

VAMPIRE'S KISS
a screenplay by Joseph Minion

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Producers

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE to be played over a series of still photographs of vampire bats in flight. Choral, almost religious sounding music is heard on the track.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE (NIGHT).

A shot of the city. It is around 3 a.m.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER LOWE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT).

PETER LOWE, 35, is awake in bed. There is an attractive GIRL sound asleep next to him. PETER looks at the GIRL for a moment, then gets out of bed, putting a robe on.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

PETER puts a lamp on at a desk. He pulls a large book out from a drawer: we see it is a high school yearbook. He flips through it, and we see that several photos of men and women from this graduating class have been crossed out with a magic marker.

At one point we see his own picture (not crossed out). Under it, we see his name, and under that, "Life ambition: To be happy." He passes his picture and comes upon that of a Pamela Tyndall. Her "life ambition" is "To surf the beaches of Waikiki forever!" He smiles slightly as he looks at the photograph, almost twenty years old.

Then, he reaches for the telephone, and dials "0":

PETER

Yes, operator, what is the area code for Waikiki, Hawaii? (Pause). Thank you.

He immediately dials information in Waikiki:

PETER

Yes, in Waikiki, do you by any chance have a listing for a Pamela Tyndall...

He looks at the yearbook to check the spelling.

PETER

T-y-n-d-a-l-l. (Pause) You do?

He grabs a pen and begins writing.

PETER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up, and hesitates a few moments before calling.
He dials tentatively, pausing before the last number.
After three rings, we hear PAMELA's distant voice answer:

PAMELA (VO)
Hello?

PETER
Pamela?

PAMELA (VO)
Yes.

PETER
Pamela Tyndall??

PAMELA (VO)
Yes, who's calling?

PETER
Pamela, this is Peter Lowe...We went
high school together...New Milford High.
Do you remember?

PAMELA (VO)
Oh, yes...Uh...Why are you calling?

PETER
(laughs slightly)
Oh, uh, well...I don't know...I mean,
I know this is gonna sound crazy, but
I just happened to be flipping through
our high school yearbook, saw your picture,
saw where it said your life dream was to
surf in Hawaii, and well, I decided to
see if you actually did it...if you actually
achieved this life dream of yours...

PAMELA (VO)
(ambivalent)
Oh, I see...

PETER
(enthusiastic)
...And you did!! I mean, you're really
there, in Hawaii, anyway...just like you
wanted!...It's incredible! Really!

PAMELA (VO)
Uh-huh...

PETER
I mean, it's really incredible...You set
out to do this thing and there you are...
You're really doing it....!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause.

PETER
I mean...you surf, right?? You're out
there surfing, I guess, huh?

PAMELA (VO)
Uh, well I don't surf that much anymore.
I used to do it a lot more.

PETER
Uh huh...But you use to, a lot, huh?

PAMELA (VO)
I was into it for awhile, yeah...

Pause.

PETER
But I mean, anyway, you live there!! You
live in the place you always wanted to!
It must be like paradise!!

PAMELA (VO)
It's all right...

PETER's smile is by now looking a little forced.

PETER
But...it must be so great...Blue Hawaii!!

Pause.

PAMELA (VO)
It's all right...

Long, awkward pause.

PAMELA (VO)
I just sort of...live here now...I mean,
what can I say?

PETER
Great, great...

Pause.

PAMELA (VO)
So...

PETER
So...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAMELA (VO)
(her voice less clear)
Ronni, get that goddam dog outta here!
Ronni...it's gonna do poo poo...Ronni,
quick...!! Get it outta here, look he's
squatting...NOW!! (Her voice is louder
again.) Sorry...so did you want something,
or what?

PETER
Uh, no, I just...I don't know...

PAMELA (VO)
(interrupting)
Because I really got my hands full.

PETER
Well, yeah, that's okay...I just...I
just...Well...You sound really great...!

PAMELA (VO)
Yeah, well, I gotta go...

PETER
Well, it's so good hearing your voice...

PAMELA (VO)
(interrupting, abrupt)
Bye.

The phone is heard clicking. PETER, feeling and looking somewhat humiliated, hangs up. He waits a few moments, looking dejectedly at the phone, then picks up a magic marker and crosses out PAMELA's picture. He closes the book and puts it quietly back.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN.

We show various buildings, street signs, even mailboxes, etc., around the city as the first rays of the sun begin to hit them.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER LOWE'S BEDROOM.

PETER is tossing and turning in bed. Still, the GIRL is sound asleep next to him. At one point, he turns over on his back. They are covered only by a sheet.

We CUT TO an oddly high-angle shot, hand-held, far away from the bed, as if PETER were being observed by some presence. The flapping of bat wings is heard distinctly on the soundtrack.

We now CUT back and forth between PETER and this strange shot with increasing rapidity, each shot on PETER becoming tighter, and each of the strange, "POV" shots becoming more and more frenzied.

A tight shot on PETER's face as his eyes open quickly, as if startled, and his head turns in the direction of this "presence".

A shot from PETER's POV, of his open bedroom window where, for a split-second, a small black form can be seen flying out the window. We linger on the open window for a few seconds, the morning sun pouring through, and PETER's breathing heard on the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF DR. DOROTHY GLAZER.

Her alarm clock awakens her at 7:30. She is about 42. DR. GLAZER props herself up in bed and just sits there for a few moments, expressionless, occasionally rubbing sleep from her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S KITCHEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A wide angle shot which takes in DR. GLAZER, way to the right of the screen, smoking a cigarette, wearing a bathrobe, her hair wet, sitting at a kitchen table, and the rest of the spotless kitchen, the stove to the left.

A morning news broadcast is heard faintly on the soundtrack. Several moments go by before the coffee pot on the stove begins to whistle loudly. Several more moments pass before DR. GLAZER decides to get up and turn off the gas.

She pours the boiling water into a cup with a teabag in it, brings the cup back to the table where she sits, puffs on the cigarette again and stares into space as the teabag steeps.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE - WEST 11th ST.

A psychiatrist, DR. GLAZER's office is a room (plus a waiting room) in the building of her residence: a brownstone in the West Village. We now see her face close-up; she is listening attentively and we hear PETER's voice off-screen:

PETER (O-S)

It was very strange...I hated it.
I did the same routine, like I
would every morning, as if I were
alone...

We now CUT TO PETER, sitting across from DR. GLAZER.

PETER

...I got up, took a shower, made
myself coffee...I kept telling
myself, you know...I'll wake her
up after I do this...or after this
little step...

Pause. We pull back to reveal both of them sitting there.

PETER

No, no, that's not true, really.
I knew I was going to delay waking
her up for as long as possible.

Pause.

DR. GLAZER

What is it you really wanted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

I wanted her...same as always, I wanted her to disappear, I wanted her to be the hell out of there...

PETER laughs.

PETER

...And she got the hell out of there...!

DR. GLAZER

She took the hint...waking up and finding you fully dre---

PETER

(laughing)

More or less! She took the hint, yeah...

PETER looks despondently at the floor. Pause.

DR. GLAZER

And yet the night before you wanted her very badly...

Long pause. PETER looks out the window.

PETER

I know...Yeah...Really badly.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE EVENING.

A singles bar. PEOPLE are lined up, three rows thick, at the bar, and almost all the seats are taken. The mood is festive. PETER steps into the crowded frame holding a drink, sipping occasionally, wading through the other patrons. A live BAND is playing jazz.

We CUT to different times, advancing through the night, catching PETER cavorting with a FRIEND here, flirting with a GIRL there, etc., cutting to other PEOPLE as well, then catching up with PETER, leaving a table with a terribly attractive black girl, JACKIE.

PETER leaves a tip on the table, and his talk with JACKIE is drowned out by the still-playing BAND, so we do not hear their conversation until they have gotten their coats and left the club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. EIGHTH AVENUE - NIGHT.

PETER holds JACKIE around her waist. They are walking south, and their voices indicate that they are both a little drunk.

PETER

And the other one...he could...

He exaggerates an expression of thinking very hard.

PETER

Ah! He could stretch himself...He could stretch his body from here to... to Staten Island if he wanted---

JACKIE

We said him already!

PETER

No, no, no! The Rubber Man! He is the last of the Fantastic Four... the missing link...that we have been searching for all evening, yes!

JACKIE

No! We already---

JACKIE sees a cab coming up 8th Ave. She steps toward the curb to hail it.

JACKIE

Oh! A taxi!...TAXI!

PETER pulls her back.

PETER

Whoa! We are not in need of coach service, my lady...This is my kingdom, and my palace is but two blocks away.

JACKIE

You live two blocks from here?

PETER

If you wanna be crude about it---

But the CABBIE has seen JACKIE hail him, and pulls up next to them, PETER and JACKIE noticing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE
(to CABBIE)
We're walking!

PETER
(to CABBIE)
Be off!

JACKIE
Be off!

PETER & JACKIE
(in unison)
Be off!!

The CAB DRIVER, a Korean, hurls insults before pulling out.

CABBIE
(his voice fading away)
Fucking cock-suckers make up your
goddam fucking minds you fucking
fucks, goddam cock-sucking fucks...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

PETER and JACKIE round the corner from Eighth Avenue,
and we cover them down this street through the POV of
someone who seems to be following them, just close
enough to hear.

JACKIE
You started with Rubber Man...that
was the one you started with...You
said Rubber Man...the Fireball, you
know, the Human Fireball...

PETER
And the one made of stone that's
like the Hulk!

JACKIE
Yeah, and the one made out of stone
that's like the Hulk...we're gonna
have to give that poor guy a name...

PETER
That's four!

JACKIE
No, that's three!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
The Human Fireball...

JACKIE
That's the same as the Fireball.

PETER
What?

JACKIE
Human Fireball and Fireball...
same guy...

PETER
He's got two names??

JACKIE
No I'm just sayin', you know,
"Human" Fireball... 'cause he's
like... in the shape of a human.
Except when he's a fireball.

PETER
I'm totally confused now.

JACKIE
Maybe it's only the Fantastic
Three.

PETER
(laughing)
No! No!

Their voices and laughter are beginning to fade as the
watching figure drops back, safely away from their purview.

PETER
We cannot just... just... excom-
municate one of the Fantastic
Four like that... Only Marvel
Comics can do that...

The POV shot continues, following as PETER and JACKIE
approach PETER's building. They go on laughing hysteri-
cally. After they ascend the stairway, we dolly rapidly
towards the building in time to watch PETER and JACKIE
walk through the inside door and disappear into the hall.

Here, we CUT TO a very, very tight CLOSE-UP of a pair of
EYES watching, and gazing up, then, still facing the
building. We CUT BACK to its POV, a CLOSE-UP of a win-
dow of the brownstone -- the one to PETER's apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE.

PETER and JACKIE (walking behind PETER) are coming up the stairs, onto the landing where his apartment is.

PETER
Ughh!! The telephone company!
How could I take home a girl who
works for the telephone company?
You're the enemy! Go on, go home...

They round the top of the stairs. Their voices are loud.

JACKIE
I'm Director of Personnel.

PETER
(horrified)
She hires those apes, better
yet! Oh, God...

JACKIE
Oh really? What do you do, Mr.
Wise Ass?

They are near the door to PETER's apartment.

PETER
I keep asking myself the same
question. Come here.

PETER, leaning against the hallway wall, pulls JACKIE towards him. They kiss passionately. As they are doing so, a little Puerto Rican BOY, in pajamas, opens the door slightly of an apartment at the other end of the hall. He stares at them, his thumb in his mouth.

The sound of a Spanish TV show can be heard coming from that apartment. The BOY keeps staring until finally his MOTHER comes and pulls him away, scolding him in Spanish. The door is slammed shut. The SOUND of the door slamming is carried-over:

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

...To PETER shutting the door to his apartment as JACKIE walks farther into the room, reaching behind her back to unzip her dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

The bedroom is dimly lit. The radio is heard faintly on the soundtrack -- some romantic, FM music. PETER and JACKIE are sitting on the edge of his bed; she still has only her panties on and he has his shirt off and they are both undoing his trousers.

She drops his trousers on top of her dress and pulls off her panties. He begins kissing her neck, then down to her breasts, hugging her tightly. He bites one of her nipples. A loud flapping sound is heard.

JACKIE
Agghhh!!

PETER pulls back.

PETER
(whispers)
Sorry...

But he notices her horrified expression; she has reacted to something else....JACKIE points towards the ceiling.

PETER
Wha---

He begins to turn his head when a large vampire bat swoops down towards them, grazing PETER's forehead. JACKIE leaps from the bed, as does PETER.

PETER
Jesus!

JACKIE
WHAT IS IT!?

The bat swoops towards them again, the flapping sound very loud. JACKIE puts her arms over her head and face. It swoops towards them again and again.

JACKIE
WHAT IS IT WHAT IS IT!!!

PETER fumbles for the lamp on the nighttable, dodging the swooping bat. He finally flicks it on, illuminating the room enough so that the bat is visible to them. The light drives the bat crazy, and its swooping becomes even more frenzied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE
OH CHRIST!

It swoops again, nearly hitting JACKIE, who slams herself against the wall.

PETER
Little fucker...I don't believ---

JACKIE
DO SOMETHING!!

The bat swoops once more, then, perches inside the folds of the curtain.

PETER
(to JACKIE)
All right, just stay calm...

JACKIE
Oh, right...

PETER
Shhhh...

PETER stealthily walks over to the window. JACKIE is petrified. He opens the window, which was already half-way open, all the way. He then bends down and tugs at the bottom of the curtain, shaking it slightly.

PETER
Go on, get outta here...

JACKIE
Oh, shit.

PETER
Shhh!

He jerks it a couple more times, but nothing happens. JACKIE, breathing heavily, reaches down and picks up her dress, her panties laying on top of it. PETER tugs again, pulling the curtain right up to the window.

PETER
Go on...shoo!

JACKIE has her panties on and, holding her dress, begins toward the bedroom door, about to open it, when PETER notices.

PETER
No! Leave it shu---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bat flies out of the curtain.

PETER

Shoo!

JACKIE, ducking, screams and laughs at the same time. The bat does not fly out the window.

JACKIE

(laughing)

"Shoo"?

PETER

(laughing)

Well whattaya want me to say?

It swoops down through the middle of the room. JACKIE screams again and, dropping her dress, opens the bedroom door and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

JACKIE runs through the living room, laughing.

JACKIE

(calling)

I'll, uh, just be out here...

She runs out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

JACKIE slams the door shut behind her and sits down, her back against the wall, wearing only her panties, trying to catch her breath, but breaking out in giggles, too.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

PETER leaps to shut the bedroom door before the bat can fly into the rest of the apartment. He picks up his shirt and begins swinging wildly at the bat. He hits it, and he can see it fall to the floor. He quickly puts on his trousers.

But a second later, the bat comes at him again, really relentlessly. He knocks over the lamp as he swings at it with his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

JACKIE shudders upon hearing the lamp knocked over.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

The light is now very weird, as the lamp is on the floor, and the fending off of the bat is turning into something not at all funny: The thing just doesn't let up. PETER's expression becomes increasingly grim as he swats away.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

The little Puerto Rican BOY is seen opening and peering through the doorway again. This time he sees the naked JACKIE who giggles, stands and moves away from PETER's door. The BOY's expression turns to frozen wonderment.

He keeps staring, JACKIE noticing him and waving "hello", until the BOY's MOTHER again tries to pull him inside, again yelling in Spanish, but this time the BOY fights to keep his place and perfect view.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

Tight on PETER's face, which has grown obviously frightened now, sweat pouring out, on the verge of exhaustion.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

The MOTHER finally yanks the BOY inside, herself catching a glimpse of JACKIE, then doing a quick sign-of-the-cross before slamming shut the door.

PETER pops out of the apartment, his shirt on but unbuttoned, carrying JACKIE's dress, which he tosses to her.

PETER
Let's try your place.

JACKIE
Ya get it out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER shakes his head.

JACKIE
If I knew you had a roommate...

PETER
(laughing)
Shut up.

He comes up behind her and kisses her on the back of the neck as she is putting on her dress. She laughs.

PETER
I am so horny...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

PETER emerges from his apartment building with the GIRL, both of them still buttoning, zipping, tucking, etc. amidst gails of laughter. PETER is not wearing socks.

A taxi is coming down the street and this time PETER hails it. They climb in.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI.

As JACKIE tells the CABBIE her address and the cab takes off, PETER looks over his shoulder through the back window, up, at his apartment window, the eerie light still on, a glimmer of trepidation on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING.

