

TRANSYLVANIA

PILOT

by

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NETWORK REVISED
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TEASER

HOWL.

FADE IN ON THE FULL MOON

EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN FOREST, 1889 - NIGHT

A horse-drawn carriage races through the foggy countryside.

IN THE CAB: JONATHAN HARKER (48), a man on a desperate mission. He's clever and agile, but thin and clean. Not an adventurer. He's focused on the driver, wishing he'd go

JONATHAN

Faster!

He checks the moon on the horizon. Time is running out. Tightens his grip on a **shoulder bag**, unseen precious cargo.

The carriage rocks. He goes to yell at the driver--

--*but the driver is gone.* The horses are on their own.

Jonathan climbs out, struggles his way to the driver's seat.

Something is racing alongside them, tearing through the roadside brush, rattling the trees.

Jonathan knows he's running out of time. As he gets into the driver's seat, we catch glimpses as

HIS PURSUER LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE CAB, then to the roof--

--and Jonathan jumps off just in time, rolling down a hill at breakneck speed, crashing through the roughage, splashing into a marsh. Checks his **shoulder bag:** still intact. We push in as he looks side to side, a Spielberg-ian shot.

In the distance: Another *howl*. Jonathan pushes forward, chest burning, shearing knee-high fog. **Splash, splash.**

Now a **hill**, and nothing beyond but sparkling night. He scrambles up, emerging to a sprawling vista of our world:

The Dutch Colonial Gaslamp City of **TATROV.** Far beyond the city to his right: **THE SCHOLOMANCE,** a massive Victorian estate. Bookending the city on his left: the crumbling ruins of **THE OLD CITY,** a once-formidable stone curtained fortress. All nestled in a corner of the **CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.**

Looming above the Old City from a mountaintop perch: fearsome **CASTLE DRACULA,** backlit by the full **moon.**

TRANSYLVANIA

Jonathan stumbles down the hill, stealing a look back as a **dark figure crests the hill.**

He reaches a lonely **church** on the outskirts of the city.

INT. CHURCH OF THE WANDERING SOUL - CONTINUOUS

He storms inside, slams the wooden door, drops a bar lock--
And realizes he's interrupting a SERMON. The **PASTOR** stops. A
dozen parishioners turn all at once. Foremost: a **CONSTABLE.**

CONSTABLE

My good man, have you no respect
for a house of the Lord?

Jonathan waves promise of an explanation when he can breathe.

FATHER

Left my goddamn pitchfork home--

CHILD

Daddy, you said goddamn--

WOMAN

Heathen!

Jonathan rolls his eyes, can almost speak...

CONSTABLE

Well, what have you to say for
yourself?

He opens his mouth to--

The creature smashes the door down on top of him! The
churchgoers react in horror!

CONSTABLE

My word.

Beneath the door, Jonathan winces in agony. Sees that his
shoulder bag was thrown across the floor.

Sounds of a massacre all around.

But Jonathan *has* to get that bag. He drags himself free,
leaving behind a **shattered silver stopwatch,** revealing

A GRAINY PHOTOGRAPH OF A **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.** As a streak of
blood splatters on her face...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALATIAL MANSION STUDY - NIGHT

On that same woman, our heroine: **VICTORIA HARKER (24),** a
clever hotshot with a little too much confidence. She'd like
to imitate the measured brilliance of Sherlock Holmes, but
she's more prone to the desperate improvisation of Indiana
Jones...and she's a few pages away from her Temple of Doom.

SUPER: New York, 1889. Two months later.

Victoria is trying to poke her way through a tightly-packed crowd of high-society partygoers, all currently gawking at

VICTORIA

Mr. Rockefeller? Excuse me--

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the richest man who ever lived, spit-yelling at **POLICE CAPTAIN RICKARDS** and **MAYOR GRACE** (all late 40s). Victoria can't get his attention, because he's focused on a glass case that's been cut open.

VICTORIA

Mr. Rockefeller! Sir?

ROCKEFELLER

I mean *really*, men. You'd think having the police captain and the mayor in attendance would inspire some competence in those fools!

"Those fools" are several disgraced policemen in dress uniform, keeping Rockefeller's guests at a distance. The party has been ruined, thanks to the theft of

ROCKEFELLER

My great-grandmother's pearls!

CAPTAIN

I'm sorry, Mr. Rockefeller.

MAYOR

We'll get them back, Mr. Rockefeller.

VICTORIA

Mr. Rockefeller? Sir? If I might--

The Captain steps in front of her: *Shut the fuck up.*

CAPTAIN

(sotto)
Quiet down!

ROCKEFELLER

There will be hell to pay for this!

VICTORIA

Mr. Rockefeller! I can find your pearls!

The crowd goes silent.

ROCKEFELLER

Who is that?

VICTORIA

Victoria Harker, sir. Private detective.

MAYOR

Private detective--are you a
waitress?

She finally pushes her way up front... and we discover that
she is indeed a waitress. She hands her tray to a gawker.

VICTORIA

... No. Yes. Formerly. Side job.
Private detective by day.

ROCKEFELLER

Well then? Speak.

VICTORIA

If I were to find your mother's
pearls right now, on this very spot,
what would it be worth to you?

Chuckles among the crowd.

ROCKEFELLER

Are you asking for *money?*

CAPTAIN

That's enough miss, I'll not have
you humiliate our host. Time to go.

VICTORIA

Two hundred dollars?

The crowd gasps. That's nearly \$5,000 today.

ROCKEFELLER

One fifty.

VICTORIA

Two twenty-five.

CAPTAIN

Extortion. Profoundly
insulting!

MAYOR

Officer, please take her
out of here.

ROCKEFELLER

(a subtle smile)
Done.

VICTORIA

Very well, Pardon me, *Captain.*

She yanks her arm back from the Captain, gives him a *watch*
this glance and struts around the cut glass case.

VICTORIA

Ladies and gentlemen, as you can all plainly see, the instrument used to cut this glass was held at a 37-degree angle to the left, identifying our culprit as left handed. The case is 4'9" high, therefore the rather dramatic oblong shift in the cut beginning at 23 degrees suggests our thief stands at precisely 5'9" and suffers from arthritis of the knees. Finally, you'll note that the cut glass was removed to the left, therefore our precious pearls were lifted with a right hand and will have been placed in the left-inside pocket of the only man who could possibly have committed this heinous crime... Mayor. Thadeus. Grace. The Third.

Confusion in the crowd, summarized by

MAYOR

What. Are you serious? A 37-degree angle...*what.*

CAPTAIN

Of all the outrageous stunts--

VICTORIA

Do you deny it, Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR

Of course I do!

VICTORIA

Very well. Here's your opportunity, Captain Rickards. Prove me wrong.

The Captain, sooo ready to show her up, turns to the Mayor...who backs away. And just like that, he's cooked.

MAYOR

How *dare you* question my integrity before the good people of this city?

Rockefeller knows it. He summons his butler, **FARNSWORTH** (75).

MAYOR

...the people, who elected me in a landslide! Now I'll not have you make any further mockery of this dire situation--

ROCKEFELLER

Farnsworth.

FARNSWORTH

Sir?

ROCKEFELLER

Fetch my checkbook.

Murmurs stop. Everyone is stunned to silence.

FARNSWORTH
Very good sir.

ROCKEFELLER
Captain Rickards, kindly retrieve
my pearls from the *former* mayor's
coat and place him under arrest.

As the Captain reaches for his coat, the Mayor recoils. He
thinks about running, but the police have him cornered.

MAYOR
I'm to have my reputation impeached
by a... a *waitress*?

VICTORIA
Cash, if you don't mind sir.

ROCKEFELLER
(he likes her style)
Fetch my *wallet* then, Farnsworth.
(to the Mayor)
She snared you, Teddy.

MAYOR
Teddy?

The Captain pulls the **PEARL NECKLACE** from the Mayor's coat.
Everyone is shocked...except Victoria and Rockefeller.

ROCKEFELLER
She snared you. I don't know how or
when, certainly it wasn't with this
arthritis nonsense, but she got
you. No one would've listened to a
waitress, so she came up with a
story so outrageous and told it so
confidently that we couldn't resist
proving her wrong. She got you.
(hands her \$200, then \$25 more)
And she did smart business with me.

VICTORIA
Charmed, sir. Next time, Mr. Mayor,
make sure there's no one coming out
of the powder room. Thank you, ladies
and gentlemen. And good evening.

The Captain walks with her as she unties her apron.

CAPTAIN
Quite a show, miss.

VICTORIA
Saved me at least 50 more jobs like
this. I needed this money.

CAPTAIN

What for?

VICTORIA

I'm afraid I'll be leaving the country in the morning. Otherwise, I might've accepted the dinner date you were about to offer. *Maybe.*

Staying on **the Captain**, watching the crowd part for her.

CAPTAIN

... *Maybe?*

MAYOR (O.S.)

I've been framed! Framed I say!

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - MORNING - TRAVEL MONTAGE

Victoria, on the ramp to a steamship, takes a last look back at New York. Families wave goodbye. There's no one for her.

She narrates in the form of a letter:

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Dear sir: As always, I hope this letter reaches you in good health and high spirits. Unfortunately, my spirits have never been lower. I still haven't heard back from my father. It's been several months now, far too long.

EXT. STEAMSHIP DECK AT SEA - NIGHT - TRAVEL MONTAGE

Victoria takes in the ocean air as she writes her letter...

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

I've decided to go looking for him. Maybe it's an act of foolish desperation. Maybe I'm still haunted by losing my mother without ever having a chance to say goodbye.

