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Shadow Of The Vampire

By Steven Katz

[Record Scratching]

[Clattering, Murmuring]

[Man]|Albin, please.

[Man]|We'll shoot the scenes|in reverse order...

in the unlikely event|that we stop to build|emotionally.

The lyricism,|you'd do well to emulate.|Albin, you clear the set.

[Man]|Roll camera.

And... begin.

[Man]|Nice pussy.

Nice pussy.

Meow.

You're very content right now,|aren't you, Ellen ?

You live in a nice house.

You wear pretty clothes,

and you're married|to a kind man who's|promised to love you forever.

You have no inkling|of what lives at the bottom|of the flower box.

No sense of longing.

No notion,|even of death itself.

And...

end, and print it.

Wolf, have we established|pathos ?

Perfectly, Herr Doctor.|And in one take.

[Clamoring]

Very well. Let's get|the film to the lab|immediately.

I'll need to see rushes|tomorrow before the train|in the morning.

Albin ?

Yes, Friedrich.|Hurry and strike|your set.

You never hesitate to remind me|it's costing our investors|a fortune daily.

Shooting outside the studios|will cost you much more.

But such is the price|of genius.

Thank God, an end|to this artifice !

Nicely done, Greta.

You are developing|in a number of lovely ways.

For a moment, I even thought|I saw a premonition|of evil cross your face.

It wouldn't surprise me|with all this spooky shit|you've been saying to me.

I told you it's important|for the realistic effect.

But why do we have to|leave Berlin just now...

at the start|of the theater season ?

Albin, has your man|arranged the cars ?|Yes, two.

Do you have any idea|the parts I've been offered|at long last ?

The salaries ?|Will that be enough ?

It has to be.|They're the only cars|in the region.

Herr Doctor,|you're ignoring me.

There was a time|when you didn't ignore me.

Greta, why would you possibly want to act in a play when you can act in a film ?

A theatrical audience gives me life,
while this thing merely takes it from me.

Greta, Ellen is a woman who discovers...
the ultimate expression of love...

in the most exquisite pain imaginable.

Does that sound familiar ?

It's a very demanding role.

It is the role that will make you great as an actress.

Consider it a sacrifice for your art.

[Murnau] Work quickly, ladies and gentlemen. We have a train to catch.

Hans.

Albin, what did you give the cat ?

- Laudanum. - Laudanum.

It's hard to keep the damn thing docile under the lights.

Why, did it show ? It looked a little pickled.

Not as much as Greta.

Things seem to be well in hand here.

Friedrich. Friedrich.

Friedrich, we have to talk about the vampire.

Not now, Albin. It's nearly dark.

Wrap things up for me here, will you ?

Make sure the imbecile, Gustav, does not miss the train.

And I'll see you all in the morning.

But what kind of clothes should I pack for him ?

What kind of makeup ? How tall is he ?

Please, tell me, Friedrich.

Does anybody know where he's running off to ?

Perhaps he has a woman. Or a man.

We cross the border into Czechoslovakia a few hours into our journey.

Apparently, Herr Doctor has already filmed some of the exteriors there.

He has ? You didn't know ?

No. Strange.

Well, you can assume we'll be filming all of Jota's scenes there.

The scenes between him and the vampire.

I thought Dracula lived in Transylvania.

Uh-uh, strictly speaking, this is not Dracula.

The author's widow wouldn't sell us the rights to the novel.

So, who's playing Count Dracula ? I mean, Orlock.

His name is Schreck.

Max Schreck.

Apparently, he was in the Reinhardt Company when Murnau was directing.

Schreck. You sure you have the name right ?

