

Stoker's Nanna

By

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In 1800's Ireland a century old female vampire, haunted
by her past, must rescue her true love and keep her
family safe from the evil that hunts her.

Adapted from the novel Dracul (2018) by Dacre Stoker and
J.D. Barker

EXT. STOKER HOUSE - NIGHT

8 November 1847

SUPER: Clontarf 1847

A large, humble house stands, engulfed in mist, and in the dark of night. A loud female scream comes from the house.

ELLEN (19) steps out from the shadows in a black cloak. Her bright blue eyes stare up hesitantly at the house. She breathes in deeply. Ellen marches towards it. Her cloak picks up from behind her mimicking the shape of a bat.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The candles flicker and illuminate CHARLOTTE's (33) pained face as the MIDWIFE (30's) tends to her. Charlotte shifts in her wooden chair, her legs spread over a pool of blood.

She grips her precious belly. The Midwife discards another blood-stained cloth on the floor. Charlotte abruptly screams. The Midwife tenderly brushes aside Charlotte's damp hair.

Ellen bursts through the door, throws off her cloak and rolls up her sleeves, determined. The Midwife stands protectively over Charlotte. Ellen bears down at the Midwife.

ELLEN
(to the Midwife)
Step aside.

MIDWIFE
(authoritatively)
You are not a member of the Stoker family. Leave at once.

The Midwife points at the door. Ellen swats her hand away.

ELLEN
The baby is dying.

Charlotte cries out in pain. The Midwife kneels to hold her hand. Charlotte faintly motions Ellen to her.

CHARLOTTE
My baby!

Ellen dives to Charlotte. Her hand grazes the pool of blood. She hesitates, raises her hand inspecting its crimson colouring. Charlotte cries out. Ellen focuses back on

Charlotte. Ellen prepares herself, she motions Charlotte to watch her. Charlotte winces.

ELLEN

Push when I say. One, two and push.

Charlotte lets out a shrill scream.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Silence. Charlotte breathes heavily as the Midwife places a cloth to her forehead. Charlotte tiredly turns to Ellen. Fear sets in.

At the end of the room, Ellen holds a dead still BABY BRAM. His pale, translucent complexion matches Ellen's. Ellen notices the dried blood on her hands. She grits her teeth and slowly turns, obscuring Charlotte's view of them.

BRAM (V.O.)

This woman, this monster, this wraith,
this fiend, this... being.

Charlotte muffles a sorrowful cry as the Midwife attempts to comfort her. Suddenly, Baby Bram cries out with life. Charlotte and the Midwife stare in disbelief at Ellen.

Ellen turns towards them, to reveal, a now lively, Baby Bram. Baby Bram stirs.

BRAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was there at my beginning, and
will no doubt be there for my end, as
I was for hers. This was, and always
shall be, our dance.

Charlotte smiles through tears, reaching out. Ellen approaches her and gently hands Baby Bram over. Charlotte cradles him lovingly.

BRAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My lovely Nanna Ellen.

Ellen fixates on Baby Bram, a smile slowly forms. She discreetly wipes her bleeding finger on her dress.

INT. BRAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

8 August 1868

SUPER: Dublin 1868

The bedroom is rustic, dark walls and creaking floors. Boxes are lined up against the wall. The sound of the busy streets below the room.

BRAM (21) gasps awake. His hand instinctively goes to his throat. He darts at the ceiling, nothing. He sighs with relief and slowly stands tall, clearly in good health with a strong physique.

INT. BRAM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bram, clean and tidy, adjusts his modest jacket in the mirror. He briefly feels for something under his neckband.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby is dark and quiet. The street is bustling outside the main doors. An OLD RECEPTIONIST reads at the front desk. JACK (21) is dressed pretentiously with a smoking pipe in hand. Bram descends the stairs, Jack coughs.

JACK

Bram!

Jack springs to Bram's side. Bram smiles and tips his hat in greeting as he ambles towards the front door.

BRAM

Morning Jack.

Jack judges Bram's clothing. He smirks, defeated.

JACK

My friend, you need to get some better wear.

BRAM

I am not going to spend money on material things I don't need.

JACK

(teasingly)

Still saving up to buy that precious theatre of yours?

Bram stops and raises an eyebrow at Jack. Jack shrugs and takes a puff from his smoking pipe.

JACK (CONT'D)

I fear the day your father finds out you left that good job he got you to
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
be a theatrical skitter.

BRAM
That is enough talk from you.

Bram, disgruntled, diverts from Jack and darts for the doors.
Jack chokes and holds Bram steady.

JACK
Why the rush?

Jack smiles sheepishly. Bram relaxes.

BRAM
Matilda is on her way back from Paris
and I want to make time for the whole
family.

JACK
Whole family?

Jack's surprise is evident. Bram's smile falters. Jack
notices, sobers his expression.

BRAM
No. Thornley has his hands full at the
hospital.

Jack nods understandingly and releases Bram. He motions to
the front doors, ushers Bram out.

JACK
The medicinal field is a demanding
one.

INT. DUBLIN STOKER HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen is luxurious, stocked, with plentiful space.
Eggs, flour, and milk glasses are scattered across the
kitchen counter. Fresh bread is lain out on the side..

Charlotte's (47) apron is covered in flour and little
MARGARET (7) energetically weaves around her. The front door
sounds. Charlotte and Margaret pause. Bram enters.

Margaret enthusiastically crashes into Bram's legs. Bram
laughs and hugs Charlotte tightly.

CHARLOTTE
Welcome home, Bram. How is work in
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
parliament?

Charlotte lifts Margaret up. Bram notes Charlotte's apron.

BRAM
Everything is good. What is all the
bread for?

CHARLOTTE
Just something special to be sent out
to those who need it.

BRAM
Nothing new I see. Where's Pa?

Charlotte tenses and motions towards the parlour. Bram raises
an eyebrow at her. She sighs deeply.

CHARLOTTE
Thomas is in the parlour with your Pa.
Having a rather heated discussion
about his persistent desire to run off
to India and fight in the aftermath of
someone else's war.

Charlotte irritably shakes her head and moves back to the
counter. Bram sighs, exasperated.

INT. DUBLIN STOKER HOUSE - PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER

ABRAHAM (52), seated, frustratedly rubs the bridge of his
nose, minding his thick spectacles. THOMAS (19), red in the
face, paces. Bram smirks, entering the parlour.

BRAM
(teasingly)
Still set on lodging a bullet in your
brain before your twentieth birthday?

Pause. Thomas eyes Bram in disappointment. Abraham sighs
deeply. Bram ambles to Abraham's side.

THOMAS
You too, Bram? Of everyone, I thought
you would understand.

ABRAHAM
He says I broke your spirit and
saddled you with a desk job, that I am
trying to do the same to him, and he
(MORE)

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)
will not have any of it.

Bram chuckles to himself, waving his hand dismissively. Bram casually motions to Thomas then to himself.

BRAM
My position is hardly the same. It is
a great opportunity--

THOMAS
(irritable)
But you'd rather be working in the
theatre, wouldn't you, Bram? Silence.
Bram stares threateningly and points
at Thomas.

BRAM
You are not fit for any war. Let alone
for this Protestants nonsense.

Thomas scoffs. Both Bram and Abraham chuckle.

THOMAS
(mockingly)
And I suppose you are? Star athlete?

Bram tenses. A stare down ensues.

BRAM
Maybe I'll put the bullet in your
brain and save us all the trouble--

ABRAHAM
Nobody is shooting anybody until after
dinner. To the table with all of you.

Thomas storms out. Abraham slowly rises and Bram quickly helps him to his feet. Abraham nods appreciatively to Bram.

BRAM
I'm sure he'll be fine. Thomas can
take care of himself. He's a fighter;
I have yet to see someone get the
better of him.

MATILDA (O.S.)
I think I can take him.

Bram, startled, whips around to see MATILDA (23) smiling mischievously up at him. Standing in a dark green French

dress, with locks of hair spilling from her high hairdo.
Bram's eyes widen with surprise.

BRAM

Matilda!

INT. DUBLIN STOKER HOUSE - MATILDA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is lavish and overly decorated with detailed paintings signed with Matilda's name. A large suitcase rests on the bed, it's contents spilled on the floor. Drawings and notebooks are piled on her desk.

Matilda storms into the room, Bram short on her heels.
Matilda quickly closes the bedroom door. Her eyes flash with excitement. Bram stares at her, curiously.

MATILDA

I saw her.

Bram gasps breathlessly.

BRAM

In Paris?

MATILDA

She appeared no older than the day she left. Younger, even. Just as mysterious. She had vanished before I had the chance to speak to her. It was as if the moment she laid eyes on me she flew away in an instant.

She leaps to her drawings. Pulls out one of a youthful woman.
Matilda points at the drawing vigorously. Bram darts from it to Matilda. He flips the drawing, inspecting it.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I am sure it wasn't a coincidence. I think she was there to see me...
Somehow knew I was there. This is a fresh lead, we can find her and ask about all the--

He hands back the drawing. Matilda reluctantly takes it. She pauses. Bram frowns irritated.

BRAM

We were children, I am sure now that we imagined all those mysterious circumstances around her

(MORE)

BRAM (CONT'D)
disappearance.

Matilda, offended, vigorously motions to the drawing.

MATILDA
(desperately)
How can you say that after everything
that happened? Your illness
mysteriously cured, her untouched bed,
the chickens and that awful thing in
the crate. And...

Matilda searches the room and fixates on Bram's wrist.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
And this.

She grabs his arm, tearing at his shirt's cuffs, revealing
two distinct pinpricks on his wrist. Bram pulls away from her
and immediately fixes his cuff.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
How has everything, but these marks,
healed? After all these years you've
only become stronger, faster and
never, not once, fallen ill.

BRAM
Enough. I want her back just as much
as you, but she is gone. I doubt she
will ever return.

MATILDA
You were always her favourite, Bram. I
believe you had a strong bond. You
would, somehow, always know when she
was near.

Bram subconsciously scratches the pinpricks.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

4 October 1854

SUPER: Clontarf 1854

The humble room stands bare with beams overhead and a single
full chord window above a low bed.

YOUNG BRAM (7), visibly pale, coughs into his sheet. He

stares out of the window. Suddenly YOUNG MATILDA (9) rushes in with a wide, mischievous smile.

Young Matilda jumps on the edge of the bed. Her giddy excitement about to explode.

YOUNG BRAM
(hesitantly)
You shouldn't be in--

YOUNG MATILDA
Buried alive. That's what she said. I heard her true. They said that Patrick O'Cuiv tried to kill his entire family because he couldn't afford to feed them. If not for poor little Maggie, he surely would have completed the task.

Young Bram gasps. Young Matilda smiles wickedly, becomes animated. Young Bram watches on, his interest rising.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
He pled for help. The men who answered only dug a hole in the earth, by the suicide graves and pushed him in. They placed the grave facing South. Its soul is damned.

Young Matilda playfully pounces on Young Bram. He squeals happily. He pauses in anticipation.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
Forever!

YOUNG BRAM
That one is not true.

YOUNG MATILDA
It is true!

ELLEN (O.S.)
What is true?

The pair spin. Nanna Ellen, unchanged over the years, moves gracefully with a lunch tray in hand.

Young Matilda shamefully drags herself away from Young Bram. Ellen places the tray on Young Bram's night table and eyes the pair suspiciously. Young Bram shies away.

YOUNG MATILDA
Nothing Nanna.

ELLEN
The talk between you two is horrid.
Men buried alive in unmarked graves?
Really? This is not the topic of
adults, and most definitely not
suitable for the likes of you.

Young Bram and Young Matilda shrug, sheepish.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I suppose we'll have to dig a little
hole amongst the suicide graves and
plant you along with the other sick.

Young Bram shifts further under the covers. His eyes peeking
at her over the top of the sheet.

YOUNG BRAM
You wouldn't.

ELLEN
(teasingly)
You don't believe I would?

Ellen holds back a smile and playfully reaches for the bell
on the night table.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I would even remove the grave bell so
no one will know you were still alive.

She rings the bell. Young Bram attempts to snatch it. Ellen
counters. Young Bram frowns, embarrassed.

YOUNG BRAM
You know I don't like to use that; Ma
insists that I do.

Young Matilda glances up at Ellen in disappointment.

YOUNG MATILDA
So you don't believe me, either?

Ellen sighs and puts her hand on her hip. Young Bram slowly
sits back up and coughs.

ELLEN
I do not believe for an instant that
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
the good people of Ireland would stand
by and watch as a living man was
pushed into an open grave to be
forgotten. I think your imagination is
getting the better of you. I'm sure
you heard something, but it was not
that.

YOUNG MATILDA
To be sure, she said exactly that.

Ellen stares lovingly at Young Bram. Young Bram childishly
whips away. Ellen notices and caringly extends her hand to
his forehead. Young Bram winces at the touch.

She leans close to him. Young Bram notices her grey eyes.

ELLEN
You have a fever again, young man.

YOUNG BRAM
Grey.

ELLEN
What?

YOUNG BRAM
Your eyes, today they are grey.

Silence. She pauses, pulls a strand of hair over her face and
stands. She briefly dusts herself off. Young Bram shifts
anxiously in his bed.

YOUNG BRAM (CONT'D)
You'll be leaving again soon, won't
you?

Young Matilda gasps. Sprints to Ellen and tugs at her dress
pleadingly. Ellen chuckles.

YOUNG MATILDA
No, Nanna. You mustn't! You promised
to sit for me so I can draw your
portrait!

ELLEN
But you have dozens already--

YOUNG MATILDA
(desperately)
You promised.

She motions to the window and kneels by Young Matilda.

ELLEN
I will be gone for only a day or two,
at most. Don't I always return? And
then I will sit for you for yet
another portrait. Do you think you can
keep house in my absence?

Ellen playfully ruffles Matilda's hair. Young Matilda nods
reluctantly, releasing Ellen's dress. Ellen rises and nudges
Young Matilda towards the door.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Matilda, I think its wise to leave
Bram to rest.

YOUNG MATILDA
But I--

ELLEN
No, no. Your mother could use your
help downstairs.

Young Matilda leaves hesitantly. Ellen glides to Young Bram.
Young Bram suddenly coughs, he muffles the sound in the
bedsheets. Ellen frowns, concerned.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Rest, Bram. I can tell that you're
fragile today. I don't want to hear
that you fell into another one of your
fever fits while I'm gone.

YOUNG BRAM
Will Uncle Edward come?

ELLEN
I suppose. As a precaution.

Young Bram grimaces, retreating further into his bed.

YOUNG BRAM
I don't like Uncle Edward's way.

ELLEN
Yes, well, neither do I, but he is a
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
respected physician so he ought to be
listened to.

YOUNG BRAM
I like your way.

Ellen pauses. She leans closer to Bram.

ELLEN
You don't remember my way so how would
you know you prefer it?

INT. MARSH'S LIBRARY - DAY - PRESENT

10 August 1868

The library is large. Elegant bookshelves towering over
READERS. Matilda is hunched over several newspaper clippings,
books, drawings and letters. Bram approaches her with a piece
of paper in hand. She smirks.

MATILDA
I see you received my telegram.

BRAM
A clever way to rid me of my hard-
earned funds. Could you not have just
stopped by my office instead of
sending a young delivery boy? Care to
share why you have summoned me here?

Matilda taps two older newspaper clippings. Her smile fades,
now serious.

MATILDA
What do you remember of Patrick
O'Cuiv?

Bram frowns, deep in thought. He pulls out a chair beside
Matilda. He motions to her.

BRAM
I remember you telling me this story
in great detail when we were children.

MATILDA
All these recount the O'Cuiv crime,
but see, look here. A man matching the
same description of Patrick O'Cuiv was
fished out the canals yesterday,
(MORE)

MATILDA (CONT'D)
presumed drowned.

Matilda points to yesterday's newspaper. Bram shakes his head. He hesitates, motions to the mess of information around her. Matilda gathers her notes.

BRAM
Matilda, you are an intelligent,
beautiful, talented woman. You should
not waste your thoughts or your time
on matters such as these. These are
fantasies.

Matilda sighs, now frustrated. She turns towards Bram.

MATILDA
When we were children and you told me
what you saw, I did not believe you.
Even after finding that disgusting
dirt under her bed. I told myself I
imagined it.
(beat)
I need answers, Bram.

BRAM
I rid myself of all this uncertainty
as a child.

She raises an eyebrow at him, knowingly.

MATILDA
Then why don't you tell me what became
of the ring?

Pause. Bram hesitates and slowly pulls a chain around his neck, revealing the engraved ring dangling off of it. Matilda gives a satisfied smile.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
Sometimes our deepest fears are the
ones we keep closest to our hearts. I
am sure Nanna Ellen and Patrick O'Cuiv
are connected. I just need your help
to be sure. Perhaps, if I am right
about this, you can finally ask her
all those burning questions of yours.

Bram tucks the chain away. He sighs at Matilda and runs a nervous hand through his hair.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I still have dreams about her.

BRAM

They start off as dreams, but become
nightmarish fast.

MATILDA

Why not ask Thornley for his opinion?
I'm sure he knows ways--

BRAM

I've had more than enough time with
doctors for a lifetime.

Bram raises his hands in disagreement. Matilda scoffs.

MATILDA

Uncle Edward was ignorant. Thornley is
highly praised for his skills.

BRAM

I think it's thanks to all those times
he'd spent helping Pa butcher the pigs
and chickens.

Matilda shakes her head, noting Bram's cluelessness. Bram
pauses, raises an eyebrow.

MATILDA

Not with Pa.

BRAM

With who then?

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

The sound of light rain taps against the windows. The room is
tall featuring long windows shielded by thick curtains.
Lavishly decorated with large paintings and fresh flowers.

The bed frame towers over THORNLEY (26) as he lovingly kisses
a lock of EMILY's (24) hair. She groans in pain and stirs.
Sweat rolls off her porcelain face. Suddenly, there is a loud
knock. Thornley sighs. Reluctantly rises, leaving Emily.

INT/EXT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Thornley opens the door. He blinks with surprise at Bram and
Matilda, drenched in the rain. His eyes settle on Matilda.

THORNLEY

When did you return from Paris--

Matilda sighs irritably and pushes past Thornley.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

The study is decorated in all sorts of red and green with ornate furniture. An abundance of books fill the bookcase wall. Most consisting of Medical journals.

Thornley stretches across a couch with a whiskey glass in hand. He points to Bram and Matilda suspiciously on the opposite end. Matilda shifts awkwardly.

THORNLEY

It is unlike you both to show up on my doorstep. Should I be concerned?

