

N O S F E R A T U

by

Robert Eggers

Based on the Screenplay

*Nosferatu*

by

Henrik Galeen

&

*Dracula* by Bram Stoker

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**P L A Y E R S:**

**COUNT ORLOK**, *Nosferatu*

**ELLEN HUTTER**, *a somnambulist*

**THOMAS HUTTER**, *her husband, a young estate agent*

**FRIEDRICH HARDING**, *friend to Hutter and a rich ship merchant*

**ANNA HARDING**, *his wife, and friend to Ellen*

**DR. WILHELM SIEVERS**, *the city's hospital director, and friend to Harding*

**HERR KNOCK**, *an estate agent, Hutter's employer, and an occultist*

**PROF. ALBIN EBERHART VON FRANZ**, *a Swiss metaphysician and occult scientist*

**S E T T I N G:**

**Wisburg, Germany. 1838.**

BLACK.

ELLEN (V.O.)  
(whispered)  
Once upon a time...

Beat.

A child's desperate CRYING is heard, echoing in the night.

1

INT. COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE. NURSERY - NIGHT

1

The crying continues in the darkness of a child's ornate bedroom.

The tears come from a pretty TEENAGE GIRL. White skin, black hair, and enormous elfin eyes. Her name is ELLEN. There is something supernatural and compelling about her...

She moves to the edge of her bed and clasps her hands together in fervent prayer.

ELLEN  
Come to me. Come to me: A guardian angel,  
a spirit of comfort - spirit of any  
celestial sphere - anything - hear my  
call.

Now she whispers silently, in her head, to the infinite:

ELLEN (V.O.)  
Come to me.

Pause.

ELLEN hears a silvery male VOICE whispering quietly in the wind. It grows louder. He speaks in an ANCIENT, INDECIPHERABLE LANGUAGE.

She rises from bed like a phantom.

A massive SHADOW emerges from her window.

She walks to it, becoming shrouded in its darkness. It's as if the SHADOW is embracing her. She merges with the apparition, inhaling its sweet scent. It is a powerful, unknown bliss. Her body trembles.

She levitates, her toes inches above the floor.

SHADOW (V.O.)  
(whispered, subtitled)  
You are not for the living. You are not  
for human kind.

2 EXT. MANOR HOUSE. TOPIARY GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER 2

ELLEN sleepwalks into the night.

SHADOW (V.O.)  
(whispered, subtitled)  
And shall you be one with me ever-  
eternally. Do you swear it?

CLOSE ON: ELLEN, motionless in darkness.

ELLEN  
I swear.

SUDDENLY: ELLEN is lying in the garden. The SHADOW presses on her... Harder... Harder... Her pleasure turns to pain. Out of nowhere, A DARK HAND grabs her throat, attacking her violently!

IMAGE (lasting under 12 frames): A horrible, naked, corpse-like DEMON lets out a diabolical growl, straddling ELLEN!

ELLEN screams as if being stabbed in the heart!

THE NEXT MOMENT: ELLEN is nearly buried in the garden dirt - violently seizing.

AUDIO: Music builds to a horrific, blistering orchestral climax that would bring Beethoven to his knees in torment.

**TITLE: N O S F E R A T U**

3 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING - SEVERAL YEARS LATER 3

CLOSE ON: ELLEN is now a young woman, early 20s. She opens her eyes from a NIGHTMARE. She gasps, frozen in bed. She takes a beat and realises she is awake. She rolls over, reaching to embrace her husband...

ELLEN  
Thomas.

But he isn't there.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Thomas?

She looks across the room: THOMAS HUTTER (mid 20s) is tying his cravat before a small mirror. He is very invested in tying it well. His back is to her. He's handsome, if not pretty. Kind, determined eyes. He seems entirely unaware of the darkness in the world. Their middle-class bedroom is cute, with brand new, aspirational furnishing. These help to disguise its overall shabbiness.

THOMAS

What's that, my love?

THOMAS turns to her tightening his knot. ELLEN is frightened.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What is it?

THOMAS goes to her, tenderly.

ELLEN

Nothing. I... I dreamt... I -

THOMAS

Come here. There is nothing to be afraid of.

ELLEN wraps her arms around him tight, swooning.

ELLEN

The honeymoon was yet too short!

She tries to bring him into bed. THOMAS falls onto her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Take off your shoes.

THOMAS

I wish I could stay, my love.

She covers him with kisses. He glows. Their love is pure.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How should I have earned such a doting wife?

GRETA the CAT crawls into bed on top of them. THOMAS laughs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(kind)

Ellen, I have told you not to let her into bed. I cannot wear anything dark. I'm absolutely covered in it.

He takes a few cat hairs off him while ELLEN caresses THE CAT.

ELLEN

But Greta loves it here. She wishes you to stay, too.

THOMAS

Today is of the utmost importance for us.

ELLEN

But one minute more.

THOMAS kisses her. He looks at his watch. He's later than he thought!

THOMAS

I really must be off.

ELLEN gets out of bed and they both brush the cat hair off of his frock coat. He pecks Ellen again, quickly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

He leaves.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, troubled by her dream, cuddling with GRETA.

ELLEN

(whispered)

He has the position already. He'll send him away.

4 EXT. WISBURG. OLD TOWN - MORNING 4

THOMAS jogs through a muddy and cramped cobblestone street of a bustling Baltic port city. The smell of horse dung, fish, and charcoal hangs in the foggy streets. He hops over a pile of steaming horse droppings.

5 EXT. WISBURG STREET. MARKET STREET - MORNING 5

THOMAS tries to pass through a large herd of CATTLE being led to the market square.

He rushes past side street views of the busy CANALS full of boats, and lined with towering warehouses, funnelling toward the HARBOUR. Workmen holler. Steamboats whistle. Harbour bells ring.

Thomas takes a shortcut through one of the old medieval passageways.

6 EXT. PASSAGE/KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY - DAY 6

Thomas emerges from the dark passage, running now.

Before him is a crooked brick building with a stepped gable. The sign, in German, reads "Knock & Assoc. Estate Agents".

7 INT. KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY. RECEPTION - DAY 7

THOMAS stands out of breath in the old, dark, dusty agency. The shop bell is still ringing from his entrance.

TWO OLD CLERKS look up at him through their thick spectacles.

CLERK

You have kept him a quarter hour.

THOMAS removes his hat, bowing slightly to the CLERK. A strange laughter is heard from afar.

THOMAS skulks down a dark corridor of profusely piled paperwork, anxiously fixing his hair. The menacing LAUGHTER getting louder. Thomas slowly opens the door, slightly ajar...

8 INT. KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY. KNOCK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 8

KNOCK is clearly a man of great status and wealth. Yet, he seems near a mental breakdown - or has it already begun?

THOMAS

Pray, pardon me, Herr Knock, for my -

KNOCK

Your delay is providence, my boy, providence! Come in, come in. Still preparing the account.

THOMAS watches the goblin-like man scribble at his documents, letting out a freakish snicker, like a simmering tea-kettle. THOMAS tries to ignore his tick.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

You have been contracting with us for well over two years now, Herr Hutter?

THOMAS

And I thank you, sir, for considering me.

KNOCK

When tidings of your recent nuptials but reached my ears, I knew it was providence. A new husband requires new wages.

THOMAS

You are too generous, sir.

KNOCK

Do extend my tardy congratulations to your wife.

THOMAS

Thank you, sir.

KNOCK

She is truly a...

*(lost in thought)*

A nonpareil of beauty. Almost a sylph.

The comment makes THOMAS uneasy. He changes the subject.

THOMAS

Yes, thank you, sir... and I am most eager to proceed with whatever your request, that I might be fully engaged with the firm.

KNOCK

Indeed. Providence indeed.

*(laughs)*

KNOCK blows the pounce off the documents.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

I have been entertaining dealings with a foreign count. Very old line of nobility. Very old. Very... eccentric.

*(laughs)*

He, um, wishes to acquire a home in our Wisburg.

THOMAS

Oh yes?

KNOCK

To retire here. He has one foot in the grave, as they say.

*(laughs)*

THOMAS

I should be pleased to escort the gentleman, and recommend him to our properties.

KNOCK

I have already selected: Grünewald Manor.

THOMAS is taken aback.

THOMAS

Forgive me, but is it not, well, a ruin?

KNOCK

He seeks an old home and will pay generously.



THOMAS

I shall meet him tomorrow, then. Nine of the clock?

KNOCK

*(laughs)*

That is the peculiarity... you see, he is yet to arrive. You needs must journey... to him. He lives in a small country, well east of Bohemia.

KNOCK pulls out a large map. THOMAS walks warily to his desk.

THOMAS

I see.

KNOCK

Isolated within the Carpathian Alps. The land beyond the forest.

THOMAS examines the map to "TRANSILVANIA." Just then, he notices many strange documents on Knock's desk, all written in a mysterious, foreign alphabet and dripping in red wax seals. The seals have the same obscure SIGIL upon them. KNOCK notices THOMAS' wandering eye and slides the documents away under a mass of paperwork. He hands the map to THOMAS.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

It will be a great adventure for you.

THOMAS

Indeed. May not the count execute the deed here, when he arrives?

KNOCK

He insists I offer him an agent - in the flesh. And he will pay handsomely, my dear boy. Handsomely! Secure this account and you shall have your official position in our firm!

THOMAS looks at the map. Excited, and a bit concerned.

THOMAS

Thank you sir. Thank you. I shan't disappoint. And what was the count's name?

KNOCK

Orlok.

KNOCK'S laughter becomes even more unsound. RAIN begins to patter on the window.

9 EXT. WISBURG. OLD TOWN. SIDE STREET - DUSK 9

THOMAS runs through pouring RAIN, the narrow street constricted by pedestrians' umbrellas. He guards a BOUQUET OF LILACS with his top hat.

10 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOUR - NIGHT 10

ELLEN looks despondently at the LILACS. A dripping wet THOMAS is on his knee in the dim parlour light.

THOMAS

... and I shall set off tomorrow, as it is a six-week journey. Harding has generously agreed to keep you 'til my return.

ELLEN is silent, still looking at the flowers.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What?

ELLEN

--

THOMAS

I know, my love, yet I shall be home in but three fortnights. Time is swift.

ELLEN seems deeply sad.

ELLEN

Why have you killed these beautiful flowers?

THOMAS

What?

ELLEN

Nothing.

THOMAS

What are you talking about?

ELLEN

Forgive me.

THOMAS

Let us put them in water.

ELLEN

They will only die in a few days. Throw them out.

THOMAS

What?

ELLEN

Throw them out!

Her reaction is extreme.

THOMAS

What is this?

ELLEN

You cannot leave.

THOMAS

What are you -

ELLEN

I must tell you my dream.

THOMAS

Ellen, we have put all of these difficulties behind us.

ELLEN

I must!

THOMAS

Please, no more of your childhood memories ... the doctors advised -

ELLEN

No... It was our wedding....

THOMAS gives in.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Yet not in chapel walls. Above was an impenetrable thundercloud outstretched beyond the hills. The scent of the lilacs was strong in the rain... and when I reached the altar, you weren't there. Standing before me, all in black... was... Death.

THOMAS shudders, though he doesn't realise it. ELLEN continues, the dream playing vividly in her eyes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

But I was so happy, so very happy. We exchanged vows, we embraced, and when we turned round, everyone was dead. Father... and... everyone. The stench of their bodies was horrible.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

And - But I had never been so happy as that moment... as I held hands with Death.

She cries in THOMAS'S arms, both of them horrified from what she just said.

THOMAS

(kind)

Never speak these things aloud. Never. It is a trifle. A foolish dream, just as your past fancies.

THOMAS tries to soothe her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Everything is well.

ELLEN

It portends something awful for us.

THOMAS

Ellen, we are already wed! What could be amiss? Look, when I return I will finally make something of myself -- I shall buy us a fine house of our own, with a maidservant --

ELLEN

We needn't any of that!

THOMAS

I wish you to have all you deserve of --

She becomes desperate, wanting to protect her husband!

ELLEN

You mustn't leave, I love you too much!

11 INT. COACH - NIGHT

11

ELLEN and THOMAS don't look at each other. Their argument racing in their heads. Silence. Tension. ELLEN pets GRETA.

12 INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

12

FRIEDRICH HARDING (late 20s) explodes with laughter!

HARDING

Pray stop, stop! Never since our school days, Tom!

THOMAS laughs too, both near the mantel over a roaring fire. HARDING pours yet another glass of brandy as he and THOMAS smoke their cigars. The old friends lean on one another, a bit drunk and sweaty, in their evening attire. HARDING is as stalwart and confident as HUTTER is eager and anxious.

HARDING (CONT'D)

From my grandfather. The best.

THOMAS

Oh, I oughtn't -

HARDING

It's worth celebrating your adventure! I envy you.

THOMAS

I envy you. You've truly taken your father's place now... it's incredible.

HARDING

The bloody responsibility. It's crushing, Thomas, crushing. Of course, It's unseemly to complain with the earnings, but the demands of the market grow faster than the damnèd shipyard. And my two girls... two Tom... I... I love them more than the world... Yet I...

THEY look through the doorway at ANNA (20s), his lovely wife, who shares her husband's affirming resilience. Her thoughtful eyes are full of warmth and zeal. She sits on a divan talking with ELLEN who sits on the floor playing with HARDING'S two daughters CLARA (6) AND LOUISE (4), and their HEAD NURSE (40s). Their house is decorated in the latest, most expensive and luxurious decors. Two liveried SERVANTS stand by.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Speak none of this to Ellen, or my Anna, but we have another on the way...

THOMAS

Congratulations!

They drink, then foolishly pour another round.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You always were a rutting goat.

HARDING

I cannot resist her. And when will you two newlyweds - ?

THOMAS

When I am no longer a pauper. Friedrich,  
when I have, I mean to say... I shall  
finally be able to return the monies you  
loaned me -

HARDING

Not another word.

THOMAS

And Friedrich...

THOMAS grows more serious. Concerned. He watches ELLEN. She  
looks angelic playing with the children, and their paper dolls.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do take care of Ellen... She nearly  
begged me to remain here.

HARDING

And toss aside your fine opportunity?

THOMAS

I fear her past... melancholy returning.

HARDING puts his arm lustfully around THOMAS.

HARDING

Naturally! Her dashing young husband is  
leaving her bedside cold!

ANNA stands.

ANNA

My sweet ones, it's time now for bed.

CLARA

Nooo!

LOUISE

No!!

HARDING

(calling)  
Listen then to your mother.

ANNA

The time has simply come.  
Enough, now.

CLARA

We can't! There is a monster  
in the room?

LOUISE

Nooo!!

GOVERNESS

Alright, up to bed with you.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Papa! Papa! Don't let her  
feed me to the monster!! Stab  
him!

HARDING

Pardon us. I am to hunt a monster!

ANNA  
(to her husband, teasing)  
You are a perfect child yourself.

THOMAS follows HARDING into the...

13 FRONT DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

ANNA and HARDING laugh, bringing the children upstairs to bed as they scream bloody murder. HARDING carries CLARA on his back, playing. He clearly is a doting father.

THOMAS goes to ELLEN, on the floor. They are alone. He holds her close. His drinking has disarmed him.

THOMAS  
(whispered)  
Forgive me.

ELLEN  
I have put these fancies behind me. I  
have. And we have each other.

ELLEN looks at him with a hungry love. Her breast looks beautiful. THOMAS kisses it. They embrace. They kiss passionately. ELLEN begins to crawl on top of him. She digs her hands into his hair, her nails into his scalp.

THOMAS  
(whispered, gently)  
You're hurting me.

"Shhh" she says softly, lulling him in.

CLARA (O.S.)  
NOOO!! The monster, he'll kill us!

THOMAS & ELLEN continue their deep kiss on the floor. CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE SWIRLING BUN OF ELLEN'S BLACK HAIR. CLARA & LOUISE cry horribly, louder and louder.

14 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

14

ELLEN sits at the dressing table. THOMAS is sleeping behind her in his clothes.

Ellen holds a SILVER, HEART-SHAPED LOCKET, and opens it. She snips a small LOCK OF HER BLACK HAIR and puts it in the locket. She looks in the mirror, forlorn. It is eerie.

Hold. Dissonant music builds...

15 INT. DARK ROOM (KNOCK'S OFFICE) - THAT SAME MOMENT 15

A NAKED OLD MAN is on his haunches within the centre of a HEPTAGRAM painted on crooked floorboards. It is adorned with "mysterious symbols" (like the ones on Knock's documents). Incense and tall black candles burn.

The old man is HERR KNOCK. He digs a sharp quill into a vein in his arm, extracting BLOOD, as ink. He is sexually aroused by the pain. On an altar before him is a wax tablet. Engraved on it is the same SIGIL from the seals. KNOCK applies his blood within the grooves of the sigil. He falls into a trance, incanting in an ancient language. His eyes roll.

