

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION

EP-02, TRAIN FIEND

TRANSCRIPT

EPISODE INTRO:

You are listening to *The Holmwood Foundation*.

Episode Two: Train Fiend.

Content Warning: this episode contains swearing, themes of possession/removal of bodily autonomy, depictions of violence, including implied violence to animals, and brief sounds of vomiting.

Listener discretion is advised.

This episode is dedicated to Fay and Keith.

EPISODE BEGINS

01. INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

REPORTER WILDTRACK:

["Mr Harker! Mr Harker!" "What caused your building to collapse sir?" "Are the escaped animals connected to the gas explosion?"]

FX: ARTHUR APPROACHES PODIUM. SLIGHT MICROPHONE FEEDBACK

ARTHUR:

(INTO MICROPHONE) Good morning everyone. My name is Arthur Jones, I'm stepping in for Mr Harker this morning.

REPORTER WILDTRACK:

(SURPRISED WHISPERS)

ARTHUR:

(D) As Head Archivist of the Lucy Westenra building, I am more than equipped to answer any questions regarding the incident in Whitby. One at a time, please.

FX: CROWD RAISE THEIR HANDS.

ARTHUR:

Yes, you, in green?

REPORTER #1:

Thank you. Lucille Young, De Telegraaf [Amsterdam Pronunciation]. Why is Mr Harker not attending today's conference?

ARTHUR:

I'm afraid Mr Harker has been taken unexpectedly ill and is returning to our London offices. He regrets that he cannot speak with you all at this time. Anything you would ask him, you can ask me.

REPORTER #1:

We were all very sorry to hear about what happened in Whitby. Do we have any new information about the source of the explosion?

ARTHUR:

There is no new information beyond what we've already released to the press. It is believed that a gas leak caused the explosion. We are holding a private investigation and are keeping the authorities informed. (BEAT) Next question, please? Oh, Collins. Hello. We're both quite a way from home, I see.

COLLINS:

Uh, yes. Hello. Collins, from the Whitby Gazette. I wanted to ask if you had any comments on the recent wild animal attacks near Whitby?

ARTHUR:

I don't know why we would. The Westenra Building wasn't a zoo.

REPORTER WILDTRACK:

(UNEASY LAUGHTER.)

COLLINS:

No, no of course not, but it does seem an odd coincidence that they began at the same time...?

ARTHUR:

The attacks are a matter for the local authorities. If there were any way we could assist, I assure you, we would. I'll take two more questions. Starting over there. In the blue shirt.

REPORTER #2:

Francesca Royale, from The Guardian. Concerning those who lost their loved ones in this building collapse, what will you be doing to compensate them?

ARTHUR:

I- (SOFTER) This was a horrendous accident and the loss of life is unacceptable. I consider everyone at the Westenra building not just a colleague, but a friend. That is to say.. I will do everything in my power to ensure their family's safety and comfort at this time.

I think that's enough questions. I'm sorry, but we have a lot to be getting on with. Thank you everyone for coming.

REPORTER WILDTRACK:

(CONTINUE TO SHOUT QUESTIONS AS ARTHUR LEAVES THE ROOM)

02. INT. JEREMY AND MADDIE'S TENT - MORNING

FX: RECORDER BEGINS. TENT INTERIOR. SOFT SUMMER NATURE ATMOS  
OUTSIDE: DAWN CHORUS, LIGHT BREEZE.

JONATHAN:

It's Jonathan. I hope I'm using this correctly. I wish to have this recorded, for your benefit, Mina, and mine. In case I must be held accountable for whatever I do next.

FX: RUSTLE - JONATHAN HOLDS UP RUCKSACK

JONATHAN:

When I awoke this morning I endeavoured to check on the backpack, as has been my routine these last few days. It was not where I left it, within arm's reach of where I slept, but instead lying beside the tent door. When I moved to snatch the bag, that... damnable head nearly rolled into my lap! Please, understand me, Mina: it had chewed its way out of the bag! As I turned it over, I found... this: a rat, sticking out of its mouth, half-eaten. (MORE INTENSE) I don't know how he has done it, but it is clear to me now, more than ever, that we must do something.

I fear where this may lead. I... I understand your agreement to keep this monster in our sights, Mina, I really do. But, truly, I don't see what further harm could be done by destroying it? Burying it, even. Putting it somewhere it can do no further harm.

(HE PICKS UP THE HEAD)

Can you hear me, Count? I will not let this continue! I shall not allow you to... do whatever it is you are planning!

Answer me, you wretched thing!

FX: MADDIE'S HURRYING FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE

MADDIE:

(O.S) Jonathan? Jonathan!

JONATHAN:

(FLEETING HOPE) ...Mina?

FX: TENT FLAP UNZIPPED. MADDIE ENTERS TENT

MADDIE:

It's Madeline. What's going on?

JONATHAN:

Look! Look at this! Look at what he's done!

MADDIE:

(HORRIFIED) Is... is that a rat?

JONATHAN:

He chewed his way out! He is feeding, Miss Townsend!

MADDIE:

But... that can't be possible! It's a head! It doesn't even have a tongue, let alone a throat. How could it— [eat a rat]?

JONATHAN:

When we fought him last he was able to call animals to his will, make them do his bidding. Don't you see?

MADDIE:

(THINKING WILDLY) Perhaps the rat gnawed its way inside the rucksack by itself? Got caught in the mouth?

JONATHAN:

And chewed itself to death?

MADDIE:

We'll wrap the head in something thicker, see if we can repair the bag when we reach civilisation.

FX: RUSTLE AS SHE SEARCHES FOR SOMETHING TO USE

JONATHAN:

The tent bag, perhaps? It seems thick enough.

MADDIE:

It'll have to do for now. (WARY LAUGH) It's not as if any of us can get the tent back inside it anyway!

JONATHAN:

Quite. (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) I'm sorry. I should not over-excite myself. We must think calmly and rationally, that is what Mina would want.

MADDIE:

I know. It's okay, Jonathan, we're all on edge. Help me with this?

FX: THEY WRAP UP THE HEAD. BIRD SONG CEASES OUTSIDE (BEAT)

MADDIE:

Do you hear that?

JONATHAN:

Hear what?

