

F R I G H T N I G H T

P A R T 2

an original script

by

Tim Metcalfe

and

Miguel Tejada-Flores

and

Tommy Lee Wallace

based on characters created

by

Tom Holland

REVISED SHOOTING SCRIPT  
August 31, 1987

FRIGHT NIGHT  
PART 2

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ENGELBERG CENTER - EARLY SUNSET 1

A large, imposing building commands our view. A sign looms in foreground:

ENGELBERG CENTER FOR PSYCHIATRIC STUDIES

We MOVE PAST this, toward the building and up, toward a second story window.

SOUNDS of NUZZLING and KISSING as we MOVE CLOSER.

GIRL'S VOICE

Mmmmm...Johnny...not HERE! What  
if somebody saw us?

GUY'S VOICE

Over here then. Where it's DARK.  
Come on...

The window is open, covered by filmy curtains. MOVE CLOSER, as the sounds of passion increase.

GIRL'S VOICE

Ohhh...mmm...what are you DOING?

GUY'S VOICE

Your neck...I want to kiss your  
neck. Anybody ever tell you you  
got a great-lookin' neck?

We PUSH THROUGH the curtains.

2 INSIDE 2

where we immediately SEE a large 26" TV monitor hanging on the wall -- and on the TV screen:

A YOUNG MARLON BRANDO CLONE in a LEATHER JACKET is kissing a YOUNG SANDRA DEE TYPE in a BEEHIVE hairdo. Leather Jacket starts nibbling on Beehive's neck.

WIDEN to REVEAL someone watching the tube -- a white-coated FEMALE STAFFER. A few years ago she looked something like Beehive. She is perched in a chair, glued to the screen. Behind her, another STAFFER enters. This one is actually working, sorting files or the like.

STAFFER

Alex. You gotta watch -- this is  
the best part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- 2 The other staffer, ALEXANDRA GOODE, or just plain ALEX to her friends, almost ignores this, but just then the melodramatic vampire music swells, and she can't resist watching - just as -- 2

BEEHIVE

(on TV)

Johnny? JOHNNY?? JOHNNY!!!

On the little screen: Leather Jacket pulls away from her neck and with an evil leer reveals a nasty pair of fangs! Beehive screams, Leather Jacket bites, blood squirts --

Alex covers her mouth, disgusted. She's about 19, with the kind of good looks that don't jump down your throat. Well-built and couldn't care less, I.Q. of a zillion, and an even, rational approach to everything. She turns to resume her business.

STAFFER

No, wait! THIS is the best part,  
I swear to God -- go, Peter  
Vincent!

But Alex doesn't want to look. She pointedly ignores the TV, gathering files from the desk. Heads for the door.

And on the tube: A HAND comes INTO FRAME, YANKING Leather Jacket off Beehive's neck. Leather Jacket hisses at the intruder -- it's PETER VINCENT, Fearless Vampire Killer, to the rescue!

PETER

(on TV)

Back, Denizen of Darkness! Back  
I say!

As the vampire cowers, Peter raises a hammer and stake and moves in -- WHACK WHACK -- gobs of movie blood splatter --

-- and Alex, at the door, takes one last peek in spite of herself.

- 3 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK 3

Alex moves off. The hall of this well-appointed place has the air of Major Endowment about it, right down to the expensive furniture and fixtures.

Alex pauses outside a glassed-in reception room. SEES through the glass: CHARLEY BREWSTER, a little older now but still boyishly handsome. A little nervous at the moment. Deep in thought.

He spots Alex, brightens, waves. Alex throws him a wave and moves on.

## 4 WITH CHARLEY 4

sitting. Thinking. There's another person in the room, a RECEPTIONIST, sitting behind a desk. At her elbow is a tiny call-box. Presently it purrs, and a light winks on.

RECEPTIONIST

Charley, you can go in now.

Charley gets up, goes to a door marked DR. HARRISON. He steps inside.

## 5 SHOT 5

ON Charley, inside the office, crossing the floor toward -- Dr. Harrison? But wait -- wasn't Charley wearing different clothes a moment ago?

CHARLEY

Are you okay?

And that sprawled form of a half-clothed woman on a rug -- could this be the therapist? Strangely familiar...she slowly raises herself, turns, and it's Amy, from the first "Fright Night," showing her fangs, hissing at Charley! (PRODUCTION NOTE: Existing footage.)

## 6 MONTAGE 6

And that's not all: We catch other high points from the climax of "Fright Night," unfolding in rapid succession, like a preview trailer, immersing us in the nightmare --

CHARLEY

(V.O.)

-- and finally we broke the windows and the light came streaming in and KABLOOEY...that was that...

RIPPLE EFFECT:

## 7 INT. DR. HARRISON'S OFFICE - DUSK 7

Charley sits on a sofa, still coming down from the telling of it. Across from him sits DR. HARRISON, a scholarly psychiatrist past forty. Kindly underneath, but his couch-side manner is intense and nervous and aggressive.

They have been over this territory many times before.

DR. HARRISON

All right, Charles, what really happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7

CHARLEY

This crazy guy, Jerry Dandridge, moved in next door. I thought he was a vampire. But it turned out he was a cultist and a murderer. He kidnapped my best friend, Evil, and my girlfriend, Amy. I got Amy out alive with the help of Peter Vincent.

7

DR. HARRISON

And was Jerry Dandridge a vampire?

Charley sits up straight. Looks Dr. Harrison in the eye.

CHARLEY

No. There's no such thing.

DR. HARRISON

Then what was he?

CHARLEY

Murderer. Hypnotist. Con artist. Suicidal sicko. But not a vampire.

DR. HARRISON

How do you know?

CHARLEY

(intense)

Because vampires don't exist.

Dr. Harrison studies Charley. Then he smiles.

DR. HARRISON

We're through, Charles. You can go.

CHARLEY

But we've still got thirty --

DR. HARRISON

Not through for today. Through for good.

CHARLEY

You're kidding. You mean I'm -- I'm cured?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

DR. HARRISON

"Cured"? It wasn't exactly a toothache, my friend. Let's just say it's time to put the past behind you.

They rise. Shake hands. Charley hesitates. Looks around.

CHARLEY

It's kind of hard to leave, Doctor. Three years --

DR. HARRISON

-- is a lot of therapy, even for the trauma you experienced. What are you feeling right now?

CHARLEY

A little scared.

DR. HARRISON

Good! Scared of what? Vampires?

CHARLEY

(laughs)

No. To be honest I think I'm scared of running into Peter Vincent...

DR. HARRISON

...and having him try to convince you that vampires really exist because you both saw the same thing?

CHARLEY

No, I can handle that. I know group hypnosis is powerful stuff. I know there's a rational explanation for everything that happened. But...

DR. HARRISON

But he killed your friend. Even though it was self defense you must accept that you have ambivalent feelings toward him. Right?

CHARLEY

He called me a few times, but I never called him back. Maybe I should. Yeah. Right. I'm being silly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7

DR. HARRISON

We're all silly, Charles. Now  
goodbye, get out of here. Have a  
great life. Go see the guy, get  
it over with. And, remember, his  
fears can't possibly hurt you.  
Can they?

7

CUT TO:

8 INT. ENGELBERG CENTER COUNSELING ROOM - DUSK

Group therapy here, a circle of maybe a DOZEN STUDENTS and a  
COUNSELOR. And Alex, just outside the circle, taking notes.

COUNSELOR

-- all about getting in touch  
with your fears. And it's about  
giving yourself permission blah  
blah blah --

TAP TAP. Alex turns her head. SEES Charley, outside, looking  
in, his face pressed up against the glass. Not just smiling,  
but BEAMING, gesturing and mouthing silent words -- I'M -- ALL  
-- FINISHED -- NO -- MORE -- THERAPY --

But Alex doesn't get it. Charley practically stands on his  
head trying to convey it in sign language and charades.  
Finally, a strange young NEUROTIC leans toward Alex.

NEUROTIC

I think your boyfriend just  
graduated.

All heads turn toward Charley as Alex's face lights up. She  
mouths YOU DID? -- and Charley nods up and down, like his head  
was on a spring.

The group spontaneously applauds. The Counselor waits  
tolerantly while Charley balls his fists and parades like  
Rocky, dancing around outside the window to the cheers of the  
group.

He flashes Alex one more message: YOU -- AND -- ME -- SEVEN?

The entire group turns their heads as one to see Alex's  
response. She blushes. Mouths OKAY. Everyone applauds.

9 EXT. ENGELBERG CENTER - DUSK (TITLE SEQUENCE)

9

TITLES PLAY as Charley springs away from the building toward  
his car, whooping and clicking his heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9 MUSIC. Something appropriate to Charley's "graduation," pompous and symphonic and ivy-wall collegiate, except for that minor chord which keeps slipping in, telling us that all will not be well... 9

10 EXT. CAMPUS GATES - DUSK 10

Charley's Mustang glides past the gates of this impeccably landscaped place: "CENTRAL POLYTECHNIC" or the like. Same old Mustang, but he finally got that paint job -- yellow -- along with some more body work.

11 EXT. CHARLEY'S DORM - DUSK 11

TITLES CONTINUE as the Mustang pulls into the parking lot beside a men's dormitory. Charley hops out, sprints past various CAMPUS TYPES and hurries inside.

12 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - DUSK

Charley bursts in, catches his breath, crosses to a big old trunk.

He lifts the lid. Inside, your basic treasure-trove of anti-vampire paraphernalia: Crosses, garlic, stakes, etc.

13 EXT. DUMPSTER BEHIND DORM - DUSK 13

KEE-RASH! The whole pile of vampire junk sails into the dumpster. Charley stands on a loading dock above it, a satisfied, confident look on his face.

TITLES OUT. MUSIC OUT.

CUT TO:

14 BACK IN CHARLEY'S ROOM - LAST LIGHT 14

As day slips away, we MOVE THROUGH the room, past a radio playing softly, into the bathroom, where Charley stands at the sink, lathering his face, studying his reflection in the mirror.

He picks up his razor and begins to shave. STILL MOVING IN, closer now, as he finishes one cheek and starts on his

15 NECK 15

where the razor suddenly slips, cutting him. Red blood flows instantly, staining the surrounding white lather.

16 CHARLEY 16

gasps, staring at the blood. There's a lot of it.

CUT TO:



17 A BAND-AID

17

covers Charley's wound now. Back in his room getting dressed, knotting an electric turquoise tie around a silk shirt, throwing on a shark-skin jacket, hurrying out.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

18

Charley and Alex get out of the Mustang and head toward a building adorned by a large neon sign announcing KBOY - TV, CHANNEL 7. Alex is dressed up too.

CHARLEY

Listen Alex, this may get a little weird --

ALEX

All our dates are weird, Charley. I'm happy, you've fed me well. This is your celebration. Just point me where you want me.

CHARLEY

I think the entrance is over there.

(hesitating)

Maybe we should just go get some ice cream --

ALEX

This is important. As important as all the hard work you've been doing in your sessions.

CHARLEY

Yeah, you're right.

She kisses him on the cheek. They take hands and head for the door.

19 MONTAGE

19

Horrific moments from some really bad horror flicks. Then, that ghoulish laughter and the logo - "FRIGHT NIGHT."

VOICE

(O.S.)

Okay, fade up One.

Peter Vincent's image filters through. His face fills the screen.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

PETER

Good evening. I know what you're saying to yourselves: It's only a movie. Right?

(a laugh)

Wrong. Evil is powerful. Monsters are real. The forces of darkness are at work everywhere. I know. I have looked into the jaws of The Beast. I've felt his claws at my throat...

He speaks with the kind of power and conviction you'd expect from a TV evangelist. He is a believer. With good reason. But he's coming off a little batty.

PULL BACK to SEE that we are in the control room of the TV station. A balding but long-haired DIRECTOR, owner of the voice, sits back, frustrated.

DIRECTOR

Here we go again...

He turns to look at MEL FEINSTEIN, executive producer/owner/operator of the station. Mel is middle-aged, permanently small time and sleazy, but posing as a big shot. Expensive toupee, diamond pinkie, YOUNG BIMBO hanging on his arm.

FEINSTEIN

It's the same damn thing, word for word, he said last night, and the night before that! Where's the script? Where's the goddamn script? He's impossible --

DIRECTOR

He throws the scripts away, Mel...

On the monitors Peter charges on --

PETER

(on monitor, filtered)

...in our houses, at our jobs, down the street -- they could be anywhere. So beware. Forewarned is forearmed.

(coming down)

Now, onto tonight's feature, which, unfortunately, does not star me...

The Director reaches over and keys the video relay switch. Peter's image is replaced by the lurid title sequence of a cheapo monster movie. Feinstein hurries out.

19

20 INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - NIGHT

20

It's appropriately creaky and moldy, atmospheric, but corny and low-budget, like Peter's costume. Peter steps away from his mark, taking a cigarette from his elegant gold case.

Charley and Alex stand some distance away in the shadows, looking on. Suddenly Mel Feinstein bursts through a door behind them and charges past, muttering to himself:

FEINSTEIN

Christ, why did I get into this  
line of work --

(suddenly breezy)

Peter love! Need a minute, 'kay?

He hurries to Peter and steers him from under the lights.

FEINSTEIN (cont'd)

About the monologue. Knockout  
stuff. I love it. But didn't  
you say something kind of like  
that last week?

PETER

(patiently)

I've been saying precisely the  
same thing for the last three  
years, Mel. It's a message young  
people need to hear.

(gravely)

Lives could well be at stake.

FEINSTEIN

Lives, lives...what about ratings?

Peter suddenly looks up, spots Charley in the distance. His face lights up --

PETER

Charley?

-- and he leaves Feinstein standing there steaming, as he hurries over to Charley and Alex.

PETER (cont'd)

It IS! It IS!

They shake hands, but it doesn't seem like enough. It's immediately obvious how much Peter has missed Charley. Charley hesitates, but then he opens his arms to Peter and they hug.

CHARLEY

How you been, Peter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

20

PETER

My gracious, this IS a surprise!  
I can't tell you how often I've  
thought of you!

(suddenly; with  
meaning)

Everything's -- all right, isn't  
it?

CHARLEY

Oh, yeah, yeah! Everthing's  
fine! Peter, this is my friend,  
Alex. Alex, Peter Vincent.

PETER

Alex...

He kisses her hand with a sweeping gesture.

ALEX

How do you do?

PETER

Very well at this moment, my  
lovely child.

(moved by the  
occasion)

I haven't seen this young man for  
so long --

The Director's voice booms from overhead speakers.

DIRECTOR

(O.S.; amplified)

Thirty seconds, Peter.

PETER

Oh dear, my master calls. You'll  
stay, won't you? I'll be  
finished in a jiffy. I happen to  
have a few bottles of very fine  
wine at my place. Perhaps I can  
convince you to --

FEINSTEIN

(growling)

Peter!

PETER

Coming, coming!

And off he goes.

20

CUT TO:

21 EXT. THE HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT

21

A faded but imposing old building somewhere downtown. Just the sort of place you'd expect the Fearless Vampire Killer to hang out -- towers, belfrys, gargoyles -- an air of foreboding hangs over the place like a veil.

22 INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

22

Spacious. Spooky. A veritable Mini-Museum of the Macabre, with artifacts and memorabilia from Peter Vincent's old films all over the walls.

Alex wanders and looks while Charley assists Peter in the tiny kitchen, wiping wine glasses, setting out crackers...Peter's CAT purrs its way along the counter.

PETER

Charley, Charley, it's so good to see you.

CHARLEY

Peter...I'm sorry I didn't return your phone calls.

PETER

(dismissing it  
with a wave)

I understand. You needed to put it all behind you.

(sotto)

I hope I'm not stepping out of line, but what do you know of Amy?

CHARLEY

We kind of broke up, and she started dating a lot of older men. They all vaguely resembled Jerry Dandrige.

PETER

Oh my. Yes...

CHARLEY

One of them owned a bank. She married him and moved to Houston.

PETER

Well, I had to ask.

CHARLEY

No, it's okay.

(beat)

Alex and I have been dating. Not really serious or anything, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22

PETER

22

She's lovely, Charley. Does she know about the...about the...

ALEX

(O.S.)

About the vampires, Mister Vincent?

They turn. Alex is near the door, still examining the stuff on the walls.

ALEX (cont'd)

Sorry. I couldn't help but hear. And yes, I know. Charley has told me all about the vampires...

She slips Charley a secret wink as Peter pops the cork and pours the wine.

PETER

Of course he has. Forewarned is forearmed. A toast then --

(holds out glasses)

To the unending task of conquering the forces of evil, wherever they might appear!

SMASH CUT TO:

23 EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT (VAMPIRE POV)

23

WHOOSH! HEAR the beat of wings. We are flying close to the rooftop, swooping down, across the face of the building at a giddy angle, coming to hover outside Peter Vincent's window, SEEING INSIDE, through a filmy curtain - Peter, Charley, and Alex raising their glasses. Peter's cat jumps onto the window, looks out --

24 INSIDE

24

-- and suddenly the cat hisses -- skedaddles across the room past a startled Alex, who bumps her elbow on an horrific mask, dislodging it from its place on the wall. Charley catches it, puts it back.

PETER

My apologies for Nurkle. Eccentric cat. There's a funny story behind that mask, my dear. Do you remember "Bloodsuckers From Beyond"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

ALEX

24

Um, I think I missed that one.

PETER

(off and running)

It was in the winter. Indianapolis of all places. Bitterly cold, and a director who had deep and serious and enduring personal problems --

Charley and Alex laugh politely, and Peter plunges ahead. PAN TO a clock on the wall. 10:30.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 SAME CLOCK

25

Only now it's just before midnight. PAN BACK to find Peter still holding forth over yet another artifact, a big knife.

PETER

-- was supposed to retract, and, of course, it didn't and I very nearly stabbed the poor fellow through the heart!

Charley and Alex react appropriately, but the hour is late. Alex stifles a yawn. Peter pops the cork on yet another bottle of wine, offers. Charley and Alex decline. Peter refills his own glass.

PETER (cont'd)

But the best story of all is the one Charley has already told you. Ah, my girl, the things Charley and I did, and saw...you wouldn't believe the half of it.

ALEX

(with a deadpan  
glance at  
Charley)

I probably wouldn't, Mr. Vincent.

PETER

Do call me Peter.  
(raising his  
glass)

To those days. Gone, but not forgotten.

He staggers a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

CHARLEY

I -- think it's time we were going...

25

ALEX

(still in thought;  
to Peter)

On the other hand, I do believe that the mind has amazing powers -- powers to conjure up its own realities --

PETER

My dear, we're not talking about the powers of the mind, we're talking about the powers of EVIL! Tell her, Charley, tell her what I'm talking about!

Charley takes a deep breath. This is what he came for.

