

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION
EP-04- FREEZER FOOD
BY FIO TRETHERWEY & GEORGIA COOK

01. INT. RADIO STUDIO

(FX: UPBEAT RADIO INTRO MUSIC)

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) That was Felicia Addams and Frankie Andres with '*Don't Leave Me On A Sunday Afternoon*', rounding off our evening of late-night smooth jazz.

Now, onto a special segment we like to call '*England SPOOKY And Strange*'!

(FX: CRASH OF SYNTHETIC THUNDER AND A SPOOKY/JAUNTY MUSIC STING)

Where you, the listeners, call in and tell us your strangest encounters and weirdest experiences from across the UK. Today we're taking callers from North London. Are you convinced you've seen a ghost on the Piccadilly line? Perhaps you've spotted strange lights on Highgate Common? Aliens in Muswell Hill? We want to hear all about it!

To start things off, we've got Reggie, on Line One, with his strange encounter in Arnos Grove last night. Hi Reggie.

REGGIE:

Yeah, hi. What do you reckon to this, Dave? So me, and my mate Gav, were coming home last night from a gig, right?

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Right

REGGIE:

Yeah, and this creature just darts out in front of his car, right across the road. Huge thing it was, sort of grey and moving around on all fours.

DJ DAVE:

Sounds a lot like a dog, Reggie.

REGGIE:

Nah, it wasn't a dog; this thing was proper huge. And when it turned to look at us, I swear on my life, Dave, it had a human face.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) A human face?

REGGIE:

Pale as anything, its eyes all flashing white, like when you see a fox, you know? And it's mouth...(BEAT - GENUINELY DISTURBED)
Nah, I ain't never seen anything like it.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) And what did it do after that? Ask for a ciggie?

REGGIE:

Ran off after that, thank God. Think it was trying to eat some roadkill or something.
There was... stuff... all over its mouth.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Hear that, folks? Dog with a human face and a penchant for ketchup?

That was Reggie on Line One. Over now to Sophie Simpson on Line Two. Hi Sophie.

SOPHIE:

Uh... hi Dave. I actually wanted to corroborate what Reggie was saying. His... uh... wolves with human faces?

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Another one? Must be an infestation!

SOPHIE:

(NERVOUS/RELUCTANT LAUGH) Well... erm. Last night my sister Wendy was coming back from the pub, and she tells me she took a shortcut she doesn't usually take, down past the supermarket on Mount View Road.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Never a recommended activity, late at night.

SOPHIE:

She had her dog with her: Monty. He's a Jack Russel. Erm... and, as soon they reach the middle of the alleyway, where there's a bend, Monty starts yapping like nothing else. Wendy tried to calm him down, but she realised someone had followed her into the alleyway.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) A wolf with a face?

SOPHIE:

This... huge greyish creature, she says, crouched in the entrance. At first she thought it was a man; naked and on all fours.

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY- TRYING TO KEEP THE MOOD LIGHT) Sounds a bit like my Local on a Friday night...

SOPHIE:

But then she saw its face. Its eyes shining like little stars, its mouth so crammed with all these fangs it didn't seem able to close it, you know?

DJ DAVE:

That's... quite an image.

SOPHIE:

She says it started towards her, but Monty ran at it and-... Well. Wendy couldn't see much in the dark, but she said she *heard* it and-

DJ DAVE:

I'm afraid I'm going to have to go to our next caller, Sophie-

SOPHIE:

I- (CUT OFF SUDDENLY)

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Sending our best wishes to Wendy and little Monty, hoping he finds his way home soon! Onto Maxine on Line Three. I hope you've got something other than human-faced wolves, Maxine!

MAXINE:

Right... uh. I'm not sure if this is the right place to call in, but I couldn't sleep and you guys've always been my comfort-listen, you know?

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) That's very nice to hear, Maxine! Go on.

MAXINE:

(DEEP BREATH) So... I was on the late train to Stevenage last night. Erm... you know, the one where that man... died?

DJ DAVE:

(VERY MUCH LESS CHEERY) Maxine, I'm afraid we can't-

MAXINE:

(HURRIEDLY) The police questioned me and everything, and I told them as much as I could, but I got the feeling they didn't believe me, and even I don't really believe me, but-

DJ DAVE:

(STRAINED) And we wish all the best to that poor man's family. I'm afraid we can't-

MAXINE:

(INCREASINGLY DESPERATE) I saw her! This woman, she clawed her way through the train doors, *while it was still moving!* Like...like the metal was paper or something! I-I've never seen anything like her! I- (CUT OFF SUDDENLY)

DJ DAVE:

(CHEERY) Well, you heard it here first, folks! Wolves in London! Wolves, with human faces. (HE CHUCKLES) That's a word of warning to all you taxi drivers out there: keep an eye on who you're picking up, or you'll be vacuuming your seats for weeks! Up next it's Bev with the Traffic.

(FX: UPBEAT RADIO MUSIC)

02. INT. TOM'S FLAT - EVENING - PHONE CALL

(NOTE: SECTION TAKEN FROM END OF EP. 3)

FX: LANDLINE PHONE RINGING. TOM PICKS UP.

TOM:

Um - Hello?

ARTHUR:

(HURRIED) I need to speak to Madeline.

TOM:

Who is this? There's no Madeline here.

ARTHUR:

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

TOM:

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

ARTHUR:

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

TOM:

What?

ARTHUR:

They can't be trusted.

JEREMY (DISTANT):

Who is it?

