

"MONSTER MURDER MYSTERY"

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - DUSK

A remote gothic mansion. Storm clouds rumble overhead.

A flashy car is parked at the start of the driveway.

INT. CAR - DUSK

ERNIE STYLES sits behind the wheel. He is in his mid 20's, handsome with short, neat hair. He wears a designer suit.

He looks down at an invitation card in his hand.

The text reads: "You are cordially invited to the party of the year. J."

Ernie pockets the card and gets out of his car.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - DUSK

Ernie walks up the driveway. He stops at the front door of the mansion.

The ornate door knocker is in the shape of a serpent. He raps it loudly.

Seconds later, the door opens. A bearded, stiff-legged man in his 50's wearing a tux stares out at him. This is THE BUTLER.

THE BUTLER

Good afternoon, sir. How may I be of assistance?

ERNIE

Hey, Jeeves. My name's Ernie. Ernie Styles. I'm here for the party.

THE BUTLER

Do you have an invitation?

ERNIE

Sure do.

The Butler continues to stare at him. Ernie sighs and takes the invitation card out of his jacket pocket. He flashes it at the Butler.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Happy now? I ain't no gate crasher.

THE BUTLER

As you say, sir. Please come inside.

Ernie steps inside. The heavy door slams closed behind him.

INT. MANSION - LOBBY - DUSK

Ernie admires the interior. Velvet red drapes adorn the walls. An ancient looking grandfather clock ticks away in the corner of the room.

ERNIE

So where's our host?

THE BUTLER

The lord of the manor is not here currently. Would you like me to show you to the dining room?

ERNIE

Sure. Buttle on.

He follows the Butler through a doorway.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - DUSK

The Butler enters a long room with Ernie right behind him.

The room has no windows. Antique swords and shields are displayed on the walls. Drinks and snacks have been placed on a side table.

FOUR OTHER GUESTS stand around the huge dinner table. They all turn to look at Ernie.

Ernie's eyes widen in surprise. These are not your typical house guests.

The Butler introduces each one on turn.

THE BUTLER

May I present, from Winkie Country
in the Land of Oz, the Wicked Witch
of the West!

The WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST, 50's, has a green hue to her skin, a long pointed nose, and an eye patch over one eye. She holds a broomstick in one hand. She points her finger at Ernie.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST

Did you drop this house on me? I
have no memory of how I got here.

ERNIE

I ain't been dropping no houses, I
swear.

THE BUTLER

May I present, from the University
of Ingolstadt, Dr. Victor
Frankenstein.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN is a nerdy looking young man, early 20's.
He has unkempt hair and wears glasses. He carries a doctor's
bag. He scowls at Ernie.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Are you a doctor?

ERNIE

Only a doctor of love.

Frankenstein waves him away in disgust.

THE BUTLER

May I present, from Inverness,
Scotland, Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH is a beautiful but cold woman, late 20's, with
long red hair. She wears an elaborate and colorful dress that
drags on the floor. She doesn't even acknowledge Ernie's
presence.

THE BUTLER (CONT'D)

From the ship the Hispaniola, Long
John Silver.

LONG JOHN SILVER is a tall man with one leg. Late 40's,
wearing a pirate hat and coat. He uses a wooden crutch to hop
around. A blunderbuss firearm hangs at his hip. He looks
Ernie up and down.

LONG JOHN SILVER

Ye clothes be even queerer than
these other ones.

ERNIE

How you all doing? I'm Ernie
Styles. Styles by name, Styles by
nature. I didn't know this was a
costume party.

THE BUTLER

We are waiting on two more guests,
and then dinner will be served.
Please make yourself comfortable.

Ernie immediately helps himself to a glass of wine while the Butler exits.

Ernie walks over to Wicked Witch of the West, already on his second glass.

ERNIE

So, if you don't mind me asking,
did you paint your skin all over?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST

This isn't paint. Insult me again,
boy, and I shall turn you into a
flying monkey.

ERNIE

No need to be rude.

Ernie looks over at Frankenstein.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You're a doctor, huh? No offence,
but you don't look old enough to
have graduated medical school.

Frankenstein answers in a curt, Swiss-accented voice.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I excelled in medicine from a young
age.