BRAM

Matilda thinks she spied Nanna Ellen in Paris.

Thornley pales and takes a long sip from his drink.

THORNLEY

(softly)

When?

MATILDA

Only a week ago. I believe she saw me as well.

Thornley swallows, hard. He lowers his glass. Regret sets in.

THORNLEY

I saw her three days ago at the theatre. Only, she wasn't alone.

MATILDA

Was she with Patrick O'Cuiv?

Thornley inhales sharply. He crosses his arms defensively.

THORNLEY

What is the real reason you have come here?

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BARM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

20 September 1854

The barn is cluttered with tools, crates and fenced off areas housing chickens on one side and pigs on the other. A single candle stick offers little light. Ellen pulls clean and empty bucket to YOUNG THORNLEY's (12) feet.

Ellen hold out a clucking chicken before Young Thornley. He stares at it inquisitively. Ellen smiles. Handing the animal to him. He grips at its neck tight. Ellen raises the candle to the chicken, illuminating its pristine white feathers.

ELLEN

Remember what I taught you. Be precise
with the cut.

Young Thornley takes a deep breath, prepares himself. He draws a small knife from his pocket. Positions the chickens neck above the bucket. He slices. Blood pours into the bucket. The gushing wound holds Ellen's attention.

Ellen tears herself away. She playfully ruffles his hair.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Look at that! With those steady hands
I'm sure you'll become a fine doctor.

Young Thornley beams with pride. Ellen smiles warmly. She takes the bucket and strolls off. Thornley examines the chicken's blood stained feathers.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - PRESENT

Thornley paces with an empty glass in hand. Matilda aimlessly browses the books as Bram twirls the ring between his fingers. Bram freezes. He tucks the ring away.

BRAM

Perhaps we can see Patrick O'Cuiv for
ourselves?

Thornley contemplates.

THORNLEY

O'Cuiv may be the key. Ellen hasn't
been found all these years simply
because she doesn't want to be, but we
know where to find O'Cuiv. His body
would have been taken to the nearest
hospital, the hospital where I work,
for verification as to the cause of
death.

BRAM

What can we hope to find by viewing
his body?

Thornley waves away the suggestion. He motions to himself
confidently. Bram raises an eyebrow at the motion.

THORNLEY

(confidently)

Not we, my little brother. It has to
be me going in, alone.

Matilda stomps. Thornley and Bram whip to her. She motions to
the three of them.

MATILDA

We must do this together!

Silence. Thornley huffs.

THORNLEY

What do you think, Bram?

BRAM

I do agree with Matilda, on the notion
that she would pester you for the
details after.

MATILDA

Is it wrong I want to see Patrick
O'Cuiv's face for myself?

Bram motions to Matilda in an obvious way. Thornley chuckles
to himself and tips his head towards the door.

THORNLEY

Well then I presume we do this
tomorrow?

Bram hesitates and absently scratches his pinpricks.

BRAM

I believe we should go tonight.

MATILDA

Under the guise of the corpse's
family!

Thornley raises an eyebrow at the pair. He smirks and shrugs,
accepting of their plan.

THORNLEY

Very well. I suppose if that doesn't work, we can blame whiskey for our lapse in judgment.

BRAM

(teasingly)

You do reek of it.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

4 October 1854

Young Bram gasps for breath. Sweat beads his skin as he desperately grips the sheets. His eyes wander, disorientated.

Charlotte, with ABRAHAM (38) by her side, carefully places a wet cloth onto Young Bram's forehead. Young Matilda, tears streaming down her face, holds onto Young Thornley.

They move away, to reveal UNCLE EDWARD (34). Through thick glasses he examines Bram's condition.

CHARLOTTE

Shhhhh, don't speak. Your Uncle Edward is here, he is going to help you.

Uncle Edward pulls out a fat leech from a jar and inches closer to Young Bram. Slime dripping from its wriggling body.

UNCLE EDWARD

We must lessen the tainted blood; only then will his body find the strength to fight the infection and begin to heal.

Young Bram cries out, stirs violently in his bed. Abraham holds Young Bram still.

ABRAHAM

(to Young Thornley)

Hold him down.

(to Young Bram)

Hang in here son. This will only take a moment.

Young Thornley holds Young Bram down. Young Bram stares at the approaching leech. Its mouth pulsating.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Young Bram's eyes flutter. He fights to stay awake. His drained, frail body is riddled with leech bites. His family watches on with concern. Charlotte muffles a cry and clutches her hands in prayer.

Suddenly, Ellen burst through the door, fixates on Young Bram. Her bright, blue eyes glare at the group.

ELLEN
Everyone out!

Everyone leaves. Young Matilda turns. Ellen scoops Young Bram up in her arms. Young Matilda closes the door.

Ellen frightfully cradles Young Bram to her chest. He breathes in her scent, he relaxes and nuzzles against her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Stay awake, Bram!

Young Bram groans, opens his eyes. Ellen examines his face, worried. Young Bram notes her eyes. She tenderly touches his damp forehead, he flinches. She quickly withdraws her hand. He reaches for her. Falters.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You have worsened substantially!
You're delusional, caught up in the
fever! I know it hurts.

Ellen judges the scars left by the leeches. Young Bram forces himself to look at them too. Tears well up and roll down his face. Ellen tenderly wipes them away.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Do you trust me?

He nods weakly and reaches out for her hand. Ellen breathes in sharply as Young Bram barely holds onto her fingers. A red tear forms at Ellen's cheek. It drops onto Young Bram's face.

ELLEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You shouldn't.

EXT. PARK - STREET - NIGHT - PRESENT

The cobbles shimmer in the dimly lit streets. It is quiet apart from the occasional coach and STROLLERS taking in the damp night air.

PARK

A cluster of trees hug the opposite side of the cobble road. Their shadows darken as the sound of crickets cease. The atmosphere shifts from tranquil to foreboding.

STREET

Thornley and Bram march forward, Matilda trails behind them, mesmerised by the glistening cobbles. Suddenly, movement catches her attention. Matilda tenses. She slowly turns.

PARK

Silence. A pale hand rounds a tree.

STREET

Matilda's eyes grow wide in a mix of fascination and fear.

PARK

Slowly MAGGIE O'CUIV (10) peers from behind the tree. Her grey eyes glow from within the shadows of the trees.

STREET

Matilda inquisitively tilts at Maggie O'Cuiv. Bram stops, noticing Matilda's focus. He clears his throat.

BRAM

Matilda, what is it?

Bram steps towards her, positions himself at her eye level, stares out. He blinks in confusion.

PARK

The sight of Maggie O'Cuiv is haunting.

STREET

BRAM (CONT'D)

(thoughtfully)

She looks--

MATILDA

Familiar.

THORNLEY

What are you two fussing about?

Matilda tears herself away. She drags Bram along.

MATILDA
(to Thornley)
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

Bram staggers along, befuddled. Matilda hisses at him.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
Not a word. I don't want to alarm
Thornley.

Bram sighs understandingly. Thornley grabs at Bram's shirt.
Bram tumbles back in fright.

THORNLEY
Hurry up! We are pressed for time.

Matilda sighs, relieved. She turns back.

PARK

Maggie O'Cuiv vanishes from sight.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - MORGUE RECEPTION - LATER

The unwelcoming white walls and worn floors echo with distant sounds of doors slamming. Matilda flinches. The group approach APPLEYARD, perched upon a stool, with book in hand and a string of keys attached to his side.

Appleyard slowly acknowledges Thornley, then the others.
Thornley dons a vail of charisma.

THORNLEY
Ah, Mr. Appleyard. My sister feels she
may know the unidentified man from
yesterday's paper. We hoped to view
the body when few others are present,
in case she is mistaken.

Thornley discreetly pulls out an impressive roll of notes and slides it over to Appleyard. Bram and Matilda gawk. Appleyard nods approvingly, hands Thornley a key.

APPLEYARD
I appreciate you using the proper
channels.

THORNLEY
Wouldn't have it any other way.

Thornley leads the way with a confident spring in his step.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

The door violently creeks open. The room, dark and quiet. Rows of bodies covered in white sheets, bells tied to their feet. Matilda takes it in. She shivers.

MATILDA

How ghastly.

THORNLEY

The colder the room the longer the bodies stay fresh.

Matilda stares at Thornley in disbelief. Bram nudges her forward as he surveys the room.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

The bells ring more often than you think. Like life, there is much we do not understand about death.

BRAM

Try not to dwell on it for too long.

MATILDA

Easy for you to say.

Thornley inspects papers attached to the bodies. He moves from one to the other.

THORNLEY

Here is our man.

He lifts the sheet. Freezes. Matilda pales. Bram scurries to a bucket, releases pure bile.

A large Y scars PARTICK O'CUIV's (28) body. Silence befalls the group. Bram regains his composure. He forces himself back to Patrick O'Cuiv's body. His apprehension evident.

BRAM

He has not aged a day.

THORNLEY

Impossible. Simply impossible.

Matilda swallows nervously.

MATILDA
(hesitantly)
What does this mean for us?

Thornley grimaces. He steadies himself and inches closer to Patrick O'Cuiv. Matilda notices a jar bellow.

BRAM (O.S.)
Notice anything?

She kneels down and inspects the contents. A heart.

THORNLEY (O.S.)
Nothing unusual.

Matilda entranced, looks at the heart. It beats.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A carriage passes. The trio pants, flustered. Thornley points an accusing finger at Matilda.

THORNLEY
You caused us to be removed from the building. You got me removed from the building.

MATILDA
(defensively)
What I saw warranted a scream.

THORNLEY
Your hysteria has proven costly.

BRAM
A heart. In a jar. Beating.

Matilda and Thornley engage in a stare down. Bram, clicks his fingers, urging them back to the situation.

BRAM (CONT'D)
Bickering is feeble. We need a plan.

THORNLEY
And what do you propose, little brother?

MATILDA
That man was the same Patrick O'Cuiv from our childhood. If he is here then what was buried in his grave?

BRAM

We must return to Clontarf at once and find what or who was buried in his stead.

The others immediately dismiss the idea.

BRAM (CONT'D)

It is the only way we can be sure.

MATILDA

(sceptically)

By digging up a dead body?

THORNLEY

No. For this I cannot go with you. I have to stay by Emily's side, however I will send my coach and best driver to take you to Clontarf in the morning.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Thornley steps inside and sees Emily, frozen in place with a crucifix in hand. Her hand drips with blood. Thornley attempts to take the cross, she tenses, increasing the flow. She remains in a trance.

EMILY

(demented)

He is putting the man back together again. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, but the man in black can put him back together again. The man in black can make him as good as new.

Thornley tries to soothe her. She slashes him with the cross.

EMILY (CONT'D)

The heart! The little one has her fathers heart. Oh yes! The little one. Your very first. She too will sit on that wall.

Sudden horror overcomes her. Thornley watches with concern. She turns to him and swiftly falls limp. He catches her and holds her tight.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thornley carries Emily to the bed. He gently lowers her into the sheets. He suddenly freezes, noticing blood on her neck. He quickly unbuttons the top of her dress and pulls away at the collar revealing two fresh pinpricks.

INT. BRAM'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bram stares longingly out the window. He caresses the chained ring between his fingers. He turns from the window to study the ring. Pulling at his cuff to view the two pinpricks. He stares at them intensely.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

5 October 1854

The morning light pierces through the window onto Young Bram. He stirs awake and groans. Suddenly, Young Matilda peeks from the door. She cautiously scans the room. Nothing. She smiles and rushes over to Young Bram. He slowly sits up in his bed, blinks, adjusting to the light.

YOUNG MATILDA

What do you remember of last night?

Young Bram instinctively inspects his arms, the leech bites still fresh. He winces. Young Matilda softens and lightly taps Young Bram. Young Bram rubs his eyes.

YOUNG BRAM

Uncle Edward bled me. Ellen was there too. She saved me, didn't she?

Young Matilda shifts closer to him.

YOUNG MATILDA

(whispering)

Ma will say otherwise. Your fever last night was the worst Uncle Edward had ever seen. Ma and Pa are praising him for saving you, but we all know that Nana Ellen had done so.

YOUNG BRAM

What did she do? Did anyone see how she stops my fever?

YOUNG MATILDA

We don't know, but when she emerged an
(MORE)

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
hour later it was clear your fever had
broken and the danger had passed. She
walked straight from your room into
her own. Pa pounded on her door for
which seemed like an eternity before
giving up and tending to you again.

Young Bram nods, disappointed. Young Matilda cautiously
glances at the door. Young Bram drags his feet off the bed,
inches from the floor. He stretches his legs to feel the
texture of the wooden panels on his toes.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
Careful, Bram.

He hesitantly helps himself off the bed and stands perfectly
still and upright. Young Matilda stares at him in amazement.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
Whatever Nanna Ellen had done this
time must've been magic.

YOUNG BRAM
I feel better. Better than I have ever
been.

YOUNG MATILDA
Better enough to find out how Nanna
Ellen helped you?

Young Bram raises an eyebrow at her, she smiles mischievously
and motions out the door. Young Bram shakes his head in
disagreement. Young Matilda points to the door.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
(pleadingly)
Her room is right across from yours.
We will be in and out in no time.

YOUNG BRAM
She'll know.

YOUNG MATILDA
How will she know?

The door slowly creaks open from a breeze. Her smile widens.
Young Bram shakes his head vigorously.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - ELLEN'S ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

The bedroom is untouched. Tightly closed curtains, bed made and dust coating every surface.

The door opens and Young Matilda steps in confidently. Young Bram hesitates, following behind her.

YOUNG BRAM

Let's make this quick.

Young Matilda springs over to the wardrobe.

YOUNG MATILDA

Don't you find it odd that Nana Ellen has been with us for many years, yet she's never aged a day? We know nothing about her and even her knowledge of saving you from death's touch has left educated Uncle Edward scratching his head.

Young Matilda swings the wardrobe open. Young Bram slowly moves in beside her. Knickers line the bottom. Young Bram quickly turns away, blushing a deep red. Young Matilda giggles and picks a pair up.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)

Poor little Bram, afraid of a few pairs of knickers.

YOUNG BRAM

Cut it out. Put it back.

She playfully false tosses the pair at him. Bram jumps back in fright. Young Matilda giggles. Young Bram squirms as she rummages through the wardrobe.

YOUNG MATILDA

A lady always hides her most precious of items amongst her knickers because no man would dare search such a spot.

YOUNG BRAM

(regretfully)

Why did I have to come with you?

YOUNG MATILDA

Thornley and Thomas don't play with me, but you always do when you could. You should be glad I didn't

(MORE)

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
investigate this without you.

Suddenly, Young Matilda gasps with excitement. Young Bram turns to her, eagerly.

BRAM
What did you find?

YOUNG MATILDA
There are old maps here. Seven it
looks like, from all over Europe.

Young Matilda rests the maps on the bed. Young Bram shifts to her side. They study the maps. She points at one.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)
On the Ireland map the Clontarf
cemetery is marked. Maybe it is where
Patrick is buried!

YOUNG BRAM
(nervously)
I think we should put everything back
now.

Young Matilda lightly taps the maps, a puff of dust forms from the bed. Young Matilda and Young Bram pause. They watch the dust cloud slowly settle.

YOUNG BRAM (CONT'D)
This bed has never been slept in.

They simultaneously lower to the floor to view under the bed. There is a crate. Young Bram is drawn to it. Young Matilda swallows nervously. She lightly shoves Young Bram, forward.

Young Bram inhales deeply. He casually reaches into the crate and pulls out a fistful of damp soil. He twirls the soil in his hands. Young Matilda gasps.

DARK VOID - IN THE DREAM

Darkness engulfs Young Bram. He opens his eyes to Ellen, drenched in water, hovering above him. He cries out in fright. Tears swell from her luminescent bright blue eyes.

ELLEN
I've nothing but love for you, my
dearest Bram. Why do you loathe me so?

She suddenly materializes by his feet. Now dry, her eyes turn a deep grey. He wipes his tears, sniffing. Ellen smiles at him softly. She gently takes his hand to her lips, she kisses it. Young Bram shudders.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Do you trust me, Bram?

INT. BRAM'S HOME - BEDROOM - PRESENT

He caresses the pinpricks. His eyes gleaming with determination, remnants of his sorrow still visible.

BRAM

I will know what you did to me.

INT. THORNLEY'S COACH - LATE AFTERNOON

11 August 1868

SUPER: Clontarf 1847

Bram admires the coach's interior From the black fitted leather seats to the dark windows. He briefly acknowledges his clothing. Matilda searches through her notebook.

BRAM

Thornley has done well for himself,
don't you think?

MATILDA

He has become a highly respected
physician, it does not surprise me.

BRAM

He does spoil Ma and Pa a great deal.

Matilda tears herself away from the notebook. She raises an eyebrow, suspicious. Bram hesitates in his confession.

BRAM (CONT'D)

Do you believe Thornley will loan me
the money I need for my theatre?

Matilda relaxes, closing the notebook. She casually motions to the coaches interior.

MATILDA

It never hurts to ask. Maybe when all
of this is over you can bring it up
with him.

Bram clears his throat and points to the notebook.

BRAM

What have you found?

MATILDA

Nothing we don't know already. It is the only grave facing in the opposite direction of the rest.

BRAM

Any ideas of what we might find?

Matilda breathes in sharply.

MATILDA

It is what we might not find that frightens me.

EXT. CEMETARY - THORNLEY'S COACH - LATER

The remaining sunlight disappears on the horizon bathing the sky in mix of deep oranges and darkening blues.

The aged, brown cemetery walls stretch ahead of them. Foreboding. The DRIVER, quickly reins the horses to a stop. Matilda flings open the coach doors, stepping out confidently. Bram stumbles out after her.

Matilda scurries to the rear the coach with Bram on her heels. Bram reaches for the mounted shovel. Matilda swiftly snatches it. She rushes to the Cemetery wall and throws it over. Bram is bemused. Matilda surveys the top of the wall and motions for Bram.

MATILDA

I need a boost.

BRAM

(teasingly)

Oh I think you're quite capable.

MATILDA

I can do a fair bit on my own, but if I ruin one more dress with my shenanigans, Thornley will most certainly torture me with another 'appropriate behaviour' lecture.

Bram chuckles. Matilda brazenly rests her hand on her hip.

BRAM

I remember you being very boy-ish.

MATILDA

Well, one of us had to be--

BRAM

I was dying Matilda.

MATILDA

And now you're not. Now help me.

She smiles at him warmly, indicating a truce. Bram relents. Bram hoists Matilda to the top where she clambers over, grunting with every move. A heavy thud. Silence. Bram holds his breath in anticipation.

