

VEGAYN VAMPIRES

Written by

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INT. BAR - LATE AT NIGHT

FUNION, try-hard, and GARLICLE, rocker, southern sister vampires, mouth a karaoke track. They are in bliss. A bottle wizzes past them. Booed off stage, they dance amongst the civilians. They're equally bad at this activity. JEFF, a nerdy romantic approaches.

JEFF

I like your dance moves.

Funion pushes Garlicle out of the way.

FUNION

Thank you.

Garlicle grabs a random person, BLOSH, a hot bodied daddy.

GARLICLE

And what do you like about me?

BLOSH

Were you the one singing?

GARLICLE

You like my singing!

BLOSH

No. That was fucking awful--

Garlicle pushes Blosch back into the crowd, he topples over, hits his head and is unconscious.

JEFF

I--I really liked your singing.
Everyone's such... a critic.

FUNION

(to Jeff)

Let's get out of here! Close our
tabs!

(to Garlicle)

Looks like we're sharing tonight.

GARLICLE

I'm down for a ménage à trois.

FUNION

How do I smell?

GARLICLE

Fine.

FUNION
Bat in the cave?

GARLICLE
All clear.

FUNION
What about my--

GARLICLE
(to Jeff)
So you really like my voice?

JEFF
Why not!

GARLICLE
It's so funny you'd mention how
good of a singer I am. We are in a
band!

EXT. ABANDONED PARK ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Garlicle sits on the ground, Funion is hunched over. Blood
spurts everywhere around them.

GARLICLE
We originally were called 'The Vamp
Tramps', but found that to be a
little reductive of our status. How
do you feel about the name 'No
Onions Just Funion'?

Funion lifts her head up, a mouth full of bloody flesh.

FUNION
That's my name! I'm Funion.

GARLICLE
(blood-filled mouth)
And I'm Garlicle! My name doesn't
really work in band titles.

Jeff lays in a puddle of his own blood, left leg detached.
Pathetically screams once, then passes out.

GARLICLE (CONT'D)
We'll keep workshopping it.

Garlicle and Funion lay beside of Jeff.

FUNION

It's so nice to share a meal
together again.

GARLICLE

I love you, sister.

FUNION

Let nothing ever separate us!

The two are unable to hold hands from the great distance Jeff has created between them. They giggle. Jeff spirts blood. They make blood angels in it.

INT. VAMPIRE'S UNLIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Heavy drapes attempt to mask decoupage windows, brimming with Magazine editorials. The room is colorful, with study boards of 2005, which is updated to 2006. Garlicle sleeps on the couch, like a drunk. Jeff's head and remaining leg are draped outside of a trunk which doubles as the coffee table. Funion, wide awake, shovels off Garlicle's legs to sit on the couch. Garlicle's legs remain flat, stiff as a board.

FUNION

There goes our Vegayn diets. We
can't do that again.

Funion hits the coffee table, Jeff's remaining leg falls off. Garlicle springs up, legs remaining stiff.

GARLICLE

(hungover)
Yikes on bikes, what time is it?

FUNION

11 AM.

GARLICLE

Oh. Goodnight.

Garlicle's feet drop. Funion hits Garlicle, whom hits back.

JEFF

This seems quite counterproductive.

Vampire's scream.

INT. VAMPIRE'S BLOODY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cold. Counters are clean. Cabinets are filled with label-less containers, each housing red objects and syrupy goodness.

GARLICLE

I hate this room. I am cold.

FUNION

It's just the red-hangover. It'll pass.

(slaps Garlicle, halts a slap back.)

I have a plan.

GARLICLE

What is it sister? You always come up with the best plans.

FUNION

We will become inter-web chefs.

GARLICLE

That's a horrible plan.

FUNION

Listen, if we can convince the cobwebs we are vegayn chefs, then we will be on our path to a bloodless life.

GARLICLE

Only I don't like cooking. Bye bye.

FUNION

If we find recipes we like, we can bring them home to Nan-Nan and Poops-Pops.

EXT. GRAVESIDE - ON THE DEATHIVERSARY

Vampires throw food at Nan-Nan and Poops-Pops graves.