TOM:

(UNSURE - INTO PHONE) Um. Uh. Please hold. (OFF) Someone called Arthur Jones?

JEREMY (DISTANT):

Arthur? At fucking last! I should-

TOM (DISTANT):

He's not asking for you. He wants Maddie.

MADDIE (DISTANT):

I can take it!

FX: SHE HURRIES FORWARD

JEREMY (DISTANT):

But-

MADDIE:

I said I can take it.

FX: SHE TAKES PHONE FROM TOM, CARRIES IT AWAY FROM THEM.

MADDIE:

(BREATHLESS) Arthur, is that really you?

ARTHUR:

Madds, thank God! We got Jeremy's call.

MADDIE:

It's so good to hear your voice.

ARTHUR:

And yours. I've been so worried.

MADDIE:

I tried to get through to you. Twice. On the phone.

ARTHUR:

I know, I know. It's been mad over here. I'm still stuck in Amsterdam. How... how are you doing?

MADDIE:

I- I've been better. Jeremy and Tom are taking care of me. We're going to the Foundation offices -

ARTHUR:

No, no, don't do that! Whatever happens, don't go to the Foundation.

MADDIE:

Why not?

JEREMY (DISTANT):

What's he saying?

TOM (DISTANT):

I don't know, I can't hear him -

ARTHUR:

They've been lying to us, Madds. Finding the head, bringing it back to the UK. It was never about containing him. It was about *bringing him back*.

MADDIE:

(OVERWHELMED) What do you mean?

ARTHUR:

The body pieces, Dracula's limbs? They've started waking up. Moving. All of them.

MADDIE:

What?

ARTHUR:

And it all started once the head reached England. After what happened in Whitby, Mr Harker's ordered a complete recall from every facility we own. He wants every limb we have inside the London building.

MADDIE:

But... if the head being nearby is the reason the limbs have started moving. Wouldn't that mean [we're making it worse]-

ARTHUR:

Exactly. We can't risk the head reaching the London building. I've tried to talk Mr Harker down, but... but I don't think he wants to listen. Madds, I think he *knows*.

MADDIE:

But that's insane! Jeremy was so certain he would help us..

ARTHUR:

Do we really think we can trust Mr Harker's *son* to go against his father?

MADDIE:

I [don't know]-

ARTHUR:

You do still have the head, don't you Madds? Please tell me you still have it.

MADDIE:

We have it. I promise.

ARTHUR:

I can't tell you how relieved I am to hear that. Why did you

even take it in the first place?

MADDIE:

That... wasn't us. (BEAT) I... Arthur, this is going to sound crazy but... I tried to explain in my voice message [about the Harkers]-

ARTHUR:

No, no, I heard. Mina and Jonathan Harker. Possession. (SOFT) Darling, you know how that sounds, don't you?

MADDIE:

I know, but why would we make it up? Why would I risk all this for a *joke*?

ARTHUR:

Shhh, shh, it's alright, it's alright. (BEAT) I believe you. It's just... a lot to process. (BEAT) And... Christ, if the Foundation really is in on all this, you realise what they could do with that, right? They'll say you've gone insane, both of you! Any testimony you might have, wiped away.

MADDIE:

I know. I know. I think I've been trying not to think about that. (BEAT)... What do we do now?

ARTHUR:

Mr Harker wants me back in the UK, to handle the Whitby disaster in person. I could meet you? Help keep the head as far away from the rest of the body as possible.

MADDIE:

Where?

ARTHUR:

Why not Dover? Meet me off the ferry. I'll be arriving the day after tomorrow. Maybe we can arrange to get the head to Amsterdam.

MADDIE:

(UNCERTAIN) We could borrow Tom's car...

ARTHUR:

Whatever you need to do, darling, just get to me as soon as possible. I can't stand you having to deal with this on your own, let alone with Mr Larkin. It must be awful.

MADDIE:

(CHECKS IF JEREMY IS IN EARSHOT) It's alright. I think he's just as panicked about everything as I am. It could be worse.

(FX: MUFFLED SHOUT AND THUD FROM THE NEXT ROOM. WE HEAR

JONATHAN:

(FURIOUS) Where is Mina? Where is my wife?
FROM SCENE 3)

ARTHUR:

What was that?

MADDIE:

I should check. I'll let the others know what's happened. Call back, please?

ARTHUR:

I will. (BEAT, SOFT) You're doing so well. It's going to be alright. I'm going to take care of it.

MADDIE:

Thank you. I love you.

ARTHUR:

I love you too, Madds. Chin up. I'll see you in Dover. FX:

PHONE CLICKS OFF.

03. INT. TOM'S FLAT - EVENING - FREEZER RECORDER - CONCURRENT

FX: RECORDER CLICK. TOM'S FLAT ATMOS. MADDIE'S FAINT CONVERSATION FROM SC. 02 IN THE BACKGROUND.

JEREMY:

This is Jeremy, recording a message for *Mina Harker*. We've finally heard from your fucking Foundation, and they don't even

want to *speak* to me-

TOM:

What I want to know is how the hell did Madeline's boyfriend get my phone number?

JEREMY:

He works at the Westenra building. He's my- was my second in command.

TOM:

That still doesn't explain how he just managed to ring me!

JEREMY:

How am I supposed to bloody know? I don't- (BEAT, HE REALISES)
...oh *fuck*.

TOM:

What?

JEREMY:

(ALMOST ASHAMED) ...You're still my emergency contact.

TOM:

What?

JEREMY:

Well I wasn't about to use my fucking father was I?

