

Broken-Hearted Monsters

“Episode 3: Diced Onions, Relish, Sauerkraut”

By

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Broken-Hearted Monsters - Episode 3

[Music]

ANNOUNCER

Rusty Quill Presents: Broken Hearted Monsters
Episode Three: Diced Onions, Relish, Sauerkraut

[Music]

1. INT. RETRO ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

SFX: ALMOST EMPTY 50s DINER, WITH ERA-APPROPRIATE MUSIC, SOUND QUALITY IS FUZZY AND SLIGHTLY WARPED. IN THE BACKGROUND, FORKS AND KNIVES CLINK AGAINST PLATES AS ELDERLY DINERS ENJOY THEIR SUNDAY POST-CHURCH LUNCH.

FRANK

(excited)

Can you believe this place?

DRACULA

Yes. It is a restaurant.

FRANK

No! It's a themed restaurant.

DRACULA

Uh huh.

FRANK

This is what it's all about, babe. The broken jukebox! The haggard waitress! The booths shaped like convertibles!

DRACULA

You have an actual convertible outside.

FRANK

And you have left your sense of childlike wonder outside!

DRACULA

I do not have a sense of childlike wonder. I have the minimum standards of a regular grown-up.

FRANK

Um, if this place isn't for grown-ups, why is everyone here over 60?

SHERRI

(apathetic, husky)

After-church lunch rush. Welcome to Greaser's, I'm Sherri, I'll be your server today, can I get y'all started with a round of our famous buttered malts?

FRANK

Hello, Sherri. I'm Frank and this grumpy Gabriel is Dracula.

SHERRI

I don't need your life story, just your order, hon.

FRANK

Ha, classic Sherri. Can I get the, uh, Great Gutterball Breakfast, but could I get it shaped like a face like the kids gutterball?

SHERRI

Sure, hon. Do you want crayons to color the back of the menu while you wait?

FRANK

(a little annoyed)

Just the breakfast is fine.

SHERRI

And for grumpy Gabriel?

DRACULA

Water.

SHERRI

Still or sparkling?

DRACULA

Tap.

SHERRI

I'll speak with the chef and see what he can do.

(addresses Frank)

We'll see how un-haggard you look after six loveless marriages and a horse riding accident.

SFX: Sherri clops away in high heels.

FRANK

I don't think Sherri likes me.

DRACULA

(distracted)

I think Sherri has a lot going on.

FRANK

(annoyed)

How come they never ask you if you want crayons?

DRACULA

Maybe it is your "sense of childlike wonder."

FRANK

You are really bothered by me enjoying stuff, aren't you?

DRACULA

I do not care if you "enjoy stuff", Frank. I am saying that if you insist on acting like a child all the time, people are going to treat you like one.

FRANK

I don't think there's anything wrong with live-laugh-loving a little. And I think you'll find I've matured a lot since we broke up.

DRACULA

Come on, Frank. You have to admit, maturity has never been one of your strong points.

SFX: Sherri clops back in high heels.

FRANK

Give me one example.

SHERRI

The Chef would like to know if the gentleman wants his breakfast face smiling or frowning.

FRANK

(awkward)

... smiling, please.

SFX: Sherri clops away again.

FRANK

Give me a different example.

DRACULA

Mhmm, how about your complete inability to discuss your family?

FRANK

How about... your... mleh mleh mleh.

DRACULA

A splendid riposte. Let us stuff that emotional baggage back in the emotional trunk and pretend it does not exist, shall we?

FRANK

No! We shalln't. Because new Frank doesn't have a problem talking about his family.

DRACULA

Oh, I did not realize that we were basking in the presence of new Frank.

FRANK

Well you better realize it, babe. Because he's here and he's spitting truth about his mom and dad and stuff.

[pause]

You're not saying anything.

DRACULA

I am waiting for you to start spitting.

FRANK

Oh yeah. Well, um. I guess, if I had to start somewhere, it'd probably be with the doggies.

