY IN A LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

- as another young author writes longhand at a feverish pace - filling page after page.

He's young, thickly built as a rugby player with a heavy square jaw and a shock of uncombed hair.

He pauses only long enough to relight his pipe. As he strikes a match -

WE MOVE IN on the manuscript of his grisly tale.

It's called, "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES" by Arthur Conan Doyle.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Now these two brilliant storytellers will cross paths in Victorian England to embark upon an epic adventure - battling foes more diabolically evil than even they could ever imagine.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACKNESS WE HEAR THE SUDDEN SHRILL SCREAM OF A WOMAN, A SHRIEK OF FEAR.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAYFAIR SECTION OF LONDON - NIGHT

During the reign of Queen Victoria.

The SCREAM of the woman continues on the SOUND TRACK and we search for her whereabouts.

A light burns in the window of an upper floor of a private home in this fine residential district, but we MOVE IN ON that upper window, CLOSER and CLOSER. We can make out the figures within.

A NAKED WOMAN sprawled across an unmade four-poster, her face drenched in tears.

CLOSE ON THE YOUNG WOMAN, OBVIOUSLY A LADY OF QUALITY.

She looks up as a pair of male hands ENTER FRAME placing a quite costly pearl necklace around her throat and fastening it. It's an extravagant gift and yet she maintains that look of fear, flinching from his touch.

HIS VOICE

You've made me a very happy man tonight.

The young woman's eyes follow him as we HEAR his footsteps cross to the door - then the sound of the door closing as he departs.

The young woman falls back on the bed sobbing, burying her face in the embroidered comforter. For the first time we see her naked back streaked with brutal welts.

INT. UPPER FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

- as the gentleman quickly descends. (We have not yet had a good look at his face.)

EXT. THE FINE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

- as the impeccably dressed gentleman makes his exit. He pauses now beneath a street lamp and, in the light emitted by the flickering flame above, HIS FEATURES ARE AT LAST VISIBLE.

He's a man of exquisite male beauty, almost perfection. Perhaps the eyes are a bit too blue so that they become disturbing. Perhaps his features are too fine, too delicate. May we introduce, MR. DORIAN GRAY, approaching his sixtieth year on earth although most would swear he could not be a day over twenty-three. Dorian is jostled by a YOUNG BOY who rushes past carrying a large rag doll with a painted on face.

The boy who looks up at Dorian Gray is clearly a child of the working class.

BOY

Ain't you coming to watch them
burn the "Guy"? It's to be the
biggest bonfire ever.

Now OTHER CHILDREN appear on the street carrying more of those effigies with rags and newspaper. They will soon be set ablaze along with a thousand others in remembrance of the traitor, GUY FAWKES who tried to blow up parliament a century before. The first boy's MOTHER, probably a charwoman, catches up with the lad.

MOTHER

Come along now. Leave the
gentleman be.

And the child is hauled away.

TRUCKING SHOT - DORIAN GRAY MOVING THROUGH MAYFAIR
STREETS

Finally rounding a corner and entering a square where a crowd has converged. The crowd surrounds a stack of broken wood, timbers, and junked furniture that rises some twenty feet in height. It will soon be set ablaze and become a bonfire upon which the effigies of Guy Fawkes will burn. A ladder leans against the mound and children scurry up to toss their "Guys" atop one another.

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There are already hundreds of these life size dolls in place and more to come. The crowd grows denser and more excited in the anticipation of the event.

But CAMERA moves away from them, following Dorian Gray as he proceeds across the street, pausing at a gate to unlock it. He proceeds up the front walk to the entrance to his own four-story home which has been maintained in impeccable condition. Indeed the building seems as flawless as Dorian Gray himself. He uses his own latchkey to let himself in.

INT. MAINE FLOOR, DORIAN GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Furnished in antiques of the highest quality and with a collection of Chinese and Oriental art, this is clearly the residence of a gentleman of means. Dorian Gray's manservant, CHARLES appears and assists his master in removing his cloak.

CHARLES

Terrible ruffraff on the streets tonight, sir.

DORIAN

I'm about to retire for the evening. I won't require anything further.

CHARLES

I was thinking of going out to view the bonfire myself. I hope all that noise won't disturb your rest.

DORIAN

I never have trouble sleeping, Edgar. My heart is pure.

Dorian Gray approaches the stairway which leads to the upper floors. Charles interrupts his ascent.

CHARLES

Oh, there was a messenger around about an hour ago from your uncle.

Edgar produces a sealed envelope which he brings to Dorian.

DORIAN

A bit early in the month for my check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tears open the envelope and reads what appears to be an invitation. Over this we HEAR Lord Hawthorne's VOICE.

LORD HAWTHORNE (V.O.)

"Dear nephew, grant me the pleasure of your company this Friday at Northumberland. I believe you will find the other guests stimulating and one in particular among the most singularly unusual specimens ever to walk the earth ..."

DORIAN

(folding up
invitation)

Ever since that infernal Elephant Man attracted so much attention at London Hospital, they try to outdo each other in their collection and presentation of freaks. What successful party is complete without one?

CHARLES

Shall I send him your regrets, sir?

DORIAN

No, I wouldn't miss it for the world. Good night, Charles. Enjoy the bonfire.

CHARLES

It brings out the boy in me. If you know what I mean, sir.

Dorian Gray disappears up the stairs not looking back. The servant, Charles proceeds to don his coat, dim the lights then exit.

EXT. DORIAN GRAY'S MANSION - NIGHT

- as Charles hurries across the square in the direction of the crowd.

Above on the third floor of the mansion, a light flickers on.

INT. DORIAN GRAY'S PRIVATE ROOMS, 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Dorian Gray bolts the door from within, locking himself securely inside. The room is crowded with books and King James furniture. There is almost an overabundance of clutter. The far wall is entirely mirrored from floor to ceiling.

Dorian crosses to the mirror and examines himself carefully in it, searching for any flaw...any defect...any significant change in his appearance. But there's not a new wrinkle to be seen, not a gray hair. Now he reaches out and by applying pressure on the lower portion of the mirror, he is able to slide it to the left revealing a hidden door behind the mirror with an extremely sturdy lock. The door seems to be of reinforced steel. Dorian reaches in his pocket and produces a very special key which he carries on him at all times. He unlocks the door which opens inward.

INT. DORIAN GRAY'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Dorian Gray brings a lamp into the room with him, illuminating the small chamber in which the only window has been bricked up. It is sparsely furnished - on one wall a large portrait is hung. The lamp shines only on the lower half of the painting so we cannot see the face of its subject.

CAMERA SWINGS around focusing on Dorian as he draws closer to the painting, scanning it as carefully as he did his own reflection, searching. His eyes betray a penetrating horror and yet he is transfixed.

DORIAN

I look upon my very soul.

Then his concentration is disturbed by the sound of a bit of glass shattering like a small window breaking on one of the lower floors.

Dorian Gray is alarmed. He backs out of the secret chamber.

INT. DORIAN GRAY'S PRIVATE ROOMS - NIGHT

- as Dorian quickly closes the inner door, turns the key in the massive lock, then slides the glass mirrored wall into place. He crosses to the door of his study, opens it and listens. There is a rustling sound below.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

- as Dorian Gray moves to the top of the stairs and calls.

DORIAN

Charles? I thought you went out.

Slowly Dorian Gray begins to descend. As he rounds the second floor landing he pauses at the window to glance out.

DORIAN'S POV - THE SQUARE - NIGHT

Many of the crowd hold lit torches, but the inferno has not yet been ignited - not yet. There in the midst of the crowd is Charles, Dorian's manservant, very much a child himself tonight.

ANGLE ON DORIAN GRAY...alarmed now that someone else is in the house. An intruder.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST FLOOR ENTRYWAY

- as Dorian Gray again descends, pausing to pick up a silver-tipped cane from a rack by the front door. He holds it as a club as he proceeds forward. The only illumination now seems to be from the lamp which Dorian himself carries. It casts grotesque shadows on the walls. Someone has extinguished all the other lights.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I know someone is here. What do you want?

Then a sharp brittle voice breaks through the darkness.

VOICE

Smother that lamp.

Dorian Gray stops short, raising the silver tipped cane as if ready to strike. Now ANOTHER VOICE speaks out - this is ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

DOYLE'S VOICE

Nothing to be alarmed about, my friend. I'm Arthur Conan Doyle. You may have read my stories of crime and detection in Strand Magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

How does that rubbish give you
license to break into my home?

DOYLE

We had no choice. The entrance is
being watched.

The first voice speaks again. It's that of POE.

POE'S VOICE

You will have other visitors
shortly from whom you have far
more to fear. Quickly douse the
lamp.

There is something about the tone of the voice that
convinces Dorian to acquiesce.

POE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Now step into the pantry where
there are no windows.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

- as Dorian Gray enters, closing the door behind him he
still clutches the cane for protection. A match is struck
and a tall angular man lights a solitary candle. This is
Poe. Beside him a shorter highly vigorous younger man,
Conan Doyle.

DOYLE

May I introduce my American
counterpart and friend, Mr. Edgar
Allan Poe, the undisputed father
of the mystery story.

DORIAN

Let me assure you I never squander
my time reading such nonsense.

DOYLE

At least there'll be no more of
those lurid tales coming from me.
I've killed my obnoxious master
detective off. Tossed the bastard
over a waterfall just to be quite
certain.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

But old Poe here still insists on chopping his victims to bits with razor sharp pendulums, not to mention burying perfectly lovely young women alive.

POE

I regret cutting short these literary critiques, but we have precious little time. You're to be burglarized tonight and probably murdered.

DORIAN

How would you know that?

POE

I've journeyed here to London solely to immerse myself in its underworld.

DOYLE

And I've been privileged to be his guide.

POE

The parties in question have been watching your house for days and I have been watching them. You must keep some article of great value on the premises, certainly on one of the upper floors. Nothing down here seems worthy of Svengali's interest.

DORIAN

So you've taken quick inventory of all my possessions and find them wanting.

DOYLE

Is it a diamond or a sapphire or some precious work of art? One item you prize above all others?

DORIAN

Both you and your alleged robbers have been misinformed.

Doyle moves to the window, draws the curtain aside and peers out.

DOYLE'S POV - THE SQUARE

The bonfire is being ignited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO POE -

POE

He chose tonight because of the distraction of the crowd. Amongst the cheers, who will hear your cries for help or your final screams? This Svengali will apply advanced hypnosis and mind control to gain the secret of your hiding place before you die.

The candle flickers and Poe immediately blows it out. The pantry is plunged into pitch blackness.

POE (CONT'D)

Our visitors have arrived.

DOYLE

I heard nothing.

POE

But you feel the draft?

The entrance to the servant's quarters has been opened.

DORIAN

Aren't you going to stop them?

POE

They'll proceed upstairs, to the room on the third floor where the window has been carefully bricked up.

DORIAN

They mustn't go up there.

INT. MAIN ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Two SHADOWY FIGURES are climbing the stairs.

TIGHT SHOT - DORIAN GRAY

Not knowing what he fears most, the intruders or the exposure of his dread secret.

ANGLE WIDENS

Doyle has taken out his revolver. All at once Dorian Gray seizes Doyle's hand and twists the gun out of it. Now he has the weapon. He bolts from the pantry.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dorian Gray runs to the staircase.

DORIAN

I warn you, don't go any further
or I'll kill you.

(there is no
response)

Do you hear me?

Then Dorian bolts up the stairs, gun in hand.

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

The door to the private room is open. The robbers are already inside.

CLOSE-UP - GLOVED HANDS

Stealthily feeling about the walls, searching for a secret panel. They find it. The glass mirror slides back revealing the reinforced steel door.

EXT. THE SQUARE - NIGHT

The rapid explosions of dry wood bursting into flame to the cheers of the crowd. More "Guys" are tossed into the inferno.

INT. DORIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the doorway as Dorian Gray appears, revolver in hand, a look of mad fury in his eyes.

DORIAN

Step away from that door.

Dorian is seized from behind by a HENCHMAN of brutish proportions who knocks the gun from his hand and pins his arms behind his back.

Then Svengali himself steps from out of the shadows. He's bearded with long flowing black hair and with huge hypnotic eyes that rivet his quarry.

SVENGALI

You have my word death will be
painless as a reward for your
timely surrender of the key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

I have no such key.

SVENGALI

Look closely into my eyes. You have no will to resist. Now the key.

DORIAN

(blankly)

The left pocket.

The huge thug reaches into the left pocket and finds the key and tosses it to Svengali who is about to open the steel door when Edgar Allan Poe appears along with Conan Doyle.

POE

Well, open it. I'm curious myself.

SVENGALI

It appears I've walked into someone's trap.

Svengali's huge cohort lunges at Poe. Doyle retrieves the gun off the floor and fires. The giant tumbles to the floor.

SVENGALI (CONT'D)

(to Doyle)

Perhaps you will find it more difficult to shoot a man while you're looking into his eyes?

POE

Divert your glance, Doyle. He's trying to put you into a trance.

Frustrated in his attempt at hypnosis, Svengali unleashes his dagger, tossing it with amazing force. The weapon is imbedded in the wall inches from Poe's cheek.

CAMERA WHIPS BACK to Svengali. He has opened the steel door and rushed inside, slamming it after him and taking the key.

INT. SEALED ROOM WITHOUT WINDOWS - NIGHT

- as Svengali quickly throws the bolt. For the moment he is safe inside. But he's cornered. There's no way out.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Poe rushes to the steel door, but cannot open it.

POE

(to Dorian Gray)

Is there any escape from within?

(beat)

What's the matter with you? Answer me.

Dorian Gray is ashen. He knows that soon the intruder will be privy to his "secret".

INT. SEALED ROOM WITHOUT WINDOWS - NIGHT

Svengali catches his breath, lights a wooden match and looks around. His gaze falls upon the portrait. The very painting which Dorian Gray has kept so well hidden. His treasure and his terrible secret.

Now by the dim light of the match, we view the painting. A monstrous thing. THE CREATURE IN THE PORTRAIT IS DORIAN GRAY himself, BUT HE HAS EVOLVED INTO A PUTRID MONSTER, all his sins festering in that distorted face. The age, the wrinkles, the evil, all manifested in a purity of malevolence. An evil mask of human flesh that makes even Svengali shudder and back away in disgust.

SVENGALI

Dorian Gray ... as only the devil himself knows him.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Dorian Gray claws at the steel door frantically, but it will not open. He turns and pleads with Poe.

DORIAN

You've got to kill him. You must.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

- as Svengali peers upward at the ceiling spying a panel leading to a crawl space above. Svengali pulls a chest of drawers from against the wall and uses it to climb up, pounding at the ceiling, trying to dislodge the panel which has been painted closed for years. Finally he dislodges it and uses all his strength to pull himself up through the crawlspace.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Poe and Conan Doyle outside the sealed door along with Dorian Gray who is becoming progressively more despondent. All at once a thought flashes through Poe's mind.

POE

Doyle, quick. The roof.

They dash out of the room and up the stairs.

EXT. ROOF OF DORIAN GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A portion of the tar paper roof is buckling. As if something beneath is struggling to break through and force it's way out. There is no access to the roof from the crawl space, and Svengali is using all his strength to break through the rotting wood and to emerge through the layers of tar paper that cover the rooftop. Like some insect burrowing from its cocoon, he writhes through the narrow opening he has created, worming his way to freedom - just as Poe and Conan Doyle appear through the rooftop doorway.

Svengali springs like an animal, pushing Doyle backward - over the edge of the rooftop. Poe reaches out and grabs Doyle's wrist in time to keep him from falling to his death. Now Poe attempts to hoist Doyle back onto the roof while, as with his other hand, he fends off the furious assault of the enraged Svengali.

ANGLE ON DOYLE

Dangling over the air shaft trying to get a foothold to assist Poe in his rescue.

ANGLE ON SVENGALI

Pummeling Poe. Now seizing him around the neck staring eyeball to eyeball in Poe's face.

SVENGALI

Hear my voice and no other. You will not look away. You will release your grip and allow your friend to fall.

ANGLE ON DOYLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Swinging back and forth, trying to grab onto the wall, digging his fingers in between the bricks. Then one of the old bricks comes loose in his hand.

SVENGALI (CONT'D)

One finger at a time, release your grip.

Doyle makes a supreme effort to hurl the loose brick with some degree of accuracy.

The brick strikes Svengali square between the eyes, stunning him and breaking his hypnotic spell on Poe.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - THE ROOFTOP

In a moment Doyle has pulled himself to safety and Poe and Svengali are grappling with one another.

LOW ANGLE ON SLANTED ROOFTOP

They struggle on the pinnacle.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD BELOW

Surrounding the great bonfire. The someone spots the two men fighting on the roof and all attention goes to them. The crowd falls silent with a gasp.

ANGLE ON THE FIGHT

Once again, Svengali attempts to use his eyes as a weapon, but a powerful blow from Poe catapults him backwards and sends him plunging down the slanted roof. He reaches out to seize the chimney for support. The chimney gives way under his weight, crumbling. Svengali is falling through space, tumbling forward, plunging far out from the roof and straight down INTO THE BONFIRE ITSELF.

ANGLE ON SVENGALI - TUMBLING INTO THE BONFIRE

Landing amongst the burning effigies of Guy Fawkes. Plunging into a raging Hades, he himself is caught afire in an instant. He struggles to his feet. A living man amongst the pile of flaming dummies. In blind desperation, he throws himself off the bonfire landing twenty feet below at the foot of the horrified crowd. His body is merely scorched, but his head is twisted and his neck is broken.

