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EPISODE 3

The Dark Compass

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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RECAP OF EP 1 ...

... Close on the eyes, staring at Mina. Not blue now - dark.

JONATHAN
They're not ... my ... eyes.

Mina: blinking in confusion.

Sister Agatha: dawning realisation.

JONATHAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Mina. He's inside.

And he reaches up, grabs the flesh of his face, and rips it away like a rubber mask made of real skin -

- revealing Dracula beneath. A demonic grin.

DRACULA
Hello! I've been looking forward to meeting you!

Mina stares for a moment of transfixing horror -

Then she screams.

- and Dracula's mouth stretches open too wide...

AGATHA
Count Dracula ... have you eaten?

He stops. Stares at her.

Agatha now stands at the other end of the room. Calm composed - a woman with a plan.

DRACULA
I've worked up an appetite. Good thing there are two of you.

AGATHA
No. Under no circumstances are there two of us. Take Mina ... lose me.

She's taken her dagger and placed the point against her throat.

AGATHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I know you don't drink the blood of the dead.

DRACULA
(Rolling his eyes)
Oh, who'd be a predator with talking food?

AGATHA
You. Blood is more than food for you. Blood is lives, blood is data. I have more data than anyone else you've ever met. Shall I spill it all over the floor?

DRACULA
You'd die to save this terrified child?

AGATHA
I'd die to save any terrified child.

DRACULA
Why?

AGATHA
Because I'm not like you. There is a nobler purpose to my life than simply prolonging it.

Flash of anger, Dracula steps impulsively towards her - those words cut him to the quick.

Agatha promptly steps back a pace, pressing the knife against her neck.

AGATHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Not one more step. Not till you let
her go.

DRACULA
You're my next meal - do you think
I negotiate with you??

AGATHA
I'm your next meal - I think I own
you.

She now runs the blade along her jugular, almost seductive.

Dracula seethes a moment - maddened, tempted.

Mina stares, wide-eyed.

MINA
Sister Agatha, do not do this for
me -

AGATHA (CONT'D)
(Cutting across her)
Settle for her - or take me and
learn something.

MINA
I am nothing, you are needed -

AGATHA
Every life is important.

Dracula stares at her for a long moment. Considers

DRACULA
Run.

It's not clear who he's talking to for a moment. Then he turns to Mina.

DRACULA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I said run! Go! Now!!

Mina, dazed. A last, despairing look to Agatha - *thankyou!* - and she runs, tearing off through the door.

Dracula, smiling at Agatha again.

DRACULA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Agatha Van Helsing. I'm going to
make you last.

Agatha tosses aside the dagger. Calmly, she lifts back her cowl, exposing her neck.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
You will be part of me. You will travel to the new world in my veins.

AGATHA
Come boy. Suckle.

Dracula, now stepping towards her, mouth starting to stretch open ...

CUT TO:

1 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE CONVENT - NIGHT 1

Mina: she now slumps against a wall. She's clearly been running for some time.

She recovers her breath - realises she's been saved, no one is following her.

Now she reaches under her habit.

FLASHBACK. Agatha handing her the leather bound notebook.

She looks at the notebook. Now opens it. It is crammed with handwriting. The language is Dutch, but the title across the top of the page, barely needs translation ...

VAMPIEREN.

OPENING TITLES

2 EXT. WHITBY BEACH - DAY 2

A perfect sky.

Panning down to -

- the water's edge.

We can still see the line of footprints leading from the sea, straight up the beach ...

... now, at the end of the line of prints, the sand is churned up and there is a smattering of blood. Like there's been a conflict here, and it's been cleaned up.

Now panning up from this to:

A shot of the town ...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. WHITBY STREETS - DAY

3

Still the very early morning, the camera moving through the deserted streets -

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. WHITBY STREETS - DAY

4

- now homing in on a clothes shop. The security grill has been yanked to one side, parting the metal as if it was no more than a curtain, and the glass beyond is broken. There are several mannequins in the window, and one of the male ones is naked ...

Close on the sightless, plastic eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF WHITBY - DAY

5

Panning from a view over Whitby from above to -

- an old, run down cottage, perched on a hill. It's not cute, or attractive: it's plain, square ugly, streaked with damp: a crumbling slum.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. KATHLEEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

6

A woman (KATHLEEN) asleep - early thirties, very ordinary. She's alone in a double bed, in a reasonably shabby, typically untidy bedroom. She's sleeping on one side of the bed so you might presume there's usually someone else here.

Light streams through the window, falling in a blazing square across the sleeping form.

A movement, a creaking floorboard. Someone is approaching the bed.

A pair of feet, in shiny black shoes, stepping carefully across the carpet -

- and then stopping at the exact line of the sunlight.

On Kathleen: she senses movement.

Her eyes flickering open.

Kathleen's POV: blinking, focussing, resolving into -

- just visible beyond the shaft of morning sunlight blazing through the window, a shadowy figure. For us, a familiar outline. Dracula.

Kathleen closes her eyes again.

KATHLEEN

When did you get in? Didn't hear you.

The shadowy figure: silent.

Her eyes flicker briefly open again, curious at the lack of a reply. Dazzled by the sun, she can't quite see who she's talking to ...

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Close the curtain, would you, love?

The figure reaches up a hand - we see those weirdly sharp fingernails - and pulls on the cord. The curtains start to close.

- on Dracula's feet: as the curtain closes, the shadow extends across the floor in front of him, clearing his path of sunlight.

- on Kathleen: the shadow flows up the bed and covers her.

Dracula now steps forward -

- and Kathleen opens her eyes again, stares up at him. Suddenly awake, shrinking back up the bed.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Who are you??

As she shuffles up the bed, a tiny cross on a chain is revealed round her neck.

On Dracula, looming over her. His eyes flick to the cross - they burn with frustration. Then he manages a cold smile.

DRACULA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you.

KATHLEEN

(Panicking, rearing up the bed)

What are you doing here, who are you??

(Relaxes, realising)

Are you a friend of Bob's? Oh, God did you have to bring him home, sorry.

DRACULA

He invited me in.

KATHLEEN

What's the state of him?

DRACULA

He's downstairs.

KATHLEEN

Drunk?

Dracula smiles, as if at a private joke.

DRACULA

That's certainly one way of putting it.

He turns, heads out of the room.

Kathleen, troubled for a moment -

- now scrambling out of the bed, grabbing her robe.

CUT TO:

7

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING AREA - DAY

7

A shabby, cramped little room. Achingly ordinary. There's a grubby kitchen, a little sitting area, a television. The curtains are drawn against the morning sun. This room gives on to a small hallway which contains the front door and the staircase leading up the first floor.

As Kathleen comes nervously through the door from the hallway, she sees two things.

First: Count Dracula - he's pulled an armchair right up to the television, and is staring at it. On the screen, some cheap old Western: a desert scene. No sound but he seems rapt.

Then she notices:

- the fridge! It's been pulled out from the wall, and there's now rope (clothes-line) wrapped round it as if to bind it shut. On the floor all round it are what are clearly the discarded contents.

A long moment, as she tries to take all this in. Then:

KATHLEEN
What the bloody hell is going on??

Dracula looks round from the armchair. There are - surprisingly - tears in his eyes. He presses a finger to his lips - silence please - and turns back to the television. (He is smartly dressed and groomed - wearing the suit he stole from the clothes shop.)

Turns back to the screen.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)
Bob? Where's Bob? What have you done to my fridge?

DRACULA
Is the fridge the white box?

KATHLEEN
Yes.

DRACULA
Bob's in the fridge.

She looks to the fridge. It is clearly too small to contain a man.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
It took a bit of ... folding.

Kathleen: staring at the fridge, horrible possibilities dawning. She can barely find her voice.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
(Still rapt on the screen)
Look at her.

Dracula's POV of the screen: a shot of the blazing sun.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Beautiful.

Kathleen - panicking, horrified - snatches up a knife from the kitchen counter.

Thump! A noise from inside the fridge. The door distorts with an impact from within.

KATHLEEN
He's alive.

DRACULA
Oh, please, you mustn't worry - he
definitely isn't.

Straining against the rope, the door is pushed open slightly.
White fingers curl round it. One of the fingernails flakes
off as we watch.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Just a bit ... restless.

Dracula is staring at something he has pulled from his
pocket.

It's an ID card on a lanyard. An ID card of the woman we saw
on the beach. (NB his fingers cover the name.)

CUT TO:

8 EXT. WHITBY BEACH - NIGHT

8

The same card, now round the neck of the woman (Zoe Helsing.)

Wider: COUNT DRACULA and ZOE, facing each other on the beach -
we're back on the previous night, just after Blood Vessel
ended.

ZOE
Are you hungry?

Dracula, blinking, trying to make sense of everything he
sees.

-- the guns --

-- the lights in the sky, the thudding helicopter blades --

-- the guns trained on him --

And Zoe. Stares at her in confusion. *How?? How??*

ZOE (CONT'D)
Did you hear me? Are you hungry, do
you need to feed?

She's shouting above the roar of the helicopter.

Dracula, staring at her, trying to piece this together in his
head.

DRACULA

Agatha? But how did you survive?
(An idea)
Are you -

He mimes fangs.

ZOE

You're disorientated - you've been
in the water a very long time.

DRACULA

(Looking closer)
No, you're not a vampire. But the
ship went down, you must have gone
with it -
(Registers what she just
said)
How long?

ZOE

Do you need to feed now?

DRACULA

How long was I in the water?

Zoe: hesitates. Not sure she wants to get into this, but ...

ZOE

One hundred and twenty three years.

Dracula. A long silence. He looks round:

The guns leveled at him.

The camera leveled at him.

The helicopter churning away above.

DRACULA

Is that all?

ZOE

... I'm sorry?

DRACULA

(Looks back up at the
helicopter)
You've been busy. I like the flying
thing.
(Pointing to the car)
Does that fly too?

ZOE
(Raises a walkie-talkie)
Okay, I think we've got this. You
can head back.

As she says this, Dracula's eyes have gone to the lanyard
round her neck.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(Now replying to Dracula)
No. That doesn't fly.

As she says this, he steps forward - studies her face so
closely, every detail. Zoe betrays no fear.

DRACULA
You're not her, are you?
(Sniffs)
But it's the same bloodline -
unmistakable.

- one of the guards (Andrea) has a camera aimed at him,
recording footage. (With camera in her hand, her sidearm is
still holstered on her waist.) She has moved to keep Dracula
in shot, and so attracts his attention.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Can I see that?

Boldly, Dracula steps right up to Andrea, face to the lens.
Andrea flinches.

The Commander - older, clearly senior - eyes this warily.

THE COMMANDER
(To Andrea)
Stand your ground, soldier.

ZOE
It's not a weapon.

DRACULA
Of course it isn't, it's a camera.
May I?

ZOE
Give it to him.

Andrea - clearly a little unnerved - hands him the camera.
He's still so close - and now leans playfully into her.

DRACULA
Boo!!

She flinches back.

Dracula looks closely at the camera, fascinated. (NB. He keeps one hand loosely at his side, but we make no fuss of this.)

ZOE

How did you recognise it? It can't look like any camera you've ever seen.

DRACULA

I've been around since the fifteenth Century - things change, you get used to it.

(He's discovered the zoom function, laughs delightedly)

You do seem to be accelerating though, very good.

(To Andrea)

Smile.

He's pointing the camera at Andrea, looking at her face on the little screen.

Andrea stares at him, stonily at him.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've got a very pretty smile, may I see it?

She looks at him stonily.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Please smile.

Still nothing. She's holding her ground. Dracula sighs. And in one fluid movement, swaps hands. In the other hand, Andrea's side arm, now pointing directly at her face.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Smile!

Everyone bristles in shock. Andrea's hand flies to her now empty holster.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

(Winks)

Never wear them where I can see them.

THE COMMANDER

Drop that weapon.

DRACULA
Drop yours.

(Ignoring the commander.)

Oh, please, have mercy, *smile*. I've been sleeping under water for over a century - there are many advantages to being a vampire, but it does make it hard to be a morning person.

Andrea gives an involuntary laugh.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
There, that's better. You see, I'm not so bad.

He smiles warmly at her -

- and then, almost as an afterthought, he shoots her straight through the forehead.

- before the guards can even react, he spins with balletic speed, and plants his gun firmly against Zoe's forehead.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Smile.

Tense, terrible silence. Zoe, breathing hard, but keeping it together.

ZOE
No.

Dracula smiles, amused.

DRACULA
I can hear your pulse. Very lively now.

He flicks his finger across the strap of her lanyard, slicing it through with his razor sharp fingernail, and catches the badge as it falls. Looks at her details.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Descendant, I assume. There's quite a family resemblance. Did you know that?

ZOE

Sister Agatha Van Helsing was my great, great aunt, on my father's side.

DRACULA

I liked her.

ZOE

By my understanding, you killed her.

DRACULA

Killing is healthy competition - mercy is disrespect.

- and a bat smacks right into her face.

Now a storm of bats, squealing and flapping round them all, thrashing and whirling round the guards -

- cutting round them, flailing and flapping in the attack!

On Zoe:

ZOE

Where did he go?? *Where did he go??*

Wider: the bats are still shrieking and flapping round them, but Dracula is nowhere to be seen ...

CUT TO:

On the ceiling light - it flicks off, then again.

Wider: Dracula is standing by the light switch, flicking it on and off. (His wounds have healed now.)

Kathleen is crouched against a wall, cowering, her eyes fixed on:

The fridge: the clawed hand is straining and squeezing through the tiny gap.

DRACULA
(Examining the switch)
I like the noise it makes. That's a nice touch.

Click, click.

