

SHERLOCK HOLMES
AND THE VENGEANCE OF DRACULA

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FADE IN

TITLE - LONDON 1891

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

A desolate night heavy with ghostly fog and tomblike silence.
A rusty STEAMSHIP is docked at a deserted London pier.

A swarthy, Italian CAPTAIN and A RUSSIAN with a shaggy goatee haul
AN OBLONG CRATE down the wooden gangplank from the boat.

The Russian is named WOJCEK, and the thick lenses in his wire-frame
spectacles magnify his beady eyes to a grotesque degree.

The two men grunt as they lower the crate onto firm ground.

WOJCEK

Be careful, you dolt! Your
primitive brain has no conception
how precious this treasure is...

Two slovenly ruffians named DAWSON and BIXBY emerge from the
darkness to greet Wojcek and the Captain with cocked pistols.

BIXBY

We'll just see for ourselves,
then, mate. The Professor's
waitin' on hot coals for this'n.

CAPTAIN

You lads are late.

DAWSON

(sneering at Wojcek)
Whew! Been hittin' the pipe, now,
eh, ya dooper? I kin smell the
poppy on yer breath from 'ere.

WOJCEK

(to the Captain)
Swine! You dare to betray me?

Bixby and Dawson ignore his protests as they pry the top off the
wooden crate -- and gasp with surprise at its contents.

BIXBY

It's a bleedin' coffin!

CAPTAIN

All this hush-hush sneakin'
to smuggle in a damned body?!

He spits scornfully on the coffin, kicking it with his boot.

A FLUTTERING NOISE from above causes him to glance up --
as a BAT swoops down from the dark and attacks the Captain's neck.
The creature clamps down viciously with razor fangs.

CAPTAIN

Aagh! Get this night rat off me!

As the Captain wrestles with the frenzied bat at his throat,
a SECOND BAT joins the attack, then ANOTHER BAT, and still more
others -- a shrieking torrent of leathery wings --

The thugs Bixby and Dawson back away in horror, transfixed by the grisliest sight either man has ever seen.

A swarm of gnashing bats covers the Captain from head to toe.
The Captain flails in agony as he is lifted bodily off the ground by the throbbing, flapping mass of winged rodents.

Dawson gapes slack-jawed as the coffin lid slowly creaks open.

DAWSON

Lord save us --

WOJCEK

(giggles ecstatically)

The Overlord awakens!

Dawson and Bixby whirl to run wildly without looking back.
The two thugs flee through the dark alleyways --

as some UNSEEN, SNARLING CREATURE rapidly pursues them.

Bixby dares a look behind him, and terror squeezes his heart.
The SILHOUETTE of a fierce BEAST with BLAZING CRIMSON EYES
is dimly outlined through the fog as it lopes nearer.

Bixby trembles as he FIRES his revolver into the mist --
but, impossibly, the animal is gone. Vanished. Eerie silence
and fog envelope the two thugs, chilling them both to the bone.

Both Bixby and Dawson turn to peer uneasily into the swirling
vapors obscuring the alleyway before them --

when A HUGE, FEROCIOUS WOLF explodes out of the fog! The mass of
fur and teeth lunges savagely at Bixby's throat.

Bixby screams as he is ripped apart by the animal. Dawson bolts for
his life. Glancing back at his doomed partner, he is stunned to see
not a wolf crouched over Bixby's bloodied body --

but the caped figure of a red-eyed man. Dawson stumbles fearfully
away as Bixby's shrieks are cut short behind him.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - NIGHT

A group of men march along a decorated hallway of the British
Museum. Assorted exotic curios line the walls -- suits of armor,
African masks, framed paintings, antique sculptures.

The Museum Director is a blustery, muttonchopped military man named
COLONEL SMYTHE who wears a gold MONOCLE in one eye. His nervous,
fidgety assistant is SULLIVAN.

Both men are being questioned by a ferret-faced INSPECTOR LESTRADE.

SMYTHE

The ransom note was explicit --
either the British Museum
pays fifty thousand pounds
by midnight tomorrow, or the
Ling Tau Tapestry will be destroyed!
Outrageous! Intolerable!

LESTRADE

And you have no idea how it
was smuggled out of the Museum?

SULLIVAN

None whatsoever. The Tapestry
measures over four by five meters.
It was a gift from the Chinese ambassador.

LESTRADE

Scotland Yard will solve the
mystery, rest assured.

They turn to enter the elegant chambers of Smythe's office.

SMYTHE

The Tapestry hung on the
rear wall of my office --

The Inspector stops short, his face darkening with indignation.

LESTRADE

What the blazes is he doing here?

He indicates A LEAN, HAWK-NOSED GENTLEMAN across the room, clad in
formal evening wear, overcoat and woolen scarf.

The gentleman takes no notice of the newcomers as he peers through
A MAGNIFYING GLASS with the utmost concentration, closely examining
a series of SMALL HOOKS protruding from the room's rear wall.

He is SHERLOCK HOLMES, the world's first and only consulting
detective. Holmes addresses the Inspector without looking up.

HOLMES

Mind you don't touch anything
on your way in, Lestrade.

LESTRADE

This case is under my jurisdiction,
Holmes. I give the orders here!

SULLIVAN

I see you are acquainted with
Mister Sherlock Holmes and his
associate, Doctor Watson.

The stout man beside Holmes politely tips his derby to Lestrade --
he is JOHN H. WATSON, M.D., Holmes's chronicler and friend.

WATSON

Good evening, Inspector Lestrade.
Holmes was just anticipating
your officious arrival.

HOLMES

Yes. A pity you had to be
called away from billiards
at the Red Rooster Pub.

LESTRADE

How in blazes did you know that?

HOLMES

The smell of ale and tobacco, as well as the sawdust on your trouser cuffs, indicate you came directly from a pub -- and I am quite aware the Red Rooster is the favorite haunt of Yard detectives. The chalk residue on your right thumb tells me you were recently holding a cuestick.

Smythe and Sullivan look suitably impressed. Lestrade snorts.

LESTRADE

Bah! I've no patience for your parlor tricks tonight, Holmes. This is a Yard matter. You've no call to be poking your nose here --

SULLIVAN

I requested his assistance in investigating this perplexing crime.

He stops to watch Holmes curiously. Holmes has dropped onto all fours, his nose to the carpet as he squints through his magnifying lens and shuffles along the rear wall.

Smythe adjusts the monocle in his eye as he speaks.

SMYTHE

I came here to my office yesterday, to prepare some budgetary reports for our upcoming Board of Trustees conference. The tapestry was still on display on that very wall. An exquisite weaving of priceless value. Magnificent! Superb!

HOLMES

And you sat working at your desk all afternoon.

SMYTHE

Yes, until well past eight o'clock. When I left, I locked the door behind me. Upon returning this evening, I discovered the tapestry missing. Stolen! The ransom note was left in its place -- to mock me!

He indicates the bare rear wall lined with empty hooks.

SULLIVAN

The only employees entering the building over the weekend were painters hired to paint the administrative offices down the hall.

LESTRADE

That accounts for the smell of fresh paint in the corridors.

SULLIVAN

But the guards insist they inspected
each worker as they left.

SMYTHE

And I can assure you, never
once did anyone besides myself
enter this room. Not a soul!

TWO MUSEUM GUARDS in grey uniforms appear in the doorway.

GUARD

We've conducted a thorough search
of the entire building. Nothing.

SMYTHE

The Ling Tau Tapestry must
be returned safely -- undamaged!
We have no choice but to pay
the blasted ransom!

WATSON

Hhmm... A priceless Chinese artifact
disappears from the British Museum
without a trace. This makes for
one of your more unusual cases,
wouldn't you say, Holmes?

Holmes has been carefully examining every inch of the office,
including the carpeting, all four walls, and Smythe's antique desk.

HOLMES

Unusual, yes, Watson, but not as
stimulating as I might have hoped.

(to the others)

Gentleman, I trust it will alleviate
your anxiety to inform you that
I have determined the location of
the missing Tapestry.

The other men, including Watson, react with stunned expressions.
Watson recovers first, smiling proudly.

WATSON

Of course, I'm not surprised.

SULLIVAN

Oh, praise Heaven! How in the
world was the Tapestry removed
from the Museum?

HOLMES

Truth be told, the Tapestry
never left this office.

There are general exclamations from everyone all around.

LESTRADE

Really, Holmes, what nonsense
are you prattling?

Holmes simply grabs A VIKING BROADSWORD off a wall display.

As the others watch flabbergasted, Holmes chops hard into the smooth paneling of the rear wall.

SMYTHE

Have you gone daft, man!?

Holmes yanks aside an entire panel of the splintered wall -- to reveal THE CHINESE TAPESTRY hanging on the wall hidden behind!

WATSON

The wall is a fake!

HOLMES

The "painters" carried in materials and constructed this false wall to conceal the tapestry behind it from view -- taking pains to ensure that their detailed facade matched the other walls exactly.

SULLIVAN

Ingenious!

LESTRADE

And so once the ransom was paid, the thieves planned to disassemble the false wall and thus "return" the Tapestry undamaged.

SULLIVAN

But how could the thieves have accomplished all this with Colonel Smythe present in the office?

HOLMES

The answer is elementary. The Colonel has been lying. He is a participant in this clever and ambitious hoax.

SMYTHE

You dare accuse me of complicity in this crime! What utter nonsense! Poppycock!

Holmes steps over to Smythe's leather chair.

HOLMES

A drop of moist paint lies undisturbed on the seat of your chair -- proving you did not sit working at your desk as you claim.

(indicating the windows)

Also, I have determined from the angle of these windows that the sun would be shining directly into your face just before dusk. I find it inconceivable that you would remain in this spot without closing the shutters to shield your eyes from the blinding rays of the setting sun.

SMYTHE

But -- but I did close them!

HOLMES

Highly unlikely, since the cobwebs along the top edges of these shutters are all undisturbed -- evidencing that these shutters have not been closed in quite some time.

(as Smythe sweats profusely)
I would venture to speculate that either financial need or blackmail were elements in securing the Colonel's cooperation in such a daring criminal scheme. Until I obtain further facts --

Smythe's features slowly twist into defiant rage.

SMYTHE

I had no choice! He threatened to ruin me!

He suddenly produces A REVOLVER from his coat pocket.

SULLIVAN

Colonel! Good God!

SMYTHE

I'll shoot the first man who moves -- !

Lestrade, Watson and the guards raise their hands cautiously. Holmes merely watches calmly as Smythe backs out of the office, slamming the office door shut behind him.

LESTRADE

(to the guards)

Quickly -- cover all the exits!

Watson is last to follow the men as they rush out in pursuit.

WATSON

Quite the surprise twist, eh, Holmes?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Holmes emerges as Watson trails Lestrade down the corridor. Holmes carefully surveys the hallway, keen eyes alert --

and spots Smythe's GOLD MONOCLE on the floor directly in front of a red velvet curtain covering one wall.

Holmes sweeps aside the curtain to reveal A HIDDEN DOOR.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - NIGHT

Smythe emerges onto the roof of the British Museum.

A young Museum CLEANING GIRL leans against a lowset chimney, eating her meager supper of bread and cheese, and enjoying the panoramic view of the London skyline.

She drops her food, startled to see Smythe stagger up to her.

GIRL
Colonel Smythe! I was just
headin' back to me rounds --

Holmes steps onto the roof in time to see Smythe grab the girl.
She screams as Smythe presses his revolver to her head.

SMYTHE
Stay away! Or I'll kill her!

HOLMES
Calm down, Colonel. Tell me
who is blackmailing you.

SMYTHE
He never said his name.
An eloquent man with a
silver-topped cane. A huge
black mastiff always at his side --

HOLMES
Professor Moriarty!

SMYTHE
(in anguish)
I took a mistress -- a cheap
music hall dancer. God help me,
she bewitched me to betray my wife!
And he had proof. Irrefutable!
He threatened to expose my tawdry
affair to the Museum Board --

GIRL
(hysterical)
Please -- I promise I won't
eat on the roof no more!

HOLMES
Release the girl, Smythe.
Help me bring Moriarty
to justice. Testify against
the scoundrel in a court of law --

Holmes carefully inches closer. One hand slowly moves towards
the cleaning girl's UNEATEN BREAD left on the low brick chimney.

SMYTHE
Never! It's over for me now.
My career -- my life -- are all
in shambles! All because of you!

Half-crazed, Smythe cocks the trigger, about to shoot Holmes --
when Holmes flings a handful of bread crumbs at Smythe.
For a moment, Smythe is startled by the bizarre action --

when hordes of ROOFTOP PIGEONS hungry for crumbs flock around
Smythe, blocking his aim. The cleaning girl squeals in Smythe's
grip as the birds flutter around her --

Holmes SPRINGS forward and TACKLES Smythe to the rooftop.
The cleaning girl breaks free and frantically scrambles away.

The two men wrestle on the rooftop as Holmes fights for the gun
clenched in Smythe's fist. The revolver goes off, the bullet
ZINGING past Holmes's head like an angry bee.

Holmes and Smythe grapple fiercely --

and begin to roll down the sloping roof of the British Museum.

Smythe reaches the edge first and tumbles off with a scream --
PLUMMETING four stories to his death on the cobblestones below.

Holmes slides down the slippery roof tiles as well. He twists and
scrambles in his overcoat, unable to grab a handhold, skidding
closer to the edge and the fatal drop --

As Holmes rolls off the rooftop -- he unwraps his woolen scarf and
lashes it out like a whip. The end of the scarf snags a marble
ornament on the rooftop edge!

The scarf yanks taut, but holds -- as Holmes hangs on precariously,
dangling in mid-air.

A tense moment as Holmes swings himself towards the building.
He releases his grip on the scarf, sails through the air --

and lands nimbly on a narrow ledge running the length of the
Museum's front facade. Safe.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lestrade, Watson, and Sullivan stand around the broken body of
Colonel Smythe lying on the pavement. Lestrade is taking notes,
murmuring orders to the guards. The mood is somber.

Holmes descends the Museum's front steps, calmly composed.

WATSON

Holmes! Thank heavens you're
unharmmed. A ghastly business
with Smythe, eh? A senseless loss...

HOLMES

Yes. Though a rather Pyrrhic
victory for Professor Moriarty.

WATSON

Moriarty!

A museum guard escorts the shaken cleaning girl down the steps.
She lets out a cry upon seeing Holmes and rushes to him.

GIRL

Oh, thank ye, Mister 'olmes!
You saved my life! Yer a
wonderful, wonderful man!

She tearfully embraces him, clutching him close. Watson is amused
to observe Holmes's discomfort and irritation.

HOLMES

Please control yourself, young lady. Such an effusive display of gratitude is hardly necessary.

He breaks free and strides off abruptly, leaving the cleaning girl to stare after him with open-mouthed bewilderment.

EXT. LIBRARY RUINS - NIGHT

The rubble of a fire-ravaged library designed in a neoclassical Greco-Roman style. Broken marble columns support collapsed sections of finely-detailed masonry.

A bronze plaque, smeared with soot, reads: FEATHERSTONE LIBRARY OF MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

The ground floor is a shambles, littered with rows of broken bookcases and charred tables. One wall bears the scorched remains of A PAINTED MURAL depicting historical portraits, each labeled by a written scroll beneath: Archimedes, Pythagoras, Copernicus, Galileo, and Sir Isaac Newton.

In one secluded corner, LIGHT shines from a grated AIR VENT in the floor. VOICES and FLICKERING SHADOWS emanate from below.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN COMPLEX - NIGHT

A suite of LUXURIOUS CHAMBERS are secreted underground, in sharp contrast to the abandoned ruins above. Lavishly decorated with FINE PAINTINGS and CLASSICAL SCULPTURES, the rooms resemble a private museum, exuding wealth and culture.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY regards a blackboard covered with chalk diagrams. A rough blueprint of the British Museum has been drawn, with various entrances marked with arrows and notations.

Barely past 50, Moriarty is a mathematical genius who mixes as easily with London's high society aristocrats as with its underworld criminals.

MORIARTY

My daring ploy to kidnap the
Duke of Windsor -- nullified!
My ingenious subterfuge to purloin
the Crown Jewels -- neutralized!
And now my brilliant ruse against
the British Museum -- negated!

A BLACK MASTIFF lays nearby, quietly watching his master rant.

Beside the hound stands "MANGLER" McMANN, a short, barrel-chested man with thick, sinewy arms resembling a gorilla's. But Mangler's most distinguishing feature is unnerving: his hands are abnormally huge, with fingers like fat sausages.

Mangler CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES, a jarring, bone-popping noise.

MANGLER

I warned ya Sherlock Holmes
would be pokin' his beaky nose.

Moriarty skewers him with a scowl so dark that Mangler wilts.

MANGLER

Sorry, Professor. No disrespect intended. Sir. Sorry.

The third man present is impeccably groomed and dressed in an expensive, superbly tailored suit of bright green.

He is the refined, dapper LEWELLYN, whose smile literally sparkles -- the effect of a glittering GREEN EMERALD embedded in each of his teeth. The twin rows of gleaming gems match the color of his suit.

LEWELLYN

Mangler has no cause to complain.
My dippers and I were the ones
who wasted all day painting
those infernal offices.

He grimaces at his delicate hands spotted with blue paint.

MORIARTY

My calculations did not factor
in the random chance of Holmes's
involvement. A critical error.

He strides up to his blackboard, and studies the name "Holmes" written out carefully in chalk. In one violent gesture, he seizes an eraser and wipes the name away.

MORIARTY

That unpredictable element
Holmes must be eradicated!

A towering, turbaned INDIAN slips into the chamber and waits unobtrusively -- it is Moriarty's bodyguard and valet, SAHID.

SAHID

The cracksman Dawson is ready.

He gestures to an adjoining room where the thug Dawson sits in a highbacked chair, his arms and legs strapped securely in place.

Dawson swallows fearfully as Moriarty and his henchmen approach.

DAWSON

Professor -- I can explain --

Moriarty fingers his SLEEK BLACK CANE. The stick is topped by a heavy silver knob shaped as the hooked beak of A FIERCE FALCON.

MORIARTY

Captain Verelli assured me
the owner of his smuggled cargo
paid him a handsome sum for its
discreet delivery into England.
Yet you failed to procure
the goods as ordered.

He signals to Sahid, who crosses silently to a glass tank. Inside the tank lies A COILED, HISSING COBRA.

DAWSON

I told Mangler here wot 'appened --

MANGLER

A corker of a tale about blood-suckin' bats and giant wolves. Hah!

Dawson watches with growing dread as Sahid removes the wooden cover from the tank.

MORIARTY

Mathematics is a precise science, Mister Dawson. A formula's data must be exact, its components undistorted. I, too, require authenticated facts.

Sahid tilts the tank, and the cobra slithers out onto Dawson's lap.

MORIARTY

Speak the truth, and I will permit your dubious existence to continue.

DAWSON

I told ya the truth, Professor!
I swear by the Holy Mother!

The cobra slithers up his chest. Dawson strains against the ropes, sweating profusely.

MORIARTY

I suspect Verelli's cargo was some rare -- and stolen -- work of art being secreted across the Channel. I very much desire it for my collection.

DAWSON

We opened the crate! There was nothin' inside but a coffin!

LEWELLYN

A coffin? How gauche!

Dawson trembles as the cobra curls itself around his neck.

DAWSON

The bloody box began to open!
That thing inside it was alive!

The cobra flicks its forked tongue against Dawson's cheek. Dawson goes rigid with fear, gulping in wheezing breaths.

DAWSON

It was a demon. A monster from Hell!
It killed poor Bixby! God help me -- !

He faints dead away, finally overcome with fright and exhaustion. Moriarty gestures casually to Mangler.

The ape-like thug moves with lightning swiftness and grabs the cobra just beneath its flared hood. Mangler grips the snake in his oversized fist, enjoying its futile writhing, before returning it to its secure glass prison.

With impressive sleight-of-hand, Lewellyn produces a gleaming STRAIGHT-EDGED RAZOR. He is about to slit Dawson's throat -- when Moriarty reaches out with his cane to halt him.

MORIARTY

I am convinced of his veracity.
Mangler, inform your enforcers.
Lewellyn, gather your pickpockets.
Send word along the docks.
I paid a costly sum for that
duplicitous Captain's information,
and I intend to locate that
missing shipment. Samson!

The mastiff SAMSON trots over obediently as Moriarty sets down A SILVER PLATTER filled with succulent cuts of prime beef. Samson greedily wolfs down the gourmet delicacies.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

A filthy MUTT rummages through a pile of refuse for scraps.

A mysterious, caped FIGURE glides noiselessly through the dark along a posh, upper-class area across from Hyde Park.

The dog barks at the Figure -- who growls AN INHUMAN SNARL that sends the mongrel scampering away in fear.

The Figure creeps up to the gaslit windows of a townhouse.

THE FIGURE'S POV INTO A COZY SITTING ROOM

as it spies upon A MATRONLY WOMAN resting in a plush armchair. A fireplace roars nearby, toasting the air.

The woman is AGNES BRACKNELL, and she is embroidering vigorously.

AGNES

I insist you remove those
dreadful garments at once!
I will not have my daughter
shamelessly parading herself
around in such ridiculous attire!

CONSTANCE BRACKNELL ignores her mother as she repairs AN OLD-FASHIONED BICYCLE, bracing it upside-down between her legs. She wears a modest women's cycling outfit of the day: a plain jersey with "bloomers" -- flared, ankle-length trousers.

Surrounding her as she works is an entire cornerful of brightly colored floral arrangements in magnificent full bloom.

CONSTANCE

Don't be absurd, mother.
A girl cannot possibly ride
a velocipede in a laced corset
and crinoline bustle -- nor
do much of anything comfortably,
for that matter. I see now
why men desire to preserve their
monopoly on trousers.

Wiping a streak of grease from her cheek, she only smears it worse. A spirited young woman of 25, Constance possesses a mind too sharp and an attitude too outspoken for her own good.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, LORD OF GODALMING MANOR, 30ish and amiable, strolls into the sitting room, grinning at his aunt and cousin.

ARTHUR

And what has my headstrong cousin done now that has you two arguing so?

AGNES

Indeed. Arthur, please explain to your cousin that it is simply not safe for a genteel lady to venture alone around town on some dangerous new contraption!

CONSTANCE

Oh, Mother, if only you could imagine how exhilarating it was to hurtle down Hooperman's Hill on two wheels. Tearing along under my own power, totally in control! The wind rushing in my face!

Arthur is amused, while Agnes rolls her eyes. Constance removes THE FRONT WHEEL from the bicycle frame and examines it critically.

CONSTANCE

Ah, there we go. One of the spokes is bent out of shape. It's those bumpy cobblestones on Moorpark Lane that did it. I never should have tried to outrace that milk wagon...

AGNES

Honestly, Constance. The oddest notions rattle inside your head. It's no wonder there's nary a suitor who'll come calling.

ARTHUR

I rather think dear Constance intimidates them. Both with her beauty and her indomitable spirit. Good night, cousin, Aunt Agnes.

He bends to kiss each woman on the cheek. He is careful to nurse his left wrist, which is wrapped in a white bandage.

CONSTANCE

Arthur, do you think your coachman might lend me a hammer and pliers?

AGNES

(exasperated)

She's a common mechanic now! Lord give me strength...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Arthur removes his jacket as he enters his study. He shivers with an intense, unexpected chill.

ARTHUR

How can it be so frigid in May?

His hand trembles from the cold as he lights a candle, and he is startled to see his breath float away in wispy mists.

He steps to check the room's only window -- and gapes at the frost coating the window panes.

Frozen streaks of ice are forming before his disbelieving eyes.

ARTHUR

What on earth -- ?

A deeper chill numbs his spine. Etched on the frost-covered glass, letters have become clearly, terribly visible: DIE!

Arthur backs away from the window as STRANDS OF GREEN MIST seep in beneath the panes. As he watches in mixed horror and wonder, the mists swirl together and begin to solidify.

First, the bare bones of a human skeleton take shape --

which is then overlaid by a pulsating network of nerves and blood vessels. Glistening red tendons and musculature attach to the bony joints, as a smooth veneer of skin shimmers into existence.

Facial features and hair magically sprout to cover the skull.

Lastly, elegant evening attire coalesces over the newly formed body. In seconds, the amazing transformation is complete.

Arthur gasps as he recognizes the sinister FIGURE which emerges from the shadows.

ARTHUR

Dracula!

COUNT DRACULA OF TRANSYLVANIA is a handsome man of indeterminate age, with chiseled European features and commanding eyes that flash with hellfire. Soulless, pitiless orbs.

DRACULA

I am pleased to see you in good health, Lord Godalming. Especially since I've journeyed across half of Europe to kill you...

