

DRACULA

BY DANIEL KNAUF

NIGHT TWO

ACT 1

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - DAY

Anne knocks on Lucy's bedroom door, calls, a little put-out.

ANNE

Lucy...

(opens the door)

Lucy, wake up, darling...

She opens the door.

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anne enters the darkened room.

ANNE

It's almost nine-thirty and Bryce needs
you down--

Her words die in her throat when she sees the BED IS EMPTY.
The curtains in front of the sliding glass doors balloon
inward on a stiff BREEZE.

ANNE

Lucy...?

She crosses to the door.

EXT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Anne parts the curtains, GASPS.

LUCY

Lucy lies in a fetal position on the bare, wet tiles, deathly
pale, VIOLENTLY SHIVERING, nightgown plastered to her body,
hair lank with fever sweat.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Jonathan Harker wipes a A STEAMED MIRROR, revealing his
reflection, shaving cream on his face. He draws his razor
down his cheek, NICKS HIMSELF.

HARKER

Damnit...

He leans in to examine the cut. BLOOD trickles down his jawline.

SLAM TO:

SERIES OF MEMORY HITS - Accompanied by the pathetic appeals of the Romanian Peasant woman:

PEASANT WOMAN (V.O.)
*Domn Dracula! Poftim...! Elibera copil
 meu! Poftim!*

HER VOICE RISING TO SHRIEKS as

DRACULA - climbs down the wall like a reptile;

THE THREE FEMALE VAMPIRES - approaching, eyeing us hungrily;

THE BURLAP SACK - a SMALL FIGURE inside kicking, the Woman's SHRIEKS RISING TO A CRESCENDO, merging with the JARRING, HICCUPING WAIL OF AN INFANT as we

SLAM BACK TO:

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

And Jonathan snaps out of it, back to here and now. Steadies himself with a few deep breaths. Again, the mirror is obscured by condensation. He wipes it and sees, behind him, Dracula. He CRIES OUT, spins.

WIDE

Harker is alone in the bathroom. He reels back against the basin as Mina rushes in, alerted by his shout.

MINA
 What happened?!

HARKER
 Nothing, I just...
 (pulling himself together)
 Nothing.

Mina's frustrated by his evasiveness.

MINA
 Jonathan, please...

He shakes his head, wiping the blood and shaving cream from his cheek with the palm of his hand.

HARKER

I'm fine.

She stares at him in disbelief. Observes quietly:

MINA

No. You are *not* fine.

She waits in vain for him to open up. Finally, frustrated, she turns and leaves the bathroom, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

Harker slowly turns, staring at his gaunt, bedraggled reflection a moment before throwing his hand to his face, shoulders convulsing with SILENT SOBS.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - MINA'S CUBICLE

Distracted, Mina barely listens as Quincey gives her the low down.

QUINCEY

My guy says it was an inside job.

MINA

"Body Discovered Mutilated in City Morgue - Authorities puzzled." It's Metro, page four, two column inches at best.

QUINCEY

This could just be the tip of it--

Mina begins typing. Quincey shuts off her monitor.

MINA

Hey--

QUINCEY

It's all connected up. We got that ghost ship steaming into the harbor. That weird deal with the wolf--

MINA

Oh God, please, not with the wolf again...

QUINCEY

I talked to five cops and two dock-workers who were there. We all saw the same thing.

MINA

Right. You just missed the shot.

She gets up to grabs some coffee, steps away from her workstation.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - BULLPEN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Quincey follows Mina through the bullpen, a manila envelope in one hand.

QUINCEY

That's cheap, girl. I never miss, and you know that.

Mina rolls her eyes.

QUINCEY

So we got the ship, the wolf. Then we got Randall Renfield--super-psycho, just walking out of a high security booby-pen. Three murders, two of them completely drained of blood--

MINA

(stops walking)
Where'd you get that?

QUINCEY

My boy inside. My unimpeachable source--

Disgusted, Mina CONTINUES WALKING. He follows.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mina walks in, pours herself a cup of coffee.

MINA

So what's your angle? It's all connected? C'mon, Quince. It's A to K to Z.

(scrutinizes him)
Are you taking your pills?

QUINCEY

I'm not crazy. I'm telling you, there's weirdness afoot.

MINA

"Weirdness afoot?" Jeepers, Shaggy! We better fire up the Mystery Machine and get right to the bottom of that.

QUINCEY

(unamused)

There is something happening in this city.

MINA

Where's your evidence?

He hands her the manila envelope. Dubious, she opens it, slides a PHOTO half way out and looks at it, immediately shoves it back in, disgusted.

MINA

(nauseated)

Aww, Jeez!

QUINCEY

You wanted proof. I checked the Net.

He takes the envelope, pulls out the photo and holds it up: A B&W GLOSSY of the GUARD'S HEAD sitting on a gurney, open eyes rolled up, his MOUTH CRAMMED WITH CLOVES OF GARLIC.

QUINCEY

According to folklore, that is how you kill a vampire.

She gives him a hard look.

MINA

Quincey, this is the New York Times. Not the Post.

He's about to reply when her CELL-PHONE RINGS. She checks the number, flips it open.

MINA

Hi, Anne.

(listens, growing concerned)

Which hospital?

EXT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

Establish.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

KIDS WAIL, the WALKING-WOUNDED MOAN. Mina and Quincey rush in through the entrance, spot Anne, seated in the waiting area, looking uncharacteristically frail.

MINA
 (going to her)
 Anne!

They hug.

MINA
 How is she?

ANNE
 I don't know. The ambulance came...
 (trails off)
 John and his friend are with the doctors
 right now.

MINA
 Van Helsing?

Before Anne can reply, Seward enters, approaches Anne.

SEWARD
 She's gonna be okay.

ANNE
 Oh, thank God...

MINA
 What happened to her.

SEWARD
 We're not sure yet. All we know is that
 she was suffering from blood-loss.

ANNE
 (puzzled)
 Blood...

Quincey gives Mina a look.

SEWARD
 (to Anne)
 Did you notice those cuts on her neck?
 Two very small puncture wounds.

ANNE
 No.

MINA
 Somebody stabbed her?

SEWARD
 No. No, these were nothing, really. Not
 enough to explain her condition.

QUINCEY
So she's bleeding, what? Internally?

SEWARD
(shakes his head)
She checked out fine. At this point, the preliminary diagnosis is severe anemia. We ran hemoglobin electrophoresis, reticulocyte counts, iron levels. All normal. We'll know more when we get results from her bone marrow biopsy.

ANNE
Can I see her?

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - CRITICAL CARE - ROOM - DAY

Lucy looks much better, but is still sedated. Anne sits at her bedside, holding her hand. Mina, Quincey and Seward look into the room through an observation window.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - CRITICAL CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

NURSES at their stations monitoring equipment. Seward speaks to Mina and Quincey in a HUSHED VOICE:

SEWARD
Her R.B.C. count was in the basement--

MINA
R.B.C.?

SEWARD
Red Blood Cell count. We infused her with four pints of blood.

MINA
Four pints? And she's not bleeding?

QUINCEY
What could do that?

SEWARD
I dunno. Hopefully some kind of acute condition. I'm just hoping the anemia isn't aplastic. If it is, we're dealing with bone marrow issues.

VAN HELSING (O.S.)
The biopsy was negative...

They turn as Van Helsing approaches.

MINA
 Doctor Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING
 Bram, please. I'm sorry. It seems every
 time we meet, something terrible's
 happened.

MINA
 Bad timing.

VAN HELSING
 Bad times.
 (to Seward)
 Would you mind if I examined your
 patient?

Seward eyes Van Helsing as if half-expecting him to break out
 thumb-screws and leeches.

VAN HELSING
 John, please. It's okay.

Resigned, Seward nods.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM

Anne and Seward watch as Van Helsing checks the wounds on
 Lucy's neck. He turns to Anne.

VAN HELSING
 Did you notice these cuts before?

ANNE
 Not until John pointed them out.

Van Helsing trades a look with Seward.

VAN HELSING
 I think that it would be best if she left
 the hospital.

SEWARD
 We're still running tests. I'd like to
 keep her under observation--

VAN HELSING
 Of course, but not here. I've seen
 similar cases in Mexico City; Linfen,
 China; Dresden. Usually related to
 airborne toxins, urban waste...
 (to Anne)

VAN HELSING(cont'd)

Do you know of someplace outside of Manhattan--clean, quiet, where your daughter can recover?

ANNE

We have a cottage in the Hamptons.

VAN HELSING

That's perfect. We should arrange for an immediate discharge--

SEWARD

(stern)

Bram.

Van Helsing turns to Seward, sees the tense look on his friend's face. Give Anne a warm smile.

VAN HELSING

One moment...

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - CRITICAL CARE UNIT

Van Helsing follows Seward out of Lucy's room. As soon as the door closes, He pulls Van Helsing aside for a INTENSE BUT HUSHED EXCHANGE:

SEWARD

What the hell do you think you're doing?

VAN HELSING

She's in danger here.

SEWARD

From airborne toxins? Urban waste? What kind of crap is that?

VAN HELSING

The kind of crap her mother will believe.

SEWARD

(stunned)

So, what...? You're *admitting* it's a lie?

VAN HELSING

No. I'm admitting it's an excuse to do the right thing. Lucy will not survive another night in this city.

Seward looks at Van Helsing. This man is his mentor, but it's beginning to feel like he's gone around the bend.

VAN HELSING

John, I know exactly what you're thinking. I went through it too the first time I saw--

(hesitates)

--something like this. People were telling me things that were insane. I was like you--a doctor, a scientist. I was looking for the rational explanation. But by the time I understood--by the time I accepted the *truth*--someone I loved very much was dead.

SEWARD

So what is the truth?

Van Helsing struggles, realizes that the moment he tells his protégé what he suspects, any chance Lucy has is lost.

VAN HELSING

She's lying in a hospital bed. There's nothing they're providing here that you and I can't provide in the Hamptons. You love this girl--

Seward gives Van Helsing a sharp look. Is it that apparent? Resigned, he nods.

SEWARD

Yeah. I do.

VAN HELSING

Then I'm begging you. Please, trust me. Support every mode of treatment I bring forward--no matter how unorthodox. If you don't, she will die.

Jonathan is conflicted. Finally:

SEWARD

I'll put together the discharge papers.

Van Helsing nods, hugely relieved. Gives Seward's shoulder a squeeze.

VAN HELSING

Go with her. Keep a close eye on her. Especially at night. She must not be left alone after dark under any circumstances.

Seward nods.

VAN HELSING

I'll join you tomorrow. There's some business here in the city I need to attend to. Just remember to make sure you sit bedside with her from dusk until dawn, understand?

SEWARD

No.

VAN HELSING

But you will anyway, right?

SEWARD

Yeah. I will.

Seward looks miserable. He hates having to be in the dark, to blindly trust anyone, no matter how brilliant. Van Helsing gives him a hug.

VAN HELSING

C'mon, Johnny. Buck up. At least she doesn't have leukemia.

EXT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - DUSK

Establish.

INT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Aaron Schwarz, the funeral director we saw at Raechel's service, is setting up for a visitation, checking flower arrangements.

MINA

Mr. Schwartz?

He turns, sees Mina. It takes him a moment to place her.

MINA

Mina Harker. I was at the service for Raechel Hawkins.

SCWARTZ

Oh, yes, of course. May I help you?

MINA

Is there someplace we can speak privately?

INT. SCHWARTZ & SILVERMAN MORTUARY - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mina sits in front of Schwartz's desk. Schwartz seems contrite.

SCWARTZ

I'm sorry, Mrs. Harker. This really is a matter you should discuss with your husband.

MINA

I tried, but he wouldn't tell me.

SCWARTZ

(starts to rise)

Then I'm afraid I can't help you--

MINA

It's Aaron Schwarz, right? Two "A"s? I just want to make sure I get it right for the record.

SCWARTZ

(freezes)

Record?

MINA

I'm a reporter for the New York Times. Right now, this is a private matter, but I'd be more than happy to make it public. If you're not willing to answer my questions, I'm sure I can find someone who is.

Schwartz looks like he's been gut-punched. Mina gives him a tight little smile.

SCWARTZ

Off the record?

MINA

Off the record.

Schwartz sits down, gathers himself.

SCWARTZ

Someone broke into our preparation room the night before the service and desecrated the... the deceased.

MINA

Desecrated how?

SCWARTZ
I really can't--

MINA
(clipping each word)
What did they do?

Something in her tone tells him she won't leave unless he gives her the details.

SCWARTZ
They drove a long metal stake through her chest and, well... they--

MINA
(cuts to the chase)
--decapitated her.

SCWARTZ
(astonished)
Yes, yes. They decapitated her--

MINA
And they stuffed her mouth with cloves of garlic.

Schwartz stares at her, astonished. Slowly nods.

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Van Helsing arranges pillows on the bed to resemble a sleeping form, pulls the covers over them. He crosses the room, unlocks the sliding door and opens it. Looks around, checking his preparations.

He picks up his bag, SWITCHES OFF THE BEDSIDE LAMP and takes his post in a darkened corner. Sits in a chair, his bag at his feet, and settles in for the long night.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harker and Mina, mid-argument:

MINA
Why didn't you tell me?!

HARKER
It was sick. It was... disgusting.

MINA
So what? I couldn't handle it? Gimme a break, Jonathan. I've seen people being scraped off subway tracks.

MINA(cont'd)

There's not much you can think of that I haven't seen.

HARKER

But this. It was Raechel.

MINA

I was with my parents when they died in a head-on. I was trapped in the car with their bodies for almost an hour.

HARKER

Mina, for God's sake--

MINA

I don't need you to protect me! I need you to tell me the truth. That way, we can protect each other.

HARKER

No...

He turns away, not believing her, knowing that she can't possibly understand what he's dealing with. She takes his arms, turns him around, forces him to look at her.

MINA

What happened in Romania?

HARKER

(pulls away)

What is it with you? You gotta have all the gruesome details, don't you? If it bleeds, it leads--

MINA

That's not what this is about!

HARKER

Then leave it alone, goddamnit! Just let it go. This once. I got enough crap on my plate without you interrogating me!

MINA

I'm not interrogating you--

HARKER

(cutting)

Oh. That's right. It's just an interview, right?

She stares at him, speechless, wondering how things could've gotten this bad between them so quickly. Disgusted, he turns, storms out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is DARK, the sliding door is open, the MOONLIGHT etching shadows of a potted tree outside against the translucent drapes.

Eyes heavy, Van Helsing's head dips as he begins to nod off. He jerks awake and shakes off his fatigue. Again, he stares at the drapes, sensing something wrong.

