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# Dracula: Dead and Loving It

By Mel Brooks

In such close quarters,  
I feel compelled to introduce myself.  
I'm Thomas Renfield, Esquire.  
Solicitor from London.  
English.  
My wife and I, we love the English.  
Don't we, dear?  
I confess I'm not accustomed  
to these Transylvanian roads.  
Feeling a bit queasy.  
Queasy? I tell driver to go slow.  
Driver...  
The sun is setting.  
We must make the village  
before dark. Quick!  
Faster! Faster!  
Hold on, English!  
Yes, I quite understand.  
I say, driver, can you slow up a bit?  
Yes!  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Driver, don't take my luggage down.  
- I'm going on to Borgo Pass tonight.  
- Yes.  
- What are you doing?  
- Too dark.  
I go no further.  
From here on, you walk.  
You are going on tonight?  
- Yes, I'm going to the castle.  
- Castle?  
Yes, I'm scheduled to meet Count Dracula.  
Dracula?  
Scheduled?  
Yes, I have business with the Count.  
No.  
- You must not go.  
- Why not?  
Because we people  
of the mountains believe...  
vampires live at the castle.  
- Vampires?  
- Yes.

They are the undead.  
They rise from the coffins...  
at night.  
Yes.  
They take the form of wolves or bats...  
and puncture the throats of their victims  
with their teeth...  
and drink their blood.  
Surely that's just superstition.  
No. Madame Ouspenskaya is right.  
Please, my son...  
take this cross.  
No, thank you.  
Take the cross.  
Its holy love and spirit of goodness...  
will shield you from the lurking danger.  
No, really. No, thank you.  
- Damn it, take the cross.  
- Of course.  
- That'll be 15 kopeks.  
- Okay.  
Thank you.  
If I have to walk, I have to walk.  
No. Don't go. Please. I beg of you.  
But you don't understand. I'm expected.  
Well, ta.  
What?  
How do you do?  
I'm Thomas Renfield,  
solicitor from London...  
to see Count Dracula.  
Oh, my. Oh, dear. Oh, no.  
Children of the night.  
What a mess they make.  
I am Count...  
Dracula.  
- Are you hurt?  
- I am perfectly fine.  
It would take much more than that  
to hurt me.  
Come.  
Come, Renfield.  
- Oh, dear.  
- Renfield...

don't dawdle.

Be there in half a tick.

Yes.

Sorry, I was detained.

Embarrassing, really. I thought

I saw you walk through the web...

so I assumed I could.

Then I thought to myself,

"Perhaps I can go around the other way."

But, no.

It was attached on all sides.

- So I thought to myself...

- Renfield, I don't care.

And now, if you are not too fatigued

from your journey...

I'd like to discuss the purchase

of Carfax Abbey.

Yes, of course.

I have the papers right here.

Very good.

There we are.

- A bit dusty, isn't it?

- Yes, I like it.

Sign here.

And here.

There we are.

Yes, congratulations.

You're now the owner of Carfax Abbey.

One copy for you...

and one copy for me.

- Are you all right?

- Yes, just a paper cut.

Oh, dear.

Don't worry,

I have hanky here somewhere.

Let's see, where are we?

How stupid of me.

It's worse than I thought.

I must have nipped the vessel.

My God.

What are you doing to the furniture?

What are you on about?

What's all this, then?

Who are you people?

I'll have you know  
that's my knee you're straddling.  
No, stop it at once.  
No, this is wrong.  
This is wrong, do you hear me? Wrong.  
Wrong me. Wrong me.  
Wrong my brains out.  
Oh, yes!  
What is going on here?  
You think this makes me proud of you?  
Now go, whilst I make him my slave.  
And stop that.  
So, Renfield...  
do you feel better now?  
You were having a nightmare.  
A nightmare?  
But it was so real, so vivid.  
Two voluptuous women grinding, heaving.  
How to describe it?  
- Have you ever been to Paris?  
- Yes.  
Let me show you an old Transylvanian  
method for relaxation.  
Look into my eyes.  
Your eyelids are getting heavy.  
You feel that...  
Renfield, you fell asleep too soon.  
I have more to tell you.  
Wake up.  
Now, you are feeling drowsy.  
What a simpleton.  
Renfield, forget about sleeping.  
Listen to me.  
You hear only my voice.  
From this moment on, you are my slave.  
You will sacrifice everything for my safety.  
In return...  
I will give you lives.  
Not big lives.  
Insects, flies, spiders.  
I have chartered a ship  
to take us to England.  
We'll leave tomorrow evening.  
I command you.