ANGLE ON THE SQUARE - TIME TRANSITION

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The great fire burns lower and the crowd has retreated. Parents have taken their children home least they witness more of this horror.

Poe approaches Svengali's charred remains, but the dead man's eyes remain wide open.

POE

The power of those eyes remains
even in death.

Dorian Gray comes down the steps of his house in the company of Conan Doyle. He sees the burnt corpse and realizes that his dread secret is safe.

DORIAN

Mr. Poe I suppose I should offer
you and Doyle some reward, justly
deserved.

DOYLE

Instead, merely satisfy my
curiosity. What was in that sealed
room?

Dorian pointedly avoids answering the question, entering the house without looking back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONDON POLICE MORGUE - NIGHT

The corpse of Svengali remains on the examining table with a POLICE SURGEON standing by. Those hypnotic eyes remain wide open almost glowing. INSPECTOR BUSKIN of Scotland Yard presides. Mr. Poe and his young literary colleague, Conan Doyle look on.

In the B.G. a seedy looking morgue attendant named BURKE mops up the splattering from a previous autopsy and eavesdrops on the conversation.

DOYLE

Thank the Lord for my good aim
with that brick.

POE

I still hear his voice whispering
to me. "Release your grip - one
finger at a time. Let him fall."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUSKIN

The surgeons will look after things. Unless you wish to remain for the autopsy.

DOYLE

Come along now, Poe. You must be positively drained.

Poe allows Doyle to lead him out of the surgical chamber.

As they depart, CAMERA MOVES IN on Burke, the attendant, and his bloody pail of water. He wrings out a mop and continues working as the medical examiner and his TWO ASSISTANTS now take over. They methodically commence sawing off the top of Svengali's head. Buskin waits only a few moments before he feels ill and makes a hasty departure, but Burke watches hungrily.

CUT TO:

INT. HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Returning Poe to Claridge's Hotel where he resides. Doyle remains dutifully at his side, but a great sadness has overtaken him.

POE

Well, I came to London seeking a new experience and I've actually killed a man. A very evil man no doubt, but I've still taken a human life - and even rejoiced in it.

DOYLE

But you've killed scores of people in your books - sealed them up in walls, had trained apes tear them apart. It's your bloody stock and trade.

POE

Perhaps I've lost the taste for any more of that. Seeing the lifeless body back there was a sobering experience. Perhaps I'll concentrate on my poetry from now on.

DOYLE

It will be a terrible loss to your readers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POE

I won't fault you for killing off
your popular detective if you'll
allow me to retire from
bloodletting and turn to lyrical
thoughts of love and beauty - and
loss.

DOYLE

Try as you may, I predict you'll
never get murder and mayhem out of
your system.

EXT. LONDON OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A benefit for the London Foundling Hospital. Pictured in
the lobby is the featured performer of the evening, the
breathtakingly lovely TRILBY, the celebrated soprano who
has trilled audiences throughout Europe. The sign
proclaims "First London Engagement."

The performance is well in progress as this fame fellow,
Burke, slips into the lobby.

INT. LOBBY, LONDON OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

We can hear the thundering music of the philharmonic. The
ushers stand at the back of the stalls area transfixed
and do not notice as the shabby fellow heads up the
stairs to the mezzanine boxes.

INT. CORRIDOR, MEZZANINE, CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

An overweight chap who appears stuffed in his clothes
awaits Burke's arrival. This is his partner and
coconspirator, HARE. He's been glancing impatiently at
his pocket watch.

HARE

You were to be here an hour ago.

BURKE

I've just found a perfect specimen
that the baron will pay dearly
for. Quality merchandise and this
one's already dead.

HARE

I much prefer manufacturing our
own corpses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURKE

Quickly then, he won't wish to be disturbed once Trilby has taken the stage.

HARE

Wouldn't mind hearing her myself. The greatest soprano in Europe.

(laughs)

I wonder what sounds would come out of her with my hands around her throat?

CAMERA FOLLOWS Burke and Hare as they ascend one of the best boxes in the house. Hare opens the door partially and attempts to attract the attention of one of its occupants.

INT. OPERA BOX - NIGHT

Those seated here are in full dress, the women elegantly attired and bejeweled, the men in cutaways. The most dominant among them is the very Germanic young BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN.

Some of the other occupants are disturbed by the interruption, but Baron Von Frankenstein recognizes Hare instantly and is on his feet.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I believe someone has brought a message from a patient.

LADY

Don't be long, doctor. Trilby's recital is next on the program.

INT. THEATRE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF BOX

- as Von Frankenstein joins the seedy pair that await him.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

So, what is it that is so urgent?

BURKE

We've access to the body of an educated gentleman with his brain undamaged.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

The usual arrangements, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARE

Prime cadavers like this don't
come along in a month on Sundays.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I will not haggle. I will pay
double and that's it.

BURKE

I'm taking a risk going back there
for it tonight.

The door to the box opens behind them and the Lady
companion appears.

LADY

Doctor, please.

We hear the applause from inside. Evidently Trilby is
taking her place on the stage.

INT. THE STAGE - NIGHT

The audience gives a standing ovation as the young
coloratura soprano, TRILBY, makes her way to the center
stage. She is strikingly beautiful and yet terribly
fragile.

TIGHT SHOW - TRILBY

Surveying the audience.

HER POV

A packed house.

TIGHT HOST - TRILBY

We can see her tremble as her ACCOMPANIST takes his
position at the piano.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOX - NIGHT

- as Von Frankenstein concludes his arrangements.

HARE

Cash on delivery.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

And be careful not to damage it in
transit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURKE

We won't make that mistake again.

Von Frankenstein leaves the two "body snatchers" and rejoins his friends in their box.

POV FROM BOX SEAT

Trilby at center stage. The audience in anxious anticipation of her London debut.

ANGLE ON TRILBY'S ACCOMPANIST

- as she looks up expecting her now to begin, but there is hesitation. The accompanist seems alarmed.

ANGLE ON TRILBY

Her mouth has opened, but no sound has emitted. Her vocal cords seem to have frozen up. Now fear seems to overcome her entire being. The audience is like a monster rising up at her.

TRILBY'S POV - THE AUDIENCE

Blurring, swimming before her. She's like a drowning person.

TIGHT ON TRILBY

- as she HEARS A VOICE inside her head. THE MESMERIZING VOICE OF HER MENTOR, THE VERY SAME SVENGALI, who now seems to control her from beyond the grave.

SVENGALI'S VOICE

Trilby. You hear me from across
the great expanse of darkness that
is death. Your voice is my voice.
It was my gift and I now reclaim
it.

Trilby reaches out to steady herself, but there is nothing to cling to, and she topples to the stage, falling hard, striking her head.

REACTION SHOT - THE AUDIENCE

An AUDIBLE GASP. (One of those in a front row seat is the handsome British Horseman, EDWARD ROCHESTER, whom we will meet again later.)

ANGLE ON VON FRANKENSTEIN AND THOSE IN HIS BOX

- as they spring to their feet in astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WIDE SHOT - THE STAGE

Trilby lies sprawled at center stage as the STAGE MANAGER and the OPERA IMPRESSARIO rush to her side.

IMPRESSARIO

(shouts)

Is there a doctor? A doctor?

ANGLE ON VON FRANKENSTEIN'S BOX.

LADY

Go to her.

He hurries out of the box.

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

- as the curtain is brought down hiding the chaos which has taken over the stage. The musicians have abandoned their places to crowd around Trilby who's even now being lifted and carried into the wings.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

- as Trilby is carried off stage.

Von Frankenstein forces his way through the crowd that has gathered and appeals to the HEAD USHER.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I am a physician.

The head usher leads Dr. Von Frankenstein to the unconscious patient who has now been set upon a divan just off stage. The Impressario kneels beside her, shaking her.

IMPRESSARIO

You must get a hold of yourself.
You must go on.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I am Dr. Von Frankenstein.

IMPRESSARIO

See what you can do.

Von Frankenstein takes her pulse, feels the clamminess of her hands. There is rapid eye motion beneath Trilby's closed lids. HER LIPS ARE MOVING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILBY

Svengali, your eyes fill me.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

You're safe - you have nothing to fear. Look at me, please.

Trilby opens her eyes, focuses on Von Frankenstein. Somehow his presence is calming.

TRILBY

Don't let them make me perform.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I will not allow it.

TRILBY

Svengali has taken back my voice.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

How is that possible?

TRILBY

When he found me I was a milliner's assistant. He "willed me" my voice. And now ... he calls to me to join him ... in the dark.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

You must put such thoughts from your mind.

IMPRESSARIO

Can you get her back on her feet?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Dismiss the audience. DO IT, now!

There's something about Von Frankenstein's stiff Germanic manner that causes the Impressario to back off.

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Order a coach. I will accompany Mademoiselle Trilby back to her hotel and place her in sedation.

TRILBY

I don't want to sleep. When I sleep, I only dream of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lifts Trilby to her feet. She seems diminutive indeed beside Von Frankenstein and she seems to draw strength from him. The crowd parts to allow her to pass with her physician at her side.

INT. POE'S SUITE, CONAN DOYLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Poe is sipping a cocktail with his friend, Doyle who locates an engraved invitation on the desk.

POE

I suppose I should begin packing.
My ship leaves early tomorrow for
New York.

DOYLE

Must you go? It seems you've been
invited for the weekend at Lord
Hawthorne's estate.

POE

To what purpose I wonder?

DOYLE

Apparently the old fellow's
brought some curiosity back from
India, a wind thing ... a boy he
claims was kidnapped as an infant
by a pack of wolves - and raised
to be one of them.

POE

Clearly a fraud.

DOYLE

He claims to have tamed the savage
creature.

POE

I admit Doyle, you've peaked my
interest in exposing the entire
charade. This might be an
enjoyable escape. I shall simply
postpone my voyage a few days.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

The fog rolls in. It is the early hour before the dawn.

INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON OFFICER ON DUTY

He is struck from behind by Burke, then he and Hare move up the dingy corridors toward the autopsy room.

INT. AUTOPSY CHAMBER - NIGHT

The organs that have been removed from Svengali's body have been carefully labelled and placed in glass jars. Burke and Hare are concerned with but one. The one that contains the brain and eyes immersed in fluid. The receptacle is carefully taped shut, then paced in a wicker basket for transportation to its new owner.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN'S HOTEL, A LARGE SUITE - DAWN

- as the light of day filters through the drapes, Von Frankenstein stands beside the bed in which Trilby has finally fallen to sleep. He crosses to her desk, casually picks up an invitation which has been recently opened.

We realize it is a similar invitation Doyle received from Lord Hawthorne.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

A pity we will be separated for the weekend, but I have much work to do ... surgery which can only be performed when the organs are fresh. So now, sleep well.

He crosses to the door of the suite. A AID is waiting outside.

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(to maid)

Keep watch and summon me if there is any difficulty.

He presents the maid with his card. CAMERA MOVES back to the sleeping figure of Trilby. She is again dreaming. CAMERA MOVES IN on those quivering eyelids until they FILL THE SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES OVER HER EYELIDS. AGAIN SVENGALI'S GAZE PENETRATING - COMMANDING - FROM ACROSS THE VOID. A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVENGALI'S VOICE

"You will not sing, you will not
love. You will know no pleasure
without me."

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

EXT. LORD HAWTHORNE'S SPRAWLING NORTHUMBERLAND ESTATE - DAY

Surrounded by virgin forest. Beside the great house stand a variety of smaller buildings - including the stables when even now the thoroughbreds are being groomed for tomorrow's hunt.

A carriage arrives bringing Conan Doyle and Poe to the huge country manor.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST FLOOR WINDOW

Dorian Gray peers out from behind the curtains, inspecting the guests as they arrive. He finds the arrival of Poe and Conan Doyle to be an unpleasant surprise.

DORIAN

What the devil are they doing
here?

HIS POV

Still another coach brings the lovely Trilby and her many suitcases - for a weekend in the country.

INT. DRAWING ROOM, LORD HAWTHORNE'S ESTATE - DAY

Dorian Gray enters and closes the double doors behind him. He appears to be alone in the room. He crosses to the large mirror on the opposite wall and observes himself as he so often does. He's infatuated with his own appearance and regards his image with an affection that is reserved for no other person.

He is staring in the mirror, studying his own face as one might study a work of art. Abruptly he turns and finds that someone else has entered and is watching him.

The new arrival is a refined gentleman with a kind, sympathetic face - the perfect face for a successful Harley Street physician for this is Dr. Henry Jekyll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

How long have you been there?

JEKYLL

No cause for embarrassment, Mr. Gray. I hardly consider vanity sinful. Beauty is a form of genius.

DORIAN

You must be the chap who's taken on the task of keeping my dear uncle alive.

JEKYLL

Dr. Henry Jekyll. And may I assure you that, if I can keep him off of safaris, his Lordship should be with us for at least another decade.

DORIAN

You wouldn't be experimenting on my uncle - with some unorthodox new drug?

JEKYLL

Do I seem the type to break the law?

DORIAN

Outwardly, you appear uncorrupted. But there is a darker side to every man.

(a beat)

Every ambitious man.

JEKYLL

Ambitious, yes, but I still manage to donate two days a week to the Westminster Charity Hospital. And I am the chairman of the Children's Medical Fund.

DORIAN

Why must you make such a conscious effort to be good? What do you seek to conceal?

JEKYLL

You evidently believe that a man's true nature is basically evil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

Would that we all had the courage to acknowledge it without shame - or need of forgiveness. That we could bask joyfully in our sheer lust and unquenchable thirst for dominance.

JEKYLL

Separated from all conscience?

DORIAN

You doubt that such a state of being could exist?

JEKYLL

In a sane person, yes.

DORIAN

Are we sane me, you and I, doctor? Or does my beloved uncle's survival rest in the hands of a most genteel maniac?

JEKYLL

They say that depravity must inevitably manifest itself in one's features, but I see no evidence of it in your face. How do you mask it so well?

The door opens at that moment and Edgar Allan Poe steps in, looking around the room curiously.

POE

I hope I'm not intruding.

DORIAN

You dog my tracks, Mr. Poe?

POE

I assure you I'm equally surprised to see you, Mr. Gray.

JEKYLL

Excuse me, not Edgar Allan Poe? I am Dr. Henry Jekyll. I must confess your story of the "Murder in the Rue Morgue" kept me awake and terrified for many nights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POE

I'm glad to have found some readers on this side of the Atlantic.

JEKYLL

But I must alert you. There's some bounder who's appropriated your character of "Dupin" and is using it in a series of inferior tales in the Strand Magazine.

POE

Oh, I'm well aware of it. This Conan Doyle considers himself a disciple of mine rather than a plagiarist and I go on letting him believe it.

DORIAN

The young fool seems to hang on your coat tails wherever you go.

JEKYLL

Will you be riding in the hunt tomorrow?

POE

No, I've come here only to debunk the idiocy about a wolf boy. So shall we join the other guests?

Poe holds the door open allowing Dorian Gray and Jekyll to pass by. Ever observant, he studies them very closely. He notes Jekyll is impeccably dressed, down to his highly polished black boots, but that threads in the shoulders of Jekyll's waistcoat are curiously broken as if torn. Poe brushes the threads off Jekyll's jacket as he follows him out.

POE (CONT'D)

Just a few loose threads.

JEKYLL

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

- as Poe enters and takes his place beside Conan Doyle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Well, Poe, you seem invigorated.

POE

Something is afoot.

DOYLE

A charming turn of phrase.

POE

Feel free to use it.

Now the other guests enter including Dorian Gray and Jekyll. The other's include; The VICAR OF WAKEFIELD and EDWARD ROCHESTER, the barrel-chested master of the hunt who escorts Trilby. The servants are busily attending to pre-dinner cocktail service.

Doyle makes note of Dorian Gray's entrance.

DOYLE

I'd of thought twice about coming
if I'd know he was to be here.

POE

Remember Doyle, that the ones we
most despise often make for the
most fascinating characters in our
fiction.

The robust Edward Rochester approaches with Trilby on his arm and makes introductions. (We have seen Rochester before in the front row at the opera house.) Poe as of yet, has paid no attention to the young woman. Even beautiful females seldom distract him from his intellectual pursuits, but he rises politely.

ROCHESTER

Gentlemen, you're all familiar
with Mademoiselle Trilby.

DOYLE

I read with concern of your recent
fainting spell.

TRILBY

A touch of influenza.

ROCHESTER

She'll be riding in the hunt
tomorrow at my side. Fresh air and
exercise and she'll be good as
new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As of yet Poe has not addressed Trilby. He simply scrutinizes her and she feels uncomfortable under his gaze.

TRILBY

Are you staring at me, sir?

POE

Carefully observing.

TRILBY

Do you find anything at all objectionable?

POE

As a very young man I'd written quite a sad poem about a girl named Annabel Lee. And you seem to fit the image of her completely.

(a beat)

A poem of infinite loss.

VICAR

Rather depressing fellow you are, Poe. Have yourself a nice whiskey and cheer up by all means.

The VICAR'S WIFE is at his side.

VICAR'S WIFE

My dear, at which conservatory did you receive your training?

ROCHESTER

Oh, but it's widely known that Trilby sprang forth in full bloom one night at the Paris Opera House without ever having appeared professionally before. She was a star from her very first appearance.

