



SECOND DRAFT
April 16, 1991

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

DR. LEONARD WOLF--

Author and friend--

A Dream of Dracula & The Annotated Dracula

DRACULA

1 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA BATTLEGROUND - FULL MOON - NIGHT 1

NARR: JUNE, 1462: Moslem Turks, led by Sultan Mohammed, have driven the Christians from Constantinople and invaded Rumania with a superior force, threatening all of Christendom. A Rumanian Prince from the region of Transylvania, VLADISLAUS DRACULA --military genius notorious throughout Eastern Europe for his blood-thirsty ways--leads 7,000 of his countrymen in a bold pre-dawn sneak attack against 30,000 Turks as a last heroic attempt to save his homeland...

A jagged rock formation. WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE; thundering horses; clash of steel; men yelling...dying...

TURKISH LANCERS CHARGE amidst smoke and flames. A LONE WARRIOR PRINCE wields his sword against them; his face hidden in a helmet fashioned from a great wolf's head.

The Prince UPENDS A TURKISH LANCER with a slash. He ducks another jerking the lance from the rider's grasp. He wheels--impaling the man, tossing him like hay.

Smoke swirls away behind the warrior revealing a horrifying sight: Turks, hundreds, impaled on spikes into the distance.

Turkish attackers falter dead in their tracks, reviled by the sight of their dead comrades. They retreat.

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

STEFAN

Prince Dracula! The Turks are falling back! They retreat! Sultan Mohammed is defeated!

PRINCE DRACULA removes his wolf helmet. Stallion black hair falls about his shoulders. Young, handsome. Deep piercing blue eyes of an angel capture us. He kneels kissing his crucifix.

PRINCE DRACULA

God be praised. I am victorious. Let this be a message to all enemies of the Cross of Christ.

He viciously skewers the wounded Lancer begging for his life and hoists him before the field of impaled Turks.

4/16/91

2.

STEPAN

I beg you, my Prince--haven't enough died this day?

Anguished cries echo around them. WOLVES HOWL in the distance, on the scent. Dracula stares at the fresh blood on his hands. A horrible premonition seizes him--

PRINCE DRACULA

(desperate, dreading) Elizabeth...

He leaps astride a riderless black stallion rearing away.

2 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - DAWN (MATTE SHOT) 2

A mountain fortress in the Carpathian Alps overlooking the Arges River. A serpentine road is lined with impaled corpses. Dracula thunders by in the f.g.

3 INT. CASTLE COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION 3

PRAYING MONKS fall back as Prince Dracula dismounts racing into the chapel. A final grotesque VICTIM hangs impaled by the door.

4 INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - TIGHT ON ELIZABETH 4

Her regal lifeless body twisted and bent beneath a great stone Dragon arch before a shrine of the crucifixion. Note: reference golden coin ritual per PFC

PRINCE DRACULA crumbles prostrate over her. The Warrior in him fails, kissing, caressing, willing her back to life.

CHESARE, an elder Monk, tries to comfort him.

CHESARE

A message came--on the shaft of a Turkish arrow--reporting you... among the dead. We could not console her. She threw herself from the parapet...Her last words.

Chesare hands Dracula a bloodstained parchment.

VOICE OF ELIZABETH

"My Prince is feared dead. All is lost without him...I would rather my body rot and be consumed by the fish of the Arges than fall capture by the Turks. ...May God unite us in heaven..."

He kisses her bloodstained mouth, convulsing in his pain.

CHESARE

She has taken her own life, my
son. Her soul cannot be saved.
It is God's law...

Dracula cries out--a dying animal, lashing the crucifixion
with his sword. He dumps the font of holy water washing
Elizabeth's blood across the floor.

CHESARE

(raising his crucifix)
Sacrilege! Do not turn your
back on Christ.

Dracula bends Chesare's wrist in his powerful grip snapping
bones--the crucifix falls to the bloody floor.

DRACULA

I Dracula, Voivode of
Transylvania turn my back on God!
And all you hypocrites who feed
off him! If my beloved burns in
hell--so shall I!--I will arise
from my own death to avenge hers
with all the powers of darkness!

He rakes the communion goblet through the bloody holy
water--raising it high--

CHESARE/MONKS

Devil! Vrolok! Berserker!

DRACULA

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

Cradling Elizabeth, he drinks the rush of fresh life.

FADE OUT:

5 FADE IN: EXT. HILLINGHAM ESTATE - ABOUT 1898

5

Overlooking London and the Thames. A stone bench and
family cemetery mark the highest point. We begin a
diary entry typed on an early typewriter.

SUPER: MINA MURRAY'S DIARY - 9, MAY, HILLINGHAM MANOR

MINA (V.O.)

"9 May. I arrived today at
Hillingham, where I shall be
staying with Lucy for some weeks
until Jonathan and I are married.

(MORE)

MINA (V.O. cont'd)
 I have longed to be with her,
 where we can talk together
 freely, and build our castles in
 the air. The life of an
 assistant schoolmistress is
 sometimes trying, and I have been
 working very hard lately. I
 shall keep a diary, a sort of
 journal which I can write in
 whenever I feel inclined as I see
 lady journalists do. I do not
 suppose there will be much of
 interest to other people, but it
 is not intended for them."

6 EXT. HILLINGHAM HOUSE - LUCY'S BALCONY - DAY

6

MINA
 Oh...how disgustingly awful...

The typing keys jam. Mina's eyes drift to Sir Richard
 Burton's ARABIAN NIGHTS open beside her.

LUCY (O.C.)
 Mina...?

Mina turns. WE SEE HER FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME. . Age 20.
 She evokes the very image of Elizabeth. Her schoolmistress
 attire designed to prevent any sensuality from escaping.

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

LUCY
 Oh you prude--Is your ambitious
 Jon Harker forcing you to learn
 that ridiculous machine? When he
 could be forcing you to perform
 unspeakable acts of desperate
 passion on the parlor floor--

MINA
 Lucy, really--you shouldn't talk
 about my fiance in such a way--
 --there's more to marriage than
 carnal pleasures--

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

LUCY
 So I see...Much much more.

They burst into titillating laughter. Lucy picks up the book, both breathlessly fanning pages to another etching.

MINA
He's so appallingly huge--

LUCY
They come much bigger.

She indicates 10 inches with her hands. Mina is aghast.

MINA
Can a man and woman really do
such...such...things?

LUCY
I did--only last night--

Lucy poses the sex position in the etching. Mina flushes.

LUCY (adding)
--in my dreams.
(savoring giddy)
I almost forgot. I am bursting
with news.

7 INT. PARLOR - POV THROUGH KEYHOLE 7

A handsome young MAN turns a wide brimmed hat nervously in his hands. Western boots. A beaded American Indian vest flashes under his waist-coat.

MINA (O.C.)
What is that?

8 INT. HALLWAY - LUCY AND MINA - CONTINUING ACTION 8

LUCY
A Texan.

Mina gawks through the keyhole. Lucy languors.

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

MINA
(stifling a laugh)
You're positively immoral---

LUCY
Mmm hmmm--He just proposed.

MINA

Should I dare ask what.

LUCY

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

She giggles the coquette, primping in the hall mirror. Mina tends Lucy's hair, burning with jealousy.

MINA

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

LUCY

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

MINA

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

LUCY

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

MINA

Lucy Westenra you are a horrid flirt.

LUCY

I just know what men desire...
(baring her cleavage)
They're just little boys.
They'll do anything for a sweet candy kiss and a ride on your merry-go-round. Watch--

Lucy enters to her Texan. Mina studies the mirror.

MINA

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

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

MINA'S POV - THROUGH KEYHOLE - LUCY AND QUINCEY

LUCY

Please, let me touch it. It's so big.

Giddy, she reaches for his crotch and pulls out his big Bowie knife. She fondles it seductively.

LUCY

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

Accepting defeat, he extends his hand. Lucy kisses it tugging him to her neck, her breast. He drops his hat.

SERVANT (O.C.)

Miss Murray?

RESUME: HALLWAY - A SERVANT APPROACHES.

SERVANT

(non-plussed)

Mr. Jonathan Harker is calling to see you.

Mina rises, embarrassed; she hurries away. The Servant waits, then sneaks a peek through the keyhole.

9 EXT. HILLINGHAM GROUNDS - DAY

9

Peacocks roam, screeching mating cries. JONATHAN HARKER greets Mina at a stone bench overlooking the Thames. 24, wildly ambitious, upwardly mobile--a Victorian yuppie. He whirls her scattering peacocks. They kiss.

MINA

Jonathan? I didn't expect you here. Are you drunk in the middle of the day?

HARKER

(full of himself)

And why not? I'll buy you an estate just like Hillingham someday. Perhaps you'd fancy a castle. Why should you be the poor schoolmistress that just visits her aristocratic friends. You can forget typing and teaching and all that forever.

MINA

You are drunk!--

HARKER

With success! Mina! I've done it! You happen to be engaged to a future partner in the firm of Hawkins and Thompkins.

Mina flings herself in his arms. She swells, caressing his neck with a long peacock feather, down his chest to his thigh, mimicking Lucy's teasing ways. Aroused, Harker controls himself.

HARKER

Our fortune is made. Renfield is too ill to work. He finally lost his greedy mind. I'm being upped to his position. His accounts are mine. It won't be official until I return. I'm off to exotic eastern Europe--

MINA

Leaving? Now?

HARKER

I'll only be gone a few weeks. This wealthy Count is acquiring ten estates around London. And money is no object. Extraordinary. Can you imagine the power that sort of wealth commands? "Yours truly" is being sent to close the transactions. Royalty, Mina, think of it--

Harker swells at the idea of rubbing shoulders with royalty. Mina strokes him competing for his affections.

MINA

I'm thinking about our wedding, Jon.

HARKER

Oh, Mina, this is the opportunity that comes once in life. "Carpe deum." Seize the day, Mina. We can be married when I return--a grand expensive one that will be the talk of London.

MINA

Of course. We've waited this long...haven't we...?

He takes her in his arms, bracing her up.

HARKER

There is not another woman on earth can hold a wick to you. I do so want to give you the finer things like Lucy and her fancy friends. That is what you want?

MINA

I just want us to be...happy.

HARKER

We will be. I know what's best, Mina, for both of us.
(checking his watch)
Don't worry those sapphire eyes of yours. I'll write.

Mina kisses him like never before aroused--desperate--

MINA

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

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

10 INT. TUNNEL - PITCH DARK (STOCK FOOTAGE) 10

A light at the end. THE ORIENT EXPRESS blasts into day.

11 EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - AT A COACH WINDOW - HARKER 11

SUPER: JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

HARKER (V.O.)

"3, MAY, BUDA-PESTH. Left Buda-Pesth early this morning, train was an hour late. The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East; the most splendid of bridges over the Danube, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule.

12 EXT. ORIENT EXPRESS - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 12

Steaming over the Danube across Szencheynyi's Great Bridge.

HARKER (V.O. cont'd)

The district I am to enter is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe..."

- 13 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA FRONTIER - DAY 13
 Harker travels in a coach taking in the magnificent Carpathian mountains as he reads a letter.
- DRACULA (V.O.)
 "MY FRIEND, Welcome to the Carpathians. I trust your journey from London has been a happy one and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land... I am anxiously expecting you. At the Borgo Pass, my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. Your friend, Dracula."
- 14 INT. COACH - DAY 14
 Harker folds the letter from Dracula into his journal. 2 GYPSY PEASANT WOMEN and a RUSSIAN MERCHANT sit opposite him, staring. Harker stares back.
- HARKER
 (slow and deliberate)
 Do you speak English?
- Silence.
- 15 EXT. THREATENING SKIES - LATE AFTERNOON 15
 Thunder rolls over jagged mountains.
- 16 EXT. THE CARPATHIANS - BORGO ROAD - NIGHT 16
 Thunder cracks. The SLOVAK DRIVER whips the horses.
- 17 INT. COACH - TRAVELING - NIGHT 17
 The passengers sleep, uneasily.
- TIGHT ON MINA - PHOTOPLATE
- A travel frame. Harker, exhausted, studies her smile as he strokes himself with the peacock feather she gave him, alone with erotic thoughts of her.
- He looks up, caught. The women and Merchant are awake. One of the women jabs a strange two-fingered sign at him.
- HARKER
 Vas es los? What is this?

MERCHANT
 (nervously)
 "Mona Fica"--A charm against
 evil.

THUNDER CRACKS!

The coach suddenly stops. The Merchant checks his watch,
 anxious.

MERCHANT
 Why do we stop here?

18 EXT. BORGO ROAD - NIGHT

18

The Slovak Driver answers in Romany as he lights the coach
 lamps. The passengers are at once fearful, spattering in
 different languages--The peasant woman makes the strange
 sign again at Harker.

HARKER CLIMBS OUT.

It is snowing. He stretches, studying a roadside shrine;
 Christ nailed to the cross; but the head is a great wolf.

SLOVAK
 (urging Harker inside)
 There is no carriage here.
 Englaise is not expected.

19 EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

19

PAWS RACE along the ridge above. WOLVES GATHER watching
 Harker on the road below. Silent. Eyes gleaming.

20 EXT. BORGO ROAD - NIGHT

20

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

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

GYPSY
 Vroloki Stregoica! Nosferatu!

4 BLACK STALLIONS APPEAR from the mist pulling a Caleche
 Coach so black it's purple--A vision from Dante's
 nightmares.

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

21 INT. COACH - CONTINUING ACTION

21

HARKER SITS BACK, suddenly feeling very conspicuous.
The peasant woman folds a crucifix into his hand.

PEASANT WOMAN (Romany)
For the dead travel fast.

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

The woman hides her face, crossing herself. Harker tenses
watching the Slovak hand over his bag.

22 THE COACHES - SIDE BY SIDE

22

Harker steps out. Before he touches ground, the Dark
Driver leans down and LIFTS HIM EASILY INTO THE CALECHE
WITH ONE HAND. The Stallions wheel and sweep Harker away
into the snowy mist.

The Slovak speeds his relieved Passengers in the opposite
direction.

23 INT. CALECHE - TRAVELING - NIGHT

23

The partition snaps back startling Harker. The Dark
Driver hands him a heavy cloak and a flask of brandy.

HARKER
Is it far to the castle--

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

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

WOLVES HOWL back. More of them. Closer. Harker freezes.
The coach lurches up a steep grade. Harker looks out--

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

24

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

25 HIGH ANGLE - THE BORGO ROAD

25

Wolves gather in silhouette lining both sides of the
pass howling Harker's progress up the road.

26 RESUME: COACH 26

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

27 EXT. CLEARING (BATTLEGROUND SC.1) - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT 27

The Driver stops the Caleche in front of the jagged rock formation. The unseen HOWLING WOLVES are circling. The Dark Driver strides toward the blue flame--having no fear. All howling ceases. HARKER PEERS from beneath the cloak.

28 IN THE DARKNESS - A RING OF EYES SURROUND THE COACH 28

Clouds break. Moonlight pours through REVEALING: A RING OF WOLVES. More terrifying in their grim silence.

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

The Dark Driver appears from the blue flame facing the wolves. His voice metallic. Not of the living.

DARK DRIVER
Strygie! Murony!

With a gesture of his long arms, the wolves depart howling into the distance. The Dark Driver leaps aboard.

STALLIONS PLUNGE AHEAD--THROUGH THE BLUE FLAMES--

HEAVY CASTLE GATES CLOSE BEHIND!

29 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 29

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

Harker is completely distraught. The Castle appears a vast ruin. The GREAT DOOR OPENS behind him. He faces:

A TALL OLD MAN in a dark Oriental style suit bearing an emerald green cross over the breast; white mustache of Oriental fashion like Attila or Ghenghis Khan. Hands long and hairy. Face riveting, handsome like a Tartar--and horrible at the same time. His eyes a cold vivid blue.

HARKER
Count...Dracula?

Dracula smiles, bowing with a courtly gesture, speaking perfect English.

DRACULA

Welcome to my house, Mr. Harker!
I am Dracula--
(laughing full)
Enter freely of your own will--
and leave some of the happiness
you bring.

The Count carries his luggage with astounding vitality. Harker enters "freely." The door closes with a boom.

