

# ONCE BITTEN

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Story by  
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Edvard Munch: "Vampire." Oil on canvas, 1893. (Photo: Munchmuseet.)

VAMP, n. Shortened form of vampire:  
v.t. to seduce or entrap (a man) by  
using the wiles of a vamp  
- Webster's Dictionary



COME IN ON:

A black screen. Superimpose title:

IT ALL BEGAN ON A TYPICAL NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

It is dusk. The sun is low in the sky, bathing everything in an orange light, giving the area a slightly unnatural look. A street sign identifies this as SUNSET BOULEVARD. One of the older, more run down parts of the strip. Faded buildings line the street, housing small shops and restaurants. Not one of the more glamorous sections of town.

As night approaches an ominous feeling fills the air. There is a flurry of activity as shopkeepers go about the ritual of locking up for the night:

An OLD WOMAN stands in the doorway of a knick-knack shop. She stares fearfully at the setting sun, nervously fingering the beads around her neck. Muttering a silent prayer, the old woman crosses herself shakily.

Stepping back into the shop the woman closes and locks the door, placing a 'CLOSED' sign on the window.

A pawnshop closes its doors for the evening, the BURLY OWNER pulling a shade down over the glass. A sign reading 'WE SERVE ANYONE' is yanked out of the window.

At the Church of Scientology, a young recruiter shuts the building's big double doors with a BANG. The sound of a large bolt being thrown echoes out. After a moment it opens slightly, a donation box is placed out front, then shuts again.

A 'Bag Ladies R Us' store. In the window is a poorly-dressed mannequin with bad posture pushing a shopping cart full of junk. An ageless, filthy woman (the proprietor) hops up onto the window, pulling closed a heavy pair of shutters. She too looks uneasily at the setting sun.

Outside his meat market a BUTCHER hurriedly paints the sign of a cross on his door from a bucket of lamb's blood. Finished, he turns to see the last rays of sunlight disappear from the sky. A look of terror sweeps across his face.

BUTCHER

God protect us.

He scurries into his shop, flipping over a 'Neighborhood Watch' sign before slamming the door behind him.

The sun gone, a murky darkness covers the street like a shroud. Everything looks deserted, desolate. Newspapers blow aimlessly along empty sidewalks. Traffic lights change endlessly with no traffic to direct. A hush has fallen over the street. It's like being in a huge mausoleum.

The streetlights flicker to life with a low hum, bathing the area in an eerie blue light.

A beat.

After a moment a large rat pokes its head out of an alleyway. Warily, the rat checks for movement on the street. Feeling safe, he darts out of the alley and down the street, keeping low in the shadows along the sidewalk.

Suddenly a HOWL pierces the night. A huge, wolf-like dog stands on the roof of a dingy old apartment building, silhouetted in the full moon rising over the city, the HOLLYWOOD sign glowing in the hills behind the building. It throws back its head and lets out another blood chilling howl, punctuated by a stab of grand (Guignol) organ music. The Phantom of the Opera is working overtime tonight.

## EXT. STREET

The boulevard becomes alive again as the nightlife begins to emerge. We watch as they slither out of their hiding places.

An arm snakes out of a sewer grating in the curb. The grating lifts off and a particularly foul looking bum crawls out onto the street.

A dark doorway. A pile of rubble sits to one side. Suddenly the pile of rubble stands - revealing it to be an old wino wearing an oversized coat, unfolding himself after a long day's sleep. He stretches sluggishly before stepping out onto the street.

## EXT. PARKING LOT

Down the street is a dingy old parking lot, dimly lit by one flickering streetlamp. The lot is deserted save for a few rusty, broken-down cars. Most are stripped, sitting up on blocks. Those cars with doors have them kicked open from the inside as various uglies and weirdies emerge from their tuck n' roll tombs. One gives the hood ornament a quick polish before heading off.

## EXT. SUB-STREET LEVEL WALK-DOWN

In the shadows below street level a graffiti-covered door creaks slowly open. A long, clawed hand curls dangerously around the doorframe. The door is pulled open to reveal that the hand belongs to a skinny hooker with long red fingernails. She is followed by five or six of her colleagues as they slink up onto the street.

## EXT. MOTEL

A cheap and sleazy hotel. Paint peeling, windows broken and boarded up. The door bursts open, letting loose a flood of zombie-like thugs, pimps, drunks and transvestites. They stagger off into the night.

## EXT. STREET

The night dwellers stumble, parade-like, down the boulevard. They move toward the bright lights in the distance, seemingly hypnotized by the neon glow of the more glamorous sections of the strip. Some carry screenplays or 8"x10" headshots.

In the hills behind them stands a strange gothic structure, resembling a European castle lording over a ghetto.



It is dark and damp, moss clinging to stone battlements. A swarm of bats scatter out through a loosely boarded window and into the night. A sign by the window reads 'ROOMS AVAILABLE - INQUIRE WITHIN'. Somewhere an owl hoots.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - CASTLE BASEMENT

Less a basement than a crypt. Dirty. Musty. Torches on the wall flicker dimly, providing the only light. Cobwebs hang from the wooden beams in the ceiling. Small, disgusting things scurry about in the shadows.

Various coffins lay spread out on the floor, in different stages of age, wood rot and disrepair. Mist rises from cracks in the yellowing tile.

The organ music continues ominously as one of the smaller coffins creaks open. Just a crack. A pale, twisted hand appears - groping, feeling for any lingering traces of sunlight. Satisfied, the hand pushes the lid slowly and noisily open. This is SEBASTIAN, a tall, immaculately groomed black gentleman wearing jodhpurs and an open white shirt, who looks completely out of place in this squalid environment. The other caskets open.

Dozens of contemporary young vampires sit up in their caskets, in various degrees of decay and degradation according to their years and station, preparing for a night out.

\*

A representative cross section of society, they are all very familiar: a businessman, tourist, wino, gigolo, punker, goth and mime - among others. Two Cub Scouts emerge from their bunk bed styled coffins.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - HALLWAY

The vampires trudge down the hallway, joined by more vampires from different ages and points in history, and in different stages of death and decay: a PIRATE VAMPIRE, a WORLD WAR ONE FLYING ACE, an ancient, rotting MEDIEVAL VAMPIRE - his arm falling off. He dusts himself off with his loose arm and hurries after Sebastian and the others as they trudge down the hall.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME

Sebastian emerges from the door leading into the grimy basement into the kitchen area. Though the house is contemporary in tone and style, dimly lit, the spacious rooms have an eerie quality in the evening light. The shadows, Sebastian himself, lend an air of mystery.

On the counter, a breakfast tray is ready. Sebastian goes to the fridge and gets out the ingredients for the Countess' "Bloody Mary" -- a bottle of tomato juice (blood), glucose and a stalk of celery.

He prepares the drink with quick efficiency, garnishing it with the stalk of celery. He takes a beautiful black rose from the refrigerator and places it in the bud vase already on the tray.

Surveying the tray -- the "Bloody Mary" and the rose, he nods with satisfaction, picks it up and whistling softly, exits kitchen, through corridor to the main hall and proceeds up the imposing staircase.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BEDROOM

Darkness. Sebastian enters, leaving the door ajar to allow some light to seep in. Next he goes to the window and opens the heavy curtains, flooding the room with the watery shimmer of a moonlight night.





# ONCE BITTEN

Sebastian (CLEAVON LITTLE) serves breakfast in bed to The Countess (LAUREN HUTTON) in the contemporary comedy-thriller, **ONCE BITTEN**, a Samuel Goldwyn Company Presentation.

*Samuel Goldwyn*  
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Approaching the fully draped bed, Sebastian draws back the diaphanous curtains revealing that behind them is not a conventional bed but a majestic white coffin on a black marble pedestal. Sebastian knocks twice on the lid of the coffin, pauses, then knocks again three times.

END TITLES.

SEBASTIAN

Wake up, sleepyhead. It's sunset.

A beat. After a moment the lid to the coffin shudders open.

Slowly the lid to the coffin rises. A bluish light shoots out, flickering. MUFFLED SOUNDS resolve into the TV broadcast of the "6 O'Clock Evening News" as the lid opens fully and the COUNTESS stretches, yawns, and sits up a bit. Rising from inside the foot of the coffin she turns off a tanning light and a small TV set.

Sebastian switches OFF THE TV.

The Countess, a stunningly beautiful blonde woman who appears to be in her early 30's sits up in her casket, stretching languorously. She is wearing a black tank top, black leotards with a black sweat band around her forehead.

COUNTESS

Good evening, Sebastian.

Sebastian settles her breakfast tray across her lap.

The Countess sips the "Bloody Mary" making a small face.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Hmmmm... Austrian peasant... early  
1700's... O positive. Good, but  
not vintage, not virgin.

SEBASTIAN

Virgin blood isn't easy to come by.

COUNTESS

And they call this the City of the  
Angels!

She holds the rose, smelling it, twirling it thoughtfully while Sebastian EXITS FRAME.

SOUND OVER: we hear him inserting a cassette in the VCR.

SOUND OVER: A Richard Simmons sound-alike, beginning his spiel which continues over the scene --

\*



## VOICE-OVER

Now ladies, off your butts... one,  
two, three, four...

The Countess puts her breakfast tray aside and leaves her casket-bed. Smoothing down her leotards, she moves INTO FRAME with Sebastian who is adjusting the volume on the VCR. Other than the VCR and monitor, there is a rowing machine and exercise bike in the area. It is important to note that there are no mirrors in this or any other room of the house.

The Countess begins to exercise in synch with the TV instructor, but it is evident that she is preoccupied and concerned.

## COUNTESS

What's all the use of this --  
struggling to keep my figure --  
without my fix, I'll be an instant  
hag, a bag of bones and withered  
skin -- Oh, Sebastian, it's so  
unfair.

## SEBASTIAN

Isn't it worth it? To preserve  
your seductive beauty?

## COUNTESS

Am I beautiful, Sebastian? Am I  
really?

## SEBASTIAN

(playfully)  
"Shall I compare you to a summer's  
day?"

SOUND OVER: a LIGHT KNOCK on the door.

## SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

The delegation from below.

Sebastian switches off the VCR and goes to open the door.  
The Countess mounts her exercise bike, side-saddle.

## SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(pointing an imperious  
finger at the CONFEDERATE  
VAMPIRE who enters first)  
You -- wipe your feet!

The Confederate shoots him a dirty look, but does as he is told.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

After a hundred and twenty years,  
you still have that Georgia clay on  
your boots.

The other Resident vampires shuffle in behind the Confederate  
- MOLL FLANDERS and the WORLD WAR I ACE. They undergo  
Sebastian's scrutiny - Moll Flanders with a saucy stare, the  
Ace with the disdain of a gung-ho fly boy.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(with a pointed stare at  
Moll's generously exposed  
cleavage)

You're a long way from Covent  
Garden.

Quickly wilting, she adjusts her tight bodice.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Your report!

CONFEDERATE

Countess, we've been all over this  
metropolis --

COUNTESS

With nothing to show for it! Do  
you realize that Halloween is less  
than ten days away?

CONFEDERATE

Times have changed. When you found  
me it was 1864 -- virginity was  
still popular...

COUNTESS

(more and more impatient)  
So was slavery! But Lincoln didn't  
free the virgins -- you're not  
trying hard enough.

ACE

Countess, believe me -- the  
gallant, young idealist who kept  
himself pure in word as well as  
deed no longer exists.

COUNTESS

Stop being so damn negative. There  
must be a virgin out there. Find  
him!

SEBASTIAN

Unless the Countess gets what she must have, you lose your refuge and her protection. Is that clear?

MOLL FLANDERS

(whining)

The closest we've come is an eleven year old.

COUNTESS

Don't be disgusting.

ACE

It's a mean, chilly world out there.

SEBASTIAN

No more excuses! The Countess has heard them all. She wants action.

The Countess slips off her bike and stands regally before them.

COUNTESS

And I want it now!

She opens the door.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Get out there and find that virgin!

The three abashed vampires shuffle out; she slams the door behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

\*  
\*

**NOTE: The other vampires in the lair went by various names throughout the evolution of the script. Sebastian first began as a POLYESTER VAMPIRE from the disco era, then became "Renfield"-like valet at the suggestion of director Howard Storm. He morphed into a well-groomed black man named OTTO in the 5th draft, but throughout the compendium he will just be called SEBASTIAN, as in the shooting script, to avoid confusion.**

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - NIGHT



A neon sign identifies this as the 'STARDUST DRIVE-IN'. Built in the 1950's the theatre shows its age. Letters askew, the marquee advertises a triple feature of 'DRACULA', 'BEACH BABES IN BONDAGE' and 'THE GOLDEN SEAL'.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - PARKING LOT

A particularly gory scene is taking place when suddenly the film **MELTS** and **BREAKS**. After a moment, cars begin to **HONK** and we hear **LAUGHTER** and **BOO's** emanating from inside. An **ANNOUNCER** speaks loudly over the tinny drive-in speakers.

ANNOUNCER

Hi folks! Don't you worry -- the film will be back up soon! Just enough time to grab a delicious meal from our world famous snack bar!

A cheap cartoon advertisement for the snack bar starts to play onscreen, where animated hot dogs, hamburgers and soft drinks perform various acts in a circus tent.

The camera **PULLS BACK** to reveal the busy drive-in lot, with frustrated teen-agers anxiously emerging from their cars to stretch, clean themselves off, or walk back to the...

CUT TO:

\*





\*

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - SNACK BAR

People mill about the snack bar - smoking, talking, necking, generally killing time until the next movie starts.

A clean-cut young man in his late teens moves through the crowd, carrying a cardboard tray filled with familiar snack bar food. This is MARK KENDALL, an ordinary high school senior out on his regular Friday night date.

Onscreen three brightly colored popsicles perform a gymnastic act.

Mark fights his way through the throng of milling teenagers. Past a couple locked in a passionate embrace...

MARK  
Pardon me...

...around two groping teens...

MARK (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. Pardon me. Pardon me.

...and through a group of kids engaged in various forms of sexual activity.

We follow Mark as he continues down an aisle of parked cars, all of which bob and shake rhythmically, windows completely steamed up.

\*



\*



\*

Mark pretends not to notice as he moves to a large, wood paneled station wagon, opening the driver's door with a free hand.

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark climbs awkwardly into the car, attempting to balance the tray of food as he slips behind the wheel. He is helped by his date, ROBIN PIERCE. An extremely pretty girl, she seems somewhat out of place at a seedy drive-in.

\*



MARK

I'm back. They were out of nachos  
so I got a burrito-on-a-stick  
instead. You wouldn't believe the  
line.

He hands the grease-soaked box to Robin, who eyes the food  
skeptically.

ROBIN

I hope you got a tube of Clearasil,  
too.

MARK

I know, it's pretty greasy. The  
school chef must work here at  
night.

Robin looks out the window at the activity around them,  
shaking her head, sadly.

ROBIN

This place sure has changed.  
Remember when your dad would bring  
us here? He'd buy us each a foot-  
long french fry and we'd all cuddle  
up in the front seat together and  
watch the movie.

Mark scoots closer to her and grins.



MARK

I also remember when he went to the snack bar and I finally worked up enough courage to kiss you. I'd been planning it for weeks.

ROBIN

I wondered why you brought a toothbrush with you.

MARK

Popcorn kernels would get stuck in my retainer.

(laughs)

Then when I finally did it you locked me out of the car and wouldn't let me back in.

Robin leans forward, giving Mark a kiss. She smiles happily.

ROBIN

See? Things change.

They snuggle up close as onscreen an animated onion ring directs french fries to jump through its middle. Robin laughs, sucking on a frozen yogurt push-up as Mark looks to see...



EXT. MARK'S POV

\*

A macho stud sits with his girlfriend in a bright red convertible. Moving suavely, he turns his girlfriend's face gently toward him, giving her a deep, soulful kiss.

INT. STATION WAGON

Taking the example, Mark takes Robin's chin in hand, turning her face to his. They kiss, Robin surprised by this sudden show of affection. Mark pulls away, smiling. Confident. He turns to see...

EXT. MARK'S POV

The stud disappears inside the car and it starts to bounce and shake along with all of the others.

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark just sits and stares out the window, grimacing in disbelief. Frowning, Robin reaches up to wipe off the windshield, which is beginning to fog.

Mark glances up at the movie screen, where an animated hot dog jumps from a circus pedestal into a large bun, which holds itself open to let the wiener inside. It closes itself around the sausage as Mark presses on.

Taking a deep breath he scoots even closer to Robin, arm hanging nonchalantly around her shoulders. She bites into a corn dog - unaware of Mark's hand as it inches its way toward her breast.





Over the speaker a chorus of happy voices count down the seconds until showtime as Mark's hand moves closer and closer to Robin's chest.

We switch to SLOW MOTION as the number '10' flashes by onscreen...

HAPPY VOICES (O.S.)  
Ten seconds...

Nine - Mark looks to Robin nervously...

Eight - Robin sips a vanilla milkshake from a straw...

Seven - Mark's hand slides closer to Robin's breast...

Six - The stud in the convertible reaches down underneath the front seat of his car, pulling out a large gasoline powered vibrator. He yanks the pull cord, starting it with a roar...

Five - The number '5' flashes onscreen...

Four - Robin sucks on a popsicle...

Three - Beads of sweat form on Mark's brow as he concentrates...

Two - Mark's hand hovers over Robin's chest - almost there...

One - The number '1' flashes onscreen as we...

CUT TO:

\*



EXT. STATION WAGON

The countdown reaches its climax, the voices shouting out:

HAPPY VOICES (O.S.)(CONT'D)  
...it's showtime!

A muffled scream is heard from inside the car as the driver's door is thrown open, Mark tumbling out onto the asphalt. Robin closes and locks the door as Mark hurries to his feet, calling to her through the window.

MARK  
What's the matter - I was only  
reaching for your popcorn...

It's no use. Mark sits down on the asphalt, leaning against the car door. He sighs, frustrated.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Then again, some things never  
change...

He looks up, resigned, as it begins to rain - quickly turning to a heavy downpour. Mark can only groan as the cars surrounding him all bounce and shake from the activity inside that he's never experienced.



DISSOLVE TO:

\*

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY



A revolving sign identifies this as the 'BURGER PIT'. Less a restaurant than a dive, the building's orange and yellow color scheme gives the impression that it has been constructed entirely of plastic.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER PIT - KITCHEN

Mark sits on a counter as he speaks with RUSS MACARTHUR and JAMIE DEBBS. Two typical teenage boys (read: 'horny'), Russ and Jamie each wear loud orange smocks and greasy paper hats. Russ stands at the sink, cleaning leftovers from dirty dishes - dumping the remains into a plastic tub labeled 'SECRET SAUCE'. Jamie watches over the grill, where a batch of hamburgers are frying.

Mark speaks unenthusiastically, describing last night's date with Robin.

MARK

...and that's when she locked me out of the car.

RUSS

It's unbelievable - you two have been going together since the fourth grade and she still won't let you go for the pokey.



## ANOTHER ANGLE

Jamie hands Mark his hamburger, watching him. Open it up suspiciously, prodding it with his finger.

MARK  
(to Jamie)  
You call this well done?

Jamie leans in to scrutinize it.

## INSERT SHOT

The burger is on a bun, not raw at all.

\*

## BACK TO SCENE

MARK  
It's still meowing!

JAMIE  
It's burnt!

Jamie shrugs, takes the hamburger, bun and all, and slaps it back on the griddle.

Russ, casually, but expertly, juggles six spatulas in the air.

MARK

Robin says our relationship's too special to be ruined by sex.

JAMIE

I think she got it backwards.

Flames suddenly rise from the grill behind Jamie as the hamburgers combust. Russ looks to Mark skeptically.

RUSS

Did you at least get a goodnight grope?

The flame is growing on the grill. Mark hops down from the counter, suddenly defensive.

MARK

What do you guys care? Why're you so interested in my sex life all of a sudden?

Russ and Jamie look to each other smugly.

RUSS & JAMIE

He didn't.

The fire on the grill spreads rapidly as Jamie calmly reaches up, removing a fire extinguisher from the wall. He sprays the stove, covering everything with a thick white foam.



Mark paces restlessly, shaking his head in confusion.

MARK

I don't know what I'm doing wrong.  
I'm eighteen years old - this is my  
sexual prime. Right now I'm as  
close to physical perfection as I  
can get.

JAMIE

That's pretty depressing.

The fire extinguished, Jamie scrapes the burnt, foamy burgers from the grill - putting them onto buns and into styrofoam containers.

MARK

Sometimes I think I should just go  
out, pick up some strange woman and  
get laid. Then I could go back to  
Robin without all this pressure  
between us.

Russ and Jamie perk up at this suggestion. Mark is immediately sorry that he brought it up.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSS' CAR - NIGHT

Russ drives Mark and Jamie in his beat up Dodge Charger, out for a night on the town. Music blares over the one good speaker as pencils, paper cups and fast food containers roll back and forth on top of the dashboard. Jamie rides in the back seat, leaning forward between Russ and Mark, who rides shotgun. Mark rummages through a shopping bag as they speak.

MARK

What makes you guys such experts at  
getting women? The last time  
either of you had a date was the  
junior prom. And she had to be  
home by 8:30.

RUSS

Hey, that was legit. She had an  
electrolysis appointment the next  
morning.





EXT. STREETS - TRAVELING SHOT (SECOND UNIT)

\*

The CAMERA finds them weaving in and out on the San Diego Freeway passing through a stretch of oil wells, the industrial district of South Los Angeles. Hitting the Harbor Interchange when night has fallen, taking the Melrose exit.

JAMIE (O.S.)	RUSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay... Arnold Horshack	(doing impressions)
having sex...	..."Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!!!"...
(chuckles, thinks)	(acts drunk - not hard)
...Ed MacMahon having sex...	"Heyyyy-ooooh!!!"
(laughing harder)	(grimaces)
...Clint Eastwood having	..."Was that six inches or
sex...	only five?"
(finally)	(moaning)
... Farrah Fawcett having	... "Oh... Russ!!!"
sex...	

EXT./INT. STATION WAGON

Slowly cruising down Melrose Avenue, passing all the trendy shops, restaurants and bars.

Russ is wildly stimulated by everything he sees, whooping it up, pointing out the bizarre sights. Jamie from his disadvantaged perch in the back keeps trying to see, painfully wedging himself back up.

Mark pulls up a six pack of generic beer from the grocery sack. He holds it up, frowning.



MARK

What kind of beer is this?

JAMIE

It's all I could afford. At least  
it's blue label - not that red  
label shit.

Mark slouches, curious but basically subdued, thinking about Robin and apprehensive about what they're getting into.

EXT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The boys are distracted by a Young Man on the sidewalk, wearing a Confederate cap (the Confederate Vampire) shouting at them.

With him is the World War I Ace Vampire.

The distraction causes Russ to nearly hit the Cabin Boy Vampire who is crossing the street. He gives them the finger.

The Ace Vampire flips them off, as well. The Medieval Vampire, trailing, flips them off with his loose hand, adjusted to give them the finger. The boys don't notice as Mark fidgets uncomfortably. He seems hesitant.

MARK

Why Hollywood? That's where all  
the crazies live.

RUSS

Because Hollywood is the place to  
go. It's where the action is. Why  
do you think our parents tell us  
not to go there?

The car pulls over and Jamie pulls a bunch of free weekly periodicals out of a group of sleazy porn newspaper vending machines ('LA X-PRESS', 'SCREW', 'JIZZ' and 'USA TODAY').

INT. STATION WAGON

Flipping through the pages in the back of the news rag, Jamie calls out excitedly.

JAMIE

This is in 'The Official North Los  
Angeles Singles Dining, Romance and  
Recreation Guide' --

(reads)

(MORE)

\*

JAMIE (CONT'D)

'Sex City - we feature the ultimate  
in orgies, voyeurism, bondage and  
humiliation. Group rates. No  
weirdos!' What do you think?

\*

MARK

(laughing)

I think you've had about one beer  
too many.

Russ looks back at Jamie.

RUSS

How many have you had?

JAMIE

One.

Russ shakes his head.

RUSS

Just find a bar or something, OK?  
Something that's more our speed.

EXT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

One of the seedier new wave bars on the Sunset Strip. A  
fizzling neon sign identifies this dive as 'THE CRYPT'.  
Paint is cracked and peeling off the outside walls, which are  
covered by stains more colorful than any paint job. Loud  
music blasts out from inside as Russ' car pulls up, finding a  
space along the curb. Jamie climbs out of the back seat.

JAMIE

This is it! 'The Official North  
Los Angeles Singles Dining, Romance  
and Recreation Guide' gives it a  
'three erection' rating.

INT. THE CRYPT

Mark, Russ and Jamie enter the bar. Trying not to look  
underage, they scan the room curiously. The bar is very dimly  
lit, walls covered with spray painted graffiti. Onstage, a  
punk band plays loudly as couples dance furiously in front of  
them, smashing and pounding into one another. The men and  
women are like nothing the boys have ever seen before -  
wearing strange leather costumes, lots of make-up, their hair  
dyed peculiar colors. The boys don't seem so sure about this  
anymore. They huddle together, speaking in hushed tones.

\*

RUSS

I hear that the women in these  
places are like wild animals...

MARK

I hear that once you have a girl  
from Hollywood, regular women won't  
satisfy you...

JAMIE

I hear that if you don't pay, the  
pimp kills you, then they make  
mattresses with your vital  
organs...

Mark and Russ turn and scowl at Jamie. He shrugs  
defensively.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's true or not...

The BUSBOY, a tall, skinny man with a pink mohawk, yells to  
the boys from across the room. He speaks snidely.

BUSBOY

Hey - you guys gonna sit at the bar  
or at a table?

MARK

A table, I guess.

BUSBOY

I'll clear one off for you.

The boys watch, startled, as the Busboy produces a sawed-off  
pool cue. Turning, he clears the debris - drunk included -  
from a nearby table with one swing. He gestures to the boys,  
who move to the table, glass crunching underfoot.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)

You guys got I.D.'s?

The boys shake their heads 'no'.

BUSBOY (CONT'D)

That's too bad. What'll you have?

Jamie speaks up, checking his wallet.

JAMIE

Do you have generic beer?

CUT TO:

INT. THE CRYPT - LATER

\*



\*

CLOSE on a plain white aluminum can with the word 'BEER' printed across the front in block letters. We PULL BACK to see Mark, Russ and Jamie sitting at their table, looking pretty well toasted.

The table is littered with empty glasses and bottles, while Jamie sits in a daze, one can of beer in front of him. Mark is hunched forward, his head resting on the table.

JAMIE  
 (nodding off, then...)  
 ... Reagan having sex...  
 (tired)  
 ...the cast of "Star Trek"  
 having sex...  
 (yawning)  
 ...the cast of "Happy Days"  
 having sex...

RUSS  
 (wakes, continuing  
 impressions)  
 ... "Mommy!"  
 (doing Kirk and Scotty)  
 ... "Let's boldly go where no  
 man has gone before!" - "I  
 can't hold it, captain!"  
 (rubbing eyes)  
 ... "Sit on it!" - "Heeeeey!"  
 - "'Happy Days' was filmed  
 before a live studio  
 audience!"

Russ and Jamie continue laughing as Mark suddenly sits up straight, a cocktail napkin stuck to his forehead. He speaks slowly, with a deliberateness and concentration reserved for the truly drunk.

MARK

Maybe we should go. I don't feel very good. I need to go to the bathroom.

JAMIE

You've gone three times in the last fifteen minutes.

Mark reaches down, removing a paper toilet seat cover from the seat on his pants. He peels it off, disgusted.

MARK

Paper's stuck everywhere - I look like the mummy! How many times have I actually made it to the men's room?

RUSS

You're doing okay. Just don't vomit on the table - we don't have enough money to leave a big tip.

Mark looks to Russ tiredly.

MARK

Let's go. Please.

Russ reaches out, pulling the napkin from Mark's forehead.

RUSS

We can't leave. We haven't scored yet.

MARK

I know, but I'm starting to feel guilty about this. It's like I'm cheating on Robin.

Russ leans across the table at Mark.

RUSS

Cheating? You've been going with this girl since you were nine, and every time you try to get past first base with her you're thrown out stealing. I bet you've never even made it to second base yet.

MARK

I sort of got a ground rule double once.

Jamie stares off into space, speaking wistfully.

JAMIE

The farthest I've ever gotten is batting practice.

Mark sits back, looking at Russ defensively.

MARK

Getting laid is like taking a proficiency test for manhood. Sometimes I think I'd make a good monk, if it wasn't for the haircut.

Frustrated, Mark stands. He stalks off toward the bar - accidentally stepping on the drunk under the table, who grunts his objections. Russ turns to Jamie.

RUSS

He may not want to get laid, but I do. Let me use your Binaca.

Jamie pulls a spray bottle from his coat pocket, handing it to Russ. Russ shoots it into his mouth, coughing and gagging in disgust. He looks at the bottle suspiciously.

RUSS (CONT'D)

That's not Binaca!

JAMIE

Oh, sorry! That's for my asthma...

Sick, Russ starts to wretch under the table.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Got it! That's Scoobie-Doo having sex!

(grimaces)

Or not... Eeew.... That'll cost more tip money...

INT. BAR

Mark takes a stool at the bar. He calls to the bartender, who wipes out a beer mug with a towel, spits in it, then sets it on the shelf behind him.

\*



MARK

Another round of your finest...  
(checks wallet)  
...cheapest beer.

\*

Drunk, Mark doesn't notice the woman sitting next to him.  
But we do.

She wears a sexy black outfit with a low-cut top and leather pants, shaggy black hair flowing past her shoulders. We also notice that she casts no reflection in the mirror behind the bar. But that's because we're astute.

Picking at a bowl of pretzels, Mark watches as the woman slowly slides her empty glass along the bar toward him. He stares at the glass...then at the woman, confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

Um, hello?

The woman slowly turns. We see for the first time that she is extremely beautiful, in an unusual, exotic way. Her skin is very pale, accented by her dark, hypnotic eyes and blood red lips. She sizes Mark up carefully as the bartender brings his tray of drinks. Mark smiles, transfixed.



MARK (CONT'D)  
Can I buy you a drink?

COUNTESS  
(eyeing the tray)  
I never drink...generic beer...

Mark just stares at the woman, dumbfounded by her beauty.  
She turns to the bartender.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)  
...but I was hoping you'd share my  
wine.

The woman looks back to Mark, speaking gently.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

Mark finds himself staring into the woman's eyes, which seem  
to cast a spell over him. Blinking hard, he tears himself  
away from her intense gaze.

MARK  
Uh, Mark. Kendall. What's yours?

COUNTESS  
Just call me the Countess. Do you  
come here often?

MARK  
No, this is my first time. Do you?

COUNTESS  
Whenever I'm on the prowl.

The bartender brings the Countess her drink. She takes a  
sip, watching Mark intently over the lip of the glass.  
Again, Mark finds himself drawn to the Countess' dark, exotic  
eyes.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)  
How old are you, Mark?

Mark thinks as quickly as he can manage in his current  
condition.

MARK  
Uh...twenty-one. How old are you?

The Countess smiles.

COUNTESS  
Older than you think.

MARK  
(grinning drunkenly)  
That's OK - I look young for my  
age, too. People say I could pass  
for eighteen.

The Countess leans toward Mark, speaking in a low, seductive voice.

COUNTESS  
You know, I've been watching you  
ever since you came in. I find you  
very attractive, Mark.

MARK  
I find you very attractive, too.  
You've got four of the nicest  
breasts I've ever seen.

COUNTESS  
What do you do for fun, Mark?

Mark stares deeply into her eyes and speaks heavily, as though talking in his sleep. Almost as though he were hypnotized.

MARK  
Oh, a lot of things - I go  
swimming, watch t.v., play  
tennis...

COUNTESS  
(cutting in)  
Do you have a girlfriend?

MARK  
Robin.

