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## **DRACULA**

Episode #109

"Four Roses"

Story by

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Teleplay by

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# DRACULA

Episode 109  
"Four Roses"  
PRODUCTION DRAFT

## CAST LIST

DRACULA/ALEXANDER GRAYSON/VLAD TEPES.....JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS  
JONATHAN HARKER.....OLIVER JACKSON-COHEN  
MINA MURRAY.....JESSICA DE GOUW  
ABRAHAM VAN HELSING.....THOMAS KRETSCHMANN  
LUCY WESTENRA.....KATIE McGRATH  
R.M. RENFIELD.....NONSO ANOZIE  
SZABO.....MIKLÓS BÁNYAI  
LADY JAYNE WETHERBY.....VICTORIA SMURFIT

MR. BROWNING.....BEN MILES  
LORD ROTHCROFT.....ALASTAIR MacKENZIE

\*

MINERVA WESTENRA.....JEMMA REDGRAVE  
JOSEPH KOWALSKI.....PHIL McKEE  
KAHA RUMA.....TBD

\*

\*

CHIEF INSPECTOR SALINGER.....TBD  
LEAD ENGINEER.....TBD  
**\*ROSE BROWNING.....TBD**  
**\*WILLIAM BROWNING.....TBD**  
HACKETT.....STEPHEN WALTERS  
NELSON.....TBD  
GEDGE.....TBD

# DRACULA

Episode 109  
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## SET LIST

### INTERIORS:

BROWNING'S CARRIAGE

CARFAX MANOR

ENTRY HALL  
GREAT ROOM  
STUDY

GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

BILLIARD ROOM  
HALLWAY

**\*HARKER'S TOWNHOUSE**

HOSPITAL

\*  
MINA'S ROOM

LADY JAYNE'S MANSION

**\*ATTIC ROOM**  
\*

\*  
—

\*

MILL

GRAIN CELLAR

ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE

BROWNING'S OFFICE  
TEMPLE

UNIVERSITY

OPERATING THEATER  
VAN HELSING'S OFFICE

\*  
—

WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE

BATHROOM  
CORRIDOR  
LUCY'S BEDROOM

### EXTERIORS:

BROWNING'S CARRIAGE

CARFAX MANOR

**\*HARKER'S TOWNHOUSE**

HOSPITAL

\*  
—

LONDON STREET

\*  
—

MILL

\*  
—

\*

VAN HELSING'S HOUSE (FLASHBACK)

\*  
—

ACT ONE

SLAM IN:

901 OMITTED 901

902 INT. UNIVERSITY - OPERATING THEATER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 902

SERIES - EXPLOSIVE MEMORY HITS (MINA'S POV):

The IMAGES ARE DISTORTED, bent and stretched and hallucinatory, DROPPING FRAMES, FLARING occasionally like film roll-outs:)

AN INTRUDER - attacks the three men, ROARING like a VIOLENT FORCE OF NATURE. BONES CRACK and CRUNCH and FLESH IS TORN asunder, BLOOD SPRAYING... \*

A SLASH OF RED - distorts our vision, FILMY AND FLUID; BLOOD IN OUR EYES. The MEN'S SCREAMS CEASE and a familiar face appears...

... ALEXANDER GRAYSON peers down at us, his features BRIEFLY MONSTROUS, RABID AND SAVAGE, then recognizably human. \*

SLAM TO:

903 INT. HOSPITAL - MINA'S ROOM - DAY 903

Hair sweat-drenched, still BRUISED, HEAD BANDAGED, A PATCH OF DRIED BLOOD OVER HER TEMPLE, Mina awakes like a drowning woman erupting from the surface of a stagnant pond, spastically paws her face until she realizes her skin is intact and *it was a dream just a dream Jesus...*

She BREATHES LIKE A SPRINTER and, touching her head wound, winces, slowly regaining her wits, knowing -- or at least *suspecting* -- that the man who saved her was Alexander Grayson.

She turns and gazes, captivated, at A SINGLE RED ROSE on a small table near her bed in an EXQUISITE CUT GLASS VASE.

CREDIT SEQUENCE

904 INT. CARFAX MANOR - STUDY - DAY 904

ALEXANDER GRAYSON SNARLS as he HURLS a half-full snifter of brandy into the fireplace, a BRIEF BURST OF FLAME glinting off his FANGS. RENFIELD looks on, troubled.

(CONTINUED)

GRAYSON

If war is what they want, then I shall give them war. The arrogant fools have sealed their own fate. Now they shall see the carnage that Dracula, The Fell One, can reap.

Renfield heaves a long-suffering sigh.

\*

RENFIELD

Sir, you insist The Order is behind the attack on Miss Murray when not a fortnight ago, you'd concluded *my* abduction was the work of a rogue element within their ranks--

\*

\*

GRAYSON

This is different--

RENFIELD

--No. It is the *same*. The woman--

GRAYSON

(interjects)

--Janina Kleiberson, a *known* contractor to The Order--

RENFIELD

(doggedly CONTINUES)

--*repeatedly* asked me what it was you loved. Then, the triptych -- a painting of your wife, yes, but the *very image* of Mina Murray, is stolen and recovered from Lord Davenport's study--

GRAYSON

(eager, excited)

--*Recovered?! When?*

RENFIELD

Tonight. My agents will be delivering it this very evening and will you *please let me finish?!*

GRAYSON

I thought you had.

Grayson springs up to pour himself another drink. Frustrated, Renfield does a mental three-count, collecting himself and CONTINUING:

(CONTINUED)

RENFIELD

It was *Davenport*, not The Order, who ordered my attack, who stole the triptych, and it was *his men* who attacked Mina Murray.

GRAYSON

Your point?

RENFIELD

Self-evident. This was a *personal* vendetta against you, completely unrelated to his position in The Order of the Dragon.

GRAYSON

No. This has the stench of the High Council on it. Their cowardly tactic of the flank attack -- targeting the wives and children of their enemies. They burned my wife alive, slaughtered Van Helsing's family--

\*

RENFIELD

--Sir, I know--

GRAYSON

--And to attack with *acid!* Murder, torture, rape -- monstrous acts, but at least ones I understand. But to obliterate beauty, to *disfigure...*

(shakes his head, revolted)

This is not the work of a single man seeking vengeance, but a diabolical pack of gutless vandals whose hand I see all too well. The time for stealth and scheming has passed...

Eyes gazing into the fire, Grayson continues, a FLASH OF FANGS VISIBLE as he sneers at the flames.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

This night and every night, until they yield to me, a river of blood shall flow...