EXT. TRANSYLVANIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - TRAVEL MONTAGE

Victoria travels by coach, past rolling hills, still writing.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

But my father is my best friend. My inspiration, my role model... And he's a resilient sort, shockingly clever, even for a mere traveling salesman. I hold great hope that he's still alive.

EXT. THE LUGOSI BOARDING HOME - DUSK (DAY ONE)

A cottage overlooking foggy **TATROV**. A **WINDMILL** stands just across a wheat field. Beyond that, an ominous **GRAVEYARD**.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

His last known location was a small town called Tatrov, situated in the elbow of the Carpathian Mountains of Southeastern Europe. A place called *Transylvania*.

Victoria pays the driver and the coach rolls away, revealing spooky **CASTLE DRACULA** on the mountaintop beyond the city.

BETSY

Miss Harker?

Victoria turns to find her saucy landlady, **BETSY BLUE** (75).

VICTORIA

Betsy?

BETSY

Well it's so good to finally meet you. Come on, your room is all ready.

VICTORIA

Thank you.

BETSY

(taking her bags)

A word of advice, dear: Don't look at that castle too long. Bad luck.

Victoria smirks. *What a cute bumpkin*. She follows Betsy inside, past a sign:

WELCOME TO THE LUGOSI. Rooms Available.

INT. THE LUGOSI BOARDING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Well-aged, focused on a fireplace. A stew cooking in a **cauldron**. Betsy leads Victoria up creaky stairs, rambling...

BETSY

...and it's bad luck to use a needle or scissors on Wednesday, of course Friday is the most suspicious of days, *never bake bread on a Friday*...

INT. THE LUGOSI BOARDING HOME / VICTORIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Small and lonely. Bed, rug, dresser. Victoria immediately rifles through her bag, finds a framed photo of her father.

BETSY

--well I could talk for days, but
I'm sure you're tired, I'll...

VICTORIA

Please, I'm looking for this man.
Jonathan Harker.

BETSY

Oh. No. Haven't seen him.

VICTORIA

Where in town might I ask?

EXT. THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB - DUSK

A pub in the heart of cobblestone-and-gaslamp Tatrov. Victoria frowns at the sign: A wolf's head impaled on a stake.

INT. THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB - NIGHT

A crackling fireplace. Mounted animal heads. The patrons are weary farmers in rags.

Victoria enters to long, cold and discomfoting stares. At the bar, no-nonsense **HANNAH** (30) pours her a whiskey.

VICTORIA

Hello. I wonder if I might--

HANNAH

(pushing her the drink)
Where ya from, miss?

VICTORIA

New York. No thank--okay.

HANNAH

Passing through.

VICTORIA

No. I'm looking--

HANNAH

You should pass through.

VICTORIA

Have I offended you?

HANNAH

Outsiders aren't welcome here. They
cause trouble. Don't like trouble.

VICTORIA

I can make this quick.
(showing her the photo)
Have you seen this man?

HANNAH

I don't recall that face.

Some patrons rubberneck, but none will look Victoria in the eye. One **drunken farmer** sees the picture and takes a nervous gulp: **SAM** (30). He's playing darts with some other men.

As Victoria approaches, Sam feels the looks of the other patrons. There's a curtain of silence thing going on.

SAM

I ain't seen none.

VICTORIA

I think you have.

(to the room)

What's going on here that I don't know about? Please--this is my *father*.

Silence. Sam avoids her, throws a perfect bullseye. Victoria steps in front of his next shot, takes the dart off the wood.

VICTORIA

If I beat you, you'll talk?

SAM

And what when I beat you?

VICTORIA

What's fair?

SAM

50 bani.

Ears go up among the patrons. That's apparently a lot.

VICTORIA

I don't know what that means. Here...do we have a deal?

She sticks her **earrings** into the wood above the field.

SAM

(uncomfortable)

Yeah alright.

VICTORIA

What's the game?

SAM

You throw this thing at that wall...

She throws a perfect bullseye.

VICTORIA

I mean how do you keep score?

All eyes on Sam now. The town's pride on his shoulders.

SAM
What do you drink, lady?

MONTAGE

Victoria and Sam each toss back a shot of whiskey. He throws a bullseye. She throws a bullseye.

More shots. More bullseyes...Sam's remain consistent, but Victoria's shots grow slower and weaker.

Finally, Victoria throws a shot that lands six inches away and barely gouges into the wood. Sam steps up with confidence...and his shot hits broadside, bouncing off.

They plop down, absurdly drunk. Sam feels everyone watching.

VICTORIA
You can keep the ear things, if you just promise...

SAM
I don't want to cheat you, lady. We're not animals here. Well.

He chuckles nervously, looking around for support. Gets none.

VICTORIA
Say it. Then. Say.

SAM
That man, your father, was in here what, a couple times. Few months ago. Askin'...askin' about things he shouldn't'a been askin' about.

VICTORIA
What things? What's so bad about things, asking about things? What're you all so scared of?

SAM
It's... dangerous.

VICTORIA
What's dangerous?

SAM
Your father was asking about... about the Wolf Man.

The place goes quiet. A few people up and leave.

VICTORIA
The... Wolf... Man?
(Sam nods)
What's a 'Wolf' 'Man?'

SAM

Well he's a man. Who turns into a
wolf. When the moon is full.

Victoria pauses. Computes. *And bursts out laughing.*

EXT. THE SLAUGHTERED LAMB / STREETS OF TATROV - NIGHT

Hannah hands Victoria her earrings. She's being kicked out.

HANNAH

We won't be laughed at, miss. Good
folks are dying. Best to go home
now. It's not safe in the dark.

VICTORIA

(drunken giggle)
Or what, I'll meet a Wolf Man?

The door slams in her face.

She takes a few stumble-steps, then figures out which
direction she's heading. It's bright under the stars.

The town is closed up. Lights out. Lonely. One face looking
out a window, hides when it sees her. The **whistling wind**
picks up. Victoria tightens her collar and pushes forward.

Howl.

She freezes. Looks around. Shakes her head. Giggles. Looks
up...to see **the full moon**. She starts again. Faster.

She takes a turn, and finds...**something** down the street,
masked by dark shadows...a dog, maybe, standing over a...

A corpse. Ragdolling, as the **thing** tears into it.

The thing looks up. Sees Victoria. **Growls.**

And...impossibly...it stands on its hind legs.

VICTORIA

(awe and confusion--not glib)
You gotta be kidding me.

The creature steps out of the shadows. This isn't *Twilight's*
plain ol' wolf and it's not a CGI behemoth--this is a man-
shaped beast, trapped in the most horrific mid-transformation
stage from **An American Werewolf in London**. This is

THE WOLF MAN... and he ROARS.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. STREETS OF TATROV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria backs away, rediscovering that she's drunk.

VICTORIA

Shi--

The Wolf Man drops to all fours in pursuit.

She looks side to side--the Spielberg-ian shot we saw on Jonathan in the opening. She's his daughter. To her right:

THE CONSTABLE'S OFFICE

She stumbles for her life, tripping into the door. But it's locked! She smacks, kicks--

VICTORIA

OPEN OPEN OPEN OPEN OPEN--

She backs up and takes a running leap at the window--

INT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

--**smashing** through, onto a desk. It collapses and she crashes into the outer bars of the jail cell. *Ouch*.

From outside: **an approaching roar**. So monstrous that you can feel his vocal cords grinding.

Victoria gets to her feet, sees **the JAIL CELL KEYS** hanging on the wall. She grabs them, careens into the cell, everything hurts, fumbling the keys in the lock, as

The Wolf Man leaps through the window directly at the cell, talons stopping just inches from her face.

She falls backward, slams her head on the cot. The world goes fuzzy on the Wolf Man's hateful face...

BLACKOUT

SPLASH!

INT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - MORNING (DAY TWO)

Victoria rockets to her feet, soaked in water.

VICTORIA

N--no! Oh my God! Why--*why*...

The smiling **CONSTABLE, INSPECTOR G. LESTRADE (32)**, drops a bucket. He's handsome, but an unapologetic mess of a man, unkempt and uncaring, in mutual dislike with the world. Sort of holding onto an English accent, eager to lose it.

He toasts her with his flask and takes a whopper gulp.

LESTRADE

Gotta hand it to you, lady. I've locked up a lot of drunks in this town, but never had one break in and lock themselves up.

VICTORIA

(head is killing her)

Did you ever consider just nudging me awake? Maybe a single, reasonable shout?

LESTRADE

Did you ever consider not breaking my window?

VICTORIA

I was being pursued.

LESTRADE

Pursued.

VICTORIA

Pursued. By...

(sigh)

...by a Wolf Man.

LESTRADE

(oh please)

A Wolf Man. Heard about this at the Lamb, did you? Over drinks?

(she nods)

Where are you from, lady?

VICTORIA

America. New York.

LESTRADE

And you show up here and buy right into the superstitious hokum from the local yokels? Right on the spot?

VICTORIA

No, I didn't buy into any "hokum," not until I saw *it*.

LESTRADE

You saw a *bear*. It's a dry autumn, the bears are coming out of the woods, looking for food. Having an occasional nibble on a farmer. Yokels get to thinking their neighbors are wolf men and start poking each other with pitchforks. Do you have any idea how many pitchforks I've confiscated in the past two months?

He points at a large stack of pitchforks in the corner.

VICTORIA

That many, I imagine. But it wasn't a bear that I saw.

LESTRADE

Says you and all the whiskey I smell on you.

VICTORIA

(sniffs herself
and winces)
If you must know...

LESTRADE

Not at all, actually.

