

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1

13.

EXT. OPEN PLAIN - 15 YEARS LATER - DAY

*A grown man's hand, blood-smeared-- closing in a fist around the whip, as the horse rides hard--*

*We go with the whip as it hauls back, snakes through the air-- and snaps around a fat, bloodied TEUTON, binding his arms--*

*The Teuton's yanked off his horse, crashes to the dirt, the whip unravels, coils back to reveal:*

*TREVOR-- now 25, a strong warrior, battle-hardened, blood-smeared, in battered leather armor-- as the whip snakes back to a coil in his fist-- and he charges after--*

*The terrified TEUTON, on foot-- riderless horse running ahead of him, across the plain-- in the distance: a small band of fleeing TEUTONS riding away-- but: not this straggler--*

*Trevor yanks the reins, jumps off his horse in one movement, whip-in-hand, chasing him on foot-- sprinting--*

*Trevor hauls the whip back, strikes the Teuton's leg, brings him down-- the Teuton scrabbling, pulls out his sword, leaps up at Trevor, roaring, as Trevor runs straight at him--*

*Trevor reaches across, grabs the Teuton's sword-arm, and snaps it back, cracks it, loudly-- brings the hilt of his whip up-- and jams the metal end right into the Teuton's forehead, driving it in-- the Teuton falls back, dead-- Trevor yanks the whip-handle out-- bloody-- looks up, as--*

*ANOTHER RIDERLESS HORSE gallops by-- AN ENORMOUS TEUTON RAIDER, running, gasping after it, sword in hand, and-- chasing him:*

*CHRISTOPHER-- now 23, battle-hardened like Trevor-- charging across the plain, sword high-- Trevor starts charging to back Christopher up--*

TREVOR

*Christopher! Wait for me!*

CASTLEVANIA

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.)

14.

Christopher closes on the Teuton, about to strike when:

*The Teuton, gasping, clutches his chest-- dies on the spot-- flops to the ground in a little cloud of dust-- Christopher stops, panting, standing over him-- nods-- done--*

Trevor stops too-- relieved, panting-- he and Christopher look at each other-- then back, across the plain, at:

AKBAR, now 40's-- riding hard, catching up to Trevor with a BAND of a dozen KNIGHTS -- among them: GRANVID-- battlefield pessimist, tough as rocks-- ANGHEL, maniac fighter-- SAURIN, lethal-looking, silent-- nine others-- all 20's, but veterans of many battles, eyes older than their years, all in muddied, battered armor-- and, in the background, behind them:

A battlefield, battle just ended-- full of dead Teutons-- other KNIGHTS finish up the few left standing--

Akbar and the band ride on-- Akbar buries a smile-- Trevor looks at Christopher, his dead Teuton--

TREVOR (cont'd)

*Good and dead, is he, Christopher?*

Christopher-- not laughing-- heads for his horse--

CHRISTOPHER

*Good and dead. No thanks to you.*

Akbar smiles at Trevor-- dry-- battlefield humor--

AKBAR

*Didn't have to do much, did you?*

Anghel grins, wild-eyed, blood in his teeth--

ANGHEL

*I think his last dinner killed him.*

*Christopher looks at Anghel, angry-- as: Trevor, Akbar, Granvid, the others, all burst out laughing at Christopher-- Christopher looks at Trevor, fuming--*

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.)

15.

Trevor shrugs, smiles, at him, then-- he looks out, his smile fades-- the Teutons still retreating-- heads for his horse, mounts up-- all-business, now--

TREVOR

Come on-- no need to leave Teutons  
alive, if I can help it--

Akbar-- shakes his head-- wheels his horse, stops-- staring--  
Trevor turns, sees:

A CHURCH-KNIGHT, FRIAR LUCIUS, 30, armor gleaming, with TWO  
MORE CHURCH-KNIGHTS, riding over dead Teutons, straight  
toward Trevor and the band--

CHRISTOPHER

*Who's that shiny bastard?*

As Lucius and his knights ride up, we see the cross on his  
armor, like a crest-- another hanging around his neck--  
Trevor squints at the emblem-- Christopher too-- guarded--

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

(mutters)

*Church knights--*

Trevor looks at Lucius disdainful-- Lucius rides up, looks at  
Trevor-- with a pompous, mediaeval-cop air--

LUCIUS

*I am Knight Friar Lucius-- I seek  
Trevor and Christopher Belmont, in  
name of God and King--*

Trevor-- unimpressed-- mounts up-- Christopher looks at them--

CHRISTOPHER

Your brethren got our family  
banished to an undefended dung-  
heap. So Teutons could murder them--

Trevor shakes his head, wheels his horse-- Lucius looks at  
them-- torn, muddied, bloodied armor-- sneers, disgusted--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.)