RENFIELD - stares at Grayson, shaken. He's never seen him in such a state, so unwilling to listen to reason. *Where the fuck is Van Helsing?!*

905 INT. LADY JAYNE'S MANSION - ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY) 905\*

An unfinished, open-beam octagonally-shaped room with a spiral staircase set in its center. WORKERS set up workbenches, wire candlestick phones, pin up MAPS OF VARIOUS LONDON DISTRICTS to the walls. \*

LADY JAYNE, incandescent with the prospect of the incipient hunt, fills in MR. BROWNING, who seems restless, distracted. \*

LADY JAYNE  
They're arriving even as we speak, every Huntsman of note from every Chapter House in Europe. We'll sweep across London, root out every one of the swine and butcher them in their lairs-- \*

She notices Browning's harried state, her excitement draining. \*

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? \*

He pulls her aside so they won't be overheard. \*

BROWNING  
My children have been abducted. \*

A BEAT. Lady Jayne is stunned, considering the possibilities. \*

LADY JAYNE  
Do you think-- \*

BROWNING  
--It's connected to the current infestation? Absolutely. \*

Browning withdraws DANIEL DAVENPORT'S SUICIDE NOTE from his inside coat pocket, hands it to Lady Jayne. She scans it. STUNNED: \*

BROWNING (CONT'D)  
Our men recovered that when they were sanitizing Davenport's house. His son Daniel wrote it. Clearly a suicide note. \*

LADY JAYNE  
(looks up, astonished)  
Daniel and Lord Laurent were lovers? \*

(CONTINUED)

BROWNING

Grayson's more than just a cunning  
businessman; he's a criminal  
mastermind willing to lie, cheat,  
blackmail or murder *anyone* who  
stands in his way.

\*

\*

LADY JAYNE

But... why would he take your  
children? How could that possibly  
further his ends?

BROWNING

Because his energy scheme is just a  
*means* to an end, and that is to  
destroy this organization.

LADY JAYNE

I don't understand.

BROWNING

Since he arrived in London, we've  
been under attack -- individual  
members, our financial stability,  
now my *children*...

\*

LADY JAYNE

But why? What possible motive--

BROWNING

--Does *Grayson* have? None. But  
*Dracula*, that's another thing  
altogether... this "infestation" is  
nothing more than a *distraction* --  
a *feinting* maneuver that allows him  
to strike us at will in the *guise*  
of Alexander Grayson--

Lady Jayne looks at him, dubious, as if realizing for the  
first time Browning may just have gone off the deep end.

LADY JAYNE

Are you suggesting that Alexander  
Grayson and *Dracula* are one in the  
same?

BROWNING

Perhaps he's... he's found some way  
to... *protect* himself against  
sunlight; some... *sorcery*--

(CONTINUED)



LADY JAYNE

--Listen to yourself! This is madness! More importantly it's *off point!* We are facing a threat of biblical proportions--

BROWNING

--I'm well aware of that. But Grayson--

LADY JAYNE

--Grayson will be dealt with in good time, but for now I *must* demand your *full* attention toward this crisis.

BROWNING

But my children--

LADY JAYNE

--Must I quote the Primary Oath?

He glares at her, furious, then storms out. OFF LADY JAYNE, the fate of the London Chapter -- possibly the whole of *Ordo Draco* -- is in her hands.

906 INT. WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

906

TRACK ruffled, hurriedly discarded CLOTHING OF A MAN AND WOMAN across the floor, up the side of the bed, to find LUCY WESTENRA, nude and deeply asleep, one bare leg hooked over her twisted sheets.

JONATHAN HARKER - sits on the corner of the mattress, gazing coldly down upon her, as repulsed and resentful as a drunk regarding an empty bottle after a night of binge-drinking.

HOLD, then...

907 INT. WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

907

SERIES OF SHOTS: HARKER redressing with focused deliberation:

BUTTONING - his trousers

BUCKLING - his belt

SMOOTHING - his vest

KNOTTING - his tie.

END SERIES

(CONTINUED)

HARKER - WINDS his watch, examines himself in Lucy's dressing table mirror. Gone is the idealistic young man, forged by betrayal and violence into a man one would be foolish -- very foolish -- to underestimate.

He looks back at Lucy, STILL SLEEPING IN BED, gives himself a final glance, slips the watch into his pocket and starts out.

HIS HAND - is suddenly seized by Lucy as he's about to step out the door.

LUCY  
Jonathan, I--

She ABRUPTLY FALLS SILENT when he turns and looks at her, his face a perfect countenance of cold revulsion. He pulls his hand from hers and CONTINUES OUT THE DOOR.

908 INT. WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

908

Harker strides purposefully down a short corridor. MINERVA WESTENRA steps into view, reacts, clutching her sleeping gown.

MINERVA  
Mr. Harker!

Harker brushes past her without a glance. She watches after him, appalled, then turns back and sees Lucy, covered only with a sheet, bracketed in her PARTIALLY OPEN BEDROOM DOOR.

MINERVA (CONT'D)  
(gasps)  
What have you done?!

Lucy returns her gaze; shattered, bereft. SHUTS the door.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

909 INT. UNIVERSITY - VAN HELSING'S OFFICE - DAY

909

Van Helsing hastily unlocks his desk drawer and begins placing VIALS OF DRACULA'S BLACK BLOOD in the bag.

RENFIELD (O.S.)  
Where have you been?

Startled, Van Helsing quickly shuts the bag, looks up and sees Renfield in the doorway.

VAN HELSING  
What are you doing here?

RENFIELD  
Looking for you. You're needed at Carfax. Immediately.

Van Helsing starts past him. Renfield grabs his arm.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)  
--I don't think you quite understand the situation, Professor.

VAN HELSING  
To the contrary, Mr. Renfield, it is you who does not understand.

RENFIELD  
Explain.

VAN HELSING  
Put quite simply, your client and I had a contract. I would provide technical skills. He would promote that technology.

RENFIELD  
Yes, and in return, you and he will destroy your common enemy--

VAN HELSING  
--*Would have*, had your client restrained his violent nature. But he did not and now our plan has failed and the contract is broken. Now, please...  
(pulls his arm free)  
... If you will excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

RENFIELD

(cold, controlled fury)  
 He intends on taking *direct action*  
 against The Order, Professor. He's  
 quite beside himself. You *must*  
 speak to him.

VAN HELSING

What your client chooses to do is  
 no longer my concern.

With that, Van Helsing EXITS. Renfield gazes after him, angry  
 and perplexed.

910

INT. CARFAX MANOR - GREAT ROOM/ENTRY HALL - DAY

910

FOUR UNIFORMED POLICEMEN search the room, turning over  
 furniture, rifling through drawers, books, shelves, up  
 fireplace flues. \*

RENFIELD - enters, stops and stares at the activity, stunned.

A plainclothes Chief Inspector, SALINGER, spits instructions  
 to TWO OFFICERS.

SALINGER

Search the carriage house and any  
 outbuildings or sheds...  
 (shouts upstairs)  
 Lassiter, check the servants'  
 quarters and send two men up to  
 check the attic.

RENFIELD

Are you in charge?

SALINGER

I am. And who may you be?

RENFIELD

R.M. Renfield, Esquire. I am Mr.  
 Grayson's attorney. I presume you  
 have a warrant?