BRAM

Matilda! Matilda, are you alright?

MATILDA (O.S.)

Of course. Now hurry up, will you?

Bram stares at the top of the wall. He leaps, scales it with ease. The Driver relaxes back in his seat, pulling his hat over his eyes. *Hiss*.

EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

Bram lands perfectly in the overgrown cemetery. Matilda gapes at him, then the wall.

MATILDA

I half expected you to fly straight over the wall.

He smirks, looking up at the full height of the wall.

BRAM

Perhaps next time.

Matilda picks up the shovel, but Bram quickly takes it from her. He leads the way, carefully navigating about the neglected graves. Some gravestones are upright, some fallen flat and others smashed into pieces.

BRAM (CONT'D)

This place has been forgotten.

MATILDA

The people buried here were meant to
(MORE)

MATILDA (CONT'D)
be forgotten, damned to rot in
unconsecrated soil.

Bram studies the graves around them, sympathetically. Matilda abruptly stops and points to a fenced off grave.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
This is O'Cuiv's grave. It faces
South, where the sun abandons this
world and darkness takes its place.

BRAM
(to himself)
Artists are indeed morbid.

Bram kneels, lays down the shovel. He inspects the overgrowth. The grave seems undisturbed.

BRAM (CONT'D)
Nobody has been here in years. It
would be impossible for Patrick to
have been dug up.

Matilda snatches the shovel and motions for Bram to move aside. Bram glances up at Matilda, bewildered.

MATILDA
You said so yourself. This is the only
way we can be sure. If Patrick O'Cuiv
is in here then the person we saw at
the morgue must've been someone else.

The pair contemplate. Bram hesitates. He rolls up his sleeves, takes the shovel and digs it deep into the earth, tearing away at the long grass and weeds.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

The coffin is nailed shut, the wood dark and aged. Bram drops the shovel and runs his hands over the rim of the box. He takes a deep breath and forcefully rips away the lid.

It splinters, wood chips fly off sanctioning a wave of cockroaches to scurry out. Matilda screams hysterically. Bram waits patiently for the critters to clear out.

Matilda frantically pats herself down, kicking up dirt, her hair spilling wildly. She pauses. She blows a stray lock from her eyes. Matilda regains her composure.

The coffin reveals a dirty sheet covering a body shape. Bram breathes in sharply. Bram and Matilda share their apprehension. Bram inches towards the coffin. Matilda clasps her hands together. Bram hesitantly reaches in and pulls away the sheet. Matilda's anticipation builds.

The sheet is an old worn cloak. An old journal, a collection of other items and many rocks lining the base of the coffin. Bram drops the cloak to the side. Matilda curiously retrieves it to examine. Bram picks up a rock.

BRAM

This coffin never contained a body!

Bram tosses the rock, frustrated. He reaches for the journal, pauses, turns it over. There is engraving on the side.

BRAM (CONT'D)

(reading)

To my love, the Countess Dolingen von Gratz.

MATILDA

Who is Dolingen von Gratz?

BRAM

Your guess is as good as mine. This coffin was meant to answer our questions, not pile on new ones.

Bram flips through the journal. Matilda caresses the cloak thoughtfully. She pauses as realisation possesses her. She flips it inside out. She kneels to Bram, draping the cloak over the journal for him to inspect.

MATILDA

This is ma's cloak! The one Nanna Ellen wore that night we followed her.

Bram gasps. He grabs a fistful of the cloak.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

5 October 1854

Young Matilda draws a replica of Ellen's maps, each line made with precision. Young Bram stands against the wall near the window. Frowning in deep thought. He suddenly flinches in a newfound awareness and darts to the window.

YOUNG BRAM
She's outside.

Young Matilda hesitates. She joins Young Bram at the window.

YOUNG MATILDA
How could she be outside? She hasn't
left her room.

The two share a suspicious look.

YOUNG BRAM
(seriously)
Let's follow her.

EXT. STOKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Ellen prowls ahead towards the tree line. The howling wind picks up and whips her long cloak in all directions, obscuring her features.

EXT. STOKER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Young Bram and Young Matilda, dressed warmly, scurry out the house. Young Matilda pushes forward. Young Bram hesitates, taking in the night sky.

Young Bram notices the strange red moon, its deep colouring drawing him in. Young Matilda takes his hand. He returns to the situation. Young Matilda guides him to the tree line.

EXT. ARTANE CASTLE - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Young Bram and Young Matilda crouch amongst the ruins at the foot of the old Artane Castle. Their eyes scan the surroundings. Young Bram suddenly points at the tower.

Ellen exits the tower and glides further away, disappearing into the trees. Young Bram cautiously moves forward, motioning for Young Matilda to follow. He glances up at the tower, curiously. A sound of a crow cries out.

EXT. BOG - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Young Bram and Young Matilda dash into the long grass overlooking a bog. Ellen kneels at the edge of the bank. The wind abruptly changes direction.

Young Bram tenses. Ellen sinks in, her head disappearing under the water. A mysterious fog rolls in. Young Bram frantically scans the fog, expecting something.

Young Matilda trembles behind him. The fog, as if alive, lunges for Young Bram and Young Matilda. They scream.

EXT. CEMETARY - PRESENT

Bram's knuckles turn white, gripping the cloak.

BRAM

How can that be? She wore this after
he was supposedly buried.

Matilda searches the cloak for clues. She digs in the pocket. She reveals a ruby necklace. It's red shimmer captivates Bram. Matilda turns away, rummages in the coffin. She pulls out portraits of Ellen.

MATILDA

(to herself)

I drew these.

She caresses the page in recollection. Bram notices. Dread consumes him. Bram motions to the drawing, bewildered.

BRAM

There is no reason for these to be
here.

Matilda marvels at the drawing.

MATILDA

You can see them just as well as I.

He rips the drawing from Matilda's grasp throwing it back into the coffin. He forces her to focus on him.

BRAM

No Matilda! There is no logical
explanation here.

MATILDA

Believe me when I say I know. There
has been something strange about Nanna
Ellen which is why we are surrounded
by such strangeness now.

He releases her. He scratches his head, confounded.

BRAM

Thornley must make sense of these--

MATILDA

Fantasies, you called them? Matilda smirks. Her confidence peaking.

EXT. CEMETARY - THORNLEY'S COACH - LATER

Bram helps Matilda from the wall. They turn. The coach is now ravaged with doors wide open and shattered windows. The Driver missing. The horses are spooked.

Bram motions Matilda to get behind him. They slowly approach the coach. Bram inspects the doors and the interior. He reaches in. Gasps. He pulls away revealing his hand stained with blood.

Matilda shudders. Bram eyes the surrounding area cautiously. The blood on his hand shimmers, captivating him. Matilda pulls out a handkerchief and wipes the blood. Bram returns to his senses.

MATILDA

The driver, Bram. What happened to him?

BRAM

I don't know. Perhaps he fell and wandered into the trees. Wait here.

Matilda clutches to the side of the coach. Bram hesitantly makes his way to the darkening shadows beneath the trees.

EXT. CLONTARF - TREES - MOMENTS LATER

Bram inspects the ground for tracks, birds chirp above him. He huffs, his confidence depleting. He leans against a tree, runs a hand through his hair. The birds fall silent.

He straightens, alert. Eyes darting in all directions. He stops and focuses on one wide tree.

Patrick O'Cuiv steps out from behind the tree, unscathed. His frame towers over Bram. Bram gasps with fright. Bram's back hits a tree he falls to the floor.

Patrick O'Cuiv stops. He lowers to the ground, his once threatening atmosphere disappears. Bram hesitates.

BRAM

(disbelief)

How are you--

PATRICK O'CUIV
None of you should be here. It is not
safe. You need to get back to your
brother, Bram.

Matilda screams. Bram whips around at the sound.

BRAM
Matilda!

He turns back. Patrick O'Cuiv, gone.

EXT. CEMETARY - THORNLEY'S COACH - LATER

Bram swiftly rounds the coach. Matilda is trembling,
shielding her eyes from unseen horror. Bram hugs her tightly,
relieved. He cautiously darts around them.

BRAM
Where is he? Where is Patrick?

MATILDA
Patrick? No. It was Maggie.

Bram sighs deeply. The wind picks up, slams the couch door.
Matilda swallows nervously.

BRAM
We need to get to Thornley first thing
tomorrow. I have a really bad feeling.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - MORGUE RECEPTION - NIGHT

Thornley glances over to Appleyard's empty chair then to the
morgue door, now slightly ajar.

THORNLEY
(loudly)
Mr. Appleyard?

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The room is pristine, bodies untouched and deathly quiet. The
door creaks loudly as Thornley enters. He scans the room,
gazing over the row of bodies. He moves over to where Patrick
O'Cuiv had been, nothing. Thornley is perplexed.

A tapping of a cane sounds from the Autopsy room. Thornley
flinches. He recomposes himself, approaches.

THORNLEY

Mr. Appleyard. I've told you this
before, you can't...

Thornley reaches for the door. *Hiss.*

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thornley enters and immediately grimaces, covering his mouth and nose. Blood and dirt form footprints that exits the room. The autopsy table holds a body covered with a blood-stained sheet. Blood drips from the table, each drop sounds louder than the last.

Thornley hesitates. He reaches for the sheet. With a light tug it slides off, drops to the floor.

It's Appleyard. A large gash across his throat. Thornley stumbles back, breathing heavily. He fixates on the wound. Appleyard's eyes open! Thornley screams and rushes for the door. Flings it open with force.

INT. ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Thornley bolts past the bodies, all the bells ring. Thornley covers his ears and cries out.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Thornley sprints along the empty street. He slows down resting against a wall, taking in deep breaths. Thornley turns back and sees DRACUL, lavishly dressed with tinted glassed and a cane. Dracul takes a step towards him.

THORNLEY

Stop right there, sir!

Thornley swiftly changes his approach. Pitch-black eyes bore through Thornley from above the glasses.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

I have money, just let me--

Thornley frantically searches his pockets.

DRACUL

(Eastern European)

I do not want your money.

Dracul smiles with white pointy teeth. Thornley cautiously squints at the deformity. He bolsters some unconvincing

bravery. Dracul leers at his effort.

THORNLEY

Then be on your way. I have had a very long day. Goodbye to you, sir.

DRACUL

And I am only out for a late-night stroll. Imagine my surprise at finding another out at this hour.

Dracul casually circles Thornley. The dim night light shadowing his features.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

Particularly someone leaving the hospital with such haste. I could not help but find such a man intriguing.

Dracul halts, looming over Thornley, inches from his face. Thornley notices his scent. Dracul's long fingers flex on the cane. Thornley flinches at the micro-movement. He attempts to steady his breath.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

I, too, recently left the hospital. Visiting an old friend, you see...

Thornley is pale, paralysed. With immense effort he fights back against the supernatural hold on him.

THORNLEY

I wish you and your friend the best. Now I must be on my way.

Sudden release lets Thornley spin to leave. Relief. A deep breath. He is free. He starts down the street. Suddenly Dracul's hand on Thornley's shoulder freezes him in place.

DRACUL

(whispering)

Perhaps you know my friend as well?

Thornley shudders. His eyes firmly shut. He hears the tap of the cane circle him once more. Thornley turns to face Dracul. Dracul smiles, his fangs just barely peeking out. Thornley swallows.

THORNLEY

(hesitates)

Does your friend have a name?

DRACUL

Why, Ellen Crone, of course.

Thornley jolts into action, ripping free from Dracul's reach, putting some distance between them. Thornley stumbles backwards, his eyes locked on Dracul, but still increasing the gap between them.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

I have not seen her in many years. A visit is overdue.

Thornley can hear the voice clearly, as if in his own head but Dracul's lips don't move. Thornley tries to shake his delusional state, returns to logic.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

Should you run into her again, you will give her my best, will you not?

THORNLEY

But your name. I do not know your name.

Dracul tips his hat at Thornley, then vanishes.

DRACUL (O.S.)

You should hurry home, your wife needs you.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Thornley bursts through the door, panting. Emily's screams ring throughout the house. Thornley pales.

THORNLEY

Emily!

DARK VOID - DREAM

Bram is standing over a body of calm murky water. He stiffens, terrified to move. A pale hand reaches for him from the water. Bram swallows, staring at it.

ELLEN (O.S.)

You need help, Bram.

Bram hesitates in recognition of the voice. He kneels to the pale hand. Reaches for it.

BRAM

Nanna?

The pale hand suddenly grabs him. He yells with surprise.

EXT. CLONTARF INN - NIGHT

A sign swings squeakily in the dreadful weather. Sudden lightning illuminates an engraving; *Clontarf Inn*.

INT. CLONTARF INN - MOMENTS LATER

A loud thunder crackle shakes the windows of the old, wooden Inn. Rain violently beats against the glass. Bram jolts awake in the small cot. Through heavy eyes he checks on Matilda. She remains peaceful in her bed.

Captivated by the storm, he absentmindedly scratches at his wrist. He pulls away the sheets, approaches the rattling window. A shadow looms outside. Bram whips around. Nothing. He cautiously glances up at the ceiling.

ELLEN (O.S.)

(whisper)

Hello Bram.

Bram spins to the window.

EXT. CLONTARF INN - CONTINUOUS

Ellen hovers in front of the high window. Her blue dress, drenched in the rain. Bright blue eyes focus on Bram. She places her pale finger on the glass, directed at Bram. She smiles warmly, motions him towards her.

INT. CLONTARF INN - CONTINUOUS

Bram frightened, stumbles back, clutching his throat. He turns to Matilda.

BRAM

(hushed)

Matilda.

Silence. Bram's lip quivers. Bram suddenly freezes in place from an unseen force. Eyes wild. Sweat forms on his forehead. Compulsion consumes him.

INT. CLONTARF INN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bram in a trance hobbles along, floorboards creek with each

step. Lighting flashes, revealing a silhouette guiding Bram forward. A gentle hum sounds.

INT. CLONTARF INN - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda jolts awake. She shudders frightfully, darts to Bram's empty cot. She quickly sits up and moves over to the window. She gasps in fright and sprints out the room.

EXT. CLONTARF INN - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda bursts out the doors into the heavy rain.

MATILDA
(fearfully)
Bram!

Bram, in a trance, suckles Ellen's wrist as she does the same with his. Ellen slowly raises her head from Bram's wrist, blood trailing from the side of her mouth. Her luminescent grey eyes settles on Matilda.

Suddenly, the rain mysteriously changes direction, pelting at Matilda's face. She shields her eyes. When she can finally see again she finds Bram unconscious on the wet gravel.

I/E. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

12 August 1868

Thornley, dishevelled, opens the door. Matilda clutches onto Bram. Bram trembles, traumatised.

THORNLEY
What in God's name have you gotten us
into?

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Thornley slams his fist on the armrest of the couch. Matilda and Bram flinch. Bram turns, avoiding Thornley's judgement.

THORNLEY
(loudly)
Bram did what?

Matilda glances at Bram. She hesitates and motions Thornley to calm himself. Thornley takes a long sip from a whiskey bottle. The liquid spilling from his mouth.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

(accusingly)

And you have no memory of this?

Bram irritably paces along the length of the room. He runs a shaky hand through his hair, frowning deeply in an effort to remember.

BRAM

The last thing I remember was waking up to thunder and looking out the window. I was watching the rain before...

Matilda bites her lip nervously and motions to Bram.

MATILDA

There is something else that you should know, Thornley.

Matilda rises and hands Bram a sharp letter opener. Thornley follows the narrow blade as Bram takes it and inflicts a deep gash on his own hand.

THORNLEY

Bram!

Thornley grabs a handkerchief from his pocket, snatches Bram's bloody hand and tightly covers the wound. Bram calmly hands the letter opener back to Matilda. Bram comfortingly places his hand over Thornley's.

BRAM

There is no need for that.

Thornley shakes his head in confusion. Bram peels away the blood-stained handkerchief. The gash has vanished. Thornley pales, sinks back into his seat.

MATILDA

Since Nanna Ellen cured Bram, he has never been sick, never injured, and stronger than you and I both.

THORNLEY

(breathlessly)

How can this be?

BRAM

It has always been this way because of these.

Bram relaxes and pulls up his sleeve at the elbow and offers his wrist to Thornley.

Thornley immediately darts to the marks. Thornley grabs Bram's wrist, studying the pinpricks. He shudders.

BRAM (CONT'D)

(shamefully)

They first appeared the night I was healed as a child. Thinking back on it now and knowing what Matilda had told me.

Bram pauses. He feels for the ring beneath his neckband.

BRAM (CONT'D)

I don't believe this was the first time. I think she made me. Made me drink her blood many times.

Thornley tenses, fixated on the marks. Bram winces at Thornley's tightening grip. Matilda notices, her suspicion evident. She clears her throat. Thornley blinks, returning to his senses. He releases Bram.

THORNLEY

Does it hurt? Do you feel ill? Is there anything out of the ordinary that comes with these?

MATILDA

You've seen these before?

Thornley is taken aback. The pinpricks seemingly stare back at him. Thornley takes another long gulp of his drink.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark. Emily's laboured breath fills the room. Thornley enters with a single candle, illuminating Bram and Matilda's way. Thornley sets the candle on nightstand. Emily, beading in sweat groans loudly.

Thornley carefully loosens the bandages on her neck revealing the infected pinpricks. The flame's light dances over the wound. Bram and Matilda gawk. Thornley's frame droops, defeated. Bram focusses the wound.

THORNLEY

I heard her scream when I was coming home. Found her in a swoon next to the
(MORE)

THORNLEY (CONT'D)
bed, bleeding. I've tried everything I
know in the medical sciences, but
nothing eases her of this torment.

BRAM
Is she like me?

THORNLEY
Not at all. The opposite, in fact. I
had the hardest time getting the
bleeding to stop. Whatever is
happening to her is worsening. I fear
death will claim her soon.

Thornley winces. He turns to Bram pleadingly.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)
I am very afraid, Bram. I can't loose
her, not like this. Whatever this is I
hope when we find Ellen we can find a
cure.

Matilda inspects the wound.

MATILDA
I doubt Ellen did this.

THORNLEY
(regretfully)
I agree.
(beat)
I had the misfortune of meeting
Emily's man in black that night as
well.

Bram and Matilda dart to Thornley's pained expression.
Thornley covers the wound once more. He lays a gentle kiss on
her wet forehead.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)
Let us leave her, then I shall tell
you more.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda spreads her notes out on the desk. Ellen's journal is
placed to the side. Bram rests his hand over it. They
simultaneously lean over the scattered pages. Thornley's
finger traces the map, it rests on the Clontarf Cemetery.

