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Dracula

By Bram Stoker

"Among the rugged peaks
that frown down upon the Borgo Pass
are found crumbling castles
of a bygone age."
I say, driver, a bit slower.
Oh, no! We must reach
the inn before sundown.
And why, pray?
It is Walpurgis Night.
The Night of Evil! Nosferatu!
On this night, madam,
the doors, they are barred,
and to the Virgin we pray.
(incantation in Hungarian)
(woman speaks Hungarian)
(excited shout in Hungarian)
I say, porter, don't take my luggage down.
I'm going on to Borgo Pass tonight.
(speaks Hungarian)
No, no, please. Put that back up there.
The driver, he is afraid - Walpurgis Night.
Good fellow, he is.
He wants me to ask if you can wait
and go on after sunrise.
Well, I'm sorry, but there's a carriage
meeting me at Borgo Pass at midnight.
- Borgo Pass?
- Yes.
- Whose carriage?
- Count Dracula's.
- Count Dracula's?
- Yes.
Castle Dracula?
Yes. That's where I'm going.
- To the castle?
- Yes.
No. You mustn't go there.
We people of the mountains believe...
at the castle there are vampires.
Dracula and his wives,
they take the form of wolves and bats.
They leave their coffins at night
and they feed on the blood of the living.
Oh, but that's all superstition.

Why, I can't understand why...

(speaks Hungarian)

Look. The sun.

When it is gone, they leave their coffins.

Come. We must go indoors.

But wait...

I mean, just a minute.

What I'm trying to say
is that I'm not afraid.

I've explained to the driver
that it's a matter of business with me.

I've got to go. Really.

Well, good night.

Wait. Please.

If you must go, wear this.

For your mother's sake. It will protect you.

(cries of consternation)

(rats squeak and scurry)

(wolf howls)

(driver) Borgo. Borgo.

Hyah!

The coach from Count Dracula?

Hey, driver!

I say, driver, what do you mean
by going at this...

(clanking... door creaks open)

(squeaking)

I am... Dracula.

Oh, it's...

It's really good to see you.

I don't know what happened
to the driver and my luggage and...

Well, and with all this,

I thought I was in the wrong place.

I bid you welcome.

(wolf howls)

Listen to them.

Children of the night.

What music they make!

The spider spinning his web
for the unwary fly.

The blood is the life, Mr Renfield.

Why, er...

yes.

I'm sure you will find
this part of my castle more inviting.
Well, rather! It's quite
different from outside.
Oh, and the fire - it's so cheerful.
I didn't know but that
you might be hungry.
Thank you. That's very kind of you.
But I'm a bit worried about my luggage.
You see, all your papers were in...
I took the liberty of having
your luggage brought up.
Allow me.
Oh, yes.
Thanks.
(wolf howls)
I trust you have kept
your coming here a secret.
I've followed your instructions implicitly.
Excellent, Mr Renfield.
Excellent.
And now, if you're not too fatigued,
I would like to discuss
the lease on Carfax Abbey.
Oh, yes. Everything is in order,
awaiting your signature.
Look here. Here's the lease.
Oh, I... I hope I've brought
enough labels for your luggage.
I'm taking with me only three... boxes.
Very well.
I have chartered a ship
to take us to England.
We will be leaving... tomorrow evening.
Everything will be ready.
I hope you will find this comfortable.
Thanks. It looks very inviting.
Ouch!
Oh, it's nothing serious.
Just a small cut from that paperclip.
It's just a scratch.
This... is very old wine.
I hope you will like it.
Aren't you drinking?

I never drink... wine.
Well...
It's delicious.
And now I'll leave you.
Well, good night.
Good night... Mr Renfield.
(bat squeaks)
Master, the sun is gone.
You will keep your promise when
we get to London, won't you, master?
You will see that I get lives?
Not human lives, but... small ones.
With blood in them!
I'll be loyal to you, master.
I'll be loyal.
(men's voices)
(first man) Must be a Scandinavian ship.
(second man) Here, now.
Here, now. Get back.
Nobody goes aboard this here boat
but the authorities.
(third man) Captain dead,
tied to the wheel.
Horrible tragedy. A horrible tragedy.
Master! We're here!
You can't hear what I'm saying,
but we're here.
We're safe!
(third man) They must've come
through a terrible storm.
(deranged laughter)
What's that?
(footsteps)
Why, it's come from that hatchway.
(deranged guttural laughter)
Why, he's mad! Look at his eyes.
Why, the man's gone crazy.
(klaxon)
(car horns)
Violets! Violets!
Flower for your buttonhole, sir.
Flower for your buttonhole, sir. Flower
for your buttonhole. Here's a nice one.
(girl screams)

(police whistle)

(answering whistles)

(orchestra plays Wagner-

"Die Meistersinger von Nrnberg")

(movement ends)

And after you've delivered the message,
you will remember nothing I now say.

