

DRACULA

THE DANSE MACABRE

By Gabriel Urbina

EPISODE 1

"The Happiness You Bring"

RECORDING SCRIPT

09/23/2024

A1 We begin in SILENCE...

Then slowly... the TIP-TAP of RAIN... the HOWL of the wind... THUNDER... KRA-KOOM. Another one. Closer. A storm.

Then, after a BEAT - SH-SHUNK! A window is shut. The sounds of the storm grow a bit more distant, more muffled.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

A grand space filled with bookshelves. A writing desk stands against the wall. A FIREPLACE CRACKLES.

Before the fireplace are two plush couches. A table stands between them, a stack of papers on top of it. We are just a few years shy of the fin de siècle. It's 1897.

WOMAN'S VOICE

1 All right... I think it's time to begin.

She's 25-30, determined, poised, and smart. Smart in a way that calling her smart fails to convey just how fiercely intelligence she is. Tough. Practical. Nervy. And... A touch obsessive. Her attention is held fully or not at all.

Her name is WILHELMINA HARKER - though she prefers to go by MINA. She is the hero of this story.

She crosses over to the writing desk. TAKES A SEAT.

We hear a CLACK-CLACK-CLACKEDY-CLACK as she begins TYPING.

MINA HARKER

2 The rules that govern the vampire are well known. He does not die, but clings to life forever. Having lost his own life, he must steal the life of others by drinking their blood. If a place is a home, he may only enter after he's been invited in. He has to rest in a box of dirt, taken from the land of his origin. He is destroyed by the sun, and cowers at the sight of religious symbols. He can be put to rest by a stake through the heart, or by the removal of his head, or by means of fire. And when he crosses a mirror, he leaves behind no reflection.

(MORE)

MINA HARKER (CONT'D)

Those who are killed by the vampire can rise as vampires themselves - a virus that can turn into a plague if left unchecked. And though the vampire may look like a man, all traces of intelligence vanish upon death, leaving behind nothing but a beast. There are no vampires that can think like a man.

She pauses, considering.

Then, from behind her, as if responding to her:

JONATHAN HARKER

3 None... except for one.

MINA HARKER

4 Well, well, well... have you decided you want to be a part of this after all?

JONATHAN HARKER

5 Oh, come on, Mina... I was there at the beginning, it's only appropriate that I be here at the end of it. This is it then, on the table? All of it?

MINA HARKER

6 All of it, yes, to the best of my abilities. Every written account on the matter of the creature from Transylvania. A full report on everything that happened. The order might seem somewhat... haphazard at first, but... the way these papers have been placed in sequence should be clear in due course.

JONATHAN HARKER

7 And you're sure you want to begin with the journal, then?

MINA HARKER

8 Trust me: leave the record keeping to the professionals.

JONATHAN HARKER

9 That'd be you, I'm guessing?

10 MINA HARKER
Of course, that would be me. You've
known from the day you've met me:
I'm the strong, clever one.

11 JONATHAN HARKER
And what am I?

12 MINA HARKER
You're the pretty one that got by
on his good looks.

She shoots him a glib smile. He CHUCKLES a bit at that: *I'll take it.*

13 JONATHAN HARKER
So... together, then, darling? One
more time?

14 MINA HARKER
Don't call me that. But... yes.
Let's go through it all. From the
top.

15 JONATHAN HARKER
Very well then: from the top. The
journal. Spring of 1893. The first
meeting of Jonathan Harker... and
Count Dracula of Transylvania.

A BLAST OF THUNDER right above us, and we -

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS:

"DRACULA: THE DANSE MACABRE"

"EPISODE 1: THE HAPPINESS YOU BRING"

FADE IN:

A2 INT. COACH (MOVING) - NIGHT

The steady CHURN OF WHEELS and HOOFBEATS as a carriage is
driven through the open road of the countryside. Seated among
a group of passengers, we find JONATHAN HARKER.

16 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Journal of Jonathan Harker. May
fifth, 1893. Kept in shorthand.

A few words about Jonathan: He's an eager, optimistic man. Sharp. Observant. But also just a bit prim. He takes any difficulty personally. A true product of the 19th Century.

17 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I left Munich at 8:35 PM on the first, arriving in Vienna the next morning. I barely got a glimpse of Budapest from the train. A month ago I was in New York. The old and new worlds have never been closer.

Somewhere in the distance there's the HOWL of a WOLF.

18 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Arriving at the post town of Bistriz, I found two letters waiting for me. One was from the gentlemen who I am traveling to assist. It read:

19 (FLIP OF A PAGE)
"My friend - welcome to the Carpathians. At three on the fifth the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Burgo Pass my carriage will await you and bring you to me. Your friend, Dracula."

20 (FLIP BACK)
The other letter was from my wife. I held off on reading it until I had a quiet moment to myself.

Outside the carriage, the WIND HOWLS.

21 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Once I was on the diligence itself, I tried to engage my fellow passengers in conversation. I only had my broken German to communicate with them, but I made some progress. Then I mentioned where I was heading. From then on, none of them would meet my eye, save for when an older woman made the sign of the cross at me. I... suppose there are worse things than to travel in silence.

There's a WHINY from the HORSES, and the COACH STOPS.

22 JONATHAN HARKER
A few hours after sunset, the coach came to a stop in a mountain pass.

A DOOR OPENS, and we follow Jonathan out into:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

The COACHMAN - a slender, squirrely man with a shaky voice - is unloading bags.

23 JONATHAN HARKER
Is there a problem, driver?

24 COACHMAN
Yes, sir.

25 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
He replied.

26 COACHMAN
This is the place, sir, Burgo Pass.
Where I was hired to bring you.

27 JONATHAN HARKER
It is? Very well. I am supposed to
meet the Count's carriage here.

28 COACHMAN
There is no carriage here. Sir must
come with us to Bukovina.

29 JONATHAN HARKER
I - I have business at the castle.
If the Count's carriage is not
here... I will just have to wait.

30 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
The man stared at me. Then, coming
so close that I could feel his
breath on my face, he whispered:

31 COACHMAN
You must not go there. Or at least
you take this with you, please.

32 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
He pressed something into my hand.
A crucifix.

33 COACHMAN
Keep it with you, sir. At all
times. But please, it is not too -

He is cut off by the sound of a CALÈCHE APPROACHING, driven by FOUR MASSIVE HORSES. It comes to a stop next to them.

34 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 At that moment, there appeared a carriage, pulled by four black horses, driven by a tall man with a great black hat.

35 COACHMAN
 I - I was just leaving. Apologies.

A SNAP of the REINS, a WHINY from the HORSES, and the first coach departs. Or, perhaps more accurately, scrams.

36 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 And just like that, they were gone. The driver did not step down from his box to help me in, but merely gestured at the door -

CLICK! The door into the carriage open.

37 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 - and it swung open of its own accord. A... neat trick.

Another CRACK of the REINS, and HOOFBEATS take us into -

INT. CALÈCHE (MOVING) - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Jonathan sits by himself, the air around him heavy and eerie.

