

"AND THEY WERE ENEMIES"

Episode 210

Penny Dreadful

by

John Logan

*"The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an alter-place  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage."*

*Byron*

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EXT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The brooding mansion under the full moon.

A terrible wolf's howl echoes...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS - NIGHT

Ethan/Werewolf raises his head and howls angrily. His teeth and mouth coated with blood.

Sembene's body is slung in a corner of the claustrophobic stairway.

Ethan/Werewolf slams himself against the iron door at the top of the staircase in frustration.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS/BELOW - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Hecate leans against the iron door blocking Ethan/Werewolf from below.

Smiling happily, biding her time. She creeps down the stairs slightly and listens to...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa stares at her ventriloquist dummy in shock.

The dummy speaks in Vanessa's voice:

VANESSA DUMMY

Murderess ... How many scattered corpses will you leave in your bloody wake before your life has run its course? A hundred? A thousand? A race? A species? Or will it be all of mankind we devour?

VANESSA

And you speak for the Fallen Angel?

VANESSA DUMMY

"The Fallen Angel." Much the most gentle appellation you could give me, beloved.

VANESSA

Beloved, is it?

VANESSA DUMMY

In days gone by, in days to come. Don't deny what you know to be true, Amunet.

VANESSA

What do you want of me?

VANESSA DUMMY

To accept me. To accept yourself.  
End the violations I have visited  
upon you and stand at my side. Be  
at peace where you belong.

VANESSA

And all of this ... the Witches,  
the attacks, just to bring me  
here...

VANESSA DUMMY

I've missed you, Vanessa.

VANESSA

No ... You need me to agree ... You  
can't take my soul, I have to give  
it.

VANESSA DUMMY

You must give it, freely and of  
your own accord. I do not snatch  
tributes like a starving slave  
grasping for bones.

Vanessa turns to Evelyn Poole, who watches with a fervent  
hunger.

VANESSA

And for this carnival trickery he  
promises you eternal youth?

EVELYN

Nay, delivers. He keeps his word,  
our Master.

Vanessa moves across the room toward Evelyn.

The dummy's eyes follow her, unnerving.

VANESSA

Can your vanity so blind you to his  
duplicity? He is the Father of  
Lies.

EVELYN

Who's the liar here? ... You claim  
to stand with the angels while your  
every action speaks otherwise.

VANESSA DUMMY

What is your life but a catalog of  
depravity, betrayal and now  
homicide?

VANESSA

I'll not compound my guilt by  
accepting your ministrations.

VANESSA DUMMY

But you already have! The moment  
you opened your mouth and spoke the  
Verbis Diablo -- the moment you  
stretched your midnight powers to  
take the life of another. At that  
moment you took me in your arms and  
kissed me deep. Kiss me now and end  
the pain.

VANESSA

My soul is mine -- that part of God  
is mine.

EVELYN

But God has turned his back on you!  
Does your church bring you peace?  
Do your prayers give you salvation?  
Do they?

Vanessa doesn't answer.

VANESSA DUMMY

As far as the Heavenly Father is  
concerned you're already walking at  
my side.

EVELYN

Don't speak words that are long  
since foreign in your mouth,  
Vanessa. "Church." "God."  
"Ministers of Grace." You've left  
them behind, you know you have.

VANESSA

No.

EVELYN

All of that is gone for you. Ah,  
but what lies ahead? ... Think of  
it. All of time. All of history.  
Everlasting power to rule the  
darkness with he who loves you, and  
will never reject you. What can  
your callous God offer in  
comparison? That God that has  
spurned you utterly.

VANESSA

You have no power to tempt me. I  
have faced eyes more cruel than  
yours, woman.

VANESSA DUMMY  
(commanding)  
Then face mine ... Face yourself.

Vanessa steels herself and turns to the dummy.

VANESSA DUMMY  
To all human creatures there is no  
more powerful inducement to me than  
this: Know yourself.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE PARLOR -  
NIGHT

Upstairs, Ferdinand Lyle is trapped.

The Witch holds him against a wall effortlessly. She leans in  
to his face, studying the prey. Enjoying her power over him.

She runs a finger along his face and beard.

He is repulsed, but seems powerless to prevent her toying  
with him.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-PARLOR - NIGHT

Inside, madness rules.

Sir Malcolm sees only Mina, Peter and Gladys. Horrific  
memories of his dead family.

Frankenstein sees only Proteus, the Creature, and Lily -- his  
re-animated "children."

A complex symphony of psychological terror.

PROTEUS  
Like a lamb I was, Victor. How  
could you let me be hurt?

FRANKENSTEIN  
(re The Creature)  
It was him!

CREATURE  
What am I but an extension of you?  
All your sin emptied into me. I am  
your other half; your truest self.

LILY  
Don't blame the children for the  
father's cruelty.

PROTEUS  
We were born innocent. You made us  
into monsters.

GLADYS

I don't know how you can live with  
it, Malcolm.

MINA

All those tombstones in a row.

PETER

Wife, daughter, son.

SIR MALCOLM

Not me. Not my doing.

