

Penny Dreadful - "What Have You Done to Me?" (Spec)

By

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Based on Showtime's "Penny Dreadful"

EXT. EVELYN'S MANSION - NIGHT

A THUNDERSTORM shakes the Earth.

INT. EVELYN'S MANSION - HALLS - CONTINUING

Lightning casts blinding flickers of light, and EVELYN's footsteps echo as she sneaks down the long, dark halls. Soon, voices - *WHISPERS*. Evelyn stops for just a moment, listening. Treachery is afoot.

Evelyn collects herself and sashays into the  
SITTING ROOM.

A roaring fire sends menacing shadows bouncing off of the walls. The shadows belong to HECATE and the other WITCH MINIONS, conspiring in front of the blaze.

Hecate goes silent and tilts her head in her mother's direction. The other witches follow in unison. Then, they disperse, leaving only mother and daughter.

They approach each other.

EVELYN  
Daughter.

HECATE  
Great one.

Evelyn doesn't flinch at Hecate's sarcasm.

EVELYN  
I wasn't aware of a slumber party. You need only your toffee treats and Penny Dreadfuls now.

HECATE  
Upset you weren't invited?

EVELYN  
More curious.

HECATE  
About?

Evelyn leans in.

EVELYN  
About little girls and their little

secrets.

HECATE

Come now, mother. You can't mock and  
desire a thing at once.

A ferocious staring match. Hecate narrows her eyes - feigning  
an examination.

HECATE

Is that a grey hair?

Hecate reaches for said, imaginary hair and Evelyn forcefully  
slaps her hand away. Hecate doesn't bat an eye as she retires  
to the couch, sprawling out.

HECATE

Would you like to know the subject of  
our discussion?

Evelyn needn't answer the rhetorical question.

HECATE

It has come to our attention -

EVELYN

- Theirs or yours?

HECATE

That your judgement may be short-  
sighted. Lacking, even.

EVELYN

Is that so?

HECATE

You aim to conquer our foe, but yet  
they grow stronger. Sure, there's your  
seduction of Sir Malcolm, but he  
appears more of a... passing fancy  
than a move.

EVELYN

Shall we play chess? How I'd love to  
show you what I'm made of.

HECATE

Perhaps you should... show us, that  
is. If you can. I sense The Master  
grows restless.

EVELYN  
I believe you're mistaking his  
restlessness for yours.

Hecate stands and heads for the door.

HECATE  
We shall see...

As Hecate passes, Evelyn grips her arm.

EVELYN  
Do not test me, girl.

HECATE  
I won't have to.

Evelyn releases Hecate. Hecate continues on, leaving Evelyn to stew.

INT. CEREMONY ROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn enters alone. Her voodoo dolls line the walls, always watching.

The Malcolm and Vanessa Dolls sit side-by-side. A wicked, all-knowing grin from Evelyn.

EVELYN  
What to do with you two?

SUPER: TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. CEREMONY ROOM - NIGHT

The Vanessa Doll stares blankly at Sir Malcolm's, both on pedestals in the center of the room. Evelyn completes a circle of a powdery substance on the ground, enclosing the pedestals.

Then, she moves across the room to an inverted cross hanging on the wall. Evelyn stares at it a moment and then kisses her index & middle fingers, touching them to the cross.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - VANESSA'S ROOM - CONTINUING

In her nightgown, Vanessa kneels before her own cross, PRAYING fiercely in Latin. She stops to look up at the cross, a chilly seriousness etched in her face.

INT. CEREMONY ROOM - CONTINUING

Evelyn moves away from the cross to the opposite side of the room. She focuses on the dolls and RECITES THE VERBIS DIABLO.

In the entryway, Hecate pokes her head out, spying on the ritual from the safety of shadow.

A pause in Evelyn's chanting.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - MALCOLM'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Fast asleep, SIR MALCOLM suddenly becomes restless, turning over.

CEREMONY ROOM

The smallest, wicked grin from Evelyn. She continues the ritual.

VANESSA'S ROOM

Vanessa climbs into bed.

MALCOLM'S ROOM

An agitated Malcolm continues to toss and turn.

CEREMONY ROOM

The ritual reaches its climax and Evelyn throws out her arms. Simultaneously, the dolls fly outwards, sticking to opposite walls by magic.

Evelyn remains to marvel at her mastery while Hecate slinks away.

INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

A bitter draft rattles the open window, its joints groaning. Still asleep, VICTOR instinctively pulls the covers tightly around him. Very much awake, LILY doesn't bother to fix the covers.

She simply lies there, exposed. She feels nothing.

INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun hits Lily's face and she blinks herself free from her trance. She slides out of bed and pulls on a worn shawl for good measure.

She moves to the

KITCHEN

And fixes breakfast. She takes an egg in hand and stops, admiring it. But as the gaze continues - a growing intensity behind Lily's eyes.

CRACK. The egg explodes in Lily's hand, and the sensation frightens her. She drops the remains and they SPLAT to the floor.

Just then, VICTOR enters.

VICTOR

Good morning.

Lily whips around and Victor's smile fades.

LILY

I'm sorry Victor. I...

Victor approaches her, smiling again.

VICTOR

It's nothing.

He kisses her cheek. Hovers. Waits for Lily to take the hint. When she doesn't, he kisses her gently on the lips.

VICTOR

I must be off anyhow.

LILY

But your breakfast...

VICTOR

I'll be fine. I've never been so full in my life.

They share another gaze, imaginary hearts nearly popping out of Victor's eyes.

VICTOR

And besides, I'm sure Sir Malcolm has Sembene fixing something exquisite as we speak.

LILY

Them again?

VICTOR  
Missing me already?