KNOCK continues his incanting, the smoke from the incense grows more dense... jolts, he has made contact with something ... KNOCK speaks with great reverence:

KNOCK

Your lordship. It is entirely as you have demanded of me. He shall presently be in thy rule, and I shall attend thee here, near the object of thy contract!

SUDDENLY a terrible burst of wind gusts, exploding into the room!

16 EXT. HARDING HOUSE - DAWN 16

The dawn is a somber copper. THOMAS is a little hung over and anxious. He stands by his HORSE. ELLEN goes to him. She holds GRETA, the cat, who plays with THE LOCKET.

ELLEN

I am proud of you. I...  
*(she thinks of her  
 premonition)*  
 Please keep safe.

THOMAS

*(teasing, not defensive)*  
 Have you so little faith in me?

ELLEN kisses THE LOCKET and attaches it to his watch-chain.

ELLEN

I will send you my utmost faith and you will write to me every day.

THOMAS

I shall.

ELLEN looks at him with intensity.



THOMAS (CONT'D)

I promise.

He looks over at HARDING and ANNA in the open doorway. HARDING gives THOMAS a knowing, affirming nod. They both wave, "Safe journey!"

THOMAS and ELLEN embrace. She doesn't want to let go.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Remember, it's all for us. I love you.

A small kiss. It's not enough for ELLEN.

THOMAS mounts his HORSE and rides off into the misty dawn, the capulets on his long coat flapping in the wind.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, her premonition grows.

17 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF WISBURG - MORNING 17

THOMAS rides through the last remaining semblance of Wisburg, out into the vast countryside. The sails of all the old WINDMILLS turn in unison, glowing from the eastern horizon - where Thomas is heading.

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - DUSK - 2 WEEKS LATER 20

Light snow falls. The season has changed. A very weary THOMAS has come to a mountain crest. In the valley below him is a small thatched VILLAGE with a wooden church. He can smell the comforting aroma of the smoke from the burning hearths. Sheep wander around him. THE SUN SETS behind the endless mountains. THOMAS rides into the valley. The sheep follow. Manic Balkan music echoes in the hills.

21 EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN INN - DUSK 21

THOMAS dismounts and walks toward an INN with a bizarrely tall pitched roof.

A lively ROMA CAMP with tents and wagons is in the yard. Music. Dancing. ("Gypsies" as Thomas would designate them in his period.)

As THOMAS approaches, he is swarmed by ROMA CHILDREN and OLD WOMEN, all tugging on his clothes and talking non-stop in Romany. A rough STABLE-GROOM takes his HORSE. As THOMAS tips him, the children go wild! In a panic, he drops a few coins from his purse.

As the mayhem increases, THOMAS sees a tall, HANDSOME ROMA MAN (45) STARING AT HIM. He smokes his pipe in the shadows of the porch of the inn, wearing a rakish hat and a dense black beard. His eyes seem to look into Thomas' soul.

HOLD ON: THE HANDSOME ROMA MAN SMILING.

THOMAS looks away, embarrassed, awkward. Just as he does, THE HANDSOME ROMA MAN begins to laugh at him. He laughs and laughs showing his beautiful gold teeth. Thomas doesn't know what to do, or why he caused this. All the Roma, young and old, begin laughing at him.

Just then, THE INNKEEPER comes to Thomas' rescue and shoos the Roma away, shouting under his gigantic white moustache. The mocking laughter continues.

INNKEEPER

(Romanian, subtitled)

You bring trouble with you.

THOMAS

Forgive me, I ... I only wish to stay one night. I have an audience at the castle. Castle Orlok, beyond the Árnýék Pass. I wish to hire a coach, or yet a guide to-

THE INNKEEPER grows more stern. Is he afraid?

INNKEEPER

Go.

HANDSOME ROMA MAN

(Romany, subtitled)

Return to your country, Gadjo!

All the Roma shout and laugh. THE INNKEEPER shouts "Quiet" and curses them in Romanian.

THOMAS

I am weary, I pray you.

INNKEEPER  
(Romanian, subtitled)  
Leave here.

Thomas holds up his purse.

THOMAS

I will pay double the board!

22 INT. TRANSYLVANIAN INN - NIGHT

22

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE, a tiny woman with a witch-like face, leads THOMAS through a dark tavern, thick with pipe smoke. Chickens mill about.

She leads him past the few patrons in their exotic garb of sheepskins, embroidery, and coin jewellery.

They eye Thomas, suspiciously.

She leads him past old women anointing the windows with garlic, praying...

She leads him further into a dark corridor...

Further into darkness... Her candlestick flickering as she mutters fearfully in Romanian...

Thomas grows uneasy...

23 INT. INN. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE has led THOMAS into a primitive, cramped room with an unusually tall bed.

Speaking Romanian, she implores THOMAS not to go to Orlok's castle, so it seems.

She places a humble wooden CROSS pendant in his hand.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE

(Romanian, subtitled)

Beware his shadow.

She passes her hand over his eyes. Slowly.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE (CONT'D)

(Romanian, subtitled)

The shadow covers you in nightmare.  
Awake, but a dream. There is no escape.  
Pray. Pray.

As she leaves, she crosses herself, and spits on the floor.

She continues praying and mumbling, almost crying in her concern.

She's made an impression. THOMAS grasps THE CROSS tightly ...

No, it's superstitious nonsense. He puts it on the candle stand.

24 INT. INN. ROOM - NIGHT 24

THOMAS is awakened by a loud noise. Animals. Singing.  
He looks out the window: a procession of FLAMING TORCHES.

25 EXT. OUTSIDE THE INN - NIGHT 25

THOMAS watches as a group of ROMA with torches walk into a grove of birch trees...

He follows, staying in the shadows.

26 EXT. BIRCH GROVE - NIGHT 26

THOMAS watches as THE ROMA follow a NUDE TEENAGE GIRL RIDING ON A WHITE HORSE.

THOMAS breathes heavily at the sight of her smooth, dark flesh, bouncing on horseback. He averts his eyes, embarrassed.

OLD ROMA WOMAN  
(Romany, subtitled)  
Bless this virgin child. Bless her. Guide  
our stallion to the unclean spirit.

THE HANDSOME ROMA MAN has a BLACK DOG on a leash. THE DOG has a SECOND SET OF EYES painted on its head in white. It barks ferociously, foaming at the mouth.

THE NUDE GIRL has led them to a GRAVE in the middle of the grove.

27 EXT. BIRCH GROVE - LATER 27

THOMAS crouches behind a tree, watching the Roma EXHUME A BLOATED ROTTING RED-FACED CORPSE! The women chanting, praying, crying.

OLD ROMA WOMAN  
(Romany, subtitled)  
Find his tail! His cloven hooves!

THOMAS breathes heavily in fear and disbelief.

28 EXT. BIRCH GROVE - CONTINUOUS 28

THE HANDSOME ROMA MAN POUNDS AN IRON STAKE INTO THE CORPSE'S NAVEL! THE CORPSE SCREAMS IN PAIN!(Is it alive?)

THOMAS SHOUTS WITH FORCE:

THOMAS

No, by the grace of God!

THE ROMA MAN turns... He locks eyes with THOMAS...  
Suddenly...

29 INT. INN. ROOM - MORNING 29

THOMAS wakes in a sweat. A rooster crows.

THE CROSS from Innkeeper's wife is around his neck. He takes it off and throws it to the floor, in terror - he didn't put it on.

Then he sees... he is wearing his boots, CAKED IN FRESH MUD.

30 EXT. INN - MORNING 30

THOMAS walks outside. No one is there. Straw mattresses air out on the porch rail. The gypsy camp has gone. Extinguished fires smoulder. His horse is gone too.

THOMAS

Hello?

Pause. Nothing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

My horse!?

His voice echoes.

31 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY 31

A brooding Carpathian landscape of oppressive gloom.

THOMAS hikes with a stick up a steep, misty mountain side. His saddle bag is slung over his shoulder. The dark and heavy atmosphere seems to drag THOMAS' limbs down.

32 OMITTED 32

33 EXT. ÁRNYÉK/UMBRA PASS - DUSK 33

THE SUN sets as THOMAS stumbles up a rugged peak. In front of him are the remains of a WOODEN SHRINE at the edge of a bridge that crosses a perilous ravine. There is a freakish mess of weathered crosses, icons, garlic flowers, and thorned wreaths nailed all over THE SHRINE.

THOMAS is afraid to pass. But it calls to him. The wind howls. He closes his eyes and steps forward. His heart pounds. He crosses the bridge.



34 EXT. FOREST CROSSROADS - NIGHT 34

THOMAS comes to a crossroads within a primeval forest. Snow is falling. Wolves howl in the distance.

Then, he hears something more grave. A horrible pounding of hellish hooves. An ethereal jingling. Through the tall pines, he sees something black, silhouetted by the moon. It is a CARRIAGE drawn by four black horses. Their long manes, plumes, bells and tassels float in the air weightlessly.

THOMAS recoils in terror as the ghostly CARRIAGE heads straight toward him. Closer... closer... it will trample him to death... He holds up his arms to guard himself from the imminent collision... the horses scream...

SUDDENLY: THE CARRIAGE has halted before him. Utterly still.

THOMAS looks on in wonder. He can't see a driver. If there is one, he is still and silent as the ferryman of the river Styx. JUST THEN, THE ORNATE CARRIAGE DOORS OPEN, beckoning him. THOMAS enters as if lifted into it by an unseen force.

35 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT 35

The crack of a whip! THE CARRIAGE moves like a banshee through the falling snow.

Huge, muscular BLACK WOLVES chase the carriage, growling and howling in excitement.

THE CASTLE stands on the crest of a jagged mountain.

36 EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. BRIDGE - NIGHT 36

THE CARRIAGE rumbles across the crumbling drawbridge.

37 INT/EXT. GHOST CARRIAGE - NIGHT 37

THOMAS suffocates inside the coach, as if it were a mouldering coffin. He closes his eyes in delirium.

38 EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. BARBICAN GATE - NIGHT 38

THOMAS opens his eyes: He has exited THE CARRIAGE. How? He cannot remember. It has vanished into the night with the wolves. He stands before two great wooden DOORS covered in grotesque ironwork.

Before THOMAS can knock, THE DOORS open, creaking and moaning. He walks into the dark ruins.

39 EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 39

THOMAS looks ahead... in the distance, within the dense fog, is A MAN standing in the moonlight. He is too far away for THOMAS to make him out, but his presence is magnetic. He is deathly pale. His fierce eyes pierce through the darkness.

The figure walks slowly, as if hindered by rigour mortis. He is too tall, supernaturally thin, and dressed entirely in black. His clothing is rich, elegant, Eastern - the finery of a Hungarian nobleman. It is COUNT ORLOK. He stands many paces away from THOMAS - utterly still, like a statue.

THOMAS bows. ORLOK looks at him. His eyes tear into THOMAS.

Pause.

ORLOK turns away slowly. He walks back into an abyss of darkness... into the castle. THOMAS, stunned, exhausted, follows...

40 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. STAIRCASE - NIGHT 40

THOMAS treads well behind ORLOK, up the steep winding stairs.

ORLOK speaks with an impossibly deep sepulchral voice, shrouded in the exotic accent of his mother tongue. In spite of its power, it seems every word he utters causes him great pain and effort to expel.

ORLOK

You are late. The midnight hour is passed  
and my attendants have all retired.

THOMAS

Forgive me, Count.

THE COUNT disappears. THOMAS is startled, where did he go? He keeps walking... past a stone column he finds an open door...

41 INT. GREAT HALL. CASTLE ORLOK - CONTINUOUS 41

A few candles flicker in the vast Gothic hall. Wind screeches through the cracked lead glass windows. It is frigid, mildewed, and bleak. A nightmare castle.

THOMAS sees ORLOK standing some distance away, motionless, almost entirely hidden in shadow. THOMAS can only hear his breath. It is loud and asthmatic - pained, like his speech.

In between them is a huge medieval TABLE, decked with a feast. For Thomas alone.

ORLOK

Leave there your conveniences. Set out  
the deed. And sit.

THOMAS

Would you not wish to wait 'til morning?

ORLOK

(overlapping, harsh)  
I wish you to do as I request.

THOMAS

Yes, of course, sir.

THOMAS goes to put his satchel down on the table.

ORLOK

Lord.

THOMAS

Pardon me, sir?

ORLOK

Your Lord. I will be addressed as the  
honour of my blood demands it.

THOMAS

Yes, my lord. Forgive me, my lord.

THOMAS is very embarrassed, he's fouling up already, he's so  
tired, disoriented. He puts his things down fearfully.

ORLOK

Pray, sit.

THOMAS sits. He feels as if he is being studied by ORLOK.

THOMAS

Thank you, my lord.

With THOMAS very far from him, ORLOK takes the papers. THOMAS  
watches THE COUNT move in a strange and animal-like manner.  
His back is hunched, but in spite of his extremely lean  
profile, his chest is strong, masculine, even bull-like. His  
rich clothing is worm-eaten and filthy. ORLOK continues to  
keep his face hidden from THOMAS.

ORLOK

I am most impatient to bring my eyes to  
your covenant papers and my  
correspondence with your proprietor, Herr  
Knock. I have long awaited them, and I  
hold matters I must attend to upon the  
morrow.

THOMAS

Yes, of course, my lord.

As THOMAS reaches for some food, he realises THE COUNT is right behind him! How did he get there?

THE COUNT'S breath is fetid. THOMAS recoils. He doesn't see ORLOK'S arthritic, mummy-like hand reaching for an ancient decanter. ORLOK'S long fingernails crawl up the handle like a spider. He pours the wine into THOMAS' chalice.

ORLOK

Drink.

By the time THOMAS has turned to his cup, ORLOK has disappeared again into the dark. THOMAS hears him walking to the other side of the table, he can't see him. Suddenly... ORLOK is seated in an intimidating, throne of a chair.

As ORLOK pores over the documents, THOMAS tries to make out his face in the dim light. His features are anorexic, severe, and bestial, and he wears the traditional moustache of the region. Yet, however cadaverous and feral - he is somehow quite handsome. Anything more than that, THOMAS cannot see. THOMAS tries to think of something to talk about. His host is most unsettling in his silence.

THOMAS

I have... my lord, I have questions about the, um, unfamiliar customs of the peasantry and, um, errant wanderers...

ORLOK reads on, without a sound.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Last night, I saw, or rather I believe I saw a band of gypsies... they ventured to a small birch grove, and -

ORLOK

Yesternight was but the eve of their Szent András. Our common people say it is the darkest witching night when Devil's magic bids the wolf to speak with tongues of men, and every nightmare freely treads upon this earth, ascendent from the torturous grave.

This does not comfort THOMAS. ORLOK lets out a Mephistophelian laugh.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

I fear we yet keep close many  
superstitions here that may seem backward  
to a young man of your high learning.

THOMAS

These gypsies, they exhumed a corpse.

ORLOK

It is their filthy ritual.

THOMAS

What manner of ritual -

ORLOK erupts with unexpected anger:

ORLOK

Speak not of it again!

His voice echoes through the high vaulted ceiling. Birds (or  
are they bats?) flutter in the silence. ORLOK calms, he  
continues.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

How I look forward to retiring to your  
city of a modern mind, who knows nothing  
of... nor believes any such morbid...  
fairy tales.

THE COUNT sits still in his chair, his eyes locked on THOMAS.  
Hungry. THOMAS sits still as well. Petrified.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Eat.

Doing as he is told, he awkwardly begins to slice some bread.  
When can he leave the table and sleep!? ORLOK keeps staring,  
still as death.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

You are married, Herr Hutter - ?

Just as Thomas feels a chill from that question - the loud  
chime of a clock strikes "four" - he flinches from the sound!  
HE CUTS HIMSELF! ORLOK'S eyes shift to THOMAS' hand: BLOOD!

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Take heed what you do.

THOMAS

It's nothing.

ORLOK'S breathing grows louder... Louder...

ORLOK

I might ease your wound.

THOMAS senses ORLOK'S animal instinct and guards his thumb - a reflex. He is immediately embarrassed by it, and lets go...

ORLOK stands slowly. His savage breathing growing... He walks toward THOMAS with dread intent... THOMAS is motionless, shaking with fear... what is happening?

BLOOD drips from his finger... ORLOK'S eyes sear into THOMAS... THOMAS breathes... ORLOK stops about six feet away, still obscured in darkness. He is consumed with bloodlust... But he must remain in control.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Come by the fire. Your face shows you unwell.

ORLOK leads THOMAS to two armchairs by an enormous fireplace that somehow casts little light.

THOMAS is sweaty, losing his grip on reality... He falls into the chair... THE COUNT stares at him hypnotically...

THOMAS is moving in and out of consciousness... THE TWO GARGOYLES SUPPORTING THE STONE MANTEL START TO MOVE... THEY LOOK AT THOMAS... THOMAS gasps...

