

N O S F E R A T U

by

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Based on

Nosferatu: Eine Symphonie des Grauens

by

Henrik Galeen, F.W. Murnau, & Albin Grau

&

Dracula by Bram Stoker

P L A Y E R S:

COUNT ORLOK, *the vampire*

THOMAS HUTTER, *a young estate agent*

ELLEN HUTTER, *his wife, a somnambulist*

FRIEDRICH HARDING, *friend to Hutter and a rich ship merchant*

ANNA HARDING, *his wife, and friend to Ellen*

DR. WILHELM SIEVERS, *the city's hospital director, and friend to Harding*

HERR KNOCK, *an estate agent, Hutter's employer, and an occultist*

PROF. ALBIN EBERHART VON FRANZ, *a Swiss metaphysician and occult scientist*

S E T T I N G:

WISBURG, GERMANY, 1838

BLACK.

AUDIO: Dark chaotic whispering. Sinister music.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A NAKED OLD MAN (60s/70s) stands within a HEPTAGRAM painted on crooked floorboards. His back to CAMERA. Black candles burn around him. There are dozens of strange symbols written within his magical mandala. He goes to his haunches.

KNOCK
(incanting)
Zodacare, eca, od zodameranu...

The strange man digs a sharp QUILL into the vein of his arm, extracting BLOOD. It stings, but he seems sexually aroused by the pain.

He writes a complex glyph in his BLOOD on a wax tablet before him. (For clarity, this glyph will be referred to as the "ORLOK SIGIL" from now on).

His breathing increases....

KNOCK (CONT'D)
Odo cicale Qaa...

He begins to masturbate (we still only see his back, but it is clear enough from his gestures). He is doing this as ceremoniously as everything else. His breathing increases...

EXT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE - AFTERNOON

AUDIO: The music continues...

DARK STORM CLOUDS gather over a small OUTDOOR WEDDING CEREMONY on the grounds of a WHITE MANOR HOUSE. Garlands of LILACS hang over an arbor. Dozens of guests sit eagerly in top hats and bonnets. The atmosphere is ominous. Something is off. Thunder claps quietly, echoing in the hills.

CLOSE ON: ELLEN (21), the bride, walking down the aisle holding a bouquet of LILACS. She is magnetic. A beauty - and uniquely so - even strangely so. The whitest skin. The blackest hair. There is something haunted about her. She is a frivolous child at one moment, the very next, she can seem possessed by a wise old soul.

At the altar is:

THOMAS HUTTER(27), the bridegroom. Handsome, if not pretty. Kind eyes. He doesn't match his bride-to-be's ethereal depth. Thomas seems entirely unaware of the darkness in the world.

FRIEDRICH HARDING(29), his groomsman. Vain, but steadfast.

ANNA HARDING(27), stands on the other side of THE PASTOR as Ellen's bridesmaid. A lovely woman who shares her husband's affirming resilience.

ELLEN walks toward the altar, closer, closer...

Suddenly, the clouds grow darker. It begins to rain. ELLEN keeps smiling, even as the rain dampens her veil.

INT. DARK ROOM

THE OLD MAN continues his strange erotic conjuration.

KNOCK
Zodoreje, lape zodiredo Noco Mada...

EXT. MANOR HOUSE

AUDIO: The music grows more dissonant, more unsettling.

CLOSE ON: ELLEN'S irresistibly charming face growing happier, cheeks becoming rosy in the rain. Behind her (out of focus) THE BODIES OF THE WEDDING GUESTS BEGIN WRITHING AND FALLING LIFELESSLY TO THE GROUND! ELLEN grows happier... Happier...

INT. DARK ROOM

THE OLD MAN climaxes onto the bloody ORLOK SIGIL (so we gather without seeing the emission or his genitals). He shouts:

KNOCK
Hoathahe Orlok Solomonari!

IMAGE: ORLOK'S DEAD EYES OPEN IN HIS COFFIN - HE LETS OUT A BEASTIAL GROWL FROM THE DEPTHS!

IMAGE: ELLEN'S FACE IN ECSTASY!

Thunder claps! Lighting strikes! THE OLD MAN falls to the floor and immense winds burst into the room!!

KNOCK (CONT'D)
(whispered, weak)
Lordship, I am yours.

TITLE: N O S F E R A T U

AUDIO: The music builds to a horrific, blistering orchestral climax that would bring Beethoven to his knees in torment.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: ELLEN she opens her huge eyes from her NIGHTMARE. She is frozen in bed. She takes a beat and realizes she is awake. She settles and rolls over reaching to sleepily embrace her husband...

ELLEN

Thomas.

But he isn't there.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Thomas?

She looks across the room.

THOMAS is tying his complicated cravat before a small mirror. He is very invested in tying it well, the best he has ever tied. His back is to her.

Their middle-class bedroom is cute, with brand new, aspirational furnishing. These help to disguise its shabbiness. The wallpaper is peeling a bit from age, and there are a few nasty water stains on the ceiling.

THOMAS

What's that, my love?

THOMAS turns to her tightening his knot. ELLEN looks frightened.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What is it?

THOMAS goes to her.

ELLEN

Nothing. I... I dreamt... I -

THOMAS

Come here. Come here. There is nothing to be afraid of.

ELLEN wraps her arms around him tight, swooning.

ELLEN

The honeymoon was yet too short!

She tries to bring him into bed. THOMAS falls onto her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Take off your shoes.

THOMAS
I wish I could stay, my love.

GRETA the CAT crawls into bed on top of them. THOMAS laughs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(kind)
Ellen, I have told you not to let her
into bed. I cannot wear anything dark.
I'm absolutely covered in it.

THOMAS takes a few cat hairs off him while ELLEN caresses THE CAT.

ELLEN
But Greta loves it here. She wishes you
to stay, too.

THOMAS
Today is of the utmost importance for us.

ELLEN
But one minute more.

She covers him with kisses.

THOMAS
How should I be worthy of such a doting
wife? I love you.

THOMAS kisses her, then takes himself and THE CAT out of bed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I really must be off.

He looks at his watch. He's later than he thought!

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Oh, I must.

ELLEN gets out of bed and they both brush the cat hair off of his frock coat. He kisses Ellen quickly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

He leaves.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, troubled by her dream.

ELLEN
(whispered)
Don't go.

EXT. WISBURG STREET - DAY

THOMAS rushes out the door of his little house, throwing his top hat on.

He jogs through the bustling streets of the Baltic port city of Wisburg - through a market square of flower sellers and soup stands, through livestock. The smell of horse dung, fish, charcoal, and industry hang in the foggy street as all the town hurries about their morning.

EXT. WISBURG STREET. HARBOR SIDE - DAY

THOMAS runs with haste through a group of women carrying their market baskets, overflowing with vegetables.

THOMAS
Beg your pardon.

He passes the busy CANALS full of boats, and lined with towering warehouses, funneling toward the HARBOR.

Workmen holler. Steamboats whistle. Harbor bells ring.

EXT. WISBURG ALLEY - DAY

THOMAS runs through a dark, medieval alleyway.

A tall cloaked figure approaches him, casting a long, sinister shadow. In his haste, THOMAS smashes into him... THOMAS falls to the cobblestones. THE MAN drops his walking stick.

THOMAS
Pray, forgive me, mein Herr.

THOMAS picks up THE MAN'S stick to give it back to him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I am terribly late. Forgive me.

THE MAN extends his hand, taking the stick, and THOMAS observes a large SIGNET RING with an occult symbol engraved into it.

THE MAN is old (80s), dressed in a flowing cloak. (He is PROFESSOR VON FRANZ whom we will meet later).

He peers at THOMAS under a furrowed brow - his grey eyes blazing like an oracle's.

VON FRANZ

Patience, young man. No one may out-run their destiny.

THOMAS looks at the old wizard-like figure. He doesn't really understand his meaning, but he is kind and polite.

THOMAS

Oh, yes, of course sir. Good day to you, sir.

And THOMAS is off! He is so late!

EXT. KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY - DAY

THOMAS skulks into a crooked storefront, the shop bell ringing. An old weather-beaten sign hangs from an iron rail: "Knock & Assoc. Estate Agents" it says, in grimacing Germanic lettering.

INT. KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY - DAY

THOMAS stands out of breath in the old, dark, dusty agency. TWO OLD CLERKS look up at him through their thick spectacles.

CLERK

You have kept him a quarter hour.

THOMAS removes his hat, bowing slightly to the CLERK.

A strange laughter is heard in the distance.

Anxiously fixing his hair, THOMAS walks down a corridor of piled paperwork... The menacing LAUGHTER getting louder.

In the back office sits HERR KNOCK behind a high desk (It is the naked OLD MAN from the prologue!). Clearly a man of great status - yet he is cracked. He looks like a goblin scribbling at his documents, and all the while leaking out a faint giggle, like a simmering tea kettle. He cannot stop his disordered laughing-tick. Is a mental breakdown imminent? Or has it already begun?

THOMAS

Pray, pardon me, Herr Knock, for my -

KNOCK

Your delay is providence, my boy, (laughs) providence.

(MORE)

KNOCK (CONT'D)
(*laughs*) I am still preparing an account
- details, details. Devil in the details.
(*laughs*)

THOMAS does well to ignore KNOCK'S strange behavior.

KNOCK (CONT'D)
Oh yes, and my congratulations on your
recent nuptials.

THOMAS
Thank you, sir.

KNOCK
Your wife is truly a nonpareil of beauty.

THOMAS
Thank you, sir.

KNOCK
(overlapping)
You have been contracting with us for
over two years now, Hutter?

THOMAS
And I am most eager to proceed with
whatever your request, that I might be
fully engaged with the firm.

KNOCK blows the pounce off the documents to dry the ink.

KNOCK
Indeed. Providence indeed. A new husband
requires a new income. (*laughs*) I have
been entertaining dealings with a foreign
count. Very old line of nobility, perhaps
the oldest in Europe. Very old. Very
eccentric. (*laughs*) He, um, wishes to
acquire a home in our Wisburg.

THOMAS
Oh yes?

KNOCK
To retire here. He has one foot in the
grave, as they say. (*laughs*)

THOMAS
I should be pleased to escort the
gentleman, and recommend him to our
properties.

KNOCK
I have already selected: Grünewald Manor.

THOMAS is taken aback.

THOMAS

Forgive me, but is it not, well, a ruin?

KNOCK

He seeks an old home and will pay generously. These noble families don't know what to do but spend...

THOMAS

I shall meet him tomorrow, then. Nine of the clock?

KNOCK

(*laughs*) That is the peculiarity... you see, he is yet to arrive. You needs must journey... to him. He lives in a small country, well east of Bohemia.

KNOCK pulls out a large map. THOMAS walks warily to his desk.

THOMAS

I see.

KNOCK

Isolated within the Carpathian Alps. The land beyond the forest.

As THOMAS examines the map to "TRANSYLVANIA."

On KNOCK'S desk, he sees a document dripping with medieval seals including THE ORLOK SIGIL. It is written in the same STRANGE SYMBOLS Knock used in his ceremony - no language known to THOMAS. KNOCK quickly hides the letter, making THOMAS a bit uncomfortable.

KNOCK gives THOMAS the map.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

It will be a great adventure for you.

THOMAS

Indeed.

KNOCK

His Lordship, the count, has yet to advance funds. You must pay your own way to him. When the deed is signed, he will reimburse you and sponsor your travel home.

THOMAS

May not the count execute the deed here,
when he arrives?

KNOCK

He insists I offer him an agent - in the
flesh. And he will pay handsomely, my
dear boy. Handsomely! Secure this account
and you shall have your official position
in our firm!

THOMAS looks at the map. Excited, but also a bit concerned.

THOMAS

Thank you sir. Thank you. I shan't
disappoint. And what was the count's
name?

KNOCK

Orlok.

KNOCK'S laughter becomes ever more unsound.

EXT. WISBURG STREET. GRÜNEWALD MANOR GATE - DUSK

THOMAS walks down the street in his anxious state.

He walks toward the iron gates of the old medieval manor the
count has requested: "GRÜNEWALD" it says in iron.

It is a horribly decrepit home to be sure. The crow-stepped
gables are about to collapse. The tall half-timbered tower is
twisted and ravaged by rot. Really, who would want to live
here?

A few raindrops fall.

THOMAS sees LILACS growing strangely late into the autumn.
They are bursting through the gates of the old home. He cuts
a BOUQUET using a little knife at the end of his watch fob.

The rain begins to worsen as THOMAS runs down the street. A
sea of pedestrians' umbrellas open around him. He guards the
flowers with his hat.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOR - NIGHT

ELLEN looks despondently at the bouquet of LILACS.

A dripping wet THOMAS is on his knee in the dim parlor light.

THOMAS

... and I shall set off tomorrow, as it is a four-week journey. Harding has generously agreed to keep you 'til my return.

ELLEN is silent, still looking at the flowers.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What?

ELLEN

--

THOMAS

I know, my love, yet I shall be home in but two months. Time is swift.

Ellen seems deeply sad.

ELLEN

Why have you killed these beautiful flowers?

THOMAS

What?

ELLEN

Nothing.

THOMAS

What are you talking about?

ELLEN

Forgive me.

THOMAS

Let us put them in water.

ELLEN

They will only die in a few days. Throw them out.

THOMAS

What?

She yells. It's jarring:

ELLEN

Throw them out!!

THOMAS

What is this?

ELLEN
You cannot leave.

THOMAS
What are you -

ELLEN
I must tell you my dream.

THOMAS
Ellen, we have put all of these
difficulties behind us.

ELLEN
I must!

THOMAS
Ellen!

ELLEN
Please...

THOMAS gives in.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
It was our wedding, yet not in chapel
walls. The scent of the lilacs was strong
in the rain... and when I reached the
altar, you weren't there... Standing
before me, all in black... was... Death.

THOMAS shudders, though he doesn't realize it.

ELLEN continues, the dream playing vividly in her eyes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
But I was so happy, so very happy. We
exchanged vows, we embraced, and when we
turned round, everyone was dead.
Father... and... everyone. The stench of
their bodies was horrible... it
overwhelmed the lilacs... and...

But I had never been so happy as that
moment... as I held hands with Death.

ELLEN cries in THOMAS'S arms, horrified at what she just
said.

THOMAS
Never speak such things aloud. Never. It
is a trifle, a nothing. A foolish dream.

THOMAS tries to soothe her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Everything is well.

ELLEN
It portends something awful.

THOMAS
Ellen, we are already wed! What could be amiss? Look, when I return we shall leave this little shabby hole, and buy a fine house of our own, with a maidservant, and a little bed for Greta, right by ours.

ELLEN
I don't need any of that.

THOMAS
You deserve of it. Ellen, there are rats crawling in our walls!

ELLEN
Greta will catch them-

THOMAS
Ellen, stop this childishness!

She becomes desperate!

ELLEN
(overlapping)
Can't you see that it doesn't matter? If you leave nothing will matter!

ELLEN is possessed by her dark premonition.

INT/EXT. COACH - NIGHT

ELLEN and THOMAS sit silently in a coach. They don't look at each other. Their argument racing in their heads. Shadows pass their beautiful pale faces. Tension. GRETA crawls onto ELLEN'S lap.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

HARDING explodes with laughter!

HARDING
Pray stop, stop! Never since our school days, Tom!

THOMAS is laughing too, both standing by the mantel over a roaring fire.

HARDING pours yet another glass of brandy as he and THOMAS smoke their cigars with rosy cheeks. Their sweaty hair has fallen out of place over the hours. They are clearly old friends, leaning on one another. And they are a bit drunk.

HARDING (CONT'D)
From my grandfather. The best.

THOMAS
I fear at this point I couldn't tell the difference between this and my own stuff.

HARDING
It's worth celebrating your adventure!
Leaving this bloated city - I envy you.

THOMAS
I envy you. You've truly taken your father's place now... it's incredible.

HARDING
The bloody responsibility. It's crushing, Thomas, crushing. Of course it's unseemly to complain with the earnings, but the demands of the market grow faster than the damnèd shipyard. And the two girls... two Tom... I... I love them more than the world, more than my own life... Yet I...

THEY LOOK through the doorway into the next room, over at ANNA. She sits on a divan talking with ELLEN who sits on the floor playing with HARDING'S two daughters CLARA (4) AND LOUISE (2), and their GOVERNESS (40s). Their house is decorated in the latest decors. Rich carpets, lavish window treatments and elegant furniture.

Two liveried SERVANTS stand by.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Speak none of this to Ellen, or my Anna, but we have another on the way...

THOMAS
Congratulations!

They drink, then pour another round.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You always were a rutting goat.

HARDING
I cannot resist her. And when will you two newlyweds - ?

THOMAS

When I am no longer a pauper. Friedrich,
when I have, I mean to say, when I have
secured this estate... I shall finally be
able to pay that loan back to you and -

HARDING

Not another word.

THOMAS

And Friedrich...

THOMAS looks down, he grows even more serious. Concerned.

Pause.

THOMAS watches ELLEN. She looks like an angel playing with
the children, dressing their little paper dolls.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You will take care of Ellen won't you?
You know I need this promotion direly,
but I wonder if I shouldn't stay.

HARDING

What?

THOMAS

She... I fear her past... melancholy
returning.

HARDING puts his arm lasciviously around THOMAS.

HARDING

Naturally! Her dashing young husband is
leaving her bedside cold!

ANNA stands.

ANNA

It's time for bed.

CLARA

Nooo!

LOUISE

No!!

HARDING

(calling)

Listen then to your mother.

CLARA

We can't! There is a monster in the room.

LOUISE

Nooo!!

CLARA

There is a monster! There is a monster!!

The children cry.

GOVERNESS

Alright, up to bed with you.

LOUISE

NOOO!!!

CLARA

Papa! Papa! Don't let her feed me to the monster!! Stab him!

HARDING

Pardon us. I am to hunt a monster!

THOMAS follows HARDING into the FRONT DRAWING ROOM.

ANNA and HARDING laugh, bringing the children up the stairs to bed. The children scream bloody murder.

THOMAS goes to ELLEN, on the floor. They are alone.

He holds her close. His drinking has disarmed him.

THOMAS

(whispered)

Forgive me.

ELLEN

I will put these fancies behind me. I will.