FX: MADDIE SHUFFLES OUT OF TENT

MADDIE (O.S)

...The birds have stopped singing.

JONATHAN:

What?

FX: HE SCRAMBLES TO JOIN HER

FX: RECORDING STOPS

03. EXT. FOOTPATH - MORNING, LATER

FX: FOOTSTEPS. SOFT NATURE ATMOS. BREEZE THROUGH GRASS. BIRDS  
ONCE MORE SINGING

FX: RECORDER ON

JONATHAN:

It is Jonathan again. I wish to... apologise for my outburst earlier. I think perhaps the events of the last few days have affected me more than I realised. One moment it is morning then, when I next open my eyes, it is late afternoon. I am aware that time has passed, and sometimes conscious of having spoken words that were not my own, but otherwise there is darkness. I do not like being... trapped.

We are walking again. We packed and left, as soon as we could, following the... incident with the head.

As I understand, it has been half a day since the Thrall attack. We are still walking to York. The weather is dry, and the moors are beautiful. Their bucolic greenery is almost...comforting. But sometimes things pass overhead, - immense gleaming contraptions I now know to be aeroplanes - or a monstrous rumble will cut across the stillness, and I am reminded, all at once, this is not the England I left behind.

Right now is the longest I have found myself awake since this strange nightmare began. I do not know whether to consider this a boon or, given this morning, some terrible harbinger.

I have not yet been able to contact Mina, though I find myself more and more grateful for this recording device of Miss Townsend's. I have listened to your recordings over and over, my love. (SOFT) I know Mr Larkin and Miss Townsend have access to these also, but I wanted to have it on record that I miss you terribly, my darling. I want you back with me more than anything.

Although, listening back through your recordings these last few days, I... I have noticed a discrepancy in your notes. You... uh - I am not quite sure how to enquire - ...you mention us having a-

FX: FOOTSTEPS - MADDIE APPROACHES

MADDIE:

(EFFORT ON UNEVEN GROUND)

JONATHAN:

(HOPEFUL) Mina?

MADDIE:

Still Maddie. Have you finished recording?

JONATHAN:

Yes, yes I suppose so.

MADDIE:

(EFFORT - SHE ALMOST SLIPS)

FX: MADDIE STUMBLES ON THE MUD

JONATHAN:

(HURRIES TO HELP) May I assist you?

FX: HE HELPS HER UPRIGHT.

MADDIE:

(EFFORT) Thanks. I think I spotted some rooftops over in that direction. We're getting close to a village or something. Someone's got to have a phone we can borrow.

JONATHAN:

Wilhelmina's Foundation may yet assist us. How is your foot? Perhaps I should carry your bags-

MADDIE:

I'm really alright, Jonathan. I've found a good stick. I can walk.

JONATHAN:

Forgive me, but you do not look 'all right.'

MADDIE:

Neither of us look particularly wonderful right now, do we? Look, it's very sweet that you're being protective, but I can handle myself. It's just a sprained ankle.

JONATHAN:

But Miss Townsend-

MADDIE:

It's Maddie, and no buts: I'm not a damsel in distress and...I'm not really your wife. You do understand that, don't you?

JONATHAN:

I do. I do understand. But, I keep thinking of that moment when I first awoke, and your eyes changed and you were-

MADDIE:

(SOFTLY) ...I know. I'm sorry.

JONATHAN:

Our marriage began and ended in despair, I must do right by her in this strange new world.

MADDIE:

I don't think there's any more you could do to prove to Mina you would fight for her. And, please understand, both of us are perfectly capable of looking after ourselves.

JONATHAN:

Of course. Of course, Madeline. Maddie. (FALSE ATTEMPT AT CHEERINESS) I shall try my utmost.

MADDIE:

Thank you, Jonathan. Now, let's get moving, shall we?

JONATHAN:

Right. Yes. Onward we go.

FX: RECORDING ENDS.

04. EXT - STRENSALL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

FX: RECORDER ON. FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT AS MADDIE DESCENDS A ROAD.

MADDIE:

Hi, it's Maddie. Jeremy's back, and currently retching into a bush, so I thought I'd record something to mark our progress. We've made it to a village called Strensall. First time in days walking on pavement! It feels... safe. There's a post office and some hiking shops, and a pub. So hopefully we'll find a phone.

FX: JEREMY APPROACHES

MADDIE:

Feeling better?

JEREMY:

I feel like I've been dragged backwards through a fucking hedge, thank you so much. How long was I gone?

MADDIE:

Since last night. Maybe twelve hours?

JEREMY:

Just what I fucking needed. (STARTLED REACTION AS HE MOVES CLOSER) Ugh! What's that smell? Is that the bag?

MADDIE:

Ah, yes, that would be Jonathan's idea: we covered it in wild garlic. Picked some up on the hill.

JEREMY:

Wonderful. More reasons for people to think we're insane.

FX: THEY START WALKING AGAIN

MADDIE:

He had good reason to be cautious. He found it eating a rat this morning-

JEREMY:

A what?

MADDIE:

Exactly. I think we need to keep a closer eye on it. That Thrall last night found us somehow. And, back in the Archives, before... everything, I was certain I heard something speaking-

JEREMY:

It's a skull! It was dug up out of the ground less than a week ago! It can't eat things, or talk. It's not a homing beacon.

MADDIE:

It's the head of a centuries-old vampire! Who knows what it's capable of?

JEREMY:

It doesn't matter, because we're going to York, we're getting the train; we'll arrive in London by evening and this entire nightmare will be over.

MADDIE:

I'm not sure about the train. I mean, we've got no money. What if they throw us off before we reach London? What if they detain us, search our bags?

JEREMY:

We'll jump the barriers, or - christ, I don't know, steal someone's ticket. I don't care! And I have no intention of changing our plans just because Jonathan had a bad morning.

FX: JEREMY'S FOOTSTEPS SPEED UP, MOVING AWAY.

JEREMY:

Come on. This way.

MADDIE:

Uh... for the sake of the recorder, we've just reached a pub called The Sailboat.

JEREMY:

(AS HE MOVES AWAY) If they don't have a phone, I'm fucking stealing one.

FX: HE PUSHES OPEN DOOR - SOFT CONVERSATIONS FROM INSIDE

MADDIE:

So, uh. Mina, Jonathan, if you wake up surrounded by people-

JEREMY:

(DIST) Try not to make us look insane. Please.

