

**DRACULA**

Episode #102

"A Whiff of Sulfur"

Written by

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Directed by

Steve Shill

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# DRACULA

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## CAST LIST

DRACULA/ALLAN GRAYSON/VLAD TEPES.....JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS  
LADY JAYNE WETHERBY.....TBD  
ABRAHAM VAN HELSING.....TBD  
MINA MURRAY.....JESSICA DE GOUV  
JONATHAN HARKER.....TBD  
R.M. RENFIELD.....TBD  
LUCY WESTERNA.....TBD

MR. BROWNING.....TBD  
LORD DAVENPORT.....TBD  
LORD LAURENT.....TBD  
SZABO.....TBD  
MR. GITTES.....TBD  
MINERVA WESTERNA.....TBD  
ALASTAIR HARVEY.....TBD  
REBECCA BROWNING.....TBD  
WILLIAM BROWNING.....TBD  
ROSE BROWING.....TBD  
FAI.....TBD  
FENG.....TBD  
CAMPBELL.....TBD  
LEONHARDT.....TBD  
GINGER.....TBD  
ESTATE AGENT.....TBD  
LADY JAYNE'S BUTLER.....TBD  
LORD LAURENT'S BUTLER.....TBD  
REPORTER #1.....TBD  
REPORTER #2.....TBD  
GOVERNESS.....TBD  
LANDLADY.....TBD  
TOUGH.....TBD

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## SET LIST

### INTERIORS:

#### CARFAX MANOR

LIBRARY ROOM  
STUDY

#### CHINESE RESTAURANT

#### EXHIBITION HALL

#### GRAYSON'S CARRIAGE

#### GRAYSON'S DAIMLER

#### HARKER AND SZABO'S APARTMENT

MAIN ROOM  
LOBBY

#### LADY JAYNE'S MANSION

BEDROOM  
DRAWING ROOM

#### LORD LAURENT'S TOWNHOUSE

ENTRY  
KITCHEN

#### MURRAY RESIDENCE

MINA'S BEDROOM

#### OPIUM DEN

#### ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE

BROWNING'S OFFICE  
TEMPLE

#### RULES RESTAURANT

CLOAK ROOM AREA  
DINING AREA

#### SANCTUM

#### SHOPPING ARCADE

CAFE

#### SIR CLIVE'S KENSINGTON TOWNHOUSE

DRAWING ROOM  
ENTRY HALL

#### SWINBURNE CLUB

ANTECHAMBER  
MAIN CLUB AREA  
PRIVATE BOOTH

#### THE INQUISITOR

BULLPEN  
EDITOR'S OFFICE

#### UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

TEACHING THEATER  
VAN HELSING'S OFFICE

### EXTERIORS:

#### ALLEY

#### CHINESE RESTAURANT

#### COUNTRYSIDE

#### LADY JANE'S MANSION

#### LONDON

STREET/EAST END STREETS

#### RULES RESTAURANT

#### SIR CLIVE'S KENS. TOWNHOUSE

#### SWINBURNE CLUB

#### THE INQUISITOR

#### WALLACHIA

FOREST CLEARING

ACT ONE

200A EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 200A

SUPER: RUMANIA, 1881

A SNOW PATCHED MEADOW slopes down to a distant DARK TREELINE. The iron SKY QUICKENS, stars fading as DAWN APPROACHES.

Dressed in the THREADBARE RAGS OF CENTURY-OLD FINERY, DRACULA sits perfectly still, composed, gazing at the horizon. A LIGHT BREEZE tosses his hair. A CRUNCH of APPROACHING FOOTFALLS. VAN HELSING, PUFFING STEAM, sits down beside him. For a LONG BEAT, Dracula does not acknowledge his presence, then...

DRACULA

(heavy Romanian accent)

Do you have any final words before  
I take your life?

VAN HELSING

(slight Dutch accent)

But... but I *released* you!

Dracula regards Van Helsing, jejune.

DRACULA

And so what? Do you expect me to  
grant three wishes like the Jinn of  
One Thousand and One Nights?

(a dry chuckle)

You are far too old to be putting  
your faith in fairy tales.

Van Helsing nods sadly, his gloved hand sliding into his jacket.

VAN HELSING

Yes. I suppose I am...

Suddenly, he WHIPS OUT a SILVER CRUCIFIX, its base tapered to a razor-sharp stiletto blade, and DIVES IT DOWN THROUGH DRACULA'S BARE FOOT, pinning it to the ground. Dracula unleashes an AGONIZED SNARL and instinctively grabs...

THE CRUCIFIX - Upon contact, his RIGHT PALM SIZZLES and BURNS. He SCREAMS, and, CHUNK! Van Helsing impales his LEFT HAND to the ground with a SECOND CRUCIFORM BLADE.

Dracula stares at the second blade, agog. Van Helsing shoves him to the ground, kneels on his chest and withdraws a THIRD CRUCIFIX/BLADE. It GLITTERS coldly in the moonlight.

VAN HELSING

Surely you recognize the blades of  
Saint Elgius.

(regards its beauty)

Exquisite...

He turns, and DRIVES THE THIRD BLADE THROUGH DRACULA'S OTHER FOOT. Dracula unleashes an agonized ROAR, writhes in pain. Winded by the effort, Van Helsing stands, regards him.

VAN HELSING

Now, then. Perhaps I should  
introduce myself. I am Professor  
Abraham Van Helsing...

DRACULA

(roars)

*I will feast on your guts for this,  
you peasant--*

VAN HELSING

(cuts him off)

And you are Vlad the Third, Prince  
of Wallachia, second son of the  
House of Basarab, also known as  
Vlad Tepes, Vlad the Impaler...

(a thin smile)

... *Dracula.*

Van Helsing sits just beyond Dracula's reach, pulls a pipe and a pouch from his pocket and begins tamping in tobacco.

VAN HELSING

Consider yourself fortunate. Soon,  
the sun will rise and you will be  
no more. But at least in your case,  
unlike my own, there will be one  
who deeply mourns your passing...

(lights his pipe)

... For with your death, so too will  
pass my last chance to obliterate  
The Order of the Dragon.

Dracula suddenly freezes, stares intently at Van Helsing.

DRACULA

What is the *Ordo Draco* to you?

VAN HELSING

They slaughtered my wife, Adalind,  
and my three children. They stole  
from me everything in this world  
that I have loved...

(MORE)

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
(to Dracula)  
... Everything you have loved.

SLAM TO:

200B EXT. WALLACHIA - FOREST CLEARING - MEMORY HIT - NIGHT 200B

FLAMES GROWING HIGHER as MINA MURRAY (Ilona) writhes and twists against her bonds.

BACK TO:

200C EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 200C

Dracula - shell-shocked, his mind's eye still fixed upon the single terrible moment in which his world was utterly and forever lost. SOFTLY, under his breath, he speaks her name:

DRACULA

Ilona...

VAN HELSING

Yes. Your Queen, your wife, your love, Ilona Szilágyi. They burned her alive, as they did my Adalind. And if you die this day, they will never face justice for these and all the other vile crimes they have committed in the Lord's name.

DRACULA

No man can change that.

VAN HELSING

True. But you are far greater than any mortal man. Though I possess the means, I lack the power, the presence, and the ruthlessness to wield it to any effect.

(sighs)

Only you and I, *together*, can obliterate them...

A LONG BEAT as the two contemplate the QUICKENING EASTERN SKY. Finally:

DRACULA

You say you have the means.

VAN HELSING

I do.

DRACULA

Then stop wasting time and withdraw  
these cursed blades before your  
confederate is rendered to ash.

The two men lock eyes a beat, sizing up intentions. Then Van Helsing reaches over and YANKS THE BLADE from Dracula's foot. TILT UP to find a large FULL MOON.

MATCH CUT TO:

200D EXT. LONDON - STREET - NIGHT - NIGHT 1 200D

A FULL MOON reflected in a POTHOLE among COBBLESTONES. PERFECTLY SHOD FEET step around the pool of odious water -- John Lobb boots, to be precise. The best money can buy. LAUGHTER and merry DANCE HALL MUSIC leaks from the public houses down the block.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN in the latest Parisian fashions walk arm-in-arm. They stop chattering the moment they SEE...

ALLAN GRAYSON - strolling confidently toward them -- not because of his exquisite fashion sense, nor his physical beauty, but because he emanates a raw sexual charisma that can only be possessed by an alpha-predator.

