

THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION - S1, EP 1
ACROSS THE MOORS
TRANSCRIPT

FIO:

Hi, I'm Fio Trethewey, one half of the writing team behind The Holmwood Foundation.

We are releasing this episode as part of our crowdfunding campaign to produce the rest of season one. So if you like what you hear, please consider donating to our kickstarter, so we can make the rest of The Holmwood Foundation a reality!

The Kickstarter address is available in the show notes, and you can find us at TheHolmwoodFoundation on various social media, including twitter, instagram and tumblr.

Thank you for listening, and please enjoy the episode.

[BUTTON CLICK. SLIGHT STATIC BUZZ]

MADELINE:

Erm...testing testing, one two three? [NERVOUS LAUGH] I'm pressing the button, so I hope this is working. This is Madeline Townsend, junior Archivist. I have just finished processing... specimens twenty-six and twenty-seven - a knife and a silver ring - from the Carpathians dig, and am about to unwrap-

[RUSTLE OF PACKAGING]

MADELINE:

Specimen 28, a human skull, also unearthed during the Carpathians dig.

[SHE SETS THE RECORDER DOWN. MORE RUSTLE OF PACKAGING]

MADELINE:

...Looks like it arrived in one piece. You'll be pleased to hear that, Arthur.

[SOFT STATIC BUZZ GROWS LOUDER]

DRACULA:
[SOFT RASPING LAUGHTER - BARELY AUDIBLE]

MADLINE:
...hello?

[STATIC BUZZ GROWS LOUDER]

DRACULA:
I can taste you...

MADLINE:
Is someone there?

[MADLINE SETS DOWN RECORDER AND HURRIES ACROSS THE ROOM. DISTANT BEEP OF AN INTERCOM BUZZER]

MADLINE:
Erm...Mr Larkin? Mr Larkin?

[STATIC FILLS THE RECORDING, FADING INTO THE HOLMWOOD FOUNDATION'S TITLE THEME]

EPISODE INTRO:
You are listening to The Holmwood Foundation.
Episode One: Across The Moors.

Content Warning: this episode contains swearing, threat, brief emergency sirens, themes of possession/removal of bodily autonomy, and depictions of violence.

Listener discretion is advised. Please see the show notes for more information.

[BREAKING NEWS JINGLE]

NEWS REPORTER:
We now turn to our breaking news story this evening, with reports of a serious incident unfolding in Whitby.

The Lucy Westenra Building, belonging to the international charity 'The Holmwood Foundation', appears to have collapsed. Two people, a man and a woman, are currently missing, with at least five reported dead and many others injured.

All main roads and pathways leading up to the building have been closed off, and the general public has been warned to keep away from the area.

More on this story as it develops.

[FRANTIC RUNNING THROUGH GRASS. DISTANT SOUND OF A BUILDING ON FIRE. RECORDER BOUNCES IN MADDIE'S POCKET, CAUSING BURSTS OF STATIC]

JEREMY:

What the hell happened back there?

MADDIE:

I don't know! How did we get outside? We were just in the archives!

[BURST OF STATIC. AN INHUMAN SCREAM]

JEREMY:

They're following us!

MADDIE:

How could they be following us?

JEREMY:

I don't fucking know!

[STATIC BURST. ANOTHER SCREAM, CLOSER. IN THE DISTANCE, EMERGENCY SIRENS]

MADDIE:

We should go back! Call for help!

JEREMY:

Go back? We'll be torn apart!

[STATIC BURST]

JEREMY:

I can't let go of the head! Why can't I let go of the fucking-
Agh! [CRY OF PAIN AS JONATHAN BREAKS THROUGH. HIS VOICE TAKES ON
A GHOSTLY REVERB]

JONATHAN:

Please, we cannot lose it! Mina, tell him!

[STATIC BURST]

MADDIE:

[GASP OF SURPRISE, HER VOICE TAKING ON THE REVERB OF MINA.
ANOTHER STATIC CRACKLE.]

MINA:

This way.

JEREMY:

What?

MINA:

This way.

JEREMY:

Onto the moors? Are you insane?

MINA:

Would you rather remain here? Chased by monsters?

JEREMY:

I-

MINA:

Keep hold of the head. This way. Now.

[FINAL BURST OF STATIC, ENDING SCENE]

[DISTANT SOFT NATURE ATMOS, MUFFLED BY TENT FABRIC]

[RECORDER CLICKS ON.]

MADDIE:

How best to do this...? Hello, this is Maddie-

[RECORDER CLATTERS FROM MAKESHIFT PERCH.]

MADDIE:

Oh- [shoot!]