GLADYS

You know it was.

PETER

Who walked away as I starved?

MINA

Who pulled the trigger that killed  
me, father?

PETER

Did you name a mountain after me?

GLADYS

Did you enjoy her body as I bled?

CREATURE

Did we ask for this life?

LILY

Or was it your pride?

FRANKENSTEIN

To conquer death is an ennobled  
calling. I am a scientist, I am a  
scientist.

LILY

And when you touched my naked body?  
Your fingertips running along my  
flesh. This was abuse, not science.

PROTEUS

I was your friend. I never had  
another.

FRANKENSTEIN

I was your friend.

SIR MALCOLM

I didn't want any of this.

MINA

You pulled the trigger.

PETER

You walked away.

CREATURE

You walked away. At the moment of my birth. Throwing me on the mercy of a granite-hearted world.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm sorry!

SIR MALCOLM

The past is dead.

FRANKENSTEIN

I cannot remake what's done.

GLADYS

Come to the graveyard on the hill and tell me the past is dead.

PETER

Touch the tombstones. We're still warm.

LILY

So we walk with your sin, dead and yet not fully alive.

CREATURE

Crepuscular demons, haunting the twilight, living between.

PROTEUS

This is what you have made, Victor.

FRANKENSTEIN

If I could go back -- it would be different...

SIR MALCOLM

Live my life again and I would do such other things...

GLADYS

Husband, life only leads forward.

CREATURE

There is no going back, Creator.

PETER

There is only this moment on, father. That's what you taught me. Intrepidly moving forward no matter the obstacles. Explorers.

CREATURE

You are a man who discovers new worlds, always grasping for tomorrow.

PROTEUS

So will you do that now?

MINA

How will you atone?

LILY

What peace can there be without atonement?

FRANKENSTEIN

How?!

SIR MALCOLM

What would you have me do?!

CREATURE

You have the engines of the future all around you.

LILY

The needle. The scalpel. The noose.

MINA

The gun to the temple.

GLADYS

Take your razor and slit your throat.

PETER

Join your family.

MINA

A final tombstone on the hill.

LILY

The sip of poison from the amber bottle.

GLADYS

The single bullet under the chin.

CREATURE

There is no other peace for thee, Frankenstein.

PROTEUS

Walk into the river and let it bring you quiet. Enjoy our company.

GLADYS

One of us again.

PETER  
Father.

GLADYS  
Husband.

PROTEUS  
Father.

LILY  
Lover.

CREATURE  
Brother.

The Creature hands Frankenstein a filled syringe.

CREATURE  
End it.

Gladys hands Sir Malcolm a revolver.

GLADYS  
Come home. Please.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa glares at the dummy of herself, re-doubling her fortitude.

VANESSA  
You can't tempt me. You can take my  
body -- but my soul is my own.

VANESSA DUMMY  
Not one thing you seek?

EVELYN  
Not one jewel prized above all  
others?

VANESSA DUMMY  
I think there is ... How can you  
lie to yourself like this?

A beat.

Vanessa senses where this is going.

VANESSA DUMMY  
Yes. There is an old dream in you.  
A deep longing. You know it...

VANESSA  
No.

VANESSA DUMMY

Let me show you what I can give  
you...

VANESSA

No.

VANESSA DUMMY

To be free of pain ... To be loved,  
simply for who you are. Is that not  
the engine of all human creatures?  
... To be normal.

Then...

Vanessa suddenly finds herself somewhere else...

INT. VICTORIAN PARLOR - DAY

A typical Sunday afternoon in any well-heeled Victorian  
parlor.

Sun through the drapes. A gentle fire in the grate. Samplers  
on the wall. Bric-a-brac.

Normalcy.

Vanessa sits in a lovely light dress, taking in the  
surroundings. What's going on?

She is fully here, but aware of the magic.

What a surprise then -- and not -- when a GIRL of about six  
runs in crying and flings herself into her arms.

GIRL

Mother, I don't understand why  
Charles is so awful to me. Are all  
boys like that?

Vanessa soothes her, a foot in both worlds.

VANESSA

Don't cry...

A BOY of about eight enters, a bit shamefacedly.

BOY

Look here, I'm sorry, Clare ... (to  
Vanessa) ... We were drawing  
pictures and I made fun of her  
silly horse--

GIRL

It wasn't silly!

BOY

Well, it looks like a hippopotamus,  
doesn't it, Clare?

VANESSA

I'm sure it doesn't.

BOY

No, it really does.

VANESSA

Charles.

GIRL

I did the best I could! I hadn't  
added the colors yet!

They are interrupted when Vanessa's husband in this life  
enters with a newspaper.

It's Ethan.

Still American, but dressed in the comfortably elegant  
clothes of a normal Victorian gent.

She stares in amazement, simultaneously living this life and  
aware of the enchantment.

ETHAN

Morning, Van, sorry, I got lost in  
the papers.

He kisses Vanessa and sits.

BOY

Ugh. Don't kiss!

ETHAN

(re: the papers)

I have not the slightest clue what  
your Mr. Gladstone is up to.