A sinister growl escapes from his pale lips as he bares a set of razor fangs. He moves closer, his cape spreading behind him.

The mournful strains of A VIOLIN reverberate among the shadows.

Arthur shudders, unable to move, his limbs paralyzed with terror as Dracula leans in to envelope him.

The glow from the candle illuminates ARTHUR'S SILHOUETTE pinned helplessly against the wall --

while Dracula casts no shadow. The melancholy music plays on...

DISSOLVE TO:

A STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN, tucked under the chin of Sherlock Holmes as he performs a solemn Chopin sonata, drawing his bow with easy, skillful strokes.

Holmes paces his cluttered parlor at 221-B Baker Street, clad in a grey silk smoking jacket.

Behind him, a stained table laden with CHEMISTRY EQUIPMENT, test tubes and bunsen burners fills one corner. Shelves overflowing with assorted BOOKS and crooked STACKS OF PAPERS line the walls.

BULLET HOLES dot the plaster of one wall, surrounded by measurements drawn in chalk.

A most peculiar and eclectic room reflecting the unique and remarkable intellect of Sherlock Holmes.

Watson sits at the small center table, sipping a cup of black coffee as he sorts through the day's mail.

WATSON

Ah, just the thing to brighten
up this gloomy morning!
An invitation to a grand ball
honoring the engagement
of the Countess d'Mornay to
the Duke of Rutherford.
I daresay it promises to be
the gala affair of London society!

HOLMES

An insufferable evening fawned
upon by mindless, shallow women
fluttering about in all their
ostentatious fashions. I'd
rather drink a cyanide cocktail.

He grunts as he sets down his violin and bow on the mantle.

WATSON

Fortunately, I happen to enjoy
the company of the fairer sex.
Look upon this as an opportunity to
celebrate the sacred vows of matrimony.

HOLMES

Hmmph. Not everyone cherishes those
vows so dearly. You no doubt recall
the Case of the Embittered Engineer --
who cremated the dismembered corpses
of his unfaithful wife and her lover
piece by piece in his locomotive's
coal furnace.

He moves to the rickety table bearing his laboratory equipment.

A WITHERED BOUQUET OF FLOWERS droops in a plain clay vase. Holmes shoves the wilted flowers aside without a second glance and proceeds to examine several beakers of chemical fluids.

HOLMES

How many cruel and violent crimes of passion have we investigated this month alone, Watson? Each new homicide only convinces me further that even the noble and cherished virtue of Love -- be it romantic or familial -- stands powerless beneath the crushing hand of a callous and indifferent Providence.

He pours a colored solution into a vial and corks it securely.

A loud KNOCK sounds at the front door. Watson rises from his seat to open the door -- and reveal their landlady, MRS. HUDSON.

MRS. HUDSON

Sorry t' bother ye gentlemen, but there's a young lady here to see Mister Holmes most urgent.

HOLMES

(without looking up)
Indeed. Send her away.
And bring us another pot of coffee, will you? Perhaps a more potent brew this time.

Mrs. Hudson bristles, about to offer an indignant reply --

WATSON

Forgive his contrary mood, Mrs. Hudson. Please -- invite our guest inside.

Mrs. Hudson nods curtly and steps out before Holmes can protest.

After a moment, Constance Bracknell strides into the parlor. She wears a prim, blue traveling outfit with a bonnet adorned with pretty lilac flowers.

Watson immediately rises, passing a hand through his hair.

CONSTANCE

Ah, you must be Doctor Watson.
I am Miss Constance Bracknell.

WATSON

(bows politely)
At your service. And may I present Sherlock Holmes, consulting detective.

CONSTANCE

Mister Holmes. I'm an ardent reader of your adventures each month in *The Strand*.

Holmes takes her hand with limp disinterest, already bored.

HOLMES

Of course you are. I see you came from the Hyde Park district, most likely by Waterbury Street. Though I doubt you rode your velocipede this morning, as is your usual custom.

CONSTANCE

Why, that is indeed correct.

WATSON

Impressive, isn't it?

CONSTANCE

I suppose. You undoubtedly observed the cherry blossom petals on my shawl which fell from the trees in bloom surrounding Hyde Park. The pavement along Waterbury Street is currently under construction, which you rightly deduced as the source of the dried mortar dust soiling the hem of my skirt.

(indicates her skirt)

And most likely you noticed the slight callouses on my hands -- the result of repeatedly gripping my bicycle's steering handles.

Holmes eyes her, intrigued by her unexpected mental acuity.

HOLMES

You also have scratches on the upper sides of your shoes marking where your feet have slipped off the pedals.

CONSTANCE

Ah, of course. I had not noticed. All quite -- how would you say -- elementary? I see Doctor Watson's published accounts of your exploits did not embellish your deductive abilities. I am pleased.

Watson smiles to see Holmes warm noticeably to this flattery.

HOLMES

Forgive my manners, Miss Bracknell. Would you care for some tea?

Constance seats herself, her face growing somber.

CONSTANCE

No, thank you. I am here because my cousin, Arthur Holmwood, Lord Godalming, was discovered dead in his study this morning.

WATSON

My word! You poor dear...

CONSTANCE

(with difficulty)

Arthur was found hanged from the ceiling rafter. The room's only door was locked from the inside, and a suicide note in his own handwriting was left on his desk.

HOLMES

Excuse my bluntness, Miss Bracknell, but such clear-cut evidence of suicide would appear to rule out foul play.

CONSTANCE

Arthur would never kill himself! Moreover, he was in fine spirits when he retired for the evening. I wish you to come to our London townhouse to investigate. I shall pay whatever remuneration you name.

Both she and Watson look expectantly to Holmes for his response.

HOLMES

My condolences for your loss, Miss Bracknell, but I am afraid I must decline your offer. My apologies, and good day.

He rises from his chair, dismissing his guest.

WATSON

Holmes!

CONSTANCE

It's all right, Doctor. Apparently Mister Holmes considers my suspicions to merely be the grief-stricken delusions of an overemotional woman. His low regard for my cognitive abilities is regrettable. I shall conduct any investigation myself, if need be.

She nods politely at Watson and moves for the door. Her hand touches the doorknob when Holmes sternly addresses her.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell... Doctor Watson and I regularly lunch daily at the Cafe Monico promptly at noon. However... I suppose we can postpone our meal a few hours for a brief excursion to Hyde Park.

CONSTANCE

Thank you, Mister Holmes! I knew the man who solved the Case of the Beryl Coronet would not disappoint me!

She exits excitedly. Watson stares after her admiringly.

WATSON

A very outspoken young lady.
Quite pretty, too, wouldn't you say?

HOLMES

I never allow my judgment to
be biased by the physical
attributes of a client.
Especially a female client.

Holmes strides from the room, leaving Watson to shake his head.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A hansom carriage clatters down a busy London street.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Constance sits beside Watson and across from Holmes, who stares moodily out the window as the cab draws up before Godalming's townhouse.

CONSTANCE

This is Arthur's London residence.
Ever since his fiancée died last
year, Arthur has lived here.

WATSON

How exactly did Lord Godalming's
fiancée expire, if I may ask?

CONSTANCE

I believe she suffered from a rare
blood disease. I met her once --
a vivacious young girl named
Lucy Westenra. She was treated
by several doctors, including a
specialist from the Continent.

WATSON

Was Godalming distraught over
her death?

CONSTANCE

For a while. But never suicidal.
His mood had distinctly improved
since my mother and I came to live
with him several months ago --
after my own engagement came
to unfortunate termination.

WATSON

Oh, dear. I'm dreadfully sorry --

CONSTANCE

Oh, no. My former fiancé is fine.
Let's just say when one partner
proved reluctant to surrender the
independence afforded by single life,
any prospects for a successful
marriage seemed unlikely.

Holmes alights from the cab first, with little enthusiasm. Watson follows, and offers his arm to assist Constance.

WATSON

A common attitude among we habitual bachelors. No reason for you to take personal offense.

Constance ignores his outstretched hand and leaps down nimbly from the carriage on her own.

CONSTANCE

I don't. I was the one who refused to relinquish my freedom.

INT. TOWNHOUSE HALLWAY- DAY

Agnes Bracknell flutters nervously as she leads Holmes, Watson and Constance down an opulently decorated hallway.

AGNES

Honestly, Constance, after I specifically insisted we handle this tragedy discreetly, you impetuously venture out on your own and summon the services of the great Sherlock Holmes himself!

HOLMES

I have not agreed to provide my services quite yet, Madam.

They stop before A BROKEN DOOR resting on splintered hinges.

CONSTANCE

This is Arthur's study. I insisted that nothing be touched.

Holmes and Watson peer through the doorway into the study --

to see ARTHUR'S CORPSE hanging from a rafter. A SILK CORD is tied tightly around his swollen neck as a noose.

AGNES

Such a horrible end! I cannot stay here. God have mercy!

Agnes wrings her hands and hurries off. Constance steels herself, and gestures for Holmes and Watson to enter before her.

Stepping into the study, Holmes's entire demeanor changes, revitalized as his professional instincts take command.

Watson and Constance watch with interest as Holmes moves slowly around the room, methodically absorbing every inch of his surroundings -- carefully inspecting the carpeted floor, the furniture, the shelf-lined walls, the study's only window.

Finally, without expression, Holmes regards the hanging corpse.

HOLMES

Hhmm... the bellpull was cut
and fashioned into a makeshift noose.
Who forced the locked door open?

Constance cannot bear to gaze at Godalming's corpse. She turns away, struggling to maintain her composure.

CONSTANCE

I had the coachman break it down.

Holmes notices A FOOT STOOL lying overturned several feet away. He inspects the carpet beneath the footstool.

WATSON

Godalming obviously stood on
the stool before kicking it away.

HOLMES

A natural assumption. But notice --

He indicates an imprint left in the plush carpet by the stool.

WATSON

Yes. A very expensive weave.

CONSTANCE

(realizing)

There's no impression beneath
Arthur's body.

HOLMES

Precisely. If Lord Godalming
stood on this stool to reach
the noose, his weight on the
stool would have left indentations
on the carpet directly below
his body. But there are none.

WATSON

But if he didn't stand on the
stool to hang himself --

CONSTANCE

Someone must have lifted him up,
and then brushed away their tracks.

Holmes does not answer, and instead crosses to the desk.
There is A NOTE pinned to the desktop by an elaborate DAGGER.

HOLMES

(reads)

"I cannot live with guilts from
my sins. Only death can right
my crime most grievous. I beg
humbly forgiveness to our Lord."
Peculiar wording, indeed...

CONSTANCE

It resembles Arthur's handwriting --
but he couldn't have written it.

HOLMES
I take it Godalming was left-handed.

CONSTANCE
Yes.

WATSON
I don't understand.

HOLMES
Observe Godalming's left wrist.

Watson sees that the left wrist of the corpse is bandaged.

CONSTANCE
Arthur sprained his wrist yesterday
when he slipped on the front walk.
He could barely move his hand.

HOLMES
Yet the cursive script on this note
is flawless. A superlative forgery.
Tell me, Miss Bracknell, what is the
significance of this dagger?

He holds up the dagger pinning the note to the desk. The handle is
fashioned of carved oak, and is engraved with FOREIGN RUNES.

CONSTANCE
It was a keepsake of Arthur's.
I never noticed it before.

HOLMES
The dust on this mantel indicates
where the dagger was on display.
Whoever pinned the note purposely
chose this dagger -- and not any of
the several paperweights on the desk.
This blade has significance.

He moves to the room's only window, its two panes pushed open.

HOLMES
The door was locked from the
inside -- yet this window is the
only other egress from this room.

WATSON
Perhaps a trap door in the roof --
like the one Tongo used to murder
Bartholomew Sholto and escape undetected.

CONSTANCE
Yes -- as related in your account
of *The Sign of The Four*. But there
is none. Anyone using that window
would have to scale the outside wall.

Holmes peers out the window -- the yard below is a drop of
four stories down a sheer brick wall.

Holmes produces his MAGNIFYING LENS, and leans out to examine the window sill, as well as the outside bricks beneath.

HOLMES

Odd. Areas of the ivy show signs of being disturbed. There are also hand prints on the moss covering the bricks.

CONSTANCE

So the killer climbed up the wall!

HOLMES

Perhaps. Except that the prints are on the underside of the bricks. As if the killer climbed down the wall -- headfirst. Most curious...

CONSTANCE

But... how can that be?

Watson stands near the body, inspecting Godalming's boots.

WATSON

Holmes -- come look at this!

(indicates)

Usually bodily fluids settle down around the ankles, thus bloating the feet. This is not the case here. It's almost as if Godalming's corpse has been somehow drained of most of its blood.

HOLMES

Yet there's no trace of blood on the carpet, nor the corpse itself --

Suddenly, Constance bolts from the room with a stifled cry.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Constance leans against the wall, trembling, her back to Holmes.

HOLMES

I would like to retain this fraudulent "suicide" note for further analysis. And your cousin's dagger as well.

He frowns, realizing that Constance is sobbing softly.

CONSTANCE

Forgive me. It's just ... Arthur was murdered. I'm sure of it now. What kind of monster could execute a man in his own home?

She brushes away her tears while Holmes watches awkwardly, unsure what to do. He finally reaches into his pocket for a handkerchief, which he offers tentatively to Constance.

HOLMES

I've investigated the most insidious of homicides committed by the most ordinary of men. An unfortunate proclivity of human nature, I fear.

Constance gratefully dabs her eyes with the handkerchief.

CONSTANCE

And yet you remain so detached, so clinical.

HOLMES

I have learned to discipline myself. Emotional involvement is a hindrance to cold, hard deductive reasoning.

CONSTANCE

I'm sure it is. I've always been hopelessly sentimental myself. But I'd worry that closing off my heart so tightly would cause it to wither away completely....

She forces a smile, attempting to recover her composure as she moves off. Holmes gazes after her with a frown.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Holmes and Watson wait at the front door, ready to depart. Constance approaches them, her determined self once more.

CONSTANCE

My mother and I cannot thank you both enough for your help. It means a great deal to us.

HOLMES

I do have one last question, Miss Bracknell, if you please. Did your cousin travel abroad recently?

CONSTANCE

I remember he made an urgent trip to Europe about a year ago... I had the impression that it was an emergency related somehow to his fiancée Lucy's untimely death.

HOLMES

Do you know his destination?

CONSTANCE

I did overhear him mention the Carpathian Mountains once. Arthur seemed loathe to discuss the matter, as if it involved some unpleasant business. Perhaps it stirred painful memories of Lucy.

HOLMES

Interesting.

CONSTANCE

Mister Holmes... have you any
idea why Arthur was murdered?

HOLMES

I have three distinct theories at
present -- but until all the facts
are in my possession, I always
refrain from conjecture.
But I will assure you of this,
Miss Bracknell -- I fully intend
to apprehend your cousin's killer.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The sun sets over a crumbling, forlorn graveyard situated high on
a bluff overlooking the vast London skyline.

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Inside the ruins of a musty mausoleum, the Russian Wojcek waits
eagerly beside an elegant, polished COFFIN.

The coffin stirs -- and the lid slowly opens. Wojcek's eyes widen
in anticipation behind his thick spectacles.

Count Dracula arises and steps from the casket, dusting off his
formal clothes. His features are pale, gaunt, but his eyes blaze
with cold hellfire.

WOJCEK

I am here, my liege.
Feed of me and grow strong!

He bares his arm and holds it out to Dracula, bowing his head.

Dracula accepts his offering, baring his fangs and biting deep into
Wojcek's scarred flesh. He drinks deeply for a moment, as Wojcek
closes his eyes in a perverted rapture --

when Dracula gags and spits out a mouthful of blood. Enraged,
he clenches Wojcek by the throat and hurls him to the ground.

DRACULA

I have warned you against polluting
your blood with that cursed drug!

WOJCEK

Forgive me, Sire! The opium
soothes me, enhances me, during
my lonely vigils on watch --

DRACULA

You pathetic anarchists!
You terrorize others to forge
a world free from control, yet
you lack control over yourselves.

He surveys the dilapidated crypt with a snarl of disgust.

DRACULA

Once I was attended by lavish
retinues and thousands of devoted
vassals. Now I am alone,
ostracized, reduced to hiding in
filthy ruins not fit for rodents!

WOJCEK

The lots you wanted have been
purchased. By tomorrow, your
new lairs will be accessible...

DRACULA

And the crates?

WOJCEK

All being delivered on schedule.
Trust me, Master. You will soon
regain your rightful glory.
You are the *Uebermach!* The future
of humankind foretold by Neitzsche!

DRACULA

Save your boot-licking, Wojcek.
What word have you of Seward?

WOJCEK

He is unaware of your return to London.

Dracula steps across a shattered wall, and approaches the edge of
the sheer cliff. The gaslights of London sprawl below him.

DRACULA

An unsuspecting city at my disposal --
whispering with dark promise...

And with a majestic flourish -- Dracula leaps off the cliff!
Arms outstretched, he plunges downward through the night air --

hurtling towards the rocks below, his cape flapping behind him,
Dracula unleashes a frightening howl of exhilaration --

and metamorphosizes into A HUGE BAT.

As he plummets, Dracula's clothes FADE to a coarse, leathery hide,
his limbs MELT into wings spanning six feet. His face TRANSFORMS
into a screeching, bestial visage.

The creature glides over the London rooftops, silhouetted
ominously against the moon.

MATCHING DISSOLVE TO:

A CARVING OF A BAT in flight, wings outstretched, etched into
the wooden handle of a DAGGER along with assorted foreign runes.

Holmes studies the dagger handle intently, sitting at a table in
THE LONDON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Several patrons sit reading at long tables between rows of tall
bookshelves. A musty, studious atmosphere.

Watson sits besides Holmes, consulting A THICK REFERENCE VOLUME.

HOLMES

As I suspected, Godalming's dagger is of Slavic design. A similar knife was used in the murder of a Bulgarian prostitute two years ago among the rookeries of Whitechapel.

He indicates a drawing in the reference volume to Watson. It is A SKETCH, with scrawled designs similar to the runes engraved on the dagger found pinned to Godalming's desk.

WATSON

Some type of ceremonial dagger?

HOLMES

Used in gypsy rituals, particularly among nomadic clans of Mulrovia and Transylvania.

WATSON

And you suspect Godalming's murderer is from that region as well.

Holmes unfolds the "suicide" note found on Godalming's desk.

HOLMES

The minor mistakes in grammar suggests that the note was forged by someone not wholly familiar with the English language. The wording of the note also suggests that the killer's motive may have been vengeance -- Godalming "confesses" to committing a grievous transgression that will be righted by his death.

WATSON

So Godalming's murder involved an unknown foreigner and a gypsy dagger brought from eastern Europe. That narrows the field of suspects considerably.

HOLMES

This incident is most likely related to Godalming's trip to that same locale a year earlier -- specifically, the wilderness region near the Carpathian Mountains.

WATSON

A trip related to the death of Miss Lucy Westenra.

HOLMES

Precisely, Watson. I'm pleased to see you've grasped a basic -- although obvious -- line of deductive logic.

He takes a folder of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS from Watson and spreads them open on the table.

HOLMES

Our next source of data --
a cutting of Lucy Westenra's
obituary from the library's
archive copy of *The London Times*.

WATSON

Hhmm... Rather sparse details
of young Lucy's background, but
it does mention her treating
physician as Doctor John Seward.

HOLMES

And if I recall correctly, and
I usually do, this Doctor Seward
runs a private mental asylum near
Carfax. I attended his last lecture
on the obsessive compulsions of the
criminally insane. A verbose but
conceptually imaginative presentation.

WATSON

Then we must locate Seward at once!
Perhaps he can shed some light on
this mysterious journey that has
yielded such tragic consequences.

Holmes snaps the folder shut as a satisfied smile appears.

HOLMES

Fortunately, I believe I know where
we can locate Seward this evening.

INT. MEDICAL AMPHITHEATRE - NIGHT

DOCTOR JOHN SEWARD lectures at the Royal Academy of Science.
He is a stiff, precise man in his thirties, with little humor.

Above him, his assembled colleagues watch with rapt interest,
seated in the gallery rows encircling the operating arena.

Seward stands beside an autopsy table bearing A MALE CADAVER.
The top of the cadaver's skull has been sawed open, and its severed
BRAIN rests on a metal tray beneath a glass bell jar.

SEWARD

Is there a link between deformities
of the human brain and criminal
behavior? Notice the elongated stem
of the subject's cerebellum --

Seward halts in mid-sentence as he recognizes a pallid figure
staring at him from the back row --

Count Dracula, his gaze drilling Seward with malevolent intent.

Seward rubs his eyes -- and Dracula is gone. Unnerved, Seward
shakily resumes his lecture.

SEWARD

Forgive me... As I was saying,
Bertolli theorizes that congenital
malformations of the outer hemispheres
can predict anti-social tendencies --

He glances up again at the gallery -- to see Dracula perched in a
closer row, staring hypnotically. The Count hisses at Seward with
animal viciousness.

Seward drops his papers, staggering in fear against the table --
when the cadaver's bloated hand shoots out to grab Seward's wrist.

The cadaver turns its shriveled eye sockets towards him, creaking,
as its decomposed lips move with raspy effort.

CADAVER

A rendezvous with Death is nigh.

The chilling hallucination totally unhinges Seward. He emits a
strangled cry and bolts in sheer panic from the arena.

SEWARD

I must find sanctuary until dawn!

The gathered Academy members are stunned by Seward's abrupt
departure. Murmurs resound throughout the amphitheatre.

EXT. ROYAL SCIENCE ACADEMY - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson are marching up the main front steps.

HOLMES

Seward is scheduled to lecture
at the Royal Academy this evening
on new theories correlating brain
structure to criminal behavior.
I had marked it on my calendar
with considerable interest.

Seward bursts through the front doors like a reckless madman.

HOLMES

Doctor Seward! We must speak with you!

Seward ignores him, and runs up hysterically to a passing
TWO-HORSE HANSON CAB and leaps inside.

Before Holmes and Watson can stop him, Seward's hansom rattles
away down the street.

WATSON

Good Heavens, Holmes. The man
wore an expression of mortal terror!

HOLMES

After him, Watson! Hurry!

He urgently hails another approaching hansom cab.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Seward's four-wheel carriage races through the streets. The late night boulevards are deserted, and A THICK FOG has settled in to obscure visibility and muffle distant nighttime noises.

Dracula emerges from the fog. Just as Seward's carriage races past, Dracula reaches out to grab the rear railing of the cab -- and drags the carriage to a stop. The horses strain against their reins, as the driver almost flies forward off his bench.

DRIVER

What the bloody hell --

Inside the carriage, Seward crashes to the floor of the cab.

Dracula steps in front of the horses. The beasts snort and rear, instinctively fearing the vampire before them.

Dracula calmly grabs each horse by its bit, and slams their heads together with bone-crushing force. The two horses collapse in their harnesses, dead.

The DRIVER stares bug-eyed at the caped figure before him -- who reaches up to grab him and heave him bodily from his perch. The driver hits the cobblestones hard, knocked out cold.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Seward cowers in the corner, as the carriage door is suddenly ripped off its hinges from outside in a splintering crack.

Dracula fills the shattered doorframe, a fearsome apparition.

DRACULA

Good evening, Doctor Seward.

SEWARD

I thought -- you were dead --

DRACULA

But I am.

He extends a claw into the cab. Seward digs into his pocket and produces A WHITE CRUCIFIX of wood. He thrusts it out desperately.

Dracula growls, throwing up his hands before the holy artifact. He backs away from the door, enraged, and disappears from view.

Seward dares to breathe, listening to the darkness. All is still. He moves tentatively towards the broken door --

When the cab suddenly lurches -- and Seward feels the entire carriage being lifted into the air --

Dracula snarls as he HEAVES the carriage above his head and SLAMS it violently against the ground. The carriage SHATTERS apart as it crashes. Its two rear wheels rotate tiltedly on broken axles.

Seward is buffeted about inside the demolished cab. The wooden cross flies from his grip and clatters across the cobblestones.

Bleeding and dazed, Seward climbs out of the wrecked carriage. The street is deserted. The fog swirls about him in silence.

Seward stumbles off blindly into the mist, determined in his hysteria to seek the nearest sanctuary. He abruptly freezes --

as Dracula descends from overhead, slowly levitating to the ground, his cape unfurled behind him like silken bat wings.

Seward can only gape at the unearthly spectacle, numb with fear.

DRACULA

You will not escape my vengeance
so easily...

AT A NEARBY CORNER

Holmes and Watson lean out the open windows of their hansom --

as they come upon the demolished carriage resting on its side, wheels spinning crookedly. Its team of horses lie deathly still, while their driver stirs beside them, groaning.

