

Broken-Hearted Monsters

“Episode 1: Pilot”

by

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Rusty Quill Presents: Broken Hearted Monsters
Episode One: Death and Romance

1. INT. CAR - DAY

SFX: Car top is down—can hear the tooting of distant car horns and cars idling in traffic.

FRANK
(nervous laughter)
Wow. I guess five-thirty on Monday is a bad time to start a road trip, HAHA.

DRACULA
(dry)
It is all right. Just put on your podcast and take deep breaths.

FRANK
(flirty)
Who needs podcasts when we've got each other?

DRACULA
Put on the podcast.

FRANK
Come on, Dracula! We haven't talked in months.

DRACULA
That is how breakups work.

FRANK
Haha, yeah totally. See any good movies? Read any good books? Date any cute guys?

DRACULA

Let us get something clear, Frank. I am here to deliver you to your evil dad's funeral and then I am on the first plane back to LA.

We are not discussing my personal life. We are not on a romantic getaway. And we are not, under any circumstances, getting back together.

FRANK

Whoa, whoa! I was just making casual conversation!

DRACULA

You were making a casual incursion into a part of my life you are banned from.

FRANK

Ok! We're not there yet. Message received loud and clear.

(brief pause)

Personally, I've been doing great.

DRACULA

(sigh)

FRANK

(bragging)

Been hitting the gym, meditating, going to therapy. You know, I think I really needed this time alone to find out who Frank is.

DRACULA

(disbelief)

You have been going to therapy?

FRANK

Well, I've been listening to a podcast about therapy. So, you know, I get it.

DRACULA

Ok.

SFX: HONKING HORNS AND TRAFFIC.

FRANK

Is she letting us go?

DRACULA

I do not think she is looking at us.

FRANK

(frantic)

How am I supposed to tell? She's wearing the biggest sunglasses I've ever seen.

DRACULA

FRANK, DON'T!

SFX: FRANK GRUNTING, SOUND OF AN ENORMOUS MAN STANDING UP IN A CAR, CREAKING METAL AND BOUNCING SHOCKS

FRANK

(polite but very loud)

MA'AM. ARE YOU LETTING US GO?!

DRACULA

(scolding)

Frank, you are going to tip the car!

SFX: FRANK SITS BACK DOWN, THE CAR BOUNCES AND SHAKES.

FRANK

(matter of factly)

She wasn't looking at us.

DRACULA

(embarrassed, annoyed)

Well, she is now. Everyone is.

ANGRY DRIVER
HEY! LIGHT'S GREEN, MONSTER
MAN!

FRANK
(irritated, brazen)
OH, IS THE LIGHT GREEN?! I HADN'T
NOTICED! THANKS FOR POINTING
THAT OUT!

ANGRY DRIVER
WHAT'S THE MATTER? FULL MOON
SCRAMBLING YOUR BRAIN!? GO!

FRANK
(offended, angry)
THAT'S WEREWOLVES! DO I LOOK
LIKE A WEREWOLF TO YOU?!

ANGRY DRIVER
YOU LOOK LIKE SHIT TO ME! GO!

FRANK
(calm, polite)
I'll be back in a minute. I'm just going
to go kill this man.

SFX: CAR DOOR OPENING

DRACULA
(disappointed)
I knew this was a mistake.

SFX: CAR DOOR CLOSED

FRANK
Uh, you know what? I'm Good. As
Monkey Rick would say, "if you don't
master your anger, your anger will
master you."

ANGRY DRIVER
THAT'S RIGHT, LISTEN TO YOUR
BOYFRIEND.

DRACULA
Ignore him.

FRANK
(through gritted teeth)
Oh, boy. Road rage hits differently
when you're in a convertible.

It's like he's right there.

ANGRY DRIVER
HEY! I DON'T WANT TO BE PART OF
THIS CONVERSATION EITHER!

