

THE VENICE VAMPIRE

WEB-SERIES

PILOT

Written by

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**INT. YOGA STUDIO - VENICE - MORNING**

Sunlight streams through large, bare windows into an ongoing yoga class while an undercurrent of soft AMBIENT MUSIC PLAYS amongst GROANS and GRUNTS of exertion.

A man's legs, draped with white linen pants, move through rows of sweaty, chic, Lulu Lemon'd students holding Utkatasana (chair pose).

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

And breathe in... hold, two, three,  
four... release.

The class stands-- sighs of relief. Everyone looks in lust towards the teacher as we rise up his body.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

What I practice as a Breatharian,  
is about harnessing the energy in  
the air, not needing to extract it  
from food... living off the air!

We follow the BACK of the Yoga Instructor. A MALE STUDENT, with a HERMES scarf wrapped around his head and lightly tinted GUCCI sunglasses can't take his eyes off the Instructor.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Other side! Transitioning into  
Warrior Three. Yoga's all about  
balance. Uniting one side with the  
other. Use the breath!

The class groans.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Plant the right leg firmly into the  
ground reach down, down, down... to  
the core of the earth. Ground.

(adjusts a student)

Lift the left leg, high, high!  
Reach it back, extend the arms  
forward...

(continues on)

Reach, reach! You are the string  
the universe wants to pluck! Tune  
yourself.

The class drips in sweat.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

And hold, two, three, four, five,  
six... do you hate me yet?!

The class laughs through their pain-- a couple students fall out of pose.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Seven, eight, nine... nine...  
 nine... nine... nine...  
 (laughs)  
 And release.

Another sigh from the class; relief.

The instructor reaches his mat at the top of the room. We follow the back of his head-- his face still hidden from us.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
 (following his own  
 instruction)  
 Inhale the arms up. Exhale fold  
 forward and take your last vinyasa  
 or child's pose... wherever you're  
 at today.

The class pushes through one last vinyasa.

The instructor returns to Tadasana (mountain pose) as we PAN around his head TO REVEAL: DRACO BLANC (forever 33), tall, dark, and devastatingly handsome, and... a VAMPIRE!

DRACO  
 Relaxing now, transitioning into  
 Savasana. Corpse pose... this is  
 where we are transformed, let it  
 all go.

In an effortless bend, he sits down into Siddhasana (seated pose)-- almost floating.

The class collapses onto their backs.

DRACO (CONT'D)  
 It was when I met an obscure yogi  
 in the foothills of the Himalayas,  
 gosh, must be two thousand years  
 now, that I dedicated my death to  
 Breatharianism.  
 (deep inhale)  
 There's nourishment in the air--  
 Prana. I'm proof of these miracles  
 this world has. I no longer live in  
 the shadows. Using my breath as  
 sustenance, I was able to ween  
 myself off the curse of blood  
 sucking and can now roam freely in  
 the light.

Feel your breath waving up and  
down, in and out. Feel the energy  
in it. Free yourself.

The class is quiet; a BURP, light TOOT; a GURGLING stomach.

Draco finds an OCEAN SOUND TRACK on his phone. He has a swath  
of CRYSTAL SOUND BOWLS in front of his mat; grabs a MALLET.

DING. DING. DING.

DRACO (CONT'D)

Breathing in... two, three and let  
it all go, exhaling out two, three,  
four. Continue...

A LOUDER FART comes from THAT GUY in the back.

DRACO (CONT'D)

Feel the exhilaration, what it  
means to align with your core.  
Uncover the real you. Be one with  
who you are. Yoga means union...  
unite yourself.

ETHERIC SOUNDS-- Draco plays the bowls.

That Guy begins to SNORE. Most of the students glance over, a  
disapproving scowl on their face.

Draco stops playing. The sound continues to reverberate. He  
lights a stick of PALO SANTO.

The last crystal bowl sounds alchemize into the ether. OCEAN  
SOUNDS WAVE IN and OUT. Draco lifts a HANDBELL.

DING. DING. DING.

DRACO (CONT'D)

Deep inhale as we return to the  
body. Bringing small movements to  
the fingers and toes.

The class wiggles; except for That Guy-- he's out.

DRACO (CONT'D)

I guess some of us don't want to  
come back yet!  
(class chuckles)  
Let's take those arms overhead and  
give ourselves a big stretch from  
finger to toe tips!  
(orgasmic noises)  
Right?!

That's the good stuff right there.  
 And now we'll draw the knees into  
 the chest... Rolling onto your  
 right side... exhale completely as  
 you plant your left hand into the  
 floor. Inhale to find your way into  
 a comfortable seated position.