ELLEN looks at him with a hungry love. Her neck looks beautiful. THOMAS kisses it. They embrace. They kiss passionately.

CLARA (O.S.)

NOOO!! The monster, he'll kill us! He is going to get us.

CLARA & LOUISE cry and cry horribly, louder and louder.

THOMAS & ELLEN continue their deep kiss on the floor.

THOMAS spills his brandy all over Harding's rich Persian rug. The arabesques in the design look menacing, as they become saturated with the spirits.

More screaming.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN sits at the dressing table, lit only by moonlight. THOMAS is sleeping behind her.

She holds a SILVER HEART-SHAPED LOCKET, and opens it: Her portrait on one side, the other side is empty.

She takes some scissors and clips a small LOCK OF HER BLACK HAIR. SHE PUTS IT INSIDE THE LOCKET. She looks at it, in the mirror, with sorrow.

Suddenly, the room begins to grows darker...

Ellen is afraid. It seems like she is going into a slight trance... Her pupils begin to dilate...

Darker...

A low voice faintly whispers...

Ellen can hear it...

ORLOK (V.O.)
(whispered)
Be-ri-ta od zodacame ji-micalazodo.

ELLEN is utterly still, breathing...

IMAGE: CU: ELLEN'S ALLURING WHITE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT, HER MOUTH COVERED IN DRIPPING RED BLOOD - HER EYES INSANE!

ELLEN turns the mirror away in horror.

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - DAWN

The dawn is a somber copper. THOMAS is a little hung over and anxious. He stands by his HORSE. ELLEN goes to him. She holds GRETA, the cat, who plays with THE LOCKET.

ELLEN
I am proud of you. I... (she thinks of
her premonition) Please keep safe.

THOMAS
Have you so little faith in me?

ELLEN kisses THE LOCKET and gives it to him.

ELLEN
Write me every day.

THOMAS
I shall.

ELLEN looks at him with intense pressure.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I promise.

He looks over at HARDING, who is standing in his dressing gown with ANNA in the open doorway. HARDING gives THOMAS an affirming nod. They both wave, "Safe journey!"

THOMAS and ELLEN embrace. She doesn't want to let go.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Remember, it's all for you. I love you.

A small kiss. Brief. It's not enough for ELLEN.

THOMAS mounts his HORSE and rides off into the misty dawn, the capulets on his long coat flapping in the wind.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, her premonition will not leave her. It grows.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF WISBURG - MORNING

THOMAS rides through the last remaining semblance of Wisburg, out into the vast countryside. The sails of all the old windmills turn in unison, glowing from the eastern horizon - where Thomas is heading.

EXT. LANDSCAPE. CENTRAL EUROPE - DAY - A WEEK LATER

THOMAS gallops through an epic alpine landscape. Boundless nature overwhelming his tiny form.

EXT. LANDSCAPE. EASTERN EUROPE - DAY - A WEEK LATER

THOMAS rides on. Before him is a tall, dark forest of ominously swaying larch trees and bristling spruce. It seems to go on into infinity.

He gallops straight into the shadows.

BLACK. HOLD.

EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - DUSK - 2 WEEKS LATER

Light snow falls. The season seems to have changed.

A very weary THOMAS has come to a mountain crest. In the valley below him is a small thatched VILLAGE with an old wooden church. He can smell the comforting aroma of the smoke billowing from the burning hearths. Sheep wander all around him in the blue dusk, THE SUN sets behind the endless mountains...

THOMAS rides into the valley. The sheep follow him.

EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN INN - DUSK

THOMAS dismounts and walks toward an INN with a bizarrely tall pitched roof. A lively GYPSY CAMP with tents and wagons is in the yard.

As THOMAS approaches, he is absolutely swarmed by GYPSY CHILDREN and OLD WOMEN, all tugging on his clothes and talking non-stop in Romany. A rough MAGYAR STABLE-GROOM takes his HORSE. As THOMAS tips him, the children go wild! In a panic, he drops a few coins from his purse. THE INNKEEPER shoos the Gypsies away, shouting under his gigantic white mustache. Everyone seems on edge this night.

A tall, HANDSOME GYPSY (45) wearing a rakish hat and dense black beard, smokes his pipe in the shadows of the porch...

He stares at THOMAS with his intense black eyes...

HOLD ON: THE HANDSOME GYPSY SMILING.

THOMAS looks away. The man's gaze seems to look into his soul.

INT. TRANSYLVANIAN INN - NIGHT

The dark tavern is thick with pipe smoke. All the figures cut an exotic profile to THOMAS in their sheepskins, homespun embroidery, and jewelry made of coins. The women are putting strange wreathes by all the windows. Chickens mill about.

THOMAS sits down, feeling somewhat emasculated near these large, smelly men of the earth.

THE INNKEEPER brings THOMAS a bottle of some milky looking spirit and a glass.

THOMAS
Many thanks.

THE INNKEEPER ignores him.

THOMAS takes a drink. The strong rakia chokes him. No one laughs out loud, but THOMAS is embarrassed.

Just then, THOMAS realizes SOMEONE IS PICKING HIS POCKET. THOMAS GRABS HER ARM... it is a pretty TEENAGE GYPSY GIRL. It shocks them both.

EVERYONE STOPS. EVERYONE LOOKS...

THOMAS lets THE GIRL go. THE INNKEEPER starts shouting at THE GIRL in Romanian, several GYPSIES start shouting too. A real ruckus. THE INNKEEPER picks up THE GIRL by the scruff of the neck...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No, please, please. It's alright, it's alright, let her be. Please.

The commotion continues until THE HANDSOME GYPSY takes THE GIRL outside.

INNKEEPER

You bring trouble with you.

THOMAS

Forgive me, no, I only wish to stay one night. I have an audience at the castle. Castle Orlok beyond the Umbra Pass. I wish to hire a coach, or yet even a guide to-

THE INNKEEPER grows more stern. Is he afraid?

INNKEEPER

Go.

THOMAS

I am weary, I pray you.

INNKEEPER

Leave here.

THOMAS

I will pay double the board!

INT. INN. HALL - NIGHT

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE, a small woman with a witch-like face, leads THOMAS down a small dark corridor. She holds a dripping candlestick and mutters to herself fearfully in Romanian...

INT. INN. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She hobbles into a primitive cramped room with an unusually tall bed. THOMAS nearly hits his head on the low crooked beams of the ceiling.

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE, speaking Romanian, implores THOMAS not to go Orlok's castle, so it seems. She gives him a CROSS and she looks him in the eye. She is hard to understand. Her "German" is slow, and broken:

INNKEEPER'S WIFE
Beware his shadow.

She passes her hand over his eyes, touching his skin. Slowly.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE (CONT'D)
The shadow covers you in nightmare.
Awake, but a dream. There is no escape.
Pray. Pray.

She leaves, praying and mumbling, almost crying in her concern. She crosses herself and spits on the floor.

It's superstitious rubbish. And yet...

HOLD ON: THOMAS unconsciously grasping THE CROSS.

INT. INN. ROOM - NIGHT

THOMAS is awakened by a loud noise. Animals. Romany singing. He looks out the window and sees a procession of FLAMING TORCHES in the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE INN - NIGHT

THOMAS watches as a group of GYPSIES with torches walk into a grove of birch trees.

He follows, staying in the shadows.

EXT. BIRCH GROVE - NIGHT

THOMAS watches as THE GYPSIES follow a NUDE TEENAGE GIRL RIDING BACKWARD ON A WHITE HORSE (the girl who tried to pick Thomas' pocket). THOMAS breathes heavily at the sight of her smooth dark flesh, bouncing on horseback. He averts his eyes, embarrassed.

THE HANDSOME GYPSY holds a BLACK DOG on a leash. THE DOG has a THIRD EYE painted on its head with white paint.

THE NUDE GIRL has led them to a GRAVE in the middle of the grove. THE DOG barks ferociously, foaming at the mouth.

-LATER

THOMAS crouches behind a tree as he watches the Gypsies EXHUME A BLOATED ROTTING CORPSE! The women chanting. Praying. Crying.

THOMAS is in disbelief. He breathes heavily in fear.

-LATER

THE HANDSOME GYPSY POUNDS AN IRON STAKE INTO THE CORPSE'S NAVEL!

THE CORPSE SCREAMS IN PAIN!!(Is it alive?)

THOMAS SHOUTS:

THOMAS
No, by the grace of God!

THE HANDSOME GYPSY turns.

He locks eyes with THOMAS.

Suddenly...

INT. INN. ROOM - MORNING

THOMAS wakes up in a sweat. THE CROSS the Innkeeper's wife gave him is around his neck. He takes it off and throws it to the floor, in terror - he didn't put it on himself. Then he notices... he is wearing his boots, AND THEY HAVE FRESH MUD ON THEM.

INT. INN - MORNING

THOMAS walks to the main hall of the tavern. No one is there.

EXT. INN - MORNING

No one is outside either. Dozens of straw mattresses are airing on the porch rails. The gypsy camp has gone. Extinguished fires smolder.

GYPSY (O.S.)
What you seek does not exist, Gadjé.

THE HANDSOME GYPSY stands solitary in the grey morning mist.
THOMAS is startled.

THOMAS
I beg your pard-

GYPSY
Return to your country.

THOMAS
You? I dreamt last night -

GYPSY
No dream. The virgin led us to its grave,
and I gave an unclean spirit to rest.

THOMAS
Please you, guide me to the castle. I
have little left in my purse, but what I
have...

THE GYPSY laughs, showing his beautiful gold teeth.

GYPSY
Only the mullo, strigoi, walk beyond the
Umbra Pass. No living man, nor woman sets
foot there. Are you a spirit or a man,
Gadjé?

THOMAS
Where is the groom with my horse?

GYPSY
What horse?

THE GYPSY laughs again. It echoes through the unending
mountain range rising high into the clouds.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

THOMAS hikes with a stick up a steep misty mountain side. His
saddle bag is slung over his shoulder. The gloom of the
sunless day is immensely oppressive. It seems to drag THOMAS'
limbs down. THOMAS blinks, his face wet with mist.

THE GYPSY'S laugh still haunts the cold air.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON

THOMAS continues, the footing becoming more difficult.
Suddenly, he slides down the mountain...

He catches himself on a rock, but he loses his hat, he watches it fall into a crevasse. Gone. Falling rocks echo in the gorge.

He pulls himself up, barely.

EXT. UMBRA PASS - DUSK

THE SUN is setting as THOMAS stumbles up a rugged peak. In front of him is the remains of a WOODEN COVERED BRIDGE crossing a perilously huge ravine. The old BRIDGE creaks in the furious mountain wind.

There is a freakish mess of crosses, icons, garlic flowers and thorned wreaths nailed all over the entrance of THE BRIDGE. Some weathered into indiscernible fragments, as if this practice has gone on for hundreds of years.

THOMAS is afraid to enter.

He looks up and sees on the top of a distant mountain: THE RUIN OF A CASTLE. A tall tower with a sharp spire that looks like the arm of a ancient stone giant grasping its scepter. CASTLE ORLOK. It calls to him.

He crosses the threshold of THE BRIDGE.

INT/EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

The mist grows even thicker. The wind howls in the deep ravine.

THOMAS can't breathe in the darkness of the bridge. He seems hypnotized by the oncoming night, walking forward as if in a trance.

Breathing. Breathing. His heart pounding.

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

THOMAS has somehow arrived at a crossroads of paths within a primeval forest of massive trees.

A light snow is falling. The wind blows. Are wjolves howling in the distance?

Suddenly, he hears something grave. A horrible pounding of hellish hooves. And an ethereal jingling...

Through the tall pines, he sees the outline of something black, silhouetted by the moon...

It is a PHANTOM CARRIAGE, drawn by a team of four black horses. The horses' long manes, plumes, bells and tassels float in the air weightlessly.

THOMAS recoils in terror as THE GHOST CARRIAGE heads straight toward him. He holds up his arms to guard himself from the imminent collision...

THE CARRIAGE halts.

THOMAS can't make out the driver. Is there a driver?. If so, he is still and silent as the ferryman of the river Styx.

SUDDENLY, THE ORNATE CARRIAGE DOORS OPEN. The opening beckons him, the voices of the dead calling.

THOMAS ENTERS as if lifted into it by an unseen force.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The crack of a whip!

THE CARRIAGE moves like a banshee through the falling snow.

Huge, muscular BLACK WOLVES chase THE CARRIAGE, growling and howling in excitement.

CASTLE ORLOK stands in the distance on the crest of a jagged mountain, a Stygian monument to Satan.

EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. BRIDGE - NIGHT

THE CARRIAGE rumbles across the crumbling drawbridge.

INT/EXT. GHOST CARRIAGE - NIGHT

THOMAS is delirious, suffocating. The inside of the carriage is like a moldering black damask coffin. THOMAS closes his eyes in delirium.

EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. BARBICAN GATE - NIGHT

THOMAS opens his eyes: He has exited THE CARRIAGE. How? He cannot remember. It disappeared into the night with the wolves.

THOMAS stands before two great wooden DOORS covered in grotesque ironwork.

Pause.

Before THOMAS can knock, THE DOORS slowly open, creaking and moaning.

THOMAS walks into the darkness of the castle ruins.

EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS looks ahead... far in the distance, within the dense fog, is A MAN holding a flickering lamp. He is too far away for THOMAS to make him out, but something about his presence is magnetic. He is deathly pale with a bald head. His violent eyes pierce through the darkness.

The figure walks slowly, as if hindered by rigor mortis. He is too tall, supernaturally thin, and dressed all in black - not a speck of any other color. His clothing is rich, elegant, Eastern - something like the finery of a Hungarian nobleman. It is COUNT ORLOK.

(NOTE: Until specified, we always see Orlok's face in at least semi-shadow - never fully revealed.)

He stands many paces away from THOMAS. ORLOK is utterly still, like a statue.

THOMAS bows.

ORLOK looks at him. His eyes tear into THOMAS.

Pause.

ORLOK turns away slowly. He walks back into the abyss of night... into the castle.

THOMAS, stunned, exhausted, follows...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THOMAS treads well behind ORLOK through a long corridor.

ORLOK speaks with an impossibly deep sepulchral voice, shrouded in the exotic accent of his mother tongue. In spite of its power, it seems every word he utters causes him great pain and effort to expel.

ORLOK

You are late. The midnight hour is passed
and my attendants have all retired.

THOMAS

Forgive me, Count.

THE COUNT disappears.

THOMAS is startled, where did he go? He keeps walking, and past a stone column, he finds an open doorway...

INT. GREAT HALL. CASTLE ORLOK - CONTINUOUS

A few candles flicker in the vast Gothic hall. Wind screeches through the cracks in the two story lead glass windows. It is frigid, mildewed and bleak. A nightmare castle.

THOMAS sees ORLOK standing some distance away, motionless, almost entirely hidden in shadow. THOMAS can only hear his breath. It is loud and asthmatic - pained like his speech.

In between them is a huge Renaissance TABLE, decked with a feast for Thomas.

ORLOK

Leave there your conveniences. Set out the deed. And sit.

THOMAS

Would you not wish to wait 'til morning?

ORLOK

(overlapping, harsh)

I wish you to do as I request.

THOMAS

Yes, of course, sir.

THOMAS goes to put his satchel down on the table.

ORLOK

Lord.

THOMAS

Pardon me, sir?

ORLOK

Your Lord. I will be addressed as the honor of my blood demands it.

THOMAS

Yes, my lord. Forgive me, my lord.

THOMAS is very embarrassed, he's messing up already, he's so tired, confused, disoriented. He puts his things down fearfully.

ORLOK

Pray, sit.

THOMAS sits. He feels as if he is being studied by ORLOK.

THOMAS
Thank you, my lord.

With THOMAS very far from him, ORLOK takes the papers.

THOMAS watches THE COUNT move in a strange and animal-like manner. His back is hunched, but in spite of his extremely lean profile, his chest still appears strong, masculine, even bull-like. A few long hairs resembling cobwebs drape over his shoulders. His rich clothing is as worm-eaten and filthy as if it had been buried for years. ORLOK continues to keep his face hidden from THOMAS.

ORLOK
I am most impatient to bring my eyes to your covenant papers and my correspondence with your proprietor, Herr Knock. I have long awaited them, and I hold matters I must attend to upon the morrow.

THOMAS
Yes, of course, my lord.

As THOMAS is reaching for food on the table, all of a sudden he realizes THE COUNT is right behind his tall chair! How did he get there?

THE COUNT'S breath is fetid. THOMAS recoils.

THOMAS doesn't see ORLOK'S arthritic, mummy-like hand reaching for an ancient decanter. ORLOK'S long neglected fingernails crawl up the handle like a spider. He pours the wine into THOMAS' chalice.

ORLOK
Drink.

By the time THOMAS has turned to his cup, ORLOK has disappeared again into the dark.

THOMAS hears him walking to the other side of the table, he can't see him... then...

ORLOK is seated in an intimidating throne of a chair. He pours over the documents.

THOMAS still can't entirely make out ORLOK'S face in the dim candlelight. He is overwhelmed, terrified. It all seems a dream. He tries to think of something to talk about. His host is most unsettling in his silence.

THOMAS

I have... my lord, I have questions about the, um, unfamiliar customs of the peasantry...

ORLOK reads on, without a sound.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Last night, I saw, or rather I believe I saw a band of gypsies... they ventured to a small birch grove, and -

ORLOK

Yesternight was but the eve of our Sfântul Andrei. Our common people say it is the darkest witching night when Devil's magic bids the wolf to speak with tongues of men, and every nightmare to ascend at last from torment, free to walk upon this earth.

This does not comfort THOMAS.

ORLOK lets out a Mephistophelian laugh.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

I fear we yet keep close many superstitions here that may seem backward to a young man of your high learning.

THOMAS

These gypsies, they exhumed a corpse.

ORLOK

It is their filthy ritual.

THOMAS

Yes, but -

ORLOK erupts with unexpected anger:

ORLOK

Speak not of it again!

His dread and powerful voice echoes though the high vaulted ceiling. Birds (or are they bats?) flutter in the silence.

ORLOK calms, he continues.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

How I look forward to retiring to your safe city of a modern mind, who knows nothing of...

(MORE)

ORLOK (CONT'D)
nor believes any such morbid...
fairytale. A modern city full of modern,
youthful beating hearts.