FX: THEY ENTER

05. INT - PUB BAR

FX: PUB ATMOS - LIGHT CONVERSATION. MADDIE AND JEREMY APPROACH THE BAR

LANDLORD:

(AS THEY APPROACH) Afternoon. What can I do for you both?

MADDIE:

Uh, hello. You haven't got a phone we can use, do you? It's an emergency.

LANDLORD:

Just down there, in the wall near the end of the bar.

MADDIE:

(RELIEVED) Thank you.

JEREMY:

I'm going first!

FX: HE HURRIES OFF

LANDLORD:

Eager man, your husband. Bet on some horses, did he?

MADDIE:

He's not my husband. He's my... (CAN'T BRING SELF TO SAY FRIEND) colleague.

LANDLORD:

Right. You two okay? You look rough.

MADDIE:

Just... just a long hike. I've hurt my ankle.

LANDLORD:

Can I get you anything while you wait?

FX: MADDIE SITS: SCRAPE OF BAR STOOL.

MADDIE:

(WINCES AS SHE SITS) Two waters, please. And some painkillers, if you've got them.

LANDLORD:

Right you are.

FX: HE LEAVES

MADDIE:

(SHE SIGHS) (INTO RECORDER) So this is where we are, just in case. (UNDER BREATH) God I'm tired..

FX: RECORDER OFF

06. INT. PUB - PHONE CALL

FX: PUB ATMOS - LIGHT CONVERSATION

FX: PHONE DISTORTION THROUGH BOTH ENDS- RECORDED THROUGH PHONE

PHONE VOICE:

(TAKEN FROM EP.1) You are still in a queue. We will get to you as soon as we can. Your call is important to us.

JEREMY:

For fuck's sake.

FX: SOFT PHONE MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER CONVERSATION. MINA APPROACHES

MINA:

Ah, Mr Larkin, there you are.

JEREMY:

(STARTLED REACTION) Madeline, I- (FROSTY) Oh. Mrs Harker.

MINA:

Good afternoon to you too. I assume it is afternoon, yes? I see we've reached civilisation.

JEREMY:

Something approaching it, yes.

MINA:

How are we faring? I haven't had time to listen to Madeline's recordings yet.

JEREMY:

We're going to York and we're getting the train. I'm trying to call the damned office again. So, if you don't mind-

MINA:

That remains the plan? Even after the attack? What does Madeline say?

JEREMY:

Madeline-... Madeline agrees with me, obviously, so-

MINA:

She does?

JEREMY:

Of course she does! Look, can't you see I'm trying to make a fucking phone call?

MINA:

Please don't take that tone with me, Mr Larkin. I shall wait with the bags, if I really must.

JEREMY:

(FROSTY) How kind.

FX: MINA WALKS AWAY

JEREMY:

(UNDER BREATH) Just fucking brilliant.

PHONE VOICE:

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

JEREMY:

(D) (SOUND OF FRUSTRATION)

07. INT. PUB - BAR

FX: RECORDER SWITCHES ON

FX: PUB ATMOS- LIGHT CONVERSATION

MADDIE:

Uh... hello. I feel like I blacked out for a second just then. Mina, did you-

FX: JEREMY APPROACHES, SLUMPS DOWN IN SEAT

JEREMY:

(EXASPERATED BREATH)

MADDIE:

Any luck?

JEREMY:

Same bloody hotline. I left another message, told them we're alive and getting the train to London. With any luck, someone will pick us up, or at least acknowledge our fucking existence.

MADDIE:

That would be nice. Did I... leave for a second? There's nothing on the recorder, but I could have sworn-

JEREMY:

Mrs Harker decided to go for a little walk. I directed her back to your seat.

MADDIE:

Oh. I see. Thank you. You know, I was thinking last night about the ghosts, about the timing of all this, right after we found the head-

JEREMY:

No, no! I'm not having this discussion with you. This isn't our problem. Once we get to London, it won't be our problem.

MADDIE:

You think the Foundation will know how to fix this? Work out why the Harkers are here?

JEREMY:

Or prove we're having a shared mental breakdown. Whatever it is, I refuse to have anything more to do with Mr or Mrs Harker or that fucking head.

MADDIE:

You know... for a Foundation Director, you seem remarkably unhappy with the details of your job.

JEREMY:

This is not my job! I am supposed to be sitting in the London offices co-ordinating investors, charity functions, everything nice and normal about this fucking company. Not find myself possessed by a fucking ghost and ferrying some.. skull across the English countryside.

MADDIE:

So what were you doing in Whitby?

JEREMY:

(BITTER) I was volunteered.

MADDIE:

But you're still high up in the company. Isn't there...I don't know, an executive emergency number you could call? Maybe a Foundation safe house?

JEREMY:

(HE SNORTS) Yes, because I'd know anything about that.

MADDIE:

You're senior management!

JEREMY:

I'm not senior anything! My father decided to maroon me in fucking Whitby so he could have even less to do with me than he already did! And given how he's decided not to pick up the phone for the last three days, I might as well be a fucking intern for all it matters!

(THIS SINKS IN)

MADDIE:

...Hold on, your father is Jonathan Harker the third? Why didn't you tell me this before?!

JEREMY:

Does it matter?

MADDIE:

I think it might matter just a little bit, yes, considering we've been running across the Yorkshire moors for the last three days!

JEREMY:

Alright, keep your voice down!

MADDIE:

And considering who exactly is possessing you right now, I think that might actually be very important information to share!

JEREMY:

My father would barely speak to me before this happened, and now even his fucking hotline is screening my calls! And for your information, I am not a-

FX: LANDLORD APPROACHES. CLUNK OF TWO GLASSES ON THE BAR.

LANDLORD:

Here you go. Two waters, and my wife found some pain killers in the first aid kit.

FX: RUSTLE OF PAINKILLER PACKET HANDED OVER.

MADDIE:

Thanks.

JEREMY:

(CURTLY) Thank you.

LANDLORD:

Whereabouts were you two hiking, then?

MADDIE:

Oh... uh... Here and there! Lovely weather for it, right, Jeremy?

JEREMY:

(BITTER) Beautiful.

