

DRACULA IN LOVE

Written by

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Based on the novel of the same name by Karen Essex

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The rich green leaves of the trees have a hint of blue in their color courtesy of the moon glowing overhead. In an open space surrounded by the trees, MINA MURRAY (22) calmly makes her way out from the darkness and into the scattered moonlight. Her white silk nightdress, in contrast to her coal-black hair, hangs loosely down to her calves, yet still maintains an essence of elegance in style. She spins slowly, staring at the trees around her, admiring their tranquility.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)  
(faint British accent,  
sounding learned rather  
than native)

In the beginning, there was the voice. A voice of deep timbre and tones, of sensuous growls, and of low, hollow moans. A voice laden with promise and with love.

As she looks off into the darkness, a smile emerges onto MINA'S face.

MINA MURRAY  
I have been looking for you.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
No, we have been looking for each other.

The response only makes MINA'S smile grow larger.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)  
Then came hands, but not hands like everyone knows, rather the *essence* of touch, caressing my face, my neck, making my skin tingle. I saw nothing but felt hands like fur come out of the darkness and begin to stroke my hair and caress me with great tenderness.

MINA'S shoulders push back and her posture straightens as the "touch" runs up along her entire body. The look on her face is closing in on the point of ecstasy.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But as I surrendered to the touch and the sensation, the hands on my body turned rough.

Suddenly, MINA winces at something invisible coming in contact with her. Her feelings of euphoria quickly diminish.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Suddenly, I was not clothed in fur,  
but in something wet. I began to  
shiver as frigid air blasted my  
face replacing the sweet warmth.

Again, MINA winces. This time...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. EMBANKMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

...the same wince on MINA'S face as she is lying on her back atop the moss-covered ground next to a river. Then, again...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SIMULTANEOUS

...MINA looks around the darkness as panic slowly settles in.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The dampness around me seeped  
through to my skin, chilling me to  
the bone. Someone - or something -  
pulled my garment up above my  
knees.

Slowly, the bottom of MINA'S nightdress begins to rise and...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. EMBANKMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

...a large calloused hand runs up the inside of MINA'S leg, pushing the bottom of her dress up above her knees.

Scared, MINA looks up from her dress to see a GROSS MAN kneeling between her legs. The grin on his face screams of evil and malice, his crooked decaying teeth peeking through the opening between his lips.

GROSS MAN  
Getting you ready is all.

MINA tries to scream, but the GROSS MAN quickly throws a hand over her mouth. She struggles, desperately trying to break free from his grasp, but he is too strong.

GROSS MAN (CONT'D)

Stay put or you'll be sorry you  
were ever born.

Sadly coming to grips with the situation, MINA succumbs to the GROSS MAN'S power as a tear falls down from her eye.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I realized what was happening and  
wondered what my fiancé would say  
when I told him that I had been  
raped while wandering - insensibly -  
in the middle of the night.

GROSS MAN (O.S.)

What's this? A devil's mark?

MINA looks to see the GROSS MAN staring down at something in amusement: a wine-colored birthmark, in the shape of angels' wings, on her inner thigh.

GROSS MAN (CONT'D)

(to MINA, grinning)

You're gonna be a feisty one.

Just then, a loud thud booms from behind the GROSS MAN and he wavers groggily. MINA stares at him, confused, until suddenly he is picked up from behind and pulled off of her. The shock and terror on his face disappears into the darkness as he is tossed to the ground like a heap of trash.

Slowly, MINA sits up to see a tall, dark, slender PHANTOM standing before her; his features becoming more apparent with her narration.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I could not see the face of my  
rescuer, but he wore the tall hat  
of a gentleman and a black evening  
cape lined in shimmery pale gray  
satin. In his hand was a walking  
stick, the likely weapon he used to  
deliver the blow to my assailant.

MINA is stunned and unable to speak her gratitude for her savior. Instead, she pulls herself up and rushes off down the riverbank.

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

I started running. Back towards my  
home. In the distance, I saw a  
shiny black coach with unlit  
lanterns being led by horse.

Rolling between the trees on the opposite side of the riverbank, two large black horses trot loudly as they guide the carriage through the dark forest.

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

I tried to see if my savior was seated in the carriage, but its closed curtains guaranteed the privacy of whoever was inside. I did not know exactly where I was, but if I continued downriver, I would soon be in the area of the school where I worked and safe inside my living quarters.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

From the darkness of the treeline behind the school, MINA runs out into the moonlight and rushes over to the back door. The sound of the horses' hooves echo faintly in the distance.

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

The back door was unlocked. I figured I must have left it so as it was my likely exit from the school in the first place.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

MINA carefully tiptoes her way across the hall towards the staircase leading to the second floor.

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

It was not yet five o'clock, when things would begin to stir both in the town and at the school, so I had to return to my room before that time. There would be no explanation short of a bout of madness that I could offer for arriving at the premises at this hour in my nightdress.

Now on the second floor, MINA slowly makes her way past the doors leading to the various other living quarters.

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

In truth, there was no explanation that I could possibly give, not even to myself, of how I came to wander out of doors in the middle of the night.

Finally, MINA reaches her room - the door still open - and steps inside, gently closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, MINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MINA tries to collect herself for a moment, regulating her breathing as she stands in the center of her bedroom. She finds solace in the silence of the room, but the feelings are short lived as the sound of the horses' hooves returns.

MINA darts over to the window overlooking the street outside the school and looks out to see the carriage riding off into the darkness.

Her pulse still racing, MINA steps back from the window and heads over to an armoire to change out of her grass-stained nightdress and prepare herself for the day that lay ahead.

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

I had had episodes of this mysterious and disturbing nature as a child, but it had been a full fifteen years or more since I had experienced one. On multiple occasions, my parents found me in several different places. I began hearing my mother's private thoughts and when I questioned her about them, she got very cross with me. She told me I was just like my grandmother, "the same sort of troubled creature; unable to control herself and her urges." At seven, she brought me to Miss Hadley's School for Young Ladies of Accomplishment, a place where girls were sent to learn to become true young ladies of society. I became Miss Hadley's star pupil and after finishing with my education, she employed me to teach reading, etiquette, and decorum.

(MORE)

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

Yet, despite my rigidly conventional exterior, I knew that I was unusual. I knew that there was something frightening inside me, something that I must continue to suppress at all costs. Miss Hadley did not know what I had been like prior to me coming here, she knew only of the sweet and docile girl I had trained to be.

(beat)

I knew the truth. I knew that I was different from other girls, and I knew that the difference was not a good one.

Having finished changing and applying the necessary cover ups, MINA takes a final look at herself in the mirror, hoping she's managed to erase all evidence of the night's events.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - LATER

At the bottom of the large staircase in the middle of the school, a YOUNG GIRL repetitively rings a bell to signal the start of the school day.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, MINA'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The STUDENTS, dressed in their school-required white pinafores with fluffy sleeves gathered at the shoulders, sit at their desks staring at MINA, in her lace-collared brown linen uniform, standing at the front of the room reciting the day's agenda. Framed above the blackboard, a large sign reading "Gentility Above All" hangs on the wall behind her.

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

All teachers at Miss Hadley's School were addressed as "aunt", so likewise the girls addressed me as Aunt Mina. The school had recently been criticized by suffragettes and lady reformers who, along with the right to vote, also campaigned for girls to be taught the same academic subjects, and with the same intensity, as boys.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, MINA'S CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

MINA slowly makes her way around the room, looking over a sheet of notes she has in front of her.

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

I knew better, however, for it was my education in the feminine arts that had enabled me to attract my fiancé, Jonathan. His affections would have been unavailable to an Irish-born orphan with no family to protect her or vouch for her had she not learned to assimilate the qualities of a lady.

(beat)

Besides, it was common knowledge that too much education hampered girls in the marriage market. I was a realist.

Finally, MINA looks up from the notes and at her STUDENTS, all sitting with wooden boards across their backs, their arms looped through straps attached at the shoulders, causing them to sit perfectly straight up in their seats.

MINA MURRAY

(to STUDENTS)

It is no use resisting the board, young ladies, for the board will always win. Aunt Mina has yet to meet the girl who could crack the plank with her shoulders.

The STUDENTS giggle at their teacher's joke.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, MINA'S CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Again, MINA surveys as this time the STUDENTS sit quietly writing letters on small sheets of paper in front of them.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I set them writing notes to imaginary staff, friends, relatives, and neighbors while I forced myself to remain awake.

Satisfied with the STUDENTS' work thus far, MINA walks over to the front of the room and takes a seat at her desk. She continues watching like a guard stationed in a watchtower.



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

These banal lessons in decorum, repeated hundreds of times over the years soothed me. I had not succumbed to this resurgence of what I thought of as my lower nature. I was still Aunt Mina Murray, a woman who could preside over a roomful of girls, teaching the ways of the drawing room that would net them the inevitable prize of a solid marriage.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sitting at a small round table, MINA and her friend KATE REED (20's) talk over dinner. KATE'S freckled face shines with help from her dark blond hair escaping a haphazard bun at the nape of her neck, kept in place with a pencil. MINA takes a small bite of the meal in front of her as KATE clenches a lit cigarette between her bony fingers.

KATE takes a brief drag from the cigarette, blows the smoke straight up into the air, then returns her focus to MINA.

KATE REED

My editor is allowing me a full three thousand words for an article on the state of girls' education in Britain, the longest story of my career. Only you, Mina, have the organizational skills to help me sort through all this *data*.

MINA chews on her bite of food then dabs her mouth with her napkin.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I sometimes helped my old school friend Kate Reed organize her notes and research for articles she was writing. Kate's parents had sent their headstrong fifteen-year-old daughter to Miss Hadley's to polish her for the matrimonial market, but their efforts had an adverse effect, creating an even more insubordinate girl.

MINA returns her napkin to her lap.

MINA MURRAY

Girls are already taking advantage of education, Miss Hadley's School has no vacancies.

KATE REED

Did you know that the University of London is now offering *all degrees* to women, including one in medicine? Imagine someday being tended by a lady doctor!

The ludicrous idea causes MINA to chuckle, shaking her head.

KATE REED (CONT'D)

Soon all children under the age of thirteen, girls included will be mandated by law to attend schools; schools that give boys and girls the same sort of education in math, history, and the sciences.

MINA MURRAY

And that will be a very sad day for girls who want to become ladies. In any case I think your predictions are wrong. The queen herself is against this sort of thing.

KATE REED

It doesn't matter what an old woman thinks.

As KATE continues, MINA leans down and reaches into her bag on the ground next to her.

KATE REED (CONT'D)

Laws and people's minds are changing very quickly. Once we have the right to vote, things will change even faster.

MINA sits back up and hands over an issue of *The Woman's World* magazine to KATE. Taking the magazine, KATE stares down at the cover, familiar with the issue.

MINA MURRAY

That is what Mrs. Fawcett claims in her article on women's suffrage.

KATE REED

It's a very good essay, isn't it? I wish I had written it.

MINA MURRAY

I found myself even more absorbed in the piece about weddings. After all, it won't be long now before I am Mrs. Harker.

KATE leans forward and stubs out her cigarette on a saucer.

KATE REED

To be serious, Mina, you know that you have a way with words on the page. Now that you can take shorthand and type like the wind, you should consider becoming a journalist yourself. This is our *time*. I love you, my friend, and I see your gifts. Do not waste these opportunities never before given to those of our sex.

MINA MURRAY

(bashful)

Jonathan would never have it.

KATE REED

(shaking her head madly)

Then I should never have *Jonathan*!

(softer)

Oh, I know, he's handsome and intelligent and has a bright future, and you love him and he adores you. But does one really need a husband, lord, and master? I think that the modern woman should only take *lovers*.

MINA MURRAY

(shocked)

Lovers?! Have you forgotten Lizzie Cornwall? She took a lover, and now she spends her time in the opium dens of Blue Gate Fields.

KATE REED

She was a fool. We are not fools, Mina. We are women with intelligence and *gifts*.

MINA MURRAY

Lizzie had gifts, but now she walks up and down the Strand in a rented dress throwing herself at any man who passes.

KATE REED

(overly shocked)

Mina, how very dramatic you are.  
If you were not so concerned with  
preserving your sterling  
reputation, I would advise you to  
take to the *stage*.

Pressing her lips together, KATE rolls her head back and flips up her hand as if to portray an overdramatic actress. MINA can't help but laugh at her friend's gesture and soon the two find themselves playfully chuckling with one another. After a moment, the real question lingering on MINA'S mind comes to attention, bringing the laughter to a halt.

MINA MURRAY

Kate, do you ever have frightening  
dreams?

KATE REED

Of course, Mina. Everyone has  
*nightmares*.

MINA MURRAY

Have you ever confused being awake  
and being asleep? Or left your bed  
without being awake beforehand?

KATE REED

No, but I have heard of such  
things. The condition is called  
*noctambulism*. A German scientist,  
I forget his name, did studies on  
it and concluded that it happened  
to people with overdeveloped  
sensory faculties.

MINA MURRAY

Of what sort? An overdeveloped  
sense of smell, perhaps?

KATE REED

Yes, or taste or hearing.

(beat)

Why do you ask, darling? Are you,  
of all people, taking part in  
*strange* activities while you are  
asleep?

The moment of silence seems like forever for MINA to conjure up a lie.

MINA MURRAY

No, not me. One of the girls at school leaves her bed at night and goes outdoors, but claims that she has no idea how she came to be there. It leaves her feeling quite disturbed.

KATE REED

Well, the girl should be interviewed by a psychologist. These doctors are coming closer to understanding the workings of the mind in the dream state.

MINA MURRAY

I will pass your advice along to Headmistress.

KATE snickers at the statement.

KATE REED

That would really be something, Headmistress taking my advice.

MINA MURRAY

You were her least malleable student, she is always happy to hear news of you.

KATE REED

Miss Hadley and her pupils are fortunate to have you, Mina. If you had been my teacher, perhaps I would have turned out differently.

MINA MURRAY

Oh, I doubt that.

KATE and MINA share a laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, PARLOR - NIGHT

Standing near the fireplace on the far side of the room, MINA stares down at the flames as their warmth drifts up to her face. The parlor is silent, but that soon changes with the opening of the door leading out to the main hall as JONATHAN HARKER (28) makes his entrance. Carrying his oversized coat folded over his arm, JONATHAN takes off his hat and places them both down on the chair to his right.

The smile on his face is proof something has him excited and the flames from the fire elicit a sparkle in his honey-brown eyes.

JONATHAN HARKER

You will not regret the day you  
agreed to marry me, Miss Murray.

The statement brings a smile to MINA'S face as she watches her husband approach.

MINA MURRAY

I never believed I would, Mr.  
Harker.

They share a kiss, but no sooner JONATHAN pulls away smiling.

JONATHAN HARKER

Truly, Mina, something  
extraordinary has happened. A  
count, a member of the Austrian  
nobility, has retained the firm to  
conduct a substantial real estate  
transaction in London. My uncle is  
consumed with settling two entailed  
country estates and has turned this  
affair entirely over to me. After  
a lengthy correspondence, the Count  
was very specific that my uncle  
send me as his personal emissary.  
I leave for the duchy of Styria  
tomorrow.

Though she wants to share her husband's enthusiasm, all MINA could comprehend was that he would be away from her.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

Don't you see, Mina? A substantial  
bonus will be coming to me. We  
will have a very tidy sum of money  
to begin our married life, enough  
to lease one of those little brown  
houses you have set your heart on  
in Pimlico!

MINA slaps her hand to her mouth, shocked.

MINA MURRAY

Do you mean it, Jonathan? You  
would not toy with me about so  
important a subject?

JONATHAN HARKER  
(sounding stunned)  
Toy with you!

Just then, JONATHAN swiftly picks up MINA and twirls her around. She giggles wildly as her hair floats behind her.

MINA MURRAY  
(teasing)  
Mr. Harker! You forget yourself!

JONATHAN HARKER  
Oh, no, Mina...  
(returning her to the ground)  
...when I *finally* forget myself...  
(inching his face closer to hers)  
...it will be much more interesting than this.

JONATHAN'S seductiveness brings a smile to MINA'S face, but she playfully puts him back in his place.

MINA MURRAY  
When.

JONATHAN smiles and walks back over to his coat draped across the chair by the door. MINA turns and grabs the iron kettle hanging above the flames. She takes the kettle over to a small table and fills two small cups with tea.

JONATHAN HARKER (O.S.)  
Of course I would not tease you, Mina. Seeing you happy makes me happy.

Having hung up his hat and coat properly, JONATHAN turns and makes his way back over to her.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)  
I have sent for a brochure on the property. After my business with this count is concluded, I shall be more than ready to negotiate the lease. Our first home will have two bedrooms.

Now standing in front of his wife, JONATHAN accepts the cup of tea she holds out for him.

MINA MURRAY  
You are the most wonderful man I have ever met.

Staring into MINA'S eyes for a moment, JONATHAN can't help but admire how perfect his life has turned out thus far. Without taking a sip, he returns the cup of tea to the table and reaches in his pocket. He pulls out a small jewelry box and hands it to over to MINA. She stares at it smiling.

JONATHAN HARKER

Well, go on. The box is not the gift, Mina.

MINA slowly opens it to reveal a gold filigree heart on a chain with a small golden key amulet attached. Awestruck, MINA takes out the necklace and lets it hang in the air.

MINA MURRAY

It is beautiful, Jonathan.

JONATHAN HARKER

I have wanted to give you something for a long time, but I did not know if it would be appropriate. Today, I could no longer help myself.

Again, JONATHAN reaches into his pocket, a different one, and pulls out a small leather-bound notebook and hands it over.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

I also purchased one of these for you and one for myself so we can record our every thought and experience. When I return, reading the diaries will compensate for the time we spent apart.

MINA MURRAY

What a lovely idea.

MINA runs her hand over the notebook's smooth brown leather.

JONATHAN HARKER

There must be no secrets between a man and his wife. We must share our innermost thoughts. That is the way to keep a marriage vital and fresh.

The statement brings a look of concern to MINA'S face.

MINA MURRAY

Does sharing innermost thoughts also apply to one's dreams?



JONATHAN HARKER

(softly)

Dreams are out of our control,  
Mina.

MINA MURRAY

I have had disturbing dreams of  
late; frightening dreams, in which  
people are doing bad things to me,  
hurting me.

JONATHAN HARKER

Dear Mina, who could possibly want  
to harm you, even in a dream?

MINA MURRAY

I dreamt that I was being attacked  
by a man.

His wife's description makes him slightly irritated.

JONATHAN HARKER

I was afraid of this very sort of  
thing. Did you not tell me two  
weeks ago that Kate Reed took you  
into those terrible tenement houses  
in the worst part of the city?

MINA MURRAY

Yes, but--

JONATHAN HARKER

But that neighborhood is rife with  
criminals. You might have been  
hurt. Don't you see, Mina?  
Venturing into these seedy worlds  
with Kate is giving you nightmares.  
The mind doctors now say that  
dreams are reflections of one's own  
fears. If you are exposed to  
frightening places and frightening  
men, then it follows logically that  
you will dream of being attacked.

MINA MURRAY

But the dreams are upsetting, the  
actual experiences were not.

JONATHAN HARKER

You're unconscious mind gave you  
the dream to warn you against doing  
those things again.

Then, a comforting smile makes its way onto JONATHAN'S face and he kisses MINA'S hands softly.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

Let us strike a bargain: If you promise not to venture into more dangerous situations, I suppose you can assist Kate until we are married. But after that, I will need your stenography and typing skills to help me with my law work. At least until our first child is born.

Seeing his own, MINA is unable to hold back her joyous smile.

MINA MURRAY

I love your smile, Mr. Harker, and I will do anything to keep it on your face.

JONATHAN HARKER

But no secrets between us, Mina? No matter what misadventures you are led into at the hands of Miss Kate Reed?

MINA MURRAY

No, my darling, I promise. No secrets.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Escorted by KATE and her close journalist friend JACOB HENRY, MINA walks down the side of the spotlit street. The three seem to be dressed quite mournfully, KATE in black silk moiré and MINA in her dark-colored teaching uniform, despite the confident looks on their faces.