VICAR'S WIFE

But surely you had some life before that?

POE

I think Mademoiselle Trilby prefers not to dwell on the past.

TRILBY

Thank you, mister ...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POE

Edgar Allan Poe, at your service.

VICAR

For a select few, such talent is a gift from God. A blessing.

POE

Or a curse.

There's a moment of eye contact between Trilby and Poe. They understand each other.

VICAR'S WIFE

You've met Dr. Henry Jekyll, who could easily charm his patients back to health. And Lord Hawthorne's nephew and heir to these estates, Mr. Dorian Gray.

Jekyll seems rather intimidated by this pretty young woman as if he's deathly afraid to come closer to her. Dorian kisses Trilby's hand.

At that moment, Lord Hawthorne makes his entrance.

DORIAN

You're looking ever so much better, uncle.

LORD HAWTHORNE

It's all Jekyll's fault if I recover. It was a damned nasty fall from that elephant. I tell you, the tiger came straight for me. Then from nowhere this nearly naked youth sprang to my aid. And added a trophy to my wall.

He points out the tiger head mounted above.

VICAR

But what was this person?

LORD HAWTHORNE

A native child, carried off from his village by wolves at two months of age, suckled by them and raised to be leader of the pack.

(a beat)

I want you all to meet one for whom I reserve the deepest affection ... my Mowgli.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Lord Hawthorne walks to the door, opens it again to reveal the JUNGLE BOY.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI

Fully clothed - and quite uncomfortable. The dress suit he wears is stretched tightly over a trim and muscular body that is unaccustomed to being confined within layers of garments. His frilly shirt is open at the collar and partially unbuttoned.

His fingernails remain long, still untrimmed, as is his shock of coal hair which runs down his back. Knotted in a braid now, it would fall to his waist if unfurled. His eyes are like tiny pieces of glowing coal.

CAMERA PANNING the faces of the house guests, their reactions to the arrival of Wolf Boy.

DOYLE

Does the fellow speak?

LORD HAWTHORNE

He's learned quickly and has even begun to read. But he will not wear a collar.

TIGHT ANGLE ON MOWGLI

We can see that he is sniffing about, smelling the people as well as looking at them. He has the olfactory senses of an animal which can often tell more by smell than even by sound or touch.

WIDER SHOT

LORD HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

He still does not enjoy being touched. It is as if each contact with a human being leaves its mark upon him.

Mowgli pauses and looks up at the tiger head and pelt which is mounted on the wall.

MOWGLI

Cher-kan was my friend.

LORD HAWTHORNE

Cher-kan was the tiger he saved me from. Mowgli gave me my life - and I, in turn, have given him a new life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

POE

How do you do, Mowgli?

DOYLE

Hello, Mowgli. My word, I think
he's sniffing me.

Mowgli moves on now, pausing by Dr. Jekyll and recoiling
from him suddenly as an animal does when it braces itself
before attacking what it fears.

LORD HAWTHORNE

What is it, Mowgli?

MOWGLI

There is blood upon him.

CLOSE-UP JEKYLL

Embarrassed, he looks disarmingly at the other guests as
if this is all some crude joke.

JEKYLL

I'm quite certain I scrubbed down
after surgery.

WIDER SHOT - THE LIBRARY

Everyone laughs politely at Jekyll's joke.

LORD HAWTHORNE

Mowgli, you have nothing to fear
from Jekyll. Or from any of us.

Now Mowgli's attention focuses on Trilby. He has never
seen anything like her. So delicate, so lovely, so unlike
him with his animal fury and dark skin. She seems to glow
before him in some indefinable luster. He reaches out for
her.

TRILBY

I believe you said he disliked
touching?

LORD HAWTHORNE

(to Trilby)

My dear, you needn't hesitate.
It's quite safe.

Trilby extends her hand, the Wolf Boy takes it.

VICAR

For heaven's sake be careful of
those nails. They're like razors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TRILBY

I am very happy to meet you,
Master Mowgli.

LORD HAWTHORNE

And now I believe we may adjourn
to the dining room.

DORIAN

You don't mean that he's going to
eat with us?

LORD HAWTHORNE

He's been practicing his table
manners for weeks.

(to Mowgli)

Release the lady's hand now,
Mowgli, and take my arm and assist
me to the table.

Mowgli hesitates, then finally releases Trilby
reluctantly. He springs quickly to Lord Hawthorne's side,
moving with an animal grace as he veritably bolts over
the furniture with such speed and ease that it seems
almost normal behavior.

DOYLE

Will you look at that?

POE

I don't think he enjoys wearing
shoes.

ROCHESTER

Quite the conversation piece. Old
Hawthorne has done it again. All
of London will be battling for
invitations to have a look.

Poe offers his arm to Trilby.

POE

May I?

TRILBY

How kind of you.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Poe escorts Trilby from the library
down the corridor toward the elegant dining room.

POE

(to Trilby)

You displayed remarkable control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

TRILBY

I know I should have been afraid
of him.

POE

You did take note of the vestigial
teeth? I am certain he has used
that mouth to kill.

TRILBY

Only for his own survival, I hope.

POE

Have you ever paused to dwell upon
the fact that every animal with
the exception of man kills with
its mouth? We're the only species
in which the mouth is associated
with the act of love.

CUT TO:

INT. HUGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The meal is in progress. Everyone is in place, dining off
of fine china with gold-plated utensils. No one can help
but stare at Mowgli as he goes through the motions of
buttering his bread.

Around the table the conversation continues -

VICAR'S WIFE

(to Dorian)

Is it herbs and spices as I've
heard told? Or transfusions of
young blood, or sleeping under
refrigeration? There is so much
speculation about how you defeat
the aging process, Mr. Gray.

DORIAN

I never overtax myself by
inquiring into other people's
business.

POE

Sadly, it is intellect that
destroys the harmony of any face.
The moment one begins to think,
one becomes all nose or forehead.
Look at the successful and learned
men of modern society. How hideous
they all are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Many at the table lightly applaud Poe's observations, while outside the first flash of lightning is seen as a distant storm threatens to approach.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT SKY OVER LONDON

A similar lightning storm in progress. CAMERA DROPPING DOWN to the roof of the slaughterhouse in the Whitechapel district and the tower erected upon it. A specially built tower with massive antennae similar to huge lightning rods - designed to attract the savage bolts from the sky and to fuse their energy into a force that will revive the dead.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN through the skylight. We see FIGURES at work below. What appears to be a HUMAN BODY is strapped onto a steel slab which, by pulleys, can be raised into the very nucleus of the "lightning machine" which Dr. Frankenstein has constructed.

Burke and Hare, are busy hauling away the shell of what was Svengali with half its' head now sawed off.

TIGHT ANGLE ON THE BODY.

A large male, head shaved, the stitches quite evident where the skull has been opened and then repaired. A new brain and eyes have been substituted, that of the notorious, Svengali himself. Now all that is left is the spark of life to bring the grotesque being into existence. As we watch, electrodes are inserted into the neck.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - A ROASTED QUAIL ON CLASSIC CHINA

- as it is stabbed with a fork. The utensil is driven clear through the bird.

ANGLE WIDEN as Mowgli lifts the fork and nibbles on the entire fowl.

The guests are aghast, all but Jekyll who never takes his eyes off Trilby - but he never speaks to her. Again he's clearly intimidated by her beauty,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

(softly to Poe)

Makes me nervous - this Mowgli person. He looks at people the way other people look at "food".

POE

Much the way Jekyll is looking at Trilby. Like a child staring in a bakery shop window, but afraid to go in.

DOYLE

Perhaps he hasn't got a penny.

POE

Has that ever crossed your mind, Doyle? Devouring someone?

DOYLE

A person? Of the same or opposite sex?

POE

Would it be less loathsome to dine on a beautiful woman than a homely one?

VICAR

(eavesdropping)

Hardly proper conversation for the dinner table.

DOYLE

It's just Poe's way of working out another of his stories.

DORIAN

Watch out, Poe - or Doyle here will surely steal your idea before you even get it to the publisher.

DOYLE

I resent that inference. I certainly do.

POE

You resent it, but you don't deny it.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

Still deeply fascinated with Trilby - who is seated across the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He's obviously aroused by her presence despite himself. He tries to tear himself away, but can't. He looks at his hands trying to cut the freshly killed quail that's been served.

CAMERA DROPS DOWN TO THE TABLE LEVEL TO JEKYLL'S HANDS AND MOVES IN ON THEM. We can see the HAIR GROWING in the back of his hands and wrists. HE IS STARTING TO TRANSFORM INTO HIS ALTER EGO, MR. HYDE. His lust for Trilby is causing it. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Jekyll drops his hands to his lap, out of everyone's sight and tries to regain control.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI AND LORD HAWTHORNE

Who orders the speared quail to be removed and a fresh one brought. Now he calmly instructs Mowgli on the art of carving.

ANGLE ON TRILBY

Smiling at Mowgli with encouragement.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI

He is offended, thinking that she is laughing at him. He drops his knife and fork, picks the bird up in both hands and gnaws at it viciously, cracking the bones noisily with that savage jaw.

ANGLE ON POE -

- as he also picks up his bird in his hands and nibbles it to the bone. Thereby taking everyone's attention away from the Wolf Boy. Mowgli seems to appreciate the gesture.

ANGLE ON JEKYLL

Poe's antics with the quail provide the necessary distraction from sexual desires to cause the transformation to Hyde to abate. The growth of hair on his hands quickly vanishes.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI

Watching Poe emulating him, he feels less self-conscious and ostracized.

Now Trilby follows suit, lifting her quail and nibbling.

Lord Hawthorne is amused and relieved to see that some of his guests are inclined to put Mowgli at ease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DORIAN

Really, Uncle, I've lost my
appetite.

He waves to the servant to remove his plate.

Lord Hawthorne now rises to propose a toast.

LORD HAWTHORNE

There will always be a place for
Mowgli in this house.

(a beat)

Having no issue of my own, I've
instructed my solicitors to draw
up documents for the legal
adoption of Mowgli as my true son
and heir.

ANGLE ON DORIAN GRAY

He nearly chokes on his wine.

DORIAN

This is an unkind jest, uncle, and
I for one ...

WIDER SHOT - THE DINNER TABLE

LORD HAWTHORNE

I pray that even you will come to
accept Mowgli and befriend him.

DORIAN

As a man would befriend a dog,
never as an equal.

LORD HAWTHORNE

Well, I have heard of persons
leaving their entire estates to
pets, and such bequests being
firmly upheld in the courts.

Dorian resumes his seat, realizing the best approach for
the moment appeasement.

DORIAN

I apologize for my outburst.

WIDER SHOT - THE TABLE

VICAR'S WIFE

Surely you must find the boy a new
name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LORD HAWTHORNE

Mowgli, the eleventh duke of Hawthorne will never do. Morris or Maurice perhaps. Shall we adjourn to the music room?

Everyone rises. Mowgli has taken his sharp dinner knife.

LORD HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

No, Mowgli. Replace the knife on the table.

MOWGLI

My tooth.

LORD HAWTHORNE

You don't require a weapon here. You're among friends ... and relatives.

Lord Hawthorne virtually pries the knife out of Mowgli's hand with some difficulty and places it back on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

The corpse has been thoroughly prepared for resurrection. Now, with the aid of pulleys, it is lifted on its slab to the roof where the lightning apparatus awaits it.

RISING SHOT - the hoisting process as Burke and Hare turn the immense wheel that carries the body up to Frankenstein who awaits it above.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

The Vicar's wife tinkers amateurishly at the grand piano while the other guests chatter amongst themselves. Lord Hawthorne keeps Mowgli by his side as one might keep a great hound seated by one's chair. Trilby deliberately approaches Jekyll who has seated himself in a far corner and is trying not to look at her. Outside, the distant lightning still threatens.

TRILBY

My poor Dr. Jekyll, have I offended you in some way?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILBY (CONT'D)

You haven't addressed a word to me all evening.

JEKYLL

You must excuse me. I'm concerned about a patient of mine. I really should return to London tonight.

TRILBY

Nonsense. It must be my fault. Why you won't even look at me. Don't you find me at all pleasing? You have a very kind face yourself.

Jekyll finally rises and stares at her. And then his kindly face begins to alter slightly - almost imperceptibly. That cultured, refined countenance suddenly leers at her unashamedly, betraying pure lust. Jekyll grabs her hands, squeezing them a bit too tightly. His eyes, which avoided her shyly, now rivet into her.

JEKYLL

Before the storm breaks, let's take a walk in the garden.

Even his voice seems thicker - cruder.

Then without warning, Mowgli, the Wolf Boy, leaps across the room at Jekyll, knocking him aside. Trilby gasps in fear for Mowgli's lips are pulled back and his teeth are bared. He hovers above Jekyll as if ready to kill. Edward Rochester and the Vicar seize Mowgli's arms trying to immobilize him, but he wrenches free.

POE

I think you'd best withdraw, Jekyll, for your own safety.

Poe places himself between Mowgli and Jekyll.

DOYLE

Poe, be careful.

Suddenly the tension of the moment is broken by music coming from the piano. All eyes shift to Trilby seated there accompanying herself as she begins to sing - haltingly at first, but soon with renewed confidence.

Mowgli seems transfixed by the loveliness of her voice. It is a sound he has not experienced before.

LORD HAWTHORNE

Well, a performance even her London audience was denied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICAR

At a most propitious moment, I
might add.

Jekyll utilizes the distraction as an opportunity to back off into the rose garden beyond. He is unable to control the transformation this time. He is turning into Edward Hyde before our eyes. The sexual attraction of Trilby and the response to Mowgli's attack have set him off. The dark side of him has completely taken over.

EXT. THE ROSE GARDEN - NIGHT

- as Jekyll takes refuge here and allows the CHANGE TO FULLY MANIFEST ITSELF. HIS FACIAL CONTOURS ALTER, HIS HAIR AND BEARD GROW COARSE. HIS ONCE PERFECT TEETH TURN CROOKED AND UGLY - HIS IS THE FACE OF EVIL.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Dorian Gray has noted Jekyll's departure and he now works his way around the room casually - so that he may follow. Poe, Conan Doyle, Rochester and Mowgli remain transfixed by the performance of the beautiful soprano. She performs directly to Mowgli.

VICAR'S WIFE

It's as if she's singing for him -
and him alone.

ROCHESTER

To charm the savage "beast". I'm
sure she'd charm the fox out of
his lair tomorrow if we let her.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - NIGHT

Dorian finds Jekyll facing away from him in the far corner of the garden. He approaches.

DORIAN

Are you perfectly alright?

JEKYLL/HYDE

Go away.

DORIAN

Listen to me. Attacking you like
that was the best thing that
could've happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN (CONT'D)

A qualified physician like
yourself wouldn't have much
trouble placing Mowgli in an
asylum after tonight's display.

JEKYLL/HYDE

(turning around,
facing Dorian)

Would you care to see what a real
madman looks like?

DORIAN

(in shock)

What are you?

JEKYLL/HYDE

You may call me Edward Hyde, an
intimate acquaintance of the dear
Dr. Jekyll.

(laughs)

Never seen anything like me
before, have you?

DORIAN

But I have.

Indeed, Mr. Hyde bears a family resemblance to the
monstrous creature in Dorian Gray's portrait.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I don't fear you. I know you like
a brother.

JEKYLL/HYDE

Then share your own secret with
me.

DORIAN

Perhaps I would.

Dorian grips Hyde's hand without hesitation.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

And you?

JEKYLL/HYDE

The good doctor "brought me out,"
while testing his own experiments
on himself. I pride myself on
being the result of five years'
research into the criminal
tendencies of the human male.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

How often does this phenomenon occur?

JEKYLL/HYDE

When poor Jekyll loses control I come out and handle what he can't. He developed an antidote against me that worked for a time. He thought his drug could manage me, but it's become increasingly difficult to make me go away.

DORIAN

I find you far more to my liking than Jekyll.

JEKYLL/HYDE

More useful to your purposes, you mean.

INT. THE MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Trilby continues her aria and Mowgli seems enthralled. Poe tries to hide the first pangs of jealousy he's felt since his youth - since the death of his beloved Annabel Lee.

EXT. THE GARDEN - NIGHT

Dorian and Hyde still deep in conversation.

DORIAN

Where do you suppose that window leads?

Dorian points upward.

THEIR POV - THE TURRET HIGH ABOVE

With one small seemingly inaccessible window.

BACK TO THE GARDEN

HYDE

Your uncle's room?

DORIAN

Separated from the rest of the house and secured from within.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HYDE

Remarkable precautions for a man to take in his own home - unless he fears for his safety.

DORIAN

Naturally - he fears Mowgli.

HYDE

Or someone else. Someone of his own bloodline.

DORIAN

No normal man could gain access to such a window.

HYDE

True. But normalcy is not one of my virtues. What would be in it for me? Were talking about cold blooded murder, aren't we?

DORIAN

There'd be a fortune to divide. Would a fifth be ungenerous?

HYDE

Keep your money. Instead I will call upon you to supply me some service at a future time. You will be in my debt.

Before Dorian can object, Hyde walks off across the garden and is soon swallowed up by the mist.

CLOSE ON DORIAN GRAY

Watching his new "friend's" departure. Then he returns to the study where Trilby is just completing her performance.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Where Poe dotes on Trilby.

POE

I felt that you freed yourself tonight of some terrible bond.