Holmes and Watson leap from the cab as Holmes barks at his driver.

HOLMES

Quickly -- go summon help!

The driver cracks his whip and races away. Holmes runs up to Seward's driver, who sits groggily beside his ruined cab.

DRIVER

Sherlock Holmes!

HOLMES

Where's Doctor Seward?

DRIVER

He ran off. God help me,
the fiend went after him --

A SCREAM of mortal terror rings out from nearby.

HOLMES

This way, Watson!

Holmes dashes through a dark alley with Watson puffing behind him. Up ahead, barely visible through the fog --

A SHADOWY FIGURE clutches Seward's limp body, its face pressed to Seward's throat.

HOLMES

Leave him be!

He leaps upon Seward's assailant, but the stranger hurls Holmes back with incredible strength. Holmes is slammed hard against the brick wall of a building and sags to the pavement, stunned.

Watson moves to Holmes's aid as Dracula regards them both. Blood glistens on his lips. His eyes glow in the dim gaslights.

Watson stares, chilled, and fumbles fearfully for his revolver.

WATSON

Don't move. I warn you --

Holmes rises to his feet beside Watson, undaunted.

HOLMES

I arrest you in the name
of the Queen for the murder of
Arthur Holmwood, Lord Godalming.

Dracula smiles wanly, regarding Holmes with interest.

DRACULA

Well done. I took great pains
to disguise my hand in Godalming's
death. Was I that careless?

HOLMES

To my trained eyes, you were.
You've traveled a long way from
the Carpathians for revenge.

DRACULA

(warily)

You know of me?

HOLMES

What is your connection to the
death of one Lucy Westenra?
Why have you come to London to
execute Godalming and Seward?

DRACULA

That is none of your concern.

Strands of fog swirl around Dracula to cloak him, as if alive.
The animated tendrils of mist create an eerie effect.

Holmes frowns as Dracula is enveloped completely and vanishes.
Watson gasps. A moment later --

Dracula emerges from the blanket of fog, several feet closer.

WATSON

Stand your ground -- or I'll shoot!

Dracula chuckles, and bends down to yank TWO COBBLESTONES from the
street with unnatural ease.

DRACULA

Your naiveté amuses me.

He advances menacingly -- and Watson fires his revolver. BANG!
BANG! BANG! Watson is dumbstruck as Dracula neatly deflects each
bullet with a cobblestone, sparks flying from the bricks.

Even Holmes is startled by Dracula's lightning reflexes.

HOLMES

Who are you?

DRACULA

I am your master.

He hurls the cobblestones as Watson and Holmes throw themselves aside barely in time. One cobblestone BLASTS the ground at Watson's feet, spraying stone and dirt.

The second cobblestone STRIKES the wall inches beside Holmes's head, shattering with explosive force.

Suddenly, Holmes's carriage driver can be heard clattering closer in the distance -- as well as SHRILL POLICE WHISTLES.

Dracula scowls at the sight of the carriage approaching with two uniformed, helmeted BOBBIES hanging off the side.

BOBBIE

Halt!

Dracula sneers at Holmes and Watson, drawing his cape close.

Seward's carriage driver stumbles against a streetlamp, in time to gape in amazement as Dracula springs forward and scales the side of the three-story building in one fantastic leap.

In seconds, the Count has disappeared among the rooftop shadows. Watson stares in slack-jawed astonishment. He is jolted back to reality by Holmes's sharp exclamation.

HOLMES

Watson -- Seward is still alive!

He kneels beside the wounded Seward as Watson joins him.

WATSON

His throat is gashed open --

He cradles Seward's head. Seward gurgles weakly, spitting blood.

SEWARD

The monster has returned!
You must... warn the Doctor...

Shuddering one final time, he collapses in Watson's arms. Dead.

The two uniformed bobbies step up, gripping their batons officiously. They gape openly at the wreckage in the street.

BOBBIE

Great Jupiter! Who's responsible
for such destruction?

Holmes says nothing, but gazes grimly up into the shadows at the building Dracula so effortlessly and impossibly climbed.

INT. MORIARTY'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Professor Moriarty sits at an elegant STEINWAY PIANO, lit by the glow of a silver candelabra. The melodious tones of a BACH SONATA fill the room as his fingers dance across the ivory keys.

Mangler lounges nearby on a chaise, balancing A SMALL WOODEN KEG of rum on his knee. Placing AN IRON SPIGOT into position, he pounds it easily into the keg with one massive fist.

Also present for this private recital is London's most notorious Madame, MOLLIE MALLONE, a coarse but shrewd 30ish beauty.

Bored, Mollie picks idly with her fork at the remains of a gourmet dinner. She tosses a piece of meat to the mastiff Samson beneath the table, who eagerly snaps up the morsel.

MORIARTY

The mathematical formulas underlying many of Bach's compositions are surprisingly intricate in their contrapuntal complexity...

MOLLIE

I still don't get what 'rithmetic 'as to do with playin' the piano...

MANGLER

Don't matter none, Mollie. The Professor pays yer pretty head to listen to his music, not understand it.

His jeering is abruptly silenced by a dark look from Moriarty.

Sahid enters and bows silently. Lewellyn strides in behind him.

LEWELLYN

I am sorry to interrupt such a superb rendition, Professor, but one of my underlings insisted on an immediate audience. He claims his information is quite... valuable.

Behind him Seward's carriage driver nervously approaches, shaken and disheveled. A swollen bruise discolors his left cheek.

DISSOLVE TO:

Seward's driver winds up his fantastic tale. Lewellyn, Mangler and Mollie sit with mouths open, while Moriarty listens impassively.

McGINTY

And then he leaped up the wall,
like a spider scurrying up his web!
Even Sherlock Holmes hisself was
helpless to stop this Devil!

MOLLIE

Blimey...

Lewellyn taps a finger against his gem-encrusted teeth.

LEWELLYN

Quite a entertaining yarn --
if you're telling us the truth.

MORIARTY

Any man who can escape from
Holmes so effortlessly could be
the needed variable never
factored into my equations...
(to Mangler and Lewellyn)
Summon Mister Dawson. I suspect he
has already encountered our enigmatic
stranger down by the docks...

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

Inspector Lestrade angrily confronts Holmes and Watson inside a cramped, dingy administrative office of the City Morgue.

LESTRADE

Two dead horses, a demolished
carriage and a highly respected
physician slain, all by one man
who made his escape -- you claim --
by leaping up the side of a building!

WATSON

Inspector, I was there with
Holmes and witnessed everything.
This maniac was truly astonishing!

LESTRADE

I'm still curious, Holmes, how you
just happened to turn up at the scene
of such a bizarre homicide.

HOLMES

We had reason to believe that
Doctor Seward was in danger --
from the same murderer who took
the life of Lord Godalming.

LESTRADE

We have Lord Godalming's death
reported as a suicide.

HOLMES

I suspect otherwise -- which is
why Doctor Watson and I have come
to discuss the coroner's autopsy
findings for both Godalming and Seward.

CONSTANCE

As have I. Hello, Doctor Watson,
Mister Holmes.

Constance steps into the office. Though she is dressed in simple black mourning attire, her beauty is little subdued.

WATSON

Good afternoon, Miss Bracknell.

Watson beams openly. Holmes does not appear pleased to see her.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, be assured I shall contact you once I have accumulated more conclusive evidence. Until then, your presence is unnecessary.

CONSTANCE

Forgive me, Mister Holmes, but I refuse to sit at home waiting passively. I must contribute to the apprehension of Arthur's killer.

HOLMES

I can understand your concerns, but you are not a duly authorized officer of the Crown.

CONSTANCE

Neither are you, for that matter. I promise I won't interfere with your examination. I'll merely observe.

(sweetly, to Watson
and Lestrade)

Surely a reasonable request.

LESTRADE

Quite reasonable.

WATSON

Unquestionably.

He and Lestrade smile, smitten -- while Holmes grits his teeth.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Holmes, Watson, Lestrade and Constance crowd around a metal examination table.

The CORONER is a stout man with a curling, handlebar mustache. He throws back a sheet, uncovering the nude corpse of Jonathan Seward from the chest up.

A queasy expression tightens Constance's delicate features, but she braces herself, determined not to lose her composure.

CORONER

Notice the tiny incisions on the throat. Most unusual. Most.

He twirls one end of his waxed mustache, a nervous habit.

Holmes uses his MAGNIFYING GLASS to examine two small puncture wounds on the side of Seward's neck.

HOLMES

Watson... What do you make of these peculiar marks?

WATSON

Perhaps a snake bite? Remember the notorious Doctor Grimesby Roylett?

CONSTANCE

Yes! I read your thrilling account
of his deadly trained adder in
The Adventure of the Speckled Band --

She promptly closes her mouth upon a stern look from Holmes.

HOLMES

The spacing and size of the
incisions do not match those
of any existing reptile.

CORONER

There's something else...

He lifts the sheet off an adjacent slab to reveal the corpse of
Lord Godalming. Constance gasps, and averts her eyes.

CORONER

Similar marks on Lord Godalming's
neck -- I almost missed them.
They were hidden by rope abrasions
discoloring the surrounding skin.
Very, very strange. Very.

Holmes moves to inspect Godalming's swollen neck and sees
TWO MARKS ON GODALMING'S THROAT identical to the ones on Seward.

LESTRADE

Then the two deaths are related.

CORONER

There's no question. None.
Blood loss in both victims is
quite extraordinary. Quite.

WATSON

But there was little blood on Seward
-- and none surrounding Godalming.

CONSTANCE

Where did their blood disappear to?

Holmes ignores her, and proceeds next to examine a crate filled
with various articles of clothes and assorted items.

He holds up THE WHITE WOODEN CRUCIFIX Seward had brandished.

HOLMES

I take it these were Seward's
possessions. This crucifix appears
to be hand-crafted from white beech.
A finely wrought artifact.

(he examines the wooden
crucifix closely)

Interesting. This particular
species of beech grows primarily
in temperate regions along the
North Sea. A rare deciduous strain.

He inspects the bottom of the cross. A WORN INSCRIPTION on the
bottom is barely legible. Holmes reads it aloud --

HOLMES

"To J.S. *Cavé maleficus praedaré nocte.*"

CONSTANCE

Latin. It translates, "Beware the evil that prowls the night."

HOLMES

A rather ominous admonition. The cross was apparently a gift to Jonathan Seward -- "J.S."

He peers again through his magnifying lens at the wooden cross.

HOLMES

Discoloration stains... as if from chemical acids...

Constance picks out Seward's jacket from the carton.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell --

CONSTANCE

Look -- the lacquered finish of the crucifix has worn off onto the lining of the jacket pocket!

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, please --

CONSTANCE

Don't you see? It indicates that Doctor Seward carried this crucifix on his person often.

HOLMES

I'm quite aware of its significance --

LESTRADE

That's a large crucifix to be lugging about, even for the most devout.

WATSON

Perhaps Seward carried the cross not for prayer, but for protection.

CONSTANCE

Protection against what?

WATSON

Against... a vampire.

Lestrade and Constance look startled -- while Holmes scoffs.

HOLMES

Really, Watson. Are we afraid of ghosts and goblins now?

WATSON

But the fang marks. The blood loss. This crucifix --

HOLMES

The victims' blood could have been drained with a suction device fitted with a twin-pronged tube inserted into the carotid artery, accounting for the so-called "fang" marks on their necks --

LESTRADE

All to what purpose?

HOLMES

Obviously part of an elaborate ruse to mislead. And frighten.

WATSON

But, Holmes, our fantastic encounter with the killer last night. His prodigious strength and speed --

HOLMES

The night was foggy, and our vision was much obscured. Any trained gymnast could have scaled that wall.

CONSTANCE

So what does all this mean?

HOLMES

It means that we are looking for a foreigner from Transylvania, a well-bred, muscular gentleman. Most likely a stage actor or circus performer versed in the art of illusion and theatrical make-up.

LESTRADE

I'll notify my men.
(patting Watson's shoulder)
Save that imagination for your stories, Doctor. Even the infamous Jack the Ripper was a mortal man, not a demon from Hades.

HOLMES

No, Watson, our killer is no vampire. But the evidence does suggest a another probability...

He pauses dramatically -- but to Holmes's irritation, Constance beats him to the finish.

CONSTANCE

A killer who believes himself to be a vampire.

EXT. MORGUE - DAY

The street is bustling with strolling pedestrians and noisy pushcart peddlers. A old man sells skinned rabbits on a stick. Passing flower girls display trays of floral bouquets.

Holmes strides briskly as Constance hurries to keep pace.
Watson stands at the curb, hailing a cab by waving his bowler.

CONSTANCE

You are not sending me home!
I want to assist in locating
the original owner.

HOLMES

Original owner of what, precisely?

CONSTANCE

Of the white crucifix. Don't
pretend you don't understand.
Whoever carved that Latin phrase
on the cross and gave it to
Seward is involved in this madness --
and is a potential future victim.

Holmes pauses, and regards Constance with grudging tolerance.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, as much as
I appreciate your enthusiasm
and your... rudimentary detective
skills... I hardly require your
assistance in this matter.

CONSTANCE

I rather think you do -- but
you're too proud to accept it.

Holmes opens his mouth to offer an indignant reply --

when A STREET PHOTOGRAPHER with a thick walrus mustache approaches,
holding a large, clumsy CAMERA mounted to a tripod.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Good day, sir, to such a lovely
couple! You and the miss should
have a photograph made together!
I can develop them right here
in my special photographic van --
a veritable portable darkroom.

He indicates his horse-drawn "PHOTOGRAPHIC VAN" parked nearby,
a wooden compartment on wheels with light-proof, corked seams.

HOLMES

No, thank you.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Only a shilling! A romantic
keepsake for your pretty
sweetheart, courtesy of Uriah
Terkel, photographer extraordinaire.

HOLMES

(red-faced)

She is not my sweetheart.
Now kindly leave us alone!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Will do, gov'nor. Though I'd
sure act fast 'fore some other
bloke snatches her up, I would.

He winks at Holmes before he saunters away. Holmes turns back to
Constance, annoyed to see her grinning at him.

HOLMES

You find such irksome street
peddlers amusing?

CONSTANCE

No. Only your embarrassment
at being mistaken for my beau.

HOLMES

I do not "embarrass" quite so
easily. Until later, Miss Bracknell.

He gestures for her to board the waiting hansom, where Watson
stands patiently holding the cab's open door.

CONSTANCE

I can hail my own cab, thank you.

HOLMES

As you wish.

He climbs into the carriage and signals the driver as he takes his
seat. As the cab pulls away, Watson cheerily waves farewell to
Constance, while Holmes purposely avoids further eye contact.

INT. OPIUM DEN - DAY

Burning incense from BRASS BRAZIERS chokes the dimly lit room.
In one corner, glassy-eyed men share A HOOKAH. A RHESUS MONKEY
chatters on the shoulder of the stooped CHINESE ATTENDANT.

A SMUT PEDDLER has a wooden box on a tripod, with holes cut in each
side of the box. Gawkers peer through the holes at photographic
stills of pornography mounted inside the box.

PEDDLER

Tuppence for a gander! You
ain't never seen photo plates of
bare-bottomed ladies like these!

Wojcek sits in a corner, drawing heavily on a clay pipe.
As he exhales the smoke with blissful intensity, he babbles aloud.

WOJCEK

Man is doomed to extinction
unless anarchy reigns supreme!
The arbitrary laws of bourgeois
society will choke us no longer!

Dawson lurks in the doorway, his eyes searching the pathetic
clientele for the Russian.

As Wojcek stumbles from the den, Dawson follows close behind.

EXT. VACANT MANSION - DUSK

A boarded-up mansion partially destroyed by fire. The sprawling grounds are in disrepair, overrun with weeds.

As the sun dips below the horizon, Wojcek slips past the rusted gates and sneaks onto the abandoned estate.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

In a dark, empty room, Dracula stirs awake in his open coffin -- to find Professor Moriarty and Mangler standing over him.

Mangler grips A WOODEN STAKE poised over Dracula's heart, while his other massive hand holds A MALLET ready for pounding.

MORIARTY

I dared not believe. But when one deals constantly with the abstractions of pure mathematics, one learns to accept the existence of concepts which exist outside the physical realm. Incredible...

Dracula snarls in impotent rage, pinned beneath Mangler's stake.

MORIARTY

Yes. Just as I theorized. Vampires are powerless to defend themselves until the sun sets. If I may introduce myself -- Professor James Moriarty.

Dracula's slitted eyes dart about, taking in his predicament.

Lewellyn stands close by, in a suit of red velvet. He holds A CROSSBOW loaded with an oak bolt, and when he grins -- sparkling RED RUBIES that match his clothes shine off his teeth.

Wojcek quivers in a corner, cringing before the mastiff Samson. Dawson holds the snarling hound on a taut leash.

DRACULA

What do you want?

MORIARTY

A simple request easily granted.
(an intense whisper)
Turn me. Transform me into one of your dark brethren.

DRACULA

You dare command Dracula?

MORIARTY

Men like us -- possessed of superior intellect and ambition -- are entitled, are destined, to rule the weak around us. Bestow upon me your power! Your immortality! My genius must not be bound by mortal constraints!

DRACULA

You know not of what you desire.

MORIARTY

Decide -- or suffer the consequences.

He gestures with his silver-topped cane to Mangler. Dracula's gaze follows the mallet as Mangler hefts it over the stake.

DRACULA

No man speaks to me thusly.

Moriarty's men glance apprehensively at the crypt entrance. The sun has set, and night is descending over the hillside.

Dracula hisses, and with a brief flicker of concentration --

A HOWLING WIND rips through the chamber. The KEROSENE LAMP beside Dawson flickers out. The crypt is plunged into darkness.

LEWELLYN

Dawson!

Dawson curses as he strikes a match. In seconds, he has the lamp re-lit, illuminating the room with a ghostly glow.

Mangler gasps. The coffin is empty. Moriarty whirls -- to find Dracula standing behind him, eyes blazing crimson.

MORIARTY

Remarkable...

Lewellyn panics and releases THE OAK BOLT from his cross bow. The shaft shoots across the room --

and is snatched in mid-air by Dracula. He easily snaps the bolt in two, tossing it aside with contempt.

DRACULA

You are audacious. I almost regret having to kill you...

He advances menacingly. Moriarty UNSHEATHS his cane to reveal A GLEAMING METAL SWORD. He thrusts the point out at Dracula.

MORIARTY

I can be a formidable ally.
I command a vast criminal
network throughout London --

The tip of the sword pierces Dracula's shirt and punctures his chest. Dracula pays no notice as he continues to approach.

MORIARTY

-- with ready access to monetary
funds and abundant supplies of
fresh blood. A compelling formula
for an unprecedented alliance!

Each step closer impales the sword deeper into Dracula's chest, to no effect -- until the blade protrudes from Dracula's back.

MORIARTY

Let me provide the luxury and
power you rightfully deserve!

Dracula is inches before his face, the sword buried up to its hilt.
He grabs Moriarty by the throat in a strangling grip.

MORIARTY

Samson!

Dawson releases the mastiff, who lunges savagely to attack.
Dracula locks eyes with the animal --

and Samson lurches to a halt, hypnotized by the vampire. The hound
trots over to Dracula's side, licking his hand submissively.

DRACULA

Despite your arrogance, I admit
your offer intrigues me.

He casually pulls Moriarty's sword-cane free from his chest and
tosses it to the ground at Moriarty's feet.

DRACULA

But first, I must attend to
one final act of retribution...

He backs towards a corner, where THE FLICKERING SHADOWS seem to
come alive and swirl over Dracula's body like a cloak of liquid
black ink, until Dracula fades completely from view -- vanished!

Moriarty flinches, both unnerved and fascinated by Dracula's
display of supernatural abilities --

and then a grim smile tightens his lips.

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET - DAY

Holmes rummages through the crooked stacks of newspapers, pamphlets
and magazines littering the corner by his desk.

HOLMES

I recently perused an intriguing
monograph by a physician who
proposed that blood types can be
distinguished from each other,
and thus haemoglobin samples
obtained from crime scenes could
be matched against specimens of
possible suspects.

WATSON

You believe this physician to be
related to our case?

HOLMES

The Latin quotation from Chaucer
engraved on Seward's cross suggests
the owner is well-educated.

(more)

HOLMES (cont'd)

The crucifix also had many chemical stains spotting it -- as though it had been set down carelessly on a laboratory table. Remember also, Seward's dying words -- imploring us "to warn the doctor..."

(holding up a medical journal)

I was correct! The author is a physician named Abraham Van Helsing -- and, most importantly, he hails from Amsterdam.

WATSON

Why is Amsterdam so significant?

HOLMES

Seward's cross was crafted from a type of white beech imported from Belgium -- and the Netherlands.

WATSON

Of course! Doctor Van Helsing specializes in the study of unusual blood diseases. I'll wager he is the European specialist who treated Lucy Westenra for her mysterious ailment!

HOLMES

Watson, your talent for stating the obvious is unparalleled -- but your enthusiasm is appreciated nonetheless.

WATSON

We must contact Van Helsing at once. His life could well be in danger!

HOLMES

The curriculum vitae appended to Van Helsing's monograph lists him as the current Chair of Medicinal Research at Oxford University. That means he resides on the school grounds in the headmaster's townhouse --

Holmes grabs his coat and hat, as Watson follows suit, just as their landlady MRS. HUDSON appears in the doorway, frowning.

MRS. HUDSON

Are you gentlemen leaving?
Dinner's almost ready.

But Holmes and Watson are already rushing out the door.

HOLMES

No time to eat, Mrs. Hudson.
We are off to catch a killer!

WATSON

Who just happens to be a vampire!

INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING sits reading in his garden conservatory. He is heavyset, with pince-nez spectacles and a trimmed goatee.

The conservatory is a small glass greenhouse adjoining the rear of his faculty lodgings, filled with lush flowers and plants.

Van Helsing pauses, distracted by A CANARY in its cage. The bird shrills frantically, obviously agitated and frightened.

Van Helsing then hears THE PATTERN OF TINY PAWS against glass -- and glances up to see A RAT scurrying across the glass ceiling of the conservatory.

Van Helsing watches in amazement as more and more squealing rats appear, swarming across the glass ceiling and walls --

until the entire glass conservatory surrounding Van Helsing is covered with teeming rats, all seen from beneath.

Van Helsing leaps up as A CRACKING NOISE reverberates -- the glass ceiling is collapsing from the weight of the rodents!

Van Helsing hurries inside as sections of the ceiling shatter and rats rain down upon him, gnashing viciously at his body.

Grunting with disgust, Van Helsing brushes the chittering rats from his clothes as he staggers into the safety of his study --

and is stunned to find an ominous visitor waiting for him.

VAN HELSING

Count Dracula!

DRACULA

Good evening, Doctor. Please excuse the damage to your quaint conservatory. I did so want to make a memorable entrance.

VAN HELSING

But -- we destroyed you inside your own castle. I skewered your black heart with my own hand --

DRACULA

Ah, but you failed to sever my head from my shoulders -- a grisly but necessary step to ensure my total destruction. It took many months to regain my strength -- but I was driven by the desire of watching you die at my hand...

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson approach the main entrance -- when the SOUNDS of breaking glass and furniture being battered echo from inside.

HOLMES

I fear we may be too late!

He removes his overcoat, wraps it around his arm, and uses it to smash open a window. He climbs through as Watson follows.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Holmes and Watson burst in just as Dracula rakes a claw at Van Helsing. Van Helsing reels back, A GASH ripped in his side.

HOLMES

Unhand him, fiend!

Dracula turns away from Van Helsing, surprised by Holmes.

DRACULA

You are a tenacious hound.

HOLMES

The name is Holmes, and I suggest you surrender peacefully.

He and Watson advance when Dracula gestures to the fireplace -- and a sizzling column of fire shoots out in a tremendous rush.

HOLMES

Watson -- look out!

He and Watson leap aside as FIERY TENTACLES reach for them like a creature alive. Their clothes smolder as they hit the ground.

Protected behind the scorching barrier of flames, Dracula turns his attention back to his wounded prey, Van Helsing.

but Holmes galvanizes into action, leaping to A LONG TABLE. He hefts the table on its side, lifting up one end.

HOLMES

Help me, Watson!

Watson lifts the other end, and rushes forward with Holmes -- using the table as a shield against the tendrils of flame.

Dracula whirls as Holmes and Watson charge him unscathed --

and slam him hard with the table. But Dracula is unfazed, and SWATS the table aside as if it were constructed of paper.

The table CRASHES against the wall and splinters into pieces.

Watson draws his REVOLVER and aims it at point blank range.

WATSON

Stand down, villain -- or I'll shoot!

Dracula snarls as his face MELTS into the visage of A BESTIAL DEMON. Blackened lips curl back to reveal a pair of fangs.