16.

LUCIUS

You're the Belmonts? Trevor and  
Christopher Belmont?

TREVOR

(guarded-- suspicious)  
What do you seek them for?

LUCIUS

(pressed-- anxious)  
A King's commission-- for you and  
your--  
(re the bloody bunch)  
--'knights'--

Granvid, Anghel, the others, burst out laughing-- derisive--

ANGHEL

(grinning--snorts)  
Nobody calls us knights and lives--

TREVOR

We already have a king's  
commission. Kill all the Teutons  
we want, and the king doesn't  
bother us--

CHRISTOPHER

(smiles-- threatening)  
Which shows his wisdom--

GRANVID

Shows he doesn't give a royal shit  
about us-- because he doesn't know  
we exist--

Granvid leans from his saddle-- spits-- Lucius bristles--  
Trevor-- nods at his men--

TREVOR

Every man here's had their families  
murdered by the enemy-- if we ever  
want to draw a free breath, we have  
to rid the land of these vermin

# (CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.))

17.

TREVOR (cont'd):  
ourselves, with no help from your  
*brethren* or the king. We don't  
need another damned commission.

Lucius looks at the men-- a bloodied, brutal-looking band--  
years of fighting, killing in their eyes-- Trevor wheels his  
horse again-- nods at the band of retreating Teutons--

TREVOR (cont'd):  
We're hunting a band of Teutons  
now, *friar*-- I'm not losing them to  
wipe your holy noses--

Trevor looks to his men, spurs his horse ahead-- Lucius  
watches-- yells after them--

LUCIUS  
(yelling-- sharp)  
*You misunderstand me, knight--*

Trevor reins his horse, looks at Lucius-- Lucius unfurls a  
scroll-- nods at Trevor-- the band--

Lucius (cont'd):  
You're my knights, now.

They all stare at him-- shocked-- Lucius reads the scroll:

LUCIUS (cont'd):  
(reading)  
*In the name of the church and the  
king, I commandeer your arms, your--*

Christopher-- cuts him off-- angry--

CHRISTOPHER  
*What is this commission?*

Lucius looks at him-- at Trevor-- hesitates--

LUCIUS  
There is a castle-- of importance  
to the king--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.)

18.

LUCIUS (cont'd)  
(he covers-- lying)  
We are to relieve it.

Akbar snorts-- doesn't believe this any more than Trevor--

AKBAR  
*A dozen of us? To relieve a  
castle?*

Lucius looks at them-- lies, covering--

LUCIUS  
(still covering-- lying)  
Word of your--  
(re the dead Teutons)  
*Skills--* has reached the ears of  
court--

Christopher-- flattered, puffs up, despite himself-- curious--

CHRISTOPHER  
*Where is this castle?*

Trevor shakes his head-- Lucius hesitates-- looks at them--

LUCIUS  
*Warakiya--*

Trevor and Christopher look at him, on *Warakiya--* Akbar too--

GRANVID  
(mock fearful-- dismal)  
*Warakiya? Oh-- men who go there  
never return-- I heard--*

TREVOR  
(sharply-- to Granvid)  
*That's a tale for children--*

Christopher looks at Trevor-- not so sure--

ANGHEL  
(mock-fearful too)  
I heard there are demons there--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 1 (CONT.)

19.

ANGHEL (cont'd)

monsters-- I'm not going there for  
the king or any other bastard-- too  
scared--

Anghel leans over, spits, like Granvid did-- Trevor smiles--

TREVOR

Well Friar, my men don't wish to  
go.

(to Christopher, sharply)

Besides-- there is no such place.

Trevor and Christopher look at each other-- Lucius shrugs--

LUCIUS

Not on maps-- but once the Belmont  
homeland-- the legends say--

Trevor-- Christopher, Akbar-- look at him, surprised--

LUCIUS (cont'd)

And by king's orders, we're bound  
there, to do what the king's  
ordered-- or be hunted down, and  
executed--

(smiles)

At the king's pleasure.