THORNLEY

This is all connected. Ellen's journal in his grave suggest they are likely traveling together. To where and why we don't know.

BRAM

We do know she sleeps in soil, she's sickly during the day--

MATILDA

She doesn't eat.

Bram hesitates. He scratches at his wrist.

BRAM

She feeds off blood.

Thornley notes Bram's teeth, unlike Dracul's.

THORNLEY

And you've fed from hers.

Bram and Thornley engage in a stare down. Matilda clears her throat then moves Ellen's journal to the centre of the table. Thornley glances at the it, then to Matilda. Thornley sighs thoughtfully.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

I might not be able to puzzle all of this together, but I have a acquaintance that has interests in these things...

Thornley lightly taps the journal to make a point.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

Well this. What we are dealing with, what has happened to Bram and what is happening to Emily.

MATILDA

We can't tell just anyone about this, Thornley. Imagine what the Protestants will say if they found out what Bram could do.

THORNLEY

(mocking)

Imagine what the Catholics will say.

(seriously)

(MORE)

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. We clearly need help. Emily needs my help.

Bram sees the pain that consumes Thornley. Matilda, ready to protest, notices Bram's warning hand.

BRAM

Who did you have in mind?

Thornley considers for a moment. Calmed and sober he gathers the needed courage.

THORNLEY

What I am about to tell you must remain between us and if this is shared, I or perhaps all of us, could end up dead.

MATILDA

Thornley! How could you utter such a thing?

BRAM

Give him a chance.

Thornley licks his lips nervously. He nears the collage of notes on the table. He leans on the solid wood, a last effort to steady himself.

THORNLEY

The Hellfire Club is an elite--

BRAM

You're in the Hellfire Club?

Thornley is taken aback. Bram grins, expectantly. Thornley reluctantly continues. He stares at Bram suspiciously.

THORNLEY

You know of the Hellfire Club?

MATILDA

What boy Club are you two on about?

BRAM

(confidently)

A place where secrets never leave.

Matilda rolls her eyes. Thornley smiles, impressed.

THORNLEY

And where the perplexed questions can be answered. My friend there can help us. His expertise may prove vital in our efforts to find Ellen and cure my Emily.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - DREAM

Young Bram coughs in his bed. The room is dimly lit by a single candle on Young Bram's nightstand. The room is deathly silent. The room shakes. Bram pulls the covers close to him for comfort. He glances around him nervously.

The doorknob to his room jiggles. Bram breathes in sharply, drags himself off the bed and shifts under it. He stares at the door, frightfully. The jiggling stops.

Ellen bursts through the door. Sprints to the window. Stops. Then to his bed. She rummages the sheets. Young Bram covers his mouth. Ellen jolts. Ducks to view under the bed. She smiles, relieved. Crawls under the bed with him. She breathes deeply. Her body trembles with fear.

ELLEN

He is coming.

Young Bram stares back at the door. Heavy footsteps sound. Ellen holds Young Bram close. The sounds grow louder. Smart black shoes and a menacing cane enter the room. Stops. *Hiss*.

INT. THORNLEY'S COACH - NIGHT

Bram stirs awake, rubs his eyes. Thornley, dressed in his best, notes Bram and Matilda shifting awkwardly in their seats. Bram clearly underdressed in comparison and Matilda in the guise of a man, the flat cap too large and drooping over her eyes. Matilda huffs.

MATILDA

This is greatly unnecessary.

THORNLEY

You wanted to come along to this boy club. You must look the part.

Bram raises his eyebrow at Thornley, he shrugs in response. Matilda thoughtfully rests her head in her hands.

MATILDA

How much do you trust this so called
(MORE)

MATILDA (CONT'D)
acquaintance of yours?

Thornley smirks confidently.

THORNLEY
I have shared a number of secrets with him. Not once did any of those secrets pass his lips.

MATILDA
Why is it you have never spoken of him before?

Thornley pulls a silver canteen from his pocket and opens it. He raises the canteen to Bram. Thornley glugs down its contents. Matilda sighs sympathetically. Bram notices.

THORNLEY
What happens between the walls of the Hellfire Club must remain untold. So it is stated, or not, if you follow my meaning.

Bram exhales loudly. Matilda and Thornley glance at Bram.

BRAM
The Club is far more trouble than it's worth. It is why I tend to stay clear of it.

MATILDA
(to Thornley)
If this Club is so secretive, how do you plan to spirit Bram and myself inside?

THORNLEY
As long as you are with me, and a gentleman, I can gain you admittance. Don't you fret.

Matilda chuckles to herself, tips her hat to Thornley.

MATILDA
Our brother, the aristocrat.

EXT. MONTPELIER HILL - HELLFIRE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

A large estate stands before them. Its impressive architecture towers over the approaching Overly dressed

ARISOCRATS as they heard themselves towards the grand doors of the Montpellier Manor.

Thornley strides forward with Bram and Matilda at his side.

THORNLEY

I'm sure you already know this, but do not make a scene. No pointing, yelling, flirting, conversing or staring at anyone. This is the place where saying or behaving inappropriately can get you killed. Especially when you are not a member.

Matilda grimaces at the thought. She loops her arms through Thornley's. Thornley immediately pulls away. He motions to her attire, reprimanding.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

When you look the part, act the part.

Matilda sighs deeply. Attempts to mimic Thornley's strides.

INT. MONTPELIER HILL - HELLFIRE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Classical music fills the lavish room, decorated in assortments of golds, coppers and silvers. WEALTHY ARISTOCRATS are merry with drinks in hand. Thornley casually weaves forward as Matilda and Bram follow close after him. Thornley nods greetings to passing Wealthy Aristocrats.

Matilda bobs forwards, her hat slipping. Bram gabs her shoulders, steadies her and adjusts her hat. Matilda nods, continues forward in wide strides. Thornley guides Matilda and Bram to the back of the room.

A HEFTY MAN stands guard at a door. His features hardened by scars and seaman piercings. Bram and Matilda stare up at the Hefty Man. Thornley bows his head respectfully. The Hefty Man judges them, he leers at Matilda. Matilda cautiously steps out of view, pulls her hat lower to hide her soft features.

HEFTY MAN

Name?

THORNLEY

Thornley Stoker.

(Beat)

Arminius Vambery is expecting us.

The Hefty Man pauses. He nods and moves to the side

discreetly. Thornley opens the door. Matilda sticks close to Bram. She avoids Hefty Man as much as possible in these close quarters. Bram guides Matilda through the door.

**INT. MONTPELIER HILL - HELLFIRE CLUB - GREEN ROOM -
CONTINUOUS**

The trio enter. A circular table stands in the centre of the room, bizarre trinkets decorate the walls. TWO LARGE MEN at one end, with fistfuls of cards, stare at VAMBERY (30), a scrawny man in comparison, at the other end.

Vambery's gaze rises from his cards and onto Thornley. He quickly stands, bursting with enthusiasm and arms wide in welcome. The Two Men bitterly drop their cards and leave.

VAMBERY

Come in, my friend! It is most
excellent to see you again.

He studies Bram then Matilda. Matilda shies away from Vambery wearily. Vambery enthusiastically shakes Thornley's hand.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Care for a friendly game between us
men? I can wager some fantastic nudist
drawings I acquired earlier in the
night.

Matilda shifts away, her face turning a deep red.

THORNLEY

It is not quite the evening for a card
game.

VAMBERY

Ah. Perhaps another activity. I know a
great mistress who manages the best
brothel in Dublin.

THORNLEY

This is not a night for such an
activity, Vambery.

Vambery laughs. He notices Matilda's bashfulness.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Who is this poor flustered young man
you've dragged in here?

Matilda hesitates. She turns back towards Vambery, removes

her hat to allow her hair to spill over her shoulders. Vambery jolts. He fixates on her.

THORNLEY

That is my sister, Matilda. My brother, Bram.

Bram nods in greeting.

VAMBERY

Sister?

Vambery sinks back into his chair. A mix of embarrassment and betrayal. He motions to the siblings.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Not the wisest idea to bring a woman here, Thornley.

Vambery gives a respectful bow of his head towards Bram.

INT. MONTPELIER HILL - HELLFIRE CLUB - GREEN ROOM - LATER

The group is gathered around a table. Vambery waits patiently as Bram carefully retrieves Ellen's journal.

VAMBERY

Is this book the reasoning for our gathering?

Thornley leans over, interrupts Vambery's nonchalant flipping and taps the page.

THORNLEY

Look at this date. The entire book--

MATILDA

Is written in Ellen's hand.

Vambery runs a careful hand over the journal. He examines the writing, the paper and finally the binding.

VAMBERY

The twelfth of October 1654. The construction is correct for that period, so the book is at least that old.

THORNLEY

Can you make sense of this?

Vambery laughs. His confidence beaming.

VAMBERY

Of course. I know much about the strangeness of the world.

The siblings eye each other curiously. Bram remains unconvinced. Thornley swallows nervously. Vambery pulls a pair of reading spectacles from his breast pocket.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

This is far more than a diary, my friends, I must read these events to you.

INT. MONTPELIER HILL - HELLFIRE CLUB - GREEN ROOM - LATER

The room is still. Silent. Vambery thoughtfully closes the book and slides it to the centre of the table. Matilda wipes her tears away. Bram bites his knuckle, calming the rage boiling up. Thornley clears his throat.

THORNLEY

By chance, you have a drink for me?

Vambery rises and grabs a bottle and glass from behind him. He slides them to Thornley. Thornley takes the bottle straight. Matilda carefully pries the bottle from Thornley. Thornley lowers his head shamefully.

VAMBERY

Ellen Crone is Countess Dolingen von Gratz.

THORNLEY

Are we to believe Ellen wrote this more than two hundred years ago? Is that what you are implying?

He grabs the bottle from Matilda's hand unashamedly gulps, continuously. Bram refocuses their attention.

BRAM

If Ellen did write it, is it an account of the events she experienced? Had everything detailed in there really happen to her? All those God awful things?

Vambery taps the book loudly.

VAMBERY

I have heard of the tale of Dearg-Due, but never in such detail. I believe your nanny, Ellen, Countess Von Gratz, Dearg-Due and whatever other name she might go by. This account is hers. This account is that of an original vampire, not transformed by another, but born from darkness.

MATILDA

(breathlessly)

Our Nanna Ellen is a vampire?

Vambery nods, confirming their suspicions. The siblings exchange troubled glances. Bram clears his throat, hesitates. The attention suddenly on him.

BRAM

The Artane Castle described in her account must be the same Artane Castle that Matilda and I had followed Ellen to in our childhood.

Vambery abruptly rises, knocking his chair over with a thud. Thornley flinches. Vambery beams with excitement.

VAMBERY

Then what are we waiting for? We must go there at once!

Bram rises confidently. His eyes flashing with determination.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

5 October 1854

Young Bram jolts awake in his dark room. He pats his body, sighs with relief. Young Bram suddenly notices his cloak hanging over the edge of the bed.

ELLEN (O.S.)

(whispering)

You should not leave your room, Bram, not at night. Bad things happen to little boys who wander the forest.

Young Bram jumps out of bed, searches the room. Ellen laughs lightly behind him. Young Bram whips around.

ELLEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's good to see you with so much energy. A week ago, you couldn't stand upright without help. Yet tonight, you ransacked my room, snuck outside, and ventured a great distance from home.

Young Bram dives for a view under his bed. Nothing. Young Bram moves to the middle of the room, his eyes darting to each corner. His panic rising.

YOUNG BRAM

What did you do to me?

ELLEN (O.S.)

Well, I rescued you from the Devil's touch, of course. Is that not what your sister said?

Young Bram glances at the window and bravely steps towards the glass. Young Bram hesitantly reaches for the latch.

ELLEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, you're getting warmer.

He opens the window. He quickly glances outside the window then back. Closes the window. He cautiously moves back to the centre of the room.

YOUNG BRAM

I thought you said I was getting warmer?

ELLEN (O.S.)

I did, but now you are so very cold.

A drop of water hits the floor before Young Bram. He freezes in place. He takes in a shaky breath as he slowly looks up at the ceiling. Ellen in a soaked, white dress launches herself towards Young Bram, like a cat.

Darkness.

INT. ARTANE - VAMBERY'S COACH - LATER - PRESENT

Matilda rests on Bram's shoulder as Thornley twitches nervously. Bram stares out the window, deep in thought. Vambery pulls away from his own journal and studies Bram.

His gaze moves over his lively pink face, straight teeth and studies the area where the sun touches Bram's skin. Bram can

feel his eyes on him. He searches Vambery's face. Vambery awkwardly fumbles his journal. Bram shrugs it off.

EXT. ARTANE - CLONTARF SCHOOL - LATER

SUPER: Clontarf 1847

The group stand in front of a large gate reading Clontarf's School for Boys. The collections of buildings taking up the land. Vambery huffs, unimpressed. A light breeze moves over the group. Silence. Matilda whips around to Bram.

MATILDA
(accusingly)
It's gone. Did you know of pending
construction?

Bram raises his hands defensively. Thornley notices Vambery causally studying the building, deep in thought.

BRAM
No. I knew nothing of the castle's
demolition nor the construction of the
school.

Vambery rubs his temples, irritated.

VAMBERY
Where does this leave us?

BRAM
The tower where we followed Ellen
stood right here. One thing that would
remain untouched would be the bog.

THORNLEY
Do you recall where it was?

Bram absentmindedly scratches at his wrist. He slowly pans to the side. He inhales deeply.

BRAM
(confidently)
This way.

EXT. BOG - MOMENTS LATER

The flora surrounding the bog is thick and overgrown. Birds chirping all around them. The water now lifeless, grey and murky. The atmosphere is tranquil, yet Bram and Matilda are apprehensive. Bram glances at Matilda, knowingly.

Bram stares to where he had seen Ellen crouched. Vambery hovers at Bram's side, studying the water bank.

BRAM

She was here. I don't remember much,
but I remember being here. Something
was in the water.

Bram frowns deeply. He raises his head towards the water. Its appearance sends shivers through Bram.

MATILDA

I don't remember a thing when we
followed her out here.

BRAM

You wouldn't, you were trembling too
much.

Matilda pauses thoughtfully. She jolts.

MATILDA

The fog! I remember that unusual fog.
It grabbed us!

Vambery cocks his head inquisitively.

VAMBERY

I believe that strange happenings are
at play here. You were wise to seek my
help.

MATILDA

How long are we going to stand around
here? As lovely as this place looks it
gives me the creeps.

Bram kneels and leans towards the water. His reflection in the water ripples. Bram inches closer. The ring on his necklace slips out from his collar. It touches the water. The scenery around Bram ripples and darkens.

DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Everything is black. The outline of the bog appears and Ellen is there kneeling down at the bank just like she had done years ago. Bram is perplexed, taking in the dark abyss surrounding him. He curiously stomps his feet, black ripples form. The ripples continue to Ellen.

She abruptly rises, noticing the ripples. Bram tenses. Ellen

turns. Her bright blue gaze settles on Bram.

ELLEN
(disbelief)
Bram?

Ellen straightens with recognition. She chuckles nervously.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
How are you here?

BRAM
Where is here?

ELLEN
You don't know? It doesn't matter,
there is something you--

The dark abyss turns crimson. Ellen's face contorts fearfully. Severed limb rise up, surrounding Bram. Bram screams. Ellen hopelessly watches as Bram's terror rises.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
We are all in grave danger, Bram!

BRAM
Nanna Ellen!

The scene ripples violently.

EXT. BOG - CONTINUOUS

Vambery and Thornley haul Bram from out the water. Bram gasps at the air, flailing his arms. Thornley pulls Bram to the safety of the long grass.

VAMBERY
What were you thinking, man!

Matilda, panicked drags him into her arms, holding him tight to her. Bram slows his breathing. He peers at Thornley and Vambery. He relaxes, relieved.

BRAM
(breathlessly)
I saw her. Nanna Ellen.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

The group shuffles in calmly. Vambery marvels at the entrance of Thornley's home, his energetic charm returning.

VAMBERY

Lovely to offer us stay at your
splendid home. May I ask how is your
beautiful Emily?

Thornley's winces at the sound of her name. Vambery notices,
then sobers his expression, respectfully.

THORNLEY

Unfortunately, she has not been well
since I first saw Ellen in Dublin.

Matilda nudges Thornley, in an attempt of encouragement.
Thornley nods in agreement. He hesitates.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

She has been bitten by one of them.

Vambery's expression turns grave.

VAMBERY

Show me.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vambery is examining the pinpricks on Emily's neck. A single
drop of blood trails out. Vambery is perplexed. The group
patiently waits for a diagnosis. Vambery shrugs,
disheartened. Thornley, Bram and Matilda simultaneously sigh.

VAMBERY

I am at loss here, this is unlike
anything I have ever seen.

Thornley runs a shaky hand through his hair, attempting to
reason with himself. He breathes in sharply. Bram notices his
rising desperation. Frowns sympathetically.

THORNLEY

Is there nothing we can do?

VAMBERY

From what I have heard, a stake
through the heart, beheading,
cremation then a scattering of the
ashes is an effective way of disposing
of the undead.

Matilda scoffs.

MATILDA
Emily is not undead.

VAMBERY
(nonchalantly)
Not yet. However, I suggest using such
methods on the one responsible for
this. Simply find Ellen and kill her.

BRAM
Ellen did not do this.

Bram frowns. He twirls the ring between his fingers. A sudden
thought crosses his mind, it disturbs him. He tucks the ring
away. Rises, catching the attention of the room.

BRAM (CONT'D)
Neither did the others, I'm sure.

Vambery pauses. His concern evident.

VAMBERY
Good God man. Are we dealing with more
than one undead? How many are there?

BRAM
We've counted three.

Thornley tenses. He suddenly recalls a memory, he shudders.

THORNLEY
(gravely)
Have you seen the man in black?

Matilda and Bram share a glance. The atmosphere thickens.

MATILDA
That makes four!

Vambery chokes and Thornley pales.

VAMBERY
I can see why you did not bring this
up with the church. The Protestants
and Catholics will have a field day
with this.

MATILDA
We have been trying to find Ellen, but
it seems we have not come close yet.

Bram places his hand bellow his neck, feeling for the ring.
He touches it. Pauses.

BRAM

I somehow made a connection to her. If
I can replicate it we should find
exactly where she is--

Vambery clasps his hands together. Stopping Bram and
directing the attention in the room to him.