THE COUNT sits still in his chair, his fierce eyes locked on
THOMAS. Hungry.

THOMAS sits still as well. Petrified.

ORLOK (CONT'D)
Eat.

He awkwardly begins to slice some bread. When can he leave
the table and sleep!?

ORLOK keeps staring, still as death.

ORLOK (CONT'D)
You are married, Herr Hutter -

Suddenly, just as Thomas feels a chill from that question -
the loud chime of a clock strikes "four" - THOMAS flinches
from the sound!

HE CUTS HIMSELF!

ORLOK'S eyes shift to THOMAS' hand: BLOOD!

ORLOK (CONT'D)
Take heed what you do.

THOMAS
It's nothing.

ORLOK'S breathing grows louder. Louder...

ORLOK
I might ease your wound.

THOMAS senses ORLOK'S animal instinct and guards his thumb -
a reflex.

He is embarrassed by it, and lets go of his thumb...

But ORLOK stands slowly. His bestial breathing growing...

He walks toward THOMAS with dread intent...

THOMAS is motionless, shaking with fear... what is happening?

BLOOD drips from his finger...

ORLOK'S eyes sear into THOMAS...

THOMAS breathes...

ORLOK stops about six feet away, still in darkness. He is consumed with bloodlust.

Pause.

But he must remain in control.

ORLOK (CONT'D)
Come by the fire. Your face shows you
unwell.

ORLOK leads THOMAS to two large armchairs by an enormous fireplace that somehow casts little light.

THOMAS is sweaty, loosing his grip on reality. He falls into the chair.

THE COUNT stares at him hypnotically.

THOMAS is moving in and out of consciousness.

THE TWO GARGOYLES SUPPORTING THE STONE MANTEL START TO MOVE.
THEY LOOK AT THOMAS.

THOMAS gasps...

IN DARKNESS, ORLOK APPROACHES HIM...

HE BRINGS UP HIS ARMS...

THOMAS lets out a silent scream...

ORLOK LUNGES AT THOMAS WITH THE SPEED OF A TERRIBLE BEAST OF PREY, ENVELOPING HIM IN DARKNESS!!

BLACK.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

ELLEN pulls her WEDDING DRESS out from a trunk.

She holds it up... She looks at it with intense love and melancholy... She buries her face in it. She smells it, deeply. She smells it again.

ANNA (O.S.)
Why ever did you bring that here?

ANNA stands in the doorway. She looks concerned.

ELLEN is embarrassed. She fumbles with the dress.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I know you miss him. But, I daresay, you must put that away. Really, Leni.

ELLEN is now moving from embarrassment to shame. ANNA feels it. She goes to her, she smiles kindly.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Leni, what can we do for you?

ELLEN

Have no letters arrived from Thomas?

ANNA

It is only one month past. He doubtless just arrived, himself.

ELLEN

(overlapping)

But I have received nothing of his travels.

ANNA

The post would most surely be delayed.

Pause.

What might cheer this poor humor, my love?

ELLEN

I should wish to go to the shore.

This request strikes ANNA as strange.

ANNA

It is now November.

ELLEN grows in excitement immediately.

ELLEN

Please? The sea calms me. We shall bring the children? They will be delighted, I know it. I would love it. They would love it. You will love it.

ELLEN'S face is beaming. Her excitement is discomfoting.

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. GREAT HALL - MORNING

THOMAS opens his eyes. He lies on his stomach, a bit twisted up on the cold stone floor. He groans.

As he gets up, he realizes his tie is undone. His collar flaps down to the side, his shirt is somewhat open. Flecks of blood on his linen tie.

What the hell?

He moves... ouch...

He has a pain in his chest.

He walks about the hall. It's quite dark, even in daylight.

THOMAS

Hello?

Pause.

The castle is truly in ruins. Covered in debris and rubble, as if no one had lived there in a hundred years.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Count?!

His voice echoes. Where are the servants? Where is everyone?

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - DAY

THOMAS wanders the decrepit castle trying to find someone, anyone. He fills with dread as he turns every deserted corner...

-LATER

He keeps walking past corridors of stone, more unsettled...

- LATER

Finally, THOMAS sees a room with an open door...

Fearfully, he enters...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

It is a dusty bedchamber. His overcoat and other things are all there.

He walks in, opening up his shirt... headed to an ancient MIRROR on the wall... Impelled toward it...

He looks at his murky reflection: There is a triangular BITE MARK ON HIS CHEST OVER HIS HEART. Like a rat bite, only larger.

He is confused, violated - horrified.

EXT. SEASHORE - AFTERNOON

The waves crash loudly!

CLARA

Auntie Ellen, Dance with me!

ELLEN LAUGHS, dancing with CLARA AND LOUISE along the shore, with their warm shawls, bonnets and parasols.

LOUISE

Auntie Ellen, dance with me!

CLARA

With me!

ELLEN

We may all dance, round and round the fairy ring. Take hands.

ALL

Round and round the fairy ring!

ANNA laughs too, sharing a glance with ELLEN. She was right, it is fun.

Round and round the fairy ring! Round and round the fairy ring!

They spin and spin until they all fall into the sand! They laugh.

As ELLEN gets up, she sees a cluster of GRAVESTONES AND CROSSES in the nearby dunes. She points, inviting ANNA to join her gaze:

ELLEN

Look, the souls lost at sea.

-LATER - SUNSET

ANNA and ELLEN walk arm in arm, among the GRAVESTONES. A vast SUNSET behind them. THE CHILDREN play with their GOVERNESS.

ANNA

(calling out)

Be careful, now, children. Remember the undertow.

As usual, ELLEN is lost in thought.

ELLEN

Do you and Friedrich, do you ever feel as if you are playing house, as if you were not really people?

ANNA

Yes. Of course. But not so often now. With the children, it has much changed - I am an affirmed grown-up person.

ELLEN

No, that's not what I mean, it is greater... what I mean to say is that you are at the whim of another, not truly here, not alive... as if you were... dolls?

ANNA doesn't understand. In fact it frightens her, but she tries to be supportive.

ANNA

Well, of course I... everyone... we all feel out of sorts, set apart, at times. Small or even... alone.

ELLEN

It's not out of sorts.

ANNA

(overlapping)

Well, yes I -

ELLEN

It's as if there is something at play that is too big, too marvelous, too grave to explain.

ANNA

(on her heels)

God.

ANNA looks at her with seriousness. ELLEN smiles.

ELLEN

Not God, my lovely Anna, I never forget God but... I...

ELLEN fills with passion.

Look at the sky! Look at that! Look at the sea!! Can you not feel it? Does it never call to you? Urge you?

ANNA

That is God, my Leni. That is all God.
That is his power. His beauty.

ELLEN

(overlapping)

Destiny!

Was ELLEN even listening to ANNA? She stares off into the powerful horizon, the warm light igniting her eyes.

ANNA (O.S.)

Think of God, he is with you my sweet.

HOLD ON: ELLEN pining... but not for God. She secretly fondles a nearby gravestone.

INT. LIBRARY. CASTLE ORLOK - NIGHT

THOMAS looks pale, sickly. He coughs, looking like a child in the cavernous library.

ORLOK signs the document written in the same mysterious symbols as were in KNOCK'S office. And another in German. He seals them with a series of medieval formalities in BLOOD RED WAX. The ORLOK SIGIL glistens in the candlelight.

ORLOK

Now are we neighbors.

ORLOK, as usual, has his face hidden in shadow from THOMAS.

THOMAS

It is my good fortune, my lord. Forgive
my asking, my lord, but why such an...
antique residence as Grünewald Manor?
Given your disposition for modernity?

ORLOK breathes in the darkness.

ORLOK

The covenant is signed.

THOMAS

Of course...

THOMAS coughs again.

Well, I thank you and congratulate you on
your new home.

ORLOK

It is late. Do you not wish to retire?

THOMAS

If I may, my lord, if I may be slightly unsubtle in my approach... how might I invoice my travel to you? I ask, suddenly, because I wish to depart as soon as, well as soon as agreeable, my services rendered.

I am much... I have been enduring the most irregular dreams. I fear I am taken ill.

As THOMAS is eagerly putting the papers away, his SILVER HEART-SHAPED LOCKET dangles, peeking out from his waistcoat. It catches the light.

ORLOK sees it immediately.

ORLOK

A maiden's token, I see. Your bride?

THOMAS looks up and begins to tuck the locket away.

THOMAS

Oh, yes. It... yes.

ORLOK extends his hand for the locket.

ORLOK

May I?

Pause.

THOMAS feels this to be odd. Very odd.

But Orlok keeps his hand extended.

THOMAS

Of course.

Anxiously, THOMAS takes it off and hands it to ORLOK.

ORLOK breathes heavily, walking away from THOMAS.

THOMAS follows, but is afraid to get too close to THE COUNT. He sees ORLOK hold the open LOCKET in his withered palm...

THE PORTRAIT OF ELLEN ON ONE SIDE, THE LOCK OF HER HAIR ON THE OTHER.

ORLOK is transfixed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We are newly married, of late.
Incidentally, I have letters to her I
would post - If I may?

ORLOK smells the locket.

ORLOK
(to himself, inspired)
Liliac.

THOMAS
What was that, my lord?

His breathing is carnal.

ORLOK
Very good.

ORLOK says, affirming something to himself. He takes a beat,
and controls his emotions.

ORLOK (CONT'D)
You are fortunate in your love.

THOMAS is more uncomfortable. He keeps organizing his papers.

THOMAS
Providence, as Herr Knock would say.

ORLOK has disappeared into darkness.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My lord? Count?

ORLOK'S grave voice is somehow louder and more overwhelming
even as he himself is unseen:

ORLOK (O.S.)
It is an ill omen to journey in poor
health. I request that you remain and
well rest yourself, that your good
strength may soon return to you. Leave
here your letters.

THOMAS
I must protest, my lord.

ORLOK
You will obey this my council.

THOMAS
But my lord...

Silence.

My lord?

THOMAS takes a step further.

He runs into the darkness.

ORLOK is nowhere to be found...

THE LOCKET IS ON THE FLOOR.

THOMAS stops, breathing...

He has never felt so vulnerable.

THOMAS picks it up. As he closes it, it is revealed that ELLEN'S LOCK OF HAIR IS MISSING (though Thomas does NOT see this).

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN stands by the open window in her night clothes. She watches the ships in the harbor. Her white skin looking even whiter in the moonlight.

Slowly, a SHADOW drifts toward her, reaching...

IT IS THE SHADOW OF ORLOK'S HAND.

ORLOK (V.O.)
(whispered)
Be-ri-ta od zodacame ji-micalazodo.

THE DARK CLAW GRASPS HER TIGHT.

ELLEN feels the shadow overwhelm her. She is seized with emotion, is it terror? Is it elation? Her breathing becomes sensual. All her senses aroused, her eyes grow wider. Her pupils expand. Her breath quickens...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK - AFTERNOON

THOMAS wanders through the castle. Every door is locked.

He has grown more pale, weaker. His eyes look mad.

He is in a panic.

EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

THOMAS runs to the main gate of the barbican. It is bolted and locked.

He knows for certain that ORLOK has locked him in.

-LATER

THOMAS is scouring the courtyard for some other way out.

He pulls on another door. No use.

He walks past many oblong shaped WOODEN CRATES, coffin-like, all stacked in the courtyard.

-LATER

He finds another door. It is surely locked too, but it is very weather-beaten. He can break in!

THOMAS picks up a stone from one of the fallen battlements...

HE smashes the door!

Dozens of BATS burst out of the door screeching!

They throw THOMAS to the ground! He shouts in fear!

He pulls himself together.

Pause.

He enters...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CRYPT - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS walks slowly... his irises adjusting to the darkness.

He breathes heavily as he walks down a long, dank, dripping corridor.

In front of him is a steep stairwell. He descends...

His heart is racing...

Breathing...

As he reaches the bottom of the staircase, he fumbles, not seeing the last step...

THOMAS looks: He is in the castle's CATACOMBS. A few rats scuttle by his feet.

The rank smell of death is thick in the musty air. It stings THOMAS' eyes.

He walks past stone coffins, scores of skeletons in recessed tombs...

There are also many shovels stuck in the dirt floor. The shovels surround deep holes in the earth, as if someone had been collecting the dirt.

There is a LARGE STONE COFFIN in the center of the vault.

He is drawn to it.

THOMAS sees a few dim beams of sunlight from the outside streak across the crypt.

As he nears the COFFIN, he sees that it is adorned with a MAGICAL HEPTAGRAM (similar to what was painted on Knock's floor), in the center, THE ORLOK SIGIL.

It compels him forward...

He holds his breath...

He pushes open the coffin lid... it lands with a dusty thud...

WITHIN IS THE BODY OF ORLOK!

He is a horrible mangled creature, naked and half-buried in the rat-infested earth. His jaundiced leathery flesh is bloated and bruised in the glands and stomach. Blood leaks from all of his orifices, especially his slightly open mouth, revealing sharp carnivorous teeth. His eyes wide open: dead, murky and colorless.

THOMAS trembles with insanity, nearly falling backward.

He picks up a nearby shovel to strike ORLOK. He lifts the shovel up high... he thrusts it into the coffin...

Behind him the dim beams of SUNLIGHT begin to fade into darkness...

ORLOK'S eyes grow conscious...

Just then, ORLOK'S hand grabs the shovel... with incredible strength, he jerks it from THOMAS' hand...

ORLOK begins to rise from his coffin...

THOMAS runs!

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THOMAS keeps running in a trance, heavy breathing, the castle walls caving in on him. His heartbeat pounding his brains to bits.

BLACK WOLVES chase him like phantoms, growling and barking.

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS slams the door of his chamber. WOLVES jumping against the door! Their ferocity is relentless.

THOMAS moves a massive oak wardrobe in front of the door.

He breathes, his back against the wardrobe.

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. DARKNESS - MOMENTS LATER

ORLOK is still. He holds ELLEN'S LOCK OF HAIR. He buries his face within his hands. He smells it. Deeply.

His devilish eyes fill with desire... they roll back in his head, becoming WHITE.

Slowly, he raises his hand as a great magician... his claw is tense with unimaginable power...

ORLOK (V.O.)
(whispered)
Brita od zacam g micalza sobol.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - THE SAME TIME

ELLEN is asleep. She opens her eyes calmly, but very wide.

She rises from bed, as if hypnotized.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN sleepwalks, sylph-like, through the cold house wearing nothing but a thin nightgown. She is perspiring heavily. Her chest heaves. Her mouth open, breathing sensually. Louder... Louder...

She heads toward the stairs.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. BED CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

HARDING and ANNA are making love in their resplendent bed. They kiss sweetly, lovingly. Quietly.

Suddenly, they hear FOOTSTEPS. Creaking floorboards.

ANNA
(whispered)
Stop.

HARDING doesn't want to. He doesn't.

HARDING
(whispered)
What?

ANNA
(whispered)
Stop my love. Do you hear that?

He stops.

THE FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER.

ANNA calls out:

ANNA (CONT'D)
Clara? Is that you?

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

ORLOK lurks, walking slowly, steadily, in darkness. Each undead footstep echoing through the castle...

Closer and closer to THOMAS...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS is in a trance, eyes wide open like Ellen's.

He can hear Orlok's footsteps steadily approaching...

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door of the Harding's house is wide open and ELLEN walks barefoot into the street. Her erotic breathing growing more extreme...

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

THE PHANTOM SHADOW OF ORLOK looms over THOMAS as he tremors with fever in his bed - and ORLOK is not in the room!

HE gets up away from the door, moving the wardrobe...

He stands back...

The door slowly opens...

ORLOK stands in the distance surrounded by the WOLVES sitting tame at his feet. His eyes smolder with fury and bloodlust.

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN nears the edge of the quay, dangerously close to a canal...

HARDING, ANNA and one of the SERVANTS rush out of the house after her!

HARDING
Ellen! Ellen!

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER -

ORLOK gets closer to THOMAS.

Closer... closer...

THOMAS' breathing growing louder... louder...

ORLOK RAISES HIS TALONS!

HE BARES HIS TEETH!

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN'S eyes grow even more huge! She is orgasmic!!

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - SAME MOMENT

ORLOK STANDS, TOWERING ABOVE THOMAS... HE SLOWLY BRINGS UP HIS CLAWS...

THOMAS SHUDDERS.

IMAGE: THOMAS POV: ELLEN STANDS ENTIRELY NAKED ABOVE THOMAS (in the same position as Orlok is in).

ORLOK ATTACKS THOMAS!

IMAGE: ORLOK LIFTS UP THOMAS IN A SWIRL OF DARKNESS - THOMAS GIVES IN TO HIS POWER (does he like it?) - SUFFOCATING - HE CAN'T BREATHE. THEY SEEM TO LEVITATE IN ECSTASY.

IMAGE: CU: ELLEN'S WHITE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT, HER MOUTH DRIPPING RED BLOOD - HER EYES INSANE!

WIDE: ORLOK'S WHOLE BODY LIES ON TOP OF THOMAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE - LIKE A LEECH - HIS HEAD AND HUNCHED BACK PULSING... DRINKING THOMAS' BLOOD FROM HIS BREAST!

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

ELLEN FAINTS, COLLAPSING TO THE COBBLESTONES!

BLACK.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Several flickering lamps illuminate ELLEN'S guest room. A little porcelain-faced clock ticks balefully in the late hours of the night.

A tall, kind-eyed gentleman, DOCTOR SIEVERS (40s), is by ELLEN'S side packing up his bag. She moans a bit, asleep.

SIEVERS
Hutter's wife?

HARDING
Yes.

SIEVERS
Always struck me as an anxious strange fellow. Quite a dandy at your last Christmas gala - for one of his standing. I heard his wife is rather...

HARDING
Yes, well, he's almost a younger brother to me, Sievers.

SIEVERS
None of my business.

HARDING
What is the matter, then?

SIEVERS

In mild cases of somnambulism -
sleepwalking - it is brought on by a
congestion of the blood. Too much blood.
Perhaps she was in a somewhat odd
position beforehand. She should be
sleeping in her corset.

HARDING

Yet she has had these fits in her past.
Troubled nerves, melancholia, and so on.

SIEVERS

I see. If it continues, let me know of
it, but for now, keep it from your
worries.