It's only as he slowly stands that we see A FIGURE ABOVE HIM, pressed into the juncture of the two walls and the ceiling. The impression is of a huge crouched spider getting ready to spring upon its unsuspecting prey.

TEPES

Aren't we a little long in the tooth to believe in bogeymen, Doctor?

Startled, Van Helsing spins, pulls a silver crucifix from his bag, brandishes it.

Tepes cringes, HISSES and begins crawling ACROSS THE CEILING toward the door. Keeping his eyes on the threat above, Van Helsing quickly backs across the room to the door, slides it shut, LOCKS IT.

ROARING, Tepes springs, hits the floor, rolls and HURTLES THROUGH THE PLATE-GLASS sliding door.

Van Helsing grabs a WEBLEY .455 REVOLVER from his bag, races out onto the...

EXT. WESTENRA APARTMENT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Tepes sprints across the terrace and, in one smooth motion, leaps up onto the balustrade and dives over the side, SUDDENLY EXPLODING INTO A MURDER OF CROWS.

Van Helsing is left on the terrace, seeking a target, finding many and none. Finally he lowers his weapon, sweating, shaken at how close he came to damnation.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HIGH SECURITY UNIT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A GUARD reads a magazine, glancing occasionally at the security monitors.

Outside his station, a DENSE MIST rolls down the corridor, hugging the floor like a thin blanket. Tendrils slip under the door to Renfield's cell.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - PADDED CELL - CONTINUOUS

Renfield lies in a corner, his face to the wall.

TEPES
Hello, Randall.

Renfield turns. Vlad Tepes stands before him, a gentle smile on his lips. Renfield is overjoyed-deliverance is at hand.

RENFIELD
Lord... I knew you'd come for me.

He struggles to get up, ungainly in his straightjacket. Tepes grabs the collar and effortlessly lifts the big man off the floor.

Suddenly, Dracula's benign expression clenches to one of unspeakable loathing. He SLAMS Renfield against the wall.

TEPES
You failed me.

RENFIELD
No--

Tepes HURLS Renfield against the opposite wall with inhuman speed and strength, the impact BONE- CRUSHING. Renfield falls to the floor in a heap. Tepes hauls him up.

TEPES
Betrayed me to my enemies.

RENFIELD
No! He fooled me. He said--

ROARING, Tepes again SLAMS him against the wall, pinning him. Renfield glances up, warns in a STRANGLED VOICE:

RENFIELD
They can see everything.

Tepes follows his gaze, sees...

A SECURITY CAMERA

Mounted high in the corner near the ceiling.

TEPES

Sneering, he spins, SLINGING Renfield at the camera, SMASHING IT TO PIECES.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - HIGH SECURITY UNIT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Guard notices the MONITOR in Renfield's room SHORT OUT TO SNOW. He stands, opens the door of his booth. Down the hall, he hears Renfield PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE:

RENFIELD (O.S.)
No, please! Don't! I can--

Something SLAMS against the cell-door, shaking it in its frame. The Guard hits a large BUTTON on the wall, triggering a SHRILL ALARM. He runs down the hallway and keys open Renfield's door. It won't budge.

TWO LARGE ORDERLIES join the Guard, struggling to force open the door while Renfield SHRIEKS IN AGONY on the other side. Seward rushes up, SHOUTS:

SEWARD
What's happening?!

UNIT GUARD
I dunno! He just started screaming!

Suddenly, there's a BONE-CRUSHING SOUND and Renfield's SHRIEK IS ABRUPTLY CUT OFF. The Guard, the Orderlies and Seward throw their weight against the door, which abruptly swings open, almost spilling them inside.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - PADDED CELL - CONTINUOUS

What they see horrifies them. One of the orderlies turns and flees into the hallway, RETCHING O.S. Seward pushes his way past the others, gazes down with a shattered expression at

RENFIELD

His BACK BROKEN, body twisted at an impossible angled, BRIGHT RED AERATED BLOOD bubbling from his lips, his punctured lungs straining for every LABORED BREATH. He MOANS.

Seward kneels beside him. Renfield's lips move, eyes imploring. Seward places an ear to the dying man's lips.

We can't hear what he says, but as Renfield BREATHS HIS LAST, Seward pulls away, a puzzled expression on his face.

ACT 2

EXT. WESTENRA HOUSE - DAY

SEAGULLS CRY over the roar of the SURF. A gorgeous traditional two-story fronts a broad swath of sandy beach. Natural wood-shingle siding, white enamel trim and miles of paned windows.

SUPER: SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

LUCY (PRE-LAP)
I'm fine, Arthur. Really.

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy looks much better. She lies in a large canopy bed surrounded by flowers, speaking on the phone while a maid clears her lunch and Van Helsing checks her blood-pressure.

LUCY
(listens)
No, don't. It's okay. I feel much better.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DUBAI CONVENTION CENTRE - CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Holmwood stands in a lobby area speaking on the phone while ATTENDEES with I.D. TAGS move between seminars.

SUPER: DUBAI INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION CENTRE

HOLMWOOD
You're sure?

LUCY
Uh-huh. Mamma's here and John and his friend, Bram--

HOLMWOOD
Van Helsing?

LUCY
Yeah. And Mina's on her way out. Really, Arthur, I'll be fine.

HOLMWOOD
Okay. By the way, what've you got on for June 19th?

LUCY
 (laughs)
 I don't keep my calendar that far ahead.

HOLMWOOD
 Just make sure you keep it open. And you
 might want to clear the decks for a
 couple--no, three weeks after that.

It slowly dawns on Lucy what he's saying.

LUCY
 You want to get married on June 19th.

HOLMWOOD
 Beats the hell out of "someday."

Lucy lets out a SQUEAL of delight. Van Helsing gives her a
 puzzled look.

LUCY
 I love you I love you I love you *I love
 you Arthur Holmwood!*

HOLMWOOD
 But do you *like* me?.
 (checks his watch)
 Gotta go. I'm up.

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quincey, Mina and Anne enter just as Lucy hangs up.

ANNE
 Darling, look who's here--

Lucy springs up and bear-hugs Mina.

MINA
 Wow...
 (glances at Van Helsing)
 ... some doctor.

Van Helsing smiles, embarrassed by the compliment.

LUCY
 That was Arthur! We're getting married
 on June 19th! He set a date! Can you
 believe it?

ANNE
 Oh dear. What's that sound...?
 (pauses as if listening)
 I believe it's Hell freezing over.

LUCY
 Oh, Mamma. Please...

Anne gives Lucy a kiss.

ANNE
 Congratulations, dear.

MINA
 (makes a face)
 What is that *smell*?

ANNE
 Oh, that's Doctor Van Helsing's miracle-cure. Garlic flowers, cloves of garlic on the windows, on the doors...

Quincey throws Van Helsing a suspicious glance.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 ... garlic everywhere! Worse, he insists on keeping the windows shut all night. It smells like a Dago sausage-factory in here.

QUINCEY
 Garlic.

Quincey gives Mina a pointed look. Mina rolls her eyes.

MINA
 Well whatever it is, it works.
 (to Lucy)
 I was so worried.

QUINCEY
 Is there someplace I can smoke.

ANNE
 Of course, dear. There's an ashtray out on the front porch. I'll join you.
 (to Van Helsing)
 I could use some fresh air.

As Anne shows Quincey out, Mina turns to Van Helsing.

MINA
 Folk remedy?

VAN HELSING

Google "garlic" and "curative." You'll be amazed at the number of hits you get.

LUCY

I feel, like, a thousand times better.

VAN HELSING

Plus bed-rest, plus time. She should be fine.

MINA

Where's John?

VAN HELSING

In the City. There's been some developments in the Renfield case. I'm due there myself.

(to Lucy)

In the meantime, it's very important that you rest.

LUCY

(insistant)

I'm fine.

VAN HELSING

(to Mina)

Is she always this difficult?

Mina smiles.

VAN HELSING

Keep her under close observation. By that, I mean someone should be with her at all times. Especially at night. One of you needs to be in the room, awake and alert. Sleep in shifts if you have to, but do *not* leave her alone, understand?

MINA

Absolutely.

VAN HELSING

(re: Lucy)

And don't let this one give you any trouble. She's a handful.

Lucy GIGGLES. Van Helsing smiles, nods goodbye to Mina and steps out. As soon as he's gone, Lucy releases an exaggerated SIGH OF RELIEF.

LUCY
Oh, thank *god*!

MINA
He's not that bad.

LUCY
Are you insane? The man's a nazi! I'm surprised he doesn't keep me cuffed in shackles!

MINA
Kinky.

LUCY
(corrects her)
Creepy. Every night, he sits in that chair with his bag on his lap.

Lucy mimes someone with both hands clutching the handle of a bag, her eyes settling into an unblinking, zombie-like gaze. Mina LAUGHS.

MINA
Shuddup! No way!

LUCY
I'm not kidding! I've been trapped in this place for *four days*! I've had enough. I need some fresh air!

She begins rummaging through her closet.

MINA
(nervous)
Are you sure it's okay?

LUCY
He just said keep an eye on me. He didn't say where.

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - STABLES - DAY

Lucy and Mina feed carrots to some HORSES in the stalls.

LUCY
So how's married life?

Mina doesn't immediately answer. Lucy turns to her, reads her expression.

LUCY
What...?

MINA
I'm worried about Jonathan.

LUCY
He's still--

MINA
--yeah. He won't talk to me. He just
seems to be pulling away. He wakes up...
(shudders)
Every night. Screaming.

LUCY
Oh my God...

MINA
I don't know what to do.

LUCY
Has he seen a shrink?

MINA
(a hopeless laugh)
Not Jonathan... he's a *lawyer*.

Lucy doesn't know what to say. Brightens.

LUCY
Let's go for a ride.

MINA
(unsure)
I don't--

LUCY
C'mon, please. It's okay, I'm *fine*.

Mina is shaking her head. Before she can reply:

LUCY
It'll do us both some good. Aren't you
sick of men telling you how to feel?

Mina gives her a slow, playful smile.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - MOVING - SUNSET

Mina and Lucy ON HORSEBACK, hell-bent for leather, galloping
into the gloaming. HOOTING and HOLLERING, both of them
feeling fully alive for the first time in weeks.

EXT. DOWN THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The two rein-in to a stop, the tide lazily lapping against their horses' forelocks.

MINA
(breathless)
How do you feel? You okay?

LUCY
Perfect. It's perfect, isn't it?

Lucy smiles, the SETTING SUN bathing her face in DEEP ORANGE LIGHT. The two share this perfect moment. Nothing needs to be said. They gaze out at the sunset.

Suddenly, LUCY'S HORSE SPOOKS and rears up, SNORTING and NICKERING. She barely manages to hang on as it WHEELS AROUND and BOLTS down the beach in a WILD GALLOP.

Mina digs in her heels, gives chase. But her mare can't keep up, steadily losing ground to Lucy's Arabian.

LUCY

repeatedly wrenches her reins, to no effect.

MINA

is beginning to panic, whipping her horse with the reins, desperately trying to catch up. Suddenly, there's the thunder of APPROACHING HOOVES and a MAN wearing a black duster STREAKS PAST HER on a COAL-BLACK STALLION.

WIDE

As the stranger intercepts Lucy, seizing her reins. He manages to bring her horse to a stop.

MINA

rides up, breathless. Lucy and Vlad Tepes are QUIETLY CHATTING. There's a distinct intimacy about the two, Tepes stroking the mane on Lucy's Arabian, HUSHING it.

MINA
Are you okay?

TEPES
She's fine. They both are.

He gives Mina a smile.

MINA
Fast horse.

TEPES
(pleased)
Magnificent, isn't he?
(pats its neck)
Fresh off the boat. My own stock. I
just had him imported from my estate in
Romania.

LUCY
Mina, this is--

MINA
--Vlad Tepes.

He raises his eyebrows, surprised she knows him.

MINA
My husband is Jonathan Harker.

TEPES
That's remarkable. How is he? Better, I
hope?

MINA
(guarded)
He's better.

TEPES
Thank goodness. A fine young man.
Excellent attorney. Is he with you?

MINA
No.

TEPES
What a shame. I was hoping we could meet
later for drinks. His firm acquired an
excellent property for me up the strand.
Colfax.

LUCY
Colfax? I thought it burned down.

TEPES
Just the east wing. I'm hoping to
restore it. Lovely old place. You
should visit.

Mina doesn't reply, turns to Lucy.

MINA

We need to get back.

TEPES

Consider it an open invitation, then.

He gives Lucy a courtly nod, then wheels his horse around and spurs it into a gallop toward the point. Lucy watches him as if entranced.

MINA

Have you two met before?

Lucy doesn't answer immediately. Slowly shakes her head, eyes still on the black rider.

LUCY

I've never seen him before in my life.

INT. KIRBY CENTER - SEWARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a series of grisly POST-MORTEM PHOTOS OF RENFIELD.

SEWARD (O.S.)

His neck was broken, spine shattered at T-3, T-5 and T-6, crushed rib-cage--several perforating his lungs. Spleen and left kidney, crushed.

Seward reviews the photos with Van Helsing.

SEWARD (CONT'D)

I haven't seen injuries like this since I was an intern. High-speed automobile crash.

VAN HELSING

And you believe they were self inflicted?

SEWARD

Four eyewitnesses. The door was locked, the hallway guarded. He was alone in the room when we broke in...

VAN HELSING

And yet...?

SEWARD

And yet.

Seward turns on his television, hits "PLAY" on a VCR. ON SCREEN, the images recorded by the SECURITY CAMERA.

Renfield is curled up lying in the corner, facing the wall. He turns as if hearing something.

RENFIELD
(on monitor)
Lord... I knew you'd come for me.

He struggles to get up, ungainly in his straightjacket. Suddenly, he's LIFTED OFF THE FLOOR BY SOME UNSEEN FORCE.

VAN HELSING
Pause that.

Van Helsing freezes the frame. Examines it, astonished.

VAN HELSING
You see that? *His feet are off the ground!*

Seward's gives him a queasy look. He's reviewed the tape, and its images challenge every concept he has of physical reality.

SEWARD
I know.

VAN HELSING
Go on.

Seward presses "PLAY." ON THE MONITOR, Renfield's body WHIPS AROUND, is SLAMMED against the wall.

RENFIELD
(on monitor)
No--

He's suddenly HURLED against the opposite wall with such speed that it's barely captured by the video, bounces off, sprawling in a heap. Again, he's SLOWLY HAULED UP BY UNSEEN HANDS, pinned against the wall.

RENFIELD
(on monitor)
No! He fooled me. He said--

Renfield's head SLAMS back against the wall. He gazes up directly at the camera, warns in a STRANGLED VOICE:

RENFIELD
(on monitor)
They can see everything.

