

Back! Dracula!

C.J. Walworth / gatfinger.com



BACK DRACULA

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December 2024

Log: Dracula is back! He seeks revenge upon his foes and their ancestors.

Tag: Love-at-First-Bite vs. The-End-of-Something

Genre: Horror, Dark humor, Adventure, Travel

Budget: Low-Micro (about <35 minutes)

Notes: P20. Airport/Airplane/Galley filmed at FSD, MSD, etc.

VFX(SFX): P21. Glowing red eyes, Bat-smoke, etc. (Blender.)

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EXT. SEWARD'S PHARMACY SHOP - LONDON - NIGHT

A wood sign shows that we are at Doctor Seward's Pharmacy, London, England, United Kingdom. A light fog rolls.

INT. SEWARD'S PHARMACY SHOP - SAME

Doctor SEWARD, 60, grey, bespectacled, wise, steps on and up a step-ladder/stool, replaces pills, jars, chemicals, onto an upper shelf of a druggist's cabinet.

Seward places pharmacy items, including jars and bottles, onto various shelves.

An old-fashion door-bell clangs as the off-screen shop-door is opened.

SEWARD
(calls out, glances toward
front of shop)
With you ...

The bell clangs again as the door is closed.

Seward hurries and leans too far and too risky, as he places a jar onto a high shelf.

SEWARD (CONT'D)
... in a moment.

A POOF-OF-WIND picks-up dust, prescription papers, etc., And -

CLOSE ON SEWARD'S STARTLED FACE

- messes-up his hair. He nearly slips and falls.

Seward turns toward the entry door. Fear set on his face.

SEWARD (CONT'D)
Who's there?
(ALT:)
Who's that?

PULL-BACK FROM SEWARD'S FACE

A black bird-like creature, or bat, buzzes Doctor Seward.

Seward swats at the creature with his free hand.

Seward becomes unsteady, starts to lose his balance, but step-jumps to the floor. He steadies himself against a table.

WIDE-ANGLE: PULL-BACK FROM SEWARD

Seward stands straight, his hair a bit of a mess and his glasses askew.

Seward rights the step-ladder and brushes a hand through his hair and re-adjusts his eye glasses when -

POOF! The black bird erupts into smoke and takes on a human form. The outline of a man is projected into the smoke cloud.

ON SEWARD: A PRIMAL FEAR AND CHILLS FLOW OVER SEWARD

The Human-Form advances toward Seward and it raises its arms, in a menacing manner.

Sweat beads on Seward's forehead.

SEWARD FIGHTS AN OVERPOWERING INSTINCT TO FLIGHT.

DRACULA

Where is the good Doctor?

SEWARD

Died. Near fifty years ...

Dracula advances closer.

Seward's fright increases into a contained terror.

SEWARD (CONT'D)

BACK! ... Dracula!

DRACULA

You know me?

Seward steadies himself and leans against a desk, takes off his spectacles, blows breath across a lens, polishes. Then he places them into a pocket for safekeeping. His pretend bravado on full display.

SEWARD

The good Doctor thought ... thought we'd meet.

ON DRACULA FROM BEHIND: Dracula advances with menace.

DRACULA

I need, to feed!

The black of Dracula's cape effectively fades to black.

Seward screams bloody murder.

A mouthy sucking sound begins and overtakes Seward's screams.

Sucking and screams stop abruptly, interrupted by -

- Seward's body hits the floor and it sounds like a sack of dropped potatoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALWORTH RD. LONDON - NIGHT - LATER

OLD-MAN, 70s, balding and grey-bearded, greasy fingerless-gloves, unkempt, is dressed in dirty vagabond rags.

Old-Man sleeps atop a bus-stop bench, in relative comfort, near a (KFC) restaurant, located at -

247 WALWORTH ROAD, ELEPHANT & CASTLE, SE17 1RL, LONDON, UK.

Old-Man wakes and rolls over. He stretches his sore back, then quickly nods off back to sleep.

In the background, RENFIELD, 40, unbelievably ugly and odd looking, funky hair, wonky eyes and teeth, well-ish dressed, mops the nearby sidewalk. He mops gum and trash and fresh puke and other nasties.

