

Good news:

Mark's got a girlfriend.

Bad news:

She's a vampire.

NIGHTLIFE

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First Draft - April 1983

VAMP, n. shortened form of vampire:
v.t. to seduce or entrap (a man) by
using the wiles of a vamp.

- Webster's Dictionary

NIGHTLIFE

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 in the window.

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 into the window, pulling closed a heavy pair of shutters. She too looks uneasily at the setting sun.

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 'Our Lady of Infinite Mercy' church a young priest shuts the buildings big double doors with a bang. The sound of a large bolt being thrown echoes out.

Outside his meat market a butcher hurriedly paints the sign of a cross on his door from a bucket of lambs 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, 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.

Gradually we become aware of a faint rustling sound. It seems to be coming from a dark alleyway, but it's hard to tell. The rustling sounds get louder, then stop.

After a moment a large dog pokes its head out of the alleyway. Warily, the dog 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.

More dogs appear. Running along the streets and alleys, always staying in the shadows. Grouping. Forming into packs, but still silent.

Suddenly a howl pierces the night. As one the dogs stop, looking upward in the direction of the sound. We follow their gaze to see...

...A huge, wolf-like dog standing on the roof of a dingy old apartment building, silhouetted in the full moon rising over the city. It throws back its head and lets out a blood chilling howl, punctuated by a stab of grand (guignol) organ music. The Phantom of the Opera is working overtime tonight.

On cue, the dogs begin to hunt for food in earnest. They roam the streets, knocking over trash cans, scouring the gutters. Fights break out over whatever small bits of food can be found.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

A pack of dogs scrounge through the mounds of trash and debris that litter the alley. Sensing something, the pack leader moves toward a large dumpster that sits to one side. Other dogs notice, grouping hungrily around the trash bin. The dogs begin to growl, low at first, then louder. Suddenly the leader leaps at the side of the dumpster, clawing frantically, trying to draw out whatever is inside. The other dogs join him.

At the back of the alley a few dogs sniff and rummage through an especially large mound of garbage. One dog reaches for a promising looking tid-bit as suddenly - and without warning - a garbage encrusted hand thrusts up from under the debris. Startled, the dogs scurry away as three old bums rise up from the garbage like corpses rising from their graves. They stand, brushing crud from their coats.

The dogs still claw desperately at the side of the dumpster as the lid flies open with a bang. The dogs pull back, snarling savagely, the fur rising on their backs as five derelects loom up from out of the bin. The bums ignore the dogs as they stagger out into the street.

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.

A battered trash can sits on the curb. The lid pops off as a bum stands, unfolding himself after a long days 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.

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 motel. 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.

Shuffling lifelessly along, the creepies pass a row of dilapidated apartment buildings. There, wedged between two condemned tenements is a strange, gothic structure. The building resembles a dwarfed European castle plopped down in the middle of 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. Somewhere an owl hoots.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE BASEMENT

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

Four coffins lay spread out on the floor, mist rising from cracks in the yellowing tile. The largest, most ornate casket has a rose design carved into its wooden lid. The three smaller coffins each have a pair of ugly, expensive shoes set neatly on the floor next to them.

The organ music continues ominously as one of the smaller coffins creaks open. Just a crack. A pale, twisted hand appears from inside - groping, feeling for any lingering traces of sunlight. Satisfied, the hand pushes the lid slowly and noisily open. We watch as the dead rise, preparing to prowl yet another endless night...

A pair of stockinged feet hit the dirty floor. The socks are of a tacky paisley design. They move off...

A second casket opens. A plump hand slithers out of the darkness...

Light pink shirt tails are tucked over an impressive gut and into a ghastly pair of slacks...

The third small coffin squeaks open. A hand clutches the lid, expensive rings covering slightly purple fingers...

Pants rolled up to the knees, garters are adjusted to support bright red socks...

A lint brush is used to dust off a loud (possibly deafening) sport coat...

A vain attempt is made to brush a few thinning strands of hair over a rather prominent bald spot...

A pair of short, hopelessly out of fashion boots are zipped up the side...

A string of dental floss is run through a man's teeth. We notice that there is something strange here - the teeth are long, enlarged. Like fangs. Like...a vampire.