VAMBERY

Let this wait for tomorrow. We are
well deserving of a good nights rest
after today.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - BRAM'S ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

6 October 1854

Young Matilda jumps onto Young Bram's bed. Young Bram jolts
awake, his eyes wide and fearful. Young Matilda hugs him
comfortingly. He catches his breath, holding onto her
tightly. Young Matilda pulls away and notices a speck of
dried blood on the corner of Young Bram's mouth.

YOUNG MATILDA (CONT'D)

You're bleeding. You must've bitten
your tongue or something.

Young Bram pulls himself out of the bed. He glances at the
ceiling. Suddenly, Young Matilda gasps, pointing at Young
Bram's arms. The leech marks are gone. Charlotte enters, her
eyes briefly scan the room.

CHARLOTTE

Have you seen Nanna Ellen? She is not
in her room.

The siblings gasp in disbelief. Young Bram leaps from his bed
towards the door, Young Matilda follows. Charlotte stares
wide eyed at Young Bram.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(breathlessly)

You're running...

EXT. ARTANE CASTLE - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

The tower of the Artane Castle is surrounded by rubble. A
crow cries out, a warning. Young Bram and Young Matilda stand

before the doorway of the tower. Young Matilda swallows nervously.

YOUNG MATILDA

Do you think that she is in there?

YOUNG BRAM

I'm not sure, but there might be some clues. There was nothing left in her room, even the dust had vanished.

Young Bram hesitates. Young Matilda lightly nudges him forward. Young Matilda clings to him as he slowly shuffles on. The crow cries.

**INT. ARTANE CASTLE - A ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK
CONT'D**

The fragile stone walls and floor threaten to cave. A rat scurries across the room into a pile of rubble. Four crates stand in the centre of the room, three are open and one is sealed shut. Together Young Bram and Young Matilda push open the large wooden door. A cloud of dust forms.

Immediately the pair grimace, holding their noses. The sealed crate draws Young Bram close. He drifts towards it.

Young Bram caresses the crate, running his fingers along the edge. Young Matilda fearfully hides behind Young Bram. Young Bram removes the lid revealing more soil.

Young Bram hesitantly digs and pulls out a gold ring with engraving. He is mesmerized by it. Young Matilda curiously takes the ring from Young Bram. Young Bram blinks and quickly focuses back to the soil. He digs deeper.

YOUNG BRAM

There is something bigger here.

He struggles to dig up something heavy as Young Matilda studies the engraving on the ring.

YOUNG MATILDA

(reading)

Casa lui Dracul.

Young Bram finds something hairy beneath the surface. He grips it, pulls. Falters. Young Bram huffs, grabs at it again, pulls hard. He grunts and pulls a head from the soil and falls backwards. The head lands on Young Bram's lap. They scream. A thud comes from within the crate.

EXT. ARTANE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Young Bram and Young Matilda sprint out in a wave of shrill screams. The doorway stands empty. Suddenly an eerie wind blows from within, sending dry leaves to tumble out.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - PRESENT

In the silence, a single flame flickers. Vambery writes in his journal. The flames suddenly dims. Vambery tenses.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thornley places a damp cloth on Emily's forehead. Bram, concerned, watches over Emily from his seat besides the nightstand. Thornley yawns.

BRAM

You should really get some sleep.

THORNLEY

Easier said than done.

Thornley lovingly strokes Emily's cheek. He smiles weakly at her. Bram subconsciously scratches his arm.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The moonlight shines through the windows onto Matilda. On the bed, she pages through Ellen's journal. Suddenly a shadow appears, looming over Matilda. Matilda stirs fearfully. She slowly turns to the window, dread consumes her.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Vambery writes. Matilda screams. Vambery drops his book, pen and bolts out the door. The black ink from the pen pools onto the floor. The flame goes out.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thornley jolts from his chair. The pair dart to the door. Thornley carefully closes the door. Emily stirs. *Hiss*.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda points fearfully at the window. She trembles. Vambery sprints in. He notices nothing at the window. He rushes to Matilda's side, grasps her hand comfortingly.

VAMBERY
What has happened?

Bram and Thornley rush in with fists at the ready. They momentarily peer at Matilda and Vambery. Bram stares out of the window. Nothing. Matilda takes in a deep, shaky breath.

MATILDA
There was someone at the window! God,
he was hovering so far off the ground.

Vambery searches out of the window. Matilda muffles another cry. Thornley swallows nervously.

VAMBERY
He cannot get in unless invited.

Bram nods, but Thornley pales.

THORNLEY
Emily.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Group skids in. Wind whips at them all. They freeze in place, horrified. Matilda muffles a scream. Vambery's eyes grow wide at the sight before them.

Dracul stands tall, his fangs buried in Emily's neck. He raises his head, blood trailing from his fangs and down his chin. Dracul's eyes flash a dangerous red towards the group.

He growls and casually drops Emily to the floor. Thornley's gaze locks onto Emily's limb body. He whimpers, glancing back at Dracul. He is frozen in fear.

Vambery bravely steps forward, draws a crucifix from his pocket and directs it towards Dracul. Dracul growls.

VAMBERY
Release her!

Dracul transforms into a swarm of bats. Matilda and Bram scream as they swat at the screeching mass. Thornley lunges for Emily, but before he can touch her she is dragged away by an unseen force into the thick swarm. He searches through the swarm.

Matilda slips, she yells out in alarm. A shadow-like hand grabs her ankle and drags her. Matilda screams. She uses her nails, claws at the floor, falters. Terror rises.

BRAM

Matilda!

Bram dives for Matilda. He pulls her into his arms. The shadow-like hand tightens. Matilda cries out painfully. Her ankle blackens. Bram stares, shocked.

Bram abruptly scratches his arm. He pauses. Pulls his chain and the ring from his neck and presses the ring onto the shadow-like hand. It retreats. Matilda gasps with relief, the bruise disappears. The room shudders.

DRACUL (O.S.)

(howling)

My Countess!

BRAM

Vambery! Do something.

Vambery pulls a small Bible from his pocket. The bats swarm at the open window. Dracul materializes with Emily in his arms. Vambery gasps fearfully. He lunges for Dracul.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Almighty God, grant us grace that we may cast out the works of darkness and put upon us the armour of light. Now in the time of this mortal life in which Thy Son, Jesus Christ, came to visit us in great humility, that in--

Dracul growls. He rises, his frame towering over Vambery. Matilda shrieks into Bram's chest.

Thornley stares desperately into the swarm.

THORNLEY

Please give me my Emily back.

EMILY (O.S.)

The little one. Ah yes! The little one. Daughter of the man on the wall. Who had a great fall.

Thornley pales.

THORNLEY

Maggie...

DRACUL
 (loudly)
 I am Vlad Dracul and I say enough!

His words thunder around them. Vambery holds his breath. Suddenly Vambery, Matilda and Thornley collapse to the ground in agony, held down by an unseen force. Bram stands unaffected. Dracul points a long threatening finger towards Bram. Bram yelps frightfully. Dracul abruptly smiles.

DRACUL (CONT'D)
 Bram. I've been dying to meet you.
 Your Nanna Ellen has told me so much
 about you.

Dracul moves at a great speed, halts at a breath away from Bram. Matilda sinks down to the floor, she trembles. Bram tenses, overwhelmed by Dracul's gaze. The ring swings from the chain. Dracul casually flicks the ring.

DRACUL (CONT'D)
 Do you know what this is?

Dracul admires the ring.

DRACUL (CONT'D)
 I gifted this to your Nanna Ellen a
 long time ago. She held onto it for so
 long it still holds a fraction of her
 essence.

His eyes darken. He reaches out his hand under the ring.

DRACUL (CONT'D)
 (authoritatively)
 Give it to me.

Bram pulls the ring away from Dracul. He grits his teeth, struggling under an unseen pressure. Dracul hisses.

DRACUL (CONT'D)
 (to Bram)
 I can sense your confusion and fear,
 so allow me to clarify. The only
 reason you and your party are alive is
 because I still have need of you.
 (beat)
 If you ever want to see Emily again?
 Find your Nanna Ellen.

The windows shatter. Bram shields his face from the flying

glass. Silence. Bram hesitantly views the destruction surrounding him. Dracul has vanished with Emily.

Thornley slowly rises with grief carved into his features. He cries out and slams a fist into the scattered glass.

THORNLEY

No. Emily. No...

Bram winces. Matilda hopelessly lowers her head. Vambery breathes heavily and struggles to his feet.

Vambery hobbles past the siblings and out the door. Thornley trembles, staring out the shattered window hopelessly.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING

The morning light floods the room. Vambery sighs, relieved. The siblings relax, the dark circles under their eyes evident of their lack of sleep.

VAMBERY

We are safe for now. Dracul won't make any sort of appearance during the day.

Silence. Thornley subconsciously reaches for a bottle of whiskey. He stops inches from his mouth. Hesitates and forces the glass down with a light thud.

THORNLEY

By the time we find Nanna Ellen my Emily will surely be dead.

MATILDA

You can't think that Thornley.

THORNLEY

How are we going to find her? It is not like she will magically appear and tell us.

Vambery whips to Bram. Thornley and Matilda follow suit.

VAMBERY

Bram, now is a good time to use that ring.

Bram pulls the ring and chain from his neck. Its gold colour shining in the morning light, creating a sense of hope.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

The ring does hold a piece of your Ellen. Perhaps focusing in on it will allow us to find out where she might be and what she might have planned.

BRAM

I am willing to try.

Vambery motions to the couch. Bram settles in the middle, holding onto the ring tightly.

VAMBERY

Try think of Ellen. Have her image in mind and focus on it, the ring should take you right to her. From there, try find out where she is.

Bram closes his eyes. He breathes in deep and slow. Vambery gleams with fascination.

DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Bram opens his eyes. Darkness surrounds him. There is something ahead. Bram slides closer, making the effort to be silent. He sees Ellen, but she is not alone.

Maggie O'Cuiv clings to Patrick O'Cuiv's hand. Ellen stands before them. Bram cautiously approaches.

PATRICK O'CUIV

We need a plan. He is getting closer and we are not prepared for that.

MAGGIE O'CUIV

They might be able to help us.

ELLEN

I will not pull anyone else into this mess.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bram, still in a trance. Thornley clasps his hands hopefully.

VAMBERY

What do you see, Bram?

BRAM

Ellen, Maggie and Patrick. They are talking about Dracul.

Vambery curiously moves closer to Bram.

VAMBERY

Can you see where they are?

DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Bram swallows nervously, hesitantly takes a step forward. Colours slowly come into view. Old stone walls, rubble and an archway, resembling an abandoned abbey.

BRAM

They are in an abbey of sort. It is very old.

Ellen jolts. Bram pauses, he darts a look behind him cautiously. Ellen slowly turns, her eyes staring into Bram's. Bram takes her in.

ELLEN

Bram? Is that really you?

Bram shuts his eyes. He takes a few more steps forward. Opens them. A cliff side and cemetery comes into view. Ellen inches closer. Bram steps back, cautious.

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bram, still in a trance. He forces in a shaky breath.

BRAM

I can see a cliff and a cemetery, too.

Matilda gasps, her hope and excitement returning. Vambery frowns thoughtfully. Vambery pauses. Suddenly he gleams with triumph. He whips out a journal and makes a note.

VAMBERY

There is only one old abbey that I know that fits that description and where the undead can enter. They are at Whitby.

THORNLEY

My God it worked. This actually worked.

Bram nervously licks his lips.

BRAM

I think she sees me.

DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Bram takes a shaky step backwards. Ellen in a blur of speed appears an inch from his face. She smiles in amazement.

ELLEN

How clever! You're using the ring.

She quickly takes his head between her hands. Admiring him up close. Bram stares down at her. Her bright blue eyes glow, her love for Bram evident.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You don't have to push me away, Bram.
I will never hurt you.

Bram frowns, recalling a memory. He pulls away, rejecting it. Ellen steps back, putting some distance between herself and Bram. She frowns, saddened.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

You still don't know, Bram?

INT. THORNLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Bram's eyes open wide, he gasps, sweat coating his face. Matilda grasps Bram's hand. Vamberry grips Bram's shoulder comfortingly. Bram forces a deep breath.

MATILDA

What happened, Bram?

BRAM

I don't know. I was focused on her,
then I remembered something...
something important.

(frustrated)

I can't, for the life of me, remember
what it was now.

VAMBERY

(sceptically)

Do you still have a connection to her?

Bram forces his eyes shut. He grunts, sweat dripping down. He winces, opens his eyes, his exhaustion evident.

BRAM

I can't tell. I don't have the energy
to try again.

Bram roughly tucks the ring and chain away. Vambery nods, accepting. Vambery comfortingly rests his hand on Bram's shoulder. Bram forces a smile, appreciatively.

VAMBERY

You've done enough, Bram. We know where your Nanna Ellen is.

INT. TRAIN - RAILWAY CARRIAGE - WASHROOM - MORNING

14 August 1868

SUPER: On route to Whitby.

Bram throws water on his face. The train engine roars on, shaking the carriage. Bram huff, glances at himself in the mirror. He notes his tied eyes, then his teeth. He swallows, bares his teeth to examine, normal. He sighs.

Knock!

Bram flinches, his fist raised, at the ready.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Your party's table is ready sir.

Bram sighs deeply, catching his breath.

BRAM

Yes. I'll be right out.

INT. TRAIN - RAILWAY CARRIAGE - LATER

The private railway carriage consists of an elegant interior. A table filled with an assortment of tableware, contrasting the tense atmosphere. Thornley's sunken eyes stare blankly outside. Vambery abruptly tears away from his journal.

VAMBERY

I found it!

Bram flinches. Quickly composes himself. Vambery rests the book on the table and points on the page.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

I believe the man we encountered to be voivode Dracula, the one spoken in legends. To pursue him means death. The evil that created Dracula flows through Ellen's veins as well.

MATILDA

Does it say anything about how to stop him?

VAMBERY

He is far too strong to kill up close or at a distance. It may be possible to trick him somehow, expose him to sunlight or push him into a pool of holy water.

Vambery smirks at Matilda. She ponders on the thought then nods, pleased. Thornley clears his throat.

THORNLEY

(hoarsely)

Did you know?

The focus shifts to Thornley. His hollow eyes glaring accusingly at Bram.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

Did you know Maggie was one too?

MATILDA

(sympathetically)

We didn't want to frighten you.

Thornley slams his fists on the table. The tableware clangs, startling Bram and Matilda.

THORNLEY

Scared does not begin to describe what I am feeling.

Thornley trembles.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

She and I were close when we were children. Then her family was murdered and she disappeared, became...

Thornley muffles a cry. A single tear rolls down his cheek. Bram is empathetic. He places a reassuring hand over Thornley's. Thornley snatches his hand away.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

And now my wife might be taken away in the same way.

Matilda beams confidently.

MATILDA
We will get her back, Thornley.

DARK VOID - DREAM

Bram, Matilda and Thornley sprint towards a grey outline of Whitby Abbey. Bram is ahead of them. He nears the Abbey's arch. He turns around. Matilda and Thornley are still, they stare back at Bram, horrified.

Out the darkness two clawed hands takes hold of both Matilda's and Thornley's throat. A maniacal laughter sounds. Bram screams. Sprints towards them. The claws sink deep into their necks. Blood splatters.

INT. WHITBY INN - BEDROOM ONE - NIGHT

15 August 1868

SUPER: Whitby 1847

The room is bare apart from two worn wooden beds and a old rug. The room creaks. Bram jolts awake clutching his chest. He darts to the opposite bed. Thornley snores loudly. Bram relaxes.

INT. WHITBY INN - BEDROOM TWO - MOMENTS LATER

Bram opens the door. Matilda sleeps soundly. Bram sighs, relieved. He runs a shaky hand through his hair.

BRAM
(to himself)
Just a bad dream. That is all it was,
I'm sure.

INT. WHITBY INN - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

16 August 1868

The room is sparsely decorated with plain wooden furniture and dirty old rugs. Notes, maps, and the journal are laid out on the coffee table. Bram, Matilda and Thornley study the map of Whitby.

Vamberry waltz' in and quickly settles a basket of white roses and bag stuffed with crucifixes, mirrors and other items onto the coffee table. The sound startles the siblings. Vamberry smiles charmingly. He motions to the bags.

VAMBERY

These will surely give us a fighting chance against the undead.

BRAM

I don't think we need any of this.
Isn't it a bit extreme?

Bram rummages through one of the bags, pulls out a pistol. He raises an eyebrow at it then slowly puts it back.

BRAM (CONT'D)

It is extreme.

VAMBERY

God knows what we will face at Whitby.
There could be three, four or five of those creatures. I'd rather not be surprised.

THORNLEY

Are we expected to kill Nanna Ellen?

Matilda and Bram pause, clearly dismissive of the idea. Vambery scoffs at the siblings.

VAMBERY

I expect you to want to kill them all.
They are undead. For all we know your Nanna Ellen has tricked you into coming here. You have yet to exchange a physical word to each other, how would you know if she just wants to drink your blood again?

MATILDA

Nanna Ellen would never harm us.

VAMBERY

(loudly)

Why not? Because she raised you?
Because Bram is her hybrid experiment?

Matilda shakes, unsettled and unable to defend her beliefs. Vambery sighs, noticing her discountenance. He recomposes himself for her sake.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

The point that I am making is to be prepared for anything. Don't expect Ellen to be the same woman that raised
(MORE)

VAMBERY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
you, it could be what she wants you to
believe.

Matilda calms herself. She motions to Vambery's bags and
baskets.

MATILDA
Why the flowers?

Vambery smirks. He gently plucks one rose from the basket and
twirls it in his hands, motioning Matilda close.

VAMBERY
If we do find Miss Crone, I would like
to present her with this gift. There
is nothing a woman likes more than
freshly cut flowers.

Matilda leans into the flower. Takes it. Vambery softens.

EXT. WHITBY - HILLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

17 August 1868

The sky darkens, preparing for a storm. Each member of the
group is carrying a heavy bag. Bram marches on easily with
the additional weight, the others progressively slow down.

Vambery's leg buckles. Bram quickly catches him, sets him on
his feet and swings Vambery's bag over his other shoulder.
Vambery smiles appreciatively.

VAMBERY
The air is thin up here, difficult for
anyone.

Vambery breathes heavily noting how Bram is unaffected.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
Have you ever tested your potential?

BRAM
I became quite the athlete as I got
older.

Vambery chuckles, shaking his head. Vambery marches on,
remaining close to Bram.

VAMBERY
Not quite what I was alluding to. I
(MORE)

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
meant in fighting, in war
specifically. You have all the
qualities of a vampire yet without the
limitations of one.

BRAM
I've never been the one to look for a
fight.