WATSON

Mother of God!

He fires his pistol -- BANG! BANG! BANG! Two of the bullets strike Dracula point blank in the chest -- with no effect!

The third shot BLASTS away Dracula's right eye, which EXPLODES in a spray of visceral gore.

Dracula merely laughs, ignoring the ooze dripping from his ruined face. As Holmes and Watson stare in shock --

Dracula's wounded eye ripples and instantly heals itself, while the torn bullet holes in his shirt fade away, magically mended.

Dracula snarls -- an inhuman, bone-chilling sound. He extends a taloned hand to swipe at Holmes and Watson --

when Van Helsing staggers up beside them, thrusting up A SILVER CRUCIFIX at arm's length. His voice is hoarse but commanding.

VAN HELSING

Begone, black spawn of Satan!
In the holy name of Jesus Christ
I drive thee away!

Dracula recoils, shielding his face from the crucifix, which GLOWS in Van Helsing's grasp. Unwillingly he backs away, hissing, as he casts a baleful glare directly at Holmes.

DRACULA

Your life is forfeit!

Without warning Dracula explodes into a thousand tiny black beads -- each one A BLOATED, HAIRY FLY.

The swarm of insects swirls about the room in A TERRIFIC, BUZZING MAELSTROM. An incredible sight.

The writhing mass rushes towards the fireplace. In seconds, the choking black cloud of flies shoots up the chimney.

A stunned silence. Holmes is the first to release his breath.

HOLMES

Inconceivable...

A groan rumbles from Van Helsing as he collapses in pain. Holmes catches him before he hits the floor.

HOLMES

Quickly, Watson -- we must get him to a hospital!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A hansom cab races through the nighttime streets, as the driver cracks his whip to spur on his charging steeds.

INSIDE THE CAB

Van Helsing lies huddled between Holmes and Watson. Watson presses a cloth against Van Helsing's wound to staunch the flow of blood.

VAN HELSING

He is a prince -- ages old --
once known as Vlad the Impaler
of Roumania. He calls himself
Dracula now -- Count Dracula.
He is Un-Dead. A vampire.

WATSON

Save your strength.

Van Helsing gasps for air in labored, wheezing gulps.

VAN HELSING

No -- you must know the truth
if you are to survive...

HOLMES

We are listening.

VAN HELSING

Dracula... feeds on human blood.
His strength is unnatural,
and he can mesmerize weaker
minds with his will. The very
elements are his to command...

WATSON

Yes... I've heard the legends.

HOLMES

You drove Dracula from London
after he murdered Lucy Westenra --
and finally confronted him in
Transylvania, along with Lord
Godalming and Dr. Jonathan Seward.

VAN HELSING

Yes. How did you know -- ?

HOLMES

Both Godalming and Seward are dead.

VAN HELSING

(anguished)

It was my own stupidity that
doomed them! At least John and
Mina Harker are safe -- they
journeyed to America to leave
this terrible ordeal behind them...

The cab draws to a halt. HOSPITAL ORDERLIES in white jackets
scramble up to door. As they prepare to lift Van Helsing onto
a stretcher, the old man cries out with renewed urgency.

VAN HELSING

You must destroy Dracula before
his evil permeates all of London!

HOLMES

We will stop him. You have my word.

VAN HELSING

To find the Nosferatu, seek out
his unholy ground...

And with that cryptic warning, he passes into unconsciousness.
As the attendants carry off Van Helsing, both Holmes and Watson
watch with grave expressions.

INT. MORIARTY'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A wall panel slides back, allowing Moriarty to emerge through the
secret doorway. Lewellyn, Mangler and Dawson follow, with Wojcek
reluctantly in tow. The mood among them is apprehensive.

LEWELLYN

Call me a prudish old hen, but
striking a deal with the Devil
seems so... undignified.

The Indian valet Sahid stands stiffly, staring straight ahead.

MORIARTY

Sahid?

Moriarty frowns as he sees that the Indian is in a glassy-eyed
trance. Blood trickles from fresh FANG MARKS on Sahid's neck.

MORIARTY

Dracula is here!

INT. MORIARTY'S PRIVATE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The prostitute Mollie dances alone to a tinny waltz produced by
the revolving metal cylinder of a polished GRAMOPHONE.

Dracula sits behind Moriarty's desk, half obscured by gaslit
shadows, admiring Mollie's performance with unabashed pleasure.

Moriarty steps into the chamber alone -- slowly, warily.

DRACULA

I admire your collection. You have
a discerning eye for beauty.

He gestures to the artwork surrounding him, as well as Mollie.

MORIARTY

You presume to attack my valet?

DRACULA

He is mine to command now.

As if to demonstrate, he languidly raises a hand -- and Sahid
shuffles into the room, entranced, to wait at Dracula's side.

Moriarty makes a visible effort to control his temper.

MORIARTY

Then I infer from your presence
here that you have assented to my
proposed integration of resources?

DRACULA

Possibly. I tire of lurking in dank cemeteries. I am accustomed to more... aristocratic tastes.

(sharply)

Tell me about this man named Holmes.

MORIARTY

Sherlock Holmes?

(a mirthless smile)

London's only self-styled "consulting detective." Possessing an intellect that challenges my own and an absolute -- if misguided -- sense of justice. Our battle of wits consistently results in stalemate.

(with rising anger)

The man's proficiency at foiling my most intricately plotted crimes is infuriating!

MOLLIE

Now, now, Jimmie. Let's not get riled up in front of our guest...

Mollie sidles up, grinning playfully. Moriarty is startled to see that his pet cobra is draped about her shoulders. Mollie wears the deadly snake as casually as a silken scarf.

MORIARTY

Mollie, what has happened to you?

Mollie presses against him and teasingly licks his cheek -- but when her tongue flicks out of her mouth, it is forked like a serpent's.

Moriarty recoils in revulsion, then glares accusingly at Dracula.

MORIARTY

You elect to transform this trollop -- but refuse to grant my request?

DRACULA

I will bestow upon you the immortality you desperately crave -- once you have killed Sherlock Holmes.

He strokes Mollie's chin, who purrs with catlike contentment.

DRACULA

Come, my sultry sweet. There are diverting pleasures of the night waiting to be indulged... until dawn.

Mollie gently returns the cobra to its tank. Dracula offers her his arm, and together they stroll from the chamber.

Moriarty is left alone by his blackboard, seething indignantly.

INT. 221-B BAKER STREET PARLOR - NIGHT

Holmes and Watson wearily remove their coats, deeply perturbed.

WATSON

What do we do now, Holmes?
This Count -- this Dracula --
is a true vampire!

HOLMES

Vampires are mere superstition.

WATSON

But you witnessed what transpired!
These incredible powers of Dracula --

HOLMES

It was trickery! I intend to
thoroughly inspect Van Helsing's
study tomorrow. There must be
illusory mirrors, hidden mechanisms --

Watson steps in front of Holmes. All the frustration and shock of
the evening's events bursts forth in a torrent of emotion.

WATSON

Dammit, Holmes, you saw with
your own eyes what that devil
is capable of! How can you deny
the plain facts before you?

HOLMES

(exploding)

Because Dracula has no right
to exist! Vampires and ghouls
have no place in modern science!
Logic and rational thought have
always been the unshakable
foundation of my very being.
I cannot -- I will not --
abandon them now!

WATSON

But you must! Or else we have
no chance of defeating that demon.

Holmes makes a visible effort to calm himself. His tone grows
bleak as he gazes into the fireplace.

HOLMES

Therein lies the bitter irony
of my predicament, Watson.
How does a champion of intellect
and reason combat unearthly forces
beyond his comprehension?

WATSON

The champion I know would muster
all the resources at his disposal.
He would not delude himself with
hollow excuses. Or else the battle
is already lost before it is fought...

Watson strides angrily from the room, leaving Holmes alone.

Holmes turns his face away -- to gaze at his reflection on the window pane. He stares at himself for several moments.

Then he rises, and crosses the room to a bookshelf. Searching the rows of leatherbound books, he slips out A THICK VOLUME.

As he settles back into his armchair, the gaslamp illuminates the pages as he flips open to a chapter entitled "VAMPIRES."

Holmes reads with intense concentration as he lights his pipe, exhaling wispy halos of smoke that drift above his head.

INT. HOLMES'S PARLOR - MORNING

Watson emerges from his bedroom, dressed for the day, and is surprised to find Holmes finishing his breakfast with a smile.

HOLMES

Good morning, Watson. Come, eat. I asked Mrs. Hudson to serve you an extra helping of her delicious blueberry pancakes -- we have much to accomplish during the daylight hours that remain.

WATSON

I am gratified to find you in better spirits this day, Holmes.
(pauses, uncertain)
Last night... I rebuked you rather harshly, I'm afraid.

HOLMES

Yes, you did. But your words were well-intentioned -- and on the mark. A good detective must embrace all the evidence a case presents, no matter how it contradicts any of his preconceived notions. Facts do not lie.

Watson nods, quietly pleased, as Holmes indicates the thick volume on the table beside his plate.

HOLMES

My review of vampire lore has revealed that a vampire must sleep in a coffin filled with his native soil in order to rejuvenate his powers. Dracula most likely brought along crates of earth from Transylvania to be shipped all over London -- thus the meaning behind Van Helsing's warning.

WATSON

"To find the Nosferatu, seek out his unholy ground!"

HOLMES

Dracula will most likely set up
refuges throughout the city --
each in a dark, isolated area.

WATSON

How can you be so sure?

HOLMES

Because that is precisely what I
would do. I surmise that Dracula
arrived in England by vessel shortly
before Godalming was murdered.
We can check the records of local
shipping companies to see if a number
of crates were transported from the
London docks on or about that date.

WATSON

And how are we to procure this
information from their records?

Holmes sips his tea and offers Watson a conspiratorial smile.

HOLMES

With a little imagination...

INT. SHIPPING COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

A portly MANAGER hunched over a cluttered desk listens with
strained politeness to an doddering GRAY-WHISKERED MINISTER in
a black suit and white collar.

It is Holmes, of course, disguised as an elderly country parson.

HOLMES

Yes, yes. Perhaps your clerk
would know about the church's
missing shipments. Perhaps.
Several crates of Bibles delivered
from Transylvania a few nights ago...

INT. SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

Watson pompously addresses a gaunt DISPATCHER in a bustling
shipping office. Several deliverymen in coveralls hurry past.

WATSON

Good day. I am Doctor Reginald
Hornsby of Her Majesty's Bureau
of Health Services. I am here
regarding missing shipments of
medical supplies from eastern Europe...

INT. SHIPPING COMPANY - DAY

Holmes is in conversation with a prim, officious MANAGER.

MANAGER

I do have a cargo voucher
of forty crates shipped from
Pier Twelve on the twenty-first...

HOLMES

Praise be! Those be the very
boxes! Bless you, my son!

MANAGER

I'm sorry, Reverend -- but this
consignment was ordered by a
Mister Wojcek. Without his express
authorization, I'm afraid I can't
release these addresses.

HOLMES

But the orphanages are waiting
for those Bibles --

MANAGER

I'm sorry. It's company policy.
There's nothing I can do.

Holmes releases an exaggerated sigh, about to shift tactics --
when Constance sweeps into the office. She wears her BICYCLING
OUTFIT with A FLOWERED BONNET, for a very attractive appearance.

Constance takes Holmes by the arm, ignoring his surprised
expression as she clucks her tongue scoldingly.

CONSTANCE

There you are, Reverend! Whatever
could be the delay?

MANAGER

I was just explaining to the
Reverend that we need Mister
Wojcek's signature before I
can provide any information --

CONSTANCE

Pshaw! Is that all? I am his
daughter, Lucinda Wojcek, here
to assist my kindly godfather.
My signature should suffice,
shouldn't it?

(flirting coyly)

I'm sure Papa will inform your
superiors of your courteous and
efficient service to a damsel in need.
Perhaps I could show my gratitude
over dinner this evening...

The manager blushes, succumbing to Constance's bountiful charms.

MANAGER

Of course, Miss Wojcek. Just sign
here and I'll have the addresses
copied for you right away.

CONSTANCE
 Thank you so very much --
 (glancing at his
 nameplate)
 Roger. What a magnificently
 masculine name!

Constance dons her most innocent smile -- and sneaks a wink at Holmes, who fumes silently beside her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Holmes strides along the busy thoroughfare as he removes the fake wig and sideburns of his disguise. Constance hurries alongside him, walking her BICYCLE by the handlebars.

CONSTANCE
 I'm sorry I followed you from
 your flat on Baker Street, but
 I didn't think you would allow
 me to accompany you if I asked.
 I thought my improvisation went
 splendidly, didn't you? Perhaps
 the theatre is my true calling --

Holmes stops to address her with exaggerated patience.

HOLMES
 Miss Bracknell, I empathize with
 your desire to aid in the search
 for your cousin's murderer. But you
 are my client, not my assistant.

He bows with stiff politeness, and turns on his heel to leave.

CONSTANCE
 I am curious, Mister Holmes.
 Do you dislike all women --
 or only me?

HOLMES
 I do not dislike women. I merely
 find the fairer sex a needless
 distraction. When precision and
 rational thought are required,
 sentiment is an impediment
 to clear, analytical reasoning.
 Nothing must interfere with
 my deductive processes.

CONSTANCE
 So you admit you find me distracting.
 I shall take that as a compliment.

Holmes stops in his tracks to face her, thoroughly exasperated.

HOLMES
 This matter is no business for
 a lady, even for one of your
 decidedly unconventional temperament.
 Rest assured, I will keep you
 informed of my progress --

A shabby PEDDLER approaches them slowly atop his ramshackle, horse-drawn wagon. The peddler has his eyes locked keenly onto Holmes, unnoticed by all except Constance.

CONSTANCE

How odd. That peddler's horse...

The peddler suddenly hurls A BOTTLE OF LIQUID through the air.

CONSTANCE

Look out -- !

She drops her bicycle and dives into Holmes, knocking him off his feet -- just as the bottle hits the ground where they stood.

BOOOOM! A ground-shaking EXPLOSION sends up a shower of dirt and gravel. Nearby pedestrians scream and scatter in panic.

The peddler spurs his horse to a gallop, clattering away in the commotion and disappearing around a corner.

Holmes and Constance lie side by side on the pavement, covered with dust and grit, their faces inches away from each other.

For a moment, they find themselves gazing into each other's eyes. Despite the pandemonium surrounding them, this unexpected intimacy takes them both by surprise --

until the urgency of the situation breaks the spell.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell! Are you injured?

He helps Constance rise unsteadily to her feet. Her hair is disheveled, the flowers in her bonnet askew, but she is unharmed.

CONSTANCE

I'm fine. That explosion --

HOLMES

Nitroglycerine. A crude but effective bomb. No doubt you noticed the horse pulling that bogus peddler's wagon.

CONSTANCE

Yes. The animal was an expensive, fine-bred mare -- not a tired nag which usually pulls a poor merchant's cart. Its leg stockings were also of too high a quality --

A blackened crater surrounds the mangled wreckage of Constance's bicycle. Constance mournfully eyes its bent wheels.

CONSTANCE

I shan't be sailing down Hooper's Hill for a while.

But Holmes is oblivious to her distress, full of self-reproach.

HOLMES

I should have noticed that discrepancy, sensed the danger. I was careless, inattentive --

CONSTANCE

You were distracted. My fault.

HOLMES

This only bolsters my argument. I shall hail you a cab at once. You must go straight home and await further word from me.

CONSTANCE

You are overly protective of me, just like my mother --

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, please. Your safety must not be jeopardized.

Constance is surprised by the sincere concern in his voice.

CONSTANCE

Very well. But do be careful, Mister Holmes. This madman is obviously employing murderous agents to aid him.

HOLMES

Have no worry. The addresses you helped secure will enable me to strike unexpectedly at our quarry's very lair...

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - DAY

Holmes and Watson stand before the broken iron gates surrounding the deserted estate. Watson consults his list of addresses.

WATSON

You suspect Dracula lies inside?

HOLMES

Since Dracula arrived at Van Helsing's residence minutes after sunset, his den must lie in close proximity. Several crates were delivered to this listing -- less than a kilometer away from Van Helsing's lodgings.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - DAY

The huge house is dark, its many windows shuttered securely. Holmes shines A BATTERY-OPERATED LANTERN, while Watson nervously grips his black medical bag.

HOLMES

Here!

He points to a polished COFFIN nestled in the shadows of the empty, dilapidated kitchen.

Watson quickly removes A WOODEN STAKE and AN IRON HAMMER from his black bag, and hands the hammer to Holmes.

Holmes nods grimly to Watson. As Watson readies the stake, Holmes throws open the coffin in one swift motion --

to reveal Mollie lying inside in deathly repose. A scarlet rivulet of dried blood trails from the pale young woman's lips.

HOLMES

A most unexpected development.

WATSON

(feeling Mollie's wrist)

No pulse. Body temperature and rigidity is consistent with advanced rigor mortis. It is my medical opinion that this poor woman has been dead some time.

Suddenly -- Mollie awakens! Her eyes spring open as she hisses an unearthly wail -- and cockroaches crawl from her mouth.

Watson leaps back, stung with horror.

HOLMES

The stake, Watson! Hurry!

Watson places the STAKE over Mollie's chest -- but Mollie's reflexes are inhumanly fast. She grabs the stake with both hands and squeezes, SPLINTERING it into useless shards.

Before Holmes and Watson can react, Mollie leaps from the coffin and pounces on Holmes like a jungle cat.

She slams Holmes against the kitchen wall, her snarl revealing a set of pointed canines. Holmes struggles, pinned helplessly as Mollie forces her razor teeth towards Holmes's exposed neck.

WATSON

Holmes -- your holy water!

Holmes has already slipped out A GLASS FLASK of fluid from his pocket. He smashes it against Mollie's temple --

Mollie howls as the holy water ignites her hair like the sulphurous tip of a matchstick. She staggers back in agony, clutching her head as shreds of her hair fall blazing about her.

But Mollie quickly recovers, her once lovely features rendered grotesque by her bald skull swollen with blistered skin tissue.

She creeps towards Holmes once more, enraged with bloodlust --

when Holmes whirls and rips down the planks boarding up the window. SUNLIGHT streams into the kitchen in a narrow beam --

as Mollie leaps back. Though untouched by the deadly rays, she is blocked from reaching Holmes by the shaft of daylight streaming in.

Instead -- Mollie whirls and sets her sights on Watson.

Watson fumbles for his crucifix -- but Mollie leaps an incredible twenty feet across the kitchen and slams into Watson before he can thrust out the cross. Watson is tackled to the floor by Mollie --

and the rotted floorboards collapse beneath them. Watson tumbles with Mollie into THE MUSTY WINE CELLAR beneath.

HOLMES

Watson!

DOWN IN THE WINE CELLAR

Watson scrambles behind a WINE RACK of stacked bottles.

MOLLIE

Fee, fie, fo fum -- I smell the
blood of an Englishman!

She cackles as she reaches out to grip A THIN METAL PIPE running up the wall to A RUSTED GAS-JET. She yanks the pipe free -- A METAL SPEAR with a jagged edge.

Mollie rams the pipe through the wine rack at Watson -- CHUNK! The pipe misses Watson's head by inches and plows into the wall.

Mollie jabs the pipe again -- CHUNK! And again -- CHUNK!

Trapped behind the wine rack, Watson desperately dodges side to side, narrowly avoiding being impaled by each savage thrust.

WATSON

Holmes! Help!

UP IN THE KITCHEN

Holmes urgently searches for a weapon, when he notices A SHEET OF POLISHED TIN covering the wall above the derelict stove.

His gaze then travels to a crooked MIRROR on the cellar wall below.

Holmes pries loose A CERAMIC TILE from the kitchen counter.

Angling the tile in the shaft of sunlight, Holmes deflects the sunbeam towards the gleaming tin sheet over the stove --

which bounces the beam towards the hole in the kitchen floor --

shining it into the cellar to hit the mirror on the wall --

which reflects the beam onto shelves of broken wine bottles --

which refract the sunlight into dozens of smaller rays that criss-cross the cellar. Mollie suddenly finds herself trapped inside a deadly web of searing, golden threads.

Mollie screams as a ray of light lops off her arm -- it falls to the floor twitching. Another beam severs her leg at the knee.

Smoke pours from each writhing body part as Mollie is lacerated into grisly pieces by the net of sunlight.

Holmes and Watson watch in amazement as Mollie and her shrieks fade away into wisps of brimstone, leaving only a pile of ashes.

Watson winces at the charred remains of the vampiress.

WATSON

A gruesome business, indeed.

INT. MORIARTY'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A dusty COFFIN rests beside Moriarty's elegant grand piano. The black mastiff Samson lies faithfully on guard beside it.

Moriarty bends to pat Samson affectionately -- when Samson growls. Moriarty pulls his hand back in surprise and dismay.

Moriarty looks up as the coffin creaks open -- and Dracula emerges, his features anemic, but his eyes alert with wolfish cunning.

MORIARTY

Good evening. Did you rest well?

DRACULA

As well as can be expected.
Coffins are not built for comfort.

MORIARTY

Then perhaps you need a new one.

He steps over to A SLEEK CASKET covered with METAL PLATES.

MORIARTY

Hand-stitched silk lining.
Reinforced with galvanized iron
plating, fitted with a Westchester
lock with custom magnetic tumblers
that can be secured from within.
Once inside, fasten the lid shut
and the coffin is impregnable.
No enemy can touch you.

DRACULA

I am impressed by your resourcefulness.

MORIARTY

I am a man of Progress and Science.
I utilize the most modern technical
advancements in all my enterprises.
As should you, Count.

Dawson enters, dressed as the ragged peddler who attacked Holmes and Constance. He wrings his cap nervously in his hands.

DAWSON

Professor...

MORIARTY

(coldly)

Your tone and demeanor convey
what you fear to articulate.

DAWSON

I did everythin' you said!
Holmes never suspected! But the
young lass with him gave warning --

DRACULA

You failed at the simple task
demanded of you? Holmes still lives?

DAWSON

M'lord, you don't know Sherlock Holmes --

DRACULA

No. But I know an incompetent dolt...

Dracula grasps Mangler's empty keg of rum and yanks THE METAL SPIGOT from the barrel. Before Dawson can move, Dracula rams the spigot deep into Dawson's heart.

Dawson stares dumbly at the tap protruding from his chest, then collapses into the chair behind him, dead.

Dracula holds A CRYSTAL GOBLET beneath the spigot and twists the handle -- Dawson's blood oozes from the tap into the glass.

Dracula sips the blood from the goblet with relish.

DRACULA

Hhmm... somewhat lacking in
ebullience, but adequate nonetheless.

Moriarty winces in disgust as Dracula swills his ghoulish drink. Dracula notes his repulsed expression with amusement.

DRACULA

A ruler must mete out punishment
swiftly and ruthlessly -- lest his
subjects grow bold and insubordinate.

MORIARTY

I kill when necessary -- but
derive little pleasure from
callously executing my subordinates.

DRACULA

Once you become a brethren of
the night, you, too, will savor
the devil's nectar -- and often.

MORIARTY

Spare me the trite melodrama and
perform your diabolic alchemy.
Once endowed with such supernatural
abilities, my supremacy throughout
England as the Napoleon of Crime
will be unparalleled!

DRACULA

You whine like an impatient child.
I must first exact my revenge on
Van Helsing -- and destroy his
irksome protector Sherlock Holmes.

MORIARTY

Then I shall formulate a new stratagem to effect Holmes's demise -- one designed specifically to exploit his few vulnerabilities.

He paces in front of his blackboard, as Sahid obediently collects the empty goblet from Dracula on a tray.

Moriarty scowls at the zombie-like valet -- when a devious idea takes form. He steps closer to study Sahid's glazed eyes --

and the RAW FANG MARKS on his neck.

MORIARTY

And there is one particular vulnerability Holmes would never suspect of betraying him...

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Two hospital nurses in nun's habits proceed down the hallway carrying towels. They pass a private room with its door closed.

INSIDE THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Van Helsing lies unconscious in bed. Holmes and Watson move about the room, hanging CRUCIFIXES on the walls.

HOLMES

Though this hospital is on consecrated soil and therefore unassailable by Dracula, we must be prepared for any contingency...

EXT. ROOFTOP LEDGE - NIGHT

Across the street, a figure crouches in the shadows among a row of stone gargoyles, patiently watching Holmes's movements.

Dracula studies his quarry, safely ensconced beyond his reach. With his superhuman hearing, he eavesdrops on Holmes and Watson.

WATSON (O.S.)

Van Helsing is recuperating nicely. I should consult with his physician.

