

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION S1, EP 03
CONVALESCENCE
TRANSCRIPT

01. CAM - TIKTOK RECORDING

CAM:

Hey there CAM-Fam! It's time for another Monday catch-up video. You know they say never meet your heroes? Well I want to tell you the story of how I met mine, because I totally disagree with that statement.

His name is Thomas Van Helsing.

Ring a bell?

It should. If not, allow me to enlighten you.

Tom was born in London in 1986 to Claudia and Peter Van Helsing. That's right, never was there a guy more nepo-baby than Tom. His dad began his acting career in the fifties in '*The Vampire Detective*': a horror flick in which he played a plucky young detective slash vampire hunter. The success of *Detective* led to an onslaught of horror roles for Peter who quickly became a household name!

Claudia was a Producer of radio plays for the BBC back in the sixties and was in the right place right time to work with Peter on '*Mr Deville's Dollars*', a film where he played an eccentric vigilante billionaire who also happened to be fighting the Devil. The movie was mid to fair, but Peter claimed he had met the love of his life in Claudia - ten years his junior - and that's how Tom came along.

Peter Van Helsing is better known by my generation for playing a grim-dark sci-fi wizard type in the early noughties, reigniting his popularity. But I'm supposed to be talking about Tom, so let's leave that for another video!

Tom's career has had its ups and downs. It began with a semi-regular role in '*Holloway's Bright and Gifted*', where he portrayed a troubled tomboy in a school of supernatural youngsters, you've probably seen it going viral recently on here!

Sadly, in 2010, Tom hit a rough patch, ending up in rehab twice for alcohol and drug use. It seemed like his career was over. That was until 2015, when he landed the lead in '*High Stakes*' as Sam Von Bloodgorge, a vampire hunter with vampiric powers and must deal with an old family curse. '*High Stakes*' blew the box office wide open and now, with two sequels and a third reportedly in the works, vampires have never been so popular. The best part is that, around that time, Tom also began his transition alongside his onscreen character; something he campaigned for heavily with the studio.

Tom has spoken very publicly about his transition, documenting his journey, with the help of a London charity which he is now the patron of. Every year he donates his royalties from '*High Stakes*' and helps supply trans-affirming clothing such as binders and packers.

I could go on, but this video is long enough already - so, let me tell you about our interaction!

If you've been watching my channel for any length of time, you'll know that I'm non-binary. Well, before I came out I wrote to Tom's PO Box, just wanting an autograph, and he sent me a letter back. An entire letter! This was when I was still working things out and, in this letter, he told me that living as his authentic self was the best thing he had ever done. "*Being yourself is brave, bold and daring.*" His words not mine. So that's what I've been doing ever since!

I have so much more to tell you, but I'll leave that for my next video! Don't forget to click the like button and follow for more updates!

Oh, and, if you liked this little run-down, please consider donating to my top surgery crowdfund! Link in my bio!

[END OF VIDEO]

02. LONDON RADIO - NEWS REPORT

[NEWS JINGLE - DIFFERENT FROM EPS 1 AND 2. LONDON RADIO]

NEWS REPORTER:

This is your early morning news update with North London Radio. Police continue to "gather evidence" after a train conductor was found dead on a train to London in the early hours of this morning.

The body of Francis Whittle was discovered on the Edinburgh to Kings Cross, London North-Eastern Railway service.

(BEAT)

Police are working with the Rail Incident Investigation Branch and are currently describing the death as "unexplained". Reports suggest there were nine passengers on board the train at the time of the incident, but no one else was harmed.

(BEAT)

The RAIB commented, "We are unsure if a technical fault caused the death, as we have also discovered significant damage made to one of the train carriage doors".

When Police were asked to comment, they said they are continuing to gather evidence, as they believe that there were witnesses to the event who have not yet come forward.

03. TOM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAWN

[TOM'S FLAT ATMOS - HIGH RISE FANCY APARTMENT. MUFFLED TRAFFIC FAR BELOW AND BIRD SONG, DULLED BY DOUBLE GLAZING.]

[RECORDER CLICKS ON]

JEREMY:

(EXHAUSTED, STRAINED) This is Jeremy. I... I'm documenting this as... Honestly, I don't know what else to do right now. Maybe your plan about recording everything was a good idea after all, Madeline.

(DEEP BREATH) Three hours ago, we were on the train to London where we were attacked by one of Dracula's *successful* fucking thralls.

Jonathan and I switched in the middle of the attack, but we were able to escape the train at Stevenage. We were both injured, but you... you were in a worse state than I was. I had to call someone I could trust. (BEAT) And I can't believe I just said *trust*.

If you wake up, and I'm not here, we're currently in the apartment of my cousin, Tom, in Highgate. He's the only--[*friend*

I've got] he understands the Foundation. We're safe here. (BEAT)
Christ. Everything is so fucked. The dead conductor. That...
Madeline, that could have been us.

(GROWING MORE INTENSE) The train journey was my *fucking* idea. I
hope you wake up soon. I hope we're near the end of this
madness. I'm... fuck. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I... (BREAKS DOWN AND
WEEPS).

[RECORDING ENDS]

04. INT. TOM'S FLAT - A FEW HOURS LATER - PHONE CALL

[TOM'S FLAT ATMOS CONT'D]

HENRI:

[VOICEMAIL] Hi, this is Henri! I'm unable to answer my phone
right now as I'm probably in the lab doing ghoulish things to
test tubes - or, you know, paperwork. But please leave me a
message and I'll call you back!

TOM:

Helllllooooo Henri! I know you're with your sister, and you said
you were dreading it, so I thought I'd leave you a message. My
cousin dropped by unexpectedly last night. I probably haven't
mentioned him yet but he's... well, he's something. I'm
currently doing his laundry because, as well as being an amazing
actor and boyfriend, I am an incredible host, it's my most
redeeming quality. I can turn you on and the washer dryer!
(BEAT, SOTTO) That is if I can just remember how to turn on this
washer-dryer--

DRACULA:

[INCOHERENT WHISPERING- MUFFLED BY BAG]

TOM:

[TO DOOR] ...Jeremy?

[FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS HEAD.]

DRACULA:

(RASPING) *Van Helsing...*

TOM:

(DISTRESSED) What the fuck is that?

DRACULA:

(MUFFLED) (RASPING) Van... Helsing... I can... taste you...!

TOM:

Nope. No way. You can fuck right off. Sorry Henri, I'll call you back, yeah? Text me.

