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# Van Helsing: The London Assignment

By Garfield Reeves-Stevens

It's alive.  
It's alive. It's alive!  
There he is! Hit it again!  
Success!  
Count, it's just you.  
I was beginning  
to lose faith, Victor.  
A pity your moment of triumph  
is being spoiled...  
over a little thing  
like grave robbery.  
Yes.  
I must escape this place.  
Where are you going to run,  
Victor?  
Your peculiar experiments  
have made you unwelcome...  
in most of the civilized world.  
I'll take him away, far away,  
where no one will ever find him.  
No, no, Victor.  
The time has come  
for me to take command of him.  
What are you saying?  
Why do you think I brought you here?  
Gave you this castle?  
- Equipped your laboratory?  
- You said...  
- You said you believed in my work.  
- And I do.  
But now that it is,  
as you yourself have said...  
a triumph of science...  
over God...  
it must now serve my purpose.  
What purpose?  
Good God!  
I would kill myself  
before helping in such a task.  
Feel free. I don't actually need you  
anymore, Victor.  
I just need him.  
He is the key.  
I could never allow him

to be used for such evil.  
I could.  
In fact,  
my brides are insisting upon it.  
Igor, help me!  
You have been  
so kind to me, Doctor...  
caring, thoughtful.  
But he pays me.  
Stay back.  
You can't kill me, Victor.  
I'm already dead.  
Dr. Frankenstein!  
Look, it's headed for the windmill!  
Come on!  
Burn it! Burn it down!  
Vampires.  
- Run for your lives!  
-Vampires!  
Father.  
Evening.  
You're a big one.  
You'll be hard to digest.  
I'd hate to be such a nuisance.  
I missed you in London.  
No, you bloody did not!  
You got me good.  
Dr. Jekyll, you're wanted  
by the Knights of the Holy Order...  
It's Mr. Hyde now.  
...for the murder of 12 men,  
six women, four...  
...children, three goats, and  
a rather nasty massacre of poultry!  
So you're the great Van Helsing.  
And you're a deranged psychopath.  
We all have our little problems.  
My superiors would like for me  
to take you alive...  
so that they may extricate  
your better half.  
I bet they bloody would.  
Personally, I'd rather just kill you  
and call it a day.

But let's make it your decision,  
shall we?  
Do let's.  
Here I come...  
ready or not!  
The bell!  
No, no.  
I'll bet that's upsetting.  
Paris!  
Come here.  
I think you'll find the view  
over here rather spectacular.  
It's been a pleasure knowing you.  
Au revoir!  
Oh, no.  
My turn.  
May he rest in peace.  
Van Helsing.  
You murderer!  
Bless me, Father, for I have...  
Sinned. Yes, I know.  
You're very good at that.  
You shattered the Rose Window.  
Not to split hairs, sir,  
but Mr. Hyde did the shattering.  
- I wish you a week in hell for that.  
- It would be a nice reprieve.  
Don't get me wrong.  
Your results are unquestionable...  
but your methods  
attract far too much attention.  
"Wanted" posters?  
We are not pleased.  
Do you think I like being  
the most wanted man in Europe?  
Why don't you and the Order  
do something about it?  
Because we do not exist.  
Well, then neither do I.  
When we found you crawling up  
the steps of this church, half-dead...  
it was clear to all of us that  
you had been sent to do God's work.  
- Why can't he do it himself?

- Don't blaspheme.  
You already lost your memory  
as a penance for past sins.  
If you wish to recover it...  
I suggest you continue  
to heed the call.  
Without us,  
the world would be in darkness.  
Governments and empires  
come and go...  
but we have kept mankind safe  
since time immemorial.  
We are the last defense  
against evil.  
An evil that the rest of mankind  
has no idea even exists.  
To you, these monsters are  
just evil beings to be vanquished.  
I'm the one standing there  
when they die...  
and become the men they once were.  
For you, my good son,  
this is all a test of faith.  
And now,  
we need you to go to the East.  
To the far side of Romania.  
An accursed land...  
terrorized by all sorts  
of nightmarish creatures.  
Lorded over  
by a certain Count Dracula.  
- Dracula?  
- Yes.  
You've never faced one  
like this before.  
Our story begins 450 years ago...  
when a Transylvanian knight  
named Valerious the Elder...  
promised God that his family  
would never rest nor enter heaven...  
until they vanquished Dracula  
from their land.  
They have not succeeded...  
and they are running out of family.

