

TRANSYLVANIA'S GOT TALENT

written by

Dave Troop

"Copyright (c) 2010

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without  
the express written permission of the author."

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 eeeeevening. 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 WANT 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  
 WANT 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.