Kathleen, just staring - open-mouthed, panic-breathing.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
(Pointing to the television)
And that's amazing. I don't even know how that works. How does it work?

She doesn't reply, still staring at the fingers clawing at the fridge door. He follows her look.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
He's really not worth your sympathy. He *enjoyed* hitting you, you know.
(Off her incredulous stare)
I've acquired some of your husband's memories. I think you'd say I've "downloaded" them.

KATHLEEN
How?

DRACULA
Orally.

Another crash from the fridge. Kathleen yelps in fright.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

He steps over to the fridge, inspects the wiggling fingers.

He raises the knife -

Kathleen looks away. There's a slicing noise and the slam of the fridge door.

When she looks again, the fridge is shut and Dracula has gone to the sink, and now starts cleaning knife under the tap, with the scrubbing brush. He prattles away as he does so - a domestic chat.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
(Straightens up from the
fridge, smiles)

Kathleen, isn't it? What's wrong
with your servants, Kathleen? Is it
their day off? I'm assuming you
have staff. You're clearly very
wealthy.

KATHLEEN
... wealthy?

DRACULA
Well look at all this.
(He points at the telly)
That thing? These things?
(He's walking round the
kitchen area, yanking
open doors)
All this food?? Food in boxes with
pictures of food on the front -
there's nothing like labouring the
point, is there? That machine
outside -
(A slight burp, as if one
of Bob's memories is
repeating on him)
- Bob calls it a car - is it yours?

Kathleen - baffled, terrified - gives a little nod.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
This treasure trove is your house?

KATHLEEN
It's a dump.

DRACULA
(Turns to the room again)
But look at it all, it's amazing.
It's so warm. There are only two
draughts. The furniture is new.
That's the most extraordinary clock
I've ever seen. Kathleen, I've been
a nobleman for four hundred years.
I have lived in castles and
palaces, among the richest people
of any age. I have never stood
anywhere, in greater luxury, than
surrounds me now. This is a chamber
of marvels.

(MORE)

DRACULA (CONT'D)

There isn't a King or Queen or Emperor I have ever known - or eaten - who would step into this room and agree to ever leave it again. I knew the future would bring wonders. But I didn't know it would make them ordinary.

KATHLEEN

... four hundred years?

DRACULA

Yes, sorry - *five* hundred. I slept in.

Kathleen, just staring and staring. So much. Too much to take in. Finally, she has to ask -

KATHLEEN

Who are you?

He smiles down at her, those black eyes, boring into her.

DRACULA

I'm a vampire.

(Off her incredulous frown)

No, no, don't be silly. You know it's true - people always know.

(Leans into her, almost seductive)

Trust the hairs on the back of your neck - I'm the reason you have them.

(Smiles pleasantly)

So! There are usually questions!

Her eyes search his face. What can she ask?

KATHLEEN

... do you have a reflection?

DRACULA

I'm sorry?

KATHLEEN

In the mirror. They don't have reflections. In the films. Vampires.

DRACULA

Do I look like someone who can't see himself in the mirror?

He springs up, heads over to a mirror, looks in it (angled so we don't see what he sees.)

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Many of the vampire legends are wrong, or misunderstood. I mean, can't a person just not *like* garlic? But mirrors - I don't see any less in a mirror than you do.

On Dracula's haunted face, looking at his reflection. He frowns.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I see more.

Panning to - his reflection.

His face, in the mirror - a dreadful, enfeebled, bald ancient creature. Not a trace of civilisation or Dracula's urbanity - weaker and more depraved than the old man Dracula we saw in Ep 1.

Now, something we haven't seen before - he snarls, lashes out, smashes the mirror to the floor.

Kathleen startles - but Dracula quickly recovers his composure, smiling calmly.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Is there anything in this world as overrated as the truth? It's just a failure of the imagination.

Music now playing - something slushy and orchestral.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
No! Do you have an *orchestra*??

But Kathleen has pulled her phone from her robe.

KATHLEEN
(Into phone)
Hello?

DRACULA
Ah...
(A little burp.)
Telephone! Thanks, Bob,

Kathleen has scrambled to her feet. Listening with alarm. Someone is talking to her - she listens wide-eyed.

A creak from upstairs. A movement, a footfall. They both look up.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Who else is up there?

A thump from above - like something heavy has been laid on the floor.

Dracula glances up -

- and when he glances back to Kathleen she's racing out of the room. Dracula tears after her.

In the hallway, she throws herself at the front door, and yanks it open. Daylight streams through -

- Dracula recoils, crying out in pain -

- and Kathleen races out of the house.

Dracula throws himself back, away from the wedge of sunlight through the door - this forces him a few steps up the stairs,.

Another noise from above - people moving about - there's definitely someone up there.

- with a snarl he races up them -

- and stumbles to a halt, staring.

Dracula's POV. At the far end of the landing we can see curtains fluttering at an opened window, a uniformed guard in the act of scrambling out -

- but that's not what Dracula is looking at.

On the floor, is a long steel casket. If there were such a thing, you might think it was a high security coffin. There are grills along the sides.

Dracula frowns at it. What the hell??

Stenciled on the top of the casket, the word DRACULA.

And then, ridiculously, a phone ringing.

The sound is unfamiliar to Dracula - but it is clearly coming from inside the coffin.

He pulls open the lid. Thick soil carpets the interior. He runs it through his fingers, sniffs it -

- then looks to a mobile phone lying on top of the soil. He stares at this for a moment -

- then reaches for it. Hesitates. Presses the green button, and raises the phone to his ear.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE - DAY

10

Close on ZOE, phone at her ear. She is wearing a hard hat.

ZOE
Get in the box.

CUT TO:

11 INT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

11

Dracula: a blink, as he recognises the voice. (Intercut as required.)

DRACULA
How did you find me?

ZOE
It's not difficult to follow a trail of devastation. The sun is up - you need to get in the box.

DRACULA
You may not have noticed, but there's a roof over my head.

- then, from outside, the whine and rumble of heavy machinery.

ZOE
I noticed.

Something bangs against the outer wall of the house, shaking the whole building.

Through the curtains there is a flash of industrial yellow -

- then, with a tremendous, crunching, grinding, something metal and huge and claw-like comes smashing through the ceiling above the window,

- and the whole wall starts to rip away from the house!

Bricks cascading, the wall toppling backwards -

DRACULA

Oh. Very good!

- and sunshine floods into the room. Dracula gasps in pain, scrambles away from the sunshine, cowering in a patch of shadow -

ZOE

Get in the box!

Dracula not replying. Cornered, furious.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? Are you in the box.

A whine, a grinding of gears - the scoop of the digger starts rising again.

DRACULA

Meet me downstairs.

He clicks off the phone, scrambles to his feet -

12

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE - DAY

12

Wider on Zoe. Another team of guards round her, all wearing hard hats this time, several cars. There are workmen, helping with the digger.

In the background, a frantic, screaming Kathleen is comforted by a man in a suit. Bloxham - a tall, burly, impressive woman, with one arm in a sling and her hand heavily bandaged - is just leaving the conversation to join Zoe and THE COMMANDER.

BLOXHAM

What do we tell her about her house?

ZOE

It's only a house - they'll buy her another one. He wants me to go in.

THE COMMANDER

He can't be trusted.

ZOE
(Already heading to the
house)
I know.

Braces herself, steps through the still open door ...

CUT TO:

13

INT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

13

The living room/kitchen as before, darker now (the lights have gone) and covered in dust. A scatter of bricks and masonry on the floor. Part of the ceiling is hanging down, one of the walls leans crazily. Shafts of sunlight break through various holes. The whole room, creaks and groans like it could collapse at any moment.

Slowly, Zoe is easing open the door from the hallway, peering round -

ZOE
Hello?
(No response)
Count Dracula? Hello?

Nothing, no movement.

The building creaks, shudders. Another shower of dust from the ceiling. Not safe in here.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm coming in. Keep in mind,
I've got people outside. Anything
happens to me, they're going tear
the roof off and let you burn.

She takes a cautious step inside, then another.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello, where are you?

Her attention is caught by - ...

The fridge. From this angle, we can only see its back -
- but the ropes have gone, now lying on the floor around it.
She's curious. Why's it sitting in the middle of the floor?
- and slowly the fridge door creaks open. (Facing away from us, so we can't see the contents.)

She steps round in front of the fridge to take a look.
Stares.

Zoe's POV. Crammed into the fridge, a folded man - Bob. He's grotesque - dead white flesh, broken limbs. A smashed-up person forced into an impossible space.

She stares in horror, and -

- *Bob's eyes open!*

BOB
... kill ... me ...

A hand on a triply broken arm flails out at her. *Bob is climbing from the fridge!*

BOB (CONT'D)
... kill ... me ...

Zoe, backing away in terror. Defocussed behind her, Dracula. She's backing right into him.

As she nears him, he leans into her.

DRACULA
Scared yet?

Zoe spins -

- Dracula's fanged mouth stretches open, we plunge inside -

CUT TO:

14

INT. MOONLIT ABBEY RUIN - NIGHT

14

Zoe, now standing in a studio-bound expressionist rendering of a ruined gothic abbey in a moonlit forest, like The Abbey In The Oakwood by Caspar David Friedrich. Think Roger Corman horror - a virtue made of cheapness.

She looks round herself in confusion.

Dracula is now sweeping towards her, through the blasted trees. He is back in his Victorian clothes, complete with cape. Handsome, self-possessed, the ideal suitor.

He sweeps towards her, magnificent, confident.

ZOE
This isn't real. I'm not really
here. What's happening to me?

He's stroking her face.

DRACULA
I'm a vampire - what do you *think*
is happening?

ZOE
You're killing me. You're drinking
my blood. Why am I dreaming?

DRACULA
Because it doesn't have to hurt. It
spoils it for both of us -

Suddenly Dracula is staggering back from her, with a terrible
cry of pain.

And abruptly he *vomits* - black blood!

Zoe stares at him, fascinated. What's going on here?

CUT TO:

15

INT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

15

Close on Zoe's eyes snapping open - awake again.

Wider. She's slumped against the wall as if she's been
thrown. Blood streams from her neck.

Dracula - he's on his knees, retching black blood.

- and vomiting and vomiting. He's disorientated, trembling,
weak as a kitten -

Retching, he looks - with genuine fear and confusion - at
Zoe.

On Zoe, meeting his gaze. And then, oddly, she gives him the
 slightest, sardonic smile.

There's something she knows he doesn't.

A clattering from the door. THE COMMANDER and two of the
guards come racing in, guns at the ready.

The Bob Creature is still trying to struggle out of the fridge. They are momentarily transfixed by it.

ZOE
(Yelling)
The box, get the box, get him in
the box!

Two of the guards rush up the stairs.

Dracula, still retching, flops on to his side, passing out.

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE COFFIN - DAY

16

On Dracula's face, his eyes flicker open.

Where is he? He seems to be inside the box! And it's being carried.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

17

The guards are manhandling the security coffin out of the front door.

CUT TO:

18 INT. COFFIN - NIGHT

18

On Dracula, as his eyes roll, and he passes out again.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MOONLIT ABBEY RUIN - NIGHT

19

On Dracula standing there, at a weird angle, in a twisting, distortion of the forest - it's his dream this time.

He reaches up. Touches the trickle of vomit by his mouth.

A movement behind him. He startles, turns.

There she is. Zoe Helsing. She stands in the centre of the chamber. Her head is flopped forward, her hair falls round her face, concealing it. She is deathly still.

DRACULA

Look at me.

Nothing.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Nothing. He's striding towards her now.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Look at me!!

And her head snaps up - *and her face is the grinning face of a skull.* Rotting flesh clings to it - worms and maggots. And as he stares at her, the grinning teeth part and the mouth starts to open -

- wider and wider -

- stretching open, just like Dracula -

CUT TO:

20

INT. THE COFFIN - DAY

20

Dracula startles awake. Recovering. A nightmare - not something he's used to.

The coffin is moving. Seems to be rolling along, a wheel is squeaking. (The coffin is on a gurney.)

He looks to the side, through one of the grills. He's passing through a door, from outside to inside.

And now he's stopping. Someone (Bloxham) is standing outside the coffin, momentarily blocking his view.)

He now hears voices.

THE COMMANDER

(From off)

Where do we put him?

BLOXHAM

Straight to Isolation.

Bloxham moves away, unblocking Dracula's view -

- and he stares in astonishment -

- because Jonathan Harker appears to be staring back at him. It takes us a moment to realise it's a painting.

DRACULA
... Jonny?

CUT TO:

21 INT. HARKER FOUNDATION - DAY 21

The Coffin is wheeled off on a gurney by two of the guards - - clearing a shot of the Jonathan Harker painting. We are in the entrance hall area, and the portrait is centrally positioned.

We close in on the painting. That face from long ago, smiling slightly.

Over this, fading up the buzzing of a vibrating phone.

DISSOLVING TO:

22 INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - DAY 22

The words JONATHAN HARKER, on a screen.

Pulling back we see that the words are on screen of a smart phone - the buzzing comes from this phone and this is the name of the caller.

As we realise we're looking at a bedside table, a hand reaches into shot, takes the phone away.

A beat later the phone is slammed face down - not answering.

CUT TO:

23 INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - DAY 23

Jack - mid-twenties, handsome in a solemn way. He is knotting his tie in the mirror. There is something calm and precise about how he does this. There's always something calm and precise about his actions. The glimpses we get of his oneroom flat suggest an ordered, disciplined existence - no detail left unstraightened.

As he finishes his teeth he hears -

- his phone buzzing again. Cut to:

On his phone as his lifts it up.

The screen:

JONATHAN HARKER

3 MISSED CALLS

He frowns at this. What the fuck? Hasn't thought about this is a long time.