- He's a character actor.|- Who told you he was playing|the vampire ?
- Herr Doctor told me.|- I never heard of Max Schreck|in the Reinhardt
Company.
Herr Doctor told me|he was with Stanislavsky|in Moscow.
Oh, dear. One of|the Russian school then.
As part of his preparation,|he submerges his own|personality...
into that of the character|he's playing.
That is why|he is not traveling with us.
Herr Doctor told me|he went to Czechoslovakia|weeks ago,
to absorb the flavour|of the place, I suppose.
Herr Doctor|also told me...
that when we get there|and start filming,
Max Schreck|will only appear to us|in full makeup and costume,
as the vampire.
Furthermore,|we will only film him...
at night.
And why wasn't|I told about it ?|I'm the producer.
Well, he told me.
[Clamoring]
Tell me|you're not too pretty|to work for me.
Yes, sir.|I love the cinema.
Friedrich, I just|realized this morning,
our financiers, they don't know|what picture you are making.
The crew don't know|what picture you're making.
The cast don't know|what picture you're making.
And now, I don't know|what picture you're making.|Are you happy ?
Albin.|I know.|Tell them nothing.
[Man]|There he is.
Gentlemen, I'm Albin Grau,|producer and art director|oft his picture.
Is it true Murnau is filming|Stoker's Dracula ?
Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau|is Germany's greatest fiilmaker,
in a class with such masters|as Refice and Eisenstein.
At present,|he is supervising|every detail...
of this unique|on-location expedition.
The major part--|who's going to play ?|Thank you, gentlemen.
Will you be filming|in Germany ?|Thank you, gentlemen.
[Hissing, Whistle Blows]
[Clamoring]
[Murnau]|Our battle, our struggle|is to create art.
Our weapon is|the moving picture.
Because we have|the moving picture,
our paintings|will grow and recede.
Our poetry will be shadows|that lengthen and conceal.
Our light will play|across living faces...

that laugh and agonize.

And our music will linger|and finally overwhelm...

because it will have|a context...

as certain as the grave.

We are scientists engaged|in the creation of memory.

But our memory|will neither blur,|nor fade.

What is this ?

It looks like blood.

[Horn Honking]

Good evening.

Herr Doctor,

we've been expecting you.|Will you see|to our baggage ?

[Murnau]|The wagon train has arrived,

[Albin]|And here's the leadmule.

Well, what a terrible journey|that was. How long have you|been here ?

- Not long.|- Don't tell me we have|a busy schedule tomorrow.

Gustav, no exterior shots|at the inn. Some shots in here,|arrival of
Hutter's carriage.

Welcome. Welcome.

Welcome. Welcome.

Friedrich, I'd like to plan|for these night scenes.

When are they|to be fiilmed ?

They will be filmed soon,|Wolf,

but they won't require|much planning.

But I need extra help|to set up the lights.

Surely, you can give me|some notice so l can prepare.

Herr Doctor,|where are the extras ?

You're looking at them.

[Murmuring]

Doctor, these people|cannot act.

They don't need to act.|They need to be.

[Rolling Thunder]

Wolf?

[Door Creaking]

Herr Mller ?

[Animal Howls In Distance]

[Man Gasps]

Sorry, Wolfgang.

[Floor Creaking]

[Rolling Thunder]

[Car Leaving]

[Grunting]

[Murnau] Allright, Hutter,|it's been a fitful night,|but you wake
refreshed,

eager to continue|your journey to the castle|of the nobleman,
who may very well|make your fortune.
Wait, Gustav.|What is that beside you ?
Yes. Pick it up.
It's a book...|about vampires.
[Murnau]|Ah ! Yes.
Now you remember.
It was put there last night|by the superstitious peasants,|the ones who
warned you...
not to enter|Orlock's castle.
The ones who warned you|not even to dare to speak|his name--
Nosferatu--
the unclean,|the undead.
Lest you invoke|the creature itself.
Very good, Gustav.
Herr Doctor.|Albin ?
I am sorry,|Herr Doctor, but--
Albin !|Yes, Friedrich.
Albin,|a native has wandered|into my frame.
Kommen sie, Frulein.
Wolf.
Wolf !
What is the matter|with everyone ?
She will not let us|go on fiilming, unless|we replace the crosses.
Am I really being bothered|with this ?
Herr Doctor,|I warned you.
You should be more concerned|about these things.
The crosses are not|for decoration.
We will put them back.|They just overwhelm|our composition.
Albin, the camera.|Yeah, that light should be|sufficient.
We must go. Henrik,|what's the scene number?
Uh, 23.
Quickly.
Yes, Albin, that's fiine.|He'll take care of it.
Go in.|Henrik, on either side.
You open the door|when I give you the cue.
Ready ?|Are we ready ?
Yeah, yeah.
And roll camera.|Iris in.
And... begin.
Gustav, you walk in|very slowly.
Very slowly, yes.
Feel your bag.|Make sure you have|your contracts.
You're afraid.