We start on a shot of the sign on PETER's office door: PETER LOWE (and under that) FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION. Inside, we see that PETER is still sockless, and unshaven, sitting uncomfortably behind his desk, some papers laying in front of him.

His office door slightly ajar, he notices as ALVA, an office secretary, passes in the hallway outside.

PETER
Alva...

But she has not heard him and passes right by. PETER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

grumblingly gets up and steps halfway into the hallway.

PETER

Alva...

He gestures towards himself, then slumps back down behind his desk, ALVA, 23, entering a moment later.

ALVA

Yes, Mr. Lowe?

Pause. PETER frowns, fingering a letter on his desk.

PETER

All right...Frank Kuddy wants a copy of the first contract he had for the sale of his short story...

He leans over to look at the letter, squinting.

PETER

..."Rattlesnake Cave"...to Der Spiegel. It seems its the first foreign sale he ever had and suddenly he wants to frame the agreement.

Pause.

PETER

Now the story was sold in 1963, and I know that's a long time before either I was here or you were here, but there's no reason why the agency shouldn't have a copy of it.

He is beginning to sound a little aggravated.

PETER

I already looked in the files under "Ruddy", I looked under "Rattlesnake Cave" but I am asking you to go through the entire Der Spiegel file because that is a very fat file and nothing is in order and it will take hours but IT WILL BE THERE...

Pause. He calms down again.

PETER

...Somewhere. Please find it and bring it to me..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVA nods, turns around and leaves. PETER looks at her legs as she disappears around the hallway. He sits there for a moment, swivels around in his chair and looks out his office window.

Down on the street, many stories down, he singles out a COUPLE holding hands, walking down Third Avenue, amongst a throng of other PEOPLE. He sees them look into a shop window together, as if pointing something out.

The VOICE of another SECRETARY is heard on his desk phone.

SECRETARY (O-S)

Peter, Joel Kesnick on 02.

PETER, though, does not respond. He keeps gazing at the street. There is a long pause.

SECRETARY (O-S)

Mr. Lowe...Are you there?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS - 5 O'CLOCK.

Rush hour in midtown Manhattan. We see several shots of PEOPLE clambering into buses, fighting for taxis, lined up at token booths, filling the sidewalks, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI.

PETER watches the clusters of PEOPLE from the back of a cab that is fighting crosstown traffic. He seems a bit zombied-out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

The cab takes off, leaving PETER in front of his apartment building. He looks up at his wide-open window.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

We see PETER enter a bit precariously. The afternoon light now fills the apartment. He steps in farther, looking all around him constantly, as he makes his way towards the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He first shakes the curtain slightly, then, impatiently, just stretches the whole thing out: There is no bat. He walks back, closer to the bed. Looking at the floor, he notices something.

He picks up something black and limp. It is a sock. He takes off his shoes and puts on his dirty socks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

On the floor below PETER's, he is knocking on the door of another TENANT. A thirty-ish GLRL, after a pause, calls from inside the apartment.

GIRL (O-S)
Who is it?

PETER
Uh, my name's Peter Lowe, I live right above you...

Pause.

GIRL (O-S)
What is it?

PETER frowns.

PETER
I'd like to ask you something...
Just take a second...

She opens the door, at least as far as it can go, as it is chain-locked. She looks suspiciously at PETER.

GIRL
(abrupt)
Yes.

PETER
Uh, I was just wondering...Now I don't mean to scare you, but during the time you've been living here...

PETER smiles at her warmly, unthreateningly.

PETER
Actually, I've only seen you around recently...You've only moved in rather recently, isn't that so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL
What do you want?

PETER clears his throat, speaking now in a formal tone:

PETER
Have you by any chance ever had
a bat fly into your apartment?
Or in the hall, did'ya ever see--

GIRL
(interrupting, abrupt)
No.

Pause. PETER again tries to lighten his tone.

PETER
...Because it was the damndest
thing...I don't even know if it's
worth telling the super abou--

GIRL
(again interrupting)
I don't have any money.

And she shuts the door. The sound of a bolt lock is heard clicking. PETER lets out a little laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - EVENING.

PETER is shaving in front of the mirror. The television is heard on in the background: A rerun of the series "That Girl", recognizable by the opening theme music.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

PETER, wearing reading glasses, is lying on a couch reading a paperback. He finishes the last page, closes it and tosses it on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

We slowly dolly into PETER sitting up in bed, thinking. He gets up, as if drawn to it, and opens the bedroom window all the way, then gets back into bed, comfortably now, and stares in the direction of the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A quick dolly shot, head-on to the open window, until the black of the night fills the screen, and we:

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Three of four freeze-frame-like, grainy photographs of vampire bats in flight, as during the opening credits.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S WAITING ROOM.

We see the empty room for several moments. Then, a GIKL in her late 20's enters and sits on a chair. She looks at her watch, and appears a bit uptight. She picks up a magazine, but puts it back down, and again looks at her watch.

She taps her fingers on her knees, looks at her watch and gets up. We follow her as she walks flush against another door (the doctor's office). She puts her ear up against it, and can barely hear voices.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE.

The way PETER is seated, he can look past DR. GLAZER, facing him, and see at the crack at the bottom of the office door the shadowy movements of the GIKL eavesdropping on the other side, and PETER is doing just that at the beginning of the scene.

DR. GLAZER
...starting from your earliest
years when somehow you were
taught to expect something that
wasn't even halfway attainable.

Pause.

DR. GLAZER
Peter?

He looks at DR. GLAZER.

PETER
Hmm-hmm...right.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Well...I guess my time's up.

DR. GLAZER

We have a couple more minutes.

PETER turns around to glance at an electric clock that reads two minutes to 4:00.

DR. GLAZER

Peter, you know, lately, you've always been telling me when our time is up...I wonder...do you feel as if it's some sort of rejection when I tell you---

PETER, turning back around, lets out a laugh.

DR. GLAZER

What?

PETER

(laughing slightly)

Nothing, nothing, it's just...I was remembering...

Pause.

PETER

I brought this girl up to my place the other night...really hot, you know, and we're on the bed and suddenly this bat comes swooping down out of nowhere...this is in my bedroom!...You know, right in the middle, it was...

He breaks out laughing.

PETER

So she runs, right...out to the hall, and I'm there with this bat, you know, tryin' to get it the fuck out the window...this really happened...

His tone gets more serious.

PETER

But the part...the part...this part I don't remember if this really happened or I dreamed it later or what...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

(continuing)

I mean I'm fighting this bat off,
all alone, in my bedroom, and I'll
be damned if I didn't get really
turned on!...I mean really turned
on, like I have never...I can't--

DR. GLAZER

You think you dreamt--

PETER

No! No!...I really fought that lit-
tle fucker for a long time...that
was no dream...

Pause. The shadows of the GlKL outside are gone.

PETER

It was this feeling, though, that
I had...that I started getting...
when its wings brushed me...Yeah...
that was it...when it got so close
the wings were brushing against me.

DR. GLAZER

You felt aroused.

PETER

Yeah.

Pause.

DR. GLAZER

But you said you were in the throes
of passion just a few seconds before!

PETER

Yeah, I know...

DR. GLAZER

You were aroused then?

PETER

With the girl?

DR. GLAZER

With the girl.

PETER

Oh, sure...yes, absolutely. But
then she left the room, and I was...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER struggles to explain himself.

PETER

...I mean I came down...I...You know...I was in mortal combat with a fucking bat, gimme a break!

DR. GLAZER

And then you felt this new feeling. When you were fighting the bat.

PETER

(nodding)

Then, yes, that is the precise order of events.

Pause.

PETER

I really...I can't explain this other feeling...It was not just an "arousal", not sexual...it was stronger...I just...I simply never felt anything like it before!

DR. GLAZER

But you say you might have dreamt it...the feeling.

PETER

I don't...No, I don't think so... I don't think I did. It's just... the impression...I remember it being kind of...don't laugh..."other worldly". That was the feeling...

Long pause. PETER looks at DR. GLAZER and grins.

PETER

(getting up from chair)

And on that note...!

DR. GLAZER

(smiling)

...On that note...

PETER begins for the door.

DR. GLAZER

...And I will see you Tuesday.

PETER

Bye-bye!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM.

We see PETER as he walks through the waiting room, passing the GIKL who is sitting there. He exchanges a bit of strange eye contact with her; she looks at him weirdly.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE.

A slow dolly onto DR. GLAZER, sitting there, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE.

PETER is seen taking cash from a bank cash machine. His card pops out, and he shoves that in his wallet, too.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

PETER is drinking from a water fountain in the hallway of his office, when out of the corner of his eye he sees ALVA walking past him.

PETER

Whoa....! Alva...

ALVA turns around.

PETER

I, uh, didn't see--...Did you find that Kuddy contract?

ALVA

(officially)

I checked in the back files under "Kuddy" and "Kattlesnake Cave" like you said, Mr. Lowe, but it wasn't there. I'll have to go through the Der Spiegel file, I guess, but I haven't had time. I'll do it as soon as pos--

PETER

(interrupting, angry)

Alva, I told you that I already already checked those files... I already checked them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVA
I must've misunderstood. I'm
sorry. I'll get right to it.

She walks away, a bit intimidated. We linger, CLOSE-UP,
on PETER's face for a few moments, then:

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Two or three quick shots of freeze-frames of vampire bats.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT.

PETER emerges from the shower, grabs a towel and begins
drying himself. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

PETER finishes knotting a tie and puts on a jacket. He
is clean-shaven, and looks quite natty. He leaves. We
CUT TO a shot, head-on, of his made-up queen-size bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS - NIGHT.

The Chelsea area, we see the outsides of a few different
night spots. There is a definite "buzz" on the streets
tonight. The last club sign we see is "s.n.a.f.u."

CUT TO:

INT. S.N.A.F.U.

There is a GUY making time with a GIKL at the bar, a-
midst a barful of other PEOPLE.

GUY
We must be talking about two
different plays.

GIKL
Maybe...

GUY
No, really, it's inconceivable
to me that you liked that. It

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY
(cont'd)
wasn't funny--

GLRL
(interrupting)
"Inconceivable"...Geez! Wow!
I must be a real disappointment--

GUY
No, no, I mean, of course I could
conceive how you don't like it, I'm
just using a figure of---...I mean
I'm trying to tell you how strongly
I disagree...

GLRL
Well I disagree with you.

GUY
That's okay! I mean, look...it
wasn't funny

GLKL
I thought it was funny...

Their conversation trails off as we dolly past them towards
another section of the club. We pick these two up:

GUY
(approaching GLKL)
Hi, my name's Larry.

He shakes hands with the GLKL, who sips her drink, then
just turns away, still smiling. We glide past these two.
We rove past a COUPLE necking at an intimate booth. We
then come upon PETER sitting at a larger booth with a
couple of old, or new, FRIENDS, both male. One of them
is a Rastafarian.

ED
(to Rastafarian)
No, no, I don't save the same
amount I put in the other account.
Say I put \$2,000 away in the IKA
account...That doesn't mean I save
\$2,000 in income taxes...it's more
like \$700...(to PETER) right, Pete?

PETER, slightly withdrawn from this conversation, nods.

ED
...Which is a lot of money...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

(to Rastafarian)

Don't let 'im fool ya...it's not a lot of money.

ED

Oh, come on...it adds up...year after year...it's a good deal... plus, I get interest on the \$2,000 in the other account.

RASTAFARIAN

(heavy accent)

Who...would...be...interested?

ED

No, no...interest...The bank keeps adding a percentage, according to the interest rates...

PETER is staring at the coils of the RASTA's hair.

ED

Of course...I can't touch the money in the IKA 'til I'm sixty...

The RASTA looks at PETER perplexedly.

ED

Well...I can touch it...but there are penalties...

PETER

I'm gonna...get another drink...

He winks at the RASTA as he gets up.

PETER

Stay in Barbados, mon...

The RASTA smiles as PETER wafts through the CROWD. But instead of going to the bar, PETER carries his glass full of ice to a quieter section of the club. The drone is brought down in volume as we:

CUT TO PETER'S POV of RACHEL, a gorgeous brunette in her late 20's, sitting alone at a dark booth. We dolly towards her sensuously, giving a feeling of suspended time.

PETER, drawn to her, sees that the booth next to her has just been vacated, and he sits in it, separated from RACHEL by a small wooden divider. They are both within hearing distance of yet another small cluster of PEOPLE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY
knock knock.

GLRL
Who's there?

GUY
Liquid.

SAME GLRL & ANOTHER GUY
Liquid who?

GUY
Liquid Carpenter, and Kaise High
the Roof Beam!!

The GLRL, the other GUY and another GLRL standing around this jokester laugh hysterically before moving out of earshot. There is a very long, awkward, empty space of silence, PETER and RACHEL sitting alone in their booths.

PETER
(peeking his head around booth)
Did you get that joke?

RACHEL
(laughing genuinely)
No! What the--??--

But she shakes her head, laughing, and PETER breaks up, rolling an ice cube around in his mouth. He moves over into RACHEL's booth. Another awkward pause.

PETER
I love your earrings.

RACHEL
Thank you...

They make strong eye contact. PETER extends his hand.

PETER
I'm Peter Lowe.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

PETER and RACHEL are on his bed, making love. The room is dimly lit. They are naked; he is over her, kissing her all over. When his head is nowhere near hers, we CUT TO a separate shot showing exclusively her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In this shot, there is just enough light to see RACHEL opening her mouth sensuously, exhibiting a pair of very sharp-looking fangs, a drop of saliva streaming down her cheek.

In a wider shot we see their figures slowly switch positions, PETER now lying on his back. Again we CUT TO a much tighter shot, RACHEL's head hovering over PETER's.

PETER strokes her hair lovingly, pulling it toward him.

PETER
(whispering)
Rachel...

RACHEL clamps his head down, pressing down on his forehead, her other arm securely holding his chest. She opens her mouth very wide, and in a flash she plunges her fangs deep into his neck, sucking. PETER's eyes are open. His startlement is beyond description.

PETER
Ohhhh...OHHH...Jesus!! Oh
Jesus...AAAHHH...JESUS JESUS...
OHHHH...GOD OH GOD...MY GOD!!

His wailing continues, RACHEL keeping him clamped down, sucking his blood the entire time. This shot should continue for some time, PETER's reaction during this becoming gradually more subdued, as he "accepts" it.

PETER
Oh God...Ahhhh...Ahhhhhhhhh...

RACHEL, sensing she is able, gradually releases her stronghold on PETER, while continuing to suck his blood.

PETER
Ahhh...All--...All right...All
right...All...All right...

The act melts from something violent to something more sensual, PETER's muscles relaxing, giving in completely. RACHEL's sucking becomes less thirsty, more gentle. PETER actually manages to stroke her hair.

PETER
Yes...Yes...

And the act continues even longer until, finally, RACHEL's cheeks are seen to cease drawing in rhythmically and, after a few more moments, she lifts her head off his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL then lays astride PETER, like a lover, her mouth closed now, close to his ear. She strokes him.

We CUT TO a tight overhead shot of them, lying there.

PETER
(very softly)
Who...who are you?...

We PULL UP, slowly, revealing more of the bed, the room.

RACHEL
(whispering)
It's all right...it's all right...

She strokes him lovingly; her bite mark is clearly visible on his neck. He stares upward into middle distance.

RACHEL
It's all right...

At the point where we have PULLED UP so high that the shot of them becomes a medium-long shot, we gently drop back DOWN towards them. At one point he turns to look at her. They nuzzle. We are tight over them again.

RACHEL
You chose me...

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Several freeze-frame shots, dissolving into each other, of vampire bats in flight, RACHEL's VOICE heard over:

RACHEL (V-O)
You chose this...

Two more freeze-frames dissolve by.

RACHEL (V-O)
(very, very softly)
...my darling...

One more freeze-frame which we linger on until we:

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

A shot of only the window, the morning light streaming in. The SOUND of traffic is heard emanating from below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM.

We see PETER from the back; he is obviously shaving. The water is running in the sink. At one point he pulls the razor from his face sharply.

PETER
Owww!...Damn!

He puts his other hand over a spot on his neck (unseen).

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

PETER puts two cups of coffee on a tray. He is whistling slightly. He begins to carry the tray out of the kitchen, and as he does, we can see he has put a band-aid on his neck, over the same area we saw RACHEL bite him. He is wearing a bathrobe.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

We follow PETER, carrying the tray, from the door to him sitting on the bed, putting the tray on the night-table. For now, the rest of the bed is OUTSIDE THE EDGE OF THE FRAME. He is talking as he does this:

PETER
(jubilantly)
Well...a glorious Sunday! God,
how nice not to have to go into
work!