TOM:

How long has it been since you last spoke to me, Jeremy? Aside from ringing me up at midnight, after being attacked by vampires. Three years? Four? And I'm your *emergency contact*?

JEREMY:

Excuse me if I've been a bit fucking busy babysitting the undead to change my paperwork!

TOM:

I don't believe this! First you just blithely give your workplace my number, knowing full well how I feel about them, all because you don't know how to make any other friends. Then

you decide to ignore my very reasonable request not to call them and tell them you're staying here-

JEREMY:

(READYING FOR A PROPER FIGHT) You know damn well we couldn't just sit around, waiting for that fucking head to start [moving]- (SUDDEN GASP OF PAIN)

FX: RECORDER CLATTERS TO GROUND.

TOM:

(CAUGHT OFF GUARD) ...Jeremy?

JEREMY:

(STRUGGLING) No! Not now! I can't- Tom, please! I don't want [to go]- (DEEP BREATH - HE SWITCHES WITH JONATHAN, ADDING REVERB BEFORE CUTTING DIRECTLY TO-)

JONATHAN:

(PANICKED REACTION TO EMERGING - AS IF HE'S STILL BACK ON THE TRAIN)

TOM:

(STARTLED REACTION) Woah! Hey. You alright?

JONATHAN:

(SPOTS HIM. PANICKING) Who are you? What is going on? What *happened*?

TOM:

Ah. Right. You must be... Jonathan? Guess you haven't had a chance to listen to the recordings- (REACTION AS HE'S GRABBED BY JONATHAN AND PUSHED AGAINST THE WALL)

FX: JONATHAN GRABS TOM, PINS HIM AGAINST THE WALL

JONATHAN:

Where is Mina? Where is my wife?

FX: TOM STRUGGLING.

TOM:

(STRUGGLING) Calm down, it's okay! This is my place. You're

safe. Maddie's in the next room.

MADDIE:

(DIST) (CALLING) Everything alright in there?

JONATHAN:

(RELIEF) Madeline!

FX: MADDIE ENTERS ROOM

TOM:

(BREATHLESS) All good! Just making friends with Jonny here.

MADELINE:

(HURRIEDLY) Oh, Jonathan! It's okay. This is Tom, he's a friend of Jeremy's.

TOM:

Easy on the *friend* part, please. (BEAT) That means you can let go of my collar, mate.

JONATHAN:

Oh. Right, right. (LETS TOM GO)

FX: JONATHAN LETS GO OF TOM, STEPS BACK.

JONATHAN:

I do apologise. The last thing I recall, I [was on the train]-

MADDIE:

It's okay. Jeremy called Tom and got us here after the train. He knows all about you, and... everything that's happened.

JONATHAN:

(CALMING HIMSELF) I see.

TOM:

Right. Yeah. So less of the throttling, please.

JONATHAN:

Mina. Is she -

MADDIE:

She's fine. We're both fine.

JONATHAN:

That is a relief.

TOM:

What did Arthur want? If he's called the bloody Foundation here, Madeline, I'm sorry, but I can't [help]-

MADDIE:

The Foundation doesn't know he's called. In fact he.. He told me not to trust them.

JONATHAN:

Not to trust them? But... Madeline, you assured us they would help, Mina was certain they-

MADDIE:

I know. I know. I'm still trying to work it out too. But he says Dracula's other limbs have started waking up.

TOM:

What?

JONATHAN:

Dear lord...

MADDIE:

Arthur thinks it has something to do with them being in close proximity to the head. It's too dangerous to bring it to the London building.

JONATHAN:

Then we must warn them!

MADDIE:

He thinks they won't listen to us. He thinks they know what's happening, that they *want* it to happen - or at least Mr Harker does.

JONATHAN:

Madeline, I'm sorry, but that is simply preposterous! Mina established that place to contain Dracula. To stop him! (BEAT - REALISING. HOPEFUL) Did you say *Mr Harker*?

MADDIE:

Not now, Jonathan. *Really* not now. Please.

TOM:

I can't believe I'm saying it, but I'm inclined to agree with the ghost. I mean, Mr Harker's a certified wanker, but he's not some evil mastermind.

MADDIE:

(UNSURE) It's been a long time since Mina first built the Foundation. Places change. People change. We... we can't rule out the possibility that something's wrong there. Jeremy did say his father hadn't taken any of his calls...

TOM:

So what *are* we supposed to do, according to the great and all-knowing Arthur?

MADDIE:

He says we should get the head out of London. He's arriving in Dover the day after tomorrow. He'll help us.

TOM:

You told him about all the wheezing and muttering that thing's been doing, right? Not to mention the hitchcockian bird frenzy we just endured, which, and I say this with no medical background but I feel fairly confident saying: a severed fucking skull should not have the capacity to do!

MADDIE:

I'd be saying that too, but after what we experienced on the moors...the head did *seem* to be changing.

JONATHAN:

I still refuse to believe an institution constructed by my friends could be anything other than noble.

MADDIE:

Arthur's still noble. He wants to help us. And, even if he's wrong about the Foundation, can we really take that risk?

TOM:

And if he *can't* help?

MADDIE:

He was there when the head was unearthed, he knows more about how to contain it than anyone. And he... he believes Jonathan and Mina aren't just... delusions.

TOM:

If you're a delusion, Jonathan, Jeremy's a much better actor than I've ever given him credit for.

JONATHAN:

Thank you.

TOM:

Look, are you *certain* about all this, Maddie?

MADDIE:

I really wish I was...

