DRACULA

Pilot

Written by:

Cole Haddon

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100 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608
(818) 777-9010

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:

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:

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:

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. Here waits her best friend MINA MURRAY (early-20s; brunette; girl-next-door beautiful) and Mina’s beau JONATHAN HARKER (early-30s; 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!

She points at chandeliers glowing with electrical light.

CONTINUED:

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
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.

LUCY (CONT'D)
And don't you dare put a word of this in print, Jonathan Harker.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)
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. 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.

CONTINUED:

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, but 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.

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

HARKER (CONT'D)
You're the first person to try and throw a drink in my face.

CONTINUED:

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! How lovely 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 - CONT'D

Grand staircases sweep down both sides of the room; between them, glass doors to a terrace. Another ORCHESTRA plays while 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!

CONTINUED:

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 clamor 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?

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.

HARKER (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil.

CONTINUED:

At that, our STEADI-CAM SHOT FINALLY BREAKS and we CUT TO THE TOP OF ONE OF THE STAIRCASES where--

ALLAN GRAYSON (late-30s; intense eyes; dark hair combed back with pomade) -- THE SAME MAN RESURRECTED IN THE TEASER -- appears over his guests. He wears a dark coat trimmed with violet satin, pinstripe pants, and a pink tie and carnation; eccentric yes, but he knows how to pull it off.

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

Grayson 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.

TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN (in fantastic dresses that look as if they were hand-painted in the impressionism style by Edgar Degas) hook their arms through Grayson's and, together, they start down the stairs.

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

Lord Laurent mutters to the Prime Minister--

LORD LAURENT
The circus has arrived in London.

At the ground floor, Grayson is greeted 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 "fashion forward" a century before the rest of us.

GRAYSON
Lord Davenport, Sir Clive, I'm so glad you both could make it.
(to his beautiful escorts)
You two minxes run along. I'll find you later.
(to Davenport and Clive)
I have something very special to show you tonight and *can't wait* to see your reaction.

LORD DAVENPORT
(smug sarcasm)
It's all we've been able to think about.

CONTINUED:

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.

CLOSE on Grayson's hand as it wraps sensually around hers.

GRAYSON
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.

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

CONTINUED:

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. This is what Grayson Energy Company is about.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
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. Lucy ignores hers, making eyes with a SPANISH COUNT. Harker, unimpressed, speaks up--

HARKER
A conjurer's trick, nothing more!

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

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

CONTINUED:

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 is free electricity -- *free* for all! 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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
Do you know how rare this '46
Meursault Charmes is, old man? 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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 that would greatly accelerate the wide-scale application of my wireless electricity project -- including one for the *Dreyer electrical insulator*. 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...

CONTINUED:

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'll find out. 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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 exit then. Grayson, instantly reverting to his 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 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
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.

CONTINUED:

MINA
Lucy, may I ask you a question?

LUCY
Oh dear, 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? Why hasn't he 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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:

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - SAME

We move through thick, dark smoke and emerge over a foggy Victorian London. Continue over the Thames...the Houses of Parliament...a CARRIAGE moving along a lonely street.

INT. SIR CLIVE'S CARRIAGE - MOVING - CONT'D

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.

CONTINUED:

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:

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:

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
Then what happened?

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:

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. 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 slowly begins to materialize.

Grayson removes the photo and hangs it on a line next to a DOZEN OTHER PHOTOS TAKEN AT HIS PARTY -- including the Prime Minister, Lords Davenport and Laurent, and Harker.

GRAYSON
It was the right decision, Renfield. I must have that electrical insulator patent.

He’s sensed Renfield in the doorway behind him.

RENFIELD
If you say so, sir. Though I doubt Sir Clive's associates will prove anymore cooperative than he was.

Grayson removes another sheet of paper from the chemicals, hangs it on the line, and waits.

GRAYSON
Of course not. If I'm right, if my generator works on a grand scale, then all their plans for the future will collapse like a house of cards.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
They've gambled everything on coal and petroleum being the primary energy sources of the 20th Century and, for the first time, they're realizing they could lose because of that.

RENFIELD
Still, they won't surrender Pandora or its patents simply because you've killed one of them. These men deal in death. It's commonplace to them.

GRAYSON
I already found a more...*creative* solution, don't you worry.

RENFIELD
And the Doctor? Does he approve?

GRAYSON
Leave him to me.

Grayson watches a figure finally appear on the hanging paper -- MINA. His eyes lock on her, spellbound.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Did you learn her name?

Renfield appears hesitant.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
I know what I'm doing, Renfield.

Renfield looks at Mina's image, skeptical of Grayson's words.

RENFIELD
Mina. Her name is Mina, sir.

