

DRACULA

BY DANIEL KNAUF

NIGHT ONE

ACT 1

BLACK SCREEN. SILENCE, then a SLOW CLIP-CLOP of horses' hooves, a CREAKING of ancient wooden wheels.

FADE IN:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A deeply rutted track flanked by winter-bare birches, an OX-DRAWN WOODEN CART slowly approaches, overflowing with freshly harvested barley. THE DRIVER, a weathered old Gypsy farmer, wears soiled dungarees and a straw hat, its wide, tattered brim pulled down over his eyes.

He reins the wagon to a CREAKING HALT, plucks a hand-rolled cigarette from behind his ear and lights up. The image is timeless, bucolic.

SUPER: BUCHAREST, ROMANIA

The silence is broken by AN APPROACHING TURBINE ROAR. Nonplussed, The Driver glances skyward. TILT UP TO REVEAL:

A TAROM-ROMANIAN AIRLINER

A BOEING 737 SCREAMS overhead at LOW ALTITUDE.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

INT. AIRLINER - BUSINESS CLASS - DAY

JONATHAN HARKER, late-20s, Brooks-Brothers-handsome, a brilliant young real-estate attorney. He types a few lines on his open laptop.

HARKER (V.O.)

Mina, it's only been nineteen hours and I miss you already. Romania is hardly the garden spot Raechel described...

LAPTOP MONITOR

As he types an email, his V.O. CONTINUES:

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)

Maybe it's the season, maybe it's just my mood, but everything below me looks either brown, broken or dead...

Harker adds, MUTTERING ALOUD as he types:

HARKER

... so we can definitely scratch it off
our short list of honeymoon destinations.

He's interrupted by the "FASTEN SEATBELT" TONE. A STEWARDESS
leans in, speaks with a SOFT ROMANIAN ACCENT:

STEWARDESS

Excuse me, but you must stop with your
computer now as we land.

Jonathan gives her a polite smile, closes his laptop.

INT. OTOPENI AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Surrounded by strangers meeting loved ones, greeting each other
with hugs and tearful kisses, Harker carries his luggage through
the crowded gate. He scans the crowd, looking a bit nervous,
displaced.

HIS POV

CONTANTIN BLAGA, early 20s, lanky, wearing an Nike sweatsuit,
Kangol cap and gradiated sunglasses, stands in the concourse
holding up a hand-lettered sign that reads HARKER.

HARKER

Hi, I'm--

CONSTANTIN

You are the American.

HARKER

Yes, yeah. Jonathan Harker--

CONSTANTIN

You are late. Very late. I am
Constantin. I will drive you now.

EXT. OTOPENI AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Constantin unceremoniously dumps Harker's bag into the rear of a
battered old Lada Nadezhda minivan. He races around, gets in
the driver's side, fires it up and GUNS THE MOTOR.

Harker opens the passenger door, waits as Constantin sweeps fast-
food rubbish off the seat.

CONSTANTIN

(impatient)

Come. Get in! We are late.

HARKER
 (as he climbs in)
 I know. I missed my connecting flight--

Before Harker's even closed the door, Constantin POPS THE CLUTCH and SCREECHES away from the curb. HORNS BLARE as the Lada bolts recklessly into traffic. A SLOW CRANE UP reveals the congested streets of modern Bucharest.

HARKER (V.O.)
 The good news is I'm not here for the scenery. The client, Vladimir Tepes, is sending a car, and his estate is a day's drive from the airport. Once he signs the docs...

SLAM TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - HELICOPTER SHOT - NIGHT

The distinctive skyline. The LOW BUZZ of 1.5 million humans crammed into a land-mass of roughly 34 square miles, driving, honking, dying, giving birth, laughing, weeping, eating, fighting, and just trying to hail a goddamn cab.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
 ... I am so out of here, you'll barely notice I was gone. Not that you would anyway...

We GLIDE IN toward THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, FIND a MINI-COOPER darting recklessly between other cars, the DISTANT HONK of its horn barely audible as we MOVE IN and

SLAM TO:

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - STREET LEVEL - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The HORN is DEAFENING now, the tires on the Mini CHIRPING as it weaves violently through traffic.

INT. MINI COOPER - CONTINUOUS

Harker's fiancé, MINA MURRAY, 26, a pretty but tough-looking cropped brunette, silently reads Jonathan's email off the screen of her Blackberry.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
 ... but as long as I'm gone, and I can't keep an eye on you, please remember your promise...

The driver, QUINCEY MORRIS, 26, African-American, smart and resourceful, races up Cranberry Street, LEANING ON THE HORN while thumbing the volume on a police scanner.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D) (cont'd)
 ... take a bus, take a cab. Hell, take the subway. But no matter where you go, do not let Quincey Morris drive you there.

Mina smiles. Quincey notices.

QUINCEY
 What's he say?

MINA
 (a playful glance)
 Nothing...

EXT. BROOKLYN WALK UP - CONTINUOUS

Awash in a sea of RED AND BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTS, HALF A DOZEN BLACK-AND-WHITES, an AMBULANCE and several NEWS-VANS, the PRESS mobbed behind a barricades.

Quincey SCREECHES to an abrupt stop out front, piles out, looping the straps of two DIGITAL NIKONS around his neck. Mina gets out, still reading Jonathan's email off her Blackberry.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
 ... and for once, just for me, Just until I get back, stay out of trouble.

She flips down the cover, eyes glittering with the predatory joy of a seasoned street reporter who smells blood.

MINA
 Fat chance.

A horribly pale YOUNG WOMAN is rushed on a gurney past Mina into an ambulance, a BLOOD-SOAKED COMPRESS jammed against her neck by an EMT. As Rodney grabs a FLASH SHOT, a commotion kicks up at the front of the building.

FIVE UNIFORMS struggle with RANDALL MARTIN RENFIELD, mid-30's, 6'4", well north of 300 pounds of solid beef. BLOOD covers his chin, drenches the neck of his t-shirt. As the cops wrest him into a squad-car, he BELLOWS:

RENFIELD
 He is coming! He who is the Dragon's Spawn! The Impaler!

RENFIELD(cont'd)

The Lord of Shadows! Fear him, for you
are to him but cattle!

As the squad-car pulls past, Quincey fires a BURST OF SHOTS with his camera, STROBING the back seat. Renfield casts a manic gaze out the passenger window and we RAMP DOWN TO:

EXTREME SLOW MOTION

as his and Mina's eyes meet. There's an exchange there, an odd recognition before we

RESUME SPEED

and the police car moves on, swallowed by the growing crowd. Mina is momentarily disconcerted, but instantly recovers, grabbing Quincey's arm and pulling him down a narrow alley.

INT. BROOKLYN WALK UP - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mina knocks on a door. The Middle-Eastern SUPER opens the door a crack. Mina flashes her press credentials.

MINA

Mina Murray. New York Times.

SUPER

No. No, newspaper. You go, now.

Before he can shut the door, Mina pushes a pair of folded twenties through the crack. The Super looks at the money, then Mina.

INT. BROOKLYN WALK UP - BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOW A BLOOD-SPATTERED TRAIL leading down a hallway lit by a few NAKED BULBS.

SUPER (O.S.)

His name is Renfield. Randall
Renfield...

The door opens and The Super exits, carrying a big ring of keys. He's trailed by Mina and Quincey. She holds a small DIGITAL RECORDER up to catch the Super's statement.

SUPER

... he was a real weirdo, this one.
Watch your step.

They do their best not to step in the blood.

MINA

Really--?

SUPER

What? He cut the girl's throat and tried to drink her blood. That's normal?

MINA

No, I mean, usually with these... situations, we hear the guy was quiet, polite, kept to himself--

SUPER

Hah. I wish this was so. He was the crazy man. Here...

They stop in front of the gaping threshold of Renfield's apartment. The DOOR HANGS ASKEW on one hinge. Beyond a barrier of crime-scene tape, DARKNESS.

SUPER

... this is his place. Police ask, you got no help from me.

With that, he turns and retreats down the hallway. They watch him, then peer into the shadows of the room.

MINA

Creepy.

QUINCEY

Oh yeah.

He raises his camera, takes a

SERIES OF SHOTS:

(Each accompanied by the MUFFLED POP OF THE STROBE, the WHIR OF A MOTOR DRIVE.)

A BARE MATTRESS - strewn on the floor, filthy, soaked with a LARGE BLOOD-STAIN.

THE WALL - A huge, crudely drawn but highly detailed DRAWING OF A DRAGON, bat wings spread a full eight feet, eye's vaguely human, malevolent.

STACKS OF PORN - most of them B&D, as rough as we can get away with on network.

A UTILITY KNIFE - on an open pizza box, beads of BLOOD still on the blade.

END SERIES

Mina states in a FLAT, UTTERLY UNINFLECTED TONE:

MINA

Wow.

QUINCEY

Yeah. Wow.

He grabs another FLASH SHOT. Behind them, A COP steps into the threshold from the hall, one hand on his nightstick.

COP

How the hell'd you get in here?

Mina and Quincey trade a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIRBY CENTER - NIGHT

Floodlights illuminate the hulking facade. Lights burn in the windows.

SUPER: WARDS ISLAND, N.Y.

SUPER: KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER

RENFIELD (PRE-LAP)

(roars)

All of you will suffer. We will feast on your children! None of you will escape his wrath!

INT. KIRBY CENTER - INTAKE WARD - CONTINUOUS

FOUR BIG ORDERLIES and a MALE NURSE pin Renfield on a gurney, strap him in down with leather restraints. DR. JOHN SEWARD, 29, scans the case-file as the Closed Unit Head Nurse, PHEOBE MANNING, mid-40s, gives him the patient's stats.

PHEOBE

Renfield, Randall Martin. Age thirty-four. Six-four. Three-hundred and thirty-two pounds. Medical history, unknown. Psychiatric history, unknown. Allergies--

SEWARD

Unknown.

PHEOBE

Gee. You're good.

SEWARD
 It's a gift.
 (to Male Nurse)
 Thorazine.

MALE NURSE
 Dosage?

RENFIELD
 You cannot stop me! You cannot silence
 me! I am his harbinger! I am his John
 the Baptist! I speak his truth!

Seward gives Renfield a glance, eyebrows raised, then turns to
 the Male Nurse and REPLIES DRYLY:

SEWARD
 A lot.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Seward and Pheobe walk down the corridor, we can still hear
 RENFIELD'S SHOUTS:

RENFIELD (O.S.)
 You're dead. You're all dead! Cattle!
Cattle!

PHEOBE
 He attacked a girl in his building. And
 you'll like this: Police say he attempted
 to drink her blood.

SEWARD
 (perks up)
 Zoophagia? My lucky day! Check with the
 DoJ. Maybe he's good for the study. A
 little high profile, though. Media?

PHEOBE
 Oh yeah. Big time.

SEWARD
 Tell Jess that any inquiries from the
 press need to be run through my office.
 (his cell-phone CHIRPS)
 Are we done, here?

The Nurse nods and continues down the hallway as Seward checks
 the incoming number and flips open his Razor.

SEWARD

Hey Artie...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. METROPOL MAGAZINE - EDITORIAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Function wages a losing battle with Form in the design of the large workspace. Metropol's publisher, ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, 28, is graced with athletic good looks, a ready smile, Kennedy-charisma. As he approves layouts with his ART DIRECTOR, he SPEAKS INTO HIS CELL-PHONE:

HOLMWOOD

You good for tonight?

SEWARD

Tonight. What's tonight?

HOLMWOOD

C'mon, Johnnie. Don't do this to me. You're supposed to be my wing-man.

Seward's still clueless.

HOLMWOOD

Peligrosso. I rented out the V.I.P. room. Everybody's gonna be there.

SEWARD

Oh god... today's Wednesday?

HOLMWOOD

There's a limo on it's way up to your chuckle-farm right now.

SEWARD

(stammers)

I'm... not dressed.

HOLMWOOD

Screw it. Wear a straight-jacket, I don't care. Just be there or I'll personally kick your monkey-ass.

Holmwood disconnects, presses a few keystrokes into his blackberry and speed-dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRYCE RIGGS DESIGN - CONTINUOUS

The place is a madhouse centered around BRYCE RIGGS, a British designer in his mid-50s. He directs SEVERAL ASSISTANTS, as they make final fittings on HALF A DOZEN MODELS in preparation for Fashion Week. , , fitting A DOZEN half-dressed MODELS.

RIGGS

Darling, for crap sake do something about that seam. It's destroying me.

LUCY WESTENRA, 24, begins stripping the Model. Fourth generation heiress to the Park-Westenra hotel fortune, Lucy is beautiful, sweet-tempered, charmingly feckless.

LUCY

Steam?

RIGGS

Dear God, no. Just... pull it off her and re-sew it.

A STYLISH CELL PHONE VIBRATES on one of the work-tables.

RIGGS

Who the *hell* belongs to that phone!

Lucy snatches it up, checks the TEXT MESSAGE on her phone. Short and sweet: "PELLIGROSSO. TONIGHT IS SOMEDAY! A.H."

LUCY

(breathless)

Oh... my... god...

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

PHONES RING, KEYBOARDS CLICK, PRINTERS spit out pages as REPORTERS work feverishly to make their deadlines. INTERNS pick up and deliver files. The LOW BUZZ of activity is interrupted by a WOMAN'S EXCITED SQUEAL.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - MINA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Notes, books and research files are haphazardly stacked on every available surface. Snapshots of Mina, Jonathan Harker, and a number of their friends--Quincey, Lucy, Holmwood and Seward--pushpinned to the walls.

Flushed with excitement, a telephone receiver pressed against her chest, Mina looks around, embarrassed by her outburst. She resumes her conversation with Lucy:

MINA
How do you know?

LUCY
It's a joke. I say in a real whiney voice, "When're we gonna get married," and he always says, "Someday." Get it...?

MINA
Tonight is someday oh my *GOD!*

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BRYCE RIGGS DESIGN - CONTINUOUS

Lucy flags down a cab.

LUCY
I'm going home, I'm telling Momma, I'm getting dressed and I'm taking about four Xanax. I swear to god, can you *believe* this? Don't be late!

With that, she snaps he phone shuts and dives into the cab.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mina's typing furiously as she hangs up.

MINA (V.O.)
Dear Jonathan...

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DUSK

The Lada blows by us on an isolated country highway, the SUN DIPPING RED TOWARD THE HORIZON.

MINA (V.O.)
It looks like Arthur Most-Eligible-Bachelor-in-the-Universe Holmwood has finally popped the question to our dear friend. Can you believe it?

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan Harker smiles as he silently reads Mina's email on his laptop as her V.O. CONTINUES:

MINA (V.O.; CONT'D)
We're all meeting at Peligrosso tonight to witness history.

MINA(cont'd)

Promise a blow-by-blow later. God how I wish you were here. We'll all be missing you.

Harker types a quick reply.

ON MONITOR

As he types: "Not half as much as I'm missing you. Give Lucy a hug for me. I love you - J." As he moves the cursor up to "SEND," a WINDOW pops up on the screen: "SIGNAL LOST. CHECK CONNECTION."

HARKER

Damnit...

He closes his laptop, turns and gazes listlessly out the window at the passing scenery. Sees something odd.

HIS POV

Racing alongside them, animals in the darkness. An occasional flash of red eyes.

HARKER

Are those dogs?

Constantin ignores him, intent on the road, both hands whiteknuckling the wheel.

HARKER

Hey...

Constantin starts as if awakened from a dream, turns to him, annoyed. Jonathan jerks a thumb toward the passenger window.

HARKER

Check it out.

Annoyed, Constantin peers out the passenger window. Suddenly, a LARGE CANINE darts into the road, cutting them off. Constantin SLAMS THE BRAKES.

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van SCREECHES toward us, comes to a SUDDEN LURCHING STOP. The engine COUGHS, RATTLES AND DIES.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

ENGINE TICKING in the sudden silence, the two men gather their wits. Harker gives Constantin a hard look, then shakes his head and opens the door latch.

CONSTANTIN

No!

Terrified, Constantin grabs him, yanks the door shut and locks it. He begins frantically cranking the key. The van won't start.

HARKER

I think you hit that dog.

CONSTANTIN

There are no dogs!

Suddenly, something SLAMS the passenger window so hard it rocks the van. Startled, Harker turns and finds himself face-to-face with A MASSIVE TIMBER WOLF.