[PHONE CUTS OFF]

04. NEW - TOMS FLAT - RECORDER

[TOM'S FLAT ATMOS. RECORDER CLICKS ON. MICROPHONE TAPPED.]

TOM:

Testing testing!

JEREMY:

For fuck's sake. You're not on stage, Tom.

TOM:

And you're no fun. (TO RECORDER) So, Jeremy has informed me-

JEREMY:

Regrettably.

TOM:

-that you've been using this recorder to report weird happenings because you've been dealing with weird shit, apparently, and, as I am the *BEST* cousin anyone could ask for, I am obliging. (BEAT) Jeremy, your bag is talking to me.

JEREMY:

What? When?

TOM:

Not right this second, but it *did*.

JEREMY:

Fucking hell. What did it say?

TOM:

It said my name. It said *Van Helsing*, then a lot of garbled, deeply disturbing rasping breathing sounds. What's *in* there?

JEREMY:

(RELUCTANT) That's... that's the head.

TOM:

That's the head? You put it in a *bag*? The head of Count-Fucking-Dracula? In my apartment? You told me you'd put it somewhere *secure*!

JEREMY:

A tent bag stuffed with garlic is as secure as we could *fucking* manage, given our circumstances!

TOM:

You could have elaborated when I picked you up!

JEREMY:

I was slightly fucking preoccupied, what with the vampire attack!

[RUSTLING OF HEAD IN BAG.]

DRACULA:

(RASPING GASPING SOUNDS, EVOLVING INTO SOMETHING LIKE LAUGHTER)

(BEAT - THE BOYS TAKE THIS IN)

TOM:

Well! (BEAT- HE STEELS HIMSELF) we won't be hearing it again-

[TOM PICKS UP BAG]

TOM:

-because it's going in the freezer.

JEREMY:

What?

TOM:

It's as good a place as any. (SPEAKING TO HEAD) Come on, Count. You can have your *own* accommodation.

[TOM LEAVES THE ROOM, JEREMY FOLLOWS.]

JEREMY:

I don't think--

TOM:

My flat. My rules. Go to bed. Besides, if it's good enough for Walt, it's good enough for Dracula.

TOM:

(EFFORT, OPENING FREEZER)

[CREAK OF CABINET FREEZER BEING OPENED]

TOM:

(EFFORT - CHUCKS DRACULA'S HEAD INSIDE.)

[THUD AS THE HEAD HITS BOTTOM OF FREEZER]

[FREEZER CLOSED]

TOM:

There. Mission Accomplished. It'll be harder to reach my oven chips now, but I consider that a minor sacrifice on my part.

JEREMY:

It shouldn't be *alive*, Tom. It's spent the last century at the bottom of a fucking ravine!

[THEY RETURN TO LIVING ROOM]

TOM:

Not my problem. Now he's out of sight and out of mind. You hear that, recorder? Boss Vampire Head is very much gone.

JEREMY:

I should call the Foundation. Right now.

TOM:

No. You've only just gotten here. Your friend needs to not be prodded and poked by your Foundation buddies for half a second. Not to mention, I'm off the grid for a reason. (BEAT, SOFTER) We're more than a match for a *head*. Your phone call can wait until Madeline is awake, that's my final word on it.

JEREMY:

Tom —

TOM:

Do you want to stay here? Don't make me repeat myself.

JEREMY:

Fine. Fine.

TOM:

Good. To bed. Now.

[RECORDING ENDS.]

05. INT. HOTEL ROOM - PHONE CALL - MORNING

[PHONE RINGING, ANSWERED. DUVET RUSTLE AS HENRI SHIFTS]

HENRI:

(PHONE DISTORT) (BARELY AWAKE) Hello?

DR LAKE:

Henri? It's Tim. Sorry for the early call.

HENRI:

Oh, hey. Uh... You do remember you signed off my annual leave, right?

DR LAKE:

Sorry Henri, your week off has been retracted. We're needed in the lab.

HENRI:

(DARING TO HOPE) Are you messing with me?

DR LAKE:

I know, I know. I'm sorry, but it's Bosses orders. And I mean *the boss*. He wants a full report on the hand as soon as possible.

HENRI:

Tim, this is the best news I could ask for! I need to get out of this place. I've seen enough plastic penises to last me a lifetime!

DR LAKE:

Oh! (AWKWARD LAUGH) Happy to help then?

[DRAWER OPENED, NOTEBOOK PULLED OUT, PAGES TURNED.]

HENRI:

(SCRAMBLES TO TAKE NOTES) Tell me everything! What's happening?

DR LAKE:

What makes you think something's happening?

HENRI:

Er, why else would you be volunteering to spend more time

with me?

DR LAKE:

Touché. Honestly, I haven't a clue. We've just been asked to send another report and, as that's generally your domain, thought it best to get you in.

HENRI:

But we sent our monthly report just last week...

DR LAKE:

That's what I told him. He wants a new one. Didn't even give a fig about our computer systems. Everything seems to be falling apart after what happened at the Westenra.

HENRI:

What do you mean? What happened?

DR LAKE:

You haven't heard? Oh, that's a whole other shit show. How soon can you get in?

HENRI:

I can be back in Surrey this afternoon if you can wait that long? Just need to pack up my things. We can schedule a full examination for tomorrow morning? Gives us time to reset the equipment.

DR LAKE:

Yeah, of course. Thanks Henri. Look, I'll convince HR to give you your days back in lieu. I'm sure that'll fly with them, considering.

HENRI:

A mystery *and* days back in lieu? Is it my birthday? (LAUGHS)
Don't worry about it, I'll see you later. Don't start the party without me.

[SHE HANGS UP]

06. INT. TOM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - TOM'S MOBILE

[TOM'S FLAT ATMOS. JEREMY PACES. PHONE RINGS SOFTLY ON OTHER END]

PHONE VOICE:

Hello, you are through to the Holmwood Foundation, home of the world's leading experts in classic haematology and rare blood diseases—

JEREMY:

Yes, I know what the hell you are!

PHONE VOICE:

—Please select from one of the following options: Press One for Research. Press Two for Charity Resources. Press Three for Acquisitions. Press Four to speak to an Operator.

JEREMY:

Anyone! Fuck, this isn't— (SOUND OF FRUSTRATION) I just want my *fucking* PA.

[BUTTON PRESSED.]

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you. Please hold.

[HOLD MUSIC PLAYS.]

TOM:

Jeremy?