(BEAT)

JONATHAN:

We cannot know what manner of horror we're dealing with until we see it. Until then we are dealing merely with... phantasms and baseless fears.

MADDIE:

What are you suggesting?

JONATHAN:

That we examine the head. If such close proximity to its other parts truly is what has caused it to change, then I... I agree it must be kept as far from itself as possible. But we must know for certain.

MADDIE:

That sounds... logical. After what happened this morning... we should at least know what we're dealing with.

JONATHAN:

Thank you, Madeline.

TOM:

Christ, you really aren't Jeremy, are you? (BEAT) Right. You're both bloody mad, but... okay. Fine. Interview With The Vampire's Head it is. Just... just let me get some stuff first, okay?

FX: CLICK AS HE SWITCHES RECORDER OFF

04. INT. HENRI'S FLAT - PHONE CALL

FX: PHONE RINGING. HENRI PICKS UP

HENRI:

Tom? Hi! This is a lovely surprise, but I'm kind of waiting on my boss to call-

TOM:

Hi Hen. Sorry, this won't take a minute. I just... I wanted to make sure you were okay.

HENRI:

(LAUGHS) Of course I'm okay!

Are you okay? Your cousin's not being a pain again, is he?

TOM:

Something like that. Look, you said you'd been called into work unexpectedly. I just... wanted to make sure that was all fine. Nothing... bad, right?

HENRI:

I thought you didn't want to know anything about my work? Practically made me sign another NDA...

TOM:

Please, Henri? Just... just tell me everything's good, yeah?

(BEAT)

HENRI:

It's fine. More than fine, actually. I mean, frustrating, but-

TOM:

And Mr Harker, he's not made any strange requests, has he?

HENRI:

He doesn't even work in my building, Tom! Honestly, what's this about?

TOM:

Just... stay safe. Please. For me? That place is fucking bonkers at the best of time.

HENRI:

(SOFTER) I can take care of myself, Tommy. I promise. You don't need to worry about me. But it's... it's sweet that you do.

TOM:

Yeah. That's me. King of Sweet. (BEAT) I'll... text you, okay? Or we can chat later?

HENRI:

I'd like that.

TOM:

Me too. (BEAT) (BACK TO USUAL TOM-CHEERINESS) Right! Okay! Catch you later!

HENRI:

You too-

(FX: HE'S ALREADY CLICKED OFF)

05. INT. TOM'S FLAT - EVENING - SLIGHTLY LATER

FX: MOBILE PHONE VIDEO RECORDING BUTTON. ON.

TOM:

Right, video on. Garlic: check; creepy head still in the freezer: check. Anything in the flat that could possibly count as a weapon...

MADDIE:

Check.

JONATHAN:

I feel safer now, facing this monster with a knife in hand. Thank you, Thomas.

TOM:

Just watch where you're waving it, please.

MADDIE:

Is this an *autographed* baseball bat?

TOM:

What can I say? I'm nothing if not cliché. It was either that or a prop stake.

JONATHAN:

I'm not entirely certain that would work on a head.

MADDIE:

The bat will do for now. (BEAT) Right. Everyone ready?

JONATHAN:

Ready, Madeline.

TOM:

Ready as we'll ever be.

MADDIE:

Okay.

FX: TOM OPENS FREEZER - EVERYTHING INSIDE HAS ROTTED. SOFT SQUELCHING AND DRIPPING.

TOM:

(DISGUSTED) Well, fuck me.

JONATHAN:

Your ice box, it is...

MADDIE:

It's rotten. It's all rotten...

TOM:

Let's just get this over with.

JONATHAN:

I shall do it.

FX: HE TAKES OUT THE HEAD.

JONATHAN:

Where shall I put it?

MADDIE:

The table. Over there.

TOM:

Watch the carpet.

FX: JONATHAN WALKS TO TABLE. RUSTLE OF PLASTIC AS HE UNWRAPS THE HEAD. IT HITS THE TABLE WITH A SOFT THUNK - FREE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

JONATHAN/MADDIE/TOM:

(STARTLED/DISGUSTED REACTION)

TOM:

That smell! It's even worse than the freezer...

MADDIE:

I suppose we did pack it full of garlic...

JONATHAN:

And yet it looks almost fresh! It truly is reviving!

DRACULA:

(LETS OUT A LOW RASPING BREATH, AS IF BREAKING THROUGH WATER)

JONATHAN/MADDIE/TOM:

(SURPRISED REACTION)

TOM:

I imagine that's new...

DRACULA:

(IMITATES THE SOUND OF A HEARTBEAT) Bum-bum, bum-bum, bum-bum.
So many frightened heartbeats... I smell you, Van Helsing... (BEAT)
You destroyed my coffins.

TOM:

Not me, actually. I'm just the errand boy.

JONATHAN:

(URGENT) Count!

MADDIE:

Jonathan, don't -

JONATHAN:

I swore I would destroy you, no matter how many lifetimes it
takes. You will be defeated.

DRACULA:

You swore?

JONATHAN:

Jonathan Harker.

(BEAT)

DRACULA:

(RASPING SOUND - LAUGHTER)

TOM:

Is it... Is that laughter?

DRACULA:

(RATTLING LAUGH) You're no Harker.

MADDIE:

That's enough. Put it back in the freezer.

TOM:

Yes, Ma'am.

DRACULA:

You will regret this.

FX: LIGHTS FLASHING, ELECTRONICS BEEPING. ALARM NOISES GOING.

DRACULA:

(MANIC LAUGHTER)

MADDIE/TOM/JONATHAN:

(REACT TO LOUD NOISES)

MADDIE:

Do it now, Tom!