CHARLEY

(delicately)

What Peter really means is, you had to have been there yourself. Then you could have formed your own conclusions.

PETER

Well said!

He drains his glass.

PETER

Come, dear Alex. I'll get your wrap, and do forgive me for carrying on this way. When one gets older, sometimes memories become more important than blah blah blah...

His voice fades as he leads Alex to another room. Charley puts down his wine glass, stretches, yawns. Something outside the window attracts his attention.

26 CHARLEY'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

26

Through the curtain, on the sidewalk down below, SEE a delivery truck. At midnight? Yup. WORKERS carrying first one, then more oblong crates down the ramp. Just about big enough to hold a coffin...three, four, five...



27 THE CLOCK 27

strikes twelve. Charley spins, looking at it, getting a little spooked. He looks outside again.

28 CHARLEY'S POV 28

A gleaming black limousine pulls up to the curb. Just sits there. Waiting. It's weird. And spooky.

29 CHARLEY 29

is drawn to this stuff like a moth to a flame. For a few seconds. Then he gets hold of himself. Smiles. Backs away.

CHARLEY

Thank you very much, but no thanks. There's a logical explanation here...

CUT TO:

30 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PETER'S PLACE - NIGHT 30

Hugs all around. Goodbyes.

PETER

(to Alex)

I'm glad we met. Take care of this young man. He's very important to me.

They back away a step, but Peter's not quite ready to let go.

PETER (cont'd)

He helped me...for the first time in my life...to do something that really mattered.

(almost to himself)

It was the most incredible feeling. I know it sounds selfish, but I'd give anything to experience that feeling again.

(then)

I didn't mean that! Perish the thought! Goodnight, children. God bless you.

He closes the door. They back away, then make haste for the elevator. Charley punches the call button. HEAR the clanking and clattering of ancient machinery groaning to life.

CHARLEY

Well! The Fearless Vampire Killer. Sorry I put you through that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

ALEX

No. He's very sweet.  
 (a look)  
 And very eccentric.

CHARLEY

You think I should have let him  
 have it? Told him the truth?

ALEX

I think you handled it beautifully.  
 You spared his feelings. The  
 truth might have dislodged his  
 construct.

CHARLEY

Translation, please.

ALEX

To lose one's mind.

CHARLEY

Here, in everyday college life,  
 we say "to pop one's cork," or  
 "to strip one's gears."

ALEX

(ignoring this)  
 He really does believe in  
 vampires, doesn't he?

Charley reacts to the word.

CHARLEY

Let me show you something I  
 believe in.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

31 HIGH ANGLE - DOWN THE HALL (VAMPIRE POV)

31

Suddenly we are watching our two from a high vantage point far  
 down the hallway. The SHOT MOVES slightly, just enough for us  
 to know that Charley and Alex are being watched by someone...  
 or some thing.

32 BACK TO SCENE - CHARLEY AND ALEX

32

The elevator arrives. Without breaking their kiss, they step  
 on board and the doors slide shut.

CUT TO:

33 INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

33

ON an old-fashioned floor indicator with a pointer on it, indicating "L" for Lobby. TILT DOWN as the elevator doors open to find our two, in EXTREME CLOSE-UP, still locked in that kiss.

Getting to know each other better. So very close together.

ALEX

(purring)

Charley...I know this isn't going to sound very romantic, but I've got to go tinkle right now.

CHARLEY

We could go back to Peter's -- no, cancel that. I can't take another story.

34 NEW ANGLE - LOBBY

34

as their two heads look out of the car and look around.

The lobby is dark and quiet. Darker and quieter than it should be, but heck, this is a horror movie.

Off to one side, under a backlit sign marked "LADIES" is an archway leading off to other shadowy depths.

ALEX

Bingo.

She starts across the lobby.

CHARLEY

Want me to go with you?

ALEX

What for?

CHARLEY

I just -- thought you might be scared. Never mind.

Alex laughs. Moves off.

35 CHARLEY

35

wanders to an alcove on one side of the big room. Finds a big armchair there.

36 INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

36

A strange angle. SEE the stalls. HEAR Alex humming.

## 37 BACK TO CHARLEY

37

He sits in the darkness. Waiting.

It's mighty quiet.

Charley drums his fingers on the arm of his chair. Hums a little tune.

HEAR the click and squeak of the front door. Then footsteps on marble. Charley turns to look, but from this angle, he can only see SHADOWS cast on the floor.

Two people. And a dog. They cross the lobby toward the elevator, a strange and very disturbing trio:

A WOMAN, tall, statuesque, dark-haired, pale. An extraordinary face, a face men go out and sink ships for. And a body to go with it. Dark clothing. A hypnotic way of moving. And a full, sensuous, red mouth.

HER COMPANION, impossible to tell whether it's a man or a woman. Wild hair, wild earrings, wild clothes. Keys jingling from finger.

A DOG, on a short leash. Powerful and wolf-like.

The door again. A LARGE MAN, powerfully built, but lithe as a dancer, glides across the floor and mans the elevator for the group. His head is shaven in a bizarre crisscross pattern. He somehow completes this eerie portrait.

The foursome. Strange. Cold. Exotic. Dangerous. Even deadly. The effect on Charley is immediate. His face breaks into a sweat. He half rises from his chair, eyes wide, staring...

And as the elevator doors start to close, the woman turns her head, eyes boring through the darkness, and looks right at Charley. Is that the trace of a smile on her lips?

The doors close. Charley just stands there, hardly breathing as the elevator climbs the floors -- 2 -- 3 --

Alex reaches in, making Charley jump a foot!

ALEX

Miss me?

CHARLEY

Aaaagh! Don't DO that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37 ALEX 37  
 Sorry.  
 (notices Charley's  
 agitation)  
 Are you all right?

CHARLEY  
 I'm fine. Let's get out of here.

Charley leads Alex out the front door, casting a last look back at:

38 THE FLOOR INDICATOR 38  
 above the elevator door, pointing to 7 -- 8 -- stopping at "P."  
 The Penthouse. Naturally.

39 BACK TO SCENE 39  
 Charley stares a beat.

ALEX  
 Charley?

He hurries along.

40 INT./EXT. PENHOUSE - LOOKING DOWN (VAMPIRE POV)  
 Watching Charley and Alex cross the front lawn to the street,  
 from a penthouse window high above --

CUT TO:

41 INT. CHARLEY'S MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING) 41  
 Charley drives along, his hands gripped tightly around the  
 steering wheel, a worried look on his face.

ALEX  
 What is it, Charley? Is something  
 wrong?

CHARLEY  
 No, nothing's wrong...

ALEX  
 Are you sure? I mean, if you want  
 to talk about it --

Charley suddenly spins the wheel and

42 THE MUSTANG 42  
 streaks across the road under some trees, right at the edge of  
 campus. SEE lights and the campus gate in the background.

43 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

43

Charley just sits there for a moment, looking at Alex.

CHARLEY

C'mere.

ALEX

Charley, I think I'd better warn you in advance I have a seven o'clock class tomorrow --

CHARLEY

(dumbfounded)

Seven? You mean people actually go to school at seven o'clock in the morning? That's idiotic! That's insane! It's unAmerican!

ALEX

It's a fact. And I have to get up early to study because there's a quiz and I'm not exactly aceing this course --

CHARLEY

(mock horror)

Oh no, a "B"! Poor baby, 'emme make it feel better...

They embrace and kiss. Charley's really horny. He begins to explore Alex's neck, losing himself in it. Alex, too, is carried away. BOOM UP AND

44 OUTSIDE

44

FAST to REVEAL THE WOMAN FROM THE LOBBY, REGINE, stretched out across the roof of Charley's Mustang like a big, slinky cat.

45 BACK INSIDE

45

Charley's really getting crazy. Making slurping noises, kissing Alex's hair, fooling with her breasts through her blouse. Alex comes out of her swoon. There's something mechanical about what Charley's doing.

ALEX

Charley --

But he just continues.

ALEX (cont'd)

Charley, stop --

She clamps her hands down on his until he comes out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

CHARLEY

What's the matter?

45

ALEX

Ask yourself that!

CHARLEY

I'm just trying to express my feelings here --

ALEX

That's not funny.

CHARLEY

Who's trying to be funny?

ALEX

Take me home. Please.

CHARLEY

One last kiss...

He leans over and kisses her, a really choreographed piece of work which becomes very French and tonguey and lewd.

46 EXTREME CLOSE-UP - CHARLEY AND ALEX - THE KISS

46

MOVING IN CLOSER, to Charley, to his eyes, which open lazily, then wider to SEE:

47 CHARLEY'S POV

47

Suddenly he's kissing Regine, not Alex! She is returning his erotic masterpiece with ferocious, animal hunger.

48 CHARLEY

48

pulls back, stunned, as Alex turns quickly away, fights open the door and gets out.

ALEX

(through clenched teeth)

Good night.

She slams the door and hurries off. Charley, rattled, piles out.

CHARLEY

Alex, what're you --

ALEX

(near tears)

I said good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- 48 She walks briskly across the lawn toward some trees. Beyond the trees, some lights and buildings. 48
- Charley grows angry. Gives his door a savage kick. Gets in and roars off.
- 49 INT. CHARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING) 49
- Riding with Charley. He flips on the radio. It blasts rock and roll.
- CHARLEY
- Charley Brewster, what was that all about? You are a real asshole.
- He slows for something ahead:
- 50 ANGLE ON LIMOUSINE (MOVING) 50
- That black limo again, gliding from a side street, passing him. Mysterious.
- Charley watches it through his rearview mirror until it turns up another side street and disappears.
- Then he shakes it off and drives on.
- 51 EXT. CAMPUS GROVE - NIGHT - BAT'S POV - (MOVING) 51
- We are aloft, flying above the trees. SEE Alex as she hurries toward a tall dormitory in the distance.
- 52 CLOSE ANGLE ON ALEX (MOVING) 52
- She walks fast, working off her hurt and anger.
- 53 ANGLE ON BUSHES 53
- Movement here. A low guttural growl.
- 54 LOW ANGLE - WOLF'S POV (MOVING) 54
- Very close to the ground now, starting slowly, building up speed, hurrying along, spotting Alex up ahead, following along, using brush and trees for cover.
- 55 ALEX (MOVING) 55
- moving more quickly now, not really scared, but maybe aware of a presence back there somewhere. Looks back. Sees nothing.



56 A TELEPHOTO SHOT

56

through shadows and darkness and shrubs and bushes -- faint but unmistakable -- the wolf-dog from the lobby, prowling along in pursuit!

57 EXT. ALEX'S DORM YARD - NIGHT

57

Alex comes into the dorm yard, quickens her pace, heading for the entrance plaza.

Two familiar faces hang out on a bench not far from the door -- we saw them both in the hotel lobby: BOZWORTH, the big guy, looking now like your atypical jock on scholarship, and BELLE, the androgynous companion, looking like a freak from Venus.

Studying Alex as she hurries toward the door.

58 LOW ANGLE - WOLF'S POV (MOVING)

58

quickens pace too, fairly sailing now, ignoring cover, making a beeline, gliding across the yard, we're bulleting past Belle and Bozworth, who watch us go, closing in on Alex's back with sickening speed -- leaping -- past overhanging branches -- bulleting toward

59 ALEX

59

who reaches the door and slips inside just as -- WHAM! Something heavy hits the door -- a large shadow wiping through -- Alex spins around.

60 EXT. ANGLE THROUGH GLASS

60

Alex steps back to the door. Looks out, but there's nothing to see. She looks at the strange twosome, but they're oblivious.

She gives up, turns to cross the lobby.

61 ON BELLE AND BOZWORTH

61

As soon as Alex can't see, these two crack up laughing!

MOVE TO the bushes near the door...UP and BEHIND them...where the wolf-dog lies, whimpering in pain, pawing its injured nose...

62 INT. DORM

62

Alex comes out of the elevator in this modern place and goes down the hall to her room.

## 63 BACK OUTSIDE 63

Something is happening to the wolf-dog. SEEN from above, lit from ambient window light, it is changing, transforming, its limbs lengthening, its trunk thickening, its muzzle retracting...

## 64 A STRANGE PAW 64

on its way to becoming a hand reaches up and  rubs  something between a muzzle and a nose. The whimpering is taking on a decidedly human tone.

## 65 BELLE AND BOZWORTH 65

hang out at the bench. Belle produces a cigarette. Boz lights it.

## 66 INT. ALEX'S ROOM 66

Alex comes in, turns on the light, heaves a sigh and starts to undress.

## 67 EXT. GROUND FLOOR WINDOW 67

Through the window, SEE a shapely COED in a scanty nightie in bed, reading Vogue. She reaches across, turns the RADIO on an old 60s finger-snappin' Smokey Robinson tune. A SECOND COED comes out of the shower, naked except for a towel. She starts drying herself, leaving little to the imagination.

COED

Geez, Sherry. Whyn't you pull down the shade? Somebody could be out there, you know.

The naked coed lazily reaches over and pulls the shade just as the wolf-dog breaks into hard foreground with a growl - shocking us - and now we can see a human face under the hair and fangs, as the wolf features recede --

It's a teenage boy! Mindless grin. Shoulder-length blond dreadlocks. Naked as a jaybird except for that dog collar around his neck. He looks like what he is: a brain-damaged product of the 60s. LOUIE snarls, revealing a mouthful of vampire teeth. Then he starts to HUM -- and TWITCH -- and we realize, with a shock, he's dancing. To the Smokey Robinson song inside. Doing a little stoned-out ROUTINE. He laughs suddenly -- then he LEAPS toward the

## 68 DORM WALL 68

where he gloms onto the bricks about two stories up, looking like a giant, meaty spider!

69 BACK TO SCENE 69

The coeds look fearfully from behind the shade, but not fast enough to see anything. Oh well. They disappear.

70 BELLE 70

looks up from the cigarette, suddenly feral, almost sniffing the air.

WHIP TO:

71 THE FRONT DOOR 71

where a plain young ART MAJOR comes out, toting paint box and pad. She moves off along the building and turns the corner.

72 ON BELLE AND BOZWORTH 72

as Belle moves off to follow the Art Major, casually flipping the cigarette toward

73 BOZ'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND 73

where it burns, apparently causing him no pain. He casually picks it up with the other hand and takes a drag, moving off toward the street.

74 INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT 74

Alex is down to her underwear, looking very sexy, unfastening her brassiere as she goes into the bathroom --

75 OUTSIDE ON THE WALL 75

an impossible angle, looking down at the dog-boy, who is crawling up the wall, grinning an evil grin, several stories off the ground.

76 ALEX 76

comes out of the bathroom pulling on a sweat and sensible flannel nightgown. She goes to her nightstand. Sets the clock.

77 EXT. NEAR THE DORM - NIGHT 77

Belle walks along, stalking the Art Major, who is totally unaware of the danger. In fact, she drops her art tablet, curses softly, bends to pick up the scattered pages.

Belle closes in, moving like a panther.

- 78 INT./EXT. ALEX'S WINDOW 78  
 Outside, on the ledge, Louie's horrible hand appears, with its long yellow fingernails -- then the other hand -- then his head. He looks inside --
- 79 LOUIE'S POV - THROUGH THE CURTAINS 79  
 Alex checking the door lock, pausing at her dresser to remove a necklace, the light on the nightstand showing through her gown -- tantalizing outlines --
- 80 LOUIE 80  
 digs it, reaches for the window sill -- the window is open a couple inches --
- 81 LOUIE'S AWFUL HAND 81  
 pushes the window open wider --
- 82 BELLE 82  
 glides in as if floating on air, baring fangs as the Art Major looks up in surprise, and as a scream starts in her throat, the vampire strikes, biting deep, cutting off the scream -- small streams of blood escaping the punctures --
- 83 SPLATTERING CRIMSON 83  
 onto one of the white sheets of paper on the ground. A beat, then the Art Major's hand flops onto the page, doing a grotesque little death-dance, moving the blood around, making one final painting...before it goes limp.
- 84 INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT 84  
 Alex shivers. Turns suddenly toward the window and, without even looking, slams it down, completely unaware that the
- 85 WINDOW 85  
 crunches Louie's fingers, breaking off all the long nails!
- 86 LOUIE 86  
 grimaces, pulling back his hands, slipping -- falling away --
- 87 ANGLE ON DORM 87  
 For the briefest moment, we SEE Louie falling, groping thin air and then its

88 LOUIE'S POV

88

diving straight toward the ground, SEEING pavement rushing up toward us, HEARING a loud flutter, and then we're SWOOPING, missing the pavement, casting a huge bat-shadow, climbing past the trees toward the moon...

CUT TO:

89 EXT. ON CAMPUS - ANGLE ON LIMO GRILL - NIGHT

As it pulls in, filling THE FRAME, we HEAR a car door. Footsteps. A meaty, familiar hand ENTERS FRAME. Dislodges SOMETHING from the grillwork of the limousine. FOLLOW THE HAND as it moves up to its owner's face: Bozworth, leaning against the limo.

He opens his hand and inspects its contents.

90 INSERT - HAND

90

A half-dead moth, still kicking.

91 BACK TO SCENE

91

Bozworth absently pops the moth into his mouth like a gumdrop. CRUNCH CRUNCH. Yum!

He looks around, searches the sky. HEAR the beat of wings.

SHOCK CUT TO:

92 EXTREME CLOSE-UP -- DEAD ART MAJOR - INSIDE LIMO - NIGHT

Her pale empty face fills the frame, her eyes wide open in petrified shock. WIDEN to SEE that she has been laid to rest on one of the car seats, and that Belle is sprawled on the floor, feeding at the girl's neck.

Belle looks around with a dainty lip-smack, makes an eye-gesture, offering a spot at the neck to

93 REGINE

93

resplendent, wearing a lazy smile, relaxing on another sofa-like seat, watching Belle feed.

REGINE

I'll wait. Save some for Louie.  
I do believe he struck out.

Boz opens the limo door and in steps Louie, still naked, nursing his fingertips. He hunkers down and begins dressing from a wadded-up pile of clothes on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

LOUIE

Oh man, she got my fingers! And  
my nose! It's really sore! Man!

93

He whimpers and curls up on the floor.

BOZWORTH

Fuckin' klutz...

Bozworth slams the door.

REGINE

Poor Louie Louie...don't worry,  
the fun is just beginning.  
You'll get another chance...

CUT TO:

94 INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

94

HIGH ANGLE looking down on Charley's bed. Charley is tossing and turning, having a hard time sleeping. We MOVE DOWN and IN, toward his face, his eyes -- KNOCK KNOCK. The door. His eyes pop open. He sits up.

CHARLEY

Who is it?

Silence. Charley turns on the light. Gets out of bed. Goes to the door. He's wearing pajamas.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

(softly)

Alex?

VOICE

(through door)

Charley?