Trevor-- the men-- stare at Lucius-- he waits-- then--

LUCIUS (cont'd)

Each of you will receive gold-- and  
homelands of your own, far from the  
wars. Peaceful lands.

The men stare at Lucius-- stunned-- struck-- they look at  
Trevor-- Granvid looks at him-- swayed-- shrugs--

GRANVID

We've spilled blood a long time,  
Trevor. With no homes to go to.

Trevor looks at him-- at Saurin, Anghel, the others-- their  
faces-- they seem to want it-- Akbar-- counseling him--

# CHRISTOPHER SC.1 (CONT.)

20.

AKBAR

That's true enough, Trevor.

Trevor nods, looks at his men, feeling for them-- but still guarded-- Christopher looks at Trevor--

CHRISTOPHER

**END**

Trevor-- if the legend's true--  
that's our homeland--

Trevor looks at Christopher-- the fleeing Teutons far across the plain-- at his band-- bloody-- loyal-- waiting--

TREVOR

This what you want? To risk your  
lives for the king's *pleasure*?

The men look at him-- nod-- Granvid looks at Trevor-- shrugs--

GRANVID

For homes--  
(shrugs)  
Probably all get killed but-- worth  
trying-- for that. Eh?

Trevor-- cautious-- guarded, but-- for their sake--

TREVOR

All of you?

~~He looks from man to man-- they nod, each voting with his eyes-- Trevor, still cautious, doesn't like it, the only dissenter, but-- the will of the band-- majority rule, in this gang--~~

ANGHEL

(smiling-- still bloody)  
The king's pleasure, then.

Lucius nods, wheels his horse-- hurrying--

LUCIUS

Good-- we must ride-- the time is  
pressing.



# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2

50.

~~He feels the ground-- some kind of black, sticky mud, made  
of dirt-- fresh-- a shred of skin sticks to his hand, he  
recoils-- shakes it off-- falls into the darkness...~~

~~CUT TO:~~

INT. BATH-CHAMBER - NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER comes in-- to see not his mother but:

ELIZABETH BARTLEY-- sinuous, naked, in succubus-form, her  
skin shining, in a golden bath-- red flowers float in the  
water, petals glow in torch-light--

Christopher blinks, staring at her-- he looks around the  
chamber-- guarded, thrown--

Elizabeth looks at him, seductive-- she writhes, delicately,  
just, in the water-- looks into his eyes--

**START**

ELIZABETH

You look tired-- you should rest--

Christopher stares at her-- beguiled-- blinking

CHRISTOPHER

Are you the lady of this castle?

She smiles-- swishes the water--

ELIZABETH

Me? I am a lady of-- rest--

He stares at her-- guarded-- she smiles-- does a strangely  
royal dip of the head--

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

I serve the castle's master. I  
serve, and wait--

She swishes the water again, smiling-- as she does we cut to:

ANOTHER ANGLE:

CASTLEVANIA

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

51.

ELIZABETH-- we see her now as an old hag, white-skinned, black-eyed, multiple red wounds at her throat, small slashes-- she's a waking corpse-- her bath is full of hideous dark coagulating blood-- the 'flowers' are dead, severed hands, floating on the water-- and:

All around the room, we see corpses, bones-- covered in puncture-wounds-- drunk dry-- but:

BACK TO ANGLE:

CHRISTOPHER, staring-- sees only golden light, shining wet skin-- the sound of the water echoes, delicate drips-- the whole vision shimmers in front of Christopher's eyes, he squints, tries to shake it off--

Elizabeth looks up-- staring at him-- she's oddly glowing, skin luminous-- beautiful-- her curves sliding in the water--

She stands up, naked-- water dripping-- she walks toward him-- brings her lips to his-- her nails gently scrape his neck-- frail little claws--

Christopher gives into the kiss, in a spell--

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

*You must have fought so long--*

Elizabeth tilts her head, sliding her lips across his-- then across his skin, to his neck--

She puts her fingers to his lips, replacing where her mouth was, keeps kissing his neck-- smelling his skin--

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

*(gently)*

*Rest, now--*

She takes Christopher's hand-- lifts it to her mouth, turns it palm-up-- and bites the palm of his hand--

Christopher's eyes go wide, he roars, pulls his hand from hers--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

52.