FX: TOM PICKS UP THE HEAD, OPENS FREEZER DOOR. PUTS HEAD INSIDE. SLAMS DOOR SHUT. EVERYTHING RETURNS TO NORMAL.

(LONG BEAT)

TOM:

(SOTTO- BREATHLESS) ...Jesus Christ.

FX: END VIDEO RECORDING.

06. HENRI'S ANSWER MESSAGE

HENRI:

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

FX: BEEP

TOM:

(CLEARLY RATTLED) Hey Henri, it's Tom. Sorry for calling twice in one night. Guess I just can't keep away! (HE SWALLOWS) Look uhhh, things are a bit weird with my cousin right now. Can I... can I ask you a huge favour? And, don't ask me why, please just trust me.

Please don't go into work tomorrow. Just... call off sick. We could go somewhere? Anywhere you like, sky's the limit. You remember on our first date, you took us to that sweet little cat cafe in Brixton? That was a really good day. Let's do that. Just... just stay at home. Stay away from the hand. (DEEP BREATH) Feeling a bit soppy right now. Sorry. Anyway... I'll call you when I can. I...I love you.

(FX: MESSAGE ENDS)

07. INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - RECORDER- LATER

FX: RECORDER ON

JONATHAN:

This is Jonathan. I... I wish to leave a note for Mina regarding tonight's events.

An hour ago, I returned to find myself in a strange house. Madeline has assured me that we are safe, and that this is the home of Thomas Van Helsing, a descendant of our dear friend. He has gathered new supplies for us including, to Madeline's delight, a portable telephone which, she says, will allow us to contact Mr Jones, her partner, whenever we wish. Mr Van Helsing has also tended to your injuries. It seems you and Madeline were unconscious for quite some time after the attack.

(THIS IS HARD FOR HIM TO SAY) Mr Jones... does not trust the Foundation. He thinks it has become corrupted from within. I have tried to argue, on your account, but Madeline and Mr Van Helsing refuse to listen. I fear I must acquiesce to their wishes, but I wish for you to know that I do not agree. I... I *cannot* agree.

(HE SIGHS)

We are to travel to Dover tomorrow morning. Mr Van Helsing is to drive us in his vehicle, which is already packed, save for the Head of the Count, who has been placed inside Mr Van Helsing's extremely loud ice box.

Once in Dover, we are to meet Mr Jones. From there, I do not

know, but he believes we must keep Dracula's limbs as far from one another as possible, lest they begin to... revive. That, at least, I fear is correct.

(BEAT)

I do not entirely know how these things work, but I hope you are resting, my love. I hope these last few days have been kind to you. I am sorry I caused you distress on the train. The thought of that monster causing you pain, and my powerlessness to prevent it...

I won't let that happen again. I promise you.

FX: TOM KNOCKS AND ENTERS

TOM:

Alright in here?

JONATHAN:

Ah, Mr Van Helsing. Hello. You have finished packing?

TOM:

Almost. Just grabbing some of Henri's old clothes for Maddie. Haven't spotted any more Thralls outside, so I think we're safe to make a run for it tomorrow morning.

JONATHAN:

(RELUCTANT) That is good news indeed.

TOM:

(AWKWARD) You... uh... leaving a message for Mina?

JONATHAN:

Yes. To keep her informed of tonight's developments.

TOM:

I erm... met her briefly this morning. She seems nice.

JONATHAN:

She is wonderful.

(AWKWARD BEAT - TOM DOESN'T MOVE)

JONATHAN (CONT):

Can I... assist you with something?

TOM:

No. No. I just... (BEAT) is Jeremy okay in there? I mean, we were arguing and then you- I mean *he*- just-

JONATHAN:

Mr Larkin is... asleep. That is how he describes it, at least. I believe he is as well as either of us can be.

TOM:

Right, Good. Well, when he wakes up, tell him... I'm sorry. Tell him I'd have come to pick him up any time, been his *emergency contact*, you know? If anything had happened to him. The other night... wasn't just a one-off thing.

JONATHAN:

(SLIGHTLY CONFUSED) I shall... let him know.

TOM:

Great. Good. Thanks.

(ANOTHER AWKWARD BEAT)

FX: TOM OPENS DRAWERS AND BEGINS SELECTING CLOTHES

JONATHAN:

So... you are a Van Helsing?

TOM:

Huh? Oh, yeah! The one and only! (BEAT) Actually there's loads of us. But I'm the only one in London.

JONATHAN:

I'm afraid I knew Professor Van Helsing only briefly. He was a good man. If a... slightly bewildering one.

TOM:

Not much has changed in the family, then. We aim to bewilder.

JONATHAN:

(SMILING) Quite. I am heartened to see his line continue.

TOM:

Aw, thanks buddy. You're not so bad yourself. Aside from the whole... throttling thing earlier.

JONATHAN:

I assure you, that shall not happen again. May I ask you something?

FX: TOM CLOSES DRAWER

TOM:

Shoot. I mean, ask away.

JONATHAN:

Who exactly is Mr Harker?

(BEAT)

TOM:

Ah. Right...

FX: PHONE RINGING (OFF)

CUT TO:

08. INT- TOM'S LIVING ROOM- MADDIE'S PHONE (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: RINGING PHONE ANSWERED)

MADDIE:

Hello? Arthur?

ARTHUR:

(FRANTIC) Madds!

