

SANGRIA & REDRUM

written by

John Stone

Comedy Series

Episode One

FADE IN:

EXT. PUERTO BUENOS STRIP - NIGHT

A FULL MOON illuminates a COLONY OF BATS as they fly above the Marina.

EXT. FABRICE'S OPEN COFFIN - NIGHT

He lies supine with his arms purposely crossed. His slick black hair combed into a centre parting. His eyes closed and his gaunt, pallid face dead to the world.

He wears a white dress shirt, and a black tuxedo and slacks. His size twelve Lofus are black patented.

In the flick of a switch his penetrating black eyes open and he sits up then quickly climbs out.

Beat.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sits at a candlelit dining table, opposite blonde Swedish holidaymaker INGRID 20. He grins at her as she sips from a glass of Sangria.

Beat.

He takes her by the hand and leads her towards his bedroom, before he turns and shows his suffused bloodthirsty EYES and long, sharp FANGS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Ding.

DERRICK and MARGE FREEVEST 50's exit the lift.

He resembles a cuddly teddy bear. She resembles an ageing Barbi.

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

The PORTER leads the way. He's a Danny Devito doppelganger.

PORTER  
(hurried)  
This way. Follow me.

DERRICK -  
We're going as fast as we can,  
Nijinsky.

Marge gives him a nudge and tuts.

MARGE  
Derrick, stop it.

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

Porter stands waiting for a gratuity.

DERRICK  
(obdurately)  
What?

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

INT. ROOM 50

DERRICK /  
No chance.

He lifts his case onto one of the two single beds, then stretches his arms out.

He turns away in horror as the odour from his armpits hits his nostrils.

DERRICK /  
I smell like a rambler's flip  
flop.

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

He hangs his jacket inside the wardrobe.

Her POV: She spots the Porter standing quietly by the lift.

MARGE  
Porter?

She waves him over. He trudges back towards her.

PORTER

Yes, Madam?

MARGE

We were promised a jug of sangria upon our arrival.

PORTER

You can collect it from the bar.

MARGE

I see.

He looks at his watch.

MARGE /

Thank you. Here.

She hands him some coins. He looks at it and raises an ungrateful brow and shakes his head.

PORTER

I will drop it in the charity box.

MARGE

How rude.

She closes the door and turns to Derrick.

DERRICK

Free jug of sangria? You'll be lucky. Where'd you think we are, The Ritz?

MARGE

No, Derrick. The Ritzio, and we were promised a free jug of sangria upon arrival.

DERRICK

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

MARGE

Well, I'm going down there. I'm gasping.

DERRICK

Fair enough, my dear.

MARGE

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

DERRICK

Rightyo. Don't forget the All Inclusive card, my dear, otherwise they'll charge you.

MARGE

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

DERRICK -

Debatable. Hard to tell with all that botox going on.

MARGE

(irked)

I heard that!

She sighs and exits.

He pulls the curtain back, then slides open the balcony door, before he takes another long stretch.

His POV: Holiday makers hog the bar as a disc jockey plays hits from the pop charts.

BACK TO SCENE

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

He finishes unpacking then slides his case under the bed.

Soft tap at the door.

He looks up in anticipation, then creeps over to the door and listens.

DERRICK /

(quietly)

Marge, is that you?

FEMALE O.S

(brightly)

Room service.

He opens the door to Ingrid. She appears upset and wears a skimpy blue bikini.

She bursts in then sits redundantly on the bed.

He stands with the door open in perplexity and gawks at her.

DERRICK

Who are you?

INGRID

(panicked)

Shut door, please...

DERRICK

What do you want?

INGRID

My boyfriend. He's looking for me  
all over hotel. Please, I beg  
you...

He closes the door and confronts her.

DERRICK

(empathetically)

I won't. I won't, my dear. I'm on  
your side.

INGRID

Please...

DERRICK

No. Listen, I said I won't throw  
you out. You have my word. He  
won't find you here. No chance.

He kneels down beside her and holds her hands in assurance.

INGRID

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

DERRICK

What did he do to you, you poor  
thing?

INGRID

He sinks I don't love him. He  
sinks I am using him for... how  
you say - good time?

DERRICK

Is he mad?

INGRID  
(perplexed)

Why?

DERRICK  
Well, you're lovely.

INGRID  
I am in trouble. He will do something horrible to me if he finds me.

DERRICK  
But cantcha do something to pacify him?

INGRID  
But you don't know him. He is very jealous of men looking at me.

DERRICK  
He sounds psychotic.

INGRID  
Look what he did.

She climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks on her buttocks.

Derrick stands eyes wide and agape.

DERRICK  
What big teeth he has, my dear.

INGRID  
He is animal. He did this yesterday.