Dracula watches through the window as Watson leaves the room. Holmes begins to line the window frame with A STRAND OF GARLIC.

DOWN ON THE STREET BELOW

Dracula watches a carriage draws up to the hospital. A young woman alights to the curb -- it is Constance Bracknell.

Dracula frowns as he recognizes Constance from his nocturnal visit to Godalming Manor. A smile spreads across his pale lips.

Constance climbs the steps, drawing her shawl around her.

DRACULA

Good evening, my fine lady --

Constance jumps at Dracula's sudden appearance beside her.

CONSTANCE

Oh. You startled me.

Seeing Constance up close for the first time, Dracula is enthralled by her remarkable beauty.

DRACULA

It has been countless decades since
I have savored such loveliness...

CONSTANCE

Surely you exaggerate, sir.
Now if you'll excuse me --

DRACULA

(bows gallantly)

Forgive me. I am Count Dracula.
You are related to the late Lord
Godalming, are you not? I wished
to offer my condolences on his
lamentable passing, Miss...?

CONSTANCE

Constance Bracknell. Your sympathy
is much appreciated, Count --
though I regret I am unable to
continue our conversation at present.
(she turns to go)

DRACULA

You seek Mister Sherlock Holmes?

CONSTANCE

(stops, surprised)

Yes, I do, actually. His landlady
informed me I could find him here,
attending to an injured client.

DRACULA

Ah... I fear Mister Holmes has
just departed. A pressing matter
involving high-ranking Parliament
members, I understand.

CONSTANCE

Confound it all! The man
seems to deliberately avoid me --

DRACULA

My business here at the
hospital can wait a few hours --
perhaps you will allow me the
pleasure of escorting you home.
I am starved... for companionship.

CONSTANCE

Thank you kindly, Count, but --

Dracula's eyes bore into her with unsettling intensity. Hypnotized, Constance finds herself unable to look away.

CONSTANCE

It would be rude of me to refuse...

She does not resist as Dracula leads her off into the night.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Dracula strolls with Constance along a boulevard bustling with metropolitan nightlife -- theatergoers, peddlers, beggars.

Dracula listens to Constance chatter with indulgent patience.

CONSTANCE

... and so a woman should have the same opportunity to attend the London School of Medicine as any man. To suggest that our sex does not possess the intellect or fortitude to deal with the more gruesome aspects of death and disease is antiquated twaddle!

They pause before the shop window of a fine clothing store.

On display is A PORTRAIT of QUEEN VICTORIA, posing majestically in her royal robes and jeweled crown.

CONSTANCE

Every Englishman honors and serves our Queen Victoria -- a capable, compassionate female. Yet few males in our society accord my sister citizens the same respect and consideration.

DRACULA

A monarch's subjects must always honor their sovereign -- or suffer severely for their disloyalty...

As he contemplates Victoria in all her regal splendor, a look of bitter resentment flashes across his face.

Constance misreads his expression as one of displeasure, and blushes self-consciously.

CONSTANCE

Forgive me, Count. I tend to prattle on passionately about certain gender-related issues. Mother says I'm a veritable libertine.

DRACULA

Your mother is a fool. Never allow your desires to be tamed by the trifling conventions of a timid and mundane society. A spirit such as yours requires -- demands -- the freedom to flower. And bloom.

CONSTANCE

You sound like my cousin Arthur.
He was the only man who ever
treated me as his equal.

(ruefully)

The truth is, the contemporary male
prefers the fairer sex decidedly
more docile.

DRACULA

Not all males. The woman I select
for my mate will be one of
exceptional beauty -- and boldness.
A veritable libertine...

He smiles, utterly captivating Constance with his charm.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Watson hurries along, moving past orderlies, cleaning staff --

and a man in a dapper BLUE SUIT. It is Lewellyn, and as he
smiles, two rows of BLUE SAPPHIRES twinkle in his teeth.

As Watson turns down a deserted corridor -- Mangler steps out and
strikes Watson from behind. Watson groans and collapses.

Mangler and Lewellyn move deftly, each supporting Watson by an arm
as they noiselessly lead him off between them.

EXT. GODALMING MANOR - NIGHT

Dracula and Constance stroll towards her residence. The street
hums with the lulling sounds of a pleasant spring evening.

DRACULA

My castle overlooks the rugged
Carpathians. Just after moonrise,
the mountain peaks shimmer in
the gloom like the landscape of
some fantastic netherworld.
One day I shall bring you to
Transylvania -- and you will exalt
in its wonder by my side!

CONSTANCE

That would be marvelous! I'm
ashamed to confess my own travels
have been severely limited. Mother
can be exceedingly overprotective.
If she knew I were out now,
unchaperoned, so late at night --

DRACULA

Nonsense! There is nothing to
fear from starlight and shadows.
A tantalizing and seductive
world awaits beyond the twilight --
beckoning to those daring enough
to answer its call.

He stops to gaze appreciatively at Constance, and gently strokes her hair. Constance reaches up to touch his hand with her own.

DRACULA

You cannot imagine all that
I have lost. Shunned by men,
abandoned by God. After centuries
of meaningless diversions,
my solitary search has ended...

Their faces are close, and Constance can hear her own heart pounding in her ears. Dracula leans in to kiss her. Constance closes her eyes and lifts her mouth expectantly.

Instead, Dracula bends to her neck -- and presses his lips to her throat. Constance shivers, a strange erotic sensuality coursing through her like an electric current.

She moans softly, gasping as Dracula drinks in her life essence.

Dracula releases her. Constance sways in place, dizzy with rapture and pain and a light-headed arousal.

DRACULA

Until tomorrow evening.

CONSTANCE

Yes. I shall await the dusk...

Still entranced, Constance sleepwalks inside the stately house and closes the door unsteadily behind her.

A FOUR-WHEELED CARRIAGE driven by Wojcek pulls up to the curb. Dracula glides up to the carriage door and throws it open --

Professor Moriarty awaits inside, his expression smug.

MORIARTY

As promised -- Sherlock Holmes's
Achilles' heel.

He gestures to the seat opposite him -- where Watson sits, dazed, propped up between Mangler and Lewellyn.

DRACULA

A delicious irony -- Sherlock Holmes
doomed by his most trusted friend!

Watson blinks, slowly regaining consciousness as Dracula grabs him and sets his hypnotic gaze upon him.

Watson can only cry out helplessly as Dracula bares his fangs and leans in --- and envelopes Watson in darkness...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Van Helsing sleeps soundly in his bed, his breath rasping. Holmes paces restlessly, pausing to check his pocketwatch.

Watson enters the room, silent, and glares sullenly at Holmes.

HOLMES

Watson! What has kept you?
We have much to accomplish
before Dracula strikes again.

He turns to bend over a small table, unrolling a map of London.

Watson shuffles up behind him -- clutching his service revolver.

HOLMES

I have deduced two probable
locations for Dracula's new lair --

Watson moves closer to Holmes -- the revolver aimed at Holmes's spine. Just as his finger tightens on the trigger --

Holmes glances up, noting his SHADOW on the wall cast by the oil lamp -- as well as Watson's shadow behind him about to shoot.

Holmes twists aside, deflecting Watson's hand just as the pistol fires. BANG! The bullet SHATTERS a window pane to his side.

HOLMES

Watson! Are you mad?

He stops, alerted to the drastic changes in Watson's demeanor. His tone goes flat as he realizes the terrible truth.

HOLMES

Dracula has infected you.

WATSON

Dracula has shown me the truth!

He moves to block Holmes's path, his revolver held ready. His face is twisted with dark, buried emotions.

WATSON

For years I have lived in your shadow.
Always eclipsed by your conceited
displays of deductive trickery.
I never should have written those
blasted stories. Now the whole
world adores you -- and I'm little
more than your glorified secretary.

HOLMES

Watson, you must fight Dracula's
malignant hold over you --

WATSON

Your condescending arrogance.
Your colossal ego. You desire
my company only to flatter you
as some mindless sycophant!

Snarling, Watson raises the gun to fire again --

but Holmes lunges with surprising speed. A fierce struggle ensues as Holmes grapples with Watson for the revolver.

As they wrestle, Holmes is dismayed to see fang marks on Watson's neck. The shock distracts him -- and he slips, smashing his head against the foot of Van Helsing's bedpost.

Stunned, Holmes sinks to the floor as Watson straddles him, pinning him down with the strength of a maniac.

HOLMES

Watson, don't let Dracula control you!

Somehow Holmes's plea reaches through to the remote recesses of Watson's embattled mind. Watson falters -- his true self emerging for just an instant. Anguish breaks across his face.

WATSON

Dear God... Holmes!

As Dracula's hypnotic commands inexorably force Watson to aim the revolver squarely at Holmes --

Watson wrenches his hand aside in a desperate surge of will, and presses the revolver against his own temple. Just as his finger tightens on the trigger --

A dull CLANG is heard. Watson slumps to the floor, the gun dropping from his grasp.

Van Helsing stands behind Watson, swaying weakly, holding the metal BED PAN he just brought down on Watson's skull.

VAN HELSING

Your friend is under Dracula's power.
There is but one chance left to save him!

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

A bald DOCTOR is busily cleaning an assortment of metal surgical tools. The door suddenly crashes open as Holmes bursts in, carrying Watson's unconscious body.

DOCTOR

What are you doing? You can't come barging in here!

Van Helsing is behind Holmes, moving weakly but determined.

VAN HELSING

This man needs an infusion of fresh blood at once. The vampire's spell must be broken!

DOCTOR

Vampire?

Holmes lays Watson down on the examination table.

HOLMES

I am Sherlock Holmes and this patient is Doctor John Watson.
He requires an emergency transfusion!

DOCTOR

Only hospital personnel are
permitted access to our equipment --

HOLMES

I said leave us! You are wasting
precious time!

His nerves frayed, he angrily waves Watson's revolver.
The doctor swallows fearfully and bolts from the room.

Holmes steps up to Watson's unconscious body and gently touches
Watson on the arm. He is surprised to find his hand trembling.

HOLMES

I shall not fail you, old friend.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The doctor strides down the hall with Inspector Lestrade at his side
and TWO UNIFORMED BOBBIES marching behind them.

DOCTOR

They're both crazed -- babbling
about vampires! One actually
insisted he was Sherlock Holmes
and threatened me at gunpoint!

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Holmes lies beside Watson, A RUBBER TRANSFUSION TUBE stretched
out between the two men's forearms.

A SECOND TUBE leads from Watson's other arm into a metal bucket,
draining dark, viscous blood from his body, drop by drop.

Van Helsing prepares A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE as Watson writhes on the
table, moaning, in the throes of delirium.

VAN HELSING

Dracula absorbs the life essence of
his victims by drinking their blood.
The Count is able to exert his
hypnotic control because your
friend's blood now courses
inside Dracula's own veins.

HOLMES

And diluting Watson's blood with
an infusion of my own might weaken
the mystic link between he and Dracula.

VAN HELSING

Correct. I am injecting Watson's
bloodstream with a solution of
pure holy water, which will help
him combat Dracula's evil spell.

As he injects Watson's arm with the holy water, he studies Holmes's
ashen complexion with concern.

VAN HELSING

I cannot drain much more
blood from your system.
You will need your strength to
face Dracula and his minions.

HOLMES

(gasping)

I must accept that risk, Doctor.
Watson must be freed from Dracula's
unholy influence -- at any cost!

Lestrade charges in, followed by the doctor and the two bobbies.

DOCTOR

You see? They're recklessly
endangering this man's life!

As the doctor begins to detach the tubes from Watson's arms,
Van Helsing tries feebly to stop him.

VAN HELSING

No! It's the only way his soul
can be freed!

But the stress is too much for Van Helsing. He reels from
exhaustion and stumbles into the doctor's arms.

DOCTOR

(to a bobbie)

Get this patient back to his bed!

Holmes sits up unsteadily, his face pale and damp with sweat.

HOLMES

Lestrade -- listen to me.
Our killer is a Transylvanian
vampire who calls himself Dracula.
He's already entranced Watson!

LESTRADE

Nice try, Holmes, but I know the truth.
We just received an anonymous tip.
One of Seward's unpublished
monographs was found in your study,
duplicated in your handwriting.
We also found letters from Seward
warning you to cease harassing him.

HOLMES

The letters are obviously forgeries.

LESTRADE

The message claimed that you killed
Seward to take credit for his
research -- and planned to publish
his monograph under your own name.

The second bobbie steps forward to take Holmes into custody.

HOLMES

Don't be a fool, Lestrade!
Dracula aims to discredit me --
and so prevent my contacting
Scotland Yard!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lestrade and his officer forcibly escort Holmes away.

LESTRADE

It saddens me to see the Great
Detective arrested as a common
murder suspect, hiding behind
fantastic tales of killer vampires...

They move past A PATIENT slowly hobbling by on crutches --
when Holmes grabs a crutch away from the startled patient.

Whirling, Holmes BATS the bobbie beside him off balance with the
crutch. As the policeman staggers back --

Holmes LUNGES and JABS the crutch into Lestrade's stomach.
Lestrade doubles over, wheezing in pain.

Holmes dashes for the stairwell -- when two burly hospital
ATTENDANTS emerge, blocking Holmes's escape.

LESTRADE

Stop him!

Holmes leaps aside into the nearest room --

A CHEMICAL LABORATORY

The tiny lab facility has no other doorway. Holmes is trapped!
Lestrade and the bobbie barge into the lab, furious.

Holmes grasps TWO BEAKERS of colored liquid off a table laden with
equipment. Gasping, desperate, he confronts Lestrade.

LESTRADE

You'd best surrender, Holmes!

HOLMES

I cannot, Inspector. Protect
Watson and Van Helsing -- for
I must carry the battle on alone.

He hurls the glass beakers to the floor. The resulting chemical
reaction causes a whooshing explosion of black smoke!

The dense cloud slowly dissipates -- and Lestrade is outraged
to see that Holmes is gone. He rushes to peer through the lab's
open window.

There is no sign of Holmes on the deserted street below.

LESTRADE

Summon Gordon's squad at the Yard.
I want Sherlock Holmes captured!

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Holmes slinks furtively from doorway to doorway --
when a DISEMBODIED VOICE emanates hollowly from the dark.

DRACULA
How does it feel to lose
everything you hold dear?

The shadows MELT away from Dracula as if made of BLACK LIQUID.

DRACULA
To be all alone, guided only by
a primal drive for survival?

HOLMES
So at last you face me yourself.
Tired of cowardly manipulating others
to carry out your despicable acts?

Dracula moves with astonishing speed and grabs Holmes roughly.

DRACULA
I shall not kill you right away.
I'd much rather see you debased
as my pathetic, unthinking slave...

His eyes glow eerily as his HYPNOTIC GAZE bores into Holmes.
Holmes trembles, resisting with every ounce of willpower --

HOLMES
You will not take my mind!

Surprise registers on Dracula's pallid face.

DRACULA
Never have I met one so strong!

Holmes strains with concentration, almost blacking out from the effort. A supreme contest of wills between the world's deadliest vampire and London's mightiest intellect.

DRACULA
You cannot resist me! Impossible!

Holmes slumps to the floor, barely conscious.

DRACULA
Your will shall be broken.
Once I taste of your blood,
you will be mine to command forever!

HOLMES
Never! I should sooner perish than
succumb to your unspeakable damnation!

He drags himself away on his hands and knees across the cobblestones, not daring to look up and meet Dracula's gaze.

Dracula understands, and chuckles cruelly -- a sinister sound.

DRACULA

You fear me.

HOLMES

No!!

Holmes stumbles across the pavement with effort, and collapses against the stone facade of A DESERTED BUILDING.

DRACULA

To become an unwilling slave --
a mindless zombie -- is truly a
fate worse than death for you...

He strides forward, victorious -- fangs bared, cape swirling --
when he stops, pain and horror contorting his face. ACRID SMOKE
curls from his shoulders as his clothes and skin begin to burn.

Dracula hisses with realization -- the building behind Holmes is
A CHURCH, and a granite CRUCIFIX adorns its high steeple.

Shining brightly behind the steeple, the setting MOON casts
THE SHADOW of the crucifix onto the pavement below --

and onto Dracula, crippling him with its holy aura.

HOLMES

(hoarse)

Be gone from this sanctified ground!

Dracula staggers away from the deadly silhouette of the cross.

DRACULA

I shall return, Sherlock Holmes --
for your soul!

With a bestial snarl, the vampire disappears into the gloom.

Holmes shudders, drenched in cold sweat, and sags weakly against
the sanctuary of the church wall.

INT. MORIARTY'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Moriarty stands before his blackboard, making chalk notations of
mathematical figures.

He next steps over to a large ABACUS on a wooden stand, and
skillfully manipulates the rows of colored beads to perform swift
and precise calculations.

Lying nearby on the floor, the dog Samson stirs, raising his head
as he notices in the shadows of the room's far corner --

the outline of A HUGE WOLF, crimson eyes blazing in the dark.

Samson leaps to all fours, growling, his hackles rising.
As Moriarty turns to investigate the mastiff's agitation --

he is startled to find Dracula looming furiously before him.

DRACULA

Your plan to have Holmes murdered
by the one called Watson failed.
You underestimated the intense
loyalty those two feel for each other.

MORIARTY

Admittedly, an unconsidered component.
But thanks to my cunning machinations,
Holmes is now a wanted fugitive
from the entire London police force.

DRACULA

Yet Holmes still lives -- free from
my control -- as does that cursed
Van Helsing. Your supposed genius
has provided me with naught but
disappointment!

MORIARTY

No -- I have provided you with a
secure refuge and modern equipment
to further your quest for vengeance.
(angrily)
It is time you reciprocated as per
our agreement. Render me immortal!
I tire of waiting!

In an explosion of rage, Dracula SMASHES his fist into Moriarty's
blackboard, SHATTERING it into a hundred pieces.

DRACULA

Enough! You are not addressing
one of your back alley thugs.
The petty ambitions of some
self-important criminal are
beneath a nobleman of my breeding.
(darkly)
Be grateful I don't enslave you
along with your hated nemesis
Sherlock Holmes.

Moriarty scowls, reaching warily for his black sword-cane --

when Lewellyn and Mangler suddenly appear in the doorway,
both in gruff spirits and oblivious to the tension in the room.

Mangler grips an inebriated YOUNG GENTLEMAN dressed in fine evening
tails, who teeters drunkenly as he mumbles incoherently.

Lewellyn wears a shirt and pants a deep shade of YELLOW AMBER.
He greets Moriarty by merrily holding up a handful of jewelry --
gold watch, cufflinks and a glittering diamond ring.

LEWELLYN

Ah, Professor. Just in time
for the party. Our guest of
honor has been most generous!

He smiles -- sporting AN AMBER GEM sparkling in each tooth.

MORIARTY

Lewellyn... we do not abduct
drunken fops off the street.
(to Dracula)
Surely you don't intend to
murder this man in cold blood --

DRACULA

Dare not presume to question
my intent -- not when my
thirst rages so unchecked...

He suddenly whirls and swoops on the young man held by Mangler.
The man screams as Dracula PLUNGES his fangs into his neck and RIPS
open his flesh with brutal abandon.

A NAUSEATING SUCKING NOISE is audible as Dracula drinks from his
victim's slitted jugular vein. The young man cries out dully in
pain and surprise, and finally goes limp in the Count's arms.

Mangler and Lewellyn watch mutely in numb horror.

Moriarty averts his eyes and strides from the room, sickened.

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - DAY

Dawn pierces the grey London sky.

A POLICEMAN shines his lantern through the gloom of an alleyway.
Another BOBBY searches the deserted street some distance behind.

POLICEMAN

I saw him duck this way!

The bobbies hurry off, whistles blowing, batons held ready.

Only then does Holmes emerge from hiding. Haggard, disheveled,
he has been eluding pursuit all night, and the strain shows.

INT. GODALMING MANOR FOYER - DAY

Constance hurries to the front door in response to a loud KNOCKING.
She wears a silk robe, which she draws tightly around her.
She opens the front door cautiously to peek through --

and Holmes stumbles through the doorway.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, I believe
I require your assistance...

Before Constance can reply, he collapses at her feet.

INT. PARLOR - DAY

Holmes lies outstretched on a divan, his head propped up on a
cushion. His coat has been removed, his shirt collar open.

He moans in his sleep, tossing in the throes of a nightmare.

HOLMES

Watson -- beware!!

He jolts awake, shaken, and forces himself to sit up.

CONSTANCE

Easy. It's only a bad dream...

Constance sits beside him, wiping his brow with a wet cloth. She still wears her robe, and her loose hair cascades down onto her shoulders. Even unadorned by make-up, she is breathtaking.

Holmes blinks his eyes, gradually aware of his surroundings.

HOLMES

How long have I been asleep?

CONSTANCE

Barely four hours. You're exhausted.
I'll gladly tend to you...

As she strokes his hair, her robe slips open, revealing the creamy skin of her cleavage. She makes no move to close it.

Holmes flinches at her touch, and rises from the divan.

HOLMES

There's no time. I must devise
a retaliatory strategy!

It is then he notices PHOTOGRAPHY EQUIPMENT strewn about the parlor -- a camera, stacks of photographic plates, bottles of developing fluid and processing chemicals.

Holmes absently examines the camera, and finds the initials "U.T." scratched on the underside.

Constance slinks up beside him.

CONSTANCE

Mother has returned to Sussex,
and I have dismissed the servants
for the day. We are all alone...

Her voice is husky, seductive, as she nestles close to him.

HOLMES

(suspiciously)

Miss Bracknell... are you well?

Constance smiles coyly as she takes the camera from his hands.

CONSTANCE

Let that be. It is merely a
present from a new admirer.
The Count takes a special interest
in daytime photographs...

HOLMES

The Count!

He suddenly grabs Constance brusquely by the shoulders.

CONSTANCE

Ooh, you are rough with me.

Holmes brushes aside the hair from her neck -- and his heart falls in distress as he sees ragged FANG MARKS on her neck.

HOLMES

Dracula has enslaved you!

CONSTANCE

On the contrary. Dracula has set me free!

She presses against him, exuding an unfettered sensuality.

HOLMES

Miss Bracknell, what are you doing?

CONSTANCE

Don't you see? You are the one so woefully imprisoned. Always observing life, an automaton detached from humanity, deprived of the warming touch of intimacy...

HOLMES

You must cease this unseemly behavior. You are clearly not yourself.

CONSTANCE

No, I am not. The untamed woman trapped inside me has finally been allowed to blossom.
(rubs against him, purring)
I know you find me desirable...

HOLMES

Such desires are irrelevant --

CONSTANCE

Are they? Why do you ignore the fire that smoulders between us? Why must you always deny your heart? For once, give free reign to your passion! Abandon that rigid intellect!

She is achingly beautiful, and Holmes is disconcerted to find himself aroused by powerful desires stirring inside him.

HOLMES

I cannot -- I must not --

The air is charged with a heady, erotic tension as Constance brushes her lips lightly against his. Confused, vulnerable, Holmes is unable -- or perhaps unwilling -- to push her away.

CONSTANCE

Why must you resist me?

HOLMES

(softly)

Why must you tempt me?

CONSTANCE

My dear, lonely Sherlock.
So coldly analytical, so repressed.
How sadly ironic that Count Dracula
is more full of life than the
Great Detective...

She leans in to kiss Holmes hungrily -- and Holmes responds passionately, with an intoxicating, feverish abandon.

After a dizzying moment, Holmes finally pulls away from Constance. He gently caresses her face, finally acknowledging, and accepting, the full depth of his feelings for her.

HOLMES

You are indeed extraordinary...

There is a new tenderness in his voice. Constance smiles --

when Holmes is suddenly hit hard from behind. He slumps to his knees, overturning an elegant TEA CART with A LOUD CRASH.

He hits the floor, stunned, amidst the debris of shattered porcelain cups.

Wojcek grins, peering through the thick lenses of his glasses.

WOJCEK

I have never been much of a romantic...

INT. PARLOR - DAY

Holmes is tied securely to a wooden chair, his hands lashed behind his back, his feet bound with rope as well.

Constance stands before him, dressed in a smart traveling outfit. Wojcek hugs A WOODEN CRATE with a fastened lid.

CONSTANCE

Farewell, my love. I am sorry,
but the Count summons me, and
you dare not follow.

HOLMES

Constance! You mustn't go!

She kisses him on the cheek, and then saunters from the parlor.

Wojcek snickers malevolently, drumming his fingers on the box.

WOJCEK

She cares for you, that one.
Made me promise not to kill you.
Unlike my poisonous friend here...

He removes the box's lid and empties its contents on the floor. Moriarty's COBRA tumbles out, hissing dangerously as it uncoils.

WOJCEK

God is dead, Mister Holmes --
and so are you!

Wojcek chuckles as he scurries from the room.