MADDIE:

Arthur, we looked at the head. It.. it started speaking to us!
It's alive, somehow. I don't-

ARTHUR:

(CUTTING HER OFF) I'm sorry, but we don't have time. There

are three unmarked cars on the way to your location from the Foundation. Apparently, someone else pulled strings to get the address after Jeremy's phone call.

MADDIE:

Shit.

ARTHUR:

They had to get special clearance, otherwise I wouldn't know anything about it. You've got maybe ten minutes until they arrive.

MADDIE:

I'll tell the others.

ARTHUR:

Please. Just get out of there. Now. The thought of what they might do to you both-

MADDIE:

I'll see you in Dover. I promise.

FX: PHONE CALL ENDS.

09. TOM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - RECORDER

TOM:

(CONTINUING FROM SC. 7) You see- erm. How much do you know? About... y'know. The last century?

JONATHAN:

I know my wife worked diligently to construct the Holmwood Foundation. I know... that we had a son.

TOM:

Right. Well, you see-

(FX: MADDIE RUNS INTO BEDROOM)

MADDIE:

(BREATHLESS) Tom, Jonathan! It's the Foundation! They're coming here! Now!

TOM:

What?

MADDIE:

Arthur says they tracked Jeremy's call. They know we're here!

TOM:

The bastards!

JONATHAN:

What do we do?

TOM:

Maddie, do you believe your boyfriend?

MADDIE:

What?

TOM:

Do you believe the Foundation is unsafe?

MADDIE:

I - (MAKES HER DECISION) I do. Arthur wouldn't lie to me.

TOM:

Right, then there are some Residents' stairs at the end of the corridor outside, right down to the parking garage. (BEAT) I'll hold them off for as long as I can.

JONATHAN:

But surely -

TOM:

The car is ready. Get the fuck out of dodge with our pasty Victorian urchin.

JONATHAN:

Urchin?

MADDIE:

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

TOM:

Not sure at all. Just get yourselves to Dover.

MADDIE:

What are you going to do?

TOM:

What I usually do at family events: cause a scene.

MADDIE:

(WORRIED) Tom...

TOM:

I've got it. Don't worry, you don't have to tell me how whack this family is. I've been here for years.

JONATHAN:

Come on, Madeline!

TOM:

And get the Head from the freezer! Go!

FX: JONATHAN RUNS. OPENS FREEZER, GRABS HEAD.

JONATHAN (CONT):

(DISGUSTED REACTION) I have it!

FX: FREEZER LID SLAMMED DOWN.

MADDIE:

Thank you, for everything.

TOM:

Just go!

FX: JONATHAN/MADDIE RUN.

10. INT. STAIRWELL (CONTINUOUS)- CCTV FOOTAGE

JONATHAN, MADDIE

FX: DOOR OPENS. THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS AS JONATHAN AND MADDIE

CLATTER DOWN AN ECHOING STAIRWELL.

MADDIE:

(RUNNING EFFORT) This way!

JONATHAN:

(RUNNING EFFORT) What manner of labyrinth is this place?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING EFFORT) Down! Keep going down!

FX: THEY KEEP GOING

11. INT. PARKING GARAGE (CONTINUOUS) - CCTV

FX: JONATHAN AND MADDIE ARRIVE INSIDE AN ECHOING PARKING GARAGE. CAR KEY BEEP.

JONATHAN:

(RUNNING - OVERAWED) How will we ever know which one of these is - [our transport].

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) This one! It's this one!

JONATHAN:

(RUNNING) How do you know?

MADDIE:

(RUNNING) Trust me! I know cars. And nothing screams *Tom* as much as this car!

12. INT. TOM'S CAR - EVENING - RECORDER IN BAG

FX: DOORS OPEN. MADDIE AND JONATHAN PILE INTO TOM'S CAR. DOORS SLAM SHUT.

MADDIE:

(HURRIED) Seatbelt on.

JONATHAN:

(STRUGGLING) Uh-

MADDIE:

This thing here. (EFFORT TO REACH ACROSS, SLIGHT PAIN)

FX: SHE REACHES ACROSS HIM AND CLICKS IN HIS SEATBELT. DOES HER OWN SEATBELT. HITS THE ENGINE BUTTON, CHECKING MIRRORS, SIGNALS ETC.

MADDIE (CONT):

(PREPPING CAR) Now please don't move. Don't touch anything, alright?

JONATHAN:

This... this contraption is-

MADDIE:

Fast. Probably faster than you're used to. So hang on tight, okay?

FX: CAR INTO GEAR. ENGINE WAKES UP. MADDIE STARTS TO DRIVE THROUGH GARAGE. THRALLS EMERGE FROM SHADOWS, BARRING THE EXIT.

THRALLS:

(OFF) (HUMAN GROWLS)

JONATHAN:

Good lord...

FX: MADDIE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

MADDIE:

The thralls. They were outside earlier! How did they get in?

JONATHAN:

Ram them!

MADDIE:

What?

JONATHAN:

With the vehicle! We must get through, Miss Townsend!

MADDIE:

Right. *Hold on!*

FX: ENGINE ROAR AND TIRE SCREECH AS MADDIE ACCELERATES.

THRALLS:

(SNARLING, ADVANCING)

FX: THRALLS ADVANCE. MADDIE DRIVES AT THEM...

WHACK! BANG! MADDIE DRIVES INTO THE THRALLS, THROWING THEM ABOUT.

THRALLS:

(PAIN, RAGE)

JONATHAN/MADDIE:

(TERRIFIED REACTION)

FX: MADDIE KEEPS DRIVING, SWERVING OUT OF THE GARAGE AND OUT ONTO THE ROAD. CONTINUES BARRELING DOWN THE ROAD.