A couple more dainty farts amongst the WAVE SOUNDS.

A few ladies look around-- proof it wasn't them.

DRACO (CONT'D)

Let's gently exhale all of the air  
 from the lungs as we find the  
 intention you started with. What  
 did you dedicate this effort to?  
 How has it taught you? Changed you?

The class seems to roll their closed eyes as That Guy's snore  
 explores all notes in the musical scale.

DRACO (CONT'D)

Now inhale your intention. Fill  
 your body with that energy.  
 (the class inhales deeply)  
 And we'll end with a long 'Sat' and  
 brief 'Nam'.

CLASS

Saaaaaaaaat nam.

That Guy wakes. He does a lazy bear roll onto his side.

DRACO

Truth is my name, truth is my  
 identity. Namaste.  
 (bows)  
 If this is your first time in my  
 class, I'm Draco Blanc and I'm the  
 Venice Vampire.  
 (big fang smile)  
 Are there any questions about  
 today's class?

All raise their hands-- except That Guy.

SUPER:

THE VENICE VAMPIRE

**EXT. YOGA STUDIO/VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY**

Students pour out of the studio. Draco follows with a plate of fruit, engaged in convo with two gorgeous ladies, albeit trend victims, MANDI (27), BECKI (28), and two strapping men, TOMAS (35) and IGMAR (36)-- all swoon over him.

Draco places the fruit on a makeshift altar by the door.

MANDI

I'm interested in breatharianism...

BECKI

Me too!

MANDI

How'd you start? Just stop eating?!

DRACO

You have to be extremely aware of the energy you are breathing in and that starts with the thoughts you think.

TOMAS

But what about the calories you're burning? I just can't wrap my head around that, no matter how often--

MANDI

O.M.G. if I didn't have to eat... it'd be sooo great for my career.

BECKI

Ugh, me toooooooo!

TOMAS

What's your profession?

MANDI

I'm an actor! I know, sucha cliché!

TOMAS

Have I seen you in anything?!

MANDI

Not yet! I'm magnetizing at the moment. And what do you do?

TOMAS

I'm a G.P.

Mandi and Becki look to him with a blank stare.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
General Practitioner.

The stares continue.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
I'm a medical physician.

BECKI  
You're a doctor?!

Mandi and Becki make eyes to one another-- Hello!

TOMAS  
Yep.  
(back to Draco)  
But for real... How can you live  
without food?

DRACO  
What is food?

TOMAS  
Well, in essence, energy from the  
sun.

DRACO  
I breathe the sun, that's all the  
energy I need. You have to be in  
the proper place to do it,  
physically, mentally, spiritually.  
You have to train... Hard. There've  
only been a few breatharians  
throughout history.  
(beat)  
For me... took at least a millennia  
to be able to walk in the sunlight  
without getting burned. But I've  
had the luxury of time.

IGMAR  
(reaches hand out)  
I'm Igmarr, first time, friends with  
this one.  
(signals Tomas)  
Loved your class... How old are you  
exactly?

DRACO  
(excited)  
I'll be 4,200 on my next solar  
return in November! It's a big one.

Both the jaws on the ladies drop.

IGMAR

Wow... who was the master you studied under?

DRACO

(moment of reverence)

My beloved Babaji... My savior. He's more of a legend now. History knows him as Mahavatar Babaji Maharaj. He's very elusive.

IGMAR

He is?

TOMAS

He is?

DRACO

Look'im up and I'll answer any questions you have next time.

'That Guy', A.K.A. JEREMIAH (55), a bearded, pudgy, Venice version of 'The Dude', board shorts and wetsuit top under a silk kimono, emerges from the studio while rolling a joint with one hand and a coffee mug in the other.

JEREMIAH

(to Draco)

Where to bud?

DRACO

You tell me? Have a good nap?

JEREMIAH

Went deep this time. Bowl movement was top notch. Hope I didn't bust yer pipes.

The gals look like they've just smelled sulfur.

Jeremiah looks up to Draco's groupies.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Hope I didn't snore too loud.

DRACO

I keep telling you man, I take that as a compliment!

TOMAS

I'll bring my otoscope next time and take a gander at those sinuses.

JEREMIAH

Sweet. D.B.'s been trying to cure me through yoga.



DRACO  
 If you'd stick to the kriyas I gave  
 ya... poof! All better.

JEREMIAH  
 Eh. Can't I just take a pill?

Draco shakes his head. He throws an arm around Jeremiah who's lighting the joint now.

