

FUNKENBAGGEN QUEENIN

26/12

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Address  
Phone Number

EXT. THEATER ENTRANCE- MIDDAY

GLENN, 19F, relaxed outfit stares at the theater. A long and uncomfortable facial expression is held. She brings the flyer up taking in the picture one last time.

Title card zooms in on the flyer to: FUNKENBAGGEN QUEENIN.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER- MIDDAY

Glenn slowly walks in on the empty theater looking around at the fancy posters. She touches the posters admiring the details of the images. She's *fascinated*. She walks further down before ANTONI, 38M, european accent catches her attention.

She whips her head around holding her chest.

ANTONI

Here to audition or just admire the fancy posters?

GLENN

Whew, your voice right there just- I'm sorry, I-I'm here for the part of Funkenbag-

His voice sounds stern.

ANTONI

(pointing)

Over there, show us what you got

She quickly walks to the stage taking her mark. KONSTANTI, 37M, limps to the back curtains to turn the lights off.

STEFANIA, 35F, european accent, focused demeanor holds her hand up.

STEFANIA

Start!

**BEGIN DANCE SEQUENCE**

Spins, Pirouette, waltz-y like movements are performed by Glenn.

As Antoni's eyes are closed, his hands shiver. Stefania turns to look at his hands, she holds her hand up signaling.

STEFANIA (CONT'D)

Stop!

**END DANCE SEQUENCE**

Antoni wakes up in a deep gasp accompanied by a cold sweat. Blinking looking around and caressing his neck and palms. He walks to the edge of the stage, Glenn follows.

ANTONI

Where did you learn that choreography from?

GLENN

What? Oh, pfft, that was from my-uh my state competition. Solo, 1st place.

ANTONI

And who taught you the dance?

GLENN

Some lady, I don't really remember her

Stefania snaps her finger trying to recall.

STEFANIA

Svelcha? No-no Polchik? Persia!

GLENN

Yeah, yeah I think so. Why's that importan-

Antoni stares at her admiring it all. His face becomes puzzled, furrowing a brow. Antoni turns around, eye contact with Stefania. They nod at each other shocked before a private conversation.

STEFANIA

Oh God, Antoni, you look so ill. Your neck is so bruised-

His expression is stale then becomes maniac.

ANTONI

She wants to play with blood. I don't care, let's do it. We'll do my choreography this time. Let me make up to her, we'll dance together.

He rubs his neck deeper, faster.

ANTONI (CONT'D)

Let her dance. I need to deal with her for the last time okay if it's the last thing I do

STEFANIA

Antoni- I dont think it's a good idea. She hates you. You know what happened last time you tried-

ANTONI

I don't care what happened last time. She wants a fight, hope she's prepared to lose

STEFANIA

Antoni-

Glenn tries to listen wandering from behind slowly eavesdropping. Antoni storms off. Stefania has a fixed stare at glenn before following. She shakes her head staring and walking.

GLENN

Is everything okay?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKBOX THEATER - DAY

Konstanti sits alone in the audience as glenn prances the stage trying to practice the dance movements.

Konstanti sounds retarded. His arms flail as he speaks.

KONSTANTI

(laughing, gibberish,  
stuttering)

Antoni, whuhhh wuhh, bad man, bad funkenbag wahhh he die

Glenn stops. This time, she stares at him before walking to the audience seating, desperate for more information.

GLENN

What were you saying? I'm sorry, I'm-I don't understand what you're saying

Konstanti's voice grows loud. He tries to elaborate but no avail.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Do you speak english- ca- can you  
try saying it slower

Konstanti holds his neck and points at Antoni's seat. He gives a hand signal; Antoni is a bad man.

Suddenly, Antoni and Stefania walk from the curtain behind.

ANTONI

Apologies. Stefania needed some  
help backstage. Are you ready to  
start your practice?

Glenn is visibly uncomfortable. Shocked at his arrival, she scurries to the stage taking her mark.

