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# The Black Castle

By Jerry Sackheim

[Thunderclaps]

[Thunderclaps Continue]

[Wind Howling]

[Thunderclaps In Distance]

[Wolf Howls]

[Wolf Howls]

[Howling Continues]

[Rock Hits Gate]

[Howls, Stops]

[Exhales]

That's better.

We need no wolf to remind us  
that death is near, eh, Koppich?  
Well, let's get on with our work.  
Meself, I could do with a beer  
a big one.

Come on!

Give a hand here.

[Lid Sliding Against Wood]

Don't like his eyes  
staring up at me like that.  
Why didn't they close them?  
It's customary.  
It's almost as if he were alive.

[Thinking]

Alive? Of course I'm alive!  
Fender Fender, help me!  
You've got to help me!  
I'm not dead!  
The woman looks dead enough.  
Eh. Even with her eyes closed,  
she's a pretty thing.  
She was always nice to me  
not like the count.  
[Thinking Continues]  
Fender. Fender.!  
Can't you see what he's doing to us?  
He's burying us alive!  
Please, Fender.  
You're the only one who can save us.  
You're our only hope now.  
I warned him  
even before we got here.  
He wouldn't listen to me.

Who listens to servants?

Fender. Fender!

You've got to help me

before it's too late.

It began only a few weeks ago

[Narrating]

yet now it seems like years.

I came to Vienna to see Sir David Latham

the English minister at the court

of Emperor Charles VI.

Sir Ronald Burton.

Well, what news, Sir David?

Well, our request was granted.

I have the invitation

that you wanted.

Good.

From now on, you'll be known

as Richard Beckett.

However I must warn you that

Oh, Shroeder, Trenck,

you will wait outside.

So, I'm going to hunt on the estate

of the famous Count von Bruno, eh?

Oh, I must say that you're treating this

as somewhat of a lark.

[Door Closes]

You don't seem to realize the danger

you're letting yourself in for

if he discovered your true identity.

I'm quite aware of the danger, sir.

Then why don't you give up

this mad adventure?

Give it up? You call it a "mad adventure"

to try to find out what happened

to my two closest friends

men who would both gladly

have risked their necks for me

if I were in danger?

No, Sir David.

I believe that von Bruno killed them

out of revenge for what happened in Africa.

I'm going to try and learn the truth or

Die in the attempt, eh?

Look here, my boy.

You helped England establish  
a rich ivory empire in West Africa.  
England's very grateful.  
We'd hate to lose you.  
I'm sorry, Sir David,  
but I must go through with it.  
But you haven't an ounce of proof  
that von Bruno had anything to do with it.  
No?  
Then let me remind you that the last letter  
I had from Sterling and Brown was sent  
from an inn called The Green Man. Now  
Now that's in a town right here  
in the middle of von Bruno's  
province in the Black Forest.  
And I never heard  
from either of them after that.  
You understand in this country  
that the Crown has no jurisdiction  
to give you any help?  
You'll be entirely  
on your own.  
I understand that.  
Von Bruno is his own law.  
I can assure you there'll be  
no justice done, unless you can present  
some proof of his guilt to the emperor.  
I'll give him that proof.  
[Wheels Bump, Carriage Clatters]  
Oh, so s-sorry, sir. I  
I must have dozed off.  
That's all right, Romley.  
You might as well get some rest.  
It's a beastly night.  
It's quite a change  
after Africa, sir.  
Yes.  
But make sure you forget you've ever even  
heard of Africa once we get to the castle.  
Oh, of course, Sir Ronald.  
What?  
I mean, Mr. Beckett.  
See that that  
doesn't happen again.

Frankly, I'm worried, sir.  
If the count did  
[Bumps, Clatters]  
If the count did do away with your friends,  
wouldn't you be the next on his list?  
I daresay I would.  
That's why I've chosen  
to strike first.  
He doesn't even know that Ronald Burton  
has returned from Africa.  
I have that advantage.  
If you'll pardon my saying so, sir,  
that isn't very much.  
We ought to be getting close  
to the border by now.  
[Driver Shouting  
Commands To Horses]  
Whoa.  
Giddap.  
Hyah. Giddap.  
I'm courier for  
the Count von Bruno, sir.  
[Driver] Whoa.  
Good. I'm Richard Beckett.  
This is my man, Romley.  
Hey, you.  
Give a hand with the baggage!  
You are to transfer  
to the count's coach  
for the rest of the journey.  
Are we far from the castle?  
Another day's trip.  
We stop overnight  
at the halfway point.  
The count has already  
made arrangements for you.  
We're ready, Mr. Beckett.  
You, up here with me.  
My man rides with me.  
But sir, he's a servant.  
Nevertheless, he's still a man,  
and it's bitter cold out.  
I'd extend a like invitation to you,  
but unfortunately someone has to drive.

- Where did you say  
we're spending the night?  
- I didn't say.  
It's an inn called The Green Man.  
[Hinges Creaking]  
[Men Chattering]  
[Men Laugh]  
Ah. Your wine is excellent,  
Herr Krantz.  
Thank you, thank you.  
It is from the vineyards  
of the Rhine valley  
the best in the world.  
[Chuckles]  
But, uh, Mein Herr, everything  
was taken care of by the count.  
Forget it, man.  
[Men Laugh, Chattering]  
Local crowd?  
All tenants of the Count von Bruno.  
They come here for relaxation.  
We try to please  
our guests.  
I'd already heard of your excellent hospitality...  
from two friends of mine  
who stopped here some time ago:  
Sterling and Brown.  
You remember them of course.  
No. I never heard of them.  
And now, if you will excuse me,  
I will see about your rooms.  
He's lying.  
Obviously.  
[Burton]  
Isn't that our driver over there?  
Yes.  
Ask him to join us.  
Certainly, sir.  
My master's compliments.  
He requests that you join us  
for dinner.  
[Mouthing Words]  
Well? Come along.  
[Hooves Clopping]

[Bell Jangles]

[Bell Jangles]

[Door Closes]

Will this be enough for you, Fender?