Salinger withdraws a document from his jacket pocket, hands  
 it to Renfield. He quickly scans it, checks the back as if  
 hoping to find something that's missing.

SALINGER

Signed by a magistrate. Everything  
 in order.

(CONTINUED)

RENFIELD

Hardly. There's no mention of what you're searching for. Without it, this is invalid and I demand you remove yourself and your men from these premises immediately.

SALINGER

Or what?

RENFIELD

Or I shall be forced to press charges of criminal trespassing--

A POLICEMAN accidentally knocks over a MING VASE, which SHATTERS on the floor. Renfield coolly regards Salinger.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)

--and vandalism.

Salinger takes a step forward, the two men squaring off, both seething like two very well-dressed attack dogs.

SALINGER

Perhaps I should arrest you for obstructing an investigation.

RENFIELD

An investigation. Into what? Exactly.

BROWNING (O.S.)

They're looking for my children, Mr. Renfield.

Both turn, seeing Mr. Browning, who has just arrived, approach.

RENFIELD

Be that as it may, sir, they will have to desist until they return with a properly executed search warrant.

GRAYSON (O.S.)

*Nonsense.*

All three look up. Grayson regards them from the gallery, descends the stairs, utterly nonplussed.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I already informed Inspector Salinger that his men are welcome  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

910 CONTINUED: (2)

910

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

to search, if only to speed their investigation...

(to Browning)

... You won't find any children in Carfax, Mr. Browning, though I've often longed for their laughter and the pit-pat of little feet.

Grayson smiles warmly. Browning fumes.

911 OMITTED

911

912 OMITTED

912

913 EXT. CARFAX MANOR - DAY

913

The POLICE OFFICERS leave, loading into horse-drawn wagons. Browning and Salinger confer near a waiting carriage.

BROWNING

I'm sorry I wasted your time, but I had my reasons...

SALINGER

Nothing to apologize for, sir. As far as I'm concerned, this is just a start. Commissioner's got half the Met under my command on this. We'll find your children.

BROWNING

Thank you, Inspector. My poor wife is beside herself.

SALINGER

I'm sure she is. Best you look after her. I'll contact you personally if anything comes up.

BROWNING

Bad or good.

SALINGER

Yessir.

Salinger walks away. Browning opens the door of his carriage, sees HARKER INSIDE waiting for him.

BROWNING

*Harker...*

HARKER

*Shh. Get in. Quickly.*

914

INT. CARFAX MANOR - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

914

GRAYSON'S POV - Browning climbs into his carriage. From this angle, WE CANNOT SEE HARKER WITHIN. He closes the door and it departs.

Grayson lets the curtain fall into place, turns to Renfield.

GRAYSON

This is what happens when you're vile. You assume your enemies would sink to similar tactics. Disgusting...

He pours a whiskey. Renfield considers the situation, MUTTERING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF:

RENFIELD

You don't suppose Van Helsing...

GRAYSON

... Abducted Browning's children? Doubtful. The man's a minaret, enslaved to his scheme. He'd sooner self-immolate than step out of the rut he calls a path.

RENFIELD

I wouldn't be too sure of that, sir.

(off Grayson's reaction)

He told me himself that he considers your partnership over.

GRAYSON

(suddenly suspicious)

Did he. And *when* did he tell you this?

Renfield hesitates. Grayson angrily waits him out. Renfield chooses his words very carefully.

RENFIELD

I felt it would be... *prudent* to inform him of your plan to directly engage The Order, sir.

GRAYSON

Oh *really!* Did you think it *prudent*, Renfield? Am I now your *charge* and you my *caretaker*?

(CONTINUED)

914 CONTINUED:

914

RENFIELD

No sir, I only--

He abruptly stops, knowing that any explanation -- no matter how reasonable -- will only further infuriate his client. Collects himself and...

RENFIELD (CONT'D)

You're quite right. I overstepped my bounds. I assure you, it will not happen again.

Grayson scrutinizes him.

GRAYSON

See that it does not.

With a final baleful glance, Grayson EXITS, leaving Renfield to ponder what the good Professor's new agenda entails, and what impact it may have on them.

915 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

915

Browning's carriage passes.

HARKER (PRE-LAP)

That's far enough. Pull over here.

916 EXT./INT. BROWNING'S CARRIAGE - DAY

916

Mr. Browning POUNDS the wall of the carriage and they ROLL TO A STOP. Harker regards him, all business.

HARKER

I've decided to accept your offer pending your answer to one question.

BROWNING

And that is?

HARKER

Why did The Order attack Mina Murray?

BROWNING

(startled)

*Attack...? Your fiancée?*  
Ridiculous. We're trying to recruit you, not make an enemy of you.

HARKER

Davenport was behind it.

(CONTINUED)



BROWNING

If he was, then I assure you it was  
unsanctioned. Had we known, he  
would've been--

(stops, realizes)

You killed him.

Harker doesn't respond, his answer evident in his steady gaze  
and the absence of a denial. Browning is astonished.

BROWNING (CONT'D)

You are full of surprises, Mr.  
Harker.

HARKER

Will I be punished?

BROWNING

By us? Good God, no. Rogue actions  
are not tolerated within our ranks,  
especially when they run counter to  
our objectives. Besides...

(a smirk)

... I never did care for Davenport.

(regards Harker)

I trust I've answered your question  
to your satisfaction?

HARKER

You have.

Browning gazes at him as if giving him one final sizing-up,  
then extends his hand.

BROWNING

Welcome, then, Mr. Harker, to The  
Order of the Dragon.

Harker hesitates, then FIRMLY SHAKES Browning's hand.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

917 OMITTED 917  
918 OMITTED 918  
919 OMITTED 919\*  
920 OMITTED 920\*  
921 EXT. CARFAX MANOR - DUSK 921  
922 OMITTED 922  
923 INT. CARFAX MANOR - STUDY - DUSK 923

A credenza is opened. TUBES CONTAINING BLUEPRINTS are stacked inside. Harker rifles through them, locates one, withdraws it and reads the label...

INSERT: TUBE, labeled "RESONATOR - MASTER SCHEMATIC".

Harker teases out a rolled DIAGRAM, puts the cap back on the NOW EMPTY TUBE and puts it back in the credenza. He crosses to the desk, picks up his briefcase and, his back to the door, opens it.

RENFIELD (O.S.)  
(startled)  
Mr. Harker. I didn't know you were still here.

Harker freezes.

HARKER  
I was just catching up on some correspondence.

He carefully slips the diagram into his briefcase, closes the flap and turns to Renfield.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Will Alexander be needing anything else tonight?

RENFIELD  
I doubt it. He just left and I suspect he'll be in quite late.

(CONTINUED)

HARKER

Well then. I suppose I'll be off as well.

He picks his briefcase up off the desk and starts out. As he passes Renfield.

RENFIELD

Mr. Harker...

HARKER

(stops)

Yes?

The tension is palpable. *Is Renfield onto him?*

RENFIELD

If you could, please convey my and Mr. Grayson's warmest regards to Miss Murray.