He tips his hat. The Women WHISPER HEATEDLY to each other as they move off into the night. He stops, turns to watch them walk away. Considers his options. Considers his hunger...

Smiles and follows them into the night.

201 INT. HARKER & SZABO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - NIGHT 1 201

TIGHT ON BLOOD WELLING up from a pricked finger. RACK BACK TO a simple GOLD CRUCIFIX on a thin chain.

HARKER

*Damnit!*

Shirtless, JONATHAN HARKER sucks on his bleeding finger. After a moment, he returns to sewing a frayed seam on a coat.

A WOMAN GIGGLING, COMMOTION O.S. as A KEY IS TURNED IN THE LOCK and SZABO, drunk, opens the door, CHUCKLING as he SHUSHES the WOMAN hanging on his arm. Sees Harker is awake.

SZABO

What're you doing up?

HARKER

What does it look like?

Szabo blinks, squints. It takes him a moment to realize...

SZABO

You're mending your coat!  
(considers a beat)  
They have tailors for such things.

HARKER

It's past one in the morning.

SZABO

Is it? Yes. That's a problem!  
(to the Woman)  
Darling, do you know how to sew?

The Woman has a GIGGLING FIT, doubling over, practically falling and dragging Szabo with her. Harker deadpans.

202 INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 1 202

Blanket and pillow bundled in his arms, Harker shuffles into a modest lobby furnished with a small couch and two mismatched wing chairs. He curls up uncomfortably on the sofa and settles in for the night.

203 OMITTED 203

204 INT. CARFAX MANOR - LIBRARY ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT 1 204

A PHOTO OF KRUGER is SET AFLAME and dropped in a wastebasket.

VAN HELSING

Every move you make is another card  
faceup on the table. Sir Clive is  
slaughtered; there is a vampire in  
London. Then Kruger, a Huntsman--

GRAYSON

I had no choice. He saw my face--

ALLAN GRAYSON sits in a chair rolling up his right shirt-sleeve. Unamused, Van Helsing plucks a LARGE SYRINGE from an instrument tray.

VAN HELSING

(patience fraying, REPEATS)  
*A seasoned Huntsman.* Now they know  
they are dealing with a very  
*powerful* vampire. They're bound to  
activate their Seers, if they  
haven't already.

GRAYSON

I can deal with them.



Van Helsing wipes the smirk off Grayson's face by JAMMING THE NEEDLE OF THE SYRINGE into his forearm.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)  
And no doubt reveal yet *another*  
measure of your power. We require  
stealth, you deliver mayhem...

Van Helsing draws GELATINOUS, DARK RED BLOOD from Grayson's forearm.

VAN HELSING  
(to himself, in Dutch)  
*Damnit! Cursed sludge!* Like tapping  
a wretched corpse...

GRAYSON  
You're lucky I fed.

Van Helsing pulls the needle, performs a cursory examination of Grayson's bare arm for a second good vein.

VAN HELSING  
Your other arm.

GRAYSON  
Must I--

VAN HELSING  
Stop being a baby.

He SNATCHES Grayson's left wrist, pulls out the cufflink and shoves up his sleeve, searching for a good withdrawal site.

GRAYSON  
Knives, swords, lances, stakes, a  
century in a metal box... mere  
annoyances. But your--

Van Helsing PLUNGES the syringe into Grayson's wrist.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
--*needles* will be the end of me.

VAN HELSING  
An unavoidable inconvenience, I'm  
afraid. It is only a matter of time  
before your aversion to sunlight  
becomes obvious and we are undone.  
Your blood is a critical component  
in developing a serum to immunize  
you against its effects.

GRAYSON

It's not the blood you draw that  
vexes me, but the sublime pleasure  
you draw from its taking. Must your  
progress be so--

Again, Van Helsing JABS THE NEEDLE into yet another site on  
his forearm.

GRAYSON

--*painfully* slow! *Blast* it!

VAN HELSING

You must have patience.

Van Helsing moves to again stick him with the syringe, but  
Grayson SEIZES HIS WRIST, STOPS HIM SHORT.

GRAYSON

When.

VAN HELSING

I'm testing the mucus of Algerian  
Steam Salamanders. According to the  
latest literature, they demonstrate  
promising adaptive properties to  
solar heat--

Grayson SQUEEZES the old man's wrist. Van Helsing winces.

GRAYSON

*When.*

VAN HELSING

I said... you must... have patience.

The two lock eyes. Grayson slowly pulls Van Helsing's wrist  
forward...

THE NEEDLE - dimpling, then PUNCTURING Grayson's skin.

SLAM OUT

CREDIT SEQUENCE

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

205 INT. EXHIBITION HALL - DAY - DAY 1

205

A cavernous, dazzling three-story space with a DOMED ROTUNDA, surrounded by ARCHED PROMENADES. UNIFORMED SOLDIERS dot the crowd, as well as INFIRMED ELDERLY VETERANS seated in wheelchairs. The CLASH of STEEL-ON-STEEL ECHOES from a GALLERY at the rear of the space.

TWO MEN - clothed in FENCING MASKS and JACKETS fight a VIGOROUS DIRECT ELIMINATION BOUT. Each Fencer sports COLORFUL SILK RIBBONS TIED AROUND THEIR BICEPS.

COMPETITOR'S PREP AREA - impossibly GORGEOUS MEN STRETCH, practice FENCING MOVES, etc.

LUCY WESTERNA, holding THREE LAVENDER RIBBONS, regards them with the unrestrained glee of a child in a candy shop. MINA MURRAY and ALASTAIR HARVEY stand behind her.

ALASTAIR

Good Lord, look at the size of that fellow...

A square-jawed HULK practices lunges, DOZENS OF COLORED RIBBONS tied to his biceps.

MINA

Perhaps you should sponsor him.

LUCY

Oh dear no. It's all for a good cause, I know, but I *would* like to see my colors advanced beyond the semi-finals at least...

(scans the Fencers)

Now *there's* my champion!

Mina follows her gaze, REACTS, UNENTHUSED:

MINA

You're joking...

ROTUNDA - WAITERS efficiently weave between TABLES with TRAYS OF LIGHT FARE and STERLING BUCKETS OF CHAMPAGNE. Harker and Lucy's mother, MINERVA, sit up front, enjoying the pomp and spectacle of the competition. Minerva EXPLAINS THE STAKES:

MINERVA

It's all very charming and very Arthurian, really.

(MORE)

MINERVA (CONT'D)

Sponsors choose up to three swordsmen, and if one wears the sponsor's colors to third, second, or first place, the Countess will match, double, or treble one's donation to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea for infirmed soldiers. An excellent cause, yes?

HARKER

One can't do too much, I suppose.

MINERVA

(sotto)

And it presents a wonderful opportunity for Lucy to mix with men of breeding and character. Alastair, for instance. You *do* know he's a cousin to the queen.

HARKER

Really? I hadn't a clue.

Minerva SHUSHES Harker as Lucy, Alastair and Mina approach.

LUCY

I found our champion!

MINERVA

Only one? Oh, please, don't tell me you put all three ribbons on one man again!

MINA

We tried to stop her--

LUCY

Why *hedge* when the outcome of the wager is certain?

(looks at the Gallery)

Shh... he's up!

THE GALLERY - TWO FENCERS assume their positions on the mat. One is the HULK Alastair pointed out; his opponent, a trim but diminutive SPANIARD -- *a full head shorter than the Hulk*. THREE LAVENDER RIBBONS are tied around his biceps.

MINERVA

The *dwarf*?

LUCY

He's *not* a dwarf, Mother. He's a *Spaniard*.

ALASTAIR  
A Spanish dwarf.

LUCY  
Stop it! You know very well he's  
not a dwarf!

MINA  
He's not. It's just that the other  
fellow is so, you know...

HARKER  
Gigantic?

Lucy throws Harker an irritated glance.

LUCY  
Just you wait, Jonathan Harker.  
You'll see. My Spaniard will cut  
that lummoX down to size...

THE GALLERY - the OFFICIAL holds up his hand, CALLS OUT:

OFFICIAL  
*In guardia... pronti... a voi!*

The Hulk and the Spaniard LUNGE toward one another, SWORDS  
CLASHING.

