

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION
EP-07 - TO THE LIGHTHOUSE
BY FIO TRETHEWEY & GEORGIA COOK

(SCRIPT NOTE: TO AVOID CONFUSION WITH JONATHAN HARKER, THE CHARACTER OF JONATHAN HARKER 3RD WILL BE REFERRED TO AS "J3" IN ALL ACTING AND SOUND DIRECTIONS)

EPISODE INTRO:

You are listening to The Holmwood Foundation.
Episode Seven: To The Lighthouse

Content Warning: this episode contains static, swearing, themes of possession/removal of bodily autonomy and depictions of violence.

Listener discretion is advised.

EPISODE BEGINS

01. BENCH - DOVER HARBOUR - RECORDER

FX: RECORDER ON. SEAGULLS. SUMMER ATMOS. PEOPLE MULLING AROUND EATING. JEREMY AND MADDIE ARE SAT ON A BENCH.

MADDIE:

Mina, it's Maddie. You'll be pleased to know we've finally reached Dover. (SHE LAUGHS) Not quite as terrible a walk as the moors, but a close second. We haven't heard from Arthur yet, so we're waiting-

FX: STATIC BUZZ FROM RECORDER

MADDIE:

(FRUSTRATED NOISE)

JEREMY:

What is it?

MADDIE:

The recorder button. It's stuck again. I can't actually tell if it's recording or not...

JEREMY:

Well, we won't need it for long, will we?

MADDIE:

I suppose not. I *hope* not. Arthur can help keep us informed between blackouts.

JEREMY:

On second thoughts, I'd rather rely on the damned recorder.

MADDIE:

Arthur will take care of us, Jeremy. He's a good man.

JEREMY:

(HE SCOFFS)

MADDIE:

(INTO RECORDER) Well, just in case this is recording: we're currently sitting on a bench near the harbour waiting for Arthur. It's a nice view, at least.

JEREMY:

Hmm.

MADDIE:

It's mistier than I expected. (SOTTO) The ferry should have docked already...

JEREMY:

Would you stop worrying, please?

MADDIE:

Oh, right, of course, because you're always so calm and collected.

Jeremy... What do you think will happen next?

JEREMY:

What do you mean?

MADDIE:

When this is over. Once we get rid of the head?

JEREMY:

Honestly, I don't know. We still have the fucking Harkers to deal with, and I don't think even they bloody know why they're here...

MADDIE:

We can work on that together. Once this has all... calmed down.

JEREMY:

(BITTER) Right. Calmed down.

MADDIE:

Do you think they'll finally listen to us? The Foundation, I mean? If we explain everything, if we show them the danger they're in? Even if there really is someone on the inside...?

JEREMY:

They won't. Listen to us.

MADDIE:

Why not?

JEREMY:

I might have severed that particular tie. I called them earlier. Well, not quite. Ms Swift rang me first, my father's head of security. On Tom's phone.

MADDIE:

And?

JEREMY:

I... told her to fuck off.

MADDIE:

What?

JEREMY:

She told me I could leave, go back to work as if nothing had happened, that they could pin all of this on you: manipulating my poor fucking mental state.

MADDIE:

Jesus...

JEREMY:

As if I'd fucking do that to anyone, let alone... (SOFTER, MORE DETERMINED) So I called them back and I told them exactly where they could shove their help.

MADDIE:

That's... You told the Foundation to fuck off.

JEREMY:

Oh, don't start. It was a stupid thing to do, I know.

MADDIE:

No. No. Well... yes, maybe. But it was brave. And it couldn't have been easy.

Thank you. For standing up for me.

JEREMY:

(UNCOMFORTABLE) You're welcome.

MADDIE:

And it's okay because we've got other allies now: we have the Harkers, we have Tom and Arthur. We'll get the head away from the Foundation. Maybe we can find some way of... putting it back where it was before. Keeping it concealed. (BEAT, SUDDEN DOUBT) But, then, that's how it's been for the last century so we'd be right back where we started. Unless... What do you think?

JEREMY:

Don't look at me. You're the one possessed by the Foundation's all-knowing founder. Doesn't she know?

MADDIE:

It's not like I can actually talk to her. I didn't even get to read her real diaries.

JEREMY:

I have. Part of my indoctrination into 'the cause' as a teenager. Dad was very keen I read the truth with my own eyes. Or, at least, the typed version before Bram Stoker got his hands on it.

Nothing in them to explain what's happened to us. Or how exactly you avoid dying when these monsters keep coming at you every fucking day.

MADDIE:

We've got this far, haven't we?

JEREMY:

(LITTLE LAUGH) Have you always been an optimist, Maddie?

MADDIE:

Sort of. (SMILES) Hey, you called me Maddie!

JEREMY:

Did I? Would you prefer if I didn't-

MADDIE:

No, it's okay. My friends call me Maddie.

JEREMY:

Friends? Are we friends now?

MADDIE:

(QUIET LAUGH) Something like that.

FX: VARIOUS GULL SCREAMS OVERHEAD

JEREMY:

(GROWING IMPATIENT) Jesus Christ, does Arthur expect us to just hang around for the rest of the day, waiting for him to appear?

MADDIE:

He's getting here as fast as he can. He can't exactly control customs.

JEREMY:

Hm.

MADDIE:

I could buy us some coffees? There's a little cafe back there and I think I found some change in Tom's wallet earlier.

JEREMY:

For the love of God, all I want in my life right now is a terrible coffee.

MADDIE:

Then I shall get us some coffee.

FX: MADDIE STANDS

JEREMY:

(CATCHES HER ARM) Wait. The Harkers. What if I switch while you're gone? Wander off somewhere?