Obey.

- Dr Seward?

- Yes?

You're wanted on the telephone.

Oh, thank you. Well, excuse me, dears...

Oh, Father, if it's from home, will you say

I'm spending the night in town with Lucy?

(chuckles) All right, dear.

- Pardon.

- Yes?

I could not help overhearing your name.

Might I inquire if you are the Dr Seward
whose sanitarium is at Whitby?

Why, yes.

I'm Count Dracula.

I have just leased Carfax Abbey.

I understand it adjoins your grounds.

Why, yes, it does. I'm very happy
to make your acquaintance.

May I present my daughter, Mina...

Count Dracula.

- Miss Weston...

- How do you do?

- And Mr Harker.

- How do you do?

Count Dracula has just
taken Carfax Abbey.

Oh, it'll be a relief to see life
in those dismal old windows.

It will indeed. You'll excuse me -
I'm wanted on the telephone.

The abbey could be very attractive.

But I should imagine it would need
quite extensive repairs.

I shall do very little repairing.

It reminds me of the broken battlements
of my own castle in Transylvania.

The abbey always reminds me
of that old toast:

"Above, lofty timbers,
The walls around are bare,
Echoing to our laughter,
As though the dead were there."

- Nice little sentiment!

- But there's more, even nicer.

"Quaff a cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next to die..."

Oh, never mind the rest, dear!

To die, to be really dead...

that must be glorious.

Why, Count Dracula!

There are far worse things...

awaiting man...

than death.

(music box chimes)

(Mina, mimicking) It reminds me...

of the broken battlements...

of my own castle in Transylvania.

Oh, Lucy, you're so romantic!

Laugh all you like. I think he's fascinating.

Oh, I suppose he's all right.

But give me someone

a little more normal.

Like John?

Yes, dear. Like John.

Castle... Dracula.

Transylvania.

Well, er... Countess,

I'll leave you to your count

and his ruined abbey.

- Good night, Lucy.

- Good night, dear.

The fog seems to be

closing down a bit, sir.

Another death.

Dead?

Dr Seward, when did Miss Weston

have the last transfusion?

About four hours ago.

An unnatural loss of blood,

which we've been powerless to check.

On the throat of each victim
the same two marks.

- (nurse) Keep your hands covered.
- I don't want to keep my hands covered.
- But you said you would.
- I don't want to.
- Now please do as you said you would.
- I don't want to.

(man screams)

(patient) He probably wants
his flies again! (manic laughter)

(man) No, Martin, please!

Please don't, Martin!

No, Martin, please! Please, Martin!

No, Martin! Oh, Martin, please!

- Here, give it to me now, I tell you!

- No, Martin, please!

No, Martin. Martin, don't!

Don't throw my spider away from me!

Oh, Martin... Oh...

Ain't you ashamed now? Ain't you?

Spiders now, is it?

Flies ain't good enough?

Flies? Flies?!

Poor puny things!

Who wants to eat flies?

You do, ya loony!

Not when I can get nice fat spiders!

All right. Have it your own way.

Read, Dummkopf, where I have marked.

Deinde cum extractum

vesiculionis sanguine mixtum est,

sanguis puniceo color

amisso lactteus fit.

Gentlemen, we are dealing

with the... undead.

Nosferatu!

Yes, Nosferatu. The undead. The vampire.

The vampire attacks the throat.

It leaves two little wounds,

white with red centres.

Dr Seward, your patient Renfield,

whose blood I have just analysed,

is obsessed with the idea

that he must devour living things
in order to sustain his own life.
But, Professor Van Helsing,
modern medical science
does not admit of such a creature!
The vampire is a pure myth, superstition.
I may be able to bring you proof
that the superstition of yesterday
can become the scientific reality of today.
But, Professor, Renfield's cravings
have always been for small living things.

- Nothing human.

- As far as we know, Doctor.

But you tell me that he escapes
from his room. He's gone for hours.

Where does he go?

(voice approaches)

...so you won't have to eat flies.

