

"Twi Hard On"

Short script by

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Log line: 17-year-old girl falls in love with a vampire who appears to be her age, but who is actually 100 - and whenever they try to get it on, he morphs into the filthy old leech that he really is.

Download: <http://9TimeZones.com/s/twihard.pdf>

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FADE IN:

INT. CULLEN HOME - DAY

EDWARD, a perfectly-coiffed teenage boy with a refined British accent, is walking up a stairway with BELLA, a teenage girl with a nasal, whiny, Brooklyn accent.

EDWARD

Was that meeting with my family as weird for you as it was for me?

BELLA

Uh... I don't know. (She looks at caps on wall.) Graduation caps?

EDWARD

Uh... yeah. It's a... private joke. We matriculate a lot. (Chuckles.)

BELLA

It's kind of miserable. I mean, repeating high school over and over. A hundred-year-old vampire like you must get tired of the incessant yammering of teenage nymphomaniacs like me. (She thrusts her ample cleavage into his face, but he politely extricates himself.)

EDWARD

Bella, I am always fascinated by the sweet musical cooing of your dove-like voice. Come on. (They reach upstairs and walk into a room.) Uh... yeah, this is my room.

BELLA

(looks around)
No bed?

EDWARD

Uh... no. I, I don't... I don't sleep.

BELLA

What a colossal rip-off! Edward, when a cute guy takes me up to his room, I expect him to slam me down on the bed, spread my legs, crawl between my creamy white thighs, and fuck me silly!

EDWARD

(GULPING audibly)

Bella, you must be aware that the author of this story is a conservative Mormon housewife.

BELLA

What story?

EDWARD

The story of you and me. And that inhibited Mormon housewife is writing this story for young virgin girls, who have no idea what physical intimacy is all about.

BELLA

(outraged)

What the hell you talkin' 'bout, Neck-Sucker?

EDWARD

That pathologically-repressed Mormon prude intends to make us suffer through a long and platonic courtship, leading to an awkward consummation scene in Book Four. But this is Book One, so we have a long way to go.

BELLA drops to her knees and UNZIPS Edward's pants.

BELLA

Fuck that shit. I can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch, and I ain't letting my God-given talent gather dust for three more books.

In silhouette, Edward's erection appears with a SPROING, and his perfectly-coiffed head mutates, with another SPROING.

EDWARD

Uh... you should probably look at me.

Bella MUMBLES INARTICULATELY, from below his waist.

EDWARD

(continuing)

Bella, take that thing out of your mouth right now, and look up at my face.

BELLA

(looks up and
SCREAMS)

Holy shit! Edward, you're a dirty old man!

EDWARD

How very perceptive of you, Bella. You see, when I become aroused by a nubile young girl, I transform into the hundred-year-old leech that I really am. I can never lose control with you.

Edward starts to leave.

BELLA

Hey, don't go. (Thinks for a minute.) You change back into Pretty Boy afterward, right?

EDWARD

You can see that I'm regaining my youthful appearance right now.

BELLA

Okay, uh... we might be able to work something out, so long as I don't have to look at you, while you're pounding me. How do you feel about doggie-style?

In silhouette, Bella turns around, drops trou, gets on her hands and knees, then thrusts her naked butt back at Edward, who BARKS and HOWLS loudly when his erection reappears with a SPROING, his perfectly-coiffed head mutates again with another SPROING, and they copulate like... you guessed it... doggies.

THE (OTHER) END