MADDIE:

Actually, I did have an idea about that. Roll up your sleeve.

JEREMY:

What? Why?

MADDIE:

Go on. Either sleeve. Doesn't matter which one.

JEREMY:

Right...

FX: JEREMY ROLLS UP SLEEVE.

MADDIE:

(RUMMAGES IN POCKET) I know I felt it in here somewhere... Aha!
Tom's girlfriend left a pen in her pocket.

FX: MADDIE UNCAPS A PEN.

MADDIE:

Now: (SHE HOLDS OUT THE PEN) write a message to Jonathan.

JEREMY:

A message?

MADDIE:

On your arm. Like a sticky note. So he doesn't go wandering off
looking for me or Mina while I'm gone.

JEREMY:

Right. Okay. (HE WRITES)

FX: SOFT SCRAPING OF PEN ON SKIN.

JEREMY (CONT):

(SHOWS MESSAGE TO MADDIE) Like that?

MADDIE:

(READING) 'Stay where you are. If you get me hurt you WILL be
paying for damages.' (SHE LAUGHS) Sorry, but coming from you
that's far too polite. Here.

FX: SHE ADDS TO THE WRITING ON HIS ARM

MADDIE:

There.

(JEREMY READS IT)

JEREMY:

(HE LAUGHS) You know, I would also have accepted a '*fucking*'
between 'me' and 'hurt' too.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

CONSPIRATORIAL CHUCKLE.

(BEAT)

MADDIE:

I'll get the coffees. See you in a sec.

FX: MADDIE WALKS OFF.

JEREMY:

I—... Alright then.

FX: MADDIE LEAVES.

(BEAT)

FX: MADDIE'S PHONE RINGS.

JEREMY:

Huh? Oh. (FINDS THE PHONE)

FX: PHONE PICKED UP OFF BENCH. JEREMY TAPS TO ANSWER.

RECORDER CONTINUES INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

02. EXT. BENCH - MADDIE'S PHONE - CONTINUOUS VIA RECORDER

FX: PHONE ANSWERED. ATMOS AS SC. 1.

JEREMY:

Hello?

ARTHUR:

Mr Larkin. Or, wait, is it Jonathan?

JEREMY:

It's Jeremy.

ARTHUR:

(AWKWARD LAUGH) I keep trying to get a hold of Madds, but someone else always picks up. It was Mina Harker earlier—

JEREMY:

Are you here yet?

ARTHUR:

Almost. Can I speak to my girlfriend?

JEREMY:

She's not here.

ARTHUR:

Where is she? Is she okay?

JEREMY:

She's buying a coffee.

ARTHUR:

Oh. Well. I'm glad you're both safe, then.

JEREMY:

Safe?! Do you have any idea what we've gone through this last week?

ARTHUR:

Maddie has given me some idea.

JEREMY:

'Some idea', indeed. You're the one who sent us scrambling to Dover!

ARTHUR:

I'm just doing what I can to help, I've not even been in the same country as you!

JEREMY:

And what about my father? The ridiculous idea this is his fault? I tried calling him. I tried damned near everything to get his attention and now I'm fleeing his security team!

ARTHUR:

I'm sorry, it's been a world of mess since the Westenra building collapsed. Honestly, he's been completely closed off; I've been busy doing damage control. It's chaos. All those lives lost, hunting down the escaped thralls. It's... interesting how they seem so drawn to the head...

JEREMY:

Interesting?

ARTHUR:

Sorry, that was the researcher in me talking. What I mean is: horrific. And I'm truly sorry: if we'd known what the head was capable of we would never have let it leave the Carpathians, let alone send it to Whitby.

JEREMY:

Yes, well. You're bloody welcome to it. How long until you're finally here and we can end this?

ARTHUR:

I'm almost through passport control. Ten minutes, maybe? You're near the beachfront right? Can you see a lighthouse from there?

JEREMY:

A lighthouse?

FX: HE TURNS IN HIS SEAT

JEREMY (CONT):

Yeah. I can see one. It's overlooking the harbour on the pier.

ARTHUR:

Meet me at the lighthouse and we'll figure out next steps. Can you tell Mads I said hello? Meeting Mina earlier... it really brought everything home, you know? Just... the extent of everything you've both been through. (BEAT) I know we never quite saw eye-to-eye, when we worked together, but I'm on your side, Jeremy.

JEREMY:

Yes. I've heard that quite a lot recently.

ARTHUR:

Just get her to me safely. And the head. We'll do what we can to help with your... ghost problem once everything's cleared up.

JEREMY:

Right, sure. (TIRED LAUGH) One problem at a time.

ARTHUR:

Exactly. (BEAT) I'll see you both at the Lighthouse. Goodbye.

JEREMY:

Wait, Arthur-

ARTHUR:

Hm?

JEREMY:

You were there, at the Carpathian site, when they dug up the head?

ARTHUR:

I was, yes.

JEREMY:

It never made any indication it could do... any of this? I mean, we've been chased by every fucking vampire from containment. It sent birds after the Harkers yesterday, crashed our fucking car-

ARTHUR:

Like I said: if we'd known even a fraction of what we know now we'd never have sent it for containment.

JEREMY:

Right. Yeah. Right.

ARTHUR:

Goodbye, Mr Larkin. I'll see you both soon.

FX: ARTHUR HANGS UP.

03. EXT - BENCH - CONTINUOUS - RECORDER

FX: SOFT SEASIDE ATMOS. JEREMY PUTS THE PHONE DOWN. FOOTSTEPS OF MADDIE APPROACHING.