Renfield continues to mop until he comes to a newspaper page stuck atop something sticky on the ground.

Renfield grabs and wads the newspaper page, stuffs it into a plastic trash bag he totes. He stops and looks down at his hand, which now drips a Nutella-like substance.

RENFIELD

SHIT!

Renfield wipes his hand onto his pants, then he deftly lifts most of the turd (heavy chocolate pudding) with the mop-head and dunks it into the water, repeats. Then continues mopping.

A TRAIL OF NASTY SKID MARKS FOLLOWS HIS MOPPINGS.

Renfield continues to mop, until he arrives at the sleeping Old-Man, who snores loud.

Renfield becomes over-the-top annoyed by presence of Old-Man.

Renfield sets the mop down next to a waiting broom, and lifts the mop bucket, and dumps its entire contents onto -

OLD-MAN, STARTLED AWAKE, SITS UP, WET

Old-Man coughs water from his lungs. His face drips water and etc. He runs his hand down his long face, wipes away the nasty grime from his beard.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)
 (points to nearby alley)
 Move on! You stupid sod!

KFC-PATRON, 30, man, enters O.S., stares oblivious into his smartphone. His fingers fly across its screen.

Renfield and Old-Man PAUSE their interaction and focus on KFC-Patron, who walks past without notice nor interaction.

PAUSE ends when KFC-Patron exits O.S.

Old-Man stands, moves boxes and rag blankets, re-arranges them into an ad-hoc bed, and then nods off to sleep.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)
 (shakes head, smiles;
 speaks to himself)
 Dirty bugger!

RENFIELD CONTINUES HIS CLEANING DUTIES -

- now with a broom; he sweeps near businesses and stores.

A black bird or BAT buzz-bombs and circles Renfield. He waves a hand to drive away the winged-creature, but to no avail.

The creature flies in closer. It circles and swoops.

Old-Man wakes and watches-on in stupefied fright, powerless.

Renfield swings the broom and spins and gyrates wildly in terror.

The broom head swats the bird-like creature out of the sky and it crashes to the ground, right in front of Renfield, who takes a few steps back in terror.

POOF! The BAT erupts into a cloud of smoke. It engulfs Renfield and the Bat, too.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)
 (abject terror, pleads to
 Old-Man)
 H... hey ... help me!

A sucking, slurping sound begins.

The cloud dissipates and reveals DRACULA, aged and bent-over, decrepit, with a heavy Transylvanian accent, sucks blood from Renfield's finger. Dracula is somewhat shabby and unkempt.

Dracula wears a older black cape, black suit, circa 1880's.

DRACULA
 You taste like ...

Dracula snaps his lips as if he is contemplating a fine wine.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 Renfield ...
 (wipes his mouth)
 and shit.

RENFIELD
 It is me! I'm Renfield.

Dracula takes Renfield's finger and sucks a long, hard drag. Renfield's knees nearly buckle, weak. Dracula stops sucking, then wipes his lips.

Dracula's bloodmeal transforms him from total decrepitude into slightly more vigorous, in mere moments.

Dracula's rear shoulder holds two close-spaced wooden arrow bolts.

Dracula extracts the BOLTS with a blood-curdling deep screaming moan of pain.

Dracula examines the bloody bolts -

DRACULA
 (crushes bolts into mere
 toothpicks and wood dust)
 Van-Hell. Stink.

- and then throws woodchips to the ground in disgust.

KFC-PATRON-#1, exits the KFC with a bucket of chicken.

Dracula's eyes glow red and his fingers wiggle and point as he telepathically demands the bucket of chicken, which is handed over without fuss. KFC-Patron-#1 moves off.

Dracula grabs a drumstick, licks his lips. About to devour.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 (sniffs chicken)
 Garlic. Dammit!

Dracula hands the drumstick to Renfield.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 Eat. You need sustenance.

Renfield, now mesmerized, takes the chicken, bites and chews, bones and all. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Dracula hands the KFC bucket remnants to Old-Man, who expresses gratitude and terror.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 (commands Renfield)
 You serve me.