MINA MURRAY

Who exactly are we seeing again?

KATE REED

Godfrey and Louise Gummmler, husband and wife spiritualists and photographers.

(MORE)

KATE REED (CONT'D)

They rose to popularity in recent years with claims of being able to photograph spirits with clients, but it's likely a sophisticated double-exposure technique that they use to achieve the effect.

JACOB HENRY

A French spirit photographer using the same technique had just been put on trial and convicted in Paris and The Gummlers charge more than twice what he did.

MINA MURRAY

And I'm playing the aunt?

KATE REED

No, Mina, you're playing the godmother of our deceased child. Jacob and I are playing the grief-stricken mother and father hoping to have one last moment with their lost son.

JACOB HENRY

Too bad *I* can't play the deceased child, means I wouldn't have to sit here and watch Kate act like she has a soul.

Without hesitation, KATE slaps JACOB on the arm.

JACOB HENRY

(laughing)  
I'm kidding!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GUMMLER PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The three finally reach the small landing in front of The Gummlers' parlor and stop. After a moment of collection, KATE knocks on the door and waits patiently for it to open.

Footsteps slowly approach from the other side and, within moments, the door creaks open to reveal MADAM GUMMLER (middle-aged), with red streaks of rouge caked on her cheeks, standing inside.

KATE REED

(overdramatically sad)  
Mrs. Gummler, hello.  
(MORE)

KATE REED (CONT'D)

My name is Kate Reed, we spoke earlier about my husband and I contacting our child.

MADAM GUMMLER

Yes, of course dear. Please, come in.

MADAM GUMMLER steps back and holds the door open to allow MINA, KATE, and JACOB to enter. Once all of them are inside, she calmly steps forward and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUMMLER PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Flowered Spanish shawls drape most of the furnishings around them as MADAM GUMMLER leads the trio towards the main room. In the center of the room, also draped in a Spanish shawl, sits a boxlike camera facing a fireplace.

Sitting on the other side of the room, GODFREY GUMMLER watches as the guests are led in by his wife. His long, furry muttonchops and capacious beard appear to have come straight out of the events of the Crimean War. MINA, KATE, and JACOB scatter about the room observing its decor of various photographs taken with past clients and ghosts.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

(to KATE)

My dear, I was touched by your letter. Tragic! To find one's little infant dead in the crib! Taken from you without warning, without illness, for no foreseeable reason!

(to MINA and JACOB)

You both serve as angels of mercy, flanking this lovely woman in her time of need. How fortunate she is to have two stalwarts such as you by her side.

(to all)

Please, do sit down.

They all take a seat at the round shawl-covered table.

MADAM GUMMLER

First, we shall call upon the spirit of your dear little son. After we establish a firm connection, my husband will take the photograph.

(MORE)

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

As you can see by our walls, we  
have had great success in the past,  
reuniting the living and the dead.

GODFREY stands up from his chair and slowly approaches the  
table.

GODFREY GUMMLER

The spirits themselves have told us  
how the photography comes into  
being: They manifest themselves by  
merging our sphere with their own.  
This creates a mixed aura. When  
rays of light pass through this  
hybrid atmosphere, they are  
refracted, which causes their  
images to be projected on the  
plate.

MADAM GUMMLER

(placing a hand on KATE'S)

It is a mere veil that separates  
you from your child, Mrs. Reed.  
Just a thin membrane, invisible,  
made of vapor. Believe me, he is  
just on the other side. What is  
the little darling's name?

KATE REED

(producing a tear)

Simon. After his grandfather.

MINA watches as, sitting next to her, JACOB takes his hand  
and gently places it on KATE'S. Meanwhile, GODFREY makes his  
way around the room lighting candles.

MADAM GUMMLER

Simon. Lovely. Now we begin.

Then, as if on cue, GODFREY lowers the gas lamps on either  
side of the fireplace and the room goes dim.

The silence is nerve-racking. Though she knows the husband-  
wife duo is a fraud, MINA can't help but be somewhat paranoid  
in the unfamiliar, dimly lit setting. Just then, MADAM  
GUMMLER slowly raises her hands towards the ceiling and rolls  
her eyes upward.

MADAM GUMMLER

(deep and commanding)

I call upon the heavenly bodies and  
angels of high rank to deliver the  
spirit of the child Simon Reed!

(MORE)

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
Simon Reed, your mother is calling  
to you! If little Simon has  
already made his transition and is  
sitting in heaven with God, then  
ask the Lord to allow us to borrow  
his spirit for a brief moment to  
comfort his bereaved mother. Let  
us borrow him from eternity!

MINA glances around the room to see that everyone's eyes are  
closed. She watches MADAM GUMMLER sway gently in her chair.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
O Holy Ones - Michael; Jophiel;  
Uriel; Gabriel; and Afriel,  
protector of babies and children -  
hear my pleas and answer me!

The lit candles flicker.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
Simon Reed, your mother, father,  
and godmother are calling to you.  
O Spirit Mothers, free the infant  
to come to us, and we shall return  
him to you, where he may rest in  
your holy bosom for eternity.

Suddenly, MADAM GUMMLER'S breathing pattern changes, becoming  
short and fast, as if she is about to have an asthma attack.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
Oh!  
(throwing herself back in  
her chair)  
Another presence has entered the  
room!

Then, startingly, MADAM GUMMLER'S eyes shoot open and look  
directly at MINA.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone near and dear to  
you who might inhabit the spirit  
world?

MINA is too chilled to answer.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)  
Anyone close to you who is  
deceased?

MINA MURRAY  
(nervous)  
Why...everyone.

His head bowed and eyes still closed, JACOB can't hold back his laughter and a snort escapes. He quickly tries to collect himself and force the smile away.

Maintaining eye contact with her, MADAM GUMMLER continues to wait for MINA'S response.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Uh...perhaps my mother may be trying to contact me.

MADAM GUMMLER  
No, it is emphatically a male who is attempting to contact.

MINA MURRAY  
I cannot think who it may be.

KATE REED  
(sounding excited)  
Perhaps it is Simon!

MADAM GUMMLER  
(to KATE)  
Yes, oh yes, I do feel little Simon as well. Yes, I do. Oh, what a sweet little darling. He has a message for you, Mrs. Reed.  
(closing her eyes again,  
speaking in a high,  
delicate voice)  
I am here, Mama. I did not leave you. It's just that, just that God wanted me by his side.

KATE REED  
(bouncing in her chair,  
crying)  
Oh!

MADAM GUMMLER  
Let us take the photograph while the child is with us.

GODFREY quickly raises the luminance of the lamps hanging on the mantel and rushes over to a chair in a corner.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

We must have enough light to take the photograph, but not enough to frighten away the spirit. These are delicate balances that must be maintained.

GODFREY, now carrying the chair from the corner, sets it down in front of the fireplace and hurries back behind the camera. Then, MADAM GUMMLER stands up from her seat and slowly makes her way over to the camera as well, holding her hand above it.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

This encourages the process.

KATE stands and rushes over to the chair now in front of the fireplace.

KATE REED

(taking a seat)

How should I pose?

MADAM GUMMLER

Hold out your hands as if to receive your little boy.

KATE does just that and almost immediately, GODFREY snaps the picture. He quickly grabs the camera and dashes off into an adjacent room as MADAM GUMMLER puts her hand over her chest, taking a deep breath. She slowly opens her eyes, however, and returns her attention back to MINA.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

Someone is trying to contact you, and he is being most persistent. Would you like a photograph, dear?

MINA nervously shakes her head.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

Please do not reject the spirits who have come to see you. It insults them. I work to keep my parlor a hospitable environment for those on the other side. Do not destroy my efforts with your skepticism.

MINA MURRAY

But Mr. Gummler has already taken the camera away.

Just then, GODFREY precisely returns with the camera in-hand.



GODFREY GUMMLER

Ah, but I have returned. I unloaded the exposed plate in the darkroom and have placed a fresh plate in the camera.

(motioning to the chair)

If you please.

Still hesitant, MINA slowly steps over to the chair and glumly sits down. GODFREY snaps the picture and instantaneously the mood of the room changes, almost as if a wave of relief passes through it. Again, he rushes off into the adjacent room, meanwhile, MADAM GUMMLER steps over to KATE, still acting distraught, and drapes one of the shawls from a chair over her shoulders.

MADAM GUMMLER

It's best to keep the body warm when one goes into shock from having made contact.

Despite being by the fire, MINA can still feel a chill running down her back as a draft sweeps through the room and across her face.

Just then, GODFREY reenters.

GODFREY GUMMLER

Madam, I need your assistance.

MADAM GUMMLER turns and makes her way into the darkroom with her husband. Dropping the act entirely, KATE looks at the visibly shaken MINA and quickly makes her way over.

KATE REED

Are you well, Mina? You look positively *stricken*.

MINA MURRAY

I'm just a bit cold.

KATE REED

Do not worry. We will soon be out of here.

JACOB HENRY

Quiet, darling, the spirits might be listening.

JACOB and KATE both laugh at his sarcastic comment just as GODFREY and MADAM GUMMLER make their way back into the room. They each hold a still-damp print with two fingers.

MADAM GUMMLER

We have a rather startling  
surprise.

GODFREY hands his photograph over to KATE showing her sitting in the chair with her hands open on her lap holding the fuzzy, indistinguishable blur of a small child.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

There he is, little Simon, so  
lovely in his mother's arms.

The photo brings a conniving grin to KATE'S face, knowing she's got the proof her story needs. MADAM GUMMLER pays no attention, however, as she turns her focus to MINA, still over by the fireplace.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

(slowly approaching MINA)

In the hundreds of clients who have  
visited this parlor, I have never  
seen anyone - not even myself -  
summon a spirit of such clarity and  
magnitude.

MADAM GUMMLER stops, now standing in front of MINA, and holds out the picture for her.

MADAM GUMMLER (CONT'D)

Do you know this person?

Afraid to do so, MINA accepts the picture and turns it over to view the image on the other side.

There, sitting in the chair, MINA stares directly at the camera looking placid, uninterested, and a little bit afraid. But behind her, in much clearer and recognizable fashion than KATE'S photo, stands a man in elegant evening clothes wearing a tall hat and a cape. He's holding a walking stick just below the knob where a golden dragon's head, its mouth held open, sits atop it. Though he is not nearly as fully formed as MINA is, his deep-set, haunted eyes stare directly at her and his long hair flows down to just below his shoulders.

There is no doubt in MINA'S mind who the being is, thus explaining the horrified look that has overcome her face.

CUT TO:

INT. HANSOM CAB - LATER

Sitting squeezed in between both KATE and JACOB, MINA stares blankly down at the floor of the carriage.

Despite the clicking and clacking of the horse's hooves driving them, KATE and JACOB manage to carry on a conversation that overpowers the noise.

KATE REED

(reviewing photographs)

Clearly, they tamper with every negative plate. I'll wager that fifty women in England are in possession of a photograph with that handsome ghost standing behind them, not to mention the one of my dead baby.

JACOB is somewhat disgusted by KATE'S lack of geniality.

JACOB HENRY

Oh, Kate, what is so wrong with two old cooks telling some bereaved mother that her child is hovering about in heaven?

KATE is shocked by her partner's change of heart.

KATE REED

Oh. I'm sorry Jacob, perhaps we shouldn't write the story and allow Mr. and Mrs. Gummler to continue to rob honest, grieving family members, offering fabricated moments with their deceased loved ones.

MINA'S silence and obvious disquietude goes unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANSOM CAB - CONTINUOUS

The HORSEMAN sitting on the back of the carriage, bounces with the whip in his hand as the horse continues on down the road. KATE and JACOB'S arguing echoes throughout the empty city street.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - A LITTLE LATER

MINA opens the door to enter the main hall and turns towards the mailroom to her right.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

The image haunted my thoughts for the rest of the night. Seeing my savior, the Phantom from the forest standing there behind me while seated in The Gummeler's chair, was truly terrifying. It sent an icy feeling crawling up my spine that ultimately made its way through my head and into my eyes.

MINA reaches the mailroom and enters, stepping over to her mailbox, designated by her name.

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

I left the photograph with Kate for it would likely only cause more nightmares for me. That night I received a little from Lucy Westenra, my dearest friend from school days.

MINA pulls out the envelope containing the letter she's referring to and opens it up to read.

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

She longed for a female companion with whom to share the contents of her heart and mind, not to mention some interesting news on a subject dear to us both.

MINA looks back inside the envelope and pulls out a small, rectangular, gold piece of paper.

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

Accompanying the letter was a train ticket for Whitby, a small town on the Yorkshire Coast. I had not received a letter from Jonathan since he'd been away, but I attributed the lack of correspondence to the inefficiency of the post. Regardless, I sent him a letter with Lucy's address in Whitby, asking him to write to me there.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

MINA stares out the window, cracked slightly open, as the train passes out of the city's smoky skies and into the farmlands settled in between London and York.

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

Lucy had an ardent admirer in Arthur Holmwood, the future Lord Godalming, whom I had yet to meet. But if Lucy had news to share, it must be that Arthur had asked the question he had been wanting to pose to her, and that she, who never seemed to be in love with him but had accepted that it was her fate to marry a member of the peerage, had answered in the affirmative.

CUT TO:

I/E. STAGECOACH - AFTERNOON

MINA bounces with the coach as the horses trot their way towards her final destination.

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

Many hours later, when we reached York, I transferred to a coach that would take me over miles and miles of moors and, finally, into Whitby.

(leans to look outside)

I looked out the dusty window to see that the skies behind us remained bright blue, as if the clouds were following the coach into the moors.

Outside, the sky is just as she describes; the point where sunshine crosses over to gloom practically traceable.

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

A silly thought, of course, but I suddenly felt as if the harrowing experiences of the recent past would not be left behind at all but would follow me even on my holiday.

(MORE)

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

A brewing tempest was hardly usual for an English summer, but I could not escape the portentous feeling that something was following me from London - something I would prefer to have left behind.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, PARLOR - EVENING

MINA slowly makes her way up the stairs, bags in-hand, only to be suddenly enveloped in the arms of LUCY WESTENRA (early 20's). She describes the meeting as it takes place.

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

Lucy greeted me in the parlor of the rooms they had taken on the second floor of a huge guesthouse in East Cliff, sitting high above the sea and overlooking the red roofs of the town, the beach, and the double lighthouses that welcomed vessels coming into the harbor. She was thinner than the last time I saw her, but her golden hair floated like waves around her shoulders. And her skin, always pale, had more color, and thus the light sprinkle of freckles that had covered her nose and upper cheeks since I had met her thirteen years prior were more prominent.

LUCY WESTENRA

Come on, I want to introduce you before Arthur leaves. We are sharing a room. Won't that be fun? This is our last opportunity to be together before we are--

MRS. WESTENRA (O.S.)

Wilhelmina Murray, my goodness you've grown!

The sound of MRS. WESTENRA'S voice calling from the other entrance of the parlor causes MINA and LUCY to turn in her direction. Shuffling her tiny feet, MRS. WESTENRA walks over and puts her arms around MINA, just as LUCY did moments ago.

MRS. WESTENRA (CONT'D)  
(pulling away)  
Has Lucy told you of the wonderful news?

LUCY WESTENRA  
Actually, mother, you are the obstacle keeping me from doing so.

MRS. WESTENRA gives her daughter an unpleasant look.

MINA MURRAY  
(laughing)  
Well, go on, Lucy, what is it you needed to tell me?

LUCY WESTENRA  
I have accepted Mr. Holmwood's kind offer of marriage.

The news, though not a surprise, brings a smile to MINA'S face and MRS. WESTENRA immediately shows her excitement.

MRS. WESTENRA  
Oh, what a wonderful day it is when my soon-to-be-wed daughter and her soon-to-be-wed best childhood friend are sharing with me such a beautiful guesthouse.

LUCY WESTENRA  
Speaking of *guest*, mother, as I was telling Mina, we must go downstairs soon before Arthur and his friends leave.

MINA looks over at LUCY confused.

MINA MURRAY  
"Friends"?

MRS. WESTENRA  
Oh, she's referring to those hooligan friends of Arthur's, Dr. Seward and Morris Quince.

LUCY WESTENRA  
Mother, Mr. Quince is anything *but* a hooligan.

MRS. WESTENRA

(ignoring her daughter)  
The entire Quince family is  
absolutely scandalous, Mina, and  
the scion is no better.

LUCY WESTENRA

Mother, you must stop telling these  
awful stories. You are merely  
repeating idle gossip.

MRS. WESTENRA

(again, ignoring LUCY)  
He is very handsome, dear. It is  
quite the pleasure to look him in  
the eye, but I thought you should  
be warned about him should he try  
to charm you away from Mr. Harker.

LUCY WESTENRA

Mother!

MRS. WESTENRA can ignore her daughter no longer.

LUCY WESTENRA (CONT'D)

Mina is solidly in love with Mr.  
Harker. No one may taint her  
character; she would not allow it.

MRS. WESTENRA

You are both naïve young ladies and  
it is my duty to prevent you from  
falling prey to men's schemes. Mr.  
Quince has a certain raw American  
charm, but has no solid plans.  
(turning very sincere)  
Mina does not have a mother's  
guidance and welcomes my insights.  
Isn't that right, Mina?

MINA turns to LUCY and offers a peaceful smile.

MINA MURRAY

Lucy, I assure you if you did not  
have a mother, you would appreciate  
a mother's concern.  
(to MRS. WESTENRA)  
I only mean to say that I wish I  
had a mother to help me navigate  
through life's passages and into  
womanhood.

Despite the smile now on MRS. WESTENRA'S face, LUCY can't  
help but feel betrayed.



LUCY WESTENRA

(audibly under her breath)

Perhaps you are fortunate: You are free to navigate for yourself, and in a girl's life, that is a privilege.

LUCY storms off leaving her mother and MINA alone, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR - LATER

Standing around the room, ARTHUR HOLMWOOD (20's) and his friends MORRIS QUINCE (mid 20's) and DR. SEWARD (mid-to-late 30's) chat with one another as they wait for the ladies' arrival. ARTHUR'S sharp nose is long and angular, but seems to sit in perfect cooperation above his lips. Like LUCY'S, his hair is blond, but slightly darker and thinner with a few curls dangling about his scalp.

The door to the dining room opens to reveal MRS. WESTENRA leading MINA and LUCY into the room. She does her best to ignore the much-discussed MORRIS QUINCE standing next to the fireplace with a half-full glass of wine. His arm is in a sling, but the injury does not hinder his dashing good looks. A beautiful flow of thick walnut-colored hair sits atop his substantial frame pressing against his clothes, his neck struggling to be contained by his collar. His hands, perfectly manicured, exude power and engulf the glass as he picks it up to take a sip.

It is from across the room, however, that MINA finds DR. SEWARD'S gaze focused on her. His gray eyes and regal brow seem to fit the cliché of the intelligent having larger brains than most.

With everyone finally inside, it is MRS. WESTENRA who speaks.

MRS. WESTENRA

Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to Lucy's dearest friend from school, Mina Murray.

The men collectively greet MINA.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

Mina, I was just asking my friend Morris, here, whether or not he would be joining us in sailing to Scarborough tomorrow despite his injury.

MINA MURRAY

And what exactly happened to you,  
sir?

MORRIS QUINCE

(clearly American)

Well, the horse I was riding  
yesterday morning stumbled over a  
rock and tossed me off his back.

(looking at ARTHUR)

As I said I *would* go...

(back to MINA)

...but I would be a liability.  
Dead weight.

MINA MURRAY

I'm sorry to hear of your  
misfortune, sir.

MORRIS QUINCE

Oh, please, there's no apology  
necessary. I suppose it is my own  
recklessness that is to blame, not  
the steed.

The statement causes MRS. WESTENRA to roll her eyes.

MORRIS QUINCE (CONT'D)

Miss Lucy tells us that you are  
affianced, Miss Mina, but your  
gentleman is not present. Does  
that mean that the good doctor  
might have a chance at your  
affection?

