

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION
EP-05 - WILDLIFE
BY FIO TRETHERWEY & GEORGIA COOK

01. INT - CAM - TIKTOK RECORDING

CAM:

Cam-Fam, we need to talk about Thomas Van Helsing, because he was quietly arrested last night.

(BEAT)

That got your attention, didn't it? And, what's even weirder is, it's not been reported *anywhere*. I've scanned the papers, searched all over social media, but it's nowhere! Which is highly suss, if you ask me.

So I bet you're asking: How do *I* know? And what exactly happened?

Last night, a fancy high-rise flat complex in north London was evacuated due to a suspected gas leak.

Van Helsing has lived in London for the last four years, though there's never been a definitive answer as to where - suggestions have always been Hampstead Heath or Highgate.

Well, last night, we finally got our answer.

A passer-by took a photo of Tom, which he then shared on his socials, showing him being put into the back of a blacked-out four-by-four with some shadowy figures, just as the evacuation of said fancy high-rise was taking place. The photo isn't great but Van Helsing is pretty recognisable, at least to anyone who knows him.

(BEAT)

So what's going on? Has he upset the wrong people? The lack of coverage feels odd too. Just what aren't they telling us?

(BEAT) (GROWS MORE PASSIONATE) I know people are gonna see this, and they're going to say maybe he's gone back into rehab, but that just doesn't ring true to me. He's an open guy, he's always shared his troubles with drink, especially after High Stakes. There'd be signs if that was the case! I'm sure of it. He wouldn't just go dark on us...

(BEAT, REGAINING COMPOSURE)

Make sure you tune in again for more updates on Van Helsing from me, by hitting the like and the follow buttons! Bye for now!

END OF TIKTOK RECORDING

02. INT - FOUNDATION INTERVIEW ROOM - RECORDING

FX: TAPE ON. SMALL, WINDOWLESS ROOM. TOM SITS AT ONE SIDE OF A

TABLE. MAGDALANA SITS AT THE OTHER

MAGDALENA:

For the benefit of the tape, this is Magdalena Swift, head of security at the Holmwood Foundation London Branch, interviewing Mr Thomas Van Helsing. It is 4:15 am on the 13th of June, 2024.

TOM:

Oh, I love an interview. I hope you're not selling all this to Cosmo once we're done?

MAGDALENA:

All interviews within the Foundation are subject to strict privacy laws-

TOM:

Ah, one of *those* interviews. Absolutely No Humour Allowed. Got it. Sounds like the Holmwood Foundation I know and avoid.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Van Helsing, where are Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend?

TOM:

How should I know? I've not seen that bastard in years. (BEAT - TO THE TAPE) For the benefit of the tape, '*That Bastard*' refers to Mr Jeremy Larkin. I'm sure Ms Townsend is lovely.

MAGDALENA:

We know they visited you. We have both of their DNA on file and it was all over your apartment.

TOM:

I have lots of people's DNA in my flat. Maybe they were part of one of my many celebrity orgies. Who's to say?

MAGDALENA:

They were there the night we arrived. We have the CCTV from every camera in your building. Your car was seen leaving the parking garage, with a man and woman matching their descriptions inside, at the exact same time we apprehended you. You helped them escape.

(BEAT)

TOM:

This isn't a proper police interview. You have no authority to

keep me here, and I have no intention of answering your questions. I know my rights.

MAGDALENA:

This isn't a *film*, Thomas. Look, I don't know what they told you, but we believe Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend may have been involved in nine deaths, five of which took place during the destruction of the Westenra building in Whitby. They are a danger, both to themselves and to the public-

TOM:

Nine deaths? Jeremy and Maddie? Have you seen them? Besides, you and I know full well, those deaths were the fault of the nightmare freak monsters you were supposed to be keeping in storage.

MAGDALENA:

Monsters, Mr Van Helsing?

TOM:

What do you call them again? Oh yes, *Thralls*. Escaping from your biological archives. Swarming all over my parking garage, like something out of one of my movies. (HE SCOFFS) Next you'll be telling me Jeremy and Maddie are the ones resurrecting the head.

MAGDALENA:

How do you know about a head?

(BEAT)

TOM:

(REALISING HE'S SLIPPED UP) You... were banging on about it when you raided my flat. And I thought to myself, Tom old buddy, what kind of head do you think the creepy-as-fuck Holmwood Foundation could possibly be looking for? Then it came to me in a flash.

MAGDALENA:

Ms Townsend and Mr Larkin are believed to be in possession of extremely dangerous Foundation property. We don't know the exact role they had to play in the breakdown of internal security at the Westenra building, but we do know neither of them are in a fit state of mind. (BEAT) And I don't think I have to tell you exactly how *dangerous* that head could be.

(BEAT)

TOM:

(LEANING BACK) What's Mr Harker got to say about all this?

MAGDALANA:

Excuse me?

TOM:

The great and powerful Mr Jonathan Harker the third? I notice he's not the one interviewing me.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Harker is being kept aware of our investigation. Our priority is locating Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend, and ensuring our property is contained.

TOM:

And if you catch them? These *dangerous* people?

(BEAT)

MAGDALENA:

(NOT TELLING THE TRUTH) They will be handed over to the proper authorities.

TOM:

Then why not just hand me to the police, if that's your intention?

MAGDALENA:

We could. For harbouring suspected murderers. Obstructing the course of justice. We hoped you might cooperate instead.

TOM:

How unfortunate for you.

MAGDALENA:

(SHE SIGHS) So you're refusing to help us?

TOM:

(SWEETLY) So pleased we understand one another. Now, do you have a car provided for me or will I have to call myself a taxi? You will be getting [the bill, of course] -

MAGDALENA:

Actually, I think we'd better keep you here for a while.

TOM:

Keep me here?

MAGDALENA:

We have some executive suites downstairs. Windowless, 24-hour CCTV. You'll be comfortable enough.