Frankenstein places his bag under the table. He grabs a drink.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

I was told there would be other
great minds of science at this
gathering. I see now that was a
lie. But for what purpose?

ERNIE

Don't ask me. I'm just here for the
drinks and the women.

Frankenstein laughs in disgust.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
 Women are a waste of time. My only
 lover is the sweet beauty of
 science.

ERNIE
 (coughs)
 Nerd.

Ernie wanders over to Lady Macbeth.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
 So what brings you here, Lady M?

LADY MACBETH
 I am on a quest to seek the witches
 who gave my lief husband a bodemont
 that he would be one day become
 King. If thou wouldst summon the
 keeper of the house, he hath
 promised to deliver unto me a clue
 hither to the witches's
 whereabouts.

ERNIE
 Nice Shakespeare. Are you an
 actress? I feel like I'm at a
 dinner theater.

LADY MACBETH
 I know not what thou art declaring,
 sirrah.

The Wicked Witch of the West stares at Lady Macbeth as if
 she's in love.

LADY MACBETH (CONT'D)
 Wherefore dost thou look upon me
 so?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
 You have the most perfect skin, my
 pretty. What I wouldn't give to
 have it.

Frankenstein leans in close to Ernie.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
 (whispers)
 I'm no psychiatrist, but these
 females seem to be under the
 delusion that they are fictional
 characters. Thankfully, we men are
 immune.

ERNIE

I hate to break it you, Frankie,
but I think you might be made up,
too.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Preposterous!

Long John Silver hops over to Lady Macbeth.

LONG JOHN SILVER

You know, fiery redheads be me
favorite.

He reaches up to stroke her hair. She knocks his arm
violently away.

LADY MACBETH

Touch me not again, oaf, lest I
take thy arm to match thy missing
fork.

LONG JOHN SILVER

Charming. Do any of ye know who our
mysterious host be?

They all shake their heads. Frankenstein drums his long
fingers on the table impatiently.

The sound of several footsteps can be heard coming down the
hall.

ERNIE

Finally. I'm so hungry I could eat
a bat!

The door creaks open.

The Butler is pushed into the room as if by an invisible
hand. He straightens his ruffled outfit and then clears his
throat.

THE BUTLER

May I present, from Transylvania,
Count and Countess Dracula.

Ernie leans over to Frankenstein.

ERNIE

Did he just say Drac-Dracula?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I believe he did.

COUNT DRACULA suddenly glides into the room. He is an old man with a long white mustache and is dressed from head to toe in black. He speaks in a thick Transylvanian accent.

On his arm is COUNTESS DRACULA. She is extremely pale with long dark hair and blood red lips. She looks no more than 20 and speaks with a posh English accent.

COUNT DRACULA

Greetings. I am glad to be here among such... full-blooded people.

He grins broadly, revealing his fangs.

ERNIE

Okay, y'all are crazy. Dracula *and* Frankenstein? You guys are filming this, right? Are we on TV?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

TV? You mean the tricuspid valve?

ERNIE

Never mind. Y'all don't want to break character. I get it.

Everyone sits down. The Count and Countess sit at the head of the table. Ernie eyes Countess Dracula appreciatively.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Dracula, my man. Robbing the cradle, I see.

He offers Dracula a fist bump but is denied.

COUNT DRACULA

Grave robbing, actually. I had to dig my beloved bride out of the ground before we could consummate our marriage.

ERNIE

That's nasty.

Frankenstein drums his fingers and glares at the Butler.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Butler, where is our host? I want him to explain to me what the purpose of this gathering is.

THE BUTLER

He has been delayed. As for the purpose of this gathering, I have been instructed not to reveal it until after dinner. Speaking of which.

He snaps his fingers.

A slot opens in front of each guest at the table. A huge plate full of freshly cooked-meat, mixed vegetables and other side dishes rises up out of each slot.

LADY MACBETH

I could work this charm to great use in our banquet hall.

The Butler fills drinks as everyone digs in to the food.

He starts to pour a glass of water for the Wicked Witch. She raises her hand and gives him a murderous look.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST

No water!

He nods and retreats into the corner of the room.

LONG JOHN SILVER

So, me old Count, I can tell ye are well travelled. Be you and the fine missy seafaring folk perchance?