An expensive gold watch is slipped onto a hairy wrist...

A silver cigarette case is snapped shut. Then slipped into a breast pocket as we...

PULL BACK to see three middle-aged men in ungodly polyester suits gather around the largest coffin. They look like local businessmen out for what they and certain primitive cultures consider 'a good time'. The tallest man steps forward. Eyes glazed, he seems to be in some sort of trance - or, being Hollywood, maybe he just works in television. He addresses the wooden coffin in a low, respectful tone.

POLYESTER VAMPIRE #1

It is time, Countess.

A beat. After a moment the lid to the coffin shudders open. The polyester vampires watch blankly as a dark, mysterious woman sits up out of the casket. We do not see her face, only that she wears a gauzy black gown, long black hair flowing down to her waist. Her poorly dressed associates remain silent, waiting for her to address them. The strange organ music stops as the woman speaks quietly, but with great power.

COUNTESS

Let's boogie.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. THE STRIP LATER

Everyone is out tonight. Cars cruise the boulevard, headlights mingling with the flashing neon of the strip to create a frantic, claustrophobic world. Sleazies roam the street, picking things out of garbage cans and various orifices. As the traffic snarls along we notice a beat-up station wagon pass by, looking very out of place.

INT. STATION WAGON

Inside the wagon three teenaged boys cruise the strip. Having driven up from Orange County, these guys are out for a good time - even if they're not exactly sure what that entails. Santana's 'Black Magic Woman' blares out over the one good speaker as pencils, paper cups, old gum wrappers and other debris roll around on top of the dashboard. Odds are that Mom doesn't know where the kids took the car tonight.

Driving this make-out wagon is RUSS MACARTHUR, a pseudo-cool teen wearing an imitation leather jacket, imitation silk shirt, and imitation personality. His stylized hair-do doesn't exactly fit his head, just like his stylized clothes don't exactly fit his body. The kind of kid your parents didn't like you hanging around with.

In the back seat is JAMIE DEBBS, a skinny kid guaranteed to give everyone the creeps - except his biology teacher. A science fanatic, he is his schools 'Dissecting For Dollars' champion. Drunk on 'Food Basket Beer', Jamie wears a 'MY BODY BELONGS TO ME' t-shirt, red slacks (from the sixth grade) and an unidentified flying hair-do.

Riding shotgun is MARK KENDALL, who looks decidedly uncomfortable. Mark wears a nice shirt and tie under an armless hunting jacket, proving conclusively that fashion knows no bounds. Nevertheless, he is the most normal looking kid in the car. Slumped in his seat, he stares morosely out the window at the passing seediness on the strip.

MARK

I really hate this.

Russ turns to his friend, gesturing casually with his eternally unlit cigarette.

RUSS

It's just what you need. Your girlfriend pisses you off, you gotta go find comfort in the arms of another. It's an American tradition.

Slumping over the front seat, Jamie nods drunkenly.

JAMIE

If I had a girlfriend I'd do it.
Wouldn't I Russ?

RUSS

Sure, you're a normal guy.

Mark lets out a laugh. Jamie turns and looks at him - well, in his general direction.

JAMIE

What, are you thinking that I'm a not normal guy? I'm normal. Gimme another brewski.

MARK

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

Russ looks back at Jamie.

RUSS

How many have you had?

JAMIE

One.

Mark turns to Russ.

MARK

Where're we going, anyway?

Russ grins strangely.

RUSS

I know just the place...

Another ominous stab of organ music pierces the night as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. SEEDY BAR LATER

We find ourselves at one of the seedier bars on the strip. A fizzling neon sign identifies this dive as 'THE CRYPT'. Fog envelops the building, which looks like a condemned mortuary. Paint is cracked and peeling off the outside walls, brown water stagnates in a large plaster fountain, and the 'Budweiser' sign in the window is burnt out (a bad omen). The station wagon pulls into the parking lot. Mark, Russ and Jamie pile out of the car and head for the entrance.

INT. THE CRYPT

As the boys enter the bar the organ music on the soundtrack segues smoothly into a disco version of itself. Trying not to look underage, Mark, Russ and Jamie scan the bar curiously.