Grayson's eyes twinkle, still locked on MINA'S IMAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHING THEATER - UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON - DAY

MINA in CLOSE-UP. She listens intently as Van Helsing, at the front of the 180-degree teaching theater, is asked a question by one of his many MALE STUDENTS. Mina, the only female in the class, sits alone and away from the others.

CONTINUED:

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

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 CAMBELL
It must be some sort of illusion.

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:

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.

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
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 wearing wrinkled clothes, a smoking jacket, and a bow tie that hangs loose around his neck. At one end of the rectangular room is a large desk and suits of armor and--

GRAYSON
I do apologize for the wait. It was a rather long night--

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
One gets so used to the smog, the sun's rare appearance shouldn't be taken for granted. Do you mind?

After a hesitant beat, Grayson flashes his charming smile, despite a faked bleariness in his eyes, and strides forward.

GRAYSON
Not at all. It's...what time is it?

HARKER
Three o'clock.

GRAYSON
(smiles mischievously)
A *very* long night.

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
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.

CONTINUED:

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*.

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 the same vested interests who would prefer I return to America.

HARKER
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?

CONTINUED:

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

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 always 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? But as such, we can evolve. That's what I've come here to accomplish.

Harker scribbles in his pad: VISIONARY/DELUSIONAL EGOMANIAC?

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Tell me...do you like automobiles?

BACK TO:

INT. TEACHING THEATER - UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

As students shuffle out, Van Helsing, carrying books and the newspaper he discussed with his class, unlocks a door--

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

Van Helsing enters. 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.

MINA
Professor.

Mina is standing in the doorway, a satchel over her shoulder.

VAN HELSING
Ah, Miss Murray.

Mina's eyes pass over the room's odd decor and then land on a book entitled MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL on a filing cabinet next to the door. She seems uneasy.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)
Is something the matter, child?

MINA
Earlier, you said that God gave us the natural world to explore.

VAN HELSING
(carefully)
That is the *generally* held opinion, yes.

MINA
Campbell says you were sacked from your last university post for suggesting otherwise.

VAN HELSING
A mistake on my part.

MINA
Was it? Jonathan -- he's my...well, I don't know what he is -- he thinks I need to pay more attention to the Bible than my education.

VAN HELSING
Ah.

He turns away to set his books and newspaper on his desk next to a cylinder phonograph, then drops into his chair. When he looks at Mina again, she's closing her satchel.

CONTINUED:

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)
There are those today, myself included, who think the natural and supernatural worlds are closely connected -- that there is, in fact, a scientifically observable link.
(winks)
Of course, I would never say such things aloud, especially to a student such as yourself.

Mina smiles, understanding, and turns to leave.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)
Miss Murray.

Mina looks back.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)
If you still have any faith at all, I pray you hold onto it. The real world is much too horrific to face without such...
(tries to be delicate)
...*stories* to comfort yourself.

Mina nods, grateful, and exits. Van Helsing turns his attention to the newspaper--

CLOSE on the headline's byline: JONATHAN HARKER. And the headline: SIR CLIVE COLLINS ATTACKED BY WOLF.

VAN HELSING (CONT'D)
(growls angrily)
If only.

CUT TO:

INT. BENZ VELO MOTORCAR - MOVING - DAY

Harker holds on for dear life as Grayson races at 12mph (19kph) through London under the protection of a hood. Both wear goggles and have to speak loudly over the engine; Grayson also wears a stylish hat and piped gloves.

HARKER
This is remarkable! You're the prototypical *self-made American*! 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.

An OLD GENTLEMAN leaps out of the way of the motorcar.

OLD GENTLEMAN
Slow down!

GRAYSON
I'll rip out your intestines and skip rope with them!

Harker is shocked by such language. Grayson smiles at him.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
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. This isn't a comfortable subject for him.

HARKER
I...I studied to be a solicitor!

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

GRAYSON
Mina?!

HARKER
I don't recall telling you her name!

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON
We must have met at the party!

Harker nods as if that must be it.

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

Grayson raises an eyebrow.

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--

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
Hold on!

He turns abruptly through the gates of--

EXT. CARFAX ABBEY - CONT'D

Renfield stands at the garage door, waiting impatiently with his note pad in hand. Grayson brakes just in front of him.

RENFIELD
Sir, your dinner appointment.

As Grayson and Harker disembark from the Benz Velo--

HARKER
I've taken too much of your time.

GRAYSON
Nonsense. We can continue this at the Ascot Races tomorrow, if you'd like. You can even bring your Mina.

Harker tries not to look excited.

HARKER
That would be wonderful.

CONTINUED:

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

Harker, thrilled by the prospect of such a friendship, moves away as Grayson's thoughts shift to heavier matters.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CARFAX ABBEY - LATER

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.

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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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

Kruger sighs having not meant to make any noise. 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 knife in hand, sheathing it in one continuous movement, and walks out -- stepping unemotionally over the girl's body.

END ACT 2

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.