38 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 We got underway shortly after that. We traveled in a silence so heavy it made me nostalgic for the lively chatter of the previous coach. But... since I was finally by myself, I opened the second letter. The one from my wife.

A RUSTLE OF PAPER, then we hear:

39 MINA HARKER (V.O.)
 My darling Jonathan. If all has gone according to plan, this letter has arrived at Bistriz ahead of you. Think of it as a bit of home that has come to meet you on your travels.

(MORE)

MINA HARKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now, I am told that it is tradition for wives, on the occasion of their husband departing on a long journey overseas, to spend their days just awash in melancholy - waiting for the smallest scrap of news about their men and being completely useless. Given that we have only been married for a few weeks, I hope you won't mind if I break with tradition on this occasion.

Jonathan CHUCKLES a bit at that: *of course.*

MINA HARKER (V.O.)

40 Don't you spend a second worrying about me. I know how to keep myself busy, and I'm sure Lucy will keep me on a steady diet of gossip. So please: focus your attention on the work, and come back safe and sound. Yours truly, Mina Harker.

There's an ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH, and we are back in:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

Jonathan holds a piece of paper up to Mina.

JONATHAN HARKER

41 The last name on it. You wrote the old one and crossed it out.

MINA HARKER

42 I'd only been married for three days when I wrote it. Old habits die hard. Are we really going to dwell on *that* detail?

(BEAT: *we're not*)

43 Terrific. What happened next?

Again, an ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH takes us back to:

INT. CALÈCHE (MOVING) - NIGHT

In the distance, there is the sharp howl of a wolf.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

44 There was a howl in the dark. Then another. And more still. Until suddenly -

The HORSES BRISTLE and STOP as their REINS ARE PULLED BACK.

45 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 The carriage came to a halt. Ahead
 of us, at the sides, even behind us
 - there was suddenly a ring of
 wolves, white teeth bared.

A bit more HOWLING, some GROWLING as the wolves draw nearer.

46 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 That's when the driver raised his
 hands. He swept his arm, and all at
 once... the wolves stopped. A cloud
 passed before the moon, leaving us
 in darkness. By the time it was
 gone... so were the wolves.

The REINS SNAP, and the CARRIAGE STARTS MOVING FORWARD AGAIN.

47 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 I didn't quite know what to make of
 this. What kind of man can dismiss
 wolves with a flick of his wrist? I
 was still mired in these thoughts
 as the carriage pulled up into the
 courtyard of a vast castle.

The CARRIAGE STOPS. A DOOR OPENS, we follow Jonathan into:

EXT. CASTLE DRACULA - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

He looks around, taking his surroundings.

48 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 It was a remarkable place. Castle
 Dracula looked as though it had
 been carved into the side of the
 cliffs themselves, its parapets
 rising over a ravine that lay far
 below.

49 JONATHAN HARKER
 Which way should I go?

50 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 The question had been directed at
 the driver, but when I turned
 towards him I found that he had
 disappeared.
 (picks up his luggage)
 (MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

51 Seeing no better alternative, I
 grabbed my bag and approached the
 tallest, most imposing door I could
 find. There was neither bell nor
 knocker, so after a bit of polite
 hesitation, I simply... pushed.

A LOUD, LONG CREEEEAAAAAK as the main doors swing open.

A3 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The grand entrance to a winding, maze-like gothic castle. A
hesitant Jonathan enters, looking around.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

52 I found myself in what must be the
 main hall of the castle.

JONATHAN HARKER

53 H-hello? Good evening?

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

54 There was no reply. Until
 suddenly...

MAN'S VOICE

55 Welcome to my house. Enter freely
 and of your own will.

It's an OLD MAN'S voice, with a Romanian accent.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

56 I could not see any figure, but the
 voice seemed to come from every
 part of the hall at once.

MAN'S VOICE

57 Come freely. Go safely. And leave
 something of the happiness you
 bring.

COUNT DRACULA (460's) stands at the top of a massive
staircase. His attire and manner are equally grand. His smile
doesn't quite reach his eyes. As he DESCENDS DOWN THE STAIRS:

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

58 Then, I turned my gaze upwards. At
 the top of the stairs, I saw him.
 He was tall, clean shaven save for
 a long, white mustache. Clad in
 black from head to toe, without a
 speck of white anywhere on him. And
 he seemed ancient.

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Old in the way the walls seemed
old. I bowed and said -

JONATHAN HARKER

59 Count Dracula, I presume? Jonathan
Harker, of the New York branch of
Tellson's Bank. At your service.

COUNT DRACULA

60 Marvelous. I bid you welcome, Mr.
Jonathan Harker of the Tellson Bank
of New York.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

61 He took my hand, and shook it with
a grip so tight it made me wince.
His fingers were cold as ice.

COUNT DRACULA

62 Come, sir. The night air is chill,
and you must need of food and rest.

He takes Jonathan by the shoulder and we -

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A FIREPLACE CRACKLES. If there is any room in Castle Dracula
that could be called warm (there isn't) - this is it. A
magnificent dining table is covered in dishes.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

63 The Count led me to his dining
room, where dinner had been laid
out for us. Or rather for me.

COUNT DRACULA

64 You will, I trust, excuse me that I
do not join you: I have dined
already.

A SATCHEL is OPENED, PAPERS are FLIPPED THROUGH.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

65 I presented Dracula with the
letters from my superiors. As he
read them, I couldn't help but look
at his hands. His nails were long,
cut to a sharp point.

COUNT DRACULA

66 It says here...

JONATHAN HARKER

67 Oh, yes, the property. It is called Carfax, no doubt a corruption of the old *Quatre Face*. The estate is located on Blackwell's Island on the Hudson River. It's function as -

COUNT DRACULA

68 Thank you, Mister Harker. I am acquainted with the property. But no, here: your Mr. Hawkins speaks most highly of you. He says you are a... "fine young man, full of energy and talent."

JONATHAN HARKER

69 That - that is very kind of him.

COUNT DRACULA

70 No, no... it is *truth*, I can see it. Even at a glance. You are... *brimming* with fine qualities.

JONATHAN HARKER

71 ... thank you sir. If everything seems to your satisfaction, your signature is all that -

COUNT DRACULA

72 No, no, Mr. Harker. The important things in life should *never* be rushed. Tomorrow, we examine these papers with the care they deserve.

JONATHAN HARKER

73 As you say, Count. I must admit, sir, I am... surprised that a man of your station, sir, would want to relocate to America.

COUNT DRACULA

74 Ahh, this is an old land, and I am an old man. There *is* such a thing as growing too familiar with a place. And a place growing too familiar with you. A *new* country will be good for me. But please - eat. The journey here, I know, is a long one and it will not do to have you depleted. We must revitalize you.

He takes the bottle and POURS Jonathan a CUP OF WINE.

JONATHAN HARKER
75 You are a very gracious host. I
know you have eaten, but will you
join me in a glass of wine?