A tense HALF-BEAT. Harker plays it cool. Bordering on cold.

HARKER

I'll do that.

He continues into the Great Room. Renfield gazes after him, troubled but unable to quite put his finger on why.

923A INT. UNIVERSITY - VAN HELSING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

923A

Van Helsing puts on his overcoat and hat. He picks up his bag and DIALS DOWN THE GAS LAMP; turns to step out the door and comes FACE-TO-FACE WITH GRAYSON. He GASPS:

VAN HELSING

What are you doing here?

GRAYSON

Renfield tells me you're under the impression that our friendship has come to an end.

VAN HELSING

I see no alternative. Your inability to control yourself has completely derailed our scheme.

GRAYSON

Not if I regain possession of the resonator. One demonstration, and The Order will be rendered bankrupt. As planned.

(CONTINUED)

VAN HELSING

Yes. Renfield told me. Another bloodbath. Calling it a strategy does not make it any less a compulsion.

GRAYSON

It's not a strategy, Professor. It is a *tactic*. These modern brothers of the *Ordo Draco* are pale shadows of those I faced and nearly bested four centuries ago. They are weak and soft and decadent and they *will not stand*, you will see.

VAN HELSING

Violence will only bring their full wrath upon our heads.

GRAYSON

Then by your own account, we'll be no worse off than we are now.

Grayson starts to go then pauses, an afterthought.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Oh, and Professor. You wouldn't happen to know anything about the disappearance of Browning's two children?

VAN HELSING

What is it to you?

GRAYSON

Only in that it places undue scrutiny on our activities by the authorities, and if our plan fails as a result, I will hold you solely responsible. And that would be a very, very bad thing.

VAN HELSING

It already has failed.

GRAYSON

Not yet, Professor. Not yet. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm dining with friends tonight.

He turns and, with a WHISPER OF FABRIC, is swallowed by the darkness. Van Helsing TURNS UP THE GAS LAMP, gazes at his hand as it trembles uncontrollably.

924 INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT 924

LORD ROTHCROFT and another TITLED GENTLEMAN play BILLIARDS in a medium-sized salon with only ONE SET OF DOUBLE DOORS.

ONE OTHER STUFFED SHIRT stands by and watch avidly while \*  
THREE MORE smoke cigars, drink brandy and lounge about. \*  
Suddenly, the doors swing wide, REVEALING:

GRAYSON  
Ahh, *billiards!*

He enters, followed by THREE IMPOSSIBLY SLEEK MEN dressed to the nines, far too exotically beautiful to be human.

ROTHCROFT  
Grayson. I had no idea you were a member.

Grayson replies with a brief but accommodating smile, plucks a cue stick from the rack.

GRAYSON  
Rothcroft, is it?  
(smiles)  
I hope you don't mind the intrusion. Relatives of mine from the continent. I invited them to London with the promise that the cuisine here is *outstanding*.

Rothcroft eyes the three Sleek Men, who are even then smoothly fanning out, assuming strategic locations.

Grayson waves his hand at the confused Gentlemen before him, as if presenting a buffet to his friends.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
*Bon appétit, boys.*

Grayson steps backward out the doors, PULLING THEM SHUT behind him. The three guests leer in anticipation, REVEALING FANGS. Panic from the Gentlemen.

925 INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT 925

With casual élan, Grayson slips the billiard cue through the door pulls, then strides casually away down the corridor. Behind him, the DOORS TO THE BILLIARD ROOM SHAKE VIOLENTLY, accompanied by a CACOPHONY OF TERRIFIED SCREAMS.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

925A INT. HOSPITAL - MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT/DAWN 925A\*

Grayson sits at Mina's beside, perfectly still, gazing at her face as she sleeps. \*

Her eyebrows knit and she SOFTLY MUTTERS something, as if visited by an unpleasant dream. He reaches out, lightly places the backs of three fingers on her forehead and, closing his eyes, MURMURS: \*

GRAYSON  
Sleep, my beloved... \*

She calms, her BREATHING becoming regular, restful. Grayson sits back, his gaze drawn to window and the DAWN-TINGED SKY. \*

He silently rises, withdraws a RED ROSEBUD from inside his jacket and, back turned to her, places it next to another in a CUT GLASS VASE on her bedside table. \*

MINA  
You... \*

He turns. For once, speechless. She looks at the two roses. \*

MINA (CONT'D)  
I thought Jonathan... \*

GRAYSON  
(almost apologetic)  
No. \*

MINA  
Have you seen him? \*

Grayson shakes his head, places a hand on his overcoat. \*

MINA (CONT'D)  
You were there. \*

Her words give him pause. He looks at her, as if confused. \*

GRAYSON  
Where? \*

MINA  
You stopped those men. You-- \*

She winces in pain, her hand darting up to her bandage. He instinctively moves to her, places his hand over hers. Their eyes meet. \*

(CONTINUED)

GRAYSON

You mustn't think about that. Never  
again. You're safe. Those men will  
never touch you again.

Eyes locked on his, she replies, a fierce quiver in her  
whisper that tells him she remembers enough to say:

MINA

I *know*.

He releases her hand, averts his eyes.

GRAYSON

Whatever you... *think* you saw,  
you're mistaken. I was at Carfax  
that night--

MINA

--No. You were there.

Again, Grayson glances at the window, the QUICKENING DAWN. He  
picks up his coat and hat.

GRAYSON

I have to go--

MINA

Alexander.

This is the first time she's addressed him by his first name.  
He hesitates.

MINA (CONT'D)

Please. Stay here with me. Just a  
little longer.

But he cannot, and the misery of his plight is written on his  
face.

GRAYSON

I want to. You can't know how much  
I wish I could...  
(shakes his head)  
...but I can't.

And he's gone. She gazes after him, then turns and regards  
the TWIN ROSEBUDS in the vase, the FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN  
TWINKLING OFF THE FACETED GLASS.

925B INT. WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY (FORMERLY 925B\*  
SCENE 928) \*

Curtains drawn, still in her sleeping gown, Lucy listlessly brushes her hair. Minerva enters.

MINERVA  
That was Alastair.  
(no response)  
I told him you've been feeling ill.  
(no response)  
He really is worried about you.

After a moment, Minerva gently removes the brush from Lucy's hand, begins brushing her daughter's hair.

MINERVA (CONT'D)  
Please, Lucy. You *must* tell me  
what's going on.

Lucy drops her eyes. Shakes her head. Minerva SIGHS.

MINERVA (CONT'D)  
I may not be as sophisticated and  
modern as Jayne Wetherby, but I'm  
not a complete fool...

She places her fingers under Lucy's chin, tips her up to meet her eyes.

MINERVA (CONT'D)  
Please, darling...

A BEAT, then:

LUCY  
Why didn't you tell me?

MINERVA  
Tell you what?

LUCY  
That it's... it's perfectly natural  
for a woman to fall in love with  
another woman.