Well, Mr Renfield,
you are looking much better than you did
this morning when I arrived.

Thanks. I'm feeling much better.

I am here to help you.

You understand that, do you not?

Why, of course. And I'm very grateful.

- Keep your filthy hands to yourself!

- Now now, Renfield.

Oh, Dr Seward, send me away
from this place! Send me far away!

Why are you so anxious to get away?

My cries at night -

they might disturb Miss Mina.

Yes?

They might give her bad dreams,
Professor Van Helsing.

Bad dreams.

(wolf howls)

(wolf howls)

(thud)

That sounded like a wolf.

Yes, it did. But I hardly think
there are wolves so near London.

He thinks they're wolves.

Me, I've heard 'em howl at night before.

He thinks they're talking to him!
He 'owls and 'owls back at 'em.
He's crazy!
I might have known. I might have known.
We know why the wolves talk,
do we not, Mr Renfield?
And we know how
we can make them stop.
Argh!
You know too much to live, Van Helsing!
Now now, Renfield.
We will get no more out of him now
for a while.
Take him away, Martin.
On your way, old fly-eater.
I'm warning you, Dr Seward,
if you don't send me away
you must answer
for what will happen to Miss Mina!
- All right, Martin.
- Come along now. Come along.
What was that herb that excited him so?
Wolfbane. It is a plant
that grows in central Europe.
The natives there use it to protect
themselves against vampires.
Renfield reacted very violently
to its scent.
Seward, I want you to have Renfield
closely watched by day and night.
Especially by night.
(sobs)
(wolf howls)
Yes, master.
Master, you've come back.
No, master, please...
Please don't ask me to do that.
Don't. Not her.
Please! Please don't, master!
Don't, please!
Please...
Oh, don't...
I laid in bed for quite a while... reading.
And just as I was commencing

to get drowsy, I heard dogs howling.
And when the dream came...
it seemed the whole room
was filled with mist.
It was so thick I could just
see the lamp by the bed,
a tiny spark in the fog.
And then I saw two red eyes
staring at me,
and a white, livid face
came down out of the mist.
It came closer... and closer.
I felt its breath on my face...
and then its lips!
Dear, it was only a dream.
And then in the morning I felt so weak.
It seemed as if all the life
had been drained out of me.
Darling, we're going to forget
all about these dreams
and think about something cheerful,
aren't we?
- Allow me?
- Oh. Certainly, Professor.
Think for a moment.
Is there anything that might
have brought this dream on?
No.
Doctor, there's something troubling Mina.
Something she won't tell us.
And the face in the dream - you say
it seemed to come closer and closer?
The lips touched you?
Where?
Is there anything the matter
with your throat?
- Oh, no. But I...
- Permit me.
- No, please...
- Yes. Yes.
How long have you had
those little marks?
- Marks?
- Please.

- Mina, why didn't you let us know?

- Do not excite her.

When, Miss Mina?

Since the morning after the dream.

- What could have caused them?

- (maid) Count Dracula.

It's good to see you back again, Doctor.

I heard you have just arrived.

And you, Miss Mina,

you're looking exceptionally...

(Van Helsing) Pardon me, Dr Seward...

but I think Miss Mina

should go to her room at once.

Professor Van Helsing, I don't believe

it's as important as you seem to think.

Excuse me. Count Dracula,

Professor Van Helsing.

Van Helsing.

A most distinguished scientist,

whose name we know...

even in the wilds of Transylvania.

I had a frightful dream a few nights ago.

I don't seem to be able

to get it out of my mind.

I hope you haven't taken

my stories too seriously?

Stories?

Yes.

In my humble effort

to amuse your fiance, Mr Harker,

I was telling her some rather... grim tales

of my far-off country.

I can imagine.

Why, John!

I can quite understand

Mr Harker's concern.

I'm afraid it's quite serious.

My dear, I'm sure

Count Dracula will excuse you.

You must go to your room,

as Professor Van Helsing suggests.

Oh, but really, Father,

I'm feeling quite well.

You had better do as your father advises.

Very well.

Good night.

John.

Miss Mina, may I call later
and inquire how you are feeling?

Why, yes. Thank you.

I'm sorry, Doctor,
my visit was so ill-timed.

Not at all.

On the contrary, it may prove
to be most enlightening.

In fact, before you go,
you can be of definite service.

Anything I can do, gladly.

A moment ago I stumbled
upon a most amazing phenomenon.

Something so incredible
I mistrust my own judgment.

Look.