Suddenly, Renfield is FLUNG DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA. The IMAGE ERUPTS INTO SNOW. Seward turns the TELEVISION OFF.

SEWARD

Please don't tell me you've seen something like this before.

VAN HELSING

(a sad, contemplative smile)
Never on tape.

(looks at Seward)
Did he say anything else? After you found him.

SEWARD

Nothing that made sense.

VAN HELSING

What did he say that *didn't* make sense?

SEWARD

(taking care for the phrasing)
He told me to tell the doctor... that he belongs to him.

Van Helsing puzzles over Renfield's dying words. Something occurs to him. He asks URGENTLY:

VAN HELSING

You're sure he said "he?" Not "she"--
tell the doctor *she* belongs to him.

SEWARD

(think)
Yeah. It could've been "she."

Horror blooms on Van Helsing's face.

VAN HELSING

Oh my God...

And he's up, grabbing his bag and running for the door.

SEWARD

Bram!

Jonathan starts after him.

EXT. KIRBY FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIC CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Van Helsing runs out the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE, Seward on his heels.

VAN HELSING

What do you drive?

SEWARD
Silver Prius--

Van Helsing GROWLS in frustration, looks around, sees something O.S.

SLAM TO:

EXT. KIRBY CENTER - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

An AMBULANCE RUNNING LIGHTS AND SIREN crashes through the parking gate, hits the street, STRIKING SPARKS off its tailpipe, careening left as traffic on both sides SCREECHES to a halt, HORNS BLARING.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Seward peels himself off the door, scrambles for his seat-belt, Van Helsing at the wheel.

SEWARD
Jesus, slow down! Are you crazy!

Van Helsing turns to Seward, speaks slowly, but intently.

VAN HELSING
She belongs to him. She is Lucy. Him is whatever killed Renfield.

Jonathan's eyes widen.

SEWARD
Step on it, for chrissake!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the AMBULANCE HOWLS PAST, blowing through a RED LIGHT at about eighty.

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sleeps peacefully. Mina sits at her bedside, reading a book, struggling to stay awake. A LIGHT KNOCK on the door. Anne opens it, peers in. In HUSHED VOICES.

ANNE
How's she doing?

MINA
Sleeping like a baby.

Anne enters, wearing her nightgown and robe.

ANNE
I'll sit with her.

MINA
That's okay. I'm fine.

ANNE
You're exhausted. Go to bed. Scoot.

Mina smiles, closes her book.

MINA
If you get tired--

ANNE
I'll wake you. Now go.

Lucy exits, quietly closes the door. Ann settles into the chair. After a beat, Lucy MOANS. Anne looks at her, concerned, places a hand on her wrist.

ANNE
Honey? Are you all right.

LUCY
(half asleep)
Momma, I can't even breathe. Please open the window?

ANNE
You know I can't do that.

LUCY
Then at least take away some of these flowers. They're making me sick.

Anne hesitates, then relents, begins removing the flowers and garlands of garlic.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Cars PULL OVER to the side of the road as THE AMBULANCE HOWLS by in excess of 100 MPH.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Van Helsing, intent on the road; Seward, hanging on for dear life; both of them SHOUTING over the din of the SIREN:

SEWARD
What're we dealing with here?!

VAN HELSING

You *know* what we're dealing with! You're just afraid to believe it! That's its greatest strength! Men like you, afraid to believe!

SEWARD

That's because it's crap! There's no evidence--

VAN HELSING

--*the bites on the neck*. The *total* absence of blood in the victims! Now Lucy! Four pints gone and no medical explanation for it! Open your eyes!

Seward LAUGHS WILDLY.

SEWARD

I'm not stupid! I know what you're getting at! I know what you want me to think!

VAN HELSING

Then say it! Say the word!

SEWARD

No! It's too crazy!

VAN HELSING

No! Crazy is when the truth is right there in front of you, and you refuse to see it! Now say the damn word!

SEWARD

Vampire! Okay?! Happy, now?!

Van Helsing glances at him, then back to the road.

VAN HELSING

Yeah.

(looks at Seward)

I am.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance swerves around a car in the fast-lane that refuses to yield, striking SPARKS as its fender kisses the intermediate barrier.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Van Helsing regains control, foot plastered to the accelerator. SHOUTS:

VAN HELSING
Try the house again.

Seward dials. Gets a BUSY SIGNAL.

SEWARD
No good. They must've taken it off the hook.

VAN HELSING
How much farther?

SEWARD
Twenty minutes, maybe.

VAN HELSING
Call the Southampton police. Report a prowler.

EXT. WESTENRA HOUSE - FRONT PORCH.

Dressed in white cargoes and a polo-shirt, Quincey stands out front smoking a cigarette, listening to the CRICKETS. Just chilling, content to be out of the city for a change. Suddenly, he's blinded by a FLASHLIGHT.

COP #1
Freeze!

Quincey raises his hands. TWO SOUTHAMPTON COPS step out of the darkness, cautiously approach, GUNS DRAWN.

QUINCEY
Hey. S'okay. I'm a guest--

COP #1
Get on the ground!

QUINCEY
Aww, c'mon, man. These're white pants--

COP #1
I said...
(pulls back the hammer)
... get... on... the... ground!

He kicks the back of Quincey's knee. Quincey assumes the position. Cop #2 starts patting him down. Cop #1 holsters his gun, RAPS on the door with his baton.

Mina opens the door, looks down at Quincey, spread-eagled on the front porch.

MINA
What're you doing?

COP #1
Are you the owner of this residence?

MINA
(stammers)
No. I'm--I'm a guest. *He's* a guest.

Anne steps up behind Mina.

ANNE
What're you doing here?
(notices Quincey)
What're you doing on the ground?

COP #1
Do you know him, ma'am?

ANNE
Of course I do. Don't be silly. *He's* a family friend.

The Cops trade a look. The AMBULANCE ROARS up the driveway, LIGHTS FLASHING.

ANNE
(exasperated)
Oh my God, what now?

Seward and Van Helsing get out, rush up.

VAN HELSING
Who's with Lucy?

ANNE
She's fine, I just left her a minute ago--

Van Helsing pushes his way past the others, runs inside.

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Van Helsing bounds up the stairs, runs to Lucy's door. IT'S LOCKED. He throws his weight against it, SHOUTS:

VAN HELSING

Lucy! Open up!

The Cops approach, followed by Quincy and Seward. Van Helsing turns to Cop #1, stands aside.

VAN HELSING

Break it down.

The Cop looks downstairs at Anne, who SHOUTS:

ANNE

You heard him. Do it!

Cop #1 uses the point of his his baton like a battering ram, striking the door just above the knob, ONCE... TWICE...

INT. WESTENRA HOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the THIRD HIT, the jamb splinters and the door SPRINGS OPEN. Van Helsing charges in, STOPS SHORT.

LUCY

is sprawled on the bed, her skin a ghastly white; her eyes, open and glassy. As the others crowd in, Van Helsing checks her carotid for a pulse. After a moment, he bows his head, closes her eyes.

ANNE

(screams)

Lucy! Oh God no!

She runs to the bed, falling to her knees and gathering up her dead child, cradling her as she WEEPS:

ANNE

... not my baby... not my beautiful,
beautiful little girl...

The others stand by, shattered, eyes brimming with shocked tears, watching helplessly.

ACT 3

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - DAY

LUCY'S CASKET rests on a catafalque before her FAMILY MAUSOLEUM, surrounded by flower arrangements of WHITE ROSES. A SMALL GROUP OF BEREAVED hold hands, support one-another as the PASTOR reads JOHN 11.38-44.

PASTOR

... and Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me."

Handsome features etched with pain, Arthur Holmwood stands in front, supporting Anne Westenra. The change in her is shocking--from indomitable to frail; vivacious to enfeebled. Behind them stand Mina, Jonathan and Quincey.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

"... And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "*Lazarus, come forth.*"

Several in the party SOB at the power of the words. Off to one side, Van Helsing stands with Seward.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. And Jesus saith unto them, "Loose him, and let him go!"

Van Helsing's eyes harden at the dark irony of the chosen scripture. He turns to Seward, MURMURS.

VAN HELSING

Meet me here tonight. Eleven o'clock.

Seward's face pales. This is madness. Van Helsing turns and walks away.

EXT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Following Lucy's service, Jonathan and Mina pull up in front of their place in his BMW.

INT. HARKER'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Harker at the wheel, he give Mina a kiss.

HARKER
You go on. I'll see you tonight.

MINA
I thought you were taking the day off.

HARKER
I was, but...

MINA
Oh Jonathan, it's just one day...

He slowly shakes his head.

MINA
Please.

HARKER
I can't. Things are crazy since...
(averts his eyes)
I'll try to be home early.

Disappointed, Mina nods, then gets out of the car.

INT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

As Mina keys open her mailbox, she notices a flat, battered PARCEL leaning against the wall. Picks it up, examines it.

INSERT:

The parcel is addressed to JONATHAN HARKER, return addressed to U.S. EMBASSY, BUCHAREST, ROMANIA.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mina hesitates, then tears open the parcel. Inside, on top of some PACKING MATERIAL, is an envelope. She withdraws a letter, typewritten on STATE DEPARTMENT LETTERHEAD. She scans it, READING PARTS ALOUD:

MINA

Dear Mister Harker... believe this
belongs to you... found by some children
on the bank of the Mure River in Deva...

Her eyes widen as she guesses what's in the parcel. Quickly sets the letter aside, pulling away some packing material and revealing Jonathan's LAPTOP COMPUTER.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The laptop is worse for wear, one corner of the casing cracked. Mina plugs in the adapter, powers it up. The hard-drive CLICKS and WHIRRS...

MINA

C'mon... c'mon, baby...

THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP, displaying the Windows desktop. Mina smiles. She types in some commands.

LAPTOP SCREEN

A list of folders. Under JOURNAL, she scrolls down, finds a sub-folder labeled ROMANIA. She clicks it open. There are only six files, titled by the DATES they were written. She DOUBLE CLICKS on the first, opening an MS WORD display.

MINA

begins reading.

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER OFFICES - NIGHT

It's late. We GLIDE through the dim office. Light streams from an open door. We MOVE THROUGH IT INTO...

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

Jonathan sits at the desk, gazing out the window at the lights of Manhattan. Unruly stacks of files on his desk, the credenza. He's very still, a forlorn expression on his face.

MINA

Jonathan...

He starts, turns. Relaxes. He gives Mina a tentative smile.

HARKER

What's up?

MINA

It's past ten.

Harker looks helplessly at the stacks of Raechel's unfinished casework...

HARKER
Welcome to my world. Have a seat.

She remains standing, looks ill-at-ease.

HARKER
What's wrong?

MINA
Why didn't you tell me about him?

HARKER
Who?

MINA
Dracula.

The name hits him like a body blow, a whispered obscenity on the lips of the one person he sought to protect.

MINA
They found your laptop. It came in the mail today. I read your journals.

His eyes brim. Romania is festering wound he can't wish away, can't leave behind. And now she knows why.

MINA
Jonathan...

He breaks down, covering his face, silently sobbing. There's no hiding now. Mina steps around the desk, embraces him.

HARKER
Why? Why did you have to... I'm so--it's insane. I'm insane...

MINA
No...

HARKER
I am. The things I... it was like a nightmare that went on, and on, and on and I couldn't stop it...
(angry)
I couldn't *stop it*.

MINA
(holding him)
I know...

HARKER

I tried. But I'm not strong enough. I'm so sorry. I didn't want this to happen...

(meets her eyes)

I'm crazy, right?

Mina slowly shakes her head. Her voice is level, confident.

MINA

No. I don't think you are.

He looks at her, stunned.

MINA

I think what you wrote, the things you saw... I think they really happened.

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - NIGHT

The HEADSTONES gleam in the MOONLIGHT. Seward watches nervously as Van Helsing picks the lock on the bronze door of the Westenra mausoleum.

INT. WESTENRA MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

Van Helsing enters, Seward hesitating at the threshold. Both sides of the small mausoleum contain marked crypts. Using a PENLIGHT, Van Helsing checks crypts, finding Lucy's.

Withdrawing a small CAT'S-PAW CROWBAR from his bag, Van Helsing begins jimmying it open. He glances at Seward.

VAN HELSING

C'mon. Help.

Seward hesitates, then steps inside, helps Van Helsing pull away the wide, heavy slab of marble, carefully setting it down on the floor.

They SLIDE the coffin out, getting a grip on both ends and awkwardly lifting it from the niche, setting it down on a marble dais in the center of the mausoleum.

Harker gazes at the smooth surface of the casket as Van Helsing allen-wrenches open the tube-locks at either end.

VAN HELSING

You okay?

Seward gives him a look.

SEWARD

I'm a New York State board-certified psychiatrist who, at this moment, is engaged in a vampire hunt...

(a lunatic-grin)

I'm fine, doctor.

Van Helsing gives him a chiding look, then the two start to open the lid of the casket. Suddenly, they're blinded by a STROBE FLASH followed by the whine of a MOTOR DRIVE.

MALE VOICE

(orders)

Don't move.

Holmwood and Quincey stand at the entrance, Holmwood armed with a pistol, Quincey lowering his camera. Both look shocked, disgusted.

HOLMWOOD

John... What the Hell?

SEWARD

Jesus, Artie. What're you doing here?

QUINCEY

Waiting for some sicko, been messing with stiffs.

(pointed, to Van Helsing)

Gotta thing for garlic.

Van Helsing doesn't reply.

HOLMWOOD

(distracted, to Seward)

How could you do this?

SEWARD

(takes a step forward)

Artie, listen--

Holmwood points the gun at Seward.

HOLMWOOD

Don't.

(to Quincey)

Call the cops.

VAN HELSING

Wait.

Quincey hesitates, cell-phone in hand.

VAN HELSING

(re: Seward)

You don't know me, but you both know him. He's the steadiest guy in this room. He wouldn't be here if he there wasn't a good reason for it.

Quincey and Holmwood glance at each other, unsure.

HOLMWOOD

What reason?

VAN HELSING

We'll open the coffin, and you'll see.

Disgusted, Quincey starts dialing.

QUINCEY

Oh man, that is some sick-ass--

Van Helsing SHOVES THE LID OFF THE CASKET. It CRASHES to the floor. Startled, Seward, Holmwood and Quincey stare, aghast, at the inside of the coffin. IT'S EMPTY.

All we can hear for a long beat is the TINNY VOICE of the 911 OPERATOR OVER QUINCEY'S CELL.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine-one-one. Please state your emergency...

Van Helsing gently takes the phone from Quincey, speaks calmly:

VAN HELSING

I'm sorry, operator. I must've misdialed.