The Girl flings herself in Ethan's lap.

GIRL

We were drawing horses!

BOY

And hippopotami.

VANESSA

Charles...

ETHAN

Horses is it?! Well you know I've  
seen a few of those in my day.  
Hey, tell you what, go get them.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Give me a look and I'll judge their authenticity.

The kids run out happily.

VANESSA

Ethan...

ETHAN

Why are you looking at me like that?

VANESSA

Nothing. No reason.

He tosses the newspaper down.

ETHAN

I'm sorry, you're right. Sundays are for family. Speaking of which...

He slyly goes to her and kisses her.

ETHAN

Let's send the children to the park.

VANESSA

Ethan!

ETHAN

Just for an hour...

VANESSA

(laughs)  
Stop it.

ETHAN

I thought you wanted a whole brood of kids?

VANESSA

You know perfectly well that Mina and Jonathan are coming to tea.

ETHAN

Not for hours and hours.

They kiss.

They are interrupted when the kids come rattling back in, brandishing drawings.

BOY

(re their kissing)  
At it again!

Ethan returns to his chair and the kids crawl over him, showing him their drawings.

GIRL  
Daddy, does this look like a  
hippopotamus?

ETHAN  
Not at all! Maybe it looks like a  
horse that's eaten too much.

GIRL  
I like fat horses.

BOY  
Fat horses are too slow!

ETHAN  
Not if you're on a long trail, you  
want a little extra muscle then.  
Take the pioneers, they had to ride  
clear across the country...

They chat over the drawings. He's a good and loving father.

Vanessa watches from across the room.

The contentment of this life.

The ease.

The lack of anguish and pain.

Emotion comes into her face and then we're suddenly back--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

--There are tears on Vanessa's face.

The ventriloquist dummy just gazes at her.

Evelyn Poole lurks, coiled, waiting for her moment. The  
wicked sacrificial knife near. Soon.

A beat.

VANESSA  
You're very cruel.

VANESSA DUMMY  
No, Vanessa ... This is kindness.  
It's what you truly want, isn't it?

Vanessa does not answer.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-PARLOR - NIGHT

The furies are getting more insistent. Weaving in and out. Closer and closer. The symphonic pace accelerating.

As before, Sir Malcolm's family speaks to him, while Frankenstein's "family" speaks to him.

Frankenstein and Sir Malcolm are cracking apart, the pressure intolerable. Frankenstein holds the syringe. Sir Malcolm holds the revolver.

Lily is close to Frankenstein, urging him to suicide.

LILY

One last, great experiment, Victor.

CREATURE

The greatest of all.

MINA

One last expedition into the unknown, father.

PETER

Terra Incognito.

MINA

Magical words.

CREATURE

Piercing the tissue that separates life from death.

LILY

Your mission. Your calling.

GLADYS

Be the man you are, Malcolm. Act bravely.

MINA

End the suffering.

PROTEUS

No more guilt.

CREATURE

Join the poets.

GLADYS

The great explorers of the past.

LILY

Be with me.

GLADYS

Take my hand again.

PROTEUS

Father.

PETER

Father.

CREATURE

There will never be peace for you  
otherwise.

LILY

End it, Victor.

MINA

Join us, father. We need you.

LILY

Be at peace.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS/BELOW - NIGHT

Hecate listens to the voices from the Enchantment Room below,  
her hand on the bolt to the door blocking Ethan-Werewolf.

Waiting for her moment--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The dummy is becoming more insistent now.

Evelyn closes her hand around the sacrificial knife.

VANESSA DUMMY

I will give you an eternity of  
peace with the man you love. And at  
the moment of your death, your  
family will gather around you and  
hold your hand.

VANESSA

And then...?

VANESSA DUMMY

No more suffering. No more  
anguished nights of terror. Only  
the peace of being who you were  
meant to be. At my side. Cherished  
bride ... Your body will die, but  
your spirit will be everlasting.  
Say yes.

VANESSA

And my friends?

VANESSA DUMMY

Released. Left to live freely.

VANESSA

And my God?

VANESSA DUMMY

A better God at your side.

VANESSA

And me?

VANESSA DUMMY

You will be who you are ... End the torment, Vanessa. Kiss me. Accept me.

Vanessa's face.

She's leaning in close. About to kiss the dummy.

Then she stops. Slowly smiles.

Dark power building within her.

The ventriloquist dummy looks at her, blinks, not caring for this change of attitude.

VANESSA

You offer me a normal life ... Why do you think I want that anymore? ... I know what I am ... Do you?

The dummy's eyes dart to Evelyn: what's going on here?

Then...

Ferociously...

With all the power of Hell in her...