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you for waiting to talk to one of our team at the Holmwood Foundation. We have spent 100 years working with specialists to learn and improve our knowledge of—

[TOM APPROACHES LIVING ROOM]

PHONE VOICE:

-blood and its related illnesses using donations from donors, patients and the public to save and improve lives.

JEREMY:

(SOTTO, FRUSTRATED) Come on, come on...

[TOM ENTERS ROOM]

TOM:

I don't mean to sound rude, but who on earth would you be calling on my --

PHONE VOICE:

You are still in a queue. We will get to you as soon as we can. Your call is important to us.

TOM:

(COLDLY) Ah.

[HOLD MUSIC PLAYS.]

TOM:

I should have known.

JEREMY:

Tom. Don't. Not now.

TOM:

You're actually calling them? After I *specifically* asked you not to?

JEREMY:

I don't have time for this! We have that *fucking* head in the freezer and it's *talking* to us. Madeline was almost torn apart last night by an actual *fucking* vampire! If anyone should understand that it's you!

[HOLD MUSIC CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY.]

OPERATOR:

(MUFFLED) Hello, this is the Holmwood Foundation. Thank you so much for your call. How may I assist you today?

JEREMY:

(HURRIEDLY) This is Jeremy Larkin. Employee code 52856. I need to talk to-

TOM:

Oh no you don't! (EFFORT AS HE LUNGES AT JEREMY)

JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION AS HE'S GRABBED)

[THUD AS THEY HIT A COFFEE TABLE]

OPERATOR:

(MUFFLED) Uh... hello? Sir?

JEREMY:

(EFFORT) *Get off me, you lunatic!*

TOM:

(EFFORT) You are not calling the Foundation to my flat! You're not dragging your *stupid* little world into mine!

JEREMY:

This is more important than you! (HURRIEDLY, INTO THE PHONE) I have Dracula's head! We're in London, Highgate! We're being fucking hunted, I-

TOM:

(EFFORT AS HE GRABS PHONE AND HURLS IT)

[PHONE HITS WALL WITH A THUD]

JEREMY:

(STARTLED/ANGRY REACTION)

JEREMY/TOM:

(STRUGGLING EFFORT AS THEY FIGHT TO UNTANGLE THEMSELVES AND REACH THE PHONE FIRST)

[TOM BREAKS FREE AND GRABS PHONE.]

TOM:

(GRABBING PHONE) Aha! Got it!

[TRIUMPHANT BEEP AS CALL IS CUT OFF]

07. INT. TOM'S FLAT - RECORDER - TWO MINUTES LATER

[RECORDER CLICKS ON]

JEREMY:

(STILL FLUSTERED) This is Jeremy, reporting for you, Madeline, that my cousin has decided to go *fucking* insane.

TOM:

I asked you *very nicely* not to call the Foundation until she was awake-

JEREMY:

Oh, so you want that creature to find us, do you? You want that...*fucking* head to continue doing whatever it's doing?

TOM:

I want Madeline to have a chance to recover from the damage *your* Foundation's done to her and I want to continue living the nice, normal life I have without your damned Foundation haunting my every step.

JEREMY:

With a monster in the freezer?

TOM:

We can deal with this for a few days without you running to

Daddy, Jeremy. (BEAT) I want you to take a good hard look at yourself and remember just how *forgiving* they were last time we got into trouble with your workplace.

JEREMY:

That's not [fair]- We were children! This is not the same.

TOM:

Children. Yeah. It's so nice of the Foundation to treat children like criminals, isn't it? (HE SIGHS) I'd hoped you'd maybe not become your Dad, Jeremy, I really did (MUFFLED AS HE TURNS TO GO) I'm revoking your phone privileges. *Permanently*.

[HE LEAVES, SLAMS DOOR BEHIND HIM]

[RECORDING ENDS]

08. TOM - PHONE CALL WITH HENRI - IMMEDIATE

[MOBILE RINGS. HENRI PICKS UP. TRAIN ATMOS ON HENRI'S END. TOM BEDROOM ATMOS ON HIS]

HENRI:

Tommy! Hello!

TOM:

Hello you.

HENRI:

This is unexpected. Are you okay?

TOM:

Of course I'm okay! Am I not allowed to call my loving girlfriend?

HENRI:

Of course you are.

TOM:

How's the hellish hen-do?

HENRI:

I'm, uh... just on the train back, actually. Got called into work. I could see you afterwards, if you like? Pop round yours?

TOM:

My cousin's pitched up, actually. Didn't you get my message?

HENRI:

I've been in a bit of a rush, sorry. You've got a cousin?

TOM:

Yeah. Miserable bastard. He'll be staying with me for a few days. Trust me when I say you don't want to meet him.

HENRI:

Is that why you called?

TOM:

Felt like hearing a friendly voice, if you must know. He's not exactly Mr Charming.

HENRI:

(GRINS) Is that because he actually knows you?

TOM:

Oh, ouch, harsh!

HENRI:

(LAUGHS) No, I mean, he knew you before you became Celebrity Tom.

TOM:

True. So uhh, how's your train? I could have gotten you a ride if you needed one. Called someone to pick you up.

HENRI:

From Sheffield? That's a bit excessive.

TOM:

I aim to please.

HENRI:

Is this some ploy to impress me?

TOM:

You're not impressed?

HENRI:

Celebrity Tom is fine enough I suppose, but I prefer Day-To-Day Tom.

TOM:

(OVERCOMPENSATING) But I'm always Day-To-Day Tom!

HENRI:

Sure you are.

TOM:

(AWKWARD, CHANGES SUBJECT) Anyway, I'd better shoot.

HENRI:

I'll call you later? Even if I'm not meeting this mysterious cousin of yours.

TOM:

I'll text you?

HENRI:

Sure.

TOM:

Cool! Bye!

HENRI:

Bye. I- [love you]

[TOM HAS ALREADY HUNG UP]

09. INT. TOM'S FLAT - MADDIE'S BEDSIDE - EVENING - RECORDER

[RECORDER CLICKS ON. TOM'S FLAT ATMOS.]

JEREMY:

It's Jeremy again. It's been almost an entire day since the train attack, and there's no sign of you waking up. I... felt the least I can do is keep you informed.

We're still at Tom's. I've been keeping the recorder by the freezer, trying to catch... anything. I think you'd approve of that, at least.

I haven't told Tom about the Harkers. Not yet. I just... couldn't bring myself. I keep feeling these sudden flushes of panic, deep in my chest, and I don't know if it's Jonathan trying to get to the surface or my own insanity catching up with me. But *Mr Harker* hasn't emerged and I'm not going to bloody let him. Not here, of all fucking places.