30 INT. CASTLE - THE GREAT HALL - NIGHT

30

A brightly lit room. Byzantine treasures abound. Tapestries hang, centuries old; but all in pristine condition! A ruin of a battlement protrudes in the center of the mosaic floor surrounded by a scaffolding; a phallic remnant. The Castle is in transition. Crated artworks and sculptures stand everywhere.

Dracula reads a letter by the massive walk-in fireplace that warms the room. He watches Harker devour a sumptuous meal.

HARKER

(rested, at ease)
You are a most gracious host at
such an ungodly hour. You've no
idea how happy I am to be here.

DRACULA

You will excuse me that I do not
join you, but I have dined
already, and I do not sup.

Feminine laughter echoes, startling Harker. Dracula doesn't react. Harker looks quickly about.

HARKER

An ancestor? I see the resemblance.

He's facing a huge TAPESTRY: A WINGED DRAGON prostrate on the cross biting its own tail encircles the young Warrior Dracula mounted on his horse; his shield a GREEN CROSS. A Latin inscription:

DRACULA (O.C.)

"O quam misericors est Deus,
justus et pius. Societas Draconis"

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

DRACULA

(referring to the tapestry)
The Order of the Dragon. An
ancient society pledging my
forefathers to defend the church
against all enemies of Christ.
(mirthful smile)
The relationship was not entirely
...successful...

Dracula laughs like a child carried away with his own first
joke. Harker laughs uneasy, trying to be polite.

DRACULA

It is no laughing matter! We
Draculas have a right to be proud!
His (the painting) glory is my
glory! Is it a wonder we are a
conquering race!? What devil or
witch was ever so great as Attila,
whose blood flows in these veins!

As he speaks, he draws a curved Turkish sword from a rack,
slashing it about--sending Harker backpedaling. Dracula
sags, drained--saddened--facing the painting...of himself...

DRACULA

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

HARKER

I have offended you with my
ignorance, Count. Forgive me.

DRACULA

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

He bows in apology. Harker bows in return, unnerved.

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

31

Long nails filed to claw like points--oriental fashion.
He pens his ornate signature to a "DEED OF PURCHASE".

"VLADISLAUS DRAKWYLA SZEKLYS"

Harker places the hot waxen seal on the deed.

HARKER

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

Harker extends his hand to shake. Not knowing the custom,
Dracula opens both hands and bows. SILKEN HAIR lines his
palms. Harker masks his reaction.

DRACULA

Your employer, Hawkins, writes
you are a man of good...taste.
(enjoying private joke)
He says you are a "worthy
substitute" to your predecessor,
Mr. Renfield...

HARKER

(seizing the praise)
You may rely on me, Count. I
shall be privileged to serve as
your personal solicitor and tend
to all your investment needs--
I've brought photoplates of
Carfax and other properties
around London--per your request--

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

DRACULA

I long to go through the crowded
streets of your mighty London, to
be in the midst of the whirl and
rush of humanity...to share its
life, its changes...its death...
Here I am "boyar"; I am master.
But in London, I am stranger.
And a stranger in a strange
land--he is no one.

Harker admires the impressive array of English magazines,
newspapers, Whitaker's Almanac--He turns the Atlas to
Dracula--doing his sales job--

HARKER

I see from your volumes you will
not be a stranger. Look, Sir,
Carfax is here in Purfleet--just
west of London. My home is in
Exeter.

Dracula's Atlas has already been marked with red circles in
every location he mentioned. Purfleet, Exeter, Hillingham,
the docks at London, the 10 properties, including a
foundry--Harker hesitates, puzzled.

HARKER

Forgive my curiosity--Count--but why 10 houses in such precise locations around the city? Is it to raise the market value? Is this your strategy?

Dracula; riveted to a photoplate--so still he looks dead.

DRACULA

(passionate whisper)
Very wise, my young friend.
Do you believe in destiny?

REVEAL: THE PHOTOPLATE - MINA - Her secret smile reaching across the centuries to Dracula.

DRACULA (contd.)

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

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

DRACULA

The luckiest man who walks on this earth is one who finds--
--true love.

Dracula shows Mina's photo to Harker.

HARKER

(embarrassed)
Ah--you found--Mina. I thought she was lost. We're to be married as soon as I return.

DRACULA

She will no doubt make a devoted wife. And you a "faithful" husband.

A RUSTLE of feminine garments blurs behind Harker. He looks. Nothing. Maddening. Dracula doesn't react.

HARKER

You're most kind. You must meet her. Are you married?
Count--sir--are you married?

DRACULA

...Once...a long time ago. There has been no other like her...

He returns the photoplate.

DRACULA

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

Dracula abruptly exits, leaving Harker alone. Harker surveys the opulence. He leans back propping his feet on the massive desk, imagining it's all his...and begins to write.

32 INT. GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

32

Elegant appointments. Roaring friendly fire. Food. Cognac. Harker hums at his shaving mirror, pleased with his "coup."

HARKER (V.O.)

5, May. Journal entry. I am in a sea of wonders. The Count has requested I remain for a month to tend his business. His wealth is extraordinary in spite of certain deficiencies in his house and his eccentric ways. Table service of gold and of immense value. The hangings of my bed are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics. Centuries old, though in excellent condition. Note; Inquire his dinner recipe for Mina.

He eyes the CRUCIFIX about his neck. The gift from the Peasant Woman. DRACULA'S SLENDER HAND appears, gliding to him--flexing in anticipation--landing gently on his shoulder.

Harker startles--the mirror shows no reflection except his own--he wheels to see--

DRACULA: Way across the room! Turning back his bed--

HARKER

Count? I didn't hear you come in.

DRACULA

(charming, witty)

The hour is late, my servants are all retired. My apologies for the lack of indoor plumbing

(approaching)

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

With blurring speed, he wipes blood from a razor cut on Harker's jaw. Harker turns to his mirror. Dracula pitches it out the window. It SMASHES far below.

DRACULA

--A foul bauble of man's vanity.
Perhaps you--should grow a beard.
(sardonic smile)
The letter I requested--Have you
written them?

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

DRACULA

You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked. It is old and has many bad memories. There are bad dreams for those who sleep... unwisely. Be warned.

HARKER

(nagging fear builds)
I'm sure I understand.

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

DRACULA

Listen to them--the children of the night. What music they make. You dwellers in the city cannot enter the feelings of the hunter.

Harker shudders--Music--Those animals? Dracula's eyes flash fixing on Harker's crucifix.

DRACULA

Do not put faith in such trinkets of deceit. We are in the land beyond the forest. Our ways are not your ways and there shall be to you many strange things. From your experiences already, you know something of what I speak.

HARKER

Indeed, I have seen many strange things this night--Wolves chasing me--I was almost consumed in some blue inferno--and that driver...

DRACULA

He is a lout who can scarcely find his own shadow in the day.

(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)
 (laughing full)
 So my young friend, you've seen
 the blue flame. Peasants
 commonly believe that on this
 night once in a year, such a
 flame may be seen over any place
 where treasure has been buried.

Harker rushes to the window, peering out.

HARKER
 It was just outside your gates.
 We could retrieve it in the
 morning. I'll dig it up myself.

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

The Wolves HOWL CLOSER. Harker turns to the sound. His
 doorlock clanks in place. Dracula is gone!

Harker sinks at the window in nagging fear. Soft RUSTLING
 outside startles him. Harker leans out to investigate.

33 EXT. CASTLE WALL - NIGHT - HARKER'S POV 33

A dark figure slowly emerges from a window, FACE DOWN.
 Its cloak spreading around it like great wings. It
 hesitates, then scurries lizard-like through patches of
 moonlight down the sheer castle wall over the abyss.

34 RESUME HARKER: 34

He ducks back, unable to trust his eyes. He looks again.
 No figure. The wall impossible to climb.

His door handle RATTLES. LOW FEMININE LAUGHTER RIPPLES
 on the other side.

35 INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 35

Empty hall. Torches flicker. The TINKLING LAUGHTER
 ripples again--through the castle. Harker crosses with a
 torch.

HARKER
 Count? Sir--hello?

His voice echoes. No response. SHADOWS scurry up the
 high walls behind him. Titters. He wheels. Nothing.

36 INT. SPIRAL STAIRS - CONTINUING ACTION 36

Harker tries door after door. Locked. At the top of the stairs, flanked by Oriental erotic statues, a lone door opens as if expecting him--

37 INT. TOWER BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 37

Octagonal. Byzantine. Adorned in feminine frills. Mirrors abound. Harker laughs aloud.

HARKER

(mimics the count)

"Do not go where the doors are locked...bad dreams..." Here some fair lady surely received the Count's pleasure.

He sits on a great couch in front of tall windows taking in the moonlit view. Finally relaxing, he drifts asleep.

Dust begins to swirl in the moonbeams. Footprints appear on the dusty marble floor beside Harker's. Petite. Female.

Harker blinks in dreamy state. A smile of pleasure crosses his face--A languorous FEMININE HAND traces his loin, caressing, arousing him. He reaches down to join the stroking--MORE HANDS smooth up his thighs, his chest to his throat--his cheek--

DRACULA'S 3 EXQUISITE BRIDES hover like adoring angels. Half spiritual, half erotic. Brilliant white teeth behind ruby voluptuous lips. Their laughter "intolerable, tingling sweetness of water glasses when played by a cunning hand".

OLDEST BRIDE

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

The Youngest hesitates; no more than 17, as fair as Mina, "with masses of golden wavy hair, eyes like pale sapphires."

MIDDLE BRIDE

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

The Youngest drops to her knees bending over Harker. She arches her neck wetting her scarlet lips. She rips his shirt down to his waist, tracing his stomach--his nipples with a hungry tongue--Harker swells, unable to resist-- She flicks her tongue up his throat to his crucifix. She shrinks back--swelling with hate to the delight of the older Brides. She clasps the crucifix chain in her luscious mouth and bites it in two. The crucifix clinks to the floor.

IN THE MIRRORS, WE SEE: only Harker's reflection. He exalts. His passion freed! There is no reflection of the Brides--Who pin his arms with surprising strength.

The youngest straddles him like a horse. She cups her young breasts lowering them maddeningly to suckle him. She trails her mane down his bare chest, down his stomach licking him down to his loins. He cries out in ecstasy.

The older Brides kiss each other across him fondling themselves to a frenzy--nipping his breasts and arms with love bites. Harker stiffens in orgasm as they feed on his wrists.

The youngest jabs her nails into his pants and slits them down to his knee--nibbling his bare thigh--Harker jerks with electric spasms of passion. Older Brides smother his cries with their bodies as they slither down his face and torso, their mouths finding each other in a torrid 3 way kiss--

WINDOWS BLOW OPEN with a rush of energy. DRACULA GRABS the young Bride's neck--his fingers encircling her throat like tentacles. He yanks her into the air--

DRACULA

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

--hurling the young bride away like a rag doll. She SLAMS INTO THE WALL AND STICKS TO IT --like a fly!

DRACULA

This man belongs to me!

Youngest scurries across the ceiling taunting Dracula, laughing cruel--soulless. Older Brides laugh with her.

YOUNGEST BRIDE

You yourself never loved; you never love!

Dracula recoils. His voice a soft tender whisper...

DRACULA

Yes--I too can love. You yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so?...And I shall love again.

Youngest crawls seductively down the wall to him. Brides fold themselves into him like a big furry animal.

DRACULA (contd.)

I promise you, when I am gone on my journey, you shall "kiss" him at your will.

YOUNGEST BRIDE

(pouting)

Are we to have nothing tonight?

He gestures to a bag sitting on the floor by the window--
 THE BAG MOVES--as if something alive is in it--
 Youngest leaps and opens it. A LOW WAIL of a baby emits.
 She swoons. Older Brides join her--flushed with hunger--
 the desire. They vanish in a flood of moonbeams.

Harker chokes back his repulsion. Dracula faces him--eyes
 blazing red. And with that elegant imperious gesture--he
 faints Harker dead way.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - THE COURTYARD - RAINY DAY 38

SZGANY GYPSIES load heavy coffin-like crates onto 2
 horsedrawn wagons. OTHERS bring more boxes up from a
 vault entrance. A crate topples breaking open--
 The Szgany back away, terrified. Horses frenzy.

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

39 INT. BRIDES TOWER BEDCHAMBER - RAINY DAY CONT'D 39

HARKER; curled in fetal position at the window--nude.
 Eyes sunken. A husk ravaged by fear--hunger--and the
 Brides entangled on and about him. Older Brides untwine,
 kissing his limbs, his throat--their hunger sated--

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

HARKER (V.O.)

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

He looks out the window. Szgany load boxes quickly.

40 EXT. CASTLE WALL AND PRECIPICE - LATER

40

The Arges River roars 200 feet below. Harker descends the stone wall; slipping, clinging, cutting himself.

HARKER (V.O. cont'd)
I have not yet seen the Count in daylight. Can it be he sleeps when others wake? If I could but find him...I will kill him and find a way from this dreadful place... where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet. God's mercy is better than that of these monsters. Goodbye, Mina if I fail; goodbye all!--

His bloody fingers give way. He skids down the face--

41 INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION (DOUBLE AS CARPAX) 41

Dim light streams down from the crumbling vaulted ceiling. The ground excavated. Coffin-crates stand in rows.

Exhausted, in pain, Harker crawls from a tunnel to a PILE OF GOLD COINS sitting on the ruins of the very 14th century altar where young Prince Dracula cradled Elizabeth.

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

He marvels at the dragon arch with one word carved in it--

"DRAKWYLA"

Harker inspects the carvings. A BERSERKER WOLF, in full armor, repels an army of Turks. Hundreds of bodies impaled on stakes. The dragon's tail rings the rendering.

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

SZGANY GYPSIES ENTER carrying out more crates. Harker ducks behind an open crate. He shrinks back in horror.

DRACULA lays in his "day coma" packed in the moldy earth; eyes wide open and stony. No sign of life. Harker summons courage, grabs a shovel and raises it to strike.

DRACULA'S INERT BODY RISES STRAIGHT UP FACING HARKER

Harker stumbles back, gagging, entangling himself in the impaled skeletons. He flails madly--trapped!

SILVERY LAUGHTER echoes through the chapel. DUST BEGINS TO DANCE--THE 3 BRIDES MATERIALIZE wearing flowing burial gowns. They surround Harker--more voluptuous than before.

YOUNGEST

Don't leave ussss. You want ussss. You want ussss...

He grabs an impaling pike. She rubs her porcelain skin against him. Harker weakens; his laugh building--maniacal. He grabs her golden hair--guiding her luscious mouth to his erogenous zones--The Brides engulf him--

HARKER EXALTS LIKE A MADMAN--ECHOING OVER:

42 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUING ACTION 42

Szgyany reverently fix Dracula's coffin atop the load. 50 in all; each consigned to: S.F. BILLINGTON & SON, GOSEWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1, ENGLAND. The wagons clatter from the courtyard.

HARKER'S MAD LAUGH CONTINUES OVER:

43 INT. CASTLE - THE PAINTING OF THE WARRIOR PRINCE 43

Young, mocking smile. Crystal-blue eyes watching us.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 THE BLUE FLAME 44

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 45

A schooner crashes down through stormy seas, as if emerging from the blue flame.

SUPER: LOG OF THE DEMETER - VARNA TO LONDON

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

"Entry 18 July, things so strange happening, that I shall keep accurate note henceforth till we land. Yesterday, Olargen confided to me a strange man was aboard. Informed crew. First Mate angry. Boatswain Petrofsky missing this morning. Could not account for it. Men all in a panic of fear, asking to have double watch, as they fear to be alone."

46 EXT. DECK - CONTINUING ACTION 46

Waves crash over her gunwales flooding the empty deck.
An AGONIZED SCREAM is muffled by the storm.

A BODY surfaces on deck and floats by in a rush of water.

47 INT. SHIP'S HOLD - CONTINUING ACTION 47

Water streams down splattering like drums on the stacks of
COFFIN CRATES. One has no lid. A puddle of water rapidly
fills an impression in its moldy dirt. THE SHAPE OF A MAN!

48 EXT. QUARTERDECK - CONTINUING ACTION 48

A HORRID FACE appears from the spume. It's the First Mate.
He gaffs the dead body and turns it over. The Man's throat
has been torn away.

The CAPTAIN appears. The First Mate grabs him--wild eyed.