COUNTESS  
What do you do for fun when you're  
with her?

MARK  
We do lots of stuff - go swimming,  
watch t.v., play tennis...

COUNTESS  
I see. Would you like to have some  
fun with me tonight?

MARK  
Why, you got a pool?

COUNTESS

(patiently)

I thought we could go to my place  
for a while.

His glands heard that one. The sudden rush of hormone activity sobers Mark up in a hurry. He wasn't really expecting anything like this to happen tonight. Fear rising, Mark looks desperately for a way out. Grasping at straws.

MARK

I'd love to, really. But I'm here  
with a couple of friends and I  
don't think they'd like me going  
off and leaving them.

COUNTESS

Why don't you ask?

Turning, Mark is surprised to see...

...the table that he shared with Russ and Jamie is now empty -  
no Russ and Jamie. A busboy in a black tuxedo busily clears  
away the empty bottles and glasses.

Panicked, Mark scans the room for any sign of his friends,  
but they're nowhere to be seen. It's almost as if they  
vanished into thin air. The Countess speaks calmly.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Well?

MARK

They're gone. They must've left  
without me.

COUNTESS

So you're stranded.

Mark nods numbly. The Countess takes him by the hand.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Then come with me. I'll see that  
you're taken care of.

Before he can protest, the Countess leads Mark toward the  
exit. He follows helplessly.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM DOOR

As Mark is escorted outside, the door to the men's room bursts open. Russ drags a very green looking Jamie out of the bathroom and toward their table.

RUSS

I thought you knew tequila had a worm in it.

WIPE TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights cast an eerie blue light as a black limousine purrs down the street. It pulls into a long driveway, passing through an elaborate wrought iron gateway.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Countess and Mark sit in the back seat of the limousine as Daryl Hall and John Oates' 'Maneater' plays over the soundtrack. Mark is slumped against the door, his head hanging out the window. He takes deep breaths as the chauffeur - Sebastian - brings the car to a halt. The driver climbs out of the front seat, moving around to open the Countess' door.

MARK

(weakly)

You've got a long driveway.

COUNTESS

Sorry about the speed bumps. Are you feeling better?

MARK

Yeah. I'll be fine once the car stops moving.

The Countess laughs as the chauffeur (SEBASTIAN) opens her door.

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. DRIVEWAY



The Countess and Mark climb out of the car. Sebastian stands, holding the door as the Countess shoots him a stern glance.

COUNTESS  
We are not to be disturbed,  
Sebastian.

Sebastian speaks efficiently.

SEBASTIAN  
Shall I leave anything outside your  
door? Food, drinks...  
(looks to Mark)  
...a bib?

The Countess ushers Mark toward the house as she and Sebastian exchange sly grins.

COUNTESS  
We'll be fine, thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' MANSION

The Countess flips a switch and soft, discreet lighting comes up throughout the first floor rooms, revealing that we are in a rather grand entrance hall of an imposing mansion. There are no mirrors in the house.





COUNTESS  
Would you like something to drink?  
I know I would.

Mark looks around him, obviously impressed but trying to remain casual.

MARK  
I have a question I need to ask.

COUNTESS  
What's that?

Mark hesitates, uncomfortable.

MARK  
I was wondering - are you a  
prostitute?

The Countess looks at him sensually.

COUNTESS  
I'm whatever you want me to be.

Mark seems relieved.

MARK  
Good, 'cuz I only have five  
dollars.



The Countess moves to the refrigerator, pulling open the door with a creak. Inside we see a dozen I.V. bottles full of blood, a couple of dead animals, and a bottle of wine with two chilled glasses. Mark sees none of this.

The Countess reaches into the 'fridge, removing the wine and glasses.

COUNTESS

Why don't you go into the den while  
I change into something more  
comfortable?

She hands Mark the wine and glasses. He swallows loudly as he watches the Countess head sensually up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' BEDROOM

Countess entering, starts to unbutton her blouse when she pauses, frowning, staring at --

ANOTHER ANGLE

The closet door.

BACK TO COUNTESS

COUNTESS

Sebastian, come out of the closet!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The closet door is flung open with a flourish and Sebastian steps out wearing one of the Countess' more elaborate black chiffon gowns.

SEBASTIAN

I came out of the closet centuries ago.

COUNTESS

(laughing)

All right, Sebastian, all right. I need your help.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Countess and Sebastian seat themselves on opposite sides of a small, elegant cosmetician's table. Sebastian reaches for some jars of makeup, brushes, etc., And turns on a makeup light which shines in the Countess's eyes.

COUNTESS

(flinching)

Ohh! Please.

SEBASTIAN

Sorry. I don't see quite as well as I did a hundred years ago.

The mirror glass in the table has been removed, and Sebastian acts as the Countess's mirror image, reaching through the empty frame to touch up her makeup -- quickly, very professional.

\*



\*

COUNTESS  
How's my hair?

SEBASTIAN  
Like golden wheat.

COUNTESS  
My eyes?

SEBASTIAN  
As bright as Venus.

COUNTESS  
I'm so excited, Sebastian. It's as if I were young again.

SEBASTIAN  
And soon you will be, luv. I told you not to worry.

COUNTESS  
(w/ a hint of desperation)  
Do you think he'll find me attractive?

SEBASTIAN  
Attractive? Irresistible!

She stands, more confident.

COUNTESS  
I hope so. I want to look good for him.

\*

SEBASTIAN

It's how you look at him, not for  
him...but then vampires were never  
much for self-reflection...

COUNTESS

(giggling nastily)  
It's like I'm a school girl again,  
going out on my first date!

Sebastian smiles to see her so happy and hopeful.

SEBASTIAN

That's adorable.  
(drops the pleasant tone)  
Try not to get too much blood on  
the negligee, it's a bitch to clean  
in the wash.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' DEN

Electric candles create a moody atmosphere as Mark wanders around the den, which contains every possible modern luxury - television, stereo, video equipment, and expensive furnishings.

Moving to an antique bookcase, Mark skims the titles on the shelves - 'I'M OK, YOU'RE OK', 'LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE', 'WINNING THROUGH INTIMIDATION' and various other self-help books. He looks to another shelf, this one filled with leather-bound volumes bearing titles such as 'MEDIEVAL MYTHS AND SPELLS', 'THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE DARK AGES', and 'THE MACHIAVELLIAN WORK-OUT'.

A large framed portrait of the Countess hangs over the electric fireplace, dominating the room with its unsettling style.

He moves to the erotically-charged painting on the wall, staring at the nude rendering of the Countess, mesmerized by her beauty.

\*





\*

Mark reaches up to run his finger lightly over the painted breast - when suddenly the Countess' voice rings out, causing him to jump and quickly pull his hand away.

COUNTESS

I see you've made yourself at home...

She steps into the room, and Mark tries not to stare.

MARK

That's a nice painting. Did you get it done at the shopping mall?

The Countess laughs.

COUNTESS

No. That was painted by a friend while I was living in Europe.

The Countess motions Mark to a red sectional couch decorated with throw pillows in the shape of cartoon animals.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Have a seat. I'll open the wine.

Moving to the couch, they sit - Mark edging away from the Countess. She stares at him piercingly as she opens the wine.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

What do you do for a living, Mark?



The Countess pours two glasses of wine, handing one to Mark. He clutches it tightly, not drinking.

MARK

I go to school. College. I'm studying to be an electrical engineer.

COUNTESS

(impressed)

Really?

Mark begins to loosen up - just slightly. Trying to impress the Countess the best way he knows how. By lying.

MARK

Yeah, I design video games. My latest is 'Nuclear Smurf Control'.

COUNTESS

That must require a great deal of intelligence.

MARK

Sure, but I think I can handle it.

The Countess slides closer to Mark.

COUNTESS

I like smart men.

MARK

(not catching on)

Yeah, I guess they're alright.

COUNTESS

You know what I really like?

Mark listens - his interest definitely piqued.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

I like virgins. It really turns me on to take a sweet, innocent young gentleman and turn them into a man - gobble him up and suck him dry...

(scooting in)

Mark... are you... a virgin?

Now being a virgin doesn't sound so bad. He sits up proudly.

MARK

Why, I come from a long line of virgins.



The Countess smiles and moves in closer, zeroing in on his neck...giving it a soft kiss. He tries hard to stay in control, his voice rising anyway.

MARK (CONT'D)

Um, who did your interior decorating? I was going to comment on it earlier. It's real...plush.

COUNTESS

I did.

She kisses down his neck, giggling affectionately. Mark grabs one of the cartoon pillows, placing it on his lap.

MARK

That's great. Say, where did you get these pillows?

The Countess unclips his tie, starting to unbutton his shirt. Feeling a little dizzy, Mark continues to ramble nervously.

MARK (CONT'D)

I was thinking of buying my girlfriend one of them for her birthday. Did I tell you about Robin, my girlfriend?



The Countess moves down Mark's chest, kissing and biting gently.

MARK (CONT'D)

She's a great gal, that Robin. A real jewel. You should meet her sometime. I think you two would really hit it off...

The Countess begins to bite the buttons off Mark's shirt, spitting them across the room as he continues to ramble nervously.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is a nice dress you're wearing. Did you make it yourself?

The Countess moves down Mark's chest, kissing and biting gently.

MARK (CONT'D)

If you still have the pattern maybe you could loan it to my mom. She likes long gowns because they hide her water build-up and varicose veins...

The Countess continues to move down Mark's body, growing more and more aggressive. Her breathing becomes deeper, harsher. Grinning wickedly, we see that her canine teeth have become large and elongated. Like fangs. Like a vampire.

As she moves OUT OF CAMERA RANGE we hear her unbuckle Mark's belt. Beads of sweat form on his brow. He talks faster.

MARK (CONT'D)

My mom's great. I've got a picture of her in my wallet if you want to take a look at it while you're down there...

We hear the sound of Mark's fly being unzipped. He swallows hard.

MARK (CONT'D)

I also have some Lifesavers if you need one --

Suddenly a shocked look comes across Mark's face.

MARK (CONT'D)

(surprised)

OW!!!

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - DEN - LATER

The Countess stands at a bar, a satisfied look on her face as she adjusts her make-up in a large mirror behind the counter. The CAMERA MOVES around behind her to reveal that she casts no reflection in the mirror. Only the make-up is visible.

The Countess looks up as Sebastian enters the room, carrying a glass of orange juice perched on a silver tray. He speaks seriously as she steps toward him.

COUNTESS

Shush. He's still asleep.

SEBASTIAN

How was he?

COUNTESS

Delicious.

SEBASTIAN

Are you sure he is a virgin?

The Countess smiles confidently.

COUNTESS

I'm sure. I haven't had anything this pure since the Vienna Boys' Choir came through town.



SEBASTIAN  
Just make sure he doesn't slip  
away.

COUNTESS  
He won't escape me.

SEBASTIAN  
What are we going to do with him?  
We can't very well put him down  
with the others yet.

COUNTESS  
Heaven forbid. Let him go home and  
build up his strength. Tired blood  
is no good to me at all.

They are distracted by Mark who groans, struggling to sit up. Sprawled out on the couch, pants around his ankles, he begins to stir. Regaining consciousness. The Countess moves toward him, solicitous. She speaks in calm, soft tones.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)  
There you are. I wasn't sure you  
were ever going to wake up.  
Sebastian has squeezed you some  
fresh orange juice.

Coming up behind her, Sebastian offers the tray to Mark.

SEBASTIAN  
Sir --

Mark, embarrassed as much by the presence of Sebastian as his own predicament, struggles to pull up his pants. He looks pale. Drained. Taking the orange juice, he mutters.

MARK

Thanks.

The Countess signals Sebastian with a raised eyebrow and he glides out of the room.

Mark drinks thirstily, looking around the room, disoriented.

MARK (CONT'D)

What happened?

\*

COUNTESS

Do you remember anything?

Mark frowns, confused.

MARK

All I remember was this weird dream where I was the Kool-Aid man and I was being chased by all these kids with straws who wanted to drink me.

COUNTESS

That is weird.

Mark sits up, looking at the Countess hopefully.

MARK

What did happen last night? The last thing I remember you're kissing me, and the next thing I know I'm sitting here drinking orange juice. Did we...?

The Countess speaks reassuringly.

COUNTESS

Let's just say you earned your juice.

Mark is overjoyed. He speaks excitedly.

MARK

We did? That's great! I don't believe it - it finally happened!

He stops. Pausing for a moment, he calms down considerably. Looking at the Countess blankly.



MARK (CONT'D)

Did I enjoy it?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - NIGHT

The Countess escorts a weak, limping Mark to the limousine. We see now the Countess' home clearly for the first time. It resembles a small European castle, complete with stone battlements and clinging moss. Frustrated, Mark continues to press the Countess for information. \*

MARK

So how did I do? Was I good or bad? On a scale of one to ten, ten being the best --

The Countess smiles patiently, cutting him off.

COUNTESS

You're exactly what I needed.

They reach the limo, where Sebastian holds the back door open. The Countess helps Mark into the car.

MARK

Are you coming? Maybe we could go someplace for breakfast. I've got a million questions.

COUNTESS

No thanks, I'm a night person. Besides, I've already eaten.

Sebastian shuts the door as the Countess steps back. Mark speaks to her through the open window, still a bit groggy.

MARK

This was pretty fun for a first date.

The limo starts with a roar.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, thanks for everything. It was real nice...I think.

COUNTESS

See you in your dreams.

Mark waves goodbye as the limousine pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

As the car pulls away from the house, Mark turns to Sebastian. He speaks through an opening in the window separating the front and back seats.

MARK

That's a nice place you live in.  
You don't see many castles around  
here.

\*

Sebastian watches Mark in the rear-view mirror, not turning.

SEBASTIAN

We just moved in. The previous  
owner slaughtered his family and  
then hung himself.

Mark fidgets, a little uncomfortable.

MARK

You must've got it cheap.

SEBASTIAN

Except for the cleaning bill.

A pause. Mark leans forward, speaking curiously.

MARK

So how long have you worked for the  
Countess? I've never met anyone  
like her. How old is she?

Sebastian turns on the automatic window shut and it starts to slowly slide closed.

SEBASTIAN

(laughs gently)

I don't think the Countess would  
appreciate me telling you that.  
She values her privacy.

The window has almost slid shut, Mark's lips getting some last words out before they can be crushed.

MARK

You people aren't from this  
country, are you?

SEBASTIAN

What makes you say that?

\*

MARK

(as the window shuts)

Oh, little things...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The limousine barrels through oncoming traffic, cars swerving wildly to avoid a collision.

MARK (O.S.)

...like in this country we drive on  
the right side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BASEMENT

Sebastian enters the basement, putting the limo keys on a hook by the door, and enters a room where dozens of contemporary young vampires sit up in their caskets, preparing for a day's sleep.

A representative cross section of society, they are all very familiar: a businessman, tourist, wino, gigolo, punker, and mime - among others. Two Cub Scouts ready for sleep in their bunk bed styled coffins.

Everyone speaks casually, weary after a long night. The wino turns to the punk, who climbs roughly into his casket.

WINO VAMPIRE

How was your night, Rodney?

PUNK VAMPIRE

(spray-painting on coffin)

Totally dismal. It's impossible to  
find decent victims in this city.

The Wino Vampire nods.

WINO VAMPIRE

You're telling me! If I don't find  
someone with a substantial amount  
of alcohol in their bloodstream I'm  
gonna go through withdrawals.



A Pimp Vampire winds an alarm clock, setting it in the coffin beside him.

PIMP VAMPIRE

I found a Japanese tourist half an hour ago, but now I'm thirty again.

\*

The Businessman Vampire calls to Sebastian, who sits on the edge of his casket, removing his shoes.

BUSINESSMAN VAMPIRE

How did it go tonight?

SEBASTIAN

Very well. The Countess thinks that she's found her Halloween virgin.

The other vampires seem surprised.

GIGOLO VAMPIRE

A virgin? I thought those became extinct when Marie Osmond got married.

A beautiful young female vampire speaks up.

VAMPIRESS #1

I always thought they were like  
Bigfoot or something. It's fun to  
believe they're out there, but  
nobody can really prove it.

\*

Sebastian laughs cynically as he hangs his jodhpurs, driver's  
coat and cap inside a pristine, antique armoire dresser.

SEBASTIAN

I remember when the world was full  
of virgins. It seems like humans  
have lost their sense of values and  
morality.

(sighs)

It's taken all the enjoyment out of  
draining their blood.

He pulls out his dentures, puts them in a glass of water on a  
bedside table, and climbs into his casket. The rest of the  
vampires mutter their agreement as they climb into their  
coffins, closing the lids tightly. Two female vampires shut  
their caskets, revealing a pair of bulges on the lids where  
their breasts should be. A beat. Then a muffled voice  
speaks softly from one of the coffins.

WINO VAMPIRE (O.S.)

Goodnight, Rodney.

Another voice responds.

PUNK VAMPIRE (O.S.)

Goodnight, Barney. Goodnight,  
Ronald.

\*

BUSINESSMAN VAMPIRE (O.S.)

Goodnight, Rodney. Goodnight,  
Vernon...

This goes on, ad infinitum, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN ON:

EXT. HOUSING TRACT - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a housing tract in Orange County, California. Lots of trees, manicured lawns and 'Neighborhood Watch' signs.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACT HOME - KITCHEN

A heavysset woman stands over the stove, cooking something consisting of eggs and hamburger. This is MRS. KENDALL, Mark's mother. Dressed in a lime green jogging suit, she sings quietly along with the radio as Mark enters. Carrying a load of school books, he looks tired, dark circles beginning to form under his eyes. Mrs. Kendall looks him over, amused.

MRS. KENDALL  
My God - it lives.

MARK  
What time is it?

MRS. KENDALL  
It's 7:30. It's also Monday, in case you were wondering.

MARK  
Thanks.

Mark moves to the refrigerator, taking out a pitcher of orange juice. Mrs. Kendall shoots him a concerned glance.

MRS. KENDALL  
Are you feeling better? You haven't slept an entire day and night since you had the measles. What did you do Saturday night to tire yourself out so badly?

Stepping to the counter, Mark pours himself a glass of juice.

MARK  
Nothing that I can remember.



He looks up, wincing at the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window.

MARK (CONT'D)

Isn't it a little bright in here?

Taking a package of ground beef from the counter, Mrs. Kendall drains the excess blood and juices into a mason jar.

MRS. KENDALL

I figured you'd be hungry so I'm making your favorite breakfast - eggburgers.

MARK

Great.

Mark pulls up a stool at the counter as the kitchen door bursts open. MR. KENDALL hurries inside, slamming the door behind him.

MR. KENDALL

This jogging crap is for the birds!

MRS. KENDALL

Would you like an eggburger, dear?

MR. KENDALL

No time. I have to get to 'Velcro Village' before eight. We're having a sale on wallets.

(turns to Mark)

Oh, Mark - did you get my note? Robin called yesterday. She needs to talk to you about some Halloween dance or something.

MRS. KENDALL

Russ called, too. He wanted to ask about some score. He kept giggling.

MARK

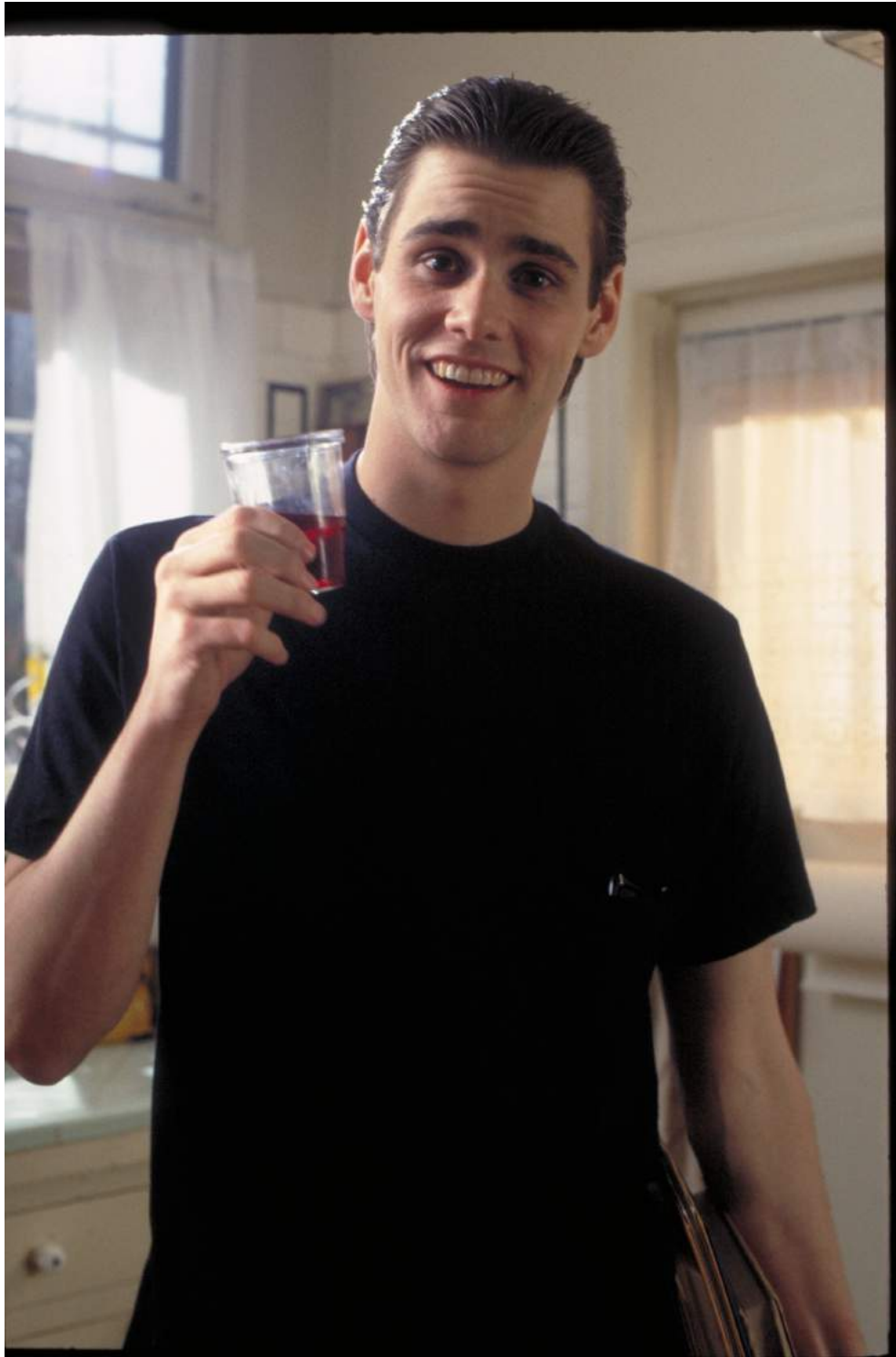
I'll talk to them at school. I've got to get going - I'll take my eggburger with me.

MRS. KENDALL

Aren't you going to finish your juice?

MARK

Oh, yeah.



Without thinking, Mark grabs the mason jar full of blood, which stands next to his orange juice. Draining it in one gulp, he sets it down, picking up his school books.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'll see you both tonight.

Grabbing his eggburger, Mark hurries out the kitchen door. His parents turn to each other, puzzled by his behavior.

MR. KENDALL  
Could he be anemic?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A typical high school. It stands as a monument to stucco, outer walls not blemished by the presence of windows. A concrete sign rests on the front lawn, the words 'HIGH SCHOOL' chiseled in block letters like one of Jamie's beer cans. We hear a STAB of CREEPY ORGAN MUSIC.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR

A row of full length lockers stand against the wall. Suddenly one bursts open, a thin, scruffy kid in an army jacket emerging from the inside, as if from a coffin.

EXT. UNDER THE BLEACHERS

A massive, hairy hand reaches out of the darkness, clutching violently at the chain-link fence. It finds the gate, tearing it aside roughly. Looming up out of the blackness is a large, golem-like kid in a letterman's sweater. He lumbers out, followed by his zombie girlfriend, their clothes looking a little rumpled.

EXT. BOY'S BATHROOM

A dense fog rolls out of the bathroom. Shadowy shapes lurk about inside as a line of glassy-eyed teens stagger out into the sunshine. They squint at the bright light, some clawing feebly at the sun.

EXT. THE QUAD

Hordes of numbed, spaced-out kids lurch toward the arch, iron school gates. It looks like something from 'High School of the Living Dead'. Seagulls hover overhead, screeching hungrily.

## INT. BIOLOGY LAB



Mark, wearing dark sunglasses, his hair slicked back in "Valentino" style, stands at a lab table dissecting a bullfrog, the size of a small cat. He is intent and appears to be very professional as he removes the heart with a scalpel and holds it up gravely to examine it under the arc light.

VOICE-OVER

Mark?

Mark turns to the INSTRUCTOR who happens to be an attractive woman in her early 30's.

MARK

Yes, ma'am.

But he turns immediately back to his dissection.

INSTRUCTOR

What are you doing, Mark?

MARK

Dissecting this frog.

INSTRUCTOR

But you're not a member of this class.

MARK

I'm not?

INSTRUCTOR

To my knowledge you've never  
attended a lab before.

Mark is stunned.

MARK

You're right! Sorry...

He frantically turns back to the frog beginning to stuff the  
heart back into the chest cavity.

MARK (CONT'D)

There you go. Still good...

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM

A tired looking man stands at the front of the room,  
lecturing to a class of disinterested teens. He is in his  
mid-sixties, and looks amazingly like Vincent Price. Written  
on the blackboard behind him are the words 'MR. PEACOCK -  
MEDIEVAL HISTORY'.

MR. PEACOCK

...and, of course, in the spirit of  
Halloween, no discussion of  
superstition would be complete  
without mention of vampires.  
Mythology states that vampires tend  
to dwell in the decadent, sleazy  
sections of the villages, always on  
the prowl for virgin blood, which  
is the source of eternal youth.

A girl in the front row raises her hand. It is Robin, Mark's  
girlfriend. Wearing a simple white dress, she stands out  
like a beacon in a room full of dim bulbs. Mr. Peacock  
points to her.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Yes, Robin?

ROBIN

That doesn't make sense - why would  
a vampire go to the seedier parts  
of town to find a virgin?

MR. PEACOCK

If you were determined to lose your  
virginity wouldn't you go someplace  
where the morals are a bit looser?

Robin thinks. Frowns.

ROBIN

No.

A bell rings, signaling the end of class. The kids all rise,  
gathering their things together loudly. Mr. Peacock speaks  
above the noise.

MR. PEACOCK

Your reports on 'Medical Science in  
the 1400's' are due today. I'd  
like all the papers to be left on  
my desk as you leave.

Groans from the kids who were hoping that he'd forgotten.

CLOSE on Mr. Peacock's desk as papers are handed in. Some  
are typed, most are scrawled. Suddenly a mason jar  
containing a human heart is set on the desk with a clump. A  
label on the side reads 'EXTRA CREDIT'. Eerie music plays as  
we...

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

It's noon, and the pilgrimage to the cafeteria is on. Kids  
move stiffly along the lunch line. The ladies supervising  
the smorgasbord style lunch counter wear thick asbestos suits  
and gloves. Looking like mad scientists, they handle the  
food with long metal tongs.

We PULL BACK to a normal high school cafeteria. A banner  
hanging overhead announces 'PRE-HALLOWEEN HOP - SATURDAY  
NIGHT AT 8!'. Halloween decorations are everywhere - large  
illustrations of nasty-looking jack-o-lanterns, grinning  
skulls, evil witches, and posable skeletons in cheerleading  
outfits clutching pennants which read 'GO LEMMINGS!' The  
eerie music now segues into Muzak playing softly over the  
intercom system in the background.

Mark stands in line, shuffling toward the service area. When  
there --

MARK

Rare hamburger, please.





The COUNTER LADY selects one from the hundreds of patties in the shallow warming pan.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(rejecting her choice)  
Very rare, please.

The lady looks at him, resigned, but finds another.

Mark holds up his hand, rejecting this one as well.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Can I have one of those uncooked ones?

The Lady stares at him and then abruptly reaches behind her and serves him a raw hamburger.

LUNCH LADY  
It's your stomach.

MARK  
(pleasantly)  
Thank you.

He moves off to see Robin sitting at a table, reading an old leather-bound book. On a tray in front of her is a lunch that only the school board and other human rights violators would consider 'food'. Thoroughly engrossed in her reading, she doesn't notice as Mark takes the seat directly across from her. He looks a bit drawn, the beginnings of dark circles forming under his eyes. He speaks tiredly.

MARK (CONT'D)  
How's it going?

Robin looks up from her book, surprised to see him.

ROBIN  
Mark! I tried to call you  
yesterday but nobody answered.

MARK  
I didn't feel very good so I just  
slept all day.

ROBIN  
Maybe you should see the school  
nurse.

MARK  
No thanks. She used to be our vet.  
I don't want to get put down like  
poor Roscoe.

ROBIN  
What do you want to be Saturday  
night? I need to start on your  
costume.

Mark doesn't seem very interested.  
MARK  
I don't know. Anything but siamese  
twins again - it makes it tough to  
go to the bathroom.

Robin looks at Mark sheepishly.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I also wanted to apologize about  
our date Friday night. I should't  
have locked you out of the car.

MARK  
That's okay, I understand. I only  
wish it hadn't started to rain...  
and the electrical storm  
overhead...

ROBIN  
Are you mad at me?

Mark smiles, scooting his chair closer to Robin.

MARK  
I'm not mad.



He puts his arm around her shoulders, squeezing her tight.  
Robin instinctively squirms out from under his grasp.

ROBIN

Don't - you'll get lunch meat  
grease on my blouse.

Embarrassed, Mark takes his arm from her shoulder, wiping his hands on his pants. He nods toward the book she was reading. The title 'VAMPIRES, WITCHES, AND OTHER CREEPY STUFF' is embossed on the cover.

MARK

What're you reading this for?

ROBIN

Since it's Halloween we're studying  
superstitions in Peacock's class.  
We have to do a book report.

Picking up the book, Mark flips through the pages.

MARK

How do you like it?

ROBIN

It's okay. I was just reading  
about what happens after a vampire  
bites you in the neck.

MARK

(off-handedly)

They don't always bite in the neck.

Robin gives him a puzzled look.

ROBIN

They don't? How do you know?

Mark pauses. He thinks for a moment.

MARK

I don't know...

Suddenly a chicken leg flies through the air, hitting Mark in the head. He picks it off the table to find a note wrapped around it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ow!

ROBIN

What's that?

Mark removes the note from the chicken leg. As he unfolds it we see that there's a message written inside. It reads 'LOOK BEHIND YOU'. Handing Robin the note, Mark turns to see...

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S POV

Russ and Jamie sit at another table. A small, hand-painted sign hung on the wall above them reads 'CONGRATULATIONS MARK!'. Confetti covers the table, as do multi-colored condoms blown up like balloons. Russ wears a tall, pointed party hat, while Jamie sports a propeller beanie at a rakish angle. They smile and wave.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK AND ROBIN

Mark grimaces.

MARK

Oh no.

Robin looks at Mark, confused.

ROBIN

What's going on?

MARK

I don't know. I'll find out.

Mark stands, moving quickly to Russ and Jamie's table. He sits, staring at them suspiciously.

MARK (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

Russ hands him a party hat.

RUSS

We're celebrating. Have a hat.

MARK

What do you guys want?

Russ smirks knowingly.

RUSS

You know what we want - how'd it go Saturday night?



JAMIE  
Did you go for the pokey?

Mark turns red - a combination of anger and embarrassment.

MARK  
I don't even want to think about  
Saturday night.

Russ and Jamie turn to each other.

RUSS & JAMIE  
He did.

MARK  
It was all a big mistake. I didn't  
mean to go home with her.

Awed, Russ and Jamie look at Mark with a new respect.

RUSS  
You went home with her? I wish I  
made those kind of mistakes.