DRACO  
 Well, I hope you all have a  
 wonderful day! And maybe we'll see  
 you again...  
 (points to)  
 Mandi. Becki. Igmarr. I won't  
 forget! See ya Friday Tomas!

A man in a CHEWBACCA COSTUME rides by on a UNICYCLE. He  
 BLARES TCHAIKOVSKY from a BACKPACK SPEAKER.

TOMAS  
 Cheers!

MANDI  
 (to Tomas)  
 So what hospital are you at?

BECKI  
 (to Igmarr)  
 What do you do?!

Draco and Jeremiah begin to saunter down the boardwalk.

**EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - A COUPLE DOORS DOWN - CONTINUOUS**

A salty, aproned old timer, BREN BIEDERMEIER (60's), bad  
 combover, short, fat, thin mustache, rages out of the  
 restaurant next to the studio after them.

BREN  
 BLANK! How many times do I have to  
 tell you?!

Draco places his palms together, turns to face the nag who  
 stops at a distance-- inferiority complex and all.

DRACO  
 (deep inhale)  
 It's Blaaahnc--

BREN  
 (out of breath already)  
 Blank, Blanc what's the  
 difference?!

DRACO  
 You know it's Blanc--

BREN  
 How many times do I have to tell  
 you not to leave fruit by the  
 door?!

DRACO  
 It's an offering. It's sacred--

BREN  
 I don't care! It attracts the bums!  
 How'm I s'posed to run a successful  
 restaurant with bums all over the  
 stoop next door?!

DRACO  
 Dude, it's Venice. Get over it.

BREN  
 It attracts the rats!

DRACO  
 Well which is it, are rats or  
 homeless people eating it?

BREN  
 Both!

DRACO  
 Well then we should get the health  
 department in right away!

Bren's right eye twitches. He holds in something fierce.

DRACO (CONT'D)  
 Let me know when's a good time for  
 you.

Draco bows, turns to Jeremiah.

DRACO (CONT'D)  
 Onwards good sir?

JEREMIAH  
 Onwards!

**EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY**

Sites of Venice (skatepark/Windward Ave/Muscle Beach) as Draco and Jeremiah talk shop.

JEREMIAH  
That guy man...

DRACO  
Needs the stick removed from his  
ass.

JEREMIAH  
(shakes head)  
He don't belong in Venice!

Both heads turn when a crew of gorgeous women roll by dancing on skates; one with a BOOMBOX on her shoulder.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
Women always be lookin' for the  
next fish.

DRACO  
Some things never change.

JEREMIAH  
I imagine it's gotten worse?

They stop by,

**INT. ZELDA'S CAFE - DAY**

Jeremiah pays for a sandwich to go. The ECCENTRIC CASHIER refills his empty coffee mug.

DRACO  
There's three types of women my  
friend... independent, codependent  
and dependent-- Them's the worst  
kind.

JEREMIAH  
Dependent?

DRACO  
Correct.

**EXT. ZELDA'S CAFE - DAY**

Jeremiah scarfs down his food as they walk.

JEREMIAH  
 (mouthful)  
 I'm like a moth to a flame.

DRACO  
 Yeaah, it's always been bad.

JEREMIAH  
 'Specially in this town. Ever taken  
 the love plunge?

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

A beat as they traverse a grass dune onto the beach. Draco steps on something sharp in the sand.

He bends down to uncover a small metal SEPTAGRAM KEYCHAIN. He brushes away the sand.

DRACO  
 Once.

He wraps his fingers around it, clutches it in his hand. He looks to the ocean.

Sssssssss - a light SEAR.

JEREMIAH  
 How'd that go?

Draco stands. Takes a LINEN SHAWL out of his SATCHEL, wraps the keychain and bags it. They continue to the shore.

DRACO  
 Became a vampire.

JEREMIAH  
 Soooo... not great--  
 (re: burning palm)  
 I thought you were over that.

DRACO  
 (pumps hand/it heals)  
 Eh, some metals still react--  
 Depends on how you look at it. I'm  
 here now.

JEREMIAH  
 Yeah but you can't enjoy food or  
 drink--

DRACO  
 I drink alkalized water...

JEREMIAH

You know what I mean. If I couldn't have my sandwich and a coffee every day--

DRACO

The things humans crave you mean?

JEREMIAH

Precisely.

DRACO

That love has powered me through the ages. No one compares.

JEREMIAH

Guess I just can't imagine it. Never been in that state of mind. When was the last time you--

Jeremiah thrusts his hips forward a few times.

DRACO

(laughs)

I tried to lose myself in sex... it's been a while. Truth is, I gave it up to walk in the sun.