Watch over the safety of my coffin.  
Yes, master.  
Renfield!  
I'm coming, master.  
Master, don't worry. I'll help you.  
I have you now, master.  
You look poorly, master.  
You're all dried out.  
Here, you should have fluids.  
Yes, I agree.  
I think I will start with the first mate.  
It makes me so happy to be at the opera.  
I love this palace of art and beauty.  
Yes, my dear.  
The opera is astonishing.  
The music is fraught with love, hate...  
sensuality, and unbridled passion.  
All the things in my life  
I've managed to suppress.  
Sorry I'm late, my dear.  
- We were worried, Father.  
- Sorry. Sit.  
I was detained at my asylum.  
The most extraordinary lunatic  
was brought in today.  
The only man found alive on that schooner  
that drifted into Whitby Harbor.  
Absolutely bizarre.  
Hello. Can I help you, sir?  
Yes, you may help me.  
Dr. Seward is in the next box.  
It is imperative that I meet with him alone.  
You will tell him  
there is a message for him in the lobby.  
A message for Dr. Seward in the lobby.  
Good. Now go.  
Message in the lobby for Dr. Seward.  
And you will remember nothing...  
of what I tell you.  
Extraordinary.  
Hello. Can I help you, sir?  
"Can I help you, sir?"  
What is the matter with you?  
- Why did you not tell him?

- About what?  
About the message.  
For whom?  
Never mind. I will tell him myself.  
And for your miserable performance...  
you will receive no tip.  
No tip?  
That you remember.  
Look what's in here.  
Excuse me...  
are you the Dr. Seward  
whose sanitarium is in Whitby?  
- Why, yes.  
- I have just purchased Carfax Abbey...  
and I understand it adjoins your grounds.  
Quite so. And you are?  
Forgive me.  
I am so renowned in my own country...  
I sometimes forget to introduce myself.  
- I am Count...  
- Dr. Seward...  
there is a message for you in the lobby.  
Dear God. What is...  
Oh, bother. Excuse me.  
Dracula.  
How do you do, Count Dracula?  
I'm Jonathan Harker,  
Dr. Seward's assistant.  
This is Lucy Westenra...  
and this is my fiance,  
Dr. Seward's daughter, Mina.  
Count Dracula, it will be a relief  
to see lights burning...  
through those dismal windows  
of Carfax Abbey once again.  
Oh, yes. The Abbey always reminds me  
of that old toast, you know:  
"Lofty timbers,  
the walls around are bare...  
"echoing to our laughter...  
"as though the dead were there."  
I like the way you think, my dear.  
That is one of my favorite subjects.  
We must get together

and have a long discussion.

Very long.

Now I take my leave.

I have a pressing appointment.

Count Dracula?

I'm sorry, my dear...

but you have

such a lovely ucipital mapilary.

What's that?

This.

Thank you.

And now I take my leave.

There's something otherworldly

about that man.

- He gives me the shivers.

- Oh, yes.

Me, too.

Count Dracula...

wish we could have that long talk

right now.

Excuse us, my dear.

Dr. Seward, Jonathan.

I was sleeping.

We're sorry, but we heard a noise

in the bushes below your window.

- We thought it might be a prowler.

- Would you mind if we had a look about?

No. Please do.

- Nothing out here.

- Nothing amiss here, either.

What a relief.

I'm very confident

there's no danger here whatsoever.

Sorry to disturb you, dear.

We've searched every inch of the room,

and there's no sign of forcible entry.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Something wrong with this latch.

Not to worry. I'll give it a jolly good slam.

Renfield.

- Yes?

- I can't take it. Can you take it?