MINERVA  
To *what*?

LUCY  
For me... and Mina...

(CONTINUED)



MINERVA

What're you *saying*?

Lucy suddenly realizes that she's been deceived -- worse, that she's been *used* -- by Lady Jayne.

LUCY

Oh my God...

\*

926 INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - HALLWAY - DAY

926

Lady Jayne and one of the Huntsmen she summoned to London, KAHA RUMA, walk down the corridor. Attired like a perfect Victorian gentleman, Ruma bears the distinctive FACIAL TATTOOS of a MAORI WARRIOR.

LADY JAYNE

I believe they call it a declaration of war.

She nods to a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, who stands aside and opens the door. They enter...

927 INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

927

A HORRIFIC WOUND - gazed at through a magnifying glass. Inspector Salinger glances up from his magnifying glass as Lady Jayne and Ruma enter, then returns to his task.

RUMA

Astonishing. No effort to conceal the bodies whatsoever.

Rothcroft and his cohorts are sprawled about, dead where they fell. Salinger and THREE Metropolitan Police DETECTIVES work the scene.

LADY JAYNE

Or their cause of death. Brazen. Bold. Flamboyant.

RUMA

I've never seen its like.  
(re: the DETECTIVES)  
These men...

LADY JAYNE

Trusted associates from The Yard. The evening edition will report these five gentlemen as victims of a tragic yachting mishap.  
(looks at them, SIGHS)  
Lost at sea...

\*

(CONTINUED)

A peeved expression frozen on his face, LORD ROTHCROFT gazes lifelessly at the ceiling from atop the billiard table, SKIN ASHEN, drained of blood, a GAPING WOUND in his throat.

BROWNING (O.S.)

Only The Fell One would dare  
orchestrate a slaughter like this.

LADY JAYNE

(surprised)

Mr. Browning...

BROWNING

Inspector...?

SALINGER

Yessir?

He casts a meaningful glance at Lady Jayne, REPLIES:

BROWNING

It seems I wasted your time. I just  
received word from my wife's sister  
that my children are with her. An  
errant telegram; terrible mix-up.

SALINGER

They're safe, then?

BROWNING

Sound as a pound. I can't tell you  
how embarrassed...

SALINGER

Say no more, sir. Better to be safe  
than sorry. Especially given...  
(a glance at the carnage)  
...current circumstances.

BROWNING

Yes, now if you don't mind, I wish  
to have a private word with my  
colleagues.

SALINGER

Of course, sir.  
(to the others)  
Inspectors...?

He opens the door and the DETECTIVES follow him out. As soon  
at they EXIT, Lady Jayne introduces her colleague:

(CONTINUED)

LADY JAYNE  
Huntsman Kaha Ruma. Morocco.

BROWNING  
Your reputation precedes you, sir.  
(to LADY JAYNE)  
I've summoned The Sicilian. \*

LADY JAYNE  
Loiza Scaverra? \*

From Lady Jayne and Ruma's shared awe, it's clear that  
Scaverra is a rock star among Seers. \*

BROWNING  
You'll need a good Seer. I  
understand he's the best. I also  
took the liberty of contacting the  
Vatican Chapter. Cardinal Valachi  
has agreed to lend us the *sanguinem  
sanctorum* from the Basilica in  
Bruges. \*

RUMA  
(crosses himself)  
The Blood of the Christ. A most  
sacred relic...

LADY JAYNE  
And most useful as well, given the  
extent of the infestation.

Ruma nods sagely, moves off to closely examine the bite-  
wounds on the victims. Lady Jayne LOWERS HER VOICE.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)  
Your children...

BROWNING  
Still missing. But we can't have  
the police bungling about, and God  
help us if the press gets ahold of  
it...  
(shakes his head)  
I was distraught. You were quite  
correct to question my judgment.  
That said, Grayson still represents  
a serious threat to this Order.

LADY JAYNE  
No doubt.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNING

Therefore, while you deal with the infestation, I shall focus on him and his upcoming demonstration. In the meantime, if you need anything -- *anything* -- I am at your service.

LADY JAYNE

Thank you, Mr. Browning.

BROWNING

Above all, this *must* be contained. No matter what the personal cost... to *any* of us.

928 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 925B) 928\*

929 OMITTED 929\*

930 OMITTED 930\*

931 OMITTED 931\*

931A INT. HOSPITAL - MINA'S ROOM - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 939) 931A\*

Mina sits up in bed, gazing out the window. Lucy enters, carrying flowers. She's taken aback, heart pierced by the sight of Mina's BRUISED FACE, her BANDAGED HEAD and dazed, weakened condition. \*

Lucy's eyes brim with tears. *How could I have been so foolish to allow a viper like Jayne Wetherby turn me against my most beloved Mina?* \*

MINA \*

Lucy... \*

Lucy rushes to her friend's bedside, embraces her. \*

LUCY \*

Oh God, what did they do to you? \*

How could they...? \*

MINA \*

I don't know. I'm so confused... \*

LUCY \*

Oh Mina-- \*

MINA \*

You're kneeling on my hand. \*

(CONTINUED)

LUCY \*  
 (jumps back) \*  
 Oh God! I'm so sorry! \*

Even through her tears, Mina can't help but giggle at the \*  
 abjectly horrified expression on Lucy's face. \*

LUCY (CONT'D) \*  
 I'm such an oaf. \*

MINA \*  
 Come. Sit. \*  
 (re: flowers) \*  
 Are those for me? \*

Lucy gingerly takes a seat on the edge of Mina's bed; holds \*  
 the bouquet so Mina can smell them. \*

LUCY \*  
 I positively *decimated* the garden. \*  
 Mother's going to have a fit. Oh, \*  
 Mina. I'm so sorry... \*

MINA \*  
 Whatever for? \*

Lucy hesitates, quickly changes the subject, glancing at the \*  
 TWO ROSES in the vase at her bedside. In an OVER-BRIGHT TONE: \*

LUCY \*  
 Those are beautiful. Jonathan...? \*

MINA \*  
 (brave face) \*  
 No. I haven't seen him since-- \*

Lucy guiltily averts her eyes. \*

MINA (CONT'D) \*  
 What? Has something happened to \*  
 him? \*

LUCY \*  
 No. No, I mean... not that I know \*  
 of-- \*

MINA \*  
 --*Lucy*, you *must* tell me the truth. \*

Lucy struggles mightily, walking the moral tightrope between \*  
 protecting Mina from Harker with the truth, and knowing that \*  
 doing so will forever destroy their friendship. Finally meets \*  
 Mina's eyes: \*

LUCY \*  
Forget about Jonathan. \*

MINA \*  
What? \*

Lucy seizes her hand, eyes beseeching. \*

LUCY \*  
Please. Don't ask me any questions. \*  
Just know this: he's not the man \*  
you think he is. You must cancel \*  
your engagement-- \*

MINA \*  
That's insane. I can't do that! \*  
We've been together forever-- \*

LUCY \*  
Nevertheless, you must. \*

MINA \*  
Why? What did he do? \*

LUCY \*  
He-- \*  
(vehemently shakes her \*  
head) \*  
I can't. \*

MINA \*  
(impatient) \*  
Don't be *ridiculous*. Just *tell* me. \*

LUCY \*  
You'll hate me. \*  
(chokes up) \*  
I'm so sorry... \*

And Mina knows. In that instant, she knows. She looks at \*  
Lucy, desperate for the succor of some denial, some \*  
dissuasion, a stammered explanation, but there is none \*  
forthcoming. \*

MINA \*  
Get out. \*

LUCY \*  
Mina, please-- \*

Mina hurls the bouquet aside, SHOUTS. \*

931A CONTINUED: (3)

931A

MINA

*--I said get out!*

\*

\*

With an AGONIZED SOB, Lucy backs away, then turns and flees the room. Mina glares after her, broken and furious.