Enough?

If I eat all this,

I'll be as stuffed as a Christmas goose.

Every table taken.

I'll have Krantz show

some of these scum the door.

Wait.

Isn't that one of Karl's lackeys?

Yes, it's Fender all right.

Come. We've got our table.

I always knew food like this existed,

but I never dreamed I'd ever mouth it.

On your feet, all of you!

Do you hear?

We demand this table!

Sit down, Fender.

We haven't quite finished.

I'll finish for you.

[Men Chattering, Cheering]

[Men Cheer]

[Grunting]

[Men Laughing]

[Laughing Continues, Stops]

Fender, come here.

And you, sir.

I can condone

poor swordsmanship,

but not bad manners.

Gentlemen, Mr. Fender

will accept your apologies.

But sir, that really isn't necessary.

As you wish.

In that case, gentlemen,

we have no further business.

I bid you

a very pleasant journey.

[Men Murmuring]

You're hurt, sir. Let me wrap it for you.

Oh, don't bother.

It's only a scratch.

I insist.

Look, sir. Your ring.

Was very foolish of you.

"Stupid" would be more accurate.

Thank you, Romley.

Ah.

Accidents can happen, sir,

and even a scratch

can be dangerous.

Did they scotch you, sir?

Now don't you start

criticizing my dueling.

Oh, no, sir. I just wanted to tell you that

Well, speak up, man.

Those two gentlemen are close friends

of the Count von Bruno.

Now that's too bad.

It could very well be for you, sir.

I've seen strange things happen

when the count was antagonized.

Perhaps it would be wise for you to turn back.

Turn back?

I wouldn't think of it.

Oh, the count might possibly overlook

my winging his friend, but he'd never

forgive my turning down his invitation.

Very well, sir.

We leave for the Black Castle

in the morning.

You'll pardon my saying so, sir,

but you do have a faculty

for getting into things.

Question is,

can you always get out?

[Carriage Approaching]

[Driver Shouting Commands]

[Barking]

[Barking Continues]

Follow me, sir.

Would you wait here, sir.

I'll announce you

[Man Screams]

[Yelps, Groans]

Doctor, you're an expert



on medical science.  
Isn't it true that the ancient Romans  
were pain worshippers?  
Oh, yes, Herr Count.  
They even held  
endurance contests.  
It was a mark of distinction  
to suffer in... silence.  
[Yelps, Groans]  
[Strained]  
Oh, no.!  
Do you hear that, Stieken?  
[Whimpers]  
I'm not an ancient Roman!  
Herr Count,  
Mr. Beckett is here.  
Well, bring him in.  
This should  
amuse him too.  
Oh! You idiot!  
You call yourself a doctor?  
And you  
[Yelps]  
You call yourself a man?  
[Wheezes]  
You might at least  
have warned us, Karl.  
Warned you? Of what,  
that he could outduel both of you?  
But he's an Englishman.  
Have you forgotten so soon?  
Karl's new bride has turned his mind  
to more tender thoughts,  
hasn't she, Karl?  
Count von Bruno?  
I'm Richard Beckett.  
I am honored, sir.  
I want you to know how much  
I appreciate your invitation, Herr Count.  
That will be all,  
Herr Count?  
Yes, you can go.  
I understand you have met  
my friends Counts, uh, Stieken

and von Melcher?

Yes, briefly.

They found they had to leave  
rather unexpectedly.

[Door Closes]

I had no opportunity  
to thank you gentlemen  
for the excellent sport we had.

It broke the monotony  
of a very boring journey.

Well, good. That calls for drinks,  
doesn't it, Stieken?

I understand you've never hunted  
in the Black Forest.

Unfortunately not,  
but I'm looking forward  
to something new and exciting.

Well, I hope you find  
what you want here.

[Burton]

I'm sure I shall.

You've had a tiring journey,  
Mr. Beckett. Sit down.

I, uh

I've planned this hunt for a long time.

Have you ever killed a leopard?

A leopard?

In the Black Forest?

Oh, he's a stranger here too, like yourself.

I, uh, imported him from Africa  
just for this occasion.

And his trip to the Black Forest  
can end only with his death  
hardly the proper treatment  
for a visitor, Karl.

Do you mean there's an African leopard  
roaming around loose in these woods?

Oh, no, no. He's quite safe...  
at the moment.

And, uh, quite hungry, no doubt.

Of course, you've hunted  
in Africa, Mr. Beckett.

No. As a matter of fact, I haven't.

Tell me more about this leopard.