VICTORIA

...I'm in Transylvania looking for my father. I sent several letters to this very office, but
(Lestrade sips from his flask)
I can see why they went unanswered.
(producing the picture)
This is my father. A man in the bar recognized him and said he'd been asking about the Wolf Man.

LESTRADE

And then what, *you* asked about the Wolf Man. So next week your cousin shows up looking for *you*, and hears *you* asked about the Wolf Man. All of this clearly adds up to the undeniable truth of a man transforming into a wolf.

VICTORIA

Are you always this obtuse?

LESTRADE

Always when it's required by logic.

ANXIOUS KNOCKING at the open door heralds the arrival of **IGOR (16)**. He's hunchbacked and mute, walks with a shuffle. Victoria is taken aback--he's an unnerving sight at first, but his cherubic face and gentle disposition win you over.

LESTRADE
What now, Igor?

Igor rakes three fingers across his throat.

LESTRADE
Blimey. Another attack.

EXT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE / STREETS OF TATROV - DAY

Igor hops the porch railing. Victoria and Lestrade trail-- she's suffering her hangover.

LESTRADE
I can handle this from here.

VICTORIA
Nonsense, analyzing crime scenes is my specialty.

LESTRADE
Fancy yourself a detective, then?

VICTORIA
I don't 'fancy myself' anything.

LESTRADE
I'm just wondering how a student of the truth leaps to such an absurd conclusion so quickly. A Wolf Man.

VICTORIA
I told you, I saw it.
(this *fucking* guy)
Don't they have common courtesy where you're from, constable?

Igor looks back: *What's going on with these two?*

LESTRADE
Inspector. And courtesy isn't all that common, miss. Not anywhere.

VICTORIA
(off his accent)
Aren't you English?

LESTRADE
Not anymore.

INT./EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Our trio arrives to a sad crowd from the farming community. Many in tears. They're *all* angry at Lestrade.

LOCAL #1
When are you going to
do something about
this, inspector?

LOCAL #2
We're tired of seeing our
friends torn to bits!

They move away from Igor like he's diseased, allowing him to blaze a trail for Victoria and Lestrade.

LESTRADE
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here now
and I'm on the case. Excuse me.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A slaughter. Blood everywhere. Animals eviscerated. A father broken backwards over a rail. A mother face down, still reaching for a teenager who is tangled up in a ladder, a deep claw mark in his back.

A **TEARY-EYED MAN** lunges at Lestrade:

TEARY-EYED MAN
This is what's happening while you
sit on your ass!

Lestrade deftly puts him in an armlock.

LESTRADE
I appreciate your anger and I share
your concern, but attacking the law
is not a wise course of action.

With all eyes on Lestrade, **Victoria examines the scene uninhibited**. Igor follows. Behind them:

LESTRADE (O.S.)
Now please, all of you, back away
and let me investigate.

LOCAL #3 (O.S.)
Investigate what, new excuses?

Victoria clocks a clean claw-rake on the mother's back. She squints for a good look. Igor hands her a **STEAMPUNK SWISS ARMY KNIFE** and demonstrates how to pop out a **MAGNIFYING GLASS**.

LESTRADE (O.S.)
Investigate a method to solve this
problem rather than argue endlessly
about the cause of it.

She takes a step away from the mother, eyes following the **arc of backspatter blood** onto a low-hanging rafter. There's a **nick in the wood**--clipped by a claw.

LOCAL #3 (O.S.)

You know the cause of it. You just don't want to admit it.

But Igor reclaims her attention by pulling a thin **wire** out of the knife's handle. It clicks gears to a **clockface-type meter** on the handle: it's a **tape measure and protractor**.

LESTRADE (O.S.)

Because I won't get anywhere chasing the theory of a Wolf Man.

LOCAL #1 (O.S.)

What might happen if I shoved a pitchfork up your arse, in *theory*?

Igor hops up and hangs from the rafter with one arm. Victoria hands him the wire and measures the distance to the wound.

LESTRADE (O.S.)

In theory, I'd break all of your fingers except one.

LOCAL #3 (O.S.)

Why not the one?

Victoria notices a faint footstep in the blood, leading away from the mother. She stoops to examine it...

...and Igor gets down beside her, takes the knife and extracts the **magnifying glass** again, rotating the lens to reveal an infrared effect. Victoria watches him with an impressed smile.

LESTRADE (O.S.)

So he can point out to everyone the man who broke his fingers.

MAYOR MARIUS RIEEKAN (33) enters. He's Lando Calrissian: deep-voiced, charming and roguish, a savvy politician with virtue *and* self-interest. He's fed up with Lestrade too.

MARIUS

Alright, enough of this, enough already. Everyone outside.

(the yokels clear out)

How about some consideration for the grieving, Lestrade? Though I suppose I should thank you for leaving your office at all.

(off his breath)

And my God man, whiskey before noon?

LESTRADE

Don't mind if I do.

Lestrade takes a swig from his flask while putting distance between himself and the mayor.

MARIUS

Have you found anything here, or is this going to result in more shrugging dismay?

Lestrade turns to the scene, stifling fury. Before he speaks--

VICTORIA

First and foremost, the attacker had claws with opposable thumbs, which are found neither on a wolf (at Lestrade) or a bear. It was bipedal, but prone to using all fours, and it had incredibly powerful propulsion--it leapt halfway across the barn--clipped the rafter here--to come down with a claw in this woman's back. Then another leap up the ladder to take down the young man.

MARIUS

Bravo. Remarkable insight, from a remarkable woman. I don't believe I've had the pleasure, miss...

Victoria makes fleeting eye contact with Lestrade. She realizes she just humiliated him.

VICTORIA

Harker. Victoria Harker.

MARIUS

(kissing her hand)
Marius Rieekan. Mayor of Tatrov. Already in your debt and eagerly at your service.

Marius casts a hell of a spell. Lestrade swills through this. Even Igor pities him.

VICTORIA

If I might call in that debt, Mr. Mayor--

MARIUS

Marius, please.

VICTORIA

Marius. I'm searching for this man. My father. Have you seen him?

She shows him the picture of Jonathan.

MARIUS

I'm afraid I haven't. But I'll ask around, lend any help I can.

VICTORIA
That would be most appreciated.

MARIUS
The least I can do. In the meantime,
if you can lend any further expertise
to the matter at hand--

LESTRADE
(oh, you're done flirting?)
Is there a matter at hand?

VICTORIA
(for Lestrade's own good)
Rest assured, I've taken up the
matter. My father was interested in
the Wolf Man, therefore so am I.

MARIUS
On behalf of everyone in Tatrov, I
thank you, Miss Harker. Assist her,
Lestrade. Learn something perhaps.

LESTRADE
I'll take notes.

MARIUS
I don't care if it's a Wolf Man or
a panda bear or an over-achieving
frog. Find it, fight it, make it
dead. Understand?

LESTRADE
Resplendently.

MARIUS
Until next time, Miss Harker.

Marius ventures outside, sarcastically repeating
"resplendently" on his way.

Leaving Lestrade, Victoria, and Igor amid the blood and guts.
A tense moment of silence, until Victoria tries to apologize.

VICTORIA
I didn't mean to--

LESTRADE
Son was the first to go, actually.
Mother and father entered as it
happened. Father went on the attack,
ended up like that. It caught the
mother on her way to the son. Nick
in the rafter was a backswing, leap
wasn't that dramatic. That's
backspatter there.

(more)

LESTRADE (cont)

(she's astonished)

If you look closer you'll find that claw had four talons, the foremost left cut was the result of a fold in the fabric. No convincing evidence of an opposable thumb.

VICTORIA

(wow, he's right)

You...you caught all of this from over there? In the middle of--why didn't you say anything?

LESTRADE

No sense embarrassing you.

VICTORIA

(ouch)

Well I didn't tell him I was an eyewitness to the Wolf Man.

LESTRADE

And I didn't tell him how we met.

VICTORIA

Indeed. Well. I suppose I owe you an apology, Inspector.

LESTRADE

None necessary, Victoria. Now then, back to the unfortunate reality of the actual evidence, *the bear* didn't in fact follow the boy into the barn, it was already here when he came upon it. In this area.

VICTORIA

That area? How can you tell?

LESTRADE

Detection. Little hobby of detectives.

He steps over an eviscerated cow to the back of its stall, takes note of **SCATTERED HAY**.

VICTORIA

But what would he be doing *there*?

In the darkness beyond the hay: **A SPARK** and **FLICKERING LIGHT** illuminates **Igor's smiling face**. His knife works as a lighter.

He lowers the light to reveal: **an open plank in the wooden floor**, lid tossed aside.

LESTRADE

Good show, my friend.
 (looking under the plank)
 Indeed. The family kept some
 valuables in here I imagine.
 Ransacked.

VICTORIA

Your bear was a thief?

LESTRADE

No. Only a Wolf Man would steal
 valuables from a barn.
 (off her sigh)
 Or perhaps an over-achieving frog?

VICTORIA

(you're an asshole)
 Well, whichever breed of animal
 we're pursuing, it may not be too
 late to track.
 (she turns to Igor)
 But I'm going to need some help
 from this brilliant fellow.

Igor beams, surprised and delighted, ready for action.

LESTRADE

Igor. He's the only brain in this
 godforsaken hole. Makes sense they'd
 all ignore him.

VICTORIA

Igor...here's what I really need:
 Your magnifying glass, with the
 infrared light, if I had a...

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Igor's home, the windmill between the Lugosi boarding home
 and the graveyard.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

...well. If I had exactly this.