DRACULA
(annoyed)
Why don't we put up the top for a bit?
You know, like I suggested before we
left?

FRANK
(oblivious)
Why would we rent a convertible and
keep the top up?

DRACULA
(annoyed)
I don't know, Frank. Why would you
rent a convertible?

FRANK
(oblivious)
Oh, just because of a little thing
called the great American road trip.

DRACULA
(flat)
This is not a road trip.

FRANK

Uh, what do you call driving across
nine states in a convertible?

DRACULA

The biggest mistake of my life?

FRANK

Oh! There's an opening!

SFX: Sound of CAR moving abruptly, changing lanes.

DRACULA

(frantic)

Frank, Frank, Frank, Frank!

FRANK

(elated)

Wooooo! It's a war of attrition, baby.
We're getting there.

DRACULA

(breathing heavily)

Look. When you asked me to come
on this trip, I thought it would be less
vacation and more... processing.

FRANK

(shrinking)

Because of the dead dad thing?

DRACULA

(deadpan)

Yes, Frank. Because of the "dead dad
thing."

FRANK

(avoiding)

Right, um, I don't know if I'm
emotionally there yet, babe. I'll

**definitely be ready to talk about it
after the funeral though.**

DRACULA

(admonishing)

**I am not staying for the funeral,
Frank! If you want a shoulder to cry
on, it is here, now. Once we get to
Pennsylvania-**

FRANK

**Yeah, yeah, I get it. First flight back to
LA.**

(leading)

**It's a real pity that you're going to
miss the Carnival of Souls though.**

DRACULA

**I do not want to go to your family's
weird funeral party. I want you to get
this stuff out in the open, so you do
not explode like an atom bomb when
you get there.**

FRANK

(avoiding)

**OK, OK. Can we get out of the city
first? We've got 2,000 miles of open
road ahead of us. I don't want to blow
through all the juicy stuff in the first
hour.**

DRACULA

(sighing)

Sure. When you are ready, I am here.

(brief pause)

**You still have not told me how your
dad died.**

FRANK

I haven't?

DRACULA

Your dad is dead, right?

FRANK

Oh yeah, super dead.

DRACULA

Not undead? Or "technically dead" because he transferred his brain into a fresh corpse?

FRANK

No, I made sure it wasn't that before I rented the car.

DRACULA

(direct)

I swear, if I walk into that funeral and there is a head in a jar making shitty comments about the way I dress, I will never speak to you again.

FRANK

No, no, no. He's like, very dead in a totally regular way.

DRACULA

Like a heart attack or a stroke?

FRANK

Yeah, something like that.

DRACULA

Something like that?

FRANK

Apparently, he was up on the roof fixing the lightning rod and I guess he got struck by lightning.

DRACULA

I am so sorry—

FRANK

Eleven times.

DRACULA

I am so sorry—

FRANK

He fell off the roof.

DRACULA

Oh Frank—

FRANK

And was impaled on one of mom's sculptures.

DRACULA

Why don't you tell me when you are done.

FRANK

That's pretty much it. Mom always said he spent too much time on the roof fiddling with his lightning rod.

DRACULA

(bursts out laughing)

FRANK

(teasing)

Really, Dracula? Do you find something funny about the way my dad died...

DRACULA

(trying not to laugh)

No.

FRANK

(teasing)

Polishing the big round knob on the end of his lightning rod.

DRACULA

(laughing)

Stop! This is serious.

FRANK

I am serious! You're the one who's laughing, babe.

DRACULA

(tears in eyes)

You know what you are doing.

FRANK

Look, I get that I'm supposed to feel bad about this. But I haven't spoken to him in years. This has literally no effect on my life.

DRACULA

Frank...

FRANK

(defensive)

No, honestly! I just feel bad for mom. She had to put up with his miserable ass for all these years and now she has to plan the dude's funeral.

DRACULA

That... sounds like hell. How is she holding up?

FRANK

Oh, you know mom.

