

You're In For A Big Surprise

EXT. A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE. DAY

In the forest. Outside the house stands MOIRA, an older lady in a black dress, with a wide hat and dark glasses.

CU:

MOIRA'S FACE. She takes off her glasses to reveal golden eyes, then opens her mouth quizzically, baring her fangs. She is A VAMPIRE.

Behind MOIRA pops up KEEGAN, a young, hip VAMPIRE YOUTH such as one might find in a young adult romance series. He wears a tie-died shirt and gelled hair.

KEEGAN

(Scottish accent)

Ho, Moira. What ye doin'?

MOIRA starts and backhands him.

MOIRA

(Also Scottish accent)

Deegan! Dinnae sneak up on me like that! For all I know, ye might have been a werewolf!

KEEGAN

With these good looks? Get oot! Anyway, I saw ye an' I wanted tae see what ye were doin'?

MOIRA

Scootin' oot. Tryin' tae see if there's anybody inside.

KEEGAN

Why? Ye already had breakfast this mornin'!

MOIRA

That fat auld postman? I want some proper food!

KEEGAN

Well, why ye waitin'? Gae in there an' get some!

MOIRA

Can't! Ye know we cannae enter hooses
unless we're invited!

KEEGAN

Well, the door's open, I'd say that
coonts as an invitation.

CU: THE COTTAGE DOOR, open.

MOIRA

Ach, that's fair enough!

she walks over through the door. KEEGAN follows her, winking
at the camera.

INT: THE COTTAGE. MOIRA and KEEGAN stumble around in the
dark.

MOIRA

Nae candles? How am I supposed tae see
where I'm goin'?

KEEGAN

Dinnae fash yerself, Moira. I'll fix
that.

He turns on the light. Moira starts and covers herself.

MOIRA

Oh, my! Hoo d'ye dae that?

KEEGAN

They're called electric lights, Moira,
everybody's got 'em these days.

MOIRA

Well, can ye turn 'em doon? Or at
least open a curtain?

KEEGAN turns off the light and rolls up a curtain, letting in
the sunlight.

MOIRA

(shielding her eyes)
Ach, naw, that's even worse!

KEEGAN

Moira, the sunlight isnae gonnae kill
ye! That's just auld uncle Orlock
haverin' wi' people!

MOIRA

It's no' that, ye dafty! It's yer
shiny skin! The light's reflectin' off
it an' intae me eyes!

KEEGAN

Oh, sorry! It's this new sun cream!
(closes the curtain, turns the
light back on)

MOIRA

Aye, ye're a shiny beggar, Keegan. I
hope ye dinnae get fat, ye'll look
like a disco ball!
(laughs)

KEEGAN gives MOIRA a dirty look, then spots a table.

KEEGAN

Ah, look at this! Someone's left oot
two bowls o' porridge for us, Moira!

MOIRA

Ah, porridge! That's dear o' them!
Let's no' let it go tae waste, shall
we?

They sidle up to the table, then notice a downside.

MOIRA

Oh, naw, Keegan! There's only three
chairs, an' one o' them's broken!
(holds up the broken little chair)

KEEGAN

Och! Who'd be such a scunner as tae
break a wee bairn's chair?

MOIRA

(pensively nibbling her glasses)
Och, I've nae idea...
(worried)
Mebbe... it was a poltergeist!

KEEGAN

Oh, was it noo?
(draws a bottle of Glengarries
from inside his jacket)

Poltergeist, I warn ye, we're two
Glesgae vampires, an' if ye try ought
funny while we're havin' oor porridge,
ye're gettin' glassed!

(raises the bottle as though to
break it)

MOIRA

(pointing at him)

Put doon that bottle, ye wee idjit!

KEEGAN

I cannae put it doon, Moira! I'm
threatenin' the poltergeist!

MOIRA

An'? Break that bottle an' ye're
gonnae be eatin' glass in yer
porridge!

KEEGAN

Och, crivvens!

(stuffs bottle back into his
jacket)

Thank ye fer warnin' me, Moira! Right,
ye can have the medium chair, an' I'll
take the big yin.

(walks over to the big chair)

MOIRA

(also walks over and grabs the big
chair)

Why dae ye get the big yin? I'm aulder
than ye, I should have the big chair!

KEEGAN

(pulling the big chair off her)

This chair's got a padded seat, the
other yin's no'! I'm gonnae get
splinters up me aft if I sit on that!