As he is about to put down the phone, it buzzes again.

On the screen the display rotates to show a young woman's photograph, below the initials LW. She has a wicked grin, eyes full of mischief. Pretty - and just a little demonic.

He frowns at the picture - like he's debating whether to answer. Then does.

JACK

Hey.

LUCY

(V.O.)

You could bring someone.

JACK

Who?

LUCY

(V.O.)

I dunno, just bring someone.

(No response from Jack -
the line crackles)

You're not getting all sentimental
on me, are you?

JACK

Course not.

LUCY

(V.O.)

Sentimental is just stalking. See
ya later!

She hangs up, and her screen picture revolves out of sight, revealing the phone desktop - another picture of Lucy. This one is more romanticized, more charming. Chosen by someone who idealises her.

He stares at it for a moment - grim rather than wistful - then a text pops up on the phone, obscuring Lucy's face.

JONATHAN HARKER

Please phone ASAP.

He frowns at this. Not now, not today. Tosses the phone aside.

CUT TO:

24

LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY.

24

A messy bedroom.

The girl we saw on Jack's phone, now in person. She's taking a selfie. She preens, poses and finally seems happy. We never see her face - in fact we make a fetish of not seeing, it's always defocussed obscured - we just see smiling pictures of it.

Click.

She takes a picture and posts it, her thumbs blurring over the phone keyboard.

MEG (O.S.)

Luce!

Lucy doesn't look up from her phone. She checks the responses to her picture. A flurry of hearts and 'likes'. Good!

MEG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lucy, are you awake yet.

LUCY

Course I'm awake.

MEG (O.S.)

Cos I don't know what sort of time
you got in last night, it's not
healthy. Everyone needs their
sleep, you know.

She turns into a big close-up - the first time we see her unfiltered, unsmiling face. Something blank and haunted about her eyes.

LUCY

I'll sleep when I'm dead.

CUT TO:

25

INT. CLUB - NIGHT.

25

An incredibly noisy club - packed with people in their 20s. Lots of shots being drunk and excitement verging on hysteria.

There's LUCY, she is the centre of attention. People swarm around her. Including ALICE and SAM. Sitting by LUCY is ZEV. (In company, though never when alone, Lucy is smiling girl of the selfies.)

JACK sits a little apart. He looks reserved, a little out of place - but his eyes are on Lucy.

She glances over at him, starts to smile -

- a little too quickly he's starting to smile back -

- but then she lets out a whoop, and is waving to someone beyond him!

LUCY

Quince!

QUINCEY is entering the club - confident, so American. She's all over him, showering him with kisses.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Everyone? This is Quincey! Did I tell you about him?

ALICE

Just a bit.

*

LUCY

He's an American. From Texas! Haha.
Texas!

Quincey winks, grins.

QUINCEY

'Evening.

LUCY

I've never known a cowboy before.

SAM

Are you a cowboy, Quincey?

QUINCEY

No, not really, Ma'am.

ALICE

(squeals)

Ma'am!

QUINCEY
I ride quite a bit but I've never
really -

He *rides!* ZEV

They dissolve into giggles. Quincey glances over at Jack. They share a nod - Quincey smiles, Jack is more guarded. Clearly they've met before. Lucy grabs Quincey's arm.

LUCY
Come on, cowboy. Let's dance.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CLUB. DANCE-FLOOR - NIGHT.

26

A writhing mass of sweaty bodies. Pounding music. Snogging and shape-throwing in the shadows and flickering coloured lights.

LUCY and QUINCEY are dancing very close together.

A defeated-looking JACK leans on the bar, alone with a coke.

Lucy stops dancing and wipes the sweat from her face.

LUCY
(shouting)
I have to pee.

QUINCEY
Excuse me?

LUCY
I need the toilet. Restroom.
Peeing.

QUINCEY
(Slight distaste)
Oh. Ok.

She squishes his nose with her thumb.

LUCY

Quincey forces a grin, shrugs.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

27

Back alley behind club. The thump of music is audible.

ZEV is smoking next to a skip.

ZEV

They do have actual loos here, you know.

LUCY

(From off)

There's a queue.

She appears round the skip, unselfconsciously adjusting her clothing.

ZEV

You're terrible.

LUCY

Oh, shut up, it's quicker out here -

ZEV

I'm talking about Jack.

LUCY

What about Jack?

CUT TO:

28

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

28

Jack and Quincey at the bar - incidentally together, slightly awkward silence. Finally.

QUINCEY

So. Never asked what you do. Luce didn't seem sure. You're like a nurse or something?

JACK

I'm a junior doctor. But I want to specialise in mental health. You?

Quincy shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lucy says you've got money.

QUINCEY

I guess.

JACK
Family?

QUINCEY
My Dad.

He grins, apologetically.

QUINCEY (CONT'D)
Loaded.

Jack nods.

QUINCEY (CONT'D)
Got to wonder if she'd be into me
if I wasn't rich. But then, would I
like her if she was ugly?

He laughs.

On Jack's face as he tries to contain his hatred.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

29

ZEV and LUCY.

ZEV
Don't tell me you haven't seen the
look on his face.

LUCY
It's not like I've never shagged
him - what's he complaining about?

ZEV
I think he might be in love with
you.

LUCY
Don't be daft. It was like three
times. Four, depending what you
count.

ZEV
You'll get a reputation.

LUCY
A what?

She screams with laughter.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Thank you, Queen Victoria.

ZEV
You know what I mean.

LUCY
I do. It's called slut-shaming.

ZEV
Takes one to know one.

They giggle, and start heading back in.

LUCY
Why shouldn't I have fun? Jesus.
I'm only twenty two. It's not like
I'm going to marry anyone.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CLUB. DANCE-FLOOR - NIGHT

30

A few minutes later. ZEV is dancing near JACK. Jack's distracted, not really paying attention.

Zev dances on, decides to be bold.

ZEV
If it's any consolation, I think
you're very cute.
(Instantly regrets it)
I mean, I know you're not - not
gay, I mean, obviously. What with
Lucy and all. Three times. Four.

An appalled look from Jack - Zev is way too informed

ZEV (CONT'D)
I mean, no, I just wanted to -- Oh
look sorry, sorry, I wish I'd never
- ...

He's distracted by something. Jack's phone is face down on the bar. It's buzzing and the vibration is moving it very slightly. Jack is clearly ignoring it.

JACK
It is.

ZEV
What?

JACK
A consolation.

He picks up his phone. On the screen:

JONATHAN HARKER

15 MISSED CALLS.

Suddenly - a scream.

They look round. What the hell's happened?

But it's just LUCY in the middle of the dance floor. A space has appeared around her because QUINCEY is down on one knee in front of her, holding a ring.

ZEV
Oh my God!!

Lucy looks round at everyone - loving the attention and her moment. Then she looks down at Quincey and nods.

Quincey makes a signal to someone, and a confetti canon erupts. Everyone starts cheering.

Zev is pushing through the throng to talk to the happy couple.

We stay on Jack, observing, expressionless, covered in confetti.

He looks at the phone in his hand.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

31

Outside the club. Again, the muffled sound of pounding music from inside.

A couple of BOYS are snogging in the shadows.

In the gutter, a GIRL is sprawled, throwing up.

The doors bang open, releasing LUCY's friends. They're in high spirits and carrying Lucy and QUINCEY on their shoulders.

Last to leave, ZEV and JACK.

ZEV
I hope they'll be very happy.

JACK
Neither do I.

They both laugh at - hating Quincey together.

ZEV
Want to get a drink?

JACK
Yeah. But I can't.

His eyes move beyond Zev to:

A big black car is drawing up.

Clearly Jack is expecting it. He starts heading towards it.

JACK (CONT'D)
See you, Zev.

The driver has stepped out of the car and is holding the door open for Jack.

Zev, watching: what the hell??

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

32

The black car roars along the fast lane.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CAR - NIGHT

33

On Jack's face, as he sits in the back. Solemn, thoughtful.

He glances out the window.

Jack's POV. The early morning sun is starting to brighten the horizon.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION - WHITBY - DAY

34

Day now.

An abbey-like building on the outskirts of Whitby. Grand, old, and clearly repurposed.

A NURSE is waiting impatiently on the steps as the car draws up.

As she heads down the steps, we pan up to a sign over the door. Old, weathered, carved in stone:

THE JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION.

CUT TO:

35 INT. JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION CORRIDOR - WHITBY - DAY 35

A dark tall corridor - the interior of the abbey only minimally redesigned for its new purpose - there is a constant tension between the gothic structure and more modern additions; monitors and stained glass windows, steel and glass doors set in stone arches. The technology is of varying vintages - as if every decade since 1897 is represented.

Jack and the Nurse head along, their footsteps echoing on the stone floor.

JACK

I didn't have time to bring anything.

NURSE

You don't need anything. We've been trying to contact you for hours.

JACK

Sorry, I was in a club, it was noisy. So you've actually found him?

NURSE

You weren't drinking?

JACK

I don't drink.

NURSE

Good. Neither does he.

This impacts on Jack - oh my God, it's true!

They pass the mouth of a staircase. Above the entrance to the staircase, an official looking sign. We hold on this as they walk on.

NO UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS BEYOND THIS POINT DURING HOURS OF DARKNESS.

Below this a flip-clock (numerals flipping over, like in an old railway station from the sixties.)

SUNRISE SUNSET

06.45 07.12

CUT TO:

36

INT. SURGERY - DAY

36

A paneled room, now equipped as a little surgery.

The Nurse is there, looking through some forms. Now Jack is stepping from behind some screens. He's changed into some very basic pyjama-like clothes.

JACK
What do I do with my clothes?

NURSE
Just leave them.
(Showing him the form)
Is this information up to date?

JACK
Yeah, I think so. How many of us are there?

NURSE
You're about to meet everyone.
Here, could you put this on?

She hands Jack a little badge. He looks at it in his hand.

The badge reads: O Negative.

ZOE
(From off)
Hello, Jack.

He turns to look at Zoe, who's in the doorway.

JACK
Zoe.
(Hurriedly corrects)
Dr. Helsing. How are you feeling?

Discreetly, the Nurse registers the connection.

ZOE

It's a big day for science, I suppose. Didn't really expect it on my watch.

JACK

I meant how are *you*?

ZOE

Oh! Asymptomatic so far. I try not to think about it. I thought you were going to withdraw from the program, I thought there was a girl.

JACK

Yeah. I did too.

He looks sad. She gives him a rueful little smile.

ZOE

Come on - the briefing's started.

As they leave together, we briefly hold on Jack's phone, lying on top of his piled clothes.

CUT TO:

37

INT. BRIEFING ROOM/UNDERWATER FOOTAGE - DAY.

37

This room was clearly once the chapel. There are pews and a pulpit - but it has been repurposed a sort of lecture theatre - again, technology versus gothic. In the pews, a selection of young men and women, dressed in similar pyjamas to Jack.

Panning along the front row - each wears a badge like Jack's too, all declaring Blood Types. A POSITIVE, B NEGATIVE, AB NEGATIVE etc. They're all watching something - from off we hear a lecturing voice.

BLOXHAM

... so this is the main part of the ship. Basically undisturbed for over a hundred years.

As we pan to the end of the row, we come to a door - Zoe is ushering in Jack. On Jack as he sees:

BLOXHAM, who is giving a lecture. Above her on the wall, there is a large screen showing underwater footage - the wreck of the Demeter. We can see several divers swimming in and around it.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

The original teams were looking in
the wrong place. No one realised
quite how close Count Dracula's
ship got to the British mainland -

She breaks off, seeing Jack arrive.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, hello!

ZOE

Jack Seward.

BLOXHAM

Hello, Jack.

JACK

Sorry to be so late.

BLOXHAM

Don't worry, I haven't got to the
good bit yet. Another O Negative, I
see.

A man at the front - JEFF - is craning round to see Jack.

JEFF

Vanilla.

There is general laughter.

BLOXHAM

Welcome Jack. There's nothing wrong
with Vanilla.

She turns back to the screen. Footage of the sunken ship,
illuminated by the head-mounted torches of the divers. Jack
and Zoe stay where they are for the moment, watching.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

We searched the wreck for three
days, but what we were looking for,
was approximately 200 yards south
of it.

New footage. A POV of a diver swimming towards a box, which
is half-submerged in the sand.

Closer, closer.

Another Diver POV. Several divers converging on the box.

Another POV: the lid of the box. Two of the divers are starting to work on the lid.

On screen: as the lid opens, we see Dracula lying there. Deathly white, his hair floating in the water - perfectly preserved. His eyes are open and staring, his mouth hangs slackly open.

On Jack and Zoe, watching. Jack is a little awe-struck. A whispered exchange.

JACK

Well, there you are - your life's work.
(Glances at Zoe, notices the grimace on her face.)
You don't look so happy.

ZOE

I'm as happy as the Pope would be if Jesus actually turned up.

BLOXHAM

As you can see, even after a hundred and twenty three years, the body was perfectly preserved.

On Jack and Zoe.

JACK

(Whispered to Zoe)
Even the clothes??

Zoe nods.

BLOXHAM

Or so we thought.

On screen: a closer shot of Dracula's dead face, panning across the details. The camera's holder's hand comes into shot, pulling up the eyelids for inspection.

A little fish swims past, then hovers at Dracula's hung-open mouth -

- and a moment later simply darts inside, like it was entering a cave. The diver's hand moves to the mouth, as if curious - opens the mouth a little to see inside. Reaches a thumb inside, opening it further. We can see a silver flash of the fish swimming about inside.

Then, in a tiny, chilling moment, Dracula simply --

-- *blinks!*

The hand visibly freezes.