Teeth bared, snarling snout steaming the glass, a disturbing spark of malevolent intelligence in its vulpine eyes.

Jonathan stares at it, too frightened to find words. Constantin finally manages to START THE VAN. He throws it into first and FLOORS IT.

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van ROARS away. The wolf stands in the road, calmly watching the Lada's receding taillights. One by one, the REST OF THE PACK joins him. They begin HOWLING mournfully, their ECHOES taking us

OUT TO BLACK

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. PELIGROSSO - NIGHT

This is a very tough door; VELVET ROPES, LONG LINE OF CLUBBERS. Two very large BOUNCERS clear a path as Lucy steps out of the cab followed by Mina and Quincey. STROBES POP.

PAPARRAZI #1

Lucy! This way!

PAPARRAZI #2

Where's Arthur?!

PAPARRAZI #3

Are you two getting married!?

Mina is embarrassed by the silly uproar incited by their arrival. One of the photographers, an acquaintance of Quincey's, grabs his sleeve.

PAPARRAZI #1

Hey, Quince! Since when do you rate?

QUINCEY

(laughs)

Man, I can't help it if I'm one of the beautiful people.

INT. PELIGROSSO - CONTINUOUS

THROBBING DANCE-MUSIC. The place is jamming, decorated in a neo Mayan motif. Holmwood approaches, gives Lucy a kiss. Hugs all around. He has to SHOUT to be heard over the music.

HOLMWOOD

They called the riot squad.

(to Lucy)

When're you learn to sneak in the back door?

MINA

As soon as she gets her first facelift.

Lucy hits Mina with her clutch.

INT. PELIGROSSO - V.I.P. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Decorated in homo-baroque: Heavy, blood-red velvet drapes, rococo furniture.

A wall of glass overlooks the packed club, MUTING THE MUSIC TO A THROBBING BASS. The room is filled to capacity with Holmwood's FRIENDS, STAFF and BUSINESS ASSOCIATES.

JOHN SEWARD - nurses a martini, gazing down at the pulsing dance-floor, deep in thought.

HOLMWOOD

Johnny! Look who finally decided to show up!

Seward turns, sees them and puts on a half-hearted smile. The others greet him with hugs. Lucy gives him a kiss on the cheek. Seward seems ill-at-ease.

SEWARD

Hey, Lucy. You look beautiful.

LUCY

Thank you.

Holmwood turns to the others, holds up his hands.

HOLMWOOD

Friends! Everybody! Now that we're all here, I have an announcement to make...

On cue, WAITERS snake through the crowd, serving glasses of champagne. Excited, Lucy meets eyes with Mina, takes her hand and grips it tightly.

HOLMWOOD

As you know, the latest passion of my life has been a little bimonthly rag we like to call *Metropol*...

CHUCKLES among the crowd. Lucy seems confused. Mina, ahead of the curve, begins to smell disaster. A waiter brings Arthur a glass of champagne.

HOLMWOOD

Everyone in the magazine business told me that politics and lifestyle don't mix. We proved them wrong. Circulation and advertising revenues do not lie. So I'm happy to announce that in January, we will be taking *Metropol* monthly!

As the crowd POLITELY CHEERS, APPLAUDS, Mina sees Lucy's growing horror and embarrassment. Holmwood raises his glass.

HOLMWOOD

To *Metropol*!

The crowd responds to the toast enthusiastically. Trembling, Lucy sets her still-full glass on a waiter's tray and flees, heartbroken. Mina follows. Holmwood turns to Quincey and Seward, who regard him with stunned disgust.

HOLMWOOD

What?

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - ROAD - NIGHT

Patches of snow dust the shoulders of the disused road.

SUPER: CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

SUPER: THE BORGA PASS

As Constantin's van passes, the HEADLIGHTS WASH OVER A SIGN: BASTRITA - 38 K.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

Constantin hurses the van, anxious to the point of hysteria, pushing the Lada to its limits. Harker bounces in his seat, hanging on.

HARKER

C'mon, man. Take it easy!

Constantin doesn't reply, downshifting hard as they pull up to a crossroads.

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

The Lada pulls off the road onto the shoulder.

INT. LADA - CONTINUOUS

As Harker peers out the windshield, Constantin GUNS THE ENGINE as if keeping it warm for a quick getaway.

HARKER

This is it?

Constantine nods, glancing around nervously. There is the only vehicle in sight.

HARKER

Isn't there supposed to be a limo waiting?

CONSTANTIN

He is not here. We go to Bastrita now.

Constantine GRINDS IT INTO FIRST, but before he can take off, Harker grabs the shifter and throws it into NEUTRAL.

HARKER

Hey, c'mon! What is your *problem*?

CONSTANTIN

This is a bad place for us to be on this night!

HARKER

What night? What're you talking about?

CONSTANTIN

This is the night before the Feast of St. George. We must go to the city now. There are very dangerous to be here! We go, *now*!

Suddenly, BLINDING HEADLIGHTS from a limo parked in the shadows. The two men shield their eyes with their hands.

HARKER'S POV

A silhouetted DRIVER steps into the glare of the headlights. He wears a broad-brimmed fedora, a leather duster. Harker opens his door.

EXT. CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS - CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

As Harker gets out of the car, Constantin grabs his wrist. Trembling uncontrollably, he thrusts something into Jonathan's hand.

INSERT:

ROSARY BEADS with a small, silver CRUCIFIX.

HARKER

I don't--

CONSTANTIN

Keep it! Get your things and go!

Harker glances at the Driver, some ten yards off, then shuts the door and, pocketing the rosary, walks to the rear of the van. He opens the hatch, pulls out his bag.

As he turns, he's startled to come face-to-face with the Driver. A scarf covers the lower half of the stranger's face. Glittering, almost preternaturally PALE-GREY EYES peer at him under the brim of the fedora.

HARKER
Sorry I'm late.

The Driver nods politely. Without a word, he takes Harker's bag, then SLAMS the hatch shut on the van.

INT. PELIGROSSO - V.I.P. ROOM

Holmwood is adamant.

HOLMWOOD
I did *not*!

John Seward sits with him at a corner table. He's pissed.

SEWARD
Artie, c'mon. Who do you think you're talking to here? That's what this whole deal was all about. Not the magazine.

Seward's right. Holmwood is busted and he knows it.

HOLMWOOD
I brought the ring and everything. I just... I choked, all right?

SEWARD
Dude. You are blowing it. This girl's something special and she is *not* gonna wait around forever.

Quincey approaches, takes a seat.

QUINCEY
They're still in the can.

HOLMWOOD
Is she upset?

SEWARD
(disgusted)
Jesus...

QUINCEY
What do *you* think?

Arthur looks away, angry with himself, frustrated.

HOLMWOOD
What is wrong with me?!

SEWARD
 Professional opinion?
 (off his look)
 You're a dumbass.

QUINCEY
 I concur.

HOLMWOOD
 (to Quincey)
 Since when're you a doctor?

QUINCEY
 I got my Ph.D. in love, baby.

Holmwood contemplates his empty champagne glass, draws a deep, calming breath.

HOLMWOOD
 I'm scared.

SEWARD
 (shrugs)
 Best case scenario, you guys live happily
 ever after. Worst case, you don't.
 (leans forward)
 It's not complicated.

The two men stare at Holmwood.

INT. PELIGROSSO - WOMENS ROOM - NIGHT

Quincey throws open the door. Seward steps inside, speaking in a LOUD OFFICIOUS VOICE:

SEWARD
*Club security! Ladies, please vacate the
 rest room immediately!*

Minor chaos. As Mina and Lucy look on in astonishment, the other women hurriedly leave, assuming some kind of emergency. As soon as they're gone, Quincey nods to someone outside. Arthur walks in, approaches Lucy.

MINA
 Are you guys nuts?

LUCY
 What's going on?

Without a word, Arthur bends on one knee before Lucy, takes her hand in both of his. He looks up, meeting her eyes.

HOLMWOOD

Lucy Westenra, will you marry me?

Lucy looks at Mina, then Quincey and Seward, shocked, surprised and a little giddy, as if ascertaining this isn't some weird dream. Then she looks at Arthur.

LUCY

Of course I will.

Arthur stands and, as the others look on, kisses her passionately. Mina, Quincey and Holmwood HOWL AND CHEER, APPLAUDING and high-fiving, their joy still ringing echoes off the walls as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HARKER as he slowly takes in something tall and awe-inspiring directly in front of him. WIND whips light flurries of snow In the B.G.

A WIDE SHOT reveals him standing alone in a broad cobblestone courtyard, his bag at his feet. Before him, a massive stone edifice built into the shoulder of a craggy mountainside.

He steps up toward an arched, roughly hewn oak door, reaches forward and KNOCKS. No response. Harker steps back, looks up toward the DARKENED WINDOWS.

HARKER

(shouts)

Hello...?!

Under the WIND, the chilling sounds of distant WOLVES HOWLING ECHO UP FROM THE CANYON. Unnerved, Harker pulls his coat a little closer, leans in and POUNDS the door, SHOUTS:

HARKER

Hey! Is anybody home?

He's startled by THE CLATTER OF A BOLT BEING DRAWN. The door is thrown open by a tall, handsome man. He raises a LANTERN.

TEPES

Harker?

HARKER

(startled)

Yes, I'm... I'm Jonathan Harker. Mr. Tepes...?

The man flashes a disarming smile. Offers his hand.

TEPES

Vlad.

The two men shake hands.

VLAD TEPES appears to be in his early 40s, well built with a fluid, athletic grace. Charismatic and attractive, he seems perpetually on the brink of a smile. His most distinctive feature is his LIGHT-GREY, ALMOST VULPINE EYES. He speaks perfect American English without a trace of an accent.

TEPES

Good lord, man, come inside! You must be freezing!

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Entirely lit by dozens of candelabra and votive candles. We hear TEPES' VOICE ECHOING up the staircase before we see him.

TEPES

... excuse the clutter. This place is in a perpetual state of renovation. You wouldn't believe how badly it went to seed during the cold war.

Tepes and Jonathan enter through an arched doorway.

TEPES

Be it ever so humble...

Harker's never seen a room like this before in his life. A fire burns in a massive, carved granite fireplace. Vast oriental rugs cover the floor. The furnishings are very old, but sumptuously upholstered. The elegant clutter gives the room a cozy, nest-like quality despite its size.

HARKER

Wow. This is nice.

Tepes walks past him to one of two curved stone staircases lead to a gallery with hallways to the upper rooms.

TEPES

It's a dump, but it's comfortable. Storm took out the electric, so we're stuck with candles until I can bribe a bureaucrat to get it fixed. There's roast chicken on the table if you're hungry...

HARKER

I smelled it when I came in.

TEPES

Help yourself. I'll be right down.

Famished, Harker lifts the tarnished silver cover off a platter to revealing a steaming *pui la tava* baked chicken with potatoes and vegetables. He savors its rich aroma.

HARKER

Oh... god...

EXT. PELIGROSSO - NIGHT

STROBES EXPLODE, dozens of Paparazzi taking flash photos of the newly engaged couple, Lucy holding up an impressive diamond engagement ring.

SIDEWALK, CLEAR OF THE CROWD

Smiling, Mina and Seward watch the feeding frenzy.

MINA

You did good, John.

SEWARD

I just gave him a nudge.

Mina stands on tiptoe and gives him a warm smooch on the cheek. Quincey steps up, raising a brut of Cristal.

QUINCEY

Hear hear, the night is still young.
Where to, children?

SEWARD

(shakes his head)
I gotta get into the chuckle-factory
early tomorrow. We just admitted a real
doozy. Randall Martin Renfield--

MINA

Get outta here! He's your *patient*?

SEWARD

He is now.

QUINCEY

We were there when they took him down.
Man, you should see his crib, all Silence
of the Lambs and stuff, you know--

MINA
 (creepy voice)
 It puts the lotion on its skin.

QUINCEY
 Oh, *man!* You're *sick*, girl!

They LAUGH. Seward WHISTLES for a cab. A Checker glides up.

MINA
 John! Wait!

She grabs Seward's arm. He turns.

MINA
 You're his doctor, right?

SEWARD
 Yeah. As long as he's up at Kirby.

MINA
 So if somebody wanted an interview--

SEWARD
 No way.

MINA
 (whines)
 C'mon, John. Pretty please...

SEWARD
 No. Absolutely not.

She pouts. He opens the rear door of the taxi.

SEWARD
 And if you print one word about what I just told you, I'll tell Jonathan all about Barbados.

MINA
 You rat!

He gets in the cab and it speeds off. Frustrated, Mina watches it for a long moment.

QUINCEY
 So. What about Barbados?

Mina just sighs and gives him a look.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Jonathan and Tepes sit at the library table. Gorgeous silver settings, antique bone china. Vlad reviews and signs various documents. Harker has decimated the chicken.

HARKER

This wine is really outstanding. Sure you don't want a glass?

TEPES

(glances up, smiles)
No, thanks. I don't drink wine.
(re: the docs)
You and Ms. Hawkins have been very thorough. Have you seen the property?

HARKER

It's beautiful. A lot of nice architectural details. But it's gonna need work. You might consider renting a place until it's finished.

TEPES

I don't mind a little dust. Tell me about Strivers Row.

HARKER

It's in Harlem. Historical District. A culturally diverse neighborhood--

TEPES

"Culturally diverse neighborhood." I've read that term. Very proper. What does it really mean?

HARKER

Mixed. Whites, blacks, Indians, Puerto Ricans, all living in the same place.

TEPES

You're smiling.

HARKER

It's just, that's the first time all night you've asked me what something meant. Your English is excellent.

TEPES

(pleased)
Is it? How's my accent?

HARKER

(laughs)

Non-existent. You sound like a native.

TEPES

Thank you. You have no idea how relieved I am to hear you say that. It's very important to me that I fit in.

HARKER

You might want to reconsider. A lot of women get very hot for guys with accents.

TEPES

(thick, Romanian accent)

Ahh, then I shall affect vun to get, how do you say... "lucky?"

Harker LAUGHS.

TEPES

(a perfect Texas drawl)

Or I could just tell the little lady ahm a good'ole boy from Dallas.

HARKER

Wow. I take it you've spent a lot of time in the States?

Tepes smiles enigmatically.

TEPES

In a way...

INT. TEPES ESTATE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A large octagonal room, three stories tall, the walls lined with books. Wrought-iron spiral stairs and catwalks provide access to the second and third tier.

In front of an arched cathedral window is a 50" PLASMA SCREEN, a state-of-the-art ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM. The adjacent shelves contain HUNDREDS OF VIDEO-TAPES AND DVDs.

TEPES

This is my classroom. I have over two-thousand movies in my collection: dramas, comedies, documentaries...

Amused, Harker points at some boxed sets on one of the shelves.

HARKER

Dallas.

TEPES

(in his Texas drawl)

Yes-sirree. All thirteen seasons.

(losing the accent)

Believe me, it's much more entertaining to learn American English from J.R. Ewing than some boring language tapes. Plus I pick up the colloquialisms, the slang, the gestures, the cultural and social subtleties. I even learned how to swear properly!

HARKER

From Martin Scorsese?

Vlad LAUGHS. Outside, there's the DISTANT HOWL OF WOLVES. Tepes smiles faintly, steps to the window. A BITTERSWEET SMILE.

HARKER

From Martin Scorsese?

Vlad LAUGHS.

TEPES

You have no idea how excited I am to be moving to such an amazing, vibrant country. And to New York! It's greatest city! It'll be like living in Florence at the height of the Renaissance! So much passion and life!

(gestures out the window)

Romania was once such a country. A crossroad between the East and the West. All the great cultures collided here-- Roman, Byzantine, the Ottomans. But it's all gone, now. Centuries of war and political strife. My poor Romania...

(shakes his head sadly)

She was already dead when the Communists took power. For over forty years, they feasted on her carcass...

For a long moment, he gazes out the leaded glass window at the snow-flurries. Outside, there's the DISTANT HOWL OF WOLVES. Tepes smiles faintly.

TEPES

Listen to them. The children of the night. Courting the moon with the same sad song, night after night. They're endangered, you know. Hunted to virtual extinction by ignorant peasants. But still, we endure...

He SIGHS, then turns to Harker.

TEPES

A man like you. From New York. You must feel like you stepped into a time-machine and ended up in the middle ages.

HARKER

It's a little rough around the edges.