FIRST MATE

I saw it--an old man, tall'n
thin'n ghastly, 'e is. I crept
up behind it'n give it me knife;
It went thro'it empty as air!

The mad sailor slashes his knife through the air.

FIRST MATE

His face--it changed. E's a young
lad! E' changed agin--A beasty!

A chilling sound never heard at sea spirals above the din
stopping both men. The lone agonized HOWL OF A WOLF.

CAPTAIN

Lord help us!

FIRST MATE

It's the devil I tell you!

The First Mate runs crazed leaping overboard into the stormy
sea. The Captain lashes himself to the wheel. The HOWL
resounds again; the hunter hunting...

49 EXT. HILLINGHAM GROUNDS - PANORAMA - DAY 49

A magnificent sunset over the cemetery and the Thames.

SUPER: 24, JULY, MINA MURRAY'S DIARY

MINA (V.O.)

This is so beautiful. Lucy and I took hands as we sat; and she told me about her coming marriage. That made me just a little heartsick, for I haven't heard from Jonathan for a whole month...

Mina sits on the stone bench, aloof, removed. Lucy, beautiful in a white lawn frock; full of excitement, balances on a grave monument laughing mischievously.

LUCY

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

MINA

I should hope you're not sleepwalking again--

LUCY

No, goose. I'm getting married.

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

MINA

Oh, Lucy--finally. How wonderful. To the lunatic Doctor--I know--the Texan with the big knife?--

LUCY

No--number 3!--Arthur Holmwood. Lord Arthur Holmwood. Lord Art and "Lady" Lucy--Arthur is such a dear to be so disgustingly rich just for me. You are to be my Maid of Honor. Oh, say "yes."

MINA

Of course, Luce, I'm honored; but I thought you loved that Texas creature.

LUCY

Oh I do--whenever and wherever he wants me to.

Mina is annoyed. Major scowl.

LUCY

Don't look at me that way, Mina. I'm not marrying for love. Who can afford to these days? So... de classe.

Mina regards Lucy in complete disbelief.

LUCY

Honestly. You can be so naive.
You've been an absolute bore
since Jonathan went abroad...

Silence. Mina is uneasy.

MINA

Mr. Hawkins sent me a note from
him. One brief line in over a
month. That is not like Jonathan.

LUCY

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

The truth? Mina is shocked. The skies suddenly darken.
THUNDER CRACKS unexpectedly. A cloudburst unloads drenching
them. Lucy revels in the downpour, standing on the bench.

LUCY

Oh Mina--look at us. What if
Arthur and Jonathan should see
us like this.

Lucy twirls, pulling her drenched white frock down over
her body--transparent--titillating. She tickles Mina.

MINA

(embarrassed laughter)
Lucy! Behave yourself.

LUCY

Fine talk for an assistant
schoolmistress. Look at you--

Mina's white linen dress is diaphanous in the downpour.
She laughs with utter delight. Lucy chases Mina around
the bench, both squealing like schoolgirls. They wrestle.

Lucy runs into the cemetery--daring Mina to follow. Mina
gives chase, dodging and weaving through the tombstones.
Suddenly she stops.

50 EXT. THAMES - MINA'S POV DOWNRIVER

50

An ominous, iridescent fog bank obscures the sunset;
brightened by flashes of lightning, it rolls toward them.
Something powerful is coming. GREAT STREAKING HOLLOW sounds
boom overhead like modern jets.

RESUME MINA: Strangely unafraid; her destiny rides the
storm.

- 51 EXT. ZOO - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 51
 BERSERKER the Wolf wakes to the sounds; howling snarling at the bars.
 MORE CAGES: (2nd unit/practical location)
 Lions and tigers and bears suddenly rise yowling and roaring at the storm. Monkeys chatter and race around their cage. Baboons suddenly fight and tear at each other.
- 52 EXT. SEWARD'S ASYLUM - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 52
 Literally a madhouse. INMATES tear at each other and their barred windows; slathering like animals at the zoo.
- 53 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 53
 INMATES scream from their cells. MORE INMATES rush down the corridor like a crashing wave. Outnumbered KEEPERS beat and lash trying to drive them back.
- 54 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 54
 RENFIELD wakes from comatose sleep. Like Berserker, he senses the presence of a mighty force. He mashes his face between his window bars convinced he can fit through. He exalts at the great streaking sounds, summoning them like a conductor summons his orchestra.
 He opens a box of spiders. Big ones. He shepherds scores of flies swarming onto a plate of sugar.
- RENFIELD
 Gather round, my pets. The
 Master of all life is at hand--
- He dumps the flies on the spiders watching the feeding frenzy with childish delight. He writes numbers in a note book--counting flies like an accountant running totals.
- SEWARD (V.O.)
 The case of Renfield grows more
 interesting since taking him in 5
 months ago due to mental distress.
- 55 INT. SEWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT 55
 DR. JACK SEWARD, an intense "workaholic" in his 30's, dictates into an Edison wire recorder. As he speaks, he prepares an injection.

SEWARD

(dictating)

He has certain qualities highly developed; selfishness, secrecy and purpose. There is method in his madness with his flies and spiders and now even sparrows. Had I the secret of even one such brilliant mind--the key to the fancy of one lunatic--

(a rush of sorrow)

Lucy...Cannot eat, cannot be angry with you nor my friend, Arthur, whom you bring happiness. Since my rebuff, nothing seems of sufficient importance. Work is my cure. If only I had a strong cause as my poor mad friend, Renfield...

Seward ties off his arm. The injection is for him

56 INT. ASYLUM CORRIDORS - STORM CONTINUING ACTION

56

Seward glides calm and resolute through his Looneys; hissing--growling--clawing at him like hungry animals. He motions to the BIG KEEPER at Renfield's cell.

57 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - SEWARD ENTERS

57

Covering his face with a handkerchief. The floor covered with dung. Renfield offers a large spider in his palm.

RENFIELD

Hors d'oeuvres, Dr. Seward?
Canapes?

SEWARD

(checking charts, nonplused)
No thank you, Mr Renfield--How
are you feeling tonight?

RENFIELD

Far better than you, my
lovesick Doctor.

SEWARD

Is my personal life of interest
to you?

RENFIELD

All life interests me.

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

SEWARD

Your eating habits are disgusting.

RENFIELD

Lies. All perfectly wholesome nutritious "life". Each life I ingest--gives life back to me.

He picks out a large blowfly and eats it. Seward is impressed by his logic only.

SEWARD

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

RENFIELD

I prefer the classification of Professor Abraham Van Helsing, "zoophagous arachnophobe"... "Spider Man."

(engulfing a spider)

I want him to be my doctor.

Renfield wipes a slew of roaches off a medical journal pointing to an article, "DISEASES OF THE BRAIN," BY A. VAN HELSING.

SEWARD

Don't flatter yourself. You are my lunatic. I only call in my mentor and friend as a last resort.

Renfield loses composure begging on Seward like a dog--

RENFIELD

How about a kitten then, a nice little, sleek, playful kitten, that I can teach and feed and feed--No one would refuse a kitten. I implore you--

SEWARD

(baiting him)

Wouldn't you rather have a cat? Why not feast on an elephant?

Seward leaves him gnawing his fingers on the floor.

RENFIELD

A cat will do. My salvation depends upon it. The master comes. Lives! I need lives for the master. Here kitty, kitty---

Lightning flashes through the skylight. THUNDER CRASHES!

58 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - STORM CONT. ACTION 58

Lucy and Mina hide under the covers and giggling like schoolgirls at the sounds of the storm.

MINA

It says in "New Woman" girls who are faint-hearted cannot survive in the modern world. C'mon, it's just a storm--

She pulls Lucy from under the covers forcing her to look out the balcony windows. THUNDER BOOMS! LIGHTNING FLASHES, blinding them both. They dive, shrieking, under the covers.

LUCY

We'll see how brave you are.
I have a wonderfully wicked plan.

Lucy hurries to her vanity and begins brushing on bright red lip paint. Mina follows, piqued.

LUCY

We'll dress as whores and surprise Art at his bachelor do. You will make a ravishing tart. All the men will undress you with their eyes--lusting for you...

She begins to paint Mina's lips, playfully caressing her neck, her breast--Mina backs away, surprised at her arousal.

MINA

Lucy! I promised Art to keep you from mischief tonight. So... so...go to bed. No more nonsense.

Mina is imperious, almost regal in her command. Lucy backs away like a scolded puppy, then laughs like Dracula's brides and dances into the bed seductively. Mina is surprised at her own strong behavior. THUNDER BOOMS! The both SCREAM!

59 EXT. THE KOREA - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 59

A rowdy pub on a London street.

QUINCEY (V.O.)

Drink up, another health--

60 INT. THE KOREA - CONTINUING ACTION 60

QUINCEY MORRISS is roaring drunk in a sea of HOOKERS.

QUINCEY (cont'd)

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

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

HOLMWOOD

Bloody savage. We're not in Bolivia--This is civilization--

QUINCEY

Yes, "My Lord." Nobody here but us flesheaters, "My Lord." May I say for mad Doc Seward and myself--with all respect "My Lord", Miss Lucy is hotter'n a June Bride riding bareback in the middle of the Sahara buck nekkid!

HOLMWOOD

I'll remind you, Lucy is to be my wife, so watch your heathen tongue if you wish to keep it.

Holmwood trips Quincey, angrily. He staggers back into a BIG IRISHMAN--embracing the man's HOOKER. The IRISHMAN smashes Quincey against a row of kegs. Kegs topple sending a wave of ale crashing like the sea over Quincey sprawled on the floor with several Hookers.

THUNDER BOOMS! Pub windows blow open. Rain blows in. Quincey greets it with a Cowboy yell.

Hookers roll back from the wind and rain. A human wave of flesh writhing past Holmwood seeking refuge.

61 EXT./INT. DEMETER - NIGHT - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 61

The CAPTAIN; lashed firm to the wheel--dead. His head pitches to and fro. His throat torn completely away.

BELOW: Waves crash down an open hatch. Hammocks sway. Arms and legs dangle. A HEAD, throat torn away.

62 EXT. HILLINGHAM - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 62

Shutters blow off. Terrace windows blow open.

- 63 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 63
 Rain and wind lash her as she forces the terrace doors closed, locking them.
- MINA
 Lucy--are you all right--
- She can't see in the darkness. She feels the bed. Empty. Covers tossed on the floor. Fearing the worst, she peers out a small window.
- 64 EXT. HILLINGHAM - MINA'S POV - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 64
 Ascending the steps to the cemetery, a WHITE GOWNED FIGURE--
- 65 EXT. CEMETERY STEPS - FOLLOW LUCY SLEEPWALKING 65
 Serene smile. Oblivious to the winds ripping at her.
- 66 EXT. RIVER - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 66
 Fog; lightning. Suddenly the Demeter plunges in the lighthouse beams out of control.
- 67 EXT. LONDON DOCKS - NIGHT 67
 COAST GUARDSMEN race about securing small craft. The bank of fog rolls in blinding the view. The great streaking hollow sounds boom overhead, as lightning flashes.
- The fog suddenly clears, REVEALING THE DEMETER motionless in the water at the docks. Its anchor drops. The guardsmen stand awestruck at the impossible sight.
- An IMMENSE WOLF DOG SUDDENLY LEAPS from the bow into the water, swimming away.
- 68 EXT. DEMETER - ON DECK 68
 The guardsmen hurry on deck, finding hideous cadaverous dead bodies washing about. Lamps discover the dead Captain lashed to the wheel. His throat has been torn away.
- A LONG TRIUMPHANT HOWL momentarily silences the tempest.

69 EXT. HILLINGHAM CEMETERY - STORM CONTINUING ACTION 69

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

MINA

- Lucy! Lucyyyy!

MINA'S POV - THE CEMETERY

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

Mina appears from the mist. Lightning illuminates the view.

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

DRACULA'S POV - NIGHTVISION (A VAMPIRE'S VIEW)

Mina moves in slow fluid movements. Blood glowing in her veins like lava. Churning with life. Her breathing and heartbeats amplified. The view jumps closer--right up to Mina's face.

70 FLASH TO: THE FACE OF ELIZABETH; THEN BACK TO MINA 70

DRACULA (V.O.)

No...do not see me--

WITH MINA

She finds Lucy alone, breathing in heavy orgasmic gasps; gown spread revealing her breasts--her thighs. Mina wraps her shawl about Lucy pinning it at her neck. Lucy shudders. Mina takes her shoes off and slips them on Lucy's bare feet. She shakes Lucy hard, waking her in a half-dreamy state. Lucy gasps for air--Mina stands her up and guides her away.

LUCY

His eyes...eyes...

MINA

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

LUCY

Please don't tell anyone, Mina.

MINA

Shush up. Let's get you home.

They pass beneath a massive stone monument of the cross.

LIGHTNING CRACKLES: REVEALING DRACULA IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS! The handsome Warrior Prince young again. Stallion black hair falling about his shoulders. Those piercing blue eyes watch Mina go. Filled with a hunger--to live--to love.

Thunder; lightning. The Master has come.

CUT TO: BLACK

71 FADE IN: EXT. CARFAX ESTATE - DAY 71

SUPER: Letter, Samuel F. Billington & Son, Solicitor, to Messrs. Carter, Patterson & Co., London, 17 August.

"HEREWITH PLEASE RECEIVE INVOICE OF GOODS TO BE DELIVERED AT CARFAX NEAR PURPLEET IMMEDIATELY UPON RECEIPT. ENCLOSED FIND KEYS. YOU WILL PLEASE DEPOSIT THE CONSIGNED BOXES OF EXPERIMENTAL EARTH, 50 IN NUMBER, IN THE PARTIALLY RUINED BUILDING MARKED A ON THE DIAGRAM ENCLOSED. WE ARE, DEAR SIR, FAITHFULLY YOURS, SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SON."

High stone walls surround the house which has been abandoned for years. A pond spreads in front of an old chapel. At the chapel entrance, LORRYMEN unload the Coffin crates from 2 delivery wagons marked CARTER, PATTERSON & SON.

72 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 72

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

73 EXT. ASYLUM - DAY 73

Renfield holds vigil at his window, nosing the wind.

RENFIELD

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

He politely gorges himself on spiders and flies--

74 INT. SEWARD'S OFFICE - DAY CONTINUING ACTION 74

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

SEWARD

(sardonic to himself)
What the devil does "Lord Arthur"
want? Blood? Salt my wounds?
Ahh--Best man at his wedding?

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

SEWARD

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

Seward is chilled by the plea. Lucy... A STOUT KEEPER suddenly bursts in--

STOUT KEEPER

Dr. Seward--it's Renfield--

75 EXT. ASYLUM - RENFIELD'S WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION 75

Renfield smashes his bed through the barred window with superhuman thrusts.

RENFIELD

My Master is at hand. Command me.

He crawls out, face down--spreading his arms and legs like a spider--AND FALLS 2 FLOORS smacking the ground. Impossibly, he staggers to his feet and runs toward Carfax.

76 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - SEWARD ENTERS 76

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

77 EXT. CARFAX - DAY - MINUTES LATER 77

Renfield beats against the old iron-bound oak chapel door.

RENFIELD

I am here to do Your bidding, Master.

Seward drops over the wall and approaches slowly. Keepers follow. The Stout Keeper carries a strait waistcoat.

RENFIELD

(pounding, begging)

I have worshiped you long and far off. Now that you are near--I am your slave--I await your commands.

Renfield turns facing Seward and the Keepers.

SEWARD

"Master?" Renfield, have you taken up religion? Come along now. Your flock needs tending.

RENFIELD

What do bugs and birdies matter when
I have been promised eternal life!
I'll fight for my Lord and Master.

He grabs Seward by the throat. Keepers wrestle him to the ground. Renfield bites one keeper's nose off. He snaps another's arm as if a chicken bone; cracking like a pistol shot. The man screeches agony.

78 INT. CHAPEL BELFRY - DRACULA'S POV (UPSIDE DOWN) 78

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

WE HEAR: Dracula's metallic animal growl of approval.
WE SEE: The red eyes of the predator watching.

79 EXT. HILLINGHAM ESTATE - AFTERNOON 79

Seward exits a hansom.

80 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - HER DOOR OPENS 80

Lucy turns in her wedding dress, bubbling delight...