RENFIELD
 Mien liege! (~~My Fudal lord.~~)

EXT. TAXI - WALWORTH RD. LONDON - SAME

A taxi drives past, slowly.

Dracula's eyes glow red, and he raises and wiggles his hands, which mesmerizes TAXI-DRIVER, 60, who pulls over to the curb.

INT. TAXI

Taxi-Driver reaches behind, opens the rear door.

TAXI-DRIVER
 OUT!

An elderly couple, ELDERLY-MAN, ELDERLY-WOMAN, exit the taxi in haste and confusion.

ELDERLY-MAN
 How dare you! Bastard!

ELDERLY-WOMAN
 Ah! Err! Knob-wonker!

EXT. TAXI

Dracula and Renfield squeeze past the confused elderly couple and enter the taxi.

RENFIELD
 Pardon us, ma'am. Squeeeeeeze us.

The moment the door is slammed, the taxi takes off.

INT. TAXI

TAXI-DRIVER
Evening, Gov'nor?

DRACULA
(arrogant demand)
Airport.

EXT. TAXI

Taxi drives off down Walworth Road, into a fog.

Elderly-Man and Elderly-Woman watch Taxi depart, lonely and scared, alone. They hold hands and -

EXT. WALK TOWARDS OLD-MAN IN MAKESHIFT BED NEAR KFC

Old-Man holds the KFC bucket of chicken near his chest. He sticks a grubby, dirty hand into the bucket and extracts a drumstick, which he offers.

OLD MAN
Chicken, Gov'nor?

Elderly-Man reaches out for the drumstick, but Elderly-Woman smack his hand.

ELDERLY-WOMAN
Get a job, you malingerer!

The elderly couple shuffle off in disgust.

Old-Man smiles, is bemused by the couple's reactions.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT (LONDON CITY) - MID-NIGHT - LATER

Renfield and Dracula stand in a British Airways queue for a moment.

RENFIELD
(curls lips, wiggles
fingers, imitates)
Can you do THAT thing?

Dracula's eyes glow red, and he wiggles his hands, which parts the queue. Dracula and Renfield walk to the front.

INT. AIRLINE COUNTER

RENFIELD (CONT'D)
Hello, dear, we need ...

Dracula pulls Renfield's shoulder, forcefully moves him out of the way.

DRACULA
(his eyes glow red)
Malaga. Now.

Gate attendant gets weak in the knees, turns away, presses some keyboard buttons, hands tickets across.

GATE-ATTENDANT
(mechanical smile)
Enjoy your trip.

Gate-Attendant walks Dracula and Renfield onto the ramp. She returns to the gate, then shuts and locks the ramp door.

A moment later, a German man rushes, presents his tickets and "Deutschland" passport to the gate attendant. Concern floods his face. He repeatedly glances at the gate.

GATE-ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Sorry, Hun! You're late! Next!

GERMAN-MAN
(slightly irate, mumbles,
moves away)
Schlampengesichtiges Schwein!

A commotion arises as VAN-HELSING, tall man of 30, Dutch, pushes his way to the front of the line. He carries a large duffle bag.

VAN-HELSING
Excuse me! Pardon.
(pushes to the head of the
line, points to gate)
I'm with those two.

GATE-ATTENDANT
(eyes his clothing)
Malaga?

VAN-HELSING
Yes.

GATE-ATTENDANT

Gate's closed, Tatta.
 (She glances down, types)
 Next flight, top of the hour.

Van Helsing rushes away from the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH AIR FLIGHT - MID-FLIGHT - LATER

Dracula and Renfield are seated in first-class. Renfield pushes the seat-back button, slams it into the knees of a fellow traveler. Repeatedly.

RENFIELD

Grampa told me you would return,
 one day. Why now?

DRACULA

Van-Hell-stink. He found my lair.

RENFIELD

(confused, thinks hard)
 Van. Hell. Stink? Who is this?

DRACULA

Don't be an idiot. Van-Helsing. He
 found my lair. Came tonight to
 murder me in cold blood.

RENFIELD

Van-Helsing? Alive? How it is
 possible?

DRACULA

Progeny: Same as you.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)

Ancestry?