LILY  
I only meant you're off with them so much of the time. What would you have me do while you're away?

VICTOR  
There are books here. Everywhere. There's more poetry than I care to admit.

LILY  
I'm not sure that I need poetry.

VICTOR  
Our friend Mr. Clare seems to think so.

Lily looks away at mention of 'Mr. Clare.' One last kiss from Victor to an unenthusiastic Lily. But Victor would never notice.

VICTOR  
I'll be back before you know it.

Victor exits.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Dressed, ETHAN moves through the hall, making no effort to silence his heavy steps. He notices Vanessa's bedroom door ajar and stops, peering in.

INSIDE VANESSA'S BEDROOM

Ethan spies Vanessa as she awakens. It's a beautiful - majestic - thing, and Vanessa seems completely at peace, even if only for a moment.

She stretches, GROANING with a kind of pleasure, and Vanessa finally catches Ethan peeking. Ethan skitters away.

VANESSA  
Ethan!

A bashful Ethan returns.

VANESSA  
Do come in, Mr. Chandler.

He obliges, and Vanessa stands to greet him in her nightgown. Ethan avoids her gaze, and she smiles devilishly.

VANESSA  
Now that is something I have never  
seen.

ETHAN  
What's that?

VANESSA  
You're blushing.

ETHAN  
I didn't mean to spy. Your door was  
open. I thought...

VANESSA  
Thought what? That nightcomers chose  
the day to claim me? That would be  
quite the surprise, wouldn't it?

A small grin escapes Ethan.

ETHAN  
You're quite enjoying my misfortune  
aren't you Miss Ives?

VANESSA  
Maybe a little.

A moment of silence. Passing glances.

VANESSA  
Will you accompany me downstairs?

ETHAN  
Of course.

Another pause - Ethan misses the cue.

VANESSA  
If you'd give me a moment...?

Ethan jolts into action.

ETHAN  
Of course.

As he heads out -



VANESSA

Don't forget to tuck your tail between  
your legs.

He flashes her one last coy glance before exiting.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - STUDY - DAY

SIR LYLE stands over the table of ancient artifacts, puzzling over the endless possible meanings. Sir Malcolm leads SEMBENE inside, the latter carrying a coffee carafe and biscuits. Sembene sets down the tray and exits.

SIR MALCOLM

(to Lyle)

How's it coming along?

SIR LYLE

I suppose we are getting there. Only slowly. I feel as if the more I stare, the more it all begins to blur in my mind.

SIR MALCOLM

Your focus will serve us well. I am sure of it.

SIR LYLE

If there is some kind of knowledge to be gained from all this, I assure you I will find it.

SIR MALCOLM

That is precisely what I wanted to hear. Good work.

Malcolm gives Lyle a single, rough pat on the shoulder. LAUGHTER wafts in from the foyer and soon after, Vanessa and Ethan enter, all smiles - caught up in conversation like two love birds.

Malcolm looks on with obvious agitation.

VANESSA

Good morning.

Vanessa moves to Malcolm, only now realizing his mood.

VANESSA

Ooh - did someone wake up on the wrong side of the master bed?

SIR MALCOLM

I had a restless sleep, yes.

ETHAN

I thought that was the only kind of sleep 'Sir Malcolm Murray' knew?

SIR MALCOLM

Well, at least some of us are in high spirits.

Just then a KNOCK at the front door. Shortly after, Sembene ushers Victor into the study.

SIR MALCOLM

Mr. Frankenstein.

Victor nods. Sembene begins to pour coffee.

VICTOR

What's on today's agenda?

SIR MALCOLM

We have a problem.

VICTOR

A new one?

SIR MALCOLM

No. I'm afraid this one's been ongoing. And it needs to be addressed.

A pause.

VANESSA

Spit it out.

SIR MALCOLM

Our enemy knows exactly who we are. They knew the day they attacked your carriage, and they likely know even more now. But they remain a mystery to us. And that is unacceptable.

ETHAN

And where's the problem? When have we ever known more about our enemy than they us?

SIR MALCOLM

The problem is we can't bring the

fight to them if we don't know where to take it.

ETHAN

Then how do you suggest we rectify this problem?

SIR MALCOLM

By focusing our attention where it's *needed*.

Vanessa's smile - and cheery attitude - fades as a ferocious staring contest begins between Ethan and Malcolm.

ETHAN

And where do you suppose that might that be?

SIR MALCOLM

Anywhere other than where it currently lies.

ETHAN

You're doing a lot of talking in circles. Why don't you just come out and say what's really eating at you?

SIR MALCOLM

Well, for starters, the fact that laughter fills the air is most certainly cause for concern.

VANESSA

Laughter? These last days you've been as giddy as a school boy.

SIR MALCOLM

I beg your pardon?

VANESSA

Toting Mrs. Poole on your arm in the wake of your dead wife.

SIR MALCOLM

I am dealing with my pain in my own way.

ETHAN

Well it sure doesn't look it.

SIR MALCOLM

Than perhaps you don't know me very well.

ETHAN

No, but Sembene does. What was it you said? That he's unlike the man you know?

SEMBENE

Do not speak for me, Mr. Chandler.

VANESSA

Ethan's right. You speak of 'focus' when it is you who is clouded.

SIR MALCOLM

Then it appears we *do* have more in common than either of us imagined.

VANESSA

What's that supposed to mean?

SIR MALCOLM

I have seen that gaze of yours - the same gaze that destroyed a marriage before it was could be conceived.

SIR LYLE

Please, everyone - stop this childish bickering. We have much work to do.

VICTOR

Like what? Playing with toys and trinkets?

Victor gestures to the table of curiosities and Lyle is instantly offended.

