

**HOT ONES INTERVIEW WITH COUNT DRACULA (DIGITAL)**

By David D Luong

INT. HOT ONES SET - NIGHT

SEAN EVANS sits at a table with several chicken wings.

SEAN

I'm Sean Evans and you're watching Hot Ones. It's the show with hot questions and even hotter wings! Today we're joined by Transylvanian royalty. You know him as Nosferatu, Vlad the Impaler, and the Vampire King. Please welcome Count Dracula.

Seated across from Sean is COUNT DRACULA. He looks and sounds like Bela Lugosi from the classic 1931 film.

COUNT DRACULA

Thank you, Sean. I've been undying to be on your show--AHA!

SEAN

Our guests are usually celebrities. But for Halloween, we booked horror legends. As you eat this gauntlet of hot wings, I'm going to ask you a gauntlet of questions. Our first sauce is the classic *Butt Dripper*.

Sean and Count Dracula eat the first wing.

COUNT DRACULA

This first one isn't too bad. I can't wait for the spicier wings!

SEAN

Famous last words.

COUNT DRACULA

AHA! Right? Good one, Sean.

SEAN

That's actually my first question: You've lived a long life and known a lot of famous people. Do you recall any memorable last words?

COUNT DRACULA

Oh I see. Great question! My good friend, Frankenstein's Monster, was a man of few words.

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

His haunting last words were: "Life is bitter. Death is sweet."

SEAN

Profound last words. Sounds like he was a great man.

COUNT DRACULA

He was... until that mob set him on fire. At least, he took out a lot of innocent people before he went!

SEAN

I regret calling him a great man. Are you ready for the next wing?

COUNT DRACULA

Yes, before the wings get too cold! Just kidding! Cold is fine; my heart is frozen and loveless--AHA!

SEAN

This is *Da Bomb: Butt Nuker*.

Sean and Count Dracula eat the second wing.

COUNT DRACULA

Now we're talking! I'm sweating... I haven't sweat in centuries!

Count Dracula wipes his brow with his napkin.

SEAN

Careful around your eyes with the hot sauce.

COUNT DRACULA

Too late! Oww! It burns like holy water!

SEAN

We have a recurring segment called "Explain that Gram." We do a deep dive of our guests' Instagrams and pull photos that need more context.

INSERT: Old photo of a woman levitating mid-air on her back.

COUNT DRACULA

Ah, I see why this one needs more context; I don't show up in photos! This is me carrying my 28th wife over the threshold on our wedding night. An outdated tradition...

(MORE)

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

I no longer wait for marriage to eat a woman--AHA!

SEAN

I thought it was a fun magic trick. But nope, just a dark reality. Are you ready for the last wing?

COUNT DRACULA

Uh, does a bat shit in a cave? Yes!

SEAN

This last sauce is called *Apollo: Butt Carbonizer*. It's made with ghost peppers, paprika, and garlic.

COUNT DRACULA

*HISS!* Garlic! Sean, what the Hell? Vampires don't do garlic! No way!

SEAN

If you stop now, you'll be added to our Wall of Shame; that's the list of guests who threw in the towel. You'll be joining the ranks of Mario Batali, Ricky Gervais, and DJ Khaled.

COUNT DRACULA

What? Absolutely not. Don't lump me in with those pathetic mortals! You can Count on Dracula--AHA!

Sean and Count Dracula eat the last wing. Count Dracula starts coughing, gagging, and retching. He starts sniffing and tears roll down his face.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

Damn you, Sean! It's making me cry!

SEAN

It's okay, the spice gets me too!

COUNT DRACULA

It's not the spice. The garlic almost killed me and my life just flashed before my eyes! I saw the faces of everyone I ever hurt...

Count Dracula blows his nose.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

Okay. It passed. All better now.

SEAN

Let's cool down with a personal question. After all these years, what's still on your bucket list?

COUNT DRACULA

I don't keep a bucket list because I'm immortal. I have reigned terror upon the meek for 800 years! But after that last wing, I'm just trying to make it to 801--AHA!

SEAN

I'm shocked to see you've still got your sense of humor, not only after facing our gauntlet of hot sauces but also after reliving the horrors of your past.

There's nothing left to do but roll out the red carpet for you. This camera, this camera, or this camera: let the people know what you have going on in your life.

COUNT DRACULA

I can plug anything and millions of virgins will see this on YouTube?

Count Dracula looks right down to the camera.

COUNT DRACULA (CONT'D)

Listen to me: I am Count Dracula. You are now under my power. I command you to donate your blood to me! You can schedule an appointment on my website: [www.deadcross.com](http://www.deadcross.com).

SEAN

There you have it! Dracula just hypnotized my audience with his vampire glamour and created an army of blood gofers. Inviting horror legends turned out to be a terrible idea. Let's hope the Wolf Man interview goes better next week.

COUNT DRACULA

Next week? Yeah, you should cancel that; it's gonna be a full moon and the Wolf Man does a lot of non-consensual biting!