Who was the person|who brought you ?
You must go|into the castle.
The castle calls you.
The gates suddenly open.
You must go in.
That's excellent, Gustav.
Go forward.
Go forward.
And... end.
Wolf?|Yeah, it's okay.
I'm in charge|of their construction.
Who built all this ?|We have an agreement.
Albin, Albin,|I sent some local workers|ahead this morning.
I'm sorry|I didn't explain to you.
Please, there's a generator|in the courtyard, just past|the tree on the
right.
Get it to work|and replace this camera.
We had an agreement!|Yes. Stay here|for a moment.
Wolf, your camera's here.|Set it up as quickly|as possible. Yes?
Roll camera.
Gustav, you move forward|very slowly,
heading always|for the tunnel.
This is perfect.|Just a darkhole,
that has been unexplored,|untouched...
for long, long time.
And then, one night,
something crawls out.
Hutter...
meet Count Orlock.
[Rolling Thunder]
Gustav, you must follow him|into the tunnel.
Yes. Going in.
Make your way down.
And...
end.
Wolf?
[Panting]|My God !
Wolf?|Yeah, got it.
Remarkable.
The overture|to our symphony of horrors.
Genius, Hutter, genius.
He is not from|the Reinhardt Company.
Mm. Congratulations,|Gustav.
Yes. I was good,|wasn't I ?

I saw his face. | His face.

Where did you find him | really ?

In that hole.

Gustav, this was | your finest moment.

Good, Gustav. | Gentlemen, | let's pack up.

Shooting is completed | for the night.

That's it ? | We came all the way | for one scene.

I would have driven | anywhere at any time | for that look of Gustav's.

I would like to | congratulate Herr Schreck | on his extraordinary appearance.

For the remainder | of the shoot, | he will be Count Orlock,

to himself | and to all of us.

Just leave the man alone. | He will be completely | authentic.

He's not interested | in our questions or our praise | or our conversations.

He's chasing an altogether | different ghost.

Friedrich, come quick, | it's Wolf.

[Groaning]

[Grunts]

[Chattering]

Is my room ready ?

Yes.

Nosferatu !

Oh, this is too much.

Answer me, Herr Doctor, | is this some stunt | to evoke fear in us ?

Henrik, | stop being so theatrical. | You'll wake the whole house.

Go on up, Wolf, | and have a brandy.

You'll feel better | in the morning.

What's happened ?

He's ill, obviously. | Take him upstairs,

and then go outside | and help Herr Grau | with the camera equipment.

Bring the cameras | straight to my room,

and prepare for tomorrow.

[Murmuring]

Albin, we need to | clear the table.

We'll need the inkwell, | the quill and the contracts.

Wolf, I'd like it darker | and smokier.

[Wolfgang] | In which case I thought, | move that lamp to the far side.

And you, spread some dust | on the floor.

[Schreck Grunting]

[Murnau] | Ah ! There you are.

[Laughing]

It's incredible, no ?

I wish you could all | see your faces.

Ladies and gentlemen, | this is Max Schreck,

who will be portraying | our vampire, Count Orlock.

As you no doubt have heard, |Max's methods are somewhat...
unconventional, |but I am sure...
you will come to respect |his artistry in this matter.
Now. Yes, places, |everybody.
May I have the chair, |please ? Quickly.
Count Orlock, |you will sit here |at the head of the table.
Please.
Very good.
In this scene, the count |is reading the papers |you brought him.
And you are about to make |a considerable amount of money.
- No ! No makeup ! | - [Speaking German]
Forgive me.
Albin, clear the set. |[Speaking German]
[Albin] |Okay. |[Snorts]
[Murnau] |Count, you're reading |your documents.
That's it. |It isn't right.
Well, try acting it, |for God's sake. |What should it say ?
It's meant to be a contract.
A realestate contract.
- I'd like some makeup. | - Well, you don't get any.
Alright. |Are we ready to begin ? |[Snorts]
Elke, the phonograph.
[Record Scratching]
Ruhe, bitte. Iris in.
And...
concentrate.
Begin.
Alright, Orlock, very good. |You're reading your papers.
Read your papers |very intensely.
After all, how often is it |that you get correspondence |from the living ?
No, don't look up. |Concentrate on your papers.
Not that you actually |care about the details |of the contract.
All you're interested in |are all those juicy throats |waiting for you...
the moment |you get to Germany.
Now, Hutter, even though |it may repel you,
creep in, creep in.
Let us see the expectation |on your face.
You are about to make |the biggest sale of your life.
Point out a few details |of the contract. Yes.
Tell him that's-- |that's particularly |beneficial to you.
Reach into your bag.
This will seal the deal, |and something falls out.
Count, what is it, |on your left, |on the table ?
It's a locket.