The lights, the screaming,



the crazy faces staring at me.  
I tell you, the walls are closing in on me.  
- I've got to get out of here.  
- Guard, get back to work.  
Yes, sir.  
Come along then, Renfield.  
You're going to have tea with the guvnor.  
At last.  
Now you'll see, Martin.  
Dr. Seward will believe I'm not insane.  
I wouldn't bet me last shilling on it.  
Let's go.  
Stay.  
- Dr. Seward.  
- Yes?  
- Mr. Renfield is here.  
- Good. Send him out, Martin.  
McManus, the patient in the west wing?  
- Yes.  
- He's having a conniption fit.  
Give him an enema.  
- An enema?  
- Yes.  
It will give him a feeling  
of accomplishment.  
Yes, sir.  
Renfield, good of you to come.  
Good to see you, old chap.  
How are you feeling?  
Normal. Perfectly normal.  
- Excellent.  
- Yes.  
Dr. Seward, may I ask  
why I've been brought to the sanitarium?  
We would like to perform a few tests,  
that's all, if you don't mind.  
No, not at all.  
As you can see, I'm quite all right now.  
Quite so. Hungry?  
- Famished.  
- Help yourself.  
- Such a bounty.  
- Yes.  
I was just telling...

What was that?

- You grabbed something from the table.

- I did not.

You did. I saw you.

You put it in your mouth.

I think it was an insect.

That was a raspberry.

Raspberry? We're not serving raspberries.

Then it must have been a raisin.

It fell off a muffin.

- There seems to be one missing.

- It's missing?

- Really? Of course.

- Only a raisin.

How extraordinary.

Silly me, it must have been

my imagination...

There, you did it again.

You just put a bug in your mouth.

I think it was a spider.

- I did not.

- Yes, you did.

I tell you, I saw you snatch a spider  
right out of the air and eat it.

A spider? How absurd.

What?

- Dropped my fork.

- Dropped it? You flung it.

What's the matter with you?

Mr. Renfield, I'll ask you  
what are you doing down there?

Fork found.

- This is most unseemly. I don't think...

- Sorry for the delay.

My God, man.

You're eating insects  
right from the ground.

What makes you say that?

Because I can see one  
trying to get out of your mouth.

- Out of my mouth?

- Yes, your very own mouth.

- It's wriggling about.

- Don't be ridiculous.

It's wriggling all over the place.  
Poor thing, it's fighting for its life.  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
If you keep ranting, I'm going to leave.  
Me ranting? You're the ranter!  
Hello, little darling. Don't be afraid.

- He's cracking.
- I won't hurt you.
- Don't hurt me.
- All I want is your life!

Martin!

Put him in a straitjacket  
and give him an enema.  
Wait. Give him an enema first...  
then put him in a straitjacket.

- Yes, sir.
- Lives!

Lucy, you lazy girl.

**It's past 10:**

The horses are saddled and waiting.  
Mina, I don't think  
I could put a foot out of bed today.  
I had such horrid dreams.  
I feel completely drained.  
Darling, you're dreadfully pale.  
You look absolutely peaked.  
- Perhaps Father should have a look at you.  
- Yes, perhaps.  
- Father.  
- Yeah.  
- It's Lucy.  
- What's the matter with her?  
I don't know.  
She's frightfully pale and wan.  
Pale? Wan? I best have a look.  
I've given you some laudanum, dear.  
It will help you sleep.  
I see no sign of infection.  
Are you sure you don't remember  
where these marks came from?  
An insect? Perhaps a spider.  
Do you recall being bitten?  
No. But I had a dream.

Yes?

What about that dream?

I remember nothing.

She's asleep.

I must confess I'm completely confounded.

I'm going to take the liberty  
of contacting Prof. Abraham Van Helsing.  
Van Helsing?

I thought he was  
a metaphysician and philosopher.

He's also a medical doctor. Knows more  
about obscure diseases than anyone else.

He may be the only man who can help us.

Yes. Contact him, Father.

- Contact him straight away.

- Yes.

Gentlemen, you are about to observe  
your first autopsy.

It's not unusual  
for some members of the freshman class...  
to feel a bit faint during this procedure.

So this is where we begin to separate  
our future physicians...

from those who just want to play doctor.

Now, first things first.

We uncover the corpse.

We make an incision from the groin...  
to the upper chest cavity, there.

Now, as I open...

the abdominal wall, you will observe...

that the organs

have gone from a nice healthy pink...

to a disgusting green.

We must check the intestines...

for pathological clues.

So...

Here, pass it along.

Don't worry, there's plenty to go around.