MOIRA

(pulling the big chair back)

Splinters up yer aft?! Ye thin-skinned
gowk, I've had a whole wooden stake
shoved up me own aft! Grow a pair an'
sit doon in the medium chair!

KEEGAN

(raising his hands apologetically)
A'right! A'right, I'm sittin' doon.
Nae need tae badger on.

KEEGAN walks back over to the medium chair.

CU: KEEGAN'S face as he sits down. Initially hesitant, but then he relaxes.

KEEGAN

Actually, it's right comfy noo I'm
sittin' in it.

MOIRA

There y'are, laddie, nae harm's done.
Noo let's tuck intae breakfast, shall
we?

They start scooping porridge and tasting it. MOIRA suddenly gasps and wafts at her mouth.

MOIRA

Ooh! Oh, my!

KEEGAN

What's wrong, Moira?

MOIRA

Ooh, et's flamin' hot, this porridge!

KEEGAN

Oh,naw. Tell ye what, I'll trade ye!
Me own porridge is cold, that should
cool yer mooth doon.
(he pushes his own bowl of
porridge towards her)

MOIRA

(shoves his bowl back towards him,
showering him with porridge)
CLEAR OFF! I dinnae care how hot me
porridge is! I'll finish it withoot
yer help!

KEEGAN

Ooh,someone's no' a happy vampy!
(starts wiping porridge from his
face and licking it up)

MOIRA finishes her porridge, though she now appears to be going pink- not red, just a normal human pink. She calmly pulls out a paper bag from her handbag, then blows into it. The bag bursts into flames.

KEEGAN
(staring nervously)
Are ye alright, Moira?

MOIRA
(primly wiping her mouth)
I'll be fine, Keegan. Finish yer own porridge, won't ye?

KEEGAN
(carries on scooping porridge)
It's braw, this. Does the hoose have any fruit fer variety, though?

CU: A massive WATERMELON on top of a coffee table. KEEGAN stares at it hungrily.

KEEGAN
Ooh... I'm havin' some o' that.
(gets up out of his chair)

MOIRA
Hold on, Keegan! Ye cannae touch that melon!

KEEGAN
(Whining)
Oh, Moira, why no'?

MOIRA
Well, it might be another vampire, ye dafty!

KEEGAN
(incredulous)
A watermelon vampire? Seriously?

MOIRA
Aye! It might be one o' the Balkan yins. Leave yer melons ootside overnight an' they end up becomin' vampires. Ye can tell 'cos they've got big red stains like blood.

(SUBTITLE:)

Watermelon vampires are an actual piece of Balkan vampire lore. The same goes for pumpkin vampires. Please research them at home if you don't believe us.

KEEGAN

(brushing himself down)

Watermelon vampires... Ye dinnae half crack me up sometimes, Moira...

(he stops laughing upon noticing something)

CU: KEEGAN'S hands. They are now coated with loose brown fur.

KEEGAN

Moira... someone's left their fur on me chair.

MOIRA

(stands up)

Well, how about that? There's fur on me own chair too.

CU: MOIRA'S chair. There's tons of fur on it.

MOIRA

Who's left so much fur here?

(worried)

Keegan... D'ye think it could be... A WEREWOLF?!

KEEGAN

(waving indignantly)

Naw, Moira! If there was a werewolf here, I dinnae think the rest of this hoose would look so...pristine, d'ye? We're no' livin' in Ripper country anymore. An' besides, he'd have eaten whoever's livin' here already, an' he cannae have, 'cos I'm still smellin' 'em upstairs.

MOIRA

Aye, fair point, Keegan. Anyway, less for him an' more for us, ain't it?

KEEGAN

Fair enough.

(walks over to a mirror)

Just check I've no' got porridge on me face...

MOIRA

(sniggers)

Forgettin' somethin', aren't ye, Keegan?

KEEGAN

(dumbfounded)

Oh, aye... Forgot I cannae see me own face.

CU: KEEGAN'S head from behind. We can't see his face reflected either.

MOIRA

(getting up from her chair)

Never mind, Keegan. I'll check yer face for ye.

KEEGAN

Ah, thank ye, Moira.

(she walks right behind him)

How, though?

MOIRA

By daein' this!

(she shoves KEEGAN'S face up against the mirror and rubs it up and down, cackling)

KEEGAN

(pulling himself free of her grasp)

Moira, ye scunner! Ye near scrubbed me cheeks off!