This is Greta Schroeder.

No, you don't know her. |He's supposed to |ask who it is.

Oh.

No. End.

Jesus, Max ! |Henrik, can you |explain to him...

his motivation ?

All right. Count,

think about this.

What is it that inspires...

the most longing in you,

that is most desirable, |and yet, most unattainable ?

The light of the sun.

That is the emotion. |Use it.

Nosferatu, |you read your papers. |Ruhe, bitte.

Who is this woman ?

Ellen, my wife.

She has |a beautiful bosom.

-Jeez ! | - Gustav, just snatch it |back from him.

Yes, go on. |And, vampire, |you sign the papers.

T- Take your quills. |Sign the papers.

Yes, go on.

I understand... |we are going to be neighbors.

Very nice addition, |Count, yes.

And, Hutter, how does |that make you feel?

Yes, snatch back |your papers.

You're happy to be |his neighbor?

And iris out.

End. Excellent.

Excellent.

Give the lip-readers |a thrill.

- Wolf, do you have it ? | - Yes, I got it.

- Wolf, have you got it ? | - Yes, I said I got it !

Excellent. |Thank you.

Do you think Schreck |is alright ? We have |left him up at that castle.

He's not in danger.

He's a fiine actor, |but all this preparation, |it's... very strange.

You think it is strange |enough for him to go so deep |inside his character
that--

that he forgets |he's Max Schreck altogether? |God knows I forgot.

Schreck's peculiarities |are like lovemaking games.

You believe them |when they happen, |but they always stop short...

of anybody |being seriously hurt.

[Clattering] | [Grunts]

' 'The woods decay.

'The woods decay|and fall.
'The vapors|weep their burthen...
to the ground.'

Dinner ?
You set|a very mean table.
No rats ?
[Moaning]
There was a time...
when I fed|from golden chalices.
[Rales]|But now--
Don't look at me|that way !
In my old age,
I feed|the way old men pee.
Sometimes all at once.
Sometimes drop by drop.
I told you...
I feed erratically.
Often, enormously.
[Murnau]|Yes, Max, you may give|the locket to Elke.
Now, Gustav, this is a scene|from the previous night.
You have met your host.|He has brought you home|to his castle.
He is giving you dinner.|You can start eating.
Very well. Excellent.|And, Orlock, you're merely|reading your papers...
and totally ignoring|your guest.
Good.|Wolf, roll camera.
And...
begin.
A thought occurs to you.
Look at your host.|Very good, Gustav.
Do you think...
he might have been the stranger|who drove you to the castle ?
You watch.|Is he even human ?
How does it feel|to be eating next to him...
knowing that you're|spending the night with him|in the castle alone ?
You watch him.|Orlock, drop your paper.
Look at Gustav.
Gustav,|keep watching him.
Take your right hand|and reach for the bread knife.
Watch him.
Breathing.
What will happen ?
Reach out,|take the loaf of bread...
and cut yourself|a slice.
Yes, slicing.|Slicing.

You're slicing.
Toward you. |Toward you.
Watching him. |Slicing. Slicing.
Watch out. |Slicing.
- Watch your... fiinger !|- Aah !
Look, Nosferatu, blood! |Blood!
[Grunting] |Stop it, Murnau. |I really did cut my hand.
Paul, go and check |the generator. |He did that intentionally.
Calm down ! |I'll see to the light.
That knife was sharp |like a razor! |Gustav, remain in character.
[Schreck Growling] |Jesus Christmas !
- Get this Scheisskopf off me!|- [Woman Screams]
[Straining]
[Murnau] |Schreck!
What is the matter |with you ?
He's a Stanislavsky lunatic ! |That is what is the matter |with him !
I have contracted you in secrecy |and at great expense.
You will not damage |this production !
Herr Muller, when will you |have your equipment |functioning properly ?
I am tired of your |lack of enthusiasm !
I saw you.
Gustav, |bring the girls |to the car.
I am not happy ! |Gustav, move !
Herr Doctor, the man |is barely breathing.
I told you |to fix the generator !
No, leave the equipment |and take the camera.
We are done here |for today, Herr Doctor. |Albin !
Help me. |Everybody |to the automobile.
Herr Doctor, we're leaving. |Schreck.
No. No, he stays.
[Murnau] |Albin ?
[Raling] |[Sighs]
Yes, Friedrich.
Do you think Wolf's assistant |can fiinish this fiilm ?
Paul ? No. |He hasn't had |enough experience.
What about you ?
You're the closest we have |to a photographer.
[Henrik] |What are you talking about ? |The film ends here.
No, Henrik, |this film will go on.
Henrik, this fiilm |cannot survive even |the briefest interruption.
The financiers |would take control. |They hate your script.
Actually, it may be |advantageous...
because it makes |the crew very edgy |and I like that.
Do you hear what you're saying ? |I can drop Wolf |at a hospital.