DERRICK  
A sabre toothed one by the looks of things.

INGRID  
Yes. He is tiger.

DERRICK  
Look, I feel for you I really do. But my wife'll be back any moment now.

She sits back down on the bed and looks up at him with pity.

INGRID

So what can I do?

DERRICK

I'm afraid you cannot stay here.  
My wife'll-

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

INGRID

Oh please, I beg you.

He looks up at the ceiling and grins with satisfaction.

DERRICK

We only have two single beds.

INGRID

Oh please, don't throw me out. He  
will find me. I will do any-sing  
to let me stay for just one hour.

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

DERRICK

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

INGRID

(pleadingly)  
I will do any-sing.

He looks up at the ceiling and winces.

DERRICK -

How on earth did this happen?

He is paralysed in her tight grasp upon him.

INGRID

I am from Sweden.

DERRICK

That doesn't make this any  
easier, my dear.

INGRID

You are so kind.



DERRICK

I know.

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

A continues knock at the door.

MARGE O.S

Derrick. Open the door.

He freezes as she slides out from beneath him.

INGRID

Oh no! It is him. He will kill us  
both if he finds me here.

DERRICK

It's my wife. Balcony. Go.

She hurries onto the balcony. He draws the curtain then  
slides the window shut behind her.

He steadies himself before he opens the door. Marge holds a  
half litre jug of SANGRIA.

MARGE

(angrily)

What kept you? What are you doing  
in your underpants?

DERRICK

I was about to take a shower,  
dear.

She enters and puts the jug of sangria down on the cabinet.

MARGE

(Wry look)

Never mind that. Get a drop of  
this down you. It's delicious.

DERRICK

(knowingly)

Rightyo.

MARGE

The queues down there were a  
joke. I think we might regret  
doing an All Inclusive this time.

DERRICK

Really, dear?

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

MARGE

Here. Drink.

DERRICK

Rightyo.

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

DERRICK /

That's much better.

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

MARGE

Derrick, what's wrong? You look like you've just seen a ghost or something. Are you all right?

He turns back to her.

DERRICK

Sit down, dear. There's something I need to explain.

She pours another glass of sangria for herself, then sits upon the bed and stares at him worriedly.

MARGE

What is it? Is there a problem with the room?

DERRICK

It's not that.

MARGE

Well, what is it then?

DERRICK

Don't get mad, will you?

MARGE

No.

He steps over and opens the balcony window. Ingrid steps back inside.

Derrick turns away in horror as Marge jumps to her feet and growls.

MARGE

Who the hell is this?!  
(to Ingrid)  
And more to the point what have  
you been doing with my husband?

INGRID

I am so sorry. I am Ingrid. And  
it is all my fault. Please, don't  
put blame on husband. I am to  
blame for every-sing.

MARGE

What are you doing here?

DERRICK

(interjects)  
Let me explain, it'll be easier,  
I think.

MARGE

You better hope it is, Derrick.  
And it better be good, or else.

She takes up a Jujitsu position.

DERRICK

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. I  
could see Ingrid was very upset  
so I let her in. Her boyfriend is  
going to kill her. What else  
could I do?

MARGE

I don't believe you.

DERRICK

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

MARGE

She doesn't look very hurt to me.

Ingrid climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks imprinted on her bottom.

Derrick looks on with a keen eye.

MARGE /

Aw. Nasty. He must've been very hungry when he did this to you?

INGRID

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

MARGE

-I said hungry, not angry.

DERRICK

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

MARGERY

I'd say.

INGRID

I will go. I am very sorry for causing you problem.

Marge puts a consoling arm around her.

MARGE

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

INGRID

No. I cannot do that.

MARGE

Why ever not?

INGRID

He is manager.

DERRICK

(irked)

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

MARGE

Oh, shut up, Derrick and calm down.

INGRID

He will never look here.

DERRICK

Oh well, that's all right then. We'll be fine.

MARGE

You must go to the police and report what he did to you. Show them your backside and they'll believe you.

INGRID

I cannot go to police.

MARGE

Why not?

INGRID

They are friends.

DERRICK

She can always sleep on the couch.

MARGE

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

DERRICK

(aback)

You what?!

INGRID

It's fine. I will go alone.

MARGE

I'll go with you then.

INGRID

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 broom cupboard.

DERRICK

What about the ironing cupboard, dear?

MARGE

Oh, shut up, Derrick.

DERRICK

Fine. You deal with it, dear.

MARGE

(to Ingrid)

What floor is your room on?

INGRID

I'm not staying here. My hotel is across road. Hotel Sol.

MARGE

So what are you doing here?

INGRID

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

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.

DERRICK

I hardly had a choice.