DRACULA

(slightly annoyed)

No, I do not, Frank. In six years of dating, we never met.

FRANK

(musing)

Really? That doesn't sound right.

DRACULA

I would be inclined to agree.

FRANK

I dunno. I love mom but she's always been weird about dad stuff. It sounds like she's thrown herself whole ass into carnival prep.

DRACULA

(dry)

Ah, the ancient art of avoidance has been passed down through the generations.

FRANK

She's from a different generation. They're not as emotionally mature as you and-

DRACULA

Monkey Rick?

FRANK

(laughing)

You're jerking my stitches but yeah! I've really grown thanks to Monkey Rick and the Mind Jungle.

DRACULA

(snarky)

Oh, yeah. How is your brother, Frank?

FRANK
(deflecting, enthusiastic)
Hey look, it's Rosemary's!

DRACULA
Yep, there it is.

FRANK
(nostalgic)
God, we haven't been there in years.
Should we –

DRACULA
Absolutely not.

FRANK
Come on. You love Rosemary's.

DRACULA
(avoiding)
I do not love it. It was just a dark
place to go during the day. The floors
were sticky and the bartender called
me Ichabod.

FRANK
(wistfully)
Yeah, we had some good times on
those sticky floors. Drinking beers,
shooting pool, not a worry in the
world.

DRACULA
I do not drink beer. I do not play pool.
I worry constantly.

FRANK
Camilla rigged the jukebox so we
could keep using the same dirty old
quarter over and over again.

DRACULA

**And Wolfie would sit on that thing
playing the Goo Goo Dolls on repeat
until someone tore him away.**

FRANK

Yeah, the dog man loves the Goo.

**Hey, remember the weekend we
spent wallpapering the bathrooms
with your old anime books?**

DRACULA

**How could I forget? You got through half a wall
before I realized you were tearing up my prized
collection of Vampire Prince Crybaby.**

FRANK

In my defense-

DRACULA

Do not say it.

FRANK

**Babe, all your horny vampire mangas
look the same!**

DRACULA

**Do you really want to relitigate this
argument? Do you remember who
won last time?**

FRANK

**I remember we agreed floor piles
wasn't a cool way to organize a book
collection.**

DRACULA

**Well, I remember someone spent the
next six months trawling yard sales
in the boonies to replace them.**

FRANK

(smug)

Wow, sounds like a grand romantic gesture to me.

DRACULA

It was a little bit romantic.

Though half of them were in Italian.

FRANK

(teasing)

You speak Italian!

DRACULA

Yes, but vampire seduction has a distinctly unpleasant flavor when read in Italian.

FRANK

(laughing)

Ok, that actually makes a lot of sense.

(sigh, pause)

You see the old gang much?
Camilla? Wolfman? The Creature
from the Puce Lagoon?

DRACULA

Not really. I was... indulging in some post-breakup wallowing for a while. I was not in the mood for friends.

FRANK

(probing)

Yeah? You want to talk about it?

DRACULA

(cold)

No.

FRANK

I kinda hoped to see you at Camilla's wedding last month.

DRACULA

(surprised)

Camilla got married?

FRANK

Yeah, to Veronica. Real cool chick.
Has a bike shop down by the water.
She's in my CrossFit class.

DRACULA

I did not even know she was dating someone.

FRANK

You and Camilla used to be close.

DRACULA

She was the first person I ever sired.

FRANK

Wow, I don't think I knew that.

DRACULA

(mysterious, dramatic)

There are many things you don't know about me.

FRANK

(cheerful, oblivious)

I don't think that's true.

DRACULA

(annoyed)

It is.

FRANK

I can't believe I never clocked you as exes though.

DRACULA

WHAT!?

FRANK

I bet y'all look cute together. All gothic and moody and pale, like a couple of haunted dolls.

DRACULA

God no. Camilla and I never... She was my business partner.