LANDLORD:

First-timers, I see. You didn't spot anything nasty on your travels, did you? Only, on account of your leg...

MADDIE:

(FLUSTERED) Nasty?

JEREMY:

(DRYLY) She caught her foot on a rabbit hole.

LANDLORD:

Ah, that'll do it. Apparently some rich bloke's pet jaguar got loose a few days ago. Killed two people. Police have been up and down the moors trying to find it, closing all the footpaths. (LAUGHS) I'm surprised you've not heard it. We've had people come in with all sorts of stories...

MADDIE:

(WORRIED) Oh. That's... erm-

LANDLORD:

We keep some papers on the bar, if you fancy a look. (LAUGHS) Might not help you sleep at night, but it pays to be prepared.

JEREMY:

(WITH VENOM) Thank you so much.

FX: LANDLORD LEAVES

MADDIE:

(SOFTLY) Escaped Jaguar. Is that-

JEREMY:

Foundation protocols. We've had them in place for years. Gives us plausible deniability in case anything escapes.

MADDIE:

Have you ever had to use them before?

JEREMY:

(BITTER) Funnily enough, not until the Harkers showed up.

MADDIE:

Two people killed...

JEREMY:

Just be glad it wasn't us.

MADDIE:

Now I really don't think it's a good idea to keep walking. Even to York.

JEREMY:

Of course it's a good idea! It's the only good idea we've got!

MADDIE:

People have died, Jeremy! What if the head really is leading the Thralls? Shouldn't we... hole up somewhere, keep ourselves protected, and-

JEREMY:

And what? Fend off the monsters while we wait for someone to call? I don't fucking think so. The train is our only hope of getting anywhere. Look, when I spoke to Mina earlier, she agreed with me, okay?

MADDIE:

She did? But... what about the thralls?

JEREMY:

They can have a wonderful time chasing a high-speed vehicle.

MADDIE:

I'm being serious.

JEREMY:

So am I. The Foundation should be dealing with them by now. I want to sit somewhere warm and away from nature for five fucking minutes.

MADDIE:

(RELUCTANT) I just wish someone knew where we were. (SHE STANDS) I'm going to use the phone, see if I can get hold of Arthur.

JEREMY:

You're leaving me here? On my own?

MADDIE:

You left me to use the phone. Here (FX: SHE SETS DOWN RECORDER) I'll leave you with the recorder. If Jonathan reappears, he knows how to use it.

JEREMY:

(BITTER) How nice for him.

FX:RECORDING OFF

08. INT. PUB - PHONE CALL - SLIGHTLY LATER

FX: BACKGROUND PUB ATMOS

FX: PHONE DISTORTION THROUGH BOTH ENDS- RECORDED THROUGH PHONE

ARTHUR:

(VOICEMAIL- TAKEN FROM EP 1) Heyyy. It's Arthur! Sorry, I can't come to the phone right now. Probably beavering away underground (HE LAUGHS) so leave a message after the beep, and I'll get back to you ASAP!

FX: VOICEMAIL BEEP.

MADDIE:

(UNDER BREATH) Come on Arthur, where are you?

09. INT. PHONE CALL - DOCTOR LAKE'S OFFICE

FX: LANDLINE PHONE RINGING. PICKED UP. PHONE DISTORTION THROUGH BOTH ENDS- RECORDED THROUGH PHONE

DR LAKE:

Dr Lake's office. Please, for the love of God, tell me this is computer maintenance-

ARTHUR:

Tim, it's Arthur Jones. From the Westenra.

FX: DR LAKE SITS UP SHARPLY

DR LAKE:

Arthur? Jesus Christ, how are you doing? What's going on? We've barely been told anything!

ARTHUR:

It's fine. It's fine. We're running just about every protocol under the sun, I think, but we're holding things together. I'm in Amsterdam.

DR LAKE:

Is it true about the Westenra building? The Biological archive?

ARTHUR:

I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

DR LAKE:

(LAUGHS) Come on, Arthur. It's hardly like I'm a bloody secretary!

ARTHUR:

Sorry Tim, strict orders from Mr Harker. We've got to keep this as contained as possible.

DR LAKE:

Then why are you calling?

ARTHUR:

(DEEP BREATH) How's the hand?

DR LAKE:

Excuse me?

ARTHUR:

Has it moved lately? Any new readings?

DR LAKE:

We sent our report last week.

ARTHUR:

Please just answer the question. Mr Harker's got me ringing everyone in biological storage, even the Texas building. We need a fresh report, on each of the limbs, sent over immediately.

DR LAKE:

I mean, last I checked the hand's the same as it's always been. What's this about?

ARTHUR:

(HE SIGHS) Just following protocol, like I said. I'm doing everything I can to keep things... sane over here. Please, Tim.

DR LAKE:

I'll ask Henri to help draw up a report when she's back from holiday, although I doubt it'll tell you anything new. Our computer system's been acting up, so don't hold your breath on it being a quick job.

ARTHUR:

We need it done as soon as possible. Call everyone back from leave if you have to.

DR LAKE:

Right. Right.

ARTHUR:

Send it to my account. I'll pass it on.

DR LAKE:

Will do. (BEAT) Arthur, what's going on?

ARTHUR:

I really wish I knew, Tim. I wish any of us knew.

FX: ARTHUR HANGS UP. CALL ENDS

10. INT. PUB - PHONE CALL

FX: SOFT PUB ATMOS

FX: PHONE RINGING. PHONE DISTORTION THROUGH BOTH ENDS- RECORDED THROUGH PHONE

MADDIE:

(COMPOSES HERSELF - DEEP BREATH)

FX: PHONE IS PICKED UP

FAY:

Hello?

MADDIE:

(FAKE CHEERY) Hi, Mum. It's me.

FAY:

Oh! Hello Darling. You don't usually use the landline. How's your holiday?

MADDIE:

Good. It's good. Lots of...fresh air.

FAY:

I can't tell you how relieved we were that you'd taken the time off. When we heard what happened in Whitby [the other night]-

MADDIE:

I know. I'm fine, I promise.

FAY:

Are you sure? You don't quite sound yourself, darling.

MADDIE:

I just... wanted to hear a friendly voice. It's been a lot. With the new job, and the... news. (BEAT) So you... heard from Arthur, then, about my holiday?