His descendant Boris Valerious,  
King of the Gypsies.  
He disappeared almost 12 months ago.  
His only son, Prince Velkan,  
and his daughter, Princess Anna.  
If the two of them are killed  
before Dracula is vanquished...  
nine generations of their family...  
will never enter  
the gates of St. Peter.  
For more than four centuries...  
this family has defended  
our left flank.  
They gave their lives.  
We cannot let them  
slip into purgatory.  
So you're sending me into hell.  
In a manner.  
Valerious the Elder left this here  
We don't know its purpose...  
but he would not have  
left it lightly.  
The Latin inscription translates as:  
"In the name of God,  
open this door."  
There is an insignia.  
Yes, it matches your ring.  
I think that in Transylvania  
you may find the answer you seek.  
Faster, please. Faster!  
Faster! Faster! Faster!  
Getting there.  
- Carl!  
- There you are.  
Did you bring Mr. Hyde back,  
or did you kill him?  
You killed him, didn't you?  
That's why they get so annoyed.  
When they ask you to bring someone  
back, they don't mean as a corpse.  
All right, you're in a mood.  
Come on.  
I have some things that'll  
put the bit back in your mouth.

Any idiot can make a sword.

Sorry, Father.

- Come along, Carl.

- Here, take this:

Rings of garlic, holy water...

silver stake, crucifix.

Why can't I have one of those?

You've never gone after vampires

before now, have you?

Vampires, gargoyles, warlocks,

they're all the same.

Best when cooked well.

No, they're not all the same.

A vampire is nothing like a warlock.

My granny could kill a warlock.

Carl, you've never even been

out of the abbey.

- How do you know about vampires?

- I read.

Here's something new.

Glycerin 48.

Sorry!

What in Allah's name

is wrong with you?

The air around here

is thick with envy.

This is my latest invention.

It's gas-propelled.

Capable of catapulting arrows

in rapid succession...

at tremendous velocity.

Just pull the trigger and hold on.

I've heard the stories

from Transylvania.

Trust me, you'll need this.

A work of certifiable genius.

- If you don't say so yourself.

- No, I did say so myself.

I'm a veritable cornucopia

of talent.

Did you invent this?

I've been working on that

for 12 years.

It's compressed magma

from Mt. Vesuvius...  
with pure alkaline  
from the Gobi Desert.  
- It's one of a kind.  
- What's it for?  
I don't know,  
but I'm sure it'll come in handy.  
Twelve years,  
and you don't know what it does?  
I didn't say that.  
I said I didn't know what it's for.  
What it does  
is to create a light source...  
equal to the intensity of the sun.  
This will come in handy how?  
I don't know.  
You can blind your enemies.  
Charbroil a herd  
of charging wildebeest.  
Use your imagination.  
No, I'm gonna use yours.  
That's why you're coming with me.  
- Holy hell be damned I am!  
- You cursed.  
Not very well, but you're a monk.  
You shouldn't curse at all.  
Actually, I'm still just a friar.  
I can curse all I want...  
damn it!  
The Cardinal has ordered you  
to keep me alive.  
- For as long as possible.  
- But I'm not a field man.  
I don't want to go to Transylvania.  
Come on.  
Dracula unleashed you for a reason.  
Pull me up!  
It's stuck!  
- No, Anna, it will kill you!  
- That's my brother out there.  
Cut the rope! Cut it now!  
Velkan!  
My gun! Find my gun!  
Find Velkan's gun.



It has to be the silver bullets.

Anna, hurry!

Hurry!

Move.

Anna, look out!

Run!

Velkan.

God...

help us.

- So, what do you remember?

- Not now, Carl.

There must be something.

I remember fighting the Romans  
at Masada.

- That was in 73 A.D.

- You asked.

What are we doing here?

Why is it so important

to kill this Dracula, anyway?

- Because he's the son of the Devil.

- I mean, besides that.

If we kill him, anything bitten  
or created by him will also die.

I mean, besides that.

Welcome to Transylvania.

- Is it always like this?

- Pretty much.

You, turn around.

