

Broken-Hearted Monsters

“Episode 4: Happy Little Onion Man”

By

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[Music]

ANNOUNCER
Rusty Quill Presents: Broken Hearted Monsters
Episode Four: Happy Little Onion Man

[Music]

1. EXT. OHIO, ON THE SIDE OF A BUSY ROAD - DAY

**SFX: CARS PASS BY ONCE IN A WHILE. DRY AIR BLOWS LIGHTLY.
CRUNCH OF EARTH BENEATH THEIR FEET.**

DRACULA
(matter of fact)
Well, that is certainly a large rocking chair.

FRANK
(despondent)
Yeah.

DRACULA
Twenty feet tall, according to the brochure.

FRANK
Yeah.

DRACULA
(awkward)
I would love to see the grandma that was
made for, haha.

FRANK
Yeah.

DRACULA
(concerned)
Uh, Frank.

FRANK
Yeah.

DRACULA
Are you ok?

FRANK
Hmm? Me? Yeah, I'm fine.

DRACULA
This is our last bizarre roadside attraction
before the awkward family gathering
section of the trip.

Do you not want to mess around a bit? I
could take your picture on the big chair?

FRANK
Nah, I'm fine.

DRACULA
You sure?

FRANK
Yeah, I'll probably just wait in the car while
you look at the big chair.

SFX: CRUNCH OF GRAVEL BENEATH FRANKS PLODDING FEET.

DRACULA
(firm)
No.

FRANK
No?

DRACULA
No. You cannot force me to go to the large
rocking chair and then not enjoy the large
rocking chair.

FRANK
(defensive)
I'm sorry! I guess I've got some other stuff
on my mind right now!

SFX: DRACULA storms toward FRANK and hoists him over his
shoulder with relative ease.

FRANK
What are you doing? Hey, put me down!

DRACULA
No. I want to sit on the large rocking chair.

FRANK
Dracula. I'm really not in the mood.

SFX: DRACULA carries FRANK to the ROCKING CHAIR and climbs it
with FRANK in tow, grunting gently as he climbs.

DRACULA

(climbing)

**Yes, well, I was not... in the mood for...
any of this. You made your large rocking
chair...**

**SFX: DRACULA lets out a grunt of exertion. FRANK is plopped down
on the seat of the large ROCKING CHAIR.**

DRACULA

(pleased with self)

Now you will sit in it.

FRANK

(annoyed)

**Great. We're sitting in the world's largest
rocking chair. Are you happy?**

DRACULA

(matter of fact)

**Actually, the brochure says they legally
cannot call it the world's largest rocking
chair anymore. There is a bigger one in
Illinois. Still a pretty large rocking chair,
though.**

FRANK

(complaining, under his breath)

Stupid mid-size giant rocking chair.

DRACULA

**And yes. I am happy. As much as I did not
want to do this...**

FRANK

AGAIN, I'm sorry for kidnapping you.

DRACULA

As much as I did not want to do this...

(pleasant)

I have had fun.

FRANK

(disarmed)

Yeah?

DRACULA

(genuine)

Yes.

**I liked The World's Largest Collection of
the World's Smallest Versions of the
World's Largest Things. And the death trap
castle built by a mad libertarian.**

FRANK

(matter of fact)

**It's his right as an American to build that
death trap.**

DRACULA

**And I am glad we finally got to take the big
trip we always talked about.**

FRANK

**Even though I went on a rampage and put
the fear of god in a girl scout troop?**

DRACULA

That was not my favorite part.

FRANK

(despondent)

Yeah.

DRACULA

But a great trip has to have trials and tribulations! Puzzles to solve, monsters to slay, that sort of thing.

FRANK

Monsters to slay?

DRACULA

Metaphorically. Poor choice of words. The point is, I have had a nice time. And it is perfectly normal to be freaking out right now.

FRANK

(frustrated)

I'm not freaking out.

DRACULA

You have completely unraveled your belly stitches.

FRANK

(pathetic)

Aw, dang. You can see my inflatable sac.

DRACULA

Here, take my hand.

FRANK

What are you...

DRACULA

I want to take a beat and enjoy the moment.

FRANK

Dracula...

DRACULA

Do not make a big deal of it. Friends can hold hands.

FRANK

Can friends make out a little bit?

DRACULA

Frank.

FRANK

Kidding! Totally kidding.

DRACULA

Mhmmm.

FRANK

It has been a pretty great trip, I guess.

DRACULA

And it is not over. It is just that the next leg of the journey is a little more...