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Yes. Ancestry.

Renfield fiddles with the empty cups and detritus that linger on his pull-down seat-back table.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH AIR FLIGHT - MID-FLIGHT - LATER

Renfield, a bit hammered, gulps down another stiff drink, winces.

DRACULA
Why you drink so much?

RENFIELD
(tight whiskey voice)
I'm scared of flatulence.

Renfield rips open and dumps a whole noisy bag of pretzels into his mouth. Masticates prolonged and loud.

DRACULA
(confused, thinks for a moment)
Turbulence?

RENFIELD
Same thing.

DRACULA
Perhaps.

A silent moment passes.

RENFIELD
Why Malaga, Liege?

DRACULA
The Sultan of Alcazaba holds my ...
urn ...
(ALT:)
The Sultan of Alcazaba, Badis Al-Ziri, holds my family urn ... and the native soil within.

A beautiful woman, DAISY-STEWARDESS, blonde, name tag "DAISY", pushes a cart, stops. Renfield points at the glasses as if he wants more. She complies with bubbly warmth. Dracula notices her beauty, mesmerized, but for a moment.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
A deep slumber will restore my ...
(coughs) ... powers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARDINE-PACKED RYAN-AIR - MID-FLIGHT - SAME

Van-Helsing sits ramrod straight, stuffed between a snotty, nose-picking HELMUND, 8, and a large GERMAN-LADY, 50, Helmund's mother.

Helmund glares at Ven-Helsing. He wipes hand-picked boogers onto Van-Helsing's coat.

HELMUND
 (pauses, face scrunches)
 Mommy ... I peed.

GERMAN-LADY
 You cannot just pee in your seat,
 Helmund! Stop!

The shocking smell of urine hits Van-Helsing hard, but his reaction is measured: he covers his nose.

HELMUND
 (warm, delighted, awkward
 smile)
 I peed!

German-Lady hands Helmund a half-used tissue from her purse.

Helmund lifts a leg and places the single tissue under his bottom, then fidgets, as if to center it. However, one single tissue is not good enough for Helmund!

Helmund finds a few magazines, {Der Spiegel, Stern, etc.}, in the seat pocket, Selects Der Spiegel, opens it as if read it. He flips through several pages, until he finds a photo of a man's face. Helmund rises, slips the magazine under his butt and he sits atop. He farts, smiles.

GERMAN-LADY
 Oh, Helmund!

Van-Helsing is annoyed. No humor. Stares straight ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH AIR FLIGHT - MID-FLIGHT - LATER

Dracula places a hand onto his tummy.

DRACULA'S TUMMY RUMBLES LOUD!

(AUDIO SFX) Dracula's tummy grumbles and gurgles. He rises from his seat, a hand on his stomach.

DRACULA ARRIVES AT THE LAVATORY DOOR - MOMENTS LATER.

Dracula waits at the occupied lavatory.

(AUDIO SFX) Polite flush. Door is unbolted.

DIRECTOR or EXTRA exits the lavatory and he hands a Wall Street Journal newspaper to Dracula, in passing.

Dracula glances down at the newspaper, enters the lavatory.

(AUDIO SFX) Toilet lid drops. Zipper. Someone sits.

Moments of quiet pass, until -

BEGIN MONTAGE: DRACULA TAKES A CRAP.

A) (AUDIO SFX) Dracula emits a screech of painful horror, which echoes through-out the airplane.

B) Renfield, seated, takes notice of Dracula's screams, rushes to the lavatory door to offer assistance.

C) ON RENFIELD: his ear against the lavatory door.

RENFIELD
(concerned)
Liege! Liege! ...

D) (AUDIO SFX) Dracula bears down, hell-grunts. He pants and cries softly to himself.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)
... Does Van-Hell-stink attack you,
sire?

E) (AUDIO SFX) Dracula moans and grunts and pushes. Ker-splash! Boot drops into water! Noodles fry in hot oil. Steam sizzles. Bubbles roil.

F) (AUDIO SFX) Defecation achieved, Dracula sighs in relief.

G) (AUDIO SFX) Sounds of paper rustling, wiping's. Then a zipper. Now a cape rustles.