Just as MINA looks over at DR. SEWARD, still staring at her,  
MRS. WESTENRA stomps her foot on the ground.

MRS. WESTENRA

Mr. Quince!

MORRIS QUINCE

I know I should apologize, but I am  
not sorry. I am a brash son of a  
brash denizen of a brash city. Dr.  
Seward is my great friend, and I  
just want to know if this "Mr.  
Harker" is good enough for you,  
Miss Mina?

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

Dear God, Quince, have you learned  
nothing in my company?

(to MINA)

(MORE)

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD (CONT'D)

Miss Murray, he's an insensitive  
and ill-bred American oaf upon whom  
I have taken pity and befriended.  
Can you forgive him?

For the first time, LUCY shows signs of life.

LUCY WESTENRA

Mina is not so delicate as she  
seems, Arthur. She manages  
classrooms filled with little girls  
who are more unruly than you men.

MINA waits a moment, then turns to MORRIS QUINCE and smiles.

MINA MURRAY

I must inform you that Mr. Harker  
exceeds *all* expectations.

MORRIS smiles. However, feeling his friends have embarrassed  
himself enough, ARTHUR steps forward to address them.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

Gentlemen, I think it's best if we  
allow the ladies the night to rest.

MORRIS QUINCE quickly finishes off what's left in his wine  
glass and confidently makes his way over to the parlor's  
door. Behind him, DR. SEWARD quietly treks across the room,  
but before exiting he gently takes MINA'S elbow, ultimately  
holding both of her hands in his.

DR. SEWARD

I am pained to have been the cause  
of your embarrassment, Miss Mina.  
How can I make amends?

MINA MURRAY

There is nothing to apologize for,  
Dr. Seward. Your friend is  
prankish. It's rather charming.

DR. SEWARD

(nodding, softly)

I shall have to be satisfied with  
that.

MINA'S hands linger in DR. SEWARD'S before he finally lets  
them go and exits the room behind MORRIS. ARTHUR turns and  
follows them both out, gently shutting the door behind him.

MRS. WESTENRA

Why, Mina, you seemed to have  
captured our Dr. Seward.

(MORE)

MRS. WESTENRA (CONT'D)

He was crazy about Lucy, but of course he did not really expect to conquer a girl with her fortune. On the other hand, were you not affianced to Mr. Harker, he might have made a fine match for you.

MINA does not take the words as an insult, but rather as the truth, and stands still contemplating them for a few moments.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The upstairs hall is dark and empty. Moving into the bedroom, via the partially cracked door, MINA lies face up in her bed, her head resting on the soft pillows and her eyes closed tightly as she sleeps.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

That night, I had a dream.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. UNFAMILIAR PARLOR - SIMULTANEOUS

Now lying on a divan, MINA slowly opens her eyes to the golden-lit room. Standing around her, MORRIS QUINCE, ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, and MRS. WESTENRA all stare down at her with grave faces. Meanwhile, leaning overtop of her, DR. SEWARD'S hands press firmly into MINA'S stomach, covered only by a thin dressing gown.

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

I could feel the tips of the doctor's fingers working their way down my stomach and along my pelvic bone. Blood rose to my face, and I shut my eyes, turning away from the others' gazes.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

MINA tosses to her side as the nightmare continues, reacting to its events exactly as she narrates.

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

We both breathed in unison, our heavy inhalations the only sound in the room. I started to move my hips involuntarily, aware that I was being watched but unable to control my movements. Horrified, I began to sweat and wriggle as the doctor's hands massaged the soft part of my belly...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. UNFAMILIAR PARLOR - SIMULTANEOUS

A pair of large hands press against MINA'S flat stomach.

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

...only now they were not Seward's hands but the big, powerful hands of Morris Quince. I arched my back so that his palms pressed into me, no longer caring what the spectators thought of me, only desiring the man's touch.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Suddenly, with a moan that is so loud it is a half-scream, MINA sits up in her bed, out of breath and sweating. She looks around the room to see that, to her left, LUCY'S bed is empty.

BEAT

The sight concerns MINA, but a soft squeak causes her to turn towards the window to her right. There, hanging upside down on the other side of the window's frame, a black bat glares through the pane into the room.

MINA maintains eye contact with the creature until, suddenly, it spreads its wings and disappears into the night sky.

Immediately, she jumps out of bed and rushes downstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens up and MINA rushes outside, desperately searching the sky for the fluttering wings of the bat. The silence of the night is suddenly broken with another squeal from the flying creature and MINA quickly heads in its direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITBY ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

The bat squeals once more as it soars into the abbey via an open window. Meanwhile, MINA rushes up to the front door and comes to a stop. Gently, unsure of her own actions, she leans against the door and it slowly opens.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITBY ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Lit only by the moonlight making its way into the old, abandoned abbey, MINA cautiously makes her way into the main hall of the abbey. She scans the darkness for any sign of the fluttering animal, but its black body is nowhere to be seen. Then, like a figure on stained glass, lit not by moonlight but by his perfectly ivory skin, MINA sees the PHANTOM from the forest; from the photograph, standing on the edge of the open second floor.

She backs away, stumbling over a rock, but he does not move.

MINA MURRAY  
(full of fear)  
Whoever you are, please go away.

The PHANTOM stands still, firm, not transparent but solid, wearing a long, tailored waistcoat. The mist lingering around him seems to form almost into a halo.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Why are you following me?

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
You know why.

MINA grabs at her head, recognizing that the PHANTOM'S voice is in fact coming from inside it rather than his mouth.

MINA MURRAY  
What do you want with me? Why are you doing this?

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
You know why.

MINA MURRAY  
(sobbing)  
I don't know why! I don't! I  
don't know anything!

Having taken her gaze off of the PHANTOM while yelling, she turns back to see that he has vanished. She pauses for a moment, convincing herself that he had been an apparition after all, but as she turns around to run away he is again in front of her, standing statue still.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Who are you? What are you?

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
Your servant and your master.

MINA MURRAY  
Please, leave me alone. I don't  
know what you want from me.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
The power is yours, Mina. I come  
to you when you call to me, when I  
feel your need or desire.

MINA MURRAY  
Quit following me!

Quickly, MINA turns and walks away, hugging herself tightly as she heads towards the cemetery outside. After a few moments of curiosity, she turns around to find he is no longer there, having apparently disappeared into the fog and leaving her alone and shivering in the deserted abbey.

BEAT

The silence of the vast, empty hall becomes chilling.

BEAT

Suddenly, a rush of wind rolls out of the mist and envelopes MINA, sending her hair and nightdress floating about her.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
You are cold. Come inside.  
(beat)  
Will you come with me?

At that moment, the already dark abbey seems to, somehow, get even darker.

In the remaining strands of moonlight sneaking into the hall, MINA'S feet are illuminated as they slowly lift up from the ground. She is slowly carried across the hall and gently placed down on a bed covered in rich tapestry and piled high with pillows. Around her, the darkness begins to dissipate as candles, seeming to be floating, illuminate on their own.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Every moment that has ever existed  
in time is still here, Mina - every  
thought, every memory, every  
experience.

In the candlelight, the PHANTOM slowly approaches, his beautiful features become much more distinguishable. His skin is marble white, glowing, and his hair is like the night sea's glossy waves. His face is long and angular with a strong brow and his piercing eyes are blue like a wolf's.

MINA MURRAY

(timid, feeble)

Who are you?

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)

You and I have gone by many names.  
It does not matter what we call  
each other. What matters is that  
you remember. Do you remember,  
Mina?

His lips continue not to move, instead he leans forward and reaches out a slender finger, resting it on MINA'S lips.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ah, so you do remember.

MINA MURRAY

(trancelike)

Yes, yes I remember.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)

You are mine again, Mina. I have  
waited for you and watched over you  
since you were a little girl. Do  
you remember those times?

(beat)

I came to you to help you, Mina.  
You were in danger. You needed me.

MINA MURRAY

(no longer trancelike, but  
increasingly shrieking)

Yes, I remember everything.

(MORE)



MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

I am Mina Murray, whose parents sent her away from home because she was a strange and frightening child! I have made my own way to a good life, a respectable life, and a life over which I have control! I am a teacher at a school for girls, and I am engaged to be married to a man who loves me!

BEAT

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)

Do you want me to go, Mina?

MINA MURRAY

Yes, go! Leave me in peace before you wreck my life again!

Curling up like a fetus, MINA begins to sob. The darkness returns as the candles slowly fade away and, as it did in the London parlor, the abbey is overwhelmed with a wave of relief.

BEAT

When MINA finally opens her eyes, she sees that the mysterious stranger is gone. She lies in the cool, wet grass inside the stark ruin of the abbey - in the same position she had on the bed - staring up at the stars above.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITBY ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

MINA cautiously makes her way outside through one of the abbey's missing windows. She takes a moment to acknowledge her surroundings before finally making her way over to a cemetery and pausing at the grave of a child. Resting her hand on the wing of a stone angel, MINA cleans off the grit from the bottoms of her feet. She looks up to see two figures on a bench near the cliffside; an unmistakably familiar wavy blond mane cascades over the back of the bench, while a man's form looms over the woman, his face buried in her neck.

Slowly, MINA makes her way towards the bench getting closer and closer to the scene, riveted by the sight of the man's mouth consuming the woman's neck. She continues watching as the woman's cheeks and her shoulders slide luxuriously back up to her ears and linger against them.

Now standing to the side of the bench, MINA watches in a trance as the session continues, but suddenly the man looks up to see her, revealing himself as MORRIS QUINCE. His shoulders drop as the woman jerks her head around revealing her own identity: LUCY.

LUCY WESTENRA

Mina! Are you spying on me?!

MINA MURRAY

I would think that you should be explaining, not asking questions. I had a bad dream and woke a few moments ago to find you gone...

(looking at MORRIS)

...and out here wi-- with Mr. Quince?!

MORRIS QUINCE

Mina? You are all wet and you have no shoes! We must get you indoors.

MORRIS quickly takes off his jacket and drapes it over her shoulders, but MINA quickly slides away.

MINA MURRAY

(to LUCY, demanding)

Lucy, what is going on?

LUCY WESTENRA

Mina, do you know what love is? How it feels? Do you know what it is like to be in the arms of a man of passion?

MINA looks over at MORRIS' arm, noticing something is missing.

MINA MURRAY

Your sling, where--

LUCY WESTENRA

Oh, that is but a brilliant ruse so that Arthur would go sailing without him!

MINA MURRAY

Lucy!

LUCY WESTENRA

Mina, if you do not feel this exquisite way about Jonathan, you should not marry him.

(MORE)

LUCY WESTENRA (CONT'D)

Everything we are told is a lie -  
that the love between two people  
should be some polite arrangement  
when in truth it is...it is an  
opera!

MINA MURRAY

The ladies come to a bad end in  
operas.

LUCY WESTENRA

(shaking her head)

I should have known better than to  
tell you. You are the voice of  
reason, whereas I am speaking from  
the depths of my soul.

MINA MURRAY

Then why did you accept Arthur's  
proposal when you love someone  
else?

LUCY WESTENRA

I would marry Morris Quince  
tomorrow if he would allow it. His  
father has cut him off because he  
refused to enter the family  
business. My mother controls my  
fortune and she despises him and  
loves Arthur. I have told Morris  
that I would run away with him,  
that I don't need money as long as  
I have his love, but he won't have  
it. He insists that I deserve  
better than poverty.

(beat)

I hoped you would understand, now I  
am sorry that I told you at all.  
You'll probably go running to my  
mother and spill out everything and  
make her have one of her attacks--

MINA MURRAY

Lucy!

The area seems to fall silent, only the sound of the waves  
crashing against the shore below can be heard.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Your secret is safe with me.

Though unexpected, it is all the confirmation LUCY needs.  
After a moment, MORRIS QUINCE steps forward.

MORRIS QUINCE

Come, I'll escort you both back to  
the guesthouse before anyone  
notices you're gone.

MORRIS walks off, soon followed by LUCY, her arms wrapped  
around her stomach as she shivers in the night's cold.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I did as I said, keeping Lucy's  
affair with Mr. Quince a secret not  
only from her mother, but from  
Arthur, her fiancé.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

MINA, standing behind LUCY in front of a mirror, helps tie  
the strings of her corset. In addition to the ones on LUCY'S  
neck, she notices marks on her back - red and blue, like  
bruised roses.

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

As time went on, I noticed my dear  
friend's condition slowly getting  
worse; she was withering away more  
and more, each day at a time.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING

MINA, LUCY, and MRS. WESTENRA all share a meal together at  
the table. While MINA and MRS. WESTENRA enjoy their food,  
LUCY pushes the contents of her meal with the back of her  
fork, stirring it around with the rest.

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

At meals, she tried to hide one  
serving of food beneath another to  
allay her mother's fears about her  
obvious weight loss.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

MINA and LUCY appear to be arguing about something.

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

I too begged her to take a little food, even some fruit or a sandwich at teatime; but it was to no avail.

LUCY WESTENRA

Clearly you have never been passionately in love! You have not heard from Mr. Harker, and yet you eat like a cormorant! It is unseemly, Mina. It is I who should be criticizing you and not the other way around.

MINA MURRAY

I do not see how starving myself will bring word from Jonathan!

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR - MORNING

MRS. WESTENRA stands next to the window, staring outside, impatiently waiting for someone. Sitting on the divan in the center of the room, MINA watches the frail-looking LUCY as she stands with her arms crossed, obviously irritated.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

One morning, Dr. Seward paid a visit to Lucy, by order of Mrs. Westenra.

After a rap at the door, MRS. WESTENRA rushes over and swings it open to allow DR. SEWARD to enter. He tips his hat to MINA and LUCY before removing it and making his way over to the divan.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Arching her back and raising the glass high into the air, LUCY swallows down the doctor's mixture.

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

She had become increasingly worried of her daughter's frail condition and requested the doctor conjure up a remedy to aid her health.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - MORNING

MINA stands on the edge of the cliff overlooking the waves crashing against the shore below.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Meanwhile, I had my own secrets to keep, those of my nightmares involving the Phantom.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, PARLOR - AFTERNOON

MINA and LUCY are discussing something.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I told Lucy of my dreams in which strangers visited me and how the experiences were so vivid, I had trouble believing they were dreams at all. I knew that there was something dark and inexplicable in my character that was causing these episodes, but I felt that it was beyond my control to stop it.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

MINA is standing in front of LUCY, sitting on her bed.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Despite my distress, Lucy's concerns remained directed towards the American, Morris Quince, she'd fallen for in lieu of her fiancé. And when she'd discovered the news of his retreating back to his home country, she became determined to find that the truth was otherwise.

LUCY stands up from her bed and rushes to change clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY

MINA slowly descends the stairs down to the first floor. She heads over to the front door where an envelope, addressed to her, sits on the ground.

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

I received a letter that week telling me of Jonathan's admittance to a hospital in the city of Graz. The words struck me as sincere and dominant. The mysterious writer promised, if I chose to go to Jonathan, that I would be protected, but when I saw his parting at the bottom, there was no question who had written it.

MINA stares down at the final words on the page: I remain - Your servant and your master.

CUT TO:

I/E. TRAIN STATION - LATE MORNING

MINA, standing with DR. SEWARD, ARTHUR HOLMWOOD, and LUCY, waits to board her the train, patiently stationed behind her.

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

I was escorted by Dr. Seward to the train station in York, where he told me of a German Dr. Von Helsing who he believed to be a man centuries ahead of his time, though his theories on blood, brain, body, and spirit were considered radical to most. I was certain Jonathan would appreciate the doctor's thoughts as he too was a very modern thinker.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Rain pours down from the ominous clouds lingering overhead as MINA, protected under an umbrella, makes her way down off a ship to the dock it is connected to.

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

I arrived in Graz, in the Duchy of Styria, in the rain falling from a disconsolate gray sky. My nerves were prickly from the long journey, and every doubting voice - guttural and incomprehensible to me - chattered in my head, falling upon my ears like an assault.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Tucked away off an Italian-style courtyard hidden from the street, the hospital appears to be busy, though not overly crowded. Still trying to protect herself from the rain crashing down on her, MINA stops in front of the building, taking a moment to ensure it as the correct location.

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

After hours of fruitless searching, I finally found the hospital, operated by the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, where Jonathan was supposedly a patient. The fog that drifted from the mountains, in great clusters of white, glided over the city like ghostly watchmen, reminding me of the eerie images of spirits in the Gummlers' photographs. I had the disconcerting feeling that I was no longer alone, that perhaps the Phantom who had informed me of Jonathan's whereabouts had also followed me here, as he had been following me everywhere else.

Finally, MINA steps forward and continues towards the entrance of the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Led by a SISTER wearing a white apron and sail-like headdress of her order, MINA is escorted down a hallway and into a ward with multiple beds separated by heavy muslin curtains.



Stepping up to one of the beds, the SISTER yanks back the curtain surrounding it to reveal a thin JONATHAN with a white streak like a lightning bolt through his brown hair and a lost, hollow look in his eyes. He sits up in his bed, leaning forward as she approaches.

JONATHAN HARKER

Mina! Can it be?

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

(sitting down on the bed)

If he hadn't addressed me, I would never have recognized him. I was afraid to startle this haunted-looking person by coming too near. His eyes, always changeable, were now almost black, as if the irises had taken over the pupils.

MINA MURRAY

Jonathan, darling, I have traveled for days from the Yorkshire coast all the way to Graz to take you home.

The SISTER turns and leaves, the echoes of her hard heels on the wooden floor slowly fading into the ambience of the ward.

JONATHAN HARKER

Come closer so that I may touch your hand and look into your eyes.

She does so, sliding closer, allowing him to hold her hand.

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Mina, but I must be careful. Women can change. They are not always as they seem.

MINA MURRAY

(confused)

I have not changed, Jonathan. I am as you left me.

JONATHAN HARKER

I must be assured that you are not one of them. They always feign innocence, just as you are doing now.

MINA MURRAY

Who feigns innocence? Jonathan, please tell me what happened to you.

JONATHAN HARKER

I have been deceived, but I will not succumb again. If you really are my Mina, then you will help me get far away from this place.

MINA turns to grab the attention of another SISTER as she passes the bed.

MINA MURRAY

Excuse me, sister, please explain to me what happened to my fiancé.

SISTER

(slight French accent)

He was found wandering the countryside in Styria. A peasant woman found him one morning as he walked out of the forest and into their field, calling out names. She gave him a mixture of herbs to drink to calm him down, claiming he did not seem to know where or who he was. He was dropped off by a farmer on his way to the market where we diagnosed him with brain fever. It's been more than a week, but he's finally been able to remember his name.

MINA MURRAY

Did he ask for Mina?

SISTER

No, that name does not sound familiar.

(beat)

The fevers confuse the mind, dear, making it easier for the devil to plant his seeds.

Now more worried than ever, MINA turns back to face JONATHAN as the SISTER walks off. He sits up and leans in towards MINA, as if to make it so that no one else can hear what he's about to say.

JONATHAN HARKER

They have been here. They have come back.

MINA gently places the back of her hand on his forehead.

MINA MURRAY

Your fever has broken, I will soon  
be able to take you home.

JONATHAN HARKER

(tearing up)

Oh, Mina, I thought I was lost  
forever. Thank God you have come.

Leaning forward, JONATHAN throws his arms around his wife and they embrace, both needing the other's consolation.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

That night I went to the local  
chapel in hopes of asking for help  
in my husband's recovery.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Though the church is dark, lit only by dim lamps flanking the altar and a small table of candles for offerings, it is enough light to see MINA sitting in the back pew.

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

I hadn't prayed in quite some time,  
though my faith still remained. I  
wanted answers about Jonathan's  
condition, though I felt as if they  
did not exist. Then, in what I can  
only explain as a "divine present",  
that answer came.

SISTER (O.S.)

Ms. Harker?

MINA turns to see the same SISTER from the hospital - the one who'd explained JONATHAN'S condition to her - approaching from the other end of the pew.

MINA MURRAY

Mina Murray. Jonathan and I are  
engaged.