He flips it shut, hands the cell back to Quincey. Holmwood tears his eyes off the empty casket, turns to Van Helsing.

HOLMWOOD

Where is she?

The silence is broken by the DISTRESSED CRY OF AN INFANT OUTSIDE.

EXT. WESTENRA MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The four men slip out of the mausoleum. Van Helsing closes the door, HASTILY WRAPS A ROSARY AROUND THE LATCH, joins the others, who are crouched in the shadows.

QUINCEY

(whispers)

What's--

Van Helsing holds up his hand for silence. They hear a MISCHIEVOUS GIGGLE. APPROACHING FOOTFALLS crunch through fallen leaves, a FLASH OF WHITE between the dappled shadows HUMMING A LULLABY.

LUCY steps into the moonlight, dressed in her burial gown, its hem soiled with moisture and soil. She cradles a swaddled infant, rocking back and forth as she walks as if to calm the child.

Astonished, Arthur starts forward, but Van Helsing holds him back with a warning arm. Shakes his head.

As Lucy reaches for the door-latch, she sees the silver crucifix, her face twisting into mask of revulsion.

VAN HELSING

Put down the child, Lucy.

She spins, confronting Van Helsing. She steps back, affects a coquettish pout.

LUCY

It's mine.

Holmwood steps from the shadow.

HOLMWOOD

Lucy...

She looks past Van Helsing, sees Holmwood, Seward and Quincey. SIGHS with profound relief.

LUCY

Arthur. Thank God. There's been a terrible mistake.

(her chin trembles)

I woke up and... Arthur. They put me in that horrible box. How could you let them do that to me...?

Though her play-acting is grotesquely over the top, such is Holmwood's loss and longing that he seems unaware of the artifice. He takes a step forward.

HOLMWOOD

(stammers)

I'm--I'm sorry--

Seward grabs Holmwood's arm.

SEWARD

Don't.

VAN HELSING

(without turning)

He's right, Arthur. Listen to your friend.

LUCY

No, don't. Arthur, I need you. I feel sick. I need help...

Still holding the infant tucked in one arm, she reaches for him with her free hand in a supplicating gesture.

LUCY

Please, help me...

HOLMWOOD

Lucy.

Holmwood rips free of Seward's grasp, takes a few staggering steps toward her.

Just before he reaches Lucy, Van Helsing thrusts a SILVER CRUCIFIX between them. Lucy's lips peel back from FANGS. She HISSES. Van Helsing pulls the infant from her arms.

VAN HELSING

Look at her, Arthur! Look at her! Is that Lucy?!

Holmwood gapes at her in horror. Takes a stumbling step back. Foiled, she regards him with loathing, casts a panicked glance eastward: The sky is quickening, the rosy harbinger of imminent sunrise.

Van Helsing edges around her, deftly plucks the Rosary from the latch and steps aside.

With a CRY OF RAGE, Lucy lunges at the door and, WITHOUT OPENING IT, seems to FLATTEN AND SLIP INSIDE THROUGH THE CRACK BETWEEN THE DOOR AND THE JAMB.

INT. WESTENRA MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

The four rush inside. In the coffin, Lucy appears flushed, her hair in disarray, lips red. Van Helsing hands the infant to Quincey. He and Seward approach the coffin.

Seward raises one of Lucy's eyelids.

SEWARD
Fixed and dilated...

Van Helsing hands him a stethoscope. He checks for a heartbeat, turns to the others, stunned.

SEWARD
She's dead.

VAN HELSING
(shakes his head)
Not dead. Not alive.
(turns to Holmwood)
There's nothing left of Lucy, here.
Nothing left of the woman you loved. Just
this... *obscenity* with an endless,
burning thirst for human blood. No love.
No compassion. No remorse or pity. She
will kill and kill and kill. Do you
understand?

The INFANT HICCUPS A CRY. Holmwood looks at it, then the mockery of Lucy, lying in the casket. Slowly nods.

Van Helsing holds his gaze for a beat, then reaches into his bag, withdraws a MALLET AND A SILVER STAKE. He presses the point of the stake into Lucy's sternum, raises the mallet.

HOLMWOOD
(cries out)
No!

Van Helsing turns. Holmwood staggers up to him, takes the mallet from him. The two men lock eyes. A silent understanding passes between them. Van Helsing hands Arthur the stake, takes a respectful step back.

Holmwood positions the stake over Lucy's chest. He takes several deep breaths, then POUNDS IT INTO HER HEART. Lucy SHRIEKS.

ROARING to drown her out in his head, eyes screwed shut, Arthur SLAMS the mallet home AGAIN... a THIRD TIME.

HOLMWOOD
I'm so sorry... God, I'm sorry...

Van Helsing gently touches his arm. Seward and Quincy look on in horror, the silent aftermath broken only by HOLMWOOD'S WRENCHING SOBS.

VAN HELSING
Look at her.

After a long moment, Holmwood opens his eyes, gazes down at Lucy's face. She's transformed--not a trace of the harpy we encountered minutes ago, utterly serene in death.

ACT 4

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - MORNING

Still wearing the ruffled clothes of the previous night, Quincey is sprawled on the sofa, cradling a tumbler of Stolli; Seward pours himself a Jack Daniels at the bar; Holmwood gazes out one of the floor-to-ceiling windows. Van Helsing, seated on an ottoman, gives them a somber primer:

VAN HELSING

I've run across these things in Asia Minor, Iraq, the Phillipines. The last time was a cluster near Sao Paolo. The infection's transmitted through the blood. It's dormant until death, then the victim becomes a predator. I'm not real clear on the morphology--

SEWARD

Viral?

VAN HELSING

(shakes his head)

I've had blood-samples analyzed. Tissue. There's anomolies, yeah, lots of effects, but no clear cause. For a while, I considered some kind of bio-toxin-- something analogous to snake venom. Thought maybe I could create an antivenin from their saliva...

Shakes his head, smiling dourly at the memory of all that useless research.

VAN HELSING

All I managed to create were a bunch of vampiric lab-rats.

QUINCEY

Screw the science. How do we kill em?

VAN HELSING

You saw. Stake through the heart. The rest...

Trails off on the details in consideration of Holmwood.

VAN HELSING

... just an insurance policy. Killing them's easy, as long as you catch them by daylight.

VAN HELSING(cont'd)

After dark, it's a bitch but it can be done. They're strong, and they're fast--scary fast. As far as defensive measures, the folkloric stuff bears out--

SEWARD

Crosses, holy water, garlic...

VAN HELSING

You can hurt them with silver bullets, slow them down.

QUINCEY

What about a head-shot?

VAN HELSING

That only works with zombies.

Quincey gives Van Helsing a you-gotta-be-shitting-me look. *Zombies are real too?* Van Helsing returns his gaze, face expressionless for a long moment, then begins to SNICKER.

Quincey and Seward join him, the three men possessed for a long moment by the slightly hysterical, highly curative LAUGHTER that inevitably nips at the heels of great tragedy.

They calm down, wiping tears from their eyes. From his post at the window, his tone DEAD SERIOUS, INTENSE:

HOLMWOOD

How do we find it?

VAN HELSING

So far, the pattern of attacks has been confined to your circle of friends, coworkers and acquaintances. This isn't about feeding. This is a personal vendetta. He sees at least one of you as an enemy.

HARKER (O.S.)

That would be me.

They all turn. Jonathan stands in the entry way, Mina at his side. He looks like a changed man--resolute, clear-eyed. He glances at his wife, then the others.

EXT. 230 PARK AVENUE - DAY

Establish.

HARKER (PRE-LAP)

His name is Vlad Tepes. He calls himself Dracula.

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER - LAW LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a COLOR-XEROX of an oil-portrait of Vlad Dracula as Jonathan distributes copies to Mina, Quincey, Seward, Holmwood and Van Helsing, pins one to a bulletin board next to a MAP OF THE TRI-STATE AREA. On a WHITEBOARD is a list of vampiric "STRENGTHS" and "WEAKNESSES."

HARKER

Born November, 1431--

SEWARD

Whoa whoa whoa, hold on. That makes this guy, what... almost six-hundred years old?

VAN HELSING

Yeah.

SEWARD

You're sure this isn't maybe one of his ancestors?

HARKER

(nods)

I spent hours with him. Mina?

MINA

That's the man me and Lucy met on the beach.

HOLMWOOD

We're burning daylight.

SEWARD

Sorry.

(to Jonathan)

Go on.

HARKER

He was raised as a hostage in the Turkish court, given an education befitting royalty. When he was sixteen, the Turks were so impressed, they put him in command of an army. A year later, he seized the Walachian throne. He was legendary for his ruthlessness, his military acumen--both as a warrior and a strategist--and his brutality...

Harker passes out another Xerox--a WOODCUT IMAGE of naked, screaming men, women and children impaled on long pikes.

HARKER (CONT'D)

His favorite method of execution was impalement, hence the surname "Tepes," Romanian for "The Impaler."

Noting the placement of the stakes, Quincey winces, instinctively squeezes his legs together.

QUINCEY

Damn. That is nasty.

A LIGHT KNOCK at the door.

HARKER

Yeah?

Ron, the assistant Jonathan inherited from Raechel, opens the door, holding a manila envelope stamped "EYES ONLY" in red. A little TREPIDATION in his voice:

RON

This was just dropped off by someone who said he was with the Department of Homeland Security?

HOLMWOOD

Oh yeah, that's mine.

Ron steps inside, hands over the envelope. Stares at the whiteboard. Reads aloud in a DAZED VOICE:

RON

"Must drink blood..."

HARKER

(pointed)

Thank you, Ron.

Ron casts an awkward glance around, then nods and beats an exit. Holmwood examines a document he's withdrawn from the envelope.

HARKER

What do you got?

HOLMWOOD

Cargo manifest for the Demeter.

SEWARD

One of your father's admirers?

HOLMWOOD

If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

(finds something)

Shipped out of Constanta, Romania.

Twenty-one crates containing soil-samples. Delivered to the address on Striver's Row.

Harker steps over to the map. RED PUSH-PINS mark five locations.

VAN HELSING

He's had plenty of time to spread them out.

HARKER

Agreed. He's got four other properties: The Colfax house in Southampton, a farm outside New Paltz, industrial property in Jersey City and warehouse space in East Williamsburg.

VAN HELSING

We split up in two groups. Harker and I take care of New Paltz and The Hamptons, Seward, Quincey and Holmwood cover the locations in Harlem, Brooklyn and Jersey.

MINA

And, what? I make coffee?

HARKER

Somebody's got to cover the phones, coordinate movements, relay information--

MINA

(pissed)

Oh well that's crap--

HARKER

It's not crap. It needs to be done.

MINA

Fine. I vote for Quincey.

The men awkwardly eye each other.

VAN HELSING

You're right, Mina. It is crap. But the sad fact is, we are male primates, and when the adrenaline starts pumping, instinct trumps social conditioning, and that instinct is to protect the female--

MINA
 (incensed)
 Oh, Jesus... save it for the National
 Geographic, *Bram*.

HOLMWOOD
 We don't have time for this.

Furious, betrayed, Mina glares at Seward, Holmwood, Quincey,
 then Jonathan.

MINA
 Fine. Go.

HARKER
 Mina, I--

MINA
 (simmering)
 Just... go.

INT. 230 PARK AVENUE - PARKING GARAGE

Seward opens the hatch on his Prius. Van Helsing reaches in,
 begins passing items to Quincey, Holmwood, Harker and Seward,
 which they transfer to the trunks of Holmwood's Bentley GT
 and Harker's M5--silver stakes, mallets, flashlights...

VAN HELSING
 We quit at sunset. If we don't get him
 today, we regroup, move out again at
 dawn. Take no chances...

He withdraws a small, tube-shaped leather clamshell case
 marked with a simple gold-leaf pastoral cross, opens it.

INSERT

Inside, nestled in the red felt lining, is a stack of
 communion wafers.

VAN HELSING
 Eucharist, blessed and transmogrified.
 Even if you don't care for the Catholic
 church, please treat these with some
 reverence.

QUINCEY
 Don't wanna find them rolling around on
 the floor of the car?

VAN HELSING

(dry)

No.

(to the others)

Break one up, press it into the soil of any boxes you find. Once they've been sanctified, they're useless to him. Any of you guys good with handguns?

The others look at Holmwood. He shrugs.

HOLMWOOD

Yeah, I hit the range.

Van Helsing pulls out a Colt 1911 and two extra clips.

VAN HELSING

(re: clips)

These are loaded with silver dum-dums, forty-five A.C.P. Seven to a clip.

Holmwood slides in one of the clips, pockets the other. Jacks in a round.

VAN HELSING

Just remember one thing: He hasn't been alive for six-hundred years because nobody tried to kill him. We're just the latest...

(looks at each of them)

But let's see to it that we're the last.

EXT. HARLEM - STRIVERS ROW - DAY

Holmwood's Bentley glides up to the curb across the street from the mansion. There's a lot of activity--kids playing, traffic, pedestrians, people chatting on their porches.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Quincey scopes out the mansion from the passenger seat, Holmwood behind the wheel, Seward in the back.

QUINCEY

How we gonna get in there without somebody calling the cops?

HOLMWOOD

Already got it covered.

As if on cue, a van marked "SEELEY & SONS - LOCKSMITH" pulls up, double-parks in front of the house.

QUINCEY

Oh, yeah. I forgot. You're white.

EXT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Holmwood, Quincey and Seward wait on the stoop while SEELEY, mid-50s, hand-files a key-blank, turns it in the lock, throwing the deadbolt.

SEELEY

That outta do'er.

He hands the newly minted key to Holmwood, who reaches for his wallet. Seeley holds up one hand.

SEELEY

S'on me, Mr. Holmwood. I voted for your Dad. Both times. I was a big admirer.

HOLMWOOD

Me too.

As Seeley returns to his truck.

QUINCEY

Why is it rich people never gotta pay for anything?

Holmwood opens the door.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - ENTRY-HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dim, dusty, completely devoid of furniture, flaking wallpaper stained with the ghosts of pictures that once graced the walls, trash piled in one corner.

QUINCEY

I like what he's done with the place.

SEWARD

Cozy.

Holmwood tries the light switch. No go.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. Seward steps inside, motes of dust swirling in his FLASHLIGHT BEAM as he scans the room. A SCRATCHING sound above him. He trains the flashlight at the ceiling. Nothing.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Seward steps out of the bedroom, Quincey exits another down the hall.

SEWARD
Anything?

QUINCEY
Nothing.

Again, the FURTIVE SCRATCHING above them, an angry SQUEAK and the unnerving PATTERN of tiny creatures chasing each other in the walls. Holmwood's voice CALLS FROM DOWNSTAIRS:

HOLMWOOD (O.S.)
Hey guys! I got something!