TOM:

But that's not- [legal]

MAGDALENA:

After all, you've just informed us you believe you saw monsters in your apartment building. It's only right we keep you monitored for signs of carbon monoxide poisoning. (BEAT - TO THE RECORDER) Interview ended at 4:25am.

FX: RECORDER CLICKS OFF

03. INT - TOM'S CAR - RECORDING

FX: LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING DRIVING ATMOS AS THE CAR TRAVELS DOWN A WINDING COUNTRY ROAD

MADDIE:

(STIFLES A YAWN)

FX: SOFT, SHIFTING RADIO FX AS JONATHAN STRUGGLES WITH THE CAR RADIO

MADDIE (CONT):

Any luck?

JONATHAN:

(SITS BACK) Still thoroughly baffling I'm afraid..

MADDIE:

(SHE LAUGHS) I promise, this is excessive even for a modern car. I doubt even I could tell you what half these buttons do. But loving these fancy headlights. All these little back roads will keep us off the grid, and I can still see. (BEAT) Maybe you can keep me awake?

JONATHAN:

How?

MADDIE:

Talk to me? We're not too far from Dover. Just one final push to

make sure I don't- (SHE YAWNS) slump over the wheel...

JONATHAN:

(TIRED CHUCKLE) Such an interesting turn of phrase. (BEAT) I still recall the thrill of boarding a hansom cab for the first time. To have a vehicle such as this at your fingertips, whenever you wish...

MADDIE:

It must be so overwhelming, waking up to all this. I'm sorry we haven't been able to integrate you both better.

JONATHAN:

It is overwhelming. But I know I am here for a reason. We have a purpose, and... (BEAT) To reunite with Mina, to hold her hand, after all this time. It is a gift worth every confusion in the world.

MADDIE:

(SHE SMILES) You really love her.

JONATHAN:

She is my world.

(COMFORTABLE BEAT)

JONATHAN (CONT):

(THOUGHTFUL) ...A hat.

MADDIE:

Sorry?

JONATHAN:

I would rather like a hat, should we find a moment to acquire one. I meant to ask Thomas earlier, but it felt such a small thing...

MADDIE:

Why a hat?

JONATHAN:

I feel quite... underdressed without one. There is much I can accommodate with Mr Larkin's fashion, but to be outside without a hat...

MADDIE:

Oh yes, of course, I forget. It was a bit of a social faux pas in the 1890s, wasn't it? It's been a while since I studied

Victorian fashion...

JONATHAN:

You must think me foolish, after everything we've faced.

MADDIE:

No, I understand. Sometimes it's the little things we can control that make all the difference.

JONATHAN:

Quite. And there is so very much which feels out of control at this moment.

MADDIE:

You're telling me.

(ANOTHER BEAT)

JONATHAN:

On that thought... I must ask. About Mr Harker, your employer...

MADDIE:

Oh, yes. Right.

JONATHAN:

I was wondering if you could tell me more about him?

MADDIE:

I'm afraid I've never actually met him. (BEAT) Well, no, actually: I met him once. Arthur took me to one of the Foundation's charity balls in London, before I got the Archival job. Mr Harker made a speech.

JONATHAN:

Is he... nice? A good employer?

MADDIE:

I remember him looking quite... severe, actually. (BEAT) Sorry, Jonathan, I'm probably not the best person to ask about all this. Technically I haven't even finished my first week working for the Foundation.

JONATHAN:

Right. Of course. (BEAT) It's just... Mr Jones believes he is somehow in league with Dracula. The mastermind of all this. A *Harker*.

MADDIE:

That's what he said. (SHE SIGHS) And what's worse is he's Jeremy's *father*.

JONATHAN:

Mr Larkin's- (REALISES) Oh. Oh, I see.

MADDIE:

Jeremy was so desperate to get hold of him, to reach the London building. (BEAT) If I told him Arthur thinks his father's got something to do with what's happened to us... do you think he'll believe me? Earlier, at Tom's, I really felt like he'd started to turn a corner-

JONATHAN:

(HE WINCES) *Agh!*

MADDIE:

(STARTLED) Jonathan?

JONATHAN:

(STRUGGLING) Yes. I, uh... (WEAK LAUGH) Not to disturb your driving, but I believe Mr Larkin- [SMALL CRY OF PAIN]

FX: JEREMY TAKES OVER - GHOSTLY REVERB VANISHES

JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION AS HE EMERGES) *Tom!*

FX: JEREMY KNOCKS WHEEL, CAR SWERVES SLIGHTLY.

MADDIE:

Careful! I'm trying to drive.

JEREMY:

Drive? But- (LOOKS AROUND, REALISES WHERE HE IS) *Fuck*. What's happened now?

MADDIE:

We're on our way to Dover.

JEREMY:

Dover?

MADDIE:

Sorry. You missed quite a lot. We're meeting Arthur there, with

the head.

JEREMY:

But we were in London.

MADDIE:

I know, I know. (CONSIDERS) I'm afraid we got some new information.

JEREMY:

But— Oh I hate this! Waking up somewhere new without any fucking idea where I am. Knowing my body's been... *doing* things. (BEAT) What new information?

MADDIE:

Arthur... Arthur says the Limbs held by the Foundation have started waking up, moving around, same as the head. He thinks having them in close proximity is what's causing it, so we're taking the head to him in Dover. From there, he can take it to Amsterdam, far away enough that it... severs the connection, stops all this from happening.

JEREMY:

And the Foundation knows about this? They agree?

MADDIE:

I...(RELUCTANTLY - NOT TELLING HIM THE FULL TRUTH) They don't know. Arthur thinks it'll only waste more time: they'd be forced to run tests, fill in paperwork, confirm what we already know - all while the head gets stronger.

JEREMY:

Jesus Christ...