It intrigues me. Could I possibly see it?  
Perhaps... after dinner  
when the smell of food  
is strong on us.  
[Heavy Door Bangs]  
[Von Bruno]  
Show Mr. Beckett and his man to their rooms,  
Gargon. They'll want to freshen up.  
My other guests  
will be arriving shortly.  
- Anything wrong, man?  
- Oh, don't mind Gargon.  
He's, uh, suffered an experience  
which makes him rather suspicious  
of strangers, particularly Englishmen.  
Gargon, the trunk.  
I think you made a mistake bringing  
the Englishman here, Karl.  
It would have been a bigger mistake  
to refuse the emperor's request.  
That alone would have  
aroused his suspicion.  
No, Mr. Beckett  
will serve his purpose.  
There are guards and servants everywhere.  
You will have to be very careful, sir.  
Didn't like the way  
Gargon looked at me.  
Could he have recognized you?  
It's possible,  
but I don't remember him.  
But then, I never had any actual  
contact with von Bruno's followers  
when my men routed them.  
May I ask  
what you intend to do, sir?  
I wish I knew.  
There's a dungeon under the castle.  
I'm going to get down there somehow.  
If Sterling and Brown are alive,  
they may be imprisoned there.  
And if they're  
Dead?  
They could be buried there.

I may find something  
that belonged to them.  
I wish I could help you, sir,  
but I'm afraid I wouldn't know  
what to look for.  
Frankly, neither do I.  
[Knocking Quietly]  
[Shuffling Footsteps  
Departing]  
[Woman]  
Are you looking for something?  
Uh, y-yes. I, uh I am. I  
I'm afraid this'll sound rather silly,  
but, uh, I was looking for the count.  
I seemed to have got lost.  
The count?  
Yes, I know, but it's the truth.  
I was diverted by this cupboard.  
Ever since I was a small boy,  
cupboards have fascinated me.  
I can't resist them. The  
you know, the mystery of the unknown,  
"keep out, don't touch"  
that sort of thing.  
That could prove  
a very dangerous compulsion.  
Yes, I suppose so.  
But we learn a great deal about people  
from their possessions, don't we?  
Do we?  
You must be the Englishman.  
I'm Richard Beckett,  
at your service.  
I'm the Countess Elga von Bruno.  
I had no idea the count  
had such a beautiful daughter.  
I happen to be his wife.  
Oh, forgive me. I'm sorry.  
Sorry?  
Well, I  
I seem to have got lost again.  
Then come with me.  
I'll show you the way to the count,  
if that's where

you were going.

Thank you, Countess.

Hmm.

[Roaring]

[Growling]

[Growling, Roaring]

He knows we're here.

He's hungry for company.

[Continues Growling Low]

Well?

Please, Karl, must I go on?

My wife doesn't share  
my love of sport.

But she will eventually,  
won't you, my darling?

You call it sport to starve a poor beast  
and release him to be killed?

What chance has he?

What chance?

[Roars]

You'll have your answer  
when you see him.

You do want to see him, don't you?

[Gasps]

Yes. Yes, of course, Karl.

[Growling Continues]

[Roars]

There, Beckett.

Have you ever seen  
a more magnificent creature?

Look at him.

Can you imagine what those fangs  
could do to a man

how those claws  
could rip flesh from bone?

Do you still think a battle with him  
would be one-sided, my dear?

[Yells, Laughs]

[Chuckles]

[Yells]

You'd like to fight him yourself,  
wouldn't you, Gargon?

Ah!

Can you picture such a struggle

an unarmed man against a king of the jungle?

[Growling Continues]

It's quite an idea, isn't it, Beckett?

I'm afraid I ate too much dinner  
to appreciate the picture.

Perhaps the countess  
could show me the way back?

Very well.

Remember, it was your idea  
to come down here.

You may take Mr. Beckett back, Elga.

Perhaps your company will be  
ample reward for his... gallantry.

Gargon and I will stay awhile.

Gargon.

[Breathing Heavily]

[Roaring Continues]

[Gargon Yells]

I want to thank you.

Thank me? What for?

For letting him think  
you were afraid.

Oh. Well, it didn't fool him.

You heard what he said.

It was still very thoughtful of you.

Tell me.

Why did he force you  
to come along?

Because he knows

I can't stand brutality.

He knows how I feel

about all his activities.

You see,

I wasn't brought up this way.

My father was a teacher,  
a kind, sensitive man.

This sort of thing would have horrified him.

I see.

You're wondering  
why I married him.

I was forced to  
by marriage contract

six months ago.

No one here can defy the count.

We go this way.  
Tell me.  
Where does that lead to?  
Why, I don't know.  
But we'd better not take it.  
The count doesn't like  
snooping down here.  
Oh, he doesn't?  
Well, let's defy him  
just this once.  
[Floorboards Creaking]  
I really think  
we should go the other way.  
So do I, but mysterious passages  
affect me just like cupboards.  
I can't resist them.  
Were you going anyplace in particular?  
What the devil's the idea?  
That might have killed us!  
It might have.  
I lost my way, Karl.  
Well, of course,  
my dear, of course.  
Raise it.  
Now that you've gotten this far,  
you might as well satisfy your curiosity  
completely. Go in. It's open.  
I assure you, I'm not  
in the least interested.  
But I insist.  
No, don't.  
Your concern  
is very touching, Elga.  
You have no qualms,  
have you?  
[Growling]  
You see how dangerous  
curiosity can be, Beckett?  
Dangerous? I call it most intriguing.  
Tell me. What's beyond the room  
a cauldron of melted lead?  
[Chuckles]  
I'm sorry to disappoint you.  
Beyond that charming room