H) ON RENFIELD: he moves his head back, away from the door.

I) ON LAVATORY DOOR, which opens dramatically. Dracula emerges, victorious. Heroic-ish.

DRACULA
Shit ~~(ALT:)~~ Bitch breeched
sideways.

J) Dracula adjusts his cape, collar, and then his belt.

K) Renfield gets a full-frontal stink, which drives him back, in a clumsy manner. One hand squeezes his nostrils, one hand wafts at the bad air.

RENFIELD
 (overt concern)
 Single loaf, my Liege?

L) Dracula gives Renfield the "look askance!" And they move O.S. Toilet paper sticks to Dracula's shoe, is shaken loose.

M) Daisy arrives O.S, closes the lavatory door. She tapes an "OUT-OF-ORDER" sign to the door.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH AIR FLIGHT - MID-FLIGHT - LATER

Renfield selects delicacies from a plate of gourmet food, and stuffs them into his mouth, rudely. Salmon, salami, cheese, crackers, etc. Detritus fills his seat-back tray.

Dracula watches on, with intense hunger pangs and jealousy.

Dracula takes Renfield's hand -

DRACULA
 (needy look)
 I need sustenance.

- starts to suck a finger.

RENFIELD
 (looks around)
 Not in public, mien Liege!
 (pulls his hand away)
 What about the blonde?

The stewardess, Daisy, pushes a cart, stops, collects Renfield's garbage. Smiles. Dracula licks his lips.

Dracula rises and follows Daisy into the -

AIRPLANE GALLEY

Dracula reaches over and behind as he draws the curtains closed, dramatically.

NOW ON DAISY

DAISY-STEWARDESS

(alarmed)

Can I help ... you ...

Dracula's eyes begin to burn red, which spellbinds Daisy.

DRACULA

(heavy, exaggerated
Transylvanian accent)

I need, to feed!

Dracula lowers Daisy's collar and begins to bite and suck and slurp and suck and suck.

Daisy is stuck somewhere between fear and coma and ecstasy.

Dracula sucks with vigor. Daisy's knees wobble. Daisy grabs hold of cupboards and finally Dracula's shoulder and neck to steady herself.

Dracula finishes and raises her collar, helps to steady her.

GALLEY CURTAINS FLY OPEN

A more vigorous and less unkempt Dracula wipes his mouth, exits the galley, returns to his seat. His clothing appears more clean and pressed and upscale.

RENFIELD

(astonished)

You look years younger, Liege!

Dracula adjusts his cape collar, ala Rodney Dangerfield.

DRACULA

Had me a dollop of Daisy.

FADE TO:

EXT. BRITISH AIR FLIGHT - NEAR EXIT DOOR - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Dracula and Renfield move to the airplane exit.

INT. AIRPLANE DOOR THRESHOLD

Daisy, in a slightly dazed and weakened state, nods pleasantries. She wiggles a bit as Dracula passes by.

Renfield grabs Dracula's elbow, stops him.

RENFIELD

The sun, my Liege. The solar rays
will snuff you.

DRACULA

You are my only true friend. Doctor
Seward gave me ... his ...

(pauses)

I am good for two months.

Renfield returns to ease.

EXT. AIRPLANE EXIT AND STAIRS

Dracula helps Renfield down the stairs, because he is a bit
groggy from all the drink.

Behind them, the CAPTAIN holds Daisy's elbow, steadies her.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PUBLIC AIRPORT BUS - DAY - LATER

Dracula leads Renfield and a pack of passengers into a bus at
Costa Del Sol airport, Malaga, Spain.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN-AIR - AT MALAGA AIRPORT - DAY - LATER

Van-Helsing has risen from his seat and withdraws his luggage
from the overhead bin. Wooden arrows and a wood crossbow are
accidently dropped and exposed.

Helmund's booger-hand is held tight by his oblivious mother.

Helmund focuses on Van-Helsing's dropped weapons and his eyes
go bright and round with suspicion.

VAN-HELING

(squeezes Helmund's
nostrils)

I hunt little piggies.

Helmund wisely disengages.

