

Jamie turns to Mark.

JAMIE
And that's a great vam--

Mark turns on Jamie, glaring at him angrily.

MARK
I'm not wearing a costume!

INT. MARK AND ROBIN

WIPE TO:

watch as a group of costumed teens bob for apples out of a large metal washtub. An attractive girl in a 'Little Bo Peep' outfit leans over the tub, trying to grab an apple with her teeth as the kids gathered around laugh and cheer her on. Robin turns to Mark.

ROBIN
Do you want to play?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
No, I'm not very good at games.

They watch as the girl bends farther over the washtub, straining to reach one of the apples. As she tries to trap the apple against the side of the tub the girl turns her head slightly, exposing the soft white flesh of her neck.

INT. MARK

stares at the girl in fascination, the smile fading from his lips. His eyes seem to glow.

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

Now wearing a tattered dress, the girl stands in the village square, bending over an old stone well. She drinks deeply from a bucket as the full moon shines brightly overhead.

EXT. VAMPIRE MARK

stands in the shadows of an alleyway, watching the girl. The wind blows softly as he creeps toward her, a look of hunger on his face.

EXT. THE GIRL

Sensing something, the girl stops drinking, looking up from the well like a frightened fawn. She barely has time to scream as Vampire Mark attacks, lunging for her throat.

INT. THE CAFETERIA (COLOR FOOTAGE)

We find Mark face down in the washtub, water all over the place. He stands, an apple planted firmly in his teeth and a surprised look on his face. The kids gathered around the tub applaud as he pries the apple out of his mouth. Robin moves to his side, slipping her arm around his waist.

ROBIN

That was fast. You must have a great set of teeth.

(curiously)

I thought you said you weren't very good at games.

Mark smiles sheepishly as we...

WIFE TO:

INT. REFRESHMENT TABLE

Russ stands next to the cheese puffs, trying his best to pick up on a buxom girl dressed as a Playboy Bunny. His bald wig has ridden up, which combined with his sagging toga gives him the appearance of an ancient Greek pinhead. He gives her his best line:

RUSS

Look, I'm a mature person, you're a mature person. We both know what we came here for. So why don't we skip the bullshit, get rid of our inhibitions, and do what we really want to do.

The girl considers this proposition thoughtfully.

PLAYBOY BUNNY

That's a good idea.

She turns and gives the (very surprised) fellow standing next to her a big, sloppy kiss. Russ watches, his expression never changing.

INT. ONSTAGE

the band swings into a slow number, the identity of which no one can figure out. But it doesn't matter. On the dance floor couples hold each other close, the girls dreaming of a romance they've only read about, the boys hoping for a cheap feel to round out the evening.

Mark and Robin dance cheek to cheek, swaying back and forth to the music. Mark looks more at ease than we've seen him in quite a while. Robin rests her head on his shoulder, a relaxed smile on her face. They both seem happy, content.

ROBIN

How are you feeling?

MARK

This is the most comfortable I've been in a long time.

ROBIN

I told you that getting out would do you good. You should listen to me more often.

Mark stops dancing, looking down at Robin seriously.

MARK

Will you promise me something?

Robin gazes up at him.

ROBIN

What?

MARK

Promise that you'll stay with me, no matter what happens. No matter how weird things get, promise that you won't leave me.

Robin smiles brightly.

ROBIN

You got a deal.

Relieved, Mark holds Robin tightly. They continue their dance, satisfied to stay in each others arms forever. However...

As the music ends the school PRINCIPAL walks onstage. A tall man in an extremely wrinkled suit, he moves to the microphone. Speaking a little too loudly.

PRINCIPAL

If I could have everyones attention - it's time to hand out the award for best costume of the evening.

The kids quiet down, listening attentively as the Principal continues. He speaks in a (very) monotonous drone, honed to perfection by years of announcements over the school P.A. system.

PRINCIPAL

(humorlessly)

Before I present the award I have an announcement to make - will the person or persons responsible for placing the cadaver on the refreshment table please remove it immediately. Although it lends itself quite nicely to the decor and theme of this dance, the faculty and I have decided that placing him in amongst the cold cuts was neither hygenically sound, nor in the best of taste.

Snickers from the dance floor. The Principal carries on with the award presentation, reading the winners name from a small slip of paper.

PRINCIPAL

That stated, I'm pleased to announce that the winner of this years 'Wehrner Von Braun Halloween Hop Best Costume Award' is - Mark Kendall.

The crowd cheers and applauds Mark, who stands squinting in the harsh beam of a well aimed spotlight. He has time only to give Robin a pleading look as he is pushed up onto the stage by the kids on the dance floor. He protests weakly...

MARK
I'm not wearing a costume!

...to no avail. Once onstage Mark stands awkwardly, looking very ill-at-ease. Where he felt uncomfortable in a Hollywood bar only a week ago, a high school dance now seems just as foreign. He stares out over the auditorium, eyes growing wide as he sees...

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

...the swarm of kids rooting him on on the dance floor have been replaced by a hostile mob of villagers in the town square. They scream curses at him, torches and pitchforks held angrily above their heads.

INT. ONSTAGE (COLOR FOOTAGE)

Mark glances around, terrified, searching for somewhere to run. Cringing like a trapped animal, he turns just as the Principal steps forward, a trophy held in his outstretched hand.

EXT. MARK'S POV - HALLUCINATION (BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE)

A priest with a leering grin takes the place of the Principal, thrusting a large silver cross violently in Mark's face. He laughs triumphantly as...

INT. ONSTAGE (COLOR FOOTAGE)

Mark cries out in horror.

MARK
NO!

A crazed look in his eyes, he bolts from the stage, leaping into the throng of kids on the dance floor.

Robin watches as Mark fights his way through the crowd to the exit. Concerned and confused, she rushes after him as he flees from the auditorium into the cool, dark night.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFETERIA

Racing outside, Robin searches desperately for any sign of Mark, with no luck. She calls out in despair...

ROBIN
Mark!

...but gets no response. She sighs heavily, looking as though she's about to cry as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISCO-GYPSY CAMP DAY

A thick brown smog covers the hills and streets of Hollywood, mixing with the diffused autumn light to create a hazy, oppressive atmosphere. The gypsy camp is much quieter than when we left it. Tumbleweeds blow