Vanessa screams a deadly curse in the *Verbis Diablo*:

VANESSA

*Verbis Diablo...*

The ventriloquist dummy's eyes dart back to her and it quickly responds with a hellish curse of its own:

VANESSA DUMMY

*Verbis Diablo...*

Evelyn is stunned at the sheer animal rage coming from the twin Vanessas--

Vanessa coils like a tiger, her muscles straining, all her power in her titanically strong eyes--

The dummy blinks -- the eyes shifting madly--

The candles in the room flare and sputter wildly--

There's almost a seismic vibration in the room from the fierce Necromancy. The ventriloquist dummies along the walls begin to shake, some falling and crashing to the floor--

Evelyn clamps her hands over her ears, in agony at the building aural terror--

Vanessa reaches a fever pitch, her powerful voice filling the room and echoing, an assault on the dummy--

The dummy blinks and the mouth strains open to the breaking point, its curse now an inarticulate scream of pain--

How can this simulacrum, this thing of lies, hope to compete with the true power of Vanessa Ives?

The dummy's glass eyes open even wider, flashing with something like panic--

Finally--

Vanessa reaches out with one arm and grabs the dummy's face--

Her hand like iron--

Her Verbis Diablo building even more--

The dummy's eyes gape madly from between her fingers--

Cracks begin to appear on the dummy's face--

Spidering up the porcelain--

CRACK.

The face begins to break open.

A scorpion crawls out from inside--

Over Vanessa's hand--

Then more and more.

A score of scorpions emerge from the shattered visage and crawl over Vanessa's hands, dropping to the floor and scuttling away--

Vanessa's final howl of the Verbis Diablo echoes to silence. She glares at the doll's decaying face.

VANESSA

Beloved ... Know your master.

Vanessa squeezes and the doll's face crumbles completely in her hand--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS/BELOW - NIGHT

Hecate's moment has come--

She swiftly unbolts the door blocking Ethan/Werewolf's way from below and--

She swings it open, hiding behind it--

Ethan/Werewolf RAMPAGES past her in blind animal rage--

Down the stairs toward the Enchantment Room--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Her mission a failure, Evelyn feels herself aging horribly--

Lines and wrinkles begin to appear quickly--

She grabs the sacrificial dagger in fury and advances on Vanessa's back, raising it high--

Screaming in maniacal rage--

But--

Ethan/Werewolf roars into the chamber--

Evelyn spins--

He slashes violently--

Almost decapitating her with the power of the single blow--

A spray of blood as--

Evelyn falls, dead--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-PARLOR - NIGHT

Upstairs, all the figures vanish -- The Creature, Proteus, Lily, Gladys, Mina, Peter are gone--

Sir Malcolm and Frankenstein are alone--

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa watches in shock as Evelyn falls--

Then Ethan/Werewolf spins--

Sees her--

RAGES toward her--

She does not flinch.

Ethan/Werewolf stops abruptly.

Close. Eye to eye.

A flash of recognition on her face.

She knows.

Ethan/Werewolf stands coiled in front of her for a moment. Gazing into her eyes. His eyes filled with newfound pain.

Then he spins and races up the stairs and out.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE PARLOR - NIGHT

The Witch with Lyle senses it's all gone horribly wrong. She grabs his throat -- lifts him -- preparing to snap his neck --

BANG!

Lyle simply fires a shot of the Derringer Ethan gave him through the pocket of his coat.

The Witch slams back to a wall, shocked. Blood.

Lyle removes the gun from his pocket.

LYLE

Never underestimate the power of a queen with lovely hair, my dear.

BANG! He fires the other barrel. The Witch falls. Dead.

Then he quickly unbolts the door to the Parlor and enters...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-PARLOR - NIGHT

Sir Malcolm is helping Frankenstein up. They are both dazed and shaken. But the harrowing enchantments are gone.

LYLE

Are you all right?

SIR MALCOLM

Yes ... Doctor?

Frankenstein nods and they stride out...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE PARLOR - NIGHT

Sir Malcolm snatches up his Mauser from the floor outside the parlor and proceeds quickly with Lyle and Frankenstein.

LYLE

The others are here -- I don't know where.

SIR MALCOLM

Vanessa?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes.

They head off.

But a Witch appears behind them, emerging from the darkness. Racing toward them silently.

Sir Malcolm, the hunter, senses her swift approach.

He spins and fires.

BANG!

Her head snaps back. She falls. Dead.

He fires again to make sure. Taking grim pleasure in his revenge.

BANG! BANG!

SIR MALCOLM

Come on.

They disappear around a corner.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa stands.

She takes in the horror of the chamber one last time. The glassy eyes of the Ventriloquist dummies on the walls. The shattered, dead face of the Vanessa dummy.

Then she becomes aware that one of the scorpions is crawling up her arm.

She takes it in her hand and looks at it.

With a kind of kinship and acceptance.

Then...

The scorpion melts into her skin. Becoming part of her.

This causes her no fear. No sadness or revulsion. She accepts what she is.

She turns and proceeds toward the twisting stairway up.

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sir Malcolm, Frankenstein and Lyle move through the disorienting hallways.

They discover the secret door that leads down to the Enchantment Room. It's unlocked and ajar now.

They exchange a glance. Lyle nods.

They proceed down the stairs...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS - NIGHT

And stop almost immediately.

Below, tragedy awaits.

Vanessa is huddled by Sembene's body, holding the dead hand.

Sir Malcolm stops. Stares.