LUCY

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

She opens her arms to him. Seward, unflappable, is shocked at her appearance. He takes her hand instead of her kiss.

LUCY

Do you like it? Mina does. I
wanted you to be the first man
to see it...

She spins for his approval; her skin a chalky bloodless white. Weight loss frightening. Gaunt, cheeks sunken in. Receding gums. The early stages of vampire transformation.

LUCY

Arthur put you up to this. Tell
me? Or do you want me in my
bedroom alone before I'm an old
married nag?

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

SEWARD

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

Lucy drops her "bubble" mask. She reclines on a chaise,
hiding her eyes in her hands.

LUCY

I cannot tell you how I loathe
talking about myself.

SEWARD

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

She fondles the choker, crumbling in gasping sobs.

LUCY

Help me--Jack. Please, I don't
know what's happening to me--I
can't sleep. I see things in the
dark plain as day--and I'm--
starving--but I cannot bear the
sight of food--Help me--

She gasps, unable to breathe, clutching Seward, terrified.

SEWARD

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

He jabs an injection in her arm, rocking her like a baby,
trying to comfort the one he loves but has lost. Lucy
moans--the drug taking effect. Her hand drifts to the
choker riding it up, revealing two red marks. Seward
is too distraught to notice.

LUCY'S THROAT: at her external jugular--two surgical wounds.

81 EXT. LONDON STREET - MOVING POV (DRACULA'S) - EVENING 81

Scanning the rush of humanity. WOMEN in great cartwheel
hats parade by with and without GENTLEMEN. Each Woman
steals a glance at us. Some smile. Others look away
embarrassed--only to look again. And again---

REVERSE TO: YOUNG DRACULA

The most dashing, handsome man on the street cuts a swathe
like some legendary adventurer back from the wilds. An
unusual wide brimmed hat shades his sculpted face.
Thin dark beard perfectly trimmed. White kid gloves--a
silver headed walking stick, which he thoroughly enjoys
swinging.

His eyes hidden behind the newest fashion--tinted glasses. He smiles perfect white teeth--tipping his hat to each woman who catches his eye. The Count is cruising.

DRACULA

Good evening, Ladies. I do find London has an abundance of the most beautiful women in the world.

WOMEN titter quite improperly as he opens a horsedrawn hansom for them. Their GENTLEMAN CHAPERON frowns--

CHAPERON

Have you Italians no manners?

DRACULA

(bowing in apology)

Chi pecora si fa lupo la mangia.

He rises, sweeping his hand. The horse spooks and bolts away with the man clinging to the hansom.

DRACULA

(to himself)

He who behaves like a sheep gets eaten by the wolf. In bocca al lupo.

SCHOOLBOYS dodge around Dracula in pursuit of a PLUMP SCHOOLGIRL playing tag with their bookbags. He delights in their vigor; appraising their size and shape. The little plump girl would do for a tasty snack.

One boy shoves the girl hard to the cobblestones and runs. She sits on the curb holding her knee sobbing. A shadow passes over her. She looks up. Dracula looms.

DRACULA

Might a gentleman be of assistance to a young lady in distress?

Dracula bends, offering his handkerchief.

PLUMP GIRL

Kind of you, Sir, but it is just a scratch.

She removes her hands revealing her freshly skinned knee. Blood drools down her leg. The girl wipes the blood with her fingers, licking them clean.

Dracula turns away, dizzied by the smell of fresh blood. His hunger is powerful.

DRACULA
 (self-mocking)
 I cannot stand the sight of blood.
 (he beckons)
 Come. We must find you a
 physician.

He's lying. He takes the girl's pudgy hand in his glove.

DRACULA'S POV - THE FACE OF MINA APPROACHES

Tense as she hurries through the crowd. Her eyes meet his. She looks immediately away. Something compels her to look again. HE HEARS HER HEART BEAT FASTER. She smiles heading right at Dracula! As if she knows him! He panics, tipping his hat clumsily. Mina marches right past him--

MINA
 Flo! You gave me a fright.

--to FLORENCE the pudgy girl. She tends the knee, trying to make her presentable.

MINA (cont'd)
 Young ladies in my tutorials do not chase about with boys on the streets. Are you hurt?

FLO
 No, Miss Murray. This man helped me.

Flo hands Dracula his bloodstained hanky. Mina rises taking him all in. He bows in a courtly gesture.

DRACULA
 My privilege to be of service, ladies. Children are the breath of life in my country.

Mina is enchanted by his manner and voice but wary.

MINA
 I thank you, Sir. Good day.

Mina gives Flo her book bag and takes her hand to go.

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

Dracula is THE "lost soul." Mina flounces by with Flo, properly reticent to engage the strange man.

MINA

You may purchase a street atlas
for six pence. Good day.
(steering Flo)
Hurry now. Your Nurse is waiting.

Flo waves to Dracula. He waves, desperate not to let Mina
out of his sight. He HEARS every word--

FLO

Are we not going to the zoo?

MINA

Your lessons are more important.

At the corner, Mina delivers Flo to her NURSE and goes her
own way.

82 INT. APOTHECARY - EVENING

82

Mina pays for a bottle of LAUDANUM, rounds a corner and
bumps right into Dracula. She startles backward. The
bottle drops. He catches it with blurring swiftness.

MINA

Oh--I see you are still...lost.

DRACULA

My humblest apology. We meet
again...fate perhaps.

Destiny. 400 years. She eyes him--unexplainably drawn--

MINA

I should think not.

She holds out her hand. He almost grasps with his trembling
hand, then realizes he has her medicine.

DRACULA

To "see a sick friend" no doubt?

MINA

That is hardly your business.

DRACULA

I have offended you. I only wish
to find the zoological gardens.
The child spoke of it. I
understand the collection of
animals is the greatest in all of
the civilized world.

MINA
(intrigued)
If one fancies animals.

DRACULA
There is much to be learned from
beasts.

MINA
I must go. If you will excuse me?

83 EXT. APOTHECARY - MINA EXITS ALONE

83

Dracula is suddenly in front of her, waiting. Mina is shocked. How?

DRACULA
Then allow me escort you. A
woman so lovely should not be
walking the streets of London
without her Gentleman...who is
perhaps "away on business."

MINA
(so angry she's aroused)
I will most certainly not be
escorted by any gentleman who has
not been properly introduced.
And who--comes and goes in a--a
ghostly way--

DRACULA
Such impertinence. How
refreshing. A quality that would
cost you your life in my homeland.

MINA
Then I should hope never to
visit. Do I know you, Sir? Are
you acquainted with my husband?
Shall I call the police?

DRACULA
Husband? Forgive my manner of
rudeness. I am but a stranger in
a strange land. I shall bother
you no more...

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

MINA
Sir--I am the one who has been
rude. The zoo is through Regent
Park. It closes at sunset.

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

DRACULA
Then we must hurry.
(gently, reassuring)
Do not fear me...

--A subconscious command. Mina is completely transfixed.

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

Mina flushes red--beside herself with embarrassment.

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

Dracula can. He grins like a lovesick schoolboy--

DRACULA
Permit me to introduce myself. I
am Prince Vladislaus of Szeklys.
Thus serve proper introduction?

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

DRACULA
(swashbuckling bow)
A meaningless title. Your
servant.

MINA
Wilhelmina Murray--

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

DRACULA
It is I who am honored, Madam
Mina.

She allows a tentative smile, charmed and disarmed. PRINCE DRACULA, barely containing his pure joy, escorts Mina into the swirl of life on the streets of London. Streetlamps are being lit. People rush home from work. Couples stroll catching the sunset. Big Ben chimes.

84 EXT. ZOO - EVENING

84

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

WOLF'S POV - THROUGH THE BARS

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

Mina pulls at Dracula, distressed. She flinches back as if suffering an electrical shock. For a flash she sees those eyes--not vivid blue--but burning red like lasers.

DRACULA

(gentle warm smile)

It's best not to let the beast sense your fear. He will take all advantage if you allow him.

Mina regards this strange man who dropped in on her life.

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

BILDER

'ere now! Git back 'ere--Tyke care. Ole Bersicker 'es quick, 'e is. Whot er y'doin' here, guvnor? Zoo's closed, i' is.

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

DRACULA

Strygie! Murony!

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

Mina and Bilder watch dumbfounded.

BILDER

Are ye in the bidness yerself?

DRACULA

(slim smile)

No. I have made pets of several.

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

DRACULA

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

Mina resists. Dracula draws her hand into the cage. She struggles--then her hand touches the soft fur. Sensual. Berserker moans like a playful puppy. She strokes its great neck, getting into it. She smiles to Dracula--the very image of Elizabeth, laughing free and completely trusting as she pets the Wolf.

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

DRACULA

(softly savoring)

Berserker.

85 EXT. HILLINGHAM - SUNSET

85

An elegant BLACK TOURING CAR stops outside the gates. Dracula helps Mina down; last rays of sun glowing about her.

MINA

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

DRACULA

It does not have to end here.

Mina lingers, reluctant to end it at all.

DRACULA (cont'd)

For me the day is just beginning.

(silence)

Join me, Madam Mina...

Her emotions ripple. She cannot deceive this man.

MINA

Please, I--I am not "Madam"...

(compelled to truth)

I...am engaged to be married.

My fiance is away on business.

I cannot see you...again.

Silence. Both fixed on each other. Unable to move. He bends kissing her hand. Mina reaches to stroke his long hair--like the wolf--then catches herself pulling back.

DRACULA

(profound melancholy)

My sympathies to your "sick" friend.

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

FOLLOW MINA

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

Nothing. Dracula is gone! Even the touring car!

86 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

86

Lucy sleeps peacefully. Mina peeks in and covers her. Mina is radiant. Bursting with news she cannot share.

SUPER: SAME DAY, 11 PM, MINA MURRAY'S DIARY

MINA (V.O.)

I am so happy tonight...because again feel life and hope. I dare not say why...Dear Lucy is sleeping softly and looks, oh, so sweet. I hope she has turned the corner with her condition. If Lord Holmwood fell in love with her seeing her only in the drawing room, I wonder what he would say if he saw her now? Some of the New Women writers will some day start an idea that men and women should be allowed to sleep with each other before proposing or accepting.

(self-conscious laugh
dissolves to guilt)

...If only I knew if Jonathan...
God bless him and keep him...

87 EXT. SNOWY WOODS - NIGHT

87

Harker runs, dream motion, fighting the snow. TINGLING LAUGHTER of Dracula's Brides builds to the REVERBERATING HOWLING of Wolves. The HOWLING closes in--

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

The BRIDES MATERIALIZE, surrounding him, pressing him back into the snow. The train ROARS by O.C. He struggles to free himself, but their erotic power over him is too great.

FADE OUT:

88 FADE IN: TIGHT ON MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF BLOOD

88

Pulsing. Cells churning. Corpuscles battle attacking a foreign cell.

VAN HELSING (V.O.)

Ah--you see--witness the struggle. The great mystery of life and death--continues--

REVEAL: ABRAHAM VAN HELSING lecturing a handful of STUDENTS around his microscope. "The poise of his head indicates thought and power...sculpted in mystery and kindness...dark blue eyes quick and tender or stern with the man's moods."

STUDENT

But Dr. Van Helsing, you have yet to explain your theory.

VAN HELSING

Ah, it is the fault of science that wants to explain it all. But when science cannot--science simply says there is nothing to explain.

Van Helsing raises the limp arm of a cadaver on a table and lets it drop punctuating his point. His students laugh.

VAN HELSING

There are many mysteries in our universe. But the key to all life and death lies here...

He slits his thumb with a lancet squeezing his own blood onto a glass slide.

VAN HELSING

Blood is life and gives life. Page and Burdon have proved the heart emanates an electrical charge with each beat, carrying the blood which animates the body and feeds it--

Van Helsing moves to the head of the cadaver pushing electrical wires into lobes of the exposed brain and open heart cavity.

VAN HELSING

The Americans have an electrical chair used to stop the hearts of criminals. Pity the Americans. Barbarians. But consider a drop--a trickle of electricity to the heart, pumping blood through a body that has ceased to live? Can man play God--bestow life?

Van Helsing turns a hand generator slowly watching the amps on a gauge--students shrink back in exclamation.

The cadaver's hands quake with the electricity. The dead heart beats erratically. Students shout and applaud.

TIGHT ON VAN HELSING: cranking faster...playing God.

SUPER: 6, SEPT. TELEGRAM, LONDON TO VAN HELSING, AMSTERDAM

"Dear Professor, come at once;
do not lose an hour. A dear
friend near death; disease
unknown. I am in desperate need.
Jack Seward."

89 EXT. HILLINGHAM - DRACULA'S FLYING POV 89

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

90 RESUME: DRACULA POV - NIGHTVISION 90

Lucy senses the presence and turns over. Her eyes brighten. She smiles wanton and opens herself. Blood rushes through her glowing like molten lava. Pulsing life.

ON THE BALCONY - DRACULA WATCHES

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

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

Dracula enters. No love or tenderness in him. He hungers. He hurls her back on the bed--rips away her gown--and takes her--

91 EXT HILLINGHAM - NIGHT - SAME TIME 91

Dense fog has set in. A motorcar stops in front of the house. PROF. VAN HELSING steps out carrying a single valise. A grand silhouette. The car leaves. Van Helsing remains motionless, sensing, listening.

Urgency sweeps over him. He ascends the steps hurriedly with a marked limp.

92 INT. HILLINGHAM - CONTINUING ACTION

92

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

SEWARD

Professor Van Helsing. How good of you to come.

Van Helsing, set in his eccentric ways, doesn't shake hands, but rather places his gloves and hat in Seward's care and immediately surveys the house with his 6th sense. Already fearful of the power he is up against--

VAN HELSING

(thick Dutch accent)

I come to my friend when he call me to aid those he holds dear--Jack--tell me everything about your case.

SEWARD

She has all the usual physical anemic signs--her blood analyzes normal--and yet--it is not. She manifests continued blood loss--I cannot trace the cause--She complains of dreams that frighten her--but cannot remember them. I have concluded it must be something mental.

VAN HELSING

"Mental?"

(fearing it's not)

SEWARD

I'm losing her.

VAN HELSING

(reading Seward)

Your dear Miss. She means much to you--You love her?

Seward nods; near collapse. Suddenly, Lucy's ORGASMIC WAIL echoes down the stairs.

93 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING ACTION

93

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

94 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - VAN HELSING ENTERS

94

Balcony doors stand open. Curtains flap. Lucy lies sprawled on her bed. A small pool of blood caking on a pillow. Her gown torn open to her waist.

Van Helsing covers her. Her chest heaves struggling to breathe. He checks her pulse--her jugular. The black choker hinders him. He slides it down--revealing the two small punctures. Fresh. Larger. Worn with repeated use--

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

SEWARD

...My...God...Lucy...

VAN HELSING

There is no time to be lost. She will die for sheer want of blood. There must be transfusion at once.

Seward opens the bag pulling out implements--

SEWARD

You've perfected the procedure?

VAN HELSING

I've experimented with Landsteiner's method. If hemolysis occurs in the donor serum, the red blood cells will burst--Dear Miss could die...

SEWARD

(rolling up his sleeve)

She will die if we don't try.

Holmwood rushes in his hat and topcoat as Van Helsing ties off Lucy's arm in her state of undress.

HOLMWOOD

--What the bloody hell?!

He grabs at Van Helsing. Seward pulls him back.

SEWARD

Art--It's Professor Van Helsing. My old friend and teacher from Amsterdam. He knows more about obscure diseases than any man in the world!

HOLMWOOD

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

Van Helsing looks at Seward, then at Holmwood. He "sees" everything.

SEWARD

He's trying to save her, Art.

VAN HELSING

(calm, in charge)

The young miss is very bad.
We make a transfusion.

HOLMWOOD

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

VAN HELSING

(sadistic chuckle)

I do not ask as much as that, yet.

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

VAN HELSING

(knowing Lucy's fate)

You will be happy in the not-so-
far-off (future) you have done
all for her you love--Now kiss
her once--We begin--

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

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

Van Helsing inserts the large needle into Lucy's arm. She quivers in brief pain--still unconscious. He pumps.

RED BLOOD rhythmically travels the tube from his arm to hers; feeding life into her. WE HEAR the force like a raging torrent of water crashing down.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 THE FACE OF DRACULA

95

In his "coma." His lips red with life. His hunger sated.