COUNT DRACULA
76 Ahh, I am afraid I do not drink
wine.

At that moment, from outdoors, the PIERCING HOWL of a WOLF.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
77 Listen to them. The children of the
night. What music they make.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
78 I didn't quite know what to say to
that. The Count must have noticed
some disquiet in me, as shortly
after this he said -

A CHAIR is PUSHED BACK as Dracula rises to his feet.

COUNT DRACULA
79 Ah, sir, but you must be tired.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
80 He bid me up with a gesture, and
led me up the grand staircase where
I had first seen him.

As Jonathan gets on his feet, we -

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - STAIRCASE - MINUTES LATER

Dracula leads Jonathan up the stairs. The count carries a
lantern in one hand and Jonathan's suitcase in the other.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
81 The pathways of Castle Dracula are
a tangled, twisting spiderweb.

COUNT DRACULA
82 It is not far now.

JONATHAN HARKER
83 Please, Count Dracula, I am quite
capable of taking my own suitcase,
this really is too much -

84 COUNT DRACULA
Nonsense. You are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. I will see to your comfort myself.

85 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Carrying my case had left me winded more than once, but Count Dracula handled it like it was nothing but one more piece of paper.

86 COUNT DRACULA
You will make yourself most at home. If you find a door, try the handle. If it opens, consider all beyond it at your disposal. If you find it locked, it is one of the few bits of privacy your humble host would impose upon you. Very simple, yes? Ahh, here we are.

They've arrived at a DOOR, which Dracula OPENS easily.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - JONATHAN GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elegant furnishings, a kingly bed. In the daylight, the window boasts a fine view of the valley below.

87 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
The room I was ushered into was a welcome sight. A great bedroom, well lighted and warmed. From the doorway, the count wished me -

88 COUNT DRACULA
Good night, Mr. Harker. Sleep well and *dream* well.

With that, Dracula SHUTS THE DOOR and departs.

89 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
A moment later, he was gone, and I was left alone with my thoughts.

Again, there is the ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH as we -

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

FLIP. Jonathan turns the page on the journal, looks up.

JONATHAN HARKER

90 That's it. End of the first day at
Castle Dracula. Onto the second?

MINA HARKER

91 No. Read the third one.

JONATHAN HARKER

92 The third one? You want the third
entry in -

MINA HARKER

93 The third letter. That was waiting
in Bistritz. The one that isn't
mentioned in the journal. Read it.

He looks at her. Slowly, his mouth rises into a grin.

He FLIPS through some PAPERS. Finds what he's looking for.

JONATHAN HARKER

94 From Mr. Peter Hawkins of Tellson's
Bank. Written in encoded shorthand.
"Welcome to Transylvania, Mr.
Harker. For many years, we have
kept a distant eye on these lands,
as they seem to be a hotspot for
various occult activities and
supernatural incidences. The man
Dracula has also long been a person
of interest to us - for decades,
almost everyone who has associated
with the count has disappeared,
often to reemerge weeks later as a
vampire, stalking the countryside.
If Dracula truly intends to
relocate to America, the nature of
his connection to the undead plague
must be ascertained. Your mission,
then: Enter Castle Dracula.
Ingratiate yourself with the Count.
Use the promise of the property
we've acquired for him as a lure.
Determine whether he is connected
to the vampiric activity or other
occult matters in the region. If he
is, do whatever you can to
neutralize the threat before he
brings it to America. Remember to
protect yourself: keep a crucifix
on you at all times. At all times,
Mr. Harker. Good luck." Yes, I
suppose that is a bit of important
table-setting, isn't it?

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

(steps towards her)

95 And speaking of context, now might
be a good time to talk about your
own activities. May the fifth...
what were you doing as your dear
husband arrived at Castle Dracula?

Mina takes a DEEP BREATH, and we -

SLAM CUT TO:

A4 SILENCE.

Then... we start to hear the sounds of WOOD CREAKING...

MINA HARKER (V.O.)

96 From the journal of Mina Harker.
May 5th, 1893. I was called up to
St. Joseph's in Englewood Township.
The priest there had noticed
something strange in their
churchyard. The grass had wilted
around one of the graves, and the
local wildlife was avoiding it. Not
so much as a fly would touch it.

Finally - SHH-CHNNK!!! The sound of a wooden coffin lid
breaking apart, yielding to a crowbar.

Mina examines the body she finds inside the coffin, frowning.
Her expression is clinical - professional curiosity.

MINA HARKER

97 How long ago was he buried?

MINA HARKER (V.O.)

98 I was talking to Father Sheridan,
the priest at St. Joseph's.

FATHER SHERIDAN (early 30's) is both snobby and snottish.

MINA HARKER (V.O.)

99 Father? How long?

FATHER SHERIDAN

100 On Sunday it would have been six
months since we buried him, God
rest his soul.

Just in case you're curious, we are in -

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small storage room. The coffin rests upon a table.

MINA HARKER

101 And when did the desiccation begin?

FATHER SHERIDAN

102 ... we started to see signs three months ago, and it's only gotten worse. I'm - I'm sure this matter could wait until Mr. Harker returns from his travels, Miss -

MINA HARKER

103 Oh, come on. I'm here, you're here, the dead body's here: let's live a little. And it's Mrs. now, for the record. Got married five weeks ago.

She looks up just enough to shoot him a glib smile.

FATHER SHERIDAN

104 I... *fine*. Since you are here already. Is... is he...?

MINA HARKER

105 Undead? You *can* say the word, Father, it's not a sin last I checked. Well, it is a bit difficult to say just yet... although for someone who's been in the grave for months, there's very little decay...

Mina GRABS the ARM of the corpse. PULLS IT UP. Then... after a moment, RELEASES IT. It FLUMPHS back down.

MINA HARKER (CONT'D)

106 No rigor mortis. That's curious. And... Hmm. Father, is there a reason for these indentions?

FATHER SHERIDAN

107 Indentations? What indentations?

MINA HARKER

108 These ones. The ones that run along the... *interior* of the coffin lid.

(BEAT)

109 Ahh, rats. I was hoping for an answer other than stunned silence.

FATHER SHERIDAN

110 What - what are you - ?

But at that moment - a HIDEOUS SNARL! From the CORPSE! The CORPSE WHICH IS LUNGING UP AT THEM!

The priest STARTLES, LEAPING BACK WITH A FEARFUL YELP -

But not Mina. Instead, she SLAMS THE COFFIN SHUT.

As she STRAINS to keep the lid shut - and as we hear the STRUGGLING CORPSE inside - Mina looks over her shoulder.

MINA HARKER

111 Well father, I think I'm ready to answer your question now. You have a corpse that refuses to decay, which claws at the lid of its coffin, and which is now struggling to get out of said coffin as I try to hold it shut with my bare hands. I think the answer is yes, you are dealing with one of the undead!

FATHER SHERIDAN

112 Oh god. Oh my god.

MINA HARKER

113 Oh, yeah, bring him into this, I'm sure he'll be of *tremendous* help. But in the meantime, do me a favor and get me a wooden stake, a pair of pliers, some holy water, and - just in case this all goes poorly - some kerosene and a box of matches. Quickly, please!