(Jack practically jumps out of his skin, like the rest of the audience. Zoe just smiles sardonically - seen this footage before._

- and the mouth slams shut!

(Again Jack startles.)

A swirl of blood, a thumbless hand, flailing - and the image freeze-frames.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

The body was not preserved -
Dracula was, in fact, alive, though
dormant. Apparently in some kind of
restorative coma. In which he would
have remained if I hadn't been
stupid enough to feed him.

On Jack: like everyone else he's momentarily puzzled by that.
Then he sees -

With a smile, Bloxham holds up her right hand - it's missing
a thumb.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

So, in case you were wondering ...
yes, vampires bite.

Nervous laughter.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

You need to know what you're
signing up for. We'll keep you safe
but it's not just giving blood.
This isn't just another student
drug trial, there's a reason it's
better paid. You will have
controlled exposure to a vampire.
Are we clear?

During above: Zoe, indicates a seat to Jack - he should join
the others. He does so.

Zoe looks at Jack - conflicted feelings about his
involvement.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

(From off; continuing)

Obviously at this point - having
triggered his revivification - we
opted for a tactical retreat.

As we hear this, Zoe has exited the briefing room - her own tactical retreat.

CUT TO:

38 INT. JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION CORRIDOR - WHITBY - DAY 38

As Zoe heads along the corridor, we continue to hear Bloxham.

BLOXHAM

(V.O.)

We resealed the box so nothing could interfere with the process, and monitored from the shore.

Zoe passes the sign NO UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS BEYOND THIS POINT DURING HOURS OF DARKNESS and heads up a flight of stairs.

BLOXHAM (CONT'D)

(V.O., continuing)

It took Dracula another ten hours to fully revive. And of course, we were waiting for him on the beach.

CUT TO:

39 INT. DRACULA'S CONTAINMENT UNIT - NIGHT 39

A large, square, bare white room. There is what appears to a room-sized cube in the centre of it, and this cube houses Dracula. There is a table, a chair, the steel coffin we saw before and a chemical toilet.

There are two uniformed guards outside the cube, standing either side of it. They stand to attention, expressionless, avoiding eye contact with the prowling man in the glass cage. Each of them wears a cross.

On Dracula: he's staring balefully at something out of shot.

DRACULA

Why?

No answer from the guards. He fixes one with a stare.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? Why is that there?
What's it for?

Silence.

Dracula's POV. There is a chemical toilet in the cell.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
It's a toilet. I'm a vampire - why
have you given me a toilet?

Not even a flicker on the guard's face.

Close on a detail of the guard's face - there's a shaving
cut, stippled over.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Oh, look, you've cut yourself
shaving! You've made an attempt to
cover it up, but to me that's just
flirting. I love a tease. Makes me
... frisky.

ZOE
(From off)
I presume you mean hungry?

Dracula looks round. Zoe has entered.

ZOE (CONT'D)
How are you settling in?

DRACULA
I have a chemical toilet and *this*.

He brandishes an iPad.

ZOE
You have every book written during
your coma and somewhere to sit.

DRACULA
I need more than books, Zoe.

He says her name like he doesn't like saying it - like the
word is a strange novelty.

Zoe turns, takes a key from a chain round her neck and turns
it into a control pad on the wall.

A whine of servos from above.

Dracula looks up -

- to see the ceiling above him start to slide open, revealing a glass roof -

- and a dazzle of sunshine streaming down through it.

A rectangle of sunlight is now expanding across the floor, creeping towards the glass wall of Dracula's cell.

Dracula eyes the advancing sunlight, steels himself not to move.

ZOE

Take off your jacket and shirt.

She turns the key again, the folding ceiling stops. The sunlight now extends all the way to Dracula's cell, effectively blocking him leaving.

DRACULA

Why?

ZOE

Because I told you to, and I can break you with a sun beam.

She operates the wall control. The door to Dracula's cell slides open - but, of course, he can't leave.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I'm coming in. Make any attempt to attack me, my colleague will fully open the roof and burn you to a crisp. Do you understand?

Dracula eyes her for a moment - starts taking off his jacket.

DRACULA

So you're a doctor this time, are you? I think I preferred the disappointed nun!

ZOE

I'm a scientist.

DRACULA

It amounts to the same thing.

ZOE

I'm not Sister Agatha, I'm Dr. Helsing, and I'm the woman in charge of this foundation.

DRACULA

In charge of it?

ZOE

(Laughs)

Oh, of course. I suppose women's rights are just something you slept through.

DRACULA

Women's what? Did you say rights?

ZOE

You'll get the hang of it.

DRACULA

No, please, explain, I missed a whole century. What are rights?

He's now stripped to the waist.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Nobody has rights, Zoe. Man, woman, or monster - no one, anywhere. That is a lunatic fantasy.

ZOE

Or civilisation, as we like to call it. Give me your left arm please.

DRACULA

Why?

She is now unwrapping a syringe. She smiles at him - enjoying this moment.

ZOE

You're going to give blood.

On Dracula: the faintest smile in return.

DRACULA

Well this is a first.

He extends his arm. She takes it. Dabs it preparation for the needle. They stand very close now.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
So what is the Jonathan Harker
foundation?

Zoe is having a difficult time making the injection. She tries again.

ZOE
I can't seem to penetrate the skin.

DRACULA
Give it to me.

A little reluctantly she hands him the syringe. He quickly removes the needle from it, leaving only the barrel, which he hands back to her.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Hold this.

She holds it out. For a moment their hands touch - it crackles in his eyes.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Jonny was a fine man. What's this place got to do with him?

Dracula positions his wrist over the barrel, and draws a finger nail across the flesh. The skin parts, blood starts to drip.

Zoe fights to contain her revulsion.

Drip, drip. It's slow - like Dracula can control the flow.

ZOE
You remember Harker then? The Foundation was founded by Mina Murray, his fiance. Do you remember her?

DRACULA
Barely. Insipid little thing.
Flavourless, one imagines.

ZOE
You left her alive. When her father died she inherited his fortune, and with the co-operation of Sister Agatha's extended family, she founded this Foundation, in Jonathan's name.

DRACULA

So you run the family firm? I've always approved of inherited power. Democracy is the tyranny of the uninformed. Only in blood do we find truth.

The little barrel is now full. As Zoe watches in fascination, Dracula draws a finger along the wound in his arm, sealing it shut. It leaves the same strange raised bruise as we saw on the bite marks.

ZOE

Our primary purpose is medical research - but with the stipulation that should you ever be found, you were to be trapped, studied, understood and humanely fed.

DRACULA

Not humanely destroyed?

ZOE

Of course not. You're a unique specimen.

DRACULA

No, I'm a five-hundred year old warlord and I know mercenaries when I see them.

(A glance at the guards)

Who's funding this place? Because people who can afford mercenaries are rarely interested in medicine.

(Hands her the little barrel.)

You're withholding information, and I am giving you everything. Blood is lives. Everything is in the blood, Zoe, if you know how to read it. Do you know how to read it?

ZOE

You couldn't read mine. You choked on it.

DRACULA

I remember the flavour though.

(Smacks his lips)

What is that?

He leans in close - rapt, curious.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You're fast, clever, driven. But driven by what? Agatha, she was trying to save everyone - but you hold yourself apart. Hurrying. Friendless, loveless, childless.

(Something surprises him)

Compromised, corrupt? There is a shadow on your heart, Zoe Helsing - and I've sampled its bitter bouquet before ...

(Searches, searches, gets it - smiles)

These days you call it ... cancer.

On Zoe - keeps it stoic, but he's clearly right.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Cancer! That's why your blood was poison to me. You are driven by death - you're dying.

A beat on the two of them, face to face.

There is a commotion at the door!

Bloxham, coming through. Behind her, we see an amiable looking man.

BLOXHAM

Dr. Helsing, I need to talk to you.

ZOE

What's wrong? Who's this?

DRACULA

Oh! Hi, Frank!

The amiable looking man gives a wave through the door.

FRANK

Sorry, yes, hello. Bit late - trains.

DRACULA

Not a problem, come on in.

(To ZOE)

(MORE)

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Do you have any more chairs?
Apparently he's suffering from
trains.

ZOE

(At Bloxham)

What are you thinking?? Get him out
of here! Throw him out of the
bloody building!

BLOXHAM

Dr. Helsing ... I think you'd
better listen.

ZOE

Who are you?

DRACULA

Sorry. Rude of me. This is Frank
Renfield. We've been skyping.

Frank, now in the room, extends his hand to Zoe.

FRANK

Hello. Dr Helsing, isn't it? I'm
sure we can sort all this out.

ZOE

(To Dracula)

Skyping??

DRACULA

(Indicating iPad)

Yes - thanks for this.

ZOE

You're online?? You weren't
supposed to be online.

DRACULA

Oh - don't you know how these
things work? They're terribly
clever.

ZOE

Who gave him the wi-fi password??

DRACULA

It's my *name*.

ZOE
Jesus!

BLOXHAM
Tell Dr. Helsing who you are.

FRANK
Right, yes, well. I'm Count
Dracula's lawyer.

ZOE
... his what?

FRANK
His lawyer.

ZOE
His lawyer?!!

FRANK
Sorry. Well, not sorry, but, you
know. I'm afraid it does look like
you're keeping him here against his
will, and while my client doesn't
want to make a fuss, well ...
that's not really on, is it?

Zoe blinks. Tries to get her head round this. Rounds on
Dracula

ZOE
Since when do you have a lawyer?

DRACULA
1896.

Zoe computes that for a moment - what? *What??*

FRANK
Exactly, yes. We're been
representing Count Dracula since
September the 12th 1896. Well,
Hawkins and Wentworth have. Wasn't
there myself. Not *that* old.
(Colours, turns to
Dracula)
No offence.

ZOE
1896.

FRANK

We purchased some properties for the Count and arranged his resettlement. As you probably know, he inherited the Ruthven fortune. It's all in order if you want a look.

ZOE

... Does it bother you, that the man who engaged your firm in 1896, is sitting over there, without a single gray hair.

DRACULA

Thankyou.

FRANK

Oh, it does, yes. Quite a lot, really. In fact, I think it's properly frightening, don't you? But the thing is, you see ... being well over a century old is not actually against the law. What's against the law ... is you locking him up.

Zoe. Like her world is disintegrating around her.

Dracula, loving it, smiles at her through the glass.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I think you might have forgotten, Dr. Helsing ... Count Dracula has rights.

On Zoe's thunderstruck face...

CUT TO:

40

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

40

The briefing room is now empty, apart from ZOE, FRANK and BLOXHAM. On a monitor on the wall, we can see Dracula working away on his iPad.

BLOXHAM

He's a bloody vampire.

FRANK

I feel that's an emotionally loaded term -

BLOXHAM

It's the correct term.

FRANK

It's not a *legal* term. Has he
harmed anyone?

ZOE

Yes!

BLOXHAM

No!

ZOE

On the beach, he shot -

BLOXHAM

No!

She's looking firmly at Zoe - this is something not to be
talked about.

FRANK

(Seizing his advantage)

There were some rumours of an
incident on the beach a few nights
ago. But there was no trace of
anything the following morning, and
everyone seem to have stopped
talking about it. So either there's
been some sort of cover-up, in
which case the police will
certainly be interested, or there
was no incident to cover up in the
first place, and my client is
guilty of nothing.

(Smoothly)

Which would you prefer?

Bloxham and Zoe exchange an anguished glance - he's got them
on the run.

FRANK (CONT'D)

After all, why would a medical
research facility have access to -
I don't know, let's say
mercenaries? I'm not curious for
myself, you understand, but people
are such gossips.

ZOE

He's a *vampire*. A *vampire*.

FRANK

He's a shipwreck survivor. The press would probably call him a refugee.

He chuckles to himself, as if inviting them to join in.

BLOXHAM

He's hundreds of years old, he's not human -

FRANK

Yes, but none of that is actually against the law -

ZOE

Oh for God's sake! Isn't he at least an illegal immigrant??

FRANK

No. He arranged his immigration, through the proper channels, we have all the paperwork.

Zoe and Bloxham finally silenced - they look at each other in despair.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Count Dracula has given a deadline for his release of twelve minutes past seven this evening. Slightly odd timing, but he has his ways.

ZOE

It's not odd. It's not odd at all, Mr. Renfield. 12 minutes past seven is sunset.

DISSOLVE TO:

41

INT. DRACULA'S CONTAINMENT UNIT - DAY

41

On Dracula. He's lounging in his chair, feet on the table, typing on his iPad.

From off we hear a door opening. Reflected in the glass, we see Zoe approaching. She looks blank and defeated.

Dracula hears her but doesn't turn. Keeps typing.

Zoe contemplates him for a moment. Then:

ZOE

The people who fund this place - if they choose to let you go, it's a measure of their confidence, not their weakness.

DRACULA

I am well acquainted with the psychology of the powerful.

(Looks sharply at her)

But why are you warning me?

On Zoe: blinks - actually, yes, why is she warning him.

CUT TO:

42

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

42

Bloxham watching the above conversation on a monitor - frowning at what she hears.

DRACULA

(On the monitor)

I'm sending you an email. Read it when I'm gone.

Bloxham has pulled out her phone - starts tapping in a number.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

43

The sun setting...

DRACULA

(V.O.)

Dear Zoe, thank you for being such a courteous host.

Wider. Zoe is reading the email on her phone.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

(V.O)

It is however, the tradition, that the courteous host must speed the parting guest, and I'm sure you will accord with this.

CUT TO:

44

INT. DRACULA'S CONTAINMENT UNIT - DUSK

44

Dracula is being released from the glass cell. Frank is with him and Bloxham is supervising (this is silent, as we continue to hear the email.)

DRACULA

(V.O.)