With a smile Charlie throws open the door to SEE:

The mysterious woman from the hotel lobby, just standing there looking at him!

Charley slams the door in her face. White as a sheet, trembling. Takes a deep breath.

CHARLEY

(to himself)

Now -- just -- a -- minute...  
One: There are no vampires. Two:  
There is a rational explanation  
for this. Three: That was very  
rude. Four: She is incredibly  
beautiful and sexy. Five: There  
are no vampires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

94 He opens the door. She is walking away. She turns, looks at him again. It's Regine. 94

REGINE

You're not Charley.

CHARLEY

Yes I am! I'm Charley. Charley Brewster.

REGINE

(amused)

But not Charley Cassidy. Sorry to wake you. I think I've got the wrong dormitory.

She turns and walks away. Charley watches, damn near hypnotized by that walk. She reaches the elevator. Pulls out cigarettes. Charley realizes he's staring. Reluctantly backs off, starts to shut his door when --

REGINE (cont'd)

Excuse me -- Charley. Do you have a light?

CHARLEY

S-sure!

Regine starts back down the hall. Charley turns and, in one mad scramble, cleans up his room. By the time Regine reaches his door, Charley has donned a robe and is just taking a book of matches from his drawer.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

(ultra casual)

Come on in.

REGINE

Thanks.

She crosses the threshold. Smiles. Takes the matches from him. Puts a cigarette in her mouth. Stops.

REGINE (cont'd)

You mind if I smoke in here?

CHARLEY

No, not at all. Please do.

She smiles again, lights up, then collapses into an easy chair.

REGINE

God I'm tired. I'd kill for a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

94

CHARLEY

94

Instant be all right?

He grabs a jar of instant coffee. Holds it up. Regine just smiles. Making serious eye contact. Charley's breath quickens, he smiles back, plugs in an electric tea-kettle.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

(nervous)

Drink a lotta this before finals,  
gotta stay up all night...

He busies himself with the water and the pot, self-conscious. Regine stretches languorously - Charley can't help but notice her dress sliding up her thigh, the top buttons of her dress undone...she gets up. Moves to where he is working. Just behind him.

Charley can't see her, but he knows she's there.

REGINE

You remind me of someone. An old  
boyfriend of mine.

CHARLEY

Charley Cassidy?

REGINE

No. That's my cousin. This guy  
had a mouth like yours. Good  
lips.

(beat)

And he knew how to use them.

(another beat)

Do you know how to use your lips  
...Charley?

Charley slowly turns...this is too good to be true...but there she is, looking into his eyes...Charley can't help himself. They move together, their lips meeting, fastening hungrily.

His hands explore her back, her hips, her bottom -- her hands, her long red fingernails, pulling open his robe, his pajamas -- opening the collar --

95 THE BAND-AID

95

on his neck. Fingernails closing around it. Peeling it back, ever so gently...

96 CHARLEY

96

oblivious, carried away on a wave of ecstasy.



## 97 CLOSE ON CHARLEY'S CUT

97

just a line on his neck where the razor slipped, healing nicely...and then Regine's red mouth is hovering over it.

She opens her mouth, revealing a long pair of FANGS! And then, ever to gently, she tilts her head, bringing one of the razor-sharp points closer...closer...

...finally drawing it delicately along the cut, reopening the wound, making it bleed again!

Regine's tongue flickers out, touching a tiny drop of blood -- Charley swoons, goes pale. She covers the wound, taking a big long sip --

## 98 REGINE'S EYES

98

glow! She draws back, blood-lust seizing her, opening her mouth, baring her fangs to plunge as

## 99 CHARLEY

99

turns, seeing her this way, starting to scream, twisting his head, opening his mouth, and

MATCHED CUT:

## 100 THAT SCREAM

100

dies on his lips as he lurches up from his bed, alone. The door fades up: KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!!! He's drenched with sweat, looking frantically around -- Breathing hard -- coming out of it, profoundly relieved. What a dream!

4:00 A.M. by the bedside clock.

He gets up, heads for the door. Pauses. Reaches up on a high shelf. Coffee cup. Inside, a rosary. He balls it in his fist, exposing the cross.

He opens the door. Alex is there, fully dressed. She's been crying.

ALEX

(sad; angry)

I want to talk to you...

CHARLEY

Alex...Alex...

ALEX

(shocked)

Are you all right? You're so pale!

(CONTINUED)

100

CHARLEY

Oh, I want to talk to you too,  
Alex. I am really, really sorry.  
I don't know what came over me --

ALEX

You didn't seem like yourself at  
all -- after I got through being  
mad at you, I got worried about  
you.

CHARLEY

Please forgive me.

They hug. She kisses him.

ALEX

What is it?

CHARLEY

Oh, I just had a nightmare. It  
was nothing. Just -- silly.

He eyes the rosary, clutched in his hand up against Alex's  
back. He gives the thing a castoff fling in the direction of  
its cup. It hits half in, but slinks out onto the shelf and  
finally to the floor with a clatter. Alex looks at it.

ALEX

You thought I was a vampire?

CHARLEY

Until I opened the door.

(a sigh)

I guess I'm not really over it.

ALEX

It still has the power to scare  
you. You're white as a sheet!

CHARLEY

It was that kind of a dream!

CUT TO:

101 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - LATER

101

Charley under the covers, the patient; Alex pattering around  
his hotplate, the doctor. She serves him up a cup of warm  
milk, turns down the lights, kicks off her shoes, and crawls  
in with him, fully clothed.

CHARLEY

You've got a lot of guts,  
crawling into my bed, Miss Goode...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

ALEX

Ah, I've got my clothes on.

101

CHARLEY

Yesss...and THAT is a subject I  
would like to take up with you...  
at a more...appropriate occasion...

ALEX

My clothes?

CHARLEY

...sex...

Alex sits in silence, examining her hand in the moonlight.

ALEX

I'm just an old-fashioned person,  
Charley. I don't really know how  
...serious this is. I don't want  
to rush into anything. Guess  
you've noticed that...

She looks at Charley. Sound asleep. She touches his cheek.  
Notices the bandage on his neck.

Soaked with wet blood. As we watch, a drip runs from beneath  
the bandage and plops onto the pillow.

Alex digs into one of her pockets, pulls out a wadded up  
hanky. Goes to work on the cut. Disturbed.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - MORNING

102

Charley moves, reaches across for Alex -- she's gone. He opens  
his eyes. Sees a note pinned to the pillow: "CHARLEY  
BREWSTER, I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH. PS: I THINK YOUR CUT'S  
INFECTED. PPS: I'LL PROBABLY GET A D."

He smiles, fingers his wound -- neatly dressed, two band-aids  
now -- he opens the shade. The morning sunlight streams in,  
bathing his face in its warm glow.

Charley stops smiling. Winces. Drops the shade fast.

CUT TO:

103 CLOSE-UP - CHARLEY IN SUNGLASSES (INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE) - DAY

104

He sits up straight, nervous, sunglasses fighting the bright  
daylight. PULL BACK to REVEAL Dr. Harrison, in his office,  
intently studying Charley. Silence for several beats.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

DR. HARRISON

103

Charley. I hope it won't disappoint you to hear that this is quite normal. People dream themselves sick all the time. Tension, anxiety, allergic reactions, depression, fever, general malaise. The dream world is a powerful place.

CHARLEY

It was like it was real, Doctor.

DR. HARRISON

I've had dreams which were so vivid, with so much detail, I wouldn't have believed it were possible...

(beat)

This woman in the dream. She's someone you saw for the first-time in the shadowy, dark lobby last night...and you say she's very attractive. Very seductive.

CHARLEY

That's correct.

DR. HARRISON

And tell me...aren't you more than just a little bit attracted to her?

CHARLEY

(reddening)

I...maybe...well, sure, I mean --

DR. HARRISON

Nothing to be ashamed of. The more we focus on a -- uh, stimulating object, the more likely it is that we'll go back and review that object in our subconscious at a later date.

(beat)

Okay?

CHARLEY

Thanks, Doc.

Dr. Harrison glances at his watch. Jumps up.

DR. HARRISON

Something to help you sleep? Knock out the dreams altogether for a while?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103 He saunters to his desk. Rifles through a drawerful of sample 103  
drugs.

CHARLEY

Thanks, but -- I just say no...

DR. HARRISON

(missing it)

Take it with you. You'll have it  
if you need it.

He tosses Charley a small flat packet of pills.

CUT TO:

104 A BOWLING BALL 104

caroms down the lane, smashing ten pins, a perfect strike. HEAR  
cheers and merriment.

105 ANOTHER BOWLING BALL 105

comes rolling up and out of the automatic ball return with a  
characteristic sound, a RATA-RATA-RATA-KABLOOP! A pair of  
hands pick it up. Go with them, REVEALING Charley, who puts  
it in a rack with a zillion other balls. He rubs them down  
with a cloth. Still wearing his sunglasses.

His cute little vest tells the tale: He works here at the  
"CAMPUS LANES." The student bowlers leave as Alex comes  
hustling in, loaded down with books. She gives him a kiss.  
Checks out the shades.

ALEX

Hey cool breeze. You're still  
awfully pale.

CHARLEY

I've had this eyeache all morning.  
I don't feel so great.

ALEX

There's a flu going around. Damn.  
I had a surprise, but I don't  
think you're in any shape to go.

CHARLEY

What's that?

She holds up a pair of tickets.

ALEX

"FAUST" at the Capitol Center.  
Do you like opera?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

105

CHARLEY

I don't know. Never been to one.

ALEX

You're kidding! It's wonderful!  
Too bad.

CHARLEY

Listen, I'll go home right after  
this and take a nap before class.  
I'll be fine. Really. I'd love  
to go.

ALEX

You sure?

CHARLEY

What time?

ALEX

Eight. I'm coming from work.  
I'll meet you there. Oh, great!

She kisses him and hurries toward the door.

CHARLEY

What'd you get on the quiz?

ALEX

(blushing)  
I'm not telling!

CHARLEY

It was an A, wasn't it?

The rolypoly manager of the Campus Lanes, MR. NEWBERRY, comes  
along. Surveys Charley, who's pretty much leaning on his  
broom, staring after Alex.

MR. NEWBERRY

Hey, Mister Brewster, you want to  
earn a little more of that money  
I'm giving you!

Charley hops to it.

CUT TO:

106 INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

106

Sunlight streams in through the windows. Peter comes through  
his apartment in a bathrobe, just waking up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

106 He opens his front door. Reaches out automatically for the paper and his hand falls on something else. 106

A long box. He takes it gingerly, pulls off the top --

Roses! A dozen long-stemmed yellow roses! How lovely! He takes them inside, sets them on the table. Finds the card, opens it.

107 INSERT - THE CARD 107

It reads: "YELLOW. THE COWARD'S COLOR. -- FROM A FAN."

108 BACK TO PETER 108

His face darkens. He drops the card in the box. Puts the top back on. Stares at the box, perplexed.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. CHARLEY'S DORM - DUSK 109

The sun drops behind Charley's dorm, leaving a foreboding sky in its wake.

110 INT. CHARLEY'S ROOM - DUSK 110

RICHIE pushes Charley's door open, pokes his head in. He's clean cut, good looking, every mother's idea of a regular guy around campus.

It's dark in here. Shades all pulled. Charley is a huddled figure under a blanket on his bed.

RICHIE

Brewster?

Charley stirs. Rolls over. Sits up. His color is back.

CHARLEY

What time is it?

RICHIE

Quarter to eight. Didn't you have a class this afternoon?

CHARLEY

A quarter to eight?! Good grief, I've been asleep for six hours! I've gotta get going --

He hurries into the bathroom. Richie goes to his closet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

110 RICHIE 110  
Can I borrow your green silk tie?

CHARLEY  
Uh uh. No way. The black knit  
you can borrow. Not the green  
silk. There's not enough money  
in --

RICHIE  
Five bucks rental?

CHARLEY  
Take the green silk. Who are you  
trying to impress tonight?

RICHIE  
Some kind of avant garde art  
farts. I love those art women...  
thanks, buddy!

Richie runs out.

Charley comes out scrubbing his face, combing his hair, and  
pulling on his clothes all at once. He grabs a jacket and a  
tie, stumbles all over his trousers, only half on --

CUT TO:

111 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT 111  
Charley driving along, part of the flow of cars, STUDENTS and  
FACULTY on the streets, passing the old Student Union, where we  
SEE a familiar black limousine, parked in a red zone.

112 INT. CHARLEY'S CAR (MOVING) 112  
He slows, catching sight of the car as he passes...

113 CHARLEY'S POV (MOVING) 113  
There she is, in a different outfit, this one blue silk,  
talking animatedly to Richie! The guy says something, Regine  
laughs.

114 CHARLEY 114  
goes into a quick U-turn, guiding the Mustang back toward the  
Student Union.

115 CHARLEY'S POV 115  
Richie whispers something to Regine. She takes his arm. He  
leads her to the limousine. They get inside.



- 116 THE MUSTANG 116  
 slows over to the curb and stops. Charley slumps down low. After a moment the limousine glides past.  
 Charley steers the Mustang back into traffic, following.
- 117 CHARLEY 117  
 looks down at his watch. Ten after eight. Late, but not all that late. He steps on the gas.
- 118 EXT. ALEX'S DORM - NIGHT 118  
 Alex, all dressed up, waiting. Not upset. Yet.
- 119 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 119  
 The limo goes past, heading into another part of town. The Mustang comes through the intersection, just making the light, a short distance behind.
- 120 EXT. THE HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT 120  
 The limo glides up to the front entrance. Regine and Richie get out. Stop. Kiss right there on the sidewalk.
- 121 ANGLE ON CHARLEY'S MUSTANG 121  
 pausing half a block away. Charley watching, maybe even a tinge of jealousy there.
- 122 CHARLEY'S POV 122  
 The happy couple mounts the steps and goes inside.
- 123 CHARLEY 123  
 sits there for a minute. Opens the door. Gets out. Starts down the street toward the building, when --
- CHARLEY  
 (to himself)  
 What are you doing? This is ridiculous.
- He sighs. Turns around, goes back to his car. Gets in, starts it up, puts it in gear and -- something catches his eye, high up above --
- 124 CHARLEY'S POV 124  
 The Penthouse. Every light in the place is going on. Then, at the picture window, Regine appears, on the arm of Richie. They seem to admire the view for a moment, Regine pointing here and there.  
 They kiss again.

- 125 CHARLEY 125  
 steps carefully from his car, backing across the street, mounting a low wall by the sidewalk, straining to see better.
- 126 CHARLEY'S POV 126  
 A bit easier to see: Regine and Richie still kissing. They break, turn their heads to see Belle, the strange sexless creature, who joins them at the window.  
 Belle turns to Richie and begins undressing him.
- 127 CHARLEY 127  
 gives a start.  
 CHARLEY  
 Wow.
- 128 BACK TO CHARLEY'S POV 128  
 Then Regine says something. Belle removes a scarf from around her neck. Ties it over Richie's eyes like a blindfold.  
 CHARLEY  
 (V.O.)  
 Holy...
- 129 CHARLEY 129  
 Regine leads Richie away from the window. Belle extends a long finger -- TOO long -- the fingernail black and razor-sharp -- and draws the sheer curtain.  
 steps backward, looking for a better view -- and that's when he sees, crawling up the side of the building behind him:
- 130 A FIRE ESCAPE 130  
 going up, up, up...
- 131 EXT. ALEX'S DORM 131  
 Fun's over. Alex is very angry, holding the opera tickets so tightly her knuckles are white. Pacing back and forth.
- 132 BACK WITH CHARLEY 132  
 as he climbs the fire escape.
- 133 MOVING POV 133  
 as the Hotel Elegante Penthouse windows loom across the way, revealing more and more with each flight of stairs...

- 134 EXT. HIGH PERCH - NIGHT 134  
 Finally, Charley stops, takes in the view:
- 135 CHARLEY'S POV 135  
 SEE deep into the Penthouse apartment, looking at a spacious, empty room, with not much in it but a huge chaise longue in its center.  
 From this distance, details are impossible, but the big picture is unmistakably clear:  
 Richie, half-dressed, on the chaise lounge. Hovering over him are Belle at his hips, and Regine at his face. Kissing him.
- 136 ON CHARLEY 136  
 as he stares in admiration --  
 CHARLEY  
 Good grief, Richie...  
 Squinting out across the gulf as --
- 137 THE TRIO 137  
 making headway, toward what must surely be the first of many climaxes -- when, suddenly -- as if on cue, Regine and Belle raise their heads, bare their fangs and bite: Regine into Richie's neck, Belle into his fleshy inner thigh!
- 138 CHARLEY'S JAW 139  
 drops, his eyes grow big as saucers.  
 CHARLEY  
 (to himself)  
 This is not a dream. This is not a dream --  
 He takes a tentative first step downward, away from it all, but still glued --
- 139 CHARLEY'S POV 139  
 as Regine, animal-like, feeds at Richie's neck, tugging at the skin with those fangs --  
 -- turning for just an instant, looking, peering out into the night -- can she see Charley? And is she smiling again?

CUT TO:

140 CLOSE-UP - PETER VINCENT'S DOOR

140

Charley's fist, pounding hard! A pause. The door swings open revealing Peter Vincent's sleepy face. He frowns.

PETER

Charley?

Swing around to see Charley, terrified, a believer once again.

CHARLEY

(a hoarse whisper)

Peter! It's happening again!

Peter says not a word. He takes Charley's shoulder, leads him inside and slams the door.

CUT TO:

141 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

141

A fire burns in the grate, casting long, eerie shadows. Charley sits stiffly in a chair watching Peter, who paces back and forth and back and forth.

CHARLEY

-- and then she LOOKED at me,  
Peter...and I swear to God she  
was...smiling.

PETER

(more pacing)

Hmmm, yesssss, this does require  
some thought...

CHARLEY

Peter, please -- there's really  
no time to --

PETER

Time? Yes, Charley, there IS  
time. Look at the time. If they  
are what you say they are, and we  
go up there now...

The clock over the mantelpiece BONGS once. 8:30. Peter  
shudders.

CHARLEY

(bristling)

"IF"? You don't believe me.  
You, of all people! Or is it just  
that...just that you're scared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

141

PETER

141

That hurts, Charley. I didn't say I didn't believe you.

(then)

I LIVE here. I can't afford to go breaking into my neighbors' apartments accusing them of being vampires, if what you saw was, in fact --

CHARLEY

What? Was in fact what?

PETER

Was in fact something which only APPEARED to be as you say.

CHARLEY

You sound just like my shrink.

Charley heads for the door.

PETER

Charley?

CHARLEY

A friend of mine's in trouble up there. I'm going. Right now. With you...or without you.

He reaches up to the wall where hangs a rosary, a hammer, and a sharp-pointed stake.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

Mind if I borrow these?