[RECORDING ENDS]

[RECORDER CLICKS ON]

MADDIE:

Hello! This is Maddie. If you've followed Jeremy's instructions-

[ANGRY FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE]

JEREMY (O.S):

Oh, for Christ's sake, No!

[TENT DOOR ANGRILY UNZIPPED]

JEREMY:

Don't you dare drag me into this! Talk to Mina-bloody-Harker on your own!

MADDIE:

But-

[ANGRY REZIP. JEREMY STOMPS OFF.]

MADDIE:

Not this again...

[SHE REOPENS AND SHUFFLES THROUGH TENT DOOR.]

MADDIE:

How else will she know how to record?

[RECORDER OFF.]

[RECORDER ON.]

JEREMY:

This is Jeremy Larkin. I am tired, I am hungry, and I refuse to leave messages for whatever fucking delusion is going on inside my head! Thank you so much.

MADDIE:

Okay, okay. You've made your point. Please, just...be careful with that. It's fragile.

JEREMY:

Of all the bloody things to take with us. Not a bag? A coat? A phone, perhaps, so we could let someone know where we are? No, a recorder and that fucking head.

MADDIE:

Well, we weren't exactly ourselves at the time...

JEREMY:

No.

MADDIE:

So you're not even slightly curious about what the Harkers have to say? Why they're here? Speaking to Jonathan, he seems just as confused-

JEREMY:

Jonathan isn't real. Just some kind of...break from reality after that nightmare back at the Westenra building. As if things weren't bad enough...

MADDIE:

Can I at least have the recorder back, please?

JEREMY:

I might keep it, actually.

MADDIE:

For what?

JEREMY:

To record my intentions, in case I suffer another goddamned blackout and you go traipsing across the moors again.

MADDIE:

Intentions?

JEREMY:

I want to go to London.

MADDIE:

London?

JEREMY:

The Foundation has offices there.

MADDIE:

Are you mad? With those things hunting us—

JEREMY:

The thralls will be taken care of by the Foundation extraction teams. When we get to London, we'll be safe.

MADDIE:

What if the thralls follow us? You realise that makes everyone around us unsafe? And just how are we supposed to get to London from here?

JEREMY:

As soon as I find a phone, I'll call the office. They'll help us. Send a car or...something.

MADDIE:

That could be days from now! What do we do until then? Just keep walking, ignoring the Harkers, and hope the thralls don't reach us first?

JEREMY:

Do you have a better plan? Because I fail to see you providing one. Besides talking to imaginary spectres.

MADDIE:

I'm doing the best I can, Mr Larkin. We can't do this on our own. These recordings, this whole plan, is so we can work together.

JEREMY:

Work together? You've trapped me out here with a piece of a monster. Do you have any idea of the danger you've put us in?

MADDIE:

It was Jonathan's idea to steal the head, not mine.

JEREMY:

Jonathan Harker is dead.

MADDIE:

And possessing you, I'm sorry to say. He knows about the undead. He can help us.

JEREMY:

God, I hate this. I hate that we're even talking about this. The Foundation can help us, the Foundation will help us, and I will not be relying on this stupid little recorder to save me!

MADDIE:

Can I at least have the stupid little recorder back, please?

JEREMY:

Fine.
Oh for fuck sake, I left it recording-

[RECORDING ENDS]

[RECORDER ON]

MADDIE:

It's Maddie again. Please...disregard the previous entry. Mr Larkin - Jeremy - isn't taking this very well, and...honestly I don't really blame him. I just wish he was a bit nicer about it... Right, so. Either he's explained everything to you-...or you've read the instructions I've left in my notebook, so you should now understand how to use the recorder.

I thought...since we're all stuck like this, we might as well try to communicate, right? No matter what Jeremy says...

I know the modern world is probably...terrifying, but I'll assist as best I can. And if this method really does let us talk, maybe I could try a proper introduction?

Uh...hi. Hello. Uh...good day.

My name is Madeline Townsend. Up until recently I was a history teacher in Exeter. Then my boyfriend, Arthur, convinced me to move to Whitby for a career change. But then this happened to me - to us...

As I record this, it's June 9th, 2024, at about 11am. It's been a day and a half since we left Whitby, and we are travelling by foot across the Yorkshire Moors.

The head is in a rucksack, wrapped in a carrier bag. Jeremy won't even look at it, so I've got it. We seem to have lost the creatures that were following us, but...I keep thinking I hear them, off in the distance. Those screams...

We're heading towards civilization; somewhere with a phone at least. Our mobiles were stuck inside the tech lockers at the Foundation when the building collapsed, which means they were likely crushed. You probably don't know what a mobile is, but if you see someone on the road, ask if you can borrow theirs? Jeremy will know how to use one. They're like...portable telephones.