SIR LYLE

How dare you.

VICTOR

Perhaps the problem isn't focus, but priorities - the significance we've placed on a collection of antiquated religious artifacts nearly as old as he who dumped them on us.

SIR LYLE

And what is your answer, boy? What

reason do you give for the things you have seen, least of all the afflictions this young lady has suffered. You attack my beliefs, my vanity, but you have nothing to offer in the way of a solution. At least I'm trying.

VICTOR

I braved the bitter cold for this?

SIR LYLE

Whining. That's your contribution, doctor.

An all-out VERBAL BRAWL ensues. A cacophony of angry voices until -

SIR MALCOLM

ENOUGH!

Silence.

VANESSA

I think that is quite enough.

Vanessa storms out, grabbing her coat and heading for the door. Ethan's not far behind her.

VICTOR

If you'll excuse me, I have actual work that needs attending to.

Victor storms out. Lyle slumps down in a chair.

LYLE

What a disaster.

EXT. MURRAY MANSION - STREETS - DAY

On fire as she storms away from the Murray mansion, Vanessa practically melts the snow beneath her feet. Ethan struggles to keep up.

ETHAN

Vanessa!

But Ethan has to forcibly stop her.

ETHAN

Where are you going?

VANESSA

As far away from that place as possible.

ETHAN

What in the hell just happened in there?

VANESSA

So now I am to explain myself?

ETHAN

No, not you - all of it. We've never been that short with each other.

VANESSA

I'll tell you exactly what happened. That stubborn man can't bear anyone else's happiness because he is so incapable of finding his own.

ETHAN

Maybe it's you that can't stand his?

VANESSA

Do not mistake love for lust. Evelyn Poole is a leach, latching on to the nearest fool she can find.

ETHAN

Sir Malcolm's a fool now?

Vanessa immediately regrets her words.

VANESSA

Foolish, at the very least...

Ethan takes her arm.

ETHAN

Let's go back. Before things become permanent.

Vanessa considers it.

VANESSA

I'm not sure it can. He was so cruel.

ETHAN

Someone has to be the bigger man. Or woman.

Vanessa turns away and continues walking.

ETHAN

Where will you go?

Vanessa doesn't answer, and Ethan chases after her again.

ETHAN

Well wherever it is, I'm going with you. I have an idea. We're going to pretend - just for a few bloody hours - that we're not being hunted by witches, that you're not desired by some ancient Egyptian devil - that our lives haven't gone to shit. Will you do that for me?

Vanessa tries to remain firm, but her resolve starts to crumble.

ETHAN

Give me one day.

VANESSA

Fine. Whisk me away then, Mr. Chandler. I'm starving, come to think of it.

Ethan grins and takes Vanessa's arm.

INT. DORIAN'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

OPERA music echoes through the cavernous dining hall. DORIAN GREY sits at the head of the table, lounged back in his chair like royalty - as if he's posing for a portrait artist.

Dorian sips coffee as he peruses the paper. Next to him is ANGELIQUE, content to simply soak up the atmosphere in her elegant nightgown.

Angelique catches Dorian's eye. He smiles.

DORIAN

You look positively...

ANGELIQUE

Lackadaisical? Ingenuous?

DORIAN

I was going to say radiant.

Angelique chuckles.

ANGELIQUE

It's this life. This lifestyle. You are a man of leisure, aren't you?

DORIAN

It could be your life. Always.

ANGELIQUE

A week ago I couldn't have imagined myself in such a place as this.

DORIAN

What kind of a place?

ANGELIQUE

Heaven.

Dorian slides closer.

DORIAN

Am I some type of God, then?

ANGELIQUE

I've been wondering the same thing.

They kiss. Angelique forces herself to pull away.

ANGELIQUE

What have I become? You've spoiled me.

DORIAN

Not spoiled. I've simply offered you what you've always deserved.

ANGELIQUE

I only fear for what I shall do when it ends.

DORIAN

It doesn't have to.

Dorian takes her hand. Angelique feels the honesty in his gentle grip.

DORIAN

Now, what adventure should we embark on today?



INT. MURRAY MANSION - STUDY - DAY

An awkward silence. No movement. Finally -

SEMBENE

Shall I clear this away?

SIR MALCOLM

Thank you, Sembene.

Sembene collects the tray and exits. Lyle nervously wrings his hands.

LYLE

We should go after them.

SIR MALCOLM

Why don't you, then?

LYLE

Because my sway is inconsequential, as we just witnessed... But they will listen to you.

SIR MALCOLM

And how exactly will I execute that masterful feat?

LYLE

By listening to *them*.

Sir Malcolm knows he's right and Lyle pounces on the opportunity.

LYLE

There's a reason 'tyrant' is such a dirty word, you know. Those Greeks - such opportunists. They would stop at nothing in their conquests.

SIR MALCOLM

So I am a tyrant then? Blinded my singular ambition and greed?

LYLE

There was a time, before the Greeks, when a tyrant was not so scorned. 'Tyrannos' - simply one who acquired power unconventionally. It was a term free of malignancy.

SIR MALCOLM

What changed?

LYLE

Mankind, I imagine. We are always evolving, after all. And as we change, so too do our desires - or rather, how we go about them.

As the moral becomes clearer, Sir Malcolm becomes more attentive.

LYLE

But perhaps the whole notion is exaggerated. Perhaps the tyrant is simply a man, so possessed by the desire to do good, that his singular will transforms him over time. The focus then can only shift from what he does to how, no matter how heroic. What we are doing here is highly unconventional, indeed, but you need not fight the battle alone.

SIR MALCOLM

And how do I make them see this?

LYLE

By convincing them that they are fighting for something other than yourself.

