

DRACULA

"Pilot"

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Flame Ventures  
Playground Entertainment

## TEASER

PITCH BLACKNESS. Somewhere, THUDS like an irregular heartbeat. Then rock CRUMBLES and a pinprick of light appears above. Another THUD, and this time a large chunk of rock falls away, allowing moonlight and fog to spill inside.

MOMENTS LATER, a hand holds a match to the wick of a lamp. Light now rolls across the face of a GERMAN MAN (40s) in 19TH-CENTURY CLOTHES -- the century we find ourselves in. He speaks in GERMAN with ENGLISH SUB-TITLES.

GERMAN MAN

I can't see anything.

His partner, who also speaks GERMAN, lowers himself through the hole in the roof. He wears a long, fur-lined black coat and carries a carpetbag. A wide-brimmed, dented hat that hangs over his eyes and a heavy scarf wrapped around his face hides his identity. For now, let's call him SHADOW-MAN.

SHADOW-MAN

Give me that.

He takes the lamp and turns up the gas. He then waves the brighter light about, revealing a long-sealed--

### **INT. CRYPT - NIGHT**

--that hasn't been violated for centuries except by natural elements like insects and rats. Tangles of roots creep across crumbling MURALS OF GREAT BATTLES and -- CLOSE on the faded painted images -- Turkish soldiers IMPALED upon tall spikes.

And at the far end of the crypt, atop a stone dais, is an enormous iron-reinforced marble SARCOPHAGUS.

The German's eyes glow with a treasure hunter's excitement.

GERMAN MAN

This is it.

Shadow-man holds up a hand: quiet. He's more cautious.

They slowly approach the sarcophagus. Their lamp reveals that it's covered by a MARBLE EFFIGY of a man in armor, limbs TWISTED IN ANGUISH, CLAWED HANDS grasping at life. Further, the effigy's face is frozen in a scream, its open mouth containing FOUR FANGS.

GERMAN MAN (CONT'D)

Brother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shadow-man looks at the German, his eyes full of relief.

SHADOW-MAN  
Finally, after all these years of  
searching...

The German whoops and throws his arms around Shadow-man, who drops his carpetbag at the embrace.

GERMAN MAN  
Should we open it now, or wait  
until morning?

CLOSE on Shadow-man's eyes, something not like joy in them.

SHADOW-MAN  
Now.

We hear the sound of a knife piercing flesh. The German, still hugging him, stiffens.

GERMAN MAN  
Brother?

SHADOW-MAN  
(whispers)  
Did you truly believe I knew not  
what you did?

The German begins shaking his head in terror.

GERMAN MAN  
No, no, they weren't supposed to be  
there. I didn't kno--

Shadow-man pulls a CURVED DAGGER from the German's gut. The German collapses to his knees, hunched forward -- tears and drool dripping from his face.

GERMAN MAN (CONT'D)  
But you and I...we're family.

Shadow-man holds up the lamp, its warm light casting his masked face in dark, ominous shadows.

SHADOW-MAN  
Do not speak to me of family. I  
have none left.

He turns to the sarcophagal effigy and whispers into its ear--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHADOW-MAN (CONT'D)  
For nearly two centuries you have  
slept. How hungry you must be.

He grabs the German by the hair then and, hauling him back to his feet, throws him against the sarcophagus.

GERMAN MAN  
(bawling)  
Forgive me. Forgive me, Broth--

Shadow-man draws his dagger across the German's throat. The German begins to gurgle.

SHADOW-MAN  
(as if intoning a spell)  
The blood is the life.

He guides the German's neck toward the effigy's fanged face--

INSIDE THE EFFIGY'S MOUTH: DARK BLOOD drips onto the fangs and OOZES TOWARD US.

INSIDE THE SARCOPHAGUS: We find the desiccated remains of a human. At least a dozen IRON STAKES impale the corpse from all directions, including one that sticks INTO HIS CHEST.

As drops of blood land on what remains of its lips--

The stakes instantly retract.

Almost as quickly, the body's leathery skin grows flush and supple; RED EYES fill empty sockets; a nose regrows. In other words, in less than three seconds, life or something like it returns to the one and only COUNT DRACULA (late-30s).

His still-grey, reanimating face lunges at the OVERHEAD CAMERA as red eyes and a fang-filled mouth cry out in shock--

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT 1

IRIS OUT ON:

A dance floor filled with beautiful people in magnificent fashions all waltzing to up-tempo music played by a 12-PIECE ORCHESTRA. The "iris," an antiquated silent-film camera trick, is juxtaposed with a modern STEADI-CAM SHOT that will continue unbroken until otherwise noted. We're inside--

**INT. BALLROOM - CARFAX ABBEY - DUSK**

LUCY WESTERNA (early-20s; red hair; manufactured beauty) sweeps by with her DANCE PARTNER. She screams wealth and frivolity in her busty gown; a sexual creature oblivious to how others think of her, she's the Kim Kardashian of her day.

TITLE CARD: "LONDON, 1896"

We follow her around the dance floor, past the orchestra, past PHOTOGRAPHERS with KODAK CAMERAS, past platforms where CAMERAMEN crank away at Lumiere Domitor MOVIE CAMERAS. It's the party of the year, we quickly realize. But when the song finally ends, she pulls away from her partner.

LUCY'S DANCE PARTNER  
Just one more dance, Lucy!

LUCY  
Send more than chocolates to  
impress me and you'll get more than  
one dance, Revere!

As another song begins, Lucy carries us to the CONFECTIONS TABLE, which is covered in towers of desserts. Here waits her best friend MINA MURRAY (early-20s; brunette; girl-next-door beautiful) and Mina's beau JONATHAN HARKER (early-30s; modestly handsome; neatly parted hair). The astute eye will notice Harker's tux is the only used one at the party and Mina's dress, while beautiful, doesn't match modern trends.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
And why aren't you dancing with  
Mina, Jonathan?

Harker indicates Mina with his plate of sweets, as if to say "What do you want me to do?" Mina is mesmerized by the modern upgrades of the house around her.

MINA  
Look, even the chandeliers are  
wired for electricity!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points at chandeliers glowing with electrical light.

LUCY  
How...exciting.

It's not for her, that's clear. Harker, more than familiar with Mina's love of such science, gives her arm a loving, reassuring squeeze: don't worry about her. Asks Lucy--

HARKER  
Have you already tired of Mr. Revere?

LUCY  
Charlie? Oh, he's hardly worth the effort. His father's quite bankrupt, you know.

MINA  
However do you know these things?

LUCY  
I make a point of knowing them.

She begins to point out guests for her friends.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
He's shagging his maid. He's shagging his butler. Who *isn't* she shagging?

She then indicates WENDY MUNRO (26; frumpy and doughy) arguing, teary-eyed, with her HANDSOME DATE (40s).

LUCY (CONT'D)  
That's Wendy Munro, the Earl of Derby's oldest daughter and that delicious-looking man is her fiance. One look at her and you can guess what he's truly after.

The frumpy girl, in tears, defiantly storms out past androgynous-looking twins SIMON and SAIORSE (23; white-gold hair). Simon and Saiorse follow her with their ice-blue eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(shudders)  
The Snodswick Twins. The less you know about them the better.

She spins suddenly, thrusting a finger into Harker's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

And don't you dare put a word of this in print, Jonathan Harker. Last time I took you out with me, half of what I said appeared in that filthy rag of yours.

HARKER

(his mouth full)

We're a legitimate newspaper.

Mina laughs at his mumbled words.

HARKER (CONT'D)

And what about our mysterious host? What do you know about him?

LUCY

Allan Grayson? Only that he's an American industrialist of some variety.

(snobbishly)

The *nouveau*-very-wealthy variety.

Suddenly, she grabs Mina's wrist and smiles girlishly--

LUCY (CONT'D)

Come, Mina. Let's go see if we can find him!

Lucy leads Mina and Harker follows past R.M. RENFIELD (late-30s; glasses; nebbish) -- Carfax Abbey's household manager -- who's trying not to appear frustrated by an overweight, blustery guest named LORD TUMBLEDON (40s).

LORD TUMBLEDON

How can you serve wine like this?! It tastes like vinegar. Here, try it yourself.

He thrusts his glass of wine at Renfield, spilling some of it. Renfield waves away the glass.

RENFIELD

That won't be necessary. Give me a moment and I'll show you down to the wine cellar myself. We'll find something more appropriate.

He walks away, past Mina who smiles politely at him as she follows Harker and Lucy into--

**INT. HALLWAY - CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D**

The walls are covered in very modern IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS by Monet, Renoir, and more. Lucy, endlessly vain, looks at Mina as she fixes her hair and adjusts her bosom in her gown.

LUCY  
How do I look?

MINA  
Lovely, as always.

Lucy smiles widely: of course she does!

LUCY  
Do you think this Grayson could be hideously deformed? I haven't seen a mirror all night.

As she moves off again, Harker gives Mina a "shoot me" look.

Simon and Saiorse pass behind them, on either side of a comically bawling Wendy Munro. Simon's hand is on Wendy's back as Saiorse absently twirls a lock of Wendy's hair.

SIMON  
My name's Simon and this here is my sister Saiorse. Say hello, Saiorse.

SAIORSE  
Hello, Wendy. There's no reason to weep. All lovers have fights.

LUCY  
This way, Mina!