The room is very dimly lit. A few people stare at the boys, eerily lit from below by the candles flickering on their tables. Lightning flashes in the windows, thunder rumbling in the distance. A heavy ground fog covers the floor, which might be best, judging by brief glimpses of the carpeting. Lilys hang on the walls in antique flower holders. Cobwebs hang everywhere, including on some of the customers.

In one booth a party of skeletons sit frozen in time, covered with dust and confetti. They wear fancy old clothes, faded party hats resting on their heads. One sits with a noisemaker clenched in its teeth.

On stage a stiff, lifeless band plays "gothic music with a Motown beat!". Posters on the walls identify them as 'THE UNDEAD'.

Along the far wall a group of people play video games bearing such appealing titles as 'HIT AND RUN DRIVER', 'SHOTGUN ATTACK!' and 'MORGUE ATTENDANT'. A few people even play pinball machines, which are shaped like coffins.

The boys don't look so sure about this any more. They huddle together, speaking in hushed tones:

RUSS

I hear that the women in this place are possessed by the devil...

MARK

I hear that once you've had one, regular women won't satisfy you...

JAMIE

I heard 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

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

Mark turns to Russ.

MARK

Can we go now?

RUSS

Let's get something to drink.

Russ moves off toward the bar. Mark heaves a sigh as he and Jamie follow.

The BARTENDER, a thin man in a morticians outfit, stands behind the bar. He wipes out a beer mug with a towel, spits in it, then sets it on the shelf behind him. The boys step up to the bar. The Bartender eyes them suspiciously.

BARTENDER

You kids got I.D.'s?

Russ and Jamie exchange worried glances.

RUSS

Uh...

MARK

No.

BARTENDER

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

Jamie steps forward.

JAMIE

Do you have generic beer?

WIPE 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 a table, looking fairly well toasted. The table in front of Mark and Russ is littered with empty glasses and bottles, while Jamie sits in a daze, the one can of beer in front of him. Russ is in the middle of one of his joke-telling marathons - an experience not unlike scratching fingernails down a blackboard while Ethel Merman sings.

RUSS

(on a roll)

...then there's the 'coyote date' - that's a girl who's so ugly that when you wake up in the morning with your arm underneath her you chew it off so you won't wake her up.

Russ and Jamie explode with laughter. Jamie, overreacting to the joke, slaps his hand on the tabletop, repeating the punch line several times.

JAMIE

Chew it off! I get it! Tell the one about 'Johnny Fuckerfaster' again.

Mark sits stiffly, staring off into space. He speaks in a strange monotone. We get the feeling he's been repeating the same four words all night.

MARK

Can we go now?

Russ, still chuckling, turns to Mark.

RUSS

We can't leave yet, we haven't got you laid.

Mark looks at Russ tiredly.

MARK

I don't want to get laid.

RUSS

I thought you were pissed off at Robin.
Don't you want to even the score a
little?

Uncomfortable with this subject, Mark stares down at the table, absently playing with the paper umbrella in his drink.

MARK

I'm not mad at Robin. We just have a
different set of values, that's all.

Russ straightens up in his chair. Leans across the table at Mark.

RUSS

Look, you've been going with this girl for
almost a year now, and every time you try
to get past first base with her you're thrown
out stealing. I doubt if you've even made it
to second base yet.

MARK

I sort of got a ground rule double once.

RUSS

See what I mean? Every time you want to
throw her the high hard one she threatens
to bring in a relief pitcher.

Jamie speaks wistfully, to no one in particular.

JAMIE

The farthest I've ever gotten is batting
practice.

Ignoring Jamie for the thousandth time tonight, Russ moves in close to Mark. Speaks confidentially.

RUSS

I've got news for you - it's your senior
year and you're still a virgin. That
means that it's the bottom of the ninth
with two out and your team is one run
behind. If you don't do something now
it's gonna be all over.

Mark sits up, looking at Russ for the first time.

MARK

(defensively)

Listen, as far as I'm concerned it's still
early in the game. She may be throwing a
shutout now, but I'm not gonna risk everything
I have by shopping around for a free agent.
Alright?

Russ sits back in his chair. He shrugs, a smug expression on his face.

RUSS

Suit yourself. If you want to go through life a singles hitter that's fine with me. In the meantime why don't you go to the bar and get us another round of drinks.