COUNT DRACULA

Not anymore. Our last voyage vas on the RMS Titanic. Food vas plentiful, but the trip did not end vell.

LONG JOHN SILVER

Titanic? I've never heard of that, and I know every ship that sails the seven seas.

COUNT DRACULA

From the smell of you I think there is little you know that doesn't come out of a whiskey bottle.

LONG JOHN SILVER

You scurvy dog! I've thrown people overboard for less than that!

Dracula stands up to his full height.

COUNT DRACULA

How dare you speak to me thus! I who have commanded nations hundreds of years before you were born! Who was it but one of my own race who as Voivode crossed the Danube and beat the Turk on his own ground?

The Countess reaches up and soothes him.

COUNTESS DRACULA

My love, please be still. Remember your blood pressure.

He looks tenderly at her and then sits down.

COUNT DRACULA

My dear Mina, wise as always. What would I do without you?

ERNIE

Mina? Wait a minute. Weren't you married to that other dude? Keanu Reeves played him in that movie.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Jonathan Harker? My former husband?

ERNIE

That's him!

The Countess stares into Dracula's eyes lovingly.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Jonathan was a dear, sweet man. But after my time with the Count, no mortal man could satisfy me.

ERNIE

So it's true. Once you go Drac, you never go back.

Ernie makes a sad face when no one laughs at his joke.

COUNTESS DRACULA

May I ask what all of you do for a living?

ERNIE

Ernest P. Styles, esquire. I'm an entertainment lawyer. Originally from South Carolina but now I work out of Los Angeles.

COUNTESS DRACULA

You mean a solicitor? Frankly I don't see what could be entertaining about that. Jonathan's work always seemed so dull. Well, apart from that time he was imprisoned in a castle and molested by three vampire brides.

She glares playfully at the Count.

LONG JOHN SILVER

I meself like to rob, pillage and commit mutiny. It's good honest work.

LADY MACBETH

Thou men art almost as despicable as the wretched King Duncan.

ERNIE

I'm with you, sister. Fight the patriarchy!

LADY MACBETH

I find your mocking tone displeasing. How wouldst thee like to be beheaded?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

(excited)

May I claim the brain?

ERNIE

Getting a little too into character, aren't we?

Lady Macbeth looks at the dead parrot that is sitting on long John Silver's shoulder.

LADY MACBETH

Why dost thee have that awful thing on thy shoulder?

LONG JOHN SILVER

Me old friend Captain Flint. I couldn't bear to be without him, even after he choked on a cracker one day.

The pirate wipes away tears from his eyes.

ERNIE

So, it's an ex-parrot?

Once again, Ernie looks disappointed when no one laughs.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Screw y'all. Nobody gets my references. Why couldn't they invite anybody else from this century?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

What I want to know is why we are all here. There must be some connection.

THE BUTLER (O.S.)

I believe I can answer that, Dr. Frankenstein.

They all turn to look at the Butler.

THE BUTLER (CONT'D)

You have been called here because this house is a nexus, a converging of all realities across time and space. And if you die here, you not only lose your physical body but all trace of your existence. Everything that was ever written or filmed about you, every memory of anyone who ever knew you - all gone, like you were never there.

The guests look stunned.

COUNT DRACULA

Then we must leave at once. I have too proud a history to be forgotten!

THE BUTLER

That is impossible I'm afraid, Count. No one can leave until the morning. My master will not allow it. Only then will escape be possible. The reward for the survivor, you ask? To be the only one who remembers all of you, and this terrible night.

Ernie rubs his chin thoughtfully.

Lady Macbeth stands up, angry.

LADY MACBETH
Beshrew this party and beshrew
thou!

The others start to rise.

ERNIE
Yeah, beshrew his ass!

Suddenly there is a deafening thunderclap. Everything goes dark.

Someone screams. We hear people shuffling around and falling over. Glasses break.

Slowly the lights flicker back on. The dining room is in disarray.

COUNTESS DRACULA
Is everyone accounted for?

Ernie looks round. There is no sign of the Butler.

ERNIE
Where's the Butler?

Suddenly there is a thump at the door. The Wicked Witch of the West cackles.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
This is some party!