13. INT. TOM'S CAR - EVENING- LONDON ROAD- RECORDER IN BAG

FX: CAR BARRELING DOWN A LONDON ROAD

MADDIE:

(BREATHLESS) We did it! (SHE LAUGHS) I-I can't believe I did it!

JONATHAN:

And now to Dover. A day's journey, at least.

MADDIE:

Not in a modern car.

JONATHAN:

The power of this machine... (STARTING TO CALM DOWN)
Although I... I fear I cannot drive it if you find yourself...compromised.

MADDIE:

(TRYING TO MAINTAIN HER COOL) It's fine. I just... I just need to stay calm. If I stay calm, I won't switch with Mina. If I stay calm, we'll be okay. (BEAT) Where's the head?

JONATHAN:

I put it in the... uh... seat behind us.

MADDIE:

Can we... I don't know, cover it with something? God, I can *feel* it looking at me.

JONATHAN:

One moment. My coat should be enough.

FX: RUSTLE AS HE PULLS OFF JEREMY'S JACKET

MADDIE:

(WEAK LAUGH) Jeremy will hate you for that.

FX: COAT DRAPED OVER HEAD.

JONATHAN:

(WEAKLY- AS HE PUTS THE COAT OVER THE HEAD) Given he already loathes me, I believe I shall cope.

14. EXT. TOM'S FLAT - BODY CAM

FX: BEEP OF CAMERA ON.

MAGDALENA:

(RUNNING) Body cams on, now.

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP FLAT STAIRS, SURROUNDING TOM'S DOOR.

MAGDALENA:

(ORDERS) Flat 26. Here. Hold positions.

FX: MAGDALENA THUMPS ON THE FLAT DOOR

MAGDALENA (CONT):

Open up!

(BEAT- NOTHING.)

FX: MAGDALENA THUMPS AGAIN.

MAGDALENA (CONT):

I said open up! This is the Holmwood Foundation security team. We are fully authorised to enter this property.

FX: FOOTSTEPS INSIDE FLAT.

TOM:

(OFF) I'm coming, I'm coming! Jesus Christ...

FX: HE OPENS DOOR

TOM:

Ah, just what I like to see: an armed guard coming to tuck me in. What can I do for you?

MAGDALENA:

My name is Magdalena Swift, head of London Security at the Holmwood Foundation. Where are Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend?

TOM:

Who?

MAGDALENA:

Let's not do this, Mr Van Helsing. We know they're in there. We know they have stolen vital Foundation property. They're bloody lucky we haven't brought in the police.

TOM:

Ah yes, because I always consider myself lucky when you lot get involved in my business.

MAGDALENA:

Forget it. (TO OFFICERS) You and you, search the flat. Locate Mr Larkin and Ms Townsend, or the head.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

Ma'am.

FX: SECURITY OFFICERS ENTER TOM'S FLAT.

TOM:

(AS THEY BARGE PAST) Wipe your feet will you? don't you!
And watch my things!

MAGDALENA:

This won't take a moment.

TOM:

Long enough to call my lawyer, I reckon.

MAGDALENA:

Please do. We enjoy giving the Foundation lawyers a good run
around.

FX: ANOTHER SECURITY OFFICER APPROACHES

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

Ma'am, we've secured the parking garage. Got at least four
assets down there.

MAGDALENA:

Fucking hell. Call the extraction team. We'll need everyone on
hand for this.

FX: FOOTSTEPS- SECURITY OFFICERS RETURN FROM TOM'S FLAT

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

Flat's empty, ma'am. No sign of Mr Larkin or Ms Townsend.

MAGDALENA:

Keep searching for the head. It might still be in there.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

Ma'am.

FX: THEY GO BACK INTO THE FLAT.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

The car registered to Mr Van Helsing is also missing from the
garage.

TOM:

You know my car registration?

MAGDALENA:

Just keeping tabs, Mr Van Helsing. (TO OFFICER) I want it tracked and located. Let our police contacts know there's a stolen vehicle on the road. Belonging to a celebrity, no less.

TOM:

That's a gross violation of my privacy!

MAGDALENA:

Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in?

TOM:

Enlighten me.

MAGDALENA:

(SHE SIGHS) Bring him along, we'll have a little chat back at the Foundation.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

Ma'am.

FX: TOM GRABBED.

TOM:

(REACTION AS HE'S GRABBED) Oi! Get off me!

MAGDALENA:

And secure the building.

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

(HOLDING TOM) Residents?

MAGDALENA:

Usual story: Gas leak causing hallucinations, killing animals outside. Immediate evacuation required.

FX: TOM STRUGGLES.

TOM:

(LOUD, STRUGGLING AGAINST OFFICERS) It's vampires! It's vampires everyone! Look outside and see the big old hoard of vampires!

MAGDALENA:

Get him down to the trucks! Now!

SECURITY OFFICER #2:

Ma'am!

TOM:

(STRUGGLING EFFORT AS HE'S TAKEN AWAY)

FX: SECURITY OFFICERS LEAVE WITH TOM

MAGDALENA:

(SOTTO) As if we needed any more madness today... Cameras off.

FX: BEEP OF RECORDING ENDING.

15 - NEWS REPORT

FX: NEWS RADIO JINGLE

NEWS REPORTER:

This is your North London news update at nine. At least seventy residents have been evacuated from a flat complex, and surrounding area, in Highgate, following reports of a suspected gas leak earlier tonight.