IN DARKNESS, ORLOK APPROACHES HIM... HE BRINGS UP HIS ARMS... THOMAS lets out a silent scream... ORLOK LUNGES AT HIM, ENVELOPING HIM IN DARKNESS!

42 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

42

ELLEN takes her WEDDING DRESS out of a trunk. She holds it up with intense love and melancholy. She buries her face in it.

She smells it, deeply. Hold.

She smells it again.

ANNA (O.S.)

Why ever did you bring that here?

ANNA has been standing in the doorway. She looks concerned.

ELLEN is embarrassed. She fumbles with the dress.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Forgive me, I know you miss him. But, I daresay, you must put that away. Really, Leni.

ELLEN moves from embarrassment to shame. ANNA feels guilty.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Leni, what might we do for you?

ELLEN

Tell me a letter from Thomas has arrived.

ANNA

You received one within a fortnight.

ELLEN

That was yesterday.

ANNA

He doubtless just arrived himself.

ELLEN

(overlapping)

He said he'd write to me everyday.

ANNA

The post would most surely be delayed from that strange part of the world.

Pause.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What can cheer this poor humour, my love?

ELLEN

I should wish to go to the shore.

This request strikes ANNA as strange.

ANNA

Leni, it is now December.

ELLEN grows in excitement.

ELLEN

It calms me to see the ships sail into port. Please? We must bring the children along! Please, my pet, it will be delicious fun!

ELLEN is beaming. Her excitement is almost discomfoting.

43

INT. CASTLE ORLOK. GREAT HALL - MORNING

43

THOMAS opens his eyes. He lies on his stomach, twisted up on the cold stone floor. He groans. As he gets up, he realizes his tie is undone.

His collar flaps down to the side, his shirt is somewhat open. Flecks of blood on his linen tie... What the devil? He moves... He has a pain in his chest.

He walks through the hall. It's quite dark, even in daylight.

THOMAS

Hello?

The castle is in ruins. Covered in debris and rubble, as if no one had lived there in a hundred years.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Count?!

His voice echoes. Where are the servants? Where is everyone?

44 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - DAY 44

THOMAS wanders the castle trying to find someone, anyone. He fills with dread as he turns every deserted corner. The anxious atmosphere is dream-like.

He continues through corridors of stone. Every door is LOCKED shut. The atmosphere becomes even more oppressive.

At last: a room with a door ajar. Fearfully, he enters...

45 OMITTED 45

46 OMITTED 46

47 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 47

It is a bedchamber. Gothic. Filthy. His overcoat and other belongings are all there. But he doesn't see them.

He walks in, opening up his shirt... headed to a tenebrous MIRROR on the wall... Impelled toward it... He hears the sound of one or two scuttling, screeching RATS.

He looks at his murky reflection: There is a triangular BITE MARK ON HIS CHEST, OVER HIS HEART. Like a rat bite, only larger.

A RAT runs past THOMAS' feet. And another. He feels violated - horrified. Another RAT runs by... THOMAS drops the mirror! SUDDENLY...

48 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER. BED - NIGHT/SCRIPT DAY 7 48

THOMAS wakes in a cold sweat! He is lying in the dusty canopy bed. Was it a dream? How did he get here? He looks down: THE BITE MARK IS STILL THERE.



49

EXT. ESTUARY - DAY

49

ANNA and ELLEN walk arm in arm, among IRON GRAVE MARKERS near the shore of the muddy bay. They are in their warm shawls, bonnets, and parasols. A vast SUNSET behind them. THE CHILDREN play with their HEAD NURSE attending nearby.

ANNA

(calling out)

Be careful now, children, keep from that filth!

ELLEN is lost in thought watching the distant ships.

ELLEN

Do you ever feel, at times, as if you were not - as if you were not a person?

ANNA

Well... I...

ELLEN

What I wish to say is that you are not truly present nor alive, as if you were at the whim of another... like a doll, and someone or some thing had the power to breathe life into you, to move you?

ANNA doesn't understand. In fact, Ellen's words frighten her a bit, but she wants to be supportive.

ANNA

Well, of course I - we all feel out of sorts, set apart, at times. Small or... alone.

ELLEN

It's not out of sorts.

ANNA

Well, yes I -

ELLEN (CONT'D)

It's as if there is something at play that is too awe-full or grave to explain.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(on her heels)

God.

ANNA looks at her intently. ELLEN smiles.

ELLEN

No, my lovely Anna - I... Look at the sky!

She fills with passion.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Look at the sea! Does it never call to you? Urge you? Something is close at hand-

ANNA

That is his power. A gentle breeze from Heaven-

ELLEN

(overlapping)  
Destiny!

She stares off into the horizon, the light igniting her eyes.

ANNA

My sweet romantic.

All of a sudden, ELLEN'S eyes fill with fear. Tears well up.

ELLEN

I am not mad, Anna.

ANNA

Leni!

ELLEN

Forgive me. Everything I say sounds so childish.

ANNA

Leni, your words spring from your honest heart.

ELLEN

My heart is lost without my Thomas.

HOLD ON: ELLEN pining... but not for God.

50

INT. LIBRARY. CASTLE ORLOK - NIGHT

50

ORLOK signs a document written in "the mysterious symbols." And another in German. A lithograph of Grünewald Manor, is also on the table. Even as an illustration it's a looming vulture of a building.

THOMAS has become pale, sickly. He looks almost like a child standing awkwardly in the cavernous library. He coughs.

ORLOK, again, has his face hidden in shadow.

ORLOK

And your signature, as solicitor.

THOMAS

How careless of me, my Lord.

THOMAS looks at the strange alphabet. He hesitates...

ORLOK

The language of my forefathers.

THOMAS coughs.

THOMAS

Of course.

As he leans in to sign, his SILVER HEART-SHAPED LOCKET dangles from his watch-chain. It catches the light. Like a predatory bird, ORLOK sees it immediately.

ORLOK

A maiden's token, I see. Your bride?

THOMAS looks up and begins to tuck THE LOCKET away back into his waistcoat.

THOMAS

Oh, just so. It... yes.

ORLOK extends his hand for THE LOCKET.

ORLOK

May I?

Pause. THOMAS feels this to be odd. Very odd. But Orlok keeps his hand extended.

THOMAS

Of course.

Anxiously, THOMAS unclips it, and hands it to ORLOK.

ORLOK breathes heavily, walking away from THOMAS. He follows, afraid to get too close to THE COUNT. He sees ORLOK hold the open LOCKET in his withered palm... THE LOCK OF ELLEN'S HAIR WITHIN. ORLOK is transfixed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

We are newly married, of late.  
Incidentally, I have letters to her I  
would post - If I may?

ORLOK smells THE LOCKET, remembering...

ORLOK

(to himself)

*Liliac.*

THOMAS

What was that, my lord?

ORLOK'S breathing is carnal. Beat. He controls his emotions.

ORLOK

You are fortunate in your love.

THOMAS is more uncomfortable.

THOMAS

Providence, as Herr Knock would say.

ORLOK

Your signature....

THOMAS is motionless, for there was an unmistakable threat to Orlok's cadence. ORLOK senses Thomas' hesitation.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

I pray you will indulge my pardon.

ORLOK takes out a bejewelled CHEST from the darkness. He opens it with a skeleton key, and withdraws something. He tosses a heavy velvet purse on his table, overfull with solid gold coins from antiquity. A few spill out, glittering.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

I durst not neglect your commission, Herr Hutter.

THOMAS marvels at the gold. Something inside him screams to him not to sign...

BUT HE SIGNS ALL THE SAME. He steps away.

ORLOK folds the papers and seals them with a series of medieval formalities in BLOOD RED WAX. The ORLOK SIGIL glistens in the candlelight. THOMAS feels his fate is somehow sealed within that sigil. He feels dirty. Guilty.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Now are we neighbours.

THOMAS

It is my good fortune, my lord. Forgive my asking, my lord, but why such an... antique residence as Grünewald Manor?

ORLOK breathes in the darkness.

ORLOK

The covenant is signed.

THOMAS

Of course...

THOMAS coughs again. He puts the papers into his satchel.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Well, I thank you and congratulate you on your new home.

ORLOK

It is late. You must wish to retire?

THOMAS

If I may, my lord, if I may be slightly unsubtle in my approach... I wish to depart as soon as, well, as soon as agreeable, my services rendered. I am much... I have been enduring the most irregular dreams. I fear I am taken ill.

ORLOK has disappeared into darkness.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

My lord? Count?

ORLOK'S voice is somehow louder and more overwhelming, even as he himself is unseen:

ORLOK (O.S.)

It is a black omen to journey in poor health. You will remain and well rest yourself, that your strength may soon return to you. Leave here your letters.

THOMAS

I must object, my lord.

ORLOK

You will obey this my council.

THOMAS

But my lord...

Silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Count?

THOMAS takes a step further... He runs into the darkness... ORLOK is nowhere to be found... THOMAS stops:

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You have my locket...

He has never felt so vulnerable.

51 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 51

ELLEN stands by the window. She watches the ships pass in the harbour. Her white skin is even whiter in the moonlight.

Slowly, a SHADOW drifts toward her, reaching... IT IS THE SHADOW OF ORLOK'S HAND... SHE HEARS THE FAMILIAR WHISPER OF HIS LANGUAGE... THE CLAW GRASPS HER TIGHT... ELLEN feels the shadow overwhelm her.

She is seized with terror. Her breath quickens... she is under his spell...

52 INT. CASTLE ORLOK - AFTERNOON 52

THOMAS tears through the castle.

Every door is locked. He has grown more pale... weak. Panic sets in.

53 EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. COURTYARD - LATE AFTERNOON 53

THOMAS runs to the main gate. It is locked too. He pulls, he bangs. It is no use. He knows for certain that he is a prisoner.

THOMAS scours the courtyard for a way out.

He finds another door. It is locked too, but very weather-beaten. He can break in! THOMAS picks up a stone... HE smashes the door...

54 OMITTED 54

55 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CRYPT - CONTINUOUS 55

THOMAS walks slowly... his eyes adjusting to the darkness...

He breathes heavily as he walks down a long, dank, dripping corridor.

In front of him is a steep stairwell... He descends... His heart racing... Breathing...

As he reaches the bottom of the staircase, he fumbles, not seeing the last step...

THOMAS looks: the castle catacombs. The rank smell of death is thick in the musty air. It stings his eyes.

He walks past coffins, skeletons in recessed tombs. At the far end of the vault is a large ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS. He is drawn to it.

He passes a few dim beams of SUNLIGHT. Near the coffin, a pit has been dug in the dirt floor - soil removed - a shovel stuck in the ground.

As he nears THE SARCOPHAGUS he sees it is adorned with a MAGICAL HEPTAGRAM. In the centre is Orlok's SIGIL.

It compels him onward... Closer... closer...

He holds his breath... he pushes the lid open... it lands with a dusty thud.

WITHIN IS THE DEAD BODY OF ORLOK! In an instant Thomas sees: a horrible mangled creature, naked and half-buried in the rat-infested earth. His jaundiced, leathery flesh is bloated and bruised in the glands and stomach. Blood leaks from all of his orifices, especially his slightly open mouth, revealing sharp carnivorous teeth. His eyes wide open: dead, murky and colourless. He is a VAMPIRE.

THOMAS trembles, nearly falling backward. He picks up the nearby SHOVEL to strike him.

He bravely lifts it high... he thrusts it into the coffin... (Behind him the dim beams of SUNLIGHT fade into darkness... )

ORLOK'S eyes grow conscious... Just then, ORLOK grabs the shovel... with incredible strength, he jerks it away from THOMAS... ORLOK rises from his coffin, the soil falling from his naked, emaciated body ... THOMAS runs!

56 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 56

THOMAS is in a trance, running, heavy breathing, the castle walls caving in on him. His heartbeat pounding his brains to bits.

BLACK WOLVES chase him like phantoms, growling and barking.

57 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER 57

THOMAS slams the door and locks it's massive bolt. WOLVES jumping against the door! Their ferocity is relentless.

He cries and laughs in confusion, sinking to the floor.

58 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. DARKNESS - MOMENTS LATER 58

ORLOK is still. He holds the LOCKET. He buries his face within his hands. He smells her HAIR. Deeply. His eyes fill with desire, rolling back in his head, becoming WHITE.

Slowly, he raises his hand as a great magician... his claw is tense with unimaginable power... he whispers a dark incantation to ELLEN.

59 INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME 59

ELLEN sleepwalks, hypnotized - her eyes wide.

She moves calmly and sylph-like, through the cold house wearing nothing but a thin nightgown. She is perspiring heavily. Her chest heaves.

Her mouth opens. She breathes sensually. Louder... Louder... She nears the stairs.

60 INT. HARDING HOUSE. BED CHAMBER - THE NEXT MOMENT 60

HARDING and ANNA are making love in bed. They kiss sweetly, lovingly. Quietly.

Suddenly... they hear FOOTSTEPS. Creaking floorboards.

ANNA  
(whispered)  
Stop.

HARDING doesn't want to. He doesn't.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
Stop my love. Do you hear that?

He stops. THE FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER. ANNA calls out:

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Clara? Is that you?

61 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. CORRIDOR - THE SAME MOMENT 61

ORLOK walks slowly, steadily, in darkness. Each un-dead step echoing through the castle...

Closer and closer to THOMAS...

62 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - THE NEXT MOMENT 62

THOMAS' emotions fade. He is in a trance, eyes wide open like Ellen's. He hears Orlok's footsteps approaching...

THE SHADOW OF ORLOK looms over THOMAS trembling - but ORLOK is not in the room!

THOMAS steps away from the door... He stands back... The chamber door unlocks and slowly opens...



ORLOK stands in the distance surrounded by the WOLVES sitting tame at his feet. His eyes smoulder with bloodlust.

63 EXT. HARDING HOUSE - THE SAME TIME 63

ELLEN walks barefoot into the street... Her erotic breathing growing...

She nears the edge of the quay, dangerously close to a canal...

HARDING, ANNA and a SERVANT rush out after her!

HARDING & ANNA  
Ellen! Ellen!

64 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - THE NEXT MOMENT 64

ORLOK gets closer to THOMAS... Closer... THOMAS' breath grows louder... louder... ORLOK RAISES HIS TALONS...

65 EXT. HARDING HOUSE - THE SAME TIME 65

ELLEN'S eyes grow even more huge - she is orgasmic!

66 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - THE NEXT MOMENT 66

ORLOK TOWERS ABOVE THOMAS, SLOWLY BRINGS UP HIS CLAWS... HE BARES HIS TEETH! THOMAS SHUDDERS.

IMAGE: THOMAS POV: ELLEN STANDS ENTIRELY NAKED ABOVE THOMAS (in the same position that Orlok is in).

ORLOK ATTACKS THOMAS!

IMAGE: ORLOK LIFTS UP THOMAS IN A SWIRL OF DARKNESS - THOMAS GIVES IN TO HIS POWER (does he like it?) - SUFFOCATING - HE CAN'T BREATHE. THEY SEEM TO LEVITATE IN ECSTASY.

IMAGE: CU: ELLEN'S WHITE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT, HER MOUTH DRIPPING RED BLOOD - HER EYES INSANE!

67 EXT. HARDING HOUSE - THE SAME TIME 67

ELLEN  
THOMAS!

ELLEN FAINTS, COLLAPSING TO THE COBBLESTONES!

68 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER 68

WIDE: ORLOK'S NAKED BODY LIES ON TOP OF THOMAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE - A SUPERNATURAL LEECH.

HIS UNCANNY STRENGTH DOMINATES THOMAS COMPLETELY, HIS HEAD AND HUNCHED BACK PULSING... DRINKING THOMAS' BLOOD FROM HIS BREAST!

BLACK.

69

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

69

Several flickering lamps illuminate ELLEN'S room. A little porcelain-faced clock ticks balefully in the late hours of the night. A tall, kind-eyed gentleman, DOCTOR SIEVERS (40s/50s), is by ELLEN'S side packing up his bag. She moans a bit, asleep.

SIEVERS

In mild cases of somnambulism - sleepwalking - it is brought on by a congestion of the blood. Too much blood. Perhaps she was oppressed in a somewhat odd position beforehand.

HARDING

Yet she has had these fits in the past. Troubled nerves and so on.

SIEVERS

I see. If it continues, let me know of it, but for now, keep it from your worries, my dear fellow.

HARDING

Yes. Of course.

SIEVERS

I am disposed to recommend that she sleep in her corset. It encourages the correct posture, calms the womb, and revives circulation.

HARDING

Yes, very well.

SIEVERS

And if her stirring escalates, you can always tie her to the bed.

SIEVERS tries to be humorous. HARDING laughs a little to be polite, though he finds the joke distasteful.

ELLEN starts to mumble. Yearning.

ELLEN

(whispered)

He is coming to me. He is coming.

HARDING looks concerned, uncomfortable, and somehow vulnerable from her overtly sexual tone. SIEVERS feels the same.