DRACULA

The doggies?

FRANK

Yeah, babe. You see, the old Doc had something of a gamblin' streak. Cards, horses, the secret to life itself. He gambled with them all. But he loved nothing more than a bet on the doggies.

This was back when greyhound racing was still legal in the great state of Pennsylvania, of course.

Now, the Doc, he was a scientific genius who spat in the face of god on a daily basis. A real smarty pants, you dig? But try as he might, he couldn't figure the math on these majestic gray long boys.

Making life was easy, but living things? Living things never made sense to the Doc.

That's where I come in.

DRACULA

That is where you come in?

FRANK

Don't interrupt, babe.

I didn't know my pie-thagga-rums from my arca-mee-mees, but I knew a winner when I saw it.

DRACULA

Really?

FRANK

I picked you, didn't I?

DRACULA

Frank! Stop it!

FRANK

Well. Stop interrupting, babe, and I'll stop flirting.

Okay, so the doc couldn't deny my talent. So he'd bring me to the race track every week. We'd win every race and use our winnings to buy beer and hotdogs with diced onions, relish, and sauerkraut. And every week, I'd slip 25 cents into my pocket and sneak it in my hulk hogan piggy bank when I got home.

Eventually, I had saved up enough to buy mom a porcelain figurine of Lon Chaney.

DRACULA

Lon Chaney...

FRANK

(smug)

She loved old Lonald. And she loved that porcelain figurine. It became her prized possession and has pride of place on her bedside table to this day.

DRACULA

(tender)

Frank.

FRANK

Yeah babe?

DRACULA

In my centuries of walking the earth, I have never encountered such a steaming pile of demon shit.

FRANK

What?! Uh, babe, it kinda sounds like you're denying my truth right now.

DRACULA

Frank, this story stinks to the high heavens. Weekly hotdogs and beer? You said you barely knew your dad.

FRANK

(philosophical)

Well, do any of us really know anyone?

DRACULA

You know what? Fine.

FRANK

Fine?

DRACULA

Yes, fine. Lie to me. I do not care anymore.

FRANK

I mean you care a little bit.

DRACULA

Why should I? You do not even respect me enough to tell me the truth anymore.

FRANK

I may have smudged some of the details but most of it was true.

DRACULA

Uh huh. So you were a gambling prodigy who went to the dog track every week with your dad and used the winnings to buy your mother her prized possession?

FRANK

Well, when you put it like that.

DRACULA

You put it like that!

FRANK

Ok, fine! You're right! I made it up! I'm sorry.

DRACULA

Why would you lie to me, Frank?

[Pause]

FRANK

Because it's easier than telling the truth.

2. INT. CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN, FRANK'S ROOM, EARLY 90'S - DAY

Frank sits on the floor playing with his action figures. His voice and body are the same as in the present day, but his demeanor is more childlike.

SFX: SOUND OF PLASTIC FIGURES SMASHING AGAINST EACH OTHER AND THE AGAINST THE FLOOR.

FRANK

(as military action figure)

**Please, Zombie Man, you're the only
one who can stop Doctor No Body.**

FRANK

(as hero action figure)

**I'm sorry, General Dog Hands. I'm not
Zombie Man anymore. Without the
power of the necro force, I'm just a
regular insurance claims adjuster
with detachable limbs.**

FRANK

(as villain action figure, cut off)

**HAHAHA, that's right Zombie Man.
There's nothing— (you can do).**

DOC is standing in the doorway, watching his son with disdain.

DOC

(cold, flat)

What are you doing?

FRANK

I... I'm just playing with my guys.

[beat of silence]

DOC

Where's your brother?

FRANK

He... went to the store with mom.

DOC

Tch.

Beat.

DOC
(curt)
Put your coat on.

FRANK
(apprehensive)
Where are we going?

DOC walks away without answering.