The revelation hits home, leaving Sir Malcolm speechless.

LYLE

I will show myself out. You know where to find me - at the beck and call of the greatest tyrant of all.

SIR MALCOLM

Give Missus Ferdinand my best.

Lyle exits.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Victor tears through the streets. THE CREATURE emerges from the shadows, but his ambush does nothing to break Victor's resolve.

The Creature matches Victor's quick pace.

VICTOR  
Not now, vile creature.

THE CREATURE  
Then when, my esteemed lord? My  
master. When shall I bother you with  
the inconvenience of that which you  
have promised me!

The Creature blocks Victor's path, forcibly bringing him to a halt. Victor stares him dead in the eye, challenging him.

VICTOR  
You asked for an immortal mate, and I  
delivered.

Victor tries to push past, but the The Creature remains anchored, an impenetrable boulder of sub-human matter. He grabs Victor by the collar.

THE CREATURE  
No! You have delivered me not but a  
body. A dark, empty shell.

VICTOR  
What else would you have me do?

THE CREATURE  
Illuminate her! Give her life.

Victor chuckles with disbelief.

VICTOR  
Life? What is it exactly you think I  
did? Were you not there in the  
laboratory that night? Yes, I remember  
you wailing to the heavens - to *God* -  
to grant Lily everlasting life.

THE CREATURE  
Lily?

Victor discovers his mistake too late.

VICTOR  
Brona...

With an unparalleled fury, The Creature drags Victor into an

ALLEY

And slams him into a wall.

THE CREATURE

You named her? I ask to grace her with poetry and you say no. But instead... If this were only your first betrayal I might weep.

VICTOR

She needs a fresh start. To let go of her former life. Only then -

THE CREATURE

- You know best, is that it? Look what your meddling has cost the lot of us. A "failed" science experiment, a dead progeny and a newborn - too new to realize she's being taken advantage of.

The Creature releases Victor and tries to leave.

VICTOR

She doesn't want you. Don't you see how she recoils? Or are you so blind to what's clearly in front of you?

The Creature returns for one last retort.

THE CREATURE

What's in front of me is something just short of a man, one who hides behind a mind he holds in such high esteem. But you forget - I am your mind. And I am far from perfection.

The Creature storms off, leaving Victor to stew.

INT. VICTOR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dressed, Lily sits by a window, nibbling from a plate of food. She overlooks the streets - the PEOPLE going about their days, taking their freedom for granted.

Lily is completely still, but only for a moment. In one, rapid motion, she sets the plate aside and heads for the

BEDROOM.

She throws open a "rustic" armoire and fishes out some proper clothes.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Ethan and Vanessa enjoy a silent meal. Seated next to a window, Vanessa has a perfect view of the street.

Soon, her gaze falls upon a MOTHER (her age) standing at the edge of the sidewalk with a suitcase in each hand. Cavorting just behind her are TWO WHIMSICAL CHILDREN. As they play, each footstep tosses a cloud of snow into the air.

Vanessa watches all of this magic transpire. Soon after, a carriage pulls up. On cue, the FATHER emerges from a shop and joins his wife, kissing her. He ushers the children into the carriage and they CHEER with excitement.

Vanessa can just make out -

CHILD #1  
Adventure!

Last in the carriage is the mother, and as she climbs in her gaze meets Vanessa's for just a moment.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
I thought you were ravenous.

Vanessa meets Ethan's gaze and his smile.

VANESSA  
I'm a lady first. Everything else  
comes in second.

She takes a bite for good measure.

INT. EVELYN'S MANSION - DAY

Evelyn opens the front door to find Sir Malcolm on the other side.

EVELYN  
Sir Malcolm, what a delightful  
surprise.

SIR MALCOLM  
Are you engaged this afternoon?

EVELYN

Not at all.

SIR MALCOLM

Good. Then I would like to take you out.

EVELYN

How I adore a stern man. Irresistible.  
Let me grab my coat.

EXT. CHRISTMAS MARKET - DAY

A quaint outdoor market. Goodies, ornaments and other curiosities. A throng of BROWSERS stalk the market grounds, sorting out the quality merchandise from the cheap, while MERCHANTS upsell their goods.

Dorian and Angelique are among the crowd.

ANGELIQUE

Are you a festive man, Dorian?

DORIAN

Not particularly. And when I am, it's merely for show. One can't have an unforgettable Christmas party without a tree, now can they?

ANGELIQUE

So it's true - he does enjoy being the center of attention.

DORIAN

Being memorable does have its rewards.

ANGELIQUE

I suppose that's true. You're a man who will be remembered long after he's gone.

Dorian's smile fades. If only Angelique knew...

DORIAN

I'm not sure that's true.

ANGELIQUE

Come now, don't be modest.

The duo comes across a merchant selling tree-toppers. An overwhelming collection of blond angels. Angelique fondles

one.

ANGELIQUE

So this is beauty? If only I'd known  
sooner.

Dorian sees the secret hurt behind Angelique's eyes.

DORIAN

I find that one rather tacky,  
actually.

ANGELIQUE

Don't you prefer them? Look how  
perfect they are.

DORIAN

No.

He reaches for one at the back - a burlap angel in a plain  
gown. Long, raven hair.

DORIAN

Now this - this would make the most  
magnificent addition to any pine.

ANGELIQUE

You really think so?

DORIAN

I do.

Dorian pays the merchant for the topper. Angelique laughs,  
nearly in tears.

ANGELIQUE

Dorian, you don't even have a tree.

DORIAN

I may just have to acquire one, then.  
But only if there were someone else to  
enjoy it with me.

ANGELIQUE

What are you saying?

DORIAN

Move in with me. Permanently.

Angelique considers it for only a moment.