The cobra slithers along the floor, inching towards Holmes.

Holmes struggles against his bonds, but he is unable to move his hands or legs. Undeterred, he scans the parlor around him for a means of escape, carefully absorbing every detail of the room.

His eyes focus on the fireplace mantle --

and the BOTTLES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC DEVELOPING FLUID lined up along the mantle's edge.

A WOODEN GLOBE of the earth rests at the other end of the mantle. Holmes's gaze travels from the globe --

to the BRASS COAT TREE behind his chair.

A gleam of inspiration lights his eyes as an idea seizes hold.

Pushing with his bound feet, Holmes hobbles his chair backwards inch by inch towards the brass coat tree. He bumps against the metal stand, deliberately knocking it over.

The brass tree topples against the fireplace mantle --

where it dislodges the wooden globe of the earth. The globe tumbles off its stand and rolls along the mantle top --

into the bottles of developing fluid. Two bottles are knocked off the marble mantle --

and CRASH to the floor, shattering. Liquid chemicals spill across the carpet in a puddle --

dousing the cobra as well.

Holmes glances down at his bound feet. On the floor, his tossed JACKET lies next to the shattered remains of SEVERAL TEA CUPS.

Holmes strains, rocking his chair side to side -- building momentum to tip himself over. He grunts as he hits the floor on his side.

His face now rests on the carpet, level with the approaching cobra as it snakes closer and closer.

Holmes nuzzles his face into the folds of his jacket. Using his teeth, he is able to pull his MAGNIFYING LENS from its pocket.

The cobra is a mere foot away. The serpent rears up, flaring its hood and baring its venomous fangs, ready to spring --

Holmes clenches the lens handle in his mouth. Twisting painfully in the lopsided chair, he is able to angle the lens into the sunlight streaming through the window.

The sunlight is focused into an intense, blistering pinpoint -- which ignites the pool of processing fluid --

and sets the cobra afire! The snake spits and writhes as it is consumed by the chemical flames -- then lies still, a charred reptilian corpse.

Holmes grimaces as he shuffles his chair sideways along the carpet. His bound hands grope the floor blindly behind him --

and grasp a piece of A SHATTERED TEA CUP. With much effort, he angles the jagged shard to cut the ropes binding his wrists.

As the patch of flames spread towards him across the carpet, Holmes strains his arms with all his strength --

and snaps his ropes! His hands now loose, he unties his feet.

Freed, Holmes leaps up and yanks A SET OF WINDOW DRAPES onto the burning patch of carpet, effectively smothering the flames.

Holmes grimly surveys the ruined parlor as he picks up his coat.

HOLMES

Dracula shall not possess her.

INT. MORIARTY'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Slices of STEAMING BEEF lie piled on a silver platter.

The mastiff Samson buries his snout into the chunks of meat, hungrily devouring the meal.

The huge hound pauses in mid-chew to sway unsteadily. Yawning wide, he drops onto the carpet and in moments is fast asleep.

Moriarty eases into the chamber. He bends down to inspect Samson closely, satisfied the dog is sufficiently drugged.

Dracula's STEEL PLATED COFFIN rests beside the slumbering dog.

Moriarty moves quickly and stealthily. He reaches under the coffin lid, as his fingers search out a hidden latch.

A CLICK is heard as he unlocks the inner fastening mechanism. Moriarty lifts the heavy lid and throws it open --

to reveal Count Dracula lying inside the coffin in deep repose.

Moriarty produces A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE from his pocket, and leans over Dracula. He inserts the syringe into the vampire's arm --

and withdraws a sample of dark, viscous blood.

Moriarty carefully holds up the syringe to inspect the precious fluid swirling inside --

when Dracula awakens. His face contorts into a savage snarl.

DRACULA

Who violates me thus?

He roars as he climbs from the coffin, livid with fury.

MORIARTY

You may cease the theatrics.
I am well aware your vampire powers
are nullified during daylight hours.

He calmly pulls back his sleeve to expose his forearm.
The dark blood inside the syringe oozes like venomous bile.

Despite his outrage, Dracula looks on with bewilderment.

DRACULA

What devious plot is this?

MORIARTY

An experiment bold and audacious.
Your victims are transformed by
drinking the blood of a master
vampire. I therefore hypothesized
that injecting your haemoglobin
directly into my bloodstream will
have the same altering effect on me.

DRACULA

You will regret this impudence.

MORIARTY

Unfortunately, Count, you left
me no other viable alternative.
(dryly)
Modern methods are always the
most effective...

He positions the hypodermic needle over a vein in his forearm.

DRACULA

Now, my servant!

The Indian Sahid suddenly appears behind Moriarty and plucks
the syringe from Moriarty's grasp.

MORIARTY

Sahid, no!

Moriarty grapples with the Indian for the deadly syringe.
They stumble back off balance against Dracula's coffin --

when Sahid accidentally injects the syringe into his own arm.

Sahid staggers against the coffin, nauseous and disoriented.
He gurgles as he drops to his knees and clutches his stomach.

Both Dracula and Moriarty watch with morbid fascination as
Sahid moans and his eyes begin to blaze a bright red.

MORIARTY

He is metamorphosizing into
a vampire! My theory is confirmed!

Mangler and Lewellyn enter the chamber, drawn by the commotion.

They gawk curiously at Sahid -- who lets loose a howl of bestial
abandon as his canine teeth slowly elongate into jutting fangs.

MANGLER

Lordy -- Sahid's done been
possessed, he has!

MORIARTY
Mangler! Lewellyn! Restrain
the Count. I still have much use
for him -- and his rather unique
blood cells.

But to Moriarty's surprise, Mangler and Lewellyn merely chuckle and
strike insolent poses beside Dracula.

MORIARTY
You find my orders amusing?

DRACULA
No, Professor, merely your ignorance.
I have decreed your men should obey
only me -- as befits my royal lineage.

MORIARTY
Intolerable! My criminal cohorts
are mine alone to command --

DRACULA
You arrogant fool! I am a
prince of the House of Dracul.
I once commanded hordes of pillaging
warriors throughout Roumania and Turkey.
Not only shall I usurp your criminal
empire -- but all of England as well!

He steps beside a pedestal bearing A SCULPTURED BUST of
JULIUS CAESAR, and rests his hand on Caesar's head.

MORIARTY
You're deranged. Not even a vampire
can conquer an entire nation.

DRACULA
Perhaps not alone -- but with
an army of vampires to lead,
this island of puny mortals shall
soon bow before my dark sovereignty.

He indicates Sahid, who flexes his trembling hands, confused
by the strange sensations coursing through his transformed body.

DRACULA
You have demonstrated how simple it
is to create a new coven of vampires
from London's criminal rogues --
who, in turn, can transform yet
even more brutes into unstoppable
legions of undead soldiers!

Dread stings Moriarty from the terrible import of Dracula's words.

MORIARTY
A geometric progression
of unholy transmutations.
First dozens, then hundreds,
then thousands of vampires...

His voice trails off as the very concept leaves him stunned.

DRACULA

Once again I shall rule,
as is my right and my destiny,
when the throne of the British
Empire is mine -- forever!

He laughs, and beckons casually to Moriarty's henchmen.

Mangler slips a set of spiked BRASS KNUCKLES onto one gigantic fist. Lewellyn neatly flicks open his straight-edged RAZOR. Even Sahid lumbers forward with murderous intent.

Cornered, Moriarty retreats behind the refuge of his desk.

MORIARTY

You erred gravely by betraying me.
Professor James Moriarty shall not
be subtracted from the equation!

He presses A HIDDEN BUTTON to activate a special escape hatch.
A trapdoor opens beside his chair --

and Moriarty drops from sight!

A WILD RIDE

as Moriarty slides down a twisting metal chute --
that deposits him inside A TORPEDO-LIKE RECEPTACLE.

In seconds, Moriarty is whisked away from his headquarters through
a secret subterranean PNEUMATIC TUBE.

BACK IN MORIARTY'S CHAMBERS

Mangler, Lewellyn and Sahid gather around the trapdoor.
Dracula moves to join them, when he whirls about --

as the Russian Wojcek enters the chamber with Constance.

Dracula smiles, genuinely pleased to see Constance.
He crosses to her and fondly grasps her hand in his.

DRACULA

Welcome... my Queen.

Constance gazes deep into his penetrating eyes, spellbound.
As Dracula tenderly strokes her cheek, she slowly, sensuously,
licks his fingers.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

A crowded, bustling morning outside 221-B Baker Street.
From the recesses of an alley several shops down the street --

Sherlock Holmes lurks in the shadows, keeping careful watch on the
activity outside his lodgings.

MORIARTY

I would not advise approaching
your former abode any closer.

Holmes spins, instantly alert and raising his fists defensively.

Professor Moriarty steps forward, dressed in his customary black suit and overcoat. He grips his silver-topped cane.

MORIARTY

There are three Yard detectives disguised as peddlers patrolling the pavement, while two more lie in wait for you inside your flat.

HOLMES

Moriarty! What dastardly scheme are you concocting now?

MORIARTY

I've not come to assail you, Holmes. I'm here because of that soulless devil known as Dracula.

The two archrivals gauge each other uneasily, like wary fencers.

HOLMES

You've narrowly escaped Dracula's clutches as well.

MORIARTY

Yes. Integrating that accursed fiend into my organization was a serious miscalculation. He must pay for his treachery against me!

HOLMES

So you were in league with the vampire all along. I should have deduced as much.

MORIARTY

No longer. We must combine our efforts to destroy him before his mad plans for conquest reach fruition!

HOLMES

No. I'll not ally myself with a blackguard as yourself -- no matter how dire my plight.

He whirls and strides off down the alley.

MORIARTY

Holmes, listen to me! Whatever enmity has festered between us must be set aside. You are the only man alive capable of aiding me in vanquishing Dracula!

Holmes pauses, bitterly realizing the truth of Moriarty's words.

HOLMES

I cannot allow Dracula to empower himself unchecked any further.

MORIARTY

Ah. Then we are unlikely allies
for the forces of Good against
the legions of Evil. The eternal
cosmic polarities reduced to a
base set of prime integers!

HOLMES

Your grandiose posturing does
not deceive me, Moriarty.
You desire Dracula's obliteration
only so that you may regain control
of your illicit web of crime.

MORIARTY

(glowers)

You can ill afford to impugn
my motives, Holmes. I'll not
brook such sanctimonious aspersions
from an overrated "brain for hire" --

HOLMES

Enough! This squabbling is pointless.
Dracula must be found before Constance --
(catches himself)
-- before precious lives are lost.
Come. I trust you have a hidden
base nearby we can utilize.

INT. DAIRY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The empty rooms are dilapidated, its walls bare and worn.
A distinct contrast from Moriarty's former opulent headquarters.

Moriarty is nailing A LARGE MAP of London to one plastered wall,
tapping in the tacks with the head of his cane.

MORIARTY

This particular bolt-hole is
known only to myself. Somewhat
threadbare, but still functional.

Holmes paces the wooden floor. He has regained his self-assured
air, his confidence and determination renewed.

HOLMES

Have you any clues at all to
Dracula's possible whereabouts?

MORIARTY

None. He and my erstwhile
cohorts laid waste to my former
headquarters before they abandoned it.
A fortune in classical art vandalized!

HOLMES

A stolen fortune, no doubt.
(ignoring Moriarty's scowl)
We have only hours before sunset
to ascertain the location of
Dracula's hidden den...

Moriarty joins him in silence, then sniffs the air, puzzled.

MORIARTY

Do I smell ferrous oxalate?

HOLMES

The result of an unwelcome encounter with an unfriendly serpent and some conveniently accessible photography equipment.

MORIARTY

Photography equipment?

Perhaps you should read this.

(hands Holmes a newspaper)

A street photographer was discovered dead last night with his jugular vein ripped open. The probability that this murder is related to our missing vampire is statistically overwhelming.

HOLMES

Uriah Terkel! I had the dubious pleasure of meeting this poor camera vendor only days ago. So it was Terkel's paraphernalia Dracula appropriated. But why?

(brightening)

Of course! Terkel's "darkroom" van!

MORIARTY

Darkroom van? You mean a light-proof conveyance?

HOLMES

Precisely. Dracula undoubtedly utilized Terkel's sealed wagon to transport his coffin through the streets in open daylight.

MORIARTY

So our cardinal objective is fundamental -- locate this darkroom van before nightfall!

HOLMES

That van could be anywhere in London. Fortunately, I happen to have a rather sizeable contingent of eager young detectives to assist in our search.

MORIARTY

Your own private police force?

HOLMES

(a wry smile)

Otherwise known unofficially as the Baker Street Irregulars...

EX. WAREHOUSE YARD - DAY

Two dozen RAGGED STREET BOYS -- ranging from six to thirteen years of age -- stand at awkward attention before Holmes.

Holmes walks down the line, handing A SHILLING to each boy.

HOLMES

You understand your instructions?

The oldest boy, WIGGINS, sports a crooked grin under his cap.

WIGGINS

Righto, Mista 'olmes. As soon as we find the van, we're ta report back 'ere directly ta you, sir!

HOLMES

And an extra gold sovereign to the first lad who spots it!
Now be off -- and take caution!

The boys scramble away like monkeys, hooting gleefully.

A MONTAGE SEQUENCE

as Holmes's squad of irrepressible Irregulars roam London:

TWO BOYS scramble high atop a statue in Hyde Park for a better view of the congested street traffic swarming around them.

A ten-year old URCHIN is chased away from the Buckingham Palace grounds by uniformed guards.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD WAIF hitches a ride on a stately carriage, inspecting each passing wagon along the bustling thoroughfare.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC VAN rattles past the outskirts of London.

Mangler sits up front, whistling as he flicks the reins at the van's old nag. Constance sits beside him, flinching as Mangler ceases his serenade to chug crudely at a whiskey bottle.

INSIDE THE WAGON

Dracula slumbers inside Moriarty's specially constructed coffin, lying in deathly repose.

OUTSIDE ON THE ROAD

Mangler drives past a grimy industrial factory --

as well as the boy Wiggins, strolling along the roadside.

Wiggins stops in his tracks as his mouth drops open and his ratty cap nearly falls off his head.

INT. DAIRY WAREHOUSE - DAY

The map of London is now dotted with various locations throughout the city circled in red and numbered.

Holmes stands before A MAKESHIFT CHEMICAL LABORATORY, working among assorted test tubes, vials, and bottles cluttered together on a rickety table.

Rested, he looks better, his features tense with concentration.

He uses a pair of tongs to lift A BEAKER from a bunsen burner and examine THE GREENISH-COLORED LIQUID inside.

Then, tilting the beaker carefully, he pours the solution into A GLASS TEST TUBE held securely in a wooden rack.

Holmes turns as Professor Moriarty enters the room, clutching a velvet carpetbag. Moriarty greets him with a dry chuckle.

MORIARTY

The renowned Sherlock Holmes
reduced to hiding from the law!
An unexpected treat to behold.

Holmes fails to hide his irritation as he lowers the beaker.

HOLMES

I am pleased my predicament
amuses one of us. Unfortunately,
there is still no word from my
amateur contingent of field agents.

MORIARTY

You mean your motley gang of
street urchins. I, at least,
have been productive accumulating
rather inventive weaponry for our
ultimate confrontation.

He produces an assortment of CRUCIFIXES, WOODEN STAKES and other items from the satchel and lays them out on the table.

MORIARTY

Specially constructed bullets
filled with oak. There was only
time for my gunsmith acquaintance
to craft six such wooden rounds.
(holds up metal containers)
These tear-gas canisters have been
injected with powdered garlic --
(holds up a spray-pump)
While this pesticide spray-pump
is now filled with holy water --
as are these tiny vials.

HOLMES

Very impressive.

He takes one of the tiny vials of holy water and pours it into the beaker of colored liquid.

MORIARTY

Any success with your chemical experiments?

HOLMES

Let us hope so. It could very well be our last defense.

MORIARTY

Excellent. Precise planning, thorough preparation and a dose of imagination comprise the formula for any successful crime --
(quickly)
or civilian enterprise, as the case may be.

HOLMES

Intriguing. You derive such immense satisfaction by squandering your mathematical genius merely to plot clever and complex felonies.

MORIARTY

While you delight in misapplying your own mental prowess merely to solve those very same felonies.

HOLMES

It is indeed ironic -- our mutual rivalry seems to provide us with the intellectual stimulation we crave.

MORIARTY

Indeed. The Versailles Affair, for example, where I soundly outwitted you by employing a pair of identical twin safecrackers. You spurred me to my best efforts!

HOLMES

Or your theft of Oxford's Shakespearean Folio by substituting an expert forgery. My devising that trap to retrieve the manuscripts and ensnare your accomplices was an unforgettable challenge!

MORIARTY

Bah! 'Twas the ineptitude of my operatives that foiled me. My plan was brilliantly conceived!

The boy Wiggins bursts into the room, breathless and agitated.

WIGGINS

I spotted the van!

Instantly Holmes and Moriarty forget all else to rush over.

HOLMES

Excellent, Wiggins! Well done.

WIGGINS

It was 'eading along Newberry Road
outside a' London -- near Burwood!

Moriarty points his cane at a junction on the huge London map.

MORIARTY

That particular road forks in two
directions -- one leading inland,
the other towards the coastline.

(to Wiggins)

Which turnoff did the van take?

WIGGINS

I dinna know, sir. I couldn't
keep up with it after a mile or so.

MORIARTY

Idiot! You let our quarry escape -- !

Wiggins cringes as Moriarty waves his cane angrily.

HOLMES

Now, Wiggins. It is critical
that we determine the destination
of that van. I want you to
think carefully and relate to me
any observations you can recall
concerning the van or its driver.

WIGGINS

Well... The driver was a scrawny
fella, with these funny thick
spectacles on his nose. He had
a lady sittin' beside 'im.
A looker, she was. Very purty.

MORIARTY

The driver is Dracula's steward.
I have no idea of the female's identity.

HOLMES

She is an innocent victim of
Dracula's sorcery!

He immediately composes himself, ignoring Moriarty's stare.

HOLMES

Can you remember anything else,
Wiggins? Any details whatsoever...

WIGGINS

Well, the lady was holdin' a
slicker 'cross her lap, which
I took to be kinda strange, since
it ain't rainin' outside none.

HOLMES

And what of the driver? Was
he wearing anything unusual?

WIGGINS

Nooo... his clothes were
all worn and dirty -- but he
did have an umbrella tucked
in beside him. I saw it!

MORIARTY

Curious. Protective raingear
on a sunny, cloudless day...

Holmes steps up to the map and studies the roadway intently.

HOLMES

Perhaps they sought protection
not from natural elements, but
man-made precipitation.

(pointing)

The southern road from the fork
passes through the coastal
industrial section near Rivington.
Coal refineries, gaswork factories,
smelting furnaces -- an area
renowned for atmospheric deposits
of heavy soot and grime.

MORIARTY

But why journey such a distance?

They ponder the question when Wiggins tugs on Holmes's sleeve.

WIGGINS

Mister 'olmes, there is one
more thing. I distinctly
heard the driver whistlin' a
peculiar tune as he drove past.

He whistles the notes of A DOLEFUL MELODY as best as he can.

HOLMES

The Turnkey's Dirge! Convicts
often chant it as they trudge
around the prison yard.

MORIARTY

Hhmm... Newgate Prison is only
kilometers away from Rivington.

HOLMES

Of course! Dracula could easily
incapacitate the guards and free
the most vicious criminals in England!

MORIARTY

Whom Dracula could transform
into ruthless vampire soldiers.
A simple matter of injecting his
blood into each violent felon...

HOLMES

There's no time to alert the prison
officials. We must venture to
Newgate ourselves -- before sunset.

MORIARTY
I concur. But such a dangerous
mission demands extra precautions...

EXT. PUB - DUSK

The litter-strewn curb in front of a seedy, working-class pub.
Holmes stands besides Moriarty's handsome four-wheeled carriage.

Moriarty gestures to THREE BURLY THUGS lined up on the sidewalk.

MORIARTY
Allow me to present our new recruits.
This is "Hungry" Hank Thompson,
"Matchstick" Mullin, and "Winky"
Greggs. The toughest enforcers
for hire on all of Dorset Street.

The thugs nod curtly at Holmes. HUNGRY THOMPSON is a huge brawler,
weighing nearly 300 pounds. MATCHSTICK MULLIN is tall with a
frizzled shock of red hair giving rise to his nickname.

The bouncer WINKY GREGGS sports a broken nose and a facial tic
-- his right eye twitches constantly as if lewdly winking.

HOLMES
These weapons may be your only
defense against the demon we hunt.
Do not underestimate his strength.

He hands each man A CRUCIFIX and A GRENADE CANISTER from his
satchel. The thugs regard the items with amused curiosity.

THOMPSON
A lotta fuss over some gadabout
who thinks he's a vampire!

Holmes frowns as the men rumble guttural laughs.

MORIARTY
We must depart -- already
the sun dips dangerously low.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TWILIGHT

The sun has set. The carriage rattles along a country road,
the thugs Thompson and Greggs riding side by side up front.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Holmes and Moriarty sit in tense silence across from Mullin.
Holmes stares out the window at the darkening sky.

HOLMES
We are too late. She will be
fully at the mercy of that beast...

The distress edging his voice does not escape Moriarty's notice.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Thompson hangs onto the bench besides Greggs, who muses aloud.

GREGGS

All this loony rot 'bout vampires.
I may be a liar and a thief, but
I'm no superstitious fool!

He tosses his crucifix off the side of the carriage. As he does so, he glimpses movement behind him. He twists about --

to gawk at a turbaned FIGURE standing on the carriage roof.

GREGGS

What the devil?

Before Greggs' fearstruck eyes, Sahid's bronzed features TRANSFORM into the visage of a grotesque demon. His fingers ELONGATE into razor talons --

which slash out to rip Greggs' throat open. Greggs drops the reins to clutch at his neck, frothing blood, and topples over dead.

Thompson cringes as Greggs' body bounces onto the road.

SAHID

I command thee! Bolt away!

Sahid waves his hand -- and the team of horses snort in terror, straining in their harnesses as they race ever swifter.

Thompson slips A KNIFE from his pocket and stands to confront Sahid, fighting to keep his balance on the careening carriage.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Holmes and Moriarty brace themselves as they are buffeted about. SCUFFLING NOISES are heard POUNDING on the roof of the carriage.

HOLMES

We've been ambushed!

OUTSIDE ON THE CARRIAGE ROOF

Thompson lunges at Sahid -- and embeds his knife deep into Sahid's chest up to the hilt.

THOMPSON

Have a taste of this, ye ghoul!

Sahid's eyes SHIMMER an eerie crimson as he hauls back his arm and punches Thompson in the chest with such terrific force that his fist bursts out Thompson's back in a spray of gore.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

The carriage lurches as the horses gallop in a mad frenzy.

The cabin roof is suddenly RIPPED OPEN with A SPLINTERING CRASH.

MULLIN

What the bloody blazes?!

TWO CLAWED HANDS reach down from the opening and grab Mullin by the shoulders. In an instant, the thug is hauled up to the roof.

MULLIN

It's got me! Mother of Christ!

Holmes and Moriarty leap together and grab Mullin's legs. Mullin screams as his body is jerked up and down in a deadly tug of war.

Mullin is finally yanked free and drops down at Holmes's feet -- his neck a ragged stump where his head was severed off.

As Holmes stares aghast, Moriarty hisses in recognition.

MORIARTY

Sahid!

Sahid sneers down at them from above, baring gleaming fangs.

SAHID

I've come for you, Professor.

OUT ON THE ROADWAY

The road curves alongside A PRECIPICE overlooking a rocky beach below. A SHEER CLIFF three-hundred feet straight down.

The carriage careens out of control, its wheels spraying up dirt inches from the edge of the road and the cliff face.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Sahid leaps down into the cabin. He lunges and throttles Moriarty by the throat in a vise-like grip --

when Holmes brings up THE SPRAY PUMP and shoots a stream of holy water. Sahid howls in pain as the deadly fluid hits him in the back, burning through his clothes and searing his skin.

Holmes pumps the handle to spray again --

but Sahid releases Moriarty to whirl and grab the pump gun from Holmes. Snarling, Sahid CRUSHES the sprayer with his fist.

Holmes digs inside his satchel once more, but Sahid easily wrests the satchel away and tosses it out the window --

leaving Holmes weaponless.

HOLMES

Professor -- the wooden bullets!

Moriarty raises his revolver and fires -- BANG! BANG! -- but the rocketing carriage throws off his aim. The bullets strike Sahid harmlessly in the stomach as black bile oozes from the wounds.

Sahid only laughs, and snatches the pistol from Moriarty -- and BENDS the metal barrel with his bare hands.