BOTH

Die! Die! Die!

INT. VAMPIRE'S BLOODY KITCHEN - REAL TIME, CONTINUAL

Garlicle shivers feet from a comfortable Funion, at counter.

GARLICLE

But I want to be a famous singer like Paris Hilton! You promised!

Jeff mumbles as blood flies out.

FUNION

Now all we need is a producer, some quick hitting food segments, and an audience empire--then we will be the biggest vampire stars, ever!

Both throw darts at a board of Dracula, hissing.

JEFF

I can help.

FUNION

What was that, civilian Jeff?

JEFF

I can help.

INT. VAMPIRE'S UNLIVING ROOM - GLIDING ON

The sisters float over to Jeff.

FUNION

And how exacttickily shall you do that, Jeff with no ligaments?

GARLICLE

How are you even talking?

JEFF

You didn't sever my voice-box. I am dying but slowly, slowly. Because I happen to be bleeding out slowly.

FUNION

Ah!

GARLICLE

Waste not want not, I always say.

Funion intercepts Garlicle's attempt to devour Jeff's remains.

FUNION

Out with it! What services can you provide, you driveling faucet for brains?

JEFF

You want to be a chef?

FUNION

Yes! Well?

JEFF

Oh, forgot I'm missing my arms.
Read my shirt.

Jeff is wearing a blood-soaked 'Chef Jeff' T-Shirt.

FUNION

Oh!! A chef! Sister!!

GARLICLE

What?

FUNION

This man is a chef.

GARLICLE

And?

FUNION

And if we want to be vegayn chefs,
don't you think that having a chef
could be most beneficial to us?

GARLICLE

No. Oh, yes!

FUNION

Yes!

GARLICLE

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

FUNION

We convert him into a vampire and
keep him to ourselves as a personal
little--

GARLICLE

Sex toy.

FUNION

No. Well, maybe on the weekends.
But we keep him as a chef!

GARLICLE

And turn him into a stew. I mean, a
sous-chef.

FUNION

Dim the lights!

The lights suddenly dim. A glowing red crescendos from below.
As the vampires rattle, hiss, and prepare to bite, Garlicle
makes Old Latin sounding noises, at random.

FUNION (CONT'D)

We needed a chef, and so here's what we'll cook. Only for night, will bring him this life. Down will grow fangs, and up will fly bats-- Sister, what are those infernal noises you're making? We aren't witches.

GARLICLE

I saw it on a 90's movie. It sets a nice tone, don't you think?

FUNION

Well, now I've lost my train of thought. I can't go into it without my train of thought.

Garlicle whistles like a train. Funion flops into a chair, pouting.

FUNION (CONT'D)

It's of no use now. He'll bleed out and we will be doomed. No one will know of our existence. We shall perish before the sun ever rises on our promised star.

JEFF

Help... me...

GARLICLE

It's OK sister. There, there. You haven't been getting much sleep, have you?

FUNION

No.

GARLICLE

You take on too much. Too much.

JEFF

And now I die--

Vampire's stand, hissing, and launch into Jeff at the same time. They bump heads, and through their dizziness, one set of teeth succeeds in marking. Light strobes all around, a hell hound screams, and the moon rises and sets. Darkness crescendos until Jeff's eyes open, on his bodiless head. Vampires come to, rejoice. Spitting rapidly.

FUNION

For luck.

GARLICLE
How do you feel?

JEFF
I feel...

FUNION
Yes?

JEFF
Short.

FUNION
Like Napoleon! Powerful.

JEFF
Eh.

Garlicle runs and retrieves a rolling music stand, whips a table cloth over it. Places Jeff's head upon it.

FUNION
There! He's alive!

GARLICLE
Still feeling short? I can adjust the height.

JEFF
Behold! I Chef Jeff am unstoppable!

FUNION
Cool your Jets, Jeff. You're still beholden unto me. And at any point I can end thee. Now, let's get started. Hit it!

Garlicle presses plays on a boombox, to a song the pair once recorded together.

INT. VAMPIRE'S BLOODY KITCHEN - A FEW NOTES LATER

The sisters prepare a myriad of vegetables, putting on their finest, and cutest 2006 attire. Jeff faces the wrong way.