3. EXT. PENNSYLVANIA DOG TRACK, EARLY 90s - DAY

SFX: Sounds of thrumming crowd. Throughout scene, announcer in the distance calling races, announcing odds, betting counter closing for race, etc.

RACE TRACK
ANNOUNCER
(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.
Announcer is newly divorced
and smoking a cigarette.)
Here we go. This is it. The
greyhounds enter the racetrack for
race number seven. Grade c action.
Five Sixteenths of a mile. The lead-
outs are going crazy. Let's beat the
greyhounds now for our seventh
race. Number one: Big Friendly Giant.
Seventy pounds. Number three:
Some Like It Hot. Sixty-nine and a
half pounds. Number four: Cereal and
Milk. Seventy-two pounds. Number 6:
Bermuda Triangle. Seventy and a half
pounds. Number ten: Unruly Thomas.
Number seven: Bottoms Up. Number
twelve: I'm Your Huckleberry.
Number 14: Milton's Hero. Number
fifteen: Thinkin' Wrinkles. And
number eleven: Duke Ataboy. Ladies

**and gentlemen, those are the
greyhound athletes for race number
seven.**

FRANK
There's a lot of people here.

DOC
**Don't worry about them. Just watch
the dogs.**

FRANK
Ok.

SFX: Sounds of the crowd getting revved up.

BEER GUY
BEER HERE. HOTDOG HERE.

FRANK
There's a man selling hotdogs.

DOC
**Did your mother feed you this
morning?**

FRANK
...Yea.

DOC
Then stop being greedy.

BENNY
Hey, look at this jagoff!

DOC
(more affable but still a cold serious person)
Hello Benny.

BENNY
S'goin on, Doc?

DOC

Nothing much. Just getting by.

BENNY

I know that. Who's the big fella?

DOC

**This is Frank. Say hello to Benny,
Frank.**

FRANK

...Hello.

BENNY

**Jeez-o-man, look at the meat on this
beef truck. You block for the Steelers,
son?**

FRANK

I...

DOC

Leave him alone. He's... quiet.

BENNY

Where's ya son today?

DOC

(disdain)

He's with his mother. Shopping.

BENNY

Yeah? Good kid. Helping his ma.

DOC

Mhmmm.

BENNY

**He, uh, didn't get a look at the
program this morning, did he?**

DOC

He did not.

BENNY

Aw well, guess we're paying for our own ying-a-lings today, eh?

DOC

I'm sure you'll manage.

BENNY

(drunkenly)

Managing quite well already, as it happens, hahaha. Me anna boys are up onna second floor, if you wanna come sink a few. Bet you can put 'em away eh, optimus prime?

DOC

He doesn't drink.

BENNY

Psssh, you're a wet sack, Doc.

DOC

(stern)

Goodbye, Benny.

BENNY

Sure, Doc. Frank it was nice to meet ya.

FRANK

...Bye...

SFX: sounds of dog track, fill the silence as Benny leaves.

DOC

Idiot.

FRANK
What's a ying-a-ling?

DOC
It's beer.

FRANK
Oh. He talked funny.

DOC
It's an accent, Frank.

FRANK
It's a funny accent.

[pause]

DOC
Yes. I suppose it is.

[pause]

My father used to speak like that.

FRANK
Huh, cool.

(hesitant)
Do you miss him?

[pause]

DOC
(wistful, still cold)
Sometimes. He was... a complicated man.

FRANK
What does that mean?

DOC

It means I liked him sometimes and sometimes I didn't.

FRANK

Oh.

But you liked your mom?

DOC

(cold)

My mother is none of your business.

FRANK

(cutoff mid-sentence)

But mom says you -

DOC

(sharp)

Goddamnit, Frank! Leave it alone.

FRANK

(small)

Sorry.

[tense silence]

DOC

(lets out a frustrated sigh)

Come on. Let's go look at the dogs.

FRANK

Really?!

DOC

I said come on.