He turns towards the other side of the bed, holding out a cup of steaming coffee. He is smiling.

PETER
No comments on my coffee, please.
If ya don't like it, I'll send out.
...Do it all the time.

We CUT TO a much wider shot, showing that there is no one else in bed. Pause. PETER still holds out the cup.

PETER
Maybe we can get into the Vivaldi
thing at Lincoln Center.

Pause. PETER's hand begins to tremble until his wrist

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

releases, the hot coffee spilling onto his bare leg.

PETER
Aaaaggghhhh...Shit!

He leaps from the bed, dropping the cup and putting his hand over his scalded leg. He rubs it healingly.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

PETER, now dressed casually (in jeans), is washing a coffee cup. He puts it upside-down in the plate rack to dry.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

PETER puts the change on top of his dresser into his pants pocket, then his wallet and keys. He is about to walk out of the bedroom when something catches his eye halfway under the bed.

He bends down and picks up the coffee cup that he had earlier dropped, examining it puzzlingly as he stands.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

Holding the other cup, he still appears puzzled as he also regards the cup, in the plate rack, that he just washed. Finally, he shrugs, and begins to wash the new cup as well.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA STUDIO - B'WAY & 66th ST.

We dolly down the darkened aisle, passing over different faces in the audience long enough to realize, from the soundtrack, that they are watching a German movie. We stop when we arrive at PETER, sitting next to JACKIE. PETER looks unhappy.

JACKIE
(to PETER, whispering)
Well, do you like it?

PETER disgustedly shakes his head, sneering. JACKIE shrugs apologetically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
(whispering)
Gotta take a leak!

PETER gets up, steps over JACKIE and into the aisle.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM.

PETER flushes a urinal, zipping his fly. The soundtrack of the German movie could be heard very faintly through the wall. He washes his hands, and looking at himself in the mirror, taps the band-aid with his finger.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEN'S ROOM.

PETER comes out of the men's room and is on his way back into the theater, but he stops himself, or something seems to stop him. He stands there for several moments, then turns around and walks in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINEMA STUDIO - AFTERNOON.

PETER is seen leaving the theater and hailing a cab. One stops, he gets in, and the cab takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA STUDIO.

JACKIE turns around in her seat and looks up the aisle. She turns back around, a bit concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM.

PETER is lying on his back on the couch. His phone rings twice before his answering machine comes on.

PETER (V-O)
This is Peter, I'm not in now
but if you leave a message at
the beep, I'll get right back
to you...

There is a beep. The VOICE that we now hear is unmistakably JACKIE's:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE (V-O)

Yeah, well you can forget about "getting back" to this girl, you son of a bitch, you don't just walk out on someone like that, you fuck -- Don't you ever call me again you bastard. FUCK YOU!

She slams the phone down, misses, and does it again. The dial tone comes on.

PETER

Yeah, well fuck you, too, sister.

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Two quick freeze-frames of bats, then:

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM.

PETER is finishing throwing-up, bent over, his head in the toilet. He wipes his mouth with Kleenex as he flushes the toilet, throwing the Kleenex in.

His face is beet red. He looks in the mirror and sees a tiny stream of blood coming down from under the band-aid.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON.

Start with a head-on shot of DR. GLAZER, looking past the camera at PETER.

DR. GLAZER

Well...how was your weekend?

Now CUT TO PETER, a matter-of-fact expression on his face. He shrugs.

PETER

All right...you know...

Long pause.

PETER

Nothing earth-shattering...

DR. GLAZER notices the band-aid on PETER's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GLAZER
Ya hurt yourself?

PETER takes a moment to realize what she is talking about; then, remembering, touches the band-aid.

PETER
Oh!...Just...Cut myself shaving...

DR. GLAZER
Well, Peter, why don't we pick up where we left off last week. You began to tell me about this strange feeling you had when this bat flew into your apartment...

PETER
Huh?

DR. GLAZER
This...feeling of exultation you said you experienced...You were describing it as if it were something more than sexual...

PETER
I, uh...I don't really...I don't really remember...I don't---

DR. GLAZER
You were very sure about it last week, Peter...You said it made a very strong impression...

PETER
Oh...uh, yeah, I know...well...I mean...I guess...I was pretty horny, you know, pretty keyed up from bein' with the girl right before...

Pause.

PETER
I was drunk, too, that was it...I had had a little to drink...I was a little drunk...plus I was horny...

Long pause. PETER is not looking into DR. GLAZER's eyes.

DR. GLAZER
Have you seen this girl again?

PETER
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD AVENUE.

PETER, walking back to his office, at one point crosses a patch of sidewalk where the afternoon sun is streaming very harshly between a couple of skyscrapers. As he traverses this area, we see him squint painfully, putting up his hand to shield the sun.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

PETER is behind his desk, working. The RECEPTIONIST buzzes him.

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)
Peter, Frank Kuddy on 03.

PETER looks alarmed. He quickly buzzes the RECEPTIONIST back.

PETER
All right...and Judy, send Alva
in here right now.

PETER sits rigidly, tapping his fingers on the desk to the beat of the "03" telephone button, its blinking seeming to hypnotize him. ALVA enters. PETER points grimly to the pointing "03" telephone light.

PETER
All right, Alva, that's Frank
Ruddy on the phone...for me...
I am sure he is calling about the
Der Spiegel contract, which he
still hasn't gotten a copy of. How
do I know he hasn't gotten a copy of
it? Because I haven't sent it to
him.

His face is growing redder. ALVA looks quite serious.

PETER
Why haven't I sent it to him? Be-
cause YOU haven't found it and brought
it to me yet. It's fucking TUESDAY
and I still don't see it here on my
desk! I don't see it here, do you??

He makes exaggerated "searching" gestures over his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Do you, Alva?? Huh?? No??

ALVA

Mr. Lowe, I'm going through the file, but I have a million other things--

PETER

(interrupting)

Now I just want you to be here, and listen to the song and dance I have to do, that I have to do...because you haven't done your job...ready??

ALVA rolls her eyes as PETER picks up the phone and hits 03.

PETER

Frank! How are ya...

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)

Hello, Peter...I'm just fine, thanks. Listen, I won't hold you, I just wanted to say, 'bout that letter I sent requesting the copy of the "Rattlesnake Cave" sale to Der Spiegel...

PETER, the phone pressed to his ear, glares at ALVA.

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)

...That there is ab-solutely no rush on that, I know it's an old contract and it's gonna take some diggin' an' I'm sure you an' your girls got better things to do!

ALVA is biting her nails nervously.

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)

...Anyway I'm in the middle of moving, and if I got it now I'd probably shove it in some carton an' never see it again...So take yer time on that, and I'll give ya a call when I'm all settled in, okay?

PETER

You bet, Frank.

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)

How are things with you? Life treatin' ya well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
Yes, Frank.

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)
Good...Well, take care, buddy.

PETER
Good-bye, Frank.

FRANK RUDDY (V-O)
Bye-bye!

PETER hangs up. He looks at ALVA grimly.

PETER
Well, it seems I didn't have to do a song and dance, Alva, as you could hear, I couldn't get a word in edge-wise...Mr. Ruddy is boiling mad, and has implied that if he doesn't get that copy within the week he will terminate his contract with our agency and sign up with a more efficient one!

Pause.

PETER
Am I getting through to you, Alva?

ALVA
I'll keep looking, Mr. Lowe.

She turns and walks hurriedly out of the office. PETER leans back in his swivel chair and lights a cigarette. After several moments, he buzzes the RECEPTIONIST.

PETER
Judy, I'll be out for the rest of the day.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S DESK.

Poor ALVA is leafing through an enormously stuffed manila folder, one of several on her desk, scrutinizing each sheet of paper carefully. An EDITOR comes up behind her holding a couple sheets of paper.

EDITOR
Alva, can you proofread this and give it to Jay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER STAR DINER.

PETER is sitting impatiently at a table, when a WALTER passes by, PETER reaching out to tap him.

PETER
Hey, do I get waited on today
or what, I've been sitting
here for fifteen--

WAITER
(Greek accent)
Right away, sir, right away...

And he scurries off. Two tables away, PETER can over-
hear two GIKLS, one of them obviously very excited. They
are in their late 20's.

GIKL #1
(excited)
...and then he took me on one
of those horse and carriage
rides...

GIKL #2
You're kidding...!

GIRL #1
And in the middle of it...he
asked me!

GIKL #2
(aghast)
He asked you...

GIRL #1
(nodding enthusiastically)
...To marry him!!

The second GIKL gasps with delight. PETER can see that
the WALTER he asked to hurry is chatting leisurely with
another WALTER on the other side of the diner. He gets
up from his table disgusted.

PETER
(loudly)
Fucking GREASEHOLE!

He leaves, his expletive heard by everyone in the diner.
The two GIKLS cower away from him as he passes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE - NIGHT.

PETER finishes pressing the buttons for the amount of cash he wants, when we:

CUT TO:

STILL.

A quick freeze-frame of a vampire bat in flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE.

PETER jerks slightly, putting his hand to his throat. \$20 bills have rolled out of the machine.

CUT TO:

STILLS.

A couple more freeze-frame shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE.

PETER has obviously blacked out, as several PEOPLE are helping him off the ground, asking "Are you all right?", "Okay, Mister?", etc. He brushes himself off as he stands. A little trickle of blood runs down from the band-aid on his neck again.

PETER
I'm fine...Thank you.

The PEOPLE around him walk off, one MAN pointing to the cash machine.

MAN
Don't forget your money.

PETER
Right...Thank you.

PETER turns to the machine and pulls out the \$20 bills, as well as his cash machine card, stuffing them in his pocket.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. WEST 23rd STREET - NIGHT.

PETER is walking along, occasionally looking over his shoulder and up, at the sky. We move tighter on him as his pace quickens, repeatedly looking up, over his shoulder. We see his POV, which is nothing but stars and skyscrapers. He walks much faster, panicky.

CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL.

PETER walks swiftly into the lobby. There are several other PEOPLE seated there, and this seems to make PETER feel safe, and calm down somewhat. But he immediately reaches into his pocket for a quarter.

We next see him finishing dialing a number at a pay phone in the lobby, looking behind him now and then. After two rings:

DR. GLAZER (V-O)
Hello...

PETER
(quickly, then interrupting himself)
Dr. Glazer--

DR. GLAZER (V-O)
...You have reached the office of
Dr. Dorothy Glazer. Please leave
your name, number, the time you
called and a brief mes--

PETER hangs up. He thinks a moment, pulls his wallet out and finds another number. He puts another quarter out and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - GRAMERCY PARK.

It is JACKIE's apartment, warmly decorated. After two rings, she answers the phone.

JACKIE
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL.

PETER
Jackie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE (V-O)
Uh-huh.

PETER
Jackie!....don't hang up...
please....This is Peter...

Pause. He hears no response.

PETER
I want to....explain....about the
other day...There was a reason--

He tries desperately to find the right thing to say.

PETER
...I had a very good reason for
doing what I did...I--...Look...
You know I'm very fond of you...
I didn't mean to hurt you...It
was--...There was some illness--
...Listen, I feel funny talking
on the phone about this...

JACKIE (V-O)
There better be a helluva good
reason...

PETER
Let's meet...Can you...tonight?
Wanna get together tonight, meet
somewhere...?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT.

She is thinking it over. She looks at her watch.

JACKIE
Well...I can't for a couple of
hours...

PETER (V-O)
Fine! Fine! Uhh...Let's just
say nine o'clock...McManus's Pub?

JACKIE
All right. Nine o'clock.

CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Great...see you then...Bye.

He hangs up. As he walks back through the lobby towards the exit, he passes an extremely strange-looking COUPLE (not unusual for the Chelsea Hotel), both extremely thin and pale-skinned. They are tap-dancing clumsily, and they give him a weird look as he leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

A shot of PETER's apartment window from outside.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

PETER finishes buttoning a fresh shirt. He combs his hair, glancing at the clock on his nighttable. It is 8:45. He looks in the mirror as he finishes combing his hair and regards the band-aid on his neck.

He leans forward towards the mirror, puts his fingers to his neck and is just on the verge of peeling the band-aid off when he hears a knocking at his door. He stops himself.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOR.

A slow, head-on dolly, from the inside of the apartment, onto the door, the knocking on the other side getting louder, but the rhythm the same.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

PETER looks away from the mirror, in the direction of the knocking. He slowly steps back from the dresser, and then towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

PETER walks slowly, as if drawn, to the door, and stops.

PETER

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No reply, just more knocking.

PETER
Who's there?

The knocking stops. PETER looks out the eyepiece. We CUT TO his POV, a fisheye lens shot of the empty hallway.

PETER backs away from the door, frightened, laying on the couch, constantly staring at the door. Beads of sweat form on his brow. He loosens his collar.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

A shot of the empty landing.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER.

A shot of the empty ground-floor foyer.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19TH STREET.

A shot of the brownstone (low-angle).

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

A shot of the bedroom window, which is completely shut. Also, a shot of the nighttable clock. It reads: 9:01.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

PETER glances at his watch. He gets up determinately, putting on his jacket, and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

PETER walks slowly, and as he nears the apartment door on the opposite side of the hall, the door opens suddenly, giving him a start. He stops dead in his tracks, watching the Puerto Rican WOMAN put a full Hefty bag outside her door. She barely looks at him, and closes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the door, PETER not even having time to say "Hello".

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS.

He walks down the carpeted stairs, the only sound that of his feet on the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER.

PETER reaches the ground floor and is just opening the inside door when he hears a monstrously heavy breathing sound behind him. He stops and slowly turns around.

In the deep recesses of the ground-floor hallway (the part jutting back behind the staircase) stands RACHEL. She is eerily lit, and the view of her is even more distorted as we use a fairly wide-angle lens, giving the foyer scenes a sense of vertigo.

CUT TO:

INT. McMANUS'S PUB.

JACKIE is sitting at a table, smoking a cigarette. She looks at her watch.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER.

RACHEL walks slowly towards PETER. She smiles widely, her fangs made clearly visible; her pallor is corpse-like. Her voice is morbidly seductive:

RACHEL
(as she steps slowly closer)
He is wondering...how did she
get in here...?

Her eyes, seen more clearly as she nears, are hypnotic.

RACHEL
He is realizing...he let her
in...as she is his lover...

Her cleavage is deep. Her figure now fills the frame.

RACHEL
...His most passionate mistress...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. McMANUS'S PUB.

A shot of JACKIE, really fuming. She is writing something with a magic marker on the paper placemat.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER.

RACHEL is inches away from PETER. She reaches out behind him and pushes shut, hard, the door that he was still holding slightly ajar. We hear the lock click.

RACHEL

...And she is a jealous mistress!

And now she takes PETER by the hand and slowly leads him up the stairs with her. We HOLD on them, still in wide-angle, until they have reached the top and round the landing. During this shot, realistic SOUND will be brought DOWN, and choral-like MUSIC brought UP.

CUT TO:

INT. McMANUS'S PUB.

The MUSIC still UP, a slow dolly towards the now-empty table where JACKIE was sitting, for about 5 seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

We PULL BACK from the now open bedroom window, the curtain billowing slightly in the night wind (the MUSIC still carried-over), until we take in the whole of the dimly-lit room and we can see the nude silhouettes of PETER and RACHEL on the bed; she again sucks his blood.

The shot should continue for "as long as it takes".

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Two or three freeze-frame vampire bat shots.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING.

We start a PULL BACK from a completely blank frame, but

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as we keep pulling back it is revealed that we are looking at a desk blotter, completely free of papers, giving it a feeling of largesse. We CUT TO a reverse shot of PETER, looking down at it, his expression slightly dazed.

We CUT BACK to the empty desk blotter and draw back IN to it as we hear, at first softly, PETER's VOICE, his tone slightly demented:

PETER (V-O)

Alva...

The screen is again completely filled with blankness.

PETER (V-O)

(a bit louder)

Alva...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

WORKERS are walking to and fro, we hear typewriters, etc. Then PETER's VOICE begins to become audible, repeating "Alva..." several times, and WORKER's begin to glance in the direction of PETER's office door.

We CUT TO ALVA's desk, where she is combing through another fat Der Spiegel file, and we see that she, too, hears PETER's VOICE coming from inside his office.

ALVA, looking a bit scared, rises from her desk. We FOLLOW her, in a hand-held shot, keeping her in the foreground throughout the scene.