- Let me see your faces.

- Why?

Because we don't trust strangers.

Strangers don't last long here.

Gentlemen, you will now be disarmed.

You can try.

You refuse to obey our laws?

- The laws of men mean little to me.

- Fine.

Kill them.

- I'm here to help you.

- I don't need any help.

Really?

Everybody inside!

Hide the children!

Stay here.

You stay here.  
They're trying to kill me.  
- Marishka, kill the stranger.  
- Love to.  
Run!  
Carl, it's not working.  
Try aiming at their hearts.  
It's the sun.  
Van Helsing.  
Do you like to fly, Anna?  
Hello, Anna.  
Nice to see you, too, Aleera.  
Did I do something to you  
in a past life?  
Don't play coy with me, Princess.  
I know what lurks  
in your lusting heart.  
I hope you have a heart, Aleera...  
because someday I'm going to drive  
a stake through it.  
This should do the trick.  
Holy water!  
Stop your teasing, Marishka,  
and finish him.  
Too bad. So sad.  
The church!  
Thirty years old.  
Perfectly aged.  
Hello, Anna, my dear.  
The last of the Valerious.  
I can feel fresh blood  
rushing through her veins.  
Here she comes!  
I want first bite.  
- He killed a bride!  
- He killed Marishka!  
You killed Marishka!  
- You killed a vampire!  
- But isn't that a good thing?  
Vampires only kill what they need  
to survive.  
One or two people a month.  
Now they will kill for revenge.  
- Are you always this popular?

- Pretty much.  
So what name, my good sir,  
do I carve on your gravestone?  
His name is Van Helsing.  
Your reputation precedes you.  
Next time stay close.  
You're no good to me dead.  
Well, I'll say this for you.  
You've got courage.  
He's the first one to kill a vampire  
in over 100 years.  
I'd say that's earned him a drink.  
Marishka!  
Why can't they just  
leave us alone?  
We never kill more than our fill  
and less than our share.  
Can they say the same?  
Did I not stress  
how important it was...  
to be finished  
with Anna Valerious...  
before she destroys  
what we are trying to create?  
- We lost Marishka.  
- Master.  
There, there, my darlings.  
Do not worry.  
- I shall find another bride.  
- What?  
- Do we mean so little to you?  
- Have you no heart?  
No, I have no heart! I feel no love!  
Nor fear...  
nor joy...  
nor sorrow!  
I am hollow.  
And I will live forever.  
- My Lord.  
- It is not so bad.  
I am at war with the world...  
and every living soul in it.  
But soon  
the final battle will begin.

I must go and find out  
who our new visitor is.  
You will have to make  
a little apritif out of him.  
We are much too close to success  
to be interrupted now.

- No!

- The last experiment was a failure!  
Please, say you will not try again.  
My heart could not bear the sorrow  
if we fail again.  
Come.  
Do not fear me.  
Everybody else fears me.  
Not my brides.  
Igor.  
Yes, master.  
Why do you torment that thing so?  
It's what I do.  
Remember, Igor, "Do unto others..."  
Before they do unto me, master.  
Now go, all of you!  
To Castle Frankenstein!  
Yes, we will try again.

- So, how did you get here?

- We came by sea.

- Really? The sea?

- Well, yes.

- The Adriatic Sea?

- Where do I find Dracula?

- He used to live in this very house  
four centuries ago.  
No one knows where he lives now.  
Father would stare at that painting  
for hours...  
Looking for Dracula's lair.

- So that's why you've come?

- I can help you.

- No one can help me.

- I can try.  
You can die trying.  
All of my family has.

- I can handle this myself.

- So I noticed.

The vampires attacked in daylight.  
They never do that.  
I was unprepared.  
It won't happen again.  
So why did they attack in daylight?  
Clearly they wanted  
to catch me off guard.  
They seem almost desperate  
to finish off my family.  
- Why is that? Why now?  
- You ask a lot of questions.  
Usually I ask only two:  
What are we dealing with?  
How do I kill it?  
My father spent most of his life  
looking for answers year after year.  
Tearing through the tower,  
combing through the family archives.  
- Carl, the tower. Start there.  
- Right.  
The only way to save your family is  
to stay alive till Dracula's killed.  
And who will kill him if not me?  
Who will show courage if not me?  
Go alone and you'll be outmanned  
and outpositioned.  
And you can't see in the dark.  
In the morning, we will hunt him...  
but we'll do it together.  
Some say you're a murderer,  
Mr. Van Helsing.  
Others say you're a holy man.  
Which is it?  
It's a bit of both, I think.  
- I promised you a drink.  
- Yes, you did.  
The bar is down the hall.  
Help yourself.  
As for me, I'm going to finish this  
once and for all.  
Sorry you've to carry  
this burden alone.  
On the contrary,  
I would wish for it no other way.