MADDIE:

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have just dropped this all on you. Once we get to Dover, Arthur will help us figure this out.

JEREMY:

That's what I fucking said about London...

FX: PHONE CHIRPING

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

MADDIE:

It's the burner phone!

JEREMY:

What?

MADDIE:

Tom left it for us! Check my pocket!

FX: JEREMY RUMMAGES. FINDS THE STILL RINGING PHONE

JEREMY:

It's Tom.

FX: HE ANSWERS

04. INT. CAR / FOUNDATION INTERVIEW ROOM - PHONE CALL

FX: CAR DRIVING ATMOS ON JEREMY'S END. DEADENED QUIET AT TOM'S.

TOM:

(D) (FALSE CHEERINESS) Hey mate. Sorry I didn't pick up earlier.

JEREMY:

(D) Tom! Thank God you're alright. We didn't know-

TOM:

(D) I'm fine. I'm fine. Just got a bit caught up dealing with your *delightful* colleagues.

JEREMY:

(D) What happened? Madeline said the Foundation came to the flat.

TOM:

(D) Don't worry, they let me go once I threatened legal action. I didn't tell them anything about you or Maddie. (BEAT) It's... it's good to hear from you again.

JEREMY:

(D) Yes. Christ. Jonathan Harker. I'm sorry about that.

TOM:

(D) Interesting guy, that ghost of yours. Pinned me to a wall.

JEREMY:

(D) (DRY) I'm afraid I've not had the pleasure.

TOM:

(D) Well it's... it's good to hear you now. And I'm glad you're okay.

JEREMY:

(D) If that's the word you want to use.

TOM:

(D) So... uh... Maddie filled you in on everything? With the Foundation, and the limbs?

MADDIE:

(D) (OFF) (HURRIEDLY) I did, Tom. He's caught up.

JEREMY:

(D) Regrettably. I suppose we're on our way to Do- [ver]

TOM:

(D) (CUTTING HIM OFF HURRIEDLY) Do let Maddie know the car has heated seats. Second button on the left, under the steering wheel.

JEREMY:

(D) What? Are you alright?

TOM:

(D) What? I'm good. I'm good. fine. Are you alright?

JEREMY:

(D) Of course I'm not alright! This was supposed to be ending in London! (BEAT, HE SIGHS) But I... suppose I'm as fine as I could be.

TOM:

(D) Good. Good. Just... wanted to check. It was a lot for me

to process too. (BEAT) Okay, right, well. Going to hang up now. Stay safe, yeah?

JEREMY:

(D) Right. We will. (BEAT) Tom, are you sure-

TOM:

(D) See you.

FX: CALL ENDS QUICKLY

05. INT - FOUNDATION INTERVIEW ROOM - RECORDING

FX: TOM SETS PHONE DOWN ON TABLE.

MAGDALENA:

You cut him off. He was about to tell you where he was going.

TOM:

Was he? I didn't notice.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Van Helsing, you promised you would cooperate with us.

TOM:

I didn't promise anything! *You* locked me inside one of your underground nightmare suites while you rummaged around in my pockets.

MAGDALENA:

The Executive Suites are fully fitted for visits from senior management, as you needed rest after an exciting night. They aren't prison cells.

TOM:

That's funny. I thought a windowless room, with a bed, bathroom and no wifi, was exactly what a prison cell is like? No matter how luxurious the furnishings.

MAGDALENA:

(SHE SIGHS) Either way, you have not only confirmed what we already knew regarding Ms Townsend and Mr Larkin, but you have obstructed our investigation again.

TOM:

No comment.

MAGDALENA:

You do realise we can continue to keep you here? Whatever you think you're doing, it won't impede my team for long.

TOM:

Someone'll notice. The press are always sniffing around, and my fans check in on everything. And I mean everything.

MAGDALENA:

Do they? You've vanished before.

(BEAT)

TOM:

What?

MAGDALENA:

2016, wasn't it? Hanover House Rehab centre in Berkshire.

TOM:

How did you—? That's private information!

MAGDALENA:

Like I said, Mr Van Helsing: we keep tabs on everyone related to the Foundation.

TOM:

God, you really are some evil-fucking-organisation, aren't you?

FX: MAGDALENA'S PHONE STARTS TO RING.

MAGDALENA:

I'm just trying to remind you that your adoring public might not care quite as much for you as you think they do. (BEAT) I'll let you think about that, shall I?

FX: SHE STANDS

TOM:

I'm not letting you drag Jeremy and Maddie through the mud, no matter what you do to me. They're not villains!

MAGDALENA:

We're all heroes of our own story, Mr Van Helsing. They're the villains in mine, and I will find them. (BEAT) Recording ends: 7:15 am.

FX: RECORDING ENDS

06. INT - TOM'S CAR - RECORDING

FX: CAR DRIVING ATMOS. JEREMY ENDS THE CALL WITH TOM (SC. 4)

MADDIE:

(RELIEVED) So he's safe, at least.

JEREMY:

What the hell was the Seward Building thinking? Dragging him in like that?

MADDIE:

I wish I knew. I wish any of this made sense.

JEREMY:

And what did he mean *am I alright*? Am I alright we've had to add an extra day onto this nightmare week? Am I alright that we've been attacked by vampires three fucking days in a row?

JONATHAN:

(UNEXPECTEDLY ANSWERING) Four, actually.

MADDIE:

What?

JEREMY:

I don't-... I didn't say that.

MADDIE:

It came out of your mouth.

JEREMY:

Madeline, I didn't say it! (GASP OF PAIN)

MADDIE:

...Jonathan?

JEREMY:

Fuck. I've only just woken up! I'm not going back under. I don't- (DEEP BREATH AS HE SWITCHES WITH JONATHAN)

JONATHAN:

(STARTING AWAKE AGAIN) Oh. Oh that felt queer. What happened? Did I fall asleep? I do apologise, Madeline. I promised I wouldn't-

MADDIE:

(UNSETTLED) It's okay. You switched with Jeremy for a second.