\*

\*

932 OMITTED

932\*

932A INT. ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE - TEMPLE - NIGHT

932A

MUTED CANDLELIGHT. A GROUP of A DOZEN DRAGON BROTHERS form a circle, muttering an ANCIENT PRAYER. Harker stands in the center, barefoot, dressed only in slacks and an open-collar white shirt.

BROTHERS

*In runda cerc inchis despre*

*In loc fara de evacuaire.*

*In runda cerc inchis despre*

*In loc fara de evacuaire.*

HARKER - CHANTS with the others.

HARKER AND BROTHERS

*In runda cerc inchis despre*

*In loc fara de evacuaire.*

Browning washes his hands in a CEREMONIAL COPPER BOWL. Drying them with a linen, he approaches Harker as the CHANTING HITS A CRESCENDO, then GOES ABRUPTLY SILENT.

\*

\*

\*

BROWNING

Jonathan Harker, are you prepared to willingly take the Primary Oath of the Order of the Dragon before your Brethren and God?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

HARKER

I am.

\*

\*

A BROTHER steps up behind Harker, PRESSES A DAGGER TO HIS THROAT.

\*

\*

Harker recites the Oath, beads of sweat on his forehead.

\*

HARKER (CONT'D)

I swear on my life, and the lives of all those I love, from this day forward, I will never place my own needs above those of this Sacred Order, so help me God.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

932A CONTINUED: 932A

BROTHERS \*  
And by His Will. \*

The Brother behind him removes the knife from his throat, \*  
takes Harker's wrist and draws the blade across his palm, \*  
OPENING A CUT. \*

Browning holds up his hand, and the Brother CUTS HIS HAND AS \*  
WELL. Browning locks eyes with Harker and the two men TIGHTLY \*  
CLASP HANDS. \*

933 OMITTED 933\*

933A OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 932A) 933A\*

934 OMITTED 934\*

934A OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 932A) 934A\*

934B INT. HOSPITAL - MINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (FORMERLY SC. 948) 934B\*

The Nurse carries a dinner tray into the room, REACTS. \*

HARKER (V.O.) \*  
I, Jonathan Harker, pledge my body, \*  
my spirit and my eternal soul to \*  
the Holy Order of the Dragon... \*

REVERSE - Mina's BED IS EMPTY, the covers cast aside. \*

Frustrated but concerned, the Nurse sets aside the tray and \*  
hurries into the corridor to RAISE THE ALARM and begin the \*  
search for her errant patient. \*

RACK FOCUS to the vase containing THE TWO PERFECT RED ROSES. \*

935 OMITTED 935\*

936 OMITTED 936\*

937 OMITTED (FOLDED INTO SCENE 935) 937

938 OMITTED 938\*

939 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 931A) 939\*

END ACT FOUR \*



ACT FIVE

\*

939A EXT. HARKER'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 939A\*

Harker steps up to the door. As he inserts his key, the door pushes inward, unlocked. Consternated, he steps inside. \*

939B INT. HARKER'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 939B\*

A coat pulled on over her hospital gown, Mina stands staring blankly into the ashes of the cold hearth. Harker enters, startled. \*

HARKER \*

Mina... how did you...? \*

MINA \*

You gave me a key. Don't you remember? \*

She turns, looks at him. \*

MINA (CONT'D) \*

Where have you been? \*

HARKER \*

(stammers) \*

I-- I was just out with some colleagues-- \*

MINA \*

--Not tonight. For the last two days. Where have you been? \*

HARKER \*

I've been meaning to-- \*

MINA \*

--Meaning to *what*, Jonathan? Come by? Visit me in hospital? \*

HARKER \*

I wanted to wait until you were stronger. \*

MINA \*

Oh by all means! Because I'm such a *delicate* little thing! How thoughtful of you! \*

HARKER \*

Mina-- \*

(CONTINUED)

MINA

--*Why*, Jonathan? *Lucy!*

He sags. Oh shit.

HARKER

What did she tell you?

MINA

Everything I needed to know.

HARKER

(pissed)

I don't suppose she mentioned that she's been *throwing* herself at me for the past two weeks!

And there it is. Confirmation. Disgusted, she starts out past him. He grabs her by her shoulders. She struggles.

MINA

*Let go of me you pig!*

She shoves him back, eyes blazing. For a moment, he looks devastated, then visibly regroups, affecting a quiet -- and utterly paper-thin -- posture of dignity.

HARKER

You're right, of course. Go. You'll never hear from me again.

The shock of hearing those words cuts through, softening her pain, draining it like a shunt. She's left only with one question:

MINA

Jonathan... why?

HARKER

You know why.

MINA

No. I don't.

HARKER

Because you love Grayson.

Those words, coming from him, completely rock her. She looks at him, wanting to voice a denial but unable to.

HARKER - turns to the hearth, every molecule of will exerted to maintain his composure. At the soft CLICK of the front door closing, he BREAKS DOWN.

940 OMITTED 940\*

941 EXT. CARFAX MANOR - NIGHT 941\*

Establish.

GRAYSON

We slaughtered half The Order's  
London High Council in but a single  
night -- more blood drawn than  
*fifteen years* of cowardly scheming.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

942 INT. CARFAX MANOR - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 942\*

Grayson pours himself a whiskey, downs it in one swallow.

\*

RENFIELD

It is but one Chapter, sir. There  
are hundreds more--

\*

GRAYSON

Perhaps, yes, but I've got this one  
in a state of utter *panic*. Can you  
imagine their terror if I was to  
strike by *day!* In full *sunlight!*

\*

\*

RENFIELD

Sir, that would be inadvisable.  
(off Grayson's reaction)  
One of the few advantages we still  
have over the enemy is that they do  
not suspect Dracula and Alexander  
Grayson are one in the same--

\*

VAN HELSING (O.S.)

--And if you were to attack by day,  
we would lose that advantage.

\*

\*

Both turn. Van Helsing enters, strides toward them.

GRAYSON

Where have you been?

