

FADE IN:

PROLOGUE

EXTERIOR: TRANSYLVANIA-NIGHT.

Subtitle: *Transylvania, The Dark Ages.*

Under a full moon, scores of silver chained WEREWOLF SLAVES are whipped by TASKMASTERS from the TRANSYLVANIAN LEGION. The slaves carry massive black stones on their backs in a slow moving procession toward a primitive construction site built around a mammoth well.

An ARMORED WARLORD(42), dark and commanding, stands at the mouth of the WELL OF TOMBS and supervises the undertaking. A rushing wind carries whispering voices upwards from the huge hole in the ground. A BASS RUMBLING sound fills the air.

A BAT SHAPED SHADOW, twice the size of a man, flies out of the well and envelopes the Warlord, lifting him up into the night sky. Silhouetted against the moon, the Bat Shaped Shadow looks like a spectral dinosaur bat.

The monster bites the screaming Warlord on the neck, then raises him up in its arms triumphantly before the awestruck Transylvanian Legion. The abomination then flings the body down, and disappears back into the Well of Tombs as the rumbling bass sound subsides.

The Warlord's Second in Command, VORLOS(35), powerful and loyal, steps forward to examine his fallen lord. The Warlord opens his mouth revealing sharp fangs, grabs Vorlos by the head and bites him on the neck. The Warlord, the FIRST INCARNATION OF DRACULA, stands majestically, cape blowing, before the cringing Legion. They chant, 'Dra-cu-la', meaning 'Son of the Dragon'.

The terrified Wolf Men drop to their hands and knees, fearfully howling in unison. Dracula the First raises a black flame bladed sword and cries out victoriously. Rising, Vorlos bites the nearest warrior, who bites another, who bites another, as the race of vampires is born.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR: MOSCOW-NIGHT.

Subtitle: *Moscow, 1989.*

Young KGB assassin NICHOLAS VANELCHZENK(18), handsome and brooding, stands inside the open window of a tall building overlooking Red Square and peers into a sniper rifle scope. On the street below, COMRADE CHERENKOV(34) a portly well dressed bureaucrat, hurries his energetic son PETER(7) into a limo. Cherenkov holds the leash of a striking SIBERIAN HUSKY as he shuts the door.

Nick positions the cross hairs at Cherenkov's temple just below his fur hat. The limo's rear window rolls down, and Peter kisses his father on both cheeks. Nick pauses at the trigger. Cherenkov musses his son's hair playfully as the boy embraces the affectionate dog goodbye.

Nick pulls away from the scope with a lonely look. Family is something he has never known. Waiting for the limo to drive away, Nick refocuses on his target, then fires. The silenced shot hits Cherenkov in the back of the head, and he falls to the sidewalk. Two startled citizens run toward the body, as the Siberian Husky looks up at the direction of the shot.

Nick quickly dismantles the sniper rifle and glances down. The Husky's clear gray eyes glare at him in accusation. Nick stares back sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR: BUCHAREST-NIGHT.

Subtitle: *Bucharest, Romania. Present Day.*

Snowflakes fall as a solitary UAZ-469 Russian Jeep crawls away from the city.

INTERIOR: RUSSIAN JEEP-NIGHT.

The grim driver is in Russian military fatigues. Four other dangerous looking armed agents in similar uniforms guard a handcuffed PRISONER in the back seat. Passing streetlights reveal the beaten PRISONER, KGB AGENT NICHOLAS VANELCHZENK(34), ruggedly handsome and sad.

ANTON

<Russian with Subtitles>
<He doesn't look so good, Gustave. Do you think he will live long enough to be executed?>

GUSTAVE(37) is a large thick bruiser of a man who behaves as the group's commander.

GUSTAVE

<Patience, Lieutenant. Remember who this is? The great Nick Vanelchzenk. Youngest agent of the KGB. The Defense Minister's pet who never lost a target. A traditional firing squad is much too common. I have something special in mind for him.>

ANTON

<I got passed up for promotion three times because of this punk.>

Anton smashes the butt of the AK-47 across Nick's cheek for fun. Nick falls to the floor as the other Guards join in on another beating. Heavy boots and massive gloved fists slam into Nick. His mind is elsewhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE BUCHAREST-NIGHT.

The Russian Jeep exits the city limits turning onto more rural roadways. The ARGES RIVER is visible nearby leading to the rugged CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS in the distance. In the foreground, we see the crouching shapes of THREE WOODLAND TRIBESMEN garbed in primitive Eskimo-like clothing watching the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN JEEP.

