

Why do Vampyre's Love Bingo?

By

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EXT. WINDOW LEDGE-NIGHT

The slow orange sunset disappears over the solitary, lush landscape

A raven perches on a window ledge as a neon light flickers into life. It reads 'SMOKEY'S'

The raven raps maniacally on the window, it's wings beat furiously. Longing to break in.

INT. BINGO HALL-NIGHT

Residing amongst the bar of SMOKEY'S half empty Bingo Hall sits the perma-tanned COLIN JENSEN, in his early 50's sporting a sleezy cowboy look.

He glares at the barmaid's chest and strokes his beard.

Cigar smoke billows through his bulbous, YELLOW stained fingers.

Within the foam of his pint reads 'SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND'. This place wreaks of half-baked razzmatazz.

Two old women bicker as they waddle up to the bar. They cast admiring glances at Colin.

SALLY, an early 30's haggard barmaid, jabs him in the arm.

SALLY

Ive told you a thousand times, stop looking at my tits.

COLIN

If i don't do it darling no-one else will.

SALLY

You make me sick.

COLIN

It's just the way i'm made.

Colin loosens his belt.

SALLY

Okay there Casanova, i'm sure your pretty cool when it comes to the blue rinse brigade, but there's not a chance in hell you can make it with anyone under thirty with half a brain.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN  
Oh good. A challenge.

Colin leans back and surveys his kingdom.

SALLY  
Not so fast. We need rules.

He extinguishes the cigar.

COLIN  
I feel a wager coming on.

As he leans in with a glint in his eye, his gold chain  
CLINKS against his pint pot.

SALLY  
Here it is, if you Jimmy long  
schlong, manage to talk to any girl  
of my choosing for over say...five  
minutes then i wont hit you in the  
arm for doing what you like to do.

COLIN  
You can do better than that.

Hows about if I win, me and you  
take a stroll round back?

SALLY  
No. I couldn't live with myself...

Sally chokes back on vomit. She can't believe what shes  
about to say.

SALLY  
Okay, but if you fail miserably as  
i expect, then my friend i don't  
wanna see your face around here for  
a whole year. Got it?

COLIN  
Fine by me, there's always church.

SALLY  
Church?

COLIN  
The two best places for tail. Bingo  
and church.

SALLY

Wow.

COLIN

Indeed.

Shaking her head in disgust, Sally turns and flicks a towel over her shoulder. She scans the bingo hall.

SALLY(O.S)

Okay lets see

First on her radar is MILDRED, in her 70'S desperately trying to keep up with the bingo caller.

SALLY

No, i couldn't do that to you old girl.

Second is ANGELA, in her late 40's dressed in a tight leather mini skirt and flowery blouse. Had one to many Bacardi's in her time.

SALLY

Too easy, even for him, no.

We need someone who's gonna...

Just then she spots an Asian girl, a million dollars, in her Early 20's.

Sally's eyes follow as she strolls out from the women's toilet.

SALLY

I don't know what she's doing here but i've got her.

Sally spins confidently and points at Colin.

SALLY

Your in trouble.

COLIN

Who?

SALLY

The Asian chick on her own. She looks smart, no way she's gonna fall for your shit.

COLIN

Good choice Sally love. Not had a  
Chinese in ages.

Colin makes a gun with his fingers and pretends to shoot  
Sally down.

He jumps down from his stool with vigour. He's an incredibly  
squat man, 5'3 at most.

He releases a further button, producing a few sprigs of  
gleaming chest hair.

He SMACKS his arse with both hands.

COLIN

(To Himself)

Big poppa.

Sally, gobsmacked, puts her head in her hands.

Colin strolls down the long, bingo aisle. His spurs CLUNK,  
with every step.

Older women swoon as he passes by.

He stops. Takes a bottle of breath freshener from his  
holster, and sprays to the back of his throat. Twice.

The Asian girl is unmoved as Colin's hand SLAMS on the  
table.

Her florescent pink lipstick takes his eye. He scratches his  
fingers through his beard.

COLIN

Mind if i take this seat little  
lady?

Her eyes remain on her bingo card, with the occasional dab  
of her marker. She has one yellow and one green marker, both  
with ridiculously large circular spheres attached.

ASIAN GIRL

Sure, I hope your not gonna be  
trouble. Sit, sit.

He slides into his seat. Sweaty, like a mountain of molten  
sex-lava.

COLIN

Nice orbs.

She ignores his words. Concentrating on the bingo.

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COLIN

So, whats your name? where you  
from?

A shout is heard from the back of the room. The bingo caller  
announces the winner.

ASIAN GIRL

God damn it! Fucking! Bullshit!

COLIN

That's an interesting name you  
have.

Colin shuffles uneasily, and throws at look at Sally looking  
on.

ASIAN GIRL

My name is lily, and where i'm  
from...you little man, don't wanna  
know?

Colin coughs at the foul, GREEN stench emitting from Lily's  
mouth. She quickly covers her mouth.

COLIN

Would you like a mint?

LILY

No, i have just eaten.

COLIN

I see you like this game.

She glares into his eyes, hypnotic. She scratches her  
irregular sharp painted fingernails into the table.

LILY

I love this game.

Colin leans and notices a body slumped in the doorway of the  
women's toilet. Lily jams her foot into his groin, he lets  
out a SQUEAL.

LILY

Here play.

She flings a bingo card across the table.

COLIN

I'm not so...good.

(CONTINUED)

LILY  
Suit yourself, Fatty.

Colin does as he's told. In no way interested in playing. He looks over to Sally and shrugs his shoulders.

Lily plays furiously, twirling her long BLACK hair with her finger.

Lily tilts her head.

LILY  
Why you not in church, if you don't like the bingo so much, Colin.

COLIN  
What?...

How do you know?

Did Sally...

LILY  
I saw it all in your eyes...

I know where you've been...

Colin.

As the number 69 reverberates around the hall, Colin goes for broke.

COLIN  
Listen baby, all this bingo's making me horny, Hows about me and you go some place?

Annoyed he has interrupted her again, Lily grabs Colin by the collar.

COLIN  
I'd give anything.

LILY  
Anything?

COLIN  
Anything...

LILY  
Even your Soul?

The Whites of her eyes turn BLACK as fangs grow and wrench her mouth open. A whiplike GREEN tail appears, it slashes at the air

She fires toward Colin, fingers sharp, ready to puncture.

Colin kicks, he wraps his legs around her torso.

COLIN

Sally! We've got another fucking Vampire. Sally!

Sally rushes over with a crossbow from behind the bar.

Lily claws and scratches as Colin fend her off.

COLIN

Of all the women to pick!

Sally struggles to jab the arrow into her weapon. Lily's teeth rip into Colin's neck.

Lily's tail wraps around Sally's arm.

Blood spurts down onto his throat.

COLIN

Argh!

SALLY

Keep still. Still...keep fucking still!

THUD, the arrow flies past them both and into the chair. Colin fights and pleads. Blood is everywhere.

Sally fumbles with another arrow as Lily dives for one more bite.

SQUISH Lily slumps to the ground. An enormous orb of a bingo dabber is visible, upright in her back.

Lily skin melts off her bones, she SHRIEKS as she frazzles.

Standing over the body is Sally trembling, loaded crossbow in her grasp.

A triumphant Mildred stands over the body and wipes her brow.

Colin holds his neck as blood oozes.

MILDRED

That's the third this week.

Boiled sweet anyone?

They trudge back to the bar

COLIN

What is it with them and Fuckin'  
bingo.

SALLY

Who the Chinese?

COLIN

No, the vampires!

FADE OUT

THE END