LADY MACBETH
Who will see what dread presence is
at our door?

No one answers.

LONG JOHN SILVER
You're all a bunch of cowardly land-
lubbers. I'll go take a gander.

The Wicked Witch produces a flame magically from her hand.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Don't worry, if whoever it is kills
you, I'll give them a little heat.

Silver hops over to the door. He opens it and a dead body falls onto the floor.

It is the Butler.

Silver bends down and looks at the corpse's neck. There are two bloody pinpricks there.

LONG JOHN SILVER

He be dead. And there be teeth marks on his neck.

Everyone turns to look at Dracula with accusing eyes.

COUNT DRACULA

Why are you all looking at me? Those could be anybody's teeth marks!

(beat)

He's not even my blood type!

ERNIE

Well, we know the butler didn't do it.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

But the Count clearly did.

LADY MACBETH

I concur with thee!

(points finger at Dracula)

The archfiend cannot control his hunger!

Dracula grabs his wife's hand.

COUNT DRACULA

Come, Mina! Ve don't have to stay for these accusations.

Dracula and the Countess run through the open door at great speed.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

After them! Don't let them get away!

ERNIE

Why? Wouldn't we be better off without the bloodsucking vampires?

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST

Better to keep 'em where we can see 'em, I say.

LADY MACBETH

The jade beldam is right!

Everyone piles through the door. Silver is the last to pass through.

LONG JOHN SILVER
Wait for me, ya bastards!

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Count and Countess glide rapidly down the hall. The other guests are hot on their heels.

Silver is hopping as fast as he can but falls further behind the rest.

INT. MANSION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dracula and the Countess arrive at the front door. He snarls. The way is barred by a heavy iron portcullis, wreathed in garlic.

COUNTESS DRACULA
What shall we do?

COUNT DRACULA
There must be another way out. We will search every room.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)
That won't help.

The bloodsucking couple turn to find their exit is blocked by the other guests.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
I studied this house thoroughly before coming inside. Every window is barred and this is the only outside door. We're trapped.

COUNTESS DRACULA
The Butler said no one would be allowed to leave until morning. If we all stay in each other's company until then, perhaps we can just walk safely out the door.

ERNIE
And you and hubby will get fried.

COUNT DRACULA
Why does everyone think sunlight burns me?

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

I like going out in the day!
 (shakes head)
 Damn those movies...

ERNIE

But can't you turn into mist, or
 rats, or something and find a way
 out? Or did the movies lie about
 that too?

COUNT DRACULA

This is somewhat embarrassing but
 at my advanced age I can no
 longer... perform as well as I used
 to.

ERNIE

You're pulling my leg. You need
 some vampire Viagra?

Long John Silver comes hopping down the hall, out of breath.

LONG JOHN SILVER

What's going on, mateys?

LADY MACBETH

We art trapp'd in this dreadful
 place!

LONG JOHN SILVER

We'll just see about that, shall
 we?

Silver lifts up his blunderbuss. He fires it at the
 portcullis. The shot ricochets around the room. Everyone
 ducks.

LADY MACBETH

This is madness! I wilt depart thy
 company!

She flees for the nearest stairs.

The whole group follows after Lady Macbeth.

INT. MANSION - STAIRS - NIGHT

Frankenstein catches up to Macbeth and grabs her shoulder.
 She responds by pushing him down the stairs.

LADY MACBETH

I shall slay you all!

She pulls a dagger from her gown. Jumps down the stairs.

Everyone scatters except Long John Silver and Frankenstein, who is laying on the floor, stunned.

Lady Macbeth stabs Silver in the leg.

LONG JOHN SILVER
Not me good leg!

Silver falls over, blood flowing down his leg. Dr. Frankenstein stands up and drags him to safety.

The Wicked Witch of the West reappears. Calmly approaches Lady Macbeth.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
I mean you no harm, my pretty. Put the knife away.

LADY MACBETH
Thee know charms. Are thee one of the hags I seek?

The Wicked Witch pauses for a second.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
Yes, yes I am. Let's go upstairs and talk about it.

INT. MANSION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Silver lies propped up against a wall nearby, moaning in pain.