VAMBERY
Yes. But it would be nice to know your
potential.

Bram frowns, considering. He flexes his hand into a fist.

EXT. WHITBY - CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the top of the hill. The cemetery stretches far
left of them, the ground uneven and the graves worn away by
the elements. The old abandoned Abbey stands to the right,
most of it intact with few walls and windows fallen away.

A flash of lightning fills the sky. Vambery motions to the
land surrounding them from the cemetery to the cliff side.

VAMBERY
I travelled here many years ago and
was told stories of how floods and
great storms reshaped the land here.
The earth here is not the same from
ten years ago which means it is no
longer consecrated.

Vambery smirks, pointing at the Abbey ahead. A flash of
lighting and thunder erupts. The siblings shudder at the
sight. Vambery casually shrugs.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
The Abbey is the perfect hiding place
for the undead.

BRAM
Perhaps, we should split up before
this storm strikes. One group checks
the back and the other inside. We will
be able to cover more ground before
the sun sets.

Matilda swallows nervously.

MATILDA

Is that safe? Maybe we should stay together.

VAMBERY

(confidently)

These creatures will still be weak at this time, there is nothing to fear.

Vambery notes Matilda's nervousness. He motions to the Abbey.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

The lady may have first pick of where she would like to go.

Matilda surveys the Abbey. The dark interior sends shivers down her spine. She quickly motions to the outside of the Abbey. Thornley focuses on Matilda, patiently waiting.

MATILDA

I'll check the back.

VAMBERY

I--

THORNLEY

(rushed)

I'll go with Matilda.

Vambery is taken aback. Thornley scurries off. Matilda sighs and shrugs to Bram. Vambery watches on as Matilda follows after Thornley.

Bram notes the eerie entrance to the Abbey. Vambery casually shifts to his side.

VAMBERY

Now that we are alone I have many questions for you.

BRAM

(regretfully)

Please don't hold back.

Bram strolls forward. Vambery whips out his journal and readies his pen.

VAMBERY

How often did you drink from Ellen?

BRAM
I don't know.

VAMBERY
Are you a virgin?

BRAM
Uh no... Yes. Next question.

VAMBERY
Have you drank anyone else's blood?

BRAM
No!

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

The old abandoned Abbey is overgrown with weeds, stone walls lay in heaps of rubble. Vambery tucks his journal and pen away. He marvels at the interior.

VAMBERY
I'll reserve the rest of my questions
for later.

Bram subconsciously scratches his wrist. He freezes.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
(surprised)
You sense her.

BRAM
Not just her.

Vambery nervously glances around the Abbey's interior. Bram shudders at the walls of the Abbey. Bram shifts uncomfortably. They near the end of the room to a large intact oak door. Bram stops.

INT. ARTANE CASTLE - A ROOM - FLASHBACK

Young Bram and Young Matilda stare at the closed crate. The closed crate draws Bram in.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - PRESENT

Bram cautiously surveys around them. He inhales deeply.

BRAM
Do you smell that?

VAMBERY

What?

BRAM

Soil. Active soil.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

Thornley and Matilda move along the Abbey walls, with windows above them and rubble surrounding them. Thornley inspects each rock, crevice and hole of the wall of the Abbey. Matilda hesitates, noting Thornley's desperate search.

MATILDA

I don't think this is how we find
Emily, Thornley.

THORNLEY

At least I am making the effort. Just
walking around feels as if I am doing
nothing. Nothing to find her. Nothing
to show that I am trying my best.

Matilda smiles warmly. She rests a comforting hand on
Thornley's shoulder.

MATILDA

I understand your feelings Thornley.
We will get her back. You must believe
that. As much as you want her to be
tucked away somewhere around the abbey
she is not here.

Thornley trembles. He rests his head in his hands. Matilda
watches on as Thornley's thoughts overwhelm him.

THORNLEY

I can't sleep knowing that he has her.
I drive myself crazy thinking about
it. About her.

MATILDA

You are very good to her. She knows
your devotion to her. I'm sure just
being here, with us, is enough for you
to know that you are doing everything
in your power to save her.

Matilda smiles. She dusts Thornley off, encouraging him to
focus on the current situation.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

If you just wait, an opportunity will
present itself.

Suddenly, pebbles fall onto Thornley and Matilda. A shadow of
something moves by the Abbey window above them. Thornley
gasps at the sight. He points up towards it.

THORNLEY

Something moved inside.

Realization jolts through the pair.

MATILDA

It was watching us. One of them must
be watching the others too. Hurry, we
must warn them.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

Suddenly the oak door creaks open. Bram and Vambery watch on
in horror as Patrick O'Cuiv steps out into the open before
them. His large frame intimidates Vambery.

PATRICK O'CUIV

What are you doing here?

BRAM

Patrick O'Cuiv!

VAMBERY

The undead!

Vambery whips out a small pistol, aims at Patrick O'Cuiv.
Fires. The gun shot rings throughout the Abbey.

The bullet wedges into Patrick O'Cuiv's chest. He huffs,
pulls the bullet from his chest, winces and drops it. Its
metallic clinging on the stone brings Vambery back to
reality.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Bollix.

A still silence befalls the room. Vambery flings out his
Bible. His finger runs down the page, stops.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

(reading)

By the power of Christ--

Maggie O'Cuiv appears from nowhere and pins Vambery against the wall, inches from the ground. Vambery yells. He drops both his gun and Bible. Vambery struggles against her grip.

Ellen steps out from the wall and dashes for Bram. Bram fixates on Ellen's bright blue eyes as a red stream of tears forms. Bram stumbles back, the room spins.

Her hands reach for him. Bram instinctively reaches for the ring around his neck. He gasps. Something shatters. Bram fades into darkness.

EXT. STOKER HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

8 November 1847

A large, humble house stands, engulfed in mist, and in the dark of night. A loud female scream comes from the house.

ELLEN (V.O.)

As soon as I learned the location of every piece, I fled. The third piece was in Clontarf. I didn't expect to find you. I still remember, your fading heartbeat from your mothers womb.

Ellen steps out from the shadows in a black cloak. Her bright blue eyes stare up hesitantly at the house. She breathes in deeply. Ellen marches towards it.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

Ellen dives at Charlotte. Her hand grazes the pool of blood. She hesitates. Charlotte cries out. Ellen prepares herself. Charlotte lets out a shrill scream.

INT. STOKER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK CONT'D

At the end of the room, Ellen holds a dead still Baby Bram. His pale, translucent complexion matches Ellen's. Ellen notices the dried blood on her hands. She grits her teeth and slowly turns, obscuring Charlotte's view of them.

Ellen bites her finger, it bleeds. She presses the flow to Baby Bram's mouth. She strokes his throat to encourage the liquid down. Then he swallows on his own. His blue complexion melts away to fresh pinkness.

ELLEN (V.O.)
 I never had children of my own. But
 the moment you had my blood, the
 moments I saved your life, we became
 connected.

Ellen turns towards Charlotte and the Midwife, to reveal, a
 now lively, Baby Bram.

EXT. DUBLIN STREET - EARLY EVENING - FLASHBACK

15 November 1866

The street is busy with a CROWD of people bustling through
 the light rain holding umbrellas. Ellen is amongst the Crowd,
 holding up her own umbrella.

Her eyes seemingly glow a bright blue towards the Uptown
 Theatre. Bram exits. He observes the street, oblivious to
 Ellen's presence.

ELLEN (V.O.)
 Even when you believed I had left. I
 was still watching over you. Giving
 you my blood whenever you needed it.

DARK VOID - DREAM

An endless abyss surrounds Bram and Ellen. The ground beneath
 them ripples like water. Bram whips around the darkness
 around them. He stops, his gaze settles on Ellen. She mimics
 his movements exactly. He rushes to her and she
 simultaneously rushes to him.

Bram stops inches from her. He squints at her and she does
 the same. He reaches out his hand to touch her and she does
 the same. A mirror. Bram gasps at the touch realising Ellen
 is a reflection of him.

ELLEN (O.S.)
 When I gave you my blood.

Bram whips around to face Ellen. She weeps, red tears
 staining her face. Bram breathes in deeply.

BRAM
 Those nightmares I've been having.

ELLEN
 They weren't your nightmares. They
 were mine. I feared your version of
 (MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
me, feared your death and feared
Dracul's return.

Bram feels for the ring around his neckband. Nothing. Bram hesitates. He pulls Ellen into his arms. Hugs her tightly.

BRAM
You saved me? Why?

ELLEN
Because I loved you, Bram. You were my
son. The son only I could save. We
became bound the moment I gave you my
blood.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - PRESENT

Vambery struggles against Maggie O'Cuiv's grip. Thornley and Matilda skid into the Abbey. They freeze at the sight of Bram laying unconscious on Ellen's lap. The shattered remains of the ring beside them.

Thornley notices Maggie O'Cuiv, her small frame and translucent skin. He shudders.

Bram opens his eyes with a startling gasp. The atmosphere shifts in the room. Ellen sighs with relief. She cradles his head. Bram stares up at her, bewildered.

BRAM
(breathlessly)
Your beloved's name, it was Deaglan
O'Cuiv!

ELLEN
Patrick O'Cuiv did not kill his
family, it was Dracul. On his search
to find me he found them.

Ellen forces a smile. She rises and helps Bram to his feet. Matilda and Thorney watch on in anticipation.

BRAM
(loudly)
They are not the enemy.

Bram's reassurance fills Matilda with relief. She dashes for Ellen and wraps her arms tightly around her.

MATILDA

Not evil. Not a monster. Good.

Ellen playfully ruffles Matilda's hair. Matilda pauses, reminiscence of the interaction.

ELLEN

You were always such a determined child with a wild imagination.

MATILDA

I thought we imagined it all.

Ellen motions to the siblings, her gaze settles on Bram.

ELLEN

Most of what you saw was real, but I fear your mind as children greatly exaggerated some details.

Ellen extends her hand to Bram and Thornley. Bram intertwines his fingers with hers. Matilda shifts to Thornley's side. Ellen admires the siblings.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

This isn't the reunion I would've imagined, but I am overjoyed to see you all regardless.

Vambery, still in Maggie O'Cuiv's grip, stares in disbelief at the siblings.

VAMBERY

Are we ignoring the fact that they are all undead?

Patrick motions to Vambery, unimpressed.

PATRICK O'CUIV

I do not like this one.

The siblings shift their focus back to Ellen.

MATILDA

We came here because of Dracul.

THORNLEY

He has taken Emily.

ELLEN

We know. This is his way of herding us
(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)
together. It is what he wants.

Ellen glares at Vambery. Her strong stance reinforces her authority in the room.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Trust me when I say we are the least
of your worries. Dracul has made his
intentions clear and is no doubt
commanding a horde of his followers to
us.

BRAM
We have to work together if we wish to
stop Dracul. For all our sakes.

Matilda softens towards Vambery, she smiles, pleading.

MATILDA
Are you able to set aside your
differences for the cause?

The room falls silent. Bram patiently awaits Vambery's answer. Vambery stares down at Matilda, he huffs, defeated.

VAMBERY
(conceited)
Of course.

Maggie O'Cuiv gently lowers Vambery onto his feet. Vambery instinctively dusts himself off and retrieves his pistol and Bible back into his pocket.

MONTAGE - THE GROUP PREPARES FOR THE BATTLE

A) INT. ABBEY - The siblings watch as Vambery pours the bags' contents on the floor. Pistols, a rifle and a crossbow are lain out before them.

B) EXT. CHURCHYARD - Vambery fixes crucifixes on the Abbey walls. He wedges one between two rocks in the wall. Thornley hands another crucifix to Vambery.

C) INT. ABBEY - Higher up in the Abbey, in a barren corner, Matilda binds various mirrors together, creating a REFLECTIVE curtain Matilda notes her reflection on it.

D) EXT. CHURCHYARD - Thunder sounds. Rows of boulders now encircle the Abbey as a protective barrier. Ellen, Maggie O'Cuiv and Patrick O'Cuiv add more to the pile.

E) INT. ABBEY - Thornley and Bram place a string of fresh white roses across the Abbey window. They are precise with the placement, tails pointed to the Abbey, petals weaponised against the fading sun.

F) EXT. CHURCHYARD - Matilda shakily raises a rifle to aim. Thornley carefully pulls the rifle's sling to the side. He adjusts Matilda's elbow for a steadier form. She grips onto it confidently, peeking through the sights. Thornley nods, approvingly.

G) INT. ABBEY - Vamberry arranges various vials of holy water. He carefully strings them together at the neck. He admires his handiwork.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - LATER

Thornley and Vamberry rush inside, light rain beating behind them at the entrance to the Abbey. Ellen, Maggie O'Cuiv and Matilda gathers on a bench of rubble, spectating.

Bram and Patrick O'Cuiv circle each other, engaged in a stare down. Bram rushes for Patrick O'Cuiv, he dodges, sending Bram tumbling forward onto the ground.

PATRICK O'CUIV
You have to be a lot quicker than
that, Bram.

BRAM
If I am not fast enough or strong
enough how am I to fight Dracul?

Bram lunges for Patrick O'Cuiv, falters. Patrick O'Cuiv playfully ruffles his hair, then darts away from Bram.

PATRICK O'CUIV
The aim of this exercise is not to
test your speed or strength, but your
quick thinking.

Bram sighs deeply, exasperated. He stretches, eyeing Patrick O'Cuiv's feet and noting how each step is calculated. Bram waits. He dives for Patrick O'Cuiv, outstretches his one leg, knocking Patrick O'Cuiv off balance.

Bram takes the opportunity and lunges for Patrick O'Cuiv again. He manages to pin Patrick O'Cuiv to the ground. Patrick O'Cuiv snickers, approvingly.

BRAM

I learnt that from a stage play.

The group cheers.

PATRICK O'CUIV

Better. When we are all on Dracul,
that kind of thinking will keep you
alive.

Vambery shifts in beside Matilda, he pulls out his Bible,
rifles through and tears particular pages out. He hands them
to her. She shrugs, confused.

VAMBERY

If you find yourself surrounded at all
during this upcoming battle, I want
you to use those. If you read them
aloud it should disorientate or keep
the undead at bay.

MATILDA

Oh why, thank you.

Matilda takes the pages. The paper glides across her finger,
cuts her. She winces. A single drop of blood joins the rain
in falling to the ground.

Suddenly the storm changes direction. The rain stops. The
thunder roars loudly, signalling danger. Ellen and Bram
tense, already aware of the dark presence.

BRAM

They're here.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

The group marches outside the Abbey, armed to the teeth.
Matilda grips her rifle and Thornley loads his crossbow.

A HORDE of Dracul's followers march out the cemetery towards
the Abbey. The thunder rolls on with their approach.

BRAM

Defend the boulder barrier. If we keep
them from crossing it we will make it
to sunrise!

THORNLEY

And Dracul?

Ellen with her cool bright-bleeding eyes surveys the Horde. She frowns, slightly surprised.

ELLEN

He is not here.

Vambery chuckles to himself.

VAMBERY

Late to his own party!

The Horde reaches the boulder barrier. HORDE MEMBER #1 crosses. Bram quickly kicks it back. Another HORDE MEMBER #2 crosses over and Matilda shoots them in the head. One by one they cross, growling and snarling. The group spreads out, covering more ground.

Vambery pulls a vial from his pocket. Bites off the small cork, spits it at a distance. He tosses its contents on HORDE MEMBER #3. The liquid strikes like acid, melting their sinewy flesh. It screams, pure agony. It falls dead on the floor. Vambery glances from the dead Horde Member #3 then at the empty vial, impressed with its effectiveness.

Thornley shoots his crossbow at HORDE MEMBER #4 perfectly between the eyes. HORDE MEMBER #5 climbs over dead Horde Member #4 towards Thornley. Thornley struggles to reload the crossbow. Horde Member #5 lunges for Thornley, he yells out in surprise.

Patrick O'Cuiv appears and with one powerful punch bashes in Horde Member #5's head in, its face unrecognizable. Patrick O'Cuiv drags Thornley a little distance away from the Horde. He motions to the crossbow then the pistol tucked away at Thornley's side.

PATRICK O'CUIV

Use your pistol when in trouble!

Thornley nods, understanding. Patrick O'Cuiv helps Thornley to his feet and dashes for HORDE MEMBER #6 climbing over a boulder. Patrick O'Cuiv uses his bare hands, plunges his nails into Horde Member #6's chest, ripping out its spine.

Horde Member #6 drops, unmoving.

Patrick O'Cuiv, grabs HORDE MEMBER #7's head and liquefies it against the boulder. Patrick O'Cuiv replicates the action on the portion of the Horde gathered around him.

Maggie O'Cuiv notices Patrick O'Cuiv's method and does the

same. Matilda grimaces at the display. Matilda is oblivious to HORDE MEMBER #8 creeping up to her. Ellen appears, striking Horde Member #8 to the ground, killing it. Ellen rounds Matilda and raises her rifle, aims at the Horde.

ELLEN

Do not shield your eyes... this
horde... Let us give them peace in the
next life.

MATILDA

How will we ever push on? We are not
prepared for this number!

ELLEN

You will be just fine.

Ellen offers a warm, reassuring smile. Matilda's confidence instantly builds.

HORDE MEMBER #9 rises up from behind Ellen. She senses it as Matilda gasps. Ellen swiftly whips around, using her elongated nails to slice Horde Member #9's head clean off. Ellen smiles, encourages Matilda to press on.

Bram holds his ground as HORDE MEMBER #10, HORDE MEMBER #11 and HORDE MEMBER #12 surround him. They simultaneously lunge for Bram. Bram jumps upwards, high enough for the three to collide. Bram lands perfectly on their heads, crushing their skulls into splinters.

HORDE MEMBER #13 grabs Vambery's shirt. Vambery gasps with fright, swatting at the hand. Maggie O'Cuiv bites the hand clean off the wrist. Horde Member #13 screeches in agony. Maggie O'Cuiv kicks Horde Member #13's head clean off the shoulders. The head lands at a distance. Vambery gawks.

The hand strengthens its hold onto Vambery. Vambery tenses. Maggie O'Cuiv tugs at the hand, nothing. She shrugs.

VAMBERY

(shocked)

What do you expect me to do?

MAGGIE O'CUIV

It should let go soon. Unless you wish
to part with it immediately?

VAMBERY

I want to very much part with it.

Maggie O'Cuiv grabs the hand, prepares to pull. Vambery quickly stops her.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should do this.

Maggie O'Cuiv frowns as Vambery hesitantly pulls at the hand with such force it rips his shirt revealing rows of vials tied together across his waist and chest. Maggie O'Cuiv raises her eyebrows at the sight, she nods appreciatively at Vambery. Vambery stares at her, expecting her to leave.