I'm sorry about your father  
and brother.

I will see them again.

We Transylvanians always look  
on the brighter side of death.

- There's a brighter side of death?

- Yes. It's just harder to see.

I'm sorry about that, too.

Van Helsing!

Van Helsing?

- Velkan?

- Anna.

Oh, my God, you're alive.

No. Anna, I only have a moment.

- But there's a werewolf...

- Listen to me!

I know Dracula's secret.

He has a...

- Velkan?

- Please.

No!

Run, Anna.

Anna!

Are you all right?

Anna!

Why does it smell  
like wet dog in here?

Werewolf!

Right. You'll be needing  
silver bullets, then.

Well done.

Who's hunting whom?

Nice night.

This is a bit tight for me.

But for you it's a perfect fit.

What a coincidence.

I see the wolf man  
hasn't killed you yet.

Don't worry, he's getting to it.

You don't seem bothered.

I'm no threat to him.

I'm just the one  
who cleans up after him...  
if you get my meaning.

Little late to be digging graves,  
isn't it?  
Never too late to dig graves.  
You never know  
when you'll need a fresh one.  
Oh, sorry. It's just my nature.

- Move!

- No!

- Why?

- You're choking me!

- Give me a reason not to.

- I can't. If people knew...

He's not your brother anymore, Anna!

- You knew?

- Yes.

Before or after I stopped you  
from shooting him?

Before.

And still you tried to kill him!

He's a werewolf!

He's gonna kill people!

He can't help it!

It's not his fault!

I know, but he'll do it anyway!

Do you understand forgiveness?

Yes. I ask for it often.

They say Dracula has a cure.

If there's a chance  
I can save my brother...

- I'm going after it.

- No.

- I need to find Dracula.

- And I need to find my brother!

He gave his life for me.

He's the only family I have left.

I despise Dracula  
more than you can ever imagine.

He has taken everything from me,  
leaving me alone in this world.

To have memories  
of those you loved and lost...  
is perhaps harder  
than to have no memories at all.

All right.

We'll look for your brother.

- Igor.

- Yes, master.

- How long before we are ready?

- Soon, master. Very soon.

It is difficult

without the good doctor...

but the Dwergi, they are doing well?

No!

Good.

For me, this is all personal.

It's all about family and honour.

Why do you do it, this job of yours?

What do you hope to get out of it?

I don't know.

Maybe some self-realization.

What have you got out of it so far?

Nightmares.

Werewolves only shed

before the first full moon.

Before the curse

has completely consumed them.

- What is this place?

- Castle Frankenstein.

But it should be abandoned.

I don't understand.

The man who lived here

was killed a year ago.

- A grave robber, among other things.

- A year ago.

It was just after that

that your father went missing.

Yes. He was looking for Dracula.

He was on his way to the sea.

I have never been to the sea.

I'll bet it's beautiful.

Werewolves are such a nuisance

during their first full moon.

So hard to control.

I send you on a simple errand...

to find out

who our new visitor is...

and you have to stop

for a little chat with your sister.



Leave her out of this, Count.  
She doesn't know your secret.  
And I am soon to take it  
to my grave.  
Don't wish for death so quickly.  
I intend for you to be quite useful.  
I would rather die than help you.  
Don't be boring.  
Everyone who says that dies.  
Besides, tonight...  
after the final stroke  
of midnight...  
you will have no choice  
but to obey me.  
Look familiar?  
Father?  
No!  
He proved useless.  
But I'm hoping, with werewolf venom  
running through your veins...  
you will be of greater benefit!  
I may have failed to kill you,  
Count, but my sister will not.  
Never!  
- Dwergi.  
- Dwergi?  
Dracula's servants.  
Industrious but extremely vicious.  
If you get the chance to kill one,  
do it...  
- Because they'll do worse to you.  
- Right.  
They say they're using my brother  
in some sort of experiment.  
My brother is still battling  
the sickness within him.  
- There's still hope.  
- Anna.  
There is no hope for your brother.  
But we can still protect others  
by killing Dracula.  
Let us begin!  
"No slacking! Up! "  
- You ever see these things?