EXT. GRAYSON'S PRIVATE BOX - ASCOT RACES - CONT'D

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

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.

CONTINUED:

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
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.

GRAYSON
And *you* wish to be the one to solve them.

Mina looks quizzically at Harker.

CONTINUED:

HARKER
Don't look at me. He has a talent for...*reading* people.

Mina returns her gaze to Grayson.

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 continue the interview?

GRAYSON
Actually, I was just going to take a walk down to the paddock.
(to Mina)
Would you care to join me?

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. RACE COURSE - ASCOT RACES - LATER

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.

MINA
Was she...?

CONTINUED:

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 Mina)
...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
There is 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.

MINA
I...

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWNING
The Holy Eye has asked that we 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, 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
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.

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?

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.

CONTINUED:

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?

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

LADY JAYNE
(smiles, pleased)
Much better. 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.

CONTINUED:

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. 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:

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

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

GRAYSON
Even if she goes *kicking and screaming*. I enjoy a good struggle.

Lady Jayne's smile vanishes at Grayson's lack of propriety.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Indeed. My beloved husband, Prince Albert -- bless his soul -- was a great advocate of the sciences.

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.

GRAYSON
Forgive me. I merely don't want scandalous gossip to be all you know of my work. There are those who worry they're too *progressive*.

CONTINUED:

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 looks at her.

QUEEN VICTORIA
Indecorous indeed.
(to Grayson)
Perhaps I will take you up on your offer, young man.

GRAYSON
I'll even let you sit at the head of my table.

Victoria cocks an enigmatic eyebrow: annoyed or amused?

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

Lady Jayne watches Grayson leave, smiling about him.

CUT TO:

INT. LADY JAYNE'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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ASCOT RACES - CONT'D

TWO DRIVERS watch Lady Jayne'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.

HARKER
Grayson is impressive, don't you think? He's, uh, quite the man.

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

CONTINUED:

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, vulgar *agitator*.

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

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.

CONTINUED:

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, but, of course, I 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 wireless energy 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. Sir Clive's widow has 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?

CONTINUED:

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...*aren't you*?

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

Off Davenport and Laurent's worried looks--

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:

INT. PARLOR - LORD LAURENT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lords Davenport and Laurent enter. Laurent is clearly upset.

LORD LAURENT
I'm telling you, he knows more than he's letting on. This Grayson is going to be a real problem.

LORD DAVENPORT
You heard Browning. We must wait.

LORD LAURENT
Browning is out of his league. By God, Clive was killed by a vampire under his watch.

LORD DAVENPORT
The Seers will find the monster, they always do. In fact, I bet Kruger is onto it even as we speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes Laurent by both cheeks.

LORD DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
You must have faith.

EXT. YARD - LORD LAURENT'S HOUSE - CONT'D

In the dark yard, the wolf watches, through a window, as Lord Davenport kisses Lord Laurent.

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.

CUT TO:

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.

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:

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:

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

Mina sits in bed, reading by lamp light MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL -- which she stole from Van Helsing. We see an illustration of a corpse lying between what looks like two electricity spitting transformers.

MINA
"The resurrection of the dead, once the work solely of necromancers, is now believed to be within the reach of human accomplishment."

She turns the page and a PHOTOGRAPH falls out of the book. It's a partially burned portrait of VAN HELSING, HIS WIFE, AND TWO CHILDREN. Something about it uneases her.

PLINKT! A pebble bounces off the window.

CONTINUED:

Mina jumps, gasping. Another pebble bounces off the glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - THE MURRAY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

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.

MINA
What are you doing here?

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

MINA (CONT'D)
I would say yes to anything you asked of me.

She leans forward and kisses him softly, tenderly. He closes his eyes as their lips meet, struggling for courage.

HARKER
I realized something yesterday. I envy Grayson.

MINA
Grayson?

Something in her eyes speaks to how confused her thoughts about Grayson are.

HARKER
He's everything I want to be. He has everything I want. Almost. He doesn't have *you*, Mina. *I* do.

MINA
I told you, you have no reason to be jealous.

Harker looks less convinced of that.

CONTINUED:

HARKER
I can't give you what you deserve, not immediately. But one day soon you'll have everything a woman could dream possible, I promise you that. I'll find a way.

MINA
All I've ever wanted is *you*.

Harker wipes tears from her cheeks with his thumbs.

HARKER
Then marry me, Mina Murray. Before God, marry me.

Mina begins sobbing. She can't believe this is happening.

MINA
Yes, Jonathan. Yes!

Harker grabs and kisses her with passion. Passion she has never known from him. Mina can't help but meet it with the same.

DISSOLVE 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, 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 beast 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--

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. Amongst the faces 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?

CONTINUED:

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--

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 Attila. 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 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 20th Century.
(grins)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
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, Doctor. 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