Mina follows Lucy through a door. Harker starts to follow when a hand touches his shoulder. It belongs to a GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN  
Pardon me. Are you Jonathan Harker from the *Inquisitor*?

Harker nods apprehensively, sensing what's about to happen.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
How dare you write such filth about my son?

HARKER  
How dare your son indulge in such filth?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The gentleman begins to fling the contents of his glass at Harker, but Harker grabs his wrist. Glares into the gentleman's eyes.

HARKER (CONT'D)  
Do you really think you're the  
first person to try and throw a  
drink in my face?

The gentleman withers under Harker's glare and backs away. Harker lets go and follows after Mina and Lucy into--

**INT. SITTING ROOM - CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D**

The only light here comes from a LUMIERE BROTHERS SILENT FILM being projected onto a screen for the awed guests like Mina. SIR CLIVE (60s) and the barons LORD DAVENPORT (late-40s) and LORD LAURENT (mid-50s) are among these men and women.

LORD DAVENPORT  
*Motion pictures*, what nonsense! If  
I wanted to see life in action, I'd  
take a stroll through Hyde Park.

SIR CLIVE  
Oh, not Hyde Park. All those  
students protesting the Ottoman  
situation. You'd be mauled.  
(spots Lucy)  
Lucy! It's so wonderful to see you  
again.

LUCY  
You look dashing as always, Sir  
Clive.

She says this sweetly, not flirtatiously. He almost blushes.

SIR CLIVE  
You tease an old man, my dear.

As Lucy moves off, boundless energy driving her forward--

LUCY  
Have you met our host yet?

SIR CLIVE  
Nobody has!

Mina stutter-steps, to enjoy the remarkable technology just a moment longer, before Harker hurries her after Lucy into--

**INT. MAIN HALL - CARFAX ABBEY - CON'T**

Grand staircases sweep down both sides of the three-storey room; between them, glass doors to a terrace. Another ORCHESTRA entertains while more PHOTOGRAPHERS and CAMERAMEN wield Kodak and movie cameras.

Lucy immediately lights up at the sight of another YOUNG SOCIALITE in a garish gown. Hugs her, kisses her cheek.

YOUNG SOCIALITE

Lucy!

LUCY

Genevieve! Wherever did you find that dress? I just *must* have one!

The socialite moves away. Lucy turns to Mina and mutters--

LUCY (CONT'D)

Did you see that? *Ghastly*. I don't know how she had the nerve to leave her house.

Mina laughs politely. Harker's laugh is far more forced. As Lucy moves forward again, he whispers to Mina--

HARKER

I wonder what she thinks of your dress.

MINA

Hush, Jonatha--

Harker suddenly grabs her arm.

HARKER

Look, Mina! The Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER ROBERT CECIL (66; beard) enters with others. Harker is disgusted at the sight.

HARKER (CONT'D)

The country's crumbling around us while those loons in Parliament are clamoring for war in the Near East, and he's here having a *jolly good time*. If the people only knew--

MINA

Don't you ever stop working, darling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He relaxes. Smiles lovingly back at her, knowing she's right.

HARKER

So is this something the wealthy  
do? Skip their own parties?

Outside, the sun drops below the treeline and dusk is replaced by NIGHT. As if on cue, the orchestra goes silent and guests turn in unison toward the left staircase.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

At that, our STEADI-CAM SHOT FINALLY BREAKS. We CUT TO the top of the stairs, where a hand appears on the balustrade. We take in the room looking up at whomever it belongs to.

Mina's eyes open wider and wider still as if in recognition.

Now ALLAN GRAYSON (late-30s; intense eyes; dark hair combed back with pomade) -- THE SAME MAN WHO WAS RESURRECTED IN THE TEASER -- sweeps out an arm and, with movie-star charisma and an AMERICAN ACCENT, announces--

GRAYSON

Welcome to my house! Come freely,  
go safely, and leave something of  
the happiness you bring.

As his guests, including Harker and Lucy, applaud, Mina watches him, confused by some strange sensation.

Grayson starts down the stairs, a hint of strut in his step. He wears, we're able to appreciate now, a dark coat trimmed with violet satin, pinstripe pants, and a pink tie and carnation. Eccentric perhaps, but, like Oscar Wilde, he knows how to pull it off.

He's greeted on the ground floor by Sir Clive, Lord Davenport, and 1896's equivalent of Daphne Guinness -- LADY JAYNE (40; lithe and beautiful; a shock of white in her raven tresses). She understood what "fashion forward" meant nearly a century before the rest of us did.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Lord Davenport, Sir Clive, I'm so  
glad you both could make it. I have  
something very special to show you  
tonight and *can't wait* to see your  
reaction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD DAVENPORT

(smug sarcasm)

It's all we've been able to think about.

GRAYSON

Mm, I expect that's true.

LADY JAYNE

Some of us more so than others.

She says this with both grace and forthright sexuality.

SIR CLIVE

Lady Jayne Wetherby, Mr. Allan Grayson.

GRAYSON

(takes her hand)

Lord Wetherby isn't with us this evening?

LADY JAYNE

Oh, I wouldn't worry about him.

Grayson smiles roguishly and kisses the back of her hand now....then, spinning dramatically, raises both arms--

GRAYSON

My friends, my friends!

The crowd slowly hushes. Mina shakes off her odd feeling, her focus sharpening as she takes Harker's hand.

Grayson moves through the guests as he speaks, smiling at many, shaking the occasional hand. Flirting with the ladies, especially like Lady Jayne.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

When I was a child, my father would tell me stories about the Dark Ages. About a time when learning and culture were eclipsed by barbaric ritual and war. About a time when Europe forgot what it once was and drifted perilously close to oblivion. Over the years, I've come to believe the Dark Ages never actually ended. In fact, the ignorance and fear that drove them has spread across the whole globe. It's infected all of humanity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches Lucy and LOCKS EYES WITH HER. His voice falters--

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Tonight, I...I suggest there's a  
way out...out of the darkness.

So transfixed is he, in fact, that, as Lucy smiles back at him, drowning in his eyes, TIME BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN...

We now realize the person Grayson is actually looking at is MINA, just beyond Lucy who appears almost frozen like everyone else. Mina doesn't understand the strange, disorienting feeling that's also come over her.

And then TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL--

PRIME MINISTER ROBERT CECIL  
Those are all fine words, Mr.  
Grayson. But how do you intend to  
accomplish this herculean feat?

Grayson, recovering gracefully, turns away from Lucy/Mina -- neither Harker nor Lucy having noticed the moment that just passed -- and heartily shakes the Prime Minister's hand.

GRAYSON  
Not in Parliament, Mr. Prime  
Minister. I'd be stuck in committee  
for years!

The crowd laughs. The Prime Minister nods: touche.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
If you'd all follow me outside.

SERVANTS open the terrace doors for him while others begin to hand out LIGHT BULBS to confused guests.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TERRACE - CARFAX ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER**

Guests, including Mina, Harker, and Lucy -- all carrying light bulbs -- have gathered around Grayson. Gas lamps cast a warm, "period" glow across everything.

GRAYSON  
Three months ago, I arrived in  
London with some of the world's  
best scientists. Men with a vision  
of the future. Men determined, like  
me, to see that vision become  
reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

This is what Grayson Energy Company is about. Imagine a London sky free of smoke from coal-burning furnaces. Imagine a London where 300,000 tons of manure no longer daily poisons the air and gets washed into the Thames. Imagine a London where people don't quake after sundown for fear of what *lurks out there* in the dark.

The lamps all go out at once, leaving the terrace almost completely dark. Guests react with murmurs of unease and controlled panic to the theatricality.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

What Edison dismissed as fantasy, what Tesla failed to bring to fruition, I give you tonight.

In the garden below, sparks begin to spit. Then blue electricity crackles and arcs between the arms of a magnificent MACHINE that now thrums with energy.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I give to you...

Renfield has appeared beside him holding a light bulb the size of a fish bowl. Grayson takes the giant bulb and lifts it over his head as it BEGINS TO GLOW.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

*Wireless electrical transmission!*

The guests realize their bulbs are glowing now, too. Some yelp in surprise. A few drop theirs, afraid they'll be burned. The eyes of others boggle.

A WIDER SHOT reveals that the once-dark terrace and yard are now aglow, brightly lit by all those light bulbs.

Mina beams with wonder at hers. Harker looks unimpressed. Lucy ignores hers, making eyes with a SPANISH COUNT.

HARKER

(speaking up)

Come now. It's a conjurer's trick, nothing more!

Mina shrinks with embarrassment at his rudeness. Grayson, however, reacts as if accustomed to hecklers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

Not at all, my friend. It's  
*science.*

MINA

(privately to Harker)  
And it's *brilliant.*

GRAYSON

(having heard her whisper)  
Yes, ma'am, it is.

Mina reacts to that, surprised he heard her at such a distance. He regards her for another beat before returning his attention to the rest of his guests--

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

What I'm talking about here is electricity that's free -- *free!* -- for the taking. The 20th Century is upon us, my friends. The future -- bright, full of promise -- waits for us!

FIREWORKS LAUNCH INTO THE SKY. The crowd, wowed, applaud.

Grayson accepts the adulation with a great smile, even as his eyes search out Mina again.

Mina touches her temple, affected somehow by the gaze.

Lord Davenport looks at his bulb, worried. Sir Clive and Lord Laurent appear as concerned.

SIR CLIVE

Do you think it's possible?