FAY:

He called last night, asked if we'd heard from you. Sounded very out of sorts, poor thing. I suppose he's stuck in the thick of it, being in charge. (BEAT) You know, I thought of you both this morning, that Foundation of yours. Saw a trailer on the telly

for that new Thomas Van Helsing film, you know, the one with—  
[the whatsit]

MADDIE:

(HURRIEDLY CUTTING HER OFF) I've not been able to get a hold of Arthur, middle of nowhere and everything. If he calls again, tell him... tell him I'm on my way to London. Tell him I'll be there soon, to... to say hello, if he's there. Tell him I'm okay?

FAY:

I thought you were on a walking trip?

MADDIE:

Uh, I am! But... after I'm done, I'm spending a few days in London. To catch my breath. Just tell him I'll be there?

FAY:

I'll let him know, sweetheart. (BEAT) You two haven't had a falling out, have you?

MADDIE:

No. No. Nothing like that.

FAY:

Oh good. (BEAT) You stay safe, love, alright? Your father and I were so worried about you before Arthur called. Just the thought of something happening... (BEAT) Well. It's just lovely to hear your voice.

MADDIE:

(BARELY HOLDING HER COMPOSURE) You too. Bye Mum, I love you. Send my love to Dad as well.

FAY:

I will.

FX: MADDIE ENDS CALL

11. INT. PUB BAR

FX: RECORDER CLICKS ON

FX: PUB ATMOS

JEREMY:

(RECITING SPELLBOUND, BY EMILY BRONTE)

"The giant trees are bending,  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  
And the storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot fucking- [go]"

(BEAT) (MORE NORMAL VOICE) This is Jeremy, once again documenting the downward-fucking-spiral of my life. Seems I would rather recite Bronte' to a bloody recorder than maintain eye contact with a backpack. You must be going as mad as I am, Jonathan, if you think the thing in there did anything like- [eating a rat]

FX: MADDIE APPROACHES

MADDIE:

Recording again?

JEREMY:

Keeping myself sane, if you must know. Any luck?

FX: MADDIE SITS ON BAR STOOL.

MADDIE:

Arthur didn't pick up. Called my Mum instead.

JEREMY:

How lovely. And what tips did she have for fighting the Undead?

MADDIE:

I told her to let Arthur know we're headed to London. If your call doesn't go through, there's a chance mine will.

JEREMY:

God, this is a mess.

MADDIE:

We'll... have to try our best with the train, won't we? Jump the barriers, I suppose, hope nobody kicks us off before we get to London.

JEREMY:

You're agreeing with me? What made you change your mind?

MADDIE:

I just... want this to be over. I want to go home, tell my mum how I'm really doing, find out how Arthur is. I don't want to spend another moment stuck here not knowing. And if Mina agrees with you... (SHE SIGHS) How long until we reach York?

JEREMY:

We should make it there by the evening, if we're fast.

MADDIE:

Good, good. (BEAT) Your father really hasn't answered your calls?

JEREMY:

No.

MADDIE:

I'm sorry. I... can't imagine not being able to [talk to my parents]-

JEREMY:

Oh no. No. We're not doing this either. Longest blackout of my bloody life, I refuse to wake up and have a heart-to-heart with you inside a fucking pub.

MADDIE:

Why not? Considering we're stuck together, as you're so fond of telling me? (BEAT) We're both tired, and miserable, and missing home. But at least we're not alone, right? No matter how... alone we might feel.

JEREMY:

That's just the problem, isn't it? We're all stuck here like this. (BEAT) (HE SIGHS) Look, my father and my job... they're just the way they are, alright? Now would you please stop being kind to me?

MADDIE:

Fine.

FX: MADDIE LIFTS GLASS

MADDIE:

To us?

JEREMY:

Don't push it.

MADDIE:

(STILL SMILING) To us. And getting back home to the people who love us.

JEREMY:

(HE SIGHS) To us. And surviving this fucking nightmare.

FX: THEY CLINK GLASSES

FX: RECORDING CLICKS OFF

12. N/A - ARTHUR'S PHONE

FX: MOBILE PHONE RINGING. ARTHUR PICKS UP.

FX: PHONE DISTORTION THROUGH BOTH ENDS- RECORDED THROUGH PHONE

ARTHUR:

(SLIGHTLY FRAZZLED) Hello?

FAY:

Oh, hello Arthur!

ARTHUR:

Who is- (REALISING)...Fay?

FAY:

Who did you think it was?

ARTHUR:

(UNDER BREATH) Half the people I work for, honestly... (NORMAL VOICE) Look, I'm really sorry, I can't-

FAY:

I know you're busy. I just wanted to pass on a message from Maddie.

ARTHUR:

Maddie? She... she rang you?

FAY:

From a pub somewhere, I think. (SHE CHUCKLES) Sounded like she's having a lovely time on her walk.

ARTHUR:

Did she say which pub? Did she tell you where exactly she was?

FAY:

I'd have thought she'd have told you that, love. Are you sure you've not had a falling out?

ARTHUR:

No. No. Just... with everything that happened at Whitby. It's all been a bit much over here.

FAY:

Of course. She said to tell you she's headed for London. Sounded like she'd be there very soon. Perhaps you can catch her there?

ARTHUR:

Really? That's... that's fantastic news. Yes, yes, I'm sure I will. Uh... send my love to Keith. And thank you.

FAY:

Of course. Best of luck with everything, dear. I was so sorry to hear about the building in Whitby.

ARTHUR:

Right. Of course. Of course. Thank you.

(PHONE CALL ENDS)

13. EXT - OUTSKIRTS OF YORK - EVENING

FX: RECORDING BEGINS. FOOTSTEPS AS MADDIE AND JEREMY NAVIGATE A STREET. DISTANT SOUND OF CARS. CIVILISATION.

JEREMY:

As Madeline is so eager to provide updates, this is Jeremy, reporting that we are in York. We've made it to fucking York.

MADDIE:

(PAINED) And it only took four horrible days.

JEREMY:

Well we would have been quicker if...(BEAT) How's your foot?

MADDIE:

It's nothing to worry about.

JEREMY:

It's not nothing. You look awful. If you can't walk, we'll have more fucking problems to deal with-

MADDIE:

Forever the optimist. Fine. My foot is a problem. It hurts a lot. But I have my stick.