INT. WINDMILL - DAY

IGOR has just put an elaborate pair of **steampunk goggles**
 over Victoria's head. Gears crank on the sides of the goggles,
 generating just enough electric charge to light up the lenses.

VICTORIA

Remarkable.

As she fiddles with the goggles, A BROADER SHOT reveals the marvel that is **Igor's steampunk laboratory**: workbenches, a forge, an anvil, hand-drawn schematics, mannequins garbed with device-laden clothing, piles of inventions.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

'Igor.' An orphan, rejected by society, living in self-imposed isolation. A mere teenager.

Off on his own, **LESTRADE** finds gizmos covering every inch of the place, even the rafters. A small mattress and straw pillow are the only creature comforts. He winces in pity.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

And an unparalleled genius. How I wish you could see his work--simple mechanisms working in concert to conjure technological magic.

As Victoria switches between the goggles' lenses, Lestrade sets off a combination **shovel/jackhammer: BANGBANGBANGBANG**. Igor comes to his rescue.

LESTRADE

Sorry.

VICTORIA

That's it then.

(to Lestrade)

I can track the Wolf Man...and hopefully find out why my father was so interested in him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. DRY FIELD - DAY**

Dead weeds lorded over by eerie scarecrows. Goggles cranking, Victoria studies a dirt path, finding tracks.

Lestrade is looking in the distance, toward the Old City. He already knows what she's about to discover:

VICTORIA
That direction. Decidedly.

LESTRADE
Lead the way.

She keeps her head low, like a bloodhound.

VICTORIA
You haven't been here long, have you, Inspector?

LESTRADE
The better part of two months, Victoria.

VICTORIA
Sent by the Scotland Yard? An Inspector in a Constable's role, sporting some cockney?

LESTRADE
Quite the detective you are.

VICTORIA
Banished, then?
(he eyes her)
I can only imagine you're as well-liked in England as you are here.

LESTRADE
Do I strike you as the sort of person that wants to be liked?

VICTORIA
Suppose not. You are quite practiced at being a git.

LESTRADE
So you *can* find proper evidence. Stop here.

VICTORIA
Why, the path is--

LESTRADE
--leading to danger.

He rearranges the lenses on her goggles.

VICTORIA
--stop it--

VICTORIA'S POV switches to A BINOCULAR VIEW:

THE OLD CITY, the desiccated husk of a once-magnificent 15th century fortified church. The stone curtain wall has multiple breaches, the structures beyond are scorched and devastated.

LESTRADE
The Old City.

VICTORIA
What is that, a castle?

LESTRADE
A fortified church, the original
Tatrov. Pillaged by Vlad the Impaler
in the 1400's.

Entering flashback, camera **RUSHES FORWARD**, into:

EXT. THE OLD CITY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1456

The vibrant fortress in the midst of falling to invaders.

POV: WE'RE RACING THROUGH THE CHAOS

crossing the **breached gate**, past **local militia** losing violent battles against **warriors in blood-red armor**. Raging **fires**.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
Ten thousand men, women and children
slaughtered. Just in Tatrov. Across
all of Transylvania, his army killed
over a hundred thousand.

We come up behind the madman himself: **VLAD THE IMPALER**, in **blood red armor**, sculpted wings spread over his shoulders.

Vlad turns toward us, **but his features are obscured by his helmet**, the twisted visage of a bat. Huge fangs.

LESTRADE (V.O.)
The Szgany gypsies were just slaves
of the Transylvanians, but Vlad
showed them no mercy. He had them
put their masters upon his stakes,
then their own families, and finally
each other. Only a few of the women
and children escaped.

On his signal, traumatized **SZGANY GYPSY SLAVES** pull ropes to upright **twin 10' tall stakes with living victims upon them.**

One of the **slaves** steals a look at:

THE TOP OF A STONE CURTAIN WALL

where an escaping **SZGANY WOMAN** meets his weeping eyes, then peers over the outside ledge, braces herself and **DROPS HER INFANT CHILD THIRTY FEET** to five Szgany women waiting below.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

All this time, hundreds of years,
nobody stepped foot in the Old City.
Folks claimed they could still hear
the screams of Vlad's victims. His
stakes still stand in the town
square, even to this day.

The woman's reverse shot, an overview of the entire city:
THOUSANDS OF STAKES many of the impaled still screaming.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OLD CITY / FRONT ROW - PRESENT DAY

The Old City is now a ramshackle shanty-and-tent town. We come in from the South--on our right is the **FRONT ROW:** a carnival of entertainment, rigged games, food and traders.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

Just ten years ago, the Szgany
returned. Planted roots right on
top of their ancestors' ashes. Didn't
even take down the stakes. All the
landowners are dead, so they claimed
sovereignty, set-up this Devil's
playground.

It culminates at the entrance to the **RED LIGHT DISTRICT**, an inlet path to more discreet tents. That ends at a standing bastion serving as an opium den.

LESTRADE (V.O.)

The yokels couldn't spend their
money fast enough. But they also
love their superstitions. Rumors
spread that the Szgany were brewing
black magic, casting spells, drying
up the river, making your Wolf Man.

We meet up with **LESTRADE AND VICTORIA** as they approach the North corner of the carnival, near the mouth of the Red Light District. She's still wearing the goggles.

LESTRADE

They say they're only here because they want revenge. *Revenge*. 400 years later.

VICTORIA

Revenge? Upon whom? Vlad the Impaler? I imagine he's been dead a while?

LESTRADE

They say he's still alive. A sort of ghoul, I don't know. Living *there*.

Lestrade nods her toward **CASTLE DRACULA**, practically hovering above the Old City from its mountaintop. We won't refer to it by name just yet. Victoria removes her goggles.

VICTORIA

In that castle? Have you looked?

LESTRADE

First day on the job, our good mayor warned me off. Don't speak of it, he said, don't even look at it in front of the yokels. The Szgany said they'd feed me to their dogs if they saw me on the path. First words out of their mouth.

VICTORIA

Quite a greeting.

LESTRADE

The castle, the Old City, all of it's beyond my say. This carnival is safe--they don't want to frighten their customers. But don't let them fool you--I grew up in the slums of East London and I've walked patrol in the Isle of Dogs, and I've never met a more dangerous people than the Szgany.

VICTORIA

(looking around the market)
I see old women scraping by.

LESTRADE

A veneer. They're a society of thugs. None moreso than this one...

He nods her toward a woman patrolling the pit behind the stalls. This is **CORIANDER** (23), a stunning gypsy prone to strong emotions, with a highly expressive face to match. Hard to tell if she's trying to conceal a touch of humanity or laying a trap with empathic precision.

LESTRADE

Coriander. She's their champion,
they call her *diavol*.

VICTORIA

She's no older than me.

LESTRADE

Their women are in charge. Men are
slaves. Look at her boyfriend there,
you could fit his brain in his toe.

He's **RUX** (30), wolfish and expressionless, sitting by as
Coriander patrols the pit behind the front row.

LESTRADE

There is one bloke though, older
man--they don't speak of him, but
I've seen him back there. If I'm
not mistaken, he's the king bee.

CORIANDER DISCOVERS THEM and approaches. They're too busy
with each other to notice.

VICTORIA

Well, the Wolf Man's trail leads
here, and since the crime began in
your jurisdiction--

LESTRADE

What 'my jurisdiction,' you think I
should just walk up and accuse them
of harboring a mythological creature?--

CORIANDER

Inspector Lestrade. Only two months
in Transylvania and already you
have made a friend.

VICTORIA

No, he's still looking for his first.

LESTRADE

Coriander of the Szgany, Victoria
Harker. Of America.

CORIANDER

So far from home.

VICTORIA

Looking for someone.

CORIANDER

In the wrong place, I imagine.

VICTORIA

My father. Have you seen him?

Victoria earnestly holds up her photo. Coriander smirks at her naiveté, but she looks at it. As she does:

VICTORIA CLOCKS A YOUNG GYPSY MAN LOOKING AT HER from further inside the Old City. He's carrying a stack of hay on his shoulder--but her face has frozen him. He **recognizes** her. Others are approaching him, so he hurries away.

CORIANDEr

I have not seen this man.

VICTORIA

Well. Thank you.

(speeding up)

Thank you. Well, I don't want to take up any more of your time, Inspector. You have a job to do.

LESTRADE

(*what are you up to?*)

Off to cause more trouble, then?

VICTORIA

(stifling the urge to argue)

No, I'm not off--alright, bye now.

Victoria wanders into the foot traffic toward to Tatrov, not sure which way to go. Coriander is baffled by this simpleton.

CORIANDEr

Are all Americans like her?

LESTRADE

Makes me wonder how we lost their continent.

CORIANDEr

I can see how.

(he stifles a smile)

You were told to stay away from here, Lestrade. Constables do not survive long in Transylvania.

LESTRADE

I've said my Hail Marys. I'm not looking for a row, but this beast has taken a nibble on too many--ay!

With Lestrade in mid-sentence, Coriander just walks off into the pit. Rux blocks him from following her.

EXT. FRONT ROW CARNIVAL / SOUTHERN END - DAY

Victoria walks the length of the carnival, eyes down, moving with purpose. She looks back and notices **Coriander** taking position on an overlook. She waits until she's looking away--

Then **darts between tents**, into:

EXT. OLD CITY - DAY

Rain canopies trap the fog and block the sun. Victoria creeps between shacks, fighting through thick spider-webs, trying to circle back toward where she saw that young man. **Clucking chickens, bleating goats, yelling**--it's overload chaos.

Nearby, **Szgany women bark orders at men in Romanian**. Then:

SZGANY WOMAN (O.S.)

Did you hear that? Who's there?

