FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

THE AMAZING BLACKHEAD, a zombie in a tattered tuxedo, performs his magic act on the stage of a run-down nightclub in Transylvania.

Blackhead waves his hands over a top hat.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE

DRACULA stands in the wings waiting his turn. JOHNNY his slimy manager stands behind him and rubs his shoulders.

        JOHNNY
            Hey, Count, you're a little tense. Loosen up, baby.

        DRACULA
            I don't think this is a good idea, Johnny. I'm a vampire. What do I know about comedy?

        JOHNNY
            Come on, you're a natural. Relax. Repeat the four F's for Johnny.

        DRACULA
            The four F's, okay. Uh, fearless... focus... uh, funny... Johnny, I forgot the last F. What's the last F?

        JOHNNY
            Fun.

        DRACULA
            I said funny.

        JOHNNY
            BE funny. HAVE fun. Don't worry, Count, baby. This guy's a hack. Fifty bucks says he pulls a bloody arm out of the hat and eats it.

INT. NIGHTCLUB STAGE

Blackhead reaches into the hat and pulls out a bloody human leg and takes a bite.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE

        JOHNNY
            He's still a hack. Come on, Count, you're next.
INT. NIGHTCLUB STAGE

Blackhead bows as the audience gives him a nice round of APPLAUSE. The HOST of the show walks up to the microphone as Blackhead shuffles off.

HOST
The Amazing Blackhead, ladies and gentlemen. Wow, looks like he's got a leg up on the other contestants. (creepy laugh)
Next up, we have a man who needs no introduction. He's been around for literally hundreds of years, but tonight, he's doing something a little different. So, get ready for...
Count Dracula.

Dracula inches his way to the mic as the audience APPLAUDS politely. The Host shakes Dracula's hand and walks off. Dracula looks out into the crowd.

DRACULA
(ala Lugosi)
Gooooood eeeevening. I am Dracula. I'm a little tired. I just flew in from Poland, and boy, I am really tired. I mean, my arms are tired... because, I was a bat... with wings. Get it?

Dracula flaps his arms like a bat. There is no response from the crowd.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Hey, how many people are married? Any married couples, tonight? Yeah, I'm married. Boy, my wife can talk. She talks from sundown to sunrise. You think I'm a pain in the neck? (pauses) Get it... because I usually bite people... in the, uh, neck area.

There is a dead silence in the room. Dracula realizes he is flopping so he brings out his famous catch phrase.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
I WANT TO SUCK YOUR BLOOD!

HECKLER (O.S.)
Hey, Dracula! Suck this!
INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE

Johnny and the Host stand in the wings and watch.

HOST
Wow, he is really dying out there.
You want me to save him?

JOHNNY
No, he's just warming up.

HOST
Okay, it's his funeral.
(creepy laugh)
Hey, I'm funnier than him.

INT. NIGHTCLUB STAGE

Dracula pages through a copy of 999 Vampire Jokes, picks one, then tucks the book back into his jacket.

DRACULA
Hey, did you know I was on my baseball team in college? Yeah, I was the bat boy.
(beat)
I VANT TO SUCK YOUR BLOOD!

HECKLER (O.S.)
Hey, Dracula, don't quit your day job!

DRACULA
That's good. I get it... day job... the sun.
(clears throat)
You're right. I'm not a funny guy. I'm just a vampire, that's all I know. Sometimes, things get a little lonely in the castle. It's really difficult for me to keep friends. Everyone in Transylvania is afraid of me. I just thought, maybe, if I tried this, people might like me. I'm sorry. I bid you good night. That's my killer closing line... whatever.

Dracula exits stage left with his head hung low. The Host enters stage right with sarcastic APPLAUSE and an enormous trophy.

HOST
Wow, that really bites.
(MORE)
HOST (CONT'D)
(creepy laugh)
Alright, it's time to find out who
the judges picked as the winner.
Will the contestants please come
back out on stage?

Dracula, The Amazing Blackhead, and FRANKENSTEIN walk out
and join the Host on stage.

HOST (CONT'D)
Will it be... The Amazing Blackhead?

Blackhead waves his hands magically and the audience APPLAUDS.

HOST (CONT'D)
Will it be... Frankenstein and his
great balls of fire?

Frankenstein juggles three flaming red balls and the audience
APPLAUDS louder.

HOST (CONT'D)
Or, will it be the comedy stylings
of Count Dracula?

Dracula waves to the crowd and we hear CRICKETS.

HOST (CONT'D)
This is very exciting.

The Host pulls an envelope from his vest, tears it open, and
removes an index card.

HOST (CONT'D)
The winner of this year's
Transylvania's Got Talent contest
is...
(reads)
Count Dracula?

Dracula steps up to the mic and grabs the trophy.

DRACULA
Thank you, children of the night. I
VANT TO SUCK YOUR BLOOD!

Dracula raises the trophy over his head and walks off.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BACKSTAGE

Dracula walks up to Johnny and shows him the trophy.
DRACULA
Look, Johnny. Not too shabby. This will look amazing on my mantel below the giant oil painting of me.

JOHNNY
I don't get it. No offense, Count, but you were terrible. I can't figure out how you won.

DRACULA
Child's play, Johnny. I used the fifth F.

JOHNNY
The fifth F?

DRACULA
Fraud.

JOHNNY
You cheated?

DRACULA
I just used my hypnotic powers on the judges a little bit. (ala Lugosi) Der minds veer veak.

JOHNNY
You cheated.

DRACULA
What cheat? I'm a vampire. It's all I know.

JOHNNY
You know something, Count? This could be the start of something big.

They walk off screen together.

DRACULA (O.S.)
Did you see the look on Frankenstein's face when I won? What an idiot.

FADE OUT.