He takes them down. Opens the door.

PETER

Charley!

Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

142 INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

142

The elevator doors slide open, revealing Charley and Peter, lugging his vampire-hunting case. They step out of the elevator and walk purposefully toward a door some distance away.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

PETER

This is what I think they call a no-win situation, Charley. We either wind up looking very foolish or very dead. Or worse...

They stop at the door. HEAR MUSIC coming from inside. Charley knocks on the door. Almost immediately it opens -- and there stands a HIP YOUNG DUDE. Silk jacket, earring, glass of champagne, beige cigarette.

Then he smiles, revealing gleaming white razorpoints protruding from his mouth! Like lightning Charley whips out his crucifix, ramming it in the guy's face!

The guy sees the cross and suddenly cowers, reeling backward, slamming into the wall, spilling his drink --

GUY

Shit.

(to Charley)

You got me. Come on in.

(to Peter)

Great outfit.

He pulls out his phony vampire fangs, turns his back and moves away, mingling back into the CROWD.

Charley and Peter exchange a look -- then they advance into

143 THE PENTHOUSE SUITE

143

filled with maybe fifty COLLEGE KIDS, laughing, talking, drinking, dancing. A mixed bag, half of them rich, moneyed and decadent, the other half weird art punks. A few wearing vampire costumes, Mardi Gras getups, old tuxedos...

A large bowl stands nearby. Full of phony vampire fangs.

PETER

Charley...

CHARLEY

Don't let your guard down, Peter. I know what it looks like, but --

A door opens and out steps Richie, looking very pale. Walking unsteadily, he flops onto a sofa nearby.

CHARLEY

(to Peter)

There he is! Look how pale he is!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

Charley crosses to the sofa. Peter tags along. Richie lies sprawled there, eyes closed, head tilted back.

CHARLEY (cont'd)

Richie?

Richie opens his eyes.

RICHIE

Hmmm? Brewster? What're you --

CHARLEY

We know you're in trouble. We want to help.

RICHIE

I could use a Perrier.

PETER

I'll get it.

Peter goes off. Charley sits down next to Richie.

CHARLEY

Richie, you can do something about this. We know what you're going through.

RICHIE

Hey man, I drank too much, okay? I'm not an alcoholic, okay? I don't need a sermon, okay?

CHARLEY

I didn't mean --

RICHIE

Okay.

Richie settles back, sighs and closes his eyes. Seems almost immediately to sleep -- or pass out.

144 AT THE BAR

144

Peter waits his turn at the crowded little bar. Looks around the room. RACK PAST HIM to an open stairway.

Halfway up SEE Belle, perched magnificently, staring lazily right at Peter.

At the top of the stairs, near an archway just his size, SEE Louie, the wolf-dog. Also staring right at Peter. In good light, Louie looks very cool. His fur coat is kind of frizzy, and trimmed in places, for a modern "rooster cut" effect.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

RACK BACK TO Peter. Unsettled. He turns back to the bar, addresses the broad back of the bartender.

PETER

My good man, would you be so kind  
as to give me a --

The bartender turns around. It's Bozworth, naturally. What's not so natural is the way he's smiling and holding out a cold bottle of Perrier.

Peter stares at the bottle. Takes it, nonplussed. Bozworth glances at his friends on the stairs. Winks and grins. Peter eases away slowly.

145 WITH CHARLEY

145

He leans in close, inspecting Richie's neck. No marks, but Richie wears a starched collar and Charley's own necktie. Charley reaches in and gently loosens the tie. Looks around, making sure no one is paying attention, then he oh-so-delicately unbuttons the collar...

146 EXTREMELY CLOSE ANGLE

146

inspecting Richie's skin, all the way down to his collarbone -- no gashes, no teethmarks, no nothing -- Charley draws back, notices Richie's eyes -- now open. Staring unamused at Charley.

Charley jumps back, horribly embarrassed.

CHARLEY

I uh...it's uh...

RICHIE

It's the wrong thing to do,  
Brewster. I'm straight. And  
you're not my type anyway.

Richie moves off, snagging the Perrier from Peter, just returning.

CHARLEY

All right, I was wrong, I owe you  
an apology, let's get out of  
here --

PETER

If I may quote you, Charley,  
don't let your guard down.

(CONTINUED)



146 CONTINUED:

146

But Charley is already starting across the dance floor, heading for the door in a hurry -- suddenly finding Regine in his path, framed in a doorway, staring at him.

Charley stops so fast Peter almost crashes into his back. Just stands there looking. A new SONG begins.

147 THE DANCE

147

DANCERS move all around Charley. DANCERS buffet Peter about. He glances to one side. SEE the wolf-dog move behind a gaggle of people and suddenly Louie is there, dancing away. Peter only half catches it; not sure what he saw.

Regine steps onto the dance floor, holding out her hands to Charley. She is exotic. Beautiful. Sensuous. Inviting.

Charley reaches out and takes her hands.

They dance. Elemental, at a slower pace than everyone else, a love-dance, a body-dance...not so much intricate steps as simple movements, swaying, rocking, touching...

...and something more:

Regine's long gloved fingers slip into Charley's pocket... appearing to pull out a crucifix by its long rosary beads. She dangles the cross...brings it closer to her face --

-- and her face begins to change! Very subtle -- strange under the lights -- cheekbones flexing -- chin sharpening. -- the delicate cross spins -- she opens her mouth near it and fangs sprout and grow there!

The crowd gasps. Peter recoils in shock. People point. Some people applaud. HEAR: "Hey you guys, watch!" "Oh great, she's doing a PIECE!" "Shhhh! Be cool!"

Back and forth swings the cross, like a pendulum. Regine's face seems to breathe, to ebb and flow with its rhythmic, rocking, sexual pulse.

Charley is enraptured, as if under a spell, staring lazily into her eyes, which glisten, her pupils dilated, perhaps a glint of red in there somewhere --

Everyone is locked in now, watching this performance. As the music builds to its final note, Regine flings the rosary across the room.

WHIP PAN TO:

148 A SMALL MIRROR

148

shatters as the rosary hits it, knocking it to the floor in a shower of glass.

149 BACK TO SCENE

149

The crowd explodes. Enthusiastic applause. Cheers.

Regine bows gracefully, her face back to normal. She gestures toward Charley, the way a magician would acknowledge an assistant. As the applause turns his way, Charley looks around, still a little dumbfounded, coming back to earth.

As he watches, Regine's hands go to her mouth, then her eyes, appearing to remove some apparatus from each, concealing it in her hand, and quietly handing it off to Belle, who has materialized behind her.

Regine hurries across the floor, casually retrieves the rosary, dangling the crucifix by its beads, dropping it casually into a deep pocket. Charley and Peter trade glances.

As the party resumes, people come forward to congratulate and greet Regine. One YOUNG ADMIRER steps up with her pen. She unfolds a page of Interview magazine. On it is Regine's picture!

YOUNG ADMIRER

Do you mind?

REGINE

Of course not.

Regine dashes off an autograph as Charley looks on. Peter slips up behind him.

YOUNG ADMIRER

Will you be in performance while you're in town?

REGINE

Here and there. Nothing formal. I'm here on personal business.

Her eyes flicker toward Charley.

CHARLEY

(profoundly relieved)  
So you're an actress!

YOUNG ADMIRER

(reverently)  
Performance artist.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

REGINE

You thought maybe I am the real thing? I take that as a compliment.

A gaggle of hangers-on laughs appreciately. Regine glances around. Finds Peter.

REGINE

Mister Vincent, I believe. I've been a fan all your life. I am Regine.

Peter catches the peculiar phrase. Regine offers her hand. Peter hesitates, then takes it. Her smile is vaguely menacing.

REGINE (cont'd)

Enjoy the party.

She glides away, leaving Charley and Peter staring after her.

CHARLEY

(a sigh of relief)

A performance artist! Now there's a logical explanation...

PETER

(skeptical)

Neat. Very neat.

A beat. They both gaze after her.

PETER (cont'd)

Charley. We're staring at her.

They look studiously elsewhere. That's when Charley remembers --

CHARLEY

Alex! My God!

CUT TO:

150 EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT

150

Charley's Mustang rockets from its place, screeches through a stop sign and peels away.

151 BACK IN THE PENTHOUSE

151

Peter Vincent at the window watching Charley go. He shivers. Looks around the room. Sees Regine surrounded by an animated group. Her back turned to him.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

He pulls something from his pocket. A silver cigarette case. He opens it. MOVE IN: The inside is MIRRORED. Peter can see the circle of college kids -- but Regine casts no reflections in the mirror!

Peter goes pale. Ever so slowly, he edges for the door.

152 INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

152

The door opens and Peter comes out, starts for the elevator, then stops in his tracks. Regine is down the hall, waiting in front of the elevators!

Peter does an about-face and walks briskly toward the stairs.

153 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

153

Peter comes down the steps, fast. Rounds the final turn -- Regine is standing on the landing, waiting for him.

She moves toward him. Peter's terrified. He fumbles in his garments, finds a crucifix, raises it, hand trembling badly. She smiles.

REGINE

You'll have to get closer than that. Over the centuries, one develops a certain tolerance for some of the trappings...

She advances. Peter retreats.

PETER

What do you want?

REGINE

Jerry Dandridge was my brother. What do you think I want?

She comes closer. Peter thrusts his cross at her, very close. She cowers back, throws her cloak up for cover, turns away, a dark figure at the bannister.

REGINE (cont'd)

Your punishment will not be as severe as Charley Brewster's... you came reluctantly. You are a coward at heart, not worth much trouble...

Her form begins to shrink. A mist comes up around her.

REGINE (cont'd)

But you will pay, Mister Vincent ...you will pay.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: 153

The form slips between the bannister posts -- swoops downward, then straight up the stairwell in a black blur!!

CUT TO:

154 INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 154

Peter comes in, frantic. Runs to the telephone. Dials. Pours himself a stiff drink. Slugs some down. Pulls out his anti-vampire gear, surrounding his chair with it.

155 INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT 155

Empty room. The phone ringing...and ringing...and ringing...

CUT TO:

156 EXT. CAPITOL ARTS CENTER - NIGHT 156

A taxi pulls up in front of the auditorium. A very agitated and stiff-lipped Alex gets out, slams the door and stomps up the many steps toward the entrance.

157 AT THE ENTRANCE 157

HEAR the orchestra playing inside, starting the overture. Alex makes for the door when a VOICE stops her.

VOICE

Excuse me --

Footsteps. A shadow and -- it's Louie, all scrubbed and dressed in suit and tie, and a boy-next-door smile.

LOUIE

Would you by any chance have an extra ticket? I'd be more than happy to buy it from you.

Alex takes one last look down the steps. No sign of Charley. She pulls out her two tickets.

ALEX

Guess you're in luck.

LOUIE

Guess you're right.

He follows her inside.

158 MONTAGE - CHARLEY'S BLOWN IT 158

Charley's Mustang barrels down the blacktop, pulling to a stop in a no-parking zone in front of Alex's dorm.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

Charley runs down the hallway on Alex's floor, knocking on the door, knowing she's not there.

Charley pulls his car up in front of the Capitol Arts Center, hops out, runs up the stairs two at a time, but there's a DOORKEEPER at the top of the stairs shaking his head "no." Charley's locked out.

He kicks the steps. Starts back toward his car.

Inside, onstage, a strange and scary scene being played out: Weird lighting, smoke effects, sinister music...

And seated, watching Alex, and beside her, Louie. As if on cue, they turn, look at each other, smile and look back.... Alex sighs. He may not be Charley, but at least he's here. And he has a nice smile.... Louie turns back to her. Can't help ogling her neck...

DISSOLVE TO:

159 EXT. TV STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

159

The limousine sits in the center of the nearly empty parking lot. Bozworth stands at the passenger door, fooling with the onboard refrigerator. He comes out with a slice of bread and a plastic bottle of mustard.

He squirts the mustard all over the bread. Smears it with his finger, humming a little tune --

Then he walks to the headlights, which are on, and around which are flying a swarm of moths and other insects. He passes the mustard-bread through the swarm. Out comes a delicious open-faced moth and mosquito sandwich. Yum!

He takes delicate bites, savoring every morsel.

160 INT. TV STATION - NIGHT

160

Mel Feinstein sits behind his desk ogling an 8 X 10 glossy of Regine. His Bimbo sits on the arm of his chair.

Regine and Belle are seated across the room.

FEINSTEIN

Understand, sweetheart. It's nice they like you in Europe, but that don't mean diddly here.

Regine speaks in a squeaky, dumb-starlet voice:

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

REGINE

Oh, Mr. Feinstein. I have so much to learn. I just want you to know that I'll do anything for the job...anything at all...

Mel can't quite keep the evil leer off his face.

MEL

(to Bimbo)

Go get some fresh air, doll.

BIMBO

Idawanna.

MEL

(dangerously)

Don't start with me...

(then)

Why don't you show Regine's friend around the studio, baby.

Belle smiles a wicked smile. Stands up. Bimbo sashays out and Belle follows. Mel wastes no time getting from behind his desk.

MEL

(pointedly)

Did you say 'anything'?

161 HIGH ANGLE

161

SHOOTING DOWN so that we can SEE on both sides of the cheap partition. PULL UP and AWAY slowly, as the distance between the two "couples" grows greater.

Suddenly, as if by ESP, both vampires strike, at precisely the same instant. Their victims struggle, especially the Bimbo, who writhes under Belle's steely grip. Eerie ballet.

162 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

162

A taxi pulls to a stop in front of Alex's dorm. Alex and Louie get out, Louie hands some bills to the cabbie. The taxi drives off. As they move towards the dorm --

LOUIE

So -- you go to school here?

ALEX

Yeah -- don't you?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

LOUIE

I don't go to school anymore, man.  
I kinda dropped out -- back in  
like 1969.

ALEX

(he must be joking)

Yeah, sure. When you were two  
years old, right...

LOUIE

Hey, I was there --  
(improvising)  
-- in spirit, man!

They're almost at the entrance to her dorm now. There's a DOG  
tied to a bike rack out in front; as Louie approaches, the dog  
starts to GROWL.

ALEX

I don't think he likes you.

LOUIE

That's cool, I don't like him!  
I'm allergic to dogs, man.

She moves on. Louie turns -- and snarls back! His fangs  
coming out now -- his face transforming. The dog's terrified.  
It falls back, whimpering. Louie straightens up, back to  
normal now. Smiles down at the dog.

LOUIE

That's more like it, man.

He hurries after Alex. They stop in front of her dorm.  
Louie's a mass of nervous energy; he's playing "air drums,"  
his hands pounding the unseen rhythm, his body twitching and  
bopping to an inner beat.

LOUIE

Hey, classical music, -- tits,  
huh?!

ALEX

Yeah... Listen, I'm pretty beat...  
it was nice meeting you, Louie.  
G'night.

She leans across, gives him a kiss -- on the cheek. Louie is  
left speechless...

She disappears inside. Louie watches her go. Looks like  
puppy love.

(CONTINUED)



162 CONTINUED:

162

A FIGURE steps out of the darkness. It's Bozworth.

BOZWORTH

You're supposed to bite her neck,  
asshole.

LOUIE

Hey dude. I'm gonna do this my  
way.

They move off together, toward the waiting limo.

CUT TO:

163 INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

163

HEAR the sound of an old horror movie. Melodramatic music, screams, roars of a monster, etc. We FOCUS ON a lock: Midnight. MOVE ACROSS Charley's desk. SEE a number of wadded-up sheets of paper strewn about the surface, and one sheet lying there with "Dear Alex" written across the top -- and nothing more.

FIND Charley sprawled on his bed, fast asleep, still dressed. A Watchman TV Set sits on his bed nearby, spewing out late-night horror.

Light is low, just the little Tensor on the desk, and the flicker from the mini-TV. The window is open slightly. A wind comes up, blowing the curtains about.

164 SHOOTING PAST CHARLEY TOWARD WINDOW

164

The wind stops. And a MIST appears outside, gathering, hovering -- and finally seeping inside.

Charley sleeps on. The monster movie plays on.

The mist gathers, across the floor, forming itself into a SHAPE -- and suddenly we can recognize the form of Regine, ethereal at first, finally solidifying.

She steps toward the bed where Charley still sleeps. The mist follows, swirling up and around the bed, creating a dream-like atmosphere.

Regine picks up the little TV. Watches with interest for a moment. Then she changes channels. Sports -- commercials -- Johnny Carson. She likes Johnny Carson. Watches a moment. Puts the set back down.

Then, quietly, carefully, she lies down next to Charley. With one eye on the Carson show, she begins to caress Charley. It's so casual. Almost bored. Decadent.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

She leans toward his exposed neck. Another band-aid there. Regine grimaces. Reaches in with those fingernails and gently peels it back.

The wound looks nastier now, a little jagged on the ends. Regine fastens her mouth on it. Her eyes roll back.

Charley stirs.

CHARLEY

Mmmmm. Alex...?

He opens his eyes. Sees the mist, Regine at his neck, a scream bubbling up in his throat as he tries to sit up --

-- but Regine's hand SLAMS into his chest, pinning him to the bed! Her eyes meeting his, holding them, lulling him into submission as she talks --

REGINE

Don't be scared, Charley. This is only a dream. You've been having some strange dreams lately, haven't you? This one is the strangest of all. But remember: dreams can't hurt you. So relax now, and enjoy this. It feels so good.... You'll forget all this by morning...

Charley lets himself relax. Still staring into those eyes.

She stretches her body against his, moves her mouth back to his neck, goes back to her feeding.

As the mist closes around him, Charley puts his head back down and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

165 INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

165

The clock chimes twelve. MOVE TO Peter, in the same chair, fast asleep. Then he stirs, sees the time. Rouses himself, jumps up, heads for the door.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. STUDENT GRILLE PATIO - DAY

166

Alex sits at a table alone, dividing her attention between her sensible healthy breakfast and a thick textbook.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

Charley comes in behind her. Sets a long BOX in her lap. She starts, then realizes who it is...but doesn't turn around. She smiles. Opens the box: it's filled with long-stemmed ROSES.

ALEX

They're beautiful, Charley.

There's a card inside. She picks it up, reads the message: PLEASE FORGIVE ME. She can't help smiling again.

Charley puts his hand on her shoulder. She responds, turns to face him.

CHARLEY

I've been behaving like a fool.  
I don't know what it is -- I'm  
sorry.

ALEX

I forgive you. I've been feeling  
pretty strange myself. I can't  
sleep, I can't concentrate in  
class, my study schedule is all  
off -- look at the time! I  
should have been at the library  
twenty minutes ago --

CHARLEY

Maybe you're falling in love with  
me.

Alex gives him a long look. She suddenly stands up,  
shoulders her books and the box of roses.

ALEX

I came to college to become a  
clinical psychologist, Charley.  
Not to...