I- I know Tom's doing what he thinks is right, but he doesn't understand. I feel fucking caged in. I can't just [sit here]--

[KEYS IN LOCK, DOOR CLOSSES, DISTANT.]

TOM (DISTANT):

Hello!

JEREMY:

In here.

[TOM ENTERS]

TOM:

Ahh, how is the Jeremy Larkin podcast going?

JEREMY:

Fuck off, Tom.

TOM:

And to think I was going to shower you with gifts.

[CARRIER BAG ON TABLE.]

JEREMY:

Don't-

TOM:

It's just food, relax. I know you'll pay me back eventually.

[BAG BEING EMPTIED. BOTTLE ON TABLE.]

JEREMY:

And wine too, I see. (BEAT, WORRIED) I... It's a kind gesture, but I don't think-

TOM:

Don't get your hopes up, I'm not off the wagon. It's non-alcoholic wine. Tastes just as awful as it sounds, I promise.

[BOTTLE LID TWIST]

TOM (CONT):

There you go.

JEREMY:

Thanks. (DRINKS) Oh god, that's terrible!

TOM:

I told you.

JEREMY/TOM:

(SMALL CHUCKLE, ALMOST LIKE OLD TIMES.)

JEREMY:

Thanks.

TOM:

No problem. (DRINKS, BEAT) So how is she?

JEREMY:

The same. The fever is gone at least...

TOM:

She moved a little when I checked on her earlier; shifted around in her sleep.

JEREMY:

She did? Really? Why didn't you tell me?

TOM:

It was so quick, I almost thought I imagined it, and I didn't want to get your hopes up. Honestly, mate, you've been moping around like a puppy.

JEREMY:

I don't mope.

TOM:

I'm just saying what I see. I got this morning's paper at the shop too. Nothing new about the train conductor or the Sister.

JEREMY:

(SCOFFS) "The Sister."

TOM:

Yeah, well, didn't exactly hang around last time to get her actual name, did we?

[BOTH DRINK AGAIN.]

TOM:

...Did she look any different?

JEREMY:

Regrettably, I was a little too busy trying to get Madeline off the fucking train.

TOM:

I remember I stood staring at her for such a long time. I thought she was... well, *beautiful* isn't the word. You know sirens, in the old sailor stories? It felt like that. (BEAT, CONSIDERING) Considering she's at least a centenarian, she had great bone structure.

JEREMY:

Are you making a *joke*?

TOM:

Hey, this is what gets me through, Jeremy. You have your bitter cynicism and the word 'fuck', I have my wit. (BEAT) I just remember not being able to tear myself away, like she drew you in. The long dark hair. I felt like she could see right through me. And then- well... you remember. Considering Madeline's injuries I don't think her manners have changed much.

JEREMY:

No.

(WORRIED BEAT)

TOM:

You know, if it wasn't for your Dad that day...

JEREMY:

We were told not to move and you wandered off without telling me.

TOM:

I know, I screwed up, but I was barely 11 years old. If you had kids, would you let them anywhere near that building? (BEAT, JEREMY DOESN'T REPLY.) Didn't think so.

[MADDIE SHIFTS]

MADDIE:

(SOFT GROAN)

JEREMY (CONT'D):

(HOPEFUL) Madeline?

[NO CHANGE]

TOM:

Another good sign, mate. Come on. Let's leave her be.

JEREMY:

Right.

[BAG PICKED UP, TOM GOES TO LEAVE.]

TOM:

You coming? I've got dinner.

JEREMY:

Give me a minute.

TOM:

Sure. I'll get the oven on.

JEREMY:

Tom.

TOM:

Yeah?

JEREMY:

Thank you.

TOM:

(SURPRISED) Thank you?

JEREMY:

Don't make me say it again.

TOM:

Alright alright, you're welcome. I wasn't about to abandon you both. I'm not heartless.

[HE LEAVES]

JEREMY:

... Madeline? Can you hear me?

(BEAT)

JEREMY (CONT'D):

(HE SIGHS) I didn't think so.

[RECORDING STOPS.]

09. INT. TOM'S FLAT - FREEZER RECORDER - NIGHT

[SOFT FREEZER HUM]

DRACULA:

(SOFT LAUGHTER) Come out, come out, wherever you are... (CHUCKLES)
I can taste your minds, taste your heartbeats. Little lives, I
call you to me... (DEVOLVES INTO LAUGHTER)

10. TOM'S VOICEMAIL - NEXT MORNING

TOM:

*(AUTOMATED MESSAGE -SAME AS EP 02) You have reached the number
of Thomas Van Helsing. I'm probably out, or at an audition, or
I'm too lazy to answer the phone right now. Leave me a message
after the beep, and I'll get back to you at some point!*

(BEAT) Beep!

[VOICEMAIL BEEP]

HENRI:

[PLAYFUL, THEN AWKWARD] Hi Tom! It's Henri. I'm back in Surrey

and about to leave for work, nice and early! If you wanted, we could still hang out tonight? Away from your grumpy cousin? No pressure. I'll keep you posted.

I could take us to that sweet little Italian place you liked? Again, no pressure. (BEAT) I've said that twice now. God, I hate leaving voice messages.

See you soon!

[CALL ENDS]

11. INT. TOM'S FLAT - MADDIE'S BEDSIDE - RECORDER

[RECORDER CLICKS ON]

JEREMY:

(SOFT, URGENT) It's been an entire night. You're still not awake, and I've just read the paper from yesterday. Apparently my *father's* returned to London, something Tom miraculously failed to mention to me.

I don't care what Tom wants. I'm going into Central London as soon as he's gone, and I'm taking the head with me. I'm going to the Foundation. I'm going to force my father to listen to me. I promised they'd help us. They will.

I am going to *fix* this, Madeline.

[RECORDING ENDS.]

12. INT. GODALMING RESEARCH BUILDING

[RECORDER CLICKS ON. AN ECHOING LABORATORY. BUBBLING LIQUID FROM A TANK NEARBY]

HENRI:

Hello recorder!

DR LAKE:

Henri, be professional.

HENRI:

Sorry, I'm so used to doing this on my own.

This is Henrietta Martin, LIMB Researcher at Holmwood Surrey, along with Head Scientist Dr Timothy Lake. It is eleven fifteen, June 12th, twenty-twenty-four, and we are about to record a visual assessment of the Hand, as requested by Mr Harker.

