FRIGHT NIGHT
PART 2

an original script
by
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and
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and
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based on characters created
by
Tom Holland

REVISED SHOOTING SCRIPT
August 31, 1987
FADE IN:

1  EXT. ENGELBERG CENTER - EARLY SUNSET

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

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:

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

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.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

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.
WITH CHARLEY

sitting. Thinking. There's another person in the room, a RECESSIONIST, 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.

SHOT

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.)

MONTAGE

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:

INT. DR. HARRISON'S OFFICE - DUSK

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:

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.

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

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)
"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:

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?

CUT TO:

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.

EXT. ENGELBERG CENTER - DUSK (TITLE SEQUENCE)

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...

10 EXT. CAMPUS GATES - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

16 CHARLEY

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

CUT TO:
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:

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

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.

MONTAGE

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)
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.
INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - NIGHT

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
(patience)
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:

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! Everything'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.

CUT TO:
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.

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 Dandridge.

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
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)

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

-- 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:

ALEX
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:

SAME CLOCK

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:

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

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.

CHARLEY'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

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

CHARLEY'S POV

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

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:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PETER'S PLACE - NIGHT

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:

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)

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

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

CUT TO:
33 INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

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

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

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

36 INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

A strange angle. SEE the stalls. HEAR Alex humming.
BACK TO CHARLEY

He sits in the darkness. Waiting.

It's mighty quiet.

Charley drums his fingers on the arm of his chair. Hum 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

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

39
BACK TO SCENE
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)
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
streaks across the road under some trees, right at the edge of campus. SEE lights and the campus gate in the background.
INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

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

CHOIRLEY

C'mere.

A'LEX

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

OUTSIDE

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

BACK INSIDE

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?

46  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

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

47  CHARLEY'S POV

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

48  CHARLEY

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.

Charley grows angry. Gives his door a savage kick. Gets in and roars off.

49 INT. CHARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

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)

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)

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)

She walks fast, working off her hurt and anger.

53 ANGLE ON BUSHES

Movement here. A low guttural growl.

54 LOW ANGLE - WOLF'S POV (MOVING)

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)

moving more quickly now, not really scared, but maybe aware of a presence back there somewhere. Looks back. Sees nothing.
A TELEPHOTO SHOT

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

EXT. ALEX'S DORM YARD - NIGHT

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.

LOW ANGLE - WOLF'S POV (MOVING)

quicksen 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

ALEX

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

EXT. ANGLE THROUGH GLASS

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.

ON BELLE AND BOZWORTH

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...

INT. DORM

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

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.

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

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

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.

Geez, Sherry. Why'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

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

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

BELLE

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

WHIP TO:

THE FRONT DOOR

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

ON BELLE AND BOZWORTH

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

BOZ'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND

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.

INT. ALEX'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

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

OUTSIDE ON THE WALL

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

ALEX

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

EXT. NEAR THE DORM - NIGHT

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.
INT./EXT. ALEX'S WINDOW

Outside, on the ledge, Louie's horrible hand appears, with its long yellow fingernails — then the other hand — then his head. He looks inside —

LOUIE'S POV - THROUGH THE CURTAINS

Alex checking the door lock, pausing at her dresser to remove a necklace, the light on the nightstand showing through her gown — tantalizing outlines —

LOUIE

digs it, reaches for the window sill — the window is open a couple inches —

LOUIE'S AWFUL HAND

pushes the window open wider —

BELLE

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 —

SPLATTERING CRIMSON

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.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alex shivers. Turns suddenly toward the window and, without even looking, slams it down, completely unaware that the WINDOW crunches Louie's fingers, breaking off all the long nails!

LOUIE

grimaces, pulling back his hands, slipping — falling away —

ANGLE ON DORM

For the briefest moment, we SEE Louie falling, groping thin air and then its
LOUIE'S POV

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:

EXT. ON CAMPUS - ANGLE ON LIMO GRILL - NIGHT

As it pulls in, filling THE FRAME, we HEAR a car door. Foot-
steps. 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.

INSERT - HAND

A half-dead moth, still kicking.

BACK TO SCENE

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:

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

REGINE

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:

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

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:

INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

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?


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.

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
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. 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

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

96  CHARLEY

oblivious, carried away on a wave of ecstasy.
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 so 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 --

**MATCHED CUT:**

**REGINE'S EYES**

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

**CHARLEY**

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

**THAT SCREAM**

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)
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

Charley under the covers, the patient; Alex puttering 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:

Ah, I've got my clothes on.