Victoria freezes, holding her breath. She notices the **shanty walls**, where **gory graffiti** details Vlad's atrocities.

Footsteps approach, and she risks moving deeper in. Here the structures are arranged concentrically around **VLAD'S STAKES**--it's a cultural obsession.

She sees **several men carrying hay**--their backs are to her, but any one of them could be her man. She stalks them, moving past an alleyway--

--where **someone grabs her and pulls her in**.

EXT. THE OLD CITY / ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

It's the same man she saw looking at her: **CAL** (23). He shushes her, lets go of her mouth.

CAL

You should not have come here. My family will kill you.

VICTORIA

You know my father.

CAL

No--

VICTORIA

You do. I saw it in your eyes.

CAL

No. I know *you*.

From his pocket, he produces **Jonathan's smashed watch**, with Victoria's photo glued inside the cover.

VICTORIA

That's--how did you get that?

CAL

It was a...a terrible slaughter.
Your father--

VICTORIA
 (flooding)
 No. No.

CAL
 Your father was killed.

VICTORIA
 No. No, he's not dead.

CAL
 Be quiet. They'll hear!

VICTORIA
 (she swallows it)
 Where. Where did you find it?

CAL
 The church. There were so many
 bodies. All...torn apart.

VICTORIA
 (she pulls out the photo)
 Did you see him? Did you see *him*?

CAL
 No, I--I could not look at the faces.
 I looked for *valuables*, jewelry,
 coins, whatever was in reach.

VICTORIA
 I need to see the
 bodies. I need to--

CAL
Quiet!

But it's too late. **A man grabs Cal--**

EXT. THE OLD CITY / FRONT ROW / NORTH CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Coriander hears **Cal shriek in ROMANIAN.**

CORIANDER
 Cal...

She hops up onto a stall roof and **races across the Old City**,
 expertly leaping across shanty rooftops, closing in on:

EXT. THE OLD CITY / ALLEYWAY

FATHER MALTARA (60, think Anthony Quinn) is choking Cal.
 He's the evil stepfather from your worst nightmare, beating
 you while you beg for his love. King of the Szgany, and the
 only male in power. He never speaks English.

Other Szgany watch, draped in fog at the end of the alley--
 scavengers waiting for the kill. **Coriander** pushes past them:

CORIANDER
 No *papi*, no! Please! No! Stop!

Maltara hollers in Cal's face, **spewing Romanian** with Devil-summoning fury. Coriander can't budge his hulking thumbs.

Cal is turning purple. Coriander's desperate eyes find **Victoria** on the ground, recovering from a punch.

She wrenches Victoria's head back, puts a knife to her throat.

CORIANDER

<Papi! She is an intruder! She came on her own! Please, let him go.>

FATHER MALTARA

<Quiet, diavol. Your brother is a traitor.>

CORIANDER

<She is but a worthless American!>

Maltara looks at Victoria with curiosity, watches as **Victoria** **throws a vicious elbow** at Coriander, freeing herself. His face shifts from recognition to shock...concern...and fear.

Coriander spits blood and flips her knife, moving in for the kill. Victoria squares off, ready to fight.

FATHER MALTARA

<Stop! Leave her be!>

CORIANDER

<What? Why?>

FATHER MALTARA

<Do as I say, diavol! No harm should come to her.>

(to the others)

<No one will touch this girl!>

VICTORIA

What's happening?

CORIANDER

<Let Cal go. Please.>

Maltara violently drops Cal, who sputters back from the verge.

CORIANDER

(to Victoria)

Go. Now. Never return.

VICTORIA

This wasn't his fault--

CORIANDER

Go!

Victoria runs past Maltara, leaving behind the photograph of her father. Maltara's eyes linger on it. Coriander notices.

As Victoria makes her way back through the chaotic Old City--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. TATROV TOWN SQUARE - DAY - LATER**

Victoria approaches **THE MAYOR'S OFFICE**, a stately public building with a corner entrance off the town square, not far from The Slaughtered Lamb. Door open.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Dear sir: It's with great concern that I update you on the search for my father. It seems his watch was found on one of the Wolf Man's victims. My heart still promises me that he's alive, but I won't give up until I find out for sure.

INT. MARIUS' OFFICE - LATER

Marius' office is the 1880's version of an ultra modern metrosexual bachelor pad. His assistant and bodyguard, an Uncle Fester-ish man called **BROWNING**, introduces Victoria.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

You've advised me many times to keep digging until I find the inexorable truth. This time, digging may be the only way to do so.

Marius greets her with a smile. But she's all business.

VICTORIA

The massacre. At the church. I need to see the bodies.

INT./EXT. MARIUS' COACH / ROAD TO THE SCHOLOMANCE - AFTERNOON

Victoria fingers the shattered glass on her father's watch.

MARIUS

That Szgany boy you met, Cal--he's come to me a few times, concerned about what his family is up to. This...voodoo. Black magic.

VICTORIA

He did seem quite afraid of them. Is there anything to it?

MARIUS

They've certainly made a commodity out of fear. But a man transforming into a wolf? At the risk of agreeing with our friend Lestrade, it's bit silly now, isn't it?

VICTORIA

What's silly is closing your mind to possibilities in the face of compelling evidence.

MARIUS

You won't hear me defend Lestrade. Pity, maybe.

VICTORIA

Pity why?

MARIUS

He was a highly-respected detective of the Scotland Yard. One of their very best, working their highest-profile case, Jack the Ripper.

FLASHPOP: A foggy London tunnel. Clean-cut, determined **Lestrade** races in to find a dead prostitute--her neck and face slashed. **A shadowy figure** in a top hat and long coat flees. Lestrade gives chase--and **more pursuers**, wielding gaslamps, enter the tunnel behind him.

VICTORIA

I've heard about it. They call him the "invisible man."

MARIUS

It seems he uncovered something nobody wanted uncovered. Some implications for the--

FLASHPOP: Lestrade emerges from the tunnel into a **dank gutter**. He finds another prostitute fleeing--abandoning a man with a needle in his arm. We discover his face as Marius says

MARIUS

--crown prince. Lestrade put country first and buried whatever the business was. Took the blame for the Ripper getting away as well.

FLASHPOP: Lestrade's eyes tell the prince to *get out of here*. who stumbles off. Lestrade holds up the pursuers at the end of the tunnel, letting him--and Jack the Ripper--escape.

MARIUS

The Yard knew the truth. They might've taken mercy, but instead they banished him. Here.

VICTORIA

That's horrible.

MARIUS

--yet no excuse for a grown man to carry on like a whiskey-soaked warthog. I've lost three constables in the past year. I asked the Yard for a trooper and they sent me a tragedy. Ah, here we are.

EXT. THE SCHOLOMANCE PROMENADE - AFTERNOON

THE SCHOLOMANCE is a sprawling Victorian estate located on a rise above the basin of Tatrov.

MARIUS

Welcome to The Scholomance. One of the most prestigious universities in the world.

VICTORIA

It's...breathtaking.

Marius helps Victoria out of the cab. A few **academics** crisscross as they walk and talk on the lush promenade.

MARIUS

A far cry from the commoners below.

VICTORIA

Indeed. And yet hardly a place to find the dead bodies I seek.

MARIUS

Tatrov couldn't survive without aid from the Scholomance. We sell them the clothes off our backs and the food off our plates. Even our dead bodies, for use as medical cadavers.

VICTORIA

Sounds gruesome.

MARIUS

What's gruesome are the families waiting for their loved ones to die so they can afford a loaf of bread.

VICTORIA

Have you asked for more help?

MARIUS

The headmistress is reclusive. I've only laid eyes on her once. No one else will speak for her. And there's no convincing the rich to care for the poor. They're always too busy celebrating themselves.

He points to a gorgeous **GRAND BALCONY** several stories above.

MARIUS

At the end of each summer, the headmistress hosts a grand masquerade ball, on that balcony. A magical evening beneath the stars.

VICTORIA

I'm sure it's stunning.

MARIUS

This year's ball will be held tomorrow night. There's a lot of handshaking, so I usually attend alone. But I'd gladly shirk my duties if you would accompany me.

VICTORIA

Oh. I... that's a tempting offer, but I'm-- I'm here to find my father. And then I'm afraid I'll be leaving.

MARIUS

Of course. I hope it wasn't inconsiderate of me to ask.

VICTORIA

No. Not at all. And I...if the circumstances were different, I assure you I'd be delighted.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE MEDICAL SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

An austere and foreboding corridor. Mahogany, lifeless antiques, haunting paintings. Intimate classes in session. Large as the school is, it has under 200 students in attendance--each a dangerously talented *enfant terrible*.

VICTORIA

How have I never heard of this place?

MARIUS

Discretion is the design of the headmistress. Enrollment by invitation only. And the terms are...vague.

VICTORIA

The terms?

MARIUS

Many alums stay on, some for their entire lives. It's as much a society as a university. Dangerously talented minds in collaboration, with no obligations... and no...

VICTORIA
Restrictions?

MARIUS
Well. One hopes they're policing
themselves.

He knocks on a door... A voice from beyond yells **Come! Hurry!**

INT. SCHOLOMANCE MEDICAL SCHOOL LABORATORY - CONT.

They enter a mad scientist's man cave: Steampunk engines grinding and whistling, crackling dynamos, vats of odd liquid. This could be the work of only one man:

FRANKENSTEIN
Watch this!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (24) throws a switch and **ZRAAK ZRAAK** sparks shoot through wires **ZZASH ZZASH** crisscrossed around the room, culminating in giant bulbs **WOWW WOWW** then--

CCCCRACKKKING on a forked rod attached to a human-shaped *something* on a gurney, covered by white cloth.