GLENN

Is everything okay? I don't know-  
Antoni I think he was trying to  
tell me something-

Antoni stares at her before taking off his jacket and throwing it on the floor. Stefania takes her seat in the audience.

ANTONI

In order for us to get along, here  
are some ground rules. Number one,  
Don't talk to that *dullard*, okay,  
there's a reason I'm the director  
and he's not

Glenn tries to fight it back. Konstanti grunts as he says gibberish upset at Antoni's comment.

GLENN

But he was saying something, he  
said something about Funkenbaggen  
Queenin, I'm not familiar with the  
language but-

Antoni interrupts her complaints. He's vexed.

ANTONI

So you want to know about the  
story? You ask! Rule number two, if  
you don't know something you ask.  
I'm sure you're a strong dancer,  
don't let silly distractions get to  
you now.

Glenn slows her breathing trying to collect herself. Antoni tries to calm himself down. A deep breath.

ANTONI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. The legend of Funkenbaggen Queenin dance. I asked about Persia earlier because she's one of the few choreographers left that knows how to choreograph the dance the exact same way Funkenbag danced. Exact expressions, it's very particular.

Glenn grows curious.

GLENN

What's a funky baggy queen and what's this *really* all about?

Antoni rubs his neck from the pain. He shuts down her curiosity slowly.

ANTONI

The dance never really ends, at least I never cared to listen to the rest. Grandmother never liked me anyways.

An awkward silence.

ANTONI (CONT'D)

Alright, let me see it once more, I want to you to learn my touch, my way.

### **BEGIN DANCE SEQUENCE**

Spins, Pirouette, waltz-y like movements are performed by Glenn.

An eerie spirit (invisible), FUNKNEBAGEN QUEENIN (FUNKENBAG), tries to possess glenn. As she performs, she struggles to maintain the choreography. Funkenbaggen's moves becomes one with her.

Now, Glenn does Funkenbaggen Queenin's dance. She loses her balance, falling to the ground.

ANTONI (CONT'D)

Why did you stop? I never told you to stop?

GLENN

Antoni-sir I'm sorry. I don't know, it just felt li-like I wasn't doing the dance. It wasn't me. Please let me try again

Antoni is angry at her lame gimmick.

ANTONI

Stop! Enough with the excuses! You are a strong dancer but that was complete rubbish-

GLENN

Antoni I swear that wasn't me-

ANTONI

Enough! Be back in 5 minutes. Drink some water, stretch your legs

Glenn sits on the stage confused. She rubs her head before standing up walking slowly. Her head is hot and dizzy as she doesn't feel like herself.

INT. BACKSTAGE CHANGING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Glenn sits looking at herself in the mirror. She tries to collect herself looking at her reflection. She looks on the counters to see a note with graphics on the top.

She reads it: 'Kill him or I kill you Glenn -unknown'

A sinister energy comes over her. This time, she straightens her back up holding her chin up. Funkenbag has fully possessed her. Her gestures become balletic; she holds her arms out in perfect position before wearing the Funkenbaggen Queenin costume. A maniacal laugh before she goes back to the theater.

INT. THEATER- NIGHT

Glenn is not herself anymore. Her movements and voice are of that of a queen. She balletic-ally gallops from behind the curtain.

Stefania waits beside the curtain before Glenn's entrance. She's confused at her forwardness but encourages her in a deceitful tone

STEFANIA

Oh darling, I'm surprised at your attempt but that isn't your costume haha, why don't you take it off?

Glenn side eyes her before turning her head.

GLENN

To your seat now!

Stefania, shocked at the disrespect glances before Glenn holds her cheek caressing it.

STEFANIA

Darling, Glenn- this is theater. I don't know what you think you're doing but I'd drop the sass. Besides, grandmother died long ago

Glenn slaps her across the face at the disrespect.

GLENN

To your seat! I don't want to hear any of that nonsense! Oh, One more thing, don't call me Glenn.

Stefania pulls her arms back trying to stop her. Glenn pushes her away.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Where's my crown, I'm the queen right?! I'm supposed to have a crown

She waltzes to the stage.