LORD DAVENPORT

If it is, decades of careful planning will be undone.

Mina, Harker, and Lucy walk past these men. Mina looks dizzy now, a little wobbly on her feet.

HARKER

What is it, Mina?

LUCY

Are you flustered? I am. I don't usually go for Americans, but I think I'll make an exception.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKER

Oh, Lucy, shut up already.

Lucy stomps huffily off, shifting her attention to the Spanish count now passing by. Harker guides Mina toward a bench and sits with her.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Here, sit.

MINA

I don't know what came over me.  
Like someone walked over my grave.

Harker rubs her hand lovingly. Mina, meanwhile, lets her gaze drift toward Grayson still enjoying the applause.

CUT TO:

**INT. WINE CELLAR - CARFAX ABBEY - LATER**

Grayson emerges from narrow stairs in the dark wine cellar. Here, Renfield, scribbling in a note pad -- he'll habitually do this -- watches Lord Tumbledon peruse racks of wine with unbridled enthusiasm.

RENFIELD

This is the man I spoke of, sir.

He exchanges a knowing look with Grayson, then starts up the narrow stairs. Tumbledon spins with a bottle in his hand.

LORD TUMBLEDON

I hope you don't mind me pillaging your wine stores. Do you know how rare this '46 Meursault Charmes is? It would taste a lot better than that slop you're serving upstairs.

GRAYSON

Your Lordship, your manners really are atrocious.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND GRAYSON as he growls. Tumbledon, able to see Grayson's face where we cannot, drops the bottle in his hands -- it shatters -- and begins to scream--

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - CARFAX ABBEY - LATER**

CLOSE on a wine glass filled with syrupy, crimson liquid.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Grayson, grinning mischievously, sips Lord Tumbledon's BLOOD as he moves through guests, shaking hands and sharing smiles.

**INT. SMOKING ROOM - CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D**

Grayson enters. Here, Sir Clive and Lords Davenport and Laurent stand together. Snifters, cigars, or pipes in hand.

GRAYSON

Gentlemen!

SIR CLIVE

An impressive demonstration tonight, Mr. Grayson.

GRAYSON

Thank you, Your Lordship. Speaking of which, I've learned your Pandora Industries owns several patents I find *intriguing* -- including one that would greatly accelerate the wide-scale application of my wireless electricity project. I wonder why the company's board isn't making better use of these.

SIR CLIVE

The answer is simple. They belong to us. To do with as we wish.

GRAYSON

Then how much?

LORD LAURENT

How much what?

GRAYSON

How much for Pandora Industries?

LORD DAVENPORT

Offer all you like. I'm confident none of the majority shareholders will do business with you.

Grayson sips his "red wine".

GRAYSON

I really do hope that doesn't turn out to be the case.

His head turns slightly then, sensing something. Behind him, Mina, Harker, and Lucy pass in the--

**INT. HALLWAY - CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D**

Mina looks apologetically at Lucy. Harker at her side.

MINA  
Are you sure you don't mind?

LUCY  
You don't feel well. Of course we  
can go. Besides...

They enter--

**INT. MAIN HALL - CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D**

The room is no less lively than the last time we saw it.

LUCY  
...this party is dead anyway.

CUT TO:

**INT. FOYER - CARFAX ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER**

From across the busy foyer, Grayson watches Mina, Harker, and Lucy wait for coats and wraps. Renfield joins Grayson.

GRAYSON  
Who is that woman, Renfield?

RENFIELD  
I don't know. But the man with her,  
he works at the *Daily Inquisitor*.

GRAYSON  
A journalist?

RENFIELD  
Scandalmonger.

GRAYSON  
(thinks a beat)  
Offer him an interview.

RENFIELD  
I wouldn't think that wise, sir--

GRAYSON  
(snaps in a whisper)  
Just do it!

Renfield nods. Departs, scribbling in his note pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson watches as Harker slips Mina's shawl around her shoulders and Lucy accepts her wrap from a FOOTMAN.

LADY JAYNE (O.S.)

Which one?

Grayson looks sideways. Is surprised to find that Lady Jayne is now standing at his side, watching Mina and Lucy as well.

Mina glances in Grayson's direction now, not having realized he was standing there. The sight of him unsettles her for some inexplicable reason and she turns back to Harker.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)

(slowly smiles)

Ahhh, I see.

Mina, Harker, and Lucy disappear through the front door. Grayson, instantly reverting to his cool, suave persona, turns to Lady Jayne.

GRAYSON

May I offer you a tour of my mansion?

LADY JAYNE

(beat, laughs)

Does that sort of line actually work on American women?

GRAYSON

Much more than you'd ever imagine.

LADY JAYNE

And you Americans wonder why we can't take you seriously.

(leans close, whispers)

Besides, my mansion is twice as large as yours.

She turns and walks back into the party, giving him a casual, over-the-shoulder wave without looking back.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)

I'll give you a tour of it sometime.

Grayson sips blood as he watches her go, intrigued.

CUT TO:

**INT. MINA'S BEDROOM - THE MURRAY HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Lucy's dress drops to the ground as she prepares for bed.

LUCY

Oh, it's so good to be out of that.

She begins to remove her undergarments as well.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You're an angel, Mina. I couldn't have borne going all the way back across town tonight.

Mina speaks from behind a wardrobe screen. Her room is medium-sized and warmly decorated; the Murrays are educated, but firmly ensconced in the middle class.

MINA

Lucy, may I ask you a question?

LUCY

That sounds grim.

She slips on one of Mina's sleeping gowns. One, we guess, much less extravagant than what she's used to wearing.

MINA

Do you...do you think Jonathan's affections have waned? He hasn't asked me to marry him yet.

Lucy drops onto the bed, lies down on her back.

LUCY

You should be glad he hasn't.

MINA

Lucy!

LUCY

He's just so...*safe*. Don't you want passion in your life?

MINA

(defensively)

We have passion!

Lucy doesn't reply immediately. She's watching Mina, still behind the screen, slip a nightgown over her half-naked body. A smile tugs at Lucy's lips before she tears her eyes away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

You haven't even slept with him,  
Mina. What if he's a complete lump?

Mina emerges from behind the screen, laughing.

MINA

If my father overheard you speaking  
like that... You're incorrigible!

LUCY

No, I'm realistic. What you need is  
someone full of life and  
excitement.

(dreamily)

Like Allan Grayson.

MINA

You've never understood Jonathan.  
He is...he's my everything. He  
gives me the strength to be who I  
am, to chase dreams others would  
have asked me to forget. How many  
men would encourage a woman to  
pursue a degree? Cynthia Taylor--

LUCY

The one with that unfortunate eye?

She blinks an eye in a "twitchy" manner. Mina chuckles.

MINA

Yes, her! She asked her husband if  
she could take classes at the  
university, and do you know what he  
said? "If you have so much free  
time, join another bridge club."

Lucy doesn't seem to be paying attention, thoughts elsewhere.

MINA (CONT'D)

What?

LUCY

I was thinking about Grayson again.

Mina sighs. But after a moment, her thoughts drift back to  
Grayson -- and that strange feeling she had -- as well.

CUT TO:

**INT. SIR CLIVE'S CARRIAGE - MOVING - SAME**

En route to his home, Sir Clive tries not to nod off to sleep. An ANIMAL HOWL outside snaps him fully awake.

BACK TO:

**INT. MINA'S BEDROOM - THE MURRAY HOME**

Mina turns and Lucy sits up suddenly, to look at the open window. They've heard the howl, too.

LUCY

What was that?

Crows and then owls join the cacophonous orchestra as Mina and Lucy move toward the window now, disquieted. Outside, a long, DARK CLOUD seems to be undulating across the full moon.

MINA

Are those...?

BACK TO:

**EXT. SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE**

Sir Clive, having just climbed out of his carriage, looks up at the sky (we don't see what he sees) and hisses the last word of Mina's sentence--

SIR CLIVE

*Bats.*

FROM ABOVE: As Sir Clive turns toward his front door, our flying POV dives out of the sky toward him.

Sir Clive reaches for the door knob when an animal's SNARL stops him in his tracks. He slowly turns, nervous.

A BLACK WOLF with YELLOW-RED EYES, its fangs bared, has appeared on the sidewalk.

He spins, reaching for the door knob--

Suddenly, the wolf bounds forward, leaps off lower steps, and tackles Sir Clive so quickly that we barely see the impact.

We hear only SNARLING, GNASHING, RIPPING, and SIR CLIVE'S CRIES. Then -- SPLAT! -- blood splashes across the door.

**END ACT 1**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT 2

FADE IN:

**EXT. SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER prepares a tripod-mounted Kodak to snap a pic. LONDONERS gather around a police cordon, trying to get a peek even as BOBBIES wave them back.

Harker, still wearing his tux from the party, bow tie removed, stands at the back of the crowd. He moves around the outside...until he finds himself stopped by a BOBBIE'S baton.

HARKER

Evening, Frank. How's the wife?

BOBBIE

She's moved in with me brother now.

HARKER

Ahh...well, that will make  
Christmas a bit awkward, won't it?

He holds up a folded bank note, as if this were routine. The bobbie looks right and left, then reaches for the bill--

MOMENTS LATER, Harker crouches next to mangled hedges, studying something out of frame. His shoe, he realizes, has stepped in blood and so he scoots back -- only to bump into INSPECTOR PETTIGREW (40). Pettigrew, an overly serious man who shares history with Harker, is scowling disapprovingly.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Too late. I'm already here, Jim.  
Now be a good mate and tell me  
where the rest of this poor sod is.