You're out of|your fucking mind.|You're a fanatic !
Please, don't behave|like children, Henrik !
I'll get a new photographer|and fly him back here|within the week.
Henrik, when you wrote|this scenario,
you had demons of your own|to work out, did you not ?
Now I have mine.
Albin,|you're the producer.
Keep this company|together.
[Car Engine Starts]
[Ragged Breathing]
How dare you !
How dare you destroy|my photographer !|You idiot !
Did I kill...|some of your people,|Murnau ?
I can't remember.
We have an arrangement !
Don't pretend|you mourn, Herr Doctor.|I know you.
Why him, you monster ?
Why not the...|script girl ?
[Chuckles]
The script girl...
I'll eat her later.
No, you will not.|Our bargain--
you agreed|not to hurt my people.
Listen to me.|Do you understand ?
This requires that|I go back to Berlin...
to find another photographer|and to fly him back here.
And you! You will|control yourself|while I am away.
I don't think...|we need the writer any longer.
I don't expect you|to understand this,
and I am loathe|to admit it myself,
but the writer|is necessary.
All my crew|is necessary.
Do you understand ?
I don't think the ship|is necessary.
What ?
The ship.
The ship.
My God, what are you|talking about ?
I have a dozen scenes|on the ship.
But... I won't sail.
Then I will replace you|with a double !
I will do every scene of yours|with a double !
You, you will have no close-ups.|None whatsoever.
How dare you speak|to me that way!

I have shots !|I am the director !
[Hisses]
Why didn't you|mention this before ?
You want to eat the writer ?|Be my guest.
That will leave you|to explain how else|your character...
is supposed to|get to Bremen.
[Grunts]
Yes, I will...
shoot the scenes|at sea around you.
But you will still|have to sail to Helgoland|for your death scene.
Or else what ?
Or else ?
Or else... no Greta.
[Shudders]|We shoot|her scenes there.
[Grunts]
I'll go to Helgoland,
but I won't sail.
Helgoland is an island.
So ?|So, it can only|be reached by sea.
Or air.
And if I agree to fly you in,
you will leave my people alone.
Or else what ?
Don't think|I can't harm you.
Tell me how|you would harm me,
when even I don't know|how I could harm myself.
But thy strong hours|indignant worked their wills...
and beat me down,
and marred and wasted me.
And though they|could not end me,
left me maimed to dwell...
in presence of immortal youth.
Immortal age beside|the immortal youth...
and all I was in ashes.
Albin, what is|the most wondrous thing|you have ever seen ?
Eh, I saw ectoplasm once.
Ectoplasm ?|What is ectoplasm ?
It's the mystical substance|of ghosts.
I saw a spiritualist|pull it out of his mouth|in Italy.
What did it look like ?
Seaweed.
Is that what we|look like when we die ?|[Albin] I hope not.
What was for you...
the most wondrous thing|you ever saw ?

I once saw|Greta Schroeder naked.

No.|Yes.

[Albin]|That beats ectoplasm.

Jesus, Max.

You scared me|to death.

How long have|you been listening ?

[Henrik] We've been|looking all over theplace|for your coffin.

Maybe it isn't|his resting place.

Didn't we have something|to say to him ?

Max ? The great|Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau...

went to Berlin to fiind|a new photographer.

Wolf is probably dead.|So you can take|your funny ears off.

Alb, please.|The man is an artist.

Ask him some|vampire questions.

[Albin]|When did you become a vampire ?

I can't recall.

Where were you born--|were you born ?

I can't remember.

[Laughing]|It's not funny anymore.

Come on, Count Dracula|wouldn't say|he couldn't remember.