FRANK

(teasing)

Forbidden love.

DRACULA

Stop it! It was a purely transactional agreement. She wanted to live forever and I needed an accountant who would not die every 50 years.

FRANK

(cheeky)

Are all Transylvanian accountants six-foot-four, beautiful goth women?

DRACULA

God Frank, Camilla is like a daughter to me.

FRANK

(bratty)

A daughter probably would have invited you to her wedding.

DRACULA

(offended)

WOW.

FRANK

Look! All I'm saying is everyone misses you Dracula.

DRACULA

OK, well, whose fault is that?

FRANK

Wait what?

DRACULA

Nothing. Please can we stop talking about this?

FRANK

They're your friends too. Just because we —

DRACULA

(monster voice)

FRANK. PLEASE.

FRANK

Fine.

DRACULA

(terse)

Thank you.

2. INT. CAR - DAY

SFX: MUSIC PLAYING ON THE RADIO. TIME HAS PASSED AND THE CAR IS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

FRANK

Sweet baby Satan, I am hungry. You hungry?

DRACULA

(dark)

I ate before we left.

FRANK

Alright, well you let me know if you need to pull over and grab one of your capri suns from the trunk. We all know that the dark lord gets grungry when he hasn't had his drinky.

DRACULA

(annoyed)

Please stop talking about food.

FRANK

Remember when we lost your cooler at Joshua Tree? Man, that was a trip. I thought you were going to rip Tyler's head off and drink him like a smoothie.

DRACULA

Frank!

FRANK

Sorry! I know you don't like talking about that stuff. I'll keep it kosher from here on out.

DRACULA

(lets out a weary sigh)

FRANK

(concerned)

You okay?

DRACULA

(worn out)

I am fine.

FRANK

Really? You've downshifted three shades of pale since I picked you up.

DRACULA

I said I am fine. I just have a bit of a headache from the sun.

FRANK

Aw yeah, I'm so glad you still had the Dread Lord's ring. I spent an entire paycheck on this beaut and it would have sucked if we couldn't pop that top and LET LOOSE.

DRACULA

You know I am not really meant to wear this thing every day.

FRANK

Yeah, I know! It's for special occasions.

DRACULA

Emergencies.

FRANK

Think of this as an emotional emergency.

DRACULA

Is it?

FRANK

Is it what?

DRACULA

(concerned)

Is this an emotional emergency, Frank? Is that why I am here?

FRANK

(faltering)

I...

DRACULA
(compassionate)
It is ok.

FRANK
(avoiding)
I... **GAS STATION!** We need fuel, we
need to stop at a gas station.

DRACULA
(confused)
We are twenty minutes outside the
city?

**SFX: CAR PULLS INTO THE GAS STATION AND
COMES TO A STOP.**

FRANK
Yeah, this thing is a real gas guzzler.
But we're on vacation, so money
doesn't matter.

DRACULA
(stern)
We are absolutely not on vacation.

FRANK
I mean technically it's "bereavement
leave." But Doug made me use the
last of my vacation days for the
funeral.

In my books, that's a vacation.

DRACULA
(pitying)
Oh Frank...

FRANK
What?

DRACULA

(sigh)

... I will get the snacks. What do you want?

FRANK

(surprised)

You don't have to do that.

DRACULA

I think "dead dad stuff" is worth a couple of bags of chips. What do you want?

FRANK

(excited)

OK. I could get used to this "Dead dad stuff." Can I get a big thing of iced tea and sharing bag of Blastos?

DRACULA

(as if falling into an old routine)

Flavor?

FRANK

Uh, the limited-edition Stevie Nicks' Edge of Jalapeño if they have it-

DRACULA & FRANK

Speakeasy Chutney if they don't.

FRANK

(tender)

Yeah. Thanks, Dracula.

DRACULA

No problem, Frank.