We...stole a tent from a campsite yesterday, which I feel awful about, but we have no money, no car, no real food- just some granola bars and tins of beans- although we were able to find a map, so things are looking up?

We don't want to draw the creatures into public spaces, so we're staying off the beaten track: no main hiking pathways. Once we're able, we'll call for help. But, after what happened in Whitby..

...well, we just need to keep moving, for everyone's sake.

Erm...I noticed Jonathan took another crack at the head last night. If you could ask him-

JONATHAN (O.S):

Madeline? Miss Townsend? What's happened? Are you there?

MADDIE:

Jonathan!

[SHE SCRAMBLES FOR RECORDER]

[RECORDING ENDS.]

[RECORDER ON]

MADDIE:

-like this, see? It's got a nice, satisfying click.

JONATHAN:

So, with just a press of this button, you can replicate the work of a phonograph recorder? How fascinating!

MADDIE:

And if you touch it again, the recording stops.

JONATHAN:

Shall I press it now?

MADDIE:

Yes, just like -

[RECORDER OFF]

[RECORDER ON.]

JONATHAN:

(DELIGHTED) And on it goes again! Mina will be impressed! Such advancements in technology.

MADDIE:

Do you think you'll be able to show her?

JONATHAN:

I believe so. No doubt the process will seem much easier to her than to me.

MADDIE:

You seemed to pick it up pretty well yourself.

JONATHAN:

Thank you.

MADDIE:

...you really aren't Mr Larkin, are you? I mean [SHE LAUGHS] he basically told me that if I ever made him use this recorder he was going to smash it with a rock.

JONATHAN:

I will do no such thing, I assure you. No, I am Jonathan Harker. I apologise. We must seem invasive, like parasites. This...strange afterlife is as mystifying to us as it is to you.

MADDIE:

It's fine. It's fine.
Actually, it's not fine at all, but we're all in the same horrifying boat together at this point, so...

JONATHAN:

This is not my first encounter with such nightmares as we are currently facing, at least in part. I will assist as best I can.

MADDIE:

Thank you, really.

JONATHAN:

[CLEARS THROAT] Uh...I...I hate to ask. But...my wife, is she-

MADDIE:

I've left her some recordings on this, so she knows what's happening. But...sorry. The blackouts come and go. I can't communicate with her any other way.

JONATHAN:

Of course. No more than I can communicate with Mr Larkin, I suppose.

MADDIE:

Perhaps if I can find some way to connect with her. Maybe work out what triggers the switch-

JONATHAN:

No, no. I would never ask for you to surrender control like that. I understand. Truly I do. Please, forget I mentioned it.

MADDIE:

...You tried to destroy the head again this morning, didn't you? Before I woke up. I noticed the bag was open.

JONATHAN:

I know what you told me, Ms Townsend. But you don't understand-

MADDIE:

No. No. I do understand. I know what that monster did to you, but...the Foundation has been trying for years. Every piece of Dracula they were able to uncover. I've seen the photos-

JONATHAN:

Are you saying we shouldn't even try?

MADDIE:

I'm saying the head needs to be back with the Foundation, not out here with us. They'll know how to properly handle it.

JONATHAN:

If they have been attempting for over a century without success, what makes our effort any lesser than theirs?

MADDIE:

They can safeguard it, like they've done with the other pieces. Ensure he can't hurt anyone else.

JONATHAN:

And those other vampiric creatures?

MADDIE:

Thralls. They're what broke out of cold storage.

JONATHAN:

I remember them. Foul shades of the undead..

MADDIE:

I...I don't know why they woke up. But that's why we have this, to help communicate between ourselves, coordinate properly. As soon as we can, we'll contact help.

JONATHAN:

What of Mr Larkin?

MADDIE:

What about him?

JONATHAN:

Will he...communicate?

MADDIE:

I suppose we'll just have to work around him for now.

[RECORDER OFF]

[NEWS RADIO JINGLE]

REPORTER:

This is your evening news update with North Yorkshire Radio.

Seven people have been killed and many more injured in Whitby after a building was destroyed by a large explosion in the early hours of Tuesday morning.

Emergency services were called at approximately 6:30PM on 7th June 2024. Images from the scene show considerable damage to the front of the building, which is situated on the edge of the North Yorkshire Moors. Police have requested that people avoid the surrounding area while they carry out their investigations. The names of the dead have not yet been released.

Robert Swales, 26, told us he was in his home when he heard a loud bang outside.