Van-Helsing scoops up the weapons, slams them into his bag.

The line lurches and compresses forward, toward the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC BUS - AVE. DE ANDALUSIA, MALAGA - LATER

DRACULA

We will visit the bullfights.

RENFIELD

Why, Liege?

DRACULA

Castle re-opens in the afternoon.
Until then, you are my guest.

RENFIELD

Yes, my Liege.

The bus rocks and rolls towards the Plaza de Toros.

FADE TO:

EXT. PLAZA DE TOROS - MALAGA - SAME - CONTINUOUS

The bull ring is shown in its splendor and beauty in high-angle from the fortress grounds -

EXT. HIGH ANGLE: PLAZA DE TOROS FROM CALABAZA

- Bullfight is in progress. Crowd oohs and aahs.

A throng of spectators move through the long shot.

EXT. LOW ANGLE: CROWD OF SPECTATORS ON THE MOVE INTO ARENA

Dracula and Renfield move with the crowd, towards the entry.

Groups and singles, pass by and move to the entrance. The crowds are well dressed for this event.

CAMERA ON CROWD: Camera falls back, people move past.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWD NEAR BULLRING - DAY - LATER

BEGIN MONTAGE: VAN-HELING SEARCHES WITHIN THE CROWD

A) Van-Helsing is within a throng of spectators that move toward the stadium.

B) Van-Helsing moves through the crowds as he searches for Dracula.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BULLRING SEATING - DAY - LATER

BEGIN MONTAGE: DRACULA AND RENFIELD SEARCH FOR SEATS

A) Dracula leads Renfield. He looks down at his tickets periodically, until the assigned seats are found.

B) Dracula and Renfield take their seats.

C) People pass and move down their row, bump into them.

D) Renfield notices the food carried past, licks his lips.

E) Renfield's eyes plead to Dracula for food or snacks.

DRACULA
(hands Euro coins)
You get nourishment.

RENFIELD
Thank you, Liege.

F) Renfield rises, counts coins, steps on Dracula's foot, moves up the aisle and away.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ON DRACULA FOR MOMENTS, WHO WATCHES THE BULL FIGHT.

EXT. ON THE BULL IN THE RING: BULL VS MATADOR

BEGIN MONTAGE: BULL VS. MAN (FOCUS MOSTLY ON THE BULL!)

A) A minute or two of the bull vs. man. Focus is on the bull in his futile fight to survive.

B) Focus on Dracula, drawn in to the life/death drama.

C) Return to the bull.

D) On Dracula, who drops a tear, saddened by the bull's plight.

- E) More bull fight.
- F) Cut to Renfield at the concession stand. He orders in broken Spanish. The crowd oohs and aahs. Renfield looks to the ring, then back to the food. Repeats.
- G) Focus on the bull alone, against the world.
- H) Countenance of Dracula is upset, saddened.
- I) The beauty and grotesqueness of the bullfight cuts between Dracula and the bull, for multiple minutes.
- J) On Renfield: carries snacks/goodies back to his seat.
- K) Dracula reacts to the crowd's oohs and aahs, as the bull moves slow to its death.
- L) Renfield returns with the grub. Dracula declines, mesmerized by the bullfight.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)

Here I brought you Pippirana, eat.

- M) The bullfight continues, Dracula is drawn further in.

DRACULA

You are my only friend.

RENFIELD

If you wouldn't bite everyone ...

DRACULA

(anger flairs, but for a moment: Renfield teases)

Don't mess with me.

RENFIELD

Joke, my Liege!

DRACULA

Yes. Joke. No levity in me.

- N) Cut to Van-Helsing, anxiously searching for Dracula, in the crowd.
- O) Cut to Dracula, close on his eyes: tears flow.
- P) Close on bull's eye(s): tears drip. The crowd cheers.
- Q) Dracula dabs an eye.
- R) Cut to Van-Helsing who sees, follows Renfield, but from a distance.