is only a passage out of the castle.  
I might add it's the only way out.  
Your ancestors had some quaint ideas  
of architecture, Count von Bruno.  
Well, they did have imagination.  
[Chuckles]  
What tales these walls could tell,  
eh, Gargon?  
Now perhaps  
you'd better follow me.  
I could use a good night's sleep.  
[Door Closes]  
[Tapping On Metal Pitcher]  
[Guests Chattering, Stop]  
You know how we are to proceed.  
The trails leading to the castle  
are clearly marked by number.  
We travel in pairs.  
The, uh, numbers on your slips  
indicate the partners and the trail.  
That will keep us all nicely separated.  
We... wouldn't want an unfortunate  
accident to mar our pleasure.  
Have you any idea where  
the leopard might be, Karl?  
Oh, absolutely, Reiner.  
He will be hunting also... for the juiciest,  
most filling meal he can find.  
[Guests Laugh]  
The servants will all remain behind.  
There will be no gun carriers,  
or "gillies" as you call them,  
Mr. Beckett.  
Aren't you joining us, Countess?  
I'm sorry.  
I know nothing about weapons.  
The countess is more at home  
with an embroidery needle.  
##[Horn Fanfare]  
Well, that's our signal.  
Good luck.  
[Guests Chattering]  
[Chattering Fades]  
Don't worry about me, my dear.



I promise I'll return safely.  
[Gunshot In Distance]  
That was a fine shot.  
A lucky one.  
It takes more than luck  
to hit a running stag  
at 75 yards in dense forest.  
I don't believe in luck.  
We create our own destinies.  
You're not superstitious then.  
I know you're not,  
or you wouldn't be hunting with me.  
You drew number 13.  
I drew this.  
It's blank.  
Exactly.  
I wanted to hunt with you.  
[Gunshots In Distance]  
Do you hear them?  
They kill without emotion.  
I kill with my heart.  
That's why I never miss my aim.  
Could you hate  
a poor animal like this?  
It isn't hard to see a man's face  
before your gun-sights  
when aiming at an animal...  
if you hate strongly enough.  
- Whose face?  
- His features  
[Chuckles]  
But time will supply the details.  
Well, I'm ready.  
So am I.  
[Horse Whinnies]  
[Whinnies]  
The leopard.  
He must be nearby.  
There's a trail of blood.  
Let's follow it.  
Come on. That way.  
Wait a moment.  
We'd better dismount.  
There are two trails leading from here.

You take that one. I'll go this way.  
One of us should get him.  
[Bushes Rustling]  
[Leopard Roars]  
[Leopard Growling]  
[Continues Growling]  
[Gunshot]  
- Bravo. Well done.  
- [Men Laughing, Applauding]  
Stay there.  
We'll throw a rope.  
[Chuckles]  
Who fired that shot?  
Why, I did of course.  
And you call yourself a sportsman?  
Come now, Beckett. It was all in fun.  
You were never in any real danger.  
I was prepared to kill him  
at any moment.  
To kill my game?  
That was my leopard.  
I had him under perfect control.  
Look, my dear Beckett  
And you had the gall to fire.  
[Laughing]  
So that's it.  
I thought for a minute you were angry  
because I led you into a trap.  
[Men Laugh]  
I'm sorry I lost my temper, sir. I  
I had hoped to finish him off myself.  
The leopard is yours.  
Oh, no. I wouldn't hear of it.  
You were magnificent.  
It was even your rifle that killed him.  
A fine weapon.  
No, Beckett.  
The leopard and the prize are yours.  
These are beautiful, von Bruno.  
I'll always treasure them.  
Well, let's drink a toast.  
May these weapons never fail you.  
In a just cause, hmm?  
##[String Quartet: Minuet]

Oh, excuse me, Beckett. I  
Oh, and, uh, enjoy yourself.  
Make the most  
of your time here.  
## [Minuet Continues]  
I'm sorry you're not dancing,  
my child.  
##[Continues]  
Oh, take these up to my room,  
will you, Romley.  
The entire staff is agog with the story  
of your exploit, sir. You should have  
seen Fender's face when he heard.  
Oh, I'm quite a fellow,  
didn't you know?  
I heard you were furious when the count fired.  
Furious? If he hadn't,  
you'd have been  
minus a master.  
The countess is very beautiful,  
don't you agree, Dr. Meissen?  
May I have the honor  
of this dance?  
How could any woman resist  
such flattery?  
[Guests Laugh]  
## [Continues]  
##[Ends]  
[Applauding]  
Where are we going?  
To see if the moon shines  
in this part of the world.  
##[Quartet Begins]  
You've been acting very strangely,  
Mr. Beckett. Is anything wrong?  
Wrong?  
Yes, I'm afraid there is.  
But looking at you, with the moonlight  
painting your hair with silver  
and your eyes sparkling  
Please, Mr. Beckett. You mustn't.  
Perhaps we'd better go back in.  
Oh, wait. I'm sorry.  
Let's talk of other things.

An odd ornament  
to grace so lovely a throat.  
Where did you get it?  
I don't know.  
My husband gave it to me a few months ago.  
Did he tell you  
anything about it?  
Only that it's some sort of charm  
supposed to keep the wearer safe.  
Hmm.  
Well, what's that for?  
Nothing. Nothing, really.  
Did he tell you  
anything else about it?  
Why are you so interested in this?  
Do you really want to know?  
Yes.  
Because  
Because you're wearing it.  
##[Ends]  
[Guests Applauding]  
I think we'd better go in now.  
[Woman Laughing]  
Elga seems to have found  
diversion also.  
Elga? Where?  
You've been neglecting  
our other guests, Elga.  
I see you haven't.  
Here's a woman  
you should know, Beckett.  
Therese can outride,  
outshoot, yes, and outdrink  
most of the men in this room.  
She sounds like  
one of our grenadiers.  
My peasant wife  
can do nothing.  
If you'll excuse me,  
I'd like to go to my room.  
Uh, Therese won third prize today  
for shooting the biggest boar.  
Quite a feat for a woman,  
don't you think?