MADDIE:

(APPROACHING JEREMY) Here you go! One coffee for Mr J. Larkin.
Or is it-

JEREMY:

Still Jeremy. I'm going to have this damned message on my arm forever now.

MADDIE:

(SHE LAUGHS) Keep it. It might come in handy. (HANDS JEREMY A COFFEE) Here you go. Careful, it's hot, but just as terrible as requested.

FX: JEREMY SIPS COFFEE.

JEREMY:

(DRINKS) Ahh, the worse the better.

MADDIE:

(LAUGHS)

FX: SOFT STATIC HISS FROM RECORDER

JEREMY:

Is that from the recorder? I promise I didn't touch it.

MADDIE:

It is. I think it's finally starting to break.

FX: MADDIE TURNS THE RECORDER OVER IN HER HANDS

MADDIE (CONT):

It's strange...

JEREMY:

What is?

MADDIE:

Mina. She left a message earlier today and I can't stop thinking about it.

FX: SEAGULL SCREAM OVERHEAD

JEREMY:

What did she say?

MADDIE:

It's hard to make out but she spoke with the head, I think. With Dracula.

JEREMY:

She what?!

MADDIE:

She was trying to work something out, about the head, about us being here. I think maybe she managed it but I... well, we switched.

FX: SHE PRESSES BUTTON, STATIC FROM RECORDER

MADDIE:

And now the recorder's damaged... (SUDDEN IDEA) Give me the phone? I want to try something.

JEREMY:

What?

MADDIE:

Just give me the phone. I'll show you.

FX: JEREMY PASSES THE PHONE. MADDIE TAPS BUTTONS.

04. EXT - BENCH - PHONE RECORDER - CONTINUOUS

FX: PHONE RECORDING STARTS. CRISPER BUT FLATTER THAN HANDHELD RECORDER. HISS OF OTHER RECORDER'S STATIC. MADDIE PRESSES THE REWIND BUTTON, LOOKING FOR THE RECORDING SHE WANTS.

MADDIE:

Just trying to find the conversation from this morning... There.

FX: REWIND STOPS.

JEREMY:

We're making a recording of a recording?

MADDIE:

Just in case. If the Foundation recorder breaks, we'll lose everything we've made over the last few days. And this is- Well, just listen.

FX: SHE PRESSES PLAY ON THE HANDHELD RECORDER. SOFT STATIC FROM RECORDER INTO:

(NOTE: SECTION TAKEN FROM EP 06. ALL RECORDER DISTORT)

DRACULA:

No? You only remain alive because I will it. If I wanted, I could have you torn limb from limb right now.

(BEAT)

MINA:

(SLOW, REALISING) ...You're right. You could. And yet you haven't. Why is that?

(BEAT)

MINA (CONT):

Why is it you have let us come this far? Certainly, you are weaker than you were. But your attack on Thomas' car was more than enough to kill us. Why are we not yet dead?

DRACULA:

You live only by my choosing. I hold the reins. I control you.

MINA:

You're not clever enough for that. You never were.

DRACULA:
How dare you!

MINA:
You're planning something. You know something we don't.
What is it? What have you [done] (SMALL GASP OF PAIN-
MADDIE STARTS TO RETURN) Madeline...not now! Not now! Stay
down, please. I have to [work this out]--

FX: HANDHELD RECORDER STOPPED.

(LONG BEAT)

JEREMY:
What the hell's that supposed to mean?

MADDIE:

She thinks Dracula wants us alive. That he didn't actually want to stop us.

JEREMY
'Didn't want to stop us'?! He sent birds and monsters after us!

MADDIE:
I... I don't know if he did, actually. Not the monsters, anyway.

JEREMY:
Jesus Christ, Maddie. We both saw-

MADDIE:
We've been attacked, yes. But what if... what if Dracula has less control over the thralls, the sister even, than we thought? What if his only real power comes from controlling animals?

JEREMY:
What are you suggesting?

MADDIE:

Every time we've been attacked by animals, so far, it's because we've stopped moving, because we've stayed too long in one place. What if he never intended to kill us: what if he was *herding* us?

JEREMY:

Herding us where? To London? When the birds crashed into us, were we supposed to turn back?

MADDIE:

Possibly. (SHE SHIVERS) We need to tell Arthur.

JEREMY:

He phoned, while you were in the cafe. He suggested we meet him by the lighthouse on the pier, over there.

MADDIE:

The white building?

JEREMY:

Might actually be the best suggestion Arthur's made so far. I remember Dad used to bring me here [-every year.]

FX: LOUD HERRING GULL SCREAM, OVERHEAD: THERE'S AN ENTIRE FLOCK CIRCLING MADDIE AND JEREMY.

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

JEREMY:

Where the fuck did they come from?

FX: SCREAM AS A GULL DIVES FOR THEM.

JEREMY:

(HORRIFIED REACTION AS HE DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY.)

FX: CLATTER, SPLASH AS HE DROPS HIS CUP OF COFFEE

JEREMY:

Fucking hell! They're dive-bombing us?!

MADDIE:

We should go. Now.

FX: GULLS DIVE AGAIN.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(HORRIFIED/PAINED REACTION AS THEY DUCK)

JEREMY:

(CRY OF PAIN AS A BEAK SLICES HIM) It bit me!?

MADDIE:

Jeremy! Come on! (SHE GRABS HIS ARM)

FX: THEY RUN. GULLS CONTINUE TO SWARM, CRY AND DIVE.

JEREMY:

(RUNNING) Where are we going?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) The lighthouse!

FX: PHONE BUMPED. END OF PHONE RECORDING.