- S) Cut to Bull and matador, very close, dangerous battle.
- T) Cut to matador, his power on full display.
- U) Cut to Bull, injured, but alive. Unwilling to let go of life.
- V) Cut to Van-Helsing, who spots Dracula, extracts his crossbow and fires.
- W) A wooden bolt slams into Dracula's chest. He looks down. Shocked.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CUT TO VAN-HELING, HE RELOADS ANOTHER BOLT. FIRES.

Dracula moves at the last second, and Renfield is struck with the bolt.

EXT. CUT TO VAN-HELING, WHO LOADS ANOTHER BOLT.

Renfield is dying, bleeding, in Dracula's arms.

RENFIELD
(weak)
Run, Liege. Run!

Another bolt slams into Renfield, who slips into death.

Dracula is visibly moved to total despair.

DRACULA
(tears roll)
Renfield! Renfield.

A bolt strikes Dracula in his liver. He shrieks and winces and writhes in pain.

Dracula extracts the wooden bolt with a terrible scream of pain, and he crushes it into dust.

EXT. VAN-HELING IS SHOWN RE-LOADING HIS CROSSBOW.

Dracula transforms into a BAT, starts to fly away.

EXT. VAN-HELING AIMS, FIRES HIS CROSSBOW.

A bolt hits the Bat which crashes to the ground.

EXT. DRACULA RISES: A HOLE IN HIS CAPE, A BOLT IN HIS SIDE

Dracula extracts the newest bolt, screams in pain.

The nearby spectators now realize that Renfield is mortally wounded, and the crowd's ire rises and confronts Dracula.

CROWD
Asesino! Murderer!

Several men rise to detain Dracula, but he resists, his eyes glow red and his fingers wiggle, and he escapes.

The crowd builds, and chases Dracula, who makes his escape on foot, being that his cape is no longer airworthy.

Dracula runs. A wooden bolt whizzes by, very close to him.

Van-Helsing runs towards the commotion, as he reloads another bolt.

Dracula runs. The crowd chases.

Dracula exits the bullring, dazed, confused, winded. He rests for a moment, until he looks back, sees the crowd closing in behind.

Dracula runs.

Crowd runs after Dracula. They chant "Asesino!" (Murderer!)

CUT TO:

EXT. DON JUAN TEMBOURY (ROAD) - SAME

Dracula runs up the road, stops, test his chest wound. Blood.

The crowd chases him up the hill and into the Alcazaba castle.

Dracula ducks into a doorway, seemingly escapes from the crowd.

He enters into a large columbarium

DRACULA
(momentary joy)
My urn!

But now Dracula sees that there are many, many urns. Which one is his? No one can know.

A noise startles Dracula, who looks over a shoulder.

Sounds of a bolt hitting hard wood.

Cut to title card: Blood washes dramatically over it.

Blood curdling scream of utter pain which ends with sounds of gurgling and eventually asphyxiation.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRODUCTION NOTES:

1. **AUDIO:** Special consideration to each entrance/exit of Dracula as a bat or bird, which brings on sounds of a bird's wings flapping to flight, or landing. Wings of a loud, large pigeon or seagull.

2. **AIRPORT/GAT/AIRPLANE:** All airport-related shots at same location: Aeromockups.com (sent query 17-Dec-2024) In Los Angeles, est cost is \$1450. Low-cost option is FSD airport at ~2am, \$0.00 USD. Alt is: airhollywood.com; Alt is: SilverDreamFactory.com

2A) AIRPORT GATE SCENES: London/Malaga airport can be FSD, 2am, cost is low, or other lowest-cost airport. Faux signs and posters required, est. \$100.

2B) AIRCRAFT: Use of museum aircraft is lowest cost. Possible use of cleaning-time (between flights, at FSD, with permissions.)

2C) EASY: COMBO (AIRPORT GATE/AIRPLANE): Alts: Peerspace, etc. Likely L.A. Area required.

2D) In order to keep costs lowest possible, all airport/airline scenes shot at same time, same location.

3. **Seward's Pharmacy:** can be any pharmacy or shop or set that looks like pharmacy with old-fashion step-up/high shelves. Or, script can be changed to lower-cost. One option is ~69 Main. St., Bisbee, Arizona, which has suitable buildings. McGill Drugstore, Ely, Nevada, is free.