SIEVERS

I'll increase the ether.

He douses a handkerchief in the sedative and covers her mouth and nose.

70 INT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER CHAMBER - DAWN 70

THOMAS awakes in pain. Very little blood left in his body - half dead.

He looks around. His shirt and waistcoat are bloody and have been torn open... He must escape!

Just then, he hears a terrible growling! He turns around... His door is open and THE WOLVES standing there - stalking him!

They dart into the chamber... THOMAS climbs on the window ledge... WOLVES jump at him... He flees out the window just in time!

71 EXT. CASTLE ORLOK. TOWER - MOMENTS LATER 71

THOMAS teeters outside the window. THE WOLVES bark, growl and snarl into the morning air.

HE LOOKS DOWN: Through the mist, ICY WATER rushes through the remains of a moat out to a river. The mountain wind blows relentlessly... He can barely keep his balance on the ledge...

He has no choice... He closes his eyes... He leaps, disappearing into the mist... The water swallows him.

72 EXT. ESTUARY - SUNSET 72

ELLEN sits like a ghost wrapped in blankets in her wicker convalescent chair. She stares out at the sailing ships.

ELLEN

Nothing of Thomas - nothing?

HARDING AND ANNA, in furs, are by her. The children are not with them. Sea birds screech (O.S.).

HARDING

(overlapping)

No. I mean, yes. I have received nothing of any kind.

ELLEN

Not even to your... at the shipyard? And Herr Knock?

Ellen looks yearningly at Harding and grasps his hand. He pulls away reflexively, and averts his eyes from her gaze.

HARDING

Still no trace of him. The firm is in daily chaos.

ELLEN

I never liked that man. Never. I shall call upon his office myself, directly. I must discover something -

HARDING (CONT'D)

Please, Frau Hutter, no.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

But Thomas -

HARDING (CONT'D)

For heaven's sake, you cannot leave unaccompanied.

HARDING looks at her now:

HARDING (CONT'D)

I am most sensitive to your ardent nature, and shan't reprove you further in this error of judgement. I will send someone daily until Herr Knock is found.

ELLEN looks out to the sea. HARDING feels a bit guilty.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Thomas is well. I am certain of it.

ANNA

Leni, it is near sundown, we really ought to be leaving.

ELLEN keeps staring out. Lost. Her eyes fill with tears.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Leni?

ELLEN

A moment longer... please.

73

EXT. ESTUARY - LATER

73

HARDING AND ANNA walk away from ELLEN. THE SUN quickly disappears behind them. NIGHT approaches...

ANNA

Clara asked me today if Aunty Ellen has become a ghost.

HARDING

I thought it was agreed you were to keep the girls from her.

ANNA

Friedrich, be not a churl, please -

HARDING

You mustn't be swept up in her fairy ways. The entirety of the household centres upon her whims. I tire of discussing her.

ANNA

Think you there is no burden upon myself? I love her. She is blameless of her malady.

HARDING

Forgive me, my love. Dr. Sievers will pay another visit. Let us only please talk of something else. How is our little Friedrich?

He touches her belly. She smiles a bit.

ANNA

Well. Hungry as always ...  
(she smiles)  
Like his father.

HARDING leans in and kisses her. ANNA blushes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Really, Friedrich, in public.

HARDING

I cannot resist you, my love.

ANNA smiles, and then looks over her shoulder... She screams:

ANNA

Ellen! Leni!!

The SUN has set. The tide has risen. ELLEN has fallen, covered in slime and muck. Her skirts are up around her waist. One legs is bare, the other in just a stocking... her thighs exposed... her satin shoes lost in the bay. Her body convulsing erotically...

ELLEN

He is coming! He is coming!

74 INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. SURGERY - DAY

74

A hostile scream is heard in the distance.

SIEVERS

A new patient?

SIEVERS turns from his fastidiously-ordered desk. His chair creaks. A uniformed ORDERLY (50s) mops the sweat from his brow. The screaming continues echoing in the halls.

ORDERLY

Yes sir, he's... we stowed 'em downstairs, sir.

SIEVERS

(overlapping)

I have strictly forbidden the use of the old cells!

ORDERLY

Beggin' your pardon, Doctor, sir -

SIEVERS

Out of the question. This a modern hospital, not a prison -

THE ORDERLY continues. He is in a mild state of shock.

ORDERLY

A little old soul he looks, but on my life... saw him screamin' and a-groanin'... found him at the Luther Christmas market... killed three sheep with his bare hands - and he was eatin' em raw-like. Raw!

75 INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

75

SIEVERS walks THE ORDERLY to the old 18th century cells. The ones they don't like to talk about. An eerie weeping is heard from inside...

THE ORDERLY opens a wooden door, nearly one foot thick... They enter...

76 INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

76

It is dark. In the far corner of the cold, damp room is a HUNCHED FIGURE rocking back and forth, weeping. A murky shaft of light leaks through the small, barred window. The same "mysterious symbols" are scratched into the plaster walls.

SIEVERS slowly approaches. THE ORDERLY stands close by.

SIEVERS

Hello. Good day, mein Herr. I am Dr. Sievers.

THE FIGURE keeps weeping. PIGEONS dart about.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

What, what seems to be the trouble?

KNOCK

No trouble. Providence. Providence. He is coming to us.

His weeping turns into a laugh... a familiar laugh.

SIEVERS

I see. Can you tell me your name, Herr...?

KNOCK

(overlapping)

No one. I am no one. His servant.

SIEVERS

And um, what do you have there?

The laughter continues. He turns around... It is KNOCK, dried blood upon his chin and expensive shirt front. His eyes are pitiful. Somehow missing the spark of human-ness. By his side is a collection of dead cockroaches, spiders, birds, etc.

KNOCK

Lives. Gifts bestowed from his Lordship.  
(laughs)

He eats one of the spiders. He laughs.

Suddenly, KNOCK scuttles along the straw-strewn floor and catches one of the waddling PIGEONS. He pets it.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

She is a pretty one.

(jealous)

His Lordship loves the pretty ones best.

KNOCK presses the PIGEON against his face.

SIEVERS

His Lordship?

KNOCK becomes very excited.

KNOCK

He is Infinity... Eyes shining like a jewelled diadem. Putrescence. Asphyxience.

KNOCK PUTS THE PIGEON'S HEAD IN HIS MOUTH... HE BITES THE HEAD OFF THE PIGEON! He swallows it!

KNOCK (CONT'D)

Devourence.

SIEVERS stays calm.

SIEVERS

Now, my good fellow, why would you do that?

SIEVERS walks toward him. THE ORDERLY follows with his club ready.

KNOCK flinches, afraid.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

(to The Orderly)

It's alright.

(To Knock)

No one wants to hurt you, my dear friend.

SIEVERS walks closer.

KNOCK

He is coming.

Closer...

SIEVERS

Who, who is?

KNOCK

'Twas He that invoked me! 'Twas I that was chosen to serve Him for I know what He covets. And He shall cast upon you curses, confusion, affliction and rebuke, for you have forsaken me! And He shall reign over all your empty corpses! Devourence! Devourence!!

KNOCK ATTACKS SIEVERS! THE ORDERLY blows his whistle and pulls them apart. TWO MORE ATTENDANTS rush in, throwing pails of water on KNOCK and beat him with their clubs. He laughs and laughs, struggling, and bleeding on the floor. He seems to enjoy the beating.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

He is coming!



Whack! Whack!! WHACK!!!

77 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 77

ELLEN, her eyes wide, tosses and turns violently in bed.

ELLEN  
(whispered)  
He is coming.

DR. SIEVERS tightens the laces of her corset as HARDING holds her down. They can barely contain her. ANNA stands by in distress. HARDING and ANNA exchange a tense glance as ELLEN moans, restrained by the men.

78 INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 78

HARDING is crouched by his billiard table. He listlessly rolls the balls around, distracted. Tired. Very tired.

HARDING  
These hysterical spells come over her at  
nightfall, like clockwork. Cigar?

He lights one to ease his stress.

SIEVERS  
(declining the offer)  
Thank you.

SIEVERS takes a pinch of snuff. His eyes teem with concern.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)  
I... I lament to tell you this...  
Hutter's employer, Herr Knock, he... he  
was admitted to the hospital this  
morning.

HARDING looks up quickly.

HARDING  
What? Did you speak to him of Thomas?

SIEVERS  
He's mad.

HARDING  
Mad?

SIEVERS

*Non compos mentis.* And Friedrich, he... well, the wretched fellow - while inflamed with some sort of religious mania - he shares a similar motto to Frau Hutter: "He is coming."

HARDING

What?

SIEVERS

Which brings me to the specialist -

HARDING

(to himself)

Where the devil are you, Thomas!?

79 EXT. BUKOVINA RIVER BANK - DUSK 79

THOMAS is alive - barely. His body is washed up on shore in a twisted heap.

A young Orthodox nun, a NOVICE, is collecting firewood, and has a large bundle of branches on her back. She takes a step. She gasps as she sees THOMAS.

80 INT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY - NIGHT 80

THOMAS' limp body is carried by dozens of ORTHODOX NUNS in their strange black habits. He shivers uncontrollably.

Women's hands of all ages pass over his body. They walk him through monastery, every inch covered in frescos of saints, illuminated by hundreds of candles. The NUNS pray and pray. He breathes heavily, pained.

THEY SEE HIS VAMPIRE BITE. Their praying grows louder.

81 INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 81

SIEVERS

A man by the name of Franz. Swiss.

HARDING

(slightly horrified)

Swiss?

SIEVERS

Professor Albin Eberhart von Franz. He is the sole person who might be able to diagnose her. An eminent physician and scholar in Zürich, when I was at school. My finest teacher.

HARDING

Send a message to Zürich then.

SIEVERS

No. He is here. In Wisburg.

HARDING

Here? Here? Why haven't you told me, man?

SIEVERS

Well -

HARDING (CONT'D)

This is capital news. Dammit  
man, why didn't you think of  
this be-

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

Well, you see, he... von Franz is the  
most learned in the field... his mind...  
staggering-

HARDING

I'll spare no expense.

SIEVERS

No, you misunderstand me, Friedrich. It  
falls hard on me to recommend him... He  
was tossed out of the university -  
laughed out of his home country.

HARDING

What?

SIEVERS

It grieves me to speak it, but he became  
obsessed with the work of Paracelsus,  
Agrippa, and the like.

HARDING

I'm a ship-man, Sievers.

SIEVERS

Alchemy, mystic philosophy... the occult.

This chills HARDING.

82

INT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY - CHAPEL - LATER

82

THOMAS lies on a table, shirtless and profusely sweating. He  
trembles in agony. NUNS pray. An aged PRIEST incants prayers  
and douses him with HOLY WATER.

82A - LATER

82A

THOMAS has an icon placed on his chest. NUNS pray around him, with a tiny SCHEMA ABBESS(90s) clutching a cross in her wrinkled fist.

The PRIEST continues exorcizing the sickness away. He presses her hands firmly on his head: in Old Church Slavonic he prays with the might of Christ resurrecting Lazarus...

Suddenly, THOMAS inhales... his eyes open wide:

THOMAS  
No! Orlok! No!!

He rises from the bed, drenched in sweat, icon slipping. At the name "Orlok," the ABBESS is seized with terror.

82B MONASTERY CELL - LATER

82B

THOMAS is swaddled in blankets, listening intently, still shaking. THE OLD SCHEMA ABBESS speaks to him in Romanian. A young NOVICE translates for her:

NOVICE  
A black enchanter he was in life.  
Şolomanari. The Devil preserved his soul  
that his corpse may walk again in  
blaspheme.

THE ABBESS continues, she gesticulates with fervour.

NOVICE (CONT'D)  
You are lost in his shadow.

THOMAS breaks down into tears. He shouts with determination:

THOMAS  
No!

NOVICE  
Enchanters turn their spirit into shadow  
to infect your dreams.

THOMAS  
I must leave! I... I promised Ellen.

NOVICE

Remain here. His evil cannot enter this house of God.

THOMAS

I promised I'd join the firm... I came here to sell the count a home in Wisburg.

NOVICE

Rest! Become well!

THOMAS

He is bound for Wisburg!

NOVICE

He cannot leave - he must return to the cursèd earth wherein he was buried.

THOMAS

No! He seeks after Ellen. I know it!

83 EXT. BLACK SEA - DAWN 83

Waves crash against THE EMPUSA, a small topsail schooner, its sails full of wind.

84 INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - DAWN 84

A large, coffin-shaped wooden CRATE sit menacingly in the creaking bowels of the ship. It is strapped with ropes and canvas and sealed with THE ORLOK SIGIL.

85 INT. HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - DAY 85

KNOCK'S hair has been crudely shorn. He is strapped into a chair that looks like a torture device. His trousers are removed. There is a chamber pot attached to the bottom of the seat. His head is held up vertically with a metal vice. He laughs. With every laugh he is caused great pain by the vice.

KNOCK

Your Lordship cometh! Sew thy pestilence within them, reap their blood, yet spare me! Bestow thy secret art upon me, and I shall serve by thy side! I have not failed your Lordship... thy promised gift awaits!

He shakes. The straps and buckles pressing into his flesh - the metal vice fighting against his every movement.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

Providence!  
(*laughs*)  
Providence!  
(*laughs*)

86 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 86

ELLEN stands in the dark. She hears ORLOK'S whisper.

ORLOK (V.O.)  
(subtitled)  
Soon I will be no more a shadow to you.  
Your spirit was never enough. Soon our  
flesh shall embrace and we shall be as  
one.

87 INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD. COFFIN - THE NEXT MOMENT 87

CAMERA pushes into ORLOK incanting telepathically, buried within his EARTH-FILLED coffin.

ORLOK (V.O.)  
(subtitled)  
Nature, I call unto thee, increase thy  
thunders...

AUDIO: The wind blows. Waves crash.

88 EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT 88

ANGLE ON: THE SEA rushes by CAMERA at great speed.

ORLOK (V.O.)  
(subtitled)  
And hasten me upon the wings of thy  
barbarous winds.

89 EXT. WISBURG STREET. SLUMS - NIGHT 89

SIEVERS and HARDING walk in the frosty night. Dogs barking. Vagrants. Garbage.

SIEVERS  
The scientific community is on a crusade  
to prove his work drove him to madness.

HARDING  
I am responsible for Thomas's wife-

HARDING bumps into a DRUNKARD urinating in the street, who curses him:

DRUNKARD

Bleedin' dandy bum-boy!

SIEVERS

But it's a sham. A sham. I assure you,  
Harding, he may be a bit...  
unconventional, but he will know the  
cause.

90 OMITTED 90

91 INT. BOARDING HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT 91

They stand cramped in front of an attic DOOR. SIEVERS knocks  
with his walking stick.

SIEVERS

Professor von Franz?

No response. Sooty sconces drip wax down the buckling wall.  
HARDING looks all the more unsure.

SIEVERS knocks again. A weak, aged voice answers:

VON FRANZ (O.S.)

Leave me be.

SIEVERS

It is your former student-

The voice booms:

VON FRANZ (O.S.)

Avaunt! Be gone I say!

SIEVERS tries the handle. It's unlocked. He opens it...

92 INT. VON FRANZ'S ATTIC - CONTINUOUS 92

SIEVERS

Please, Professor...

HARDING AND SIEVERS are aghast. VON FRANZ'S attic flat is an  
absolute catastrophe. Piles of books everywhere - some  
holding up broken chairs, cabinets of occult curiosities,  
esoteric charts, and every surface is covered in old china,  
crumbs, and dust. Dust, dust, and more dust. Several STRAY  
CATS prowl about, lapping up remnants from the china.

A muttering is heard... it is VON FRANZ. He sits smoking his pipe. Several giant books on his lap. He wears an oriental robe and slippers. His disheveled hair is long. His white moustaches are upturned - yellowed from his incessant smoking. He holds his large SIGNET RING like an amulet. He seems hypnotised, or mad. Or maybe just very old.

VON FRANZ

(to himself)

I had nearly unlocked the final key of the *Mysteriorum Libri Quinque*.

SIEVERS

I am sorry Professor, I...

VON FRANZ

No... No matter. I miscalculated the stars. Hermes will not render my black sulfur gold this evening.

He crosses himself and continues mumbling, rubbing his ring.

HARDING is uncomfortable, he clearly thinks the old man is mad.

HARDING

Yes, we shan't trouble you further, we must take our leave.

SIEVERS walks toward VON FRANZ.

SIEVERS

Good night, Professor.

SIEVERS puts his hand on VON FRANZ's hand.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

*Nolite dare sanctum canibus.*

(Subtitle: Do not reveal what is sacred to dogs)

Something clicks. VON FRANZ hears the doctor's words.

He holds up his quizzing-glass and sees SIEVERS through the lens. His eyes sparkle in the candlelight - nearly as intense as Orlok's. He laughs heartily. He has come alive!