4. INT. THE DOG SHOWING, EARLY 90's - DAY

SFX: Crowd is louder here, sounds of dogs in background.

FRANK

(gasp of wonder)

Look at them. They're so beautiful.

DOC

They're handsome. Not beautiful.

FRANK

**Sorry. They're handsome! With big
loooong faces.**

Hi boy. Hello. Hi. Look at you.

DOC

Pick one.

FRANK

What?

DOC

Which one looks the fastest to you?

FRANK

Um, oh. They all look fast.

DOC

**Yes, but which one is the best? Come
on. Look.**

FRANK

(jumping from dog to dog)

Um. Ok. I like this one's butt.

This one's legs are really long.

And this one's coat is so shiny.

DOC

Don't overthink it. Just pick one.

FRANK

That one!

DOC

Which one?

FRANK

Number 14!

DOC

You're sure?

FRANK

Yes. I like that one!

**5. EXT. PENNSYLVANIA DOG TRACK, TRACKSIDE - DAY -
CONT.**

**SFX: Crowd is louder and more energetic. Doc and Frank have
to speak louder to be heard.**

RACE TRACK

ANNOUNCER

(over loudspeaker)

**The greyhound athletes are now
being replaced in the starting box for
race number seven.**

DOC

Here, hold onto this.

FRANK

What is it?

DOC

**Five dollars on Milton's Hero, 16 to 1.
That's your ticket. Don't lose it.**

FRANK

My ticket?

DOC

**Here we go. That's him there, going
in the box at the end.**

FRANK

He looks scared.

DOC

(getting excited)

Good.

FRANK

What?

RACE TRACK

ANNOUNCER

(over loudspeaker)

**You know what time it is. Are you
ready? The time is now. The lure's in
motion. The boat is all alone.**

DOC

**Right now, his heart is pounding. His
legs are shaking. Every cell of his
being is screaming run away, run
away.**

FRANK

(concerned)

We have to help him.

DOC

**No. You want to help. But you can't.
Deprive a creature of its fear and you
suffocate its will to live. He needs
that fear to live. He needs that fear to
win.**

FRANK

I'm going to check if he's alright.

DOC

**Move another inch and I'll melt every
goddamn one of your dolls with a
blowtorch.**

**SFX: Sound of dog's breathing begins to drown
out the crowd**

DOC

**(all the noise fades away. Voice is quiet, intense,
calm, commanding)**

Watch. The box.

RACE TRACK

ANNOUNCER

**(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.)**

Here comes the julian and they're off!

**SFX: Starter gate opens with a bang. Sound of cheering crowd
rushes back in.**

RACE TRACK

ANNOUNCER

**(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.)**

**There's six in front, that's [dog name]
around the all-apartment escape turn.
Thinkin' Wrinkles reputed down the
backstracks with the lead, seven
three four eight two five. They
approach the far turn. Thinkin'
Wrinkles has a chance here to win.
Milton's Hero is second.**

DOC

(shouting)

Look at him go!

**Come on Milton! Come on! Shout for
him, lad!**

FRANK
(quiet)
Come on.

DOC
Let him hear you! Come on Milton!

FRANK
Come on, Milton!

DOC
Come on!

FRANK
You can do it, Milton! Come on!

**RACE TRACK
ANNOUNCER**
(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.)
They turn their home and down the
stretch. The five is up the line.

DOC
He's fallen behind lad! Let him know
you're here!

FRANK
Come on Milton! You can do it! Don't
be afraid!

**RACE TRACK
ANNOUNCER**
(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.)
Now fourteen is up the line, gaining
fast.

DOC

Yes! Here he comes, here he comes!

DOC AND FRANK

(together)

Come on Milton! Come on!

DOC

That's it! Yes! Yes! Yeeeeessss!

RACE TRACK

ANNOUNCER

(over loudspeaker in
background throughout scene.)

Milton's Hero gets it! Hold on tickets.