TRILBY

For the first time in my memory I felt like I was in control of my own voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCHESTER

The public should not be cheated
of such genius.

TRILBY

And Mowgli - you haven't said a
word.

MOWGLI

It was a good noise. I like! Do
again!

TRILBY

Tomorrow I'll sing again - just
for you.

MOWGLI

Make same noise. Mowgli like very
much.

From outside we HEAR a clap of thunder. The storm is
CLOSING IN.

EXT. HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

The RUMBLE of thunder and the CLASH of lightning grows in
intensity as Edward Hyde strolls across the estate.
CAMERA FOLLOWS as he passes the KENNELS. The hounds are
penned up here in anticipation of tomorrow's hunt.

At the approach of Hyde, the HOUNDS go wild and begin
clawing at the fence. Theirs is a mixture of fury and
terror. They would tear him apart if they could.

With amazing speed, Hyde reaches through the fence,
seizing one of the hounds by the throat - holding it
within inches of his own face.

All the fierce hounds whimper and cower like puppies. And
above the storm grows in intensity.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

The preparations complete, wires are interconnected,
levers are pulled, the antennae turns to search the
skies, seeking out the lightning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKS fly. Burke and Hare, now on the rooftop, recoil in momentary terror but are urged on by the shouts of Dr. Von Frankenstein. We can hardly hear his words. They are lost in the rumble of the thunder.

Lightning strikes again and again.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Lightning striking the receiver - travelling down the rods and through the coils - transmitted and magnified through the electrodes which protrude from sections of the corpse.

The creature's skin begins to visibly burn - to char - like flesh being cooked. Jolt after jolt, and the creature shudders as it receives the full force of the energy.

CLOSE-UP - DR. VON FRANKENSTEIN'S FACE

His anticipation. Hare edges up behind him.

HARE

Fry him up well done.

ANGLE ON LIGHTNING STRIKING THE DEVICE

And once again travelling its length down to the electrodes. This time with such force that the equipment overloads and explodes. There is a SCREAM of twisting metal. The lightning machine tears apart. The corpse is thrown from its metal slab and is buried in a pie of debris. Sections of the apparatus collapse around it.

ANGLE ON DR. VON FRANKENSTEIN

Crawling through the wreckage desperately, trying to dig out the creature.

Burke and Hare reluctantly come to his assistance, pulling aside smoldering planks of wood and warped sections of steel.

And then from beneath the wreckage, A HAND EMERGES, REACHING UPWARD, GROPING FOR LIFE.

The hand of the MONSTER and it is bleeding.

Frankenstein stares at the slowly moving hand. The scars clearly show where the hand has been sewed to the wrist.

The doctor digs more frantically now, to unearth his creation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As the last bit of debris is pushed aside, the face stares up at us, it's eyes open and aware, its lips trembling.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Don't try to speak.

The three men further excavate the creature and lift it in their arms. It takes all their strength to haul the newborn giant out of the smoldering ruins.

TIGHT SHOT - THE MONSTER

- as its first words are spoken with Svengali's voice.

SVENGALI

Trilby.

CUT TO:

INT. POE'S BED CHAMBER, HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON POE as he jolts awake from a troubled sleep, as if from a nightmare.

His window has blown open, rain is coming in. Poe slips out of his bed, crosses to the window to fasten it again.

EXT. POE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

The rain coming down in torrents, the sky illuminated frequently by flashes of lightning. Poe looks below, sees nothing, then returns to bed. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the figure of a powerful man climbing the wall above. Or is it an animal? Not unlike the giant ape in our prologue - it ascends hand over hand toward the highest turrent and its solitary window.

EXT. LORD HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW ABOVE - NIGHT

The small window is slightly ajar.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS

Mr. Hyde making the near impossible climb up the sheer wall. His powerful elongated fingers claw their way between the bricks as he continues his impossible ascent.

INT. LORD HAWTHORNE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Lord Hawthorne in robe and nightgown sits at his writing table ascribing in his daily journal

LORD HAWTHORNE
 "Among the oddest assortments of
 guests I have ever entertained
 ..."

He looks up for a moment as if conscious that he is no longer alone.

LORD HAWTHORNE'S POV

Scanning the room. The mementos of his long military career line the walls. His sabre. His helmet from Sudan. The trappings of an heroic career. His door is locked. Two large bolts are securely thrown. CAMERA PANS past his window which is now wide open.

CONTINUING TO PAN again past the door and onto the bed. ONLY THIS TIME THE BED IS OCCUPIED.

Mr. Hyde lies there comfortably, his head resting back on the pillow, his legs crossed, mud from his boots staining the quilt.

HYDE
 Join me. For a rest better than
 any you have ever known.

LORD HAWTHORNE
 How did you get in? How dare you
 suggest that I should lie beside
 you.

HYDE
 You're a curious man. You've
 travelled the world in search of
 the secrets of life. Let me teach
 the greatest lesson of all.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Hawthorne. He has never been so afraid. In all his experience, in all the battles, he has never faced such terror.

He flees toward the door, CAMERA MOVING with him, and revealing Hyde standing by the door, blocking it.

THIS IS DONE WITHOUT A CUT THROUGH SPECIAL EFFECTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hawthorne totters backwards, running toward the window in hopes of screaming for help, but Hyde is already there.
(AGAIN WITHOUT A CUT)

HYDE (CONT'D)
Mind playing tricks on you, old
man?

As Hyde steps forward, Lord Hawthorne backs away, backing toward the bed and tumbling onto it, falling directly beside Hyde.

ONCE AGAIN HYDE IS IN THREE PLACES AT ONCE WITHOUT EVER CUTTING AWAY FROM THE SHOT.

Unwillingly, Lord Hawthorne has acceded to Hyde's invitation to lie beside him.

LORD HAWTHORNE
I can't breathe.

Hyde strokes his hand gently as the old man continues to hyperventilate.

HYDE
Your heart mustn't stop just yet.
Takes all the pleasure out of it,
playing with dead things.

Hyde digs his teeth into the old man's throat, biting deep.

HYDE (CONT'D)
The calling card of a wolf.

He takes another savage bite. Hawthorne screams.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR ROOM, HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP MOWGLI, ALSO SCREAMING

He knows his benefactor is in danger. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a very comfortably refurbished cell. But nonetheless, a place of confinement. It is here that Mowgli has been "locked in for the night". He continues to howl.

He throws himself against the wooden door with enormous force until the wood begins to splinter. The sound of his howls carry up from the cellar and are heard throughout the mansion.

INT. TRILBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

She is awakened by the Wolf Boy's cries.

INT. POE'S ROOM - NIGHT

There's a rap at the door and Conan Doyle enters.

DOYLE

There's a blasted hound loose in
the house.

POE

Not a dog. That's Mowgli.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Poe and Doyle emerge into the hall, Dorian Gray has just stepped out of his room. He too has been aroused by Mowgli's cries.

In a few moments they are joined by the other guests. Rochester and the Vicar and his dutiful wife, all in their night clothes and all quite alarmed.

INT. MOWGLI'S CELL - NIGHT

The door stands open, smashed to pieces. There is no sign now of the Wolf Boy.

ANGLE ON MAIN STAIRCASE - NIGHT

- as Poe leads Doyle, Dorian Gray and the other guests down the stairs, the SHOUTS of the household help can be heard. The entire staff seem to be in a state of alarm.

Then Poe catches sight of Mowgli at the foot of the stairs looking quite dangerous. He emits a low growl.

ROCHESTER

The fellow's gone out of his mind.

VICAR

He'll kill us all.

VICAR'S WIFE

Oh, blessed Jesus, protect us.

POE

Don't approach him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN
I'll fetch my revolver.

POE
No.

TRILBY
Mowgli, you can speak. Tell us
what's wrong.

ROCHESTER
(to Dorian)
Your uncle seems able to control
him.

VICAR
Yes, I'll fetch m'lord.

The Vicar and Rochester hurry upstairs.

EXT. TOWER LANDING - NIGHT

- as they pound on Lord Hawthorne's door, but there is no
response.

ROCHESTER
Sorry to awaken you at this hour,
Your Lordship, but ...

VICAR
Mowgli's gotten completely out of
hand. Do you hear us?

They pound some more, but there is no answer.

ANGLE ON STAIRCASE

Poe, keeping the others well back.

POE
Did someone try to hurt you,
Mowgli?

Rochester calls down from above.

ROCHESTER
Mr. Poe, His Lordship isn't
answering.

POE
(to Trilby)
Wait below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Poe races upstairs.

ANGLE ON TOWER LANDING

Poe reaches the outside of the door to Lord Hawthorne's chamber. Dorian Gray is right behind him.

ROCHESTER

We'll have to break it down.

DORIAN

You should've let me put a bullet in that beggar!

POE

We're in no danger from Mowgli.

DORIAN

You always seem so certain, Mr. Poe.

POE

As certain as I am that Lord Hawthorne is dead. Put a shoulder to the door.

Rochester, Poe, Doyle and the Vicar all apply themselves to the job of breaking down the oak door.

INT. LORD HAWTHORNE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

- as the door finally bursts from its hinges allowing Poe and the others to enter.

The room is now pitch dark.

POE

Doyle, a match.

Doyle finds a candle and lights it.

POE (CONT'D)

I suggest the rest of you wait outside.

VICAR

Oh my dear God.

There are gasps of horror from the onlookers. CAMERA MOVES IN on what they see. Lord Hawthorne, in his nightgown and robe, sprawled across the bed in a sea of blood. His throat seems to have been torn out as if by some vicious animal attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Teeth marks clearly visible on the soft tissue of the neck.

ROCHESTER

Bestial.

DORIAN

(feigning shock)
Will someone cover him up!

POE

I haven't finished examining him yet.

DOYLE

Terribly sorry I got you mixed up in this, old fellow - when you wanted to avoid more murder and mayhem in your life.

POE

I couldn't possibly think of leaving now until I've cleared this up.

Poe seems as concerned with the traces of damp mud on the bedding as he is with the corpse itself.

DOYLE

How could anyone have gotten in or out?

ROCHESTER

Only by that window. But it's a sheer drop of eighty feet to the stone courtyard below.

Rochester crosses to the window and looks out.

ROCHESTER (CONT'D)

Clearly no human being could make that climb.

DORIAN

What about one that was half wolf?

VICAR

I warned his Lordship that locking the boy up for the night might incite him to violence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

If he'd butcher his own
benefactor, I don't think he'd
hesitate to do the same to us.

POE

Where, pray tell, is our friend
Dr. Jekyll? He must be a sound
sleeper.

The Vicar's wife, now hovers in the hallway in terrified
confusion.

VICAR'S WIFE

I don't wish to hear any gruesome
details.

(she calls down the
stairs)

Trilby, will you come up here at
once. Trilby ...

(to the others)

I can't see her on the stairs.

VICAR

If the brute's harmed her as well ...

Rochester darts out of the room, racing down the stairs.
Poe and Doyle follow close behind.

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

It is deserted now. The front door is open and slamming
back and forth in the wind.

The Wolf Boy and Trilby have fled out into the storm.

EXT. HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

Pummeling rain as Mowgli makes his escape from the main
house with Trilby slung over his shoulder.

THEN DR. JEKYLL APPEARS IN THE COURTYARD (FULLY
TRANSFORMED BACK INTO HIS OWN TIMID PERSONALITY). He
tries to block Mowgli's path.

JEKYLL

Please put the girl down!

Mowgli knocks Jekyll aside and keeps going. Jekyll lands
in the mud, which splatters his already mud-stained
clothing.

EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

Mowgli carries Trilby around the corner of the main house and through the stables. It's as if a wolf had invaded the premises. The horses rear up from fright and kick at the stalls trying to break out. One of them, a great stallion, bursts forth, hooves flailing and Mowgli who fiercely bares his teeth at it. Mowgli sets Trilby down roughly and prepares to do combat.

The stallion's hoofs lash out, but Mowgli dodges and weaves, darting beneath the horse and out the other side. The stallion turns, stumbles and falls backwards.

Mowgli turns in time to see one of the STEWARDS coming at him with a raised pitchfork. The staff of grooms and stable boys has been aroused by the sudden commotion and are even now beginning to surround Mowgli.

STEWARD

Never you fear, ma'am. You're safe now.

TRILBY

Don't hurt him.

Instead of backing away from the steward with the pitchfork in hand, Mowgli attacks, twisting the weapon from the man's hand and using it as a club.

Two quick blows dispatch the steward, and now Mowgli has the pitchfork, and he charges the others who flee. He tosses the pitchfork after them and it lands like a spear at their heels.

Mowgli does not wish to kill. He only wants to escape. He grabs Trilby's hand and she accompanies him - willingly now.

EXT. HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Poe and the others have rushed outside. Poe helps Jekyll to his feet, paying more attention to the fellow's jacket and clothing than to the man himself.

JEKYLL

I tried to stop them.

POE

I'm certain you did your best.

TRUCKING SHOT MOWGLI AND TRILBY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- as they run toward the high field stone wall that separates the Hawthorne estate from the country road.

This time it is the GATE MAN, a huge burly fellow who attempts to intervene and finds himself no match. In combat, Mowgli emits a terrifying growl and, in victory, a shriek which even drowns out the thunder.

ANGLE ON STABLE BOYS AND STEWARDS.

One of them has gone to fetch a rifle.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI

- as he quickly clambers up the high wall, reaching the top with superhuman agility. He reaches down for Trilby's hand. She could refuse to go with him - but she does not. He hoists her easily to the top of the wall.

ANGLE ON THE STEWARDS AND THE STABLE HANDS

The Steward pointing the rifle. He fires just as Poe appears and knocks the rifle aside.

ANGLE ON THE TOP WALL - BULLET STRIKING

Flagstone scatters in all directions, the bullet narrowly missing the target. Mowgli does not wait for the next shot. He grabs Trilby and together they leap off of the other side of the wall.

ANGLE ON COUNTRY ROAD

Trilby and Mowgli sprawled on the ground. Safe for the moment, but her white nightgown and robe are covered with mud, and it has splashed up into her face and hair.

Mowgli looks at her and begins to laugh. He too is covered in the muck. They are both down on all fours being pummelled with rain and yet they are both laughing now. This is the first time we've heard Trilby laugh. She is like a small child playing in the mud. She reaches her hand out and rubs mud in Mowgli's face teasingly. And he reaches out and gently brushes her hair out of her eyes.

There is a brief moment in which they stare into each other's eyes and then Trilby breaks the silence.

TRILBY

No time for foolishness, Mowgli.
They'll be coming.

WIDER SHOT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In a moment the couple are on their feet and Mowgli is leading the way across the muddy road into the deeply wooded area. This is his territory, his kind of world.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALL, HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE and his cohorts have arrived and have reviewed the remains of the master of the house. They now come downstairs rather shaken.

VICAR'S WIFE

What are you all waiting for? He's murdered His Lordship and taken the young lady.

DORIAN

My dear trusting uncle.

(a beat)

I shudder to think what he could be doing to Trilby.

POE

She appeared to have gone willingly.

JEKYLL

If only I'd been a bit quicker or stronger. I had my hands on him.

DOYLE

You're fortunate to have escaped with your life.

CONSTABLE

The sun will be up in an hour. We should make preparations.

ROCHESTER

The hounds could track him. Bring me an article of Mowgli's clothing.

VICAR

Yes, why not hunt a wolf instead of a fox?

CONSTABLE

It appears the presence of the two "supposedly" great mystery writers of our day did not deter the murderer from his craft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

I hardly think we're in any way to blame for this tragedy.

POE

On the contrary, I do hold myself fully responsible. I should have known what was likely to occur.

Poe slowly crosses the great hall.

POE (CONT'D)

It appears Mowgli broke out of his cell on the floor below, made his way straight up the outer wall, miraculously reaching Lord Hawthorne's window.

CONSTABLE

There are deep scratches on the wall outside the window. Claw marks.

POE

Then he sprang upon the victim leaving traces of mud on the bedding. Apparently he departed the same way he entered.

CONSTABLE

Well, that's the only explanation.

POE

Odd then that when we came upon Mowgli at the foot of the stairs, he wasn't even damp. Surely you don't believe he found time to dry himself off?

DOYLE

And no mud on his feet as I recall.

CONSTABLE

You're quite a pair, you two.

DORIAN

If Mowgli isn't guilty, pray tell, what human being is powerful enough to have reached that window and committed this atrocious deed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POE

A beast that disguises itself as a man.

CONSTABLE

Well, this is right out of one of your stories, Mr. Poe. "The Masque of the Red Death", "The Black Cat" Oh, I've read more than a few. You must be quite a curious individual, sir.

POE

It helps.

Meanwhile Dorian casts a sly look at Jekyll, who crosses to the bar where Dorian joins him - far out of earshot of the others.

DORIAN

My congratulations to your friend, Hyde.

JEKYLL

It was no doing of mine.

DORIAN

But I didn't hear you make any attempt to denounce him.

JEKYLL

He counts upon my coward's will to survive. It makes me his accomplice.

DORIAN

Come on now, Jekyll. Admit it. You enjoyed every moment of it. You got all the pleasure of doing a murder, but none of the responsibility. You love being Edward Hyde - that's why you created him.

