

Sangria El Toro

written by

John Stone

Comedy Series

Pilot

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Jhnstn87@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PUERTO BUENOS STRIP - NIGHT

A FULL MOON illuminates a COLONY OF BATS as they fly above the Marina furnished with expensive boats.

EXT. OPEN COFFIN - NIGHT

FABRICE lies supine with his arms crossed. His slick black hair combed into a centre parting. His eyes closed and his gaunt, pallid face still.

He wears a white dress shirt, a black tuxedo and black trousers.

His penetrating black eyes open wide. He sits up then quickly climbs out.

INT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

Fabrice sits at a candlelit dining table, opposite Swedish holidaymaker INGRID 21. He grins at her knowingly as she sips from a glass of sangria.

Beat.

He climbs to his feet then takes her by the hand and leads her towards his room.

CU: His suffused eyes and fangs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

DING.

Tall, thin and bespectacled CHUCK SPUNT (50's) and his glamorous wife MARGE (50's) exit the lift.

He sports a summer jacket and wipes his brow with a handkerchief. She wears a colourful summer dress.

The short, fat, baldheaded PORTER leads the way.

PORTER

(hurried)

Follow me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, alright, alright. We're not  
Red Rum and Shergar.

Marge gives him a nudge and tuts her disapproval.

MARGE

Derrick!

They reach door 50. Porter swipes the lock before he steps back and lets them enter with their cases.

He stands and waits for a gratuity.

CHUCK SPUNT

(obdurately)

Goodbye.

He shows him a wry look as he shuts the door in his face.

INT. ROOM 50

CHUCK SPUNT / -

No chance. We're not in America  
now.

He lifts his case onto one of the two single beds, then stretches his arms out wide, before he turns away in horror as the odour from his armpits hits him in the face.

CHUCK SPUNT / -

Crikey! I smell like a ramblers  
flip flop.

Marge ignores him, instead opens the door and peers down the corridor.

He hangs his jacket on a hanger inside the wardrobe.

Her POV: The Porter stands and waits for the lift.

MARGE

Porter! Porter!

He looks back.

She waves him over. He trudges back towards her.

PORTER

Yes, madam?

MARGE

We were promised a jug of sangria upon arrival.

PORTER

You can collect it from the bar.

MARGE

I see.

She hands him some loose change. He looks at it then raises an ungrateful brow.

PORTER

I will drop it in the charity box.

MARGE -

(quietly)

How rude.

She closes the door.

CHUCK SPUNT

Free jug of sangria? Ha! You'll be lucky, dear. Where'd you think we are - The Waldorf?

MARGE

We were promised a free jug of sangria upon arrival, Chuck,

CHUCK SPUNT

Well give 'em chance, dear. We have only just arrived.

MARGE

I'm going down there. I'm gasping for a drink.

CHUCK SPUNT

Fine, dear.

MARGE

I'll leave the keycard on the table, so listen out for me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo, dear. Don't forget the all inclusive card will you, dear, otherwise they'll charge you for it, knowing these shysters.

MARGE

Yes, I know that. I haven't got the word idiot stamped across my forehead.

DERRICK -

(quietly)

Hard to tell with all the Botox, dear.

MARGE

(irked)

I heard that!

She tuts and exits.

He pulls the black out curtain open then slides open the balcony door, before he takes a long stretch.

His POV: Holiday makers queue up at the pool bar while holiday music blasts out.

BACK TO SCENE

He steps back from the balcony and pushes the single beds together, then undresses down to his boxers.

He finishes unpacking then slides his case under the bed.

TAP ON THE DOOR.

He looks up in fearful anticipation, then creeps over and puts his ear to the door.

CHUCK SPUNT

(quietly)

Marge, is that you?

FEMALE O.S

(sweet accent)

Room service.

He opens the door to Ingrid who appears upset in a skimpy bikini that she bursts out of with her ample breasts.

She bursts inside then sits redundantly upon the bed. She snuffles to show she is quite upset.

He stands and gawks at her in dismay with the door open,

CHUCK SPUNT

Who are you? What are you doing  
bursting into our room?

INGRID

(panicked)  
Shut door, please...

CHUCK SPUNT

But what are you doing here? This  
is not your room, is it?

INGRID

My boyfriend, he is looking for  
me all over hotel. Please, I beg  
you, close door before he finds  
me.