I don't know.

I seem to have got one  
without even firing a shot.  
Mr. Beckett, will you please  
see me to my room?

Good night, and thank you.

Don't go yet.

I want to tell you  
how sorry I am for  
for what happened tonight.

It wasn't your fault.

You've been very kind.

Wait. I I shall be  
leaving here very soon.

Oh.

[Chuckles]

I suppose you'll be glad  
to get back to England...  
and to forget this dreary place.  
I shall be glad to get home, yes,  
but I shall never forget you, Elga.

Please don't say any more.

There's so many things

I want to tell you.

I don't want to hear them.

Has he ever told you  
how beautiful you are?

Please.

Has he ever taken you in his arms

Oh, don't.

and kissed you... like this?

[Knocking]

You shouldn't have come back.

I took this from you.

My pendant.

I don't understand. Why?

I had to have it.

You stole it.

While you were kissing me, you

Listen to me, please.

When I held you in my arms, I realized  
how very dear you've become to me.

I knew then

I haven't anymore pendants, Mr. Beckett.

Elga!

I should have known  
you were like all the rest of them.  
Nothing but evil  
ever comes to this castle, nothing.

Elga, please.

What were you looking for  
in my husband's room?

Why did you want my pendant?

Why did you come here?

I can't tell you.

Get out.

All right, then. I'll tell you.

Your husband is a murderer.

Some years ago

he controlled a native tribe in Africa.

He held power over them

by posing as a white god,

his aim to gain control...

of a fabulously rich empire.

I was in Africa at the time

on an expedition

for the Crown.

Then you've met before?

No. Our forces met

in a brief battle,

and he was wounded

by one of my men.

His eye!

The wound proved

to the natives that he was

a mortal, not a god.

So they rose up against him

and drove him out of

their country.

With me were

my two closest friends.

Your husband swore

that he would get

revenge on us.

I'm convinced now

that he killed them.

But what has my pendant

to do with that?

The natives gave each of us  
one of these as a token  
of appreciation.  
We swore that we would  
never part with them.  
Only murder  
could have placed this  
in the count's hands.  
Then you're in danger too.  
No. He doesn't know  
who I am.  
I'm safe enough.  
What are you going to do now?  
I needed this pendant as proof  
that my friends had been here.  
I'm going to  
take it to the emperor.  
He'll see that justice is done.  
I'll be leaving  
in the morning.  
ThenThen I'll never  
see you again.  
I'll be back. I promise you.  
I'll be back.  
[Guests Chattering In Distance]  
Please be careful.  
[Hinge Creaking]  
[Creaking]  
[Creaking]  
# Steal a kiss  
from a pretty miss #  
# She'll pretend  
that she's unwilling #  
# Modesty###  
[Laughing]  
Well, what are you  
gaping at?  
We don't need a doctor,  
do we, Therese?  
Does anybody here  
need a doctor?  
[Laughing]  
Go away. Go away.  
Pour yourself

back in the bottle.  
Excuse me, sir,  
but I come from  
Count Stieken.  
He wishes to see you.  
Stieken.  
Good old Stieken.  
I wonder how Stieken  
would look in a bottle.  
He He says he must  
speak to you alone.  
It is most urgent.  
Where is he?  
In the trophy room.  
[Woman Giggles]  
[Man Laughs]  
Well, Stieken?  
Mmm.  
Karl, get him out!  
We must talk alone.  
Meissen.  
Well?  
Hmm. I shouldn't have  
had another drink.  
Why, you drunken fool!  
What have you learned?  
Enough, Karl. Enough.  
He told her  
He told her  
He told her what?  
What did he say?  
Beckett.  
Beckett is  
[Gags]  
Get Meissen.  
Meissen!  
Meissen, come back here.  
Well, what's wrong  
with him?  
He's dead.  
Dead?  
Are you sure?  
Why, just a minute ago  
Herr Count,



it must have been  
his heart  
Clumsy ox!  
[Bottle Shatters]  
I'm sorry.  
Terribly sorry.  
If you would like  
some wine, I  
Don't bother.  
Get out!  
He was watching them.  
He learned something.  
Yes. And now you'll  
never know what it was.  
I think I will.  
Yes. I'm quite sure I will.  
- Karl.  
- I didn't mean  
to startle you, my dear.  
What do you want?  
A few words  
with my wife.  
That isn't too much  
to ask, is it?  
But it's late, Karl,  
and I'm tired.  
I daresay you have  
reason to be.  
Deception  
is a strenuous pastime.  
I don't know  
what you're talking about.  
Your little interlude  
with our English guest...  
was carefully  
reported to me  
by Stieken.  
- Oh, no.  
- Oh, yes, my dear.  
I make it a point  
to guard my possessions  
very carefully.  
You are one of them.  
It's really too bad

things have to  
turn out this way.  
I was beginning to like  
Mr. Beckett.  
Then you know.  
Know what?  
That you love him?  
Is that what Stieken told you?  
Is there more?  
No.  
No, that's all.  
Yes, it's true that I love him,  
and there's nothing  
you can do to change it.  
Am I so repulsive to you, Elga?  
I despise you.  
I could never let you  
touch me.  
You forced me  
into this marriage  
like you force everything.  
I could never love you.  
Like you love the Englishman.  
Yes!  
Gargon!  
I'm a generous man  
in every respect but one, Elga.  
The first Countess von Bruno  
found that out too late.  
The countess  
is in your care.  
Murderer.  
You murderer!  
[Elga Screams]  
You seem to be enjoying  
a healthy appetite this morning.  
Why not?  
What do you think  
of Therese?  
You're already  
making plans.  
Death is inevitable.  
Why not accept it?  
Could anyone

