

Broke Ass Vampires

Written by

Lori Johnson
Alexandra Chick

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COLD OPEN

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Four roommates hang out in their living room. They are vampires, but they look just like the rest of us. They sit on cheap, ripped couches and chairs.

A message NOTIFICATION sounds. TYLER (20s), the clean-cut looking roommate, gets excited.

TYLER

Hey guys, we got a hit on
Craigslist!

SEBASTIAN (30s) is dressed more formally than the other roommates in a button-up shirt and chinos.

SEBASTIAN

You always get my hopes up.

TYLER

(To Sebastian)

Hey, the weirder society gets, the more we have a shot at this. If we don't do it the right way we're going to attract Slayers. I'm guessing you don't want to deal with slayers again.

FLASHBACK - INT. VAMPIRE BAR - DAY

The bar looks normal except that the shades are drawn in the middle of the day and the bartender looks like Lurch from the Addams Family.

A SLAYER (30s) dressed in a long black duster enters the bar dramatically. All conversation stops. All eyes turn to him.

SLAYER

I'm looking for Sebastian.

Scared, the other vampires point at Sebastian, who is drinking at the bar. Sebastian turns to face the slayer.

SEBASTIAN

What's going on?

SLAYER

By the power vested in me by the great state of California and the Council for The Protection of and from Supernaturals, the C.P.S, I hereby slay thee...

The Slayer pulls a jagged wooden stake from his hoodie and waves it around menacingly at the already frightened vampires.

He takes a few steps forward, but then trips and stakes Sebastian in the groin.

Sebastian crumples to the ground. The Slayer finishes his sentence.

SLAYER (cont'd)

And so I slay you, Sebastian Morgan. Hey, roll over for me, would you? I can't reach your heart with you laying and moaning in that position.

SEBASTIAN

(Groaning in pain) I'm not Sebastian Morgan, I'm Sebastian Smith.

BACK TO SCENE

DYLAN (20s), stoner roommate. He's wearing grungy clothes. He lights up a doobie and takes a puff. Then he turns to Sebastian.

DYLAN

(Exhales) No shit, Sebastian? Did you die?

SEBASTIAN

Yes. I died.

DYLAN

I'm sorry man, but that's a
hilarious way to go.

Sebastian throws a beer can at Dylan. It adds to the pattern
of stains on the couch he's laying on.

SEBASTIAN

I didn't die, idiot. We have to get
staked in the heart to die.
Everybody knows that. If you get
staked in the balls you live, but
trust me it's a humiliating trip to
the emergency room. Ruined my whole
weekend. The C.P.S. sucks, bunch of
annoying goody two-shoes.

LEXI (20s), girl-next-door roommate flips through a
magazine. She laughs as she remembers Sebastian's story.

LEXI

Ken the vampire balls slayer! They
wrote songs about him after that. I
haven't seen him in a while.

SEBASTIAN

That's not funny, Lexi.

LEXI

Everybody who thinks it's funny
raise your hand.

Everybody except Sebastian raises their hand.

SEBASTIAN

Damn this generation and its stupid
democracy. I still can't believe
you betrayed your own kind by going
out with that guy.

LEXI

Oh, grow up, Sebastian. He was good
in the sack. One of these days
you're going to have to figure out
that the world has changed.

The DOORBELL rings. TYLER jumps up and opens the door for a goth looking thirty something human, JACE (20s), who ironically looks more like a vampire with his black clothes and piercings than any of the roommates.

TYLER

Hi, I'm Tyler, from the ad. These are my roommates. Thanks for coming over. Please, sit.

Tyler points to a very used looking couch with weird stains on it. Jace looks around and starts to wonder what he's doing there.

JACE

Hey, what's going on? In the Craigslist ad, you said you were a real vampire.

TYLER

I am a real vampire, we all are. Oh yeah, hold on a minute.

Tyler runs to another room and returns with a stack of papers while the roommates stare at Jace hungrily.

Tyler returns and hands him the papers. Dylan takes them and glances down at them.

JACE

You never said anything about a contract.

TYLER

We have to have a contract. It protects you from getting drained without consent, and it keeps us from getting in trouble with the, um, authorities, both supernatural and regular.

Jace flips through the first few pages of the document.

JACE

I don't know. There are a lot of weird clauses in here.

TYLER

You mean there's a lot of kinky clauses, right? You said that was what you were looking for.

JACE

(Wavering) I'm not quite sure I'm ready to die today. I have a dentist appointment Thursday.

SEBASTIAN

We're not asking for a handout here. This is quid pro quo. You let us drink you, and we make you immortal.

Jace, weighing his options, takes another look around the crappy apartment.

JACE

Eh, and then what? I assume I would move in here?

TYLER

Exactly. It'll be great.

DYLAN

Pass. I think I'll choose life. Or at least find some better looking rich vampires.

TYLER

Rich vampires? That's crazy. Where would you get an idea like that?

JACE

Seriously? Um, Anne Rice. Twilight. True Blood. Dracula. Vampire Scrooge McDuck.

Sebastian is enraged. He stands up and lunges at Jace. Tyler holds him back. Jace stands up to leave

SEBASTIAN

Ingrate!

TYLER

Please, Jace. Take a minute to think about it. We're talking about eternity!

JACE

I don't think so. Bye, losers.

Jace leaves and slams the door.

TYLER

(To Sebastian) Nice going, traditional values vampire. You scared another one away.

SEBASTIAN slumps down on the couch.

SEBASTIAN

Modern eternity sucks. If I had known then what I know now, I'd have let those puritans stake me when I had the chance.

Lexi looks up from her magazine and raises an eyebrow at him.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

In the heart. I'd have let them stake me in the heart.

END COLD OPEN