He sighs and closes the door.

CHUCK SPUNT

(empathetically)  
You can't stay here. My wife'll  
have kittens if she sees you  
sitting on the bed half naked.  
God knows what she'll think.

INGRID

Oh please... just for one hour.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, he won't find you here. No  
chance.

INGRID

Oh, sank you, sank you, sank you  
so much.

CHUCK SPUNT

What has he done to you, you poor  
thing?

INGRID

He sinks I do not love him any  
more. He sinks I am using him  
for... how you say - just good  
time?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, yes, that's right.

(pauses)

Is he mad?

INGRID

(perplexed)

Why you say that? You sink I am mad?

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, no. You're lovely, my dear. I was talking about him.

INGRID

I am scared he will do somesing terrible if he finds me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Cantcha pacify him in some way?

INGRID

No! You do not know him. He is very jealous of other men when they stare at me.

CHUCK SPUNT

What is he, psychotic?

INGRID

Look what he did when this man smile at my face.

She climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks on her buttocks.

Derrick shyly peeks through his fingers.

CHUCK SPUNT

Crikey! What big teeth he has.

INGRID

He is animal. Like vampire bat.

CHUCK SPUNT

A sabre toothed one by the looks of things, I'd say.

INGRID

Yes. He is nasty man.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, I feel for you, I really do, but my wife'll be back any minute now. You really can't stay here. You'll just have to find somebody else's room to hide.

She looks up at him with great sadness.

INGRID

So what can I do then?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm afraid you just can't stay here. My wife'll...

She pulls him close and wraps her hands around his waist.

INGRID

Oh please do not kick me out, I beg you, I'll do anysing if you let me stay.

He looks up at the ceiling, rolls his eyes and sighs.

CHUCK SPUNT

One hour?

INGRID

Just one hour, then he gone.

He stares at the door in anticipation of his wife's return.

CHUCK SPUNT

You don't know my wife. She's a black belt in jujitsu.

INGRID

(pleadingly)

Oh sank you.

He winces in defeat.

CHUCK SPUNT -

How on earth did this happen?

He stands paralysed in her tight grasp around his waistline.

INGRID

I am from Sveden.

CHUCK SPUNT

(flippantly)

You don't say. I would never have guessed.

INGRID

You are English, yes?

CHUCK SPUNT

For my sins, yes, I am.

She screams as he loses his balance and falls on top of her.

A continues knock at the door.

He freezes as she slides out from underneath him.

INGRID

It is him. He will kill us both if he finds me here.

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, it'll be my wife with a free jug of sangria

(pauses)

Balcony. Go.

She hurries out the balcony. He draws the curtain, then steadies himself before he opens the door.

Marge holds a half litre jug of sangria.

MARGE

(angrily)

What kept you, Chuck? And what are you doing in just your underwear?

CHUCK SPUNT

I was just about to take a shower if you must know, dear.

She puts the jug of sangria down on the table.

MARGE

Never mind that now. Get a drop of this down you. It's delicious. They gave me a free glass at the bar while I was waiting for them to make it. They're very friendly you know.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 (knowingly)  
 Rightyo, dear.

MARGE  
 But the queues, oh, are a joke.  
 I think we might regret doing an  
 All Inclusive this time.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 Really, dear?

She pours two glasses of sangria and hands one to him.

MARGE  
 Drink this, Chuck.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 Rightyo.

They knock the sangria back within a microsecond of putting the glass to their lips. She pours two more and hands another to him.

CHUCK SPUNT /  
 Ah! That's better.

She notices an abstinence within him as he enters the bathroom.

MARGE  
 Chuck, what's wrong? You look  
 like you've swallowed a wasp, or  
 something. Are you okay?

He turns to her.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 Look, sit down, dear. There's  
 something I need to explain to  
 you before you go all Bruce Lee  
 on me.

She pours another glass of sangria for herself, then sits upon the bed and stares at him with a hint of concern.

MARGE  
 Is there a problem with the room  
 or something?

CHUCK SPUNT  
 No, it's not that, dear.

MARGE

Well, what is it, then?

CHUCK SPUNT

Now, please don't get mad, will you?

MARGE

Just tell me what it is before I knife you to death.

He steps over and draws the curtain. Ingrid timidly steps back inside.

He turns away in horror as Marge jumps to her feet and growls like an angry tiger.