JEREMY:

We're almost at the station. You'll get a chance to rest, and we'll get to London without another endless cross-country hike. I'm sure that'll do us both a world of good.

MADDIE:

What do we do when we get to London? We'll need to leave detailed instructions for the Harkers...

JEREMY:

Oh christ, just the thought of those two dawdling around London. Where people might see us. Them.

MADDIE:

Have you got... I don't know... a friend you can call? Someone who can help us get from the station to the office?

JEREMY:

(SNORTS) No.

MADDIE:

I'm not suggesting your father. Just a friend? Even an acquaintance?

JEREMY:

Regrettably, Ms Townsend, anyone I could call has been refusing to answer the phone for the last three days, so my vast and varied circle of fucking friends will have to wait.

MADDIE:

There's really nobody else?

JEREMY:

No. Funnily enough, some of us enjoy our own company.

MADDIE:

(UNDER BREATH) And with such charming manners as yours?

JEREMY:

Let's just get to London, please. And if our delightful passengers could stay quiet, for once, I would be much fucking obliged.

FX: RECORDING ENDS

14. INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - TRAIN TO LONDON

FX: RECORDING ON. TRAIN WHOOSHING THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE.

JONATHAN:

(EXCITED) Hello, this is Jonathan.

MINA:

(EQUALLY AS EXCITED) And this is Mina.

JONATHAN:

As you can no doubt hear, we are travelling together on the ten twenty-three train service to London Kings Cross from York. We are alone in this carriage. Unlike the carriages of our time, which had compartments, these carriages must hold at least ninety people, maybe more. We are sitting together at a table.

MINA:

The train is wonderful, as I hoped it would be. It is sleek, modern, and distinguished. It is a little disconcerting how fast we are going, but I feel honoured to ride inside such a beautiful engine.

JONATHAN:

There is more than one beauty present: my darling, of course, is also beside me.

MINA:

(BLUSHES) Jonathan!

MINA/JONATHAN:

(CONSPIRATORIAL LAUGHTER)

(A YEARNING BEAT)

MINA:

(RECORDER FORGOTTEN) Oh darling, it is so good to see you. I was beginning to fear we may never find ourselves together again.

JONATHAN:

It seems fate has smiled upon us at last. I heard your recordings, on Ms Madeline's device. I knew you were here.

MINA:

And I heard of how you helped save us last night.

JONATHAN:

Then you have also heard how that monster's head has been reanimating? How it has begun to feed? (GROWING URGENT) You must help me convince our companions, my love, make them see how important it is that we destroy him-

MINA:

We will, my darling. We will. The Foundation shall help us, I am certain of it. (SHE GRASPS HIS HAND) This moment, right now, is for us. Together.

JONATHAN:

It... feels like an age since I last touched you. An age longer still since we last kissed-

MINA:

(DRAWING BACK) Oh, we mustn't. These are not our bodies to use in that way. We are... passengers here, nothing more.

JONATHAN:

You are right, of course. To use the body of another without their permission... it is almost vampiric. We have done enough damage already.

MINA:

Perhaps we can ask? We already have the recordings with which to communicate. Perhaps if Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend were made aware of our wishes-

JONATHAN:

From what I've learned of Mr Larkin, he would sooner tread on needles than grant any wish from me.

MINA:

He certainly is a sour one, but perhaps there is something in him that may lean towards understanding? And, if he says no, that will be entirely within his right.

JONATHAN:

Of course. To know you are beside me is more than enough, my love. And now we are at last together, I... I wanted to ask...

MINA:

Yes?

JONATHAN:

In your recordings, these last few days, you mentioned... well. Perhaps I could have misheard, but-

MINA:

(REALISING) Oh Jonathan, I shouldn't have been so offhand. I should have told you outright.

JONATHAN:

So it's true? We...we had a son?

MINA:

A beautiful son. The most wonderful son I could ever have hoped for.

JONATHAN:

Oh Mina.

MINA:

We didn't know yet, that night in the mountains. I realised only a week later. I called him Jonathan-Quincey, after the two beautiful souls we lost...

JONATHAN:

Quincey too? I... I didn't know.

MINA:

You saved us, both of you. It felt only right that you be commemorated in our son.

JONATHAN:

And did our boy lead a good life? Did you?

MINA:

I led as good a life as I could. I had good friends, firm friends. I helped create the Foundation. I helped-

JONATHAN:

Did you find love again?

MINA:

No, darling. Not after you. Not after our son.

JONATHAN:

I wouldn't have minded, if you had. That was all I ever wanted for you, my darling: that you were loved. That you lived well.

MINA:

I was loved, I promise. By so many. But let us not speak of loss. Not now, not yet. I wish only to spend this brief time with you.

JONATHAN:

(SLIGHT RELUCTANCE) I-... Of course.

MINA:

(SAD LAUGH) Would you look at that?

JONATHAN:

What is it?

MINA:

We neglected to stop recording. (SHE PICKS UP RECORDER) I apologise, Madeline, for such an intimate message.

FX: RECORDING OFF

15. INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - TRAIN TO LONDON - LATER

FX: RECORDING ON. TRAIN STILL WHOOSHING THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE.

JONATHAN:

It's Jonathan. We have been on the train for an hour and a half. We have only one more stop between us and London.

MINA:

If the Foundation still resides where I remember it, it shouldn't be too great a challenge to make our way there. Although I dare say the route has changed since I last visited..

JONATHAN:

Once we find ourselves in London, we shall ask for directions. Surely it won't have changed so much as to be unrecognisable?

MINA:

Another adventure for us, my love.

JONATHAN:

Precisely.

FX: METAL SCREECH. LIGHTS FLICKER.

JONATHAN/MINA:

(STARTLED REACTION)

MINA:

What was that?

JONATHAN:

I don't know.

FX: ANOTHER LIGHT FLICKER. ANOTHER METAL SCREECH.

MINA:

Jonny- [be careful]

FX: JONATHAN STANDS

JONATHAN:

I'll look. You stay here.

MINA:

It's probably nothing. We are not accustomed to the sounds of this train, after all. Madeline warned me it would sound more... visceral on the ear.

JONATHAN:

Maybe so, but I will still investigate.

FX: FOOTSTEPS.