She looks up to him, tears in her eyes.

Sir Malcolm goes to the body of his old friend and kneels by it. He face wracked with pain.

FRANKENSTEIN

(to Vanessa)

Mr. Chandler?

VANESSA

... He's safe.

LYLE

And Mrs. Poole?

VANESSA

She's dead ... It's done.

They remain in silence around their fallen comrade as we fade to black.

EXT. PUTNEY WAXWORKS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, it's quiet in Soho this late.

The banners and brazen marquee in the moonlight.

INT. CELLS - NIGHT

The Creature is imprisoned.

He sits coiled at the back of his cell in Putney's new freak show area. His eyes burning through the darkness.

The eyes dart over as a light appears.

Putney and Octavia emerge with a lantern and a plate of food.

PUTNEY

My dear Mr. Clare! Mrs. Putney has prepared you some food. Though she's a bit parsimonious when it comes to the victuals.

OCTAVIA

Husband!

PUTNEY

You know it's true. Heavy on the spices, light on the joint, as they say.

She slides the food under the bottom of the cell door.

The Creature does not move.

OCTAVIA

You haven't tried screaming yet?

CREATURE

I was not made to scream.

PUTNEY

Some scream, some cause others to scream, eh?

OCTAVIA

(shivers)

Lord preserve us from that face.

Putney pulls up a chair and sits expansively, proud of his elaborate new waistcoat.

PUTNEY

Yes, that's right, sharpened up the wardrobe did I. Don't tell the misses but twenty shillings this cost me ... (winks) ... Walked right into Harrod's like I owned the place, like a bleeding potentate. "My good man," says I to himself, "I'm in the mood for a fresh bit of apparel in which to de-deck myself. Silk, if you please." What a feeling that was!

CREATURE

What do you want?

PUTNEY

I've a proposition I'd like you to consider ... We have a future ahead of us now do the Putneys. As ballyhoos go my Crime Scenes were an ace success -- and my freak show will beggar that! Lines stretching from here to Hackney we'll have once we get a few more of you in. Why right now I've a line on a limbless boy who sits in an apple crate -- and some malformed doxie we could claim as "Sister to the Late and Lamented Mr. Merrick, the Elephant Man."

CREATURE

And?

PUTNEY

And you've a choice. You can share in the success or you can suffer ... Join us, Mr. Clare. Join the great enterprise.

The Creature stands.

Moves to the bars.

OCTAVIA

That got his attention.

PUTNEY

Money has a way of doing that ... Look here, I don't think Harry Public enjoys seeing miserable freaks, I think he likes to see jolly freaks, doing the odd trick.

OCTAVIA

Odd trick, mm.

PUTNEY

You play along we'll give you a share of the take. Think how nice a few shillings will sound in your pocket!

The Creature puts his hands on the bars, seemingly interested.

CREATURE

Go on...

Putney stands, goes to the cell, reeling in the fish.

PUTNEY

Now we'll have to leave you caged  
to start, you understand.

CREATURE

Yes.

Octavia steps to the bars as well.

OCTAVIA

Could get you a blanket.

PUTNEY

Yes, we'll get you a blanket. A  
candle for the reading if you like.

CREATURE

More books.

PUTNEY

A library ... And if you prove your  
fidelity to the great enterprise,  
we'll speak about letting you out  
on occasion.

CREATURE

Until then?

PUTNEY

You do your job. You let the  
punters take a good gander and give  
them a proper fright.

OCTAVIA

A trick or two.

PUTNEY

And you welcome the new arrivals  
and tell them what's what. Ease  
their transition into servitude. A  
father to all the other freaks if  
you will.

OCTAVIA

King of the Freaks.

Then--

So suddenly--

In an explosion of unleashed rage--

The Creature RIPS the cell door off--

Grabs Mrs. Putney's face and practically tears her head off,  
snapping her neck and sending her body flying--

Instantly turning to the hideous Mr. Putney--

Grabbing his face and slamming him violently to the wall again and again and again--

Blood--

Finally Putney is dead.

The Creature flings him away with a savage cry.

He pants to catch his breath.

He looks.

Realizing what he has done.

That of which he is capable.

Then a voice.

LAVINIA

Father, are you down here...?

The Creature stiffens. Waits.

Lavinia appears and feels her way into the cell area.

LAVINIA

Are you sleeping, Mr. Clare?

He just watches her as she blindly approaches.

What will he do?

LAVINIA

You're probably handsome in your dreams. Ha. I'll bet you wish you could sleep every second. No such luck, you grotesque animal.

The Creature sees she is going to soon discover her slaughtered parents.

Then he turns and quietly walks out.

Sadistically leaving her to discover the horror that awaits her.

We watch his face as he walks away.

Unmoved.

Cruel.

Creature.

EXT. PUTNEY WAXWORKS - NIGHT

The Creature walks away from the terrible Putney Waxworks.

Head down, collar up.

Disappearing down an alley -- as we hear Lavinia screaming.  
Echo into the night.

Then we hear a woman's voice singing "The Unquiet Grave."  
Taking us to...