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - ENTRY-HALL - CONTINUOUS

Quincey and Seward rush down the stairs, look around. The room is empty.

SEWARD
Artie...!

HOLMWOOD (O.S.)
I'm down here!

Quincey sees an open basement door under the stairs.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quincey and Seward descend a narrow stairway. Heating ducts and copper pipes snake across the bare joists above.

QUINCEY
Whattaya got?

Holmwood sweeps his FLASHLIGHT at something O.S.

POV

Near a RUSTY, CAST IRON FURNACE--some scattered on the floor; a few leaning up against an OVERFLOWING COAL-BIN--are SIX LONG CRATES. They speak in LOW VOICES:

SEWARD
Think he's in one?

Holmwood draws the big automatic, thumbs back the hammer. Eyes cold, voice colder:

HOLMWOOD

I hope so.

A LOUD SCRABBLING above them, a SQUEALING SQUEAK. Startled, their eyes dart upward, followed by the BEAMS OF THEIR FLASHLIGHTS.

POV

LARGE SEWER RATS are perched on every available square inch of pipe, duct, support-strut and joist. They stare down at us, beady-eyes flashing red as they reflect the FLASHLIGHT BEAMS. One of them HISSES.

ACT 5

EXT. DUNSMOOR FARM - DAY

FROM THE FRONT PORCH: high dead grass skirts a dirt drive. A RUSTY SWING-SET stands in the yard, the remaining swing CREAKING as a breeze catches it. In the F.G., a brittle strip of CRIME-SCENE TAPE flutters from one of the posts.

Harker's BMW pulls up. He and Van Helsing get out, gaze at the house. It's run-down, paint flaking, windows boarded up. After a beat.

HARKER
I know this place...

Van Helsing looks at him.

HARKER
There were some murders here.
Ten...fifteen years ago, maybe. Some
guy, Dunn... no, Dunsmoor. Charlie
Dunsmoor. Shotgunned his wife and two
little girls, turned it on himself. It
was a big story.

Van Helsing nods, looks at the house.

VAN HELSING
They like that, you know.
(to Jonathan)
Places where bad things have happened.

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Long-abandoned, a few sticks of broken furniture, thick dust on the floor. A SPLINTERING and the front door spings open, SUNLIGHT CASCADING into the room. Van Helsing and Harker enter. Scan the room with FLASHLIGHTS.

VAN HELSING
I'll check upstairs.

He heads up the steps. Jonathan begins searching the ground floor.

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan enters, sweeping the beam of the flashlight over tile counters, painted wood cabinets, an old, rust-streaked stove.

He's just about to leave when he sees something. There, in the dining nook, above a pine bench built into the wall, a FAN OF DRIED BROWN BLOOD-SPATTER, the wallpaper under it SHREDDED by buckshot.

Harker gazes at it, fixated. Swallows.

FLASH TO:

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE TRIGGER OF A SHOTGUN, flipped and angled UPWARD, a bloody hand, groping, clawing, curling around the trigger and BOOM!

VAN HELSING (O.S.)

Jonathan.

BACK TO:

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - KITCHEN - DAY

Van Helsing places a hand on Harker's shoulder. Jonathan starts, snapping to the here-and-now. Relaxes when he sees Van Helsing behind him.

HARKER

Yeah. Yeah... what?

VAN HELSING

You check the basement?

HARKER

Yeah. Nothing.

Van Helsing considers.

VAN HELSING

Let's take a look in the barn.

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - BARN - DAY

THE COOING OF PIGEONS. Jonathan follows Van Helsing inside. An open space, SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT piercing the dusty air through holes rotted in the sagging roof.

VAN HELSING

This is clear, let's hit the next one.

He's starting toward the door when Harker remembers something, says:

HARKER
Wait a second.

Van Helsing turns.

HARKER
I remember something in the papers.
After they found Dunsmoor in the kitchen,
it was a couple of days before they
discovered the others...

Jonathan remembers, starts searching the floor, sees something. He drops to his hands and knees, sweeping away a thin layer of hay. There, set in the floor, an IRON RING. He looks up at Van Helsing.

HARKER
They were in the root cellar.

INT. DUNSMOOR FARM - ROOT CELLAR - DAY

Crouching, Harker and Van Helsing descend a steep flight of wooden steps, their FLASHLIGHTS cutting through the murk. They see something.

FIVE OF THE CRATES are arranged in the low-ceilinged space. As Van Helsing begins prying open the first, Harker sees something under the stairs. He picks up

A RAG DOLL

Filthy, one button eye missing, wearing the frayed remains of a gingham dress. As Jonathan turns it over in his hand, a CHILD'S VOICE WHISPERS:

GIRL (O.S.)
Be careful...

Harker turns. Two small, waifish GIRLS are huddled under the stairs, the oldest about 9, the younger, 7. The youngest holds a finger to her lips, the elder WHISPERING:

GIRL
Quiet. He's coming...

HARKER
Who?

They cast their eyes upward. STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS. The floorboards overhead CREAK, bowing slightly, shaking loose dust. Someone is up there.

HARKER
 (whispers)
 Who is that?

The eldest, still gazing upward, ANSWERS:

GIRL
 Daddy.

In the light cast across the wall from the open trap door, Jonathan sees THE SHADOW OF A MAN CRADLING A SHOTGUN. Terrified, he turns to

THE GIRLS

their TWISTED BODIES sprawled in pools of fresh blood.

HARKER

SCREAMS. Someone grabs him from behind. He struggles, panicked. Van Helsing shakes him, SHOUTS:

VAN HELSING
 It's a trick! None of it's real!

Jonathan regains his composure, looks under the stairs. The bodies are gone.

HARKER
 Did you...

VAN HELSING
 See them? Yeah. For a second...
 (catches his breath)
 We're done, here.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

Under the beam of Quincey's flashlight, Seward crowbars open one of the crates while Holmwood covers him with the Colt. Each is a potential jack-in-the-box from Hell, and their relief is palpable when they find empty.

Seward breaks up Eucharist and presses the pieces into the soil. The sounds of SCUTTling CLAWS are unnerving.

QUINCEY
 C'mon, man, we got a little rodent problem here...

HOLMWOOD
 Just one more.

Quincey sweeps the shadows with his flashlight. The darkness is thick with scuttling RATS--big, black Norwegian bastards.

SEWARD
I need light!

Quincey trains the beam on the task, sweating as Seward frantically pries open the last box. Empty. He begins breaking up the Eucharist.

QUINCEY
Pick it up, man.

SEWARD
I am...

A FAT RAT crawls over the toe of Quincey's sneaker. He kicks it off. A chatter of HISSES and SQUEAKS. Seward finishes.

SEWARD
Okay, that's it.

He stands, looks around, startled to see that they're completely SURROUNDED BY RATS. The sweeping beams of their three flashlights seem to keep the HISSING swarm at bay

HOLMWOOD
Okay guys, just chill... they're only rats? It's not like they're gonna--

ONE OF THE RATS DROPS FROM ABOVE onto the back of Holmwood's neck. He instinctively grabs at it, CRIES OUT in pain:

HOLMWOOD
Gahh--Jeez!

He holds out his hand, staring in revulsion at a squirming rodent clamped to the pad of his thumb. Seward BATS it away with his steel flashlight.

THE RAT hits the floor. Dozens of its brethren fall upon it, begin VORACIOUSLY FEEDING.

HOLMWOOD
(squeezing his hand)
Okay... Okay. Important object lesson.
Do not fall on the ground and twitch.
Just... slowly... move toward the stairs.

The three edge toward the steps, the dark mass of rodents slowly closing in on them. Any sudden move will invite an attack. Seward steps on one of their tails. It SQUEALS and he nudges it away with the toe of his shoe.

HOLMWOOD

Okay... this is good... we're walking here...

They reach the foot of the stairs.

HOLMWOOD (CONT'D)

... okay... on three... two ... one...
GO!

They run like hell, taking the steps three at a time, the SQUEALING, SCREECHING HORDE HOT ON THEIR HEELS.

INT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - ENTRY-HALL - CONTINUOUS

ROARING, Holmwood, Quincey and Seward CHARGE out of the basement into the hallway, RATS STREAMING UP AFTER THEM, POURING DOWN THE STAIRCASE from the upper floors.

EXT. STRIVER ROW MANSION - DAY

The three BURST OUT THE FRONT DOOR, dash down the stoop, across the sidewalk and blindly into traffic. A taxi SCREECHES to a halt, Holmwood rolling across it's hood, the others following his mad path to the parked Bentley.

They turn, stare across the street at the mansion, panting. There's no sign of the rodents--just an open door. A few passersby look at them strangely. After a beat:

QUINCEY

Okay. Before we go to the next one, we gotta make a stop.

EXT. QUEENS - BAISLEY PARK HOUSES - DAY

LOUD GANGSTA RAP kicks out of a ghetto-blaster. Several BLACK YOUTHS talk among themselves, glancing across the street at...

HOLMWOOD'S BENTLEY parked between a rusty '71 Eldo and a stripped Corolla on concrete blocks.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Holmwood, his HAND BANDAGED, sits low behind the wheel, windows rolled tight, doors locked. In the passenger seat, Seward nervously watches as a BLACK '68 IMPALA RUMBLES slowly by, the FOUR BLACK TEENS inside giving them hard eyes.

SEWARD

That's the third time those guys have driven by.

HOLMWOOD
 (staring straight ahead)
 I know.

Suddenly, a HUGE PIT PULL jumps up on the driver's side door, presses it's slobbering chops against the window.

HOLMWOOD
Jesus!

Outside, Quincey knocks on the glass. Holmwood rolls down the window.

QUINCEY
 Gentlemen, this is Dogzilla...
 (grins)
 Dogzilla hates rats.

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL - DAY

The Bentley blows through.

SEWARD
 Make him knock it off.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Holmwood drives, Seward riding shotgun. Cramped in the back is Quincey and the battle-scarred pit-bull. Dogzilla has fallen in love with Seward's left ear.

QUINCEY
 He likes you!

A CELL-PHONE RINGS.

HOLMWOOD
 (puts it on speaker)
 Hey Harker, where you at?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARKER'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Harker speaks on his Bluetooth as he and Van Helsing speed east on DUNE ROAD.

HARKER
 Southampton. How many did you find in Brooklyn?

HOLMWOOD
 Just three.

Harker turns to Van Helsing.

HARKER
 Three boxes in Brooklyn.
 (into phone)
 That's fourteen down, seven to go.
 According to the weather service, we got
 fifty-three minutes until the sun sets.
 We're less than five minutes out. You?

HOLMWOOD
 Fifteen, tops.

HARKER
 Okay. One or the other of us is gonna
 find somebody in a box.

Holmwood glances at Seward.

HOLMWOOD
 We're looking forward to that.

HARKER
 Remember the ghosts, the rats. Don't let
 him distract you with smoke.

HOLMWOOD
 Dude, smoke did not chew up my hand.

HARKER
 I'm not saying there weren't rats in that
 house. Just not--

HOLMWOOD
 --in the numbers we saw. I know. He was
 definitely messing with our heads. It
 won't work twice.

Van Helsing points to his right.

HARKER'S POV

The crumbling black chimneys and gables of the COLFAX ESTATE
 rising above a THICK COPSE OF TREES

HARKER
 We're here. Watch yourselves, okay?

He disconnects.

EXT. COLFAX ESTATE - DAY

The M-5 CRUNCHES up a neglected gravel drive. They park next to a large, crumbling fountain. Van Helsing gets out, looks at the house.

HARKER

Six-point-eight million sure doesn't buy what it used to.

Once one of the Grand Manors of the Hamptons, the neglected estate has been woefully consumed by the elements--the better part of it's EAST-WING GUTTED BY FIRE; its once impeccably landscaped grounds long gone to seed.

VAN HELSING

How many rooms?

HARKER

Fifty-three.

Van Helsing looks at his watch, then Jonathan.

INT. A-1 PLATING WORKS - MAIN FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Voluminous space, the interior rising up thirty feet. Chains hang from rusty steel tracks that run across the steel-girder beams, PIGEONS up in the rafters. The concrete floor is wet with puddles of stagnant rainwater; the only light streams through gaps in the boarded up windows.

The lock on a steel door is POPPED OPEN. Seward, Holmwood and Quincey enter the factory. Dogzilla WHINES. The men look at each other, uneasy.

INT. COLFAX ESTATE - BEDROOM - DAY

Harker sweeps the room with his flashlight, exits into...

INT. COLFAX ESTATE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan crosses the hall, peers into yet another bedroom. Van Helsing steps out of one down the way.

VAN HELSING

Clear. You?

HARKER

Yeah.

VAN HELSING

What's left?

HARKER

The attic?

INT. A-1 PLATING WORKS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Quincey, Holmwood and Seward cautiously trail Dogzilla past rust-streaked banks of lockers. They enter...

INT. A-1 PLATING WORKS - SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

BLACK MOLD thrives in the grout between green tiles. SHOWER-HEADS are spaced at three foot intervals on the walls. In the center of the space, their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS illuminate FOUR OF THE LONG CRATES.

Holmwood pulls a stake and mallet from the knapsack as Seward kneels, begins prying open the first of the boxes. Dogzilla GROWLS.

RENFIELD (O.S.)

Hello, Doctor.

The three men turn. In the far, darkest corner of the room SHADOWS SEEM TO COALESCE, pulling together into the form of a hulking man: RENFIELD.

Seward freezes in horror, GASPS:

SEWARD

Renfield...

INT. COLFAX ESTATE - ATTIC - DUSK

Under the pitched ceiling, the space is cluttered with junk. TWO OF THE CRATES occupy the center of the room, one of them already open. Jonathan stands alert, covering Van Helsing with the WEBLEY as the doctor presses bits of Eucharist into the soil. Strips of ORANGE SUNLIGHT peak in through the shuttered gable.

HARKER

We're almost out of time.

Van Helsing nods. One last crate. He picks a silver stake up off the floor, slips the tooth of the crowbar under the lid, pries it up, NAILS GROANING. The lid wrenches free, he SHOVES IT CLEAR.

Dracula lies within. HE OPENS HIS EYES.

Van Helsing drives the stake down with all his strength. With LIGHTNING SPEED, Tepes grabs his wrist, the point of the stake frozen millimeters from his chest.

The blow comes so fast, it's impossible to see, Tepes fist SMASHING in the side of Van Helsing's face.

INT. A-1 PLATING WORKS - SHOWERS - DUSK

Renfield advances on Seward and Holmwood, Quincey SHOUTS:

QUINCEY

It's a trick! He's not there!