- No.
- What do you think they are?
- Offspring.
- What?

A man with three  
gorgeous women for 400 years.  
Yes, vampires are the walking dead.  
It only makes sense  
their children are born dead.  
He's obviously trying  
to bring them to life.  
Ladies first.

Dracula and his brides only kill  
one or two people a month.  
If he brings  
all these things to life...

- Throw the switches!
- Yes, master.

What are you doing?  
I want to see what we're up against.  
So this is what you get  
when vampires mate.  
Come on!

They need to feed.  
Teach them how. Teach them!  
And beg the Devil...  
that this time they stay alive.

- This is where I come in.
- No, wait!

Now that I have your attention...  
Yes, well, that's interesting.  
That's not good. Must warn somebody.  
I can tell the character of a man  
by the sound of his heartbeat.  
Usually when I approach...  
I can almost dance to the beat.  
Strange that yours is so steady.  
"Hurry up! "

We must keep the  
atmosphere electrified!  
Accelerate the generators!  
Power the dynamos!  
We are losing power.  
The human is insufficient.

Velkan.

Oh, my God.

Feed, my darlings! Feed!

May he rest in peace.

Hello, Gabriel.

We must not lose

the master's progeny!

Is this your silver stake?

How long has it been?

You don't remember, do you?

Exactly what is it

I should be remembering?

You are the great Van Helsing.

Trained by monks and mullahs

from Tibet to Istanbul.

Protected by Rome herself.

But, like me, hunted by all others.

The Knights of the Holy Order

know all about you.

It's no surprise

you would know about me.

Yes, but it's much more than this.

We have such history,

you and I, Gabriel.

Have you ever wondered why

you have such horrible nightmares?

Horrific scenes

of ancient battles past.

How do you know me?

- Velkan.

- Anna.

No. Don't unstrap me.

Don't unstrap me!

No, you must not! No! Stop!

Stop it.

I'm getting you out of here.

Velkan, it's all right.

I'm taking you home.

So would you like me

to refresh your memory a little?

A few details from your sordid past.

Perhaps that is a conversation

for another time.

Allow me to reintroduce myself.

I am Count Vladislaus Dragulia.  
Born 1422.  
Murdered 1462.  
Help me!  
I think  
we've overstayed our welcome.  
- Have you found the children?  
- Not yet.  
- What happened?  
- They just died.  
How can I ever repay you?  
But you can't do that.  
You are a monk.  
Well, actually I'm just a friar.  
I am sorry, master.  
We try and we try...  
but I fear we are not so smart  
as Dr. Frankenstein.  
Truly.  
It would appear the good doctor  
took the key to life to his grave.  
Hunt them down.  
Kill them both.  
A silver stake? A crucifix?  
What, did you think we  
haven't tried everything before?  
We've shot him, stabbed him,  
clubbed him...  
sprayed him with holy water,  
staked him through the heart...  
and still he lives!  
Do you understand?  
No one knows how to kill Dracula.  
Well, I could have used  
that information a little earlier.  
Don't give me that look.  
You were right. I'm sorry.  
He's not my brother anymore.  
Do you have any family,  
Mr. Van Helsing?  
Not sure.  
I hope to find out someday.  
That's what keeps me going.  
- Here's to what keeps you going.

- Absinthe. Strong stuff.  
Don't let it touch your tongue.  
It'll knock you on your...  
Vampire.  
Vampires!  
Now I remember.  
"Even a man who is pure in heart  
And says his prayers by night  
"May become a wolf  
when the wolfbane blooms  
"And the moon is shining bright  
"Or crave another's blood  
when the sun goes down  
"And his body takes to flight"  
There's something down here.  
And it's carnivorous.  
Whatever it is,  
it appears to be human.  
I'd say he's a size 17.  
Around 360 pounds.  
He has a bad gimp in his right leg  
and three copper teeth.  
How do you know he has copper teeth?  
Because he's standing  
right behind you. Move!  
Oh, my God!  
The Frankenstein monster!  
Monster? Who's the monster here?  
I have done nothing wrong...  
and yet you and your kind  
all wish me dead!  
What do you want?  
To exist.  
Don't!  
- We must kill it.  
- Wait.  
If you value your lives  
and the lives of your kind...  
- You will kill me.  
- No.  
If Dracula finds me...  
I am the key to my father's machine.  
The key to life.  
Life for Dracula's children.