But-- she looks at him, gently-- imploring-- carefully, she reaches for his hand again-- he lets her take it-- she looks into his eyes-- as hers turn black-- and:

*The vessels in her skin begin to bulge out-- darken--*

*Then-- erupting like tiny snakes, vessels slither out from her skin, from behind her, like a slithering spider-web of veins-- snaking, reaching, enveloping Christopher-- his eyes widen-- he stares, helpless--*

CUT TO:

INT. SKULL-GARDEN - NIGHT

TREVOR-- looks into the dark chamber-- the black rotting slime stretches away, into darkness-- he peers, into the gloom-- just makes out--

Dark round shapes littering the ground in the shadows-- like stones lying along with scattered, broken bones-- he looks at the closest one-- trying to make it out--

He gets to his feet-- walks ahead, cautious-- as he nears the closest one he sees--

*It's a decapitated head-- decomposing-- he leans closer-- the head's eyes suddenly pop open-- whites shine in the gloom-- stare at him--*

*The mouth-- oversized, distorted, pops open-- reveals yellowing bloody fangs-- they click, opening and closing--*

Trevor jerks his head back, spooked-- stares at the thing as--

The scattered bones under the head unfold-- broken rib-bones unfold, align to make spider-like legs under the skull--

It jumps up, to its feet-- starts scuttling straight at Trevor, fast-- a skull-spider-- little tail of bony vertebrae, flesh-stained, trailing behind it--

Trevor-- falls backward, the thing scuttles up his armor, clicking it's teeth--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

59.

SYPHA

I know the blood star rises. I know that if Cronqvist walks this castle-- I want to find him--

She looks at him--

SYPHA (cont'd)

And kill him.

Then: suddenly: we hear a door pop open--

Trevor and Sypha look up the long corridor-- at the far end:

A doorway-- bright light pouring from it-- it wasn't there before--

Trevor-- nods-- he looks ahead, to the light-- no other way is open-- they head for it--

CUT TO:

INT. MATHIAS' CHAMBER - NIGHT

We float toward-- in the center--

The enormous stone steps, leading upward-- we rise up on it to see-- a little more clearly now--

The shape of the fearsome knight-warrior-- breathing--

MATHIAS CRONQVIST-- his helmeted, armored face-- dark slit at his eyes-- above him, we now see an enormous circular opening at the top of the chamber, a stone vertical tunnel leading upward, all the way to the top of the castle-- a huge circle of night sky visible--

Mathias looks down, as:

ELIZABETH comes to the bottom of the steps, head bowed-- the stones at her feet part, spread open-- and:

CHRISTOPHER-- in an open coffin, rises up out of the stones-- stands vertical--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

60.

Elizabeth opens his leather armor at the neck-- she strokes his skin, caresses it-- then:

*She swings her head, slashes at Christopher's neck, a gash opens-- she holds a finger out to catch a drop, sucks it--*

ELIZABETH

(quiet to Christopher)

Hard to share you--

Mathias breathes, quiet-- menacing-- he stands, walks down the stone steps-- whiffs the air, looks at Christopher--

He stoops, takes Christopher's unconscious head in his armored glove-- turning his skull like a cut of meat-- then bites his neck, more wolf than vampire-- drinks--

He lifts his head, blood dripping around the opening in his metal helmet-- looks up the long vertical tunnel at the stars, reading them-- watching-- then-- he senses the air, searching-- he breathes in, deeply-- his guard up, suddenly--

MATHIAS

(guarded)

You have brought me others--

She bows--

ELIZABETH

The castle has brought them.

He looks at the dark passages leading out-- whiffs the air, looks to the stars again-- thinking--

MATHIAS

No. They come to hunt me.

He stands, dropping Christopher's body-- he reaches out his armor-covered arms-- swords form, out of the metal of his armor, he clutches them, one in each hand--

He walks out, into darkness-- tracking a scent-- he nods at Christopher's body as he goes-- dismissive--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

61.