SAHID

I obey another master now.

He hurls Moriarty against the carriage door, which crashes open. Moriarty TUMBLES out of the carriage to certain death --

but Moriarty lashes out wildly with his cane. The curved break of the cane's falcon head hooks the door frame and catches hold!

Moriarty grips his cane with one hand, suspended over the fatal drop below him as he claws for a hold at the doorway with his other hand. The rear carriage wheel spins inches from his head.

Sahid grapples with Holmes, pinning him to the cabin wall.

SAHID

Your quest is futile.
All of London will soon fall
under Dracula's spell!

Undaunted, Holmes reaches up to yank down Sahid's TURBAN over his eyes. Sahid growls and swipes blindly at Holmes --

but his claws miss Holmes's face by inches, TEARING a chunk out of the cabin paneling.

Holmes gropes desperately behind him as Sahid lunges again. Holmes digs into the pockets of Mullin's headless corpse --

and produces a single GRENADE CANISTER. Holmes yanks the pin and drops the canister down the front of Sahid's silken tunic.

The grenade EXPLODES, releasing a burst of GARLIC-LACED FUMES!

Sahid shrieks as he is enveloped by a greenish cloud that consumes his torso like acid. He thrashes about the cabin interior, his body dissolving into a pile of blistering flesh.

Holmes unleashes A POWERFUL KICK at Sahid --

and the vampire SPRAWLS through the open doorway, tumbling past Moriarty and into the air.

Sahid PLUMMETS down the face of the cliff, trailing billowing plumes of emerald smoke behind him --

and crashes on the shore below, his body disintegrating on impact.

UP ON THE ROADWAY

The team of horses slow to a stop, confused and exhausted. The carriage sits in silence, illuminated by moonlight.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE

Holmes staggers to the doorway and reaches out to Moriarty -- and hauls him back safely inside.

Moriarty collapses on the seat beside Holmes, gasping deeply.

HOLMES

Are you injured?

MORIARTY

I am unharmed. But Dracula has obviously anticipated our approach.

He sees Holmes is ignoring him to stare off into the distance. Moriarty cranes his head to follow Holmes's gaze out the window.

Rising up on the horizon ahead --

the foreboding grey walls of NEWGATE PRISON loom silhouetted against the nighttime sky.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A young UNIFORMED POLICEMAN stands guard outside a hospital room, bored and restless. He grins broadly and winks at

A PRETTY NURSE as she strolls by. The nurse blushes, quickening her step -- but glances back with a shy smile.

The bobbie does not notice the white-jacketed ATTENDANT who has been unobtrusively watching the door from down the corridor. The attendant casually folds a stack of towels on top of a cart.

The attendant's thick spectacles magnify his eyes above a scraggly goatee.

It is the Russian Wojcek.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Watson lies in a hospital bed. He flinches, and blinks his eyes groggily as he slowly awakens.

Van Helsing sits by his bedside, keeping an anxious vigil.

WATSON

(weakly)

What... has happened?

VAN HELSING

Doctor Watson -- is it truly you?

WATSON

Who else would I be? Am I in St. Bart's Hospital?

He sits up in his bed with considerable effort.

VAN HELSING

Praise Heaven! You're free of Dracula's mystical trance!

WATSON

Yes, yes... I remember now.

(urgent)

What of Holmes, Doctor? Tell me what has transpired!

EXT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The young bobbie looks up with surprise as the pretty nurse strolls past him again -- this time openly flashing a coy smile.

The bobbie eagerly accepts the invitation and casually saunters off in pursuit, leaving his post.

Wojcek seizes his chance. He scurries quickly toward the hospital room, pushing A WHEELCHAIR.

INSIDE THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Watson stands beside his bed, hurriedly dressing.

VAN HELSING

You must rest, regain your strength. You're in no condition to face Dracula this night.

WATSON

I cannot remain here, Doctor. I've failed Holmes once -- I shall not let him down again. Not when he needs my help!

Van Helsing can see the grim resolve set on Watson's face.

VAN HELSING

Very well. I shall distract the police while you slip away --

He shuffles to the door with renewed vigor. As he steps out into the corridor, he stops in surprise.

Wojcek is there, grinning unpleasantly behind the wheelchair.

VAN HELSING

Where is the officer on watch?

WOJCEK

Greetings, Van Helsing. The Overlord demands your presence.

He steps forward suddenly and clamps A HANDKERCHIEF over Van Helsing's face. Van Helsing gasps, quickly rendered unconscious by the CHLOROFORM FUMES.

Wojcek quickly places Van Helsing into the wheelchair, and neatly tucks the elderly doctor in with a wool blanket.

Whistling merrily, he strolls away with Van Helsing, just another attendant pushing a peacefully sleeping patient.

INSIDE THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Watson frowns, glancing over at the empty doorway.

WATSON

Doctor Van Helsing?

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Watson strides through the halls past bustling nurses in nun's habits and hospital orderlies.

Wojcek turns the corner far ahead, pushing the wheelchair bearing Van Helsing's sleeping form.

Watson instantly recognizes the devious Russian.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - NIGHT

Watson emerges from the hospital's rear entrance in time to see Wojcek drive from the courtyard atop A RICKETY SUPPLY WAGON.

A SHEET OF CANVAS covers the wagon's rear load, concealing Van Helsing's bound body from view.

EXT. NEWGATE PRISON - NIGHT

Holmes and Moriarty crouch behind an outcropping of stone, bathed in the glow of a small battery-operated lantern.

Before them stand the main gates to the prison. SENTRIES patrol the adjoining towers.

The night air is still, with no sign of any unusual activity.

HOLMES

Something is amiss. Dracula would surely have struck by now.

MORIARTY

He may already lurk within the prison, stalking unsuspecting guards...

He wipes the grimy sweat from his neck with a white silk handkerchief. Holmes frowns as he notices an odd discrepancy.

HOLMES

Professor, you have black smudges on your neck...

MORIARTY

Yes. Apparently coal residue from my infernal valet's hands -- when the damned Indian throttled me.

His eyes suddenly grow wide with uneasy realization.

MORIARTY

Holmes, I fear we may have theorized incorrectly. I do not believe Newgate Prison is Dracula's objective after all.

He gazes ominously towards the nearby hills --

at a large, squat FACTORY situated a half-mile away. Its smokestacks spew out twisting fumes under the moonlight.

HOLMES
The Rivington Gas Works?

MORIARTY
London's main supplier of gas.
Gas produced from smelting
enormous quantities of coal.
(elaborating)
When Sahid attacked us, he
declared that all of London would
soon fall under Dracula's spell.

HOLMES
Are you suggesting he was speaking
literally -- and not figuratively?

MORIARTY
Dracula has learned how to create
new vampires by injecting his
blood into a victim's metabolism
through artificial means. If he
were to interfuse his blood into
London's gaslight network --

HOLMES
(comprehending)
Fumes tainted with the Count's
poison would emit from every gasjet
in households throughout the city!

MORIARTY
An entire population infected --
a city of vampires under Dracula's
command! An ingeniously fiendish plan...

HOLMES
Come, Professor! We cannot dally!

He hurries for their carriage. Moriarty remains unmoving.

MORIARTY
Night has fallen. Without our band
of mercenaries -- or our weapons --
the odds overwhelmingly favor Dracula.

HOLMES
Are you refusing to accompany me?

MORIARTY
I am unwilling to risk my life
under such... unfavorable parameters.

HOLMES
You know full well the calamitous
threat Dracula represents. It is our
duty as Englishmen to protect the
lives of countless British citizens.
Dracula must be destroyed --
Constance must be saved -- no matter
the peril to ourselves!

MORIARTY

(derisively)

You cannot deceive me, Holmes.
Your feelings for this woman
are pathetically transparent.
For such a superior intellect
to sacrifice himself for such
a vulgar emotion as love --
what a colossal waste!

Holmes confronts him squarely, his eyes piercing, his tone cold.

HOLMES

Despite my dedicated efforts over
the years to secure your
incarceration, I have always
harbored an underlying respect
for your remarkable criminal
talents. But I see now you are
no better than the lowliest
crook who acts out of selfishness
and cowardice. You are
undeserving of my admiration,
sir -- only my contempt.

Holmes whirls, curtly dismissing Moriarty, and strides off.

He climbs up onto the carriage's bench, and lifts the reins. Just
as Holmes is about to command the horses to draw away --

Moriarty blocks their path, tightly gripping his cane.

MORIARTY

You realize, Holmes, that your
petty code of honor shall
lead us to certain doom.

Holmes smiles tightly as Moriarty hoists himself up beside him.

EXT. RIVINGTON GASWORKS FACTORY - NIGHT

Holmes and Moriarty creep past the open front gate. Flickering
gasjets illuminate the CORPSES of several FACTORY WORKERS lying
strewn about, battered and broken.

HOLMES

It is as I feared -- Dracula
is already here. We must now
rely on stealth and surprise.

Moriarty is genuinely shaken by the carnage surrounding him.

MORIARTY

Dear God, such evil among us...

The two men halt, as a low GROWLING sounds before them --

The mastiff Samson stands guard, eyes flashing ferociously.

MORIARTY

Samson!

Snarling, the huge dog leaps viciously at Moriarty's throat.

Moriarty whips up his cane and forces it horizontally between Samson's jaws, barely forcing the dog's fangs from his face.

MORIARTY

Samson! Obey me!

Holmes moves swiftly and snatches AN IRON WRENCH off the ground. He swings it hard at the dog, violently knocking it aside.

Samson tumbles, then recovers -- tensing to spring at Holmes --

when Moriarty unsheaths his sword-cane -- and runs the blade through Samson's ribs.

The dog whimpers in pain and surprise, and staggers on all fours before collapsing to the dirt floor.

Moriarty yanks the blade free, his expression pained.

MORIARTY

Forgive me, my pet.

But Samson lifts his head -- and the beast's eyes BLAZE a crimson hue. Its body SWELLS monstrously, its snout TRANSFORMING into the features of some bizarre demonic creature!

HOLMES

A canine vampire!

Samson roars as he advances, dripping saliva, crazed with a hellish bloodlust. Holmes and Moriarty back away --

and find themselves cornered against an array of gas piping.

HOLMES

I suggest we improvise, Professor --

He smashes the wrench against a gas VALVE, breaking it off. GAS FUMES hiss out in an invisible stream.

As Samson pounces at Holmes, Moriarty strikes his sword against the iron pipes -- creating A SPARK that IGNITES the gas stream into a sizzling flamethrower just as Samson passes through!

The demon hound instantly catches fire in a ferocious blaze. Samson howls in agony, reeling in blind pain.

Holmes and Moriarty watch in awe as Samson runs off yelping into the shadows, a fantastic flaming mass of burning fur.

Moriarty is stiff with cold anger as he sheaths his sword-cane.

MORIARTY

Dracula persists in spreading his perverse malignancy...

HOLMES

We must hurry before he is alerted to our presence.

DRACULA

Oh, it is far too late for that.

Dracula steps before them, joined by Mangler and Lewellyn.

HOLMES

A trap! I should have suspected.

Lewellyn poses in a magnificent WHITE SUIT, with matching DIAMONDS sparkling in his teeth. With a flourish, Lewellyn removes his dentures to expose NEWLY GROWN FANGS protruding from his gums.

Mangler grins, bearing his own fangs. He kneads his massive fists and effortlessly picks up A GRANITE BLOCK -- then easily crushes the block into powder.

DRACULA

Good evening, Mister Holmes,
Professor Moriarty. I am
flattered to know that the
threat of my power compels
two such hated enemies to join
forces against me. It makes
this victory doubly satisfying...

He smiles with sublime condescension, and leads the way deeper into the recesses of the factory. Holmes and Moriarty are brusquely prodded along from behind by Mangler and Lewellyn.

INT. GAS WORKS FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory interior is cavernous, with a ceiling TWENTY STORES HIGH. Rows of blazing FURNACES line the walls beneath a maze of iron piping and ventilation shafts.

Coal is shuttled in on HEAVY WAGONS running on tracks through TUNNELS connected to the storage yards outside.

The coal is heated in the roaring furnaces, producing gases which are piped into condensers and mixed with steam.

The resulting gaseous mixture is purified and then pumped to the network of gas mains running beneath London.

LEWELLYN and MANGLER lead Holmes and Moriarty to the center of the open arena.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC VAN is tied to the nearby pumping station.

Dracula's REINFORCED COFFIN can be seen through the open door.

Dracula stands above A LARGE METAL VAT, its circular hatch open to reveal a yellowish pool of liquid coolant inside.

Dracula holds his arm over the opening. His BLOOD oozes from a gash in his wrist and SPLATTERS into the fluid drop by drop.

The coolant BUBBLES as though fermenting with a foul presence.

DRACULA

Soon a new Army of Darkness
shall be spawned with my blood.
The birth of the new Vampire Dynasty
is upon us!

He slams shut the metal hatch in a dramatic gesture of victory.
Mangler throws an iron lever, and the CONDENSOR chugs as its
STEAM ENGINE churns and pumps the deadly concoction.

Moriarty carefully studies the maze of pipes, the steaming engines,
and the pumping pistons of the station.

MORIARTY

(low, to Holmes)

Accounting for the pumping
engine's maximum air pressure,
I estimate perhaps ten minutes
before the tainted gas reaches
metropolitan London. We don't
have much time!

But Holmes is not listening to Moriarty's grave pronouncement.
He is staring at CONSTANCE, who saunters into their midst.

Still entranced by the Count's dark spell, she radiates an
otherworldly beauty in a wispy, gossamer gown of black.
A WHITE LILLY is pinned to her hair, offsetting her dark tresses.

Dracula is occupied watching Wojcek and his wagon pull into the main
pumping station and draw up beside the photographic van.

Wojcek lifts Van Helsing, dazed and disheveled, from the rear of the
wagon amidst PILES OF FOLDED CANVAS and SOILED RAGS.

Wojcek does not notice one lump of canvas cloth stirring slightly.

Upon seeing Holmes held prisoner, Van Helsing sags, crestfallen.

DRACULA

I am pleased you accepted my
invitation, Doctor Van Helsing.
After all, you are the guest of
honor for this special occasion --
and its main course, as well.

He laughs, enjoying the naked hatred burning on Van Helsing's face.

VAN HELSING

Are there no limits to your
blasphemous villainy?

Behind them, Constance slinks up to Holmes. Moriarty frowns as
she presses against Holmes and fixes him with a sultry gaze.

CONSTANCE

I warned you to stay away.

HOLMES

Constance -- save yourself while
you can. Dracula is condemning
you to eternal damnation!

CONSTANCE

No -- with the Master's
wondrous gift, I will be free
to indulge my every desire,
answerable to no man!
My beauty shall never wrinkle
with age, and I will live long
enough to escape this rigid
society's oppression of my sex.
What could be more thrilling?

HOLMES

But it is a hollow temptation!
To sacrifice not only your soul,
but your family -- your faith --
(with effort)
and the love of a foolish man
too proud to admit the depth of
his true feelings for you...

His eyes lock with Constance's, and for a moment, the force of his
love for her breaks through Dracula's spell to touch her.

Until Dracula forcibly pulls Constance away, sneering at Holmes.

DRACULA

Your pathetic entreaties to win
her heart are futile. What can
you offer her except the miserable,
short-lived existence of a lowly
mortal? She is mine now -- and
all that awaits for you is a
painful and dramatic death!
(beckons to the ceiling)
Heed me, my winged brethren!

Both Holmes and Moriarty glance up, tense with grim foreboding --

as A BAT suddenly swoops down from the ceiling, shrieking and
diving at Holmes. Holmes waves it off, ducking his head --

as another bat joins the attack, and then a third. In seconds
a fluttering swarm of vicious bats descends on Holmes and Moriarty
in a screeching maelstrom of wings and claws.

Van Helsing gapes aghast, held firmly in place by Wojcek.

VAN HELSING

My God...

Beside him, Constance blinks, suddenly troubled and uncertain.

Moriarty unsheaths his sword-cane, slashing frantically away at the
flapping cloud of winged rodents. Bat after bat falls dead beneath
his slicing blade, to be replaced by ten more.

Holmes flails his arms against the onslaught of bats to no avail --
dozens more swoop down from every nook of the cavernous factory.

HOLMES

Professor! We must seek cover!

Dracula watches with cruel amusement as Holmes and Moriarty flee from the teeming hordes of bats tearing at their skin and clothes.

Holmes whips off A CANVAS TARP laid across a rusty coal wagon, and spreads the canvas aloft in a desperate attempt to shield himself.

Moriarty dives beneath the tarp beside Holmes, and both men struggle to keep the canvas spread open above them.

The squeaking mass of bats crawls over every inch of the tarp, beating their wings in a frenzied, chaotic attack.

MORIARTY

We are hopelessly outnumbered --

The bats rip relentlessly at the canvas, quickly slitting the tarp to shreds. Holmes and Moriarty bleed from dozens of scratches as they struggle valiantly to protect themselves from the onslaught.

Both men exchange grim looks, each aware that certain death is only moments away --

when an intensely loud STEAM WHISTLE pierces the air -- a terrific, ear-splitting blast of noise!

Dracula covers his ears in agony, as do Mangler and Lewellyn, as the deafening sound pummels their hypersensitive vampire hearing.

The throng of bats chitters in pain and confusion as it disperses in all directions, fluttering in retreat from the sonic assault.

Holmes and Moriarty emerge cautiously from beneath the tattered canvas, astonished and bewildered to see --

HOLMES

Watson!

Watson indeed stands by the factory's giant TIME WHISTLE. He releases the main lever, silencing the shrill siren.

WATSON

I couldn't let you face Dracula and his minions alone.

HOLMES

Faithful Watson -- reliable as always!

A fleeting smile brightens his face as Watson moves to join them. Together, they turn to confront Dracula and his followers, who have already recovered and are moving to surround them.

DRACULA

Annihilate them all!

Lewellyn, Mangler, and Wojcek leap ferociously to attack.

HOLMES

Strike swiftly, my comrades!

Holmes, Watson and Moriarty split up to meet their undead foes.

MORIARTY slashes at Mangler with his cane blade -- with no effect.

MANGLER

Your bloomin' sword can't hurt
me no more!

Moriarty darts behind a blazing furnace as Mangler charges.
Mangler swings an oversized fist at Moriarty --

who nimbly ducks. Mangler's fist SMASHES into the brick wall
beside Moriarty's head with pulverizing force.

Moriarty grabs a length of RUBBER TUBING and yanks it free --

the tubing sprays a burst of SCALDING STEAM directly into Mangler's
eyes. Mangler howls, blinded, and swipes his giant wildly.

With graceful ease, Moriarty uses the beak of his cane's falcon
head to pull open the door of A ROARING COAL FURNACE.

As Mangler lumbers closer, Moriarty hooks the falcon beak onto
Mangler's shirt --

and yanks him towards the furnace opening. Mangler stumbles, and
trips through the hatchway -- and falls inside the raging furnace.

Moriarty slams the furnace door shut, cutting off Mangler's screams
as he is cremated into cinders.

LEWELLYN grins as he circles Van Helsing, proudly displaying his
new fangs. Just as Lewellyn springs forward --

Watson leaps to Van Helsing's defense, wildly swinging A COAL
SHOVEL. He bashes Lewellyn in side of his head --

But the shovel's iron scoop merely breaks off. Lewellyn spits out
pieces of his broken canine teeth, wailing in dismay.

LEWELLYN

My beautiful fangs!

He pounces at Watson, enraged. He slender hands close around
Watson's throat, about to strangle Watson mercilessly --

when Van Helsing lunges from behind with the broken shovel handle
and cores Lewellyn through the heart with the splintered end.

Lewellyn shrieks as his body SHRIVELS into a dried husk.

DRACULA draws Constance away from the melee. Holmes pursues --

when Wojcek steps in the way to block Holmes's path. He grips a
REVOLVER which he fires at Holmes. BANG!

Holmes dives aside, rolling into a pile of coal, as the bullet
whines past his shoulder. Wojcek steps closer for a better shot --

and giggles maliciously. Holmes is cornered, dead in his sights.

WOCJEK

Capitalist dog! You shall die
for opposing the Overlord!

HOLMES

I think not.

He snatches A LUMP OF COAL and flings it past Wojcek's shoulder.

WOJCEK

Hah! You missed!

Wojcek does not see the piece of coal strike the FACEPLATE CONTROLS of the overhead COAL CHUTE. The chute's metal doors drop open --

and a torrential deluge of coal pours down onto Wojcek, knocking him roughly to the ground. He yelps and thrashes frantically, pinned beneath a growing mound of tumbling black chunks.

In seconds, Wojcek is smothered under half a ton of loose coal. His glasses, the thick lenses shattered, skitter along the floor.

Holmes whirls, and finds himself face to face with Count Dracula.

DRACULA

Very impressive, Mister Holmes.

But this is one duel you cannot win.

And before Holmes can react, Dracula attacks with inhuman speed. He slams Holmes in the stomach, then again in the chin -- each time a super-fast blur of motion Holmes is unable to block.

A PUNCH to Holmes's jaw sends him sinking to his knees. Dracula steps forward as his face MUTATES into a hideous demonic mask. He bears his fangs, ready to deliver the final blow --

when Constance breaks free of her trance with a wild cry. To Dracula's astonishment, she runs to shield Holmes with her body.

CONSTANCE

Please -- let him live!

I beseech you to show mercy!

DRACULA

Silence! I am your liege and master.

CONSTANCE

I won't let you kill him.

(gazing at Holmes)

I love him too dearly.

Her confession jolts Holmes like a slap to the face. He takes Constance by the hand, suddenly keenly aware of the powerful emotions connecting them together.

DRACULA

You cannot! I deserve your love --
not this inferior mortal!

And before Watson or Moriarty can rush to Holmes's aid, Dracula grabs Holmes and flings him bodily through the air --

to an UPPER DECK fifteen feet above ground level. Holmes hits the metal deck hard, tumbling head over heels.

As Holmes scrambles to regain his footing, Dracula covers the distance in A MIGHTY LEAP to land beside him. He grips Holmes by the throat, and laughs as his eyes bore into Holmes's skull.

DRACULA

This time you will not resist me!
Your soul will be enslaved forever!

Holmes chokes as Dracula's psychic assault saps away his will.

HOLMES

You may control my mind --
but never my heart...

Dracula leans forward -- and sinks his fangs into Holmes's neck.
Holmes struggles uselessly against Dracula's viselike grip.

Constance and the other men watch helplessly from below as Dracula drinks deeply of Holmes's lifeblood.

CONSTANCE

My dearest... no!

WATSON

Holmes!

But then -- Dracula abruptly recoils, gagging violently. He staggers back, clutching his throat, amazed and shocked to find himself growing dizzy and weak.

DRACULA

You have poisoned me!

Holmes steadies himself against the railing, recovering.

HOLMES

Indeed. I recently injected
my bloodstream with a chemical
solution comprised of holy water,
silver nitrate and a pure garlic
extract of allicin sulphoxide.
(with cool aplomb)
A rather elementary precaution.

DRACULA

I shall still crush you yet!

He throws himself at Holmes in a berserk fury --

but Holmes sidesteps with deft reflexes and unleashes A SMASHING
UPPERCUT to Dracula's chin. Dracula reels from the blow, weakened
by the chemically-tainted blood coursing inside him.

HOLMES

No. For I will do -- I must do --
whatever it takes to stop you.

He faces Dracula defiantly, now infused with a newfound strength.
And for the first time in a hundred years, Count Dracula is
apprehensive and unsure --

for he sees that Sherlock Holmes is afraid of him no longer.

Pressing his advantage, Holmes lashes out again and again, now on equal terms with the Count.

HOLMES

The mortal virtues of love --
of friendship -- of faith --
shall always overcome your
insidious evil!

He pummels Dracula relentlessly, forcing him back along the upper deck. All logic and intellect gone, Holmes only knows he is fighting to save the lives of his loved ones.

Dracula staggers against the deck railing, defenseless against Holmes's frenzied pounding.

From below, Watson and Moriarty watch breathlessly as Dracula stumbles back off balance and falls from the upper deck --

into a huge, metal COAL BIN. Feeble and disoriented, Dracula lies sprawled atop the pile of coal chunks --

when the COAL GRINDER suddenly chugs into motion as the bottom of the coal bin drops out. The coal inside the bin sifts downward, falling between TWO ROLLING MASHERS which pulverize the coal into tiny pieces --

Constance stands gripping the WOODEN LEVER, setting the mechanism's steam-driven gears in operation.

Dracula lifts his head up with effort, and only sad dismay is heard in his last words.

DRACULA

Constance... You betray my
love for you?

CONSTANCE

(closes her eyes)

I must.