(TENSE PAUSE)

JONATHAN:

(UNCERTAIN) Who's there?

FX: CARRIAGE AUTOMATIC DOOR OPENS

JONATHAN:

(STARTLED REACTION)

CONDUCTOR:

(BEWILDERED) Hello sir, (BEAT) tickets, please?

JONATHAN:

(RELIEVED) Ah, yes, tickets. Tickets... (BEAT) uh... if you will step this way?

FX: JONATHAN AND CONDUCTOR APPROACH MINA

JONATHAN (CONT'D):

My wife, sir. Mina, this man wants our tickets...

MINA:

Tickets? Oh... erm... they'll be in one of our bags...

CONDUCTOR:

I do need to see them.

JONATHAN:

Well, quite.

CONDUCTOR:

(SUSPICIOUSLY) You seem very nervous, sir. Are you alright?

JONATHAN:

Of course I am. My wife and I have simply been travelling all day. We are both very tired.

FX: SHUFFLING THROUGH BAGS.

MINA:

I - I'm so sorry um-..?

CONDUCTOR:

Francis.

MINA:

Francis, yes. Unfortunately, I can't seem to find our tickets.

CONDUCTOR:

I see. (SIGH) You'll have to pay a penalty fine, or pay for a ticket, which might work out cheaper. I'll just check- [the prices]

JONATHAN:

Good sir, it is late at night, and we are-

CONDUCTOR:

Look mate, you can try pulling on my heartstrings all you like, but it's my job to check your ticket. I'll get you the best deal I can, but I can't let you off this train unless [you pay]-

FX: ANOTHER METAL SCREECH - FROM ACROSS THE CARRIAGE.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.):

(STARTLED REACTION) What on earth?

FX: AUTOMATIC DOOR AT OTHER END OF CARRIAGE IS PRIZED OPEN.

THE SISTER:

(EFFORT) There you are!

JONATHAN/MINA:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS CONDUCTOR RUNS DOWN THE AISLE

CONDUCTOR (O.S.):

What the hell? What are you [doing?]-

JONATHAN:

Sir, get back!

THE SISTER (O.S.):

(EFFORT, SLASHING MOTION.)

FX: VISCERAL SOUND AS THE SISTER RUNS THROUGH THE CONDUCTOR WITH HER NAILS.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.):

(STARTLED REACTION) (DEATH GURGLE)

FX: THUD AS HIS BODY COLLAPSES

MINA/JONATHAN:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

MINA:

You... you killed him!

FX: SLOW APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

THE SISTER:

Where is he? Where is the Count?

JONATHAN:

(TERRIFIED) It's you!? One of his [vampires]- But - But I thought [that you were destroyed]-

THE SISTER:

I remember your face... Who are you? Another servant?

MINA:

(STEELY) Who we are is none of your concern. Stay away from us. You have no power here!

THE SISTER:

Give me the Count!

JONATHAN:

We will not!

THE SISTER:

(SNARLS- EFFORT AS SHE LUNGES FORWARD)

FX: THUD AS THE SISTER SLAMS JONATHAN INTO THE TABLE.

JONATHAN:

(PAINED REACTION)

MINA:

Jonathan!

THE SISTER:

(EFFORT) You are not strong enough to defeat me.

FX: SHE THROWS JONATHAN TO THE FLOOR

JONATHAN:

(PAINED CRY)

FX: THUD AS HE HITS THE GROUND.

THE SISTER:

I will not ask again. Where is the Count?

FX: MINA RUNS IN FRONT OF JONATHAN.

JONATHAN:

(PAINED) Don't tell her anything!

MINA:

Don't you dare touch my husband!

THE SISTER:

Enough! (EFFORT AS SHE LUNGES AT MINA)

FX: VISCERAL SOUND AS THE THE SISTER RUNS HER THROUGH THE SHOULDER WITH HER CLAWS

MINA:

(SCREAMS IN PAIN)

JONATHAN:

(HORRIFIED) Mina!

THE SISTER:

I have waited too long for this! Tell me now! I smell him on you.

JONATHAN:

(PRETEND PANIC) Please. The bag. It's in the bag!

MINA:

(WEAKLY) Jonathan, don't—

THE SISTER:

(VICTORIOUS) The bag!

FX: VISCERAL SOUND AS THE THE SISTER LETS MINA GO. MINA SLIDES OFF HER CLAWS.

MINA:

(SOFT MOAN AS SHE HITS THE GROUND)

FX: THE THE SISTER STEPS OVER HER. JONATHAN CRAWLS ACROSS THE FLOOR.

JONATHAN:

(EFFORT) Mina! I'm coming!

MINA:

(IN PAIN) No - protect - the bag!

JONATHAN:

It's alright! She can't touch it!

THE SISTER:

At last! He's finally [mine]— (REELS BACK WITH A SCREAM OF PAIN/HORROR)

FX: SHE STUMBLES BACK, DROPPING BAG. IN B/G: TRAIN STARTING TO SLOW.

MINA:

W-what—

JONATHAN:

(SLIGHT HYSTERIA) Garlic! Madeline and I covered the head in it this morning!

TRAIN TANNY:

We are now approaching Stevenage. Please alight carefully, and take all your belongings with you.

FX: JONATHAN GRABS RUCKSACK. TRAIN SLOWING.

JONATHAN:

We need to get off the train!

MINA:

(GROANS IN PAIN) ...the conductor...

FX: JONATHAN PICKS UP RECORDER.

JONATHAN:

I-I have the recorder and the head! We must leave, darling.. we cannot help him..

FX: RUSTLE AS THE SISTER GETS BACK UP SLOWLY, FURIOUS.

THE SISTER:

(HISSES) Give it to me!

JONATHAN:

Never!

FX: LIMPING FOOTSTEPS. JONATHAN, PARTIALLY CARRYING MINA, BACKING AWAY. TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP.

THE SISTER:

How dare you use him as a shield!

JONATHAN (CONT):

(SOFTLY) It's okay, darling. I-I've got you. Lean on me. I'm sorry, I-I'm so sorry.

MINA:

(WEAKLY) Jonny...

THE SISTER:

Give him to me!

JONATHAN:

(TO THE SISTER, HIS VOICE SHAKING) Don't come any closer! You can't— (SUDDEN CRY OF PAIN)

MINA:

What is it?