JONATHAN:

Oh. I see.

MADDIE:

You... spoke, I think. Before you switched.

JONATHAN:

Yes, I... I think I remember. Like joining a conversation. Has that happened to yourself and Mina?

MADDIE:

No. Never.

(LONG BEAT)

MADDIE (CONT):

(PUTTING THIS ASIDE) One problem at a time: first we're getting to Dover. Just a few more hours. Nothing else can happen to us in a few hours.

07. INT - SURREY LAB - RECORDING

FX: RECORDER CLICKS ON

ECHOING LAB. SOFT BUBBLING LIQUID SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM. DR LAKE SITS ALONE AT A COMPUTER.

DR LAKE:

This is Dr Timothy Lake, filling in for Dr Henrietta Martin.
(BEAT) I... know we've not been asked to perform another assessment on the hand, but... christ, what else are we *supposed* to do? I've just been sitting here like a lemon. Must have had at least ten cups of tea already this morning... Nobody's even so much as called. Does nobody else understand the... *magnitude* of all this? What are you all doing up in London? If I wasn't buried under miles of NDAs I'd go up there myself and- (HE CUTS HIMSELF OFF) Probably get myself fired...

FX: DOORS OPEN, HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS HENRI ARRIVES

HENRI:

(OFF) (BREATHLESS) I'm here! I'm here! Sorry I'm late.
(BEAT) What's going on? Why are you here?

DR LAKE:

I came in early.

HENRI:

Earlier than me? That's a miracle.

DR LAKE:

Nothing wrong with having a healthy work balance. Why are you here so early?

HENRI:

It's not like I can sleep right now, Tim. This is... [so exciting] (DRIFTS OFF) Why's the equipment all set up? Were you about to assess the hand? *Without* me?

DR LAKE:

A... personal project. For my own peace of mind.

FX: HENRI HURRIES CLOSER TO RECORDER

HENRI:

It's done something new?

DR LAKE:

(SIGHS) Not yet. I just keep thinking I see it... flinch, out of the corner of my eye, if I blink or turn away. Had to change a couple of the cameras that were glitching out, so who knows

what's real right now? I certainly don't.

HENRI:

Are you sleeping alright, Tim?

DR LAKE:

What? Of course I am. Just getting... jumpy. Trying to wring information from high up is like getting blood from a stone, and we don't even know if this thing is safe to be around!

HENRI:

Hm. Just don't make me call your husband to take you home, okay?

FX: HENRI'S PHONE BUZZES. SHE CHECKS IT, SWITCHES IT OFF.

DR LAKE:

You alright?

HENRI:

Oh, it's nothing. Just... boyfriend issues. I'll call him back.

DR LAKE:

I didn't know you had a boyfriend.

HENRI:

What can I say? I'm a woman of mystery. (DELIBERATELY CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Let's get everything set up, shall we?

DR LAKE:

Right. And hope the equipment's bloody working this time.

FX: HE SWITCHES OFF RECORDER

08. INT - OFFICES - PHONE CALL - MAGDALENA/ARTHUR

FX: PHONE RINGING. ARTHUR PICKS UP. MAGDALENA IS WALKING DOWN A FOUNDATION HALLWAY. ARTHUR IS IN HIS AMSTERDAM OFFICE.

ARTHUR:

(D) Hello?

MAGDALENA:

(D) Mr Jones? This is Magdalena Swift. I need to speak with Mr Harker, immediately.

ARTHUR:

(D) Magdalena. You're up early. Are you alright?

MAGDALENA:

(D) *Mr Harker*, Arthur.

ARTHUR:

(D) I... I take it Thomas Van Helsing told you something?

MAGDALENA:

(D) No. In fact I've just had a delightful little phone call, and we've had to let him go. Don't worry, we're keeping an eye on him.

ARTHUR:

(D) So we've no new leads at all?

MAGDALANA:

(D) No. which is why I need to speak to Mr Harker.

ARTHUR:

(D) That's... going to be slightly difficult.

MAGDALENA:

(D) Why? Where is he?

ARTHUR:

(D) (PLAYACTING: HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE J3 IS) I don't know. I wish I did. I told you, he's not answering any of my calls. He should be back in London by now.

MAGDALENA:

(D) Well, if he is, he's keeping extremely quiet about it.

ARTHUR:

(D) I'll keep trying.

MAGDALENA:

(D) See that you do. We lost a man last night.

ARTHUR:

(D) I heard. I'm sorry.

MAGDALENA:

(D) We retrieved his body cam footage. It was asset
six. (BEAT)

ARTHUR:

(D) Shit.

MAGDALENA:

(D) She was in Van Helsing's apartment. She made specific
references to Count Dracula. If she's searching for the head as
well-

ARTHUR:

(D) I know. Christ.

MAGDALENA:

(D) Mr Harker needs to get involved. I need *orders*.

ARTHUR:

(D) It's... it's difficult for him. After what happened to
his son... He's compromised.

MAGDALENA:

(D) As far as I'm concerned, you're *both* compromised.

ARTHUR:

(D) What?

MAGDALENA:

(D) Madeline Townsend. You're sure she's not tried to
contact you?

ARTHUR:

(D) (HE SIGHS) I wish she had. I could talk to her, find out
what she's thinking; why she's doing all this. I- (SEEMS TO CALM
HIMSELF) I *am* compromised, Ms Swift, I recognise that. But I
want to find my girlfriend just as much as you do.

MAGDALENA:

(D) Then act like it. Find Mr Harker. Tell him he needs to

ring me immediately. I need to know what's going on.

ARTHUR:

(D) I will. As soon as I know anything.