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

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. Wincs. Drops the shade fast.

CUT TO:

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

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)
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:

103 He saunters to his desk. Rifles through a drawerful of sample 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
caroms down the lane, smashing ten pins, a perfect strike. HEAR cheers and merriment.

105 ANOTHER BOWLING BALL
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:

I don't know. Never been to one.

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

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

You sure?

What time?

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

She kisses him and hurries toward the door.

What'd you get on the quiz?

(blushing)

I'm not telling!

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.

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

Charley hops to it.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

Brewster?

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

What time is it?

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

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:

110

RICHIE
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
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)
He slows, catching sight of the car as he passes...

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

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

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

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.

CHARLEY

looks down at his watch. Ten after eight. Late, but not all that late. He steps on the gas.

EXT. ALEX'S DORM - NIGHT

Alex, all dressed up, waiting. Not upset. Yet.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The limo goes past, heading into another part of town. The Mustang comes through the intersection, just making the light, a short distance behind.

EXT. THE HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT

The limo glides up to the front entrance. Regine and Richie get out. Stop. Kiss right there on the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY'S MUSTANG

pausing half a block away. Charley watching, maybe even a tinge of jealousy there.

CHARLEY'S POV

The happy couple mounts the steps and goes inside.

CHARLEY

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 --

CHARLEY'S POV

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.
steps carefully from his car, backing across the street, mounting a low wall by the sidewalk, straining to see better.

CHARLEY'S POV

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.

CHARLEY

gives a start.

CHARLEY

Wow.

BACK TO CHARLEY'S POV

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...

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.

CHARLEY

steps backward, looking for a better view -- and that's when he sees, crawling up the side of the building behind him:

A FIRE ESCAPE

going up, up, up...

EXT. ALEX'S DORM

Fun's over. Alex is very angry, holding the opera tickets so tightly her knuckles are white. Pacing back and forth.

BACK WITH CHARLEY

as he climbs the fire escape.

MOVING POV

as the Hotel Elegante Penthouse windows loom across the way, revealing more and more with each flight of stairs...
Finally, Charley stops, takes in the view:

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.

as he stares in admiration --

CHARLEY
Good grief, Richie...

Squinting out across the gulf as --

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!

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 --

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
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
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)
Hmm...yessss, 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:

PETER
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

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)
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

THE PENTHOUSE SUITE

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)
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.

AT THE BAR

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)
CONTINUED:

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.

WITH CHARLEY

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...

EXTREMELY CLOSE ANGLE

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)
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.

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:
A SMALL MIRROR

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

BACK TO SCENE

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)
CONTINUED:

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:

EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - NIGHT
Charley's Mustang rockets from its place, screeches through a stop sign and peels away.

BACK IN THE PENTHOUSE
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)
CONTINUED:

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.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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)
CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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.

INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CAPITOL ARTS CENTER - NIGHT

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.

AT THE ENTRANCE

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.

MONTAGE - CHARLEY'S BLOWN IT

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:

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

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

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)
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'?

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.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

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)
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)
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. CHARLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

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.

SHOOTING PAST CHARLEY TOWARD WINDOW

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)
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. PETER VINCENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

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:

EXT. STUDENT GRILLE PATIO - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
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 --

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.
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. "Blood-
suckers From Beyond" isn't
exactly--

CHARLEY
Did you SEE "Bloodsuckers From
Beyond"?

ALEX
No, but--

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

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.

There I go again. Sorry.

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

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

He puts his arms around her. She resists.

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

Have dinner with me.

I've GOT to study.

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)
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)
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. BAR - LATE MORNING

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...

ANGLE - TV SET

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...

PETER

stares, a thought being born in his brain --

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY

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
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

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

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

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

176 INT. LOBBY - STUDENT UNION - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:
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
Charley's being examined by a DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)
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 tetracyclene 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

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

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

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

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)

A STAGEHAND at a phone on a pedestal.

STAGEHAND
No hablo Englais, senor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

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.

INT. FURNACE ROOM

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

A DOZEN OBLONG BOXES


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)
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.

**BEHIND THE FURNACE**


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.

**FROM THE OTHER SIDE**

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 unmistakable 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.
INT. THE PIT
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.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE ELEVATOR SHAFT
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 --

REGINE
is lying there, in peaceful slumber, breathing softly.