She starts to move off.

CHARLEY

(half to himself)  
Hey, it's okay to do both --

167 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (MOVING)

167

As Alex moves purposefully across campus, heading toward the  
library. Charley tags along, first in front of her, then  
behind her, talking a mile a minute.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

CHARLEY

-- and I got scared, and I went to Peter Vincent, and then it turned out there was a rational explanation for everything. And I think maybe I knew all along, but I was just looking for...I don't know.

ALEX

Maybe subconsciously you didn't want to go on a date with me.

CHARLEY

C'mon...I want to go anywhere with you...but maybe it was...yeah, maybe it was the opera part! Maybe I had built up a sort of thing against opera, like it was a big deal and I wouldn't understand it or something.

ALEX

(can't help being  
fascinated by  
this)

A fear of culture...that might also explain your fascination with low-grade melodramas.... I'm proud of you for exploring some of these feelings. I know it's hard --

CHARLEY

Wait a minute. Did you say "low grade?"

ALEX

You know what I mean. "Bloodsuckers From Beyond" isn't exactly --

CHARLEY

Did you SEE "Bloodsuckers From Beyond"?

ALEX

No, but --

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

CHARLEY

Then you don't really know what you're talking about, do you?

ALEX

Charley --

CHARLEY

It really makes me mad when people do that, you included, Alex. I mean, there's some great literature from the field -- ever read Dracula? It's a great book, Alex. A great book.

He walks away. About ten steps. Turns around. Comes back. Alex just looks at him with this funny half-smile.

CHARLEY

There I go again. Sorry.

ALEX

You don't have anything to be sorry about. I didn't know you were so...passionate about it.

CHARLEY

There are other subjects I'm far more passionate about --

He puts his arms around her. She resists.

ALEX

Charley, let's not decide anything right now. We'll just take it one step at a time.

CHARLEY

Have dinner with me.

ALEX

I've GOT to study.

CHARLEY

Then I'll bring you dinner in the library. I'll bring my books! I'll study. You'll be an inspiration! Let's try it. Just once. C'mon.

He smiles his most charming smile at her. She can't help smiling back, then --

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

PETER (O.S.)

Charley! Thank God!

Peter Vincent comes running up, looking extremely haggard and disheveled.

PETER

You were right, Charley!

CHARLEY

(stares; taken aback)

Peter? Have you been drinking?

PETER

Charley, I tell you! It's happening again!

Charley stares at him. Realizing that Peter must be nuts. But way down inside, part of Charley wants to believe. Alex sees he's starting to waver. She reaches out, squeezes Charley's arm. They exchange a look. Charley takes a breath, turns back to Peter, his tone hardening --

CHARLEY

Peter, what we saw last night was an act. By a performance artist. That's all it was, Peter -- an act --

PETER

It's not an act, Charley -- she's a vampire -- I know! I saw --

CHARLEY

No matter what you saw, there's a rational explanation.

PETER

(stares, horrified)

Charley -- that's not true! Remember what happened before -- what we went through together --

CHARLEY

Peter. Listen to me: vampires do not exist.

PETER

But --

ALEX

(interrupting)

You're wasting your breath, Mr. Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

Peter stares at Alex, then at Charley.

PETER

I warned you.

He turns on his heel, stalks away. Charley and Alex watch him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

168 INT. BAR - LATE MORNING 168

Peter Vincent sits hunched at the bar. Sipping morosely at his drink. Trying to come up with a plan. Gradually he becomes aware of the TV set which hangs over the bar...

169 ANGLE - TV SET 169

A television EVANGELIST is making a plea for funds.

EVANGELIST

...friends, brothers, in these troubled times, we must band together in the struggle against godless heathens. Many are called, but few are chosen! We are God's Warriors, and we need your support: call this number, right away, our operators are standing by to take your pledges...

170 PETER 170

stares, a thought being born in his brain --

CUT TO:

171 INT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY 171

Peter runs down a hallway, spots Mel Feinstein. Looking a little pasty today. Peter runs up, spins Mel around.

PETER

Mel! Vampires! I've got to go on the air! Now!

FEINSTEIN

Peter, chickie, the routine is passe. Stale city. The show needed some pizazz, it needed some juice --

Feinstein steps into

## 172 THE "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET

172

with Peter right behind him. A lot of hustle and bustle as WORKMEN move props, fake walls, etc.

PETER

I'm not talking about the show,  
you idiot! I'm talking about --  
(suddenly looking  
around)

My set -- what are you doing to  
my set?

FEINSTEIN

Peter. No more games. You're  
fired.

PETER

Fired...?! But -- you can't fire  
me. "Fright Night" is my show --

FEINSTEIN

(grins)

Not anymore, babe.

Peter steps forward -- and SMASHES into a workman who is carrying a lifesize CARDBOARD PHOTO DISPLAY of Regine in a sexy vampire's outfit, with the blood-dripping "FRIGHT NIGHT" logo over her head.

Peter stares, aghast; then he grabs Feinstein by his shirtfront, shakes him. Evangelistic fury flashing from Peter's eyes --

PETER

You fool! Don't you see, this is  
just what she wants! You must  
help me stop her!

Feinstein shakes Peter off.

FEINSTEIN

You shut up and listen to me! If  
I ever, ever see your face in  
here again, I'm havin' you  
arrested and put away! You got  
that, Mr. Fearless Vampire Killer?!

Peter stares at Feinstein. We read the humiliation and defeat on his face.

CUT TO:



173 EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - DAY

173

Peter tumbles out the front door, loaded with his belongings, jumps into his car. Throws his suitcase into the back seat. Starts the engine, screeches away, burning rubber.

CUT TO:

174 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

174

Alex comes down an aisle lined with books. She has an armload in her hand -- finds another one she's looking for. Moves on -- then stops. Backs up, her eyes falling on a different shelf.

There it is, on the shelf, a few copies in a row: DRACULA.

Alex smiles to herself.

ALEX

Okay, Charley...

She pulls the book out, puts it on her stack. She walks past a window. Through the glass, SEE Bozworth's face. Sitting there. Watching her!

CUT TO:

175 EXT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

175

The hot sun burning down overhead. Charley dons sunglasses, shivers involuntarily, goes inside.

176 INT. LOBBY - STUDENT UNION - DAY

176

A pair of extremely attractive COEDS coming towards Charley. Wearing the kind of clothes that make men wish they were back in College. As they pass, Charley's head swivels...

177 CHARLEY'S POV

177

following those shapely, tanned legs...those swaying hips...the outline of those breasts...and finally locking onto those necks! First one, then the other. Necks...

178 CHARLEY

178

involuntarily opens his mouth. Then he shivers, snaps out of it. What was that all about? He moves on.

CUT TO:

179 INT. BOWLING ALLEY SNACK BAR

179

Charley moves up to the front, eyes the specials. His eye caught by several large pizzas.

BERNICE

All natural ingredients.

BERNICE is attractive, slightly overweight; she stands behind the counter in a chef's apron.

CHARLEY

Looks pretty good, Bernice.

BERNICE

It ought to. Made the tomato sauce fresh this morning, none'a that canned crap, that's fresh grated parmesan and romano, the leanest sausage in town --

CHARLEY

(takes a slice)

Hey, you convinced me --

He bites in, starts chewing.

BERNICE

(continuing)

-- bacon with no nitrates in it, organic artichokes and...let's see, oh yeah, the truly healthy, good-for-ya secret ingredient --

Charley's slowing down now. Something about this pizza tastes mighty funny --

BERNICE

(continuing)

-- a whole bulb of garlic for each pizza!

Charley's turned green, he's starting to gag. He puts the pizza down. Bernice stares. As he runs out the door --

CUT TO:

180 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CAMPUS HEALTH CENTER - DAY

180

Charley's being examined by a DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

DOCTOR

(breezy, reeling  
it off)

Okay, let's see: we've got the soreness in the eyes, the sensitivity to light, the shaving cut that doesn't want to heal, fatigue and listlessness. I've seen a few other cases like this around campus recently.

CHARLEY

You have?

DOCTOR

Yeah. No big deal. Probably be over in two days. We'll check the blood test for anemia... allergic to any drugs that you know of?

CHARLEY

No.

DOCTOR

I'll put you on tetracycline and give you some ointment for that cut. Take it easy, get lots of rest. And the most important thing: eat lots of garlic and go to church!

He laughs uproariously. Sees Charley staring, not amused. Stops laughing, gives an embarrassed grin.

DOCTOR

Family joke: I'm Italian.

CUT TO:

181 INT. WAITING ROOM - CAMPUS INFIRMARY - DAY

As Charley exits the doctor's office -- in the corner of the room, several STUDENT PATIENTS are watching TV.

NEWSCASTER

(O.S.)

...elsewhere in the news: a Polytech sophomore was found dead this morning in a cemetery just outside of town. No details are available at this time, however, police do suspect foul play --

Charley freezes in his tracks.

182 ON THE TV

182

The NEWSCASTER faces the camera. Over his shoulder, a PHOTO of Richie.

NEWSCASTER

(filtered)

Richie Green was a business and accounting major, nineteen years old...

But the rest fades to nothing as the CAMERA PANS OFF the TV, MOVING VERY CLOSE ON Charley's face, as he stands there, transfixed by the news. Then he runs out.

CUT TO:

183 EXT. THE DUMPSTER - DAY

183

Out behind Charley's dorm, as Charley rummages through two days worth of garbage...but his vampire stuff is gone. Charley leaps out of the dumpster and springs toward the parking lot.

CUT TO:

184 INT. PETER VINCENT'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

184

Charley's fist pounds on Peter's door. No answer. Charley's fidgeting, freaked out --

CHARLEY

Come on, Peter --

He pulls a sheet of paper from a notepad, scrawls a hurried note: PETER. I BELIEVE YOU. CHARLEY.

He stuffs it under the door. Hurries off.

CUT TO:

185 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL ELEGANTE - AFTERNOON

185

Off in a corner, a pay phone. Charley huddled here, dialing frantically.

CHARLEY

(almost whispering)

Hello. Is Peter Vincent there?

186 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY (INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

186

A STAGEHAND at a phone on a pedestal.

STAGEHAND

No hablo Anglais, senior.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

CHARLEY

Hello? .

The line goes dead. Charley hangs up the phone. In shock. Starts for the glass door when -- that SOUND of the front entrance -- big glass door, shoes on tile...and Bozworth comes into the lobby.

Charley leaps for cover behind a column, a potted plant --

Bozworth crosses the lobby and goes to an archway. Goes down some steps...

Charley tiptoes from his hiding place. Follows.

187 INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

187

Bozworth comes around a corner, down a long, scary hallway, and through a heavy door at the other end. After a beat, Charley appears and tiptoes along.

188 INT. FURNACE ROOM

188

Looking at the other side of the heavy door. It opens gingerly, just a crack. Charley peeks in.

Coast seems clear. He steals inside.

The furnace room is dimly lit by bare overhead bulbs. A big, old boiler-style furnace commands the center of this room; its nooks and crannies are many, running off into mysterious and shadowy places. Ducts sprout from the furnace like limbs from a petrified dusty tree. Nothing else in here but for the disturbing presence of

189 A DOZEN OBLONG BOXES

189

stacked along the walls. Unmistakeable shape. Coffins. Made of rough pine. New.

Charley reaches out, and with a trembling hand, opens the nearest one.

Empty. He goes to a second one: it's empty too.

He lifts the lid of the third, a darker, richer wood. Belle is inside, sleeping peacefully. Charley's breath hisses through his lips.

He scrambles around in the shadows, comes up with a piece of wood for a stake, but it crumbles in his hand. He finds an old mop and bucket. Is just about to break the mop-handle when he hears a NOISE.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

Movement from behind the furnace. Charley shrinks into the shadows as Bozworth squeezes through a tight spot between furnace and wall, dusts off his clothes, and walks out through the door.

Charley calms himself, takes a few deep breaths, then moves toward the tight squeeze, trying to peer into the shadows back there.

190 BEHIND THE FURNACE

190

Deep shadows. Shards of light. Cobwebs.

Charley inches forward. Sees something up ahead.

A hole in the concrete wall, rough at the edges, chiseled out. Big enough to squeeze through. Blackness beyond. Charley inches to it. Puts his head through.

191 FROM THE OTHER SIDE

191

Charley pokes his head out into a space. It SOUNDS different. Echoey. He looks down.

Blackness. A pit.

He looks up. A line of tiny red lights defines a shaft, and as he watches, HEAR suddenly the grind and whine of machinery and SEE the dark shape of an elevator dropping towards him...

He instinctively pulls back as the bottom of the car slides toward him, but it clunks to a heavy stop a few feet above him.

CHARLEY

(a whisper, to  
himself)

The lobby...

Charley looks down.

Lit by the red light on the bottom of the elevator car, SEE the bottom of the elevator shaft. Cables, gears, and something else, an unmistakeable shape: A coffin.

Just then, the elevator starts its ascent, and with it, the tiny red light.

The bottom of the shaft goes dark again.

Charley breaks the mop-handle in two. This is his stake. Finds a loose brick. Hefts it. This is his hammer.

192 INT. THE PIT

192

Charley gulps. Gathers his courage. Reaches up, just able to touch the lowermost red safety light. He wipes away a few decades' worth of dust and crud.

More light now, eerie red, revealing a half-dozen ladder-rungs mounted in the wall. Charley hefts his brick and stake, and starts the climb downward.

193 ON THE FLOOR OF THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

193

He reaches the floor, crosses to the coffin, an ornate and beautiful thing of wood and silver. He releases the catches on the side. Lifts the lid --

194 REGINE

194

is lying there, in peaceful slumber, breathing softly.

195 CHARLEY

195

just looks at her. She's so beautiful.

He lifts the stake and places it on her chest, square in the middle. Licks his lips. Lifts the brick. Pauses. What's he waiting for? Lifts it higher -- his eyes widening --

And suddenly Regine's eyes open! Pinpoints of red, boring into Charley's eyes --

-- he freezes, staring back into those deep evil pools. Somewhere back inside Charley's eyes comes an answering glow of red.

REGINE  
(just a whisper)

No...

He lowers the brick. Takes the stake away from her chest. Regine's eyes close. Charley stares at her. Then he replaces the lid.

CUT TO:

196 EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - DUSK

196

Sun sets behind the hotel as Charley comes down the front steps. He stops for a moment, blinking. Shaking his head, disoriented. He steps out into the middle of the street --

-- an oncoming TAXI SWERVES, missing him, horn blaring, the CABBIE leans out the window, yells at Charley --

CABBIE  
Watch where you're goin', jerk!

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

But Charley just stands there. Blinks. Looks back at the Hotel, as if seeing the place for the first time.

CHARLEY

(to himself)

How'd I get here?

He blinks, shakes it off. Whatever it was that's bothering him -- it's not important anymore. He hurries to his car, gets in, roars away.

We HOLD a beat, then MOVE UP to the setting sun.

CUT TO:

197 INT. PETER'S CAR - SUNSET (MOVING)

197

Peter checks the setting sun. Shivers. Doesn't want to be out on the road at night.

198 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

198

A Motel sign up ahead. Peter wheels the car in.

CUT TO:

199 INT. MOTEL LOUNGE - SUNSET

199

Peter comes in, takes a seat at the nearly empty bar. The BARTENDER moves over.

PETER

Beer.

The Bartender serves one up. Peter just stares at it.

200 EXT. STUDENT CENTER - NIGHT

200

STUDENTS hanging out. We PAN ALONG them, animated, laughing, carrying on...to a place off to one side where Louie, Belle, and Bozworth sit like statues. Not fitting in.

LOUIE

I'm getting thirsty...

WHIP PAN TO:

201 EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHTFALL

201

Charley hurries across the campus green, carrying a bag of food, backpack on his back, toward the glowing lights of the library.



202 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

202

MOVING WITH Charley, up stairs, through doors, into stacks, back, back through the labyrinth to Alex's study carrel. Alex looks up from her book, her eyes sparkling.

ALEX

You were right, Charley. This is one of the best books I've ever read! It's unbelievable!

CHARLEY

What's that? Dracula? You read Dracula? I'm impressed. I thought you had to study.

ALEX

It's all your fault.

(sheepish)

I'd read a chapter, then I'd put it down and study for a little while, then I'd get to thinking about it, and I'd pick it up again and read some more...

CHARLEY

And...?

ALEX

And I think I know you a little better, and I love your taste in literature, and I'm sorry for what I said.

She kisses him, full on the mouth. Charley responds. Finally they stop. She notices the sack --

ALEX

Dinner?

CHARLEY

Mmm-hmmmm. Hungry?

ALEX

Starving. Give me a few minutes?

She picks up the book again, drawn to it. Charley smiles. Then his eyes are drawn to the window: outside, the last streaks of sunset disappearing, the night is starting. Charley frowns, on the verge of remembering...

CHARLEY

Alex...

ALEX

What?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

CHARLEY

(puzzled)

Nothing...something I wanted to  
tell you, something important...  
but I can't remember what it was.

(smiles)

It'll come to me.

203 INT. CAMPUS LANES - NIGHT

203

Three pairs of feet, walking toward the entrance to the campus  
bowling alley. A string is stretched across the opening, with  
a sign that says "CLOSED."

The three pairs of feet ignore this, stepping over it.

204 ANGLE ON MR. NEWBERRY

204

MOVING rapidly up to him.

MR. NEWBERRY

We're all through for tonight,  
boys.

205 CLOSE-UP - LOUIE

as he looms in.

LOUIE

You can say that again.

206 LOUIE'S CLAWED HAND

206

clamps onto Mr. Newberry's neck with a WHAP!

207 BELLE'S CLAWED HAND

207

Ditto on Bernice's neck. WHAP!

208 BOZWORTH'S MEATY FIST

208

slams the security gate shut! WHANGO!

209 INT. ALEX'S CARREL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

209

Alex turns the last page of Dracula, reads ravenously --  
finishes -- savors it, then shuts the book with a sigh of  
satisfaction.

ALEX

A great book.

She looks up. Her face registers surprise. REVEAL Charley,  
who has been hard at work, setting up his carryout dinner:

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

A crisp white cloth covers a library table. Two lit candles. Deli food laid out. It's funky-romantic. Alex is moved.

ALEX

Oh, Charley...

He puts out his hand. Leads her to her chair.

CHARLEY

Oh, yes...one final touch...

He reaches into his bag and comes back with his mini-Watchman television. Sets it up on the table so they both can see. Alex is none too sure about this.

ALEX

Charley. I really could do without the TV.

CHARLEY

Trust me. Remember Dracula.

210 INT. CAMPUS LANES - NIGHT

210

A bowling ball knocks down ten pins. HEAR Bozworth whoop. PAN AROUND to REVEAL a grizzly tableau from a merciful distance:

Bernice has been layed out in one of the ball-return trays -- it looks like a modernistic coffee table. Belle sits in the bowling lane beside her, feeding, watching Bozworth do his stuff. He rolls again. Another strike.