MARK

Sure, why not.

Depressed, Mark stands, moving off toward the bar. Russ watches him go, downing the rest of his drink in one gulp. Grimacing, he pulls the paper umbrella out of his mouth.

INT. BAR

Mark takes a stool at the bar. His feet dangle a good six inches off the floor as he calls to the Bartender, who wipes out a specimen glass with a towel.

MARK

Another round. The same.

(an afterthought)

And could we have some more of those little tombstone crackers?

His mind elsewhere, Mark doesn't notice the woman sitting next to him. But we do. She wears a gauzy black gown, long black hair flowing down to her waist. Her back to us, we recognize this as the mysterious woman we saw rise from the coffin earlier. 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 (twisted into the shape of a skull and crossbones), Mark watches as the woman slowly slides her empty brandy snifter along the bar toward him. He stares at the glass...then at the woman, confused. Not quite sure what he's supposed to do.

MARK

Um, hello.

No answer. Mark looks again to the glass, then back to the woman. A beat.

MARK

Can I buy you a drink?

The woman slowly turns. We see for the first time that she is extremely beautiful - in a pale, embalmed sort of way. Her skin is bone white, accented by her dark, hypnotic eyes and blood red lips. Her neckline plunges farther than a suicide off the Chrysler Building, providing Mark with the most breathtaking view he's had since his parents took him to the Grand Canyon. If only he had his Instamatic now.

The woman sizes up Mark carefully as the Bartender brings a tray of drinks. She smiles.

COUNTESS

I never drink...generic beer.

Mark just stares at the woman, dumbfounded by her beauty. He's only seen women like this in magazines his dad hides in the linen closet. Very intimidating. The woman turns to the Bartender.

COUNTESS

But I do drink brandy.

As the Bartender moves off, the woman turns back to Mark. Speaks gently.

COUNTESS

What's your name?

Mark finds himself staring into the woman's eyes (no small feat), 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, not at all. 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 - which seem to glow with the ferocity of two penlights. He can't look away.

The Countess speaks seductively.

COUNTESS

What do you do for fun, Mark?

Mark 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 thinks for a moment.

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 seems to snap Mark back to reality. He takes his eyes from the Countess', glancing about nervously.

MARK

Gee, I don't know if I can. I'm here with a couple of friends and I don't know if they'd like me going off and leaving them.

COUNTESS

Why don't you ask them?

An involuntary whine rising in his throat, Mark turns 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

Well?

MARK

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

COUNTESS

So you're stranded.

Mark nods numbly. The Countess stands, taking him by the arm.

COUNTESS

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

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

INT. RESTROOM DOOR

As Mark is escorted outside, the door to the mens 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.

The gothic-disco music reaches a crescendo as we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE STRIP LATER

Full moon high overhead, the strip is still crawling with activity. A long black limousine speeds by as a hairy wino howls at the moon.

INT. LIMOUSINE

The Countess and Mark sit in the back seat of the limousine. The interior of the car resembles a large, gaudy coffin - the seats are lined with red crushed velvet, small satin pillows for head rests. A miniature chandelier hangs from the ceiling. Mark sits rigidly, hands folded in his lap. He looks uncomfortable, as though he has something to say, but isn't quite sure how to put it.

MARK

Um, I was wondering - are you a prostitute?

COUNTESS

(sensually)

I'm whatever you want me to be, Mark.

Mark seems relieved.

MARK

Good, 'cuz I only have five dollars.

INT. FRONT SEAT

Driving the car is one of the Polyester Vampires. He wears an ugly plaid chauffeur's hat, which matches his suit. Leaning forward, he pushes a button on the remote control garage door opener mounted on the dashboard.

EXT. THE COUNTESS' CASTLE

as the automatic garage door opener kicks to life, lowering a heavy drawbridge from the front of the building. The limo pulls onto the bridge and disappears into the darkness of the castle.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Blackness. We hear the Countess' voice in the distance.

COUNTESS

Would you like something to drink?

A light flicks on, revealing the kitchen. Startled by the light, a swarm of bats take flight, scattering around the room and out the doorway in search of a new hiding place.

The Countess and Mark stand in the doorway, Mark cringing as the last flying rodents zip past his head. The Countess walks nonchalantly into the kitchen.