I read that book.|Murnau gave it to me.

Well, now this|is a golden opportunity.|Speaking as a vampire,
what do you make|of the book's|technical merits ?

It made me sad.

[Albin]|Why sad?

Because Dracula|had no servants.

I think you missed|the point of the book,|Count Orlock.

Dracula hasn't had servants|in 400 years,
and then a man|comes to his ancestral home,
and he must convince him|that he--
that he is like the man.

He has to feed him,

when he himself|hasn't eaten food|in centuries.

Can he even remember|how to buy bread ?

How to select|cheese and wine ?

And then he remembers|the rest of it.

How to prepare a meal,|how to make a bed.

He remembers|his first glory,

his armies,|his retainers,

and what|he is reduced to.

The loneliest part|of the book comes...

when the man accidentally...

sees Dracula|setting his table.

But if you're so lonely,

why don't you|make more vampires ?

I can't.

I'm too old.

Although,

I seem to remember|I was never able to.

Then how did you|become a vampire ?

- It was woman.|- Now we're getting|somewhere.

[Snarls]

Schreck,|the German theater...

needs you.

We were together|in the night,|and then she left me.

At first, I had a painting|of her in wood,

then I had a relief|of her in marble,

and then,|I had a picture of her...

in my mind.

But now, I no longer|even have that.

What was I saying ?

This Schnapps they make|in these parts.

I haven't tasted it in--

Take it easy there,|old boy.

Henrik, what an actor.

Yeah.

Dedication.

Herr Schreck.

Herr Doctor !

Herr Doctor !

You wanted reality,|Herr Doctor, here it is.

Well, I'm not a doctor,|but I have dabbled|in pharmaceuticals.

You're the new cameraman ?|Ja.

Paul is setting up|to shoot it now.|Good.

Art can never move|as fast as life, huh ?|Ah, sure it can.

So, what's the lens ?|It's 35 millimeters,|sir.

Not my ideal weapon of choice,|but I suppose it will do.

Are you loaded ?|Yes, sir.

Good, so am I. Move the camera|ten centimeters to the right,

and I'll contrive|a possible two-shot,|but wait for my signal.

[Chattering]

[Yelling In German]

Did you get the shot ?|Yes, sir.

And the gate is clean ?|The gate's clean, sir.

[Shouting In German]|[Baby Crying]

I hadn't time to properly|prepare the shot.

What I should have done|was film the thing|in slow motion.

It would have been|incredibly moving.

What's that, sir, |slow motion ?
Well, I run the film |through the camera too fast,
then when it's projected |at normal speed,
things appear to be |unnaturally slow.
Gives everything |a kind of resonance.
It's a shame you won't have |the chance to demonstrate...
your more esoteric skills |on my production.
I'm Albin Grau, |the producer.
' 'And at dawn, |Hutter tried to fathom |the horrors of his nights.' '
Excellent. |Fritz, roll camera.
Iris in.
Begin.
And end. |Excellent, Gustav.
Extraordinary discipline |in the face of ridicule.
Fritz ?
Yes, well, that's his |performance style.
Yes, I'd like to move in |for another angle...
on the crypt, |please, quickly.
Mark the shot |with some chalk.
Well, I am exhausted now, |and I'm hungry as well.
You will get a nice hot meal |in Wismar, right after |we're done with the
ship.
And... end.
Have you ever |considered acting ?
No, really. You have |a very interesting face.
Why can't Herr Doctor |film in a studio |like everybody else ?
Henry, could you take |my dog for me ? |Choo Choo.
Oh, and thank you. |Foo Foo.
Wisnar-- |Is there anything here...
that even vaguely |resembles a cabaret ?
I mean I'm suffering |for my art, Albin, |believe me.
Melodrama. I mean |what's going on here, anyway ?
You know, Friedrich tells me |to lock my door at night,
and Gustav says |everybody's vanishing.
Oh, and you can imagine |what they're saying |in Berlin.
Hello, Greta.
Hello.
You look vaguely familiar. |Where did we meet ?
Morocco.
Ah, yes, of course. |You brought me treats.
Ja, ja.
What was |your name again ? |It's--
Shh, shh, shh--
Eh, Fritzie. |[Laughing] |Ja, ja. Fritzie.

Yes, Fritzie.

Fritzie. | Would you care to | join us for a drink ?

No, no, no. | We have to prelight | the set.