He releases Dogzilla, who immediately TURNS TAIL AND FLEES THE ROOM. Frustrated, Quincey steps up to Renfield.

QUINCEY

It's nothing! He's playing us!

As if to prove his point, he swings an open palm at Renfield, fully expecting it to pass through him. His hand meets SOLID, COLD FLESH. The SLAP turns Renfield's face aside.

He slowly turns, looks at Quincy and, with BLURRED SPEED, grabs him by the neck and SLAMS the back of his head against the wall with enough force to BREAK TILES.

Holmwood tries to get a bead on him with the Colt. Renfield HURLS QUINCEY'S LIMP BODY at him at full force. The two sprawl on the floor.

He turns his attention on Seward, who freezes, beyond terror, the small package of Eucharist falling from his limp fingers to the floor.

INT. COLFAX ESTATE - ATTIC - DUSK

Jonathan tries to aim, but with amazing celerity, DRACULA IS A BLUR, darting between shadows, behind piles of junk. Jonathan FIRES REPEATEDLY AND MISSES.

Suddenly, Tepes is standing before him. Jonathan presses the muzzle against the vampire's heart. Tepes smiles.

TEPES

Nice to see you again, Jonathan.
(glances down at the pistol)
You're empty.

Harker squeezes the trigger. It CLICKS ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER. Dracula BACKHANDS him, throwing him back fifteen feet.

INT. A-1 PLATING WORKS - SHOWERS - DUSK

Renfield pins Seward to the floor by the neck, drooling past wickedly sharp fangs.

RENFIELD

It's really a shame Van Helsing didn't give me his special treatment. Not too surprising, though. What? With all that blood, who coulda known I was a pint or two low?

Renfield leers, and moves in for the kill. Suddenly, the sound of an AUTOMATIC BEING RACKED. Renfield turns, sees

QUINCEY

still dazed, aiming the Colt at him.

RENFIELD

(smirks)

You can't hurt me with that. I'm already dead.

BOOM! The big round knocks Renfield to the ground. Shocked, squirming, fear and surprise etched on his face as he watches Quincey step up. He aims the automatic at Renfield's face.

QUINCEY

What? You didn't get the memo?

Quincey puts THREE ROUNDS into Renfield's head at point blank, plucks a stake from the knapsack and drives it into the big man's chest.

INT. COLFAX ESTATE - ATTIC - DUSK

Dracula calmly approaches as Jonathan drags himself back across the floor.

TEPES

Did you actually think that you and your friends could destroy me? I've commanded vast armies. I have never been defeated in battle...

He grabs Harker by the collar, hauls him to his feet.

TEPES

I have conquered death itself.

He THROWS him back against a wall. Stunned, Jonathan pulls a SILVER CRUCIFIX from his coat pocket, holds it up in one, trembling hand. Dracula smirks.

TEPES

Jonathan. Come, now. Didn't Van Helsing tell you? It only works if you believe.

TEPES(cont'd)
(shakes his head sadly)
You're an agnostic, remember?

Harker takes a step forward, his eyes set in fierce determination.

HARKER
That was before I met you.

The CROSS BLAZES with light. Dracula shields his eyes, turns away, only to face Van Helsing, who brandishes the EUCHARIST.

TEPES
(roars)
Sacrilege!

He turns and charges toward the shuttered gable window, SMASHES THROUGH in a shower of SHATTERED GLASS and SPLINTERED WOOD, taking out the frame and part of the adjoining wall.

EXT. COLFAX ESTATE - DUSK

LOOKING UP as Jonathan and Van Helsing run to the GAPING DESTRUCTION that was once a window, stare down.

THEIR POV

Scattered on the stone terrace below, bits of glass and debris.

Dracula is gone.

ACT 6

EXT. 230 PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Establish, the building lit against the clear night sky.

INT. HAWKINS & SUTTER - LAW LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Very quiet, winding down. A SLOW PUSH IN on Mina as she studies some documents, taking notes on a laptop. Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. She grabs it.

MINA

Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARKER'S BMW - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan speaks to her over his Bluetooth, Van Helsing in the passenger seat. Both looks fried.

HARKER

He got away.

Mina closes her eyes.

HARKER

Mina?

MINA

Yeah, I'm here.

HARKER

It wouldn't have made any difference if you were with us.

MINA

If I'd been with you, there would've been three people searching those places instead of two, and you would've caught him before sunset.

HARKER

(resigned)
You're right.

MINA

What's that? I don't think I heard you?

HARKER

I said you're right. We made a bad call. We're all idiots, and you're smarter than all of us put together.

MINA

(smiles)

I cherish these moments. When'll you be back?

HARKER

At least an hour. Quincey'll be by to take you home. I'll meet you there.

MINA

Jonathan?

HARKER

Yeah.

MINA

I love you.

Harker smiles.

HARKER

I love you too.

EXT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establish.

QUINCEY (PRE-LAP)

Admit it, baby. You love this stuff...

INT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mina and Quincey approach the door to the apartment.

QUINCEY (CONT'D)

Whole crew of big sexy men, all looking out for you--

Mina keys open the door.

MINA

Just cuz he's medieval doesn't mean you all have to be. I can take care of myself.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quincey follows her inside. Mina TURNS ON THE LIGHTS, drops her coat and purse on a chair.

QUINCEY

I'm not going anywhere til Jay gets back.
Deal with it, baby. I'm your bodyguard.

MINA

(long-suffering)
Fine. Make yourself at home.

As she steps into the bedroom, Quincey heads for the kitchen, opens the fridge, grabs a bottle of beer. As he opens it, a SHOWER IS TURNED ON (O.S.) in the rear of the apartment.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mina steps into the shower, talking as she lathers up. She SHOUTS to be heard in the front room:

MINA

You musta freaked when Renfield showed
up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE TELEVISION tuned to one of those brutal Japanese game shows. Quincey is seated on the sofa, slugging the beer and munching Fritos.

QUINCEY

Oh, hell yeah. All dead and vampirized.
(bares his teeth, HISSES)
I just about had a heart-attack.

MINA

What about the others?

QUINCEY

Artie's all trying to get the gun out,
but the hammer's stuck on a belt-loop--

Mina LAUGHS.

MINA

You ever find the dog?

Silence.

MINA
Quincey?

She turns off the shower. Listens. The TELEVISION is still chattering in Japanese.

Mina pulls aside the shower curtain, REVEALING DRACULA looming over her. There's NO SIGN OF HIS REFLECTION in the mirror behind him. He grabs her by the hair.

INT. HARKER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We can still hear the TELEVISION ON inside the apartment. Harker and Van Helsing approach the door, Jonathan talking on his cell.

HARKER
What time?
(listens)
Okay, sounds good. I'll tell him.

He disconnects.

HARKER
According to Arthur's customs guy, a reservation's been made for transport of a coffin to Budapest on an Alitalia flight out of Newark at seven-thirty-five.

VAN HELSING
Tonight?

HARKER
(keys open the door)
Yeah. They should be here in a few minutes. We'll hook up and head out.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Harker step into the apartment. Freeze, staring down at

QUINCEY'S BODY

sprawled on the floor in front of the television. His neck is broken, HEAD TURNED AROUND ALMOST 180-DEGREES.

THE TWO MEN

Shocked, it takes them a moment to process what they're seeing. Harker's the first to snap out of it.

HARKER

Mina...!

He dashes to the bedroom door. It's locked. He throws his shoulder against it, SHOUTS:

HARKER

Mina!

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open into the DARKENED BEDROOM. Jonathan recoils in horror.

REVERSE

The window is wide open, MOONLIGHT streaming through. Naked, Mina kneels on the bed. Dracula stands before her, his shirt wrenched open.

With his left hand he grips both her wrists, keeping them away with her arms at full tension. His right hand grips her by the back of the neck, pressing her face against his chest.

HARKER

(gasps)

Mina...

Mina turns, eyes half closed as though drunk with carnal ecstasy, BLOOD trailing from her mouth down her chin. A thin stream trickles from a DEEP TEAR IN TEPES' FLESH.

HARKER

Mina... no...

Van Helsing enters, shoves Jonathan aside and levels his Webley. As he FIRES, Dracula transforms into a SWIRLING TORNADO OF BLACK MOTES that swarm out the window. Mina collapses on the bed.

Holmwood and Seward arrive, running in at the sound of the gunfire, coming up short behind Van Helsing.

SEWARD

What's happening--

They follow Van Helsing's gaze to the bed.

THEIR POV

Jonathan has wrapped Mina in a sheet, cradles her against him, stroking her hair, her shoulders shaking as she SOBS UNCONTROLLABLY.

INT. HARKER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

POLICE RADIOS CHATTER. CLOSE ON QUINCEY'S FACE nestled in a body-bag before it's ZIPPED UP. CORONER'S ASSISTANTS wheel it out the door on a gurney. CSIs dust the room for prints.

IN THE KITCHEN

Mina, shell-shocked, and Seward look on as Jonathan finishes giving his statement to Det. Pappas:

HARKER
... we just found him.

PAPPAS
There's was no one else in the apartment?

Jonathan shakes his head. Seward's CELL-PHONE CHIRPS.

SEWARD
Excuse me.

He steps away as Pappas continues his interview.

PAPPAS
You're sure about that.

HARKER
Yeah.

PAPPAS
Cuz there's some blood cast-off in the bedroom.

Mina still numb from the loss of her best friend, says in a FLAT TONE:

MINA
I had a nose-bleed.

PAPPAS
A nose-bleed, huh?
(looks at Harker)
There were reports of a gunshot. We pulled a slug from the wall behind the bed.

HARKER
(shrugs)
It was there when we moved in.

Pappas looks at them. He closes his notebook.

PAPPAS

I've been seeing alot of you two, lately.
My guess is you're in the middle of
something. Wanna talk about it? Off the
record.

Neither responds. Pappas shakes his head, walks away.
Seward enters and pulls them aside.

SEWARD

(quietly)
Artie and Bram didn't make it in time.
Plane took off. Tepes is on his way back
to Romania.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - NIGHT

Harker looks on as Van Helsing examines the bite-wounds on
Mina's neck. In the B.G., Seward and Holmwood quietly work
the phones.

MINA

Why did he make me do that?

VAN HELSING

To create a bond between you. No matter
where you go, he'll be able to find you.
He might be done here for now, but he's
got the advantage of time.

Seward treats Mina's wounds with anti-biotic ointment.

HARKER

What can we do?

VAN HELSING

Kill him. Other than that, not a lot.

HARKER

There's gotta be something.

Van Helsing looks at him, reads the desperation in him.

VAN HELSING

Maybe...

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - BEDROOM

The lights are dim. Mina lies on the bed, arms extended.
Jonathan looks on as Van Helsing solemnly administers the
Roman Catholic Rite of *Extreme Unction*:

VAN HELSING

Are any among you sick? They should call for the elders of the church and have them pray over them, anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord.

He holds up a small vial of blessed olive oil.

VAN HELSING

And their prayer offered in faith will heal the sick, and the Lord will make them well. And anyone who has committed sins will be forgiven.

He pours a small quantity of oil into his cupped left palm, dips two fingers into it.

VAN HELSING

Through this holy unction may the Lord pardon thee whatever sins or faults thou hast committed...

He applies the oil to Mina's forehead in the sign of the cross.

VAN HELSING

...in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy--

Mina CRIES OUT in pain. The skin under the oil begins to SMOKE AND BLISTER as if exposed to acid. Mina clamps both hands to her forehead, rolls out of bed and staggers into the bathroom.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sink-faucet runs at full blast, Mina frantically washing the oil off her forehead. Van Helsing stands at the threshold, watching helplessly as Harker runs to her. She reacts violently to his touch.

MINA

Don't touch me! Get out.

Covering her forehead with one hand, she shoves him out the door, SLAMS it shut and locks it.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S LOFT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harker and Van Helsing stand outside the door. All they can hear inside is RUSHING WATER. Harker POUNDS on the door.

HARKER

Mina!

HOLMWOOD

What happened?

The two men turn, see Holmwood and Seward standing at the threshold of the bedroom. After a moment, the FAUCET GOES SILENT. The doorknob SLOWLY TURNS.

All eyes focus on the bathroom door as it opens.

Mina steps out, head bowed. After a long moment, she looks up at the others. A RAGGED CRUCIFORM IS BURNED INTO THE FLESH OF HER FOREHEAD. Her eyes burn with cold fury.

MINA

He killed my best friend. I want him dead.

(looks at each)

Understand?

Stunned, the four men stare at her. Tepes has definitely fucked with the wrong woman.

ACT 7

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

Van Helsing, Jonathan, Mina, Seward and Holmwood quickly walk the tarmac toward a waiting GULFSTREAM G450. Mina wears a knit cap pulled down low over her eyes to hide the burn.

HOLMWOOD

It's gonna be close. The Alitalia flight is thirteen hours, thirty-five minutes, one transfer in Milan. We'll need to refuel in Paris, but we should still beat him to Bucharest by an hour or so.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S GULFSTREAM - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

They board the jet. The cabin is beautifully appointed.

VAN HELSING

Wow. This is yours?

HOLMWOOD

(smiles)

Lucy says--

He stops, still having trouble thinking of her in past-tense.

HOLMWOOD

(corrects himself)

Said. "Money can't buy happiness, but a private jet sure helps chase the blues away."

He smiles sadly, heads up to the cockpit as the others take their seats.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S GULFSTREAM - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Holmwood straps himself in the pilot's seat, speaks into his headset as Seward crouches in, takes the copilot's seat.

HOLMWOOD

Tower, this is N45677B, requesting permission for takeoff, over...

SEWARD

How're we gonna get the guns through customs?

HOLMWOOD

We're traveling under diplomatic visas.
We could roller-skate through with
R.P.G.s if we wanted to. Buckle up.

RADIO

N45677B, you are cleared for immediate
take-off on runway two, over.

EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Gulfstream taxis up to the top of the runway, pours it on
down the line and gracefully lifts into the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OVER THE ATLANTIC - DAWN

The Gulfstream cruises over the black ocean, the eastern
horizon turning pink, the clouds rimmed with gold fire.

INT. HOLMWOOD'S GULFSTREAM - CABIN - DAWN

Dimly lit. Jonathan sleeps. Mina flips through a *Metropol*
magazine, too anxious to rest. Van Helsing moves down the
aisle, takes a seat facing her.

VAN HELSING

(re: the burn)

I'm so sorry about that. I had no idea--

MINA

It's okay. Really. You were just trying
to help.

She attempts a smile, averts her eyes, gazing at the
blackness outside a window.

MINA

What he did, it's worse than, you know...
rape. With rape, it happens and it over.
Maybe the guy gets caught. Maybe not.
Either way, it's something that *happened*.
This is, you know...