There's a sudden BURST OF FIRE, and we -

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S - CHURCHYARD - MINUTES LATER

The coffin's been carried to the graveyard. It's also very on fire. We hear the occasional HORRIBLE SNARLING within.

Mina and Father Sheridan watch the coffin from a few feet away. They are both quite disheveled now, covered in soot.

MINA HARKER

114 Well... it went poorly.

FATHER SHERIDAN

115 Poorly? "It went poorly?" Is that all you have to say? It is a miracle the entire church did not burn down! Is that - that *thing* even going to - ?

MINA HARKER

116 To *die*? Again? Probably in another minute or so. The undead can be stubborn, but fire does tend to give them the peace that eludes them. It's a matter of anatomical integrity. Or lack thereof.

There's a FINAL, AWFUL, STRANGLER SCREAM from the coffin...

Then... it stops. Well, the BURNING continues, but, y'know.

MINA HARKER (CONT'D)

117 Oh, see? There we go. The man is at peace now. *Saints be praised*.

FATHER SHERIDAN

118 But what - what was - what was - ?

MINA HARKER

119 A vampire, if I'm not mistaken. Unsettling, but little more than a feral animal. Any humanity or intelligence it had in life goes when they die. What's left is just... hunger. Hunger for the life that's gone.

FATHER SHERIDAN

120 But - but - ?

MINA HARKER

121 What causes someone to become such a creature? I'm just going to fill in your questions, otherwise this *will* take all day. Well... it's a matter of some debate. The surest way seems to be by becoming the victim of a vampire. It's a bit like a virus, really. But sometimes it just... *happens*. Some people, their bodies just reject death.

FATHER SHERIDAN

122 So that... that poor man. He's been down there for *months* just... clawing at the lid of his coffin?

MINA HARKER

123 And doing it very inefficiently.
 (off his look:)
 124 Oh, come on: your *hands*? You're not
 going to get anywhere with your
 hands. You can apply much more
 kinetic force with your feet. What
 you want to do is kick up. See if
 you can break the lid of the
 coffin, and then tear away at the
 dirt with your feet. You'll have
 more room to maneuver, and most
 people are buried wearing shoes,
 and those will absorb some of the
 shock - another plus.
 (again, off his look:)
 125 What?

FATHER SHERIDAN

126 How do you know these things, Mrs.
 Harker?

MINA HARKER

127 Let's just say I've led a rather
 interesting life. But, in any case,
 I believe my work *here* is done.
 (starts to walk again)
 128 Thank you for a very entertaining
 afternoon.

FATHER SHERIDAN

129 What? But - the - the church is a
mess! Half the pews are singed, the
 hall is covered in soot. What am I
 supposed to say about - ?!

MINA HARKER

130 I'm sure God will help you find the
 right words.

FATHER SHERIDAN

131 But - wait! Mrs. Harker! Please,
 you can't just leave like this!

There's an ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH, and we -

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

She gives a little shrug to Jonathan.

132 MINA HARKER (V.O.)
I just left like that.

133 JONATHAN HARKER
You're all heart, Mina.

134 MINA HARKER
Oh, please. I'd done the hard part.
Was I really supposed to hang
around to sweep up? Do I have to do
everything around here?

135 JONATHAN HARKER
How many had you seen? In your
life, what number was that?

136 MINA HARKER
Vampires? That would have been
the... twenty-ninth. But they were
all what you'd expect. Just
animals. Mindless creatures. What
was waiting in Transylvania was...
something different.

137 JONATHAN HARKER
Oh yes. *Quite* different.

As Jonathan FLIPS through the JOURNAL PAGES AGAIN, we -

FADE TO:

A5 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - DINING ROOM - DAY

Some footsteps as Jonathan enters.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Journal of Jonathan Harker. May
sixth. In spite of how exhausted
traveling had left me, I slept
poorly last night. I had strange
dreams, in which a terrible beast
stalked me through the woods. The
episode with the wolves must be
lingering with me. Once I had
dressed myself, I went into the
room where we had dined, and found
a cold breakfast laid out for me.
There was a note with it.

A FLUTTER OF PAPER as Jonathan picks up the note to read.

139 COUNT DRACULA (V.O.)
 Friend Jonathan. There is business
 I must attend. Make yourself at
 home, do not wait for me. Dracula.

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - HALLWAYS - DAY

Jonathan walks through the halls of the castle. Periodically,
 we hear as he OPENS a DOOR and pokes his head inside.

140 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 I spent the day acquainting myself
 with the castle. I have always been
 an observant sort of fellow, with a
 good sense of direction, so,
 naturally, I became hopelessly lost
 no less than six times.

He tries a DOOR. It opens with a PARTICULARLY NOISY CREEEAK.

141 JONATHAN HARKER
 Hello?

The word ECHOES out: *Hello... hello... hello... hello...*

142 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 I have yet to see a servant, or
 heard a sound near the castle.
 (then:)
 143 Well, no sounds except for the
 howling of wolves. And in spite of
 the Count's admonition, I have yet
 to find a locked door.

He TRIES a DOOR HANDLE... and CLICK. Locked.

144 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 Save one. A door in the back of his
 kitchen. A pantry by the look of
 it. What could he want to keep
 private in so prosaic a place?

There's the BUZZ of a FLY... then another one, and another.

145 JONATHAN HARKER
 And what beyond the door is
 attracting all those flies?

A DOOR OPENS, leading us into...

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jonathan enters, takes in the bookshelves around him...
Somewhere in the background, the CRACKLE of a FIREPLACE.

146 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Another door led to a library, in
which I discovered a vast number of
books in English. I'd begun to
thumb through an almanac when -

147 COUNT DRACULA
I am glad you found your way here.

He doesn't enter, he's just suddenly there. Out of thin air.
Jonathan YELPS, startled. He DROPS the BOOK - FLUMPH!

148 JONATHAN HARKER
Ahhh, a-apologies, Count. I was - I
was not expecting you.

149 COUNT DRACULA
(picking up the book)
It is of no matter. These friends
have been very good to me. Through
them, I have come to know your
America. Your New York.

150 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Glancing down, I noticed something.

151 JONATHAN HARKER
Count Dracula, your... your hand.
Is it all right?

152 COUNT DRACULA
Ah, this bandage? It is nothing. I
burnt myself today when breaking my
fast. I was careless.

153 JONATHAN HARKER
I am... very sorry to hear that.

154 COUNT DRACULA
Do not give it one moment of
thought. Here, come this way...

He leads Jonathan towards the FIREPLACE.

155 COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
My friend, I was wondering if I
could impose upon you for an...
eccentric favor? As your host?

156 JONATHAN HARKER
You certainly could, Count.

157 COUNT DRACULA
Yes. I cannot help but notice that
you wear a Christian cross around
your neck. I have a certain...
animosity towards the church. Could
I ask you to rid yourself of it?