Frankenstein crouches down beside him. He takes his belt off and makes a tourniquet out of it.

LONG JOHN SILVER
What are ye doing?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Saving your life, you old fool.

Lady Macbeth approaches them, the Wicked Witch at her side. Long John Silver flinches.

LADY MACBETH
Mine apologies for stabbing thee. I hast control of myself anon. I must go thither to the garderobe.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
I shall go with her.

They both head towards the stairs. Frankenstein finishes his work on Long John Silver.

ERNIE
Hey, why did we just let those ladies go to the bathroom by themselves?

A few moments pass. They hear footsteps.

Lady Macbeth comes down the stairs alone.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Where is the Wicked Witch?

LADY MACBETH
She said she had some business to take care of.

ERNIE
Okay . . . so should we wait for her?

LADY MACBETH
Perhaps we should go back to the dining room.

LONG JOHN SILVER
Someone will have to carry me.

Dracula lifts him up and places him over his shoulder.

LONG JOHN SILVER (CONT'D)
Don't forget me crutch.

Dracula sighs and picks it up also.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
I'll catch up with the rest of you.

Lady Macbeth looks at him suspiciously but follows the others back down the hall. Frankenstein heads for the stairs.

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Frankenstein creeps up the stairs. They creak underfoot.

UPPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He moves down the stairs to an ajar door. Carefully steps inside.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankenstein stares at the floor in shock.

The Wicked Witch lays there. Green blood on the floor around her. Eyes closed.

He crouches down beside the body.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Witch, can you hear me?

Her eyes flick open.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST
(weakly)
I am nay beldam. The green lady
made a fop of me. Cast her spell--

She gives one final breath and dies.

Frankenstein hurriedly leaves the room.

INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dracula sets Long John Silver down in the corner of the room. The old pirate groans in pain and clutches his wounded leg.

Ernie drinks some more wine.

COUNTESS DRACULA
You know that could be poisoned?

ERNIE
Don't care. I ain't dying sober.

Victor Frankenstein suddenly strides through the door dramatically.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Someone in this room is not who
they seem!

Lady Macbeth looks guilty.

Before she can move Dracula leaps across the room. He bites her on the neck. Drinks deeply.

She struggles feebly in his grip. Within seconds her blood is drained. He throws her limp body to the floor.

ERNIE

You killed Lady Macbeth!

Frankenstein stares at the body.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

No, he did not. That was the Wicked Witch of the West. She killed Lady Macbeth and swapped bodies with her, so she could have a youthful, beautiful form. I found evidence of her treachery upstairs.

COUNTESS DRACULA

(to Dracula)

How did you know she was an imposter?

COUNT DRACULA

Oh, I didn't really. I was just hungry. And she seemed more appetizing than the rancid pirate.

LONG JOHN SILVER

Any of ye bloodsuckers come near me I'll fill ye full of lead.

ERNIE

Hey, we're all friends here, right? It was the Witch that was the killer.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Actually, we don't know that she killed the Butler. After all, each of us is infamous in our own way. Each of us is viewed by some as a villain.

ERNIE

I'm not a villain. I'm a lawyer.

Frankenstein turns to look at him.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, why are you here? You're no monster.

ERNIE

I just answered the invite.

Ernie starts to walk for the door.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Where do you think you're going?

ERNIE
I need to pee. That okay with you?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
No one leaves until dawn. You can
pee in a cup for all I care.

ERNIE
There are ladies present. One of
them's dead and one of them's
undead, but it still doesn't feel
right.

COUNTESS DRACULA
Please. I've been around for over a
century. There's nothing you have I
haven't seen before.

ERNIE
Fine, I'll just turn the lights
off.

He flips off the light switch. Total blackness.

We hear the sound of liquid splashing in a glass. It carries
on for a long time.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (O.S.)
Damn it man, how big is your
bladder?

ERNIE (O.S.)
I drank like five glasses of wine!

The peeing stops.

Suddenly we hear a gunshot.

Panicked cries and the sound of plates and glasses smashing
on the floor.

The lights come back on.

Everyone is standing in the same position as before. But Long
John Silver now lies dead. There is a gunshot wound in his
chest.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
Oh for God's sake! Who killed him?

They all turn to look at Ernie.