Jekyll has a haunted look which betrays the fact that Dorian is correct.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAWTHORNE ESTATE, THE STABLES - DAY

The guests led by Master of the Hunt, Edward Rochester in their red jackets and riding britches are mounting up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jekyll among them. Their number has been augmented by men from adjoining estates. There are more than a dozen riders upon frisky stallions and mares, all of them jumpers. Poe and Conan Doyle are not uniformed, but are participants in the hunt. The handlers ready the hounds, six powerful looking dogs with ferocious natures.

ANGLE ON THE FOX

- as it remains in its distant pen. It has not been released for today there will be another quarry.

ANGLE ON THE RIDERS

The local constable and several uniformed deputies are also mounting up, some with difficulty.

The hounds are struggling at their leash as a "HANDLER" brings forth an article of Mowgli's clothing, the very shirt he wore last night at dinner. A frilly garment in which the Wolf Boy seemed quite uncomfortable.

The Master of the Hounds makes sure that his charges get the scent.

ANGLE ON THE MAIL GATE

- as the gate man opens it wide. Across the road lies the primeval forest and morning mist is just beginning to rise.

The Vicar's wife offers them a blessing.

VICAR'S WIFE

If the girl is alive, pray that she has not been harmed, and if dead ... that she died quickly with the Lord's name on her lips.

VICAR

Amen.

JEKYLL

I'm hardly the most accomplished horseman, you know. I hope I won't slow you down.

ROCHESTER

Do the best you can. Let's ride.

VARIOUS SHOTS - HUNT

The hounds are unleashed. As six of them dart off with enormous speed, following the scent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The dozen red-coated horsemen, Poe, Doyle, Jekyll and the police offers follow immediately behind Edward Rochester and Dorian Gray.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - AERIAL SHOT

Sweeping over the tops of the trees. There is no sign of life other than the clusters of birds which flutter to life by the hundreds.

And then below, nestled in a treetop, safely resting and secure, we discover the figure of Mowgli, and with him, Trilby, in each other's arms mercifully asleep. (AERIAL SHOT DESCENDS until the two figures fill the FRAME.) In the distance, the sound of the barking hounds awakens Mowgli instantly.

TIGHT SHOT - MOWGLI AND TRILBY

He rouses her with a caress, being careful not to frighten her.

Trilby's eyes open and she looks at Mowgli and then her surroundings in some disbelief.

TRILBY

Then it isn't a dream.

(beat)

I don't suppose you know what a dream is. But I'm sure you must have them, when your eyes are closed and you are deep asleep and seem to be somewhere else.

MOWGLI

Is that why you cried out ... in pain ... in the night?

TRILBY

There was a man once, I feared. He is dead now. But often he still reaches out for me when I sleep.

MOWGLI

Mowgli will protect.

The barking of the dogs is heard coming closer now, and hoof beats. Trilby loses her balance and almost falls from the tree limb, but Mowgli steadies her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILBY

They've set the dogs on us. They have your scent. They can track us anywhere.

MOWGLI

Do not look down.

They both step gracefully to the limb of the next tree. The limbs are thick and clustered close together and they provide an elevated path through the forest.

Her trust in him serves to increase his confidence and daring. He carries her as if she is light as a feather.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER TREETOP

- as they pause for a moment so she may catch her breath. He finds a bird's nest and some eggs. He holds his head back, cracks the egg open and swallows its contents whole in one gulp then offers her a similar spotted egg. She imitates his action, similarly gulping down her egg.

TRILBY

I knew I could climb trees, but I never knew I could do that with an egg.

Then abruptly he takes her hand again and they continue their passage along the heights of the forest.

ANGLE ON THE HUNTERS - LED BY VICIOUS HOUNDS

Fallen trees lie in their path which the skilled horsemen clear with ease. The constable and his policemen, however, must circle the trees, and they fall far behind.

TIGHT TRUCKING SHOT - THE PACK OF DOGS

Virtually slathering. Their powerful jaws could tear any man apart in a few minutes.

ANGLE ON THE HORSEMEN

They all carry rifles and sidearms. The majority intend to find Mowgli and execute him on the spot. Poe and Conan Doyle are there to prevent it.

TIGHT SHOT

Dorian Gray galloping beside Edward Rochester.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

I shall bag him with the first volley.

ROCHESTER

Too bad, they probably won't let you mount his head on the wall, but it would be a charming curiosity.

They jump another fallen tree, quickly followed by the other riders. Poe's horse seems to suddenly have gone lame. He signals Doyle to rein up. The hunters gallop on ahead along with the Constable.

JEKYLL

(looking back)

Has your horse picked up a stone?

POE

I fear so. Conan Doyle will stay with me. You go on ahead - and good hunting.

Jekyll joins the others - riding off into the forest.

POE (CONT'D)

Best to let the others think we've turned back while we cut across the country.

DOYLE

That's swamp in that direction.

POE

The terrain to which Mowgli is most accustomed. We shall let him come to us.

Poe gallops off and Doyle spurs his mount on to catch up, heading away from the hunting party.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREETOPS - DAY

Mowgli and Trilby reach the end of their route. Beyond lies the remains of a forest fire, the burnt remnants of fallen trees.

They must now descend and continue their escape on the ground under far more dangerous conditions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mowgli climbs down the tree first, then motions for Trilby to jump. Without hesitation she leaps forward and lands in his arms with all the trust of a small child.

TIGHT SHOT - TRILBY AND MOWGLI

TRILBY

For the first time in my life, I'm not afraid of anything.

MOWGLI

What means please, "afraid"?

TRILBY

You wouldn't understand.

They hear the hounds approaching. They run on across the burned out ruin of this portion of the forest. Lightning has split some trees in two.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT (AERIAL) - MOWGLI AND TRILBY

Running through the burned, charred skeleton forest. There is something ghostly about this place, this dead forest.

Then we catch sight of the hounds racing forward, and behind them the dozen red-coated hunters. They are closing fast on their quarry.

TRUCKING SHOT - MOWGLI AND TRILBY

She is obviously slowing him up, but he will not leave her behind. Her clothes are now in tatters and the burnt branches reach out and claw at her, scratching her, ripping her garments. Mowgli's skin is tough. It does not bruise easily. But he sees that she is close to exhaustion and there seems to be nowhere to hide. Mowgli looks back.

Here come the hounds, a half dozen fierce animals bearing down on him. The huntsmen are not visible.

VARIOUS SHOTS

- as Mowgli decides to stop running and face the hounds with his bare hands, the Wolf Boy is quickly surrounded by the six hunting dogs who are after his blood.

Trilby SCREAMS. It is the scream of a great soprano that RINGS THROUGH THE FOREST. Its intensity FREEZES the hounds in place. They all turn attention to her - but their fangs are still bared. Instead of retreating, Mowgli advances on the hounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rather than attack them he speaks to them in the canine language of the wolf pack. And strangely, the dogs respond. They cock their heads, listen, and slowly approach Mowgli who strokes them gently.

TRILBY'S REACTION

Fascinated and charmed at Mowgli's power over the animals.

WIDE ANGLE

The red-coated riders close in. Dorian and Rochester firing as they come.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI AND THE HOUNDS

Bullets miss him by inches. The dogs now rush directly back at the riders, spooking their horses and ruining their aim. The hounds, which were bent upon hunting Mowgli down, have changed sides.

The Wolf Boy grabs Trilby's hand and they slide down a steep embankment, tumbling downward into a woodland stream, waist deep in the surging water.

ANGLE ABOVE

The riders pause at the edge of the embankment. They cannot make the treacherous decent on horseback.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI AND TRILBY SWEEPED OVER A SMALL WATERFALL

They bounce off the rocks as they allow the stream to carry them where it will.

ANGLE ON THE HUNTERS

DORIAN

(shouts at the
handlers)

If you can't come up with better
dogs than that, consider yourself
discharged.

ROCHESTER

The stream is carrying them down
to the marshlands.

DORIAN

Forget the hounds.

(to the others)

All of you who can still keep up
with us, ride on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And the pursuit begins anew. With Jekyll doing his best to keep up with the others.

EXT. THE STREAM AS IT NARROWS - DAY

Mowgli leads Trilby out of the water into a brightly sunlit clearing. He pulls off what's left of his clothes and lays them on a rock to dry, standing there unashamedly naked.

In a moment, Trilby does likewise.

Mowgli looks at her with such honesty and innocence that she doesn't feel naked at all. She does feel loved.

Mowgli approaches her and reaches out quite tentatively to caress her breasts. She takes his hand and gently guides it. Then she leans forward and presses her lips to his. It is his first kiss.

TRILBY

Did it please you?

MOWGLI

Good! Again!

She kisses him again and he responds with increased confidence.

Then all at once he tenses. His ears perk up. He senses danger close by. He rushes past her. CAMERA RACING with him as he breaks through the high marsh grass, gaining speed and velocity, bursting into the clearing and coming face to face with

Poe and Doyle on foot, leading their mounts.

POE

Master Mowgli, you've misplaced your trousers.

DOYLE

Poe said you would find us. I shouldn't have doubted him.

(to Poe)

Well, he doesn't seem very pleased to see us.

Then Trilby appears, buttoning her blouse and not at all shocked by Mowgli's nudity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRILBY

I'm perfectly alright. But we must protect Mowgli. Please, Mr. Poe.

POE

We'll need to prove his innocence. We shall dress him and get him safely back to London.

DOYLE

Where in particular would we put the fellow?

POE

I think we could move a sofa into your flat.

DOYLE

Share quarters with him?

POE

You could always stay at your club if you find it objectionable. There's a train depot an hour's ride south. So shall we go?

TRILBY

Oh, Mr. Conan Doyle, that's so generous.

DOYLE

What? Oh well, if I've put up with Poe, I can put up with anyone.

TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH THE FOREST

Poe riding double with Trilby, while Mowgli, now wearing Doyle's cloak, shares Conan Doyle's horse for a trek through the woods. They finally reach a railroad crossing and follow the tracks.

TRILBY

I assure you, he was always a perfect gentleman.

POE

Perhaps you wish he'd behaved otherwise?

TRILBY

Why Mr. Poe, would you have taken advantage of a lady?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POE

That might very much depend on the lady. Some women bring out the animal in a man.

TRILBY

Is that why you've avoided women since the loss of your Annabel Lee?

POE

I didn't realize my deficiencies in that area were so obvious.

TRILBY

I know nothing about you, Mr. Poe. I was simply speculating.

POE

At last I've met a woman who uses deductive reasoning as much as I do.

TRILBY

I hope I don't make you too uncomfortable.

POE

No, oddly comfortable indeed.

Poe enjoys the feeling of Trilby's hands holding him snugly about the waist as they ride together, almost as much as Conan Doyle deplores sharing his saddle with his Wolf Boy whom he mistrusts.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEAM RAILROAD SPEEDING THROUGH THE NIGHT

The train headed back to London.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Poe seems disturbed by Trilby and Mowgli who are again definitely a "couple" huddled together, sleeping on each other's shoulder. Poe gets up and joins Doyle in the corridor outside.

DOYLE

No reflection of your charms, Poe. Many women simply prefer the physical man to the cerebral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POE
We'll be in London soon, Doyle. A
very different kind of jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLEET STREET, LONDON - DAY

A corner building which houses a barber shop on the second floor ... and beneath it a small shop which advertises: THE BEST MEAT PIES IN LONDON.

The barber shop, of course is operated by SWEENEY TODD.

INT. SWEENEY TODD'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Poe looks on as Sweeney himself adds the finishing touches to Mowgli's new haircut.

POE
I think a bit shorter on the
sideburns.

Sweeney's trusty straight razor goes to work on those sideburns. Mowgli exhibits extreme discomfort at the touch of the cold sharp steel against his neck.

SWEENEY
Nothing to fear. Haven't cut any
throats since this morning.

CAMERA DROPS DOWN to the floor of the barber shop strewn with the cut hair of former customers. CAMERA CONTINUES TO DESCEND, dropping below the floorboards to reveal SEVERAL dead bodies - all male, all clipped and shaved and all WITH THEIR THROATS NEATLY CUT. Sweeney's razor has had a busy morning indeed.

BACK UP ABOVE

Mowgli climbs out of the barber chair glad that the ordeal is over. Then he senses the presence of the dead bodies beneath the floor boards.

MOWGLI
Dead things.
(he points)
Under.

At that moment Conan Doyle enters munching away on a juicy meat pie he's purchased in the pie shop directly below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

Of course that's what you smell.
They butcher their own down there -
and make the finest meat pies in
the whole blessed city.

SWEENEY

The secret's all fresh meat. No
filler.

DOYLE

You've never tasted anything
better, Poe.

Poe curiously takes a bite, savors it.

POE

Curious. Perhaps a bit gamey.

Mowgli recoils when offered a bite. He still does not
like this place or what he senses about it.

Poe and Sweeney lock eyes. For a moment Poe's interest is
peaked. He senses something is wrong. But what? He's
distracted from the puzzle by the arrival of Trilby,
freshly dressed, her hair washed and tied back in a bow.
She carries a number of packages.

TRILBY

I'm sure these will fit Mowgli,
although I may have to take a hem.

She presents Mowgli new clothing and shoes with which he
is not pleased. Sweeney Todd completes his tonsorial
chores. Trilby seems rather disappointed.

TRILBY (CONT'D)

I don't know. He looks so much
like everybody else now.

POE

Precisely, my intent.

Doyle is still munching on that meat pie without ever
taking his eyes off Poe. He realizes what Poe is up to
... to tame the Wolf Boy and make him a normal man ...
with whom Poe can compete for the affection of Trilby.

POE (CONT'D)

Slip into these clothes and we'll
be on our way.

SWEENEY

You can change back here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The barber leads Mowgli back behind a curtain and will assist him in getting dressed.

DOYLE

I think I'll fetch a few more of
these fine pies home for our
dinner.

He hurries downstairs to the pie shop, leaving Poe alone with Trilby.

TRILBY

Somehow I'm more afraid for him
now than ever. This city, all
these strange people. How will he
ever fit in?

POE

Rest easy. London is a city of
oddities. New York is worse.

Then the curtain is pulled back and Mowgli emerges in a waistcoat and jacket. His stiff collar seems too tight and his necktie is choking him. Never has anyone felt so uncomfortable in clothing and shoes.

TRILBY

Oh my.

And she begins laughing at him. She can't help it.

Mowgli glares back at her. He seems ready to rip the clothes off his back, until Poe crosses and places a hat on Mowgli's head to top off the farcical appearance.

Nearly naked, Mowgli appeared fierce and formidable, fully clothed he seems dwarfed and somehow ludicrous, and the haircut does not become him.

SWEENEY

Come back some time for a nice,
close shave. On the house.

Poe, Trilby and Mowgli leave the barber shop as the demon barber stares after them sorrowfully. How sad to see them go. They would have made such tasty morsels.

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY OF LONDON - DAY

- as a carriage bears Poe and Doyle along with Trilby and their unhappy looking charge, young Mowgli. He stares incredulously at the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The marketplace teeming with city life: beggars, pick-pockets, the poor sleeping in alleys, the peddlers hawking their wares, all of it repelling to a creature that grew up in the freedom of the jungle.

CLOSE-UP-MOWGLI - HIS REACTION

Truly, he does not wish to be a part of this world. And that collar is still choking him.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE CARRIAGE

- as it passes a tottering old building once used as a slaughterhouse. We HOLD on this building as the carriage moves away.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE, NOW ABANDONED - DAY

CAMERA PROWLs down the corridors past blood-stained walls, past scores of meat hooks dangling from the ceiling on rusted chains, finally reaching the section reserved by Dr. Frankenstein as his laboratory.

Dr. Von Frankenstein sits at his desk making copious notes in his journal. Then a huge shadow falls across him.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

So you're awake.

The ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL the "being" that Dr. Frankenstein created out of body parts utilizing Svengali's eyes and brain. A gigantic, powerful, if somewhat ungainly creature whose intelligent cultured voice seems at odds with its appearance. It is Svengali's voice and the eyes are his as well - the hypnotic glance of a madman is unmistakable.

There's a whiskey bottle open on the table beside the desk. Frankenstein fetches two glasses.

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

We will drink to that. Your first drink, my friend, my son.

The huge creature drinks, then smashes the glass.

SVENGALI

Nothing has any taste to me.
You've given me life, but no pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FRANKENSTEIN

That will come in time.

SVENGALI

I want to venture out amongst men
... and women.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

The scars have not yet fully
healed. In a few weeks ...

SVENGALI

Now. There are old friends to
visit, old scores to settle.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Then you remember your past life?
You know who you were?

Svengali merely laughs at him, then reaches out, seizes
the journal off of the desk, ripping it to shreds with
his powerful hands.

SVENGALI

This will be our secret alone! The
power of resurrection. How many
bound for the gallows would pay
any price to cheat the law and
live again.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Do you think I have worked my
whole life simply to bring back
murderers into the world?

SVENGALI

But you already have.

He seizes Frankenstein by the throat. He could easily
snap his neck. Instead, he stares deep into the doctor's
eyes.

SVENGALI (CONT'D)

I shall want a mate. Someone
exactly like me. Do you agree?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Yes.

Svengali releases his creator, and looks at his own
stitched up hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SVENGALI

A female replica of myself will
have little cause to find me
repellent.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Then I shall instruct Burke and
Hare to seek out available bodies
for such purpose.

SVENGALI

They rob graves and morgues. I
mean to bring you fresh parts.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

You?

SVENGALI

The streets are filled with women.
I shall pick and choose. This
one's eyes, this one's hair, this
one's legs and some other one's
"teats." A little of this and a
little of that. And a man can have
the woman of his dreams.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

You mean to murder them?