(smiles)

That guy who picked me up at the airport? Constantin? He was a real character.

TEPES

Really.

HARKER

Kinda high-strung. Drove like a maniac. All the way up, he was freaking out about the feast of some saint.

TEPES

St. George. Yes. He's venerated here. I take it you're not a religious man?

HARKER

I'm a devout agnostic.

TEPES

(laughs)

Committed to not committing! I love that! It reminds me of the two monks.

Harker shakes his head, clueless.

TEPES

Long ago, one of my ancestors, a great warrior prince, was visited by two Roman-Catholic monks...

SLAM TO:

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GREAT HALL (15TH CENTURY) - DAY

TWO MONKS stand in same space we saw earlier, which is now largely devoid of furniture, crowded with court officials and guards. Shafts of sunlight cut through a haze of dust. Both meekly bow a greeting.

REVERSE on a man seated on a throne, gazing at the floor. He wears a armor breastplate over embroidered finery, chain mail sleeves and a cape lined with the pelts of timber-wolves. Locks of long, black hair fall past his broad shoulders.

He slowly raises his head. He is the man we already know as VLAD TEPES. A thick moustache follows the line of his cheekbones back to his jaw-line, a patch of whiskers under his lower-lip. He regards the monks through unblinking, light-grey eyes.

TEPES (V.O.)

Curious to see their reaction, he led them to a terrace to view the grounds behind his palace.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - REAR TERRACE - DAY

The amber sky is HAZY WITH SMOKE. Hundreds of CROWS circle overhead. Tepes leads the two monks toward the balustrade, REVEALING A CROOKED FOREST OF IMPALED MEN AND WOMEN, skewered at various heights on tall lances set in the ground.

TEPES (V.O.; CONT'D)

This prince's preferred form of execution was *tragere în teapa*, or impalement, in which a pointed lance is driven through the victim, carefully so as not to pierce the heart or lungs. This assured a lingering, painful death.

Most are dead, in various states of decomposition, but many are still alive and SHRIEKING, writhing as CROWS alight on them and peck at their flesh.

TEPES (V.O.; CONT'D)

The prince had won a great battle with the Turks, and as far as the eye could see, hundreds of prisoners had been impaled, hoisted up, the lances set into the ground. A vast forest of twisted, screaming bodies.

Vlad Tepes turns and, amused, asks the Monks something MOS. One of the Monks replies, head bowed respectfully.

TEPES (V.O.; CONT'D)

He asked the monks what they thought. The first responded, "You majesty, surely you are appointed by God to punish the infidels."

Vlad turns to the second Monk, who gazes out at the suffering victims, stricken with horror, eyes filled with tears. He turns to Vlad, disgusted and angry.

TEPES (V.O.)

The second monk, though, said it was an abomination, and that any man so barbaric and cruel would surely burn in hell.

BACK TO:

INT. TEPES ESTATE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Tepes concludes his story:

TEPES

For his courage and honesty, the Prince rewarded the second monk with a chest of gold, and sent him safely on his way to build the beautiful painted abbey of Voronet.

Jonathan just stares at him a beat, disquieted by the gruesome story.

HARKER

What about the first monk?

TEPES

The one who kissed his ass...?
(shrugs)
He impaled him, of course.

The two look at each other for a long beat, then both start LAUGHING.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER BIKEWAY - PIER 34 - NIGHT

Quincey is LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY. Mina is peeved.

MINA

I was drunk!

QUINCEY

That's no excuse!

MINA

It was nothing. It was just a kiss. I wasn't even *with* Jonathan then.

QUINCEY

You are such a slut.

MINA

I am not. It was just... a *moment*, okay?

QUINCEY

(with cheesy affect)

A moment. On a Cancun beach. Under the pale, blue tropical moon, suckin face with young, virile psychiatrist, John Seward!

She smacks him.

MINA

Shut up! It wasn't like that. He'd just gotten his heart broken.

QUINCEY (CONT'D)

... spurned by the beautiful heiress, Miss Lucy Westenra, he fell into the arms of her best friend...

MINA

I knew I shouldn't have told you.

QUINCEY

(Errol Flynn)

Don't worry, darling. Your secret is safe with me.

MINA

It's not a *secret*.

QUINCEY

Does Harker know?

Busted, she glares at him. After a beat.

MINA

Gimme that damn bottle.

He hands her the magnum of Cristal. She sits down on the low barrier, takes a pull. Quincey sits next to her.

QUINCEY

That is sad.

MINA

Shut up.

QUINCEY

No, I mean, here's Doctor John. He asks Lucy to marry him, she says no. Four years later, she says yes to his best friend in the whole world. That's gotta leave a mark.

MINA
 (nods)
 He's still in love with her.

She passes the bottle to Quincey, who tips it toward the sky.

QUINCEY
 To Venus. The capricious bitch.

They LAUGH. For a moment, the two friends sit in comfortable silence, listening to the HUM of THE CITY.

QUINCEY
 You miss him.

MINA
 He's only been gone a day.

Quincey just gazes at her, not believing a single word. Mina SIGHS.

MINA
 Yeah. I miss him. I miss him so much it aches.

QUINCEY
 Nothin wrong with that.

MINA
 I know. It's just... *scary* to need somebody that much, you know?

Quincey nods. After a beat, he smiles, tips the bottle.

QUINCEY
 To Jonathan Harker.

MINA
 To Jonathan.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SLOW TRACK through the room. AN OIL LANTERN burns low on the night stand. CLOSE IN ON HARKER, who is sleeping fitfully. Suddenly, he awakes with a start.

Slightly disoriented, it takes him a moment to remember where he is. Bare-chested, wearing a pair of sweatpants, he sits up, flips open his cell-phone.

INSERT:

A Message along the top reads "NO SERVICE."

HARKER

picks up the receiver on an old phone next to his bed, taps the cradle a couple times. Nothing. Standing, he flips open his cell-phone and, holding it up so he can see the display, walks around the room, trying to coax some bars.

HARKER

Damnit.

He crosses to the door. It's locked. He checks the doorknob for a catch. Frustrated, he RATTLES the knob, CALLS OUT:

HARKER

Hey!

The door won't budge. More annoyed than frightened, thinking it's an oversight or some kind of weird European thing, he again opens his phone and hunts for a connection.

He steps up to the window. The catch is stuck. He leans on it and the casements SUDDENLY SWING OUTWARD, almost pitching him into the darkness. Shaken, he regains his balance and looks down.

HIS POV

It's a FORTY-FOOT DROP to the cobblestone courtyard below.

HARKER

Whoa...

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Harker winces against the SNOW FLURRIES still blowing in the darkness. He's shutting the casements when movement outside to his right draws his attention.

HIS POV

In a round tower at the corner of the building, one floor below him, a window opens, REVEALING VLAD TEPES within.

HARKER

opens his mouth to call out, Suddenly, his eyes widen.

HIS POV

Tepes pitches forward over the sill and, clinging to the wall like a gecko, begins SCUTTling DOWN THE WALL, HEAD FIRST.

HARKER

instinctively GASPS.

CLOSE ON TEPES

Teeth bared, SNARLING, he turns toward the sound, clinging to the rough stones with the splayed tips of his fingers.

HARKER

ducks behind one of the casements, sweating despite the chill, terrified, afraid to breathe.

TEPES

Satisfied there's nothing to be seen, Tepes continues his bizarre, scuttling descent down the sheer side of the wall.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harker shuts the window, flattens himself against the wall, trembling, an expression of dazed horror on his face.

ACT 3

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

CHILDREN play with a SKINNY DOG, chasing it around a fountain. An old PRIEST sweeps off the steps of his church.

SUPER: LETICIA, BRAZIL.

Seated in a small outdoor cafe in ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, early-40s, dressed in a worn khaki suit, a frayed panama hat, sips espresso. Handsome and fit, the hard set of his features is leavened by the natural, open curiosity of a life-long academic. A WAITER APPROACHES:

WAITER
(in Portuguese, subtitled)
Your newspaper, Dr. Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING
Obrigado, Humberto.

The Waiter hands him a folded copy of the tabloid, FOLHA DE S. PAULO. Leafing through the *Seção Internacional*, his attention is immediately drawn to a headline.

INSERT:

The headline reads: *ASSASSINO VAMPIRE CAPTURADO EM NEW YORK*. Underneath is QUINCEY'S PHOTO OF RENFIELD being driven off in the back of the police cruiser.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - DAY ROOM - DAY

THE SAME PHOTO in the New York Times.

RENFIELD

sits at a table, reading the article with avid interest. In the B.G., PATIENTS play cards, watch television. A bored NURSE sits behind a glass partition.

INSERT:

THE ARTICLE. Renfield's fingers trace up the paragraph and pause at the byline: MINA MURRAY.

RENFIELD
Mina Murray...

A COCKROACH skitters along the edge of the table. Still reading, without even looking at it, Renfield snatches the bug, slips it in his mouth, slowly chews the insect as he reads his morning paper.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - MINA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Mina sits at her workstation. Types in a command.

ON MONITOR:

Her email box kicks out a message: NO NEW MAIL.

MINA
(murmurs)
Damn it...

Mina's TELEPHONE RINGS. She snatches it up.

MINA
Mina Murray.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY

John Seward speaks into a phone mounted on the wall. In the B.G., NURSES walk by, ORDERLIES escorting PATIENTS, etc.

SEWARD
Hey, Mina. It's John.

MINA
(disappointed)
Oh.

SEWARD
You mad at me?

MINA
No. I'm sorry. It's just that I was hoping to hear from Jonathan.

SEWARD
He hasn't called?

MINA
Not since he left.

SEWARD
I wouldn't worry about it. He was headed for the sticks. Phone service can be pretty dodgy.

MINA

I guess...

SEWARD

I'm gonna tell you something, and I want you to say no.

MINA

What?

SEWARD

Just promise me you'll say no.

MINA

John, please, I'm not in the mood for games...

SEWARD

Renfield wants to talk to you.

MINA

He asked for me by name?

SEWARD

Yeah. He read your piece in the Times, and--

MINA

Oh *crap*, I've gotta lunch. But I'll come by right after--

SEWARD

No. No, *listen*. You don't *get* it. I don't want you to do this.

MINA

So why are you telling me?

SEWARD

Because if I don't, his lawyer will. Now please, say no.

She struggles with it.

MINA

I can't. I gotta do this. Besides, if I don't, he'll just ask for somebody else, and it'll be totally out of your hands, right?

SEWARD

(resigned)

I guess.

MINA
Two o'clock.

Before he can reply, she hangs up. A slow grin spreads across her face.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ESTABLISH - DAY

A LONELY WIND howls across the ramparts.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Shirtless, wearing only sweatpants, in need of a shave, Jonathan Harker sits at a small table, typing on his laptop. Nearby are the remains of breakfast on fine china.

HARKER (V.O.)
What I saw last night had to be a
hallucination. Some sort of dream. But
one thing is certain...

LAPTOP MONITOR

As he types: "I'm being held prisoner..."

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
I'm being held prisoner.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan struggles to open the door, POUNDS on it and SHOUTS:

HARKER
Hey! Somebody! Lemme out...!

Finally, he gives up, looks around the room.

HIS SUITCASE

Harker throws it open. It's EMPTY.

HARKER

crosses the room, goes through the pants pockets. Checks his coat and finds the ROSARY.

CLOSE ON DOORKNOB

as Jonathan kneels and works the long end of the SMALL METAL CRUCIFIX into the keyhole, jiggles it around, sweating, desperate. A satisfying CLICK. He opens the door.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Fully clothed now, Jonathan hurries downstairs, crosses directly to the arched door that leads into the courtyard. It's locked.

He digs through his pockets, again withdraws the rosary. He tries picking the lock, but this time the crucifix SNAPS, the long end broken off. He POUNDS his fist on the door.

HARKER

Damnit!

He closes his eyes, makes a visible effort to calm down. After a moment, he looks for another escape-route.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - HALLWAY - LATER

The corridor is long neglected, a thick coat of dust on the floor, moldering tapestries on the walls, a rusty suit of armor collapsed within itself.

Jonathan moves down the hallway, cell-phone held out, trying to get a signal. He comes upon a small doorway. It's stuck closed. He gives it a hard yank. Rotten wood and rusty bolts give way, revealing a circular stone staircase.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - CIRCULAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

WATER trickles down the MOLDY, STAINED WALLS as Harker cautiously makes his way up the narrow, worn risers. WEAK DAYLIGHT filters down from above.

He arrives at a landing. An arched portal leads outside through a WROUGHT-IRON GATE hanging by one rusted hinge.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - DUSK

Jonathan pushes the gate open. Sunlight filters in through a clouded GLASS GREENHOUSE ROOF supported by cracked granite columns and beams. Withered plants and trees stand in large, elaborately carved stone urns.

Harker looks around, amazed at the architectural details. Then he remembers his phone. He flips it open.

INSERT:

ON CELL-PHONE SCREEN - a single, flickering bar indicating a possible connection.

EXT. VERA WANG FLAGSHIP STORE - DAY

Traffic rolls by on Madison.

LUCY (PRE-LAP)
What do you think?

INT. VERA WANG FLAGSHIP STORE - CONTINUOUS

THREE EMPLOYEES wait on Lucy as she models an elegantly cut wedding gown for Mina and her mother, ANNE WESTENRA. Anne is one of those charming, very lovely 5th Avenue doyennes of indeterminate age who'd be great company for an afternoon of cocktails and dish.

ANNE
It's exquisite. Now let's go eat.

Lucy examines the dress in a mirror.

LUCY
I dunno... maybe I should try on the one with the bow.

ANNE
No, dear. That dress is far too dowdy. Maybe for your second wedding--

LUCY
Mamma!

Mina LAUGHS.

ANNE
Darling, you're being selfish. I'm famished. And we only came inside to look, remember?

Mina's cell-phone RINGS. She checks at the number, brightens and quickly answers:

MINA
Jonathan?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan hears MINA'S VOICE UNDER HEAVY STATIC. He SHOUTS:

HARKER
Mina! Is that you?

MINA
Jonathan? Jonathan, I can barely hear you. Hold on!

She gets up and rushes toward the front exit.

HARKER
Mina, I'm in big trouble! This guy, Vlad
Tepes, he's locked me up in my room...!

EXT. VERA WANG FLAGSHIP STORE - CONTINUOUS

Mina presses the phone to her ear, Under SQUELCHING STATIC we hear HARKER'S FAINT VOICE:

HARKER
(on phone)
I--... ka--... --ison!... --apt--

MINA
Jonathan! Jonathan, I can't hear what
you're saying!

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Frustrated, Harker SHOUTS:

HARKER
I said I'm trapped! I'm being held
against my will! You need to call the
embassy--

Suddenly, the call is cut off by a HIGH-PITCHED ELECTRONIC WOW-WOW TONE. He jerks the phone away from his ear.

EXT. VERA WANG FLAGSHIP STORE - CONTINUOUS

Frustrated, Mina listens intently, jostled by pedestrians.

MINA
Jonathan...? Jonathan?!

She looks at her cell-phone.

CELL-PHONE SCREEN

A message: "CALL LOST"

ANNE
Was that him?

Mina looks up. She's been joined by Lucy and Anne.

MINA
Uh-huh.

LUCY
How's he doing?

MINA
I dunno. I couldn't make out a word he
said. He sounded upset.

Sensing Mina's disquiet, Anne pats her arm.

ANNE
Don't worry, honey. He'll call you back
as soon as he gets a better connection.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - DUSK

Frustrated, Harker moves around on the terrace, the cell-phone held up in front of him. No bars. He steps up to the balustrade, holds the phone out. Far below him, MEN'S VOICES SPEAKING ROMANIAN.

HIS POV

Some sixty feet below him, TWO MEN are loading a LONG CRATE into the back of a box-truck while a THIRD sits on a fender.

HARKER
(shouts)
Hey! Hey you! I need help!

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - LOWER DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

The van is parked below the courtyard level, on a dirt drive that leads to an arched double-door. The man seated on the fender--a rough-looking GYPSY in chinos and a dirty wife-beater--smokes a cigarette, cradling an AK-47. He looks up.

HIS POV

High above on the roof, the tiny figure of Harker waves his arms, SHOUTS:

HARKER
Hey...

The Gypsy's eyes slide away, disinterested.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan realizes they either can't hear him or don't care. He pulls out his wallet, digs a pen from his pocket. On one of his business cards, he begins writing.