ROBERT SWALES:

Yeah, erm, so I thought I heard something weird outside, right? Like this loud thud. So I ran onto the street and all these car alarms were going off. When I looked up to the cliffs over there, the Foundation building was on fire. I could swear I saw people moving about in the flames. They've shut off the road. Said they couldn't confirm if it was a gas explosion or not, but that's what they always say, isn't it? That old building creeps me out...

REPORTER:

The property, known locally as the Lucy Westenra Building, was one of several belonging to The Holmwood Foundation, a medical research charity with bases across the globe. We have reached out to the organisation's CEO, Jonathan Harker, but he has declined to comment.

A North Yorkshire Fire and Rescue Service spokeswoman told us that they believe no foul play was involved in the incident.

[NEWSCAST ENDS]

[RECORDING BEGINS. FOOTSTEPS ACROSS FIELD. NATURE ATMOS CONTINUES THROUGH SCENE]

MINA:

I believe it's working!

JEREMY:

Great. Fucking great.

MINA:

As previously stated, I would appreciate you not using that language in front of me, Mr Larkin.

JEREMY:

And I would appreciate you not fucking being here. Pity we can't all get what we want, isn't it?

[HIS FOOTSTEPS MOVE AWAY, AHEAD.]

MINA:

Well, as I have started to record, I shall leave a note, as per Madeline's instructions..

Madeline, thank you for the detailed explanation of how to use your recorder. I think this idea of yours is...quite brilliant, actually. Already I can feel myself understanding this world better; the route we are to take, the spaces between sleep. I have been able to hear my husband again, and know he is safe..

I will state for the record that it has been three hours since your last recording. It is the 9th of June, Twenty Thousand and Twenty Four. A date that does make my brain rather dizzy. I will also state for the record who I am. My name is Wilhelmina Harker, wife of Jonathan Harker, and was in life the Co-Founder of the Holmwood Foundation, along with my dear friend Lord Arthur Godalming. It is...horrific to think part of it has been destroyed in the manner we witnessed two nights ago. I am sorry we were unable to retrieve your portable telephone devices as we fled. Had I known of their existence, I would have ensured they were used. I feel that some background might be of help; to share what I understand of the world, and then perhaps you could also share with me? Collect our knowledge, as it were. Arthur and I founded The Foundation with a central purpose: to protect the public from Count Dracula and all remnants of his evil. Partly due to my own actions, the Count is now considered a purely fictional monster, but I am afraid he was very real. My husband and I, along with our dear friends, fought him when I was still a young woman. We were able to stop him temporarily, but alas, only temporarily. Whilst we made sure some of our story was shared with the public, it did not have as cheerful an ending as our dear Bram made it seem.

JEREMY (O.S):

Dear Bram.

MINA:

Mr Larkin, would you prefer to tell this story, or shall I?

JEREMY (O.S):

Oh, please carry on, Mrs Harker.

MINA:

As I was saying, the events were changed to hide certain truths, to create a fiction that would...entertain. It became a story to highlight the dangers of the undead, but curtain the full and terrible truth. I spent decades building the Foundation with Arthur, raising my son and securing our family legacy, before I eventually succumbed to illness...

Then, as Madeline and Mr Larkin are aware, I awoke from my eternal sleep and found myself trapped in the body of another woman. My husband Jonathan, whom I have not yet been able to speak to, was trapped in the body of another man. We seem to share custody over our own consciousness, although we do not appear to have control over how and when the switch occurs, nor do we know what is happening when our...other self is awake.

[MINA'S FOOTSTEPS MOVE TO JOIN JEREMY'S]

MINA:

Mr Larkin, do you feel that was an adequate explanation?

JEREMY:

You mean apart from the fact that I never agreed to any of this? Yes, fine, certainly. That about sums it up.

MINA:

Shall I mention anything else of note?

JEREMY:

How should I know? This is Madeline's pet project.

MINA:

You could tell me where we are?

JEREMY:

We're near the River Rye, heading towards York. From there, we'll get a train to London.

MINA:

Jonathan, Lucy and I visited York, once. In the spring of 1889. Always so strange to hear familiar names in this brand new world...

JEREMY:

Yes, well. Plenty of time for sightseeing now Madeline's decided we're travelling exclusively off-road.

MINA:

I agree with her notion. We cannot risk the lives of others in our endeavour. If those creatures are indeed tracking us from Whitby, Mr Larkin, I assure you we will deal with them.

JEREMY:

With what? Camping supplies? If they find us-

MINA:

You seem to assume I am inexperienced in these matters. Let me assure you I am not. No matter how...distasteful we may find one another, I will not allow you to come to harm.

