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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:

9

INT. KATHLEEN'S HOUSE - DAY

9

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.

I noticed. ZOE

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 (Bloxxham) is standing outside the coffin, momentarily blocking his view.)

He now hears voices.

THE COMMANDER

(From off)

Where do we put him?

BLOXXHAM

Straight to Isolation.

Bloxxham 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 on-  
eroom 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 he 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 -

ZEV

He *rides!*

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

Yeah, girls pee too.

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.

Closer: 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:

75

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

75

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:

76

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

76

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.

75

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:

77      EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

77

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)  
Bloofer 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:

88

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

88

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 DELLISDE 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)

Bloofer 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, 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 - thats 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