DISSOLVE TO:

96 THE FACE OF MINA - RIDING IN A CARRIAGE

96

SUPER: 6, SEPTEMBER

MINA (V.O.)

Diary again. Lucy has had another setback. I loathe to see her pain...I have had such an adventure, such an experience. I confess I can no longer hide my feelings. I...must see the Prince again. Forgive me my Jonathan, I cannot bear...not to...

97 INT. RULE'S CAFE - LATE NIGHT

97

CHORUS GIRLS and ACTRESSES dine discreetly with their GENTLEMEN ADMIRERS; GERMAN DUKES, AUSTRIAN COUNTS, ENGLISH ROYALTY, the like in this famous Bohemian supper club. Absinthe abounds, the "Green Fairy" liquid drug of choice.

OSCAR WILDE expounds a romantic poem to all the ladies present...and of course, the men... especially...

DRACULA, in classic tuxedo with a dash of red silk, riveted to Wilde. Dracula's handsome pallor and tinted glasses draws women's glances like a rock star.

WILDE

And her sweet red lips of mine
Burned like ruby fire set...
In the swinging lamp of a crimson shrine,
Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate,
Or the heart of the Lotus drenched and wet,
With the spilt-out blood of the rose red wine.

Wilde ends kneeling BEFORE MINA, sitting radiantly simple beside Dracula; who stands in rousing applause rewarding Wilde with a magnificent golden ring.

WILDE

Should you not bestow such treasure
to your lady most fair, Oh Prince?

Mina flushes red watching Dracula adoringly.

DRACULA

Should you not bestow such
treasure to your landlady most
needy, Oh Poet?

Wilde leads the crowd, applauding Dracula's wit. Dracula greets the adulation as if a great actor long absent returning to his stage.

MINA (V.O.)

He has such passion for life.
For everything around him--like a
child discovering the world...

98 INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - LATER

98

Where lovers meet for an undisturbed "tete-a-tete." Dracula talks animated. He presses green absinthe to her lips.

DRACULA

Drink. Absinthe is the aphrodisiac of the self.

They drink deep. Mina weakens at his proximity, giving in.

MINA

What does an assistant school-mistress know about such things. I've never been in such a...swirl.

She swirls the green absinthe in the candlelight. Dracula covers her lips.

DRACULA

I had no teachers like you in my youth. Only monks...large, obese, ugly smelly monks...God cursed them.

MINA (V.O. cont'd)

Yet I am drawn to something in him that frightens me. He has many secrets to unlock. I want to know them all...

DRACULA

The land of my ancient fathers is rich in culture and fable and lore and Kings and Queens just as your England.

MINA

(hallucinating)

A land beyond a great vast forest...surrounded by majestic mountains...

DRACULA

(unnerved by her accuracy)

...the most beautiful place in creation.

MINA

(painting in the air)

Yes...it must be. I can see it. Majestic mountains. Lush vineyards...with flowers of such frailty and beauty as to be found nowhere else...

DRACULA

(spellbound)

You describe my home as if you...
had seen it firsthand...

MINA

It is your voice perhaps. It is
so...familiar...like a voice in a
dream you cannot place... It
comforts me...when I am alone.

Their eyes meet, both lingering too long.

MINA

And what of the Princess?

DRACULA

Princess?

MINA

In your land. There is always a
Princess. Does she have flowing
hair the color of autumn, the
haunting eyes of a lustful cat,
with gowns flowing white, her face
a...her face...and

(lost in some
hallucination)

...a river. the Princess is a
river filled with tears of sadness
and heartbreak...

Mina awakens to her deep inner self.

DRACULA

Madam Mina...it is you who have
become the poet...

Mina smiles aloof, lost in the absinthe dream trying to
decipher sensations surging through her.

DRACULA

There was a Princess, Elizabeth.

--speaking "Elizabeth" to Mina as if it were her given name.

DRACULA

The most radiant woman in all the
empires of the world...Man's
deceit took her from her ancient
Prince. She leaped to her death
into the river you spoke of...in
my mother tongue it is called "the
river princess."

Silence. Mina takes his hands in hers, rubbing them comforting...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CAFE - LATER - MINA AND DRACULA DANCING

A waltz. Hundreds of candles flicker. With each turn, Dracula becomes more fluid and comfortable in Mina's arms and she in his. she is awakening his dead soul.

DRACULA

I never thought to dance again.
Or to laugh...

MINA (V.O.)

There is a loneliness in him
that cries out for love...and
something else frightening...
almost...evil...

He lifts her eyes to his--They kiss--gently, tenderly--
Mina's desire awakened by...a monster.

MINA (V.O.)

I find this irresistible.
He is unlike any man...

DISSOLVE TO:

99 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

99

LUCY'S ANGELIC FACE

Sleeping peacefully. Cheeks and color healthy. Breath short; her face thin and drawn. An orgasmic shudder ripples through her. A tiny garland of white flowers has replaced her black choker.

THE FACE OF VAN HELSING

hovers over her; his eyebrows converge deep in thought. He checks her receding gums, hiding his reaction to her slightly changed teeth. He has seen this condition before! Mustn't panic. Mustn't panic.

Van Helsing gently reveals the punctures on her throat. Seward inspects them.

SEWARD

No sign of disease. No
trituration. Could her blood
loss have occurred here?

Van Helsing scoffs, disappointed in his student.

SEWARD
(self-critical)
Of course not. The bedclothes
would be covered in blood.

LUCY
(half dreaming)
...red eyes...come...

She wakes. Van Helsing disarms her with his jovial bedside manner.

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

Lucy rallies with her coy laugh--taking his hand. Seward appears at Van Helsing's side.

LUCY
(surmising who he is)
Dr. Van Helsing...? Jack--how
good you are all to me.

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

Lucy enjoys Seward's embarrassment. Her hands glide to her throat. She freezes--feeling flowers instead of her choker. She wrinkles her nose at the disgusting smell.

VAN HELSING
How can one so beautiful snub such
a charming nose? This (garland)
is medicinal--so that you may
sleep well--and dream pleasant--

He points to a large bouquet of beautiful white flowers in a vase by the French doors.

VAN HELSING (cont'd)
--like the Lotus flower--make
all your trouble forgotten--

Lucy tears the flower necklace off laughing derisively.

LUCY
You're putting up a joke on me.
These flowers are only common
garlic.

Van Helsing stands menacing over Lucy. She recoils--

VAN HELSING

I never jest. I warn you that
you do not thwart me.

(transforming--ratherly
again)

Oh, my little miss, do not fear
me. I only do for your good.

QUINCEY ENTERS, having been outside waiting. He's shocked
by her appearance, but puts on his big grin.

QUINCEY

You just rest easy now, Lucy.
Art asked me to look after you
while he's out being lordly,
whatever that is...

LUCY

Oh my love, I am so glad you
have come. Kiss me---kiss me
once more--

Her voice is soft, voluptuous, reeking with desire. Seward
is shocked, then jealous. Quincey bends to her eager--

VAN HELSING EXPLODES, catching Quincey with a fury yanking
him back across the room--

VAN HELSING

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

Quincey grabs Van Helsing--Seward intervenes--

QUINCEY

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

SEWARD

Quin! We agreed to do everything
he says!

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

LUCY

You are my true friend... Guard
my dearest friends and my Arthur
and give me peace...

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

VAN HELSING

She charm me. I swear to this,
not because of disease, but
because of you--dearest Miss...

100 EXT. WOODS - RAINY DAY

100

Harker crawls through a rush of mud and rain, as if trying to swim up a waterfall, drowning, sinking, dying.

HARKER (V.O.)

No man knows till he has suffered
from the night how sweet and dear
to his heart and eye the morning
can be...the letters I wrote,
each one part of his plan, to
blot out the very traces of my
existence...Mina, I live...you
must know I live...

101 INT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - NIGHT

101

Someone pounds like a madman on the door. Outside, wolves howl. A NUN rushes to the door, sliding open a small hatch. Lightning flashes, revealing the tormented face of Harker. He tries to speak. His voice is gone. He offers handfuls of ancient golden coins, pushing them through the small hatch. More nuns rush up. They open the door. Harker collapses into their arms. He is saved.

102 EXT. HILLINGHAM GROUNDS - DAY

102

A wedding rehearsal. Mina fills in for Lucy. Holmwood, Quincey and Seward greet her at the altar. The mood is somber. Holmwood puts on a brave face. Mina shores him up as they face the PRIEST.

SUPER: 7, SEPTEMBER, MINA MURRAY'S DIARY

MINA (V.O.)

I am anxious and it soothes me to
express myself here. Today we
rehearsed Lucy's wedding. She
was too ill to attend. Poor
Arthur...I have much to talk over
with Jonathan about our own
marriage...only one letter from
him in a month--a brief line,
saying he was leaving Castle
Dracula. This is so unlike
Jonathan. I do not understand
this and it makes me uneasy. If
only I knew the future...

103 INT. HILLINGHAM PARLOR - DAY

103

Mina finishes her diary entry on a lap desk. A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

The gentleman to see you--

Mina panics to herself...

MINA

Vladislaus? Not here--

Van Helsing enters, all charm masking his agenda.

VAN HELSING

Ah--you are Madam Mina, dear friend to our Lucy. Forgive me, I have startle you...?

MINA

(taking his hand)

Dr. Van Helsing...I thought you...might be someone else.

VAN HELSING

Ah, yes yes. Lucy told me about your Mr. Harker's business trip and your worry for him. I worry too...for all young lovers. I should like to meet him someday.

Mina wasn't expecting this. Van Helsing takes her hand comforting.

VAN HELSING (cont'd)

Lucy tell me much about her dear friend, Mina... I know of her sleepwalking and how you save her...I come to you to ask you to tell me all you can remember. It is for her good I ask--

MINA

(suspicious)

I wrote it all down, here in my diary--

She finds the page. Van Helsing politely finesses it from her, moving to the window to read. Mina starts to protest--

VAN HELSING

(scanning the page)

I shall be discreet, Madam. I do not wish to know your secrets...

MINA
Professor...what is wrong with
Lucy? Is she...dying.

VAN HELSING
(reading, face ablaze)
Things are not always as they seem.

He shuts the diary in a rush of energy, taking Mina's hands.

VAN HELSING (cont'd)
Madam Mina, how can I say what I
owe you? This paper is as
sunshine. I am dazzle. It will
be a pleasure to serve you as
friend. I trust you but ask.

MINA
You praise me too much and you do
not...know me...

VAN HELSING
There are darkneses in life, and
there are lights. You are one of
the lights--

He kisses her hand and turns to go. He stops, slapping his
hands to his great noble head--

VAN HELSING
Mein Gott--the devil has fevered
my brain. A letter for you--from
Buda-Pesth--

He fishes a letter from his pocket and presents it--

VAN HELSING (cont'd)
Your "husband" will be blessed in
you...

He dashes off. Mina stares at the opened letter. Jonathan?
She reads, breathless, the weeks of waiting over--

MINA
(overcome with joy)
He's alive! Jonathan's alive!

104 INT. TRAIN - TIGHT ON MINA - DAY

104

Mina reads a letter for the hundredth time, still barely
comprehending its truth.

SUPER: 12 AUGUST, LETTER, SISTER AGATHA, HOSPITAL OF ST.
JOSEPH AND ST. MARY.

SISTER AGATHA (V.O.)

"Dear Madam, I write by desire of Mr. Jonathan Harker who is himself not strong enough to write, though progressing well thanks to God and St. Joseph and St. Mary. He has been under our care suffering from a violent brain fever. In his delirium, his ravings have been dreadful; of wolves and poison and blood; of ghosts and demons; and I fear to say of what. Be assured that he is well cared for. He has told me all about you and that you are shortly to be his wife... All blessings to you both."

Mina's joy becomes remorse...crumbling in tears.

105 INT. RULE'S CAFE TIGHT ON A LETTER - NIGHT

105

MINA (V.O.)
My dearest Prince--forgive me.

Dracula reads the letter in the private dining room set with an elegant meal. He is alone. Pain sharpens; with each word wrenching him like a wild animal caught in a trap.

MINA (V.O.)

I cannot be with you this night--nor ever again. I have received word from my fiance in Europe. I am en route to join him. We are to be married. Forever your love, Mina...

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

DRACULA
(desperate whisper)
Mina...My love...

106 FLASH TO: MINA - ON A BOAT - NIGHT

106

Her joy melts to anguish and heartbreak. She finds her diary. Methodically, she tears 3 pages from it and throws them overboard, watching each memory drift away.

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

She starts to throw a single white kid glove, touching it to her face, savoring, remembering. Tears finally come. Her inner strength failing, she sobs, closing the door on Dracula...forever...

107 RESUME: DRACULA

107

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

108 EXT. HILLINGHAM - NIGHT

108

Van Helsing climbs in a motorcar with his inexpendable bag. Seward follows with Quincey--cradling a Winchester.

QUINCEY

(holding Seward back)

Jack--You know I love that girl.
Wanted to marry her same as you.

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

QUINCEY

That ole Dutchman know what he's doin'? How much blood've we give her and where's it all goin'? And what the hell's with those flowers? Smell worse'n a dog on a gut wagon. Is he working some kind of "spell"?

SEWARD

I have learned not to question Van Helsing's methods... Frankly, I'm at my wit's end.

Van Helsing leans from the car--impatient.

VAN HELSING

Guard her well, Mr. Morriss, do not fail here tonight. We're fighting an enormous power here. Greater than any disease I have ever encountered. To live, IT feeds on Lucy's precious blood.

Quincey, disgusted, ready to punch Van Helsing out.

QUINCEY

You're a sick old buzzard--

VAN HELSING

And you are a sane man. Both of you. Hear me out. Lucy is not a random victim attacked by mere accident. No--she is a willing recruit, a follower, I daresay--a devoted disciple. She transform because she suckles the beast's own diseased blood to become what it is. A monster...

Quincey looks to Seward for explanation of this nonsense.

VAN HELSING

We may still yet save her precious soul...
(laughs maniacally)
But not on an empty stomach.
Jack! I starve!

Seward climbs in--Van Helsing barks to the driver. They speed away leaving Quincey behind. He surveys the vast grounds. He checks his knife and rifle...spooked.

109 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT

109

Renfield lies comatose on the floor strapped in his strait-jacket. Face bruised and beaten. His eyes open wide--as if summoned.

Something is there in the darkness. DRACULA STRIDES from the shadows as if he walked through the wall. His face still the 400-year-old demon. Renfield rises, controlled by invisible strings. With superhuman strength, he pulls himself free of the straitjacket.

RENFIELD

Yes Master...thy will be done.

Renfield is talking to an empty room.

110 INT. SEWARD'S OFFICE - ASYLUM - NIGHT

110

Seward ties off his arm, his body quaking as he prepares an injection.

SEWARD (V.O.)

Lucy is dying. I fear our watch is almost over. Van Helsing has resorted to spells and witchcraft. We are all becoming God's mad men.

RENFIELD CRASHES IN THE DOOR armed with a lancet.

SEWARD

Good God--

RENFIELD

Good guess. I am merely his servant.

Renfield lunges at Seward slashing his arm spewing blood. The men grapple to the floor. Seward stabs Renfield in the neck with his syringe. The men sag...lifeless. Blood trickles in a puddle. Madness.

111 EXT. HILLINGHAM GROUNDS - NIGHT 111

Quincey patrols watching the same full moon. HOWLING draws closer. Dogs? No. A wolf? He cocks his rifle.

PREDATOR'S POV: A vampire's view of Quincey--way across the lawn. The VIEW jumps to his rifle and gleaming knife.

Quincey turns, sensing the presence--VIEW RUSHES CLOSER. He raises his Winchester--he weakens. VIEW rushes over him--

112 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION 112

Lucy tosses unable to sleep. Her nocturnal powers alive.

113 EXT. HILLINGHAM - PREDATOR'S POV - CONTINUING ACTION 113

The 4 legged kind. Moving through the garden to Lucy's balcony. IT RISES--flying to the balcony doors.

114 EXT. BALCONY PREDATOR POV - LUCY 114

She wakes--on command--her eyes filled with wanton lust--facing Dracula through the glass doors. Not the handsome creature of desire, but a hungry demon.