HARDING

Yes. Of course.

SIEVERS

You can always tie her to the bed.

SIEVERS tries to be humorous. HARDING laughs a little to be
polite, though he finds the joke distasteful.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

And how are you and Anna managing? It has
been a year now.

HARDING

Yes, thirteen months. We are well enough.
Thank you, Sievers.

SIEVERS

You father's passing was... it hit us all
very hard in Wisburg.

HARDING

You were a good friend to him.

SIEVERS

That I could have done more.

HARDING

Not a word about it.

Suddenly ELLEN starts to mumble in a strange way. Yearning.

ELLEN

(whispered)

He is coming to me.

HARDING looks concerned, and uncomfortable by her sexual expressiveness.

SIEVERS
I'll increase the laudanum.

SIEVERS douses a handkerchief in the laudanum and covers ELLEN's mouth and nose.

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - DAWN

THOMAS awakes in pain, very little blood left in his body, half dead. He is delirious. He looks around. His shirt and waistcoat are bloody and have been torn open...

THOMAS must escape! Just then he hears a terrible growling! He turns around. His door is open and THE WOLVES are stalking him! Growling, entering the chamber....

In a panic, THOMAS climbs on the ledge, WOLVES chase him, jumping at him - THOMAS climbs out the window just in time!

EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

THOMAS teeters outside the window... WOLVES howling and barking into the morning air...

He feebly grasps the stone... He puts his foot into a recess...

He tries to climb down the tall tower...

He is five stories high... The mountain wind is relentless...

He is very ill, and even a fit climber would be inept...

He moves further down...

He loses his grip...

His fingers slipping...

He screams, falling into the mist below...

EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

A raging river flows.

BAREFOOTED MAGYARS guide a primitive raft stacked full of COFFIN-SHAPED WOODEN CRATES down the river way. They holler in their language.

The water surges.

EXT. SEASIDE - SUNSET

ELLEN sits like a ghost wrapped in blankets in her wicker convalescent chair.

ELLEN
Nothing of Thomas - nothing?

HARDING AND ANNA, in furs, are by her. The children are not with them.

SEAGULLS fly low, screeching their plaintive cry over the setting SUN.

ANNA
(overlapping)
No. I mean, yes. We have heard nothing.

ELLEN
(to Harding)
Not even to your... at the shipyard? And Herr Knock?

HARDING
Still no trace of him. The firm is in daily chaos.

ELLEN
I never liked that man. Never. I shall call upon the office myself.

HARDING
(chastising)
Please, Frau Hutter, no, of course not.

ELLEN
Thomas -

HARDING
Again, for heaven's sake, you cannot leave unaccompanied. I shall send someone tomorrow, and again, and again, until he is found.

ELLEN'S concern worsens. She looks out to the sea.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Thomas is fine. I am sure of it.

ANNA
Leni, it is near sundown, we really
should be leaving.

ELLEN keeps staring out to the sea. Lost.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Leni...?

ELLEN'S eyes fill with tears.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Leni?

ELLEN
A moment longer... please.

-LATER

HARDING AND ANNA are walking away from ELLEN. THE SUN quickly disappearing behind them in the foreboding purple sky. NIGHT approaches...

HARDING
Is it wise, taking her out here? It's
bloody freezing.

ANNA
I thought it might show some change in
her. She loves the sea so.

HARDING
I shall have Doctor Sievers pay another
call.

ANNA
It cannot go on like this. Clara asked me
today if Aunty Ellen has become a ghost.

HARDING
I thought it was agreed you were to keep
the girls from her.

ANNA
Friedrich, be not a churl, please -

HARDING
Forgive me, my love. And how is our
little Friedrich?

He touches her belly. She smiles a bit.

ANNA
Well.

HARDING leans in and kisses her. ANNA blushes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Really, Friedrich, in public.

HARDING
I cannot resist you, my love.

ANNA smiles, and then looks over her shoulder... She screams:

ANNA
Ellen! Leni!!!

The SUN has set and ELLEN has buried herself in the sand, the waves washing over her body... her skirts are up around her waist. One of her white legs is bare, the other in just a stocking... her thighs exposed... her satin shoes roll out into the sea. She laughs sensually... her body convulsing erotically...

ELLEN
He is coming to me. He is coming!

The waves keep rushing over her as she writhes, ANNA and HARDING running to pull her up.

EXT. VARNA. HARBOR - NIGHT

DOCKHANDS are busy loading COFFIN-SHAPED WOODEN CRATES onto a TOPSAIL SCHOONER: THE EMPUSA.

A rough and rugged RUSSIAN SHIP CAPTAIN (50s) argues with the CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitled)
Nay. We leave port tonight. I've been granted a heavy sum what tells me so.

THE INSPECTOR reads his documents by lamplight. Seagulls caw.

INSPECTOR
(Russian, Subtitled)
Seven crates of soil for...
(looking closer)
Experimentation?

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitles)
I never question my freight. Sign it and hasten your work. The wind is in my favor.

-LATER

THE INSPECTOR is suspicious. He orders one of the crates emptied.

-LATER

THE CRATES are sealed with THE ORLOK SIGIL. A DOCKHAND breaks one open.

The earth pours out. A terrible smell!

Rats swarm through the corrupt earth. The dockhands are disgusted.

Suddenly, one of THE RATS bites a barefooted dockhand. He shouts.

THE RATS have run amuck, deckhands everywhere trying to kill the vermin. Chaos.

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. SIEVERS' OFFICE - DAY

A hostile scream is heard in the distance.

SIEVERS

A new patient?

SIEVERS turns from his fastidiously-ordered desk, cleaning his glasses. His chair creaks.

A uniformed ORDERLY (50s) mops the sweat from his brow in front of SIEVERS.

The strange, pained screaming continues echoing in the halls.

ORDERLY

Yes sir, he's... we stowed 'em downstairs, in one of them old cells, sir.

SIEVERS

(overlapping)

I have strictly forbidden-

ORDERLY

Beggin' your pardon, Doctor, sir, but he's stark raving mad.

SIEVERS

Out of the question. This impudence, is-

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Sir, I saw him, sir...

THE ORDERLY continues... it seems he is in a mild state of shock.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)
... a little old soul he looks, but on my life he's a strong-un, he is. Screamin' and a-groanin', nearly bit me arm off, he did. Found him outside of the Luther market... he'd killed three sheep, with his bare hands - three big-uns - and he was eatin' em raw-like. Raw!

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. BASEMENT - DAY

SIEVERS walks with THE ORDERLY down the stairs to the old 18th century cells. The ones in the basement. The ones they don't like to talk about - from before the reform.

An eerie weeping is heard from inside the cell...

-MOMENTS LATER

THE ORDERLY opens the old wooden door, nearly two feet thick...

They enter...

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

It is very dark. In the far corner of the cold, damp room is a HUNCHED FIGURE rocking back and forth, weeping. A murky shaft of light escapes through the small barred window.

Strange symbols (the same writing that Knock and Orlok use to communicate) have been scratched into the cracked plaster walls.

SIEVERS slowly approaches. THE ORDERLY stands close by.

SIEVERS
Hello... Good day, mein Herr. I am Doctor Sievers.

THE FIGURE keeps weeping. PIGEONS fly about the cell.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)
What, what seems to be the trouble?

KNOCK
No trouble. Providence. Providence. He is coming to us.

His weeping turns into a laugh... a familiar laugh.

SIEVERS

I see. Can you tell me your name, Herr...
Herr...?

KNOCK

(overlapping)

No one. I am no one. His servant.

SIEVERS

And um, what do you have there?

The laughter continues.

He turns around. It is KNOCK, dried blood upon his chin and expensive shirt front. His eyes are pitifully deranged. They are somehow missing the spark of human-ness.

By his side is a collection of dead cockroaches, spiders, birds and so on.

KNOCK

Lives. Gifts bestowed from his Lordship.
(laughs)

He eats one of the spiders. He laughs.

Suddenly, KNOCK scuttles along the straw-strewn floor and catches one of the waddling PIGEONS. He pets it.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

She is a pretty one.

(jealous)

His Lordship loves the pretty ones best.

KNOCK presses the PIGEON against his face.

SIEVERS

His Lordship?

KNOCK becomes very excited...

KNOCK

Infinity... Eyes shining like a jeweled
diadem. Putrescence. Asphyxience.

KNOCK PUTS THE PIGEON'S HEAD IN HIS MOUTH.

Beat.

KNOCK BITES THE HEAD OFF THE PIGEON! He swallows it!

KNOCK (CONT'D)
Devourence.

SIEVERS stays calm.

SIEVERS
Now, my good fellow, why would you do
that?

SIEVERS walks toward him. THE ORDERLY follows with his club
ready.

KNOCK flinches, afraid.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)
(to The Orderly)
It's alright.
(To Knock)
No one wants to hurt you, my dear friend.

SIEVERS walks closer.

KNOCK
He is coming. He is coming to us.

Closer...

SIEVERS
Who, who is?

KNOCK
I invoked his Lordship! 'Twas I alone
that found him, for I know what He
covets. And He sends upon you curses,
confusion, affliction and rebuke, for you
have forsaken me! I see what your destiny
holds, and He shall reign over all your
empty corpses! Devourence! Devourence!!!

KNOCK ATTACKS SIEVERS!!

THE ORDERLY blows his whistle and pulls them apart.

TWO MORE ATTENDANTS rush in, they throw pails of water on
KNOCK and beat him with their clubs.

KNOCK laughs and laughs, spitting, struggling and bleeding on
the floor. He seems to enjoy the beating.

KNOCK (CONT'D)
He is coming!

Whack! Whack!! WHACK!!!

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN, her eyes wide, tosses and turns violently in bed.
Moaning. Ecstasy or pain?

ELLEN
(whispered)
He is coming.

DR. SIEVERS tightens the laces of her corset as HARDING holds her down. They can barely contain her.

ANNA stands by in distress.

ELLEN screams - then stops, tense... bending backward, her heels nearly at her shoulders - her eyes roll back in her head, she opens her mouth wide, half silent scream, half smile... she sticks out her tongue as far as it can go... she begins to drool.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

SIEVERS stands by HARDING'S billiard table, cleaning his glasses. His eyes teem with concern.

HARDING listlessly rolls the balls around the table. He is distracted. Tired.

SIEVERS
I... I lament to tell you this...
Hutter's employer, Herr Knock, he... he
was admitted to the hospital this
morning.

HARDING looks up quickly.

HARDING
What? Did you speak to him of Thomas?

SIEVERS
He's mad.

HARDING
Mad?

SIEVERS
Incontinent. Doesn't know who he is...
and Friedrich, he... well, the wretched
fellow - while inflamed with some sort of
religious mania - he shares a similar
motto to Frau Hutter: "He is coming to
us."

HARDING

What?

SIEVERS

Which brings me to the specialist -

HARDING

Yes, Dr. Bulwer!

SIEVERS

Bulwer is absent from the country.

HARDING

For how long?

SIEVERS

Spring. The Americas.

HARDING

Damnation. I promised Thomas I would...

(to himself)

Where the hell are you, Thomas!!?

EXT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY - NIGHT

THOMAS is alive - barely.

He is crawling through the wind and snow, shivering. He's even whiter than the snow he crawls through. He must go onward...

In the distance is a faint light, it catches his face. He can almost feel the warmth, he basks in it.

Several hundred feet away is a primitive wooden ORTHODOX CHURCH - A MONASTERY. Thank God!

INT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY - CHURCH - NIGHT

THOMAS' limp body is carried by dozens of ORTHODOX NUNS in their strange black habits. He shivers uncontrollably.

Small women's hands of all ages pass over his body.

They walk him through the halls of the wooden church. Every inch is covered in frescos of saints, illuminated by hundreds of candles.

The NUNS pray and pray. He breathes heavily, pained.

THEY SEE HIS VAMPIRE BITE. Their praying, their singing grows louder.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

SIEVERS

Well... There is... there is one.

SIEVERS seems strangely reluctant.

HARDING

Who?

SIEVERS

A man by the name of Franz. Swiss.

HARDING

(slightly horrified)

Swiss?

SIEVERS

Professor Albin Eberhart von Franz. An eminent physician and scholar in Zürich, when I was at school. My finest teacher.

HARDING

Send a message to Zürich then.

SIEVERS

No. He is here. In Wisburg.

HARDING

Why haven't you told me, man? This is capital news. Dammit man, why didn't you think of this be-

SIEVERS

Well, you see, he... von Franz is the most learned in the field... his output, his mind... staggering-

HARDING

I'll spare no expense.

SIEVERS

No, you misunderstand me, Friedrich. It falls hard on me to recommend him, as my association could blacken my name. He was tossed out of the university - laughed out of his home country.

HARDING

What?

SIEVERS

It grieves me to say, but he became
obsessed with the work of Paracelsus and
the like.

HARDING

I'm a ship-man, Sievers.

SIEVERS

Alchemy, mystic philosophy... the occult.

This chills HARDING.

INT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY - CELL - NIGHT

THOMAS lies in a strange bed, shirtless and profusely sweating. He trembles in agony. He is wearing a garlic wreath, and icons and crosses have been placed all over his body.

NUNS pray around him, some beat him with whitethorn branches. He bleeds from the constant flagellation.

The tiny, old SCHEMA ABBESS(90s) holds her wrinkled hands over him, exorcizing the sickness from him. She shouts her prayers, dousing him with holy water. She presses her hands firmly on his head: She shouts!

ABBESS

(Romanian, Subtitles)

I cast you into hell!

Suddenly, THOMAS inhales... his eyes open wide:

THOMAS

No! Orlok! No!!

At the name Orlok, the ABBESS is seized with terror.

He rises from the bed, drenched in perspiration, the clutter of religious objects falling from his chest.

- LATER

THOMAS is swaddled in blankets, listening intently, still shaking. THE OLD SCHEMA ABBESS speaks to him in Romanian. A young novice translates for her:

NOVICE

A black magician he was in life.
Solomanari. He wished to conquer death.

(MORE)

NOVICE (CONT'D)

The Devil preserved his soul that his
corpse may walk again. Immortal.

THE ABBESS continues, she gesticulates with fervor.

NOVICE (CONT'D)

His evil magic infects your mind.

THOMAS breaks down into tears.

THOMAS

No! It was a dream! I must leave...

NOVICE

You are not yet well. You are lost in his
shadow.

THOMAS

I must leave! I have to find my papers,
I... I must join the firm...

NOVICE

Remain here. It is safe. His evil cannot
enter this house of God.

THOMAS

He wishes to buy a house in Wisburg. I
must...

NOVICE

But he cannot leave his ancestral home.
At the first crow of cock he must return
to his grave - to the earth wherein he
was buried.

THOMAS

It was a dream! This is a dream!!

EXT. BLACK SEA - DAWN

Waves crash against THE EMPUSA. Its rust-colored sails full
of wind. It flies with rapid speed through the sea, bound for
Wisburg.

INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - DAWN

ORLOK'S boxes of earth sit menacingly in the creaking bowels
of THE EMPUSA.

EXT. WISBURG STREET - NIGHT

SIEVERS and HARDING walk in the frosty night. They are in a bad neighborhood. Dogs barking. Homeless beggars. Garbage overflowing in the gutters. NIGHT SOIL MEN shovel dung into their carts.

SIEVERS

The scientific community is bent on a crusade to prove his work drove him to madness.

HARDING

I am responsible for Thomas' wife-

HARDING nearly bumps into a DRUNKARD urinating in the street, who curses him: "Bleedin' dandy bum-boy!"

SIEVERS

But it's a sham. A sham. They were threatened... I assure you, Harding, he may be a bit... unconventional, but he will know the cause.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

HARDING and SIEVERS walk up the stairs of a dilapidated boarding house. The treads creak and crack with every step. The rabid barking of alleyway dogs is heard through the broken windows.

-MOMENTS LATER

They stand cramped in front of an attic DOOR. SIEVERS knocks with his walking stick.

SIEVERS

Professor von Franz?

No response.

Sooty sconces drip wax down the buckling wall. HARDING looks all the more unsure.

SIEVERS knocks again.

A weak aged voice answers:

VON FRANZ (O.S.)

Leave me be.

SIEVERS

It is your former student-

The voice booms:

VON FRANZ (O.S.)
Avaunt! Be gone I say!

SIEVERS tries the handle, he opens it...

INT. VON FRANZ'S ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

SIEVERS
Please, Professor...

HARDING AND SIEVERS are aghast. VON FRANZ'S attic flat is an absolute catastrophe. Piles of books everywhere - some holding up broken chairs, cabinets of occult curiosities, esoteric charts (some written in a similar writing to what Knock and Orlok communicate with), and every surface is covered in old china, crumbs and dust. Dust, dust and more dust. Not to mention the soot from his little coal stove rattling away.

A mumbling and muttering is heard... it is VON FRANZ. He sits, smoking his pipe. Several giant old books on his lap. He wears an oriental robe and slippers. His disheveled hair is long, tied in a little cue in the back. His white mustaches are upturned, and yellowed from his incessant smoking. He holds his large SIGNET RING like an amulet.

He seems hypnotized, or mad. Or maybe just very old - drifting in and out of senility.

VON FRANZ
(to himself)
I had nearly unlocked the final key of
the *Mysteriorum Libri Quinque* of our
blessèd *Johannus Dee*.

SIEVERS
I am sorry Professor, I...

VON FRANZ
(to himself)
Angels and Daemons preserve him.

He crosses himself.

No. No matter. I had miscalculated the
stars. Hermes will not render my black
sulfur gold this evening.

VON FRANZ begins mumbling to himself, rubbing his ring.

HARDING is uncomfortable and disappointed, he clearly thinks the old man is mad.

HARDING

Yes, we shan't trouble you further, we must take our leave.

SIEVERS walks toward VON FRANZ.

SIEVERS

Good night, Professor.

SIEVERS puts his hand on VON FRANZ's hand.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

Nolite dare sanctum canibus.

(Subtitle: Do not reveal what is sacred to dogs.)

VON FRANZ looks up. His eyes are nearly as intense as Orlok's. They sparkle in the candlelight. He looks at SIEVERS through a quizzing-glass (magnifying glass worn on a ribbon around one's neck) He sees SIEVERS. He laughs. Suddenly, he has come alive!

VON FRANZ (O.S.)