Dracula howls as he disappears down the bin's open chute, sliding along with the loose coal towards the heavy mashing cylinders --

to be brutally ground into powdered dust. The vampire's screams echo off the vast walls of the factory.

Watson closes his eyes in relief, while Van Helsing makes the sign of cross. Moriarty sheaths his sword-cane with a harsh finality.

Holmes slides nimbly down the bin's iron ladder to the ground. He hurries over to Constance and hugs her tightly.

HOLMES

Constance...

He steps back, suddenly apprehensive. Constance trembles, her voice low with dread.

CONSTANCE

Dracula was not destroyed.
I feel him still!

Moriarty sees it first, pointing with his cane.

MORIARTY

There!

All eyes lock onto an ominous spectacle --

Swirling GREEN MIST rises from the mound of crushed coal.
As Holmes and the others watch in speechless disbelief, the mist coalesces into the outline of an upright human form --
and solidifies into Count Dracula.

DRACULA

You are too late! My blood
has permeated the city's gaslines.
Countless souls throughout London
are already transforming into
legions of vampires -- and
increasing my power a hundredfold!

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

A throng of THEATER-GOERS mill outside an elegant opera house.

Tendrils of CRIMSON FUMES emerge from the STREET LAMPS and drift above the heads of the crowd.

One by the one, members of the crowd collapse to the pavement, overcome with nausea. One woman in an elegant gown clutches her stomach, her breath rasping.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

A HUSBAND sits in his lavish home reading the evening newspaper as his WIFE plays a Beethoven sonata on a small harpsichord. Neither notices the COLORED VAPORS swirling from the GASJETS on the wall.

The wife gasps and suddenly tumbles from her seat, convulsing in pain. Her husband twitches spastically in his armchair.

Another seizure causes him to drop his newspaper as he groans -- revealing his eyes blazing AN EERIE RED.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

The working-class PATRONS of a seedy pub lie sprawled about in various states of consciousness. WISPY RED VAPORS of tainted gas curl upward from the GASJETS, mingling with the smoke from various pipes and cigars.

A GRIZZLED DRUNK howls like a deranged animal, his eyes blazing red. A poorly dressed PROSTITUTE screams as she feels her face TRANSFORMING into the twisted visage of a demon vampire.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD SQUADROOM - NIGHT

Inspector Lestrade lies crumpled over his desk, shivering. One DETECTIVE retches noisily into a wastebasket, while another panic-stricken OFFICER rubs frantically at his glowing red eyes.

Overheard, mysterious SCARLET FUMES float about the squadroom.

Lestrade stares at his sweating features in the pane-glass window, stunned to see his canine teeth sprouting into fangs -- and his reflection fading from view.

LESTRADE

What devilry is this?

INT. GAS WORKS FACTORY - NIGHT

Dracula raises his hands upwards, bellowing in primal exhilaration.

DRACULA

Never has such power coursed
through me! I am invincible!

He roars as his body EXPANDS, his clothes ripping apart as he GROWS in stature to over eight feet tall. LEATHERY WINGS six feet long sprout from his back, as his hands curl into deadly RAZOR TALONS.

His face contorts into a repulsive, rodent-like SNOUT.

A fantastic HALF-MAN, HALF-BAT DEMON, Dracula towers above Holmes and the others like a breathing, crimson-eyed gargoyle from Hades.

DRACULA

You are insignificant fleas
before the might of my fury!

WINDS HOWL through the factory like the shrieking of lost souls. Roiling black STORM CLOUDS form near the ceiling high above, spreading among the maze of iron pipes with A RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

Incredibly, A TURBULENT STORM is forming inside the factory.

Dracula gestures, and A GALE OF HURRICANE FORCE blows Holmes and Moriarty tumbling back into Watson and Van Helsing.

Only Constance stands untouched as the whirlwind rages around her.

DRACULA

Now, my precious bride.
Our nuptials await!

He seizes Constance and leaps into the air, flapping his grey wings to sail up to the ceiling. Constance screams as she struggles.

CONSTANCE

Sherlock! Help me!

Dracula lands with Constance on a narrow CATWALK suspended twenty stories above the ground. At one end of the grated catwalk --

A HUGE VENTILATION FAN

is set into the concrete wall, each metal blade six feet long.

TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW

Holmes dashes to the BLOCK AND PULLEY dangling from its iron chain.

He grips A SPLINTERED LENGTH of wooden railing, a crude javelin.

HOLMES

Watson! I need your help!

He climbs onto the block, bracing himself against the storm winds. Watson grabs the iron chain with both hands, as Van Helsing joins him a moment later.

The two men prepare to heave on the chain -- when Moriarty hooks Watson's arm with the falcon's head beak of his cane.

MORIARTY

(shouting over the storm)

I've calculated the ratio between the coolant tank's cubic volume with the median diameters of the primary gas lines! By switching off the feed valves to the auxiliary condensing system, I can overload the entire network in mere minutes!

VAN HELSING

Yes! The resulting explosion will incinerate Dracula to ashes!

HOLMES

I cannot abandon Constance to that monster --

MORIARTY

You must! Once I shut the valves, there won't be time to save her. You'll be killed if you stay.

HOLMES

That is of no consequence.

WATSON

Holmes, listen to Moriarty --

He stops short, the urgent plea etched on Holmes's face convincing him more than any words could.

WATSON

Godspeed to you.

He and Van Helsing tug hard on the iron chain with all their strength. The block and pulley, along with Holmes, is slowly lifted into the turbulence raging above them.

Moriarty rushes to the row of control valves, shaking his head as he heaves them shut one by one.

MORIARTY

Folly. Utter folly.

He glances up at Holmes, watching him ascend higher and higher towards the catwalk and the thunderclouds far above.

UP ON THE CATWALK

Dracula struggles with Constance, who is half-crazed with fear. She almost faints as Dracula presses his grotesque face near hers.

DRACULA

Once England is ours, I shall
worship you as my Queen -- as will
our devoted vampire subjects.

Baring his viper fangs, he readies to pierce her neck and drink. He stops, noting Constance gaping past his shoulder. He whirls -- to see Holmes perched on the swinging block, rapidly rising nearer.

DRACULA

You! Are you so determined to die?

He gestures, and A JAGGED BOLT OF LIGHTNING arcs from the billowing storm clouds. It strikes the iron chain with a crackling sizzle -- just as Holmes leaps from the block -- and sails through the air --

to grab hold of one of the PIPELINES running below the ceiling. Dangling by one hand, Holmes watches in dismay as the wooden spear -- his only weapon -- falls from his grasp.

Grunting, Holmes hoists himself up, balancing precariously --

when another LIGHTNING BOLT flashes down at Holmes. Just as the pipe smokes with LETHAL BLUE ELECTRICITY, Holmes leaps off --

across a gap of open space two hundred feet above the ground --

and lands on a narrow CONDUIT running parallel to the catwalk.

Dracula springs from the catwalk, fluttering his huge bat wings.

DRACULA

Your pathetic heroics are futile!

He SWOOPS down at Holmes, his talons slashing as he streaks by -- Holmes dives forward, nearly slipping off the conduit, as Dracula's hooked claws RAKE through the clothes on his back.

WATSON and Van Helsing watch anxiously from far below.

WATSON

We've got to help Holmes!

HIGH ABOVE THEM

Dracula chuckles with malicious glee, relishing the deadly chase.

Another BOLT OF LIGHTNING flashes and strikes the conduit. Holmes leaps off the electrified metal as sparks flash beneath his feet -- and grabs at the edge of the catwalk. Dangling, twenty stories above a fatal drop, Holmes strains to hoist himself up --

when Constance rushes to the railing and tugs him to safety.

CONSTANCE
Hang on! I've got you --

Holmes staggers to his feet beside Constance, nearly tripping over
A WOODEN LADDER lying outstretched on the catwalk.

HOLMES
And I have you.

For a moment, they forget their peril, holding each other --
when Dracula lands on the catwalk, a massive, menacing gargoyle.
Trapped, weaponless, Holmes and Constance slowly back away.

DRACULA
There is no escape from the
wrath of Vlad Dracul...

He looms over Holmes and Constance, spreading his freakish wings.
The indoor THUNDERCLOUDS rage behind him, a dark and violent halo
of rumbling, high voltage DISCHARGES --

when the huge VENTILATION FAN behind Holmes WHIRS into motion.

WATSON and VAN HELSING are below at the fan's controls, heaving the
engine lever into REVERSE.

The fan spins ever faster, blasting the air past Holmes and Dracula
and dispersing the storm clouds that seethe against the ceiling.

DRACULA
Fools! Mere wind cannot harm me!

Holmes braces himself and Constance against the catwalk railing as
the fan's hurricane force whips their clothes.

Dracula advances, unmoved by the gale, an unstoppable juggernaut.

DRACULA
Prepare to embrace Oblivion,
Sherlock Holmes.

HOLMES
No. It is I who command you,
Count Dracula --

Mustering all his remaining strength, Holmes lifts the WOODEN
LADDER lying on the catwalk --

and heaves it into the BLADES of the giant VENTILATION FAN!

HOLMES
Get thee back to Hell!

The ladder is instantly shredded, as the fan shoots out SLIVERS OF
WOOD with rocket force. Holmes dives aside with Constance --

but Dracula is skewered by a score of wooden projectiles.
A jagged SPLINTER OF WOOD impales him through the chest --

and pierces his heart. Mortally wounded, Dracula roars and topples
off the catwalk --

to plummet downward, bellowing a chilling wail --
and hitting the ground with bone-breaking force.

Moriarty moves up beside Van Helsing and Watson to witness Dracula writhing on the ground in his death throes.

Bleeding from a dozen wounds, Dracula clutches feebly at the stake in his chest. One claw reaches out beseechingly to Moriarty.

DRACULA

Pull the stake free --
save me -- and I will grant
your desire for immortality!

MORIARTY

And forfeit my humanity?
A vastly unequal transposition.

He raises his sword-cane -- and SLICES down with grim finality.

Dracula's severed head rolls at Van Helsing's feet, still hissing and spitting. The crimson glow fades from its slitted eyes. GREEN MIST rises from Dracula's beheaded corpse as it dissolves away.

VAN HELSING

The monster is dead.
May God be praised...

With the Count's demise, the elemental forces of nature go berserk. HURRICANE WINDS roar through the factory. The ground SHAKES and HEAVES, lightning FLASHES and thunder RIPS the air --

The factory begins to collapse. Iron gaspipes four feet in diameter crash down from overhead, nearly crushing the group.

HOLMES and CONSTANCE step off a creaky elevator platform of wood and metal. Constance sags against Holmes, half-conscious.

MORIARTY

We must evacuate before
the main furnaces explode!

He leads the way as Watson helps Holmes support Constance. Van Helsing follows closely behind.

The group darts between broken sections of pipe, dodging falling concrete chunks that blast the ground like meteorites.

As they round a noisy pumping engine, the group halts in shock.

The dog SAMSON crouches before them, a ghastly vision from Hell!

The vampire hound snarls with rage, now a hideous undead atrocity, its flesh charred and hanging in shreds from its EXPOSED SKELETON. Its internal organs are visible throbbing against its bare ribs.

Moriarty shouts over the turbulence as he motions to the others.

MORIARTY

I know the beast. I will
distract it while you escape!

HOLMES
Professor, no --

MORIARTY
I am still accountable for
first abetting Dracula.
None shall mourn my death --
but you have loyal friends
who should be saved. Now go!

The two men lock eyes for a moment, and Holmes understands.

HOLMES
Our petty code of honor.

He nods a simple farewell before hurrying off with the others.
Moriarty moves to block Samson's path, luring the dog to him.

MORIARTY
Have at me, my pet. We shall solve
the ultimate cosmic cipher together...

Samson growls as he lunges. Moriarty swings his cane, and its
silver falcon's head connects hard with the dog's skull.

But Samson is barely fazed, and crouches for another assault.

HOLMES leads the others up to THE MAIN GATES of the factory --
where they are stunned to see the gates lying fallen in ruins,
the huge metal doors BURIED under the collapsed ceiling.

WATSON
We are trapped!

Holmes's keen eyes scan every detail of the surroundings.

HOLMES
The coal tunnels! This way!

He indicates the CARGO RECEPTACLES resting on iron tracks --
wheeled containers that haul the piles of coal through tunnels
leading to the outside storage yards.

He and Watson assist Constance into the foremost cart, as
Van Helsing scrambles to release the BRAKES locking it into place.

MORIARTY warily circles Samson, almost losing his footing as
tremors shake the ground and the storm winds gust fiercely.

Samson leaps, jaws foaming, as Moriarty SLASHES with his blade.
The sword cuts deep into Samson's blistered hide to no effect.

Samson slams Moriarty back against Wojcek's shattered wagon.
Pinned beneath Samson, Moriarty gropes desperately for a weapon.
Mad with bloodlust, Samson readies to rip open Moriarty's throat --

when Moriarty snatches A SPOKE from the broken wagon wheel --
and impales Samson through the heart with the wooden shaft.

Samson staggers, whimpering, before dropping onto the ground. The vampire dog CRUMBLES, instantly DISSOLVING into dust.

Sweating, panting, Moriarty glances over at the HUGE COAL FURNACES, which tremble and roar, about to explode in seconds --

HOLMES AND WATSON shove off their cart down into the dark passageway. The cart CLANKS down the tunnel, gathering speed --

when the gas works factory EXPLODES in a tremendous, earth-shaking eruption of flame and smoke!

Holmes and the others rumble along the underground tracks, buffeted about inside the rattling cart --

as A GIGANTIC FIREBALL sizzles through the tunnel behind them!

The heat is searing as they barely stay ahead of the torrent of flames raging after them as they race down the sloping rails.

WATSON

Sweet Heaven above!

The cart finally emerges into

THE OUTSIDE COAL YARDS

where it creaks to a slow stop, safe and sound.

Overhead, the welcome rays of the morning sun pierce the grey sky.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAWN

The crowd of theater-goers picks themselves up groggily from the pavement, still dressed in their fine evening clothes.

One distinguished GENTLEMAN in a top hat and tails wearily rubs his eyes -- as their reddish glow fades away forever.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

A uniformed MAID sits at the cluttered table, blinking awake as if from a deep sleep.

Standing by the huge iron stove, the aproned COOK yawns, curiously fatigued. She stares in wonder as the mysterious RED VAPORS floating above her head disperse harmlessly into the air.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD SQUADROOM - DAWN

The roomful of Yard detectives stir into consciousness at their desks, mumbling and frowning in bewilderment.

Inspector Lestrade stumbles against the wall mirror. He raises a hand to his mouth, gingerly touching his teeth, and is reassured to feel nothing unusual.

He smiles at his solid reflection, strangely relieved.

EXT. COAL YARDS - DAWN

Holmes and Constance steady themselves against the coal cart, shaken but unharmed, gasping and covered with soot.

Watson and Van Helsing gaze behind them at the smoking rubble of the factory lying hazily in the light of a breaking dawn.

VAN HELSING

The devil's curse has ended.
Dracula and his legacy of evil
are destroyed forever.

WATSON

Moriarty -- he couldn't
have survived that blast.

HOLMES

No. Not even the Napoleon of Crime...

He stares at the rubble, surprised to be so strangely moved.

Constance stirs, murmuring against Holmes's shoulder.

CONSTANCE

The horror... is finally over?

HOLMES

Yes. You are safe.

CONSTANCE

Ah. I knew you would protect me...

She faints, smiling, as Holmes cradles her gently in his arms.

INSIDE THE REMAINS OF THE FACTORY

Dracula's SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED COFFIN lies among the wreckage, scorched but still intact.

The coffin's steel reinforced lid slowly creaks open.

A HAND emerges -- gripping A BLACK CANE topped by a gleaming silver falcon's head.

INT. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Washed, shaven, and cleanly dressed, Holmes and Watson shake hands with Van Helsing in the hospital's bustling corridor.

VAN HELSING

Good morning, gentlemen. Again,
let me offer my deepest gratitude.
Your brave actions have rid
the world of a dire menace.
God bless you both.

HOLMES

Your help was invaluable as well,
Doctor. How is... your patient?

VAN HELSING
Miss Bracknell is expected to
make a full recovery.

WATSON
Wonderful news!

HOLMES
May I speak with her, Doctor?

VAN HELSING
Only briefly. But Mister Holmes,
I should warn you...
(hesitates)
All those throughout London infected
by the tainted gas have recovered
from its evil effects -- suffering
only from short-term amnesia.
Constance especially seems to
have blocked out all memory of
Count Dracula and our dramatic
flight from his clutches.
Not surprising, given the
traumatic nature of her ordeal.

WATSON
My word!

Holmes is silent, his face inscrutable as he absorbs this news.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Constance lies in bed, wearing a white hospital gown. Though pale,
she looks peaceful and rested.

On the end table beside her, a colorful BOUQUET OF FLOWERS in full
bloom brightens the drab decor of the room.

Her mother Agnes sits beside her, and leaps up with a flutter to
greet Holmes and Watson effusively.

AGNES
Ah, Mister Holmes!
Doctor Van Helsing told us
how you valiantly battled that
foreign anarchist who blew up
the Rivington Gas Works!
Thank you for ensuring Arthur's
murderer was accorded the punishment
he so severely deserved!

HOLMES
All in the service of Justice.

Watson notices that Holmes cannot stop gazing at Constance.

WATSON
Er, Madam Bracknell, would
you care to accompany me to
the commissary for a spot of tea?
I'd be pleased to relate the
whole thrilling narrative...

AGNES

That would be most refreshing.
(to Constance)
My innocent angel soon on her own!
However will you manage without me?

She stifles a loud sob as Watson escorts her from the room.
Alone with Constance, Holmes stands awkwardly before her bed.

HOLMES

How are you feeling...
Miss Bracknell?

CONSTANCE

Rather weak and light-headed.
I've been suffering from the
most bizarre nightmares -- yet
I remember nothing of the past
few days. It is very disconcerting.

HOLMES

An amnesiac condition no doubt
caused by the stress and grief
related to your cousin's murder.

CONSTANCE

Yes, that was Doctor Van Helsing's
diagnosis. He hopes a change of
environment away from London will
prove beneficial. He has invited
me to recuperate with friends
of his residing in New York --
a Jonathan and Mina Harker.

Holmes's reserve falters as he openly registers surprise.

HOLMES

You are leaving England?

CONSTANCE

I realize it is a sudden decision,
but it's such a thrilling opportunity!
I've always dreamed of traveling,
and this is my chance to see America
for myself -- and finally escape
my mother's overprotective smothering.

Her excitement is obvious to Holmes. He nods slowly.

HOLMES

She worries about you only
because she cares for you --
very deeply. I am sure she
will miss the bright spark of
your presence very keenly.

CONSTANCE

Undoubtedly so. But now that
Arthur's death has been avenged,
there's nothing to keep me tied
here to London.

Holmes attempts a smile, and in that moment makes his decision. His voice bears no trace of the disappointment stabbing at him.

HOLMES

No, I suppose not. And I would be a poor sleuth indeed if I failed to observe how important this journey is to you.

CONSTANCE

Oh, it is, Mister Holmes! This respite will provide me the time I need to decide what direction I want to take with my life. Especially in a land of such modern sensibilities as America!

HOLMES

You are an intelligent and courageous woman. I am sure you will succeed in any endeavor to which you apply your exceptional talents.

Constance blushes at the unexpected compliment.

CONSTANCE

I must thank you again for searching out my cousin's killer. I hope it wasn't too distressing an experience for you.

HOLMES

I make it a point never to let emotion affect me on a case. Sentiment is a distraction to be avoided. Objectivity is essential --

CONSTANCE

-- to cold, hard deductive reasoning. Yes, I seem to recall our having such a conversation.

(frowns)

As well as a vague image of my bicycle exploding...

Holmes takes her hand -- and holds it gently. His voice is uncharacteristically tender.

HOLMES

I look forward to hearing of your accomplishments, Miss Bracknell. Do not let the restrictions placed on your gender limit your dreams. It would be a grave loss for us all.

His smile wavers, as his stoic self-control almost fails him. He turns to leave.

CONSTANCE

Mister Holmes -- tell me the truth. Did I assist your investigation in any way? I did so want to contribute.

Holmes pauses in the doorway, choosing his words carefully.

HOLMES

It is no slight exaggeration to
say that I will always be grateful
for your participation in this case.

He farewell, and strides from the room without looking back.

Constance smiles appreciatively as she gazes after him.

CONSTANCE

Thank you... Sherlock.

OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR

Van Helsing waits for Holmes, his expression sympathetic.

VAN HELSING

Mister Holmes... please
understand that this is the
best therapeutic course for
Miss Bracknell. I am sorry.

HOLMES

Her happiness is the only
consolation I require, Doctor.

And with that Holmes walks off, oblivious to the activity around
him, his face set hard against the ache in his heart.

INT. 221B BAKER STREET - AFTERNOON

Holmes and Watson are back in their parlor, relaxing.
Watson sits in his armchair, sipping from a snifter of brandy.

Holmes stands at the mantle, his meerschaum pipe clenched in
his teeth. The withered flowers in the plain clay vase have been
replaced with a vibrant floral arrangement of red and yellow roses.

Holmes picks up a velvet PERSIAN SLIPPER stuffed full of tobacco.

HOLMES

So, Watson. Now that the Case
of the Vengeful Vampire is closed,
I doubt your readers will
believe your account of this
singularly outlandish adventure.

WATSON

I am reluctantly inclined to agree.
Perhaps it is best my pen never
set down the true events which
transpired these past few days...

As Holmes methodically fills his pipe with tobacco, Watson clears
his throat and fumbles self-consciously.

WATSON

Holmes... the terrible things
I uttered to you when I was
under Dracula's hypnotic spell...
My words -- my actions --
were inexcusable. I don't
see how you could ever forgive
my despicable behavior.

Watson's gaze is downcast, unable to meet Holmes in the eye.
Holmes smiles. There is a warmth to his tone rarely heard.

HOLMES

Watson... John.
(Watson looks up)
Perhaps I am at fault for not
expressing enough how deeply --
and how often -- I depend on you.
Many times in my bleakest hour,
your unwavering loyalty, your
unassuming warmth of spirit,
have been the sole compass
which unerringly leads me
back to my sense of humanity.
I could not imagine being the
Great Detective I am without
my closest friend by my side.

WATSON

(flustered)

Why, that's very gracious of
you... Sherlock.

Holmes merely nods in acknowledgment and takes a puff on his pipe.

HOLMES

Ah, I see Mrs. Hudson has
brought up the day's mail!
Perhaps a new client requests
our services to solve another
intriguing mystery.

He opens A HANDWRITTEN ENVELOPE and unfolds the enclosed letter.
A gleam of excitement lights his eyes as he reads.

HOLMES

"To my esteemed opponent:
The truce has ended and
the dance resumes anew --
Are you up to the challenge?"
(shows Watson)
It's signed, "Your incomparable
adversary -- M."

WATSON

Moriarty! So he survived the
explosion after all! But what
challenge could he possibly mean?

HOLMES

I suggest you peruse the
headlines of today's Times.

Watson snatches up the newspaper and gapes at the front page.

WATSON

"Queen's Rembrandt Stolen From
Buckingham Palace in Daring Theft!
Scotland Yard Mystified by
Unknown Criminal Mastermind."

(stunned)

That incorrigible scoundrel
has struck again!

HOLMES

Indeed, my overly ambitious
nemesis has outdone himself.
We must act swiftly -- before
the blundering police ruin
what few clues may remain.

As he slips into his brown inverness, their landlady Mrs. Hudson
bustles into the room, wringing her hands.

MRS. HUDSON

Don't be telling me you two
will be missing dinner again!

HOLMES

Allow me to offer my apologies,
dear Mrs. Hudson -- and this token
of my undying appreciation.

He plucks A RED ROSE from the bouquet on the mantle and hands one
gallantly one to Mrs. Hudson -- and actually bends over to kiss her
lightly on the cheek.

Mrs. Hudson is stunned speechless -- never has Holmes displayed
such overt affection to her before.

Holmes quickly dons his deerstalker hat. He hurries to the
doorway, pausing to beckon excitedly to Watson.

HOLMES

Let us be off, Watson!
The game is afoot once more!

He dashes out the door, with Watson only seconds behind.

Alone, Mrs. Hudson bursts into a smile as she lifts the rose
blossom to her nostrils and inhales its fragrance.

EXT. BAKER STREET - DAY

As Holmes and Watson stride off into the distance, Holmes can be
seen gesturing animatedly, his old confident and dynamic self.

The two friends are soon lost amidst the bustling pedestrians,
braying street vendors and clip-clopping horse-drawn hansoms.

A noisy, congested, wonderful London afternoon teeming with life.

THE END