CHARLEY
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:

EXT. HOTEL ELEGANTE - DUSK
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)
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. PETER'S CAR - SUNSET (MOVING)

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

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

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

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL LOUNGE - SUNSET

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.

EXT. STUDENT CENTER - NIGHT

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:

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHTFALL

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

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

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

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

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

207 BELLE'S CLAWED HAND

Ditto on Bernice's neck. WHAP!

208 BOZWORTH'S MEATY FIST

slams the security gate shut! WHANGO!

209 INT. ALEX'S CARREL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

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)
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

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)
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.

CHARLEY'S TINY WATCHMAN TV

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)
CONTINUED:

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?

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

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.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

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.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

as the TV Camera moves in on the dark figure of Regine. She begins to move, like a dancer...performing a piece...

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY)

Peter goes pale when he sees Regine. Breathing with difficulty, glued to the TV set as he watches.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (INTERCUT AS NECESSARY)

Alex and Charley watching. Alex fascinated. Charley's mesmerized, pale; he's sweating.
217 INT. CAMPUS LANES - NIGHT

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

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

219 INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

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)
CONTINUED:

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.

INTERCUTTING: DIFFERENT TV SETS

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.

INT. "FRIGHT NIGHT" SET - NIGHT

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.

REGINE

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

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

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

Charley sits quietly, taking deep breaths, deathly pale.

226 INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE STACKS

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)
CONTINUED:

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!

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

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

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

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)
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 parrrrrrty 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!

ACTION MONTAGE

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 baaaad, Brewster?! Well, you're gonna love this!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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!

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.

CLOSE ON THE WATCHMAN TV SCREEN

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 --
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!

Charley and Alex react, stunned, watching as --

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!

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

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

snaps the TV off, suddenly galvanized.

CHARLEY
C'mon.

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

(0.S.)
Hold it right there!

are there, guns out, blocking the path.

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

(CONTINUED)
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

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:
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.

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

(CONTINUED)
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.

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

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."

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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)
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)
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:

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

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

Metal gates in front of a forbidding-looking building.

245 INT. STATE HOSPITAL

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)
CONTINUED:

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

FRITZY
peers after his hero through the wire-mesh glass.

FRITZY
I BELIEVE YOU!

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

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 --

INT. DR. HARRISON'S CAR

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 pretty 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)
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 --

---

-- 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?

---

running like mad, trying not to panic, biting her lip to keep from crying. Suddenly Dr. Harrison steps from behind a sidelined 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)
Dr. Harrison _howls_, spiraling toward the dust --

DR. HARRISON (cont'd)
Owwww! 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:

EXT. THE ASYLUM - NIGHT

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

VOICE (filtered)
Yes?

(CONTINUED)
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.

EXT./INT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

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 Fritzy.

FRITZY
You friends with Peter Vincent?

The Orderly hears Fritzy, spins around. Fritzy 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.

INT. MRS. STERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

255 INT. NIGHT DESK - NIGHT
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.
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 Pritzy, who lets himself in, carrying a straightjacket and all sorts of restraining gear.

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:

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

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

ALEX
Oh Mister Vincent, Regine's got Charley!
CONTINUED:

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:

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

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!

EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

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!
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:

INT. REGINE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

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.

MONTAGE - OUR TEAM MAKES READY

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.


Pulling up in front of a church. SEE the sign: "CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR." They scurry inside.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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.

MONTAGE CONTINUES AS:

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)
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

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

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

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

all covered with heavy curtains. Light leaks out here and there. Alex and Peter find a break in the curtain and take a peek.
ALEX AND PETER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

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.

BACK TO SCENE

Our two inch along the ledge to another break in the curtain just in time to see

ALEX AND PETER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

Regine go through a door into the next room.

BACK TO SCENE

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.

INT. BEDROOM

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)
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)
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 teatray.

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!

PETER

off-balance, looking up to see --

LOUIE

perched upside down on the wall above the window, cackling gleefully!

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

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!

EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT

as he goes he somehow manages to grab hold of the ledge with his fingers. Hanging there, feet dangling --
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.

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....

desperate, strength going, pavement far below --

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!

smashes through the glass and buries itself in Louie's midsection.

screams horribly, releasing his grip, falling past Peter, plummeting down...down...finishing with a mighty SPLASH in a fountain in the courtyard down below!

He lies there dying, changing back once again to good old Louie human being, with a long stake through his chest.