JEREMY:

No? Oh, well, consider me miraculously at ease!

[HE STORMS AWAY]

JEREMY:

Of all the pointless, insanity-inducing-...

MINA:

[INTO RECORDER] Mr Larkin remains...as chipper as ever. Perhaps you and I will get to see York again, Jonny. I would like that very much.

...I miss you.

[RECORDER OFF]

PHONE VOICE:

This call may be recorded for training and monitoring purposes. Please press one to continue.

[BUTTON PRESS]

JEREMY:

Come on, come on. Please work. Please fucking work-

PHONE VOICE:

Hello, you are through to the Holmwood Foundation-

JEREMY:

Thank fuck-

PHONE VOICE:

-home of the world's leading experts in classic haematology. Please select from one of the following options: Press one for Research. Press two for Charity Resources. Press three for Acquisitions. Press four to speak to an Operator.

[ANGRY BUTTON PRESS]

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you. You have selected option Four. You are currently in a queue. Please hold.

[HOLD MUSIC: SOFT CLASSICAL. WE HEAR THE WHISTLE OF WIND OUTSIDE ON THE MOORS]

JEREMY:

God, this fucking hotline. If I had my phone I could just-

PHONE VOICE:

Thank you for waiting. At The Holmwood Foundation, we have spent over a century working to improve our understanding of benign haematology and rare blood disorders, using generous donations from donors, patients and the public to save and improve lives.

JEREMY:

[EXASPERATED BREATH]

PHONE VOICE:

You are still in a queue. We will get to you as soon as we can. Your call is important to us.

[HOLD MUSIC]

JEREMY:

Yes it must be really important, mustn't it?

[HOLD MUSIC CUTS ABRUPTLY.]

PHONE VOICE:

I am sorry. We cannot take your call at the moment. Please leave your name and number and one of our team will get back to you.

JEREMY:

Get back to me?

[VOICEMAIL BEEP.]

JEREMY:

Look, could someone please get my father, Mr Harker, to call me? I don't care who he's having drinks with in Amsterdam, I don't care if he's not talking to me right now. I can't get hold of him or my PA or anyone. I am having a fucking mental breakdown, I'm stuck travelling with a woman claiming to be possessed by a ghost. Oh, and in case you haven't fucking noticed, the Whitby building has been destroyed and all the thralls have escaped! Please just answer this message!

[PHONE CUTS OUT]

JEREMY:

I didn't say where I was...
Fuck!

[CALL ENDS]

[VOICEMAIL CLICK]

ARTHUR:

Heyyy. It's Arthur! Sorry, I can't come to the phone right now. Probably beavering away underground (HE LAUGHS) so leave a message after the beep, and I'll get back to you ASAP!

[VOICEMAIL BEEP.]

MADDIE:

Arthur, it's me. I'm so sorry I haven't been able to call. We've just found a phone box, and one of the jackets we stole had a few coins, so...we get one call each...
I...I don't know how much you even know about everything. The thralls escaped cold storage, and I...
Arthur, they're hunting us, Mr Larkin and I. We couldn't go back to Whitby. We're trying our best, but we've got no money, no phones. We even had to steal our camping supplies...
We need your help. We're being...oh god, I sound insane saying it out loud, but - we're being haunted, possessed, whatever you

want to call it, by the Harkers. The ones who set up..well. Even just saying it...

I don't have a number for you to call back on, but we're heading to London. You were still in Amsterdam when this all started, but I hope you're back now. I hope...I get to see you.

Could you...could you call my mum? Could you just tell her that I've been invited away with friends? I don't want her to worry. I know she watches the news...

I-God, Arthur, I'm so-I hope I see you soon. So very much. I love you.

[VOICEMAIL ENDS]

[RECORDER ON]

[SOFT NATURE ATMOS THROUGH SCENE]

MADDIE:

Hi Mina. We've stopped for the evening. I'm going to try putting up the tent soon, so we have a base before it gets dark, but erm...

I wanted to say thank you, for leaving such a nice message earlier, and for agreeing to my idea. It's... strange, hearing my voice speaking back to me, but altered, with knowledge I've never had, memories of a time I've never experienced...

But it means I can hear you, and you can hear me. And it's funny, but I don't feel quite so alone anymore. Like I have someone in my corner...

Jeremy's gone off somewhere. He tried calling the office earlier, but he couldn't get through. [SHE SIGHS] So I suppose we're walking to London after all, which means I can't-
...Mina, I wanted to talk to you about something important to me, and it comes with a request.

...I've read about people in your time who transcended societal norms and expectations: women who loved women, men who loved men, people who lived beyond the bonds of binary gender. We have more words for it now, but that...transcendence, those people, we never went away.