JONATHAN:

(EFFORT) It's Mr Larkin. I can feel him- (STRUGGLING) Not now.  
Please, I need to- [stay]

MINA:

(WEAKLY) Jonathan!

FX: JEREMY'S DEEP BREATH AS THE REVERB LEAVES HIS VOICE. BEEPING  
OF TRAIN DOORS READY TO OPEN.

JEREMY:

(HORRIFIED REACTION) What? Where- (BEAT AS HE REALISES WHERE HE  
IS) ...Y-You!

THE SISTER:

(HISSES)

JEREMY:

(HORRIFIED REACTION)

FX: SOFT DING. DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

MINA:

(BARELY CONSCIOUS) Outside! Quickly! (EFFORT TO STUMBLE OFF  
TRAIN)

JEREMY:

I-...fuck! (EFFORT TO STUMBLE OFF TRAIN, SUPPORTING MINA)

FX: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AS THEY LEAVE THE TRAIN.

16. EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM

FX: AN EMPTY NIGHTTIME TRAIN PLATFORM

TANNOY (O.S.):

Please do not leave any items of baggage unattended...

THE SISTER:

You cannot escape me so easily!

JEREMY:

(PANICKING) Shit.Shit.shit.

TANNOY (O.S.):

...Doors are now closing...

JEREMY:

(EFFORT - PRESSES DOOR BUTTON)

FX: HISS AS DOORS START TO CLOSE

THE SISTER:

(EFFORT AS SHE LUNGES AFTER THEM)

FX: THUD AS DOORS SHUT ON THE SISTER.

JEREMY:

(HYSTERICAL SOUND OF VICTORY)

THE SISTER (DISTANT):

(SCREAM OF FRUSTRATION)

FX: THUD AS SHE BANGS ON THE GLASS DOOR. TRAIN STARTS TO PULL AWAY.

JEREMY:

Madeline? Mina? Christ! S-Stay with me...

MINA:

(GROANS SOFTLY)

JEREMY:

Fuck! Fuck, I don't— what happened? (HE LOOKS AROUND IN HORROR)  
This place is empty, I don't—  
What do I do?



17. INT. PHONE BOOTH - MIDNIGHT.

FX: DISTANT PHONE RINGING. CUTS TO AN ANSWERING MACHINE

TOM:

(AUTOMATED MESSAGE) 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!  
Beep!

JEREMY:

Tom! It's Jeremy. Please don't... fucking delete this message. You have every right to, and Christ knows I wouldn't blame you, but I really- (DEEP BREATH, STRUGGLING TO KEEP HIMSELF UPRIGHT)  
You're the only person I could think to call.  
I'm in Stevenage. There's a phone box on the high street. I keep hearing police sirens, and I think they've already closed the fucking station. I-... I can't let them find us.  
There's a woman with me, Madeline. She's... she's bleeding and she won't wake up. I need to get her somewhere safe, but we can't go to a hospital. All our things are gone, and there's...(STILL TRYING TO KEEP HIMSELF TOGETHER) it's the Foundation, Tom.  
(SHAKY LAUGH) And everything's gone to total shit and I... I don't think I have to tell you what that means. Do you remember... when we were children...The Sister?

There's a church across the street, next to a museum. I'm going to bring Madeline there and try... fuck, I don't even know. Find a first aid kit, keep her conscious.  
If you're able, if you can still bear to look at me after all this time, Tom, please... please come get us? I-I... I don't know what else to do.  
I'm sorry.

FX: CALL CLICKS OFF. DISTANT FAINT WAIL OF POLICE SIRENS ENDING MUSIC

EPISODE ENDS

OUTRO CREDITS:

You have been listening to *The Holmwood Foundation*. Written and Produced by Fio Trethewey and Georgia Cook.

In this episode,

Madeline Townsend and Mina Harker were voiced by Rebecca Root

Jeremy Larkin and Jonathan Harker were voiced by Sean Carlsen

Arthur Jones was voiced by Samuel Clemens

Dr Lake was voiced by David Ault

Faye Townsend was voiced by Flloyd Kennedy

The Sister was voiced by Jackie Calistahh

The Pub landlord was voiced by Karim Kronfli

The Train conductor was voiced by Jonathon Carley

Reporter #1 was voiced by Flloyd Kennedy

Reporter #2 was voiced by Anusia Battersby

Collins was voiced by Lou Sutcliffe

Thomas Van Helsing was voiced by Basil Waite

Foundation phone voice were voiced by Becky Wright

Train Tannoy was voiced by Georgia Cook

The Episode was Directed by Samuel Clemens.

Script Editing by Kat Armitage.

Sound Design and engineering by Benji Clifford

The Theme music was composed and produced by Duncan Muggleton, and the episode art was produced by Georgia Cook

The Holmwood Foundation Podcast © 2024 by Georgia Cook and Fio Trethewey is licensed under Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International. To view a copy of this license, visit <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>

WITH THANKS TO OUR KICKSTARTER BACKERS:

Scott Matthewman, Jon Black, Hamish Steele, Georgia's mum, Paul Simpson, Leela B, aliaslillian, John Ryan, Sarah Miller, Re: Dracula, Tamara Gentry, Code\_Earth, Nika, Jannika M. Beck Fisher, Leyland, Elliot Blaise Comeau, Beatrice, Pete Deller, Freya Gautier, Sue, Westley Octavia, Rae, Jon Lee Rees, Dathen, Michael Velez, Paul J Guest, Vincent Vaughan, Audun, Lela Morris, Ivy Hanover, Ollie Larsen, astrangergivingthestrangewelcome, Kouvei, Frozenthoughtbox, Eturni, Fisher, Robert Valentine, DJ Nrrd, LC, Kytty, Pacific S. Obadiah, Matt Fitton, Aaron Femia, Maddi Sainsbury, Lucien Spooner, Rowan Barnett, HappyOne, Pelle Frid, Olivia Janer, Kristin EvensonHirst, Chris Gregory, Kait K., Megan Stanley, HB

Mitchell, Madison Fitzgerald-Russell, SM Colgan, Katryn S.,  
Joumana Medlej, Josh Wanisko, Josh Burgess.

Without whom this episode could not have been made.