Pettigrew sighs. He wants to argue, but is short on energy.

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW

There.

He points to a hedge. A FOOT STICKS OUT OF THE TOP OF IT.

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW (CONT'D)

And over there.

A YOUNG BOBBIE stands from behind the row of greenery with Sir Clive's ARM in hand.

YOUNG BOBBIE

I found 'is other arm!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WILD DOG jumps up out of nowhere and clamps its jaws on the arm's hand. Begins fighting the bobbie for the appendage.

YOUNG BOBBIE (CONT'D)

Let it go, you filthy mongrel!

A GENTLEWOMAN in the crowd feints at this.

The young bobbie kicks the dog. It yelps and runs off.

HARKER

Did his wife do it? Tell me she caught him with a chambermaid and took an axe to him.

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW

No, it wasn't his wife. And it wasn't a lover, husband of a lover, wife of a lover, lover of a lover, or a love child, if that's what you're asking.

HARKER

What happened then?

CUT TO AN ANGLE IN THE CROWD. Someone watches as Pettigrew pulls Harker aside.

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW

It was a wolf. Are you happy now?

BACK TO HARKER AND PETTIGREW. Harker is flummoxed.

HARKER

*A wolf?*

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW

That's what witnesses said.

HARKER

But London doesn't have any wolves.

BACK TO THE ANGLE IN THE CROWD.

INSPECTOR PETTIGREW

We think it might have escaped from the zoo. I have Donaghy over there now, looking into it.

(beat)

Don't print this, Harker. You'll scare the daylights out of people.

BACK TO HARKER, who looks at Pettigrew like he's an idiot.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HARKER

What do you mean, "Don't print this"? Of course I'm going to print *this*. There's a bleeding wolf on the loose.

BACK TO THE ANGLE IN THE CROWD. REVERSE to reveal the harsh, Teutonic face of KRUGER (40s). He wears a thigh-length leather jacket cinched at the waist with a beaded African belt and a rugged hat that might be the same one Shadow-man wore in the teaser. He turns to leave -- and bumps into a man we'll later learn is PROFESSOR ABRAHAM VAN HELSING (50; Dutch accent; lined face full of character).

VAN HELSING

Pardon me.

Kruger, not one for manners, keeps moving. Van Helsing turns to watch him go. Off his face--

CUT TO:

**INT. CELLAR DARK ROOM - CARFAX ABBEY**

CLOSE on a sheet of paper in a tray of chemicals -- lit by red light -- as an image of LORDS DAVENPORT AND LAURENT, taken at Grayson's party, materializes.

Grayson, brow furrowed by heavy thoughts, removes the photo from the tray and hangs it on a line next to a DOZEN OTHER PHOTOS TAKEN AT HIS PARTY -- including the Prime Minister, Harker, and MINA. His eyes lock on this image, spellbound.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON - DAY**

MALE STUDENTS move around the campus.

STUDENT (PRE-LAP)

Do you think such a thing could be possible, Professor Van Helsing?

CUT TO:

**INT. TEACHING THEATER - UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON - SAME**

Van Helsing stands at the front of a 180-degree teaching theater, pondering this question. Behind him, chalkboards are covered in biological sketches and equations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN HELSING

It is an extraordinary claim this  
Mr. Grayson makes, I agree.

On his lectern is a newspaper, open to a photo of Grayson holding his glowing light bulb. Students like BRUCE CAMPBELL (20) and his equally privileged CRONIES have the same paper.

BRUCE CAMPBELL

It must be some sort of illusion.

Seated away from the all-male STUDENTS is the class's lone female student -- MINA, listening intently to Van Helsing.

VAN HELSING

I would not be so certain. Physics is not my area of expertise, but...there are things done today in electrical science that would have been deemed unholy by the very men who discovered electricity -- who would themselves not so long before have been burned as wizards.

BRUCE CAMPBELL

But surely there must be limits to what God intended Man to reach for.

VAN HELSING

That sounds like the sentiment of someone afraid of his own *ignorance*, Mr. Campbell.

Campbell's cronies elbow him and snicker at his "ignorance."

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)

God, in his wisdom, gave us the natural world to explore and inquire into. As God is infinite, so too are the mysteries he gave us to solve.

Mina finds the nerve to speak up, quoting Shakespeare--

MINA

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

VAN HELSING

Miss Murray?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA

I only meant to agree with you, Professor. That there are mysteries that men -- *and women* -- can only guess at. Which age by age they may solve in part.

VAN HELSING

(smiles approvingly)  
Precisely, my child.

Campbell and his cronies laugh at Mina.

MINA

He was mocking you, you moron.

BRUCE CAMBELL

Shouldn't you be at home eating cucumber sandwiches or, I don't know, *perambulating*?

Mina simmers, frustrated that she might never fit into this man's world. Van Helsing notices.

VAN HELSING

There are, I think, more possible impossibilities in this world than we are ready to believe. Consider mesmerism.

He looks expectantly at Mina. After a beat, she realizes--

MINA

Or mediums.

VAN HELSING

Spontaneous human combustion.

MINA

(leans forward, smiling)  
And the Haitian zombies.

Van Helsing nods at her, then addresses the others--

VAN HELSING

My point: the superstitions of yesterday might yet become the science of today.

Campbell and his cronies grouse at such heretical notions.

CUT TO:

**INT. OFFICE - CARFAX ABBEY - DAY**

Grayson enters briskly. Suits of armor stand like columns around the rectangular room. At one end is a large desk and--

GRAYSON

I do apologize for the wait...

He freezes. At the other side of the room, beautiful lounge chairs are set up on either side of a large window -- a window with its curtains currently pulled open. An angular wall of bright SUNLIGHT falls inside next to Harker.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You've opened the curtains.

HARKER

I didn't think you'd mind.

After a hesitant beat, Grayson flashes his charming smile and strides forward.

GRAYSON

Of course not. One gets so used to the smog, the sun's rare appearance shouldn't be taken for granted.

He stops on one side of the light. Another beat, then he reaches his hand INTO THE SUNLIGHT. Harker shakes it.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

It's so good of you to come. Wine?

He quickly turns away then, moving toward a dry bar.

HARKER

It's early...but thank you.

Grayson's hand, we now see, is SMOKING. He's using the pouring of a glass of red wine to hide this.

HARKER (CONT'D)

You should know my editor thinks you're after some sort of puffery.

GRAYSON

A *puff piece*? And why would he think that?

HARKER

Well, I don't exactly get a lot of requests for interviews from those in your, uh, *position*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

The rich?

HARKER

The *privileged*. Usually, they run the other way.

GRAYSON

That's because you stand up for the man on the street. Against a lot of vested interests. The same vested interests who would prefer I return to America.

HARKER

(flattered)

I didn't think anyone had noticed.

GRAYSON

Well, I did. It's precisely why I sought you out.

He holds the wine glass out for Harker, but on his side of the wall of sunlight. Harker has to reach for it.

HARKER

You're not drinking?

GRAYSON

I don't drink. Not *wine*, at least.

He almost smiles at this private joke.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Harker, you're free to ask me anything you'd like.

They sit in chairs on opposite sides of the wall of light.

HARKER

Very well.

He pulls a pencil and note pad from his jacket.

HARKER (CONT'D)

Why England?

GRAYSON

This is the country of my great-grandparents' birth. In that regard, it's a homecoming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKER

It has nothing to do with Edison  
running you out of the States?

Grayson smiles, amused by the adversarial question. Eyes pass  
over the room's decor; antiques collide with modern art.

GRAYSON

Europe speaks to me in a way no  
other place does. We call it the  
Old World for a reason, and yet its  
people search for the *new* wherever  
they can. I understand this  
struggle. I come from an old family  
myself, but my mind is constantly  
fixed on the future. I surround  
myself with things that speak to  
this.

HARKER

You're full of contradictions,  
aren't you?

GRAYSON

(chuckles)

So is the world. This is why I  
wanted to talk to you. We're on the  
precipice of great change. We have  
it in us to redefine our species.

HARKER

You say *species* like we're animals.

GRAYSON

Isn't that what Darwin taught us,  
Harker? But as such, we can evolve.  
That's what I've come here to  
accomplish.

Harker scribbles in his pad: VISIONARY/DELUSIONAL EGOMANIAC?

BACK TO:

**INT. TEACHING THEATER - UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON**

As students shuffle out of the theater, Van Helsing notices  
Mina near the back of the departing bodies.

VAN HELSING

Ah, Miss Murray.

Mina turns. Nervously approaches Van Helsing's lectern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA

Professor.

VAN HELSING

Do not let these *men* scare you off.  
There will be a place for women in  
the sciences, trust this.

MINA

(smiles)

I will. Thank you.

She departs and Van Helsing turns for another door--

**INT. VAN HELSING'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - CONT'D**

Van Helsing locks the door behind him. His office is a repository of SCIENCE and the OCCULT. Towers of old books teeter precariously. Ghoulish tribal masks, ancient imagery of monsters, and jars of preserved specimens clutter shelves. GARLIC CLOVES and DRIED PURPLE FLOWERS hang from the ceiling.

He sets his books on a chest by a microscope and a cylinder phonograph, then drops wearily into his desk chair. Next to a copy of MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL is a photograph of HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN. His eyes lock on this photo for a moment, misting up. There's great pain here.