PROMENADE - LADY JAYNE and MR. BROWNING walk along the  
promenade. There's a casual familiarity between the two,  
though their dark conversation is in stark contrast to the  
festive surroundings.

BROWNING  
Our agents haven't reported a  
single incident since it bested  
Kruger.

LADY JAYNE  
He's gone to ground.

BROWNING  
Perhaps, yes. Or gone altogether.

LADY JAYNE  
No. He's still in London. I can  
smell the vermin.

SUDDENLY, Browning's daughter, ROSE, 6, is chased toward Mr.  
Browning by her older brother, WILLIAM, 8, who wields a  
WOODEN SWORD. Rose cowers behind Mr. Browning.

ROSE  
Sanctuary!

WILLIAM  
Wretched Christian, I'll cut off  
your head!

ROSE  
Daddy, save me from the Turk!

Delighted, Browning bends, protectively embraces his  
daughter.

BROWNING  
*Begone, you Barbary savage!* You  
shall not have this English flower  
in your cursed harem!

Rose GIGGLES. The children's GOVERNESS approaches, out of  
breath, followed by Browning's wife, REBECCA.

GOVERNESS  
So sorry, sir. I told them not to  
interrupt, but the little devils--

BROWNING  
Quite all right, Mrs. O'Connor. I  
can hardly hold you responsible for  
the Ottoman situation.

REBECCA  
William, Rose, you will apologize  
to your father and Lady Jayne.

WILLIAM  
(brandishes his sword)  
Infidels! I shall have your heads!

He snatches his sister's hand and they run off, the Governess  
giving chase. Rebecca heaves a LONG-SUFFERING SIGH, moves off  
after the children and their nanny.

BROWNING  
Assuming you're right, I take it  
you'll be summoning another  
Huntsman to replace Kruger. Perhaps  
MacLachlan from Glasgow?

LADY JAYNE  
I'd rather I handled this one  
myself. Commanding my lessers has  
grown tedious. It's time I had a  
little fun for a change.

BROWNING  
(smiles, pleased)  
That's my girl.

GALLERY - the Spaniard and the Hulk continue their match, LUCY pushes her way to the front of the crowd, Alastair in tow. She CHEERS her Spaniard as he DRAWS A POINT.

THE PROMENADE - Lady Jane and Mr. Browning watch the match, APPLAUDING with the others.

LADY JAYNE  
I take it you won't object to my  
deployment of the Seers?

BROWNING  
(long-suffering sigh)  
Must you? There is more than a  
whiff of sulfur about those two.

LADY JAYNE  
(a knowing grin)  
Better the devil you know...

BROWNING  
Very well. If you must.

THE ROTUNDA - the WAITER places the bill in front of Harker, the sole "gentleman" at the table. He glances at Mina, gives her an awkward smile, then reaches for the check, which is SUDDENLY INTERCEPTED by Minerva.

MINERVA  
Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Harker.  
This is my treat!

HARKER  
At least let me pay for Mina and my--

MINERVA  
Absolutely not. I insist.

Though no one says as much, it's excruciatingly clear that Harker couldn't *possibly* afford to pick up the check.

As Minerva pulls POUND NOTES from her purse, MINA meets Harker's eyes, squeezes his hand, but it's small consolation for his humiliation.

206 OMITTED

206

207 OMITTED

207

208 EXT. THE INQUISITOR - DAY - DAY 1 208

Establish.

209 INT. THE INQUISITOR - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY - DAY 1 209

MR. GITTES reads aloud from a copy of THE INQUISITOR bearing the headline: "AN AMERICAN MERLIN: An Exclusive Interview with Industrialist Allan Grayson"

GITTES

"A wizard has taken residence in London, though this conjurer prefers Savile Row suits to robes and peaked hats..."

(to Harker)

Good stuff, Harker! Smashing!

Harker smiles, basking in front of the boss's desk.

HARKER

Just a matter of access.

GITTES

Hah! It's not every day we beat The Times to a story. We really pulled one over on them this time.

HARKER

Thank you, sir. Of course, I was wondering...

He trails off. Mr. Gittes looks at him. Harker shifts uncomfortably, FORGES AHEAD:

HARKER

...if, you know, an increase in salary might be in order.

Mr. Gittes was honestly dreading this question. He nods sagely, begins scraping the bowl of his pipe.

GITTES

I see. An *increase*...

210 INT. THE INQUISITOR - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 1 210

Harker takes a seat across from Szabo at a partners desk, stacks of notes and clippings littering Harker's side; photos, plates and equipment on Szabo's.

HARKER

He says he'll look into it.



Harker gives him a look.

SZABO  
Sorry, mate.

Frustrated, Harker balls up a sheet of paper.

HARKER  
At this rate, by the time I can  
afford to support a wife, Mina and  
I will be in advanced old age.

SZABO  
I wouldn't say that.

Harker raises his eyebrows.

SZABO  
Not *both* of you, at least. You *do*  
have a few years on the girl.

Harker throws the balled wad of paper at Szabo.

211 EXT. LONDON - DUSK - NIGHT 2 211

The sun sinks below the western horizon.

211A INT. GRAYSON'S DAIMLER - MOVING - NIGHT - NIGHT 2 211A

Grayson drives, decked out in tweeds, motoring gloves, and goggles, RENFIELD riding shotgun. Both men have to SPEAK LOUDLY to be heard over the ROAD NOISE:

RENFIELD  
Sir, I don't understand your  
circumspection in this matter. Why  
engage Harker in order to bring the  
woman into your orbit? Surely it's  
within your power to simply...

GRAYSON  
Take her?

RENFIELD  
Yes.

GRAYSON  
I can't. It would be...

He trails off, reluctant to continue. Renfield presses:

RENFIELD  
What?

So absurd is the answer, so profound his reticence to lend voice to it, Grayson's reply is barely audible.

GRAYSON

A sin.

Renfield looks at him, stunned, unsure he heard him correctly.

RENFIELD

A what?

Frustrated, Grayson doesn't immediately reply, pulls over, and stops the car in front of...

212

EXT. THE INQUISITOR - NIGHT - NIGHT 2

212

GASLIGHTS burn in the second floor windows of the newspaper office. Grayson KILLS THE ENGINE.

GRAYSON

I know. It's absurd, that one such as I, guilty of countless unspeakable crimes, would hesitate on moral grounds. Nonetheless, every fiber of my being tells me that, were I to take her, were I to turn her into such as myself, it would be an abomination. Not against any mere deity, but worse; against the very memory of the one woman I cherished above all things.

(shakes his head)

No, Renfield, I cannot-- I *will* not-- "take her."

RENFIELD

Yet still you seek to draw her in. To what possible end?

GRAYSON

I cannot say. I only know that to lose her twice...

Grayson shakes his head, helpless and resigned. No, he couldn't bear that.

213

INT. THE INQUISITOR - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 2

213

Harker works on an article. Renfield enters and presents him with a note.

RENFIELD

Mr. Harker? If you don't mind.

Harker reads it, looks up at Renfield, surprised.

214 OMITTED 214

215 INT. GRAYSON'S DAIMLER - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 2 215

Grayson, Harker, and Renfield speed along the dark, foggy streets at a bracing 12 MPH.

GRAYSON

I trust our interview was a feather  
in your cap?

HARKER

My editor was quite pleased...

GRAYSON

But?

HARKER

I was hoping for something rather  
more tangible than a feather.

GRAYSON

As you should. It's perfectly  
reasonable to expect a reward when  
one demonstrates initiative. A man  
should never be ashamed of  
ambition, but for the lack of it.

HARKER

That may be true in America--

GRAYSON

No, Harker. It's simply *true*.  
Everywhere. In every man's heart.  
Even in yours, I suspect...  
(looks at him, grins)  
*Epecially* in yours.

Harker smiles, realizing in Grayson not only a man he should  
admire and emulate, but a kindred spirit as well. Grayson  
SLOWS DOWN, PULLS OVER.

GRAYSON

If you don't mind, I have a small  
business matter to attend to...

216 EXT. SIR CLIVE'S KENSINGTON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT - NIGHT 2 216

An ESTATE AGENT waits outside a stately brick townhouse.  
Grayson, Harker, and Renfield approach from the car.

ESTATE AGENT  
Mr. Grayson...

GRAYSON  
Yes. This is my man, Renfield, and  
my young friend, Mr. Harker.