JAMIE  
What school does she go to?

Annoyed, Mark stands.

MARK  
I'm leaving.



RUSS

C'mon, you haven't told us what happened yet.

JAMIE

Did she have any tattoos or scars or anything?

MARK

None of your business.

Mark turns to leave - only to find himself face to stone face with Robin. She glares at him coldly, fist tightening around an unopened can of generic diet soda - which explodes in a spray of foam. Tossing the crumpled can to the ground, she stalks off angrily.

Froth dripping from his face, Mark watches her go, then turns on Russ and Jamie.

MARK (CONT'D)

You jerks! You mess up everything!  
If you weren't my friends I'd take you out and drain every drop of blood from your bodies!

With that he hurries off after Robin. Russ turns to Jamie, bewildered.

RUSS

'Drain our blood'?

Jamie shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE QUAD

We follow Robin as she walks, a grim, hurt expression on her face. She doesn't slow as Mark runs to catch up to her. Muzak continues in the background - an accordion version of 'You Always Hurt the One You Love'.

MARK

I'm sorry.

ROBIN

Where did you find her - the 7-11?  
A grocery store? A bowling alley?

MARK

In a bar on Sunset Strip.

Robin stops, staring at Mark in disbelief.

ROBIN  
You went to a bar?

Mark is unable to meet her gaze.

MARK  
Sort of.

That's the last straw. Robin slips a school ring wrapped in pink yarn off her finger. She hands it to Mark.

ROBIN  
Here's your ring back.

Dazed, Mark takes the ring. Robin begins thrusting other trinkets at him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
And here's your necklace, your I.D.  
bracelet, your watch, your pin...

She starts to rummage through her purse.



ROBIN (CONT'D)

...the lipstick you gave me, the  
chewing gum, the chap-stick, the  
hand lotion, the rabbit's foot,  
this flower, this old hamburger,  
this goldfish you won at the fair,  
and this picture.

Robin pulls out their prom photo. She tears it in half,  
handing Mark the section with him in it. Arms piled high, he  
looks at her uncertainly.

MARK

What am I supposed to do with all  
this stuff?

ROBIN

Use your imagination.

She turns and walks away. Mark looks after her.

MARK

(softly)  
I'm sorry.

The bell rings, signaling the end of lunch as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - SUNSET

The sun sets, tinting the Los Angeles skyline a smoggy  
orange.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' BEDROOM

A telephone rings, the muffled sound seeming to come from  
inside the Countess' coffin.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

Rudely awakened, the Countess reaches up, pulling off dark  
goggles and switching off a tanning lamp, then flicks on a  
small reading light. She answers the phone attached to the  
wall of the coffin in a rich, sexy voice.

COUNTESS  
Hello, 'Nocturnal Outcall' - our  
business is your pleasure. Manager  
speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK

CLOSE on a man's mouth, licking his lips as he speaks into a  
phone. He has a scratchy, ugly voice.

JOHN  
Is this the place that advertised  
'complete oral satisfaction'?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

The Countess grabs a pen and notepad. Very businesslike.

COUNTESS  
Yes it is.

JOHN (O.S.)  
And said to call anytime after  
sundown?

COUNTESS  
That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEPLACE DARK

The man smiles - a dirty, leering grin.

JOHN  
Good. I saw your ad in the  
'Pennysaver' and thought I'd give  
you a call...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' COFFIN

She jots down information on her notepad.

\*

COUNTESS

Okay, your address? ... Your phone  
number? ... Your Visa number? ...  
Alright, we'll send someone right  
over.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - NIGHT

Dark clouds part to reveal a full moon shining down over Los Angeles. Sebastian leans against the Countess' limousine, which is parked at the curb, reading 'GQ'.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDO - FRONT DOOR

The Countess rings the buzzer, checking her breath as she waits patiently on the doorstep. Illuminated by a sixty-watt bug light, she looks stunning in her long, flowing cloak. After a moment the door opens, a slightly overweight man in a rapidly yellowing white suit standing in the doorway. The Countess speaks brusquely, all business.

COUNTESS

'Nocturnal Outcall'. You're  
"John?"  
(he nods, she rolls her  
eyes)  
Clever.

The man sizes her up approvingly, gesturing for her to enter.

JOHN

Come on in where it's warm.

The countess moves inside as the man looks around, then closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDOMINIUM

The man moves to help the Countess off with her cloak.

JOHN

This is great, you got over here  
pretty fast. I barely had a chance  
to clean the place up.

\*

The Countess glances around the apartment, a grimace on her face. The room is very dark, the only illumination provided by a dozen lava lamps and black lights - which cause posters of women with huge breasts to glow strangely on the walls. A pile of used tv dinner trays have been stacked on the kitchen counter, a large 'Air-Wick' placed nearby. A bookcase covers one entire wall, filled with bound copies of 'Playboy' and 'Penthouse', as well as dusty volumes of the 'Singles Register'.

The man motions the Countess toward a convertible sofa which has been pulled out into a bed, black satin sheets covering a thin foam mattress.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have a seat. I'd offer you something to drink but my refrigerator broke down. I can get you some chocolate chip soup if you'd like.

COUNTESS

That's alright. I like to get right down to business.

The Countess sits on the bed as the man stands over her, staring down oddly. She smiles seductively, patting the bed next to her.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Don't be nervous. I won't bite.

The man sits. The Countess puts her arms around his shoulders as she lays back on the bed.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Tell me what you want. Don't be afraid.

The man rolls over, facing her. She starts kissing down his chest.

JOHN

Oh, I'm not afraid...

CLOSE as the vampire's mouth opens, revealing a set of enlarged canines moving in for the kill...

...as suddenly the Countess yelps. She jumps up, pushing the man off of her.

COUNTESS

Ow! You idiot - what are you doing? I'm a vampire, too!



She rubs her neck gingerly as the man quickly stands. Flustered, he speaks apologetically.

JOHN

I'm sorry, I didn't know. Are you alright?

The Countess sighs in disgust.

COUNTESS

It's getting harder and harder for a girl to survive in his town. Vice crack-downs, blood diseases, and now this. We're running out of victims in this town...

John nods his head in agreement.

JOHN

Don't I know it. Remember the old days? All you had to do to get a decent meal was to go out into the fields and pick off a shepherd or two.

COUNTESS

And people used to fear us. They used to respect the power of the vampire - now they're just happy we aren't robbing them.

John moves to a cluttered bar.

JOHN

Remember the plagues? All those rats infesting whole cities at a time?

The Countess smiles fondly.

COUNTESS

Yeah, those were fun.

John pours two glasses of blood from a crystal carafe. Walks back toward the bed.

JOHN

Nowadays all we get are sexual plagues - herpes, VD, AIDS...

COUNTESS

You don't want to put these people in your mouth because you don't know where they've been.

John laughs knowingly as he hands the Countess a glass.

JOHN

A nice rosé -- the white blood  
cells don't overpower the red...

They touch glasses. Drink. The Countess speaks  
thoughtfully.

COUNTESS

The problem is that times have  
changed. Nobody believes in us  
anymore.

JOHN

It has its advantages.

COUNTESS

Yes, but I miss the notoriety. The  
glint of terror in a peasant's eyes  
as you'd swoop down on him - even  
the smell of wolfsbane draped  
around a victim's neck.

JOHN

We're out of place. Nuclear war,  
holocausts, terrorism - who cares  
about vampires anymore.

The Countess nods.

COUNTESS

As far as terror goes we're in the  
minor leagues.

JOHN

Do you know what we need?

COUNTESS

What's that?

JOHN

A good union.

He reaches down, pulling a couple of N.A.U. (National  
Association of the Undead) pamphlets out from under the bed.  
The Countess looks at him like he's crazy.

COUNTESS

A what?

John lapses into a well-rehearsed spiel.

\*

JOHN

The benefits would be unbelievable.  
You'd get great medical coverage ,  
which of course includes a terrific  
dental plan. Why, our contract  
even calls for all five year  
members to receive a free Halloween  
virgin.

He smiles as charmingly as is possible with fangs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - LATER

The Countess moves swiftly to the limousine, where Sebastian  
holds the back door open for her.

SEBASTIAN

How did it go?

COUNTESS

L.A.'s getting too weird for me.  
Let's go home, I have a call to  
make.

She slides into the back seat as Sebastian closes the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

**NOTE: The above scene with the Countess and "John" was broken  
into two scenes between the Countess and Sebastian, played  
out on the Countess' existing bedroom set - some of the lines  
were inserted into the scene at the start of the film, and  
then the rest were used in the next scene of the shooting  
script, as follows:**

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT



The Countess enters from the bathroom, swathed in a lush black Turkish towel; another smaller black towel is wrapped around her recently shampooed hair. She walks briskly over to the closet, sweeping open the door. She is about to reach for a negligee, when she pauses --

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT

Two suspicious feet, peeping out from beneath the rack of black clothes.

COUNTESS  
(sighing)  
Sebastian... out of the closet.  
Now.

Sheepishly. Sebastian steps out from among the clothes. He has a large Hermes scarf draped around his neck.

SEBASTIAN  
I thought I heard a noise in there.  
I was checking for a prowler.

COUNTESS  
A prowler in a hundred-dollar  
scarf, perhaps?

SEBASTIAN  
You bought it on sale, \$49.99.

CAMERA TRACKS him across the room to a small portable bar where he begins pouring blood from an IV bottle into a cocktail shaker, adding a shot from a bottle marked "PLASMA".

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Countess, ENTERS FRAME, and proceeds to her dressing table. Sebastian ENTERS FRAME, placing a "Bloody Mary," complete with the usual stalk of celery, in front of her. He picks up a brush and as the scene continues, brushes her hair lovingly.

COUNTESS

Why don't we skip the bar-hopping tonight, Sebastian? I'm exhausted. I'm three hundred and ninety years old -

SEBASTIAN

Four hundred if you're a day.

COUNTESS

What's the difference? I'm so old I can't remember my sign anymore.

The Countess presses her hands against her face.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Are there any lines, Sebastian, around my eyes --

She looks up at him beseechingly, sliding her hands down to feel the corners of her mouth.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

-- or here?

SEBASTIAN

Lines?

(he laughs gaily)

On you? Don't be ridiculous.

COUNTESS

You're the only mirror I have, Sebastian. I depend on you. I really couldn't bear it to look old --

SEBASTIAN

-- and frumpy!

\*

At her reproachful look, he adds quickly --

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

-- but I'm only teasing you, my love. You know that.

COUNTESS

It's nothing to joke about.

SEBASTIAN

You'll feel much more secure when Mark has given you your second transfusion.

COUNTESS

Life was much simpler in the old days. All you had to do to get a good meal was go out in the fields and pick up a shepherd or two.

SEBASTIAN

And remember the look of terror in a peasant's eyes as you'd swoop down on him?

COUNTESS

Oh yes! And the plagues? All those rats infesting whole cities at a time.

SEBASTIAN

People used to respect the power of the vampire.

A BEAT.

COUNTESS

It's been three days. Maybe we should go find Mark.

SEBASTIAN

Are you suggesting we invade Suburbia?

The Countess nods; Sebastian shudders.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Bowling alleys, RV's, chicken MacNuggets --

(a reflective pause)

Of course, they do have Little League.

CUT TO:

\*



## INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The full moon is visible through the window, low in the sky, partially obscured by clouds. A portable television sits on a large toy box at the foot of Mark's bed, casting an eerie, strobe-like light around the room. Mark lays in bed, a troubled look on his face. He begins to toss and turn in his sleep, moaning slightly as the screen RIPPLES...

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

*We see a small European village, sometime in the 1600's. Mist drifts off the moors, forming a shroud which covers the town. Strange organ music plays in the background.*

CUT TO:



## EXT. VILLAGE STREET

*Cobblestones glisten in the moonlight as a crippled peasant girl (who bears an amazing likeness to Robin) hobbles along the street. She leans warily on her crutch, shivering in the chill night air.*

\*

*The street deserted, she seems frightened as she limps slowly along. Overhead the full moon disappears behind menacing dark clouds.*

*Suddenly, a dark figure appears in the road ahead. It is Mark wearing a black tuxedo and cape, greased hair (with a widow's peak) and wing tip shoes.*

*He grins, revealing a set of razor sharp fangs.*

*Terrified, the girl backs away awkwardly as Vampire Mark advances, stalking his prey. Mouth frozen in a silent scream, the crippled girl finds herself backed against a stone wall.*

*The vampire advancing steadily, , she glances about in desperation. There is nowhere to 'run'.*



*Vampire Mark glides ever closer to his victim. Panicked, the vampire only a few steps away, the girl quickly pulls off a wooden leg. She holds the leg out in front of her, combined with her crutch, to form a cross.*

*Vampire Mark hisses angrily, shielding his eyes with his cape as he TURNS INTO A BAT and flies away.*

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. GRAVEYARD



*A damp, misty graveyard. Cracked headstones lean crazily this way and that, withered tree branches reaching out like desperate, clutching hands.*

*A bat flies into frame, transforming into Vampire Mark, who stumbles through the cemetery, approaching a large stone mausoleum.*

*Moving through an iron gate (which bears a 'NO SOLICITORS' sign), Mark walks to the tomb door. Sighing, he picks up a hideous skull half-buried in the dirt to reveal his keyring hidden underneath. Grabbing the keyring, he unlocks the mausoleum door and steps inside.*

CUT TO:

INT. MAUSOLEUM

*The mausoleum is decorated like Mark's (real) bedroom; posters cover the carved stone walls, a stereo sits on shelves supported by concrete blocks, and a small tv rests on a toy chest at the foot of the coffin. Mark moves tiredly into the tomb. Hanging his cloak on the back of a chair, he moves to his coffin, lifting the lid heavily. Inside lays an inflatable peasant girl love doll.*

\*



*She is poor, dirty, dressed in rags, and doing the greatest 'gookie' since Harpo Marx. Vampire Mark smiles, baring his fangs as he climbs into the coffin next to the doll. He closes the lid as the first rays of sunlight stream through the barred windows.*

*A beat.*

*Then we hear a loud 'POP!' From inside the coffin - followed by a muffled, anguished groan.*

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Mark wakes with a start, a puzzled look on his face as the first cool rays of sunlight filter through an open window.



EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

A clean, well-tended building, marble sign out front reading simply 'MUSEUM'. A school bus sits conspicuously in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM

A group of students huddle at one end of the gallery, here on a field trip from the high school. Led by Mr. Peacock (who, did we mention, looks like Vincent Price?), they view various styles of painting and sculpture - black bars covering the racier parts of the artwork. Robin stands with a couple friends, listening attentively as Mr. Peacock finds the correct page in his tour booklet, beginning his lecture.

MR. PEACOCK

We're here today to view the works of some of the world's greatest artists. This show features the dark imagery of the great artist Edvard Munch, detailing his lifelong occupation with sex and death...

Mark, Russ and Jamie watch from the back, unimpressed. Mark has his hair slicked back Valentino-style, and seems more interested in Robin than the lecture. Russ nods to a copy of the painting, 'The Scream' that hangs on the wall beside him.

RUSS

If he was so concerned with sex why didn't he draw better looking women?

JAMIE

This is boring. Let's go look under the dresses of those statues in the lobby.

(turns to Mark)

You coming?

MARK

Do you guys think Robin's ignoring me?

Jamie shrugs.

JAMIE

It's hard to tell. She always ignores me and Russ.

Mark heads to the front of the group, where Robin and her friends (SUZETTE and DARLENE) talk quietly.

SUZETTE

So you and Mark broke up for good this time? I don't believe it.

ROBIN

I thought he was different than other guys. More sensitive.

DARLENE

I like a sensitive man. One that isn't ashamed to show you his emotions or cry on your shoulder.

SUZETTE

Yeah - cracks me up.

Mark steps up behind the girls, tapping Robin gently on the shoulder. Suzette and Darlene glare at him accusingly.

MARK

Can we talk - alone?

Robin nods to Suzette and Darlene, who take the hint.

SUZETTE

Sure, we don't mind. Come on, Darlene, let's find the snack bar.

The girls move off as Robin turns back to the painting on the wall called 'Vampire', pointedly ignoring Mark.

MARK

I called you ten times yesterday. Why won't you talk to me?

Robin turns, regarding him coolly.

ROBIN

There's nothing to talk about. You go out behind my back, pick up a woman at a bar, go home with her, don't tell me, and pretend nothing happened. I don't want to talk about that.

\*

Mark looks up to see most of the class members staring at him angrily. He looks down sheepishly.

MARK

Those are good things not to talk about.

The other students turn and move on to the next painting, 'Death and the Maiden', featuring a skeleton and a beautiful woman in a lover's embrace, as Mark and Robin follow.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry - I was drunk.

Mark stops cold as he notices Robin - and the rest of the class - looking at him dispassionately.

ROBIN

Oh, fine. Terrific.

(a beat)

That's what I mean. It's like you're not the Mark I thought I knew. Look at your hair even. You look like Jerry Lewis.

MARK

I thought I looked more like Valentino.

ROBIN

Well, it's weird.

MARK

(defensive)

I'm sorry, okay? It's not supposed to be trendy.

(a beat, then mellower)

Look -- I'm sorry. I really am. I made a stupid mistake.

The other students nod, agreeing.

VARIOUS STUDENTS

Yup... Really stupid... Stupid, stupid, stupid...

MARK

Thanks, I've got this...

(back to Robin)

I'm a teenager -- I'm supposed to make stupid mistakes. I didn't mean to hurt you. Not ever.

Robin looks thoughtful, a bit sad.

ROBIN

Mark, I guess that's part of why I'm so mad is that I think maybe you did... what you did... Because of me. Because I was making you frustrated.



MARK

Oh, no, Robin. You weren't. Well, I mean you were -- but you're supposed to do that. It's part of being a teenage girl. You're supposed to say "no," and I'm supposed to get pissed off.

ROBIN

That sounds like the fifties.

The female students around them nod in agreement; the boys look dubious.

MARK

No -- really. It's ok. I guess that's what I like about you -- about us. You know what you want and you don't let me push you around.

ROBIN

But Mark -- I really want to do it. That's what's so funny. I think I want to as much as you do.

MARK

(interrupting)

There's no such thing...

ROBIN

...I just have to know I'm ready. And I'll know -- and I swear I'll tell you.

Mark smiles, relieved, as the students let out a cheer.

STUDENTS

Awwwwwwwww...

The students turn as Mark leans close to Robin, speaking excitedly.

MARK

Robin -- I promise -- from now on --  
- you won't be sorry. It'll be  
like last weekend never happened.

(laughs)

As a matter of fact, I don't even  
remember what that woman looked  
like...

At the head of the group. Mr. Peacock clears his throat for attention. Mark turns back to the lecture - his eyes going wide in amazement as he sees...

...Mr. Peacock standing in front of a lithograph which bears an incredible resemblance to the portrait hanging in the Countess' den. Mr. Peacock reads from his booklet.

\*

MR. PEACOCK

This next piece is a print of a painting, now lost, showing a close friend of Munch's at the moment of... er... great friendship... and the drawing symbolizes, in Munch's words, "the chain binding the thousands of dead generations to the thousands of generations to come."

The class stares at the painting as Mark looks on, a shocked, confused expression on his face. Robin crosses her arms defensively, taking an involuntary step backward.

ROBIN

I don't like this one. It gives me the creeps.

Dazed, Mark never takes his eyes from the painting. He calls out to Mr. Peacock.

MARK

Mr. Peacock - what year was this painting done?

Mr. Peacock checks his booklet.

MR. PEACOCK

Let's see...the oil painting was done in 1893.

Mark's jaw drops in amazement. Robin notices, bewildered by his reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY

Russ and Jamie, crouched on all fours, peer up the robes of a bronze statue. Craning their necks up for a better view, they don't notice as the museum guard steps up behind them. He taps his foot impatiently, finally attracting the boys' attention. They turn slowly, looking up at the guard towering over them. Russ flashes a charming smile.

RUSS

We were...uh...just looking for a signature.

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR - NIGHT

The Countess and Sebastian watch as the minion vampires carry a new coffin into the cellar, setting it near the others. The Countess looks to Sebastian.

COUNTESS

Good. I hope Mark isn't used to his own room. Did you finish the interior?

Stepping forward, Sebastian opens the casket lid, revealing that the interior has been fitted with 'Star Wars' sheets and a pillow. The Countess smiles approvingly.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

That's perfect, but maybe we should get an extra set of sheets - you know teenagers.

The Medieval Vampire returns carrying a portable 8-track tape player, setting it on a toy chest at the foot of the coffin, then returns to retrieve his loose hand, which was stuck in the tape case. Sebastian gives the Countess a weary look.

SEBASTIAN

It's hard to believe we made it through another year.

COUNTESS

I know it.  
(sighs)  
It's become nearly impossible to make a living - so to speak.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSS' CAR - NIGHT

Russ and Jamie cruise, out for a night on the town. Russ speaks bitterly.

RUSS

I can't believe we got thrown out of the museum.

JAMIE

We've got to find some women. This bachelor lifestyle is too complicated.

Russ nods in agreement.

\*

RUSS

We're getting left behind. Even Mark's got more girls than he can handle. I'm just not sure where to start.

Jamie grins, producing his dog-eared copy of the 'Official North Los Angeles Singles Dining and Recreation Guide'.

JAMIE

Page thirty-seven. 'Popular Singles' Laundromats'.

Russ turns to Jamie in disbelief.

RUSS

Laundromats? What's so great about a laundromat?

Jamie counts off on his fingers.

JAMIE

Two things. One: there's no place better to pick up lonely, bored women. And two: you can always tell what you're getting into by checking out their underwear first.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDROMAT - LATER

Russ and Jamie sit on a bench at the back of the room, eyeing the only two women in the place. One of the women, an attractive young housewife, stands at a table folding her laundry. The other woman, older and heavier, loads clothes into one of the spin dryers. Russ whispers to Jamie.

RUSS

Okay, remember what it said in the magazine - ease over, check the hamper, and then make your move.

Jamie speaks nervously.



JAMIE  
What do I do if I get lucky?

RUSS  
We've gone over this a hundred  
times - do you have money for a  
motel room?

Jamie takes out his wallet, checking inside.

\*

JAMIE

Yes...

RUSS

Do you have protection?

Jamie pulls a rolled rubber object out of his wallet. It looks a little big to be a condom and, sure enough, as he lets it unroll it turns out to be a rubber surgical glove. Russ is shocked.

RUSS (CONT'D)

You're inviting four friends?

JAMIE

(examining each finger)

I wasn't sure which size I'd need.

RUSS

Petite!

Jamie goes off after the heavysset woman. He approaches her tentatively.

JAMIE

Hi! Come here often?

The woman continues to load the clothes into the dryer, ignoring Jamie. He continues.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I was wondering if you needed help folding you underwear or anything.

Russ moves past them toward the attractive younger woman folding her clothes. He shoots a searching glance into her clothes hamper. Satisfied, he speaks smoothly.

RUSS

Hi there. My name's Russ and I'm a Sagittarius. I enjoy surfing, candlelit dinners and Tolstoy. Look: I'm a mature person, you're a mature person - so why don't we skip the bullshit, get rid of our inhibitions, and do what we really want to do?

The woman turns, pulling a rubber-and-zippers s&m suit out of her hamper. She calmly smooths it out, giving Russ a conspiratorial glance...

\*

## ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Sounds good to me. Why don't we go  
to your place?

(winks)

I'll tie you up in your bed. I'd  
love to spank you...

Russ panics. He should have paid more attention to rule #2.

## RUSS

Uh... we can't really do it in my  
room... I, uh... share a bed with  
my little brother and he's...  
well... he's a chronic bed wetter.

The woman returns to her laundry with a shrug as Russ moves across the laundromat... to where Jamie is visible through the glass door of a dryer, spinning round and round with the heavyset woman's clothes. Nonplussed, Russ opens the door, helping his friend out of the dryer. Jamie's hair stands on-end, while various items of clothing cling to his static-covered body. Russ speaks nonchalantly.

## RUSS (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

## JAMIE

She said 'no'.



Russ begins pulling socks and underwear from Jamie's clothing as we...

CUT TO:

\*



INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

\*



\*

Shades drawn, the room is in pitch blackness as Mr. Kendall enters. Turning on the lights, he looks around the room, but Mark is nowhere to be seen. Confused, he calls out:

MR. KENDALL

Mark? Are you in here?

Mr. Kendall jumps, surprised, as the lid to the toy box/trunk at the foot of Mark's bed creaks open. Mark sits up out of the box, looking to his dad casually.

MARK

Yeah?

MR. KENDALL

Mark, what're you doing in that old toy box?

MARK

(innocently)

Taking a nap.

Mark stands, stepping out of the box as Mr. Kendall closes the door behind him. He watches Mark carefully, concerned.

MR. KENDALL

Are you feeling alright?

Mark pauses, eyeing his dad warily.

MARK

Sure, I feel fine. Why?

Mr. Kendall steps away from the door, wandering around the room as he talks.

MR. KENDALL

Your mother thinks you should see a doctor. You're awfully pale, and we know you're not sleeping well because we can hear you pacing around the house all night.

MARK

I'm fine. Really. Just a little tense. Robin and I have been having some problems, but that's all over.

Mr. Kendall fixes his son with a stern gaze.

MR. KENDALL

You're sure?

MARK

(nods)

Yeah.

Mr. Kendall moves to the door.

MR. KENDALL

Okay, we'll see how you feel in a few days. Try to get a good night's sleep...

(stops)

...in the bed. It'll make your mother feel better.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE

The Nurse's office resembles a veterinarian's examination room. Charts on the wall show, in detail, the anatomies of various domestic animals. Mark sits on top of a metal table as the SCHOOL NURSE, a burly woman in a blue smock, probes around inside his mouth as though he were a horse.

SCHOOL NURSE

You've got a fine set of canines here, Mark.

\*

Mark mumbles his thanks as the nurse removes her fingers from his mouth. She scratches him playfully behind the ears.

SCHOOL NURSE (CONT'D)

Good boy! What a good boy! That wasn't so bad now, was it?

The School Nurse moves to her desk as Mark climbs down off the table. She speaks casually.

SCHOOL NURSE (CONT'D)

How's Roscoe? Last time I saw him was when he got fixed.

MARK

He's dead.

The School Nurse shakes her head regretfully.

SCHOOL NURSE

I never could get the hang of that operation. Too much hostility.

Mark takes a seat in front of the desk.

MARK

So what's wrong with me?

Flipping idly through a veterinary manual, the nurse takes a seat. An autographed picture of Seabiscuit sits on her desk.

SCHOOL NURSE

Well Mark, as I see it, you've got one of two things. Either distemper - or you're going into heat.

MARK

Wha should I do? I'm not wearing that cone on my neck again.

The School Nurse leans back in her chair.

SCHOOL NURSE

Drink lots of fluids.

Mark absently picks up a full beaker from the school Blood Drive donation table for a drink, catches himself, and slaps his own hand away.

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

A huge neon sign stands out front, the words 'AMUSEMENT PARK' flashing on and off. A popular theme park and pick up joint, the parking lot is full of teenagers and borrowed cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. TICKET LINE

Mark and Robin wait in a long line, slowly moving toward the ticket booths outside the front gate. Russ and Jamie stand behind them, making rude noises at every female that passes by. Robin leans toward Mark, a little annoyed.

ROBIN

I thought you were going to take me  
someplace nice.

MARK

This is the best I could do. My  
mom wouldn't let me have the car so  
Russ and Jamie said we could come  
with them.

Robin winces as Jamie lets loose a high, birdlike whistle.

ROBIN

I hope they don't tag along all  
night.

MARK

Nah, I'm sure they'll go try to  
find some girls.

Russ leans in between Mark and Robin. Excited, he speaks loudly.

RUSS

We'll meet you guys back at the car  
at about midnight. Unless we get  
lucky - then it's every man for  
himself.

JAMIE

Yeah, we're gonna check out the  
sideshow first. I hear the  
'Gorilla Woman' is hot to trot.

Robin turns to Mark, who smiles agreeably.

\*

MARK

I'll make it up to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY - SOFTBALL TOSS BOOTH

Barkers shouting all around them, Robin stands next to Mark as he tosses a softball at a stack of milk bottles, missing badly. The ball bounces to the ground, which is covered with other softballs Mark has thrown. He turns to Robin apologetically.

MARK

Maybe we should try a different game. I'm losing the circulation in my arm.

ROBIN

Why don't we go on some rides. I don't need a pink teddy bear that badly.

Mark speaks earnestly.

MARK

I want you to have something to remember tonight by. This just isn't my game.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY - RING TOSS BOOTH

Mark tosses a plastic ring toward a row of stuffed animals with wooden poles sticking out of their heads, missing badly. Robin looks at him tiredly.

ROBIN

Can we go on some rides now?

Mark is insistent, possessed.

MARK

Not yet - I almost made that one.

He pulls out his wallet, turning to the BARKER.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you have change for another ten?

\*

BARKER  
(shaking his head)  
Not any more.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY - PING PONG TOSS

Mark tosses a ping pong ball toward a row of fish bowls. Missing badly. He turns to Robin, who leans against the counter, bored.

MARK  
(angrily)  
Damn, it caught an updraft.

ROBIN  
Mark, quit trying so hard - you  
don't have to impress me.

Mark pauses, relieved.

MARK  
I don't?

ROBIN  
(touched)  
No.

CUT TO:

INT. GIFT SHOP

Standing in line at the cash register, Robin holds a large pink teddy bear while Mark checks inside his wallet. He shakes his head regretfully.

MARK  
I could've saved fifty bucks if I'd  
have just bought one of these  
things in the first place.

Robin smiles teasingly.

ROBIN  
Not to mention time.

MARK  
Yeah, well those weren't regulation  
weight ping pong balls. I could  
tell.

Robin takes his hand, giving it a squeeze.

ROBIN

You've just got to calm down. Boys  
are always so desperate.

MARK

Oh, come on - we're not that  
desperate...

There is a loud blast of static as Russ' voice blares out  
over the intercom system.

RUSS (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Attention - two purses, each  
containing one hundred dollars,  
have been found on the midway.  
Will the beautiful blonde girls  
that lost them - or anyone fitting  
that description - please report to  
the lost and found immediately.  
Ask for Russ and Jamie.

Robin grins knowingly as Mark shrugs.

MARK

Well, not usually...

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL OF LOVE

A line of teenagers stretches around the 'Love Canal' - one  
of the park's most popular rides. Couples guide long pink  
boats along an artificial stream and through a heart-shaped  
tunnel. Beautifully symbolic.

CUT TO:

INT. 'LOVE CANAL'

A plaster statue of a centaur playing a lute stands on one  
side, muzak lilting out of a speaker implanted on its chest.  
A 'NO SPITTING' sign hangs on the wall. Mark and Robin float  
along in a powder blue boat, the words 'U.S.S. TRUE LOVE'  
stenciled across the hull. They cuddle closely, enjoying the  
ride.

ROBIN

Isn't this nice? Just you and me.

\*



MARK

Yeah, it is.

They ride in silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you still mad at me?

Robin thinks for a moment.

ROBIN

Not really.

A beat.

MARK

Does that mean things are back to normal?

ROBIN

(nods)

Almost.

MARK

Do you want all your stuff back?

ROBIN

Yeah. I feel kind of stupid with half a prom photo in my wallet.

Mark looks down at Robin, smiling warmly. He leans forward, kissing her gently on the lips. She pulls back sharply, bringing her hand to her mouth.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Ow!

MARK

What is it?

ROBIN

(frowning)

You bit my lip.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLERCOASTER

Russ and Jamie ride the rollercoaster, two blonde girls sitting beside them. One of the girls turns to Russ, calling out over the roar of the ride.

\*

BLONDE GIRL

When do we get the purses?

RUSS

After the ride!

Just then the car speeds into a loop-the-loop, causing everyone to wince. They look on in horror as at the apex of the loop Jamie calmly throws back his head and vomits...