The beating is over, and a bloody Nick is propped back up in a sitting position by Gustave, who has mercifully pushed back the bloodthirsty guards.

GUSTAVE

<Enough! (To Nick) You should have killed her instead of falling in LOVE with her.>

ANTON

<Best of the best.(Hisses) Couldn't even kill a woman.>

Gustave lifts Nick's bloody face by the hair to look directly into his defiant eyes. There is hatred between them that suggests years of bitter rivalry.

GUSTAVE

<No room for love in the KGB, my friend. Business and pleasure don't mix.>

Gustave shoves Nick away roughly, turning to the driver.

GUSTAVE

<There is a clearing half a kilometer ahead. Stop there.>

GREGORI

<Yes sir.>

GUSTAVE

<The Defense Minister's WIFE. Was she really worth all this? (Sighs) Not to worry. (Whispering close) Maybe I'll find out for myself.>

Cut to:

EXT. WOODLAND GROVE-NIGHT.

The Russian Jeep pulls to a stop. The five KGB agents harshly escort the handcuffed Nick to the center of a WOODLAND GROVE. Gustave stands back as Anton steps up holding his AK-47 to Nick's head.

GUSTAVE

<End Russian Subtitles; Spoken English>
I love the West, Nicky, don't you?
Western films especially. In 'From

Russia With Love', the enemy assassin has Bond at gunpoint. Remember?

You will not die by the first bullet. Or the second. Or the third. Depending on your stamina, you may live for quite some time.

Nick's nimble fingers work a LOCK PICK on the cuffs, while his arms remain deceptively still. The cuffs unclasp. Anton smiles aiming at Nick's crotch.

GUSTAVE (cont'd)

Excellent choice Lieutenant. We begin by eliminating the source of his troubles. I hope she was worth it.

Hands free, Nick swiftly grabs the rifle and adeptly spins it toward Anton's crotch, firing. In a split second, Nick has shot GUARD NUMBER TWO in the heart while the others rush for cover and return fire. Gustave is gone.

GUARD NUMBER THREE is shot and GUARD NUMBER FOUR finally runs out of ammo. A hand to hand combat match follows featuring both Nick and GUARD NUMBER FOUR's brutally efficient expertise in Karate and Jujitsu. After a vicious melee, Nick breaks the man's neck in a submission hold.

Gustave bolts from the woods, crouched and moving. He's CHANGING SHAPE. (In motion) WHITE FUR bristles at his neck and wrists. His snarling face transforms into a furious HYBRID WOLF, growling and spitting saliva. Hands become fur covered CLAWS as the monster leaps at Nick.

Knocked to the ground, Nick reaches for a fallen AK-47 submachine gun and fires into the monster's chest repeatedly, lifting the roaring creature off of him. Scrambling to the Jeep, Nick climbs in and runs the GUSTAVE WEREWOLF down before speeding away.

The hulking monster rises slowly as the multiple BULLET WOUNDS and BROKEN BONES HEAL THEMSELVES. The werewolf lets out a soul rending howl as the clouds of its steaming breath dissolve into:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

The titles flow over woodcuts and etchings of vampires and werewolves dating from the Middle Ages to the 19th Century. The final etching is a regal image of Count Dracula.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS AT LANGLEY-DAY.

Subtitle: *CIA Headquarters. Langley, Virginia.
Special Intelligence Service Division.*

Special Intelligence Service DIRECTOR CALLAWAY is speaking (Off Screen).

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

(V.O.) Before we begin, I want to stress that the SIS considers it a privilege to work in cooperation with our esteemed colleagues both in the Defense Department and British Intelligence.

INT. SIS SITUATION ROOM-DAY.

Six members of the MILITARY BRASS including the grizzled GENERAL HARKER(60), the beautiful DR. SOPHIA WYNDAM(27), the notable British geneticist and the wise-cracking PROFESSOR STANLEY BUSCEMI(42), the notorious American 'ghost hunter' are all seated around a conference table. DIRECTOR CALLAWAY(46), broad and commanding, paces in front of a large VIDEO DISPLAY featuring a GRAPHIC MAP of EASTERN EUROPE as he briefs the assembly. He cues the display with a remote control.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

As you know, the SIS collects intel concerning unexplained phenomena for practical military application. To us, the "supernatural" is just undiscovered science that we could use to defend ourselves.

Stanley is looking bored and drumming his fingers. He gets a scolding look from the composed Sophie. A labeled SATELLITE PHOTO of ROMANIA appears on the display.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

Recently, terrorist activity has increased dramatically within the unstable Balkan States. There is hard

evidence that an unknown terrorist cell is experimenting with biological weapons near the Carpathian Mountains in Northern Romania.