SISTER

Oh, I'm sorry, miss, Herr Harker  
mentioned nothing of a companion.  
It has been something of a miracle  
your arriving here to his bedside.

The SISTER takes a seat next to MINA, looking distressed. Staring at her, MINA'S concern takes over.

MINA MURRAY

Dear sister, might I ask what is troubling you?

The SISTER takes in a deep breath, as if to gather the courage to speak the words to MINA.

SISTER

I am telling you this before God. My immortal soul depends upon telling the truth, so you must listen carefully.

(beat)

I come from the hills where Herr Harker was found wandering. It is a land inhabited by beings, some who are human and some who are not. Herr Harker shows all the signs of being touched, so you must take great care in seeing to his recovery.

MINA MURRAY

What do you mean by beings who are not human?

SISTER

There are creatures in these mountains that are in partnership with evil. They know things about men, and that is why they are able to tempt even the pious into sin: by making pacts with the devil. Child, there are women in those hills who can make flowers bloom in the dead of winter. They promise old men that they will be young again, and young men that they will be wealthy.

MINA MURRAY

Why do you think that Jonathan has had anything to do with these creatures?

SISTER

He is not the first, nor will he be the last. The women who found him say that he was crying with great desperation for his lover. We have seen these victims before and have heard tales from our mothers and grandmothers of the young men who have been seduced by these witches.

(MORE)

SISTER (CONT'D)

The men of the Church tried for hundreds of years to rid our countryside of them, but they persist. The devil helps them to survive even the flames. They appear to burn to ashes, but somehow live to haunt the hills of Styria.

Though the SISTER'S words have not gone unheard, MINA refuses to believe them as the truth.

MINA MURRAY

(shaking her head)

No. No, sister, my fiancé has been diagnosed with a fever of the brain by a doctor of medicine. I wish you would not try to frighten me with these stories!

MINA stands up to leave, but the SISTER quickly grabs her arm and pulls her back down.

SISTER

The explanation for what happened to Herr Harker is not in the medical books. It makes no sense to an educated lady like you, but there are many things in this world that are beyond the understanding of mortal men. Marriage, a holy sacrament, to a righteous woman, will help Herr Harker to recover.

MINA MURRAY

I do not understand.

SISTER

Miss Murray, the best way to ensure your fiancé's recovery is to take him away from this infected place. Marriage, in Graz, permits the husband or wife ultimate authority to decide where their significant other shall stay during times of illness. A hospital has no power to keep a patient when it is against their spouse's wishes.

The words kindle MINA'S thoughts.

SISTER (CONT'D)

I fear, Miss Murray, that if you do not take Herr Harker away from this place, there will be no recovery.

MINA stares at the SISTER, coming to grips with what she must do, despite it meaning giving up the Exeter wedding she'd always dreamt of.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHLOSSBERG - AFTERNOON

Despite the small wedding ceremony taking place, the sky above remains ominous with rain clouds. Two NUNS from the hospital, dressed in black, serve as witnesses while an OLD PRIEST - speaking German - weds MINA and JONATHAN.

The OLD PRIEST finishes his standard script and, with a wave of his arms, motions for MINA and JONATHAN to kiss. They do, but the moment feels bittersweet. The two NUNS clap as they smile at the makeshift matrimony.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHLOSSBERG - A LITTLE LATER

Now sitting on a bench, MINA and JONATHAN stare out across the great expanse of the city of Freiburg im Breisgau, with its tiled roofs and mountains beyond that roll out like curved, slumbering bodies. The purple clouds dip down from the horizon and seem to engulf the mountaintops, their peaks disappearing into the rolling sky.

Still staring out over the gloomy city below, it is the sound of JONATHAN'S voice that ultimately makes MINA turn to him.

JONATHAN HARKER

(softly)

Mina, there is something I must tell you; sins that if I do not confess they will eat me alive and drive me to utter madness.

A wave of fear settles in on MINA as her various worries arise. She gently places a hand on his and stares deeply into his eyes.

MINA MURRAY

(calmly)

I am your wife now. We must have no secrets.

JONATHAN HARKER

I arrived at the Count's castle in the Carinthian mountains where I was received in splendor, the kind of lavishness I have grown unaccustomed to. I was blinded by their opulent living, Mina. Food and drink such as you have never seen, the quality and quantity overwhelming. The Count imported wines and ingredients from Italy and France, spices from the Far East, and plate and crystal from the finest makers in the world. In this manner I was greeted and entertained by him and his household.

(beat)

Within a few weeks I'd completed the business transactions and the Count left me in the castle to see to his affairs abroad, inviting me to remain in his abode if I wished. I had been entertained in the evenings by his nieces who lived with him, ladies who could sing and dance and play instruments and recite poetry. I admit to you, with some shame, that they dazzled me from the start...one in particular who gave me all her attention.

(beat)

I was taken in by this foreign siren. I had no intention of betraying you, but after the Count departed, in the course of one evening of feasting and drinking wine and watching these women perform their exotic dances, I succumbed to what were the most overt advances. I am not proud of myself, Mina, but I daresay that any man would have lost control under the circumstances.

Hearing the words is nothing short of a shock to MINA.

MINA MURRAY

How many men have used the language of enchantment to excuse their indiscretions? Is this not what all men say? "I fell under her spell"?!

Despite the pain it brings, MINA is determined to learn more.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

And so you succumbed to her charms.  
Whyever did you leave? Did you  
tire of her so quickly?

JONATHAN HARKER

I don't know what happened--

MINA MURRAY

(tears coming through)  
But you were there, Jonathan, what  
do you mean?!

BEAT

JONATHAN HARKER

I mean that one moment I was in the throes of seduction and pleasure, and the next, I found myself wandering through fields and orchards. I was alone and lost, with only my clothes on my back and a small rucksack. They turned me out, or I escaped - I cannot be certain. The light in the valley was so soft, as if someone had draped a veil over it. I wandered, but for how long I do not know. I remember staring into a pond at my own face and not recognizing myself. I walked and walked, and I stumbled into a field where I saw women picking the seeds out of split pumpkins and I stood there, watching their quick hands dip into the fruit and gather up the seeds. Something about the way the slime dripped from their hands sickened me, so I started yelling things; I am not even certain of what I was saying. I was given a mixture to drink, which obliterated me, and the next thing I knew, I was waking up in a hospital with a German-speaking nun standing over me asking questions.

JONATHAN'S lips are dry. He repeatedly licks them and bites his upper lip with his lower teeth, overly distraught with his confession.



MINA MURRAY

Jonathan, you began by telling me of an infidelity, but you speak of the women in the plural. Did you bed all of them?

There is no answer, which is enough for MINA to know. She closes her eyes tightly, losing the battle against the tears streaming down her face.

JONATHAN HARKER

I have never known women devoid of the simple principles of goodness, Mina. I am the most wretched of men, but I felt as if I had no choice in the matter, that my will was entirely suppressed.

(turning his head away)

I am not worthy of you, Mina. I cannot even meet your eyes.

The gloominess that looks over the city below seems all-too-appropriate for the sadness in MINA'S heart. She stares down at the city through tear-filled eyes, wondering if she'll ever be able to feel the same for JONATHAN as she did prior to this point.

CUT TO:

INT. INN, MINA & JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Still in their wedding clothes, MINA and JONATHAN enter their room silent, neither one speaking a word to the other. Following behind his wife, JONATHAN gently closes the door behind him and makes his way over to an armoire to change into his night clothes. Meanwhile, spotting an envelope on her bed, MINA walks over and picks it up, staring at its exterior for a few moments.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.)

Dearest Mina, how I wish you were here with me.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sitting at a small desk, LUCY pens the letter that she will ultimately send to MINA in Graz.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I have been a horrid creature to Mr. Holmwood. His father passed away just after you left us at Whitby. He went home to tend to business and when we reunited in London, he returned to me as Lord Godalming.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - AFTERNOON

Standing out on the deck, MINA reads the letter sent to her by her friend.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lord Godalming! This is the individual whom I have treated so badly, whose gentle affection I ignored in favor of the bolder stroke of crude lust.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door of the house opens to reveal ARTHUR HOLMWOOD making a joyous entrance. Spotting LUCY in the foyer, he immediately rushes up to her.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He arrived at the house in Hampstead and asked to be alone with me in the garden.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Standing before LUCY, ARTHUR looks down at a small jewelry box he's fiddling in his hands. LUCY narrates the scene as it takes place.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On one knee, he presented me with his grandmother's diamond ring and asked me to make him the happiest man in England.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - AFTERNOON

MINA continues reading the letter. The breeze sweeping across the ship causes the paper to flap in her hands.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Any sane woman would have sunk to her knees in happiness, but I did the opposite.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Again, LUCY narrates as the scene takes place; she and ARTHUR now sitting on a bench next to a patch of flowers.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I told him that I was in love with Morris Quince and waiting to hear from him! Arthur smiled a very sad and knowing little smile, and at first I thought he was smirking at me. But he took my hand and said,

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD  
Miss Lucy, you are not Quince's first victim...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - AFTERNOON

MINA continues staring down at the note in her hands.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...he has seduced many a pretty and chaste girl, and for some reason - perhaps to overcome his inferiority as an American - he always sets his high sights on the women I most admire. I hold you blameless. But if you are waiting for Morris Quince, you will see your hair turn gray and your life pass you before you hear from him.

CUT TO:

INT. GUESTHOUSE, MINA & LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LUCY remains hunched over her paper as she continues writing.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.)  
Mina, he said this with such  
tenderness and understanding that  
it melted my heart. You were  
correct: Morris played me for a  
fool.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - AFTERNOON

Behind MINA, PASSENGERS on the ship deck take turns observing  
the waves below, standing next to the railing.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Arthur told me that Morris came to  
him before he left England and  
taunted him with our affair!  
(beat)  
I am the most fortunate of women.  
I will become Lady Godalming and be  
married immediately. How I wish  
you could be present as we always  
dreamt...

Just then, JONATHAN slowly emerges from the various  
PASSENGERS as he leisurely approaches the ship's railing and  
peers over the side to observe the water. MINA turns to look  
at her listless husband, taking her eyes off of the letter  
for the first time.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...but I know you are with  
Jonathan. I do not love Arthur,  
not yet, but any woman can learn to  
love a man who is good to her, and  
Arthur is certainly that.

MINA turns back to the letter in her hands.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Thank you for all your wise words,  
Mina, and for your patience with  
me. Your good counsel has helped  
me get on the right path.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - EVENING

A horse-drawn carriage bounces down the road leading up to Miss Hadley's School, undoubtedly carrying MINA and JONATHAN.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Love is a terrible, terrible thing.  
I still dream of Morris and long  
for his touch, but I know that with  
Arthur's help, I can move past  
these feelings.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens up allowing MINA and JONATHAN to enter.

LUCY WESTENRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Your affectionate friend forever,  
Lucy.

After they are inside, JONATHAN shuts the door. Standing in the center of the entryway, MINA turns to her husband, saying nothing. It is difficult for him to make eye contact with her, obviously still ashamed of his actions, and likewise JONATHAN tilts his focus down to the hardwood floor.

BEAT

Finally, after the moments of awkward silence, it is broken.

JONATHAN HARKER  
I want you to know that I love you,  
and that my love for you is far  
above these horrible and decadent  
acts in which I have participated.  
(slowly approaching MINA)  
I can be a good and faithful  
husband if only you will give me  
the chance. Men can be tempted,  
Mina - that is why we must have the  
love of good women. Otherwise, it  
is too easy for us to get lost.

JONATHAN comes to a stop in front of MINA, staring intently into her eyes. The quiet moment shared between them seems to last forever until then, slowly, they both lean in and share a soft, gingerly kiss. Their lips hold on to one another's until finally pulling apart, allowing them to return their gaze into each other's eyes.

MINA MURRAY

You must give me time. In time I believe I will be able to forgive you. After all, you are my husband.

Her answer brings a grateful satisfaction to JONATHAN.

JONATHAN HARKER

(smiling)

Your response is more generous than I deserve, Mina. I need time too. I am not worthy of you and I must find a way to purify myself.

They continue standing still, silent in the entryway as their eyes remain fixated on each other's.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - MORNING

The morning birds sitting perched atop the city of London's buildings chirp as they welcome the new day's sunshine.

CUT TO:

INT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Standing alone at a counter in the kitchen, preparing some sort of toast dish with jam, MINA takes a knife and spreads the sangria colored mixture onto the bread's surface. Just then, the door leading to the kitchen opens to reveal MISS HADLEY (60's), the school's headmistress, standing on the other side. MINA looks up from the food in front of her.

MINA MURRAY

Headmistress...

(returning to the food)

...what a delight it is to see you this early in the morning.

First without saying anything, MISS HADLEY steps forward and slowly makes her way around the island to MINA. In doing so, however, she decides to break her silence.

MISS HADLEY

I'm afraid, my dear, that it is the absence of delight that is the reason for my being awake.

Again, MINA looks up; this time, maintaining her gaze.

MINA MURRAY

I'm sorry, but I do not understand.

MISS HADLEY knows what she has to say, but it is clear that it pains her to even think of the words.

MISS HADLEY

Mina, Lucy Westenra and her mother have died.

BEAT

MINA MURRAY

Wha-- how?

MISS HADLEY

Following Lucy's wedding, Mrs. Westenra passed away in her sleep from heart failure. Days later, Lucy was admitted to a private asylum in Purfleet where doctors treated her for melancholia. She died two days ago by way of acute anemia brought on by refusal to eat.

MINA MURRAY

Bu-- but this cannot be, I just received a letter from her yester--

MISS HADLEY

The letter came two weeks ago. You left for Graz without informing Lucy of an address so she sent the letter here for you to read upon your return that I later forwarded to you.

(beat)

She was buried yesterday morning in the Highgate Cemetery.

With all the details having been revealed, MINA'S sadness starts to take over as water pushes behind her eyes.

MISS HADLEY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, dear.

MISS HADLEY leans forward to console MINA until she finally breaks down in tears. She remains wrapped in the headmistress' arms, wildly sobbing.

CUT TO:

## EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

A light rain falls from the low ceiling of omnipresent gray outside the entrance of the cemetery, drizzling upon the surface of the black umbrella MINA holds over her head to keep herself dry. She makes her way up the long walkway towards the grave site, the coach that brought her there still parked at the foot of the path behind her. She finally reaches LUCY'S gravestone and comes to a stop, staring down at the name in silence. MINA'S lip quivers as she stares down at her friend's tombstone, hoping this is another one of her vivid nightmares that she will soon wake up from.

Yet, as the moments drag on, reality settles in.

## MINA MURRAY

When we were just girls at school,  
you told me of a poem you wished to  
have read at the site of your  
burial. I had hoped that I would  
be a very old woman delivering  
these words, if at all, for it  
would have been my fondest wish to  
have had my companion for many more  
decades, and even more, that I  
would have passed before her.

(managing a half-smile)

As you said, "Imagine, death is a  
place where all cares disappear!"

(her smile fades)

This is for you, my friend.

MINA reaches into her pocket and pulls out a folded piece of paper. She opens it up and stares down at the words.

## MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

"O Earth, lie heavily upon her  
eyes; seal her sweet eyes weary of  
watching, Earth; lie close around  
her; leave no room for mirth with  
its harsh laughter, nor for sound  
of sighs. She hath no questions,  
she hath no replies, hush'd in and  
curtain'd with a bless'd dearth of  
all that irk'd her from the hour of  
birth; with stillness that is  
almost Paradise. Darkness more  
clear than noonday holdeth her,  
silence more musical than any song;  
even her very heart has ceased to  
stir: Until the morning of Eternity  
her rest shall not begin nor end,  
but be; and when she wakes she will  
not think it long."



MINA slowly lifts her eyes up from the paper, returning them to the grave. The rain has let up, though the dark clouds still linger overhead.

DR. SEWARD (O.S.)  
Let me take that for you.

Just then, MINA turns around to see DR. SEWARD standing behind her. His ever-questioning gray eyes search hers as they silently stare at each other. He steps forward and takes the wet umbrella from MINA'S hands, shaking off the raindrops that managed to settle on top and finally closes it up.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
Shall I escort you back to your carriage?

MINA replies with a tepid smile. She reaches forward and DR. SEWARD accepts her gloved hand, walking alongside her back to the parked carriage at the other end of the path.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
I have not spoken with you since your travels. Is Mr. Harker recuperated from his illness?

Staring down at the ground as they walk, MINA tilts her gaze up to see an all-too-familiar black carriage sitting behind hers. Connected to two restless black horses, the gleaming carriage's door hangs open as the PHANTOM, dressed in a handsome suit of thick velour with a dark green vest and a black shirt, stands alongside it. His blue eyes glare out from beneath his low-brimmed hat, staring directly at MINA.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.)  
Come, Mina. Let us be on our way.

Still heading towards the carriages, DR. SEWARD appears to be unaware of the PHANTOM'S presence. They continue getting closer, gradually leaning to the side of the path where MINA'S carriage awaits.

THE PHANTOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There is nothing for you here, Mina. Come with me.

MINA looks over at DR. SEWARD, overcome by his ignorance of the PHANTOM'S formidable presence as he stands before them. They finally reach the carriage and come to a stop.

DR. SEWARD  
You seem very distraught, Mina; do tell me what is the matter.

Standing outside of the carriage, MINA stares at DR. SEWARD now squared up to her. Behind him, the PHANTOM continues staring at MINA from over DR. SEWARD'S shoulder. The sight sends chills down MINA'S spine and, without saying anything, she opens the carriage's door and climbs inside. Still unaware of the PHANTOM'S presence, DR. SEWARD follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dazed, MINA takes her seat in the carriage as DR. SEWARD does the same next to her. She turns in her seat as the carriage begins to move, looking out the back window to see the mysterious stranger still standing next to his carriage's open door, staring at her as they ride away.

Confused, DR. SEWARD turns to look out the window as well.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

What is it?

MINA slowly turns back around in her seat, as does DR. SEWARD.

MINA MURRAY

It's a rather difficult subject.

DR. SEWARD

I am a doctor. You may confide in me.

MINA MURRAY

My husband, Jonathan, suffered a shock before contracting his fever. I'm afraid his condition may be worsening and without proper medical help, he will continue to suffer.

DR. SEWARD

Have you considered taking him to the Lindenwood asylum in Purfleet. My colleague, Dr. Von Helsing, and I would be happy to observe and treat him there. I believe I mentioned his name to you prior to your leaving for Graz, if I'm not mistaken.

MINA MURRAY

Yes. Yes, you did. I remember the name.

DR. SEWARD

Well, I assure you that Dr. Von Helsing is a pioneer in understanding the complexities of the mind, and if anyone could usher Jonathan out of melancholia, it will be him.

Despite her unsure feelings of DR. SEWARD, as well as his colleague's character, MINA reluctantly nods in response to his offer, managing a nervous-looking smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM - EVENING

The sun sets along the horizon behind the large, old mansion - more castle-looking than manor, with its grand façade of limestone bricks, narrow lancets, and four colossal turrets on each of its corners. The wrought-iron gate out front is closed, fastened shut with thick chains.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

DR. SEWARD escorts MINA and JONATHAN down a corridor lined with doors, some with peepholes and some with bars.

DR. SEWARD

The eccentric aristocrat who built this mansion in the latter part of the 18th century donated it to serve as an asylum at the time of his death in 1829. Since then the asylum has housed over 12,000 patients, including a brief visit from Robert Schumann.

JONATHAN HARKER

The "inspired poet of human suffering."

DR. SEWARD

Precisely, Mr. Harker. Though he chose to live out his final days in the care of Dr. Franz Richarz's Edenich sanitarium, he did stay at this very establishment less than three years prior.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Now, where you are located currently is the women's ward and back on the opposite side of the asylum is the men's ward. We keep them separate for the patients' safety, of course.