FRANK

(laughing)

He won.

DOC

He did and he did it beautifully!

FRANK

Handsomely.

DOC

(cheerful)

Come on, give me the ticket and I'll
collect your winnings.

FRANK

If it's ok, I think I want to keep it as a
souvenir.

DOC

Don't be daft. That's a 16-to-1 winner
you're holding. Let's go cash it in.

FRANK
(exasperated)
But you said it was my ticket?!

DOC
It is. Bought by me, with my money.
Now hand it over.

FRANK
(firm, angry, adultlike)
I picked the doggy.

DOC
And I hand-picked every organ in that
useless body of yours and stitched
them together.

If it wasn't for me you'd still be 16
dead idiots rotting in the dirt.

FRANK
Dad...

DOC
Don't you dare call me that. No son of
mine would be so selfish and
ungrateful.

FRANK
(small)
You can have the ticket.

DOC
I've never been more embarrassed in
my entire life. I should have scrapped
you for parts before your mother
imprinted on you.

FRANK
(louder, tearful)
You can have the ticket!

DOC

**I don't know how you and your
brother came from the same
graveyard.**

FRANK

(trying not to cry)

Take it. Just take it, please.

SFX: DOC SNATCHES ticket from FRANK.

DOC

(clicks tongue)

6. INT. DOG TRACK BETTING BOOTH - DAY - CONT.

**SFX: ATTENDANT COUNTING THROUGH SINGLE DOLLAR
BILLS THROUGH A BOOTH SPEAKER.**

BOOTH ATTENDANT

(behind plexiglass and a booth speaker)

**10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80 aaaand
your five back. Congratulations on
your win.**

DOC

Yeah.

**7. EXT. PENNSYLVANIA DOG TRACK, TRACKSIDE - DAY -
CONT.**

SFX: DOC pushes through the crowd to make it back to FRANK.

FRANK

(sniffling)

DOC
(cold)
Here.

FRANK
What's this?

DOC
**Did I give you eyes? It's five dollars.
Your winnings.**

FRANK
...Are you sure?

DOC
**Take the money and stop trying to
make a fool of me in public.**

FRANK
Ok...can I buy a hotdog?

DOC
It's always food with you.

(sighs)
Y'know what? I could eat.

FRANK
Yes!

8. EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY - CONT.

SFX: CLATTER of hotdog cart.

HOT DOG GUY
What can I getcha?

DOC

Two hotdogs, one with diced onions, relish, sauerkraut, one with— what do you want?

FRANK

Diced onions, relish, sauerkraut.

DOC

Two with diced onions, relish, sauerkraut. And two beers.

HOT DOG GUY

Ten even.

FRANK

I only got five.

DOC

Put your money away. I've got it.

FRANK

Um...

HOT DOG GUY

Here you go, boys!

FRANK

(awe)

Holy moly.

SFX: Two beers being CRACKED open.

DOC

You got it?

FRANK

(mouth open, about to bite)

I got it.

DOC

**Wait until you sit down before you
unhinge your jaw.**

FRANK

Sorry.

SFX: SCRAPING chairs.

FRANK

(mouth full)

**Isn't it funny how we both like the
same toppings?**

DOC

Don't speak with your mouth full.

FRANK

(mouth full)

Sorry.

(gulping beer)

DOC

**Go easy on the beer. You have an
inflatable sac where your liver should
be.**

FRANK

What does that mean?

DOC

**It means that university grants for the
Abominable Sciences aren't what
they used to be.**

FRANK

Ok...

(takes a slug of beer)

I think I like beer.

DOC

Well, at least I got one thing right.
Here, lift up your bottle.

FRANK

Like this?

SFX: Bottles CLINKING.

DOC

Cheers.

(swigs beer)

Don't tell your mother about the beer.

FRANK

I won't.

9. INT. RETRO ROADSIDE DINER, THE PRESENT DAY - DAY

SFX: Background diner sounds fade in.