Victoria and Marius peep out from behind their elbows as--

Frankenstein rips off his goggles and races to the gurney. He has the infectious enthusiasm of someone who lives in their own little musical with no music.

FRANKENSTEIN
That's it! That's it! That's it
that's it that's it!

He yanks back the sheet to reveal **A POTATO** quivering in a pool of conductive goo. His monster's classic neck bolts stick out of either side, connected to the forked rod.

Frankenstein's tragic destiny lies far ahead, but he already has the spark of an ego that supplants the word of God.

FRANKENSTEIN
Yeeeeeeeeessssss!

The potato **EXPLODES**.

In the blink of an eye, Frankenstein vacuums up all of his emotions...except for one. little. quiver. of. rage.

FRANKENSTEIN
My apologies.

Marius is unnerved. Victoria kinda liked it.

MARIUS
Mister Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. Good day.

MARIUS

And to you. Allow me to introduce
Miss Victoria Harker.

FRANKENSTEIN

Miss Harker. A genuine honor. Victor
Frankenstein. Soon to be doctor.
Presently your servant.

VICTORIA

The honor is mine, Mr. Frankenstein.
This is quite an operation.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, well. That potato had it coming.

Victoria laughs... tweaking Marius.

MARIUS

Miss Harker is here regarding a
serious matter.

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, then allow me to withdraw my
unfortunate reference to the potato.

MARIUS

Very good.

FRANKENSTEIN

...and apologize in advance
for any and all mentions
of said potato henceforth.

MARIUS

Alright then.

FRANKENSTEIN

No potatoes more.

Victoria tries to hold back laughter.

MARIUS

The incident. *At the church.*

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. A serious matter indeed.

VICTORIA

I need to see the bodies.

FRANKENSTEIN

See the bodies?

MARIUS

You are responsible for the intake
of medical cadavers, are you not?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. Of course. I am. I--forgive me, Miss Harker, but
(hoping for a weirdish answer)
might I inquire as to why?

VICTORIA

I intend to disprove that my father was one of them.

FRANKENSTEIN

Ah. I'm...sorry. But I'm afraid those bodies were...ill-suited for medical research.

VICTORIA

Mauled, you mean.
(he nods)
And where would they be now?

Surprised by the question, Frankenstein starts to answer--

INT. WINDMILL / IGOR'S WORKSHOP - DUSK

Victoria enters with determined purpose, leading Frankenstein. Igor eagerly greets them.

VICTORIA

Good evening, Igor. Might I borrow another of your inventions?

He nods, and she heads off into the workshop.

VICTORIA

(an afterthought)
Mr. Frankenstein, meet Igor.

Frankenstein is gobsmacked by Igor's steampunk inventions.

FRANKENSTEIN

My...*word*.
(discovering Igor's appearance)
You...are Igor? You created all of these...*masterful* inventions?

Igor smiles. Frankenstein offers him a handshake, too distracted to notice that he's not sure what to do about it.

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, Igor... it is an *honor* to...
(checking a gadget)
does this run on steam, or--*ohmygod*
it's mechanical.

Igor excitedly puts more tech in front of him.

VICTORIA searches for the shovel/jackhammer that Lestrade set off earlier. Behind her, we hear:

FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)
 Could you...could you use this
 technology to make a bone saw?

She returns to the men for a hero shot:

VICTORIA
 Frankenstein, Igor...let's go
 gravedigging.

Off an ominous **THUNDERSTRIKE....**

EXT. KARLOFF'S TEAR CEMETERY - NIGHT - LATER

Pounding rain over a chaotic sea of marble and granite monuments: crying angels, celtic crosses, cracked headstones, eerie mausoleums. Fog creeps through an overgrown gazebo, shifting as if it could take form at any second.

THUD: The shovel falls to the ground. **Victoria, Frankenstein** and **Igor** are exhausted and filthy, surrounded by--

LIGHTNING CRACKS. BELLOWING THUNDER.

--open graves and wooden coffins. The withered corpses are unrecognizable. Frankenstein dwells on one...*too closely*. They have to yell over the weather:

VICTORIA
 Thirteen! That's all of them!
 (so relieved)
 He's not here. He's not here!

FRANKENSTEIN
 How can you be sure?

VICTORIA
 My father was missing his ring
 finger. He's not here!

FRANKENSTEIN
 Then where is he?

VICTORIA
 He was in the church...but he wasn't
 a victim...and he asked about the
 Wolf Man at the pub...I'm left only
 to imagine that my father himself...
my father...is the Wolf Man!

THUNDERSTRIKE.

EXT. TATROV ANTIQUITIES SHOP - NIGHT

BLACKEST NIGHT. TORRENTIAL RAIN. Through the window: a **TIRED OLD MAN** sweeping. **LIGHTNING** makes us squint.

INT. TATROV ANTIQUITIES SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter, his wife closes shop, bitching as usual.

WIFE

--don't miss the corners, you always miss the corners. Dust everywhere.

TIRED OLD MAN

Yes mum.

Pitch black through the window, then **LIGHTNING** illuminates the street for an instant. **THUNDER.** More pregnant darkness.

WIFE

'Yes mum' is all you ever say, but you don't do it right. People won't buy dusty things. Do it right.

TIRED OLD MAN

Yes mum.

WIFE

Yes mum. Yes mum. Say something else for once.

TIRED OLD MAN

How about SHUT THE F--

LIGHTNING reveals **THE WOLF MAN** torpedoing toward him--

SMASH through the window--

WE'RE ON THE WIFE as she screams. **Shatter, crash, roar--**

MOVING BEHIND HER, we find a **CURIO** with an **ORNAMENTAL KNIFE**, its crossguard in the shape of **BATWINGS.**

An offscreen **swipe** and THE WIFE'S BODY PULVERIZES the glass, splattering **blood** on the knife.

EXT. TATROV ANTIQUITIES SHOP - MORNING

Murmuring townsfolk are peering through the smashed window.

INT. TATROV ANTIQUITIES SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lestrade is examining the wife, whose eviscerated body flopped forward onto the counter. He follows her trail to the **CURIO...**

...where that **KNIFE IS MISSING.** The blood around the stand is *smear*ed, not spilled. Odd.

Crunching glass behind him: Victoria arriving.

VICTORIA
Our friend has a taste for
antiquities.

LESTRADE
Either that or the place was looted
after the fact.

VICTORIA
(smelling it on him)
God, how much have you had to drink?

LESTRADE
How much is there?

Victoria notices some of the glass by the front window.

VICTORIA
Something *did* happen after the fact.

LESTRADE
Is there an echo in here?

VICTORIA
After the glass was shattered inward--
two outward exits, there and there.

LESTRADE
Do tell.

VICTORIA
Well have you examined the footsteps?

LESTRADE
Yes, before you stomped on them.

VICTORIA
(looking at the crunched glass)
My apologies.

LESTRADE
No blood trail though. Whatever the
rain didn't wash away, the yokels
splayed about.

As Lestrade turns his attention to the eviscerated **WIFE**,
Victoria works up the courage to say something...

VICTORIA
Inspector... I think... my father
may be the Wolf Man.

LESTRADE
(beat; running out of patience)
And what brought you to this?

She pulls out the watch. He continues examining the scene.

VICTORIA

This watch... it belonged to him. There was a gypsy boy in the Old City, he recognized me, he found this in the church, after the massacre-- it was there, with the victims-- and I checked the bodies, and none of them were my father.

LESTRADE

Those bodies were torn to bits.

VICTORIA

My father is missing his ring finger-- unlike any of the victims.

LESTRADE

So one of them stole the watch from him. Or hell, *bought* it from him.

VICTORIA

(outraged)

He *lost* his finger because he wouldn't surrender his wedding ring to a thief. Do you honestly think--

LESTRADE

--I don't *care*. Your father is *gone*, whatever brand of gone he is, he's gone. And I have work to do.

VICTORIA

(storming out)

You won't solve this case by denying the prevailing evidence, Inspector. I'll find the Wolf Man myself.

LESTRADE

There is no Wolf Man!

VICTORIA

I saw him!

LESTRADE

You were sodding drunk!

VICTORIA

You're *always* drunk!

And he's just fine with that. He takes a swig from his flask and returns to the **horrific slash marks on the wife.**

EXT. TATROV ANTIQUITIES SHOP / TOWN SQUARE / ALLEYWAY

Victoria takes a corner and lets out her emotions, fighting off Lestrade's dismissal of what she needs to be true.

In the nearby **TOWN SQUARE**, she spies:

CORIANDER, flanked by her boyfriend **RUX**, approaching **MARIUS**. Townsfolk rubberneck to listen.

MARIUS

Coriander. To what do I owe the--

CORIANDER

Let's not talk pleasantries while
(to the eavesdroppers too)
your eyes cast me like a stain upon
your cobblestone.

The mayor's bodyguard, **BROWNING**, emerges from the crowd.

MARIUS

(charming, but insulting)
Well then. To things best left
unsaid. What can I do for you?

CORIANDER

My brother has wandered again, and
our patience wears thin. If you're
harboring him, no bodyguard will
protect you.

IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY:

VICTORIA sees **CAL** in a shrouding cloak. She stealthily makes it across the street, reaches him and finds deep purple bruising on his neck.

MARIUS (O.S.)

I have no idea where
he is. And I'll not be
held accountable when
you can't keep your
pets leashed. Now since
we're in the business
of issuing threats,
perhaps it's best you
returned home before
we really do put stains
upon the cobblestone.