MAGDALENA:

(D) Good. In the meantime, we'll at least keep an eye on Mr Van Helsing. See where he decides to go next...

09. INT - SURREY LAB - RECORDING

FX: RECORDER ON

HENRI:

(OFF) Okay, we're good to go!

DR LAKE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Right, take two. This is Dr Timothy Lake, accompanied by Dr Henrietta Martin. It is the 13th June, 2024, and we are preparing to assess The Hand. Given... recent events, I believe the best course of action is to remain as vigilant as possible in our research. (BEAT) How are the tank readings?

FX: HENRI TAPS AT COMPUTER KEYS.

HENRI:

(READING) Tank temperature: stable. PH level: stable.

DR LAKE:

How about the pressure sensors? Have they picked up any movement since last time?

FX: HENRI TAPS AT COMPUTER KEYS

HENRI:

Hm. Nothing that I can see. Looks like we've lost one of the sensors though. (BEAT) Oh, I see it: at the bottom of the tank.

DR LAKE:

Must have unstuck again. I'll get it.

HENRI:

Can't I-

DR LAKE:

I've already got my gloves on. Keep running the diagnostics.

FX: HE APPROACHES TANK. SLIPS HIS HAND INSIDE THE LIQUID TO RETRIEVE THE SENSOR.

DR LAKE (CONT):

(SOTTO) I can't believe it's not done anything since we last checked...

HENRI:

You sound relieved.

DR LAKE:

I *am* relieved! I used to forget that we're monitoring the hand of an actual vampire - *supposed* vampire. It's funny how quickly something like that becomes mundane, especially when it's just...floating there.

HENRI:

Mundane? How could this ever be mundane?

DR LAKE:

I mean, it stops being a monster and starts being... a specimen. (DRY CHUCKLE) I'm just glad I never had to go to Whitby...

FX: SUDDEN SPLASH OF LIQUID AS THE HAND JERKS TO LIFE AND SLASHES FORWARD, SCRATCHING DR LAKE.

DR LAKE (CONT):

(STARTLED/PAINED REACTION)

FX: HE JERKS BACK, AWAY FROM THE TANK.

HENRI:

(STARTLED) Tim?

DR LAKE:

It scratched me! It lashed out and bloody scratched me!

FX: HENRI HURRIES TO SEE

HENRI:

That's amazing! It reacted to your presence?

DR LAKE:

Henri!

HENRI:

Right, right. I'll get the first aid kit!

FX: SHE HURRIES TO A CUPBOARD, OPENS IT.

HENRI (CONT):

Does it hurt?

DR LAKE:

Of course it hurts! (HE WINCES) I'll need to get this looked at. Who knows what's living under that thing's fingernail?!

HENRI:

Erm, we do, actually. We've got its bacterial makeup on file. I could get it out-

DR LAKE:

I was being rhetorical, Henri.

FX: HENRI OPENS FIRST AID KIT, RUMMAGES.

HENRI:

I've got some bandages here. Let me see. (BEAT- SHE EXAMINES THE WOUND) (SOFT WHISTLE) That's deep. Those nails have gotten sharp again.

DR LAKE:

It's not moving anymore. Do you think a hand's capable of looking... smug?

HENRI:

We got it on camera, at least. I wonder what made it react to you, of all people?

DR LAKE:

Are you... jealous?

HENRI:

What? No! Of course not!

DR LAKE:

You are! You're jealous the hand scratched me and not you!

HENRI:

Don't be ridiculous!

FX: SOFT KEYBOARD CLICKING SOUNDS: AS IF SOMEONE IS TYPING ON

THE NEARBY KEYBOARD

DR LAKE:

What now? (HE REALISES WHAT'S HAPPENING) Oh great! Now the keyboard's on the blink!

HENRI:

What's it doing?

DR LAKE:

Just typing random letters. Something must be stuck. FX:

FRANTIC BACKSPACING AS HE TRIES TO DELETE THE LETTERS

DR LAKE (CONT):

(SOTTO) Multi-million-pound charity, you'd think someone could fix our bloody equipment.

HENRI:

At least the camera's still working.

DR LAKE:

Boot up another computer. Upload the assessment video. Maybe it'll finally get someone's attention up in London. I'll call medical about my hand.

HENRI:

Right.

FX: HENRI'S PHONE BUZZES AGAIN.

HENRI:

(FRUSTRATED SIGH)

FX: BEEP AS SHE CHECKS IT

HENRI:

It's my boyfriend again. (SOTTO - CONCERNED) Nine missed calls... (BEAT) I'm just going to give him a ring. Make sure he's okay.

DR LAKE:

(STILL CLICKING AT KEYS) Go, go.

FX: SHE WALKS OFF, TYPING TOM'S NUMBER

HENRI:

(OFF, WALKING AWAY) Hello? Tom?

DR LAKE:

(SIGHS. TYPES AT KEYBOARD FOR A FEW BEATS) (LONG BEAT)
(WINCES AT HIS CLAWED HAND) (SOTTO) We clipped those nails
just last week...

END OF SCENE

10. EXT - STREET - TOM VOICEMAIL.

FX: TRAFFIC ROAR, A BUSY STREET, TOM'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS HE
STAGGERS HOME.

TOM:

Hey Henri, it's me. Just had the worst night of my life, how are
you doing? (SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL LAUGH - PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER)
Look, just... call me. Please? I'm almost back at my flat. Fuck,
today's been awful.

I... I hope you stayed home. Please tell me you stayed home? If
they've dragged you in for questioning too, I swear- (BEAT, HE
CALMS HIMSELF) Just call me. Please?

FX: VOICEMAIL ENDS.

11. INT - SURREY LAB - RECORDING

FX: RECORDING STILL RUNNING FOR LAB FROM SCENE 09. HENRI RETURNS.

HENRI:

I'm sorry Tim, I need to get back. Will you be okay on your own?