FRANK

I didn't tell her about the beer...

(sigh)

But she smelled it on my breath when
she tucked me in.

That night, they had the screaming
match to end all screaming matches.
You could hear it all the way from the
other side of the castle.

(pause)

I laid awake for hours waiting for him
to come and drag me out of bed... He
never did.

DRACULA

That is awful.

FRANK

Is it?

DRACULA

Yes, Frank. I cannot believe someone would treat their own child like that.

FRANK

(Sad smile)

Well, this isn't one of my bad stories.

DRACULA

What?

FRANK

This is the happiest memory I have of my dad.

DRACULA

Oh, babe. You know that is not a good memory, right?

FRANK

Yeah. Obviously. It's just...

(teary)

We ate hotdogs together and he told me about grandad.

DRACULA

(sympathetic)

In between prolonged stretches of being a belligerent piece of shit.

FRANK

I know. I was just glad he wanted to spend time with me. The worst part is, I blamed mom for the fighting after.

I thought I'd finally made progress with dad, cracked the dad puzzle, y'know? And she ruined it by picking a scrap with the old man. He didn't speak to me for two weeks after that.

I turned around and gave my mom the exact same treatment. Iced her out just like my old man would, no eye contact, no words. She kept smiling through it all. I could tell it was breaking her heart but I couldn't stop.

I don't think I ever sorted out the kid logic in my head. But it was something like if I can ice her out, just like dad would, he'd know that I was just as mad at her as he was... and we'd be friends again.

DRACULA

You know how messed up that sounds, right? It is not a child's job to earn their parents love.

FRANK

Yea, that seems obvious now. But it was always easier to blame mom than to face the reality of who my old man was.

DRACULA

You do not still blame her, do you?

FRANK

No, of course not! Maybe there's a teeny tiny drop of resentment left in the keg. But I get that she was on our side and just trying to survive.

DRACULA

Uh, where did all that stuff about the Lon Chaney porcelain figurine come from?

FRANK

Oh. I never bought mom a Lon Chaney porcelain figurine. That was... my brother.

[pause]

DRACULA

(exhale)

(slow, careful)

I can see why you did not want to talk about it.

FRANK

Thank you.

DRACULA

But, I still think it is better to air this stuff out now, before we get to the funeral.

FRANK

I do feel a little better.

But in a way that makes me feel kinda worse, does that make sense?

DRACULA

(tender)

Yes, babe. That makes perfect sense.

You know, you display a remarkable amount of self-awareness for someone who refuses to talk about their past.

FRANK

Thank you.

DRACULA

**And obviously the resentment for
your brother comes from the same
place.**

FRANK

(direct)

No, he's just terrible.

DRACULA

(defeated)

Ok.

**SFX: SHERRI approaches the table and starts to
clear FRANK'S plate.**

SHERRI

Did we leave room for dessert?

FRANK

(pleading, to DRACULA)

Did I?

DRACULA

Yes, I think you did.

FRANK

**I'll have the pecan pie with two
scoops of chocolate ice cream on
top.**

SHERRI

**Pecan pie with two scoops of
chocolate ice cream is only for good
boys who take care of their poor old
momma.**

FRANK

(depressed)

**Apple pie and one scoop of vanilla,
please.**

SHERRI

No. You'll have pecan pie with two scoops of chocolate. Understand?

[pause]

FRANK

Yes ma'am.

SHERRI

Good.

SFX: SHERRI's shoes clop on the tiles as she walks away.

FRANK

You know, for someone so big on sharing, you never talk about your past.

DRACULA

That is different.

FRANK

How is it different?

DRACULA

Your thing happened, like what? Thirty years ago? I have centuries of baggage, lore, legacy.

I've lived lives as dozens of different people. They do not even feel like me.

FRANK

Oh bullshit. You can't just play the "vampire card" every time. The only difference between your past and mine is iPods and soap.