VON FRANZ (O.S.)

*Neque mittatis margaritas vestra ante porcos!*

(Subtitle: Nor cast your pearls before swine)

My dear young Sievers, or do my dying eyes deceive me? I should have known!



VON FRANZ stands, laughing, his books falling to the floor.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Embrace me, my boy! I am so rejoiced to see you.

As they hug, clouds of dust fly off of VON FRANZ'S clothing.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

I sensed something... It took me to Wisburg all these years ago, and I had felt that now it was imminently approaching. I thought it ill,

*(laughs)*

but it must have been you!

*(laughs)*

Now, what is the matter?

He looks at HARDING'S bewildered face.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Ah, I see, yes. Your friend's dear wife: a morbid melancholic exhibiting acute hysteria manifested in protracted fits of somnambulism.

SIEVERS is triumphant. HARDING is in disbelief.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

You look tired, young man.

VON FRANZ dumps out a few china cups into a basin. He pulls out a bottle:

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Schnapps?

93 EXT. ORTHODOX MONASTERY. STABLES - DAWN

93

THOMAS gallops away on a HORSE. He wears a borrowed shearling coat and looks like a shell of his former self. But his eyes shine with resolve.

THE OLD ABBESS runs out of THE MONASTERY, several nuns behind her.

ABBESS

No! No!

NOVICE

You are not yet well.

THOMAS rides off into the snowy dawn.

94 INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - MORNING

94

Several DECK HANDS are searching the dark hold for something.

A rugged CAPTAIN descends from the hatch.

CAPTAIN YUSOV  
 (Russian, Subtitled)  
 Back to the quarterdeck with you!

FIRST MATE  
 (Russian, Subtitled)  
 But Vasilyev's still missing. And now  
 Redenko.

Suddenly they hear a THUD - they dash toward the sound:

A burly SAILOR is convulsing on the floor of the hold, entwined in rope. He has SMALL RED WOUNDS ALL OVER HIS FLESH. He coughs, vomiting up BLOOD AND BILE - extreme haemorrhaging.

THE CABIN BOY is DEAD by his side. The DECK HANDS back away from the sight as several RATS scuttle from the bodies. The sailor screams, choking on his blood.

CAPTAIN YUSOV  
 (Russian, Subtitled)  
 Quarantine the sick!

DECK HAND  
 (Russian, Subtitled)  
 The Devil! I saw him!!

95 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - DAY

95

HARDING and ANNA escort SIEVERS and VON FRANZ to Ellen's room. Von Franz is shocked.

VON FRANZ  
 Untie this child at once!

ELLEN IS TIED DOWN TO THE BED. She is pale, damp, exhausted. Her eyes are red. Her bedclothes saturated with perspiration.

The chamber has been turned to a sickroom, all the luxuries gone. Only a bed, a chair, a chamber pot and pail, and a few PLANTS in the window remain. GRETA, the cat, however, is with her.

HARDING  
 It is all I could do to keep her from  
 tearing the room to ribbons. She -

VON FRANZ  
 Untie her!

SIEVERS unties her with VON FRANZ. HARDING assists, in shame.

ELLEN sees VON FRANZ and looks at him with hope. She smiles, but her voice is very strained.

ELLEN  
 You are the doctor our Sievers spoke of?

VON FRANZ  
(to Sievers)  
Drugged?

SIEVERS  
I have been administering an opiate. She must rest by day, for her body is in utter stress all the night.

VON FRANZ  
(overlapping)  
She cannot be clouded. Step away. Step away!

VON FRANZ sits beside the bed.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
(to Ellen)  
My dear creature, yes, I am he, and I am hither come to help you.

ELLEN, now unrestrained, holds GRETA tight.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Is she yours?

ELLEN  
Greta?  
(laughs)  
She has no master nor mistress.

VON FRANZ  
(laughs)  
Quite so.

He pets GRETA, and takes something from his pocket to feed her.

VON FRANZ looks at ELLEN in the eye.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
I entreat you to excuse me, but I should like to begin my consultation presently. You see, I have a curiosity about you - Dr. Sievers tells me you have had these spells since childhood?

ELLEN nods yes.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Would you describe them to me?

ELLEN  
I cannot always remember them. As if my spirit wanders off.

VON FRANZ

Tell me what you can. From the beginning.

While her voice is weak, she speaks with ease, without shame.

ELLEN

Sometimes it was... it *is* like a dream.  
And I know things. I always knew the  
contents of my Christmas gifts. I knew  
when... that my mother would pass.  
Father... he would find me in our  
fields... within the forest... as if - I  
was his little changeling girl.

VON FRANZ

I see.

ELLEN grows uneasy.

ELLEN

But as I became older it worsened...  
Father dispraised me for it... I  
frightened him. My touch. I was so very  
alone, you see and... I wished for  
comfort... then a presence... and the  
nightmares, the epilepsies... I...

VON FRANZ

Pray, continue.

ELLEN sees the story vividly. Reexperiencing the emotions.

ELLEN

At last Papa found me once laying...  
unclothed, I was... my body... my  
flesh... my...

Intense sexual implications are clear in her tone. Everyone  
is embarrassed, except for VON FRANZ.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Sin, sin, he said... He would have sent  
me to someplace... I shan't go... I -

VON FRANZ

No, no.

ELLEN

It all ended when first I met my Thomas.

VON FRANZ

Your husband?

ELLEN

From our love, I became as normal.

VON FRANZ

Yet these visions and night wanderings  
have returned to you?

ELLEN

He left on a fool's errand. I fear for  
him so.

ELLEN leans closer to VON FRANZ with intensity.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Professor... My dreams grow darker, they  
sicken me. Does evil come from within us  
or from beyond?

96 EXT. EMPUSA. DECK - NIGHT

96

A violent gale has begun. Freezing rain. Sleet.

A corpse in a canvas body bag is dropped into the sea. Waves  
crash.

THE FIRST MATE, CAPTAIN YUSOV, and DECK HAND 2 stand by,  
shivering in their icy oilskins. They cross themselves.

THE FIRST MATE fills with rage. He whispers to himself:

FIRST MATE

(Russian, Subtitled)

I will end this plague. This devil.

He looks out at the hellish moonrise and lifts a boarding AXE  
with determination!

97 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

97

The room is now quite dark.

VON FRANZ

Her trance state is begun.

It has. A quick breath parts her lips. VON FRANZ presses on  
her body very hard... Her wrists, her neck...

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

You have bled her to decrease the  
congestion.

SIEVERS

Of course.

He lifts up her chemise and presses on her womb...

VON FRANZ  
And her menstruations are also?

SIEVERS  
Liberal.

ELLEN'S breathing increases...

VON FRANZ  
Too much blood. Too much.  
(to Sievers)  
A taper, please.

SIEVERS lights a candle.

VON FRANZ holds it near ELLEN'S eyes, peering through his quizzing-glass.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
The pupil is expanded. It does not contract naturally to light.

SIEVERS  
Impossible.

VON FRANZ  
A second sight. She is no longer here. My bag...

VON FRANZ takes out a long needle.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Forgive the grotesque tediousness of this demonstration, however, I must impress upon you that this child is not with us.

VON FRANZ draws the needle through the flame, then inserts it into Ellen's delicate wrist - through her flesh and out the other side. Ellen does not react at all.

ANNA  
Oh, my word!

HARDING  
Professor, I do protest!

VON FRANZ  
Restrain your protestations, for she feels nothing. She communes now with another realm.

He removes the needle.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Sievers, bind the wound.

VON FRANZ places his palm on ELLEN'S FOREHEAD.



VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
(to Ellen)  
Now, do you hear me my child?

She shakes her head "yes."

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
What then do you see?

ELLEN  
I... I...

VON FRANZ  
I charge you, speak now what you see.

ELLEN  
Enduring night... a spectre of death...  
He... he... spreads his shadow... and...  
and... he is coming-

VON FRANZ  
Who, who is coming to you my child?

ELLEN  
...

VON FRANZ  
Who?!

Her muscles tense... Her breathing becomes rapid.

VON FRANZ removes his ring and places it on her forehead. He holds it there and presses on it.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Who, damn you!? Speak!!

ANNA  
(overlapping)  
Please, Professor!

VON FRANZ  
I will not harm her!

HER FIT BUILDS. HER BODY CONTORTS... HER VOICE STIFLED... VON FRANZ presses harder on the ring.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
I command you, hearken to my voice. By the protection of Chamuel, Haniel, and Zadkiel, impart your speech unto me. In the name of Eligos, Orabas, and Asmoday, impart your speech unto me!

She speaks as if her voice were trying to free itself from hell:

ELLEN

I shall persist to join you every night,  
first in sleep, then in your arms.  
Everything will be mixed with  
abomination, and you'll be knee-deep in  
blood. Everyone will cry. There will be  
none to bury the dead.

VON FRANZ grabs her shoulders... Her fit worsens...

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You... are... promised... to... me.

VON FRANZ

Promised? Promised?!

ANNA

(overlapping)  
She means her husband!

ELLEN TRIES TO BREAK FROM HER FIT, SCREAMING:

ELLEN

Help me! Help me!

She holds VON FRANZ'S lapels, tight... She clenches her fists  
harder... harder... tearing the buttons off of his jacket...  
SCREAMING...

ELLEN (CONT'D)

HELP ME!!!!

98

INT. HARDING HOUSE. FRONT DRAWING ROOM - LATER

98

VON FRANZ indiscreetly lights his pipe on one of the many  
candles perched on the Christmas tree's branches.

Everyone else stands or sits, horrified from the last scene.

ELLEN'S screaming is heard from upstairs.

VON FRANZ

As I feared.

Long pause.

HARDING

Well?

VON FRANZ

Well what, my boy? Cannot you see?

HARDING

See what?

VON FRANZ

See that she is cursed.

HARDING

Cursed?

VON FRANZ

Yes, cursed. The dear young creature is obsessed of some spirit ... perhaps some daemon.

HARDING

I beg your pardon?

SIEVERS

I assure you, Harding, the good professor means this as hyperbole.

VON FRANZ

No, I mean a daemon.

HARDING

You jest-

SIEVERS

What of your discovery of macabre hallucination pathologies -

VON FRANZ

This is not one!

HARDING

You scarcely looked at her!

ANNA

How should this happen to Ellen?

VON FRANZ

Daemonic spirits more easily obsess those whose lower animal functions dominate - Daemons like them, they seek them out.

ANNA

How mean you?

VON FRANZ

They can discover their victims from across mountains, great oceans...

SIEVERS

Those with lower animal funct- ?

VON FRANZ

Yes. Hysterics, children, lunatics...  
which reminds me - Sievers, you must  
introduce me to your mad man tomorrow.

SIEVERS

Yes of course, but Professor I -

VON FRANZ

Somnambulists afflicted with these  
perversions oft possess a gift: a second  
sight into the borderland.

SIEVERS

I do not wish to dispute you, yet, I have  
myself seen women of nervous  
constitutions invent any manor of  
delusion.

VON FRANZ

This is no delusion. I believe she has  
always been highly conductive to these  
cosmic forces, uniquely so. The  
lunatic... perhaps.

This terrifies HARDING.

SIEVERS

Do you then acknowledge a connection  
between these cases?

VON FRANZ

That is the question.

HARDING

(to himself, sarcastic)  
Oh, this is just capital.  
Capital.

ANNA

I tell you, it is the manner  
of her husband's  
disappearance!

VON FRANZ

No. This evil, what it is, how it has  
been summoned - unleashed - I know not.  
But this remarkable child it has chained  
itself to is in grave peril.

VON FRANZ puts on his coat to leave.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

I must to my studies. Frau Harding, sit  
with her, observe her, report her  
behaviour. Sievers, no more ether.

SIEVERS

She will rave all the night.

VON FRANZ

Then rave she must! There is a dread  
storm rising!

ELLEN'S SCREAMING FROM UPSTAIRS GROWS LOUDER! THUNDER CLAPS!

99

INT. EMPUSA. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

99

THE FIRST MATE descends down into the dark hold...

Rain and sleet pour in through the open hatch above ...

THE FIRST MATE'S breathing grows louder... It grows darker  
with every step down the ladder ... Darker...

It is very hard to see. Water drips. The ship rocks, the  
timbers creak. He breathes, afraid, but fierce. His breath  
turns to steam in the lamp light. He holds his AXE firm...

He slowly approaches THE CRATE... Rats scurry... his single  
sailor's earring shakes with fear.

He walks closer... Closer... Breathing... Breathing...

He hacks at it! The wood splinters... RATS spew out of the  
crate... THE FIRST MATE doesn't see, but in the shadows  
behind him, A TALL, THIN FIGURE APPROACHES...

He hacks at the crate again! THE FIGURE comes closer... THE  
FIRST MATE has torn a large hole in the crate....

He gasps to discover that INSIDE IS A COFFIN... THE FIGURE is  
even closer...

THE FIRST MATE leans forward toward the sarcophagus, and  
wedges it open with his axe... He reaches his hand inside...

Only soil. He frantically searches for something... but  
nothing is there! He turns around in defeat...

SUDDENLY, ORLOK STANDS BEFORE HIM, A NAKED, ROTTEN CORPSE! HE  
TAKES THE FIRST MATE IN HIS ENORMOUS CLAWS, AND SINKS HIS  
TEETH INTO HIS BREAST! THE FIRST MATE TRIES TO SCREAM...  
ORLOK WRAPS AROUND HIM, SMOTHERING HIM, SUFFOCATING HIM... HE  
STRUGGLES TO BREAK FREE, BUT ORLOK DRAGS HIM INTO SHADOW!!

100

OMITTED

100

101

INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

101

ELLEN is in torment in bed. ANNA is by her side, holding her  
down, trying to comfort her.

ELLEN

Anna please... Please...

Conflicted, ANNA lets her go.

ELLEN rises slowly, drenched in sweat...

She goes to the window, her desire is intense, but she stands utterly still, looking out.

ANNA follows with trepidation...

THEY STAND next to each other. They watch THE STORM RAGE. ELLEN breathes with want, fogging the warped glass of the window.

102 EXT. WISBURG HARBOUR - NIGHT 102

WISBURG, silhouetted by the moon, lays asleep. The whole city is shut in from the storm. ORLOK'S MAGICAL INCANTATIONS ECHO IN THE WIND.

THE EMPUSA is hurled along by the tempest toward the town. Sails billow like ghosts' funeral shrouds. A terrible crash is imminent...

103 INT. HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - THAT SAME MOMENT 103

KNOCK laughs in his restraints. Rain and sleet in his cell. He rocks back and forth.

KNOCK

His Lordship! He is come!

His screaming becomes so horrific, the NIGHT ORDERLY runs into the cell. KNOCK is completely crazed, he begins seizing... thick spittle and blood ooze from his clenched teeth.

In a panic, THE ORDERLY blows his whistle, rapidly unbuckling KNOCK'S bonds... Just as he lets loose of the final strap, KNOCK'S eyes change... his convulsing stops. It was all an act...

HE ATTACKS THE ORDERLY LIKE AN ANIMAL, BITING INTO HIS THROAT, BLOOD SPURTING ACROSS THE ROOM! He falls dead to the floor. KNOCK laps up the blood.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

The blood is the life!

104 EXT. WISBURG STREET. COLONNADE - MOMENTS LATER 104

KNOCK runs off pant-less into the night, like a demonic ape.

KNOCK

The blood is the life!!

105 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT 105

ELLEN blinks. She breaks out of her trance. Her eyes fill with hope! She seems herself again!

She runs out of the bedroom.

ANNA

Ellen!

ELLEN

He is here!

106 EXT. HARDING HOUSE - NIGHT 106

ELLEN bursts outside into the street, the icy rain still descending.

THOMAS RIDES A HORSE THROUGH THE STORM! HE IS HERE! He is nearly horizontal. He tumbles off the saddle, dressed in strange eastern garb. He looks like hell.

THOMAS

Ellen!

ELLEN picks him up off the street. She holds his head and kisses him all over his face. The horse continues to rear, frantically whinnying.

107 INT. HARDING HOUSE. FRONT DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 107

THOMAS AND ELLEN sit on the divan, wet and shivering. He touches ELLEN'S cheek, his voice weak, his eyes wild.

THOMAS

He hasn't found you. I... I feared I'd never see you again.

He coughs repeatedly. ELLEN holds him - she seems herself again.

ELLEN

My love.

THOMAS crumbles in her arms, delirious...

THOMAS

(weaker)

You were right. You were... It... he... has your locket.

THOMAS loses consciousness. ELLEN shakes him.

ELLEN

Thomas!

HARDING and ANNA go to help... SUDDENLY, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

HARDING

What the hell is it now? Hartmann, the door.

SERVANT (O.S.)

Very good, sir.

ANOTHER KNOCK.

CLARA (O.S.)

Mama! Papa! Is the monster here?