...the falling barf landing on the group with a splat as they complete the loop.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRROR MAZE

Mark and Robin enter the house of mirrors, handing their tickets to a bored man sitting in the doorway. As they move inside Mark looks around the complex maze of mirrors and glass apprehensively.

MARK

Are you sure about this? I always get lost in these things.

ROBIN

Sure, it'll be fun. C'mon, I'll race you.

Before Mark can protest Robin moves off, disappearing into the maze. Resigned, Mark starts after her - immediately running headlong into a clear glass barrier. He turns, muttering under his breath, and heads in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN

Already halfway through the maze, Robin weaves skillfully past the mirrors and barriers. Grinning happily, she stops to give Mark a chance to catch up...

CUT TO:

INT. MARK

...Which could take years. Growing more frustrated by the minute, Mark wanders aimlessly - stumbling around corners, running into glass barriers, coming to dead ends.

\*



\*

Mark moves awkwardly through the maze, arms outstretched, groping his way along. Suddenly a SMALL BOY runs past, kicks Mark in the shin and runs away laughing. Mark grabs his lower leg in pain, cursing.

He catches his reflection, and is shocked. He looks terrible - pale skin with rings forming under his sunken eyes. Frowning, he pretends to be Bela Lugosi, hiding behind his jacket, as if it was a cape.

Seeing a dozen Lugosi's staring back at him in the mirrors, he gets caught up in the moment, stalking around the room like Dracula.

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. MIRROR MAZE

\*

Real vampires surround the mirrored building. Out for blood, their skin turns an unhealthy green, their eyes glow and their fangs elongate. They block other kids from going inside. The Punk Vampire growls at a couple at the entrance, sending a couple scurrying away. The Medieval Vampire holds up his loose hand in front of the crowd like a stop sign, kids running away in shock.

Nearby, a girl frowns after eating from a bag of garlic fries, tossing them away and they hit the Punk Vampire, who collapses, writhing in pain, smoke rising as the fries sear his flesh. This enrages the vampires and they are about to attack the crowd, who applaud, thinking this is some sort of show... but the Vampires suddenly stop and meekly back away at the entrance, parting the blockade as a LOOMING FIGURE arrives.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRROR MAZE - MARK

Lost in the moment, Mark starts doing other impressions: First Alfred Hitchcock; then Clint Eastwood; then Robert De Niro in 'TAXI DRIVER'. He really gets into this one, pressing his moussed hair into a mohawk...

MARK

"You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Well, then who the hell else are you talking... You talking to me? Well, I'm the only one here...  
(at all the reflections)  
...all 500 of me."

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN

stands in another section of the maze, casually leaning against a mirror as she checks her appearance in a tiny compact. She doesn't notice as behind her a dark figure glides past. Even we aren't sure we've seen it. Black cloak flowing behind, the figure resembles the Countess as it floats effortlessly in and out of view. Casting no reflection in the mirrors.

Robin Looks up to sees a hundred Marks doing Robert De Niro impressions in the various mirrors and laughs.

\*

ROBIN

(calling out)

I'm talking to you - if you want to  
make-out on the Ferris wheel, you'd  
better hurry up...

\*

CUT TO:

INT. MARK

hears this and immediately breaks character, rushing to get  
to Robin, bumping face-first into a glass wall.

MARK

Coming... Ouch!

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN

sighs as Mark cries out in pain. His reflection disappears  
from her view as he tries another route. She goes back to  
checking her teeth and lipstick in the compact but looks up  
as the LIGHTS BEGIN TO FAIL.

Hearing something, Robin turns in time to catch a glimpse of  
someone moving past the end of the corridor. Frowning, she  
puts the compact mirror back into her purse and moves slowly  
toward the end of the corridor - stopping as she hears a  
strange noise at the end of the hall. She calls out,  
beginning to feel a little frightened.

ROBIN

You're not scaring me, Mark  
Kendall.

She feels her way around a corner, then creeps down the hall,  
disoriented and scared. The noises continue at the end of  
the hall, seeming to beckon her forward. Moving slowly,  
cautiously, she approaches the blind corner - just as the  
Small Boy jumps out of a cul-de-sac, screaming loudly.

SMALL BOY

BOO!

Robin jumps, dropping her purse, teddy bear and composure.  
The Small Boy runs away laughing as Robin leans heavily  
against the wall, trying to catch her breath. She speaks  
loudly, her voice sounding a little agitated.

ROBIN

Mark, where are you?

\*

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK

We see numerous warped, elongated and distorted reflections of Mark making their way slowly along a line of funhouse mirrors. Claustrophobia setting in, Mark walks faster and faster, felling his way along the glass walls with his hands. Sweat forming on his brow, he turns a corner - only to come face-to-face with himself. He lets out a groan as he slumps forward, his head thudding against the glass. Suddenly a familiar voice rings out behind him.

COUNTESS (O.S.)

Hello, Mark.

Startled, Mark looks up into the mirror. There is no one behind him. He spins to find the Countess standing over him, a hungry smile on her face.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Sleeping well?

Mark stares at her in disbelief.

MARK

What are you doing here? Where did you come from?

COUNTESS

I've been here, watching you. I'm always watching you.

Mark glances nervously around the maze.

MARK

Yeah, well you're gonna have to find a new hobby. I can't see you anymore. I mean, we had a great time and all, but it can't go on forever.

The Countess is mildly surprised by Mark's reaction.

COUNTESS

You don't know what's happening, do you?

MARK

\*

I know that my girlfriend's here,  
and if she sees us together she's  
gonna stuff a large pink teddy bear  
up my nose.

The Countess grins, stepping toward Mark.

COUNTESS

Don't worry, she won't see me...

CUT TO:

INT. MIRROR MAZE

An empty corner of the maze. After a moment the head of Robin's teddy bear peeks slowly around the corner, shaking slightly. After a safe amount of time has passed, Robin steps around the corner, clutching the teddy bear tightly. Seeing no one, she breathes a sigh of relief.

Starting down the corridor, she begins to hear muffled voices from another part of the maze. She pauses, calling out uncertainly.

ROBIN

Mark?

There is no response. Raising the teddy bear over her head, ready to strike, she moves cautiously toward the end of the hallway.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(tentatively)

Mark, is that you?

She jumps, startled, as a loud cry pierces the air.

MARK (O.S.)

OW!!!

Recognizing the voice, Robin tries to pull a 'FIRE ALARM' lever that she spots on the wall - but hits a mirror instead. Groping around on the walls, she finally locates the real fire alarm and pulls the lever. An ALARM sounds, the lights going bright inside the maze.

CUT TO:



EXT. MIRROR MAZE

\*

The vampires, putting out the smoldering Punk Vampire with dirt, trash, discarded food and whatever else they can find, hear the FIRE ALARM and back away at the entrance as CARNIES and SECURITY GUARDS run past, storming into the maze.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN

hurries in the direction of the sound. Now she has trouble negotiating the maze - twisting and turning around corners and hallways, trying to remember which direction the cry came from. Rounding a corner, Robin catches her breath as she runs head on into the Countess. Startled, she looks up apologetically.

ROBIN

Oh! I'm sorry - I'm looking for my boyfriend. I think I lost him.

The Countess smiles - a cold, fangless grin.

COUNTESS

I do, too.

The Countess moves off quickly, disappearing into the maze. Robin watches her go, puzzled by her response. Turning another corner, she is shocked to find Mark sprawled on the floor, pants around his ankles. Unconscious, Mark wears a colorful pair of boxer shorts, bright red valentine hearts printed on them. Robin kneels, shaking him gently in an attempt to bring him around.

ROBIN

Mark, wake up! What happened?  
What's going on? Where'd you get  
that underwear?

Mark slowly begins to come around. He speaks groggily - delirious.

MARK

I'm fine, nurse - do I get donuts  
and juice now?

He opens his eyes to see Robin hovering over him, concerned. An angry Carnie turns off the FIRE ALARM.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh, Robin. It's you.

Robin looks Mark over, splayed out on the floor, his pants down, discombobulated.

\*

ROBIN

Wow, you are bad at these things...

Declaring a false alarm, the Carnies exit, grumbling. Alone now, Mark and Robin turn to leave when suddenly the Small Boy jumps into the hallway, yelling at Mark and Robin.

SMALL BOY

Gotcha!

As they turn, annoyed, the Small Boy stops, staring slack-jawed into the mirror behind Mark. He begins to back away as Robin steps forward, speaking angrily.

ROBIN

Get out of here, you little brat!  
Why don't you go spit on people  
from the Skytram like normal kids?

The Small Boy turns and runs, frightened. Confused by the boy's reaction, Mark glances into the mirrors to make a startling discovery - he can't see himself! He casts no reflection.

Speechless, he staggers along after Robin, who doesn't notice a thing as she feels her way through the maze.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

Sebastian relaxes in the front seat of the Countess' limousine, browsing through a paperback copy of "The Hillside Stranglers", chuckling. We hear the back door of the car open and close, though no one is visible in the rear view mirror. Sebastian turns to see the Countess, who sits in the back seat. Across from her all of the other vampires are crowded together uncomfortably in the opposing bench seat.

SEBASTIAN

Where is the boy?

Annoyed, the Countess opens a miniature bar from the seat in front of her. She fills a glass with ice as she speaks.

COUNTESS

I had to leave him behind.

SEBASTIAN

\*

(surprised)

You left him?

COUNTESS

Everything was going fine until  
that girl showed up with those  
carnies.

MEDIEVAL VAMPIRE

(picking nose with loose  
hand)

Yeah, carnies creep me out.

COUNTESS

(sniffing the air, sees  
Punk smoldering)

You ride in the trunk.

The Punk exits the cab and closes the door behind him as the  
Countess hangs a bottle of plasma from a coat hook above the  
door, filling the glass from a rubber hose.

SEBASTIAN

Were you able to get the second  
transfusion?

COUNTESS

Barely. That girl has a stronger  
hold on him than I anticipated.

(swirls glass like it's  
filled with fine wine)

She's dangerous. And she's pissing  
me off.

DISSOLVE TO:

## AMUSEMENT PARK – MIRROR MAZE

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\*

The following is a scene fleshed out from notes by Hause & Hines, following a reading for a proposed musical play of "Once Bitten" that was created by Jay Falzone (book and lyrics) and Matt Gumley (music), directed by Mark Erdahi, and starring Orfeh (Tony nominee for "Legally Blonde") as the Countess. Readings were performed at Ripley-Grier Studios in New York City on 9/29/2021 and 9/30/2021.

As RUSS and JAMIE head into the sideshow tent, MARK and ROBIN prepare to enter the Mirror Maze. MARK is reluctant, he always gets lost in these things. ROBIN runs off, disappearing into the maze, leaving MARK to clumsily feel his way through the confusing labyrinth.

## DARKNESS

As the lights come up, Mark is lost, facing the audience--behind him are several "mirrors"--large open panes, each the size of a full-length mirror--with several members of the cast dressed as Mark, their backs to him and the audience, serving as his "reflections." They each act out mirror images of his movements from their particular angles.

MARK calls out to ROBIN, but her response sounds as though she's a great distance away. MARK is stunned to hear the COUNTESS' voice calling to him. He finally turns to find the COUNTESS standing right behind him--amazed to see that she casts no reflection in any of the mirrors.

Terrified, MARK asks the COUNTESS how she knew where he was, and she reminds him that they are becoming one--soon she'll be able to control his every move. She's in his blood, running through his veins, his nerves. He can't possibly fight her. She can see through his eyes, predict his moves, read his thoughts, and even feel what he feels:

MARK

Sorry about that.

COUNTESS

I'm a succubus--I've felt worse.

MARK

You've gotta' stop--this can't go on forever...

The COUNTESS sings "FOREVER IS WHAT I HAD IN MIND"--and with each chorus, the REFLECTIONS all break free from the mirrors to STEP OUT AND DANCE AS A BACKING GROUP, then for each stanza they RETURN TO THE MIRRORS AND TURN BACK INTO REFLECTIONS.

The REFLECTIONS follow MARK's movements as he backs up (they back towards him as he backs against the mirrors, away from the COUNTESS--

MARK (CONT'D)

Please don't bite my buttons...

The COUNTESS pounces, MARK and the reflections falling helplessly to the ground as the reflections fade to darkness and the stage GOES BLACK.

ROBIN is outside with RUSS and JAMIE. They hear MARK, still in the maze.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ow!

MARK crawls out of the maze, pants down around his ankles.

ROBIN

Wow, you really ARE bad at these.

ROBIN, RUSS and JAMIE helps him to his feet and they exit.

The COUNTESS steps out. She has succeeded in getting her second bite, but she is rattled--surprised by ROBIN'S strength and influence on MARK.

SONG: An angry "WORLD WITHOUT MIRRORS" refrain.

\*

DISSOLVE TO;

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*Another rough night. A thick, murky darkness covers the room, creating a strangely claustrophobic atmosphere. Mark lays tangled in the rumpled sheets on his bed. As he dozes a disembodied voice softly calls his name. It sounds very distant - and vaguely familiar.*

VOICE (O.S.)

Mark...

*Mark twitches, turning slightly - but doesn't wake up. After a moment the voice calls again. Louder. Closer.*

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mark...

*Mark suddenly jumps, waking with a start. Blinking rapidly, he glances around the room, trying to get his bearings. He speaks shakily.*

\*

MARK

Who's there?

*A thin scuffling sound moves toward him from the darkness. Frightened, Mark looks up to see...*

INT. ROBIN

*stepping out of the shadows at the foot of his bed. She wears the sheerest, tiniest of negligees, her hair ruffled sensuously. She smiles invitingly.*

ROBIN

Hello, Mark.

*Confused, but definitely interested, Mark sits up in bed. He whispers nervously.*

MARK

Robin? What're you doing here?

ROBIN

*I've decided that the time is finally right...*

*Reaching up, she starts to pull the nightie off over her head. Lifting it just far enough to reveal a pair of cotton panties with a smiley-face design printed on the crotch, she stops. Looks at Mark shyly.*







ROBIN (CONT'D)

*Cover your eyes.*

*Mark frowns. Annoyed by the interruption.*

MARK

*What?*

ROBIN

*I can't get undressed if you're watching. So close your eyes...*

*She starts to lower her blouse. Mark*

MARK

*(sighs)*

*This is a dream, isn't it? I'm sleeping -- my eyes are already closed!*

ROBIN

*(giggling)*

*...I said no peeking...*

INT. MARK - CLOSE

*Mark sighs. He reluctantly brings his hands up, cupping them tightly over his eyes. He laughs excitedly.*

MARK

*(anxious)*

*Don't-wake-up-don't-wake-up-don't-wake-up--*

*A shadow grows, enveloping Mark and the bed as he giggles excitedly.*

MARK (CONT'D)

*This is crazy! How'd you get in here? What if we get caught? What would our parents say? Are you naked yet?*

VOICE (O.S.)

*You can uncover your eyes now.*

*Mark anxiously pulls his hands away from his eyes - only to find himself in...*

CUT TO:

\*

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR

*Still sitting in his bed, Mark glances around frantically. There, standing regally among the coffins is the Countess. She holds a bruised yellow banana in her hand. Smiles playfully at Mark.*

COUNTESS

*Well, if it isn't Mr. Love-'em-and-leave-'em.*

*Mark cries out in disbelief, looking around.*

MARK

*The dorm of the dead...*

*The Countess saunters slowly toward Mark's bed.*

COUNTESS

*Calm down, there's nothing to get excited about. I just thought I'd invite you over for a little bite.*

*Scared, Mark points at her sternly.*

MARK

*You stay away from me! Joke's on you - there are no buttons on these pajamas!*

COUNTESS

*Oh please, was it really all that bad?*

MARK

*Yes! Ever since I met you weird things have been happening...My mind plays tricks...I'm developing a widow's peak...*

*(gesturing around them at the dungeon)*

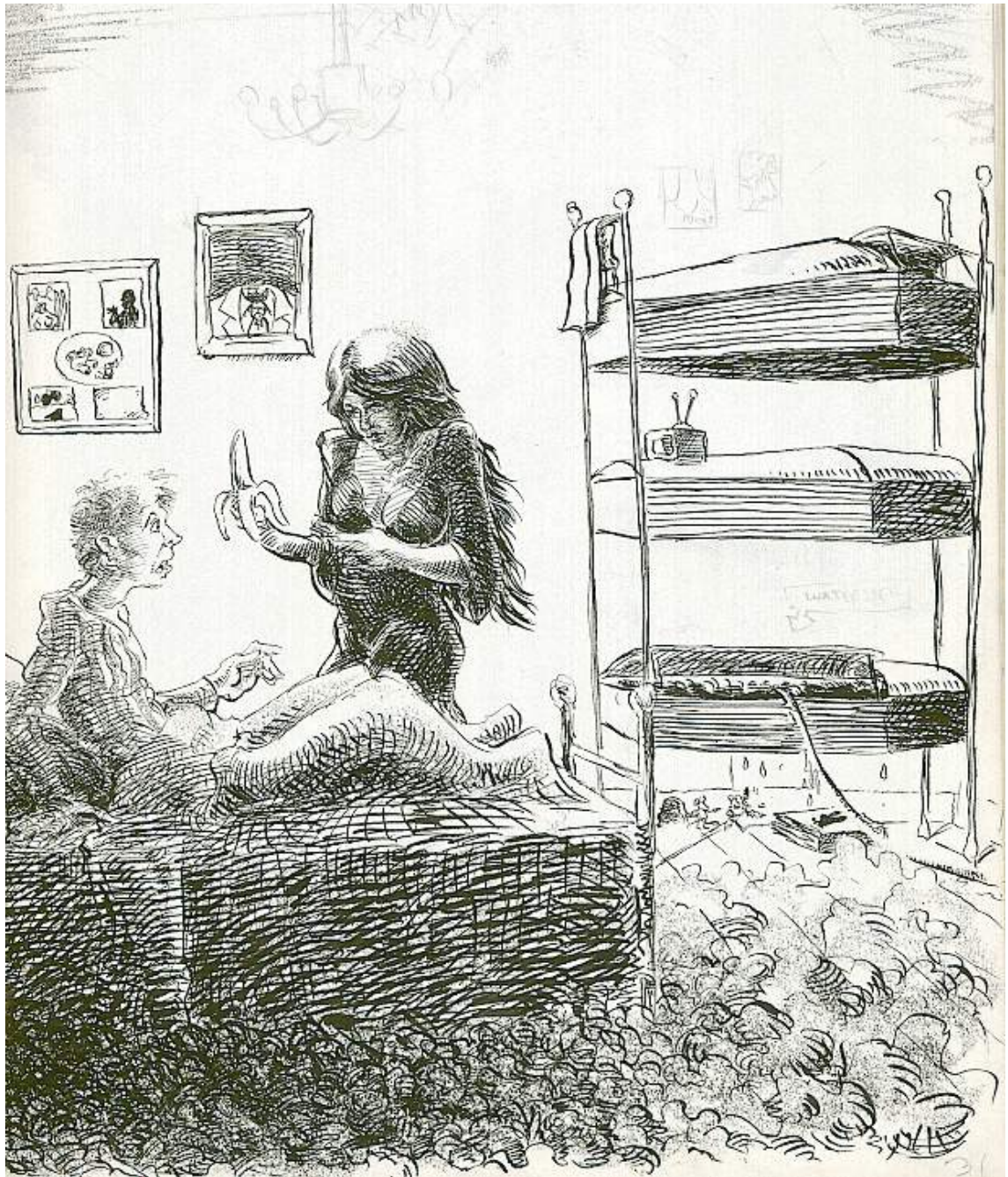
*...and I can't have normal sex dreams anymore!*

*(pulls the covers over his head)*

*I think I'm going crazy.*

*The Countess can't help but smile. Despite her best intentions, she actually kind of likes this year's victim. She sits on the edge of the bed and smiles, recognizing the 'Star Wars' design on the bedsheets.*

\*



COUNTESS

*Looks like Sebastian got the bed  
sheets right...*

*Mark backs away from her as she stares at him intently.*

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

*I called you here because I want to  
make you an offer.*

*Mark looks at her doubtfully.*

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

*Oh yeah? Like what?*

*The Countess leans in closer, causing Mark to edge back  
farther. She places her hand on his thigh, moving it up  
higher as she speaks.*

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

*How would you like to spend  
eternity with me, here in the  
castle?*

MARK

*You mean live here with you and  
your right hand moving up my leg?*

COUNTESS

*That's right.*

*Mark thinks for a moment.*

MARK

*It's a long commute to Cal State  
Long Beach. I don't think so. I  
like my life as it is.*

*The Countess grins bitterly.*

COUNTESS

*Oh you do, do you? Would you like  
to see what your life would be like  
without me?*

*Before Mark can get out anything past the "n" in "no," the  
Countess waves the bruised banana in front his face, causing  
the screen to RIPPLE...*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*



INT. CHURCH - DAY



*A wedding is taking place. A young couple stands at the altar, their backs to us, solemnly reciting their wedding vows. Hanging above them is an intimidating life-size statue of Christ on the cross, staring down on the couple imposingly. The Countess and Mark sit in the shadows at the rear of the church, watching the wedding from the. Comfort of Mark's bed. Intrigued, Mark scans the church curiously.*

MARK

*This is nice. Who's getting married?*

COUNTESS

*You are.*

*Mark turns, surprised.*

MARK

*Me?*

*The Countess nods.*

COUNTESS

*We're two years in the future, Mark. This is your wedding day...*

CUT TO:

\*



INT. THE ALTAR

\*

*We see for the first time that Mark and Robin are the couple at the altar. They both look very handsome - Mark in his light blue tuxedo and Robin in a pure white gown (of course), with a little alligator emblem stitches to its chest.*

*As the ceremony reaches its conclusion the priest closes the Bible, speaking gently.*

PRIEST

*You may kiss the bride.*

*Gazing into her eyes, Mark lifts the veil from Robin's face. They embrace, kissing passionately. Tenderly. The guests watch, contented smiles on their faces.*

GUESTS

*Awwwwwwwwwww...*

*Suddenly Robin pulls away from Mark, disgusted. She turns sharply to the guests, pointing an accusing finger at her new husband.*

ROBIN

*Eeyew! He used his tongue!*

*The guests all sneer in unison.*

GUESTS

*Eeyew!*

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS AND MARK

*The Countess turns to Mark, who sits with his face buried in his hands. She gives him a comforting pat on the back.*

COUNTESS

*Cheer up, Mark - this is the happiest day of your life.*

*She laughs as she waves the banana, causing the screen to RIPPLE...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONEYMOON MOTEL - NIGHT

*A cheap motel stretches out before us, divided into cabins which surround an anemic picnic area.*

\*



A gaudy sign above the office identifies this as 'RAY & MARTHA'S HONEYMOON HAVEN'. Smaller signs underneath advertise 'WATER BEDS - ADULT TV - HOURLY RATES'. A red neon heart pulsates endlessly above the 'Vacancy' sign.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The honeymoon suite is class personified. Hearts and mirrors cover every available inch of space, while the wallpaper looks as though it's made from gold foil and red felt. Mark and Robin sit on the edge of the (you guessed it) heart-shaped bed, sipping complimentary champagne from (that's right) heart-shaped glasses.

Off to one side the Countess and Mark sit on his little twin bed, watching with great interest. Mark seems uncomfortable. Witnessing your life as it unravels before you can be an unnerving experience. The Countess grins at him confidently.

COUNTESS

This is it, Mark - you're finally  
alone with the girl of your dreams.  
Your good dreams, anyway.

Back on the heart-shaped bed Mark reaches down, pulling a package from under the red satin bedspread. He hands it to Robin, who glows with joy as she unwraps the gift, close to tears. Her expression changes abruptly as she opens the box, pulling out a skimpy, see-through negligee. Mark glows with joy as she holds it up. He is close to tears. Motioning to the bathroom, he suggests that she try it on. Robin stands, unenthusiastically heading into the bathroom, dragging the nightie behind her.

WIPE TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Mark attempts to relax under the covers of the bed, an undisguised look of excitement on his face. At the sound of the toilet flushing he perks up, beaming expectantly. The Countess nudges the real Mark, who is engrossed in the adult TV, and they all turn eagerly. The door opens and...

...out steps Robin. She wears the skimpy, see-through negligee - over a thick cotton bra and panties. Mark's face drops as he sees that she also wears curlers in her hair, fuzzy slippers, facial cream, and scraps of toilet paper on her legs where she cut herself shaving.

\*

*On the twin bed the Countess smiles at Mark. She attempts to speak in an understanding tone of voice, but can barely conceal her amusement.*

COUNTESS

*It probably looked better in the store.*

*She waves the banana. The screen RIPPLES...*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

EXT. TRACT HOME - MORNING

*A nice middle-class tract home, exactly like all its neighbors. God forbid you should come home drunk one night and forget which of these houses is yours.*

INT. TRACT HOME - BEDROOM

*The room is plainly decorated, resembling the bedroom display from a Sears catalogue. The bed is unmade, sheets kicked into a pile as though someone had a rough night. A paperback copy of '1001 THINGS TO CALL THE BABY' rests on a bedside table. The TV plays to an empty room as terrible retching sounds emanate from behind the closed bathroom door.*

*After a moment the retching sounds cease. The door is thrown open as Robin drags an ailing Mark to the bed. He looks awful.*

MARK

*(gasps)*

*This morning sickness is murder!*

*Robin dumps him roughly onto the bed. She straightens up, rubbing her lower back tenderly.*

ROBIN

*Tell me about it.*

*Sitting comfortably on Mark's tiny bed, the Countess smugly waves the banana in front of his face as once again the screen RIPPLES...*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRACT HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

*Mark, now in his early thirties, sits contentedly in his new La-Z-Boy recliner.*

Wearing a sleeveless t-shirt, boxer shorts, and a tired expression, he stares blankly at the TV, a generic beer in one hand and three empties by his side. Busily ignoring the two small children fighting at his feet. Another child sits in a highchair beside him. Mark sets aside his beer and lifts his new son out of the chair, carefully positioning the infant's head over the spit rag resting on his shoulder. Mark pats the baby gently on the back. He speaks softly.

MARK

Okay kiddo, all we need is a burp.  
You don't want to vomit on dear old  
dad, do you?

Mark smiles gratefully as a tiny belch comes from the infant. The smile fades as he moves to put the baby back in his feeding chair - only to find a large urine stain covering the front of his t-shirt.

Robin enters the room. Six months pregnant, she wears a fashionable (and expensive) maternity golf outfit. Aging somewhat more gracefully than Mark, she crosses the room to the fake fireplace, a small trophy in her hand.

ROBIN

(excitedly)

Guess what, honey? My team won  
first place in the 'Pregnant  
women's Golf League'. Isn't that  
great?

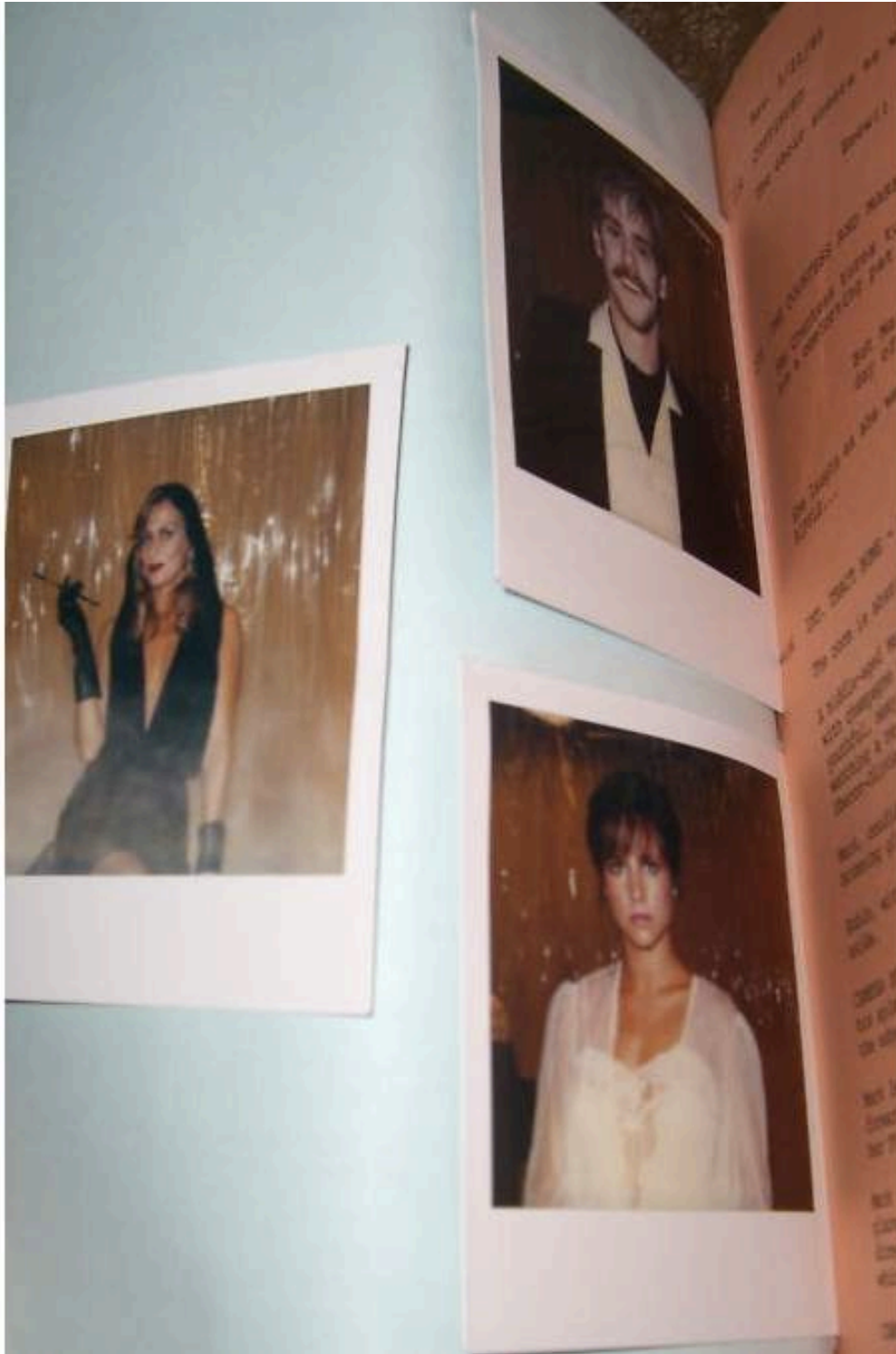
Never taking his eyes from the television Mark grunts his congratulations as Robin proudly places her trophy - featuring the bronze figure of an expectant mother executing a perfect backswing - on the mantle. The screen RIPPLES...

INT. TRACT HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*

The master bedroom, a few years later. Mark and Robin's nice queen-size bed has been replaced by two twins, separated by five feet and ten years of non-communication. Separate TV's flicker away at the foot of each bed, tuned to the same channel.

Mark lays in bed, mouth open and snoring at full tilt. An old, dog-eared copy of 'THE JOY OF SEX' lays open on top of his ever-growing belly. We PAN across the room to see Robin sitting up in bed, private TV plugs in her ears. She is wide awake, totally engrossed in a copy of 'TAKING THE 'MEN' OUT OF MENOPAUSE'. The screen RIPPLES...