JEFF
I can't see.

GARLICLE
(spinning Jeff)
Oh!

FUNION

Well! What do you think?

JEFF

Uhm--it's very of the times.

GARLICLE

But does it look on brand? As mother Vampire Kathy Hilton says, the brand is 99%--

FUNION

What recipe should we start with?

JEFF

How about a simple, vegan tomato soup?.. With croutons?

GARLICLE

That's it I'm out.

JEFF

Oh. I thought it would work because of the play on red. Like blood, you know. Because you're vampires. We are vampires.

FUNION

Yes! That could definitely work.

JEFF

No, no we can just go back to the drawing board.

Jeff begins to bite-tear down his thoroughly storyboarded segments, ingredients and tele-prompted title cards.

FUNION

Wow! You did all of that while we were getting ready?

JEFF

I was waiting for hours.

Clock reads 3AM.

FUNION

Time flies when you're having fun! Right sister?

GARLICLE

Funion, this is anything but.

FUNION

Thank you Jeff. This is perfect--
say it.

Funion tiddy twists Garlicle's teeth until they say it.

GARLICLE

I hate tomatoes. No. No! Thank you!

The sisters cook, with Jeff's direction, attention and cue cards. He does so through various awkward poses.

JEFF

And cut. That's a wrap!

GARCELE

I thought we made soup?

JEFF

Wrap, as in it's done.

FUNION

Fun, fun, fun. It's fun!

GARLICLE

Now what?

JEFF

I upload it.

INT. VAMPIRE'S UNLIVING ROOM - MBPS LATER

Jeff and Funion sit in front of the computer screen as the uploading bar progresses. Garlicle listens to the radio dramatically from the chaise lounge. A bad singer howls through for a new talent contest run by the Hilton Organization.

GARLICLE

That person sucks! Talentless hack.
Hilton? I could do this! I want to
do this!

ADVERTISER (V.O.)

If you wish to do this, apply
today! All that's needed is a 30
second clip of you singing. And tag
us on Twitter. #ThatsHotVocals

GARLICLE

That was--that was Paris. With her
catchphrase!! We should be doing
this! Not making shitty ketchup.

FUNION
I can't help but overhear.

Funion and Garlicle are mere inches from one another.

FUNION (CONT'D)
We already have a plan in place.
Let's upload it and see where it
goes.

ADVERTISER (V.O.)
If you're interested, you don't
want to wait. The deadline ends
tomorrow.

GARLICLE
Did you hear that!!! We only have
one day to do this. How uploaded is
that thing?

JEFF
It's moving pretty fast!

The video is 2% uploaded.

GARLICLE
We don't have time to wait for
this. We need to get to work now.

FUNION
Our dream is to be Vegayn Vampires--

GARLICLE
Whom sing!!

FUNION
Whom cook.

Both hiss at one other.

GARLICLE
No one is going to eat what we
made, let alone make it themselves.

FUNION
Take that back!

GARLICLE
Look at it! It looks one word and
one word only.

The kitchen is a war zone. The food is alive.

FUNION

Fun. Creative. Vegayn!!

GARLICLE

Terrifying. We look terrifying. We look like rock stars!!

FUNION

No! We're welcoming! And fun. And totally vegayn! Completely unlike any other vampire before us.

GARLICLE

I'm no historian, but I'm pretty sure none of our ancestors were famous rockstars either, just saying.

FUNION

That will make us no money. This. This is going to make us lots of money! Right, Jeff?

GARLICLE

How? Through a recipe book? Five years from now? It's not even original. We plagiarized a recipe online and we still managed to completely fuck it up. We are not going down in history as chefs! We are going down as posers. Jeff! Would you eat that?

Jeff tries to sneakily wheel away.

BOTH

Jeff!

JEFF

I feel quite literally stuck in the middle.

FUNION

Jeff, continue to unload it.

GARLICLE

No, Jeff. It's time to stop this pipe dream. Turn it off.

Like a zombie, Jeff moves by Garlicle's command.