COUNTESS

Excuse the mess. Our maid quit.

Mark stays back in the doorway, glancing around uneasily.

MARK

Oh, that's too bad. When did it happen?

COUNTESS

1954.

As the Countess walks across the kitchen we see that she's not kidding. A thick layer of dust covers everything, giving the impression of a recent snowfall. She moves to the old Westinghouse refrigerator, pulling open the door with a creak. Inside we see ten to fifteen 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 as he hangs back by the door. The Countess reaches into the 'fridge, removing the wine and glasses.

COUNTESS

Why don't we go into the den where it's comfortable. So we can get better acquainted.

Mark swallows loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEN

Electric candles flicker to life, creating a moody atmosphere as Mark and the Countess enter the den. The room is decorated in what might best be described as 'Southern California Gothic'. Recently featured in 'Better Homes and Mildew'. Inside an antique china cabinet are many strange objects: a candle melted onto the top of a skull, a crystal ball, a stuffed iguana, and a female softball trophy (night league). The skeletal remains of a Mickey Mouse phone stand on an endtable, complete with boney circular ears. An old oak bookcase stands against one wall, filled with dusty hardbound editions of 'I'M OK, YOU'RE OK', 'DIANETICS', 'WINNING THROUGH INTIMIDATION', and various other self-help books.

The Countess motions Mark to a Louis the XIV couch decorated with B. Kliban cat pillows.

COUNTESS

Have a seat, make yourself at home.

They sit, Mark edging away from the Countess. She stares at him piercingly as she opens the wine. He smiles politely.

COUNTESS

What do you do for a living, Mark?

MARK

I go to high school. But I want to be an electrical engineer.

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

COUNTESS

(impressed)

Really?

MARK

Yeah, I want to design video games. I've already done one called 'Nuclear Smurf Control'.

COUNTESS

Doesn't that 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

(thinking)

Yeah, I guess they're alright.

The Countess moves in closer, giving Mark a soft kiss on the cheek. He tries hard to stay in control, his rising voice betraying his panic.

MARK

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

COUNTESS

I did.

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

MARK

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

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

MARK

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.)

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 continues to move down Mark's body, kissing and caressing. As she moves OUT OF CAMERA RANGE we hear her unbuckle his belt. Beads of sweat form on Mark's brow.

MARK (Cont.)

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.)

She sure is a --

Suddenly a shocked look comes across Mark's face.

MARK

(surprised)

OW!!!

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE AREA LATER

The Countess escorts a limping, pale Mark to the limousine. He looks a little...drained. As they move toward the car, the Countess speaks to Mark in calm, soft tones.

COUNTESS

Are you feeling any better?

MARK

(weakly)

A little. How'd I do?

The Countess smiles.

COUNTESS

You're exactly what I needed.

They reach the limo, the Countess opening the door for Mark. He looks up at her, concerned, as she helps him inside.

MARK

I hope you don't feel like I took advantage of you because I already have a girlfriend.

COUNTESS

I'll survive.

She closes the door. Mark speaks to her through the open window.

MARK

This was pretty fun for a first date.

The limo starts up with a roar.

MARK

Well, thanks for everything. It was real nice.

COUNTESS

See you in your dreams.

Mark waves goodbye as the limousine pulls away, barreling down the drawbridge and out into the night.

As the Countess watches the car leave, one of the Polyester Vampires looms up behind her. He stares blankly ahead.

POLYESTER VAMPIRE #1

It is almost dawn.

The Countess does not turn.

COUNTESS

Good. My work tonight is done.

POLYESTER VAMPIRE #1

Is he the one?

COUNTESS

He is perfect. Two more transfusions of his blood and I can relax.

POLYESTER VAMPIRE #1

Are you sure he is a virgin? Otherwise he is of no use to us.

The Countess smiles confidently.

COUNTESS

I'm sure.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL DAY

A typical high school in Cypress Park, California. It stands as a monument to stucco, its outer walls not blemished by the presence of windows. A large missile stands out front, its concrete base bearing the inscription 'WEHRNER VON BRAUN HIGH SCHOOL'. A prison tower stands in the distance, an armed guard restlessly pacing the catwalk. Seagulls swarm overhead, waiting for the lunch bell.