MATHIAS (cont'd)

You feed on that--

(laughs, low-- grisly)

Keep his head for your garden--

As Mathias goes Elizabeth looks at Christopher's unconscious, bloody body-- she smiles-- leans over him--

ELIZABETH

(quiet-- to Christopher)

Just us, now-- the world will be

his soon-- and he'll remember how

I've served him--

As she leans closer to Christopher, we:

CUT TO:

Flashes-- blurs-- of ELIZABETH-- in the same chamber-- watching, as a ROW OF MONKS at the base of the stone steps, under the trance of her hypnotic spell, all cut their own throats, fall, as blood flows--

ELIZABETH (V.O.) (cont'd)

He'll remember who his queen should

be--

Flash after flash-- PEASANTS, doing the same-- YOUNG KNIGHTS, the same-- then: a flash like Sypha's: of ELIZABETH, in a dark cloak, on brooding hillsides outside the castle, as BEWITCHED KNIGHTS, dead-eyed, drag OTHER PEASANTS, OTHER KNIGHTS away-- but now we see: a LITTLE GIRL-- Sypha-- hidden, watching from twisted underbrush, terrified as her PARENTS are dragged away-- clutching the sword she carries now, hiding it-- then-- goblet after goblet, brimming with blood the dark, looming shape of MATHIAS-- waiting-- as Elizabeth brings him blood--

CUT BACK TO:

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

62.

INT. MATHIAS' CHAMBER - NIGHT

ELIZABETH-- as she smiles, ranges over CHRISTOPHER's body, crouched over him, caressing-- biting-- as she shifts her body we see he's covered in her bites-- she bites again as, suddenly--

Chris wakes up, jumps up, raging-- full of power, though dazed-- he looks at her-- lunges, snarls at her-- pulling a dagger from his belt, instinctively--

She falls back-- frightened-- amused-- pulls her robe together, seductive-- he lunges in again, to bite her-- but-- he stops himself-- and as he does she reaches forward, takes the dagger from him as if from a child-- he snarls again, surprised, backs away-- and:

Runs out into a dark passageway-- Elizabeth watches-- smiles--

CUT TO:

INT. RING OF ARCHWAYS - NIGHT

TREVOR and SYPHA in a ring of arches-- they see dim light at the end-- hear echoes of footsteps-- they tense-- move toward the sound--

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER RING OF ARCHWAYS - NIGHT

AKBAR, LUCIUS and the others, in what looks like an identical ring of arches-- they hear echoes too, clanking, reverberating--

The sound of breathing, low-moan-- like a wind--

They look at each other-- Akbar-- guarded-- calls out:

AKBAR

Trevor?

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

63.

~~Nothing-- silence-- echoes-- they move toward the sound, pass through an archway-- as~~

~~CUT TO:~~

INT. OCTAGONAL MIRROR CHAMBER - NIGHT

TREVOR and SYPHA come into an octagon-shaped mirrored room from one archway-- infinite reflections stretching away, in every direction-- as AKBAR, LUCIUS, and the others come in from another-- they see:

CHRISTOPHER-- bloody-- barely conscious on the floor--

**START**

TREVOR  
Christopher!

Trevor runs to him, lifts him in his arms-- Christopher blinks, looks into Trevor's face-- suddenly stronger-looking--

Trevor looks at the blood smeared on him--

Christopher-- sensing himself-- his strength, returning--

TREVOR (cont'd)  
What happened to you?

CHRISTOPHER  
I don't-- know--

He sits up-- seemingly himself again-- strong-- Trevor watches him-- when:

The mirror octagon room seals itself up-- the doors close--

No way out, just thousands of reflections moving, as Trevor and the others move--

Akbar and the others look for a way, their infinite reflections move everywhere-- suddenly--

Trevor looks at his whip-- it is shaking-- trembling-- he clutches it, tighter-- then--





# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

67.

INT. BANQUET-HALL - NIGHT

TREVOR, AKBAR, SYPHA, CHRISTOPHER, LUCIUS, the others, along with thousands of pieces of shattered mirror, fall through the air--

Crashing down on to the stone floor far below-- they crouch, cover their heads as glass showers down on them--

Trevor and the others look up to the opening, ready for Mathias, but-- he's gone-- just broken mirrors-- blackness--

They look at the round stone chamber-- ancient tapestries line the walls, in shadow-- a ring of stones set in the floor around them--

Trevor rushes to Christopher-- he's still clutching his side where Mathias' blade caught him--

TREVOR

*Christopher-- you're wounded--*

Trevor yanks Christopher's armor open-- we see traces of Elizabeth's bite-marks-- almost invisible now-- and, before Trevor and Christopher's eyes--

The wound from Mathias' sword closes up-- heals-- Trevor looks at Christopher-- Akbar and Sypha have seen too-- he sits up-- seemingly fine--

Trevor stares at him-- amazed-- guarded--

But-- suddenly-- before he can say anything--

The stones rise up, out of the floor, sloughing pieces of shattered mirror off as--

A huge ring-shaped table rises up from the floor, surrounding them-- sumptuous food, bristling with remaining pieces of broken glass, glittering--

Trevor stares at sight, amazed-- then-- he looks at the opening, where Mathias was-- at Lucius-- Lucius sneers-- wiping broken glass off himself--

# CHRISTOPHER SC.2 (CONT)

68.

