

DRACUL-STEIN

written by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A TELEVISION, SCREENING --

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS - NIGHT

BILLY VILLIN (mid-30s), stands front and centre on the stage, clutching his Oscar, airing a grin so wide and cheesy it's excruciating to watch.

Across the bottom of our screen, in academy graphics --

"Original screenplay, BILLY VILLIN, DRACUL-STEIN"

On the Audience - they all stand, applauding.

Painfully close on Billy, he drops the grin to say --

BILLY
I would also like to thank -- Me!
Me! Me! Me! Me!

In unison, Billy pumps the Oscar in the air as offscreen a VOICE, calls out, with increasing intensity --

"bastard"... "bastard"... "bastard"

BILLY
Me! Me! Me! I wrote the f*bleep*ing
thing!

The audience rapturously cheers as the voice continues to blast out -- "Bastard!" "Bastard!" "Bastard!"

as the picture blurs to...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

...MIKEY LEWIS (mid-30s) abruptly wakes, sits straight up, hands clapped behind his head.

MIKEY
Bastard!

His straggly long hair and unkempt beard do nothing to soften the pure hate he stares as the full recollection of his dream sinks in.

MIKEY
This ain't over, Billy...this ain't
over by a long chalk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mikey stands, in just a dishevelled t-shirt and pants in his messy man-space, with his cellular to ear.

MIKEY

What! It's all my idea -- there's gotta be something that can be done.

(beat)

No, I didn't register it with the frickin w.g.a, it's still plagiarism. I created the concept, character, story -- he stole it. It's as simple as that!

(beat)

Well, you're a useless sack of shit then.

Mikey tosses his phone across the floor... which collides into a pile of discarded pizza boxes. He stares in that direction, hard.

MIKEY

You bastard, Billy...Dracul-Stein was mine...mine!

INT. DIMLY LIT BATHROOM - LATER

A worn tap trickles water into a faded sink.

Mikey stares despondently into his mirror as his toothbrush reaches his mouth. He robotically cleans his teeth - never taking his eyes off his forlorn reflection.

He stops. Places down his toothbrush. Turns off the tap like a zombie on meth.

Picks up a glass of water, washes out his mouth, spits the water out - never taking his eyes off his forlorn reflection.

A moment of mano a mano with the mirror...

MIKEY

We can't let this lie, Mikey.

He looks deeply into his own eyes... then, an epiphany.

MIKEY

You wanted Dracul-Stein, Mr Villin...you're gonna get Dracul-Stein.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A shady but smartly dressed individual waits at a secluded table. He's of Italian descent, early 40s and goes by the name of SHIVERS.

Mikey enters the bar, looks around. See's Shivers - obviously his guy, Mikey cautiously makes his way over.

Shivers looks up, the pair lock eyes -- a dual examination. Mikey takes the opposite seat.

MIKEY

Shivers?

Shivers nods.

MIKEY

Never really done anything like this before.

SHIVERS

Don't give a shit, who's the target?

Mikey slides a piece of paper across the table. Shivers covertly picks it up, reads it.

MIKEY

Is a so-called screenwriter, stole all my work.

SHIVERS

Don't give a shit, you got the C's?

Mikey pulls a plastic bag from his jacket, slides it across the table. Shivers inspects the contents, nods in approval and then slips the bag into his jacket.

SHIVERS

This bitch will be erased by Monday.

Shivers stands and with an innate swagger, brushes the wrinkles from his jacket. He's tall, Mikey likes that he's tall... and he's also leaving.

MIKEY

Hold on, man... wondered if I could add a stipulation to the proceedings?

SHIVERS

...Stipulations are expensive.

INT. MIKEY'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Close on Shivers reflection, or what was once Shivers -- now in full-DRACULA make-over... and looking VERY unhappy.

Beside him, Mikey adds strokes of white powder to Shivers whitened face with a brush.

Mikey stops and examines his work as Shivers glares.

MIKEY

Think we're nearly there.

SHIVERS

...You are one silly fuck.

Mikey combs Shivers slicked-back hair.

MIKEY

I'm paying you double, aren't I?

Shivers doesn't answer but his expression transmits a clear message... "You fucking tool"

INT. MIKEY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mikey emerges from the bathroom and then waits for Shivers to follow him in.

We hear loud, clumpy and very slow-moving footsteps... until this ridiculous incarnation of Shivers steadily blunders his way into the room.

From the neck down, he is clad in a very heavy-duty Frankenstein outfit - as in deliberately "buffed-up" to look imposing and force the infamous movement. In reality, it looks ludicrous.

Shivers stops, stares Mikey down.

SHIVERS

Take this shit off me.

MIKEY

I've just exhausted every credit card on this revenge -- it's gotta be Dracul-Stein that finishes him. It's gotta be.

SHIVERS

...Another hundred.

MIKEY
No, we agreed, I can't get another
Hundre--

SHIVERS
Another hundred.

MIKEY
...ok.

EXT. UPMARKET RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A hatchback car is discreetly parked at the back of a lavish mansion.

INT. HATCHBACK CAR - NIGHT

Mikey is in the driver's seat, Dracul-Stein sits in the passenger.

MIKEY
You, good?

Shivers stares.

SHIVERS
I've never brought a client with me
on a job.

MIKEY
I'm privileged.

SHIVERS
That's because this is the dumbest
hit in the history of criminality.

MIKEY
Remember your lines.

SHIVERS
Shut the fuck up.