05. EXT - TOWARDS PIER - RECORDER - CONTINUOUS

FX: STATIC AS HANDHELD RECORDER BOUNCES IN MADDIE'S POCKET.
MADDIE AND JEREMY'S RACING FOOTSTEPS. GULL SCREAMS BEHIND THEM.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(RUNNING, SCARED)

JEREMY:

No!

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY COME TO A SUDDEN STOP

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(OUT OF BREATH)

MADDIE:

It's blocked off!

FX: SHE RATTLES A CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

JEREMY:

Fuck!

MADDIE:

I thought you said-

JEREMY:

It's been a long time since I was last here, okay? They must have closed it down.

FX: GULL SCREAM, FAR AWAY

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

JEREMY:

Do you see them?

MADDIE:

No! There's too much fog! I can barely see the ocean! It's getting thicker.

JEREMY:

Christ, because that's just what we need.

FX: GULL SCREAM - ONE DIVES OUT OF THE FOG TOWARDS THEM

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION- THEY DIVE OUT OF THE WAY)

JEREMY:

(SHOUTING TO SEAGULL) Fuck off!

MADDIE:

We need to call Arthur. Hold the recorder.

FX: MADDIE THRUSTS THE RECORDER AT JEREMY. PULLS OUT THE PHONE. DIALS. MUFFLED PHONE RINGING IN MADDIE'S EAR.

MADDIE:

(TO SELF) Come on Arthur...

06. EXT. - PHONE CALL - CONTINUOUS

FX: PHONE PICKED UP. SC. 05 ATMOS AT MADDIE'S END. ARTHUR LEAVING CUSTOMS.

ARTHUR:

Hello?

MADDIE:

(BREATHLESS) Arthur? Are you here?

ARTHUR:

Almost. Just left the customs queue. I don't like the look of this fog.

MADDIE:

It's the head. It's doing something. We've just been attacked by seagulls.

ARTHUR:

I mean, that's not entirely unusual on the coast-

MADDIE:

Not this many!

FX: FAR IN THE DISTANCE ON MADDIE'S SIDE: A THRALL SCREAM

JEREMY:

(OFF) Did you see that?

MADDIE:

See what?

JEREMY:

(OFF) Out there, in the fog!

MADDIE:

Oh god... (TO ARTHUR) We've reached the lighthouse on the pier, but it's blocked off from the public. There's a fence.

ARTHUR:

There should be a gap by the edge to the left, you can get through. I'll meet you there.

JEREMY:

(OFF) Fuck! It's a Thrall! Madeline, I just saw a Thrall!

MADDIE:

We need to get out of here. If we're blocked in on top of a pier-

ARTHUR:

Then we'll be in a better position to defend ourselves, defend the head. If he's sending creatures after you, what chances do you have running through them? Find somewhere sheltered, I'm coming to find you.

MADDIE:

Right. No, you're right. (OFF) Jeremy, come on. We can slip through this gap here. The fence might buy us some time.

FX: THEY START MOVING DOWN THE FENCE.

JEREMY:

(OFF) (RUNNING) What are we going to do? Push them into the harbour?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) What other choice do we have?

ARTHUR:

Have you found the gap?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) Not yet...

FX: ANOTHER THRALL SCREAM, CLOSER. SCUTTling CLAWS ON TARMAC.

JEREMY:

(OFF) Oh god, there they are...

MADDIE:

Here!

FX: THEY STOP. MADDIE PULLS UP THE LOOSE FENCING.

MADDIE:

(EFFORT TO PULL THE FENCE UP) Inside! Now!

ARTHUR:

Well done, Madds. I'm coming as fast as I can!

MADDIE:

Please. Please hurry.

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(EFFORT TO SQUEEZE UNDER FENCE)

FX: THEY SQUEEZE UNDER THE FENCE. THE CALL DROPS

07. EXT. PIER - RECORDER

FX: LONG INTERRUPTED SECTION OF MADDIE AND JEREMY RUNNING DOWN THE PIER (TO EXTEND THE SENSE OF THIS HAPPENING ALL IN ONE LONG TAKE): RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE. ROAR OF WAVES AROUND THEM. GULL SCREAMS AND THRALLS BEHIND THEM, COMING CLOSER.

FX: AFTER ROUGHLY TEN SECONDS, JEREMY SLIPS SUDDENLY

JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

MADDIE:

(GRABS HIM) Careful!

JEREMY:

(BREATHLESS) I'm starting to see why they closed this fucking place.

MADDIE:

Come on!

FX: THEY KEEP RUNNING FOR A LONG FEW BEATS. GULL SCREAM OVERHEAD, THRALL SCREAMS BEHIND.

08. EXT - PIER - OUTSIDE LIGHTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FX: WAVES LOUDER, WIND WHIPPING ROUND

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(GASPING FOR BREATH)

FX: OFF IN THE FOG: A THRALL SCREECH

JEREMY:

Fuck! Why did we think this was a good fucking idea?

FX: CLATTER OF BIKE WHEELS, BEING RIDDEN AT SPEED, APPROACHING THEM RAPIDLY

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION)

MADDIE:

Oh, what now?

ARTHUR:

(OFF) (SHOUTING, BREATHLESS) Madds!

MADDIE:

Arthur?

ARTHUR:

(OFF) Madds!

FX: ARTHUR ARRIVES OUT OF THE FOG, RIDING A BIKE AT SPEED. HE HOPS OFF AND RUNS TOWARDS THEM. BIKE CLATTERS TO THE CONCRETE.

ARTHUR:

Maddie! You made it!

MADDIE:

So did you!

FX: THEY EMBRACE

ARTHUR:

(HOLDING HER) Thank God you're alright!

MADDIE:

You too! I thought-... How did you get here so quickly?