DR LAKE:

Go on. I think we've all had enough excitement for one day.

HENRI:

Are you really sure? If the hand moves again-

DR LAKE:

Henri, I'll be fine. I can monitor the hand without you.

HENRI:

Okay. Okay. I'll be back as soon as I can. Don't do anything
exciting without me!

FX: SHE HURRIES OFF

DR LAKE:

(HE SIGHS) I just want to know what's going on.

FX: DR LAKE SWITCHES OFF RECORDING - RECORDING ENDS.

12. INT - TOM'S CAR - EARLY MORNING - RECORDER

FX: MADDIE DRIVING ATMOS

MADDIE:

You keep looking over your shoulder. Are you alright?

JONATHAN:

I'm simply... far too aware that wretched head hasn't been restrained. I do not trust its silence.

MADDIE:

Personally I'm considering it a small mercy. (SHE STIFLES A YAWN)

JONATHAN:

(WORRIED) Madeline-

MADDIE:

(SHE GROANS) I'm sorry, I'm just so tired...

JONATHAN:

Perhaps we should stop now the sun's out.

MADDIE:

No, no. I'm fine. I promise. We're almost there.

JONATHAN:

We passed a small side road not too long ago.

MADDIE:

We're alright for now. A little low on fuel, perhaps. But- (SHE YAWNS) it's enough to get us to-

JONATHAN:

(FIRMLY) Madeline, I insist you stop this vehicle and rest! (MORE GENTLY) We will reach Dover and find your Arthur, I promise.

(BEAT)

MADDIE:

Okay. Okay. Ten minutes, tops.

JONATHAN:

Thank you

13. INT/EXT - TOM'S FLAT / STREET - PHONE CALL - TOM/HENRI

FX: PHONE RINGING, HENRI PICKS UP. QUIET, ECHOEY FLAT AT TOM'S END, BUSY STREET AT HENRI'S.

TOM:

(D) (EXHAUSTED) Hey Henri. How's it going?

HENRI:

(D) What happened? I've just left work to come find you-

TOM:

(D) *You went to work?* But I asked you- [not to]

HENRI:

(D) Tom, you called out of the blue, told me to fake a sick day, then vanished! What was I supposed to do? I couldn't even call you!

TOM:

(D) It's not my fault your Foundation grabbed me and stuffed me in the back of a van!

HENRI:

(D) *What?*

TOM:

(D) Yep, it's been a great few hours, let me tell you.

HENRI:

(D) (DEEP BREATH) Right. you're going to tell me everything. From the beginning. Right now.

TOM:

(D) Not over the phone, and not at my place. Can I come and

stay with you? Just for a few days.

HENRI:

(D) What's happened to your flat?

TOM:

(D) There are journos everywhere. Foundation protocols have clearly made an impression with those camera arseholes, and now everyone knows my address again. And my flat's been *cleaned*.

HENRI:

(D) Cleaned?

TOM:

(D) *Everywhere* smells of bleach. They've done something here, but I don't know what, and I don't know *why*.

HENRI:

(D) That's...really weird.

TOM:

(D) It's not even making my top five list of weird shit this week, believe me.

HENRI:

(D) Right. Okay. Of course you can stay over at mine.

TOM:

(D) Thanks, Henri, Truly.

(BEAT)

HENRI:

(D) I'll meet you there. Should be back soon. (BEAT) Tom... should I be worried? Like, properly worried?

(BEAT)

TOM:

(D) Honestly... I don't know. But I promise I'll fill you in.

HENRI:

(D) You'd better. (BEAT) I'll see you soon.

TOM:

(D) See you soon.

14. INT - TOM'S CAR - RECORDER

FX: TOM'S CAR TURNS OFF THE ROAD IN A SMALL STOPPING AREA.
MADDIE PARKS IN A SECLUDED SPOT. THEY UN-CLICK THEIR SEATBELTS.

MADDIE:

(RELAXING) I'm just going to shut my eyes for a moment. You can walk around outside, if you like. Stretch your legs.

JONATHAN:

Given our present cargo, I think it best I remain here. Perhaps I should find where I put the recorder. (HE TURNS TO RUMMAGE) I know I brought it into this vehicle but I cannot see where I left it...

MADDIE:

(FALLING ASLEEP) Sure. Fine. That's just... (SHE FALLS ASLEEP
SOFT SIGH, TAKING ON THE FAMILIAR GHOSTLY REVERB AS MINA
APPEARS)

(BEAT)

MINA:

(WAKING UP) Oh... was... was I sleeping?

JONATHAN:

(STARTLED) Mina?

MINA:

(WARY) Mr Larkin?

JONATHAN:

It's Jonathan, my love.

MINA:

Jonathan!

FX: THEY EMBRACE

MINA/JONATHAN:

(REACTION AS MINA FALLS INTO HIS ARMS)

JONATHAN:

(LAUGHS) We are safe, I promise. Miss Madeline is driving us to Dover.

MINA:

Driving? (BEAT AS SHE LOOKS AROUND) (SMALL SHAKY LAUGH) My, what an interesting car!

JONATHAN:

Automobiles have had quite the transformation since our time. (BEAT) Madeline fell asleep. I was not expecting... How are you faring, my love?

MINA:

Pained, but breathing. The last thing I remember was a young man, Thomas. I'm afraid we weren't properly introduced. He and Mr Larkin were attacked by a Thrall underneath his home and then... well, I'm afraid Madeline returned before I could be of assistance.

JONATHAN:

Ah! You also met Mr Van Helsing!

MINA:

Van Helsing?

JONATHAN:

Oh yes, Thomas is related to the Professor. An interesting young man. He helped keep us safe while you and Madeline recovered.

MINA:

(SMALL SMILE) What a strange thing to grow accustomed to, referring to oneself in duplicate. (EFFORT AS SHE SITS UP PROPERLY) Why Dover?