have been closer to me  
than my first wife?  
Yet, when she died  
Uh, pass the sausage.  
Well?  
Everything has been  
taken care of.  
You sent the body.  
I followed your instructions  
to the letter.  
Good. Sit down.  
Speaking of death, Doctor,  
surely there must be  
some explanation...  
for a man of Stieken's constitution  
dying so suddenly.  
There is.  
If you were a medical man  
and examined the body,  
I'm sure you would have found  
the explanation.  
Medical man.  
[Both Chuckling]  
Dressed for traveling,  
Mr. Beckett?  
Don't get up, Count.  
I'm afraid I have to leave.  
There are some pressing business matters  
in London that need my attention.  
Oh, I see.  
I thought you were going  
to be with us much longer,  
Mr. Beckett. Didn't you, Karl?  
Oh, I don't know. I can understand  
how things suddenly come up  
to change one's plans. Isn't that so?  
- Exactly.  
- I'm disappointed  
that you're not staying.  
But perhaps some other time.  
YouYou mean to say  
you're going to let him  
run off this way?  
Well, I can't force my guests

to enjoy my hospitality,  
can I, Mr. Beckett?  
I, uh, I want to thank you  
for everything.  
Oh, don't mention it.  
Call Fender.  
Oh, about the leopard pelt.  
Shall I send it to you?  
You keep it, with my compliments.  
I would have liked to say  
good-bye to the countess, but  
Well, naturally.  
Uh, I'll be happy to convey  
your message to her.  
One of the last things  
she said to me last night  
was that she admired you greatly.  
She's a very charming woman.  
You're a lucky man.  
Oh, Fender, you'll drive  
Mr. Beckett to the border.  
Help with his things.  
Well, I, uh,  
hope my future hunts  
are as successful  
as this one was.  
Good-bye.  
Good-bye.  
You let him go?  
Shh.  
[Door Closes]  
You're a fool, Ernst.  
Should I have insisted  
that he stay around to ask  
embarrassing questions?  
I would say his departure  
was most opportune.  
What do you say, Doctor?  
Oh, yes, Herr Count.  
Most opportune...  
under the circumstances.  
I hadn't thought of that.  
But I can't see why he should  
want to leave her in such a hurry.

He left because  
he's a gentleman with  
a gentleman's sense of honor.  
He probably didn't want  
to get himself involved.  
Now, if it were you  
[Both Laughing]  
Come. Help me with  
my accounts. The tenants  
pay their taxes tomorrow.  
That place fair gave me  
the creeps, sir.  
I'm certainly glad  
you've finished your business there.  
Finished?  
I'm not so sure that I have.  
I know.  
You're thinking  
of that poor girl.  
Yes. I'm thinking of her.  
[Hinges Creaking]  
Shall I fill it again, sir?  
Yes, Romley.  
You may.  
Doctor Meissen!  
Where is Fender?  
He went to bed. Why?  
Good. I must talk to you...  
alone.  
Well, now, Doctor.  
What's all the mystery about?  
I was afraid you  
might have gone already.  
I came as quickly as I could.  
Can't I get you  
something to drink?  
You must return  
to the castle at once.  
Oh? They miss me so soon?  
Oh, believe me.  
This is no joking matter.  
The countess's life  
is in great danger.  
I'm sorry to hear that.

However, the count  
seems quite capable  
of protecting her.  
Protecting her?  
He's the one who will kill her  
just as he killed his first wife.  
Oh! So he killed his first wife?  
Tsk, tsk, tsk.  
That's too bad.  
But, uh, I'm afraid  
I'm on my way home  
to England.  
Do you think  
I'm trying to trick you?  
That's the first sensible  
thing you've said.  
Now, if you'll excuse me  
I don't know what to do.  
I'd hoped that  
[Sighs]  
Look, Doctor.  
If what you're telling me is the truth,  
why do you come to me?  
Because you're the only one  
who could help her.  
You were with her last night.  
I heard you.  
You'll have to do better  
than that, Meissen.  
Would... murder convince you?  
Whose? Mine?  
You know Count Stieken  
died last night?  
Yes. I heard about it.  
His heart.  
His heart, eh?  
I poisoned him  
to keep him from telling  
what he knew about you.  
He knew nothing about me.  
You're wrong.  
He knew everything  
about you...  
Sir Ronald Burton.

Now will you trust me?  
Believe me, the countess  
needs your help!  
What can I do?  
I don't know.  
It may be too late already.  
But you must find  
some way to get her away.  
I'll need an excuse  
for returning.  
Romley!  
Can you get into my room  
at the castle?  
Yes. Uh  
I think I can.  
Right. Romley, fetch me  
those new dueling pistols  
and give them to the doctor.  
You leave right away.  
Go and wake up Fender.  
Tell him we're returning  
to the castle.  
We're what, sir?  
We're going back.  
Any objections?  
Oh, no, sir. Very good, sir.  
I wouldn't go quite as far  
as that, Romley.  
[Pig Squealing]  
Franz Graber.  
Cloth merchant.  
Graber, Franz.  
One hundred gulden.  
Any complaints?  
Oh, no, Herr Count.  
It's very just.  
Well, Krantz.  
How's your business?  
Oh, I manage.  
Two hundred gulden.  
I think you will  
find that correct.  
Uh, just a minute.  
I passed your English guest

on the highway yesterday.