4. COSTUMES: Aliexpress See note links. Est. \$50/ea; two req.

5. **Plaza De Toros:** Full day of bullfighting is filmed, which includes filming at high-angle from Calabaza, and also filming at/near/inside ring. Crowd shots are GoPro 4K or similar. Audio is recorded by ~4 devices, mixed at post production. Audio #1: ring-side seat. Audio #2: ring-side backup. Audio #3: near bull-pit, records bulls, crowds. Audio #4 and Cameras: Audio recordings of actors, etc. TBD by audio engineer.

6. **AUDIO SFX:**

6A) **Wings:** Enter/exit of Dracula as a bat: Pigeon wings, etc.

6B) **Bolt:** (sounds of) wooden bolt fired and hitting wood.

6C) Various blood-curdling screams.

6D) Comedic toilet, etc.

CREDITS NOTES (PERLIM):

Director: CR/CJW

Film by: CR

Exec. Producer: CJW/CR/???

Producer:

Camera/Asst Director: TBD

Audio: TBD

Locations: KFC, Malaga, etc. (ALT: el cheapo!)

Editor: TBD

Credits: TBD

Trailer: TBD

EQUIPMENT:

Video: 4k GoPro Hero7 (two) (w/128GB cards: >120minutes.)

Video (Additional): two iPhone 15s, 4k, w/front and rear App.

Audio: EAKKOR (Amazon) x four = ~\$125 with 4 dead-cat lapels.

Fog: Dry ice and beer/water: \$20; Fog machine Amazon \$100.

BUDGET:

Est Budget: TBD.

COPYRIGHT NOTES:

1. Filming bullfight in Spain is not prohibited.
2. Crowd scenes are OK, so long as privacy is not interrupted. (i.e. crowd scenes.)
3. Focus is on the BULL, not the matador.



Gat Finger

(Adventures of Jacob Caine aka Gat Finger)

C.J. Walworth

A grievously mutilated young man, Jacob Caine, is left for dead by bandits who murdered his family. A kindly Blacksmith rebuilds him into the superhero Gat Finger, who sports a Gatling gun for a hand and a steampunk monocle for an eye. He falls for a burn-scared young woman, but before they can settle down, the bandits must be brought to justice.

Django vs. Frankenstein-Scissorhands.

Steampunk western, adventure, neo-noir, superhero.



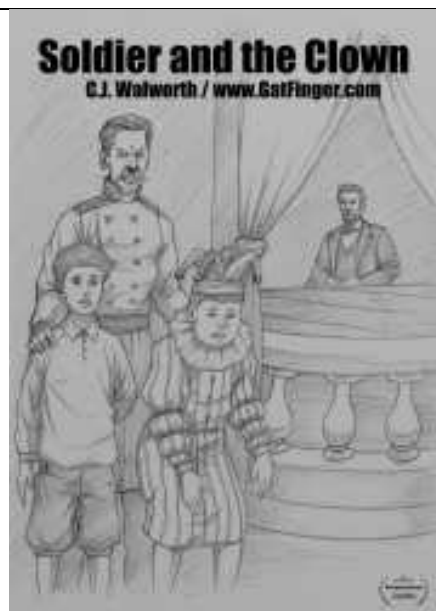
Ortega Highway

C.J. Walworth

A gruff but talented private detective, Rick Mallik, is hired by an Indian Casino to re-acquire a priceless artifact stolen by a murderous biker gang. His old flame, Elvis Martinez, is the Chief's daughter and also the biker boss's former squeeze. It's complicated.

Chinatown meets Ocean's-Eleven meets The Thin-Man.

Action-adventure, thriller, neo-noir, heist, romance.



Soldier and the Clown

C.J. Walworth

Two modern American thirteen-year-old boys, Alan is white and pudgy, Antoine is black and mouthy, explore a cave and accidentally open a time-portal into the 1863 U.S. Civil War battlefield, which allows the Rebels to capture modern munitions, and clears a pathway for the Confederates to win the Civil War from the future.

Stand-by-Me meets Tom-Sawyer meets Hateful-Eight.

Buddy Action-adventure, time-travel, fantasy.