This is Assessment Record No. 66067H. Old Handy --

DR LAKE:

Henri...

HENRI:

Okay, the hand is-

[BUZZ AS THE LIGHTS FLICKER]

DR. LAKE / HENRI:

(STARTLED REACTION)

HENRI:

Sorry, I um - for the recording, the lights just flickered. Guess the electricians are worse than we thought...

DR LAKE:

Henri.

HENRI:

What?

DR LAKE:

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

HENRI:

(GASP) But that's-

(BEAT)

HENRI:

(EXCITED) Sorry, I- for the recording- the hand, it... it's twitching!

DR LAKE:

The damn thing's never *moved* before!

HENRI:

The hand is twitching. The thumb and forefinger, specifically. I- it's very um- it's not much, but there is movement. (BEAT) How- why? Tim, how is this possible?

DR LAKE:

I don't know...

[LIGHTS FLICKER AGAIN. THE LIGHTS GO DEAD. ALL POWER IN THE ROOM DIES.]

DR LAKE / HENRI:

(STARTLED REACTION) Henri! / Tim?!

[LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON, POWER REBOOTS.]

DR LAKE:

What the hell?

HENRI:

For the recording, our electricity just went down, all of it - and then straight back on again...I...

DR LAKE:

Stop the recording, send it to Arthur Jones at once.

HENRI:

But- we should try testing it immediately. Tim, this is a major find! Isn't this what we've been trying to-

DR LAKE:

Who's in charge of this project, Martin?

HENRI:

(SHEEPISH) You, Dr Lake.

DR LAKE:

That's right. Now, I won't say it again. Upload the recording.

HENRI:

Fine.

[RECORDING ENDS]

13. MULTIPLEX GARAGE - TOM'S PHONE

[GARAGE ATMOS]

HENRI:

(VOICEMAIL) Hi, this is Henri! I'm unable to answer my phone right now as I'm probably in the lab doing ghoulish things to test tubes - or, you know, paperwork. but please leave me a message and I'll call you back!

(BEEP)

TOM:

Henri, Hi! Just popped out for a smoke. Loads of pigeons around this morning. I know how much you love those. Can't imagine why, myself, but to each their own! (BEAT) Anyway, I got your voicemail. I wasn't expecting to hear from you so soon, because of work and stuff. They'd better let you get those vacation days back! [AWKWARD] Well, I hope you're okay. I'm err - not sure how long the old cousin's staying, but once he's sodded off we should- [definitely] (BEAT, DISTRACTED) *What the actual fuck?*

[TOM RUNNING]

TOM (CONT):

(OFF) (SHOUTING, RUNNING) Oi! Dickhead!

[PHONE CALL ENDS]

14. MULTIPLEX GARAGE - JEREMY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

[ECHOING GARAGE ATMOS. JEREMY'S HURRYING FOOTSTEPS]

PHONE VOICE:

Hello, you have reached the Holmwood Foundation. Unfortunately our Hotline is currently closed due to a fault. Please leave a message and someone will get back to you.

JEREMY:

(URGENT) This is Jeremy Larkin, Employee code 52856. I'm in London, I'm trying to get to the office. This isn't my phone so I don't know the number- I found it in a bedside cabinet. If nobody's coming to collect me, then I'm walking from Highgate. I need an extraction team waiting when I arrive, because I'm carrying Dracula's goddamn head in a carrier- [bag]

[SCATTERING BINS AS A THRALL SHIFTS FROM HIDING]

THRALL:

(SNARL)

(BEAT- JEREMY FREEZES)

JEREMY:

(TERRIFIED) ...No.

[TOM RUNS UP BEHIND HIM]

TOM:

What the *fuck* do you think you're doing out here? Jeremy, if I have to lock you in my bloody bedroom-

JEREMY:

Shut up!

THRALL:

(SNARL GROWS LOUDER)

TOM:

(SPOTTING THE THRALL) *What the hell is that?*

JEREMY:

They've followed us! They've followed us to fucking London!

[THRALL LEAPS.]

THRALL:

(SNARL AS IT LEAPS)

TOM/JEREMY:

(HORRIFIED SCREAMS)

[CLATTER AS JEREMY DROPS PHONE AND RUNS]

15. INT. TOM'S FLAT - BY FREEZER - RECORDER

[TOM'S FLAT. FREEZER HUM. SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS AS MINA LEAVES BEDROOM]

MINA (O.S.):

Jonathan? Mr Larkin? Where are you-? (WINCES) Oh, that hurts...

[STUMBLING AROUND FLAT. GETTING CLOSER TO RECORDER.]

MINA (CONT):

(NOTICES RECORDER) Oh - what is... Madeline's recorder? (PICKS IT UP) Why are you here? What happened-?

[DOOR INTERCOM BUZZ.]

MINA:

(STARTLED REACTION)

JEREMY (INTERCOM):

Hello? Jesus Christ, Madeline, please wake up!

MINA:

Mr Larkin! (WINCING AS RUSHES TO INTERCOM)

[SHE RUSHES TO INTERCOM. TRIES A BUTTON.]

RECORDING ENDS

16. MULTIPLEX GARAGE - CCTV

[INTERCOM RINGING. ECHOING GARAGE ATMOS]

JEREMY:

Nobody's answering!

TOM:

She's not waking up!

[THROUGH INTERCOM: MINA ANSWERS.]

MINA:

(THROUGH INTERCOM) Mr Larkin, can you hear me now?

JEREMY:

Madeline, thank God!

MINA:

It's Mina actually.

TOM:

Who?

JEREMY:

Fuck. I'll explain later. Mina, let us in! Tom dropped his fucking keys!

MINA:

There are so many buttons here. You shall have to instruct me how.

TOM:

Press the grey button by the phone, that'll open the door.

MINA:

I see it!

[MINA PRESSES BUTTON.]

TOM:

Hate to rush you, but we've got a situation--

[WHIRR AS DOOR OPENS]

THRALLS:

(SCREAMS)

TOM/JEREMY:

Oh fuck! / Fucking Christ!

17. INT. TOM'S FLAT - BY FREEZER - RECORDER

[TOM'S FLAT. FREEZER HUM.]

[THROUGH INTERCOM: RUNNING FEET AND CRASH OF DOOR]

THRALL:

(THROUGH INTERCOM) (SCREAMS)

MINA:

Is that--?

[INTERCOM GOES DEAD.]