Neque mittatis margaritas vestra ante porcos!

(Subtitle: Nor cast your pearls before swine.)

My dear young Sievers, or do my dying eyes deceive me? I should have known!

VON FRANZ stands, laughing, his books falling to the floor.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Embrace me, my boy!

VON FRANZ laughs heartily. They hug. Dust flies off of VON FRANZ'S clothing.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

I sensed something... I sensed something was imminently approaching. I thought it ill, but it must have been you! (*laughs*)

Now, what is the matter?

He looks at HARDING'S bewildered face.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Ah, I see, yes. Your friend's dear wife:
she is a morbid melancholic experiencing
acute hysteria manifested in protracted
fits of somnambulistic delirium.

SIEVERS looks triumphant. HARDING'S mouth hangs open a bit in
disbelief.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

You look tired, young man.

VON FRANZ dumps out a few partly filled china cups into a
basin. He pulls out a bottle:

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Schnapps?

INT. HOSPITAL. OUTSIDE KNOCK'S CELL - NIGHT

THE ORDERLY and ATTENDANT smoke their pipes and look at a
NEWSPAPER with worry.

ORDERLY

Say it sprang up in the port of Varna.
Already to Prague, they say.

ATTENDANT

No, nay.

INT. HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - SAME MOMENT

KNOCK'S hair has been crudely shorn. He is strapped into a
chair that looks like a torture device. His trousers are
removed, as there is a chamber pot attached to the bottom of
the seat. All of his limbs are strapped down and his head is
held up vertically with a metal vice. He laughs.

With every laugh he is caused great pain by the head-vice. He
laughs again.

He listens to the workers talk outside his cell.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

It's a-spreadin' like wildfire.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Imagine, rats a-runnin' mad, all over
civilized cities.

ORDERLY (O.S.)
 People strollin' outta bed as any a-day,
 and droppin' down dead afore they comes
 home.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
 It ain't true.

ORDERLY (O.S.)
 Come on, read the paper, then, read it:

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
*"The contagion is ardent. In the most
 violent cases, death occurs within hours
 of the appearance of symptoms."* The
 bloody Middle Ages come back to haunt us.

KNOCK laughs like a hyena overhearing this. He shakes in his
 chair. It creaks and cracks, the leather straps and buckles
 pressing into his flesh - the metal head-vice fighting
 against his every movement.

KNOCK
 His Lordship cometh. Providence! (*laughs*)
 Providence! (*laughs*)

EXT. BLACK SEA - EVENING

The Empusa sails on into the dusk. The wind is strong.

INT. EMPUSA. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - EVENING

THE CAPTAIN shouts, his hands pressed firm upon his table
 covered in maps, logs, and a bottle of vodka.

CAPTAIN
 (Russian, Subtitled)
 Coward!

A LAMP swings above him, shadows and flame moving to and fro
 on his distempered face.

THE FIRST MATE (30s) is against the wall. He is tall, brawny
 and clearly an able seaman - yet his eyes plead like a child.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 (Russian, Subtitled)
 Return to deck.

FIRST MATE
 (Russian, Subtitled)
 We've lost another man, Captain.

THE CAPTAIN looks ill at ease.

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
Vasilyev.

THE CAPTAIN twists his mustache in regret.

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
(Russian, Subtitled)
Some of the men, Captain, they say there
is a... a something, a man or a... a
spirit aboard the ship.

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitled)
Enough.

FIRST MATE
(Russian, Subtitled)
The ship's bewitched, Captain.

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitled)
Quarantine the sick, and double all
duties.

THE FIRST MATE stays strong.

FIRST MATE
(Russian, Subtitled)
Captain-

THE CAPTAIN throws a thick drinking glass at him. It hits the
wall!

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitled)
Enough, I say! There is no witchery upon
my ship, you hear? End this folly at
once.

FIRST MATE
(Russian, Subtitled)
Aye, aye.

CAPTAIN
(Russian, Subtitled)
We remain on course.

THE FIRST MATE tries to hide his spite and fear.

FIRST MATE
(Russian, Subtitled)
Aye, Captain.

INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A pale young CABIN BOY (13) lays on the floor of the hold, by ORLOK'S boxes, shivering... BLOODY spots on his shirt. He is near death.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Dusty old VON FRANZ looks out of place in HARDING'S beautiful home. He bows in a very courtly old-fashioned way to ANNA.

VON FRANZ

It gives me the greatest pleasure that I
should have the honor to form your
acquaintance.

ANNA is charmed by the old man's out-of-date formalism.

ANNA

The pleasure is mine.

VON FRANZ rises and looks her in the eye.

VON FRANZ

And my congratulations, my dear Frau
Harding.

ANNA

Are congratulations in order?

VON FRANZ

You are with child, are you not?

HARDING, SIEVERS and ANNA are amazed - if a bit embarrassed.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Now, let us see our fair patient, shall
we?

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - DAY

ELLEN has been restrained, tied down to the bed. She is pale, damp, exhausted. Her eyes are red and swollen. Her bedclothes saturated with perspiration. It has been turned to a sickroom, all the luxuries have been carried away. All that remains is her bed, a chair, a chamber pot and pail, and a few plants in the window. GRETA, the cat, however, is with her.

VON FRANZ

Untie this child at once!

HARDING

It is all I could do to keep her from
tearing the room to ribbons. She -

VON FRANZ

Untie her.

VON FRANZ unties her. HARDING does so as well, in shame.
SIEVERS helps.

ELLEN sees VON FRANZ and looks at him with hope, she smiles,
but her voice is very strained - drugged.

ELLEN

You are the doctor our kind Sievers spoke
of?

VON FRANZ

(to Sievers)

Drugged?

SIEVERS

I have been administering an opiate. She
must rest by day, for her body is in
utter stress all the night.

VON FRANZ

(overlapping)

She cannot be clouded. Step away. Step
away!

VON FRANZ sits beside the bed.

(to Ellen)

My dear creature, yes, I am he, and I am
here to help you.

ELLEN, now unrestrained, holds GRETA tight.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Is she yours?

ELLEN

Greta? (*laughs*) She has no master nor
mistress.

VON FRANZ

(*laughs*) I see.

He pets GRETA and looks at ELLEN.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Dr. Sievers tells me you have had these
spells since childhood.

ELLEN nods yes.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
Would you describe them to me?

While her voice is weak, she speaks with ease, without shame.

ELLEN
Father... he would find me walking
barefoot in our fields... within the
forest... as if... he always said it was
if I were seeking something. I was his
little changeling girl.

VON FRANZ
I see.

ELLEN grows uneasy.

ELLEN
As... I became older it grew worse, not
only sleepwalking, but the nightmares,
the epilepsies... it... I...

VON FRANZ
Pray, continue.

ELLEN begins to see the story she is telling more vividly.
Reexperiencing the emotions.

ELLEN
It frightened him. At last he found me
once laying... unclothed, I was... my
body... my flesh... my... my...

Everyone is embarrassed, except for VON FRANZ.

Evil, he said... He would have sent me
to someplace... I shan't go... I -

VON FRANZ
No, no.

ELLEN
It all ended when first I met my Thomas.

VON FRANZ
Your husband.

ELLEN
I became as normal.

VON FRANZ
Yet theses dreams and night wanderings
have returned to you?

ELLEN
He left on a fool's errand. He wouldn't
hear me.

ELLEN leans closer to VON FRANZ, afraid.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Professor... is evil within us or does it
come from the outside?

VON FRANZ
My child -

ELLEN
I fear my destiny.

EXT. EMPUSA. DECK - SUNSET

A violent gale has begun. Freezing rain. Sleet.

THREE BODIES wrapped in sewn canvas body bags are dropped
over the ship's rail, into the sea.

Waves crash against the ship. It rocks back and forth.

A DECK HAND AND THE FIRST MATE stand by holding their hats,
grieving, and shivering in their icy oilskins.

DECK HAND
(Russian, Subtitled)
The sun is setting. This devil will rise
again.

THE FIRST MATE is filling with rage. He looks out at the
hellish moonrise. He has to put an end to this!

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The room is now quite dark.

VON FRANZ
Her trance state is begun.

ELLEN'S eyes are in their wide somnambulistic state. A quick
breath parts her lips.

VON FRANZ presses on her body very hard... Her wrists, her
neck...

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 You have bled her to decrease the
 congestion.

SIEVERS
 Of course.

He lifts up her chemise and presses firmly on her womb...

VON FRANZ
 And her menstruations are also?

SIEVERS
 Liberal.

ELLEN'S breathing increases...

VON FRANZ
 A taper, please.

SIEVERS lights a candle. VON FRANZ holds it near her eyes,
 peering through his quizzing-glass.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 The pupil is expanded. It does not
 contract naturally to light.

SIEVERS
 Impossible.

VON FRANZ
 A second sight. She is no longer here.

VON FRANZ places his palm on ELLEN'S FOREHEAD.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 (to Ellen)
 What do you see, my child?

ELLEN
 I... I...

VON FRANZ
 I charge you, speak now what you see.

ELLEN
 Eternal night... a spectre of death...
 cold as ice... He... he... spreads his
 shadow... and... and... he is coming-

VON FRANZ
 Who, who is coming to you my child?

ELLEN

...

VON FRANZ

Who?!

ELLEN'S muscles tense... Her breathing becomes rapid..

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Who, damn you!? Speak!!

VON FRANZ grabs her shoulders as she begins to writhe - he shakes her!

ANNA

(overlapping)

Please, Professor!

VON FRANZ

I will not harm her.

ELLEN'S FIT BUILDS. HER BODY CONTORTS... HER VOICE STIFLED...

ELLEN

I am promised to him.

VON FRANZ

Promised? Promised?!

ANNA

(overlapping)

She means her husband!

ELLEN TRIES TO BREAK FROM HER FIT, SCREAMING:

ELLEN

Help me! Help me!

SHE HOLDS VON FRANZ'S LAPELS, TIGHT... SHE CLENCHES HER FISTS HARDER, HARDER... TEARING THE BUTTONS FROM OFF OF HIS JACKET... SCREAMING

SUDDENLY, SHE BREAKS AWAY FROM HIM, NEARLY THROWING HIM TO THE GROUND.

SHE RUNS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM. ON THE WINDOWSILL ARE THE POTTED PLANTS...

SHE LIFTS UP THE POT AND SMASHES IT AGAINST THE GROUND! AND ANOTHER...

HARDING & ANNA

No! Ellen -

VON FRANZ

No!

In stead of attacking them with the shards of the pot ELLEN BEGINS SMEARING DIRT ALL OVER HER BODY, LAUGHING...

SUDDENLY, HER EYES ROLL BACK INTO HER HEAD, HER MUSCLES TENSE, SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND AND BEGINS TO HAVE A SEIZURE!

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 Damnation! Hold her!

INT. HARDING HOUSE. FRONT DRAWING ROOM - LATER

VON FRANZ lights his pipe. Everyone is horrified standing or sitting in the dark drawing room. ELLEN'S screaming is heard in the background.

VON FRANZ
 As I feared.

SIEVERS
 Yes?

VON FRANZ
 Yes.

HARDING
 Well?

VON FRANZ
 Well what, my boy? She is cursed.

HARDING
 Cursed?

VON FRANZ
 Yes, cursed. The dear young creature is obsessed of some spirit, some daemon.

HARDING
 I beg your pardon?

SIEVERS
 I assure you, Harding, the good Professor means this as hyperbole.

VON FRANZ
 No, I mean a daemon.

HARDING
 You jest-

SIEVERS
 What of your discovery of macabre hallucination pathologies -

VON FRANZ
This is not one!

HARDING
You scarcely looked at her!

VON FRANZ
(overlapping)
Daemonic spirits more easily obsess those
whose lower animal functions dominate;
hysterics, children, lunatics... which
reminds me - Sievers, you must introduce
me to your lunatic tomorrow.

SIEVERS
Yes of course, but Professor -

VON FRANZ
I believe she has always been conductive
to these cosmic forces. The lunatic...
perhaps.

This terrifies HARDING.

SIEVERS
Do you then acknowledge a connection
between these cases?

VON FRANZ
That is the question.

HARDING
(to himself)
Oh, this is just capital. Capital.

ANNA
I tell you, it is the manner of her
husband's disappearance!

VON FRANZ
It is probable that a spirit may use such
logic to its advantage. I must to my
studies. Frau Harding, sit with her,
observe her, report her behavior.
Sievers, no laudanum.

SIEVERS
She will rave all the night.

VON FRANZ
Then rave she must! There is a dread
storm rising!

ELLEN'S SCREAMING FROM UPSTAIRS GROWS LOUDER!

THUNDER CLAPS!

EXT. EMPUSA. HATCH - NIGHT

RAIN AND SLEET pummels the Empusa as THE FIRST MATE and THE DECK HAND quickly remove the water-sealing canvas cover to THE HATCH.

It's hard to keep their footing.

They open the hatch...

THE FIRST MATE grabs a BOARDING AXE with his calloused hand and takes a step inside.

HE nods to the DECKHAND with determination.

They both cross themselves.

THE FIRST MATE heads down into the dark hatch...

INT. EMPUSA. HATCH - CONTINUOUS

THE FIRST MATE'S breathing grows louder...

It grows darker with every step...

Darker...

INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

He is now in the lower deck.

It is very hard to see.

Water drips. The ship rocks, the old timbers creaking and moaning.

He breathes, afraid, but fierce. His cold breath turns to steam in the lamp light.

He holds his AXE firm.

RATS scurry around him.

He slowly approaches one of THE CRATES OF EARTH - his single sailor's earring seems to shake with fear.

He walks closer...

Closer still...

Breathing... Breathing...

He hacks at it! The wood splinters.

RATS and more rats come out of the crate.

He holds his breath...

THE FIRST MATE doesn't see, but in the shadows behind him, A TALL THIN FIGURE APPROACHES...

He hacks at the crate again!

THE FIGURE comes closer...

THE FIRST MATE tears a large hole in the crate....

THE FIGURE is even closer...

THE FIRST MATE reaches his hand into the earth, frantically searching for something... but nothing is there!

He turns around in defeat...

SUDDENLY, ORLOK STANDS BEFORE HIM, A NAKED, ROTTEN CORPSE! HE TAKES THE FIRST MATE IN HIS ENORMOUS CLAWS, AND SINKS HIS TEETH INTO HIS BREAST!

THE FIRST MATE TRIES TO SCREAM...

ORLOK WRAPS AROUND HIM, SMOTHERING HIM, SUFFOCATING HIM, DRAGGING HIM INTO SHADOW!!

EXT. BALTIC SEA - NIGHT

The storm now rages at sea. THE EMPUSA is hurled along by the tempest, as if being guided by an angry god.

ORLOK'S VOICE ECHOES IN THE WIND:

ORLOK (V.O.)
Auauago. Ozodonugonu. Torezodu zodumebi!

Waves crash!

EXT. EMPUSA. BRIDGE - NIGHT

No crew is left on the ghost ship. Icicles hang from the rigging. Snow is piling up on deck.

THE CAPTAIN, in his oilskins, tries to stay firm in the rain and storm. Ice on his beard. He is alone.

THE SHIP must stay on course.

He downs his vodka and throws the empty bottle to the deck.

HE TAKES UP SOME HEAVY ROPE AND TIES HIMSELF TO THE WHEEL.

Shadows pass him from above.

EXT. EMPUSA. FOREMAST - CONTINUOUS

ORLOK walks at his menacingly slow pace along the high mast yard of the topsail. He is stalking his prey.

The ferocious storm is nothing to the un-dead.

EXT. BALTIC SEA - CONTINUOUS

AN ENORMOUS WAVE CRASHES! THE SHIP NEARLY CAPSIZES.

EXT. EMPUSA. BRIDGE DECK - CONTINUOUS

BLOOD SPATTERS ACROSS THE DECK.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN is in torment, tied to the bed, tossing like the ship.
ANNA is by her side.

ELLEN

Anna please... Please...

ANNA touches her gently.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Please...

Conflicted, ANNA unties her bonds...

ELLEN rises slowly, drenched in sweat, catching her breath...
She goes to the window, her desire is intense, but she stands
utterly still looking out.

ANNA follows with trepidation...

THEY STAND next to each other. ELLEN'S black hair flows
freely next to ANNA'S long blond hair.

They watch as THE STORM RAGES outside.

ELLEN breathes with want.

Her breath and body fogs the warped glass of the window.

EXT. WISBURG HARBOR - NIGHT

WISBURG, silhouetted by the moon, lays asleep. The whole city is shut in from the storm.

THE EMPUSA charges toward the town, its sails billowing like ghosts' funeral shrouds.

LIGHTNING strikes.

The ship's FOREMAST cracks and shatters falling to deck!

EXT. WISBURG HARBOR. DOCKSIDE - LATER

THE EMPUSA continues tearing into the port, crashing into dozens of boats and ships moored in the wharf. The ship twists and wracks, smashing up against the dock, finally coming to a halt - a gaping hole in the hull.

A long pause as the ship settles.

The rusty alarm bell begins to ring on the dock.

The coast guards begin shouting. A few dockhands clamor out to the street.

Lights begin flickering in windows one by one across the harbor.

INT. HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - NIGHT

KNOCK laughs in his restraints. Rain and sleet in his cell. He rocks back and forth.

KNOCK

Par Bolape emna! His Lordship! He is
come!

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN'S eyes fill with hope! She seems herself again!

ELLEN

He is here!

SHE runs out of the bedroom.

ANNA

Ellen!

ELLEN

He is here!

EXT. HARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

ELLEN bursts out of the door and runs out into the street in her dressing gown - the icy rain still descending.

THOMAS RIDES A HORSE THROUGH THE STORM! HE IS HERE!

He is nearly horizontal. He tumbles off the saddle, dressed in strange eastern garb. He looks like hell.

THOMAS

Ellen!

ELLEN and THOMAS embrace. She picks him up off the street.

She holds his head and kisses him all over his face.

THOMAS collapses.

ANNA and HARDING run out and help them inside. A SERVANT takes the reins of the rearing, whinnying HORSE.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOR - NIGHT

THOMAS AND ELLEN sit on the divan, wet and shivering. He touches ELLEN'S cheek, his cold hand trembling. His voice is weak.

THOMAS

Ellen.