CUT TO BLACK

**NERDY GIRL TRIES TO TRICK JOCK INTO A KISS**

By David D Luong

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

MATT, a high school jock/himbo, is working on math homework with a JULIE, a high school nerd with glasses and a ponytail.

MATT

After the grocer sells 3 oranges,  
he'll have \$46 left?

JULIE

That's correct! Matt, you're going  
to ace this math test!

MATT

Do you know what this means?! I'm  
going to graduate this year! Thank  
you so much, Julie!

Matt hugs Julie. This excites her.

JULIE

How about a *proper* thank you...

"Kiss Me" by Sixpence None the Richer plays. Julie closes her eyes, puckers her lips.

MATT

Wait a second... Julie, are you  
trying to kiss me? And where's that  
music coming from?

Julie reveals her phone and places it on the table.

JULIE

Shh. Just listen to the song and do  
what comes naturally.

MATT

Are you using this song to get me  
in the mood to kiss you?

JULIE

Do the math, Matthew: the shy nerd  
PLUS the popular jock. FACTOR IN  
this romantic song EQUALS our first  
kiss!

Julie leans in. Matt leans back. The music stops.

MATT

I think our wires got crossed; you know I have a girlfriend, right?

JULIE

No! I'm sorry I misread the vibe! I'm so embarrassed!

MATT

It's fine. Let's pretend it never happened and get back to the math.

JULIE

Right! Onto the next question: Your girlfriend has 12 bananas but drops half of them. I have 2 bananas and I pick up the ones she dropped. Who is holding more bananas?

MATT

... You are.

JULIE

Correct! Next question: your girlfriend is a 7 and I'm a 6. But if I remove my glasses...

The music resumes. Julie takes off her glasses and scrunchie.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I become an 8. So who's hotter now?

MATT

You are. An 8 is hotter than a 7!

JULIE

If I'm hotter than your girlfriend, wouldn't you rather kiss me?

MATT

I guess that math checks out!

Matt shrugs and leans in to kiss Julie, but the music stops.

MATT (CONT'D)

(snaps to)

Wait a second... Julie, you used math on me! Not cool!

JULIE

SUBTRACT the girlfriend, ADD a kiss, and let's MULTIPLY our love!

MATT

These equations confuse me enough  
as it is! I'm totally gonna flunk.

JULIE

Sorry, Matt. You're right; that was  
unfair to use math against you.

The music resumes softly and gradually gets louder.

MATT

It's really important for me to  
graduate. Nobody thinks I'm smart  
enough... not even my parents.

JULIE

I do. I know how smart you are...

Julie darts for a kiss. Matt flinches. The music stops.

MATT

Stroking my ego won't work either!

JULIE

If you don't want to kiss me, then  
why do you keep coming over?!

MATT

For math tutoring! Your brother  
told me you were great at math.  
What would he think if he found out  
you've been trying to kiss me?

JULIE

Oh, you just wait till he hears  
about this. Andrew!

Julie runs offstage to summon her brother. Matt packs his  
backpack. Julie returns, but she's disguised as Andrew.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sup bro, heard my sister tried to  
kiss you. That sucks, even though  
you'd probably enjoy it!

MATT

Andrew! Dude, I swear I wasn't  
going to kiss your sister!

JULIE

Don't worry. It's just us, bro. We  
can talk about boners and practice  
making out.

The music resumes.

MATT

Wait a second... We already talked about boners earlier...

JULIE

It's cool. Using the TRANSITIVE PROPERTY, you can just give ME the kiss now and then I can give it to HER later.

Julie rushes to kiss Matt, but he dodges. The music stops.

MATT

I don't even understand your plan! Did you expect me to kiss your brother so that your brother could transfer the kiss to you?!

JULIE

That still counts, right?

MATT

No! That's NOT how kissing works!

JULIE

Well how would I know?! I've never been kissed before! I'm good at math, but not good enough to be kissed.

MATT

There's nothing wrong with never having been kissed. Kissing isn't even that big of a deal... You know what? I'll be your first kiss.

JULIE

Really?!

Julie leans in for a kiss.

MATT

Wait a second... we need our song.

Matt resumes the music. Matt kisses Julie.

JULIE

This is EXACTLY how I imagined it!

The next track plays: My Neck, My Back - Khia

BLACKOUT



**CASTING THE REAL LITTLE MERMAID (TOPICAL)**

By David D Luong

INT. DISNEY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ROB MARSHALL sits at a table across from three conservative Disney Adults: MARGE, LOGAN, and ANDI.

ROB

Thank you for participating in our focus group for the new live-action version of *The Little Mermaid*. I'm the director, Rob Marshall, and I was dismayed to learn that over 3 million people Disliked our trailer on YouTube. I've invited you here to ask you why you disliked it.

MARGE

The Little Mermaid is my favorite Disney Princess. I'm sure Halle Bailey is a great actress, but she just isn't right for Ariel.

LOGAN

And before you ask, it's NOT about race!

ROB

Yes, you made that very clear in your comments. All three of you wrote "this is NOT about race" and "NOT" was in all caps.

ANDI

Because it isn't! This is an issue of accuracy, talent, and legacy.