INSERT:

BUSINESS CARD. On, it, he writes: "HELP! I AM A PRISONER
HERE. BRING POLICE! J.H."

HARKER

pulls a hundred dollar bill from his wallet and tightly folds it
around the business card. Puzzles for a second, then starts
untying his shoe.

HARKER
(to himself)
Yeah, that's right... freakin McGyver...

Using his shoelace, he ties the card and cash tightly to a SMALL
CHUNK OF GRANITE. He tosses it over the side.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - LOWER DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

The packet CAROMS off the fender of the truck. The Gypsy with
the rifle saunters over to where it lies in the dust. Picks it
up and looks up toward Harker, shielding his eyes.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Harker waves both arms, SHOUTING:

HARKER
Bring the police! Polizia!

HIS POV

Far below, the Gypsy gazes up at him, then slowly raises his
hand and nods.

HARKER
Yeah! Police! Send the Police...!

The three men get in the van and drive off. Jonathan watches,
cuts a LOUD VICTORY HOWL. When they're out of sight, he sits
heavily on a marble bench.

Exhausted, breathless, he rests his head back against the wall
of the balustrade, the sun setting behind him. Smiling, he
closes his eyes.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - RENFIELD'S CELL - DAY

In one corner of a narrow, wire-reinforced window, a SPIDER has
weaved a small web. Pursing his lips, making small sounds,
Renfield patiently presses a wriggling FLY into it.

Renfield's attention is broken by A KEY TURNING. Seward enters, followed by Mina and Quincey, a beefy ORDERLY bringing up the rear.

SEWARD
Hello, Randall. This is Miss Murray, the reporter--

RENFIELD
(re: Quincey, guarded)
Who's that?

MINA
That's my photographer, Quincey Morris--

RENFIELD
No pictures!

Sensing trouble, the Orderly takes a step forward. After a tense moment, Mina turns to Quincey, nods toward the door. He reluctantly allows the Orderly to show him out.

SEWARD
Is there some reason you don't like having your picture taken?

Renfield looks at Seward as if the answer is self-evident.

RENFIELD
Look at me. I'm a mess.
(all smiles)
Miss. Murray. I'm so glad you came.

She hesitates, then shakes his hand. He leans forward, WHISPERS IN HER EAR:

RENFIELD
Everyone in here is crazy.

Mina's eyes widen and she takes a step back. He only reluctantly releases her hand when the Orderly takes a step forward, one hand on his baton.

RENFIELD
(to Orderly)
I'm sorry...
(to Mina)
So sorry. It's just that your hand is so warm. You know what they say: warm hands, warm heart.

Suddenly, as if having forgotten his manners, he beckons her toward the window.

RENFIELD
Come. Come look. There's something I
want to show you...

SEWARD
No, Randall. She's going to stay here.
I want you to sit on the bed.

Pouting, Renfield complies, hands folded politely on his lap. Despite his size, he looks like a very pale, very chastened ten-year old. Mina flips on her RECORDER.

MINA
Mr. Renfield--

RENFIELD
Randall. Please...

MINA
Randall... do you know why you're here?

He slowly nods, eyes on the Orderly.

MINA
Why did you hurt that girl?

RENFIELD
I'm a Catholic.

Puzzled, Mina looks at Seward, who shrugs.

MINA
(shakes her head, confused)
I'm sorry...

RENFIELD
"Take this, all of you, and eat it;
this is my body which will be given up
for you..."

MINA
So you're saying that girl was some kind
of offering?

Excited, he springs up and takes a couple steps toward her.

RENFIELD
Yes! Yes, an offering! I *knew* you were
the right one! I *knew* you'd understand!

ORDERLY
Don't.

Renfield glares at the Orderly, then meekly resumes his seat.

RENFIELD
 You've got to get me out of here! I need
 to prepare the way...
 (looks around)
 He's coming!

MINA
 Who?

RENFIELD
 You really don't know?
 (off her confusion)
 It seems I've made a terrible mistake.

With that, he turns to the window, stares at the spider as it consumes the fly.

MINA
 Randall...?

Renfield doesn't respond, poking at the fly.

SEWARD
 I think we're done, here.

The Orderly keys open the door. Frustrated, Mina allows Seward to escort her out. Without turning, eyes still on the spider and its victim, Renfield CALLS OUT:

RENFIELD
 Doctor?

SEWARD
 Yes, Randall?

RENFIELD
 Do you suppose I could have a kitten?
 You know...
 (smiles)
 ... for companionship.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

Still sprawled on the bench, asleep, Harker slowly awakens, blinking as his eyes adjust, gazing at something O.S.

An unnatural MIST swirls and dance hypnotically in the moonlight, gradually coalescing into THREE GORGEOUS WOMEN--two dark, one pale and beautiful. They WHISPER AMONG THEMSELVES IN ROMANIAN.

The pale BLONDE approaches Jonathan. She drapes herself against his right side, caressing his chest, her hand gliding down his stomach toward the waistband of his pants.

She begins kissing his ear. Harker MOANS, convinced this must be a dream. Her flicking tongue traces its way down his neck. Sumptuous lips peel back, revealing FANGS.

TEPES (O.S.)

(roars)

Opri!

Tepes grabs the Blonde by the hair and HURLS her across the terrace. She HISSES at him, baring her fangs. The two BRUNETTES cower together.

TEPES

Lasa-l în pace!

Disgusted, Tepes pitches a BURLAP SACK into their midst--a soft, yielding bundle. Horrified, Harker stares at the sack.

A SLOW PUSH

on the perfectly motionless bag. Suddenly, SOMETHING SMALL INSIDE KICKS, CRIES OUT. The women begin feeding greedily.

Jonathan passes out.

ACT 4

INT./EXT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Harker, still fully clothed, is sprawled on the bed. O.S., a hysterically weeping WOMAN'S VOICE cries out:

PEASANT WOMAN

Copil meu!

Jonathan awakes. Disoriented, he gets up and stumbles to the window, opens it and looks out.

HIS POV

A PEASANT WOMAN, mid-30s stands in the center of the courtyard. Upon seeing Harker, she falls to her knees. Face anguished, she pulls at her hair as she PLEADS:

PEASANT WOMAN

Poftim! Poftim, elibera fatul mic meu!

HARKER

stares at her, not understanding. He sees movement to his right.

TEPES

stands at his window in the round tower gazing down as the peasant, face expressionless

THE PEASANT WOMAN

Seeing him, she CRIES OUT:

PEASANT WOMAN

Domn Dracula! Poftim...! Elibera copil meu! Poftim!

TEPES

Eyes soft, almost sympathetic, he raises a hand and makes a casual beckoning gesture which is answered by the chilling HOWL OF NEARBY WOLVES.

HARKER'S POV

The woman looks around with growing panic, clutching her shawl close. Jonathan SHOUTS:

HARKER

Run! *Run...!*

But it's too late. **TIMBER WOLVES** begin skulking into the courtyard, surrounding her. One of them snags the hem of her shawl. She hangs onto it, **WEEPING**. A brief tug-of war and a second wolf begins snapping at her ankle.

HARKER

stares down, terrified.

HARKER

No!

(to Tepes)

Call em off, you sonovabitch! *Call em off!*

We hold on Jonathan's face, his horror growing at the wolves below begin **SNARLING** and **YIPPING**. The Peasant Woman **SCREAMS**:

PEASANT WOMAN

No! *NO...!*

Her **RISING**, **ANGUISHED SHRIEK** IS **SUDDENLY CUT OFF**. Harker squeezes his eyes shut, his hands going to his ears to block out the sounds of **WOLVES SAVAGELY FEEDING**. Furious, he turns, locks eyes with

TEPES

who placidly returns Harker's accusing stare. A thin smile, a slight bow, and he retreats to the dimness of his chamber.

EXT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - TERRACE - DAY

Wearing robes, Lucy, Anne and Mina breakfast on the sweeping terrace of Anne's gorgeous 5th Avenue luxury apartment. Distracted, Mina gazes down at Central Park while Lucy leafs through a *Bride* magazine. Anne speaks to Mina.

ANNE

It's such a treat to have you here while Jonathan's away. It reminds me of when you two were little girls.

(to Lucy)

Isn't it nice, dear?

LUCY

How about The Immigration Museum?

ANNE

Ellis Island? Don't be silly.

Lucy shows Anne some photos in her magazine.

LUCY
No, look! It's really cool. We can even charter a private ferry.

ANNE
(re: photos)
It's a barn.

LUCY
It's not a barn, mother. It's very elegant. We could bring in Doc Scantlin's band--

ANNE
(to Mina)
Must she be so *bohemian*!
(to Lucy)
Really, dear, it's a *wedding* reception, not *Carnivale en Rio*! The next thing I know, you'll be suggesting trapeze artists!

LUCY
Oh my God, that would be so *cool*!

ANNE
No, dear. It would be ridiculous.
(to Mina)
Mina, please, talk some sense into the girl.

Mina is startled from her woolgathering.

MINA
What? Oh, I'm... I'm sorry...

ANNE
Good God, she hasn't heard a word we've said.
(places a hand on Mina's)
Mina, dear, please don't say you're still worried about Jonathan.

Mina gives her an apologetic smile.

MINA
It's been three days.

ANNE

Three days is nothing. When my Milton used to travel on business, sometimes we'd go weeks without hearing from him.

(to Lucy)

Isn't that right, dear?

LUCY

Momma, it's different. They're still engaged.

ANNE

Yes, I suppose... still in love...

(to Mina)

Then you should have a word with his employer. I'm sure he's contacted them.

The suggestion is so practical, Mina's embarrassed she didn't think of it herself. She looks at Lucy, who gives her an it-can't-hurt shrug.

EXT. 230 PARK AVENUE - DAY

Establishing shot.

RAEHEL (PRE-LAP)

Tell me exactly what he said.

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

A nicely appointed, modern law office. Phones RINGING, MUTED CONVERSATIONS. Mina and RAEHEL HAWKINS--mid-40s, attractive, slim and whip-smart--walk briskly through the outer office.

MINA

That's the problem. I couldn't make out a word.

RAEHEL

But he sounded upset.

RAEHEL

I *knew* it.

MINA

What?

As they pass Raechel's assistant, RON--young, male, 20s--he hands her a file.

RAECHEL
 Something's not right.
 (to Ron)
 Get Lee Feebigger on the phone.

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER - RAECHEL SUTTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel and Mina enter. Raechel tosses a file in her in-basket.

RAECHEL
 He hasn't called us since he left. Okay,
 it's Romania--even land-lines are spotty.
 But he was booked on a return flight that
 left Bucharest four hours ago, and it
 looks like he wasn't on board--

MINA
 Why didn't you call me?

RAECHEL
 We're not sure. I wanted to get a
 confirmation with the airlines before I--

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Rachel picks up, takes a seat behind her desk, grabs a pad and a pen.

RAECHEL
 He wasn't. You're sure.
 (shakes her head at Mina,
 listens)
Where?
 (jots a note, asks Mina)
 Did Jonathan mention or know anyone in
 Tirgu Mures?

MINA
 I've never even heard of it.

Raechel returns to the party on the phone.

RAECHEL
 Did you call the hotel?
 (jots something else down)
 He said *what*?
 (listens)
 What about the embassy?

She hangs up, troubled.

MINA
 What?

RAECHEL

According to American Express, Jonathan checked into the Hotel Concordia in Tirgu Mures.

MINA

What was that about the embassy?

RAECHEL

(shakes her head)

There's nothing they can do at this point. He's not a minor. There's no indication of foul play. Technically, he's not even missing...

INT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAWN

Soft grey light filters in through the window. Harker lies in bed, exhausted, one arm thrown over his eyes. O.S, soft CLICK of a KEY TURNED IN A LOCK. Jonathan sits up just in time to see the door shut, the LOCK THROWN.

He leaps up and dashes across to the door, pulling on the knob, POUNDING on it and SHOUTING:

HARKER

Lemme out! Lemme outta here, Goddamnit!

After a long moment, he notices a COVERED SERVING TRAY at the foot of the door. He tentatively reaches for it, hesitating before he lifts off its cover to reveal:

INSERT:

On the tray, carefully arranged on a porcelain plate, are a one-hundred dollar bill and the scrawled note on his business card.

HARKER

No...

Squeezing his eyes shut, his last hope shattered, he sits down at the foot of the door and begins SOBBING.

INT. STATE DEPT. - UNDERSECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

MAX WEINTRAUB, mid-50s, distinguished, a former academic, practices his putting into a State Department mug. On one wall is the Department Seal surrounded by photos of Weintraub with various dignitaries. A MALE ASSISTANT enters.

MALE ASSISTANT

Mister Undersecretary, Arthur Holmwood is on line one.

Smiling, Weintraub moves quickly behind a large desk, plucks up the receiver.

WEINTRAUB
Artie! How the hell are you!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. METROPOL MAGAZINE - HOLMWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mina and Lucy look on as Arthur Holmwood plays Weintraub.

HOLMWOOD
Great, Max. Real good. Look, I gotta problem here. A friend of mine--one of my *best* friends, as a matter of fact--was on a business trip to Romania. He seems to have gone M.I.A.

WEINTRAUB
(taking notes)
Missing. What's his name?

HOLMWOOD
Jonathan Harker. He flew into Bucharest three days ago, checked in with a client. The last we heard, he was at the Hotel Concordia in...

MINA
Tirgu Mures.

HOLMWOOD
Tirgu Mures. Any chance you can pull a few strings?

WEINTRAUB
I'll call our Ambassador right now. Tobe Farrell. He's a good man. We went to Amherst together.

HOLMWOOD
Any way to make it kind of a, uh... you know, priority?

WEINTRAUB
Oh yeah. It'll be his *top* priority. Don't you worry, Artie. We'll find your friend. Oh, and say hello to your mother for me. Tell her we miss her at the club!

HOLMWOOD

I will.

Arthur hangs up.

LUCY

Well?

HOLMWOOD

Guy had a total man-crush on my dad back in the day. He'll make things happen big-time--

Lucy gives him a smooch.

HOLMWOOD

(laughs)

Hey, get offa me! I'm working here!

Holmwood's ASSISTANT enters and hands Mina an envelope. She opens it and pulls out an airline ticket.

MINA

I'm going to Bulgaria?

HOLMWOOD

First Class. Open return. I already called your editor. He cleared you for a personal leave. My magazine'll pick up all your expenses.

Now it's Mina's turn to give him a hug. He grins at Lucy.

HOLMWOOD

Who said money can't buy love?

INT./EXT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON LAPTOP MONITOR, the words typed in as Jonathan speaks them IN VOICE OVER: "I think I'm going insane. What I've seen is beyond belief."

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)

I think I'm going insane. What I've seen is beyond belief.

Harker sits at the desk, typing.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)

I don't know what's real anymore. But I do know one thing...

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan steps up to the window, gazes down at the courtyard.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
 If I'm gonna survive, I've got to get
 away from this place. Today...

HIS POV

Copious amounts of the PEASANT WOMAN'S BLOOD still stains the
 cobblestones below.

HARKER (V.O.; CONT'D)
 Now. While the sun is still out and I
 have a chance."

After a long moment, Jonathan steps back to the desk, closes the
 laptop and slides it into a leather courier bag, slings it over
 one shoulder.

EXT. TEPES ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Harker climbs up onto his windowsill, probes the stones of the
 exterior wall. He manages to insert the toe of his shoe into a
 crack. With a final glance down, he squeezes his eyes shut,
 brings his panic under control.

WIDE - LOOKING UP as Jonathan makes his dreadfully slow,
 inexorable way across the wall toward Dracula's window.

CLOSE - clinging to the gaps between the stone blocks with the
 tips of his fingers, Harker begins WHISPERING a familiar little
 ditty to himself IN A STRAINED VOICE:

HARKER
 The itsy bitsy spider... Went up the
 water spout...
 (catches his breath)
 Down came the rain, and--

THE STONE

Under his shoe CRUMBLES and Jonathan completely loses his
 foothold. He CRIES OUT.

WIDE - LOOKING UP as bits of mortar shower down on us. Harker
 DANGLES BY ONE HAND. Then he manages to get a grip with his
 other hand. One foot... the other...

... and he's safe, breathing like a sprinter. Again, pulls
 himself together.