She starts this way and then that, not quite knowing where she is going or what she is doing. Then, in the background, we see PETER's office door swing open.

PETER

There you are!

ALVA, terrified, runs in the opposite direction, and we still see PETER, in the background, pursuing her!

We DOLLY BACK rapidly with ALVA in the foreground as she runs through the entire office, dodging in and out between desks, through the reception area and through the main office door, PETER close behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVA, bolting out of the office, runs frantically down the hallway, PETER appearing soon, out-of-focus, in the background. We TRACK swiftly back with her the length of the hallway until the door to the Ladies' Room looms into the foreground, and ALVA runs quickly inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' ROOM.

ALVA runs up to a sink, holding onto it, beginning to catch her breath when PETER barges right in, ALVA seeing his reflection in the mirror. She turns around, screaming.

At the same time, another girl WORKER emerges from a stall, pulling her dress down. She also lets out a little scream upon seeing PETER, who suddenly stops cold in his tracks.

ALVA
I am LOOKING for it, Mr. Lowe,
I AM LOOKING!!

PETER begins to become aware of where he is.

GIRL WORKER
What the hell is he doing in
here?

He looks up at the bright fluorescent lights, squinting.

ALVA
I have a GUN, Mr. Lowe...if
you hurt me I swear I'll use it!

GIRL WORKER
What the fuck is going on??

PETER looks around him, catching his breath, appearing somewhat embarrassed. He looks apologetically at ALVA.

ALVA
I am DOING all I can, Mr. Lowe.
Maybe the contract was lost--

He steps gently towards ALVA.

ALVA
DON'T come near me...! I am
telling Mr. Meredith about this,
and I swear I'll use my gun if
you ever touch me, just once...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As PETER begins to try to calm her down, he notices something around ALVA's neck, and we CUT TO an extreme CLOSE-UP of a cross necklace she is wearing.

PETER (V-O)
No, no...Alva...please...I
didn't mean...I'm sorry, I...

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM.

PETER is sitting at a long table with several EDITORS, the TREASURER and the President of the agency, SIDNEY MEREDITH. The scene begins amidst gails of laughter.

EDITOR #1
(laughing)
Nothing like a little office
trauma to keep things interes-
ting...

PETER, sitting next to the blinds, laughs with everyone.

EDITOR #2
(to PETER)
The "chase" was my favorite part,
Pete...hurdlin' those desks--

PETER
Well, you weren't there for the
grand finale!

MEREDITH
She asked me for a raise...can ya
believe it?

EDITOR #3
(to PETER, then everyone)
Well, she actually does carry a
gun in that little bag of hers...

EDITOR #2
Get out...

EDITOR #3
No, really! She takes the subway
into Pelham every night, I don't
blame the kid...

MEREDITH
She asked me for a raise...for get-
ting chased into the ladies' room...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER, squinting from the outside light, pulls the Venetian blind string, dimming the room a bit.

EDITOR #1
(kiddingly)

Well I think she deserves it,
Sidney...(nodding towards PETER)
You can take it out of Attila's
paycheck!

PETER
Fuck you!

MEREDITH
One question, Peter...

Pause.

MEREDITH
...Was my name written anywhere
on the bathroom wall, and what
did it say?

Everyone laughs, as does PETER, even louder than the rest.
His eyes obviously hurting, he draws the blinds even more.

MEREDITH
All right, gentlemen, if we can
get back to business for a moment--

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S DESK.

ALVA, a slight sneer on her face, works at her desk, looking up occasionally, her expression defiant. Another SECRETARY passes behind her and touches her on the shoulder.

SECRETARY
You all right, honey?

ALVA nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET - EARLY EVENING.

shot of PETER's brownstone; PETER ascends the stairs.

CUT TO:

. MAILBOX AREA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the little area between the outer and inner doors, PETER sees a piece of folded paper taped to his mailbox. He tears it off.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY.

Walking up the stairs and holding his regular mail (Con Ed bill, coupons, perhaps a magazine) in his teeth, PETER unfolds the paper. Written in large, bold letters with a magic marker is: "STAY OUT OF MY LIFE".

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

PETER, his jacket off now, is standing in the living room, holding the note out in front of him. He becomes increasingly red in the face, then tears the note up into little pieces, throwing them on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM.

We see ALVA place a token in the turnstyle and walk through as a train is screeching to a halt. We CARRY-OVER this screeching noise to:

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

PETER, enraged, is knocking things off a coffee table, then hurling the couch pillows across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY.

We see ALVA seated on the moving subway between other PASSENGERS; she is holding her pocketbook on her lap.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

The loud, grueling noise of the subway CARRIED-OVER, PETER is maniacally throwing books off a bookshelf. He overturns a chair and kicks up a throw-rug.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM.

PETER knocks the toiletries off the bathroom sink. He opens and slams closed the medicine cabinet, causing the mirror to crack, and he sees his "cracked" reflection (blood, again, seeps from under the band-aid).

PETER
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME??

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

PETER runs out of his apartment, and up a flight of stairs. His apartment door is left open, swinging.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF- NIGHT.

He steps out onto the roof, running to the middle as if desperately in need of fresh air. He looks up at the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY.

A ONE-SHOT of ALVA on the moving train, sitting.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF.

We DOLLY IN to PETER'S darkened figure.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY.

A tighter shot now, just on ALVA's face. Then, we CUT to the pocketbook on her lap.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF.

Now tight on PETER's profile, and we hear repeated one of the EDITOR's comments in an earlier scene:

EDITOR #3 (V-O)
Well, she actually does carry a
gun in that little bag of hers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY.

A CLOSE-UP of ALVA's pocketbook. Then, a slow PAN UP to ALVA's neck, and IN, to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the cross hanging from a little gold chain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF.

PETER doubles over, as if punched in the stomach, letting out a loud, painful wail. He holds his head in his hands. The SOUND of his cry is CARRIED-OVER to:

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM.

Any platform where we see ALVA's express train pass speedily through, PANNING until we see it almost completely through the platform, and finally:

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY.

A shot out the back of the rear car of the train, so we see the last fringes of the brightly lit platform swiftly fall away on the horizon, dwindling in size until it becomes a tiny dot, then disappears entirely.

DISSOLVE TO:

RACHEL'S FACE.

A CLOSE-UP, head-on; she is grinning, her fangs protruding, her laughter is faintly heard.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE - DAY.

The first shot is on PETER, sitting, looking somewhat depleted. He is unshaven. He says nothing at first, then:

PETER
I...had a...difficult day yesterday...Got a little upset...
(clears his throat)...at the office...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GLAZER
You want to talk about it?

Long pause.

PETER
(sighs)
Well....Just...There's this con-
tract we're trying to locate...

He tenses up, leans forward in his chair and looks at her.

PETER
(earnestly)
Shouldn't...Shouldn't...If a com-
pany...If a literary agency makes
a copy of every contract...of ev-
very single contract it makes with
a client, and then puts it in a
file...in the appropriate file...
Shouldn't the copy be in that file??

DR. GLAZER
Yes, Peter, I suppose it should.

PETER
It should, right? Right?? Hmm??

DR. GLAZER
Well, yes, Peter...

PETER nods exaggeratedly.

PETER
Yep...Yep...Yep...

DR. GLAZER
Unless it's...misfiled or something.

PETER
(horrified)
MIS-filed??

DR. GLAZER
(very calmly)
Peter...Yes...Misfiled...Sometimes
somebody puts a document in the
wrong file...It's misfiled and then
it's much harder to find--

PETER
(interrupting, agitated)
Who? Who? Whattaya mean...who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause. DR. GLAZER is a bit shocked at his behavior.

DR. GLAZER
Peter....I don't know who exactly.

PETER
You don't.

DR. GLAZER
Well, no...whoever it was who filed it in the first place! For God's sake, Peter, I'm not telling you something you don't already know--

PETER
(interrupting)
How could somebody misfile something? It's all alphabetical! What could be easier??

He stands up.

PETER
You just PUT IT IN...the RIGHT file, according to ALPHABETICAL ORDER!... A, B, C, D, E, F--

DR. GLAZER
Peter--

PETER
G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O--

DR. GLAZER
Peter!

PETER
(louder, drowning her out)
P, Q, R, S, T--

DR. GLAZER
Oh, Jesus...

PETER
U, V, W, X, Y, Z!! Huh?!? That's all you have to do!

DR. GLAZER
Very good, Peter, you know the alphabet--

PETER
I never "misfiled" anything! NOT ONCE! Not ONE time!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slumps back down in the chair.

DR. GLAZER
(patronizingly)
I'm sure you never did--

PETER
So WHO DID then?? Huh??? I
wanna know, really...WHO DID??

DR. GLAZER
(angry)
Peter I can't possibly tell you
that!

PETER
You can't?

DR. GLAZER
No, I can't!

PETER
Hah!! And you call yourself a
psychiatrist!

A CLOSE-UP of DR. GLAZER, her expression one of absolute
incredulity. Long pause, as PETER calms down. Then:

PETER
It's kind've bright in here,
isn't it?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY.

PETER is walking down the street, and the sun is really
bothering him now; he keeps putting up his hand to shield
his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE.

An Indian VENDOR is showing PETER a plastic revolving
sunglass stand; he courteously removes a pair and hands
them to PETER, who puts them on. He looks around, and
we CUT TO his POV: A WOMAN CUSTOMER, looking nine months
pregnant, taking a box of Pampers off a shelf.

PETER
(removing glasses)
I want something much darker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE - DAY.

PETER, wearing pitch-black sunglasses, inserts his cash card, presses a few buttons, but the visual read-out flashes the words: "CARD INVALID".

CUT TO:

INT. BANK.

PETER, wearing his sunglasses, is at the information desk, talking to a BANK CLERK, holding out his card.

PETER
(calmly)

I don't understand...My card
doesn't expire until November.

BANK CLERK
Well, it could simply be that the
magnetic strip on the card is
scratched...That happens some-
times...In which case the compu-
ter won't acknowledge the card...

PETER
So, uh...(laughs)...What do I do?

The CLERK puts a form in front of PETER.

BANK CLERK
Just fill this out, give it back
to me, and we'll send you a new
card within two weeks.

PETER
Right, but...in the meantime...
I need cash...

BANK CLERK
Well just write yourself a check
to cash and any teller will be
happy to take care of you.

PETER sees the long line of PEOPLE waiting for teller service.

PETER
That means I could only get cash
during banking hours. What if I
need money in the middle of the
night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANK CLERK
We'll get a new card to you right away. As I said, no more than two weeks, sir.

PETER
Two weeks is "right away"?

BANK CLERK
I'm sorry for the inconvenience...
Next?

The CLERK turns to the next PERSON waiting. PETER frowns.

PETER
(mumbling)
Yeah...great...motherfuckers...

He grudgingly begins to fill out the form.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

PETER, smoking a cigarette, is walking through the main office, and as he nears ALVA we see his POV, a quick, sideways TRACKING SHOT of ALVA at her desk, still sifting through another fat file; sensing his presence behind her, she turns around and glances at him (his POV).

Another SECRETARY notices he is wearing sunglasses.

SECRETARY
(to another SECRETARY)
He's so eccentric!

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

PETER closes the Venetian blinds as much as he can, then sits down. But still not satisfied, he gets up again, walks to the wall and shuts off the overhead fluorescent light. He still wears the sunglasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING.

Rush hour, PEOPLE are leaving the building in swarms, fighting for taxis, jumping on buses, etc.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

The digital clock on PETER's desk switches from 4:59 to 5:00. PETER buzzes the RECEPTIONIST.

PETER
Judy, Is Alva still here?

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)
She's just leaving, Mr. Lowe.

PETER
Uhh, Stop 'er and send her in here, would you?

PETER, wearing his sunglasses, sits back in his chair. A few moments later there is a gentle knocking on the door.

PETER
Come in, Alva.

ALVA opens the door, but just stands at the threshold instead of coming in. She is wearing a coat and holding her pocketbook. There is a long, awkward pause.

PETER
(smiling)
I hope you're not still angry at me about the other day, Alva. I apologized, and I honestly meant it...

Pause. ALVA says nothing; she just stands there, pouty.

PETER
...Yeah...that mescaline! Whoo!
Does strange things to ya...Boy,
I'll never do that again! Jeez!

ALVA now smiles slightly, loosening up.

ALVA
Yeah...I did that once...

PETER
Did you, did you?

ALVA
Yeah, in high school, once...

PETER
Ahhh...High school! Yes...yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
(cont'd)

...Those were the days, eh, Alva?

They both laugh, followed by a very long pause. Then:

PETER
...So...Why, uh...Why do you
have your coat on?

ALVA
Well I'm leaving. It's 5 o'clock!

PETER
(shaking his head)
Mmmmm...But ya know, Alva, you
still haven't found that contract
yet, have ya?

ALVA
Mr. Lowe, there are fifteen Der
Spiegel files...It's all I do all
day...I've been looking every--

PETER
But you haven't found it yet, Alva.

ALVA's grasp on her pocketbook tightens.

PETER
Now don't you think it would be a
good idea to stay late...maybe work
a little overtime, Alva?

ALVA
Mr. Lowe, my eyes are killing me!

PETER
Awww... .

ALVA
And anyway, I was thinking today
maybe you could put somebody else
on the job for a while...or maybe
another secretary can help me, Mr.
Lowe...to make the job easier...

PETER stands, takes off his sunglasses and looks at her.

PETER
(very sternly)
Alva...There is no one else in this

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

(cont'd)

entire office I could possibly ask to share such a horrible job. You're the lowest on the totem pole here, Alva, the lowest, do you realize that?

PETER begins to smile strangely.

PETER

Every other secretary in this office has been here longer than you, Alva...every one. And even if there was someone here who was here just one day longer than you, I wouldn't ask that person to partake in such a miserable job as long as you were around.

ALVA takes a step back, dread coming over her face.

PETER

That's right, Alva...It's a horrible, horrible job...Sifting through old contract after old contract...Ugh!! I couldn't possibly conceive of a more horrible job if I wanted to!! And you have to do it! Or I'll FLK you, do you understand??

ALVA stands there, trembling.

PETER

Do you?

ALVA

Yes! YES! Yes-yes-yes!!

PETER relaxes, sits down calmly in his chair.

PETER

(smiling)

Good...Then there's no problem, is there?

ALVA turns around and walks away in a huff. PETER shoots up in his chair, shouting:

PETER

Dontcha wanna use your gun, Alva?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA - LATER.

ALVA is alone, except for the CLEANING WOMAN, vacuuming; she sits at her desk, finishes another Der Spiegel file with no luck, and breaks out sobbing, the CLEANING WOMAN looking at her concernedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE.

As the sun is setting.

CUT TO:

STILL.

Freeze-frame of a vampire bat in flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINTH AVENUE - DUSK.

PETER is walking down the street, carrying a bag of groceries, when he passes a church. He slows down, as if being forced to. When he looks at the church, and then up, at the cross over the steeple, he keels over, spilling the bag of groceries onto the sidewalk.

A BYSTANDER comes over and helps him up, but PETER is quite shaky, and as the BYSTANDER is helping him put his groceries back, the church bell begins chiming the hour. PETER looks at the giant cross again, again drops the bag and, slightly bent over, staggers across Ninth Avenue, nearly getting hit by a car.

BYSTANDER

Hey...! Your food, man!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

PETER, looking over his shoulder, walks swiftly up the steps of his building, taking out his jangling keys.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

In the bathroom, PETER flushes the toilet, wiping his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

mouth, having obviously just vomited again. He looks at his image in the cracked mirror, his face full of fear.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

The room is still a mess. PETER is rocking back and forth on the floor, his head cradled in his knees. The telephone rings. Slowly, PETER uncoils; he looks hopefully at the phone. He crawls over to it anxiously and his hand is just about to touch the receiver when:

we CUT TO a CLOSE-UP of his hand over the receiver being grabbed, hard, by RACHEL's. She yanks him back, away from the phone, which continues ringing.

She stands over PETER, lying on the floor; her expression is fierce. The phone keeps ringing.

RACHEL

I hate interrupted love affairs,
don't you?

She very slowly, seductively, begins to strip.

RACHEL

How much nicer when the outside
world doesn't interfere...with
the pleasure...

PETER pulls his eyes away from hers and again tries to answer the phone. RACHEL slaps him, hard, again knocking him to the floor. PETER tries to stand, but some force keeps him from being able to lift off the floor.

RACHEL

You were so right to put your-
self in my hands, Peter...

Now nude, she descends upon him, unbuttoning his shirt.