115 INTERCUT: A CATHEDRAL - BUDAPEST - DAY 115

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

RESUME 114: DRACULA & LUCY

DRACULA

Your impotent men with their foolish spells cannot protect you from my power--

Lucy clutches the garland of flowers around her neck--

RESUME 115: CATHEDRAL WEDDING

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

RESUME 114: DRACULA & LUCY

DRACULA

I condemn you to living death--to
eternal hunger for living
blood--YOU BITCH OF THE DEVILL!

He raises his arms calling forth a tempest. BERSERKER LEAPS RIGHT THROUGH HIM (OPTICAL FX)--as if she were a ghost--

RESUME 115: CATHEDRAL WEDDING

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

116 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

116

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

BERSERKER pants over Lucy. The hunger. Mesmerized, Lucy looks into the eyes of the beast... Dracula's eyes. Her hand glides to the garland around her neck--and rips it away revealing her neck and throat--

RESUME 115: MINA AND HARKER

The shadow of the cross passes over them. Panic wells in his eyes, he kisses the crucifix. Peace fills his face. He is clean.

RESUME 116: DRACULA AND LUCY - WOLF POV

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

RESUME 115: MINA AND HARKER

They kiss in holy matrimony. There is no life in Harker's face...There is no passion in Mina's.

LUCY'S WAIL CRESCENDOS!

FADE OUT:

117 FADE IN: INT. PARLOR - TIGHT ON LUCY - DAY

117

Lovelier than ever. Surrounded by white satin. The same room at Hillingham where she made Quincey show her his knife is "a wilderness of beautiful white flowers" and "tall wax candles" giving her an angelic glow.

MINA (V.O.)

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

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

SEWARD

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

Van Helsing comforts his former student with tears in his wise aging eyes.

VAN HELSING

Friend Jack, I pity your poor bleeding heart the more because it does so. It is not over. It is only the beginning...I want you to bring me a set of post mortem knives....

SEWARD

(sickened at the thought)
An autopsy--Lucy?...

VAN HELSING

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

Seward backs away repulsed--stunned into silence. The VIEW MOVES SLOWLY TO LUCY'S FACE.

SUPER: CABLEGRAM TO MR. & MRS. JONATHAN HARKER

VAN HELSING (V.O.)
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Harker.
You will be grieved to hear that
Lucy Westenra died and was buried
5 days ago. A. Van Helsing,
attending physician.

Porters load their bags onto a "motorbus." Harker recoils
from the crush of people on the street, paranoid, fearful.

MINA (V.O.)
A sad homecoming in every way.
It seems only yesterday my last
entry was made...and yet how much
between then and Hillingham and
all the world before me? Poor
Lucy is gone. Never to return to
us. To have lost such sweetness
out of our lives...And Jonathan,
my husband, with another attack
that may harm him. I may never
know what he suffered. I dare not
open the subject to him for I keep
my own secrets...How different our
lives were a few months ago. What
has happened to us?

DRACULA'S POV - STALKING THEM

Watching. Hearing. The VIEW JUMPS CLOSER to Harker.

DRACULA
(angry animal whisper)
Harker---

Harker buckles. His legs giving way. Mina struggles to
hold him up. His eyes wild in terror and amazement--

MINA
Jonathan? What is it?--

He sees DRACULA! Younger! Restored! Looking right at
Harker from inside the dark touring car.

HARKER
(pointing feverish)
It is the man himself. The Count...
He has grown young. My God!--

Dracula is gone in the crush of people. Mina looks back to
harker trying to comfort him. The motorbus rings its
departure.

MINA

Jonathan--calm yourself. Let's go to our home. You've had a shock--

He is suddenly animated, lucid with purpose.

HARKER

You go on to Exeter without me. I must know if this is true and that I am sane--If he is here. My journal, Mina--unspeakable horrors--You will understand...I pray you will...

He hands her the tattered journal, and kisses her passionately. She boards the motorbus unable to look back. Harker watches her go with grim resolve.

119 EXT. HILLINGHAM CEMETERY - FOGGY NIGHT 119

Lamps flash across the iron gate leading to the family crypt. Quincey SWINGS a sledge breaking the lock. Van Helsing leads Holmwood reluctantly in. Seward follows.

120 INT. VAULT - CONTINUING ACTION 120

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

VAN HELSING

(a class lecture)

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

HOLMWOOD

My God--has she been buried alive?

VAN HELSING

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

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

HOLMWOOD

"Un-dead?" This is insanity. I have a duty to protect her from outrage--

VAN HELSING

(grim sweet pride)

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

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

VAN HELSING

She is "nosferatu." "Un-dead".
Nosferatu is immortal. Surviving
age after age feeding on the
blood of the living; adding new
victims. We do not fight one
monster--Lucy is but one of an
entire army that grows among us.

Quincey is loudly skeptical. Holmwood lashes out--

HOLMWOOD

Lies! You cannot prove this--old
man! Why cast dishonor on her--

SOFT FEMININE SINGING drifts into the vault. Holmwood
recognizes the voice. He shrinks back--Van Helsing signals.
Seward shuts off the lantern.

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

Holmwood openly gasps. It is Lucy--in her bridal gown.
Van Helsing steps out, flanked by the others in a line
blocking the crypt. He shines his lantern in her face.

Lucy--her lips and gown fresh with a tiny stream of blood.
She drops the child carelessly to the ground. It moans
crying. Seward picks it up--checking its condition.

SEWARD

We're in time. The child will
live.

HOLMWOOD BUCKLES. Quincey is horrified and aroused at the
same time but ready with his knife--

Lucy approaches Holmwood with a voluptuous grace.

LUCY

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

Holmwood opens his arms in a trance--she leaps into them--
VAN HELSING SHOVES HER BACK slashing the air with a curved
Kukri knife. He flashes a crucifix--

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

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

HOLMWOOD
Do as you will. Oh...dear...God.

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

121 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 121

A train roars from the darkness.

122 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION 122

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

MINA (V.O.)
Jonathan, how he must have
suffered. Whether it be true, or
only imagination...he believes it
all himself. That fearful Count,
coming to London...

The CONDUCTOR sticks his head in--

CONDUCTOR
Exeter Station, 11 minutes, Mum.

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

Someone sits opposite her. She properly avoids eye contact.
She sees the white kid gloves. A chill runs through her--
In the dim light his blue eyes flash. DRACULA--young and
handsome as she has always seen him. She wants to cry out--

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

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

MINA

Please--We mustn't--my husband--

She raises the journal as if in defense. He bats it from her hand.

DRACULA

He does not deserve you.

MINA

Who are you? Where are you from?
What do you know of him?

DRACULA

I BEG YOU. This is as it was
meant to be. Mortal love has no
hold on you. Ours will last all
eternity.

MINA

(strong, defiant)

I am a married woman. You must
understand...leave me...

The train roars into a tunnel. Cab lamps flick out.

DRACULA

Can you conceive of my loneli-
ness? Constant--never ending
until I found you...I cannot go
on in my cursed life of exile
without you. I lost you once
before--I'll not lose you again.

She weakens--smoothing her hand to his face. She recoils,
refusing to succumb.

MINA

I cannot think...or reason...
you...I know I am only alive when
I am with you...

A passionate kiss--He opens her bodice. Her flesh pale,
shimmering. He reclines her back on the bench. She pulls
him down to her. He kisses her arms, her fingers. She
arches herself to him, willing, wanting--his hands lift her
neck to him. Her entire body shudders--

123 INTERCUT: VAN HELSING IN THE CRYPT

123

Lucy lies in the coffin in state. Van Helsing holds a
cruel meter-long stake charring the tip in the lamp flame.
A surgeon preparing his instruments.

VAN HELSING

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

Holmwood whimpers taking the stake and the coal hammer in his trembling hands. Trying to maintain control, Seward covers Lucy's face with a shroud, pressing hard.

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

Lucy writhes twisting in wild contortions. Seward holds her down smothering any cries, swallowing his own.

RESUME 122: DRACULA AND MINA

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

INTERCUT: HOLMWOOD

Van Helsing reads louder. Holmwood strikes again--Blood sprays the wall--trickling in delicate rivulets.

RESUME 122: DRACULA & MINA

He slams against the compartment door, hurling Mina back.

DRACULA

No! They--deny--us--sahhhh!

The train roars from the tunnel. Dawn's light flares in. Dracula is gone! She curls in shock, oblivious to her state of undress. She frantically closes up her bodice.

124 INT. CRYPT - CONTINUING ACTION

124

The men gaze in shame and wonder "as they had seen Lucy in life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity."

VAN HELSING

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

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

VAN HELSING

Now leave us. I am not finished.

Quincey leads Holmwood from the crypt, weeping.

Silence. Seward opens a case of autopsy knives. Van Helsing chooses and places the large knife to Lucy's throat--He sags for a moment--his will finally giving out.

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

FADE TO BLACK:

125 INT. CARFAX CHAPEL - DAWN

125

Dracula, tormented, sharpens the point of a makeshift staff...feverish...desperate. He staggers to the center of the chapel, STANDING FULL IN THE RAYS OF MORNING SUN begging to die. With the anguished cry of an animal, he raises the lance to his own chest to kill himself.

DRACULA

Elizabeth...she lives in you...

Suddenly he jerks the lance away--

DRACULA

No! I cannot lose you again! I cannot let them take you from me!

He hurls the lance in anger--burying it deep in the wooden image of Christ on the cross, hanging above the altar.

126 EXT. LONDON DOCKS - DAY

126

Harker shakes hands with the CUSTOMS CLERK, places a sheaf of documents in his satchel and strides away barely using his cane.

SUPER: SEPT. 25, JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

HARKER (V.O.)

I thought never to write in this journal again, but the time has come. I felt impotent, and in the dark and distrustful of the reality of my own events. But now I know...I am not afraid, even of the Count. He has succeeded in his design in getting to London to create more demons. He must be stopped. How did he grow young? Van Helsing is the man to ask. He will unmask the Count and hunt him out....

127 INT. HILLINGHAM PARLOR - JOURNAL CONT'D - DAY

127

Van Helsing reads Harker's journal like a child reading a comic.

HARKER (V.O. cont'd)
 ...If the Professor is anything
 like what Mina says...

He finishes the journal in silence. He inspects several of the gold coins Harker hands him. Harker waits nervously.

VAN HELSING
 Madam Mina asked that I read
 your so wonderful journal for
 fear you were suffering and in
 great need...She gives me hope
 there are good women still left
 to make life happy...

THE COIN: The Warrior Prince on one side and the Order of the Dragon on the other.

VAN HELSING
 The ancient Dracul himself...You
 may sleep without doubt, Mr.
 Harker. Strange and terrible as
 it is, it is true. I will pledge
 my life on it.

HARKER
 You have just made a new man of me.
 Do you know what it is to doubt
 your sanity, to doubt everything,
 even yourself, Professor?

Van Helsing arches his large eyebrows, scoffing.

HARKER
 (finding his wit)
 No, you don't. Who could doubt
 themselves with eyebrows like
 yours--

Van Helsing roars with laughter then scowls turning Harker's face to his checking him over like a man buying a horse.

VAN HELSING
 Jon Harker--you have suffered
 much from what I have read. You
 are a nobleman. Your brain and
 heart are well. You did not
 taste the blood of those...of
 your infidelity. You are safe
 from the fate that took dear Lucy
 and will heal. Have no fear.

Harker is a new man at this news. They shake earnestly.

VAN HELSING

I am with you heart and soul.
We must find the author of all
our sorrow and stamp him out,
your bloodthirsty Count. Have
you a plan?

HARKER

I know where the bastard sleeps.

Harker opens his brief and lays the documents on the table.
Van Helsing inspects them in shocked amazement.

VAN HELSING

Son of the Devil. We must hurry!

128 EXT. ASYLUM GROUNDS - CARFAX IN VIEW - MORNING

128

SUPER: SEPT. 25, MINA MURRAY'S DIARY

MINA (V.O.)

Jonathan left early this morning
to meet with Professor Van
Helsing, but I slept late, sick
with apprehension. It is my
haunting fear that this terrible
affair I am involved in will
destroy Jonathan. He was never
so resolute, never so strong as I
saw him this day...I am afraid to
tell him, but I must.

Mina approaches the iron gates eying Carfax in the b.g.
tentative--nervous. Seward hurries to let her in. He is
completely exhausted.

SEWARD

Mrs. Harker...Mina....

Their hands meet in awkward silence.

MINA

Dr. Seward--I know you cared much
for Lucy...Let me hear how she
died. I must know. Was she in
great pain?

SEWARD

Tell you...not for the wide
world...horrible story...She
is...at peace...

Silence. Mina can't ease his pain.

MINA
(foreboding)
Has Jonathan arrived yet?

SEWARD
He's en route with Van Helsing with some news of the Count. The Professor has been "blowing your trumpet," Mrs. Harker. I too admire your courage.

MINA
Professor Van Helsing is a shrewd man. Do you trust him?

SEWARD
With my life. There is even a patient here in my care who Van Helsing is convinced is connected somehow to Jonathan's mysterious Count---and Lucy. Mr. Renfield.

MINA
(instantly drawn)
Renfield? He was an associate of Jonathan's. Jonathan took over his dealings...
(the connection is clear)
Do let me see him. You must.

SEWARD
The man has made 2 attempts on my life--

--showing her his wrist bandages. Mina insists.

MINA
Then you must risk a third.

129 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - DAY

129

His room is quite spotless save for a new menagerie of bugs. Renfield meditates placidly on a stool.

SEWARD
Mr. Renfield--a lady would like to see you.

Renfield opens one eye at SEWARD.

RENFIELD
Oh very well; but just wait a minute till I tidy up.

Renfield moves to his menagerie and simply swallows the insects present--stands at attention and slicks his hair. Mina enters approaching him gracefully extending her hand--

MINA

Good-day, Mr. Renfield--

Renfield properly bows and shakes her hand, eying her all over with keen intent. He looks her deep in the eye. (He smells Dracula on her). His eyes grow fearful.

RENFIELD

You're not the girl the doctor wanted to marry. You can't be--she's dead.

Seward is shocked by his knowledge.

MINA

I am Mrs. Harker. Do you--remember me?

RENFIELD

(reacting to "Harker")

Yes--Your thieving husband took you my sweet--then my life. He will pay. My master will punish him--

Mina remains steadfast. Seward steps between them.

SEWARD

That's quite enough. How did you know I wanted to marry anyone?

RENFIELD

What an asinine question. My Master informed me. He tells me everything.

Grave sadness softens the lunatic's face. He takes her Mina's hand gently. She holds his gaze.

RENFIELD

He tells me about you as well--

Renfield winds her scent like an animal. Mina doesn't flinch, motioning to Seward to let him be.

MINA

He does. Tell me about your Master?

RENFIELD

You ask me when I smell him on you. You are in danger--do not stay--I pray I may never see your face again.

He kisses her hand then hides trembling in a corner.

130 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION

130

Mina exits, disturbed and fascinated by Renfield.

RENFIELD

May he bless you and keep you!

Seward closes the cell door. Renfield grabs at him through the view port--

RENFIELD

Let me go! Let me go! I am no lunatic! I'm a sane man fighting for his soul! He feeds on her. I smell him--He wants her soul!

SEWARD

Get to your bed and behave.

RENFIELD

(quiet, well-bred voice)
You will, do me the justice to bear in mind, that I did what I could do to convince you...

Seward shuts the view port. Renfield broods in silence gazing through the bars at Carfax, rejected.

RENFIELD

Master--you favor the pretty bride more than I. You promised me...

131 INT. SEWARD'S GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

131

Harker's journal sits open on a table. Van Helsing, Harker, Holmwood and Quincey plot over a map. Battle plans. Van Helsing's vampire killing tools are spread by his bag. Seward and Mina enter.

VAN HELSING

Ah--wonderful Madam Mina. She has a brain a man should have were he much gifted with a woman's heart.

Mina flushes as the wily Dutchman kisses her hand.

HOLMWOOD

Mina--How good of you to join
us--

In an instant he is overwhelmed with grief--Mina comforts
him like a mother. He sits down, head in his hands.

QUINCEY

Mam, a woman's the only thing can
help a man when his heart's broke.

MINA

Quincey. Lucy called you her
Texan with the big knife.

(whispers)

I know what she was to you...

They share a warm laugh; his handshake rough but sincere.