VICTORIA

Cal--are you okay?

CAL

I cannot let them find me
here. But this bloodshed
has to be stopped. A
terrible battle is soon to
unfold, and my family will
forsake every stitch of
their humanity to win it.

BACK IN THE TOWN SQUARE: CORIANDER runs a knife through her palm, spilling blood on the street. Marius isn't impressed.

CORIANDER

Our blood is spilled fearlessly.

She flings drops on his coat. He smiles as she walks off...

As Coriander passes their alley, **CAL** turns his back to hide, shielding Victoria with his cloak.

VICTORIA
What's this battle for?

CAL
Power. Horrific power I do not yet understand. But my cause now is to save innocent lives. You must convince your father to stand down.

VICTORIA
What?

CAL
His crusade is standing in the way of my family. Interfering in their plans. But it will serve only to prolong their carnage.

VICTORIA
*What? Why would he--
what crusade?*

CAL
Promise me you will stop him. You must find a way.

VICTORIA
How can I find him?

CAL
He will be at the Scholomance tonight. At the Masquerade Ball.

VICTORIA
How--how do you know that?

CAL
I cannot say. And I must get back. Make him stop. And there will be no more innocent blood shed.

He gives her a shimmering **SILVER KNIFE**, and holds her hand for an extended moment.

CAL
If the wolf attacks you, protect yourself with this. It is the only thing that will kill him.
(he kisses her cheek)
I hope to see you again.

He dons his hood and leaves her, surprised but determined.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. SCHOLOMANCE FORMAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Fashionable guests arrive by coach, met at the door by masked ushers checking invitations. The party is already underway on the balcony above.

Victoria arrives in a middling gown representing the best thing she had. Scoping out the entrance, considering a way in, she's surprised by:

JEKYLL (O.S.)

Miss Harker?

Dapper, distinguished and brilliant, **DR. HENRY JEKYL** (35) melts the camera with his charm (and his caped tuxedo).

JEKYLL

Dr. Henry Jekyll. Master of Medicine here at the Scholomance. Allow me to extend a most enthusiastic welcome, on behalf of our headmistress.

VICTORIA

Headmistress--are you--are you sure you have the right person?

JEKYLL

Miss Victoria Harker from New York.

He delicately takes her hand and leads her past the line.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE BALLROOM FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A carpeted grand stairway. Haunting statues and artwork.

VICTORIA

I don't--I've never met the headmistress.

JEKYLL

Very few have. But word travels. She's quite impressed by you.

VICTORIA

Well. Tell her it's mutual.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A majestic display of marble and red velvet, gothic romance at its finest. Masked guests dancing under the stars, reveling in their aristocracy from a balcony overlooking working-class Tatrov and the ghetto of the Old City.

JEKYLL

Decadent, I know. But we believe in keeping up appearances. It's always safer behind a mask, isn't it?

From his cloak, he produces a **WOLF MASK**.

JEKYLL

May I?

Victoria nods, still uncertain, as he puts it on her head. Then he dons his own mask: dual faces side by side.

JEKYLL

There we are. Free to be our true selves, perhaps. To speak from an honest platform between our projected proprieties and entombed terrors. Shall we?

She scans the crowd as he leads her to the dance floor.

VICTORIA

You're quite charming, Dr. Jekyll.

JEKYLL

As are you, Miss Harker.

VICTORIA

I imagine you usually get away with speaking in riddles.

She studies the crowd, looking for father.

JEKYLL

My field is psychology, pressing the boundaries of the human mind. I have little use for sentiments that require no imagination.

VICTORIA

Yeah. Well, I'm more of a direct route kind of girl.

LESTRADE (O.S.)

Pardon me, may I cut in?

Lestrade smiles beneath a jester's half-mask.

VICTORIA

Oh please don't.

JEKYLL

Alas, just when it was shaping up as a challenge. Miss Harker, shall we continue this another time?

VICTORIA
Certainly.

Lestrade takes over, and Victoria keeps scanning.

LESTRADE
Evening, Victoria.

VICTORIA
And to what do I owe this pleasure?

LESTRADE
Just wanted to piss *him* off.

Lestrade nods to **MARIUS**, watching from across the ball. He tips his cap. Victoria awkwardly smiles in return.

VICTORIA
I'll add pettiness to the list of your inadequacies. What are you even doing here?

LESTRADE
Requested by our good mayor. For security measures.

VICTORIA
Security? And he chose *you?*

LESTRADE
Guards at the southeast entrance have been compromised.

VICTORIA
'Compromised?'

LESTRADE
They're hallucinating. Dosed with Deadly Nightshade, a readily available herb here. Has to be the Szgany. It's an old carnival trick, it's swept into the tent to elevate the effect of freakshows.

VICTORIA
Clever tact for stealth entry--from a distance one wouldn't notice the guards acting strangely. To what end--picking pockets? Big fish here.

LESTRADE
Same fish that frequent their opium dens. They're too shrewd for that. Why are *you* here?

VICTORIA
To... find...

Victoria trails off... astonished... as she sees...

A MAN LOOKING AT HER FROM THE GALLERY ABOVE

He's wearing a dark mask. Hard to be sure, but is it

VICTORIA

Dad?

Lestrade turns, squints--**as do OTHER MASKED REVELERS positioned around the ball.** Lestrade sees them:

LESTRADE

Szgany.

THE MAN STEPS BACK, lost in the crowd. **Szgany heads turns to**

MASKED CORIANDER, across the gallery. She **POINTS TOWARD THE MAN,** activating her minions.

The Szgany, Lestrade, and Victoria all pursue.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE GRAND STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Making their way up, weaving through a dense crowd...

LESTRADE

Stay here--

LESTRADE

I have to stop the Szgany.

VICTORIA

I have to find my father.

VICTORIA

The Szgany will kill him!

LESTRADE

(not sold on the father thing)
The Szgany will kill *you*. Stay here.

Lestrade slows as he clocks a Szgany thug waiting for him.

Victoria peels off behind other guests, grabs a champagne bottle, gets behind the thug and **smashes him on the head.**

Heads turn. Lestrade removes his mask.

LESTRADE

(to the guests)
Not a problem. Enjoy your evening.

Victoria races off, deeper into the halls. Lestrade pursues.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE FORMAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Red velvet and mahogany. Priceless artwork. Spacious seating. Guests lingering, laughing, drinking.

Victoria runs through, nimbly dodging partygoers. Lestrade lays waste like a bowling ball.

They come to a "T." The place is a maze. To the left: Men smoking cigars. To the right, a couple necking.

VICTORIA
You go right.

LESTRADE
You go *nowhere*--

Victoria goes left. Lestrade goes right.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ANTECHAMBER - WITH VICTORIA

It's dark: the wall-mounted candles have been extinguished. The partygoers are behind her. This is a private area.

Tuxedoed guards lay on the floor, throats slit.

Victoria whips out **Cal's knife**.

She comes upon a stairwell leading up...

INT. SCHOLOMANCE HALLWAY OFF A KITCHEN - WITH LESTRADE

Lestrade plays chicken with FOOD SERVERS, not a nimble bone in his body. Readies his gun, and keeps going to:

INT. SCHOLOMANCE DARKENED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dark, candles out. He takes a few careful steps--

A KNIFE SIZZLES FROM THE DARKNESS, knocking his gun away.

Then **CORIANDER** blows dust in his face. He stumbles backward.

LESTRADE
Oh... not the... Nightshade...

HIS POV: Wobbly. Coriander's face shifts in the darkness.

With a **masterstroke whip-swipe from another knife**, she slices a delicate nick in his neck. He falls on his ass.

CORIANDER
Stay out of our way, Lestrade.

Coriander **retreats into the darkness**.

LESTRADE
Let's have a fair fight next time,
then! *Blimey*...

As he fumbles for his gun...

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ARCANE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Wispy starlight through billowing curtains, falling on a dense, mazelike library. More **dead guards** at the entrance.

Victoria follows the hiss to a **heavy vault door**, burned open, hinges still sizzling with acid. So dark. **She peers INSIDE...**

Glass cases, sealed boxes, podiums with books... but what stands out to her is a **SUIT OF ARMOR...**the same bat-adorned armor we saw Vlad the Impaler wearing in the battle of Tatrov.

...but a masked man **approaches her from behind...**

She senses her stalker, spins and pushes him into a bookcase, her knife to his throat.

JONATHAN

It's Daddy. Vicki. It's me.

Off Victoria's shock...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. SCHOLOMANCE ARCANES LIBRARY / VAULT - CONTINUOUS**

She hugs him tight, tears flowing. He's broken up too--but not for the same reason. Having her here is a catastrophe.

VICTORIA

Dad. Oh Dad--I *knew* you were alive.

JONATHAN

Vicki...you have to get out of here.
Why--why did you come?

VICTORIA

I--I couldn't just
give up on you. What
are you--

JONATHAN

You can't be here, honey.
You have to leave.

VICTORIA

No, Dad--let me help you. Whatever
this is, we can find some--

Jonathan bends down on one knee, stuffing **something from the vault** into his shoulder satchel. It's too dark to see.

JONATHAN

We're running out of time. You need
to leave, hide, get somewhere safe.
Please--just leave Transylvania.

VICTORIA

What--what are you
doing?

JONATHAN

It's too much to explain,
Victoria. But I *have* to do
it. Please believe me,
it's all for you.

He takes her hand and they race into the library proper.

VICTORIA

Dad, no--please--let me help you!

JONATHAN

You can't get mixed up in this--
Vicki, I'm not who you think I am...

VICTORIA

I don't care, you're still my father--

Is he about to tell her otherwise? Seems like he might...