Beyond the ball racks, in the snack bar, Mr. Newberry is sprawled backwards over the counter, a foot on each of two stools. His head and shoulders are off the back counter, unseen. Louie is here. He appears to be hard at work at the dead man's neck.

BOZWORTH

ALL RIGHT! WHEN YOU'RE GOOD,  
YOU'RE GOOD!

LOUIE

Hey dude, who's winning?

Louie glances at Belle. He snickers, pointing at Bozworth, bursting with tremendous anticipation at some private joke. Bozworth bowls. Gets a difficult split.

LOUIE (cont'd)

Beat yourself again? Come on,  
don't be a sore loser...

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

HEAR the sound of the automatic ball return. RATA RATA...

LOUIE (cont'd)

Here comes your chance --

Louie's nearly hysterical with this -- the ball-return -- RATA RATA RATA -- getting louder --

Louie straightens up from his position over Mr. Newberry. SEE for the first time the beer mug in his hand -- coming up out of the sink where he's been filling it with blood from Mr. Newberry's carcass!

LOUIE (cont'd)

To get a -- head!

And with that the ball pops up -- KABLOOP -- and Bozworth grabs it, only it's not a ball at all this time, but Mr. Newberry's big round head!

Bozworth has his thumb in the head's mouth and his fingers halfway into the eye holes before it sinks in --

Louie HOWLS with laughter. Even Belle laughs. But Bozworth is not amused. He throws the thing down in horror, rubbing his hand where it touched the blood.

BOZWORTH

You sonofabitch! That's gross  
and disgusting! Gonna teach you  
a lesson --

He covers the distance in three seconds, and begins POUNDING on Louie, who snarls at him. This could all get ugly fast, but the TV set over the counter suddenly erupts with the blood-red letters of the "FRIGHT NIGHT" logo, and the theme music plays...

These three stop everything and come to watch.

211 CHARLEY'S TINY WATCHMAN TV

211

its 2-inch color screen also filled with the "FRIGHT NIGHT" logo.

The tinny theme music and the ghoulish laughter coming through a mini-speaker.

And then Mel Feinstein's image appears in closeup on the TV screen. Mel's wearing a tuxedo, he's doing his best Peter Vincent imitation -- and it's not very good.

FEINSTEIN

(filtered)

Good evening...

(CONTINUED)

- 211 CONTINUED: 211
- Charley reacts, clearly upset --
- CHARLEY  
Hey -- where's Peter?
- Feinstein continues his speech on TV --
- FEINSTEIN  
(filtered)  
As our former host, Peter  
Vincent, used to say: don't be  
scared, it's only a movie, right?
- 212 INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT 212
- Peter reacts to this, draws his breath in. Rigid. Watching as  
Feinstein continues on the TV screen --
- FEINSTEIN  
(filtered;  
continuing)  
Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, I  
have a very special treat for  
you, the celebration of a very  
special, very unique talent.  
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you  
the new host of "Fright Night"...  
Regine.
- 213 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 213
- Charley reacts sharply.
- On the mini-TV, Mel's image fades, replaced by a dark stage,  
a hint of fog, the shadow of a bare branch.
- 214 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT 214
- as the TV Camera moves in on the dark figure of Regine. She  
begins to move, like a dancer...performing a piece...
- 215 INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY) 215
- Peter goes pale when he sees Regine. Breathing with difficulty,  
glued to the TV set as he watches.
- 216 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY) 216
- Alex and Charley watching. Alex fascinated. Charley's  
mesmerized, pale; he's sweating.

217 INT. CAMPUS LANES - NIGHT

217

Belle and Bozworth riveted to the screen. Not so Louie.

LOUIE

Ahh, this is that same old monster crap. I got better things to do with my time...

He heads for the door.

BOZWORTH

Hey, dildo! Clean up your mess!

But Louie ignores him, sauntering out.

218 ON TV

218

We finally SEE a close-up of Regine's face: she's pale, hauntingly beautiful, those eyes...those eyes...

219 INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

219

Peter reacts. Knuckles whitening with fear. The Bartender is cleaning up, ignoring the program, studying Peter's face once again.

BARTENDER

I know I've seen your face somewhere. Who are you?

PETER

(locked in on the screen)

Nobody.

BARTENDER

I never forget a face. What do you do?

PETER

(softly; riveted)

Vampire killer...

BARTENDER

Say what?

PETER

(firmer; louder)

Vampire killer.

BARTENDER

Hey, come on, man. Whaddaya do?

Suddenly Peter turns to the man, looks him full in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

PETER

What is your problem, friend?  
Are you hard of hearing?

(a pause)

I kill vampires.

He takes one last look at the screen, and marches out.

SEE through the window: he steers the Studebaker back the way he came.

220 INTERCUTTING: DIFFERENT TV SETS

220

A thin mist appears around Regine. She's running, quite terrified, away from something. She's being followed.

She is a skillful mime, frighteningly convincing. Her face is pale, ghostlike, etched with fear, terror, seeing someone approach, someone evil, closing in, attacking --

Regine writhes, struggles, fights off the invisible attacker, suddenly going stiff as the attacker "bites" her -- hands flying to her neck --

The TV Camera zooms into her neck -- and we SEE two puncture marks. Two discreet trickles of blood.

221 INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - NIGHT

221

Two stupefied STAGEHANDS watching Regine's image on the monitor with the real Regine a dozen feet beyond --

STAGEHAND

(a whisper)

How's she do that?

STAGEHAND #2

(the expert)

Special makeup.

STAGEHAND

(as if that explained everything)

Oh.

222 REGINE

222

turns away, moving in a tight circle, that mist again, swirling up around her, and then she shows us --

-- her face -- transforming -- vampire fangs gleaming, growling, bloody lips, burning eyes!

223 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

223

Charley watches the horrifying vampire/monster face, he's growing more and more upset --

-- until he suddenly reaches out and turns off the TV set!

ALEX

Hey! That was interesting!

She turns, sees Charley's pale and drawn face -- hears his harsh breathing, like he was gasping for air -- she grows alarmed --

ALEX

Charley, are you all right?

CHARLEY

I think so...I feel kind of faint.

ALEX

I'll get you some water...

She hops up, thinks fast, grabs the cup holding the roses, sets the roses aside, and hurries off.

224 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

224

As Peter's Studebaker races through the quiet night streets, burning rubber, sliding through red lights, screeching around corners.

Peter is tight-lipped, gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles, his accelerator foot mashed to the floor.

225 INT. LIBRARY - ALEX'S CARREL - NIGHT

225

Charley sits quietly, taking deep breaths, deathly pale.

226 INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE STACKS

226

Alex hurries to a distant water fountain, dumps the rosewater, fills the cup with fresh water. Just then --

LOUIE

(O.S.)

Hi, there.

Alex starts, looks up. Louie's standing there, grinning. Something downright scary about his grin now.

ALEX

I've got kind of an emergency.

She brushes past him but he grabs her arm.

(CONTINUED)



226 CONTINUED:

226

LOUIE

Hey, it can't be that important.

ALEX

I'm afraid it is, so if you'll excuse me.

She tries to pull free. Louie tightens his grip.

LOUIE

No, I don't think I will excuse you, Alex, short for Alexandra --

ALEX

You're hurting my arm!

LOUIE

It makes your face look real pretty!

WHAP! She slaps him a good one. He lets go. She hurries past, but Louie's fast. He runs around her, blocking her way.

She balls her fist, looking him in the eye.

ALEX

Listen, buddy...

LOUIE

(mocking)  
Oooh. Tough chick.

CHARLEY

(O.S.)  
Alex?

ALEX

CHARLEY!

227 EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

227

Peter's Studebaker SCREECHES to a stop in front. Peter jumps out, races for the doors, leather satchel flapping on his shoulder. As he disappears inside

228 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

228

Charley moves through the stacks, fast, comes around a corner just in time to see --

-- Alex backing away from Louie. Charley steps forward, moving towards Louie, an edge in his voice --

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

CHARLEY

What's the problem?

LOUIE

Could this be the boy friend?  
No, problem, dude! I'm just  
gettin' to know your girl a  
little better! 'Zat all right  
with you?

(dangerous)

C'mon, dude, it's parrrrty tiime!

As he says this, he begins to change, fangs sprouting, face  
distorting --

Alex SCREAMS.

Louie's hand sprouts claws and he lunges at Charley, but  
Charley spins away, his shirt slashed, his shoulder cut!

Charley and Alex run to the elevator, but it's no good! They  
start for the stairs, but Louie's there first, cutting them  
off!

They plunge into the stacks!

229 ACTION MONTAGE

229

Cat and mouse with Louie in the stacks. A silent, deadly game.  
Sometimes they catch a glimpse of him through the broken walls  
of books.

Suddenly face to face with him -- he's laughing at them,  
pointing as they run away --

Almost on top of them when Charley topples a bookcase down on  
Louie!

Running! But cut off again, backing away, starting down  
another aisle but hearing a strange noise --

Louie's given one shelf a mighty push -- it topples, knocking  
down first one, then the next shelf like dominoes, coming down  
on our two, who leap, just avoiding being crushed!

But Louie is there! He backs them toward Alex's carrel, giving  
a mighty leap, overtaking Charley, taking him down!

LOUIE

(through his  
fangs)

Think you're baaad, Brewster?!  
Well, you're gonna love this!

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

229

He slams Charley's head to the side, exposing his neck! Opens his mouth, showing his hideous fangs --

Alex scrambles to her carrel, snatches the roses --

-- and, as Louie brings his fangs down, she leaps the gap, jamming the bouquet of roses into his gaping maw!

230 LOUIE

230

springs back. Screams. Tries to get rid of the roses, but they are stuck to his mouth, making it peel and blister and smoke and swell up horribly!

With a roar of agony, Louie leaps through Alex's window with a CRASH!

And just like that, he is gone. Suddenly silence. Alex runs to Charley. Holds him tightly. In the middle of all the destruction.

ALEX

Oh Charley, oh Charley, my God, what -- what -- my God -- I've been trying to tell you -- but you were -- but you were right, all along! What --

CHARLEY

The roses, Alex -- pretty good!

ALEX

If I hadn't read the book, I would never have -- how can this be happening?! It's not possible! There's got to be --

Charley sees she's staring at the tiny Watchman TV.

231 CLOSE ON THE WATCHMAN TV SCREEN

231

where Regine sits, on the "Fright Night" set, smiling into the camera. Her vampire/monster features gone now -- but something about her smile makes you shiver.

REGINE

(filtered)

Welcome to Fright Night...

She licks her lips. Raises her hand -- somehow a blood-red martini glass has appeared between her fingers, she raises it in a toast to the camera --

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

REGINE

(continuing)

And remember...like my  
predecessor, the Fearless Vampire  
Killer says...the forces of  
darkness are everywhere...

There's a sudden commotion -- and Peter Vincent runs into THE  
FRAME! Holding his stake at the ready!

232 BACK TO SCENE

232

Charley and Alex react, stunned, watching as --

233 INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - TV STUDIO (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY)

233

Peter LUNGES at Regine with his stake. She screams, jumps  
backwards. Instant pandemonium in the studio. Mel Feinstein's  
screaming. SECURITY GUARDS draw their guns, charge forwards.

And Peter's still attacking Regine -- who's dodging him,  
screaming -- and play-acting for all she's worth, like she was  
really scared of him!

234 ON THE WATCHMAN TV SCREEN

234

We SEE the Security Guards jump Peter, wrestling him into  
submission, and then --

-- the screen goes blank, a DOG FOOD commercial comes on and

235 CHARLEY

235

snaps the TV off, suddenly galvanized.

CHARLEY

C'mon.

He grabs her hand, they're starting to run when --

VOICE

(O.S.)

Hold it right there!

236 THREE CAMPUS COPS

236

are there, guns out, blocking the path.

CHARLEY

You don't understand -- this is  
an emergency!

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

1ST CAMPUS COP  
 (looking around  
 at the destruction)  
 You can say that again, pal --  
 (Charley starts  
 forward)  
 That's far enough.

CHARLEY  
 Please -- we've got to get out of  
 here.

He starts forward -- but the Cops pull out their guns.

1ST CAMPUS COP  
 You're not goin' anywhere, buddy:  
You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

237 INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - TV STATION - NIGHT

237

as a struggling Peter Vincent is being dragged away by two  
 UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS.

PETER  
 You don't understand -- this  
woman is a vampire!

Mel Feinstein is across the set, his arm around Regine. He  
 shouts back at Peter --

FEINSTEIN  
 That's why I hired her, you  
 asshole!

Peter's still struggling with the policemen.

PETER  
 THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD MAY REST  
 IN YOUR HANDS!

COP  
 Right, pal.

PETER  
 YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! A BIG  
 MISTAKE!

And then he's gone. Regine smiles at Feinstein.

REGINE  
 Thanks.

FEINSTEIN  
 (eyes locked with hers)  
 Anytime, babe.

CUT TO:

238 EXTREME CLOSEUP - PETER (INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT)

238

shouting at the top of his lungs.

PETER  
YOU IDIOTS! YOU MUST LISTEN TO  
ME! THEY'RE HERE! THE FUTURE  
OF THE WORLD IS IN YOUR HANDS!

PULL BACK. Peter Vincent is in handcuffs, flanked by TWO  
PRECINCT COPS. Across a high counter stand the WATCH CAPTAIN  
and an ON-DUTY SERGEANT. MOVE IN CLOSE enough to HEAR:

CAPTAIN  
God, that's tragic. I grew up  
watching him.

SERGEANT  
It's like he's stuck in one of  
his old films. What do we do  
with him? State hospital?

The Captain looks pained. He steps around the counter. Goes  
to Peter. Leans in close. Peter eyes him warily.

CAPTAIN  
Mr. Vincent, we all care. We  
just want to help you get well --

PETER  
Stop yammering at me! If you  
want to help, go out and catch  
these vampires for me so I can  
kill them!

CAPTAIN  
Okay, Mister Vincent. Have it  
your way.

He nods ruefully to the Sergeant, who picks up the telephone.  
The cops take Peter out.

PETER  
You haven't the right! I am as  
sane as you! You will regret  
this with every fiber of your  
being for the rest of your --

SLAM. The Captain shakes his head sadly.

239 INT. WOMEN'S HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

FOLLOWING Dr. Harrison, the shrink, as he walks briskly along  
with a FEMALE JAILER to a holding cell where Alex waits.

239

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

ALEX

Oh Doctor, thank you so much for doing this. I didn't know who else to call --

DR. HARRISON

It looks like you've gotten yourself into a lot of trouble, Alexandra.

The Jailer unlocks the door. Alex steps free.

ALEX

There's so much to tell you, I don't even know where to begin --

DR. HARRISON

Let's get Charley out of here first, then you can explain all you want.

240 CLOSE-UP - CHARLEY (INT. MEN'S HOLDING AREA - NIGHT)

240

Lying on a jailhouse cot. Eyes closed. HEAR the jingle of keys. Charley opens his eyes. Sits up.

A JAILER is standing there, swinging the door open.

JAILER

All right, son. You can go.

Charley moves to the door. HEAR a soft footstep behind the Jailer. Regine looms into view, her eyes locked on Charley's.

REGINE

Hello, Charley.

She holds out her hand. Charley seems immediately to fall under her spell. Without speaking, he takes her hand and lets her lead him toward a door marked "EXIT."

241 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

241

Alex bursts in, followed by Dr. Harrison.

ALEX

We want to post bond for Charley Brewster!

SERGEANT

Afraid you're a little late, Miss. Somebody beat you to it.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

ALEX

Who?

SERGEANT

I can't give out her name, but I can tell you she didn't come from around here.

PUSH IN ON Alex's face. Getting scared fast.

ALEX

(to Dr. Harrison)

We've got to find Peter Vincent right away.

SERGEANT

Late again, Miss.

CUT TO:

242 INT. DR. HARRISON'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

242

Racing along, Dr. Harrison at the wheel, a frantic Alex in the passenger seat.

ALEX

Please hurry!

DR. HARRISON

Calm yourself, Alexandra. We'll not get there any quicker by winding up in some ditch.

ALEX

I'm sorry. I know how farfetched all this must sound to you, Doctor.

DR. HARRISON

Getting someone released from State Hospital is no small matter. As an aspiring professional you know the compromising position this could put me in.

ALEX

I appreciate that, but --

DR. HARRISON

I'm not going to promise anything, but at the very least I can make sure Mister Vincent is getting competent psychiatric care.

(CONTINUED)



242 CONTINUED:

242

ALEX

No, Doctor. We've got to get him out. If Charley is with Regine he's in great danger, the kind of danger only Peter Vincent can help him out of....

243 EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT

243

The limousine pulls up and Regine gets out, followed by Charley. His eyes never leave hers. She takes his arm and they walk up the steps together.

244 EXT. STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

244

Metal gates in front of a forbidding-looking building.

245 INT. STATE HOSPITAL

245

Peter, dressed in shapeless institutional clothes, is led down a corridor by a HUGE ORDERLY. They pass through a large ward where a half-dozen PATIENTS loll about, watching TV and doing whatever crazy people do.

One guy, brain on the fritz, takes a closer look at Peter, then runs straight toward him.

ORDERLY

Back off!

But FRITZY means no harm. He dances around, just out of the Orderly's reach, excitedly pointing at Peter.

FRITZY

You're Peter Vincent -- the Fearless Vampire Killer! You're a star!

The other inmates turn as one -- and begin to applaud! Peter acknowledges the attention, smiling at one and all. As they begin to gather around, the Orderly nudges Peter toward another door.

FRITZY (cont'd)

What are you DOING here?

PETER

I'm after a vampire, my friend. A REAL vampire, not a make-believe one. But these -- these idiots --

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

FRITZY

Don't believe you, do they?  
Think you're wacko like the rest  
of us! Well THEY'RE the crazy  
ones! I believe you, Mr.  
Vincent --

The Orderly opens the door, pulling Peter through, closing the  
door behind him as

246 FRITZY

246

peers after his hero through the wire-mesh glass.

FRITZY

I BELIEVE YOU!

247 EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

247

The tracks reflect mercury light in the distance, just making  
the night that much thicker. PAN TO the road as Dr. Harrison's  
car approaches. In foreground, SEE a railroad crossing light.  
It goes off abruptly, clanging bell, flashing red lights --

248 INT. DR. HARRISON'S CAR

248

as it comes to a stop. Alex grimaces at the delay.

DR. HARRISON

You're generating a lot of  
anxiety for yourself, Alex. Why  
don't you do some deep breathing?