Dr Seward, my humble apology.

I dislike mirrors.

Van Helsing will explain.

For one who has not lived
even a single lifetime...

you are a wise man, Van Helsing.

Phew!

What on earth caused that?

Did you see the look on his face?

Like a wild animal!

Wild animal? Like a madman!

What's that, running across the lawn?

Looks like a huge dog!

Or a wolf?

A wolf?

- He was afraid we might follow.

- Follow?

Sometimes they take the form of wolves.

But generally of bats.

What are you talking about?

Dracula.

But what's Dracula got to do
with wolves and bats?

- Dracula is our vampire.

- But surely, Professor...

A vampire casts no reflection in the glass.
That is why Dracula smashed the mirror.
I don't mean to be rude,
but that's the sort of thing
I'd expect one
of the patients here to say.
Yes. And that is what your English
doctors would say, your police.
The strength of the vampire
is that people will not believe in him.
But, Professor, vampires
only exist in ghost stories.
A vampire, Mr Harker,
is a being that lives after its death
by drinking the blood of the living.
It must have blood or it dies.
Its power lasts only
from sunset to sunrise.
During the hours of the day it must rest
in the earth in which it was buried.
But then, if Dracula were a vampire, he'd
have to return every night to Transylvania.
And that's impossible!
Then he must have brought
his native soil with him.
Boxes of it. Boxes of earth
large enough for him to rest in.
(manic laughter)
Renfield?!

What are you doing there? Come here.
Did you hear what we were saying?
Yes, I heard something.
Enough.
Be guided by what he says.
It's your only hope.
It's her only hope.
I begged you to send me away,
but you wouldn't.
Now it's too late. It's happened again.
(Harker) What's happened?
Take her away from here.
Take her away before...
(squeaking)
No, no, master!

I wasn't going to say anything!

I told them nothing!

I'm loyal to you, master!

What have you to do with Dracula?

Dracula?

I never even heard the name before.

You will die in torment if you die
with innocent blood on your soul.

Oh, no.

God will not damn a lunatic's soul.

He knows that the powers of evil are
too great for those of us with weak minds.

(woman screams)

Oh, Mr Harker! Mr Harker, it's horrible!

Oh, it's horrible! Dr Seward!

Miss Mina... Out there, dead!

- Out where?

- Out there!

(Renfield laughs)

Thank heaven she's alive.

Thank heaven for that!

Alive, yes. But in greater danger,
for she's already under his influence.

Oh, it's horrible, Van Helsing, horrible!

Incredible!

Incredible, perhaps, but we must face it,
we must cope with it.

As these attacks continue, she comes
more and more under his power.

(child cries)

"Further attacks on small children,
committed after dark by the mysterious
woman in white, took place last night."

"Narratives of two small girls, each child
describing a 'bootiful lady in white'

who promised her chocolates,
enticed her to a secluded spot,
and there bit her slightly in the throat."

- Ghosts!

- Vampires.

And then, Miss Mina?

What could she know

about the woman in white?

- It's bad enough for her to read about it...

- Please, please, Mr Harker.
And when was the next time you saw
Miss Lucy after she was buried?
I was downstairs on the terrace.
She came out of the shadows
and stood looking at me.
I started to speak to her.
And then I remembered she was dead.
The most horrible expression
came over her face.
She looked like a hungry animal. A wolf.
And then she turned
and ran back into the dark.
Then you know the woman in white is...
Lucy.
Miss Mina, I promise you that
after tonight she will remain at rest,
her soul released from this horror.
If you can save Lucy's soul after death,
promise me you'll save mine.
Darling, you're not going to die.
You're going to live.
No, John. You mustn't touch me.
And you mustn't kiss me - ever again.
What are you trying to say?
You tell him.
You make him understand. I can't.
Professor...
It's all over, John.
Our love, our life together.
Oh, no.
No, no, don't look at me like that.
I love you, John. You.
But this horror... He wills it.
(Van Helsing) Miss Mina,
you must come indoors.
You must.
Do you know what you're doing to her,
Professor? You're driving her crazy!
Mr Harker, that is what
you should be worrying about.
The last rays of the day's sun will soon be
gone and another night will be upon us.
(door opens)

Dr Seward, I'm taking Mina with me
to London tonight, or I'll call in the police.

- But, John...

- Mina, please get your bags packed.

Seward, I must be master here
or I can do nothing.

Quite.

Miss Mina, both this room
and your bedroom
have been prepared with wolfbane.