Just then, DR. SEWARD spots two of the asylum's employees approaching. The first, MRS. SNEAD, a woman in her forties wearing a crooked smile and the asylum's standard blue uniform. And the other, to her side, a stout older man with a wild gray beard and grizzly eyebrows sitting like mats of twisted yarn above his dark eyes. His rumpled suit looks as if it were expensive when it was purchased, likely decades ago, and the monocle bouncing against his chest hangs from a tarnished, diamond-cut silver chain around his neck. There is no question that this is the infamous DR. VON HELSINGER.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Ah, what impeccable timing!  
(to MINA and JONATHAN)  
Mr. and Mrs. Harker, I'd like you to meet our lead resident supervisor, Mrs. Snead, and my most trusted friend and colleague, Dr. Anselm Von Helsing.

DR. VON HELSINGER takes JONATHAN'S hand and shakes it, staring into his eyes, studying him as if he were a specimen.

DR. VON HELSINGER

Yes, Herr Harker. Yes, I see. I do see.

(turning to DR. SEWARD)

Doctor, if you would permit, I would like to take Herr Harker to the examination room of the men's ward.

DR. SEWARD

Of course, doctor.

DR. VON HELSINGER leads JONATHAN back down towards the center section of the asylum, leaving MINA with DR. SEWARD and MRS. SNEAD.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Your husband will be fascinated with Dr. Von Helsing's theories on the complexities of the unconscious.

(turning to MRS. SNEAD)

(MORE)

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Mrs. Snead, please ensure Mr. Harker's return to his room following his visit with Dr. Von Helsing.

MRS. SNEAD

Yes, sir.

MRS. SNEAD steps forward and follows down the corridor in the path of JONATHAN and DR. VON HELSINGER, leaving MINA now standing only next to DR. SEWARD. Staring down the hall, MINA watches the distance between her and her husband gradually grow.

MINA MURRAY

Dr. Seward, before my husband and I married, we agreed that I would devote a goodly amount of my time to charitable works. While Jonathan and I are your guests, I would very much like to volunteer my time to help you in any way that I can.

DR. SEWARD

(chuckles, continuing down the corridor)

Well, that is a very noble wish, Mrs. Harker, but I'm afraid patients do not exactly mind the social graces of women. I would not want you to suffer any insults at their hands.

MINA gently grabs DR. SEWARD'S arm and stops him.

MINA MURRAY

I doubt that your patients could be any worse than some of the little girls I have taught.

DR. SEWARD stares deeply into MINA'S eyes, giving an impression that seems deeper than consideration: mesmerization.

DR. SEWARD

I suppose, your...*graciousness* towards our patients could serve to be beneficial.

The moment between them becomes almost seductive, at least on behalf of DR. SEWARD, and nervousness settles in with MINA. At the last second, however, a smile makes its way onto his face, instantly erasing any inkling of such manner.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
Shall we continue?

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The double doors leading from the hallway into the library swing open to reveal DR. SEWARD and MINA as they make their way in. They stop to observe the PATIENTS around the room. DR. SEWARD motions to a young woman, MARY, lying on the divan in the center of the room, mumbling to herself and rubbing her body.

DR. SEWARD  
That is Mary. I admitted her three months ago. She was only twelve when her parents brought her to us upon the commencement of puberty inciting a mental illness. Though such treatments as water cure and isolation have proven to be completely ineffective, most of the time she can be made docile with medication.  
(beat)  
Let's not bother her, though, she appears to be calm enough.

He leads MINA to a table where two elderly ladies, LADY GRAYSON and VIVIENNE, play cards. VIVIENNE'S shock of long hair is like marble, stiff and white with caramel streaks. Despite her old age, VIVIENNE'S vivid green eyes are as bright as a baby's and look as if they belong on another face with many years still left in its lifetime.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
This is Vivienne. She's been with us for many years, though I cannot introduce you to her in front of her card partner, Lady Grayson, for she thinks that Vivienne is the queen and it upsets her terribly to hear otherwise.

The absurd statement brings a smile to MINA'S face. DR. SEWARD steps forward and leans down to eye level.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
Lady Grayson and - of course - your Highness, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Mina Harker.  
(MORE)

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

She will be staying with us for a short while and helping out around the complex.

Both LADY GRAYSON and VIVIENNE look over at MINA.

LADY GRAYSON

Hello, dear, it's a pleasure to meet you.

MINA MURRAY

(smiling widely)  
As it is to meet you.

VIVIENNE is not so welcoming, however. Instead she just stares at MINA silently until finally returning to her card game with LADY GRAYSON. DR. SEWARD stands back up.

DR. SEWARD

(very softly)  
Vivienne is what is known as an erotopath, a sexually preoccupied woman who becomes obsessed with one man, in her case, a lover who she recast in her imagination as a fairy prince.

He looks over at MINA and grins, humorously acknowledging the lunacy of the woman's condition. Finally, he returns his gaze to the card table and continues.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

The erotopath drives the women to nymphomania, a serious type of uterine hysteria. Vivienne's family committed her because she had been randomly seducing men, causing them no end of shame, and eventually she had a child out of wedlock.

(beat)

To exonerate herself, she insisted that the father was a supernatural being.

MINA MURRAY

(somewhat stunned)  
That's quite the yarn she's spun, if I do say.

DR. SEWARD

The typical hysteric develops elaborate, far-fetched romantic histories for herself.

(MORE)

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Vivienne is not even her real name. Her true identity is Winifred Collins, born 1818, but telling her that throws her into paroxysms. She identifies herself with Vivienne, the mythical sorceress who enchanted the sorcerer Merlin.

MINA MURRAY

Poor old dear.

DR. SEWARD

Vivienne is fortunate. Her family set up a trust for her care. Many girls like her are thrown out with their babies and have to earn a living on the streets. In here, they can - at the very least - hope for some sort of recovery. You see, the patients come to us distracted, their minds dizzy with all sorts of worries, phobias, and concerns, and we settle them by having them work with their hands. For the most part, these miniscule tasks and hobbies occupy the patients' minds so as they are not inclined to act out of line. However, we can only do so much before other, more restraining measures must be taken.

MINA MURRAY

"Restraining", doctor?

DR. SEWARD

In the most humane manner, I assure you. I could show you, if you'd like.

As it did before while they were alone in the corridor, nervousness settles in with MINA.

MINA MURRAY

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, RESTRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door leading to the room unlocks and swings open to reveal DR. SEWARD leading MINA inside.



Through a single source of a small arched window, light streams through to illuminate a straight-backed chair in the center of the floor. Hooks line the far wall with leather cuffs and straps of many sizes hanging from them in bundles. MINA sniffs at the putrid smell of chemicals wafting throughout the vastly open room.

DR. SEWARD

(closing door)

It's the ammonia used to clean the leathers.

(walking towards a closet)

We sterilize them after every use.

We are very modern here.

MINA watches DR. SEWARD reach into a closet and pull out a heavy linen garment with long sleeves ending in mitts with a complex system of tie strings dangling chaotically.

MINA MURRAY

Whatever is that used for?

DR. SEWARD

(walking over to MINA)

We use the jackets in the more difficult cases to prevent the patients from harming themselves and others. In less severe cases, we use them to pacify.

MINA MURRAY

"Pacify"?

DR. SEWARD

With male patients, we use them to control violent behavior. But with female patients, we have found that confinement of the arms and hands soothes the nerves. Ladies are such sensitive creatures, so many things cause you to become overexcited. Prayer, for instance, which settles the male conscience and soothes his soul has the opposite effect on ladies. We do not know why this is. Reading novels can have the same effect as well. We call these jackets camisoles because it tends to calm a lady's nerves in the same way that putting on a lovely garment might.

MINA MURRAY  
How does it accomplish that?

DR. SEWARD  
Hold out your arms.

MINA is reluctant to listen.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
There is nothing to be frightened  
of, Mina. Would I ever let  
anything happen to you?

Though his question doesn't grant the reassurance she was hoping for, MINA slowly lifts her arms out. Holding the jacket out in front of her, DR. SEWARD steps forward and slips the sleeves over MINA'S arms.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
(tugging on sleeves)  
It's a bit too large for you.

DR. SEWARD continues pulling on the sleeves, so hard that it causes MINA to rest against his chest. He takes in a deep breath, allowing his chest to expand against her shoulders as he continues to work the sleeves all the way up her arms, until finally her hands reach the mitts.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
There we are. All snug.

DR. SEWARD then crosses MINA'S arms over her chest, wrapping her in an embrace doing so. He pulls the straps hanging from each of the mitts behind her back and ties them tightly, imprisoning her hands and arms and rendering her immobile. Finally, he rubs his hands on her upper arms.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)  
How does that feel?  
(beat)  
Mina?

MINA MURRAY  
Helpless. The more I know I cannot  
move, the more I want to move.  
It's a little frightening.

Slowly, DR. SEWARD guides MINA back into the chair behind her and sits her down. Kneeling in front of her, his questioning gray eyes stare up at her.

DR. SEWARD

The goal is to make the patient  
feel secure.

(tugging on the back of  
the jacket)

Feel these loops?

MINA nods and DR. SEWARD stands up, making his way back over to the hooks on the wall.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

If the patient continues to  
struggle, we attach a strap to the  
jacket and hook it to the wall.

(returning with two long  
leather straps)

That way we may calm the patient  
without confining her to a bed. It  
is of ultimate priority that no one  
is hurt while in our care, even  
when being restrained.

Stepping behind MINA, DR. SEWARD lightly tugs at her shoulders as he clips the straps to the jacket. Finally, he gives the straps a solid yank and they pull MINA'S back tightly against the chair. DR. SEWARD steps around to the front of the chair, as if to admire his work.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Now that doesn't hurt a bit, does  
it? I mean, it can't be any worse  
than a corset. In fact, my theory  
is that women are accustomed to  
submitting to the corset, so it  
predisposes them to the  
straitjacket.

MINA wiggles slightly in the chair, wanting to free herself. Noticing this, DR. SEWARD kneels back down in front of her.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

You are struggling, Mina, but in  
reality, you are swaddled like a  
baby in the safety of its cradle.  
Struggle heightens the very  
hysteria we try to cure. Don't  
struggle, Mina. Submit.

MINA MURRAY

I-- I want to submit, but my body  
wants to struggle.

DR. SEWARD

It's not the body that is  
struggling, but the mind.  
(resting a finger under  
MINA'S chin)  
Relax, Mina. Relax. Let the sound  
of my voice relax you.

The room falls eerily silent as MINA stares into DR. SEWARD'S big gray eyes. Then, he makes his way back over to the wall hooks and returns with two black leather cuffs.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

When the jacket is not enough -  
which is rare - we confine the  
feet. It helps, as you will see.

Kneeling once again, DR. SEWARD buckles a cuff around each of MINA'S ankles, finally hooking them together. He scoops a chain from under the chair and attaches it to the buckle uniting the cuffs, rendering MINA'S feet completely immobile.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

(looking up at MINA,  
mesmerized)  
How beautiful you are, Mina. How  
your skin glows. And your eyes,  
well, they are devastating.

The long moment of silence that follows seems to drag on forever. It feels as if DR. SEWARD might lean in to kiss MINA, until...

MINA MURRAY

Was Lucy confined this way?

DR. SEWARD

(slightly shocked)  
Lucy? No, not like this.

Seeming to have snapped out of whatever trance he had formerly been in, DR. SEWARD quickly unfastens the buckles and ties binding MINA to the chair. Once loosened, she slips off the jacket and hands it to him.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Rub your arms to bring back the  
circulation.

MINA does as instructed as DR. SEWARD gathers the various restraints.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

I do not think it wise to speak on  
a subject that will undoubtedly  
cause pain.

He returns the straps back to the hooks on the wall.

MINA MURRAY

She was my dearest friend. I  
thought knowing about her final  
days would help.

(tearing up)

I need some satisfaction or my  
grief will go on and on.

Standing at the hooks, where the straps hang once again, DR.  
SEWARD glances down at the ground for a moment. Then, he  
turns around, pulling out a monogrammed handkerchief and  
hands it over to MINA.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

I must finish my rounds with the  
patients. I think it best if you  
get some rest.

MINA stares at DR. SEWARD with a hint of trepidity.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, MINA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Slipping into her nightdress, MINA looks at herself in the  
mirror as she talks to JONATHAN sitting on the edge of the  
bed behind her.

JONATHAN HARKER

I believe he can help, Mina. I  
believe he can get to the bottom of  
what happened to me, and why the  
experience has left me in this  
weakened and melancholic state. He  
uses a method called hypnosis to  
lull the patient into a relaxed  
condition where memories return and  
are easily related.

MINA MURRAY

Has he given you any medication?  
Or any treatments?

JONATHAN HARKER

Nothing of the sort. We talk, that  
is all.

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)  
Unburdening myself to him leaves me  
feeling uplifted and more hopeful,  
though when it is all over, I  
barely recall what I have said.

MINA stares blankly into the mirror, something obviously  
bothering her, until finally managing a smile and nod.

MINA MURRAY  
Interesting.

JONATHAN stands up and walks over to MINA, resting his hands  
on her shoulders as he stands behind her, looking at her in  
the mirror.

JONATHAN HARKER  
All I pray for, Mina, is that one  
day I am well enough to be the  
husband you deserve. I wish to  
move on from my mistakes of the  
past and grant you the wishes a  
wife should receive from her  
husband upon their marriage.

At first staring at him in the reflection of the mirror, MINA  
finally turns around to face JONATHAN. His hands fall from  
her shoulders and they gaze deeply into each other's eyes.  
Their lack of movement can only be compared to paralysis,  
until slowly they both begin leaning in towards each other.  
They draw into one another, closer, until finally their lips  
gently meet.

What starts out as a sweet peck, soon turns into a passionate  
kiss as their tongues enter each other's mouth, intertwining  
in an embrace. JONATHAN pulls her closer and then, suddenly,  
sweeps her off the ground and carries MINA over to the bed,  
laying her down on the velvet duvet.

They continue to kiss, JONATHAN on top of MINA, as they run  
their hands up and down each other's body. Slowly, he  
reaches down and starts to pull up her nightdress, revealing  
her legs. MINA squirms a little so that it can continue  
rising, until finally he pulls it up to her neck and over her  
head. His eyes scan every inch of his wife's body.

JONATHAN HARKER  
Beautiful.

MINA gazes into his eyes as he draws back down towards her,  
their lips connecting once again. She reaches down and pulls  
up his nightshirt, taking it off over his head so that their  
skin can finally connect. He kisses her again, slower and  
deeper, with less urgency than before.

Then, using his long muscled frame, JONATHAN slowly parts MINA'S legs and slides in between. Staring directly into her eyes, he watches her reaction as he moves inward, gauging her response to their first session together. Maintaining a slow pace, he thrusts his body forward again, again, causing MINA to take deep breaths as she melts against his toned physique.

The pleasure makes its way onto MINA'S face as she allows her thighs to relax and JONATHAN continues pumping his hips.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JONATHAN and MINA'S pants and moans faintly carry over into the empty hallway.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)  
That night, I had a dream.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS (A LITTLE LATER)

In a white dress, MINA rolls around on beautiful grass.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was rolling on wet grass, letting  
it tickle me blade by blade. My  
limbs stretched out in ecstasy as I  
reached out into the night air -  
light, fresh, and skimming the  
surface of my body like gentle  
fingertips.

Just then, the carefree essence to the scene seems to disappear as MINA and the area around her get much darker.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But then, suddenly, I was jerked  
upward and imprisoned in arms that  
were foreign and mean. Angry arms.

The arms she's referring to seem to come straight out of the ground, pulling her into the grass as if it is now nothing more than quicksand. The blades fold in around her as her body is being consumed by the earth.

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

The lovely aromas on which I had been feasting disappeared, and I was thrown onto something hard, a floor perhaps.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MINA flops down hard onto a stone floor. She lies flat against its surface, her eyes closed tightly.

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

I was too frightened to open my eyes. But suddenly, I felt a lash across my back and I howled.

From out of nowhere, a loud crack echoes as something snaps across MINA'S back. She arches up in horror, hoping somehow in doing so it will alleviate the pain. As another comes, she folds herself into the fetal position.

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

As another slap came, I curled up like a snail to try to protect myself. That's when voices began screaming in the darkness.

LOUD VOICES (O.S.)

Devil's imp! Satan's girl! Tell me the truth! Who are you, and what have you done with my daughter?!

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

I started to suffocate, gasping for air, trying to reach out for help and--

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, MINA'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

With a loud yell, MINA springs up from her bed, shivering and choking. She glances around the room, looking somewhat lost, until finally stopping at JONATHAN sitting next to her holding a pillow against his body like a shield.

JONATHAN HARKER

You were screaming in your sleep.



MINA MURRAY

What was I saying?

JONATHAN HARKER

You were denying that you were the  
devil's child.

MINA stares at JONATHAN, breathing heavily, noticing the  
worry in his eyes.

MINA MURRAY

You look frightened of me,  
Jonathan. But I am the one who has  
had the bad dream.

There is a long pause before JONATHAN finally breaks the  
room's silence.

JONATHAN HARKER

I am living with many fears.

MINA continues staring at her frightened husband.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, LIBRARY - MORNING

Many of the same PATIENTS that inhabited the library  
yesterday are in it today, including VIVIENNE - this time,  
however, sitting at the card table by herself.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

The next day Jonathan informed me  
that he would be meeting with Dr.  
Seward and Von Helsing, though  
the topics of their meeting had to  
be kept confidential. Meanwhile,  
my brief introduction the day prior  
to the woman who called herself  
Vivienne left me wondering more  
about the details of her condition.  
And not to mention, whether I could  
establish any similarities between  
it and that of my friend, Lucy.

Pervasive moans, screams, and shrieks fill the atmosphere as  
they seep through the walls. The double doors open and MINA  
makes her way inside. As they close behind her, she spots  
VIVIENNE with her face turned upward and her lips moving,  
talking into the air. After some deliberation whether or not  
it is a good idea, MINA approaches VIVIENNE, taking a seat  
across from her.

Now seated, MINA looks down at the empty bowl with the mushy remnants of food spread about inside.

MINA MURRAY

You finished your porridge, I see.

VIVIENNE

I always take every scrap of my meal. I must be strong when he comes for me. He is going to take me away.

MINA MURRAY

Who is coming for you?

Motioning MINA to come closer, VIVIENNE leans in as well.

VIVIENNE

(whisper)

I am Vivienne.

MINA MURRAY

Yes, I know. Vivienne is a beautiful name.

VIVIENNE

It's Irish.

MINA MURRAY

Irish! I am Irish too, but I have lived in England for a long time.

VIVIENNE

Irish, you say? Well then, kinswoman, you are familiar with their ways.

MINA MURRAY

Whose "ways" are you talking about?

VIVIENNE

(sitting back in chair)

Oh no. I know your tricks. They sent you to run him off when he comes.

MINA MURRAY

No, no Vivienne, no one sent me. I came here to help the patients. I had a friend who was here for a little while. Her name was Lucy. She was very pretty with long golden hair. Do you remember her?

VIVIENNE

Perhaps.

(beat)

Was she one of *them*?

MINA MURRAY

Who are *they*?

VIVIENNE

Who are they? *They* are listening to us right now, so we best be careful what we say and do not insult them. They are the Sidhe, though they go by many names when they walk among us.

MINA stares curiously, wondering of the beings (pronounced *shee*) VIVIENNE is referring to.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

They are fairies, but not the little sprites and sylphs that live in the forest. The Sidhe are royalty. They are the windborne spirits who can make their bodies as solid as yours or mine. I have been among them. I have seen their *queen*; sitting on a throne, surrounded by a fire of shining light, the light from which they all emerge and to which they return to rejuvenate themselves.

MINA MURRAY

I think I may have heard these legends when I was a child.

VIVIENNE

Oh no, child, it is no legend. They are the elder race, the original people, the dreamers who dreamt up the world. They formed themselves out of the swirl of life that flows through all things. And when the time comes, they will take you away from it.

(beat)

I know this because at just a girl of seventeen, I joined the followers of *Áine*, the fairy goddess who still walks among us in disguise.