FX: THEY PART.

ARTHUR:

Stole a bike from the quay. Not ideal, but it was all I could think of.

JEREMY:

What about the Thralls? The gulls?! They're all out there!

ARTHUR:

I didn't see anything! The fog's terrible enough.

FX: THRALL SCREAMS, BEHIND THEM

MADDIE:

They're still chasing us!

ARTHUR:

Quickly! Give me the head!

MADDIE:

Later. Now, we have to run!

JEREMY:

She's right; the head can wait.

ARTHUR:

Just stop and listen!

FX: VERY QUIET. GENTLE WAVES.

ARTHUR (CONT'D):

Everything's fine. There's nothing out there. It's just the sea.

JEREMY:

But that makes no sense. We heard them!

ARTHUR:

You're stressed, both of you. The fog is playing tricks on you. You've been running, and you're both hurt. You need to stop and rest.

MADDIE:

But... we did hear the thralls, and the seagulls. Why would they suddenly stop?

ARTHUR:

Maybe it's the ocean? You know, vampires and running water?

MADDIE:

I don't-

ARTHUR:

(INTERRUPTING) Whatever the reason, it's all going to be alright. I'm here.
Now, about the head?

JEREMY:

Don't look at me, I hate the damn thing.

MADDIE:

I've got it.

ARTHUR:

Great. Hand it over.

(BEAT, MADDIE PROCESSES, DOESN'T MOVE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Maddie, don't make me ask again. I need the head.

(MADDIE IS FROZEN)

ARTHUR:

Come on, Madds, this is almost over!

MADDIE:

(TO ARTHUR) Say that again.

JEREMY:

Maddie? What is it?

ARTHUR:

Say what again? What are you talking about?

MADDIE:

You said you need the head. (RECALLING DRACULA) '*You live only by my choosing. I hold the reins. I control you.*' What if I said no?

ARTHUR:

What?

MADDIE:

What if I refused to give you the head? Would you try to take it from me?

ARTHUR:

(TRIES TO LAUGH) I might! If I was worried you weren't in your right mind, which I kinda am!

MADDIE:

That's what you want, isn't it? That's the only reason you're here. (SOFTLY, DAWNING HORROR) Jeremy, it's not your father, it's *Arthur*. (TO ARTHUR) You're the one behind all this.

ARTHUR:

(HE LAUGHS) Maddie, what the *hell*?

JEREMY:

Fuck.

MADDIE:

That's what Mina worked out: Dracula's been herding us here, to you. The Foundation, the need to run, that was all a lie to get us here. Alone. That's why the creatures have stopped too, why you chose the closed off lighthouse. Does Mr Harker even know we

have the head? Why would he ignore his own son? It makes so much more sense.

ARTHUR:

Madds, come on.

MADDIE:

Don't *Madds* me!

ARTHUR:

Look. You have no idea what I've been through trying to track down that head. After what happened at the Westenra building-

JEREMY:

What *you've* been through?

MADDIE:

I- We almost- bloody died!

ARTHUR:

I know! I know that! And I was so relieved that you were okay. And when I learned you had the head... I knew we could make this right again! Put everything back on track. All he wants is to be whole again, and when he is-

MADDIE:

Stop! Just stop!

ARTHUR:

I'm doing this for us, Madeline! For you!

MADDIE:

For *me*?

ARTHUR:

To keep you safe!

DRACULA:

(SOFT LAUGHTER - ALMOST UNHEARD)

MADDIE:

Keep me safe? I've been chased around by monsters! I was impaled by a vampire on a train, and I don't even remember it happening! This was you trying to keep me *safe*?

ARTHUR:

Yes! Do you have any idea what he could-

DRACULA:

Enough! Servant, reclaim me!

ARTHUR:

(LUNGING FORWARD) Give him to me!

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY STEP BACK SEVERAL PACES.

MADDIE:

(PULLING BACK) No!

JEREMY:

Maddie let's go! Just run!

FX: THEY RUN

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) Where?

JEREMY:

(RUNNING) Away from here!

ARTHUR:

(OFF) You can't run from us! You can't run from this!

FX: WAVES CRASHING, STORM STARTING TO SWIRL. RUSH OF WIND AND RAIN. HUGE WAVE HITS THE PIER: WATER RAINS DOWN ON THEM.

MADDIE/JEREMY:

(STARTLED/SOAKED REACTION/SPLUTTERING AS WATER HITS THEIR FACES/FILLS THEIR MOUTHS)

JEREMY:

(SPLUTTERING) Ugh, fuck! I can't see!

MADDIE:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) Hold my hand! We can't get separated in the fog!

JEREMY:

I'm here, I promise, just go!

ARTHUR:

(EFFORT, RUNNING - OFF - BEHIND) Maddie! Please, come back! We can do this together!

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY RUN THROUGH THE STORM. ARTHUR CHASES.

09. EXT - PIER - RECORDER - CONTINUOUS

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY RUN DOWN THE RAIN-SOAKED PIER. RECORDER
BOUNCES IN MADDIE'S POCKET

JEREMY:

(RUNNING EFFORT) Where are we? How is this still the pier?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING EFFORT) I don't know! I can't see!

THRALL:

(ECHOING HOWL, OFF IN THE MIST)

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY SLOW, HESITATING

MADDIE:

Oh god, it's the Thralls. They've gotten through the fence!

JEREMY:

They could be anywhere!

MADDIE:

Maybe... maybe we can slip past? This fog is so thick, I can't
even see where the water is! (CRY AS SHE STARTS FORWARD AND
LOSES BALANCE)

FX: MADDIE SLIPS. JEREMY GRABS HER.