EXT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The House of Horrors in the moonlight.

The woman's voice continues to sing "The Unquiet Grave"...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-PARLOR - NIGHT

The Memento Mori gaze down on the empty parlor. The skulls  
and skeletons in grim, silent repose.

"The Unquiet Grave" continues...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-STAIRS - NIGHT

Sembene's body is gone. Only the blood remains.

"The Unquiet Grave" continues...

INT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION-ENCHANTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Hecate strolls casually, singing "The Unquiet Grave" to  
herself.

She takes in the rows of ventriloquist dummies. The dead  
Vanessa dummy. The scattered detritus of witchcraft.

Then she looks at her mother's dead body.

She casually picks up a candelabra and tosses it on Evelyn's  
corpse.

The fire spreads quickly.

She watches. The flames dancing in her eyes.

The fire spreads up one of the walls. Burning row after row  
of the grisly ventriloquist dummies.

Then she closes Evelyn's Necromancy tool kit and takes it.  
Calmly walks out.

EXT. EVELYN POOLE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Hecate walks away, carrying the wicked tool kit, as the whole mansion goes up in flames behind her.

Off to her future, off to create more horror for our heroes.

But that story is to come.

Meanwhile...

EXT. STREET-BRIDGE OVER THAMES - NIGHT

London is quiet. It's very late.

We see a carriage moving over one of the bridges on the Thames, heading toward the Southbank.

INT. CARRIAGE-STREET - NIGHT

Frankenstein and Lyle sit in the back of the carriage, in a kind of shock at the night's terrors.

FRANKENSTEIN

... You didn't have to accompany me.

LYLE

It's good to have a friend on such a night.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'll be fine.

LYLE

I needed the friend, doctor ... I have not seen such things. Or done such things. And with such relish. God help me.

A beat.

FRANKENSTEIN

You'll go home now?

LYLE

Home ... Yes, home. A very quiet house with many quiet rooms.

The carriage stops. At its destination.

LYLE

You will have a mind to my particular secret, yes?

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm sorry?

LYLE

That tribe into which I was born.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, of course ... Good night, Mr. Lyle.

LYLE

Good night ... (stops him) ... Do take care of yourself. And know that beneath these silken tresses I've a good ear for listening should you need one.

Frankenstein nods, thankful for the gesture, and climbs out.

The carriage continues.

Lyle sits. Sinking into the seat, looking very small and alone.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S TENEMENT - NIGHT

Frankenstein wearily enters and climbs the stairs.

Past the usual huddled families and filth.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S ATTIC LAB - NIGHT

Frankenstein enters. Steeling himself for a confrontation with Lily.

He is surprised to see she is not there.

He notes her belongings are gone.

His eyes go to the faded white roses that Dorian sent her before.

He turns and quickly leaves.

INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE-ENTRY - NIGHT

A lovely waltz plays.

Dr. Frankenstein enters without knocking, angrily. Strides in.

Heads toward the lights in the Gallery...

INT. DORIAN'S GALLERY - NIGHT

Dorian and Lily are dancing. They wear gorgeous, pale clothes, like a touch of frost on the black marble floor.

An utterly bewitching couple as they float happily over the expanse of the floor, a sea of candelabras illuminating the magical room.

Frankenstein abruptly switches off the gramophone. The music whines to silence.

Dorian and Lily just continue dancing.

LILY

Victor! How lovely to see you!

DORIAN

Good evening, Doctor.

FRANKENSTEIN

Stop it!

They stop dancing.

LILY

Cousin, how you look! Are you quite all right?

DORIAN

Would you like to sit down?

FRANKENSTEIN

(snaps at Dorian)

Spare me your gallantry ... Lily, you must come home!

LILY

I am home, darling.

Dorian takes her hand. God, they are a beautiful couple.

DORIAN

Really, Doctor, Lily's not a girl for tenement garrets is she? And on the Southbank no less! Tsk tsk tsk.

Quite suddenly, Frankenstein pulls a revolver from his coat.

Lily and Dorian aren't the slightest alarmed, more amused.

LILY

Now there's gallantry!

DORIAN

Who did you have in mind to shoot?

FRANKENSTEIN

Stop it! -- Please come back Lily.  
I love you. We can make it our home  
again, I promise.

LILY

Our bed in the storm you mean? Ah,  
you were too sweet, that night I  
took your awkward virginity -- all  
thumbs he was. How trembling and  
terrified!

FRANKENSTEIN

Stop it!

LILY

Like a grubby little boy cramming  
his hand into the sweet jar--

BANG!

Frankenstein fires. Shocking himself even.

Lily recoils slightly. Blood on her dress. But she does not  
seem remotely injured.

LILY

Please, Creator, you made me too  
well for that.

Frankenstein stares in shock.

LILY

Oh yes, I know. Always have. You  
were so ... sublimely ...  
malleable.

Dorian scoops some of the blood from her wound and tastes it.  
She giggles.

BANG!

Frankenstein fires at Dorian.

Like Lily, he recoils slightly. Blood on his gorgeous coat.  
But he is not remotely hurt.