158 JONATHAN HARKER
Ahh, that is -

159 COUNT DRACULA
A large favor, I know. But... for
your gracious host?

160 JONATHAN HARKER
I... I am sorry, Count. You see, I
am a very devout man.

161 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I was nothing of the sort.

162 JONATHAN HARKER
And this particular crucifix, my
beloved wife gave it to me.

163 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
She had done nothing of the sort.

164 COUNT DRACULA
So you will not remove it, then?
(BEAT)
165 You are very being very rude,
Mister Harker. But... between
friends, I suppose we can allow it.

He reaches towards a desk, PICKS UP a PIECE OF PAPER.

166 COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
You know, Mister Harker, I get many
letters in my function as ruler of
these lands.

167 JONATHAN HARKER
I - I would imagine that to be the
case. Naturally.

168 COUNT DRACULA
Most of them are very dry. But a
few can be rather.... captivating.
What do you make of this one?

JONATHAN HARKER

169 I'm... I'm sorry, Count. I cannot
read your language. I'm afraid you
have me at a bit of a disadvantage.

COUNT DRACULA

170 Ah, of course. Well, in that case,
I will translate. "*You are a
monster. What have you done with
her? Give her back to me. Give back
my child. How could you...*" Well,
it goes on like that for some time.

JONATHAN HARKER

171 Sir...? What... what is this letter
referring to?

COUNT DRACULA

172 If I am honest with you, Mister
Harker? I have no idea. It seems
this woman's daughter - a girl of
only *seventeen* - has gone missing.
A *tragedy*. But what she wants me to
do about it...

(SHRUGS)

173 Although... I might have *some* idea
of how to help this poor woman, if
only my mind was not so preoccupied
by... rude guests.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

174 His meaning was rather plain. I...
I could not abandon someone to this
man's evil designs, even at the
cost of my safety. Slowly, I took
the crucifix from my neck.

COUNT DRACULA

175 Into the fireplace, please.

Jonathan TOSSES the crucifix into the FIRE.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

176 Good man. Now, let us speak of
gladder things. We shall -

JONATHAN HARKER

177 Count Dracula. The girl?

COUNT DRACULA

178 Do not concern yourself, Mister
Harker. I am certain now that the
matter will come to a rather...
sanguine conclusion. Yes?

179 JONATHAN HARKER
As you say, Count. Shall we look
over the papers for the purchase?

180 COUNT DRACULA
Soon, my friend, soon. But first,
you must speak to me of your home.
Of your history. Your language!

181 JONATHAN HARKER
But Count, you already know and
speak English marvelously.

182 COUNT DRACULA
No, no. My speaking must be
indistinguishable from your own.
Any imperfection, however small,
you must correct. After all... you
would not want to have me at a
disadvantage, no?

183 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
We spent the remainder of the
evening in conversation, but my
thoughts kept returning to my
crucifix. To give it up was a
terrible blow, but I could not help
but feel it was also -

184 MINA HARKER (V.O.)
Idiotic.

The by now familiar ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH takes us back to -

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

Jonathan looks up at Mina from the journal.

185 MINA HARKER
Unspeakably idiotic.

186 JONATHAN HARKER
Noble. I was going to say noble. A
life - the life of an innocent girl
- was on the line.

186.5 MINA HARKER
Oh, I'm not saying it wasn't
without merit.

(MORE)

MINA HARKER (CONT'D)

When I say "unspeakably idiotic" the two of us should understand that to mean brave, and sweet, and kind, in a way only one man - only the man I married - could be.

(then:)

187 But Castle Dracula wasn't a place for brave and sweet and kind. It was a place for reality. What in that situation could make anyone think that Dracula had any intention of sparing the girl, regardless of what happened with the crucifix, is beyond me. In that moment, what could make someone be *that* shortsighted?

JONATHAN HARKER

188 Hope, perhaps? Hope that good can triumph over evil?

MINA HARKER

189 Are you trying to make me laugh or vomit? Because it's either one or the other.

He puts his hands up: *easy*.

JONATHAN HARKER

190 All I'm doing is trying to tell the story. As it happened. Can I continue?

(she nods)

191 Good. Let's continue:

As he looks back down to the journal, we -

FADE TO:

A6 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - JONATHAN HARKER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Some STRANGE, DISTORTED SOUNDS as Jonathan tosses in his bed.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

192 Journal of Jonathan Harker. May seventh. I slept poorly again last night. Nightmares. Stress. Without the crucifix, I feel considerably less safe. I kept bolting awake, checking the lock on the door and the seal I'd jury-rigged on it.

He WAKES UP, rises to a sitting position in the bed.

JONATHAN HARKER

193 Come morning, both were still in
 place, but I woke up lightheaded,
 with a pounding migraine.

A bit of METALLIC RINGING as he picks an object up.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

194 I had a brought a small shaving
 glass with me. I half-expected to
 see puncture marks on my neck,
 but... I found my skin unharmed. If
 the rumors connecting the Count to
 vampires are true, I have yet to
 see any about the castle, and they
 have not yet fed on me. Yet.

As he nervously considers his neck, we -

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan and Dracula sit at opposite ends of a table. We hear the sounds of CUTLERY SCRAPING against a PLATE. (Starting in this scene, Dracula's accent has lessened slightly.)

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

195 I wish I could say that I spent the
 day in search of substantial
 evidence of Dracula's involvement
 with the occult and the
 supernatural. The truth is I spent
 most of it in a daze. I didn't see
 Count Dracula again until he
 summoned me for dinner that
 evening.

COUNT DRACULA

196 Are you well, Mr. Harker? You
 seem... a little spoiled.

JONATHAN HARKER

197 I'm sure it's nothing, Count. Just
 a headache.

COUNT DRACULA

198 Ahh. It is to be expected. You had
 a great deal to drink last night.

JONATHAN HARKER

199 I... did?

211 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Journal of Jonathan Harker. May
eighth.

A series of QUICK, FRIGHTENING SONICS POPS! A crash of
thunder! The hiss of a snake! The crunch of bone breaking!

212 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
More restless dreams last night.

Flesh tears! The screech of vampire bat! And finally -
Jonathan WAKES UP WITH A GASPING START. We are in -

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - JONATHAN HARKER'S BEDROOM - DAY

He sits in bed, rattled.

213 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
It was past noon when I woke up.

He stirs a bit - then there's a RUSTLE as he finds something.

214 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
As I left the bed, quite a bit of
my hair stayed behind. In a single
night, it had gone grey.

(From here on, Jonathan's voice sounds weaker - thinner,
raspier, like he's always slightly out of breath.)

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - HALLWAYS - DAY

Again, we hear FOOTSTEPS as Jonathan wanders through the
halls of the castle.

215 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
My life is being drained away from
me, and it is Dracula that is doing
it. I am starting to see the truth
behind the rumors now, and it is
chilling. I do not understand how
he can be a vampire *and* have
retained his mind into undeath, but
I cannot deny the reality around
me. He is not just connected to the
vampiric plague in Transylvania, he
is its source.