He already awakened them last night.

Two.

And those were from only one bride.

From one single birthing.

And they died

as they did the last time he tried.

Only with me

can he give them lasting life.

There are more?

More of those things?

Thousands.

Thousands more.

- No.

- You heard what he said.

My life, my job is to vanquish evil.

I can sense evil.

This thing, man, whatever it is...

evil may have created it,

may have left its mark on it.

But evil does not rule it,

so I cannot kill it.

- I can.

- Not while I'm here.

Anna.

Your family has spent 400 years

trying to kill Dracula.

Maybe this poor creature

can help us find a way.

Oh, my God. He's seen us.

Now they'll come for him.

Neither you nor I

will be able to stop them.

If I can get him to Rome,

we can protect him there.

And then the painting came alive...

and the two creatures

attacked each other.

- What does it mean?

- I don't know.

Listen, Carl, whatever you do,

don't stare at him.

I'm staring at him.

Is that a man?

Actually, seven men.

Parts, anyway.  
By exposing me,  
you have condemned me!  
Me and all of humanity!  
Nothing is faster  
than Transylvanian horses.  
Not even a werewolf.  
Anything else, you're on your own.  
- Let me go.  
- Where are you going to go?  
I don't know  
if you've seen a mirror lately...  
but you kind of stick out  
in a crowd.  
We must not let the creature  
be destroyed!  
Save him! Save the monster!  
Stakes!  
No!  
Oh, my God.  
What are you doing out here?  
Right.  
Don't let go!  
I can help!  
You won't kill me?  
Only if you don't hurry!  
Jump!  
Velkan.  
Velkan.  
Anna...  
forgive me.  
I will see you again.  
You killed him.  
Now you know  
why they call me murderer.  
Oh, my God.  
You've been bitten.  
Anna!  
Anna.  
So much trouble to my master.  
So much trouble.  
What do you want?  
The master commands a trade.  
The monster for the Princess.

Somewhere public. Lots of people.  
A place where your master  
will be less inclined...  
to expose his other side.  
Tomorrow night is All Hallows' Eve.  
Here in Budapest there is  
a wonderful masquerade ball.  
- Are you all right?  
- No.  
He has been bitten.  
Bitten by a werewolf.  
Now you will become that which  
you have hunted so passionately.  
I am sorry.  
May others be as passionate  
in their hunting of you.  
Well, they won't find him in here.  
I'm sure this is some sort of sin.  
God will forgive us.  
We need to save Anna.  
You don't think  
the hat's a bit much?  
- Carl, help me!  
- Right.  
How many commandments  
can we break in one day?  
Anyway, according to the book...  
you won't turn into a werewolf until  
the rising of your first full moon.  
That's two nights from now.  
You'll still be able to  
fight Dracula's hold over you...  
until the final stroke of midnight.  
So I have nothing to worry about.  
My God, you should be terrified.  
- Thanks.  
- Sorry.  
We still have 48 hours  
to find a solution.  
You sure he can't get out of there?  
Not without some help from the dead.  
How does it feel  
to be a puppet on my string?  
I won't let you trade me, Count.



I have no intention of trading you.  
And if I know Van Helsing,  
which I do...  
he is not planning on  
making a trade, either.  
Neither of us  
has ever settled for half.  
There they are.  
You make my skin crawl.  
This is not all I could do  
with your skin.  
Carl, I need you to do something.  
I'm not gonna like this, am I?  
Don't we make a lovely couple?  
Oh, my God.  
I am looking for a new bride, Anna.  
Someone strong and beautiful.  
One brief moment of pain...  
and we can be together forever.  
You have no heartbeat.  
Perhaps it just needs...  
to be rekindled.  
Anna. Anna!  
Wake up.  
Gabriel.  
Oh, Gabriel.  
Welcome to my summer palace.  
Master! Look, master!  
We have him, master.  
We have him!  
You wretched undead...  
I shall have my revenge!  
"Though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death...  
"I shall fear no evil."  
You are nothing but damned bones...  
and damned souls...  
and will burn in the flames of Hell!  
Now that everything  
is as it should be...  
ladies and gentlemen,  
I give to you...  
Van Helsing!  
Come on.