(looks at him)

... *happening*.

Van Helsing nods.

VAN HELSING

You can sense him?

MINA
 Yeah. It's like he's a part of me. Like
 someone I've known all my life.
 (shudders)
 Makes me sick.

Van Helsing considers.

VAN HELSING
 I'd like to try something. An
 experiment, really. It could be very
 helpful to us...

MINA
 But?

VAN HELSING
 Not much fun for you.

MINA
 You kidding? So far, this has a real
 blast.

Van Helsing twitches a sad smile.

VAN HELSING
 Have you ever been hypnotized?

Mina stares at him with curiosity and mild apprehension.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOLMWOOD'S GULFSTREAM - CABIN - DAY

Harker moves down the aisles, pulling down the shades on the
 last few windows, blocking out the sunlight. We can hear
 Seward speaking in a GENTLE TONE:

SEWARD (O.S.)
 You're here with us. You're very
 relaxed. Breath in... out... deeply...

He looks at Seward and Van Helsing, both of them intent on
 Mina, whose seat has been pushed back in a full recline.

SEWARD
 Can you hear me, Mina?

MINA
 (relaxed)
 Yes.

SEWARD
You're here, but you're somewhere else,
aren't you?

MINA
(whispers)
Yes.

SEWARD
Go there.

MINA
I don't want to.

SEWARD
It's all right. You're safe. He can't
touch you. Are you there?

CLOSE ON Mina, confused. A subtle LIGHT CHANGE occurs. We
can hear LOUD RUSHING WIND, CREAKING. She bumps slightly as
if being gently jostled.

MINA
It's dark.

SEWARD (O.S.)
Can you hear anything?

MINA
A loud, noise. Wind. Vibration.

SEWARD (O.S.)
Open your eyes. What do you see?

Mina opens her eyes. Her pupils are dilated. She gazes
sightlessly, like a blind woman. Shakes her head.

MINA
Nothing.

SEWARD (O.S.)
I want you to reach out. See if you can
feel anything...

Mina tentatively reaches out with both hands.

MINA
Fabric. Gathered. Feels like satin,
it's...
(begins to panic)
It's like... I'm--I can't get out! I
can't breathe! I can't--

SEWARD
Wake up! *Mina!*

Seward SNAPS his fingers, breaking the trance. Jonathan holds her as she gulps in deep breaths of air, casts an accusing glare at the doctors.

HARKER
Get away from her! Back off!
(to Mina)
Are you all right?

Mina nods. Van Helsing and Seward lock eyes, considering the implications of what they've just witnessed.

EXT. OTOPENI AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Van Helsing, Harker and Mina walk away from the Gulfstream, followed by Seward and Holmwood, the latter carrying a large duffel.

MINA
So you're saying it's bilateral?

VAN HELSING
In at least a limited sense. You can't tell us exactly where Tepes is, but you can key into his surroundings.

HARKER
I don't like it.

Mina's about to respond when a LINCOLN TOWN CAR STRETCH pulls up, followed by a black Suburban. Carrie Ibanescu gets out of the back of the stretch.

MINA
(pleased)
Carrie!

She gives Mina a hug, looks at Jonathan.

CARRIE
Aren't you two supposed to be on a honeymoon or something?

INT. TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Holmwood, Mina and Jonathan sit in the back with Carrie. As they're whisked out to another section of the airport, she gives Holmwood the rundown.

CARRIE

The Alitalia flight you alerted us about landed ahead of schedule. The casket on board was seized by Romanian authorities and transferred to a secure location here at the airport.

HOLMWOOD

Where?

CARRIE

A hangar out past the terminal. We're on our way now. I'm just curious, how did you get involved?

HOLMWOOD

Mina here's been doing a piece for my magazine about illegal trafficking in military high-tech. Seemed like a good angle to catch these clowns with their hands in the cookie-jar.

Mina trades a glance with Jonathan.

INT. OTOPENI AIRPORT - HANGAR - DAY

The casket sits by itself on a pair of saw-horses in the center of the hangar. SUNLIGHT streams in through the HUGE OPEN DOOR, reflecting dully off the coffin's brushed metallic surface. Four UNIFORMED ROMANIAN CUSTOMS OFFICERS

Carrie, Holmwood, Mina and Harker, Seward, and Van Helsing stand alongside a ROMANIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIAL.

THE TUBE-LOCK securing the coffin is DRILLED and RATCHETED OUT. The lid emits a HISS OF ESCAPED AIR as the seal is broken.

Van Helsing glances at the fiery ball of the late afternoon sun, MUTTERS UNDER HIS BREATH to Seward:

VAN HELSING

Ladies and gentlemen, and now for something completely different...

The Officers pull open the lid. A collective gasp, disgust registering on their faces as they see the contents of the coffin...

... the desiccated corpse of an OLD WOMAN.

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL BUCHAREST - NIGHT

Establish. A luxury hotel in downtown Bucharest.

HARKER (PRE-LAP)

They must've made the switch in Milan.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Van Helsing gazes out the window at the city skyline as Harker and Holmwood discuss the situation. Mina sits on the sofa with Seward.

HOLMWOOD

Which means we're screwed. Milan is a major international hub. He could be anywhere in the world.

VAN HELSING

No. He's here.

HOLMWOOD

How can you know that?

VAN HELSING

He's not like us. He can't just hop on a plane and check into a hotel. It's very dangerous for him to travel. He needs allies. He needs support. He's *here*. He must be.

HOLMWOOD

(frustrated)

You're just guessing. He could be anywhere.

A beat. Nobody contradicts him. Holmwood's right.

MINA

Put me under.

HARKER

No--

MINA

Jonathan, I don't wanna do it either. But it's all we got.

The others looks at each other. She's right.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The vertical blinds have been drawn; the only light, a small reading lamp. Mina lies on the bed, Seward seated on one side, Harker on the other, holding her hand. Van Helsing and Holmwood stand in the darkness at the foot of the bed. Eyes closed, Mina takes DEEP BREATHS.

SEWARD

Where are you?

MINA

(a catch)

In... I'm in the coffin.

SEWARD

It's okay, Mina. You're safe. We're here. No one can touch you. Take a three deep breaths and relax.

TIGHT ON MINA, settling. As she BREATHES DEEPLY, another SUBTLE LIGHT SHIFT. The lilting notes of GERSHWIN'S "SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME" fade in and out.

SEWARD

What do you hear?

MINA

A song...

(softly sings)

There's a somebody I'm longing to see I hope that she turns out to be...

Seward quietly joins her, SINGS:

MINA AND SEWARD

Someone to watch over me...

Holmwood shakes his head, frustrated, MURMURS:

HOLMWOOD

He must be back in the states.

VAN HELSING

(softly)

No. Jazz is much more popular here than in the U.S.

Harker gets an idea. WHISPERS to Seward.

HARKER

Keep her singing.

SEWARD

Mina, I'd like you to sing along, can you do that?

Mina nods, SINGING SLEEPILY:

MINA

*Although he may not be the man some girls
think of as handsome,
To my heart he carries the key...*

Harker switches on a CLOCK RADIO on the bedside table. As Mina sings, he CRANKS THROUGH THE STATIONS...

MINA

*Won't you tell him please to put on some
speed,
Follow my lead...*

He Finds it. ELLA FITZGERALD ON THE RADIO, singing in perfect sync with Mina.

MINA AND FITZGERALD

*... oh, how I need,
Someone to watch over me...*

Harker turns to the others.

HARKER

Bram's right. He's here. In Bucharest.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

In the bedroom, Harker sits with an exhausted Mina. Van Helsing quietly closes the door.

SEWARD

Probably headed back to the estate.

HOLMWOOD

We could set up an ambush.

Van Helsing considers it. Shakes his head.

VAN HELSING

No. Too dangerous. The Carpathians are his home turf. He's got people up there.

(thinks)

No, we wait until he makes his move, then nail him somewhere on the road in daylight.

SEWARD

We gotta find him, first. We don't know the language. We've got zero contacts. And after that disaster at the airport, I'd say we pretty much burned our bridges with the State Department.

Holmwood slowly shakes his head, considering...

HOLMWOOD

I dunno...

Van Helsing and Seward look at him, incredulous. Holmwood gives them a feckless look, shrugs.

HOLMWOOD

I think we're still good.

EXT. BUCHAREST - U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

Leaving work for the day, Carrie Ibanescu steps out the front door, starts down the steps.

HOLMWOOD (O.S.)

Carrie...

She turns, sees Holmwood approaching up the steps. Her eyes go cold. This is the last man on earth she wants to see.

CARRIE

You.

Shaking her head, she starts past him, He touches her arm.

HOLMWOOD

Carrie, wait--

CARRIE

(turns on him)

Do you have any idea how embarrassing that... *fiasco* was for the department? For *me*?

HOLMWOOD

I'm sorry, it's just--

CARRIE

I stuck my neck out for you! You have no clue how many favors I had to pull. And for what?

She shakes her head, disgusted. He looks down at the ground, oozing remorse. She waits.

HOLMWOOD
I'm sorry, Carrie...

He looks up at her. Puppy-dog eyes. So terrible gorgeous...
so terribly lost...

HOLMWOOD
I need your help.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - CONTINUOUS

Seward and Van Helsing watch from inside the car.

VAN HELSING
How does he do that?

THEIR POV

The tableau play out MOS. Holmwood touches Carrie's arm.
Slowly but surely, as he talks to her, she seems to relax.
Seward VOICES THE SCENE:

SEWARD
(in manly, seductive voice)
It's okay, baby. I'm Arthur Holmwood.
You can trust me.
(in mousy chick voice)
Well, I really shouldn't. But I was
always a *huge* admirer of your father.
(in manly, seductive voice)
Me, too, baby...

VAN HELSING
I think I'm beginning to hate that guy.

Arthur, arm-in-arm with Carrie, knocks on the window. Harker
rolls it down.

HOLMWOOD
Hey...
(grins)
... you guys remember Carrie Ibanescu.
From the State Department?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan and Mina in bed, sleeping. Mina stirs.

FLASH TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

(NOTE: Throughout the following, the SURGING RHYTHM OF A BEATING HEART GROWS IN VOLUME.)

A COAL BLACK STALLION - LIGHTNING rims its glossy coat as it WICKERS and tosses it's head, mane flying.

BILLOWING RED SILK - A WOMAN chants a MANTRA IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE, her voice edged with sexual frenzy.

GALLOPING HOOVES - kicking up sand.

A WOMAN'S HAND - clenching red satin, BLOOD OOZING from between her fingers as the MANTRA becomes a series of BREATHLESS SCREAMS.

SLAM BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Mina suddenly awakes, bathed in sweat. She sits up, rakes her fingers through lank hair.

TEPES (O.S.)
(whispers)
Mina...

She looks at Jonathan. He's fast asleep.

TEPES (O.S.)
(whispers)
I want you...

Mina screws her eyes shut, clenching her fists, trembling. It takes every fiber of her will to ignore the call. Finally, she throws her head back, SHOUTS:

MINA
NO!

Harker awakes, startled. He turns on a light.

HARKER
What...? What is it?

Her hand immediately goes to her forehead, covering the puckered scar. Tears roll down her cheeks.

MINA
It was him. Calling me.

HARKER
It's okay. I'm here.

MINA
(shakes her head)
You don't understand. I wanted to go. I
wanted *him*.

Jonathan looks at her with curiosity, then compassion,
strokes a strand of her hair. She flinches, turns away.

MINA
Don't. Please. Don't look at me.

HARKER
I love you.

MINA
(vehemently shakes her head)
He's ruined me. I feel so... *filthy*.

He turns her to him, gazing into her downcast eyes.

HARKER
Look at me.

She shakes her head.

HARKER
Mina...

She raises her head, meets his eyes.

HARKER
He's powerful. I know. He almost
destroyed me. You didn't let that
happen. You saved me. Now it's my turn.
We got through that together. We'll get
through this.

Gazing into his fierce, earnest eyes, Mina can almost believe
him. They hear the others return.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Mina and Harker, wrapped in robes, get the lowdown from
Holmwood, who refers to his notes.

HOLMWOOD
There was a last-minute transfer in Milan
to a cargo plane. It landed at the
Baneasa Airport outside of town an hour
before we arrived.

HOLMWOOD(cont'd)

The coffin was claimed by an individual named Emil Petrescu, who owns a local transfer and storage company--

MINA

Where'd you get this stuff?

Seward trades a look with Van Helsing.

SEWARD

Don't even ask.

HARKER

If it's the same outfit that shipped him stateside, they got guns.

HOLMWOOD

So? We got guns.

HARKER

Artie, all we got are two pistols and a couple boxes of silver bullets. These guys have machine-guns.

(to the others)

We're screwed.

He's right and they know it. After a beat.

MINA

I may know someone.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

Establish. One of the dozens of decaying, aggressively ugly housing towers built during the Soviet era in the 70s.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HIGH-RISE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Watch-cap pulled down over her forehead, Mina stands in a dank hallway, POUNDING on the door of one of the units. It opens a crack and Constantin peers out.

Shirtless, wearing only a pair of track-suit pants, he stares at Mina a moment, bleary-eyed, before he recognizes her.

CONSTANTIN

Go away.

He starts to close the door. Jonathan steps in from the side, shoves it open and enters the apartment.

INT. CONSTANTIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan strides in, the .45 pressed against Constantin's scrawny chest. The interior is surprisingly tidy--worn but comfortable furniture, RELIGIOUS ICONS and framed FAMILY PHOTOS share space on the walls.

HARKER

You owe me, friend. And you are gonna help me.

CONSTANTIN

No, please. I know nothing. I am just a driver--

HARKER

You work for the people who work for him.

CONSTANTIN

What people? I know no people--

Mina pulls off the watch-cap. His eyes go wide when he sees the cross burned into her forehead.

MINA

Your buddy did this to me.

CONSTANTIN

(cringes, stammering)
He--I didn't know--

MINA

You got connections. We need guns.

CONSTANTIN

(frantically shakes his head)
I can't--

Mina takes a step forward. Constantin's backed up against the wall--has no place to go. It's clear he's more afraid of her than the .45 Pressed against his chest.

MINA

You can and you will, or I swear to God,
I'm ...
(falters)
I'm gonna *bite* you.

Constantin goes pale, looks like he may faint.

CONSTANTIN

Ohh God... no...

HARKER

Go ahead, Honey. Bite him.

A SOUND. They turn. A very OLD, STOOPED WOMAN stands at the entrance to one of the bedrooms.

CONSTANTIN

Mama...

Ashamed, Harker lowers the pistol.