No one seems to be standing.

Hello. I am still standing,

Professor Van Helsing.

Woodbridge, right?

Come closer, Woodbridge.

Good for you. Staunch fellow.

Why don't we have a look at the brain?  
First, we crack open the skull.  
So...  
behold the naked human brain.  
Examine it.  
A good morning's work.  
Come.  
Professor, 10 out of 10.  
Yeah. I still got it.  
I have a message for you from Dr. Seward.  
A message from Dr. Seward?  
What does he say?  
He wants you to come  
to Whitby immediately.  
It's an emergency.  
An emergency?  
Yes, sir. An emergency.  
I am awake.  
I'm awake during the daytime?  
What is happening?  
I cannot be up during the daylight.  
It must be the young blood  
from Miss Lucy.  
Her blood is still in my system.  
Is it possible she has cured me?  
Yes. I am cured.  
Now I can be up night and day.  
It is so bright...  
so many colors...  
and the sun is so warm.  
Hello, young lovers.  
I could not help but smell  
your lovely picnic.  
Could I presume to ask you  
for a piece of your chicken?  
Surely, sir.  
- Some wine, sir?  
- I never drink wine.  
What the hell. Let me try it.  
It's good.  
Master!  
Renfield, look at me.  
I'm drinking wine and eating chicken.  
What are you doing out in the daytime?

Relax, Renfield. I am cured.  
No, you're not. Look.  
I made a mistake.  
I've got to get back to my coffin.  
It's nightttime. Then it wasn't real.  
I was having a daymare.  
Three tiny puncture marks on her throat.  
Three?  
Two.  
Two tiny puncture marks on her throat.  
What does it mean, Professor?  
Gentlemen, what I am about to say...  
will shake the very foundation...  
of every medical precept you hold dear.  
We have entered  
the realm of the supernatural.  
Supernatural?  
- Realm of the supernatural?  
- Ja.  
Lucy has been attacked...  
by a creature that rises from its grave...  
and sucks the blood of the living...  
in order to prolong  
its own unholy existence.  
What we are dealing with here is...  
a vampire.  
- Vampire?  
- Vampire?  
What are you saying?  
I'm saying, "vampire."  
Professor, modern science  
does not admit to such a fanciful creature.  
Modern science, pish posh.  
She has lost a great deal of blood, ja?  
- Ja.  
- Yet, look.  
Where did all the blood go?  
Look at the sheet, the pillowcase,  
her nightgown.  
Do you see anything?  
How does your modern science  
explain "zat?"  
Can you explain "zat?"  
I can't explain "zat."

No one can explain "zat!"  
Are you asking us to believe...  
that some creature  
just flew in through that window...  
bit Lucy on the neck,  
and drank of her blood?  
Exactly.  
And tonight...  
the foul thing will return.  
It will suck on her life's fluid...  
until it has drained her of every last drop.  
And if she dies...  
a victim of this unspeakable creature...  
she will become one herself.  
What?  
She will become one herself.  
What can we do  
to protect her from this fiend?  
- Seward.  
- Yes?  
Do you have any books on the occult?  
They're right here.  
- Do you have Transylvanian Folklore?  
- No.  
Do you have The Theory  
and the Theology of the Evil Undead?  
No.  
- Do you have The Vampires of Prague?  
- No.  
Do you have Nosferatu?  
Yes, we have Nosferatu.  
We have Nosferatu today.  
- It just came in the post.  
- Here, give it to me, quick.  
Here.  
- There is a way to protect her.  
- How?  
"The creature is repelled by garlic.  
"Its purifying effect is anathema...  
"to the tainted soul of the vampire."  
I must move the coffin or the chandelier.  
We brought you down here  
so you'll be closer to us, my dear.  
We'll be just down the hall in the study.

You must get a good night's rest  
to regain your strength, my dear.  
It's the only way to improve your health.  
Would an enema help?

Come, we must go.

Sleep well, Miss Lucy.

The garlic will protect you.

Garlic.

- Renfield.

- Master?

It is time for you to serve your master.

- Come.

- Yes, master.

Those meddling idiots.

They want to prevent me  
from entering Miss Lucy's bedroom.

- I want to take...

- Wait, master.

All right, I'm listening.

They have placed garlands of garlic  
around her room.