RACHEL

...the only one who can put you
out of your misery...

She sexily strokes his chest, licking his nipples.

RACHEL

(whispering)

Tell me how much you love me,
my darling...Whisper it to me...
just once...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts her mouth up against his ear. With one hand we can hear her unbuckling his trousers.

PETER

Please...

RACHEL

Oh, just once, just once...

She unzips his fly.

RACHEL

I know you do...I can read
your mind, my love...I see it
in your actions...

PETER

Yes...

RACHEL

You can't get through the day
without thinking about me, can
you?

She turns PETER's head so he is looking into her eyes.

RACHEL

I want you to tell me, Peter...

PETER

Yes...

RACHEL

Tell me...

PETER

I love you...

She slowly begins lifting her head.

RACHEL

(purringly)

Mmmmmmm.....

PETER

I love you!

A separate shot now: the frame is first empty, filled with the out-of-focus backdrop of the cluttered living room; then, rearing into the frame, in sharp focus and shot in extreme SLOW-MOTION, is RACHEL's head, her mouth opening wide, her great fangs protruding lasciviously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now another shot, CLOSE-UP (back in REGULAR MOTION), of PETER's head on the floor, his own hand ripping the band-aid off his neck and RACHEL's head plunging down onto it, sinking her fangs into it ferociously.

CUT TO:

STILL.

One long freeze-frame of a vampire bat in flight; this time, we see the frame gradually drenched in RED, then dissipating again to black & white.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER.

PETER and RACHEL are sitting close together on the couch, she snuggling against him; he is blank-faced. A blanket hangs loosely over the two of them. We see that his portable TV is on, the volume low. It is on the floor at an odd-angle, being one of the pieces of furniture PETER had previously upset.

RACHEL

(laughs slightly)

That was so clever of you...
"Mescaline"!...(giggles) How
ever did you think of that?

PETER

(barely audible)

Help me...

RACHEL

Ohhh...but why should I be so
surprised?

She hugs him.

RACHEL

My little genius...

PETER

Help...me...

RACHEL

I know I could trust you to
keep our passion a secret...

She kisses him on the cheek; then, into his ear:

RACHEL

Sweet dreams, my love...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT SKY.

A shot of a beautiful quarter moon, and the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - STILL LATER.

First, a few shots of various results of PETER's tantrum: Some books strewn about in one corner, a torn poster on this wall, a broken lamp, etc. We hear, barely, the SOUND of a TV commercial on.

Then, we CUT TO a wide shot: PETER is still propped up on the couch, the blanket over his naked body. He is alone, and he seems to be almost catatonically watching the television, its images flickering across his face.

We CUT TO the slightly-tilted television: The commercial ends, and immediately begin the opening credits to the Bela Lugosi "Dracula" movie.* PETER stares at the screen, transfixed, completely drained of energy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - TV.

We are now at the part in "Dracula" when Bela Lugosi first hypnotizes Lucy, and draws near to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - TV.

The part where the character Dr. Von Helsing is saying that the only way to kill a vampire is "to drive a stake through its heart," or for "it to be struck by the rays of the sun." We CUT TO PETER, his eyes just barely open, rigid in his position on the couch.

We then CUT TO and EXTREME CLOSE-UP of PETER's lips as he almost indiscernably whispers:

PETER
Help me...

CUT TO:

*Or, perhaps one of the British Hammer productions (the Peter Cushing/Christopher Lee vehicles), or even an old Roger Corman flick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING.

PETER is asleep on the couch. We hear the SOUND of some morning news broadcast on the television. PETER wakes up, lethargically get up from the couch, tying the blanket around his waist, and shuts off the TV.

After a pause, PETER walks to the living room window and shuts the blind.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM.

PETER is in the shower; the curtain is drawn but we can hear PETER singing. The water still running, he draws the curtain slightly and pops his head out, smiling and talking to an empty space in the bathroom.

PETER
What's that...? You wanna
join me?? Well, absolutely,
love!

And he pulls the other side of the curtain in a bit, as if making room for someone to step inside with him. He then lets the curtain fall again, so they are "both" hidden.

PETER
Ohh...come on, now...Stop
that!...(giggles) No, stop
it, now...! I've got to go
to work!!

Pause.

PETER
(laughing)
Ooooo! No, cut it out,
really! Come on, I'm al-
ready late...!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

PETER is now freshly dressed and clean-shaven, with a new band-aid on his neck. He is standing in front of his dresser mirror, staring at himself. At one point he reaches out his hand, touching the mirror reflection of his hand, but quickly recoils in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

PETER opens the refrigerator, takes out a carton of eggs and places it on the counter, removes the last egg & puts it next to the carton. He watches as it wobbles slightly, a look of confusion on his face.

He grabs the egg, takes a fork out of the utensil drawer and pierces the shell of the egg with a prong. He stares at the egg for another moment, then puts it to his lips and sucks it raw. He crushes the empty eggshell in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

We start on a ONE-SHOT of a SECRETARY who is sitting down behind a typewriter, talking to some off-camera character:

SECRETARY

Well, thank God it's Friday,
that's all I have to say! I
am doing nothing the entire
weekend but staying in bed...
This place is driving me crazy!

At which point PETER can be seen, behind her, walking through the office. He is wearing his sunglasses.

PETER

(smiling)

'Morning everyone!

Various SECRETARIES turn around, saying "'Morning, Mr. Lowe," "Good morning," etc.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

PETER is sitting behind his desk, his sunglasses on, the overhead light off and the blinds closed. His door is closed, and there is no one else in the room.

PETER

(congenial)

Hmm...I wonder what Alva is
doing today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He buzzes the RECEPTIONIST.

PETER

Judy, send Alva in here, would you?

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)

She called in sick today, Mr. Lowe.

PETER

Did she?

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)

Yes, she said she had a very bad cold.

PETER

A "bad cold"...Thanks, Judy.

PETER leans back in his chair.

PETER

(to himself)

Bad cold...my my my...

He thinks a moment, then stands and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVA'S HOUSE - THE BRONX.

A shot of the house (a row house, the ones on either side identical in structure). We hear, first faintly:

ALVA (V-O)

No! No way -- I am not going in there!

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

ALVA, in pajamas, is sitting on the edge of her bed. Her MOTHER is standing in the doorway, dressed for work.

ALVA

I'm not going in, mama, my boss is a bastard!

ALVA'S MOTHER

Don't you use that kind of language in front of me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVA

Well it's true...I hate him!

ALVA'S MOTHER

"I hate him I hate him!"...What do you think -- that's an excuse not to go to work?? You know how many people hate their boss?? I hate my boss but do I stay home and cry about it?

ALVA

Mama...

ALVA'S MOTHER

Now listen, young lady...You can't afford to lose that job, you get no more handouts from your father and me--

ALVA

I'll find another job...

Her MOTHER glances at her watch.

ALVA'S MOTHER

I'm late, now get dressed and you get your little ass into the city!

ALVA

No!

ALVA'S MOTHER

NOW!

She slams the door shut. ALVA hears her walk out the front door. Through her bedroom window, on the ground floor facing the front, she sees her MOTHER walking hurriedly down the street (she pulls the curtain aside to do this). She puts the TV on and gets back in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

A CLOSE-UP of a file drawer marked "EMPLOYEE CARDS". PETER opens the drawer, flipping through the cards until he comes to one with the name "RESTREPO, ALVA" on it. He looks down a bit and notes her address: "712½ Grand Concourse/Bronx, New York".

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM - LATER.

ALVA is wearing jeans now, and a bra. A soap opera can be heard on the TV. She is rummaging through a closet for a shirt, finds one, puts it on and buttons it as she walks to the window. With a swift motion, she draws open the curtain.

PETER, in his sunglasses, is standing right outside her window, on the front lawn, and she lets out a little shriek. He is smiling, and holds up a little box of Chicken Soup Mix. He steps up close to the window, pressing his nose against the glass.

ALVA

What are you doing here?

PETER shouts, his voice muffled by the glass.

PETER

What Alva? I can hardly hear you through this window!

ALVA

(louder)

I asked you what you're doing here!

PETER

(waving the soup mix)

I heard you were sick!...A terrible cold!

ALVA

I'm calling the police!

PETER

The police? Alva...I'm here to call a truce, man! Look--

He points to the street, where a cab is waiting.

PETER

I just took a twenty-dollar taxi ride to come all the way up here so I could tell you I think it was wrong the way I treated you yesterday...Now is that an elaborate gesture, or what?? Plus look! (He waves the Soup Mix.)

ALVA laughs, shaking her head. She makes a gesture through the glass to "Wait a minute." PETER nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVA'S HOUSE.

PETER is standing on the front stoop when ALVA opens the door, standing in the doorway.

ALVA

Mr. Lowe...I was there 'till one in the morning...I still couldn't find the contract.

PETER

Oh, Alva, don't worry about it, it's understandable, really.

ALVA

I know you were worried about losing Mr. Kuddy as a client.

PETER

Alva, right now what's most important is your health!

ALVA

Uh...I'm not really sick, Mr. Lowe...I was...Frankly I was afraid to come in without the contract...

PETER

Alva...I had a feeling that was the case, and that's why I came all the way up here...because it's my fault you feel that way...

ALVA

I know you're trying to run an efficient office--

PETER

But some things just take time! Hey, Alva...the way I feel is the hell with Frank Kuddy...he wants to go to another agency, fine! Now whattaya say...wanna come to work?

Pause. ALVA hesitates. PETER points to the cab.

PETER

Door-to-door service, madam! On me! (Pause)...Truce? (he smiles)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, ALVA smiles, nodding her head and shrugging.

ALVA
Truce.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

ALVA puts on her coat, and picks up her pocketbook.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

PETER notices ALVA's pocketbook as she gets into the cab, which immediately begins heading down Grand Concourse. PETER is, of course, wearing his sunglasses.

PETER
It's horrible when there are tensions between employer and employee, Alva. Sometimes the pressures, you know, they just build up...wait 'till you get into a position of authority!

ALVA
Oh, sure...if I ever do...

PETER
You will, Alva...You're a very bright girl.

Pause.

PETER
That's how I know that today, by God, is the day you're gonna find that damned Ruddy contract!

Pause. ALVA's expression grows a bit sour.

ALVA
I thought...I thought you said it wasn't that important...if Frank Ruddy left the agency...I...I thought you said things take time...you said--

PETER
Ahhhh, but Alva, that doesn't mean we're gonna stop trying to do the best damned job we can!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
(cont'd)

The work's not just gonna "go
away", Alva! It never just
"goes away"!

ALVA shrinks a bit in the seat, intimidated.

PETER

That GODDAMNED contract is SOME-
WHERE in those GODDAM FUCKING
files!!

He shoots a glance at her, and we see his POV, CLOSE-
UP, of the cross hanging around her neck. PETER cringes
in the seat, turning his head out the window. ALVA does
not quite know what to make of this.

ALVA

Are you...all right...Mr. Lowe?

PETER
(growling)

SHUT-UP, BITCH!

ALVA clutches her pocketbook tightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND CONCOURSE.

A shot of the cab tooling towards Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

PETER is still slightly hunched over in his seat when
ALVA sees a gas station coming up.

ALVA

Mr. Lowe, I was supposed to give
some money to my brother...he
works at this gas station...Could
we stop...for just a second?

PETER
(mumbles)

Yeah...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cab pulls into the gas station, parking in front of one of the bays. ALVA gets out, calling out to one of the MECHANICS working on a car inside a bay.

ALVA
(walking into the bay)
Emilio!

EMILIO looks up, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. BAY.

EMILIO
Hey, Alva! What're you doing--

ALVA
(whispering, urgently)
Take me in the back, now!

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

PETER sits there, still a bit bent over from pain.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - BACK ROOM.

ALVA is alone with her brother.

EMILIO
Hey, don't take it so hard, sisi!
"If ya got the time to lean, ya
got the time to clean", it's the
same all around -- Old Man Kan-
dolph, he throws fits all the time--

ALVA
Emilio, listen to me! This guy is
really weird...!

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

PETER, straightening up in his seat, notices, clipped to the dashboard, a snapshot of the CABBLE with his arm around a woman; they are both smiling. He seems mesmerized by it. The CABBLE hears PETER whimper; he looks at PETER through the rear-view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CABBLE
You all right, pal?

PETER doesn't respond, but the CABBLE notices that PETER is staring at the snapshot. The CABBLE taps it fondly.

CABBLE
That's my baby!

PETER
(in pain)
Your...your wife?

CABBLE
Fifteen years. keeps me going.
There's work, and there's love,
am I right? (Pause) You a married man?

A CLOSE-UP of PETER's pained expression. He shakes his head. The sun beaming down causes him to cringe again.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - BACK ROOM.

ALVA, looking over her shoulder to make sure they are alone, snaps open her pocketbook and pulls out, half-way, a small caliber revolver.

ALVA
(whispering)
Emilio, remember this...I want
you to give me bullets for it--

EMILIO
Put that away!

He puts his hand over it, pushing it down into the pocketbook. He looks at her angrily.

EMILIO
Are you crazy?

ALVA
You got it for me, now what good
is it if I can't use it?

EMILIO
Shhhh!! (whispers) what's good
is that it'll scare the shit out
any motherfucker comes close enough to spit on you...Look, you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILIO
(cont'd)
ain't even s'ppose to be car-
ryin' that thing around--

ALVA slams her hand down on the metal desk.

ALVA
I am asking you...Emilio!

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

A CLOSE-UP of the meter, which clicks to \$28.00. PETER looks at his watch.

PETER
Where is that little cunt?

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - BACK ROOM.

A CLOSE-UP of ALVA's fixed, adamant expression. EMILIO leans back on a gnarled, grease-covered chair, his expression a bit softened, rubbing his forehead.

EMILIO
Look...l...(shakes his head)...
Randolph don't even keep real
bullets in his gun, man...

ALVA
But that robbery...You told me
when those Spics tried to rob
the station--

EMILIO
He scared 'em off with blanks.
That's all 'e keeps here, Alva,
is blanks...You know?...

Pause. ALVA, impatient, leans over the desk angrily.

ALVA
All right, then...gimme the
fucking blanks!

A CUT TO EMILIO, thinking it over. Then, a CUT TO a metal drawer being opened, EMILIO's hand reaching in to pull out a grease-smeared box of blanks, ALVA's little revolver in his other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD AVENUE.

The cab pulls up in front of the office building. ALVA immediately jumps out and goes inside as PETER begins counting money out of his wallet.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB.

PETER is left with only three or four dollars after paying the CABBIE. He hands a wad of money to him.

PETER

Fuck...cleaned me right out.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

ALVA is searching through a Derp Spiegel file when PETER comes up behind her, putting a hand on her shoulder. He whispers to her.

PETER

I just shelled out almost fifty bucks to get you back here, Alva.

He grabs some of her hair, pulling very gently on it.

PETER

You better hope you make it worth it to me!

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM.

PETER is at a sink, splashing water on his face. When he lifts his head and looks in the mirror, a look of horror overcomes him. He puts both hands up against the mirror, blinking constantly and darting his head around, as if looking desperately for his reflection.

We see that, indeed, he has a normal reflection, as usual, and he appears somewhat comic scanning over the surface of the mirror in a panic.

PETER

Oh God! No! God!...Where am I? Where am I where am I??!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs over to another end of the mirror, looking there.
We CUT TO a shot under a stall, where we can see a pair of shoes with undone trousers laying over them.

PETER puts his face right up against the mirror.

PETER
(whispering)
I've become one! A vampire!

He backs away from the mirror dramatically, gazing into it, his voice full of dread:

PETER
OH GOD, WHERE AM I.....??

we CUT BACK to the shot under the stall.

MAN ON JOHN
You're in the goddam crapper,
Lowe, and I'm tryin' to take
a dump, so either shut-up and
leave the goddam acting lessons
for home or go back to the ladies'
room!

PETER, now knowing that he is not alone, runs out of the men's room, biting his knuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

PETER is running down the hallway, panic-stricken.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

PETER slams his door shut, pressing his back against it. He pants heavily. The RECEPTIONIST buzzes him.

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)
Arthur Hess on 01, Mr. Lowe.

PETER thinks a moment, panicked, then runs to his desk and buzzes her back.

PETER
Tell him...I'm out!...In fact...
tell anyone who calls...I'm out
...I'm in a meeting...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)
Are you all right, Mr. Lowe?

PETER
Tell them I'm in a MEETING.

RECEPTIONIST (V-O)
Yes, Mr. Lowe.