THOMAS coughs and coughs. ELLEN holds him and she somehow seems herself again.

ELLEN

Thomas... Thomas!

THOMAS crumbles in ELLEN'S arms, half asleep, half awake, delirious...

THOMAS

(weaker)

Am I awake?

THOMAS loses consciousness. ELLEN shakes him.

ELLEN

Thomas!

HARDING AND ANNA lean in to help...

SUDDENLY, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

HARDING

What the hell is it now? Hartmann, the door.

SERVANT (O.S.)

Very good, sir.

ANOTHER KNOCK.

CLARA (O.S.)

Mama! Papa! Is the monster here?

HARDING boils.

He blazes down the hall and he steps in front of Hartmann, his SERVANT.

THE DOOR KNOCKING is even more insistent.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

HARDING THROWS OPEN THE DOOR.

HARDING

What the devil is this? It is past three o'clock in the morning!

In front of him is a POLICEMAN and several DOCKHANDS.

POLICEMAN

Beg your pardon on the intrusion, Herr Harding, but there has been an unspeakable shipwreck - by your yard.

HARDING

I see.

HARDING feels foolish for his outburst. He sobers up.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Injuries?

POLICEMAN

None reported on the docks -

HARDING
Fire?

DOCKHAND
No sir. But-

HARDING
Then I am much obliged to you, Officer,
and this must wait 'til morning. I have
my family to attend to. Please.

ANNA is now behind him. SERVANTS are lining the stairwell
with their lamps and candles. THE GOVERNESS holds the
children, who call for their "Papa."

THE POLICEMAN sees this, but will not relent. He seems deeply
disturbed.

POLICEMAN
Sir -

HARDING
My family, officer -

POLICEMAN
No injuries on land sir, but the ship...
the ship!

EXT. WISBURG HARBOR. DOCKSIDE - NIGHT

The storm is over.

HARDING stands in his hat and coat looking at the disastrous
wreck and the wild commotion of workers untangling the
rigging. His face has not ever been so alarmed.

HARDING
(under his breath)
My God.

RATS run out of the giant hole in the hull of the ship across
the quay.

INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

HARDING enters the hole in the ship. His lamp flickers.

Water drips.

More rats crawl at his feet in the deep puddles of icy water.

He rounds a dark corner.

Is there something there?

Breathing...

Breathing...

All of ORLOK'S BOXES HAVE VANISHED, only some remnants of the foul dirt.

He bring his lamp closer...

HARDING finds the splintered remains of a smashed crate and BLOOD dripping from the low joists...

He bring his lamp closer in the darkness...

DOCKHAND (O.S.)
Herr Harding!

HARDING gasps, startled by the voice.

EXT. EMPUSA. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

THE CAPTAIN is tied to the wheel. DEAD. Bloody. He holds a rosary in his frozen ice-covered hands.

HARDING
He is the only man?

DOCKHAND
Aye sir, the only soul. Shall I send for the Police Surgeon?

HARDING
Take him to the Port Authority and call Doctor Sievers for an autopsy.

DOCKHAND
Aye, sir.

HARDING
The cargo?

DOCKHAND
Must have fell out at sea, or else someone has already come and off-loaded it, sir.

EXT. WISBURG CANAL - NIGHT

ORLOK, IN A SMALL BOAT, OMINOUSLY DRIFTS DOWN ONE OF THE CANALS - HIS CRUEL EYES GLEAMING.

With him, his BOXES OF EARTH. He is still as always.

HE DRIFTS TOWARD THE MONSTROUS RUIN, GRÜNEWALD MANOR.

HE SMELLS ELLEN'S LOCK OF HAIR. DEEPLY.

HIS PRESENCE SEEMS TO LOOMS OVER THE CITY, BRINGING WITH HIM DEATH AND DESPAIR.

BLACK.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY. GREAT HALL - MORNING

A large crowd of men in top hats clamor around the window of a small room watching HARDING, SIEVERS and THE BODY OF THE DEAD CAPTAIN on a make-shift surgical table. The men peer over each other's shoulders anxiously, looking on with a heavy silence. Only the drawing of pipes and cigars is heard.

CLOSE BY, A RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR is reading the CAPTAIN'S LOG aloud, translating to the HARBORMASTER. SIEVERS consults with them. They nod their heads gravely, the portly, anxious HARBORMASTER (60s) removes his hat. SIEVERS wipes his glasses and covers the body, then covers his mouth and nose with his handkerchief.

- GREAT HALL. MOMENTS LATER

THE HARBORMASTER stands under the city seal, addressing the frantic crowd of tophatted men shouting aggressively in panic. SIEVERS stands near by.

HARBORMASTER

Please, meine Herren! It, it is only possible for our best minds to stifle this possible epidemic if you refrain from alarm!

The shouting is incessant.

SIEVERS

As we are understanding the contagion...

HARBORMASTER

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!!

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

An essential means...

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

An essential means of preservation is to refrain from increased emotional passions. Please! These weaken the body to certain vulnerability. Immorality, depravity, excessive outbursts of sorrow, panic - even joy is ill-advised.

(MORE)

SIEVERS (CONT'D)
Immoderate indulgences in carnal love are
also to be restricted.

It is a frantic mess as the crowd flees the hall.

HARBORMASTER
Gentlemen!!

EXT. WISBURG. HARBOR - DAY

RATS run out of the hole in the hull of the EMPUSA.

EXT. WISBURG. CANAL - DAY

Dozens of RATS run along the quays of the canals.

EXT. WISBURG ELSEWHERE - DAY

Hundreds of RATS run through the gutters.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - AFTERNOON

ELLEN is by THOMAS' side in the same bed she had convalesced
in for so long.

She looks at him with grave concern. He breathes weakly,
unconscious.

She holds his face and implores him with an intense whisper.

ELLEN
Wake, Thomas. Wake. Please.

He cannot.

EXT. WISBURG. ELSEWHERE - AFTERNOON

Thousands of hideous RATS run through the streets. People of
all walks of life shriek at the sight.

INT. HOSPITAL. MORGUE - AFTERNOON

SIEVERS uncovers the grizzly corpse of THE CAPTAIN. He looks
especially grey in the dim gaslight of the morgue.

VON FRANZ
Sievers, I requested conference with your
maniac, not a dead man.

SIEVERS

I beg your patience, Professor. This is what vexes me.

VON FRANZ smokes his pipe. He pulls out the quizzing-glass.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

He exhibits all the signs of a blood plague: sepsis, ophthalmic discharge - even flagrant rodent bites, here and here.

VON FRANZ

So?

SIEVERS

His body is entirely absent of blood.

VON FRANZ looks upset.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

And look at this mark here...

VON FRANZ looks at the chest. There is a mark the same as the rat bite, but much larger (the same bite as on THOMAS' breast).

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

I have seen some leviathan-like pests in our canals, but tell me, Professor, what rat has jaws of such size?

VON FRANZ'S pallor suddenly resembles that of the corpse. He is stunned.

VON FRANZ

(to himself)

Angels and Daemons protect us.

INT. VON FRANZ'S ATTIC - NIGHT

HARDING and SIEVERS stand in VON FRANZ'S dark attic. HARDING'S face looks disturbed as the two men lean forward in unison to peer into a MAGNIFYING GLASS on a stand.

VON FRANZ

Look closely, quickly, for I have much to tell you!

IN THE GLASS: A BIG LEECH is on VON FRANZ's hand, sucking his blood.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
Gnathobdela. The common leech.

It twitches vulgarly as VON FRANZ'S vein pulses on his old hand.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 Its sole impulse is to feed on what even Mephistopheles calls "the most especial nectar."

Look at her drink. (*laughs*)

VON FRANZ stands, smoking his pipe, aglow with his little lamps and reflective glass alembics behind him.

HARDING
 Please Professor, what is all this?

VON FRANZ
 An illustration.

VON FRANZ removes THE LEECH with some tweezers and sucks his wound. He spits on the floor and puts the leech in a jar.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 Sievers, the plague is present in its most rapidly fatal form, *Pestis siderans*.

SIEVERS
 (to Harding)
 A savage infection of the blood.

VON FRANZ
 And what brings us this pestilence?

Pause.

SIEVERS
 Vermin.

HARDING
 (on his heels)
 Vermin.

VON FRANZ
 Vermin. You are wise, Harding. Rats yes, but more. More!

SIEVERS
 I don't understand.

VON FRANZ

(to Sievers)

You have read Glaser's treatise on the blood drinking revenants that spread plague to the eastern corners of the Hapsburg Empire?

SIEVERS is completely shocked.

SIEVERS

That has been long proven to be a degrading peasant superstition.

VON FRANZ

Is our leech a superstition?

SIEVERS laughs.

SIEVERS

No, but leeches do not rise from the grave, my dear professor.

VON FRANZ

Yet is it not a monster?

SIEVERS

Professor -

VON FRANZ

I am sober minded in this.

HARDING

This is your hypothesis?

VON FRANZ

Yes.

HARDING

Am I listening to my daughters...? A monster?

VON FRANZ

In a manner of speaking, yes.

HARDING boils.

HARDING

I have slept not in days, my house is become a bedlam, I fear for my children, for my wife, and I come here, for this? Do not tell me you believe in such medieval devilry?!

VON FRANZ looks HARDING in the eye with the stoic profundity of Moses reading the commandments:

VON FRANZ

I do not believe. I know.

I have wrestled with the Devil as Jacob wrested the angel in Peniel. Look here, my young man, I have seen things in this world that would have made Isaac Newton crawl back into his mother's womb. We have not become so much enlightened as we have been blinded by the gaseous light of science. The mystic philosophers of old dared to look into darkness. If we are to tame darkness, we must face it and know it as we know ourselves.

Meine Herren, we are here encountering the un-dead plague carrier... The Vampyr... Nosferatu!

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - THAT SAME NIGHT

ORLOK stands in a huge, dark furniture-less room. His stance is broad and powerful. He looks out a massive open window at all of Wisburg. His hypnotic eyes gleam...

He raises his hand... he opens his palms...

ORLOK (V.O.)

Canilu.

EXT. WISBURG - MOMENTS LATER

FROM GRÜNEWALD MANOR ORLOK'S SHADOW LITERALLY SPREADS OVER THE ENTIRE CITY LIKE A STORM CLOUD IN HIS SHAPE. MOVING SLOWLY, SLOWLY, OVERTAKING THE CITY.

ORLOK (V.O.)

Teloah.

THE SHADOW OF HIS CLAWS GROWING MORE AND MORE MASSIVE.

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. KNOCKS CELL - THAT SAME NIGHT

KNOCK is confined in his chair. Calm. All too calm. He is using every bit of his will to remain calm. A globule of drool from his cracked mouth is about the only thing out of sorts.

THE ORDERLY throws down a pail and rags. He smokes his tiny clay pipe and blows the smoke in KNOCK'S face.

ORDERLY

Now you'll be a good-un then. It's time to change your beddy-beddy pan-pan. So I'm a-gonna loose your straps then, and you're a-gonna be a good boy for me, whilst I cleans up your stinkin' shitty-shits. Ain't it right?

KNOCK

I am. I am.

AS THE ORDERLY does so, THE SHADOW OF ORLOK passes over KNOCK'S BARRED WINDOW, and his hideous breath is heard in the wind.

His presence seems to infect KNOCK...

ORDERLY

Keep still now, or I'll do you a mischief

-

Instantly, KNOCK goes for his neck.

THE ORDERLY SCREAMS!!

KNOCK RIPS HIS THROAT OUT! KNOCK LAPS UP THE BLOOD LIKE A DOG!

KNOCK

The blood is the life! The blood is the life!!

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

ORLOK He tightens his fist!

ORLOK (V.O.)

Beregida.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - THE SAME TIME

ELLEN AND THOMAS lie in bed together. ELLEN holds him, close.

ORLOK'S SHADOW SPREADS OVER THOMAS.

ORLOK (V.O.)

(whispered)

Ol zacar elasa.

THOMAS struggles in bed, sweating, convulsing.

She touches him gently...

THOMAS pulls away from her. In his delirium, he barks at her fiercely:

THOMAS

Get off me. Give me room. I cannot breathe!

She is stunned.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I can't breathe... Get off!!!

He throws her off of him violently, accidentally striking her... She nearly falls off the bed.

She looks at him...

He breathes off camera.

HOLD ON: ELLEN'S face, afraid, but hurt. She doesn't want to feel rejected, but she does.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

ANNA holds a large lamp standing by the open door of THE NURSERY. CLARA AND LOUISE are tucked into bed.

ANNA

Good night children.

CLARA AND LOUISE

Good night mama.

ANNA closes the door to THE NURSERY.

CLARA (O.S.)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep...

ANNA walks down the hall.

Something seems unsettling in the shadows...

ANNA hears footsteps...

She is gripped with fear....

Suddenly, ELLEN emerges from the dark.

ANNA gasps.

ANNA
You frightened me.

ELLEN
Oh, I'm sorry.

ANNA
How is he faring?

ELLEN
I fear no better than everyone tells me I
have suffered. Pray, forgive me for the
troubles I have caused you.

ELLEN tries to smile but can't. She is beginning to look
haunted and strange again.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Has Friedrich returned?

ANNA
I am sure all is well. (*nervous laughter*)
It will be Christmastide soon...

ANNA senses ELLEN'S sadness.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What is it my lovely?

ELLEN looks at her longingly...

ELLEN
May I stay with you tonight?

INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

ANNA is finishing combing ELLEN'S long, black hair. ELLEN
looks at ANNA intensely in the mirror.

ELLEN
Thank you for loving me.

ANNA is not quite sure what to say.

ANNA
There now, into bed.

-LATER

They get into bed. ELLEN cuddles in with ANNA. ELLEN plays with THE CROSS around ANNA'S neck like a kitten. ANNA is tired, her eyes drooping.

ANNA (CONT'D)
(almost asleep)
God is with us, Leni.

ELLEN whispers to her:

ELLEN
Don't close your eyes first. Please.

ANNA
I shan't.

ELLEN
I shall watch you.

ELLEN watches her, yearning. It's unsettling.

INT. VON FRANZ ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

HARDING is standing by the stove, holding his head, still exasperated.

VON FRANZ
Please Sievers, explain Glaser's account.

SIEVERS begins, reluctantly.

SIEVERS
A... a blood plague ravaged the countryside, then cities. There was scarce a survivor. The people believed it was brought by a... a... A walking corpse that drank the blood of the living - leaving marks above the victims' hearts -

HARDING
Horrible!

SIEVERS
This is so absurd Professor - even if it were true, why would this creature, who must drink blood to live, bring plague with him?

VON FRANZ
Come now, you were a brilliant pupil, Sievers. Do you not remember that *pestis sidarens* arrests the clotting on the blood? Therefore:

SIEVERS

He may feed more freely.

VON FRANZ

And Nosferatu is master of animals, and controls these filthy *rattus* that spread this plague.

SIEVERS

Professor, I cannot-

VON FRANZ

You must! You must! The vampyr holds great power in our modern city, for here, none shall believe in it.

HARDING

Indeed! I will not yield to being haunted by some ghost.

VON FRANZ

No, no, no, please, no. It is not a ghost. It manifests itself with the foulest attributes of both ghosts and daemons, for his physical body is like a shadow and may dematerialize at will.

SIEVERS

But what does it want?

VON FRANZ

Like every plague, its only desire is to consume all life on earth. And its thirst for life is insatiable. Nosferatu is a force more powerful than evil.

It is death.

SIEVERS

But for what purpose has it come to Wisburg? What is here that it should want?

INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN and ANNA are asleep. All is quiet. Too quiet.

Slowly, a thick MIST forms around the large windows of the bedroom.

ELLEN becomes seized with her somnambulism. She opens the window like a ghost.

The mist fills the room.

She breaths heavily.

THE SHADOW OF ORLOK stands over her.

Her chest heaves. She is drawn to him...

She is calm and confident in a way she has never been before.
Is she under his spell? Her pupils are completely dilated.

ELLEN

(whispered)

I know you. I have felt you like a
serpent crawling in my body.

ELLEN comes closer to him. His dark presence towering over
her. She is compelled toward him... she tries to resist.

ORLOK

It is not me. It is your nature, your
own.

ELLEN

No.

ORLOK

I have sought a creature from the depths.
An Eve that remembers her Eden. You are
such a one.

She keeps walking toward him, trying to break free from her
trance...

ELLEN

No, please... free me from your grasp.

ORLOK

Submit to complete abandon. Submit to
yourself, to your power.

ELLEN starts to give in...

ELLEN

Would you taste of me?

ORLOK

I hunger for you. Unite with me in the
abyss.

ORLOK moves toward her, incanting:

ORLOK (CONT'D)
Odo cicale Qaa! Zodoreje, lape zodiredo
Noco Mada...

ELLEN walks even closer...

IMAGE: ORLOK'S hideous face growls like a virile, predatory animal! His claws splayed!

ELLEN SEES IT! HIS LUSTFUL GROWL BREAKS ELLEN'S TRANCE...

HER IRISES CONTRACT...

SHE SCREAMS!

ELLEN
 No demon!!! Be gone from me!!!

SUDDENLY, ELLEN find herself back in bed! She sits up, she looks...

ANNA is not in bed...

ANNA LIES on the floor... her nightgown is ripped, exposing her body... her CROSS dangling - THE CHAIN BROKEN. She is breathing heavily, WRITHING EROTICALLY, AS SCORES OF RATS CRAWL ALL OVER HER BODY, SCURRYING AWAY.

AS THE RATS LEAVE, REVEALED ON HER BREAST ARE THE BLOODY TEETH MARKS OF ORLOK!!

The windows are open. The wind blows. Snow drifts into the room.

EXT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM WINDOW - THAT SAME MOMENT

CLOSE ON: ORLOK, his mouth covered in ANNA'S BLOOD. He whispers to ELLEN.

ORLOK
 (whispered, Romanian,
 Subtitled)
I shall make you submit to your destiny.

EXT. WISBURG STREET - MORNING

Rats run through the street.

An old TOWN OFFICIAL, with a cloth over his mouth and nose, takes white chalk and marks a CROSS on all the doors of the afflicted houses.

People are screaming and crying, as dead bodies are being carried out of homes and loaded onto carts by workers, also wearing rags over their mouths and noses.