LUCIUS

You still say there's no beast,  
here?

*In bg-- Christopher goes, looks at the strange feast set on  
the circular table, surrounding them-- strangely ravenous--  
Granvid looks too--*

Trevor-- looks at Lucius--hardens--

TREVOR

*There's a beast-- but he's your to  
kill. All I care about is getting  
the rest of us out alive--*

Lucius-- still looks at Trevor-- glaring-- disdainful--

LUCIUS

I knew Belmonts were scum-- I  
didn't know you were cowards--

Trevor tenses, furious-- reaches for his sword-- but--

Akbar-- and Sypha-- have been staring at the walls-- the  
tapestries-- Akbar looks at Trevor--

AKBAR

*Trevor-- look--*

Trevor stops himself-- looks at the strange tapestries--  
nightmarish images of:

A KNIGHT, in armor-- swinging his sword, mightily-- his face  
furious-- battling-- a lion's head crest-- Leon Belmont-- the  
Lion--

ANOTHER KNIGHT-- in armor like Mathias'-- a dragon crest--  
Trevor looks more closely:

It is Mathias-- he looks at Leon-- the lion's head crest--

Trevor looks to Christopher--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT)

69.

TREVOR

Christopher--

Christopher looks up at the tapestry-- sees-- incredulous--

CHRISTOPHER

That's-- our crest-- *mother's--*

Trevor stares-- so does Sypha-- Akbar--

SYPHA

But-- who is that knight?

Christopher looks at the knight with their crest--

CHRISTOPHER

*Leon... The Lion--*

They look at the rest of the tapestry-- see him battling Mathias-- Trevor stares-- remembering the story his mother told him--

TREVOR

Impossible-- not in this place--

They look closer, see:

*Mathias-- laid in a tomb, and, under a blood-red star, the tomb sitting open-- Akbar stares at it--*

AKBAR

*The blood star--*

Trevor-- stares at the tapestry-- *a terrifying dragon rising above the open tomb-- into the sky, dead souls rising from hell--*

Granvid grabs a piece of meat, picks glass out-- as if he hasn't eaten in days--

SYPHA

That's a mistake.

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

43.

TREVOR

(to Lucius-- seething)

*If you imagine we're going to kill  
your 'beast' for you-- you might  
try to keeping us alive long enough  
to do it--*

Then they look down the corridor for another way forward--  
swords ready, advance along-- guarded--

Ahead of them, the archways fall into even deeper darkness--  
they edge forward-- down dark steps-- into:

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CHAMBER - NIGHT

TREVOR, CHRISTOPHER, AKBAR and the OTHERS edge down the stone  
steps into a circular chamber, a pools of light coming from  
above--

They stop in their tracks, tense-- staring-- as, pools of  
light around the edges of the chamber-- we see movement--  
corner of our eyes--

Trevor and the others whirl around-- on guard-- ready to  
fight-- something moves again at the edge of our sight--

Trevor peers into the darkness-- as:

A BURNED WRAITH-- half-man, half-ghostly, but solid-- emerges  
out of darkness--

*The wraith looks like ALUCARD-- burned-- breathing in rasps--*

Trevor stares-- disbelieving-- Christopher and Akbar too--

AKBAR

(stunned)

*Alucard?*

Christopher stares, wide-eyed-- Trevor-- hard-eyed-- not  
believing it-- not taking his eyes off the thing--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

44.