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.

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:

CHARLEY

No. Not that way -- danger -- I can feel it --

They turn and burst through the other doors into

THE MAIN ROOM

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

BELLE

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!

NEW ANGLE

Peter shoves the cross at Belle, but Belle spins, snarling, using Alex to hide behind. It's a standoff.
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 -- WHOOOOOF! 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 snatchs 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.
CHARLEY 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

NECK so exposed, so vulnerable.

WIDER 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)
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

CHARLEY'S HANDS

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

BOZWORTH'S MIDSECTION

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.

PETER

looks down. Notices underneath the hem of the curtain a hint of gray daylight!

BOZWORTH

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 attacked to the lower.

BACK TO SCENE

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 --

A SMALL DARK SHAPE

from high above swoops down and strikes Peter, throwing him back. Then, silence.
CHARLEY AND ALEX 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 --

A BAT-LIKE SHAPE comes hurtling across the room, just a blur, a flash of teeth, claws --

CHARLEY snatches the altar cloth from his own shoulders, holds it out like a bullfighter's cape --

NEW ANGLE -- 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

BELLE 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:

REGINE atop the highest vantage point in the room, looking down in magnificent fury! Shrieking! And suddenly

PETER VINCENT yanks open the curtain! It's morning! The first rays of sunlight filter in!
The vampire screams. Jumps and suddenly we're

around the room, bouncing off walls like a handball, suddenly SWOOPING DOWN and CRASHING through the front door.

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.

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 --

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.

Charley throws the speargun like a lance into the mechanism.

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.

for a beat they just stand there, huffing and puffing, looking down into the shaft.

sits down there about three stories below. In total silence.
Nobody moves. Nobody breathes. Then, from down in the darkness comes a little sound.

A creak. Weight shifting.

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.

Then, a louder sound from the depths. A ripping, metallic sound. Our team speaks in whispers.

PETE
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!

PETE
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)
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

Charley and Alex streak down the stairs, a flight at a time.

320 INT. THE ELEVATOR

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

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

Charley leads Alex down the long spooky corridor -- through the door into the

323 FURNACE ROOM

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

Charley, halfway into the hole.

CHARLEY

There's a foothold down there somewhere -- that's it.

(CONTINUED)
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!

FEINSTEIN

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.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - THE PIT - DAWN

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 --

PETER VINCENT

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 --

CHARLEY AND ALEX

look up as debris begins to fall on their heads. Bits of metal, carpet, wood --

(CONTINUED)
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 --

ATOP THE ELEVATOR
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 --

REGINE
But it's not Regine -- half bat, half something else from hell, clawing at the hole -- looking up -- shrieking, and lunging at

PETER
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!!

THE CREATURE
dives through the shredded floor, blasting a huge hole as it goes downward --

CREATURE'S POV
soaring through near-darkness toward -- communion wafers!!

INT. THE PIT
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)
CONTINUED:

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.

ATOP THE ELEVATOR

Peter Vincent looks down in horror -- sees Regine far below, hears her voice --

PETER

My God --

WITH CHARLEY

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...

PETER VINCENT

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!
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 --

through the wreck of the elevator, through the open ceiling, SEE a tiny figure scrambling up the rungs toward the light --

Peter Vincent climbing for all he's worth, closing in on the penthouse.

REGINE holds out her hand. Her looks is cold. Dead. No longer seductive, alluring, nothing. Just sheer power. Control.

Charley holds out his hand --

stretched out her hand --

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 --

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 --

the vampire's and Charley's -- inches apart, about to touch when A BLINDING LIGHT, THE LIGHT OF THE REFLECTED BEAM, HITS THEIR HANDS!!
blisters and cracks, the skin peeling back --

wincses, squints, but has the presence of mind to grab Regine's hand and hold on!! Regine trying to pull away --

bellows as the light pours down the shaft onto her, hitting first an arm, a shoulder, her face, her other hand --

endures the rage of her, hanging on as --

begins to transform again, but her destruction takes over and suddenly she ignite$, throwing Charley back!!

She moves toward the hole, but

focuses the mirror from above, moving the shaft of light, and

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

slams shut on Regine. The bones of her arm drop to the floor, and scatter.

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.

Several people standing in front, talking quietly; distant sirens --

(CONTINUED)
355 CONTINUED:

An emergency ambulance standing by the fountain, water stained red, and --

356 LOUIE

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.

THE END