MARGE

Who the hell is this?!

(to Ingrid)

And more to the point what have you been doing with my husband while I've been gone?

INGRID

I am sorry. I am Ingrid. And it is all my fault. Please, do not put blame on husband. I am to blame for everyting.

CHUCK SPUNT -

Well said.

MARGE

So tell me what you're doing here?

CHUCK SPUNT

(interjects)

Let me explain, it's easier.

MARGE

You better hope so, Chuck Spunt. And it better be good or else.

She takes up a Jujitsu position.

CHUCK SPUNT

Just after you popped down to the bar, there was a knock at the door while I was undressing. I thought it was you, so I opened it like you do. I could see Ingrid very upset so I let her in. Her boyfriend is going to hurt her, she said. What else could I do?

MARGE

I don't believe you. You're lying.

CHUCK SPUNT

He's already attacked her once.  
(to Ingrid)  
Show her your thingymagig - teeth marks.

MARGE

She doesn't look very hurt to me.

Ingrid climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks imprinted on her bottom. Chuck shies away.

MARGE /

Aw dear. Nasty. He must've been famished.

INGRID

Yes, he was angry, he said so. And he is looking for me all over hotel. He is very angry now.

MARGE

I meant hungry. Not angry.

CHUCK SPUNT

Allegedly, he thinks she's using him for a good time. But I think he might be a tad mistaken, don't you, dear?

MARGE

I'd say so.

INGRID

I should go. I am sorry for causing problem.

Marge puts a consoling arm around her.

MARGE

Oh, you poor thing. Have you reported this to the manager yet?

INGRID

No. I cannot.

MARGE

Whyever not?

INGRID

He is manager.

CHUCK SPUNT

(irked)

Oh, I get it. We'll be thrown out soon as he finds out she's hiding in our sodding room.

MARGE

Oh shut up, Chuck.

INGRID

He will never look here.

CHUCK SPUNT

(flippantly)

Oh that's all right then. We'll be fine, until he does.

MARGE

Then you must go to the police and report what he did to you. Show them you buttock and they'll believe you.

CHUCK SPUNT

Are you sure about that, dear?

INGRID

I cannot go police.

MARGE

Why not?

INGRID

They are his friends.

CHUCK SPUNT

I suppose she can always sleep on the couch, dear.

MARGE

No! I'm not having a fugitive staying in our room on the first night of our holiday, Chuck. I'm sorry, but you'll just have to go and sort it out for yourself. My husband will go with you to make sure no harm comes to you.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)

What?! Why me?!

INGRID

It's fine. I will go alone.

MARGE

Then I'll go with you.

(to Chuck)

Coward!

INGRID

But you do not know him. He's completely crazy. Please do not come. I do not want to ruin your holiday. I will find somewhere else to hide. Maybe in broom cupboard.

CHUCK SPUNT

What about the ironing cupboard, dear? There's one in the bathroom.

MARGE

Oh shut up, Chuck!

CHUCK SPUNT

Fine. You deal with it.

MARGE

(to Ingrid)

What floor is your room on?

INGRID

I not stay here. My hotel across road. Hotel Sol.

MARGE

So what are you doing here, then?

INGRID

Fabrice brought me here. We were going to have dinner together.

MARGE

I don't understand. Why did you let him bring you here if you knew he was going to hurt you?

INGRID

He forced me to come. I escaped when he was in bathroom. I saw you arrive. Your husband has kind face. I knew he would help me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, I hardly had a choice, did I?

MARGE

D' you have a key to your room with you?

INGRID

No. Key inside room.

CHUCK SPUNT

What's it doing there?

INGRID

I left it there by mistake.

MARGE

Right then. We'll go together. But I need a shower first.

INGRID

Sank you. You are kind person.

Marge slips off her dress and enters the bathroom.

CHUCK SPUNT -

(wipes brow)

Phew! That was close.

INGRID

Your wife is nice. Sank you both for helping me.

CHUCK SPUNT  
(flippantly)  
Sink nothing of it.

INGRID  
What?

Knock at the door. Ingrid runs to balcony and hides.

CHUCK SPUNT  
Who is it this time - Che  
Guevara?

He opens the door and is dismayed to see a pale looking  
WAITER 30's. He holds a tray with a litre jug of sangria and  
two glasses.

WAITER  
Your complimentary jug of  
sangria, Senor.