The Estate Agent shakes Grayson's hand, nods a greeting to  
the others.

ESTATE AGENT  
Shall we?

GRAYSON  
By all means.

The Estate Agent keys open the door.

217 INT. SIR CLIVE'S TOWNHOUSE - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS - N2 217

The wood parquet floors still bear the dark outlines of  
carpets that have been removed; the walls, rectangles where  
paintings once hung. The Estate Agent runs through the home's  
features:

ESTATE AGENT  
This is the main entry hall. As you  
can see, quite generous. To the  
left, the drawing room...

217A INT. SIR CLIVE'S TOWNHOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 217A  
NIGHT 2 (FORMERLY PART OF SCENE 217)

Grayson, Harker, and Renfield follow the Estate Agent into an  
elegantly finished drawing room.

ESTATE AGENT  
Full cellar, of course, including  
kitchen and pantry. Four bedrooms  
upstairs and servant's quarters on  
the second floor...

Renfield obsessively takes notes. Grayson hangs back with  
Harker as Renfield accompanies the Estate Agent out of the  
room for the balance of the tour.

GRAYSON  
I must say, I was keenly impressed  
by your insights regarding the late  
Sir Clive and his -- how shall I  
put this? His marked fondness for  
games of chance.

HARKER

It was nothing, really.

GRAYSON

Quite the contrary. They proved very helpful indeed in persuading his widow to sell me his interests in a company I had my eye on.

HARKER

British Imperial Coolant?

GRAYSON

The very same. Of course, I don't yet have a controlling interest. Which is where you come in.

HARKER

I'm sorry?

The Estate Agent enters with Renfield.

GRAYSON

Is everything in order?

RENFIELD

Yes, sir.

The Estate Agent presents a CONTRACT and PEN to Grayson, who scans it as he speaks to Harker:

GRAYSON

I need a Vice President of Public Affairs. A man with diplomatic finesse and a thorough knowledge of who's who and what's what. The primary duties of the position will be to assist me in navigating a course through British society and her business community.

Grayson signs the contract. The Estate Agent hands him the KEYS to the townhouse.

ESTATE AGENT

Enjoy your new home, Mr. Grayson. I'll see to all the details with the executor.

Upon hearing the word "executor," Harker suddenly realizes:

HARKER

Is this... ?

GRAYSON

Sir Clive's old place. Picked it up  
for a song, really. A little paint,  
a little polish...

Grayson dismisses the Estate Agent with a nod. The Agent exits.

GRAYSON

So what do you think, Harker?

HARKER

Of the house? It's quite splendid.  
A second residence?

GRAYSON

Don't be silly. It's yours...  
(he holds up the keys)  
...if you accept my offer. I can't  
after all have my attaché living in  
a hovel, can I?

HARKER

(stunned)  
This is... very unexpected.

GRAYSON

Is that a yes?

HARKER

(stammers)  
No-- I mean... I don't know! I  
really must--

GRAYSON

Think about it. Of course.

218 EXT. SIR CLIVE'S KENSINGTON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT - NIGHT 2 218

Grayson, Harker, and Renfield MOVE toward the Daimler.

GRAYSON

Naturally, the position comes with  
a generous salary. I can't wait  
indefinitely, however...

Tugging on gloves, Grayson slides in behind the wheel as  
Renfield CRANK STARTS the motor, SHOUTS OVER ITS DIN:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

... I'll need an answer by next  
Monday. Is that a problem?

HARKER

No. No, sir... thank you.

Grayson pulls the keys to the townhouse from his pocket as Renfield climbs in the passenger seat.

GRAYSON

In the meanwhile, do me a favor,  
will you, Harker?

HARKER

Certainly.

Grayson tosses him the keys; Harker instinctively catches them.

GRAYSON

Turn down the lights and lock up.

Before Harker can frame a reply, Grayson PULLS AWAY AND DRIVES OFF.

HARKER - dazed by this sudden turn of fortune, watches until they round the corner. He looks at the keys in his hand, then up at what could very well be his home.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

219 INT. SHOPPING ARCADE - MOVING - DAY - DAY 2

219

Mina and Harker window-shop in front of a store featuring appliances and devices, from electric washing machines to light fixtures, telephones, phonographs, and sewing machines. A BANNER declares: "ENTER THE 20TH CENTURY TODAY!"

MINA

I just *know* I'm going to botch it.  
I'll be lucky to pass, much less be  
chosen as Professor Van Helsing's  
protégé.

HARKER

(distracted)  
You'll do fine...

Harker's attention is drawn to an exhibit of TYPEWRITERS.

MINA

No, Jonathan. I most decidedly will  
*not* do fine. The cardiovascular  
system is the single most complex  
structure we studied this term and  
surgical skills are simply *not* my  
forté. They've *never* been. And if I  
don't pass this examination, I  
won't advance past fourth year...  
(off Harker's distraction)  
Jonathan... ?

HARKER

I got the most extraordinary  
offer...

MINA

You haven't heard a word I've said.

Mina heaves an angry SIGH, turns away.

HARKER

I'm sorry, darling, it's just...  
Mr. Grayson offered me a position  
with his firm--

MINA

(excited)  
Allan Grayson?

HARKER

Yes.



MINA

Oh, then you *must* take it!

HARKER

Don't you even want to know what it entails?

MINA

Of course I do! Tell me everything about it!

220      INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY - DAY 2      220

CHINESE WORKERS -- bakers, shopkeepers, laborers -- as well as a number of EUROPEAN SAILORS, eat bowls of rice at long tables. Lady Jayne enters the cramped restaurant, moves quickly toward the back, pushes her way past an OLD CHINESE WOMAN and through a beaded curtain into...

221      INT. OPIUM DEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY 2      221

Hazy with smoke, ADDICTS lounge in wooden bunks smoking OPIUM PIPES. TWO MEN seated on crates play MAH-JONG. Lady Jayne strides through, heedless of the Chinese Woman haranguing her to leave (IN MANDARIN).

222      INT. SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 2      222

A small OCTAGONAL ROOM, walls covered with SPELLS SCRAWLED in various languages, runes, and character sets. Surrounded by a FOREST OF CANDLES, androgynous Asian twins FAI and FENG loll on cushions, drawing on a HOOKAH.

Lady Jayne STORMS IN. She picks up a glass containing the dregs of absinthe, water, and sugar, pours it over the hookah bowl, extinguishing a wad of opiated hashish. The twins CRY OUT in dismay.

LADY JAYNE

Why didn't you reply to my summons?

FAI

We only just lit that!

Lady Jayne kicks over the hookah.

LADY JAYNE

There's a vampire in London. You shall find him forthwith.

FENG

We can't...

FAI

We've been ill -- sick as pikes.  
But as soon as we're up to snuff--

Lady Jayne stomps her heel on an open orange tin of PASTILLES BORATE AND COCAINE POWDER, kicks it.

LADY JAYNE

It seems to me that snuff is half  
the problem.

She YANKS UP THE SHADES. The twins shield their eyes from the INTOLERABLY BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

LADY JAYNE

You will find him, or you will  
answer to Mr. Browning and the High  
Council.

The twin's eyes widen. They instinctively draw closer to one another as if chilled.

223

INT. SHOPPING ARCADE - CAFE - DAY - DAY 2

223

Mina and Harker take tea at an OUTDOOR CAFE. Mina is thrilled; Harker, circumspect.

MINA

Oh, Jonathan! You'll be perfect for  
that!

HARKER

Perhaps. It's just... you know, ever  
since, well... ever, I've wanted to  
change things. There's so much  
injustice and corruption and...  
(beside himself,  
impassioned)  
... And *suffering* built on lies and  
power and the men who abuse it. I  
just want to bring the whole thing--

He notices he's drawing the attention of nearby DINERS. He composes himself, LOWERS HIS VOICE, concluding:

HARKER

Crashing *down*...

MINA

But don't you see? Grayson is  
leading the charge in a technical  
revolution that will change  
*everything!* How can you not want to  
be a part of that?

HARKER

I don't know anything about science  
or electricity--

MINA

You don't *have* to, don't you see?  
Grayson's just looking for someone  
to help overturn the *status quo*,  
and who better than you?

HARKER

Hmm... let me think...

She playfully grabs his collar and shakes him. He LAUGHS.