SVENGALI

Don't behave as if I'm some kind
of monster.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Kill me first! Kill me and get it
over with!

SVENGALI

I will bring you the sections and
you will stitch them together and
give them life. And the horror of
it will give way to your pride of
achievement. Look at me and agree.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I agree.

Svengali crosses the laboratory to a table lined with
surgical equipment and picks up a long, sharp scalpel.

SVENGALI

I'll be needing this. Don't worry,
I'm well versed in anatomy. I'll
not damage the organs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

His footsteps resound on the long concrete corridor as he walks off for his first excursion into the world.

SVENGALI (CONT'D)

Don't wait up for me, father.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

- as Svengali in the form of this monstrous creature emerges into the alley behind the slaughterhouse. He raises the hood of the long coat he wears to hide his distorted features as he steps out into the streets of the Whitechapel district.

Night has closed in. The peddlers' stalls are now empty.

Where men once hawked fruits and vegetables, antiques and stolen goods, now these thoroughfares are peppered with street walkers looking for a quick turnover.

TRUCKING SHOT

Moving with the huge creature that Frankenstein created as he wends his way along these narrow thoroughfares. The whores watch him pass by.

STREET WALKER

Big one, aren't you?

Something about him frightens many of the whores. They back into the doorways.

ANGLE ON A ROWDY CHAPEL PUB - NIGHT

A young TART is just being tossed out.

TART

You're not used to dealing with young women of quality.

The proprietor shoos her away from the pub. She wanders down the street a bit tipsy, and then becomes aware of the stranger staring at her.

TART (CONT'D)

Well, having yourself a good look?

SVENGALI

Let me see your legs.

TART

Cheeky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lifts her skirt, giving him a quick view of a pair of pretty legs and stockings that have been sewed up in several places, stitched, not unlike Svengali himself.

TART (CONT'D)

Anything else?

SVENGALI

Your breasts.

TART

Out here for all the neighbors to see? What about my good reputation?

Svengali points to a dark alley just off the street.

TART (CONT'D)

You won't be able to see much in there. You'll have to feel your way about.

Then she shrugs and saunters up the alley. Svengali follows, quickly drawing the scalpel. They disappear up the alley together.

The boisterous voices and the music from the pub continue to dominate. We hear no scream, only a muffled SOB. A wagon rumbles by perhaps going a bit too quickly. A solitary man whips the horses feverishly driving them forward. He is in silhouette and hardly recognizable.

TIGHTER SHOT OF THE DRIVER - THE DEMONIC EDWARD HYDE.

He is back in London now and en route to visit a new found friend.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - FIST RAPPING ON DOOR - NIGHT

ANGLE PULLS BACK to reveal the doorway to Dorian Gray's house.

Dorian Gray himself unlocks the door, and stares with surprise at his grotesque unexpected guest.

HYDE

I waited until your servant departed.

DORIAN

Well, come in. Quickly.

INT. DORIAN GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hyde steps inside and looks the place over.

HYDE

You've had a busy day. The reading of your uncle's will should be cause for celebration.

DORIAN

So you've reconsidered my offer of a fifth interest in the estate?

HYDE

For now I ask only for shelter. I can no longer return to Dr. Jekyll's house without risking arrest.

DORIAN

London has any number of fine hotels.

HYDE

But you have a small, dark cellar which I might convert into a makeshift laboratory.

Hyde walks to the window and draws back the drapes to reveal the horse-drawn wagon parked at the curb outside.

TIGHTER SHOT - THAT WAGON

The rear of which is filled with equipment from Jekyll's office - the complex tools of a chemist.

BACK TO

INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HYDE

Help me fetch my equipment inside so I may resume my work.

DORIAN

I would prefer to pay and have you gone.

HYDE

And I would prefer to have you in my debt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

How long do you suppose to remain here?

HYDE

Once I bring Jekyll back, I'll be gone. But not until!

DORIAN

You must agree to remain below at all times.

HYDE

You know all about me now, but you haven't told me your deep dark secret.

DORIAN

Do you think I'm fool enough to trust you?

HYDE

We have an even stronger bond now, you and I. We both fear the same man.

DORIAN

And who would that be?

HYDE

Who else but Mr. Edgar Allan Poe.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY OF DR. HENRY JEKYLL - DAY

Poe questions the good doctor's HOUSEMAID who seems grateful for his visit. She indicates the broken skylight from which someone has evidently entered the premises. Much of Jekyll's lab equipment is smashed and broken jars and vials of chemicals have been scattered across the floor boards.

HOUSEMAID

The third evening after Dr. Jekyll failed to return home, this person Hyde appeared at the door, demanding entrance. When the houseman and I turned him away, he must've broken in through that skylight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POE

You've never seen him before?

HOUSEMAID

He wasn't the type the doctor would generally associate with.

POE

You say he made off with Jekyll's personal articles as well.

HOUSEMAID

A suit, some trousers and a jacket or two, yessir.

Poe leans down examining the many chemical compounds in their individual jars.

POE

And the journal of Dr. Jekyll's experiments?

HOUSEMAID

Why I hadn't thought of that. That's gone too.

Poe's deductive reasoning is beginning to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

POE

Curious, but the night I met Jekyll I noted that many of the threads in the sleeves and shoulders of his waistcoat were broken as if a larger person had been wearing his clothing.

HOUSEMAID

Goodness, how many times lately I had to sew up the linings or replace missing buttons for him. What could that mean?

POE

You've been a great help.

Without further word, Poe leaves - and the old woman begins to clean up the debris.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONAN DOYLE'S FLAT - DAY

Poe returns to his friend's flat only to find Inspector Buskin of Scotland Yard waiting outside on the steps.

BUSKIN

Mr. Poe, if I might trouble you.
There's been another of these
ghastly Ripper killings in the
Whitechapel.

POE

I have the greatest confidence
that you'll find the lunatic
responsible.

BUSKIN

He's not simply a madman, he
consummates each execution with
surgical expertise. I've brought
the medical reports.

POE

My regrets, but I'm occupied now
on other matters.

Then the doorway to the building opens and Mowgli emerges wearing a cravat, trousers and shoes, and looking very much the proper young gentleman. He even wears a pair of pince-nez spectacles in way of disguise.

POE (CONT'D)

(covering quickly)

Oh, may I introduce, Conan Doyle's
nephew, Gideon, Inspector Buskin
of Scotland Yard.

Mowgli replies in a very clipped and awkward manner of speech. Obviously he has been taking elocution lessons.

MOWGLI

Pleased to acquaint.

BUSKIN

Well, I wasn't aware Doyle had a
nephew.

POE

His mother was a Eurasian beauty.
A distant member of the Siamese
royal family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOWGLI

I go now.

POE

Yes, you wouldn't want to keep
Trilby waiting. What is it today?
The National Portrait Gallery and
Westminster Abbey?

Mowgli grins like a lovesick schoolboy.

MOWGLI

Whereever she take him he happy to
be.

Mowgli, totally smitten with Trilby, and thoroughly
domesticated, strolls quickly up the street.

EXT. STREET AROUND THE CORNER FROM DOYLE'S FLAT - DAY

Once out of Poe's sight, Mowgli reverts to type, wildly
darting between horse drawn cabs, vaulting over the back
of an ice wagon, and finally disappearing over a tall
fence. He is adapting well to his environment.

EXT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - DAY

- as Trilby brings her Wolf Boy to regard the splendor
and majesty of religion.

Mowgli seems intimidated by the size of the place, it's
statuary and stained glass. The rumble of the ORGAN MUSIC
further disturbs him.

MOWGLI

God of "man-pack" is here?

TRILBY

Can't you feel his presence?

MOWGLI

Why he here? To listen big music?

TRILBY

To answer prayers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOWGLI

He cannot hear prayer said in
street or house? Is not very
smart, this God.

TRILBY

He is the only God.

MOWGLI

No wonder world so full of bad
things. God is in here - not out
there.

TRILBY

Would you like me to teach you to
pray? First you must kneel.

MOWGLI

Down like animal? Mowgli not an
animal no more. No get down.

Trilby laughs at him, but stops when she sees his
embarrassment.

TRILBY

Then I shall pray for you.

CAMERA PULLS BACK on Trilby kneeling at the altar as
Mowgli looks curiously on.

CUT TO:

INT. CONAN DOYLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Mowgli returns to the flat, still dressed like a
gentleman, looking very unhappy, which seems to please
Poe greatly. Meanwhile, Doyle browses the London Times
which bears the headline: "RIPPER CLAIMS THIRD VICTIM."

DOYLE

Why the long face, Mowgli?

MOWGLI

She laughs at Mowgli with her
eyes. Mowgli never be a proper
gentleman.

POE

Mowgli ... that evening when you
almost attacked Dr. Jekyll - what
motivated your behavior?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOWGLI

Smell of blood upon him.

POE

Jekyll was the only one
unaccounted for the night of Lord
Hawthorne's murder.

DOYLE

True, his clothes were drenched
and muddy. But he's physically
incapable of climbing such a wall.

POE'S VOICE

His alter ego - might have managed
it with ease.

DOYLE

You're not suggesting they're one
in the same person. That's absurd.
That's the difference between my
writing and yours. You fantasize
such bizarre happenings while my
detective stories are firmly
rooted in reality.

POE

Does a boy being raised by wolves
qualify as reality?

DOYLE

Well, I grant you that.

POE

If this Edward Hyde remains in
London he's not alone. He's taken
refuge with an ally.

DOYLE

And who would that be?

POE

Use your own powers of deduction.

DOYLE

The one person who stood to
benefit most from that murder. Am
I right?

CUT TO:

INT. FASHIONABLE LONDON STREETS - DAY

- as CAMERA follows a young DELIVERY BOY (not more than 12 years of age) as he rapidly makes his way toward Grosvenor Place in this fashionable residential district.

He carries a large florist box under his arm and has a particular address for which he is searching.

We recognize the house to which he crosses. It is the home of Dorian Gray. The boy advances to the service entrance and rings the bell. Dorian's manservant, Charles, responds and takes receipt of the package, but he seems puzzled when he looks at the card.

CHARLES

No such person at this address.

BOY

Well, it's wrote down right here!

At that moment, Dorian Gray appears.

DORIAN

What seems to be the trouble?

CHARLES

Delivery for a Dr. Jekyll.

Dorian pushes past and takes the delivery himself.

DORIAN

Who sent this?

But the boy is already running up the street without even waiting for a tip.

INT. SERVICE AREA, DORIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dorian tears open the card that accompanies the floral box.

INSERT SHOT: a few words scribbled on the card: "Enclosed please find the face of an assassin, Edward Hyde." There is no signature.

BACK TO DORIAN'S REACTION

He notices his servant still hovering about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

You may have the evening off,
Charles.

Dorian leaves the servant's quarters still carrying the unopened box, beautifully wrapped in ribbon.

INT. CELLAR STAIRS, DORIAN GRAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dorian Gray begins to descend, carrying a small oil lamp in one hand, the floral package in the other. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he crosses the brick cellar to the far corner where Hyde has set up a makeshift laboratory. He is trying out his latest bubbling concoction - swilling down a large vial of it in hopes that it will transform him back into Jekyll again. But there is no reaction and Hyde SMASHES the entire beaker against the brick wall.

HYDE

Again! I must become Jekyll again
if only long enough to go to his
bank and ...

(seeing Dorian)

What do you want?

DORIAN

Your presence here is known. This
came for you minutes ago.

Hyde quickly examines the envelope and card. Then the box, slowly untying the ribbon and lifting the top with the expectation of finding flowers.

ANGLE INSIDE BOX -

Containing a small cracked mirror, in which Hyde now sees his own distorted reflection.

TWO SHOT - HYDE AND DORIAN GRAY

HYDE

So Mr. Edgar Allan Poe has a sense
of humor.

DORIAN

What does he want?

HYDE

He wishes me to panic and flee. He
hopes to catch me out in the open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

Certainly, you can't remain here now.

HYDE

He will be constantly on his guard against me. So I leave the task to you, my dear protector.

DORIAN

What do you expect me to do?

HYDE

To pay off your debt. I performed a murder on your behalf and now you must reciprocate.

DORIAN

No. I refuse to have any part of it.

Dorian exits up the stairs, his lamp in his hand. He wishes to get away from this creature.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

- as Dorian enters his private sitting room. He immediately notices that the large mirror that stretches from floor to ceiling has been moved. The metal door to the secret room is unlocked. Dorian panics - rushing into the room.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

- as Dorian enters and stares in abject horror. CAMERA PANS to the painting on the wall. The frame is still there, but the portrait of Dorian Gray has been cut out of the frame. The portrait has been stolen.

CLOSE-UP - DORIAN'S FACE

He has never experienced such fear. He whirls and rushes back into the other room, coming face to face with Mr. Hyde who has followed him upstairs.

DORIAN

What have you done with my portrait?

HYDE

Your soul you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIAN

How can I be certain you'll return
it to me when Poe is dead?

HYDE

I wonder what would become of you
if I cut it to shreds or put it to
the torch?

DORIAN

Stop it!

HYDE

Poe thinks himself superior to us.
That is his weakness. And we will
seize upon it.

CUT TO:

INT. FENCING ACADEMY, LONDON - DAY

- as Edgar Allan Poe instructs his protege, Mowgli, in
the gentlemanly art of the foil. There are protective
tips on the foils to prevent wounds and Poe and Mowgli
both wear padded vests.

Poe is extremely agile - an experienced fencer. Mowgli
has evidently had a good deal of instruction and his
instincts have been honed sharply by his life in the
jungle. His reflexes are lightning quick.

POE

Excellent, but awkward. Straighten
your back, widen your stance.

MOWGLI

Too long to kill this way. Cut
throat quicker, better.

POE

The object is not to kill, but to
defeat one's opponent. Thrust,
parry, that's it. Again. Thrust,
parry, withdraw. Excellent.

What Poe lacks in speed, he makes up for in skill and
experience. He also has a longer reach, while Mowgli has
physical strength on his side. They duel furiously.
CAMERA RISES to the gallery above reserved for observers.
There are a dozen seats all vacant. CAMERA MOVES past
them to a curtain leading to a back staircase. The
curtain STIRS slightly. As we move closer we become aware
of an EYE peering out from behind that curtain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As we draw still closer, we recognize the incredible pale blue eye to be that of Mr. Dorian Gray in hiding ... waiting for his chance.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STRAND - DAY

A horse-drawn cab deposits Conan Doyle and Trilby outside the entrance to the fencing studio. They cross toward the entrance passing a NEWS HAWKER selling the day's papers - which distracts Doyle.

NEWSHAWKER

Still more killings in
Whitechapel. Ripper still at
large.

TRILBY

(to Doyle)
Come along now, we'll surprise the
two of them.

INT. FENCING ACADEMY, LONDON - DAY

Poe and Mowgli in ferocious combat. Mowgli seems quite pleased with his newfound capability. For the moment he seems every bit the match for Poe. He is proud of himself and a bit boastful.

MOWGLI

Soon Mowgli be better than Mr.
Poe!

POE

A good teacher never gives away
all of his tricks.

ANGLE ABOVE - SPECTATOR GALLERY

- as Doyle and Trilby quietly enter and take their places. The two combatants below are unaware of their arrival. Trilby seems quite proud of Mowgli's newfound skill.

TIGHT ANGLE ON POE - CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF TRILBY UP ABOVE.

He does not intend for her to see him go down in defeat.

HER POV - THE DUEL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shooting down on the two fencers, driving each other back and forth across the hardwood floors. Gradually Poe becomes the aggressor while deliberately barking criticisms at Mowgli.

POE (CONT'D)

(shouts)

That was an awkward move. Use that wrist. Straighten that elbow.

VARIOUS SHOTS - THE FENCERS

The flashing foils. Poe is intent on defeating his young pupil. Fighting at top form he makes Mowgli seem like an awkward amateur, driving him back and forth at will, causing him to stumble over his own feet.

The once graceful jungle boy is reduced to a fool and Trilby witnesses this.

POE (CONT'D)

It appears you do have more to learn.

Now Mowgli becomes infuriated, swinging his foil madly. The protective tip falls off of Mowgli's foil making it a deadly weapon. But Poe has no trouble parrying his every thrust, driving Mowgli helplessly back against the wall.

ANGLE ON DOYLE AND TRILBY

She's suddenly on her feet.

TRILBY

Stop it, please.

ANGLE ON MOWGLI

Seeing Trilby, we can see Mowgli's humiliation. For a moment Poe has proved himself not only his intellectual master, but his physical master as well.

ANGEL WIDENS

- as Poe turns his full attention to the lovely Trilby and Mowgli thrusts once again cutting the back of Poe's wrist. It is a cowardly act of which Mowgli is immediately ashamed. Poe is merely nicked. He raises the cut to his lips and licks away the blood. A strange look of recognition crosses his face. The taste of his own flesh - where else has he tasted that recently?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POE

Nothing serious, but I've worked up a ravenous appetite, Doyle. We must stop back at Sweeney Todd's for more of those most unusual meat pies.

DOYLE

For God sake be careful of that boy!

But Mowgli now tosses his foil aside in shame. He realizes he has not fought fairly.

Trilby rushes down the spiral staircase leading from the gallery and faces Poe.

TRILBY

Why did you provoke him to do this?

MOWGLI

(to Trilby)
You no help! Go away!