Glenn is not herself. **Her new identity: Funkenbag**

Funkenbag now waltz's the stage. Antoni sees her, his eyes open wide.

She now performs her own new routine on the stage.

**Begin dance sequence**

Spins, Pirouette, gallops, contemporary dance movements are performed by Funkenbag.

Antoni, furious on stage tries to stop her performance. Funkenbag persists stronger.

ANTONI

What are you doing?! Have you gone mad? Take that costume off!

FUNKENBAG

Don't you dare tell your grandmother what to do!

Antoni moves closer to her trying to hold her arms down. She flinches, she's irritated. She pushes him as she continues the dance



ANTONI  
What are you doing?

FUNKENBAG  
Back off!

ANTONI  
You don't want to do this Glenn,  
you're playing with spiritual fire,  
stop this now!

Funkenbag looks back at him with a grotesque expression and a stare. She moves closer, closer.

Antoni drops to his knees in pain.

Funkenbag continues the dance. This time stronger, faster movements. She glances back at Antoni holding a wide grimace.

Antoni laughs off the pain. He holds his back. Suddenly, the pain is unbearable. His body seizes as he rolls fighting the feeling. Antoni is now sprawled across the stage. Funkenbag controls his psyche.

FUNKENBAG  
I don't know who you think Glenn is  
but she's not here

Antoni pleads but Funkenbag still dances.

ANTONI  
Please, grandmother please! I was  
going to make it up to you, we can  
still try my chore-

Stefania rushes to the stage. Her skin is pale and expression gone cold. She runs to Antoni trying to rescue him.

Konstanti stands up holding his hands out conducting Funkenbag's dances. He applauds her as she dancing moving closer and closer.

Konstanti now sits in the front row cheering louder, louder. Stefania attempts to save Antoni; his breathing is slowing.

STEFANIA  
Antoni-Antoni! I told you not to do  
it.

Glenn, on the opposite side of the stage sees Stefania. She immediately sprints. Konstanti notices the intensity growing stronger and stronger

STEFANIA (CONT'D)

Antoni you selfish bastard!  
Grandmother never liked you, I told  
you not to do it! Grandmother  
please, please don't take him!

She holds his arms under as his final breath, *whoosh*.  
Stefania wails as Konstanti claps throughout. Funkenbag  
laughs as she dances a happier-jumpy-fun dance.

Unsure what to do, Stefania attempts to pull his body off  
stage but no avail. She runs out of the theater.

**END DANCE SEQUENCE**

Funkenbag stops her performance, breathing rapidly with a  
wide grimace. She claps for herself as she walks to the edge  
of the stage keeping her movements measured, step by step,  
arms held out like a doll.

Konstanti follows her to the edge.

FUNKENBAG

I told your brother I would come  
back for his blood, but he didn't  
listen. He thought he could put on  
my show for me. Poor girl.

She starts laughing hysterically.

FUNKENBAG (CONT'D)

My show? Have you no manners.  
Foolish! Who would I be if not the  
queen?

She laughs.

FUNKENBAG (CONT'D)

This is my kingdom, my circus.  
Can't have that ungrateful clown  
putting on *my* show for *me*.

She sits before Konstanti meets her offering a crown placed  
on a pillow.

KONSTANTI

Good to see you back again  
grandmother, I knew you would come  
back for me

Funkenbag picks the crown up wearing it posing like a fashion  
model.

FUNKENBAG

Was he making fun of you again?

KONSTANTI

Oh you know Antoni and his tactics.  
Once you give him that power, he  
tries to milk, milk, milk

Konstanti tosses the pillow on the floor.

KONSTANTI (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything grandmother?  
Tea? Coffee? We have some snacks in  
the kitchen

Funkenbag takes the center of the stage admiring the lights  
and the feeling.

FUNKENBAG

Oh don't worry Ti, I'm just happy  
to be back

Funkenbag stands, spotlight focusing on her as she laughs  
maniacally.

FADE TO BLACK.