With great effort, he suppresses his anguish and turns his attention to the newspaper's front page--

CLOSE on the headline's byline: Jonathan Harker. The headline: SIR CLIVE COLLINS ATTACKED BY WOLF. Van Helsing growls angrily--

VAN HELSING

If only.

BACK TO:

**INT. OFFICE - CARFAX ABBEY**

Harker scribbles more notes, captivated by Grayson.

HARKER

You're the prototypical American. A *self-made man*. You came from nothing, a farm in Nebraska. Now look at you! We English aren't nearly as good at advancing our status in life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson studies Harker for a long moment, understanding the implication of what Harker has revealed about himself.

GRAYSON

This wasn't exactly a lifelong dream, was it?

Harker isn't sure what Grayson means.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Being a journalist, Harker.

Harker hesitates, wondering if he should answer. When he decides to, he sets down his pencil and answers slowly.

HARKER

I studied to be a solicitor.

Grayson studies Harker for a beat.

GRAYSON

But things didn't work out.

HARKER

It was for the best. The law turned out not to be for me.

GRAYSON

Still. You're a man of ambition. Women must...how do you English put it? *Fancy* that about you?

Harker downs what's left of his wine.

HARKER

As it happens, I'm engaged. Well, not exactly. But soon, I hope. She - - *Mina*, that is -- she's waited for me, if you can believe it, since she was eight.

GRAYSON

*Mina?*

He smiles at the name, pleased to have discovered it.

HARKER

She finds you terribly impressive. She's a...I guess you'd say *fanatic* for the natural sciences.

Grayson raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HARKER (CONT'D)

She's determined to earn herself a degree. Whatever she'll do with such a thing, I have no idea. She's very modern, as you can imagine.

GRAYSON

And that makes you uncomfortable.

Before Harker can answer, the door opens. Renfield stands in it, note pad in hand.

RENFIELD

Sir, your dinner appointment.

Harker stands immediately. Grayson rises more slowly.

HARKER

I've taken too much of your time.

GRAYSON

Nonsense, we're not through. If you'd like, we could continue our conversation at the Ascot Races tomorrow. You can even bring your Mina.

Harker tries not to look excited.

HARKER

That would be wonderful.

GRAYSON

We'll get to know each other better. I may even be able to help you get things on the right track.

Harker smiles, thrilled by the prospect of such a friendship. Renfield guides him out the door, shutting it behind them. Grayson, now alone, turns toward another set of doors--

**INT. LIBRARY - CARFAX ABBEY - SAME**

Whereas Van Helsing's office is a claustrophobic haven of study, Grayson's library is an immense personal museum of scientific curiosities, artifacts, and artwork. He passes by a large El Bosco-style mural of battlefield impalements, arriving at an enormous, unlit fireplace. He looks up--

GRAYSON

My love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Above the mantle is a 500-year-old portrait of Dracula's long-dead wife ILONA -- except she LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE MINA.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Why return to me now, when I am so close to making them account for what they did to you?

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The crime scene has long been cleaned up.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE - SAME**

No lights on. MOVE IN on a door knob. Something CLICKS and SCRAPES against metal, then the lock's TUMBLER TURNS and CLINK-CLUNKS. The door slowly opens now with a long creak -- revealing Kruger, who stands from picking the lock.

CUT TO:

**INT. PARLOR - SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE - CONT'D**

As Kruger moves into the dark parlor, PULL BACK over clusters of colorful flowers and then the BODY OF SIR CLIVE. Before funeral homes, this is how people were publicly mourned.

Kruger approaches the body. Upon closer inspection, we find Sir Clive has been rebuilt for public viewing. Caked make-up covers stitches and part of the forehead looks like it's been crushed. An ear was sewn back on.

Kruger yanks the body's collar loose, finding a GASHED NECK sewn back together with coarse thread. He probes these wounds with his fingers, indifferent to the gross noises this produces. Worried by what he finds, he opens his coat--

Inside, several LARGE KNIVES, a CROSS, two STAKES, and CLOVES OF GARLIC hang from a rig.

CUT TO him stuffing garlic into Sir Clive's mouth. The jaw bones pop at being forced open.

CUT TO him pounding a stake into Sir Clive's heart, blunting the sound of the hammer striking the stake with a folded piece of fabric. He knows what he's doing.

CUT TO him sawing away at Sir Clive's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, the head comes loose and rolls away, landing O.S. on the floor with a THUD.

Kruger sighs. He hadn't meant to make any noise. But at least his work is done. He turns, bloody knife in hand, and freezes at the sight of--

A GIRL (8) in her bed clothes, standing in the doorway. Confused, frightened. Kruger doesn't know what to say. After several awkward, darkly comic beats--

KRUGER

Years from now, when you think back  
on this night, trust that what was  
done was necessary to preserve your  
papa's soul.

The girl faints.

KRUGER (CONT'D)

Hmph.

Kruger spins his saw-knife in hand, sheathing it in one continuous movement, and walks out -- stepping unemotionally over the girl's body.

**END ACT 2**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT 3

FADE IN:

**EXT. RACE COURSE - ASCOT RACES - DAY**

Jockeys race their horses along a track beneath a slate-grey sky. The leader thunders across the finish line.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRAYSON'S PRIVATE BOX - ASCOT RACES - DAY**

The crowd erupts into cheers and jeers below! Grayson, wearing rose-colored sunglasses, laughs from frustration. He tears up his bet slips and pitches them off the balcony.

In the next box over, seated with friends, is the EARL OF MARLAND (late-40s; a likeable sort whose face we might recognize from Grayson's photographs). He boasts--

EARL OF MARLAND

I told you not to bet against my  
Hyperion Dream, Grayson!

Grayson, the only person in his box, waves a program at Marland, laughing. These are rich men acting rich.

GRAYSON

I'll give you 5,000 pounds for him!

EARL OF MARLAND

(scoffing)

He's only worth 3,000, but 10,000  
wouldn't be enough.

Grayson lets his sunglasses slide down on his nose, looking at Marland with unobstructed eyes. Grins slightly.

GRAYSON

What about 20,000?

Marland's cheer dissipates. Is Grayson serious?

EARL OF MARLAND

I love that horse too much to part  
for something as petty as money.

GRAYSON

(cryptically)

You should never admit to such  
things, John. Attachments could be  
seen as *weaknesses*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He senses something odd and turns -- to find Mina and Harker standing in the doorway, having just arrived. He removes his sunglasses and brandishes a great, winning smile.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Harker! It's so good of you to come.

He greets Harker with a firm hand shake.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

And this exquisite creature must be Mina.

As he reaches for Mina's hand, TIME SLOWS DOWN again for just a moment. Their fingers touch, then the hands gently clasp.

MINA

We appreciate the invitation, Mr. Grayson.

GRAYSON

Allan, please. Come, come, join me.

(waves them in)

Your beau and I had the most stimulating chat yesterday. He's a very smart man, Mina. There are great things ahead for him.

MINA

I've always thought so.

Grayson indicates that she take the seat beside him. Mina instead sits across from him and Harker beside him.

HARKER

Mina, as I told you, is a great admirer of yours.

GRAYSON

(to Mina)

I understand you have a keen mind. Full of questions.

MINA

There are, I think, mysteries in this world that require our attention.

Grayson narrows his eyes, studying her. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

And you wish to be the one to solve them.

MINA

I would not presume.

GRAYSON

Oh, but you should.

As Mina reacts with silent pleasure at this suggestion--

HARKER

Look, Mina, Edelweisses.

On the table between them, a vase of EDELWEISSES FLOWERS. There are more vases of them around the box.

HARKER (CONT'D)

They're her favorite.

GRAYSON

What an odd coincidence, then. I specially requested them.

As Mina draws a stem and smells the flower, Grayson watches her carefully.

MINA

I've never met anyone else who cared for them.

GRAYSON

Someone very dear to me adored them. She was buried beneath a blanket of them.

MINA

Oh. I'm sorry.

Grayson's eyes, we realize, are locked on hers. Harker notices and shifts uncomfortably.

HARKER

Should we perhaps continue the interview now?

GRAYSON

Actually, I was just going to take a walk down to the paddock.

(to Mina)

Would you like to join me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mina looks at Harker: what does he think? Harker nods uneasily, unwilling to jeopardize his gains with Grayson.

MINA  
I would love to.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY**

The majestic seat of the U.K.'s government.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - SAME**

Kruger, dressed in a suit instead of his more rugged attire, passes lawmakers going about their business.

CUT TO:

**INT. ANTECHAMBER - HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Built into one of the walls is a telephone alcove. Kruger steps into this and pulls shut the door. Immediately, a secret back door opens and Kruger steps into--

**INT. ELEVATOR CHAMBER - HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - CONT'D**

It's an octagonal space lined with mirrors. Kruger's reflection casts into infinity around him. With GRINDING OF GEARS, the chamber, an early elevator, begins to descend.

CUT TO:

**INT. TEMPLE - CHAPTERHOUSE - PARLIAMENT UNDERGROUND**

Four men -- each dressed in priestly robes, the sort secret societies love to mass-produce -- stand before a Christian altar and the standard of THE ORDER OF THE DRAGON (a dragon consuming its tail so that it appears like a circle).