Trilby reaches out to Mowgli. He slaps her hand away.

TRILBY

Mowgli, please.

MOWGLI

Go from me! Go!

POE

Doyle, take her back to the hotel.
I'll be perfectly all right.

Doyle, who has descended, puts his arm around Trilby and escorts her out.

ANGLE ON THE CURTAIN AT THE REAR OF THE SPECTATOR GALLERY ABOVE.

From where Dorian Gray still watches the proceedings.

ANGLE ON POE AND MOWGLI

Alone now once again, Mowgli's foil still lies on the floor where it dropped. He makes no attempt to retrieve it. He stares at Poe, but without anger now.

MOWGLI

You love her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Poe does not reply, but his expression is enough to verify the truth.

MOWGLI (CONT'D)

She is of your world. I will not
take her from you.

Poe's pride is hurt and it shows.

Mowgli tears off his protective padded vest and tosses it on the floor as he quietly exits.

EXT. THE STRAND - DAY

Mowgli emerging from the building. Doyle and Trilby are just getting into a horse-drawn cab across the thorough fair. Mowgli avoids them - dashing across the Strand, spooking a team of galloping brewery horses.

Doyle views the departure with some trepidation.

DOYLE

What the devil's he running from?
(to cab driver)
Cabbie, I've changed my mind.

INT. FENCING ACADEMY, LONDON - DAY

Poe stands looking out the window at Trilby who is being helped out of the cab by Conan Doyle. Poe unbuckles his padded vest and removes it. He has no realization that Dorian Gray has slipped down the spiral staircase and is now behind him. Poe's mind is so full of passion for Trilby that his instinct for sensing danger fails him.

ANGLE ON DORIAN GRAY

His gloved hand picks up the foil discarded by Mowgli.

ANGLE ON POE

As he continues to watch Trilby out on The Strand suddenly there is a searing pain in his chest.

ANGLE WIDENS

To reveal Dorian Gray behind Poe thrusting with full force, driving the foil through Poe's back and into his heart.

Poe staggers forward against the glass window which is now suddenly splattered with his own blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dorian Gray thrusting the foil still deeper, twisting it - mercilessly.

ANGLE ON POE

Sliding to his knees, a strange quizzical look on his face. This cannot be happening to him.

The tip of the foil emerges through Poe's chest. The life runs out of the great mystery writer as he topples face down.

ANGLE WIDENS

To reveal Dorian Gray standing over the body, astonished by his own success. He looks at his own gloved hand - with which he has taken the life of his enemy.

Then he hears footsteps on the stairs. He rushes back to the spiral staircase and goes up to the viewing gallery once again, disappearing from sight just as Doyle and Trilby re-enter.

Doyle immediately sees Poe's body.

He rushes to his friend's side, examines him and realizes that Poe is dead.

TRILBY

Oh my God in Heaven. It's all my fault.

Conan Doyle holds Poe's dead body in his arms, too stricken to speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. FENCING ACADEMY, THE STRAND - DAY

- as the London police make their arrival.

INT. FENCING ACADEMY, LONDON - DAY

OFFICERS cover Edgar Allan Poe with an old cloth sheet.

Trilby is seated across the room against the wall by herself in a state of semi-shock.

DOYLE

He never had a chance. He trusted that boy, even after I warned him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The MEDICAL EXAMINER now arrives with his aides and proceeds to remove the body.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
We've come to take him, Mr. Doyle.
Would you care to accompany the
remains?

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S WAGON MOVING THROUGH LONDON
STREETS - DAY

Carrying Poe's corpse. Doyle and Trilby ride up front
with the Medical Examiner himself.

DOYLE
Must there be an autopsy?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I see no need. The cause of death
is quite clear. Have you a
mortuary of choice?

DOYLE
I'd move heaven and earth to bring
him back if I could.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
I'm afraid that's beyond anyone's
powers.

DOYLE
Wait ... there was a doctor - a
German I believe - whom I heard
speak not three months ago at the
London Medical Society. They
jeered and hooted him off the
platform.

EXT. LONDON MORTUARY - DAY

The Medical Examiner's wagon pulls up. The UNDERTAKERS
emerge with a stretcher.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
They'll make him quite
presentable.

DOYLE
Not yet.
(a beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Perhaps he was mad, this
Frankenstein, but he claimed life
could be recreated ... that the
dead could live again through the
force of electrical energy.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Utter nonsense, of course.

TRILBY

Wait. You said this doctor's name
was Frankenstein?

DOYLE

Rumor has it that the poor fellow
returned to Germany. But I could
wire -

TRILBY

No. Such a man treated me when I
because ill at the recital.

DOYLE

He couldn't be the same man.

TRILBY

His card may be in my room back at
the hotel.

UNDERTAKER

What do you want done with him,
Guv'nor?

DOYLE

Something you cannot do.

Doyle reaches down and grips Poe's dead hand, clasping it
tightly, a grasp of friendship that transcends even
death. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on those two INTERLOCKED
HANDS.

EXT. BROWN'S HOTEL, LONDON - EVENING

The Medical Examiner's wagon stands at the curb in front
of the hotel, under Doyle's watchful eye. The corpse
remains in the rear. The Medical Examiner is becoming
restless.

Then Trilby emerges from the hotel lobby with the card
clutched in her hand. Doyle studies it then climbs into
the wagon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

How many tales Poe conceived about premature burials and rising from the dead. It's only fitting that we try the impossible.

Doyle signals the driver and the wagon pulls away. Trilby enters her hotel alone. CAMERA PANS to the alley adjacent to the hotel. Someone has been watching her. It is Mowgli. He leaps up to catch the first rung of the hotel's fire escape and quickly climbs up.

INT. TRILBY'S SUITE AT THE BROWN'S HOTEL - NIGHT

She enters still quite distraught. She doesn't notice the open window - or the Wolf Boy who's already waiting for her. Then she catches sight of him and recoils. She still thinks he killed Poe and she hates him for it.

TRILBY

How can you face me after what you've done? He befriended you and you stabbed him in the back!

MOWGLI

No.

TRILBY

Mr. Poe was so certain you were innocent of Lord Hawthorne's murder. But perhaps he was wrong.

MOWGLI

Never kill anyone!

TRILBY

I should've gone with Conan Doyle.
I should be there.

Mowgli reaches out to touch her - she threatens him.

TRILBY (CONT'D)

I'll scream. You've heard me scream. It'll bring everyone on the floor. You'll be arrested and put back in a cage where you belong.

MOWGLI

Mowgli not belong ... here.

Mowgli looks around at the world he's been brought to.
This fancy suite of rooms. This woman he no longer knows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All he longs for now is the simplicity of the jungle and the wolves. Trilby runs to the door.

TRILBY

If he can be saved, I must help.

She runs out, slamming the door. Mowgli pauses, then heads quickly for the window.

INT. CELLAR, DORIAN GRAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

- as Dorian descends to Hyde's makeshift lab.

DORIAN

The deed is done. It was easier than I ever imagined. He died instantly and without a word.

Then Dorian realizes Hyde is not there.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

Where are you? Where is my portrait?

There is a crudely written note tacked to the wall above the lab table. Dorian reads it - and over this we hear HYDE'S VOICE speaking the words.

HYDE (V.O.)

Come to me this night just before sunrise. The old London gasworks at Gatewood. Your gentle Benevolent Benefactor, Edward Hyde."

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON GASWORKS - NIGHT

A huge, decrepit, building - the source for all the gas that lights the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GASWORKS - NIGHT

With a great hissing sound, the immense circular drums feed the gas through a maze of pipes. Amidst the giant rusting cylinders, Hyde has fashioned a new hiding place. Here he inspects the rolled up canvas which now unrolls to its full length. It is Dorian Gray's portrait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A painting of a wretched creature rotting with age and pestilence. A creature reeking with evil. It's truly the portrait of a monster.

Hyde pulls a bent nail from the wall and playfully pikes the nail through the creature in the painting.

CUT TO:

INT. DORIAN GRAY'S HOME - NIGHT

A shaken Dorian Gray is pouring himself a needed drink when the jab of pain hits him. He drops the decanter and it shatters, and when he doubles over in pain, blood is pouring out of his eye. He falls to the floor and writhes in agony.

DORIAN
(screaming)
I'll come. I'll be there as you
demand. What more do you want?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE, WHITECHAPEL - NIGHT

The wagon carrying Poe's body reigns up in front of the slaughterhouse. Conan Doyle climbs down, checking the address of the business card which Trilby supplied him.

DOYLE
(to driver)
It doesn't appear to be any sort
of hospital. Wait here.

Doyle circles around the building. He goes around back.

EXT. REAR OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Doyle finds a badly splintered door, much in need of repair, that provides him access to the building.

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Doyle in search of some kind of life. We see a long SHADOW fall on the wall behind him. He is unaware he is being stalked. Then all at once he is seized from behind by Burke and Hare.

BURKE
Now what have we here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOYLE

I'm in search of Dr. Frankenstein
on a mission of mercy.

Doyle is dragged down the corridor to the laboratory.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The two body snatchers bringing their captive in.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Release him!

DOYLE

Doctor, I'm Arthur Conan Doyle.
You may have read my stories in
Strand Magazine.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Fiction does not interest me.

DOYLE

I'm here to deal with fact. That
dissertation you gave at the
medical society ... was that a
flight of fancy? Or a practical
reality?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

I must have been somewhat
convincing or you would not be
here.

DOYLE

This electrical rejuvenation of
life - it's worked on animals?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

And once upon a human being.

DOYLE

Could the process be repeated if
there were another subject at
hand?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

How recently has this person died?

DOYLE

Only hours ago. I have the remains
outside in the wagon.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

- as the corpse of Edgar Allan Poe (now in a shroud) is removed from the wagon with extreme care under the supervision of Conan Doyle. Burke and Hare carry the corpse into the slaughterhouse.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The corpse is laid on the examining table and unveiled.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

May I assure you, if he can be resurrected, his mind and spirit will be intact. He will be much as you knew him.

DOYLE

This other person you revived. May I see him?

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Unfortunately, he's no longer resident with us although he does visit ... from time to time.

HARE

When we least expect it.

Burke is poking playfully around Poe's body.

BURKE

This is the way I like them. Fresh dead. No smell about them.

DOYLE

Crude fellow.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Trained medical personnel were reluctant to join my staff. But I trust I can depend on your active participation.

DOYLE

I did serve as a medical orderly in the Indian Campaign.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

We're fortunate for tonight's thunder storm. We must begin preparations now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Burke and Hare begin to roughly undress the corpse. Doyle pushes them aside.

DOYLE

Let me do that.

He doesn't wish Poe to be manhandled even in death. He carefully removes the shirt revealing the puncture wound.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

The heart's been severely damaged.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Then, with your assistance, I shall repair it, so that it may beat again.

Doyle inadvertently crosses himself, saying a blessing.

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

No, it won't be God that brings him back. It will be me. And I shall not share credit with any deity.

DOYLE

Pity you didn't know Poe. You two would have gotten on so well together.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

We shall have that opportunity. Now may we proceed?

CAMERA PULLS AWAY as elaborate preparations begin for the rebirth of Edgar Allan Poe.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITECHAPEL DISTRICT, LONDON - NIGHT

A pair of HARLOTS drunkenly wending their way through the narrow streets. They pass a darkened doorway, then someone steps forward into the light and proceeds to follow them. A huge cloaked figure that thinks with Svengali's brain.

The two prostitutes seem unaware of his presence. Then suddenly they both SCREAM and dart out of the way. A hansom cab gallops down the narrow thoroughfare.

TIGHT ANGLE ON THE CREATURE THAT WAS SVENGALI -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Staring into the carriage as it passes.

WHAT HE SEES

Within the hansom cab, we catch sight of Trilby seated shouting instructions up to the DRIVER.

ANGLE ON THE ALLEY - NIGHT

- as the hansom cab disappears at the far end of the street. But the creature's attention has been diverted from the whores. He has a new quarry now, the beautiful young woman with whom he was obsessed in life. The girl he mesmerized and turned into an opera star.

ANGLE ON ADJOINING STREET

Near the slaughterhouse in the Whitechapel district. The cab has pulled to a stop.

TRILBY

This is the address as I remember it.

CABBIE

Not a safe place for a lady of quality to be.

TRILBY

It's all right. I'm meeting friends.

Trilby climbs out of the carriage which departs. Trilby looks for the entrance to what she's surprised to find is a boarded up old slaughterhouse.

She does not notice the huge man who slithers into the shadows close by and who is even now edging closer.

She raps on the door to the slaughterhouse. It seems locked and no one responds.

The shadow behind her draws closer. Dangerously close.

Then mercifully the door opens and Conan Doyle stands there dressed in a makeshift surgical gown.

DOYLE

Trilby, you should've waited at the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In an instant Trilby is safely inside. The door is closed and CAMERA PANS to a CLOSE-UP of the scarred creature watching from close by. The creature with Svengali's brain.

SVENGALI

You're mine again.

A lustful smile crosses the scarred lips so crudely sewed into place and Svengali's unmistakable guttural laugh is heard.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Frankenstein and Conan Doyle both masked and in surgical costume complete their endeavor.

Poe's heart is being stitched up by Frankenstein in preparation for his rejuvenation.

Trilby looks on from a distance, visibly uncomfortable in the presence of Burke and Hare. She can't help but wonder why the good doctor has aligned himself with such sleazy characters as these.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

(to her)

My dear, you chose an opportune time to accept my invitation. You shall watch me perform a miracle.

There's the RUMBLE of thunder and lightning outside. Rain begins to DRUM upon the glass skylight above.

The electrical generator is turned up full force.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

FRANKENSTEIN'S MACHINERY - as switches are turned on, equipment throbs to life. The metal slab is readied to receive Poe's body.

Doyle looks on with an agonized expression as Burke and Hare strap the corpse on the slab attaching the electrodes to eleven different places on the dead body.

The lightning machine is activated.

Soon all of this will be hoisted to the roof on pulleys to attract the full force of nature and restore life to the undead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(to Doyle)

I can see you feel we are
committing a sin against nature.

DOYLE

I don't care. Just do it.

Frankenstein issues instructions to Burke and Hare.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Activate the hoist.

Burke and Hare begin to manually turn the wheels which
will raise the slab and at the same time open the
skylight.

Rain begins to pour down onto the concrete floor of the
slaughterhouse as the cables lift Poe's body to the roof.

Then all at once Burke and Hare cease all activity and
stare wide-eyed in terror. Frankenstein also turns to
view the new arrival. The huge hulking creature in the
cloak has entered. Trilby cringes at the sight of him.

VON FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

So you've returned?

SVENGALI

Introduce me to your friends,
father.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

There's hardly time for that now.

The creature approaches Doyle who stares at it
incredulously.

SVENGALI

We have met before, Mr. Conan
Doyle.

DOYLE

I don't recall you, but that voice
... those eyes.

SVENGALI

Don't be afraid to say it.

Trilby also recognizes the identity of this creature.

TRILBY

Svengali ... somehow I knew you
would come back for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SVENGALI

No power could keep me from you.

TRILBY

I would rather be dead myself than
submit to you again.

DOYLE

(to Frankenstein)

Why does he call you father? What
did you do?

Svengali is already heading for those huge wheels which control the cable. He shoves Burke and Hare aside to release the wheel and the platform holding Poe's body tumbles back down to the floor level, striking with tremendous impact.

Svengali's scarred hands playfully stroke Poe's body.

SVENGALI

(to Trilby)

We both will live and he shall
remain dead forever.

DOYLE

Get away from him.

Doyle is reaching for his gun, but Svengali moves swiftly, backhanding him and sending him sprawling to the floor. Svengali then begins ripping the electrodes from the corpse.

The rain is pouring in from above. Some of the equipment is beginning to SIZZLE and SPARK. Burke and Hare retreat to a corner where they crouch together in abject horror. Trilby kneels beside Conan Doyle to help.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Stop him!

Trilby reaches out and picks up Doyle's fallen gun.

ANGLE ON SVENGALI

Ripping away the straps and lifting Poe's corpse off the slab like a child getting ready to toss away a broken doll.

Then a shot rings out. Svengali turns in surprise. Trilby is approaching and firing again and again, but the bullets seem to have little effect on the creature.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SVENGALI

I'm a bit harder to kill, thanks
to the good doctor.

Frankenstein looks on aghast at the monster he has
created. He has made him nearly invulnerable.

Now Trilby fires the last shot and the gun CLICKS empty -
and Svengali reaches out for her, seizing her - he seems
oddly disappointed.

SVENGALI (CONT'D)

(to Frankenstein)

Her body's too small and puny for
me now. It's her face and head I
want. That mouth.

His eyes flash with animal fury as he lifts Trilby off
her feet, bringing her close as he attempts to press his
scarred lips against her screaming mouth.

Her SCREAMS mingle with yet another SCREAM. An animal
SHRIEK as something leaps through the open skylight,
plunging down and landing on Svengali's back. Just as
Mowgli would spring on a tiger in the jungles of India -
so does he spring upon this monster.

And the mortal combat begins. MOWGLI HAS FOLLOWED TRILBY
HERE from the Brown's Hotel. And he will kill to protect
her.

Trilby looks on in confusion as Mowgli and the creature
battle to the death, wrecking the laboratory in the
process.

Frankenstein rushes to Conan Doyle's side.

