

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION - MINISODE (EP 7.5)

1985

SC 1. INT - INTERVIEW ROOM - LUCY WESTENRA BUILDING - 1985

J3, ELENA, SCIENTIST

FX: RECORDER CLICK

FX: J3 AND ELENA ARE SEPARATED BY THICK BULLETPROOF GLASS. ELENA IS HELD IN RESTRAINTS.

FX: BUBBLING GUSHING LIQUID FROM THE OTHER ROOM AS ELENA EMERGES.

ELENA:

(D) (GASP OF BREATH AS SHE EMERGES)

J3:

Interview begins.

ELENA:

(D) (STRUGGLING) What is going on? Where am I? (BITTER LAUGH - SHE REALISES) You bring me back to this place? Why will you not let me sleep? Have you not already taken so much from me?

J3:

The time is 11:43, Fifteenth of December, 1985.

ELENA:

(D) Release me!

FX: BUTTON PRESS. J3'S VOICE ECHOES OVER AN INTERCOM INTO ELENA'S ROOM.

J3:

I'm afraid I cannot do that. I would advise you not to struggle. You are being held in restraints composed of an iron-silver alloy. Utterly useless in all commercial aspects except one.

ELENA:

(D) It burns!

J3:

Yes. Precisely. (SLIGHTLY UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT) For the benefit of the tape, this is Jonathan Harker, interviewing Asset Six.

ELENA:

(D) Harker? Jonathan Harker? (SHE LAUGHS) Je n'en reviens pas! You think to mock me? Act as if I am a fool? That is all you can accomplish now?

J3:

I'm not mocking you. My name *is* Jonathan Harker, the third. The Harker you met was...well. He died a long time ago.

ELENA:

(D) I do not sense any Harker in this room. Where are you?

J3:

I am sitting behind the glass you see in front of you. As of this week, I have taken over the position of Director of The Lucy Westenra Building. This place is now under my control.

ELENA:

(STRUGGLING EFFORT - NOT LISTENING)

J3:

I...wanted to speak to you. I knew from our records that we held an...allegedly sentient thrall down here. But to finally meet you-

ELENA:

(D) Allegedly sentient? You keep me trapped down here like an animal!

J3:

...yes. Yes, we do. I'm sorry. And I want to fix that.

ELENA:

(D) Fix it? You speak as if we are equals, and yet you sit behind glass. You dare not show your face. You wield the name of old ghosts. You fear me. Even with all your little toys, you fear me.

J3:

I want to help you.

ELENA:

(SCOFFS)

J3:

You clearly have human intellect. Your organic transformation is...minimal, compared to other assets in our care. And yet we've kept you down here for the last forty years. I dare say my predecessors didn't know what to do with you.

ELENA:

Your predecessors labelled me a monster!

J3:

They labelled you a *danger*. Both to yourself and others. With extensive documentation to back up that fact, I might add.

FX: HE FLICKS THROUGH PAPERS IN FRONT OF HIM.

J3 (CONT) :

Your records are also...extensive. Blood tests, skin samples. An attempt was made, I see, to interview you, based on your background-

ELENA:

(D) Humiliations. I am not a test subject. Is that what you wish from me now? For me to tell you my life story?

J3:

I want to talk to you.

ELENA:

(D) Why? So you can poke and pry and cut at me again? So you can take my blood, rip into my flesh? You may have it written down in your little records, but I do not forget so easily what was done to me when I arrived here, what is done to me still!

J3:

No. I don't want-

ELENA:

(D) (LOUDER) (STRUGGLING) Set me free! Let me out! Let me out!

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) She's getting agitated. Administering a sedative.

J3:

(TURNING AROUND) What? No! You touch that button and I shall have you fired, do you understand?

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) Yes, Mr Harker.

J3:

(OFF) Our investors are watching. We promised them information. I will not allow you to jeopardize this interview.

ELENA:

(D) (OUT OF BREATH) You think your methods of torture will make a difference? You have not cowed me.

J3:

(BACK TO MIC) That was never my intention.

ELENA:

(D) Of course not.

J3:

No more pain, no more instruments. I won't allow you to be touched. I really do just want to talk.

ELENA:

(SCOFFS) *Talk.* How can I trust anything you say?

J3:

You can't, I suppose. In your position I wouldn't trust us either. Our paperwork is cold, clinical. From what I can discern, we've spent the last three decades treating you like a...creature.

ELENA:

(SCOFFS)

(LONG BEAT)

J3:

What's your name?

(BEAT)

ELENA:

(D) What?

J3:

Your name. All our paperwork simply calls you "Asset Six". Surely that wasn't the name you were born with.

(LONG BEAT)

ELENA:

(D) I could give you my name. But let me see your face, first. Let me know with whom I am speaking.

J3:

I can't do that. There are protocols-

ELENA:

(D) Of course. A rat, hiding in his little hole, pretending he sees me as an equal. I would rather the chains, rather the ice, than a moment more of this pretense.