Animated graphics zoom across the labeled map of the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS South along the ARGES RIVER.

STANLEY

Excuse me, Mr. Director, sir. But are you suggesting that these poverty stricken third world FARMERS have biotechnology? Where did they get it? Russia, France or Iraq?

Sophie glares. Stanley's question hangs for a moment. Callaway ignores him. The display features a montage of eviscerated cattle, sheep, goats and dogs.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY (cont'd)

In the past six months, local authorities were flooded by reports of 'giant wolves' stealing cattle, slaughtering mostly goats and sheep... until the recent 'Militia Massacre'.

Still photos of a picturesque rural Balkan village are followed by nightmarish CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of DISMEMBERED FARMERS, heads torn from bodies, ripped torsos with organs removed, etc.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY (cont'd)

In Vistabrov, Romania, local farmers formed a militia of 36 able bodied men to defend themselves. None survived.

The impatient military brass whispers among themselves. GENERAL HARKER speaks up.

GENERAL HARKER

With all due respect Director this is all very tragic, but what PROOF do you have that these-ANIMALS aren't just a pack of hungry wolves doing what hungry wolves DO?

SOPHIE

(Raising her hand) If I may, Sir?
Actually, General, most wolves do not
attack humans unless starving or
territorially provoked. It is UNLIKELY
that a pack of starving wolves could
overcome a large group of armed men.

GENERAL HARKER

What then? Jeff, did you drag me all
the way from Fort Bragg for some Third
World animal control problem? What in
the Hell does this have to do with
military intelligence?

Callaway again Cues the Display. Grisly forensic photos of
slaughtered CIA FIELD AGENTS appear. The bodies are torn to
ribbons. The last shot is a BLURRY PHOTO of a LARGE FERAL
WOLF leaping toward at the camera.

STANLEY

That doesn't prove it's paranormal.
I've seen better Halloween costumes.

SOPHIE

Professor, I thought your life's work
was PROVING the existence of ghosts and
goblins. Why so skeptical?

STANLEY

Actually, my 'life's work' is debunking
urban myths and proving GENUINE psychic
phenomena exist for the education of
the public and-

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

Professor? Save it for AFTER the
briefing? Thank you. (Cueing the
display)

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

Biologically engineered Mutants is our
theory. Some kind of hybrid man-eating
canine. Six days ago our best field
Agents Bouldin and Hall were torn to
ribbons. They were personal friends of
mine. (Pauses)

Their wounds contain DNA that doesn't match any living creature on our Cray database. The forensic reports are in your folders.

GENERAL HARKER

I'm sorry for your loss Jeff, but to commandeer the U.S. Military to investigate what could have been just some freakish wild animal attack...

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

General, these men were TOP agents armed with state of the art weapons. What kind of animal keeps on coming after it's been pumped full of a hundred rounds?

Skeptical mumbling from the military brass is stifled by Sophie.

SOPHIE

Gentlemen, please. MI-6 has a contact deep within Russian Intelligence who was involved in the 'Battle Dog' program during the Cold War. He and I have worked together before, and he is...His INFORMATION is reliable.

STANLEY

The spy who loved you eh? This is starting to sound like a comic book or that old alien conspiracy TV show.

SOPHIE

It's comforting to know you're so well briefed.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY

(Clearing throat) I have Presidential approval to assemble a Delta Force assault team, accompanied by these two civilians as technical advisors.

DR. SOPHIE WYNDAM, Britain's Nobel Prize winning geneticist, has helped

solve some very unusual cases for
Scotland Yard, MI-6 and the CIA.

Sophie nods at the group. Her obvious intellect and
charisma overwhelm the old soldiers.

DIRECTOR CALLAWAY (cont'd)
PROFESSOR STANLEY BUSCEMI, the notable
paranormal investigator, will lend his-
uh-'special' talents as well. His
'Ghost Hunter' TV series is a favorite
with the First Lady, and I wouldn't
recommend arguing with HER once she's
made up her mind. (Murmurs of
agreement)

We will reconvene at 2800 hours to iron
out the details. The team leaves in 24
hours.

STANLEY
Do I get a federal grant for joining
up? Monster hunting ain't cheap ya
know.

The entire room casts a disdainful eye on Stanley.

STANLEY
Just asking.

Sophie and Stanley appraise each other warily. Comically,
Stanley flutters his eyebrows. Sophie doesn't even crack a
smile.