

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

The skies churn with storm clouds. A lone bat cuts through them – fast, frantic – heading for the ocean below.

A crooked tavern teeters on the edge of a cliff, defying both gravity and good judgment.

Lightning begins to rumble...a BOOMING thunderbolt strikes inches away from the tavern, illuminating its silhouette in the storm.

The bat glides past a wooden sign that swings overhead: *THE TIPSY HAG*.

INT. THE TIPSY HAG - NIGHT

WIZARD

Three Eye-of-Newtinis coming up!

A wizard bartender is pouring cocktail drinks into glass cups.

He torches them with lightning, garnishes with newt eyeballs.

He whisks them onto the tray with a single wave of his hand.

The waitress picks them up, ready to serve.

The waitress carries the drinks through the tavern and stops at a table.

She sets the martini on the table and walks away.

A low grumble echoes from the corner booth – **DRUSILLA**, mid-4000s, plump, sharp-eyed, and stubbornly fabulous, sits alone in the shadows.

She scrolls through ****Witchr****, the #1 dating app for magical folk.

DRUSILLA

(Flat, dry)

Blind dating after 300 years of solitude? It can't be worse than summoning a boyfriend from Hell again.

She strikes an over-the-top dramatic pose, hand to forehead.

DRUSILLA

...or can it?!

Her phone lights up.

She swipes. Her phone pings: "*FERNANDO. Vampyr. Pale but passionate. Fluent in Bat.*"

She sighs.

DRUSILLA

Not my first choice...But I am trying to put myself out there.

Drusilla presses "Match." The screen flashes: "MATCHING SPELL ACTIVATED."

RUMBLE! The phone levitates, spins, and slams onto the table.

The phone fires a green beam across the booth—CRACK!—a glowing portal bursts open, pulsing with magical runes.

A swirl of bats bursts out and flies to the ceiling of the tavern. They form a vortex and conjure **FERNANDO**—a smug, 3000-year-old vampire—across from her.

A lone bat smacks Drusilla in the face. It flops onto the table, dazed.

She looks unimpressed and a tad annoyed. She picks it up with two fingers and flings it off the table. It goes SPLAT on the wall behind her.

Fernando eyes his bat droop to the ground and sweats nervously.

FERNANDO

(Gesturing dramatically)

I'm Fernando.

He reaches for her hand and leans in for a kiss.

FERNANDO

A pleasure to meet you.

DRUSILLA

Why, hello, handsome. Care for a drink?

Fernando slumps back into his seat, as if cornered. He looks around frantically, making sure no one is listening in.

FERNANDO

Actually...Is the blood here locally sourced?

(beat)

I'm off red meat. Also gluten intolerant.

DRUSILLA

Intolerant *and* intolerable. Next.

FERNANDO

WAIT! WE CAN SNUGGLE...IN MY SILK-LINEDDD COFFINNN!

She snaps her fingers. The portal flares green—SWOOSH—Fernando is vacuumed away like dust under a rug.

DRUSILLA

I'd rather be buried in a coffin... alone.

Her phone glows green on the table. Another match appears.

DRUSILLA is hesitant, but still hopeful. She swipes right.

The seat across from DRUSILLA is empty. The portal doesn't activate. She waits... confused.

A low creaking sound, like wood under strain, begins behind her.

From the shadowy entrance, a tall figure in a massive trench coat shuffles into frame. Wobbling. Looming. Not quite... right.

The figure climbs awkwardly into the booth.

A long pause.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

(Hushed, deep voice)

Hello, my name is Steve. I enjoy long walks and tending to my garden.

DRUSILLA

(Squinting)

You're suspiciously...vertical. What species are you again?

She raises an eyebrow.

His limbs twitch like mismatched puppets. One sleeve waves. Independently.

Something under the coat sneezes.

She leans forward, suspicious. The coat trembles. Buttons POP—then—POOF! The trench coat unravels and reveals four gnomes stacked on top of each other.

The top one yells—

TOP GNOME

She's on to us! Every gnome for himself!

The top gnome hops off first, immediately getting dog-piled by the other three shortly after.

They get tangled with one another and tumble out the door.

She watches them flee. Deadpan—

DRUSILLA

(Sighs)

I wanted *options*, not a gnome pyramid scheme.

Drusilla glumly stares into her reflection on her drink and idly stirs the glass.

DRUSILLA

Even the gnomes have each other. Am I truly destined to be alone?

She sheds a single tear before stirring her drink up and erasing her reflection.

Her phone dings again. A new match.

DRUSILLA

Forget it. I'm not falling for it this time.

She pushes her phone away in defiance, but it starts levitating and floats right in front of her face.

The app persistently points arrows around the words, "New Match."

Drusilla scoffs and presses "No."

Witchr pops up a message saying: "Error: Your standards are too high."

DRUSILLA

What? They are not!

Witchr app spells out: "You will die alone."

She grunts.

DRUSILLA

Third time's a charm...

She hesitates, finger hovering. Thunder rumbles. Then—

A shadow falls over Drusilla. She looks up from her phone.

OOMA, a female ogre in muddy work boots, stands holding a paper bag.

She fidgets with her tool belt, a little shy but hopeful.

OOMA

Sorry...I don't mean to be nosy...But I saw your last two dates.

DRUSILLA

Oh god, you saw that disaster?

OOMA

Yeah...they were pretty bad. Those dating apps are trouble...
Can I sit with you?

DRUSILLA

Before you sit, are you cursed, deranged, or otherwise unwell?

OOMA

Nope. Just Ooma. Fix curses, roofs, plumbing...I'm a
repair-ogre. Also brought muffins. Still warm.

The tavern seems warmer.

DRUSILLA

It's nice not to want to curse someone.

They toast muffins like wine glasses.

The floorboards CRACK—a demonic hand claws up. "DRUSILLAAAA..."

Drusilla STOMPS on it. SQUISH.

She lifts her foot to check, and her face reads with disgust.

DRUSILLA

Ew, that's my ex. Demon. Jealous type.

OOMA

(Grinning)

Good thing I can fix floorboards.

Drusilla smirks. She holds up her muffin.

DRUSILLA

(soft)

Third time's the charm.