Also, thankyou for your offer of food. However, it is not my practice to eat cattle.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

45

The sun, sinking further as Zoe reads.

DRACULA

(V.O.)

In the matter of blood, I am a connoisseur. Blood is lives. Blood is testimony. The testimony of everyone I ever destroyed flows in my veins. I will choose with care who joins them now.

46

INT. SURGERY - DUSK

46

Dracula and the nurse. As Frank watches, the Nurse is snipping the wristband (some kind of tracker) from Dracula's wrist.

As the nurse turns away, showing the wrist tracker to Frank, Dracula glances over to see:

Jack's pile of clothes. Cutting closer: the phone is still lying on top.

DRACULA

(V.O.)

Blood is everything you need to know, Zoe, if you understand how to read it.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

47

Zoe still reading the email.

DRACULA

(V.O.)

Have you worked out how yet? If you ever hope to match me, you will have to.

CUT TO:

48

INT. JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION/CORRIDOR - DUSK

48

Slo-mo on Dracula as he is led down the corridor to freedom.

DRACULA

I wish you well. Remember - you have limited time and nothing to lose. And if I may observe, a certain lack of clarity about your loyalties.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

49

Zoe looks up as the sun sets, with a last flash.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. JONATHAN HARKER FOUNDATION - WHITBY - DUSK

50

On the doors as they are pulled opened to reveal Dracula, about to step into the outside world.

He looks at the darkened sky. And smiles.

CUT TO:

51

EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

51

Zoe frowns. How do you read blood? New thought. She pulls something from her pocket. A little vial, with blood in it. On the label: Dracula.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

52

Zoe - cautious, unsure - is unscrewing the top of the vial. She raises it to her nose, sniffs it. Hesitates. Should she?

CUT TO:

53 INT. FRANK'S CAR - DUSK

53

Frank is driving. We pan to where Dracula is lounging in the back seat.

FRANK
(Prattling away)
The Jonathan Harker Foundation.
Terribly interesting. Did some
tremendous work during the last two
ebola outbreaks. But their funding
stream is - to say the least -
opaque. One might almost say
occult.

A thought occurs to Dracula. From his jacket he pulls -

- Jack's phone. He looks at it thoughtfully. The desktop is still the romanticized picture of Lucy. He squints at it critically. Not impressed.

But then the phone buzzes in his hand, the desktop picture revolves and shows us the more wicked picture of Lucy - she's phoning right now!

Dracula stares at her. Those wicked eyes, that satanic grin. Now he's interested.

54 INT. FRANK'S CAR - DUSK

54

On Dracula as he answers the phone. Immediately a voice yammers in his ear.

LUCY
(V.O.)
Where did you go? Are you sulking?
Just cos I got engaged?

Dracula: silent.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
Jack, don't sulk.

DRACULA

Jack's not here at the moment. Who shall I say called?

LUCY

(V.O.)

Oh, sorry. Tell him it's Lucy. Lucy Westenra. Who's this?

CUT TO:

55 EXT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - DUSK

55

Stealing herself, Zoe is starting to *drink the blood!*

CUT TO:

56 INT. FRANK'S CAR - DUSK

56

Dracula, smiling - likes the sound of her.

DRACULA

Hello, Lucy Westenra. I'm Count Dracula.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

57

The car speeds off into the night -

- and as we pan with it we see the bright lights of London on the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. NIGHTCLUB 2 - NIGHT

58

On LUCY dancing alone, lost in her own delirious world.

DRACULA

(V.O.)

You see, Zoe, ripeness is the first moment of decay. Sweetness is the promise of corruption. I shall look for the perfect fruit of this world.

On DRACULA, now in the nightclub, observing, framed in a red pyramid of light.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And I will find it. Never doubt
that. I will find it.

On Dracula, cocking his head, watching the frantic gyrations
of the dancing girl.

FADE TO BLACK

In the darkness we hear:

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Agatha Van Helsing. I'm going to
make you last.

FADING UP ON:

59

INT. AGATHA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

59

We're back in the opening scene. Agatha is tossing aside the
dagger. Calmly, she lifts back her cowl, exposing her neck.

DRACULA

You will be part of me. You will
travel to the new world in my
veins.

AGATHA

Come boy. Suckle.

He bends to her neck, and starts to feed.

On Agatha - her eyes flick to a shadowy figure watching from
the corner -

- and now stepping into the light. Impossibly, it's ZOE
HELSING, staring in shock.

Where is she? How can she be seeing this?

Eerily, Agatha just holds her look - intensely, like she's
trying to tell her something.

CUT TO:

60

INT. HILLS ABOVE WHITBY - NIGHT

60

Zoe startles awake - she's lying on the grass where we last
saw her. Clearly she's been unconscious and the above was her
dream.

Clasped in her hand she notices -

- the empty vial - the one she drank Dracula's blood from.

She sits up, looking at it. Was it something to do with her strange vision? She sniffs at it.

FLASH! Agatha staring at her as Dracula feeds on her neck.

Zoe - sitting there, thinking, haunted. What the hell did all that mean?

CUT TO:

61

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

61

A stretch limo, heading along.

CAPTION:

Three months later.

62

INT. STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

62

A gaggle of LUCY's FRIENDS in very high-spirits crammed into the rear of the limo.

They're all wearing T shirts with 'Lucy's Hen' on them.

They're posing for pictures.

ALICE

Do I need a flash?

ZEV

Of course you need a flash.

ALICE

Looks all dark. Hang on -

ZEV

You need a flash.

LUCY

Give it here.

She grabs the phone. Takes a picture, hands it back. Then she gets out her own phone and scrolls through it.

SAM

I can't do two more days of this.

LUCY

What?

SAM

I feel bloody terrible already.

LUCY

Light-weight.

ZEV

Stick your head out the window.

SAM

It's just the Jaeger bombs.

Everyone laughs.

ZEV

That last one tasted like furniture
polish.

LUCY

Where are the crisps?

ZEV

Can't get the taste out of my
mouth.

LUCY

Somebody said they were getting
crisps -

Sam is pulling packets of crisps out of a big plastic bag

SAM

They only had plain.

LUCY

Plain? Jesus. What's good about no
flavour??

CUT TO:

63

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Dracula's large, luxurious apartment. DRACULA, in an expensive tracksuit on a running machine. A slightly exasperated Frank is next to him, with a notebook. (He's slightly more dilapidated than we last saw him - Dracula's slave/diary!)

FRANK

What was wrong with the physicist?

DRACULA
No flavour.

FRANK
But, master, he had precisely the
skillset you were hoping to
acquire.

Dracula jumps off the running machine - he's clearly not in a
good mood.

DRACULA
Five hundred years and I've never
had to exercise. But now
everything's delivered.
(Snatches up phone)
Even food.

Closer on the phone. He's on Tinder.

CUT TO:

64 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

64

Lucy is glued to her phone.

SAM
We nearly there?

ZEV
Another twenty minutes.

Lucy is busy texting. There is a sly, half-smile on her face:
a naughty look.

ZEV (CONT'D)
(suspicious, to Lucy)
What?

LUCY
Just texting.

ZEV
I know that face.

LUCY
What face?

ZEV
Yours!

He tries to grab Lucy's phone. Lucy pulls away, but gets it
off her.

ZEV (CONT'D)
(Reading from phone)
"Will you be hungry later?"

ALICE
Will *who* be hungry?

CUT TO:

65 INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

65

Frank is following Dracula around the apartment, clearly impatient with his lack of focus. Dracula is bored and irritated with Frank (as text pings into his phone.)

FRANK
Master, you came to me with a program, a plan, some genuinely fresh initiatives for - well, let's call it what it is - world domination. May I say, as your lawyer, your friend, and I hope, worthless minion, what are you doing with your time? As you say, blood is lives - you can't afford to feed on just anyone.

Dracula is texting back, with a slight smile.

CUT TO:

66 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

66

ZEV still has LUCY's phone, grinning at it.

ZEV
Oh, dot dot dot, there's a reply coming -

LUCY
Give it back!

SAM
Not eating with us?

ALICE
She's *drinking* with us.

LUCY
Give it here -

But her laughing friends are tossing the phone about among themselves -

CUT TO:

67

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Dracula at the picture window - the lights of London gleaming far below. He glances at his phone, like someone impatient for a text.

DRACULA

What about the Harker Foundation.
Are they still taking an interest?

FRANK

There is some activity. However
your lady friend has left their
employ -

DRACULA

Lady friend?

FRANK

(Joining him at the
window)

Dr. Helsing. I'm unclear exactly
what's happened, but I'm assuming
she will take no further interest
in you.

He puts a sympathetic hand on Dracula's shoulder. Dracula
stares at it. Frank withdraws the hand.

CUT TO:

68

INT. ZOE'S WARD - NIGHT

68

Close on Zoe, sitting up in bed (but we don't see where.)
She's watching TV.

On TV: some gossip program. A couple of vacuous presenters
are prattling away about some glamorous woman's dress, who we
see on the screen behind them. They're discussing her dress,
but we can't help noticing that DRACULA is on her arm.

PRESENTER

It's actually quite affordable,
actually. And these longer skirts
are coming back in for summer.
Especially the peach. She looks
gorgeous, doesn't she?

Panning down from the television to see that Zoe's bedspread is covered in opened magazines. All of them feature photospreads of high society, Dracula always visible in the throng, squiring models, having a laugh with Benedict Cumberbatch, etc.

As the shot widens we realise we're in a hospital room.

CUT TO:

69

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

69

They're still having a laugh, keeping Lucy's phone from her. When Zev gets it -

ZEV
Oh!! Reply's in.
(Reading off phone)
"Is that an offer?"

A chorus of "oohhhh"s.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Lucy Westenra, you're getting
married.

LUCY
Yeah. Final days as a free woman!
Give it here.

Zev holds the phone away from her reaching hand. Grins mockingly at her.

ZEV
How shall I reply?

A rebellious look from Lucy.

LUCY
Yes. Just say yes.

Alice now craning to look over Zev's shoulder, as he types.

ZEV
(Aloud as he types)
"Miss Westenra ... is available ...
for late dinner."
(To Lucy)
I'm saying late, we've got karaoke.

CUT TO:

70

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

Frank is holding a sheaf of papers like CVs.

FRANK

What about this one. Staying locally, double first from Oxford, martial arts expert, non-drinker -

Ping! Dracula has received a text - he checks.

DRACULA

No. I already have dinner plans.

FRANK

I am trying, Dark Lord. But I do sometimes wonder what it is that you actually want?

On Dracula's face. Unreadable. But does he know what he wants?

CUT TO:

71

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

71

Alice is frowning at the phone.

ALICE

So who's this one? D? Who's D?

Lucy smiles, shrugs, looks out the window. Absently, her hand goes to the side of her neck. Rubs it slightly.

Close: there is a bruise poking just above the choker she happens to be wearing...

CUT TO:

72

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

72

Many hours later.

A lamp is on, throwing an orange glow round a big hotel room. Twin beds.

ZEV is on one of the beds, eyes closed.

LUCY is cross-legged on hers, still on her phone.

ZEV

What's the time?

LUCY

Half two.

ZEV

You know what?

(Giggles to himself)

I think there's blood in my alcohol stream.

LUCY

Yeah.

ZEV

Did you hear what I said?

LUCY

I did.

ZEV

There's blood -

LUCY

- in your alcohol stream, it was hilarious.

ZEV

Wrong way round, you see -

LUCY

Stop, you're killing me.

He looks fuzzily at her. She's totally focussed on her phone. He's drunkenly indignant.

ZEV

... are you even drunk? Were you even drinking? Properly?

LUCY

Maybe I'm saving myself.

ZEV

For dinner? For D?? Who's hungry at this time of night?

The tiniest smile from Lucy - like there's an answer to that.

ZEV (CONT'D)

You sure about all this?

LUCY

All what?

ZEV
Marrying Quincey.

LUCY
I like him.

ZEV
You're supposed to love him.

LUCY
Okay, I love him then.

ZEV
Cos he loves you. And Jack loves
you. Everybody loves you.

LUCY
Yeah, I'm pretty - that happens.

ZEV
Oh, listen to her.

LUCY
Do you know what it's like, when
you're pretty?

ZEV
Yes.

LUCY
Everybody smiles. You never see the
world without a big stupid smile on
its face.

Zev closes his eyes. He's losing his battle against sleep.

ZEV
The thing you don't get - marriage
is for life.

He's pulled a fat, fresh pillow towards him, starts to drift
off.

CLOSE - Lucy's face lit by the glow of her phone.

Ping.

A message.

She grins.

LUCY
Yeah. But life isn't forever.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. HOTEL NIGHT - NIGHT

73

Lucy, now fully dressed, comes out of the doors and down the steps. Walks off into the night.

On her as she walks off down the street.

That soulless, dead of night emptiness. Made even more uncanny by the glare of over-lit shop windows.

Lucy's footsteps clicking off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

74

An ordinary suburban graveyard. Built in the 70s. Not remotely gothic, yet - in its utilitarian simplicity - sinister. Standing water taps. Rotting wreaths of dead flowers. Small black gravestones - some with - ugggh - photos of the dead on them.

On Lucy: walking among the gravestones, looking around. Relaxed, carefree - like she's on her way to an assignation.

She stops, turning on the spot. Half smiling, half-irritated - where the hell is he?

Lucy's POV: By a clump of trees, a tall shadowy figure - Dracula, his face eerily lit from below, in the classic fashion.

The spell is broken - by a whoosh noise. We see that the light on Dracula's face comes from his mobile phone. He's on Tinder, swiping right and left.

A hand reaches in and takes the phone. Lucy - she looks at Dracula's Tinder activities.