SEWARD

Sorry we're late. Mrs. Harker
wanted to see Renfield.

Van Helsing's eyebrows go up. Harker takes Mina in his
arms, pulling her aside.

HARKER

I brought you here to keep
safe, Mina--Stay away from that
man. He's mad...

MINA

He won't harm me. Jonathan--I
must speak with you--alone
--Please...

HARKER

Are you ill? Is something else
wrong?.....

She looks at her husband to be; strong again, renewed.
She is completely torn--Harker extends his hand to her.
She takes it tightly to her in love and respect.

MINA

I am with you. Do what you must
for Lucy's sake...for everyone.

She places her hand in his, gesture of love and respect.

HARKER

(proud to the men)

You may count on Mina and myself,
Professor.

Much approval around the room. Mina acknowledges each man.

VAN HELSING

Then we are all agreed. A fortnight ago you would laugh in ridicule if I said there are such things as vampires. Our own experience with Lucy gave us evidence they exist...We were too late to save her...

Holmwood breaks down. Mina is shocked. Lucy? A Vampire? Van Helsing beckons to Harker who presents a file.

HARKER

50 boxes of earth were salvaged from the wreck of the Demeter at Hillingham and were, as stated fact, delivered to Carfax Abbey. I have traced others to 9 locations in a circle around the city. They are the property of Count Dracula.

Seward shakes his head in grim wonder--Van Helsing exalts!

VAN HELSING

Ha!--Part of his battle strategy to conquer us. Jack--the Black Devil is your neighbor!

132 EXT. ASYLUM COURTYARD - NIGHT

132

The "VAMPIRE KILLERS" assemble. Holmwood tends 2 HUNTING TERRIERS tugging and yowling. Quincey, Harker, Seward bear revolvers and rifles--knives in their belts--Van Helsing totes only his bag like a doctor making a call.

VAN HELSING (V.O.)

The foe we face has the strength of 20 men as Jonathan can bear witness. He must indeed have been that Voivode Dracula who won his name against the Turk. He is king of all Nosferatu. He can direct the elements; the storm, the fog, thunder...He commands the meaner things; the bat, rodent, wolf. But his powers are weak in daylight, as are most evil things...He must rest in sacred earth of his homeland... and that earth is where we shall destroy him.

Seward sheaths his military saber. Quincey loads his Navy Colt snapping it shut.

VAN HELSING

Mr. Morriss--your bullets will not harm him--he must be dismembered. His head decapitated to insure death. I suggest you use your big knife.

QUINCEY

I wasn't planning on gettin' that close to him, Doc.

Van Helsing roars with laughter until tears come to his eyes. Quincey wasn't trying to be funny.

133 EXT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION

133

Harker says farewell to Mina by Seward's quarters.

MINA

--I almost feel pity for anything so hunted as is this Count--

HARKER

Oh Mina, you are perfection. Your sweet pity makes my hate for this monster seem despicable. I aided bringing him here--and now I must send him back to hell...or die in the jaws of it...When this task is done, I shall never leave you again.

Jonathan kisses her full, then pulls away. She watches him join the Vampire Killers heading toward Carfax...

MINA

God keep you all--

Renfield screeches at the night from his cell window--

RENFIELD

FORGIVE THEM, MASTER! THEY KNOW NOT WHAT YOU DO!

134 INT. CARFAX BELFRY - DRACULA'S POV

134

Nightvision. Watching the Vampire Killers approach. The VIEW JUMPS CLOSER--CLOSER--right up to:

RENFIELD screeching at his window--

THEN TO MINA; watching from Seward's quarters.

135 INT. CARFAX CHAPEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

135

The Vampire Killers survey the eerie sight. Electric light lamps fall on the Coffin Crates sitting like pods of some alien life form waiting to be opened.

HARKER

(total recall)

I have seen these very boxes at the Count's Castle--He was... resting in one...I should have killed him then and there.

SEWARD

My God. I found Renfield here--

VAN HELSING

(scanning his 6th sense)

Another of his disciples. We must destroy every box. If we fail here, it is not mere life or death. It is we become like him--

Van Helsing removes a flask of holy water from his bag hanging it about his neck. Then his rainments.

VAN HELSING

(sprinkling holy water)

In manus tuas, Domine...

Harker takes the lead, fireaxe in hand. He surges driving the axe through the lid with a cry of rage--He chops again --moving to the next--smashing it--

The Vampire Killers follow methodically breaking open and boxes and dumping the white moldy earth--

Van Helsing sprinkles the earth with holy water and crumbles holy wafers in crates while reciting the communion sacrament--all as if out on a Sunday stroll.

DRACULA'S POV - LOOKING DOWN

The men doing their dirty business. The view LEAPS AND GLIDES toward the asylum. No effort. No sound.

136 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

136

Mina in her bed gown is at the window, unable to sleep. Renfield's painful cries continue O.C. She covers her ears--wanting him to stop.

137 HER POV - THE GROUNDS 137

In the distance, Carfax is dark. No movement. A thin streak of WHITE MIST snakes across the grass toward the asylum, almost invisible.

138 RESUME MINA 138

Suddenly feeling lethargic, Mina climbs in bed. Renfield SCREAMS LOUDER O.C. She buries her head in the pillow.

139 EXT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING ACTION 139

The streak of mist climbs the wall of the asylum.

RENFIELD (O.C.)

He mocks you! You cannot destroy him! He comes to her! Foolsss!

140 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - CONTINUING ACTION 140

The tendril mist pours in his window. Renfield watches, coiled in a corner to spring--

RENFIELD

My Master promised me eternal life--but he lies. He wants to give it to the woman. I tried to warn her. She would not listen. I will spare her, master--You cannot have her--Dieee!

Renfield leaps grabbing at the mist--A powerful force hurls him head first repeatedly against the bars. Or is it just a lunatic purging his personal demons.

141 INT. CARFAX CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 141

Harker chops. The others stack the boxes high. Seward methodically spreads coal oil on the pile--

HIGH PITCHED SQUEALING echoes around them. A SPARKLING SWIRL OF MIST FORMS rolling across the floor. RATS APPEAR from it!

Quincey empties his Colt at them. Holmwood and Seward slash and chop at them with saber and axe.

Harker pulls rats from Van Helsing's neck and shoulders fighting them off as he lights a torch--

VAN HELSING

This is his doing! Burn it!

Harker fights through the swarm tossing the torch onto the pile of crates. It erupts in a ball of flames--

142 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

142

The stream of mist billows across the floor and up under Mina's sheets coiling toward her like a serpent--

Mina, in near stupor, watches the bulge slide up toward her. Suddenly it feels warm--the fear leaves her face--ecstasy returns--DRACULA SLIDES from underneath the sheet handsome--sensual--intoxicating--kissing her passionately. She responds--wanting him--hungering him!

MINA

My love--this can't be true I am dreaming...I must....

DRACULA

Mina...my most precious life--

MINA

I want to be with you--always--

DRACULA

You can't know what you are saying.

Hundreds of years of resistance melt in him as she touches his face--tracing his lips--his eyes--

MINA

Yes...something inside me has always known...

She kisses him. She opens her legs and burias his face in her neck--sliding him down to her breasts. Her gown slips down her pale shoulders--His mouth meets her flesh. Her legs wrap around his waist. She arches against him--

Dracula stops at her throat--her pulse pounding in his brain--He grabs her hand--placing her palm over his bare chest--over his heart--She stiffens--the realization--

DRACULA

There is no life in this body...

She shrinks back reviled--horrorified--

MINA

But you live. What are you? I must know? You must tell me?

Dracula turns away covering his face in shame. He is suddenly the wicked evil hideous 400-year-old creature.

DRACULA

I am nothing. Hated--feared--Many
have suffered because of what I
am. I have committed unspeakable
acts to find you. Without you--
the life--the love you give me--
I am dead to all the world--

Mina, tears of compassion, gently strokes his hair---

MINA

Then I must love you to keep you.

His entire being swells with the power--the hunger--he turns
slowly to face her--HIS FACE ONCE AGAIN YOUNG filled with
eternal tender love.

143 INT. RENFIELD'S CELL - CONTINUING ACTION

143

Renfield is a twisted mass. Seward enters followed by
Van Helsing--both smoke burned. Seward makes a cursory
diagnosis. Renfield moans. Seward pokes his leg with his
lancet. Nothing. No feeling.

SEWARD

Back broken. Cranial endemas.
He couldn't do this to himself--

VAN HELSING

Poor devil--Trepination.
Release the cranial pressure.
It is his only hope--

Seward pulls a round trephine bore from Van Helsing bag.

RENFIELD

(gagging, dying)

He promised me--eternal life--
But the pretty woman won him
from me. Always some...woman.

Van Helsing holds Renfield--Seward bores a hole in his head.

VAN HELSING

What woman! Talk to me man--What
woman? Renfield!

RENFIELD

Ah--Van Helsing. I must be dying.
I smelled him on her--I warned
Dr. Jack. The Master is here--He
feeds on Harker's mare--She is
his bride. ...I...am...free...

He spasms and dies.

144 RESUME: MINA AND DRACULA

144

Dracula rises above her, holding her gently in his hands, in a vampire wedding.

DRACULA

Command me and I will leave you.
But let no man come between our
love.

MINA

I want to be what you are. See
what you see--love what you
love---

DRACULA

Mina--to walk with me you must
die to your breathing life and be
reborn to mine.

MINA

You are my love--and my life.

DRACULA

Then I give you life eternal.
Everlasting love. The power of
the storm. And the beasts of the
earth. Walk with me--to be my
loving wife...forever--

MINA

Yes--I--will--Yes--forever.

Dracula caresses her face as tenderly as a child. He gently turns her, exposing her neck, kissing her softly--She moans --a tiny grimace of pain as he enters her veins--

With his long thumbnail, he opens a vein over his heart.

DRACULA

--flesh of my flesh--blood of
my blood---

He pulls her submissively to his chest. She drinks. She swoons as his life runs into her---

DRACULA

(in orgasm)

Drink and join me in eternal
life--

He falters--welling up--suddenly fighting his desire--He shoves her back in anguish--

DRACULA

I cannot let this be! You will
be cursed--as I am. To walk in
the shadow of death for all
eternity. I love you too
much--to condemn you!

She shudders--pleading--holding him--caressing him--

DRACULA

Hear me--I am the monster the
breathing men would kill! I am
Dracula...

Mina breaks down--all her faculties collapsing--pounding him
futilely--her own guilt fueling her--

MINA

God forgive me I love you--I do
love you--

She forces her lips to his chest--

DRACULA

(desperate whisper)

I too...love...you...

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN! Van Helsing and the men rush in.
They freeze at Dracula...Mina at his breast.

HARKER

Mina!---

Dracula--his eyes red with rage. Mina wails in guilt and
horror. Dracula springs at them--catlike--protecting her--

Harker fires a pistol point blank. Dracula reels from the
impact. He hurls Harker beside Mina--She holds him back--

Quincey slashes at him with his gleaming Bowie knife.

Seward cuts with his saber. Dracula stops the blade with
his bare hand, smiling cruel. He wrenches the saber away--

Van Helsing advances raising a large pointed crucifix.

VAN HELSING

In manus tuas, Domine!

DRACULA

Old fool. You would destroy Me
with your idols--me who served
the cross--me who commanded
nations hundreds of years before
you were born!

(MORE)

DRACULA (cont'd)

My revenge has just begun. I spread it over centuries. I will live long after your bones are dust. Time is mine. And she that you all love is mine! More will follow. My armies to do my bidding--

VAN HELSING

Your armies were defeated. You murdered thousands with unspeakable tortures. Now you must pay for your crimes.

Van Helsing stabs the cross at him. Dracula blocks it. It bursts into flames. Dracula flings it to the floor, wailing in pain like a wild beast caught in a trap--
--then taking a final longing look at Mina--he bows--

--and LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW--vanishing into a vapor--

Quincey rushes to the window peering out. Nothing. Gone. Silence. The Vampire Killers regard each other--numbed--

Harker tears himself from Mina and storms out reviled by her appearance--her actions.

MINA

(breaking down)

Unclean--unclean--unclean---

--staring at her bloody hands and sheets. Van Helsing cradles her in that fatherly manner. She sobs like a child.

FADE OUT:

145 FADE IN: EXT. CARFAX - DAY 145

A burned out ruin.

146 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING ACTION 146

The mound of crates and earth now a scorched monument.

147 INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUING ACTION 147

Dracula's silver brushes and combs lay next to an elegant porcelain basin filled now with dank water. In the burned debris a face stares out--the photoplate of Mina, charred and broken. The remnants of Dracula's lonely existence.

MINA (V.O.)

...He is gone...

148 INT. SEWARD'S QUARTERS - DAY

148

Van Helsing leans into view. He is worn. Aged with the stress and rigor. As old as Dracula first at his castle.

VAN HELSING

How do you know, child?

Mina stares into space. Gaunt. Pale. Her gums receding back. She is changing. Transforming.

MINA

He...speaks to me.

VAN HELSING

(computing)

He still has a strong mind connection to you. He was, in life, a most wonderful man. Soldier and statesman. His heart was strong enough to survive the grave. Had we not crossed his path, he might be the father of a new order of beings--whose road must lead through Death--not life...

MINA

(searching his eyes)

You...admire him...

VAN HELSING

Much so. His mind is great. But greater is the necessity to utterly stamp him out. That is why I want to hypnotize you, Mina. Help me to find him--before it is too late.

Mina wrestles with the powers ripping her insides--

MINA

Must you fight--must you destroy him--even as you did Lucy--

Van Helsing shudders remembering what they did to Lucy.

MINA

But not in hate. The poor lost soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest of all of us. You must pity him too--as you must me.

Van Helsing sighs in grief--knowing Mina's inevitable end.

MINA

I know I am becoming as him. My mind is made up. When I find in myself a sign of harm to anyone I love, I shall die.

VAN HELSING

You would take your own life?

Mina nods with firm conviction.

VAN HELSING

You must not die--until this "other" who fouled your sweet life is "true dead". His destruction is your salvation. Help me find him. Help me...

Van Helsing hypnotically caresses her hand, moving his free hand slowly before her--she fixes on it--weak--fatigued--

MINA

(drifting)

Yes. I must go to him. He calls.

She nods--staring glassy eyed. Van Helsing checks her vitals--knowing what he must do. He puts her deep in an hypnotic trance.

VAN HELSING

Tell this dry old man of science what you see with those so bright eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

149 EXT. HIGH SEA - DAY (LIBRARY FOOTAGE)

149

A clipper ship heads east under full sail.

SUPER: THE CZARINA CATHERINE, LONDON TO VARNA, RUMANIA

MINA (V.O.)

(in a trance)

Sleep has no place to call its own. I am drifting--floating--

VAN HELSING (V.O.)

What do you hear?

The Czarina crashes through waves, speeding with the wind.

MINA (V.O.)

Mother ocean...

DISSOLVE TO:

150 INT. CZARINA - THE HOLD 150

The view glides over boxes and crates to one last coffin crate resting in the shadows.

MINA (V.O.)

We sail...he is beside me...

A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS!

151 EXT. EUROPEAN FRONTIER - NIGHT 151

The Orient Express speeds east through blinding snows.

VAN HELSING (V.O.)

Where are you going?

152 INT. PRIVATE R.R. CAR - TIGHT ON MINA 152

Deep in hypnotic trance.

MINA

(calm serene smile)

Home...Home...

Van Helsing gently closes Mina's eyes. She sleeps. Van Helsing sponges her head.

Seward unpacks transfusion tubes. Van Helsing stops him.

VAN HELSING

The vampire has baptized her with his own blood. Her blood is dying, my friend.

Van Helsing raises her lips. Her gums have receded. Mina suddenly grabs Van Helsing barely able to breathe--

MINA

He calls me to him...Promise me --promise me on your honor as men in the sight of God--you'll not tell me your plans against him.

Harker takes her hand, fighting his tears.

VAN HELSING

She is wise. As he wills her to him, she could betray us. Oh, Jonathan She is one of God's women, fashioned by his own hand to show use men that there is a heaven.

At the other end of the car, Holmwood sleeps in his bush gear. Quincey whets the edge of his Bowie knife--in his rough rider gear. Harker arrives with a map and two whiskeys--sharing his natural sense of command. He shows Quincey their progress against Dracula's.