You will be safe if Dracula returns.

She'll be safe all right,
because she's going with me!

- Mina, I'll be waiting for you in the library.

- Oh, John!

Father, talk to him.

Please don't let him go.

Oh, Briggs.

Miss Mina is to wear this wreath
of wolfbane when she goes to bed.
Watch her closely and see
that she does not remove it in her sleep.
I understand.

And under no circumstances
must these windows be opened tonight.

Very well, sir.

(wolf howls)

(thud)

You will recollect that Dracula
cast no reflection in the mirror.

Yes.

And that three boxes of earth
were delivered to him at Carfax Abbey.

Quite.

And, knowing that a vampire
must rest by day in his native soil,
I am convinced that
this Dracula is no legend,
but an undead creature whose life
has been unnaturally prolonged.

(Harker) Well, Dr Seward, what about it?

Is Mina going with me or not?

If you take her from under our protection,
you will kill her.

Now, John, please, please, be patient.

Mr Harker, please, come here.

Well?

John, I know you love her.

But don't forget she's my daughter,
and I must do what I think is best.

Mr Harker, I have devoted my lifetime
to the study of many strange things -
little-known facts which the world
is perhaps better off for not knowing.

I know. But, Professor, all I want
is to get Mina away from all of this.

That will do no good.

Our only chance of saving Miss Mina's life
is to find the hiding place
of Dracula's living corpse
and to drive a stake through its heart.

(Renfield) Isn't this a strange conversation
for men who aren't crazy?

Renfield! You're compelling me
to put you in a straitjacket.

You forget, Doctor,
that madmen have great strength.

Dracula has great strength, eh, Renfield?

Words, words, words!

Oh, Martin. Didn't I warn you
to keep a strict watch?

What?

What, again?!

Yes, sir. At once, sir.

Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

Here, the doctor's pet loony
is loose again.

He came and stood below
my window in the moonlight.

And he promised me things.

Not in words, but by doing them.

Doing them?

By making them happen.

A red mist spread over the lawn,
coming on like a flame of fire.

And then he parted it.

And I could see that

there were thousands of rats,

with their eyes blazing red -
like his, only smaller.
And then he held up his hand
and they all stopped.
And I thought he seemed to be saying...
"Rats, rats... rats!"
"Thousands... millions of them!"
"All red blood!"
"All these will I give you...
if you will obey me."
What did he want you to do?
That which has already been done.
Strike me down dead, Doctor!
He's got me going!
Now he's twisted and broken
them iron bars as if they was cheese.
- Dracula is in the house!
- In the house?!
Doctor, this time he can do no harm.
We are ready for him.
Martin, come. I'll show you where we can
put Mr Renfield where he won't escape.
Maybe you're right, but I have me doubts.
Come along, old fly-eater.
Now you mustn't get out of it this time.
You've got to stay in your room...
Van Helsing!
Now that you have learned
what you have learned,
it would be well for you
to return to your own country.
I prefer to remain, and protect
those whom you would destroy.
You are too late.
My blood now flows through her veins.
She will live through
the centuries to come...
as I have lived.
Should you escape us, Dracula,
we know how to save Miss Mina's soul,
if not her life.
If she dies by day.
But I shall see that she dies by night.
And I will have Carfax Abbey

torn down stone by stone,
excavated a mile around.
I will find your earth box
and drive that stake through your heart.
Come here.
Come...
here.
Your will is strong,
Van Helsing.
More wolfbane?
More effective than wolfbane, Count.
Indeed?
(snarls)
(Mina) Open the windows, Briggs,
let in some air!
The odour in the room from that horrible
weed! It's stifling! I can't stand it!
- But the professor gave orders.
- Never mind the professor now.
Now, please, go back to bed at once.
I'm going to call your father.
What is it, Briggs?
I don't know, Mr Harker.
I felt strangely dizzy.
And when it cleared away, Miss Mina was
up and dressed and out on the terrace.
- And I can't get her to go to bed.
- Well, let me see her. Tell her I'm here.
John?
Oh, John, I'm so glad you're here.
What have they been doing to me, dear?
Locking me in my room! Oh, and
the horrible smell of that awful weed.
It's been like a nightmare.
What's been the matter?
Why are you looking at me like that?
Mina...
You're so... like a changed girl.
Oh, you look wonderful!
I feel wonderful.
I've never felt better in my life.
I'm so glad to see you like this.
I've been awfully worried about you.
Mr Harker, you'd better

bring Miss Mina inside.