LUCY
Tart.

DRACULA

Hungry.

Lucy notices the traditional trickle of blood from the corners of Dracula's mouth,.

She takes something from her coat pocket - a handkerchief - licks it, and dabs at his mouth, like a mother with a child.

LUCY

You could've waited.

DRACULA

I need to feed on someone, Lucy.
And you don't always give your consent.

LUCY

(Holding up the bloodstained hankie)

I bet this one didn't.

DRACULA

(Shrugs)

Fast food.

LUCY

So why does my consent matter?

DRACULA

It doesn't. But it's delicious. I'm a gourmet, not a glutton.

LUCY

(Still dabbing at his blood-dripping mouth)

Yeah. You're a gourmet who needs his chin wiping.

CUT TO:

The two of them, strolling along among the graves. She's taken his arm.

LUCY

Why always a graveyard?

DRACULA

I like to spend time with people my own age.

LUCY

Yeah, funny guy, very funny.

DRACULA

Where will you be buried?

LUCY

Why?

DRACULA

I might want to visit.

LUCY

That's next level clingy. Thank God I'm being cremated.

He comes to a halt, looks at her, serious.

DRACULA

No.

LUCY

Shut up. Everyone is. Waste of space, all this.

DRACULA

No. Listen to me. Do not let them burn you.

LUCY

Why not?

DRACULA

It hurts.

LUCY

(Laughs at the idea)
I've never heard anyone complain.

DRACULA

I have.

She looks at him, bemused. What??

Dracula looks around, takes a big breath in, as savouring the air.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

I'd say there's ... nine here. Yes, nine.

LUCY

Nine what?

DRACULA
Sufferers. Give me your hand.

Bemused she gives him her hand. He crouches down with her, places her hand flat on the ground.

LUCY
What am I doing?

DRACULA
Listening.

LUCY
I can't hear anything.

DRACULA
I can. Listen through me.

For a moment her face is blank -

- and then she frowns. Something on the edge of hearing. Tap. Tap. Tap.

LUCY
What's that?

DRACULA
What does it sound like?

LUCY
Knocking.

DRACULA
Knocking, yes. On a coffin lid.
(Smiles at her)
From the inside.

Now, from somewhere else. A thin, reedy, voice - possibly a woman.

REEDY VOICE
(V.O.)
Turn on the lights. Please. Could someone turn on the lights, it's so dark, please...

Another deeper voice ...

DEEPER VOICE
I can't find my face. Help me, please. I can't feel it, I can't feel my face.

On Lucy: this is so horrible. And yet there's a tiny part of her that's thrilled and fascinated at the horror of it. Now other voices - moanings, muttering. Scratching on wood.

LUCY

Are they vampires?

DRACULA

Nothing so evolved. They're just undead. The unfortunate few who remain sentient as they rot. Why do you think the dead are buried under six feet of dirt? To keep the noise down.

Now, most horribly - a tiny, hopeless crying...

LUCY

That's a baby.

DRACULA

That baby is over forty years old. Listen to them. The children of the night. What music they make.

And now, closer, a child's voice - sing-song, playful ...

LITTLE BOY

Bloofer lady ... bloofer lady ...

LUCY

Bloofer?

DRACULA

Beautiful. He means you.

LUCY

How does he know I'm here?

DRACULA

Because he's looking at you.

On Lucy - frowning, processing that though. What?

LITTLE BOY

Bloofer lady ... peek-a-boo ...

On Lucy, a neck prickling moment. Slowly, she turns. A few yards away, a tiny silhouette among the gravestones. The shape of a little boy, swaying as he calls to her in that eerie sing-song.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Peek-a-boo ... peek-a-boo ...

He melts away into the shadows.

DRACULA

Some of the little ones wriggle
their way to the surface. I think
they smell the worms.

LITTLE BOY

(From off)

... can you see me, bloofer lady
... can you see me ...

DRACULA

Don't play with him. He'll follow
you home.

Lucy stares in the dark, as if intrigued at the prospect.

LUCY

Would he really?

(Giggles)

That would freak my Mum out.

Dracula looks at her, with keen interest. She's thrilled by
the horror of it, more than she's frightened.

DRACULA

You know, in a very long life, I
don't think I've ever met anyone
quite like you. You really don't
care, do you?

Lucy just shrugs.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

The perfect fruit.

LUCY

You what?

DRACULA

Lucy, listen to me - do not let
them burn you.

CUT TO:

ZEV stirs.

Turns over. He's still fully dressed. He frowns and grumpily
starts to pull off his clothes. Then he notices the clock -
4.45 AM.

Blearily he glances across to LUCY's bed. Lucy's not there. And the bed is undisturbed.

ZEV
Luce?

He fumbles for the lamp switch.

Click.

He blinks in the light. No sign of Lucy. He tries to grab his phone from the bedside table, drops it.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Shit.

He calms himself, gets his panic under control. Where is she?

He thumbs the button marked Find Your Friends...

DRACULA
(V.O.)
Dying is the only remaining
novelty.

CUT TO:

Moments later, Zev now pulling on his clothes, frantic, fast.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
(V.O.)
Every other human experience is
catalogued somewhere in your
endless, chattering libraries.

CUT TO:

Panning across the gravestones -

DRACULA
(From off)
Nothing comes fresh, every living
instant is shopsoiled, second-hand -
except the one moment in life that
no one can report back on.

Now panning to discover - Dracula and Lucy, sitting on a bench. He has his arm round her. They could, for a moment, be an ordinary couple.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
In a world of travelled roads,
death is the last unprinted snow.

LUCY
... You don't half talk a lot of
shit.

DRACULA
People don't usually say that to
me.

LUCY
Yeah, you kill them before they
can. Basically you're blocking
people.

He laughs - and then to his surprise, she's climbed on top of
him, straddling his lap.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Do you love me?

DRACULA
No.

LUCY
Will you ever love me?

DRACULA
No.

LUCY
Well that's one less thing to worry
about.

DRACULA
Aren't you even a little scared of
me? Aren't you afraid of anything?
Even dying?

LUCY
(Shrugs)
Everybody dies.

DRACULA
Oh, Lucy. You are a very special
flavour.

LUCY
(Starts to undo her
choker)
Two minutes - if you've still got
the appetite.

DRACULA

Three minutes.

LUCY

Five. Special treat.

The strange vampire bruise is revealed on Lucy's neck.
Dracula, almost tender.

DRACULA

What do you want to dream about?

LUCY

Put me somewhere beautiful. Where
no one can see me. Where I don't
have to smile.

CUT TO:

78

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

78

ZEV, racing along. Stops for a breather, checks his phone.

Screen: a map, the blinking circle is right by graveyard,
where LUCY's avatar is also blinking.

Looks over - he's right next to graveyard -

- and sitting outside it is what we might recognise as
Frank's car.

Closer - there's Frank, at the wheel, doing a crossword.

Zev ignores his, heads straight towards the graveyard -

- leaving us with a closer shot of Frank studying his
crossword.

Closer on Frank's crossword - he has filled the crossword in
with DRACULA IS MY LORD over and over again. There are still
a number of empty squares, and he's taking the puzzle
seriously.

He's pondering a clue.

FRANK

Unscrupulous doctor deployed
tanner's knife - twelve letters.

(Ponders: inspiration)

Ah!

(As he writes)

Dracula ... is ...

A fly buzzes round him. Absently, without even looking up, he catches the fly, and pops it in his mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(As he chews)
... my ... Lord.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT.

79

ZEV
(calling)
Lucy! *LUCY!!*

ZEV runs toward graveyard railings, looks through.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Lucy?

Zev's POV:

Through the railings inside the graveyard - Lucy as we saw her before, straddling Dracula, dim in the bleak orange of the nearby streetlights.

Zev stares. What she's doing? He dashes along to the gate - momentarily losing sight of her behind some bushes...

The gate squeals open as Zev rushes inside -

- when he sees Lucy again, she's lying across the bench, as if discarded -

- next to her a dark shape stirs and - just for a second - Zev seems to see cats eye glitter in the darkness.

Then it's gone - and there's only Lucy sprawled over the bench.

Zev races to her side.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Luce - what the hell?

For a moment, Lucy just lies there - then Lucy's eyes snap, and she's instantly a hell cat!

LUCY
What are you doing here? Why did
you have to come here? *Why did you*
have to spoil everything??

And she's leapt to her feet, now slapping and hitting him -

LUCY (CONT'D)
Why did you have to come!!

ZEV
Lucy, stop it, for Christ's sake!!

CUT TO:

80 INT. JACK'S BEDSIT - DAY

80

Jack is on the phone. He's Skyping with Zev.

ZEV
Jack, please, you've got to see
her. She won't see doctors -
- but she might see you.

CUT TO:

81 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY.

81

JACK is taking LUCY's pulse. LUCY is pale and unconscious.
She's still wearing the choker.

JACK, frowning, has a thought. His eyes goes to the choker.
Could it be?

Fearing what he might see, he reaches over, starts to pull
down the choker.

LUCY
(Without opening her eyes)
Perv.

Faint smile.

Jack also smiles - same old Lucy.

And then Lucy's smile fades, as she slips back into
unconsciousness.

Jack pulls the choker fully down - and there it is. The
strange mark of the vampire.

CUT TO:

82 INT. LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

82

A few minutes later. Jack now on the phone.

JACK
(V.O.)
Could I speak to Dr. Helsing,
please?

A moment. Listens. Frowns. He's being told something he
didn't know - and it's not good.

JACK (CONT'D)
No. No, I didn't know that.

CUT TO:

83 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

83

A pair of double doors. Above them the words ONCOLOGY WARD.
Cut to -

84 INT. ZOE'S WARD - DAY

84

Zoe, lying in bed. Very frail and sick now. She stirs awake -
- notices she's not alone. There's a woman standing with her
back to her, looking out the window. She appears to be a nun.

ZOE
Oh. Hello.

The Nun doesn't turn.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Did somebody send you?
(Wearily)
Sorry, no offence, I'm really not a
believer.

JACK
(From off)
Zoe?

Zoe looks round. There's JACK SEWARD at the door to her ward - - and when she looks to the nun ... she's gone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't mean to ...

ZOE
Jack. Oh, Jack, hello. Sorry, I was
dreaming. Come in - please.

JACK
Thank you. Sorry if I startled you.

ZOE
You didn't. Try again, I'm
incredibly bored. Come on, sit
down.

He sits in the chair at her bedside - all the unease of the hospital visitor.

JACK
I ... didn't bring any grapes, or
anything.

ZOE
I hate grapes.

JACK
In that case, you're welcome.

They laugh.

ZOE
It's very kind of you to come and
see your old mentor.

He hesitates. A pre-occupied frown on his face.

She looks at him, shrewdly. Weak though she is, she can tell already this isn't a social visit.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Is it, Jack? Is it kind?

He sighs.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

85

Over the hospital, the sun is setting.

CUT TO:

86 INT. ZOE'S WARD - DUSK

86

Jack is now over at the window, his back to the ruddy glow of the sunset. Zoe is frowning, digesting all she's been told.

One of those silences has settled. Zoe sighs.

ZOE
Oh, Jack. You were my star pupil. I only suggested you for the donor program so you could get some easy money, get you through college. Never thought Dracula would actually come back.

JACK
Nobody did. So. What do you think?
About Lucy?

ZOE
It's possible. It could be him.
Is there anything special about her?

JACK
I love her.

ZOE
No. Dracula chooses his victims for a reason. Does she have any particular skills, abilities. Anything that makes her unique.

JACK
No.

ZOE
Think!

JACK

She's just ... Lucy. I love her,
but she's a perfectly ordinary
girl.

ZOE

She can't be. Because if it is
Dracula - what keeps him coming
back for more?

CUT TO:

87

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

87

On the window - it stands slightly open. The moonlight streams in. We pan to Lucy lying in the bed.

She's fitfully asleep. There's a night light on. She looks very pale and waxy.

Her eyes flicker open, go to the bedside clock. 2.00 am.

She looks round. The window - still open, but undisturbed.

Irritated, she sits up - reaches for her phone, is about to text, crossly, when -

- the duvet seems to twitch.

She looks up. What?

The duvet twitches again, and then starts being pulled towards the bottom of the bed - like someone is concealed down there, and is pulling at the covers.

She pulls the duvet back - and then is tugged downwards again. She holds on to it, firmly.

LUCY

Hello? Who's down there?
(Tiny smile)
Is that you?

A silence - the tugging stops. Then, from the shadows at the end of the bed ...

LITTLE BOY

Peek-a-boo.

On Lucy - horror.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Peek-a-boo.

A tiny, decaying, skeletal hand appears over the bed. Then another.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
Bloofers lady -

And - shadowed, but visible in the moonlight - a little skull starts to rise over the end of the bed, between the two little hands. Empty eye sockets are now peeping playfully at her.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
Peek-a-boo.

Lucy, lost in terror, shrinking away -

- then a light tapping at the window. She looks.

Lounging insouciantly on the outside window sill at an impossible angle is - DRACULA.

DRACULA
May I come in?

She nods, frantically.

Dracula climbs in easily, producing a stake from inside his coat.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Please avert your eyes, I have to
murder a child -

Lucy looks away - we look away with her.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
- as we used to say in Vladivostok.

We hear thump, a crunch - possibly a tiny cry.

When Lucy looks up again, Dracula is leaning tenderly over her.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I think you were a little more
scared than you imagined you'd be.

LUCY
Who says I don't like being scared.
What was it doing here?

DRACULA
He liked you. And you left the
window open.

LUCY

I'm ill.

DRACULA

Well. Not ill, precisely.

LUCY

Look at my face.

DRACULA

Beautiful.

LUCY

I'm as white as a sheet.