He OPENS A DOOR and steps through it. Finds a STAIRCASE.

216 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 My time was drawing short, I had to find something. Now that I knew what he was, I had to find Dracula's resting place, the key to his unusual faculties, some weakness - *something!* While I still had the strength to put it to use.

He's arrived at the top, finding a door.

217 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 A tapestry hid a door, from which a staircase led to a tower. At the top of it was a door of sheer black wood, a pair of dragons carved into the stone frame above it.

Some STRAINING as Jonathan PUSHES the door. It doesn't budge.

218 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 But it had no handle, latch, or lock, and it was so heavy that it barely budged at my efforts. It would take the strength of ten men to open it - in my current state, I was no match for it.

FADE TO:

A8 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jonathan sits at a desk in the library, some paperwork in front of him. A FIREPLACE ROARS in the background.

219 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 Night came before I was ready for it, and I'd made no further progress when the Count found me. I decided the time had come to face reality: I needed to leave Castle Dracula at once. I could return to complete my mission once my strength had returned.

A DOOR OPENS, and Dracula enters. Even more hale and hearty. (His accent has lessened again - at this point it might just be a barely perceptible affectation in his speech.)

220 COUNT DRACULA
 Ahh, Mister Harker. I was thinking today we could talk a bit about your American Revolution.
 (MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

A people ruling themselves, it still seems like utter lunacy to me, but... well, maybe you can make me understand. What's this?

Jonathan PUSHES a STACK OF PAPERS towards Dracula.

JONATHAN HARKER

221 I think, sir, that it's time to conclude our business. The matter of these papers, concerning the sale of Carfax. You've had days now to review them.

COUNT DRACULA

222 Are you saying you no longer wish to be my guest, Mister Harker?

JONATHAN HARKER

223 I am saying that I would like the business between us finished.

A LONG, TENSE BEAT. Dracula stares at him, cold as ice...

COUNT DRACULA

224 Oh, very well. Do you have a pen on you?

Internally, Jonathan breathes a sigh of relief. He reaches into a BAG, starts to RIFLE through it.

JONATHAN HARKER

225 I do, sir. In my bag.

A bit more RIFLING. And then, abruptly, he stops. Oh my god.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

226 And suddenly... there it was. The crucifix the coach driver had given me. I'd slipped it into my bag and forgotten all about it.

COUNT DRACULA

227 Mister Harker?

JONATHAN HARKER

228 Apologies, sir. The pen.

Dracula takes it. He begins going through the contract, SIGNING where appropriate.

COUNT DRACULA

229 Thank you, my friend. And while I do this for you.

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

I would like you to write three letter to your superiors. One saying that your work here is nearly completed, another saying that you are starting your journey home, all matters having concluded to your satisfaction, and one more, saying you have safely arrived at Bistritz.

JONATHAN HARKER

230 Why would I do such a thing?

COUNT DRACULA

231 Because, my friend, posts here are few and uncertain. Having these letters prepared would ease the minds of your friends and family. Think of Lucy. Excuse me, I mean, Mina.

(BEAT; off his reaction:)

232 Will you not do this thing, Mister Harker?

JONATHAN HARKER

233 No, Count, I shall not. For two simple reasons. The first is that I shall not be leaving your castle in a few days. Now that our business is concluded, I intend to depart this very instant.

COUNT DRACULA

234 And the second?

JONATHAN HARKER

235 The second -

He holds up the crucifix. Dracula stiffens.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

236 - that I still have *this*.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

237 For a long moment he just stared at the crucifix in my hands, hatred plain in his eyes. Then -

COUNT DRACULA

238 Of course... my *friend*. Not an hour shall you remain in my house against your will. Allow me to summon my coachman.

239 JONATHAN HARKER
I am happy to walk.

240 COUNT DRACULA
And your baggage?

241 JONATHAN HARKER
I can send for it some other time.

242 COUNT DRACULA
Very well, then. Come.

As two sets of FOOTSTEPS begin walking, we -

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - MAIN HALL - MINUTES LATER

Dracula strides towards the main doors. Jonathan, still holding his crucifix aloft, follows him.

243 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
The Count was silent as he led us to the doors through which I had first entered the castle. He drew back the bolts on it, and began to pull it open.

CREEEAK as the massive door opens.

244 COUNT DRACULA
Goodbye, Mister Harker.

245 JONATHAN HARKER
(stepping forward)
Goodbye, Count Dra-

He STOPS SHORT. He just saw what's beyond the door.

We hear a SNARLING, HUNGRY GROWL. Then another. And another.

246 JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)
There, on the other side of the door, were no less than two dozen wolves. Teeth bared, jaws red. All waiting. Waiting for me.

247 COUNT DRACULA
Well, Mister Harker? Is there a problem? Were you perhaps... over-hasty? Would you like me to shut the door?

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

(Jonathan nods)

248 Say "please."

JONATHAN HARKER

249 ... please, sir. Shut the door.

COUNT DRACULA

250 Throw it to them. No, don't look at me. You know what. I will not have it in my house. Throw it to them.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

251 Well, what could I do?

A GROAN of EFFORT from Jonathan, as he FLINGS something away.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

252 I threw the crucifix to the wolves.

And as one of the wolves begins to SNAP ITS JAWS - KA-THOOOM, the GREAT DOOR IS SLAMMED SHUT.

For a BEAT things are quiet, and we are left with the echoing thud of the door... and the howling of wolves from without.

COUNT DRACULA

253 Be a good boy and leave the three letters on the desk when you're done with them. I'll handle the rest.

As Dracula's receding FOOTSTEPS RING OUT, we -

FADE TO:

A9 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - STAIRCASE - DAY

Jonathan goes up the stairs, towards the locked door.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

254 Any pretense of my being anything other than a prisoner was gone. Every morning, I woke up weaker. Every evening, Count Dracula seemed to grow younger. I knew my time was almost done, and every day I tried to find a way to get past the black door at the top of the staircase.

Another GROAN of EFFORT. Still nothing.

255 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 And I could not help but feel I was
 missing something - something
 obvious.

The BUZZ of a FLY. Jonathan SWATS it AWAY. And then he stops.
 Thunderstruck. Holy shit.

256 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 And that's when I remembered. I had
 found more than one locked door in
 Castle Dracula!

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - KITCHEN - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Jonathan WALKS through the kitchen, arriving at the other
 locked door he'd found. FLIES BUZZ AROUND IT.

257 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 I made my way down to the kitchen.
 The art of picking a lock is a
 subtle, delicate one.

CRUNCH! A metal impact on wood. The door handle breaks.

258 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 Having no time for such nonsense, I
 instead broke the lock with an iron
 poker from the fireplace.

He opens the door - CREAAAAAK! - and we fall with him into -

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

A cramped space. FLIES are everywhere. But that's not all.