VAN HELSING

Preparing to leave the country, as  
should we all.

GRAYSON

--That's right. Run. Like the timid  
little rabbit you are. Your wife  
and children would be *so* proud.

(CONTINUED)

Van Helsing and Grayson lock eyes with pure hatred and resentment. The front door bursts open and KOWALSKI enters, out of breath, holding high a copy of an OFFICIAL-LOOKING DOCUMENT.

KOWALSKI

Alexander...! Alexander, I have great news!

He hands the document to Renfield, explains to Grayson.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

The Board of Health ruled in our favor! They've removed the quarantine!

\*  
\*

VAN HELSING

(stunned)

Unbelievable...

GRAYSON

Is it, Professor? Is it really so surprising that decades of soft living have neutered our enemies? It's clear they no longer have a stomach for direct confrontation.

(to Renfield)

I trust everything is in order?

RENFIELD

(looks up from the document)

Indeed, it appears to be, sir.

GRAYSON

And so we shall have our grand demonstration. I trust you will be there, Professor? If not to assist, to at least witness our first decisive victory over...

He glances at Kowalski, considering a measure of discretion. Van Helsing instinctively delivers it, his tone lackluster.

VAN HELSING

The competition. Of course...

At a loss for further words, Van Helsing turns and walks out. The three men watch after him, perplexed.

KOWALSKI

Why's he so glum?

(CONTINUED)

942 CONTINUED: (2) 942

GRAYSON

There are some men, Kowalski, who would sooner lose all they have than be proven wrong. \*

SLAM TO: \*

943 EXT. MILL - NIGHT 943\*

LANTERN in one hand, Van Helsing hurries to the door, sets down his DOCTOR'S BAG and, panic mounting, sorts through his keys, opens the lock on the door.

944 INT. MILL - CONTINUOUS 944

Van Helsing wrenches open the door, shuts it behind him. He cuts a quick beeline for the GRAIN CONVEYOR SYSTEM. He yanks back a RUSTED IRON LEVER and WITH THE CLACK of a MECHANICALLY WITHDRAWN BOLT... \*

JUMP-CUT TO: \*

945 INT. MILL - GRAIN CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER 945\*

LANTERN LIGHT washes over the pale, cherubic faces of ROSE and WILLIAM BROWNING as Van Helsing sets the lantern on the rustic trestle table upon which they lie.

The space is dark with a few telling details of its former function cast about -- piles of MOLDY GRAIN, soiled BURLAP SACKS, some partially filled, others bursting from decades of exposure to moisture. In the deep B/G, almost lost in darkness, A LADDER descends from AN OPEN TRAP DOOR IN THE CEILING. \*

The two children lie still, eyes closed. Heavily sedated, unconscious or dead, it's impossible to tell. Adjacent to them is a VIAL OF DRACULA'S BRACKISH BLOOD and a SYRINGE. \*

Van Helsing sets his bag on the table. He opens it and withdraws his SURGICAL HAMMER. Decides -- first the boy, then the girl. He raises the hammer... pauses to aim the killing blow...

SLAM TO:

946 EXT. VAN HELSING'S HOUSE - MEMORY HIT - NIGHT 946

(DRAWN FROM Episode 106, Scene 636) JUMBLED IMAGES, Van Helsing's house burning, the SCREAMS of his wife and child,

(CONTINUED)

946 CONTINUED: 946

YOUNG BROWNING shouting orders in the midst of the conflagration.

BACK TO:

947 INT. MILL - GRAIN CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER 947

Van Helsing, trembling, TEARS STREAMING, the hammer held high. Then with a SOB he brings it down with killing force...

... The hammer's face POUNDING the table INCHES FROM WILLIAM'S EAR. Despite the sound, the boy doesn't stir -- not even the flicker of a closed eye.

VAN HELSING - leans against the table, head bowed, struggling to pull himself together. After a moment, he succeeds, his face assuming the hard aspect of pure, cold, immutable rage.

*No. The die is cast. Plan or no plan, Browning will pay his full measure of agony.*

Van Helsing places the hammer back in his bag, snaps it shut and walks back toward the ladder.

WILLIAM AND ROSE - utterly still. HOLD AS THE LIGHT RECEDES, Van Helsing ascending the ladder, and they are again cast into complete pitch darkness.

948 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 934B) 948\*

949 OMITTED 949\*

950 OMITTED 950\*

951 INT. ORDO DRACO CHAPTERHOUSE - BROWNING'S OFFICE - NIGHT 951\*

The GEOMAGNETIC RESONATOR SCHEMATICS are spread out on a desk. Harker steps aside and THREE ORDER ENGINEERS pore over them as BROWNING looks on. A GUARD stands at the door.

HARKER

I just received word that the Board of Health--

\*  
\*

BROWNING

--has decided to allow the demonstration to move forward. Yes, of course. How fortuitous for Mr. Grayson.

HARKER

(realizing)

You--?

(CONTINUED)

BROWNING

(a thin smile)

Not me, Harker. God. We are merely his servants. Besides, if there is no demonstration, there can be no failure.

Harker glances at the Engineers.

HARKER

Sir, you should know, Alexander Grayson is a pit bull. If he fails, he'll simply regroup and keep trying until he succeeds.

BROWNING

Noted. Thank you, Mr. Harker.

Realizing he's been dismissed, Harker gives a slight, awkward nod and allows himself to be shown out by the Guard. As soon as he is gone, Browning approaches the Engineers.

LEAD ENGINEER

Dear Lord, this is... quite remarkable.

BROWNING

That's all well and good, sir, but our objective is to make certain no one ever tries it again. A boondoggle so decisive that no one ever again attempts to harness geomagnetism as an energy source.

LEAD ENGINEER

Well, like any machine, there are a number of ways to cause it to fail. For instance--

Browning silences him by SLAMMING his palm down on the drawing.

BROWNING

I'm not interested in how to make it fail. I need to know how to make it fail... *catastrophically*.

The Lead Engineer looks at him, shaken. He turns to the others and the three begin CONFERRING IN LOW VOICES.

952 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 952\*

DENSE FOG mutes the sound of LAUGHTER and MUSIC bubbling from some UNSEEN PUB. BEGGARS and UNWASHED HOMELESS huddle in the street. \*

BARE FEET AND LEGS - soiled by a long trek, trudge down the cobblestone street, occasionally stepping in a PUDDLED POTHOLE. TILT UP and FIND -- \*

MINA - a dazed expression on her face, her BANDAGED HEAD WOUND SPOTTED WITH FRESH BLOOD from her exertion, occasionally JEERED AT and BUMPED by rude, DRUNK PEDESTRIANS. \*

A FINGER OF BLOOD - trickles from her bandage into her eye. She stops, wiping it and looking at the blood on her hand, confused as if wondering where it came from. \*

Something on the ground draws her attention. \*

MINA'S POV - her reflection in A LARGE PUDDLE near the curb. *BUT IT'S NOT HER REFLECTION!* Gazing back at her is another woman, her doppelgänger, four-centuries dead: ILONA. \*

MINA - stares down, startled, utterly confused.