HARDING blazes down the hall and he steps in front of Hartmann, his SERVANT... THE KNOCKING is even more insistent.

108 INT. HARDING HOUSE. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 108

HARDING THROWS OPEN THE DOOR.

HARDING

What the devil is this? It is past three o'clock in the morning!

In front of him is a POLICEMAN and several DOCKHANDS with troubled faces.

109 EXT. WISBURG HARBOUR. DOCKSIDE - NIGHT 109

The storm is over. HARDING stands looking at the disastrous wreck and the commotion of workers untangling the rigging. His face shows his alarm.

HARDING

(under his breath)  
My God.

One by one, RATS run out of the giant hole in the hull of the ship across the quay.

DOCKHAND

Plague! It's a plague ship!

110 EXT. WISBURG CANAL/GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT 110

A long SKIFF drifts across black nighttime waters toward the monstrous ruin of GRÜNEWALD MANOR, through its iron gates.

KNOCK is within the boat, escorting Orlok's COFFIN.



In the highest floor of the manor stands ORLOK. His unblinking gaze looms over the city, bringing with it misery and death.

111 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 111

THOMAS lies in pain in Ellen's sickbed. She holds his face and implores him with an intense whisper.

ELLEN

Please, wake, Thomas.

He cannot.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Your presence has already saved me.

He twists in agony as if having a terrible nightmare.

112 INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - THE NEXT MOMENT 112

CLOSE ON: ORLOK'S EYES. HE feels Thomas' presence.

ORLOK

The broker lives. I had cast aside his carrion body for my hellhounds to feed on.

WIDE: KNOCK kneels before ORLOK on the floor of the entirely dilapidated and abandoned room (ORLOK is unseen).

KNOCK

I shall then stifle out the bridegroom, your Lordship.

ORLOK (O.S.)

I have use in him.

CLOSE ON: KNOCK (ORLOK remains unseen).

KNOCK

Pray then, instruct me, my Lord. Charge me. Use me. Shall I fetch unto thee thy pretty belonging?

ORLOK (O.S.)

The compact commands she must willingly re-pledge her vow. She cannot be stolen.

KNOCK rises to touch the hem of Orlok's coat.

KNOCK

Yet my Lord, I beg thee.

ORLOK (O.S.)  
Silence, dog!

ORLOK roars (still O.S.), striking KNOCK from within the darkness. KNOCK falls, smashing his face to the floor.

ORLOK (CONT'D)  
Your entreaties grow insolent. You shall  
crave of me nothing.

KNOCK nurses his bloody nose, barely able to speak.

KNOCK  
My Lord.

ORLOK (O.S.)  
Away!

CLOSE ON: ORLOK profile.

ORLOK (CONT'D)  
Daybreak draws near. Anon the bells of  
dawn shall toll in despair of my coming.

HE SMELLS ELLEN'S HAIR deeply WITHIN THE LOCKET. His eyes  
glimmer with cruel passion.

ORLOK (CONT'D)  
And I shall taste of you.

113 EXT. WISBURG - MORNING 113

Hundreds of RATS run through the streets and gutters.

114 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - AFTERNOON 114

ELLEN sits by THOMAS' side as he struggles in bed. ANNA  
stands by her.

ANNA  
How is he faring?

ELLEN  
I fear no better than everyone tells me I  
have suffered. Pray, forgive me for the  
troubles I have caused you.

ANNA  
I am only glad that you have become  
yourself again. It seems a miracle.  
Perhaps Professor Franz was wrong.  
Perhaps it was only your wish to see  
Thomas safely returned, and your... your -

ELLEN  
My melancholy?

Pause.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Thomas has seen something awful. If only  
I could speak to the professor -

ANNA  
Hush. His thoughts are so queer, so  
sordid, I dare not repeat them.

ELLEN  
Professor Franz said a demon!

ANNA  
Leni, please. For the sake of the  
children - Christmastide is upon us. Why  
must you remain so exasperatingly  
contrary?!

ELLEN  
Because I am in the right!

115 INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. MORGUE - AFTERNOON

115

SIEVERS uncovers the corpse of CAPTAIN YUSOV on a wooden  
slab. The air is thick with the stench of dripping carbolic  
acid. An ATTENDANT assists Sievers.

VON FRANZ  
Sievers, I requested conference with your  
maniac, not a dead man.

SIEVERS  
I beg your patience, Professor. This is  
what vexes me: He exhibits all the signs  
of a blood plague: sepsis, ophthalmic  
discharge - even flagrant rodent bites,  
here and here. I fear this ship has  
brought the plague to Wisburg.

VON FRANZ crosses himself.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)  
What's more, his body is entirely absent  
of blood.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)  
And look at this curious mark here...

VON FRANZ looks at the chest. A VAMPIRE BITE.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

I have seen some leviathan-like pests in our canals, but tell me, Professor, what rat has jaws of such size?

VON FRANZ is stunned.

VON FRANZ

(to himself)

Angels and Daemons protect us.

(to Sievers)

Where is your lunatic? You must take me to him presently!

ATTENDANT

Ain't you heard it, Doctor, sir?

SIEVERS

No...

ATTENDANT

Herr Knock, he's gone and escaped -

SIEVERS

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

What?

He killed poor Eschenbach last night.

VON FRANZ

That man must be found!

He puts on his hat and heads to the door in haste.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Sirrah, show me out. Sievers, meet me at my residence tonight. I must to my studies!

116

INT. VON FRANZ'S ATTIC - NIGHT

116

HARDING and SIEVERS stand awkwardly, leaning forward in unison, peering into a MAGNIFYING GLASS on a stand.

VON FRANZ  
*Gnathobdela*. The common leech.

IN THE GLASS: A LEECH on VON FRANZ's hand, sucking his blood.  
It twitches vulgarly. VON FRANZ'S vein pulses.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Its sole impulse is to feed on what even  
Mephistopheles calls "the most especial  
nectar." Look at her drink.  
(*laughs*)

HARDING  
Please Professor, what is all this?

VON FRANZ  
Quickly now, Sievers ...

VON FRANZ removes THE LEECH with some tweezers and sucks his  
wound. He spits on the floor and puts the leech in a jar.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)  
... the plague is present in its most  
rapidly fatal form, *Pestis siderans*.

SIEVERS  
(to Harding)  
A savage infection of the blood.

VON FRANZ  
(to Sievers)  
You have read Glaser's treatise on the  
pestilent revenants of the eastern  
frontiers of the Hapsburg Empire?

SIEVERS is completely shocked.

SIEVERS  
That has been long proven to be a  
degrading peasant superstition.

VON FRANZ  
Is our leech a superstition?

SIEVERS laughs.

SIEVERS  
No, but leeches *do not rise from the  
grave*, my dear professor.

VON FRANZ  
Please, Sievers, please, explain Glaser's  
account.

SIEVERS begins, reluctantly.

SIEVERS

A... a plague ravaged the countryside.  
The alleged cause ... a... a walking  
corpse that maintained a semblance of  
life by feeding on the heart blood of the  
living. Every victim succumbed to death.

117 INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - THAT SAME NIGHT 117

ORLOK stands in a huge, dark, furniture-less room. His stance is broad and powerful. He looks out a massive open window at all of Wisburg. His hypnotic eyes gleam...

He begins his incantations... He raises his hand... he opens his palms...

118 INT. HARDING HOUSE. GUEST ROOM - THE SAME TIME 118

ELLEN AND THOMAS lie in bed together. She holds him close.

ORLOK (V.O.)  
(whispered, subtitled)  
Your bond shall not survive me.

ORLOK'S SHADOW SPREADS OVER THOMAS. ELLEN doesn't see it.

THOMAS struggles in bed. ELLEN touches him gently...

IMAGE: ORLOK attacks THOMAS!

THOMAS wakes from his nightmare vision... he pulls away from ELLEN. In his delirium, he barks at her fiercely:

THOMAS  
Get off me. Give me room. I can't breathe!

She is stunned. She tries to comfort him:

ELLEN  
It's me.

THOMAS  
I can't breathe... Get off!!!

He throws her off of him violently, accidentally striking her... SHE NEARLY FALLS OFF THE BED...

HOLD ON: ELLEN'S face, afraid, and hurt. She doesn't want to feel rejected, BUT SHE DOES.

119 INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

ANNA tucks CLARA AND LOUISE into their beds, then takes a large LAMP.

CLARA  
Please you, don't leave us, mama.

ANNA  
I promise, I shan't let anything harm you. No monsters - nothing. Now, kiss me good night and say your prayers.

ANNA kisses them. She hesitates, then closes the door.

CLARA (O.S.)  
Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep...

ANNA walks with her LAMP...

She sees something move in the shadows. Her blood runs cold. She hears footsteps. She is gripped with fear.

Suddenly, something emerges from the dark...

She gasps, almost dropping the lamp.

She looks: it's only ELLEN.

ANNA  
You frightened me.

ELLEN

Forgive me.

ELLEN is beginning to look haunted again.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Has Friedrich returned?

ANNA

No.

ANNA senses ELLEN'S sadness.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What is it my lovely?

ELLEN looks at her longingly...

ELLEN

May I stay with you tonight?

120 OMITTED

120 \*

121 INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - LATER

121

ELLEN cuddles in with ANNA in bed, playing with THE CROSS around ANNA'S neck like a kitten. ANNA'S eyes droop.

ANNA

If I speak yet more words of comfort, you  
must not hear them as feeble or petty.  
Our friendship is a precious balm to my  
heart. Forgive my chiding you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ELLEN

Thank you for loving me.

\*  
\*

ANNA is not quite sure what to say.

\*

ANNA

You may take it if you wish.

ELLEN takes THE CROSS off of her and plays with it.



ANNA (CONT'D)  
God is with us, Leni.

ELLEN whispers to her:

ELLEN  
Don't close your eyes first. Please.

ANNA  
I shan't.

ELLEN  
Let me watch you.

ELLEN watches her, yearning. She holds THE CROSS.

122

INT. VON FRANZ ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

122

HARDING is standing by the stove, still exasperated.

HARDING

I cannot yield to being haunted by some ghost!

VON FRANZ

No, no, no, please, no. It is no mere ghost, for it can manifest physically, and with the most foul intent.

HARDING

And what, pray, is that?

VON FRANZ

Like every plague, its only desire is to consume all life on earth. It is a force more powerful than evil. It is death itself.

HARDING boils.

HARDING

I have not slept in days, my house is become a bedlam, and here I have been re-summoned to this God-forsaken habitation for this? Do not tell me you believe in such medieval devilry?!

VON FRANZ looks HARDING in the eye with the profundity of Moses reading the commandments:

VON FRANZ

I do not believe. I know.

I have seen things in this world that would have made Isaac Newton crawl back into his mother's womb. We have not become so much enlightened as we have been blinded by the gaseous light of science. I have wrestled with the Devil as Jacob wrestled the angel in Peniel and I tell you, if we are to tame darkness, we must first face that it exists. Meine Herren, we are here encountering the undead plague carrier... the Vampyr... Nosferatu!

123 INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - THE NEXT MOMENT 123

ELLEN and ANNA lie asleep. All is silent. Too silent.

Slowly, a dark SHADOW forms around the large windows. Just as slowly, ELLEN opens her eyes.

She rises from bed, her limbs weightless... her heart throbbing... her body growing hot... her breath accelerating...

She nears the window... she opens it.

She is surrounded by the MIST, almost suspended by it...

SUDDENLY, A HORRIFIC FACE WITH PENETRATING EYES APPEARS TO HER... she gasps in fear... IT IS ORLOK, and for the first time, she faces him in THE FLESH.

She is drawn to him - so drawn to his presence - aflame with desire... but she holds herself still.

ELLEN

I have felt you like a serpent crawling  
in my body.

ORLOK

It is not me. It is your nature.

ELLEN

No! I love Thomas.

ORLOK

Love is inferior to you. I told you, you  
are not of human kind.

ELLEN

You are a villain to speak so.

ORLOK

I am an appetite. Nothing more.

He takes a pained breath. The faintest glimmer of something human flashes within his eyes.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

O'er centuries, a loathsome beast I lay  
within the darkest pit 'til you did wake  
me, enchantress, and stirred me from my  
grave. You are my affliction.

ELLEN

I care nothing of your afflictions.

ORLOK

Yet even now we are fated.

He smiles mockingly. Gloating.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Your husband has signed his name, and  
covenanted you to my person for but a  
sack of gold.

This strikes at ELLEN'S heart. But she doesn't believe it.

ELLEN

Lies.

ORLOK

For gold he did absolve his nuptial bond.

ELLEN

You know nothing of him.

ORLOK

And the resignation must be completed by  
you, freely of thine own will.

ELLEN

You are a deceiver!

ORLOK

You deceive yourself.

ELLEN

I was but an innocent child -

ORLOK

And thought you I would not return?  
Thought you I would not? Your passion is  
bound to me.

He reaches his long, leathery fingers toward her... his nails grabbing her hair... his fist tightens... drawing her close.

ELLEN

You cannot love.

ORLOK

I cannot. Yet, I cannot be sated without you.

His breath is lustful. So is hers. She disgusts herself by how drawn she is to him. ORLOK grips her more tightly.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

Remember how once we were? A moment. Remember?

ELLEN whispers to his hideous and alluring face.

ELLEN

I abhor you.

Pause. This sends Orlok into a rage.

ORLOK

You are false!

He tosses her violently to the floor.

ORLOK (CONT'D)

So you wish me to prove my enmity as well? I will leave you three nights. Tonight was the first. Tonight you denied yourself, and thereby you suffer me to vanish up the lives of those you love.

ELLEN

Denied myself?! You revel in my torture!

ORLOK

Dry your cheek. Upon the third night you will submit, or he you call your husband shall perish by my hand.

ELLEN

No!

ORLOK

You will press thy lips to my cold mouth and I will drink upon thy soul. 'Til you bid me come, shall you watch the world become as naught.

ELLEN

NO!!!

IMAGE: ORLOK'S hideous face growls like a virile, predatory animal! His claws splayed!

ELLEN SEES IT! HIS GROWL BREAKS HER TRANCE... SHE SCREAMS!

She is no longer at the window... she is back in bed... and to her side, ANNA is not there... only her golden cross. ELLEN looks across the room...

ANNA LIES ON THE FLOOR... her nightgown ripped, exposing her body... SHE WRITHES EROTICALLY, AS RATS CRAWL ALL OVER HER, SCURRYING AWAY.

124 EXT. HARDING HOUSE. WINDOW - THAT SAME MOMENT 124

CLOSE ON: ORLOK, his mouth covered in ANNA'S BLOOD. He whispers to ELLEN.

ORLOK

(subtitled)

Two more nights.

125 OMITTED 125

126 INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY 126

SEEN THROUGH A WINDOW: Citizens shout, and riot, beating their fists upon the doors of the hospital. Some fall down dead. The Wisburg MILITARY POLICE hold their rifles, beating people back.

SIEVERS walks at a feverish pace. A HOSPITAL NURSE by his side.

Patients are rushed through the hospital on stretchers, the besotted marks of sepsis on their skin.

The screaming and pounding echoes through the building. The stress, the anxiety is becoming too much.

HOSPITAL NURSE

I ain't never seen the like. It's a-spreadin' faster than wildfire since yester-morn.

SIEVERS

We simply cannot admit any more. The rate of contraction is too high, the deaths so rapid - it's a most desperate hazard. I've entreated the burgomaster for a quarantine. The city must be shut up.

HOSPITAL NURSE

It is not Christian, sir! The day of judgment is a-coming, sir. Pity them, sir. Take pity!

The O.S. rioting, reaches a fever pitch.

SIEVERS

We must remain calm!!

127

INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - DAY

127

ANNA is in bed, pale, glassy-eyed, her breathing strained. Her face is dotted with the fatal sepsis. HARDING holds her hand tightly, trying not to weep. ELLEN stands nearby, watching.

ANNA

Such nightmares... a shadow pressing... my body sinking... sinking... The smell of rancid meat... Suffocating... I... feel so weak... I...

HARDING sees THE VAMPIRE BITE on her chest. Does he believe?

ANNA (CONT'D)

*(laughs)*

I fear little Friedrich is so strong and hungry, he's eating me weary.

*(laughs)*

ANNA puts his hand on her womb. They both hold back tears.

HARDING

Yes...

ANNA tries to be strong, but she can see the horror in her husband's face.

ANNA

May I see the girls?

HARDING can't say yes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I must assure them...

Suddenly, ANNA begins to laugh more intensely.

HARDING

Everything shall be well my darling. Everything shall be just fine.

ANNA keeps laughing and crying at the same time.

ANNA

I don't know myself... I... Ellen, tell me, what is this insufferable darkness?

ELLEN AND ANNA LOCK EYES... SHE CONTINUES TO LAUGH, NOW WRITHING SENSUALLY, AS ELLEN HAS DONE.

128

INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

128

ELLEN and HARDING stand outside ANNA'S door.