Lords Davenport and Laurent are two of these men, as well as the marquess LORD ROTHCRAFT (50s) and the Order's highest-ranking member MR. BROWNING (late-40s; stern face). Together, they are the DRACONIAN HIGH COUNCIL OF ENGLAND.

LORD DAVENPORT  
We need to reach a conclusion about  
how to handle the American.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORD ROTHCRAFT

The Order of the Dragon has spent half a century maneuvering governments and their industries toward the coming war with the Ottomans. We can't let this Grayson meddle with a plan laid out by the Almighty Himself.

LORD LAURENT

Atop Moslem bones we will build a new empire of the Cross that will spread across the globe. Every soul on this planet is at stake.

Mr. Browning takes a moment, brow creased.

MR. BROWNING

We should watch him--

The others aren't happy about that.

MR. BROWNING (CONT'D)

*For now.* Perhaps he might even have a part to play in what's to come.

Somewhere, a BELL TOLLS. The High Council turns as Kruger, now wearing white robes emblazoned with an embroidered dragon wrapped around a cross, enters and kneels.

KRUGER

I inspected the body as instructed. Whatever attacked Sir Clive might have looked like a wolf, but it was not. Nor was it...human.

MR. BROWNING

A vampire then?

KRUGER

The body was brutalized. It is impossible to say for certain.

LORD ROTHCRAFT

This is not a matter where uncertainty can be accepted.

KRUGER

Of course not, Your Eminence. That is why I cut off his head.

Davenport and Laurent look at each other, surprised.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MR. BROWNING

It was necessary. If he was turned,  
at least now he will never rise  
from the dead.

(beat)

The more pressing matter is, if  
this is a vampire, why didn't our  
Seers warn Kruger here about it?  
Isn't that their job?

BACK TO:

**EXT. RACE COURSE - ASCOT RACES**

Another race concludes. Instantaneous applause.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HORSE Paddock - ASCOT RACES - SAME**

As horses cool down after their races, Grayson and Mina  
wander. She can't help keep glancing at the sunglasses, hat,  
and gloves he wears.

They stop on opposite sides of a mare. Mina seems hesitant.

GRAYSON

You want to ask me something.

MINA

Is it that obvious?

They begin stroking the mare, moving around it like moons as  
their conversation continues. Their eyes stay locked on one  
another unless noted. Grayson answers her unspoken question--

GRAYSON

She was my wife.

MINA

I didn't mean to pry.

(beat, apologetically)

Of course I did.

Grayson smiles, but thoughts of the past clearly haunt him.

MINA (CONT'D)

What happened to her?

GRAYSON

It wasn't a natural end, if that's  
what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA

Was she...?

GRAYSON

In a fire. Some...I suppose you'd call them *professional colleagues* disagreed with the way I was conducting my business.

MINA

(horrified)

They murdered her to make a point?

GRAYSON

For a long time, I stopped thinking about her. I had to, to survive. But as of late...

(looks at her)

...I can't get her off my mind.

An awkward silence overtakes them. Then--

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Let's speak of less *gloomy* things. How did you and Harker meet?

At the mention of Harker, Mina brightens.

MINA

His father worked at the asylum with my father.

GRAYSON

Ah. Harker's father was a doctor?

MINA

No. A, uh, custodian.

GRAYSON

No shame in that.

(eyes narrow)

You love him dearly, I can see it.

Mina nods. There's something else, though...

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

But there's something wrong.

MINA

Not with him.

GRAYSON

With you. You're missing something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA

I...

Grayson locks his eyes on her. His hand inches toward hers.

MINA (CONT'D)

I don't know why I'm discussing  
this with you. We hardly know...

She can't find the right words. His finger is almost touching hers. Her fingers splay slightly at the thought.

But then Mina recovers, shaking her head. Breaking eye contact. She steps quickly back from the horse.

MINA (CONT'D)

I must go.

Grayson watches her hurry off, trying not to look anguished.

IN A DISTANT CORNER OF THE PADDOCK, Harker has been watching this exchange.

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - THE SEERS' MANSION - DAY**

Mr. Browning strides toward two doors. This beautiful, French-style mansion -- lots of soft blues and gilt -- is easily a couple centuries old. Great works of classical and Renaissance art line the mirrored walls.

As he reaches for the door knob, the door opens and WENDY MUNRO, the frumpy girl from Grayson's party, steps out wearing nothing but a sheet. She looks like she hasn't slept in days. Nods awkwardly at Mr. Browning.

WENDY MUNRO

You don't know the way out, do you?

Mr. Browning stares at her for several appalled beats. Then points the way he came. Wendy hurries in that direction.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE SEERS' BEDROOM - THE SEERS' MANSION - CONT'D**

Mr. Browning sweeps inside now. The bedroom is dark, great drapes hung over tall windows.

MR. BROWNING

Up! UP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He yanks open the drapes and bright light pours inside, splashing across overturned bottles of champagne, half-finished glasses of Absinthe, and, at the center of the luxurious room, a massive bed on which lie--

The twins, Simon and Saiorse. Half-dressed, tangled together in sheets, their attempt to sleep off a long night interrupted. Simon groans loudly--

SIMON

He screams, he shouts, he barks at us like he would his pets!

SAIORSE

Make him go away!

MR. BROWNING

Not until you tell me what attacked Sir Clive!

Simon rolls onto his back, surrendering to the interrogation. His eyes TURN DEEP PURPLE.

SIMON

It wasn't a vampire, if that's what you're worried about.

MR. BROWNING

Not a vampire?

Saiorse's eyes, NOW DEEP PURPLE as well, blink.

SAIORSE

No, and yes.

SIMON

It's the one that creeps at the corners of our visions.

SAIORSE

The terrible darkness that's coming for your precious Order.

MR. BROWNING

It approaches?

SIMON

No.

MR. BROWNING

Thank God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAIORSE  
*It's already here.*

Mr. Browning reacts with silent panic.

SIMON  
It's powerful.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
It knows how to hide from us.

MR. BROWNING  
Then what? You're saying you cannot help us?!

Saiorse yawns, her eyes suddenly blue again.

SAIORSE  
We'll work on it.

She lays against Simon's chest. His eyes blue again, too.

SIMON  
After we wake up. *Again.*

Off Mr. Browning's deeply worried face--

CUT TO:

**INT. MARQUEE TENTS - ASCOT RACES - NIGHT**

It's a bustling post-races party inside an extravagantly appointed tent. Mina and Harker stand with a group, in the middle of a conversation we can't hear.

REVERSE to a CLOSE-UP of Grayson, watching Mina with a brooding intensity that might pop a blood vessel...if he had any blood in his blood vessels.

LADY JAYNE (O.S.)  
I didn't expect to find you here.

Lady Jayne has joined him, also watching Mina and Harker.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)  
You don't strike me as the equestrian sort.

GRAYSON  
I grew up with horses, actually.

LADY JAYNE  
You ride?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON  
(looks sideways at her)  
Whenever I get the opportunity.

Lady Jayne smiles, pleased.

LADY JAYNE  
Much better, Mr. Grayson. I was  
afraid you might offer me another  
tour.

Meanwhile, Mina has caught sight of Lady Jayne leading Grayson by the hand.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Mina!

Mina's thoughts about Grayson are interrupted as Lucy appears, arms thrown out before embracing her.

HARKER  
(dryly)  
Lucy. It's so good to see you.

Lucy shoots him a smirk. Mina steps back from her hug.

MINA  
I didn't know you were here.

LUCY  
I came with Count Montafia.

The Spanish Count from the Carfax Abbey party smiles from just behind her. A little lost.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
He doesn't speak a word of English,  
but, you know, I don't mind at all.

Mina laughs even as her gaze returns to Grayson...who's gone.

CUT TO:

**INT. CATERING TENT - ASCOT RACES - CONT'D**

CHEFS and SERVERS whirl about as Lady Jayne leads Grayson through them.

LADY JAYNE  
This way.

In a corner, they fall against the tent wall. He kisses her hard even as she pulls him through a tent-flap into another--

**INT. MARQUEE TENT - ASCOT RACES - CON'T**

This one is royally appointed, with beautiful works of art.

LADY JAYNE

There's someone I want to introduce  
you to.

Five or six UPPER-CRUST TYPES mingle with a woman in a simple dark-grey gown, her back to us; she's clearly older, though, and her body has long ago given way to thick curves.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)

This is the industrialist I told  
you about, ma'am.

The older woman turns, a dowdy grace about her. Grayson's eyes widen.

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)

Mr. Grayson, meet Her Royal  
Majesty. *Queen Victoria.*

QUEEN VICTORIA (70s; grey hair) gives Grayson a close-lipped, maybe even playful smile. She knows she's the queen, and she knows what impact her presence has on others.

Off Grayson's intrigued face--

**END ACT 3**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT 4

FADE IN:

**INT. MARQUEE TENT - ASCOT RACES - NIGHT**

Victoria extends her hand. Grayson, quickly masking his surprise, takes it and bows so that his head tilts forward.

GRAYSON

Your Majesty, it's an honor.

QUEEN VICTORIA

(quick chuckle)

I imagine it would be.

Lady Jayne smiles privately at Victoria's jab. Grayson lifts his head, greeting Victoria with his most charming smile.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

So you're the one trying to drag my backward country into the future.

Grayson hesitates, assuming he's being chastised.

GRAYSON

My apologies.