ANGELIQUE

Alright.

They kiss.

INT. OPIUM DEN - DAY

The dark, gloomy squalor is of a more mad house than a retreat. Wall-to-wall ADDICTS, completely out of their minds, and purposeful low-lighting. Danger waits at every angle.

Victor enters and charges further into the depths of hell without stopping. He knows exactly where he's going.

INT. OPIUM DEN - INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Victor immediately spots the only two lucid men in the entire center, a DEALER and his FRIEND. The dealer sees Victor coming and ushers the friend away.

DEALER

Mr. Frankenstein, to what do I owe the pleasure?

FRANKENSTEIN

My pleasure.

DEALER

Have you finally decided to surrender yourself to the wonders of my opium?

FRANKENSTEIN

Do I look like I wish to lie around on the floor like some dejected animal, hoping to be kicked simply to feel something? No. You know what I want, and I reproach you for suggesting otherwise.

The dealer just grins.

FRANKENSTEIN

How brash you are. Tell me, does it please you, being the mighty king of this squalor? Providing the makings of a life ruined to those who could not possibly say no? They lose themselves while you sit here on your throne watching. Smiling. But you would be nothing outside of these walls.



DEALER

Insult me all you like. But we both know how this will end. You will throw your money at me, beg at my feet if I demanded it. Because the customer is not King. He who holds the goods is. And I have what you want so desperately, despite your charade. So don't pretend you're any less wicked than this denizen lot.

The dealer whips out a vial of morphine. Frankenstein bites his tongue, pays the dealer and leaves.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - WORKSHOP - DAY

The Creature puts the finishing touches on a wax figure. He pauses to stare at the flawless, smooth face, clear of any lines, wrinkles or malformations.

Just then, LAVINIA enters.

LAVINIA

Mr. Clare, are you here?

THE CREATURE

Yes.

Momentarily frozen, The Creature watches Lavinia struggle to find the 'eye station.' When he finally regains mobility, he bursts out of his seat.

THE CREATURE

How incredibly rude of me. Let me help you.

LAVINIA

Thank you.

Lavinia starts to work, and The Creature returns to his seat.

THE CREATURE

May I ask a question?

LAVINIA

Why not...

THE CREATURE

Doesn't it ever drive you mad? Working on these figures, as you do, but never getting to see what they look like -

complete?

A long pause.

LAVINIA

No. At least no really. To be honest, I'm not so sure I'd want to see. You forget, Mr. Clare - I've been doing this longer than I care to remember. It gets quite dull. But it's all I can do. So I do it. And then it's done.

THE CREATURE

That is no way to live one's life.

LAVINIA

I don't have much of a choice.

Lavinia returns to work and The Creature admires his wax figure again.

THE CREATURE

How perfect they are.

LAVINIA

What's that?

THE CREATURE

These... immortal statues - tableaux of what society ought to be. They want nothing, demand nothing. But yet they are perfect. But only because we make them so. There are no blemishes, no disfigurements. And then we dress them, put them on display. But for what? To recreate a point in time for the enjoyment of the masses?

He scoffs.

THE CREATURE

We gaze upon the intricate sets your father creates - these memories - and we accept them as the truth. Because how could these creatures deceive us? They have no thoughts, or desires. They are without motive.

LAVINIA

It's only wax.

THE CREATURE

No. It's lies. But it's forgotten -  
ignored. Because they are beautiful.  
How far we stray from the path of  
reason. Of truth. Nobody wants to hear  
it. To see it. I wonder - who made us  
this way?

LAVINIA

I'm not sure I understand, Mr. Clare.

The Creature joins her. Takes her hands in his, startling her.

THE CREATURE

Oh, but you do. You above all. You see  
things, Ms. Lavinia - so clearly. You  
understand -

She pulls away.

LAVINIA

- No, I don't. What are you on about?  
You can twist your words all you like,  
but it doesn't change the fact that  
I'm blinder than an old crone at  
midnight. So don't tell me what I'm  
capable of. Because I already know  
that quite well. Excuse me.

She takes off.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Vanessa and Ethan browse the open, cold gallery. The large  
venue overwhelms the small collection, creating an atmosphere  
of alienation. Isolation. Even the few PATRONS keep their  
distance from each other.

They stop to gaze upon a portrait of Edgar Degas.

ETHAN

What's he so down about?

VANESSA

Artists aren't known for their cheer,  
Mr. Chandler.

ETHAN

Maybe he needs to get out. Make some  
friends.

VANESSA

Oh no, not Degas - he who believes  
that artists are solitary creatures.

ETHAN

How on Earth did he come to that  
conclusion?

VANESSA

Well... he is French.

ETHAN

Ah.

Ethan takes another look.

ETHAN

No, I'm not a fan of this one.

VANESSA

Nor am I. I've never quite enjoyed  
portraits.

ETHAN

What do you enjoy?

Vanessa leads him to a picture of ship at sea. It's dark -  
full of danger.

ETHAN

I should have known. So, which is it?  
The ship or the danger?

VANESSA

Sorry?

ETHAN

The part you find most tempting.

Vanessa looks up at him with a fiendish gaze.

VANESSA

Why not both?

ETHAN

As Degas would say - touché.

They continue on.

ETHAN

So this is high society?

VANESSA

We must find some way to fill our time. There are only so many Wild West shows, after all. Unless Colonel Brewster, himself, plans on adding a matinee.

ETHAN

Alright, poke your fun.

Vanessa and Ethan are distracted by patrons exiting the gallery.

ETHAN

So? What's next?

Vanessa smiles.

INT. TEA HOUSE - DAY

Fancy high tea. The height of Victorian sophistication. Sir Malcolm and Evelyn enjoy a variety of delicacies and teas.