FRANK
**Painful? Tortuous? Surrounded by
homophobic relatives?**

DRACULA
I was going to say “complicated.”

FRANK
Torture can be complicated.

DRACULA
**The point is, no matter what happens, I will
be here for you.**

FRANK
No matter what?

DRACULA
Within reason.

FRANK
(emotional)
Thanks, Dracula.

**If you ever need me to return the favor, I'll
be right there beside you.**

DRACULA
**Well, my Dad died 500 years ago of
toothache, so no worries there.**

FRANK
**I'm sure he would have been very proud of
you.**

DRACULA

He thought I was an abomination unto earth.

FRANK

Dads, man.

DRACULA

Mmmhhmm.

[pause]

DRACULA

How homophobic are these relatives?

2. INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE - NIGHT

SFX: THE PRE-FUNERAL PARTY is in full swing. **SQUID PEOPLE** gurgle and **BEAR PEOPLE** roar among the usual family chatter.

GEORGE

(pittsburgh accent, abrasive)

Which one of you does the lady stuff in the bedroom?

FRANK

(exasperated)

Uncle George...

GEORGE

I'm kidding! I know all about gay stuff. Lori has The Sex in the City Collector's Edition DVD box set.

FRANK

Is mom around?

GEORGE

(antagonizing)

**How long has it been since you visited
your poor old parents, eh? Ten? Twenty
years?**

FRANK

Something like that.

GEORGE

**Aw well, better late than never. Pity you
weren't able to squeeze in a visit before
the Doc kicked it.**

FRANK

Yea well I was kinda...

GEORGE

**I'm busting your balls, Frankie! I knew he
was a prick. Trust me, I grew up with the
guy.**

**Speaking of which: Could you talk to your
mother about my inheritance?**

FRANK

Your inheritance?

GEORGE

**You know I loaned the son of a bitch the
cash for his first lightning rod?**

DRACULA

(butting in)

**We will be sure to put in a good word,
Uncle George.**

GEORGE

**What a sweetie! I take back everything I
said about you people.**

FRANK

**Okay. I haven't had the chance to
introduce Dracula to mom yet, so we
should um...**

GEORGE

**Yeah, yeah. I know all about your
generation's short attention spans. Kick
rocks, jagoffs.**

FRANK

(stilted)

Haha, yea. Bye Uncle George.

**SFX: DRACULA & FRANK move through the party. Regular party
noises mix with monster sounds.**

FRANK

(to DRACULA)

I'm sorry about him.

DRACULA

**You don't have to apologize. You could
throw him out of a window if you like.**

FRANK

Mom had iron bars put on after the last defenestration.

DRACULA

I did not realize your family was so big-

SFX: WEIRD CREATURE lets out a wobbly yell.

-and loud.

FRANK

You doing alright?

DRACULA

Yes, it is just a lot of new people at once.

FRANK

You need to go outside?

DRACULA

No, I am fine. Just talk to me. Tell me about your family.

FRANK

Yeah, ok. Ummm, see that bald guy with the gaping hole in his chest?

DRACULA

Yes?

FRANK

That's Cousin Caliban. He's some sort of zombie or ghoul. He owns a bicycle repair shop in town.

DRACULA

Does he own the Sex in the City Collector's Edition DVD box set?

FRANK

Probably. He lives with his “special friend,” Big Ed the town mechanic.

DRACULA

(gasp)

Scandalous.

FRANK

Oh, if you’re looking for a scandal, check out the old lady in the bathtub.

DRACULA

Mermaid?

FRANK

Siren. Aunt Myra. She always shows up to these things with a fresh hunk on her arm.

DRACULA

(impressed)

Okkkayy Aunt Myra.

FRANK

I don’t know where she meets these guys. They’re almost always sailors or fishermen though.

DRACULA

Oh! Who is the woman in the apron who is built like a tonka truck?

ESME
(distant)
**Out! Out! No little monsters in the kitchen
while I'm deep frying the squonks!**

SFX: MONSTROUS CHILDREN laugh, hoot, and growl
as they scurry away.

FRANK
(wistful)
Mom...

3. INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

**SFX: Bubbling cauldron sounds as FRANK and DRACULA move to
the kitchen. Occasional clang and clatter of pots and knives.**

FRANK
(calls out)
Hi maw.

ESME
(jovial)
**Well, that's a little monster I haven't seen
in a long time.**

**Let me have a look at you. My my, you
haven't changed one bit.**

FRANK
(faux proper)
**Actually, I think you'll find I've matured
somewhat. Intellectually, spiritually,
financially.**

ESME

Awww, you're starting to sound like your brother with his podcasts.