MINA:

Mr Larkin? (GROWING WORRIED) *Mr Larkin!?*

18. INT. TOM'S FLAT - BY FREEZER - RECORDER

[TOM'S FLAT ATMOS, FREEZER HUM.]

[FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN]

JEREMY/TOM:

(EFFORT, RUNNING INTO ROOM)

[DOOR CLOSED BEHIND THEM]

JEREMY:

(PANTING) Thank fuck!

MINA:

What of the creature? Has it followed you?

TOM:

(PANTING FROM RUNNING) Not if I can help it.

[SECURITY BUTTON PRESSED]

AUTOMATED VOICE:

Internal Cameras Activated. Shutters Activated.

[WHIRR AS SHUTTERS SLOWLY DESCEND]

JEREMY/TOM:

(EFFORT, RECOVERING FROM RUNNING)

JEREMY:

(PANTING) What's this?

TOM:

(PANTING, RECOVERING) Internal security. Had it installed after some arsehole leaked my last address to the press. Never thought I'd have to use it on a fucking vampire.

MINA:

Will it be enough to keep it out?

TOM:

Don't really know! Guess we're finding out together!

[HE GRABS HIS PHONE, STARTS TEXTING]

JEREMY:

Now what are you doing?

TOM:

I'm texting my private security team. Or do *you* want to go back to the garage and fend it off?

JEREMY:

You're getting other people involved?

TOM:

(GROWING HYSTERICAL) *That's what you did!* (LONG BEAT, STILL SEETHING) You have some explaining to do. Let's do it *your* way, shall we?

19. INT. TOM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - RECORDER

[RECORDER CLICKS ON. TOM'S FLAT ATMOS]

JEREMY:

Tom, look-

[TOM MOVES RECORDER CLOSER TO JEREMY.]

TOM:

Go on. Talk.

MINA:

Can one of you please explain - [what happened?]

TOM:

(CUTS IN) Ah yes, and you might want to explain why this woman is called Mina, when *you* said her name was Maddie?

MINA:

Please don't take that tone with me, young man. *I* shall explain who I am, but first I wish to know what exactly just happened

outside that door.

TOM:

Alright, have it your way. Jeremy and I have just been running for our fucking lives because there are now *monsters* circling my flat. Turns out those things are just strolling around the underground garage now.

JEREMY:

It was just the one.

TOM:

(SARCASTIC) Oh? I'm so relieved. Just *one* monster. This isn't the Yorkshire Moors. This is a flat complex in the middle of London. What do I tell my neighbours?

MINA:

They must be made aware that they are in danger. As are we. Is there some way of seeing where the creature has gone?

TOM:

Oh yes, just let all my neighbours know there's a huge snarling vampire downstairs! They'll believe that in a heartbeat, won't they?

MINA:

(BRISTLING) Young man, I am Wilhelmina Harker, the foremost expert on the Undead in this room. I will not be spoken over, and I will not be *ridiculed*. Do I make myself clear?

TOM:

I-...yes. Sorry. Ma'am.

MINA:

Hm. I take it Mr Larkin has neglected to tell you about us.

TOM:

Us?

JEREMY:

Please don't...

MINA:

My husband and I. We find ourselves in the unfortunate position of sharing bodies with Ms Townsend and Mr Larkin.

TOM:

Do you now?

JEREMY:

That tone of voice is exactly why I didn't tell you!

MINA:

There are currently vampires circling your home. I think you can find space to believe in ghosts, too. The last I saw of Jonathan he was defending me from that woman on the train. Is he-

JEREMY:

(RESIGNED) He's fine. I'm fine.

MINA:

Good.

[BIRD THUD AGAINST WINDOW OUTSIDE. SOFT SQUAWKING AND SHRIEKING AND FLAPPING WINGS, MUFFLED BY THE SECURITY SHUTTERS, BUT GROWING LOUDER THROUGH SCENE]

TOM/JEREMY/MINA:

STARTLED REACTION

TOM:

What the fuck?

[ANOTHER THUD.]

JEREMY:

It can't be the Thrall, can it? We're ten storeys up!

[CHIRP FROM TOM'S PHONE, HE HURRIES TO READ IT]

TOM:

From my security team. They can't find anything downstairs, but they did find my keys. They're checking the garage.

[SICKENING DULLED THUD - ANOTHER BIRD]

MINA:

Can they tell us what *that* is?

JEREMY:

These security shutters better *fucking* hold.

[ANOTHER THUD.]

MINA:

...Do you hear that?

JEREMY:

Hear what?

MINA:

Listen!

(BEAT - THEY ALL LISTEN)

[VERY DISTANT RASPY ANGRY CHIRPING BIRD SOUNDS]

MINA:

If I'm not mistaken, that sounds like a bird.

TOM:

Oh yeah. (GROWING HORROR) That sounds like birds alright.

[ANOTHER THUD, THEN ANOTHER.]

JEREMY/MINA/TOM:

(STARTLED REACTION)

DRACULA:

(MUFFLED LAUGHTER FROM BAG)

(BEAT)

JEREMY:

Are you both hearing that too...?

TOM:

Fuck. You took the head out of the freezer!

JEREMY:

I was trying to get rid of the fucking thing!

DRACULA:

(MUFFLED LAUGHTER GROWS)

MINA:

And now it appears Count Dracula is laughing at us.

JEREMY:

Fuck this! You should have just let me go to the Foundation!

TOM:

Oh don't start that again! We're here now, alright? We're all stuck here!

[HE GRABS THE CARRIER BAG WITH THE HEAD AND WALKS TO FREEZER. OPENS FREEZER. THROWS BAG INSIDE]

TOM (CONT):

That's enough creepy head for one day. Back to the frozen aisle for you!

[CLOSES FREEZER LID.]

JEREMY:

What do we do now?

MINA:

We must all remain calm. This situation is not dire, we just have to consider our options. If we can just- (PAINED BREATH)
(SOUND OF FRUSTRATION)

TOM:

What is it?

MINA:

It's Madeline. I can feel her. She's- she wants- No, not yet, I- (INTAKE OF BREATH - SHE AND MADDIE SWITCH-)

MADDIE:

(EFFORT) Ugh... where am I? What happened?

[SHE SLUMPS, EXHAUSTED]

JEREMY:

Madeline!

[JEREMY HURRIES TO HER]

JEREMY:

I've got you. Sit here.

MADDIE:

Jeremy! What happened?

JEREMY:

You're safe. We're at my cousin's. This... this is Tom.