259 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
 What I found inside froze my blood.
 The body of a woman. A young woman.
 She had been held here for *days*,
 bound at the wrists and the ankles,
 tied to a post. But her neck... I
 couldn't look away from it. There
 were holes in it. *Punctures*. But
 who was she? She looked not a day
 past seventeen.

260 (BEAT: *wait...*)
 A dark thought. Could she - ?

What happens next is horrible and I apologize for it.

Because Jonathan's narration is interrupted by a sudden, horrid RASPING, GASPING BREATH as the body twitches to life.

Not a corpse. Very much still alive.

Jonathan RECOILS, shocked, scared, horrified.

BOUND WOMAN

261 Please. Please. Help me. You have to help me.

JONATHAN HARKER

262 I... I -

BOUND WOMAN

263 Please. Oh god, please, you don't understand. He's eating me. He's been eating me for days. Please, before he comes back! You have to make it stop!

As Jonathan stares, there's an ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH and we -

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (FRAME STORY)

Jonathan looks up from the journal.

JONATHAN HARKER

264 She was saying it in Romanian, of course. But... that was the heart of it. Make it stop. Please.

MINA HARKER

265 And then?

JONATHAN HARKER

266 There's a page missing from the journal. It was torn out.

MINA HARKER

267 But you know. What happened?

JONATHAN HARKER

Oh, what do you think? She was hobbled, and weak, practically at death's door. It was a miracle she had any life left in her at all.

(BEAT)

She made it as far back as the great hall, before she collapsed and just... stopped.

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

269 The journal begins again.

As he takes a DEEP BREATH, we -

FADE TO:

A10 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - JONATHAN HARKER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A ROPE TENSES in Jonathan's hand. He approaches them window.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

270 The course of action which I have
settled upon is a mad one. But I
find myself in a place of madness.
271 The creature that inhabits this
castle must be destroyed. And the
means lie past that sealed door,
I'm sure of it.

He spots what he's looking for. CHUCKLES a bit at himself.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

272 Leaning out of my window, I could
see it. High above me: another
window, into the room in the tower,
beyond the black door. I have a way
forward, if I dare to take it. To
slip and fall would mean death. But
so would remaining here. So I go
now to the attempt. God help me!

He climbs and, with an ATMOSPHERIC WOOSH, we -

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

Jonathan SHUTS the book with a SNAP.

JONATHAN HARKER

273 And that's it. The final full
entry. There's just one more note,
on the last page.

MINA HARKER

274 Yes, but...

(BEAT, he looks at her)

275 You could say what happened. What
came next. If there were another
journal entry... you could say what
would be written there.

JONATHAN HARKER

276 I... suppose I could. Are you *sure*
you want to hear it?

MINA HARKER

277 After all I have been through?
Let's have it all out in the open.
Let's get it right.

Jonathan takes a DEEP BREATH. Summoning memories. Very subtly
in the mix, we might hear him smack his lips.

We start to hear a GUST OF WIND around them...

JONATHAN HARKER

278 The stones were big and roughly
cut. But still... I found a slow,
halting way up the tower.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK

With a GRUNT OF EFFORT, Jonathan pulls himself into the room.

JONATHAN HARKER

279 In no time at all, I found myself
climbing into a bedchamber.
Directly opposite the window sat my
enemy: the great black door which
had long taunted me. The rest of
the room was... odd. A majestic
bed, which looked like it had never
been slept in. A magnificent
wardrobe, swathed in dust. And in a
corner of the room, a door,
different from the one that led
back to the halls of the castle.

CREEEEEAAAAAK... he pulls the door open.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)

280 I found it unlocked, and beyond it
a circular stairway, which went
steeply down. I armed myself with a
torch, and begun the descent...

As a BURST OF FLAME lights a torch, we follow him into:

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - HIDDEN STAIRWAY - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan's TORCH FLICKERS in the dark. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO.

281 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I must have journeyed in the dark
for a quarter of an hour. The
stairway went further than the
deepest chambers of the castle. At
the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-
like passage, through which came a
sickly odor. The smell of old
earth, which had just been dug up.

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - CHAPEL - MINUTES LATER

He STEPS out of a passage, taking in the new space.

282 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I had arrived at a ruined chapel,
which had been used as a graveyard.
Strewn about the place where a four
or five dozen wooden boxes.
(lifts a lid)
283 Filled with dirt. Otherwise empty.

He SHUTS the BOX. Moves. And after a moment, STOPS SHORT.

284 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
But then, there it was. Set upon a
pedestal. A stone sarcophagus. On
the lid, carved, one word:
"DRACULA." The Count's resting
place. Here was my chance.

He GROANS with EFFORT, trying to lift the stone lid.

285 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Here at last... was my chance...

He TRIES AGAIN. That lid isn't budging.

286 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Ah, it was no use. My legs were
barely holding me aloft, I was so
weak. The stone lid must have
weighed half a ton. I could not
lift it in my state. But to come so
close! No, there must be a way. I
set about, trying to find a
crowbar, or some piece of metal I
could use for leverage.
(notices something)

287 And in the dark, I saw another
passage, leading into a vault of
some sort. What more secrets could
this place hide?

INT. CASTLE DRACULA - SECRET VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan's descends a small staircase.

288 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I ventured further into the depths,
and arrived at a strange sight. A
circular room of carved stone, with
nothing in it but a great pillar of
stone, right at the center of it.

He steps around it, frowning: *what the hell is this???*

289 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
At first, I thought it was solid.
But no. On the far side, a stone
was missing, about a foot in
length. The pillar was hollow! I
brought my torch to the opening.

Another voice! A woman's voice, who shudders to wakefulness.

She startles, looking up at him. Shocked. Bewildered.

290 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
It was a woman, dressed in white.
Ancient, with long grey hair, and
eyes like sapphires. Good god, the
Count was keeping *another* captive!

291 JONATHAN HARKER
Who are you? Are you all right? Can
you understand me?

The only reply are more bewildered, gasping breath.

292 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I reached through the opening.

293 JONATHAN HARKER
Take my hand! We might be able to -

A SNARL. The sound of a FERAL ANIMAL ATTACKING. TEETH SINK
INTO FLESH.

And then all sounds... CUT OUT.

294 JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
Sapphire became crimson. I saw the
change in her eyes. Right before
the fangs went into my arm. I don't
remember anything else. The world
went black. Until...

Jonathan WAKES with a sudden, GASPING BREATH.

A11 INT. CASTLE DRACULA - JONATHAN HARKER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gradually, his breath slows... he's safe. He's okay.

JONATHAN HARKER (V.O.)
I awoke back in my guest chamber.
Alone. Or so I thought. Until...

295 COUNT DRACULA
If a door is locked, you don't go
in there. Was that really so
complicated?

Dracula sits at a nearby table, by a FIREPLACE. Jonathan's journal is in his hands, and he has his feet up on the bed.

And he looks... well, *great*. Young. Fierce. Suave. Dressed in new clothes. All traces of an affect in his voice gone.

296 JONATHAN HARKER
Count... Count Dracula?

Jonathan's voice, in contrast is so thin. Almost gone.