FRANK

(faux proper, stumbling)

Podcasts are for... emotionally stunted man children, who cannot bear to be alone with their own thoughts.

I listen to... books.

ESME

Awwww. Look at my little smartie pants.

Hearing books. You should ask your brother if you can play in his library.

FRANK

I am not a smartie pants. I am a man grown.

ESME

The cutest little man grown in the world.

Oh my god, where are my manners? You must be Dracula!

DRACULA

(off-guard)

Uhhh, I am. I'm sorry... I was not expecting someone so...

ESME

Efferfessesant? Ebullient? Vigorous?

Vivacious?

DRACULA

Uhhh. Young?

ESME

Ack. You know how it is. I was half a baby myself when we had Frankie.

DRACULA

(suspicious)

Uh huh...

ESME

The famous Dracula, in my house, after all this time. I'd almost given up hope. It's a pity we missed the boat on the whole relationship thing...

Unless?

FRANK

Uh... we have come to a... platonic arrangement that uh, both parties find uh...

DRACULA

We are still broken up.

ESME

Aw shame. Well, I'm sure there's someone out there for you, Dracula.

Here, sit at the counter. You can tell me everything about your trip while I prepare the meal.

Frankie baby, have you eaten?

FRANK

(faux proper, stumbling)

Yes, mother. We partook of some... vittles in a little eatery outside of Milford.

ESME

Outside of Milford? You mean Danny's Food Hole?

FRANK

I believe that was the name of said establishment, yes.

ESME

Oh, your brother and his boyfriend love that place.

FRANK

(loses composure)

Boyfriend!?

DRACULA

Oh, I did not know he was gay.

FRANK

He's not!

ESME

Oh, he's as gay as they come, Dracula. I tell you, he used to tear through the boys at a terrible rate. But, thank the darkness, he's settled down a bit now and has a lovely young man.

FRANK

The Perfect Man is not gay!

ESME

Oh he is. You should have heard his coming out-speech, Frankie. Everybody was crying and laughing and hugging.

You should ask him to do it for you later. It was so inspirational, I was finally able to come to terms with my own bisexuality.

FRANK

WHAT!?

ESME

Anyway, it's a pity you've eaten, baby. I was just deep frying some squonks for our guests.

FRANK

(dazed & confused)

Wha... In the spicy batter with the dipping sauce?

ESME

With the dippy dippy. Frankie's favorite.

FRANK

(dazed)

I could eat a squonk, I guess.

ESME

**Oh my god, where are my manners?
Dracula, are you hungry?**

FRANK

Mom, Dracula doesn't eat people food.

ESME

Oh, shush Frankie. Dracula's hardly the first sanguinarian to darken our doorstep. Come with me, dear, before I forget.

DRACULA

It is really fine. I have a cooler in the trunk with enough for the weekend.

ESME

Dracula. If one of my guests was forced to eat out of a trunk for a weekend, I would drown myself at Julia Child's underwater grave. Come with me.

SFX: ESME leaves to the adjacent utility room.

DRACULA

(whisper to FRANK)

Uh. What the hell are you doing?

FRANK

What?! I'm not doing anything.

DRACULA

Really? Just a normal platonic vittles enjoyer, are we?

FRANK

Do you think you could call me Franklin, while we're here?

DRACULA

Oh my god.

SFX: DRACULA follows ESME to the adjacent utility room. Large meat freezer OPENING, HUMMING.

ESME

**Blood pudding, blood soup, blood jelly,
blood butter. I have blood courses
arranged for all the meals this weekend,
but if you get peckish at any time, help
yourself to the blood fridge in the pantry.**

DRACULA

**Oh my god, this is almost a year's supply
of blood.**

ESME

**And there's blood pops in the freezer
shaped like little bats. I didn't know if that
was offensive but I saw the molds at Aldi
and it was too cute not to.**

DRACULA

This is way too much for a weekend.

ESME

**Well then, you'll have to come and visit us
more.**

DRACULA

**Oh, I do not know if I will be around. This
trip is meant to be one last hurrah for me
and Frank.**

ESME

(curt)

That's ok! Frank's never here anyway.

DRACULA
(awkward)
Haha, yeah.

Um, how are you holding up?

ESME
Me? I'm fine, why do you ask?

DRACULA
(awkward)
Oh, you know, with the uh...