EVELYN

I must say, I didn't imagine you'd be the type to enjoy high tea.

SIR MALCOLM

I think you'll discover there's much about me that will surprise you.

EVELYN

So I'm learning.

A pause for a few bites and sips.

EVELYN

It must get awfully lonely in that big house, all by your lonesome.

Her words sting.

EVELYN

Malcolm - I'm so sorry. How crass of me.

SIR MALCOLM

No, not crass. Honest. That is something I admire more than you know. But in truth, I am not alone. Sembene, my man-servant, is a true friend. And

there is Vanessa.

EVELYN

Miss Ives? I wasn't aware you kept her company.

SIR MALCOLM

We were bound by a profound loss.

EVELYN

The passing of your daughter.

SIR MALCOLM

Yes.

EVELYN

So is that what she is? A daughter figure.

SIR MALCOLM

She is more than a daughter.

Evelyn hangs on every word.

EVELYN

I see. Tell me more about the ever-mysterious Vanessa Ives.

SIR MALCOLM

You met her at Mr. Grey's ball, did you not?

EVELYN

She's cryptic, that one.

SIR MALCOLM

Let's just say she keeps her cards close.

EVELYN

So close that I wonder if she's even seen them.

SIR MALCOLM

Vanessa has survived more hardships than any one person should have to bear. It has made her cold at times. Even cruel. But to that I can attest.

EVELYN

As can I.

Evelyn notices how distracted Sir Malcolm has suddenly become.

EVELYN

Is everything alright?

SIR MALCOLM

I fear I may have sullied my relationship with her beyond repair.

EVELYN

Oh dear. Beyond repair, are you sure?

SIR MALCOLM

Even if I were to beg for forgiveness, I'm not sure it would be accepted, let alone believed.

EVELYN

Why is that, I wonder?

SIR MALCOLM

Because at a certain point, you become known for what you are. To be seen as anything other is impossible. I fear I am too old to change, Evelyn, to fix my mistakes.

Evelyn takes his hand.

EVELYN

I see you, Malcolm. Clearly.

SIR MALCOLM

So you willingly share tea with a foolish man?

EVELYN

Not foolish. Driven. I see in you a determination that could rule an empire.

Sir Malcolm entertains the possibility for just a moment. But then he pulls his hand away.

SIR MALCOLM

I do not wish to rule anything. I have learned that such things are impossible to control.

EVELYN

Add wisdom to your list of virtues.

But the ego-stroking has lost it's appeal.

SIR MALCOLM

I'm afraid I must cut our afternoon short.

EVELYN

Oh no. Did I overstep?

SIR MALCOLM

Not at all. Simply a forgotten engagement.

They stand, and Sir Malcolm pulls Evelyn in for a kiss.

EVELYN

When will I see you again?

SIR MALCOLM

Before you know it.

He smiles and then exits.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Malcolm enters and immediately moves upstairs.

INT. VANESSA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm KNOCKS before entering.

MALCOLM

Vanessa...?

But the room is empty. The window is ajar, and a light breeze sweeps through the bedroom as Malcolm's heart drops in his chest.

INT. VICTOR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor stomps inside in a huff. Waiting on the couch, Lily stands to greet him.

LILY

Good evening, Victor.

VICTOR

Nothing good about it.



Victor meets Lily's gaze, but her smile fades when she sees his state. She's mistaken the reason behind his look.

LILY  
Shall I change?

Lily's innocence brings warmth back to Victor.

VICTOR  
No. You are perfect.

He moves to her. Takes her hands in his.

VICTOR  
And I've decided to spend more time  
with you. You are what's important to  
me. None of the rest of it.

Lily forces a weak smile.

VICTOR  
So, how should we spend our evening?

LILY  
I was thinking about taking a walk.

VICTOR  
Excellent. I could use the fresh air.

LILY  
Actually. I was hoping to take it  
alone.

Victor fails to hide his disappointment.

VICTOR  
As you wish. You are your own  
creature, after all.

Victor disappears into the bedroom.

INT. BROTHEL - ANGELIQUE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angelique enters and immediately begins packing her things.  
It isn't long before the MATRON enters the threshold.

MATRON  
Where might you be off to?

ANGELIQUE  
Mr. Grey invited me to stay with him.

Permanently. And I accepted.

MATRON

So you're done with us, then? Just like that? I sure hope he's paying you well.

ANGELIQUE

It's not like that.

MATRON

No? He must have you thinking you're the Queen of England. But with a face like that, I'd be fooled too.

ANGELIQUE

This is not a game. This is my life! Don't you know how disgusted I am with myself, at the things I've been forced to do.

MATRON

No one made you to do anything. You came here by your own accord.

ANGELIQUE

I had no other choice.

MATRON

There's always a choice.

ANGELIQUE

You're right. And I choose Dorian.

MATRON

It'll end, you know. All good things do. And then you'll be all alone.

Tears stream down Angelique's face.

ANGELIQUE

Nothing could be more lonely than this.

Angelique exits.

EXT. SHIPYARDS - NIGHT

A quiet emptiness pervades the shipyards, along with a thin fog. Vanessa and Ethan sit on a bench, watching as a single ship pulls away from the docks.

VANESSA

How enviable, the life of a ship.

ETHAN

Enviably? I'm not sure a boat has the power to do much of anything.

VANESSA

That's just it. It makes no decisions, passes no judgement. It simply goes. It is led into the unknown, blindly, without so much as a hint of where it might end up.

ETHAN

And that doesn't frighten you?

VANESSA

Not at all. If a thing has no knowledge of where it exists in the world, can it be found?

ETHAN

Are we still talking about a boat?