QUEEN VICTORIA

On the contrary. I couldn't be more pleased by your arrival. My beloved husband, Prince Albert -- bless his soul -- was a great advocate of the sciences, as you probably know.

Grayson pauses, considering his options.

GRAYSON

I'm sure you have a great many questions, as His Royal Highness would have. Perhaps I could answer them if you were to allow me to host you for dinner?

QUEEN VICTORIA

(to Lady Jayne)

He's awfully indecorous.

LADY JAYNE

He's an American, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

My apologies again. I just don't want rumors to be all you know of my work. There are those who worry they're too *progressive*.

Victoria regards him for a moment, distracted by Grayson's hypnotic eyes now. Then--

QUEEN VICTORIA

Progress is never to be feared.

GRAYSON

(sly smile)

You might want to tell your Parliament that.

Lady Jayne drops her head, trying not to look too embarrassed. Victoria shoots her a bemused look.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Indecorous indeed.

(to Grayson)

Perhaps I will take you up on your offer, young man.

Grayson nods, grateful. Victoria looks at him for a beat.

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

We're done now.

Grayson, with a quick head bow, backs away toward the tent-flap. He glances at Lady Jayne, wondering if she's following. Victoria leans close to Lady Jayne and whispers--

QUEEN VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Be cautious with that one, Jayne. He'll be the end of you.

Lady Jayne watches Grayson leave, smiling about him.

CUT TO:

**INT. GRAYSON'S CARRIAGE - PARKED - NIGHT**

Grayson and Lady Jayne climb into the opulent carriage, a sense of urgency in every movement. He drops onto the backseat as she pulls shut the door.

GRAYSON

Come here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls Lady Jayne by the wrist on top of him, harder than he has to. As she struggles to lift her dress and straddle him properly (the dress, of course, hiding this)--

LADY JAYNE

I've never been with an American.

Grayson yanks off his bow tie. This is all about primal satisfaction for him.

GRAYSON

You'll find we don't share much in common with Englishmen.

LADY JAYNE

Hm. So far I find you every bit as rigid.

She drops atop him, straddling him.

GRAYSON

And are all Englishwomen like you?

LADY JAYNE

Only the ones who were paddled too much at boarding school.

GRAYSON

That sounds rough.

She kisses him, sucking on his bottom lip as she whispers--

LADY JAYNE

I didn't mind.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT - ASCOT RACES - CONT'D**

TWO DRIVERS watch Grayson's carriage bounce and rock, trying to keep straight faces.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE MURRAY HOME - NIGHT**

Harker helps Mina down from a cab and leads her to the top of the stoop. There's an awkward tension between them. He's clearly nervous, his free hand stuffed into his pants pocket.

Mina notices this. Wanting to assuage his unease, she leans forward and gives him a gentle kiss on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARKER

I shouldn't be jealous, should I?  
About Grayson?

MINA

(laughs lightly)  
You haven't had a reason to be  
jealous since William Bates.

HARKER

(surprised)  
You had feelings for William Bates?

MINA

I was ten, Jonathan.

HARKER

(feigning insecurity)  
Still.

Mina laughs. His hand still fidgets in his pocket. What's in there? Mina, unable to wait any longer, opens the door.

MINA

Good night, my love.

When the door is shut behind her, Harker curses himself inaudibly. He pulls a RING BOX out of his pocket -- he was trying to propose, but couldn't work up the balls to do it!

CUT TO:

**INT. STEAM ROOM - GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY**

CLOSE on Lord Laurent, his head leaned back, eyes closed, as he enjoys the dense steam bath.

LORD LAURENT

I heard some chaps in the card room  
discussing Grayson. Apparently,  
he's been buying up empty factories  
along the Thames.

CLOSE on Lord Davenport, head also back, eyes also closed.

LORD DAVENPORT

No doubt for another of his absurd  
projects. He's an agitator, I tell  
you. An immodest, arrogant --  
vulgar even -- *agitator*.

CLOSE on Grayson, head also back, eyes also closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

I couldn't agree more.

WIDE NOW. Davenport and Laurent's heads snap forward. Grayson, in a white robe as opposed to their towels, sits between them -- utterly nonchalant about his sudden presence.

LORD DAVENPORT

Grayson! W-We didn't hear you come in.

GRAYSON

I've been told I have a light step.

LORD LAURENT

I-I didn't know you were a member at this club.

GRAYSON

(sits up now)

Joined last week. I don't think they cared to let "someone from the colonies" in, but it's astounding what being disgustingly rich can do for your social career.

Davenport and Laurent look appalled by such language.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Now...*Pandora Industries*.

LORD DAVENPORT

We've been over this.

GRAYSON

I had hoped you'd changed your minds -- though, of course, I do understand why if you haven't. You each sit on the boards of companies that have invested heavily, one might even say *critically*, in fossil fuels that would be made *obsolete* by my technology.

LORD LAURENT

This conversation is pointless, Grayson. Even if the two of us sold you our shares, you still wouldn't hold a controlling stake.

GRAYSON

Well, that's not exactly true. At least not since this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Davenport and Laurent look confused.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Sir Clive's widow has just sold me his shares. It appears Sir Clive had some considerable gambling debts, enough to ruin his estate--

LORD LAURENT

Dear God! How could you prey on a widow not three days after her husband tragically died?

GRAYSON

Prey? I saved her from ruin.  
(acts like he's thinking)  
I wonder if the rest of the country realizes the wars that will have to be waged to control the natural resources you have such *faith* in.

LORD LAURENT

Are you...threatening us, Grayson?

GRAYSON

Quite the opposite. I applaud your business acumen. You are, after all, only in this for profit...are you not?

He leans back his head, closing his eyes. Time to relax.

Off Davenport and Laurent's worried looks--

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAPEL - CHAPTERHOUSE - UNDER PARLIAMENT**

Mr. Browning kneels before an altar as an OLD PRIEST (white beard) dressed in embroidered green, purple, and gold robes and a mitre, places a Eucharist on his tongue.

PRIEST

Blessed be the Lord.

He lifts a chalice of sacramental wine for Mr. Browning to drink from -- but a COMMOTION outside interrupts.

Simon and Saiorse burst in, trying to shake off a YOUNGER PRIEST in green and purple robes. Mr. Browning rises, furious, but, as he begins to speak, he realizes he's still got the Eucharist in his mouth. Dry swallows, then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWNING

What is the meaning of this?!

YOUNGER PRIEST

I apologize, Your Eminence. They wouldn't wait.

SIMON

Of course we couldn't.

SAIORSE

(indicates Mr. Browning)

It's worse than this one feared.

Mr. Browning, uneasy at the sound of that, waves for the younger priest to leave.

MR. BROWNING

Speak.

SIMON

We still can't give it a name, but we're certain it's a Master.

SAIORSE

One of the ancient ones, steeped in the dark powers.

She and Simon actually seem frightened by this. Mr. Browning glances at the priest, alarmed.

MR. BROWNING

An unknown Vampire Master?

Simon picks up the chalice of sacramental wine. When the priest tries to take it back, Simon slaps away his hand.

SIMON

Do you think we would've come here for any other reason?

He gulps down the sacramental wine, genuinely freaked out. Desperate for a drink.

MR. BROWNING

How do we find him? Or is it a her?

SIMON

He hides from us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAIORSE

We can only sense his shadow's coming passage, like the dim before a candle is entirely snuffed out.

SIMON

We can't be precise, but we know where he will be tonight.

He downs the last of the wine and looses a quick burp. Mr. Browning pulls out a note pad and flings it at him.

MR. BROWNING

Then stop your blathering and write it down so our hunter can find it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT**

A BLACK WOLF -- the same that attacked Sir Clive -- moves gracefully along the edge of a roof. It's stalking a carriage below that stops outside a beautiful house. Lord Davenport climbs from it, looking around.

CUT TO:

**EXT. YARD - LORD LAURENT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Through a window, we see Lords Davenport and Laurent enter a drawing room.

The wolf lurks in the dark yard, watching this.

THWIPP! An ARROW plunges into the wolf's haunch. The wolf yelps loudly and, inside, Davenport and Laurent spin, looking out the window for the sound. As they close the curtains--

KRUGER leaps over bushes with a crossbow in hand. Across the yard, a NAKED MAN flees into shrubbery and shadows. Kruger tosses the crossbow away and gives chase.

**EXT. ROOFTOPS - MOMENTS LATER**

Kruger climbs onto the rooftop, using a drain as a ladder. He draws a long knife, preparing for close-quarters combat.

Suddenly, the shadowy naked man leaps upon Kruger and, spinning him around, flings him ten feet through the air -- into a chimney that partly crumbles from the impact.

The naked man limps forward, the crossbow bolt sticking out of his hip, wisps of smoke rising from the wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kruger, crawling to his feet, sneers--

KRUGER

I dipped the arrowhead in holy  
water. I hope it burns, demon.

And now we see the wincing face of the naked man: it's  
GRAYSON. He rips the bolt from his hip and flings it away.

Kruger, with a gunslinger's speed, throws open his coat and  
grabs a HAND AXE hanging from his hip. In an instant, he's  
drawing back his arm. As that arm snaps forward, the axe  
flies from it. We follow it as it flips, end over end, in  
SLOW-MOTION, right at Grayson's head--

**END ACT 4**

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ACT 5

FADE IN:

**EXT. ROOFTOPS - SAME**

Grayson watches as the axe -- still flipping in SLOW-MOTION -- flies toward his head.