HARKER

Washed...

(breathes)

Washed the spider out.

(continues inching along)

Up comes... the sun and... dries up all
the rain...

INT. TEPES ESTATE - MASTER SUITE - DAY

ON CLOSED WINDOW. The distorted shadow of Jonathan's figure comes into view through the leaded glass. He KICKS and the casements shudder. AGAIN and they POP OPEN. Jonathan drops down safely into the room.

Hands on his thighs, bent at the waist, trembling from exertion, he catches his breath. When he finally looks up, his eyes are met by

AN ARRESTING PORTRAIT

in a huge gilt frame. Ancient, the varnish crackled and yellowed with age. The long hair, heavy moustache and 15th Century finery aside, it is the image of his host.

HARKER

Stares at it, curious. He steps up, licks his thumb and wipes away dirt and dust from a SMALL PLAQUE at the bottom:

VLAD III - DRACULA

~TEPES~

Harker scans at the room. It's a shambles, once rich furnishings now decrepit, dust everywhere. It's clear no one has slept here in centuries. Harker sees a low arched door leading to a circular stone staircase.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - CIRCULAR STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The narrow staircase is clotted with cobwebs, the thick dust on the risers undisturbed. Jonathan winces in disgust he moves through the webs, batting SPIDERS off his clothes.

His panic takes him down the stairs FASTER AND FASTER, until he stumbles and FALLS HEADLONG.

INT. TEPES ESTATE - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Harker TUMBLES DOWN the last half-dozen steps, his body BOUNCING painfully off the wall and CAROMING through the portal into the chapel. Dazed, he slowly raises his head.

The niches have been long stripped of the statues, ornate FRESCOES of forgotten saints DEFACED--every cruciform GOUGED AND CHIPPED AWAY. High, arched STAINED GLASS WINDOWS have been blacked out with THICK COATS OF DRIED BLOOD.

Harker slowly stands. WEAK DAYLIGHT filters in behind the sacristy, falls across DOZENS OF LONG, OPEN CRATES scattered among tools.

Jonathan approaches one of the crates, looks inside. The bottom is lined with a LAYER OF FRESH SOIL. Puzzled, he reaches in, scoops up a handful, then lets it fall through his fingers. He turns.

In the center of the sacristy stands a medieval, carved STONE SARCOPHAGUS.

Harker approaches it. On the lid is a BAS RELIEF OF VLAD TEPES, worn down by centuries, but still recognizable. The lid is SLIGHTLY AJAR. Using all his strength, Jonathan pushes it, the edges SCRAPING across the top until it falls away, SHATTERING on the FLAGSTONES. He peers inside.

VLAD TEPES

lies inside. DRYING BLOOD courses down from both corners of his slightly parted lips. Eyes closed, hands crossed over his stomach, he appears as replete as a bloated tick.

Revolted, Jonathan gazes down at him with naked contempt.

He steps over to the scattered tools and picks up a SHOVEL. Climbing on the dais, Harker swings the blade high over his head and, screwing his eyes shut, brings it down with all his might ON TEPES FACE.

It's a moment before he can finally bring himself to look at the damage: Under a DEEP, BLEEDING GASH on one side of his forehead, TEPES' EYES ARE OPEN, glittering with malice.

Terrified, Jonathan drops the shovel and, losing his balance, tumbles off the dais. He scrabbles to his feet, bolts for the exit, staggers out into BLINDING, PURE SUNLIGHT.

ACT 5

EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

DEAD CALM. A FOGHORN SOUNDS somewhere in the THICK FOG. A hulking shape of A FREIGHTER LOOMS OUT OF THE MURK. It glides by. Across its rust-steaked stern, a name in white, raised letters: DEMETER.

INT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

(NOTE: The dialogue in the following sequences should be spoken in RUSSIAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.)

The CAPTAIN steers through the fog, glancing at the GPS and radar. His mate, DMITRI GORLOVICH, late-20s, handsome, enters.

GORLOVICH
Petrovski didn't show for his watch.

CAPTAIN
So? Wake him up.

GORLOVICH
He's not in his bunk.

Disgusted, the Captain looks away, grinding his teeth.

CAPTAIN
Organize a search. When you find him,
throw the bum overboard.

Gorlovich smiles. The old man's in a cranky mood tonight.

GORLOVICH
Yessir.

INT. DEMETER - GALLEY - NIGHT

Two men, ABRAMOFF and OLGAREN, mid-40s, rough looking, play dominoes, trading shots from a bottle of vodka. Behind a pass-through, a grizzled, corpulent COOK washes dirty dishes in a galvanized tub. Gorlovich enters.

GORLOVICH
Petrovski's missing. You two, search the hold.

The men GRUMBLE, unenthused.

GORLOVICH

Now. Go. That's an order. And leave
the bottle.

Abramoff glares at Gorlovich, reluctantly sets the bottle on the
table. They exit. Gorlovich turns to the Chef.

GORLOVICH

If Petrovski shows up, tell him the
Captain wants to see him.

CHEF

Yeah. Sure.

INT. DEMETER - HOLD - NIGHT

DIMLY LIT by a few flickering, bare bulbs, rust-streaked walls,
the CHURNING of the ocean against the hull. Chains and rigging
trail up into the PITCH DARKNESS ABOVE. There's no clear line-
of-sight due to STACKS OF CARGO.

Abramoff and Olgaren move through the maze, sweeping the hold
with FLASHLIGHTS, Abramoff armed with a CROWBAR.

OLGAREN

Petrovski!

No response. The BEAM OF ABRAMOFF'S FLASHLIGHT falls across a
stack of LONG CRATES MARKED "FRAGILE." He knocks on one.

OLGAREN

What are you doing?

ABRAMOFF

If it can break, maybe it is worth
something.

Olgaren grins. They nervously check to insure the coast is
clear. Abramoff drops to his knees, pries open the lid. The
crate is half full of soil.

ABRAMOFF

What the hell...?

BEHIND HIM, a pale hand reaches down from above, seizes Olgaren
under his chin and HAULS HIM UP OUT OF FRAME. Abramoff turns to
remark on the strange contents, sees his comrade is gone.

ABRAMOFF

Olgaren?

A MOAN above him. Abramoff peers up into the murk overhead. Suddenly, a SHOWER OF ARTERIAL BLOOD RAINS DOWN ON HIM. He SCREAMS.

INT. DEMETER - GALLEY - NIGHT

The Cook finishes washing dishes. He picks up the tub full of filthy water and carries it to the door.

EXT. DEMETER - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Cook dumps the water out on the deck. O.S., a LOW GROWL. He peers into the fog. A large TIMBER-WOLF stands on the pitching deck. It turns, pads away, swallowed by the mist.

EXT. DEMETER - STARBOARD DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gorlovich looks around on deck. He thumbs his WALKIE:

GORLOVICH
Abramoff? You found him yet?

No answer, just STATIC. Gorlovich swears under his breath.

EXT. DEMETER - STERN - CONTINUOUS

The Cook, now armed with a meat cleaver, moves cautiously through the fog, giving out HALF-HEARTED WHISTLES.

COOK
Hey, boy... c'mere. Come to daddy.

Suddenly, he hears a creak, turns just as a LARGE FIGURE LURCHES TOWARD HIM out of the mist. With a panicked CRY, the Cook BURIES THE CLEAVER in his attacker's skull. THEY BOTH GO DOWN HARD.

The Cook heaves and rolls out from under the body, his face and chest drenched with blood. He turns it over. Abramoff's lifeless eyes gaze up at him. HIS THROAT HAS BEEN TORN OUT.

COOK
Oh... Oh my God. No...

He turns just as TEPES LUNGES, manages to CRY OUT before his THROAT IS SLIT BY RAZOR-SHARP FINGERNAILS.

EXT. DEMETER - STARBOARD DECK - CONTINUOUS

Alerted by the Cook's cry, Gorlovich, peers into the thick fog, SHOUTS:

GORLOVICH
Hello...? Who's there?!

All he can hear is the muffled, steady RUMBLE OF THE ENGINES, THE SEA CHURNING at the bow. He's startled by a loud SQUELCH ON HIS WALKIE.

CAPTAIN
(over walkie)
Gorlovich, what is your location?

Gorlovich fumbles for the walkie-talkie, thumbs the mic:

GORLOVICH
Starboard deck.

INT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Captain rubs condensation off the windscreen, peers out.

HIS POV

Far below, the outline of a figure stands at the bow, intermittently visible through BILLOWS OF FOG.

CAPTAIN
I think I see somebody up near the bow.

EXT. DEMETER - STARBOARD DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gorlovich moves up toward the front of the ship, peering through the pea-soup.

HIS POV

A FIGURE stands at the prow, his back to him, rocking back and forth as the ship steams through wakes.

GORLOVICH

slowly approaches, stealthily drawing a revolver as he realizes that this is not one of the crew.

TEPES

Despite the cold, he's barefoot, dressed in black slacks and a wife-beater. He turns, gives Gorlovich a sidelong glance.

GORLOVICH
Who are you?

TEPES
 Just a passenger...
 (a grim smile)
 ... forever a passenger.

INT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A HIDEOUS SHRIEK rises up through the fog. The Captain peers out, unable to see what's happening. He thumbs his walkie.

CAPTAIN
 Gorlovich! *Gorlovich, respond...!*

EXT. DEMETER - BOW - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Gorlovich's hand, still clutching the walkie. We can hear the CAPTAIN'S TINNY VOICE OVER IT:

CAPTAIN
 (on walkie)
 ... *what's happening?!*

Suddenly, with LIGHTNING SPEED, the hand is DRAGGED OFF-FRAME.

INT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Captain continues trying to raise his mate on the walkie.

CAPTAIN
 Dmitri!

He listens. Only STATIC. He instinctively withdraws a SILVER CRUCIFIX hanging under his shirt, clutches it, trying to calculate his next move. Suddenly, he's startled by a POUNDING on the bridge door. The Captain turns.

GORLOVICH'S FACE appears in the small porthole set in the metal door, nose pressed to the glass. The Captain hurriedly throws the bolt, wrenches open the door...

CAPTAIN
 Gorlovich, thank God--

... revealing that it's not Gorlovich on the other side, but his SEVERED HEAD, held aloft by the hair.

Tepes CHARGES inside. As he's about to take the Captain, he's frozen by the sight of the silver crucifix. With a HOWL OF REVULSION, he RETREATS from the bridge WITH BLINDING SPEED.

Terrified, his breath coming in GASPS, the Captain SLAMS the door, BOLTS IT FAST.

SLAM TO:

INT. KIRBY CENTER - RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT

Renfield SCREAMS, straining against his restraints. ORDERLIES burst in, try to hold him down as others run down the hallway.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Seward walks quickly toward Renfield's room, pauses, face clouded with foreboding as Renfield's SHOUTS ECHO DOWN THE HALLWAY:

RENFIELD (O.S.)
*He's coming! The Lord of Blood! The
dragon's son is upon us!"*

ACT 6

EXT. OTOPENI AIRPORT - DAY

Establish. A 747 touches down.

INT. OTOPENI AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

As Mina deplanes, she's met at the gate by State Department Representative, CARRIE IBANESCU, mid-20s, attractive, professional.

CARRIE
Mina Murray?

MINA
Yes?

Carrie shakes her hand.

CARRIE
I'm Carrie Ibanescu, State Department.
Welcome to Armenia.

EXT. BUCHAREST - BULEVARDUL BALCESCU - DAY

A black stretch towncar glides past University Square.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Mina and Carries sit in the back, Carrie occasionally referring to an open file.

CARRIE
We tracked his movements north to the
Tepes estate, then south to Tirgu
Mures...
(pulls out a photocopy)
This is a copy of the register of the
Hotel Concordia. Is that Mr. Harker's
signature.

Mina examines it.

MINA
No.

CARRIE
We were afraid of that. We're guessing
somebody might've stolen his I.D.

She hands Mina Jonathan's PASSPORT and AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD.

CARRIE

These were still at the hotel, so we know he hasn't left the country.

MINA

Did anybody there see him?

CARRIE

No. The room was reserved via telephone. His passport and credit card were found the next morning at the front-desk.

Mina is upset.

MINA

He can't have just disappeared. There's gotta be somebody who saw him... talked to him...

CARRIE

There is one.

INT. BUCHAREST - JULAVA PRISON - MOVING - DAY

Mina and Carrie are led down the corridor of a prison block by two burly GUARDS.

CARRIE

Constantin Blaga, low-level street-thug, petty criminal. Works part-time as a shuttle-driver. Picked Harker up at the airport when he arrived.

They approach a door. A BELL RINGS and one of the Guards pulls it open.

INT. BUCHAREST - JULAVA PRISON - VISITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Constantin sits behind reinforced glass. He's pale. It looks like he's been beaten. Mina and Carrie take a seat.

CARRIE

(in Romanian)

Constantin, this is Mina Murray, the fiancée of Jonathan Harker.

Constantin looks at Mina, eyes etched with guilt.

MINA

Do you speak English?

CONSTANTIN

(nods)

Yes. Some.

MINA

He's missing. You know that.

He cautiously nods.

MINA

Is there anything you know, anything he said that might help us find him?

CONSTANTIN

(upset)

I was only paid to drive him. I did not hurt him. He was very late and I told him to not to go. I told him *many* times. He would not listen!

MINA

Go where? To see Mr. Tepes?

Constantin recoils, stares at her as if the very sound of Tepes' name is an abomination that may bring disaster. Shakes his head frantically.

MINA

(impatient)

Where?!

Constantin glances around, as if afraid he'll be heard. He leans toward the glass and URGENTLY WHISPERS:

CONSTANTIN

Go back to America. Forget this man whose name you say. Do not again speak it. He is the devil! If you love the one you seek, light a candle for him and say the prayers. He is beyond your help.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - GLOBAL MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Thick fog blankets the harbor. Dozens of reporters crowd the parking lot. A MILITARY CHOPPER ROARS OVERHEAD. Loaded with three cameras, one with a massive telephoto lens, Quincey shoves his way through, passing a number of T.V. REPORTERS doing stand-ups under the blazing lights:

T.V. REPORTER #1

So far, Port Authority officials are unwilling to comment, but what we know is that a Russian freighter called the Demeter entered the East River under full steam...

T.V. REPORTER #2

... reports are sketchy from Homeland Security, but sources say they've failed to make radio contact and they have not ruled out the possibility that this could be a terrorist attack...

T.V. REPORTER #3

... rumors that a Delta Squad Unit has been dispatched to board the ship. So far, no orders for evacuation have been issued...

Quincey reaches the pier, where a flotilla of TUG BOATS are being scrambled, approaches a busy crew member.

QUINCEY

Hey! Quincey Morris, New York Times--

The guy just shoves past him. He spins, sees a TUG CAPTAIN shouting orders.

TUG CAPTAIN

... there's no time to fill up! We got all the diesel we need--

QUINCEY

(flashes his press-pass)
Quincey Morris, New York Times.

TUG CAPTAIN

Thomas McCoye, I don't give a rat's ass.

He pushes past Quincey and mounts the gangway up to his boat.

QUINCEY

Hey, hey, McCoye! I need to get on your boat!

McCoye ignores him. Quincey grabs his arm, jams two hundred-dollar bills in the guy's face.

QUINCEY

(quiet, intense)
I need... to get on... your boat.

EXT. EAST RIVER - VFX FLY-OVER SHOT - NIGHT

PASSING OVER the Demeter from stern to bow, then across a narrowing span of black water toward the FLOTILLA OF EIGHT TUGS racing to meet it head-on. Overhead, a SIKORSKY UH-60L BLACK HAWK overtakes the tugs, ROARING PAST US.

EXT. TUG BOAT - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Lens trained above him, Quincy pans his camera, MOTOR-DRIVE WHIRRING as he captures images of the BLACK HAWK PASSING OVERHEAD.

EXT. DEMETER - CONTINUOUS

The Blackhawk banks around, matching the ship's speed, ropes unfurling from its belly. A DOZEN DELTA OPS in full gear, armed with MP-5s, line-drop to the deck, take positions.

EXT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A DELTA OP presses a SHAPE-CHARGE over the steel door of the bridge, jabs in wires and thumbs the button on a detonator.

DELTA OP
Fire in the hole!

The others crouch clear as he fires the charge, an EXPLOSION RIPPING the door clean off.