ROB

Sure it isn't. Well, you'll be glad to hear that I decided to recast Ariel. Folks, let me introduce you to the REAL Little Mermaid.

Rob opens the door. NIXIE, a fish-human hybrid, flops in. She is hairless and unable to support herself upright.

MARGE

What in God's name is that thing?!

ROB

This is the new star of *The Little Mermaid*. Say hi to the fans, Nixie.

Nixie breathes laboriously and flaps a fin to say hello.

MARGE

Is that a real mermaid?!

ROB

Oh she's real! And accurate; just like you wanted. We conducted a nationwide search to find Halle Bailey. But since she wasn't accurate enough for you, we took our search to the deep seas.

ANDI

That thing is from the deep seas?!

ROB

Yes. Nixie's mother is a manatee and her father is a lonely lighthouse keeper. Marge, you gave Halle a score of 3 for accuracy. And since this wasn't about race, does Nixie get a higher score?

MARGE

Y-yes. I suppose Nixie is more accurate than Halle Bailey. So I guess I have to give Nixie a 10.

ROB

Did you hear that, Nixie? Marge gave you a 10!

Nixie laughs laboriously and flops around with joy.

LOGAN

Well, Nixie may be accurate, but talent is also a big factor. So maybe you should keep looking and release Nixie back into the ocean.

ROB

First of all, Nixie doesn't live in the ocean anymore; she moved to LA! Second of all, she sings weekly at the Long Beach Aquarium and she just oozes talent... and a protective protein secretion.

"Part of Your World" plays. Nixie sings talentedly.

NIXIE

*Watch and you'll see... someday  
I'll be... Part of your WorRRR--*

Nixie's singing devolves into a shrill siren call. Rob, Andi, and Marge cover their ears. Logan is lulled into a trance.

MARGE

What's going on?!

Rob throws a fish to Nixie. She tears into it viciously.

ROB

Good work, Nixie! Well Logan, what do you think of her talent now?

LOGAN

(entranced)

I give Nixie a 10 out of 10! Let's put her in the movie! And let's steer this ship into the rocks!

ANDI

He doesn't know what he's saying! Nixie obviously hypnotized him with her siren song! She's a monster!

Nixie flops angrily at Andi. Rob reels her back.

ROB

Easy, girl. If you get too worked up, you'll choke on the dry oxygen.

Nixie wheezes with discomfort.

ANDI

Choke on dry oxygen?! She may be an accurate mermaid and she may be talented enough to tempt weak-minded men, but Nixie can't be the Little Mermaid. A princess needs to endure a legacy for future generations! Nixie can barely survive through this meeting!

Nixie grunts and lays an egg. Her breathing is now normal.

ROB

Right on schedule. Nixie's kind is very fertile. She'll be able to reproduce enough little mermaids for all 12 Disney theme parks.

Nixie shows the egg to Marge.

NIXIE

Nixie... am... mama!

ROB

That takes care of all three issues: accuracy, talent, and legacy. So are you three good with replacing Halle Bailey with Nixie? Since it wasn't about race, right?

MARGE

Fine! We admit it! It WAS about race. And now, we'd rather have Halle Bailey back.

ANDI

We're racists and we can't handle the consequences of our own bigotry! So cast whoever you want; but please, anyone other than her!

ROB

I KNEW IT! YOU PEOPLE FUCKING SUCK!  
I CALLED YOU ON YOUR BLUFF AND IT WORKED! I'M ROB FUCKING MARSHALL AND I OUTSMARTED THE RACISTS!

Amidst Rob's celebration, Nixie starts to cry laboriously.

ROB (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Nixie? We won!

NIXIE

But now... Nixie... not... star.

ROB

Chin up. I have a surprise for you!

JAMES CAMERON enters.

JAMES

Nixie, my name is James Cameron. Rob told me all about you. I think you'd be perfect for my next movie!

NIXIE

Avatar 3?

JAMES

No, I'm making a sequel to Titanic.

LOGAN

(entranced)  
Steer the ship into the rocks!

BLACKOUT

**SKETCH PITCHES**

By David D Luong

The Maid of Honor is upset that the wedding was scheduled on the same day as her birthday. So she has snuck birthday party activities into the ceremony: piñata in the chapel, wedding cake with candles, and the priest singing "happy birthday" during the vows.

An entrepreneurial babysitter upcharges for additional services: \$50 to cook dinner, \$80 to play Frozen, \$100 to perform the Heimlich maneuver, etc.

Before the homecoming game, the captain of the football team is asked to give a motivational speech. But instead, he breaks into a song because he spent all summer at musical theatre camp instead of training camp.

Televangelists, but their holy text is the film *District 9*. Instead of sermons, they read the screenplay. Instead of Jesus, they worship the Christopher Johnson, the alien that sacrificed himself for mankind. Instead of tithings, they have a GoFundMe to produce a sequel.

LeVar Burton is brought out of retirement to host a new type of children's show. He is tasked to teach Millennials how to "adult" because he's the only man they still trust. Segments include making your bed, talking to neighbors, and how to cancel gym membership.