(beat)

(MORE)

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

The Sidhe can take whatever form suits them, and if they fancy you, they will turn themselves into whatever will seduce you. On that eve, they came to us as men, a small army of them, riding out of the light, their skin shining with the electrical fires of the Great Cosmos. Some marching, some on horse, straight from heaven - they were tall, stately, magical creatures with luminous hair of gold. They bore the features of mortal men, only more beautiful, more radiant. Some of the sisters passed out cold on the ground, while others screamed as the Sidhe warriors swept alongside them and carried them off on their horses. In spite of all the chaos around us, he and I locked eyes as he rode toward me with his flowing hair and red cape. He whisked me up on the back of his horse and took me to his kingdom. It was just a leap to the other side of the veil, child. I am telling you, no sooner had the horse jumped a fence than we were in a place not of this earth.

MINA MURRAY

Where were you?

VIVIENNE

The kingdom, *his* kingdom. It exists alongside us, though we cannot see it. If you are ever lying in your bed late at night when all the lights are extinguished, just reach up into the darkness and a creature from the other side of the veil will take your hand. The Sidhe can break the veil wherever they desire. For mortals, there are access points everywhere. I have seen them hidden at the bottoms of lakes, where so many have drowned trying to find them, and even buried deep inside mountain caves.

Feeling as if the story lives vividly inside her own mind, MINA finds herself intrigued to learn more of the experience.

MINA MURRAY

Tell me about your captor,  
Vivienne.

VIVIENNE

Oh, he was tall and grand, a  
warrior from an ancient military  
aristocracy. His mother was a  
fairy who had mated with a human  
warrior centuries ago. I loved him  
and wanted to stay with him  
forever.

MINA MURRAY

Even after he kidnapped you and  
took you away from your home?

VIVIENNE

I had called him forth by the  
ritual. I went to him willingly  
and even if I had not, he was not  
to be resisted. Even if it had  
cost me my life, I would have been  
happy to sacrifice it.

MINA MURRAY

What was it that enthralled you so?

VIVIENNE

They drive mortals mad with  
pleasure, out of our minds with  
ecstasy. Sometimes, they kill us!  
Not because they wish to, but  
because their bodies are of fire  
and electricity, and mortals cannot  
tolerate it. The Sidhe love all  
that we love - feasting, fighting,  
warring, making love, music, and  
they love to seduce us into these  
pursuits. Humans go among them and  
return with their toes danced off,  
with their bodies drained of their  
very blood, with their minds blank.  
The fairies do love us, but too  
often we cannot survive their  
intensity. When we die, they send  
their banshees to mourn our  
passing. Their cries fill the  
vault of heaven and shake the  
earth.

MINA MURRAY

But you did survive.

A childlike joy-filled smile appears on VIVIENNE'S face, almost as if she's about to cry.

VIVIENNE

I had a baby by him, a girl. But I do not know what became of her.

Just then, VIVIENNE'S face goes blank, as if something had wiped clean her mind. Her eyes rolled to the corners like lazy green marbles.

MINA MURRAY

Vivienne!

The sound of MINA'S voice snaps the woman back to attention.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

Please finish your story. What happened to your baby?

VIVIENNE

I offended the goddess. I was beautiful, and she was jealous. She told my lover to forsake me and she stole my baby away!

For a moment, VIVIENNE goes quiet; but no sooner she raises her arms and begins scratching at the air in front of her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

He is right here, right here with me but he won't show himself. His world is all around us, I tell you. It is invisible to our eyes and silent to our ears, but it is right here!

Suddenly, VIVIENNE snaps her head down, looking directly at MINA. She reaches across the table, grabbing her arms with desperation.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

You can bring him to me! You must call to him and tell him where I am!

VIVIENNE lets MINA go and begins paddling at the air, each stroke of her old arms moving more violent than before. MINA stands up, moving away out of fear of injury.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I know you are here!

The double doors open up as MRS. SNEAD and two other SUPERVISORS rush in, taking each of VIVIENNE'S arms. The old woman flails, however, desperately trying to break free from their grip.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

I want my baby! What have they done with my baby?!

MRS. SNEAD

(to MINA)

You had better leave now, madam. Shut the door and wait outside.

VIVIENNE throws her head back and stares up at the ceiling, a trickle of tears sliding down from the corner of each eye. At the last moment, as MINA stands in paralysis staring at the scene before her, VIVIENNE snaps her head forward, fixing her eerie green stare on the timid girl.

VIVIENNE

(powerful, frightening)

They will come for you and they will know you by your eyes.

MINA stares back in shock, her green eyes unable to blink.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Still rattled by the startling scene with VIVIENNE only moments ago, MINA makes her way down a corridor as various PATIENT SUPERVISORS rush to the library to help subdue the struggling old woman. At the last minute, MINA ducks through a door and into a room.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, DR. SEWARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is empty, lit only by the few lamps scattered about the room. Warily scanning the room as she closes the door behind her, MINA walks over to a shelf, spotting some phonographic cylinders. She looks over the labels and sees one with her husband's name. She picks up the cylinder and takes it over to the phonograph sitting on the corner of the desk, placing it inside the playback box.

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

Jonathan Harker, twenty-eight years of age.

(MORE)

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

The patient suffered a severe case of brain fever in which he experienced erotic hallucinations and loss of memory. He was hospitalized and treated with an extended period of rest in the town of Graz. Symptoms of neurasthenia, melancholia, and listlessness persists. Upon occasion, he also exhibits paranoia, believing that women, in particular his wife are in league with the devil. Reasons for this assumption will become clear.

MINA'S face turns to one filled with dread.

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)  
(CONT'D)

Even under hypnosis, Herr Harker has had difficulty talking about aspects of the experiences with the women who seduced him while in Styria. He continues to have vivid dreams about these women, in particular, one named Ursulina. He cannot release her from his mind, imagining that it is the girl herself who comes to him in his dreams and makes love to him. I proposed that nocturnal emission was a common experience for the male, but he insists that his experience is something entirely different. He believes that he acted immorally by succumbing to the women, but he admits that at times, he has had to restrain himself from returning to Styria to look for them. Over this he feels tremendous guilt.

MINA shakes her head in saddened astonishment.

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)  
(CONT'D)

I had originally believed that Harker's sexual naïveté caused him to attribute supernatural elements to an orgiastic encounter. However, what he has subsequently revealed leads me to ruminate on a different and more dramatic conclusion.

(MORE)



DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

He claims that at the height of ecstasy, a place which he describes as dark and where pleasure and pain cannot be distinguished, the women took turns breaking his flesh with their nails and teeth and extracting blood.

(beat)

Without the factor of the blood taking, it would be presumed that the women were mere harlots, who can also drain the vital forces from a man and leave him in a confused and fevered state. But if the blood taking is interpreted literally and not as a hallucination, it is possible that these were vampire women, the unnatural creatures of myth who achieve extended or eternal life by drinking the blood of others.

(beat)

I have long heard tales of bloodsucking female creatures and of the incubi who harbor them, in this case, the Austrian count. So is it possible that these fiends or their hybrids, who have fascinated and occupied minds far greater than mine, have always existed - biological misfits who have no link on Herr Darwin's evolutionary chain? If so, I am curious to see if the males and females share the engendered traits in their human counterparts. If Harker was not hallucinating and he was indeed seduced by supernatural women whose behavior mirrors wanton human females, then the aforementioned hypothesis is correct.

Unable to listen to anymore, MINA immediately stops the phonograph. The ghostly moans of the institution faintly echo throughout the halls, seeping into the - now quiet - office. MINA'S eyes stare blankly forward at the ground in front of the desk for a few moments as DR. VON HELSINGER'S words linger on her mind.

Finally, she snaps out of her daze and looks back over at the shelf, noticing a second cylinder with nothing written on its label. MINA stands up from the desk and grabs the cylinder from the shelf, replacing that of her husband's. Taking a seat, she begins the playback.

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

We must remain skeptical of Herr Harker's claims while entertaining the possibility that they are true, at least to a degree. The reality that he encountered vampire women is remote, but he might have fallen into a coven of self-proclaimed witches who take men's blood to use in magical spells. I admire the work of Sir Francis Galton, but I do not believe that his theory of eugenics will have any impact. In all of my studies throughout my career as a doctor, I have been able to draw the same conclusion: We will never be able to prevent the inferior classes from breeding. More realistic is to create a female that is a better breeding machine able to produce superior progeny. Once the transfusions are perfected, the female recipient will genetically assimilate the higher traits of the male - strength, courage, moral rectitude, rational thinking, even superior physical health - thereby bringing a healthier biological profile to the mating process. I believe that in the future, we will not only improve the quality of the female through the transference of superior male blood, but also may create an überbeing, or even an immortal being - not the fiends of Herr Harker's description but a noble, godlike creature.

(beat)

Why some patients such as Lucy Westenra react to the transfused blood with high fever and shock, I do not know.

The statement brings with it pure terror to MINA'S face.

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

(CONT'D)

The young wife of Lord Godalming, a woman even more duplicitous than most, may have had blood that was inordinately female and reacted badly to its opposite, that of strong and virile males.

(MORE)

DR. VON HELSINGER (FROM PHONOGRAPH)

In the coming days, we will observe the effects of the infused blood on other inmates which, I predict, will bring miraculous improvements in the behavior of some of these hysterics. I hold to my theory that blood transference is the key to expedited human evolution. The female strengthened by male blood, will be relieved of her biological moral weaknesses, and from the union of two superior beings will come a race of men with the highest and purest of human qualities and the most desirable genetic characteristics.

Just then, the door to the office swings open to reveal DR. SEWARD, JONATHAN, and DR. VON HELSINGER all standing on the other side. Spotting MINA behind his desk, listening to the phonograph recordings of DR. VON HELSINGER'S notes, DR. SEWARD glares at her from across the room.

DR. SEWARD

Well, Mrs. Harker, you've managed to cause quite the disturbance in our establishment today.

MINA watches in terror as the men slowly make their way into the room. DR. VON HELSINGER holds a folded newspaper in his hand as steps over to a wall and stops. Meanwhile, JONATHAN watches DR. SEWARD gradually shrink the distance between him and MINA.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

I hope you have found Dr. Von Helsinger's notes to be of some use to you while you were in here.

MINA is too scared to speak.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

That was a very clever distraction on your part in the library. Though I assure you, Vivienne's fragile health is not something to be toyed with. The health of any erotomaniac for that matter.

(beat)

Even one such as yourself.

The silence that follows is deafening.

MINA MURRAY

Excuse me, Dr. Seward?

DR. VON HELSINGER hands the newspaper over to JONATHAN who immediately slams it down on the desk in front of MINA. She looks down at the front page to see none other than the photograph of KATE REED in mourning attire holding the ghostly baby side by side with the photograph of her with the mysterious PHANTOM. The headline above the photos reads: Clairvoyants exposed in fraud scheme by Jacob Henry and Kate Reed.

JONATHAN HARKER

(seething)

You almost had me in your thrall.  
Now deny that you are one of them!

MINA looks up at him with pleading eyes.

MINA MURRAY

Jonathan, did you not read the article? I accompanied my friends on their mission to expose these frauds. This is but a photographic trick, I don't know what you're upset about.

JONATHAN HARKER

Are you going to deny that you know this man?!

DR. SEWARD

Mrs. Harker, I think it is in your best interest to tell us the truth: Have you had secret relations with the Count? Do you have some secret history with him that you hid from your husband?

MINA MURRAY

"With the Count"? Who is the Count?

JONATHAN reaches out his hands to form an apparent noose.

JONATHAN HARKER

Stop pretending that you are innocent! What an actress you are, Mina! What a performance of guileless virginity you put on last night!

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

When the truth is that you are one  
of his she devils, no different  
than the women who seduced me  
during my stay in Styria,  
undoubtedly practiced in every  
sordid act!

MINA presses her cold hands against her red hot cheeks.

JONATHAN HARKER

(pointing to the picture)  
You were in conspiracy with him all  
along! That is how he found me!  
You sent me to my ruin, Mina! Why?  
Was it all in the name of evil?

DR. SEWARD

Mrs. Harker, do you deny that you  
know the Styrian count?

MINA MURRAY

(to DR. SEWARD)  
The man in the photograph is the  
Austrian count?

JONATHAN HARKER

(slamming his fist on the  
desk)  
Enough of this pretense! Admit  
what you have done, Mina! Admit  
once and for all who and what you  
really are!

DR. VON HELSINGER

Mrs. Harker, do you deny that you  
have ever seen this man before?

BEAT

MINA MURRAY

(tearing up)  
I-- I have seen him, but I do not  
know him. I have no idea how he  
inserted himself into the  
photograph. He was not in the  
room!

MINA starts to cry. The three men watch her carefully, until  
she finally lifts her head back up and looks at them through  
squinted, tear-filled eyes.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

I do not know this man, but he  
follows me.

JONATHAN HARKER

Then why have you said nothing,  
Mina? Why all of these secrets?  
What of our promise?

MINA MURRAY

I was afraid you wouldn't believe  
me.

DR. VON HELSINGER

(approaching)

Mrs. Harker, the female always  
feigns innocence when seducing the  
male. It would be better for you  
if you would admit your weakness  
for this man. Then we might be  
able to help you.

BEAT

MINA MURRAY

He sent me a letter informing me of  
Jonathan's hospitalization while he  
was in Styria.

(to JONATHAN, pleading)

Without it I would have never known  
you were ill.

JONATHAN HARKER

Mina, the Count was gone at the  
time of my illness. I have told  
you the story many times, you know  
I was there alone with only the  
three seducing women.

MINA'S lip quivers as her claims grow increasingly absurd.

DR. VON HELSINGER (CONT'D)

Is it not true that you have had  
dreams in the past? Disturbing  
dreams?

MINA looks over at JONATHAN, realizing *that* is what he went  
to talk to the doctors about earlier, claiming it to be of  
topics he could not reveal to her.

DR. VON HELSINGER (CONT'D)

Is this man a part of those dreams?

Again, MINA is unable to speak. After the long moment of  
silence, however, DR. SEWARD has come to his conclusion.

DR. SEWARD

Mrs. Harker, I have listened carefully to your story and, I must say, it appears to me that you are obsessed with this man, or - at the very least - the *idea* of this man, who you say follows you around, entering your dreams, and appearing out of thin air. You have given this phantom of your own creation extraordinary powers.

MINA MURRAY

I did not create him! He is there in the picture!

DR. SEWARD

Yet moments ago you claimed it was a photographic trick! Can you not make up your mind?

The room falls dreadfully silent as MINA slowly starts to realize how crazy she must seem. DR. SEWARD glances down at the ground, formulating his next statement.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Mrs. Harker, I have seen hundreds of women suffering from various forms of sexual hysteria, and I know the symptoms and patterns all too well. Could it be that when you saw the image of the handsome gentleman in the photograph, which this article proves was achieved with a photographic trick, that you fell in love with that image? And as your husband was away on business, you began to transfer the feelings you once had for him onto this phantom? And as your obsession escalated, you began to imagine the man was following you, in love with you, appearing wherever and whenever you required him to take part in your fantasy, to the point of even imagining that he sent you a letter of your husband's whereabouts in Austria?

(beat)

Mrs. Harker, I suppose you know what I am about to say.

MINA stares at DR. SEWARD timidly.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Yours is a typical case of erotomania. If not treated, the patient will progress into nymphomaniacal behavior, much like what you've become familiar with in your short interactions with Vivienne.

JONATHAN HARKER

And what is "nymphomaniacal behavior"?

DR. SEWARD

The indiscriminate seduction of men. Fortunately, there is treatment available.

The words insight panic within MINA and her body goes cold.

MINA MURRAY

No, I do not need treatment! I am not ill! I am not the patient here!

DR. SEWARD

(to JONATHAN as MINA attempts to interrupt)

You see, of all animals, women have the most acute faculties which are exalted by the influence of their reproductive organs. They are most sensitive creatures, easily susceptible to hysteria. The female body conspires with the female mind. We must be compassionate toward them and try to help them, or the spinning of fantastical tales and hallucinations escalate out of control.

JONATHAN HARKER

(turning to MINA)

Mina, you must submit to treatment. You asked me to come here for evaluation, and I did as you asked. Now it is your turn to accommodate my wishes.



DR. SEWARD

(to MINA)

Do you want this phantom lover of your imagination to haunt you for the rest of your days, Mrs. Harker?

MINA MURRAY

(to JONATHAN)

Jonathan, please do not let them treat me. Their treatments killed Lucy!

(DR. SEWARD looks over at DR. VON HELSINGER)

They force-fed her and gave her fatal blood transfusions and she died!

DR. SEWARD

(back to MINA)

Lady Godalming refused food, made herself weak, and contracted a fever. You know all this, or rather, your rational mind knows this, but your disorder is causing your mind to distort the facts.

(to DR. VON HELSINGER)

Is that not correct?

DR. VON HELSINGER

The manifestations of Lady Godalming's disease were the same as Mrs. Harker's: Obsession - with Morris Quince, imagining the object of desire is in love with her, insisting that she is love's victim, et cetera. It is a common female illness, born of the weakness of the female mind, which I believe has a strong genetic component. I have devoted my life's work to finding a solution.

DR. SEWARD

(to JONATHAN)

Mr. Harker, do we have your permission to treat your wife?

JONATHAN glances down at the newspaper, still sitting on the desk, then finally up at MINA. She stares back at him through tear-soaked eyes as he searches her frightened face for guidance. Then, he turns his attention away from his wife, unable to look her in the eye and say what he must. Before he can even speak, MINA closes her eyes, knowing what is to come.

JONATHAN HARKER

Now that I reexamine the photograph, I see that it could be a ghostly image that resembles the Count standing behind my wife. I am sorry that I have caused such a sensation, but I had such a fright when I saw him, or what I thought was him, with my wife.

(beat)

But it is all for the best. God has been at work here, using this situation to expose Mina's problem.

Opening a black bag seated on a chair in front of the desk, DR. SEWARD pulls out a hypodermic kit.

MINA MURRAY

(standing up)

No! I do not need medication!

With a needle in-hand, DR. SEWARD approaches MINA as she backs away on the other side of the desk. DR. VON HELSINGER steps around the other side and grabs her. Despite MINA'S attempts to break free, VON HELSINGER keeps a tight grip on her flailing body as DR. SEWARD draws in closer. JONATHAN watches his struggling wife, wondering if he's made the right decision.

DR. SEWARD

We will be admitting Mrs. Harker this morning as a patient. Make all the preparations to begin the water cure immediately.

Just then, DR. SEWARD sticks the needle in MINA'S arm, directly in its crease. He pushes in the medicine, allowing it to slowly work through her bloodstream.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

This will relax you. Then, our treatments will expunge you of all the bad humors in your blood causing nervous debility, ultimately giving you the peace you deserve.

Each of MINA'S squirms become less and less in strength.

DR. SEWARD (CONT'D)

Please do not resist, Mina. There is nothing to be frightened of.

FADE TO BLACK.

The silence accompanying the darkness is suddenly broken with the sound of a loud, metallic bang.

FADE IN:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, WATER TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

MINA, wrapped in some sort of freezing-cold sheet, lies face up on a hard metal slab. Her eyes slowly drift open as she observes the visible room around her: a couple of lights, a white tile ceiling with black grout, the sound of high heels approaching.

MINA turns her eyes to the side to see MRS. SNEAD walking up, finally stopping next to her. MINA opens her mouth to yell, but is unable to make any noise. Then, MRS. SNEAD slowly raises her hand to reveal a large pitcher full of water. Lifting it high above MINA'S body, MRS. SNEAD patiently tips the pitcher, moving it up and down the length of the metal slab, pouring the icy-cold liquid across the wrapping. MINA shivers in reaction to the water, her screams being diminished to nearly nothing by the time they pass through the cloth.

After a few moments, the cold takes over MINA'S body and her eyes slowly drift shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

Silence.

FADE IN:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, WATER TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

Two TREATMENT SUPERVISORS, slowly unwrap the soaking wet sheet from around MINA'S naked body. The cool air of the room sends chills across MINA'S skin as she lazily looks over at the two SUPERVISORS: one standing next to her chest, the other down by her hips.