I am a transgender woman, which means that while I was assumed to be male at birth, that is not the case, and I have been making strides for people to see me as I truly am.

A therapist once told me that a body is sometimes like a garden, that you tend so it can bloom, and that's what I've done; this body is mine, self-made, and I am so, so proud of it.

Even through all this horror, that hasn't changed.

In a day or two I'll need to replace the hormone patches on my back and leg - you can probably feel them. If we can find...some way of doing that out here...

well, it would mean an awful lot to me.

I know Mr Larkin doesn't think so, but whatever this is, whatever's happened to us, I believe if we work together we'll have a better chance of surviving it.

And...I...hope we can be friends, Mina.

I think we could both do with a friend in all this.

[RECORDER OFF.]

[RECORDER ON.]

[SOFT NIGHT NATURE ATMOS - OWL HOOTING, RUSTLING BREEZE]

JEREMY:

You know who I am, so I won't do one of Madeline's little introductions.

[A TWIG SNAPS, SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE, JEREMY HESITATES BEFORE CONTINUING WITH RENEWED INTENSITY.]

JEREMY:

I'm doing this so you can see exactly the kind of...bullshit you've thrown us into. Thrown me into.

[FOX SCREAM.]

JEREMY:

Do you hear that?

[RUSTLING INTENSIFIES.]

JEREMY:

I'm outside, stuck on watch. It must be...what? Nine pm? The sun's still setting, but I keep seeing something out there, outlined against the dusk. I think it's...circling us, making sure we can't fucking escape.

It's been watching us since Madeline set up the tent. Probably longer, knowing our luck.

[MORE RUSTLING, SUBTLE NIGHT SOUNDS]

JEREMY:

I know what these things are, Jonathan. I've spent the last twenty years of my fucking life keeping them contained, watching them...fester in cold storage. And as soon as you arrive, what happens? They escape. You did this to me.

[CLOSER TWIG SNAP]

JEREMY:

...Madeline?

[BEAT- NOTHING]

JEREMY:

They're after the head. I know they are. That's why they're following us. I've got half a mind to just...let them have it! If your wife ends up...torn apart by ghouls it's Madeline's fault. Not mine!

THRALL:

[DISTANT GUTTURAL SCREAM. RUNNING AS THE THRALL SUDDENLY BREAKS FROM COVER NEARBY]

JEREMY:

[STARTLED/HORRIFIED REACTION]

[JEREMY STUMBLES BACK IN ALARM]

JEREMY:

No!

[THRALL STALKS TOWARDS HIM]

THRALL:

[HUMAN SNARL]

JEREMY:

You stay back! Stay away from me!

[HE RUNS. CRASH BEHIND HIM AS THE THRALL CHASES]

JEREMY:

Madeline!

[HURRIED FOOTSTEPS THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH, JEREMY BREAKS INTO CLEARING. MADDIE STRUGGLES OUT OF THE TENT]

MADDIE:
Jeremy?

JEREMY:
We have to run. Now!

MADDIE:
What?

JEREMY:
It's one of those things! It's following me!

MADDIE:
And you...you led it here? To our camp?

JEREMY:
What else was I supposed to do?

THRALL (O.S):
[GUTTURAL SCREAM, CLOSE BEHIND]

MADDIE:
How do we stop it?

JEREMY:
Stop it? Are you crazy? Do you have any idea how dangerous they are?

MADDIE:
We can't run forever! How do we stop it? Fire? A-a stake through the heart? I'm sure that was-

THRALL (O.S):
[GUTTURAL SCREAM.]

JEREMY:
I-

[CRASH AS THE THRALL BURSTS INTO CAMP]

JEREMY/MADDIE:
[HORRIFIED REACTION]

THRALL:

[HUMAN SNARL - IT LEAPS]

MADDIE:

[SHE FALLS] Agh!

[MADDIE HITS THE GROUND]

THRALL:

[HUMAN SNARL - IT LOOMS OVER HER]

MADDIE:

[HORRIFIED GASP] [SHE SNATCHES A ROCK FROM THE GROUND]
Get away from me! [SHE HURLS IT AT THE THRALL]

[THE THRALL LURCHES BACK]

MADDIE:

[SHARP CRY OF PAIN] My foot! Jeremy, please-

JEREMY:

I...I can't-

THRALL:

[GUTTURAL SNARL.]

JEREMY:

I'm not -

[HE STUMBLES, DROPS THE RECORDER. IT HITS THE GROUND.]