MOIRA slaps him

MOIRA

Cheeky imp! D'ye kiss yer mum with that mooth? Anyway, ye did have somethin' on yer face, Keegan, but it wasnae porridge!

(laughs again)

CU: The mirror. KEEGAN'S shiny white sun-cream smears it.

CU: KEEGAN'S cheek, now missing a large patch of sun-cream.

KEEGAN

Smeared me suncream noo...Never mind that, Moira. Let's find oot who's waitin' upstairs for us, shall we?

MOIRA

(baring her fangs)
Aye, let's dae that!

They creep up the stairwell together, grinning hungrily.

INT: THE BEDROOM. A picturesque scene, with bunches of flowers, empty beehives, and three nice bed arrangements. MOIRA and KEEGAN step inside.

MOIRA

Ooh,cozy in here, ain't it?

KEEGAN

Aye, it's nice, Moira. Why's there all these hives, though?

MOIRA

Mebbe the owner's a beekeeper? I havenae any clue, Keegan, dinnae ask me!

KEEGAN

Dinnae get on at me, Moira! Let's see who's in bed, shall we?

CU: THE MIDDLE BED, rather small. Inside sleeps A SMALL GIRL with blonde hair and a very self-satisfied expression. She has her thumb in her mouth.

MOIRA

Ah,Keegan, look at that!

KEEGAN

(removing his sunglasses)
Ugh, she's an ugly wee babbie. How auld d'ye think she is? Eight or nine?

MOIRA

Perfect vintage!
(claps assertively, but the girl doesn't wake up)

Right, pop back doonstairs an' get us
a basin an' a towel, will ye?

KEEGAN
(perplexed)
Okay, Moira. Why, though?

MOIRA
(gives the camera an "is he stupid
or what?" look)
Why, though?! Sae I dinnae leave too
big a mess when I crush her, o'
course!

KEEGAN
(horrified)
Ye're gonnae crush her?!

MOIRA
Aye, I'm gonnae crush her! How else am
I supposed tae get the blood oot o'
her?

KEEGAN
(nervously tugging at his jacket)
It's a wee bit brutal, d'ye no' think?

MOIRA
Brutal?! Dinnae look at me like that,
Keegan, ye want tae taste this "ugly
wee babbie's" blood as much as I do!
An' crushin's the best way tae get
blood ooto' a lassie's body!

KEEGAN
We dinnae *crush* lassies nowadays,
Moira! We dinnae crush lads either! We
dinnae crush anyone! If we want blood
like anyone else, we just lean over a
body an' bite their necks!

MOIRA
BITE THEIR NECKS?! LIKE A COMMON
WEREWOLF?!
(KEEGAN shushes her, and she
continues her rant in a whispered
tone)
I'm no' bitin' this lassie for
anythin', Keegan, not with these new
fillin's in me teeth. D'ye know how
much they cost?

KEEGAN

Och, ye're such a barbarian, Moira!
Ye're livin' like Vlad the Impaler's
still in power! Fine, ye can have a go
at crushin' her if ye want, but if it
goes pear-shaped, we're daein' this
how I dae et, right?

MOIRA

(very smarmy)

Fash ye no', wee bonnie Keegan. Let
yer Great-Aunt Moira show ye how it's
done.

(under her breath)

Ye smarmy shiny crybaby.

MOIRA walks over to the bed, bends down and slides her arms
under the SLEEPING GIRL. Her back obscures our view, but she
should be raising the girl up from the bed and pressing her
hard against her chest.

FX: BUURRRRRPPPP!!!

MOIRA drops the SLEEPING GIRL back onto the bed and staggers
backwards, gagging and wafting at her eyes with both hands.

MOIRA

Och, crivvens! Och, my! Och, ye wee
blonde scunner!

KEEGAN

(trying hard not to snigger at
Moira's discomfort)

What's gone wrong noo, Moira?

MOIRA

Her breath's full o' steamy porridge,
Keegan! An' I swear there's a few
jalapenos in there too! It's stingin'
me eyes!

KEEGAN

(pulls out wipes and starts
daubing MOIRA)

I warned ye not tae try that,
Moira! But ye didnae take my advice,
did ye? Right, ye're following me own
example noo.

MOIRA and KEEGAN stalk over to the two beds on either side of the SLEEPING GIRL'S.