Suddenly, the TREATMENT SUPERVISORS slide their hands under MINA'S body and hoist her up in the air. MINA tries to move, but is so cold she can barely inflate her lungs with air. As she's carried, again, the cold takes over and MINA drifts out of consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.

A brief moment of silence.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, WATER TREATMENT ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Suddenly, MINA is tossed into a round metal tub full of water and ice. She sinks to the bottom momentarily before the adrenaline takes over and lifts her out of the frigid bath. She gasps for air, soaking wet, but one of the SUPERVISORS takes her hand and pushes MINA back down under the surface of the water.

Through the pounds of ice and liquid, MINA violently trembles. The coldness leaking through the ice cubes into the water engulfs her entire body until, slowly, her shaking weakens and she slips back into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

Quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, WATER TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

MINA'S numb feet slide across the slick, hard surface of the floor as she is dragged by her armpits towards a stall on the far side of the room. The TREATMENT SUPERVISORS pull MINA into the stall and help her stand up. Her knees quiver in the stark cold of the room, as she manages to slowly tilt her head up to see a spigot sticking out from the wall. Behind her, the SUPERVISORS walk out of the stall, closing a windowed door behind them and locking it.

Suddenly, the spigot turns on and - once again - freezing water pours out all over MINA'S already chilled body. She screams in horror as the icy liquid rolls down her skin. Her knees shake rapidly back and forth, desperately trying to support her own weight. But it is no use, they give out and she falls hard to the floor, her head crashing against the brisk surface of the linoleum, rendering her unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK.

A moment passes by, forebodingly similar to the ones in between MINA'S segments of the water treatment.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - SUNSET

MINA'S eyes slowly open to reveal a dark room of rich aubergine brocade wallpaper, lit only by the weak autumnal light filtering in through the arched windows high up on the walls.

A violet haze is cast over the room courtesy of the light, twinkling the huge diamond-shaped crystals that dropped from two immense, many-tiered silver chandeliers. An imposing, heavily carved wardrobe faces the bed and on the wall beside it hangs a large bronze shield with an iron French cross at its center. On a table next to the bed, a heavy crystal vase allows the white long-stemmed roses inside to unleash their fresh perfume.

MINA runs her hands down her body, realizing she is not in a garment of her own, but a pale green gown of fine quality damask silk with a triangular neckline and long, full sleeves cupped at the wrists and draping white lace over her hands and fingers. She stares mesmerized at the rich dress.

Just then, a door opens and startles MINA, causing her to frightfully pull the covers up to her neck.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Ah, she is awake.

MINA stares in the direction of the door as quick footsteps approach the bed. Finally coming into the light, for the first time, MINA sees the PHANTOM as a solid, real - almost man-like COUNT, though his skin seems slightly more luminous than an average person's. He sits down next to MINA and holds out his hand, allowing her to put her own into it.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

His body did not seem to have a temperature. His hand was a perfectly formed male hand, though it was neither warm nor cold, like concrete; though it had a subtle and peculiar vibratory quality, like the tremor of a violin string.

The COUNT gently takes his hand and slides up the right sleeve of MINA'S dress to reveal a small scarred mark of an incision directly on top of the crease of her arm.

THE COUNT

The medication is still in your blood, but you are recovering well. You are very strong, Mina. Very strong.

(smiling)

Do you like the bed? You have been asleep for two days.

MINA MURRAY

I do.

THE COUNT

Ironically enough, it once belonged to Pope Innocent.

MINA MURRAY

Do you think I am not innocent?

THE COUNT

No, you are innocent. The Pope, however...

(they both smile)

He knew that he was dying, and he tried to save his life by transfusing the blood of healthy young boys into his sick body. They died, of course, and so did he. If the doctor had given you his blood, I assure you, you would have died as well.

MINA MURRAY

Is that why you came to me? To save me once again?

THE COUNT

I came because you called me.

BEAT

MINA MURRAY

How do you know that I would have died?

THE COUNT

Because I can smell your blood and the blood of the others, including your husband's, and I can tell by the fragrance which blood will not mix well. It is inexplicable to you, I realize. But if you accept the Gift, you will understand.

MINA MURRAY

What "Gift"?

THE COUNT

The Gift you have rejected for the better part of the millennium.

(beat)

But that is for another day. You must drink, your system is terribly empty.

The COUNT reaches over and produces a goblet of wine.

MINA MURRAY

Wine?

THE COUNT

Your blood needs its elements.  
Drink at least some.

The COUNT easily tips the goblet back against MINA'S lips, allowing the wine to gently flow into her mouth. She swallows, feeling its sting as it runs down her throat.

MINA MURRAY

Where am I?

THE COUNT

You are in the mansion that I purchased for us in London, the one your fiancé found and helped me buy.

(smiling)

One does not live for seven hundred years without developing a keen sense of irony.

MINA MURRAY

I-- I do not understand...any of this. How do you know me?

THE COUNT

In this particular life trajectory, you have a very obstinate memory. It is difficult sometimes to remain patient with you.

(beat)

But then, it always has been so.

The COUNT'S eyes turn a chilly blue and he stands up from the bed, placing the wine down on a table as he steps away. Meanwhile, MINA manages to lift herself up into a seated position on the bed.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

That is why I am taking you to Ireland. We are going to the place where we first met, and then you will begin to remember.

(opens wardrobe doors)

I have selected for you clothing for every occasion, but I suggest you dress simply. Ireland is a poor and hostile country. You do not want to appear as a haughty Englishwoman flaunting her wealth.

MINA MURRAY

But I have no wealth and I am *not* going to Ireland.

THE COUNT

(looking through wardrobe)  
You are wrong on both counts. You will find first that you do, indeed, have wealth and second that you are going to Ireland. Select the things you would like to take on our journey, I will have them packed for you.

MINA turns her gaze downward.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

I see that you are unaccustomed to being told no.

THE COUNT

(turning to MINA)  
"Not accustomed to being told no"?!  
You have told me no *hundreds* of times, Mina.

The mansion falls dead silent as MINA stares at the COUNT meekly, his eyes bright. Then...

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

(softly)  
If you wish to leave, I assure you, no one will stop you. Otherwise, we leave in one hour.

He closes the doors and disappears into the darkness of the mansion, leaving MINA sitting alone in the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

The large vessel, lit only by the moonlight and the few lamps scattered around the deck, treks across the dark sea.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is warm, at least the lighting makes it feel that way. Sitting at the large table in the center of the room, MINA and the COUNT eat the beautiful meal before them.



With a quick glance up at MINA, the COUNT places his utensils down on his plate, folding his hands together.

THE COUNT

I suppose you desire answers to your questions about these past few months.

MINA stares at him, figuring the question was rhetorical.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Well, allow me to begin with my own brief history. I was born in the Pyrenees in the southwest of France in the time of the king known as the Lionheart and into a distant branch of his family. As a young man, I trained as a warrior, and when I came of age, I entered the service of a French nobleman, the Viscount of Poitou. Among many other things, the viscount told us a story of how he courted and captured a fairy queen and made her his lover and wife. At first, I couldn't help but scoff at him, but as time went on, I was fully convinced that the story was true. The viscount told, in great detail, of how he and a mysterious woman coupled, waking to find himself in his lover's kingdom where he learned the history of her tribe. They were descendants of the angels who left heaven, but not because they were expelled by God, the common claim by men of the cloth. The angels were, in fact, powerful creators in their own right and enchanted by human life. After observing humans for millennia, they craved all that physical life offered - touch, sound, scent, the heat and desire that comes with the blood through the veins. The angels thought humans to be magnificent creatures, and they longed for their companionship and adulation. With their power to shift shapes, the angels made themselves into physical beings and selected humans who were most likely to give them children.

(MORE)

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

With their superior intelligence and supernatural gifts, they were irresistible to the mortals.

The COUNT takes a sip of wine before continuing.

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Now, all this happened thousands of years before man began to record his history. The fairy queen who seduced the viscount was a descendant of those first couplings between angels and humans. She claimed that some of the offspring of the angels were mortals, while some were immortal. As with any two creatures mating, the outcome is not guaranteed, no matter how careful one is in the selection of a partner; but the viscount's wife was an immortal, and from his union with her came three daughters - beautiful, magical creatures - who went to live with their mother's tribe in Ireland. And as curious as we were, our honor would never permit desertion of the viscount. Thus, we agreed that the enchanted women would be our reward for our service to him.

(beat)

Over time, as our success grew, so did our ambitions. A sect of warrior monks believed that they had discovered what we were looking for - not just invincibility, but immortality. They said that the Christ himself had given us the key when he said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." These words, as you may know, are from the Gospel of John, and the monks believed in their literal interpretation, that drinking blood was the secret to life everlasting.

(MORE)

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

And having heard the many stories of heroes such as Theseus and Achilles pouring blood into the soil of their graves to give them strength, or the Roman gladiators drinking the blood of their kill to absorb the strength of the enemy, or even the maenads, the original followers of Dionysus, who drank both wine and blood in their rituals, only added more proof to the monks' claims. Blood consumption and blood sacrifice was as old as time. Though the effects of drinking the blood of another have always been of some concern, as it can cause illness, even death, for blood carries humors both good and bad. But we were men who faced death every day. For us, drinking blood would be just another test of our strength.

(beat)

And as young men who desperately wanted to join the ranks of the eternal heroes, we did just that: Forming a secret brotherhood and vowing that we would not rest until we discovered the key to immortality. Despite the risks, we began to drink blood as a part of our ritual to prepare for battle - the blood of animals, the blood of our enemies - and eventually, we shared our own blood with one another.

It takes a moment, but finally, MINA digests the information.

MINA MURRAY

So, you are a vampire.

THE COUNT

I suppose that would be a common classification of my behavior.

MINA MURRAY

And the creatures who seduced my husband, Dr. Von Helsing called them vampire women, the undead - monsters who made themselves immortal by draining the blood of their prey.

## THE COUNT

The creature that he imagines is but a ghoul that represents men's fears. But the stories of the immortal blood drinkers are not fantasy.

(beat)

The German doctor misunderstands, it is not the blood draining that weakens and kills the prey, but the exposure to our power. My being carries with it an electrical current similar to a lightning rod. You know this because you have felt it. When we interact with the body of a human - call it making love if you wish - even though this current brings great pleasure, it acts as a kind of electrocution. Over time, the mortal's energy is depleted. Depending upon the weakness of the human, they may either get sick or in extreme cases go mad and die. It is nothing to do with draining the blood, Mina, unless one takes too much of it. I have never killed anyone by draining their blood, unless I meant to kill them anyway.

## MINA MURRAY

But my husband, he was innocent. Why would--

## THE COUNT

He was never innocent, Mina. He might have left Styria after we concluded our business, but he wanted Ursulina from the moment he saw her. He chose to remain at the castle, just as you've chosen to stay with me.

MINA stares at him blankly, wishing she could deny his proof.

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Mina, all of your life, since you were a child, you called out to me in ways that you do not yet acknowledge. I had vowed to reveal myself to you after you reached your twenty-first birthday, but that was when Jonathan Harker appeared;

(MORE)

THE COUNT (CONT'D)  
and in short time, it became  
obvious that you were determined to  
marry and settle into a life of  
convention.

MINA MURRAY  
I did not call out to you, I was  
not aware of your existence.

THE COUNT  
You do not call out with your voice  
but with the hum of your desire,  
Mina. Think of us as musical  
instruments that vibrate with the  
same note. A note is struck, and  
it is heard by the note that must  
answer it.

(beat)

I was able to involve Jonathan in  
my affairs because he desired such  
a commission. I left him with  
Ursulina because that is what he  
wanted. And frankly, I thought  
that, like most of the humans who  
succumbed to her, he would perish.

(smiling)

But I must admit, he is a much  
stronger rival than I anticipated.

MINA fails to find the same humor in the COUNT'S statement.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)  
I had to come for you, Mina. Your  
longing was intense and I answered  
your call. It is against my very  
being to resist.

(beat)

You are not like your husband and  
other mortals, Mina. Does the name  
Winifred Collins have any  
significance to you?

MINA tilts her head up as she thinks for a moment about the  
familiar name. Then, she returns her gaze to the COUNT.

MINA MURRAY  
Yes, Vivienne, from the asylum.  
That was her real name, I believe.

THE COUNT  
Vivienne, yes, that is correct.

(beat)

(MORE)

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Mina, at a juncture of history, the blood of the immortals entered your bloodline, introducing certain powers. Within that blood is the key to immortality, to being able to live within a body but to also exist without it, to walk on both sides of the veil in worlds seen and unseen.

(beat)

Vivienne was your grandmother, Mina.

The silence that fills the room is so great, even the boat itself seems to have stopped making noise. MINA'S mouth hangs open as she tries to formulate words, but it is to no avail. The COUNT maintains his gaze with the stunned woman.

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Mina, you and others like you have a seventh sense, something beyond telepathy. Within you is the ability to fully integrate the body with eternal consciousness, to fuse flesh with spirit. If you do not embrace your gifts, they will forever be a plague to you. And I do mean forever.

MINA since in complete silence, overwhelmed with the earth-shattering information the COUNT has revealed to her. At the last minute, she tosses her napkin onto the table and rushes from the room. Staring blankly at the food before him, the COUNT considers his options.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP, DECK - MOMENTS LATER

MINA stands next to the rail, looking down over the waves as they crash up against the side of the boat. The wind sweeping across the deck blows through her black hair, sending it fluttering across her shoulders. Just then, the COUNT slowly approaches from behind, stopping less than a foot away.

## MINA MURRAY

(looking out at ocean)

You know me exceedingly well, better than I even know myself. Whereas, I feel as if you are but a stranger to me.

(MORE)

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

A stranger who I've known my whole life, yet know nothing about.

The waves are all that accompany the silence, until...

THE COUNT

I began life as a human, but have transcended the human condition and am now an immortal. At least that is what I believe, as I no longer age and no one has been able to destroy me. But who or what is truly immortal? I cannot be certain.

(beat)

At this moment in time, I am Count Vladimir Drakulya. Some twenty years ago, I reclaimed a Carinthian estate and title in Styria that was rightfully mine through an ancestor. He was given them hundreds of years ago by the King of Hungary and inducted into the Sacred Order of the Dragon for his role in assassinating a certain Turkish sultan.

(smiling)

Of course, the ancestor is myself, but you are the only person alive with that knowledge.

The soft humor brings a well-needed smile to MINA'S face as a single tear streams down her cheek.

Then, the COUNT puts his hands on MINA'S shoulders and turns her around to face him. He stares deeply into her eyes.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

I have been aware of you, Mina, since you reentered the earthly plane. It took me some time to find you, but you have come back to the place where we first met - the stormy west coast of Ireland - and I've taken it as an omen from you that you were going to be receptive to me and to all that I have been offering you. Once I found you, I saw that you had been incarnated with powerful gifts and that they frightened you and those around you. That is when I decided to watch over you and protect you.

MINA MURRAY

But how did you find me? How did you even know that it was me you were looking for?

THE COUNT

We are physically and psychically attuned, you and I. Everything that exists in this material world also exists on the other side of the veil. On the etheric plane, you and I are eternally united.

(beat)

I did not want to wait another lifetime for you to come back to me.

MINA and the COUNT gaze deeply into each other's eyes, the moonlight shining down causing their irises to twinkle. The moment seems to last forever, much to their liking, until finally, they slowly lean in towards each other and their lips tenderly meet.

The warming kiss feels magical, to the point of perfection. Though she fights her own body in doing so, MINA slowly pulls back and breaks the seal. Their eyes return to each other's, still remaining completely quiet.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

I would prefer if you would rest. You will need your strength in Ireland. It is not a kind climate at this time of year.

MINA MURRAY

Will you sleep as well?

THE COUNT

Not tonight. I sleep for long periods of time, years at a time, and sometimes I do not sleep at all. If I am bored, if I do not admire the ways and customs of an era, if my physical body is wounded or fatigued, I go into a deep sleep, an altered state during which the body is preserved. You would call it hibernation or a very long trance. I have entered this state before when you've broken my spirit with your rejection. When I reenter the world, it has inevitably changed.



MINA MURRAY

I do not think I can sleep. I will  
lie awake thinking of you and of  
all that you have told me.

THE COUNT

Then I will put you to sleep  
myself.

MINA finds herself, once again, staring deeply into the  
COUNT'S eyes when he suddenly sweeps her up off the deck and  
into his arms, carrying her towards the stairs leading down  
to their cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP, MINA & THE COUNT'S CABIN - MORNING

MINA awakens, alone and naked in the plush bed. Holding the  
covers up just below her shoulders, she sits up and looks  
around the room for any signs of the COUNT; though he is  
nowhere to be found.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The cabin door opens up and MINA peeks her head out into the  
hall, looking up and down for the missing COUNT. But again,  
he is not there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP, DECK - MOMENTS LATER

MINA, now dressed, emerges out onto the deck to continue her  
search. She paces the length of the deck, walking by various  
other PASSENGERS, none who of which are the COUNT. Then, she  
spots a MAN in a long black cape, walking with a cane in the  
other direction. MINA quickly rushes up to him and taps him  
on the shoulder, but when the MAN turns around, revealing his  
true identity, it is not the COUNT.

MINA MURRAY

Oh, pardon me.

The MAN turns away, as does MINA who immediately spots the  
COUNT standing profile, off in the corner next to the ship's  
railing. She slowly approaches, unsure why he has been so  
hard to find this morning, and finally stops just to his  
side.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

I must say, you've been quite the shadow this morning. I have been searching all over for you.

The silence that follows makes MINA worry. Finally...

THE COUNT

(emotionless)

We will be docking soon. Ensure you have all your belongings.

MINA wants to ask what is wrong, but for some reason can't seem to form the words. She stares at him for a few moments, trying to decipher his odd behavior.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Go.

The order surprises MINA, only making her gaze linger.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - MIDDAY

The dark clouds rolling over head bring the appearance of a coming storm. Meanwhile, the many PASSENGERS descend the ramp leading from the ship to the dock, including MINA and the COUNT who walk one in front of the other, saying nothing along the way.

CUT TO:

I/E. CARRIAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The COUNT'S familiar black carriage bounces as the horses pulling it trot down a long road. Inside, MINA and the COUNT sit in silence. He faces forward as their traveling continues, while MINA timidly looks down at the floor. She nervously glances around the plush carriage until finally turning her gaze over to the COUNT next to her. She contemplates saying something to him, but decides against it and turns her attention - like his - towards the front.

CUT TO:

I/E. CASTLE - LATER

The large castle stands ominously with the dark, foreboding sky coating the background behind it.

The black carriage sits in front as MINA and the COUNT make their way towards the tall wooden doors.

The double doors open and in walks the COUNT, slowly followed by MINA carrying both of her own luggage bags. He walks briskly across the large hall as the large doors close.

MINA MURRAY

Might I inquire as to the reasoning  
behind your quietness today?

The COUNT stops and immediately turns around. His eyes are red with fury.

THE COUNT

"The reasoning"? You want to know  
"the reasoning" for my lack of  
conversation, Mina? As if now your  
thoughts are turned towards my well-  
being? Damn you Mina. Damn the  
gods and damn you!

MINA MURRAY

I don't unders--

THE COUNT

Do not play the fool, Mina! You  
are pregnant.

The words, though echoing through the open castle, seem to bring the entire world to complete silence.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

You are pregnant with a boy, a very  
human boy. It is strong and  
healthy, and it is the son of  
Jonathan Harker.

The memory of MINA and JONATHAN'S first time together in their bedroom at the asylum quickly comes back to her.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

I will leave you now. If you need  
anything, the staff is at your  
service.

MINA watches him turn to walk away, but at the last second...

MINA MURRAY

No!

(the COUNT turns back)

Please...do not leave me. I do not  
think I can live without you.

THE COUNT

And what about the past seven hundred years, how did you feel then?

(beat)

Mina, I have lived through this same torture with your reincarnation since we first met. I continuously hope for fate to change and our paths to align, but time and time again my wishes are destroyed by the likes of you and your all-too-human tendencies.

MINA struggles to think of what to say for a moment.

MINA MURRAY

I want to know what is going to happen to us.