ERNIE

Hey, I haven't moved at all. I still have these in my hands.

He holds up two glasses filled to the brim with urine. They slosh about on the floor.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Who else could have done it?

ERNIE

Maybe he killed himself. He was a righty. Probably wasn't looking forward to having to do you know what with a hook for a hand.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

A likely story. That's the second time the lights have gone out and someone's turned up dead while you've been in the room.

Count Dracula suddenly heads for the exit.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Now where are you going?

COUNT DRACULA

I'm going to get out of here if I have to tear the valls apart with my bare hands!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Stay put. You're just as much a suspect as this one.

Dracula roars. He sweeps the few remaining plates and glasses off the table with a crash.

COUNT DRACULA

How dare you speak to me that vay! Foolish mortal! You fail to comprehend that if ve stay here ve vill all die!

Ernie approaches Dracula.

ERNIE

Dracula, babe, you need to chillax. Seriously.

The Count moves with lightning speed and grabs Ernie around the throat. He lifts him up off the ground and proceeds to choke the life out of him.

DRACULA

No one tells me to chillax!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Let him go!

COUNTESS DRACULA

My love, please, do as he says.
This will solve nothing.

COUNT DRACULA

This man is the cause of all this!
He must die!

Ernie is able to mouth some words.

ERNIE

Han! There's still a chance to save
Han!

Dracula tightens his grip.

Frankenstein looks around for a weapon of some kind. Sees Silver's crutch. He picks it up and breaks it against the wall, leaving a jagged point.

He thrusts the sharp end into Dracula's back with all his might.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Noooo!

Dracula gasps in pain and shock. Lets go of Ernie, who falls to the floor, coughing.

Dracula turns slowly around. The makeshift stake protrudes from his heart. He falls backwards on to the floor.

The Countess rushes to his side. She places her hands on the stake.

COUNTESS DRACULA (CONT'D)

I can pull this out. I can save
you.

He reaches up slowly to catch one of her tears in his hand.

COUNT DRACULA

Dearest Mina, stop. I no longer
have the strength to survive this.
My time has come and gone.

He cocks his head as if listening to some far off sound.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

Listen to them... the children of
the night... what music they
make...

He dies.

Dracula's body turns to dust. The Countess lets the dust fall
through her fingers and weeps.

Ernie rubs his throat.

ERNIE

His hands were so hairy. How could
you stand that in bed?

She jerks her head around and snarls at him. Her fangs
extend.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Too soon?

Frankenstein approaches the Countess, reaches out a hand as
if to console her.

She jumps up and grabs him around the throat. Leans in as if
to bite him. Saliva drips from her teeth.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

(whimpers)

I'm sorry. I thought he was the one
hunting us. I see now I was wrong.
Please don't kill me.

The Countess pauses for a moment. The she allows her fangs to
retract. Steps away.

COUNTESS DRACULA

I would kill you both if we didn't
have more pressing concerns.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

This would never have happened if
the Butler hadn't been killed.
Whoever murdered him is, or was,
behind this.

(MORE)

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

They knew the fear and panic would
have us tearing each other apart
like hungry wolves.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Then it is a pity that he is lost
to us beyond the veil that even the
undead cannot pass.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

That's not entirely true.

Ernie and the Countess both look at Frankenstein.

He reaches under the table and pulls out his doctor's bag.
Rummages around inside.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

I have been working on a way to
bring the dead back to life, using
science.

ERNIE

Well, duh. I was waiting for you to
mention that.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

However, I have not perfected the
procedure. And I'm not in my lab.
It's a million to one chance that I
can bring the Butler back. And even
if I do, he may not be able to give
us the answers we seek.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Do it. It's the only chance we
have.

ERNIE

But what if we wind up with an
angry flattop monster running
around the place?

COUNTESS DRACULA

I can handle that.

She nods at Frankenstein. He crouches down beside the body of
the Butler.

MONTAGE

A) Frankenstein attaches electrodes to the corpse's head.

- B) Frankenstein connects the electrodes to a portable battery unit.
- C) Countess Dracula watches anxiously.
- D) Frankenstein injects the body with some serum.
- E) Ernie yawns.