Vanessa knows she's been caught.

ETHAN

Still wishing you could disappear?

VANESSA

I think it would be safer. For everyone. There would be no more danger. No more fighting.

ETHAN

Ah, so you're doing us all a favor then? How noble.

Bitterness starts to overtake Ethan.

VANESSA

Would you think me more noble if I told you I truly believed that?

ETHAN

I'd think you're a liar.

VANESSA

Sharp as ever. With perception and words.

ETHAN

Why do you insist on doing this?

VANESSA

What?

ETHAN

On being so goddamned stubborn?

VANESSA

Stubborn? I'm frightened. For all of us.

ETHAN

So your answer is running?

Vanessa won't answer.

ETHAN

Out with it!

VANESSA

Fine! You know what I would do? I would get on that boat. I would pay any fee, I would become a stowaway if that's what it took to escape this wretched fate. And I would never look back.

ETHAN

So that's it - you would hide? Live out your days alone?

VANESSA

No.

ETHAN

No?

VANESSA

Not alone. I would take you with me.

Ethan's stunned to silence. Realizes what she's saying.

ETHAN

You wouldn't want my company.

VANESSA

And why is that?

ETHAN

Because I am a monster. You think what we hunt is vile? I am far worse. The kind of man I am doesn't deserve someone as good as you. Don't you understand that?

Tremors of emotion pulse through Vanessa.

VANESSA

I understand that you are a coward. You think my actions are without sin? You couldn't begin to understand what I've done. The fact that God has not turned his back on such a horrid creature as me is a miracle. So yes, I would want your company. Because I understand who you are, as you do me. That is why I would choose you and no other. I don't wish to run, Ethan - I wish to be free.

ETHAN

You really want to get on that boat right now, don't you...?

VANESSA

Would you follow me if I did?

A long pause as they stare each other down. Ethan's the first to break the stare.

VANESSA

Then go. Back to the King. King of Africa, King of London. I see now that is where you wish to be.

Vanessa storms off past Ethan. He does nothing to stop her.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

It's cold. Dark. But the potential for danger doesn't seem to frighten Lily, delicate as ever. She window shops, but finally comes to a halt in front of a toy store.

Featured in the window is a beautiful, intricate dollhouse. Lily leans in for a closer look. In a child's bedroom, a blonde girl doll looks at her reflection in a mirror.

Lily touches the glass, longing to connect with her silent kin - frozen in time. But then the light in the window goes

out. Closing time. Lily's smile fades and she continues on.  
From a distance, in the shadow of a

BACK ALLEY

The Creature, tears streaking his cheeks, peers out at Lily.

THE CREATURE

I will make you love me.

INT. VICTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victor sits at his desk, scribbling scientific data into a notebook. Out of the corner of his eye, he spies a syringe and the vial of morphine.

He stops scribbling and reaches for the vial. He freezes mid-reach. Retreats. Reaches again. Stops himself. Slaps the tools away. Victor hangs his head, GRUMBLING.

But he gives in and scoops the syringe and vial off of the floor. Just then, sounds of the FRONT DOOR OPENING. Victor quickly stashes the morphine and moves into the

LIVING ROOM.

Lily has returned. Despite the fact that Lily can't possibly know a thing, Victor looks at her with guilty eyes.

VICTOR

Your walk was satisfying?

LILY

I imagine it was.

VICTOR

Were you warm enough in that?

LILY

Warm?

Lily has an epiphany as she gingerly touches her rosy cheek.

LILY

I don't remember what that feels like.

VICTOR

What?

A concerned Victor furrows his brow and approaches Lily. He

takes her hands.

VICTOR  
You're freezing.

LILY  
Am I?

VICTOR  
You don't feel it, do you?

Lily's eyes fill with dread.

LILY  
Victor, what's wrong with me?

Victor turns away.

VICTOR  
Nothing. You're fine. It's just the -

LILY  
- The what? The 'incident?' The one  
that temporarily left me an invalid. A  
helpless creature in your tub, naked  
and afraid?

Lily spins Victor back around to face her.

LILY  
Where have all my memories disappeared  
to? What has happened to my old life?

VICTOR  
Sometimes, traumatic experiences take  
certain parts of us away. But you -  
you were... *reborn*. Fresh and new.

LILY  
Like some infant? You're referring to  
me as if I'm a child.

Silence from Victor.

LILY  
And I thought you had all the answers.  
But only the wrong ones, it seems.  
Never the ones I need.

VICTOR  
Why do you say such things?

LILY

I saw the most beautiful home on my walk.

VICTOR

Mayfair?

LILY

No. In a shop window.

VICTOR

I don't know if I follow.

LILY

There it was - this beautiful home, under a lovely spotlight - as if the heavens had meant for me to see it.

VICTOR

A dollhouse.

LILY

And in one of the smaller bedrooms - a child's room - was a little girl. She was sitting so quietly. Forever waiting.

VICTOR

It's just a toy, Lily. For children. And you are not some inanimate wooden figure.

LILY

Indeed I'm not. I am not a toy, Victor, a doll that sits on a shelf, waiting to be enjoyed at such a time that I am required.

Victor fights back tears.

VICTOR

You're right. You are so much more.

LILY

But it's how I feel. I see the way they all look at me when you take me places. The things they must say after I've gone... 'How beautiful she is. How delicate. But we mustn't ever touch her, for she might break.'



VICTOR

You are much too perfect to be touched  
by just anyone.

LILY

But that is my choice. Not -

She cuts herself short.

LILY

You said that I am my own creature.  
But I'm not, am I? Not truly. I'm  
yours. Is that how you see me?

No answer.