JEREMY:

(EFFORT AS HE GRABS HER)

MADDIE:

(EFFORT AS SHE'S GRABBED)

JEREMY:

Careful!

MADDIE:

It's my leg! I feel like it's barely holding me up. I should
have listened to you back in London! I should have-

JEREMY:

You didn't know. How could we possibly have known?

FX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS - THRALLS APPROACH THROUGH THE MISTS

THRALL:

(SNARLS)

MADDIE:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

DRACULA:

See how they come at my call...

MADDIE:

Jeremy, get behind me.

JEREMY:

Get behind you?

MADDIE:

I have the head. That's what they want. That's their master.

DRACULA:

(LAUGHS) That is indeed so. There is only one way to survive this.

MADDIE:

We're not doing anything you say!

DRACULA:

Oh? But you already have! You brought me here. You delivered me. And now, you will deliver me again. Or would you prefer to die?

JEREMY:

What if we throw you in the fucking ocean? What then?

THRALLS:

(SNARL - INHUMAN HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE)

DRACULA:

Then I shall be retrieved, and you will have no idea where to find me.

THRALLS:

(SNARL AS THEY STALK CLOSER)

FX: MADDIE AND JEREMY STEP BACK

JEREMY:

Madeline, give the head to me.

MADDIE:

What?

JEREMY:

Give it to me, get away from the pier. Get to safety.

MADDIE:

You'll be torn apart!

JEREMY:

I worked for that place for years! I'm the reason your fucking boyfriend went to Amsterdam. This is my fucking fault!

MADDIE:

For fuck's sake, Jeremy, now is not the time-

JEREMY:

Just let me do something good for once in my life, Madeline!

MADDIE:

No. We do this together. We have to.

DRACULA:

So be it: death it is.

THRALL:

(SCREAMS AS IT LEAPS)

FX: THRALL LEAPS. JEREMY AND MADDIE STAGGER BACKWARDS.

JEREMY/MADDIE:

(FALLING EFFORT)

MADDIE:

(SHE SCREAMS)

JEREMY:

Madeline!

FX: THE HEAD FALLS FROM HER GRIP - BOTH IT AND THE RECORDER
CLATTER ACROSS THE CONCRETE. CRASH OF WAVES AND THUNDER. STRANGE
THUMPS AND FOOTSTEPS: A MELEE THAT MAKES NO SENSE.

JEREMY:

Madeline? (NOT RESPONSE) (LOUDER) Maddie?!

FX: NOTHING BUT THE ROAR OF WAVES AND WEATHER.

10. EXT - PIER - CONTINUOUS - DROPPED RECORDER

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS - ARTHUR ARRIVES

ARTHUR:

Where is she?

JEREMY:

I don't know! I don't- She was right here!

ARTHUR:

I always knew you were a coward, but leaving her to those *things*?

FX: HE STARTS FORWARD. JEREMY STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET

JEREMY:

You keep the fuck away from her!

ARTHUR:

Me keep away from her?

JEREMY:

You let her trust you! Let her believe you were on her fucking side!

ARTHUR:

I *am* on her side! You're the one who brought the Thralls here! You're the one letting them chase you across the country!

JEREMY:

You made her believe the Foundation was evil!

ARTHUR:

It is evil! Inept and *old*. It thinks the only way forward is to keep things exactly as they've always been, acting as if we can *contain* Dracula!

JEREMY:

Is that what it's told you? The damned *head*?

ARTHUR:

The head is mine! (EFFORT AS HE LUNGES FOR THE HEAD)

JEREMY:

No! (EFFORT AS HE LUNGES AFTER HIM)

JEREMY/ARTHUR:

(EFFORT AS THEY SCUFFLE)

ARTHUR:

God, you always were the worst fucking boss! Always getting in my way, blocking my attempts to make *progress*! Well now *I* make the decisions. (HE LASHES OUT WITH A PUNCH)

FX: ARTHUR PUNCHES JEREMY IN THE FACE.

JEREMY:

(CRY AS THE PUNCH CONNECTS, HE FALLS BACK)

FX: ARTHUR GATHERS UP THE HEAD.

ARTHUR:

(CRY OF VICTORY AS HE GRABS THE HEAD) At last! Master, can you hear me?

DRACULA:

(WHEEZING BREATH)

JEREMY:

You're insane!

ARTHUR:

Says the man with a ghost in his brain! How's that going, by the way? So hard to have anyone trust you, when you barely know who you are!

JEREMY:

Did you... did *you* do this to me?

ARTHUR:

(LAUGHS) Did I give you a *mental breakdown*? Christ Jeremy, you really are self absorbed. Now let me pass!

JEREMY:

No!

ARTHUR:

I won't hesitate to hit you again, you arrogant, miserable piece of shit-!

DRACULA:

Leave him.

ARTHUR:

What?

DRACULA:

We have what we need.

ARTHUR:

I just need to find-

DRACULA:

My pets will take care of them both.

FX: GULL SCREAMING FROM ABOVE

ARTHUR:

But... you promised we'd both-

JEREMY:

(CRY AS HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT ARTHUR)

FX: JEREMY LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT ARTHUR.

ARTHUR:

(STARTLED REACTION)

FX: THEY BOTH FALL TO THE FLOOR, WRESTLING.

JEREMY/ARTHUR:

(EFFORT AS THEY FIGHT - NEITHER IS ESPECIALLY STRONG OR INTIMIDATING)

FX: HEAD ROLLS OUT OF ARTHUR'S GRIP

ARTHUR:

No! Master! I will reclaim you!