VON FRANKENSTEIN

Get up! You must help me now
before the storm abates. Re-attach
the electrodes.

Doyle and Trilby assist Frankenstein in again preparing
Poe's corpse. The lightning storm has grown in intensity.
Lightning is striking the apparatus on the roof. Now it's
all a matter of hoisting Poe's corpse into place.

Doyle turns one wheel while Trilby struggles with the
other. Bit by bit the platform is raised, while in the
midst of this, the epic fight continues between the
monster and Mowgli.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

The lightning machine is operable now. Bolts from the sky are attracted to it. Energy surges through and as Poe's body rises into place, the full force of the storm is directed toward his resurrection.

MULTIPLE SHOTS

LIGHTNING BOLTS striking the machine. The electrodes sending JOLTS through the inanimate body instilling it with renewed energy.

OVERHEAD SHOT - THE LAB BELOW

- as the more powerful monster tosses the smaller Wolf Boy into one of the generators causing a massive explosion. Mowgli is stunned for the moment.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Svengali has an opportunity to now seize the cables and attempt to physically pull them down - causing the platform with Poe upon it to fall. Before he can accomplish this, Mowgli is upon him again, biting deeply into his neck - killing as all animals kill - with his mouth.

Up till now Mowgli has fought like a man but now he is totally a beast as he brings his adversary to the ground nearly ripping the huge creature's head from its body. Svengali has ceased defending himself. He simply writhes in agony under the attack.

TRILBY

Stop, Mowgli. Please stop.

She tries to pull Mowgli away, but he will not be budged, not while a flicker of life remains in his enemy.

ANGLE ON THE ROOFTOP

The tugging on the cables has caused the platform to partially collapse. Poe's body is dangling off, still supported by the metal bands - still wired up like some strange puppet. Lightning is striking. Electricity is passing through him. But everything is in danger of crashing down.

ANGLE ON FRANKENSTEIN BELOW

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sees what is happening and quickly climbs the metal ladder onto the roof.

ANGLE ON THE ROOF.

In the pummeling rain, Dr. Frankenstein attempts to upright the platform manually, using all his physical strength to prevent it from falling. Lightning is striking all around. Frayed wires are sparking and sizzling.

Suddenly Poe's eyes open and he looks into Frankenstein's face. There is confusion and fear. He has awakened in the midst of a nightmare, but somehow he senses that this stranger is trying to save him.

Frankenstein stares into the eyes of the man he has just resurrected.

If he created a monster, he has more than made up for it by returning life to the gallant Edgar Allan Poe. The scales have been balanced.

Frankenstein knows he has done well.

His knowledge is short lived. Another bolt of lightning strikes the antenna causing a huge surge of electricity to PASS through Dr. Frankenstein as well as the apparatus intended.

Frankenstein is killed instantly. The same force which gave Poe life has taken Frankenstein's. Frankenstein tumbles through the open skylight to the floor of the laboratory below, landing not far from the cowering figures of Burke and Hare.

ANGLE ON THE WHEEL

- as Doyle rotates it and the platform shakily descends bringing Poe's body back down. The skylight closes.

Now Doyle approaches Poe and the two friends embrace.

POE

Welcome me back.

CAMERA PANS away to Mowgli, crouched in the corner almost like an animal, staring at Svengali, whom he so recently killed. He wipes his mouth which is still stained with blood. Then he looks self-consciously at Trilby. He knows she is thinking that he is an animal. Nothing more.

ANGLE ON POE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- as Doyle helps him rise to his feet and get his balance. Poe staggers to Mowgli's side, looking down at the Wolf Boy who still rests on his haunches in the corner.

MOWGLI

Mowgli not stab.

TRILBY

You see. I knew he couldn't have done it.

POE

Evidently, he's been falsely accused of two murders.

(smiles)

But you did kill Svengali. Since I also have the distinction of having killed him, we have much in common.

Burke and Hare, the body snatchers, try to slip away, but Poe seems aware of their attempted flight without even turning around.

POE (CONT'D)

You two! A Moment!

BURKE

We only follow orders, sir.

HARE

The good doctor wanted bodies, we found him bodies.

POE

Or made some?

BURKE

You've nothing on us!

POE

Since Dr. Frankenstein is beyond punishment or reward, you shall take his place.

HARE

Reward, you say?

POE

Of course. But your appearance must befit the honors that await you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POE (CONT'D)

Take Conan Doyle's card and hurry
along to the barber shop of Mr.
Sweeney Todd on Fleet Street - you
won't recognize yourselves when he
finishes with you.

Burke and Hare dutifully exit to their bloody destiny as
meat pies.

Mowgli stands erect now looking squarely at Poe.

MOWGLI

Now you will do Mowgli a kindness?

POE

Any favor.

MOWGLI

Take Mowgli to his family, back to
the wolves. Away from the man-
pack.

TRILBY

You're leaving me.

MOWGLI

There is nothing here for me.

TRILBY

I understand.

Trilby turns away to hide her shattered reaction.

POE

(to Mowgli)

I have but one task left to
accomplish tonight. And then you
have my word you will go home.

(to Trilby)

And I will come back for you.

Trilby turns and looks at Poe in a distant and non-
committal way. She isn't sure he's the replacement she
really wants.

TRILBY

Come back safely and we will see.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The storm still rages with ever increasing intensity. Bolts of lightning crackle over the rooftop, the sidewalks are flooded and deserted at this hour. There are no witnesses to the curious sight of Dorian Gray running through the night, like a man pursued by the devil.

EXT. RUSTY GATE LEADING TO THE OLD LONDON GASWORKS - NIGHT

Perhaps the guard has taken refuge from the storm for no one seems to be on duty at the gate which stands unlocked Dorian pulls it open and slips inside.

INT. THE GAS WORKS - NIGHT

Drenched by the punishing downpour, Dorian enters. He is immediately struck by the nauseating fumes. Hell must smell something like this. The pounding of the pumps and the hissing of the gas as it's forced through the ancient pipes combine to create the sound of some enormous living beast. Shadows play across the steep brick walls. The constant movement of the machinery, the creaking of the rusted storage tanks are somehow all threatening.

DORIAN

(calls out)

Where are you?

His voice ECHOES through the place. Then Hyde steps out behind him.

HYDE

The eye patch becomes you. You appear more the rogue than ever.

DORIAN

I have come to reclaim what is mine.

HYDE

This!

Hyde produces the long rolled-up canvas which he now spreads out across a rotting wooden table. Except for the damage to the eye in the painting, it remains untouched. The portrait of a horrifying, festering creature, barely human.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hyde lights a candle holding it over the painting to further illuminate it.

DORIAN

Be careful of that flame in here.

HYDE

You're certain you kept your part of the bargain?

DORIAN

Poe is dead, a rapier through his heart.

HYDE

But then how is it possible that he was watching your house an hour ago from across the square?

DORIAN

What?

HYDE

And that a dead man could have followed you here?

DORIAN

You're mad!

HYDE

Undoubtedly, I am. But look outside.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Dorian as he walks to the door, pushing it open, staring out into the rain swept night.

DORIAN'S POV - THE YARD OF THE GASWORKS

A tall man is moving forward out of the shadows. Now his identity is revealed. It is indeed Mr. Edgar Allan Poe very much alive.

TIGHT SHOT OF DORIAN GRAY

His reaction. Then he turns to face Hyde. Again Dorian's face contorts into a mask of horror.

WIDER ANGLE - INT. GASWORKS - NIGHT

Mr. Hyde is holding the candle to the painting, setting it ablaze. It is already burning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HYDE (CONT'D)

I warned you of the price of failure.

DORIAN

You can't - that painting is a living thing -

HYDE

Then let me hear it scream!

The portrait of Dorian Gray is being consumed in flame.

Dorian rushes forward to attempt to seize the canvas.

DORIAN

I didn't deceive you, I swear.

HYDE

Can you feel it beginning? What is it like to age a lifetime in a few moments?

Dorian is looking down at his own hands which are starting to age before his very eyes. He cannot see his own face, but he can imagine what is happening and can feel it from within as the skin dries and shrivels to the bone as massive decay sets in.

Hyde watches in utter fascination. The evil manifested in the painting now transfers itself to Dorian Gray's flesh and blood.

Dorian is withering away. A gruesome transformation as coincidentally the portrait is consumed by fire.

TIGHTER SHOT ON DORIAN

- as his cheeks sink in, his teeth crumble, his jaw slackens. He SCREAMS and runs out of the building.

EXT. YARD OF GASWORKS - NIGHT

- as the dissipated remains of Dorian Gray stumbles outside into Poe's arms.

Poe reaches out to grip the man's wrist and it crumbles under his touch. Dorian falls to the ground, and curls up into a fetal position until the last flesh on his bones has rotted to dust. The pelting rain washes the ashes away, leaving only the skeleton. Poe then proceeds to the entrance to the gasworks.

INT. GASWORKS - NIGHT

Poe enters. Hyde welcomes him.

POE
He did not fail you. He did your
murder as instructed.

HYDE
A miracle. You look none the worse
for being dead.

POE
No, I think I'm all the better for
the long nap.

Poe picks up the burning remains of Dorian's portrait and
holds it close to the huge gas storage tank.

HYDE
What are you doing?

POE
Perhaps I'll make it a return trip
and take you along for the ride.

The hissing of the gas seems to grow in intensity and all
at once Mr. Hyde experiences a twinge of fear. Poe seems
willing to blow the place to kingdom come.

POE (CONT'D)
A quick burst of flame - and then
eternity. And final judgement.

HYDE
If you burn me, you burn the good
Jekyll as well.

POE
That Jekyll no longer exists.

HYDE
It is "he" who will feel my pain.

POE
Then let me see him - if you can.

HYDE
(to himself)
Jekyll, he won't harm you! You can
save me. I will not torment you
again - come out! I order you to
come out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hyde pulls out a vial containing a variation of the drug he has used so many times to make the transformation - and downs it in one gulp. But still no change occurs. Poe still holds the remains of the burnt portrait close to the gas pipes.

HYDE (CONT'D)

Jekyll - in Gods name - come out!

POE

You'll perish as 'Hyde'.

Hyde dives for Poe's throat. Poe knocks him aside.

Hyde attacks again, digging his elongated nails into Poe's throat.

As Poe defends himself, he drops the embers of Dorian Gray's painting on the floor where grease and oil rapidly ignite - and a trickle of flame begins to spread around the two desperate combatants - wending its path of fire toward the huge circular central storage vat. A titanic gas explosion is imminent.

Poe breaks free of Hyde and rushes for the closest window - throwing himself straight through the clouded glass and into the adjoining Thames River just as the gasworks seems to erupt in a shattering blast. Hyde is incinerated!

In a momentary flash of light, we see Dr. Jekyll again as he and Hyde perish together - locked inside one body. Then the immolation is complete and both of them are gone.

EXT. THE RIVER - NIGHT

Poe swims as far from the exploding building as possible and dives as deeply as possible as more massive explosions go off - blowing the roof off and sending a billowing cloud of flame high into the sky.

EXT. HIGH ANGLE MATTE SHOT THE ENTIRE CITY OF LONDON - NIGHT

Everywhere the lights of the great city go out. The gasworks that has supplied a major part of the street lamps and homes is destroyed and this plunges the city into darkness.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A THOUSAND JUNGLE BIRDS fluttering into the sky. CAMERA
TILTING DOWN to reveal

EXT. NEPAL JUNGLE - DAY

The expedition that has brought Mowgli back to his native territory has reached its destination. Poe and Conan Doyle bid farewell to the bronzed young man who is once again clad in a loincloth.

Mowgli proceeds to the entrance of the rainforest, throws back his head and HOWLS like a wolf, announcing his return.

From out of the dense foliage the wolf pack appears, growling fiercely, baring their teeth. They are hostile.

Mowgli freezes in place, understanding the voices of the wolves ... stunned by their action. Their rejection.

TIGHT SHOT ON MOWGLI

- as he turns back in the direction of Poe and Conan Doyle, approaching them - but not coming too close. He is like a man caught between two worlds.

MOWGLI

They will not have me. There is
the smell of "man" upon me.

DOYLE

Well, come back with us then.

MOWGLI

No. Mowgli will stay. Alone.

POE

We shall never meet again, but the
day will never pass that I won't
think of you. Goodbye Mowgli.
Thank you for the gift of my life.

MOWGLI

Be good to her. Love her.

Poe nods in assent. He will look after Trilby. Perhaps she's all his now.

POE AND DOYLE'S POV

Mowgli waves goodbye and disappears into still another part of the jungle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Away from men and away from the wolves. He will walk these paths alone and perhaps he will survive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

It is late evening as the passenger ship brings Edgar Allan Poe and Arthur Conan Doyle back to England again. The passengers disembark down the gangplank and are greeted by friends and loved ones.

Poe descends beside Doyle and scans the waving crowd in search of a friendly face.

DOYLE

Perhaps she didn't get your cable.

POE

A bit of advice, Doyle. In the future tales of your great detective, allow him to stay free of all female entanglements.

DOYLE

Oh I agree. Celibacy certainly serves to improve the mind.

But suddenly a smile crosses Poe's lips.

POE'S POV - THE CROWD - NIGHT

At last he's spotted Trilby waving a handkerchief. She pushes through the crowd trying to get closer.

ANGLE ON POE -

Relieved that she's shown up.

Reaching the bottom of the gangplank, Trilby runs into his arms. Poe seems to have forgotten all his good advice to Doyle.

TRILBY

So good to see you. I missed you very much.

POE

And I you.

Then in an uncharacteristic show of emotion, Poe scoops her up in his arms and kisses her fully on the mouth.

CLOSE SHOT - CONAN DOYLE'S REACTION

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quite embarrassed, he looks away.

ANGLE ON POE AND TRILBY

She manages to regain her composure, rather taken aback by Poe's sudden open display of passion. Then Poe realizes there is someone beside her. A pale complexioned and quite handsome European.

TRILBY

Oh, may I introduce my new friend,
Count Alucard? Mr. Edgar Allan Poe
and Mr. Conan Doyle.

COUNT

She speaks of nothing but your
many kindnesses.

POE

Yes, I'm sure.

TRILBY

By sheer chance we were seated
side by side at the candlelight
memorial for poor Dr.
Frankenstein. We found we had so
much in common.

COUNT

Yes. Both being strangers to your
England.

TRILBY

He's looked after me with great
kindness in your absence.

COUNT

By coincidence I have cargo to
claim aboard this very vessel.

The count takes note of a gigantic cargo net which is at
the very moment passing over head.

COUNT (CONT'D)

And I also wish to take the
opportunity to offer thanks for
all you've done - for my future
bride.

POE

(stricken)
Oh, I see. Well, my sincere
congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Poe manages to conceal his deep disappointment behind a perfunctory smile but Conan Doyle is scandalized and glares openly at Trilby.

DOYLE

Well, you certainly didn't waste any time.

COUNT

There is a sudden chill in the air, my darling. We should be off.

The count wraps his cloak around her protectively.

TRILBY

I hope we can always remain good friends, Edgar.

POE

Friends ... probably not.
(a beat)
I'll be returning to New York shortly.

Count Alucard escorts Trilby back down the gangplank and Poe's face now registers a deep sense of loss.

POE (CONT'D)

I suppose it's my lot to lose whatever woman I come to desire. First Annabel Lee and now Trilby.

DOYLE

Blasted fellow calls himself a count, but he seems common enough to me. Dirt under his fingernails. You see, Poe. I'm picking up your technique of deductive reasoning.

POE

Perhaps that's what Trilby requires - a plain ordinary man ... who can give her the normal life every woman craves.

Poe and Doyle view the departure of Trilby and her newfound fiancé.

THEIR POV - TRILBY AND ALUCARD.

Arm in arm - locked in mutual fascination. Poe and Doyle are already totally forgotten.

BACK TO POE AND CONAN DOYLE -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Doyle still brooding. Poe growing philosophical.

DOYLE

Fickle young thing.

POE

Still, let us pray for a happy ending to their story.

DOYLE

You - pray? You never for a moment believed in God before?

POE

But then I was never dead before.

DOYLE

You've so far failed to describe any detail of that experience. Tell me - were you in the presence of a supreme being or anything of the sort?

POE

To describe God is totally beyond my powers. Let me only say he is a supreme intellect with an insatiable need to be entertained. And to satisfy this hunger, he's created us all - complete with our flaws and follies to make us all the more amusing. Yes, he's created heroes and villains much as we do in our fiction and allowed them the freedom to go mad at times.

DOYLE

Well, I don't much enjoy learning that I'm imaginary.

POE

So you see you mustn't kill off this "Sherlock Holmes" of yours. Resurrect him much as I was reborn - and allow him his life and the many great adventures still to come.

He takes his troubled colleague by the arm, with noticeable affection. Poe and Doyle walk off together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As they depart, we PAN BACK to Alucard and Trilby arm in arm at wharfside as the cargo belonging to the count is lowered to the pier.

Tied securely with rope, the crate is shaped suspiciously like a coffin, and the name Alucard is boldly stenciled on its side.

As the object passes over the wharf's edge, CAMERA MOVES DOWN for its REFLECTION IN THE WATER BELOW.

The dark water provides a mirror-like image of the oblong crate - but the lettering is of course inverted. The name "Alucard" can be clearly read now as "DRACULA."

Again, Miss Trilby seems to have attracted a most unusual suitor. But that is another story. And we

FADE OUT.

THE END

HEROES & VILLIANS