Yes!

Now I know what it's for.

- Where are we going?

- Through that window!

Carl, you're a genius!

A genius with access  
to unstable chemicals.

Say goodbye to your friends.

I'll find you!

I'll get you back and set you free!

I swear to God!

- I must save him.

- No, you can't.

Why?

I cabled Rome earlier  
to apprise them of our situation.

What did they say?

Even if you kill Dracula...

Rome orders you to destroy  
Frankenstein as well.

He isn't evil.

But they say he isn't human, either.

Do they know him? Have they spoken  
to him? Who are they to judge?

They want you to destroy him so he  
can never be used to harm humanity.

What of me? Did you tell them  
what I'm to become?

Did they tell you how to kill me?

The correct angle of the stake  
as it enters my heart?

The exact measure of silver  
in each bullet?

- Stop!

- No, I left you out!

I'm sorry.

It's starting.

They must have taken  
all the equipment to Dracula's lair.

Wherever that is.

Look, there's still time.

Dracula can't bring his children  
to life until the sun sets.

The sun sets in two hours.

We've been looking for him  
for more than 400 years!  
Yes, well, I wasn't around  
for those 400 years, now, was I?  
Okay, Carl,  
what have you learned?  
That Count Dracula was actually  
the son of Valerious the Elder.  
The son of your ancestor.  
Everybody knows that. What else?  
All right.  
Well, according to this rubbing...  
it all started  
when Dracula was murdered.  
Do you know who murdered him?  
No, there's just some vague reference  
to the Left Hand of God.  
And in 1462, when Dracula died...  
- He made a covenant with the Devil.  
- And was given a new life.  
But the only way he could sustain  
that life was by drinking blood.  
Excuse me. Are you going to  
let me tell the story?  
Sorry.  
And your ancestor,  
having sired this evil creature...  
went to Rome to seek forgiveness.  
That's when the bargain was made.  
He was to kill Dracula...  
in return for eternal salvation  
of his entire family...  
right down the line  
all the way to you.  
But he couldn't do it.  
As evil as Dracula was, my ancestor  
couldn't kill his own son.  
So he banished him  
to an icy fortress...  
sending him through a door  
from which there was no return.  
- And then the Devil gave him wings.  
- Yes.  
- All right, so where is this door?

- I don't know.

But when your ancestor couldn't  
kill his son, he left clues.

So that future generations  
might do it for him.

That must be what my father  
was looking for in here.

Clues to the door's location.

The door.

Of course.

You said your father spent hours...

staring at this painting,

trying to find the lair.

I think you were right.

Quite literally.

I think this is the door.

He just didn't know how to open it.

Look. A Latin inscription.

Maybe it works like

the painting in the tower.

If this were a door, my father

would have opened it long ago.

I can't finish the inscription.

There's a piece missing.

- Your father didn't have this.

- Where did you get that?

Carl, finish it.

In the name of God, open this door.

A mirror.

Dracula has no reflection

in the mirror.

But why?

Maybe, to Dracula

it's not a mirror at all.

It's cold. And it's snowing.

See you on the other side.

Be careful.

Castle Dracula.

Do we have a plan?

Doesn't have to be Wellington's at Waterloo...

but some sort of plan would be nice.

We're going to stop Dracula.

And kill anything in our way.

Well, you let me know how that goes.