FX: HE STRUGGLES ALONG THE PIER AFTER IT IN AN ARMY CRAWL

JEREMY:

(EFFORT AS HE GRABS FOR ARTHUR'S LEGS) You're... not... having... that head!

ARTHUR:

(EFFORT AS HE KICKS HIM)

JEREMY:

(REACTION AS HE'S KICKED)

FX: ARTHUR REACHES HEAD AND SCOOPS IT UP

ARTHUR:

(EFFORT AS HE SCOOPS IT UP. SOUND OF TRIUMPH) Ah! It's mine!

JEREMY:

Give it back!

ARTHUR:

Never! You don't scare me, Larkin!

FX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS, ECHOING CLOSER THROUGH THE FOG - CLEARLY NOT MADDIE - BOTH ARTHUR AND JEREMY FREEZE

JEREMY:

Maddie? *Maddie!*

FX: FOOTSTEPS COME CLOSER, SPEEDING UP TO A RUN

ARTHUR:

...Madds?

FX: A FIGURE ARRIVES OUT OF THE FOG.

J3:

Jeremy!

JEREMY:

...Dad?

FX: MORE RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SMART, OFFICIAL: FOUNDATION SECURITY OFFICERS ARRIVE.

MAGDALENA:

Sir, we need you back in the van. This isn't safe.

J3:

Yes, thank you. I am quite aware, Ms Swift. Please, assist my son, make sure he doesn't hurt himself.

ARTHUR:

Mr Harker?

J3:

Mr Jones.

ARTHUR:

What are you-? I mean, how did you-?

FX: MORE OFFICERS HURRY PASS. CRACKLE OF WALKIE TALKIES. BEHIND: THE RUMBLE OF TRUCKS.

SECURITY OFFICER #3:

Ma'am, we've secured a handful of assets across the pier. There may be more along the seafront.

J3:

Inform the port authorities. Given the sudden storm, I believe we have grounds to report a weather disaster. Keep any civilians away from the beachfront.

SECURITY OFFICER #3:

Sir.

ARTHUR:

Mr Harker. I can't tell you how relieved I am to see you!

J3:

Are you? If it weren't for an unexpected call from Thomas Van Helsing this afternoon, I wouldn't even have known you were *here*.

JEREMY:

Tom? What did he say? Is he alright?

J3:

(TO ARTHUR) Just what the hell did you think you were doing? Going behind my back, rerouting my calls? You allowed me to believe my son was dead!

ARTHUR:

I'm sorry. I should have told you what I was doing, but I saw an opportunity to retrieve the... skull and I took it. There was so little time and, when it became clear how... unwell Mr Larkin and my girlfriend had become-

JEREMY:

He's lying! He's fucking lying! He's in league with Dracula!

ARTHUR:

I'm sorry you have to see him like this, Mr Harker.

J3:

(TO MAGDALENA) Where is Ms Townsend?

MAGDALENA:

I've got people searching for her now.

J3:

Make sure she's found. Jeremy, get up. You're coming with me.

FX: HE GRABS JEREMY'S ARM

JEREMY:

(EFFORT AS HE'S DRAGGED TO HIS FEET) He has the head! I don't know what he's fucking told you, but he's lying!

ARTHUR:

I do have the head. It's right here. It's safe. I understand things have spiralled somewhat-

J3:

We will discuss this back in London. Ms Swift, please see to it that the skull is properly contained.

ARTHUR:

But I-

MAGDALENA:

Yes, Mr Harker.

FX: MAGDALENA GOES TO TAKE THE HEAD FROM ARTHUR

MAGDALENA:

Hand over the specimen, please, Mr Jones. (SOTTO) Why didn't you tell me what you were doing?

ARTHUR:

I had it under control!

MAGDALENA:

Head. Now.

FX: HEAD HANDED TO MAGDALENA.

JEREMY:

Wait! The head! It's dangerous! It's summoned birds and animals and fuck knows what else! It's the reason for this damned fog! And it can talk!

MAGDALENA:

The limbs have been displaying unusual activity, sir.

J3:

As I am only *today* learning, yes, I know.

JEREMY:

Go on Count! Say something! I know you fucking can!

(THE SKULL REMAINS SILENT)

JEREMY (CONT):

Say something!

ARTHUR:

It should probably be kept out of his reach, Mr Harker.

J3:

I'm quite aware, Mr Jones. You've caused quite enough damage already, I'd keep quiet if I were you.

ARTHUR:

Of course. I'm sorry.

J3:

However, I believe, in this instance, removing the skull from my son's sight is the best course of action. We shall discuss this further back in London.

FX: MAGDALENA PLACES HEAD IN BOX: HIGH-TECH HISS OF LID SEALING.

MAGDALENA:

Specimen contained. The trucks are this way. Watch your step. We don't know what else is here.

FX: GROUP START TO WALK AWAY.

JEREMY:

Wait! We can't just leave!

J3:

That is precisely what we are doing.

JEREMY:

No! I'm not going! I refuse to leave without her!

J3:

Ms Swift?

MAGDALENA:

Sir. With me, officer.

FX: MAGDALENA AND AN OFFICER GRAB JEREMY

JEREMY:

Agh! Get off me!

J3:

It's for your own good, Jeremy. Please do not cause a fuss.

FX: JEREMY STRUGGLES, FEEBLY.

MAGDALENA:

This way, Mr Larkin.

FX: MAGDALENA AND OFFICER DRAG JEREMY TOWARDS THE VANS.

J3:

And you, Mr Jones. I will require a full debrief back in London.

ARTHUR:

Sir.

J3:

Very good.

FX: THEY GROUP BEGINS TO WALK. JEREMY STRUGGLING IN VAIN.