He steps inside and places the tray down next to the other  
tray.

WAITER /  
Ah! I see you already have your  
sangria.

CHUCK SPUNT  
Not quite. My wife had to queue  
for that one.

WAITER  
Sincere apologies, Senor. But the  
complimentary sangria is actually  
more of a cocktail. It has a much  
richer flavour than our sangria,  
let's say.

He pours him a glass to taste. Derrick knocks it back.

CHUCK SPUNT  
Hmm. Lovely. Thanks.

WAITER  
The one from the bar is from the  
carton, where as the  
complimentary sangria is made  
with Cointreau, brandy and the  
blood of El Toro.

CHUCK SPUNT

Not bad. Not bad. The blood of El  
Toro, you say?

WAITER

Si.

CHUCK SPUNT

Who's the manager here?

WAITER

Fabrice.

CHUCK SPUNT

Romanian, by any chance?

WAITER

You know him?

CHUCK SPUNT

No. But I'm sure I'll get to meet  
him at some stage, won't I?

WAITER

Have a good evening, Senor. Enjoy  
your free jug of El Toro.

He picks up the empty jug and takes it with him upon his  
exit.

Ingrid steps back inside.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fabrice stands wrapped in a white bathrobe. His iPhone rings  
on the table. He answers the call.

FABRICE

(impatiently)

What about her hotel-? She must  
be there. Check her room again  
and call me back- Check every  
room if you have to, I don't  
fucking care! Just find her!

He angrily discards the phone.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marge sits at a table with a plate of food and a bottle of wine. Chuck Spunt stands by the food counter and clutches an empty plate.

He selects his evening meal, then sits down at the table.

They eat.

He stealthily slides excess food into a doggy bag.

MARGE

Now, if I'm not back in half an hour flat, call the police and tell them where they can find me.

CHUCK SPUNT

You sure, dear?

MARGE

I mean it, Chuck. That girl's in serious trouble by the sounds of what she's telling us.

CHUCK SPUNT

I know. I know.

MARGE

Wish me luck, Chuck.

CHUCK SPUNT

Good luck, dear. Have a nice time.

She gets to her feet and scowls at him before she exits.

EXT. ROOM 50 - NIGHT.

Chuck Spunt taps three times on the door before the door opens and he enters.

INT. HOTEL SOL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Marge stands waiting to be handed a room key by the preoccupied RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

(to Marge)

Room 47, yes?

MARGE

Yes.

Marge is handed the key card before she walks towards the lift.

DING.

The lift arrives and two angry faced, bearded THUGS exit the lift before she steps inside and presses the button.

INT. ROOM 47 - LIT

She carefully enters and immediately sets about opening drawers and cabinets.

She turns to look at the door when she hears voices outside.

She runs to the-

BATHROOM.

The door opens and two gangly Hispanic DUDES enter.

One of them immediately looks under the bed, the other opens the balcony doors and steps outside.

INT. BATHROOM

Behind the shower curtain, terrified Marge holds her breath as one of the Dudes enters the bathroom.

CU: He stares at his dark reflection in the mirror and shows his fangs as he combs his thick black hair.

A protracted silence.

DUDE#1

Let's go!

DUDE#2

Just coming.

She lets out a sigh of relief when she hears the front door shut behind them.

She pulls the curtain back, then immediately pulls up her dress and drops her knickers before she sits down on the toilet.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fabrice drinks a rojo toro sangria as the Waiter sits on the bed casually filing his fangs.

FABRICE

Tell me, what makes you think she could be in room 50?

WAITER

Just her perfume.

FABRICE

How did the guest react to you?

WAITER

Normal. But I sensed something.

FABRICE

Why do you say that?

WAITER

Because he asked me if you were Romainian.

FABRICE

Why would he ask such a thing, unless...?

WAITER

Also I could hear water running from the bathroom. Weirdly, the air-con was switched off and the balcony door was closed. It was super hot inside that room.

FABRICE

Not normal. I'd say.

(ruminates)

Fetch Heidi and Nisha at once.

Waiter immediately exits.

INT. ROOM 50 - NIGHT

Ingrid sits at the table and eats the food from the doggy bag. She wears a yellow sarong and a white T-shirt from Marge's wardrobe.

Chuck sits at the bottom of the bed with a glass of rojo toro sangria. His eyes roll and his speech slurred.