3. INT. GAS STATION — DAY

SFX: THE BELL OVER THE GAS STATION DOOR DINGS AND DRACULA WALKS IN, THE HEELS OF HIS BOOTS CLICKING AGAINST THE FLOOR.

SFX: HUM OF DRINKS REFRIGERATOR. SOUND OF REFRIGERATOR BEING OPENED.

DRACULA
(breathing shakily)
Keep it together Dracula. You are not falling for that meathead, again.

SFX: DRACULA CLOSSES THE REFRIGERATOR AND WALKS TO COUNTER, PICKING UP A LARGE RUSTLING BAG OF CHIPS ON THE WAY.

DRACULA
(tired)
Could I get a packet of Stoker Blues as well, please?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
(creepy)
Anything for you.

4. EXT. GAS STATION — DAY

SFX: A CAR PULLS INTO THE STATION. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.

ANGRY DRIVER
Well, look who it is.

FRANK
I don't want any trouble, dude.

ANGRY DRIVER
Should have thought about that before you cut me off.

FRANK

I'm sorry, is that what you want to hear? I'm sorry a very normal thing happened to you in your car and you let it ruin your day.

ANGRY DRIVER

Oh my day's going fine. I'm having a great day.

SFX: ANGRY DRIVER pops the trunk.

ANGRY DRIVER

Your day, though?

SFX: Sound of METAL BAT scraping the pavement.

ANGRY DRIVER

It's not looking good, body bag.

5. INT. GAS STATION — DAY

DRACULA

Look, I am not who you think I am.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

No dude, you totally are. I can feel it in the pit of my soul.

DRACULA

Clearly you are going through something and you need help, but I am not that person.

SFX: DRACULA picks up snacks off the counter. **ATTENDANT** reaches across and grabs **DRACULA** by the wrist.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(forceful)

Please. It hurts all the time.

DRACULA

(monster voice, slow, deliberate)

Take your hand off me.

SFX: ATTENDANT RELEASES GRIP.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(fearful)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! It's just, maybe work on not being so miserable all the time, dude.

(pathetic)

You know, for all of us?

SFX: DRACULA walks away, pauses at the door.

DRACULA

(sad, bitter)

You will get used to it.

SFX: Same DING of the BELL as the DOOR opens.

6. EXT. GAS STATION — DAY

SFX: FRANK grunting as he attempts to roll over the ANGRY DRIVER'S car.

ANGRY DRIVER

COME ON MAN. THAT'S NOT FUNNY! I SAID I WAS SORRY.

FRANK

(monster voice)

RARGH.

ANGRY DRIVER

That's my dead ma's car!

SFX: THE CAR rolls over onto its back with a crash.

FRANK
(monster voice)
RAAAAAAAAAARGH-

(spots Dracula)
Dracula, I can explain.

DRACULA
We have to go.

ANGRY DRIVER
Nobody's going anywhere until I get somebody's insurance.

DRACULA
(monster voice)
Shut up.

FRANK
What's going on!?

DRACULA
Get in the car. I will explain later.

SFX: GAS STATION DOOR opens and ATTENDANT comes shouting after DRACULA.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
HAVE YOU TRIED THERAPY!? OR MAYBE GETTING A DOG!?

FRANK
Who's that?

DRACULA
Nobody. Car.

SFX: CAR DOORS opening and closing.

ANGRY DRIVER

**Hey! You can't just flee the scene!
You! Call the police!**

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(shouting after Dracula)

**YOU SHOULD CHECK OUT MONKEY RICK'S
WELLNESS POD!**

SFX: CAR peels off.

ANGRY DRIVER

What!? They're getting away!?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

(monster voice)

Sorry, dude. Can't call the cops on the Dragon.

ANGRY DRIVER

What!?

7. INT. CAR — DAY

**SFX: CAR ENGINE revs as DRACULA and FRANK speed away.
DRACULA tears open the pack of cigarettes and lights one up.**

DRACULA

(Exhales cigarette smoke with a deep sigh)

FRANK

You're smoking.