He opens the window, but the stripes of sunlight coming through the Venetian blinds cause him to recoil, and he backs painfully towards a corner of the office that is complete shadow.

CUT TO:

STILL.

A vampire bat freeze-frame.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

PETER's body jolts, in pain.

CUT TO:

STILL.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

He is cringing on the floor, in shadow.

PETER
Aaaaaggghhhh....

He puts his head in his hands.

PETER
It...It's impossible!! It
can't be...It can't be...!

CUT TO:

STILL.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another twist of pain, and PETER drops, unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

ALVA, sifting through a folder, occasionally glances in the direction of PETER's office. WORKERS, seen in the background, have their coats on and are leaving the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - NIGHT.

We PAN UP from the street, up the side of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

A shot of the open window, the wind making the blinds rattle and bellow out a bit. Then we CUT TO the corner where PETER lies prostrate, RACHEL over him, sucking at his neck.

There is a knock at the door, and we CUT TO a CLOSE-UP of RACHEL quickly lifting her head, droplets of blood falling from her fangs; she glances at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA.

First, a shot of ALVA, who is the one outside PETER's door knocking. She is holding a piece of paper. We CUT TO a wider shot of the main office to show that there is now no one else there. We CUT TO a clock showing that it is 7:35, and we also CUT TO the pocketbook on ALVA's desk, then back to ALVA, knocking.

ALVA
Mr. Lowe...?

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

PETER is standing now, buttoning the top button of his shirt. He is alone. He presses the band-aid down firmly. Again, ALVA knocks.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. MAIN OFFICE.

ALVA
Mr. Lowe...I found the con-
tract...

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE.

A CLOSE-UP of PETER, staring into the middle distance.

PETER
(conversationally)
I never found the right woman,
that's all...I just never found
the right woman...

A wider shot now; across the room from PETER stand the
CABBLE (from the Bronx) and his WIFE, smiling and stand-
ing in the exact same position as the snapshot in the cab.
Then we CUT TO another angle, and PETER is alone in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE.

ALVA is about to put her hand on the doorknob when
PETER quickly opens the door, looking quite mad.

ALVA
(holding out piece of paper)
I finally found it!

PETER stares at her, then looks over her shoulder at
the expanse of the empty office. Long pause.

PETER
(low-voiced)
Well, it's...just...too late,
Alva...

ALVA takes a step back, confused.

ALVA
Why...why is it--

PETER
It's too late, Alva...

He takes a step forward, his tone now becoming hysterical.

PETER
Too late...too late...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVA is stepping back more quickly, self-protectively.

ALVA
It's not too late!! It--

PETER
(shaking his head wildly)
TOO LATE...TOO LATE...TOO LATE...

ALVA turns around, walking back to her desk. PETER starts out after her.

PETER
Too late, Alva! It's all too
late, Alva...

ALVA
(now running)
Stay away...!!

PETER
(begins to run)
Come here, Alva!

ALVA, running by her desk, picks up her pocketbook.
PETER is just a few feet behind her.

PETER
C'M'ERE!!!

ALVA screams, carrying her pocketbook. PETER chases her between desks, through the reception area, and out the main office door, like last time.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

ALVA runs down the main hallway, screaming:

ALVA
STAY AWAY FROM ME!! PLEASE!!

PETER
ALVA....COME HERE, ALVA!!!
I'M GONNA GET YOU, ALVA!!!

ALVA
HELP!! OH GOD, HELP ME!!

She tries another office door, but it is locked; she continues running down the long hallway, screaming at the top of her lungs, PETER running close behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
Al-vaaaaaaaaa!!!!

ALVA turns a corner, running down another corridor; PETER rounds the corner seconds later. ALVA sees, coming up at the end of the corridor, an "EXIT" sign. She tears down the hall and flings open the door under it, still clutching tightly to her pocketbook.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL.

ALVA begins running down the cement stairs. Before the door closes all the way, PETER bounces it back open. He stops, listens for a moment and hears ALVA's footsteps below him, and he runs down the stairs, two at a time.

As ALVA rounds the second or third landing down, PETER is inches away from her. He reaches out and grazes her back. She screams, then spins around, flinging her back against the cinder block wall, cornered.

PETER, his arms spread wide, is a few feet away. She reaches into her pocketbook, takes out the revolver and points it at him.

ALVA
Stay away...

PETER makes a little "come on" gesture with his hand.

PETER
Do it, Alva...

ALVA
I will...

PETER
Do it...DO IT, Alva...

ALVA
I swear to God...

PETER
Alva...do it, or you're fired,
you understand, Alva? Unemploy-
ment! Can you live with that??

ALVA
Stay AWAY....

PETER takes a step closer.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
DO IT, GODDAMMIT!!

ALVA
Don't...Don't rape me!
Please!!

PETER
Rape you? Why, (giggles)...it
hadn't even occurred to me!

ALVA
Please....

PETER
Go ahead, Alva...shoot...

He steps closer. ALVA points the gun to the floor in front of him and shoots. PETER keeps looking at her.

PETER
Not the floor, Alva...Me.

ALVA
I WILL!

PETER
DO IT!...HELP ME!!!

Again she shoots at the floor, then again, enraging PETER even more.

PETER
(screaming)
MEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

He steps closer and she shoots at the floor again.

PETER
MEEEEEEE GODDAMMIT!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER is standing right up against ALVA, who shrinks to the floor, screaming and crying.

PETER
You're fired!!

He slaps her hard; the gun flies from her hand, landing on a step. He watches the gun as it slides to a stop, and when he swings his head to look at ALVA, he sees her actually as RACHEL, standing right where we saw ALVA standing. RACHEL's expression is, of course, taunting and demonic.

As if by dint of the power of ALVA's suggestion, PETER proceeds to "rape" ALVA/RACHEL, but the scene is played and visualized much more as a bout of violent lovemaking between PETER and RACHEL, with just the suggestion given, after the act, that PETER has in fact violated ALVA.

In tone, the scene will recall the rape/dream scene in "Rosemary's Baby", in which Rosemary's rape is stylized to the point that it is not blatantly clear who is violating her, but enough information is given to indicate that something "traumatic" has just taken place.

After the "rape", we will indeed see RACHEL's face in CLOSE UP, as she smiles up at PETER, her fangs showing:

RACHEL
(whispers)
You're with me now, darling...

In a separation shot, we see first an empty patch of landing next to where PETER and she (ALVA/RACHEL) are, then, falling gracefully into the frame, we see RACHEL's pale arm stretch out, her finger pointing.

We CUT TO PETER, who looking at her finger, and he turns his head to see what she is pointing to. We see his POV of the gun on the step.

CUT TO:

STILL.

A freeze frame CLOSE UP of a vampire bat's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL.

PETER, exhausted, falls limply on top of ALVA's body. But his eyes remain open, fixed on the gun. He slowly pulls himself off ALVA, who lies there unconscious, and crawls over to the step. He picks up the gun and sits up, his back against the cinder block wall.

He looks at ALVA, then the gun. He puts the gun into his mouth, and fires, the loud shot muffled somewhat by his own head. He pauses a moment, then fires again, and again. Finally he pulls the gun from his mouth, a look of bewilderment coming across his face.

PETER

I am...I am!

He drops the gun and slowly stands, his expression a mixture of newfound power, and abject terror.

PETER

I am a vampire!

He hears ALVA moaning. He goes over to her, bends down and with an almost childlike enthusiasm, shakes her a bit, like a child waking his parent. ALVA opens her eyes slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
Hey...! I'm a vampire!!
A real vampire!!

ALVA's head turns a bit, enough so that PETER gets a good look at the cross around her neck, and he jolts back in "mortal" terror, making a vampire-like gasping noise.

He backs away several steps, shielding his eyes with his arm, then turns around and runs up the stairs. ALVA, regaining consciousness, hazily sees him disappearing up the staircase.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - NIGHT.

PETER runs out of the building, heading south.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS - NIGHT.

We see PETER running, on different streets between midtown Manhattan and Chelsea, BYSTANDERS turning to watch this hysterical man running past them.

At one point he bumps into someone, looks at her/him with a crazed expression and says "I'm a vampire!", and runs on. We linger on the BYSTANDER for a moment, who turns to his/her FRIEND, frowning:

BYSTANDER
It's Koch's fault.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET - NIGHT.

PETER runs up the stairs of his brownstone, and inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

He slams his apartment door, his back against it, and bolts it. He stands there a while, catching his breath. He looks all around his messy apartment, a look of severe paranoia on his face.

PETER
The rays of the sun...The rays
of the sun...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs to a closet and frantically pulls out cardboard boxes, a blanket, some jackets, a coat, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER.

In the bathroom, PETER smashes the already-cracked medicine-cabinet mirror to bits with a hammer.

Then, in his bedroom, he does the same thing to the one over his dresser.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN.

A shot of the sun coming up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

A shot of the brownstone in the morning light.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

First, a shot of PETER's bed; there are no sheets or blankets on it -- we see only a bare mattress lying crooked on top of the boxspring. We PAN to the bedroom window, which we see has been completely covered with blankets and sheets, gobs of masking tape sloppily applied to hold them up.

(Any light sources are from overturned lamps, etc.)

Into the living room, and we see first one window, then another, also covered with jackets, bits of cardboard, etc., so not a crack is left uncovered.

The couch has been overturned, too, and PETER is under it: we can just see his head protruding. We CUT TO an overhead shot, positioned so that PETER's head is seen upside-down. His eyes are wide open.

The phone rings twice, and PETER's machine comes on:

PETER (V-O)

This is Peter, I'm not in now
but if you leave a message at
the beep, I'll get right back
to you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a beep. We CRANE slowly DOWN to PETER's face.

PETER'S MOTHER (V-O)

Hi, Peter, it's Mommy...Just wanted to check in with you, see how you were doing...Haven't spoken to you in weeks!...Well, I know you're busy, but give me a call when ya can, Daddy and I would both love to hear from ya...Bye!

HOLD on PETER's unflinching expression for a moment.

Then, he looks up (down, from our angle), as if he sees something. Pause.

PETER

I'm hungry.

We CUT TO PETER's POV: an extreme low-angle shot of RACHEL standing over him, her figure also upside-down in the frame; she is looking down at him authoritatively.

RACHEL

Well...You're with me now, my darling...You're completely with me...!

We CUT TO a side-angle now as she bends down, lowering her head, upside-down, over his. She whispers.

RACHEL

You're like me now, my sweet!

She kisses him.

RACHEL

...You know what you have to do.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

PETER is sitting in a chair which he has pulled up in front of the refrigerator, the door of which is open. He sits there, staring into it, blank-faced.

We CUT TO a slow DOLLY shot, going into the open refrigerator, which is mostly empty except for a few condiments, some cheese slices, a pickle, etc.

PETER kicks the refrigerator door closed. He bends forward, putting his head in his hands, shaking it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVA'S HOUSE - THE BRONX.

A shot of the house on Grand Concourse.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

ALVA is in bed, the blanket covering her up to her ears. Her bed is against a wall, and she is huddled up right against it, in the foetal position. Her TV is on low; her MOTHER is knocking at the door.

MOTHER (V-O)

(impatient)

Alva, what's the matter with you?
Come on, now, breakfast is on the
table...

ALVA just lays there, looking at the wall.

ALVA

Leave me alone.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

Her MOTHER tries opening the door, but it is locked.
She knocks again.

MOTHER

Alva...

No response, she throws up her hands and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

The MOTHER walks back into the kitchen, where ALVA's FATHER, and EMILIO, are eating scrambled eggs. She is shrugging.

MOTHER

I don't know, she don't wanna
get outta bed...She's tired, I
guess...

EMILIO

She go out last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

I don't know...she didn't get
in that late, she went right
into her room...

We CUT TO a ONE SHOT of EMILLO, looking a bit concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

PETER sits on the crooked mattress, holding a down pillow in his arms. He brings it up to his head, gently, then opens his mouth very wide and quickly bites down hard into the pillow, near its top. He keeps biting until his face turns red, then pulls his head away.

There is a slight tearing SOUND, and PETER, disgusted, spits out a little section of pillowcase, and a few feathers. He angrily throws the pillow across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ALVA'S HOUSE.

EMILLO is now knocking on ALVA's bedroom door.

EMILLO

Hey Alvy...Alvy, you awake??

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

EMILLO (O-S)

Alva?? You all right??

ALVA

Leave me alone!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY.

Long pause. EMILLO thinks of something to say.

EMILLO

Yeah well, uh,...I'll be at
the station today you wanna
talk...(Pause, no response)
...Yeah, well, I'll see ya...

He walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

A CLOSE-UP of ALVA, staring blankly at the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM.

A CLOSE-UP, from which we PULL BACK, of PETER's dazed face. He is holding his stomach, in pain. He glances at the window, completely covered up, then looks at the overturned clock on the floor next to him. It is sometime in the early afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER.

A CLOSE-UP of PETER's phone; after the second ring, before his machine has a chance to go on, PETER maniacally picks up the phone and rips it out of the wall.

PETER
Fucking BASTARDS!

Throwing the phone down, he puts his hands up to his mouth and feels all over his front teeth, especially his eye teeth. He makes an animalistic little roar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS - DUSK.

Several street shots at various locations as the sun is setting over the city, until finally it is night.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM.

Again PETER is in the shower, hidden by the curtain. This time, we hear him doing a Bela Lugosi impression.

PETER
Some things are better left
unknown, eh, Dr. Von Helsing?

We see his hand reach for a bottle of shampoo.

PETER
Luke into my eyes...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS - NIGHT.

A few set-ups to establish we are in the West Village.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEEKER ST.

We see PETER's figure emerge into the bustling street. He looks especially well-groomed, his hair slicked back. He passes a pizzeria where he sees several PEOPLE enjoying thick slices of pizza. He looks at them longingly.

CUT TO:

INT. NOVELTY STORE.

A VENDOR is opening a box for PETER, who stands at the counter.

VENDOR

We just got these in...

The box open, we see the VENDOR pull out a set false vampire fangs. PETER studies them carefully.

VENDOR

Now these are fiber glass...
very life-like...see the way
they color them...just a little
yellow so they blend in better--

PETER

How much?

VENDOR

Those are \$19.95...

PETER looks in his wallet, but he only has four bucks. He looks desperately at the VENDOR.

PETER

Do you have anything for less?

VENDOR

Oh, sure, I got some cheapie
plastic ones...they're \$3.50...

PETER

"Cheapie?"..."Cheapie?"...

The VENDOR does a salesman-like shrug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VENDOR
I wouldn't buy 'em...

PETER thinks strainedly; he looks painfully at the VENDOR.

PETER
I'll be right back--

He rushes out the store, the VENDOR looking at him oddly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASH MACHINE - B'WAY & 8th ST.

PETER almost breaks down crying when the "CARD INVALID" light flashes on the readout. He pulls his card frust-
tratinly from the machine.

CUT TO:

EXT. 8th STREET.

From PETER's POV, we see, singled out from everything else in his purview, the necks of GLKLS he is passing.

CUT TO:

INT. NOVELTY STORE.

A CLOSE-UP on PETER's sweaty, nervous face:

PETER
I will take the plastic!

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.

PETER finds an empty bench, opens the little brown paper bag, throws it on the ground, and rips open the little package of plastic fangs. He puts them on, looking over his shoulder as he does so. He slithers off the bench, making a little roar sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 4th STREET.

PETER passes very close to a pay phone -- close enough so that he happens to catch his reflection in the metal casing. This time he does see himself: He stares puzzlingly at his ridiculous image, the plastic fangs hanging down between his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches into his pocket for a quarter. He hesitates, then finally picks up the receiver and inserts it.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S APARTMENT.

In her empty living room, we see DR. GLAZER's phone ring once, twice, three times, before DR. GLAZER comes running into the room in a bathrobe, her hair wet, and answers on the fourth ring.

DR. GLAZER
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE.

As he speaks, PETER is constantly gazing at his image. His voice is a bit distorted because of the fangs.

PETER
Hello, Dr. Glazer...?...This
is Peter Lowe...Peter Lowe...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S APARTMENT.

She sits down.

DR. GLAZER
Yes, Peter...how are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE.

PETER
I wonder...if I can make my next
appointment with you...sooner...
I'd really like to make it sooner...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S APARTMENT.

DR. GLAZER
Well, uh...Our next appointment is
for Tuesday afternoon, right?

She reaches for an appointment book on a little table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (V-O)
I'd like to make it sooner...

She flips through her book to the appropriate date.

DR. GLAZER
Well, I'm open all Tuesday morning...How's that for you?