TOM:

Ah. Maddie, I take it?

MADDIE:

(SLIGHTLY STARSTRUCK) You're *Thomas Van Helsing*. (TO JEREMY)
This is your *cousin*?

TOM:

My reputation precedes me!

MADDIE:

I'm not nearly awake enough for this... (EFFORT AS SHE RIGHTS HERSELF) What did I miss exactly?

TOM:

Oh, nothing much. Just the complete disintegration of my happy little life, that's all.

JEREMY:

There was a Thrall outside. I don't know how the fuck it found us.

MADDIE:

Last thing I remember, we were getting on the train...

(SMALL BEAT)

JEREMY:

They found us there, too.

MADDIE:

(REALISING) Oh. I assume that's why everything hurts.

[TEXT CHIRP FROM TOM'S PHONE]

TOM:

My team says there's nothing outside. (DRY LAUGH) Just a fuck-tonne of feathers from whatever was throwing itself at my window. I've never seen birds do that before...

MADDIE:

Throwing themselves at... The head! I told you, Jeremy, back on the moors, Jonathan said Dracula could control animals.

TOM:

Did he now? Just how much did you decide not to tell me, *Jeremy*?

MADDIE:

Oh he does that to family members too? That's a relief, I thought it was just me.

JEREMY:

I didn't- (lie exactly) (CUTS HIMSELF OFF) Look, what about the Thrall? How has that just *magically* disappeared?

TOM:

I'll keep my team outside. If they see anything, they'll tell me. They know to be discrete.

JEREMY:

Oh wonderful! The celebrity bodyguards are keeping us safe.

TOM:

Can you go five minutes without being a total prick?

MADDIE:

Would you both stop [fighting!](TRIES TO STAND, CUT OFF BY PAINED GASP)

TOM:

..Madeline?

MADDIE:

(PAINED) I'm fine. I'm fine.

TOM:

Jeremy, keep an eye on the shutters. Madeline, let's get you into bed, I'll get the first aid kit from the bathroom.

[TOM PUTS DOWN RECORDER, UNAWARE IT'S STILL RECORDING.]

MADDIE:

Wait!

[SHE HURRIES TO RECORDER, PICKS IT UP]

MADDIE:

We'll... we'll need this too.

[RECORDING ENDS]

20. INT. TOM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATER

[RECORDER ON. TOM'S FLAT ATMOS]

MADDIE:

Okay. To start off, just explain who you are, maybe what's happened over the last few days?

TOM:

(HE LAUGHS) This has got to be the strangest self-tape I've ever made...

MADDIE:

We've found it helps to... acclimatise everyone, recording updates for each other. That way, it doesn't feel so jarring when someone returns; particularly if the last thing they remember is being attacked on a train.

TOM:

Fair enough. That's not a bad plan, actually. Clever.

MADDIE:

Thank you. I'm sorry Jeremy didn't tell you everything, about us, about our situation. You deserved to know.

TOM:

Business as usual for Mr Larkin, I'm afraid.

MADDIE:

(CLEARS THROAT) It's... erm. Still recording.

TOM:

Right, sorry! (CLEARS THROAT) Hello ghosts! My name is Thomas Van Helsing, Tom if we're mates. I'm Jeremy's long-suffering cousin, so my condolences for spending the last few days cooped up with him.

You're currently staying in my flat in Highgate, so don't go walk-about without telling me, alright? (BEAT) Anyway, I know what went on with Dracula. I know about the whole... Holmwood Foundation thing. I'm part of the family, so to speak. Never been involved much myself but I'm here to help. (SOFTER) I know what that place does to people.

MADDIE:

How come you didn't get involved?

TOM:

(CHUCKLES) Dad. He might have made his name with Hollywood vampires, but he wanted to keep as far away from the real thing as possible. He'd donate money here and there but he didn't want to touch the family business, passed the sentiment onto me.

MADDIE:

(WINCES) Oww -

TOM:

Ah shit, what did I do?

MADDIE:

Nothing, nothing. Just stings.

TOM:

You should rest. Jeremy and I will keep an eye on things. Make sure that Thrall doesn't come back...

MADDIE:

I'm fine, I promise. (WINCE, CHUCKLE) You know, I read about you in a magazine a few years back.

TOM:

Oh? I hope it was one of the *nice* magazines...

MADDIE:

I, well, I can't remember which one, but you were very open about your transition, might have been 2016, maybe? Sorry, is this weird?

TOM:

Nah, I'm pretty used to it! Now, was that the one with the leather jacket or the purple-dye swimming pool?

MADDIE:

I think *both*, actually.

TOM/MADDIE:

(CHUCKLE)

MADDIE:

(PAINED HISS) I shouldn't be laughing. Too painful.

TOM:

Sorry.

MADDIE:

It's alright. It's nice to laugh about things again.

TOM:

A world without laughter is a dead world.

(BEAT)

MADDIE:

I really did enjoy that article. How honest you were in it. You didn't owe your private life to anyone, but it was very kind of you.

TOM:

I wouldn't call it kind really. The press are intrusive fuckers and, if I wanted to keep working, it was easier to just answer

the questions. Would have been nice to give them all the middle finger and leave it at that, but I was creating a film series that I loved so...

(BEAT)

MADDIE:

I'd been transitioning for a short while when I read that article. It... brought me a lot of hope.

TOM:

Oh? (BEAT, REALISATION.) I'm glad I could help! How did it all go?

MADDIE:

Oh, I was really lucky. My parents were onboard from the beginning, my split from my ex-wife was amicable and my partners have all been understanding. I'm sorry, it didn't sound the same for you.

TOM:

It wasn't all bad, to be honest. Both my parents had been dead for years before I transitioned. I had a few people, good people, that decided to stay and learn. A select few didn't. Besides, being so public meant I was able to give hope to youngsters; show them it's going to be okay, because it will, eventually. That helped me a lot too.

MADDIE:

You know, I remember the kids in my class talking about Sam Von Bloodgorge. Huge fans, all of them.

TOM:

Aww really? That's nice. They better have been nice to you too.

MADDIE:

They were, promise.

Speaking of nice... can I ask you something?

TOM:

Shoot.

MADDIE:

Jeremy. Has he always been so...

TOM:

Bloody difficult?

MADDIE:

(WEARY LAUGH) He's certainly that.

TOM:

Don't worry, I've known him since we were kids. He's like that with everyone. It's not just you.

MADDIE:

Hard to imagine him as a child.