TREVOR  
(staring at it-- hard-  
eyed)  
Alucard's dead--

*The Alucard Wraith steps forward, a half-step-- Trevor lifts his sword, charges at the thing, enraged-- the wraith wheels, effortless, dodges the blade, fades around it--*

It blurs, whirling around behind Trevor-- like a skilled warrior-- Christopher, Akbar, Granvid, the others, raise their swords, ready, if terrified-- the wraith looks at Trevor--

It blurs again, whacking their swords before they can react-- they jump, ready to fight-- but it's gone--

The wraith stops-- its Alucard-like features shifting, briefly, into a death-skull-- it leans in to Trevor--

ALUCARD WRAITH  
*Don't fear the gates of heaven-- or  
the gates of hell.*

Trevor, enraged-- wheels, swings again-- it dodges, a blur, shifting-- strikes Trevor on the back, hard-- Trevor stumbles forward-- Akbar and Christopher stare--

CHRISTOPHER  
(staring-- quiet)  
Trevor--

Trevor swings again-- misses it-- it dodges--

ALUCARD WRAITH  
*Fight--*

Trevor is smacked again, from behind, he stumbles forward--

ALUCARD WRAITH (cont'd)  
(louder-- almost roaring)  
Fight--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

45.

We hear a strange rasping laugh from the wraith-- it appears in Trevor's vision again-- breathing-- rasping--

ALUCARD WRAITH (cont'd)  
(quieter-- pleased)  
*You-- fight-- well....*

Trevor looks at the wraith-- thrown-- shaken--

ALUCARD WRAITH (cont'd)  
*The whip is the key--*

Trevor charges in at the wraith-- Christopher looks at the wraith-- wanting it to be real-- his eyes go wide, suddenly--

CHRISTOPHER  
*Trevor-- don't--*

*Trevor's sword finally seems to connect-- but-- the wraith is gone-- vanished into blur, into the stones--*

Trevor, Akbar and the others stare-- gasping--

They look ahead-- Trevor leads the way out--

CUT TO:

INT. MATTHIAS' CHAMBER - NIGHT

From another angle-- we see in the distance, in deep gloom, atop the massive stone steps-- the dark outline of a fearsome knight-- helmeted, face covered-- breathing--

In brief, close glimpses we see-- as he breathes-- the back of the huge helmeted head-- the hinged jaw-piece-- a gaping metal grill cage around a blackness, for a mouth--

In a dark slit-- deep in shadow-- the merest sliver of a burning eye-- staring-- it breathes on--

CUT TO:

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# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

46.

INT. RING-CHAMBER - NIGHT

TREVOR and the BAND come in-- a larger chamber, following the curve of the castle-- but:

Stairs and archways lead off in all directions, all planes, sideways, upside-down, vertical--

TREVOR

(quiet-- staring)

It's a madman's place--

Heavy breathing can be heard echoing in this chamber where Trevor and company are--

Suddenly:

Stairways collapse, become walls, floors, shifting-- archways split--

Huge slabs of stone shove forward--

They force Trevor, Akbar, Granvid, Saurin and Anghel into one archway-- as:

Christopher-- is forced toward another--

Trevor sees Christopher being forced away from him-- he yells, reaching out--

TREVOR (cont'd)

Christopher--

(louder)

Christopher!

Christopher reaches his hand toward Trevor but it's no good-- stones are pushing them apart-- Christopher is disappearing inside the stones-- he yells out--

CHRISTOPHER

Trevor!!

Trevor stares in horror-- he can't help his brother-- as Christopher disappears Trevor yells to him--

# CHRISTOPHER SC. 2 (CONT.)

47.

TREVOR

I'll find you!

Trevor looks back at him-- looks in his eyes--

CHRISTOPHER

No-- find the beast, Trevor-- find  
it--

**END**  
Trevor stares at Christopher-- helpless, as stones push Trevor back, away, toward another corner with Akbar, Lucius, the others-- as:

Sypha-- forced by splitting arches, toward another corner-- she looks to Trevor-- he's being swept away by the stones, as she is, he can't help her--

Stones close around her, tighter-- about to crush her-- she can't breathe-- her sword is shoved up against her--

Suddenly-- a tiny narrow gap opens behind her-- she starts squeezing through it--

Trevor roars, using all his strength, still trying to get to where Christopher disappeared-- he cannot budge but he pushes, pushes--

As he does the walls react, move around him, only push Trevor away from the others, seal around him, as:

*Bloody bones break out of the walls, splitting, breaking around him, dripping blood-- he's trapped alone-- as bloody bones squeeze him-- stabbing toward him like stakes--*

~~CUT TO:~~

~~INT. CASTLE CATACOMB CHAMBER - NIGHT~~

~~AKBAR, GRANVID, ANGHEL, SAUREN, LUCIUS and his KNIGHTS-- as stones rotate-- they're suddenly sealed in a silent dark chamber-- skulls and bones piled around them-- endless archways stretching away~~