What can I do, master?

I can't leave this cell.

Do you imagine I could not  
take you out of here if I wish?

That these pathetic bars could stop me?

Wait, master. I'm getting such a headache.

How dare they try to match wits with me?

Me, who has commanded  
the forces of darkness.

Me, who has called forth  
the demons of the night to do my bidding.

Me, who has destroyed every enemy  
down through the centuries.

Renfield? I'm talking to you.

- Sorry, master.

- Come.

We have much to do,  
and less time to do it in.

Renfield, hurry.

Renfield, I meant for you  
to use the drain pipe.

I fly, you don't.

Yes, of course.



- Come.  
- He flies, I don't.  
Renfield, you idiot.  
Grab him, Harker.  
I'm weak. I strayed.  
What did he do?  
I caught him lifting up the sheets  
and looking at me.  
Nothing but a filthy pervert. Martin.  
Here you are.  
Take him back to his cell  
and give him a you-know-what.  
No, not another enema.  
Yes, another and another  
until you come to your senses.  
- I'll close the window.  
- Yes.  
Good lad.  
- Are you all right, dear?  
- Yes. I'm fine, Dr. Seward...  
apart from this ghastly garlic.  
I'm sorry, dear, but Van Helsing insists.  
Oh, Lord!  
Lucy...  
I command you...  
open the window.  
Come.  
Get in there, you filthy degenerate!  
I didn't see anything!  
I saw everything.  
- It's Lucy. Someone was attacking her.  
- Wait here.  
How is she?  
- She's dead.  
- Dead?  
The vampire has taken all of her blood.  
I told her not to leave  
the safety of the garlic.  
No. It's absolutely absurd.  
I tell you, we must drive  
a wooden stake through her heart.  
Or else she will rise from her grave  
to seek the blood of the living.  
Lucy was my ward.

I won't permit you to desecrate her body  
in such a vile manner.

It's sacrilegious.

But, Dr. Seward, shouldn't we at least  
stand guard over Lucy's grave...

- just to make sure?

- No.

I'm having serious doubts  
about this whole vampire theory.

For heaven's sake, who in all of England...

by the very furthest stretch  
of the imagination...

could possibly be a vampire?

- Count Dracula.

- Well, maybe him.

What? What are you... about?

Count Dracula! Just talking about you,  
favorably of course.

Forgive my interruption...

but I was just made aware  
of the unfortunate passing of Miss Lucy.

I wish to offer my condolences.

- Thank you. We're all very distraught.

- Yes.

Count Dracula, allow me to introduce...

Prof. Abraham Van Helsing  
of London University.

He's a doctor of rare diseases,  
as well as theology and philosophy.

Und gynecology.

I didn't know

you had your hand in that, too.

Van Helsing, a name we know  
even in the wilds of Transylvania.

Count Dracula. Curious.

Are you descended from Vlad Tepes,  
the first Dracula?

Tepes?

It means "The Impaler."

He was a bloodthirsty butcher...  
who inflicted unspeakable tortures  
on the peasants.

Cutting off their hands and feet,  
gouging out their eyes...

and then impaling them on iron spikes.  
They had it coming.  
What could they possibly have done...  
to deserve such barbaric  
and inhuman treatment?  
Yes.  
We have a saying in the old country:

**They also said:**

I'm very impressed, Van Helsing.  
You speak the ancient Moldavian.  
Well, gentlemen, I will take my...  
leave.  
I say, Van Helsing, you are a man  
who likes to have the last word.  
I will not be drawn into  
such a childish exercise.  
It is immaterial to me  
who has the last word.  
It is getting late.  
We will carry on this conversation  
at another time.  
Good night.  
Such arrogance.  
It is easy to see...  
why the decadent aristocracy  
is dying out...  
in that part of the world.  
Gentlemen, our work is not done.  
The vampire is still among us.  
You must remember, he is cunning.  
He has the wisdom of centuries.  
And above all, he will never give up.  
That man! He never gives up.  
Never gives up.  
What are you thinking, Professor?  
- When did Count Dracula move in?  
- About a month ago.  
And when did Miss Lucy's symptoms  
first appear?  
About the same time.  
Are you saying  
that Count Dracula is our vampire?  
Yes! And no.

- Then what are you saying?