Shivers tightens a silencer to his HK45 pistol and then clambers, very awkwardly, outta the car.

MIKEY
(hushed)
He'll likely be bathing in his
pool, the side gate is just past
that tree.

Shivers scopes it out, returns a nod back. He clambers forward... but stops. Turns to Mikey --

SHIVERS

A colleague of mine has seen
Draculstein -- total shit, he said.

MIKEY

The Academy begs to differ.

Shivers eyes divert back towards his target. He trudges forward - HEAD OF DRACULA... BODY OF FRANKENSTEIN.

EXT. MANSION POOL AND GARDENS - NIGHT

BILLY VILLINS lies on an inflatable water bed in his steaming swimming pool surrounded by his lavish grounds.

Sporting shades at night and still clutching his Oscar by his chest, this man is the embodiment of the happy-relaxed.

Billy indulges in this tranquil silence...

but then --

CLOMPING FOOTSTEPS.

Billy latches onto the sound, raises himself, looks in the direction and stares like a guppy fish to the sight of --

DRACUL-STEIN.

Standing by the side of the pool. Looking more embarrassed than menacing.

Billy removes his shades -- revealing eyes of astonishment.

SHIVERS/DRACUL-STEIN

(silly Frankenstein voice)

Billy Villins, I have come to
punish the corrupt.

Dracul-Stein raises the HK45.

BILLY

Jesus! ...Chill out man, what the
hell!

SHIVERS/DRACUL-STEIN

Mikey created me, now I'm here...

(Quickly and indignantlly
checks note on hand)

...to de-create you.

Dracul-Stein fires a shot...

It hits the inflatable -- Billy scrambles for dear life.

SHIVERS/DRACUL-STEIN
(normal voice)
Shit.

As Billy swims frantically for the pool's edge, Dracul-Stein attempts to track him with the HK45, but the arm movement is stiff... He fires three shots... all three miss, splattering the water.

SHIVERS/DRACUL-STEIN
Shit, shit, shit.

Billy gets his arm onto the pool's surrounding tiles and launches himself, ungracefully, outta the pool.

Shivers aims a seemingly easy shot... surely a hit this time...

Nope.

SHIVERS/DRACUL-STEIN
Fuck this.

Shivers drops the gun and desperately tries to detach the hulking Frankenstein attire.

Billy grabs his cellular from a nearby table.

He immediately plugs 911, taking a terror-stricken glance at his assailant --

But Dracul-Stein is looking ridiculous, tugging hard at parts of his suit, letting off a number of obscenities in the process.

A voice from Billy's phone --

EMERGENCY DISPATCH (O.S)
911, what's your emergency?

Billy stares, almost gobsmacked, in Dracul-Stein's direction.

BILLY
Uh... there's an intruder at my
home, trying to kill me.

Dracul-Stein tugs so hard, he slips and falls ass first --

INTO THE POOL. SPLASH.

EMERGENCY DISPATCH (O.S)
Where is the intruder now? Are you
in a safe location?

Billy watches Dracul-Stein -- floating on his backside,
flailing his arms and legs, trying to get upright - but it's
all futile.

BILLY
The intruders in my pool.

Billy spots the gun lying at the far side of the pool - a
long away from the helpless Dracul-Stein.

BILLY
Yeah...I'm pretty sure I'm safe.

Close on Dracul-Stein -- who has long given up, staring a
humiliating defeat straight up at the sky.

The sound of incoming sirens.

Dracul-stein, knowing how laughable he looks right now, lets
off a wry chuckle, shakes his head --

"What the fuck was I thinking".

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mikey waits, looking increasingly concerned, checks his
watch.

Then, from the direction of the mansion, blue and red lights
flash.

MIKEY
What the hell?

Mikey opens his car door and tip-toes in the direction of the
mansion...

EXT. UPMARKET RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

...We follow him sneak his way to the open side gate of the
mansion.

He stops just short, fearful to look through...

But eventually pops his head through the gap and sees --

Five police officers trying to fish Dracul-Stein out of the
water.

Billy watching on, alive, safe and back to his customary smugness.

And the sky flashing blue and red.

MIKEY

Balls.

Mikey quickly runs and turns straight into...

A POLICE OFFICER, gun pointed.

POLICE OFFICER

Hi.

Mikey, accepting defeat, raises his arms.

MIKEY

Hi.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Two DETECTIVES sit at a table facing Mikey.

DETECTIVE#1

The statements we got from Mr Shivers, aka. "The Hollywood hit job" and from Mr Villin's, do not bode too brilliantly for you, Mr Lewis.

MIKEY

Never heard of them.

DETECTIVE#1

Of course. Y'know, for me, the burning question in this inexplicably silly case, is not "how could somebody mastermind such a dumb hit?" It's not "how did you create such ludicrously-impractical attire for your hitman?" No, it's "why on earth would anyone try to claim "Dracul-Stein" as their creation? The film is Trash. Worse than trash. We're talking seriously repugnant donkey-ass excrement, here.

Mikey cannot hide his offence.

DETECTIVE#2

Yeah, how on God's green earth does
that shit-fest win best
screenplay??

DETECTIVE#1

How bad must've the other films
been in that category??

Mikey sits there, beyond beaten, watching --

DETECTIVE#2

Can't of been any other films in
that category.

DETECTIVE#1

Everyone must've took the year off!

DETECTIVE#2

Gotta be world record refunds too.

DETECTIVE#1

I'm suing -- scarred for life.

And on they continue...

As we...

FADE OUT.