JEREMY:

[A DEEP BREATH, TINGED WITH THE REVERB THAT TELLS US JONATHAN IS
TAKING THE WHEEL]

MADDIE:

Jeremy?

JOHNATHAN:

...Miss- Miss Townsend?

[JONATHAN STAGGERS TO HIS FEET]

THRALL:

[SNARLS- LURCHES FORWARD]

JOHNATHAN:

[HORRIFIED REACTION]

[JONATHAN MOVES FORWARD, HELPS DRAG MADDIE OUT OF THE WAY]

MADDIE (O.S.):

[EFFORT, STAGGERS]

JONATHAN (O.S.):

Miss Townsend! Listen to me, you must do exactly as I say!

MADDIE (O.S.):

Jonathan?? But-

JONATHAN (O.S.):

We need something to stab it with. All I have is a pen!

MADDIE (O.S.):

A biro isn't going to - Wait! I-I have a tent peg? I have a tent peg!

JONATHAN (O.S.):

Through the heart, Ms Townsend! We must stab it through the heart!

THRALL (O.S.):

ARRRRRGHHHHHHH!! [GUTTURAL SCREAM - IT CHARGES]

JONATHAN/MADDIE:

[EFFORT AS THEY LEAP AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER - JUST IN TIME]

JONATHAN (O.S.):

Throw it to me!

MADDIE (O.S.):

There's no time. Oh fuck. Oh fuck it's coming closer -

THRALL (O.S.):

[SWINGS TO LEAP AT HER] [GUTTURAL SCREAM]

MADDIE (O.S.):

[CRIES OUT AS SHE STAKES IT]

[VISCERAL STABBING.]

JONATHAN (O.S.):

Madeline!

[THRALL FALLS.]

JONATHAN/MADDIE (O.S):

[EFFORT, HEAVY BREATHING]

JONATHAN:

Y-You did it.

MADDIE:

I did it! I...

I think I'm going to be sick.

[HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AWAY.]

JONATHAN (O.S):

Well done! Very well done! Oh--

[HE PICKS UP RECORDER.]

JONATHAN (CONT'D):

Luckily this device wasn't crushed...

I-I found your recorder!

[RECORDER OFF.]

[RECORDER ON.]

MADDIE:

This is Madeline. It's an hour after Jeremy's last recording. As you heard, we were attacked by one of the thralls. Don't worry, Jonathan and I are safe. The thrall has been destroyed. We...set fire to it, as per Foundation protocols. I've never done that before...

I've seen photos of Thralls. Had I lasted any longer at the Foundation, one of my jobs would have been to monitor them, down in the biological archives. Arthur promised he'd be with me when it happened but...seeing one up close. Those blank white eyes. A mouth full of fangs no human jaw was meant to hold...

It's hard to imagine those things used to be human, but...you were almost one of them once, weren't you?

Sorry. I'm exhausted. I'd very much like to sleep. I don't know if we should stay here or move on. I've treated my injuries as best I can with the first aid kit. I think they're mostly superficial, but you should be aware of them when you return. They sting a bit.

I really wouldn't have survived tonight without Jonathan, Mina. He's been very kind. I wish I could just go home, back to Arthur, back to my old life...But I can't, can I? No matter what happens next, we...we have to keep moving, because those things are going to keep coming. As much as I loathe to agree with Mr Larkin, we've got to get the head to London.

Arthur told me before he left that the whole point of retrieving Dracula's head in the first place was to ensure that even if they couldn't destroy him, they could at least-- [keep watch over him] (BEAT- SHE REALISES)...Do you think that's why all this happened? Because we finally unearthed the head?

[SHUFFLING]

JEREMY:

Madeline? Madeline!

MADDIE:

I'm in the tent.

[TENT DOOR OPENS.]

JEREMY:

Where's the Thrall?

MADDIE:

Jonathan and I took care of it. You don't have to worry.

JEREMY:

You took care of it? But how-

MADDIE:

A tent peg. Seems they make excellent stakes.

JEREMY:

That's...that's actually quite-

MADDIE:

Something I had to find out for myself, after you ran away.

JEREMY:

That's hardly - you know full well I have no control over the blackouts!

MADDIE:

I saw the look on your face. I don't think you even fought for control when you realised what was happening.

JEREMY:

It was a thrall, Madeline. A fucking thrall.

MADDIE:

Exactly! I had no idea how to fight it! Jonathan had to help me.

JEREMY:

For the last time, Jonathan Harker isn't real!

MADDIE:

He was certainly real enough to help! Real enough to try. I...I think you ran away on purpose. I think you're a coward and a bully!