CHUCK SPUNT

Hahahaha... dontcha just love it  
when that happens?

INGRID

Love what?

CHUCK SPUNT

The sangria. It's marvellous!

INGRID

You mean the bulls blood?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes. Toro the bull. Hahahaha...  
marvellous.

INGRID

Maybe you have had too much, Mr  
Spunk. You look drunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm as drunk as a skunk.

INGRID

But I need you not to be so  
drunk. So please, no more.

CHUCK SPUNT

(slurs)

We were in a Moroccan bar in  
Tenerife, me and Marge. I asked  
the waiter to fetch us the bill.  
D' you know what he said to me?

INGRID

No. What did he say to you?

CHUCK SPUNT

He said, no charge for you,  
senor.

(chuckles)

Well, this only prompted me to  
look around, just to see who'd  
taken care of our bill. Then it  
dawned upon me that all the men  
inside this bar were built like  
matadors.

INGRID

Matadors?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, matadors. It turned out  
they'd mistaken me for another  
matador from Seville.

(chuckles)

Imagine that- me a matador.  
Hahahahaha... a matador, me.

(chuckles)

We couldn't get out of there  
quick enough.

A light tap at the door. They look at one another like cats  
caught in a headlight.

He climbs off the bed and lightly creeps over towards the  
door.

INGRID

Wait.

CHUCK SPUNT

Don't panic. It'll only be Marge.

INGRID

But it might be Fabrice.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, shall I open it, or not?

(panicked)

What d' you want me to do?

INGRID

I hide in cupboard. You open  
door.

She quickly climbs inside the wardrobe.

He opens the door to two glamorous Romanian brunettes: HEIDI 20, and NISHA 21. They are dressed to thrill in strapless, low cut dresses and heels.

NISHA

(grins)

Hi. We are looking for our friend Ingrid? She has blonde hair and big blue eyes. Have you seen her?

He shakes his head.

Heidi shows him a photograph of Ingrid wearing her bikini.

HEIDI

Are you sure? She is wearing the same bikini like photograph.

NISHA

We really need to find her. She is in danger. Someone is after her. We must help her get away.

HEIDI

Understand?

CHUCK SPUNT

Just a minute.

He closes the door, then opens the wardrobe.

CHUCK SPUNT /

(whispers)

There are two desirables at the door. They say they are friends of yours. What shall I do?

INGRID

Fabrice sent them. Send them away. Tell them you have not seen me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo.

He goes back to the door.

CHUCK SPUNT /  
 Sorry about that. But I just  
 asked my wife and she says she  
 hasn't seen anyone of that  
 description. Sorry we can't help  
 you any further.

NISHA  
 (disbelievingly)  
 Really?

She pushes him aside as they enter the room.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 What are you doing?! You can't do  
 that! Get out before I call  
 security!

HEIDI  
 Shut up, you fool.

NISHA  
 Ha! We are security, Mister Chuck  
 Spunk.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 How dare you! My name is Spunt!

HEIDI  
 (grins)  
 You know, you are very handsome  
 for an Englishman. I am going to  
 drink you.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 (aback)  
 You what?!

Ya!

HEIDI

Ya!

NISHA

He retreats and falls back on the bed.

Nisha climbs on top of him. Heidi crouches on his face.

CHUCK SPUNT  
 (muffled)  
 Get off! I can't breathe! I can't  
 breathe! Please get off of me! I  
 said I can't breath...

Ingrid spies through a gap in the door ajar:

Her POV: Chuck Spunt top and tailed as they simulate sex on him.

NISHA

(to Chuck)

Tell us where she is and we will leave?

CHUCK SPUNT

Mmm... Mmm... Mmm...

HEIDI

(to Nisha)

Pull down his pants and bit him.

Nisha rips his pants down, then looks up with her eyes SUFFUSED and her sabre tooth FANGS at the ready.

CHUCK SPUNT

Mmm...

She bites into his groyne while Heidi tickles his nose with her long black painted FINGERNAIL.

The door opens and Marge enters pulling a suitcase.

MARGE

(outraged)

What the frigging hell! Get off him you pair of sluts!

They exit in the wink of an eye.

He looks up at her in abject horror as his grin morphs into a strange blank gaze.

MARGE /

What the hell has been going on here this time?!

CHUCK SPUNT

They just pounced when I opened the door.