JEREMIAH

WAIT! WHAT?-- You're tellin' me. It's been a couple thousand years?!

DRACO

Give or take.

JEREMIAH

You've re-virginized yourself!

**EXT. VENICE SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS**

They take a seat on the sand and watch the surfers.

JEREMIAH

Sheeet man! How'd I not know this?

DRACO

Never came up.

JEREMIAH

I just assumed--

DRACO

Oh I had enough lust for the ages.  
Don't forget, I had a couple  
thousand years before Babaji...  
Trying to find that connection with  
another.

JEREMIAH

Huh.

(beat)

I guess I just thought of vampires  
and sex as one and the same!

DRACO

Tantra my friend... tantra's where  
it's at. But the ladies they do  
try!-- It's almost a challenge.

JEREMIAH

Well shit dude, teach a man to  
fish!

DRACO

Show me you can stick to those  
sinus kriyas and we'll talk!

JEREMIAH

(nods)

Alright, alright, okay.

Further down, a FRANTIC MOTHER races out of the water with  
her child in her arms-- they're almost the same size.

FRANTIC MOTHER

HELP! HELP!

JEREMIAH

Now what?

Draco's up.

DRACO

Come on!

Even when Jeremiah's quick, he's slow.

**EXT. VENICE SHORELINE - FURTHER DOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

A WOMAN obscured by a LARGE HAT and SUNGLASSES arrives to the  
scene first. She wears dark sweats.

The Mother, BETHESDA PRIESTLY (36), trophy wife, passes out as her son, ELVIS PRIESTLY (8), thin and lanky, is unconscious and suffers a deep bite on his upper thigh.

The mysterious, shadowed Woman does CPR while trying to apply pressure to the wound. Draco drops to his knees in the sand.

DRACO

What can I do?!

MINNIE

TAKE OVER!

Draco leans in, hesitates, as DOCTOR MINNIE MURRAY (33), a unique, quiet, beauty, rips off her LONG SLEEVE HENLEY, her hat and sunglasses go with it. She creates a tourniquet with her shirt-- now in a braless fitted camisole behind Draco.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

DO IT!

Draco begins to blow air into the boys lungs. He glances down to the BLOOD streaming from the Elvis' leg; eyes widen; licks his lips; shakes his head; back to CPR.

Minnie's back down to wrap the leg. Jeremiah arrives.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

CALL NINE ONE ONE!

JEREMIAH

Okay!

(to wristwatch)

SIRI! CALL NINE NINE ONE!

Jeremiah 'runs' toward a distant lifeguard truck.

Minnie flips her phone-- yes she still has one of those.

MINNIE

Idiot.

DRACO

(between breaths)

He. Means. Well.

MINNIE

(to Draco)

Focus!

(into cell)

Yes I have an emergency at...

(looks around)

...The rainbow lifeguard tower on Venice Beach.

(responding)  
 Maybe shark? Victim is a minor,  
 unresponsive, CPR being performed.  
 We need a helivac NOW. Deep  
 perforation into upper right quad--

Elvis starts to cough up water.

MINNIE (CONT'D)  
 (a double take)  
 He's responsive.

Minnie continues on the phone. Draco brushes Elvis' hair back, laughs and cries-- tears are tinted a light RED.

DRACO  
 I-I saved you! Oh I saved you!

Draco kisses Elvis' forehead; leans back to look into the boys eyes as they open to see Draco's FANGED SMILE.

ELVIS  
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Minnie winces, turns away from the screaming-- as far as she can go while still holding pressure. She tries to relay info.

Bethesda comes to; scurries on her hands and knees to her son. Draco looks up to her, fangs and all. She passes out.

MINNIE  
 Mom's down again.

Draco grabs Elvis' arm and applies his fingers to pressure points. The boy passes out.

DRACO  
 (sotto to Elvis)  
 Acupressure points-- this is how we  
 did surgery back in the day.

Minnie looks back-- Draco bolts up, shrugs with one hand, smiling; blots his lips together. This is the first time he meets Minnie's gaze. His eyes widen, mouth releases, eyes roll up into his head-- Draco passes out; Elvis comes to and looks down to his leg.

ELVIS  
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Minnie looks down to an unconscious Draco; holds the phone to her shoulder. Grabs her very large hat; plops it back on.



MINNIE

Yeah, add one vampire too.

The HELICOPTER'S CHOP draws near.

Minnie blows a strand of her hair away from her face amongst the chaos.

MINNIE (CONT'D)

Fresh air and vitamin D my ass...  
Fucking Venice.

The waves CRASH.

**END**