INT. DEMETER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Soldiers storm into the SMOKE FILLED bridge, LASER-SIGHTS cutting through the murk. Their COMMANDER holds up one hand, takes a step forward and peers through the smoke.

A FIGURE is LASHED to the wheel with ropes. The Commander hits it with the POWERFUL BEAM of his TACTICAL FLASHLIGHT, revealing the face of the DEMETER'S CAPTAIN, eyes empty in death, features frozen in terror.

DELTA COMMANDER
Good God...

THE CAPTAIN'S HAND

still clutching his SILVER CRUCIFIX.

EXT. TUG BOAT - BOW - MOMENTS LATER

Quincey SNAPS some photos. Several members of the CREW prepare for imminent contact with the Demeter. The Tug Captain SHOUTS FROM THE BRIDGE:

CAPTAIN
Army just boarded the freighter!

QUINCEY
Can they stop her?

CAPTAIN
*No! They reversed the engines, but she's
 got too much momentum!*
 (glances at the approaching
 freighter)
*Grab ahold of something! This is gonna
 be ugly!*

EXT. DEMETER - PORT-SIDE AT WATER-LINE - VFX SHOT - NIGHT

The hull of the freighter cuts through the black water, the EIGHT ONCOMING TUGS splitting into two groups--four to starboard, four to port. One plants its bow against the hull, then the next, then the next...

EXT. TUG BOAT - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Quincy hangs on for dear life as the tug POUNDS against the steel hull of the larger ship, the captain squeezing all the power he can from his twin 2,000 horsepower deisels.

EXT. EAST RIVER - VFX BIRD'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN at the prow of the Demeter, the eight tugs planted against her hull. TILT UP to reveal her heading: DIRECTLY TOWARD ANOTHER FREIGHTER docked at the Auto Terminal!

EXT. TUG BOAT - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Quincey snaps photos as the crew of the tug valiantly works to prevent a catastrophe, glancing over his shoulder to gauge their distance from impact.

EXT. EAST RIVER - VFX, HEAD ON WITH DEMETER - CONTINUOUS

The tugs can't stop her, but maybe they can avert her course. Those at starboard disengage the bow, roaring back and applying their muscle to the side of the stern.

EXT. EAST RIVER - VFX BIRD'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

SHOOTING STRAIGHT DOWN at the Demeter, half the tugs pushing the port bow; the rest, the stern. Slowly pivoting the big ship about, the tugs on the port-side in danger of being sandwiched between the Demeter and the docked freighter.

EXT. TUG BOAT - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Quincey, hanging on for dear life, the ROARING ENGINES drowning out his SHOUTED CURSES, the docked freighter GRINDING THEIR PORT BULWARKS, LINES SNAPPING...

QUINCEY

Holy shi--

Until they're SUDDENLY CLEAR and the Demeter is headed for the pier of the Auto Terminal.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - AUTO TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

DOCK-WORKERS SHOUT and run for their lives as the prow of the Demeter CRUNCHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE DOCK, WOOD SPLINTERING, CONCRETE BUCKLING as it slowly comes to a GRATING, WRENCHING HALT. Silence. HOLD a beat, then

SLAM TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY - AUTO TERMINAL - MOMENTS LATER

SIRENS HOWL, EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH, DOZENS OF EMERGENCY VEHICLES parked on the damaged dock.

DOCK WORKERS stand on a scaffold, lowered by CRANE to the side of the Demeter. One of them fires up an ARC-WELDER, begins cutting open a loading port hatch.

Quincey pushes his way through SWAT, FBI and ATF BOMB SQUAD OFFICERS, the first reporter on the scene.

The Dock Workers pry open the loading hatch. A LOADING-RAMP swings into place. FBI and ATF teams start up the ramp, then see something that freezes them in their tracks.

THE OPEN HATCH

A shape defines itself from the inky-blackness of the hold, stands poised on the threshold. A MASSIVE TIMBER WOLF. Its snout wrinkles back from bared fangs as it GROWLS.

QUINCEY

lowers his camera as if to verify that what he's seeing through the eyepiece is, in fact, actually there.

QUINCEY

The Hell...?

Suddenly, the wolf BOUNDS down the ramp. The officers FIRE as it charges them, their bullets having no effect.

Quincey takes DOZENS OF FLASH SHOTS as the wolf LEAPS into their midst. The SHOUTING Cops scatter in a panic. The wolf cuts through the crowd, races away, SWALLOWED BY THE FOG.

Quincey and the cops stare after it, dumbstruck.

INT. MINI COOPER - MOMENTS LATER

Parked in the GLOBAL MARINE TERMINAL LOT. Quincey speaks excitedly into his cell as he gets in his car.

QUINCEY

That's right, a freakin wolf!

(beat)

Hell no it wasn't no *dog*! This thing was huge! Cops shot it like a hundred times, point blank. Didn't even slow it down.

He downloads images from his digital Nikon to his laptop.

QUINCEY

I tell you what, wise-ass, I'm uploadin the images right now. You ain't gonna believe this--

He suddenly stops, staring at the screen of his laptop, stares at the screen in growing confusion...

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - NIGHT

Establish.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - RENFIELD'S CELL - NIGHT

Renfield lies on his cot, wide awake. A MOTH enters his window, alights on his blanket. He lets it crawl onto his finger, examines it.

CLOSE ON MOTH

On its back, the unmistakable image of a skull identifies it as a DEATHS HEAD MOTH (*Acherontia lachesis*).

RENFIELD

slowly raises it toward his lips when a FLUTTERING SOUND distracts him.

VFX SHOT - THOUSANDS OF MOTHS

SWARM IN THROUGH RENFIELD'S WINDOW. They SWIRL around his room in a tempest as he stares, horrified, slowly coalescing into a SPINNING PILLAR, then a HUMAN FORM and, finally, Vlad Tepes stands before him. Weeping, Renfield falls to his knees, takes Tepes' hand.

RENFIELD

My lord...

For a long moment, Tepes graces him with a benevolent gaze, then silently crosses to the door. He turns to Renfield, a thin smile tracing his lips. Upon his touch, the BOLT CLATTERS and the DOOR SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN.

ACT 7

EXT. THE KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - DAY

EMERGENCY VEHICLES AND POLICE CARS are parked out front. John Seward pulls up, moves behind the yellow tape, flashing his hospital ID.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The place is bedlam, patients in distant hallways SCREAMING, SHOUTING, HOWLING. POLICE FORENSIC TEAMS dust for prints, take photographs. Seward walks past the GUARD STATION, is approached by Pheobe, the Closed Unit Head Nurse.

SEWARD

Nobody'll tell me what the hell's going on.

PHEOBE

We had an escape last night. Renfield.

SEWARD

What the hell? How did he--

PAPPAS

He just waltzed out.

Seward turns. Behind him is NYPD Detective LEON PAPPAS, pushing 50, short and old-school, cheap suit, polyester tie.

SEWARD

Excuse me?

PAPPAS

Leon Pappas. N.Y.P.D. Homicide. So what're you running here, doc? You got all the nut-balls on some kinda honor-system?

SEWARD

Mr. Renfield was secured in a locked ward. He was in a cage inside a cage *inside* a cage, okay?

PAPPAS

Houdini. *Poof.*

(closes his notebook)

Hey, everybody! We can call it a day, here. The doc just explained everything.

SEWARD
 (pissed)
 Listen, Detective...

PAPPAS
 Pappas.

SEWARD
 Pappas. I want to get to the bottom of
 this as much as you do.

Pappas gives him a cold, crooked smile.

PAPPAS
 I doubt that.

He stares pointedly at the Guard Station. Seward follows his gaze. A BLOODY HANDPRINT is smeared down the inside of the glass enclosure.

Concerned, Seward steps over, peers in through the open door. The BODY OF A SECURITY GUARD is crumpled below the counter. Several men crouch by the corpse, examining the wounds on its neck. Seward joins them.

THE GUARD'S NECK

Two small, bloodless incisions in his carotid.

SEWARD

Stares at the wounds, curious.

VAN HELSING
 Hello, John.

Seward looks up, finds himself staring into the sharp blue eyes of Abraham Van Helsing.

SEWARD
 Bram?! What the hell--

VAN HELSING
 --am I doing here?
 (smiles)
 Actually, I was hoping to surprise you,
 but it looks like somebody stole my
 thunder.

SEWARD
 I thought you were in Thailand?

VAN HELSING
I was. Then Helsinki, then Haiti, then
Brazil. Now I'm here.

PAPPAS
Hate to interrupt the travelogue, but
just who the hell are you?

Van Helsing stands, smiles graciously at Pappas.

VAN HELSING
Doctor Abraham Van Helsing.

He offers his hand. Pappas just stares at it.

PAPPAS
You with the hospital?

VAN HELSING
No, actually...
(smiles)
... I'm with the National Geographic
Society.

INT. BUCHAREST - HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The TELEVISION is tuned to CNN, the SOUND OFF. Fully clothed,
Mina Murray sleeps on top of the bedspread, face glistening with
sweat.

MINA
(mutters)
Jonathan... Jonathan... NO!

She starts awake from a nightmare. Sits up, disoriented for a
moment. Something catches her eye on the TV. She reaches for
the remote, TURNS UP THE VOLUME.

ON TELEVISION

A BEAT REPORTER stands at the CRASH-SITE OF THE DEMETER. A
HELICOPTER SHOT reveals the freighter listing against the
damaged Auto Terminal dock. A HEADLINE: MYSTERY AT SEA.

NEWS ANCHOR
... the ship has been thoroughly
searched, and authorities have confirmed
that it's clear of any explosive devices
or suspicious chemicals.

MINA

A SLOW PUSH as she watches the report, stomach churning with a sense of dread.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on television)

Police say it's a miracle that no one dock-side was injured in the disaster. The fate of the Demeter's crew, however, is so far being kept under wraps--

Mina's startled by the RINGING TELEPHONE.

EXT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - GARDEN COURT - DAY

Mina and Carrie Ibanescu walk quickly through the garden-court of a small local hospital. PATIENTS in wheelchairs sit in the shade, tended by NUNS.

SUPER: DEVA, ROMANIA

CARRIE

Some fishermen found him unconscious on the bank of the Mures River.

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Mina and Carrie enter. A NUN stands at the admitting desk.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

He was burning up with encephalitis. No I.D., no papers, no way to identify him until he finally came to last night.

Carrie approaches the Nun. They begin a quiet CONVERSATION IN ROMANIAN. Anxious, overwhelmed, Mina looks at her surroundings-- the ICONS OF SAINTS on the flaking plaster walls, the cheap, Soviet-Era furnishings.

A SECOND NUN pushes a cart of dirty sheets through some swinging doors, exchanges a polite smile with Mina. She holds the door open, assuming Mina is here to visit. Mina glances at Carrie, who is still engaged with the Nun at the admitting desk.

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - CHARITY WARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mina is startled by the primitive conditions--the SICK, ELDERLY AND DYING in rows of beds lining the wall.

Her attention is drawn to a painfully thin man seated in a wheelchair, gazing out the window, presenting a quarter-profile. She steps CLOSER.

Draped in a threadbare hospital gown, the man is pallid, marked by exposure and hunger--his LIPS CRACKED, skin scored with numerous SCRATCHES AND ABRASIONS.

MINA
Jonathan...?

He turns, his dead eyes sparkling to life, brimming with tears when he recognizes her. In a WEAK VOICE:

HARKER
Mina.

She drops her bag, races to him and takes him in her arms. They embrace, holding on for dear life.

EXT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - GARDEN COURT - DAY

Close on a chipped, once-fine porcelain tea-set as A NUN pours.

HARKER (O.S.)
They call it brain fever.

Harker and Mina sit at a small table under a trellis. The BIRDSONG and beautiful surroundings at odds with Jonathan's haunted countenance.

MINA
Sounds so Victorian. I'm surprised they're not treating you with leeches.

He THANKS THE NUN IN ROMANIAN:

HARKER
Multumesc...

The Nun gives them a nod, then silently moves off. As soon as she's gone, Mina takes his hand:

MINA
What happened?

HARKER
(shakes his head)
I went... insane, I think.

MINA
What do you remember?

HARKER
Nothing, I just...
(trails off)
I woke up here. That's all.

MINA

You don't remember anything? Your flight? I met that boy who picked you up at the airport. Constantin. Do you remember him?

HARKER

Yeah, I--
 (rubs his forehead)
 I remember Constantin, I remember the drive to...

He trails off, looks away for a moment, deep in thought.

HARKER

Mina, I need you to promise me something...
 (meets her eyes)
 If you love me--

MINA

--I do love you.

HARKER

Then you'll never ask me what happened. I was sick. Very sick. Insane. The things I remember. Crazy things...
 (his eyes fill with horror)
 All I know is that--even when I was sure I was dying--the only regret I had was that she weren't my wife.

MINA

I will be. Soon.

HARKER

No. Now.
 (takes her hand)
 There's a chapel here. I've gotten to know the priest, Father Anatolie. He can marry us tonight. Please say yes.

Mina's startled. This wasn't what she'd had in mind. But this place is so beautiful, so old. And it all feels so absolutely *right*. She smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MORGUE - DAY

STROBE FLASH, WHIRRING MOTOR DRIVE. The dead Security Guard lies on an autopsy table, eyes still open, the two puncture wounds standing out starkly against his bloodless skin.

CORONER

Yes. I see...

WIDE

Pappas, Seward and Van Helsing observe as the CORONER examines the wounds with a surgical probe, speaks into a microphone hanging from the ceiling:

CORONER

Two small puncture wounds, approximately four centimeters apart, one centimeter in length, no damage to surrounding tissue, This would indicate a very sharp instrument--possibly a scalpel or razor.

His FEMALE ASSISTANT sets a small ruler next to the wound, takes another FLASH PHOTO. The Coroner inserts a probe into the wounds.

CORONER

Both channels breach the carotid artery. Either wound could have resulted in death...

VAN HELSING

(murmur to Seward)

Why two when one would suffice? What do you suppose could possibly make a wound like that?

Seward looks at him, sensing something distinctly Socratic in Van Helsing's tone--it's as if he already knows the answer, and is merely quizzing Seward.

PAPPAS

Maybe a meat fork?

VAN HELSING

(amused)

A meat fork.

The Coroner begins making the main Y-insision in the Guard's torso. He does a bit of a double-take. Van Helsing MURMURS:

VAN HELSING

Completely exsanguinated...

SEWARD

Impossible.

Puzzled, the Coroner lifts one shoulder, looks at the back of the corpse. As he does so, Van Helsing backs up to a cart, DEFTLY PALMS A KEY-CARD from the Assistant's purse.

CORONER
(to Assistant)
Did you note any lividity during the initial gross exam?

ASSISTANT
No, doctor.

CORONER
(to Pappas)
Was there a lot of blood at the scene?

PAPPAS
Not much. Why?

CORONER
Because there's not a drop inside this body.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR - MOVING - LATER

Van Helsing and Seward walk down the hall toward the exit.

SEWARD
There is no way Renfield could drink five-and-a-half liters of blood.

VAN HELSING
I agree.

SEWARD
So what are you suggesting?

VAN HELSING
I'm suggesting you keep your eyes open. Remember what I used to pound into your skull when you were a resident?

SEWARD
Carl Sagan. "Extraordinary claims require extraordinary proof."

VAN HELSING
(nods)
Very good. And if my guess is right, we are soon gonna be up to our asses in extraordinary proof. Just don't let any preconceptions get in the way of the truth.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON LAPTOP MONITOR for a SERIES OF STILLS: Cops faces frozen in surprise, mouths open in shouts as they fire at thin air. THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE WOLF ON THE LOADING RAMP.

O.S., Quincey hums the first eight bars of the THEME FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

HOLMWOOD

That is weird.

QUINCEY

Oh yeah.

A beautifully finished SoHo loft, floor-to-ceiling windows, the walls decked with Oldenburg, Stella, Warhol. Holmwood and Quincey hunch over the laptop.

HOLMWOOD

They must be shooting at something.

QUINCEY

Oh yeah. We were all shooting at something. The cops might miss, but I never miss. It was right there, center frame.

HOLMWOOD

You sure it was a wolf?

QUINCEY

What am I, a zoologist? The point is there's *nothing* there now. Not a wolf, not a dog, not a bilge-rat. Nothing.

LUCY

What happened to the crew?