(BEAT)

J3:

(SIGHS)

FX: J3 RISES FOR HIS SEAT

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) Sir!

J3:

We can't finish this conversation until we have what we need. Just open the door, and keep an eye on the monitors. I'll be fine.

(LONG BEAT)

FX: SCIENTIST PRESSES A BUTTON. DOOR SLIDES OPEN. J3 WALKS INTO ELENA'S ROOM.

J3:

I will remind you that you are still being filmed. There will be CCTV footage of this entire conversation, as well as this recording.

ELENA:

You? You are Jonathan Harker? You are a child.

J3:

I run this facility now. I can help you.

ELENA:

Then release me!

(BEAT)

J3:

I can't.

ELENA:

Then you hold no power at all!

J3:

I didn't say that.

ELENA:

(SNEERS) I sense heartbeats beyond that wall. Where are you soldiers? Your little guards? Do they wait in hiding to drag me away?

J3:

I have a small team watching this exchange, yes. And there are guards on the door, but they're mostly to ensure neither of us come to any harm.

ELENA:

They are to ensure I do not kill you.

J3:

Before we found you, you had already killed eight French hikers. You killed three of our men just transporting you here. We have the documentation.

ELENA:

They had bound me, they threatened me with silver and garlic. Their touch burned.

J3:

And the hikers?

ELENA:

I was hungry. (BEAT) Do you know what it is like to be plagued by this eternal hunger? Never satisfied, never full, only for that brief moment after you have taken a mortal life?

J3:

I couldn't possibly imagine. (BEAT) You said you would tell me your name if you could see me. I've kept my part of the bargain..

(LONG BEAT)

ELENA:

(RELUCTANT) It is Elena.

J3:

Elena.

ELENA:

Does that make you feel strong? Powerful? To know the monster's name?

J3:

It makes me relieved I don't have to keep calling you "Asset Six."

(BEAT)

ELENA:

Why do you pretend to care what happens to me? What do you want, when everyone else pokes and prods and seeks to harm?

(BEAT)

J3:

I...have a son.

ELENA:

How gratifying for you.

J3:

He's about to turn four. It's...fascinating, the way one's perspective shifts once one has a life to protect. (BEAT) And you are, unfortunately, correct. I do not have complete control over this building. I have to answer to shareholders, to board members. I must report to my fellow Directors, my scientific advisors. I may...offer my opinion, but they must agree with it if I wish to advance in any capacity.

ELENA:

(SCOFFS)

J3:

You must help me convince them that you are no threat.

ELENA:

I am a threat. I am a monster. A creature. I would rip you apart in an instant.

J3:

But you are also a person. You can speak, you can reason. We don't force even our worst murderers to endure what we've put you through. I want to help.

(BEAT)

ELENA:

Prove it to me.

J3:

How?

ELENA:

I will ask something of you. Give it to me, prove you see me as an equal, and I may...listen to your proposition.

J3:

Go on.

ELENA:

I want to speak to you alone. Without your guards, without your locks and chains, without the pain you wield to keep me pinned. Just you and I. Together. Alone.

(BEAT)

J3:

I can't do that.

ELENA:

Then you are as powerless as I.

(BEAT)

J3:

I shall...see what I can do.

FX: J3 LEAVES INTERVIEW ROOM, STEPS BACK INTO CONTROL ROOM. CLOSSES DOOR BEHIND HIM. SCIENTIST HURRIES TO MEET HIM.

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) What were you doing? If she'd gotten out somehow-

J3:

(OFF) She didn't. Put her back under.

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) You're not seriously considering-

J3:

(OFF) Of course I'm not. She thinks she has power over this conversation. She does not.

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) So should I archive the files? Tell Alfred to put her back in storage?

J3:

(OFF) (HE SIGHS) No. No. I'll sort it out. I need to file a report to the board anyway; tell them what a colossal fucking waste of time this all was. Doubtless they'll have some choice words for me. Another dead end.

SCIENTIST:

(OFF) Right you are, sir.

FX: J3 WALKS TO DESK.

J3:

(INTO RECORDER) Interview ended.

FX: RECORDER CLICK.

SC 2. INT - INTERVIEW ROOM - LUCY WESTENRA BUILDING - 1985

J3, ELENA

FX: RECORDER CLICK.

J3:

(SOTTO - INTO RECORDER) Recording resumed.

FX: DOOR OPENS. J3 ENTERS.

J3:

Elena.

ELENA:

You again.

J3:

Alone. As promised. The controls for your tank took a moment to operate, but thankfully I retain access to all company manuals-

ELENA:

I do not believe you.

J3:

That I can operate your tank?

ELENA:

That you have arrived alone.

J3:

No? I've left the door open. You sensed heartbeats last time we spoke. What do you sense right now?

(BEAT)

ELENA:

I sense heartbeats above us. Many of them. You did lie to me.