DORIAN

You'll have to do better than that,  
sport.

Frankenstein stares at the two inhuman creatures.

LILY

Shall we kill him?

DORIAN

They're made for killing.

LILY

Mmm.

DORIAN

I've experienced so many sensations over the years. But never one precisely like this: complete supremacy.

LILY

Cruelty even.

DORIAN

Ascendancy.

LILY

Conquest ... And him? Shall we murder him right now?

DORIAN

Entirely up to you, darling.

Lily moves closer to Frankenstein.

LILY

No. He might still prove useful to us. Let him live. Let him live with what he has created: a master race. A race of immortals, meant to command. Soon he'll kneel to us.

DORIAN

They all will.

LILY

When our day has come, you will know terror.

She strokes his face.

LILY

Until then, little man ... Live with the knowledge of what you have spawned. And suffer.

Frankenstein backs away in horror.

Bolts out.

Gone.

Dorian starts the gramophone again. The music starts up.

He offers his hand to Lily.

She graciously accepts it.

And they dance. Bleeding. Unhurt.

Their blood following them like a slick, red wake.

EXT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION - NIGHT

Outside, the first grey light before dawn.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa sits with Sir Malcolm.

No fire in the grate.

Both are defeated, exhausted, quiet.

SIR MALCOLM

I will bring him home to Africa.  
From whence I should never have  
brought him ... Let him lie in his  
native earth.

A beat.

SIR MALCOLM

You'll be all right?

VANESSA

Of course.

SIR MALCOLM

Mr. Chandler will be here.

VANESSA

Don't worry about me.

A beat.

SIR MALCOLM

Sembene was a proper man. I've not  
known many.

He stares off.

She gently touches him and then leaves, giving him privacy to  
mourn.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-STAIRS - NIGHT

Vanessa wearily climbs the stairs and heads to her room...

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She enters.

She's startled--

Ethan is standing in a corner. He looks awful. His eyes full of pain and guilt.

She shuts the door.

Goes to him.

Holds his face, looking at him deeply.

ETHAN

You know what I am.

VANESSA

Yes. And here I stand.

Beat.

VANESSA

Sir Malcolm is going to Africa.  
This dreadful house will soon be  
empty ... We can lock the doors and  
walk away forever.

ETHAN

There's no walking from what I am.

VANESSA

What we both are ... I have run  
from the darkness for so long, only  
to find myself in a place darker  
still ... Walk with me.

He looks at her, heart breaking.

VANESSA

You recall the night I came to your  
room? I was so frightened. You were  
kind, and in the morning I was not  
so afraid ... Stay with me tonight.

ETHAN

And tomorrow?

VANESSA

I promise you, we will be less  
afraid.

He gently touches her face.

Shakes his head.

ETHAN

I need to think.

He starts to go. Stops. Doesn't look at her.

ETHAN

... Forgive me.

VANESSA

I do.

This means a lot to him.

He goes.

She stands.

EXT. THAMES - DAWN

The sun is finally coming up.

The terrible night is over.

London is slowly coming to life.

EXT. STREET/SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING

Ethan's face.

Infinite sadness. But resolution.

He's standing, lost in the crowd, looking at a large, busy building. Scotland Yard. London bustles around him.

He's coming to a decision.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-VANESSA'S ROOM - MORNING

Vanessa wakes.

Sun through the windows.

She sits up in bed.

Sees there is a letter under her door.

She rises and picks it up. Opens it and begins to read.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD-RUSK'S OFFICE - MORNING

A clock ticks. Inspector Rusk is reading some case files.

He hears some commotion outside. Glances up, annoyed at the bother.

The door opens suddenly and Ethan barges in, policemen and his Junior Inspector following--

POLICEMAN

Hold on there--

JUNIOR INSPECTOR  
We tried to stop him, sir--

Rusk holds up a hand. Silence.

RUSK  
Leave us.

JUNIOR INSPECTOR  
Sir...

RUSK  
Go on now. Shut the door.

They warily go, shutting the door behind them.

Rusk leans back, gazing at Ethan.

Waits.

ETHAN  
I did it. The Mariner's Inn. All of them.

RUSK  
You confess?

ETHAN  
Yes.

RUSK  
To all particulars?

ETHAN  
Yes.

A beat.

Then Rusk allows himself a complete moment of exhausted joy. Victory. At last.

RUSK  
Sit down, Mr. Talbot.

Ethan wearily sits.

RUSK  
Would you like a cigarette?

ETHAN  
I don't take tobacco.

Rusk lights a cigarette with his good left hand.

ETHAN  
May I ask one thing?

RUSK

You may ask anything.

ETHAN

I'll confess to the lot. Just make it quick.

RUSK

The hanging you mean?

ETHAN

Yes.

RUSK

There's not going to be a hanging.

Ethan stares at him.

RUSK

At least not here.

He pulls some official papers from his desk.

RUSK

I've had this for weeks, but I wanted the satisfaction of writing *finis* to this affair in my own way, as I told you I would. I suppose I'm not without my own sort of pride.