JEREMY:

I don't care what you think of me. You know why? Because you are nothing, Ms Townsend. A junior archivist. You know nothing about those monsters, nothing about this fucking job! Maybe I will just leave you here, with your recorder and your delusions of being Mina-fucking-Harker, and let the thralls have you!

[TENSE PAUSE]

JEREMY:

I...I didn't-

MADDIE:

You know, I think I'll take my chances sleeping outside tonight. Enjoy the tent.

JEREMY:

Madeline-

[RECORDER OFF.]

[RECORDER ON]

[SOFT NATURE ATMOS THROUGH SCENE - DAWN ON THE MOORS]

MINA:

Madeline. I have listened to what happened earlier tonight. The pain that seemed to jolt me from sleep is proof enough of your misadventures. Jeremy refuses to speak with me - If I were feeling charitable, I would believe he feels ashamed.

I can only express my relief at your safety, and the safety of my husband. I had almost forgotten his willingness to face the undead so boldly, but he could not have defeated it without you. Thank you, both of you.

I should sleep. In a manner of speaking, I suppose I am keeping us both awake. But I...wished to record something for you. I know how it is to occupy a body that does not feel one's own, to strive to become the person you know yourself to be. Your story is not so hard of a notion for me to grasp, nor is it something I am blind to in the lives of those I have cared for. I am...honoured to have your trust, even after invading your life in the manner I have.

This is your body, my dear Madeline. I am but a guest here, and within it I have found no fault or complication, simply your unyielding understanding and willingness to accommodate such a trying situation. I promise that whatever you require, we shall find it, as soon as we are able.

I think I would very much like a friend in all this. It is nice not to feel so alone.

Nothing else has disturbed us tonight. As I speak, I am watching the dawn. It is rich and red, flooding the sky with colour. There was a time I believed I might never see a sunrise again. Through your eyes, it is a beautiful sight to behold.

[RECORDER OFF.]

[RECORDER ON.]

JEREMY:

It's Jeremy. Madeline's...packing up the tent.

I don't...know how this works. I don't even know if you'll hear this, Jonathan. I suppose you and Madeline are in cahoots about this whole...documentation idea, so no doubt she'll hear it too. No, she'll turn it off the moment she realises it's me. Frankly, I wouldn't blame her.

I-...I didn't mean to...run away, you know that, right? Every time we switch it's like I just...fall asleep. Total darkness. I...I hate it. Feels like maybe one day I won't wake up.

I heard what you did, in the recording. I wanted to-... fuck. Why am I even saying this? You're not real. You're just some idea inside my head. Why would I be thanking you?

But...whatever you are, you saved our lives. You did more than I bloody well could have done. More than I actually did. Which either means I'm secretly a better person than I realise...

...or you're a braver man than I'll ever be.

Maybe I was running away...

Oh Christ, forget it. Forget I said anything. Fuck this.

[RECORDER OFF.]

CREDITS VOICE:

You have been listening to The Holmwood Foundation. Written and Produced by Fio Trethewey and Georgia Cook.

In this episode,

Madeline Townsend and Mina Harker were voiced by Rebecca Root

Jeremy Larkin and Jonathan Harker were voiced by Sean Carlsen

Arthur Jones was voiced by Samuel Clemens

The Thralls and Foundation phone voice were voiced by Becky Wright

The Newsreader was voiced by Jessica Carroll

Robert Swales was voiced by Luke Kondor

The Episode was Directed by Samuel Clemens.

Script Editing by Kat Armitage.

Sound Design and engineering by Benji Clifford

The Theme music was composed and produced by Duncan Muggleton, and the episode art was produced by Georgia Cook

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MADDIE:

[RECORDED VOICEMAIL] Hi, you've reached Maddie's phone! Sorry I can't pick up right now, but please leave your number and I'll call as soon as I can!

[VOICEMAIL BEEP]

ARTHUR:

Madds, it's me. Pick up, please?

Maddie, please call me. I've just seen the security footage from the Westenra building. What the hell were you and Jeremy Larkin doing in the archives? Did you take the head, Madds? What happened?

I'm still in Amsterdam; I can't leave yet. Mr Harker has decreed that no one is to leave until the Containment Breach has been neutralised. I'm coordinating the disaster from here, speaking to news teams, running damage control. The priority right now is assessing the Westenra building and ensuring all the limbs are accounted for.

Basically, things are a mess, but if you can get hold of me, somehow, please. I need to know you're okay. You are okay, aren't you?

It's past midnight here in Amsterdam, so I reckon it's about 11pm for you? Maybe you're just sleeping. Hopefully you'll get this...

Goodnight Maddie. I love you. Please call me back as soon as you can.

[VOICEMAIL ENDS]