CURE IN SIGHT

FADE IN

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Set on the hilltops of Transylvania. Thunder clatters above.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

A small cellar type room. Bubbling potions and elaborate machinery clutter the room.

A dead fingernail dangles off of a fingertip.

JAVAR, 40s, a sickly frail Van Helsing type. He removes his fingernail.

He clutches his chest and falls to his knees as he lets out a stream of coughs. Blood sullies his hands.

Javar grits his teeth as he glares at a LARGE WOODEN DOOR.

JAVAR (V.O.) The pain rises daily. Dead or alive, I am neither. If I could feel the warmth once again. Just once...

Javar crawls to the door and rests his head against it. He runs his hand across it. A piece of skin slides off.

JAVAR (V.O.) The cure to my pain, a simple one. But the tasks to obtain it...

Javar struggles to his feet. He fingers an open BOOK OF POTIONS. He closes his eyes, face flushed with anger.

JAVAR (V.O.) ... could very well lead me quicker to my death.

Javar snatches a satchel off the table and storms out.

EXT. OLD HOUSE ON A HILL - NIGHT

Surrounded by a thick smog and leafless trees.

Javar creeps up to a candle lit windowsill.

JAVAR (V.O.) The first task, obtain a handful of hair from an evil witch.

Javar glares at an ugly WITCH who tampers with a human skull.

INSIDE

Javar slinks toward the witch with a silver dagger in hand.

JAVAR (V.O.) For her hair, which has grown on a body that has lived past 200 years, brings back life to the skin.

Javar lunges for her. They get in a quick scuffle, but Javar overpowers the witch and peels a piece of her scalp off.

Javar slips the scalp in his satchel. The witch lurches for her wand, spins around and points -- but Javar's gone.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A ZOMBIE wanders along the barren land.

Javar, crouched behind a bush, observes its movements.

JAVAR (V.O.) The second task, retrieve the tongue of a living-dead.

Javar stands. The zombie slowly turns its neck toward him.

JAVAR (V.O.) For the living-dead's tongue has taken many souls, hence the body is given, once again, a spirit.

The zombie ROARS -- then sprints toward Javar.

After a sterling kick, Javar is on top of it with thick gloves. He shoves his hand down the throat -- but no tongue.

Rapid footsteps behind him. A SECOND ZOMBIE tackles Javar.

Javar whips out his dagger and decapitates it, then jumps up and plunges his dagger into the tongueless zombie's brain.

Javar stumbles to the zombie's head. Its tongue dangles out.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - NIGHT

Javar casually leans against the wall, smoking a pipe.

A HOODED PERSON walks by. Javar follows them with his eyes.

JAVAR (V.O.) The third task. The fangs of a vampire.

Javar pulls out a small bag of garlic and tails the vampire.

JAVAR (V.O.) For the fangs never dull, and will recreate the solidity of the bones.

The vampire abruptly spins around and snags him by the neck. Javar strikes the vampire with the bag of garlic, then tussles it to the ground.

He raises his dagger.

The vampire's hood slips off. Her eyes are filled with fear. Javar hesitates...

> JAVAR (V.O.) The pain... it overtook me once again.

Javar grabs at his chest.

JAVAR (V.O.) My head, spun. My skin, ached. My heart... those eyes.

Javar stares into the vampire's desperate eyes.

She struggles to reach for Javar's garlic wielding hand.

Javar plunges his silver dagger in the vampire's heart. Javar can't take his eyes off of hers as they slowly close.

... He pulls out a pair of pliers and opens her mouth.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Javar creeps toward it. A robust SNORE dwells from inside.

JAVAR (V.O.) The fourth task...

His daggered wielding hand trembles as he enters. His alert eyes are locked on the snoring SACK OF FUR in the dark corner.

> JAVAR (V.O.) ... retrieve the heart of a werewolf.

Javar steps with caution and in sync with each deep snore.

 $\label{eq:strong} \begin{array}{c} JAVAR \end{tabular} (V.O.) \\ \mbox{For the werewolf's heart beats strong,} \\ \mbox{and will bring all things together.} \end{array}$

Blood trickles out of Javar's nose.

A drop hits the cave floor.

The snores come to a halt.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The ROAR of the werewolf echoes throughout.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A large bloody lump lies in Javar's satchel.

Javar, beat-up, clothes torn, limps down the empty road. He falls against a rock as he throws up blood.

The sound of small footsteps catch his attention. Javar snaps his gaze to find a YOUNG BEGGAR rounding the corner.

JAVAR (V.O.) Time was now a distant memory. My emotions were my only thoughts.

The little guy stops and peers up at Javar.

GLIMPSES OF:

THE WITCH, as Javar tussles with her.

JAVAR (V.O.)

Concern.

THE ZOMBIE, as Javar cuts its head off.

JAVAR (V.O.)

Enlivened.

THE VAMPIRE, as Javar stares into her eyes.

JAVAR (V.O.)

Sympathy.

THE WEREWOLF, as Javar cautiously approaches.

JAVAR (V.O.)

Fear.

Back at the rock, Javar gazes deep into the boy's eyes.

JAVAR (V.O.) But none of of those tasks gave me the feeling of my final. The task that will indeed resurrect my existence, and suddenly, I would do anything for. The fifth and final task...

The young beggar's eyes are filled with innocence.

JAVAR (V.O.) ...obtain the eyes of a human being.

Javar removes his dagger and stares at it with desperation.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Two bloody eyes dangle before us.

Javar drops them in a boiling bucket.

He reaches in his bloody satchel and pulls out an enormous heart, the hair, teeth, and tongue, then drops them in.

Javar clutches his hand over his heart.

JAVAR (V.O.) Such painful feelings in my heart leading to physical and mental torment was absurd.

Javar lifts the bucket and stumbles to the large wooden door.

JAVAR (V.O.) But if emotions alone can drag a man to his deathbed, then surely they can keep him alive.

Every muscle in his body aches to pry open the massive door.

Javar finally gets it open.

A MUMMIFIED WOMAN rests inside.

JAVAR (V.O.) She will bring my life purpose again. Bring the warmth back to my soul. I will see the light again. Her light.

Javar pours the ingredients in a small opening in her chest. He waits for any movement, sound, anything to indicate life. The mummy jolts. She lifts with stiff bones and unwraps the bandaging from her beautiful face. She looks over at Javar. Her cherishing eyes gaze over him. They say "thank you". She reaches over and touches her love. Javar cradles her hand as his face lights up --His sightless face, for his eyes have been removed.

FADE OUT