ETHAN

What is that...?

RUSK

An extradition order ... You're going home, Ethan.

Ethan's face.

Abject defeat.

INT. UNDER THE RAILROAD - DAY

The city of the homeless. The fires and tents and curved arches stretching to darkness. The huddled figures.

The Creature is packing his belongings, getting ready to leave.

A familiar voice:

VANESSA

Mr. Clare....

He turns. She's there. Looks drained, at a pitch of sadness.

CREATURE

Miss Ives. Why are you here?

VANESSA

I needed a friend.

He's moved by the simple statement.

CREATURE

Won't you sit?

They sit.

VANESSA

Are you leaving?

CREATURE

Yes.

VANESSA

For long?

CREATURE

Forever.

VANESSA

... Where will you go?

CREATURE

Where I belong. Away from mankind  
... This dream I had. This long  
dream of kinship with those unlike  
me, is gone.

VANESSA

Yes.

CREATURE

When you have seen that of which  
you are capable ... When you have  
stood in blood long enough, what is  
there left but to wade to a  
desolate shore, away from all  
others?

VANESSA

Yes.

CREATURE

And you? ... Where is your shore?

VANESSA

There's no place far enough ... I  
have lost the immortal part of  
myself, you see. No. I have thrown  
it away.

The Creature takes her hand. There are tears in her eyes.

CREATURE

No matter how far you have walked  
from God, He is still waiting  
ahead.

VANESSA

You don't believe in God.

CREATURE

But you do.

She looks at him.

And four words say it all:

VANESSA

That dream is gone.

They sit for a moment.

Then...

CREATURE

Come with me.

She looks at him.

CREATURE

Our desolate shore.

VANESSA

Mr. Clare ... There is around me a  
shroud that brings only pain. I  
won't allow you to suffer ... Not  
you.

She gently touches his face.

VANESSA

I think you are the most human man  
I have ever known.

She can say no more. The pain is too deep for them both.

She kisses him gently and goes.

He sits.

And the tears come.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

TITLE: *Weeks later.*

A large clipper ship steams across the sea.

INT. SHIP'S CABIN - DAY

Sir Malcolm sits.

Sembene's coffin across from him.

His face a mask of quiet anguish.

Taking Sembene home to Africa.

INT. LINER - DAY

An ocean liner cuts across the Atlantic.

INT. BELOW DECKS - DAY

Rusk sits implacably. His Junior Inspector watches from a distance.

Rusk deftly lights a cigarette with his left hand.

He watches.

Across from him.

A cage-like cell.

Within the cell.

Ethan.

He is in shackles. He wears a rough prison uniform.

His hair has been brutally cut short.

His face.

Going home to America.

EXT. SHIP-ARCTIC - DAY

A ship powers through a gale. Icebergs and snow.

EXT. SHIP-DECK - DAY

The Creature stands, as if frozen.

Holding to the riggings. Ice shrouds everything. Dripping whiteness over all.

As the ship pushes North.

To bleak isolation.

INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S ATTIC LAB - NIGHT

We move across the lab...

It's filthy. Cobwebs and dust. A rat scuttles.

Frankenstein lies on Lily's bed.

His drug paraphernalia around him. Vials and ampules. Filthy syringes.

He looks as if he has not slept, or eaten, or shaved, in weeks. His eyes are bloodshot and filled with defeated anguish.

His arms are badly bruised with needle tracks from the addiction.

He stretches his fingers, searching for a place between them not already scarred with needle tracks.

Finds a spot that might work.

Injects himself between the fingers.

Lies back.

Lost.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

All is deathly quiet.

Vanessa stands taking in the Great Room.

We hear Ethan's voice.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Dear Vanessa,

Your many kindnesses I will always carry with me. Such generosity has not been a part of my life, and I thank you for your affection and understanding...

She turns down the gas and goes.

The room dark behind her.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-KITCHEN - NIGHT

She enters.

Sembene's realm.

Silent and empty now.

ETHAN (V.O.)

In my most frightened and lonely moments, you were there. And such light you brought to me...

She turns down the gas light and goes.

The room dark behind her.

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-STAIRS - NIGHT

She wearily climbs the stairs.

Turning down the gaslight as she goes.

ETHAN (V.O.)

But I am made for the dark. This we both know. I am fit for only one place and I should have been there long ago: deep in the cold clay on a forgotten hill...

She turns down the last of the gas lighting.

Until only one room is illuminated.

Her bedroom.

She silently walks into that...

INT. SIR MALCOLM'S MANSION-VANESSA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She enters and shuts the door.

She stands.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Your road may be difficult. But mine is doomed ... So we walk alone.

A beat.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Written with love, Ethan.

She stands.

Finally she turns to the cross that hangs on her wall. That has always hung there.

She looks at it.

Her face a mask of exhausted resolution.

She finally reaches out and removes the cross from the wall.

She puts it into the grate of her fire.

And watches it burn.

Then she goes to the window.

Gazes out.

Lost and alone.

VANESSA  
So we walk alone.

Snap to black.

End of Episode 210.

End of Season Two.