LILY

I am out of place here - in this  
world. My very first recollections are  
of you. Only of you. Why am I like  
this? What have you done to me?

Victor, moments from a meltdown, grabs his coat and flees.

LILY

Victor!

INT. CHOLERIC SOUP KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Creature sits alone in the dark, cavernous seating area,  
staring off into space. Vanessa joins him. She's once again  
'forgotten' her breathing mask. Always the brave one.

VANESSA

Mr. Clare. Good evening.

THE CREATURE

Good evening, ma'am.

VANESSA

This has become our secret retreat,  
hasn't it?

THE CREATURE

I suppose so.

VANESSA

I wonder what we're trying to escape  
from.

THE CREATURE

Fate. As always.

VANESSA

But such a thing is inescapable, is it not?

THE CREATURE

Perhaps my misfortune, then...

VANESSA

Ah. I think you might have found the answer. Tell me, Mr. Clare. What misfortune has befallen you?

The Creature dares to look at her.

THE CREATURE

You must know, Ms. Ives?

Vanessa pauses, but her stern look never falters.

VANESSA

Vanity is a misfortune, Mr. Clare, not your face. I can only imagine what kind of a man life has led you to become. But you mustn't believe that you suffer alone at the hands of the others.

The Creature lowers his head.

THE CREATURE

That is precisely what I think.

VANESSA

I know what it is to be an outsider. To feel the hot stares. Each look a brand upon one's soul. Whatever 'normal' is, I am not. There was a time when I thought I would do anything to surrender that which isolates me.

The Creature listens with rapt attention, hopeful.

THE CREATURE

What changed that will?

VANESSA

A priest.

THE CREATURE

God was your answer?

VANESSA

Not quite. I was seeking freedom from myself, but what I left with instead was a kind of solace. He asked me if I truly wanted to be normal. And in that moment I came to a conclusion. Being pulled into that sea - the faceless barrage that pounds the cobblestone - was the only thing worse than being unique. I refuse to disappear, Mr. Clare. I refuse to become anonymous. You are far from anonymous. And it would deeply sadden me to see that change.

The Creature's bottom lip trembles. He bursts out of his seat.

THE CREATURE

You are too kind to me, miss.

Vanessa stands, her eyes never leaving The Creature.

VANESSA

No. There is no limit to the kindness a good man deserves.

The Creature barely holds back an explosion of emotion, and he quickly departs.

THE CREATURE

Good evening.

INT. EVELYN'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evelyn sits at her vanity, brushing her hair. Hecate enters, stopping in the threshold.

HECATE

I believe congratulations are in order.

The smallest smile from Evelyn.

EVELYN

That so?

HECATE

Our heroes are divided. As if by magic.

EVELYN

So you were spying on me?

Hecate moves closer, sitting at the foot of the bed.

HECATE

Are you surprised?

Evelyn spins around to face Hecate.

EVELYN

In fact, I was expecting it.

Evelyn waits a moment - drawing out the suspense.

EVELYN

There was no magic. No ritual.

Hecate doesn't quite manage to hide her shock.

HECATE

But I saw you.

EVELYN

No. I saw you, but from a mile away. See, while you were speaking of chess, I was already three moves ahead. Don't you know? The Queen moves as she pleases.

HECATE

All lies...?

EVELYN

Let's call it a deception.

HECATE

You may have tricked me. But you've only proven just how powerless you are.

EVELYN

Is that so? Is the enemy not divided? Your words.

HECATE

A matter of coincidence. One that

won't hold true for long. They'll be as thick of thieves before the next moon.

EVELYN

Then I guess the charade was for not.

But Evelyn's wicked smile suggests otherwise.

HECATE

As I said. Powerless.

EVELYN

I had you fooled, didn't I? And all it took was an evocation.

A haughty Hecate stands.

HECATE

You soiled our holy Verbis.

Evelyn joins Hecate, facing her.

EVELYN

Wrong. Because of the two of us, I alone have a true understanding of that dialect.

Evelyn circles around Hecate.

EVELYN

But how delightful it's been to watch you fall from that pedestal you've built for yourself.

HECATE

You must still believe you stand atop yours. All this proves is that your magic is weak.

EVELYN

No. What I've proven is that I don't need it to conquer you. You are rash, girl, and I am patient. And when it comes time to strike down Ms. Ives and Sir Malcolm, I won't hesitate. Now remove your wretched self from my room.

Hecate starts to leave.

EVELYN

One more thing. Tell the others  
there's no further need to question my  
judgement. Ever again. And if such a  
time should arise...

Evelyn fondles her deadly ring. Hecate storms out.

EVELYN

(to herself)

Away with you, little lamb.

INT. MURRAY MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Sir Malcolm sits in front of a fire, lost in thought. A  
single tear escapes, streaking his cheek.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Is there a limit to the number of  
times you'll forgive me?

Sir Malcolm peers over his shoulder to see Vanessa in the  
threshold. He stands.

SIR MALCOLM

Vanessa?

Vanessa approaches him.

VANESSA

I am nothing if not hot-headed.

SIR MALCOLM

Perhaps that is why we make such great  
allies.

VANESSA

Yes.

SIR MALCOLM

Your fire is what makes you strong.

VANESSA

But sometimes it burns.

SIR MALCOLM

So does mine.

They let one last awkward moment pass before Vanessa moves  
into Sir Malcolm. He holds her. Sembene appears.

SEMBENE  
Sir Malcolm.

Sir Malcolm looks up just in time to see Sembene step aside for Victor.

VICTOR  
What did I miss?

Ethan slides in beside Victor.

ETHAN  
Something awful touching.

A trademark grin from Ethan. The heroes have reunited, and for just a moment, all is well in the world.

CUT TO: BLACK

END