MINA

I'll *kick* you if you don't!

HARKER

Then I suppose I'll have to--

She SQUEALS with delight and KISSES HIM HARD ON THE LIPS. The demonstration of affection draws attention from bystanders, a few mothers actually turning their children away. Harker breaks, breathless, self consciously looking around.

HARKER

Oh... goodness.

Mina gives him a wicked smile.

224 INT. ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE - BROWNING'S OFFICE - DAY - D2 224

LORD LAURENT informs Browning of Grayson's recent activities.

LORD LAURENT

He's acquired every drop of four-  
fourteen from our distributors. Put  
in an order for 250,000 gallons  
which, of course, we declined. Then  
this...

Laurent hands Browning an envelope. Browning withdraws a letter, reads it, brows knit.

BROWNING

He offered to buy you out?

LORD LAURENT

For treble the book value of my  
stock. I declined, of course.

Browning shakes his head, disgusted.

BROWNING

Americans... they think everything  
has a price tag dangling from it.

225

INT. THE INQUISITOR - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY - DAY 2

225

Mr. Gittes sets aside Harker's LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

GITTES

You know almost *nothing* about this  
man.

HARKER

Only that he's a visionary, a  
brilliant business tactician. Every  
concern he's had a hand in has  
prospered--

GITTES

For the last seven or eight years,  
yes. But the farthest anyone can  
dig back is to Manitoba Rail and  
Transport. Before that, as far as  
the public record is concerned,  
Grayson didn't even *exist*.

HARKER

(shrugs)

He made his early fortune on the  
American frontier, hardly a bastion  
for crack record-keeping.

GITTES

*Precisely*. He could be *anyone* -- a  
criminal, a fraud... he may not  
even be an *American!* God knows this  
energy scheme he's peddling seems  
dodgy at best...

(off Harker's reaction)

Is there nothing I can say to  
dissuade you from leaving?

HARKER

I really must.

GITTES

(deflated)

Very well... Nevertheless, I'm  
going to hold this over until its  
effective date, Monday. In the  
meantime--

HARKER

I assure you, sir, my mind is--

Gittes holds up one palm to silence him.

GITTES

Quite made up, yes, I know. You've made an excellent case regarding the opportunity afforded you. But before you accept, do take care and consider how the arrangement benefits Mr. Grayson.

HARKER

(confused)  
I don't understand...

GITTES

Nor do I. My point exactly.

OFF Harker, unsettled.

226	<u>OMITTED</u>	226
227	<u>OMITTED</u>	227
228	<u>OMITTED</u>	228
229	<u>EXT. LADY JAYNE'S MANSION - NIGHT - NIGHT 3</u>	229

A GLOVED HAND RAPS on a gleaming, lacquered door. It swings open and LADY JAYNE'S BUTLER greets Grayson.

LADY JAYNE'S BUTLER

Good evening, sir.

Grayson steps inside.

230	<u>INT. LADY JAYNE'S MANSION - DRAWING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT 3</u>	230
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As Lady Jayne's Butler stands by, Grayson shares a late-night supper of COLD MEATS, FRUIT, AND CHEESES with Lady Jayne.

GRAYSON

This *foie gras* is excellent.

LADY JAYNE

I'm surprised you've refined a taste for it.

GRAYSON

Ahh yes. I can't count the times we sat out on the prairie, surrounded by angry savages; our only comfort, our whiskey, our six-shooters, and our goose-liver pâté.

LADY JAYNE  
Accompanied by a brawny cabernet, I  
presume?

GRAYSON  
Of course.

He spreads *creme fraiche* on a triangle of crustless toast,  
eyes holding hers.

LADY JAYNE  
Caviar?

Grayson holds out his toast. She spoons some on.

LADY JAYNE  
So, this trick with the light bulbs  
you performed with such panache at  
your... housewarming party?

GRAYSON  
I prefer to think of it as a  
débutante ball.

LADY JAYNE  
(giggles)  
A *cotillion* was it?

GRAYSON  
And I was the belle of it, yes  
ma'am.

LADY JAYNE  
And the main entertainment as well.

GRAYSON  
If you're referring to my little  
demonstration, yes.

LADY JAYNE  
How did you do it? Really, I *must*  
know. I simply *adore* magic tricks.

GRAYSON  
Sorry to disappoint you, but there  
was neither magic nor trickery  
involved. Simply science, physics,  
and technology.

She pouts.

GRAYSON  
Though... I have been known to  
dabble in the supernatural.

LADY JAYNE  
(brightens)  
Have you? Do tell!

Smiling, he stands and, pulling a SHILLING COIN from his pocket, sits next to her on the settee.

GRAYSON  
Observe...

His eyes never leaving hers, he begins "walking" the coin across his knuckles. He reaches up behind her and, as he kisses her neck, begins UNFASTENING THE HOOKS DOWN THE BACK OF HER DRESS.

LADY JAYNE  
What're you doing?

GRAYSON  
Don't look away. You'll miss the trick.

THE BUTLER - remains as composed as a Buckingham Palace guard.

Grayson bites her earlobe, gives it a tug. He suddenly SPLAYS his fingers with a flourish and THE COIN IS GONE! Lady Jayne GASPS, surprised.

LADY JAYNE  
Where did it go?

Grayson gives her a sly grin, glances at the Butler, then leans in and WHISPERS SOMETHING WE CAN'T HEAR into her ear. She turns to him, eyebrows raised, her mouth frozen in an astonished "O."

LADY JAYNE  
*No!*

GRAYSON  
Shall I show your butler?

She holds his eyes. A beat, then... a slow, saucy grin. Then she calls out WITHOUT TURNING:

LADY JAYNE  
That'll be all, Jenkins.

A flicker of palpable relief from the Butler. He bows, backs out and closes the pocket doors behind him.

231 INT. LADY JAYNE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - N3 231

Grayson and Lady Jayne make feral, passionate love. REVEAL through POV POPS that the woman Grayson is ravishing in his mind's eye is actually MINA MURRAY.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

232 EXT. LONDON - DAY - DAY 3 232

The sky swollen with dark thunderclouds. LIGHTNING FLASHES.

233 EXT. LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY 3 233

Mina walks to university, burdened with BOOKS AND A BLACK VALISE. Suddenly, with a CRACK OF THUNDER, it begins POURING RAIN. Pedestrians move quickly for cover. Overloaded, Mina struggles to open her umbrella.

RENFIELD

Miss Murray... ?

She looks up and is startled to find herself face-to-face with Renfield. He nods toward Grayson's CLOSED CARRIAGE at the curb, Grayson beckoning her from its open door.

GRAYSON

May we give you a lift?

Mina arches her eyebrows. Turns to Renfield.

MINA

Mr. Renfield, is it considered proper in America for a gentleman to ask a single lady if she would like to ride in his carriage?

RENFIELD

To tell you the truth, ma'am, I don't believe my employer has ever given a damn as to what's "proper."

She gives him a crooked grin.

MINA

Nor I.

With that, she bolts through the rain, diving into the shelter of the carriage. Renfield shuts the door behind her, climbs up to sit next to the driver.

234 INT. GRAYSON'S CARRIAGE - MOVING - DAY - DAY 3 234

Grayson hands Mina a fresh towel. She LAUGHS, patting her face dry.

GRAYSON

Certain you wouldn't rather swim?  
I'd hate to compromise your reputation.

MINA

I'm afraid only I can do that, Mr. Grayson.

She tries to fix the catch on her umbrella.

GRAYSON

Here, let me.

She hands it to him. He fiddles with the catch, primarily to occupy his hands (so strong is his urge to touch her).

GRAYSON

Did Mr. Harker tell you about my offer?

MINA

Yes.

GRAYSON

What do you think?

MINA

Does that really matter, Mr. Grayson?

GRAYSON

Given how he speaks about you, I'd say it's *all* that matters.

MINA

I told him he'd be a fool not to take you up on it.

GRAYSON

Really?

MINA

No. Actually, I told him I'd give him a kick if he didn't.

Grayson CHUCKLES.

GRAYSON

I bet you did. So what's your area of study, Miss Murray?

MINA

Medicine.

GRAYSON

Nursing?

MINA

No, actually. I'm studying to be a physician.

GRAYSON

Are you? How extraordinary.

MINA

You don't approve?

GRAYSON

Why would you say that?