297 COUNT DRACULA
Though I suppose curiosity has been
killing the cat for some time now.

298 JONATHAN HARKER
My... my journal. You can read it?
(Dracula nods)
299 But - but I write in shorthand.

300 COUNT DRACULA
Yes, but you can read it. Which
means I can read it.

301 JONATHAN HARKER
What?

302 COUNT DRACULA
Do you know your Deuteronomy? "Be
sure you do not eat the blood. The
blood is the life, and it does not
do to eat the life with the meat."
Well, I eat the blood, and the
blood is the life. Which means that
at this point I have... quite a bit
of your life in me.

A BEAT. Jonathan GULPS, summoning the courage to ask...

JONATHAN HARKER
303 Who is that woman? In the vault?

COUNT DRACULA
304 A monster, Jonathan. Just a
monster.

He gets up. Spins around, showing off the new threads.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
305 What do you think? How do I look?

JONATHAN HARKER
306 What?

COUNT DRACULA
307 New clothes, for a new continent.
But I still feel it's missing
something.

(snaps his fingers: a-ha!)
308 Yes, of course. That lovely
traveling cape of yours. I think
it's *just* the thing.

He takes it. With a MAJESTIC FWUMPH, he throws it on.

And even though we can't see it, we can FEEL it. There he
stands, in all his macabre glory. COUNT DRACULA.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
309 There. How do I look?

JONATHAN HARKER
310 Like pure evil.

Dracula grins. Could not have hoped for a better compliment.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)
311 You're - you're a vampire.

COUNT DRACULA
312 Have been for quite some time now.

JONATHAN HARKER
313 But... you're not like other
vampires. You're not like the
vampires I've killed.

COUNT DRACULA
314 No. There's nothing else like me.
I'm going to fix that, actually.

JONATHAN HARKER
315 What?

COUNT DRACULA

316 Oh, Jonathan, I'm afraid you don't have time for the long version. The short version, then: I've been looking for a way out of a couple of rules that have been holding me back. And well, the thing is... when you spend four hundred years eating the smartest people in a superstitious, religious, xenophobic land... it starts to be rather difficult for that culture to produce the kind of people who would be able to find a way around those rules. It mostly just makes the land *more* superstitious, religious, and xenophobic.

(helps Jonathan up)

317 I'm afraid I've slightly run this place dry. So I'm going somewhere new. Somewhere... *revolutionary*. I'm going to help you the desk now.

JONATHAN HARKER

318 Why?

COUNT DRACULA

319 Because you've always been afraid of dying in your bed, old and infirm.

It's too much. Jonathan begins to WEEP, even as Dracula helps him to sit.

JONATHAN HARKER

320 How - how do you know these things?

COUNT DRACULA

321 Because I do. You deserve to die with a pen in your hand, my friend.

JONATHAN HARKER

322 Did - did you know? The whole time? That - that I'd been sent here to -

COUNT DRACULA

323 To investigate me? I suspected as much. I know Tellson's keeps an eye out for all things old and occult. Bad for business, they say.

JONATHAN HARKER

324 Then - then why?

COUNT DRACULA

325 Well, you had what I wanted.
Carfax. It's necessary for a
really... neat idea I've had. And I
suppose I wanted to see who they'd
send. Whether they'd underestimate
me. Here, sit.

(drops him onto a chair)

326 And I have to confess, Jonathan...
I do feel a bit underestimated. No,
it's okay, it's okay. Here.

He PUTS a PEN in Jonathan's SHAKING HAND. PLACES the JOURNAL
in front of him. OPENS IT TO THE LAST PAGE.

JONATHAN HARKER

327 What? What do you...

COUNT DRACULA

328 It's your journal. The last page of
it. Anything you want to write. Any
last words. Any last message to
Mina. Or to Lucy. It's okay, I know
you never stopped loving her, even
after she turned down your
proposal. Even after you married
her best friend.

JONATHAN HARKER

329 How do you - ?

COUNT DRACULA

330 Your life. I took it. It's mine
now. All but this last bit.

JONATHAN HARKER

331 But - I checked. My neck. I -

COUNT DRACULA

332 Oh. Oh, no. I'm sorry, my friend.
It's an old trick. A veil drawn
over your eyes. But if you insist.

He SNAPS his FINGERS. Instantly, there's a FLESH-Y TEARING
SOUND. Jonathan's hand goes to his throat.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

The wound's been there for days. I
just... spared you from it. The
whole time you've been here, you've
been having nightmares, haven't
you? That was the part of you that
knew.

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)
 Knew that something was horribly,
 horribly wrong. But it doesn't
 matter now. Come, write.

334 JONATHAN HARKER
 What - what should I write?

335 COUNT DRACULA
 Whatever you want. Whatever you
 wish to leave behind.

A BEAT... then the sound of a PEN SCRATCHING on PAPER.

336 JONATHAN HARKER
 No, I - I can't. I'm too weak.

337 COUNT DRACULA
 Shhh, shhh, shh... Here... I'll do
 it for you. Give me the pen, and
 tell me what to write.

Shaking, Jonathan does. He takes a DEEP BREATH. We begin to
 hear the sound of a HEARTBEAT.

338 JONATHAN HARKER
 Journal of... of Jonathan Harker.
 Final entry.

339 COUNT DRACULA (V.O.)
 And so he told me what to write.

The HEARTBEAT SLOWS...

340 COUNT DRACULA (V.O.)
 And I wrote it down for him. And
 then... it was done. The end of the
 journal of Jonathan Harker.

And... it STOPS. For a LONG BEAT, there is silence.

Gradually, the sound around him changes. A sound starts to
 fade in around him... the sound of RAIN...

341 COUNT DRACULA (V.O.)
 The end of... Jonathan Harker.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (**FRAME STORY**)

342 COUNT DRACULA
 And then, there was only me.

343 MINA HARKER
 Count Dracula.

Yes. This whole time, Mina has not been talking to Jonathan. She's been speaking to Count Dracula.

COUNT DRACULA

344 If it's any consolation, your husband faced death much more courageously than many, many others.

MINA HARKER

345 Jonathan was a good, kind man, who gave his life in the name of stopping creatures like you from harming anyone else. He was my husband and... whatever else there may have been between us, I loved him. And when you killed him, we had been married for five weeks.

(then:)

So do please share more of your glib little observations, I assure you I am extremely consoled by them, you have no idea.

(BEAT)

And afterwards?

COUNT DRACULA

346 Afterwards... well, things advanced quickly. I finished my preparations. Packed some snacks, set off on a journey. Went to America. And then... I met you.

MINA HARKER

347 But then you met me. And you made a mistake.

COUNT DRACULA

348 Yes. I underestimated you.

And for a BEAT, they just stand together. Opposite each other. A thousand emotions passing between them..

MINA HARKER

349 So? What happened next?

The RAIN KEEPS FALLING. In the distance a BOOM of THUNDER. Then - on top of us - a BLAST. DEFEANING. **KRA-KOWWWWWW!**

END OF EPISODE 1