But he's distracted by the view from the magnificent windows:
The **FULL MOON** breaking above **Castle Dracula**.

JONATHAN

Oh no.

VICTORIA

Dad...?

He turns to her in the moonlight, a sickened look...

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Lestrade has retrieved his gun, but his progress back toward the party has been slow. He hears a **HOWL**....

INT. SCHOLOMANCE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marius turns, hearing the **HOWL**....

INT. SCHOLOMANCE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Ransacking a room, Coriander hears the **HOWL**. Follows it...

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ARCANE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

On VICTORIA, astonished. **Hearing the howl**...we pull back... to JONATHAN, not transforming.

JONATHAN

We're out of time.

VICTORIA

You're...you're not the Wolf Man?
Then...who *is*?

INT. SCHOLOMANCE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

AN AGONIZED SCREAM. Confused heads turn, ultimately finding

A MASKED MAN, on his knees, writhing in pain. **HAIR GROWS. CLAWS STRETCH. SHOULDERS SPREAD.** The half-mask breaks as his **SNOUT SHIFTS. BLOOD SEEPS FROM HIS GUMS** as his **TEETH EXTEND.**

Annnnd cue **the stampede**. Partygoers flee, making way for

THE WOLF MAN, who turns with purpose toward the staircase.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ARCANE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan takes Victoria by the hand.

JONATHAN

He's coming for me.

VICTORIA

What?

JONATHAN

Run, honey!

VICTORIA

Why is he coming for you?

INT. SCHOLOMANCE GRAND STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The Wolf Man lopes up the stairs--

--and takes a **POWERFUL WALLOP** from a **MARBLE STANCHION**. He tumbles backward, rolls, snarls--

at **MARIUS**, wielding the stanchion, realizing he's in shit as **the Wolf Man lunges at him--**

LESTRADE turns the corner

...sees **SOMETHING BLACK AND BLURRY**...mauling someone...

HE SHOOTS: BANG BANG. The *something* rolls off its victim, magnetically back onto its feet. It comes at Lestrade:

BANG BANG BANG BANG

--and stumbles away--*enough of that shit*. As Lestrade squints, **finally realizing this is no bear**, the Wolf Man flees up the stairs, toward:

INT. SCHOLOMANCE OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

A wide reading room with vista windows. Jonathan slams the wooden door, barricades it with a bookcase, a table, *whatever--*

VICTORIA

Why is he coming for you? Dad!

JONATHAN

He's coming for *this*.

(his shoulder bag)

They're using him as a bloodhound.

HOWL. Closing in.

VICTORIA

What? What is it?

JONATHAN

It's...a--an artifact. The gypsies, they're using him to seek out items of power for their black magic.

VICTORIA

Black magic... Dad-- How did-- What are you doing here?

JONATHAN

Protecting you, Vicki. Everything I've done, Everything I've *sacrificed*, it was all to protect you. To keep you away from this.

INT. SCHOLOMANCE ARCAINE LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The Wolf Man rockets past the windows, closing in on:

INT. SCHOLOMANCE OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan holds her shoulders, desperate to intone:

JONATHAN

Vicki, listen to me. You have to leave Transylvania. As soon as you can, tonight. I want you to hide, change your name, forget this place, forget *me*--

SLAM! They both flinch. The door splinters...

VICTORIA

Come with me--

JONATHAN

I--I can't. Gah, you were never supposed to come here--

VICTORIA

I couldn't just leave you. Please--

SLAM! His claw rakes through...

Jonathan moves her against the wall furthest from the door.

JONATHAN

We're running out of time. When that door comes down, he's going to come after *me*.

(his shoulder bag)

After *this*.

(**SLAM!**)

As soon as he does, you run for it.

VICTORIA

Wait--this will kill him.

She gives him **Cal's knife**. He kisses her cheek.

JONATHAN

Promise me. Promise me you'll run.

She nods, fighting back tears.

SLAM! The bookcases fall, the desk screeches. Jonathan backs against the far wall. They're at a triangle with the door.

CRASH! And he's through--

JONATHAN

I love you, Victoria.

Jonathan hoists the item from his bag, showing it to the Wolf Man: **AN AGE-WORN BRONZE CHALICE** forged with intricate **bat wings** around its stem. Scorched, stained and dinged.

THE WOLF MAN looks at it hungrily...

...then turns toward Victoria. What. The. Fuck.

JONATHAN

... Dear lord. *It knows--*

The Wolf Man launches toward her. There's no escape. He smashes down, pinning her, blood-soaked teeth so close--

JONATHAN comes at him with the knife--

--but the Wolf Man **SENSES IT**, catches his arm and **THEY TAKE EACH OTHER OVER THE BALCONY!**

VICTORIA

No! Noooo!

VICTORIA RUNS TO THE LEDGE: Too foggy to see the ground. Too far to survive.

VICTORIA

Dad!

EXT. SCHOLOMANCE / REAR PROMENADE - NIGHT

Victoria streaks across the promenade, to find

NO BODIES. NEITHER OF THEM.

--she turns, searches, how can this be--

GROWL. She spins and **THE WOLF MAN** leaps from behind a statue--

--she rolls out of the way, eyes landing on **CAL'S KNIFE.**

The Wolf Man slashes at her leg as she **dives**, lays desperate fingers on the **knife**, **spins** from under a **hammering claw--**

--and **stabs him** in the neck. He **YELPS**, falls off her--

She steps away as he shivers, chokes, convulses into a torturous **REVERSE TRANSFORMATION--**

Revealing **CAL.** He reaches out. She takes his hand.

VICTORIA

(stunned)

Cal...

CAL

I'm sorry... I could not tell you...
They... made me...

FROM THE MAIN BALCONY:

Coriander discovers them. She breaks down in anguish.

CORIANDER

Cal! No! Get away from my brother!

She'd jump to her death trying to attack Victoria, but **RUX** drags her away, just as others are starting to notice.

Cal's hand falls from Victoria's, leaving a bloody print.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

The Szgany cursed their own son,
turned him into this monster, a
pawn in their insidious plot,
whatever it may be.

CAL

(weak)

You have to stop them.

VICTORIA

I... I'll try...

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

He'd been trying to keep innocent
people out of his way. He'd wanted
to put an end to the bloodshed.

CAL

Stop them.

He fades away...leaving her stunned and alone. She looks around, so confused...*where is her father?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LUGOSI BOARDING HOME - NIGHT - BEGIN MONTAGE

Victoria looks out over the city, **writing a letter.**

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Yet my father stood in his way--in
the way of all of the Szgany. Why?

EXT. TATROV FROM ABOVE - NIGHT

As **AN OMINOUS, OTHERWORLDY FOG** closes in around the basin.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

What secret is he protecting? And
if he isn't who I thought he was,
then I'm left to wonder...who am I?

INT. SCHOLOMANCE MEDICAL SCHOOL LABORATORY - NIGHT

Frankenstein opens a concealed refrigerator. We stay on his face as he takes a long, determined look... **AT TWO HEADS FLOATING IN JELLY**. His parents, we'll learn.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

It seems that Transylvania holds many secrets. Everyone has them.

EXT. THE OLD CITY - NIGHT

FATHER MALTARA watches over a **funeral pyre** for Cal.

CORIANDER watches him from across the flames. Seething--at the world...*and at him*.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Secrets. Anger. Hatred.

Behind her: the **BATWINGED KNIFE** from the antique shop is stuck in one of Vlad's stakes. **Blood runs from the cut**.

INT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lestrade takes a shot of whiskey, noticing a fog rolling in. He's doodling a sketch: the blurry version of the Wolf Man that he saw. His eyes fall on **CLAW MARKS** on his desk.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Denial. Delusion.

INT. MARIUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marius is at a mirror, bandaging a **vicious bite wound**.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Pain. Fear.

He looks out the window... **to the heavy moon**. And then a **knock at his door**. Covering up, he answers it to find

CORIANDER, teary-eyed. He tries to comfort her, but she attacks him with a kiss, wanting to forget. Clothes shed.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Heat and hunger.

EXT. SCHOLOMANCE BALCONY - NIGHT

Jekyll watches the fog with great concern. He turns to **THE HEADMISTRESS**. Lush red hair falling from beneath her shroud.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

Power I've yet to understand.

EXT. SWEEPING OVER TATROV - NIGHT

As the fog converges, suffocating the city in its grasp.

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

This is a cursed and haunted land,
seemingly a battleground for horrors
beyond the laws of nature and man.
I daresay Transylvania may hold
greater mysteries than even you
have ever encountered. But I won't
abandon my father, no matter what
dark conspiracy he's been drawn
into, no matter what danger we're
to face. As I stare into an uncertain
future, please know it's a great
comfort that I may rely on your
guidance...

BLACKOUT

VICTORIA'S LETTER (V.O.)

...my dearest Sherlock Holmes.

SMASH TO:

INT. ANCIENT STONEWORK STUDY - NIGHT

Flickering candlelight. Dense spider webs. Scurrying mice.

Jonathan sets the **CHALICE** in the center of a **PENTAGRAM**. There are more artifacts on the spokes: **A ROSARY, A CROSS, A DAGGER.**

JONATHAN

The collection is nearly complete.

From **offscreen**: the thundering **CREAK OF A HINGE.**

WE PULL OUT, THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW OF A CASTLE TOWER, revealing the candlelight is in long-darkened

CASTLE DRACULA.

And the wolves bay...

DRACULA (O.S.)

Listen to them. The children of the
night. What music they make.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Indeed, Master Dracula.

END OF PILOT