Dr. Harrison removes his glasses. Rubs his eyes. Waiting for  
the train. Red lights flashing. Bells clanging.

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

You said the name -- "REGINE" --  
didn't you?

ALEX

Yes.

DR. HARRISON

I want to tell you something that  
will allay some of your fears.  
This woman, Regine, came in for a  
session last week --

ALEX

Doctor Harrison, she's dangerous!

(CONTINUED)

DR. HARRISON

Perhaps, but not in the way you think. In Europe she is the leader of a small cult. Eccentric group, harmless. "Draculaphiles," if you will. Since her visit here interest on campus has run surprisingly high. The club itself is a form of therapy for her. Not the most stable person emotionally, but immensely talented.... If she wants to sit around with a group of people who enjoy pretending like vampires, who are we to question the artist?

Alex glances expectantly down the track. Where's the train?  
CLANG CLANG FLASH FLASH...

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

She is capable of creating remarkable illusions. Some of her rudimentary techniques are rubbing off on her followers. Hence, the likelihood of some pret-ty strange things popping up on campus these days.

Dr. Harrison winks and smiles.

ALEX

I wish what I saw could be explained away that easily, but then -- Doctor, I don't think there's any train.

She looks down the track again, as does Dr. Harrison. He puts his hands on the wheel.

DR. HARRISON

(reassuring)

I daresay what you've seen has led you to the conclusion that this woman has some kind of supernatural powers. I assure you, Alexandra, that she has no more supernatural powers than you...or me.

Dr. Harrison smiles. His teeth sparkle in the moonlight as they slowly sharpen and grow into fangs!!

Alex draws back in shock.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: (2)

248

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

Oh, don't be alarmed, Alexandra.  
It's only an illusion --

He opens her mouth wide and lunges at Alex. Alex screams and bolts halfway out of the car just as Dr. Harrison's hand clamps down on her sleeve, long fingernails digging in, grazing her skin. Alex pulls her hand away. Her sleeve tears --

249 EXT. BY THE TRACKS - NIGHT

249

-- and Alex is out of the car, running away toward the railyard. Dr. Harrison gets out.

DR. HARRISON

We both know there's a logical  
explanation for all of this,  
don't we?

250 WITH ALEX (MOVING)

250

running like mad, trying not to panic, biting her lip to keep from crying. Suddenly Dr. Harrison steps from behind a side-lined boxcar, lighting his pipe.

DR. HARRISON

I think you've been under a lot  
of stress lately. What you need  
is a nice, long rest....

Alex spins, runs away only to bump smack into Dr. Harrison, who certainly gets around fast. The vampire grabs Alex by the shoulders, forcing her to the ground. Alex screams.

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

I think you'll find this very  
therapeutic, my dear --

He opens his mouth wide, baring his fangs --

-- Alex's hand snakes out, clawing the ground, seizing on a rock! She swings and WHONKS the vampire in the jaw.

Dr. Harrison is rocked back, stunned. Alex scoots away, skittering over a pile of rotting railroad ties. She kicks at one, splintering off a large chunk the size of a fencepost. As he lurches to his feet, she swings it like a baseball bat!

WHACK! Alex strikes. WHACK! WHACK! Dr. Harrison staggers forward. WHACK! The weapon splinters and breaks in two, the end flying off into the bushes, leaving her holding a stumpy, jagged -- well, a stake. She realizes, charges, and buries it in Dr. Harrison's chest.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED

250

Dr. Harrison howls, spiraling toward the dust --

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

Owww! For God's sake, that hurts! I never expected anything like that from you, Alexandra... such an -- an EMOTIONAL response....

Alex backs slowly away, her hands clutching her face. Dr. Harrison lurches onto one knee. Gasping, dying slowly.

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

This feels terrible. I'm getting that this is going to take a long time. I've basically had it, but in your inexperience at this, you didn't push quite hard enough. I don't suppose you'd accommodate me and finish the job, would you, Alexandra?

It's too insane. Alex wants to run, but she just clutches her head, slowly backing away.

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

Never mind. I know some of what you're feeling right now, and it's important for you to experience that...I'll take care of it.

He throws himself down on the stake. Groans as it pushes deeper.

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)

Ohhhh...I think that got it. This is hard work. Deliciously perverted fun while it lasted... but I'm definitely not "into" this kind of...pain....

He dies. The bells and red lights abruptly cut off. Alex shivers and runs for the car.

CUT TO:

251 EXT. THE ASYLUM - NIGHT

251

Dr. Harrison's car pulls up outside the iron gate. Alex rolls down the window and frantically keys an intercom.

VOICE

(filtered)

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

ALEX

I have to see Mr. Peter Vincent.  
He's just been admitted. This is  
a matter of life and death!

VOICE

(filtered)

Are you a relative?

ALEX

I'm -- I'm his daughter!

Long pause. Then the metal gates swing open! Alex drives through.

252 EXT./INT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

252

Alex knocks, and the door swings open, manned by the Attendant. She steps inside. WE FOLLOW. Through an entrance area and into a long hallway. A figure darts from the shadows and falls in beside her. It's Fritzzy.

FRITZY

You friends with Peter Vincent?

The Orderly hears Fritzzy, spins around. Fritzzy dances away. But he's gotten Alex's attention.

ALEX

Is he all right?

FRITZY

Yeah, and he's going to be even better, because I'm here! He chose me to help him!

The Orderly leads Alex into an office where the door is abruptly closed.

253 INT. MRS. STERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

253

MRS. STERN. Indeterminate age. Grim. Been here too long. CLOSE ON her severe face, which at the moment wears a sneer.

MRS. STERN

Well, Miss Whoever-You-Are,  
according to my records, your  
"father" doesn't have any  
children.

COME AROUND TO include Alex, standing across the desk. She squirms for the briefest of seconds before regaining composure.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

ALEX

And just what is the origin of these -- "records"?

MRS. STERN

Mr. Vincent's police report.

ALEX

Well, there you have it! Dad's not going to tell the truth to the police, for heaven's sake! He suffers from delusions from time to time -- no friends, no family, acute paranoia; classic form of personality disassociation --

MRS. STERN

And just what would YOU know about personality disassociation?

Alex looks the older woman in the eye. Takes a deep breath.

254 INT. SLEEPING WARD HALLWAY - NIGHT

254

Fritzy comes slinking along, passes a doorway and gives a special knock. Then he glides out of sight.

255 INT. NIGHT DESK - NIGHT

255

The huge Orderly sits at the night desk, reading a girlie magazine while pouring peanuts into his cup of Coke. A light flashes, a BUZZER sounds.

ORDERLY

What do you want?

VOICE

(filtered)

Uhhhhh...my stomach really hurts, man. I think I'm dyin'...OHHHH....

ORDERLY

All right, all right, relax.

He gets up, trudges down the hall, turns a corner, jams a key in a door. Steps inside.

256 INT. SLEEPING ROOM

256

Four bunk beds. An INMATE lies writhing on one. As the Orderly bends over him, the CRAZIES in the other three beds jump him and throw him to the floor! One grabs his keys, tosses them through the bars to Fritzzy, who lets himself in, carrying a straightjacket and all sorts of restraining gear.

257 INT. MRS. STERN'S OFFICE

257

Alex has been reeling off everything she knows about personality disassociation. She's managing to make Mrs. Stern's eyes blur a little.

ALEX

-- depending, of course, on which cranial cortex you were challenging. Not so in this case, an interesting anomaly in which my father maintains a delusion in which vampires are after him. And that's some of what I know about personality disassociation.

(smiling)

You see, I'm a specialist in the field.

MRS. STERN

Aren't you a bit young to be a --

ALEX

-- yes. Now, I must insist on seeing my father. Time really is of the essence. You see, when his subconscious wearies of these delusions, a massive depression sets in. He often becomes suicidal. I hate to think --

MRS. STERN

(convinced)

Come.

CUT TO:

258 CLOSE-UP - KEY (INT. SLEEPING WARD HALLWAY - NIGHT)

258

Mrs. Stern checks through the peephole. OPENS the door. Alex steps through and the older woman shuts and locks it.

259 INT. PETER'S CELL - NIGHT

259

Peter stands up as Alex hurries to him. They hug.

ALEX

Oh Mister Vincent, Regine's got Charley!

(CONTINUED)



259 CONTINUED:

259

PETER

Dear God. I must get out of here!

HEAR the sound of scuffling. A muffled THUD. The door clicks OPEN. Fritzy standing there smiling, while the other three Crazies drag an unconscious Mrs. Stern away.

FRITZY

All right, Mr. Vincent, you can go and kill your vampire now!

CUT TO:

260 INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

260

Fritzy and the Crazies lead Alex and Peter to an exit door. Fritzy keys the lock. CLICK. The door swings open.

PETER

(to Alex; SOTTO)

My dear, one does find friends in the strangest of places. Let's be on our way.

(to the Crazies)

Thank you, gentlemen.

He shakes all their hands. Then Fritzy holds something out -- a paper napkin and a pen. It takes a second, then Peter quickly scrawls his autograph on the napkin and hands it back.

A DOOR slams at the other end of the hallway. Another ORDERLY. He spots them.

ORDERLY #2

Hey!

He scurries to an alarm button. On go the BUZZERS & BELLS!

261 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

261

Peter and Alex come out, sprinting for the car. They hop inside, Alex swings it around, squealing toward the gate --

-- but a PAIR OF ARMED SECURITY GUARDS come out of the darkness, taking aim, shouting --

Alex spins the wheel, veers off the road, across the lawn past the Asylum, over a sidewalk, finally smashing through the iron fence, skidding back onto the road and roaring off into the night!

262 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

262

Peter fighting for his breath. Alex trying hard to ward off panic. Driving like mad.

PETER

Well -- done -- my dear --

ALEX

Mr. Vincent --

PETER

Call me Peter --

ALEX

Do you think Charley is -- do you think he's --

PETER

-- I don't know, Alex. We can only pray that there's still time.

MOVE IN ON his face. Frightened, but resolute.

PETER (cont'd)

It's war. We must prepare.

CUT TO:

263 INT. REGINE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

263

Steam. Clearing gradually to REVEAL Charley, sitting in a tub of bathwater, eyes still locked on Regine, who sits idly beside the tub, watching Belle wrap Charley's neck wound in a long, purple silk neckscarf.

A dark green robe waits for him beside the tub. The scene has a ritualistic feeling about it; Charley's final ablution.

264 MONTAGE - OUR TEAM MAKES READY

264

Dr. Harrison's car, sitting in front of a gleaming all-night supermarket.

Peter and Alex hurrying down the aisles, selecting -- wooden chopsticks.

Things garlic: garlic bulbs, garlic salt, garlic paste.

Hardware department: a large weed-spritzer. Wooden dowel rods. Chopsticks.

Pulling up in front of a church. SEE the sign: "CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR." They scurry inside.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

Alex at a large urn built into the wall. Holy water trickles out of the silver spigot, into the tank of the weed spritzer.

Peter scrambles around behind the altar looking in dark corners, feeling along dusty shelves. He comes up with a packet -- communion wafers! He tosses them to Alex and grabs the large red ALTAR CLOTH, emblazoned with an embroidered cross of golden thread. He hugs it to his breast and crosses himself.

PETER  
(to the heavens)  
Just borrowing this. I promise.

Alex drops a few bills in the collection plate.

265 MONTAGE CONTINUES AS:

265

our two approach the Hotel Elegante like commandoes, hugging the shadows, tiptoeing to a side entrance.

Slipping silently into Peter's apartment. Breathing easier.

More preparations: Peter's hands taking artifacts from the walls. A wicked-looking crossbow, some wooden arrows --

PETER  
This was from "Scream For Your  
Supper."

A speargun with some evil-looking wooden-tipped harpoons --

PETER  
-- "Jaws Of The Vampire"....

A homemade-looking device fashioned from a caulking gun -- loading it with garlic paste --

PETER  
-- "Blood Feast On Broadway" --

Alex sharpening chopsticks in a pencil sharpener.

Suddenly they're ready. They look at each other for a beat.

ALEX  
We forgot rope. Have any?

Peter opens a chest, rummages around. Pulls out coils of old sisal.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

265

PETER

"Creature From Carpathia." At least there's enough here to hang ourselves if...

(faltering)

Oh Alex, what are we doing? I can't go dangling from some rope like Tarzan!

ALEX

But if we don't try....

A beat as they look at each other.

CUT TO:

266 EXT. PETER VINCENT'S FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

266

Peter and Alex, two shadowy figures, help each other out of a window and onto a narrow fire escape. Then they climb up, and disappear over a parapet.

CUT TO:

267 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOF - NIGHT

267

Higher up now, our two come down the roofline, hanging onto ropes for dear life. Alex gives Peter whispered instructions, then she lowers herself over the side. Peter watches her go, petrified.

268 AT THE LODGE

268

Alex's feet find the ledge. A beat, then Peter comes sliding down, almost overshooting, but Alex's strong grip stops him. His eyes are clamped shut. When his feet are firmly on the ledge, he opens them.

PETER

(SOTTO)

Where did you learn --

ALEX

Girl Scout camp. Where else?

269 BANK OF PICTURE WINDOWS

269

all covered with heavy curtains. Light leaks out here and there. Alex and Peter find a break in the curtain and take a peek.

270 ALEX AND PETER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW 270

A TV monitor playing a tape of Regine's "Fright Night" performance. Suddenly, a hand reaches in and turns OFF the set. Regine appears for an instant, then moves away.

271 BACK TO SCENE 271

Our two inch along the ledge to another break in the curtain just in time to see

272 ALEX AND PETER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW 272

Regine go through a door into the next room.

273 BACK TO SCENE 273

Again they inch along -- Peter missteps, slips -- starts to fall -- when Alex catches his arm, pulls him to safety.

They proceed to another window. Alex stiffens, touches Peter, nods inside. They stare through a large crack in the curtains. The window is OPEN a crack.

274 INT. BEDROOM 274

SEE through the window to the outside where Peter and Alex crouch, listening. COME AROUND to REVEAL Charley, in the dark robe, lying on a couch, looking pale and sickly. Asleep.

WHIP PAN TO the window as Alex and Peter raise it and climb inside. A KNOCK at the door. Alex and Peter skedaddle back onto the ledge as the door opens and in steps Richie.

RICHIE

Charley? It's me.

Charley stirs. Opens his eyes.

CHARLEY

Richie? But you're dead!

RICHIE

Yep. Got up off the slab at the morgue just to be here tonight. It's great you're joining up. I really mean that, Charley. Hey listen, I messed up your tie. Got blood on it somehow. I'm really sorry. Here --

He gets out his wallet. Offers Charley a twenty.

CHARLEY

This is insane!

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

Yeah, it IS pretty great. You ever dream about flying? That's the best part. It's like joining a very exclusive club. Oh, you do pay a price. I mean, let's face it, drinking blood is pretty gross, but you get to live forever! Can you dig that?

Charley buries his face in his hands.

CHARLEY

How could this have happened?

RICHIE

Hey, I know Regine's pissed at you, but she's got a great sense of humor. It'll blow over. Like some hot tea?

CHARLEY

No. Thank you.

Richie goes to the door.

RICHIE

They tell me that eventually I won't want to eat or drink anything.... I guess I'll miss that.

CHARLEY

Richie, why weren't there puncture wounds on your neck?

RICHIE

What, at the party. Make-up. Piece of cake.

He goes out. In a twinkling, Peter and Alex are back inside. They move to Charley, who spins around, expecting trouble. Alex's hand darts out and covers his mouth.

Charley's sunken eyes soften. He reaches out and embraces both of them. HEAR sudden FOOTSTEPS. The door swings open and Richie is back, carrying a tray of tea.

RICHIE

I thought you might change your --

A frozen millisecond as he sees them -- and Peter raises the weed spritzer and squirts holy water in Richie's face!

(CONTINUED)

274 CONTINUED: (2)

274

Richie seizes up, nailed to the spot, looking shocked. He opens his mouth to scream, but another spritz from Peter's nozzle fills his mouth with holy water. It bubbles and foams, eating away his cheeks, leaking down his neck, eating everything in its path like acid!!

Richie pitches forward. Alex neatly relieves him of the tea tray.

Peter helps Charley to the window. Alex goes to first one, then another door, silently locking them. Listening.

Peter is outside on the ledge helping Charley get his leg through the opening when, suddenly, Charley swoons and lurches to his knees! Shuts his eyes tight, as if in pain!

Alex hurries over as Charley turns to her, opening his eyes, revealing strange dilated pupils.

ALEX

Peter!

Peter whips out the altar cloth from under his coat! Throws it over Charley's shoulder!

Charley seizes up, convulsing, his eyes blazing. He shakes his head, closes his eyes, and then he's normal again, sweat pouring down his face, breathing hard, coming back down.

A beat. Peter and Alex trade glances. Peter releases his grip on Charley to get a better handhold outside. Motions to Alex to hand him his speargun, which leans on the inside wall when --

SLAMM!! The window comes smashing down, nearly taking off his fingertips!

275 PETER

275

off-balance, looking up to see --

276 LOUIE

276

perched upside down on the wall above the window, cackling gleefully!

277 INSIDE LOOKING OUT

277

Charley and Alex claw at the window, but it's shut tight! SEE through the glass the horrifying sight of Louie, lashing out with his long claws. Peter loses his balance and falls!

278 EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT

278

as he goes he somehow manages to grab hold of the ledge with his fingers. Hanging there, feet dangling --

- 279    INSIDE 279
- Footsteps. Commotion. Banging at the locked door! Suddenly, Bozworth's fist crashes through, groping for the lock! As one, Charley and Alex grab a chest of drawers and slide it against the door, bulging under Bozworth's weight.
- 280    OUTSIDE 280
- Louie crawls down in front of the window, still upside down, part wolf, a little bat thrown in here and there, but mostly just strange Louie with the strange eyes, smiling, reaching out an awful claw-hand and prying first one, then another of Peter's fingers free....
- 281    PETER 281
- desperate, strength going, pavement far below --
- 282    CHARLEY AND ALEX 282
- hanging on! Alex reaches out with a sharpened chopstick and stabs it into Bozworth's groping hand. A ROAR, and Bozworth's hand slashes wildly around, shaking out the stick. With this, Charley springs for the speargun, aims, and fires!
- 283    THE HARPOON 283
- smashes through the glass and buries itself in Louie's midsection.
- 284    LOUIE 284
- screams horribly, releasing his grip, falling past Peter, plummeting down...down...finishing with a mighty SPLASH in a fountain in the courtyard down below!
- 285    ANGLE ON WATER 285
- He lies there dying, changing back once again to good old Louie human being, with a long stake through his chest.
- 286    BACK UPSTAIRS 286
- Charley tries the window, it's stuck; breaks out the rest of the glass, reaches down and with Alex's help hauls Peter back into the room.
- They break and run through the other door as Bozworth's door buckles and splinters.
- 287    INT. HALLWAY 287
- Our three come barreling down a long, zigzag hallway. They come to a dead end. Doors on either side. Peter reaches for a door --

(CONTINUED)



287 CONTINUED:

287

CHARLEY

No. Not that way -- danger -- I  
can feel it --

They turn and burst through the other doors into

288 THE MAIN ROOM

288

A familiar area, site of Regine's college party. Empty now.  
Dark.