KEEGAN

That bed's no' wide enough fer us an' her. We'll shove these twa over tae her, I'll take yin, ye can take the other yin, an' we'll lean in an' bite her at the same time? How's that soond?

MOIRA

Fair enough, Keegan!

They shove the two beds- both of which have headboards shaped like two round ears- towards the SLEEPING GIRL'S bed.

KEEGAN

And ontae the beds we hop!

They hop onto the beds- MOIRA'S bed sags below her, but KEEGAN makes a solid thud as he lands on it. KEEGAN groans in pain.

KEEGAN

Ooh, me back. Who'd sleep in a bed as hard as this, Moira?

MOIRA

Never mind that, Keegan. Who'd sleep in a bed as saggy as this?

KEEGAN

(cheekily)
Yer husband?

MOIRA

(Indignantly)
How dare ye?! My husband's no' fat, he just drinks healthy amoonts o' blood!

KEEGAN

He drinks too many healthy amoonts o' blood, Moira! He's fat, everybody knows that!

MOIRA

(by this point enraged)
SHUT UP ABOUT ME HUSBAND'S WEIGHT,
KEEGAN! OR I'LL COME OVER THERE AN'

STUFF GARLIC DOWN YER THROAT!

KEEGAN

Oh, shut up, ye grumpy auld witch! Ye
can have a go at me later, let's just
chomp this ugly wee lass first, okay?!

Crawling irritably across the beds, they reach onto the
SLEEPING GIRL'S bed and lean in on both sides. Clearing their
throats, they open their mouths and bare their fangs quite
threateningly, preparing to bite.

SFX: DOOR SLAMMING

O/S:

MAN'S VOICE

(Yorkshire accent)

Hey oop, Ursula! Soomeone's broken
into our 'ouse!

MOIRA and KEEGAN pause, startled expressions.

O/S:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(also Yorkshire accent)

Blow me doon, Artie! Soomeone's eaten
all our porridge!

MOIRA and KEEGAN go white with fear (whiter, at least)

O/S:

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

(third Yorkshire accent)

Oh, no, dad! Soomeone's broken me
chair!

MOIRA and KEEGAN'S eyes dart from the sleeping girl to one
another.

SFX: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS GOING UP THE STAIRS. MOIRA and KEEGAN
desperately roll back into their own beds.

MOIRA

(whispering furiously)

This is yer fault, Keegan! "Let's go
intae the hoose with the open door,
should be someone tasty inside..."

KEEGAN

(whispering back)

My fault?! Ye're the one who scooted
this cottage oot in the first place,
ye greedy Victorian bat-hag!

ANGLE ON: THE BEDROOM DOOR, flung open. In comes ARTIE, a massive brown bear in a flat cap and tweed jacket and trousers, followed by his wife URSULA, a black bear in a prim dress, and their SON, a little bear in a schoolboy's outfit.

CU: MOIRA and KEEGAN'S horrified faces.

ARTHUR

(pointing at the VAMPIRES)

An' 'oo're these sleepin' in our
beds?!

KEEGAN

Moira?

MOIRA

Aye, Keegan?

KEEGAN

I think we've entered the wrong hoose.

LITTLE BLOND GIRL

(waking up, removing her thumb,
then glancing from vampires to
bears)

Sorry, what's going on?

EXT: THE COTTAGE. A few thumps off-screen, and MOIRA and KEEGAN'S cries of pain.

ARTHUR

(O/S)

AN' STAY OUT OF OUR 'OUSE!

ARTHUR throws MOIRA, KEEGAN and the LITTLE BLOND GIRL through the door. As soon as they land, the LITTLE BLOND GIRL runs off, followed by MOIRA and KEEGAN.

ARTHUR

(Watching them go)

I 'ate bloodsoockers!

CU: MOIRA and KEEGAN now strolling peacefully through the forest, passing under green foliage.

MOIRA

I'm glad we let the girl go, Keegan!
I've had enough of getting' burped on
by lassies an' manhandled by broon
bears. Let's go somewhere safer for
breakfast, shall we?

KEEGAN

(a lot more polite and subdued now)
Fair enough, Moira. Where'd ye want
tae go?

MOIRA

That hoose 30 miles tae the edge o'
the forest? Looked pretty nice,
smelled o'gingerbread. We should be
able tae have breakfast there.

KEEGAN

Aye, ye cannae gae wrong with a
gingerbread hoose, can ye?

ANGLE ON: The two vampires strolling off into the forest in
search of their next meal.