HARKER

I know one truth for sure, Quin.
If I find out that Mina must be a
vampire in the end, I'm not letting
her go into the unknown alone.

Quincey clinks his glass pledging his loyalty.

153 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT [STOCK FOOTAGE] 153

A full moon. Land is visible in the distance. The Czarina sails on. That haunting lonely HOWL ECHOES...

154 EXT. VARNA, RUMANIA - RAILROAD SIDING - DAWN (REDRESS LONDON DOCKS) 154

SUPER: 15, OCTOBER, HARKER'S JOURNAL, VARNA RUMANIA.

HARKER (V.O.)

I must keep this journal or go mad. We have beaten the Czarina Catherine to Varna...Thank God this is a country where bribery can do anything. We are well supplied with money. I will kill the Count myself with the first blow. Mina is in his mind. She brings him to us. He is weak at dawn...

Harker paces a dock outside the private railway car like a caged animal fighting the cold. Quincey busies himself sharpening long wooden stakes.

QUINCEY

While we're waitin' for the Count to show, why don't you ask the Doc to put Mina wife in one of those trances 'n tell us where we can find some decent food--

Harker appreciates Quincey's levity, but he's too intense to laugh. Holmwood hurries up with a cablegram--distraught.

HOLMWOOD

We've been had on--This wire just came from my clerk at Lloyds.

HARKER
(reading)
"Czarina Catherine reported
entering Galatz at one o'clock
today."

The men look at each other in shock.

QUINCEY
I'll be damned. She sailed right
past us in the night--She's
headed upriver.

HOLMWOOD
That black devil is reading
our minds.

Harker explodes, Quincey's stakes about.

HARKER
No...he's reading hers.

WITH MINA: Approaching in a horse coach with Van Helsing.
Seward drives. She is even paler. There is a gleam of
triumph in her vacant smile.

DOORS SLIDE BACK ON THE PRIVATE CAR

Quincey, Holmwood and Jonathan ride exquisite English mounts
down a ramp. They rein up beside Van Helsing's coach.

HARKER
We'll follow the bastard
upriver. Try to head him off.
You head for the Castle.
Whoever gets to the Borgo first
will have to do the job.

Quincey hands Van Helsing a sealskin rifle scabbard holding
a well-oiled Winchester. He hands his Navy Colt to Mina.
Respect and grim understanding passes between the cowboy and
the lady.

Seward mounts the horse Holmwood leads for him. He doffs
his fur hat to Mina--then to Van Helsing who gives him a
warm clasped hand farewell--like the Pope blessing the
flock.

Quincey and Seward wheel and ride away after Holmwood.

Mina and Harker face each other. He leans to kiss her. She
reaches to him, his horse rears skittish at her--

HARKER
Mina--stay behind. I beg you.

MINA

My powers will help, Jon. If I
stay he will find me and follow.
I...am....his....

Harker shouts in anger.

HARKER

No! Do you know the place you
take her, Professor? Every speck
of dust that whirls is a
devouring monster embryo! Have
you felt the vampire's lips on
your throat, old man!

VAN HELSING

Be not afraid for Madam Mina.
It is she who will protect me.
We are all in God's hands.

HARKER

May God give "him" into my hands
just long enough to send his soul
to burning hell--

He gallops after the others. Mina watches him go. A
final silent "goodbye".

Van Helsing wheels their coach in the other direction.

155 EXT. GALATZ DOCKS - DAWN (REDRESS LONDON DOCKS) 155

Dracula's coffin crate is lowered onto a horse cart.
12 SZGANY GYPSIES guard the crate with guns and blades.

156 INT. DRACULA'S COFFIN - TRAVELING 156

His handsome face aging rapidly. Hair graying. He
whispers.

DRACULA

Mina...you are near.

157 EXT. THE CARPATHIANS - SUNSET 157

Dracula's beloved snowcapped peaks stretch before us.

158 EXT. BORGO ROAD - CONTINUING ACTION 158

Van Helsing and Mina approach. Both wearing bulky fur.
The horses are fatigued. The old man even more so.

Mina reclines in a near comatose state. Suddenly, she wakes, animated, excited like a child--

MINA

This is the way---

They crest the top of a steep rising hill--the Castle appears in full view on its precipice. A timeless sentinel.

MINA

Exactly as Jonathan described it in his journal--

VAN HELSING

The end of the world...

Van Helsing studies Mina's exuberant reaction, troubled--

MINA

Why are we stopping? We must go on.

VAN HELSING

It is late, child. We rest here.

Full of new energy, Mina jumps down and starts walking.

MINA

No--I must see it now---

Van Helsing takes her arm gently. She flares, struggling against him--

MINA

Let me go--I want to go to him!

She fights harder--he grabs her dragging her back--

MINA

I must see him! Can't you understand? Just let me go! I know what I am! He needs me. I can take care of him. Be with him. Leave me!--

VAN HELSING

(wrestling her down)

--I am vowed to protect you. I have lost Lucy. I will not lose you to him. This will comfort you and bless you--

He pulls a tin from his coat--and produces a holy wafer---

VAN HELSING

Domine, Christos, bless this
child--deliver her from evil--

He presses the wafer to her forehead. Her skin sears at
the touch. Mina screams falling back. A scarlet red mark
branded on her forehead--

MINA

I am his--! If I cannot be with
him then I pray you cut off my
head and drive a stake through me
as you did Lucy. Promise me!

She convulses in gasping sobs prostrate on the cold ground.
Van Helsing kneels beside her. His tired body giving out.

The winds rise around them mixed with a TINGLING LAUGHTER--

Van Helsing listens, sensing a presence. The sun has set.

159 EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

159

Van Helsing throws more wood on a roaring fire. Mina
sits upright on a couch of furs, wide awake and energized
by the night. Van Helsing brings her a bowl of food.

VAN HELSING

You must eat something, child--

MINA

(spacey drifting)

I am not hungry...

VAN HELSING

(testing her)

Come. Come over to the fire--

He leads her. She stops--tugging away. Sitting where she
stands, on her haunches, watching.

MINA

Leave me alone--

Her eyes gleam. Van Helsing watches her. HORSES NEIGH AND
WHINNY in fright--The TINGLING LAUGHTER echoes in the
darkness. Mina hears it. She stands, excited.

THE BRIDES OF DRACULA materialize, beckoning to Mina---

THE YOUNGEST

Come--come, Sister, come to us.

She is the image of Lucy!

Mina raises her arms to greet them--Van Helsing pulls her back--He grabs a stick from the fire and quickly draws a crude ring around Mina---

VAN HELSING

Mina! Mina! You are safe here!
Do not move outside the ring--

MINA

(laughing at him)
Why fear for me? None is safer
in all the world from them than
me. I am their kind--

VAN HELSING

Not while I live. No!

He crumbles a holy wafer around the circle, waving the flaming stick at the Brides--

VAN HELSING

Leave us! This is holy ground!

The YOUNGEST laughs cruelly hissing at his antics--

He stands before Mina--his flaming stick in one hand, his holy book in the other--The Brides swirl past him--

The horses neigh in fright--One beast is yanked down by the Brides--leaping and tearing at its great neck.

Van Helsing covers Mina's eyes. He gags at the horrible sight as the horses cry and neigh in death.

- 160 INT. DRACULA'S COFFIN - TRAVELING 160
A smile of triumph spreads on his aging face.
- 161 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN 161
The red dawn appears. The fire smolders. Mina sleeps soundly covered with furs inside the circle.
Fresh two-legged tracks lead away from the camp past the two dead horses--heading for the Castle in the distance.
- 162 EXT. CASTLE ENTRANCE - CONTINUING ACTION 162
The tracks go through the same gates Harker entered.

163 INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

163

The ground covered in a blanket of white. Follow the tracks to: Van Helsing. His face and hands bitten with the cold, limping in his great fur coat up to the stone altar. He gazes reverently at the dragon arch--"DRAKWYLA."

THE 3 BRIDES lay in their tombs. More beautiful and more voluptuous than ever. Their hunger sated--

Then he opens his bag, as a Doctor making a house call, laying out his instruments of dismemberment--his post-mortum knives, 3 long wooden stakes, his mallet--with ritual care.

He kneels before the youngest, overwhelmed by her beauty. He straightens her hair lovingly. Her robe lays open revealing her perfect breast...aroused and weakening, Van Helsing bends...kissing her exposed nipple. Her eyes open glowing hot--she presses his mouth harder to her breast waking his desires--

A Second Bride wakes pulling him down to her loins arching against him. He recoils, chastising himself. In one fluid motion, he places a stake on her chest--AND STRIKES!

164 EXT. VALLEY - CASTLE IN VIEW - AFTERNOON

164

A SCREAM echoes through the valley--

165 EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUING ACTION

165

The scream is Mina's--struggling awake beneath the furs.

166 EXT. THE BORGO ROAD - CONTINUING ACTION

166

12 MOUNTED SZGANY GYPSIES escort the wagon bearing Dracula along the river toward the Castle.

167 RESUME: CAMPSITE - CONTINUING ACTION

167

Van Helsing staggers through the snow; his furs covered in vampire blood.

VAN HELSING

Mina! Madam Mina!

Mina rises in her fur--He embraces her--exhausted--barely able to stand.

VAN HELSING

He comes!

He grabs the sealskin of rifles and a rucksack and drags her down the hill after him.

168 EXT. BORGO ROAD - CONTINUING ACTION 168

The Szgany approach. The coffin crate drawing closer to the Castle in the distance.

169 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA BATTLEGROUND - CONTINUING ACTION 169

Van Helsing and Mina take up positions in the jagged rock fortress overlooking the road.

VAN HELSING

They race the Sunset--We may be too late--God help us--

WOLVES BEGIN TO HOWL O.C. IN THE HILLS. Van Helsing climbs up on the rock with his field glasses--

170 EXT. BORGO ROAD - HIS POV - FIELD GLASSES 170

The Caravan makes the turn heading right at their position. Further back TWO RIDERS are closing fast--

RESUME: VAN HELSING & MINA

VAN HELSING

Look, Madam Mina! Two horsemen follow fast! Hah!

171 EXT. ROAD - TWO RIDERS EMERGE 171

From the snowy gloom. Quincey's unforgettable REBEL YELL flanked by Jack Seward, his saber drawn!

Quincey FIRES his Winchester rapidly--Indian style--

One Szgany drops. The Riders clash. SEWARD SLASHES one across the chest, dropping him to the ground.

172 EXT. JAGGED ROCKS - CONTINUING ACTION 172

Van Helsing yells. Mina is riveted.

173 EXT. BORGO PASS ROAD 173

HARKER AND HOLMWOOD APPEAR leaping their horses into the road. Both steady their mounts and level their weapons.

HARKER

Halt!

The LEAD GYPSY bears down--fearsome blade in his hand.

Holmwood calmly drops him with an expert shot. HARKER SPURS up and LEAPS ABOARD--The Gypsy Driver turns to strike. Quincey drops him.

Harker slashes the bonds holding the box--It breaks free--

THE BOX BURIES itself in snow still shut tight.

MINA WATCHES IN HORROR

Harker fights to the box. Seward rides up leaping over the box chopping a gypsy. One Gypsy slashes Quincey. He fights hand to hand--bleeding profusely--

Van Helsing yells pointing to the sun.

VAN HELSING

Strike now! Hurry Mann!

174 INT. COFFIN - DRACULA

174

Roaring with all the powers left in him!

175 EXT. BORGO PASS ROAD

175

HARKER STRUGGLES WITH THE LID. The coffin quakes--the lid EXPLODES smashing over Harker. Harker raises to strike--

DRACULA AND HARKER - FACE TO FACE

Dracula rises--grabbing Harker by the throat, roaring the beast--

QUINCEY DIVES

Driving his Bowie knife deep in Dracula's heart. He screeches--flinging Quincey into the snow.

Dracula writhes clawing at the knife deep in his chest. A great beast is dying--

HARKER SWINGS HIS KUKRI

Severing his neck. Crimson blood spatters white snow.

DRACULA STANDS

Erect--facing his assailants. Blood streaming from his severed throat--Bowie knife stuck deep in his heart. His body shudders. His skin slowly oozing away--

MINA

MINA

GOD NOOO!--

Harker raises to strike again--A GUN REPORTS--the bullet kicking the blade from Harker's hand. He wheels--stunned--

Mina rushes to Dracula--aiming a rifle wildly at Harker--then Seward--Holmwood--all shocked by her action.

HARKER

(horrified)

Mina--

Dracula turns to her. His face horribly transformed. Almost a skull. Bulging cheekbones. Teeth bared--

DRACULA

(tender, loving)

Mina...?

His voice rasps--cracking like broken glass. Mina holds his dying gaze. Fighting her repulsion as he putrifies; returning to a 400-year-old corpse before them.

His sunken eyes find the setting sun. A moment of triumph flashes across his face. He staggers backwards, snarling in pain--wrenching himself through the snow toward the castle gate, refusing to die like an animal--

Mina backs slowly after him, her gun trained on the men.

MINA

You must pity him...When my time comes--will you do the same to me? WILL YOU?

Van Helsing holds Harker back, using all his strength to restrain him.

VAN HELSING

She'll shoot, Man. Let me reason with her. Our deed is not finished until Dracula is dust--!

Harker knocks Van Helsing down and rushes at her--

HARKER

Kill me if you must--I love you.

Mina squeezes point blank at Harker. She trembles, lowering the rifle unable to shoot. Harker reaches for the barrel--

Dracula reaches the gates. He sees Harker and Mina--with all the power left in him, he summons the powers of hell--

A powerful force SWIRLS THE SNOW blinding Harker. A PILLAR OF THE BLUE FLAMES ERUPTS swirling around Harker, obscuring Mina from view.

Van Helsing is blown to the ground in a shower of golden coins.

176 PANORAMA - BATTLEGROUND - THE SUN SETS BEHIND THE CASTLE 176

Harker kneels on the mound of treasure obsessed with the sea of wealth, calling to Mina.

Holmwood sits motionless on his mount. Head bowed. End of the trail. Seward cradles Quincey. He dies...

Van Helsing climbs a mound--facing the castle.

VAN HELSING (V.O.)
Madness...Madness...God rest him.
Let him sleep in peace.

177 INT. CASTLE CHAPEL - SUNSET

177

Last rays strike the magnificent dragon arch--

PAN DOWN TO: DRACULA; collapsing, sprawled on the marble altar. The same position he discovered Elizabeth in centuries earlier. Now a husk of his body is all that remains as he oozes away. Deep in the caverns of his eyes, fierce life still burns.

DRACULA'S CADAVEROUS HAND; framed in the crimson snow--reaches--up--up--to his precious night visible through the vaulted ceiling--

MINA'S HANDS APPEAR taking his withering bony fingers, kissing them, caressing them. She kneels beside him, fighting her revulsion.

Dracula cracks a hideous painful smile, coughing up blood in a rasping gasp.

DRACULA
Where is my God. He forsakes me.

MINA
I here--I'm with you always---

He reaches feebly to the blade. Mina grips the handle and pulls with all her strength. His fingers, nearly bone, creep up the shaft resting around hers, stopping her.

DRACULA

You must...let me die...

MINA

Please...I...love...you--

She kisses his horrid lips, smoothing what's left of his once strong face.

DRACULA

You are my bride for all eternity...I live in you--

MINA

No...no...

She clutches him to her throat to feed but he cannot. She tears open her cloak clutching him to her bare breast to suckle her blood...he cannot.

DRACULA

You...must release me! Give me peace...I'm begging you--

Pleading, begging, crumbling in her arms. His voice a rasp--

DRACULA

I...love...you...

She quakes, knowing what she must do--

DRACULA

Never forget my...glory...!

He cries out--Mina closes her eyes, prays for strength and falls on him with all her weight driving the knife clear through his flimsy chest---Arching, reaching up to the altar--cradled in Mina's arms--Dracula crumbles to dust.

Mina sinks in a dreamy silent motion across him...the mark on her forehead vanishes. She is free...

The ruins echo with Mina's tender weeping. Moonlight streams upon her cradling his remains. Beams strike the magnificent altar--the dragon arch--illuminating his name--

"DRAKWYLA"

The Warrior Prince is at peace...

FADE SLOWLY OUT.