So?

I didn't think

I would see him again.

When he was at the inn,  
he asked me some questions  
about two friends of his.

Who?

Sterling and Brown.

Get out.

Get out, all of you.

Come back tomorrow.

[Bangs]

So his departure  
was not so opportune.

You let him go.

You've only yourself to blame.

I know. I know.

Call it intuition  
and call it what you will.

I disliked him from the start.

I'd give anything  
to come face-to-face  
with that scoundrel.

He'd never leave  
this castle alive.

Come here.

Look.

What does it mean?

Why did he come back?

[Von Bruno]

Obviously,  
to join his friends  
Sterling and Brown.

[Footsteps Approaching]

Well, Mr. Beckett.

What a pleasant surprise.

You changed your mind  
about leaving.

Not exactly, Count.

I'm terribly sorry  
to break in on you this way,  
but, uh, as a matter of fact,  
I discovered I'd left



my dueling pistols behind.  
I prized your gift very highly.  
I would have sent them,  
had you written.  
Yes, I know, but, uh,  
one can never tell these days  
when they may come in handy.  
Believe me, I don't want you  
to get the impression that  
I didn't want you to come back.  
It's a real pleasure  
to see you.  
Isn't it, Ernst?  
Why, just before  
you returned,  
Ernst was saying  
Uh, what did you say,  
Ernst?  
It wasn't important.  
Nevertheless, now that  
you're here, I'm going to  
insist that you stay.  
I really shouldn't  
Oh, no apologies  
are necessary.  
I understand perfectly.  
Come on. Let's go up  
and find your pistols.  
Are you sure  
you left them here?  
Positive.  
Where else could they be?  
Fender.  
Yes, sir, Count?  
It was your duty  
to put this room in order.  
Didn't you see  
Mr. Beckett's dueling pistols?  
No, Herr Count.  
Where are they?  
Thief, where are they?  
I didn't take them.  
I swear.  
Count von Bruno,

here they are.  
It was very careless of me.  
I should have remembered.  
I'm sorry, Fender.  
You must have  
overlooked them.  
So he could steal them later.  
Get out.  
I'm sorry you were  
inconvenienced, Beckett.  
I know what it means  
to lose something  
of value.  
Well, there are more  
pleasant things  
to talk about.  
Not that way, Beckett.  
I'm sure you'll  
want to see the countess  
now that you've returned.  
What's the matter, Fender?  
You're acting very strangely.  
Your master is in trouble.  
Then I must go to him.  
Where is he?  
The count has taken him to the dungeon.  
I'm afraid there's nothing you can do.  
Well, there must be something.  
Can you take me there?  
Come with me.  
Didn't I understand you to say  
we were going to see  
the countess?  
Of course, Beckett.  
You seem very anxious,  
almost like a young lover  
on the way to his sweetheart.  
[Metal Clangs]  
Would it be more appropriate  
to say like a lamb  
being led to the slaughter?  
You have a point there.  
Okay, von Bruno.  
Let's stop playing games.

I assure you I'm not  
in a playful mood.  
Neither am I.  
Where's Elga?  
Elga? How intimate  
you've become with my wife!  
Where is she?  
What have you done  
with her? Elga!  
Elga!  
Let him go.  
Elga, are you all right?  
Oh!  
What's he done to you?  
You shouldn't have come back.  
Nothing would have  
kept me away.  
Oh!  
What a touching scene,  
Sir Ronald.  
But it was inevitable,  
wasn't it?  
You had so many reasons  
for returning.  
Oh, you'll have to be  
a lot more clever  
than that.  
What do you intend doing  
with us?  
I think you know the answer.  
I can expect the worst  
from you.  
Then you won't be disappointed!  
No neither will I.  
You know, Burton,  
I must begrudgingly give you  
a certain amount of credit.  
You carried off your deception  
in a masterly fashion.  
But fortunately, there's  
such a thing as justice.  
What do you know of justice?  
For five years,  
I lived in a nightmare

of hate,  
reliving the agony I suffered  
because of this!  
I found only one relief

**for that agony:**

the hope that someday,  
somehow, I'd find you!  
Sterling and Brown came first.  
I overlooked the possibility  
that you might search for them.  
Again, I underestimated you.  
And I

[Laughing]

I never dreamed you'd come  
of your own free will!  
I suppose I must be grateful  
to my charming wife for that.  
Do you think  
you'll get away with this?  
The emperor knows I'm here.  
He also knows  
the dangers of hunting.

I suggest you make the most  
of your brief reunion.

[Door Opens]

[Snores]

[Thud]

[Metal Clanking]

Romley.!

You're all right.!

There isn't much time, sir.

[Ringing]

[Dogs Barking]

[Bell Ringing]

Hurry, man, hurry!

[Barking]

[Ringing Continues]

[Bolts Turn]

This way!

[Dogs Howling]

Romley!

Romley, come on.

You go on with the lady, sir.