MARGE

D'you have a key to your room?

INGRID

No. Key is inside room.

DERRICK

What's it doing there?

INGRID

I left it by mistake.

MARGERY

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

INGRID

Oh sank you. You are so kind.

Marge slips off her dress, then enters the bathroom.

DERRICK -

(wipes brow)

Phew! That was close.

INGRID

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

DERRICK

Think nothing of it.

INGRID

You both very kind.

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

DERRICK

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.

DERRICK

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

WAITER

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

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

DERRICK

Hmm. I see.

WAITER

The one from the bar is from the carton, where as the complimentary sangria is made with cointreau and brandy.

DERRICK

Not bad. Not bad. But you're not Spanish, are you?

WAITER

No, Senor, actually I'm from Romania.

DERRICK

Who's the manager?

WAITER

Fabrice. Why?

DERRICK

Is he also from Romania?

WAITER

You know him?

DERRICK

No. But I'm sure I'll get to meet him at some stage of our holiday.

WAITER

Have a good evening, Senor.

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



Derrick lets Ingrid back in.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fabrice stands wrapped in a white bathrobe as his iPhone rings. He answers the call and scowls.

FABRICE

(impatiently)

What about hotel-? She must be there. Check her room again and call me back- Check every room if you have to.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marge sits at a table with a plate of food. Derrick stands in line clutching his empty plate.

He sits down at the table, then slides the food into a doggy bag.

MARGE

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

DERRICK

Rightyo.

MARGE

I mean it, Derrick. She's in serious trouble by the sounds of what she's telling us.

DERRICK

I know. I know.

MARGE

Wish me luck.

DERRICK

Good luck, dear. Have a nice time.

She gets to her feet and exits.

EXT. ROOM 50 - NIGHT.

Derrick taps three times on the door before Ingrid lets him in.

INT. HOTEL SOL RECEPTION - NIGHT

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

RECEPTIONIST

Room 47.

MARGE

Thank you.

She handed a key card and walks to the lift. She presses the button, then waits.

Ding.

Two angry looking bearded DUDES exit the lift, before she steps inside.

INT. ROOM 47 - LIT

She enters and immediately sets about looking inside drawers.

She looks at the door with concern as she hears a sound outside. She runs inside the bathroom and hides behind the shower curtain.

The door opens and two very tall, gangly MEN 40's enter. They are of a dark complexion.

One of the Men looks under the bed, the other looks on the balcony.

Terrified, Marge holds her breath, until one of the Men enters the bathroom.

He stares at his reflection in the mirror, before he begins to comb his thick black hair.

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

She pulls the curtain back, then immediately pulls her dress up and sits on the toilet.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He drinks a glass of RED RUM cocktail, as the Waiter sits on the bed casually filing his fangs.

FABRICE

So why do you think she could be in room fifty?

WAITER

I could smell her.

FABRICE

How did Derrick Freevest react to you when you entered his room?

WAITER

He seemed nervous.

FABRICE

Why do you say that?

WAITER

I told him where I was from. He replied, like the manager.

FABRICE

Why would he say such a thing? Unless somebody told him.

WAITER

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

FABRICE

Weird.

(ruminates)

Fetch Heidi and Nisha, now.

Waiter immediately exits.

INT. ROOM 50 - NIGHT

Ingrid sits eating a plate of food. She wears a yellow sarong and a white T-shirt.

Derrick sits on the bottom of the bed with a glass of red rum cocktail. His eyes roll around his head as he speaks.

DERRICK

(slurring)

So we were in this Moroccan bar in Tenerife when I asked the waiter to fetch me the bill. He turns to me and says in a broken accent - no charge.

(chuckles)

So I looked around to see who'd taken care of our bill. Then it suddenly dawned on me that all the men in the bar were built like hod-carriers. It turned out that they'd mistook me for some local gangster.

(chuckles)

Imagine that- me a gangster. Ha!

(pauses)

They were too scared to charge me for the lunch in case I had them lined up and shot.

(chuckles)

Ah, memories. We couldn't get out of there quick enough.

Tap at the door. They look at one another like cats caught in a headlight.

He climbs off the bed in panic.

INGRID

Wait.

DERRICK

It'll just be Marge.

INGRID

But it might be Fabrice.

DERRICK

Oh, yes, I forgot. What shall we do?

INGRID

I hide in cupboard. You close door.

She quickly climbs inside the wardrobe and he shuts the door.

He opens the door to two Romanian brunettes: HEIDI 20, and NISHA 21. They're dressed to thrill - Each wear a strapless, low cut dress and heels.

NISHA

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

He shakes his head. Heidi shows him a photograph of Ingrid in her bikini.

HEIDI

Are you sure? She is wearing the same bikini.