VAMBERY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Get on with it devil child.

Maggie O'Cuiv grins wickedly and sprints past Vambery to Patrick O'Cuiv. Patrick O'Cuiv glances at her, noting her bloody mouth. He uses the corner of his shirt to tenderly clean Maggie O'Cuiv's face.

MAGGIE O'CUIV

I am quite capable to cleaning myself up, Pa.

PATRICK O'CUIV

I know. But you will forever be my little girl. I can't help it.

Bram drags HORDE MEMBER #14 over the barrier and onto the floor. Bram rests his leg on its shoulders and violently pulls at its head, breaking its neck with a loud snap. HORDE MEMBER #15 grabs Bram from behind. The choke hold cuts his oxygen. Panic sets in.

Ellen bolts to his side, piercing through Horde Member #15's chest, ripping out its blackened unbeating heart. Horde Member #15 falls dead. Bram clutches his chest, recovering from the attack.

ELLEN

Calm yourself Bram. Sunrise will soon be upon us. We must hang on a little longer.

BRAM

I fear we will be overrun with them.

Ellen places an encouraging hand on Bram's shoulder. She motions to the barrier and piling bodies of the Horde.

ELLEN

No we won't. Our plan is working, the barrier is still holding the mass of them back and soon--

A sudden swarm of bats fly overhead. The dark mass sends a wave of fear through the group. Ellen and Bram stare at the cluster as it moves to the edge of the cemetery. It swirls together as one entity.

The black mass forms Dracul. His black cloak settles. He rises his head, his pointy teeth gleaming. His bright, red eyes survey the dead Horde members. Dracul smiles charmingly.

DRACUL

My countesssss...

Maggie O'Cuiv hisses, slowly moving behind Patrick O'Cuiv.

ELLEN

It is unlike you to be fashionably late for anything.

DRACUL

On the contrary, I am just in time.

Dracul raises his hand. The remaining members of the Horde's eyes glow, fangs protrude and claws extend. They screech as one, terrifying entity. The sound echoing around the group. They shudder.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

Their hunger is music to my ears.

Bram and Ellen tremble as the Horde leaps over the boulders with newfound dexterity. They lunge for the group like a pack of rabid animals. Bram's eyes grow in alarm.

BRAM

Run!

The groups sprints inside with the Horde quick on their heels. Dracul's laughter cackles, ringing in symphony with the thunder.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

The group skids inside. Ellen, Vambery and Bram dart **LEFT** towards the stairs, the rest dart **RIGHT** towards the heaps of rubble. The Horde separates, giving chase.

LEFT SIDE

Ellen steps aside, purposely allowing Vambery and Bram to pass her. Bram sprints past with HORDE MEMBER #16 hot on his heels, reaching for him. Ellen violently kicks it away, cracking bones sound out from the impact.

Vambery and Bram ready themselves at the far side of the room, at the foot of the stairs. Ellen joins them, beating away at the Horde as they approach, clawing and screeching. Bram violently kicks at them, sends one by one tumbling down the stairs as the groups slowly ascends.

RIGHT SIDE

Thornley and Matilda lead the way to the far side of the room. Rubble is scattered across the floor, the ground is uneven, threatening to cave in at any moment. Matilda screeches to a halt, noticing the potential danger. She tugs Thornley closer to her. He acknowledges Matilda's warning.

Patrick O'Cuiv and Maggie O'Cuiv stop behind Thornley and Matilda, they spin around, holding their ground. The Horde approaches at speed. Patrick O'Cuiv lifts HORDE MEMBER #17 and HORDE MEMBER #18, throws them across the room against a wall, they die on impact.

Matilda and Thornley ready their weapons. They fire. Striking down another two. More climb over them in a wave of savage beasts. The Horde inches closer and closer. Matilda steps back, the floor cracks under her weight. Oblivious, she steps back again, placing some distance between her and the Horde.

LEFT SIDE

HORDE MEMBER #19 leaps over the stairs, lands on the wall, scurries across on the surface like an insect. It passes Ellen and Bram and aims for Vambery. Vambery fumbles with a vial of holy water, it's cork is stuck.

Vambery panics, backing away. He fumbles for his Bible. Horde Member #19 lunges for him, pushing him out the window.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Vambery screams, he clutches the window sill. Horde Member #19 snarls, swats at Vambery. Misses. Vambery stares up at Horde Member #19, its saliva dripping down onto Vambery's face. Vambery grimaces.

His eyes dart around him desperately. A cross is wedged into

the wall below him. Vambery desperately reaches for it.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - RIGHT SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The floor cracks. Matilda's eyes flash with alarm. The floor gives way under her. It crumbles and caves in, swallowing Matilda. Matilda screams. Thornley reaches for her, but she slips beyond his reach. Matilda falls into a hollow pit beneath the Abbey.

HOLLOW PIT

Matilda lands in thick mulch, the remains of the Abbey floor scattered around her. She coughs a cloud of dust. Matilda struggles to her feet, swings the rifle over her arm. She reaches for the ceiling. She can't reach. She panics, wiping around in the darkness. She jumps for it, her fingers inches from the platform.

MATILDA

Thornley!

RIGHT SIDE

Thornley frantically dives to the edge of the hole, stares down. He stretches his hand out to her.

HOLLOW PIT

Matilda hopelessly reaches for it. Tears welling up. She jumps stretching another desperate leap. Their fingers graze. She slips, falls to her back with an echoing thud. Breathless. Matilda catches her breath.

RIGHT SIDE

THORNLEY

Hurry Matilda, take my hand.

Thornley leans further. Patrick O'Cuiv scream. Thornley whips around, his eyes grow wide with horror. HORDE MEMBER #20 and HORDE MEMBER #21 slice at Patrick O'Cuiv's face, blood pours down, blinding him.

He swings his fists around him. Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21 freeze, sniff the air. They shift their attention to Thornley. They screech.

LEFT SIDE

Ellen and Bram press their backs against one another as

members of the Horde surround them, hissing and snarling. HORDE MEMBER #22 lunges for Bram's arm. He swats it back. HORDE MEMBER #23 leaps for Ellen's leg. She kicks it away hard. HORDE MEMBER #24 dashes for Bram. Bram swiftly catches it by the throat.

HORDE MEMBER #25 jumps for Bram, its jaws latching onto Bram's arm. Bram screams in pain. Ellen rips Horde Member #25 from Bram's arm, rips its head off, tosses it aside. Bram grits his teeth, grabs Horde Member #24. Bram puts Horde Member #24 into a choke hold, it screeches. Bram squeezes.

Snap!

Bram drops Horde Member #24's unmoving body. Bram takes in a deep breath.

HOLLOW PIT

THORNLEY (O.S.)
Matilda! Now!

Matilda musters her energy and strengths. She sprints, jumps up and latches onto Thornley's hand with a loud clap.

RIGHT SIDE

Thornley notices Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21 charge towards him. He pulls Matilda up as fast as he possible can. Matilda is covered in dirt.

Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21 leap towards them, Thornley pushes aside, protectively. He stands between her and Member #20 and Horde Member #21. Matilda's eyes grow wide as Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21 sink their claws into Thornley's back. He screams out in agony.

LEFT SIDE

HORDE MEMBER #26 grabs Ellen's leg. Pulls her down. She cries out with fright. She desperately kicks at HORDE MEMBER #27. She kicks it in the neck.

Snap!

It lets go. Ellen drags herself away. Suddenly Horde Member #26 grabs her leg, pulls her back to the Horde. It claws at her ankle. She screams. Bram angrily kicks Horde Member #27 off her. He pulls Ellen further away from the Horde.

Bram leaps over Ellen protectively, taking on the Horde head

on. He fights off each one that dives for him, keeping them at bay. Ellen rubs her bleeding ankle, it spontaneously heals. She rises to her feet, joins at Bram's side.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS LEFT SIDE

Horde Member #19 growls. Vambery shouts out in dismay. He swings again, reaches as far as he can. He grabs it, shouts triumphantly.

He raises the crucifix quickly and presses it against Horde Member #19's face. Its face burns and blisters. He screeches and falls out the window. Vambery huffs. Pulls himself back up through the window.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

LEFT SIDE

Vambery clumsily falls onto the stone floor. He clutches his chest and struggles to catch his breath. HORDE MEMBER #28 round the corner, sees Vambery. Vambery deflates.

VAMBERY

I can't catch a break!

Horde Member #28 screeches, bares its fangs at Vambery.

RIGHT SIDE

Blood sprays. Matilda screams, horrified. Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21 ravage Thornley's back. Suddenly, the blanket of mirrors falls down onto Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21, they screech painfully under the burning sensation of the mirrors.

Matilda stares up at Maggie O'Cuiv, she cradles her hand, clearly burned from the slightest touch of the mirrors.

Matilda drags herself to her feet and grabs a mirror shard. She violently slices and beats at Horde Member #20 and Horde Member #21, blood pours out, they are dead. Matilda huffs. She kneels down at Thornley's side, noting the torn flesh.

MATILDA

Oh, Thornley!

THORNLEY

Don't fret. It is not as deep as it looks. I'll live.

MATILDA

I don't think you can see--

THORNLEY

Who's the doctor here, Matilda? I know
a flesh wound when I see one.

Flinches as he tries to get up.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

Feel one.

LEFT SIDE

Bram is backed into a corner, HORDE MEMBER #29 and HORDE MEMBER #30 swat at Bram, he dodges. Bram kicks Horde Member #29 out the way and swings a hard punch into Horde Member #30's face.

HORDE MEMBER #31 discreetly crawls on the ceiling towards Bram. Bram grabs Horde Member #29 and snaps its neck. Horde Member #30 lunges for Bram, bites him. Bram yells out in alarm, kicking at it. Horde Member #31 inches closer, hovering above Bram.

Horde Member #30 bites down harder. Horde Member #31 leaps onto Bram's back, bites his neck and claws at his chest. Bram lets out a shrill screams. He collapses to his knees.

Ellen hears and rushes towards him. HORDE MEMBER #32, HORDE MEMBER #33 and HORDE MEMBER #34 stop her. Ellen hisses and dives for the three Horde members.

Bram pulls Horde Member #31 off of him, falters. Bram struggles to his feet. He uses his weight and crushes Horde Member #31 between his body and the wall behind him. It continues to scratch. Bram crushes his back against the wall again, harder.

Crunch!

Horde Member #31 falls limp, gargling on its own blood. Bram kicks its head in, delivers a final blow. Grabs Horde Member #30's head, snaps.

RIGHT SIDE

Patrick O'Cuiv wipes away at the blood on his face. He growls and repositions himself between the dwindling Horde and Thornley and Matilda. Patrick O'Cuiv notices Thornley's torn back, tenses, forces himself to look away.

PATRICK O'CUIV

I'd get some of Vambery's holy water
on that wound.

Maggie O'Cuiv remains at a distance noting Thornley's blood soaked clothes. Matilda positions herself protectively at Thornley's back obscuring Maggie O'Cuiv and Patrick O'Cuiv's view of the wound. Patrick O'Cuiv shifts further away.

PATRICK O'CUIV (CONT'D)

For Maggie and I's sake rather than
yours.

MATILDA

I think it best I move Thornley
further back and you and Maggie stay
up front.

Patrick O'Cuiv acknowledges the suggestion. He marches further forward. Maggie O'Cuiv drops from the rubble and clings to Patrick O'Cuiv's side.

Matilda drags Thornley further back, rests him up against a pillar. He grunts painfully as his open wound makes contact with the cold stone.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

I won't be far.

Thornley pauses. He motions to Matilda's rifle and gives a weak smile.

THORNLEY

You're getting the hang of that thing.

Matilda forces a smile.

MATILDA

I had a good teacher.

LEFT SIDE

Vambery holds up his Bible against HORDE MEMBER #28, HORDE MEMBER #35 and HORDE MEMBER #36. They hiss and claw at Vambery. Vambery dodges, his focus on the task at hand.

VAMBERY

By the power of Christ, I cast out the
creatures of the darkness. I cast out
the evil that threatens God's good
creations. I cast out--

HORDE MEMBER #28 scratches at Vambery, slicing his arm. Vambery huffs, annoyed.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
Enough of this child's play.

Vambery throws his Bible at Horde Member #36's forehead, it screeches back from its touch. Vambery draws two pistols and duel wields. The three Horde members hiss, bare their teeth, prepared for a fight. Vambery's confidence beams.

He fires three shots, and three Horde members drop dead, a shining bullet wedged in each of their heads. Vambery raises the barrel to his lips, the chamber steaming. He blows, satisfied. He smirks proudly.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)
I still got it.

He marches towards Bram and Ellen. HORDE MEMBER #37 leaps towards Bram. Vambery fires and Horde Member #37 lies dead at Bram's feet.

Vambery aims at Ellen as she is surrounded by Horde Member #32, Horde Member #33, Horde Member #34, HORDE MEMBER #38 and HORDE MEMBER #39. Vambery fires five shots and they all drop dead. Bram and Ellen stare bewildered at Vambery.

BRAM
You're a war dog!

VAMBERY
Trained to the teeth.

RIGHT SIDE

Matilda fires her rifle. HORDE MEMBER #40 drops dead with the rest of them lining the Abbey floor. Matilda pushes forward as the Horde has now become significantly smaller.

HORDE MEMBER #41 sneaks up to Thornley, catches him by surprise, its mouth latching onto the front of Thornley's crossbow. Thornley shouts with alarm.

Horde Member #41's beady eyes focus on Thornley's wound, it salivates over the crossbow. Thornley fumbles for the trigger. He struggles. With a loud grunt Thornley finds and pulls the trigger. The arrow slicing right through Horde Member #41's head.

Thornley grimaces, pushes Horde Member #41's body off him. He

pulls himself onto his feet, leans against the pillar for support. He notices Matilda, Patrick O'Cuiv and Maggie O'Cuiv pushing forward. Thornley retrieves his holstered pistol and hobbles forward.

LEFT SIDE

Bram, Vambery and Ellen pounce on HORDE MEMBER #42. Ellen guts it, Vambery fires at its head and Bram punches with such force it shatters its spine.

Horde Member #42 drops with a swift extinction. Bram notes the absence of anymore Horde members as the floor is littered with bodies. Vambery motions to Horde Member #42's body.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

That one might have been a bit of an overkill.

BRAM

It is dead and that is what matters.

Vambery raises his hands defensively.

VAMBERY

Just an observation.

RIGHT SIDE

HORDE MEMBER #43 drops dead. Thorley lowers his pistol. The Horde numbers have depleted. Matilda throws the rifle over her shoulder.

MATILDA

I wish we played out something like this when we were younger. It would have been fun without the fighting for your life part.

Thornley notices Matilda's apprehension. He pauses.

THORNLEY

Thomas and I didn't want to steal you away from Bram.

MATILDA

I was with Bram for the majority of our time as children.

THORNLEY

Ma and Pa were getting worried about
(MORE)

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

Bram's being cooped up there all alone. It would have an affect on any child.

Matilda pauses. She frowns, contemplating.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)

It was better for you to be resentful towards me than Bram.

MATILDA

I always thought it was because you were all boys and I was the only girl in the family. That I somehow was a burden.

Thornley waves off Matilda's confession. He forces a smile in an attempt to reassure Matilda on the situation.

THORNLEY

Never. You were the best of us. You bested us in races, tree climbing, you name it. You are very capable Matilda. You can do anything you put your mind to.

A smile slowly forms. Matilda relaxes, overjoyed by Thornley's confession.

Patrick O'Cuiv watches over Maggie O'Cuiv inspects some of the dead Horde members.

Bram, Ellen and Vambery enter. Marching towards Thornley and Matilda. Ellen pauses, noting Thornley's torn back and the distance between him and Patrick O'Cuiv and Maggie O'Cuiv.

BRAM

(concerned)

Are you alright, Thornley?

THORNLEY

I am alright.

Vambery notes Patrick O'Cuiv and Maggie O'Cuiv at the end of the room, keeping their distance.

VAMBERY

What is up with those two?

ELLEN

They do not possess a strong enough
self restraint around blood.

Bram glances over the dead Horde surrounding them. It is
quiet, the storm has subsided.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I feel that sunrise is close.

BRAM

Why has Dracul not come inside?

ELLEN

We are not a threat to him.

Bram scoffs. He motions to the ground of littered corpses.

BRAM

Let us give him a different reason to
come in.

Matilda, Thornley and Vambery nod in agreement. Ellen places
an encouraging hand on his shoulder. He smiles warmly at her.
Bram clears his throat.

BRAM (CONT'D)

(taunting)

Dracul! You've missed out! All of your
followers are dead!

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Dracul cocks his head to the side, unfazed.

DRACUL

Mere fledglings. They were hardly a
challenge.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

The group stares out the Abbey with determination.

BRAM

Why don't you come here and give us a
challenge!

Silence.

Bram nervously runs a shaky hand through his hair.

BRAM (CONT'D)
How does it feel that your Countess
would rather stand with us than with
you?

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

BRAM (O.S.)
Is this why you're toying with us? Too
much of a coward to face her after she
ran from you??

Dracul hisses.

DRACUL
You believe that I am cowardly?

Dracul stretches out his shoulders, a flex of strength and power. A display of superiority. He steps forward. The weather stills in anticipation.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Dracul enters the Abbey. His presence shaking the very walls. Vamberry, Bram, Matilda and Thornley huddle together, their stance strong. Ellen, Patrick O'Cuiv and Maggie O'Cuiv spread out, crouching low, preparing for an attack. Dracul sneers.

DRACUL
If you desire a challenge. I'll be
happy to oblige.

Dracul's body contorts. His clothes rip away as his frame grows. Pale wings sprout from his back and his face reshapes, resembling that of a bat. In his new form he roars. The siblings stumble back.

BRAM
(whispers)
Stick to the plan.

Dracul launches himself at Ellen, Patrick O'Cuiv intercepts. Dracul pins Patrick against a wall. Patrick O'Cuiv swings his legs up, kicks Dracul in the chest, forces him back. Dracul snatches for him. Patrick O'Cuiv dodges, kicks at Dracul's leg. Dracul hisses. His nails elongate, slices at Patrick O'Cuiv's arm. Patrick O'Cuiv's cries out painfully.

Dracul pins Patrick O'Cuiv to the ground. Dracul smirks and slowly raises his talons to Patrick O'Cuiv's chest. Plunges his nails deep into the flesh. Patrick O'Cuiv cries out.