JEREMY:

(PAINED/PANICKED EFFORT REACTION AS HE'S DRAGGED ALONG THE PIER)
Madeline!

11. EXT - PIER - BODYCAM - CONTINUOUS

FX: WEATHER ATMOS HAS DIED DOWN, GULLS SEEM NORMAL AGAIN.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AS GROUP CROSS THE PIER TOWARDS A PARKED TRUCK.
JEREMY STRUGGLES. SECURITY OFFICER APPROACHES.

SECURITY OFFICER #3:

Ma'am, assets located in four separate locations across the pier
and waterfront. All now secured.

MAGDALENA:

Any civilian casualties?

SECURITY OFFICER #3:

We believe so. Assessing now.

MAGDALENA:

Shit.

JEREMY:

Madeline's still out there! What if she's-

MAGDALENA:

As soon as we find her, Mr Larkin, we'll bring her in. Right now
we need you to let us do our jobs.

FX: TRUCK DOOR OPENS. JEREMY BREAKS FREE OF OFFICER'S GRIP

JEREMY:

No! (EFFORT TO BREAK AWAY) She's lost! She could be hurt! She
could be in the water, have you checked?

J3:

Get in the van, Jeremy. Now.

JEREMY:

No!

J3:

We're going back to the office. Ms Swift, get him inside.

MAGDALENA:

Mr Larkin. Inside, please. (SHE TAKES JEREMY'S ARM)

JEREMY:

Get off me! (REACTION AS MAGDALENA SHOVES HIM INTO THE CAR)

FX: JEREMY IS SHOVED INTO THE CAR. HE STRUGGLES.

J3:

Sit with him. Make sure he doesn't cause any more of a scene.

MAGDALENA:

Sir.

FX: MAGDALENA CLIMBS INTO CAR NEXT TO JEREMY

JEREMY:

(OFF) (STRUGGLES) Maddie!

FX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

CUT TO:

12. EXT - DOVER BEACH - BODYCAM FOOTAGE - CONTINUOUS

FX: PATROLLING FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE. RUSH OF WAVES AND STORM

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

Ugh, this weather.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

I see someone, down on the beach! Approaching now.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

Go, go!

FX: THEY HURRY DOWN A FLIGHT OF CONCRETE STEPS ONTO SAND

MADDIE:

(NEAR DISTANCE) (STRUGGLING EFFORT AS SHE RUNS ACROSS THE SAND)

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

Is it her?

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

She matches the description.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(CALLING) Ms Townsend, stop right there!

MADDIE:

(OFF) (SOTTO, BREATHLESS) Fuck!

FX: SHE CONTINUES RUNNING, STAGGERS, CATCHING HERSELF.

MADDIE (CONT):

(REACTION TO FALL) ARGH!

FX: SECURITY OFFICERS RUN TOWARDS HER

SECURITY OFFICER: #2:

Stay where you are, miss.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

We've got her. I'll radio in.

MADDIE:

(DESPERATE) Please... Just let me go. I don't even have the head!

FX: RADIO CRACKLE

SECURITY OFFICER #1:
This is Security Officer Taylor. We've found Ms Townsend,
awaiting orders.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:
(TO MADDIE) Stand up. Slowly. Raise your hands above your head.

FX: MADDIE STANDING AS INSTRUCTED.

MADDIE:
(BREATHLESS) I'm standing, I'm standing. Please.

ELENA:
(SOFT LAUGHTER - ACROSS THE BEACH)

SECURITY OFFICER #2:
What was that?

SECURITY OFFICER #1:
Could be a civilian. Go check it out.

FX: OFFICER #2 WALKS FURTHER ACROSS THE BEACH

SECURITY OFFICER #2:
Hello? Ma'am, this is a restricted area. I'm afraid you can't-

ELENA:
(EFFORT AS SHE LUNGES OUT OF THE MIST)

FX: ELENA BURIES HER CLAWS INTO SECURITY OFFICER #2.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:
(GURGLING GASP)

SECURITY OFFICER #1:
(HORRIFIED REACTION) What the- [*fuck?*]

ELENA:
(HISSES) Little jailors! Captors!

FX: SHE SWIPES AT GUARD #1. BLOOD SPLATTERS.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:
(REACTION AS HIS THROAT IS SLIT)

FX: GUARDS BOTH DROP, DEAD. ELENA MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS MADDIE.

MADDIE:

You!

ELENA:

And *you*. *Again*. Everywhere I follow him, I find *you*.

MADDIE:

Keep away from me!

FX: MADDIE STRUGGLES ACROSS SAND.

ELENA:

Did I not warn you? Did I not explicitly say?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING EFFORT, FALLS)

FX: MADDIE FALLS

MADDIE:

(PAINED/TERRIFIED REACTION)

FX: ELENA APPROACHES

MADDIE:

Please. Please! I don't-

ELENA:

I warned you that, if we were to meet again, I would destroy you. Is your devotion truly so great that you risk death?

MADDIE:

Devotion? Wait- Please. You don't understand-

ELENA:

Understand? I understand perfectly. You do not have the Count, yes, but I must have him. I must make the other servant fear for the consequences of his actions.

MADDIE:

Servant? What- Jeremy...

No! No you have this all wrong! We're not-

ELENA:

SILENCE! I must send a message. And that message is *you*.

MADDIE:

We're not working for the Count! We're not his servants! We're trying to- [destroy him]!

FX: ELENA LUNGES. CRUNCH AS SHE STEPS ON THE BODYCAM, CUTTING MADDIE OFF MID SENTENCE. SILENCE.

ENDING TITLES
END OF EPISODE