NISHA

We really must find her. She is in danger. Some bad man is looking for her.

DERRICK

Hold on.

He slams the door shut, then opens the wardrobe.

DERRICK /

(whispers)

There are two young women at the door. They said they're friends of yours. What shall I do?

INGRID

Fabrice has sent them. Send them away.

DERRICK

Rightyo.

He closes the wardrobe door and goes back to the door.

DERRICK /

Sorry about that. But I just asked my wife and she says she hasn't seen anyone of that description.

NISHA

Oh, really?

They push him aside and enter.

DERRICK

What are you doing?! You can't do that! Get out now or I'm calling security!

NISHA

Ha! We are security, dick brain.

HEIDI

(grins)

You know, you are very handsome for an Englishman.

DERRICK

(discombobulated)

What?

NISHA

He reminds me of an angry bear.

They guffaw.

HEIDI

Ya!

Nisha pushes him onto the bed, then climbs on top of him.

Heidi sits on his face.

DERRICK

(muffled)

Get off! I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

Ingrid spies through a gap in the wardrobe door.

Her POV: Derrick top and tailed as they use him to simulate sex.

NISHA

(to Derrick)

Tell us where she is and we leave.

DERRICK

I dunno.

HEIDI

(to Nisha)

OK. Pull his pants down. Let's have some fun.

Nisha rips his pants down. She looks up with suffused EYES and FANGS, before she bites into his groyne. Heidi tickles his nose with her long pointed FINGERNAIL.

Derrick sinks into uncontrollable laughter as the door opens and Marge enters with a suitcase.

MARGE

Hey! Get off of him, you pair of filthy sluts!

She lets go of the suitcase, then drags Nisha off the bed, before they exit in a flash.

Derrick looks up at her in abject horror.

MARGE /

What the hell is going on here, Derrick?!

DERRICK

They pounced on me when I opened the door.

MARGE

Everytime I go out the flippin' room you're at it with someone!

DERRICK

No, you don't understand, dear. They forced their way in here and overpowered me.

MARGE

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

Ingrid tentatively exits the wardrobe. She bears a look of guilt upon her face.

INGRID

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

MARGE

And why were you hiding in the wardrobe - filming everything on your phone, was you?

INGRID

No. My phone is in my hotel room.

MARGE

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

DERRICK

Let her explain for heaven's sake.

MARGE

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

INGRID

Those horrible women forced your husband on bed. They are looking for me. I hid inside cupboard. They work for Fabrice.

MARGE

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

INGRID

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

DERRICK

You don't know how delighted I was when you opened that door and came in. Oh my word.

Marge looks at him with suspicion.

MARGE

I bet! You were loving every minute of it. You were laughing your sodding head off before I pulled that slut off your genitals.



DERRICK

I was being tickled senseless!

MARGE

What with?

DERRICK

I dunno. It was dark under there.

MARGE

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

INGRID

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

DERRICK

(concerned)

What happened, dear?

MARGE

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

DERRICK

Right! I've had quite enough of this cloak and dagger stuff. It's time I sorted this out once and for all.

The door opens and Fabrice enters carrying a BOUQUET of flowers.

Ingrid quickly retreats. Marge stands aghast as Derrick looks on in dismay.

DERRICK /

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

FABRICE

I am sorry to bother you, but I am the manager of this beautiful hotel. I heard screams coming from inside this room as I was passing.

MARGE

So, you're Fabrice.

FABRICE

That is correct, madam. And you are Marge and Derrick Freevest, right?

DERRICK

What of it?

MARGE

(interjects)

Are those flowers for me?

FABRICE

No, madam. They are for Ingrid.

INGRID

(surprised)

For me? But why?

FABRICE

You do not like them, Ingrid?

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

DERRICK

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

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

INGRID

I do not know what to say, Fabrice.

MARGE

Thank you would be a start?

FABRICE

I apologise for shouting at you.  
I was just having a very bad day.  
I never meant to upset your  
feelings, Ingrid.

INGRID

I'm sorry too, then.

FABRICE

Will you forgive me?

INGRID

You do not bite anymore?

FABRICE

I will not bite you, I promise.

INGRID

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

FABRICE

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

She bears a huge smile.

DERRICK

Right. That clears that up.

MARGE

That's nice. We can all get on  
with our holiday now.

FABRICE

Thank you for looking after her  
for me.

DERRICK

You should be more careful where  
you stick your teeth in future.  
She's only-

FABRICE

(grins)

-Da!

CU: Fabrice's EYES suffuse as he exposes his FANGS.

Derrick and Marge collapse onto the bed.

FABRICE /  
(to Ingrid)  
It's feeding time.

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

FADE OUT:

THE END