JONATHAN:

I... (RELUCTANT) It seems we are no longer to trust your Foundation. Madeline's love has instructed her to bring the head to Dover.

MINA:

Arthur said this?

JONATHAN:

He fears the Foundation plans to reunite Dracula's limbs. To resurrect him.

MINA:

But that's absurd! That's against everything the Foundation stands for.

JONATHAN:

That is exactly what I said, but they could not be reasoned with! And Mr Jones seems adamant that his employer Mr Harker is the root of the problem.

MINA:

(SHOCKED) Did you say *Harker*?

JONATHAN:

I did! And after what you told me about our son! To know our line has continued to the modern day.. but if he is in league with Dracula we must find out the truth.

MINA:

(SOTTO) But that doesn't make any sense... (ANNOYED) I am rather growing to hate these gaps in knowledge. (TO JONATHAN) Where is the head now?

JONATHAN:

Behind us. Beneath the grey jacket. It has done nothing since we fled, but back with Thomas it started talking to us, *laughing*. Controlling animals too, according to Madeline.

MINA:

I recall the birds...

JONATHAN:

(SOFTLY, ASHAMED) I keep thinking how easily we could dispose of it. Even without means of total destruction, we could bury it, throw it in the ocean...

MINA:

Would that end anyone's torment? It would only be discovered again, by someone else, and this nightmare will begin once more.

JONATHAN:

Of course, darling. (DEEP BREATH) And I have promised Madeline I would not. I shall keep my word.

MINA:

I suppose we should continue on to Dover.

JONATHAN:

You need to rest, Madeline was exhausted, and this automobile is beyond my understanding. We should wait for Madeline to return, or Mr Larkin, before attempting to operate it.

MINA:

I have driven... similar, if not exact, vehicles. I'm sure I can decipher all this with some time. If Madeline had an appointment, we must honour it-

JONATHAN:

(SOFTLY) The chance to sit with you, if only for a few more minutes, would feel like an oasis in this desert of nightmares.

MINA:

Oh Johnny...

(BEAT - SHE SQUEEZES HIS HAND)

MINA (CONT):

I need some air, if I am to stay awake. This automobile is quite stifling. (BEAT AS SHE HESITATES, TRYING TO WORK OUT HOW TO OPEN THE DOOR)

JONATHAN:

Oh, I believe it's [this button]-

FX: HE OPENS HER DOOR FOR HER.

MINA:

Thank you. I shall only be a moment, my love...

FX: MINA LEAVES THE CAR. DOOR CLOSES.

(LONG BEAT)

DRACULA:

(MUFFLED) (SOFT RASPING LAUGHTER)

JONATHAN:

(STARTLED REACTION)

DRACULA:

(MUFFLED) (RASPING) Desert of... nightmares... (LAUGHTER GROWS MORE COHERENT)

FX: FABRIC RUSTLE AS JONATHAN ROUGHLY UNCOVERS THE HEAD

JONATHAN:

(SOTTO, INTENSE) I am not frightened of you, *Count!* We bested you before, we will do it again.

DRACULA:

(HE CHUCKLES) You truly are *Harker*. So riled, so desperate. And yet you taste different. You have... transformed. Have you become like me?

JONATHAN:

I am nothing like you!

DRACULA:

And yet...

FX: SOFT FLUTTERING RUSTLING OUTSIDE

DRACULA (CONT):

Do you see that shadow pass over the sun? Do you hear a whisper on the breeze?

FX: FLUTTERING RUSTLING GROWS LOUDER

JONATHAN:

(BEAT, REALISATION, CALLS OUT THE CAR) ...Mina!

FX: DISTANT SOUND OF MADDIE'S NEW MOBILE CALLING.

15. EXT - SIDE OF THE ROAD - PHONE CALL

FX: PHONE RINGING. MINA PICKS UP

MINA:

(D) (BEAT, PRESSES ANSWER) Hello?

ARTHUR:

(D) Madds! Madds are you alright!?

MINA:

(D) I'm sorry, who is speaking? I'm afraid Madeline is not available at this moment.

ARTHUR:

(D) (BEAT, SKEPTICAL) I- Who am I speaking to then?

MINA:

(D) This is Mina Harker, I can take a message for Madeline if you wish?

ARTHUR:

(D) (LAUGHS, SURPRISED) Oh, so, you're Mina? (BEAT) Sorry, forgive me. Bad manners. I'm Arthur Jones.

MINA:

(D) Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mr Jones. Madeline has spoken quite highly of you.

ARTHUR:

(D) She has? How?

MINA:

(D) In our recordings.

ARTHUR:

(D) Oh, right. Sorry... this is a lot to take in. Madeline told me about you, but to actually *hear* you is- [something else entirely]

MINA:

(D) (INTERRUPTING) I'm glad to be a marvel, Mr Jones. Now, please, what is your message?

ARTHUR:

(D) I - (CLEARS THROAT) I have some news to pass on. Thomas Van Helsing was released this afternoon from the London building. I know you were staying with him, so I wanted to let her know he's okay, and I wanted to check to see if you- uh, *Madeline*

MINA:

(D) We're fine, thank you. As is Mr Larkin and my husband.

ARTHUR:

(D) Good. Good. (BEAT) Did she... tell you about our plan?

MINA:

(D) I believe we are travelling to Dover. I'm afraid I can't give you our exact location at the moment as I have only

recently returned, but we shall be back on our way very soon.

ARTHUR:

(D) And the head? It's still with you?

(BEAT)

MINA:

(D) It is. (BEAT) Mr Jones, please don't think me too forward, but I really must ask why you believe the Holmwood Foundation could possibly be-

FX: SHE'S CUT OFF BY A CRACK OF TWIGS, OFF IN THE DISTANCE. SOFT RUSTLE OF WINGS OVERHEAD.