DRACULA

As the last unprinted snow.

(Starts to remove her
choker)

What dream would you like this
evening, Miss Westenra?

Bends to her neck - she stops him.

LUCY

Am I dying?

DRACULA

You're mortal. You've been dying
since the day you were born. My
people have a saying ...

(Bends to her neck)

One should speed the parting
guest...

As his teeth sink into her neck, her eyes slowly close,
blissful. The exact moment they are fully closed -

SLAM CUT TO:

The same room, bright with sunshine. Lucy sits up in bed,
propped against her pillow. She is completely white now,
staring-eyed and clearly stone dead, her mouth hanging
slackly open.

We hold on this for a moment.

A tap at the door. We hear Meg's voice from the other side.

MEG
(From off)
How are you feeling, love? Just
going down to make some tea. Want
some tea?

Lucy: silent, of course. A fly lands on her cheek, starts
crawling towards her nose.

MEG (CONT'D)
(From off)
I'll bring you a cuppa.
(We hear her heading
downstairs)
You stay there, you need to keep
your strength up.

Now two more flies come buzzing out of her mouth. We start
tracking round her motionless form, slowly bringing into shot
-

- there is a mirror on the dressing table at the far end of
her bed. It is angled so that Lucy would be able to see
herself sitting in the bed.

As we move round to dead Lucy's POV of the mirror, we see her
reflection. And, as with Dracula, her reflection is quite
different. Her face alive, tear-stained, frantic! Her mouth
is screaming silently. Two words over and over - *help me!*
Help me! Help me!

Closing on the reflected face - *help me, help me, help me.*

Now intercutting -

- the dead, staring face -
- closing in on the reflected, mouthing face -

Very faintly now we hear the words - as if we're *inside the*
mirror -

LUCY
Help me! Help me!

DRACULA
(V.O.)
Hush now, Lucy.

Lucy's pleas halt like a switch has been thrown.

Now, reflected in the mirror, Dracula. The room behind him is
different, as if this is a reflection in a different mirror
somewhere else.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
You are mine now and you have
nothing left to fear. You will not
be long in your grave.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

89

Mourners in black making their sombre way into the building.
Slowly pulling back from them, to the sign over the gate.

First the name. *DELLSIDE*

Then panning on the next word, focusing in on it - a
revelation

CREMATORIUM.

CUT TO:

90 INT. DELLSIDE CREMATORIUM - DAY.

90

The awful suburban bleakness of a crematorium.

In the front row of the pews - a pole-axed MEG. Next to her, JACK, QUINCEY, ZEV, SAM, ALICE, the other girls from the hen night.

Behind them, family. The church is packed.

The female VICAR is mid-sermon.

VICAR
"In the midst of life we are in
death. Of whom may we seek for
succour, but of thee, O Lord, who
for our sins art justly displeased?
Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord
most mighty, O holy and most
merciful Saviour, deliver us not
into the bitter pains of eternal
death..."

'Angels' by Robbie Williams plays. (Or whatever song we can
clear.)

Jack glances down. Wedged at Quincey's feet, is his suitcase.

A cynical look from Jack, a sidelong glance at Quincey.
Already packed and leaving.

On Lucy's coffin as it starts to slide through the curtains.

A surreal moment - we cut inside. There's LUCY, lying there, her mouth still working. *Help me! Help me!*

CUT TO:

91 INT. CREMATORIUM. FURNACE ROOM - DAY 91

LUCY's coffin glides through into a harshly lit metallic room.

ANDY (30s, smart, good-looking, trim, the opposite of what we expect from a crematorium worker) is waiting. He slides the coffin onto another conveyor belt and then opens the little door to the furnace.

Flames jump up. The coffin starts to slide in ...

Now inside Lucy's coffin. Lucy silently screaming - *help me, help me* - as the flames engulf her ...

CUT TO:

92 EXT. CHAPEL DELLSIDE CREMATORIUM - DAY 92

Sunny. There's a sense of calm. The shell-shocked relatives look down at the floral tributes.

There are memorial plaques all around and a marble fountain.

On Meg, sobbing away. Zev has his arms round her.

MEG
It's like I can hear her. I can
feel her crying for me ...

CUT TO:

93 INT. INSIDE LUCY'S COFFIN - DAY 93

Lucy, consumed, screaming, in flames...

CUT TO:

94 EXT. CHAPEL DELLSIDE CREMATORIUM - DAY 94

JACK stands a little apart from the mourners, watching ZEV hugging MEG.

He looks over to:

On the road outside the crematorium, QUINCEY is loading his cases into a taxi.

A cynical smile from Jack. Yeah, right.

DISSOLVE TO:

95

INT. CREMATORIUM. BACK OF FURNACE - NIGHT

95

ANDY is still at work, feet up, scrolling through his phone. And there is a clang from the other end of the room. He looks round. What was that?

ANDY
Hello? Hello, someone there?

No reply. He waits a moment - silence. Shrugs. He spoons some instant coffee into a chipped mug.

Now he comes back into the room, holding his coffee mug.

And he stops, and stares.

Andy's POV. The furnace. The door through which we saw the coffin slide, stands open. A slight drift of smoke from inside. Embers are visible - like it's still cooling.

He moves towards the furnace, closes the little door. An identical clang.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Is someone here? Did someone open
the furnace? It's not supposed to
be opened yet.

No answer. The click and tick on an empty room.

On Andy. He notices something lying on the floor. Kneels down to pick it up.

Close on a charred and blackened finger nail.

As he frowns at this, something else.

A shadow is stretching across the floor towards him - someone approaching. The shadow is skeletal, impossibly thin, barely there.

Lucy's voice now - thin and rasping. Slowly he raises his head to look ...

LUCY
Did you ... put me ... in the fire?

CUT TO:

96

INT. AGATHA'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

96

The lighting of a candle.

Close on Zoe's as her eyes flicker open, aware of the room brightening.

She looks round, blearily.

The room is in semi-darkness her bed now appears to be in some kind of cloistered room full of strange artefacts (Agatha's workshop.) There is a nun, sitting at a desk, writing in a notebook. Silence but for the scratching of the pen.

Zoe, utterly bemused. As she sits up, the bed creaks loudly.

The Nun turns to look at her - it is Sister Agatha - she smiles, pleasantly.

SISTER AGATHA
I'll be with you in a moment.

Agatha returns to her notes.

ZOE
Where am I?

SISTER AGATHA
That is not the question, Zoe. I may call you Zoe, mayn't I? The question is, what are Dracula's limitations?

ZOE
... I'm sorry?

SISTER AGATHA
Three things we know. He cannot enter an abode without invitation. He cannot stand in the sunlight.
(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (CONT'D)

And he fears above all things, the
sight of the cross.

(Stands starts to pace)

But you see, we are wrong. These
three things must be one thing.

Much tidier. God is always tidy -
well, according to His own account.

She notices Zoe staring at her.

SISTER AGATHA (CONT'D)

Oh do stop hanging your mouth open
like that. Dracula drank my blood,
and you drank his. Blood is lives.
What is left of mine is in him, and
now also in you. As he promised, I
have traveled to the new world in
his veins.

As she speaks, she has paced from her workshop directly into -

CUT TO:

97

INT. ZOE'S WARD - NIGHT

97

- Zoe's hospital ward (it's all one set, a partial recreation
of the Mottisfont location joined to the ward set.)

AGATHA

There are an awful lot of people in
Dracula's blood, but I suppose my
DNA sinks with yours. Oh, what a
useful vocabulary I know have!

ZOE

Who are you?

AGATHA

It is perfectly obvious who I am.
So! What does Dracula fear?

ZOE

... I don't know.

SISTER AGATHA

What does he want then?

ZOE

I don't know.

SISTER AGATHA

Yes, you do! He returned to feed on
Lucy Westenra time and time again.

(MORE)

SISTER AGATHA (CONT'D)

He could feed off anyone in London,
anyone in the world - why return to
one perfectly ordinary girl, night
after night?

ZOE

I don't know!! Who are you?

SISTER AGATHA

Who do I look like?

ZOE

Me.

SISTER AGATHA

Correct. Now, think, think, *think!*
What does he want and what does he
fear?

ZOE

I don't know, I don't care. He's
not my problem any more.

SISTER AGATHA

I am inside your head, I feel your
guilt. Your Foundation, it was
funded by ... I can't see it. You
don't like to think about it, do
you?

ZOE

Wherever that money came from, I
did good with it.

SISTER AGATHA

For many years, yes. But you also
brought Dracula back to life with
it. So he is still very much your
problem, and you know that.

ZOE

But what can I do?

SISTER AGATHA

Poor child. As our Lord said that
night in Gethsemane "the spirit is
willing but the flesh is weak."

ZOE

Tell me who you are!

SISTER AGATHA

I am the spirit, you are the flesh.
The darkness of Dracula shall guide
us to the light.

ZOE

I'm dying.

SISTER AGATHA

I'm dead. But I am Sister Agatha
Van Helsing of the St Mary's
convent, Budapest - and neither of
us are quite done yet!

CUT TO:

98

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

A spectacular view across nighttime London. Pulling back to reveal Dracula looking out through a massive picture window.

He takes a deep breath, as if breathing in the whole city.

DRACULA

Ah, Lucy. Lucy, I taste you!

- and now he stops, staring.

Dracula's POV. His own reflection in the glass. The terrifying, wizened, old man face.

He winces from his own reflection - and savagely sweeps the curtain shut, hiding from himself.

CUT TO:

99

INT. ZOE'S WARD - NIGHT

99

Zoe, out of bed. She has pulled on her clothes. She looks terribly weak, but determined - and has her phone at her ear.

ZOE

I need you to pick me up from the hospital, I'm discharging myself.

CUT TO:

100

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

100

Jack sitting up in bed, on the phone.

JACK

Zoe, you're dying.

CUT TO:

101 INT. ZOE'S WARD - NIGHT

101

ZOE
Well don't be too long then.

She clicks off.

As she pulls her coat from the wardrobe, she catches sight of her reflection in the mirror.

Looking back from the mirror - Sister Agatha. They stare at each other - then smile.

CUT TO:

102 INT. CREMATORIUM. BACK OF FURNACE - NIGHT

102

On ANDY. He lies dead, white, drained of blood. A wound still weeps in his neck. We hear something moving across the room. A shadow passes over him.

A mirror on the wall. Reflected in the mirror we see Lucy Westenra, as beautiful as ever, approaching her own image, smiling. She looks crazed, dazed.

LUCY
Beautiful! Beautiful lady.

She reaches a hand to touch the mirror -

- but the hand we see this side of the glass, is a burned, black, skeletal thing. *What must the rest of her be like??*

LUCY (CONT'D)
Bloofier lady.

CUT TO:

103 INT. OFFICE - DAY

103

A corner of an office, somewhere. Bloxham is Facetiming her phone.

BLOXHAM
How many times, Mr. Renfield? The Jonathan Harker Foundation has no further interest in your client.

On the phone: there's FRANK RENFIELD.

FRANK

(On phone)

So you say, but my client is keenly attuned to any surveillance directed at him, as you would expect from any 15th Century Warlord -

BLOXHAM

The matter is closed. The Dracula project is discontinued.

She hangs up. She consider for a moment, dark with thought. Then an American voice speaks from off.

AMERICAN VOICE

Ms. Bloxham. We're ready for you now.

She heads off - passing a window which we hold on. Through it was see the white dome of the Capitol building in Washington.

CUT TO:

104

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

104

Dracula's living room. The huge picture window is now heavily draped. The place is luxuriously appointed - the apartment of a billionaire - and in its centre is a long, black, ebonised table, almost the length of the room. It is gleaming and perfectly smooth.

From off, we hear FRANK RENFIELD prattling away as Dracula sets the table for two.

FRANK

... so, master, in conclusion, I feel we must continue to consider the Harker Foundation as an active personal threat.

During this, Dracula lifts a decanter from the centre of the table and sniffs appreciatively at the red fluid.

DRACULA

'62, I think.
(Another sniff)
Accountant.

As he sets down the decanter we see that Frank is talking on open laptop - it's a Skype call.

FRANK

(On Laptop)

We shall of course continue to monitor their activity using agents local to the area, some discreet hacking, and at your suggestion, bats -

The door bell rings.

DRACULA

Sorry, Frank. Can't keep the lady waiting.

FRANK

Of course, master. Though can I just ask - you mentioned you were planning to kill me this week, and I wondered whether Friday might suit?

DRACULA

Isn't Friday your day off?

FRANK

Oh, well, Monday it is. It can wait. Thank you, dark lord of all.

Franks notices a fly buzzing past, and Dracula closes the laptop as Frank reaches for it -

Dracula goes to the door. He opens it, to reveal -

Oh! Not Lucy, but Zoe Helsing and a nervous looking Jack Seward.

On Dracula. He's genuinely surprised.

ZOE

You look surprised.

DRACULA

Yes, it's something of a novelty.
How did you find me?

Zoe sweeps into the room (she's doing a good impersonation of full health but as we will see it's not real.) Jack moves in her wake, eyeing Dracula warily.

ZOE

A man of your breeding and ego is temperamentally incapable of hiding.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

I just looked for a unnecessarily tall building, with multiple exits and no view of a church.

JACK

Also your number is listed.

ZOE

Nice place. Shame you still have to sleep in the muck of your homeland. How do you get hold of it these days.

DRACULA

Amazon.

JACK

(Looking at the place settings)

You're expecting company.

DRACULA

(Checking watch)

Yes. Look, I don't want to hurry you both, but I will have to kill you in the next few minutes.

JACK

Lucy Westenra?

DRACULA

Oh! You know her?

ZOE

This is Dr. Seward. It was his phone you stole.