They turn. Lucy lounges on the sofa, nibbling a rice-cake while she peruses bridal catalogues.

QUINCEY

I got a buddy. Coast Guard. He says six guys shipped out on the Demeter. There was only one left. Barricaded himself inside the bridge. Tied himself to the wheel.

Lucy shudders.

LUCY

Creepy.

QUINCEY

Oh, that's nothing. Get this: The M.E. says the guy died of thirst.

HOLMWOOD

They ran out of water?

QUINCEY

Oh *hell* no. There was *plenty* of water. All he had to do was step outside, walk down one flight of stairs.

(to Lucy)

Think about that: A man scared so bad, he'd rather die of thirst than open the door.

The three look at each other, thoroughly creeped-out. They jump when the PHONE RINGS. Laugh nervously as Lucy picks up.

LUCY

Hello...?

(beat)

You're *what*? You found him?!

HOLMWOOD

Is that Mina?

She SHUSHES him.

LUCY

No way! I want to be there! I want to be your maid-of-honor!

(listens)

Oh... my... God, that is so insanely romantic!

(listens)

I will. I love you guys.

She hangs up, a dreamy expression on her face.

HOLMWOOD

(impatient)

What?

EXT. 230 PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Establish.

RAEHEL (PRE-LAP)

You're getting married *tonight*?

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER - RAECHEL SUTTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Raechel Hawkins is on the phone, seated behind her desk.

RAECHEL

Oh, Jonathan. That's wonderful news.
Congratulations. Give Mina my love. And
hurry home!

(listens, smiles)

I bet. See you soon.

As she hangs up, we hear a FAMILIAR VOICE:

TEPES (O.S.)

What a relief. I was so worried.

ANGLE reveals Tepes, seated in a chair in front of Raechel's desk. This is a man who knows how to wear a \$6,000 suit.

RAECHEL

We all were.

TEPES

(as he signs a document)

Such a clever man. I must admit, I
underestimated Mr. Harker at first--his
youth, I suppose. But he proved to be...

(meets her eyes, intense)

... very astute.

His tone is at odds with the compliment, informed by an inappropriate ration of displeasure. Discomfited, Raechel breaks eye-contact, passes him an envelope.

RAECHEL

The keys.

(stands)

Congratulations on your acquisition, Mr.
Tepes. I have a feeling you'll love
Manhattan.

He stands, his charming smile obliterating any sign of the disquieting mood he exhibited only a moment ago.

TEPES

I already do.

RAECHEL

(as they walk to the door)

If you need to hire any domestic staff, I
know some excellent agencies.

TEPES

Thank you, but I believe I have those
needs well in hand.

EXT. HARLEM - ALLEY - NIGHT

Renfield STARES DOWN at something, a savagely hungry expression
on his grizzled face.

A BUM

sleeps off a bottle of Night Train, curled up next to a shopping
cart containing his meager possessions. He stirs, looks up,
bleary-eyed.

Renfield stands over him, still wearing his now filthy hospital
pajamas. He slowly smiles then, greedily opening darts in and
CLAMPS HIS TEETH on the Bum's throat.

A SLOW PULL

as Renfield noisily feeds, MOVING OUT ONTO LEXINGTON, crowded
with PEDESTRIANS, all of them passing the alley, unaware of the
horror unfolding just yards away in its sheltering darkness.

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The sign on the facade over the door of the distinctive, 60s-
style building reads: OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER.
Carrying a frayed canvas DOCTOR'S BAG, Van Helsing slips down an
alley.

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Van Helsing swipes the stolen key-card through the reader. The
door BUZZES open.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He slips down a corridor to a door marked: MORGUE. Again, he
swipes the card in a reader.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Van Helsing leafs through a LOG BOOK. Behind him, three heavy
doors provide access to each of the main storage units. He
finds what he's looking for, jots on a Post-It.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

A large, refrigerated room. BODIES IN TRANSLUCENT BAGS lie on
steel mesh trays, stacked like oversized bakery racks.

Van Helsing checks the numbers stenciled on the vertical supports against his Post-It, finds a match and slides out one of the trays on the lowest tier.

On it is an OPEN, EMPTY BODY BAG.

Before Van Helsing can react, he's BLITZED FROM BEHIND BY THE DEAD SECURITY GUARD, thrown to the floor, the Guard on top.

Naked, still bearing the crudely stitched Y-incision of his autopsy, The Guard SNAPS HIS FANGS at Van Helsing like a junkyard dog. Van Helsing holds him at bay with one hand, groping inside his bag with the other. He pulls out a NINE-INCH LONG SILVER SPIKE and drives it DEEP BETWEEN THE GUARD'S SHOULDER BLADES.

The Guard arches back, eyes popping, mouth open in a whistling, silent scream, then suddenly collapses, dead. Exhausted, Van Helsing pulls himself to his feet. He looks down at the body.

It's gonna be a long night.

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

The entire space is lit by HUNDREDS OF VOTIVE CANDLES. The small hospital chapel is beautiful: Ancient frescoed images of saints gaze down upon Mina and Jonathan as they face each other at the altar.

FATHER ANATOLIE, handsome, mid-50s, opens his bible. Carrie Ibanescu stands by Raechel to witness the ceremony. Mina wears one of the simple white wedding gowns worn by novices when they take their vows.

FATHER ANATOLIE
(faltering English)
Shall we begin?

Harker and Mina look at each other, then shyly nod to the priest, who begins the ritual (*NOTE: the WEDDING VOWS should be conducted in Romanian with NO SUBTITLES*).

FATHER ANATOLIE
(in Romanian)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony; which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

FOG shrouds the treetops. In the DIM GRAY LIGHT OF PRE-DAWN, Raechel Hawkins jogs the track circling the reservoir.

FATHER ANATOLIE (V.O.)

(in Romanian)

I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed...

She hears a RUSTLING in the bushes, glances and sees movement in the foliage--A DOG, pacing her in the shadows.

FATHER ANATOLIE (V.O.; CONT'D)

(in Romanian)

That if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in Matrimony, that ye confess it now...

She keeps running. Notices that the NUMBER OF DOGS IS INCREASING, becoming a pack. BARKING, GROWLING and YIPPING with excitement.

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Father Anatolie turns to Harker.

FATHER ANATOLIE

(in Romanian)

Wilt thou, Jonathan Harker, have this Woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

He pauses. Though Jonathan can't understand a word, their meaning is clear. He turns to Mina.

HARKER

I will.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Frightened now, Raechel picks up her pace. A DOZEN OR MORE DOGS pace her in the brush. MONGRELS. It's as if she's being shadowed by every stray in mid-town.

FATHER ANATOLIE (V.O.)

(in Romanian)

Wilt thou, Mina Murray, have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour, and keep him in sickness and in health...

A mangy German Shepard SNARLS and NIPS AT HER HEELS.

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MINA looking up at Harker. This is the first time we've seen her in a dress, and she's absolutely resplendent, the FLICKERING GLOW of votive candles softening her features.

FATHER ANATOLIE (CONT'D)

(in Romanian)

... and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

MINA

(to Harker)

I will.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Raechel, running headlong into the fog, the MONGRELS SNAPPING at her, GROWLING. Suddenly, she COLLIDES WITH TEPES.

A full-length leather trenchcoat draped over his shoulders, he grips both her shoulders, gazes down at her with burning intensity.

FATHER ANATOLIE (V.O.)

(in Romanian)

Forasmuch as Jonathan and Mina have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, I pronounce therefore that they be Man and Wife.

Tepes slowly smiles, lips peeling back from long, razor sharp FANGS, then PLUNGES THEM INTO THE SIDE OF HER NECK...

INT. ST. STEFAN HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

... just as Jonathan and Mina seal their vows with a long, passionate kiss.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

A SLOW CRANE UP as Tepes feeds on Raechel, REVEALING that they are surrounded by TWO DOZEN STRAYS, sitting tamely around them like an appreciative audience. As one, the dogs tilt back THEIR HEADS and BEGIN HOWLING...

ACT 8

EXT. HARLEM - ALLEY - DAY

A POLICE CAR CHRPS to an abrupt stop, joining several other emergency vehicles parked on Lexington at the head of the alley, which has been blocked off with YELLOW CRIME-SCENE TAPE. COPS control a few LOOKY-LOOS.

INSIDE THE ALLEY

The Bum, stripped down to his soiled underwear, lies in the GARBAGE CHOKED gutter, a RAGGED, GAPING WOUND IN HIS THROAT. QUITE A BIT OF BLOOD. A CS photographer takes flash shots as Detective Pappas works the scene.

PAPPAS

Your friend Renfield's been busy. That's two just over twenty-four hours.

Crouching, Van Helsing examines the wound.

VAN HELSING

One.

PAPPAS

(incredulous)

You're saying he didn't do this?

VAN HELSING

No. To the contrary, I'm absolutely sure he did. But I'm also sure he didn't kill the hospital guard.

PAPPAS

You saying this is some kind of copycat?

VAN HELSING

No. Not quite a copy...

(looks up at Pappas)

... more of an *homage*.

EXT. HARLEM - STRIVERS ROW - DUSK

A MOVING VAN is parked in front of an elegant brownstone mansion, MOVERS unloading LONG CRATES MARKED "FRAGILE." Neighborhood KIDS play double-dutch on the sidewalk.

ACROSS THE STREET

A bedraggled bum sits on a park bench, watching, his shopping cart nearby. A SLOW PUSH reveals that it's Renfield. He focuses on...

HIS POV

... a BLACK GIRL, 4, who watches the OLDER GIRLS jump rope.

RENFIELD

looks behinds him, notes with a smile of anticipation the SUN, SINKING BEHIND THE TREES.

INT. PELIGROSSO - V.I.P. ROOM - NIGHT

PELIGROSSO - VIP ROOM. Quincey, Seward, Holmwood, Lucy and a DOZEN good friends raise a toast.

HOLMWOOD

To the newlyweds...

Harker and Mina, still wrung-out from their flight home, smile tiredly at each other, profoundly relieved to be together again in familiar surroundings.

HOLMWOOD

(quoting Homer's Odyssey)

"There is nothing nobler or more admirable than when two people, who see eye to eye, keep house as man and wife, confounding their enemies...

(raises his glass)

... and delighting their friends."

Shouts of HEAR HEAR as everyone drinks to the toast. Lucy approaches Mina, gives her a kiss. Quincey and Seward shake Jonathan's hand, trade hugs. All is once again right with the world.

LUCY

I'm so happy for you guys.

MINA

If it hadn't been for Arthur...

LUCY

I know. He's amazing.

She looks across the room at Holmwood, chatting up friends, LAUGHING.

LUCY
 (slightly pensive)
 He's leaving tomorrow.

HARKER
 Where?

LUCY
 Dubai. A big environmental conference.
 Their giving him an award honoring his
 father. I'm just...

She fades.

MINA
 What?

LUCY
 I don't want him to go.

Holmwood throws an arm around Lucy. He's SLIGHTLY SMASHED.

HOLMWOOD
 Don't worry, babe, I'm not gonna go
 M.I.A. like *some* people we know.

Jonathan smiles, embarrassed. Lucy HITS Holmwood.

LUCY
Arthur! That's not funny!

HOLMWOOD
 Give it time. It'll be hilarious--

Seward's CELL-PHONE RINGS. He looks at the number, turns away discreetly from the others.

SEWARD
 What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - RESERVOIR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Van Helsing under the wash of RED AND BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTS, speaking quietly into his cell.

VAN HELSING
 They found another one.

SEWARD
 Another body? Where?

VAN HELSING
Central Park. The reservoir. I need you
down here. Now.

Quincey overhears, turns to Lucy, WHISPERS:

QUINCEY
Renfield.

Seward turns, sees the others staring at him.

SEWARD
I really--
(turns away)
Bram, this is real bad timing.

VAN HELSING
Just get down here. Now.

He disconnects. Seward looks at his dead phone.

MINA
Another victim?

SEWARD
Yeah. I'm sorry. I gotta go.

MINA
Not without Quincey and me. No way.

HOLMWOOD
We'll take my limo. We can all go.

SEWARD
For Chrissake, Artie. This is a crime-
scene, not an after-party.

HOLMWOOD
Damn right. Way better than an after-
party...
(looks at the others)
... it's an *adventure*.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - RESERVOIR - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS, the CORONER'S VAN parked by a gate. A SMALL CROWD of detectives and C.S.I.s stand on the bank under bright HALOGEN WORK-LIGHTS. Quincey, Mina, Jonathan, Holmwood and Lucy follow Seward toward the gate. Quincey's managed to grab a CAMERA.

SEWARD
Wait here.

HOLMWOOD
Party-pooper...

Van Helsing steps up, looks at Seward's friends, clearly surprised that he didn't come alone.

SEWARD
Don't ask.
(perfunctory)
Everybody...? This is Bram. Bram,
everybody.

MINA
Abraham Van Helsing?

VAN HELSING
Yes.

She looks at Seward, surprised, impressed.

MINA
You two are friends?

SEWARD
Yeah, actually, Bram was my mentor when I
was studying at Columbia.

VAN HELSING
(re: Seward)
As you can see, I failed miserably.

MINA
(smiles)
I've read every single one of your books.
Amazing. I'm Mina...
(holds out her hand)
Mina Murray.

VAN HELSING
New York Times.

MINA
(pleased)
Yes. And this is Quincey Morris, my
photographer. My husband, Jonathan.
Lucy and Arthur--

VAN HELSING
--Holmwood.
(shakes his hand)
Yes. I was a great admirer of your
father.

HOLMWOOD
Thanks. I was, too.

Van Helsing nods at the others and walks with Seward to the crime-scene. As soon as they're out of earshot:

VAN HELSING
I didn't expect an entourage.

HOLMWOOD
I told you your timing sucks. So what do we got?

VAN HELSING
Another victim, same as the guard. Two puncture wounds in the carotid.

HOLMWOOD
Exsanguinated?

VAN HELSING
Yeah...

The two crouch down by the body. Van Helsing pulls back the sheet, revealing Raechel Hawkins. Her head is thrown back as if still in ecstasy, sightless eyes wide open.

ON HARKER

staring with the others through the fence. He SOFTLY MOANS:

HARKER
Oh God, no...

He rocks on his feet. Holmwood and Quincey support him before he can fall.

MINA
Jonathan, what's wrong?

HARKER
It's Raechel.

She stares at him in disbelief. Turns back to the crime scene and recognizes the victim's face.

MINA
Oh... Oh my God.

Quincey glances back at the scene.

QUINCEY

Go. Get him back to the car. I'll stay
and fill you in later.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Holmwood and Mina help Jonathan into the back of the waiting limo. Lucy straggles behind. She hears a WHISPERING VOICE from the shadows under the trees:

TEPES (O.S.)

Lucy...

She turns, sees a figure standing in the shadows: VLAD TEPES, a faint smile on his lips. She's frozen, captivated by his dark gaze.

HOLMWOOD (O.S.)

(impatient)

Lucy! C'mon...!

Startled, she turns.

HOLMWOOD

stands by the open rear door of the limo.

HOLMWOOD

Hurry!

LUCY

Again looks back into the trees. TEPES IS GONE.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - RESERVOIR - MOMENTS LATER

Quincey takes a couple of FLASH SHOTS as Raechel's body is loaded into the van. Seward and Van Helsing are approached by Pappas.

PAPPAS

They found Renfield. Got him surrounded
in Harlem...

(to Seward, accusatory)

He's got a hostage.

EXT. STRIVERS ROW MANSION - NIGHT

DOZENS OF COPS crouch behind the open doors of their PATROL CARS, weapons drawn. Under the stoop of the elegant brownstone, Renfield uses the little Black Girl we saw earlier as a human shield, a knife pressed to her throat.

RENFIELD
 (shouts, weeping)
She's not for me! She's for him!

Pappas ROARS UP in his unmarked. Quincey, Seward and Van Helsing get out. Pappas approaches a CRISIS NEGOTIATOR.

PAPPAS
 Where we at?

NEGOTIATOR
 He's incoherent. Maybe high on something, maybe just crazy.

PAPPAS
 I brought his doctor.

NEGOTIATOR
 Forget it. This thing's going tactical.

A SWAT VAN ROLLS UP, COPS piling out in TAC-GEAR, ARMED WITH M-4s. They begin conferring with the OFFICER IN CHARGE.

SEWARD
 What're they gonna do?