What-- Whatset ? | What the hell | are you talking about ?

[Henrik] We need you | to see the sets with us | tonight, Fritzie.

Well, give me back | my dogs then.

Here.

Thank you, yes.

Left all alone as usual.

Come here, Foo Foo.

She's here, | isn't she ?

The glorious child.

No. | I want to see | her now.

No.

I won't act for you again | until you bring her to me.

You are destroying | everything.

My people have to trust me | for you to get what you want.

You and I are not | so different.

Greta is in | your last scene.

That is when | you can have her.

After my death scene ? | Yes.

Don't expect realism | there, Murnau. | What do you mean ?

Don't cheat me, mortal.

You will stay away | from her.

You will stay away | from my crew.

I will fiinish | my picture !

[Snarls]

This is hardly | your picture any longer.

[Panting]

[Laughing]

You are ready ? | Yes, I'm ready.

Mind your head.

This is it.

He's in here ? | Yeah.

You sure ?

Well, that answers | that question.

[Fritz] | How did you find this place ?

I followed Murnau here.

Henrik, I think | you're in the wrong part | of the building.

There's probably | a sadistic brothel upstairs.

[Dog Barking] | [Woman Screaming]

[Woman Laughing]

[Laughing Hysterically]

What's wrong ?

It's all right. | Everyone back to bed.
Greta, Greta, | what is it ?
Greta, | what is it ?
[Albin] | Greta, Greta.
What's happened, Greta ?
Please. | [Fritz] It's morphine.
[Albin] Morphine ?
Photography | and pharmaceuticals...
by Fritzie, | that's just what I need. | Friedrich knows all about it.
[Albin] What do you mean | he knows about it ?
He knows all about it.
She's fine. Don't worry. | Get some sleep.
[Moaning]
Are you all right there ?
This set is not ready.
Can we get any | natural light in here ?
Fritz, the set is not ready, | and you're talking about | natural light.
Please.
What's the matter | with you, Albin ?
You seem a little | anxious lately.
You don't understand. | I'm ruined.
I'll never make | another picture again.
My reputation, gone, | and you talk about | natural light. Please, Fritz.
Don't worry. | It's the same | on every picture.
Not on my picture.
[Clanking]
Friedrich, open up !
[Murnau Mumbles]
It's me, Albin.
Friedrich, | let us in !
[Fritz] | Oh, Jesus.
What is it ?
It's laudanum. | That's what it is.
There is no | Max Schreck.
If he's not Max Schreck,
who is he ?
I don't know.
Well, where did | you find him ?
In a book.
When I was a student,
a series of paintings...
portraying a long line | of despotic kings...
rumored to be vampires,
living in Slovakia | for hundreds of years.

I had forgotten|all about that,
until she gave me|the other book.
What other book,|Friedrich ?|Dracula.
Then I went to scout|the locations,
and there he was,
living in|an old monastery.
What kind of bargain|did you make with him ?
That he would play the part|of an actor...
playing the part|of a vampire.
Why ?
What did you offer him|in return ?
Everlasting life.
And Greta.
Greta ?
How could you do this,|Friedrich ?
I did it for science.
To preserve it|for posterity.
Friedrich.
Friedrich !
He's gone.
Come on.
What are we going to do ?|The call|is for 2:00.
Albin, listen to me.
There's no way|off this island.
What about the airplane|I saw ?|No, no. I already checked it.
The fuel tanks are empty.
Car ?
Nope.
We're going to have to film|Schreck's scene tonight.
You know I don't like|these late shoots, Friedrich.
Where is everybody ?
Why don't I have|an assistant ?
Greta...
did you put on this makeup|with a broom ?
Stop fussing,|Albin.|You look beautiful.
Can I have a cigarette ?|Sure.
Where's my script ?|Henrik ?
He's indisposed.|What's the matter|with him ?
Greta, don't ask|so many questions.|We're busy.
Thank you, darling.
Why does everybody|look so depressing ?
Hey !|Who died ?
Jesus,|look at you.
Friedrich ?