JACK

(A cold stare)

You might say I introduced you.

DRACULA

And now she's dead. I can, however, return your phone to you.

(To Zoe, mouthing)

I've upgraded.

A shudder from Zoe. Clearly very weak, and the effort she has made getting here has taken it out of her. With care she seats herself - trying, not completely successfully, to conceal her weakness.

ZOE

If you're expecting Lucy to rise
from the grave tonight, Count
Dracula, it might interest you to
know that she was cremated.

Dracula - for a moment, he seems shell-shocked.

DRACULA

Cremated?

ZOE

Yesterday morning.

DRACULA

Cremated? I told her, I warned her.
And she still let them put her in
the fire?

ZOE

Apparently.

DRACULA

You don't understand. She would
have been conscious the whole time.
Her flesh melting. Her every cell
carbonised, every particle of her
being incinerated...

(Drops the pretense,
grins)

Stings a bit, I believe.

The doorbell rings.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

(Smiles)

There, you see. You have
underestimated the resilience of
the vampire.

The doorbell rings again, several times, impatient.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Oh, I always like a lively one.

Hand on the handle, he turns to Jack.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

So she was a friend of yours, Dr.
Seward?

JACK

Yes.

DRACULA

This might be a good time to
reflect that beauty is only skin
deep.

He starts to open the door -

- and as he does so, a very deliberate camera move, tilting down to see this scene reflected, inverted, in the gleaming black table top.

Inverted reflection: the door opens to reveal Lucy - as beautiful and alive as ever.

LUCY

Hello, you.

On Jack and Zoe: they stare in horror at the truth still concealed from us.

Inverted reflection: Dracula takes her hand and draws Lucy in - the most glamorous couple imaginable.

DRACULA

Did you have much trouble finding
the place?

LUCY

I can always sniff you out, babe.

DRACULA

(Strokes her face, fond)
You let them burn you.

LUCY

You were right. It hurt. But I got
over it.

(Notices Jack - delighted)
Jack! Oh, Jack, what are you doing
here?

On Jack: nauseated, appalled. Can't speak for the horror of what sees.

Inverted reflection: Lucy moving over to Jack and Zoe, who do their best to conceal their revulsion.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(Of Zoe)

Oh, and who's this? Finally, he
brings someone. Bit pale though, if
you don't mind me saying.

(To Dracula)
Did you start without me?

She looks back to Jack, still smiling pleasantly.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Kiss me, Jack.

Jack falters back a step - and with disconcerting suddenness she changes - in the blink of an eye, she's carnal, wanton.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Kiss me, Jack. Kiss me, kiss me,
kiss me.

JACK
Lucy, no ...

She's taking hold of him now. Homing in on the reflection, framing for Lucy and Jack.

LUCY
Come on, Jack. Kiss me like you
used to.

No we're tilting up from the reflection, to the dreadful reality. She's a charred, desiccated, husk: barely more than a grinning, carbonised skeleton, wreathed in wisps of cloth and flesh.

Both skeletal hands are gripping Jack's face - a horror parody of a loving embrace.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

From Jack, an explosion of revulsion: he throws her from him. She staggers back - looks at him in affront, rather than fear.

LUCY (CONT'D)
What's wrong, Jack?

He's averted his gaze, barely able to look at her.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Can't look at me now. The boy who
looks at me all day, every day -
can't you look now? What's the
matter, Jack?

JACK
Lucy... can't you see yourself?

LUCY
Course I can see myself. Never stop
looking at myself.
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
(Looks in the black table
top)

Bloofer lady. Bloofer lady.
Everyone. Everyone smiles when
you're beautiful.
(Looks to Jack)
Why aren't you smiling, Jack?

Jack: can't find the words to reply.

On Zoe. She has risen, with some effort, from her chair and now steps forward, proffering her phone. Sad but firm.

ZOE
If you're so beautiful, Lucy, why
not take a selfie?

On Lucy. Hesitates. Maybe even a little haunted. Does she know, can she feel it?

She reaches, takes the phone. Looks critically at Zoe.

LUCY
You smell ... funny.

DRACULA
She's dying. Beware the bitter
bouquet, Lucy. The blood of the
dying is death to the vampire.

LUCY
(Giggles - to Zoe)
You smell of dying!

ZOE
It's not all me.

Zoe holds up the phone, readies it - for a moment the screen shows her the illusion just like the reflection did - her beautiful, alive self. Click! And now the photo on the screen - the truth of her burnt skull face. A frozen silence.

On Jack, watching. Revulsion and pity.

Then the most terrible despairing wail.

She's now crumpled on the floor in a ball, her head buried in her arms.

LUCY
No, no, no, no, no, no.

Jack moves forward, overcoming his disgust, needing to comfort her.

Dracula intervenes.

DRACULA
My patient, Dr. Seward.

He kneels by her, genuinely tender, placing a comforting hand on her.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I know, I know. It's a shock, isn't it? But you've done so well. So well.

LUCY
Look at me!

DRACULA
I see you, Bloofer Lady.

LUCY
Will I always be like this?

DRACULA
Yes. Yes, I promise. Always.

LUCY
But I was beautiful.

DRACULA
Beauty is never more than a disguise. You have outgrown it.

LUCY
I don't want to. I don't want to!

On Jack, watching this, agonised. He looks to Zoe - who nods to the holdall she deposited on the table.

Jack reaches for it ...

Dracula is hugging Lucy.

DRACULA
My finest bride yet. You were the only one, in five hundred years, who came to my arms, willingly, every time. You knew what was happening, and you accepted it. You embraced it.

On Zoe: the faintest frown - the beginning of a train of thought.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
And now you can live forever.

LUCY
Like this? Look at me!

DRACULA
Oh, Lucy. I don't mind.

LUCY
Oh, don't you? Well I do. *I mind!!*

On Dracula - momentarily adrift. Didn't expect that.

JACK
Lucy ...

Lucy looks up. Jack, standing there, one hand extended towards her. (His other hand is held behind his back.)

JACK (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

LUCY
You don't want to kiss me - like this.

JACK
Lucy Westenra, there has never been a day I didn't want to kiss you. And there never will be.

She stares at him, disbelieving.

On Jack, smiling - the tears streaming now.

As Dracula stares in bemusement, Lucy disengages from him, rises, moving towards Jack, her arms outstretched.

LUCY
Oh, Jack. Oh, Jack.

On Jack, closing his eyes as she approaches -

- and they kiss. The terrible, blackened corpse in his embrace.

As her arms reach round him, her hand encounters -
- the stake held behind his back.

A moment - how will she react?

She disengages from the kiss, looks him in the face. And says.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Do it, Jack. Do it.

On Jack's horrified face.

Jack's POV: for a magical moment it is the young, beautiful Lucy again, looking into his eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)
For me. Do it for me.

A frozen moment - then -

- *WHUNK!*

The end of the sharpened stake explodes out of Lucy's back.

She convulses, screams -

- she thrashes on the floor, disintegrating, finally crumbling into dust and ashes.

A terrible silence. There is only Jack's sobbing.

On Dracula. Perfectly calm.

DRACULA
Murderer.

ZOE
Saviour.

Dracula prods the scattered ash with his foot, more irritated than anything.

DRACULA
She was my most successful experiment. It took me five hundred years to make a bride this good - and look what you've done.

JACK
She was never yours. Or mine. Or anyone's.

DRACULA
Go well, sweet Lucy. She died well - that's a rare quality, you can take it from me.

On Zoe - thoughts clicking into the place, starting to get it.

ZOE
Quality ... or flavour?

DRACULA
Oh, flavour. Very particular. In my experience, unique. She almost seemed in love with death.

Zoe: ha!

ZOE
That's it. That's everything. And that's why her.
(Faintest hint of a Dutch accent.)
God is tidy after all.

On Dracula - registering the tiny shift in her voice. What was that?

ZOE (CONT'D)
Jack, you need to go now.

DRACULA
Neither of you are leaving this place alive -

ZOE
(Just talking across him)
I am about to have a personal conversation with Count Dracula - and he will certainly not want it witnessed.

DRACULA
Why would I want to talk to you??

ZOE
Because there is only one thing in this world you are truly afraid of - and finally I know what it is.

A beat on Dracula - really doesn't know where this is going.

DRACULA
I don't.

ZOE
I know you don't.

A silence. Finally.

DRACULA

(To Jack)

You may leave, Dr. Seward.

Jack looks frantically to Zoe - who just smiles.

ZOE

Get out.

JACK

Dr Helsing, I can't just -

ZOE

No, don't get help. No, don't speak to anyone. Just go, Jack - it's okay.

(Fixes Dracula in the eye)
This is over. For both of us. Jack, go! If you want to throw your life away in an act of senseless heroism, there will be other opportunities.

Jack looks at her, stung - but she just gives him a wink.

A moment - and then Jack capitulates. He goes to the door, turns. His eyes go to the sunlight peeping through the top of the drawn curtains.

JACK

It's going to be a beautiful day.

Zoe, momentarily puzzled, gets it.

ZOE

Thank you.

We hold on Dracula and Zoe, just staring at each other. We hear the door close.

DRACULA

Well?

Zoe sags for a moment, gripping on to the end of the long table.

ZOE

You know, I'm very, very tired.

DRACULA

You're almost done - I know the signs? It had better not be a long conversation.

ZOE
Oh, it won't be.

A sudden, extraordinary surge of energy - everything Zoe has left. She vaults up on to the table, races along its length, and hurls herself at the heavy drapes covering the window. In an ecstasy of dust, the drapes come crashing down, and morning sunlight floods the room!

Transfixed in sunlight, blasted to the floor, Dracula shrieks in agony, writhing, unable to escape. He screams and screams, flops back on to the carpet -

- and then -

- nothing. He's just lying there. He looks at his hands. Nothing has happened to them. He blinks in the sunshine. Still nothing. He stares at the sun for the first time in five hundred years. Nothing.

Zoe Helsing is heaving herself to her feet.

ZOE (CONT'D)
It's 93 million miles away. It
really isn't going to hurt you.

He stares and stares at the sun. His ancient enemy - harmless. He is rocked to his core by the sight and feel of it.

Zoe - limping, gasping in pain - has made her way to a chair, slumps in it.

DRACULA
I don't understand.

ZOE
(Dutch accent slowly
taking over.)
I have very few breaths left to
explain. So don't interrupt.
Consider Count Dracula. Who cannot
bear to look in a mirror.

DRACULA
(Register the accent)
Agatha?

ZOE
Dracula, who won't stand revealed
in the sunlight. And who cannot
enter a home without invitation.
These aren't curses.
(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

They are merely habits that have become fetishes that have become legends that even you believe. The rules of the beast. As we discussed so very long ago.

Dracula stares at Zoe. It's her!

ZOE (CONT'D)

But why? What are you afraid of? You are a warrior, from a long line of warriors. Your grandfather died in battle. Your father, your brothers, your sons, their sons. All of them fell as heroes on the battlefield. But not you. Not Count Dracula, the warlord who skulks in the shadows, and steals the lives of others, unwelcome everywhere - who sleeps in a box of dirt, and dreams of a warrior's grave. Who suddenly found himself in thrall to Lucy Westenra - a girl in love with the thing he fears the most. With death.

(Weakly, she produces a crucifix)

And now we know why this works.

Dracula averts his gaze. We see all the shame in his face.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Because it speaks of the courage you long to possess. *The courage it takes to die.*

On Dracula. It's sinking in. The truth of it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I call you ashamed. Count Dracula is ashamed.

Zoe tosses the crucifix aside.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I don't need this protection. I'm dying. I'm doing the one thing you can never do, Dracula.

She gasps.

DRACULA

You're in pain.

ZOE

I am equal to it. You seek to
conquer death - but you cannot
until you face it without fear.

DRACULA

... Agatha ...

ZOE

(Dutch accent)

Goodbye, Count Dracula. Shuffle
back to your box of dirt. The game
is over. You lose. You will live
forever - in shame.

The last effort made, she slumps back in the chair. An exhalation, letting her final moments take her.

Without looking at her, Dracula turns and walks away. He goes to the window. Looks up at the sun. He luxuriates in it. Lost in it, loving it.

DRACULA

Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful.
Look at her. Agatha, look at her -

He's turned to look at her - and there she is. Tiny, frail, dying. He turns back to the sun - but the sun looks different now. For the very first time there is a flicker of sadness on his face ...

Slowly fading to black. Holding on the black like the movie is over. Then:

CUT TO:

105

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DRACULA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

105

On Zoe's eyes - they fly open.

Wider: she's in a spacious, ornate bedchamber. What Dracula's bedroom would have looked like when he was alive.

She looks well again - more than well, beautiful, glowing. And she's not alone in the bed. Dracula, naked, is on top of her, making love to her. He's tender, passionate - this is impossibly romantic.

ZOE

This isn't real.

DRACULA

I saw the sun, Agatha. She was
beautiful. Worth the trip.
(MORE)

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Always the way - you never know
where you're going till you arrive.

ZOE

This is a dream.

DRACULA

Of course it's a dream.

ZOE

You're drinking my blood.

DRACULA

Yes.

CUT TO:

106

INT. DRACULA'S APARTMENT - DAY

106

The briefest flash. Dracula, draped over Zoe, drinking her blood. It's an effort - he's taking poison.

CUT TO:

107

INT. CASTLE DRACULA/DRACULA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

107

ZOE

But my blood is deadly to you.

DRACULA

Yes.

ZOE

You'll die.

DRACULA

(Smiles at her, kind at
the last)

You too.

Pulling up from them -

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You didn't think I'd let it hurt,
did you?

Now losing them in the swirl of the bedclothes, as the screen slowly turns red ...

END TITLES