PAPPAS
 It's out of our hands.

Seward turns, sees a SNIPER settling in behind a squad-car, sighting in on Renfield with a Remington fitted with a NIGHT-VISION SCOPE.

SEWARD
No!

Before anyone can stop him, Seward walks briskly out beyond the barricades, directly in the line of fire.

PAPPAS
 Seward, don't! Get back here!

Seward holds up his hands so Renfield can see that he's unarmed.

SEWARD
 Randall! It's me! Doctor Seward!

RENFIELD
 Tell em to back off! Tell em it's not my fault! He made me!

SEWARD
 Who made you?

Renfield, sweating profusely, holds the little girl even harder. She's terrified--beyond crying, staring at Seward as he approaches, completely undaunted.

SEWARD
(to Girl)
You okay, sweetheart?

She nods.

SEWARD
Let her go, Randall. Let's talk. Just you and me. They're not gonna shoot. Not as long as I'm here.

Renfield's eyes jitter back and forth between Seward and the army of cops behind him.

SEWARD
Go ahead. It's okay...

He slowly relaxes his grip on the Girl, releases her. She runs into the waiting arms of a TAC-OFFICER, who sweeps her up and carries her to safety.

Ignoring the knife, Seward approaches Renfield, standing well within striking distance. His courage is stunning.

SEWARD
Who made you do this, Randall?

RENFIELD
(weeping, shaking his head)
I can't...

SEWARD
It's okay. You can tell me. I won't say a word to anybody. You know that.

Trembling, Renfield leans in toward Seward, WHISPERS:

RENFIELD
He's everywhere.

Seward knows the next few moments are critical. One wrong word and he's dead. They both are.

SEWARD
I know.

RENFIELD
(astonished)
You've seen him?

SEWARD

(nods)

He told me it's not your time. He wants you to give me the knife.

RENFIELD

(an errant child)

He does?

SEWARD

Yeah.

A long beat. This could go either way. Finally, Renfield offers the knife to Seward, who very carefully takes it.

EXT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establish. A nice West-Side walk-up.

ANCHOR WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

(on television)

A crisis was averted and a child's life saved tonight...

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mina watches the news. Jonathan is on the TELEPHONE, talking to one of the partners in his law-firm.

ANCHOR WOMAN

(on television)

Escaped mental patient and suspected vampire killer, Randall Martin Renfield, surrendered to authorities in Harlem tonight after a tense stand-off with police...

HARKER

She *what*?

(listens, stunned)

No, I had... no idea.

(listens)

Yes, of course, Charles. I'd be honored.

(jots down a note.)

We'll be okay, thanks.

He hangs up. Mina looks at him.

HARKER

They want me to say Kaddish.

MINA

Are you up to it?

HARKER

(distracted)

Yeah... yeah, I can do that. As long as it's in English...

She takes him in her arms.

MINA

I'm so sorry, Jonathan. She was a great lady. She told me once she thought of you as a son.

HARKER

I guess she did.

Something in his tone makes her realize there's something he hasn't told her. She looks at him.

HARKER

Apparently, she named me as her sole beneficiary.

MINA

Are you sure.

HARKER

That was Charles Sutter. He handled her will. He says she left me her entire estate plus her interest in the firm...

(dazed)

I'm a senior partner...

This has always been Jonathan's dream, but never at such a terrible cost. She pulls him close as he begins WEEPING. Tears in her eyes, she strokes his hair.

MINA

Shhh... it's okay. You're gonna be okay...

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holmood's in bed, naked. Angry, Lucy is pulling on her dress.

LUCY

I sick of your stalling tactics.

HOLMWOOD

Stalling tactics?! What the hell're you talking about? We're engaged!

She steps into her shoes.

HOLMWOOD

I told you, it's not easy. I've got a lot of stuff on my plate right now--

LUCY

April?

HOLMWOOD

No, I--

LUCY

May? June?

HOLMWOOD

Lucy, you're not being fair--

LUCY

Maybe some time in the next decade?!

HOLMWOOD

Let's not argue about this, for
chrissake. Not tonight. I'm *leaving*
tomorrow.

LUCY

(turns, furious)

Okay, *when?* Give me a date, Arthur.

Holmwood stares at her, trying and failing to just blurt one.
Finally, despondent, he manages only...

HOLMWOOD

Soon...?

Exasperated, Lucy throws on her coat, heads for the door. He
SHOUTS after her:

HOLMWOOD

C'mon, Lucy! Don't be like this!

He's answered by the SLAMMING of the front door.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S BUILDING - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

A VINTAGE FREIGHT ELEVATOR, surrounded by STEEL MESH. WEEPING,
Lucy manages to hit the "DOWN" button. It slowly descends, each
floor sliding past as she angrily wipes away tears, searches her
handbag for her compact.

LUCY

Damnit...

She doesn't notice as the ELEVATOR PASSES VLAD TEPES, standing
stock-still on one of the upper floors, gazing at her as she
descends.

Finally, it LURCHES to a halt ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lucy pulls open the gate, steps out, still SNIFFLING. The place is dead quiet. As soon as she steps from the lift, the LIGHTS FLICKER AND DIE.

Lucy freezes, startled by the sudden darkness. Someone in the shadows WHISPERS:

TEPES

Lucy...

Terrified, Lucy looks at the front door, just yards away. STREETLIGHT spills in from outside. She starts toward it.

SOMEONE GRABS HER FROM BEHIND, pulls her close.

Her BREATH COMING IN BURSTS, too scared to scream, Lucy sees TEPES' FACE, inches from hers.

LUCY

(gasps)

Who are you?

Tepes smiles, handsome, intense.

TEPES

Dracula.

A long beat as they lock eyes. Suddenly, the LIGHTS BLAZE ON, and Lucy finds herself completely alone in the lobby, shaken, yet strangely excited.

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - DAY

Establish.

SEWARD (PRE-LAP)

He's the only one up here...

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HIGH SECURITY UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Carrying his bag, Van Helsing walks with Seward down a corridor lined with STEEL DOORS. The paint is peeling, floor patched with mismatched linoleum tiles. A GUARD sits behind wire-reinforced glass watching a bank of monitors.

SEWARD (CONT'D)

This whole wing's due for renovation. I got a twenty-four hour watch on the door.

VAN HELSING

No windows.

SEWARD

None. You mind telling me why that's so important?

VAN HELSING

It'll become self-evident in time.

SEWARD

(stops walking, testy)
Listen, Bram. This Yoda crap's getting real old. If you know something, spell it out. This isn't a game.

VAN HELSING

Oh, yeah it is. It's just not a very pleasant one.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - PADDED CELL - MOMENTS LATER

A LOUD BUZZ. Seward and Van Helsing step inside. Renfield, confined in a straightjacket, sits on the floor in a corner of the cell. He slowly raises his head, glowering at Seward through rheumy, red-rimmed eyes.

RENFIELD

You lied to me. He's never talked to you.

SEWARD

Who?

Renfield doesn't reply, just slowly turns his head and presses his face against the padded wall. Van Helsing looks at Seward, who nods and steps out. AN ELECTRIC BOLT BUZZES and THUNKS HOME. Van Helsing regards Renfield a beat.

VAN HELSING

Who do you serve?

RENFIELD

Go to hell...

With a SIGH of regret, Van Helsing opens his bag, pulls out a purple satin pouch embroidered with a gold CHI-RHO CROSS. Withdraws a VIAL OF CLEAR LIQUID from the pouch, uncaps it.

RENFIELD

(suddenly nervous)
What do you got there?

VAN HELSING

Who do you serve?

Cringing, Renfield shakes his head. Van Helsing flicks the vial, DROPLETS spattering Renfield, who SHRIEKS HIDEOUSLY, squirming in the straightjacket.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HIGH SECURITY UNIT - STATION - CONTINUOUS

ON A MONITOR, the black-and-white image of Van Helsing and Renfield in the cell. Renfield's SCREAMS ECHO down the corridor.

GUARD

What the hell's he doin'?

VAN HELSING

(over speaker)

Who... do... you serve?

Again, Van Helsing flicks the vial. Renfield SHRIEKS as if hit with acid. Seward watches in horror.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - PADDED CELL - CONTINUOUS

Renfield BLUBBERS, still writhing in agony.

RENFIELD

The Son of the Dragon! I serve the Son!

VAN HELSING

(intense)

Where does he sleep?

RENFIELD

(weeping)

I can't... I can't say... please.

As Van Helsing raises the vial, the door BUZZES OPEN and Seward bursts through with the Guard. Seward grabs Van Helsing's wrist.

SEWARD

Are you insane?

Van Helsing pulls free, again SPATTERS Renfield. He HOWLS.

VAN HELSING

Where?!

Furious, Seward pins Van Helsing's arm against the wall.

SEWARD

No!

VAN HELSING

Trust me, John. There are lives at stake. Innocent lives. And this man has information that can save them.

Seward looks at Renfield, pathetically weeping in the corner. Turns back to Van Helsing. The two doctors lock eyes. Seward shakes his head, resolute.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HIGH SECURITY UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

A BUZZ and, carrying his bag, Van Helsing steps out of the cell, strides down the corridor without looking back. Behind him, Seward SHOUTS:

SEWARD

Bram!

Van Helsing ignores him.

SEWARD

This isn't Bedlam! We don't torture patients!

Van Helsing stops, gazes down the hall at Seward.

VAN HELSING

With what? Tap water?

Raising the vial as if offering a toast, Van Helsing drinks the remainder of its contents in one long swallow, then tosses the empty. The MAIN DOOR BUZZES and, turning on his heel, he shoves it open and walks out.

EXT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - DAY

Establish. Limos pulling up, MOURNERS dressed in black congregating at the door of the chapel. Inside, Jonathan says *Kaddish*:

MOURNERS

Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted, extolled and honored, adored and lauded be the name of the Holy One...

INT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

A simple wood coffin up front, the small chapel filled to capacity, the men wearing *yarmulkes*. Harker stands up front, HIS VOICE HOARSE WITH EMOTION as he LEADS THE KADDISH:

MOURNERS

Blessed be He, beyond all the blessings
and hymns, praises and consolations that
are ever spoken in the world...

HARKER

Gaunt, still weakened by his recent ordeal and slammed by the
death of his mentor, tears in his eyes.

MOURNERS

... and say, Amen.

MINA AND LUCY

stand together in the front row, tears in their eyes as they
RECITE WITH THE OTHERS:

MOURNERS

May there be abundant peace from heaven,
and life, for us and for all Israel; and
say, Amen.

Sensing eyes on her. Lucy turns and sees:

HER POV

Vlad Tepes stands in the SHADOWS at the rear of the chapel.
Eyes intense, a thin smile on his lips, he STARES DIRECTLY AT
CAMERA.

MOURNERS

He who creates peace in His celestial
heights, may He create peace for us and
for all Israel; and say, Amen.

Mina notices Lucy has stopped praying, gives her a nudge. Lucy
STARTS.

MINA

What's wrong?

Lucy shakes her head. Nothing. Again, she glances back.

HER POV

TEPES IS GONE. In his place stands an ELDERLY USHER.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - COURTYARD - DAY

Despondent, Lucy sits alone on a bench near a fountain, watching as the MOURNERS exit the chapel behind the PALL-BEARERS. Mina approaches, hands her a paper cup of water.

MINA
Are you all right?

LUCY
I dunno, Maybe I'm coming down with something. I just wish...

She trails off.

MINA
You miss Arthur.

Lucy tears up. Nods. Mina takes a seat next to her, puts an arm around her shoulders.

MINA
Don't worry. He'll be back in no time.

LUCY
Do you think you could--

She stops, feeling guilty and childishly selfish. Mina gives her a squeeze, urging her to continue.

MINA
What?

LUCY
(struggling)
Could you stay with me until he gets back?

Now it Mina's turn to feel guilty.

MINA
I can't do that. Not now. Not with Jonathan--

LUCY
I know. I'm sorry. It was stupid of me to ask.

MINA
No, it's okay. Really...

EXT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - FRONT STEPS - DAY

The RABBI, ISAAK SCHMIDT, 50s Harker and his senior partner, CHARLES SUTTER--early-60s, paunchy but distinguished--are deep in A HUSHED CONVERSATION with the funeral director, AARON SCHWARTZ, a dapper man in his early-40s.

RABBI

Who would do such a thing?

SCWARTZ

I can't imagine. I can only tell you--

Jonathan sees Mina approaching. He nudges Sutter, who smiles at Mina, the others falling SUDDENLY SILENT.

SUTTER

Mina. I'm so happy for you and Jonathan.

MINA

Thank you, Charles.

She raises her eyebrows at Jonathan, begging an introduction.

HARKER

Oh. I'm sorry. This is Aaron Schwartz,
the funeral director, and Rabbi Schmidt.
(to the others)
My wife, Mina.

RABBI

A pleasure...
(shakes her hand)
... if you'll excuse me.

He moves off, the others following. As soon as they're out of earshot:

MINA

What was that all about?

HARKER

Nothing.

She looks at him. She clearly doesn't believe him.

HARKER

Really. It was just business.

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON FOUR FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS changing hands as Quincey pays off an M.E. ASSISTANT.

QUINCEY

This better be worth it.

M.E. ASSISTANT

You're the shutterbug. Picture says a thousand words, right?

He hands over a manila envelope. Quincey slides out a set of photos, winces.

QUINCEY

What're these things stuffed in his mouth?

M.E. ASSISTANT

Garlic cloves. Five of em.
(grins)

Dude musta had real bad breath.

Quincey looks at the guy, his eyes hard.

EXT. (VFX) MANHATTAN SKYLINE - MOVING - NIGHT

POV - FLOATING high above the Upper East Side, effortlessly BANKING, constantly PANNING, searching until we descend on...

EXT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

POV - CREEPING, now, maybe half-an-inch off the terrazzo. As we approach some SLIDING GLASS DOORS, we see a REFLECTION--a DENSE MIST unfurling itself over the tiles--before PASSING THROUGH THE GLASS, into

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

POV - MOVING LOW over the floor, SHOOTING up the side of the bed and HOVERING NEAR THE CEILING, LOOKING DOWN at Lucy, asleep in a tangle of sheets, stirring, lips parted, and we

CUT TO:

INT. TEPES ESTATE - ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

LUSH foliage and vines of ORCHIDS climb the stone columns. Lucy steps toward us, clothed only in a DIAPHANOUS DRESSING GOWN, hair worn up in a style reminiscent of the beauties drawn by Alphonse Mucha.

She's approached on either side by TWO DARK-HAIRED WOMEN in togas. Lucy tugs loose the tie at her waist.

(NOTE: These two Women should be the trio who attempted to feed on Jonathan Harker before Tepes intervened.)

REVERSE - BEHIND LUCY, standing before a CARVED MARBLE BATHTUB surrounded by dozens of RED VOTIVE CANDLES. One one of the Women slips off Lucy's gown, the other plucking out the combs holding up her hair. It tumbles down to the middle of her naked back in luxurious ringlets

ANOTHER ANGLE - PROFILE as Lucy gingerly slips into the bath, STEAM RISING. She closes her eyes, luxuriating in the warmth. Someone approaches. She opens her eyes as

HER POV - the THIRD WOMAN--the Blonde--steps up to the foot of the bath, bearing a HEAVY STERLING PITCHER to replenish the water, STEAM curling up from the contents.

It's only when she pours that we realize LUCY IS BATHING IN BLOOD. She throws her head back.

LOOKING DOWN from directly above, Lucy's ivory skin startling against the deep crimson of the bath, her lips parted in an open-mouthed smile of wanton ecstasy, eyes rolling back, showing whites--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

With a SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, Lucy awakes. She breathes deeply, eyes closed, intensely aroused. Turns her head slightly, opening her eyes and seeing...

LUCY
(a sighing whisper)
Dracula...

Tepes stands by her bedside, looking down at her, hungering for her. She turns her head, baring the side of her neck, presenting herself to him

Tepes bows, very slowly, very deliberately, until his face is within inches of her PULSING JUGULAR. He draws in her scent like a man reveling in the bouquet of a fine wine...

... then, suddenly, SINKS HIS FANGS INTO HER FLESH. Lucy's eyes open wide, a startled GASP of pain escaping her lips before her expression softens, relaxing utterly, giving in to the sheer, dark-red pleasure of the feeding.

OUT

END NIGHT ONE