The old woman approaches Harker, gazes up into his eyes. She asks her son a QUESTION IN ROMANIAN. Jonathan looks to Constantin for a translation.

CONSTANTIN

(averting his eyes)

She wants to know if you are the American
her son delivered to the monster.

Harker looks at the old woman.

HARKER

Yes. Da.

Her eyes slowly fill with cold rage. She turns and SLAPS Constantin HARD ACROSS THE FACE, spits out a LONG STREAM OF ROMANIAN INVECTIVE. Constantin seems to visibly shrink under the assault.

When she's done, she turns to Jonathan, takes his hand and kisses it. With a sad but kind smile, she nods up at him, then totters back to her bedroom.

HARKER

What did she say?

CONSTANTIN

(sullen)

She said I will help you.

ACT 8

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL BUCHAREST - DAY

Establish.

HOLMWOOD (PRE-LAP)
Where the hell is he?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Holmwood paces anxiously. Van Helsing and Seward listlessly watch a Soccer Game on Romanian television. Harker is sprawled on the sofa, Mina nearby. They're all sweating. Mina cools her forehead with a bottled water.

HARKER
Does it hurt?

MINA
(smiles at the note of concern
in his voice)
No. I'm just hot.

Holmwood steps under one of the vents. Holds his hand in front of it.

HOLMWOOD
Nothing. Presidential Suite my ass.
Smells like Stalin's armpit in here.

SEWARD
Knock it off, Artie. He'll be here.

HOLMWOOD
(mimics)
Knock it off, Artie. It's cool. Go
ahead. Give the total stranger cash up
front. We can trust him--

A KNOCK at the door. Holmwood throws it open.

HOLMWOOD
It's about time--

Constantin pushes past him, lugging a heavy olive-drab army duffel.

CONSTANTIN
Close the door.

He drops the duffel on the carpet in front of the sofa. It lands with a hard, heavy thump. They all gather around as he zips it open, begins pulling out a KALASHNIKOV ASSAULT RIFLE. Jacks in a BANANA CLIP.

CONSTANTIN

I got six. Five hundred and forty rounds
of ammunition

SNAPS back the bolt.

CONSTANTIN

Have any of you ever fired a full-
automatic weapon?

Empty looks all around. He heaves an IMPATIENT SIGH, shows them the correct shooting stance as he shoulders the rifle.

CONSTANTIN

Weight forward. It will pull up as it
fires. The trick is short bursts. I
will show you all how to load and cock.

HOLMWOOD

What's the point? He's probably already
long gone.

Van Helsing turns to Mina.

VAN HELSING

Mina...?

She closes her eyes a moment, then shakes her head.

Seward pulls a HAND GRENADE from the bag. Looks at it, stunned, then up at Constantin.

SEWARD

Is this a--

CONSTANTIN

Grenade, yes, it is a hand grenade.

He snatches it from Seward, shoves it back in the bag. He pulls a wad of American currency from his shirt-pocket, thrusts it toward Holmwood.

HOLMWOOD

What's that?

CONSTANTIN

Your change. You think I am thief?

HOLMWOOD

No!
 (glances at the others)
 No, of course not.
 (takes the cash)
 Thank you.

CONSTANTIN

I will go with you.

HOLMWOOD

No. Really. You've done enough.

SEWARD

It's not necessary.

CONSTANTIN

Do not be stupid. Emil Petrescu, he is
 Mafia. A very bad man.

MINA

Not as bad as the man he works for.

Constantin looks at Mina, shrugs.

CONSTANTIN

No man is.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Crumbling brick, stained black by years of exhaust and
 pollution. CYRILLIC GRAFFITI marks the walls, the ROLL-UP
 STEEL DOORS.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - CONTINUOUS

Holmwood and Seward in front, Jonathan, Mina, Van Helsing and
 Constantin sit low in the back. The AK-47s are near at hand,
 tucked into the footwells.

Holmwood checks the DASH CLOCK: 3:02 PM.

Mina sits next to Jonathan, eyes closed as if meditating.
 She GASPS, starts.

HARKER

(whispers)
 What?

MINA

He's on the move.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An OLD MAN steps outside and rolls up a WIDE GARAGE DOOR. A panel-truck edges out, TWO MEN in the cab.

CONSTANTIN

Good. Only two.

Their relief is short-lived, however, when a sleek black MERCEDES S600 pulls through the door, FOUR MEN inside, and trails the truck.

Holmwood looks at Seward. Says, quietly:

HOLMWOOD

Lucy.

An understanding passes between the two men--shared love; shared loss.

SEWARD

Lucy.
(to Mina)
And Quincey.

The others take a moment, silent respect for ones they loved, a deep, shared commitment to avenge their deaths. Holmwood puts the Mercedes in gear and pulls slowly away from the curb, discreetly tailing the sedan.

EXT. ISOLATED HIGHWAY - DAY

The panel-truck and its chase-vehicle BLOW BY. The SUV follows, about a half mile behind them, the SUN LOW in the western sky as they wind up the CARPATHIAN FOOTHILLS.

INT. MERCEDES SUV

THE DASH CLOCK reads 4:43.

HOLMWOOD

We're almost out of daylight.

SEWARD

We could try running them off the road.

MINA

They'll see us coming. Suspect something, open fire.

CONSTANTIN

This is true. That's why they are there.
To protect the truck.

VAN HELSING

We're gonna have to do something soon.
We've got maybe half an hour of daylight
left. After that, they're holding all
the cards.

Holmwood looks at the speedometer, presses the accelerator.
THE NEEDLE begins a steady trek left, from 90 MPH to 95... to
100...

EXT. ISOLATED HIGHWAY - DUSK

The panel truck and the sedan BLOW PAST. PAN WITH THEM as
they continue down the highway, disappearing into a TUNNEL.
A beats later, the SUV, HAULS BY. Holmwood has noticeably
narrowed the gap between the them and the convoy.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - DUSK

AQs they ROCKET into the tunnel. The HEADLIGHTS SWITCH ON
automatically. Holmwood glances at

THE SPEEDOMETER

They're running at 110 MPH.

HOLMWOOD

looks up. Thinks he sees something in the darkness ahead as
they round a corner. Hits his HIGH BEAMS, REVEALING...

THE TRUCK AND THE SEDAN

have stopped, LIGHTS OUT, COMPLETELY BLOCKING THE TUNNEL.
The GUNMEN are waiting for them, crouched behind the cover of
open doors, weapons ready.

HOLMWOOD

SLAMS ON THE BRAKES as the gypsies start FIRING, rounds
SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD, PUNCHING THROUGH SHEET-METAL.
Everyone in the SUV begins SCREAMING, ducking down in their
seats as the SUV GRINDS TO A HALT.

HOLMWOOD

(shouts)

Hold on!

He JAMS IT INTO REVERSE, PUNCHES THE ACCELERATOR and backs up
as fast as he can, the SUV almost impossible to control.

EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The SUV swerves wildly as it speeds backward. One of the rounds PUNCTURES THE RADIATOR and STEAM EXPLODES from under the hood. Holmwood loses it and the

REAR WHEELS

leave the blacktop, the SUV, pitching down into a drainage ditch at the side of the road, the PASSENGER SIDE PINNED AGAINST THE WALL OF THE TUNNEL.

Holmwood KILLS THE LIGHTS.

Still UNDER HEAVY FIRE, clutching their rifles, they spill out of the driver's side doors and race for cover BEHIND THE SUV, begin RETURNING FIRE. The battle is intense, blind. Jonathan turns to see...

MINA

STROBED by the MUZZLE-FLASHES, eyes closed, fists clenched. She opens her eyes and we...

SLAM TO:

HER POV

The action RAMPS DOWN TO EXTREME SLOW MOTION, the deafening bark of gunfire reduced to a LOW, PULSING ROAR.

TEPES
(whispers)
Mina...

And we...

SLAM BACK TO:

THE HERE AND NOW

Jonathan is distracted from Mina's odd behavior when Constantin opens the rear hatch. The INTERIOR LIGHT TURNS ON, giving their opponents a clear target. They come under a HAIL OF CONCENTRATED FIRE.

SEWARD
(roars)
Shut the hatch!

Constantin ignores him, groping around in the open duffel behind the rear seat.

He pulls out DOZENS OF CLIPS, tossing them aside until he finds what he's looking for: A HAND GRENADE.

Constantin SLAMS the hatch shut.

The FIRE from up-tunnel DROPS OFF as the thugs instinctively wait for their vision to adjust.

In the lull, Constantine PULLS THE PIN on the grenade and side-arms it. They hear it land on the road ahead with a METALLIC CLINK and SKITTER UP THE BLACKTOP. A long beat, and suddenly...

BOOM! The darkness EXPLODES IN LIGHT AND HEAT. The FRONT OF THE BIG SEDAN IS LIFTED THREE FEET off the ground, the first explosion almost immediately followed by a SECONDARY BLAST AS THE FUEL TANK IGNITES.

One of the thugs staggers around, FULLY ENGULFED IN FLAMES, finger clamped on the trigger and, his assault rifle FIRING wild figure eights.

Holmwood, Van Helsing, Seward and Constantin OPEN FIRE. No longer blind, the darkness routed by the BURNING SEDAN.

Jonathan once again turns to check on his wife.

MINA

Her eyes are screwed shut, both her hands pressed against her ears. She's screaming "NO" again and again, but we CAN'T HEAR HER OVER THE GUNFIRE.

Suddenly, Holmwood GRUNTS and falls out into the roadway, wounded.

SEWARD
(shouts)
Artie!

Constantine and Van Helsing lay down COVER FIRE as Seward lunges out, grabs his best friend by the collar and drags him back to safety.

Jonathan joins them as Seward TEARS OPEN Arthur's shirt, EXPOSING THREE SUCKING CHEST WOUNDS. Holmwood looks down at the wounds with open, almost child-like amazement.

HOLMWOOD
I'm shot.

Seward pulls off his own shirt, bunches it into a compress, trying to stop the bleeding. He's crying now. Mina gazes at them and, again, we...

SLAM TO:

HER POV

EXTREME SLOW MOTION, HYPER-REAL as Holmwood squeezes Seward's hand, mutters some parting words MOS, then breaths his last. Seward bows his head and weeps.

MINA

MAINTAINING EXTREME SLOW MOTION, her eyes brimming with tears. She blinks and they ooze down her cheeks.

TEPES

(whispers)

Mina... I'm waiting for you...

She looks up the tunnel toward the truck.

SLAM BACK TO:

THE HERE AND NOW

Jonathan turns just in time to see Mina walk past them into the LINE OF FIRE.

HARKER

Mina! Don't!

He leaps up and, crouching, gives chase. TEPES' COMMANDING VOICE ECHOES from the other end of the tunnel:

TEPES

DESTUL!

The thugs IMMEDIATELY CEASE FIRE.

In the shocking silence, Jonathan catches up with Mina, grabs her arm. She continues forward, a dazed expression on her face. He hooks around in front of her and, dropping his weapon, places both hands on her shoulders.

HARKER

Mina...!

She slowly raises her head, meets his eyes.

HARKER

*Fight, Mina! Fight him! You're stronger
than he is! We're stronger!*

She blinks, seems to notice Jonathan for the first time. Then her expression twists into one of pure, white-hot hatred.

She swings with all her strength, STRIKING HER HUSBAND A VICIOUS BLOW to the side of the head, RAKING HER NAILS ACROSS HIS FACE. Stunned, he falls to the ground.

Mina steps over him, continues forward a dozen feet, then comes to a stop.

Men from both sides gaze in silent awe as a SWIRLING BLACK VORTEX OF DARKNESS FORMS A COLUMN directly in front of Mina, coalescing into a pillar, then a FIGURE.

As Jonathan watches in horror, Tepes materializes a foot from Mina, takes her in his arms.

JONATHAN

hears a SHARP CLICK behind him. He turns, sees

VAN HELSING

taking deliberate aim with his Webley.

HARKER

NO!

Jonathan lurches to his feet, runs back, BLOCKING VAN HELSING'S LINE OF FIRE. He launches himself at the older man. The two struggle for control of the weapon.

HARKER

They're too far away! You'll hit Mina!

VAN HELSING

Don't you see? It doesn't matter. She's his now! Look at them!

(forces Harker to turn)

Look!

JONATHAN'S POV

Dracula sinks his teeth into Mina's neck. She seems to arch her back in pleasure.

HARKER

Mina, no...!

Mina makes a SUDDEN MOVE.

DRACULA

stops feeding, stands bolt upright, mouth wide open, MINA'S BLOOD streaming down his chin.

HARKER

turns, sees Van Helsing as he, again, takes careful aim with his revolver.

HARKER

Don't...

He grabs Van Helsing's wrist, pushes up, spoiling the SHOT.

DRACULA

A shocked expression on his face, he staggers back. Mina has driven a SILVER STAKE INTO HIS HEART. BLOOD POURS from the wound. He looks at Mina, dazed, and GASPS:

TEPES

But I... commanded armies...

MINA

(with native New York scorn)
Yeah...? So what?

Dracula sinks to the ground, dead.

Jonathan steps up to Mina's side and they watch, stone-faced, as 500 YEARS OF CORRUPTION CONSUMES DRACULA'S CORPSE. When it's over, Jonathan looks at his wife, strokes her forehead. There's NO SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Seward, Van Helsing and Constantin join them as

THE REMAINING THUGS

lower their weapons. Without a word, they help a wounded comrade to his feet, climb into the cab of the truck and drive away.

JONATHAN AND MINA

watch them go, surrounded by friends. After a beat, they turn to each other, and tenderly kiss.

OUT TO BLACK

SILENCE then, slowly, the ambient music of an urban park-- TRAFFIC, the occasional honk of a HORN, children SHOUTING and LAUGHING, CREAKING swing-sets, the BARK OF A SMALL DOG.

FADE IN:

EXT. WINSTON CHURCHILL PARK - DAY

Jonathan and Seward sit together on a bench watching something OS. Jonathan still bearing the faint scars of Mina's fingernails. Both men seem comfortable in their silence. Finally, without turning, Jonathan asks:

HARKER

Heard from Van Helsing lately?

SEWARD

(shakes his head)

No.

(reflects a beat, then)

I think he's in Rwanda. Something for National Geographic.

Jonathan GRUNTS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. Again, the two gaze OS for a long beat. Then Seward smiles to himself and says:

SEWARD

Arthur Quincey Harker...

HARKER

(smiles, still gazing OS)

Yeah...

THEIR POV

Mina, warm in her parka against the city chill, pushes a TODDLER on a swing. He LAUGHS in pure childish glee as she grabs him from behind and tickles him down to the ground.

Hold on mother and child as we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK

END NIGHT TWO