I'm staying.  
Are you mad? Come on!  
It's your only chance.  
I can hold them for a while with this.  
Romley, I'm ordering you to come.  
Then for the first time,  
I must disobey you. I'm sorry, sir.  
He said this was  
the only way out.  
You believe him?  
Strangely enough,  
I do.  
But it's that horrible room!  
We'll have to chance it.  
Follow me carefully  
and step where I step.  
[Growling]  
Keep close to the wall.  
[Growling Continues]  
Don't look down.  
Do you feel that?  
It's fresh air.  
It must be from  
the outside.  
So you did find  
the way out.  
Look, von Bruno.  
You can't get away with this.  
Why don't you listen to reason?  
Sir Ronald  
talks of reason, Gargon.  
What do you say?  
[Gargon Grunts]  
It's unfortunate  
we can't understand him.  
His tongue was ripped out  
by the natives you set upon us.  
You won't forget that,  
will you, Gargon?  
[Elga Screams]  
[Clicks]  
[Screams]  
[Thud]  
There.

Thank you, Doctor.  
For what? For keeping you  
alive so the count  
can torture you?  
Oh, you've had to suffer  
a great deal on my account.  
Don't say that.  
There must be  
a way out of here.  
I think perhaps  
that I can help you.  
Yes, there is a way,  
but it's fraught  
with great danger.  
We're not in a position  
to haggle.  
You know you can never  
get out of here alive.  
Von Bruno  
made that quite clear.  
The alternative  
is equally clear.  
To get out of here,  
you must be dead...  
or at least have  
the appearance  
of being dead.  
That's impossible.  
Suppose there were a drug  
that would retard  
your heart action,  
slow up your pulse rate  
and your breathing until  
they were imperceptible  
until, to all outward  
appearances,  
you were dead?  
You have such a drug?  
Yes.  
Well, supposing  
we take this drug.  
What happens?  
If I know the count,  
he'll order an immediate burial.

Well, that's fine.  
We're dead. We're buried.  
Then what?  
The action of the drug  
will last for about 10 hours.  
By sundown,  
the funeral will be over.  
Then, if all goes well,  
tonight I'll come  
to the mausoleum...  
and release you.  
And if it doesn't?  
That's the danger I spoke of.  
You know what  
that would mean?  
We'd be buried alive.  
I know what you're  
thinking.  
But I'd rather face that  
anything with even  
the slightest chance of success  
than what he has  
in store for us.  
All right, Doctor.  
We're ready.  
Drink this...  
and go with God.  
Wait.  
I want you to know  
that whatever happens  
Don't say it. I I know.  
I think my life began  
with you.  
And if it must,  
I want it to end with you.  
[Bottle Shatters]  
[Door Opens]  
[Running Footsteps]  
Glass. Glass!  
How did this happen?  
He jumped on me  
while my back was turned,  
overpowered me.  
Took the poison from my bag.

Before I could stop them,  
they both drank from it.  
You fool!  
Blundering old fool!  
I tried to stop them!  
For your stupidity,  
you can join them!  
I fought them!  
No, no, Herr Count!  
Don't kill me!  
They are not dead.  
Not dead?  
What do you mean?  
It is true. It was not poison  
but a drug they took.  
They're alive!  
In 10 hours,  
they will recover.  
[Chortling]  
This is good.  
Did you hear that, Ernst?  
This is far better  
than anything  
I could have planned.  
Do they Do they know  
what's going on?  
I don't know. I think so.  
So, the unhappy lovers,  
Romeo and Juliet.  
Can vengeance be pursued  
further than death?  
I am indebted to you,  
Doctor.  
You are a genius!  
Prepare them for burial.  
You may invite  
a few intimate friends.  
Naturally,  
the services will be...  
in 10 hours.  
[Chuckling]  
Von Melcher.  
Under the circumstances,  
restrain your feelings



I'm sorry.  
for the dead.  
[Both Chuckling, Laughing]  
I  
I beg you, do not think  
too badly of me.  
I tried my best to help you.  
Forgive me for not having  
the courage of youth.  
Forgive me.  
Forgive me.  
[Thud]  
[Gasps]  
[Coughs]  
You are forgiven, Meissen.  
[Sobbing]  
[Wind Howling]  
[Thunderclap]  
[Von Bruno]  
An eye for an eye  
and a tooth for a tooth,  
Sir Ronald.  
Fender, Koppich!  
Seal the coffins.  
[Thinking]  
Fender, please!  
Can't you see what  
he's doing to us?  
He's burying us alive!  
I wonder why he ever came  
to the Black Castle  
in the first place.  
Fender, help me!  
You've got to help me!  
I'm not dead!  
I know one thing.  
I wish it were Herr Count  
I was sealing in here instead of  
[Moaning]  
Koppich.  
What's that?  
You hear it?  
[Moaning]  
It's It's from inside!

I'm getting out of here.  
How could it be? He's  
Come on.  
We're imagining things.  
Let's get it over with.  
The guests have all left,  
Herr Count.  
Good. You may go.  
Oh. Patience, von Melcher.  
Have patience.  
[Clock Chiming]  
[Clock Stops Chiming]  
Now can we go?  
Of course.  
We wouldn't want them  
to spend their last moments...  
alone.  
Come on. Let's start  
on the other one.  
[Moaning]  
There it is again.  
I'm gonna see!  
[Nail Squeaking]  
[Nails Continue Squeaking]  
[Nail Squeaks, Clatters]  
[Thunderclap]  
What are you doing?  
Why aren't the coffins sealed?  
Elga.  
Oh, thank God!  
But how did  
The pistols.  
Meissen put them  
in the coffin.  
He kept his promise.  
We're free.  
Oh!  
What are you going to do  
after we've gone?  
There will be  
other employment.  
Could I persuade you  
to come with us?  
It would be a great honor, sir,

if you'd let me.  
Get your things.  
I have them, sir.  
Right here!  
[Laughing]  
Move over, Max!  
I'm driving!  
Ho!