Other workers pump CHLORINE GAS into the streets.

EXT. WISBURG HOSPITAL - MORNING

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE are banging on the hospital door, shouting! Some look seriously ill, supported by their friends and family. POLICE hold their rifles, beating people back.

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - MORNING

SIEVERS is walking down the hall at a feverish pace. His stress level at a new high. The screaming and pounding is heard echoing through the building.

SIEVERS

We cannot admit them!

ATTENDANT

It is not Christian!

SIEVERS

The plague is transmitted not only from vermin but miasmas that travel the air, and from person to person. The citizens must stay quarantined!

ATTENDANT

The day of judgment is a-coming, sir.
Pity them, sir. Take pity!

SIEVERS feels horrible at that.

SIEVERS

Please remain calm! Take me to Herr Knock. I have a visitor to see him.

ATTENDANT

Ain't you heard, sir?

SIEVERS

No.

ATTENDANT

He's escaped. Killed poor Eschenbach last night.

The screaming outside the hospital reaches a fever pitch.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - DAY

ANNA is in bed, pale, glassy-eyed, breathing with difficulty. She has small bruises on her face (like the sea captain's sepsis) and her eyes are very red. HARDING sits holding her hand.

ELLEN stands nearby.

ANNA

Such nightmares... a shadow pressing...
my body sinking... sinking... The smell
of rancid meat... Suffocating... I...
feel so weak... I...

HARDING sees THE VAMPIRE BITE on her chest. Does he believe?

ANNA (CONT'D)

(*laughs*) I fear little Friedrich is so
strong and hungry, he's eating me weary.
(*laughs*)

HARDING

Yes...

ANNA tries to be strong, but she can see the horror in her husband's face. Her eyes instantly well up with tears.

ANNA

It is the plague. Isn't it?

HARDING can't face it.

HARDING

Everything shall be well my darling.
Everything shall be just fine.

ANNA puts his hand on her womb. They both hold back tears.

Pause.

ELLEN looks on at the tragic scene.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN and HARDING stand outside ANNA'S door.

ELLEN

Herr Harding, you must hear me, I saw
something... the shadow... the eyes of
some infernal creature... for an
instant...

HARDING looks down. He can't look at her.

HARDING

Ellen-

ELLEN

It is as Professor Franz described... a demon!

HARDING

(overlapping)

Frau Hutter, forgive me, but you and Thomas must... I need you both to return home.

ELLEN

What?

HARDING

It is for your own sake.

He keeps his demeanor dignified, but his emotions are brimming. He could explode any moment.

ELLEN

Please, Thomas is very poorly and...

HARDING

I know not what to... I shall pray for Tom. You know I love you both.

ELLEN

But I shall care for Anna as she has done for me -

HARDING snaps at her.

HARDING

Frau Hutter! Please!

ELLEN is hurt. She looks him square in the eye.

ELLEN

Why do you hate me?

Pause.

HARDING is shocked by her candor.

HARDING

Don't be ridiculous.

ELLEN
(overlapping)
You have never liked me. Never.

HARDING
Know your place, madam. I have done everything in my power to be kind to you for these long months. I hope you can find...

ELLEN
(overlapping)
Tied me up?

HARDING
...find the dignity within yourself to show the self respect to your care -

ELLEN
How can you be so cruel?

HARDING IS ENRAGED. HE WANTS TO SCREAM. Instead, he says:

HARDING
Hartmann will call you a coach, at my expense, of course. And for your husband's sake, I pray you can learn to contain yourself.

INT. HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - DAY

VON FRANZ looks at the esoteric writing scratched on the blood-stained wall.

VON FRANZ
Why did you not tell me of this before?

SIEVERS
I am a fool. His obsessive consumption of living creatures - it is he!

VON FRANZ
He is not the Vampyr - yet he must be found for he has made compact with this shadow.

SIEVERS
Then you can read it?

VON FRANZ
It is a very old language, very old, very powerful. The somnambulist... Her husband?

SIEVERS

Hutter.

VON FRANZ

He was in the Carpathians, yes?

SIEVERS

What does it say?

VON FRANZ

"I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in Me will live, even if he dies."

EXT. WISBURG STREET - DAY

ELLEN and THOMAS exit a COACH and walk down the street. They have cloths over their mouths like everyone else. THOMAS limps on his cane, looking terrible as usual.

The once bustling Market Square is boarded up. Apocalyptic. ELLEN sees mothers crying, holding their dying infants in their arms.

People boarding up windows. Fires burning in the street. Animals laying dead.

A raving, laughing maniac stands on a fountain shouting out broken phrases from the Book of Revelation.

ELLEN fills with tears at the despair and chaos.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

HARDING is beginning to look like a broken man. SIEVERS and VON FRANZ are with him.

SIEVERS

I... I could not bring myself to tell her the source of her affliction, yet Anna's wounds are the very same. She has little blood left in her veins.

VON FRANZ

If she dies, the plague will fester in her corpse.

HARDING

This is madness!

SIEVERS

And Friedrich, it seems Herr Knock is in league with the creature.

VON FRANZ

Our Nosferatu is of an especial variety, it has become one by choice. He is a black sorcerer. Solomanari. Disciple of the Devil. I fear greatly for our somnambulist and her husband. I must see them directly.

HARDING

They have returned home. I sent them home.

VON FRANZ

I must see them.

HARDING is about to burst, he is desperate:

HARDING

How can this perversion be killed?

VON FRANZ

I don't know. You sent them home?

HARDING

(overlapping)

What?

VON FRANZ

You sent them home?

HARDING

(overlapping)

Not that - Yes, I did - You don't know?

VON FRANZ

Precisely. Correct. I do not know. I have never encountered Nosferatu first hand.

Pause. Everyone is dismayed.

HARDING

He doesn't know.

VON FRANZ stays confident.

VON FRANZ

(overlapping)

The means of repelling and destroying this creature are detailed in legends that vary from region to region.

HARDING

(overlapping)

All your fine lectures and you have never encountered one.

VON FRANZ

(overlapping, ignoring)

Garlic, the wild rose, boiling wine, a spike of iron piercing the navel, or driven into the skull... I am sure there is some true method I can decipher in these disparate traditions. But there is one invariable fact that interests me more. In every account, the Nosferatu must return to its grave wherein he was buried, by the first crow of cock. It must sleep in its grave by day.

SIEVERS

What happens if it does not?

VON FRANZ

That, my dear Sievers, is the question.

HARDING begins to laugh.

They turn to him.

He keeps laughing.

HARDING

Oh, my God. My God! I am shattering - I'm breaking apart. (*laughs*) I have become entirely unsound. Get out. Take your leave at once.

SIEVERS

Harding?

HARDING

Both of you, go!

SIEVERS

Friedrich, please, we don't wish to -

HARDING

Can't you see there is a bloody real plague, gentlemen? A real epidemic that is really killing real people?

VON FRANZ

The facts are at hand.

SEIVERS

The wounds on all those in the morgue!

HARDING
 (overlapping)
 Jesus Christ in heaven! This isn't a
 vampire, a Satanic magician, or any other
 humiliating fantasy. Proof, Professor.
 Proof! Where is your proof?!

SIEVERS
 Please calm yourself,
 Harding.

VON FRANZ
 My good-

HARDING
 It's no wonder you're a laughing stock.

SIEVERS
 Damn you, Friedrich!

VON FRANZ
 (overlapping)
 I am sorry, Sievers. I am sorry.

HARDING
 (overlapping)
 My Anna was bitten by vermin. Vermin.
 Rats. No more. I saw them in her room. I
 see them running everywhere -

SIEVERS
 Please, Friedrich, think of what is at
 stake!

HARDING
 I am.

Pause.

You couldn't save my father, Sievers, I'm
 not going to let your vain-madness take
 my wife from me. Now leave.

SIEVERS
 Dammit Harding, I am your friend. I have
 always been -

HARDING
 (to von Franz)
 You are a fraud, and a bad one at that!

VON FRANZ
 The night daemon has supped of your good
 wife's blood and shall return for the
 rest - I assure you!

HARDING

Leave!

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOR - NIGHT

ELLEN sits on the floor attending THOMAS. She has made a sickbed in the parlor for him. He is despondent... But he is still conscious.

ELLEN puts her head on his shoulder.

ELLEN

Hold me.

THOMAS sits motionless.

THOMAS

I am ill, my love.

She hugs him.

ELLEN

Please.

She takes his face, kindly.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You must speak. You must tell me what happened.

THOMAS

I... I cannot remember anything, only dreams.

ELLEN

Tell me your dreams.

THOMAS

They are too repulsive.

ELLEN

I am your wife.

THOMAS

Call Harding here.

ELLEN

He turned us away, Thomas. He turned us away. He sees evil in us.

THOMAS

(overlapping)

Please, send for Harding...

ELLEN
What is it?

THOMAS
These are not for women's ears-

ELLEN
Thomas!

THOMAS
I am ashamed!

ELLEN
You speak of my dreams as nonsense and
yet this is of such importance - I want
to help.

THOMAS
(overlapping)
Dammit, Ellen how else can I tell you no!

SUDDENLY A SHADOW PASSES THROUGH THE ROOM, ORLOK'S BREATH IS
HEARD.

ELLEN
Go then, run back and embrace Harding if
you will not me.

THOMAS is struck dumb.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
You never wrote.

THOMAS
What?

ELLEN
You never wrote to me.

THOMAS
-

ELLEN
You promised to write me every day.

THOMAS
(overlapping)
Ellen. I did, I believe me... I...

ELLEN
(overlapping)
You lost the locket I gave you-

THOMAS

I have lost all of my belongings through
this misery -

ELLEN

(overlapping)

Then tell me of it! I can help you.

THOMAS

(overlapping)

Every moment I opened my eyes, I wished
to be awake, but I couldn't. You cannot
understand...

ELLEN

I understand, I do! Who else
could? Won't any of you men
speak aloud what is actually
happening!

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You cannot! You cannot!

ELLEN

It is you who does not understand!!

THOMAS

(overlapping)

Ellen, calm yourself, please...

ELLEN

(overlapping)

You never understand! Never! Never! You
never listen!

ELLEN rises from the sofa.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Where is your promotion, your money?

Where is it that is so precious to you?
Have you paid back kind Harding your
debt? Have you repaid him? Have you
repaid him with this plague that infects
his wife? Where is your fine house now?

THOMAS

(overlapping)

Ellen -

ELLEN

I know you have brought all this evil
upon us. I know it! I can feel it! And
you brought it upon us for naught! You
have cursed us, and all of Wisburg is
despair!!

THOMAS

I had to leave for you, for us, for our future... think of our children we should have!

ELLEN

How could you bring a child into this death?!

THOMAS

It was for us!

ELLEN

For what? For what? For these... things?!!

ELLEN gestures to the furnishing of the house.

THOMAS

For you!

ELLEN

Liar!

THOMAS

For you!

ELLEN shrieks:

ELLEN

It doesn't matter, Thomas! It doesn't matter!!

ELLEN is possessed by her anger, she starts throwing china off the shelves! Tearing the room to shreds, totally unhinged! IT IS ALL TOO MUCH - TOO STRANGE!

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Can't you see?! It doesn't matter! We should never have married! We are already dead!

She is screaming uncontrollably on the floor! Flailing her arms. The veins in her head look like they will explode, her eyes crossing. Her hands shake. IT IS UNCANNILY EXTREME. TOO EXTREME. DEMONIC. WHAT IS THIS?

THOMAS is shocked.

THOMAS

I shall send for Doctor Sievers.

She quickly changes her tone.

ELLEN

No! No!!

ELLEN is desperate, crying, she crawls to her husband...

She grabs his legs to hold him back. She squeezes tight.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(like a puppy)

Please. I'll be good, I'll be good.

- MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN and THOMAS are making love, in their clothing, on the sickbed.

ELLEN

Kiss me.

He does.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Again.

He does.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Again. Kiss me here. Kiss my heart.

He does.

ELLEN becomes more aggressive. She pushes his head into her heart. Her moaning becomes animal-like.

She opens THOMAS' shirt... she sees THE VAMPIRE BITE. She begins kissing and licking it.

THOMAS pulls her from his chest, COVERING THE BITE, afraid...

ELLEN is more and more wild, more and more strange... utterly extreme, beyond human passion...

IMAGE: ELLEN, NAKED - HER WHITE FACE - HER MOUTH DRIPPING WITH RED BLOOD - HER EYES INSANE!!

THOMAS is terrified by the fleeting image he saw!

He recoils.

THOMAS

What's the matter with you?

She looks him in the eye and starts laughing in a frightening manner, trying to pull him back in.

ELLEN
(laughing)
You have unloosed a demon!

THOMAS flees from bed.

THOMAS
You're mad. You've always been mad. You
should never have married me?

I pitied you.

Your father should have pitied you as
well, and brought you to the madhouse
long ago.

He looks at ELLEN with disgust and leaves the bedroom.

ELLEN lies there, her laughter turning to shame, to tears.
She cries, she sobs, she bawls in shame, in horror.

Hold.

A SHADOW PASSES.

UNKNOWN TO ELLEN, ORLOK IS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. HIS SAVAGE
FACE, HIS BLOODY MOUTH... WATCHING... LISTENING... LUSTING...

EXT. WISBURG - NIGHT

WISBURG is in darkness. No stars shine over the sleepless
city.

INT. VON FRANZ'S STUDY - NIGHT

VON FRANZ opens up a book with THE EVIL EYE on the cover. It
is written in Orlok and Knock's language. He uses several
other books to help him translate.

VON FRANZ
(reading)
*"And so the maiden fair did offer up
Her love unto the beast, and with him lay
In close embrace until the first cock
crow.*

He turns to an ILLUSTRATION...

IT IS A MEDIEVAL WOODCUT OF A YOUNG MAIDEN EMBRACING A NOSFERATU-LIKE CORPSE.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
*Her willing sacrifice thus broke the
 curse,*

*And freed them from the plague of
 Nosferatu."*

VON FRANZ'S eyes turn inspired. Prophetic.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
 She is the way.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANNA is in bed, restless.

SHE WAKES: SHE HEARS THE CHILDREN SCREAMING IN THE OTHER ROOM.

CLARA AND LOUISE (O.S.)
 The Monster! The Monster!!

She looks to her side.

HARDING IS ASLEEP NEXT TO HER, FULLY CLOTHED, his hand on her waist.

She tries to rouse him... He will not wake... He is out cold.

THE CHILDREN'S SHRIEKING GROWS WORSE.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANNA walks down the hall...

CLARA AND LOUISE(O.S.)
 The Monster! The Monster!!

THE CHILDREN SHRIEK AND CRY IN ABSOLUTE TERROR.

ANNA runs down the hallway...

She rushes into the nursery...

HER FACE FILLS WITH HORROR AT WHAT SHE SEES!

SILHOUETTED BY THE WINDOW ORLOK DROPS THE LIFELESS BODIES OF HER CHILDREN ON THE GROUND!

ANNA SCREAMS!! SHE IS PARALYZED WITH FEAR.

ORLOK SLOWLY APPROACHES... HIS SHADOW TOWERING OVER HER.

SUDDENLY HE ATTACKS, ENVELOPING HER WITHIN HIS ARMS.

BLACK.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOR - MORNING

ELLEN carries a tray with an elaborate breakfast for THOMAS. She hasn't slept, but she tries to play the part of the dutiful wife.

She kisses him, well, 'pecks' him demurely. She sits on the floor by his sick bed.

ELLEN

I will be good. I promise. I want to be
happy with you. I don't want to quarrel.
We will survive this together.

THOMAS can't look at her.

THOMAS

I want to forgive you Ellen. I do. I love
my wife. But I know not who you are.

ELLEN puts his hand on her cheek.

ELLEN

I am me.

THOMAS

I fear it.

ELLEN fears herself, too. GRETA, the cat, walks over and sits on her lap.

Suddenly, a knock at the door.

INT/EXT. HUTTER HOUSE. DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN opens the door: It is HARTMANN, Harding's servant. He is all in black. He removes the plague-cloth from his face. He is fraught with grief.

ELLEN knows the news before HARTMANN can impart it.

HARTMANN

Good morning, Frau Hutter, I... Frau
Harding and the children... they...
Mistress Anna wanted you to have it.

He hands ELLEN ANNA'S CROSS.

ELLEN looks at it. Her heart breaks.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Never was a day more heavy with insufferable gloom.

TWO FUNERAL MUTES stand by a horse-drawn HEARSE, as HARDING
and two of Harding's SERVANTS carry ANNA'S BLACK COFFIN.

More PALLBEARERS carry TWO SMALL, WHITE COFFINS into the
cemetery. Their faces are UNCOVERED by the cloths that
everyone has been wearing.

Everyone clothed in black. The grief is immense.

The tall, leafless linden tress that grow between the
hundreds of headstones and crosses seem to mourn the dead.

ELLEN watches it all from afar. She wears a long black veil.

THE PALLBEARERS take the coffins into THE HARDING FAMILY TOMB
- a stately pedimented mausoleum flanked by marble sculptures
of winged angels.

ELLEN watches as the men CLOSE THE TOMB.

HARDING tries to stay strong, stoic. But it is clear he is
broken. He is deathly pale. He coughs. Is he ill himself?

VON FRANZ appears too, however he is dressed in his usual
attire, and he covers his mouth and nose with a handkerchief.

VON FRANZ walks to ELLEN.

VON FRANZ

We are outcast.

ELLEN

She was with child.

VON FRANZ

I know. Cover your face, dear creature.
The grim reaper wields his heavy scythe
with every change of wind.

ELLEN
Professor, I must speak with you.

ELLEN takes VON FRANZ hand.

VON FRANZ
And I would speak with you.

SUDDENLY...

THOMAS
Harding!

THOMAS and SIEVERS rush into the cemetery!

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Friedrich!

THOMAS runs the best he can, limping on his cane, and embraces HARDING like a madman.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
It is my fault! Forgive me! Forgive me my dear, sweet friend!

HARDING is in shock. He holds THOMAS back. THOMAS looks at him in tears:

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Sievers explained it all to me!

HARDING
This moment doesn't concern you, Thomas!

THOMAS
(overlapping)
This horror of yours has rent my heart,
and woke me from my stupor.

HARDING
(overlapping)
Your presence does me wrong!