PETER (V-O)
Sooner...

DR. GLAZER
Uh-huh...

She flips the book back a page.

DR. GLAZER
You have a cold, Peter?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE.

PETER
A cold...yeah...

DR. GLAZER (V-O)
Well I could squeeze you in Monday afternoon...Can you come in then?

PETER
Oh, sooner.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S APARTMENT.

Her tone gets a bit more serious.

DR. GLAZER
There's something very urgent, Peter?

PETER (V-O)
Very urgent, yes...

A CLOSE-UP of DR. GLAZER, considering. Then, a hairy arm comes into frame, caressing her lovingly.

MALE VOICE (O-S)
Hurry up...we're gonna be late!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks back at her book.

DR. GLAZER

Peter, why don't you come in
first thing Monday morning...
I'll come into the office early...
Can you get here at 7:30?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE.

PETER

7:30...Monday morning...

PETER sees a GLRL pass by; he gazes at her lovely neck.

DR. GLAZER (V-O)

That's right...

PETER

Seven...thirty...

DR. GLAZER (V-O)

Okay?

He hangs up. He looks at his reflection again; this time he looks horrified and lets out another little roar, jumping back. He runs down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S APARTMENT.

She hangs up, thinking a moment. We see a MAN buttoning his shirt in the background. She stands.

DR. GLAZER

(obedient-toned)

Coming...

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON ST. - THE PIERS.

A TRACKING SHOT: We see quite an assortment of strange types hanging around the pier. Then we TRACK through an empty stretch for a dozen yards or so until we see PETER, tense, standing with his back to the water, his eyes ablaze, wearing his fangs. He "waits".

PETER sees a COUPLE walking by, holding hands; the GLRL is quite attractive and her neck is well-exposed. PETER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cannot control himself. He runs up to the COUPLE and pulls the GLRL away from the GUY, taking her by the hand and walking with her in the opposite direction. The GLRL turns around, looking at her boyfriend; they are both startled beyond words.

GLRL
Jimmy...!

GUY
What the fuck--

PETER is pulling her swiftly along. He whispers to her.

PETER
I want to suck your blood...

The GLRL sees his plastic fangs and screams, but by this time her boyfriend is upon them; he pulls their hands apart, shoves PETER away and then slugs him, knocking PETER to the ground.

GUY
Fucking creep!

Sitting there, PETER opens his mouth wide and lets out an angry little vampire roar.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT.

PETER is standing outside a fancy west Village restaurant, looking at a COUPLE eating through the glass. They notice him staring, and make a little "shooing" gesture. PETER roars and walks off, drooling.

CUT TO:

EXT. FATHER DEMO SQUARE.

We start with a distorted, very wide-angle POV shot of a pigeon running around frantically. Then we CUT away to see that PETER is running after the pigeon in this little park, howling hysterically.

Finally, he lunges, and catches it! He looks around suspiciously, shoves the squawking bird under his jacket and starts running up Seventh Avenue South.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A shot of PETER entering his brownstone, a buldge under his jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

In the kitchen, ALVA is eating a late dinner with her PARENTS. But she looks terribly glum, and does not say a word.

FATHER
(to ALVA)
Alva, what the hell is wrong
with you...?

MOTHER
(to FATHER)
Leave her alone...

FATHER
She hasn't said one goddam word
all day, "leave her alone..."

MOTHER
(reprimandingly)
Frank...

Long pause. ALVA stops eating and puts her fork down.

ALVA
(quietly)
I'd like to be excused.

Her PARENTS look at each other, frowning.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S BEDROOM.

ALVA, in bed, watches television, blank-faced.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

We see scattered feathers and little drops of blood on the floor of the living room, then the kitchen. Then, in the kitchen, we see a CLOSE-UP of the wastebasket; the pigeon's limp, lifeless body is thrown in.

We CUT TO PETER, standing against the kitchen wall, a bit of blood smeared on his mouth. He belches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER.

PULL BACK FROM PETER's still-tilted television set. We catch a few seconds of the Edward Dmytryk film, "Nightmare Alley" -- the part where we see Tyrone Power say defiantly: "I was born for it!" (those familiar with the film will know to what he refers; those unfamiliar with this great movie don't deserve to be told).

PETER moves into frame, shuts the set off and walks to his "coffin": he lifts up the overturned couch as if it were the lid of a coffin, on hinges, and underneath we can see he has laid out the couch pillows in a row to lie down on. He is still wearing the fangs.

Lying down on the pillows, he lets the couch drop over him, tent-like (with sheets draped at either end), and he is completely covered. We immediately:

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Three vampire-bat-in-flight freeze frames, over which we hear RACHEL's VOICE:

RACHEL (V-O)
 Dream of me, my love...dream of
 me...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN.

A shot of the sun rising on the East River.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

Under the couch we see, very dimly lit, PETER asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ACTIVITY.

We will CROSS-CUT between different New Yorkers engaged in various Saturday activities in different neighborhoods and PETER, under the couch, sleeping the day away.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - THE BRONX.

ALVA is sitting on a bench, sitting very still, watching children play on the monkey bars, slides, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET ACTIVITY.

A couple more shots of people in Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET LAMPS.

We see two or three shots of street lights going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - OBSERVATION DECK.

A beautiful shot of the city from here at dusk.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

A HIGH-ANGLE shot, in the living room, of PETER's "coffin". His alarm clock (which has been placed next to the overturned couch) goes off, and we see PETER's arm reach out from under it to shut it off. His arm again disappears, and after a few moments we see the couch being "opened" as PETER (in his underwear) gets up.

We CUT TO a closer shot of him as he yawns, so we can see that he still wears the plastic fangs.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN.

A CLOSE-UP of a cookie jar; PETER's hands come into frame -- he opens the jar, reaches in and pulls out a \$10 bill. He shakes the jar upside-down, but that's all there is. We hear him "roar" off-camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th ST. - NIGHT.

PETER steps out of the brownstone, again looking well-groomed and dressed nattily. He walks down the street, a determined look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - B'WAY & 12th ST.

As PETER passes by this church, a cross atop the steeple, he scowls angrily, shielding his face with his arm and running quickly past it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALLADIUM - 14th STREET.

We PAN DOWN from the Palladium marquee to the swarm of PEOPLE outside. PETER is seen coming down the street. At first he is in the back of the crowd, but we CUT TO his POV of the many necks within inches of him, getting him very excited.

With increased fervor, he pushes his way through the crowd like an icebreaker, and he scowls threateningly at anyone who gets in his way. The BOUNCER lets him right in, along with some sexily-dressed GLRLS.

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM.

PETER pays his ten bucks, gets his hand stamped, and we TRACK BACK with him as he walks deeper into the club, the SOUND of the live BAND playing getting louder and louder as he nears the main dance area.

We should HOLD ON PETER, tight, glimpsing other PEOPLE only peripherally, as he makes his way up the stairs to the tier that overlooks the dance floor, and we see him looking out, lights flashing on his face.

Then we will cut to a wide reverse-angle, revealing the ocean of faces (and necks) crowded below him, the BAND playing on the stage behind them, the video screens pulsating with bizarre images over the BAND.

PETER, god-like, stretches out his arms, opens his mouth wide and roars in ecstasy.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

ALVA's PARENTS are watching television in the living room when ALVA comes in the front door. They look at her, but she says nothing and slumps through the hallway, to her bedroom, closing and locking her door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. PALLADIUM.

Several creepy, "predatory" DOLLY SHOTS, at various junctures in the huge Palladium, to suggest PETER's stalking the club: We slowly swing around a corner here, PAN UP a staircase there, glide down a corridor, etc., hesitating a bit every time a sexy GLKL's neck comes within the purview of the frame.

During this, of course, various rock music will be heard on the soundtrack. Plenty of PEOPLE will be glimpsed snorting coke, and of course smoking pot.

Now onto PETER, who keeps slipping into inconspicuous little niches as he makes his way through the club. At one point he passes a mirror and runs past it in a panic, then continues cruising, getting "hungrier".

The sexual aura around him should be made strongly felt, as combined with his glimpses of necks, there is a COUPLE French-kissing here, a MAN stroking a WOMAN's ass here, perhaps even a COUPLE having intercourse in a darkened corner of the lounge, just briefly, obscurely, caught by the camera.

We should keep CUTTING to CLOSE-UPS of PETER's tortured EYES, taking in the Dionysian atmosphere surrounding him. In short, this section of the film should be the cinematic equivalent of Bosch's "Garden of Earthly Delights".

Finally PETER is seen ominously making his way up a carpeted "stairwell", which is really a many-tiered seating area, away from the dance area, so somewhat "far from the madding crowd".

He has spotted his prey: a sexily-clad GIRL sits alone on the top, dimly lit tier. She looks tired and a bit sweaty, as if she has just finished dancing. She is snorting coke and, seeing PETER approach, she smiles and holds out her spoon to him.

PETER sits down next to her. The camera is placed far enough back so we cannot hear what he is saying to her above the din of the music, but we see that, instead of taking the spoon from her, he strokes her arm, whispering something to her. She giggles.

He looks at her, with more urgency, sways his head back a little, then forward, and licks her playfully under her chin. This seems to tickle her, and again she giggles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With his other hand now, he strokes the back of her neck and moves his head closer. He takes his other hand off her arm, then puts it on her side, sliding it up towards her breasts.

Still giggling, she pulls away a little. But PETER holds on to her, his stroking getting heavier. She stops giggling and slides a bit down on the seat, trying to pull away. We see her mouth the word "No!"

PETER pushes against her, holding her very tight now and licks at her cleavage. She slaps his face hard, and he brings it back suddenly.

Now we CUT TO an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of PETER: His face is filled with fury. He opens his mouth wide, revealing his "fangs".

The next shot is a CLOSE-UP of the GIKL's head being yanked back by PETER's hand as he pulls down on the hair over her forehead.

We CUT TO the dance floor, shots of different bunches of PEOPLE dancing to the loud music, and to shots of the BAND, and the frenetic video show above them.

Back to the top tier -- a different angle, in which we see PETER's head buried in the GIKL's neck, one of his hands placed over her mouth. She is struggling wildly, but is held down by PETER's force.

It is very dark, but it is possible to see blood spilling from her neck onto the tier. Soon her movements slow down, until she finally falls limp.

More SHOTS of the oblivious crowd, all into the music, or their own conversations, or their coke, etc.

Then, a CLOSE-UP of PETER "finishing her off", drawing his cheeks in thirstily, and finally raising his head, his mouth smeared with blood. He looks around him, making sure that he has not been seen, then wipes his mouth with his sleeve and creeps down the tiers.

A SHOT of the GIKL lying there, dead, in the dark, her eyes open. Then a CLOSE-UP of her blood mixing in with her spilled cocaine powder on the tier.

PETER is walking triumphantly down a corridor of the club, no longer glancing at his periphery.

He walks into another sitting area, on the other side of the club, with black pillows thrown on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panting, and holding his stomach, PETER sits down on one of the pillows with his back against the wall, pulling his knees up to his chest.

Then, strangely, as if responding to some order, the other PEOPLE in the room begin to leave, one by one, leaving him all alone in the room.

A CLOSE-UP of PETER putting his head down, between his knees, wrapping his arms around his legs. Then, we hear RACHEL's voice:

RACHEL (V-O)

Very anti-social, Peter....!

PETER slowly lifts his head. We CUT TO his POV of RACHEL standing in the middle of the room, smiling. She laughs slightly, and the emptiness of the room causes an echo-chamber effect (the background rock music is heard only very faintly now).

RACHEL

(shakes her head)

Ex-tremely anti-social behavior!

She takes a couple of steps towards him.

RACHEL

My goodness...however are you going to continue this way, Peter?

PETER

Rachel...

RACHEL

Are you actually going to go through with this every night?

PETER

I...I can do it...I know I can do it now!

RACHEL steps closer to him; she "tisks".

PETER

I'm like you now...remember? I can do it!

RACHEL bends down and squats right in front of him.

RACHEL

(laughs)

Peter...Oh, Peter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lashes out her arm and rips the fangs from his mouth.

RACHEL
This....?

PETER
I love you.

She laughs loudly, mockingly.

PETER
I'M LIKE YOU!

She stands, tossing the bloodied plastic fangs in his lap.

RACHEL
You're not even close!

He reaches up to touch her, but she backs away, sharply.

PETER
YOU'RE WITH ME!

RACHEL
Don't touch me...

PETER stands. RACHEL backs away more.

PETER
YOU ARE WITH ME!

RACHEL
Well, it doesn't look like I'm
with you, does it, Donald?

DONALD, a man of about PETER's age, is standing at the entrance to the room.

DONALD
No, it doesn't appear that way.

DONALD walks to where RACHEL is standing and puts his arm possessively around her. RACHEL winks at PETER.

DONALD
It doesn't appear that way at all.

DONALD begins escorting RACHEL out of the room. PETER steps forward angrily.

PETER
I LOVE YOU! YOU CAN'T WALK
AWAY! YOU...YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DAMMIT, I
SAID I LOVE YOU!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tries to take another step forward but he suddenly bends over in pain, holding his stomach. He runs to the wall and begins to throw up. We CUT TO PETER falling on the floor, dazedly looking out the room, and we see his POV of DONALD and RACHEL walking farther and farther away, holding hands. He stretches his arm.

PETER

No--...

We CUT TO the dance floor where we see RACHEL and DONALD dancing amongst the rest of the crowd. We PAN OVER and see PETER staggering onto the edge of the dance floor.

He makes his way over to where DONALD and RACHEL are, and he tries to pull RACHEL away with him, but she breaks loose.

RACHEL

Hey...you creep!

DONALD

Hey, buddy...

PETER

(yells, to RACHEL)

You don't remember me??

Pause. RACHEL looks at him a bit closer.

PETER

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME???

RACHEL

(nods)

Peter, right?

PETER

YES, RIGHT!!! PETER!! RIGHT!!!

RACHEL is a bit taken aback by his behavior.

RACHEL

(reluctantly)

Yeah...Hi...

Pause. PETER bores into her.

RACHEL

(timidly)

...How are ya??

PETER

HOW AM I??!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At which point he again grabs her by the arm and tries to pull her away. She struggles, and DONALD intervenes, pulling PETER away from her, then grabbing PETER from behind. PETER struggles. RACHEL backs away a bit.

DONALD

Calm down, buddy...

PETER

Let go of me, you fuck...

DONALD

All right, hold on...

PETER

Ya see her teeth man...?? Ya get a look at her teeth!!

RACHEL

Shut up...

PETER

Ya see her TEETH!!

He breaks loose from DONALD, lunges at RACHEL, grabbing her mouth, and tries to stretch open her lips.

PETER

She's a goddam vampire!! Check this bit'h out, man!!

RACHEL, screaming, pulls back in disgust, and DONALD now takes a much stronger hold of PETER, swinging one of his arms up behind him, effectively immobilizing him. He begins to pull PETER back towards the edge of the dance floor, at some point being helped by a couple of BOUNCERS who have spotted the commotion.

PETER is pulled, kicking and screaming, out of the dance area. He points vaguely towards the tiers.

PETER

BITCH!! YOU'RE BREAKING UP WITH ME
AFTER I SUCKED THAT BROAD BONE-DRY?!!

He is pulled towards the exit.

PETER

(laughing maniacally)

Look at her teeth...!! Really!!
Look at her teeth!! Look at 'em!!
She's a goddam vampire!! he too!!
She made me one, too, ya see??!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. PALLADIUM - DAWN.

PETER is thrown out on his ass. He scrambles to his feet, pleading to the PEOPLE hanging out around the front. He is greeted with mockery and derision.

PETER

Ya see...I...I know I am...
I'm a vampire! I can prove it!

He grabs someone by the lapels.

PETER

You gotta gun...you gotta gun??

HANGER-OUT

Get the fuck off of me...

Other PEOPLE are laughing hysterically at him. One GUY comes up in front of him and makes a cross with his fingers. PETER reels back in pain, causing the crowd to laugh uproariously.

PETER

No...Don't...please...Stop...

The GUY puts his fingers down. PETER staggers dizzily, trying not to fall down; the PEOPLE hoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SHOTS.

Several shots of sides of buildings, billboards, etc. as the first rays of the sun begin to hit them.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALLADIUM.

The GUY shoots his "finger-cross" at PETER again, who scowls painfully, tripping over himself as he tries, weakly, to back away.

PETER

Please...Don't...

He starts dragging himself along the wall.

