

DRACULAS NIGHT OOT

Written by

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Dracula, by Bram Stoker

INT. DARK RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

The full moon rises on a dark landscape. A gnarled and arthritic hand carries a flickering candle. Shadows stretch down a long, stone-walled corridor. A lone moth dances around the candle flame.

DRACULA (V.O.)

Tonight, I rise from my torpor.

DRACULA is a tall, gaunt man with pale features wearing a black suit and a black cape. He looks every part the traditional Hammer vampire. His eyes are cold, shark like. He balefully stares out over the countryside and a mirthless smile passes over his face, revealing long fangs.

DRACULA

Tonight, I shall feed.

A door creaks open slowly. Very slowly.

RENFIELD (60+) enters. He sets the candle on a small table and with a flourish belying his advanced age, snatches the moth from the air and in one fluid motion, gulps it down.

RENFIELD

Make sure you're home early. And don't over-indulge.

DRACULA hisses at RENFIELD who continues oblivious.

RENFIELD (CONT'D)

Are you taking the carriage?

DRACULA shakes his head.

DRACULA

No, it is too....ostentatious.

RENFIELD

I don't know why we keep it then if you never use it. Do you have money for a taxi?

EXT. SUPERIOR TAXIS - NIGHT

The yellow sign for "Superior Taxis" is glaring against the night sky. The car speeds along rain-slicked streets towards an unknown destination.

INT. SUPERIOR TAXI - NIGHT

DRACULA sits in the back seat, gazing out of the window. There is a drone of conversation as the Taxi Driver, CLIVE (30) chatters.

CLIVE

Ah couldn't believe it. He just sat there in his underpants. Ya knaa what ah mean leik?

DRACULA ignores the conversation but CLIVE turns and, ignoring the road, queries his passenger.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Hev tee fallen asleep man?

DRACULA fixes CLIVE with his cold eyes and an eerie light burns within them.

DRACULA

Pay attention to the road, mortal.

CLIVE

Wha? Nah, man, avne had a drop!

CLIVE turns back and continues driving. The taxi pulls up at a night club. The queue outside is filled with ghouls, ghosts, Harley Quinns, Batman, Jokers, Iron Man and others.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Nice cloak, Drac.

EXT. FIVER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DRACULA walks into the night club. A DRUNK GIRL (20) sidles over and fixes him with a quizzical look.

DRUNK GIRL

What have you come as?

DRACULA

I am Draculea, Duke of Wallachia, Lord of Night, Prince of Darkness.

DRUNK GIRL

Aal reet, not your bleedin life story

DRACULA

I am the Vampire.

DRUNK GIRL
Not a sparkly Vampire pet?

DRACULAs eyes narrow and a red light burns from within.

CUT TO:

DRACULA is feeding from the neck of the DRUNK GIRL and a large hand taps on his shoulder. DRACULA breaks from feeding to look over his shoulder.

The DRUNK GIRL is swept away suddenly by the crowd and DRACULA is now faced with a tall, tattooed man with a massive beard. DRACULAs vision is blurred...

TATTOO BEARD
Areet?

DRACULA
Pardon?

TATTOO BEARD
Ah sed Areet? San up with yee hearing?

DRACULA looks baffled. He sways on his feet.

TATTOO BEARD (CONT'D)
Tha wuz me bird.

DRACULA growls at the man, baring fangs. TATTOO BEARD turns to a group sitting nearby.

TATTOO BEARD (CONT'D)
Hee, that fellahs gannin proper radgie!

The group are all young fit men who all leer drunkenly, all wearing the same colour of jersey, not a Halloween costume.

CUT TO:

DRACULA is ejected roughly from the club into an alleyway. He is helped to his feet by two drunk young men in costume, Frankenstein and the Werewolf, in a classic recreation of Lon Cheney/Boris Karloff movies. DRACULA looks confused for a second before both the Werewolf and the Frankenstein Monster vomit drunken L on his trouser legs.

DRACULA
How times have changed....

DRACULA stumbles out of the alleyway and hails a taxi. Superior Taxis roll up and it's CLIVE again.

CLIVE
How gadgie, canny te see yee

INT. SUPERIOR TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi takes off, veering past more ghouls, an Elvis, JEdwards, Ant and Dec and two arguing Captain Americas.

DRACULA
Stop the vehicle. I feel unwell.

The taxi screeches to a halt and DRACULA leans out and is sick out the door.

CLIVE
Canna handle yer booze?

DRACULA
The girl. Her blood. The alcohol.

CLIVE
Night leek this, she'll be mortal.

DRACULA clammers back into the taxi.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Yee look out of fettle, man.
Ganning yem?

DRACULA looks bewildered again.

DRACULA
I need to feed! Blood is the life?

CLIVE shakes his head. He pulls away muttering.

CLIVE
Divan knaa about blood. A kebab
would calm yee.

INT. THE SPHINX - NIGHT

The kebab shop is rammed with people shouting orders, demanding extra sauce, complaint about the lettuce in their kebab and a brace of hassled staff work industriously.

DRACULA enters, looking even more green than usual. He's propped up by CLIVE.

CLIVE
Kebab for this one, he's proper
clamming.

A dazed DRACULA is sitting in a plastic seat while costumed drunk people surround him. CLIVE peels open the Kebab covering and expresses delight. He lifts it to DRACULA'S mouth, and the Vampire takes a tentative bite.

DRACULA
Hissssss. Gaaaarrliccccc....

DRACULA immediately transforms into a bat and flaps awkwardly around the takeaway. He hits a pane of glass and drops to the ground. The bat is picked up and cuddled.

DRUNK GIRL
There there, pet.

INT. DARK RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

A loud banging is heard on the old doors. RENFIELD shuffles into the hall and unlocks the door with a massive rusted key. The door creaks open slowly. Outside DRUNK GIRL is holding an unconscious bat. Behind her are 20 drunken revellers looking on in silence.

DRUNK GIRL
Can we come in, It's cold out here?

RENFIELD
The Master!

The previously silent revellers launch themselves at the door, with a dumbfounded RENFIELD in the midst.

INT. DARK RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

The next night, RENFIELD is still pushing a mop around the Abbey and picking up cans and bottles. He pauses to mop his brow, dragging a black bag behind him.

DRACULA (O.S.)
Rennnnfield....!!!!

RENFIELD hurries to the crypt room and DRACULA is pointing at the coffin in utter horror.

Inside the coffin is DRUNK GIRL. She's paler than before and has visible fangs. She smiles lasciviously...

DRUNK GIRL
Come back to bed, pet...

FADE OUT.