(Photos from the continuity script.)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRACT HOME - ENTRYWAY

\*

*Mark, his hair showing more grey than brown, sits in his old, beat-up La-Z-Boy recliner.*

*He watches TV, the top button of his pants undone and a bottle of Maalox in his hand instead of the beer.*

*He busily ignores the two teenage kids fighting at his feet.*

COUNTESS

*Here you are at forty: Middle-aged, middle-income, middle-management, expanding middle-waist area... how are you, Mark?*

MIDDLE-AGED MARK

*(without looking up)**Fair-to-middling...*

*Robin enters the room. She looks beautiful in her ritzy bowling outfit - the words 'ARNIE'S JEWELERS' printed in sequins across the back.*

*She walks to the fireplace, a trophy in her hand.*

ROBIN

*(eagerly)*

*Guess what, darling? My team won first place in the 'Mom's Night Out Bowling Competition'. Isn't that wonderful?*

*Never looking away from the TV, Mark burps his congratulations.*

*Robin clears a place on the mantle for her latest trophy, this one featuring a silver figure of a woman in a bathrobe and curlers showing a fine approach.*

*The screen RIPPLES...*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*

INT. TRACT HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*



\*

*Now in his early seventies, Mark lays feebly in bed, partially covered by an oxygen tent. He is surrounded by various I.V.'s, a kidney machine, a respirator, an E.K.G., And other medicinal machinery. On a TV-like screen in front of him he can watch his heart rate fluctuate.*

*Once again he stares hopefully toward the closed bathroom door. At the sound of the toilet flushing he perks up as well as someone with sixty tubes in his body can manage. The door opens and out steps Robin, looking terrific in her oriental silk pajamas. She has aged remarkably well, looking a good twenty years younger than Mark.*

*An expectant expression on his face, Mark watches Robin as she walks across the room,. The E.K.G. And respirator machines speed up noticeably in the background as she passes by, the blips on his monitor rising. Climbing into the bed, Robin finally notices Mark's intense gaze. She sighs, reaching for a book.*

ROBIN

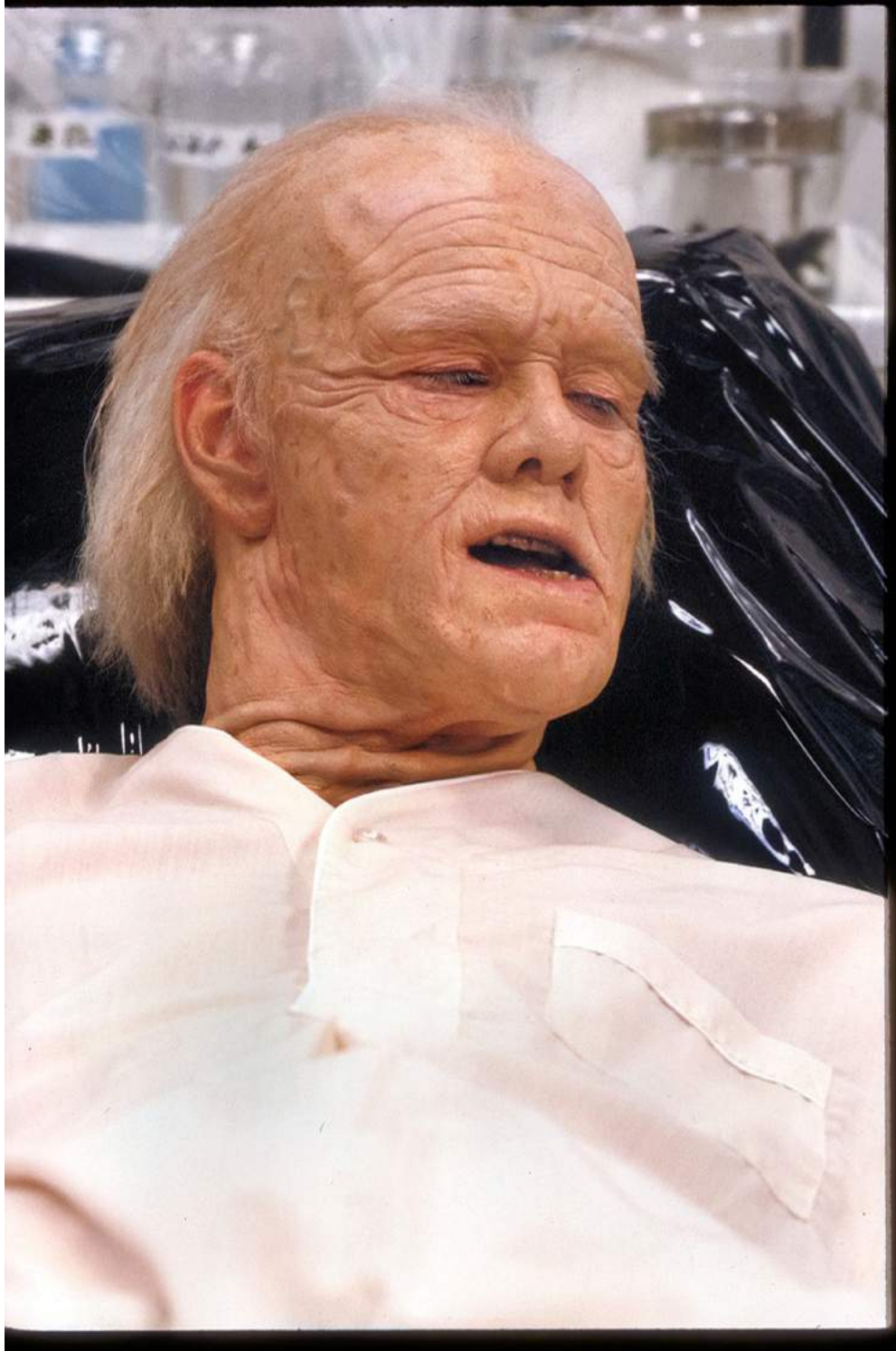
*Not tonight, dear - I have a headache.*

*The screen RIPPLES...*

DISSOLVE TO:

\*







INT. TRACT HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

\*

*Mark's cracking, run-down La-Z-Boy recliner is conspicuously empty. The television screen is dark. No kids fight at the foot of the chair. The room is vacant. And quiet.*

*Robin enters the room. Wearing a black jogging suit and veil, she carries a large trophy-like urn. Moving to the fireplace, she somberly places the urn in an honored spot among her trophies. She stares sadly at the urn, then turns to leave - grabbing her golf bag as she exits the room.*

*We MOVE IN CLOSE to the urn, finally able to make out the inscription. It reads:*

*MARK KENDALL  
1966 - 2043  
"NOT MUCH HAPPENED"*

*PULLING BACK from the urn, we find ourselves in...*

EXT. CREEPY GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

*The Countess and Mark sit on his bed in the middle of a strange, misty graveyard. The fireplace and mantelpiece stand at the foot of the bed like a monolith. The Countess turns to Mark self-confidently.*

*COUNTESS  
See what you have to look forward  
to, Mark? Just another trophy on  
the mantle.*

*Mark seems shaken, his voice unsteady.*

*MARK  
Why are you doing this to me?*

*COUNTESS  
Let's just say I'm a sucker for  
young men.*

*Mark glares at her sullenly.*

*MARK  
I'll never go with you.*

*The Countess coolly starts to peel the banana. Slow and easy.*



\*

COUNTESS

*You have to accept it, Mark -  
you're changing. It's not a bad  
feeling. You may not be too  
attractive lately; You're  
dehydrated, you'll hallucinate a  
little, mirrors hurt your eyes.  
Think of it as a second puberty.*

*Mark attempts to stare her down defiantly.*

MARK

*I'm going to fight you.*

*The Countess speaks patiently as she finishes peeling the  
banana.*

COUNTESS-

*You'll just cause yourself a lot of  
unnecessary pain. It's not so  
terrible being a vampire. You stay  
up late, your days are free. Just  
live with it, so to speak.*

MARK

*Or what?*

COUNTESS

*Or face the consequences.*

*She bites down hard on the banana.*

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

*Mark wakes violently, sitting bolt upright in bed, sweat  
pouring down his face. Eyes wide, he cries out:*

MARK

OW!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

*Located in the downtown area, this church has seen better  
days. Old and musty, it is a cross between a chapel and  
flophouse - bums and winos sleeping in the pews while old  
women pray silently next to them.*

\*

\*

MARK

I have trouble sleeping at night,  
my teeth seem to be growing, and I  
can't even see myself in mirrors  
anymore. This must be hard for you  
to believe...

The voice speaks deeply.

WINO (O.S.)

Oh yeah...

MARK

...but it's true! You're the only  
one I can turn to. I'm afraid to  
tell my girlfriend about it, and if  
I tell anyone else they'll think  
I'm a jerk. I feel like I'm all  
alone. What can I do?

The figure in the other side of the booth leans close to the  
screen. Speaks roughly.

WINO (O.S.)

Say, you got any toilet paper on  
that side? I'm all out over  
here...



Mark stares at the screen in disbelief as we...

CUT TO:





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INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BEDROOM

\*

Still rattled by the strength of ROBIN'S hold on MARK, the COUNTESS consults SEBASTIAN and the minions about how to get through to these 80's teenagers. In their research they've concluded that vampires aren't scary anymore. Zombies, werewolves -- those are scary. Vampires are pale, they sleep all day. They are just overdressed old people who don't grow claws or fur or animal eyes. They don't eat brains or tear people apart. They just drink blood -- like leeches or ticks. Boring. MARK has been unimpressed so far and still wants Robin. They need to win MARK over.

SEBASTIAN reveals they've been doing quite a bit of research into the topic - which consists of having rented literally dozens of 80's teen movies on VHS. There is one ritual that towers over all others in terms of influence and importance. One crucial, primitive rite that must be performed if they are to have any chance of defeating ROBIN and breaking her hold on MARK:

A DANCE OFF!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

\*

The school is ablaze with lights, a banner over the cafeteria doors reading 'PRE-HALLOWEEN HOP TONITE!' Kids scurry here and there, all wearing some sort of bizarre costume. A station wagon pulls into the lot and parks.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark and Robin sit tensely inside the car. Robin is dressed as Raggedy Ann, complete with doll-like make-up and red yarn wig. Mark wears dark clothing, including a long coat with collar turned up. We've apparently come in the middle of an argument.

ROBIN

...I'm not mad, I just thought we agreed to dress alike, that's all. If I'd have known you were going to dress as a vampire...

MARK

(irritated)

I'm not dressed like a vampire. I told you I couldn't get out and get a costume today.

Robin stares out the window, pouting.

ROBIN

I feel stupid going as Raggedy Ann without Raggedy Andy.

MARK

Just tell them Andy isn't raggedy anymore. He's upwardly mobile.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - ENTRANCE

A folding table has been set up inside the door, where Suzette, dressed as a cheerleader, sits taking tickets. She looks up as Mark and Robin approach, greeting them cheerfully.

SUZETTE

Hi Robin, hi Mark!

\*



ROBIN

Hi Suzette.

SUZETTE

Wow, I love your outfits! You want me to take your names for the 'Best Costume' contest?

Robin shrugs.

ROBIN

Sure.

Suzette jots their names down on a pad of paper.

SUZETTE

Okay, Robin Pierce - Raggedy Ann, sans Andy. Mark Kendall - vampire--

Mark cuts in, annoyed.

MARK

I'm not wearing a costume.

He takes Robin's arm and leads her away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

The hop is in full swing. The auditorium has been decorated to resemble the Marquis de Sade's rumpus room. Butcher paper painted to look like cut stones covers the walls, while papier-mâché bodies are strewn everywhere, twisted into painful yet appropriate poses. Kids boogie madly on the dance floor as a local band mangles all the latest hits beyond recognition.

At the refreshment table, Mark and Robin fill their cups from a casket/punch bowl as Russ and Jamie wander by. Russ wears a bald wig and toga, while Jamie's costume consists of a large trash bag with slits cut for his head and arms, his face covered in green greasepaint.

RUSS

Hi guys. We didn't think you were gonna make it.

Mark stares at Russ' costume.

MARK

What are you supposed to be?

\*

RUSS

Well, I was gonna be Gandhi, but I  
couldn't find my Groucho glasses  
and mustache. So now I'm Yul  
Brenner.

JAMIE

I'm the Blob.  
(looks to Robin)  
That's a real nice costume, Raggedy  
Ann.

ROBIN

Oh, thank you.

Jamie turns to Mark.

JAMIE

And that's a great vam--

Mark turns on Jamie, glaring at him angrily.

MARK

I'm not wearing a costume!

WIPE TO:

INT. MARK AND ROBIN

watch as a group of kids bob for apples out of a large metal  
washtub. An attractive girl in a 'Little Bo Peep' outfit  
leans over the tub, trying to grab an apple with her teeth as  
the kids gathered around laugh and cheer her on. Robin turns  
to Mark.

ROBIN

Do you want to play?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

I'm not very good at games.

They watch as the girl bends farther over the washtub,  
straining to reach one of the apples. As she tries to trap  
the apple against the side of the tub the girl turns her head  
slightly, exposing the soft white flesh of her neck.

Mark stares at the girl in fascination, the smile fading from  
his lips. His eyes seem to glow.

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

*Now wearing a tattered dress, the girl stands in the village square, bending over an old stone well. She drinks deeply from a bucket as the full moon shines brightly overhead.*

CUT TO:

EXT. VAMPIRE MARK

*stands in the shadows of an alleyway, watching the girl. The wind blows softly as he creeps toward her, a look of hunger on his face.*

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GIRL

*Sensing something, the girl stops drinking - looking up from the well like a frightened fawn. She barely has time to scream as Vampire Mark attacks, lunging for her throat.*

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA (COLOR FOOTAGE)

We find Mark face down in the washtub, water all over the place. He stands, an apple in his teeth and surprise on his face. The kids gathered around the tub applaud. Robin moves to his side, slipping her arm around his waist.

ROBIN

That was fast. You must have a  
great set of teeth.

(curiously)

I thought you said you weren't very  
good at this...

Mark pries the apple out of his mouth and smiles sheepishly as we...

WIPE TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - REFRESHMENT TABLE

Russ stands next to a cadaver molded out of chopped liver, celery sticking out of its chest like a stake, trying to pick up on a buxom girl dressed as a Playboy Bunny. He tries his best (and apparently only) line.

\*

RUSS

Look: I'm a mature person, you're a mature person. We both know what we came here for. So why don't we skip the bullshit, get rid of our inhibitions, and do what we really want to do?

The girl considers this proposition thoughtfully.

PLAYBOY BUNNY

That's a good idea.

She turns and gives the (very surprised) fellow standing next to her a big, sloppy kiss. Russ watches, his expression never changing.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DANCE FLOOR

The band swings into a slow number, the identity of which no one can figure out. On the dance floor couples hold each other close, swaying to the beat.

Mark and Robin embrace, dancing cheek to cheek. Mark looks more at ease than we've seen him lately. Robin rests her head on his shoulder, a relaxed smile on her face. They both seem happy, content.

ROBIN

How are you feeling?

MARK

This is the most comfortable I've been in a long time.

ROBIN

I'm sorry I got mad in the car. I'm starting to pick up on that Valentino resemblance. I'm glad you didn't come as Raggedy Andy.

MARK

(grins)

Not as glad as I am. You wear red yarn wigs much better than I do.

He stops dancing, looking down at Robin seriously.

MARK (CONT'D)

Will you promise me something?

\*



\*

Robin gazes up at him.

ROBIN

What?

MARK

Promise that you'll stay with me,  
no matter what happens. No matter  
how weird things get, promise that  
you won't leave me.

Robin smiles brightly.

ROBIN

Let's see - things get very weird,  
I stay with you no matter what...  
What could go wrong? You got a  
deal.

Relieved, Mark holds Robin tightly. They continue their  
dance, satisfied to stay in each other's arms forever.

The band suddenly swings into a new beat, one with the  
distinctive tempo of a tango.

CUT TO:

\*

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Mark and Robin have hardly had time to react when we see the Countess glide up behind Robin and tap her on the shoulder. As the surprised Robin looks up, parts from Mark a little, the Countess insinuates herself between them and whirls Mark away, leaving Robin standing on the floor with her mouth agape.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

The students make way for the dancing figures of Mark and the Countess. Mark is incredibly graceful, doing steps he'd never dreamed of before.

CLOSE SHOT - Mark and the countess

COUNTESS

Hello, Mark. I've missed you.

MARK

Since yesterday?

The Countess gives him her bewitching smile.

CLOSE SHOT

Robin, watching Mark and the Countess, bewildered, jostled by the other kids. Then suddenly a determined look comes over her face.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Like an arrow, Robin sweeps between Mark and the Countess and slipping her arm around his waist, she sweeps him away, leaving the Countess deserted in her turn.

ROBIN

Who is that woman?

Mark shrugs helplessly.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin and Mark dancing, parting a little -- and the Countess is there again, easily taking command of the helpless Mark and sweeping him off.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin deserted once again - but then she begins dancing alone, of form of the twist but with incredible grace and finesse, easily moving in on the Countess and Mark, recapturing him.



## ONCE BITTEN

The Countess (LAUREN HUTTON) looks on as Mark Kendall (JIM CARREY) and girlfriend Robin Pierce (KAREN KOPINS) make some hot moves on the dance floor in ONCE BITTEN, a Samuel Goldwyn Company Presentation.

*Samuel Goldwyn*  
THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY

★

### ROBIN (CONT'D)

If she comes after you one more  
time --

### WIDE SHOT

The other kids gradually becoming aware of the strange duel, falling away to give them the floor.

### ANOTHER ANGLE

The Countess is not defeated yet. She glides up to Mark and Robin - but this time Robin refuses to give way and for several moments they dance as a trio - the Countess luring Mark, Robin whirling to split them apart. The Countess again taking command of him, Robin again intercepting and this time by her sheer virtuosity dominating.

### ANOTHER ANGLE

The Countess, defeated, is engulfed and then closed out of the circle of other kids who close in to watch.

★





\*

LONG SHOT

Mark and Robin in a truly spectacular routine.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sebastian comes up behind the Countess. She is clearly angry, disgusted and chagrined. He leans over to whisper in her ear.

SEBASTIAN

Ginger Rogers couldn't win this contest.

COUNTESS

Damn that girl!

SEBASTIAN

The vibes are wrong - but I have a plan. There's more than one way to skin a cat.

COUNTESS

I'm not through yet.

INT. CAFETERIA - MAKESHIFT STAGE

\*

As the music ends the school PRINCIPAL walks onstage. A tall man in a wrinkled suit, he moves to the microphone. Speaking a bit too loudly.

PRINCIPAL

If I could have everyone's  
attention - it's time to hand out  
the award for best costume of the  
evening.

The kids quiet down as the Principal continues. He speaks in a monotonous drone, reading the winner's name from a small slip of paper.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

I'm pleased to announce that the  
winner of this year's 'Best Costume  
Award' is - Mark Kendall, dressed  
as a vampire.

The crows cheers and applauds Mark, who stands squinting in the harsh beam of a well-aimed spotlight. He has time only to give Robin a confused look as he is pushed up onto the stage by the kids on the dance floor. He protests weakly...

MARK

I'm not wearing a costume!

...to no avail. Once onstage Mark stands awkwardly, looking very ill-at-ease. Where he felt uncomfortable in a Hollywood bar only a week ago, a high school dance now seems just as foreign. He stares out over the auditorium, eyes growing wide as he sees...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

*...the swarm of kids on the dance floor have been replaced by a hostile mob of villagers in the town square. They scream at him, torches and pitchforks held angrily above their heads.*

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - MAKESHIFT STAGE (COLOR FOOTAGE)

Mark glances around, terrified, searching for somewhere to run. He turns just as the Principal steps forward, a trophy held in his outstretched hand.

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

\*

*A PRIEST with a leering grin takes the place of the Principal, thrusting a large silver cross violently in Mark's face. He laughs triumphantly as we...*

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - MAKESHIFT STAGE (COLOR FOOTAGE)

Mark cries out in horror.

MARK

NO!

A crazed look in his eyes, he bolts from the stage, leaping into the throng of kids on the dance floor.

Robin watches as Mark fights his way through the crowd. Concerned and confused, she rushes after him as he flees from the auditorium and into the cool, dark night.



ANOTHER ANGLE

\*

The Countess, wearing a satisfied grin, propelled by Sebastian's hand under her arm, leaves the gym by a side (fire) exit. The door clangs shut behind them.

INT. OUTER CORRIDOR

Racing down the corridor, Robin runs into the plate glass entrance door.

CAMERA sees her reflection in the glass as she approaches. She pulls it open, calling --

ROBIN (O.S.)

Mark!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The dark, deserted quad, illuminated by a few lamp posts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin lets the door close behind her, fighting tears. She stands for a moment trying to compose herself.

MARK (O.S.)

Robin --

She looks up, startled.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mark coming out of the shadows.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ROBIN

Oh, Mark, I was so --

She runs to him, throwing herself in his arms. He holds her with his head bowed, against her face.

MARK

I'm sorry -- I don't know what came over me -- all of those kids screaming their heads off.

Robin leans back to look into his face.

ROBIN

They were just glad for you -- that  
you won --

MARK

(a slight smile)  
Yeah, I know -- it just seemed  
funny there for a second.

He pulls her to him again, this time with his chin resting on  
top of her head.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARK'S POV

Robin's reflection in the plate glass doorway -- embracing  
nothing!

CLOSE SHOT

Mark's face, shocked with disbelief. He stretches out his  
arm, waves it -- flexing his muscles --

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARK'S POV

Robin's reflection, staggering as Mark pushes her away, as if  
she's performing some weird, clumsy pantomime totally alone.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARK AND ROBIN

MARK

I gotta get some air -- I gotta --  
(fiercely to Robin)  
Go back inside!

He starts for the door, his hand over his eyes so he won't  
see his reflection that isn't there. Robin comes up behind  
him.

ROBIN

(an anguished wail)  
Mark, what is it?

He points at the plate glass door.

MARK

Look, I'm not there.

Bewildered, Robin doesn't know what he's talking about  
because of course Mark is there right in front of her.

\*

He violently whirls her around.

\*

MARK (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Look!

And she does look, seeing not only her reflection but that of the nearly hysterical boy. And Mark looks and he, too, sees not only Robin's reflection but his own. He stares, moving his arms, seeing the motion.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I swear to you I wasn't there a minute ago.

Robin is frightened, near to tears. Mark slumps against the wall.

MARK (CONT'D)  
It's the Countess -- the one who busted in on us. She's the lady I met in Hollywood last week.

Robin stiffens.

ROBIN  
The one who bit your buttons?

He grabs Robin by the shoulders, gazing at her fixedly.

MARK  
I think she's a vampire and I think she's turning me into one.

ROBIN  
Turning you into a vampire?

This is almost more than Robin can cope with.

MARK  
That's why I couldn't see myself.  
Vampires don't have a reflection.

Robin nods toward the plate glass door.

ROBIN  
But you're there...

She turns to see that his reflection is gone! They both gasp, Mark reeling. She touches the glass where he should be, then turns to see him push out of the door, as if in a trance - leaving Robin bewildered and confused.

CUT TO:

\*

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

\*

Robin stands on the porch, knocking tentatively on the front door - which slowly swings open, creaking loudly. Squinting, she peers nervously inside the dark house. Unable to see anything, she calls out anxiously.

ROBIN

Mr. Peacock? Are you home?

There is no answer. Robin hesitates, uncertain, before stepping into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. PEACOCK'S HOUSE

Robin enters cautiously, straining to see in the dim light. Reaching out for the light switch, she is startled to find her hand suddenly in the mouth of a large stuffed wolf. Pulling her hand free she backs away - directly into the outstretched arms of a fully mounted grizzly bear. Now totally unnerved, she staggers around the entryway, which is decorated with a grotesque taxidermy collection. She finds herself surrounded, wild beasts everywhere she turns - a snarling bobcat...a glassy-eyed owl...an angry raven...fr Ogs playing poker...a baby alligator wearing a tutu...and a six-foot CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. It speaks calmly.

CREATURE

Can I help you?

Robin screams in horror as the Six-Foot Creature reaches up, pulling off its head to reveal Mr. Peacock - who might be considered even scarier-looking in the eerie light because, did we mention, he looks EXACTLY like Vincent Price? He grins at her, amused.

MR. PEACOCK

Robin Pierce - what're you doing out in this neck of the woods?

Robin leans against the wall, catching her breath as a frightened deer is posed beside her.

ROBIN

You scared me! I didn't expect you to look creepy-er...

MR. PEACOCK

Oh, I'm sorry. I was just trying on my costume for the faculty Halloween party. Come on in!

(MORE)



MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? I was just having  
some frogs' legs - I get them cheap  
from the biology class after  
dissection day...

Having calmed down, Robin looks to Mr. Peacock urgently.

ROBIN

I didn't want to bother you on the  
weekend, but I need your help.  
It's very important. I need to  
pick your brain.

With a wisened owl mounted behind him, Mr. Peacock smiles  
graciously and beckons her into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. PEACOCK'S HOUSE - DEN

A small, dark room cluttered with books, strange artifacts  
and even more stuffed animals. Light is filtered through a  
shuttered window, falling in thin shafts against the wood  
paneled walls. Mr. Peacocks shows Robin into the room and  
slips the Creature mask over the head of a mounted wolverine  
on his desk. Robin removes some books from an overstuffed  
couch, places them on some more books piled on. The floor,  
and takes a seat.

MR. PEACOCK

Now, what's so urgent that it can't  
wait until Monday?

ROBIN

You teach a Mythology and Religion  
course, right?

MR. PEACOCK

I teach that, art appreciation,  
medieval history, sex education,  
taxidermy, algebra, and girls P.E.  
Why?

Robin glances down, embarrassed. This is difficult to talk  
about.

ROBIN

It's about my boyfriend. I think  
he's having an affair. He's been  
avoiding me and acting strange.  
He's tired all day, his skin is  
pale...

\*

MR. PEACOCK

It sounds like he may have a case of the flu. You need to talk to the nurse, not to me. I'll call her - we're good friends. I've stuffed many of her old patients--

ROBIN

There's more to it. This all started after he met a woman in Hollywood.

Mr. Peacock cuts in, concerned.

MR. PEACOCK

So you need a human sexuality teacher...fortunately I teach that, too. They really abuse tenure at this school --

ROBIN

-- It's not just that. He told me that he stopped seeing her, but he's been acting so strange lately...

MR. PEACOCK

(starting to see the problem)

Ah... Does he seem sickly during the day, but more lively at night? Does he avoid sunlight? Has he started wearing dark clothing? Are his eyes red and sunken?

Robin nods hopefully.

ROBIN

Yes. Is he in a relationship with Siouxsie Sioux... or a Banshee?

MR. PEACOCK

Worse.

ROBIN

(ashamed)

I haven't told you everything. His teeth are growing - my friends have started calling him 'Fido'...and you can't see him in the mirror. Which lately is a good thing.

Mr. Peacock begins to pace the room, an odd grin on his face.

MR. PEACOCK

\*

I've seen this happen before. As  
if puberty wasn't difficult enough.

ROBIN

Is he sick?

(haltingly)

Okay... I'm here because...he says  
he's a vampire.

Mr. Peacock smiles, shaking his head. He reaches out,  
grabbing a human skull resting on his desk. As he opens the  
jaw it dispenses a cigarette, which he lights in the skull's  
eye socket.

MR. PEACOCK

He's telling the truth.

Robin looks at Mr. Peacock with amazement as he moves to the  
bookshelf.

ROBIN

You're not joking.

MR. PEACOCK

(searching)

Happens every year... Let's see,  
'V'... vacation getaways, vacuum  
repair...vasectomy tips - that was  
an adult education class - venereal  
diseases, here it is...

Robin screams. He pulls an old leather-bound book out of the  
case.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

... Vampires.

ROBIN

(relieved)

I was so worried. I thought you  
were going to say he had a venereal  
disease...

MR. PEACOCK

This is worse!

Mr. Peacock opens the thick volume, blowing a cloud of dust  
from its yellowed pages. Robin coughs as he reads.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

\*

Vampires are deadly! They seduce you, attacking your blood, ruining your health and relationships and eventually killing you, but not before you pass it on to the people around you, and--

(thinks)

--Hmmm... I guess it's not worse.

(back to the book)

Anyway, listen: "Unlike the male vampire, the female must undergo a dark ritual each year in order to maintain her eternal youth and beauty. Every year, as winter approaches, the female vampire must have three transfusions of blood from a virgin, the last taking place at the stroke of midnight on Halloween."

Robin interrupts, not sure whether to believe all of this.

ROBIN

But Mark doesn't have any bites on his neck.

Mr. Peacock looks up from the book.

MR. PEACOCK

The female vampire doesn't bite in the neck. She draws blood from an artery in the inner thigh.

He shows Robin a medical drawing in the book. She grimaces in disgust.

ROBIN

Ouch!

MR. PEACOCK

Talk about a hickey.

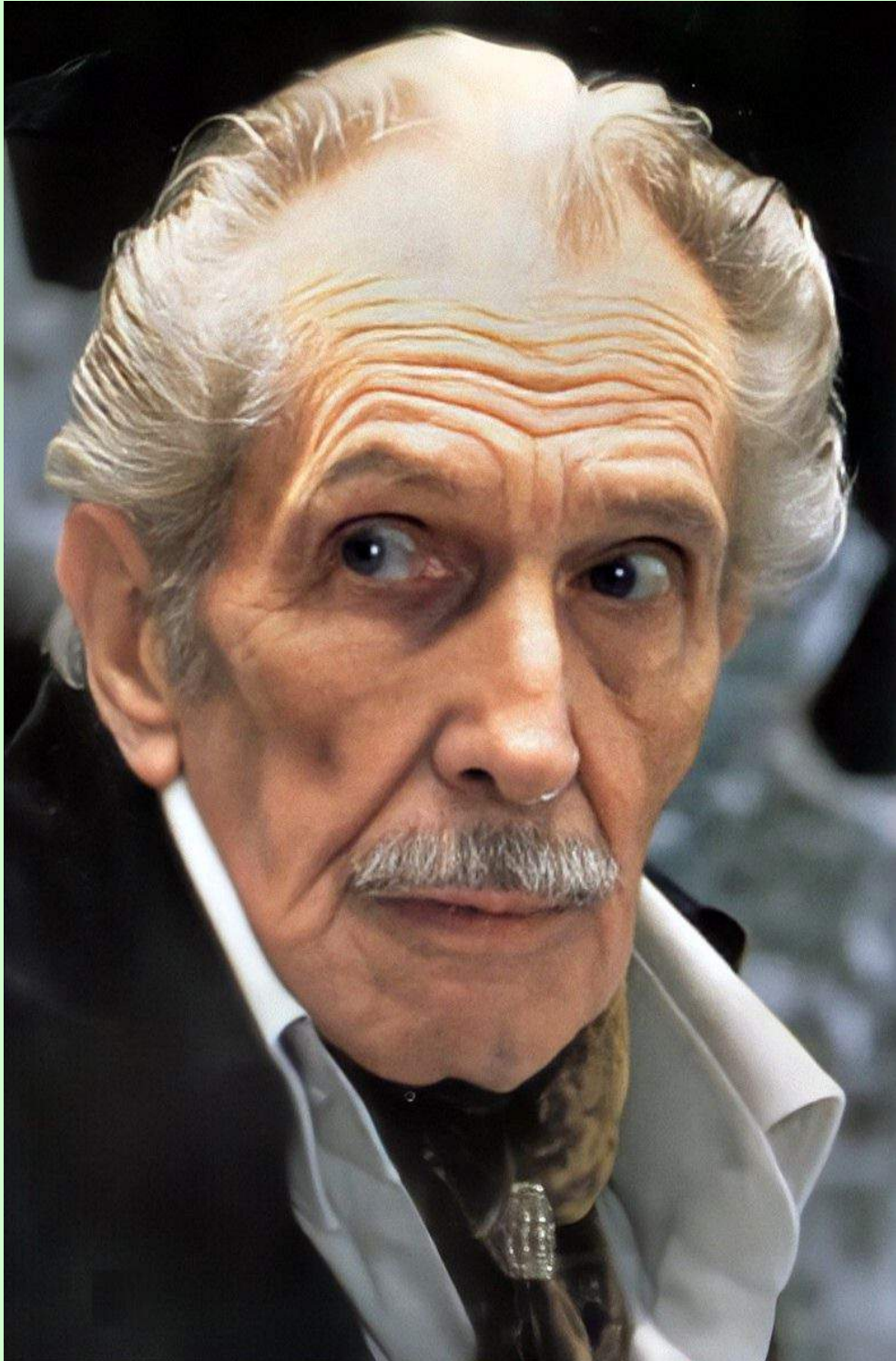
Dazed, Robin shakes her head numbly. This is like a bad dream.