DRACULA

(slight outburst)

No, the difference is that you have an abusive father. I am an abusive father.

FRANK
YOU HAVE KIDS!?

DRACULA

Yes, Frank. I have kids. Every person I have sired is one of my children. Each person they sire, the children of my children.

FRANK

Yeah but, that's different. They're like adults with their own lives and families and stuff.

DRACULA

Yes, and by choosing to turn them—against their will more often than not—I am deciding to tear them away from those lives.

FRANK

But you don't even hang out or do Thanksgiving? In the entire time we were dating, Camilla was the only other vampire I met.

DRACULA

Camilla is a special case. She was the first and the only member of the family who has refused to... let me be.

You met many of them over the years. I just did not allow them to reveal themselves to you.

FRANK

No way! I would have noticed if we were surrounded by vampires the whole time.

SHERRI

Would you?

FRANK

What? Nooooooooo. Sherri!?

SHERRI

I fell from my horse and broke my neck on the cobblestones. He was tutoring my grandchild in Russian literature and heard the screams.

FRANK

Oh my god. Was he wearing a cute little outfit?

DRACULA

Do not answer that.

SHERRI

The littlest. When I woke up, he was gone. I met him one other time in New York City, but he denied my presence and forbade me from talking to him.

FRANK

Being a vampire must be pretty cool, though.

SHERRI

I'm strong. Long-lived. I can't go outside during the day and I watched my grandchild grow old and die.

It's a bit of a mixed bag.

DRACULA

Thank you, Sherri. That is enough.

SHERRI

It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the ache.

DRACULA

(monster voice, quiet, severe)

Thank you, Sherri.

SHERRI

(quiet)

Enjoy your pie, darlin'.

SFX: Sherri clops away, slower than before.

FRANK

Wait, what was that about an ache?

DRACULA

It was nothing.

FRANK

**It didn't sound like nothing. It sounded ominous. And
ache-y?**

DRACULA

**I think we have done enough digging into my past for
today.**

FRANK

(direct)

Lon. Chaney. Porcelain. Figure.

[dramatic pause]

DRACULA

(reluctant)

**The reason it is so uncomfortable to be around the
family is because there is an... emotional fiber that
runs through the entire bloodline. Basically, I feel
what they feel and they feel what I feel.**

FRANK

**Oh my god. So when we were doing it, they could feel
my...?!**

DRACULA

**No! Jesus, Frank. It is entirely emotional, like a
shared...**

FRANK

Vibe?

DRACULA

Sure. Why not?

FRANK

But Sherri called it an ache.

DRACULA

I have been a little down since we broke up, that is all.

FRANK

That's all?

DRACULA

That is all, babe. Post break-up blues.

FRANK

(concerned)

...Is there anything I can do?

DRACULA

(faux cheerful)

You can finish that ice cream so we can get this show back on the road.

FRANK

Alright! You know what, I was skeptical but I'm so glad we did this.

We never talked like this when we were together. Look at how mature and healthy we are!

DRACULA

(faux cheerful)

So healthy.

**10. INT. RETRO ROADSIDE DINER, BACK KITCHEN - DAY -
CONT.**

SFX: Frying bacon. Clatter of pots and pans. SHERRI blows and pops a bubble of gum in her mouth and chews it back in.

SHERRI

OK chief, table 5 wants an Adam and Eve on a raft, an all hot with extra axel grease, two cups 'o mud, and a baby juice.

GRUFF CHEF

Comin' right up.

SFX: A pause between them as GRUFF CHEF clinks and clangs pots and sizzles meat on the grill.

SHERRI

Table 8 just left.

GRUFF CHEF

How'd it go?

SHERRI

They were lousy tippers.

SFX: GRUFF CHEF grunts.

GRUFF CHEF

And our dark lord?

SFX: Meat sizzles between them in a pregnant pause. SHERRI takes in a big breath.

SHERRI

We're fucked.