- I'm saying no.

But I'm leaning towards yes.

- Then you're saying yes.

- No.

- Then it's no.

- Not necessarily.

- You sound dubious.

- No, I'm positive.

- Of what?

- My theory.

- And that would be?

- The theory of yes or no.

Good night, sweet lady.

May angels' voices sing thee to thy rest.

Help me.

What's that?

Help me, it's so dark in here.

Who's in there?

I'm alive. They've buried me alive.

Saints preserve us.

Don't worry, miss. I'm coming.

Oh, my God!

They made a mistake, a terrible mistake.

Please help me. I'm so very cold.

You'll be all right. You're alive.

I say, Jonathan. What are you doing?

Just for tonight...

I'm going to stand guard at Lucy's grave,  
as the Professor suggested.

Surely you don't believe  
this vampire business?

I don't know what I believe.

But on the odd chance  
that Van Helsing's right...

I should never forgive myself  
if I didn't make sure.

All right, go ahead.

But I think you're wasting your time.

Poppycock.

Jonathan.

Lucy?

Come away with me, Jonathan.

I know you've always wanted me...

and I have always wanted you.  
Finally we can be together.  
But, Lucy, I'm engaged to Mina...  
and you're dead.  
I'm not dead.  
I'm undead.  
Yes, well, I'm not unengaged...  
thank you.  
Jonathan, let me kiss you.  
Let me show you the deep, raw passion...  
of unbridled, sexual frenzy.  
But, Lucy, I'm British.  
But so are these.  
Now we can be together forever.  
Back.  
Back, unholy demon of the night.  
- After her! This is our chance.  
- For what?  
To destroy her, my boy.  
She's retreated to her crypt. Come!  
My God.  
- Now she's dead.  
- No, she's not.  
- She's alive?  
- She's Nosferatu.  
She's Italian?  
No, it means the undead.  
She's cursed to spend eternity in misery...  
hunting the living like a wild animal.  
What should we do?  
For the sake of her eternal soul,  
we must destroy her.  
The only way...  
is to drive a wooden stake...  
through her heart.  
That's horrible. Is there no other way?  
One other. We could cut off her head...  
stuff her mouth with garlic...  
and tear off her ears.  
Give me the stake.  
Oh, no. No, I can't do it. You do it.  
It must be done  
by one who loved her in life.  
- I only liked her.

- Close enough. Here.  
Good boy. You can do it. Here.  
Now place the point of the stake  
directly over her heart...  
and hit as hard as you can.  
Wait!  
Now!  
Oh, my God!  
There's so much blood.  
She just ate.  
She's still alive.  
- Hit her again.  
- No, I can't.  
How much blood can she have left?  
Go.  
She's almost dead.  
She's dead enough.  
- This is ghastly.  
- Yes. You're right.  
We should have put newspapers down.  
What have I done?  
What have I done to poor Lucy?  
You have released her, my boy.  
Now she sleeps in peace forever.  
- Here. Clean yourself up.  
- Thank you.  
Poor Lucy.  
Here.  
Keep it.  
Essie...  
your eyelids are growing heavy...  
with sleep.  
Sleep.  
Mina, open your eyes.  
Arise, Mina.  
Walk to the door.  
Mina, you are in the closet.  
Open the door and come out.  
Now walk to the terrace door.  
Watch out for the foot...  
stool.  
Stand up.  
Not you. Sit.  
No, not you. You sit.

You stand. No, sit.  
No, you stand.  
You walk to the terrace door,  
and you go back to sleep.  
Watch out!  
Wait. I'm coming.  
Turn out the lights, so no one will see me.  
You will be my bride throughout eternity.  
We'll share the endless passion  
of immortal love.  
- Oh, I can't wait.  
- Not you.  
You will be my bride throughout eternity.  
We'll share the endless passion  
of immortal love.  
Oh, my boy. Such a night.  
- My God, man. What's happened to you?  
- Everything.  
Professor Van Helsing  
was absolutely right.  
Lucy rose from her grave and attacked me.  
And now, at last...  
she sleeps in peace.  
You mean Lucy  
actually became a vampire?  
Yes.  
- Where's Mina?  
- She's all right. Fast asleep.  
- Essie's sitting watch over her.  
- Good.  
I'll just sit watch myself  
in front of her door.  
Don't you think  
you ought to get cleaned up first?  
Oh, yes. Quite right.  
Do you mind using the service entrance?  
There's a good chap.  
He's covered with blood  
and there's not a drop on you. Why?  
I have been to many, many stakings.  
You have to know where to stand.  
You know, everything in life is location.  
And now we shall do the dance of love.  
You're good.