DRACULA

Yep.

FRANK

You worked so hard to quit.

DRACULA

**Yes, uh, after the breakup I, uh, kind of fell off the
wagon.**

FRANK
Which wagon?

DRACULA
You know... all of them?

FRANK
Oh. Ohhh. Ok. So, you've been... drinking?

DRACULA
Drinking. Siring. Just sort of... doing the whole thing.

FRANK
The whole thing.

DRACULA
Mhhmmmm.

FRANK
So that lady was one of yourrrr...

DRACULA
(hesitant)
Probably.

FRANK
Probably?

DRACULA
(on edge)
It has been a bit of a blur. A lot of shirtless twink in darkened alleyways, you know?

FRANK
Oh.

DRACULA
After we broke up-

FRANK
After you broke up with me.

DRACULA

After you punched a hole in my kitchen wall.

FRANK

(ashamed)

Yeah...

DRACULA

That night, when you left, I sat on the kitchen floor and stared at the wall for hours. No tears. No anger. Just... nothing.

SFX: FRANK PULLS THE CAR TO A STOP AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

Before we met, I had been alone for decades. I was used to being alone, it was actually quite comforting... like an armor of silence.

But when you left, and the loneliness returned... it felt different. It felt cold and dangerous, and I needed to feel anything other than that feeling.

So, I started making friends. Cheap, disposable friends that could not reject me.

FRANK

Camilla... Pucey... Wolfie...

DRACULA

They were your friends.

FRANK

They're your friends too, Dracula! They care about you. They miss you. They're worried about you.

DRACULA

I know. They are good people. But they will always be your friends first.

(sigh)

I could not face them after everything that happened.

FRANK

All of them have been-

DRACULA

Can we not do this right now? Please.

FRANK

(flat, stunned)

Ok.

(pause)

Why did you agree to come to the funeral with me?

DRACULA

I don't know. Maybe I am not exactly operating with deliberate intent at the moment.

FRANK

Well, I guess, that makes two of us.

DRACULA

Yeah?

FRANK

Yeah! Asking you to come with me was crazy. But I wanted to. So I did.

Maybe it was a stupid and selfish thing to do. But I'm starting to think, through some sort of mystical alignment of spiritual woo woo... it was the only right thing to do.

DRACULA

God, I wish I had your brain sometimes.

FRANK

Well, you got it, babe. For the duration of this trip, my brain is yours.

You help me get to the dead dad thing without freaking out and running away. And I stop you from

creating an army of svelt shadow twinks. It's a perfect symbiotic relationship.

DRACULA

I would not go so far as to call this situation "perfect"... but I guess it makes some kind of messed up sense.

FRANK

(laughs darkly)

DRACULA

Frank. Are you sure?

FRANK

I've never been more sure about anything in my life, babe.

DRACULA

(big inhale and exhale)

Ok. In that case, I think I would like to go to the funeral with you.

FRANK

(avoiding)

Oh, you don't have to...

DRACULA

No, I want to. It is not about you. I need to meet your family. You owe me that after six years of dating.

FRANK

OK. Anything for you, babe.

DRACULA

(tender)

Oh and Frank?

FRANK

(tender)

Yes, Dracula?

DRACULA

We are putting the goddamn top up so I can take this goddamn ring off.

FRANK

Ah! Yes! Of course! Of course!

DRACULA

I have got an abyssal migraine so wide you could squeeze an elder god through it.

FRANK

I'm on it I'm on it!

SFX: FRANK OPENS THE CAR DOOR AND STARTS STRUGGLING TO PUT THE TOP UP.

FRANK

(outside car, calling out)

You know, Dracula. I'm really glad I asked you to come with me.

DRACULA

(inside car, calling out)

Me too, Frank.

(quietly to self)

Me too.

DRACULA

(inside car, calling out)

Uh, did you flip a car over back there?