ELLEN

Herr Harding, you must hear me, there is something... the shadow... an infernal creature...

HARDING can't look at her.

HARDING

Ellen-

ELLEN

Please, these are no troubled nerves - it is as Professor Franz described... a demon!

HARDING

(overlapping)

Frau Hutter, forgive me, but you and Thomas must... I need you both to return home.

ELLEN

What?

HARDING

It is for your own sake.

He keeps his demeanour dignified, but his emotions are brimming. He could explode at any moment.

ELLEN

Please, have pity, Thomas is very poorly and...

HARDING

I know not what to... I shall pray for Tom. You know I love you both.

ELLEN

What of Anna? Did you not see-

HARDING

None of your concern.



ELLEN

Friedrich, you must listen to me, we are all in the most grave danger - I throw myself at your feet.

As ELLEN goes almost to kiss his hand ...

HARDING

Frau Hutter! Please!

ELLEN is hurt. She looks him square in the eye.

ELLEN

Why do you hate me?

Pause. HARDING is shocked by her candour.

HARDING

How dare you speak to me in that marked manner?

ELLEN

(overlapping)

You have never liked me. Never.

HARDING

Know your place, madam.

ELLEN

I will not stand by and pretend at your superiority. Why can you not hear me?

HARDING

I refuse to exchange reproaches with you.

ELLEN

Listen to me, please!

HARDING (CONT'D)

I have done everything in my power to be kind to you for these long months. Find ...

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Tied me up?

HARDING

...find the dignity to display the respect to your caretaker -

ELLEN

How can you be so stupid and cruel?

HARDING IS ENRAGED. HE WANTS TO SCREAM. Instead, he says:

HARDING

Hartmann will call you a coach, at *my* expense - of course.

HARDING (CONT'D)

And for your husband's sake, I pray you might learn to conduct yourself with more deference.

ELLEN

Anna is going to die! You are going to die! We are all going to die!

129

INT. WISBURG HOSPITAL. KNOCK'S CELL - DAY

129

VON FRANZ studies the esoteric writing scratched upon the blood-stained wall.

VON FRANZ

Why did you not tell me of this before?

SIEVERS

I am a fool. His obsessive consumption of living creatures - of course it is Herr Knock!

VON FRANZ

He is not Nosferatu - yet he must be found for he has made compact with this shadow.

SIEVERS

Then you can decipher it?

VON FRANZ

*"His thunder roars from clouds of carcasses, I feedeth on my shroud, and death avails me not. For I am his."*

130

EXT. KNOCK'S ESTATE AGENCY - DAY

130

VON FRANZ and SIEVERS rush to the BOARDED UP facade of KNOCK'S AGENCY. The street is shrouded in a fog of chlorine gas. Wheat-pasted quarantine notices line boarded-up storefronts. Using an iron bar, VON FRANZ and SIEVERS break in to the agency with a bang!

131

INT. KNOCK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

131

VON FRANZ and SIEVERS go through shelves and cabinets, tearing them apart...

VON FRANZ

Search everything.

MOMENTS LATER: His eyes widen. He has found many notes and papers in "the secret language."

MOMENTS LATER: He finds a massive medieval BOOK with THE EVIL EYE on the cover. He takes it. He stands and studies the room. Beat.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Pull up the rug.

He and SIEVERS move KNOCK'S large desk up against a wall. They pull back a large, well-worn oriental RUG to reveal... KNOCK'S MAGICAL HEPTAGRAM.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

(knowingly)

Şolomanari.

132 EXT. WISBURG. OLD TOWN - AFTERNOON

132

ELLEN and THOMAS exit the coach, covering their mouths from the chlorine gas and billowing smoke from the open fires.

ELLEN carries GRETA in a little wicker cage. THOMAS limps on a cane, having difficulty staying conscious.

As they walk, he begins to faint.

ELLEN

Keep with me, my love.

She collects her husband.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We are nearly home.

ELLEN is horrified as she sees TOWN OFFICIALS walking down her own street marking a "cross" in chalk upon the doors of the afflicted houses.

A raving maniac shouts broken phrases from Revelation. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters cry and howl, as their dead loved ones are loaded onto carts. ELLEN fills with tears. She knows it is the work of Orlok.

133 INT. HARDING HOUSE. REAR DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON

133

HARDING is beginning to look like a broken man. SIEVERS and VON FRANZ are with him. The Christmas tree is unlit.

SIEVERS

I could not bring myself to tell Anna the source of her illness.

HARDING

This is madness!

SIEVERS

And Friedrich, it seems Herr Knock is in league with the creature.

VON FRANZ

Our Nosferatu is of an especial malignancy. He is an arch-enchanter, Solomonari, Satan's own learned disciple.

HARDING

What say you?

VON FRANZ

Further elucidation leads only to insanity. Hence the misfortune of Herr Knock's decent. Our somnambulist and her husband are in incomparable danger!

HARDING

I sent them home.

VON FRANZ

I must see them.

HARDING is about to burst, he is desperate:

HARDING

How can this perversion be killed?

VON FRANZ

I don't know. You sent them home?

HARDING

(overlapping)  
What?

VON FRANZ

You sent them home?

HARDING

(overlapping)  
Not that - Yes, I did - You don't know?

VON FRANZ

Precisely. Correct. I do not know. I have never encountered Nosferatu first hand.

Pause. Everyone is dismayed.

HARDING

He doesn't know.

VON FRANZ stays confident.

<p>VON FRANZ</p> <p>The means of repelling and destroying vary greatly from region to region.</p>	<p>HARDING (CONT'D)</p> <p>All your fine lectures are mere regurgitations from bloody books?!</p>
---	---

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

(overlapping, ignoring)

Their efficacy is plainly unknown.  
Boiling wine, a spike of cold iron  
transpiercing the navel, decapitation,  
incineration... Yet there is one  
invariable fact that interests me most...

SIEVERS

Go on.

VON FRANZ

In every account, the Nosferatu must  
return to the earth wherein it was  
buried, by the first crow of cock.

SIEVERS

It must sleep in its grave by day.  
(Pause.)  
What happens if it does not?

VON FRANZ

That, my dear Sievers, is the question.

HARDING begins to laugh. They turn to him. He keeps laughing.

HARDING

Oh, my God. My God! I am shattering - I'm  
breaking apart.  
(*laughs*)  
Get out. Take your leave at once.

SIEVERS

Harding?

HARDING

Both of you, go!

SIEVERS

Friedrich, please, we don't wish to -

HARDING

Can't you see there is a bloody real  
plague, gentlemen? A real epidemic that  
is really killing real people?

<p>VON FRANZ</p> <p>The facts are at hand.</p>	<p>SIEVERS</p> <p>The wounds on all those in the morgue!</p>
--	--

HARDING

(overlapping)

Jesus Christ in heaven! This isn't a Satanic magician, or any other humiliating fantasy. It's no wonder you're a laughing stock. Out!

SIEVERS

Damn you, Friedrich!

VON FRANZ

I am sorry, Sievers. I am sorry.

HARDING

Frau Hutter is mad and should have been locked up long ago.

HARDING (CONT'D)

My Anna was bitten by vermin. Rats. No more. Tomorrow we are leaving Wisburg -

SIEVERS

But the quarantine... Tomorrow we close off the city.

HARDING

I'm not going to let your vain-madness kill my wife!

VON FRANZ

The night-daemon has supped of your good wife's blood and shall return for the rest!

HARDING

Leave!

VON FRANZ

The Nosferatu will never cease unless it is destroyed!

134 INT. HARDING HOUSE. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER 134

HARDING embraces his children tightly, sitting on the floor of the nursery, trying to stay strong. Toys lay strewn about around them, looking somehow mournful.

135 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOUR - NIGHT 135

ELLEN sits on the floor attending THOMAS. She has made a sickbed on the sofa for him.

He opens his eyes...

ELLEN

Thomas...

ELLEN embraces him. He must save them. He struggles to speak. His mind races.

THOMAS

Ellen, my love. We must go. We must flee the city. You're in danger. You knew-

ELLEN

We cannot run.

THOMAS

We must -

ELLEN

There is something I must tell you. Something so loathsome, so base -

THOMAS

Nothing you can say will shake me - for there is a devil in this world, and I have met him. And he... I cannot speak it - he is come to Wisburg... for you.

ELLEN

I know.

THOMAS

What?

ELLEN

I know him.

THOMAS

Know him?

ELLEN

I have brought this evil upon us.

THOMAS is shocked.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I have never shared my secret with any soul. I sought company, I sought tenderness, and I called out...

THOMAS

What do mean by this?

ELLEN (CONT'D)

At first it was sweet, I had never known such bliss. Yet it turned to torture, it would kill me.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ellen -

ELLEN

But Thomas, it was you that gave me the courage to be free of my shame - you!

THOMAS

What are you telling me?

ELLEN

Don't you understand?

THOMAS

Pray, help me to.

ELLEN

You cannot understand?

THOMAS

No!

ELLEN

He is my shame! He is my melancholy! He took me as his lover then, and now he has come back. He has discovered our marriage and has come back!

THOMAS

Impossible.

ELLEN

He stalks me in my dreams,  
all my sleeping thoughts are  
of him, every night-

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ellen -

THOMAS goes to her. She avoids him as if she were poison.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Don't touch me. I am not to be touched.

SLOWLY, A SHADOW PASSES THROUGH THE ROOM, ORLOK'S BREATH IS HEARD.

The Shadow passes over Ellen. Her eyes change. Her tone becomes leaden.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You stopped your letters to me.

THOMAS

What?

ELLEN

You promised to write to me every day.  
Did not you think of me in that castle?



THOMAS

I did, I-

ELLEN

Lies.

THOMAS

After what you have just confessed, how  
can you -

ELLEN

He told me about you. He told me how  
foolish you were. How fearful. How like a  
child. How you fell into his arms as a  
swooning lily of a woman.

THOMAS

Ellen!

ELLEN

He told me how you sold me to him for  
gold.

THOMAS

No-

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Our love was supposed to be  
sacred.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ellen, please...

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You never listen!

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I-

ELLEN rises from the sofa.

ELLEN

Well where is it? Your money? Your  
promotion? Your house? Where is that  
which is so precious to you? Have you  
paid back kind Harding your debt? Have  
you repaid him with this plague that  
infects his wife?

THOMAS

I left for us, for our future...

ELLEN

For what? For what? For these... things?!

ELLEN gestures to the furnishing of the house.

THOMAS

For you!

ELLEN shrieks:

ELLEN

It doesn't matter! It doesn't matter!!

ELLEN is possessed by anger.

She throws china off the shelves...

Tearing the room to pieces... totally unhinged!

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Can't you see?! It doesn't matter! We should never have married! We are already dead!

She screams uncontrollably on the floor! Flailing her arms. The veins in her head look like they will explode, her eyes crossing. Her hands shake. IT IS UNCANNY. DEMONIC. More extreme than she has ever been before. ELLEN BEGINS RIPPING HER CLOTHES APART... TEARING AT HER BODICE...

THOMAS

I shall send for Doctor Sievers.

She quickly changes her tone.

ELLEN

No! No!!

She is desperate, crying, she crawls to her husband... She grabs his legs to hold him back..

ELLEN (CONT'D)

(like a puppy)

Please. I'll be good, I'll be good.

She places her cheek against his thigh, slowly looking up at him... she whispers in the most sensual and taunting tone:

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You could never please me as he could.

THOMAS becomes enraged with insane jealousy! He throws her to the sickbed... she unbuttons his trousers... he lifts her skirts... and they begin making love.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

He does.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Again.

He does.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Again. Kiss me here. Kiss my heart.

He does. ELLEN becomes more aggressive.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Let him see. Let him see our love!

She pushes his head into her heart. Her moaning is animal-like. She opens his shirt... she sees THE VAMPIRE BITE. She kisses and licks it... he pulls her from his chest, afraid... She is beyond human passion...

IMAGE: ELLEN, NAKED - HER WHITE FACE - HER MOUTH DRIPPING WITH RED BLOOD - HER EYES INSANE!!

THOMAS recoils, terrified by the fleeting image he saw!

THOMAS  
Ellen!

She looks him in the eye and laughs in a frightening manner, trying to pull him back in to her...

ELLEN  
(laughing)  
You have unloosed a demon!

THOMAS  
Ellen, wake from this. I love you! I love you.

Something changes. ELLEN'S laughter turns to shame, to tears. She sobs in horror. THOMAS embraces her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Forgive me, please.

ELLEN  
Keep away from me - I am unclean!

THOMAS  
Never!

ELLEN  
He will murder you if I do not go to him.  
We will be torn apart and all will be despair.

Thomas holds her tight, his eyes blaze mercilessly.

THOMAS

I'll kill him! He shall never harm you  
again. Never!

ELLEN fears it is impossible.

136 INT. VON FRANZ'S STUDY - NIGHT

136

VON FRANZ sits at his desk surrounded with books. He opens up Knock's book with THE EVIL EYE on the cover. It is written in the language of the ŞOLOMONARI.

VON FRANZ

(reading)

*And so the maiden fair did offer up,  
Her love unto the beast, and with him  
lay, / In close embrace until the first  
cock crow.*

He turns to an ILLUSTRATION... IT IS A MEDIEVAL WOODCUT OF A YOUNG WOMAN EMBRACING A NOSFERATU-LIKE CORPSE IN BED.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

*Her willing sacrifice thus broke the  
curse, / And freed them from the plague of  
Nosferatu.*

VON FRANZ'S eyes turn inspired. Prophetic.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

She is the way.

137 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOUR - NIGHT

137

As THOMAS holds ELLEN in his arms, ORLOK'S SHADOW passes over, taking her into his dark dreamworld. He whispers to her:

ORLOK (V.O.)

*More blood shall stain thy hands, another  
night has passed. Tomorrow night, the  
third, shall be his last.*

138 INT. HARDING HOUSE. MASTER BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

138

ANNA is in bed. She is near death.

She hears her children crying in the nursery... strange and muffled...

She turns to HARDING asleep by her side, fully clothed. One hand on hers, the other on a pistol. There is a ghostly SHADOW above him.

ORLOK (V.O.)  
 (subtitled)  
 Wake not.

ORLOK'S SHADOW quickly ascends away from him like a viper.

CLARA AND LOUISE (O.S.)  
 The Monster! The Monster!!

ANNA tries to rouse HARDING, shaking him, shaking him with all her might - but he will not wake.

ANNA  
 Friedrich!

A spell is over him. She rushes out of bed...

139 INT. HARDING HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 139

ANNA RUNS TO SAVE HER CHILDREN. THEY SCREAM LIKE MUTILATED ANIMALS.

140 INT. HARDING HOUSE. NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 140

She bursts into the nursery... She looks...

Silhouetted by the window, ORLOK DROPS THE LIFELESS BODIES OF HER CHILDREN FROM HIS CLAWS... they thump upon the floor.

ANNA is emotionally obliterated - paralysed with fear. She tries to go to her children... she can't move. Her eyes well up with tears. She can't scream. She chokes. She begins to shake with insanity, tears flowing from her eyes...

ORLOK approaches... He leaps upon her, engulfing her.

141 EXT. WISBURG CEMETERY - DAY 141

Never was a day more leaden with sorrow. HARDING and two of his SERVANTS carry ANNA'S BLACK CASKET out of the hearse, into the cemetery gates. PALLBEARERS follow with TWO WHITE CHILDREN'S CASKETS. The tall, leafless linden trees that grow between headstones seem to mourn the dead.

ELLEN, THOMAS, and SIEVERS have also gathered, unknown to HARDING. They watch from afar.

ELLEN looks through her black veil as the pallbearers take the caskets into the HARDING FAMILY TOMB - a stately mausoleum.

HARDING tries to stay composed as the tomb is closed, but he is a broken man. He is deathly pale, his eyes red. Is he, too, infected?

SIEVERS

(to Thomas)

We must speak to him.

THOMAS

A moment longer. His grief is too great.

Through the fog and snow emerges VON FRANZ, covering his face with a handkerchief. ELLEN can feel his approach.

VON FRANZ

More will be taken.

ELLEN

I know. She was with child.

VON FRANZ

Cover your face, dear creature. The grim reaper wields his heavy scythe with every change of wind.

ELLEN

Professor, I must speak with you.

ELLEN takes VON FRANZ' hand.

VON FRANZ

And I would speak with you.

SUDDENLY...

HARDING

Take that blackguard from this place!

Harding starts for VON FRANZ!

HARDING (CONT'D)

Your diseasèd mind has brought all of this outrage -

SIEVERS

Stop this!

THOMAS

Friedrich! Stop!

THOMAS runs limping on his cane, and embraces HARDING. THOMAS is a man possessed!

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Please, it is my fault! Forgive me my dear, sweet friend!

THOMAS holds HARDING BACK.

HARDING

This moment doesn't concern you, Thomas!

THOMAS

Your horror has rent our  
hearts, but you must hear us.