No hickies.

- Shouldn't we rouse her?

- Yes, perhaps you're right.

Essie.

Hello. I must have dropped off.

Good gracious, it's morning.

One moment I was on guard,  
wide awake...

and the next I felt like...

a dark cloud came over me.

- Are you all right?

- Fine.

Here we are, then, safe and sound.

It's getting on. I better see to breakfast.

Where'd that come from?

I had the most extraordinary dreams  
last night.

I feel so different.

You look different, Mina.

Come.

Sit with me.

Closer.

Closer, you silly boy.

Darling, we know each other so well...

and yet we've never really  
explored each other.

Thank God.

Jonathan, I've changed.

I'm not the Mina you knew.

What do you mean, dearest?

I want you to do something for me...

something that

I've never asked you before.

- Of course, my dear. Anything.

- Good.

- Touch this.

- Don't mind if I do.

What are you saying?

All right, you don't have to touch anything.

- I'll touch you.

- No!

Stop this immediately.

What's come over you?

- I'm leaving.



- No, please, don't go.  
You're right.  
Something is wrong with me  
and it's taking over my mind...  
and forcing me to say things  
I would never say...  
and do things I would never do.  
Jonathan, please help me.  
Mina, yes. Anything. What can I do?  
Touch this.  
Good morning, Mina. How did you...  
Jonathan, take your hands off me.  
Yes, take your hands off her.  
Sorry, sir.  
You should be ashamed of yourself.  
But she made me do it.  
- Is that right, Mina?  
- No, Father.  
Suddenly, without any reason at all,  
he laid his hands on me.  
- She told me to touch it.  
- Harker!  
You're a degenerate.  
I take you into my home.  
You eat my food, drink my wine,  
but that's not enough for you. Oh, no.  
After being engaged to my daughter  
for only five years...  
you have the audacity to touch her.  
Get out.  
- But, sir...  
- Out, I said!  
- What is happening here?  
- Terrible doings.  
I found Harker  
with his hands all over my daughter.  
But she forced me to, sir.  
She's been behaving rather strangely.  
It's as though  
she's been under some sort of a spell.  
Spell?  
That's a very lovely scarf  
you're wearing, Miss Mina.  
Yes, I felt chilly this morning.

Excuse me.  
May I have a look?  
Just as I thought.  
Like Lucy.  
No, it's nothing.  
I accidentally did it  
while I was pinning a shawl.  
Really?  
I have something for you, Miss Mina.  
A present?  
Sort of. Hold out your hand.  
Here.  
Here.  
Look.  
What is that?  
It is proof, my unfortunate friend...  
that your daughter has been corrupted...  
by the evil of a vampire.  
We must find this vampire  
before Mina meets the same fate as Lucy.  
But who is the vampire?  
Van Helsing suspects Count Dracula.  
But it can also be Renfield.  
The man drinks the blood of insects...  
and bent the bars of his cell  
like they were cheese.  
It could be anyone.  
There is a way, an indisputable way...  
to reveal the vampire.  
I'm going along with you on this,  
Van Helsing...  
but I think this ball  
is in extremely bad taste.  
Lucy dead less than a fortnight,  
Mina's health hanging in the balance.  
The ball's been in progress  
for over an hour.  
It appears as if Count Dracula  
isn't coming.  
I hope you're wrong, my boy.  
I especially wanted to see  
Count Dracula tonight.  
I wonder if he suspects something.  
Good evening.