Mina reads his sincerity, realizes Grayson truly believes it's no one's right to judge another's aspirations, regardless of gender. She relaxes.

MINA

I'm sorry. It's just... my father is the Supervising Physician at Bethlem Royal Hospital. When I was a little girl, I'd assist him on his rounds. People who saw me helping patients would say, "Oh, dear, are we going to be a nurse when we grow up?" And I'd reply, "No, I'm going to be a doctor."

GRAYSON

Really.

MINA

Yes. And it was all very charming until I was fourteen or so. Now... ?  
(a bittersweet smile)  
... Not so much.

Grayson thinks about the story a beat, then SHRUGS.

GRAYSON

So what?

She looks at him, shocked. He steadily returns her gaze. A beat, then she begins LAUGHING, *the simple, profound truth of his response sinking in.*

MINA

Indeed, Mr. Grayson.

GRAYSON

"So what."

MINA

"So what."

GRAYSON

Two words guaranteed to repel all  
manner of mediocrity masquerading as  
conventional wisdom.

They lock gazes. Mina's spirits are improved and she's  
genuinely inspired. Renfield opens the door. Grayson proffers  
her umbrella.

GRAYSON

There. All fixed.

MINA

(takes it)  
Thank you, Mr. Grayson.

GRAYSON

My pleasure. Good luck.

She exits the car. Renfield closes the door and Grayson  
watches her intently as she opens her umbrella and walks  
toward the entrance.

235 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY - DAY 3

235

A dead HORSE lies in the street next to an overturned PRODUCE  
WAGON. BOBBIES blow WHISTLES and chase off CHARNEL WOMEN  
intent on nicking the FRUITS AND VEGETABLES scattered across  
the cobblestones.

HARKER

What happened?

SZABO

Got struck by a tram. Bloody thing  
didn't even slow down.

HARKER

One dead horse. You call this a  
story?

SZABO

Are you mad?  
(takes a shot)  
Wagon versus electric tram, old  
versus new, rich versus poor...  
(takes a shot)  
... It's a bloody metaphor for the  
whole bloody, crazy world!

Dubious, Harker begins observing the scene, jotting down  
notes as Szabo snaps photos.

SZABO

So did you quit?

HARKER

Yes, effective Monday. But frankly, I'm beginning to harbor second thoughts.

SZABO

You *are* mad!

HARKER

No, it's just... I'm wondering, why me? There must be a hundred men in London -- a *thousand* -- with greater qualifications. But Grayson chooses me. Why?

SZABO

What is the matter with you? The man wants to pay you a fortune, give you a bloody house? Is this not everything you always say you want!

HARKER

Yes, but...

(struggles to explain)

If there are others more qualified for the job -- and, believe me, there are -- then Grayson must have some sort of... agenda.

SZABO

What agenda?

HARKER

That's just it. I can't figure it out. Nothing adds up.

SZABO

What will you tell Mina?

HARKER

The truth, I suppose. The whole business just feels... wrong.

LORD LAURENT'S BUTLER answers the door. Renfield stands outside, tips his hat.

RENFIELD

Good Morning. R. M. Renfield,  
Esquire. I'm here to see Lord  
Laurent in regard to an offer  
tendered by my client, Mr. Allan  
Grayson.

LORD LAURENT'S BUTLER

(bone dry)  
Are you then. Esquire. I see...  
(scans the street)  
The servant's entrance is around  
back.

Before Renfield can reply, the Butler SHUTS THE DOOR IN HIS  
FACE.

237

INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHING THEATER - DAY - DAY 3

237

OBJECTS are concealed UNDER A SHROUD on an autopsy table in  
the center of the theater. Mina and four FELLOW STUDENTS  
(including the snarky LEONHARDT and CAMPBELL) stand nervously  
behind it. Above them, half a dozen PROFESSORS gaze down at  
them, ready to score their performances.

VAN HELSING

Students, assume your positions.

Van Helsing pulls off the shroud, revealing EIGHT HUMAN  
HEARTS on linen mats arranged around the table. The students  
take their positions, Van Helsing at the head. He pulls a  
watch from his vest pocket.

VAN HELSING

You have precisely four hours and  
thirty minutes to complete the  
exercise, and...  
(checks the time)  
... Begin.

Mina selects a SCALPEL from her instrument tray. As she  
lowers it to the surface of the heart, HER HAND BEGINS  
TREMBLING. She looks at the blade, closes her eyes, MUTTERS  
SOFTLY, as if intoning a mantra:

MINA

*... One might falter, but the only  
way to fail is to abandon them.*

She takes a deep breath and bends to the task, DRAWING AN  
EXPERT INCISION with the authority of a practiced surgeon.

VAN HELSING - is impressed.

238 INT. LORD LAURENT'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - DAY 3 238

As the KITCHEN STAFF prepares lunch, Renfield sits on a small chair, back straight, hat in his lap, with the implacable dignity of a man listening to a sermon at church.

239 INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHING THEATER - DAY - DAY 3 239

SERIES OF DISSOLVES over VAN HELSING'S STOPWATCH:

STUDENTS - dissecting their hearts;

MINA - intently focused;

PROFESSORS - observing, taking notes, assessing technique;

A STUDENT - struggles to extricate the MITRAL VALVE. He inadvertently CUTS HIS OWN FINGER. Van Helsing pulls him aside, holds out his palm. Shaken, the Student hands his scalpel over and, head hung in shame, exits;

MINA - wipes a BEAD OF PERSPIRATION from her forehead, glances at...

CAMPBELL - intently focused, struggling to correctly bisect the AORTA;

VAN HELSING - looks at the shoddy mess before Leonhardt, shaking his head, disappointed. He places a hand on Leonhardt's shoulder, quietly dismissing him. Distraught, incensed, the young man exits.

END SERIES

240 INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHING THEATER - DUSK - DAY 3 240

ASSISTANTS TURN UP GAS SCONCES as night falls. Mina stands before a stainless steel trolley, upon which has been neatly arranged her FULLY DISSECTED HEART, and Campbell, who looks on with growing discouragement as she CONTINUES HER DISSERTATION.

MINA

... Deoxygenated blood enters via the superior vena cava into the right atrium and is pumped through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle, then out the pulmonary valve to the lungs via the pulmonary arteries.

(MORE)

MINA (CONT'D)

Once oxygenated, the blood returns from the lungs through the pulmonary veins to the left atrium where it is pumped through the mitral valve into the left ventricle, passing through the aortic valve to the aorta.

The presentation draws a SMATTERING OF POLITE APPLAUSE, Van Helsing looking proudly upon his protégé like a doting uncle.

AT THE REAR OF THE THEATER - a figure stands in a dim corner, gazing down at Mina: Allan Grayson.

241 INT. LORD LAURENT'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - DAY 3 241

The KITCHEN STAFF busies itself with dinner preparation. Though hours have passed, Renfield sits in the *exact same position*, posture ramrod straight, eyes forward. The Butler enters, carrying a COVERED STERLING SILVER DISH.

LORD LAURENT'S BUTLER

Mister...

RENFIELD

(stands)

Renfield. R. M. Renfield--

LORD LAURENT'S BUTLER

Yes, of course. His Lordship's response to Mr. Grayson's offer...

The Butler lifts the cover, revealing the neatly piled pieces of Grayson's written offer TORN TO SHREDS. Betraying no emotion whatsoever, Renfield replies:

RENFIELD

I see. Very well...

(stands, puts on his hat)

... I'll show myself out, thank you.

242 EXT. CHINESE RESTARAUNT - NIGHT - NIGHT 4 242

Establish. Clouds scud across the MOON.

243 INT. SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 4 243

SURROUNDED BY CANDLES, Fai sits cross-legged on the floor, Feng in his lap.



Eyes closed, Fai digitally manipulates her, holding her at the excruciating brink of orgasm, maintaining the prolonged surge of neural *prolactin* necessary for his sister to astrally project her consciousness. She rocks back and forth, falling into a deepening tantric trance-state.

FENG'S POV (EFX) - HIGH ABOVE LONDON, a BRIGHT MOTE OF LIGHT far below on the East End. SWOOPING DOWN, it becomes recognizable as a BRIGHTLY GLOWING HUMAN FORM moving through other DRAB, GREY HUMANOIDS.