TOM:

Trust me, the grey suits came later. (BEAT) We fell out because he's an oblivious prick who blames everyone else for his misery, as if he's not in control of his own life. He used to be one of the nicest people I knew.

MADDIE:

(LAUGHS) Really? What happened?

TOM:

We grew up. I became me, and he became... well, Mr Larkin. (BEAT) Ask him about his poetry one day, when he really starts pissing you off, that should shut him up. (BEAT) Okay, lean forward, just gotta finish pinning this bandage.

MADDIE:

(PAINED EFFORT)

TOM:

(FINISHES BANDAGING MADDIE.) Right. Anything else we need to add?

MADDIE:

(INTO RECORDING) The head is back in Tom's freezer for now. It's wrapped up in a plastic bag.

[JEREMY ENTERS.]

JEREMY:

Nothing outside. Your team just texted again.

TOM:

Ah, Ghosts, for the recording, Jeremy Larkin is standing in the doorway, looking as miserable as ever.

JEREMY:

Oh fuck off, Thomas.

TOM:

(TO MADDIE) See what I mean? (TO ALL) If we've got the all-clear outside, I might sneak out.

JEREMY:

What?

TOM:

I'll have a word with security downstairs, tell them I've had some problems with an intrusive fan. This whole place is designed for celebrities, or rich bastards, like myself. There's a private exit under the garage, I'm sure they'll escort me if I give one of their kids an autograph.

JEREMY:

Of bloody course.

TOM:

If you need me to get you anything to make this whole mess easier? I have my sources.

MADDIE:

Anything?

TOM:

Within reason, I'm not getting you a gun or anything. I'm not in *those* sorts of circles.

MADDIE:

I... do need my hormone patches.

TOM:

Consider it done. Write down your prescription and I'll get it. God knows what I'd do if I lost my HRT. (BEAT) And take whatever you want from my wardrobe. My girlfriend's left some stuff, I'm sure she'll be fine with you borrowing it.

MADDIE:

Thank you.

TOM:

No problem, seriously. This is... fun.

JEREMY:

I can't believe I'm hearing this. There's a monster out there, not to mention rabid *birds*, and you're *going out*? Are you insane? What if there's something worse? What if the Sister comes back-

MADDIE:

Sister?

(BEAT)

TOM:

Oh, this should be fun.

JEREMY:

It's nothing, Madeline. Really.

TOM:

Oh no. You're not doing this again. First you lie about the Harkers, then you lie about not going to the Foundation. You're not lying to her about the Sister, Jeremy. She deserves to know.

MADDIE:

(SOFTLY) I do.

(BEAT)

JEREMY:

Fuck. *Fine.*

TOM:

I'm off on my little adventure, you two have fun. (BEAT) Here, I bet the Ghosts will want to hear all about this too.

[TOM HANDS RECORDER TO MADDIE, WALKS OUT. DOOR SHUTS]

21. INT. TOM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

[BEDROOM ATMOS]

MADDIE:

...Jeremy, who's the Sister?

[JEREMY SITS]

JEREMY:

(SIGHS) She's what attacked us on the train. She's what... hurt you. That's why we're here.

MADDIE:

What is she? A Thrall?

JEREMY:

Worse. Christ, as if anything could be worse than those things...

MADDIE:

I thought you said there wasn't anything else chasing us.

JEREMY:

I know.

MADDIE:

Jeremy, I asked you outright before we boarded the train if there was anything else I should know-

JEREMY:

I know! I know, fuck. I *know*.

MADDIE:

You lied to me. Over and over again. You lied.

JEREMY:

I... wasn't sure, alright? If she'd escaped. I wanted to believe the extraction teams had found her. (HUMOURLESS LAUGH) Of course they hadn't...

MADDIE:

What is she?

(BEAT)

JEREMY:

Modern media calls them *Dracula's Brides*. They're like Thralls but... more intelligent, more *human*. Whatever Dracula did to create them, they turned out... different.

MADDIE:

They were down in the biological archives?

JEREMY:

Just one. Tom and I... met her, once. When we were teenagers.

[JEREMY PULLS UP A SLEEVE - EXPOSING A TERRIBLE OLD SCAR]

MADDIE:

(CONCERNED/SURPRISED REACTION) She did that to you? That entire scar?

JEREMY (CONT):

She almost tore us apart. My father had to save us. Made sure Tom never stepped foot inside that place again, which was not the curse my father thought it was.

MADDIE:

And now she's... after us?

JEREMY:

The Sisters aren't just mindless, they're powerful, intelligent beings, obsessed with Dracula. (BEAT. RENEWED URGENCY) Which is why, Madeline, I was trying to get to the Foundation! To warn them, so they can *help*.

MADDIE:

(PROCESSING THIS) Right. Right, okay. Just... give me a second. (DEEP BREATH) I'm going to get dressed, I'm going to have a shower. I'm going to... breathe, and then we're going to the Foundation, together.

JEREMY:

What? But- what about the Thrall? Those birds?

MADDIE:

We'll be ready this time and, whatever's lurking outside, we'll deal with it. (BEAT) Is there anything else I should know? No more secrets, please.

JEREMY:

I've told you everything I'm aware of. Anything else will be a fucking surprise for both of us. I promise.

MADDIE:

How do I know this isn't just another lie?

JEREMY:

Because- Madeline- Christ, I'm trying. I..[I want to]. Let me fucking try?

(BEAT)

MADDIE:

Okay, okay. One more chance. (A DEEP BREATH) Now, I'm going to get ready.

JEREMY:

But [you're still injured]- (HE GIVES IN) Fine. (BEAT) How are you... feeling?

MADDIE:

I feel... actually I feel awful. (SHE LAUGHS WEAKLY) But I'm glad we're alive.

JEREMY:

(SINCERE) Me too.

[RECORDER OFF]

22. INT. TOM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM, SAME TIME

[PHONE RINGING. TOM PICKS UP]

TOM:

Um - Hello?

ARTHUR:

(HURRIED) I need to speak to Madeline.

TOM:

Who is this? There's no Madeline here.

ARTHUR:

I'm Arthur Jones. She knows who I am. I know she's with you.

TOM:

And how exactly did you get my number, Mr Jones?

ARTHUR:

That doesn't matter right now. Look. Please. I need to speak to Mads. She's in terrible danger. She mustn't bring the head to the Foundation. Do you understand me? She *mustn't*.

TOM:

What?

ARTHUR:

They can't be trusted.

ENDING TITLES
END OF EPISODE