FUNION

You're--You're his master? I'm supposed to. I found him. I'm his Geppetto. He's my little Pinocchio.

GARLICLE

Then why is he listening to me then?? Because my bite was chosen!

The two brawl, hiss, kick and claw... at the air. They are on opposite walls of the room. Funion sling shots the spice rack to Garlicle's feet. The Garlic salt flies furthest, spins its bottle, the lid teeters, and totters before decidedly opening, creating a line as it does.

GARLICLE (CONT'D)

(unable to move past line)
You bitch!

FUNION

(luring Jeff with ball)
Oh Jeff! This way! Whose a real boy!

Jeff salivates like the golden retriever that he is. Garlicle attempts to cross the garlic line, blue flames blockade.

GARLICLE

The only person this is hurting is you. I always hated this horrendous carpet you picked out.

FUNION

I have impeccable design skills!

GARLICLE

Just like your taste in recipes, they are horrible.

FUNION

You love my coffin!

Funion's coffin is a hoarder's paradise. Colorful. Crowded.

GARLICLE

I only said that so that you would stop adding to it. You design like you're inside a drained, empty bladder. And yet with every design I see, you still manages to piss me off.

Funion throws the nearest glass towards Garlicle, splashing the line of garlic.

Blue flames part wide enough for an escape. Garlicle blazes through. They touch Jeff simultaneously, playing tug of war.

BOTH

Do what I say Jeff. No, what I say.

The tablecloth rips down the middle, catapulting Jeff's head through the front doggy door, and out onto the street. Both run to chase it, pushing each other along the way.

FUNION

This is all your fault!

GARLICLE

No it isn't.

FUNION

Yes it is!

EXT. DARKENED, EERIE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The vampires run fast towards the head which is gaining momentum. A red eyed figure snickers in the foreground, waiting to pounce. The red eyed figure runs along, scurrying past the sisters. Jeff lands upon a bench.

EXT. RUNDOWN PARK - CONTINUOUS

Funion trips Garlicle, approaches Jeff.

FUNION

There you are buddy!

GARLICLE

(army crawling forward)

Don't talk to 'em Jeff. Don't say nothing.

FUNION

Don't you look all cozy on that bench?

Bushes shuffle all around, sporadically.

GARLICLE

What was that?

FUNION

Don't try to distract me. I've a cause, and I'm not deterring from my plight. That's right, I'm gonna swipe you, Jeff.

GARLICLE

No, seriously something is following us.

POSSUM appears, sisters scream. It snatches Jeff up and takes him to the top branch of a nearby tree. COP appears, Irish and power hungry. Vampires scream again.

COP

We've had a lot of disturbance these days. Also a lot of murder.

BOTH

Murder?

COP

People tend to go missing at night. You wouldn't know nothing about that now, would you?

BOTH

No!

COP

Great. Cause I was only joking. Though we did receive several noise complaints, possibly a drunk and disorderly.

BOTH

We don't drink. Can't.

COP

Ay! I respect that. Here's my one year chip, myself.

GARLICLE

A what?

FUNION

Left ours at home, which is just where we're headed.

COP

Come on down to the station, and I'm sure we'll have this all squared away in no time.

GARLICLE

Please, sir. We're just trying to go home and make a video for this singing competition.

COP

Oh I love those! What is it,
Nashville Star? American Idol?

GARLICLE

God no. It's the Hilton
Foundation's sing-a-thon, to be
their new jingle-singer.

COP

What jingle?

Funion snoops around for a weapon or key.

GARLICLE

Their classic jingle... It's used
worldwide, every time you step
through a Hilton sliding glass
door. How do you not know this?
Classless.

COP

That's so... stupid. You mean to
tell me you'd rather maybe win a
chance to sing this song nobody's
ever heard, unless they just so's
happen stay at one of these swanky,
high-falootin Hampton Inns-- rather
than to try and win a recording
contract, or at the very least a
cash prize?

GARLICLE

We aren't in it for the money.

COP

Clearly. Look like a bunch of
wealthy, entitled idiots. I bet you
can't even sing.

GARLICLE

Course we can. We're amazing
singers.

COP

Is that so? Well then, sing me a
song, why don't ya? You too. Stop
trynna sneak off.