Vambery sprints forward, removing a vial from his pocket and throws it onto Dracul's back. The vial shatters, the liquid steams and Dracul's skin blisters. Dracul discards Patrick O'Cuiv. Maggie O'Cuiv dives to Patrick O'Cuiv's side, clutches his hand.

Dracul hisses at Vambery. Vambery tenses, his impulsive stupidity dawns on him. Dracul stands tall, roars loudly. Vambery stumbles back, overcome by fear.

A bullet fires into Dracul's head. Dracul hisses, whirling around in pain. Dracul claws at it, rips it out from his flesh. Drops it. The wound heals almost immediately.

Matilda lowers her smoking rifle. She shudders. Dracul stares menacingly at her. He hisses.

DRACUL

She will die first.

Dracul launches himself towards Matilda. Raises her rifle, aims, it jams. She jolts with fright, she drops her rifle and bolts to the left side of the Abbey. Thornley watches Dracul give chase.

BRAM

(fearfully)

Run Matilda! Run!

Vambery stumbles to his feet. Sound of thumps, crashing and clawing.

LEFT SIDE ON MATILDA

Matilda sprints forward, her light frame rounding corners with ease as Dracul lumbers after her. His body drags along the floor, in his frustration he raises himself, knocks the ceiling. He growls louder, his patience waning.

Matilda rounds a corner, rubble towering over her. She quickly dives through a narrow gap, emerges fast. Effectively placing more distance between her and Dracul. Dracul hits the rubble hard. He screeches.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

I will tear you limb from limb!

Matilda winces. She pushes forward, focused. She struggles to maintain her pace on the hard terrain.

MATILDA
 (to others, shouting)
 How much longer?

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

The sky brightens on the horizon, preparing for the morning sun. Its hues of brilliant golds and yellows shines bright.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Bram breathes heavily, his relief evident. Thornley and Vamberry ready their pistols. Ellen helps Patrick O'Cuiv to his feet, his wound oozes in thick streams of blood.

BRAM
 Not long now!

LEFT SIDE ON MATILDA

Matilda gasps for air. She trips on the uneven surface. Fumbles to regain her footing. Sweat mixes with the dirt. The now muddy mixture falls into her eyes. She shrieks with a mixture of pain and panic.

MATILDA
 No!

She frantically uses her sleeve to wipe away the mud. Dracul's thundering steps quicken. He gleams with delight. His fangs elongate as he nears her. Matilda yelps with fright. She rounds the corner, returning to the entrance of the Abbey.

MATILDA (CONT'D)
 Now?

Bram's eyes widen in terror. Dracul closes the gap to Matilda. Matilda's damaged dress flaps inches from Dracul's grasp. Bram sprints to her, hopelessly.

DRACUL
 You're mine!

Maggie O'Cuiv grabs Matilda's arm, pulls her out of Dracul's way. Just in time. Bram stops.

Maggie O'Cuiv tosses Matilda to a safe distance. Matilda hits the ground, winded. She winces, forces herself to glance back as Dracul snatches up Maggie O'Cuiv. Dracul's eyes flash red, pleased. The room stills.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

This time you will not escape from me.

ELLEN

(screams)

Maggie!

Bram, Thornley and Vambery stare on in horror as Dracul grips at Maggie O'Cuiv's throat. Tightens. Maggie O'Cuiv's eyes roll back, her energy leaving her body. Patrick lets out a shrill scream, desperation consumes his body at the sight.

PATRICK O'CUIV

No!

Patrick O'Cuiv leaps into a sprint. He dives for Dracul. Knocking Maggie O'Cuiv out of Dracul's grasp. The force sends both Patrick O'Cuiv and Dracul out the abbey. Dracul growls out in surprise.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

The sun rises. Its first ray beats down onto Patrick O'Cuiv and Dracul. Dracul slowly reverts back into his original form. Patrick O'Cuiv's confidence peaks, pushes further, cautiously using Dracul's large frame to shield himself from the sunlight.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

The atmosphere becomes celebratory. Bram gasps, relieved. A wide smile forms. He quickly moves over to Matilda, helps her to her feet. Her joyous smile is contagious, spreads to Thornley and Vambery.

VAMBERY

We have done it!

Ellen scoops up Maggie O'Cuiv into her arms, soothes her.

The group dashes over to the Abbey entrance. Ellen is mindful of the sunlight, keeps her distance. They all stare out, expectantly.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Silence. Dracul recomposes himself. His daunting laughter ringing out all round them. He swiftly grabs Patrick O'Cuiv by the throat, raises him up to where the sun's rays shines directly on his skin.

Patrick O'Cuiv struggles within Dracul's grip. Patrick O'Cuiv screams, his flesh blistering and burning away. Dracul roars triumphantly, tightens his grip.

DRACUL
This is mercy.

Snap!

Patrick O'Cuiv goes limp.

MAGGIE O'CUIV (O.S.)
(screams)
Pa!

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie O'Cuiv grapples in Ellen's arms. Ellen's terror mounts. Red tears roll down her cheeks. She stumbles back distraught, grief consumes her. She turns Maggie O'Cuiv's head away from the sight.

ELLEN
Don't look.

Bram stares out over the Abbey. Bodies litter the ground, remnants of their wasted effort. Something stirs within him. Rage. Bram musters all his courage. He charges out.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Dracul is bemused by Bram's storming approach.

DRACUL
Do you truly believe the great Dracul
could be harmed by mere sunlight?

Bram throws a powerful punch at Dracul. Dracul dodges, snickering at Bram's efforts. Bram strikes again, misses. Bram yells out vengefully. Swinging punch after punch. Bram diverts, outstretches his leg, knocking Dracul off balance.

An opening! Bram swings and delivers a powerful blow to Dracul's face. Dracul stumbles back, perplexed. A drop of blood escapes Dracul's nose. Dracul hesitates, wipes the blood away.

BRAM
You are not at full power, but I am.

Dracul grins, pure delight.

DRACUL

Oh... this is going to be fun.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Bram!

Bram whips around at the sound of her voice.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Ellen motions at the Abbey's arch, separating the sun rays from the shadows.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Bram nods. Bram shifts around Dracul. Positioning Dracul between him and the Abbey. Bram throws a punch. Dracul blocks the blow, the force sends him a step backwards. A gun shot rings out, Dracul winces, growls.

Dracul hurls Bram to the side, lunges for the owner of the shot. Bram seizes the opportunity, chases after Dracul.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Thornley steadies his pistol. He aims again, confidently. Fires. Once. Twice.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Dracul growls. Bram violently pulls Dracul back into the shadows of the Abbey.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

Dracul stumbles into the Abbey. Maggie O'Cuiv launches herself onto Dracul. Dracul swats her away effortlessly, Maggie O'Cuiv hits a wall hard. Bram throws a punch, Dracul dodges. Leers at Bram's effort.

Matilda aims her rifle. Dracul notices. Lunges for her. She gasps, drops her rifle. Dracul grabs her throat. Vambery pales.

VAMBERY

Matilda!

Matilda struggles against the grip. Dracul stares venomously at her. She reaches for her sock. Falters. Reaches again, she pulls the Bible pages out and presses them onto Dracul's face. He shrieks in pain, drops Matilda. Her ankle snaps from

the impact. She screams. Dracul's burned flesh regenerates.

Dracul reaches for Matilda a second time. Thornley fires his pistols. The bullet goes clean through Dracul's hand.

THORNLEY

You will not lay another hand on my sister.

DRACUL

Oh?

Dracul scratches Thornley across the face. The deep gash bleeds profusely. Ellen slices at Dracul's back. He whips around to her, snarling. Ellen readies herself.

Bram notices the blood, he is entranced by it. Thornley rips fabric from his sleeve off, pressing it to his wound. Blood trickles into his eyes. Vambery dives to Thornley.

VAMBERY

Are you alright old friend? Here, let me bind it.

Vambery takes the fabric, repositions it and secures it around Thornley's head, covering one eye. Vambery motions to the only visible one.

VAMBERY (CONT'D)

Don't let blood get in that one.
Luckily it is your good eye so you can still fire a decent shot.

Thornley nods painfully. Vambery helps him to his feet.

Ellen dodges Dracul's attacks. Dracul hisses at her. He raises his hand, hesitates.

DRACUL

I will only hurt you if I must, my countess.

ELLEN

I am not afraid of you, Dracul! Not anymore.

Ellen's nails elongate, she strikes Dracul across his eye. He roars out in pain. Stares viciously at her. He strikes her, claws at her arm. She winces in pain, recovers.

She sinks her nails deep into his chest, over his heart. He

grabs her arms. She yelps. He twists one, it snaps. Ellen stumbles back, holding her warped arm. She screams in fury.

Bram jumps onto Dracul's back, pulls at his head. Dracul's neck muscles stiffen. Dracul laughs. Bram hesitates.

DRACUL

It is not that easy boy!

Dracul throws Bram off his shoulders onto the ground. Bram is winded, struggling with his breathing. Dracul raises his fist and delivers a hard blow to Bram's face. Bram's nose is busted he stares daringly at Dracul. Dracul smirks and punches Bram again, harder. Bram is dazed.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

Enjoying the challenge yet?

ELLEN

Get off of him!

Ellen kicks Dracul's leg off balance. Dracul drops Bram and swings around, pressing Ellen against a wall. He grabs her chin, forcing her their eyes to meet.

DRACUL

Remember Deaglan.

Dracul throws Ellen across the room into a pile of rubble. Blood seeps from her damaged body, limbs askew.

BRAM

(screams)

Nanna!

Matilda and Thornley hobble over to Dracul, various gun shots ring out followed by Dracul's grunting.

Bram drags himself to Ellen. Her gaze finds him, she swallows fearfully. She reaches for him weakly, falters.

ELLEN

(hoarsely)

You and your siblings must leave,
Bram.

Bram grabs her hand. Her body mangled. He shudders.

BRAM

We have to finish this.

ELLEN
You will die.

Bram raises her hand to his forehead. She forces a smile.

BRAM
I was supposed to die on the day of my
birth.

ELLEN
You and your siblings must live.

Bram lowers her hand. Her blood mixes with his. Bram takes in a shaky breath, succumbing to emotions. Tears well up. Ellen nods weakly. She closes her eyes. Bram pulls her body into his, he hugs her, nuzzles her neck.

Bram's fangs elongate, bites Ellen.

Silence.

Ellen's body goes limp, her complexion becomes a gentle blue. Bram lowers her body to the floor. He sobs, tears flowing. He caresses' her face mournfully.

Suddenly, steam forms off of Bram's body. His nose miraculously fixes itself. His muscles tremor, strengthening themselves. Bram's eyes become bright, glowing hazel. Bram rises to his feet effortlessly. Bram's nose and ears twitch in awareness. His senses peaking. He jolts.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

A coffin stands in the open, half buried. The dirt surrounding it still fresh Mewling sounds from within.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - CONTINUOUS

BRAM
Emily.

The rubble trembling under his feet from his new found strength. The room shudders. Dracul pauses. He slowly turns, notices Bram's increased build. Dracul growls, prepares for a fight. Dracul freezes, his gaze passes Bram to Ellen.

DRACUL
My countess! What have you done?

BRAM
She was never yours! She didn't belong
(MORE)

BRAM (CONT'D)
to anyone!

Matilda and Thorley go numb at the sight of Ellen. Vambery tugs at them both. Forcing them away from the scene. He motions towards Dracul.

VAMBERY
We do not have the time to mourn. We must finish this. For your Nanna Ellen.

Matilda suppresses a mournful cry. She raises her rifle. Thornley aims his pistol. Vambery notes their strong stances, impressed. He draws his pistols, smirking confidently. They fire, blasting bullets into Dracul's back. Dracul winces, ignores them and lunges for Bram.

Bram catches Dracul by the throat, slams him hard onto the floor, sending a shockwave through the Abbey. Blood spatters from Dracul's mouth. Dracul cackles maniacally.

Dracul contorts back into his bat form. He strikes at Bram. Bram counters, kicking Dracul in the abdomen. Dracul falters, bites into Bram's shoulder. Bram cries out. Uses his strength to pry open Dracul's jaws.

Crack!

Dracul's eyes widen in surprise. Pushes Bram off him. His jaw swinging open. Dracul adjusts his jaw, snaps it back in place. He hisses. Bram growls.

Dracul's speed increases, tearing and clawing at Bram. Bram matches Dracul's speed. Slices at Dracul's chest and arms. Dracul grunts.

His nails elongate into daggers, cuts into Bram. Bram quickly raises his arms, blocking the attack. A long gash along Bram's arms. Dracul smirks. Bram is unfazed. The gash closes. Dracul's eyes narrow, suspiciously.

DRACUL
What are you?

BRAM
Ellen's revenge.

DRACUL
You wanted a challenge.

Dracul grabs Bram's arm, throws him across the room. Bram groans, forces himself back onto his feet. He sprints at Dracul, tackles him to the ground.

Dracul hisses, flaps his wings. Pins Bram to the ceiling. Bram swings his legs down, kicking Dracul in the face. Dracul releases Bram, disorientated. Bram lands on his feet perfectly. The atmosphere stills.

Matilda gasps in awe of Bram's strength. She lowers her rifle. Her eyes fixated on the pair.

MATILDA

They're moving too fast. I can't get a shot.

VAMBERY

Just be ready to shoot. We don't know how long Bram can continue.

The trio reload their guns.

Dracul dives for Bram, Bram dodges, punches Dracul in the face. Once! Twice! Dracul grabs Bram's fist tightly. Snap! Bram cries out, stumbling back. Dracul punches Bram in the gut, shattering ribs. He grabs Bram's hair. Stares down at him.

DRACUL

Your head will be mounted on my wall!

Matilda fires. Nothing. Drops her rifle, she stares hopelessly at Bram. Vamberry sprints forward.

DRACUL (CONT'D)

Goodbye Bram--

Vamberry jumps towards Dracul. Dracul quickly catches Vamberry mid air by his throat. He smirks. Dracul raises a confused eyebrow at Vamberry.

VAMBERY

By the power of Christ!

Vamberry pulls a string from his coat. Vials and vials of holy water spills out from Vamberry's person. The vials shatter, spraying Dracul with splashing of the acidic liquid, over Dracul's body, in his eyes and mouth. Dracul hurls Vamberry against the Abbey's stone wall. Vamberry falls into a sharp piece of rubble, it impales him. Blood gushes from his mouth.

BRAM
Restrain him!

Matilda uses the Bible pages to restrain one of Dracul's arms, Thornley uses white rose petals to restrain Dracul's other arm. Dracul's flesh burns at the touch of the pages and petals. Bram takes Matilda's blade, raises it. Slices. Dracul chokes. His head slides clean from his shoulders.

Thornley and Matilda release Dracul. His body falls to the floor, blood pooling from his neck. Bram drops the blade, stumbles back. Sunlight pours through the Abbey door over Bram. Bram turns to the light, he relaxes in the sun's warmth. Relief falls over him.

INT. WHITBY - ABBEY - MOMENTS LATER

Matilda and Thornley hobble to Bram's side. Bathing in the light. They hold each other close. They simultaneously burst into tears. Holding themselves up. Vambery's cough sounds.

The sibling pull apart. Hurry over to Vambery. They kneel at his side. Matilda takes his hand, comfortingly. Vambery chokes on his own blood. He admires the siblings.

VAMBERY
This time. This time we did it.

THORNLEY
You were a brilliant fool to do what you did.

VAMBERY
It saved us. I'm sure?

MATILDA
That it did.

BRAM
Your name will be remembered forever.

Vambery forces a smile, his eyes roll back, his body goes limp. Matilda cries out sorrowfully. Bram and Thornley bow their heads respectively. Their sobs rising into the Abbey.

EXT. WHITBY - ABBEY - LATER

The siblings stand above a dug up coffin. Knocking sounds from within. Thornley swallows nervously.

THORNLEY
Are you sure?

Bram pries the lid open, revealing Emily, trembling with fright. Thornley sighs with relief. He pulls her up into his arms, nuzzles into her hair.

THORNLEY (CONT'D)
Emily! My sweet!

Emily's hair falls to the side revealing the infected pinpricks. Bram notes her worsened condition. Bram forces a smile at the reunion.

EXT. WHITBY CLIFF - NIGHT

In the dark of night, crickets fill the sleepy night and the ocean waves beats at the cliff edge. At the waters edge the siblings reveal a body tightly wrapped in fabric. Together the siblings roll it into the water with a loud splash. Bram glares as the body sinks Deep below the surface and out of sight. The siblings stare at the water.

BRAM
Good riddance.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATE AFTERNOON

The sky is a mix of dark reds and blues. The cemetery is neglected with old graves overgrown with weeds. Two fresh graves stand before the siblings, the tombstones hand carved and white roses placed on the mound. The grave stones have been hand engraved; *Patrick O'Cuiv* on one and *Ellen Crone* on the other.

BRAM (V.O.)
My Nanna Ellen, a friend, a protector
and a mother.

The siblings are dressed respectively in all black. Bram mournfully stares on at Ellen's grave.

BRAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was there at my beginning and I
was there at her end.

Bram scratches his pinpricks.

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

A solo Bram, slumped against a tree, jots down in his journal. He pauses. Frowns deeply in thought.

BRAM (V.O.)
 My siblings and I said our goodbyes
 through letter and left with with her.

A twig snaps.

Bram whips around. He notices Maggie O'Cuiv and a MALE STRANGER kneel at the graves, paying their respects.

BRAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As time went on, those who loved her
 made frequent visits to her grave.
 Most I knew and some I didn't.

Bram pulls the red pendant from his pocket.

BRAM
 With my Nanna Ellen's pendant I bought
 my dream theatre and renamed it in
 honour of her.

INT. ELLEN'S THEATRE - BRAM'S OFFICE - DAY

2 August 1890

SUPER: 1890

The theatre office is piled with boxes, books and props in pristine condition and labelled accordingly.

OLDER BRAM (43), smartly dressed, reads through stage-plays at a large desk. Suddenly a petite MRS. HARKER softly knocks on the open door's frame. Older Bram smiles up at her. Mrs. Harker clears her throat. She hesitates.

MRS. HARKER
 Might I have a word with you, Mr.
 Stoker? My name is Mina Harker.

OLDER BRAM
 What can I do for you, Mrs. Harker?

Mrs. Harker approaches, journal in hand. She slides it across the desk. Older Bram eyes Mrs. Harker curiously.

MRS. HARKER
He has returned.

Older Bram hesitantly takes the journal and opens the front page. The front page reads Count Wampyr with a crude sketch of Dracul. A soft smile slowly turns Older Bram's lips. He looks up at Mrs. Harker, determination blazes in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.