ILONA - wears the gown of a 15th Century Wallachian princess. She returns Mina's gaze with a decidedly unpleasant, haughty superiority, a teasing cruelty.

As if in a trance, Mina CROUCHES, LEANS FORWARD, stretching her hand toward the surface of the water, ILONA'S REFLECTION likewise reaching toward her...

MINA'S HAND - splayed fingers moving slowly toward the water, just about to touch the reflection when ILONA'S HIDEOUSLY CHARRED ARM ERUPTS from the surface and SEIZES MINA'S WRIST.

MINA - SCREAMS in terror and tumbles into the street, directly in the path of AN ONCOMING WAGON. The Driver pulls his reins with all his might, his HORSE TEARING BACK and SCREAMING as... \*

THE WHEELS - roll to a stop inches from Mina's unconscious form. \*

A POLICEMAN - drops to one knee next to her, looks around and BLOWS HIS WHISTLE HIGH AND LOUD for assistance. \*

END ACT FIVE



ACT SIX

953 OMITTED 953\*

954 INT. HOSPITAL - MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT 954\*

Grayson sits at Mina's bedside, clutching her hand. Her head has been FRESHLY BANDAGED. She MOANS, stirs. He carefully tucks her hand under the sheet. \*

Her eyes flutter open, focus on his face. \*

MINA \*

You... \*

GRAYSON \*

(a faint smile) \*

Yes, me. \*

MINA \*

You keep coming back. \*

GRAYSON \*

I guess I can't help myself. I \*

brought another... \*

She follows his gaze, turning. THREE ROSES now grace the vase, petals like burgundy velvet in the gaslight. \*

MINA \*

Beautiful... \*

GRAYSON \*

What happened? \*

MINA \*

I got lost. I was trying to find \*

you but... \*

(winces) \*

My head... \*

GRAYSON \*

The doctor says you have a \*

concussion. You must have wandered \*

out-- \*

MINA \*

--No. I didn't. I left. \*

(growls) \*

*God I hate hospitals!* \*

(CONTINUED)

GRAYSON

That's bound to be a problem when  
you become a doctor.

Caught by surprise by his joke, she LAUGHS SOFTLY, winces in  
pain.

MINA

Don't make me laugh. It hurts.

GRAYSON

I'm sorry.

She looks into his eyes. After a BEAT.

MINA

Alexander... what's happening  
between us?

GRAYSON

I don't know. All I can say is...

He trails off. She takes his hand.

MINA

Please. Go on.

GRAYSON

You remind me of someone I used to  
love. A very, very long time ago.

She gazes off, troubled. Then says SOFTLY.

MINA

Ilona...

Grayson is stunned. Can't believe his ears. GASPS:

GRAYSON

What did you say?

MINA

Was that her name?

GRAYSON

How did you know?

MINA

I've seen her. Dreamed of her. Ever  
since I was a little girl. She  
looks like me, only...

(remembers)

I saw her tonight. In the water.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MINA (CONT'D)

She wanted me to come with her...  
somewhere.

(winces)  
I don't know...

Her eyes fill with tears and she shudders. He instinctively  
leans in, SHUSHING her and gently caressing her tears away.

GRAYSON

Shhh. Don't cry... I'm here... I'm  
here...

She blinks away her tears, gazes through them into his eyes.

MINA

Do you love me?

He pulls away. If he was a man, he'd say "with all my heart  
and soul." But he's not a man. And he has no soul.

GRAYSON

Please don't ask me that.

MINA

Tell me.

GRAYSON

I can't. Please... Besides...  
(a bitter smile)  
... you love Harker.

MINA

(shakes her head)  
That's finished. Never again.

GRAYSON

(stunned)  
What?

Her eyes again brim with tears, hot with fresh pain at the  
raw betrayal.

MINA

He and Lucy...

GRAYSON

Lucy.

She breaks, pulls her hand from his and turns away. He  
touches her shoulder and she recoils.

MINA

Please. Just go. Leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

954 CONTINUED: (3) 954

His face a stone mask, primordial rage burning deep in his eyes as we... \*

SLAM TO:

955 INT. UNIVERSITY - OPERATING THEATER - NIGHT 955

His back to us, hunched over the examining table, QUIETLY WHISTLING "IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING," Van Helsing plucks a SCALPEL from an instrument tray.

VAN HELSING - bent over us, eyes intently focused, ONE MAGNIFIED by the MAGNIFYING GLASS. What strange surgery is he practicing now?

*THE LONDON TIMES* - Van Helsing's scalpel excises an "E" from a HEADLINE, picks it up delicately with the blade, and sets it on a BLOB OF RUBBER CEMENT to the right of an "I" glued to A SHEET OF PAPER.

VAN HELSING straightens, admires his handiwork. A SLOW PULL UP reveals A RANSOM NOTE in progress that READS: **£50,000 OR YOUR CHILDREN WILL DIE.**

SLAM TO: \*

956 INT. WESTENRA TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 956

A MAID pours STEAMING MILK from a large pitcher. Lucy reclines in a MILK BATH, staring emptily with raw, red eyes. *How has it all come to this?*

MINERVA

You just sit and soak, dear. Relax.  
I promise we'll sort all this out.

Lucy doesn't respond in the slightest to her mother's empty platitudes. This is something a hundred baths, a hundred gowns, a hundred balls will never "sort out." She closes her eyes, silently dismissing them.

Placing her finger to her lips, Minerva quietly exits with the Maid, SHUTS the door behind her.

Lucy lets herself settle into the bath. For a long moment, there is the HITCHED SOUND OF HER BREATHING, the SOOTHING LIQUID LAPPING of milk against porcelain.

A TEAR escapes, traces down her cheek, DRIPS into the milk.

A MAN'S KNUCKLE - brushes dry the track of her tear.

(CONTINUED)

GRAYSON (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
Dear Lucy...

Her eyes flutter open, startled. She starts to rise, but a FIRM HAND presses her down. As she trembles...

GRAYSON'S LIPS - brush her ear, MURMURING words, HUSHED AND SIBILANT:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
As you insist upon behaving like a  
monster, then I... shall... *make*  
*you one.*

With that, he strikes like a viper, HIS FANGS PLUNGING INTO LUCY'S CAROTID.

He drinks deeply, her struggles weakening as she goes limp. He pulls away, slices a DEEP BLOODY FURROW INTO HIS WRIST with his fangs and places the wound against her mouth. She begins to drink greedily.

\*  
\*

DROPS OF BLOOD SPATTER THE UNDULATING MILK'S SURFACE.

OUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

957 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

957

DAYLIGHT STREAMS IN through the window. Mina stirs in her bed, eyes fluttering open, and the very first thing she sees by the light of the new day is the sunlight twinkling off the facets of the cut glass vase, which now holds FOUR ROSES.

END OF SHOW