- Did I startle you?  
- No!  
- May I take your cape, sir?  
- No, not my cape.  
You may take my hat.  
Thank you.  
We were afraid you wouldn't show up.  
I would not miss your gala.  
I always keep my nights open  
for new experiences.  
Miss Mina.  
She looks especially lovely tonight.  
Would you be insanely jealous  
if I should ask her to dance?  
Well, to be perfectly frank... Not at all.  
Thank you.  
Master!  
You're here.  
Do not call me master.  
- What are you doing here?  
- I don't know. They invited me.  
I smell a rat.  
- Where?  
- Renfield.  
If I am discovered, we must flee.  
Yes. I'll escape. I'll meet you at Carfax.  
No. That would be too dangerous.  
They will search there first.  
I have moved my coffin  
to the abandoned chapel...  
at the top of the cliffs.  
When you come,  
make sure you're not being followed.  
- Do you understand?  
- Yes, master.  
- Do not call me master.  
- Yes...  
Good evening, Miss Mina.  
- May I have the next dance?  
- I beg your pardon, sir.  
Can't you see  
I'm having a drink with Miss Mina?  
You have finished your drink.  
So I have.

Come, Miss Mina.

- Martin.

- Right.

Now!

I can't see him. How can this be?

The vampire...

casts no reflection in a mirror.

She's doing quite well

without him, isn't she?

Hey, we must be good.

Let's really give them something to watch.

Play the czardas.

Czardas.

They're loving it.

Come on!

Big finish.

You are a very wise man, Van Helsing...

for someone who has yet to live

a single lifetime.

Get him!

Master!

I mean, mister!

You!

Where do you think you're going?

Professor!

- We must find him before sunrise.

- Why before sunrise?

Because the rays of the sun

will destroy him.

He must hide during the daylight hours.

Come, or Miss Mina

will be lost to us forever.

Come along, old fly-eater.

We've searched Carfax Abbey from top

to bottom. There's no trace of them.

What can we do, Professor?

Where could he be?

I don't know.

We must release Renfield.

He is our only hope.

He called Dracula "master."

I thought he said, "mister."

That was only a ruse

to fool the feebleminded.

- No offense.

- I understand.

Renfield will go straight to Dracula.

And we will follow. This way.

You'll stay here till you rot.

Well, you're free to go.

- Free to go? Why? How?

- Good behavior.

But I've only been in here for a moment.

Well, for that moment,

your behavior was very good.

Let's go.

Watch your step.

I'm coming, master.

I know what they are up to.

They think I'll lead them to the master.

I must outsmart them.

Lost them.

Gentlemen, we are fortunate.

- Why?

- He's an imbecile. Come.

Master, I'm here.

Are you sure you were not followed?

No, I led them in the wrong direction.

They have no idea where I am.

He went into the chapel. Hurry!

You have led them right to me,

you stupid nuncompoop.

I didn't know.

I'm sorry, master. Punish me.

No. Go. Lead them away.

I don't have any time.

No, you must punish me.

Hurt me. I deserve it.

- Not now!

- But I've failed you, master!

I'm a useless, pitiful fool

who has betrayed you.

You must hurt me.

All right!

Good, master. Good.

Okay, that's enough.

Why?

Up there!

It's locked.  
Break it open.  
- Put your weight into it.  
- Doctor.  
Okay.  
They are too late.  
Soon you will be my bride for eternity.  
Don't stop.  
Good, keep it up.  
Harder.  
The hinges are giving way.  
Jonathan, duck.  
Back.  
Jonathan, get that stake.  
A sharp wooden stick, anything.  
Back.  
Good.  
Now drive it through his heart.  
Look out!  
Arrogant mortal.  
You are in my world now...  
and you will never leave this attic alive.  
I will destroy you...  
and then I will possess she  
whom you love the most...  
and there is not a single thing  
in the world you can do to stop me.  
For that you'll watch...  
while with your beloved Mina  
I consummate our marriage.  
Grab him. He's getting away.  
Grab him.  
- Where is he? Where did he go?  
- He's up there.  
We must catch him, or else all is lost.  
Master.  
This way.  
Renfield, you asshole!  
Where am I?  
- What's happened to Dracula?  
- He's dead.  
And you're free.  
Thank God.  
You're my own sweet,

innocent Mina again.

And I have you, my darling Jonathan,  
to thank for it.

And now, my dearest...

let me take you home.

Master!

I'm sorry.

Forgive me.

There.

You're starting to look like  
your old self again.

Your master is gone forever, Mr. Renfield.

You are your own man now.

- I am?

- Yes.

No one will ever control you again.

- You're right.

- Good.

- Come, Renfield.

- Yes, master.

English