Suddenly, Grayson's mouth snaps open -- FOUR FANGS bared -- and his eyes TURN RED. With a burst of supernatural speed, he sidesteps the weapon's path and spins around to attack--

Only to find Kruger...gone? Kruger anticipated Grayson's attack -- and now plunges a KNIFE into Grayson's lower back.

Grayson spins around, arms swinging blindly, as Kruger lunges forward again, a LARGE CROSS in his hand. The cross BURNS INTO GRAYSON'S CHEST, sending him stumbling to the ground.

KRUGER

You did not think I would make it  
easy on you, did you?

He kicks Grayson in the ribs, then stomps on the hilt of the knife sticking out of Grayson's back -- driving it deeper. Grayson cries out in agony. Kruger pulls a WOODEN STAKE now.

KRUGER (CONT'D)

Burn in hell!

LOW ANGLE on Grayson's anguished face. Above him Kruger lifts the stake high, preparing to drive it into Grayson's heart.

Kruger brings the stake down -- except, this time, it's Grayson who's vanished. Just as Kruger realizes he's overestimated his victory, FANGS PLUNGE INTO HIS NECK!

Grayson, jaws now clamped around Kruger's carotid, slams Kruger against the wall and then to the ground. Kruger's struggle lasts but a few moments before life begins to fade.

OVERHEAD: Sated, Grayson's head snaps back now. SLOW MOTION on splatters of blood flicking from his fangs up at us.

Kruger, dying, delirious from blood loss, watches Grayson turn to limp away. That's when he sees the tattoo of THE ORDER OF THE DRAGON'S STANDARD on Grayson's shoulder blade.

KRUGER (CONT'D)

You are...one of us?

Grayson stops, looks back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

A long time ago.

KRUGER

(realizing)

You are...the Fell one.

(horror in his eyes)

You are *Dracula*.

Grayson doesn't disagree.

KRUGER (CONT'D)

But...we thought...you were dead.

Grayson crouches beside Kruger. After centuries of killing, he still finds death thrilling, intoxicating. His identity revealed, he speaks in THE ROMANIAN ACCENT OF HIS BIRTH--

GRAYSON

Your heartbeat is slowing, I can hear it. You'll be dead within moments. Before you go: know that I am going to destroy everything you hold dear. The Order, all that it stands for, will be trampled to dust and forgotten by history. Nothing but I will remain.

If Kruger understands, we'll never know. His head lolls forward. Grayson limps off, having only narrowly survived.

CUT TO:

**INT. MINA'S BEDROOM - THE MURRAY HOME - NIGHT**

The room is dark. A pebble bounces off the window, then another. Mina, in bed, wakes slowly.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACK YARD - THE MURRAY HOME - CONT'D**

Harker, surrounded by fog, prepares to pitch another pebble when the window opens and Mina leans out.

MINA

Jonathan, my father--

HARKER

Is dreaming thanks to his laudanum.

MOMENTS LATER, Mina emerges from a door dressed in a thin robe that sufficiently, but not wholly hides her body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA

What are you doing here?

Harker takes her hands. Looks into her eyes, uncertain.

HARKER

I...

Mina leans forward and kisses him softly, tenderly.

MINA

I would say yes to anything you asked of me.

HARKER

I know.

(lowers his eyes)

Which is why I *cannot* ask. You deserve better than me, Mina.

MINA

(gently)

What is this nonsense? Where do you get such ideas?

Harker's mouth works. Searching for the right words.

HARKER

You should be with someone like Grayson.

Mina scoffs now, tears welling up. Pulls her hands from his.

MINA

You make too much of money. I would live in a one-bedroom flat if I could call you my husband.

HARKER

And you would hate me for it, Mina. Not right away, but *you would*.

(pause)

More, I would hate myself.

He wipes away one of Mina's tears with his thumbs, staring, as he does this, into her eyes with love.

HARKER (CONT'D)

We *will* be married, I promise you that. But not until I can provide the life I've always dreamt of for you. I am so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mina shakes her head, tears flowing. He turns and walks away.

MINA

Jonathan?

Harker buckles under her voice. He spins back around, grabs her, and kisses with passion. Passion Mina has never known from him. She can't help but meet it with the same.

Then, just as quickly, Harker turns away and walks off. Mina, crying even harder now, watches him vanish into the fog.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLOSET - CHAPTERHOUSE - PARLIAMENT UNDERGROUND**

CLOSE on the back of a woman as her undergarments fall away from her body -- revealing beautiful skin and, on the shoulder blade, the same tattoo that Grayson has.

LADY JAYNE (V.O.)

We now know the worst. Or at least the beginning of it. A *vampire Master*, previously unknown to us, has taken up residence in London.

Lady Jayne, her face still hidden from us, raises her arms and a hooded white robe like Kruger wore drops over her body.

LADY JAYNE (V.O.)

Its purpose is also unknown, but it's powerful. *Old* and powerful... and it killed our greatest hunter tonight. I've just come from retrieving his body. This Master must be identified, and then destroyed.

CUT TO:

**INT. TEMPLE - CHAPTERHOUSE - PARLIAMENT UNDERGROUND**

The Draconian High Council stand at the head of the temple. Mr. Browning addresses someone O.S.--

MR. BROWNING

Are you up to the task?

Across from Mr. Browning stands Lady Jayne in her hooded white robes. With one hand, she flips back the hood to reveal her identity now. With a smile that somehow expresses both malevolence and complete confidence, she says--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY JAYNE

I'm way ahead of you, gentlemen.

Her other hand, we now see, holds a leather sack. She tosses it forward and it lands with an odd thud at the High Council's feet. A HUMAN HEAD half rolls out of it--

It's Kruger's!

LADY JAYNE (CONT'D)

Just in case he was turned, you understand.

The High Council look disgusted. Except Mr. Browning, who looks very, very pleased.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIBRARY - CARFAX ABBEY - NIGHT**

The library is dark, empty. The terrace doors open then; light fog rolls inside and Grayson, naked but for shadows that wrap around him, enters with it.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND A STUFFED BEAR. Someone watches Grayson take a knee-length smoking coat from a hook and slip it on.

Grayson then limps to a large book shelf. Here, he pulls a copy of Thomas Browne's PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA, which causes the shelf to slide sideways. Behind the shelf--

A HIDDEN RECESS where photos (many from Grayson's party) and newspaper clippings of Draconians hang over a world map, each connected by strings and notes. Where figures in the society remain unidentified, question marks appear. Amongst the faces we register are those of Sir Clive (red X painted over it), Lords Davenport, Laurent, and Marland, and, in sketch form, Kruger.

From behind the bear, VAN HELSING slowly emerges from the shadows -- is he about to attack?

Grayson rips down the sketch of Kruger. Then, without turning, says (in AN AMERICAN ACCENT again)--

GRAYSON

I can smell that cologne of yours  
from a hundred yards.

(turns now)

I was wondering when you'd show up.

Van Helsing waits a beat. Then snarls--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN HELSING

The plan was to use Sir Clive's gambling debts to make him sell us his shares. You weren't supposed to kill him!

In an instant, Grayson is standing inches from Van Helsing. Lips twitching, suggesting fangs could be bared. His open hand, CLAWS extended, hovers over Van Helsing's cheek.

GRAYSON

Who are you to tell me what to do?  
In these veins courses the blood of Atilla. You are (sniffs) *food*.

Van Helsing holds his breath, waiting. Trying not to flinch. Finally, Grayson steps back. Van Helsing exhales.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I saw an opportunity and took it.

VAN HELSING

It was impetuous and careless.

GRAYSON

It got the job done.

Van Helsing pauses. He can't argue with that.

VAN HELSING

The Order of the Dragon will know a Vampire Master threatens them now. They will react, and quickly.

GRAYSON

Bah! They will fumble blindly, no more. Dracula, as far as they're concerned, is a best-forgotten nightmare. Their focus will be on Allan Grayson and the threat his technologies pose to their vision for the 21st Century.

(grins)

If we deprive them of their need of oil, then the war they're trying to start with the Ottomans will be futile and, without the war, how else will they create the new world order they dream of? We'll destroy their business first, then their faith, and then their very souls.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. CRYPT - NIGHT**

We're back in the crypt from the teaser. The German is bleeding into the sarcophagal effigy's mouth.

GRAYSON (V.O.)

For six years now we've plotted and schemed and built up this empire of lies, ever since you raised me from that empty nothing.

Shadow-man leans into a LOW ANGLE CLOSE-UP as he tugs his scarf off his face -- revealing VAN HELSING.

BACK TO:

**INT. LIBRARY - CARFAX ABBEY**

Grayson looks at Van Helsing.

GRAYSON

We will finally have our vengeance on the Order for what they've done to us, Professor. We *will* have our vengeance.

VAN HELSING

Let nothing stand in our way.

Grayson's eyes drift to the PORTRAIT OF ILONA above the fireplace. Mina, of course, was not part of the plan.

Van Helsing glances up at the portrait now, too, registering the similarity to Mina for the first time. He's suddenly very afraid for her.

And from Ilona's face, we--

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MINA'S BEDROOM - THE MURRAY HOME - NIGHT**

Mina's sleeping face, still puffy from crying.

On the night stand beside her bed, a PHOTO OF HARKER beside a vase of EDELWEISS FLOWERS.

The battle for Mina's heart has begun.

**END PILOT**