INTERCUT WITH:

244

EXT. LONDON - EAST END - STREETS - NIGHT 4

244

Grayson walks through the shabby neighborhood, searching for prey, as alert as a tiger on the hunt.

IN THE SANCTUM - employing a psychic link with his sister, Fai rocks in tandem with Feng, eyes fixed in a thousand-yard-stare. The relationship is similar to a pilot and a navigator.

FAI

Look there... on the corner... a sign...

FENG'S POV - EFX shot, following the BRIGHTLY GLOWING HUMAN FORM past DRAB, GREY HUMANOIDS, turns and HOLDS ON A STREET SIGN: STEPNEY WAY.

FAI - his eyes widen as he MUTTERS BREATHLESSLY:

FAI

Stepney Way... Stepney and... and...  
(another psychic burst)  
... *Jamaica Street! Yes! Yes, there*  
you are!

ON THE STREET - Grayson freezes, sensing something behind him, following him. He casts a glance back.

FENG AND FAI'S POV - The BRIGHT BLOB that is Grayson suddenly goes SUPERNOVA, blinding us in a WHITEOUT.

The twins CRY OUT in agony. Feng collapses back in her brother's arms, LOCKED IN A VIOLENT SEIZURE, BLOOD STREAMING FROM HER NOSE.

OUT

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

245

INT. ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE - TEMPLE - DAY - DAY 4

245

A chapel-like space reserved for formal rituals involving the Chapter's inner circle. Open space, a LARGE MOSAIC MEDALLION of the DRACONIAN SEAL on the marble floor. Browning meditates, head bowed. Lady Jayne stands behind him.

LADY JAYNE

The Seers located the vampire in Stepney. He detected them--

BROWNING

He *what*?

LADY JAYNE

*He... detected... them.* Then he employed psychic countermeasures.

BROWNING

Is that even possible?

LADY JAYNE

Rare, yes. Extraordinarily so. But possible if he is very, very old.

BROWNING

(dubious)

Surely you're not suggesting the creature is a Master!

LADY JAYNE

Of course not. Possibly a *tertiarium*--

BROWNING

*Third generation?* Dear Lord...

He considers the ramifications.

BROWNING

... A nosferatu that old hasn't been detected in over a century.

LADY JAYNE

Almost two. Lucrezia Borgia. 1712, Milan Italy. Destroyed by the master Huntsman and castrato, Giovanni dei Cattanei.

Shaken, Browning considers. Lady Jayne places a hand on his shoulder.

LADY JAYNE

Rest assured, I *will* track him down  
and I *will* destroy him, with or  
without the Seers' assistance.

246

INT. HARKER & SZABO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - NIGHT 5

246

By the dim light of a lamp, Harker proofs some COPY at a rickety student's desk jammed in one corner. An ENVELOPE is slid under the door.

Harker crosses, picks it up, opens it, and reads. Furious, he throws open the door in time to see his LANDLADY slipping another envelope under a door ACROSS THE HALL.

HARKER

You just increased the bloody rent  
a month ago!

LANDLADY

If you don't bloody like it, move  
out!

Pissed, he SLAMS the door, throws himself down on his bed, disgusted by his circumstances, his inability to get ahead of them. A LIGHT KNOCK on the door. Thinking it's the Landlady, he angrily opens the door...

...to find Mina and Lucy out in the hall. Mina enters, embraces Harker.

MINA

*I passed!*

LUCY

Not only passed, but first in her  
class!

Bewildered, Harker ping-pongs between them as the story tumbles out.

MINA

It was *stupendous*. Professor Van  
Helsing says--

LUCY

She's the first female student in  
the college to top her class! I  
reserved a table--

MINA

At the *Savoy!*

LUCY

August has promised to make something special just for Mina, isn't that divine?!

HARKER

August *who*?

LUCY

August Escoffier, silly! Don't you know anything!

(to Mina)

Doesn't he know *anything*?

MINA

Come, Jonathan. Get dressed. We'll meet you downstairs.

He hesitates.

LUCY

Don't worry, Harker. The whole celebration is my treat!

He gives Lucy a sharp glance then, humiliated, averts his eyes, shaking his head. Mina stares exaggerated daggers at Lucy, then hastily takes Harker's hand.

MINA

Come on, Jonathan. It'll be *fun*.

HARKER

I can't. I'm under the cosh with a deadline and, besides, I think I'm sickening with something...

Lucy rolls her eyes. Mina releases a good-natured GROWL.

MINA

No, Jonathan, *please*. Not tonight. Not *this* of *all* nights.

HARKER

(snatches his hand back)

I *said* I'm *sick*.

Mina glares at him frostily. After a jagged beat:

MINA

Fine. Be sick.

With that, Mina turns on her heel and EXITS, leaving Lucy and Harker suddenly (and awkwardly) alone.

HARKER

I'm sorry. It's just--

Exasperated, Lucy turns and exits. Harker does a slow burn, then SLAMS THE DOOR behind them. He turns and sits HEAVILY on the edge of his bed, glaring a hole in the floor.

After a LONG BEAT, he COMES TO A DECISION...

SLAM TO:

247

INT. CARFAX MANOR - STUDY - DAY - DAY 5

247

Grayson happily pumps Harker's hand as Renfield looks on.

GRAYSON

I can't tell you how happy I am to have you on board.

HARKER

The feeling is mutual, sir--

GRAYSON

No! None of that "sir" stuff! Far too formal for my taste. You will call me Allan, and I shall call you Harker.

HARKER

Of course, if it... pleases you.

As Grayson rounds his desk:

GRAYSON

Something you need to know right now, Harker. I never -- ever -- do anything that doesn't please me. Isn't that true, Renfield?

RENFIELD

All too true I'm afraid, sir.

Grayson takes a seat, gestures to one of the chairs facing his desk. Harker sits down.

GRAYSON

He calls me sir because he insists on annoying me, but I will brook no such insubordination from the likes of you. Now, to business...

He locks eyes with Harker.

GRAYSON

... Tell me everything you know  
about Lord Laurent of Claverton.

RENFIELD

Lord Laurent. Well, he's titled, of  
course. Sits in Parliament, dabbles  
in business--

GRAYSON

(a dismissive wave)  
We know all that. Now...

Grayson clasps his hands together before him on the blotter,  
leans forward.

GRAYSON

Tell me... *everything*.

Discomfited, Harker looks at Renfield. No help there. He  
understands his job description for the first time: he will  
continue to be a scandal-monger -- not for an insatiable  
public, but to profit a single man. Harker SIGHS, resigned.

HARKER

Everything you need to know, you  
can find out tonight at ten o'clock  
at the Swinburne Club.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

248 EXT. SWINBURNE CLUB - NIGHT - NIGHT 6 248

A NONDESCRIPT BUILDING on a quiet commercial street, identified only by its ADDRESS ON A SMALL BRASS PLAQUE by the door. Grayson presses a BUZZER. A slotted PEEPHOLE slides open.

249 INT. SWINBURNE CLUB - ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 6 249

An attractive young Valet takes Grayson's coat and directs him to a stairwell descending toward a tufted oxblood leather door, behind which can be heard FAINT MUSIC.

Upon opening the door, Grayson is assaulted by LAUGHTER, CHATTERING and LOUD MUSIC.

250 INT. SWINBURNE CLUB - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 6 250

A Victorian *Cage aux Folles*. On stage, GORGEOUSLY COSTUMED TRANSVESTITES perform a dance number while, in the darkness, GENTLEMEN sit at small tables in private booths sharing jokes and conversation, some spirited, some intimate.

Attentive WAITERS snake through the crowd, all of them YOUNG AND EXQUISITELY TURNED OUT, IMPOSSIBLY HANDSOME, delivering champagne in sterling ice buckets.

Grayson moves through the scene, drawing every eye with his dark charisma. He ascends a stairway toward a mezzanine level furnished with private booths. A BURLY TOUGH sits in a cane-chair on the landing, the staircase next to him obstructed by A VELVET ROPE.

TOUGH  
Members only.

Grayson flashes him a polite smile and a nod; brandishes a thick sheaf of POUND NOTES. The Tough trains his gimlet eyes on the bribe, then Grayson...

251 INT. SWINBURNE CLUB - PRIVATE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 6 251

LORD DAVENPORT rises to leave. Lord Laurent grasps his forearm, dismayed.

LORD LAURENT  
The night's hardly started!