- Herr Doctor ?|- Yes, Greta, what is it ?
' 'Yes, what is it ?' '|What's the shot ?
What are we|doing here ?
Can you stand for me ?
Look at you.|Yes, very well.
Now, let us|take her robe.
Albin, please.
And she'll need|her wooden stake.
Also, Greta,|you will be here,
lying on the bed.
Yes.
Good.
Now, in this scene,
you make the|ultimate sacrificiice|for love, yes ?
Yes.
You will seduce|the count,
and with|your wooden stake,
just before you die,
you will|dispatch him, yes ?
Clear ? Very good.
In other words,|all you have to do...
is, as they say, relax,
and the vampire|will do all the work.
You had me leave|rehearsals in Berlin|just to do that ?
Hey !|Watch it, handsome.
And for your lean-in,|please, Herr Schreck.
Thank you.
And, Albin,|her shoes, please ?
- We must go aboard.|- Friedrich ?
Yes ?|I don't wish to|question your authority,
but are you sure you know|what you are doing ?
Yes, exactly.|Roll camera.
And Fritz, ready ?|[Fritz] Higher.
[Murnau]|And... iris in.|[Gaspings]
What's happened ?|[Gaspings]|I saw--
He-- He casts no--
He casts no reflection.
Calm down, Greta.
I see it.|No, look at him !
Look at him !|Look !
Please, help me.|Help me, please,|Friedrich.
We'll give you something|to calm you--|No, don't do that.
Oh, Albin,|look at him, please.|Please.
No ! No !

[Mumbling]|I don't understand what--
It is the role that will|make you great as an actress.
Consider it a sacrifice|for your art.
[Murnau]|That's better, now we can|work in peace.
I want her now.|No.
I need a shot of you|clutching your heart first.
My death scene ?|Yes.
You must do that for me.
Very well.
[Murnau]|Roll camera and begin.
Yes, Count.|You kneel down,
you'll have your head|on her shoulder,
but you're not feeding,|Count.
No, you're not|drinking her blood now...
because you have been|drinking her blood all night.
In fact,|you can barely move.
You are intoxicated...
with-- with blood|and desire.
Greta, can you hear me ?|[Mumbles]
Yes ?|Flutter your eyelids.
Yes, now, Greta,
you start to awaken.
Find your stick.
Yes, where is it ?|Find your stick.
Now, Count,|as she raises the stake,|what do you see ?
Yes, yes.|A wooden stake, exactly.|You look at her.
Betrayed.|Yes, you turn,
you rise, you look around.
The sun is coming.
You grab your heart|in anguish.
Yes, and you start|to die.
Yes, you start to die,|alone... in anguish.|Die, you--
you fucking rat bastard,
vampirepig,|Schweinehund, shit !
Yes ! Die alone !
Let the weight|of the centuries bend you.
And... end !
Fritz ?|Ja, got it.
That's enough, Murnau.
Hey!|I want her now.
Herr Schreck, bitte.
Go to hell, Murnau.|Begin !
[Greta Moaning]
Very good, yes.

Now slowly, let's move|the camera around.
[Schreck Snoring]
[Albin Whispering]
Friedrich, he cut the chain.|We're trapped !
So, you would...
break our bargain.
You think you know so much,| |923|01:20:25,105 -- 01:20:29,735|but I can
still kill you.
I can break your necks,
drink your blood,|and I can--
You tried to trick me !
It's daybreak, is it ?
So what ?|All I need...
is to sleep|in darkness.
I'll stay here|until dusk.
And then only I...
will walk out alive.
Idiot.
Frankly, Count,|I find this composition|unworkable.
Could you return|to your original mark, please ?
If it's not in frame,|it doesn't exist.
[Man Shouting In Distance]| [Banging On Door]
[Banging Continues]
[Shouting Continues]
Then finally,|you must turn...
to meet the sun.
The death of centuries,|moon chaser, blasphemer,
monkey vase of prehistory...
finally to Earth,|and finally born.
Yes,
yes,
yes.
You take the sun.
Albin, could you quickly|collect...
the wooden stake|and return it|to its rightful place ?
It is necessary|for the final frame,
to remind us|of the inadequacy|of our plans.
our contingencies,
every missed train,|the failed picnics,
every lie to a child.
Softly, please.
Our work|is nearly complete.
Our very own painting|on our very own cave wall.
Time will no longer be|a dark spot on our lungs.

They will no longer|be able to say,

' 'You would had to|of been there.' '

Because the fact is,|Albin, we were.

Is there one among you|who might wearthe mantle|of camera assistant ?

Could I possibly|impose on you...

to collect the slate|at my feet,

and provide me|with an end board ?

Turn it.

Thank you.

I think we have it.