PETER

I can't take it anymore...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He staggers east on 14th Street, a HANGER-OUT calling after him:

HANGER-OUT
Better get back to your coffin,
buddy...Sun's almost up!

CUT TO:

EXT. 14th STREET - DAWN.

PETER is walking towards Bowery; he notices that the light is coming up, and he shields his eyes in terror, paralyzed in his tracks.

PETER
Noooo!!! Noooooooooo.....!!

He takes out his sunglasses, drops them on the sidewalk, picks them up and puts them on crookedly. But he cannot, of course, hide from the sun.

PETER
Ohhhh.....!! Oh GODDDD....

Someone walks right by him, totally ignoring him.

PETER
This is the ENNNNNDDDD'!!!
OH GOD...!!!!

He crosses 1st Avenue, his arms up over his eyes.

PETER
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!
ME!!! GODDAMMIT KILL ME!!!

Someone yells from their window:

VOICE (O-S)
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

PETER
AAAAGGGGGHHHHH!!! KILL ME KILL
ME.....!!!

VOICE (O-S)
I'll kill ya, ya lousy drunk!!

PETER continues, cringingly, along 14th Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOWERY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The light significantly brighter now, PETER staggers onto the still-barren avenue, making a fist at the sun.

PETER
WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME! I'M
RIGHT HERE DAMMIT KILL ME!!!

He heads south on Bowery. He passes through a shaded area and steps deliberately out of it, back into the sunlight, pushing himself against a building.

PETER
I SAID KILL ME!

He whips off his sunglasses, looking defiantly into the sky.

PETER
I'M RIGHT HERE, GODDAMMIT!!

CUT TO:

INT. ALVA'S HOUSE.

In his bedroom, EMILIO is asleep, the morning light streaming through his window. ALVA enters his room quietly; she wears a bathrobe, her expression sullen.

She sits on the edge of EMILIO's bed and gently shakes him. He opens his eyes and sees his sister.

EMILIO
Hey...what's doin'?

But EMILIO sees that she is on the verge of tears, and he hoists himself up in bed.

EMILIO
Hey, what's wrong, huh?

ALVA's face begins to crack.

ALVA
Oh, God...

Breaking out in tears, she hugs EMILIO tightly. He strokes her soothingly.

EMILIO
Hey...Hey, now...what's the
matter, baby...tell me...Tell
me what's wrong, huh...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

TELEPHONE BOOK.

A shot, very CLOSE-UP, of a phone book being flipped open to the "Lowe, Peter" listing, EMILLO's finger following the listing down to the address: "362 W. 19th St."

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVA'S HOUSE.

A LOW-ANGLE shot of a Firebird tearing out of the driveway, down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. POV SHOT -- TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE.

A shot from through the dashboard of the speeding Firebird so we can see a sign that points to "Manhattan".

CUT TO:

EXT. BOWERY.

By now there are other PEOPLE, including numerous BUMS, parading down the avenue. PETER is standing in the sun, looking defeated and confused. He begins stopping PEOPLE at random.

PETER

I'm a vampire! A vampire!

Of course, they shrug him off and pass him right by. He stops someone else.

PETER

I can't take the light of day!

They push him away and walk on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM RIVER DRIVE.

The Firebird is speeding south into Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOWERY.

In a scrap pile PETER finds a slat of wood. He breaks

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

it, splintering one end so it becomes a good-sized stake. He runs to the sidewalk and offers it out to the first BYSTANDER:

PETER
My girlfriend broke up with me!
I'm a vampire! Kill me!

The BYSTANDER doesn't even slow down. We hold on PETER, standing there holding the stake, and a few seconds later we see some coins thrown at his feet from off-camera. He looks at them and does his little vampire-roar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - SECOND AVE. & E. 9th ST.

UKRANIANS are filing into church. PETER, the stake tucked under his arm, goes up to them pleadingly.

PETER
(grabbing one)
Your rosary beads...take them
out and put the cross up to me
like this....!

He steps back demonstrating with his hand on the UKRANIAN.

UKRANIAN
(heavy Ukrainian accent)
I don't speak English.

PETER
(louder)
Cross! Crucifix! Me vampire!

The UKRANIAN, shaking his head confusedly, walks away.

PETER
(calling after him)
Vam-pire, you idiot! Nosferatu!!

At that moment the church bells start ringing. PETER puts his hands up to his ears.

PETER
Aaaagggghhhh!! The tortures of
the damned!!

He looks at the sky, with the church steeple in the foreground, a crucifix on top.

PETER
Why don't you put me out of my

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
(cont'd.)
misery, damn you?? There's not
a cloud in the fucking sky!!

He gets down on his knees, dropping the stake beside him.

PETER
WHY DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME??

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

We see the Firebird come to a halt on the area of the street directly across from PETER's brownstone.

CUT TO:

INT. FIREBIRD.

EMILLO, in the driver's seat, is looking directly at the number "362". ALVA is in the back seat, her face covered with tears. EMILLO speaks without for an instant taking his eyes off the door of the building. His face is so full of rage he looks as if he is about to explode.

EMILLO
All right...You tell me when
you see 'im...

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST 15th ST.

PETER is blindly heading west, walking zig-zag on the pavement, still dragging the stake along, moaning. He crosses the street and nearly gets hit by a car.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION SQUARE.

We see PETER walking west through the park. In the background we hear (and perhaps barely see) a newspaper VENDOR yelling out a headline from his kiosk.

VENDOR (O-S)
Girl found dead at Palladium!
Victim of bizarre murder!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER, stepping around the corner from Fifth Avenue (and still limply holding the stake) at this point seems to completely lose his locomotive sense, and he walks smack into the concrete side of a building, bouncing back a bit.

The collision seems to jolt him into an even more "altered state", and he steps back from the wall about two feet, his nose bloody from the blow, and stares at the concrete slab, a somewhat tranquil expression on his face. Pause.

PETER
(calmly)

So, I forgot...where did we leave off?

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER is sitting in her usual place, but instead of a chair for PETER, he is standing, holding the stake, and looking just as dishevelled as he has appeared in the previous scenes. DR. GLAZER smiles professionally.

DR. GLAZER
Well, Peter, you wanted very much to make an earlier appointment... What's up??

PETER remains standing perfectly still.

PETER
Well...I've been thinking about my depressions...very seriously... and frankly, I just don't think you can help me...I wanted to tell you...well...I wanted to tell you before I changed my mind that I think your profession is entirely bogus...Entirely. From my point of view, that is.

DR. GLAZER
You really think so?

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER is talking to the concrete wall. He remains motionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Yes I do. I've been spending a lot of money here and, well...I just think it's time for a change.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER

A "change". I see. What did you have in mind for yourself?

PETER

Don't laugh.

DR. GLAZER

Peter, I'm a professional....I don't laugh.

PETER

Love.

DR. GLAZER

Love?

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER

Yes. But I mean real love! You know...a truly meaningful, satisfying, lasting, but still sweep-me-off-my-feet kind of love. The Big L.

Pause.

PETER

What?

Pause.

PETER

(shakes his head)

No, I'm not talking about fairy-tale love...I mean a mature relationship. Whattaya think, I'm a kid?

Pause. In a wider shot we see SOMEONE pass by, not even acknowledging PETER's blabbering.

PETER

I know what you're thinking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

PETER

You're thinking..."Sure, let's see 'im go out in the jungle and try to find 'love'...he'll come crawling back here in no time!"

DR. GLAZER starts to titter.

PETER

I know it isn't easy...but I know it's possible...Hell, I see it all around me, every day...Do you have any idea how horrible it is to see it all around you, every day...Do you know what kind of torture that is??

She starts to laugh louder.

PETER

I'll find it, goddammit...I will find it for myself...and then I'll be happy...Then I'll be happy...

She breaks out in a guffaw.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER

(angry)

You said you wouldn't laugh!

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER begins to control herself.

DR. GLAZER

Ohh--...(laughs)...Peter...No...
(laughs)...I'm...I'm just laughing
because...well...if only you had
told me this in the first place...
if only you had told the good doc-
tor...All the time we would have
saved! All the money the both of
you would have saved!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER
The both of us? The both of us?

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER looks at the wall, confused.

PETER
Whattaya mean, the "both" of us?

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER
You and Sharon!

PETER
"Sharon"?

DR. GLAZER
The patient who comes in after
you! Why, she complains of exactly
the same thing you do...and person-
ality-wise...well...I just think you
two would be perfect for each other!

PETER
Really?

DR. GLAZER
Absolutely! Why, I should've
matched you guys up a long time
ago!

PETER sees moving shadows at the bottom of the door.

PETER
(pointing)
Hey! I think she's here now!

DR. GLAZER stands.

DR. GLAZER
Why, I'll just go and check!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER rubs his hands together enthusiastically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

This is incredible! Wow! Really incredible!..."Sharon"...What a beautiful name!!

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER swings open the door. SHARON is standing right there, a radiant smile on her face. She is the same girl we saw earlier, in the waiting room.

DR. GLAZER

Come on in, Sharon...I want you to meet Peter Lowe!

SHARON steps in and waves at PETER coquettishly.

SHARON

Hi!

PETER

Hi!

SHARON

I like old movies, skiing, horse-back riding, Billie Holiday and long weekends in the country!

PETER

Wow! Those are exactly the same things I like! Did you ever see "Nightmare Alley"?

SHARON

The one where Tyrone Power ends up a carnival geek at the end?

PETER

Love it!

SHARON

One of my all-time favorites!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER

Wow!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER
(impressed)
Well! I guess you two won't be
needing me anymore!

PETER
I guess not! Thank you so much,
Dr. Glazer...This one's going to
last...I can tell!!

DR. GLAZER
It's written in the stars.

PETER
"Written in the stars"! Yes!!
(to SHARON)
Ya like Japanese food, Sharon?

SHARON
(nodding)
It's the best! So...

SHARON & PETER (in unison)
...refreshing!

PETER and SHARON both laugh.

PETER
(to DR. GLAZER)
See that?! We're on exactly the
same wavelength!

DR. GLAZER smiles. SHARON gives a little shrug of delight.

PETER
(to SHARON)
So, ready for lunch? I know a
great place in the Village!

SHARON
Sounds great! Let's go!!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER
Fantastic! So long, Dr. Glazer!

He twirls the stake happily in the air. He starts to
walk down the street, then stops himself and again faces

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the concrete wall:

PETER

Whoops...! Almost forgot! Doctor...I should mention something before I go...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER

Yes, Peter?

PETER holds the stake behind his back.

PETER

Well...I did rape someone a couple nights ago...Girl at the office, I, uh, kind of just "lost control"...

DR. GLAZER

(waving it off)

Oh...Just a little "id" release... nothing to worry about...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER looks very relieved.

PETER

Whew...Okay, I just thought I should tell you...

Pause, he thinks a moment, then something clicks.

PETER

Oh yes, oh yes...Ummm...(laughs ashamedly)...Also I, uh...

CUT TO:

INT. DR. GLAZER'S OFFICE (FANTASY).

DR. GLAZER

Spit it out, Peter.

PETER

I kind've...Well the fact is I murdered someone last night...I turned into a vampire, it's...a long story...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON
Goodness!!

DR. GLAZER
Peter, Peter...People get murdered all the time in this city...
Ya think the world's gonna stop??

SHARON looks reassured. She smiles at PETER.

PETER
Yeah, I guess...But...the police and everything...what if they find me?

DR. GLAZER
Hey, will you stop worrying and get on with this big romance??
(to SHARON)
He hasn't even been arrested and the big lug is carryin' on!
(to PETER)
Get out o' here, the two of ya... and have wonderful lives together!!
I'll take care o' the cops, go on, get outta here!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 17th ST.

PETER smiles gratefully at the wall.

PETER
Dr. Glazer...you're a gem! What can I say?

He turns and looks at another part of the wall and makes a little jerk with his head.

PETER
C'mon, Sharon...We've got our future to talk about!

He twirls the stake again, like a cane, and starts down the street, whistling merrily. Then he stops. Pause:

PETER
You like that tune, too?? Wow!

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 18th STREET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER, leaning the stake on his shoulder with one hand as he walks down the street, is talking to himself:

PETER

Hmm?...Oh, actually I live right around here, wanna stop up for a minute?...Great! Anyway, I wouldn't mind washing up a little...

He keeps walking, as if listening. Then:

PETER

Well, I was born in Philadelphia, but I've been a New Yorker now for going on ten years! And you?

Pause. He nods.

PETER

Ahhh...Nice...I hear it's beautiful country up there...

He keeps walking, then responds to an "unexpected" question:

PETER

(points to stake on his shoulder)
What...this? Oh, it's...like I started sayin' before...I turned into a vampire last week...wouldja believe it? But that's all in the past...

Pause; he keeps walking. He frowns slightly.

PETER

No, really, it's in the past... I'd rather not talk about it... Let's talk more about you!

He walks farther; again he frowns.

PETER

No, please, it's all part of a very unhappy period in my life. I really don't wanna talk about it. End of subject, okay, Sharon??

Pause.

PETER

Sharon, goddammit---...what did I just say?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST 19th STREET.

PETER is seen, in a long shot, coming down his street. We can't hear what he's saying, but he's still bickering.

CUT TO:

INT. FIREBLVD.

ALVA is peering out of the back seat. Her eye catches PETER walking down the street. She taps EMILIO on the shoulder (he still has his eyes on PETER's front door). She points, and EMILIO looks down the street. We see their POV, through the windshield, of PETER, talking to himself as he nears his building.

EMILIO watches as PETER walks into the brownstone. He gets out of the car and starts across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

In the messy living room, PETER is yelling "at SHARON":

PETER
YOU DON'T LET UP, DO YOU, BITCH?
YOU JUST KEEP HARPLING AND HARPLING
OVER THE SAME GODDAM THING!!

He makes a fey expression.

PETER
("imitating")
"Why did you become a vampire??"
"Why couldn't you lead an ordinary mortal existence??" "Does that mean we can never have children??"

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER.

Downstairs, EMILIO checks PETER's name against the apartment number. He smashes his fist through the glass of the inside door, sticks his hand through and lets himself in.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

PETER

Well, honey...Don't worry 'cause there's no way in hell I would ever marry a loudmouth pig like you! Christ! Ten minutes I'm with you and the shit starts right up!

Pause.

PETER

What?...What's that??...You wanna leave? You wanna go home? You hate my guts?? It's all over???

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL.

EMILLO is mounting the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

PETER opens his door, pointing out to the hall.

PETER

Fine! Fine with me!! Get the hell outta here!! You fucking pig--...

He picks up the stake, threatening "her" with it.

PETER

Leave me the fuck alone!!

He makes a loud, angry vampire-roar. Pause. The SOUND of footsteps mounting the stairs is heard.

PETER

(quietly, to himself)
I really cannot handle relationships...Maybe I should see a shrink!

CUT TO:

STILLS.

Two quick freeze-frames of vampire bats in flight.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT.

PETER cringes in pain, clutching the stake. At that moment one of the blankets falls off a living room window, allowing the sunlight to pour in. PETER cringes again, screaming.

PETER
Aaagghhh!! No more!! God!! Please!!

EMILIO's footsteps get louder, becoming a deafening pounding. PETER falls to his knees and begins to crawl under the overturned couch, releasing the stake so it lays right next to it. He crawls halfway under the couch, turning over on his back. The pounding SOUND stops now, and we CUT TO EMILIO standing right over the overturned couch. He bends down, picks up the stake, and with one hand lifts up PETER's "coffin".

PETER is lying there, his eyes shut tight, his face covered with sweat. His arms are folded, vampire-like, over his chest. He opens his eyes wide and looks directly EMILIO. He looks at him pleadingly.

PETER
(whispers)
No more of the pain...

We CUT TO EMILIO, whose face is also sweaty and filled with rage. Without hesitation, he brings the stake up over his head, holding it firmly in two hands and pointing at PETER's chest. He thrusts it down hard.

CUT TO:

STILL.

PETER's scream is carried-over to this freeze-frame; in his shot the bat's wings are spread wide apart.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT/EXT. BROWNSTONE/EXT. SKY.

A crane shot, starting inside the apartment, over PETER's corpse, pulling up gradually, until we dissolve to outside the brownstone, pulling up from PETER's window, over the roof and higher, taking in the city skyline, and yet higher, until we see nothing but the sky and clouds, giving the feeling that PETER's soul is being finally freed.

We are left with a feeling of transcendence, and transformation, as we begin to make out the figures of several vampire bats flying in the middle distance, as if PETER's soul has metamorphized into its immortal materialization.

THE END