MARGE

Why is it that every time I go out the flipping door I come back to see you're at it with some big busted slut?!

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, no... you don't understand, my dear. They forced their way in and overpowered me. I had no chance.

MARGE

(tearfully)

You should be ashamed, Chuck Spunt. How could you do this to me after all these years of marriage?

Ingrid tentatively exits the wardrobe. Marge spots her and gasps in horror.

INGRID

I'm sorry, but it is not his fault. It is all my fault. I am very sorry for what just happened to him.

MARGE

What is going on? Somebody tell me before I pack my bags and catch the next flight home.

INGRID

Those women are working for Fabrice. He sent them here to find me.

MARGE

Is that why you were you hiding in the wardrobe?

INGRID

Yes. He's going to kill me.

MARGE

Well for your information we don't subscribe to this sort of thing where we come from. I don't know what it is you do in your country, but we're more civilised where we come from.

CHUCK SPUNT

Let her explain, Marge, for heaven's sake.

MARGE

Explain what... that everytime I come into the room you've got a stiffy on?

INGRID

Those women forced your husband on bed. They were looking for me.

MARGE

Well, all your stuff is in the suitcase. Your personal belongings and clothes. You can leave now and take a taxi to the airport.

INGRID

Oh, sank you for doing this. I do not know how to sank you.

CHUCK SPUNT

Ha! You don't know just how happy I was when you opened that door and marched in. Oh my word, was I happy to see you, Marge? Cor blimey, I thought they were going to kill me with pleasure.

Marge stares at him suspiciously.

MARGE

Don't give me that. You were loving every minute of it. I've never seen you so happy.

CHUCK SPUNT

I was being tickled to death.

MARGE

Is that what you call it? I'd call it being aroused senselessly.

(pauses)

And for your information I nearly lost my life getting Ingrid her stuff back.

INGRID

I am sorry. I should have gone to hotel myself.

CHUCK SPUNT

(concerned)

What happened to you, my dear?

MARGE

Some men came into her room looking for her. I had to hide behind the shower curtain. If they'd found me I wouldn't be here now. I'd probably be lying in a ditch somewhere near the airport.

CHUCK SPUNT

Right! I've had quite enough of this Agatha Christie drama. It's time I sorted this out once and for all.

The door opens and Fabrice casually enters with a huge grin and a BOUQUET of flowers.

Ingrid gasps and quickly retreats. Marge stands agape as Chuck looks at him in dismay.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Who the hell are you? And how did you get in here without a swipe card?

FABRICE

I am the manager of this hotel. Screams were reported coming from inside this room, so I thought I should check it out for myself.

MARGE

You're Fabrice?

FABRICE

That is correct, Madam. And you must be Mr and Mrs Spunk, right?

MARGE

Spunt!

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, Spunt.

MARGE

(interjects)

Are those flowers for us?

FABRICE

(chuckles)

No, Madam. They are for Ingrid.

INGRID

(aghast)

For me? But why?

FABRICE

You do not like them, Ingrid?

Chuck Spunt blocks his path as he steps forward to hand her the bouquet.

CHUCK SPUNT

If you do one more thing to this poor girl, I'll... I'll...

Fabrice grins as he throws her the flowers. She catches them.

INGRID

But I do not know what to say, Fabrice.

MARGE

(flippantly)

Sank you would be a start.

FABRICE

I apologise for being angry with you, Ingrid. I was having a bad day. I never meant to upset your feelings. I want you to come with me now.

INGRID

I'm sorry too.

FABRICE

Will you forgive me?

INGRID

You do not bite anymore?

FABRICE

I will not bite, I promise.

INGRID

And other men can look at me wissout you getting angry too?

FABRICE

You are beautiful. I should expect other men to look at you.

She bears a huge grin.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, that clears that up.

MARGE

That's nice. Now we can get on with our holiday.

FABRICE

Thank you for looking after her for me. Whatever you want is on the house.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, you should be more careful where you stick your teeth in future. She was-

FABRICE

(grins)

-Da!

CU: Fabrice's suffused eyes and long fangs.

Chuck and Marge collapse and fall upon the bed.

FABRICE /

(to Ingrid)

Now come with me. It's feeding time.

He bites her neck, then carries her from the room with a bloodthirsty expression upon his pale face.

FADE OUT:

THE END