END MONTAGE

Frankenstein turns on the battery. Electricity crackles through the body.

He looks at his watch and begins counting silently.

ERNIE

I don't think it's gonna work.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Give it time! The first attempt on an animal took--

The Butler suddenly sits up and lets out a bloodcurdling scream. Frankenstein quickly backs away.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(astonished)

He's alive. He's alive!

ERNIE

Nice work.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Butler? Can you hear us?

The Butler lets out a long, wheezing sigh.

THE BUTLER

Yessss... I can hear you...

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Who killed you? Do you remember?

THE BUTLER

Yes... it was a man... pushed me out the door... smashed my head with a candlestick. Then stabbed me in the neck... with a fork.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Who? Did you see his face?

THE BUTLER

It was dark... but I recognized his silhouette...

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Who, damn it?!

The Butler points at Ernie.

ERNIE

Yeah... about that.

The Butler suddenly jumps to his feet and runs at Frankenstein. Throws him against the wall with inhuman strength. Frankenstein screams in terror and pain.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

His brain is gone! Help me!

ERNIE

(to the Countess)

You gonna do something or not?

She sighs and slowly walks over to the wall. She takes down one of the antique swords.

The Butler twists Frankenstein's head around, killing him.

COUNTESS DRACULA (O.S.)

Oh, Butler?

The Butler turns to look at her, his face blank.

The Countess swings the sword. We see the shadow on the wall as his head flies from his shoulders. The no longer reanimated body falls to the floor.

The Countess points her sword at Ernie. Blood drips from it.

COUNTESS DRACULA (CONT'D)

Traitor. You were behind all this.

He raises his hands defensively.

ERNIE

No, not actually. I had no idea what was going on until the Butler told us. But I knew the only way I would survive was to kill y'all, or make you kill each other. The fact that I can profit from that is just a bonus.

COUNTESS DRACULA

Profit? How?

Ernie slowly backs away, keeping his hands raised.

ERNIE

Intellectual property. You see, y'all are in the public domain. But the Butler said if you die here, the house wipes all trace of you from existence. That means I'll be the only one who knows about you, because the survivor keeps his memories. I can walk out of here with the copyright on all your stories. Dracula alone will make me millions.

COUNTESS DRACULA

You would let us all die just to own a copyright?

ERNIE

Welcome to the 21st Century.

(beat)

Tell you what, babe. I like you, so I'll make you a deal. I'll let you live and we can write the stories together. Bring everyone back to life and we can both profit. What do you say?

She seems to consider it for a moment.

COUNTESS DRACULA

I have a better idea. I kill you, and then I let the others rest in peace.

ERNIE

Well, that's one way to go.

She stabs Ernie through the heart quickly. He is dead before he hits the ground.

She drops the sword and sits down at the table. Sighs.

She looks at the pool of blood on the floor around Ernie. She shrugs and pulls up her skirt to knee height.

She crouches down by the puddle and laps the blood up greedily.

Suddenly the door opens. The Countess stands up and wipes the blood from her face as she waits for the new arrival.

A BLACK-SUITED MAN with a thin face, high-domed forehead and gray hair enters.

BLACK-SUITED MAN
Good evening. I'm your host. Sorry
I'm a little late.

He studies the carnage in the room.

BLACK-SUITED MAN (CONT'D)
Looks like my plan worked
perfectly.

Countess Dracula looks dumbfounded.

COUNTESS DRACULA
What plan?

BLACK-SUITED MAN
To see which of you was the
strongest. And you, my fair lady,
are the winner. You are worthy of
joining me, Professor James
Moriarty.

COUNTESS DRACULA
You're Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's
creation?

He has a venomous look on his face.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
I am nobody's creation! I'm as real
as you. And we deserve better than
to be trapped between the pages of
dusty old books. We're going to the
real world.

He smiles and holds his hand out to the Countess.

COUNTESS DRACULA
How, exactly?

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
There is a secret door in this
house that leads there. Only the
Butler knows where it is.

COUNTESS DRACULA
The Butler?

PROFESSOR MORIARTY
Yes, he wouldn't tell me before the
party, but he promised to tell me
later.

He finally notices the body of the Butler on the floor.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY (CONT'D)
Oh for fu--

FADE OUT.