Well, as grateful as I am  
to be out of the cold...  
that doesn't seem like a good thing.  
We'd better get moving.  
- So are all of those...  
- Yes.  
- And inside them are...  
- Yes.  
Igor do this! Igor do that!  
How did you find...  
It's impossible!  
- Please don't kill me!  
- Why not?  
Well, I...  
My master has awakened.  
- There is a cure.  
- What?  
Dracula. He has a cure to remove  
the curse of the werewolf!  
Go, find the cure! Save yourself!  
Come on. You heard him.  
Let's find it.  
Wait. Why does Dracula have a cure?  
- I don't care!  
- I do.  
Why does he need one? Why?  
Because the only thing  
that can kill him is a werewolf.  
The painting. That's what it meant.  
Dracula's been using werewolves  
to do his bidding for centuries.  
Yes, but if one ever had the will  
to turn on him, he'd need a cure...  
to remove the curse and  
make him human before it bit him.  
You're going to take these two...  
- And lead them to the antidote.  
- No, I'm not.  
Yes, I am.  
Here's the plan. When the bell  
begins to toll midnight...  
you'll be able to kill Dracula.  
We just need to find the cure...  
and get it into you

before the final stroke.  
Are you insane?  
What kind of plan is that?  
If they even suspect you  
of misleading them...  
clip off one of his fingers.  
- I'll clip off something.  
- The tower over there...  
- That's where it is.  
- And what about the other tower?  
- Give me that!  
- That is where...  
we reassembled the laboratory.  
Would I lie to you?  
Not if you wanted to live.  
Now, if I'm not cured by  
the twelfth stroke of midnight...  
- I don't think I could.  
- You must.  
Come on.  
I don't like this plan.  
We don't have a choice.  
Just don't get killed.  
You still don't understand.  
It doesn't matter  
what happens to me.  
We must save my family.  
If you're late, run like hell.  
Don't be late.  
Now go. Go.  
Get off me, you vermin from hell!  
What are you complaining about?  
This is why you were made!  
To prove that God is not  
the only one who can create life!  
And now you must give that life  
to my children.  
Up!  
There it is.  
I'll go first.  
Carl!  
Stay as long as you like.  
You try to get Igor. Igor get you!  
- Go ahead. Grab it.

- You go ahead and grab it.  
If there's one thing I've learned...  
it's never to be the first to stick  
your hand in a viscous material.  
- Did I scare you?  
- No.  
Then maybe I need  
to try a little harder.  
Viscous material!  
What did I tell you?  
Get it!  
Hot.  
- Come on!  
- Yes.  
We've got to get the antidote  
to Van Helsing! Go!  
You can't go until I say you can go!  
Keep running, Carl!  
And I'll say you can go  
when you're dead!  
Oh, my God!  
What are you doing?  
You must find the cure!  
- My friends are doing it for me.  
- Friends.  
Yes. You want one?  
I can't unscrew the bolts.  
This is gonna hurt.  
I am accustomed to pain.  
It lets you know you're alive.  
Give me life!  
One more bolt  
and my young will live.  
You're almost out, my friend!  
Help me!  
But you're supposed to die.  
I want to live.  
All right!  
Be happy in the knowledge...  
that I shall weep  
over your dead body.  
Hang on!  
I'll swing you loose!  
You are too late, my friend.

My children live.  
Then the only way to kill them  
is to kill you.  
Correct.  
So be it.  
One.  
No, this cannot be.  
We are both part of  
the same grand game, Gabriel.  
But we need not find ourselves  
on opposite sides of the board.  
Go! Go and help Van Helsing!  
Now!  
Thank you.  
Oh, my God!  
Anna, I need a little help!  
Hurry!  
Throw it to me, Carl!  
Yes!  
You are being used, Gabriel,  
as was I.  
But I escaped. So can you.  
Anna, my love...  
it is your blood  
that shall keep me beautiful.  
What do you think of that?  
I think if you're going to  
kill someone, kill them.  
Don't stand there talking about it.  
Don't you understand?  
We could be friends. Partners!  
Brothers-in-arms!  
Did I mention that it was you  
who murdered me?  
It must be such a burden.  
Such a curse...  
to be the Left Hand of God.  
All I want is life, Gabriel.  
The continuation of my kind.  
And perhaps the return of my ring.  
Don't be afraid, Gabriel.  
Don't be afraid.  
I shall give you back your life,  
your memory.



Some things  
are better left forgotten.  
For God!  
God forgive me.  
She's dead.  
"Eternal rest grant unto her,  
Oh, Lord, and let perpetual light...  
"shine upon her.  
On her soul and the souls of all...  
"On her soul and the souls of all...  
"the dead faithful have mercy..."