ROBIN

You never talked about this in class.

MR. PEACOCK

Well, this is more junior college-level.



Mr. Peacock moves to a stuffed hawk mounted on a wooden perch near the window. He puts the cigarette out in its open beak. He pops a glass eye out of its socket, shining it on his sleeve as he speaks.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

\*

It seems that Hollywood is infested with vampires - it's one of the few places they can live without standing out from the crowd. It happens every year about this time, so I've done a little research...

(breaking the mood)

Actually, the more I think about it, the less likely it seems. The female vampire only has a use for the blood of virgins. And your boyfriend would hardly be a virgin, would he?

A beat.

ROBIN

Well, just hypothetically, what if he was a virgin?

Mr. Peacock clears his throat, a little flustered, speaking under his breath.

MR. PEACOCK

Oh... Then I'd say he has a lot bigger problems to worry about than vampires...

(laughs, then realizes she's serious)

... Oh, sorry. You have to cut off the vampire's supply of blood. You must make sure that her intended victim is no longer...

Robin frowns unhappily.

ROBIN

Couldn't I just drive a stake through her heart?

Mr. Peacock glares at her strictly.

MR. PEACOCK

Use your head - this isn't the 16th century. You can't go around killing every bloodsucker who threatens to steal your boyfriend.

ROBIN

(frightened)

But what if you're wrong? What if  
he's not a vampire and really has  
some disease or something?

Thinking about it, she screams again. He winces, perplexed.

MR. PEACOCK

I don't get it - why is VD so much  
scarier to you kids than vampirism?  
Morality these days...

(sighs)

Vampirism is so much worse than VD.  
The only way to be sure he's been  
infected is to find tiny sores on  
his inner thigh, near the genital  
area--

(thinks)

--Hmmm... I guess it's not worse...

ROBIN

So what should I do?

MR. PEACOCK

Well, I guess what you do depends  
on how badly you want your  
boyfriend back.

Mr. Peacock hands Robin the leather-bound book, patting it  
reassuringly.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Take the book, it'll tell you  
everything you need to know. Good  
luck...

Robin takes the book and starts out.

ROBIN

Thank you, Mr. Peacock. Good luck  
in your costume contest.

He takes a bite from a plate of frogs' legs on his desk and  
puts his mask back on.

MR. PEACOCK

Oh, there's no contest. I always  
dress this way for staff  
meetings...

(coughs as she leaves)

(MORE)



MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

... Sorry, I've got a little frog  
in my throat.

\*

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER PIT - NIGHT

It's Sunday night and the place is dead. A few truckers, junkies, and other lovers of fine food are scattered among the booths. Robin's friends Suzette and Darlene sit together toward the back. Suzette looks nervously toward the front counter as Darlene eats her burger.

SUZETTE

They're staring at us again.

DARLENE

Don't look, it'll only encourage  
them.

Suzette glances back at the counter, where Russ and Jamie gawk at the girls, idiotic smiles on their faces. Trying to impress them, Russ flips hamburger patties in the air with a spatula while Jamie runs ground beef through a sausage maker into hog casings, creating obscenely long hot dog wieners.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

If they bother you so much why did  
we come here?

SUZETTE

I like the food. It's untouched by  
human hands.

Robin enters the restaurant, looking a bit dazed. Darlene notices, calling to her.

DARLENE

Hey, Robin! Over here!

Robin steps over to their table, a little shaky. It's been a rough day.

SUZETTE

How did you know we were here?

ROBIN

Actually, I'm here to talk to Russ.

Suzette shivers with disgust. Russ is lying across the counter, posing like Burt Reynolds in 'Cosmopolitan'.

SUZETTE

\*

You mean they talk? I've spent  
most of my life trying to avoid  
talking to them.

Robin takes a seat next to Darlene, speaking discreetly.

ROBIN

Maybe you guys can help me. If you  
had to make love with your  
boyfriend to save the relationship,  
would you do it?

The girls pause, considering.

SUZETTE

That depends.

ROBIN

On what?

SUZETTE

Three things: how he dresses, what  
kind of car he drives, and his  
income potential over the next  
twenty years.

Suzette smiles proudly while Robin frowns, not satisfied.

ROBIN

There's got to be more to it than  
that.

SUZETTE

What's his credit rating?  
Are his shoes clean? Windsor  
knot or clip-on? Beard or  
peach fuzz? Does he have to  
shave? Does he have to shave  
his back? Is his father  
bald? Is his mother bald?

DARLENE

Is he on the football team?  
What are his career goals?  
Does his watch cost over \$50  
and is there a cartoon  
character on it? Does he  
have three references you can  
call post-interview?

ROBIN

Isn't it enough just to care for  
him?

Suzette scoffs condescendingly.

SUZETTE

Oh please - don't be so shallow...

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER PIT - FRONT COUNTER

\*

Two haggard Hare Krishnas in full robes stand at the counter, waiting for their food. HARE KRISHNA #1 lectures to his partner.

HARE KRISHNA #1  
...Humans are eternal spiritual  
beings trapped in a cycle of  
reincarnation. The nature of the  
cycle for individual beings is  
determined by *karma*, the law of the  
consequences of past actions, which  
returns beings to physical  
existence--

The other Hare Krishna nods solemnly as Russ steps up behind the counter, a tray of food in his hands, featuring two extra-long hot dog wieners.

RUSS  
Two veggie dogs, extra-plain.

Hare Krishna #1 takes the tray, looking up at Russ angrily.

HARE KRISHNA #1  
--What the fuck is this? You call  
this a large drink? I've begged  
for drinks bigger than this,  
asshole!

RUSS  
(barely paying attention)  
That'll be \$6.75, ma'am...

Grudgingly, the second Hare Krishna empties a potful of change onto the counter as they move away. Russ heaves a sigh as he begins to count the coins. He looks up, surprised to see Robin step up to the counter.

RUSS (CONT'D)  
Robin - what're you doing here? I  
thought you'd sworn never to step  
foot in this place.

Robin speaks seriously.

ROBIN  
Can I talk to you for a minute?  
It's about Mark...

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER PIT - KITCHEN

\*

Russ escorts a hesitant Robin into the kitchen. Jamie stands on a step ladder near the grill, scraping old hamburger patties off the ceiling with a spatula. Russ calls to him.

RUSS

Hey Jamie, take a break.

Jamie turns. He too is surprised to see Robin.

JAMIE

What's going on? Step into our office.

ROBIN

Most offices don't require hairnets.

RUSS

It's something about Mark.

Jamie hops off the ladder, dumping the old patties into a 'BREAKFAST PATTIES' container, then moving to where Robin and Russ stand.

JAMIE

What about him? Is something wrong?

Robin takes a deep breath. What she has to say isn't easy - especially to these two.

ROBIN

We all know Mark's been acting weird lately. It turns out that Mark may have contracted a kind of...disease.

RUSS

What, do you mean like a venereal disease?

ROBIN

Sort off.

They try not to cheer, exchanging knowing smirks.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I need your guys' help to find out if he's really sick or not.

Russ pauses, looking at Robin suspiciously.

RUSS

What do you want us to do?

ROBIN

I need you to check his inner thigh  
for two little sores.

\*

Russ and Jamie stare at Robin in horror.

RUSS

His inner thigh?

JAMIE

Sores?

They look to each other, then back at Robin.

RUSS & JAMIE

You must be crazy.

Suddenly unavailable, they move away from Robin to start food prep. Russ grabs a crowbar, prying the lid from a drum labeled 'COLE SLAW'. Jamie squeezes round balls of ground beef in his armpit, flattening them into patties and placing them on a tray by the grill.

ROBIN

Come on guys!

(sees Jamie)

That's how you make hamburgers?

RUSS

You should see him make donuts.

Jamie grins a sly smile as Robin frowns, then calls out stubbornly.

ROBIN

I thought you were Mark's friends.  
I thought he meant something to  
you. If you're really his friends,  
you'll do this...

Russ and Jamie exchange guilty, beaten looks as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

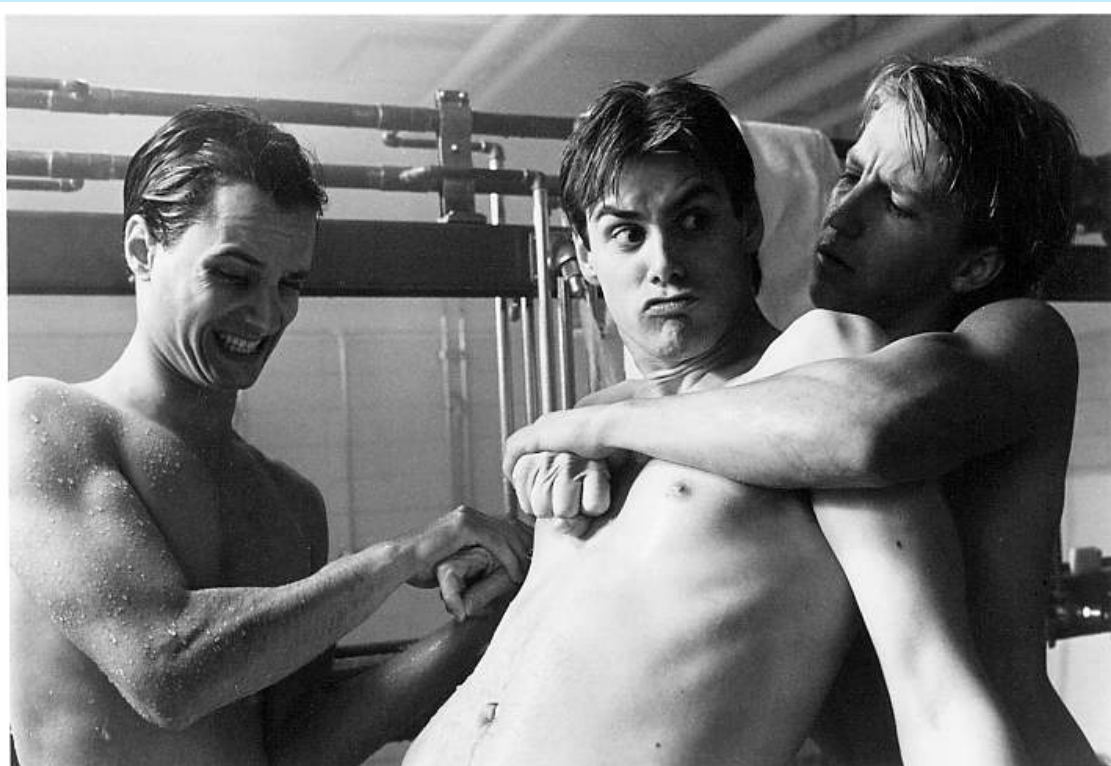
Mark, Russ and Jamie are changing in the locker room after gym class, along with the OTHER STUDENTS.

As Mark takes off his shorts, Russ and Jamie try to look, as casually as possible, for the telltale bite-marks on his thigh. Every time he looks up, they pretend to be looking away. A comic ballet should ensue, in a way. Jamie edges closer for a good gander, and Mark, without really meaning to, opens the locker door, not only blocking Jamie's view but also clunking him on the head. Russ and Jamie try to distract Mark by an unrelated conversation, or by humming or singing, whatever comes to mind. \*

Finally Mark starts toward the group showers. Russ and Jamie have not yet succeeded in checking him out.

In the shower the same comic ballet continues -- a pantomime, really. Every time the guys get close, Mark happens to turn.

Finally, Russ gets frustrated and takes the law into his own hands.



**ONCE  
BITTEN**

While showering in the high school locker room, Russ (SKIP LACKEY) grabs an ever more vampirish Mark (JIM CARREY) while Jamie (THOMAS BALATORE) desperately tries to find the bite marks on his thigh in **ONCE BITTEN**, a Samuel Goldwyn Company Presentation.

*Samuel Goldwyn*  
THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY

Mark stands lifelessly underneath a powerful shower head, staring dully at nothing as two blurred figures burst through the mist, grabbing him roughly. As they pin him to the tiled wall we see the figures are Russ and Jamie. Holding Mark firmly against the wall, Russ speaks sharply.

\*

RUSS

OK, Jamie - check him out. And make it fast.

As Jamie kneels to inspect his inner thigh, Mark turns angrily to Russ.

MARK

What the hell are you guys doing?

RUSS

Mark, we're only doing this because we're your friends and we love you.

A few shower heads over, a kid shakes water from his hair. Hearing Russ' remarks he turns, doing a double-take as he sees...

...the vague shapes of three boys, barely visible through the swirling mist, one holding another against the wall while the third kneels in front. Horrified, the boy cries out in panic:

BOY IN SHOWER

Fags in the showers!

Boys immediately flee the area, trampling one another in their rush to get away.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Robin enters the library, which is silent and imposing. Kids sit alone, reading magazines, newspapers, anything to kill time. They wander aimlessly through the aisles, staring blankly at the bookshelves - trying to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

We hear two familiar voices:

\*



JAMIE (O.S.)  
Carey Grant, Randolph Scott,  
Montgomery Clift, Roddy  
McDowell and Michael Jackson  
secretly having sex...  
(whimper)  
...with Liberace, Robert  
Reed, Charles Nelson Reilly  
and Paul Lynde of 'Hollywood  
Squares'...  
...Raymond Burr, who played  
TV's Perry Mason, having sex  
with J. Edgar Hoover...

RUSS (O.S.)  
(sighing sadly)  
...No comment. Speak to our  
lawyers...  
(sighs)  
...The piano man?!? Mike  
Brady??? He scored Florence  
Henderson! The center square?  
We'll sue for defamation--  
(softly)  
...I plead the fifth, on the  
grounds that it may  
incriminate me...

\*

Robin moves amongst the reading tables, following the voices.  
She whispers loudly.

ROBIN  
Russ? Jamie? Are you here?

A voice responds from a nearby table.

RUSS (O.S.)  
What's left of us.

Robin turns, moving toward two figures huddled at a corner  
table, faces hidden behind books titled 'WILDERNESS SURVIVAL'  
and 'VISIT LOVELY BOLIVIA'. Lowering the books, we see that  
the figures are Russ and Jamie. They seem traumatized -  
their hair and clothing disheveled, thick black sunglasses  
covering their eyes, traces of shampoo and soap still visible  
in their hair. Robin looks at them quizzically.

ROBIN  
I got your note. Why is it so  
important to meet in the library?

Russ speaks calmly.

RUSS  
This isn't just a library, it's a  
social leper colony. This is the  
only place these kids can go  
without being ridiculed - they've  
all done things that make them  
outcasts from the rest of the  
student body.

ROBIN  
What could they do that would be so  
terrible?

Russ points to a tall kid who sits at a table, pretending to read 'HIGHLIGHTS'. He starts to chuckle, but then bursts into tears.

RUSS

\*

That kid over there cut a fart in  
his algebra class.

He gestures to a boy hiding behind a fully open 'LONDON TIMES' on a long hardwood newspaper stick. It shakes uncontrollably as he weeps behind the pages.

RUSS (CONT'D)

That kid wet his pants in the first  
grade.

Jamie points to a kid reading a 'NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC' magazine with elderly topless native women on the cover.

JAMIE

That's the saddest case of all -  
he's the only person in our class  
to join the Scholastic Book Club.  
He actually likes it here!

We see that behind the 'NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC' he's actually reading a trade paperback.

KID WITH PLAYBOY

Ah, 'Anne of Green Gables', how you  
delight my soul as we dance through  
the bountiful green gardens of  
Avonlea...

He suddenly realizes people can hear him and drops under the desk. Everyone turns back to their school work as Robin sits, confused.

ROBIN

So why are you guys here? What  
happened with Mark? Did you find  
the marks on his thigh?

Russ shivers uncontrollably.

JAMIE

We are retiring from the Mark  
Kendall genital sore recon  
expedition...

RUSS

It was the most humiliating  
experience of our lives.

Russ elbows Jamie discreetly and he nods, remembering.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Third most for Jamie - still,  
really bad.

\*

Jamie shudders, his voice quivering.

JAMIE

We couldn't see anything. There was a lot of steam, there was a lot of suds, then there was the harsh glare of a 60-watt light bulb as we were interrogated by a crew-cutted guidance counselor.

RUSS

Would you mind telling us why we did it?

Robin laughs, a cynical expression on her face.

ROBIN

You wouldn't believe me.

RUSS

Sure we will.

ROBIN

(bluntly)

Okay. He's turning into a vampire.

Russ and Jamie look to each other, laughing in disbelief.

RUSS

Is that what he told you it was?

JAMIE

I would've never thought of that one!

As the boys laugh a LIBRARIAN walks past, speaking sternly.

LIBRARIAN

Shhhh!

(glares at Russ and Jamie)

And keep your hands above the table, perverts!

She moves off, Russ and Jamie slumping miserably in their seats. Robin watches her go, perplexed.

ROBIN

What did you do?

RUSS

The only thing we could do -- we held him down and tried to look.

ROBIN

Did you ever think of just asking him?

Russ and Jamie exchange looks. They hadn't thought of that.

RUSS

God damn it, I thought you wanted us to look!

JAMIE

This is terrible! This is awful. This is the suckiest thing that could ever happen! The whole school thinks we're...

(holds book over his face)

... gay.

RUSS

Don't be such a twerp. Our past histories speak for themselves. No one could think--

JAMIE

-- I don't have a "past history." This is it, bro'. We're rump rangers! We might as well move in together and get his-an-his towels.

Robin can't take any more of this.

ROBIN

Well, you guys have shopping to do at Bed 'n Bath. I've got to find Mark. It's Halloween...

She grabs her things and leaves, everybody she passes trying not to make eye contact. Russ turns to Jamie, humiliated.

RUSS

Who cares what those assholes think? I wonder what they were doing in the showers in the first place...

JAMIE

They were washing. We were enacting a prison rape scene.

(ranting now)

Maybe we really enjoyed it! Maybe--

RUSS

\*

-- For Christ's sake, Jamie!  
(getting angry now)  
You know what? Fuck those guys!  
Let 'em think we're gay!

JAMIE

I can't be gay! Look at my fashion  
sense! I'm allergic to cats!  
(sobbing, forlorn)  
What guy would possibly have me!

Russ puts a reassuring arm around his friend.

RUSS

Come on, calm yourself. Any guy  
would be lucky to have you!

JAMIE

Why? You're just saying that...

RUSS

Whatd'ya mean, "why?" You're  
reasonably attractive. You've got  
a good job with a steady paycheck --  
you're reliable! Dependable!

Jamie starts to cheer up a little. He smiles and Russ  
clutches him a little tighter, expounding on his point.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Speaking personally, I know I can  
always count on you. You always  
make me laugh... and that smile?  
That smile can light up the Burger  
Pit like a 5-alarm grease fire.

Russ looks at Jamie. They stare in each other's eyes,  
confused, flushed, unsure -- hormones raging. Then...

RUSS (CONT'D)

Jamie...

JAMIE

Yes...?

RUSS

(a beat)  
I'm a mature person... You're a  
mature person...

Jamie scrunches his face, then smiles shyly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - NIGHT

\*



\*

The marquee of the 'STARDUST DRIVE-IN' advertises "BENJI", 'HALLOWEEN GRINDHOUSE TRIPLE FEATURE' and 'POPPIN' ONE!'.

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - PARKING LOT

The scene looks much the same as it did in Act I: there is an aisle of parked cars bobbing and shaking rhythmically.

MARK (O.S.)

I's crowded for Halloween night.  
Why did you want to come here?

INT. STATION WAGON

ROBIN and MARK sit in the station wagon. We notice that the station wagon has been redecorated, and is now resembling a hearse. Mark wears his dad's old moth-eaten tuxedo, hair slicked back with about a pound of Brylcream.

ROBIN

I just thought we could go  
somewhere out of the way where  
nobody could find us.  
(looking at new interior)  
I love the hearse decorations for  
Halloween...

MARK

Huh? This wasn't for Halloween. I  
just wanted it to look nicer - do  
you like the drapes?

Robin rolls her eyes and munches uncomfortably on a large pickle-on-a-stick. Mark, face dappled in barbecue sauce, gnaws the drumstick off the thigh on a half-chicken.

\*

ROBIN

They're very... restful... I need to ask you something.

Robin looks out the side window at the other cars, bouncing rhythmically.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Aw, forget it...

Sighing, she turns to Mark and reaches down, grabbing the napkin off his lap and unbuckling his belt.

MARK

Need my napkin? ... No?  
(realizes what's  
happening)  
Hey!!!

He swipes her hand away. Robin is barely listening, focusing on getting into his pants to check for bite marks.

MARK (CONT'D)

Stop that! You're acting crazy!

ROBIN

Just relax...

MARK

Relax? I feel violated!

In a reversal of the previous week at the drive-in, Robin is now the aggressor, trying to get Mark's pants down.

ROBIN

... I just need... to... check something--

MARK

(re-zipping)  
You've never expressed a desire to check there before!  
(re-buttoning)  
What are you doing?

She grits her teeth, resolute.

ROBIN

Performing a virgin sacrifice.





Robin jumps on him, determined.

\*

MARK  
(fighting his urges)  
Hey, slow down! I need to be  
romanced -- wined, dined--

She hands him some food from the cardboard snack bar box.

ROBIN  
--Have a mystery dog.

MARK  
This is crazy -- I've never seen  
you act like this!

ROBIN  
Things change...

Exasperated, Robin finally manages to yank down his jeans.

MARK  
Can't we just talk first?!?

Robin stops, stunned.

ROBIN  
That's my line! Why are you so  
hesitant all of the sudden?

MARK  
(clutching every belt and  
zipper)  
I'm sorry -- but... I'm just not  
ready.

ROBIN  
You aren't ready? Are we really  
having this conversation?

She grabs at his pants again, kissing his neck.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Quit being such a prig!

Mark slaps her hand away and tried to change the subject.

MARK  
Prig? What's a *prig*?

She slides over on top of him, pulling at his belt and they  
begin a tug-of-war.

ROBIN

A prig! You know, prude, a fop.

Mark yanks his belt back and covers his crotch with his hand.

MARK

What's a *fop*?

ROBIN

I don't know. It's always in the definition for *prig*--

She continues to wrestle with him, climbing onto his lap. She begins to dominate and he puts up less and less of a fight.

MARK

I'm... not in the mood! I have a headache! There are things about me that a...  
(jumps when she hits a sensitive area)  
... ooh, that's pretty good, right there...I mean, no!

ROBIN (CONT'D)

(rambling to keep her mind off things)  
--of course, in Shakespeare *prig* means 'thief'. I think it's from 'Winter's Tale'. We just did a scene in drama...

She bites off one of his buttons and spits it into the back seat salaciously. Mark jumps up, grabbing the door handle.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's it -- I'm locking myself out of the car!

She grabs him before he can exit.

ROBIN

Stop! I know what's happening. I know why you won't take your pants off. I know what she did to you--

MARK

(in shock)  
You do?!?

ROBIN

I was really hoping it wouldn't come to this. But you mean everything to me. I love you -- so let's do it.

MARK

No!!! What kind of guy do you think I am?

Robin looks up, being totally honest.

ROBIN

\*

I think you've got two little sores  
down there that you don't want me  
to see.

Mark turns away, embarrassed, then returns her gaze, ashamed.

MARK

She bit me. I got them losing my  
virginity, and I don't deserve you.

ROBIN

--Mark, you're still a virgin!  
That woman never made love to you --  
it was all a trick to get your  
blood.

Mark looks at Robin skeptically.

MARK

How do you know?

ROBIN

She's a vampire! Your blood is  
only valuable if it's virgin blood.  
She doesn't love you. I love you.

Robin looks pointedly to Mark.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Think about it, Mark. This may be  
your last chance to have sex with a  
living, willing human being.

(tenderly)

It's your last chance to make love  
to me.

MARK

You don't want this. It's all my  
fault. I betrayed you and now you  
have to do what you don't believe  
in, just to save me. I don't  
deserve you.

ROBIN

If you want to live, you have to  
have sex with me -- right here,  
right now! Hot, steamy, sweaty,  
dirty sex!

Mark stops. He looks into her eyes. She's serious.

MARK

Well... it is to save a life...

Hormones raging again, he jumps back into the cab and they kiss, succumbing to his overwhelming passion, eyes closed.

\*

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The Countess and Sebastian are doing a Richard Simmons workout in matching outfits. She stops.

COUNTESS

Gotta' look good! Big night tonight. The guests, the catering, drinking human blood -- that's a lot of calories to work off--  
(stops)  
-- Hold up.

SEBASTIAN

Just a little longer. The old lady on his right passes out in about thirty seconds and they take a breather...

COUNTESS

(eyes widen)  
They're kissing.

SEBASTIAN

Richard? With those old hags? Impossible. I converted him in--

COUNTESS

--Not the video. Mark and that girl...

She stands up, moving off the mat and looking out through the window.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

I can't believe it... they're kissing! Hard! I feel a tongue... I feel... Eyew...  
(frowns, wiping her mouth)  
...man, he needs to work on that...

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON

\*

Mark and Robin are making out in the front seat, Mark growing more aggressive. He starts to kiss her back, his will power starts to slip.

MARK

Take me!

Robin is still rambling, trying not to think about what she has to do.

ROBIN

... So 'A Winter's Tale' is a romance, while 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is more of a comedy--

MARK

What are you talking about?

ROBIN

(explains)

I'm trying to keep my mind off what we're doing here--

MARK

--Well, that's flattering...

(backs away, insulted)

This is not how I pictured it would be. I'm not just some piece of meat that you can--

ROBIN

(pressing)

--Just sit... back... and... enjoy... it!

She kisses him... and Mark is totally giving in.

MARK

(sloppy kissing)

--You're so brave...so loving...so good at doing that, right there...after all I've put you through, you're still able to brave the trauma of facing vampires, facing death...of having sex with me...more to the left...

ROBIN (CONT'D)

--In 'Midsummer', Hermia and Lysander are fleeing Athens to escape her arranged marriage to Demetrius. In 'Winter's Tale', Hermione, the queen of Sicilla, is having an affair with Polixenes, the King of Bohemia--

Mark is fully into it now.

MARK (CONT'D)

\*

--Through all of this, you're still  
my best friend, and I feels more  
deeply for you now than ever  
before. I love you so much...

ROBIN

Thanks!

(frowning, wipes her  
mouth)

You know you really need to work on  
this...

Mark continues to kiss her, undeterred, until the Countess  
calls to him.

COUNTESS (O.S.)

*Mark...*

Momentarily sidetracked, he looks around, shrugs, checks the  
speaker in the window, and starts making out with Robin  
again.

COUNTESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Ma-ark...*

Mark continues to make out.

COUNTESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*... Mark!!!*

Mark suddenly STOPS, and is jerked away from Robin by an  
unseen presence, his head hitting the driver's side window  
holding the car speaker; his movements are controlled from  
afar by the Countess.

MARK

Ow!

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK &amp; WHITE FOOTAGE)

*The full moon bathes the room in a spooky glow. The Countess  
slowly rises out of her coffin, seductively beckoning him,  
her sheer flowing negligee hanging loosely, as a blindfolded  
Sebastian plays the violin near her coffin.*

COUNTESS

*Come to me, Mark Kendall...*



*The loose veils on her gown begin to fall away, as if in slow motion. She looks stunning - like a Richard Avedon portrait, by way of the old Universal backlot.* \*

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

*...I'm here waiting...ignore that b-minus drama class teen queen and be with me...*

*(moving sensually)*

*Sucking and biting are very primal pleasures, Mark. Human women like her are confusing, and hard to please. Men are easy to please -- everything you need is on the outside. It's how I please you. But women are mysterious -- all the areas of pleasure are hidden inside -- you have to know what and where to lick, to bite, to suck... or they won't be satisfied.*

*(smiling seductively)*

*Now, vampire women are easy to please, Mark. All of my pleasure comes from licking, biting and sucking you. That's all I want and need. So come to me, Mark...*

*(laughing lasciviously, then adding)*

*...and 'Midsummer' is okay, but 'A Winter's Tale' is one of his most overrated plays...*

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON

*Mark covers his eyes to no avail, he arches his head out of the open window, craning his neck, almost in defiance of what his body is trying to do inside the cab.*

MARK

*Where are you? And how do you keep finding me???*

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE)

*The Countess smiles as her sheer, flimsy décolletage exposes her glowing, perfect chest -- which seems to knock Mark into a deeper trance than any hypnotic vampire spell.*

COUNTESS

\*

*I never left you. We are connected  
now. I'm in your blood...I see  
what you see...I hear what you  
hear...I touch what you touch--*

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark hears this and is suddenly embarrassed.

MARK

(winces)

--You do? Sorry...

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE)

*The Countess shrugs, smiling wryly.*

COUNTESS

*I'm a succubus. I've touched  
worse.*

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark can feel the Countess moving inside him -- pumping in his blood, coursing through him, feeling her in his nerve endings. In every part of his body.

COUNTESS (O.S.)

*--I flow through your veins...to  
your heart...to your mind...down to  
your hands--*

Mark suddenly SLAPS Robin in the face with his left hand as they make out.

ROBIN

Ow! Why'd you do that?

He looks back at her and then at his left hand, in shock.

MARK

I didn't! I--

Mark starts to slap her again with his left hand, but grabs his left wrist with his right hand, struggling, at war with himself.

\*

MARK (CONT'D)

Stop it!

ROBIN

But you just said--

MARK

--Not you -- you keep going, I...  
mean... her...

The left hand lunges again, his right hand blocking it. Thwarted, Mark's left hand suddenly grabs his neck, choking him.

MARK (CONT'D)

Leave... me... alone!!!

Mark lurches backward, knocking the car door open, and he falls onto the ground -- battling himself, rolling around on the asphalt and dirt.

ROBIN

What is happening? Who are you talking to? And why are you still wearing the same underwear from the amusement park?

MARK

(struggling between the cars)

I don't know... but I'd really appreciate it if you could pull my pants back up.

Cars begin to honk, kids opening the windows and laughing at Mark.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE)

*The Countess beckons Mark toward her, caressing herself seductively as Sebastian still plays, blindfolded. He doesn't seem into this at all.*

COUNTESS

*Come to me Mark Kendall. Return to me...*

*The Countess slides her hand slowly, seductively down her belly...*

\*

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK

His hand mirrors the Countess's, sliding down his belly. He screams.

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE)

*As the Countess reaches lower, Sebastian hits an off-note.*

SEBASTIAN  
*Sorry -- difficult fingering...*

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION WAGON

Mark quickly pulls his hand away with his other hand. Kids are now surrounding Mark, hooting and hollering as he battles himself. He's running between the cars - almost a moonwalk, but with his arms and feet in different directions, grabbing on to door handles and antennas with one hand while the other forces it to release its grip.

Robin calls out to him from inside the station wagon.

ROBIN  
(embarrassed)  
Please get back in here!

MARK  
I'll be right there--

His head pushes forward but his body turns in the opposite direction, marching away.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Stop it!

He swings his arm in retaliation, causing--

INT. COUNTESS' BEDROOM - (BLACK & WHITE FOOTAGE)

*The Countess suddenly slaps herself, disrupting her slow seduction. She wasn't ready for this.*

COUNTESS  
Hey!!! Motherf--

\*

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - MARK AND THE COUNTESS

have a slap fight until she forces his other hand to reach out and clutch the hair on his scalp, yanking his head back.

MARK  
Cut it out! No you cut it out! I  
am not enjoying this--

A teenaged BOY IN THE NEXT CAR, watching all of this in bemusement, calls out.