(pauses hoping ESME will fill in the blank)
Funeral?

ESME
Oh, the dead husband thing?

DRACULA
(unsure)
Ye-e-e-s?

ESME
(avoiding)
I'm fine! Totally fine! Honestly, it's barely
even a thing!

SFX: Sound of LARGE MEAT FREEZER slamming closed. ESME hurries back to the kitchen.

DRACULA
(to self)
Oh my god this family.

4. INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

SFX: SQUONK being dropped into the deep fryer. It makes a sad honking before disappearing below the sizzle.

ESME

(hushed)

How are you doing for money, Frankie?

FRANK

Uh... Money is no longer an issue. My portfolio is performing quite admirably.

ESME

Well, I was going to say that, with your... father gone, I hold the purse strings. So, I can help out a little bit more.

FRANK

Now that you mention it, most of my cash is tied up in... overseas markets and... stockings. I could use a... capital inflection.

SFX: DOOR to utility room CLOSES. DRACULA enters.

DRACULA

(polite)

Esme, you really did not need to go to all that effort. It is an exquisite selection.

ESME

Oh, it was nothing. I have a back alley doctor in Philadelphia.

DRACULA
(stunned)
Haha, of course you do.

SFX: Plate being placed in front of FRANK.

ESME
Here you go, Frankie. With the dippy on the side.

(to DRACULA)
Now, Dracula, how was your boy trip?

DRACULA
My what?

ESME
Did you see the giant teapot?

DRACULA
Oh, yes it was... nice.

ESME
So nice. I make a pilgrimage there every couple of years
just to remind myself what it's all about.

DRACULA
(confused)
Teapots?

ESME
(chuckles)
Yes. Not really. But yes. I've always said that the most
beautiful thing a human can do in this life is be of service
to others: to provide warmth and comfort where there is
none.

DRACULA

Like a teapot.

ESME

Like a teapot.

DRACULA

Is that why you never left... uh.

ESME

Never left what, dear?

DRACULA

Well, it is just that I've heard how...
difficult the Doc could be.

ESME

Oh, that man. Let me tell you, he used to leave his socks
everywhere. Said he used to get "sweaty feet."

DRACULA

Yeah, that was not quite what I... Frank, do
you want to weigh in on this?

SFX: FRANK crunching on a greasy, deep-fried
squonk.

FRANK

(mouth full)

Um, I think Dracula is trying to ask why
you never left the doc?

ESME

Why would I leave your dad?

FRANK

Because of the way he treated us.

ESME

Your dad is dead, Frank.

FRANK

No, I know. It's just that there was a long period where he wasn't.

ESME

Frankie, what am I supposed to do? Resurrect him with a magic shovel just to leave him?

FRANK

No, that's not what I meant-

ESME

Magic shovels don't exist baby. Your dad is gone.

FRANK

I know, Maw! It's just... Dracula and I were talking on the way here and... Dracula thinks we should be more open and stuff.

DRACULA

(gritted teeth)

Please do not drag me into this.

ESME

No offense to Dracula, but he wasn't there.

DRACULA

**I really do not mean to intrude on family
matters but it sounds like Frank had an
extremely difficult childhood.**

ESME

**Oh shush. You had a roof over your head
and a family who loved you, didn't you?**

FRANK

Did I, maw?

ESME

You had everything a child could want.

FRANK

Everything?!

ESME

**You had your wrestling men and your
pogs. And a baby brother to play with.**

FRANK

He was built to replace me!

ESME

That's not true.

FRANK

**Mom. The Doc literally called him THE
PERFECT MAN.**

ESME

**Your dad was just excited about your little
brother.**

FRANK

**Not everything has a bright side, mom.
Sometimes things are just fucked up and
that's the way it is.**

ESME

(baby talk)

**How could anything in the world get me
down, when my children are just so
amazing?**

FRANK

Maw, please.

ESME

(baby talking intensifies)

**Look at this wonderful boy, Dwacula. Isn't
he incwederible?**

FRANK

Maw stop.

ESME

(baby talking intensifies)

Who's my happy little onion man?

FRANK

(monster voice)

MAW STOP.

ESME

(hurt)

Frankie baby.

FRANK
(Monster voice)
I'M NOT A BABY, MAW!

I'M A GROWN UP!

TREAT ME LIKE A GOD DAMNED GROWN UP!

ESME
(hurt)
I...

THE PERFECT MAN
Hello Frank.

[Awkward silence]

FRANK
(big sigh)
Hi, The Perfect Man.