HARDING (CONT'D)

(to von Franz)  
Your very presence does me  
wrong!

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(overlapping)

Friedrich! These nightmares do exist!  
They exist!

In hysterics, THOMAS tears open his shirt and shows him HIS  
VAMPIRE BITE!

142

INT/EXT. COACH. WISBURG STREET - DAY

142

They are all crammed in a stuffy coach. Windows sealed. ELLEN  
is next to THOMAS.

VON FRANZ looks at ELLEN through her veil.

SIEVERS

(to von Franz)

And he shows no sign of the blood plague.

THOMAS

The good sisters sought to nurse me back  
to health with their prayer ... Yet I  
fear I am not free of his spell-

VON FRANZ

Trust in God and your strength. The  
monster left you to the wolves, and yet  
you prevailed.

SIEVERS

Harding!

HARDING has passed out!

SIEVERS shakes him awake. He is white as a ghost. He looks as if he has a brain fever, his eyes darting about - aflame at one moment, nearly lustreless the next. He struggles to speak.

HARDING

Forgive me. I am not myself. I...

(coughs)

Please, forgive me, all of you. My reason could not accept... accept...

SIEVERS

(overlapping)

Strength, man. Strength.

VON FRANZ

Orlok has kept his coffin within Grünewald Manor?

THOMAS

Assuredly.

VON FRANZ

Under our very noses. Tonight we destroy the beast!

ELLEN

Let me come with you.

THOMAS

Of course not, Ellen. You must be kept safe away.

VON FRANZ

We shall meet at Harding's and depart to Grünewald Manor.

HARDING

Please. The readiness is all.

Harding says vehemently, yet his thoughts seem far away.

VON FRANZ

We shall sanctify the earth wherein he was buried, and destroy the sarcophagus, then he can have no sanctuary at cock crow.

ELLEN looks at VON FRANZ.

SIEVERS

And when we uncover his body?



THOMAS

I will drive a spike of cold iron through him!

VON FRANZ looks at ELLEN.

ELLEN

What if it does not work?

ELLEN keeps staring at VON FRANZ. Determination in her eyes.

THOMAS

It must.

The carriage stops.

ELLEN

Professor, allow me to walk you to your door?

143 EXT. SLUMS. VON FRANZ'S BOARDING HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 143

ELLEN walks arm in arm with VON FRANZ. She is stiff, her head forward, trying not to give away her secret conversation, as her husband is watching from the carriage.

ELLEN

I must know... why me, professor?

VON FRANZ

I am but an able tourist in this occult world, you were born to it. You tell me why.

ELLEN

His pull on me is so terrible, so powerful - yet my spirit cannot be evil as his.

VON FRANZ

We must know evil to be able to destroy it, we must discover it within ourselves. And when we have, we must crucify the evil within us, or there is no salvation.

ELLEN

I need no salvation. My entire life I have done no ill but heed my nature.

VON FRANZ

Then harken to it. I fear Nosferatu is impervious to any of our iron stakes. I believe only you have the faculty to redeem us.

THOMAS (O.S.)  
Ellen! Let us make haste.

VON FRANZ smiles.

VON FRANZ  
In heathen times you might have been a great priestess of Isis. Yet, in this strange and modern world your purpose is of greater worth.

ELLEN looks at VON FRANZ with an eternal calm. She smiles. She has always known what is destined.

ELLEN  
Thank you.

She kisses his hand.

VON FRANZ  
I will keep your husband at bay tonight. Go now. Go home. Attend him that he is sturdy for this false hunt.

144 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. PARLOUR - AFTERNOON

144

ELLEN sits by a WINDOW COVERED IN WREATHES OF GARLIC AND WHITETHORN. She looks through the wavy glass: makeshift undertakers carry coffins down an abandoned street. Fires burn. Rats feed on dead horses and dogs. The city is a morgue. SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE MUST DO. NO MORE SHALL DIE FROM THIS.

THOMAS kisses her head, wearing his coat, ready to leave.

ELLEN  
You will put an end to all of this?

She has to be sure that she will be left alone this night. This is a loving deceit, a vital deceit.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
You promise you shan't return to me 'til he is no more? Promise you won't return-

THOMAS  
I promise.

ELLEN  
He does not have power over you, Thomas.

They embrace. Tears fall from her eyes. She knows this moment is their last together.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I place my utter faith in you. I love you.

THOMAS

Cry not.

Their final kiss. THOMAS leaves, ever empowered by his wife.

HOLD ON: ELLEN, feeling her imminent destiny stir within her.

ELLEN

(whispered)

Goodbye.

145 INT. HARDING HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY 145

THOMAS, SIEVERS, and VON FRANZ stand with weapons ready, as VAMPIRE HUNTERS.

SIEVERS

He is not here?

HARTMAN

No, Herr Harding has departed, sir.

THOMAS

Where could he have gone?

VON FRANZ

He has a heavy grief. We shall wait for him. There is time yet 'til sundown.

VON FRANZ casually lights his pipe.

THOMAS

No. We must find him.

146 EXT. WISBURG CEMETERY - DUSK 146

HARDING wanders in the blue twilight. Snow falls.

He approaches his FAMILY TOMB. The red marks of sepsis are on his haunted face, discharge in his eyes. HE HAS THE PLAGUE.

As he unlocks the vault, without noticing, he lets his huge fur coat fall off of his shoulders into the snow.

147 INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - MOMENTS LATER 147

He seems in a trance, his eyes full of tears.

HARDING

Clara. Louise. My girls.

He gently touches their coffins as he walks by them, with a melancholy smile, as if stroking his daughters' cheeks.

148 EXT. WISBURG STREET - DUSK 148

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS call for HARDING. THOMAS limps on his cane.

149 INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - DUSK 149

HARDING sees ANNA'S COFFIN on a stone bier.

HARDING

(whispered)

Anna. Your bed is so dark, so small.

He hugs and caresses the lid.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Anna, my love. Our son ... our little son  
... forgive me. I shall never sleep  
again. Never.

He breathes with desire, slowly opening the coffin.

He takes her limp head passionately in his arms. Suddenly... he is seized with an internal haemorrhage... the plague ripping at him. Blood trickles from his mouth. But his love for his wife is enough to withstand the pain.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Let this your tender embrace keep me now  
in bliss, away from everlasting sleep.

Quivering with passion, and in his death throes, he brings his wife's cold lips to his.

150 EXT. HARBOUR - DUSK 150

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS run through the abandoned harbour.

SIEVERS AND VON FRANZ

Harding! Harding!

THOMAS looks at the CROSS-LIKE MAST of a ship.

THOMAS

I know where he has gone!

151 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 151

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS run through the cemetery.

152 INT. HARDING FAMILY TOMB - NIGHT 152

They dash in... stunned... THOMAS lowers his torch:

ANNA'S CASKET IS TUMBLED OVER. SHE LIES HALF INSIDE, HALF ON THE FLOOR... HARDING IS DEAD, TOO. HE HOLDS HER IN HIS ARMS, SKIRTS FLOWING AROUND HER HUSBAND. HER LEG WRAPPED AROUND HIM. HE COULD NOT RESIST HER. THE PLAGUE HAS TAKEN THEM BOTH.

THOMAS

I cannot bear anymore!

VON FRANZ

Set fire to their infected bodies. They must be sanctified.

THOMAS

Please, we must onward.

SIEVERS

But Orlok... Will he not have already risen? Should we not return to our homes?

THOMAS

No. I will not wait 'til morning! We must stop him now.

VON FRANZ

Very wise, young Thomas.

VON FRANZ seems somehow suspicious to Thomas. SIEVERS notices THOMAS trembling.

THOMAS

I feel his hold upon me this night.

SIEVERS

Make haste, Professor!

VON FRANZ prays and nods to SIEVERS who remorsefully douses the bodies in coal oil.

THE MEN slowly lower their torches to cremate their friends.

152A EXT. CANAL - NIGHT 152A

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS drift down the canal in a small boat, torches burning high, toward Grünewald Manor.

153 INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT 153

ORLOK stands looking out his window. Eyes blazing.

154 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

154

ELLEN sits at her dressing table and lets down her long hair.  
She looks at herself. She breathes. She is afraid but ready.

155 OMITTED 155

156 OMITTED 156

157 OMITTED 157

158 EXT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR - NIGHT 158

THOMAS forces open the old iron gate.

THOMAS

There is a chapel in the rear.

159 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 159

ELLEN TAKES DOWN THE GARLIC AND WHITETHORN...

She flings the window open... wind blows. She slowly raises her arms, beckoning, like a sorceress... radiant...

SHE SPEAKS TO ORLOK WITHOUT OPENING HER MOUTH.  
TELEPATHICALLY.

ELLEN (V.O.)

(whispered)

I am ready. I bid you, come to me.

160 INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR. CHAPEL - SAME MOMENT 160

ORLOK walks through the chapel, into the shadows. The high-pitched screeching of RATS grows louder and louder...

ORLOK STOPS WALKING. HE TURNS HIS HEAD. HE HEARS ELLEN.

ORLOK (V.O.)

Behold the third night.

161 INT. GRÜNEWALD MANOR. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER 161

THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS burst open the doors of the chapel. Pigeons fly.

THEY SEE IT, in the distance: ORLOK'S SARCOPHAGUS!

THOMAS

There it is!

THEN, THEY GASP! THERE ARE RATS EVERYWHERE. THOUSANDS PILED UP, FRANTICALLY CRAWLING.

SIEVERS

Oh god.

THEY ARE ANKLE DEEP IN RATS!

VON FRANZ lowers his torch.

VON FRANZ

The fire will keep them at bay.

It works... They lower their torches, keeping the rats away... walking in fear.

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

Go forward Thomas. Set free the daemon's body!

SIEVERS throws open the coffin lid with ferocity.

THOMAS without so much as looking... THRUSTS IN HIS IRON SPIKE AND HAMMERS IT! But SIEVERS sees into the box before THOMAS:

SIEVERS

No, Thomas!!

AN OLD, THIN, PALE ARM JUTS OUT OF THE BOX IN AGONY! BLOOD!! AN OLD MAN'S SCREAM!

THOMAS looks: IT IS NO VAMPIRE - IT IS KNOCK, NAKED IN ORLOK'S DIRT! THE STAKE DEEP IN HIS GUT.

SIEVERS (CONT'D)

Herr Knock!

KNOCK holds the stake, blood pouring from his mouth.



KNOCK

I relinquished him my soul...

KNOCK pushes the stake deeper into his body. His eyes look kind.

KNOCK (CONT'D)

I should have been the Prince of Rats -  
immortal... but he broke our covenant...  
for he cares only for his pretty bride.

THOMAS

Ellen!

KNOCK

She is his!

THOMAS realises what he has just said... AND that he has left  
Ellen at home... AS PREY!

THOMAS

Monstrous!

KNOCK

Strike again. I am blasphemy!

VON FRANZ takes a mallet from THOMAS...

THOMAS

No!

VON FRANZ drives the stake into KNOCK'S navel!

VON FRANZ

Die you accursèd mis-birth of Hell!

KNOCK

Deliverance...

KNOCK dies.

VON FRANZ

Set fire to it all!

VON FRANZ incants prayers, dousing the earth and Knock's body  
with coal oil.

THOMAS

Dammit man, he has gone to my wife!

VON FRANZ

We must burn it! We must destroy all of  
his habitation. No sanctuary.

He pours the oil everywhere lighting everything on fire.

THOMAS

There is not time to be lost, he pursues  
Ellen!

VON FRANZ pays no attention to THOMAS. The flames grow.

VON FRANZ

By holy Paul, there is no remission  
without her blood!!  
(*laughs*)

THOMAS and SIEVERS realise that VON FRANZ knew it all along!

SIEVERS

You are a mad man!

THOMAS

(overlapping)  
You knew Orlok would not be here! You  
knew it this afternoon!

VON FRANZ

Your wife wills it!!

THOMAS

This is not moral!!

VON FRANZ

God is beyond our morals.

THOMAS runs savagely at VON FRANZ. SIEVERS holds him back.  
VON FRANZ laughs in a religious fervour!

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

In vain! In vain!  
(*laughs*)

THOMAS FILLS WITH TEARS OF RAGE. He turns away, running to  
Ellen. SIEVERS follows. The flames growing wild. RATS SCREAM!

VON FRANZ (CONT'D)

You run in vain! You cannot out-run your  
destiny! (*laughs*) Her dark bond with the  
beast shall redeem us all. For when  
Jove's pure light shall break upon the  
dawn: Redemption. (*laughs*) The plague  
shall be lifted! (*laughs*)

163 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - THE SAME TIME 163

ELLEN stands by the window, ready for her fate. The flames of Grünewald Manor flicker miles away.

She hears heavy footsteps...

164 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 164

ORLOK is in her house... ascending the stairs...

His breathing growing louder...

His approach growing closer...

Closer...

165 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. HALL - THE NEXT MOMENT 165

THE SHADOW OF ORLOK'S claw reaches the door of the bedroom.

His breathing is louder still.

166 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MOMENT 166

ELLEN turns to the door, trembling. SHE WEARS HER WEDDING DRESS. Dried lilacs from her wedding adorn her hair, like a crown. She is prepared to be wed to death, as her dream foretold...

ORLOK enters the room.

ORLOK

(Ancient Dacian, subtitled)

You accept this, of your own will?

Their eyes of infinite depth meet each other.

ELLEN

I do.

ORLOK

(subtitled)

Then the covenant is fulfilled. Your oath re-pledged.

ELLEN

Yes.

ORLOK

(subtitled)

As our spirits are one, so too shall be our flesh. You are mine.

He breathes with obsession.

A tear falls from her eye.

They embrace. His grasp is overwhelming. Violent.  
Frightening.

She pulls away in fear. He pulls tighter. His shrunken corpse  
mouth is bloody. He kisses her. Deeply. It is ecstasy for  
both of them.

She leads him to the bed...

She undresses...

He caresses her body with his claws... She draws him to her  
heart, where she had wished Thomas would kiss her...

He opens his rat-like jaws, lifts up his head and sinks his  
teeth into her breast, penetrating her flesh!

She shudders. She moans. She holds his cold skull close as he  
drinks her blood. Her whole body throbs as the blood rushes  
out of her veins... She holds him tighter... Her breathing  
bursts with rapture.

167 EXT. WISBURG - DAWN 167

WIDE: Wisburg, the plague-ridden city, awaits redemption. THE  
FIRST GOLDEN RAYS OF DAWN grow in the horizon behind the city  
skyline. In the distance, A ROOSTER CROWS.

168 EXT. WISBURG STREET - DAWN 168

THOMAS and SIEVERS run.

THOMAS sees the amber sky and SUNLIGHT breaking upon the  
steeple of THE CHURCH. He quickens his pace, running himself  
to death - he will save Ellen!

169 INT. HUTTER HOUSE. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 169

ORLOK'S jaws are still latched to Ellen's breast, though he  
is engorged.

He senses the DAWN and begins to rise, but Ellen lovingly  
guides him back to her. She whispers almost inaudibly:

ELLEN

More. More.

He cannot resist. He drinks. She holds him close.

As he drinks, THE FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN ASCENDING INTO THE ROOM. He feels the warmth - afraid.

ELLEN LOOKS AT HIM. HE SEES A FIERY RECKONING IN HER EYES. SHE HAS WON.

He slowly rises... The sunlight rakes over him... He puts up his hands to shield himself...

THE LIGHT IS OBLITERATING NOSFERATU!

In agony, he contorts himself into a twisted position... Ellen's blood oozes from all of his orifices. He screams... his lungs shredded by the cry.

JUST THEN, THOMAS AND SIEVERS RUSH IN, GASPING AT WHAT THEY SEE!

THOMAS

Ellen!

ORLOK FALLS ONTO ELLEN, BOTH OF THEM EPILEPTICALLY WRITHING IN AN ANGUISHED AND PUTRID BALLET. CLIMAXING.

THOMAS SPRINGS TO THE BED... BUT IT IS TOO LATE. THOMAS falls to his knees in despair.

ELLEN gently touches THOMAS. ELLEN AND THOMAS EXCHANGE ONE FINAL LOOK OF LOVE, AS SHE AND ORLOK DIE.

Thomas holds his wife's lifeless hand tightly. Beautiful, pure, golden light shines through the windows behind him.

VON FRANZ walks into the bedroom, solemnly removing his hat. He puts his hand on THOMAS' shoulder. THOMAS doesn't feel it.

VON FRANZ holds a bouquet of LILACS which he scatters upon the remains of Ellen and Orlok. Just as he crosses himself, GRETA crawls by and leaps up into his arms. He pets her and smiles as she nestles up to him.

ELLEN and ORLOK lay dead together, their limbs entwined in carnage and the fragrant lilacs. Orlok is now an empty shell. ELLEN'S face is calm, beatific. Finally at peace.

HOLD.

THE END.