THE COUNT

By "us" you mean you and the baby?

MINA MURRAY

I also mean you and me. Since you claim to have lived through these happenings on more than one occasion, you must know what comes of them.

THE COUNT

Why are you asking me? Are you not aware by now that we create our destinies? Is this baby not what you've wanted ever since you met Jonathan?

MINA MURRAY

How do you know that the child is human? How do you know he is not on the path to immortality like--

THE COUNT

Because he carries Jonathan Harker's vibration, a vibration I unfortunately know very well. The fetus has Harker's frequency rather than yours, a much sharper and more intense wave than that of your immortal heritage, which you will have no use for now.

MINA MURRAY

What do you mean? How do you know that?

THE COUNT

It is but the same recurring procedure, Mina, you are incapable of change. This is not the first time you have done something like this. You have destroyed our love again and again with your foolish choices.

MINA MURRAY

But I do not know what you mean, I did not *choose* to be pregnant.

THE COUNT

Your human tendencies are tedious, Mina. They have always been so. At your level of evolution, you should be weary of feigning helplessness, when you are a master at creating and attracting the very things you most desire. Every time you come close to reclaiming your power, you do something to sabotage it.

It pains MINA to hear the words. Tears start to form behind her eyes as she shakes her head.

MINA MURRAY

You are wrong.

THE COUNT

"Wrong"? No, I am far from it.

(beat)

I am not a cruel man, Mina, but I can only endure so much, even at my advanced state of development.

She can no longer hold back the tears. As they finally break through, MINA puts her hands to her face in hopes of somehow hiding her shame.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

Forgive me if I cannot share your grief, Mina. I lived it for many years, while you, with your selfish actions, escaped it rather quickly.

(MORE)

## THE COUNT (CONT'D)

At this point, it has been completely wrung from me and do forgive me for my anger, but you must feel my frustration is all-too-understandable being faced with this challenge once again.

(MINA drops her head)

I will not offer you comfort. I have offered you comfort and every other sort of gift over many lifetimes, and I have found no reward in it. It is up to you now to decide your path. You have *all* the power in this situation, so please do not play the victim with me.

The silence that follows stretches for what seems like hours. Still sobbing, MINA slowly lifts her head back up to face the COUNT.

## MINA MURRAY

Up until this moment, I wanted nothing but you. But what I want is no longer as significant as what I must do for the child.

(beat)

I was an unusual child, a misfit rejected by my own parents. And now you tell me that though you and I are of the immortals, my son is mortal and carries the blood and the frequency of his father.

(shaking her head)

I will not allow my son to grow up in the same environment I had to, grow accustomed to the same hardships I was forced to grow accustomed to. And if that means living this same nightmare a thousand more times...

(beat)

...then so be it.

For the first time, it is MINA who brings silence upon the castle. Her words paralyze the COUNT, rendering him unable to say anything in response. They continue staring at one another, MINA through tear-soaked eyes and the COUNT through frustration and rage, each waiting for the other to speak.

Then, a loud rap echoes throughout the vast castle coming from the direction of the two large wooden doors. MINA and the COUNT both look towards them in response to the sound.

THE COUNT

It is Jonathan, I can feel his vibration. But there is someone else.

MINA turns back to the COUNT.

MINA MURRAY

Let me speak with him.

THE COUNT

No, I do not like it. They carry the scent of danger.

MINA MURRAY

I can protect myself. Perhaps it is Jonathan who is in danger. He might be coming here for help.

THE COUNT

He is not your responsibility, Mina.

MINA MURRAY

That is where we disagree. If not for me, and hence, if not for you, Jonathan would be living a perfectly normal and happy life.

They stand staring at each other for a few moments, until he realizes MINA is not going to change her mind.

THE COUNT

I will be watching.

The COUNT quickly vanishes into the darkness of the castle and MINA turns to the doors just as another loud rap reverberates from its wood. She approaches the entrance, finally stopping at the doors and opens one. Standing before her, shoulders hunched, are two men dressed in heavy, dark coats: JONATHAN HARKER and a much older-looking and weathered MORRIS QUINCE.

JONATHAN HARKER

Is he here?

The heavy clouds coating the sky behind them rumbles with thunder as JONATHAN and MORRIS make their way inside. MINA follows them into the grand hall as the heavy door shuts behind her.

MINA MURRAY

We will all be safe, I assure you.

JONATHAN HARKER

(grabbing MINA'S arms)

I have no care for my own safety,  
Mina. I will face him if  
necessary, but I do not want to put  
you in danger.

MINA MURRAY

Jonathan!

(beat)

I'm pregnant.

JONATHAN stares blankly back at his wife.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

He is healthy, and I assure you he  
will be safe.

JONATHAN continues standing in shock as MINA looks over at  
MORRIS QUINCE.

MORRIS QUINCE

I can only imagine your opinion of  
me, Miss Mina. I know that you  
think I callously left Lucy last  
summer, but I assure you I did not.

(beat)

Upon hearing of Lucy's illness, I  
sent a letter to Arthur, informing  
him that Lucy and I loved each  
other and intended to marry, and  
that as a gentleman, he must not  
press the issue of their marriage.  
When I arrived in America, I sent  
Lucy a telegram telling her to wait  
for me. I knew of Arthur's  
interest in marrying Lucy, solely  
to gain control of the Westenra  
estate, it had been a secret well  
kept from everyone else. So I  
wrote her a letter every day, and,  
after weeks of not hearing back, I  
returned to London to find out that  
she had married Arthur and had  
died.

(looking ashamed)

I am a wretched man, Mina. I never  
should have left her, but I did not  
want her to be treated as a runaway  
bride. She was too good for that.  
Instead, it was my adoration that  
killed her.

MINA gently takes MORRIS' hand.



MINA MURRAY

I had a hand in it as well, Mr. Quince. I encouraged Lucy into Arthur's arms, convinced that you were a scoundrel. If it is any consolation, she never doubted your love.

MORRIS QUINCE

(finding solace in MINA'S words)

I have spoken my piece, and you have my gratitude for listening to me.

JONATHAN HARKER

I am sorry to interrupt, but there is a matter of some urgency that must be discussed. There is not much time.

(to MINA)

Mina, you must leave this house immediately.

MINA MURRAY

What are you trying to tell me, Jonathan?

JONATHAN HARKER

(nervous)

Just listen to me, Mina. Listen, and judge me later. We've no time to waste, we must get away from here.

MINA MURRAY

I will decide what I must and must not do.

JONATHAN realizes he will not get MINA anywhere without an explanation.

JONATHAN HARKER

Then hear me out, but I must be brief. I was in shock after what happened - seeing you in the photograph with the man who had orchestrated my ruin and believing that you were in league with him. The doctors assured me that they would help you. I did not know what else to do. My mind was muddled from all that I had experienced.

(MORE)

JONATHAN HARKER (CONT'D)

(gesturing to the castle)

This world, Mina, the Count's world, is not *my* world! And now you tell me that I am going to have a son and he is going to be raised in it?

(beat)

After I left you to have the transfusion, I sat in the parlor, worried about what was going to happen to you, if you were to meet Lucy's fate. I was about to return to the room to stop them, or at least question them further, when Seward and Von Helsing came running into the parlor. They'd seen him, Mina, they'd seen the Count. And when word got out of your disappearance, I knew it had to be him. That is why I am here.

(beat)

The news you have brought, your carrying of our child, proves to me that this is where I belong, with you. I do not think that I am worthy of it yet, but I do want to be a father, and I will do whatever I must to strengthen myself for that task. I wish for that, Mina. Despite what you may think, I have never stopped loving you or wanting the life we dreamed that we would one day have together.

His words bring a smile to MINA'S face and a warmth to her heart. After glancing at the ground for a moment, she tilts her head back up to him.

MINA MURRAY

(smiling)

I am no longer the docile woman you used to know.

JONATHAN HARKER

(smiling)

And I do not ever wish of your return to being her.

Their gaze is enchanting, and for the moment, unbreakable. That is until three loud bangs echo across the castle from the direction of the doors, causing MINA, JONATHAN, and MORRIS to all look in their direction.

MORRIS QUINCE

They're here.

MINA MURRAY

Who is here?

JONATHAN HARKER

Seward and Von Helsing.

MORRIS QUINCE

And Godalming.

JONATHAN HARKER

(turning to MINA)

After the extraordinary way that the COUNT took you from the asylum, Von Helsing became convinced that he was indeed a vampire and that he must be vanquished. He's done his research and has discovered the means to destroy him - a bullet of silver through the heart. He is coming here with Seward and Godalming, who is a collector of weapons and an expert shot. They are going to confront him and kill him.

Just then, the COUNT'S laugh reverberates off the stone walls of the castle. They all look around to finally see him approaching from the darkness, stopping next to MINA.

THE COUNT

(to JONATHAN, grinning)

What a joyous occasion you've brought for your wife and child.

JONATHAN HARKER

I did not come here to see you.

THE COUNT

I am aware of your purpose, as I have always been aware of your every desire, no matter how subtle. I have been explaining to Mina that there are no accidents in this world, that no living being is seduced into an entanglement that he did not invite with his innermost desires. Would you not agree with my estimation?

JONATHAN HARKER

I would, and that is why I have come. I have had ample opportunity to contemplate my deepest wishes, and they are to be a husband to my wife, and now a father to my child.

THE COUNT

I have never stood in your way, Harker. And I will not do so now.

Again, more banging resonates from the wooden doors.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

(looking at the doors)

Let them come.

(everyone turns to him)

Whoever touches me will pay the price.

The COUNT raises his hand and, magically, the metal rod stretching across the space between the two doors lifts. They swing open, allowing DR. SEWARD, DR. VON HELSINGER, and ARTHUR GODALMING, wielding a gun, to rush in. Spotting the other three standing with the COUNT in the center of the hall, they all come to a stop.

ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

Morris, what the hell are you doing here?

MORRIS says nothing. He owes ARTHUR nothing.

DR. VON HELSINGER

Harker, you have betrayed us for the monster! I told you not to trust him. He was bitten. His loyalty is with the creatures!

DR. SEWARD

We should've expected it. They are a family of betrayers.

THE COUNT

"Betrayal" is a concept neither of you will ever fully understand.

Suddenly, ARTHUR lifts up the gun and points it directly at the COUNT. He doesn't react.

Then, MORRIS leaps towards ARTHUR and knocks him backwards into SEWARD and VON HELSINGER. He continues driving ARTHUR backwards until they both crash to the marble floor. Now on top of ARTHUR, MORRIS begins punching him.

SEWARD and VON HELSINGER rush to their partner's side, but the blows cause ARTHUR to wave the gun wildly all over the room, leading them shrink away from the ongoing scuffle.

With a heavy punch to ARTHUR'S face, MORRIS sends the gun sliding across the floor, crashing against VON HELSINGER'S boots. SEWARD rushes over and knocks MORRIS off of ARTHUR, freeing him from any more harm. VON HELSINGER bends down and picks up the gun, but quickly points it at the COUNT.

Standing his ground, the COUNT stares at VON HELSINGER'S quivering hands holding the gun as he slowly pulls back the hammer. At the last second, JONATHAN leaps in front of the COUNT.

DR. VON HELSINGER

Get out of the way, Harker, give me  
a clear shot at the demon!

THE COUNT (V.O.)

Look at me, Mina. Look at me!

MINA quickly turns her gaze from DR. VON HELSINGER holding the gun to the COUNT. They make eye contact and in doing so, the COUNT gives her an almost indiscernible smile. VON HELSINGER glances over at MINA and JONATHAN immediately rushes over to her, throwing his arms around her waist. At that instant, the gun explodes, sending an ear-shattering bang throughout the castle.

With his arms still wrapped around his wife, JONATHAN turns to see the aftermath of the gunshot: A puff of smoke hangs over the barrel of the gun, still shaking in VON HELSINGER'S hands, and still pointed at the COUNT, who stands perfectly straight with a hole in the center of his chest. No blood pours out, instead, a white vapor seems to flow from inside like a tiny hidden smokestack.

The COUNT turns to MINA.

THE COUNT (CONT'D)

It is not over, Mina. It will  
never be over.

MINA gazes into the COUNT'S sapphire eyes.

THE COUNT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eternity is ours.

Slowly, his body begins to fade, like a painting that has muted over time. The color drains out from him until he's almost transparent, the way he had looked in the GUMMLERS' photograph.

Then, particle by particle, his shimmering essence transforms into a fine white mist, and without a trace, he evaporates into the air.

Everyone stays completely quiet, tense as statues, as if they are afraid to move. MORRIS is the first to let out a deep breath and with it, DR. VON HELSINGER drops the gun to his side, his arm still shaking.

Suddenly, ARTHUR, still battered and bloody, rushes over to VON HELSINGER and grabs the pistol from his hand. He holds it steady out at MORRIS and, without hesitation, shoots him in the heart.

The force of the gunshot drops MORRIS to his knees. ARTHUR maintains his aim at the wounded man, watching him as he collapses to the ground. Forgetting all alliances, DR. SEWARD hurries over to the fallen MORRIS QUINCE and rips open his vest and shirt to get to the wound, oblivious to the blood oozing out of his chest.

DR. SEWARD  
(staring at the hole)  
Dear God.

MINA MURRAY  
(hurrying over)  
If you can remove the bullet, I  
will close the wound.

Everyone looks at MINA, confused. DR. SEWARD stares at her for a moment, skeptical of her claims, but finally returns his gaze to MORRIS in order to extract the bullet...but he cannot do it.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Move!

MINA pushes SEWARD to the side and gently places her hands on the area around MORRIS' wound. Slowly, the hole in his chest begins to swell and the open skin starts to pull together until magically coming sealing shut.

But with the bullet still resting inside, MORRIS' breaths become shorter and shallower, until finally they last no longer. MINA'S eyes well up with tears as she stares down at the young, lifeless body of MORRIS QUINCE.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)  
(to ARTHUR)  
You will never get away with this.

ARTHUR stares back at her, fully aware of the gun, still hot, in his hand.

At that moment, a bright white light slowly starts to consume the darkness within the castle. Backing away, DR. SEWARD and VON HELSINGER shield their eyes from the intense luminance, attempting to see its source. MINA and JONATHAN both turn in the light's direction to see the form of a WOMAN slowly approaching. Her white hair is long and flowing and her dress is ethereal. Her movements are fluid as she continues to draw near.

MINA MURRAY (CONT'D)

The Sidhe.

Still watching, MINA remembers her grandmother VIVIENNE'S words.

VIVIENNE (V.O.)

The Sidhe are royalty. They are the windborne spirits who can make their bodies as solid as yours or mine.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, LIBRARY - FLASHBACK (DAY)

MINA stares at VIVIENNE as she recounts the story of the Sidhe.

MINA MURRAY

I think I may have heard these legends when I was a child.

VIVIENNE

Oh no, child, it is no legend.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - PRESENT (NIGHT)

The white light continues to shine, and the SIDHE WOMAN continues approaching.

VIVIENNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They are the elder race, the original people, the dreamers who dreamt up the world.

Panicking, ARTHUR points his gun at the SIDHE WOMAN and fires the remaining shots left inside. The bullets fly through her body, making no impact whatsoever.

As the empty barrel clicks with each trigger pull, the sight sends DR. SEWARD, DR. VON HELSINGER, and ARTHUR HOLMWOOD fleeing out the castle doors.

VIVIENNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They formed themselves out of the swirl of life that flows through all things. And when the time comes, they will take you away from it.

MINA and JONATHAN watch as the SIDHE WOMAN steps over to the lifeless body of MORRIS QUINCE. Then, like nothing she's ever seen before, MINA watches as the man's ghostly essence rises up from his body. It takes the WOMAN'S hand and slowly walks with it back towards the light, disappearing into its engulfing brightness.

MINA and JONATHAN are unable to look away from the blinding light now filling the entire castle.

MINA MURRAY (V.O.)

From that moment on, my life, during this one at least, was changed forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM - DAY

POLICE OFFICERS approach the asylum's doors.

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

Later that year, Kate Reed and I wrote a story exposing the doctors at Lindenwood for administering blood transfusion that killed patients. Authorities began an investigation after the story was published...

CUT TO:

INT. LINDENWOOD ASYLUM, DR. SEWARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The OFFICERS pound against the office door until finally breaking through. They stare in shock at the sight before them.



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

...but before evidence could be gathered, John Seward committed suicide, and Dr. Von Helsing disappeared, likely back to Germany.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAFE - AFTERNOON

As they did at the veery beginning of her tale, MINA and KATE sit at a small round table discussing the popular culture of the time. In between them, sits a newspaper. On the front page is an announcement of the coming marriage for ARTHUR HOLMWOOD.

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

It was Kate who showed me the newspaper announcement that Lord Godalming was engaged to another heiress, though I have heard that he is thin and pale, that his health is not good and he has a recurring problem with insomnia.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISS HADLEY'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Staring up at it, MISS HADLEY stands in front of her school building.

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

Perhaps of all of us, Headmistress came to the most surprising and happiest ending. As Kate predicted, Miss Hadley's School for Young Ladies of Accomplishment closed its doors as wider doors of education were opened for girls. Yet, at the ripe age of sixty-five, Headmistress finally used the skills she had taught to other females for almost fifty years...

Next to her, an OLD MAN joins MISS HADLEY in her gaze.

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

...and married a handsome, widowed grandfather five years her junior.

The two lovers turn to one another and share a sweet and delicate kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARKER HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

JONATHAN, with an ecstatic smile on his face, takes his son and tosses him up into the air, catching him on his way back down.

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

Our son, Morris, is a sanguine child. Though I do muse on what might have been, I have never regretted my decision to stay with Jonathan. He and I do not bring up the past, but our exploits with the immortals have opened up a brand new world to our eyes. He no longer exudes the youthful exuberance that had originally drawn me to him, but I recognize that I am largely responsible for its loss. On the other hand, he is a well-respected solicitor and a loving father.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARKER HOUSE, BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Standing out on the balcony, MINA looks out over the enthralling green backyard as JONATHAN continues playing with their SON.

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

As for me, I have evidence that I still have my powers. Though I've only used them to heal some of Morris' minor cuts and scrapes, I could always develop them if I so desired.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S OFFICE - MIDDAY

JONATHAN looks over a long sheet of paper in his hand.

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

A few weeks after the death of Morris Quince, Jonathan went into his office to discover that the title to the Count's London mansion had been transferred to my name. We do not live there, but I often visit it by myself to read his books or walk the floors, for that is where I feel his presence most.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARKER HOUSE, BACK PORCH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MINA smiles as she continues watching her husband and son.

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

He has not come to me since the day he vanished, but I am surely aware of him. I know he still exists somewhere and, as he said before he left, it is not finished between us.

MINA turns and makes her way back inside her house.

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

Following the events in the Count's castle, a book was published fictionally documenting my experiences. Unlike most people whose lives remain private, my story has been written by another, sold for money, and offered to the public for entertainment. The author - who I suspect to be none other than a pseudonym of Jacob Harker - claims to be above the reproach because his records are "exactly contemporary". The true story, however, remains a secret - my secret - and with good reason. I do not know what will become of this version of my tale. Thus far, despite its sensational tone and its gripping narrative, it has failed to sell many copies or capture a critical acclaim.

MINA sits down at a desk and continues where she left off in the notebook JONATHAN gave her prior to his leaving for Styria.

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

Like almost all works of fiction, I am sure that it will be read by few, and in the coming years, all copies not thrown out with the rubbish or lost in fires, will rot in musty libraries until the shelves are purged to make way for newer and more relevant stories.

(beat)

Despite what you have read in commercial fiction, in the supernatural world, science and religion are both ineffectual. The truth is deeper, darker, and stranger than you imagine. That is the world we learned as children to fear - the milieu of goblins, ghosts, spirits, and magic - when it is in fact the tangible world that is rife with unimaginable horrors.

(beat)

The truth is, we must fear monsters less, and be warier of our own kind.

With the pen in her hand, MINA signs her final words on the page.

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

Mina Murray-Harker, London, 1897.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.