Emergency services are attending the scene, where it is believed a number of people have already been treated for severe reactions to gas inhalation.

A number of the building's celebrity residents have taken to social media to complain. Chief Medical Officer Mike McMullen has assured the public that they will work quickly and efficiently to fix the leak and, has called for those in the surrounding area to stay indoors and report any symptoms which might link to gas inhalation, including hallucinations or dizziness.

Energy engineers and paramedics are remaining at the scene to

assess the damage and any potential threat to life. More at ten.

FX: NEWS JINGLE- REPORT ENDS

16 - TOM'S PHONE - LATER THAT EVENING

TOM:

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

HENRI:

Hey, Tom. It's Henri. (NERVOUS LAUGH) Look at us, calling each other all day. What a couple of love-birds. (ANXIOUS BEAT) I... uh... saw on the news about your flat. I hope you're okay. And, erm, what you said earlier? About not going into work? (BEAT) Tom, what's happening? What's *actually* wrong? People are saying we had a huge extraction team call-out earlier this evening, and I can't help but connect the two...
Call me. Please. Or... or else I'm coming over to yours. I do know what "gas leak" means in Foundation terminology. I'm not -
[stupid]
Just call me. We can... chat. And you can tell me exactly what's going on. I mean it. *You* haven't signed an NDA.
Bye Tommy. See you soon.

FX: MESSAGE ENDS

17. INT - TOM'S FLAT - BODYCAM - LATER THAT NIGHT

FX: BEEP AS VIDEO SWITCHES ON

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

This is Security Officer Alex Galdwin, about to perform a check of the Van Helsing apartment. I'm fifteen minutes early on our usual rotation, but we've identified some unusual noises on our equipment, so I'm checking them out.

FX: SOUND OF DOOR OPENING. FOOTSTEPS AS OFFICER ENTERS APARTMENT

SECURITY OFFICER #1 (CONT):

Entering location now.

FX: FURTHER ECHOING FOOTSTEPS. CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH

SECURITY OFFICER #1 (CONT):

...lights are dead. (SOTTO) Did we do that?

FX: CLICK OF TORCH BEING SWITCHED ON. HE MOVES FURTHER INTO THE APARTMENT. PAUSES.

SECURITY OFFICER #1 (CONT):

(SOTTO) What the hell? (BEAT) ...someone's been here. I know we roughed this place up a bit getting Van Helsing out, but-

FX: SOFT RUSTLING. SCUTTling SOUND AS SOMETHING MOVES ACROSS THE WALL BEHIND HIM. OFFICER TURNS.

SECURITY OFFICER #1 (CONT):

Who's there?

ELENA:

(SOTTO) *A heartbeat...*

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

Show yourself!

ELENA:

(SOFT LAUGHTER) *How sweet.*

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(UNEASY) This is a secure area. If you do not vacate immediately-

FX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND HIM

SECURITY OFFICER #1 (CONT):

(STARTLED REACTION)

FX: SCUTTling SOUNDS CONTINUE, ACROSS THE CEILING

ELENA:

(SOTTO) I know your insignia. I know your uniforms. My *jailers*, following me across this country..

FX: WALKIE TALKIE CRACKLE

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

This is Alex Galdwin, requesting backup in the Van Helsing apartment. There is someone else-

FX: SLASH OF CLAWS AND THUD AS THE ELENA SWIPES THE WALKIE TALKIE FROM THE GUARD'S CHEST. IT FLIES AWAY AND HITS THE FLOOR

ELENA:

(SUDDEN ANGER) You would dare confine me again?

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(STARTLED/TERRIFIED REACTION)

FX: ELENA LUNGES AT HIM. THUD OF FOOTFALLS AS THEY STRUGGLE WITH ONE ANOTHER.

ELENA/SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(STRUGGLE EFFORT)

FX: THUD AS THEY HIT THE WALL

ELENA:

(INHUMAN EDGE) (INTENSE) Where is he? Where have you put him?

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(STRAINED) Let go of me!

ELENA:

(INTENSE) I have tracked him for days through this nightmare city, parsing through thousands of heartbeats and human warmth, sustaining myself on... *animals*. I climbed this wretched building, filled with the smell of his ancient blood, only to find him gone, and *you* in his place.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(STRUGGLING EFFORT)

ELENA:

(INTENSE) Where is the head? Where are the ones who kept it from me?

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(PAINED) I... I don't know! Please!

FX: MEAT SOUND AS THE ELENA TAKES A BITE. BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS THE BODYCAM

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(PAINED REACTION) *Agh!*

ELENA:

(INTENSE) Look at me! Look at me and speak the truth!

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(STRUGGLING FOR BREATH) (PAINED) Two... two fugitives left here in a car last night, heading south. We have the owner in custody. That's all I know! (PAINED SOUND AS SHE TAKES ANOTHER BITE)

FX: BITE SOUND. ELENA PAUSES TO CONSIDER

ELENA:

Two...

FX: SECURITY OFFICER FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SOFT HISS OF STATIC.

SECURITY OFFICER #1:

(RATTLING BREATHS - STRUGGLING)

ELENA:

(SOFTLY- WALKING AWAY) I will find you, my sweet. My jailer, my prize. They will not deny me again. (SHE NOTICES THE CAMERA FEED STILL RUNNING) (SOFTLY) A curious little device... (EFFORT AS SHE STAMPS ON IT)

FX: CRUNCH OF BREAKING METAL. VIDEO FEED CUTS OUT

ENDING CREDITS

EPISODE ENDS