That's all right, Briggs - now that I'm here.

Run along, Briggs. Don't worry.

John... Look, the fog's lifting.

See how plain you can see the stars.

Yes.

Millions of them.

I've never seen them so close.

Why, it looks as if you could reach out and touch them.

Would you like me to get you a ha...

Why, what's the matter?

Oh, nothing. Nothing at all.

Come. Let's sit down.

Van Helsing.

Seward. That which I feared from the beginning has happened.

What?

Dracula boasts that he has fused his blood with that of Miss Mina.

In life she will now become the foul thing of the night that he is.

- But Van Helsing...

- Come, Seward.

There's not a moment to be lost.

Oh, but I love the fog!

I love nights with fog.

Well, only yesterday you said you were afraid of the night.

But, darling, I could never have said anything so silly! I couldn't!

I love the night.

Why, it's the only time I feel really alive.

- There's that bat again!

- (bat squeaks)

- Yes?

- Shoo!

- Look out. He'll get in your hair.

- (squeaking)

Yes?

- My, that was a big bat.

- (squeaking)

I will.

You will what?

Why, I didn't say anything.
Yes, you did. You said "I will".
Oh, no, I didn't.
John... Come, sit down.
There must be some way,
some way to save her.
There is only one...
(Mina) John, that funny little old
professor... He has a crucifix.
Now I want you to get it
away from him and hide it.
But why, dear?
Oh, he'll be wanting to protect me again -
from the night, or Count Dracula,
or whatever it is.
Well, I don't know. He may be right, Mina.
Your eyes!
They look at me so strangely.
Mina!
- Mina, you're...
- No, Mina, no!
(Mina screams)
Give me that!
What's the idea? Have you gone crazy?
- Are you trying to frighten her to death?!
- No, I was trying to save her.
Save her? That's a fine way!
It's all right, darling.
Oh, John, darling!
You must go away from me!
(wails)
The cross! Put it away!
After what's happened
I can't bear to look at it.
- What's happened?
- I can't tell you. I can't.
But you must. You must tell me.
I have a right to know.
Oh, John...
You can believe everything he says.
It's all the truth.
Dracula, he...
Dracula?!
What's he done to you, dear? Tell me.

He came to me.

He opened a vein in his arm...

and he made me drink.

(gunshot)

What is it? Who is it, Martin?

It's that big grey bat again, sir.

There's no use wasting your bullets,

Martin. They cannot harm that bat.

No, sir.

He's crazy!

They're all crazy.

They're all crazy except you and me.

Sometimes I have me doubts about you.

Yes.

(creaking)

(Harker) That's Renfield!

What's he doing at the abbey?

Come, Mr Harker.

(creaking)

(clanking)

Master! Master, I'm here!

Where else would he be going

but to Dracula?

What is it, master?

What do you want me to do?

Look! Here's an opening.

(Harker) Mina!

Mina!

I didn't lead them here, master!

I didn't know, I swear!

No! No!

(Dracula) Wait!

I'm loyal to you, master.

I'm your slave. I didn't betray you!

Oh, no, don't! Don't kill me!

Let me live, please!

Punish me, torture me, but let me live!

I can't die with all those lives

on my conscience!

All that blood on my hands!

Argh! Argh!

Mina! Mina!

- He'll kill her if we don't get to her!

- (Van Helsing) We must not be too late.

We have him trapped! Day is breaking!
We have him trapped!
(woman screams)
He's killing her!
Mina! Mina, where are you?
Mina! Mina!
Mina, where are you?
Mina?
Mina?
Mina! Mina!
Harker! Harker!
- See her?
- Come.
Where? Where are you?
Here. Here, Harker. I have found them.
Get me a piece of stone - anything -
to help me drive the stake
through their hearts.
(banging)
Is she...? How does she...?
She is not here.
Then... then she may be alive!
Mina! Mina!
Mina!
Mina!
- (hammer blow)
- (groan)
Aarghh...
(groan trails off into silence)
(Mina shrieks)
Mina!
Mina! Mina!
Oh, John! John, darling!
I heard you calling,
but I couldn't say anything.
We thought he'd killed you, dear.
The daylight stopped him.
Oh, if you could have seen
the look on his face!
There's nothing more to fear, Miss Mina.
Dracula is dead for ever.
No, no, no. You must go.
- But aren't you coming with us?
- Not yet. Presently. Come, John.

(church bells)