BOY IN THE NEXT CAR  
--That makes two of us! Get outta'  
here! The movie's about to  
start...

Robin gets out of the car, grabbing Mark's right hand and pulling, while the left part of his body is pulled the other way by an unseen force. She places his hand on her chest.

ROBIN  
Come back with me...

Robin kisses Mark passionately and he responds, suddenly giving his body the momentum to move back towards the car. This the Boy in the Next Car enjoys.

BOY IN THE NEXT CAR  
Now we're getting somewhere...  
(watches, the grimaces)  
... Eyew, he really needs to work  
on that.

Mark battles with himself in an attempt to get close to Robin, but it's no use. He pushes Robin off of him and pulls himself away from her by the collar; Mark then stomps uncooperatively toward the station wagon, his head still turned back towards Robin -- longingly, but no longer in control.

MARK  
Here I come! No, I'm not! Yes I  
am!

Performing a Three Stooges routine with himself, he climbs into the car and locks the doors before Robin can get it.

MARK (CONT'D)

\*

Get in! No I don't! I'm leaving!  
Oh no, I'm not! Oh yes I am!

Mark starts the car, turns on the headlights and pulls away, gravel shooting everywhere, stranding Robin as the other cars HONK. She helplessly watches Mark drive away. Turning for help, she finds the Boy in the Next Car and all of the other kids jumping back inside their cars rolling up their windows, turning a blind eye.

ROBIN

Help -- my boyfriend has been  
kidnapped... by my boyfriend!

BOY IN CAR

It's a shame -- you three seem like  
a nice couple.

He rolls up his window and locks his door as Robin calls out.

ROBIN

Help! Can somebody help me?  
Please help! Nobody...?

Finally, at the end of the row, she comes upon one car still furiously pumping up and down. She knocks on the window.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Hello? Excuse me, I need some  
help! Can you please help me?

The window is fogged up from on the inside, dribblets of water streaking down the glass. The rear window finally rolls down and two heads poke out. It's Russ and Jamie.

RUSS &amp; JAMIE

Robin?

ROBIN

It's you guys! Why are you so  
sweaty?

JAMIE

We--

RUSS

--We had the heat on.

ROBIN

Where are your dates?

They look at each other, then back to her.

JAMIE

We came alone.

\*

ROBIN

I need your help! We've got to  
follow Mark!

RUSS

(glad to change the  
subject)

Sure! Hop in!

Russ jumps into the front seat and starts the car as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The moon is full. A Santa-Ana wind is blowing from the north-east as greedy children in bizarre store-bought costumes scurry along the street - it's almost like watching an all-midget remake of 'Nosferatu'. A truly terrifying sight. Mark's station wagon speeds past, followed by Russ's car.

ROBIN (O.S.)

There he is!

RUSS (O.S.)

In front of the hearse?

ROBIN

Do you guys know where he's headed?

RUSS & JAMIE

Hollywood.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FREEWAY ONRAMP

Both cars move up the onramp, passing a freeway sign which reads '101 - HOLLYWOOD'. A bolt of lightning splits the sky as organ music blares ominously over the soundtrack.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT II**



ACT III

\*

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

The street is deserted, street lamps bathing the area in an eerie blue light. Newspapers blow aimlessly along the sidewalks, traffic lights changing endlessly with no traffic to direct. A hush has fallen over the street.

After a moment the boulevard becomes alive again, the nightlife emerging from their hiding places.

An arm snakes out of a sewer grating in the curb. The grating lifts off as an especially filthy bum dressed in a cowboy costume crawls out onto the street.

A battered trash can sits on the curb. The lid pops off as a bum in a fireman suit stands, stretching sluggishly after a long day's sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUB-STREET LEVEL WALK-DOWN

In the shadows below street level a graffiti covered door creaks slowly open, a long clawed hand curling around a doorframe. The door is pulled open to reveal a tall, skinny hooker dressed as 'Wonder Woman'. She is followed by five or six of her colleagues, all dressed as nurses, witches and ballerinas.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL

A cheap and sleazy motel, its paint peeling and windows boarded up. The door bursts open as a flood of zombie-like night-dwellers stagger into the street dressed as firemen, ghosts, baseball players and astronauts.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The nightlife stumble down the boulevard. Mark's station wagon passes them, followed by Russ' car.

ROBIN (O.S.)  
(suspiciously)  
... So what were you guys doing at  
the drive-in on Halloween?

JAMIE (O.S.)  
Uh... I'll say it. We love--

RUSS (O.S.)  
--the movie!

ROBIN (O.S.)  
Which movie?

RUSS (O.S.)	JAMIE (O.S.)
The first one--	The last one--
(hears Jamie)	(hears Russ)
--Er, the last one...	--Er, the first one...

RUSS & JAMIE (O.S.)  
... They're all good...

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - NIGHT

A line of cars crowd the street in front of the Countess' castle, which is brightly lit. A banner strung over the entrance reads 'HALLOWEEN - VIRGIN SACRIFICE BASH TONIGHT'. A smaller banner underneath reads 'COME AS YOU WERE'.

As party guests file toward the house, Mark's hearse/station wagon turns into the driveway, disappearing around the back of the building.

A moment later Russ' car pulls up, parking across the street. He kills the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSS' CAR

Robin and Russ watch as the guests wander up into the party, which is in full swing. A plaster lawn jockey stands in the front yard, eyes bulging with terror. Never taking her eyes from the castle, Robin speaks coolly, all business.

ROBIN  
If we get split up when we're  
inside, just try to find a way out -  
don't worry about me.

RUSS

\*

Will you be safe by yourself?

Robin turns to see Jamie asleep in the back seat, head tilted back and mouth wide open.

ROBIN

Maybe safer.

WIPE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Robin, Russ and Jamie sneak around the back of the building, through an ancient private cemetery. Decrepit gravestones rise like sentinels from the heavy ground fog as the teenagers stumble along, making enough noise to wake the dead.

ROBIN

...so anyway, why were you both watching the movie from the back seat, again?

RUSS

Can we focus on breaking and entering now, please? We're all about to be attacked by vampires.

As they speak, the earth in front of one of the crumbling stones begins to shift. A hand emerges from the soil, straining as a ghoulish zombie pulls himself free from the grave - dressed in a bunny suit.

A corpse dressed as a ballerina rises from a nearby plot.

The marble lid to a small tomb slides back as a ghoul in a clown suit squeezes through the opening.

Unaware of the activity behind them, the teens peer through a cellar window. Zombies continue to rise from the graveyard, shuffling weakly toward the mansion.

Robin looks to the two boys skeptically as they pry of some wooden boards covering a cellar window.

ROBIN

Are you guys ready? This is going to be dangerous--

Russ and Jamie hold up various tools.

RUSS

\*

--We've only been able to prepare since the drive-in so...we've got ballpoint pens taped into crosses, wooden corndog stakes... and Jamie has really bad garlic breath.

ROBIN

Wait, how do you know he has--

RUSS

--Vampires! Focus!!!

Russ grabs a rock as Robin looks to him nervously.

ROBIN

Are you guys sure you know what you're doing?

RUSS

No problem - me and Jamie always crash parties this way.

Hearing something, Jamie grabs Russ by the arm.

JAMIE

Hold it - I hear someone coming!

They turn to see a line of corpses moving toward them, dressed as firemen, ghosts, baseball players and nurses. Russ speaks casually, in shock.

RUSS

Why are those dead people walking toward us?

JAMIE

And where'd they get those stupid costumes?

As the dead come closer, Russ smashes the cellar window with a rock, and reaches in to unlock the frame. He speaks harshly to Robin and Jamie, who are still gaping at the line of cadavers

RUSS

Through the window - quick!

Robin and Jamie snap back to reality, helping Russ to pull the cellar window open. With a quick glance at the approaching ghouls they dive inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - CELLAR WINDOW

\*

Party sounds can be heard from another part of the house as the three teens land on the stone floor with a thud. Frightened, they scramble to their feet, glancing up at the cellar window as the shadows of the corpses file past. They all breathe a sigh of relief.

RUSS

Whew! Thank God we're safe!

They turn, only to find themselves in the basement room full of coffins.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - LIVING ROOM

The Countess is throwing a party for her vampire friends. All wearing clothes from previous lives, it appears that the vampires have adjusted to modern society with their original social status remaining the same:

The Gigolo Vampire is dressed as a French dandy from the 1700's...the Punk is now a 1950's greaser...the Mime wears the outfit of a court jester from the 1500's...the Wino is decked out in rags, a beggar from 17th Century Europe.

Other guests wear costumes from every country and century, providing insight into the depth and history of the vampire reign. A mummy at the coat check hands over his cap and starts unwrapping his dressings while the vampires in line behind him wait impatiently. The Countess wears a long, flowing black gown - timeless. Everyone mingles, the atmosphere friendly and relaxed.

COUNTESS

... Why Hollywood? I figured that there must be some place a soulless bloodsucker with no morals can blend in with the crowd in the 20th Century...

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - BAR

Dressed as an ancient courtesan, Sebastian stands behind the bar, serving drinks. A couple straight out of Victorian England step up.

VICTORIAN VAMPIRE

A bottle of your finest.

Reaching under the bar, Sebastian pulls out two I.V. bottles - one filled with blood, the other plasma.

SEBASTIAN

Certainly. Red or white?

\*

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - VARIOUS SHOTS

The Mummy is still unwrapping himself at the coat check, the guests behind him even more impatient. We see various vampires in conversation:

BAVARIAN VAMPIRE

All this talk about blood diseases has me worried. I've been dead for three hundred years - I don't need to get sick on top of that.

WINO VAMPIRE

I remember the old days. We could change shape at will - running through the countryside in the form of a wolf. I tried that once here and got thrown into the pound...

ORIENTAL VAMPIRE

I shape-shifted into a bat last week and got caught in the airspace over LAX. I was in a holding pattern until 4AM.

Behind the group the mummy finishes unwrapping the bandages around his head, revealing a rotting face, eyes protruding... then he removes his jacket and starts unwrapping his chest, the guests behind him looking even more exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - BAR

There is an air of formal solemnity in the formal living room of the Countess, lit by flickering candles in tall candelabra, and at intervals, smoking torches, flames leaping high into the air. The furniture has been pushed aside, or otherwise arranged, to focus on a huge bat-like canopy which falls over and conceals something that might be a throne.

The Countess stands at the bar, talking with a group of old friends.

Everyone seems to be in good spirits as they speak about the old days - with the exception of Mark, who sits morosely on a stool beside the Countess as guests hand him envelopes of cash, as if he was just engaged. \*

COUNTESS

...and remember the time that  
doctor almost drove a stake through  
my heart? Thank goodness I was  
wearing a padded bra!

The others laugh as the Countess puts her arm around Mark, who imitates the others and chortles mechanically, growing like Renfield, erupting into insane laughter.

Irritated, the Countess waves her hand and he goes into a deep sleep, still standing.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - OUTER CORRIDOR

Robin, Russ and Jamie stand in the corridor outside the living room, peering cautiously through the doorway at the party inside. Robin points to the bar, whispering excitedly, clutching Russ' hand.

ROBIN

There's Mark - over by the bar.  
Sleeping.

JAMIE

He's always so reserved at parties.

Russ nods his head, recognizing the Countess.

RUSS

Yeah. And the woman next to him is  
the one he met at the bar.

Jamie nervously clutches Russ' other hand, and he pulls it away, embarrassed.

The three quickly step back from the door, retreating into the torch lined hallway. They stand directly beneath a full-length portrait of a European duke, painted sometime in the 1800's. As they speak the eyes of the portrait slide away, two human eyes taking their place.

JAMIE

So what do we do now?



ROBIN

We go in and get him.

\*

RUSS

How? We can't just go in and grab him. The last thing we want to do is piss off a room full of vampires.

Robin reaches up, unbuttoning the top three buttons on her blouse. The eyes on the portrait look down to see...

INT. PORTRAIT'S POV

...Robin pull open the top of her blouse. She removes a gold cross hanging from a chain around her neck.

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - OUTER CORRIDOR

As the eyes stare excitedly down Robin's top a bulge forms in the crotch area of the painting. Oblivious, Robin holds up the cross, which catches the light brilliantly. She speaks with confidence.

ROBIN

This'll hold them for a while.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - LIVING ROOM

Sebastian steps over from the bar and strikes a glass with a spoon, making a sharp BELL-LIKE command for attention.

SEBASTIAN

Quiet, please --  
(bowing to the vampires)  
-- Gentlemen and ladies.... You know why we are gathered here this evening --

Under the canopy, illuminated by a dramatic spotlight is not a throne but an elaborate gynecologist chair. Mark comes to, sees the chair and jumps into the Countess' arms. The Countess speaks comfortingly to Mark as Sebastian stands by the canopy, watching the goings on with great interest.

COUNTESS

Now Mark, just calm down. Just tell yourself you're moving on to bigger and better things...



MARK

I should've never gone home with  
you in the first place.

The Countess puts her finger under his chin, lifting his head  
so that she can look him in the face.

COUNTESS

Cheer up, Mark. You can pick up  
worse things in a bar.

SEBASTIAN

I know I have.

MARK

You're evil!

COUNTESS

I'm a vampire. I subsist on a diet  
of lower species, just like you.  
If I'm evil, then you're evil for  
eating a ham sandwich...

(smiles, fangs growing)

... The good news is you'll be a  
vampire, too. You get to sleep in,  
stay out late. Don't worry, you'll  
get used to the liquid diet.

She puts the helpless Mark in a trance. Her eyes glow, and  
she emanates a radiant light.





The crowd applauds as Mark speaks worriedly.

MARK

But I don't want to be a vampire.  
I'm a day person...

The Countess gestures impatiently, placing Mark in a trance. The Confederate and Cabin Boy vampires leads him over to the gynecologist chair.

MARK (CONT'D)

... And I keep biting my lip with  
these damn teeth.

COUNTESS

I'll buy you a retainer. This is  
no time to argue.

The Vampires unbuckle Mark's trousers, allowing them to drop to his ankles. The Vampires all GASP.

MOLL FLANDERS

Eyew! That underwear!

They ease Mark into the chair while Sebastian frees his legs from his trousers.

INTERCUT - CLOSE SHOTS

Mark's ankles are buckled into the stirrups. His wrists to the arms of the chair. Someone applies alcohol with a cotton swab to his inner thigh and readies a Flintstones band-aid.

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - LIVING ROOM

The Countess addresses Mark and the crowd as the other vampires strap him down.

COUNTESS  
Dearest Mark -- twice we have  
shared a mystical experience...  
tonight, the unholy third...

Suddenly an icy voice cuts through the room.

ROBIN (O.S.)  
Back away from that virgin, you  
Hollywood bloodsuckers!

The vampires all turn to see Robin standing in the doorway, a determined look on her face. She holds a cross protectively in front of her while Russ and Jamie stand uncertainly to either side, holding spiked wooden corndog sticks.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
This is an official cross from  
Southwest Church Supply! Gold  
plated! Back against the wall!

Russ and Jamie step over to start removing Mark's straps. The vampires stare at them coldly, unafraid. Russ turns to Jamie, a sick look on his face.

RUSS  
We're gonna die.

The Countess chuckles, amused.

COUNTESS  
So you know who I am. You should  
know that you can't defeat me.

ROBIN  
I'm taking Mark.

The Countess smiles confidently.

COUNTESS  
You're free to try.

Robin calls out desperately to the hypnotized Mark.

ROBIN  
Mark, it's me. I've come to rescue  
you...

Mark does not respond.



ROBIN (CONT'D)  
... It's Robin...

Nothing.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
... Robin Pierce... Don't you remember? You took me to the prom... to the drive-in... to the Ice Capades...

JAMIE  
Who remembers the Ice Capades?

Russ elbows Jamie. Mark continues to stare blankly ahead. Jamie looks to Russ unhappily.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna die.

The vampires snicker confidently. Robin reaches into her pocket, pulling out a necklace.

ROBIN  
Remember the ugly necklace you made for me out of your retainer?  
(giving up)  
(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm the owner of the pants you've  
been trying to get into for the  
last five years.

Something inside Mark seems to awaken. His eyes focus.  
Color returns to his skin. Turning, he sees Robin standing  
in the doorway, calling out happily.

MARK

Robin!

Sebastian makes a grab for Mark as he jumps from the chair,  
just missing him as he hurries to Robin's side. She holds  
the cross firmly as the Countess starts forward.

ROBIN

Stay back!

COUNTESS

(smugly)

Put the cross down, Robin. Crosses  
can't harm me - I'm an atheist.

Russ and Jamie look to each other, resigned.

RUSS & JAMIE

We're gonna die.

Mark grabs the wooden stakes from Russ and Jamie, thrusting  
them toward the vampires. The Countess stops, frowning.

COUNTESS

Really? You could have at least  
washed the corndog off them, first.

The four teens back slowly toward the door, Mark poking the  
stakes at them threateningly, as Russ and Jamie try to help  
him with his pants.

MARK

These are dangerous wooden stakes!  
(realizing it's a pretty  
weak threat)  
And the chemicals and preservatives  
on the corndogs are probably even  
more dangerous!

The Countess tries a new approach.

COUNTESS

Mark, let me reason with you.  
Being a vampire's not so bad.  
(MORE)



## COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Look at the benefits - your days  
are open, eternal youth, you meet  
people...

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER THE COUNTESS' BACK

A seductive smile on her face, the Countess lowers the top of  
her gown sensuously. Invitingly. She takes a step toward  
Mark.

## COUNTESS

There are other benefits too, Mark.  
Would you like to see them?

Gazing at the Countess' breasts, Russ mutters to himself.

## RUSS

Well, that's two points in her  
favor...

The other vampires look to each other, confused -- they've  
never heard of these benefits before: "Hey!" "Benefits?"  
"I got gypped!" Sebastian cuts them off.

## SEBASTIAN

Silence!

They all hush, intimidated.



## COUNTESS

I can be yours, Mark, forever --  
showing you joys you never could  
even dream of in your most fevered  
adolescent slumber... Forever.  
Just the four of us...

Mark hesitates. Staring at the Countess' breasts, he seems to be falling into another trance. He slowly begins to lower the wooden stake as the Countess advances.

Watching all this in disbelief, Robin can stand no more. She cries out at the Countess hatefully.

## ROBIN

Mark doesn't want you, he wants me!  
Because I'm nice, and pure, and  
sweet. So fuck off!

With that, Robin grabs Mark, pulling him through the doorway as Russ and Jamie follow. The vampires lunge after them.

CUT TO:

## INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - OUTER CORRIDOR

The four teens hurry out of the room, slamming the thick wooden doors with a bang. They quickly barricade the doors while Russ and Jamie grab torches off the wall and lean against the doors with all their weight. Russ speaks urgently to Mark and Robin as the vampires pound furiously at the doors.

## RUSS

You guys go without us - we'll try  
and hold them off.

Mark looks to Russ, startled.

## MARK

Are you crazy? They'll kill you.

## RUSS

They want you, not us. Go!

A look passes between the four friends - one of complete understanding. Mark nods.

## MARK

We'll see you in school tomorrow?

RUSS  
That's the worst thing that'll  
happen.

Reluctantly, Mark and Robin move off, rushing down the corridor as the vampires continue to batter the doors. Russ turns to Jamie.

RUSS (CONT'D)  
Lean harder. They can't get  
through...

Suddenly the doors swing open - they open from the other direction - sending Russ and Jamie flying. Quickly surrounded, they thrust their torches at the vampires...who easily blow them out.

JAMIE  
Well, that was an anticlimax...

They are picked up by their collars as the Countess steps into the corridor, readjusting her gown. She points down the passageway, calling out to the vampires as Mark and Robin disappear down a dark stairwell.

COUNTESS  
Follow that virgin!

The vampires speed off down the corridor as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - STAIRWELL

Mark and Robin race down the stairs, torch held in front of them as they search for an escape route in the darkness.

MARK  
How'd you find out?

ROBIN  
It wasn't easy. Why didn't you  
tell me you were bitten by a  
vampire?

MARK  
I didn't think you'd believe me.

ROBIN  
I wouldn't have. Just think -  
eternal puberty!

MARK

Run faster!

They reach the bottom of the steps, moving into the catacombs. A pair of eyes glow in the darkness behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - OUTER CORRIDOR

Russ and Jamie lie on the floor, the wreckage of the wooden door scattered around them. They sit up, shaking their heads groggily. Two shadows creep up the wall, engulfing the two boys. They look up to see two female vampires standing in the doorway, eyeing them hungrily.

MOLL FLANDERS

Well, what have we here?

FLOWER CHILD VAMPIRE

I knew this party was catered, but  
I never expected service like  
this...

Jamie jumps up, ripping a curtain off the wall to reveal... night.

JAMIE

Never mind.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

The vampires spread out, searching for Mark and Robin down different corridors. Their appearance seems to have changed - their fangs have grown, their complexions looking a little green in the dim light. The Countess stands at the foot of the steps, still calm and normal looking, barking out orders.

COUNTESS

Search every room - we must find  
them before midnight! Leave no  
tombstone unturned!

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS - CORRIDOR

Mark and Robin trudge through another section of the catacombs, lost and afraid.

Everything is damp and unpleasant - mildew covering the floors while mold clings to the stone walls. Robin looks around uneasily.

ROBIN

I don't feel very good - and  
neither does the stuff sticking to  
my shoes. Where are we?

MARK

These look like catacombs. They're  
kind of like underground  
cemeteries.

Robin frowns.

ROBIN

That's good news. The undead of  
Hollywood - like living Hollywood  
wasn't creepy enough...

Without warning a hand bursts through the wall, rotted stone flying everywhere. The hand grasps desperately for Robin, Mark pulling her away as they flee down the corridor, terrified.

ROTTING SCREENWRITER

Help me! I'm buried in development  
hell!

They look over their shoulders to see the vampire break through the wall, stumbling into the hallway. A filthy man in a ragged tuxedo.

More voices join him, emerging from out of the darkness:

UNDEAD #1

Can you spare a dime - I need to  
call my agent...

UNDEAD #2

I'm just here through pilot  
season...

UNDEAD #3

I was an executive producer on  
'Heaven's Gate'...!

UNDEAD #4

My face is real familiar...

UNDEAD #5

Let's take a meeting sometime!

Their voices fade into the distance as Mark and Robin keep running. Finally, Mark notices a light overhead. Grabbing Robin's hand, he starts to climb.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SCIENTOLOGY BUILDING

Hollywood Boulevard on Halloween looks like a new level of Hell. The "HOLLYWOOD" sign is high on the hills in the background, but an "L" was removed and repurposed and it now spells out "UNHOLLYWOOD." Zombies wander the streets, pulling tourists out of cars who are anticipating a photo op with a film character in front of the Hollywood Wax Museum; Vampires dine on various people costumed as movie characters in front of the theaters, complimented by tourists for their realism.

Mark and Robin climb out of the grating near the Scientology Information Center at 6724 Hollywood Blvd., and find themselves quickly surrounded by creatures of the night.

MARK

Bad idea. Go back...

Vampires dressed in costumes surround Mark and Robin. Backing up, Mark grabs a "Dianetics" book off the gift stand, and holds it up against the vampires.

MARK (CONT'D)

The power of L. Ron compels you!

The book immediately bursts into flames. Mark tosses the flaming paper away, and they dive back inside the grating.

MARK (CONT'D)

Goddamn cheap vanity press  
newsprint...

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

Mark and Robin race down a corridor, frightened. The army of vampires can be heard behind them, advancing quickly. Sounds echo strangely off the walls and ceiling. Tired, Robin looks to Mark.

ROBIN

We can't keep running - we've got  
to find someplace to hide.

Mark looks around, spotting a doorway up ahead.

MARK

There's a door. Maybe we can hide  
in there.

\*

They run to the door, Mark throwing it open to reveal...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BASEMENT

Coffins line the walls while rats scurry across the floor.

ROBIN

This is where I came in. We ran  
the wrong way...

MARK

Hey, it's dark, okay...?

Slamming the door shut, Mark takes Robin's hand as they hurry toward another door at the end of the corridor. Suddenly the doors crash outward, wood splintering as several of the Countess' vampires burst into the passageway. Their eyes seem to glow in the dark as they start toward Mark and Robin.

Backpedaling quickly, Mark and Robin head in the opposite direction. Another door blasts open, sending shards of wood flying into the hallway. Several particularly gruesome vampires emerge - one wearing a tattered lime green leisure suit, another in a filthy red velvet tuxedo, and still another dressed as a German folk dancer with an accordion strapped to his chest. Mark and Robin scream as they rush further into the catacombs, pursued by the vampires.

The Gigolo Vampire suddenly bursts up through the floor in front of them. Robin screams as Mark pulls her back, the Wino Vampire dropping from the ceiling behind them. Mark waves the torch at the vampires, holding them at bay while he and Robin hurry past.

They round a corner, coming to a halt as they see the Countess and Sebastian moving quickly down the corridor toward them. Trapped, the vampires advancing from all sides, Robin opens the nearest door as she motions Mark inside.

ROBIN

Inside here - hurry!

Mark steps through the doorway, Robin ducking inside after him. They slam the door tightly just as the Gigolo and Wino Vampires arrive.

CUT TO:



INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BASEMENT

\*

Again. Mark's casket with the 'Star Wars' sheets sits prominently out front, warmly lit from the torches.

MARK

Damn it! Either they decorate every room the same way, or we have a really bad sense of direction.

Mark slips his torch through the deadbolt and pushes some coffins against the door.

ROBIN

Hide!

She pulls him toward the coffin.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

The Gigolo and Wino Vampires prepare to break down the door, hesitating as the Countess cries out:

COUNTESS

Wait a minute! I have to replace every door you guys smash. Can't you at least try the knob first?

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BASEMENT

Mark's coffin is closed and the room looks empty. Moonlight floods through the broken cellar window as the vampires pound on the door.

They Hit it once - nothing happens...  
...twice - it starts to give...  
...again - it opens a little farther...  
...and again - finally forcing an opening large enough for the vampires to squeeze through, past the overturned coffins and splintered torch.

The vampires step into the room, followed by the Countess. She speaks harshly.

COUNTESS

They're in here somewhere. Find them, and quickly!



The vampires spread out, searching the room for any sign of Mark and Robin. The Medieval Vampire knocks on lids with his loose hand. The others throw open coffin lids, searching behind stacks of grave markers. After a moment Sebastian calls out.

SEBASTIAN

I think I've found them.

The Countess turns to see Sebastian standing next to Mark's closed coffin - which now bobs and shake rhythmically like the cars at the drive-in, vibrating madly. She reaches out, throwing open the lid to reveal Robin grinning up at her triumphantly. She spits a button past the vampires.

ROBIN

You're too late - Mark isn't a virgin anymore!

The Countess is puzzled.

COUNTESS

You couldn't have...you were in there for less than a minute...

Mark sits up, a silly, dazed expression on his face. His hair is ruffled, sticking up in a thousand different angles. The Countess sighs unhappily.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

You could have.

**ENDING #1 (FIRST DRAFT SPEC, HAUSE & HINES)**

One of the Vampires steps forward. He speaks urgently, as the hour of midnight draws near.

CONFEDERATE VAMPIRE

The Brides of Dracula have located  
two stand-ins, just in case.

The Countess turns to him.

COUNTESS

Are they sure they're virgins?

CONFEDERATE VAMPIRE

(nods)

One hundred percent. The only  
problem being that they apparently  
taste of fast food.

The Countess considers this alternative for a moment.  
Shaking her head 'no'.

COUNTESS

Tell the girls to keep him. I  
won't need any stand-ins.

Mark looks at the Countess uneasily.

MARK

Why won't you need them?

The Countess turns to Mark and Robin, a calm, gentle smile on her face.

COUNTESS

Because I think you're bluffing. I  
don't think you really did  
anything.

Robin stares at the Countess seriously.

ROBIN

Can you afford to take that chance?

The Countess pauses, thinking it over. In the distance we hear a clock begin to toll the midnight hour. The Countess turns to her henchmen.

COUNTESS

Take them to the stage. And hurry.

The Vampires grab Mark and Robin, pulling them out of the casket. As they are dragged to the door, Mark calls to the Countess.

MARK  
You're making a big mistake!  
You'll regret this!

The Countess looks at him, a confident grin on her face. She speaks softly.

COUNTESS  
Vampires don't make mistakes.

The Countess follows as Mark and Robin are pushed into the hallway and toward the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. A CUCKOO CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT

The clock strikes twelve, the skeletal remains of a cuckoo bird announcing the hour in a warbling, screeching voice. The thunderous applause of the audience in the main room can be heard in the background as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

A beat.

Then superimpose title:

IT ALL BEGAN ON A TYPICAL NIGHT IN ORANGE COUNTY...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The night meeting of the 'Future Good Citizens of America' club. Mr. Peacock stands in front of the room, speaking tiredly to the room full of less-than-enthusiastic students. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY around to the head of the class.

MR. PEACOCK  
...and although the cross-shaped  
fish stick handout was a moral  
success, it was not a financial  
one. And we know which is more  
important to the school board,  
don't we?

(MORE)

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

So we still need to come up with  
some way to bring in some serious  
money to this club. Does anyone  
have any ideas?

As the CAMERA MOVES to the front of the room, two hands are  
raised into the air. We see that they belong to Mark and  
Robin, who sit with Russ and Jamie in the front row. Mr.  
Peacock points to them.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Mark, do you have a suggestion?

Mark nods his head, speaking earnestly.

MARK

How about a blood drive?

With that the four teens smile, revealing shiny new sets of  
enlarged canines. They grin happily as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

Full moon overhead, a flock of bats scatter into the air,  
swirling into the night as a stab of organ music pins us to  
our seats. End titles roll as the audience files out of the  
theatre.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

ENDING #2 (THIRD DRAFT, HAUSE & HINES)

\*

The Countess looks frightened for the first time tonight. Smoke begins to rise from her hair and clothing as Sebastian looks on in horror.

COUNTESS

Someone find a plastic surgeon,  
quick!

Smoke continues to rise, engulfing the Countess in a thick black cloud. Sebastian cries out to her.

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, Countess - there are  
other virgins out there! Somewhere  
like Kansas, or Nebraska, or--

TOURIST VAMPIRE

--Virginia?

Sebastian shoots him a silencing glance.

COUNTESS

This is Hollywood - get me some  
aging experts: Dick Clarke; Gary  
Coleman; Cher; the Osmond family...

After a moment the smoke begins to clear, revealing that the Countess has changed! Her hair now fashioned into a lopsided beehive, her gown has been replaced by a gaudy flower print housedress. She squints at Sebastian through horn-rimmed glasses, speaking in a hoarse, tired voice.

COUNTESS

Where's the tv? We're missing  
'Lawrence Welk'...

The male vampires scream instinctively at this horrible sight. A rumbling sound fills the room as chips of paint fall from the ceiling.

The somber, drab paint on the walls begins to crack and fall away, revealing ugly paisley wallpaper underneath.

A coffin leaning against the wall combusts in a cloud of smoke. When the smoke clears we see that an ironing board has taken its place.

Screaming wildly, the Gigolo Vampire desperately tries to tear a bowling shirt from his back.

The Derelict Vampire races around the room in a three-piece suit, madly trying to shake loose a briefcase which is stuck to his hand. \*

The Tourist Vampire watches all this, puzzled. He is. Consumed by smoke, but steps out unchanged and shrugs.

Piles of coffins scattered around the room have begun to metamorphosize, changing into common household appliances - like a tv, dishwasher, refrigerator, washer-dryer, etc.

Mark and Robin watch all this in fascination from his coffin, pulling the 'Star Wars' sheets up in fear. Mark calls to Robin over the noise.

MARK

What's happening?

ROBIN

They're transforming. They'll deteriorate until they can find another virgin. The curse of the vampire is lifted.

They climb out of the coffin, which mutates into a queen-sized bed - a pile of tombstones turning into a headboard. Mark and Robin hurry from the room, which is beginning to resemble a set from 'The Price Is Right'.