LORD DAVENPORT  
I'm sorry, Stephen, but I must be off. You know how cross Nathan gets if his guests are late.

LORD LAURENT

Not nearly as cross as *I* get when you leave so early.

LORD DAVENPORT

You know how much I abhor it when you sulk.

Davenport leans down, gives him a lingering kiss.

LORD DAVENPORT

I promise, we'll make a full night of it next time. Forgive me?

LORD LAURENT

Very well...

Davenport pats Lord Laurent's shoulder fondly as he leaves. Laurent lights a CIGARETTE and takes a long drag. A WAITER delivers a BUCKET OF CHAMPAGNE AND TWO FRESH GLASSES. Lord Laurent holds up a palm.

LORD LAURENT

Quite all right. Just a bill.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

I'll get that.

He turns. *Grayson is seated across from him!* Startled, Laurent watches as Grayson casually hands the Waiter a wad of POUND NOTES. The Waiter withdraws.

LORD LAURENT

How did you get in here? This is a private establishment. You can't--

GRAYSON

Calm down. I'm not here to judge you. I couldn't care less who a man chooses to love...

He pours two glasses.

GRAYSON

... Unfortunately, there are legions of less broad-minded souls -- your wife, for one -- who may very well take considerable umbrage should your...

(how shall he put it?)

...*inclinations* receive a public airing. What, I wonder, would that do to your reputation? Your *family's* reputation?



A long beat, the two men's gazes locked on one another. Laurent is the first to break eye contact. A long beat, then Laurent speaks, voice HOARSE WITH EMOTION:

LORD LAURENT  
What do you want?

OUT

FADE IN:

252 EXT. THE INQUISITOR - DUSK - NIGHT 7 252

Pedestrians leave their places of work, the streets and sidewalks crowded with traffic.

253 INT. THE INQUISITOR - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 7 253

WAGS spike punch with SCOTCH as a BANNER is unfurled: "GOOD LUCK, HARKER!" REPORTERS AND STAFF attend an impromptu after-hours office party celebrating Jonathan's departure.

MONTAGE - POCKETS OF CONVERSATION, the men becoming more boisterous, drunk, and disheveled with each beat as the evening wears on:

HARKER AND MR. GITTES:

MR. GITTES  
You're quite sure about this.

HARKER  
Positively.

MR. GITTES  
I just want you to know, if you change your mind--  
(holds up a hand as Harker objects)  
--just in the event you do, you'll always have a job here.

LATER:

SZABO AND TWO REPORTERS, drinks in their hands:

REPORTER #1  
Lucky bastard...

REPORTER #2  
Rest of us will die at our desks with ink on our fingers and our pockets turned out.

SZABO

Luck has nothing to do with it.  
Look at that face! Look at him! He  
is a beautiful man!

All three look at...

THEIR POV - Harker trading a funny story (M.O.S.) with  
several colleagues. The group LAUGHS.

Reporter #1 shakes his head, disgusted.

REPORTER #1

Lucky bastard...

LATER:

Harker, Szabo, Gittes, and several others stand around,  
SINGING DRUNKENLY ALONG as a CYLINDER PHONOGRAPH plays a  
scratchy version of "THE FUTURE MRS. 'AWKINS."

LATER:

A MODEST DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING, nestled in a box. WHISTLES,  
NOISES OF ADMIRATION from the other men:

SZABO

Very nice!

REPORTER #2

Looka that bloody rock...

REPORTER #1

Lucky bastard...

WIDEN to reveal Harker showing off the engagement ring to a  
small group of colleagues. Drunk, Harker's COCKNEY tends to  
raise its head -- and Harker is very, very drunk.

HARKER

I mean to ask for her hand this  
very night.

REPORTER #2

In front of everybody?!

HARKER

Bloody right in front of God, the  
angels, prophets and every bloody  
soul in this room!

(swaying, points at  
Reporter #1)

Even you, ya miserable git...

Everyone LAUGHS. Szabo throws an arm around him.

SZABO

My boy is going to be a proper  
English gentleman!

HARKER

Right! With a proper English wife!

Everyone CHEERS and LAUGHS, raising their glasses.

REPORTER #1

Hold on, hold on, hold on... if  
Miss Murray intends to be a  
*physician*, how does that square  
with the "proper English wife" bit?

The Guests REACT to the challenge/quandary, OOH-ING and WHOA-  
ING. What does Harker say to *that*?

HARKER - gives Reporter #1 a sly grin, plucks the ring from  
the box. Holding it up, he leans in and, in LOUD SOTTO VOCE,  
replies:

HARKER

Mate, when I slip this ring on my  
lovely little Mina's finger, I have  
every confidence that she'll forget  
all this silliness at university,  
settle down, and dedicate herself  
to more natural, womanly  
pursuits...

But by the time he concludes the remark, his colleagues' eyes  
are not on him, but PAST HIM. Harker follows their gaze,  
turning to look behind him at...

MINA - having just arrived, her expression stricken by this  
very public betrayal. Shattered, humiliated, she turns and  
FLEES from the newsroom.

HARKER

Mina! Wait... !

254

EXT. THE INQUISITOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 7

254

Harker catches up with Mina as, angry and tearful, she  
attempts to HAIL A CAB. He takes her arm. Furious, she shrugs  
him off.

HARKER

I'm sorry--

MINA

Why apologize? It's how you feel;  
how you've always felt--

HARKER

That's not fair! I've never said a  
word of discouragement!

MINA

Nor a single word of support!

A cab pulls over and she gets in, leaving Harker at the curb.  
He looks up at the window, sees...

HIS POV - all his former colleagues quickly duck and drop the  
blinds.

After a long moment, he SIGHS and, furious with himself,  
stands alone on the street, bereft.

OUT

FADE IN:

255 EXT. RULES RESTARAUNT - NIGHT - NIGHT 7 255

In the window, WAITERS serve a WELL-HEELED CLIENTELE.

256 INT. RULES RESTARAUNT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 7 256

Grayson dines alone, trading glances from time to time with  
an attractive young GINGER GIRL who's working the cloak room.

257 INT. RULES RESTARAUNT - CLOAK ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS - N7 257

Grayson offers his CLAIM STUB to the Ginger. When she takes it,  
he doesn't immediately release it, gives her a lovely smile.

GRAYSON

I must know your name.  
(off her shyness)  
Please... ? I won't let you have my  
stub otherwise.

GINGER

Then I shan't give you your coat.

GRAYSON

Ahh, but I can always purchase  
another. Your name, however, I  
would treasure much more than any  
mere garment.

She GIGGLES despite herself.

GINGER

Sinead.

GRAYSON

Lovely...

Grayson smiles, releases the stub, eyes glittering coldly as she turns away to fetch his coat.

SLAM TO:

258

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - NIGHT 7

258

Lady Jayne, now attired in her customary hunting garb -- dark riding breeches, boots, and trench coat -- pads silently down a narrow street. She peers down an alley.

HER POV: A WOMAN'S LEG spasms, the rest of her hidden behind overflowing refuse bins.

LADY JAYNE - ducks back behind the corner. She SLOWLY eases her Gurkha knife from its sheath, its hand guard disengaging from the retention catch with a SOFT CLICK.

DRACULA - IN HIS FERAL FORM, no sign of the urbane, civilized mask that is Allan Grayson, suddenly alerts, scans his surroundings, FRESH BLOOD streaming down his chin.

LADY JAYNE - steels herself, then bolts down the alley to engage her prey, comes to a sudden stop, staring down at...

*THE GINGER CLOAK GIRL - we just saw in the restaraunt, eyes wide, pupils dilated, DEAD, drained, a ROSE BLOSSOM OF BLOOD on her lapel from the two small wounds on her neck.*

LADY JAYNE - spins, knife ready, knowing that her prey escaped by scant seconds.

POV (EFX) - from the HIGH VANTAGE of an adjoining rooftop, BLED OF ALL COLOR TO INFRARED BLACK AND WHITE save the INTENSE RED OF THE FRESH BLOOD on the corpse. Lady Jayne peers blindly into the darkness.

REVERSE - crouched like a raptor on the slate roof, Dracula peers down with CRIMSON EYES, head cocked at an odd angle.

Suddenly, with a BLUR AND A WHISPER OF FABRIC, he's GONE.

OUT

END OF SHOW