ARTHUR:

(D) Think what? (BEAT) Mrs Harker?

MINA:

(D) (DISTRACTED) I thought I saw...

ARTHUR:

(D) Mrs Harker, I have nothing but the utmost respect for your work, but I really must impress upon you that the Foundation is no longer a safe place. Whatever you created it to be... that was over a century ago.

MINA:

(D) But the magnitude of your concern. I can't possibly-

FX: A SECOND TWIG SNAP. MINA TURNS. A FOX YOWLS, OFF IN THE DISTANCE

ELENA:

(D) (SOFT LAUGHTER FROM FAR AWAY)

FX: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS, COMING CLOSER THROUGH THE FLUTTER OF WINGS

MINA:

(D) (SOTTO- HORRIFIED) No...

ELENA:

(D) (DIST) You may be fast, but I am faster. I will not stop.

FX: BIRD SCREAMS GROW LOUDER, FLUTTERING WINGS OVERHEAD. MINA STARTS TO RUN.

MINA:

(D) (HURRIED) I must take my leave. My apologies, Mr Jones.
I shall inform Madeline of your call.

ARTHUR:

(D) Wait!

FX: CLICK AS HE'S CUT OFF

16. INT - TOM'S CAR (CONTINUOUS)

FX: TOM'S CAR INTERIOR, MUTED NOISES OF COUNTRYSIDE - GETTING
LOUDER.

JONATHAN:

What are you doing? I'm warning you!

DRACULA:

No garlic, no pretty little holy symbols, no knife to threaten
and pry. All your old weapons, Harker, turned to dust. And yet
here I am, as powerful as ever..

FX: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE AS MINA RUNS FOR THE CAR

DRACULA (CONT):

No wolves in this country. Not yet. But I have other means..

FX: FOX YOWL OUTSIDE. BIRD SCREAMS AND FLAPPING OF WINGS AS
ANIMALS BEGIN TO DESCEND ON THE CAR

JONATHAN:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

FX: CAR DOOR OPENS AND MINA HURRIES BACK INSIDE. DOOR CLOSED.

MINA:

(BREATHLESS) The sky is filled with birds! And the trees
- Jonathan, I saw her again!

DRACULA:

Madame Mina...

MINA:

I see that the Count has decided to speak. Charming.

DRACULA:

Such fire! (LAUGHS) Do you see them, Harkers? The Beasts of England. They come at my call... my thank you gift.

FX: THUD AS BIRD FLIES INTO THE WINDSCREEN. ASSAULT ON THE CAR GROWS LOUDER THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE

MINA/JONATHAN:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

MINA:

He's controlling the birds again! They'll break through the windows!

JONATHAN:

(HORRIFIED) Just like the rat!

DRACULA:

(PLAYFUL) I still hold sway, Harkers. You cannot resist me. You have become my servants, my... deliverers.

JONATHAN:

(VICIOUS) We will deliver you straight to the mouth of hell! (TO MINA) We have to get away from here.

MINA:

Darling, you must ignore him, he is trying to bait us. How do we start this vehicle?

JONATHAN:

I do not not know! Madeline drove us!

MINA:

Then we shall just have to work it out for ourselves! (SHE LOOKS AROUND THE CAB) Which way did she pull the lever? What button? I cannot see the clutch... Do the pedals work the same?

JONATHAN:

I...I don't know!

MINA:

Jonathan, we must try!

DRACULA:

(SOFTLY) My creatures. What sweet music they make...

JONATHAN:

(SOTTO- EFFORT) Jeremy - Jeremy, please help us. What do I do?

- What -

DRACULA:

(MANIC LAUGHTER)

JONATHAN/JEREMY:

(SUDDEN, REMOVING REVERB) Press down your fucking

foot! MINA:

Which pedal? -

JONATHAN:

The right one! I have the gear stick here-

FX: JOHNNY PUTS CAR INTO GEAR: A GRINDING SOUND.

FX: MINA PRESSES ACCELERATOR: CAR REVS, DOESN'T MOVE

MINA:

It's working, but it won't move! Unless-

FX: HANDBRAKE DOWN. CAR ROARS TO LIFE, MOVING FORWARD.

MINA:

(EFFORT AS SHE STEERS)

JONATHAN:

(NO LONGER WITH JEREMY) Go! Quickly!

MINA:

How did - *[you know how to do that?]*

JONATHAN:

I- I do not know. The knowledge was just there! (BEAT) It does not matter. Go!

FX: ROAR OF ENGINE AS THEY LURCH ONTO THE ROAD, THE CALL OF BIRDS BEHIND THEM.

MINA:

It's getting so dark, I can't see the road!

JONATHAN:

Just keep going forward. This was the right way. As long as we

FX: THUD, ANOTHER BIRD SMASHING INTO THE CAR ON THE SIDE.

MINA/JONATHAN:

(REACT)

FX: THEN ANOTHER BIRD.

JONATHAN:

(ANGRY) Call off your demons, Count!

MINA:

Jonathan! I need you to help me!

FX: ANOTHER BIRD HITS THE WINDSCREEN.

MINA/JONATHAN:

(REACT - TERROR)

MINA:

I cannot see the road - I can't- [see]

FX: CAR HITS SOMETHING, HARD.

MINA / JONATHAN:

Johnny! / Mina!

FX: THE CAR SKIDS. A SCREECHING OF TIRES AND BRAKING NOISES.

FX: CAR FLIPS. SMASHING.

FX: RECORDER GLITCHES OUT TO SILENCE, THEN BACK IN AGAIN TO CHAOS.

MINA:

(PAINED, DISTRAUGHT)

Jonny!--- Jonny! Where are you!?

FX: GLITCHING OUT AGAIN.

FX: EERIE EMPTY SILENCE.

CUT TO:
EPISODE CREDITS
EPISODE ENDS