THOMAS
(overlapping)
These nightmares do exist! They exist!

HARDING
(overlapping))
Get off me!

THOMAS
(hysterical)
I saw him, he violated me! He is the
cause! He is the cause!!

HUTTER tears open his collar and tie and reveals the vampire
wound on his chest.

HARDING gasps.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The vampire! Count Orlok!

CLOSE ON: ELLEN stunned at the name "ORLOK"!

IMAGE: ORLOK'S DEAD EYES OPEN WIDE IN HIS BOX OF EARTH.

ELLEN FAINTS!

Everyone rushes to ELLEN, lifting her up from the snow and
mist.

INT/EXT. COACH. WISBURG STREET - DAY

All five of our friends are crammed in a stuffy coach.
Windows sealed. ELLEN is conscious. She sits next to THOMAS,
who is the most animated he has been in months.

VON FRANZ looks at ELLEN through her veil.

SIEVERS
(to Thomas)
You show no sign of the blood plague.

THOMAS
The sisters of Saint Mary Magdalene
sought to nurse me back to health.

VON FRANZ
Their methods? Their medicine?

THOMAS
Prayer... They flagellated me greatly
with whitethorn.

VON FRANZ
The thorn of Christ's crown.

THOMAS
Yet I fear I am not free of his spell. I
feel his weight upon me still - when
night falls -

VON FRANZ

Trust in God and your strength. The monster left you to the wolves, and yet you prevailed.

SIEVERS

Harding!

HARDING has passed out! SIEVERS shakes him awake. He is white as a ghost. He struggles to speak.

HARDING

Forgive me. I am not myself. I...
(coughs) Please, forgive me, all of you.
I could not accept... accept...

SIEVERS

(overlapping)
Strength, man. Strength.

THOMAS

My friend, I understand. I could not believe what I had seen with mine own eyes, until this very morning.

ELLEN stays silent. This infuriates her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

May God absolve me that I could not kill him when I had the chance.

VON FRANZ

Orlok keeps his coffins within Grünewald Manor?

THOMAS

Assuredly.

VON FRANZ

In two hours we meet again at Harding's and from there depart to Grünewald Manor. If we can sanctify this earth wherein he was buried, purify it with whitethorn, and destroy the boxes, then he can have no sanctuary. We must do so before sundown.

ELLEN looks at VON FRANZ.

SIEVERS

If we do uncover his body-

VON FRANZ
 - we will attempt to transpierce him with
 a spike of iron-

VON FRANZ looks at ELLEN.

THOMAS
 I have seen it done and I will do it!

ELLEN
What if it does not work?

ELLEN keeps staring at VON FRANZ, and he back at her. THEIR
 STARE IS FERVENT. Determination in her eyes.

THOMAS
 It must.

The carriage stops.

ELLEN
 Professor, allow me to walk you to your
 door?

THOMAS
 Are you well enough, my dear?

EXT. VON FRANZ'S BOARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN walks arm in arm with VON FRANZ.

ELLEN walks stiffly, her head forward, pretending that she is
 barely chatting with VON FRANZ. She tries not to give away
 her secret conversation with him (as her husband is
 watching).

ELLEN
 I fear my spirit is evil.

VON FRANZ
 If good and evil are but two sides of
 Nature... what does it matter?

ELLEN
 This plague, this death... it is evil.

VON FRANZ
 Death is Nature.

ELLEN
Must I listen to that Nature which
 beckons me?

THOMAS calls from the coach:

THOMAS (O.S.)
Ellen! Let us make haste.

ELLEN
Professor...

VON FRANZ
You know well the answer, my dear
creature of nature. Go now. Go home.
Attend your husband that he is sturdy for
the hunt.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOR - DAY

ELLEN looks at ANNA'S CROSS in her hand.

She sits by the window. She looks out through the wavy glass.

ELLEN POV: A parade of freshly made COFFINS, carried by
undertakers, marches down the otherwise completely abandoned
and boarded up street.

She knows what she must do.

THOMAS kisses her head, wearing his coat and hat.

ELLEN
You will kill this creature?

THOMAS
Yes.

ELLEN
You will kill him for me?

THOMAS
Yes.

ELLEN
You promise you shan't return to me 'til
he is dead? You promise? Promise you
won't return -

THOMAS
I promise.

ELLEN
He does not have power over you Thomas. I
know it.

THOMAS hugs her.

THOMAS

Ellen... I... I forgive you. I must go.

He leaves.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, feeling her imminent destiny stir within her.

ELLEN

(whispered)

Goodbye.

INT. HARDING HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

HUTTER, SIEVERS and VON FRANZ stand in the drawing room with weapons ready, as VAMPIRE HUNTERS.

SIEVERS

He is not here?

HARTMAN

No, Herr Harding has not returned, sir.

THOMAS

Where could he have gone?

VON FRANZ looks at the black mourning cloths covering the room.

VON FRANZ

He has a heavy grief. We shall wait for him.

SIEVERS looks at his watch, very concerned.

VON FRANZ casually lights his pipe.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

There is time yet 'til sundown. What must be done, shall be done.

THOMAS

No. We must find him.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

HARDING walks with a lantern in the cemetery. He seems possessed in the waning blue light.

He stands before THE FAMILY TOMB, bareheaded and mad.

There are small bruises on his face, and some discharge in his eyes. He has the plague...

He coughs... blood in his handkerchief. But he ignores it.
 He lets his huge fur coat fall off his shoulders. Snow falls.
 He unlocks the tomb.

INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - LATER

HARDING walks in a trance. His lantern squeaks as he walks through the dark, echoing mausoleum.

HARDING
 Clara. Louise. My girls.

He touches their SMALL COFFINS as he walks. Even his light touch echoes.

He sees A MONUMENT... A BUST OF A DIGNIFIED MAN. He stops.

HARDING (CONT'D)
 Forgive me, father.

EXT. WISBURG HARBOR - DUSK

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS, including VON FRANZ, call for HARDING as they reach the harbor. HUTTER limps heavily on his cane.

INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - DUSK

HARDING sees ANNA'S COFFIN before him, on a bier supported by two stone angels.

HARDING
 (whispered)
 Anna.

HE THROWS HIMSELF UPON HER COFFIN IN DESPAIR. He caresses the lid.

HARDING (CONT'D)
 Anna my love. Forgive me. Do not leave me. Never leave me. I shall never sleep again. Never...

He breathes heavily. Coughing... He breathes more... more...

Pause.

HARDING begins to open the coffin.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DUSK

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS call for Harding in the abandoned shipyard.

SIEVERS AND VON FRANZ
Harding! Harding!

THOMAS looks at the cross-like mast of a ship in the Harbor.

THOMAS
I know where he has gone!

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS run through the cemetery.

INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - NIGHT

The three men dash into the tomb.

Pause.

They are stunned. SIEVERS averts his eyes.

THOMAS takes a step forward and lowers his torch:

ANNA'S CASKET IS TUMBLED OVER. SHE LIES DEAD, HALF INSIDE,
HALF ON THE STONE FLOOR OF THE TOMB...

HARDING IS DEAD TOO. HE HOLDS ANNA IN HIS ARMS, SKIRTS
FLOWING OUT OF THE COFFIN AROUND HER HUSBAND. HER LEG WRAPPED
AROUND HIM.

HE COULD NOT RESIST HER. THE PLAGUE HAS TAKEN THEM BOTH NOW.

THOMAS
I cannot bear anymore!

VON FRANZ
Set fire to their infected bodies.

THOMAS
We must onward.

VON FRANZ
I must sanctify them first.

SIEVERS
But Orlok... will he not have risen?
Should we not return to our homes?

VON FRANZ

No!

THOMAS

(overlapping, hysterical)

I shall not wait 'til morning! What evil
will he do this night!?

VON FRANZ

Very wise, young Thomas.

VON FRANZ looks somehow suspicious to THOMAS.

SIEVERS

Are you all right?

THOMAS shakes, leaning on his cane, trying to be strong.

THOMAS

I feel his hold upon me tighten this
night.

SIEVERS

Make haste, Professor!

VON FRANZ sprinkles the bodies with holy water.

VON FRANZ

*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus
Sancti.*

THE MEN slowly lower their torches to cremate their friends.

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT

ORLOK stands looking out his window. Eyes blazing.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN sits at her dressing table. She lets down her long
black hair and brushes it in the mirror.

She looks at herself. She breathes.

Trembling, she takes off ANNA'S CROSS and sets it on the
table.

She is afraid, but she is ready.

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT

ORLOK walks slowly down a long corridor of the manor. The screeching of RATS is heard.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS drift down the canal in a small boat, with torches burning high.

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR. CHAPEL - NIGHT

ORLOK walks through the chapel, into the shadows. The screeching of RATS grows louder and louder.

EXT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT

THOMAS forces open the old iron gate.

THOMAS
There is a chapel in the rear.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELLEN walks to the window...

She flings it open...

Winds blows.

She slowly raises her arms, beckoning, like a sorceress...

SHE SPEAKS TO ORLOK WITHOUT OPENING HER MOUTH.

ELLEN (V.O.)
(whispered)
I bid you, come to me.

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR. CHAPEL - SAME MOMENT

ORLOK STOPS WALKING. HE TURNS HIS HEAD. HE HEARS ELLEN.

ORLOK (V.O.)
Ol niis.

INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS burst open the doors of the decrepit chapel. Pigeons fly.

THEY GASP!

THERE ARE RATS EVERYWHERE. THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS, PILED UP, FRANTICALLY CRAWLING.

SIEVERS

Oh god.

THEY ARE NEARLY KNEE DEEP IN RATS!!

THOMAS

We must on.

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS wade through the rats. They are crawling all over them.

VON FRANZ

Don't let them bite you.

VON FRANZ lowers his torch.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

The fire will keep them at bay.

It works...

They all lower their torches, trying to keep the rats away...

They walk in fear...

The remains of saintly statues loom over them. The shadows move as the men's torches do, making the statues seem alive... is that Orlok around the corner?

SUDDENLY, THEY SEE THEM: ORLOK'S VILE CRATES OF EARTH!

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Thomas, the axe. Break up the boxes.

SIEVERS

Quickly!

AS THOMAS does so, VON FRANZ throws wreathes of whitethorn onto the piles, and holds out his crucifix, sanctifying the earth.

VON FRANZ

(Latin)

In the name of the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost, purify this earth
condemned to plague and evil. Sanctify it
by Your truth. Your Word is Truth. In the
name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

VON FRANZ SETS FIRE TO THE BOXES.

SIEVERS

Look!

THERE IS A STONE COFFIN SET APART.

THOMAS

There it is.

They rush to it! The FLAMES behind them beginning to grow...

VON FRANZ

Go forward Thomas, take the spike. Set
free the daemon's body!

THOMAS throws open the coffin lid, closes his eyes, and
swiftly THRUSTS IN HIS LONG IRON SPIKE AND HAMMERS IT IN!

SIEVERS sees into the box before THOMAS:

SIEVERS

No, Thomas!!

AN OLD, THIN, PALE ARM JUTS OUT OF THE BOX IN AGONY!

BLOOD!!

AN OLD MAN'S SCREAM!!

THOMAS looks:

IT IS KNOCK, NAKED, LYING IN ORLOK'S DIRT!

THE IRON STAKE IS DEEP IN HIS GUT.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

Herr Knock!

KNOCK holds the stake, blood pouring from his mouth.

KNOCK

I relinquished him my soul...
deliverance...

KNOCK tries to push the stake deeper into his body.

His eyes... they look kind. He looks at THOMAS imploringly.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

I should have been the Prince of Rats -
immortal... but he broke our covenant...
for he cares only for his pretty bride I
promised him...

KNOCK slowly holds up THE HEART-SHAPED SILVER LOCKET, caked
in earth.

THOMAS realizes he has left Ellen at home... as prey!

THOMAS

Ellen! Where did you get that? Where did
you get that?

KNOCK

Strike again. I am blasphemy!

THOMAS

Did he give it you?

VON FRANZ takes a mallet from THOMAS...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No!

VON FRANZ drives the stake into KNOCK'S navel!

KNOCK dies.

VON FRANZ

Set fire to it all!

THOMAS

There is not time to be lost, he pursues
Ellen!

VON FRANZ

We must burn it! We must destroy all the
boxes.

THOMAS

Dammit man, he has gone to my wife!

VON FRANZ pays no attention to THOMAS.

VON FRANZ

And so he must! By holy Paul, there is no
remission without her blood!!

THOMAS and SIEVERS realize that VON FRANZ knew this all
along!

SIEVERS
You are a mad man!

THOMAS
(overlapping)
You knew Orlok would not be here! You
knew it this afternoon!

VON FRANZ
She wills it! Your wife wills it!!

THOMAS
(overlapping)
You are a terror!

VON FRANZ
I am resolute. There is nothing now to
fear save God.

THOMAS
This is not moral!!

VON FRANZ
God is beyond our morals.

THOMAS runs savagely at VON FRANZ, but SIEVERS holds him
back.

VON FRANZ laughs in a religious fervor!

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
In vain! In vain! (*laughs*)

THOMAS FILLS WITH TEARS OF RAGE. He turns away with SIEVERS
running to Ellen.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)
You run in vain! I met you once before
Thomas, I told you then, "you cannot out-
run your destiny" (*laughs*).

Her dark love for the beast shall redeem
us all. For when Jove's pure light shall
break upon the dawn: Redemption. (*laughs*)
The plague shall be lifted! (*laughs*)

EXT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT

THOMAS AND SIEVERS flee as violent flames consume the old
house. The smoke billows, burning away the evil. Steam from
the snow makes a tall hurricane of vapors heading straight to
heaven.

They hear VON FRANZ'S laughter in the distance.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME

ELLEN stands by the open window. The tall flames of Grünewald Manor flicker from miles away. But she cares not. She is ready for her fate.

She turns...

In the distance, she hears footsteps...

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

ORLOK'S SHADOW ascends the moonlit staircase. Slowly. The floorboards creak with every inevitable step. His cadaverous breathing growing louder...

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME

ELLEN stands utterly still. Orlok's approach paralyzes her with fear and anticipation... She hears him, feels him coming closer, closer...

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

THE SHADOW OF ORLOK'S HAND reaches toward the door of ELLEN'S room. His breathing grows louder... louder...

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ELLEN turns to the door, trembling...

She is wearing her WEDDING DRESS.

ORLOK'S shadow creeps into the room. It overtakes her.

She holds her arms out to him...

His shadow grabs at her heart, her chest heaves.

ORLOK approaches.

She breathes heavily... she walks toward him...

They meet. They lock eyes. A tear falls from her eyes (with happiness?)

They embrace. She is swept up in his immense power, his immense darkness. His embrace is overwhelming. Violent. Frightening.

She begins to pull away... She is afraid... He pulls her tighter...

ORLOK'S shrunken corpse mouth is still bloody from some past prey. He kisses her. Deeply.

As they kiss, she calms. She gives in... It is wonderful. For the first time she knows real passion - real ecstasy.

She inhales from the kiss, blood drips from her chin.

She leads him to the bed. She undresses. She lies down in her thin chemise.

He caresses her body with his putrid, skeletal claws.

She touches his mummy-like head gently with her beautiful white hand. Her fingers rest gently on his neck and she draws him to her heart, where she wished Thomas would kiss her.

They both breath heavily...

ORLOK opens his rat-like jaws...

He lifts up his head...

He sinks his teeth into her breast, penetrating her flesh!

She shudders. She moans.

She holds his cold, dead skull closely as he drinks her blood. Her whole body pulses as the blood rushes through her veins.

He drinks and drinks. She holds him tighter.

Breathing... BREATHING.... B R E A T H I N G... !!!

EXT. WISBURG - DAWN

Wisburg, the plague-ridden city, sits awaiting redemption. The first golden rays of dawn grow in the horizon behind the city skyline.

EXT. WISBURG STREET - DAWN

THOMAS AND SIEVERS run down an empty street.

THOMAS sees the amber sky and light breaking upon the gables of the roofs, the steeple of THE CHURCH.

THOMAS is about to collapse.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAWN

ORLOK'S jaws are still latched to Ellen's breast, though he is engorged.

He senses the dawn, and begins to rise... but ELLEN lovingly guides him back to her.

He cannot resist. His lust for blood is too great.

ELLEN holds him close. He drinks more.

Slowly, the first rays of THE SUN begin to come in through the open window, moving across the floor.

ORLOK can feel its warmth, he stands, slowly, coming to his feet...

THE SUNLIGHT begins to rake over him...

He puts up his hands to shield himself from its power...

It is slowly obliterating the vampire! He is in agony.

He contorts himself into a twisted position - now convulsing. Ellen's blood oozes from all of his orifices. He screams like a tortured animal - his lungs and throat shredded by the cry.

JUST THEN, THOMAS AND SIEVERS RUSH IN, THEY GASP IN HORROR AT WHAT THEY SEE!

THOMAS

Ellen!

ORLOK FALLS ONTO ELLEN, BOTH OF THEM EPILEPTICALLY WRITHING IN UNISON. AN ANGUISHED AND PUTRID BALLET. CLIMAXING...

THOMAS AND SIEVERS GO TOWARD THE BED... BUT IT IS TOO LATE...

THE COUPLE'S HORRIFIC UNION COMES TO AN END.

THOMAS falls to his knees in despair.

ELLEN gently touches ORLOK... THEY DIE.

EXT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - DAY

THE SUN shines over the ashes of GRÜNEWALD MANOR.

VON FRANZ is walking away, but he sees something odd outside the iron gates... something growing, blooming... He leans in.

INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING

THOMAS is beside the bed, in tears, face buried. Beautiful golden light shines through the windows behind him. Never was light more golden, more harmonious, more pure.

VON FRANZ walks into the bedroom, solemnly removing his hat. He puts his hand on THOMAS' shoulder. THOMAS doesn't feel it.

VON FRANZ holds a bouquet of LILACS. He places the flowers on ELLEN and ORLOK.

ELLEN holds ORLOK in her arms. Both dead. LILACS strewn around them. ORLOK is no longer frightening in the light of day. He is just an empty shell.

ELLEN'S glassy wide eyes are still open, and her face is calm - finally at peace. Finally fulfilled.

HOLD.

BLACK.