J3:

That would be the Holmwood Foundation Christmas Party. I...snuck away during the raffle. We are alone down here. Utterly.

ELENA:

(SHE SCOFFS) You still have helpers, those who would run to your aid, take your word over mine-

J3:

I may have agreed to your proposal, Elena, but I'm not an idiot. Neither can I clear this facility completely on your whim. We talk now, like this, or we don't talk at all. My job is already on the line, given the disastrous end to our last interview.

ELENA:

I thought you wished to help me.

J3:

I do. (BEAT) You know what I think?

ELENA:

What?

J3:

I think you're testing me. All this talk of ripping me open and murdering my colleagues. I think it's a bluff.

ELENA:

It is no bluff.

J3:

Oh, I'm certain you could do it. I do not doubt your capabilities, Elena. But calling yourself a monster, a beast without mercy. I don't believe you.

ELENA:

What do you think I am, then?

J3:

Exactly what I told you before: an individual. With a mind and wants of her own.

ELENA:

And for that you would set me free? Unleash me upon the world?

J3:

I would offer you a job.

(BEAT)

ELENA:

(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) I think I like you, Mr Harker. You have guts, for such a frail creature.

J3:

I'm not joking. Help me help you, and I can provide your cooperation as evidence to my Directors, my investors, any colleague who might vote to keep you frozen away down here. We can set you free.

(BEAT)

ELENA:

Go on. What is this help you request?

J3:

Your...creator. Count Dracula.

ELENA:

(SOFT HISS OF BREATH)

J3:

This Foundation was built to contain him, to study him. And others of his kind.

ELENA:

And what an excellent job you have done of that. (BEAT) Do you have him? Is he contained?

J3:

He was decapitated in the winter of 1890. Chopped into six uneven pieces by our own Madam Mina Harker, with whom you are doubtlessly already acquainted. His pieces remain under our care.

(BEAT)

ELENA:

(AWED) You did that? To him.

J3:

Not myself specifically. But yes. We keep him stored in several secure locations, under 24-hour observation.

(LONG BEAT - ELENA PROCESSES THIS)

ELENA:

(SOFT LAUGHTER) He is in pieces.

J3:

You...sound pleased.

ELENA:

Pleased? To see him torn to shreds, scattered to the winds? It is the least he deserves.

J3:

He isn't your...master? Your creator?

ELENA:

He is my creator, but he is no master of mine. Once, perhaps. But no longer.

J3:

Fascinating. (BEAT) When I say we secured every piece of...your creator, it isn't entirely correct. Ms Harker and her compatriots failed to secure an important piece of his body before it fell to the Carpathian wilderness.

(BEAT - ELENA DOESN'T RESPOND)

J3 (CONT):

The head.

ELENA:

I see.

J3:

You told me previously that you can sense other vampires, sense the Thralls in containment. Is there a chance-

ELENA:

That I can sense my own creator?

J3:

Exactly.

(BEAT)

ELENA:

What would you do, if you found it? You would put him under the same conditions as me? You would hold him in suspension, deep below the ground, unable to move, unable to act?

J3:

If that's what you wanted.

(LONG BEAT)

J3 (CONT):

Well?

(BEAT)

ELENA:

...Your son. What is his name?

J3:

I hardly see why that's important.

ELENA:

It is important to me. Your son. What name did you give him?

J3:

Jeremy.

ELENA:

And he has a mother, awaiting you at home?

J3:

She...left us. Last year. It's just me.

ELENA:

And you would want this for him, what you have done to me here?
You would wish him locked away, beneath the earth?

J3:

Of course not.

ELENA:

Then remember that after this conversation. Remember that you
called me a person.

(BEAT)

J3:

(REALISING) ...You can't sense him, can you?

(BEAT)

ELENA:

I sense the unfortunates below us. I sense your little party
above us. I sense no other. Either he is too far away, or he is
lost to us.

(BEAT)

J3:

I see. Well, that is a shame.

FX: ELENA PRESSES FORWARD - HINDERED BY HER RESTRAINTS

ELENA:

You promise? You promise still to help me?

J3:

You really sense nothing at all?

ELENA:

Do you promise to set me free?

(BEAT)

J3:

I shall do what I can.

ELENA:

I sense your heartbeat quickening. I sense your disappointment.
(SHE STRAINS FORWARD) I am not a tool, Mr Harker. I am not a pretty little hunting dog to sniff and chase. You called me a person! You promised!

FX: J3 BEGINS TO WALK AWAY.

J3:

I shall submit my evidence to the board. Everything else is out of my hands. Although, if nothing else, Elena, you have ensured my continued running of this place; the only person able to communicate with Asset Six. I should thank you for that. I intend to do great things here.

ELENA:

(BEGINS TO STRUGGLE) I will hunt you down! I will rip you open! I will make you rue the day you lied to me!

J3:

(INTO RECORDER) Interview ended.

FX: RECORDER CLICK

EPISODE CREDITS
EPISODE ENDS