They head toward the front door when --

A match flares in the corner, revealing the brooding face of Belle lighting a cigarette, looking casual, elegant, deadly. Holding match to candle. An ornate candelabra.

Charley spins with the speargun. Fires. The spear hits, putting out the candle, but Belle is gone, lost in the smoke.

MUSIC. Their heads turn to see Belle again, now at the stereo console, adjusting the volume on a record. It's an appropriately surrealistic choice, a twisted synth rendition of "Jitterbug Waltz" or the like.

They hurry toward the door but find their path blocked by Bozworth, not looking too friendly himself, standing there in the hall. Behind him the front door swings shut.

Peter draws a menacing-looking pistol, loaded with a pair of sharpened chopsticks! He fires once.

Bozworth's hand is a blur as he catches the stick in flight!

Peter fires again. Bozworth catches this one too! Smiles. Starts forward, clicking the sticks together in time to the music.

Our three close ranks. Peter takes out a cross. Holds it over them protectively. They huddle together, back to back, pressing closer and, suddenly, Alex finds herself pressed up against

289 BELLE

289

who whirls and, like sudden lightning, has Alex from behind, arms crossed at the young girl's throat, ten claws poised an inch from her face!

290 NEW ANGLE

290

Peter shoves the cross at Belle, but Belle spins, snarling, using Alex to hide behind. It's a standoff.

291 A DOOR

291

swings open. It's the door not taken, the one avoided by Charley moments ago.

Regine steps out through the hallway and into the main room. Looking utterly, horrifically -- beautiful.

REGINE

Welcome -- to Fright Night.

She throws out her arms and -- WHOOOOF! All the candles in the room ignite at once!

REGINE (cont'd)

Mister Vincent. Miss -- Goode, I believe. Interesting name. And our guest of honor, Mister Brewster. You were right about that door, Charley. I was waiting on the other side. You're coming along rather nicely.

Her eyes lock into Charley's. They hold him for a moment.

REGINE (cont'd)

Dance, Charley?

Charley gets that look on his face now. He's fighting it, but he's losing. He steps toward Regine.

ALEX

Charley, no!!!

She struggles but cannot move. Regine nods to Belle. Belle lets go. Alex takes Charley's arm, but he shakes her off like nothing.

ALEX (cont'd)

Charley, listen to me!

This time she really grabs him, but he jerks free, backhanding her, knocking her back into Belle's waiting arms. Belle abruptly forces Alex to her knees. Alex cries out.

Peter lunges in with his cross again, but this time Bozworth just saunters over and oh-so-casually snatches the cross and hurls it away! Peter wheels and sprays him full in the face with the weed spritzer! Bozworth just looks at him. No effect. Bozworth suddenly unleashes a vicious series of jabs and kicks and punches, knocking Peter halfway across the room, into a velvet curtain covering the big windows.

292 CHARLEY

292

is like a sleepwalker. He blinks, starts back toward Alex with a look of determination --

REGINE

Charley.

He stops, his head pivots, his eyes lock with the vampire's. She holds his gaze. Smiles.

REGINE (cont'd)

It's time.

Charley turns to Alex, held on the floor by Belle. Bozworth comes over, kneels down and pulls back her hair, twists it into a knot, using the two chopsticks to hold it in place, laying bare her

293 NECK

293

so exposed, so vulnerable.

294 WIDER

294

Charley trembles, moves toward her. He parts his lips. Moves closer --

ALEX

Charley -- NO!!

-- and closer, this awful look in his eyes. In background, Peter begins to get to his knees, unnoticed by all.

Charley's mouth opens revealing the gleaming points of fledgling fangs, new, not very big, but big enough.

Alex struggles against Belle's death grip. Bozworth stands at her feet.

Regine looks on, wicked queen supervising this royal perversion.

Charley and Alex are eye to eye. Charley strokes her hair, her face -- Alex terrified --

ALEX (cont'd)

Charley, don't do it. Charley --

Their eyes meet.

ALEX (cont'd)

-- I love you!

And Charley pauses. Wavers. Regine steps toward him, eyes narrowing --

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

REGINE

(a command)

Charley.

Charley turns toward Regine again, his eyes glazing over --

ALEX

Do you hear me, Charley Brewster?  
I said I love you.

Charley struggles with it, wavering back and forth, his eyes opening wide -- flickering back and forth between --

Alex, so vulnerable -- and Regine, so invincible -- and suddenly

295 CHARLEY'S HANDS

205

snap out, crossing and seizing Belle's hands, forcing those vicious claws away from Alex's face...

...and with a sudden burst of unbelievable strength and speed he guides Belle's fingers, like ten little knives, straight over his head and into

296 BOZWORTH'S MIDSECTION

296

slicing it with ten slashing cuts!!!

Charley grabs Alex and retreats as Bozworth looks stupidly at his newly ventilated stomach. He sinks hard to his knees and sits down roughly on the floor.

297 PETER

297

looks down. Notices underneath the hem of the curtain a hint of gray daylight!

297A BOZWORTH

297A

Still looking down as his chest and stomach slowly separate into neatly sliced pieces -- as an ARMY of crawling, writhing insects comes pouring out! It's as if his body has no bones! As the insects continue, his upper torso sags crazily, no longer attached to the lower.

298 BACK TO SCENE

298

Charley and Alex turning away from his grisly scene, looking about -- no Belle! No Regine!

Peter wrestles with the curtain, trying to pull it back when --

299 A SMALL DARK SHAPE

299

from high above swoops down and strikes Peter, throwing him back. Then, silence.

300 CHARLEY AND ALEX 300

cling to each other. Then, a FLAPPING SOUND. The flash of a face -- Regine's -- behind them -- then nothing.

Alex touches her cheek. A long, bloody scratch has appeared there. Silence in the room. A terrifying silence. Nobody there but Charley, Alex, and Peter. Charley and Alex back toward the curtains when suddenly --

301 A BAT-LIKE SHAPE 301

comes hurtling across the room, just a blur, a flash of teeth, claws --

302 CHARLEY 302

snatches the altar cloth from his own shoulders, holds it out like a bullfighter's cape --

303 NEW ANGLE 303

-- as the thing plows right into it, trapped in its folds! The impact takes Charley to the floor. Alex follows, helping keep the thing contained.

There is a horrid, muffled ROAR from beneath the altar cloth! A piercing SHRIEK! Intense white light leaks from every opening in the cloth! SCREAMS of pain!

The shape trapped beneath the cloth grows until it is the full size of

304 BELLE 304

whose face appears from the folds of cloth, frozen in horror, white-hot, phosphorescent, glowing, disintegrating from within!

Suddenly, like a puff of wind, Belle is gone. Nothing beneath the altar cloth. They lift it up and there's only a pile of sand. HEAR a screech!

WHIP PAN TO:

305 REGINE 305

atop the highest vantage point in the room, looking down in magnificent fury! Shrieking! And suddenly

306 PETER VINCENT 306

yanks open the curtain! It's morning! The first rays of sunlight filter in!

- 307 BACK TO REGINE 307  
 The vampire screams. Jumps and suddenly we're
- 308 FLYING (REGINE'S POV) 308  
 around the room, bouncing off walls like a handball, suddenly  
 SWOOPING DOWN and CRASHING through the front door.
- 309 ON OUR THREE 309  
 as they leap to their feet.
- PETER  
 We must stop her! We cannot let  
 her get away! Charley's life  
 depends on it!
- And off they go.
- 310 INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAWN 310  
 Gray light. Regine's front door is in shambles. The mirror  
 across the hall shattered. Our three come running out to  
 see -- down the hall -- elevator doors sliding shut --
- They run to the elevator. Clawing at the door, forcing it  
 open -- looking inside at the yawning elevator shaft --
- 311 THEIR POV 311  
 TILTING DOWN, watching the departing car, then UP to SEE the  
 ancient gear-pull, a few feet over their heads -- a big metal  
 pulley-wheel with holes in it, going around and around.
- 312 BACK TO SCENE 312  
 Charley throws the speargun like a lance into the mechanism.
- 313 THE SPEARGUN 313  
 lodges in the center of the big pulley-wheel, getting crunched  
 up, catching in the housing, the gear teeth -- and with a  
 squeal of metal, the mechanism stops.
- 314 ANGLE ON OUR TRIO 314  
 for a beat they just stand there, huffing and puffing, looking  
 down into the shaft.
- 315 THE ELEVATOR CAR 315  
 sits down there about three stories below. In total silence.

316 NEW ANGLE

316

Nobody moves. Nobody breathes. Then, from down in the darkness comes a little sound.

A creak. Weight shifting.

317 EXTREME CLOSE-UP

317

In the elevator car. Just the hint of light from above, trickling in.

SEE an awful claw. Reaching down, down, to the floor, beside an awful foot. Peeling up the carpet.

318 BACK UPSTAIRS

318

Then, a louder sound from the depths. A ripping, metallic sound. Our team speaks in whispers.

PETER

Stuck between floors....

ALEX

Sounds like she's ripping the thing apart....

CHARLEY

(realizing)

Yes...ripping out the floor...she wants to go down....

ALEX

Down where?

CHARLEY

Her coffin...at the bottom...I remember now...at the bottom!

(then)

We've got to hurry.

(pointing)

Someone's got to go down there!

PETER

Down there?

CHARLEY

To cut off her escape. I'll go to the basement.

ALEX

You can't!

CHARLEY

I'm the only one who knows how to get there!

(CONTINUED)

318 CONTINUED:

318

ALEX

But you're not -- she'll --

PETER

(to Alex)

Go with him! I'll take care of  
this end. Hurry!

His voice pushes them along. They rush to the stairs, pause for an instant to look back.

Peter Vincent, Fearless Vampire Killer, looks very alone. And very scared.

319 INT. STAIRWELL - DAWN

319

Charley and Alex streak down the stairs, a flight at a time.

320 INT. THE ELEVATOR

320

A bit lighter now, leaks from the ceiling above. The dreadful claws tearing at the floorboards, ripping away wood and metal --

321 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

321

Up above, at the penthouse opening, Peter Vincent climbs gingerly into the shaft, his feet groping for the metal ladder-rungs which run down into darkness.

He gulps and starts down...toward the chilling, rat-like sounds --

322 INT. BASEMENT

322

Charley leads Alex down the long spooky corridor -- through the door into the

323 FURNACE ROOM

323

and beyond, FOLLOWING THEM as they skirt the coffins and squeeze toward the black hole --

Charley reaching out, trying to find the best foothold. SEE past Alex, from this angle, just the top of one of the coffins.

It comes open. Not a sound.

324 NEW ANGLE

324

Charley, halfway into the hole.

CHARLEY

There's a foothold down there  
somewhere -- that's it.

(CONTINUED)



324 CONTINUED:

324

At that instant, a figure looms up out of the darkness behind Alex. Charley sees it --

CHARLEY (cont'd)

Alex!

But it's too late. The figure grabs her in a steely grip! Charley is helpless, halfway down in the hole! Alex struggles and, for the first time, we SEE that it's Mel Feinstein ogling Alex's youthful body with his strange eyes.

FEINSTEIN

Hi cute stuff. How about a little action?

He tilts back his head, baring his fangs to strike -- Alex draws her caulking gun from its holster and, with one swift movement, jams the thing into Feinstein's mouth, pulling the trigger! So much garlic paste jets out that it fills Feinstein's mouth and rains down on Alex and Charley's heads!

325 FEINSTEIN

325

tries to speak. Nothing comes out but garlic paste. Feinstein's whole head begins to tremble. He turns beet red. SEE blistering. HEAR cracking...and suddenly his entire head ignites, burning in one big blue flame like a huge candle! Burning hard! Intense!

Feinstein takes a couple of steps and collapses! No more head, just a black curved stub like a burnt candle!

Alex grabs Charley's outstretched hand.

326 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - THE PIT - DAWN

326

The meagerest ambient light here, and the red safety lights. Charley and Alex slip through the hole, down into the pit.

They hurry to the coffin. Open it. Nothing here but dirt. Alex digs into her pocket, comes out with communion wafers which she places upright in the dirt --

327 PETER VINCENT

327

climbs down, down, closer and closer to the roof of the elevator, scarcely daring to breathe as the SOUND grows louder, the sound of a huge rodent, scratching -- tearing --

328 CHARLEY AND ALEX

328

look up as debris begins to fall on their heads. Bits of metal, carpet, wood --

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED:

328

A gray hole appears in the dim shadows above, growing larger as a dim shape works above it --

CHARLEY

She's weakening -- her power is going -- she must give in to physical laws --

329 ATOP THE ELEVATOR

329

Peter Vincent steps gingerly onto the top of the car. He crouches, finds a trap-door there, reaches down, slides the release-catch back and --

flips it open, revealing --

330 REGINE

330

But it's not Regine -- half bat, half something else from hell, clawing at the hole -- looking up -- shrieking, and lunging at

331 PETER

331

But he's ready with his cross, holding it in front of him like a shield -- lowering himself into the car --

PETER

Back, accursed hellspawn! Back!!

332 THE CREATURE

332

dives through the shredded floor, blasting a huge hole as it goes downward --

333 CREATURE'S POV

333

soaring through near-darkness toward -- communion wafers!!

334 INT. THE PIT

334

The creature shrieks, hovering above the coffin!

Then darting toward the hole in the wall, but suddenly Alex lunges in front of it, blocking the way, cross held high --

-- and the creature sails right under it, colliding with Alex, throwing her hard against the wall, hitting her head against concrete --

The creature circles high as Alex sags and slumps to the ground, unconscious --

-- the cross clatters out of her hands.

Charley hurries to her.

(CONTINUED)

334 CONTINUED:

334

CHARLEY

Alex? Alex?!

HEAR the sound of flapping wings close by. Charley scrambles across the floor to the crucifix, reaches out, but when he picks it up, it burns his hand -- he cowers back, dropping it and --

REGINE

(O.S.)

Come on, Charley. You didn't think I'd let go that easily, did you?

Charley turns. Regine is standing there. Her face is scratched, she wears evidence of the struggle, but all in all she'll survive.

335 ATOP THE ELEVATOR

335

Peter Vincent looks down in horror -- sees Regine far below, hears her voice --

PETER

My God --

336 WITH CHARLEY

336

as he watches Regine. SEE the vampire look returning --

REGINE

Your girlfriend is very naughty, Charley. That coffin is many hundreds of years old. Ruined, of course.

(breezy)

But, one mustn't get too attached to material things...and besides ...I have plenty of other places in this town to hang my hat...you just don't know...convenient access too...miles of tunnels...

337 PETER VINCENT

337

looks around, desperate, helpless. Then the light above him changes. Grows brighter. He looks up.

SEE hard sunlight, horizontal rays, pouring straight into the shaft opening, lighting up the back wall of the shaft.

Peter's brain spins. He suddenly scrambles out and up -- toward the light up above! Climbing like a madman!

- 338 ON REGINE 338  
 hearing the commotion above --
- REGINE  
 (softly)  
 I think your friend has given up.  
 Goodbye, Fearless Vampire Killer.  
 (to Charley)  
 Time to go. Say goodbye to  
 sunlight.
- Charley looks up sadly, powerless to fight --
- 339 CHARLEY'S POV 339  
 through the wreck of the elevator, through the open ceiling,  
 SEE a tiny figure scrambling up the rungs toward the light --
- 340 PETER VINCENT 340  
 climbing for all he's worth, closing in on the penthouse.
- 341 REGINE 341  
 holds out her hand. Her looks is cold. Dead. No longer  
 seductive, alluring, nothing. Just sheer power. Control.  
 Charley holds out his hand --
- 342 REGINE 342  
 stretching out her hand --
- 343 PENTHOUSE HALLWAY 343  
 bathed in morning sunlight. Peter's head appears. He pulls  
 himself up, sprints down the hallway. FOLLOW HIM to the  
 broken mirror opposite Regine's door. He grabs a large piece  
 of mirror and tears back toward the elevator --  
 -- holding the mirror out, into the light -- crouching there,  
 aiming --
- 344 ON PETER'S MIRROR 344  
 as the huge sliver catches the light, bouncing it down into the  
 shaft, a searchlight-sized ray reaching -- reaching -- down  
 through the elevator skeleton, toward --
- 345 TWO HANDS 345  
 the vampire's and Charley's -- inches apart, about to touch  
 when A BLINDING LIGHT, THE LIGHT OF THE REFLECTED BEAM, HITS  
THEIR HANDS!!

- 346 REGINE'S HAND 346  
blisters and cracks, the skin peeling back --
- 347 CHARLEY 347  
winces, squints, but has the presence of mind to grab Regine's hand and hold on!! Regine trying to pull away --
- 348 REGINE 348  
bellows as the light pours down the shaft onto her, hitting first an arm, a shoulder, her face, her other hand --
- 349 CHARLEY 349  
endures the rage of her, hanging on as --
- 350 REGINE 350  
begins to transform again, but her destruction takes over and suddenly she ignites, throwing Charley back!!  
She moves toward the hole, but
- 351 PETER 351  
focuses the mirror from above, moving the shaft of light, and
- 352 THE FLAMING CREATURE 352  
can only turn at the hole, stagger back toward Charley, past him and collapse into her open coffin, brilliant fire consuming all but the bones, and even then a skeleton hand pointing upward, at the killing beam of light, at Peter Vincent, Fearless Vampire Killer, and then Charley pushes the lid and
- 353 THE COFFIN 353  
slams shut on Regine. The bones of her arm drop to the floor, and scatter.
- 354 WIDE ANGLE 354  
to show the final tableau: Charley kneels to Alex, who stirs. He picks her up as we PULL BACK, and UP, and UP, through the floor, and then the ceiling of the elevator, higher, finally reaching The Fearless Vampire Killer himself, Peter Vincent, wrapping up another one.
- 355 EXT. THE HOTEL ELEGANTE - MORNING 355  
Several people standing in front, talking quietly; distant sirens --

(CONTINUED)

355 CONTINUED:

355

An emergency ambulance standing by the fountain, water stained red, and --

356 LOUIE

356

pasty white, being lifted from the water, that nasty wooden harpoon still sticking out of his chest, and without any delay they load him into the back of the ambulance and just as we SEE the Paramedic place two hands firmly on the thing, about to yank it out, the doors close and the thing roars away and we BOOM UP and

FADE OUT.

357 ROLL TAIL CREDITS.

357

THE END