Funion stops snooping, they sing a song. Cop fires gun into
the air.

COP (CONT'D)

Oh god, that was something awful.
Ffs, are my ear's bleeding? I've
heard shot horses in less pain.
Whoo! Don't quit your day job.

FUNION

We won't. Thank you for the advice.
See, this is why I don't think we
should be pursuing the singing
thing...

GARLICLE

Loud and clear. Thank you for the
clarity.

COP

Listen, even if you weren't doing
something illegal, I's still have
to lock you up so as to protect the
community from having to hear you
sing anything ever, ever again.

GARLICLE

Arrest us? I thought this was a
pretend thing. Like, you know...
handcuffs, after dark in the park
kind of thing.

FUNION

Yeah, can we opt for that instead?

COP

You mean sexual? With the two of
ya?

BOTH

Sure!

GARLICLE

Or you can have your pick.

FUNION

We're pansexual, if you put it in
the pan, we can make it sexual. Ooh
slogayn alert!

COP

You're offering me, a man in
uniform, with his civic duties, sex
as payment.

BOTH

Sure, if that's your thing.

COP

Oh this is just too good. You're hookers, too! Very bad indeed. I'll get a promotion for bringing you bad, bad, bad lot in. Very bad.

GARLICLE

We aren't bad! We're good!

FUNION

How could we be bad, we're vegayns. We love the planet!

COP

Ugh, bunch of hippies. All the same. That's it!! Going into the clinker. You have a right to remain silent--

FUNION

Follow us @vegaynvampires.

COP

Who ya talking to?

FUNION

You're gonna use that in a court of law and all the papers, too, no?

COP

No.

FUNION

It's very important. Write it down.

FUNION (CONT'D)

We're gonna be famous.

COP

Not for singing, ya won't.

GARLICLE

Jeff, now!

Jeff drops virtuously, like a flying squirrel from the branch above, bangs onto the Cop car, and plops onto the ground, missing any and all important targeted points.

COP

Is that a fucking severed head?

FUNION

Looks like it!

COP

Murdering, prostitutes! I hit the jackpot. This is how you get to be Sheriff.

Cop dances. Funion tries to run with handcuffs on. Tased.

JEFF

Can't you just turn into bats or something and fly away?

GARLICLE

Oh so we're what now, Jeff? Shape shifters? Not very fucking likely.

Garlicle, scoops up Jeff and catapults him into the air. Lands, and hops like frogger until landing on a seesaw. Funion lifts, and lands onto the other end of the seesaw, tased again.

GARLICLE (CONT'D)

Jeff, attack!

Jeff skydives one last time, landing directly atop Cop's head. Cop runs around, flailing. Jeff rolls down Cop's face, swinging a hold of his nose and bites it.

JEFF

I've got your nose.

Jeff lands on the ground, with the nose in his mouth. Cop falls to the ground, blood covering his hands.

FUNION

Ew, Jeff. Too far.

JEFF

I learned it from y'all.

GARLICLE

We don't do shit like that Jeff.

FUNION

We're fucking vegayns!!

The smell of blood makes them all hungry. They turn and eat Cop. lifting Jeff so that he may eat, too.

COP

Prostitute, murdering, cannibals??
What else?

GARLICLE

Hey! We're not cannibals! We're--

TITLE CARD: VEGAYN VAMPIRES

FUNION (V.O.)

Oh, now the title card plays.

Digesting, between bites, they cook up an idea together for a new vegayn recipe, as the dying breaths of the Cop expel. The possum stands at the foot of the Cop. Funion and Garlicle poof into bats, and fly off, their handcuffs fall. Jeff stares at the now smiling possum.

JEFF

Knew you could turn into bats. Hey guys, you're coming to take me too, right? Right?

Jeff screams.

INT. VAMPIRE'S PLEASE-DON'T-ENTER HALLWAY - HOURS LATER

The doggie door bumps, then bumps again. Jeff collides through and rolls onto the floor. Computer dings, indicating a finished upload.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Your video has been uploaded.

JEFF

Well, isn't that just great! Great, great, great, great, great--