The Countess sits in a plush recliner, the other vampires gathered around her. She looks up at them, depressed.

COUNTESS

Bring me a virgin...or at least a Pepto Bismol...

She leans back in her chair, feet propped up on the foot rest as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME

CLOSE on the portrait of the Countess hanging over the fireplace. The paint begins to melt, running off the canvas to uncover another painting underneath. Resembling something you'd find in a supermarket, it features a nauseatingly cute likeness of the Countess with huge moist eyes, holding a puppy and a basket of flowers.

CUT TO:



INT. THE COUNTESS' HOME - BASEMENT

\*

The Countess is growing older, sobbing.

COUNTESS

(muttering)

I'll never find another  
virgin...never...

SEBASTIAN

Now, now - I'll take care of you.  
Haven't I always? We'll find  
someone...

A knock at the front door causes the vampires to pause. Sebastian looks to the Countess, who nods for him to open the door. The Countess stays back by the staircase as Sebastian moves to the door. He pulls it open to reveal an innocent looking freckle-faced boy. About sixteen years old, he wears an astronaut costume, holding a helmet in his hands. He speaks politely.

VIRGINAL BOY

Excuse me, do you have a phone? I  
think I'm at the wrong house - I'm  
supposed to be at the Lutheran  
League Halloween dance.

Smiling wickedly, the Countess and Sebastian look to each other. They exchange knowing glances as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - NIGHT

\*

We recognize the drive-in as a vampire's face crumbles into dust onscreen. Suddenly the film sticks and melts once again, the cars honking in protest. The ANNOUNCER speaks loudly over the tinny speakers.

ANNOUNCER

Hi folks! Looks like more  
technical difficulties! We'll be  
up and running in no time. Just  
enough time for you to get a piping  
hot bag of 'Fried Butter Cubes'  
from the snack bar...



Walking down a row of bouncing cars, Mark approaches his parents' station wagon, a tray of food in his hands.

INT. STATION WAGON

Mark climbs awkwardly into the car, attempting to balance the tray of food as he slips behind the wheel. He is helped by Robin, who seems relieved that he has returned.

MARK

I'm back. They were out of bon-bons so I got some yogurt-on-a-bun instead.

Robin leans over, giving him an intense kiss on the mouth. She pulls away, leaving Mark breathless.

MARK (CONT'D)

(gasps)

Robin, please. Don't you ever think of anything else?

\*

Robin giggles playfully.

ROBIN

No. C'mon, let's go in the back of the car.

MARK

Haven't you had enough? I only got to see five minutes of the last movie.

Robin pouts.

ROBIN

You'd rather watch a movie than be with me.

Mark sighs.

MARK

Okay, once more. But at least let me finish my Coke - I need the sugar boost.

Robin shakes her head impatiently.

ROBIN

No, now - I missed you.

Mark gives in tiredly.

MARK

Alright, alright. Let me open up the tailgate...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE

Mark gets out of the wagon, moving around to the rear. He unlocks the tailgate, glancing around worriedly. Robin steps up beside him.

MARK

Is anybody watching?

ROBIN

Don't be so paranoid.

Mark opens the tailgate to reveal a large wooden coffin stored inside. Robin climbs into the casket, unbuttoning her blouse. Mark looks at her pleadingly.

\*

MARK

Couldn't we do it, just once, without the casket?

ROBIN

No. I told you, it doesn't feel right anywhere else.

Mark climbs inside the wagon, shaking his head in wonder.

MARK

I think I've created a monster.

Robin giggles, playfully dragging him into the coffin as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Peacock (who looks amazingly like... you know) stands at the front of the room, conducting a night meeting of the "Future Good Citizens of America" club.

The club logo hangs on the chalkboard behind him as he speaks unenthusiastically to the class.

MR. PEACOCK

...As you know, our 'Community Dishwash' wasn't quite the success we thought it would be, losing a grand total of \$36.50. This places our total losses at over \$200 for this semester. Which means that we have to come up with a way to bring some serious money into the club. Does anyone have any ideas?

Two hands are immediately raised into the air. We see that they belong to Russ and Jamie, who sit in the front row. Mr. Peacock points to them.

MR. PEACOCK (CONT'D)

Boys, do you have a suggestion?

RUSS & JAMIE

How about a blood drive?

With that the boys smile, revealing shiny new sets of enlarged canines. They grin happily as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

Full moon overhead, a flock of bats scatter into the air, swirling into the night. The TITLES roll as Daryl Hall and John Oates' 'You Make My Dreams' plays over the soundtrack.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

\*

ENDING #3 (ROBERTS / STORM / THACHER)

\*

INT. LAIR - MARK AND ROBIN

They look around the spooky room hopelessly.

MARK

(without conviction)

We got to do something - we can't  
just wait for them to break in.

ROBIN

Mark, I love you.

He misses the expression of determination on her face and thinking she is saying goodbye (since we must die) he is touched and moved.

MARK

And I love you.

ROBIN

(briskly)

But I have no intention of living  
with a vampire for the rest of my  
life.

She takes his hand and leads him over to the new, rather grand casket that has always been intended for Mark. He looks at her, bewildered, apprehensively back to the besieged door, bulging ominously under heavy blows.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Mark!

He dives into the casket, all arms and legs.

Robin sits on the edge, kicks off her sandals, swings her legs gracefully over, reaches for the lid, closes it over them and she gracefully disappears from view.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The besieged door - bulging - bulging -

BACK TO CASKET

Very still, but then a slight movement, enough to jar us.

ANOTHER ANGLE

\*

The besieged door crashing open. The Countess and Sebastian run in.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CASKET

Perceptively vibrating a little more, then A LITTLE MORE, then A LOT MORE...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Countess and Sebastian rushing around, unaware of Mark and Robin's hiding place until the casket is all but dancing a jig.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA TRACKS Countess and Sebastian rushing over to the casket. The Countess, almost in a frenzy, throws open the lid, revealing Robin grinning up at her triumphantly.

ROBIN  
(spitting a button out)  
You're too late!

Sebastian is philosophical.

SEBASTIAN  
What a waste -- in more ways than one.

The Countess is puzzled.

COUNTESS  
You couldn't have... you were in there for less than a minute...

Mark sits up with a silly, dazed expression on his face. His hair is ruffled. In one hand, he holds two lighted cigarettes. Handing one to Robin, he nonchalantly inhales on the other, choking on the smoke.

The Countess sighs unhappily.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)  
You could have.

She turns to Sebastian, speaking urgently.



COUNTESS (CONT'D)

What time is it?

\*

Somewhere in the distance CHURCH BELLS CHIME the midnight hour. Sebastian looks to the Countess helplessly.

SEBASTIAN

Midnight!

The Countess looks frightened for the first time. Smoke begins to rise from her hair and clothing.

COUNTESS

Someone find a plastic surgeon,  
quick!

Smoke continues to rise, engulfing the Countess in a thick black cloud.

Mark and Robin sit in the coffin, looking on in shock as the smoke begins to clear, revealing that the Countess has changed! Her hair now fashioned into a lopsided beehive, her gown has been replaced by a gaudy flower-print house-dress. She squints at Sebastian through horn-rimmed glasses, speaking in a hoarse, tired voice.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

Where's the TV? We're missing  
"Bowling For Dollars"...



The Vampires scream instinctively at this horrible sight, fleeing the room in terror. \*

Mark and Robin climb out of the coffin and hurry from the room, escaping the notice of the vampires.

Sebastian takes the Countess gently by the arm, leading her to the door. She looks up at him, defeated.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

I need a virgin... or maybe Pepto  
Bismol... or some prunes...  
something...

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Mark and Robin, hand in hand, run down a long corridor on the first floor. They pause to get their bearings.

A loud YA-HOO ECHOES into the hall from an adjacent door, unmistakably Russ' voice. Mark leaps to the door, flinging it open.

MARK

Russ? Jamie?

INT. BEDROOM

A king-sized bed with satin sheets, period french furniture, all very lush and bordello-ish. Huddled forms rustle under the silky covers.

Mark comes halfway into the room, Robin close behind him.

MARK

Russ? Jamie?

The lumps stir -- slowly the naked torsos of Russ and Jamie emerge.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys -- we gotta get out  
of here.

Russ and Jamie look at one another, slowly nod.

RUSS

(to Mark)

No way.

JAMIE

We're gonna play hooky.

Beside them, Moll Flanders and the Flower Girl wiggle sensuously free of the covers, sitting up, both beguilingly disheveled. Each presses close to her man, staring at Mark and Robin with wide and satiated eyes -- and FANGS stained with just a trace of Jamie's and Russ's virgin blood.

\*

MARK

Holy shit!

INT. ENTRYWAY - LATER

Sebastian helps the Countess along, steering her toward the main staircase. He speaks consolingly.

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, Countess - there are other virgins out there! Somewhere like Kansas, or Nebraska...

The Countess shakes her head, still dazed.

COUNTESS

(muttering)

I'll never find another virgin...

SEBASTIAN

Now, now -- I'll take care of you. Haven't I always? We'll find someone...

A KNOCK at the front door. Sebastian looks to the Countess, who nods for him to open the door. The Countess stays back by the staircase as Sebastian moves to the door. He pulls it open to reveal an innocent looking freckle-faced boy. About sixteen years old, he wears an astronaut costume, holding a helmet in his hands. He speaks politely.

VIRGINAL BOY

Excuse me, do you have a phone? I think I'm at the wrong house - I'm supposed to be at the Lutheran League Halloween dance.

Smiling wickedly, the Countess and Sebastian look to each other.

SEBASTIAN

Tomorrow is another day.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

ENDING #4 (CONTINUITY - RE-SHOOTS; HAUSE & HINES)

\*

REEL FIVE PART A & B

196 1329-11 FULL SHOT

TWINS AND TWO MALES LOOKING AT THE CLOSED MOVING UNDULATING COFFIN CENTER AS CAMERA PULLS BACK RIGHT. COUNTESS AND SEBASTIAN STAND CENTER WATCHING THE COFFIN BOUNCING. ONE TWIN REACHES OVER AND STARTS TO OPEN LID.

197 1336-00 MEDIUM CLOSE 3-SHOT

TWIN L WITH COUNTESS CENTER AND RIGHT SEBASTIAN AS TWIN OPENS LID. THE THREE LOOK INTO COFFIN REACTING. THE COUNTESS MOVES CLOSER TO COFFIN AND LOOKS DOWN INTO IT.

198 1339-13 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

SIDE ANGLE RISING IN FROM LEFT. INSIDE COFFIN ROBIN TURNS, LOOKS OVER F.G.R. AND SPITS UP BUTTON O.S.R.

ROBIN  
(making spitting sounds)

199 1342-08 CLOSE SHOT

CENTER F.G. MOUTH AJAR REACTING COUNTESS LOOKS L.F.G. AND TURNS SIDE ANGLE LOOKS DOWN RIGHT AT BUTTON WHICH IS DROPPED IN FROM F.G. DOWN RIGHT. SHE LOOKS OVER L.F.G.

200 1345-04 CLOSE SHOT

LEFT CENTER SITTING UP IN COFFIN NODDING HEAD SMILING ROBIN LOOKS OVER R.F.G.

ROBIN  
You're too late.  
(laughing)

201 1349-15 CLOSE 3-SHOT - DOWN ANGLE - OVER BACK

ROBIN SITTING IN COFFIN LEFT CENTER F.G. AND FACING REACTING COUNTESS WITH SEBASTIAN RIGHT OF HER.

COUNTESS

\*

You couldn't have. You've been in  
there less than a minute.

202 1354-03 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

SITTING LEFT-CENTER IN COFFIN REACTING, ROBIN LOOKS OVER  
R.F.G., AND RISING UP BESIDE HER, SMILE ON HIS FACE, IS MARK  
WITH TWO CIGARETTES IN HIS MOUTH; ROBIN AND HE LOOK AT ONE  
ANOTHER AND HE TAKES CIGARETTE FROM HIS MOUTH, PUTS IT INTO  
MOUTH OF ROBIN, AND PUTS ARM AROUND HER NECK AS THEY BOTH  
DRAG ON CIGARETTE.

203 1363-06 CLOSE 2-SHOT

CENTER FOREGROUND REACTING COUNTESS LOOKS OVER L.F.G. AND  
PARTIALLY VIEWED SHOULDER OF SEBASTIAN RIGHT OF HER.  
COUNTESS NODS HEAD.

COUNTESS

You could've... but you didn't have  
time to enjoy it.

204 1372-04 MEDIUM CLOSE 4-SHOT

TWINS AND TWO VAMPIRE MALES CENTER LOOKING TOWARD LEFT  
FOREGROUND REACTING. THEY LOOK OVER RIGHT HEARING CLOCK  
CHIME.

205 1376-05 MEDIUM CLOSE 3-SHOT - OVER BACK

ROBIN LEFT FOREGROUND, CIGARETTE IN HAND, AND CENTER,  
COUNTESS, WITH SEBASTIAN, RIGHT OF HER - AS COUNTESS HEARING  
CLOCK CHIME O.S. PULLS ON HAND OF SEBASTIAN.

COUNTESS

What time is it?

206 1379-13 LOW ANGLE UP - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - CENTER F.G.

SEBASTIAN HOLDS UP ARM TOWARD LEFT, LOOKS DOWN AT O.S. WATCH  
ON ARM.

SEBASTIAN

Midnight.

207 1383-05 MED. DOWN FULL GROUP SHOT

\*

IN COFFIN LEFT CENTER BACKS TO CAMERA, MARK AND ROBIN AS HE HOLDS HER AROUND SHOULDER, AND IN CENTER B.G. TWINS AND TWO OF THE MALE VAMPIRES, AND R. COUNTESS LOOKS AT WATCH ON WRIST OF SEBASTIAN. SHE RELEASES HIS HAND, LOOKS AT SEBASTIAN, THEN AT THE FOUR VAMPIRES LEFT OF HER. THEY BACK AWAY FROM THE COUNTESS AS RAYS SHOOT FROM AROUND HER. HER POWER DIMINISHING.

208 1391-06 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

COUNTESS CENTER AS O.S. CLOCK CONTINUES TO CHIME AS RAYS MOVE UP AROUND HER; SHE TOUCHES HER FACE AS SHE BEGINS TO AGE AND GROW OLD; SHE REACTS.

209 1399-11 MEDIUM CLOSE 2-SHOT

MOVING RAYS REFLECTED ON FACES OF ROBIN AND MARK SITTING IN COFFIN, LOOKING AT RIGHT FOREGROUND, REACTING.

210 1404-02 LOW ANGLE UP - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

RAYs MOVING AROUND COUNTESS, CENTER, AS SHE CONTINUES AGING.

COUNTESS  
Somebody get a plastic surgeon --  
quick.

211 1408-13 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

SEBASTIAN, CENTER, AS LIGHT REFLECTS ON HIM AS HE LOOKS LEFT, REACTING.

COUNTESS (O.S.)  
I need a virgin!

212 1413-00 LOW ANGLE UP - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

RAYs MOVING AROUND AGING COUNTESS, CENTER.

COUNTESS  
I NEED A VIRGIN!

213 1416-13 MED. DOWN FULL 4-SHOT

TWINS AND TWO MALE VAMPIRES, CENTER, LOOKING RIGHT, HORRIFIED. THEY TURN, RUN TOWARD BACKGROUND.

COUNTESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

\*

NOW!

THEY RUN OUT DOORWAY AND OFF-SCREEN LEFT CENTER B.G.

214 1422-05 MEDIUM CLOSE 2-SHOT

SEBASTIAN, RIGHT, WATCHING AS RAYS MOVE AROUND COUNTESS, LEFT, AS SHE CONTINUES GROWING OLD. SEBASTIAN TAKES HER HAND AS SHE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS HANDS AND HE MOVES CLOSER TO HER, PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER BACK, AND THEY TURN SLOWLY AS HE GENTLY LEADS HER O.S.L.

215 1434-08 MEDIUM DOWN 2-SHOT

CENTER, SITTING IN COFFIN, MARK WITH ARM AROUND ROBIN AS SHE LOOKS LEFT, THEN UP AT MARK - AND THEY BOTH LOOK OVER LEFT FOREGROUND.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

Countess, don't worry...

216 1438-10 MEDIUM DOWN FULL 4-SHOT

RIGHT BACKGROUND IN COFFIN, SITTING SIDE-BY-SIDE, MARK AND ROBIN WATCHING AS SEBASTIAN, HOLDING AGING COUNTESS, CENTER, AS THEY MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD FOREGROUND. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

SEBASTIAN

There are other virgins out there.  
Somewhere in places like Kansas...  
Nebraska...

217 1453-05 MEDIUM CLOSE DOWN SHOT

SITTING IN COFFIN, CENTER, SIDE-BY-SIDE, MARK REMOVES ARM FROM AROUND ROBIN AND THEY LEAN FORWARD ON TOP LID OF COFFIN, LOOKING LEFT FOREGROUND WITH CIGARETTES IN HAND.

218 1458-11 MEDIUM 2-SHOT

SEBASTIAN STADS FACING OLD COUNTESS, CENTER, AS SHE LOOKS OVER RIGHT FOREGROUND AND SEBASTIAN LOOKS OVER RIGHT FOREGROUND AS SHE NODS HER HEAD.

COUNTESS

I'll never find another virgin...  
never!

SEBASTIAN TURNS COUNTESS GENTLY TOWARD STEPS.

SEBASTIAN

Now, now...

\*

219 1469-00 FULL 2-SHOT

OPEN COFFIN LID, RIGHT, AS SEBASTIAN WITH COUNTESS IN  
BACKGROUND; TURNS HER AND THEY SLOWLY MOVE UP STEPS.

SEBASTIAN

... I'll take care of you. There's  
always tomorrow.

220 1475-15 LOW ANGLE UP - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

SITTING IN COFFIN SIDE BY SIDE, ROBIN AND MARK LOOK RIGHT  
FOREGROUND SMILING, HOLDING CIGARETTES.

MARK

You know, maybe the Countess was  
right. It would be better slower.

ROBIN TAKES CIGARETTE FROM HAND OF MARK, TOSSES BOTH  
CIGARETTES O.S.L. AS SHE PULLS MARK BACK DOWN INTO COFFIN,  
KISSING HIM.

ROBIN

Let's find out!  
(laughing)

HAND OF MARK REACHES UP, AND LOWERS LID ON COFFIN AS CAMERA  
PANS LEFT AROUND IT.

MARK

I believe I've created a monster.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND LEFT AS COFFIN BEGINS TO BOUNCE AROUND.

**ROLL UP END TITLE CREDITS.**



**ENDING #5 (HAUSE & HINES)**

\*

CAMERA TRACKS the Countess and Sebastian rushing over to the casket. The Countess, almost in a frenzy, throws open the lid, revealing Robin grinning up at her triumphantly.

ROBIN  
(spitting a button out)  
You're too late!

The Countess is puzzled.

COUNTESS  
You couldn't have... you were in  
there for less than a minute...

Mark sits up with a silly, dazed expression on his face. His hair is ruffled. In one hand, he holds two lighted cigarettes. Handing one to Robin, he nonchalantly inhales on the other, choking on the smoke.

The Countess sighs unhappily.

COUNTESS  
You could have.

Russ and Jamie are carried in by their collars by Moll Flanders and the Flower Child.

MOLL FLANDERS  
We caught these two, Countess!  
Might these virgins be to your  
liking?

COUNTESS  
(frowns)  
They're kind of scruffy... but they  
definitely look like virgins--

RUSS & JAMIE  
(finally revealing)  
--We're not virgins...

Russ and Jamie exchange proud, defiant smiles. But Mark jumps in, disbelieving.

MARK  
(laughing)  
Oh come on -- you guys never--  
(Robin nudges him, nodding  
towards vampires)  
--I mean, but of course you aren't  
virgins!

ROBIN

Definitely not. Total studs.

MARK

Yeah! Obviously! Dozens of times.  
Hundreds! Okay, a few times... I  
think Russ mentioned a girlfriend  
in Canada, once...

Sebastian steps forward, looking them over.

SEBASTIAN

Wait a minute... a vampire can  
tell...

(inspects them carefully,  
sighs unhappily)

It's true. These two aren't  
virgins, Countess.

The others are shocked.

MARK &amp; ROBIN

What???

SEBASTIAN

Brilliant disguises... Pretending  
to be classless nitwits with no  
taste, style or intelligence...  
Hiding their true selves by playing  
the role of clueless, incompetent,  
unattractive heterosexual losers...

(eyes them and laughs)

Always together under the guise of  
"picking up chicks" for years, but  
somehow never coming close to  
actually attracting a single  
female? Acting like the absolute  
least evolved, least interesting  
human beings on the planet? No!  
Nobody is that moronic...

(shakes head)

It was all a ruse, hiding their  
true powerful, sexual selves...

Pretending that was always the plan, Russ and Jamie agree.

RUSS

Uh... yeah, a ruse.  
Powerful!

JAMIE

Yeah! A guise of a powerful,  
sexual ruse!

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Wait - what am I missing here?

Everybody stops. Is Mark serious?

\*

RUSS

Because...  
(can't believe he's saying  
this)  
...we're not virgins anymore.

Russ and Jamie exchange looks and reach out to each other, clasping hands as the two vampires hold them apart. Mark frowns.

MARK

Huh? How?

Sighing, they turn to Mark, trying to explain.

RUSS

You know...  
(points to Jamie)  
Me and Jamie...

JAMIE

Yeah! You know...  
(points to Russ)  
Russ and me...

Mark frowns, uncomprehending.

MARK

No...

Sighing, Russ and Jamie try to break it to Mark delicately.

RUSS

We're "batting for the other  
team"; we're "temperamental."

JAMIE

We're "that way"; we're  
"flamboyant"...

Mark shakes his head, not understanding. Sighing patiently, they go on, using air quotes as appropriate.

RUSS

We're "inverts"; we're "light  
in the loafers; we're "high  
tops with heels"..."

JAMIE

We're "a bit funny"; we're  
"friends of Dorothy"; we're  
"lovers of Lucy"...

Mark still looks confused. Growing exasperated, they slowly get more explicit.

RUSS

We're "colorful"; we're  
"sensitive"; we're "flits"...

JAMIE

We're "bent"; we're "musical  
types"; we're "prigs"...

ROBIN

No, "prigs" are "fops"!

MARK

(shocked)  
You're thieves???

Russ and Jamie shake their heads and go on:

\*

RUSS

We're "light on our feet":  
"ballet-trained"; we're  
"musical theatre soundtrack  
collectors"; we're "Liza's  
army"; we're "Garbo's  
gadflies"; we're the "Joey  
Lawrence Fan Club"; we're  
"Deney Terrio's target  
audience"; we "dance at the  
other end of the ballroom";  
we're "pink side of the  
force"; we "read 'Playboy'  
for the articles"...

(sighing, out of  
synonyms)  
... We're "rump rangers"...

JAMIE

We're "extra-chipper"; we're  
"rhythmic gymnastics  
enthusiasts"; we're "tight  
pants technicians"; we're  
"riding the velvet highway";  
we're "'Grease 2'  
Apologists"; we're  
"'Spartacus': the Director's  
Cut"; we're "Bea Arthur's  
pillow-biters"; we're "still  
living with mom"; we're  
"nancy boys"; we're "out of  
the closet"...

(sighing, out of  
synonyms)  
... We're "butt pirates"...

Everyone groans... it seems so obvious now.

ROBIN

I knew it...

VAMPIRES

We knew it...

ROBIN

...and I'm very happy for them!

Robin, Russ and Jamie exchange knowing, caring looks, with a new understanding -- they've been through a lot tonight. There's nothing from Mark, though.

MARK

.... Eh, I still don't get it...

Robin and the Vampires all sigh; the Countess taps her foot impatiently. Russ and Jamie turn to Mark, speaking carefully.

RUSS & JAMIE

We're gay.

MARK

Oh, that -- yeah, I figured...

The Countess slaps her forehead. This is taking forever.

COUNTESS

Everybody figured--

(to Sebastian)

--Wait, does that even count?

Virginity is defined as--

SEBASTIAN

--Of course it counts! Love is love! This isn't the 16th Century...

She turns to Sebastian, speaking urgently.

\*

COUNTESS

Right, right... I thought I might squeeze by on a technicality--  
(a clock starts to chime)  
--Wait... what time is it?

The cuckoo clock on the wall chimes the midnight hour.  
Sebastian looks to the Countess helplessly.

SEBASTIAN

It's midnight.

The Countess looks frightened for the first time tonight.  
Smoke begins to rise from her hair and clothing.

COUNTESS

Someone find a plastic surgeon,  
quick!

Smoke continues to rise, engulfing the Countess in a thick black cloud.

COUNTESS

Make-up! Get me a vat of retinol!

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, Countess - there are other virgins out there! Somewhere like Kansas, or Nebraska, or--

CONFEDERATE VAMPIRE

--Virginia?

Sebastian shoots him a silencing glance.

COUNTESS

We're in Hollywood -- get me some aging experts: Dick Clarke; Gary Coleman; Cher; the Osmond family...

After a moment the smoke begins to clear, revealing that the Countess has changed! Her hair now fashioned into a lopsided beehive, her gown has been replaced by a gaudy flower print housedress. She squints at Sebastian through horn-rimmed glasses, speaking in a hoarse, tired voice.

COUNTESS

I just need a little nip and tuck.  
You know Liz Taylor? Phyllis  
Diller? Joan Rivers... Whoever  
didn't do them!

(losing focus)

Where's the TV? 'Donahue' is on!

\*

The vampires scream instinctively at this horrible sight -- then realize that they have aged, too. They all begin to look the age of their costumes. The Medieval Vampire slaps his forehead with his one good hand and it falls away, his wrist crumbling. Mark and Robin watch all this in fascination from his coffin, pulling the 'Star Wars' sheets up in fear. Mark calls to Robin over the noise.

MARK

What's happening?

ROBIN

They're transforming - the curse of  
the vampire is lifted.

The Countess is hobbling as Sebastian assists her.

COUNTESS

I'll never find another virgin!  
Never!

SEBASTIAN

Now, now -- I'll take care of you.  
There are plenty of options for  
seasoned bloodsuckers in Hollywood -  
- film production, artist  
management...

The bell tolls for the 12th and final time as they pass a mirror. The Countess slowly begins to cast a dim, flickering reflection, and she sees herself for the first time in eons.

COUNTESS

I can see myself for the first time  
in centuries!

(looks, frowns)

Wasn't worth the wait. Now what?

Sebastian and the minions exchange uncertain looks. Then:

SEBASTIAN

Don't worry, Countess -- you've  
been my mistress, my friend, my  
lack-of-soul mate for 300 years!  
Now it's my turn to protect you.

COUNTESS

\*

So what do we do now? More  
"Sweatin' to the Oldies?"

SEBASTIAN

(a beat -- then energized)  
The first thing we're going to do  
is freshen up this place -- there's  
way too much black lacquer...  
(looking around as minions  
grovel before him)  
...Somebody get me a glass of that  
1893 Austrian Peasant -- I'm gonna  
love this!

Mark and Robin watch the Countess meanders away with  
Sebastian, her minions following, the Medieval Vampire  
struggling to close the door behind them with no hands.

ROBIN

I told you I'd know when the time  
was right.

MARK

Maybe the Countess had a point --  
it would be better slower.

She grabs Mark's shirt, pulling him back into the coffin.

ROBIN

Let's find out...

She closes the casket lid over them both.

MARK (O.S.)

I think I've created a monster...

She giggles mischievously as the lid slams shut; soon the  
casket begins to bounce up and down intensely. Russ and  
Jamie, left behind, exchange disbelieving looks.

RUSS

Hey guys? Vampires! Focus!  
(shrugs at Jamie)  
It's all they ever think about...

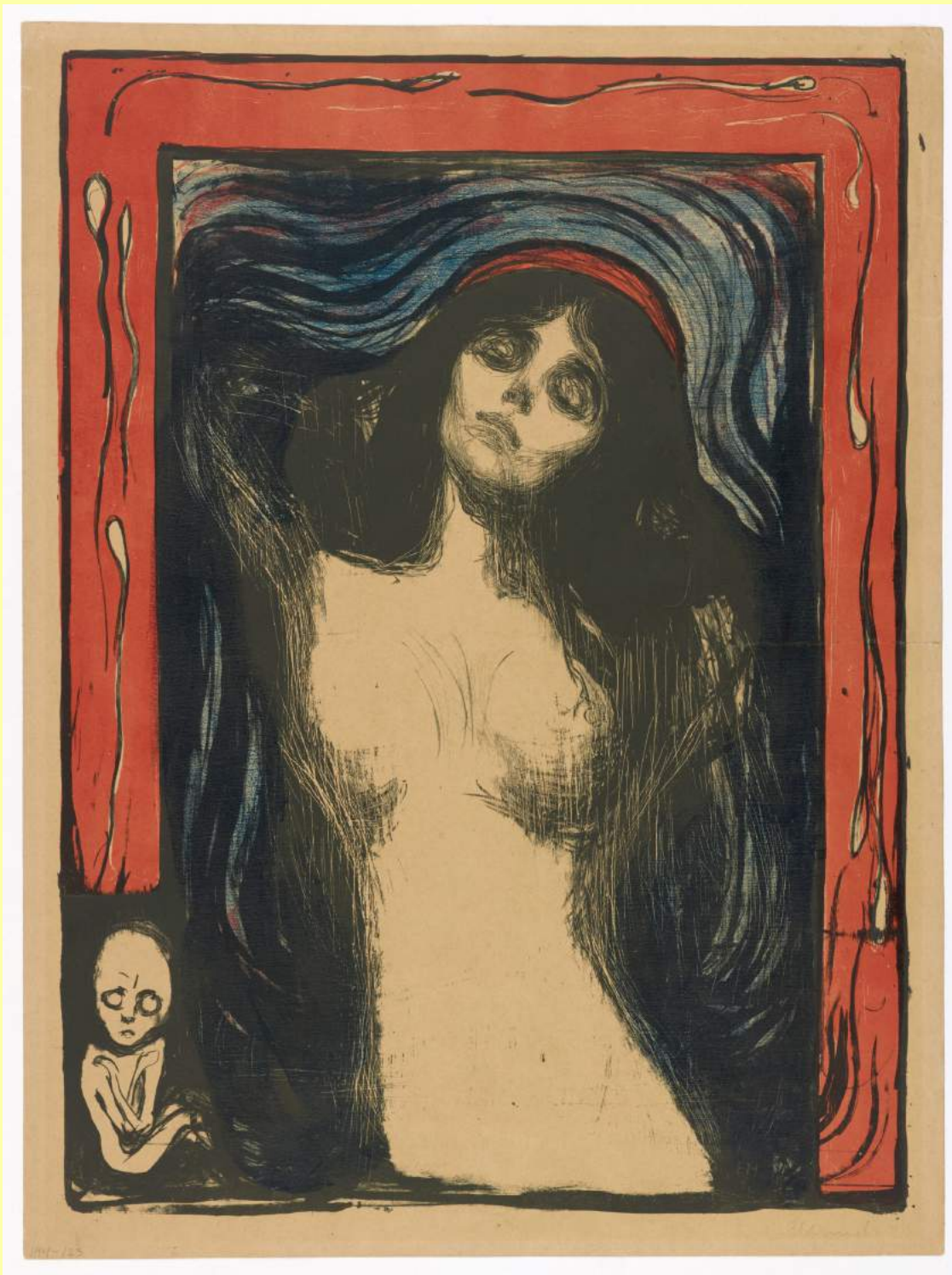
Mark and Robin don't answer. Russ and Jamie shake their  
heads helplessly as the coffin continues to bounce and rock,  
like a rickety old car with broken shocks.

\*

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END.**





Edvard Munch, 'Madonna' (1895/1902). Courtesy of Munchmuseet.

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